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## Rural Economy.

FROM THE NEW YORK EVENING POST.  
Hyde Park, 22d June, 1848.  
TO THE EDITOR.

Sir—I do myself the honor to enclose you an article, which I think likely to be of public utility. If you should be of the same opinion, I beg you to insert it in your paper as soon as may be convenient, because the season of turnip sowing approaches fast, and the speedy publication of this article may prevent many persons from committing errors as to the time of sowing.

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

WM. COBBETT.

TO FARMERS AND GARDENERS,  
And particularly to those gentlemen who have written to me on the subject of the Ruta Baga cultivation.

Hyde Park, Long Island, June 21, 1848.

I have now, lying on the table before me, a pile of letters, many of which contain *bank notes*. Some of the letters contain orders for seed; others for my *little book* on the subject of the Ruta Baga; others for both; and some express a desire to have information on the subject of the culture. The dates of these letters show the wide extent of the circulation of the knowledge of the principal facts which I have before stated in the public prints, and the language of the letters show the very great interest which those facts have excited, while it is very pleasing to myself.

But, it being literally impossible for me to find time to answer all these letters; it being also impossible for me to comply in time, with the requests of my several correspondents, I beg leave to give this one general answer through the public prints.

To those gentlemen, who have written for seed, I have to say, that, in all the cases, where I can do it, I will fully comply with their request; but that in every case, I will send them a small quantity of seed in a post letter; and this I shall do whether I have received money or not.—Because, I well know how anxious men are upon such subjects, and because I wish very much that numerous persons may (though upon a small scale) have an early opportunity of being convinced upon a subject of such great and universal interest. Where a pound or more of seed has been ordered, and the money enclosed, the senders may be assured, that in the meanwhile, I will keep their letters, and that the seed, if it should be too late for this year, shall be sent them very early next winter; when I am sure of receiving a large supply from plants selected and now growing on my farm in Hampshire, and which I wrote home to have planted for this very purpose so long ago as September last, well knowing what effect my actual experiments and undoubted facts would produce in this country.

As to my little book, which is the first part of three, the whole entitled, "A year's residence in the United States," it contains every thing which I know, relative to the culture, and preservation, and uses and mode of using the Ruta Baga, or Russia turnip. I have endeavored to make the matter as plain as possible. Those gentlemen, who have done me the very flattering honor to ask for "instructions," will find in the little book, an answer to all their questions; and, they will also find every possible question on the subject anticipated. To me, who have no trading connections in America, it is not easy to find the means of depositing this book in a short time, in so many places as I could wish. But, I have caused a good number of copies to be sent to the care of Mr. John Morgan, of Philadelphia, who will take care that they are offered for sale in that city; and, in order that booksellers may, in every part of the country, without risk, be able to procure the book, I have, by public advertisement offered them, through Mr. Archambault, No. 62, Barclay-st. New-York, at the price of ten copies for six dollars and a half.

There is one point however, as to "instructions," which I think it necessary to touch upon here. I perceive, that many of the applicants for seed, live in Virginia. Now, as to the time of sowing, it must be very different from my time on Long Island! The Ruta Baga plant, though sown here properly about the first of July, does not make any great progress in point of growth till the longer and cooler nights come, and the heavy dews, in September. October gives it three-

fourths of its whole size. So that, I should think, that the second week in July would be quite early for Pennsylvania; and the first week in August early enough for Virginia. This is very material; for, if the young and tender plants be too much scorched by the heat they may not so easily recover. It is the long and fine autumn that does the business in this culture: the warm sun during the day, and the heavy dews by night. The later the autumn ends, the later the sowing may take place.

To those gentlemen, who may buy the seed, without seeing the little book, I beg leave to observe, that to have any thing worth having, the ground must be clean, the plants put at large distances at an early age good and deep hoeing or ploughing between; for I hold out no hope to those who throw seed into the ground and then leave the work to Nature, which acting an impartial part, gives the preference to the weeds, which, as we all know, are the pre-occupants of every soil.

