The Chestertown Transcript.

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Spring.

Spring-time has come with sunshine and showers,
And the birds sitting in the topmost bowers,
Pour forth their songs with gladness of spring,
In welcome it seems, with every note they sing.

Soon from the earth the flowers will peep—
Violets from their mossy beds seem to leap,
While the training arbritus soon will entwine,
With the ivey and the sweet eglantine.

The air will be ladened with their perfume,
As each in their fregrance and beauty bloom,
And down in the dell unobserved may be
Some sweet little violets in all their modesty,

And even the brook as it murmers along,
Seems in its murmur to have a glad song.
While all nature is striving its self to array
In all their different apparels so gay.

While children their laughter and shouts at play,
Can be heard all through the long day,
Particularly at noon when school is dismissed,
They are skipping about in their happiness.

Even the bee and the butterfly are on the wing,
And vainly the cricket endevers to sing,
And all creeping insects are crawling abroad,
As nature looks up to nature's God.

Written for the *Transcript* by
MRS. ANNIE L. HURLOCK.

LETTER FROM NEW ORLEANS.

New Orleans, March 9th, 1878.

DEAR COLONEL:—So you have turned Editor and wish a letter from me describing the last Mardi Gras day in the ore cent city. You shall have it, for the sake of old times, my dear old friend. What, in the name of what shall be nameless, induced you to form an alliance with the Printer's Devil? You are not fitted to cabbin your sentiments or to tune your words to please the fickel sentiment of a carping public. Nevertheless, I will not cut your acquaintance or refuse your request.

Mieux vaut "un tiens" que-deux "tu l'auras." What shall I write about.—You, an old habitue of the Crescent City, do not desire a description of this wonderful town, for you are familiar with it. But I will say that it has changed much since we promenaded Canal Street, together, eleven years ago. It is not the street to me that it was then. The stores then had the aroma of the prestige of the old glory which made New Orleans the very Queen of the South. Now, new names that have a wooden wattmeg look and sound have taken the place of those once familiar to you and to me. That airy Parisian grace in the adornment of the windows is among the lost arts. The crowds thronging the streets are a mixture as of old and the difference between the severe, stately politeness of the natives is still more striking in contrast with the vulgar and busque familiarity of many of the new comers. On a bright sun-shinny day, Canal St., is still very attractive to a stranger, but it seems to me that there is now less to attract the eye and more to offend the taste. Meadames les charlatans and quoe quoestum corpoitus facielant make themselves as conspicuous as they do on Broadway and the "means of grace" are as common to the eye as in Boston. If these changes continue, this city may become after awhile as common place and as hypocritical as a New England village. Last Tuesday I lunched alone and wished that I could reverse the wheels of time back to the hour when tired and worn out we sat down at the "Cafe Imperial." Enough of this! You did not ask for a sentimental letter.

The city was filled with people last Monday, 4th March, 1878. At 12 o'clock P. M., the booming of cannon and the sound of trumpets announced the arrival of Rex. He was escorted with his glittering court to the City Hall where he was formally received by the Mayor and presented with the keys and freedom of the City. Through the kindness of our mutual friend, Genl. N———, I was able to get near his Majesty. He was gorgeously attired in the brilliant costume of Louis XV. King of the French, and together with his court formed as beautiful a tableau as my eyes ever beheld. His progress to the Hall and to his sumptuous appartments at the St. Charles Hotel was marked with an enthusiastic ovation of popular welcome. I did not dare to attempt to breast such a crowd; but I am told that his reception by the aged Warwick, and other faithful lords in waiting, was touching in the extreme and increased the curiosity and admiration of all beholders.

There were not many sleepy eyes in the city that night. The coming pageant of the morning was on every lip and in everybody's thoughts. I was up betimes and passing by your old quarters on Rampart street I almost fancied I could conjure you to my side to take another stroll, with your famous African Orange or Orange African. What did you call it? Canal street was early alive but not until long after I breakfasted did the masques make their appearance. By ten o'clock the side walks were thronged with a good humored, well behaved and expectant multitude of anxious sightseers. The period of waiting however was enlivened by such scenes as are to be seen but once a year, and only in New Orleans.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock a great shout of coming voices, blent with the stirring strains of triumphal martial music filled every ear with the glad announcement that the grand pageant was approaching. To describe fully such a scence of beauty which captivated the eye, filled the mind and enraptured the imagination is almost impossible; but I will endeavour to convey to you a skelleton sketch and the fancy of your readers must add the colors.

