

shoes. A horse suffers as much in this case as a man with boots of insufficient length. How can a horse travel easily all day over our rough roads, with shoes half an inch too short? I do not know how many times I have been pained at seeing horses with short shoes on. Have the shoe as long as the foot. The longer it is, reasonably, the better support it will give.

The second fault is, shoes are made concave, instead of convex. When a horse sets down his foot, if he can, it will spread a little. This arrangement was made to save the animal from pounding a solid foot on the ground. The foot of a horse has layers of springs, as it were, in it; and the shoe should be made accordingly. If the heel of the shoe dishes in, how can the horse's heel spread when he puts his foot down? It cannot; but it is bound tighter, so that it cramps the foot, and after a while it results in pinched feet.

A forward foot shoe should be made with the heel of it slightly convex, just enough so to let the heel spread naturally when the horse puts his foot down.—*Me. Farmer.*

GROUND OATS.—A late number of the American Veterinary Journal contains the following article on the value of ground oats, which we deem of sufficient interest and value to transfer to our columns:

"Ground oats furnish more nutriment and keep the bowels in better condition than when served out whole. By grinding the oats we separate them into a myriad of particles, and present them to the gastric solvents in a form calculated to secure their speedy digestion—in fact, they are in a condition favourable to speedy insalivation.

Ground oats are more nutritious than whole, for the same reason that flour is more so than unground wheat.

Ground oats contain more nitrogenous or flesh making principle than any other kind of horse food; at the same time they furnish a mixture of coarse & fine food—the husks of the oats constitute the first and the meal the latter. The coarse material serves to keep the bowels in a soluble condition, irritate and excite the mucous coat and thus obviate the necessity for drastic medicine. This kind of food is decidedly the healthiest for the working horses. They require, however, a certain quantity of sweet hay, in view of distending the stomach to a healthy capacity."

Miscellaneous.

FRIGHT OF A PRIVATEER.—Sir Ralph Woodford tells us that, when his steamer was first started, in Trinidad, he and a large party, as a mode of patronizing the undertaking, took a trip of pleasure in her, through some of the Boca of the main ocean. Almost every one got sick outside, and as they returned through the Boca Grande, there was no one on deck but the man at the helm and himself. When they were in the middle of the passage, a small privateer, such as commonly infested the gulf during the troubles in Columbia, was seen making all sail for the shore of Trinidad. Her course seemed unaccountable; but what was their surprise when they observed that, on nearing the coast, the privateer never tacked, and finally that she ran herself directly on the shore, the crew at the same time leaping over the bows and sides of the vessel, and scampering off as if they were mad, some up the mountains, and others into the thickets. This was so strange a sight that Sir Ralph Woodford ordered the helmsman to steer for the privateer, that he might discover the cause of it. When they came close, the vessel appeared deserted. Sir Ralph went on board of her, and, after searching various parts without finding one, he at length opened a little side cabin, and saw a man lying on a mat, evidently with some broken limb. The man made a desperate effort to put himself in a posture of supplication; he was pale as ashes; his teeth chattered, and his hair stood on end.

"Misericordia! Misericordia! Ave Maria!" faltered the Columbian. Sir Ralph asked the man what was the cause of the strange conduct of the crew. "Misericordia!" was the only reply.

"Do you know who I am?"

"El—el—O Señor! misericordia! Ave Maria!" answered the smuggler. It was a considerable time before the fellow could be brought back to his senses, when he gave this account of the matter: That they saw a vessel, apparently following them, with only two persons on board, and steering, with a single sail, directly in the teeth of the wind, current and tide.

Against the breeze, against the tide,
She steaded on with upright keel.

That they knew no ship could move in such a course by human means; that they heard a deep, roaring noise, and saw an unusual agitation of the water, which they were magnified; finally, that they concluded it to be a supernatural appearance,

and accordingly drove their vessel ashore in an agony of terror, and escaped as they could,—that he himself was not able to move, and that, when he heard Sir Ralph's foot, he verily believed that he was fallen into the hands of the Evil Spirit.—*Coleridge's West Indies.*

THE BALLOT BOX.—It is a grand thing that here, at least, each voter has just the weight of one man, no more, no less; and the weakest, by virtue of his recognized manhood, is as strong as the mightiest. And consider, for a moment, what it is to cast a vote. It is the token of inestimable privileges, and involves the responsibilities of an hereditary trust. It has passed into your hands as a right, reaped from fields of suffering and blood.—The grandeur of history is represented in your act. Men have wrought with pen and tongue, and pined in dungeons, and died on scaffolds, that you might obtain this symbol of freedom, and enjoy this consciousness of a sacred individuality. To the ballot have been transmitted, as it were, the dignity of the sceptre and the potency of the sword. And that which is so potent as a right is also pregnant as a duty,—a duty for the present and for the future. If you will, that folded leaf becomes a tongue of justice, a voice of order, a force of imperial law; securing rights, abolishing abuses, erecting new institutions of truth and love. And, however you will, it is the expression of a solemn responsibility, the exercise of an immeasurable power for good or for evil, now and hereafter. It is the medium through which you act upon your country—the organic nerve which incorporates you with its life and welfare. There is no agent with which the possibilities of the Republic are more intimately involved, none upon which we can fall back with more confidence, than the ballot box.—*American paper.*

SOMETHING FOR WRITERS.—1. Be brief. This is the age of telegraphs and stenography.

