POTATOES,
THE POOR MAN'S OWN CROP.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PLATES,
SHOWING THE DECAY AND DISEASE OF THE POTATO,
WITH
Hints to Improve the Land and Life
of
THE POOR MAN.

PUBLISHED TO AID THE
INDUSTRIAL MARLBOROUGH EXHIBITION.

BY GEORGE GEORGE.

"We have short time to stay as ye,
We have as fleet a spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you or anything.
We die,
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summers rain
Or as the pearls of morning's dew
Ne'er to be found again."

SALISBURY:
FREDERICK A. BLAKE, PRINTER, MARKET PLACE.

ENTERED AT STATIONER'S HALL.
PREFACE.

"— non point la Fortune
Sur ses jeux sur la pompe et la grandeur des Rois,
Mais sur se que les champs les Vergers et les Bois
Ont de plus innocent de plus daux de plus rare."

La Fountaine.

TO THE POOR COUNTRY MAN.

"One solid dish his week-day meal affords,
An added pudding solemnized the lords."

Pope.

To feel contented is not in possessing plenty of money, mere money; nor in having over-bearing ignorant poor pride, mere pride, called headstrong temper, striking for wages! nor in covetousness, clamouring to obtain more wages and less work than twelve hours of labouring industry; nor in believing the man who can work twelve hours for himself, cannot do the same for a master! nor is it in impudent boldness, in the place of humble obedience to the master; nor is it in having a large, cold, slated house for a dwelling, which costs five pounds a year rent, instead of the poor man’s legitimate cottage, thatched with straw, rented from the Squire for about two pounds a year. Cheap rents do not require striking for wages to pay them; great houses causes great rents. Builders must receive per centage and profits for their houses, and which must be paid by the tenant.

Nor is contentment found in having every possible kind of carriage; nor in possessing plenty of horses doing nothing, but making exercise a pleasant excursion to the servants; nor is it in having a coat to wear Sundays, instead of a snowy white comfortable frock; nor is it in being fine Sundays above a poor man’s wages and station in life; nor is it in possessing a rustling silk, worth half a year’s daily work and wages; nor is it in having a shilling cribbed out of the bread money from the week’s wages to spend in drink, in a low ale house, when out of the sight of a sober, industrious, never idle, clean wife, so that she may not know what is drank, nor share in the quart of beer.

None of the above remarks constitute the merry heart, so careless of the future and present contented home of the poor man.

The poor man’s merry, thoughtless heart, and blithe whistle as he goes to work, is made up of what is instilled in man’s heart by

"— God alone when first his active hand,
Imprints the sacred bias of the soul."

In a reliance! which reigns in every right minded poor man’s breast! The Christian reliance of hope.

"Safe in the hand of one disposing power."

As the infant has a reliance upon every act of the mother, that every act she does is for the best, so ought the believing man rely on his station as the best, and as given him by the all disposing providence. To be happy, the poor man must
largely possess a clear conscience and honest ways in the station God pleased to call all who work. The working man should rejoice in his wages as money honestly earned, and the amount proper for a poor man to live, as a poor man certain of one thing, and

"One truth is clear whatever is, is right."

It is right then the working class remain contented; remain an industrious class; remain a willing class to earn bread, and a class to be employed. If the poor man wishes to be called a decent and respectalbe man, he must keep his tongue from oaths, horrible tempers, his pair of hands from stealing what he thinks his master will not miss; a heart that can dispise a drunkard, and drunken bouts; a mind that knows better than to abuse a master for no fault but the one which is no fault, of making a servant work out the worth of his wages; a soul that feels work is money to the poor. Money is paid for work that the poor may have in exchange bread, and a cottage to eat that bread in. The poor man's labour begets money for the master to pay the poor man with.

A poor man may soon become a sour tempered fellow, by discontent, by spending his wages wrongfully, by leanting and lounging idly upon a pitchfork, and talking abusive rubbish, with ignorance, against the innocent.

"His rude expression and untutored airs."

Idle talk and wicked invented slanders against honest masters blacken a conscience as much as beer drugged will stupify the brains of the tipler.

Every poor man has a ready smile for his station in life, if he has learnt to live upon what he has, and upon what he earns, and upon the bread before him.

The man with a dignity of character, and a real poor man knows that it is wicked to covet, and wicked to wish for any thing belonging to another to enrich himself by. The good industrious working poor man considers Industry his hereditary estate, bequeathed him by his ancestors as his fortune. A right he can command, a right which bespeaks he is independent of fortune, and a right which brings him to speak to the opulent.

Without work, what is the poor labourer? Why a wretch who hobblies about asking alms. Work and employment is the mother of health in the mind and body. The mother of peace and the patron saint of the poor. Let the poor man be content with his patron saint, Work.

