

# HUNTINGDON JOURNAL.

Devoted to General Intelligence, Advertising, Politics, Literature, Morality, Arts, Sciences, Agriculture, Amusement, &c., &c.

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**PUBLISHED BY**  
**THEODORE H. CREMER,**

### TERMS.

The "JOURNAL" will be published every Wednesday morning, at \$2 00 a year, if paid in advance, and if not paid within six months, \$2 50. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, nor any paper discontinued till all arrearages are paid. Advertisements not exceeding one square, will be inserted three times for \$1 00, and for every subsequent insertion 25 cents. If no definite orders are given as to the time an advertisement is to be continued, it will be kept in till ordered out, and charged accordingly.

### BANK NOTE LIST.

Rates of Discount in Philadelphia.

Banks in Philadelphia.	
Bank of North America	par
Bank of the Northern Liberties	par
Bank of Penn Township	par
Commercial Bank of Penn'a.	par
Farmers' & Mechanics' bank	par
Kensington bank	par
Schuykill bank	par
Mechanics' bank	par
Philadelphia bank	par
Southwark bank	par
Western bank	par
Moyamensing bank	par
Manufacturers' & Mechanics' bank	par
Bank of Pennsylvania	par
Girard bank	10
Bank of the United States	22

### Country Banks.

Bank of Chester co.	Westchester	par
Bank of Delaware co.	Chester	par
Bank of Germantown	Germantown	par
Bank of Montgomery co.	Norristown	par
Doylestown bank	Doylestown	par
Easton bank	Easton	par
Farmers' bk of Bucks co.	Bristol	par
Bank of Northumberland	Northumberland	par
Honesdale bank	Honesdale	1 1/2
Farmers' bk of Lanc.	Lancaster	1 1/2
Lancaster bank	Lancaster	1 1/2
Lancaster county bank	Lancaster	1 1/2
Bank of Pittsburg	Pittsburg	1 1/2
Merchants' & Manuf. bk.	Pittsburg	1 1/2
Exchange bank	Pittsburg	1 1/2
Do. do. branch of	Hollidaysburg	1 1/2
Col'a bk & bridge co.	Columbia	1 1/2
Franklin bank	Washington	1 1/2
Monongahela bk of B.	Brownsville	1 1/2
Farmers' bk of Reading	Reading	1 1/2
Lebanon bank	Lebanon	1 1/2
Bank of Middletown	Middletown	1 1/2
Carlisle bank	Carlisle	1 1/2
York bank	York	1 1/2
Harrisburg bank	Harrisburg	1 1/2
Miners' bk of Pottsville	Pottsville	1 1/2
Bank of Susquehanna co.	Montrose	35
Farmers' & Drovers' bk	Waynesborough	3
Bank of Lewistown	Lewistown	2
Wyoming bank	Wilkesbarre	2
Northampton bank	Allentown	no sale
Berk county bank	Reading	no sale
West Branch bank	Williamsport	10
Towanda bank	Towanda	90

### Rates of Relief Notes.

Northern Liberties, Delaware County, Farmers' Bank of Bucks, Germantown, &c.  
All others - - - - - 1 a 1/2

### FRANKLIN HOUSE,

Huntingdon, Pennsylvania.

### CHRISTIAN COURTS,

WOULD most respectfully inform the citizens of this county, the public generally, and his old friends and customers in particular, that he has leased for a term of years, that large and commodious building on the West end of the Diamond, in the borough of Huntingdon, formerly kept by Andrew H. Hirst, which he has opened and furnished as a Public House, where every attention that will minister to the comfort and convenience of guests will always be found.

### His Table

will at all times be abundantly supplied with the best to be had in the country.

### His Bar

will be furnished with the best of Liquors, and

### HIS STALLING

is the very best in the borough, and will always be attended by the most trustworthy, attentive and experienced ostlers.

Mr. Courts pledges himself to make every exertion to render the "Franklin House" a home to all who may favor him with a call. Thankful to his old customers for past favors, he respectfully solicits a continuance of their custom.

Boarders, by the year, month, or week, will be taken on reasonable terms.  
Huntingdon, Nov. 8. 1843.

### CHAIRS! CHAIRS!!

The subscriber is now prepared to furnish every description of CHAIRS, from the plain kitchen to the most splendid and fashionable for the parlor. Also the LUXURIOUS AND EASY CHAIR FOR THE INVALID.

