PUBLISHED EVERY
SATURDAY MORNING,
BY
WILLIAM H. COUNCELL,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE, or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid within *one month* of the time of subscribing, or the renewal of subscription—A failure to notify a discontinuance is considered as a new engagement.

The Easton Gazette.

VOL. XL. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1857. No. 31

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Not exceeding one square, (10 lines) inserted THREE TIMES for ONE DOLLAR and TWENTY-FIVE cents for each subsequent insertion. Longer ones in proportion. A liberal deduction to yearly advertisers. Advertisements not marked the number of insertions desired, will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

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For the Easton Gazette.

DEFIANCE.

BY HARRY GRENVILLE.

Dull-eyed, leaden melancholy,
With care and ennui, boon companions,
The after-claps of wildest folly,
Come with their attendant minions
To rack and tear with deadly spite
My spirit plunged deep in despair,
Shrouding every ray of light
With a broad veil of sombre air.

Ye Gods! what pain can equal this?
What spell more horrid, dire or drear?
Yet the fierce hand we neck must kiss,
And bow in humble, anxious fear—
Away ye stings and snares so dread,
No more o'er me ye hold control;
I dare your wrath—upon my head
Let all your torrents seething roll;

Still undismayed I'll bare my brow,
And peal my storm defiance high,
As firm and steadfast then as now—
So will I live, so will I die.
Your power I scorn, your rage I dare,
Your direful reign with me is o'er,
Ye can no more my spirit snare,
NOR RACK MY HEART-STRINGS AS OF YORE.

St. Michaels, July 13, 1857.

A LESSON TO A SCOLDING MOTHER.

A little girl who had witnessed the perplexity of her mother on a certain occasion when her fortitude gave way under severe trial, said:

"Mother, does God ever fret or scold?"

The query was so abrupt and startling it arrested the mother's attention almost with a shock.

"Why Lizzie, what makes you ask that question?"

"Why, God is good—you know you used to call him the 'Good Man,' when I was little—and I should like to know if he ever scolded."

"No, child, no."

"Well, I am glad he don't for scolding always makes me feel so bad, even if it is not me in fault I don't think I could love God much if he scolded."

The mother felt rebuked before her simple child. Never had she heard so forcible a lecture on the evils of scolding The words of Lizzie sank deep in her heart, and she turned away from the innocent face of her little one to hide the tears that gathered in her eyes. Children are quick observers; and Lizzie seeing the effects of her words, hasten to inquire?

"Why do you cry, mother? Was it naughty for me to ask so many questions?"

"No, love, it was all right. I was only thinking how bad I had been to scold so much, when my girl could hear and be troubled by it."

"O, no, mamma, you are not bad you are a good mamma; only I wish there were not so many bad things to make you fret and talk like you did just now. It makes me feel away from you so far, as if I could not come near you, as I can when you smile and are kind; and O, I sometimes fear I shall be put off so far, I never can get back again."

"O, Lizzie, don't say that," said the mother, unable longer to repress the tears that had been struggling in her eyes. The child wondered what could so effect its parent, but instinctively feeling it was a case requiring sympathy, she reached up and laid her little arms about her mother's neck and whispered,

"Mamma, dear, do I make you cry?—Do you love me?"

"O, yes, I love you more than I can tell," replied the parent, clasping the child to her bosom. "And I will try never to scold again before my little sensitive girl."

"O, I am so glad. I can go near to you when you don't scold; and do you know mother I want to love you so much."

This was an effectual lesson, and the mother felt the force of that passage of Scripture "Out of the mouths of babes have I ordained strength." She never scolded again.

SELLING A HORSE.

A good clergyman wishing to be rid of his horse and try for a better one, directed his old negro man to sell his beast for what it would fetch, or to exchange him for another, adding at the same time an anxious caution not to deceive the purchaser, and even enumerating the faults of the animal, lest one should be overlooked.

"Remember, Pompey, he has four faults."

"O, yes, massa, I take care."

Pompey, jogging along the road and conning over the list to himself, as the old lady did her luggage, "Big box, little box, band box, bundle," was overtaken by a man on horseback, who entered into conversation, and among some other topics, made some enquiries about the horse.

Pompey told his story, said that his master had charged him to tell the horse's faults to the purchaser without reservation.

"Well, what are they?" said this stranger who had a mind for a swap.

"Dere is four massa," said Pompey, "and I remember 'm all very well just now, but ——"

"Well, tell me those you do remember," said the other.

Well, sah, one is dat de horse is white, and the white hairs got on massa's coat, and dat don't look well for a clergyman."

"And the next?"

"Why, when he come to a brook, he will put his nose down and blow into the water, and massa don't like dat."

"What next?"

"I can't anyhow remember de oders," said Pompey, peering up into the clouds with one eye reflectingly.

The stranger concluded to strike a bargain and exchange his own horse, which had not quite so genteel an air as the parson's, for this nearly unexceptionable animal. It was not long before the clerical steed stumbled, and threw his rider into a ditch. Picking himself up as well as he could, he examined his new purchase a little more closely, and discovered that his horse was entirely blind.

Finding Pompey again without much difficulty, his wrath burst forth in a torrent of reproaches:

"You black rascal! what does this mean? This horse is broken-kneed and as blind as a mole!"

"O, yes, massa," said Pompey, blandly, "dems de oder two faults I couldn't remember!"

