

'a girl as a gentleman's dinner party'

EXAMINATION FOR SOUNDNESS.

From the North British Agriculturist. "Will you warrant him sound?" is one of the first and most important questions we ask regarding the horse we are about to purchase. And a puzzling and difficult question it often is to the conscientious seller; for there are few horses which have been at full work for a year or two that, in the strict acceptance of the term, are really sound. They may be competent for the duties required of them, useful, lasting, and most valuable, but, nevertheless, they very commonly have some screw loose, some defect, some disease, something which the well-skilled and educated practitioner detects as a departure from health, and accordingly pronounces an unsoundness. It may be serious or slight, of long-standing or of yesterday, permanent or temporary. In some fortunate instances it is so trifling that rest and judicious treatment may speedily remove it. Such as slight corns, caused by bad shoeing, lameness from a prick, thrushes from careless management of the feet, or simple thrombus from bleeding. These being deviations from natural structure or from health, constitute for the time unsoundness, just as much as incurable spavin or broken wind. The sensible veterinarian consulted, however, respecting such cases, whilst stating the existence of the particular form of unsoundness is also justified in explaining to his clients the temporary and curable nature of the unsoundness. This is to the advantage of both buyer and seller.

The author of the excellent and entertaining article on "horse keeping and horse dealing," in the May number of *Cornhill*, very properly advises that, before closing the bargain, the horse should be examined by a competent and experienced veterinarian. This is most essential with the lighter breeds, and especially if purchased from strangers, or those on whose opinion or word implicit reliance cannot be securely placed. Farmers purchasing horses for agricultural purposes frequently dispense with the professional opinion, and take from the seller a warranty, either in writing, or distinctly expressed in presence of witnesses. In examining horses it is best and most convenient to pursue a regular and methodical plan. Having the horse brought up to you, examine first his mouth, to satisfy yourself as to his age. Notice that the eyes are clear, and that the iris contracts and expands according to the amount of light. Passing the hand under the lower jaw, assure yourself that there are no lumps or swellings, indicative of bastard strangles or other glandular complaints. As the hand is thence passed down the neck, ascertain that the jugular veins are soft and entire. Occasionally we have seen horses with the vein on one side perfectly obliterated. Inflammation following blood-letting is a common cause. There is seldom any permanent inconvenience, for the other vessels on the same side soon become enlarged, the circulation is thus duly carried on, and the only untoward effect is swelling of the head when the animal is grazed. See that the shoulders be equal prominent; for in young farm-horses the muscles of the shoulder-blade are occasionally strained, and become in consequence wasted. By hand and eye ascertain that the knees are well formed and free from blemishes. The front surface should be broad, and the prominence which projects backwards distinct and large, affording sufficient room and attachment for the well-developed tendons which pass up the limb. The skin should move freely over the front surfaces of the knee, and be free from all scars and marks. These, and any other indications of the animals having been down must be viewed with great suspicion, especially in the case of tottering shabby limbs. The plausible excuse of injuries from rubbing the manger and other such ingenious explanations, must be taken for what they are worth.

ADVANTAGES OF LABOR.—The rich man pays dearly for health—the laboring man is paid to be healthy. Exercise is the best physician. Those who have strength, and a good pair of legs, need not be drawn about in a carriage. Carriages are fine things for doctors.—The more they increase the more need there will be of medical men and drugs; and those who never work, create for themselves weak arms, delicate hands, and infirm or crooked spines. Labor has its joys as well as its sorrows, and a far higher reward than that of wages. If this fact were better understood, no one would be idle. Far better it is to work for no pay at all, than to suffer the ills of having nothing to do. A good appetite, healthy digestion, and a free circulation of blood, are among the blessings of labor.—*Elliot.*

It may be a question, which has the most formidable horn—an ox, a buffalo, or a dilemma?

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Poetry.

