

you all. Often when I plough my ground, I place my little boy on a chair, which screws to the beam of the plough, — its motion, and that of the horses please him; he is perfectly happy, and begins to chat. As I lean over the handle, various are the thoughts which crowd into my mind. I am now doing for him, I say, what my father formerly did for me; may God enable him to live, that he may perform the same operations, for the same purposes, when I am worn out and old! I relieve his mother of some trouble, while I have him with me; the oderiferous furrow exhilarates his spirits, and seems to do the child a great deal of good, for he looks more blooming since I have adopted that practice; can more pleasure, more dignity, be added to that primary occupation? The father thus ploughing with his child, and to feed his family, is inferior only, to the emperor of China, ploughing as an example to his kingdom.

[From *Letters from an American Farmer, describing Certain Provincial Situations, Manners, and Customs, and conveying Some Idea of the State of the People of North America*. Written to a friend in England, by J. Hector St. John [Crèvecoeur], a Farmer in Pennsylvania, 1782.]