In which the feeble and afflicted invalid, though unable to walk even with the aid of crutches, may with ease move himself from room to room, through the garden and in the street, with great rapidity.

Those who are about going to housekeeping, will find it to their advantage to give him a call, whilst the Student and Gentleman of leisure are sure to find in his newly invented *Revolving Chair*, that comfort which no other article of the kind is capable of affording. Country merchants and shippers can be supplied with any quantity at short notice.

ABRAHAM McDONOUGH,  
No. 113 South Second street, two doors below Dock, Philadelphia.  
May 30, 1843.---1 yr.

**ESTATE OF JEREMIAH GREENALL,**  
Late of Cromwell township, Huntingdon county, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration upon the said estate have been granted to the undersigned. All persons having claims or demands against the same are requested to make them known without delay, and all persons indebted to make immediate payment to

JOHN R. HUNTER, Adm'r.

Nov. 15, 1843.—6t. Cromwell tp.

**Estate of Margaret Clayton,**  
Late of West township Huntingdon county deceased.

Notice is hereby given, that letters testamentary upon the will of said dec'd have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same are requested to present them duly authenticated for settlement, to

JOHN WATT, }  
GEORGE WILSON, } Exr's

Nov. 29, 1843.

### To Farmers and Capitalists.

The tract of land near Brewster's Tannery, in Shirley township, called the "Roberts Farm," containing two hundred and eighty acres more or less, seventy or eighty of which are cleared, with a house, a barn,

Grist Mill with two run of Stones,

and a saw mill thereon, about three miles from the town of Shirleyburg, is offered for sale. Farmers who wish to purchase a farm for themselves or their sons are invited to examine the "Roberts Farm." If not sold at private sale, this farm will be offered at public outcry at the court house, in Huntingdon, on Thursday the 27th day of January, 1844.

For further particulars inquire of the subscriber at Huntingdon.

ISAAC FISHER, Attorney and agent of Martha Pennock, the owner.  
Dec. 20, 1843.

### For Sale or Rent.

The undersigned will either sell or lease on favorable terms, that tract of land situated in West township, Huntingdon county, near the mouth of Murrays Run, adjoining lands of John Stewart, Nathan Gorsuch and others containing about

250 ACRES,

of which about 50 are cleared, with a small hewed log house and barn thereon, the same being about two miles distant from the Warm Spring or leaving the same. Possession will be given on the 1st of April next.

ABRAHAM CARTER.  
Dec. 27, 1838.

### Notice.

Thomas M'Namara and Samuel Royer, lately trading under the firm of M'Namara & Royer, at Portage Iron Works, and George W. M'Bride, Samuel Royer and Thomas M'Namara, lately trading under the firm of M'Bride, Royer & Co., at said Works, having by deed of assignment at bearing date the 10th day of May, 1842, recorded in the same month in the Recorder's office in and for Huntingdon county in record book C No. 2, pages 492 &c., assigned and transferred to the undersigned all debts and claims due and owing to the said late firms, at or on account of said Portage Iron Works in trust for payment of creditors of said late firms; all persons are hereby required to make immediate settlement with and payment to the undersigned, of any and all debts and claims due and owing to either of the said late firms at said works; and all persons are hereby notified and warned not to pay any debts or claims due and owing to either of the said late firms at said Works, to any person or persons whatever, but to the undersigned or one of them or their duly authorized attorney.

EDWARD BELL,  
JOSEPH HIGGINS.

Portage Iron Works, Dec 20, 1843.

### ROCKDALE FOUNDRY.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform the citizens of Huntingdon and the adjoining counties, that he still continues to carry on business at the Rockdale Foundry, on Clover Creek, two miles from Williamsburg, where he is prepared to execute all orders in his line, of the best materials and workmanship, and with promptness and despatch.

He will keep constantly on hand stoves of every description, such as

Cooking, Ten Plate,

Parlor, Coal, Rotary, Cooking and

Wood Stoves;

Livingston Ploughs,

Anvils, Hammers, Hollow Ware

and every kind of castings necessary for forges, mills or machinery of any description; wagon boxes of all descriptions, etc., which can be had on as good terms as they can be had at any other foundry in the county or state. Remember the Rockdale Foundry.

WILLIAM KENNEDY,  
Jan. 11th 1843.

### To Let.

The Washington Hotel, in the borough of Bellefonte, now in the tenure of George Armstrong, will be let for a term of years, from the first day of April next. It is the old stand kept by the late Evan Miles, in his life time, for upwards of twenty-five years, and is one of the best in the interior of Pennsylvania. Apply to the subscriber in Bellefonte, Centre county.

