

them, subject to their drafts for such little expenses as you approve of their making, on the condition that they will break up all the caterpillars' nests before spring, or that if any should escape their search, they will destroy the young before you find them; the money all to be theirs with interest, if they succeed perfectly: but you to deduct a shilling for every nest not destroyed in the winter, or broken up before it meets your eye in the spring or summer.

We fancy, that by such an arrangement, the boys would learn something useful to them in after life, and that the caterpillars would learn not to trouble your premises."

CLENCHING HORSE SHOE NAILS.

As I once passed through this town, one of my horses' shoes became loose, and I went to the shop of a smith named Lovelace, to get it fastened. The shoe was nearly new, and had become loose in consequence of the nails having drawn out of the hoof, although they had been clinched in the manner universally practiced. The smith remarked that all the other shoes were loose, and would soon drop off, and when I requested him to take them off and replace them; and then did I perceive the different mode which he adopted for fixing them, which I will here detail. As fast as he drove the nails, he merely bent the points down to the hoof, without, as is customary, twisting them with the pincers; these he then *drove home*, clinching them against a heavy pair of pincers, which were not made very sharp; and after this had been very carefully done, he twisted off each nail as close as possible to the hoof; the pincers being dull, the nail would hold, so as to get a perfect *twist round* before it separated. These twists were then beaten close to the hoof and filed smooth, but not too deep, or with the view to rasp off the twist of the nail. "Oh ho!" said I, "I have learned a lesson in horse-shoeing." "Yes," said he, "and a valuable one; if I were ever to lose a single shoe in a long day's hunt, I should have to shut up my shop; my business is to shoe the horses belonging to the hunt, and the loss of a shoe would be the probable ruin of a horse, worth perhaps a thousand pounds; but I never am fearful of such an accident." "Simply because you drive home and clinch the nails before you twist them off," said I. "Yes," replied he, "by which I secure a *rivet* as well as a *clinch*." The thing was as clear as the light of day, and I have several times endeavored to make our shoeing smiths understand it, but they cannot see the advantage it would be to *themselves*, and guess, therefore, *it would never do in these parts*; but if my brother farmers cannot see how it works with half an eye, and have not the resolution to get it put in practice, they ought to see the shoes drop from the feet of their horses daily, as I once was accustomed to do. Now, let any one take up an old horse shoe at any of the smith's shops on the road, and examine the clinch of the nails which have drawn out of the hoof, and he will soon perceive how the thing operates. In short, if the nails are driven home before twisting off, and the *rivet* formed by the *twist*, be not afterwards removed by the rasp, I should be glad to be told how the shoe is to come off at all, unless by first cutting out the twist?—*Farmers' Cabinet*.

EGYPTIAN, OR MUMMY CORN.—Perhaps the most wonderful and interesting specimen of the earth in the Horticultural Exhibition recently closed, was some *Egyptian Corn*, raised in the garden of Gen. Wm. H. Sumner, of Jamaica Plains, and kindly sent by him for exhibition, thus giving thousands an opportunity of seeing one of the greatest curiosities within our knowledge. The seed from which this corn was raised, was taken from the *fold of cloth wrapped around a mummy three or four thousand years ago*, and wonderful as it may seem, after being entombed for so many centuries, like a resurrection from the dead, it springs up in new life and vigor. It is undoubtedly the kind of grain for which Joseph's brethren went into the land of Egypt—the same "corn" of which the Bible speaks. It is luxuriant in its growth, and the heads resemble wheat, but are very much larger, forming in inverted conical clusters as large as the closed hand; the kernels are large, and very sweet to the taste, and the stock and leaves are similar to our Indian corn. There seems to be no reason why it may not become a valuable addition to our cereal productions, and thanks are due to the gentlemen who are multiplying it, and bringing it into notice.—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

THE FAMILY FIRESIDE is a nursery of virtue. How many vices are suppressed and temptations to evil overcome that there may be no *bad* example? How many exertions made to so act and live as to inculcate a *good* one?