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Hulme's Journal
Cobbett's Letter to Birkbeck
Demonstrating &c.
TOPOGRAPHY, HISTORY, AND BIOGRAPHY,
OF THE
United Kingdom.

I. THE
BEAUTIES
OF
England and Wales;
BEING
DELINEATIONS,
TOPOGRAPHICAL, HISTORICAL, AND BIOGRAPHICAL,
OF THEIR SEVERAL COUNTIES:
IN TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES,
Illustrated with upwards of
SEVEN HUNDRED COPPER-PLATE ENGRAVINGS,
REPRESENTING
Public Edifices; Castles; Cathedrals; Parochial Churches, eminent
for Beauty or Antiquity of Architecture; Monuments; Ruins;
Picturesque Scenery; Seats of the Nobility and
Gentry; &c. &c.

LONDON: Published by Sherwood, Neely, and Jones, Paternoster Row,
and Cowie and Co. Poultry.

Address.

In an age so liberal of patronage to Topographical Literature as the present, it
would be superfluous to expatiating on the utility and importance of "The Beauties
of England and Wales." It is presumed, the best recommendation of the
Work consists in an analysis of its plan, and a statement of the measures adopted
in its execution.

From the time of Camden, whose "Britannia" constitutes so just a boast of
his Country, until the commencement of the nineteenth century, no Topographical
History of the whole of England and Wales was performed from actual local
research. The "Magna Britannia" published between the years 1720 and 1731,
is merely a compilation, although one of the most creditable of its kind. The labours
of Mr. Grose, and those of Mr. Gough, in addition to Camden, were devoted to
particular objects; and when conjoined are far from affording a satisfactory view
of the existing state of the Country, or even of the whole of its Antiquities.
Impelled by these convictions, and further induced by a persuasion that the increased
curiosity and intelligence of the times demanded such a Survey of Britain as should
combine an account of modern circumstances with that of ancient relics, the
present Work was undertaken; and the time and expense employed in its prosecution
will, it is hoped, be deemed sufficient proofs of the sincere intention of the projectors
to achieve a Survey worthy of National approbation.

The labours of numerous Persons have been dedicated to this object for the long
term of seventeen years, and the whole sum expended exceeds Fifty Thousand
Pounds. Every County of England and Wales has been personally investigated;
and the value of the Work has been considerably enhanced, by an extensive corre-
spondece having been procured in each District with the resident Nobility, Gentry, and Clergy.

Besides the works already noticed, there existed, previously to the appearance of "The Beauties of England and Wales," few sources of gratification to the public ardour for Topographical Investigation, except weighty and very expensive County Histories, containing much laborious detail, of little or no importance to any but families locally interested in pedigrees and landed possessions. It has been the object of the present Work, to select from those ponderous tomes all particulars calculated for general perusal; and, on the same principle, a free use (with due acknowledgment of the authorities quoted) has been made of Leland, Camden, Grose, Gough, and every other writer on local history. Thus, the conductors have endeavoured to render "The Beauties of England and Wales" a compendious Library of Chorographical and Topographical Information.

The description of each County is commenced with a review of its general History, from the earliest period to the date of the writer's labours. The same prefatory part involves an account of natural circumstances;—of mines, with the modes in which they are worked, and their produce;—of agriculture;—and of every incidental branch of statistics which is deemed a probable object of public curiosity.

All the Cities, Towns, and principal Villages are historically noticed and circumstantially described, so as to convey to the untravelled reader correct ideas respecting their prevailing aspect and public buildings. The most distinguished Seats in each County, including the historical and biographical events connected with those structures, and the works of art which they contain,—Churches,—Funeral Monuments,—Ruins of monastic Edifices,—Military and sepulchral Earth Works,—and all the long catalogue of diversified Antiquities, which so highly enrich the scenery of this Island, and call forth sympathy and curiosity equally in the mind of the resident and tourist, are likewise described from actual examination.

The numerous Engravings, illustrative of the above subjects, are executed by Artists of the first celebrity, from Drawings made on the spot.

"The Beauties of England and Wales," during the progress of their publication in periodical Numbers, effected a memorable improvement in the embellishments of Topographical Literature, by setting the first example of such decorations as combine accuracy of representation with picturesque effect. By the adoption of a style, almost new to Topography, in which the superfluous is discarded, and objects of real interest are familiarly enforced, this Work has likewise, during its long progress, greatly assisted in rendering local history an object of fashionable study. Now that the whole Survey of "England and Wales" is completed, reliance is placed on the public patronage of a Work, which presents, at an expense comparatively small, the most accurate and comprehensive collection of Topographical Information that has been produced in this Country.

The Price of the Work complete is 30l. 2s. 6d. in boards, demy 8vo.; or, in royal 8vo. with Proof Impressions of the Plates, 48l. 4s.—* Only a few Copies of the royal 8vo. can be had.

* * * During the Publication of "The Beauties of England and Wales," as the Numbers did not appear in regular succession, it is feared, there are many Sets in the hands of Subscribers incomplete. These Sets the present Proprietors recommend to be completed immediately; as the Work is now selling in separate Counties, and there is reason to believe that several of the Numbers requisite to supply such deficiencies will shortly be unattainable.—The following List will enable persons to ascertain whether their Sets are complete, or not: viz:

Vol. 1 to 9, comprehending No. 1 to 72, and No. 61, 62, 63, 64, 65.

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15, two Parts - - 1 to 21, and No. 7.
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17 - - - - - 1 to 12.
18 - - - - - 1 to 12.
**PUBLICATION OF**

**The Beauties of England and Wales,**

**IN SEPARATE COUNTIES.**

Persons desirous of possessing a complete, although not voluminous, Historical and Topographical Description of any particular County, which is rendered of prominent interest in their esteem by birth, residence, or the possession of property, are respectfully informed, their wish may now be gratified. In previous stages of this Work, the Plates were scattered indiscriminately throughout the different Volumes. Thus, though the Letter-Press might be procured separately, every individual County was incomplete, in regard to illustrative Engravings.

Each County is now submitted to the Public, in a separate and complete form; the respective Plates occupying the situations for which they were originally designed, and a Map, executed under the inspection of the Editors, being prefixed to each Volume. Much public accommodation must result from this measure; as persons not extending their views to the entire Work, are now enabled to obtain, on easy terms, an Authentic Account of the Counties in which they reside, and of those surrounding them, forming the sphere of their local Connections.

**List of the Counties, the Number of Plates with which each is illustrated, &c. viz.**

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That portion of "The Beauties of England and Wales," comprehending the Metropolis and the County in which it is situated, is a Work of the greatest Interest, and entitled

LONDON AND MIDDLESEX,

OR, AN

HISTORICAL, A COMMERCIAL, AND DESCRIPTIVE SURVEY

OF THE

Metropolis of Great Britain;

WITH

SKETCHES OF ITS ENVIRONS,

And a Topographical Account of the most remarkable Places in the County.

It consists of Five Volumes, which are illustrated with upwards of One Hundred and Forty Engravings. The first three Volumes comprise an Historical and Topographical Account of London. The Fourth Volume contains the History and Description of Westminster. The Fifth Volume is appropriated to a Topographical History of the County of Middlesex, and is dedicated, by permission, to his Grace, the Duke of Northumberland.—Price 6l. 6s. small, in boards, or, 10l. large.

The INTRODUCTION to "The Beauties of England and Wales," comprising a Series of Dissertations on the History and Antiquities of the Æras most important in Topographical Researches, by Mr. J. N. Brewer, is also sold separately. Price 11. 4s. boards, small, or 11. 11s. 6d. large.

This part of the Work presents a digest of the opinions contained in the most judicious Antiquarian Writings (often voluminous, recondite, and costly), on the various topics selected for discussion. It is intended to supply a desideratum long felt in English Literature, by enabling the reader to ascertain, with as much precision as is practicable, the dates of Ecclesiastical and Military Antiquities, and the people by whom they were constructed.

The present Proprietors, desirous of rendering this Work complete, and worthy of National Encouragement, respectfully inform the Public, they are preparing Antiquarian, Topographical, and Historical Surveys of "Ireland" and "Scotland," accompanied with Biographical Notices of eminent Persons resident in each County, intended to class with "The Beauties of England and Wales." For the execution of these additional Volumes, so justly deemed by the Subscribers indispensable towards the completion of this undertaking, they have selected literary men of acknowledged experience in Topographical and Antiquarian writings, and artists of the first celebrity. They pledge themselves to the assertion, that no expense or efforts shall be wanting in an endeavour to render every part worthy of Public patronage; and the arrangements preclude the possibility of the Work extending beyond its specified limits.

"The Beauties of Ireland" will be comprised in Two Volumes, which will be published in Monthly Numbers, in Royal Octavo and Demy Octavo, with Letter-press Illustrations, to correspond with "The Beauties of England and Wales."

"The Beauties of Scotland" will also be comprised in Two Volumes, and published in Monthly Numbers, &c. the same as above stated.
A

YEAR'S RESIDENCE,

IN THE

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Treating of the Face of the Country, the Climate, the Soil, the Products, the Mode of Cultivating the Land, the Prices of Land, of Labour, of Food, of Raiment; of the Expenses of Housekeeping, and of the usual manner of Living; of the Manners, Customs, and Character of the People; and of the Government, Laws, and Religion.

IN THREE PARTS.

BY WILLIAM COBBETT.

PART III.

Containing,—Mr. Hulme's Introduction to his Journal—Mr. Hulme's Journal, made during a Tour in the Western Countries of America, in which Tour he visited Mr. Birkbeck's Settlement—Mr. Cobbett's Letters to Mr. Birkbeck, remonstrating with that Gentleman on the numerous delusions, contained in his two publications, entitled "Notes on a Journey in America" and "Letters from Illinois"—Postscript, being the detail of an experiment made in the cultivation of the Ruta Baga—Second Postscript, a Refutation of Fearon's Falsehoods.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR SHERWOOD, NEELY, AND JONES,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1819.
[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]
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DEDICATION

To TIMOTHY BROWN, Esq.
OF PECKHAM LODGE, SURREY.

North Hempstead, Long Island,
10 Dec. 1818.

MY DEAR SIR,

The little volume here presented to the public, consists, as you will perceive, for the greater and most valuable part, of travelling notes, made by our friend Hulme, whom I had the honour to introduce to you in 1816, and with whom you were so much pleased.

His activity, which nothing can benumb, his zeal against the twin monster, tyranny and priestcraft, which nothing can cool, and his desire to assist in providing a place of retreat for the oppressed, which nothing but success in the accomplishment can satisfy; these have induced him to employ almost the whole of his time here in various ways all tending to the same point.

The Boroughmongers have agents and spies all over the inhabited globe. Here they cannot sell blood: they can only collect information and calumniate the people of both countries. These vermin our friend firks out (as the Hampshire people call it); and they hate him as rats hate a terrier.
Amongst his other labours, he has performed a very laborious journey to the Western Countries, and has been as far as the Colony of our friend Birkbeck. This journey has produced a Journal; and this Journal, along with the rest of the volume, I dedicate to you in testimony of my constant remembrance of the many, many happy hours I have spent with you, and of the numerous acts of kindness, which I have received at your hands. You were one of those, who sought acquaintance with me, when I was shut up in a felon’s jail for two years for having expressed my indignation at seeing Englishmen flogged, in the heart of England, under a guard of German bayonets and sabres, and when I had on my head a thousand pounds fine and seven years’ recognizances. You, at the end of the two years, took me from the prison, in your carriage, home to your house. You and our kind friend, Walker, are, even yet, held in bonds for my good behaviour, the seven years not being expired. All these things are written in the very core of my heart; and when I act as if I had forgotten any one of them, may no name on earth be so much detested and despised as that of

Your faithful friend,

And most obedient servant,

WM. COBBETT.
PREFACE TO PART III.

849. In giving an account of the United States of America, it would not have been proper to omit saying something of the Western Countries, that Newest of the New Worlds, to which so many thousands and hundreds of thousands are flocking, and towards which the writings of Mr. Birkbeck have, of late, drawn the pointed attention of all those Englishmen, who, having something left to be robbed of, and wishing to preserve it, are looking towards America as a place of refuge from the Boroughmongers and the Holy Alliance, which latter, to make the compact complete, seems to want nothing but the accession of His Satanic Majesty.

850. I could not go to the Western Countries; and, the accounts of others were seldom to be relied on; because, scarcely any man goes thither without some degree of partiality, or comes back without being tainted with some little matter, at least, of self-interest. Yet, it was desirable to make an attempt, at least, towards settling the question: "Whether the Atlantic, or the Western, Countries were the best for English Farmers to settle in." Therefore, when Mr. Hulme proposed to make a Western Tour, I was very much pleased, seeing that, of all the men I knew, he was the
most likely to bring us back an impartial account of what he should see. His great knowledge of farming as well as of manufacturing affairs; his capacity of estimating local advantages and disadvantages; the natural turn of his mind for discovering the means of applying to the use of man all that is furnished by the earth, the air, and water; the patience and perseverance with which he pursues all his inquiries; the urbanity of his manners, which opens to him all the sources of information: his inflexible adherence to truth: all these marked him out as the man, on whom the public might safely rely.

851. I, therefore, give his Journal, made during his tour. He offers no opinion as to the question above stated. That I shall do; and, when the reader has gone through the Journal he will find my opinions as to that question, which opinions I have stated in a Letter, addressed to Mr. Birkbeck.

852. The American reader will perceive, that this Letter is intended principally for the perusal of Englishmen; and, therefore, he must not be surprised if he find a little bickering in a group so much of a family cast.

Wm. Cobbett.

North Hempstead,
10th December, 1818.
A

YEAR'S RESIDENCE,
&c.

INTRODUCTION TO THE JOURNAL.


853. It seems necessary, by way of Introduction to the following Journal, to say some little matter respecting the author of it, and also respecting his motives for wishing it to be published.

854. As to the first, I am an Englishman by birth and parentage; and am of the county of Lancaster. I was bred and brought up at farming work, and became an apprentice to the business of Bleacher, at the age of 14 years. My own industry made me a master-bleacher, in which state I lived many years at Great Lever, near Bolton, where I employed about 140 men, women, and children, and had generally about 40 apprentices. By this business, pursued with incessant application, I had ac-
quired, several years ago, property to an amount sufficient to satisfy any man of moderate desires.

855. But, along with my money my children had come and had gone on increasing to the number of nine. New duties now arose, and demanded my best attention. It was not sufficient that I was likely to have a decent fortune for each child. I was bound to provide, if possible, against my children being stripped of what I had earned for them. I, therefore, looked seriously at the situation of England; and, I saw, that the incomes of my children were all pawned (as my friend Cobbett truly calls it) to pay the Debts of the Borough, or seat, owners. I saw, that, of whatever I might be able to give to my children, as well as of what they might be able to earn, more than one half would be taken away to feed pensioned Lords and Ladies, Soldiers to shoot at us, Parsons to persecute us, and Fundholders, who had lent their money to be applied to purposes of enslaving us. This view of the matter was sufficient to induce the father of nine children to think of the means of rescuing them from the consequences, which common sense taught him to apprehend. But, there were other considerations, which operated with me in producing my emigration to America.
856. In the year 1811 and 1812 the part of the country, in which I lived, was placed under a new sort of law; or, in other words, it was placed out of the protection of the old law of the land. Men were seized, dragged to prison, treated like convicts, many transported and put to death, without having committed any thing, which the law of the land deems a crime. It was then that the infamous Spy-System was again set to work in Lancashire, in which horrid system Fletcher of Bolton was one of the principal actors, or, rather, organizers and promoters. At this time I endeavoured to detect the machinations of these dealers in human blood; and, I narrowly escaped being sacrificed myself on the testimony of two men, who had their pardon offered them on condition of their swearing against me. The men refused, and were transported, leaving wives and children to starve.

857. Upon this occasion, my friend Doctor Taylor, most humanely, and with his usual zeal and talent, laboured to counteract the works of Fletcher and his associates. The Doctor published a pamphlet on the subject, in 1812, which every Englishman should read. I, as far as I was able, co-operated with him. We went to London, laid the real facts before several members of the two houses of Parlia-
ment; and, in some degree, checked the progress of the dealers in blood. I had an interview with Lord Holland, and told him, that, if he would pledge himself to cause the secret-service money to be kept in London, I would pledge myself for the keeping of the peace in Lancashire. In short, it was necessary, in order to support the tyranny of the seat-sellers, that terror should prevail in the populous districts. Blood was wanted to flow; and money was given to spies to tempt men into what the new law had made crimes.

858. From this time I resolved not to leave my children in such a state of things, unless I should be taken off very suddenly. I saw no hope of obtaining a Reform of the Parliament, without which it was clear to me, that the people of England must continue to work solely for the benefit of the great insolent families, whom I hated for their injustice and rapacity, and despised for their meanness and ignorance. I saw, in them, a mass of debauched and worthless beings, having at their command an army to compel the people to surrender to them the fruits of their industry; and, in addition, a body existing under the garb of religion, almost as despicable in point of character, and still more malignant.

859. I could not have died in peace, leaving my children the slaves of such a set of beings;
and, I could not live in peace, knowing that, at any hour, I might die and so leave my family. Therefore, I resolved, like the Lark in the fable, to remove my brood, which was still more numerous than that of the Lark. While the war was going on between England and America, I could not come to this country. Besides, I had great affairs to arrange. In 1816, having made my preparations, I set off; not with my family; for, that I did not think a prudent step. It was necessary for me to see what America really was. I, therefore, came for that purpose.

860. I was well pleased with America, over a considerable part of which I travelled. I saw an absence of human misery. I saw a government taking away a very, very small portion of men's earnings. I saw ease and happiness and a fearless utterance of thought every where prevail. I saw laws like those of the old laws of England, every where obeyed with cheerfulness and held in veneration. I heard of no mobs, no riots, no spies, no transportings, no hangings. I saw those very Irish, to keep whom in order, such murderous laws exist in Ireland, here good, peaceable, industrious citizens. I saw no placemen and pensioners, riding the people under foot. I saw no greedy Priesthood, fattening on the fruits of labour in which they had never participated, and which fruits
they seized in despite of the people. I saw a Debt, indeed, but then, it was so insignificant a thing; and, besides, it had been contracted for the people's use, and not for that of a set of tyrants, who had used the money to the injury of the people. In short, I saw a state of things, precisely the reverse of that in England, and very nearly what it would be in England, if the Parliament were reformed.

Therefore, in the Autumn of 1816, I returned to England fully intending to return the next spring with my family and whatever I possessed of the fruits of my labours, and to make America my country and the country of that family. Upon my return to England, however, I found a great stir about Reform; and, having, in their full force, all those feelings, which make our native country dear to us, I said, at once, "my desire " is, not to change country or countrymen, but " to change slavery for freedom: give me free-" dom here, and here I'll remain." These are nearly the very words that I uttered to Mr. Cobbett, when first introduced to him, in December, 1816, by that excellent man, Major Cartwright. Nor was I unwilling to labour myself in the cause of Reform. I was one of those very Delegates, of whom the Borough-tyrants said so many falsehoods, and whom Sir Francis Burdett so shamefully abandoned.
In the meeting of Delegates, I thought we went too far in reposing confidence in him: I spoke my opinion as to this point: and, in a very few days, I had the full proof of the correctness of my opinion. I was present when Major Cartwright opened a letter from Sir Francis, which had come from Leicestershire. I thought the kind-hearted old Major would have dropped upon the floor! I shall never forget his looks as he read that letter. If the paltry Burdett had a hundred lives, the taking of them all away would not atone for the pain he that day gave to Major Cartwright, not to mention the pain given to others, and the injury done to the cause. For my part, I was not much disappointed. I had no opinion of Sir Francis Burdett's being sound. He seemed to me too much attached to his own importance to do the people any real service. He is an aristocrat; and that is enough for me. It is folly to suppose, that such a man will ever be a real friend of the rights of the people. I wish he were here a little while. He would soon find his proper level; and that would not, I think, be very high. Mr. Hunt was very much against our confiding in Burdett; and he was perfectly right. I most sincerely hope, that my countrymen will finally destroy the tyrants who oppress them; but, I am very sure, that, before they
succeed in it, they must cure themselves of the folly of depending for assistance on the nobles or the half-nobles.

862. After witnessing this conduct in Burdett, I set off home, and thought no more about effecting a Reform. The Acts that soon followed were, by me, looked upon as matters of course. The tyranny could go on no longer under disguise. It was compelled to shew its naked face; but, it is now, in reality, not worse than it was before. It now does no more than rob the people, and that it did before. It kills more now out-right; but, men may as well be shot, or stabbed, or hanged, as starved to death.

863. During the Spring and the early part of the Summer, of 1817, I made preparations for the departure of myself and family, and when all was ready, I bid an everlasting adieu to Boroughmongers, Sinecure placemen and place-women, pensioned Lords and Ladies, Standing Armies in time of peace, and (rejoice, oh! my children!) to a hireling, tithe-devouring Priesthood. We arrived safe and all in good health, and which health has never been impaired by the climate. We are in a state of ease, safety, plenty; and how can we help being as happy as people can be? The more I see of my adopted country, the more gratitude do I feel towards it for affording me and my numerous
offspring protection from the tyrants of my native country. There I should have been in constant anxiety about my family. Here I am in none at all. Here I am in fear of no spies, no false witnesses, no blood-money men. Here no fines, irons, or gallowses await me, let me think or say what I will about the government. Here I have to pay no people to be ready to shoot at me, or run me through the body, or chop me down. Here no vile Priest can rob me and mock me in the same breath.

864. In the year 1816 my travelling in America was confined to the Atlantic States. I there saw enough to determine the question of emigration or no emigration. But, a spot to settle on myself was another matter; for, though I do not know, that I shall meddle with any sort of trade, or occupation, in the view of getting money, I ought to look about me, and to consider soberly as to a spot to settle on with so large a family. It was right, therefore, for me to see the Western Countries. I have done this; and the particulars, which I thought worthy my notice, I noted down in a Journal. This Journal I now submit to the public. My chief motive in the publication is to endeavour to convey useful information, and especially to those persons, who may be disposed to follow my example, and to withdraw their families
and fortunes from beneath the hoofs of the tyrants of England.