GOD.
BY ALEX. MACLACHLAN.
God of the blue vault overhead,
Of the green earth on which we tread,
Of time and space,
God of the worlds which time conceals,
God of the worlds which death reveals,
To all our race.
God of the glorious realms of thought,
From which some simple hearts have caught
A ray divine,
And the songs which rouse the nations,
And the terrible orations,
Lord God, are thine.
And all the forms of beauty rare,
Which toil and genius mould with care,
Yea the sublime,
The sculptured busts of joy and woe
By Thee were fashioned long ago,
In that far clime.
Far above earth, and space and time,
Thou dwellest in thy heights sublime.
Beneath thy feet,
The rolling worlds, the heavens are spread,
Glory infinite around Thee shed
Where angels meet.
From out thy wrath the earthquake leap,
And shake the world's foundations deep,
Till nature groans,
In agony the mountains call,
And ocean bellows throughout all
Her frightened zones.
But where thy smile its glory sheds
The hills lift their lovely heads,
And the primrose rare;
And the deer daisied with pearls,
Richer than the proudest East's
On their mantles wear.
These thy preachers of the wild-wood
Keep thee not the heart of childhood,
Fresh within us still,
Spite of all our life's sad story,
There are gleams of Thee and glory,
In the daffodil.
And old nature's heart rejoices,
And the rivers lift their voices,
And the sounding sea,
And the mountains old and hoary,
With their diadems of glory,
Shout, Lord, unto Thee.

Literature.

THE VENISON SUPPER.

A BACKWOODS REMINISCENCE.

THE golden evening of a lovely autumnal day was fast drawing to a close, and Paul Skinner, my trapper friend, and myself, were beginning to bend anxious glances upon the river's bank on either side of us, in the hope of finding some sequestered nook where we might run our canoe ashore and encamp leisurely for the night. "Yonder," cried Paul pointing to a small picturesque clump of trees a short distance in advance; "we cannot do better. Good cover, and no lack of deer, I warrant."

Paul Skinner was a joyous, reckless young Englishman, whose exuberance of animal spirit and insuperable love of a venture had induced him, at an early period of his career, to quit his native country, and link himself with a band of trappers who frequented the untrodden wilderness of the fair and far north-west. Symptoms of home-sickness, however were now, for the first time, beginning to develop themselves in his manly heart, and he liked to talk of accompanying me in my pilgrimage back across the big salt lake, to that land toward which all my better affections had long been pointing.—A tear would sometimes tremble in Paul's eye when we spoke of England; and there was a something in connection with that tear, regarding which I often wished it would please him to become a little more communicative. But I am forgetting that we are just about to jump ashore and pitch our tent.

"Cost bon," replied I (Paul always laughed at my French); "if you like the place, let us make for it at once."

"Ditto, ditto," answered he. "I shall eat a whole squirrel, providing we do not circumvent a fat back."

"I will eat no more of your baked squirrels," said I, stoutly.

"Ma foi! but you may get nothing else," cried Paul; "you should have let me bag that pretty white rabbit with the pink eyes; it was a curiosity."

"A *rara avis*, you mean to say," observed he, laughing.

"What is a *rara avis*?" asked Paul; "I wish you would talk English."

"So I will, if you promise not to bore me with any more of your bad French," so saying, I sprang upon the sandy beach, and tearing a long strip of bark from a young moose-tree that grew near, I twisted it hastily together, and moored our canoe to the branch of a fallen pine which jatted over the river's brink. Paul had already seized the axe, and commenced hewing logs for a fire, when happening to glance into the forest, I saw a thin wreath of blue smoke curling spirally to the sky. I pointed it out immediately to my companion.

"There are Indians at hand, friend Abel," said Paul; "go and reconnoitre."

I laid down the fox-skin pouch,

which contained the flint, steel, and touchwood, and crept noiselessly forward. No Indians were visible, but there was a large fire blazing cheerfully upon a small patch of clearing, and a fine piece of venison, cleverly arranged upon three curved sticks, hissing musically over it, and exhaling a most irresistible odor aromatic. With an air of some satisfaction, therefore, I marched back to Paul, and acquainted him with the result of my mission. He returned with a few seconds, and then burst into an uproarious fit of laughter.

"Here is supper ready spread for us," quoth he; "covets for two—sit down, I beg. For what we are about to receive—what a delicious smell to be sure! I don't quite understand how these good things came here, but that has nothing to do with it. Come, and we will talk the matter over afterwards."

