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SELECT POETRY.

SONG OF THE FARMER.

BY THE "PEASANT BARD."

Give to the lord his palace grand,
And halls of splendid pride;
A fig for all his dignities,
And all his pomp beside;
Give me the Farmer's peaceful home,
Beneath the maples high,
Where Nature's warblers make their music,
The waters prattling nigh.

The citizen may love the town,
And Fashion's gaudy show;
The brilliant pagantry of Art
May please the eye, I know;
But Nature's charms delight the heart,
All simple though they be;
The acres broad, the streamy vales,
The lowing herds for me!

What though the bronze is on our cheek,
Toil calloused is our hand,
With honest pride we stand erect,
The nobles of the land;
For "patriot Truth," that spirit bright,
In this wide world so rare,
Points proudly to the Farmer's home,
And cries—My own are there.

CHORUS

Then here's to him who tills the soil,
The true, the strong, the brave!
Without him art would fly the land,
And Commerce leave the wave;
And yet no frown of hauteur cold
Distains his manly brow;
Hail to th farmer, thrice all hail!
Lord of the mighty plow.

SELECTED STORY.

THE SIN OF PROFANITY.

A TRUE STORY.

BY FITZ MORFER.

George Ferguson was a young man of great promise; his friends all said so; his enemies all said so; and he was proud of the well aware of the fact. The "right of suffrage" had been his but three years, when he was called upon to take the editorial charge of a paper of an independent and reformatory character which was ushered into existence in the town of B——. Prosperity was his, and the *Recorder* soon obtained a large circulation. But there soon after appeared another sheet in B——, which became quite as popular; in a short time, as his own. The *Gazette* "picked flaws" in the Recorder's manners, and argued fiercely on matters of the utmost importance to the nation; while the editors of the two were on the most amicable terms imaginable, privately. But of this nothing has a bearing upon my tale.

It was a cold morning in the winter of 18—, when Mr. Ferguson bounced into the store of an elderly friend, with a "Good morning, Mr. Williams!"

"And good Morning, friend Ferguson; how are you?"

"Well, I'm so-so," said George, rubbing his hands over the stove; "but its a d——d cold morning, ain't it?"

"What did you say?" said Williams, gravely, as he looked over his desk at our friend. "Really I do not know how cold *that* is; but it should be very, *very* cold, George, before I would use such an exclamation."

"Do you mean to insult me?" said Ferguson, with a flushing eye.

"Insult you? By no means; is it an insult for me to direct your attention to your own language? Indeed, do you not think, George, that it is a grand mistake you have made in not preserving your language so pure that it might be free for comment, on all occasions?"

"Mr. Williams, what do you mean? I do not understand this! Are you joking me?—or what is it?"

"Joking, George!—and on *such* a subject.—Far from it. I am aware that my conduct is very strange to you, but George Ferguson, listen to me! I have known you for years—ever since you sat at your mother's side in frock and tout—I have seated you upon my knee—I have watched your progress from infancy:—and of late years I have observed your inclination to profanity in language, and *now*, George, I am willing and anxious to show you what a fault you commit. The habit is gaining upon you to a great extent, and I wish to warn you of it. Will you listen?"

As he spoke, Mr. Williams laid aside his pen and advanced from behind his desk. Mr. Ferguson made an evasive answer; avoided his willing eyes, or even the thing, but plead haste, and finally decided to call at the office in the afternoon, when he would be more at leisure.

"No, no, George! I do not wish to give you a lecture, and I will detain you but a moment. Will you hear me?"

Mr. Ferguson nodded assent.

"In the first place, then, you know, do you not, that you *are* addicted to this habit of profanity?"

Another nod.

"And, knowing this, there are many reasons why you should break yourself of it, at all hazards. First and foremost, it is a violation of God's holy commandment—'for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.' Next, there is no *gratification* arising from it, as from all, or nearly all other sins. There is nothing tempting in its appearance, look at it as you will, there is no excuse whatever for it. A man steals, perhaps, from want; he lies that he may screen himself from punishment; he breaks the Sabbath that he may revel in pleasure; but he swears—for what? Nothing! Men, reputedly respectable men, too, daily commit one of the most fearful sins noticed in the Bible—blaspheme and insult that mighty One who holds their lives in His hand—for no earthly reason but indiscretion. And further, I have had frequent occasion, George, to notice the effect of this thing in your business, and I can assure you that, in a merely worldly sense, it is deteriorating to your interests. I could tell you of many a dollar you have lost by this very habit. There was Mr. Hughes, for instance, who had the direction of the printing of Dr. Morgan's discourse. You remember what a feeling was produced in his congregation some time since, by a powerful sermon on the vicious tendencies of theatres; and you remember equally well that many thousand copies were printed for circulation. Now I know, George, that those pamphlets were meant to be done at your office. But as Mr. Hughes and Mr. Allenford were talking on the superior beauty of your work, Mr. Hughes said he should feel wrong in entrusting such a job to a person addicted to profanity.