865. I have not the vanity to suppose myself *eminently* qualified for any thing beyond my own profession; but I have been an attentive observer; I have raised a considerable fortune by my own industry and economy; I have, all my life long, studied the matters connected with agriculture, trade, and manufactures. I had a desire to acquire an accurate knowledge of the Western Countries, and what I did acquire I have endeavoured to communicate to others. It was not my object to give flowery descriptions. I leave that to poets and painters. Neither have I attempted any *general* estimate of the means or manner of living, or getting money, in the West. But, I have contented myself with merely noting down the facts that struck me; and from those facts the reader must draw his conclusions.

866. In one respect I am a proper person to give an account of the Western Countries. I have *no lands there*: I have *no interests* there: I have nothing to warp my judgment in favour of those countries: and yet, I have as little in the Atlantic States to warp my judgment in their favour. I am perfectly impartial in my feelings, and am, therefore, likely to be impartial in my words. My good wishes extend to
the utmost boundary of my adopted country. Every particular part of it is as dear to me as every other particular part.

867. I have recommended most strenuously the encouraging and promoting of *Domestic Manufacture*; not because I mean to be engaged in any such concern myself; for it is by no means likely that I ever shall; but, because I think that such encouragement and promotion would be greatly beneficial to America, and because it would provide a happy Asylum for my native oppressed and distressed country-men, who have been employed all the days of their lives in manufactures in England, where the principal part of the immense profits of their labour is consumed by the Borough tyrants and their friends, and expended for the vile purpose of perpetuating a system of plunder and despotism at home, and all over the world.

868. Before I conclude this Introduction, I must observe, that I see with great pain, and with some degree of shame, the behaviour of some persons from England, who appear to think that they give proof of their *high breeding* by repaying civility, kindness, and hospitality, with *reproach* and *insolence*. However, these persons are *despised*. They produce very little impression here; and, though the accounts
they send to England, may be believed by some, they will have little effect on persons of sense and virtue. Truth will make its way; and it is, thank God, now making its way with great rapidity.

869. I could mention numerous instances of Englishmen, coming to this country with hardly a dollar in their pocket, and arriving at a state of ease and plenty and even riches in a few years; and I explicitly declare, that I have never known or heard of, an instance of one common labourer who, with common industry and economy, did not greatly better his lot. Indeed, how can it otherwise be, when the average wages of agricultural labour is double what it is in England, and when the average price of food is not more than half what it is in that country? These two facts, undeniable as they are, are quite sufficient to satisfy any man of sound mind.

870. As to the manners of the people, they are precisely to my taste: unostentatious and simple. Good sense I find everywhere, and never affectation. Kindness, hospitality, and never-failing civility. I have travelled more than four thousand miles about this country; and I never met with one single insolent or rude native American.

871. I trouble myself very little about the
party politics of the country. These contests are the natural offspring of freedom; and, they tend to perpetuate that which produces them. I look at the people as a whole; and I love them and feel grateful to them for having given the world a practical proof, that peace, social order, and general happiness can be secured, and best secured, without Monarchs, Dukes, Counts, Baronets, and Knights. I have no unfriendly feeling towards any Religious Society. I wish well to every member of every such Society; but, I love the Quakers, and feel grateful towards them, for having proved to the world, that all the virtues, public as well as private, flourish most and bring forth the fairest fruits when unincumbered with those noxious weeds, hireling priests.

THOMAS HULME.
872. *Pittsburgh*, June 3. — Arrived here with a friend as travelling companion, by the mail stage from Philadelphia, after a journey of six days; having set out on the 28th May. We were much pleased with the face of the country, the greatest part of which was new to me. The route, as far as Lancaster, lay through a rich and fertile country, well cultivated by good, settled proprietors; the road excellent: smooth as the smoothest in England, and hard as those made by the cruel *corvées* in France. The country finer, but the road not always so good, all the way from Lancaster, by Little York, to Chambersburgh; after which it changes for mountains and poverty, except in timber. Chambersburgh is situated on the North West side of that fine valley which lies between the South and North Mountains, and which extends from beyond the North East boundary of Pennsylvania to nearly the South West extremity of North Carolina, and which has limestone for its bottom and rich and fertile
soil, and beauty upon the face of it, from one end to the other. The ridges of mountains called the Allegany, and forming the highest land in North America between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, begin here and extend across our route nearly 100 miles, or, rather, *three days*, for it was no less than half the journey to travel over them; they rise one above the other as we proceed Westward, till we reach the Allegany, the last and most lofty of all, from which we have a view to the West farther than the eye can carry. I can say nothing in commendation of the road over these mountains, but I must admire the drivers, and their excellent horses. The road is everything that is bad, but the skill of the drivers, and the well constructed vehicles, and the capital old English horses, overcome every thing. We were rather singularly fortunate in not breaking down or upsetting; I certainly should not have been surprized if the whole thing, horses and all, had gone off the road and been dashed to pieces. A new road is making, however, and when that is completed, the journey will be shorter in point of time, just one half. A fine even country we get into immediately on descending the Allegany, with very little appearance of unevenness or of barrenness all the way to Pittsburgh; the evidence of good
land in the crops, and the country beautified by a various mixture of woods and fields.

873. Very good accommodations for travellers the whole of the way. The stage stops to breakfast and to dine, and sleeps where it sups. They literally feasted us every where, at every meal, with venison and good meat of all sorts: every thing in profusion. In one point, however, I must make an exception, with regard to some houses: at night I was surprized, in taverns so well kept in other respects, to find bugs in the beds! I am sorry to say I observed (or, rather, felt,) this too often. Always good eating and drinking, but not always good sleeping.

874. June 4th and 5th.—Took a view of Pittsburgh. It is situated between the mouths of the rivers Allegany and Monongahela, at the point where they meet and begin the Ohio, and is laid out in a triangular form, so that two sides of it lie contiguous to the water. Called upon Mr. Bakewell, to whom we were introduced by letter, and who very obligingly satisfied our curiosity to see every thing of importance. After showing us through his extensive and well conducted glass works, he rowed us across the Monongahela to see the mines from which the fine coals we had seen burning were brought. These coals are taken out from the
side of a steep hill, very near to the river, and brought from thence and laid down in any part of the town for 7 cents the bushel, weighing, perhaps, 80 lbs. Better coals I never saw. A bridge is now building over the river, by which they will most probably be brought still cheaper.

875. This place surpasses even my expectations, both in natural resources and in extent of manufactures. Here are the materials for every species of manufacture, nearly, and of excellent quality and in profusion; and these means have been taken advantage of by skilful and industrious artizans and mechanics from all parts of the world. There is scarcely a denomination of manufacture or manual profession that is not carried on to a great extent, and, as far as I have been able to examine, in the best manner. The manufacture of iron in all the different branches, and the mills of all sorts, which I examined with the most attention, are admirable.

876. Price of flour, from 4 to 5 dollars a barrel; butter 14 cents per lb.; other provisions in proportion and mechanic's and good labourer's wages 1 dollar, and ship-builder's 1 dollar and a half, a day.

877. June 6th.—Leave Pittsburgh, and set out in a thing called an ark, which we buy for 2 L
the purpose, down the Ohio. We have, besides, a small skiff, to tow the ark and go ashore occasionally. This ark, which would stow away eight persons, close packed, is a thing by no means pleasant to travel in, especially at night. It is strong at bottom, but may be compared to an orange-box, bowed over at top, and so badly made as to admit a boy's hand to steal the oranges: it is proof against the river, but not against the rain.

878. Just on going to push off the wharf, an English officer stepped on board of us, with all the curiosity imaginable. I at once took him for a spy hired to way-lay travellers. He began a talk about the Western countries, anxiously assuring us that we need not hope to meet with such a thing as a respectable person, travel where we would. I told him I hoped in God I should see no spy or informer, whether in plain clothes or regimentals, and that of one thing I was certain, at any rate: that I should find no Sinecure placeman or pensioner in the Western country.

879. The Ohio, at its commencement, is about 600 yards broad, and continues running with nearly parallel sides, taking two or three different directions in its course, for about 200 miles. There is a curious contrast between the waters which form this river: that of the Alle-
gany is clear and transparent, that of the Monongahela thick and muddy, and it is not for a considerable distance that they entirely mingle. The sides of the river are beautiful; there are always rich bottom lands upon the banks, which are steep and pretty high, varying in width from a few yards to a mile, and skirted with steep hills varying also in height, overhanging with fine timber.

380. June 7th.—Floating down the Ohio, at the rate of four miles an hour. Lightning, thunder, rain and hail pelting in upon us. The hail-stones as large as English hazle-nuts. Stop at Steubenville all night. A nice place; has more stores than taverns, which is a good sign.

381. June 8th.—Came to Wheeling at about 12 o'clock. It is a handsome place, and of considerable note. Stopped about an hour. Found flour to be about 4 to 5 dollars a barrel; fresh beef 4 to 6 cents per lb., and other things (the produce of the country) about the same proportion. Labourers' wages, 1 dollar a day. Fine coals here, and at Steubenville.

382. June 9th.—Two fine young men join us, one a carpenter and the other a saddler, from Washington, in a skiff that they have bought at Pittsburgh, and in which they are taking a journey of about 700 miles down the river. We allow them to tie their skiff to our ark, for 2 L 2
which they very cheerfully assist us. Much diverted to see the nimbleness with which they go on shore sometimes with their rifles to shoot pigeons and squirrels. The whole expenses of these two young men in floating the 700 miles, will be but 7 dollars each, including skiff and every thing else.

883. This day pass Marietta, a good looking town at the mouth of the Muskingham River. It is, however, like many other towns on the Ohio, built on too low ground, and is subject to inundations. Here I observe a contrivance of great ingenuity. There is a strong rope put across the mouth of the river, opposite the town, fastened to trees or large posts on each side; upon this rope runs a pulley or block, to which is attached a rope, and to the rope a ferry-boat, which, by moving the helm first one way and then the other, is propelled by the force of the water across the river backwards or forwards.

884. June 10th.—Pass several fine coal mines, which, like those at Pittsburgh, Steubenville, Wheeling and other places, are not above 50 yards from the river and are upwards of 10 yards above high water. The river now becomes more winding than we have hitherto found it. It is sometimes so serpentine that it appears before and behind like a continuation of lakes, and the
hills on its banks seem to be the separations. Altogether, nothing can be more beautiful.

885. **June 11th.**—A very hot day, but I could not discover the degree of heat. On going along we bought two Perch, weighing about 8 lbs. each, for 25 cents, of a boy who was fishing. Fish of this sort will sometimes weigh 30 lbs. each.

886. **June 12th.**—Pass Portsmouth, at the mouth of the Scioto River. A sort of village, containing a hundred or two of houses. Not worthy of any particular remark.

887. **June 13th.**—Arrived at Cincinnati about midnight. Tied our ark to a large log at the side of the river, and went to sleep. Before morning, however, the fastening broke, and, if it had not been for a watchful back-woods-man whom we had taken on board some distance up the river, we might have floated ten or fifteen miles without knowing it. This back-woods-man, besides being of much service to us, has been a very entertaining companion. He says he has been in this country forty years, but that he is an Englishman, and was bred in Sherwood Forest (he could not have come from a better nursery). All his adventures he detailed to us very minutely, but dwelt with particular warmth upon one he had had with a priest, lately, who, to spite him for preaching, brought
an action against him, but was cast and had to pay costs.

888. June 14th and 15th.—Called upon Doctor Drake and upon a Mr. Bosson, to whom we had letters. These gentlemen shewed us the greatest civility, and treated us with a sort of kindness which must have changed the opinion even of the English officer whom we saw at Pittsburgh, had he been with us. I could tell that dirty hireling scout, that even in this short space of time, I have had the pleasure to meet many gentlemen, very well informed, and possessing great knowledge as to their own country, evincing public spirit in all their actions, and hospitality and kindness in all their demeanor; but, if they be pensioners, male or female, or sinecure place lords or ladies, I have yet come across, thank God, no respectable people.

889. Cincinnati is a very fine town, and elegantly (not only in the American acceptation of the word) situated on the banks of the river, nearly opposite to Licking Creek, which runs out of Kentucky, and is a stream of considerable importance. The country round the town is beautiful, and the soil rich; the fields in its immediate vicinity bear principally grass, and clover of different sorts, the fragrant smell of which perfumes the air. The town itself ranks
next to Pittsburgh, of the towns on the Ohio, in point of manufactures.

890. We sold our ark, and its produce formed a deduction from our expences, which, with that deduction, amounted to 14 dollars each, including every thing, for the journey from Pittsburgh to this place, which is upwards of 500 miles. I could not but remark the price of fuel here; 2 dollars a cord for Hickory; a cord is 8 feet by 4, and 4 deep, and the wood, the best in the world; it burns much like green Ash, but gives more heat. This, which is of course the highest price for fuel in this part of the country, is only about a fifth of what it is at Philadelphia.

891. June 16th.—Left Cincinnati for Louisville with seven other persons, in a skiff about 20 feet long and 5 feet wide.

892. June 17th.—Stopped at Vevay, a very neat and beautiful place, about 70 miles above the falls of the Ohio. Our visit here was principally to see the mode used, as well as what progress was made, in the cultivation of the vine, and I had a double curiosity, never having as yet seen a vineyard. These vineyards are cultivated entirely by a small settlement of Swiss, of about a dozen families, who have been here about ten years. They first settled on the Kentucky river, but did not succeed
there. They plant the vines in rows, attached to stakes like espaliers, and they plough between with a one-horse plough. The grapes, which are of the sorts of claret and madeira, look very fine and luxuriant, and will be ripe in about the middle of September. The soil and climate both appear to be quite congenial to the growth of the vine: the former rich and the latter warm. The north west wind, when it blows, is very cold, but the south, south east and south west winds, which are always warm, are prevalent. The heat, in the middle of the summer, I understand, is very great, being generally above 85 degrees, and sometimes above 100 degrees. Each of these families has a farm as well as a vineyard, so that they supply themselves with almost every necessary and have their wine all clear profit. Their produce will this year be probably not less than 5000 gallons; we bought 2 gallons of it at a dollar each, as good as I would wish to drink. Thus it is that the tyrants of Europe create vineyards in this new country!

893. June 18th.—Arrived at Louisville, Kentucky. The town is situated at the commencement of the falls, or rapids, of the Ohio. The river, at this place, is little less than a mile wide, and the falls continue from a ledge of rocks which runs across the river in a sloping
direction at this part, to Shippingport, about 2 miles lower down. Perceiving stagnant waters about the town, and an appearance of the house that we stopped at being infested with bugs, we resolved not to make any stay at Louisville, but got into our skiff and floated down the falls to Shippingport. We found it very rough floating, not to say dangerous. The river of very unequal widths and full of islands and rocks along this short distance, and the current very rapid, though the descent is not more than 22 feet. At certain times of the year the water rises so that there is no fall; large boats can then pass.

894. At Shippingport, stopped at the house of Mr. Berthoud, a very respectable French gentleman, from whom we received the greatest civility during our stay, which was two nights and the day intervening.

895. Shippingport is situated at a place of very great importance, being the upper extremity of that part of the river which is navigable for heavy steam-boats. All the goods coming from the country are re-shipped, and every thing going to it is un-shipped, here. Mr. Berthoud has the store in which the articles exporting or importing are lodged; and is, indeed, a great shipper, though at a thousand miles from the sea.
896. *June 20th.*—Left the good and comfortable house of Mr. Berthoud, very much pleased with him and his amiable wife and family, though I differed with him a little in politics. Having been taught at church, when a boy, that the Pope was the whore of Babylon, that the Bourbons were tyrants, and that the Priests and privileged orders of France were impostors and petty tyrants under them, I could not agree with him in applauding the Boroughmongers of England for re-subjugating the people of France, and restoring the Bourbons, the Pope, and the Inquisition.

897. Stop at New Albany, 2 miles below Shippingport, till the evening. A Mr. Paxton, I am told, is the proprietor of a great part of the town, and has the grist and saw-mills, which are worked by steam, and the ferry across the river. Leave this place in company with a couple of young men from the western part of the state of New York, who are on their way to Tennessee in a small ferry-boat. Their whole journey will, probably, be about 1,500 miles.

898. *June 21st.*—Floating down the river, without any thing in particular occurring.

899. *June 22nd.*—Saw a Mr. Johnstone and his wife reaping wheat on the side of the river. They told us they had come to this spot last
year, direct from Manchester, Old England, and
had bought their little farm of 55 acres of a
back-woods-man who had cleared it, and was
glad to move further westward, for 3 dollars
an acre. They had a fine flock of little chil-
dren, and pigs and poultry, and were cheerful
and happy, being confident that their industry
and economy would not be frustrated by visits
for tithes or taxes.

900. June 23rd.—See great quantities of tur-
key-buzzards and thousands of pigeons. Came
to Pigeon Creek, about 230 miles below the
Falls, and stopped for the night at Evansville,
a town of nine months old, near the mouth of
it. We are now frequently met and passed by
large, fine steam-boats, plying up and down
the river. One went by us as we arrived here
which had left Shippingport only the evening
before. They go down the river at the rate of
10 miles an hour, and charge passengers 6 cents
a mile, boarding and lodging included. The
price is great, but the time is short.

901. June 24th.—Left Evansville. This little
place is rapidly increasing, and promises to be
a town of considerable trade. It is situated at
a spot which seems likely to become a port for
shipping to Princeton and a pretty large dis-
trict of Indiana. I find that the land specula-
tors have made entry of the most eligible
tracts of land, which will impede the partial, though not the final, progress of population and improvement in this part of the state.

902. On our way to Princeton, we see large flocks of fine wild turkeys, and whole herds of pigs, apparently very fat. The pigs are wild also, but have become so from neglect. Some of the inhabitants, who prefer sport to work, live by shooting these wild turkeys and pigs, and, indeed, sometimes, I understand, they shoot and carry off those of their neighbours before they are wild.

903. June 25th.—Arrived at Princeton, Indiana, about 20 miles from the river. I was sorry to see very little doing in this town. They cannot all keep stores and taverns! One of the store-keepers told me he does not sell more than ten thousand dollars value per annum: he ought, then, to manufacture something and not spend nine tenths of his time in lolling with a segar in his mouth.

904. June 26th.—At Princeton, endeavouring to purchase horses, as we had now gone far enough down the Ohio. While waiting in our tavern, two men called in armed with rifles, and made enquiries for some horses they suspected to be stolen. They told us they had been almost all the way from Albany, to Shawnee town after them, a distance of about 150
miles. I asked them how they would be able to secure the thieves, if they overtook them, in these wild woods; "O" said they, "shoot "them off the horses." This is a summary mode of executing justice, thought I, though probably the most effectual, and, indeed, only one in this state of society. A thief very rarely escapes here; not nearly so often as in more populous districts. The fact was, in this case, however, we discovered afterwards, that the horses had strayed away, and had returned home by this time. But, if they had been stolen, the stealers would not have escaped. When the loser is tired, another will take up the pursuit, and the whole country is up in arms till he is found.

905. June 27th.—Still at Princeton. At last we get suited with horses. Mine costs me only 135 dollars with the bridle and saddle, and that I am told is 18 dollars too much.

906. June 28th.—Left Princeton, and set out to see Mr. Birkbeck's settlement, in Illinois, about 35 miles from Princeton. Before we got to the Wabash we had to cross a swamp of half a mile wide; we were obliged to lead our horses, and walk up to the knees in mud and water. Before we got half across we began to think of going back; but, there is a sound bottom under it all, and we waded through it as well as
we could. It is, in fact, nothing but a bed of very soft and rich land, and only wants draining to be made productive. We soon after came to the banks of the great Wabash, which is here about half a mile broad, and as the ferry-boat was crossing over with us I amused myself by washing my dirty boots. Before we mounted again we happened to meet with a neighbour of Mr. Birkbeck’s, who was returning home; we accompanied him, and soon entered into the prairie lands, up to our horses’ bellies in fine grass. These prairies, which are surrounded with lofty woods, put me in mind of immense noblemen’s parks in England. Some of those we passed over are called wet prairies, but, they are dry at this time of the year; and, as they are none of them flat, they need but very simple draining to carry off the water all the year round. Our horses were very much tormented with flies, some as large as the English horse-fly and some as large as the wasp; these flies infest the prairies that are unimproved about three months in the year, but go away altogether as soon as cultivation begins.

907. Mr. Birkbeck’s settlement is situated between the two Wabashes, and is about ten miles from the nearest navigable water; we arrived there about sun-set, and met with a welcome which amply repaid us for our day’s toil.
We found that gentleman with his two sons perfectly healthy and in high spirits: his daughters were at Henderson (a town in Kentucky, on the Ohio) on a visit. At present his habitation is a cabin, the building of which cost only 20 dollars; this little hutch is near the spot where he is about to build his house, which he intends to have in the most eligible situation in the prairie for convenience to fuel and for shelter in winter, as well as for breezes in summer, and will, when that is completed, make one of its appurtenances. I like this plan of keeping the old log-house; it reminds the grand children and their children's children of what their ancestor has done for their sake.

908. Few settlers had as yet joined Mr. Birkbeck; that is to say, settlers likely to become "society;" he has labourers enough near him, either in his own houses or on land of their own joining his estate. He was in daily expectation of his friends Mr. Flower's family, however, with a large party besides; they had just landed at Shawnee Town, about 20 miles distant. Mr. Birkbeck informs me he has made entry of a large tract of land, lying, part of it, all the way from his residence to the great Wabash; this he will re-sell again in lots to any of his friends, they taking as much of it and wherever they choose (provided it be no more than they can
cultivate), at an advance which I think very fair and liberal.

