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The Carleton Place Herald,
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JAMES POOLE,
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To whom all communications, remittances, &c.,
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HUMAN POWER OVER BRUTE FORCE—RAREY'S METHOD OF TAMING HORSES.

The mode by which J. S. Rarey, the world renowned subduer of wild and vicious horses, accomplishes his marvelous feat has been widely discussed, and it is now being practically exhibited by him at Nible's Garden, in this city, by the taming of the worst horses that can be found. His treatment consists in two things—first, in showing the horse that he is under the man's power and second, in convincing him that the man means him no harm. In order to obtain absolute physical power over the horse, the simple plan is adopted of binding his fore legs and securing them by straps in this bent position. This of course throws the horse upon his knees, in which position he remains but a short time before he becomes so much fatigued that he rolls over upon his side. The tamer now handles him gently, patting and stroking him, fending his head, putting it under his arm, turning him about on his side, &c., until the horse is thoroughly satisfied that the man is kindly disposed towards him, and has no design of doing him any injury. When these two ideas are fully implanted in the horse's mind, that he can do what he will with him, and that he will not use this irresistible power to the horse's hurt, the work is done—the horse is subdued. To overwhelming power, combined with perfect kindness, he yields prompt and absolute submission.

At Mr. Rarey's first exhibition in this city, a muzzled bear, in his bear's grooves, which was so vicious a animal that he had not been used in four years. He had both the wicked habits of kicking and biting. In just thirteen minutes from the entrance of the horse upon the stage, Mr. Rarey placed his head between the horse's heels and placed his arm in his mouth—*Sci. American.*

In France, the Acclimation Society offers a medal worth \$200 for the complete domestication of the kangaroo—a valuable beast of burden, of great swiftness, which belongs to Thicket. The same medal for the domestication of a large species of the kangaroo—but whether to be ridden, driven, or to be produced, and of the second generation, bred by the winner, \$400 is offered for the introduction and domestication of the African ostrich, and the Australian emu, to be hatched in the same way as barnyard fowls, and of the second generation.

MISER'S CHARITY.—An illiterate person who always volunteered to "go round with the hat," but was suspected of sparing his own pocket, overheard once a hint to that effect, replied, "Other gentlemen put down what they think proper, and so do I. Charity's a private concern, and what I give is 'nothing to nobody.'"

BOSOM FRIEND.—Well, dear, now that you are a widow, tell me how you are the happier for it." "Interesting widow." "Oh no. But I have my freedom, and that's a great comfort. Do you know, my dear, I had an onion yesterday for the first time these fourteen years!"

HOW OLD ARE WE TO DAY?—Two old ladies, who we know to be of the same age, had the same desire to keep the real number concealed, and, therefore, used always upon a New Year's day, to go to the other, and say, "Madam, I am come to know how old we are to be this year."

A cockney conducted two ladies to an observatory to see an eclipse of the moon. They were too late: the eclipse was over, and the ladies were disappointed. "Oh," exclaimed one hero, don't fret. I know the astronomer very well; he is a very polite man, and I am sure he will begin again."

Lawyers are said to live longer than men of most other professions. Perhaps this is because they have more to repent of than others, and are therefore allowed to have more time to repent in.

Gentlemen who smoke allege that it makes them calm and complacent. They tell us that the more they smoke the less they fret. A love sick young man, who has been taken very much of late to writing sonnets, has just hung himself with one of his own lines.

Unsocial old snarl says that love is a combination of diseases—an affection of the heart, and an inflammation of the brain.

A little fellow one day nonplussed his mother by making the following inquiry:—"Mother, if a man is a miser ain't a woman a mystery?"

"There is no truth in men," said a lady in company. "They are like musical instruments, which sound a variety of tunes." "In other words, madam," said another lady, "you believe that all men are lyres!"

It is a pleasant thing to see the roses and lilies glowing upon a young lady's cheek, but a bad sign to see a man's face break out into blossoms.

When you negotiate for a house having all the modern improvements, you will generally find that a mortgage is one of them.

