

with such impetuosity, that the lookers on could not repress a cry of terror.

But the Marquis, sidoping with incredible agility, the blade passed over him; then, standing almost body to body with the colonel, the Marquis endeavored to make a dangerous point, to which Latreumont quickly opposed a parry and thrust in the same guard, so furiously given that the Marquis fell to the ground. Fortunately, the blade had been arrested in its progress by the short ribs, so that the wound was but slight; a line lower, and it would have been mortal.

RED COAT vs. RED SHIRT.

Not long since, a convivial party, at which Mr Webster and other distinguished lawyers were present, the conversation happening to turn on the legal profession, Mr. Webster related the following story. We do not pretend to give it in his own peculiar and delightful style:

"When I was a young practitioner," said Mr. Webster, "there was but one man at the New Hampshire bar of whom I was afraid, and that was old Barnaby. There were but few men who dared to enter the lists against him. On one occasion Barnaby was employed to defend a suit for a piece of land, brought by a little crabby, cunning lawyer, called Bruce. Bruce's case was looked upon as good as lost when it was ascertained that Barnaby was retained against him. The suit came for trial, and Barnaby found that Bruce had worked hard, and left no stone unturned to gain the victory. The testimony for the plaintiff was very strong and unless it could be impeached, the case of the defendant was lost.

"The principal witness introduced by the plaintiff wore a red coat. In summing up the defence old Barnaby commenced a furious attack upon this witness, pulling his testimony all to pieces, and appealing to the jury if a man who wore a red coat was, under any circumstances, to be believed—"And who is this red coated witness," exclaimed Barnaby, "but a descendant of our common enemy, who has striven to take from us our liberty, and would not hesitate now to deprive my poor client of his land by making any sort of a red coated statement."

"During this speech, Bruce was walking up and down the bar, greatly excited, and half convinced that his case was gone, knowing, as he did, the prejudice of the jury against anything British.—Whilst, however, Barnaby was gesticulating, and leaning forward to the jury in his eloquent appeal, his shirt bosom opened slightly, and Bruce accidentally discovered that Barnaby wore a red under shirt.

"Bruce's countenance brightened up. Putting both hands in his coat pockets he walked the bar with confidence, to the astonishment of his client and all lookers on. Just as Barnaby concluded, Bruce whispered in the ear of his client, 'I've got him;' and approaching the jury, he commenced his reply to the slaughtering argument of his adversary."

"Bruce gave a regular history of the ancestry of his red coated witness, proving his patriotism and devotion to the country, and his character for truth and veracity. "But what gentleman of the jury," broke forth Bruce, in a loud strain of eloquence, while his eye flashed fire, "what are you to expect from a man who stands here to defend a cause based on no foundation of right or justice whatever; of a man who undertakes to destroy our testimony on the ground that my witness wears a red coat, when gentlemen of the jury—when when, when gentlemen of the jury!"—[Here Bruce made a spring, and catching Barnaby by the bosom of the shirt, tore it open, displaying his red flannel]—"when Mr. Barnaby himself wears a red flannel coat concealed under a blue one?" The effect was electrical; Barnaby was beat at his own game and Bruce gained the cause."—*N O Picayune.*

THE BAFFLED LAWYER.

At the last sitting of the Cok assizes, a case was brought before the Court, in which the principal witness for the defence was a tanner, well known in the surrounding country; by the sobriquet of "Crazy Pat;" being called for his evidence the Attorney for the prosecution exerted the utmost extent of his knowledge of legal chicanery, in the endeavour to force the witness into some slight inconsistency, upon which he might build a "point but was excessively annoyed to find that Crazy Pat's evidence was consistent throughout.

Perceiving that acute questioning failed to answer his purpose, the disciple of Coke and Blackstone betook himself to that oftentimes successful resource of lawyers—ridicule.

"What did you say your name was?" he inquired flippantly.

"Folk's call me Crazy Pat, but—"
"Crazy Pat, eh? A very suspicious title quite romantic eh?"

"Romantic or not, sure it can't be a bad title if the Parliament had give it to yourself, and have me to chuse another."

This caused a slight laugh in the court-room and the presiding judge peeped over his spectacles at the Attorney, as much as to say, "You have your match now."

"And what did you say your trade was?" continued the disconcerted barrister; with an angry look at the witness.

"I'm a tanner, sur."

"A tanner, eh? And how long do you think it would take you to tan an ox-hide."

"Well, sur since it sames to be very important fur ye to know, it's myself that'll jist tell ye that's intirely owin to circumstances, intirely."

"Did you ever tan the hide of an ass."

"An ass? no sur; but if you'll jist step down the lane, after the court, be jabers I'll give ye physical demonstration that I cud tan the hide of an ass in the shortest end of three minutes."

The unexpected reply of the witness brought forth roars of laughter, in which the bench heartily joined; whilst the baffled attorney, blushing to the eyes, hastily informed "Crazy Pat" that he was no longer required.*

WOMEN AND KNOW-NOTHINGS.

