

when the present rising generation shall have assumed the places their fathers now fill.

After the procession had gone through the principal streets, it proceeded to the old Methodist Chapel, where a repast of cakes, apples, and good cold water—nature's beverage—had been prepared for them. Mr. Wadsworth, who has labored successfully in the cause of Temperance throughout the Western District the past summer, and who had organized the "Cold Water Army" of this city, opened the meeting and proposed three cheers for the Teetotal Ministers of the Gospel, which was responded to in a manner that made the "old church ring." The chairman, Mr. Lawson, introduced the Rev. Messrs Booker, Goldsmith, Webster, and Parsons, who entertained the children and the spectators with some delightful speeches, after which they again formed in procession and proceeded up King-street to the square, where they formed in a ring, the Grand Marshal and the President being in the middle, when the band struck up the National Anthem, and three hearty cheers were given for our noble Queen, when they were dismissed, and returned to their homes, highly delighted with the proceedings of the day.

The children had each of them a badge to distinguish themselves as members, such as medals, sashes, on which was inscribed "Cold Water Army," and flags bearing various devices, such as, "Down with King Alcohol," "Water, the drink for me," "Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined," "Teetotalers or no Husbands," &c.—*The Spirit of the Age*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Melbourne, Oct. 5, 1849.

A meeting was held here on the 23d instant for the purpose of forming a society on the Total Abstinence principle. The meeting was numerously attended, and was addressed by Mr. John Alexander, theological student of the Free Church of Canada, who has been supplying the Free Church congregation in this place during the past season, in an eloquent and able speech.—After this thirty names were obtained to the pledge, (which is the same as that of the Montreal Society), which was the commencement of "The Melbourne Ridge Young Men's Total Abstinence Society." The following individuals were chosen officers of the Society—Mr. J. Auginger, President; Jeremiah Cramer, Vice-President; Stewart Armstrong, Secretary; Messrs. Peniston, Price, and Millar, the acting committee. I hope that this humble effort to stay the fearful progress of intemperance, and reclaim the drunkard from impending ruin, may be blessed by Him, without whose blessing, no undertaking will prosper.

STEWART ARMSTRONG, Secretary.

Agriculture.

BREAKING A COLT.

Some good people who raise colts, are not aware that they are thinking animals, and have feelings, passions, affections, very much like human beings. They cannot talk, that's all. People who do not appreciate the character of horses are apt to treat them like brutes without love or mercy, and without any appeal to their glorious intelligence.—'The horse knoweth his owner,'—and he knows much more, he knows when he is treated as a Christian's horse should be—and, in respect of the treatment, the Turk and Arab have much the advantage of us in civilization. Those pagans make friends of horses—they love each other, and in the sandy desert or on the wide plains, they lie down side by side, and each is equally ready to resist the approach of an enemy.

It is not often so with us. The colt is left to grow up to manhood wild in the pasture, with very little acquaintance or sociability with his master. As soon as he is thought strong enough to work he has a saddle or harness slapped upon him, so hard as to make him tingle again. He is put into a strong cart or waggon, without understanding what is wanted, and being bewildered in his ignorance, and exasperated at such rough handling, it is generally the case that he exerts his best strength to get out of the scrape and avoid his enemies by plunging, kicking, throwing

himself down and sundry other such vile tricks, (as they are called) as would naturally occur to a beast who thought himself most villainously abused. While this is the operation in the mind of the more unsophisticated colt, the horsebreaker is swearing at the vicious obstinacy, laying on the licks with the string or the butt of the whip handle, and doing his best to draw blood at every stroke. His intention is to subdue the beast to obedience. He may succeed, but it will only be by destroying his noble spirit, and rendering him a tame passive beast of burden, working only as he is forced, but without ambition or good will. The man is the most ignorant of the two. He is destitute of all proper knowledge of the animal who 'kneweth his owner,' and should be beaten with many stripes himself.

The fact is, the colt should be treated with unvarying kindness, except when he is unadvisedly vicious contrary to his own knowledge, after having been fairly taught. When he is taken up for breaking he should be kept hungry and thirsty, and be fed from the hand of his master; while all the little tokens of praise, kindness and approbation, which are as gratifying to a horse as to a woman, should be liberally bestowed upon him, no act of rudeness or unkindness should inspire him with fear—and in a short time he will come to his master, as to his best friend. Let him feel that he is safe in the hands and care of man, and he will place confidence in that attention which is bestowed, and with a light heart will exert himself to please his rider. Bestow upon him the whip, and jerk him about with the halter and bridle, and his temper will rouse to resistance or sink to stupidity.

A horse may be taught, like a child, by those who have won his affections; but the method of teaching is by showing distinctly what you want him to do, not by beating him because he does not understand and perform at the outset. Judicious management is required in the course of instruction, for these creatures, like men, have very different intellectual capacities and tempers, but all may be mastered by kindness, while the best, the most high spirited and most generous, will be ruined by beating.

To illustrate this point, which we mean to enlarge upon hereafter, we will relate a little circumstance that occurred during a tour to the White Hills. Having a horse,—a fine light gray saddle pony—we undertook, with a friend, to ride to the summit of one of the mountains. Federal—that was his name—a colt he belonged to the Niles—would have done anything for me, for he and I had become well acquainted, and he was a most noble hearted fellow. Federal clambered up according to my directions. I thought I could see the best way, and guided him accordingly. We got at last upon the peak, where was a level of some yards square, and Federal, who had never been up so high in the world before, as we slackened the rein, turned three times round to look at the prospect, and then set up a scream of delight. It was not a neigh, nor a whinny nor any common mode of talking for a horse, but it was a regular hurrah, as much as to say, 'O! thunder and lightning! Ain't this glorious?'

After a while, we turned to descend and gave Federal his own way. It seemed at times rather a ticklish job; but he managed it well. The little rascal stopped now and then and made a survey as carefully as could be done by a civil engineer. He turned up and tacked, and worked ship, like an old sailor among the breakers; and being careful and surefooted, he came down as safe as a tortoise. But we brought up at last against a fence—having taken a different direction from that by which we ascended. We rode at the fence faultily, but Federal stopped short.

'You fool,' said I, 'can't you jump?' Tried it again—no go. I stopped a moment, and thinks I to myself, this horse has never leaped a fence in his life. I felt sure he would have tried his best for me at any time, and would have broken his neck sooner than have refused if he had known exactly what to do. I talked kindly to him—patted his neck; and as soon as I saw his head raised about two or three inches, and his ears pricked up brightly and felt the muscles of his sides relax, under the saddle I knew he had caught the idea; that was all he wanted; I gave him the hint to try it, and over he went like a swallow, at least two feet higher than was necessary.

The little scamper meant to make a sure job of it. He was no sooner down than he wheeled about, looked at the fence and started, as much as to say, 'What do you think of that?' and trotted off. Ever afterwards during our journey, Federal was on the lookout for some excuse for leaping. A log, a run of water across the road, even a stone bridge, he uniformly pricked up his