

ground, so as to leave a three-cornered space between them, and then pile your wood around the three boards."

"So I can," said Rollo.

"Your wood must be small," continued Jonas, "or else you can't pile it very snugly in a small pile. You had better take small round sticks, and saw them short, and lean them up against your boards all around, and so make a snug pile. After the pile is ready, you must bank up a little against the bottom of your heap with the loose earth, and then begin to put on the turf. But that will be a nice business."

"Why?" asked Rollo.

"Because you must fit them carefully all around; and, as the heap will be round, and will grow smaller towards the top, square pieces of turf will not fit. You will have to cut them into shape with a knife. You can get an old knife to cut them with, and so fit them together. But you must fit them together well, or the air will get in, and your heap of wood will blaze up, and so it will be spoiled for charcoal."

"I can make it tight," said Rollo, "I know. I'll shave away the sides of every turf, till it fits its place exactly."

"There must be some air," said Jonas, "or else the wood will not burn at all. You must leave a few holes around at the bottom, to let a little air in, and then you can plug some of them up, if you find the fire burns too fast."

"Well," said Rollo, "I mean to make some charcoal some day. I'll get my cousin James to come and help me. I'll begin to saw up some wood for it to-morrow."

"But, then, Jonas," he continued, after a moment's pause, "what good will the charcoal do me when I get it made?"

"O, I don't know," said Jonas; "I wasn't thinking of your getting any good from the charcoal. All the advantage would be, the pleasure of making it."

"Isn't there anything I can do with it," said Rollo, "when I get it made? What is charcoal good for?"

"It makes a very hot fire. They use it when they want a great heat. Blacksmiths use it in their forges."

"I wish I had a little forge," said Rollo.

"They use it to make gunpowder too," said Jonas.

"How?" said Rollo.

"Why, they take some charcoal, and some sulphur, and some saltpetre, and pound it up together, and it makes gunpowder."

"That's what I'll do with my charcoal," said Rollo, jumping up from his seat. "I'll make some gunpowder. I'll ask my mother to give me some sulphur and saltpetre, and I'll make some gunpowder."

AGRICULTURE.

Shade Trees.

It was Lord Bacon, we believe, who said that "a tree in full leaf was a more majestic object than a king in his coronation robes," and as he was a man competent in every respect to form a correct opinion of the matter, he may undoubtedly be considered right. We, untitled plebeian farmers, whose optics have never expanded at the sight of a throne or a crown, or looked on that animated piece of clay called a King, can perhaps form but a very faint idea of the splendours of royalty, but we do know there is nothing in nature that combines more grace and beauty, than the wide spreading foliage of a majestic tree in the leafy month of June. Gentle or simple, savage or civilized, all men, unless those men in whom every trace of taste and sentiment is extinct, look on trees, whether in their native forests, or growing under the culturing hand of man, with a feeling of admiration and delight.—The freedom and ease with which their tapering and beautifully proportioned columns spring into the air—the regularity and finely adjusted curves of their arching branches—the broad and overshadowing roof formed by the intermingling masses of foliage, form a whole which the most costly piles of human architecture are in vain, and which constitutes a temple worthy of His worship who designed and created such examples of surpassing beauty.

We have long considered it as wonderful, that while this feeling of admiration of trees is so universal, it should have had so little influence in inducing men to assist nature in arranging and perpetuating this beauty. We seem to take a pleasure in destroying the last remnants of our once mighty forests, and as if their destiny was connected with that of the red man who once dwelt beneath their branches, with one hand we are pushing him beyond the

bounds of civilization, and with the other dashing to the earth the dark woods that furnished him with shelter and food. We lay the axe to the root of our magnificent forest monarchs with as little reluctance as if it were the growth of a year, and seem to forget that we in an hour can undo what nature requires centuries to perform; we seem to imagine that the world will end with ourselves, and that there will be no coming generations to require timber and fuel, and objects of grandeur and beauty to admire.—That such a feeling should prevail among those who, like most of the farmers in our new countries, have been taught to consider the trees which covered their farms a nuisance, and the destroying of them a blessing, is not so passing strange; but that men, whose life has been spent in villages or cities, should, when domiciliated in the country, be so willing to cut down, and so unwilling to plant, is truly wonderful.

A man would almost as soon plead guilty to insanity, as confess to a non-perception of the beauties of spring, or a want of pleasure in highly cultivated grounds, shady avenues, or leafy whispering groves; yet because a woodland, or an avenue, or a cool shady walk, will not, like Jonah's gourd, spring up in a night, every one deems himself privileged to defer planting trees; and hence our naked dwellings and unprotected fields—our villages without covets or shrubbery, and our cities with their ranges of brick and stone, but with their streets and squares unplanted and unornamented. There is a mistaken notion prevalent on the time it will take a tree to become useful or ornamental. There are few young men who, if they would plant a tree, or a number of trees, would not live to take a pleasure in the work of their own hands, and find in the beauty they have imparted to their premises, if not in the increased amplitude of their purses, a full compensation.

It is to individuals that we must look for such examples in improving our tastes, and promoting our most rational pleasures—to men who look forward to benefits beyond to day, and who, if good is but done, are content to be forgotten. The hand that planted the elms of the Mall at Boston is now dust, but the stranger and the citizen, the educated man and the beautiful woman, are alike there to enjoy the pleasure individual spirit and enterprise, combined with patriotic forethought has furnished them.—We can only regret that such examples are not more common, and that benefits so permanent are not oftener conferred on the public.—*American Farmer.*

Save your own Seeds.

Farmers are neglectful in this respect, and rely too much on the seed box of the merchant, or a supply from the seed store, when they might in most cases produce all they require at home. Begin with the earliest that ripen, and save those of good quality of all the kinds you generally need. It takes but little time and amounts to a handsome sum in saving expense. The different varieties of turnip ripen their seed early, and the seed should be saved soon. If you have more than you need, distribute your ruta baga among your neighbours; it may confer a great benefit on them; for there are some that would plant that will not be at the trouble to procure seed, and he who has raised roots will generally do so again.

Brief Hints for Autumn.

The pressure of work which farmers are obliged to attend to through haying and harvesting, often causes them to neglect the extirpation of weeds at this time, when they are about going to seed. This should be carefully avoided.

After the second hoeing of corn, the weeds among the crop, of which there always springs up more or less, are suffered to have undisturbed possession, and the ground becomes completely seeded with them by another year. A little reasonable labour would prevent this evil. We observed a piece of ground which was kept clear of weeds last year, and another which was but imperfectly cleared of them; the consequence was, that the crop this season (seldi beet) which grew on the latter piece, was literally hid with a dense growth of weeds, while the other was comparatively free.

Canada thistles must in no instance whatever be allowed to ripen their seed.

Thistles, mullains, burdocks, &c., in pasture and fence corners must be destroyed without fail.

Root crops, as ruta baga, and mangel wurtzel, are liable to be too much neglected after one or two hoeings; they should be kept all the season perfectly free from weeds, and the benefit they derive from this, and from stirring the earth around them, amply repays the expense of the labour.