The poor man's banquets are not off silver or gold—all the same every meal—every morel a poor man eats is a banquet to him. He enjoys his bread and cheese unattended, unwatched. He helps himself. His bread is sweet. The cold water invigorating. He has no servants to steal from his larder; no servants to give away his victuals; no servants inviting another pampered menial to eat his earnings on the sly. The poor man is a primitive man. Let him be happy, in reflecting he is not the only one who works. He may at once behold the minister of his parish, and see he works more than the poor man. He earns his bread by harder means. Mental means—the means that can destroy health, while the poor man is made healthier by manual labour. Let the poor try a minister's work. Let him? He will soon find what a mental and bodily fatigue attends waiting on the sick, reading to the crippled and feverish, preaching and reading Sundays, and teaching stubborn school children. The day working man would soon tire and would grumble more than he does already at work. The minister never grumbles at his work. He sets the example of being able to say, "If a man would eat, he must work."

Grumblers and idlers grumble away the merit of their station—

"By shameful variance betwixt man and man."

A discontented poor man is an envious ignorant man. He is worse than a beast. How! A beast works under a master without complaint as long as he can. So if a poor man will not work under a master he is worse than a beast, being more ignorant and less docile.
The poor man has great enjoyment as well as the rich man. The poor man can breathe the unpolluted morning's air as it rises new-made from the night. He can enjoy the sight of a beautiful forest, and a magnificent grown tree. He can bless a fine day. He can see a rising sun, and the golden setting one. He can have a fire. He can brew at home as well as bake. He can eat and drink at home. He can sleep at home. What more can the rich man do that is necessary? Why only have expensive things for the good of the poor! The poor man enjoys the harvest without outlay, without paying rent, without the anxiety of selling it. Work and employment chase away vice and drunkenness.

The Hindoo is lazy. Why is he? He is heathenish. The heathen would rather die than labour for bread; and rather sit than stand. The heathen thinks it easier to die than work. He is a heathen for thinking so. The Christian man knows if he has not a fortune, work is made to give him one. If he does not employ his hands by working he remains starved; or to

"Shrink into a sordid hut to eat no bread at all."

The heathen man who knows not the Scriptures and with his Pagan idleness would delight in a "poor-house," where

"All the sad variety of pain"

is registered of the poor and belonging to all those who enter the charnel-house called a "poor-house," and justly is it a poor-house. It is for all wicked improvidents—all outcasts—all children whose parents are ashamed of them, and desert them. For the idle, and too viciously fond of beer-houses to have laid up a penny for sickness, or joined a well-regulated county club. Those who seek to be in a charnel-house or poor-house will have to give an account of all the pence spent by them idly to

"Him first, Him last, Him midst and without end."

The daily work of a labouring man should be seen as true as the crystal stars. A picture all may gaze on.

The work of man first came by a curse upon man. The end has made that curse a blessing. Industry is not to be removed from off the earth. Everything proves it so. Every thing must be cared for. From the garden hedge of currant trees to the more lowly grower, the potato—which thrives under the poor man's life, who is

"Patient of labour, with little pleasure."

and who bestows time and "unambitious toil," on raising food for himself in the potato. The potato, though a simple food, requires culture as much as a rose tree; both will grow wild, but both are better for care.

The liberal Editor of "The Salisbury and Winchester Journal" very kindly published the Welshman's letters on "Potatoes," and the way a poor man may improve his potato-growing. How the diseases may be removed, and how the potato is decaying from man's use.

Amongst many poor there is a dispute which is best—to have a garden full of apple trees, or a garden full of potatoes. The apple tree is certainly a useful tree; and a nice fruit is the fruit of the apple tree. If it had not been delicious, the apple would not have tempted the first pair on earth to steal and pilfer to their own ruin what they were commanded as servants of God, not to touch, taste, or handle. The apple blossoms feed the working bees. The parasitical mistletoe grows on the apple tree, and which elegant plant the ancients worshipped as it charmed off warts. The grindings from cider-making will improve the flesh of pigs if mixed with other food. The French woman eats a slice of apple with her bread in lieu of butter. The cider from the apple is very wholesome to drink for those who live on salted meats. Cider is good for liver complaints and the yellow jaundice. Cider, with a hot cinder in it, often stops a common sickness of stomach. The wood of the apple tree makes a good table; but of what use is a table to a poor man if he cannot have simple food to put on it. The apple would not suffice alone for the "solid dish."
However nourishing apple jelly or paste may be, the poor man must have his solid dish—boiled potatoes. The potatoe has great nutriment in it—no feverish or gouty qualities if eaten every day of a man’s life. The potatoe has great qualities, and supersedes the apple. The potatoe will make potatoe flour, potatoe starch. A potatoe scopped upon linen will heal a burn or scald. Potatoe will fatten a pig. Potatoe will make a jelly which the sick like when they do not any thing else. Potatoe soup is good, made as carrot soup is. The potatoe is the food supplied and grown by those who have nothing to spare in charity but farthings. The potatoe to the hungry is a mess of pottage, as good as Jacob’s, though it may not purchase an elder brother’s birthright. The man who knows not the real taste of a fine boiled potatoe is he

"Who never fasts, no banquet e’er enjoys."