With these words, Paul Skinner passed his long hunting-knife through the venison, and presented me with my share. He then ran down the canoe, and brought up the remains of a stale loaf, and a kettle of water; and, with our cocked rifles at our sides, we ate our meal in quiet contentment.

We had scarcely concluded, when advancing steps were heard, the branches were thrust aside, and three stately red men (the foremost having upon his magnificent head a blue naval cap, garnished with a gold band and a long crow's feather) presented themselves to our astonished gaze. I experienced a strange, indigestible kind of sensation, and looked at Paul, who turned pale, but recovered himself in an instant.

"How do you do, gentlemen?" said the trapper, with a smile of much suavity, and a strong effort to dispose of a last morsel of venison.

I shall not soon forget the expression of the countenance of the three red men, as they surveyed the spot where their intended savoury repast had lately been put down to cook.

"I don't like the look of these fellows," muttered Paul; "there is a storm brewing."

Just then, the tallest and oldest of our visitors laid aside his furs, and, advancing with dignity, took me by the hand, saying—"White son, welcome; paleface and red chief always brothers; tank Great Spirit for dat. White son Christian, he?"

"Yes," said I, returning his grasp, and starting him steadily in the face. I then apologised, with much gravity, for having appropriated to ourselves his venison, and asked him whether he had more. The strange features of the chief gave a spasmodic twitch, and he shook his head, motioning me at the same time to be seated.

"Keep your legs, and be ready to grasp your rifle at a moment's notice," whispered Paul, from the corner of his eloquent eye.

"No great matter," replied the chief, in response to my query touching the venison; "kill deer by own ty. Tank him God for dinner, eh?"

"No," said I, rather abashed at the omission; "we were about to do so, when your arrival."—

"No tank him, God?" said the chief; "bad dat—always terry Christian tank him God for eberything—eh?"

"I regret to observe," answered I, "that there are a great many who forget to do so, and that, to-day, my friend and I are unfortunately among the number."

The old warrior shook his head again, and exchanged a rapid and almost imperceptible glance with his "young men." I mistrusted him from that moment.

"Good fusc—handsome fusc dat," said the chief, about to place his hand upon my piece. In an instant I seized it, and retreated a pace or two. There was a simultaneous rush of the three redskins to capture the rifles, but Paul and I had anticipated the movement, and, dropping the muzzle of our weapons to the level of their breasts, retired at a double quick step backwards. It was a fortunate occurrence for us that the firelocks of the Indians had been previously discharged. One of them, however, rammed home a bullet with the rapidity of lightning.

"Now for it," cried Paul, "in and away!" Quick as thought he leaped into the canoe, and with one stroke of his tomahawk cut the moose rope that attacked it to the shore. I sprang as nimbly after him, and, driving the barrel of my rifle into

the sand, shoved off into the mid-stream. A bullet crazed my cap as I did so, and our heavy axe whizzed past the head of Paul.

"Reserve your fire," but I had already pulled trigger, and seen the youngest of the red men stagger.—Darting swiftly down with the current, we had shot at least thirty yards ahead of them, when my eye caught a glimpse of a canoe, half-hidden among the trees that overhung the river's bank. Paul had seen it too. A similar idea flashed through both our brains together, and shortly afterwards we were paddling triumphantly away, with the little craft in tow.

"We are losing ground, gasped the trapper, "you must let it go—every moment is precious. Quick! they are about us. Scuttle it if you can; drive your tomahawk through its bottom—anything!" I acted upon the latter suggestion without loss of time, and a loud yell from the enemy announced the success of the operation. Three sharp reports followed. Paul drew in his breath suddenly, as one in pain—another sweep of the paddle, and we were out of danger's reach.

"Are you hurt?" I inquired.

"One of my ears are gone—that is all," said the trapper, roaring with laughter.

"You take it coolly," I observed.

"I have got another—haven't I?" said Paul; "but see yonder! they have fished up the canoe! Now barkee, friend Abel, we shall have just twenty minutes the start of them. They will tow that thing ashore, light a fire, heat their cement kettle, clap on a fresh bit of birch-bark, and be after us again in almost less time than it takes to say it. I know that gentleman with the gold cap and feather. His father was a crow. They called 'Stealthystopper.' He came to the Missionary up at the station yonder, and got baptized. The next morning we missed him—and six of our best horses. How many bullets have you?"