REBECCA MILES.  
Dec. 27, 1843.

T. H. CREMER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

HUNTINGDON, PA.

### POETRY.

#### WHIG SONG.

The following song was written (by request) for the West Chester Clay Club, by TOWNSEND HAINES, Esq.

#### OUR GLORIOUS CONSTITUTION.

TUNE—Tullochgorum.

Our country spreads out far and wide,  
From mountain top to ocean's tide,  
And mighty states lie side by side,  
In peaceful happy union;  
O'er all our borders wide and free,  
All our borders,  
O'er all our borders wide and free,  
In brotherly communion;  
O'er all our borders wide and free  
A noble, patriot band agree  
To guard their chartered liberty,—  
Our glorious Constitution.

Our fathers gave the sacred scroll;  
We reached from the despot's stern control,  
With bloody hands, but noble soul,  
In dreadful revolution;

And cherished be its spotless page,  
And cherished be,  
And cherished be its spotless page,  
Whist rivers run to ocean,  
And cherished be its spotless page,  
From Vandal hands and faction's rage,  
As time rolls on from age to age,  
Our glorious Constitution.

Let demagogues exert their force,  
To sway it from its destined course,  
Its choicest social rights coerce,  
And spread around confusion;

The gallant Whigs in firm array,  
The gallant Whigs,  
The gallant Whigs in firm array,  
With noble resolution;  
The gallant Whigs in firm array,  
With fearless, generous Henry Clay,  
Will right its wrongs—direct its way—  
Our glorious Constitution.

What though the storms of strife arise,  
And thunders roll along the skies,  
And loud, and fierce ascend the cries,  
Of treason and disunion;  
With old Kentucky's statesman true,  
Old Kentucky,  
With old Kentucky's statesman true,  
We fear no dissolution;  
With old Kentucky's statesman true,  
Our glorious Constitution.

Though Loco Focos rule the hour,  
Like demons with malignant power,  
And change a nation's richest dower,  
To haggard destitution;

We'll raise our banner broad and high,—  
Raise our banner,  
Raise our banner,  
We'll raise our banner broad and high,  
Inscribed with retribution;  
We'll raise our banner broad and high,  
And spread its stars along the sky,  
And "sink or swim"—and "live or die,"  
By our glorious Constitution.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Democratic Review.

#### A RECENT RAMBLE

AMONG

#### THE PEASANTRY OF ENGLAND.

BY JUDGE CARLETON.

Most books of travels in foreign countries abound in details about kings and palaces, lords and ladies, but say nothing of the condition of the peasantry; that class of mankind by whose humble labors the rest are fed. Nor can just information be had from citizens casually met in public vehicles, taverns, or steamers. To understand the subject, I was, therefore, compelled to enter their cottages and examine for myself, in all the states of Europe through which I passed, especially in England, where I resided, at intervals, more than twenty months.

When I first saw that beautiful England, its roads, bridges, hedges, hill and valley, field and forest; the green earth sprinkled with cottages, to which the still greenening clung: here, thought I, happiness has fixed her earthly home. Yet an occasional glance at the interior of their houses on the nearer approach of the vehicle, and the aspect of the ragged children about the doors, filled me with distrust.

Being told that the peasantry, here called laborers, lived in great abundance and content in Somersetshire, thither I set out from London in November, 1842, by the Southampton railway to Winchester, where I took a seat, about sunset, in a coach for Wincanton.

The interior of an English coach is a prison-house, where a man of ordinary stature cannot stretch his limbs nor look out upon the country through its narrow, ill-contrived window. The French *Diligence* is greatly to be preferred; though uncouth and clumsy, they are more comfortable and safe, and move with equal speed. The seats are all under cover; whereas the English are perched on the outside upon naked wooden benches,—flanked with small iron rods that chafe and cut the flesh, exposed to the unceasing rains and chilly winds of their remorseless climate. Their exactions upon travellers are, moreover so enormous, that the third classes, as they are called, are glad to compound for mere transportation, like the cattle in their steamers and rail cars, with whom they are often seen in close alliance.

