

taining 43,560 square feet, the calculation of pounds per foot, of any quantity per acre is easily made.

THE MEASURE OF MIND.—May be considerably expanded in every youth who will carefully study these pages, which we have prepared with a measure of labor especially for the benefit of all who measure the capacity of our intellect to give useful information by our monthly chronicle of matters calculated or at least intended to elevate the minds of our readers immeasurably above those who are still groping in the darkness of wilful ignorance, because of their misjudged economy in not patronising agricultural papers and schools.—*The Plow.*

THE MONTHS—OCTOBER.

"What though the chill and frosty morn
Late of its fair proportion shorn;
The hasty twilight, that betweaves
Of their full length the darkening eyes;
The length'ning nights, that now assume
More than their equal share of gloom,
Mind us of charms, alas! gone by,
And haply wake a longing sigh:
Yet much, when once is spent and past
The tempest's equinoctial blast,
While yet the radiant noons retain
Signs of fair Autumn's mellow reign,
Ere yet the deep'ning shadows near
Of dark November's form appear:
With much is calm OCTOBER fraught
To prompt the sadly pleasing thought;
With much amusement to dispense,
And pleasure to the admiring sense;
With much, enjoyment's better past,
To store the mind and warm the heart;
If objects, which the sense amuse,
Give cause for more exalted views;
And forms of earth be made to bear
Stamps of a heavenly character."

MANT'S BRITISH MONTHS.

The name of this month comes from the Latin, without change, and signifies the eighth month, reckoning from March. The Saxons called it *Wynamonat*, that is, Wine-month, as being the period for gathering the vintage; and also *Winter Fyllyth*, from the near approach of that season. It was dedicated by the Romans to Mars. In old pictures it is represented by a man sowing grain; but, in more modern ones, by a man with a basket of chesnuts, and clothed in a mantle of the colour of the decaying leaf, which, at this period, begins to strew the earth and clothe it in a sad coloured garment. The Scorpion is the sign which the sun enters on the 23rd of this month.

The glory of summer has now passed away, Autumn is fast drawing to a close, and stern winter with frosts and snows, is about making his advent. Notwithstanding, the present month is often as pleasant and agreeable as any of the year, the gloom of whose decline is often enlivened by the variety of rich bright colours exhibited by the

fading leaves of shrubs and trees. So varied and glowing, indeed, are the tints, so harmonious their combinations, so exquisitely tender and soothing the emotions that they give birth to, as to render our autumnal scenery, both to the painter and the man of sentiment, more interesting even than the blossoms of spring and the radiance and verdure of summer.

"These virgin leaves of purest vivid green,
Which charm'd ere yet they trembled on the trees,
Now cheer the sober landscape in decay:
The lime, first fading; and the golden birch,
With bark of silver hue; the moss-grown oak,
Tenacious of its leaves of russet brown;
Th' ensanguined dogwood; and a thousand tints
Which Flora, dressed in all her pride of bloom,
Could scarcely equal, decorate the groves."

The fall of the leaf, so peculiarly characteristic of October, has always been a favourite theme with the poet and moralist, as illustrative of the changeableness of human life. "We all do fade as a leaf," is a solemn fact, of which we are annually reminded by the changing foliage of autumn. Our Canadian woods, comprising so great a variety of trees, many of them of gigantic dimensions, are peculiarly beautiful and diversified under a clear, blue, autumnal sky, and afford, perhaps, the most captivating and impressive sight throughout the whole year. The richly-diversified tints and hues of forest trees, at this season, give an air of grandeur to the landscape which is altogether unrivalled; and yet, accompanied as it is, and must be, with the thoughts of decay and approaching desolation, the scenery of autumn generally inspires the observer with pen- sive emotions, approaching to sadness. It has been well remarked that "the fall of the leaf indicates, not the death, but the life of the tree." Were the tree dead, the leaves would all adhere to the branches, and it would be more difficult to remove them than in the case of a living tree; but in the natural fall of the leaf, the sap retreats to the root, and, by the condition of its vessels, produces that remarkable change which is so especially characteristic of the present season. In the removal of trees and plants, therefore, (for which this month, in many cases, affords a convenient season,) the cultivator may anticipate the best results from such trees as shed their leaves soon after their removal; the sap has probably retreated to the root, and will put forth again with renewed energy in the ensuing spring. The tree on which the shrivelled leaves remain long and cling closely, is, probably, dead.

"The chief business of nature at this season, as