The man to enjoy a meal off potatoe is he who

"———. Journies homeward from a sunny day’s long labour."

To find the "solid dish" ready, as soon as his hands are washed, his spade and hoe laid by carefully for the next day’s use; with plenty of potatoes and bread the poor man is contented; if rightly a poor man until

"—— the green turf lies lightly on his head,"

having enjoyed primitive birth which is poor before rich.

The potatoe is a solid dish to the poor, at which he never sickens. By an Almighty Power, and by a wise dispensation of Providence for the poor of the land the potatoe escapes all base covetous hoardings! All monopoly! It only lasts until planting time again, from the time it was dug up from the earth.

Farmers cannot keep back potatoes from sale lest they rot.

If every man of moderate means could rent a small farm as men did a hundred years ago. If all monster farms were put away, monopoly of wheat would scarcely exist, nor would the poor man have to go without a sack of flour, and so wholly as the poor do now depend upon the "solid dish" of potatoes, because Sir Baldwin will not sell his wheat until he gets his own market price upon it, which fact can only be done by monster landed farmers, and which fact also makes the poor man a poorer than he need be.

Potatoes being so very necessary to the industrious poor man, it is right to find out the best way to make them as a philosopher called them—"The poor man’s wealth"! "The poor man’s feast"! "The poor man’s own crop"! And why did the philosopher call potatoes "The poor man’s wealth"? Because, (as he looked around him and beheld throughout England Farmers enjoying by renting monster farms, the squires y’nger brothers portion, while the younger brother, perhaps, starved, and without a servant! upon a few pounds a year paid by some rector to him,) the philosopher continued—"Wheat must be dearly bought and dearly sold. Monopoly, alone must support the present era of vanity in the farming farmers. Monopoly must support greyhounders, good cooks, good housemaids, good dairymaids, gardeners, bailifs, governnesses, tutors, certificates to shoot pheasants, partridges, hares, and a bear if one could be found, hunters, carriages to ride in, and horses to ride on, with grooms to work after the horses. Yes! Yes! Wheat must be dearly bought and dearly sold to please, and which"—

"The gaudy gloss of fortune only strikes the vulgar eye
Of those who make money only for show."

The philosopher ceased reflecting beyond a thought—

"Equality was the struggling Paganism of the day."

going on his way to philosophise on other lower matters. The great Farming Farmer with a monster farm is over the most part of the poor where each Farm is. The difference between the Farmer and his labourer is this:—The Farmer rents land and takes great care of his crops; the farm labourer rents labour and does not care sufficiently for his own crop (potatoes.) The Farmer stacks his crops until
dark famine threatens to make them profitable. The poor labourer cannot do the same; and if the poor man has not plenty of sacks of potatoes he is in want. If he has plenty to eat and plenty to plant, what cares the happy poor man for famine prices in wheat. He can live without it. High prices in the market touch not the labourer; but those who have not their incomes, or salary raised as wheat grows high in price by monopoly. The farm labourer "strikes for wages"—he has a shilling more, and the more wages a farmer pays his labourers—the less the Farmer loses. His market goes up higher. His wheat sells still dearer.

If the poor man can guard off the pangs of hunger. The keen feeling of an unfed appetite from his door by the "solid dish." He buys less bread, and has more money to spend beyond necessities. A basin of hot potatoes, a little salt and butter—

"Knaves fall would laugh at—some great ones do,"

No matter! cries the appeased appetite. "Let those laugh who win,"

A Chartest cries "off with the taxes," and gets off the honest window tax, the fairest of taxes. Under a chartest's religion "light from heaven is free!" so is life, yet men tax life by an insurance on it; he who refuses a window tax is a rebel to the country, since the window tax only fell upon those who could pay it. Thousand and thousands of God's creatures are kept from starving by taxes. Taxes are a "charity spasm" to support protection to the poor man, as well as the rich one, in paying the armies and all other public working, and poor men who live on taxes. It is not the city poor man, soldier, or sailor, policeman, or officer, who has a garden to plant with the poor man's "solid dish" (potatoes), but he who has a country garden; let him then do his best to make it profitable to himself. He who rents allotment land change it, if he can, every so many years; the good-natured farmer would not lose by it, excepting the more potatoes a poor man has the less bread he buys, at bakers prices.

