

To tell a horse's age by the teeth

The Patriot.

Eloquence the soul, song charms the sense

BELLEFONTE August, 1822,

SELECTED.
TO TORQUATUS.

The snows dissolved, new verdure clothes the plain,
The trees again their leafy horns bear,
To laughing spring, stern winter yields his reign
All nature gay and music fills the air.

Charged is the angry torrent's roar
To murmurs on the pebbled shore,
And frolic nymphs, and youths are seen
In circling maze to tread the green.

The varying year and Time's increasing flight,
Proclaim that sad mortality is ours;
How soon shall spring give way to summer bright
Quick follows Autumn, and now winter lowers.

The waning moon renews her light,
But man sinks in an endless night;
The rich, the wise, the brave and just
Laid in the tomb are nought but dust.

So frail our lot perchance the gods deny
To us again again to run the mornings' ray;
Seize then the winged moments as they fly
Regardless of to-morrow, live to-day.

Soon for a thankless heir shall shine,
Your golden cups and sparkling wine,
Hoard not for him your glittering treasure,
But give it to your friends and pleasure.

Though you, Torquatus, boast a noble race
And eloquence that sways the willing soul,
Though every virtue in your breast has place,
Relentless death disdains their weak control.

The impious and the good alike his prey,
He hurries from the cheerful day,
Nor have the gods the power to save
Their favorites from the gloomy grave.

HORACE.

From the Liverpool Advertiser.

THE LILLY OF THE VALLEY.

Fair modest flower that shuns parade,
Whose sweets all other sweets excel,
Oft have I sought thee in the shade,
And watch'd thy slowly opening bell.

In life's fair morn, when I was young,
And sigh'd like others to be gay—
Pale flower! I placed thee near my breast,
And threw the blushing rose away.

Yet 'twas not hatred that did guide
My infant choice, and move my scorn;
Methought the rose was sworn with pride,
And thou neglected and forlorn.

May pity ever thus prevail,
And softly all my soul incline,
To listen to the plaintive tale,
And make the cause of sorrow mine.

And when I see misfortune sink
Neath cruel pride's sarcastic rail,
I'll raise its drooping head, and think
On thee sweet lilly of the vale.

The Pedlar.

I am a jolly gay pedlar,
Come here to sell my ware—
In all things I'm a meddler,
* * * * * —Osc. & Malv.

It is related of Socrates, that when he was asked, "how so good and peaceable a man as he was could live with such a scold as his wife Xantippe," he gave for answer 'that men wished themselves to maintain a firm seat in the saddle, they first chose for their riding the most fiery and hightempered horse.' Now, I confess that it may not be thought precisely within the limits of propriety to make use of this comparison namely, of that of a female to a dumb animal; yet as I have such excellent authority I will venture to attempt it, and he that reads let him understand.

In his twenty-third year Tom W. unwilling to be thought wiser than his father before him concluded that it was high time to think of running a few heats on the matrimonial course Tom was something of a jockey, and had a very pretty judgment in horseflesh. He had occasionally hired a creature for a little jaunt or so and had been uncommonly fortunate in his choice; and as good fortune makes men bold and sometimes rash, he now thought of purchasing a neat, clean-limbed, sound, frisky, clever little filly for his own particular use. Tom made his purchase. He was elated with his bargain, for it was a young frolicsome colt whose back had never been crossed by mortal man, right and tight, sound wind and limb-

leaved and ring-boned, with a little touch of the best kind of cattle, although often much imposed upon and neglected by those who are unmindful of their value. It was so in this case. Bob soon made it evident that his reformation was only temporal. It was not long before his evil propensities returned in all their original vigor. He was ever hankering after his neighbors' horses. If he by chance found one when its owner was absent, he would immediately throw the bridle over its head and gallop off some bye way, or into the woods like a mad fellow, Nay he has been often known to get into the stables at night through the windows, and such was his penchant for amusing himself with the property of others, used to whip and spur the poor creatures who could not stir a step from the manger. This was a disgraceful employment indeed for a man who had provided so well for himself at home, but Bob unreasonably justified himself by asserting what to be sure was not far from the truth, that many of his neighbors, of better standing in society than himself were addicted to this practice. Although the poor animals were very patient under this injurious treatment, and although some of them even gave an inviting whicker when they heard Bob at the window, yet still this ungentlemanly recreation was not without its attendant evils. He sometimes got a bite in the breech, sometimes a full kick *extempore* in the stomach and now and then a jam, and that not the most gentle, against the side of the stall. His own horse, in the mean time, toiled neglected at home—was badly fed, wretchedly accourtered—and faithful affectionate and industrious to the last, died a victim to the cruel and unmanly treatment which she received from a hard hearted and ungrateful master.

