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From the Charleston Spectator.

OBSERVATIONS OF AN AMERICAN IN ENGLAND.

THERE is a family at Winton Green, just in the vicinity of B——, which I have occasionally seen; and as I consider them, in their manners and style of living, a very good specimen of those in the middle walks of life, I will give you an account of a late visit there, and will mingle character and description with incident. At the close of a fine day, a young Bostonian and myself, conducted by a son of the family, called at their cottage. By cottage, you will not understand me to mean a one-story, straw-thatched building, half hid in woodbine, but a neat two-story building, covered with slate. We paused a few moments, in the front garden, to look at its arrangement. I have often had occasion to admire the taste, which Englishmen of this class exhibit in laying out and decorating their gardens and pleasure grounds. Whenever they fix upon a spot, and call it home, they collect about it every little comfort and elegance that their means will admit. A garden seems to be a primary object in their rural economy; and even when their means are scanty, and they are necessarily confined to a narrow spot of ground, they contrive to throw over that spot, a thousand beauties. This taste, I conceive, cannot be too highly commended. It is not less elegant in itself, than it is favourable to purity of manners. The same fondness for a garden and flowers may be traced in the lowest artisans and cottagers; and when they are denied the luxury of a garden, they will make a garden of their houses, and fill every window with flowers, and plants. The garden which we were now surveying, was enclosed with a well trimmed hawthorn hedge, and two gravelled walks led up each side of a close-shaven, oval grass plat, to the front door. Trees of various kinds mingled with shrubbery skirted the edges, and gave to the centre a charming aspect of pensive retirement, and rural quietness. The lawn, by the use of a cast iron roller, and frequent shaving, had become extremely smooth, and was not only cheering to the eye, from its vivid green, but pleasant and soft as down to the foot. From the front garden we were conducted through a gate at one corner of the house, into the fruit and flower garden. This was somewhat larger than the other. Like that, it was enclosed with a hawthorn hedge, which, by constant trimming and good management had become so closely interwoven and matted together, as to form an effectual barrier against the intrusion of cattle or the prying curiosity of man, as a stone or brick wall itself. The hedge, under the hand of a skillful gardener, can be made to assume the most fantastic shapes. This was so

close, that neither the hand nor the eye could penetrate it; and clothed as it then was, in the brightest green, it far surpassed in beauty, any fence or railing, and was more in harmony with the scene around. As might be expected, we found ourselves very pleasantly entertained, in strolling over this enclosure. Flowers of all hues, and every fragrance, spread their charms before us, and together with the fine fruits which abounded in it, our senses were variously regaled. At the termination of the walk was some object to call and divert the attention—a summer-house, an arbour, or a rustic seat. In the centre a sun dial marked the wane of time; and at the foot of the garden, flowed a small stream, which formed several cascades, and finally passed off with a rippling sound, and was lost to the eye under an arbour. There was here nothing extravagant, and nothing more than what most of our farmers and tradesmen might command, with a very little attention and trifling cost. The fruit-trees and plants would afford them amusement in their leisure hours, as well as reward them with their products; and the cultivation of flowers would give their daughters a refined and healthy employment.

From this little Elysium we were called to the tea-table. We now first passed compliments with Mrs. M——, the mother of the family, and having found seats, tea was brought in. Tea in this country is taken sans ceremony, and is soon over. Since we are in the house, allow me to say something of the interior. This is more exclusively the female department, and I am happy to remark, that the same neatness and taste which characterized the gardens and grounds, were seen here. The houses of this class of Englishmen are small, but convenient. This had four rooms on the lower floor with an entry leading between them from the front to the rear. They are handsomely fitted up, and made to appear well at a small expense. The looms of Manchester and Kidderminster, the forges of Sheffield, and the foundries of Birmingham, each yield their articles to grace an English cottage of this stamp. We have the same articles with us, but not so good and seldom arranged with so much reference to effect. The windows, with the aid of curtains and blinds, become the most ornamental part of the house. Though they are "few and far between" on account of the heavy taxes to which they are subject, they appear elegant, whether seen from within or without. The fire-places black and sooty, exhibit here a very different aspect. They are made of cast iron, with polished grates. The fenders, and fire-irons are usually of polished steel. The mantel piece is always stored with a choice collection of shells, crystallizations, spar beautifully modelled into urns, vases, and the like. Here were shown several elegant paper baskets covered with rice, which were wrought by the daughters. These things, trifling in themselves, yet set off a room, and speak much in praise of the female inmates.

From the tea-table we were led to a summer-house in a corner of the garden. While we were here enjoying a fine evening, a declining sun which added new beauties to fields and trees, and a cool breeze which was loaded with the fragrance of many flowers, Mr. M—— and a son-in-law of his, joined us. Mr. M—— is an extensive button-maker. He rides into town every morning in his pony-gig, pursues his business all day with industry, economy, and system; and at night returns to the bosom and enjoyment of his family. He has an in-

creasing trade to America, and is partial to Americans, but amidst his eulogies of the daughter, it is easy to discover that he secretly thinks better of the mother. He gave us a hearty welcome. At nine o'clock we were summoned to the supper table. Here, the interesting daughters of the family who had returned from abroad, joined us. The refreshments were liberal. An English supper, you must know, though not exactly Roman, is yet rather luxurious. After the usual accompaniment of wine, both vocal and instrumental, we took leave of our courteous and hospitable hosts. Such is a specimen of English taste and manners in the middling ranks of society. Families of this description are noted for neatness, hospitality, order, and economy, and when adorned and recommended by probity and religion, few spots on earth can be compared with an English fireside, and household circle.

