

with a little pains, be made, in the autumn, good fodder for cattle, by being mixed with green cornstalks, or with hay not fully dried, and sprinkling a little salt through the whole. In this way the moisture and much of the sweetness of the stalks, or of the hay, is absorbed by the straw and chaff, and with the addition of salt, the whole mass is converted into good fodder.

MARCH.—“‘Order,’” said my aunt Dorothy, “‘is heaven’s first law,’” as Mohammed told the gigantic *rooster* that he saw in the fifth heaven, in his ascent to the celestial regions. This chief chorister of the crowing tribe opens his throat in a tremendously shrill quaver, which sets all the crows on earth at it in full chorus. So says the moslem legend, my dear.” The good old lady was not given to doubting. Fables, she thought, are to be believed, or why were they made? Like all other famous travellers and voyagers, the prophet of the mussulmans, you know, must have his *cock-and-bull* story. But never mind that. Attend to *cock-crowing*, rise early, and get every thing about the farm in *order*, as preparative to business.—Finish threshing. Complete the dressing of your flax and hemp. Cut up your wood. House it if you have a woodhouse, which you should have. If not, pile it up neatly for next summer’s and winter’s use. There is great difference in the saving, between green and dry or seasoned wood. It will almost pay the expense of sledging. Look, too, at the extra trouble in kindling fires which is thus avoided. Are not these objects worthy of attention?—Split rails. Point and mortise posts, and draw them to the handiest places for use. Trim your orchards, and sled off the brush in season. Look to your fences. If down, put them up, so as to secure your orchards, grain-land, and mowing-ground, from the inroads of your cattle. Bad fences, you know will render all your labours profitless. Cut your scions, and secure them in some dry part of your cellar, with the ends in the ground, till you want them in April. Bleed your working cattle, to prevent their heating; and let them have good hay, and at times a few potatoes. If you detest slavery, preserve your sugar maples, keep them in good order, and attend seasonably, with the fittest apparatus, to the making of your year’s sugar. Your cattle and cows require the curry-comb, as well as your horses, and will equally benefit by its use.

APRIL.—“You are to be at Court, I’m told,” says my aunt Dinah—reader, don’t laugh at a good old scripture name, if it sounds less pleasing to your modern refined ears, than Fabricia, or Floretto, or even Dulcinea—“and to be a juryman; but I charge you to be careful, and wise, and merciful, not prejudiced, nor rash, nor indifferent. It is hard enough upon poor culprits, that they *are* culprits. Justice should ever be tempered with mercy. If *they* have offended human laws, *who* is there, that is not hourly offending those of our Maker? The Divine author of our religion taught us how to deal with our erring fellow-mortals, when he said—“neither do I accuse thee; go, and sin no more, lest a worse thing come upon thee—let him that is *without* sin, cast the first stone.” Whatever may have been their crime, it has not thrown them beyond the pale of humanity; it cannot have made them less than men; it cannot have unsouled them.” So said my aunt Dinah.—“What if she did!” rejoined Tom Showforth; “no rogues ought to be suffered to live; I can give law for it—‘and wretches hang, that jury-men may dine,’ as Coke upon Lyttleton has it.” Let Tom and his law pass. When you are trying your fellow-worms, endeavour to act impartially, and do *justice* even to a *thief*; whether the cry of appetite strive to drown the

voice of conscience
to open rebellion
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Sow plaister on

MAY.—“Frie
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JUNE.—“Hark
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babel of groans a