What would this world be without women? A perfect blank—like a sheet of paper—not even ruled.

Wealth does not improve us? A man, as he gets to be worth more, may become worthless.

The extreme pleasure we take in talking of ourselves should make us fear that we give very little to those who listen to us.

FARMERS AND FARMER'S WIVES.

Society commences with the individual, becomes a family, grows into a neighborhood—a nation. It is organized for mutual protection, for moral culture, for mental improvement, for social happiness, for religious enjoyment. Each individual member of society is expected to contribute something to sustain it. Has he the gift of tongue, let him speak, for all who are not deaf have talent enough to hear. Has he the gift of pen, let him follow the penman's dream. Has he skill with instruments of mechanism, let him work in wood, brass, iron and ivory. Does he admire and appreciate nature, let him work in the green fields and forests. Is he a philosopher, let his idea become an institution, or let his theory intrude into the thoughts of others. He must be industrious—for idleness is a crime when the world is white with harvest, and the crop perishes for lack of labor. The ignorant must be taught, the destitute must be aided, for the vicious must be reformed.

He who carries the hoe and keeps the bricks outside his faded hat, helps to build a monument to his memory. "You are a plebeian," said an ancient snob to Cicero. "Yes," replied the Roman orator, "the nobility of my family begins in me, that of yours will end with you."

Labor is honor, and he who seizes the laborer's name, and makes the drudgery its redundancy of ear. Let us look at this subject philosophically. While it is true that the farmer is the most independent class of workers in the world, it is also true that he labor more hours and harder than most classes of men. They usually rise before the sun has struck a light, and work until the sun has set, and then they go to bed with a star. Not a few voluntarily make slaves of themselves until they employed machinery, which has no aching bones, no nervous energy to be exhausted, and is never prostrated by fatigue. Even now, vast multitudes of farmers work too much; they do so because there is so much to be done, and so many persons shirk the yoke of labor, and seek ignominious ease in kid gloves and silk stockings, and the task of toil falls unequally upon the industrious. It is a common saying, crystallized into a proverb, that the work of woman is never done. Half the women in the world are household drudges. We are patriarchal creatures; one class of men make dolls of their daughters, and seem to think the chief object of life is to teach them how to make lullabies and lullies down peacefully in the millennium of their worsted work; another class run to the opposite extreme, and to use the mildest of terms, they are cruel to their wives. Let them speak, perhaps they will make us of themselves. On Monday the woman must wash, and draw the water from a deep well or distant spring, when a few dollars would put a pump in the house. On Tuesday she must churn, on Wednesday she must churn, on Thursday she must take, on Friday she must sew, on Saturday she must stay at home and take care of her children. Now, these labor must be performed by somebody, but they can be lightened and abridged so that labor will be a pleasure as well as a duty—so that "toil will evolve happiness, as a flower exhalates perfume." Let the ornamental and useful be united in the education of girls. Let them play on the washboard, and the piano, tread the meadows and the needle, make beds of flowers as well as beds of feathers. Let the heads of families—the men provide a place for everything, and put everything in its place. A plank over a miry path, a scraper at the door, a cistern in the first opening, would much improve the life of the laborer, would lessen the work of woman, and give her leisure for intellectual culture. A dirty, slovenly, careless man or boy may soil and tear his garments, litter the house with dirt, put things out of their places, and thus double the work of the housekeeper.

We hold that there is room for reform, in some respects, in city and in country life, and we are thankful that the star of woman is in the ascendant. It is universally conceded that, while home is the empire of woman, and she is the queen of the domestic circle, that she is not to be considered a doll in the drawing-room nor a drudge in the kitchen. She is destined to do something more than mere flirting, dressing, waiting, or wrestling with coolers and kettles; she is destined to lift up the race to a glorious manhood. Whatever she can do without the sacrifice of her womanly nature and delicacy and honor, is proper for her to do. If she can write a "Paradise Lost," with her Paradise in found again, if she can read Principles, and write them, not earth alone, but heaven, is her sphere.