First in the gorgeous line came great

AGAMEMNON,

preceded by six of the kings who went to Illium to avenge the rape of Helen. Immediately behind them walked with conscious dignity the venerable Nestor, between two Heralds to proclaim the presence of the mighty King, whose ivory chariot blazing with gold was drawn by four milk white steeds beautifully caparisoned. The mighty monarch wore a burnished helmet. His wonderful shield and martial attire were the admiration of all spectators. Chained to his chariot were two Oriental Kings in bondage led. Their sad and fallen condition was a speaking commentary upon the brilliant crowns which they bore to adorn a visitor's triumph. Behind them came warriors of Greece and Asia in the panoply of ancient armor.

After Agamemnon followed the personages of the old mythology, all clad in their supernal robes of wonderful beauty. Each one was exhibited in a chariot drawn by prancing horses of matchless beauty and surrounded by every adornment which could lend witchery to the scene.

JUPITER

appeared soaring aloft among the clouds and mounted upon the back of an enormous eagle. His ambrosial locks and superb vestments made him look every inch a King, and if his ruddy complexion had not betrayed the humanizing effect of nectar we should have feared a thunder bolt from his dizzy height. The dreaded Tonans passed us with a smile.

JUNO,

the Queen of Heaven glided by in a chariot of white and gold, drawn by three royal peacocks. Her dress was of fairy like beauty which culminated in a head adornment which would defy the powers of Minerva to protray. The beautiful Queen of the Gods enjoyed the admiration of men and gracefully acknowledged with a wave of her wand, from time to time, the homage of the populace.

NEPTUNE

was seated in his time-honored shell from the vasty deep. His billowy chariot was drawn by four sea horses, rocked in the cradle of the deep. He seemed indifferent to the hand sight around him and save a menacing grasp of his trident did not notice the curious crowd that gazed in wonder at him. His dutiful spouse Amphitrite sat at his feet and with motherly care shielded her babe from the rays of an unaccustomed sun. Behind the God of the Ocean two Tritons, evidently on a bust, enjoyed the novel luxury of a pipe.

MINERVA

came next. Her costume defied description. She was accompanied by personages representing an Astronomer, a Book worm and a Chemist. The implements they carried, and were surrounded by devoted their callings and that they worshipped at the shrine of the Goddess of Wisdom.

APOLLO

was accompanied by the Muses Thalia, Melpomene and Terpsichore cut up as many capers as they ever did among the clouds of Olympus. Calliope, Clio, Erato, Euterpe, Polymnia and Urania, led by the graceful God, charmed the ear with strains of unearthly music. We were sorry when the stars of Urania waned pale in the distance.

VENUS, QUEEN OF LOVE,

come gently gliding on, in a fanciful shell drawn by swans. The drivers were Cupid and Hymen. It was plain to see, that, she was every inch a coquette and could play the devil among men.

MARS AND BELLONA

were borne in a war chariot of modern design. The God of War defiantly mounted a huge cannon of tremendous size and looked a very nuisance, moustache and all. Bellona was girdled with the hissing serpents of civil discord and I could not help dodging when she pointed a horse pistol at me.

DIANA

came sailing along, in the clouds, standing erect in a silver shell shaped like the crescent moon. The chaste Goddess was fully equipped for the chase. And the yelping of her eager pack of hounds was music to my ear. It reminded me of the green fields and the years that are passed.

MERCURY OR HERMES,

worshipped in every age, appeared as the modern divinity of commerce. His chariot was laden with cotton, rice, sugar, tobacco and whiskey. Upon the bales, hogsheads and barrels sat figures representing the various types of commerce. The countenance of the bar-room keeper was true to nature, the embodiement of low cunning and beastly instincts.