"Well, if men choose to be so foolish, let them," angrily interrupted Ferguson.

"But the *fact* is as urgent, and if men avoid you because you displease them, then you must change your ways, if their friendship is of any importance to you. But no man can be blamed for objecting to subjecting the mind of their children to being led to a disregard of precepts contained in your paper, by the well-known fact that you their propounder, are addicted to profanity. You know, as well as I or they, Mr. Ferguson, that such apparently insignificant matters do undoubtedly have a bearing on the morals of the young. You do not see men swear at an evening party, do you? And *you* would not swear in the presence of Dr. Morgans, or Rev. Mr. Howard; which shows plainly that you are as well aware of the fact as anybody."

"Yes, Williams," said Ferguson, as that gentleman paused, "I *am* aware of it—well aware. But do you not know that it is a very hard matter to refrain?"

"Yes I suppose it is, very. Yet men do it. It is said to be as difficult to conquer the habit, as to break off from the use of tobacco or ardent spirits; but this I do not believe."

"But it is true, Mr. Williams. In fact I believe it is harder. A man has command over his muscles, and, as the Quaker advised, may keep his hand wide open when tempted to drink, and so disable himself from conveying the thing to his mouth. But in this case the muscles have no part—it is the *will*. A man may keep his hand open, and yet swear like a trooper.—Ha! ha! ha!"

"Don't laugh, George; the subject is a serious one, and demands serious consideration. However, I can give you as good a rule as the Quaker's, if it can so apply; although I fear as mind control muscles the remedy is a poor one. But, if you wish to try it:—whenever you are tempted to swear, keep your mouth shut!"

"But, Mr. Williams, an oath falls from one's lips as easily as breath heaves from one's lungs. I should never swear at all if I had time to think of it beforehand, and I am not half the time aware when I *do* swear."

"Because, (I suppose) I am not thoroughly imbued with a feeling of the necessity of such a step—which, however, my friends unite in telling me, is great. Can you suggest a remedy for my sin? If so, I will listen with gratitude to what you may say."

"I am placed in a delicate position, notwithstanding, Mr. Ferguson; it is seldom that I have to endeavour to convince a person of your standing, that he is living in the practice of one of the most enormous vices we behold."

"Enormous? Excuse me, but is not that an extravagant word, doctor?"

"Not at all, Mr. Ferguson: by no means.—And here you at once advance evidence corroboratory of what you just stated—want of appreciation of the extent of your sin. Is it not an enormity which is actually frightful to behold, that men can listen to Gospel truths week after week; can deliberately and respond, God have mercy on us, and incline our hearts to keep this law; can ejaculate every Sabbath day, *hallowed be thy name*, and then go out into the world and mock these truths, and break that law, and shame that prayer, by using God's holy name in light and frivolous conversation?"

"Strange! that never occurred to me before!" breathed George.

"Again, do you consider, Mr. Ferguson, that every time you use the name of God in vain, the exclamation is a prayer, not meant for such indeed, but still, for all you know, accepted as such? Suppose that the words *are* borne up to the throne of Almighty God as prayer—then, oh! how many souls have you prayed the Supreme Being to consign to everlasting damnation! If God should hear and answer those prayers, how many of your friends would find an eternity of torment?"

Mr Ferguson started from his chair and paced the room. He was evidently agitated. The clergyman pursued.

"Oh! my deer sir, I fear for you, as for all those who are addicted to this dreadful habit.—What will be their portion in eternity? *Thou shall not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain! the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain!*"

"Did you ever resolve, firmly and resolutely, that you *would* cease? Did you ever make one *real energetic effort* to shake off the habit?"

