

THE
WORKS *C+*
OF
JOHN ADAMS,
SECOND PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES:

WITH
A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,
NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,

BY
HIS GRANDSON
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26. Tuesday. Cloudy, and begins to rain; the wind at northeast. The men gone up the hill to rake the barley. In conformity to the fashion, I drank this morning and yesterday morning about a gill of cider; it seems to do me good.

The Christian religion is, above all the religions that ever prevailed or existed in ancient or modern times, the religion of wisdom, virtue, equity, and humanity, let the blackguard Paine say what he will; it is resignation to God, it is goodness itself to man.

27. Wednesday. B. and S. making and liming a heap of manure. They compounded it of earth carted in from the ground opposite the garden, where the ha-ha wall is to be built, of salt hay and sea weed trodden by the cattle in the yard, of horsedung from the stable, and of cowdung left by the cows. Over all this composition they now and then sprinkle a layer of lime. Bass and Thomas hoeing potatoes in the lower garden.

I rode up to the barn, which Mr. Pratt has almost shingled, and over to the plain, but found my tenants were at work in my father's old swamp, which I could not reach without more trouble than I was willing to take.

Dr. W. came up, with two young gentlemen from New York, Mr. John and Mr. Henry Cruger, the youngest of whom studies with my son Charles, as a lawyer, who gives him an excellent character. They are journeying eastward as far as Portland, and return by Albany. The eldest of them has lately returned from the East Indies.

28. Thursday. B. and S. are gone to the beach for a load of sea-weed to put into their hill of compost. B. and T. hoeing still in the lower garden. James sick of a surfeit of fruit. I continue my practice of drinking a gill of cider in the morning, and find no ill, but some good effects.

It is more than forty years since I read Swift's comparison of Dryden in his translation of Virgil, to the Lady in a Lobster, but, until this day, I never knew the meaning of it. To-day, at dinner, seeing lobsters at table, I inquired after the Lady, and Mrs. B. rose and went into the kitchen to her husband, who sent in the little lady herself, in the cradle in which she resides. She must be an old lady; she looks like Dr. Franklin, that is, like an Egyptian mummy. Swift's droll genius must have been amused with such an object. It is as proper a subject, or rather