2. Be pointed. Don't write all around a subject without hitting it.

3. Eschew prefaces. Plunge at once into your subject like a swimmer in cold water.

4. If you have written a sentence that you think particularly fine draw your pen through it. A pet child is always the worst in the family.

5. Condense. Make sure that you really have an idea, and then record it in the shortest possible terms. We want thoughts in their quintessence.

6. When your article is complete, strike out nine-tenths of the adjectives. The English is a strong language, but it won't bear too much "reducing."

7. Avoid all high flown language. The plainest Anglo-Saxon words are the best. Never use stilts, when legs will do as well.

8. Make your sentences short. Every period is a mile stone, at which the reader may halt and rest himself.

FEMALE ORATORS.—We are heartily glad that the popularity of female oratory is rapidly losing ground. The sober sense of the people revolts at the appearance of a woman upon the stage in the capacity of a public lecturer, and an intelligent community will only tolerate upon sufferance so manifest a departure from the true sphere of the sex. The prattle about "Woman's Rights" is fast dying away; many of the most prominent females who made themselves conspicuous in our modern reformers, have felt to the grateful seclusion of matrimony, or found better employment and a more congenial sphere than the Ciceronian labors of the stage. This fact deserves to be especially noticed; and we believe it to be mainly ascribed to a healthy reaction of public opinion.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

YOUNG MEN.—Making a small provision for young men is hardly justifiable, and is, of all things, the most prejudicial to themselves.—They think what they have, much larger than it really is, and make no exertions. The young should never hear any language but this—"You have your own way to make, and it depends upon your own exertions whether you starve or not."—*Lord Melbourne.*

An English soldier who had been in all the severe engagements in the Crimea, and was one of the few who entered the Redan safely, returned home lately in good health; and on arriving in camp he took off his knapsack and coat, and said, "Thank God! I have arrived safely in Old England again; I'll now have a good rest;" as soon as he had uttered these words he fell down and died instantly upon his knapsack.

The schoolmaster, who flogs the boy, feels it a great deal more than the boy he is flogging; at least the schoolmaster always says so!

A witty merchant, who has just failed, says he did it with all the honours of war, and retired from the field with all colors flying—sheriff's dogs flying from the two windows and door.

SILENCE.—What a strange power there is in silence!—How many resolutions are formed—how many sublime conquests effected during that peace when the lips are closed; and the soul secretly feels the eye of her Maker upon her! When some of those cutting, sharp, blighting words have been spoken which send the hot indignant blood to the face and head, if those to whom they are addressed keep silence, look on with awe, for a mighty work is going on within them, and the spirit of evil, or their guardian angel is very near to them in that hour. During that pause they have made a step towards heaven or hell, an item has been scored in the book which at the day of judgement shall be opened. They are strong ones of the earth, the mighty for good or evil, those who know how to keep silence when it is a pain and a grief to them; those who give time to their own souls, to wax strong against temptation: or to the powers of wrath, to stamp upon them their withering passage.

ANECDOTE.—A certain college Professor had assembled his class at the commencement of the term, and was reading over the list of names to see that all were present. It chanced that one of the number was unknown to the Professor, having just entered the class.

What is your name, sir? asked the Professor, looking through his spectacles.

You are a brick, was the startling reply.

Sir, said the Professor, half starting out of his chair at the supposed impudence, but not quite sure that he understood him correctly.

Sir, I did not exactly understand your answer.

You are a brick, was again the composed reply.

This is intolerable! said the Professor, his face reddening. Beware young man how you attempt to insult me.

Insult you, said the student, in turn astonished. How have I done it?

Did you not say I was a brick? returned the Professor with stifled indignation.

No, sir you asked me my name, and I answered your question: U. R. A. Brick—Uriah Reynolds Anderson Brick.

Ah, indeed, murmured the Professor, sinking back into his seat in confusion. It was a misconception on my part. Will you commence the lesson, Mr.—ahem, Mr. Brick.

SAVED A SHILLING.—A Weaver took to his employer the first cloth he had woven since his arrival in this country.

Upon examination, his employer detected two holes within half an inch of each other, and told him that he must pay a fine of a shilling for each hole.

"An plaze your honor," said Sandy, "is it the number of holes, or be the size uv am, that yez put the fine on us?"

"By the number of holes, to be sure, sir."

"And a big hole and a little one is the same price?"

"Yes, a shilling for every hole big or little."

"Then give me a hould on the piece," replied Sandy.

It was handed to him, when with his fingers he deliberately tore the two small holes into one triumphantly exclaiming—

"By the piper o' Moses, and that'll save me one shilling?"

The good natured employer laughed heartily at the odd experiment, and forgave poor Sandy the fine.