INVENTORS.—The London American says:—"While many an inventor has lived and died in a garret, a fortunate few and their days amid the bounteous fruits of their labor. As there is no class in the community to which the world is so much indebted as to that of the inventor, it is not surprising that in America, perhaps, more than in Europe, the inventors are likely to reap a fortune, as the rapid development of the sources of wealth and the scarcity and comparatively high price of manual labor, necessitate the almost immediate introduction of any really useful and economical machine. It is especially true of agricultural implements, and often large fortunes are realized on simple articles of this description. A gentleman by the name of Mr. Peeler, who is said to have realized \$400,000 (£80,000) from the sale of a patent pump, has recently proved the profitability of his invention in the goodness of his heart by giving \$200,000, or £40,000, of this sum to the Methodist Church of the United States."

AN ACTRESS WITH FIVE HUSBANDS.—An extraordinary case of bigamy has just been developed in Dublin. Kate Collins, a ballet dancer, who has for some time been bewitching the residents in the Irish capital, suddenly vanished, her object being to escape from the clutches of the law, the gentle Kitty being charged with marrying no less than five husbands, each of whom had been remitting her weekly sums for her support. The discovery was made by the unexpected meeting of three of the duped Benedictus at her residence.

Professor Bostiger states that gun cotton is a most excellent filtering medium for chemicals. A small tuft of it placed loosely into the throat of a funnel answers for both alkalis and acids.

Time never passes so slowly and tediously as to the idle and listless. The best cure for dullness is to keep busy.

Why should lawyers be classed as members of the feminine gender? Because they are females.

Fame is like an eel—rather hard to catch, and a good deal harder to hold.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

ALLIED CURES FOR HYDROPHOBIA.
The *Præparatio Medice Belgæ*, on the authority of Father Legrand, de la Liré, interpreter to Admiral Riquieu de Genouilly, and one of the oldest and most venerable missionaries in Tonquin and Cochinchina, that in those countries hydrophobia is cured with complete success by boiling a handful of the leaves of *Datura Stramonium*, or thorn apple, in a litre of water, until reduced to one half, and then administering the portion to the patient all at one time.—A violent paroxysm of rage ensues, which lasts but a short time, and the patient is cured in twenty-four hours. For the benefit of our readers we may state that the leaves of the *Stramonium* are highly narcotic, and as such are recommended in asthma under the form of cigars, to be smoked as usual; but that the same leaves, taken in large quantities, whether in powder or under the form of a decoction, will probably induce *Hydrophobia*, it seems to be earnestly recommended by Father Legrand, who declares that he has tried it several times, and invariably with success. The great difficulty will, of course, consist in administering the remedy to the patient, which probably may be done by main force, with the aid of a horn; but on this subject the *Præparatio Medice* is silent.

A Correspondent of the *Irish Farmer's Gazette* gives the following cure for dromy:—"Take two handfuls of linseed, washed clean, put it into a quart of water, boil it well on a slow fire until soft, then thicken it to a poultice with barley meal, adding a quart of house muck, poked, shells as all, very fine, then spread it on a cloth, and apply it to the navel as hot as possible. Let it remain twenty-four hours, and repeat it as often as necessary. It causes great perspiration and draws the water to the part covered by the poultice, and makes it pass freely in the natural way. The patient ought to remain in bed, and be kept on the back as much as possible. As the bandage slackens it must be tightened. The patient must get a pint of bean water every morning for a week or fortnight before the poultice is applied; a quart of old or new beans, well boiled, will answer, and can be renewed."

MUTTON.—A pound of clean, tender, juicy mutton can be produced for half the cost of the same quantity of fat pork. It is a most wholesome food, especially in the summer season; and those who eat it can do more work with great ease to themselves than those who eat fat pork. Nothing is more delicious than smoked mutton hams of the Southdown sheep. Venison itself is not superior.

PRESERVED FISH.—When the Russian desire to keep fish perfectly fresh, to be carried a long journey in a hot climate, they dip them into *les lemons*, which acts like an air-tight covering. In this way they are taken to Malta, perfectly sweet even in summer.