Tom soon found that he had a vicious jade, and that nothing could be done with her by harsh measures and though he afterwards found means to render her more manageable, yet it was dear tiding. Madame Nancy could not stir a step from the stable, unless she had a fine new saddle every month, and when she was in the pasture, the devil himself could not get near her without a new bridle in his hand.

The last I heard of Tom and his filly, was that he was reduced to great distress on account of the difficulties he met with in procuring for his favorite, her monthly paraphernalia, and that she had manifested strong indications of a disposition to jump into a neighbor's pasture.

Ned Megrim's, lately a near neighbor of mine was the poorest hand at catching a horse that I ever knew. He would cautiously place himself in the corner of a pasture, with his bridle, and there sit the livelong day, waiting the casual approach of his favorite animal. He waited long in vain; but caprice, or good fortune, which sometimes smiles on the timid as well as the brave, at last brought her near him. She was, to be sure, no great scratch, as we say in the country, but good enough, if not too good for Ned. Ned rose from his humble posture—circumambulated the object of his attention several times, coming nearer at every round, and at last recoiling at his own presumption, ventured to slip the bridle over her head. But whether it was from Ned's natural awkwardness, (for he attempted to get up the wrong side) or from some sudden whim or dislike on the other part, it was not long before he was flat on his back, a fair mark for numerous kicks which were apparently bestowed, though by no means received with a very good will. Ned at last made a shift to clear himself, ran home, and has since become rather notorious for an indiscriminate hatred of every description of horses, good, bad and indifferent, and a contempt with equal lack of discrimination for those who ride them.

Bob L. another neighbor of mine bore in his youthful days the reputation of a sad fellow among other people's horses. Some thought he was possessed of some spell or charm—but at any rate he had a tickling, persuasive way with him. He would steal into his neighbors' enclosures by night and day, coax away the little unbroken, unshod fillies, and after running them to their utmost speed and distance he would leave them to find their way home again: lamed, and perhaps ruined for life. Alarmed at the length at the rapid depreciation of his character, and the frequent demands on his purse, made by those who had the care of his unhappy victims, he concluded to reform for a while at least, and purchased outright, a serviceable, substantial creature who though by no means remarkable for her shining qualities, was equally good in the saddle and the gears, good tempered, and

judged correctly of the age of a horse; all the striking marks of his mouth have disappeared. After which period, recourse must be had to the general aspect of the mouth. If the tusk be flat and pointed, and have two small grooves on the inside, which you can readily feel with your finger, be assured he is not old, probably not yet ten; but if you find only one groove within the tusk, you may conclude that he is approaching twelve. After twelve, grooves generally disappear and tusks become as blunt and as round within as without. The length of the teeth is by no means a certain criterion to judge of the age though long teeth projecting forward, certainly indicates an advanced age, as the teeth of young horses are not so long, and generally meet almost perpendicular. The lips of a young horse are very firm and elastic, while those of an old one are soft flabby, and hanging, and the tongue often so large that the cavity of the mouth is scarcely capable of containing it. The holes in the centre of the teeth sometimes continue to an advanced age, but when the tusks become round and blunt, the fore teeth long and projecting forward, the tongue large and flabby, the horse is most certainly old, say from twelve to twenty, or upwards, notwithstanding any apparent marks to the contrary. Having noticed all the marks which serve to instruct us as to the age of horses, it is believed that a person of the most common capacity, may by paying attention to the foregoing directions ascertain the age of a horse with a considerable degree of certainty, at least until he is too far advanced to be of much value? Although we have heretofore published the following simple, but pretty lines, we are induced by particular request to again insert them.