BACCHUS

came gloriously welcomed with shouts of applause. His brilliant chariot of white and gold was drawn by leopards garlanded with vine leaves. The jolly God sitting on a wine cask charmed into paroxysms of laughter the populace. His rubicund countenance overflowed with good humor and his bottle-holder Sylvanus replemished, from a huge pitcher, his enormous goblet and enabled him to drink the health of all present—and their posterity. A Bacchante, a Fawn, a Satyr and the god Pan composed his rollicking company.

SILENUS

sitting upon an ass was a sad spectacle. He was just in the height of collapse. The empty flask in his hand showed what the matter was. He could scarcely maintain himself in the saddle.

VULCAN

was a burly God. His companions were Saturn and three hideous monsters of the one-eyed Cydops race.

JANUS AND THE MONTHS.

This double-faced God sat firmly upon his throne, while a rotating platform bore the twelve signs of the Zodiac and representatives, in character, of the Months. This part of the pageant was so complicated and multiform that it left only a bewildering impression upon my memory. It however struck me as a burlesque upon the follies of mankind. Virgo, with her poodle dog, reminded one of an old maid in the August month of her life.

ÆOLUS

appeared upon a rock containing four vast caverns in each of which was chained a Wind.

THE VESTAL VIRGINS,

two of them bearing sacred lamps were surrounded by a strong railing which scarcely protected them from four satyrs who insisted upon making love. Their smiles and smirks were very amusing.

THE FEAST OF COMUS.

was magnificently represented. The temple was lofty and of aerial beauty and gorgeousness.

It was formed of three arched bowers, overgrown with vines and flowers. In the last one Comus's last love reclined.—By her side stood the merry God clad in the most beautiful and bewitching attire. With a golden cup he tempted his love, while below in other bowers his Crew disported themselves in a wild bacchanalian frolic. They had lost their human heads and instead the heads of asses, dogs, wolves and sheep made them hideous.

THE SYRENS

peached upon a lonely storm-washed rock were fair to look upon and tastefully dressed. They played upon several instruments and were much admired.

CIRCE.

held high revel, in her chariot, surrounded by the objects of her transforming power, men changed into beasts with the appetites of their kind.

THE HARPIES

in their gorgeous banquetting room were an attractive sight despite their cloven feet which were elevated and conspicuous. The females were good looking. Some person in the crowd said they were beautiful. There was nothing about them repulsive except their feet. They were certainly honest in showing their deformity. The tableau formed a vivid realistic picture of beauty and vice.

MOMUS

surrounded with books of every kind was accompanied by critics of every grade.—Chief among whom I imagine I recognized the personification of Mephistopheles.

THE FURIES AND GORGONS

were a hideous spectacle. I shall never forget the terrible appearance of Medusa.

THE FATES

were represented by three aged females at their awful occupation of weaving, for weal or woe, the destinies of man. The sight was a repulsive one.

HELL

was divided into apartments. In the upper sat enthroned a huge female personating Pomona.

In the lower regions could be seen the shade of Orpheus in search of Eurydice, and in a remote cavern Pluto and Proserpine, guarded by Cerberus.

CHARON

in his boat full of passengers ticketed "for hell" attracted much attention. The nervous anxiety of a beautiful young female was very noticeable and occasioned remark. One of the crowd called out "Is Henry Ward Beecher aboard? An old darkey passenger replied "No! Massa, but I's got his book."

THE SUPREME COURT OF HELL

was a caricature of the places wherein justice is administered here above.

TANTALUS, IXION AND SISYPHUS

were vividly represented, enduring their never ending painful tourtures.

THE HEROES OF ANTQUITY

came next.

Perseus rode his snow-white Pegasus and carried as a trophy the head of Medusa. He was clad in a conspicuous helmet. Theseus and his Amazon Queen were mounted upon prancing horses. He looked like a very savage warrior. His muscular queen was tastefully dressed a la Hippodrome and her bosom was encased in a corselet of mail. The shield in her hand was gracefully carried.

PARIS AND HELEN

in the delirium of unlawful pleasures seemed to be unconscious that they were the cynosure of every eye. Years had not changed her and she remained the same frail woman.