"No—never. It is a fact. Because I never saw very forcibly any reason for it. I know that it is wrong—and yet there is no feeling of guilt in my mind similar to that which follows a theft or a falsehood. But I cannot stay longer, Mr. Williams. Good morning."

"Good morning!"

Mr. Ferguson walked down the street wrapped in profound meditation, and so absorbed was he that he passed his office some rods ere he discovered his mistake. As he wheeled about to retrace his steps, an oath fell from his tongue. He bit his lip with vexation, for he now observed it, and instantly he cursed his own carelessness—thus again sinning. It is thus that the habit manifests itself when once acquired. Our swearer saw fully the magnitude of his vice, and he determined to "wrestle with the madman," like the fabled Greek, until he should dash him over the precipice.

For two weeks Mr. Ferguson strove resolutely with his failing, but with little apparent progress. He broached the subject to his wife, and she (women are always right on such matters) fully agreed with him that it was his duty, before God and before man, to conquer himself. It was the want of a deep, firm, sensible conviction of the fearfulness of his sin that prevented him from doing so.

One cold, windy day in March, Mr. Ferguson came in from the street, and banging the door after him, ran up to the stove, snapping his fingers, and exclaimed, with an oath,

"How cold it is out doors, Mary!"

"Hush, George; here is Dr. Morgans!"

Ferguson fairly jumped. He stood in astonishment a moment and gazed incredulously at the clergyman, who, for his part, was as greatly astonished as himself—not at the recontre, but at the language he had heard. Recovering his composure, he saluted the abashed young man with a kind "Good morning," and extended his hand.

The salutation was returned in a very embarrassed tone, and the two were for some moments silent. At length George spoke—

"What shall I say for myself, Dr. Morgans?"

"Say, God forgive me, and enable me to avoid ever using such language again while I live!"

"I have said that, in substance, long ago," said George, "and it is not enough. I cannot keep a resolution which is merely spoken with the lips, without being felt on the heart as well."

"But Mr. Ferguson, why do you not so feel it?" said the clergyman.

"Why have I not felt this before?" groaned Mr. Ferguson. "How *could* a man be so foolish? Preposterous!" and, after a pause, "but true!"

My brother, you are wiser. You see guilt more plainly, do you not?"

"I do; but how am I to avoid it?" said Ferguson.

"Rather ask how can I sin again? Of this rest assured, my friend, he that abhors an oath will never use one. Learn to look upon the thing with terror, and you can never give utterance to one without shuddering at the act. Thus you are safe. Never write, nor repeat, nor *think* an oath, and you will eventually learn to regard it as with deep repugnance as you do in your childhood. There is no other way."

Mr. Ferguson paced the room in silence. The scene was becoming painful, and Dr. Morgans rose to take his leave.

"Remember, now, my friend," said he, as he offered his hand, "on this lies your hope. Shun an oath as you would a snake, for oh! it is a deadlier foe to your well-being, and its fangs are more poisonous than serpent's ever were. Good morning!"

As he retreated from the doorway he repeated, as though reluctant to leave the subject, in a solemn tone, "*The Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.*"

As Mr. Ferguson turned to his wife, she met him with an encouraging smile.

Without a word in reply, Mr. Ferguson retired to his study, and knelt in prayer. God heard it, and blessed the supplicant.

The next number of the *Recorder* contained a powerful article on the sin of profanity, and from that day the business of the firm increased. A tone of morality soon settled upon George Ferguson, which resulted in his eventually becoming pious and honored.

THE BROKEN BRIDGE.—An Irish nobleman, on a journey, was informed that his way lay over a ruined bridge, which he would be obliged to pass at night.

He ordered his postillion to call him when they reached the dangerous place, then wrapping himself up in his cloak went to sleep.—When they reached the bridge the postillion called, but as his master did not awake, he drove on, and passed safely over.

Some time after, the traveler awaked and called out,

"How is this, John, have you passed the broken bridge?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Why did you not wake me, as I ordered you to do?"

"I did not like to disturb your honor."

"Upon my honor, if we had all fallen into the water and been drowned, I would have put a bullet through your head."

"By all the martyrs, if you had, I would have left your service the next minute if I had starved."

Among other novalties announced in New York is a concert by the Newsboys at the Tabernacle, on Wednesday evening.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE PRESENT POSITION OF THE MINING INTEREST OF AMERICA.

