

dozen loads of it to his barn yard and mixed it with the manure he had collected together.

He then prepared a patch for a garden, and planted some peas, and beans, and sweet corn, and a bed of beets, carrots, parsnips, and onions, and a few hills of cucumbers, and squashes, and melons.

He had learned while living at Dorchester, how to cultivate a garden, and that it was the most profitable part of the farm. He then ploughed four acres of his best land in a thorough manner. He ploughed it so deep, that one of his neighbors who observed the operation, told him he would spoil his soil, and get no crop. But he had picked up the idea, that when a soil had been pretty well exhausted on the surface, it would be well to bring up a stratum from below, that had not been exposed to the atmosphere, and in which elements had accumulated that might afford nutriment to his crops. Then he carted on his manure, and as he had but a small supply, he distributed it in the hills, and planted one acre of potatoes, two acres and a half of corn, and sowed half an acre of wheat. He then ploughed up a strip of soil by the roadside, where the wash of the road had been accumulating for a long time, and carted it into his barnyard and pig-sty, and purchased a couple of shotes.

While carrying on these operations, he managed to work a number of days with his team, for such of his neighbors as required his assistance. Sometimes he worked for cash, and sometimes exchanged work.

Thus he went on till hay time. He cut his own hay in good season, hiring a boy a few days to assist him, and then worked a month for 'Squire Jones, assisting him to secure his hay and grain. The last time he hoed his own corn, he sowed a plenty of turnip seed. After he had secured his crop of spring wheat, he dug a ditch across the lower end of his field, about ten rods long, and carted the mud and soil which he threw out, into his barnyard and pig-sty. That which he put into the yard he spread over the surface and ploughed it in with the soil, which he had placed there in the spring from the roadside. This process be repeated about once a week through the fall.

His sister was his housekeeper through the summer and autumn, and she took care of his small dairy. He harvested his crops in good season, and found he had three hundred bushels of potatoes, seventy-five bushels of corn, and seven bushels of wheat, and three cart-loads of turnips, and a good store of garden vegetables.

Of this crop, he sold two hundred bushels of potatoes for fifty dollars, fifty bushels of corn for thirty-seven dollars, and a hundred and twenty pounds of butter for thirty dollars. He also had a plenty of apples for his own use, and some forty bushels of poor apples, which instead of making into cider, he fed to his pigs. During the year, he had worked out with his team to the amount of somewhat more than a hundred dollars. He was able at the expiration of a year from the time he had purchased his place, to pay his taxes, the interest due, and a hundred dollars on the principal; and he had made several valuable improvements on the place.

On thanksgiving Day, he was married to Betsey Fletcher, to whom, as we have before said, he had been long attached. She was an intelligent, industrious girl, of about his own age, and had accumulated, chiefly by her own earnings, about three hundred dollars, which enabled them to furnish their house very comfortably. Now we may consider James as fairly settled in the world. He determined in the first place to pay for his little farm, and at the same time to improve it as much as possible. His wife entered into all his plans, and assisted him with a hearty good will. She was willing to deny herself many present gratifications for the sake of permanent independance. He made his house as comfortable as he could, by such repairs as he could make