THE TROJAN HORSE,

a huge wooden quadreped, was filled with armed soldiers of every clime and nation.

REGINA FORTUNA,

the fickle Goddess, closed the long procession. She was gallantly throned upon the wheel of fortune and with bandaged eyes distributed her favors as she was wafted by.

When I commenced this letter I intended to write a full account of the gay scenes which transpired on Canal street during the remainder of the day and also very fully concerning the grand pageant of the Mystic Crewe of Comus, but my letter is already so long that I dare not inflict that upon you.

I am under a promise to escort Miss ——— to Mobile to-morrow, otherwise I would re-write and condense what I have written, currente calamo, in order to devote more space to the much more meritorious procession of the Mystic Crewe, which surpassed anything you ever dreamed of in your mythology. The pageant was beautiful beyond my powers of description. It represented the Metamorphoses of Ovid and admitted therefore the display of the wildest freaks of fancy, the boldest flights of imagination and the richest garniture of decorative art. All these were gorgeously blended in lavish prodigality. I will only name the sections of the magnificent moving panorama, with the remark that it was worth a trip of a thousand miles to witness.—Take up your once familiar copy of Publius Ovidius Naso and fill up the wondrous picture. The following, I distinctly remember———Comus, crowned with vine-leaves, resplendent in purple and glittering with diamonds and prescious jewelry———Ovid, supported by Fame and the Muse of poetry———Phoebus, the God of day, with Time, Eternity and the Seasons———Phaeton driving his chariot recklessly over a burning world———The Tomb of Phaeton, watered with the tears of Clymene and his sisters, a touchingly beautiful tableau———Hercules and Dijanira———Minerva, Latona and Arachne, the curse of Latona was beautifully represented———Mercury and the daughter of Cecrops———Jason, Medea, the Golden Fleece and the Dragon———Bacchus with Bachantes and a Priest of the flowing bowl———Silenus and Satyrs———The last banquet of the daughters Minyas———The visit of Ulysses (not Grant) to Circe [I don't think Grant could have got there on two legs]———Daphne, Appollo and two enraptured Nymphs———The Sacrifice of Æneas———Orpheus and Eurydice, Pluto and Proserpine———Three Grecian Nymphs, the Syrinx———Juno in Hades, "Jevisque soror et conjux," accompanied by Tisiphone and her two horrid sisters. Frigat and Mourning completed the wondrously weird tableau———Cadmus and Hermione, represented by a hideous serpent and a beautiful woman———The Punishment of Midas———was followed by a representation of Esculapius which ended the grand and never-to-be-forgotten celebration.

COBACO.

☞ Burns being in church one Sunday, and having some difficulty in procuring a seat; a young lady, who perceived him, kinkly made way for him in her pew. The text was on the terrors of the gospel as denounced against sinners, to prove which the preacher referred to several passages of scripture, to all of which the lady seemed attentive and somewhat agitated. Burns on perceiving this, wrote with a pencil, on the blank leaf of her Bible the following lines:

Fair maid, you need not take a hint,
Nor idle texts pursue,
'Twas only sinners that he meant,
Not angels such as you.

'Methegin-law' is the name of a new mixture of ale. It is old and bitter and comparatively few can swallow it.

On the Death of Miss Ida Crew.

T'was hard to see that fair bud fade,
And wither ere it bloom,
Cut down by time's unerring blade
And planted in the tomb.

But God saw best to take her home
To that fair land of rest,
So parents of that lovely girl,
Remember she is blest.

Sisters, brothers, parents all,
Grieve not that she has fled,
In Heaven she sings with angels now
Although to you she's dead.

—*Written for the Transcript.*

OUR SENATORS.

WHO THEY ARE, WHERE THEY LIVE, AND WHAT THEY DO.

The Annapolis correspondent of the Baltimore *Telegram* thus describes our State Senators:—

Allegany County is represented in the Senate by John S. Combs, of Lonsconing. Mr. Combs is a merchant and Republican, a very quiet man, who takes little part in legislation except to vote as his conscience dictates.