The Horse

How to tell a Horse's age by the teeth.

The following article is copied from a valuable work, completed, and lately published by Mr. J. Forster, of Winchester, Va. under the title of 'Domestic animals Friend, or the complete Virginia and Maryland Farrier.'

'A horse that has arrived at an age fit for service, ought to have forty teeth, twenty-four grinders, twelve fore teeth, and four tusks—mares, however, have but thirty-six, except when they happen to have tusks, which is by no means common.

It is by the fore teeth and tusks that the age of a horse is to be judged of, and as they are not generally put to service until they come three years old (and indeed that is one year too soon,) we shall commence our description of the teeth at that age.

At three, therefore, he will have four horse & eight colt teeth, which are called pincers, have a deep black hole in the middle; while those of the colt are round solid and white.

A short time before the horse comes four years old, he loses four middle teeth, two above and two below, which are followed by four more horse teeth with black holes in the middle, the same as the pincers.

A few months before he comes five, he sheds the four corner teeth, two above and two below, which is his last colt's teeth; and at five they are replaced with horse teeth hollow as before described, and grooved on the inside. At this age he also gets four tusks, the two lower ones generally three or four months before the upper.

Some horses, however, never have upper tusks, but this is not common. The appearance of the two lower tusks is the most certain proof that the horse is coming five years old even if some of his colt's teeth still remain.

When he is nearly six all his fore teeth are full grown, pointed, and a little concave on the inside. At 6 the grooves on the inside begin to fill up, and soon disappear: the black holes in the middle of the teeth also begin to fill up, but are still very apparent.

At seven, all the fore teeth except the corner ones are generally filled up smooth though a black spot in the centre may yet appear. Between seven and eight, the corner teeth also fill and become smooth; after eight, it is diffi-

cult to judge correctly of the age of a horse; all the striking marks of his mouth have disappeared. After which period, recourse must be had to the general aspect of the mouth. If the tusk be flat and pointed, and have two small grooves on the inside, which you can readily feel with your finger, be assured he is not old, probably not yet ten; but if you find only one groove within the tusk, you may conclude that he is approaching twelve.

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It was summer and a sabbath eve,
And balmy was the air,
I saw a sight which made me grieve,
And yet the sight was fair;
Within a coffin lay
Two lifeless babes as sweet as May.

Like waxen dolls, that infants dress,
Their little bodies were,
A look of placid happiness,
Did on each cheek appear,
And in the coffin short and wide,
They lay together side by side.

A rose bud, nearly clos'd, I found,
Each little hand within,
And many a pink was strew'd around,
With spings of Jessamine;
And yet the flowers that round them lay
Were not to me so fair as they.

Their mother as a lilly pale,
Sat by them on a bed,
And bending o'er them told her tale,
And many a tear she shed;
Yet oft, she cry'd amidst her pain,
My babes and I shall meet again.

Aphonsus, king of Naples, had in his court a fool who used to write down in a book all the follies of the great men in his time that were at court. The king having a Moor in his household he sent him to Levant to buy horses with ten thousand ducats; this the fool marked in his book as a pure piece of folly. Some time after the king called for the book, and found at last his own name with the story of the ten thousand ducats. The king being somewhat moved asked the reason why his name was there? Because, says the jester, you have committed a piece of folly, to give your money to one you are never likely to see again. But if he does come again, says the king, and brings me the horses, what is that folly to me? why if he does come again, replies the fool, I'll blot out your name and put in his.

An English modern traveller, thus describes a 'ludicrous morning scene' at Madras: 'Here a barber, uncalled for, was shaving a man as he still lay dozing; there another was cracking the joints of a man half dressed, here were two servants, one pouring water on, the other washing Sahela's hands. In spite of my efforts to prevent them two well dressed men were washing my feet, and near me was a lad dexterously putting on the clothes of a sleepy brother officer, as if he had been an infant under his care.'

BUSINESS.

Talk to your customers like a man of sense and business, and not like a mountebank. The coward calls himself a wary and prudent man; the miser calls himself a frugal man;