

which, being of a light gravelly soil, was dry enough for the operation.

April 27th. — Called out by the surveyor of roads, (an officer appointed in every section of a parish or township by the people themselves,) to mend a very bad piece of road.

April 28th. — Planted three bushels of early potatoes — got out some firewood, which is always done the winter before, but this being my first year, I had to do it now. I have since always had a sufficiency for a year's consumption got out beforehand, so as to have it dry and well seasoned, a matter of no small comfort and economy.

April 29th. — Drawing out what manure was thawed on the top of my dung-hills, and laying it up in a heap near my corn land, so as to allow the sun, &c. to thaw the remainder — made a hotbed in my garden for cucumbers and melons, and for rearing early cabbage plants.

April 30th. — Cleared up the front of my house, which was about twenty yards from the main road, and in a very rough state, and planted three butter-nut trees, (a kind of walnut,) — went to an auction of household furniture, farming stock, &c. in the neighbourhood, but every thing sold so high, that I bought nothing except a tin horn to call us home to dinner with, a brass candlestick, and a *brush* scythe, an implement made by a common blacksmith, much stronger than an ordinary one, with an eye like that of a hoe, in which to fix the handle, in order to answer the purpose its name implies.

May 1st. — All at work on the roads — finished our highway duty.

May 2d. — Sunday. — All to church.

May 3d. — One of the men churned before breakfast, with a swing-churn,* lately invented — cut up a little

* The intelligent reader might discover from this mention of the swing-churn so lately invented, as well as from a reference to mills for making oatmeal, so recently established, that this diary was not