

way—as much as to say, “this is really to bad!” But whether he struggled, or whether he remained quiet, the even pressure was never taken off his left shoulder.—Before he yielded to it finally, he made one struggle more determined than all that had gone before; but with this his fury was spent. At length, he suffered himself to be literally tumbled over thoroughly tamed. I noticed that, when he was fairly on his side, the poor creature gave a great sigh, which seemed to be one of relief, as though he had thought within himself, “Well! I’ve nothing to blame myself with; but that’s well over at any rate.”—When once upon his side, the horse was effectually tamed; he was as passive in the hands of his conqueror as one of the well-trained circus horses, which, at a given signal, fall upon the floor of the arena, and simulate death.

Whilst the animal lay in this condition, Mr. Rarey patted and stroked him over, or to use his own quaint phrase, “gentled,” first one side, then the other—now this leg then that. From his expressions, you would have inferred that he had magnetized the whole of the horse’s frame in detail, and that, had he neglected to make his passes over any particular section of the horse, that section would still have remained in a state of savagery. Thus you might have three tame legs, and a wild one. This, no doubt, implies an exaggeration. I only mean to convey an idea of the importance which the operator seemed to attach to familiarizing the animal with contact with the human hand over its whole frame. The straps which had confined his fore-legs were soon removed, but still the horse lay perfectly passive, and seemingly content with his situation. Mr. Rarey lay upon him, stepped over him, sat upon his head, took his fore-legs, rubbed them, and moved them backwards and forwards, as you would do if you had intended to restore checked or impeded circulation. The same process took place with the hind-legs—and here it was evident that volition and the power of independent muscular action was gone. The hind legs moved as they were pulled, and remained where they had been placed. Mr. Rarey lay down upon the ground, and, taking one of the horse’s hind feet, placed the armed hoof on his forehead. Had there been but one momentary spasm of volition, or return of ferocity, the horse-tamer was a dead man. He was like a man tied to the mouth of a gun; nothing could have saved him, had the fire been applied to the charge.

This portion of the operation may have lasted about a quarter of an hour. Mr. Rarey then made the horse get up, which he did readily enough, but now every spark of his original ferocity seemed extinct. Saddle and bridle were brought in. They were first presented to the horse, and were carefully examined by him. The examination was conducted entirely by the sense of smell.

When the process of saddling, mounting, and dismounting, had been freely accomplished, a drum was brought in by one of the attendants. This, also, was presented to the horse, who carefully smelt it all over, and soon appeared satisfied that no harm was intended. The drum was passed over his head, neck, shoulders; his sides were rubbed with it; and, finally, it was placed upon his back, and softly tapped at first. The horse merely pricked up his ears. It was sounded louder and louder by degrees, until at last the most enthusiastic drummer would have been satisfied with the disturbance and clatter. This seemed to be the crucial test, and the animal was led out, meek and entirely subdued.

## Correspondence.

CARRICK, April 27th, 1866.

Messrs. EDITORS,—I am ashamed of being so late in the year without your valuable paper, but I have been waiting for our Secretary of the Township Agricultural Society to get up a large subscription list, which he has failed to do; therefore I enclose a dollar for a copy each for my neighbour and myself, and request that you will continue to send them until we order you to stop, and we will send the money, if not to the day, not far behind. I must not forget to thank you for the illustrated number of the Transactions. If you have not all the back numbers of this year, send what you have, and the rest as soon as you can reprint them.

We have had a fine time for ploughing, and the farmers of Bruce are making the best of it. There will be a great breadth of spring wheat sown in the county this year. I had 3½ acres of fall wheat last year, which, in spite of all the frost, went 26 bushels to the acre, and I have five acres this year which has stood the winter well, and bids fair for a good yield. I remain, a bushwhacker, and would be farmer.

RICHARD RIVERS.

[We insert the first part of the foregoing letter, principally for the sake of agree-