The operations of the past year appear to have been extremely disadvantageous to a large body of mining enterprises. Wherever we turn, in the State, in Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and [illegible], throughout the mining [illegible] the Rocky Mountains, we find proof of a vast extent of work which had been mapped out as a basis for operations, demanding a long series of years to perfect, and involving the expenditure of an immense amount of capital. These works, or the germ of them, are now lying idle, and the implements and fixtures becoming every day of less value, owing to their inaction. This process of slow destruction, however, is not the only evil which the stockholders are called upon to suffer patiently: many of the concerns are under the delightful process of a litigation for indebtness, arising from original purchase, supplies, professional services, or labor, which is calculated to swamp the relics of the property and create claims that, some fine day, will fall as a thunderbolt on the devoted parties, whose names may figure in the Company's ledger as stockholders.

Mining is at best an expensive pastime; the trafficking with the shares, in Wall-street, is exciting but the operations below the surface are costly, slow and uncertain. The more valuable the mineral sought for, the more speculative the adventure, or remote the chance of success; but equally with generality of *locale* of the failures have been the nature of the minerals mined—in the Companies on our list who have not succeeded, are included: Gold, Silver, Copper, Lead, Iron, Zinc, Coal, Marble and Slate Companies. Of all the large batch of Companies which came into existence in 1852-53, but few now remain in activity—and yet dividends have been declared by more than one of those now irretrievably swamped. The Mining Interest of the country suffers, and will for years suffer from the injury caused by the recklessness of these schemes. The various States of the Union are rich in deposites of the most valuable minerals, to develope which would afford long-continued employ for vast bodies of men, and would pay liberally for a legitimate investment of the surplus capital of other branches of commerce, but as matters have been conducted of late, it is far better that the earth should retain its riches for ever.

To some extent, capitalists themselves are responsible for this defection. In a period of prosperity and accumulation every one stands ready to increase his gains, and rapidly to double his capital; the spirit of speculation permeates whole masses of men, and we see parties, reputed prudent, make purchases in doubtful enterprises, without enquiry as to the laws by which the association or adventure is governed, or the liabilities attached to the stock. Now, the facts are, that speculators hunt up for special charters, which, giving extraordinary powers, are operative in a particular section only, and so the acts committed elsewhere are of no legality,—or they organize under a general law, puffed as being most liberal in its provisions, but which levies the most stringent penalties against the stockholders in case of failure.

We are aware of the position of several companies whose stocks have been largely sold in this market, but are now totally out of sight, and confident if steps be not speedily taken, to place their affairs in order, such an overhauling will be had, that disclosures will take place, far outstripping in venality the far famed "Parker Vein." There are many instances in this State, wherein a subtle and bold man practising the move lately had by a noted Broker-bank against one of the General Law Banks, could make a large haul, by a slight investment in the unsaleable stocks of companies, whose capital, figuring by hundreds of thousands, *never had a tangible existence!* We apprehend some such course of proceedings is afloat against the companies in North Carolina; for we have before us a list of over *seventy suits* against the following companies in that region:

The McCulloch Gold and Copper mining Company,
The Deep River Copper Mining and Smelting Company.
The Mineral Company of North Carolina.
The Lindsay Mining Company.
The McCulloch and Glenn Mining Company.

In addition to the above enumerations, we are pained to learn, that nearly every company in North Carolina is in the same position. There are other sections in which a similar litigation is going forward, so that it is a matter of difficulty, to decide, without considerable investigation, the probable future of any particular mining district. At the present time the prospect is blank, dreary and unsatisfactory.—*U. S. Mining Journal.*

The preparation of Indigo in Central America is a process of much "scientific ingenuity." The plant is cut close to the root, heaped up in large walled reservoirs, and the whole is put under water. The hot sun acting on the surface soon turns the water saturated with the juice green, when it is drawn off into other vessels, where by constant stirring and whipping it is brought into contact with the atmosphere, and thus gradually acquires its beautiful deep blue. In other countries the stirring process is usually effected by an ox mill or by water power; but here, a wooden pole is laid across the vessel, in the middle of which is fitted a sort of rocking board. Two men sit on this, one on each end, and by their alternate rising and sinking keep the whole machine in motion, like the toy-sawyers manufactured at Nuremburg.

RUSSIAN RULE IN THE CRIMEA.—A late decree which the Emperor Nichols has issued in relation to the Tartars of the Crimea as follows:

Art. 1st. Every Tartar guilty of bad intentions or of hostile designs, shall be put in prison until he has given evidence that he repents.