Michael Bannon, of Hooversville, Anne Arundel County, is a lawyer and Democrat, and too well known thoughout the State to need any sketch of his peculiarities. He takes the most active part of any member of the Senate in legislation, and is heard upon every bill. He is a member of most all the important committees, and a very hard worker.

John H. Cooper, of Baltimore City, is a pilot. He represents the eastern section of the city, and is of course a Democrat, not much of a speaker, that is, does not talk much; knows all about fish (his favorites are smelts), and is a valuable and energetic committee man.

Robert L. McLane is a lawyer, and a valuable adjunct to the Democratic party, lives in the northern section of the city when not in Europe, and numbers among his friends every man, woman and child in his district, and a large majority of the State. He is one of the most thorough legal minds in the Senate, a good speaker, and possessed of strong argumentative powers.

Col. Eugene S. Joyce is a hotel proprietor, a Democrat, from the southern section of Baltimore, and the hardest man to change his opinion after being once convinced that there is in the Assembly. He speaks well, and is a warm friend when friendship is needed.

Edward D. Freeman, of Baltimore County, is a farmer, belongs to what is known as the Reform party, and is Chairman of the Committee on Pensions. He says little, but attends to his duties and the interests of his constituents thoroughly.

Joseph A. Wilson, of Calvert County, is an attorney at law. He is a gentleman of culture and research, a Democrat and very popular. In appearance, he looks like a statesman.

Thomas F. Garey, of Denton, Caroline County, is the best farmer in the General Assembly. He is a fusionist; and has made one speech in the Senate this session.

Col. J. Fenner Lee, of Carroll County, is a Democrat and a farmer. His home is at Finksburg. He looks little like a farmer, has, in the absence of Mr. Lloyd, presided with grace and dignity over the proceedings of the body, and is as popular as he is able.

John H. Miller, of Elkton, Cecil County, is a lawyer and a Democrat. He is one of the best-read lawyers in the State, a careful investigator, a fine speaker, and a courteous gentleman.

Dr. F. M. Lancaster, of Harris' Lot, Charles County, is a physician of large practice, a Republican and much liked by all his colleagues. He is the handsomest man in the Senate, and speaks but seldom; when he does, however, he convinces his auditors. He never undertakes any matter with which he is not thoroughly familiar.

Clement Sulivane, of Cambridge, Dorchester county, is probable the youngest member of the Senate. He is a Democrat, and a lawyer, and a very able politician for his years. He is devoted to the interests of Dorchester county, and his speeches are models of rhetorical ability.

Dr. Lewis H. Steiner, of Frederick city, is a physician of national reputation. He is a republican, and probably the best platform speaker in the Senate. He is a great parliamentarian, and his rules of order which were a day or two since adopted in the Senate, are a model of works of this kind.

Balthazar Weedley, of Grantsville, Garret county, is a Republican. He is a merchant, and says but little in the Senate.

Perman Stump, Jr., of Belair, Harford county, is a lawyer and a Democrat. He is an eloquent speaker and a great favorite. His speech against the bill legalizing the actions of Comptroller Woolford was one of the most masterly efforts witnessed in the present General Assembly. He is the only bachelor in the Senate.

Arthur P. German, the well known President of the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal, is, without doubt, to-day one of the most accomplished Democratic statesmen in Maryland. He resides at Laurel, in Howard county, and is acknowledged throughout the whole land as the head of his party in this State. He is affable and courteous in the extreme, and is as popular as he is powerful.

Wm. T. Hopkins, is a Democrat and farmer from Kent County, resides in Kennedyville. He is thoroughly interested in 'Old Kent,' and continuously studies how he can best serve her. He likes to hear his county well spoken of, and don't care much what is said about himself so long as his people are kindly referred to.

George Peter, of Montgomery county, is a lawyer and Democrat. He is a good talker and a valuable adjunct to the Senate. He too is proud of his county, and reflects, credit upon the judgment of his constituents who sent him to his present seat. He resides at Rockville, and is possessed of a lucrative practice.

W. B. Hill, of Prince George county, is a farmer, and resides at Upper Marlboro. He is a Reformer, and in years the oldest member of the Senate. He votes usually with the Republican side of the Senate, but does not take a very active part in the debates.