If every generous heart who bestows a charity yearly on the poor man, would change it to purchasing new seed planting potatoes for the poor, and see the noble gift is planted, and not sold for beer where persons are "licensed to be drunk," it would hugely benefit the industrious working class.

His production would increase his wealth. By a new sort of planting potatoes a poor man probably would secure a sack of potatoes instead of a bushel, of poor, puny, dried up little ones, because the worn out old seed saved from year to year is little, with scarcely an eye on it, and the inside without moisture enough to grow. No one should begrudge labour and care on the potato. The potato, where plentifully eaten seems to keep of gastric fevers.

"Be wise to-day 'tis madness to defer.
Next the fatal precedent may plead."

That the potato is lost to the land and to the poor, and what can be substituted in its place: nothing that the poor like better, or understand dressing better, all other vegetables go for nothing by it.

The hot baked or boiled potato must remain the privilege to the poor alone to enjoy, and to make him feel—

"Even winter wild to him is full of bliss,
The mighty tempest and hoary waste,
Abrupt, and deep stretched o'er the buried earth."

Starves him not, because he knows by his store of potatoes, he can live when the frosts will not let him work.

He sees his table covered with smoking potatoes and bread, which from his birth he has been nurtured with

"Led by primeval ages uncorrupt,"

to enjoy plain and simple food.

The poor man does not crave for woodcock pie, or hot lobsters. He has not tasted such. What the tongue has not turned to the palate to taste, the heart does not long for. The poor man enjoys what America gave to England, the
potatoe, which years ago was so abundant in England, that a Frenchman travelling through England, observed nearly all the poor English were as merry over a potatoe, as he, over a cup of coffee. In London he heard the cry "potatoes all hot," men, women, and children devoured them. Afterwards the same Frenchman visited an English monument. He thought he could not do better than give his testimony to "English living," so he took out his sharp pen-knife and scratched on the monument very large

"VIVRE LES POMME DES TERRES."

Long life to Potatoes.

The Frenchman was right, it is "Vivre les pomme des terres." A crop all the opulent can live without, but painfully and deeply do the rich deplore the scarcity of potatoes to the poor. "Short comings" of the potatoe must be, by culture, made "great comings."

"A new potatoe sort" has gained a man a fortune by his own care! afterwards from it he bought a small farm. He paid his rent half-yearly, without a whimpering to obtain a part back, by the growlings to the Squire, who would rather receive his rent, as he ought to do, without a farmers' accompaniments—"bad crops," "bad weather," "smutty corn," "worm eaten turnips," "spoil'd hay," "short stalked straw," "no beans to ear," "dried up clover," "fasty hay," "sheep dying of the rot," (aside, the latter, because sheep now a-days are deprived of short Down grass, all Down that can be ploughed up, has been. In lieu of Down grass, sheep are fed on unnatural foods); "The lambs die," mostly, "hard times," yes sir! "very hard times!" scarcely can we live like noblemen. "hard times!!" "hard times!" are not allowable under the civilized act free trade. It ought to be "soft times," as every poor man lives mostly on beer, and the farmer at an "ordinary." No man can call it hard times who can live in a house "licensed to be drunk on the premises." The house licensed to be drunk on the premises is without shame, without modesty, without remorse, without repentance, without sense, without religion, without pity; it is the maker of "hard times" to the poor man, and the sink of iniquity, no one has a right to correct; it is the sinking bank for the poor man's wages, and will licence every act but sobriety and frugality.

The first thing to get rich by is to drink all the beer you drink in your own cottage. The next, to brew at home. The next, to do your work and day labour as a trade. It must be done, and well.

"Hard times" are not for the industrious and contented poor man. "Hard times" are not for the sober. "Hard times" are not for him who has twenty sacks of potatoes. "Hard times" are not for him who keeps out of a place "licensed to be drunk in." "Hard times" are only for the man with a rope around his neck about to be hung for some crime. He deserves "hard times."

I have written for the poor man. Let no one be offended—nothing is meant to be personal upon any one. Let what I have written be to the poor man. "As the dew assuages the heat, and as a word to make his condition contented, which is better than a gift."

"He that enjoys his labour leads a sweet life."

THE WRITER AND A FRIEND TO THE POOR.
POTATOE DISEASE.

To the Editor of the Salisbury and Winchester Journal.

Sept. 20, 1860, Wales, Montgomeryshire.