Art. 2d. Every Tarter having committed a robbery shall have a leg or arm cut off.

Art. 3d. If a Tartar commits murder without stealing, he shall be hung.

Art. 4th. If any Tartar kills and steals, he shall have an arm or leg cut off, and after shall be hung.

BE MERRY AND WISE.

Be merry and wise—'tis a song for each season
The happy lark sings it in bright-beaming skies;
And why are we gifted with fancy and reason,
If 'tis not to teach us—be merry and wise?
'Tis the song of the season, the plants as they rise,
The chorus of nature, be merry and wise!

Be merry and wise in your moments of leisure,
On the evening's amusement the morrow will rise:
We oft sail to sorrow in light barks of pleasure,
And sing while repenting—be merry and wise!
When facing the goblet or love-beaming eyes,
There's danger, there's magic—be merry and wise!

Be merry and wise, for, from reason's first dawning,
To the last parting hour time wasteth in sighs,
Your woes will depart like the mists of the morning,
If you will but brave them. Be merry and wise!
The cheerful heart surely is life's dearest prize,
Be up and be doing. Be merry and wise.

FARMER'S DEPARTMENT.

SPAVIN, ITS NATURE CAUSE. SYMPTOMS AND TREATMENT

BY GEO. H. DADD, Veterinary Surgeon, Boston, Mass.

MR. EDITOR:—In answer to your inquiry, as to the nature and curability of spavin, &c., I propose to offer a few remarks on the *nature, cause, symptoms, treatment,* and *curability* of several diseases peculiar to the bony structure of horses, so that you, as well as the reader, may have an opportunity of judging for yourselves, as to the nature and curability of the same. I am aware that there are hundreds of men in this, as well as in other countries, *empirics,* whose whole practice is a series of blunders linked with barbarity; and who are continually heralding to the world their successful cures of spavin, and other incurable diseases! and in consequence it is not always an easy matter to convince every man of the incurability of a certain disease, when so much evidence is offered to the contrary.

But the only evidence worth receiving, is that furnished by the scientific practitioners of the veterinary art, who have, by a long course of study and practice, made themselves familiar with anatomy, physiology, and the pathological changes that occur in the hock—which is the seat of spavin—during the progress and termination of the morbid phenomena. Such is the kind of evidence I shall attempt to offer.

Let the reader first understand that there is a sort of irregular, or *incomplete* spavin, which may exist without accompanying lameness. It is found just beneath the bones composing the hock, in the form of a knotty tumor, technically called *exostosis;* in common language a "*jack*" In such case the mechanism of the joint is not involved, hence, absence of lameness. But the animal may, from over work, or sprain, become lame in a joint remote from this; the owner, or attendant not possessing the requisit skill to discover the precise seat, finds a tumor at the point indicated, and immediately pronounces the horse spavined, and this serves as an excuse for adding to the poor brute's sufferings the torture of fire, or blister; during the rest which necessarily follows the application of one or the other, the original lameness disappears, and this furnishes our illustration of one of the boasted cures of spavin, which in reality never existed.

Let us now consider the nature of the spavin. And in order to comprehend it, the reader should know, that the joints of the hock are composed of several bones, two of which form the joint proper, the remainder, eight in number, are concerned in the articulation and composition of the same. Between each bone is inserted a cartilaginous cushion for the purpose of warding off concussion, and thus preventing injury to the bones; which would otherwise occur.—These bones have all their proper capsular membranes, which separate one from the other, making them distinctive points. A *synovial* membrane pervading the whole, furnishes *synovia* ("*joint oil*") which successfully guards against friction.

Spavin generally originates in inflamation of the *periosteral* tissues, (membranes proper to all bones—their external covering) or else, in the ligamentary, or cartilaginous structures, contiguous, or within the joints. A high grade of inflammatory action, pervading for some time, causes absorption of the cartilages between the small bones, they become consolidated and immovable. This cartilage being changed into bone, cannot possibly be restored, and is therefore incurable.

Spavin, having in this manner, an internal origin, is not perceptible; consequently, some persons are unwilling to admit its existence until they can both see and feel it. If it shall commence externally, (on the inside of the hock,) in the form of encrustation, termed exostosis which is very often the case, all doubt is at an end. In plain language, spavin consists in a loss of motion, between parts that were once moveable, and may exist with or without bony tumor.

