

MARCH hath 31 Days.

1822

Now warmer breezes sweep the plains,
And lucid torrents rapid flow;
The sun dissolves earth's icy chains,
And melts away her robes of snow.

Full Moon, 7th day, 4h. 20m. afternoon
Last Quarter, 15th day, 7h. 4m. afternoon
New Moon, 23d day, 2h. 54m. morning
First Quarter, 29th day, 5h. 50m. afternoon

M	W	D	D	Feasts, Festivals, Weather, &c.	R.	☉	☽	☿	♂	♀	Full	Sea	Song.
1	Fri			David.	6	81	62	9	34	1	32	7	4
2	Sat			Chad.	6	29	63	13	22	2	34	8	4
3	F			2d Sun. in Lent.	6	28	64	4	22	3	34	9	2
4	Mo				6	26	64	45	11	4	32	9	54
5	Tu				6	24	65	15	18	5	24	10	43
6	We			Perpetua. ♀ ♂ inf.	6	23	65	39	11	6	13	11	29
7	Th				6	21	6	rises.	14	6	59	morn.	
8	Fri			♀ ♂ inf.	6	20	67	6	27	7	42	0	12
9	Sat			3d Sun. in Lent.	6	18	68	10	21	8	24	0	54
10	F				6	16	69	14	21	9	5	1	35
11	Mo			Greg. Mar. ☽ Apogee. falling weather	6	15	610	21	11	9	48	2	18
12	Tu			♂ Mars south 10h. 11' p.m.	6	13	611	25	15	10	31	3	1
13	We				6	12	6	morn.	27	11	17	3	47
14	Th				6	10	60	30	2	0	5	4	35
15	Fri				6	9	61	32	21	0	56	5	26
16	Sat			4th Sun. in Lent. Mid. Lent Sun.	6	7	62	28	15	1	48	6	18
17	F			Edw. K of West. Sax.	6	6	63	15	16	2	41	7	11
18	Mo				6	4	63	56	28	3	35	8	5
19	Tu			☉ enters ♍	6	3	64	29	33	4	26	8	56
20	We			Benedict. ♀ stat.	6	1	64	56	24	5	16	9	46
21	Th				6	0	65	20	20	6	4	10	34
22	Fri				5	58	7	sets	22	6	53	11	23
23	Sat			5th Sun. in Lent. ☽ perigee.	5	56	76	48	17	7	43	0	13
24	F			Annun. b.V. Mary.	5	54	78	7	22	8	35	1	5
25	Mo				5	53	79	29	8	9	32	2	2
26	Tu				5	51	710	48	22	10	30	3	0
27	We			high winds and rain at this time	5	51	7	morn.	11	11	32	4	2
28	Th			☿ ☐.	4	48	70	5	21	0	2	5	4
29	Fri			♀ stat.	5	46	71	11	23	0	31	6	4
30	Sat				5	45	72	18	19	1	37	7	5
31	F			6th Sun. in Lent. Palm Sun.	5	44	72	51	19	2	35	7	59

"Need makes the old wife trot."
Yes, yes, necessity makes us all scamper. Not only the young and lusty, but the old, decrepid and crippled are obliged to bestir their stumps and hudge off at her call. Snow, rain, hail, wind and tempest, what are they to a poor starving! Hark! who knocks at the door? I hear the voice of old Jeremy! 'Friends of humanity, 'tis an old soldier who seeks a shelter from the tempest and begs a morsel from your plenteous board to stay an hungry stony were scowring for robbins and bobbylinkorns. I and your grand daddies were contending amidst bayonets, bullets, and bombshells. The door is opened, and the soldier partakes of that generous hospitality well known and practised in Nova-Scotia.—Farmers attend! The spring begins to brighten upon us. Let us look around us and see how matters and things are situated. Tools, tools, I say must be in readiness.