SINGULAR CASE OF MONOMANIA.—The Dayton (Ohio) Gazette details a very remarkable instance of monomania which has just terminated in that city, in the case of Rev. Joshua Upton, a Universalist clergyman, who died on the 31st ult. He had lived in an almost skeleton condition, abstaining from nourishment for fifteen, twenty, and even thirty days in succession:

"He maintained and believed that he did this under the direction of 'the spirits,' who promised by this course of discipline to develop him into a more extraordinary 'medium' than has hitherto been known. He lived under the impression that hundreds of disembodied spirits were constantly talking with him, directing him, encouraging, rebuking him, prescribing what he should eat, what he should say, fortelling every day, the least change in his physical condition and punishing him severely when he refused to act in accordance with their directions."

Professedly by the information of the spirits, he pointed out with singular accuracy many of the symptoms of his own case for weeks before they occurred.

Wealth cannot confer greatness; for nothing can make that great, which the decree of nature has ordained to be little. The humble way to placed in a hot bed.

A SERIOUS JOKE.—A gentleman in a neighbouring town recently had the following experience. It seems that he had a brother living in New Hampshire from whom he had received no intelligence for a little while. But finally a letter arrived, penned by a young lady, a relative, and communicating in a very serious way the unexpected tidings that said brother "departed this life" on such a day. Nothing was said about the funeral, nor the disease of which the man died, so that the affair was rather mysterious. However, the gentleman determined to go at once to New Hampshire to bring the body of his deceased brother to Massachusetts. Away he went with all possible despatch, and a heavy heart, and in two days reached his destination; when to his surprise, he found that his brother was only married. The young lady, in an exuberance of fun, had taken the above named method to communicate the intelligence of his marriage, without dreaming that her language would be interpreted as it was. She probably belonged to that class, who think that a person might as well die as be married. But it was certainly a serious joke, and cost the gentleman upon whom it was played \$25 in cash and many hours of sorrow.—*Boston Telegraph.*

A CLASSICAL EDUCATION.—A father, says the Toledo Teacher, while his cheek glowed with paternal pride, remarked that his little son was getting a classical education in one of our primary schools. When told that children in that department are not taught the classics, he asked, "aint they all taught in classes?" and aint that a classical education?"

TABACCO SMOKING BY MINISTERS.—We understand that, at the Wesleyan Conference, on the question for admitting candidates for the ministry, it was objected to one of them that he was a smoker, whereupon many of the members in succession condemned the practice as vulgar. The candidate, on being appealed to by the president, pleaded that he had been recommended to use tobacco by three physicians for the benefit of his health. An aged man remarked that, if a medical man recommended the use of tobacco, he must be a practitioner without the knowledge of his profession. The Rev. John Scott also said that if the young man's health was such that it could only be kept up by artificial means, by the stimulant of smoking, it became a question whether he was physically competent for a Methodist ministry. At last the young man pledged himself, on the recommendation of some of the senior ministers, to consult a physician of distinguished ability, Dr. Sandwith of Hull, and to abide by his decision; and on these terms the conference consented to receive him.

Thomas Ward, a poor sailor on the lakes, or perhaps a good sailor, but a poor man, who can't neither read or write, and who has a wife and three children, broke his leg on board a vessel at Chicago and is in the United States Marine Hospital, in that city. He is a brother to John Ward, the Yorkshire hostler, who became prime minister to the Duke of Lucca, and died regent of Parma.

A few days ago, a certain banker of Paris went with others of the faithful to the church of St. Eustache, there to indulge in a little wholesome prayer. While devoutly engaged upon his knees, he all at once discovered that somebody had just picked his pocket of his watch. Judging that the thief was not far off, he exclaimed—"It is not fair to play such a trick as that upon one of the profession!" The pickpocket, who had not yet left the church, heard this; and, believing that the banker was really what he intimated—a brother thief—went and waited for him at the door, and as he came out, slipped the watch into his hand, saying, "Monsieur, pray excuse my mistake."

ONE OF THE TRICKS OF BURGLARS.—From a confession made by a rogue, now in jail at Hartford, Ct., for various burglaries recently committed in Farmington, it appears that one of the gang with whom he was connected travelled through various towns selling polishing powders, with a view of ascertaining where silver plate was to be found. In visiting dwellings, he was always quite bold in following the inmates to adjacent rooms to test his powders upon silver spoons or plate. He made a memorandum of what he saw in a book, noting particularly those houses where a dog was kept.

"Class in middle geography stand up. What is a pyramid?" "A pile of men in a circus, one atop t'other." "Where is Egypt?" "Where it allers was." "Where is that my son?" "Dunno, sir." "Go down to the foot you second!"

Coleridge was a remarkably awkward horseman, so much so as generally to attract notice. He was riding along the turnpike road in the county of Dauphin, when a wag approached him, noticed his peculiarity, and mistaking him, said, "Young man, did you meet a tailor on the road?" "Yes," replied Coleridge, who was never at a loss for a rejoinder. "I did, and he told me that if I went to meet his goose."