VENTILATION OF THE APPLE-BARREL.
By this we mean, says the *Chicago Fruit Dealer*, the boring of holes in the head staves of the barrels, which will allow the escape of the moisture that is condensed by the fruit from the play on the washboard. We heard nothing in the statement that one-half of the fruit sent to this market this season so far has been materially injured from this cause. The effect of confined vapor upon the apple is not at once apparent.—The fruit appears uncommonly bright on the first opening, and is much more so than the apple begins to show dark-looking, and, if a light-skinned apple, in a day or two will present the appearance of half-baked fruit. But this steaming from confinement not only injures the sale of the fruit, but, to the great disappointment of the consumer, his fruit does not keep as he supposed it would, and as the variety of apple he purchased led him to suppose it would. Premature decay is sure to follow, as a consequence of this want of ventilation.

RECIPE FOR HARD SOAP.—To five pounds good lard pour twelve quarts boiling water, and let it alkali thoroughly. To five pounds sal soda pour twelve quarts boiling water. When dissolved, pour into the lime water, and let it stand twenty-four hours.—Pour off all that will run clear, put it over the fire, and three-and-a-half pounds of clear grease, and one-quarter pound of resin, let it boil an hour or two, pour off in long pans to cool, and cut into bars. This makes a very good hard soap, and is cheaper than soft soap, if you buy the materials; as the soda is much cheaper than potash.

The following receipt for making excellent and cheap candles, a correspondent says:—"I have tried several times, and find it all it is cracked up to be. I have no doubt that it would have been worth \$50 to me had I known it five years ago. Many farmers have a surplus of stale fat and dirty grease, which can be made into good candles at a trifling expense. I kept both tallow and lard candles through the last summer, and lard candles standing the best, and burning quite as well and giving as good a light as the tallow ones. Directions for making good candles from lard: For 12 pounds lard take 1 pound salpêtre and 1 pound of alum, mix them and pulverize them, then mix with salpêtre and alum in a gill of boiling water, pour the compound into the lard before it is all quite melted; stir the whole until it boils, let it boil until it rises; let it simmer until the water is boiled out, or until it ceases to throw off steam; pour off the lard as soon as it is done, and clean the boiler while it is hot. If the candles are to be run, you commence immediately; if to be dipped, let the lard cool to a cake, and then treat it as you would tallow."

PRESERVATION OF CUT FLOWERS.—It is stated that cut flowers may be kept fresh for any length of time by the introduction of a spoonful of powdered charcoal into the water in the vessel in which they are placed. Neither charcoal nor wood resin, however, the latter remaining limp.

The Newburyport Herald says:—"Wine-making has become a great and tedious business, and curants, rhubarb, and various juicy products are in great demand. The curants are picked as soon as ripe, and sold before they are picked. It has been difficult this season to get a look at curants at two dollars per bushel, and any person could sell a cartload in a day."

RECIPE FOR WINE.—To 1 quart of water add 1 pound of moist sugar—let them be well boiled and skimmed, and to every quart of this liquor put 1 pint of the juice of the grape. The above recipe has been well tried and approved.

Honest wine-making is essentially the same thing as side-making. A bushel of grapes yields about three gallons of juice, which, in our climate, it is well to add im-

mediately from eight to twenty-four ounces of sugar, but no water. The after-treatment should be much the same as that of the best quality of cider.

To make an excellent wine, express the juice from 20 pounds grapes and rinse the pulp and skins in as much water as will cover them, wash them and strain through a coarse cloth, add to the juice and put in two pounds of brown sugar to each gallon; when the sugar is dissolved pour the whole into a keg, having the bung open, and let it stand where the temperature will be about 70° until fermentation comes; then bung tight, and let it rest for a month to settle, when it should be drawn off, the key well washed, and the wine returned to it, adding one pound good raisins—and if the wine does not seem sweet enough, two pounds sugar may be added to the whole.—The necessity of doing this depends upon the kind and quality of the grapes. The wine should remain until it is wanted for the next season when it may be bottled for use.