Budd S. Ford, of Church Hill, Queen Anne county, is a farmer and a Democrat. Everybody in the State knows him. There is a fine steamer named after him, and his friends are legion. He will never oppose any purely local measures of his fellow-senators, and expects the same courtesy from them. *He* gets it, too, for when he speaks every one is convinced that he means what he says.

Robert C. Combs, of St. Mary's county, is a lawyer and Democrat. He is an unobtrusive gentleman, says but little and always votes right. Mr. C. always wears a smile and when he does speak does it easily and in good taste.

James N. Dennis, of Somerset county, resides at Princess Anne. He is a lawyer, a Democrat and a brother of the U. S. Senator who will be succeeded by Mr. Groome. He is a very impassioned speaker, and when he warms up to his work carries everything before him. His speeches have telling effect on juries and have changed more than one vote during this session.

Edward Lloyd, the president of the Senate, is from Easton, Talbot county. He is a farmer and presides over the sessions of the Senate in a dignified and impressive manner. He is a great stickler for the respect due the Senate and compels its enforcement. He seldom makes mistakes, understands and appreciates a joke, and is the most popular president the Senate has ever had.

David H. Newcomer, of Benevola, Washington county, is a farmer and miller, and a Republican. He is pretty well advanced in years, and says little in the Senate. He is a kindly old gentleman, much liked.

Thomas Humphries, of Wicomico, is a Democrat. He lives at Salisbury. He is a lawyer and one of the youngest members of the Senate. *He* does not speak often but looks studiously after the interests of his constituents.

Littleton P. Franklin, of Berlin, is a Democrat and farmer. *He* represents Worcester county, with credit to himself and his constituents.

From this it will be seen that there are in the Senate 16 Democrats, 5 Republicans, 2 Reformers and 2 Fusionist. There are 10 lawyers, 9 Farmers, 2 Physicians, 2 Merchants, 1 Pilot, 1 Hotel Proprietor, 1 President of a Corporation.

☞ A story is told of the late Queen of Holland, who encountered one day on the high road a soldier making frantic efforts to light his pipe.

'There' said she, giving him some money, 'buy good tobacco.'

'It is the queen,' whispered an equerry in the soldier's ear.

'I see the regulation tobacco is not good,' said the queen.

The soldier opened his pouch, placed some weed in Her Magisty's hand, adding:

'Just taste that stuff, ma'am.'

☞ A Western belle, attending a theatre recently, complained in one of the scenes that the light was too dim to show the acting properly. 'Won't you try this glass?' asked her escort, handing her his opera-glass. Hastily covering the suspicious looking object with her handkerchief, she placed it to her lips, took a long pull, and then handed it back in great disgust saying: 'Why, there ain't a drop in it!'

☞ A tombstone in South Carolina bears the following epitaph:

Here lies the body of Robert Gordon,
Mouth almighty, and teeth accordin';
Stranger tread lightly over this wonder,
If he opens his mouth, you are gone by thunder.

☞ Epitaph of Oxford, New Hampshire.

To all my friends I bid adieu,
A more sudden death you never knew,
As I was leading the old mare to drink,
She kicked and killed me quicker'n a wink.

☞ The happiest moments in a woman's life are when she is making her wedding garments, the saddest, when her husband comes home late at night and yells, to her from the front steps to throw him out some key-holes, assorted sizes.

☞ 'Mother, can I go and have my photograph taken?'—'No, I guess it isn't worth while.'—'Well; then, you might let me go and have a tooth pulled. I never go anywhere.'

☞ A Doctor in Nashville gave the following prescription for a sick lady; 'A new bonnet, a cashmere shawl, a pair of gaiter boots.' The lady recovered immediately.

AGRICULTURE

SOME COMMON AILMENTS OF HORSES.—Ringbone is of two kinds—true and false. The false ringbone is an enlargement situated above the middle of the bone. When very large, it may cause lameness. As a rule, however, it never gives inconvenience to the animal.

The true ringbone is quite another matter. There are two kinds—the high and the low. It is called high when it involves the bone immediately above the joint.