MR. EDITOR—Hon'rd Sir,—I am going to take a liberty with you, to tell you, Sir, some of my experiences as a poor humble Labourer, may do so Sir on the Potato Disease. You've heard many say, "What bad crops of Potatoes." But I Sir, have had a very decent crop where I planted upon my own experienced ground Sir. If I a poor day labourer can mend another poor man's crop by my own experiences how to nearly cure the Potato disease I be sure enough not proud—but glad to help a poor labourer to get a crop of Potatoes. For de ye see Sir and no offence we poor folks takes Potatoes, Bread, Cheese and Cabbage as our Providence right to us to get, and Sir, if I keeps a Pig to kill, a bit of Bacon in the pan to fry with our greens makes a good relish. Before I go on with the way to not have Potato disease so bad, I just tell ye, Sir, kindly, how's I fats my Pig. You know, Sir, poor folks collects first a Barrel of Hogs wash from all the washings and peelings of Potatoes, and dishes, and tea things. When the wash has been given up to the time, our Pig be large enough to fat on, Sir. I get three Bushels or less, Sir, of whole Barley Sir; not Barley meal, Sir, Then I see my Pig then a trough of water wash, or nearly, and I do put three quarts of whole Barley in it twice a day, Sir. At one end of the feeding trough the Barley you see, Sir; there it bumps. Now, Sir, the longer it takes a Pig to eat his mouthful, the fatter he makes fat. Now whole Barley isn't dearer than Barley meal, Sir, and takes a Pig some half hour to eat dry whole good Barley like unto I goes a Pig, Sir, and main fat the Pig do get, Sir, with fine grained sweet meal, Sir, and such manure don't hurt the ground, Sir, where Potatoes be planted as Pigs give. I have told a main bit, Sir, but I hasn't yet a come to the Potatoes. Some folks have told I it be "the Dropsy in Potatoes;" some, sir, tells I "It be the Harsh winds drys up the stalks;" some it "be the blight." Well, al may be right enough, but I doesn't agree to a bit of them ere resons of Potatoes getting blackish or brownish in the young peel; and then going into a sort of rotten water-like look. I 'as tried so many experiences for a poor man, and I 'as found this to be true, and good, how then ere spots first comes in Potatoes, and then gets into holes, and then the peel gets loose. The fair weather is gone; and bad has come on. Then the rain gets into the weakened peel. I found it be worms, Sir, that do the evil, and the worms breeds very fast, sort of red tailed, and red nosed worms. These worms, in my experience's, do come from the sort of earth which they likes. Many's the folks, when they have picked up a newly dug-up Potato, see a soft spot. They crop a part with the nail, then, if that poor man thinks the potato neither good for his table, nor for Pigs, he digs it into the earth, toil breed a set of young hungry worms, without knowing he does this mischief to his earth for another year. This, Sir, was the way, which I be about to tell you, how I got earth without the greedy potatoe sort of worm, and which earth, as I be here, a scribbling to you Sir, raised me sixty-seven Potatoes out of five middling sized red skinned Potatoes planted. I found five of 'em with the worm on and in it, some of the five had the two or three little fellows buried in the watery parts—others bigger bored about tracks. The worms, look'ee Sir, breed round potatoes, and injure them, when young. Some make burrows round, and often they have made holes and peeks. The wet comes, and the wet softens that part; but mind Sir, if that potatoe which 'as a mark of what worms make on it in the first place, was taken up, supposing in the month of September, and kept in a room, or a gentleman's old green house, where the sun and air can come, it be cured and eatable part of it. The said disease don't go farther in dry air, all round it. Now Sir, I have said a
main part of my notices on potatoes, cause, in my days which be to me to look after my own profits in potatoe way, and yet Sir, I hav'd not a yet said one line about how's I get the earth, not to produce these potatoe suckers of the wind, and a injuring them when young, for it be easily judged, if the season gave a disease, nearly all potatoes would perish; but it ban't like unto that evil, Sir. Well, I be a getting tired, and so be you, I dare say, but I must tell how's I manure the earth. First, Sir, worms of no sorts likes bitters or dry earth. Well, I gets all the ivy leaves, and all the ivy about trees my master goes to I, with this I puts nettles in barrows full of dandelions roots and leaves, laurel leaves, and nigh forgot to master's hop leaves after a brew, all the weeds of my garden and elsewhere, the cuttings of a box hedge round my garden, I lets, as much as I can, rot together for manure, by adding the rubbish from the pigs' styre, Sir. What I can dry of dead weeds I burn, Sir, with any other rubbish, and with the short grass I do mix with it all I gets to perish into earth for I. The grass I gets, Sir, from a wee path under the hedge, which hedges in