

could earn their bread only by the interminable stitch, forbade that it should be discovered in England. But all these machines, having been invented and made available with us, are now slowly making their way into England.

It is well for the American to learn what he profitably can from English experience in farming. When we see how fast the capacity of the land in the West is running down, how uncertain almost all our crops are becoming; and when we see over what obstacles of climate, and upon the taxation of its fertility for past ages, with what abundance all crops are raised, and with what certainty they can be relied upon in England—it seems to me our Western farmers can learn these lessons too soon.

There is one fact that should always be remembered when we think of the English farmer—the high price of agricultural products here, and the necessity which compels the English farmer to make the most of his land—and that is, his land rent. Agricultural products are virtually taxed with a land rent, per acre from \$5 \$15 per year. What proportion of cultivators are actual land owners, I am not yet able to state, but I am told that most farmers are land renters, paying to the landlord an amount of rent of from one to three pounds, sometimes much more, according to the available and productive state of the land. Think of a farmer paying for rent, clean cash, as much as will buy him a farm in Illinois, each year! As an encouragement to the idea of the Western farmer sometime having a permanent market for his products in England, he must remember, as an offset to the freight—how much English farm products are encumbered by this enormous ground rent.

Now let me reproduce to the mind of the western Farmer the picture which English cultivation has produced upon my mind, from my first appearance here, the last month in autumn, up to the last in April—agriculture in winter, while in Illinois your ground has been hard with frost or covered with snow. The first surprise is in looking out upon the face of the country at any time in winter, to see grass and vegetation, excepting on the trees, in a perpetual green. This is in a latitude of $51\frac{1}{2}$ degrees against 42 degrees in Illinois, (the latitude of Chicago,) or nearly 700 miles farther North. Bristol geographically ranges nearly with the latitude of the southern point of Hudson Bay, a locality so far north as to be thought worthless on the Western continent for any agricultural purposes. But on this continent, on an island surrounded by the modifying influences of the seas and oceans, the temperature is so mild that vegetation is in a semi-state of growth the year round.

Farm work is done here all through the winter. January is the great month for grain sowing; February the ground is prepared for root crops; March, the season for young vegetables; and, though this season is wet and backward, the farmers almost despairing, gardens

are blooming in green; the cabbage plants, cauliflowers, and the hundred and one kinds of "greens" making one think of Illinois June. The wheat fields are growing, yet badly affected by the wet; the grass is forward, (and oh! how beautifully green the fields look, and about the 15th of April, men were mowing one of the Bristol parks or squares, shearing a fleece of green down about two inches in length. In fields, gardens, and yards about the dwellings of the city, flowers of all hues and degrees of beauty, are putting forth their captivating appeals for admiration. Such is the difference of the state of seasons between the Eastern and Western Continents. I write this letter in the latter part of April; it will be read in Illinois in the latter part of May or first of June, six weeks later; and thus, let the reader fill the picture of contrast in his mind, of what you are then, and what was before us six weeks previously; and what has been the scenery before us the whole winter long. The ground has never frozen hard enough to freeze the turnip tops, or rob the old garden crops of last fall of the green life-like looks.

Perhaps sometime I may paint a picture of the rural scenery of England—and fill in some of the details of farm life, and how they do things here. Such a description may be in season at any time.

A few words as to the present state of farm work, must suffice for this first letter.

The season has been very wet, I am told. I judge so from the fact that it has rained almost every day since the first of December last. One man, boasting of the good weather of January, said they had fourteen fair days in the month, and that was an unparalleled streak of good weather. These fair days have been so unfair to me that I have not observed them. I really have no distant recollection of more than four or five fine days, and they all occurred in April. As the consequence of this wet, the prospect of the crops has been seriously damaged. Work was pretty much stopped on land, since the first of March, to the middle of April. The wheat plant is rank where the land is in a high state now growing spindling and turning yellow from excessive moisture. In consequence of this the farm interest took a panic, and the price of wheat came up, in view of the possibility of failure. But recently there has been a favorable turn, a few of the good days have come and last Sabbath, our good minister returned devout thanks for the cessation of the rains, and for the sight once more of the smiling sun. And yet, notwithstanding this apparent deluge, you may think, I have not yet seen one fair rainy day, raining in earnest and done with as in America—but we have an excessively kind of rains, which will soak everything and it hardly seems to come down in drops.

The whole atmosphere is in a state of suspended superabundant moisture. Some wa-