Our progress was suddenly arrested by a wagon sunk to the axle in the soft, chalky earth of a new-

ly-made road, through which we waded on foot more than half a mile, leaving the empty vehicle to be dragged by the horses. One of the ladies, a pretty, fragile, creature, was so overcome by exposure to the weather, that the guard, touched with compassion, transferred her to the inside, where a kind gentleman and myself restored her to speech by rubbing her hands and throwing our cloaks about her half-frozen limbs.

We arrived at Wincanton at six o'clock in the morning, when the guard presented himself for his usual bonus. I followed the example of my neighbor and gave him a half-crown, and two shillings more to the driver, making altogether one dollar and five cents tax upon each traveller, independently of the fare, which is fifty per cent. higher than in any other country of Europe.

At ten o'clock, I hired a carriage, and, accompanied by two gentlemen, went three miles to Stoney Stoke and Shepton Montagu, two villages in which the laborers are clustered in considerable numbers. I addressed myself to an elderly woman, one of the principal persons among them, who, for eight-pence—which she said was a day's wages—undertook to be my guide. She was regarded with much consideration wherever she appeared, for she was rich, having a better furnished house than her neighbors, more cups and saucers and plates of crockery, five or six chairs, a good deal table, two beds of dust, that is oat chaff, a cat and a pig. She was the mother of three children, whose labor brought something to the common stock; her husband received nine shillings a week, and she tasted meat three days out of seven.

In the second cottage we visited, there were six in family, scantily fed upon potatoes and salt, with an occasional loaf of white bread. The mother's time being bestowed mostly upon her infant children that multiplied rapidly about her, they were maintained by the husband alone, whose infirmities prevented him from earning more than six shillings per week.

The floor was of broad ill-assorted stone; the roof of straw; the interior whitewashed and the exterior of a yellowish hue; the walls as are those of most English cottages, being built of rough stone, having one room below, twelve or fifteen feet square, and another above stairs of the same dimensions, but low and inconvenient from the depression of the roof. The earth round about looked barren and smiling in November, and the roof it was, within, the abode of poverty and destitution. The children were huddled together in a corner of the chimney striving to kindle a fire with sticks picked up under the hedges, to boil a dinner of turnips, the entire plant being cut up root and top, and seasoned with lard. The mother spoke with some emotion when she alluded to the wants of her children, which she could not relieve. I asked permission to go up stairs; she hesitated; my guide shook her head, and I desisted. She afterwards told me that the filth and stench were insupportably offensive; but on explaining my motive, she made no opposition to a similar request.

Here, as everywhere else, I purchased a welcome by distributing a few pence among the children and occasionally putting a piece of silver into the hands of the mothers.

I entered a third cabin. Here the green earth smiled again, as did the modest furze and glossy holly, that felt not the approach of winter. The floor was much like the first. Near the middle sat the mother peeling potatoes, which she threw into a pot at her side half filled with water. I introduced myself on every occasion by saying, that I came from beyond the seas, and wished to inform my countrymen how the laborers lived in England.—Sixpence brought forth willing answers to interrogatories which I put without stint.

"How many children have you?" "Eight,"—"What did they feed upon this morning?" "Potatoes." "What will you give them for dinner?"—"These potatoes you see me peeling." "Nothing else?" "No; nothing else." "Have you no meat, no milk, no butter for them?" She made no reply, fixed her eyes upon them and sobbed aloud. But her countenance suddenly brightened into a smile, and she said with a clear voice, "Thank God, salt is cheap." But her joy was a transient beam, for her eyes again overflowed as she showed me her eldest daughter fourteen years of age, whom she made rise to her feet. Her tattered garments scarcely concealed her sex; it left her bare to the knees behind,—while it dangled to the ground in front.—She blushed deeply, for want had not extinguished the modesty of nature, as her mother drew aside the rags that covered her snowy skin. "These," said she, "are all the clothes my child has; she cannot go to school in them; besides, she is obliged to stay at home to take care of the children." This was palpably true, for her wasted form tottered under a burden that would soon add another inmate to this abode of misery.

The other children were grouped near the elder sister, sitting on the naked hearth. Their little hands and feet were red with cold; their features were set in melancholy; they were not playful, as become their innocent years; no, it has been truly said, that the children of the English poor know no childhood! Sorrow begins with life; they are disciplined to privation from the cradle. From the cradle did I say?—I saw no cradle, and I verily believe that such a luxury was never known by the child of an English laborer.

In the corner of the chimney was an old man, sitting on his haunches, putting faggots to a fire in-

tended to boil the potatoes. "Who is that?" "It is old Mr. —, he has no home, and we let him stay with us." He was eighty-three years of age, and partook with the children his portion of potatoes and salt.