"Five."

"And how many charges of powder?"

"Fifty."

"That will do. Avancez mes cheres anfans I advancez."

An anxious hour rolled slowly away. We had progressed at least a couple of leagues, and as yet there were no symptoms of a pursuit.

"Shall we keep this up, or look for cover?" said I, pausing for breath.

"I am thinking the matter over," replied Paul. "Let me see; they have the advantage of us in numbers; are stout experienced fellows, and every now and then can have a fresh hand at the paddle. We have no chance of escape by flight, I think. What say you?"

"That we must let them pass us."

"Agreed; there is no moon, and but few stars; in ten minutes it will be dark as pitch."

Paul was right; in another quarter of an hour we could scarcely see each other's faces. We allowed the canoe to drift under the overhanging branches of an adjacent hemlock, and sat there—like two alligators, up to their chins in mud, watching for a meal.

"That is the tramp of a bear," said I, to the trapper.

"Did I ever tell you of the little brush once had with a bear?" inquired Paul.

"Never," said I; "pray let us have it."

"I had lost my way one very chilly night, a summer or two since, in the forests up north; and having neither great coat, nor blanket, nor buffalo-skin, nor materials for the ignition of a fire. I thought of locating myself till morning in the hollow of a rotten hemlock, which stood close at hand. No sooner had I contrived to lower myself to the bottom of it, however, than my ears were regaled with one of the most dismal and extraordinary howls that they have ever been constrained to give audience to; and feeling about me to deposit myself in the very centre of a litter of bear's cubs. 'Ma foi!' reflected I, 'if the old she-bear (who has gone out I suppose to spend the evening) comes back and finds me here, my situation will be anything but a pleasant one. Hark! what was that?"

"Nothing," said I, "go on with your tale."

"Well, nor cher Abel, the idea of being clapperclawed by the indignant animal, and served up in the

shape of a cold collation to her interesting family, did not inspire me with any additional respect for the predicament in which my ill-luck had placed me; and I resolved upon seeking elsewhere for a lodging. In pursuance of this resolution, I was just about to reclimb the tree, by dint of sticking my fingers and feet into the touchwood, when the blue sky was suddenly blotted from my sight, there was a low growl, the young cubs began to frisk about, and I saw the old she-bear pop her hind quarters into the hemlock, and set about letting herself gracefully down backwards—just in the way you would descend a ladder. My heart threw a complete somersault, and my knees knocked together. 'Paul Skinner,' said I to myself, 'your star, my boy, is by no means in the ascendant; I would not give a pinch of powder for your prospects.' A new idea then occurred to me. I whipped out my knife, and just as my comely hostess was about to establish her great damp foot on my cranium, stabbed her with all my might, no less than six times in the tail, and then grasped her firmly by the shaggy hide. Wondering, I daresay, what so singular a development on the part of her cubs was intended to indicate, away she clambered up the tree again with the speed of a congreve rocket, dragging your very humble servant after her as she went, and planting him, in a state of comparative safety, upon his legs, at the rotten hemlock's base. What are you laughing at?"

"You will vouch, of course, for the veracity of that tale," said I, wiping the tears from my eyes.

"I will," returned Paul. "Hark! what is that?"

"They are coming."

"Which side the river?" asked he.

"This, apparently."

"Ah! then we must be off to the other. Hark again!"

"This side," repeated I; "I hear the dip of the paddles. And see! there are two stars blotted out in the north. We have no time to better our position."

I had scarcely closed my lips ere the dip of the paddles ceased, and we knew that the red men were within twenty feet of our hiding-place.

"I can't help thinking about the venison," whispered Paul, "and am going to laugh."

"Do—and I will brain you in the act," said I.

"I am holding my sides," giggled Paul.

"You had better," threatened I, while my heart beats so loudly that I thought the Indians must have heard it.

Soon afterwards they resumed their paddles, and we breathed again. We listened until the sounds had quite died away, and then, securing the canoe to the bank, seized our rifles, and stepped cautiously into the forest.