As to the inducements to cultivate this root in America, the idea is by no means new to me. A few years ago, in walking with Mr. RICHARD FLARIMAN, an excellent neighbor in Hampshire, over one of his fields, I observed to him what a pity it was that our cultivation of this root, was not practiced in America. I said, it would double the produce of the farms there.—"I'll write a little book and send it them," said I.—Soon afterwards, the war being over, I laid the plan of doing it; and actually had the little book printed and sent it out to my friend, Mr. JOHN MORGAN, of Philadelphia. Political events of great interest arose, however, and took up all my time.—When I was coming out last year I brought a little bag of ruta бага seed. I had the little bag (only a few pounds) in my hand, one day in the cabin of the ship, and remember saying to Mr. ASTOR, a fellow-passenger—"I shall be deceived, if this seed do not, in its spread, somewhat resemble the mustard seed mentioned in the scripture."

Thus far, I have not been deceived. And indeed the facts of my actual doings, and of the truth of which facts I have taken care that there shall be no doubt, are so striking that prejudice stands not a moment before them. Rich as England is in mines, this one root is of more value to her than all her mines under ground. To it she owes a very great part of her food, her hides and her wool. But, if valuable in England, where there are few farmers with woodlands and grazing lands for cattle in summer, and winter, are of little value for any other purpose, what must it be here? upon this place for instance where I am. The woods and uncultivated lands will carry very well two hundred sheep and thirty head of horn cattle with fifty or sixty pigs, along from the first week in June to the end of October. What am I to do with them? My land will not fatten a tenth part of the number. But if I, on a few acres of land, and a very few can raise enough to fatten the cattle and sheep, to half-fat the pigs and to keep well till June again all I do not wish to fatten, what a profit is there! and what riches in the manure for the next year.

Cabbages, full as easy raised as the Ruta Baga, are hardly of less importance, where the summer feed is scanty in quantity. The produce is large, the quality excellent, the cultivation easy. A few acres will keep a large stock from July to January, if the sowings, and plantings, and the sorts be when and what they ought to be. I have now eleven sorts of cabbages which will be ready to transplant in ten days. Some of them will have completed their growth by the first week in August, and some not till November; and I have cabbages which will be fit to give to pigs, leaved and white and hard, in about ten days time. It is very little ground that is required for these purposes, and nothing very expensive in the way of labor. The great requisites are, care, attention, vigilance, and without these who can expect to succeed in any thing?

Nor is the white turnip to be despised. People seem not to know, that oxen and sheep are fatted upon these in England, and that too, in prodigious numbers and to great perfection.—But, then these words "white turnip" are applied to the whole race. There are ten different sorts, very distinct. And, besides, a turnip, though in weight only a pound, instead of from six to ten pounds, is still a turnip—but I can assure the reader, that one of ten pounds has more nutritive matter in it than thirty of one pound each—there may be cases, when this sort of root may be very serviceable. It can be sown a full month later than the ruta бага.—And, that it is not a despicable thing, the reader will know when I tell him, that I once saw eight hundred sheep and lambs all in one field of fifteen acres of white turnips; where they had all been living for more than two months. It was in February. The field had been begun by a flock of Somersetshire ewes and their lambs, the latter destined for the London market at Easter. These were followed on the same ground, by South Down barren ewes fattening. The third and last bite was for South Down ewes which were lambing. There were separations by hurdles to keep the flock distinct. And thus was all

eaten up and the field rich as a garden. This which was on the farm of a Mr. Milward at Fitchfield, was, as far as I recollect, the finest sight of the kind that I ever saw; but somewhat approaching it is generally to be seen in England—and though the turnips must be stacked, here I see very little inconvenience in that. The only precaution is to give to the fattening oxen and to the sheep in wet weather, a little hay along with their turnips, in order to prevent laxity too great.