In the course of my journeyings, I have observed that the English ladies are much in the habit of riding on horseback. The usual dress is a blue cloth great coat, fitting close about the neck, and falling nearly to the ground. On the head they wear a man's black beaver, and a black veil. Around the neck, they have a plain starched collar that comes up to the chin, and over this a fancy cravat with a stiffener, tied in true dandy style. Thus equipped, they mount a horse, take the reins in one hand, and a whip in the other, and entirely undaunted, prance off with grace. This exercise contributes greatly to their health, nor is it unfavourable to their beauty. A ride of a few miles tinges their full round cheeks with a fine colour, and their locks, which at starting are partially obscured, become loosened by the motion of the horse, and fall in graceful ringlets that wave as they bound through the air.

The summers here are unquestionably more congenial to the general health of man than our own. They are also more pleasant; but the autumn and winter, if I may judge from the specimen we have already had, cannot be compared with ours at least in pleasantness. The dull weather which now prevails, (Nov. 2d.) I am told, continues nearly the same through the winter—either dripping rain, or a heavy, damp, disagreeable atmosphere, with not much frost, snow or ice. The softness of an American autumn is unknown here; and though the English winter is less cold than our own, I would not for this, exchange our clear atmosphere, unclouded sky and sharp frosty mornings. I know not that the weather of this season here is particularly prejudicial to health. They are often corpulent even to deformity—have broad shoulders, large features, full cheeks, and if I may here anticipate an item in their character, bear marks of high living, and excess in wine.

It would scarcely fail of being serviceable to some of our American farmers to visit this country, as well with a view to take lessons in agriculture, as to learn the important virtue of contentment. Living in a perfectly free country, almost exempted from taxes, in which every thing is cheap, and being lords of the soil that they cultivate, they are too insensible of their enviable condition. Here, you know, the land is owned principally by the nobility, who let it out in small lots to the farmers, at enormous rents. What these payments would entitle them to the fee simple with us. After discharging their heavy rents and king's taxes, and living poorly, they have nothing left. Tea, sugar, coffee, spirits, &c. are luxuries beyond their reach.

Their children, in too many instances, grow up without a competent education, and destitute of the means with which to commence life. Thus the cultivators of the soil drag on year after year, till old age overtakes them, and puts a stop to their labours, and at the same time increases their wants. They must then depend upon their children for support, or become paupers. Good farmers they become from necessity. Unless they make the most from their land, it will not yield enough to pay the rents. As, however, they are liable at any moment to be dismissed from the soil, they have not the same motive with our farmers to attempt extensive and permanent improvements. Their necessities create a peculiar personal diligence and skill, and they are, on the whole, a people remarkably well fitted for the condition in which they are placed. Notwithstanding the precarious tenure with which they hold their lands, if they are punctual in paying their rents, or have kind landlords, it is not uncommon for father and son to fill the same place successively.

The English are barbarous in their amusements; at least this is the fact with certain descriptions of that people. Yesterday a boxing match took place eighteen or twenty miles from this town (Birmingham.) As I did not go, and probably shall never see any thing of the kind, I have received the following account from an acquaintance who was present. Though you are not unapprised of this disagreeable practice, I may be able to state several particulars that may give you a more impressive idea of it, than perhaps you have yet had. The day was cold, rainy and blustering; but notwithstanding this circumstance, about 20,000 persons were present to witness the wicked sport. A stage about twenty four feet square, six feet high, and surrounded with a railing, was erected on the race ground for the convenience of the combatant; near this was a lower stage on which sat the umpires. About one o'clock the prize fighters made their appearance on the stage, and were hailed with loud cheers by the assembled crowd. They stripped to the naked skin, with the exception of the drawers, shook hands in token of friendship, and then fell to beating each other with all their might. The excitement of the refrained spectators was extremely great, and bets ran high. When either combatant gained the advantage of the other, by a dexterous movement or knock-down blow, he was cheered by his friends, and the other was encouraged by the opposite party to fight on. Their well aimed blows were not without effect. In a few minutes the left eye of one was closed, and the blood, or claret as they term it, flowed from the faces of both. The stake in contest was 1,000 guineas; both were strong, athletic men, and had been training for the occasion for many months; their honour too was committed, and neither felt disposed to yield to the other. In a short time, their faces were beat out of human shape, and blood poured profusely from their mouths and nostrils. A tremendous blow from one of the other would now and then stretch his opponent at full length on the stage. The rules of the game are such that when one is down, the other is not allowed to strike him, but must give him time to recover his feet. They had fought nineteen minutes and were both nearly exhausted, and began to reel at the stage, when a lucky blow (so called) decided the battle. Both fell;—one was able to rise and claim the victory—the other lay senseless at his feet, and was finally carried off by his friends. The