TO MAKE RHUBARB WINE.—Trim off the leaves and grind and press the stalks in any cider or other mill. To each gallon of juice, add one gallon of water, and six pounds of refined sugar, and fill the casks, leaving the bungs out. A moderately cool cellar is the best place to keep it. Fill up occasionally, either from juice kept on purpose, or with sweetened water, so that the impurities which rise to the surface while fermentation is going on may be worked off. When sufficiently fermented, which will require from one to two more months, bung tightly, and let it remain until Winter, when it may be racked off into other casks, or bottled. Some persons reduce it before bottling, by putting into each barrel two ounces of linseed, dissolved in a quart of wine.

PIE-PLANT WINE.—The manufacture of wine from the stalks of pie-plant or rhubarb, has become quite an item in some sections of the west. For two years past, we have tasted of it among our many western friends, and have often found it very pleasant. It is much improved by age although when quite new it is palatable, and very valuable in the kitchen pastry department. Last summer, we had the pleasure of tasting some that had been made eight years, and found it to resemble a pure Mansinello wine, oily and mild, yet with a pleasant aroma.—The maker was William Glagow, Jr., Esq., of St. Louis, the vineyard of wine-making in Missouri. *Ohio Farmer.*

TO IMPART AGE TO NEW WINE.—The Receipt given for effecting this object. Bottle and cork and seal your wine, and lay it in April or May upon the racks of the hay field. Upon the first layer of bottles place another layer of the hay, and so continue the layer of hay and bottles all the way to the top, and then water the whole and leave the hay to heat and ferment, and decay, in three or four months your wine will have acquired a taste like that of two or three years old.

TO WINE-MAKERS.—If wine-makers would desire to have their wine keep well and taste well on opening, let them never use any but the very best velvet corks. The use of the extra corks will more than doubly pay by securing the wine from spoiling, and retain the flavor, which is often lost by a bad cork.

A WIFE'S REVENGE.
That "truth is stranger than fiction" is an adage that cannot give a receipt from Mr. Peeler, and almost hourly, to observation. The latest illustration of this remark is to be found in the following "over true tale" going the rounds of the papers. At least the papers say it is true:

Some eight years ago a handsome young Pole wooed and won a dandelion from his own native land. Ever ready to be willing, the nuptial rite was performed, and the happy pair took up their abode in New York, where Mr. P.—earned a comfortable subsistence. Matters passed on as usual for nearly eight years, two children being born in the meantime.—Some three months ago Mr. P. told his wife that he had a splendid opportunity for a few days, and he would not be afraid, if Chicago, provided he started immediately.

In compliance with her husband's request, and like a dutiful wife, Mrs. P. packed up the wearing apparel of her liege lord, and all things were in readiness for Mr. P.'s departure. A few hours before Mr. P. was to start, a lady friend (I) called on Mrs. P. and commended her to her starting intelligence that the business Mr. P. was going to engage in at Chicago, was neither more nor less than a matrimonial engagement with a young lady to whom he had become attached and engaged a few months before in his city. Though startled by the intelligence, Mrs. P. kept her own counsel, and determined to revenge Mr. P. for his departure with her own hand. The train next to the one in which Mr. P. was seated contained Mrs. P. and the two children. The course of time all the parties arrived at Chicago, Mrs. P. arriving on the morning of the day that her husband was to be married. She started in her husband's carriage, and the bride and groom went to the house of the bride's father. The porter at the door supposed her to be an invited guest and ushered her into the parlor. As soon as the children saw Mr. P. they embraced him and called him papa. An extraordinary event followed: the bride father, and her children, and the bride administered a sound chastisement to the would-be bride-groom. Stung by the proof of her husband's faithlessness, Mrs. P. became so excited that in a fit of passion she dashed the bride's face with her own hand, and then, seizing a vessel containing hot soup, rushed into the parlor, and before a hand could be raised to dissuade her from her purpose, the entire contents were thrown over Mr. P., scalding him dreadfully.