909. The whole of his operations had been directed hitherto (and wisely in my opinion) to building, fencing, and other important preparations. He had done nothing in the cultivating way but make a good garden, which supplies him with the only things that he cannot purchase, and, at present, perhaps, with more economy than he could grow them. He is within twenty miles of Harmony, in Indiana, where he gets his flour and all other necessaries (the produce of the country), and therefore employs himself much better in making barns and houses and mills for the reception and disposal of his crops, and fences to preserve them while growing, before he grows them, than to get the crops first. I have heard it observed that any American settler, even without a dollar in his pocket, would have had something growing by this time. Very true! I do not question that at all; for, the very first care of a settler without a dollar in his pocket is to get something to eat, and, he would consequently set to work scratching up the earth, fully confident that after a long summering upon wild flesh (without salt, perhaps) his own belly would stand him for barn, if his jaws would not for mill. But the case is very different with Mr. Birkbeck, and at present he
has need for no other provision for winter but about a three hundredth part of his fine grass turned into hay, which will keep his necessary horses and cows; besides which he has nothing that eats but such pigs as live upon the waste, and a couple of fine young deer (which would weigh, they say when full grown, 200 lbs. dead weight), that his youngest son is rearing up as pets.

910. I very much admire Mr. Birkbeck's mode of fencing. He makes a ditch 4 feet wide at top, sloping to 1 foot wide at bottom, and 4 feet deep. With the earth that comes out of the ditch he makes a bank on one side, which is turfed towards the ditch. Then a long pole is put up from the bottom of the ditch to 2 feet above the bank; this is crossed by a short pole from the other side, and then a rail is laid along between the forks. The banks were growing beautifully, and looked altogether very neat as well as formidable; though a live hedge (which he intends to have) instead of dead poles and rails, upon top, would make the fence far more effectual as well as handsomer. I am always surprized, until I reflect how universally and to what a degree, farming is neglected in this country, that this mode of fencing is not adopted in cultivated districts, especially where the land is wet, or lies low; for, there it answers
a double purpose, being as effectual a drain as it is a fence.

911. I was rather disappointed, or sorry, at any rate, not to find near Mr. Birkbeck's any of the means for machinery or of the materials for manufactures, such as the water-falls, and the minerals and mines, which are possessed in such abundance by the states of Ohio and Kentucky, and by some parts of Pennsylvania. Some of these, however, he may yet find. Good water he has, at any rate. He showed me a well 25 feet deep, bored partly through hard substances near the bottom, that was nearly overflowing with water of excellent quality.

912. July 1st.—Left Mr. Birkbeck's for Harmony, Indiana. The distance by the direct way is about 18 miles, but there is no road, as yet; indeed, it was often with much difficulty that we could discover the way at all. After we had crossed the Wabash, which we did at a place called Davis's Ferry, we hired a man to conduct us some part of the way through the woods. In about a mile he brought us to a track, which was marked out by slips of bark being stripped off the trees, once in about 40 yards; he then left us, and told us we could not mistake if we followed that track. We soon lost all appearance of the track, however, and of the "blazing" of the trees, as they call it; but, as
it was useless to go back again for another guide, our only way was to keep straight on in the same direction, bring us where it would. Having no compass, this nearly cost us our sight, for it was just mid-day, and we had to gaze at the sun a long time before we discovered what was our course. After this we soon, to our great joy, found ourselves in a large corn field; rode round it, and came to Johnson's Ferry, a place where a Bayou (Boyau) of the Wabash is crossed. This Bayou is a run out of the main river, round a flat portion of land, which is sometimes overflowed: it is part of the same river, and the land encompassed by it, an island. Crossed this ferry in a canoe, and got a ferry-man to swim our horses after us. Mounted again and followed a track which brought us to Black River, which we forded without getting wet, by holding our feet up. After crossing the river we found a man who was kind enough to shew us about half a mile through the woods, by which our journey was shortened five or six miles. He put us into a direct track to Harmony, through lands as rich as a dung-hill, and covered with immense timber; we thanked him, and pushed on our horses with eager curiosity to see this far-famed Harmonist Society.
913. On coming within the precincts of the Harmonites we found ourselves at the side of the Wabash again; the river on our right hand, and their lands on our left. Our road now lay across a field of Indian corn, of; at the very least, a mile in width, and bordering the town on the side we entered; I wanted nothing more than to behold this immense field of most beautiful corn to be at once convinced of all I had heard of the industry of this society of Germans, and I found, on proceeding a little farther, that the progress they had made exceeded all my idea of it.

914. The town is methodically laid out in a situation well chosen in all respects; the houses are good and clean, and have, each one, a nice garden well stocked with all vegetables and tastily ornamented with flowers. I observe that these people are very fond of flowers, by the bye; the cultivation of them, and musick, are their chief amusements. I am sorry to see this, as it is to me, a strong symptom of simplicity and ignorance, if not a badge of their German slavery. Perhaps the pains they take with them is the cause of their flowers being finer than any I have hitherto seen in America, but, most probably, the climate here is more favourable. Having refreshed ourselves at the Tavern, where we
found every thing we wanted for ourselves and our horses, and all very clean and nice, besides many good things we did not expect, such as beer, porter, and even wine, all made within the Society, and very good indeed, we then went out to see the people at their harvest, which was just begun. There were 150 men and women all reaping in the same field of wheat. A beautiful sight! The crop was very fine, and the field, extending to about two miles in length, and from half a mile to a mile in width, was all open to one view, the sun shining on it from the West, and the reapers advancing regularly over it.

915. At sun-set all the people came in, from the fields, work-shops, mills, manufactories, and from all their labours. This being their evening for prayer during the week, the Church bell called them out again, in about 15 minutes, to attend a lecture from their High Priest and Law-giver, Mr. George Rapp. We went to hear the lecture, or, rather, to see the performance, for, it being all performed in German, we could understand not a word. The people were all collected in a twinkling, the men at one end of the Church and the women at the other; it looked something like a Quaker Meeting, except that there was not a single little child in the place. Here they were kept by
their Pastor a couple of hours; after which they returned home to bed. This is the quantum of Church-service they perform during the week; but on Sundays they are in Church nearly the whole of the time from getting up to going to bed. When it happens that Mr. Rapp cannot attend, either by indisposition or other accident, the Society still meet as usual, and the elders (certain of the most trusty and discreet, whom the Pastor selects as a sort of assistants in his divine commission) converse on religious subjects.

916. Return to the Tavern to sleep; a good comfortable house, well kept by decent people, and the master himself, who is very intelligent and obliging, is one of the very few at Harmony who can speak English. Our beds were as good as those stretched upon by the most highly pensioned and placed Boroughmongers, and our sleep, I hope, much better than the tyrants ever get, in spite of all their dungeons and gags.

917. July 2nd.—Early in the morning, took a look at the manufacturing establishment, accompanied by our Tavern-keeper. I find great attention is paid to this branch of their affairs. Their principle is, not to be content with the profit upon the manual labour of raising the article, but also to have the benefit of the ma-
chine in preparing it for use. I agree with them perfectly, and only wish the subject was as well understood all over the United States as it is at Harmony. It is to their skill in this way that they owe their great prosperity; if they had been nothing but farmers, they would be now at Harmony in Pennsylvania, poor cultivators, getting a bare subsistence, instead of having doubled their property two or three times over, by which they have been able to move here and select one of the choicest spots in the country.

918. But, in noting down the state of this Society, as it now is, its origin should not be forgotten; the curious history of it serves as an explanation to the jumble of sense and absurdity in the association. I will therefore trace the Harmonist Society from its outset in Germany to this place.

919. The Sect had its origin at Wurtemberg in Germany, about 40 years ago, in the person of its present Pastor and Master, George Rapp, who, by his own account, "having long seen and felt the decline of the Church, found himself impelled to bear testimony to the fundamental principles of the Christian Religion; and, finding no toleration for his inspired doctrines, or for those who adopted them, he determined with his followers to go,
to that part of the earth where they were free to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience.” In other words (I suppose), he had long beheld and experienced the slavery and misery of his country, and, feeling in his conscience that he was born more for a ruler than for a slave, found himself imperiously called upon to collect together a body of his poor countrymen and to lead them into a land of liberty and abundance. However, allowing him to have had no other than his professed views, he, after he had got a considerable number of proselytes, amounting to seven or eight hundred persons, among whom were a sufficiency of good labourers and artizans in all the essential branches of workmanship and trade, besides farmers, he embodied them into a Society, and then came himself to America (not trusting to Providence to lead the way) to seek out the land destined for these chosen children. Having done so, and laid the plan for his route to the land of peace and Christian love, with a foresight which shows him to have been by no means unmindful to the temporal prosperity of the Society, he then landed his followers in separate bodies, and prudently led them in that order to a resting place within Pennsylvania, choosing rather to retard their progress through the wilderness than to hazard
the discontent that might arise from want and fatigue in traversing it at once. When they were all arrived, Rapp constituted them into one body, having every thing in common, and called the settlement Harmony. This constitution he found authorized by the passage in Acts, iv, 32. "And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart, and of one soul: neither said any of them that aught of the things he possessed was his own, but that they had all things common." Being thus associated, the Society went to work, early in 1805, building houses and clearing lands, according to the order and regulations of their leader; but, the community of stock, or the regular discipline, or the restraints which he had reduced them to, and which were essential to his project, soon began to thin his followers, and principally, too, those of them who had brought most substance into the society; they demanded back their original portions and set out to seek the Lord by themselves. This falling off of the society, though it was but small, comparatively, in point of numbers, was a great reduction from their means; they had calculated what they should want to consume, and had laid the rest out in land; so that the remaining part were subjected to great hardships and difficulties for the first year or two of their settling, which was
during the time of their greatest labours. However, it was not long before they began to reap the fruits of their toil, and in the space of six or seven years their settlement became a most flourishing colony. During that short space of time they brought into cultivation 3,000 acres of land (a third of their whole estate), reared a flock of nearly 2,000 sheep, and planted hop-gardens, orchards, and vineyards; built barns and stables to house their crops and their live stock, granaries to keep one year's produce of grain always in advance, houses to make their cyder, beer, and wine in, and good brick or stone warehouses for their several species of goods; constructed distilleries, mills for grinding, sawing, making oil, and, indeed, for every purpose, and machines for manufacturing their various materials for clothing and other uses; they had, besides, a store for retailing Philadelphia goods to the country, and nearly 100 good dwelling-houses of wood, a large stone-built tavern, and, as a proof of superabundance, a dwelling-house and a meeting-house (alias the parsonage and church) which they had neatly built of brick. And, besides all these improvements within the society, they did a great deal of business, principally in the way of manufacturing, for the people of the country. They worked for them with their mills and
machines, some of which did nothing else, and their blacksmiths, tailors, shoe-makers, &c. when not employed by themselves, were constantly at work for their neighbours. Thus this everlastingly-at-work band of emigrants increased their stock before they quitted their first colony, to upwards of two hundred thousand dollars, from, probably, not one fifth of that sum. What will not unceasing perseverance accomplish? But, with judgment and order to direct it, what in the world can stand against it!*

920. In comparing the state of this society as it now is with what it was in Pennsylvania, it is just the same as to plan; the temporal and spiritual affairs are managed in the same way, and upon the same principles, only both are more flourishing. Rapp has here brought his disciples into richer land, and into a situation better in every respect, both for carrying on their trade, and for keeping to their faith; their vast extent of land is, they say, four feet deep of rich mould, nearly the whole of it, and it lies along the banks of a fine navigable river on one side, while the possibility of much interruption from other classes of Christians is effectually guarded against by an endless barricado of woods on the other side. Bringing the means,

* A more detailed account of this society, up to the year 1811, will be found in Mr. Mellish's Travels, vol. 2.
and experience acquired at their first establishment, they have of course gone on improving and increasing (not in population) at a much greater rate. One of their greatest improvements, they tell me, is the working of their mills and manufacturing machines by steam; they feel the advantage of this more and more every year. They are now preparing to build a steam-boat; this is to be employed in their traffic with New Orleans, carrying their own surplus produce and returning with tea, coffee, and other commodities for their own consumption, and to retail to the people of the country. I believe they advance, too, in the way of ornaments and superfluities, for the dwelling-house they have now built their pastor, more resembles a Bishop's Palace than what I should figure to myself as the humble abode of a teacher of the "fundamental principles of the Christian "Religion."

921. The government of this society is by bands, each consisting of a distinct trade or calling. They have a foreman to each band, who rules it under the general direction of the society, the law-giving power of which is in the High Priest. He cannot, however make laws without the consent of the parties. The manufacturing establishment, and the mercantile affairs and public accounts are all managed by
one person; he, I believe, is one of the sons of Rapp. They have a bank, where a separate account is kept for each person; if any one puts in money, or has put in money, he may, on certain conditions as to time, take it out again. They labour and possess in common; that is to say, except where it is not practicable or is immaterial, as with their houses, gardens, cows and poultry, which they have to themselves, each family. They also retain what property each may bring on joining the concern, and he may demand it in case of leaving the society, but without interest.

922. Here is certainly a wonderful example of the effects of skill, industry, and force combined: this congregation of far-seeing, ingenious, crafty, and bold, and of ignorant, simple, superstitious, and obedient, Germans, has shown what may be done. But, their example, I believe, will generally only tend to confirm this free people in their suspicion that labour is concomitant to slavery or ignorance. Instead of their improvements, and their success and prosperity altogether, producing admiration, if not envy, they have a social discipline, the thought of which reduces these feelings to ridicule and contempt: that is to say, with regard to the mass; with respect to their leaders, one's feelings are apt to be stronger. A fundamental
of their religious creed ("restraining clause," a Chancery Lawyer would call it) requires restrictions on the propagation of the species; it orders such regulations as are necessary to prevent children coming but once in a certain number of years; and this matter is so arranged that, when they come, they come in little flocks, all within the same month, perhaps, like a farmer's lambs. The Lawgiver here made a famously "restraining statute" upon the law of nature! This way of expounding law seems to be a main point of his policy; he by this means keeps his associates from increasing to an unruly number within, while more are sure not to come in from without; and, I really am afraid he will go a good way towards securing a monopoly of many great improvements in agriculture, both as to principle and method. People see the fine fields of the Harmonites, but, the prospect comes damped with the idea of bondage and celibacy. It is a curious society: was ever one heard of before that did not wish to increase! This smells strong of policy; some distinct view in the leaders, no doubt. Who would be surprized if we were to see a still more curious society by and bye? A Society Sole! very far from improbable, if the sons of Rapp (for he has children, nevertheless, as well as Parson
Malthus) and the Elders were to die, it not being likely that they will renounce or forfeit their right to the common stock. We should then have societies as well as corporations vested in one person! That would be quite a novel kind of benefice! but, not the less fat. I question whether the associated person of Mr. Rapp would not be in possession of as fine a domain and as many good things as the incorporated person of an Archbishop: nay, he would rival the Pope! But, to my journal.

923. Arrive at Princeton in the evening; a good part of our road lay over the fine lands of the Harmonites. I understand, by the bye, that the title deeds to these lands are taken in the name of Rapp and of his associates. Poor associates: if they do but rebel! Find the same store-keepers and tavern-keepers in the same attitudes that we left them in the other day. Their legs only a little higher than their heads, and segars in their mouths; a fine position for business! It puts my friend in mind of the Roman posture in dining.

924. July 3rd.—At Princeton all day. This is a pretty considerable place; very good as to buildings; but, is too much inland to be a town of any consequence until the inhabitants do that at home which they employ merchants and foreign manufactures to do for them. Pay
1 dollar for a set of old shoes to my horse, half the price of new ones.

925. July 4th.—Leave Princeton; in the evening, reach a place very appropriately called Mud-holes, after riding 46 miles over lands in general very good but very little cultivated, and that little very badly; the latter part of the journey in company with a Mr. Jones from Kentucky. Nature is the agriculturist here; speculation, instead of cultivation, is the order of the day amongst men. We feel the ill effects of this in the difficulty of getting oats for our horses. However, the evil is unavoidable, if it really can be called an evil. As well might I grumble that farmers have not taken possession as complain that men of capital have. Labour is the thing wanted, but, to have that, money must come first. This Mud-holes was a sort of fort, not 4 years ago, for guarding against the Indians, who then committed great depredations, killing whole families often, men, women and children. How changeable are the affairs of this world! I have not met with a single Indian in the whole course of my route.

926. July 5th.—Come to Judge Chambers's, a good tavern; 35 miles. On our way, pass French Lick, a strong spring of water impregnated with salt and sulphur, and called Lick from its being resorted to by cattle for the salt;
close by this spring is another still larger, of fine clear lime-stone water, running fast enough to turn a mill. Some of the trees near the Judge's exhibit a curious spectacle; a large piece of wood appears totally dead, all the leaves brown and the branches broken, from being roosted upon lately by an enormous multitude of pigeons. A novel sight for us, unaccustomed to the abundance of the back-woods! No tavern but this, nor house of any description, within many miles.

927. July 6th.—Leave the Judge's, still in company with Mr. Jones. Ride 25 miles to breakfast, not sooner finding feed for our horses; this was at the dirty log-house of Mr. ——— who has a large farm with a grist-mill on it, and keeps his yard and stables ankle deep in mud and water. If this were not one of the healthiest climates in the world, he and his family must have died in all this filth. About 13 miles further, come to New Albany, where we stop at Mr Jenkins's, the best tavern we have found in Indiana, that at Harmony excepted.

928. July 7th.—Resting at New Albany. We were amused by hearing a Quaker-lady preach to the natives. Her first words were "all the nations of the earth are of one blood." "So," said I to myself, "this question, which
"has so long perplexed philosophers, divines " and physicians, is now set at rest!" She pro-
ceeded to vent her rage with great vehemence against hireling priests and the trade of preach-
ing in general, and closed with dealing out large portions of brimstone to the drunkard and still larger and hotter to those who give the bottle to drink. This part of her discourse pleased me very much, and may be a saving to me into the bargain; for, the dread of everlast-
ing roasting added to my love of economy will (I think) prevent me making my friends tipsy.
A very efficacious sermon!

929. July 8th.—Jenkins's is a good tavern, but it entertains at a high price. Our bill was 6 dollars each for a day and two nights; a shameful charge. Leave New Albany, cross the Ohio, and pass through Louisville in Ken-
tucky again, on our way to Lexington, the capital. Stop for the night at Mr. Netherton's, a good tavern. The land hitherto is good, and the country altogether healthy, if I may judge from the people, who appear more cheerful and happy than in Indiana, always excepting Harmony. Our landlord is the picture of health and strength: 6 feet 4 inches high, weighs 300 lbs., and not fat.

930. July 9th.—Dine at Mr. Overton's ta-
vern, on our way to Frankfort; pay half a
dollar each for an excellent dinner, with as much brandy and butter-milk as we chose to drink, and good feed for our horses. In the afternoon we have the pleasure to be overtaken by two ladies on horse-back, and have their agreeable company for a mile or two. On their turning off from our road we were very reluctantly obliged to refuse an obliging invitation to drink tea at their house, and myself the more so, as one of the ladies informed me she had married a Mr. Constantine, a gentleman from my own native town of Bolton, in Lancashire. But, we had yet so far to go, and it was getting dark. This most healthful mode of travelling is universal in the Western States, and it gives me great pleasure to see it; though, perhaps, I have to thank the badness of the roads as the cause. Arrive at Frankfort, apparently a thriving town, on the side of the rough Kentucky river. The houses are built chiefly of brick, and the streets, I understand, paved with limestone. Limestone abounds in this state, and yet the roads are not good, though better than in Indiana and Ohio, for, there, there are none. I wonder the governments of these states do not set about making good roads and bridges, and even canals. I pledge myself to be able to shew them how the money might be raised, and, moreover, to prove
that the expence would be paid over and over again in almost no time. Such improvements would be income to the governments instead of expence, besides being such an incalculable benefit to the states. But, at any rate, why not roads, and in this state, too, which is so remarkable for its quality of having good road materials and rich land together, generally, all over it?

931. July 10th.—Leave Frankfort, and come through a district of fine land, very well watered, to Lexington; stop at Mr. Keen's tavern. Had the good fortune to meet Mr. Clay, who carried us to his house, about a mile in the country. It is a beautiful residence, situated near the centre of a very fine farm, which is just cleared and is coming into excellent cultivation. I approve of Mr. Clay's method very much, especially in laying down pasture. He clears away all the brush or underwood, leaving timber enough to afford a sufficiency of shade to the grass, which does not thrive here exposed to the sun, as in England and other such climates. By this means he has as fine grass and clover as can possibly grow. I could not but admire to see this gentleman, possessing so much knowledge and of so much weight in his country's affairs, so attentively promoting her not less important though more silent interests
by improving her agriculture. What pleased me still more, however, because I less expected it, was, to hear Mrs. Clay, in priding herself on the state of society, and the rising prosperity of the country, citing as a proof the decency and affluence of the trades-people and mechanics at Lexington, many of whom ride about in their own carriages. What a contrast, both in sense and in sentiment, between this lady and the wives of Legislators (as they are called), in the land of the Boroughmongers! God grant that no privileged batch ever rise up in America, for then down come the mechanics, are harnessed themselves, and half ridden to death.

932. July 11th.—This is the hottest day we have had yet. Thermometer at 90 degrees, in shade. Met a Mr. Whittemore, from Boston, loud in the praise of this climate. He informed me he had lately lost his wife and five children near Boston, and that he should have lost his only remaining child, too, a son now stout and healthy, had he not resolved instantly to try the air of the west. He is confident that if he had taken this step in time he might have saved the lives of all his family. This might be, however, and yet this climate not better than that of Boston. Spent the evening with Colonel Morrison, one of the first settlers in this state; a fine looking old gentleman, with colour in
his face equal to a London Alderman. The people here are pretty generally like that portion of the people of England who get porridge enough to eat; stout, fat, and ruddy.

933. July 12th.—Hotter than yesterday; thermometer at 91 degrees.

934. July 13th.—Leave Lexington; stop at Paris, 22 miles. A fine country all the way; good soil, plenty of limestone and no musquitoes. Paris is a healthy town, with a good deal of stir; woollen and cotton manufactures are carried on here, but upon a small scale. They are not near enough to good coal mines to do much in that way. What they do, however, is well paid for. A spinner told me he gets 83 cents per lb. for his twist, which is 33 cents more than it would fetch at New York. Stop at Mr. Timberlake’s, a good house. The bar-keeper, who comes from England tells me that he sailed to Canada, but he is glad he had the means to leave Canada and come to Kentucky; he has 300 dollars a year, and board and lodging. Made enquiry after young Watson, but find he has left this place and is gone to Lexington.