If a student were asked the question, What constitutes spavin? He would answer, "*Anchylosis* and *exostosis* of the tarsal, (hock,) bone." Ask him if it can be cured, and he utters a decided—"No."

The malady is similar to that occurring among children, known as *hip disease,* when the head of the thigh bone unites to the pelvis; and no one pretends, at least never succeeds, in effecting a radical cure. But, as regards the horse, the disease is more complicated, because a greater number of bones are involved; yet in effect, the disease is less serious, because it does not prevent flexion and extension of the joint proper.

In a very brief manner, I have now considered the pathology, or nature of spavin, much interesting matter, (and really valuable to students) is necessarily omitted, in order to confine this article within the limits prescribed by journalists.

Now as regards the Cause of Spavin:—Its pathology, as we observe, demonstrates inflamation of one or more tissues proper to the point; which is produced by overwork, sprain or concussion, the tumor and transformation of the cartilages into bony substances, always being preceeded by lameness, indictes injuries of this character, yet they are not in all cases operative; for some of our truck horses, especially those used in shafts, are often compelled to perform extraordinary feats of strength, that would in ordinary horses induce ligamentary lameness, ultimately resulting in spavin; yet they are remarkably free from it, the reason is they are free from predisposition.

It is a fact, well known to the profession, that almost all spavined horses labor under, either, *local* or *constitutional* predisposition.

Local predisposition, is determined by a short pointed hock, lengthy *canon,* and upright pasterus. This is the kind of hock that is most subject to strain, while galloping, or trotting fast on hard pavements.

Constitutional predisposition, exists in *breed,* and is inherited from sire or dam. A spavined mare transmits the disease *directly,* of which we have evidence in colts that have never been *broke.* But in the majority of cases, spavins are *indirectly* transmitted in the form of a weak fragile, bony structure, which is prone to throw out *ossious* (bony) effusion. Such animals are often termed overgrown, from the fact that their frames have outgrown their strength; consequently, they are unable to bear heavy burthens, without strain or injury to the joints. The bones of horses predisposed to *ossific effusion,* in the form of *spavin, splint and ringbone,* are remarkably light, porus and brittle; and on inspecting the same, we wonder how they have supported even the carcass of the animal.

The reader has probably noticed in cattle large bony tumors under the jaw, called *osteesarcoma,* which finally ends in *caries,* (death of the bone.) others, located on the hock and on various parts of the shaft bones; these appearing without any apparent cause, illustrates what I mean by *ossific diathesis,* or constitutional predisposition.

We may safely conclude, therefore, that spavin originates from predisposing and exciting causes, acting conjointly, or otherwise.

Symptoms of Spavin:—These vary according to the nature and intensity of the attack; yet there are some, always *present,* so that a man of ordinary observation can readily discover the seat of lameness.

The First, is:—Heat and tenderness on the inside of the hock.

Secondly:—Inability to flex the hock with perfect freedom, the act being accompanied with a sort of "*catching up,*" or springhalt motion; *spring-halt* is a remarkabe feature of spavin, and it has been noticed by several writers, SHAKSPEARE, for example, thus refers to it:—

"One would take it,
That never saw them pace before, the *spavin,*
And *spring halt* reigned among 'em."

Thirdly:—The animal *starts* stiff and lame "*planting*" his toe on the ground, rather than the heels; he improves, however, after a short drive.

Fourthly:—The above symptom connected with a tumor on the inside of a hock, in the region of the small *tarsel* bones, excludes all doubt. Yet the tumor as I have just observed is not necessary to make out a case of what is technically called *inter-articular* spavin.

Treatmeat of Spavin:—*No man can possibly succeed in curing spavin.* We may palliate—relieve lameness—and hasten *anchylosis* (stiff joint) and render the subject useful for certain purposes, but there will always exist a certain amount of stiffness about the joint, which is considered *unsoundness,* and a hard trot will often induce temporary lameness.

In the treatment of spavin, we borrow an illustration from Nature—*the best and wisest of doctors*—she strengthens a weak joint, by making it solid and unyielding, and this must be our object in its treatment.

Medical men always have this object in view, viz: to produce anchylosis, to hasten ossific effusion, and render the *sensible* tissues *insensible.*

In the early, or inflamatory stage, rest, and cooling lotions are indicated. In the latter stage, counter-irritants; such as preparations of cartharides, &c., are generally resorted to.

