

gle shoe in a long day's hunt, I should have to shut up my shop; my business is to shoe 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 am never 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 gue-s, 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 into practice, they ought to see the shoes drop from the feet of their horses daily, as I was once accustomed to do. Now, let any one take up an old horse shoe at any of the smiths' shop on the road, and examine the clinch of the nails which have been 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.—*London Field*.

WONDERFUL POWER OF FUEL.—It is well known to modern engineers, (remarks an English journal,) that there is virtue in a bushel of coal properly consumed, to raise seventy millions of pounds weight a foot high. This is actually the average effect of an engine working in Huel Town, Cornwall, England. Let us pause a moment and consider what this is equivalent to in matters of practice. The ascent of Mount Blanc from the valley of Chamouni is considered, and with justice, as the most toilsome feat that a strong man can execute in two days. The combustion of two pounds of coal would place him on the summit. The Menai bridge, one of the most stupendous works of art that has been raised by man in the modern ages, consists of a mass of iron not less than four millions of pounds in weight, suspended at a medium height of about 120 feet above the level of the sea. The consumption of seven bushels of coal would suffice to raise it to the place where it hangs. The great pyramid of Egypt is composed of granite. It is seven hundred feet, in the side of its base, and five hundred in perpendicular height, and stands on eleven acres of land. Its weight is therefore 12,700 millions of pounds, at a medium height of 125 feet; consequently, it would be raised by the effort of about 630 chaldrons of coal, a quantity consumed in some foundries in a week. The annual consumption of coal in London is estimated at 1,500,000 chaldrons. The effort of this quantity would suffice to raise a cubical block of marble, 2,200 feet in the side, through a space equal to its own height, or to pile one mountain on another. The Monte Nuovo, near Pozzuoli, which was erupted in a single night by volcanic fire, might have been raised by such an effort from a depth of 40,000 feet, or about eight miles. It will be seen that in the above statement, the inherent power of fuel is, of necessity, greatly underrated. It is not pretended by engineers that the economy of fuel is yet pushed to its utmost limit, or that the whole effective power is obtained in any application of fire yet devised; so that were we to say 100 millions, instead of 70, we should probably be nearer the truth.—*Mvine Farmer*.

THE SEASONS.—How beautiful is Spring! Every one hails it with joy, as it comes decked with lovely flowers, and with green robes for all the vegetable world. All Nature, animate and inanimate, is subject to its influence. Birds return from Southern climes to enliven the scene with their cheerful melody. The various animal tribes express their delight, each in its own peculiar manner. Man, too, partakes of this universal joyousness. The young are jubilant, the old are electrified, and in a measure rejuvenated, and a grand chorus of admiration ascends from every valley and every hill-top. This is the season of PROMISE.

Summer succeeds. The seed has been committed to the earth, the tender blade is shooting forth, and careful culture and training are needed to insure a crop. Anxiety oft takes possession of the mind, producing a salutary effect by inducing a greater degree of watchfulness. Occurrences beyond our control may sometimes blight our prospects, yet upon our own exertions, mainly, depends a remunerating harvest. A little neglect is often highly detrimental. This is the season of HOPE.

Autumn follows, when the promise of Spring, and the hopes of Summer, are to be realized. If we have sown in good soil, and have cultivated the tender plants with proper care, imploring, the while, with grateful and prayerful hearts, the blessing of benignant Heaven, we shall now receive an abundant harvest. This is the season of FRUITION.