935. The following is a list of the wages and prices of the most essential branches of workmanship and articles of consumption, as they are here at present.
| Journeymen saddlers’ price for drawing on men’s saddles | $1 25 to 2 50 |
| Journeymen blacksmiths, per day | 1 - 1 25 |
| Journeymen blacksmiths, per month | 25 - 30 |
| Journeymen hatters (casters) | 1 25 |
| Ditto, rorum | 1 |
| Ditto for finishing, per month and found | 30 |
| Journeymen shoe-makers (coarse) | 75 |
| Ditto, fine | 1 25 |
| Ditto, for boots | 3 25 |
| Journeymen tailors, by the coat | 5 |
| Stone-masons or bricklayers, per day | 1 - 1 50 |
| Carpenters, per day, and found | 1 |
| Salary for a clerk, per annum | 200 - 500 |
| Beef, per 100 lbs. | 6 |
| Flour, per barrel | 6 |

936. July 14th.—Hot again; 90 degrees.

* Or, 5s 7½d. to 11s 3d. sterling. At the present rate of exchange, a dollar is equivalent to 4s. 6d. sterling, and a cent is the hundredth part of a dollar.
Arrive at Blue Licks, close by the fine Licking Creek, 22 miles from Paris. Here is a sulphur and salt spring like that at French Lick in Indiana, which makes this a place of great resort in summer for the fashionable swallowers of mineral waters; the three or four taverns are at this time completely crowded. Salt was made till latterly at this spring, by an old Scotsman; he now attends the ferry across the Creek. Not much to be said for the country round here; it is stony and barren, what I have not seen before in Kentucky.

937. July 15th.—To Maysville, or Limestone, 24 miles. This is a place on the banks of the Ohio, and is a sort of port for shipping down the river to a great part of that district of the state for which Louisville is the shipping port to and from New Orleans. Still hot; 90 degrees again. This is the fifth day; rather unusual, this continuance of heat. The hot spells as well as the cold spells, seldom last more than three days, pretty generally in America.

938. July 16th.—Hot still, but a fine breeze blowing up the river. Not a bit too hot for me, but the natives say it is the hottest weather they recollect in this country; a proof to me that this is a mild climate, as to heat, at any rate. Saw a cat-fish in the market, just caught
out of the river by a hook and line, 4 feet long and eighty pounds weight, offered for 2 dollars. Price of flour, 6 dollars a barrel; fresh beef, 6½ cents, and butter 20 cents per lb.

939. July 17th.—Set out again, crossing the Ohio into the state of that name, and take the road to Chillicothe, 74 miles from Maysville. Stop about mid-way for the night, travelling over a country generally hilly, and not of good soil, and passing through West Union, a place situated as a town ought to be, upon high and unlevel lands; the inhabitants have fine air to breathe, and plenty of food to eat and drink, and, if they keep their houses and streets and themselves clean, I will ensure them long lives. Some pretty good farms in view of the road, but many abandoned for the richer lands of Indiana and Illinois. Travelling expences much less, hitherto, than in Indiana and some parts of Kentucky; we had plenty of good butter-milk at the farm houses all along the road, free of expence, and the tavern-keepers do not set before us bread made of Indian corn, which we have not yet learned to like very cordially.

940. July 18th.—Come to Chillicothe, the country improving and more even as we proceed. See some very rich lands on passing Paint Creek, and on approaching the Scioto river; these, like all the bottom lands, having
a coat of sediment from their river in addition to the original soil, are by far the richest. Chillicothe is a handsome town, regularly laid out, but, stands upon a flat. I hate the very sight of a level street, unless there be every thing necessary to carry off all filth and water. The air is very fine, so far as it is not contaminated by the pools of water which stand about the town as green as grass. Main sewers, like those at Philadelphia, are much wanted.

941. July 19th.—Called upon Mr. Bond, being introduced by letter, and spent a very pleasant evening with him and a large party of his agreeable friends. Left them, much pleased with the society of Chillicothe.

942. July 20th.—We were introduced to Governor Worthington, who lives about 2 miles from the town. He took us to his house, and showed us part of his fine estate, which is 800 acres in extent, and all of it elevated table land, commanding an immense view over the flat country in the direction of Lake Erie. The soil is very rich indeed; so rich, that the Governor pointed out a dung heap which was bigger than the barn it surrounded and had grown out of, as a nuisance. The labour of dragging the dung out of the way, would be more than the cost of removing the barn, so that he is actually going to pull the barn down,
and build it up again in another place. This is not a peculiarity of this particular spot of land, for manure has no value here at all. All the stable-dung made at Chillicothe is flung into the river. I dare say, that the Inn we put up at does not tumble into the water less than 300 good loads of horse-dung every year.

943. I had some conversation with Governor Worthington on the subject of domestic manufactures, and was glad to find he is well convinced of the necessity of, or at least of the great benefit that would result from, the general establishment of them in the United States. He has frequently recommended it in his public capacity, he informed me, and I hope he will advocate it with effect. He is a true lover of his country, and no man that I have met with has a more thorough knowledge of the detestable villany of the odious Boroughmongering government of England, and, of course, it has his full share of hatred.

944. July 21st.—Leave Chillicothe. A fine, healthy country and very rich land all the way to New Lancaster, 34 miles from Chillicothe, and 38 from Zanesville. Stop at the house of a German, where we slept, but not in bed, preferring a soft board and something clean for a pillow to a bed of down accompanied with bugs.
945. Nothing remarkable, that I can see, as to the locality of this town of New Lancaster; but, the name, alas! it brought to my recollection the horrid deeds done at Old Lancaster, the county town of my native county! I thought of Colonel F———r, and his conduct towards my poor, unfortunate townsman, Gallant! I thought of the poor, miserable creatures, men, women, and children, who, in the bloody year of 1812, were first instigated by spies to commit arson, and then pursued into death by the dealers in human blood. Amongst the sufferers, upon this particular occasion, there was a boy, who was silly, and who would, at any time, have jumped into a pit for a halfpenny: he was not fourteen years old; and when he was about to be hanged, actually called out for his “mammy” to come and save him! Who, that has a heart in his bosom, can help feeling indignation against the cruel monsters! Who can help feeling a desire to see their dreadful power destroyed! The day must come, when the whole of the bloody tragedies of Lancashire will be exposed. In the mean while, here I am in safety from the fangs of the monsters, who oppress and grind my countrymen. The thought of these oppressions, however, I carry about with me; and I cannot help its sometimes bursting forth into words.
946. *July 22nd.*—Arrive at Zanesville,* a place finely situated for manufactures, in a nook of the Muskingham, just opposite to the mouth of Licking Creek. It has almost every advantage for manufacturing of all sorts, both as to local situation and as to materials; it excels Wheeling and Steubenville, in many respects, and, in some, even Pittsburgh. The river gives very fine falls near the town, one of them of 12 feet, where it is 600 feet wide; the creek, too, falls in by a fine cascade. What a power for machinery! I should think that as much effect might be produced by the power here afforded as by the united manual labour of all the inhabitants of the state. The navigation is very good all the way up to the town, and is now continued round the falls by a canal with locks, so that boats can go nearly close up to Lake Erie. The bowels of the earth afford coal, iron ore, stone, free stone, lime-stone, and clays: all of the best, I believe, and the last, the very best yet discovered in this country, and, perhaps, as good as is to be found in any country. All these materials are found in inexhaustible quantities in the hills.

* For a more particular account of this place, as well, indeed, as of most of the other towns I have visited, see Mr. Mellish's Travels, vol. ii.
and little ridges on the sides of the river and creek, arranged as if placed by the hand of man for his own use. In short, this place has the four elements in the greatest perfection that I have any where yet seen in America. As to manufactures, it is, like Wheeling and Steubenville, nothing in comparison to Pittsburgh.

947. Nature has done her part; nothing is left wanting but machines to enable the people of Ohio to keep their flour at home, instead of exporting it, at their own expence, to support those abroad who are industrious enough to send them back coats, knives, and cups and saucers.

948. July 23rd.—All day at Zanesville. Spent part of it very agreeably with Mr. Adams the post-master, and old Mr. Dillon who has a large iron foundery near this.

949. July 24th.—Go with Mr. Dillon about 3 miles up the Creek, to see his mills and iron-factory establishment. He has here a very fine water-fall, of 18 feet, giving immense power, by which he works a large iron-forge and foundery, and mills for sawing, grinding, and other purposes.

950. I will here subjoin a list of the prices at Zanesville, of provisions, stock, stores, labour, &c., just as I have it from a resident, whom I can rely upon.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Dolls</th>
<th>Cents</th>
<th>Dolls</th>
<th>Cents</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Flour (superfine), per barrel of 196 lbs. from</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>. to</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beef, per 100 lbs.</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>. -</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>25</td>
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<tr>
<td>Pork (prime), per 100 lbs.</td>
<td>4 50</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>5</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Salt, per bushel of 50 lbs.</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>25</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Potatoes, per bushel</td>
<td></td>
<td>25</td>
<td>31 1/2</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Turnips, ditto</td>
<td></td>
<td>20</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Wheat, do. of 60 lbs. to 66 lbs.</td>
<td></td>
<td>75</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Indian Corn, ditto, shelled</td>
<td>33 1/2</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>50</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oats, ditto</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>33 1/2</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rye, ditto</td>
<td>50</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Barley ditto</td>
<td>75</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Turkeys, of from 12 lbs. to 20 lbs. each</td>
<td>37 1/2</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>50</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fowls</td>
<td>12 1/2</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>18 1/2</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Live Hogs, per 100 lbs. live weight</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>5</td>
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<tr>
<td>Cows (the best)</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>25</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Yoke of Oxen, ditto</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>75</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Sheep</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>50</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Hay, per ton, delivered</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>10</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Straw, fetch it and have it</td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Manure, ditto, ditto</td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Coals, per bushel, delivered</td>
<td>8</td>
<td></td>
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<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Butter, per lb. avoirdupois</td>
<td>12 1/2</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>18 1/2</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cheese, ditto, ditto</td>
<td>12 1/2</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>25</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Loaf Sugar</td>
<td>50</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Raw ditto</td>
<td>31 1/2</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Item</td>
<td>Dolls</td>
<td>Cents</td>
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<tr>
<td>Domestic Raw ditto</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>83/4</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Merino Wool, per lb. avoir-dupois, washed</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Three-quarter Merino ditto</td>
<td>75</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Common Wool</td>
<td>50</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bricks, per 1000, delivered</td>
<td>6 to 7</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lime, per bushel, ditto</td>
<td>183/4</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Sand, in abundance on the banks of the river</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Glass is sold in boxes, containing 100 square feet; of the common size there are 180 panes in a box, when the price is</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The price rises in proportion to the size of the panes.</td>
<td>14</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oak planks, 1 inch thick, per 100 square feet, at the saw-mill.</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>50</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poplar, the same.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>White Lead, per 100 lbs. delivered</td>
<td>17</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Red ditto</td>
<td>17</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Litharge</td>
<td>15</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Pig Lead</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>50</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Swedish Iron (the best, in bars)</td>
<td>14</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Juniatta, ditto, ditto</td>
<td>14</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Service Description</td>
<td>Dolls</td>
<td>Cents</td>
<td>Dolls</td>
<td>Cents</td>
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<td>-------------------------------------</td>
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<tr>
<td>Mr. Dillon's ditto, ditto</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>50</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Castings at Mr. Dillon's Foundery, per ton</td>
<td>120</td>
<td>0</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ditto, for machinery, ditto, per lb.</td>
<td></td>
<td>8</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Potash, per ton</td>
<td>180</td>
<td>0</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pearl Ashes, ditto</td>
<td>200</td>
<td>0</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stone masons and bricklayers, per day, and board and lodging</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>50</td>
<td>18(\frac{3}{4})</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plasterers, by the square yard, they finding themselves in board and lodging and in lime, sand, laths and everything they use</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>125</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carpenters, by the day, who find themselves and bring their tools</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>0 to 40</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>50-2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Blacksmiths, by the month, and found in board, lodging and tools</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>0 to 40</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>50-2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Millwrights, per day, finding themselves</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>0 to 40</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>50-2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tailors, per week, finding themselves and working 14 or 15 hours a day</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shoemakers, the same.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Glazier’s charge for putting in each pane of glass 8 in. by 10 in. with their own putty and laying on the first coat of paint . . .

Labourers, per annum, and found . . . . . . . .

The charge of carriage for 100 lbs. weight from Baltimore to Zanesville . .

Ditto for ditto by steamboat from New Orleans to Shippingport, and thence by boats, to Zanesville, about . . . . . . .

Peaches, as fine as can grow, per bushel . . .

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Dolls</th>
<th>Cents</th>
<th>Dolls</th>
<th>Cents</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>100</td>
<td>100</td>
<td>120</td>
<td>120</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>50</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12½</td>
<td>25</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Apples and Pears proportionably cheaper; sometimes given away, in the country.

951. Prices are much about the same at Steubenville; if any difference, rather lower. If bought in a quantity, some of the articles enumerated might be had a good deal lower. Labour, no doubt, if a job of some length were offered, might be got somewhat cheaper, here.
952. July 25th.—Leave Zanesville for Pittsburg, keeping to the United States road; stop at Cambridge, 25 miles. During the first eight miles we met 10 waggons, loaded with emigrants.

953. July 26th.—Stop at Mr. Broadshaw's, a very good house on the road, 25 miles from Cambridge. This general government road is by no means well laid out; it goes straight over the tops of the numerous little hills, up and down, up and down. It would have been a great deal nearer in point of time, if not in distance (though I think it would that, too), if a view had been had to the labour of travelling over these everlasting unevennesses.

954. July 27th.—To Wheeling in Virginia, 31 miles. They have had tremendous rains in these parts, we hear as we pass along, lately; one of the creeks we came over has overflowed so as to carry down a man's house with himself and his whole family. A dreadful catastrophe, but, certainly, one not out of the man's power to have foreseen and prevented; it surprises me that the people will stick up their houses so near the water's edge. Cross Wheeling Creek several times to-day; it is a rapid stream, and I hope it will not be long before it turns many water-wheels. See much good land, and some pretty good farming.
955. July 28th.—Went with a Mr. Graham, a Quaker of this place, who treated us in the most friendly and hospitable manner, to see the new national road from Washington city to this town. It is covered with a very thick layer of nicely broken stones, or stone, rather, laid on with great exactness both as to depth and width, and then rolled down with an iron roller, which reduces all to one solid mass. This is a road made for ever; not like the flint roads in England, rough, nor soft or dirty, like the gravel roads; but, smooth and hard. When a road is made in America it is well made. An American always plots against labour, and, in this instance, he takes the most effectual course to circumvent it. Mr. Graham took us likewise to see the fine coal mines near this place and the beds of limestone and freestone, none of which I had time to examine as we passed Wheeling in our ark. All these treasures lie very convenient to the river. The coals are principally in one long ridge, about 10 feet wide; much the same as they are at Pittsburgh, in point of quality and situation. They cost 3 cents per bushel to be got out from the mine. This price, as nearly as I can calculate, enables the American collier to earn, upon an average, double the number of cents for the same labour that the collier in England can earn; so that,
as the American collier can, upon an average, buy his flour for one third of the price that the English collier pays for his flour, he receives *six times the quantity of flour for the same labour*. Here is a country for the ingenious paupers of England to come to! They find food and materials, and nothing wanting but their mouths and hands to consume and work them. I should like to see the old toast of the Boroughmongers brought out again; when they were in the height of their impudence their myrmidons used to din in our ears, "Old England for ever, and those that do not like her let them leave her." Let them renew this swaggering toast, and I would very willingly for my part, give another to the same effect for the United States of America. But, no, no! they know better now. They know that they would be taken at their word; and, like the tyrants of Egypt, having got their slaves fast, will (if they can) keep them so. Let them beware, lest something worse than the Red Sea overwhelm them! Like Pharaoh and his Boroughmongers they will not yield to the voice of the people, and, surely, something like, or worse than, their fate shall befall them!

956. They are building a steam-boat at Wheeling, which is to go, they say, 1800 miles up the Missouri river. The wheels are made to work
in the stern of the boat, so as not to come in contact with the floating trees, snags, planters,* &c., obstructions most likely very numerous in that river. But, the placing the wheels behind only saves them; it is no protection against the boat's sinking in case of being pierced by a planter or Sawyer.† Observing this, I will suggest a plan which has occurred to me, and which, I think, would provide against sinking, effectually; but, at any rate, it is one which can be tried very easily and with very little expence.

—I would make a partition of strong plank; put it in the broadest fore-part of the boat, right across, and put good iron bolts under the bottom of the boat, through these planks, and screw them on the top of the deck. Then put an upright post in the inside of the boat against the middle of the plank partition, and put a spur to the upright post. The partition should be water-tight. I would then load the fore-part of the boat, thus partitioned off, with lumber or such loading as is least liable to injury, and best calculated to stop the progress of a Sawyer after it has gone through the boat.—By thus appropriating the fore-part of the boat to the reception of planters and sawyers, it ap-

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* Trees tumbled head-long and fixed in the river.

† The same as a planter, only waving up and down.
pears to me that the other part would be secured against all intrusion.

957. July 29th.—From Wheeling, through Charleston, changing sides of the river again to Steubenville. My eyes were delighted at Charleston to see the smoke of the coals ascending from the glass-works they have here. This smoke it is that must enrich America; she might save almost all her dollars if she would but bring her invaluable black diamonds into service. Talk of independence, indeed, without coats to wear or knives or plates to eat with!

958. At Steubenville, became acquainted with Messrs. Wills, Ross, and company, who have an excellent and well-conducted woollen manufactory here. They make very good cloths, and at reasonable prices; I am sorry they do not retail them at Philadelphia; I, for one, should be customer to them for all that my family wanted in the woollen-way. Here are likewise a Cotton-mill, a Grist-mill, a Paper-mill, an Iron-foundery and Tan-yards and Breweries. Had the pleasure to see Mr. Wilson, the editor of the Steubenville Gazette, a very public-spirited man, and, I believe, very serviceable to this part of the country. If the policy he so powerfully advocates were adopted, the effects would be grand for America; it would save her dollars while it would help to
draw the nails of the vile Boroughmongers. But, he has to labour against the inveterate effects of the thing the most difficult of all others to move—habit.

959. By what I have been able to observe of this part of the country, those who expect to find what is generally understood by society, pretty much the same that they have been accustomed to it on the Atlantic side, or in England, will not be totally disappointed. It is here upon the basis of the same manners and customs as in the oldest settled districts, and it there differs from what it is in England, and here from what it is there, only according to circumstances. Few of the social amusements that are practicable at present, are scarce; dancing, the most rational for every reason, is the most common; and, in an assemblage for this purpose, composed of the farmers' daughters and sons from 20 miles round, an Englishman (particularly if a young one) might very well think his travels to be all a dream, and that he was still in a Boroughmonger country. Almost always the same tunes and dances, same manners, same dress. Ah, it is that same dress which is the great evil! It may be a very pretty sight, but, to see the dollars thus danced out of the country into the hands of the Boroughmongers, to the tune of national airs, is a
thing which, if it do not warrant ridicule, will, if America do not, by one unanimous voice, soon put a stop to it.

960. July 30th.—From Steubenville, crossing the Ohio for the last time, and travelling through a slip of Virginia and a handsome part of Pennsylvania, to Pittsburgh.

961. August 1st.—Sold my horse for 75 dollars, 60 dollars less than I gave for him. A horse changes masters no where so often as in this Western country, and no where so often rises and falls in value. Met a Mr. Gibbs, a native of Scotland, and an old neighbour of mine, having superintended some oil of vitriol works near to my bleach-works on Great Lever, near Bolton, in Lancashire. He now makes oil of vitriol, aquafortis, salts, soap, &c. at this place, and is, I believe, getting rich. Spent a pleasant evening with him.

962. August 2nd.—Spent most part of the day with Mr. Gibbs, and dined with him; as the feast was his, I recommended him to observe the latter part of the good Quaker Lady's sermon which we heard at New Albany.

963. August 3rd.—Leave Pittsburgh, not without some regret at bidding adieu to so much activity and smoke, for I expect not to see it elsewhere. I like to contemplate the operation by which the greatest effect is produced in a
country. Take the same route and the same stage as on setting out from Philadelphia.

964. August 4th, 5th, and 6th.—These three days traversing the romantic Alleghany Mountains; got overturned (a common accident here) only once, and then received very little damage: myself none, some of my fellow travellers a few scratches. We scrambled, out, and, with the help of some waggoners, set the vehicle on its wheels again, adjusted our "plunder" (as some of the Western people call it), and drove on again without being detained more than five minutes. The fourth night slept at Chambersburg, the beginning of a fine country.

965. August 7th.—Travelled over the fine limestone valley before mentioned, and through a very good country all the way, by Little York to Lancaster. Here I met with a person from Philadelphia, who told me a long story about a Mr. Hulme, an Englishman, who had brought a large family and considerable property to America. His property, he told me, the said Mr. Hulme had got from the English Government, for the invention of some machine, and that now, having got rich under their patronage, he was going about this country doing the said Government all the mischief he could, and endeavouring to promote the interests of this country. After letting him go on till I was
quite satisfied that he depends mainly for his bread and butter upon the English Treasury, I said, "Well, do you know this Mr. Hulme?" "No, he had only heard of him." "Then I do, and I know that he never had any patent, nor ever asked for one, from the English government; all he has got he has gained by his own industry, and economy, and, so far from receiving a fortune from that vile government, he had nothing to do with it but to pay and obey, without being allowed to give a vote for a Member of Parliament or for any Government Officer. He is now, thank God, in a country where he cannot be taxed but by his own consent, and, if he should succeed in contributing in any degree to the downfall of the English Government, and to the improvement of this country, he will only succeed in doing his duty." This man could be no other than a dependent of that boroughmongering system which has its feelers probing every quarter and corner of the earth.

966. August 8th.—Return to Philadelphia, after a journey of 72 days. My expenses for this journey, including every thing, not excepting the loss sustained by the purchase and sale of my horse, amount to 270 dollars and 70 cents.
967. As it is now about a twelvemonth since I have been settled in Philadelphia, or set foot in it, rather, with my family, I will take a look at my books, and add to this Journal what have been the expences of my family for this one year, from the time of landing to this day, inclusive.