"Hark!" cried I; "did you hear that yell?"

"It was the wolves," said Paul; "they have struck upon the trail of a deer."

"The red men are coming back, I tell you—and are almost upon us."

"Back, then, to the canoe," whispered the trapper. "Hush!—not a breath, or we are lost. Take care of those dry sticks; feel your way with the toe of your moccasins before you tread. Ah-h!"

In spite of my caution, I had placed my foot upon a brittle twig, and it occasioned a sound something resembling that which is generally produced by the application of one's knuckle to the conductor of an electrifying machine. The Indians paused nearly opposite the spot of our concealment, and held a brief consultation.

"We are not discovered," said Paul, squeezing my arm in ecstasy; "they are off the scent."

In another minute we heard the respectable trio pulling themselves along by the branches close to us, and feeling for a convenient place to land. That preliminary arranged, they stepped ashore, and threw themselves on the ground, without about pistol-shot of where we sat.

"What tickles you now?" said I to the trapper, rather snappishly; "do you wish to lose your scalp?"

"You have wounded that tall squinting youth in the leg," muttered Paul, "and he is invoking a blessing on your head for the attention.—Hush! Stealthystopper is speaking."

"Aha! very well, my fine fellow," muttered Paul again; "he says we have not passed, and they are about to construct a rope of moose-bark,

which they intend to stretch from one bank of the river to the other. They expect it will capsize us, or at all events give timely warning of our approach. The idea is a new one, and the scoundrels deserve some credit for it. Only bear how they are peeling the young trees!"

At this crisis of affairs, I heard a light footstep close beside me, and then a curious noise, as though a large cover of patridges had suddenly taken wing from the spot. I placed my fourfinger upon the hair trigger of my rifle, and kept the muzzle pointed in the direction of the intruder; but his retiring steps told me that the danger had passed. A deathless silence of half-an-hour's duration ensued, and I began to entertain some hopes that the Indians had given up the chase, and departed. I intimated my thoughts to Paul.

"No such luck," said he; "they are close at hand, like wild cats waiting for the spring. We have only one chance of escape. We must make another attempt to capture their canoe, and sink it. Stay, one is sufficient for the work. Well, here she then; take this knife. She lies about ten yards down the bank, on your right hand. Don't spare her bottom."

"I will make a hole big enough for you to put your head in," said I; and away I went, trailing myself along like a boa constrictor.

Thrice I pushed on the way, to listen, fearful of treading upon the prostrate body of one of the red men, who I knew could not be far distant; but not a sound fell upon my ear, and pushing forward again, I contrived to plant my foot upon the chest of Stealthystopper, who, instead of springing to his legs and plunging his knife into my heart—as I certainly apprehended he would do—merely gave a growl and a shake, and grumbled something that I did not at all understand. To add a finishing stroke, therefore, to the detestation which it was evident to me he laboured, I searched about for a moose-tree, and stripped it at one pull—then made straight for the chief's canoe, on which I soon laid my hand. Five times I drew Paul's knife along its bottom, and had the satisfaction of feeling the water rush rapidly in. I next cut the thong that held the little craft to the bank, and pushing my prize quietly before me into the river, let it slip gradually, from my grasp. With a lightened heart I now stole back to Paul, who, just as I was about to touch him softly on the shoulder, and put my lips to his ear, grappled me fiercely by the throat, and made a desperate effort to knock my legs from under me. The act took me so by surprise that I could not suppress a slight ejaculation of anger, which served to rectify the trapper's mistake, and make us both beat a nimble retreat in the direction of our own canoe, into which we hastily scrambled (nearly upsetting in the process), and then hurried away for midstream. Sudden as the movement was, the Indians were not less prompt in dashing off in pursuit, and our prospects of escape were still rather precarious.

"What is the matter with the craft?" roared Paul; "she don't move!"

"One of our amiable friends is hanging on astern," cried I, clutching my tomahawk, and bending down to make sure of my mark.