With these opinions, and with a strong desire to promote the interests of agriculture and gardening in America, I have taken and am taking measures for a supply of good and true seeds of every kind that I think will be useful; and I should return home before their arrival. My friend Mr. John Morgan, will be chiefly entrusted with the fulfilment of my intentions in this respect. To say so much of one's self is not very pleasing; but as marks of my diligence and zeal in this way, there now exists in Hampshire a most beautiful plantation of trees from seeds imported by me from Pennsylvania; while in Pennsylvania I had the pleasure to see flourishing and lofty, cherry trees and others of the finest sorts, sent out from Hampshire by me after my return to England. I this year imported four hundred peach-tree, reclariners, apricots, plumbs, &c. of sorts which I knew to be good. They were, unfortunately put on board the Bacchus, a London ship, instead of being as I wished, sent to Liverpool. They lay five months on board.—They served only to make a fire; or, I am persuaded they would in a few years, have stocked the whole country. Whether I remain another year or not, I shall not abandon this project.

With the exception of the treatment I experienced from the assembly of Pennsylvania, or rather from a part of it, I have met, in this country, with every thing to be pleased with and to be grateful for; and though interest will in the affair of seeds, be also a motive to exertion, I know not in what way, more effectually and more honorably than in this way, I can show my gratitude towards the country

WM. COBBETT.

P. S. I hear that some persons at New-York are selling Russia turnip seed, and saying that they have bought it of me, in confirmation of which they show my *garden* upon paper-bags, out of which they take the seed to sell in small quantities, in the market and elsewhere.—The reader has, I dare say, seen *gentry* into a bottle which had a "Champagne" label hanging to its neck.—However, be this as it may, I hold myself responsible for no seed, which the sower has not obtained from me, or my man in the Fly Market or from Mr. Archambault. I am very anxious upon his head, having witnessed, and indeed experienced, so many cruel disappointments, & seen so many men discouraged and *deserted* from the sowing of bad seed, and knowing that there are about this country, many little patches and parcels of seed, called Russia turnip; but which seed is such in about the same degree that a crab resembles a fall pippin.

Gentlemen, who write to me, or to Mr. Archambault, will please to be very plain in the writing of names of persons and places.

## FINE ARTS.

FROM "THE LITERARY GAZETTE."  
Letter to the Academy at Philadelphia; with a Copy of the Critical Description of Mr. West's Painting, and one of the Critical Description of Stothard's Canterbury Pilgrims.

To Joseph Hopkinson, President, and the Members, of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts:  
Gentlemen—I have the pleasure of transmitting to you a copy of my "Critical Description and Analytical Review of Death on the Pale Horse," painted from the Revelation by Benjamin West, President of the Royal Academy of Painting, Sculpture and Architecture, in London, and Historical Painter to the King. In submitting my little volume to your notice, I am emboldened by a hope that your candid consideration of its good intention may induce you to overlook its defects, and deem it not unworthy of a place in the library of your Academy. Long esteemed the father of historical painting in the British School, the painter whose performance I have ventured to review has not obtained his reputation without a conflict. Homer had a Zoilus, Michael Angelo found enemies in Corrigiano and Bandinelli; and from the appearance of West's Death of General Wolfe and Regulus, to this grand composition, each of his works in succession has roused the attacks of envy and ignorance. But, beside their high moral aim, and the striking beauties of his performances his repeated annual election by the chief British artists to the high office, which he has so long dignified as their head; the honours paid to him by the most celebrated foreign painters and sculptors; the diplomas presented to him by the Academy of St. Luke, at Rome, the mother of all other schools of art, by the Institute of France, the Academies of Florence, Bologna, Mannheim, Berlin, Antwerp, Ghent, America, and by every other Academy in the

world, have refuted the invidious criticism of his enemies, confirmed the public judgment and fully established his fame. Thus, although I have given an independent opinion of his performance, I can boldly reply to the cold cavils of anti-contemporarianism, and the anonymous publications of malevolent jealousy, that I am not the creator of a new fame, or the promulgator of a singular opinion. The meanness, which is wounded by the success of the painter, may asperse my impartiality; but, believe me gentlemen, although I could be the friend and admirer of a Raphael, or Leonardo da Vinci, I could not be the slave or parasite of either.