my garden, Sir; I don't steal it, Sir, I cutes it out of my own. I says I don't, because you see, Sir, some folks goes about nipping the farmers' grass, and that's a practice I dos'nt hold with any hows, Sir. Worms, Sir, ban't fond of this sort of earth mould I makes, and I made, with decayed weeds and other things, Sir. The stable wet manure brings a sight of garden shiney potatoe worms; some of it, like the fishers use, Sir. Groundsel makes a goodish manure for potatoes. I made my experiences on worms damage to potatoes by putting Sir, a lot of what's called diseased potatoes into a flower pot, where no other worms got by those, round the potatoes when I's dug out such. The worms, Sir, enjoyed themselves just as well; but they left the top potatoes on the flower pot to get out of sight to meet the wet and more moist tatoes below. You mark, Sir, the colour chopped potatoe gets in water. The outside is off, be sure, but at first the peeled keeps colour, but weet changes it after a bit to a decayed look. So does wet finish off a potatoe, the worm began scrawling over and tasting, maylike, or pecking at an "eye," so make a passage through. It be true enough, Sir; and be a going to see another word or so, Sir. Where my wife threw out her dirty washtub slops and washing, the worms like that sort of a damp cold earth; they like the soda, and grease, and soap which made the earth salt and damp, but potatoes don't do well on it, altho' poor folks like I fancy greasy dirty soapwater may do good. "Tis our ignorance, Sir. It keeps the earth too wet for tatoes and too nice. The worms likes it well in some gardens. We don't mix enough of other sorts of manure with the ground to have only soap-suds for potatoes. Potatoes grown constantly on such earth have hard peels, and eat hard and toughish, not like potatoes grown on a light, mild earth, Sir. My paper be almost at end, but as I has been so far with my experiences, and hopes it be for the good of others, Sir, I must answer what some of my poor folk neighbours told I with Sir, by saying "How's thee find time for all thee experimentings?" This is how, Sir; you see every labouring man leaves off at six o'clock. He ban't really tired, only tired of working, may be for a master,—cause why, he ban't tired; cause he goes well enough after a day's work, of some kind, Sir, to a village feast, or a penny ale house, or to a treat by the Squire. He finds heself fresh enough at six evenings for that Sir, to go to feasts, they may, but these feasts only comes ye see Sir, now and then, or so. Now I does my garden when I goes home. It takes it a poor man has a part of holiday from six evening's to bed time, every six days of the week, and the seventh be a whole holiday, for none of us work, and hardly know what to do except go to church. Some of my neighbours tells I get no rest, because I's keep up my garden, and enjoys it, that is why the labourer ban't working for a master, and that a part of every day be his own Sir, howsoever, Sir, there be pretty many grumblers who would rather stalk off, after six, to a penny rotten ale house for a pennyworth of beer than take the Lord's providences gee to each labourer, and work after they comes home. The what some call "hard working" Sir, I don't like that term, Sir, for a man who has been only trying on experiments, and noticing the cause of the potatoe decay, five potatoes out of nine where the ground is not prepared and looked after, by mixing all manner of weeds manure, which in a master perishing and rotten make a manure to keep out worms which can live on potatoe, and what is most obstinate, more self willed, more determined to make a hole in what it comes athwart than, a shining gliding noiseless worm, Sir? Nothing but a moth, and that women folks put wormwood to take away the sweet
taste of the material of the moth; and in like manner, Sir, my experiences told me rotted box leaves, rotted tay leaves, and all such like things greatly improve a poor man's soil for his potatoes. If any folks like to try my experiences they can, and if they does know better than I, be it so. I has told all I has to say to the big gentleman who writes such things in the paper; but I never has seen any word about the potatoe cure for the disease. But, again, Sir, many touched potatoes by the worm and little damp on the outside, be quite cured by removing it from the worm, and taking the worm off it, Sir, and drying it. Thank you Sir, if you have read this long bit through, and I now says to ye, the Lord prosper those poor neighbours of mine with industrious hearts to change the soil, to keep out the worms—and the little worms—by what I tells 'em for the best. I knows well enough I had the wire worm in my garden, when one day I noticed a neighbour's great fowl grubbing at something, the fowls sure enough was picking at the "wire worm's" nest, and eating all the eggs and vermin up, near and about. Then I got a few lent to I; they soon scraped out every jack and jenny of them ere nasty fine worms of mine, Sir, and I ha'nt got one now to my name.

