

the pen, in communicating to the public the facts in horticulture and husbandry, that come under their own observation. No class in the commonwealth have so much power to improve our agriculture.

## HORSE TAMING.

*From the Ohio Cultivator.*

John S. Rarey, having performed his wonderful feats of horse taming, in France, Russia and Sweden, has returned to England, where he seems to be as much of a lion as ever. One who witnessed a recent demonstration, writes the following for an English periodical, which, according to our observation, embodies the substance of all this school of horse taming so successfully practised both here and in Europe. It is an old saw, that a man may be a very clever fellow and yet not know how to make a hat. It is just so in handling horses; if the operator have not the true horse sense, he had best not meddle with edge tools. To what is said below, we will only preface the "how" to put on the strap for holding up the left foot: Take up the foot, hold the buckle of the strap (about 18 inches in length) in the left hand, lay the inside of the strap under the pastern, make one turn around the leg between the pastern and the hoof, carry the strap up the inside, over the fore arm of the leg, and bring it down to the buckle, buckle it fast, leaving a little play between the foot and the leg, and the horse is a prisoner. The rest is only a question of time and patience.—ED :

The horse was standing in the midst of the arena, and watching, rather with the expression of curiosity than of fear and anger, the movements of the man as he strode up to his head very slowly, very gently, and ever with extended hand. At length, when Mr. Rarey was close upon him, he reached out his head, and smelt at his hand, his wrist, his sleeves. There was no precipitation. The object seemed to be to give the horse as much time as he might choose to take. The tamer's hand now caressed the horse's head and nostrils, smoothed it down, passed up to the forehead, and repeated the process. By this time, Mr. Rarey was standing by the horse's left shoulder, and had caught hold, with his other hand, of the end of his head-stall, or halter.

I have been informed that, at this stage of the operation, the horse will break away

more than once; but this is obviously a mere question of time. This I did not see. Mr. Rarey now proceeded to pass his hand down the animal's side, just as any one of us might do to a horse which he was fondling or petting. This lasted some minutes, the horse evidently pleased to be relieved from his terrors, and appearing to enjoy the tamer's caress. At length Mr. Rarey began to stroke his fore legs, more especially the left fore leg. Here was the critical moment. In an incredibly-short space of time, Mr. Rarey got the strap out of his pocket, took up the horse's left fore leg, and slipped a loop over it, so that he could not get it down. There was nothing, however, abrupt or jerking about the way this was done; it was just as though he had been continuously stroking the leg; but the thing was done. This is the real instant of victory. From the moment the horse's leg is strapped up he is conquered. Plenty, however, remains to be told.

The horse stood quiet, and suffered himself to be caressed. Mr. Rarey stroked him over his back, his shoulders, his left side, and then began to make fresh appeals to his right leg. This took some minutes more. At length, he took a long strap out of his pocket, and fastened it by a buckle around the right fore leg, just above the hoof; he then carried the other end through the circingle, holding the end firmly in his right hand.

The next step was to take a short hold of the halter, and to pull with great strength, but slowly and continuously—not by a jerk—on both, but mainly, as it seemed to me, on the halter. The horse now took alarm again, but the upward spring which he gave, to relieve himself from restraint, of course lifted the right leg from the ground, and when he came down again, it was on both his knees. Mr. Rarey had fitted the horse with knee caps before he pulled him down. A considerable time—about ten minutes—elapsed from this period of the operation until the animal was fairly rolled over; and this was one of the most remarkable parts of the exhibition.

Throughout, let him struggle as he might, Mr. Rarey never quitted his left shoulder, nor relaxed his grasp on the strap. The horse reared up into the air, making frantic beatings with his hand-cuffed fore legs, but it was all in vain. Let him fight as he would, he was invariably brought down on his knees; and in this attitude he stood, panting, snorting, foaming, until at last the fierceness of his spirit seemed to give way, and he looked around him rather in a pitiable than a ferocious