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Dolls.</th>
<th>Cents.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>House-rent</td>
<td>600</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fuel</td>
<td>137</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Schooling (at day-schools) for my children viz.; for Thomas, 14 years of age</td>
<td>40</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peter and John, ages of 12 and 10,</td>
<td>48</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sarah, 6 years of age</td>
<td>18-106</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boarding of all my family at Mrs. Anthony’s Hotel for about a week, on our arrival</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Expences of house-keeping (my family fourteen in number, including two servants) with every other out-going not enumerated above, travelling, incidents, two newspapers a day, &amp;c. &amp;c.</td>
<td>2076</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Taxes, not a cent.</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Priest, not a cent.</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td><strong>2999</strong></td>
<td><strong>66</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
968. "What! nothing to the Parson!" some of my old neighbours will exclaim. No: not a single stiver. The Quakers manage their affairs without Parsons, and I believe they are as good and as happy a people as any religious denomination who are aided and assisted by a Priest. I do not suppose that the Quakers will admit me into their Society; but, in this free country I can form a new society, if I choose, and, if I do, it certainly shall be a Society having a Chairman in place of a Parson, and the assemblage shall discuss the subject of their meeting themselves. Why should there not be as much knowledge and wisdom and common sense, in the heads of a whole congregation, as in the head of a Parson? Ah, but then there are the profits arising from the trade! Some of this holy Order in England receive upwards of 40,000 dollars per annum for preaching probably not more than five or six sermons during the whole year. Well may the Cossack Priests represent Old England as the bulwark of religion! This is the sort of religion they so much dreaded the loss of during the French Revolution; and this is the sort of religion they so zealously expected to establish in America, when they received the glad tidings of the restoration of the Bourbons and the Pope.

END OF THE JOURNAL.
My Dear Sir,

969. I have read your two little books, namely, the "Notes on a Journey in America," "and the Letters from the Illinois." I opened the books, and I proceeded in the perusal, with fear and trembling; not because I supposed it possible for you to put forth an intended imposition on the world; but, because I had a sincere respect for the character and talents of the writer; and because I knew how enchanting and delusive are the prospects of enthusiastic minds, when bent on grand territorial acquisitions.

970. My apprehensions were, I am sorry to have it to say, but too well founded. Your books, written, I am sure, without any intention to deceive and decoy, and without any even the smallest tincture of base self-interest, are, in
my opinion, calculated to produce great disappointment, not to say misery and ruin, amongst our own country people (for I will, in spite of your disavowal, still claim the honour of having you for a countryman), and great injury to America by sending back to Europe accounts of that disappointment, misery, and ruin.

971. It is very true, that you decline advising any one to go to the Illinois, and it is also true, that your description of the hardships you encountered is very candid; but still, there runs throughout the whole of your Notes such an account as to the prospect, that is to say, the ultimate effect, that the book is, without your either wishing or perceiving it, calculated to deceive and decoy. You do indeed describe difficulties and hardships: but, then, you overcome them all with so much ease and gaiety, that you make them disregarded by your English readers, who, sitting by their fire-sides, and feeling nothing but the gripe of the Borough-mongers and the tax-gatherer, merely cast a glance at your hardships and fully participate in all your enthusiasm. You do indeed fairly describe the rugged roads, the dirty hovels, the fire in the woods to sleep by, the pathless ways through the wildernesses, the dangerous crossings of the rivers; but, there are the beautiful meadows and rich lands at last; there is the
fine freehold domain at the end! There are the giants and the enchanters to encounter; the slashings and the rib-roastings to undergo; but then, there is, at last, the lovely languishing damsel to repay the adventurer.

972. The whole of your writings relative to your undertaking, address themselves directly to *English Farmers*, who have property to the amount of two or three thousand pounds, or upwards. Persons of this description are, not by your express words, but by the natural tendency of your writings, *invited*, nay, strongly invited, to emigrate with their property to the Illinois Territory. Many have already acted upon the invitation. Many others are about to follow them. I am convinced, that their doing this is unwise, and greatly injurious, not only to them, but to the character of America as a country to emigrate to, and, as I have, in the first Part of this work, promised to give, as far as I am able, a *true* account of America, it is my duty to state the *reasons* on which this conviction is founded; and, I address the statement to you, in order, that, if you find it erroneous, you may, in the like public manner, show wherein I have committed error.

973. We are speaking, my dear Sir, of English Farmers possessing each two or three thousand pounds sterling. And, before we
proceed to inquire, whether such persons ought to emigrate to the West or to the East, it may not be amiss to inquire a little, whether they ought to emigrate at all! Do not start, now! For, while I am very certain that the emigration of such persons is not, in the end, calculated to produce benefit to America, as a nation, I greatly doubt of its being, generally speaking, of any benefit to the emigrants themselves, if we take into view the chances of their speedy relief at home.

974. Persons of advanced age, of settled habits, of deep rooted prejudices, of settled acquaintances, of contracted sphere of movement, do not, to use Mr. George Flower's expression, "transplant well." Of all such persons, Farmers transplant worst; and, of all Farmers, English Farmers are the worst to transplant. Of some of the tears, shed in the Illinois, an account reached me several months ago; through an eye-witness of perfect veracity, and a very sincere friend of freedom, and of you, and whose information was given me, unasked for, and in the presence of several Englishmen, every one of whom, as well as myself, most ardently wished you success.

975. It is nothing, my dear Sir, to say, as you do, in the Preface to the Letters from the Illinois, that, "as little would I encourage the,
emigration of the tribe of grumblers, people
who are petulant and discontented under the
every-day evils of life. Life has its petty
miseries in all situations and climates, to be
mitigated or cured by the continual efforts of
an elastic spirit, or to be borne, if incurable,
with cheerful patience. But the peevish emi-
grant is perpetually comparing the comforts
he has quitted, but never could enjoy, with
the privations of his new allotment. He over-
looks the present good, and broods over the
evil with habitual perverseness; whilst in the
recollection of the past, he dwells on the
good only. Such people are always bad as-
associates, but they are an especial nuisance in
an infant colony."

976. Give me leave to say, my dear Sir, that
there is too much asperity in this language, con-
sidering who were the objects of the censure.
Nor do you appear to me to afford, in this in-
stance, a very happy illustration of the absence
of that peevishness, which you perceive in
others, and for the yielding to which you call
them a nuisance; an appellation much too harsh
for the object and for the occasion. If you,
with all your elasticity of spirit, all your ardour
of pursuit, all your compensations of fortune in
prospect, and all your gratifications of fame in
possession, cannot with patience hear the wail-
ings of some of your neighbours, into what source are they to dip for the waters of content and good-humour?

977. It is no "every-day evil" that they have to bear. For an English Farmer, and, more especially, an English Farmer's wife, after crossing the sea and travelling to the Illinois, with the consciousness of having expended a third of their substance, to purchase, as yet, nothing but sufferings; for such persons to boil their pot in the gipsy-fashion, to have a mere board to eat on, to drink whisky or pure water, to sit and sleep under a shed far inferior to their English cow-pens, to have a mill at twenty miles distance, an apothecary's shop at a hundred, and a doctor no where: these, my dear Sir, are not, to such people, "every-day evils of "life." You, though in your little "cabin," have your books, you have your name circulating in the world, you have it to be given, by and bye, to a city or a county; and, if you fail of brilliant success, you have still a sufficiency of fortune to secure you a safe retreat. Almost the whole of your neighbours must be destitute of all these sources of comfort, hope, and consolation. As they now are, their change is, and must be, for the worse; and, as to the future, besides the uncertainty attendant, every where, on that which is to come, they ought to be ex-
cused, if they, at their age, despair of seeing days as happy as those that they have seen.

978. It were much better for such people not to emigrate at all; for while they are sure to come into a state of some degree of suffering, they leave behind them the chance of happy days; and, in my opinion, a certainty of such days. I think it next to impossible for any man of tolerable information to believe, that the present tyranny of the seat-owners can last another two years. As to what change will take place, it would, perhaps, be hard to say: but, that some great change will come is certain; and, it is also certain, that the change must be for the better. Indeed, one of the motives for the emigration of many is said to be, that they think a convulsion inevitable. Why should such persons as I am speaking of fear a convulsion? Why should they suppose, that they will suffer by a convulsion? What have they done to provoke the rage of the blanketteers? Do they think that their countrymen, all but themselves, will be transformed into prowling wolves? This is precisely what the Boroughmongers wish them to believe; and, believing it, they flee instead of remaining to assist to keep the people down, as the Boroughmongers wish them to do.

979. Being here, however, they, as you say, think only of the good they have left behind
them, and of the bad they find here. This is no fault of theirs: it is the natural course of the human mind; and this you ought to have known. You yourself acknowledge, that England "was never so dear to you as it is now in recollection: being no longer under its base oligarchy, I can think of my native country and her noble institutions, apart from her politics." I may ask you, by the way, what noble institutions she has, which are not of a political nature? Say the oppressions of her tyrants, say that you can think of her and love her renown and her famous political institutions, apart from those oppressions, and then I go with you with all my heart; but, so thinking, and so feeling, I cannot say with you, in your Notes, that England is to me "matter of history," nor with you, in your Letters from the Illinois, that "where liberty is, there is my country."

980. But, leaving this matter, for the present, if English Farmers must emigrate, why should they encounter unnecessary difficulties? Coming from a country like a garden, why should they not stop in another somewhat resembling that which they have lived in before? Why should they, at an expence amounting to a large part of what they possess, prowl two thousand miles at the hazard of their limbs and lives, take women and children through scenes of hardship
and distress not easily described, and that too, to live like gipsies at the end of their journey, for, at least, a year or two, and, as I think I shall show, without the smallest chance of their finally doing so well as they may do in these Atlantic States? Why should an English Farmer and his family, who have always been jogging about a snug home-stead, eating regular meals, and sleeping in warm rooms, push back to the Illinois, and encounter those hardships, which require all the habitual disregard of comfort of an American back-woods-man to overcome? Why should they do this? The undertaking is hardly reconcileable to reason in an Atlantic American Farmer who has half a dozen sons, all brought up to use the axe, the saw, the chisel and the hammer from their infancy, and every one of whom is ploughman, carpenter, wheelwright and butcher, and can work from sun-rise to sun-set, and sleep, if need be, upon the bare boards. What, then, must it be in an English Farmer and his family of helpless mortals? Helpless, I mean, in this scene of such novelty and such difficulty? And what is his wife to do; she who has been torn from all her relations and neighbours, and from every thing that she liked in the world, and who, perhaps, has never, in all her life—before, been ten miles from the cradle in which she was nursed? An
American farmer mends his plough, his waggon, his tackle of all sorts, his household goods, his shoes; and, if need be, he makes them all. Can our people do all this, or any part of it? Can they live without bread for months? Can they live without beer? Can they be otherwise than miserable, cut off, as they must be, from all intercourse with, and hope of hearing of, their relations and friends? The truth is, that this is not transplanting, it is tearing up and flinging away.

981. Society! What society can these people have? 'Tis true they have nobody to envy, for nobody can have any thing to enjoy. But there may be, and there must be, mutual complainings and upbraidings; and every unhappiness will be traced directly to him who has been, however unintentionally, the cause of the unhappy person's removal. The very foundation of your plan necessarily contained the seeds of discontent and ill-will. A colony all from the same country was the very worst project that could have been fallen upon. You took upon yourself the charge of Moses without being invested with any part of his authority; and absolute as this was, he found the charge so heavy, that he called upon the Lord to share it with him, or to relieve him from it altogether. Soon after you went out, an Unitarian Priest, upon my asking
what you were going to do in that wild country, said, you were going to form a community, who would be "content to worship one God."

"I hope not," said I, "for he will have plagues enough without adding a priest to the number." But, perhaps, I was wrong: for Aaron was of great assistance to the leader of the Israelites.

982. As if the inevitable effects of disappointment and hardship were not sufficient, you had, too, a sort of partnership in the leaders. This is sure to produce feuds and bitterness in the long run. Partnership-sovereignties have furnished the world with numerous instances of poisonings and banishments and rottings in prison. It is as much as merchants, who post their books every Sunday, can do to get along without quarrelling. Of man and wife, though they are flesh of flesh and bone of bone, the harmony is not always quite perfect, except in France, where the husband is the servant, and in Germany and Prussia, where the wife is the slave. But, as for a partnership sovereignty without disagreement, there is but one single instance upon record; that, I mean, was of the two kings of Brentford, whose cordiality was, you know, so perfect, that they both smelt to the same nosegay. This is, my dear Sir, no bantering. I am quite serious. It is impossible
that separations should not take place, and equally impossible that the neighbourhood should not be miserable. This is not the way to settle in America. The way is, to go and **sit yourself down amongst the natives.** They are already settled. They can **lend** you what you want to borrow, and happy they are always to do it. And, which is the great thing of all great things, you have their **women** for your women to **commune with**!

983. **Rapp**, indeed, has done great things; but **Rapp** has the authority of **Moses** and that of **Aaron** united in his own person. Besides, Rapp's community observe in reality that celibacy, which Monks and Nuns pretend to, though I am not going to take my oath, mind, that none of the tricks of the Convent are ever played in the tabernacles of **Harmony**. At any rate, Rapp secures the **effects** of celibacy; first, an absence of the expence attending the breeding and rearing of children, and, second, unremitted labour of woman as well as man. But, where, in all the world is the match of this to be found? Where else shall we look for a Society composed of persons willing and able to forego the gratification of the most powerful propensity of nature, for the sake of getting money together? Where else shall we look for a band of men and women who love money
better than their own bodies? Better than their souls we find people enough to love money; but, who ever before heard of a set that preferred the love of money to that of their bodies? Who, before, ever conceived the idea of putting a stop to the procreation of children, for the sake of saving the expence of bearing and breeding them? This Society, which is a perfect prodigy and monster, ought to have the image of MAMMON in their place of worship; for that is the object of their devotion, and not the God of nature. Yet the persons belonging to this unnatural association are your nearest neighbours. The masculine things here, called women, who have imposed barrenness on themselves, out of a pure love of gain, are the nearest neighbours of the affectionate, tender-hearted wives and mothers and daughters, who are to inhabit your colony, and who are, let us thank God, the very reverse of the petticoated German of Harmony.

984. In such a situation, with so many circumstances to annoy, what happiness can an English family enjoy in that country, so far distant from all that resembles what they have left behind them? "The fair Enchantress, "Liberty," of whom you speak with not too much rapture, they would have found in any of these States, and, in a garb, too, by which
they would have recognised her. Where they now are, they are free indeed; but their freedom is that of the wild animals in your woods. It is not freedom, it is no government. The Gipsies, in England, are free; and any one, who has a mind to live in a cave, or cabin, in some hidden recess of our Hampshire forests, may be free too. The English farmer, in the Illinois, is, indeed, beyond the reach of the Boroughmongers; and so is the man that is in the grave. When it was first proposed, in the English Ministry, to drop quietly the title of King of France in the enumeration of our king's titles, and, when it was stated to be an expedient likely to tend to a peace, Mr. Windham, who was then a member of the Cabinet, said: "As this is a measure of safety, and as, "doubtless, we shall hear of others of the same "cast, what think you of going under ground "at once?" It was a remark enough to cut the liver out of the hearers; but Pitt and his associates had no livers. I do not believe, that any twelve Journeymen, or Labourers, in England would have voted for the adoption of this mean and despicable measure.

985. If, indeed, the Illinois were the only place out of the reach of the Borough-grasp; and, if men are resolved to get out of that reach; then, I should say, Go to the Illinois,
by all means. But, as there is a country, a settled country, a free country, full of kind neighbours, full of all that is good, and when this country is to be traversed in order to get at the acknowledged hardships of the Illinois, how can a sane mind lead an English Farmer into the expedition?

986. It is the enchanting damsels that makes the knight encounter the hair-breadth scapes, the sleeping on the ground, the cooking with cross-sticks to hang the pot on. It is the Prairie, that pretty French word, which means green grass bespangled with daisies and cowslips! Oh, God! What delusion! And that a man of sense; a man of superior understanding and talent; a man of honesty, honour, humanity, and lofty sentiment, should be the cause of this delusion; I, my dear Sir, have seen Prairies many years ago, in America, as fine as yours, as fertile as yours, though not so extensive. I saw those Prairies settled on by American Loyalists, who were carried, with all their goods and tools to the spot, and who were furnished with four years' provisions, all at the expense of England; who had the lands given them; tools given them; and who were thus seated down on the borders of creeks, which gave them easy communication with the inhabited plains near the sea. The
settlers that I particularly knew were Connecticut men. Men with families of sons. Men able to do as much in a day at the works necessary in their situation as so many Englishmen would be able to do in a week. They began with a shed; then rose to a log-house; and next to a frame-house; all of their own building. I have seen them manure their land with Salmon caught in their creeks, and with pigeons caught on the land itself. It will be a long while before you will see such beautiful Corn-fields as I saw there. Yet nothing but the danger and disgrace which attended their return to Connecticut prevented their returning; though there they must have begun the world anew. I saw them in their log-huts, and saw them in their frame-houses. They had overcome all their difficulties as settlers; they were under a government which required neither tax nor service from them; they were as happy as people could be as to ease and plenty; but, still, they sighed for Connecticut; and especially the women, young as well as old, though we, gay fellows with worsted or silver lace upon our bright red coats, did our best to make them happy by telling them entertaining stories about Old England, while we drank their coffee and grog by gallons, and eat their fowls, pigs and sausages and sweet-meats, by wheel-barrow loads;
for, though we were by no means shy, their hospitality far exceeded our appetites. I am an old hand at the work of settling in wilds. I have, more than once or twice, had to begin my nest and go in, like a bird, making it habitable by degrees; and, if I, or, if such people as my old friends above-mentioned, with every thing found for them and brought to the spot, had difficulties to undergo, and sighed for home even after all the difficulties were over, what must be the lot of an English Farmer's family in the Illinois?

987. All this I told you, my dear sir, in London just before your departure. I begged of you and Mr. Richard Flower both, not to think of the Wildernesesses. I begged of you to go to within a day's ride of some of these great cities, where your ample capital and your great skill could not fail to place you upon a footing, at least, with the richest amongst the most happy and enlightened Yeomanry in the world; where you would find every one to praise the improvements you would introduce, and nobody to envy you any thing that you might acquire. Where you would find society as good, in all respects, as that which you had left behind you. Where you would find neighbours ready prepared for you far more generous and hospitable than those in England can be,
loaded and pressed down as they are by the inexorable hand of the Borough-villains. I offered you a letter (which, I believe, I sent you), to my friends the Pauls. "But," said I, "you want no letter. Go into Philadelphia, "or Bucks, or Chester, or Montgomery Coun-"ty; tell any of the Quakers, or any body "else, that you are an English Farmer, come "to settle amongst them; and, I'll engage that "you will instantly have friends and neigh-
"bours as good and as cordial as those that "you leave in England."

988. At this very moment, if this plan had been pursued, you would have had a beautiful farm of two or three hundred acres. Fine stock upon it feeding on Swedish Turnips. A house overflowing with abundance; comfort, ease, and, if you chose, elegance, would have been your inmates; libraries, public and private within your reach; and a communication with England much more quick and regular than that which you now have even with Pittsburgh.

989. You say, that "Philadelphians know "nothing of the Western Countries." Suffer me, then, to say, that you know nothing of the Atlantic States, which, indeed, is the only apology for your saying, that the Americans have no mutton fit to eat, and regard it only as a thing fit for dogs. In this island every farmer
has sheep. I kill *fatter* lamb than I ever saw in England, and the *fattest* mutton I ever saw, was in company with Mr. Harline, in Philadelphia market last winter. At Brighten, near Boston, they produced, at a cattle show this fall, an ox of *two-thousand seven-hundred pounds* weight, and sheep much finer, than you and I saw at the Smithfield Show in 1814. Mr. Judge Lawrence of this county, has kept, for seven years, an average of *five hundred Merinos* on his farm of *one hundred and fifty acres*, besides raising twenty acres of Corn and his usual pretty large proportion of grain! Can your Western Farmers beat that? Yes, in extent, as the surface of five dollars beats that of a guinea.

990. I suppose that Mr. Judge Lawrence's farm, close by the side of a bay that gives him two hours of water carriage to New-York; a farm with twenty acres of meadow, *real prairie*; a gentleman's house and garden; barns, sheds, cider-house, stables, coach-house, corn-cribs, and orchards that may produce from four to eight thousand bushels of apples and pears: I suppose, that this farm is worth *three hundred dollars an acre*: that is, forty-five thousand dollars; or about, *twelve or thirteen thousand pounds*.

991. Now, then, let us take a look at your
estimate of the expences of sitting down in the prairies.

**Copy from my Memorandum Book.**

992. Estimate of money required for the comfortable establishment of my family on Bolting House, now English, prairie; on which the first instalment is paid: About 720 acres of woodland, and 720 prairie—the latter to be chiefly grass:

<table>
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<th>Description</th>
<th>Amount</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Dwelling-house and appurtenances</td>
<td>4,500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Other buildings</td>
<td>1,500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4680 rods of fencing, viz. 3400 on the prairie, and 1280 round the woodland</td>
<td>1,170</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sundry wells, 200 dollars; gates, 100 dollars; cabins, 200 dollars</td>
<td>500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>100 head of cattle, 900 dollars; 20 sows, &amp;c. 100 dollars; sheep, 1000 dollars</td>
<td>2,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ploughs, waggons, &amp;c. and sundry tools and implements</td>
<td>270</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Housekeeping until the land supplies us</td>
<td>1,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carried over</td>
<td>13,100</td>
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</tbody>
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2 α
LETTER TO [PART III.