With good wishes to all who have a mind to try the experiences of making a good crop of potatoes by any hint I has a gien to 'em.

I am, Sir,

Your humble servant, ever be that,

JOSIAH JONES, (a poor Welshman).
POTATOE DISEASE.

To the Editor of the Salisbury and Winchester Journal.

Wales, Montgomeryshire, Oct. 1, 1860:

HONORED SIR,—I have just heard that you are so kind to us, sir, who be poor labourers, with allotment grounds and cottage gardens, to say you will do me the great honor, sir, to put my first letter, sir, I've wrote of potatoe diseases in to your handsome, big, liberal, true paper, sir. Well, you be just like a proper gentleman, I know that by your, sir, putting in anything to do poor folks good from a poor man. Then, sir, I be a going just to tell you, sir, that twenty years ago I took a cottage and garden and a bit of allotment ground, just like my neighbours, sir. Then when that field was broken up, after farmers working first, we ha' had a main great sight of a crop of tatoes, sir. After the first five years they did get a worser crop and a worser. Cause why, sir? Planting potatoes for twenty or as may be forty years on one place, and we not altering, sir, the earth by manures proper, or picking off worms, it makes it full of earth worms. There be nothing to kill 'em, sir, that we poor put, sir. Providence sent us a Crimean hard winter; then, sir, we 'as a better crop, after the hard winter killed and froze the worms. If it be a terrible wet season, sir, worms don't agree with it; worms of gardens, sir, can't abide, sir, water. Well, sir, for seven years I did nothing plant, sir, but cut potatoes on one bit of ground. My crops got less; it was, may be, seven yards square or better, sir. This year I had scarcely any potatoes. I dug out my own self, three pounds weight weighed of worms, sir, nothing but worms—grandfathers, grandmothers, and great great ancestors of worms—besides, sir, four hundred in and near the same place. No potatoes did I get, sir, you may be sure.

Then, sir, I experienced that the least bit of a shake on the earth sends worms out of my sight. They hates daylight, sir. They glide into holes, sir, which the slime like mortar makes, hard holes like a gimlet makes. You can see them 'ere holes in the poor man's ground after turning it over, and at the top of the ground, after a poor man has a taken up his miserable little basket of whole potatoes, sir. He does, sir, feel the loss of his crop; but ignorant, sir, of my experiences that year, and after years, the worms get a-head, and, sir, a more cunning set ban't be than worms. Worms hates the air, worms hates the sun, worms hates wet pools of rain outside. Wet seasons do send worms deep down unless they gets near potatoes. Worms, sir, enjoy the holes they makes, sir. Theys comes in and theys goes out, sir, as we does our cottages, sir. Wet weather makes 'em devour more potatoes, theys be afeard to travel. The ground gets full of 'em and most under potatoes. I experienced this, sir, because I be poor, and a long little family to get potatoes for, sir. That if, sir, any poor labourer will put, may be, all the worms he picks out of his garden and allotment earth, and put 'em nasty things, sir, into an old tin powder case, whereas they can't get out, sir, there be the worms, tight, twisting, and cuddling up in a lump the bit of dirt 'em got with 'em. Let the rain fall on 'em, and in a fortnight or more, sir, most of 'em be dead, and withered by their own slime into earth again. A few be alive, a main few, like things that ban't a nourished. The smell be that as from what ignorant poor calls, sir, the "diseased potatoe smell," and fancy wrongly potatoes be poison'd. It ban't be so, sir, anyhows. It is nothing, sir, but the odour the worms leaves after they have destroyed all or nearly a set of potatoes by their damp, cold, glasing moisture. The worms seem when left to perish whereas theys cannot get out, to look bloodless—they get blanced—theys nothing to live on. So they rot back to earth, and quicker than things which 'as
bones. Now, sir, we’re all experienced on the same spots of garden ground our

"potatoe disease"

crops do get bad and worser every year, unless a dry summer does kill some of
'em potatoe eaters and destroyers—worms, sir.