The Waterville Mail is responsible for the story related below:—

Mrs Soberly went to bed precisely at nine o'clock, thinking it passing strange that her good man had not made his appearance just ten minutes before. Of course he would be home in a minute and a half, or two minutes at the farthest, and so Mrs. Soberly left a lamp burning on the hall table. There it burnt and burnt,—but she must tell her own story, as she told it next morning to thirteen, more or less, of her most confidential friends.

"Well, there the lamp burnt, and burnt, till as near as I can guess it was well on for ten o'clock and that man had not come. What to make on't I didn't know more'n the dead—for he had not never been out so before since the time they had the fuss about the Arestook war.

"'Twas no use to epeak to the children, for they would not know; so after I had waited till I could not wait any longer, I bounced out of bed, and down stairs I went. I went right into the buttery and raised the window towards Mrs. Blank's and says I—'Mrs. Blank!'

'In a minute I heard her jump out of bed, and raise the window, and says she—

'Why, Mrs. Soberly, what on earth's the matter?'

'Matter!' says I, speaking very low, because I didn't want anybody to hear; 'matter, Mrs. Blank, do tell me if you have seen anything of my husband?'

'Your husband,' says she, 'you didn't 'spose I'd got him, did you?' and then speaking almost in a whisper, says she—

'Look here—what on earth does this mean? have you seen anything of my husband?'

'Then we both began to think something had happened, sure enough, and in about two minutes I was dressed and over to Mrs. Blank's. Well, we concluded to step over to Mr. Quiet's and start him for a search; but we hadn't got more than half way across the street, talking along, when we heard the window raised up, and Mrs. Quiet says she, 'Who's there?'

'Says I, 'Its me.'

'Well,' says she, 'do for pity's sake tell me if you have seen anything of my husband?'

'Now was not here a pretty pickle? Well, to make a long story short, we went up that street clear to the schoolhouse, and back on t'other side, and not a woman did we find who was not wondering what had become of her husband!'

'Well just as we got to our gate, who should we see there but my husband and Mr. Blank.

'Mr. Soberly,' says I, a little spunky, 'will you tell me what this means?'

'What it means!' says he, just as cold as if nothing had happened, 'well, Mrs. Soberly, ahem—I would be very glad to gratify you if I could, but the truth is—that I don't Know-Nothing about it!'

'Well, from that time to this I go to bed when I get ready, without asking any questions; and if I find Mr. Soberly there in the morning that's all I care for.—for I'd jist give him to know that I am as good a Know Nothing as he is.'

THE PRODUCTION OF SILK.

The quantity of silk produced this year in the province of Piedmont has attained a considerable extent. The cocoons sold amounted to 3,109,860

kilogrammes, for a sum of 13,635,700 francs.—That quantity does not comprise more than one-third of the whole produce, which represents a value of from 42,000,000 to 45,000,000 francs.—*Manchester Examiner.*

ON HORSE-SHOEING—AS IT IS, AND As it Ought to be.*

BY M. A. CUMMING, V. S.

To the President and Members of the St. John Agricultural Society.

GENTLEMEN.—In addressing you on the particular point in the treatment of your horses placed at the head of this letter, I may be allowed to guard myself against the imputation of obtrusiveness by referring to the following extract from the original application of the Society by which I was induced to come to this city and Province. In writing to Professor Dick, of Edinburgh, to recommend a competent Veterinary Surgeon for St. John, the Corresponding Secretary of your Society said:—"It is greatly desired by the members of the Society that the Surgeon should have in connection with his establishment or under his charge, a Forge where horses could be shod in a proper manner. At present we are very badly off in this respect, there being but few smiths with whom a good horse can be safely trusted."

This was written in the summer of '51, and my own observation after coming here in '52 fully bore out the truth of the statement. It was not necessary to take off shoes or examine feet, or enter into any other minute kind of inspection to find out the evil. The long Donkey like hoofs everywhere seen, and the number of horses lame from corns, contractious, ringbones, spavins, sprained tendons and interfering were sufficient evidence that the Society had not instructed its Secretary to write as he did without abundant cause.

Such being the case there is need for little further proof that the horses here are not generally shod as they should be, nor is it required that I should urge the benefit of a better system. The adage "no foot no horse" being equally applicable here as where it was first used. In this country where horses are hard driven, and too light generally for their work, it is of the greatest importance that as few defects should exist in the plan of shoeing them, and as many advantages be combined as the state of the shoeing art will admit of, and it is to further this desirable end that the following remarks are meant. In writing my ideas therefore on horse-shoeing, I have no wish that they should be looked upon as a complete or formal treatise on the subject. So many of these already having been published by men eminent in the art as to supply to the scientific or enquiring reader all the information that books can give.—My object is of a less pretending but more practical character, namely, to point out the errors most commonly fallen into as the thing is done among ourselves, the effects of these errors, and their remedy.