Like your hardy pine among its green head amidst the Alpalachian snows, the mind of this Nestor of painting exists, in the deep winter of his years, the spring of his prime. In this last work he marks his distinguished reputation, and proves the wide dominion of the Fine Arts, when employed to inculcate the social duties and sublime truths of Religion. Even now, we learn that the people of America crowd your public hospital in Philadelphia to behold his painting of Christ healing the Sick, and each retires with a lesson of Christian charity, and a prouder sense of his country, from the view. At the same moment, in London, we meet persons from all parts of the empire, and foreigners, the visitors of our capital, assembled in the same apartment, to contemplate Death upon the Pale Horse, the consummation of his labours and his glory.

Americans, you point to the tombs of his kindred, and claim the honour of his birth and genius for the NEW WORLD. But proud of the English blood which flows in his veins, of his residence for more than half a century in our island, and the execution of his celebrated performances here, Englishmen as justly claim him as an enviable honour for the country of his adoption, in the OLD. Your professional Brethren of a neighbouring State, in sending across the Atlantic for his portrait, by the pencil of Lawrence, whose exquisite sense of colouring and resemblance, rank him as the TITIAN of the age, have acted affectionately and wisely. They justly anticipate a standard of style, exalt their own character, and furnish a noble excitement to emulation. As a work of art, placed on high in their Academy, its technical excellence must long continue to give lessons of instruction, and as an honour conferred upon merit stimulate the generous ardour of the students to the same goal. Continue to cherish this esteem for intellectual eminence; for when commerce, wealth, and manufactures, with every other basis of social prosperity, sink, and the dear-bought glories of war are lost in oblivion, the works of genius, after having fanned the flame of living virtue for ages, immortalize the memory of nations in the tomb. Before the reign of the Fine Arts, empires rose and flourished, disappeared and were forgotten. Greece and Rome had artists, and will live for ever.

Happy is he, who either by his public or private virtue, his mental vigour, or excellence in the arts which humanize the manners and embellish life, has the good fortune to concentrate the esteem and affection of remote nations in his own person. Few, indeed enjoy, like the American-Englishman and English-American West, the rare power of forming this inestimable bond of attraction and union. May Europe and America, agreeing in their esteem for this venerable master, at the same moment hasten to forget their points of difference, and agree in all that can promote their mutual good. May each, with generous emulation, vieing in benevolence and philanthropy, imitate whatever is noble and virtuous in the customs and institutions of the other, and avoid their imperfections and evils. Receive from the nations on this side the great deep our mechanical inventions, our improvements in the sciences, our love for the belles lettres and polite arts. But guard against those dangerous refinements of luxury, which subvert domestic happiness, poison public morals, and effect the mere slavery of the body by the corruption of the mind.

Your professional brethren in New-York have recently elected several eminent English artists honorary members of their Academy. To be thus chosen by a body of which Trumbull is the head is indeed an honour. America may well be proud of the painter whose pencil has immortalized the Sortie from Gibraltar, and the deaths of Montgomery and Warren. In your countrymen, Alston and Leslie, you will receive an important accession. You confided them to England, young and inexperienced. England returns them to you distinguished artists, in the highest department of painting. In this spirit of generous reciprocity, may benefits ever be the interchange between the mother country and America. I lament what I have lost, in not having met with any picture by Leslie, for the venerable President, West, speaks of him as an historical painter of power, one of his most eminent pupils. But I have seen by Allston, Jacob's Dream, a vision of sublimity; and beauty, rich in chiaro-scuro, and forms of celestial grace and elegance; a piping youth, an image of the purest sensibility