Brought over . . . 13,100
Shepherd one year's wages, herdsmen one year, and sundry other labourers 1,000
One cabinet-maker, one wheel-wright, one year, making furniture and implements, 300 dollars each . . . . 600
Sundry articles of furniture, ironmongery, pottery, glass, &c. . . . . 500
Sundries, fruit trees, &c. . . . . 100
First instalment already paid . . . . 720
Five horses on hand, worth . . . . 300
Expence of freight and carriage of linen, bedding, books, clothing, &c . . . . 1,000
Value of articles brought from England 4,500
Voyage and journey . . . . . . 2,000

Doll. 23,820

23,820 dollars = £5,359 sterling.
Allow about 600 dollars more for seed and corn . . . . 141

£5,500

993. So, here is more than one third of the amount of Mr. Judge Lawrence's farm. To be sure, there are only about 18,000 dollars expended on land, buildings, and getting at them; but, what a life is that which you are to lead for a thousand dollars a year, when two good domestic servants will cost four hundred
of the money? Will you live like one of the Yeomen of your rank here? Then, I assure you, that your domestics and groceries (the latter three times as dear as they are here) and crockery-ware (equally dear) will more than swallow up that pitiful sum. You allow six thousand dollars for buildings. Twice the sum would not put you, in this respect, upon a footing with Mr. Lawrence. His land is all completely fenced and his grain in the ground. His apple trees have six thousand bushels of apples in their buds, ready to come out in the spring; and, a large part of these to be sold at a high price to go on ship-board. But, what is to give you his market? What is to make your pork, as soon as killed, sell for 9 or 10 dollars a hundred, and your cows at 45 or 50 dollars each, and your beef at 7 or 8 dollars a hundred, and your corn at a dollar, and wheat at two dollars a bushel?

994. However, happiness is in the mind; and, if it be necessary to the gratification of your mind to inhabit a wilderness and be the owner of a large tract of land, you are right to seek and enjoy this gratification. But, for the plain, plodding English Farmer, who simply seeks safety for his little property, with some addition to it for his children; for such a person to cross the Atlantic states in search of
safety, tranquillity and gain in the Illinois, is, to my mind, little short of madness. Yet, to this mad enterprise is he allured by your captivating statements, and which statements become decisive in their effects upon his mind, when they are reduced to figures. This, my dear Sir, is the part of your writings, which has given me most pain. You have not meant to deceive; but you have first practised a deceit upon yourself, and then upon others. All the disadvantages you state; but, then, you accompany the statement by telling us how quickly and how easily they will be overcome. Salt, Mr. Hulme finds, even at Zanesville, at two dollars and a half a bushel; but, you tell us, that it soon will be at three quarters of a dollar. And thus it goes all through.

995. I am happy, however, that you have given us figures in your account of what an English farmer may do with two thousand pounds. It is alluring, it is fallacious, it tends to disappointment, misery, ruin and broken hearts; but it is open and honest in intention, and it affords us the means of detecting and exposing the fallacy. Many and many a family have returned to New England after having emigrated to the West in search of fine estates. They, able workmen, exemplary livers, have returned to labour in their native States amongst
their relations and old neighbours; but, what are our poor ruined countrymen to do, when they become penniless? If I could root my country from my heart, common humanity would urge me to make an humble attempt to dissipate the charming delusions, which have, without your perceiving it, gone forth from your sprightly and able pen, and which delusions are the more dangerous on account of your justly high and well-known character for understanding and integrity.

996. The statement, to which I allude, stands as follows, in your tenth Letter from the Illinois.

997. A capital of 2000l. sterling, (8,889 dollars,) may be invested on a section of such land, in the following manner, viz.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Dollars</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Purchase of the land, 640 acres, at 2 dollars per acre</td>
<td>1280</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>House and buildings, exceedingly convenient and comfortable, may be built for</td>
<td>1500</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A rail fence round the woods, 1000 rods, at 25 cents per rod</td>
<td>250</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>About 1800 rods of ditch and bank, to divide the arable land into 10 fields</td>
<td>600</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Planting 1800 rods of live fence</td>
<td>150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carried over</td>
<td>3780</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Brought over ...... 3780
Fruit trees for orchard, &c. ...... 100
Horses and other live stock ...... 1500
Implements and furniture ...... 1000
Provision for one year, and sundry incidental charges ...... 1000
Sundry articles of linen, books, apparel, implements, &c. brought from England ...... 1000
Carriage of ditto, suppose 2000 lbs. at 10 dollars per cwt. ...... 200
Voyage and travelling expenses of one person, suppose ...... 309

8889

Note.—The first instalment on the land is 320 dollars, therefore 960 dollars of the purchase money remain in hand to be applied to the expenses of cultivation, in addition to the sums above stated.

Expenditure of first Year.

Breaking up 100 acres, 2 dollars per acre ...... 200
Indian corn for seed, 5 barrels, (a barrel is five bushels) ...... 10
Planting ditto ...... 25

Carried over ...... 235
### Part III.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Activity</th>
<th>Cost</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Brought over</td>
<td>$235</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Horse-hoeing ditto, one dollar per acre</td>
<td>$100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harvesting ditto, 1 1/2 dollar per acre</td>
<td>$150</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ploughing the same land for wheat, 1 dollar per acre</td>
<td>$100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Seed wheat, sowing and harrowing</td>
<td>$175</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Incidental expenses</td>
<td>$240</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Produce of first Year.**

- 100 acres of Indian corn, 50 bushels (or 10 barrels) per acre, at 2 dollars per barrel: $2000

**Expenditure of second Year.**

- Breaking up 100 acres for Indian corn, with expenses on that crop: $485
- Harvesting and threshing wheat, 100 acres: $350
- Ploughing 100 acres for wheat, seed, &c.: $275
- Incidents: $290

**Produce of second Year.**

- 100 acres Indian corn, 10 barrels per acre, 2 dollars per barrel: $2000
- 100 acres wheat, 20 bushels per acre, 75 dollars per barrel: $1500—$3500

**Net produce:** $2100
### Expenditure of third Year.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Cost</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Breaking up 100 acres as before, with expences on crop of Indian corn</td>
<td>485</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ploughing 100 acres of wheat stubble for Indian corn</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Horse hoeing, harvesting, &amp;c. ditto</td>
<td>285</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harvesting and threshing 100 acres wheat</td>
<td>350</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dung-carting 100 acres for wheat, after second crop of Indian corn</td>
<td>200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ploughing 200 acres wheat, seed, &amp;c.</td>
<td>550</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Incidents</td>
<td>330</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Total</strong></td>
<td><strong>2300</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Produce of third Year.

- 200 acres of Indian corn, 10 barrels per acre, 2 dollars per barrel: 4000
- 100 acres wheat, 20 bushels per acre, 75 dollars per barrel: 1500–5500

**Net produce**: 3200

### Expenditure of fourth Year.

- As the third: 2300
- Harvesting and threshing 100 acres more wheat: 350
- Additional incidents: 50

**Total**: 2700


** Produce of fourth Year. **

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Produce</th>
<th>Dollars.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>200 acres Indian corn, as above.</td>
<td>4000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>200 acres wheat</td>
<td>3000—7000</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Net produce 4300

** Summary.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>EXPENCES</th>
<th>PRODUCE.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Dollars.</td>
<td>Dollars.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>First year</td>
<td>1000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Second</td>
<td>1400</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Third</td>
<td>2300</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fourth</td>
<td>2700</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

House-keeping and other expences for four years 4000 11,400

Net proceeds per annum 1650

Increasing value of land by cultivation and settlements, half a dollar per ann. on 640 acres 320

Annual clear profit 1970

998. " Twenty more: kill 'em! Twenty more: kill them too!" No: I will not compare you to Bobadil: for he was an intentional deceiver; and you are unintentionally deceiving others and yourself too. But, really, there is in this statement something so extravagant; so perfectly wild; so ridiculously and staringly
untrue, that it is not without a great deal of difficulty that all my respect for you personally can subdue in me the temptation to treat it with the contempt due to its intrinsic demerits.

999. I shall notice only a few of the items. A house, you say, "exceedingly convenient and "comfortable, together with farm-buildings, "may be built for 1500 dollars." Your own intended house you estimate at 4500, and your out-buildings at 1500. So that, if this house of the farmer (an English farmer, mind) and his buildings, are to be "exceedingly convenient "and comfortable," for 1500 dollars, your house and buildings must be on a scale, which, if not perfectly princely, must savour a good deal of aristocratical distinction. But, this if relieves us; for even your house, built of pine timber and boards, and covered with cedar shingles, and finished only as a good plain farm-house ought to be, will, if it be thirty-six feet front, thirty-four feet deep, two rooms in front, kitchen, and wash-house behind, four rooms above, and a cellar beneath; yes, this house alone, the bare empty house, with doors and windows suitable, will cost you more than six thousand dollars. I state this upon good authority. I have taken the estimate of a building carpenter. "What "Carpenter?" you will say. Why, a Long Island carpenter, and the house to be built
within a mile of Brooklyn, or two miles of New York. And this is giving you all the advantage, for here the pine is cheaper than with you; the shingles cheaper; the lime and stone and brick as cheap or cheaper; the glass, iron, lead, brass and tin, all at half or a quarter of the Prairie price: and, as to labour, if it be not cheaper here than with you, men would do well not to go so far in search of high wages!

1000. Let no simple Englishman imagine, that here, at and near New York, in this dear place, we have to pay for the boards and timber brought from a distance; and that you, the happy people of the land of daisies and cow-slips, can cut down your own good and noble oak trees upon the spot, on your own estates, and turn them into houses without any carting. Let no simple Englishman believe such idle stories as this. To dissipate all such notions, I have only to tell him, that the American farmers on this island, when they have buildings to make or repair, go and purchase the pine timber and boards, at the very same time that they cut down their own oak trees and cleave up and burn them as fire-wood! This is the universal practice in all the parts of America that I have ever seen. What is the cause? Pine wood is cheaper, though bought, than the oak is without buying. This fact, which nobody can deny, is a complete
proof that you gain no advantage from being in woods, as far as building is concerned. And the truth is, that the boards and plank, which have been used in the Prairie, have actually been brought from the Wabash, charged with ten miles rough land carriage: how far they may have come down the Wabash I cannot tell.

1001. Thus, then, the question is settled that building must be cheaper here than in the Illinois. If, therefore, a house, 36 by 34 feet, cost here 6000 dollars, what can a man get there for 1500 dollars? A miserable hole, and no more. But, here are to be farm-buildings and all, in the 1500 dollars' worth! A barn, 40 feet by 30, with floor, and with stables in the sides, cannot be built for 1500 dollars, leaving out waggon-house, corn-crib, cattle-hovels, yard fences, pigsties, smoke house, and a great deal more! And yet, you say, that all these, and a farm-house into the bargain, all "exceedingly comfortable " and convenient," may be had for 1500 dollars!

1002. Now, you know, my dear Sir, that this is said in the face of all America. Farmers are my readers. They all understand these matters. They are not only good, but impartial judges; and I call upon you to contradict, or even question, my statements, if you can.

1003. Do my eyes deceive me? Or do I really see one hundred and fifty dollars put down as
the expence of "planting one thousand eight hundred rod of live fence"? That is to say, nine cents, or four pence half-penny sterling, a rod! What plants? Whence to come? Drawn out of the woods, or first sown in a nursery? Is it seed to be sown? Where are the seeds to come from? No levelling of the top of the bank; no drill; no sowing; no keeping clean for a year or two: or, all these for nine cents a rod, when the same works cost half a dollar a rod in England!

1004. Manure too! And do you really want manure then? And, where, I pray you, are you to get manure for 100 acres? But, supposing you to have it, do you seriously mean to tell us that you will carry it on for two dollars an acre? The carrying on, indeed, might perhaps be done for that, but, who pays for the filling and for the spreading? Ah! my dear Sir, I can well imagine your feelings at putting down the item of dung-carting, trifling as you make it appear upon paper. You now recollect my words when I last had the pleasure of seeing you, in Catherine Street, a few days before the departure of us both. I then dreaded the dung-cart, and recommended the Tullian System to you, by which you would have the same crops every year, without manure; but, unfortunately for my advice, you sincerely believed your land
would be already too rich, and that your main difficulty would be, not to *cart on* manure, but to *cart off* the produce!

1005. After this, it appears unnecessary for me to notice any other part of this Transalleganian romance, which I might leave to the admiration of the Edinburgh Reviewers, whose knowledge of these matters is quite equal to what they have discovered as to the Funding System and Paper Money. But when I think of the flocks of poor English Farmers, who are tramping away towards an imaginary, across a real land of milk and honey, I cannot lay down the pen, till I have noticed an item or two of the produce.

1006. The farmer is to have 100 acres of Indian corn, the first year. The minds of you gentlemen who cross the Allegany seem to expand, as it were, to correspond with the extent of the horizon that opens to your view; but, I can assure you, that if you were to talk to a farmer on this side of the mountains of a field of Corn of a hundred acres during the first year of a settlement, with grassy land and hands scarce, you would frighten him into a third-day ague. In goes your Corn, however! "Twenty more: kill 'em!" Nothing but ploughing: no harrowing; no marking; and only a horsehoeing, during the summer, at a *dollar an acre*. 
The planting is to cost only a quarter of a dollar an acre. The planting will cost a dollar an acre. The horse-hoeing in your grassy land, two dollars. The hand-hoeing, which must be well done, or you will have no corn, two dollars; for, in spite of your teeth, your rampant natural grass will be up before your corn, and a man must go to a thousand hills to do half an acre a day. It will cost two dollars to harvest a hundred bushels of corn ears. So that here are about 400 dollars of expences on the Corn alone, to be added. A trifle, to be sure, when we are looking through the Transalleganian glass, which diminishes out-goings and magnifies in-comings. However, here are four hundred dollars.

1007. In goes the plough for wheat? "In him again! Twenty more!" But, this is in October, mind. Is the Corn off? It may be; but, where are the four hundred wagggon loads of corn stalks? A prodigiously fine thing is this forest of fodder, as high and as thick as an English coppice. But, though it be of no use to you, who have the meadows without bounds, this coppice must be removed, if you please, before you plough for wheat!

1008. Let us pause here, then; let us look at the battalion, who are at work; for, there must be little short of a Hessian Battalion. Twenty
men and twenty horses *may* husk the Corn, cut and cart the stalks, plough and sow and harrow for the wheat; twenty two-legged and twenty four-legged animals *may* do the work in the proper time; but, if they do it, they must work *well*. Here is a goodly group to look at, for an English Farmer, without a penny in his pocket; for all his money is *gone long ago*, even according to your own estimate; and, here, besides the expence of cattle and tackle, are 600 dollars, in bare wages, to be paid in a month! You and I both have forgotten the *shelling* of the Corn, which, and putting it up, will come to 50 dollars more at the least, leaving the price of the barrel to be paid for by the purchaser of the Corn.

1009. But, what did I say? *Shell* the Corn? It must go into the *Cribs* first. It cannot be shelled *immediately*. And it must not be thrown into *heaps*. It must be put into *Cribs*. I have had made out an estimate of the expence of the Cribs for *ten thousand bushels* of Corn Ears: that is the crop; and the Cribs will cost 570 dollars! Though, mind, the farmer's *house*, *barns*, *stables*, *wagon-house*, and all, are to cost but 1500 dollars! But, the third year, our poor simpleton is to have 200 acres of corn! "Twenty "more: *kill 'em*!" Another 570 dollars for Cribs!
1010. However, crops now come tumbling on him so fast, that he must struggle hard not to be stifled with his own superabundance. He has now got 200 acres of corn and 100 acres of wheat, which latter he has, indeed, had one year before! Oh, madness! But, to proceed. To get in these crops and to sow the wheat, first taking away 200 acres of English coppice in stalks, will, with the dunging for the wheat, require, at least, fifty good men, and forty good horses or oxen, for thirty days. Faith! when farmer Simpleton sees all this (in his dreams I mean), he will think himself a farmer of the rank of Job, before Satan beset that example of patience, so worthy of imitation, and so seldom imitated.

1011. Well, but Simpleton must bustle to get in his wheat. In, indeed! What can cover it, but the canopy of heaven? A barn! It will, at two English waggon loads of sheaves to an acre, require a barn a hundred feet long, fifty feet wide, and twenty-three feet high up to the eaves; and this barn, with two proper floors, will cost more than seven thousand dollars. He will put it in stacks; let him add six men to his battalion then. He will thrash it in the field; let him add ten more men! Let him, at once, send and press the Harmonites into his service, and make Rapp march at their head, for, never
will he by any other means get in the crop; and, even then, if he pay fair wages, he will lose by it.

1012. After the crop is in and the seed sown, in the fall, what is to become of Simpleton's men till Corn ploughing and planting time in the spring? And, then, when the planting is done, what is to become of them till harvest time? Is he, like BAYES, in the Rehearsal, to lay them down when he pleases, and when he pleases make them rise up again? To hear you talk about these crops, and, at other times to hear you advising others to bring labourers from England, one would think you, for your own part, able, like CADMUS, to make men start up out of the earth. How would one ever have thought it possible for infatuation like this to seize hold of a mind like yours?

1013. When I read in your Illinois Letters, that you had prepared horses, ploughs, and other things, for putting in a hundred acres of Corn in the Spring, how I pitied you! I saw all your plagues, if you could not see them. I saw the grass choking your plants; the grubs eating them; and you fretting and turning from the sight with all the pangs of sanguine baffled hope. I expected you to have ten bushels, instead of fifty, upon an acre. I saw your confusion, and participated in your mortification.
From these feelings I was happily relieved by the Journal of our friend Hulme, who informs the world, and our countrymen in particular, that you had not, in July last, any Corn at all growing!

1014. Thus it is to reckon one's chickens before they are hatched: and thus the Transalleghanian dream vanishes. You have been deceived. A warm heart, a lively imagination, and I know not what caprice about republicanism, have led you into sanguine expectations and wrong conclusions. Come, now! Confess it like yourself; that is, like a man of sense and spirit: like an honest and fair-dealing John Bull. To err belongs to all men, great as well as little; but, to be ashamed to confess error, belongs only to the latter.

1015. Great as is my confidence in your candour, I can, however, hardly hope wholly to escape your anger for having so decidedly condemned your publications; but, I do hope, that you will not be so unjust as to impute my conduct to any base self-interested motive. I have no private interest, I can have no such interest in endeavouring to check the mad torrent towards the West. I own nothing in these States, and never shall; and whether English Farmers push on into misery and ruin, or stop here in happiness and prosperity, to me, as far as private
interest goes, it must be the same. As to the
difference in our feelings and notions about
country, about allegiance, and about forms of
government, this may exist without any, even the
smallest degree of personal dislike. I was no
hypocrite in England; I had no views farther
than those which I professed. I wanted nothing
for myself but the fruit of my own industry and
talent, and I wished nothing for my country but
its liberties and laws, which say, that the people
shall be fairly represented. England has been
very happy and free; her greatness and renown
have been surpassed by those of no nation in the
world; her wise, just, and merciful laws form the
basis of that freedom which we here enjoy, she has
been fertile beyond all rivalship in men of learn-
ing and men devoted to the cause of freedom
and humanity; her people, though proud and
domineering, yield to no people in the world in
frankness, good faith, sincerity, and benevo-
lence: and I cannot but know, that this state of
things has existed, and that this people has been
formed, under a government of king, lords, and
commons. Having this powerful argument of
experience before me, and seeing no reason why
the thing should be otherwise, I have never
wished for republican government in England;
though, rather than that the present tyrannical
oligarchy should continue to trample on king and
people, I would gladly see the whole fabric torn to atoms, and trust to chance for something better, being sure that nothing could be worse. But, if I am not a republican; if I think my duty towards England indefeasible; if I think that it becomes me to abstain from any act which shall seem to say I abandon her, and especially in this her hour of distress and oppression; and, if, in all these points, I differ from you, I trust that to this difference no part of the above strictures will be imputed, but that the motive will be fairly inferred from the act, and not the act imputed unfairly to any motive. I am, my dear Sir, with great respect for your talents as well as character,

Your most obedient
And most humble servant,

WM. COBBETT.
TO

MORRIS BIRKBECK, Esq.

OF ENGLISH PRAIRIE, ILLINOIS TERRITORY.

LETTER II.

North Hempstead, Long Island,
15th Dec. 1818.

MY DEAR SIR,

1016. BEING, when I wrote my former Letter to you, in great haste to conclude, in order that my son William might take it to England with him, I left unnoticed many things, which I had observed in your "Letters from the Illinois;" and which things merited pointed notice. Some of these I will notice; for, I wish to discharge all my duties towards my countrymen faithfully; and, I know of no duty more sacred, than that of warning them against pecuniary ruin and mental misery.

1017. It has always been evident to me, that the Western Countries were not the countries for English farmers to settle in: no, nor for American farmers, unless under peculiar cir-
cumstances. The settlers, who have gone from the New England States, have, in general, been able men with families of stout sons. The contracted farm in New England sells for money enough to buy the land for five or six farms in the West. These farms are made by the labour of the owners. They hire nobody. They live any how for a while. I will engage that the labour performed by one stout New England family in one year, would cost an English farmer a thousand pounds in wages. You will say, why cannot the English labour as hard as the Yankees? But, mind, I talk of a family of Yankee sons; and, besides, I have no scruple to say, that one of these will do as much work in the clearing and fencing of a farm, and in the erection of buildings, as four or five English of the same age and size. Yet, have many of the New England farmers returned. Even they have had cause to repent of their folly. What hope is there, then, that English farmers will succeed?

1018. It so happens, that I have seen new settlements formed. I have seen lands cleared. I have seen crowds of people coming and squatting down in woods or little islands, and by the sides of rivers. I have seen the log-hut raised; the bark covering put on; I have heard the bold language of the adventurers; and I have witnessed their subsequent miseries. They
were just as free as you are; for, they, like you, saw no signs of the existence of any government, good or bad.

