

have been very wealthy. He was an impersonal landlord. Negotiation of every kind with his tenants were carried on through his factor, a pleasant and genial man, but who lived in the fear of his lord and executed his decrees with relentless impartiality. Occasionally my uncle remonstrated in writing to his lordship about the ravages of the hares and wood-cock that devoured his turnips; but it was of no avail. He had just to grin and bear it, and often, as he surveyed the damage he had sustained, he did grin. The leases all ran for nineteen years. The advantage to the farmer of course was that he would have a fair chance of being recouped for his early outlay in improvements, but on the other hand he had to take the risk of ruinous fluctuations of prices for grain, which came with a vengeance when free trade brought the price of wheat down from 70 the quarter to 50 and less.

But the decline and fall of wheat came not in my time. The farmers were then a prosperous community. They made money. It was calculated that the produce of a good farm, well tilled should produce annually three rentals, one for the landlord, one for the expenses of management, and one for the tenant. I cannot speak for all, but I believe my uncle realized that expectation. His farm consisted of 340 acres of good arable land, and his rental was about £1000 a year. He kept an accurate account of receipts and expenditure and at the end of nineteen years, after making liberal allowance for his household expenses and all other charges he found, that he had cleared on the average £750 a year. And his was comparatively a small farm. Many of his brother-farmers may have taken more out of their holdings than he did, but few of them lived so economically. Some of them entertained lavishly, even for these convivial times. Their after-dinner and supper libations appear to us now to have been almost incredible. Three tumblers of toddy and an "eke" was the invariable order of the day at a dinner party after the ladies had retired from the table, many healths and toasts and sentiments having preceded, and this by no means exhausted the doquet. After supper there was more toddy, and after the toddy came "plotty" mulled port wine—made by plunging a very hot poker into a jug of wine. It was