The shrieks of pain, Mr. P. was taken to the Hospital, his skin being peeled off on the way. About two weeks after his admission to the Hospital, he died in great agony. An investigation was had, but owing to the difficulty of procuring witnesses, Mrs. P. was released and returned to this city a widow, and a sadder, if not a wiser woman.

A good story is told concerning the writing of a certain railroad manager. He had written to a man on the route, notifying him that he must remove a barn, which in some manner had come upon the road, under the penalty of prosecution. The threatened individual was unable to read any part of the letter but the signature, and took it to be a free pass on the road, and used it for a couple of years as such, none of the conductors being able to dispute his interpretation.

RAREY THE HORSE-TAMER AT NIBLE'S.

A large audience assembled at Nible's Theater on Saturday afternoon, January 5, to witness the first exhibition in America of Rarey the horse-tamer. We believe we can not better contribute to the instruction and amusement of our readers than by giving the following extract from a report of his lecture and performance which we find in the *New York Times*.

A horse was introduced that was described as exceedingly nervous and hard in the mouth, though in other respects tractable.—After a few remarks upon the proper manner of approaching a wild or timid horse, Mr. Rarey smothered, stroked, caressed, and fondled the animal's head, and in a moment his nervous trepidation was gone—he was gentle, he was kind, and he was tame, and you rarely find a nicer horse than that old gray.

The trouble with this horse is, said Mr. R., that he pulls dreadfully. His owner says he can't hold him, and that his head is as strong as to pull the driver's arms off. Now there is no need of that. If you only understand the nature of the horse and manage upon him the stern but gentle face of your mastery, he will not be fractious. He will obey a gentle pull quicker than a hard one. His mouth is very sensitive—you can't improve it. It is a well known fact that horses will obey a lady's guiding better than a man's—it's because they don't jerk so hard. Now this horse pulls so hard, and whose driver is in constant fear of an auto-dissolution, I have never seen before, and yet I will, as now I do, lead him with a straw. It is the most natural thing in the world for a horse, when he finds you intend to subjugate him, to put himself against you—to try strength of strength and will against will—[Here, and during the latter part of the remarks, Rarey led the horse hither and thither by means of a straw, which he had looped through the bitting.] It was like "Merry had a little lamb, whose fleece was white as snow."

Hard puller or not, we can not say, but one thing is certain, he obeyed perfectly, to the entire justification of the tamer and the perfect satisfaction of the audience, who manifested the same by a blustering clapping of hands, a dust-raising stamping of feet, and a throat straining torrent of "hi's," which caused the horse to start as if frightened. He continued Mr. Rarey, the audience will kindly suppress any manifestations of applause, I will consider it a favor, and will be able more easily to proceed with my operations.

Perfect silence indicated the willingness to oblige Mr. Rarey, who at once proceeded to illustrate in a manner more pleasing to the audience than the horse.