Ringbone, whether high or low, varies in size; but the degree of lameness does not depend upon the size of the formation. An animal may be very lame with but little deposit; and another may show but little lameness with a very large ringbone. Very often the circle of the ring is defective, and the deposit appears only on one side of the limb, or on both sides, and none in front. When at the sides they do not cause the same degree of lameness as when in front.

Ringbones are not the cause, but the result of disease, being the result of an inflamation originating in the bone.

Shoulder slip.—This is a sprain or laceration of the fibres of the spinatus muscels, together with, probably, the abductor magnus and teres exturgus. The humerous, lacking the tension of these muscles, rotates outward at every step with unusual freedom. Pain is expressed in recent cases, and wasting of the muscles just named. In the majority of cases actual lameness does not occur. There will be a hollow space upon either side of the scapular spine, extending its whole length.

Shoulder lameness.—The gait of shoulder lameness is indicative of the seat of disease. The patient does not carry his limb straight forward, but with a rotary motion, the limb being thrown outwards, and the toe made to form the segment of a circle; in other words, he brings the leg forward, with a sort of sweep, and the toe is dragged or trailed on the ground.

In shoulder or knee lameness, the signs of pain are more discernible during the elevation of the foot from the ground; whereas, in foot and other diseases below the knee, the converse is the rule.

Stringhall.—An involuntary, convulsive motion of the muscles of one or both hind legs.

Speedy cut—Is the name of an injury to the knee. It is inflicted by the horse striking his knee with the opposite foot. The symptoms are inflamation and swelling of the skin, collection of fluid in the sub-cutaneous areoler tissue, constituting a serious abscess.

Seedy Toe.—This term is applied to a perverted secretion of bone at the lower margin of the ospedis (lower bone of the foot), by which the crust becomes detached from the horny lamina.

Thorough Pin.—Thorough pin is a bursal enlargement situated on the lower part of the thigh and upper and back part of the hock.

Thrush.—A discharge of fœtid material from the frog.

Spavin.—A violent twisting or straining of the soft parts around the joints. According to the degree of the sprain, the fibrous parts of the joint may be simply stretched, or they may be ruptured. The symptoms are swelling around the sprained part, attended by lameness.

Sprain of the Metacarpi Internus.—This is visible over the trapexinu on the inner and lower part of the knee.

Sprain of the Metacarpi Externus.—This is made visible by an enlargement on the outside of the knee, over the small metacarpal condyle.

Sprain of the radical Ligaments—Is manifested by lameness, a difficulty in flexing the knee, with swelling, heat and tenderness immediately obove the knee.

Sprain of the Psoa Muscles.—Inability to rise when down; a knucking over at the fetlock joints when standing, when made to walk he drags his legs or trails them. There is scarcely any elevation of the foot or flexion of the joints, and a great tendency is shown to knuckle over at every step.

Sprain of the Fetlock joint.—In inflamation of the fetlock joint, from whatever cause the lameness is characterised by inability to flex the joint, by heat, swelling, pain or pressure.

Wounds.—A wound made with a clean-cutting instrument is an incised wound. A wound inflicted by some blunt object, without perforating the skin, is a contused wound. When the skin is divided and torn, with ragged, uneven edges, it is called a lacerated wound.—*Chicago Field.*

WHAT IT COSTS.—The State Board of Agriculture has received reports from one hundred and ninety correspondents throughout the State of Pennsylvania, giving estimates of the cost of growing various farm crops per bushel, and we have as the summing up of those returns that to grow a bushel of wheat it costs 81 cts.; corn, 46½ cents, and oats 27 cents. In these estimates the interest upon capital invested and a proper share of manure are included. As this is the aggregate for the State we should suppose that the cost was above these figures near Philadelphia, because of the higher price of farming lands, otherwise we should say they come very near expressing the truth.—*Practical Farmer.*

SHELTER.—It is absolute necessary that animals should be sheltered from damp and cold. The reason why pigs and other animals do not fatten as readily in cold weather as in the warmer months is, that the food is largely used in keeping up the vital heat, which is now given off in excess and lost. If this loss is prevented, animals will fatten in winter as readily as any other time.

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