The first thing that takes the notice of any one accustomed to see horses well shod, on looking at the feet of almost all he meets here, is the preposterous length of the toes, so strange indeed did this feature seem to me at first, that I doubted if the internal parts of the foot could be the same as those I had been used to see elsewhere, or if nature had not in a freak made them different here from what they are in other places. Subsequent inspection however has shown me that this is not the case, that nature forms the feet of horses here the same as everywhere else, and that the absurd and often ludicrous forms we see them fashioned into is only the work of the shoeing smith. When the foot is unshod and the horse at liberty, the growth of the hoof is barely sufficient to provide for the constant wear and tear of the sole and toe; and consequently no part is either wanting or superabundant. But when the horse is put to work on hard roads, and to stand in dry stables, the foot becomes inadequate to the wear, and to save it we put an iron shoe on. This shoe prevents the wear without checking the growth of the hoof, and to compensate for this, every time the shoe is off the foot should be brought as near as possible to the form and size that nature gave it. In the unshod colt the greatest diameter of the hoof is across the sole. This is especially the case in the fore foot, and it contributes materially to the usefulness of the animal that it should continue so through life.

The function of the fore leg is mainly that of supporting the weight of the body, head and neck, and of transferring that weight forward from point

to point at the time the animal is in motion. In performing this latter action its mechanical bearing is much the same as that of a spoke in a carriage wheel. It is in fact a lever, in which, to give increased speed, the power acts at a disadvantage, the fulcrum or fixed point being at the long end of the lever, while the power and weight are near each other at the short. This long portion or arm of the lever is the leg from the elbow to the ground, the toe being the fixed point over which the body is raised, and hence any addition made to the length of the toe, has the same effect upon the horse as the placing the block before the wheel of a carriage has on it. It acts against the muscular power of the animal as used in the raising and carrying forward of his weight, and if ridden, of the weight of his rider, and though only requiring a small additional effort at each step tells materially in a days journey. Every one the least a judge of horses can tell of the advantage of having them short below the knee, and is ready to despise as misshapen any one that has the reverse defect. But there seem few (hereabout at least) who have got so far as the consecutive idea, namely, that to cultivate an additional inch of unnecessary toe, is just the same as to put that much to the length of the bone below the knee, in fact for the horse worse, as the addition is made at the point of greater disadvantage.

In the hind leg, though the functions of the part be different, the effects of a long toe are equally an evil, if any odds worse. The main use of the hind leg is the propulsion of the body forward, and when hauling of the load also. In effecting this the leg from the hock to the ground is a lever also of the second class. The power is the muscles whose tendons are inserted into the point of the hock. The resistance is concentrated in the tibia or bone of the leg where it forms the hock joint, and the fixed point of the lever is the point of the toe upon the ground. From this it is plain on the simplest mechanical evidence, that anything added to the length of the toe, is so much leverage placed against the animals power of hauling, and consequently that he must either do less work, or else exert himself more in the doing of it.

Mechanical disadvantage to the horse in the performance of his work however, is but one of the evils following the long toes in this country. Another equally great often arises when he is standing at rest.

Every one knows what is meant by a horse being 'sprung in the knees.' For the information of those who are curious to know how this condition is produced, I will explain one of its causes. The bones of the foot and pastern of the horse do not stand perpendicularly above each other, but slope backwards, a considerable portion of the animals weight resting on the tendons that pass down the back of the leg, and hence the greater the slope the more the strain the tendons have to bear. If we put a horse to stand with his head up hill, more exertion is needed to sustain himself than if standing on a level. The reason is that the bones of the foot and pastern are thereby placed more obliquely, and more of his weight is thrown upon the tendons and muscles, and thus a wearied horse if left to himself always feeds with his head down hill, but we add to the slope of the foot and pastern the same by adding to the length of the hoof and shoe as by placing the horse's head up hill, and with greater permanency of effects as we leave him no power to relieve himself. Often the two conditions are conjoined, the toes are impenously long and the horse is confined nine-tenths of his time in a sloping stall. Here the muscular exertion of sustaining his weight soon becomes irksome, he shifts from one foot to another but finds it only a temporary relief. The muscles connected with the tendons that pass down the back part of the leg to the foot soon begin to relax till the weight falls on the ligamentous straps behind and below the knee. Then the bones of the pastern and foot become still more sloping, and to sustain his body perpendicularly above his feet, and still more to relax the muscles, the knee bulges out in front to a line with the projecting toe. This at first occurs only now and then, when the horse is wearied and forgetful, his postures becoming natural and proper when roused up.—By-and-by however it becomes a habit, and the causes being permanent and constant in their action the effects soon become the same, and we have for life the horse 'sprung in the knees.'

Many a valuable horse, tottering on the brink of this condition has been saved and brought back to usefulness by having his feet put in a proper shape, and a run at grass, or a loose box to stand in allowed him, while others on whom the torture of long toes and sloping stalls was persevered with have become permanently useless.

To be continued.

* The subjoined paper has been communicated in MS. by the St. John Agricultural Society, with a view to secure for it a wider circulation than it otherwise might have met with; and it is now strongly commended to the attention of all who are interested in Horses.