Finally:—The reader, if he be any way interested in the welfare of "live stock," will probably appreciate the value of *correct* information regarding the nature and cause of disease. For in the first place, it aims a death blow at ignorance, quackery, and cruelty; practised very frequently under guise of Science; between which, however, there exists less affinity than between oil and water.

In the next place, it enables him to adopt preventives, by which the chances of disease are lessened.

It teaches him that physical defects are as certainly transmitted as good points, and although bad qualities are not always *directly* transmitted, yet the *day of reckoning* appears in a future generation, just so surely as *like begets like.*

In a future communication, I shall discuss other ossific diseases peculiar to horses.

FULL BLOODS & THOROUGH BREDS.

Is there any distinction betweeu thoroughbred and full blood?—and if any, what?—is the subject of an article in a late number of the *Farmer,* and breeders are invited to give their opinions.

I do not consider the terms, thorough bred and full blood, as meaning the same thing, but when applied to short horns, to indicate very different classes of that stock.

By thorough bred I understand that class of improved short horns, whose pedigree can be traced in the English herd book to the days of the Collings and their compeers.

By full blood, a class bred in this country from imported stock, but which came without pedigree.

A cross between these two is full blood, for the pedigree should be traced through both sire and dam, to be thorough-bred.

Mr. Hawkins thinks the distinction should be abolished. I have no idea that it will be done very soon, the breeders of that stock have too deep an interest in the matter. Those who have thorough-bred stock will not agree to place it on an equality with the full blood, and the owners of full blood stock cannot be expected to sink to the level of common stock, and as it becomes a question of depreciation on one side or the other to settle the matter, I have no expectation of seeing it shortly.—*Ohio Farmer.*

WHAT IS THOROUGHBRED?

As I am a new hand in breeding stock, I am interrogated often what constitutes *thoroughbred stock.* I know that thorough-bred means through and through. As to the number of crossings that constitute it, I am not positive—some say *seven* crosses make it. Now, as you are residing in a country where the breeders should be well posted, I wish you would give me information on the subject, being an old hand at breeding stock. H. T. WOLLARD.

CASTINE, Darke Co., O., Sept. 26, 1854.

We should define animals as thorough-bred which breed true—that is, invariably produced offspring possessng the same distinguishing characteristics as themselves. This is the case with the race horse, which is claimed to be of pure, desert Arabian blood, on sire and dam's side, imported into England, and bred there, the history of which may be found in the English Stud Book.

There are certain breeds of cattle which appear to be thorough-bred, like the Devon, the black Galloway, the cattle of Chillingworth Park, and other races, in Europe, Asia, &c.

We presume our correspondent more particularly refers to Short Horn or Durham cattle, which are not what we should call thorough-bred, a few tribes, perhaps excepted. These we do not like to name now, because many breeders would feel as if the exceptions were invidious; and such is the want of proper knowledge, both in England and America upon the subject, we doubt whether our doing so would result in anything better than stirring up a hornet's nest about our ears.

When the first meetings were called among the breeders of Short Horns in England, for the purpose of getting up a Herd Book, it was proposed and agreed to by the most distinguished breeders, that such cattle only should go into this Herd Book, as were known to have long possessed Short Horn characteristics in an eminent degree; and that their progeny alone should be considered thoroughbred. But this was afterwards overruled by other parties, who possessed inferior blood; and the result was, that all sorts of grade Short Horns have continued to be inserted in every volume of the Herd Book; so that it is of little value as a guide, to those who know what these choice tribes were, and now they have since been bred. An animal may have a pedigree a page long in the Herd Book, so that it is of little value as a guide, to those who know what these choice tribes were, and how they have since been bred. An animal may have a pedigree a page long in the Herd Book, and still, owing to some of the stains in it being bad blood, it may not be near so good as one with scarce any Herd Book pedigree at all. This, long experienced breeders know to their cost to be a serious fact.

Seven crosses are not *thorough-bred,* nor many times seven; though the first may pass for tolerably well bred in certain kinds of animals.—This may sound like over refinement to some; but let us respectfully ask, if they should cross a Devon bull on a black, hornless cow, and this progeny again with a pure Devon, and so on, how many generations think you would it take to wipe out the stain of the black blood? Let him answer who can."—*N. Y. American Agriculturist*