"Knock him on the head! chop his arm off!" shrieked the trapper, thrusting the muzzle of his rifle into my face, and pulling the trigger. At the same moment I made a cut at a dark object beneath me—a handful of hair was torn from my head—there was a loud yell, (in which I joined)—I felt our canoe rushing swiftly through the water—tumbled helplessly back upon Paul Skinner—and we were free.

"We were about to pay somewhat dearly for our venison supper," observed Paul, as soon as we had regained our breath, and increased the distance between ourselves and foes at least a couple of leagues, "and to think, too, that my piece should miss fire at such a critical moment! I never regretted anything so much in my life."

"Indeed!" said I; "I assure you I am far from reciprocating your sorrow. Perhaps you are not aware that you snapped it at my head."

"Nonsense!" cried Paul, with a long laugh; "did I? Well, I was a little excited, and the thing was excusable. Your English percussion-caps are bad."

'They are the finest in the world,' said I.

'Well, I am not going to quarrel with you,' returned the trapper, 'for I have an ounce bullet in my back. By-the-by, have you sustained any damage?'

'None—save the loss of about a quarter of a pound of hair.'

'N'importe,' replied Paul, pleasantly. 'Caesar himself, you know, was bald.' And not daring to shoot the rapids in the dark, we landed ashore for the 'portage,' and with the inverted canoe upon our heads, buried ourselves once more in the silent forest.

THE HUMAN BODY.

That all the organs were designed to discharge peculiar functions, no one can doubt. If there be design in a watch, there is design in the construction of an eye; and if there is design in the construction of an eye, there is design in the construction of every organ in the human body.

Galen, that wonderful man, whose opinions influenced the medical world for thirteen hundred years with unbounded sway, was converted from atheism by the dissection of a human body. Nor shall we deem such an event singular, if we consider, for a moment, how wisely and wonderfully it is made.

Look at the elements wrought into this animal economy; at its structure and functions. What variety of parts! How unlike! How singular its structure! How diverse its functions! Here are bones and blood, solids and fluids; here the opaque muscle, and the transparent humor; the brilliant, adorning, vegetating hair; the keenly sensitive nerve; the more than curious digestive apparatus; the breathing lungs and beating heart. How various the organs designed for multifarious uses! In health they discharge all their functions well!

Here are gathered into one frame, compacted by that which every joint supplieth, harmonized, and stowed side by side, the most different, conflicting elements—oil and water, acid and alkali, solid and fluid, vegetable and animal, iron and oxygen. In this organism, all these, and more, not only tolerate each other, but harmonize and co-operate together for the general good. Each is indispensable to its fellow, and one cannot say to the other, 'I have no need of thee.' Such are the elements, not heterogeneously commingled, but wisely arranged in this body.—*How to Enjoy Life.*

CHARACTER GONE BEFORE.—A young man's character was such as to excite universal disapprobation. He could no longer resist the pressure of public sentiment. He disposed of his property and attempted to resume business in a distant part of the country. But his character, or rather his reputation, had gone before him. Men regarded him with suspicion. He was unable to secure the confidence and countenance necessary to success. In this case his sins went before him to his new place of residence. The sins of men go before them still further. They go before them to the judgment, and will be ready to meet them there. What a fearful meeting! How impossible to escape from their accusations and consequences. It is related of a prisoner, that after he had toiled for months, in constructing a mine from his dungeon, by means of which he hoped to escape, when at last he broke ground and let in the light of day, which he had so fondly hoped to enjoy, the first object he saw was an armed jailer waiting to arrest him! That jailer struck far less dismay and despair to the heart of the prisoner, than meeting with his sins will strike to the heart of the sinner at the day of judgment.—*N. Y. Observer.*

"But if I put my money in the savings' bank," inquired one of the newly-arrived, "when can I draw it out again?" "Oh, responded his Hibernian friend, "sure, an' if you put it in to-day, you can get it out again to-morrow, by giving a fortnight's notice."

A Sound Conclusion.—After a game at quoits in a village not far from the Stinch, lately, the players entered on politics, and a condemnatory discussion of the Marriage Affinity bill ensued. An old hand wound up the debate as follows:—"I think we're a' o' a' mid." For my part, nothing would ever gar me marry my wife's deceased sister!"