1019. New settlements, particularly at so great a distance from all the conveniences and sweeteners of life, must be begun by people who labour for themselves. Money is, in such a case, almost useless. It is impossible to believe, that, after your statement about your intended hundred acres of Indian corn, you would not have had it, or, at least, a part of it, if you could; that is to say, if money would have got it. Yet you had not a single square rod. Mr. Hulme, (See Journal, 28th July) says, in the way of reason for your having no crops this year, that you could purchase with more economy than you could grow! Indeed! what; would the Indian Corn have cost, then, more than the price of the Corn? Untoward observation; but perfectly true, I am convinced. There is, it is my opinion, nobody that can raise Indian Corn or Grain at so great a distance from a market to any profit at all with hired labour. Nay, this is too plain a case to be matter of opinion. I may safely assume it as an indisputable fact. For, it being notorious, that labour is as high priced with you as with us, and your statement shewing that Corn is not much more than one-third of our price, how monstrous, if you gain at all,
must be the Consumers' gains here! The rent of the land here is a mere trifle more than it must be there; for the cultivated part must pay rent for the uncultivated part. The labour, indeed, as all the world knows, is every thing. All the other expences are not worth speaking of. What, then, must be the gains of the Long Island farmer, who sells his corn at a dollar a bushel, if you, with labour at the Long Island price, can gain by selling Corn at the rate of five bushels for two dollars! If yours be a fine country for English farmers to migrate to, what must this be? You want no manure. This cannot last long; and, accordingly, I see, that you mean to dung for wheat after the second crop of Corn. This is another of the romantic stories exposed. In Letter IV you relate the romance of manure being useless; but, in Letter X, you tell us, that you propose to use it. Land bearing crops without a manure, or, with new-culture and constant ploughing, is a romance. This I told you in London; and this you have found to be true.

1020. It is of little consequence what wild schemes are formed and executed by men who have property enough to carry them back; but, to invite men to go to the Illinois with a few score of pounds in their pockets, and to tell them, that they can become farmers with those
pounds, appears to me to admit of no other apology than an unequivocal acknowledgment, that the inviter is mad. Yet your fifteenth Letter from the Illinois really contains such an invitation. This letter is manifestly addressed to an imaginary person. It is clear that the correspondent is a feigned, or supposed, being. The letter is, I am sorry to say, I think, a mere trap to catch poor creatures with a few pounds in their pockets. I will here take the liberty to insert the whole of this letter; and will then endeavour to show the misery which it is calculated to produce, not only amongst English people, but amongst Americans who may chance to read it, and who are now living happily in the Atlantic States. The letter is dated, 24th of February, 1818, and the following are its words:

1021. "Dear Sir,—When a man gives advice to his friends, on affairs of great importance to their interest, he takes on himself a load of responsibility, from which I have always shrunk, and generally withdrawn. My example is very much at their service, either for imitation or warning, as the case may be. I must, however, in writing to you, step a little over this line of caution, having more than once been instrumental in helping you, not out of your difficulties, but from one scene of
"perplexity to another; I cannot help advising "you to make an effort more, and extricate "yourself and family completely, by removing "into this country.—When I last saw you, "twelve months ago, I did not think favourably "of your prospects: if things have turned out "better, I shall be rejoiced to hear it, and you "will not need the advice I am preparing for "you. But, if vexation and disappointments "have assailed you, as I feared, and you can "honourably make your escape, with the "means of transmitting yourself hither, and "one hundred pounds sterling to spare—don't "hesitate. In six months after I shall have "welcomed you, barring accidents, you shall "discover that you are become rich, for you "shall feel that you are independent: and I "think that will be the most delightful sensa-
"tion you ever experienced; for, you will re-
"ceive it multiplied, as it were, by the number "of your family as your troubles now are. It "is not, however, a sort of independence that "will excuse you from labour, or afford you "many luxuries, that is, costly luxuries. I "will state to you what I have learned, from a "good deal of observation and inquiry, and a "little experience; then you will form your "own judgment. In the first place, the voyage. "That will cost you, to Baltimore or Philadel-
phia, provided you take it, as no doubt you
would, in the cheapest way, twelve guineas
each, for a birth, fire, and water, for yourself
and wife, and half price, or less, for your
children, besides provisions, which you will
furnish. Then the journey. Over the moun-
tains to Pittsburgh, down the Ohio to Shaw-
nee Town, and from thence to our settle-
ment, fifty miles north, will amount to five
pounds sterling per head.—If you arrive here
as early as May, or even June, another five
pounds per head will carry you on to that
point, where you may take your leave of de-
pendence on any thing earthly but your own
exertions.—At this time I suppose you to have
remaining one hundred pounds (borrowed
probably from English friends, who rely on
your integrity, and who may have directed
the interest to be paid to me on their behalf,
and the principal in due season.)—We will
now, if you please, turn it into dollars, and
consider how it may be disposed of. A
hundred pounds sterling will go a great way
in dollars. With eighty dollars you will en-
ter a quarter section of land; that is, you
will purchase at the land-office one hundred
and sixty acres, and pay one-fourth of the
purchase money, and looking to the land to
reward your pains with the means of dis-
charging the other three-fourths as they become due, in two, three, and four years.—
You will build a house with fifty dollars; and you will find it extremely comfortable and convenient, as it will be really and truly yours. Two horses will cost, with harness and plough, one hundred.—Cows, and hogs, and seed corn, and fencing, with other expenses, will require the remaining two hundred and ten dollars.—This beginning, humble as it appears, is affluence and splendour, compared with the original outfit of settlers in general. Yet no man remains in poverty, who possesses even moderate industry and economy, and especially of time.—You would of course bring with you your sea-bedding and store of blankets, for you will need them on the Ohio; and you should leave England with a good stock of wearing apparel. Your luggage must be composed of light articles, on account of the costly land-carriage from the Eastern port to Pittsburgh, which will be from seven to ten dollars per 100 lbs. nearly sixpence sterling per pound. A few simple medicines of good quality are indispensable, such as calomel, bark in powder, castor oil, calcined magnesia, laudanum; they may be of the greatest importance on the voyage and journey, as well as after
"your arrival.—Change of climate and situa-
tion will produce temporary indisposition, "but with prompt and judicious treatment, "which is happily of the most simple kind, the "complaints to which new comers are liable are "seldom dangerous or difficult to overcome, "provided due regard has been had to salubrity "in the choice of their settlement, and to diet "and accommodation after their arrival.

"With best regards, I remain, &c."

1022. Now, my dear sir, your mode of address, in this letter, clearly shews that you have in your eye a person above the level of common labourers. The words "Dear Sir" indicate that you are speaking to a friend, or, at least, to an intimate acquaintance; of course to a person, who has not been brought up in the habits of hard labour. And such a person it is, whom you advise and press to come to the Illinois with a hundred pounds in his pocket to become a farmer!

1023. I will pass over the expences previous to this unfortunate man and his family's arriving at the Prairies, though those expences will be double the amount that you state them at. But he arrives with 450 dollars in his pocket. Of these he is to pay down 80 for his land, leaving three times that sum to be paid afterwards.
He has 370 left. And now what is he to do? He arrives in May. So that this family has to cross the sea in winter, and the land in spring. There they are, however, and now what are they to do? They are to have built for 50 dollars a house "EXTREMELY COMFORTABLE AND CONVENIENT:"—the very words that you use in describing the farmer's house, that was to cost, with outbuildings, 1500 dollars! However, you have described your own cabin, whence we may gather the meaning which you attach to the word comfortable. "This cabin is built of round straight logs, about a foot in diameter, laying upon each other, and notched in at the corners, forming a room eighteen feet long by sixteen; the intervals between the logs 'chunked,' that is, filled in with slips of wood; and 'mudded,' that is, daubed with a plaister of mud; a spacious chimney, built also of logs, stands like a bastion at one end; the roof is well covered with four hundred 'clap boards' of cleft oak, very much like the pales used in England for fencing parks. A hole is cut through the side called, very properly, the 'through,' for which there is a 'shutter,' made also of cleft oak, and hung on wooden hinges. All this has been executed by contract, and well executed, for twenty
"dollars. I have since added ten dollars to the "cost, for the luxury of a floor and ceiling of "sawn boards, and it is now a comfortable ha-"bitation."

1024. In plain words, this is a log-hut, such as the free negroes live in about here, and a hole it is, fit only for dogs, or hogs, or cattle. Worse it is than the negro huts; for they have a bit of glass; but here is none. This miserable hole, black with smoke as it always must be, and without any window, costs, however, 30 dollars. And yet this English acquaintance of yours is to have "a house extremely comfortable "and convenient for fifty dollars." Perhaps his 50 dollars might get him a hut, or hole, a few feet longer and divided into two dens. So that here is to be cooking, washing, eating, and sleeping all in the same "extremely convenient "and comfortable" hole! And yet, my dear Sir, you find fault of the want of cleanliness in the Americans! You have not seen "the Ame-"ricans." You have not seen the nice, clean, neat houses of the farmers in this Island, in New England, in the Quaker counties of Pennsylva-nya. You have seen nothing but the smoke-dried Ultra-montanians; and your pro-ject seems to be to make the deluded English who may follow you rivals in the attainment of the tawny colour. What is this family to do
in their 50 dollar den? Suppose one or more of them sick! How are the rest to sleep by night or to eat by day?

1025. However, here they are, in this miserable place, with the *ship-bedding*, and without even a bedstead, and with 130 dollars gone in land and house. *Two horses and harness and plough* are to cost 100 dollars! These, like the *hinges* of the door, are all to be of *wood* I suppose; for as to flesh and blood and bones in the form of two horses for 100 dollars is impossible, to say nothing about the plough and harness, which would cost 20 dollars of the money. Perhaps, however, you may mean some of those horses, ploughs and sets of harness, which, at the time when you wrote this letter, you had *all ready waiting for the spring to put in your hundred acres of corn* that was *never put in at all!* However, let this pass too. Then there are 220 dollars left, and these are to provide *cows, hogs, seed, corn, fencing,* and other *expenses*. Next come two cows (poor ones) 24 dollars; hogs, 15 dollars; seed corn, 5 dollars; fencing, suppose 20 acres only, in four plots, the stuff brought from the woods nearest adjoining. Here are 360 rods of fencing, and, if it be done so as to keep out a pig, and to keep in a pig, or a horse or cow, for less than half a dollar a rod, I will suffer myself to be made into smoked meat in
the extremely comfortable house. Thus, then, here are 213 out of the 220 dollars, and this happy settler has _seven_ whole dollars left for all "other expences;" amongst which are the cost of cooking utensils, plates, knives and forks, tables, and stools; for, as to _table-cloths_ and _chairs_, those are luxuries unbecoming "simple "republicans." But, there must be a _pot_ to boil in; or, is that too much? May these republicans have a washing tub? Perhaps, indeed, it will become unnecessary in a short time; for, the lice will have eaten up the linen; and, besides, perhaps real _independence_ means stark-nakedness. But, at any rate, the hogs must have a _trough_; or, are they to eat at the same board with the family? Talking of _eating_ puts me in mind of a great article; for what are the family to _eat_ during _the year and more_ before their land can produce? For even if they arrive in _May_, they can have _no crop that year_. Why, they must graze with the cows in the Prairies, or snuggle with the hogs in the woods. An _oven_! Childish effeminacy! Oh! unleavened bread for your life. _Bread_, did I say? Where is the "independent" family to get bread? Oh! no! Grass and Acorns and Roots; and, God be praised, you have plenty of water in your wells, though, perhaps, the family, with all their "_independence_," must be compelled to
depend on your leave to get it, and fetch it half a mile into the bargain.

1026. To talk seriously upon such a subject is impossible, without dealing in terms of reprobation, which it would give me great pain to employ when speaking of any act of yours. Indeed such a family will be free; but, the Indians are free, and so are the gypsies in England. And I most solemnly declare, that I would sooner live the life of a gypsy in England, than be a settler, with less than five thousand pounds, in the Illinois; and, if I had the five thousand pounds, and was resolved to exchange England for America, what in the name of common sense, should induce me to go into a wild country, when I could buy a good farm of 200 acres, with fine orchard and good house and out-buildings, and stock it completely, and make it rich as a garden, within twenty miles of a great sea-port, affording me a ready market and a high price for every article of my produce?

1027. You have, by this time, seen more than you had seen, when you wrote your "Letters from the Illinois." You would not, I am convinced, write such letters now. But, lest you should not do it, it is right that somebody should counteract their delusive effects; and and this I endeavour to do as much for the sake
of this country as for that of my own countrymen. For a good while I remained silent, hoping that few people would be deluded; but when I heard, that an old friend, and brother sportsman; a sensible, honest, frank, and friendly man, in Oxfordshire, whom I will not name, had been seized with the Illinois madness, and when I recollected, that he was one of those, who came to visit me in prison, I could no longer hold my tongue; for, if a man like him; a man of his sound understanding; could be carried away by your representations, to what an extent must the rage have gone!

1028. Mr. Hulme visited you with the most friendly feelings. He agrees with you perfectly as to notions about forms of government. He wished to give a good account of your proceedings. His account is favourable; but, his facts, which I am sure are true, let out what I could not have known for certainty from any other quarter. However, I do not care a farthing for the degrees of goodness or of badness; I say all new countries are all badness for English farmers. I say, that their place is near the great cities on the coast; and that every step they go beyond forty miles from those cities is a step too far. They want freedom: they have it here. They want good land, good roads, good markets: they have them all here. What should
they run rambling about a nation-making for? What have they to do about extending dominion and "taming the wilderness?" If they speculate upon becoming founders of republics, they will, indeed, do well to get out of the reach of rivals. If they have a thirst for power, they will naturally seek to be amongst the least informed part of mankind. But, if they only want to keep their property and live well, they will take up their abode on this side of the mountains at least.

1029. The grand ideas about the extension of the empire of the United States are of very questionable soundness: and they become more questionable from being echoed by the Edinburgh Reviewers, a set of the meanest politicians that ever touched pen and paper. Upon any great question, they never have been right, even by accident, which is very hard! The rapid extension of settlements to the West of the mountains is, in my opinion, by no means favourable to the duration of the present happy Union. The conquest of Canada would have been as dangerous; but not more dangerous. A nation is never so strong and so safe as when its extreme points feel for each other as acutely as each feels for itself; and this never can be when all are not equally exposed to every danger; and especially when all the parts have
not the same interests. In case of a war with England, what would become of your market down the Mississippi? That is your sole market. That way your produce must go; or you must dress yourself in skins and tear your food to bits with your hands. Yet that way your produce could not go, unless this nation were to keep up a Navy equal to that of England. Defend the country against invaders I know the people always will; but, I am not sure, that they will like internal taxes sufficient to rear and support a navy sufficient to clear the gulph of Mexico of English squadrons. In short, it is my decided opinion, that the sooner the banks of the Ohio, the Wabash, and the Mississippi are pretty thickly settled, the sooner the Union will be placed in jeopardy. If a war were to break out with England, even in a few years, the lands of which the Mississippi is the outlet, would lose a great part of their value. Who does not see in this fact a great cause of disunion? On this side the mountains, there are twelve hundred miles of coast to blockade; but you, gentlemen Prairie owners, are like a rat that has but one hole to go out and to come in at. You express your deep-rooted attachment to your adopted country, and I am sure you are sincere; but, still I may be allowed to doubt, whether you would cheerfully wear
bear-skins, and gnaw your meat off the bones for the sake of any commercial right that the nation might go to war about. I know that you would not starve; for coffee and tea are not necessary to man's existence; but, you would like to sell your flour and pork, and would be very apt to discover reasons against a war that would prevent you from selling them. You appear to think it very wicked in the Atlantic People to feel little eagerness in promoting the increase of population to the Westward; but, you see, that, in this want of such eagerness, they may be actuated by a real love for their country. For my part, I think it would have been good policy in the Congress not to dispose of the Western Lands at all; and I am sure it would have been an act of real charity.

1030. Having now performed what I deemed my duty towards my countrymen, and towards this country too, I will conclude my letter with a few observations, relative to mills, which may be of use to you; for, I know, that you will go on; and, indeed, I most sincerely wish you all the success that you can wish yourself, without doing harm to others.

1031. You have no mill streams near you; and you are about to erect a wind-mill. Man is naturally prone to call to his aid whatever will save his bones labour. The water, the
wind, the fire: any thing that will help him. Cattle of some sort or other were, for a long while, his great resource. But, of late, water-powers, wind-powers, fire-powers. And, indeed, wondrous things have been performed by machines of this kind. The water and the wind do not eat, and require no grooming. But, it sometimes happens, that, when all things are considered, we resort to these grand powers without any necessity for it; and that we forget how easily we could do the thing we want done, with our own hands. The story, in Peregrine Pickle, about the Mechanic, who had invented a water machine to cut off the head of a cabbage, hardly surpassed the reality in the case of the machine, brought out in England, some years ago, for reaping wheat; nor is it much less ridiculous to see people going many miles with grist to a mill, which grist they might so easily grind at home. The hand-mills, used in England, would be invaluable with you, for a while, at least.

1032. But, it is of a mill of more general utility, that I am now about to speak to you; and, I seriously recommend it to your consideration, as well as to other persons similarly situated.

1033. At Botley I lived surrounded by water-mills and wind-mills. There were eight or ten
within five miles of me, and one at two hundred yards from my house. Still I thought, that it was a brutal sort of thing to be obliged to send twice to a mill, with all the uncertainties of the business, in order to have a sack of wheat or of barley ground. I sent for a mill-wright, and, after making all the calculations, I resolved to have a mill in my farm yard, to grind for myself, and to sell my wheat in the shape of flour. I had the mill erected in a pretty little barn, well floored with oak, and standing upon stones with caps: so that no rats or mice could annoy me. The mill was to be moved by horses, for which, to shelter them from the wet, I had a shed with a circular roof erected on the outside of the barn. Under this roof, as well as I recollect, there was a large wheel, which the horses turned, and a bar, going from that wheel, passed through into the barn, and there it put the whole machinery in motion.

1034. I have no skill in mechanics. I do not, and did not, know one thing from another by its name. All I looked to was the effect; and this was complete. I had excellent flour. All my meal was ground at home. I was never bothered with sending to the mill. My ears were never after dinned with complaints about bad flour and heavy bread. It was the prettiest, most convenient, and most valuable
thing I had upon my farm. It was, I think, put up in 1816, and this was one of the pleasures, from which the Borough-villains (God confound them!) drove me in 1817. I think it cost me about a hundred pounds. I forget, whether I had sold any flour from it to the Bakers. But, independent of that, it was very valuable. I think we ground and dressed about forty bushels of wheat in a day; and, we used to work at it on wet days, and when we could not work in the fields. We never were stopped by want of wind or water. The horses were always ready; and I know, that our grinding was done at one half the expence at which it was done by the millers.

1035. The farmers and millers used to say, that I saved nothing by my mill. Indeed, gain was not my object, except in convenience. I hated the sudden calls for going to the mill. They produced irregularity; and, besides, the millers were not more honest than other people, Their mills contained all sorts of grain; and, in their confusion, we sometimes got bad flour from good wheat; an accident that never happened to us after we got our own mill. But, as to the gain, I have just received a letter from my son, informing me, that the gentleman, a farmer born and bred, who rents my farm in my absence, sells no wheat; that he
grinds all; that he sells flour all round the country; and that this flour is preferred before that of the millers. I was quite delighted to hear this news of my little mill. It awakened many recollections; and I immediately thought of communicating the facts to the public, and particularly to you.

1036. You will observe, that my farm is situated in the midst of mills. So that, you may be sure, that the thing answers, or it would not be carried on. If it were not attended with gain, it would not be put in motion. I was convinced, that any man might grind cheaper with a horse-mill than with a water or wind-mill, and now the fact is proved. For, observe, the mill costs nothing for scite; it occupies a very small space; it is independent of wind and water; no floods or gales can affect it.

1037. Now, then, if such a mill be preferable to wind or water-mills in a place where both abound, how useful must it be in a situation like yours? Such a mill would amply supply about three hundred families, if kept constantly at work. And then, it is so much more convenient than a windmill. A windmill is necessarily a most unhandy thing. The grain has to be hauled up and the flour let down. The building is a place of no capacity; and, there is great danger attending the management of it.
My project is merely a neat, close barn, standing upon stones that rats and mice cannot creep up. The waggon comes to the door, the sacks are handed in and out; and everything is so convenient and easily performed, that it is a pleasure to behold it.

1038. About the construction of the mill I know nothing. I know only the effect, and that it is worked by horses, in the manner that I have described. I had no Miller. My Bailiff, whom I had made a Bailiff out of a Carpenter, I turned into a Miller; or, rather, I made him look after the thing. Any of the men, however, could do the millering very well. Any of them could make better flour than the water and wind-millers used to make for us. So that there is no mystery in the matter.

1039. This country abounds in excellent millwrights. The best, I dare say, in the world; and, if I were settled here as a farmer in a large way, I would soon have a little mill, and send away my produce in flour instead of wheat. If a farmer has to send frequently to the mill, (and that he must do, if he have a great quantity of stock and a large family,) the very expence of sending will pay for a mill in two or three years.

1040. I shall be glad if this piece of information should be of use to any body, and particu-
larly if it should be of any use in the Prairies; for, God knows, you will have plague enough without sending to mill, which is, of itself, no small plague even in a Christian country. About the same strength that turns a threshing machine, turned my mill. I can give no information about the construction. I know there was a hopper and stones, and that the thing made a clinking noise like the water-mills. I know that the whole affair occupied but a small space. My barn was about forty feet long and eighteen feet wide, and the mill stood at one end of it. The man who made it for me, and with whom I made a bargain in writing, wanted me to agree to a specification of the thing; but I declined having any thing to do with cogs and wheels, and persisted in stipulating for effects. And these were, that with a certain force of horses, it was to make so much fine flour in so long a time; and this bargain he very faithfully fulfilled. The price was I think seventy pounds, and the putting up and altogether made the amount about a hundred pounds. There were no heavy timbers in any part of the thing. There was not a bit of wood, in any part of the construction, so big as my thigh. The whole thing might have been carried away, all at once, very conveniently, in one of my waggons.
1041. There is another thing, which I beg leave to recommend to your attention; and that is, the use of the *Broom-Corn Stalks* as thatch. The coverings of barns and other out-houses with *shingles* makes them fiery hot in summer, so that it is dangerous to be at work in making mows near them in very hot weather. The heat they cause in the upper parts of houses, though there be a ceiling under them is intolerable. In the *very hot weather* I always bring my bed down to the ground-floor. Thatch is cool. Cool in summer and warm in winter. Its inconveniences are *danger from fire* and *want of durability*. The former is no great deal greater than that of shingles. The latter may be wholly removed by the use of the *Broom-Corn Stalks*. In England a good thatch of wheat-straw will last twelve or fifteen years. If this straw be *reeded*, as they do it in the counties of Dorset and Devon, it will last thirty years; and it is *very beautiful*. The little town of *Charmouth*, which is all thatched, is one of the prettiest places I ever saw. What beautiful thatching might be made in *this* country, where the straw is so sound and so clean! A Dorsetshire thatcher might, upon this very island, make himself a *decent fortune* in a few years. They do cover barns with straw here sometimes; but how one of our thatchers would laugh at the
work! Let me digress here, for a moment, to ask you if you have got a *sow-spayer*? We have no such man here. What a loss arises from this! What a plague it is. We cannot keep a whole farrow of pigs, unless we breed from all the sows! They go away: they plague us to death. Many a man in England, now as poor as an owlet, would (if he kept from the infernal drink) become *rich* here in a short time. These sow-gelders, as they call them, swarm in England. Any clown of a fellow follows this calling, which is hardly two degrees above rat-catching and mole-catching: and yet there is no such person here, where swine are so numerous, and where so many millions are fatted for exportation! It is very strange.

