

FIG. 3—HEXAGONAL OR MODERN QUINCUNX.

evenly distributed over the ground. This is shown in fig. 4, where each tree stands in the centre of a circle surrounded at equal distances by six other trees, and each single circle leaves but little vacant space beyond it. If cultivated with horses, the furrows may be drawn in three in three different directions, instead of only two as in the square arrangement.

One principal reason why the hexagonal mode is so little adopted, is the supposed difficulty in laying out the ground. But like many other apparent difficulties, it becomes very simple and easy when once understood.

A BAD HABIT.—It has been said, to “*break* a horse of the habit of *breaking* his halter, you must *break* his neck;” and some person, desirous of saving time by performing the three feats at once, has recommended that the horse be tied on the bank of a stream, in such a position that when he breaks his halter he may turn a somerset into the water. But, on the contrary, a horse can be broken of the trick, and that without endangering his life or limbs. The remedy is simply to tie the horse, with a good stout halter, to the end of a stout limb of a tree near the ground. A horse does not break his halter by a steady pull, but by jerking at it, and as the limb will spring whenever he jerks, it will prevent his snapping it. Tie the horse in various places. (to limbs,) because if he is kept tied in one place he soon gives up pulling at the halter there, but when tied to a post he soon resumes his old tricks.—*True Flag.*

The best way to break the animal of the above habit is not to halter him, but let him remain loose in the stall, merely tying a rope across the entrance of the stall.

A MISER'S EPITAPH.—What I spent, I saved; what I gave, I have; what I saved, I lost.

THE FARMER'S WIFE.

[Dear Sir,—The following stanzas, which I have entitled “The Farmer's Wife,” are taken principally from the 31st chapter of the Book of Proverbs. If you judge them suitable you can give them a place in the *Agriculturist*.—About a year ago I sent you a few stanzas entitled “Success to the Farmer,” which you inserted, and which were afterwards copied into the *Mark Lane Express*.

Kind Heaven, bless the farmer's wife
With happiness and health;
Her virtuous ways shall speak her praise
Better than rank or wealth.

Her husband's heart—O happy man!
Shall safely trust his wife;
In drink and food she'll do him good
Through all her useful life.

For winter, and for summer wear,
She works in wool and flax,
And while she spins she sweetly sings
The honours of her sex.

She rises e'er the morning light
To give her household bread;
New work prepares, and old repairs,
While sluggards are in bed.

She mi'ts her kine, she makes her cheese;
Her butter's sweet and clean;
Her linen's white, her bread is light—
She's happier than a Queen.

In time of need, she'll clothe and feed,
The industrious humble poor.

She's not afraid of frost or snow,
For all her household band—
Happy and glad, are warmly clad
By her industrious hand.

Her husband through her pious deeds
Is known where'er he goes;
He's not afraid to lift his head
'Midst friends or haughty foes.

The law of kindness rules her tongue;
She eats no idle bread.
Honour and truth, in age and youth,
Shall well anoint her head.

Her children (happy is their lot!)
Shall bless their mother's name:
Her husband's praise, shall crown her days,
And herald forth her fame.

Though favour may deceitful prove,
And beauty bloom in vain;
The virtuous wife of pious life
In bliss supreme shall reign.

No wilful waste, or woeful want,
Shall come within her door;

Sparta, April 16th, 1857.

WILLIAM PETHERICK.