I asked one of the little girls, where was the cat? The mother answered, they had none, "for a cat must eat." "Have you a dog?" "No, we cannot keep a dog; besides he disturbs the game." "But you have a cock to crow for day?" "No, we have none."

I felt a sort of horror come over me at the absence of these animals, sacred to every household—the cat, the companion and pastime of little children; the dog, the well tried, trusty friend of man; the cock whose joyous song hails the coming day—yet poverty, that bitter blighting curse, has expelled even these from the cottage of the English peasant.

"Can your husband read?" "Yes, he can read the easy parts of the Bible." "Can you read?"—"No, I never went to school."

"How many apartments are there in your house?" "Two, one below and another above." "May I go up stairs?" She was evidently unwilling; my guide gave me a discouraging look: I persevered, and ascended a dirty, rickety flight of steps to a chamber, where the whole family slept: near a narrow broken window, stood a wooden frame on four legs, on which were laid transverse laths that supported a bed of oat-chaff, sewed up in a dirty tattered sack, over which was spread a coarse wollen sheet almost black; upon this lay two pillows of straw, and a thick striped coverlet worn into holes. Another sack of chaff lay on the floor in a corner, over which was stretched a sort of blanket torn to rags. Here slept all the children, except the two youngest, who lay with their parents. The fate of the old man at night was not made known to me, nor did I inquire.

The furniture of the apartment below consisted of a stool, on which the mother sat; a box occupied as a seat by the eldest daughter; two broken chairs, unsafe for either my guide or myself; fourteen or fifteen articles of crockery of fractured plates, saucers and cups; a tea-pot; two or three small iron vessels for cooking, and a board table, sustained by diagonal bars fastened with nails. On the wall, under a broken piece of plate glass, hung a white napkin, fringed at bottom, the only testimonial of neatness that poverty could afford. The whole chattel of the mother and children in the cottage in which they lived, is allotted to the English laborer. In America, other houses of some sort appertain to the humble dwelling of man. The horse, mule, donkey or cow, has its stable, whose loft is well stored with provender. Hard by is a meat-house, where hangs unprotected by bolt or bar, many a broad side of bacon, ham, or shoulder, in reserve for a rainy day or the arrival of a friend, with other eatables of every name and nature, in pot, jar and pan. Here the good housewife, enters on proper occasions by a door not much larger than herself, and forth comes an abundance that would feed an entire village of English laborers. The fowls too have their house, from whose broad beam the cock flings his joyous notes to the distant hills. Nor is the dog forgotten: being fed to repletion, he does all day in his kennel, vigorous and refreshed for the vigils of the night.

There is also a contrivance unknown to architecture, called a *crib*, whence the native maze may be taken without stint: next the modest milk-house, whose floor is dug out of the earth, watered by a fountain and strewed with a basin and crock of milk and butter, sheltered and amply secured by a covering of boards, which hunger never drives men to break through and steal. Last and least may be seen, just above the ground, a pyramid of straw and clay, beneath which is concealed a winter's store of that delicious plant, never tasted by our English friend, the sweet potato.

The dwelling house, for so the proprietor calls the cabin in the West that shelters his family, is often built of logs, between which the winds whistle, raising clouds of ashes that sometimes expel the inmates, yet the walls are well garnished with wearing and bed apparel; the table is loaded with plenty, and in his right hand is a vote that tells in Congress. He is the owner of the land he cultivates,—down to the centre of the earth, and when he grows rich, as he certainly will, he may build his castle *ad coelum*, as lawyers say, for he is master also of all above the surface. He sows his fields to eat the fruit thereof, and with the overplus he would gladly feed his hungry relations in England, if their oppressors would permit him. He is a political economist, not according to M'Callough or Say, but practically; for he knows when his industry yields more than he spends, and by applying the same rule to his neighbors and the nation, he ascertains with arithmetical certainty on which side the balances incline. His private interest being linked with the public good, he takes the same part in elections and the enactment of laws, that he does in the administration of his own household. He lives under institutions for which there is no precedent in history; a social partnership, not of money, but of equal rights, in which every one has share and share alike. It is a contrivance altogether new in politics, and as truly American as is the navigation of the seas by fire and steam.