I have often said, he been angry with farmers for the bungling and careless way in which they took hold of a hoof, when about to shoe it. There is a right and a wrong way. Don't grab at it, as if it was a roasted apple in a furnace, but begin thus—pat the horse's neck, pat his shoulder, lean your self familiarly against the upper part of his leg, run your hand gently and soothingly down to his foot, and then easily, steadily (not steady by jerks) take it up—all motive for resistance being absent, the foot will lie peacefully in the hand, the nerves are relaxed, and you can move it up and up, and there will be no trouble. Now I will, although there is no absolute necessity for it in this case—apply the straps, as on a Cruiser, and you will see the same results. There, now, the strap is on, and the horse has learned his first lesson, namely, that though he can walk and, so to speak, trot, he is powerless to resist, and so he will go to work to use horses who are ugly in harness; and, by the way, I will here say a few words about the reasons which impel horses to kick when the harness is on, and the horse is afraid—looking back, they see the wheels running after them, and they at once think—"for-funk they do—that they ought to run too, and so they try it on; that being the case, the wheels kick up with the horse, and he finding that he can't get away, continues his fear until the wagon is smashed to pieces. Now, if the horse has been shown the wagon, had noed it, and been aware of its power, he would not be afraid. If he is not, he will do the same every time he is put before a wagon, and if he is not always so bad, he will invariably have fear, just as you, who, having been bitten by a neighbor's savage dog, would never go by the house again without dreading a recurrence of the bite, and would keep a sharp lookout. The horse meanwhile had been standing on a tripod, doubtless wondering at the novel position in which he was placed and at the vast audience before him. Mr. Rarey having fastened the second strap as above, endeavored to trip the horse, but he was not inclined to be tripped. Then came a different tug from that to which the horse was used—it was the tug for the mastery; now upon his knees, then upon his hind legs, now upon his haunches, and again upon his knees, snorting, foaming, careering, plunging and, very warm. So was Rarey; with all his might he pushed against the horse; he didn't succeed, and to the uninitiated it looked rather mixed—was not far from even, few thought Rarey had met his match—but he wiped his face with his handkerchief and said: "It's useless to be in a hurry—the difference between me and this horse is simply a difference of opinion—he thinks I can't get him down, and I think I can. After he has kicked and plunged a little longer—at the very longest fifteen minutes, he will get tired, and he will be convinced of his helplessness, will cave in, and be a happy horse. I, you see, am in no danger; the horse can't hurt me nor paw me; I keep close by his shoulder and patiently wait."

The horse at this point made one final struggle, gave one rousing farewell coup de two legs, and rolled over on his side, thus acknowledging the supremacy of his opponent, who immediately went through a series of gymnastic performances such as he did with a Cruiser, and was the set of undecipherable second strap, when some graceful unlabeled lever in the audience gave it a "Say, Pop, tell us how you want to know?" "That's what we want to know?" "Yes, tell us—that's a very different thing?" "No, Rarey." "And that will cost another dollar, I'm sure," responded the "voice," who was instantly greeted with a second storm of hisses, after which little episode, and the proposal by some of the bloods to "throw that fellow out," Mr. Rarey went on: "This horse upon whose back I am now sitting, is conscious that I am his master; he sees that I do not intend to abuse my power, and is just as contented as a subjugated and forgiven child would be (whereupon the horse kicked all over; a horse may be tame in his fore feet and wild in his hind feet."

Mr. Rarey then related an interesting anecdote concerning an exhibition made by him before Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, and "many others of the royal family." It seems the Prince Consort had a very powerful and nervous animal on whom he was desirous of having the Rareyan system tried, and having sent for him, told Rarey he would walk about the place for half-an-hour and then call. At the expiration of less than fifteen minutes the royal party was sent for, and the horse was brought in calm and serene as a summer's eve, and docile in the most marked manner, though his spirit was not injured in the least. The Queen thought some drug had been used, so wonderful was the change, and she was great was the fame thereof that it spread into all the country round about. Indeed, this drug supposition was the means of making one man's fortune. Having conceived a very secret sentiment, he advertised it as Rarey's salve, and sold immense quantities at very high prices.

Now this horse pulls so hard, and whose driver is in constant fear of an auto-dissolution, I have never seen before, and yet I will, as now I do, lead him with a straw. It is the most natural thing in the world for a horse, when he finds you intend to subjugate him, to put himself against you—to try strength of strength and will against will—[Here, and during the latter part of the remarks, Rarey led the horse hither and thither by means of a straw, which he had looped through the bitting.] It was like "Merry had a little lamb, whose fleece was white as snow."

Continuing his address he said: There are a great many ways of harnessing and saddling horses. By some of them you can scare the life out of him, you can make him nervous, peevish, and fretful. In this, as in every thing, the basis on which you should work, is, that the horse has common sense. If you put your hand before his eyes, if you go carefully behind him, he says to himself, "That fellow's up to mischief." But if you let him see what you are doing, he doesn't care what you put on him. Now, for instance, I take this saddle (suiting the action to the words), and, first of all, show it to the horse. He smells it, he looks at it carefully, and makes up his mind that it won't hurt, bite, or injure. I then put it, thus, over his head, down his neck, on to his back. Then I take it, and then throw it on him in this way. He has seen it, and doesn't object.

