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potatoes generally command a good market and a fair price; but one of your best markets is your hogsty. Mow natural meadows, and keep the hay in constant motion. When you stow it away, throw salt among the hay. Pull and rot your hemp if you raise it. Secure your flax. Inoculate fruit trees; those of the stone kinds in damp weather. Mow bushes and kill them, if you can, in the old of the moon, and sign in the heart; Saturday the 13th will be the right time. Break up weak lands intended for sowing next year. Sow plaister upon fallow grounds, before ploughing them. Let your cattle graze upon the fields that you have done mowing for this year. Gather cucumbers for pickling. Drain marshes. Gather potatoe vines, coarse hay, and stout stubble, and fill your hogpens; then cart in earth that is rich, such as turf, &c. to cover those vegetables; the great heat and warm rains of dog days will soon convert the whole mass into a rich manure; spare no time or expense, for it will prove a mine of value. Transplant late cabbages, broccoli, ruta бага, celery, &c. Gather seeds as they ripen, and dry them well. See to seed-peas. Plant a new crop for autumn. Pull late onions. Hoe in the morning while the dew is on; it is both watering and manuring the plants.

SEPTEMBER.—“Anachronisms and misnomers,” remarked master Solomon Spurious, “are the pith and marrow of history, as the Great Unknown told Tacius at an evening confab, in Ballantyne’s labyrinthian crypta, in the Athens of the North. But it is only to fibfab Gulliver, splashdash. Munchausen, tittletattle Schehezarade, metempsychosical Fum Hoam, or veraceous Waverly, that the magical power of thus giving life, strength, and beauty to the annals of past ages, legitimately belongs.”—Don’t let errors and wrong names in charging show their unblushing fronts in your day books and ledgers; for there they are no *beauties*, but symptoms of fever and consumption in the body mercantile.—This is the happy season in which divine goodness lavishes all sorts of fruit upon us in great abundance. The charms of summer give place to more solid enjoyments. The boughs of the apple-tree bend under the weight of that golden fruit, the beauty of which is still heightened by its purple streaks. The melting pear, the plum, sweet as honey, display their charms, and seem to invite the hand of their master. Should we not be unpardonable, if the sight of these blessings which we owe, as we do all others, to the munificence of God, did not create in us grateful reflections, and by such means sanctify the pleasures of autumn?—Finish cutting, curing and securing corn-stalks. Muster all hands, and attend vigorously to your potatoe fallows; let digging, housing, and Marketing be the order of the day. One man, with a hook-fork, can throw out of the hill as many as five or six hands can pick up and cart in; the children can all be useful here, at least, if no bigger than Tommy Thumb, or the men of Lilliput; let them be busy here, and in gathering apples. Get the cider mills in order, and begin making early cider, before the apples which fall off, are rotted and waisted.

OCTOBER.—Timothy Twilight and Nehemiah Northeast, two officers in a gallant regiment of *Lightfingers*, went out together, as it was their wont, on a foraging duty. Having secured the contents of Mr. Steadyman’s pear trees and watermelon beds, they disputed about the division of the spoil; Twilight called Northeast cheat, and he called Twilight liar. These opprobrious terms stuck heavy and hard in the gizzards, crops, and *wherenots* of these honor loving innocents. “The name of Northeast,” said its owner,