In England, there are five millions that cultivate the earth, and six that labor in the manufactories, who have no share in the government, or a hut to shelter them from the winds. Goaded almost to madness by privation and want, they are always ready to overturn that government to which they

can owe no allegiance. Every movement is towards revolution; whereas in America, the discontent of the people can never proceed to dangerous excesses; men will not lay waste their own possessions, or put violent hands on institutions which they can amend or abrogate at will.

I visited eleven cottages whose condition differed only in the degree of wretchedness. Their wants seemed, in every instance, to be aggravated by the number of children. The last I entered bore an impression of comfort and neatness. The couple had not been long married; the wife was at the wash-tub near the fire, on which was a pot containing flesh. She wore a white cap, stood slipshod without stockings, though the weather was humid and cold. The walls were whitewashed, and the jagged, uneven floor bore marks of good housewifery. The cups and saucers, pots, chairs and table, were sufficient for a humble family of only two.—There bed was of chaff, but clean, and presented the only white sheet I saw. The fruits of their joint labor were spent upon themselves, yet they could feed on meat but four days in the week. They had a pig, the second I saw in the village; but neither cat nor dog. Her husband, she said, could read; and as I held out the prayer-book taken from the shelf, she said she read it often.

The wages of the laborer in England are higher in the north, decreasing towards the south until they fall to seven shillings per week. Their writers on statistics fix the average amount throughout the realm, at eight-and-sixpence, of which one-and-sixpence is weekly paid for cottage-rent, leaving only a shilling a day for the maintenance, clothing, fuel and education of the entire family. Their destitution is, therefore, no matter of surprise, for with that sum, it is impossible they should subsist without the charities provided by the care and bounty of the rich.

The appearance of a stranger and the nature of his visit brought me to the acquaintance of the farmers who rent the lands of the proprietors and employ laborers to cultivate them. They hold the middle state, between the lordly great and humbly poor. They received me with great kindness in their houses, which are better supplied with conveniences, but not as many of the luxuries of life, as are found in a log-cabin in Kentucky.

On their table was usually a joint of mutton or swine's flesh, sometimes a fowl, potatoes or cabbage, followed by bread and cheese, accompanied through to the history of their own kings, and the reading of newspapers, which they obtain at second hand.

At the return of the season, the struggle is so great among the farmers to obtain lands, that the price of rent is enhanced beyond their ability to pay. One of them told me there were forty-two competitors for those he cultivated; that the proprietors offered the farmers, who, in turn, drove the laborers to the verge of starvation, and that half the population would emigrate to America if they could pay their passage across the seas.

A candidate for parliament stated that all the arable lands in England were owned by thirty-three thousand proprietors. I called on the officers of the Statistical Society, in St. Martin's Lane, in London, to ascertain the truth of this statement.—At their request I committed certain interrogatories to writing, which they said should be answered when the result of the census, then in the press, were known. Three months thereafter they told me that the statistics of England did not afford the information required. A similar statement was afterwards made by a member of parliament; as it was never contradicted, it may be regarded as true, that the cultivable lands from which the English are fed belong mainly to thirty-three thousand persons.—

The chief among them are the members of parliament and the hereditary nobility, born to power as well as to riches. They have established a code of laws for their own benefit, the most inhuman known in the annals of legislation. Not only are there own estates exempt from general taxation, but the cultivation of them is forced upon the people by prohibiting the importation of every article of food from abroad. The poor laborer is at their mercy; from them he receives his bread; his wife and children must be fed on such terms as they prescribe. There is no escape; ignorant and destitute, he cannot take refuge in foreign countries where his proud oppressor cannot pursue. He is starved to the lowest point of endurance; yet life is spared.—Sufficient strength to till the earth is kept up by guel and potatoes, provided by the poor-laws or the landlords themselves, as cats are given to horses that they may bear the burthens heaped upon their backs. There is policy in oppression; if the cords were drawn too tight the poor peasant would die, and the greediness of the rich would consume themselves.

All communications from lord to tenant are received with the most degrading servility. The poor man is half annihilated; with cap in hand, body bent, down-cast eyes, he articulates unceasingly, my lord; yes, my lord; no, my lord; your lordship—with an awe due to divinity rather than man.

The slave in the Carolinas is not so humble in the presence of his master. He simply replies, yes, sir; no, sir; often indulges in the free expression of opinion; and, in many families, his communications are on terms of equality. He is, indeed, the property of a master, but is well fed; and even his dogs, Joler and Towser, often devour more flesh in a day than an English laborer eats in a week.

He cultivates a patch of sweet potatoes and other