1042. To return to the thatching: Straw is not so durable as one could wish: besides, in very high winds, it is liable, if not *reeded*, to be ruffed a good deal; and the reeding, which is almost like counting the straws one by one, is expensive. In England we sometimes thatch with *reeds*, which in Hampshire, are called *spear*. This is an aquatic plant. It grows in the water, and will grow no where else. When stout it is of the thickness of a small cane at the bottom, and is about four or five feet long. I have seen a thatch of it, which, with a little patching, had lasted upwards of *fifty years*. In
gentlemen's gardens, there are sometimes hedges or screens made of these reeds. They last, if well put up, half a century, and are singularly neat, while they parry the wind much better than paling or walls, because there is no eddy proceeding from their repulsion. They are generally put round those parts of the garden where the hot-beds are.

1043. Now, the Broom-Corn far surpasses the reeds in all respects. I intend, in my Book on Gardening, to give a full account of the applicability of this plant to garden-uses both here and in England; for, as to the reeds, they can seldom be had, and a screen of them comes, in most parts of England, to more money than a paling of oak. But, the Broom-Corn! What an useful thing! What quantities upon an acre of land! Ten feet high, and more durable than reeds! The seed-stems, with a bit of the stem of the plant, make the brooms. These, I hear, are now sent to England. I have often talked of it in England as a good traffic. We here sweep stables and streets with what the English sweep their carpets with! You can buy as good a broom at New York for eight pence sterling as you can buy in London for five shillings sterling, and the freight cannot exceed two-pence or three-pence, if sent without handles. I bought a clothes-brush, an
English clothes-brush, the other day for three shillings sterling. It was made of a farthing's worth of alder wood and of half a farthing's worth of Broom-Corn. An excellent brush. Better than bristles. I have Broom-Corn and Seed-Stems enough to make fifty thousand such brushes. I really think I shall send it to England. It is now lying about my barn, and the chickens are living upon the seeds. This plant demands greater heat even than the Indian Corn. It would hardly ripen its seed in England. Indeed it would not. But, if well managed, it would produce a prodigious crop of materials for reed-hedges and thatch. It is of a substance (I mean the main stalk) between that of a cane and that of a reed. It has joints precisely like those of the canes, which you may have seen the Boroughmongers' sons and footmen strut about with, called bamboos. The seed-stalks, which make the brooms and brushes, might not get so mature in England as to be so good as they are here for those uses: but, I have no doubt, that, in any of the warm lands in Surry, or Kent, or Hampshire, a man might raise upon an acre a crop worth several hundred pounds. The very stout stalks, if properly harvested and applied, would last nearly as long as the best hurdle rods. What beautiful screens they would make in gardens and pleasure
grounds! Ten feet long, and straight as a gun stick! I shall send some of the seed to England this year, and cause a trial to be made; and I will, in my Gardening Book, give full instructions for the cultivation. Of this book, which will be published soon, I would, if you lived in this world, send you a copy. These are the best uses of maritime intercourse: the interchange of plants, animals, and improvements of all sorts. I am doing my best to repay this country for the protection which it has given me against our indemnified tyrants. "Cobbett's pigs and Swedish Turnips" will be talked of long after the bones of Ellenborough, Gibbs, Sidmouth, Castlereagh and Jenkinson will be rotten, and their names forgotten, [or only remembered when my "trash" shall.

1044. This is a rambling sort of Letter. I now come back to the Broom-Corn for thatch. Sow it in rows about five feet asunder; or, rather, on ridges, a foot wide at the top, with an interval of five feet; let the plants stand all over this foot wide, at about three inches apart, or less. Keep the plants clear of weeds by a couple of weedings, and plough well between the ridges three or four times during the summer. This will make the plants grow tall, while their closeness to each other will make them small in thickness of stem or stalk. It
will bring them to about the thickness of fine large reeds in England, and to about twice the length; and, I will engage, that a large barn may be covered, by a good thatcher, with the stalks, in two days, and that the covering shall last for fifty years. Only think of the price of shingles and nails! Only think of the cost of tiles in England! Only think of the expence of drawing or of reeding straw in England! Only think of going into the water to collect reeds in England, even where they are to be had at all; which is in a very few places! The very first thing that I would do, if I were to settle in a place where I had buildings to erect, would be to sow some Broom-Corn; that is to say, sow some roofs. What a fine thing this would be upon the farms in England! What a convenient thing for the cottagers! Thatch for their pretty little houses, for their styes, for their fuel-house, their cow-shed; and brooms into the bargain; for, though the seed would not ripen, and though the broom-part would not be of the best quality, it would be a thousand times better than heath. The seed might be sent from this country, and, though the Borough-villains would tax it, as their rapacious system does EVEN THE SEEDS OF TREES; yet, a small quantity of seed would suffice.
1045. As an ornamental plant nothing equals this. The Indian Corn is far inferior to it in this respect. Planted by the side of walks in gardens, what beautiful avenues it would make for the summer! I have seen the plants eighteen feet and a half high. I always wanted to get some seed in England; but, I never could. My friends thought it too childish and whimsical a thing to attend to. If the plant should so far come to perfection in England as to yield the broom-materials, it will be a great thing; and, if it fall short of that, it will certainly surpass reeds for thatching and screening purposes, for sheep-yards, and for various other uses. However, I have no doubt of its producing brooms; for, the Indian Corn, though only certain sorts of it will ripen its seed even in Hampshire, will always come into bloom, and, in the Broom-Corn, it is the little stalks, or branches, out of which the flower comes, that makes the broom. If the plant succeed thus far in England, you may be sure that the Borough-villains will tax the brooms, until their system be blown to atoms; and, I should not wonder if they were to make the broom, like hops, an article of excise, and send their spies into people's fields and gardens to see that the revenue was not "defrauded." Precious villains! They stand between the people and all the gifts of nature! But this cannot last.
1046. I am happy to tell you, that Ellenborough and Gibbs have retired! Ill health is the pretence. I never yet knew ill health induce such fellows to loosen their grasp of the public purse. But, be it so: then I feel pleasure on that account. To all the other pangs of body and mind let them add that of knowing, that William Cobbett, whom they thought they had put down for ever, if not killed, lives to rejoice at their pains and their death, to trample on their graves, and to hand down their names for the just judgment of posterity. What! are these feelings wrong? Are they sinful? What defence have we, then, against tyranny? If the oppressor be not to experience the resentment of the oppressed, let us at once acknowledge the divine right of tyranny; for, what has tyranny else to fear? Who has it to fear, but those whom it has injured? It is the aggregate of individual injury that makes up national injury: it is the aggregate of individual resentment that makes up national resentment. National resentment is absolutely necessary to the producing of redress for oppression; and, therefore, to say that individual resentment is wrong, is to say, that there ought to be no redress for oppression: it is, in short, to pass a sentence of never-ending slavery on all mankind. Some Local Militia men; young fellows
who had been compelled to become soldiers, and who had no knowledge of military discipline; who had, by the Act of Parliament, been promised a guinea each before they marched; who had refused to march because the guinea had not been wholly paid them; some of these young men, these mere boys, had, for this mutiny, as it was called, been flogged at Ely in Cambridgeshire, under a guard of German bayonets and sabres. At this I expressed my indignation in the strongest terms; and, for doing this, I was put for two years into a jail along with men convicted of unnatural crimes, robbery, and under charge of murder, and where Astlet was, who was under sentence of death. To this was added a fine of a thousand pounds sterling; and, when the two years should expire, bonds for the peace and good behaviour for seven years! The seven years are not yet expired. I will endeavour to be of "good behaviour" for the short space that is to come; and, I am sure, I have behaved well for the past; for never were seven years of such efficient exertion seen in the life of any individual.

1047. The tyrants are hard pushed now. The Bank Notes are their only ground to stand on; and that ground will be moved from under them in a little time. Strange changes since you left England, short as the time has been!
I am fully of opinion, that my four years which I gave the system at my coming away, will see the end of it. There can be no more war carried on by them. I see they have had Baring, of Loan-notoriety at the Holy Alliance-Con-gress. He has been stipulating for a supply of paper-money. They should have got my consent to let the paper-money remain; for, I can destroy it whenever I please. All sorts of projects are on foot. "Inimitable Notes," paying in specie by weight of metal. Oh! the wondrous fools! A sudden blow-up; or, a blow-up somewhat slow, by ruin and starvation; one of these must come; unless they speedily reduce the interest of the Debt; and even that will not save the seat-dealers.

1048. In the meanwhile let us enjoy ourselves here amongst this kind and hospitable people; but, let us never forget, that England is our country, and that her freedom and renown ought to be as dear to us as the blood in our veins. God bless you, and give you health and happiness.

WM. COBBETT.
POSTSCRIPT.

RUTA BAGA; OR, SWEDISH TURNIP.

To the Editor of the New York Evening Post.

Hyde Park, Long-Island,
3d Jan. 1819.

SIR,

1049. My publications of last year, on the amount of the crops of Ruta Baga, were, by many persons, considered romantic; or, at best, a good deal strained. I am happy, therefore, to be able to communicate to the public, through your obliging columns, a letter from an American farmer on the subject. You may remember, if you did me the honour to read my Treatise on the cultivation of this root (in Part I. of the Year's Residence), that I carried the amount of my best Botley-crops no higher than one thousand three hundred bushels to the acre. The following interesting letter will, I think, convince every one, that I kept, in all my statements, below the mark. Here we have an average weight of roots of six pounds and a half.
1050. I beg Mr. Townsend to accept of my best thanks for his letter, which has given me very great satisfaction, and which will, I am sure, be of great use in promoting the cultivation of this valuable root.

1051. Many gentlemen have written to me with regard to the mode of preserving the Ruta Baga. I have, in the SECOND PART of my Year's Residence, which will be published at New York, in a few days, given a very full account of this matter.

I am, Sir, your most humble
And most obedient servant,

Wm. Cobbett.


Dear Sir,

1052. I take the liberty of sending to you the following experiments upon the culture of your Ruta Baga, made by my uncle, Isaac Townsend, Esq. of Orange county, in this state. The seeds were procured from your stock, and the experiments, I think, will tend to corroborate the sentiments which you have so laudably and so successfully inculcated on the subject of this interesting article of agriculture.

1053. A piece of strong dry loam ten feet square on the N. E. side of a mountain in Moreau township, Orange county, was thoroughly
cleared of stones, and dug up twelve inches deep, on the 10th of June last; it was then covered by a mixture of ten bushels of charcoal dust and twenty bushels of black swamp mould, which was well harrowed in. About the 9th of July it was sown with your Ruta Baga in drills of twenty inches apart, the turnips being ten inches distant from each other. They came up badly and were weeded out on the 10th of August. On the 15th of August a table-spoonful of ashes was put round every turnip, which operation was repeated on the 20th of September. The ground was kept perfectly clean through the whole season. Six seeds of the common turnip were by accident dropped into the patch, and received the same attention as the rest. These common turnips weighed two pounds a piece. The whole yield of the Ruta Baga was three bushels, each turnip weighing from four to eight pounds. The roots penetrated about twelve inches into the ground, although the season was remarkably dry.

1054. A piece of rich, moist, loamy land, containing four square rods, was ploughed twice in June, and the seeds of your Ruta Baga sown on the 4th of July in broad cast, and kept clean through the season. This patch produced twenty-five bushels of turnips, each turnip weighing from four to nine pounds. This, you
perceive, is at the enormous rate of 1000 bushels an acre!

1055. It is Mr. Townsend's opinion, that on some of the soils of Orange County your Ruta Baga may be made to yield 1500 bushels an acre.

I remain, with much respect,

Your obedient servant,

P. S. TOWNSEND.

William Cobbett, Esq.

Hyde Park, Long Island.
SECOND POSTSCRIPT.

FEARON'S FALSEHOODS.

To the Editor of the National Advocate.

Hyde Park, Jan. 9th, 1819.

SIR,

1056. Before I saw your paper of the day before yesterday, giving some extracts from a book published in England by one Fearon, I had written part of the following article, and had prepared to send it home as part of a Register, of which I send one every week. Your paper enabled me to make an addition to the article; and, in the few words below, I have this day sent the whole off to be published in London. If you think it worth inserting, I beg you to have the goodness to give it a place; and I beg the same favour at the hands of all those editors who may have published Fearon's account of what he calls his visit to me.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient,

And most humble servant,

WM. COBBETT.
1057. There is, I am told, one Fearon, who has gone home and written and published a book, *abusing this country and its people in the grossest manner*. I only hear of it by letter. I hear, also, that he *speaks of me* as if he *knew* me. I will tell you how far he knew me: I live at a country house 20 miles from New York. One morning, in the summer of 1817, a young man came into the hall, and introduced himself to me under the name of Fearon. The following I find about him in my journal:—

“*A Mr. Fearon came this morning and had breakfast with us. Told us an odd story about having slept in a black woman’s hut last night for sixpence, though there are excellent taverns at every two miles along the road. Told us a still odder story about his being an envoy from a host of families in London, to look out for a place of settlement in America; but he took special care not to name any one of those families, though we asked him to do it. We took him, at first, for a sort of spy. William thinks he is a shopkeeper’s clerk; I think he has been a tailor. I observed that he carried his elbow close to his sides, and his arms, below the elbow, in a horizontal position. It came out that he had been with Buchanan, Castlereagh’s consul at New York; but it is too ridiculous; such a thing...*"
"as this cannot be a spy; he can get access no "where but to taverns and boarding houses."

1058. This note now stands in my journal or diary of 22d August, 1817. I remember that he asked me some very silly questions about the prices of land, cattle, and other things, which I answered very shortly. He asked my advice about the families emigrating, and the very words I uttered in answer, were these: "Every thing I can say, in such a case, is to "discourage the enterprize. If Englishmen "come here, let them come individually, and "sit down amongst the natives: no other plan "is rational."

1059. What I have heard of this man since, is, that he spent his time, or great part of it, in New York, amongst the idle and dissolute young Englishmen, whose laziness and extravagance had put them in a state to make them uneasy, and to make them unnoticed by respectable people. That country must be bad, to be sure, which would not give them ease and abundance without labour or economy.

1060. Now, what can such a man know of America? He has not kept house; he has had no being in any neighbourhood; he has never had any circle of acquaintances amongst the people; he has never been a guest under any of their roofs; he knows nothing of their manners
or their characters; and how can such a man be a judge of the effects of their institutions, civil, political, or religious?

1061. I have no doubt, however, that the reviews and newspapers, in the pay of the Boroughmongers, will do their best to propagate the falsehoods contained in this man's book. But what would you say of the people of America, if they were to affect to believe what the French General said of the people of England? This man, in a book which he published in France, said, that all the English married women got drunk, and swore like troopers; and that all the young women were strumpets, and that the greater part of them had bastards before they were married. Now, if the people of America were to affect to believe this, what should we say of them? Yet, this is just as true as this Fearon's account of the people of America.

1062. As to the facts of this man's visit to me, my son William, who is, by this time, in London, can and will vouch for their truth at any time, and, if necessary, to Fearon's face, if Fearon has a face which he dares show.

1063. Since writing the above, the New York papers have brought me a specimen of Mr. Fearon's performance. I shall notice only his account of his visit to me. It is in the following words:
1064. "A Visit to Mr. Cobbett.—Upon arriving at Mr. Cobbett's gate, my feelings, in walking along the path which led to the residence of this celebrated man are difficult to describe. The idea of a person self-banished, leading an isolated life in a foreign land; a path rarely trod, fences in ruins, the gate broken, a house mouldering to decay, added to much awkwardness of feeling on my part, calling upon an entire stranger, produced in my mind feelings of thoughtfulness and melancholy. I would fain almost have returned without entering the wooden mansion, imagining that its possessor would exclaim, 'What intruding fellow is here coming to break in upon my pursuits?' But these difficulties ceased almost with their existence. A female servant (an English woman) informed me that her master was from home, attending at the county court. Her language was natural enough for a person in her situation; she pressed me to walk in, being quite certain that I was her countryman; and she was so delighted to see an Englishman, instead of those nasty guessing Yankees. Following my guide through the kitchen, (the floor of which, she asserted, was imbedded with two feet of dirt when Mr. Cobbett came there)—(it had been previously in the occupation of Americans) I was con-
ducted to a front parlour, which contained "but a single chair and several trunks of sea-
clothes. Mr. Cobbett's first question on "seeing me was, 'Are you an American, sir?'
then, 'What were my objects in the United "States? Was I acquainted with the friends "of liberty in London? How long had I left?' "&c. He was immediately familiar. I was "pleasingly disappointed with the general tone "of his manners. Mr. Cobbett thinks meanly "of the American people, but spoke highly of "the economy of their government.—He does "not advise persons in respectable circum-
stances to emigrate, even in the present state "of England. In his opinion a family who "can barely live upon their property, will "more consult their happiness by not removing "to the United States. He almost laughs at "Mr. Birkbeck's settling in the western coun-
try. This being the first time I had seen this "well-known character, I viewed him with no "ordinary degree of interest. A print by Bar-
tolozzi, executed in 1801, conveys a correct "outline of his person. His eyes are small, "and pleasingly good natured. To a French "gentleman present, he was attentive; with "his sons, familiar; to his servants, easy; but "to all, in his tone and manner, resolute and "determined. He feels no hesitation in prais-
ing himself, and evidently believes that he is 
eventually destined to be the Atlas of the Bri-
tish nation. His faculty of relating anec-
dotes is amusing. Instances when we meet. 
My impressions of Mr. Cobbett are, that 
those who know him would like him, if they 
can be content to submit unconditionally to 
his dictation. 'Obey me, and I will treat you 
kindly; if you do not, I will trample on you,' 
seemed visible in every word and feature. 
He appears to feel, in its fullest force, the 
sentiment,

'I have no brother, am like no brother: 
'I am myself alone.'"

1065. It is unlucky for this blade, that the 
parties are alive. First—let the "English wo-
man" speak for herself, which she does, in 
these words:

1066. I remember, that, about a week after 
I came to Hyde Park, in 1817, a man came 
to the house in the evening, when Mr. Cobbett 
was out, and that he came again the next 
morning. I never knew, or asked, what coun-
tryman he was. He came to the back door. 
I first gave him a chair in a back-room; but, 
as he was a slippery-looking young man, and 
as it was growing late, my husband thought it 
was best to bring him down into the kitchen,
where he staid till he went away. I had no talk with him. I could not know what condition Mr. Cobbett found the house in, for I did not come here 'till the middle of August. I never heard whether the gentleman that lived here before Mr. Cobbett, was an American, or not. I never in my life said a word against the people or the country: I am very glad I came to it; I am doing very well in it; and have found as good and kind friends amongst the Americans, as I ever had in all my life.

Mary Ann Churcher.

Hyde Park, 8th January, 1819.

1067. Mrs. Churcher puts me in mind, that I asked her what sort of a looking man it was, and that she said he looked like an Exciseman, and that Churcher exclaimed: "Why, you fool, they don't have any Excisemen and such fellows here!"—I never was at a county court in America in my life. I was out shooting. As to the house, it is a better one than he ever entered, except as a lodger or a servant, or to carry home work. The path, so far from being trackless, was as beaten as the highway.—The gentleman who lived here before me was an Englishman, whose name was Crow. But only think of dirt, two feet deep, in a kitchen! All is false.—The house was built by Judge Ludlow.
It is large, and very sound and commodious. The avenues of trees before it the most beautiful that I ever saw. The orchard, the fine shade and fine grass all about the house; the abundant garden, the beautiful turnip field; the whole a subject worthy of admiration; and not a single draw-back. A hearty, unostentatious welcome from me and my sons. A breakfast such, probably, as the fellow will never eat again.—I leave the public to guess, whether it be likely, that I should give a chap like this my opinions about government or people! Just as if I did not know the people! Just as if they were new to me! The man was not in the house half an hour in the morning. Judge, then, what he could know of my manners and character. He was a long time afterwards at New York. Would he not have been here a second time, if I had been familiar enough to relate anecdotes to him? Such blades are not backward in renewing their visits whenever they get but a little encouragement.—He, in another part of the extracts that I have seen, complains of the reserve of the American ladies. No "social intercourse," he says, between the sexes. That is to say, he could find none! I'll engage he could not; amongst the whites, at least. It is hardly possible for me to talk about the public affairs of England and not to talk of some of my
own acts; but is it not monstrous to suppose, that I should praise myself, and show that I believed myself destined to be the *Atlas of the British nation*, in my conversation of a few minutes with an utter stranger, and that, too, a blade whom I took for a decent tailor, my son William for a shop-keeper's clerk, and Mrs. Churcher, with less charity, for a slippery young man, or, at best, for an Exciseman?—As I said before, such a man can know nothing of the people of America. He has no channel through which to get at them. And, indeed, why should he! Can he go into the families of people at home! Not he, indeed, beyond his own low circle. Why should he do it here, then? Did he think he was coming here to live at free quarter? The black woman's hut, indeed, he might force himself into with impunity; sixpence would insure him a reception there; but, it would be a shame, indeed, if such a man could be admitted to unreserved intercourse with American ladies. Slippery as he was, he could not slide into their good graces, and into the possession of their fathers' soul-subduing dollars; and so he is gone home to curse the "nasty guessing Americans."

Wm. Cobbett.
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List of the Counties, the Number of Plates with which each is illustrated, &c. viz.

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