

cattle, by being
and sprinkling a
and much of the
straw and chaff,
into good fodder.

en's first law,' as
th heaven, in his
he crowing tribe
s all the crows
my dear." The

ought, are to be
avellers and voy-
ve his *cock-and-*
, rise early, and
business.—Finish

. Cut up your
ld have. If not,
is great differ-
. It will almost
in kindling fires
ttention?—Split

ndiest places for

Look to your
s, grain-land, and
es, you know will
re them in some
ou want them in

g; and let them
slavery, preserve
sonably, with the
cattle and cows
qually benefit by

ant Dinah—rea-
s less pleasing to
even Dulcinea—
wise, and merci-

nough upon poor
ered with mercy.
hourly offending
taught us how to
ither do I accuse

ee—let him that
been their crime.
annot have made
d my aunt Dinah.

gues ought to be
ng, that juryman
and his law pass.
impartially, and
ve to drown the

voice of conscience, or the thought of an overdone turkey excite your spleen to open rebellion, still

Bid patience wait, and prejudice be mute.

Till truth shall clear the cause, and end dispute;

which Blackstone may have said, for aught we know.—Now repair your fences thoroughly. Let your flax-ground be ploughed repeatedly. Plough for spring grain. Soak your seed-grain in a strong pickle of sea-salt, or salt-petre, rinse it clean, and then roll it in plaister, or live ashes, before sowing. Sow plaister on your hemp, flax, barley, and oats.

MAY.—“Friend Timothy,” said cousin Sim, “thou knowest what Addison says—‘Out! out! brief candle!—See that the boys and girls are careful of their *lights*; and do not let them wander too much in the *dark*, lest something come to *light*, that were better extinguished in the *sparks*.’—Corn-ground ought to be ploughed in the fall, in single bouts; in the spring it should be harrowed down as smooth as possible, and ploughed again; then harrowed again, and the furrows marked out at *eight* feet distance; in these furrows drop the seed single, at about the distance of every foot; let the cart with manure follow in the alleys between the furrows; cover the seed in the furrows, about three or four inches thick, with the manure. This may be done almost as expeditiously as in the common way, covering it with mould by the hoe. When the plants are about six inches high, plough between, taking the mould *from* the plants, and throwing it up in a ridge in the middle of the alley; and with a hand hoe cut up the weeds and superfluous plants; for if you leave the plants at two feet distance in the rows, they will be thick enough—The next ploughing take the mould from the middle, throwing it up *to* the plants. Every time of ploughing use the hand hoe to stir the ground between the plants, and to destroy the weeds. The third ploughing, do as at the first, throwing up the mould in the middle of the alley.—This is of great use, as it admits the influences of the air and dews to penetrate to the roots. The fourth ploughing manage as at the second, by throwing up the mould to the stalks of the corn. If this last ploughing could be so contrived, as to be done *early in the morning*, before the sun has exhaled the dew, the corn would receive a double nourishment. Soils of a loam and clay mixture will require *four* ploughings and hoeings: sandy and light lands, not so many. If the seed be smeared all over with tar, and then have ashes or plaister sprinkled on it, till it is fit to be handled, immediately before it be planted, neither birds nor squirrels will touch it.

JUNE.—“Hark!” exclaims cousin Christabella Radelifsetta, “I hear a death-watch! what a doleful and interesting sound! Some one is going; I hope it is not you, dear, lovely Sensibilia, my heart’s first friend; but, if it is, oh! how I shall weep for thee. You know—To weep another’s fate oft teaches to be wise,” as Lord Byron has it—and I do *so* love to weep. The fate of the wealthy, the proud, the honorable, and the mighty is wept or feigned to be wept, by thousands; but the man or woman, unknown to fortune and to fame,” whom, through life, melancholy marked for her own, and who has been untimely sunk into the grave by overpowering sorrow, is suffered to pass away, mourned perhaps in heart-felt anguish by a few surviving relatives, but unwept, unregretted, unhonored by the busy, the gay, and the pompons tribe that swarm around. Not even hypocrisy whose sycophantic sympathy called forth, the other day, a deluge of tears and a babel of groans and sighs, when one of the great ones of the world was con-