In mounting a horse, many people go to work with the wrong end first, as indeed they go to about everything. It's as simple as possible. You don't want to have all of your weight come on one side of the horse; if you do, the saddle is drawn on one side, and it is not easy for the horse to sustain it, but you should do so, place your hand on his neck, bearing there, so that the horse shall balance the foot, then spring lightly in. You can do this as well when the saddle is ungirdled as when tightly fastened. In the head the horse has immense power. No man can ever hope to hold in a running horse by pulling evenly upon the bit; he might as well pull the reins, and force the horse to describe a circle for his bootstraps; it can't be done. When a horse's head is turned to one side he is compelled to so arrange his legs that they will properly balance him—he can not run forward—therefore my advice would be if a horse is running away, or if he refuses to go, to pull tightly, as I now do, on the right rein, and force the horse to describe a circle for an indefinite period of time, after which, you may depend upon it, he will not attempt the same trick. They profit by experience—of which fact, the old story of the ass, who was laden with sacks of salt, is an apt illustration. The ass, by lying down in the water, so that he frequently repeated the experiment, until his master, proffering an upright ass to a prone one, loaded him one day with bags of sand, which being wet by the donkey's trick, became so heavy that he could not rise, and never after did his lordship trip the experiment. As it is with all other articles, or even noises. Some horses are frightened by band of music, and the noise of a drum sets them crazy. Now look at this horse; I hold this drum before him; he, as you perceive, regards it most intelligently. Now I beat it gently, he pricks up his ears; I beat louder, he doesn't care. I let him see me place it upon his back, he doesn't care for that. I beat like thunder, and he doesn't regard it as worthy of the least notice. So, ladies and gentlemen, you have seen that this horse, like the others, is entirely gentle, and in every way subject to my will; and if you will favor me with your patience, I will presently show you something of a different kind, which I have not seen myself, but which, I am told, promises some hard work.

Mr. Rarey here retired, and the big horse with him, receiving as they went the most vociferous applause.

Shortly after, Mr. Rarey reappeared, and stated that a wild horse from South America, which he had been endeavoring to tame, had arrived that morning, and which had never been broken except to the halter, would now be introduced. The doors opened, and it was evident from the noises, the kickings, and the stampings, that great fun was now to be afforded to the audience. In rushed a little pony, with a long shaggy mane, a plump, stubby body, thick with fat, a very rough coat, and unshodden hoofs. Glaring at the audience, he planted his fore feet firmly on the ground, and kicked his hinder legs high in air, while his tail stuck straight out like a broom. Down he came toward the footlights, and rearing upon his hind legs, stood there erect, while he firmly pawed the air with fore legs, and seemed to bid defiance to Mr. Rarey and the delighted audience, and dare them one and all to touch one single hair. Cautiously but firmly, Rarey advanced toward his little friend in brown and attempted to jump upon his back; he did it once, he did it twice, he did it three times, but was unable to get on, and the little chap neighed out a sneering horse-laugh as he advised him to do so some more. We all rejoiced in the spunk of the little chap, who he hurried inside and hoped he would prove game as a cat, but when his hooves were dashed and prey's doom was sealed, when, with conscious power, Mr. Rarey disclosed the fatal strap. Having succeeded in arranging both of them, it seemed simply a question as to the result. Pony didn't exactly understand it at first—upon the air—down on the ground—now on this side—now on that—with eyes flashing, with ears thrown forward, and with head and neck with great rapidity, with nostrils distended,

with panting belly and whirling tail did he try his power against that of inexorable fate. His will was tremendous. His determination was complete. On the other hand, it was treated as a subjugated and forgiven child would be (whereupon the horse kicked all over; a horse may be tame in his fore feet and wild in his hind feet."

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