I know what everybody else knows with me. Walnut water do kill worms,
and force 'em, sir, upon top to kill. The slime that keeps worms clean, and free
from dirt, be moist, sir. Plants in flower-pots die if a worm get in; this slime be
unwholesome to it. It needs then, sir, all should extirpate the enemy. Why
things go so bad with potatoes of the poor all over the world, they’s, sir, always a
planting the same ground, sir. It is true, sir. The labourers don’t use changes in
vegetables, for nothing but cabbage and potatoes really be useful, sir. Other
things may be a tasty relish, but uses up, sir, ground, so we plant potatoes over and
over again in the same place, 'till, sir, we has no potatoes at all. Gentleman’s gardens
be different, theys change their places for every year’s crop, sir; we don’t do that,
sir. We can’t ask the farmer to change our allotment, fearing he might think us
very selfish to gee up our worn-out land, sir, I’s sure, sir, ye be tired of my
chatter, because, sir, I can’t able to write clever like you do; but my own poor
neighbours understands I. If we get a new bit of hedge-row grubbed up, sure
enough potatoes be good enough, sir, that year. The soil be high and pretty free
from worms, and worms at first don’t, sir, like potatoes. It be use, sir, makes 'em
cut 'em rotten. If we poor folks had the power to change our allotment fields,
to fresh ploughed fields, and gee up the old 'un to our master, why then, sir, we
should be pretty nigh freed of worms! but as it is, we cannot, we must use the
bitters of manure and destroy fat worms, and little ones coming on, and cleanse and
pick out and up, sir, all every one of 'em hide and seek worms. Where’s the rook
goes after a plough, sir, theys be good worm pickers for the farmer, but our
allotments be too small to plough, sir. If all the poor likes to do this, and gee the
picking up of their's worms to a farmer’s fowls they’ll do good. Spring chicken
comes on faster with worms, and gets red combs, and are more earning to lay eggs.
I hope, sir, if you please I can’t rude with all this, if I be, it be, sir, not impudence,
sir; but because I do not, sir, knows better. I write that the poor who has suffered
like I has former years, may now do better with potatoes, and mend the earth for
'em, and sure enough, sir, they’s find an improvement as I does. I has, sir,
specimens of all the worm (has diseased) as folks call they all eye potatoes, and
how nasty the exudations of 'em worms makes potatoes. If a potatoe be brawish,
or softish, or unwholesifh way bad, don’t, sir, let 'em be threw away; keep 'em,
sir, put 'em in a bright sunny window, let 'em dry away the worms' moisture,
and deep caverns in 'em by worms. If they’s are eye, when the rest be decay’d
about it, they will yield the next year if planted, and save a better potatoes. The
dry part keeps alive, sir. And now, sir, I am sure enough, sir,

Your grateful servant, as well as your humble, sir,

And ever to be,

JOSIAH JONES,
A poor Welsh Labourer.

N.B.—One way of obtaining a fine crop of potatoes is, by first well cleaning
the ground, and keeping it well cleared of weeds—next, make a line the same as you
would for a drill, rather better than a foot apart each drill. Plant, then, your
whole or cut potatoes as you would any other time, about a foot, or not quite a
foot, down the drill. Afterwards hoe the earth up each side as high as when the
potatoe is come up—the old way of planting. The young potatoes are fine, and less
destroyed on damp ground by the worm by planting them drill fashion. March
planting and early autumn digging is best. Seed potatoes should be always laid
upon sunny ground to get greenish on the peel. The hot greenish peel prevents
the worm, or grub, from perforating holes in it, because the hot bitter taste of the
peel is become distasteful. Likewise the damp effects of ground or earth is less
pernicious to the greenish peel.
1st
No. 1.—Sound.
No. 4.—Damp by worm's slime and exudations.
No. 3.—Eaten out. Hollow by the worm's living.
No. 2.—Brown, soft, and smelling strong from having had the large worm on it.

2nd
No. 1.—Sound, and with two eyes uninjured.
No. 2.—Hole, eaten out by the worms.
No. 3.—Brown, spongy, softened by worms.
No. 4.—Covered by exudations, smelling of worms. The smell strong like unto the scent of bad ammonia.
3rd No. 1.—Sound.
No. 2.—Blistering and white mildew, causing the potatoe peel to be soft, speckled, and looking unwholesome with worm-lines; leaving a strong earthy scent.

4th No. 1.—Sound
No. 2.—Dark, soft, and beginning to be diseased on the peel. Left too long in the ground before dug up.
No. 3.—Splits and carriages made by the worms crossing past over the potatoes to another potatoe.
No. 4.—The peel alone decayed from continual damp upon it under ground. Such a potatoe dried in the sun will do to plant next year.
6th
No. 1.—Sound.
No. 2.—Sodden. Holes made by worms and exudations decaying the potatoe.
No. 3.—Deep hole made by a worm destroying the centre. The part around soft and watery.

7th
No. 1.—Sound.
No. 2.—Covered with worms and slime, and the potatoe damp.
No. 3.—A nest of worms living on the potatoe.

8th
No. 1.—Sound.
No. 2.—A small worm destroying the eye.
No. 3.—The worm getting into the eye of the shoot.
9th
No. 1.—Sound.
No. 2.—Stalk decaying above ground.
No. 3.—Young potatoes.
No. 4.—Worm bites destroying the outside before the potatoe has given its nourishment to the growth of new potatoes, through which holes the rain has soaked.

10th
No. 1.—Sound.
No. 2.—Holes formed by worms. The rain admitted to decay the stalk before young potatoes are formed.
No. 3.—White crust like mildew, caused by damp slime, which continues to soften the potatoe like an earth fungus.
No. 5.—The left impression of a large worm's shrinking scales, and where a large worm has remained some time.