WHERE ARE THE WHIGS?

Where are the Whigs? asks a respectable morning contemporary, bewailing the prevalence of licentious factions at the head of the Republic. "Where are the Whigs?" Why *some* are where they ought not to be, serving the Democratic party who hunted their great leader into his grave, and worshipping James Buchanan, who raised the cry of "bargain and corruption" which darkened his glorious and patriotic life.—Such are Wm. B. Reed, the Commissoner to China: James Alfred Pearce and Thomas G. Pratt, whom the Whig party elevated to the United States Senate: and such is Mr. Groome, of Elkton, whom the Democratic party are going to support for Governor of Maryland, because he supported Mr. Buchanan in opposition to Mr. Fillmore, a Whig as long as the Whig party existed.

Does our respectable contemporary expect them or their like to staunch the wounds of the country? Is it the Whig doctrine of our contemporary that the Democratic administration is free from political sin? that it has not occasioned the present bitter alienation between the people of the country? that the Democrats have not encouraged, aided and incited, the fillibustering marauders, under the Ostend doctrines of their President, to invade peaceful neighboring States? that they have not agitated the slavery question? that they have not neglected the rivers, and harbors, and commerce of the country, vetoed by their last great chief, for the more tempting and less honorable field of political agitation? Do Whigs do these things? Is that the Whig doctrine?

If it be, then he is right in asking where are the Whigs? And the answer for him is, that they have all turned Democrats; and that those who desire *their* aid to repress other evils will find it easy to obtain it by simply supporting Democratic nominees—without any change of principle at all, and still calling themselves "Old Line Whigs"—or, better still, "Henry Clay Whigs," as *his* son is now doing in Kentuckey!

If, however, that be not our contemporary's view of the beneficent tendancies of Democratic principles—if he does *not* think them responsible for the evils of which he complains—for the sectional strife, for the Northern madness they have provoked—for the Republican party they have created—for the neglect of the great commercial interest of the country—for Walker expeditions, and Crabbe marauding parties, and Lopez invasionists—then, is it possible for him to suppose that *those* Whigs who stifled what our contemporary, as well as *we*, regard as Whig sentiments and Whig principles, and who supported the Democratic policy and the Democratic candidate, and so won for themselves equivocal consideration, equivocal influence, great place, or rather *the prospect of great place*, among their new allies—that *such* men are the most likely persons, and the most efficient, to remedy the evils they are now upholding? to rebuke the agitations they are now profiting by?—to revive that which they, calling themselves its friends—nay, its very body and soul—have deserted for the Democratic creed, and have thus tacitly acknowledge the worthlessness of those very principles for which they had been contending for years?

We leave that question to be answered by men of practical minds.

The other Whigs—Whigs of the right stamp—and well disposed to sustain the American party which now, in this State, alone rescues us from Democratic domination and misrule.

Very many of them are affiliated with the American party, which has welcomed to its ranks all who are opposed to that denomination and misrule—exactly as our able and energetic Mayor, Mr. Swan, is affiliated with the American party, by adhesion to its cardinal principles support of its candidates and defence of its essential doctrines, while the *self-styled leaders* of the old Whig party have sought promotion in the ranks of the enemy, and, in some instances, have had doled out to them some small office, a petty reward for timely services, the great honest masses of American Democrats, together have joined the National American party.

They have thus united because the old Whig party could not, and the Democratic party would not, and because a new party, suited to the political exigencies of the country, *alone could* apply an effectual remedy for the overwhelming evils arising from the present naturalization laws, through which alone, in time past, the Democratic party defeated Henry Clay, and through which they are now in possession of the power and the patronage of the general Government. The great honest masses of the Whigs are where Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster would be, if alive—for their countrymen against the Democrats and their allies, and for American principles first last and forever.

If our contemporary asks, "Where are the Whigs?" with a view of redressing the evils of which he complains, we answer, they are assisting to redress them in the only practical and efficent way. They have redressed them to some extent, and in a practical and altogether efficient way, in Maryland, and they mean to go on to a more desirable extent, and further redress them in a very permanent manner. They have in our own city, aided in the election of an energetic and able Mayor and Council, which have organized a powerful and efficent police. They have abolished the oppressive stamp tax. They have reduced the State direct tax, and yet increased the revenue. They have secured to the city of Baltimore greater appropriations in Congress than have ever before, in the whole duration of the government, all taken together, been granted—the benefit of which was withheld by Mr. Pierce and has been prevented by Mr. Buchanan, in flagrant violation of the law. The Whigs of Maryland are engaged in these good works, and they are likely to continue so engaged.

If it still be asked where are the Whigs? we say they are divided into three classes—the Loco Foco Whigs, the American Whigs, and that body of gallant gentlemen, still calling themselves Whigs, who vote the American ticket, but who are not ambitious of political preferment. They do not care much for any party, now their great and glorious party is a wreck, and its leader laid in his grave: but they stand firm by their ancient principles, and vote against the Democrats everywhere, and at all times.

Of such was the Whig Convention of last year; but of them was neither Mr. Groome, nor Mr. Reed, nor Mr. Pearce, nor Mr. Pratt. The whigs of Maryland who were in that Convention, are now, as then, Whigs, but Americans also; and anybody now who talks about reorganizing the Whig party for a substantive contest in Maryland, is either consciously or unconsciously playing the game of the Democracy.

The Whigs proper have a profound scorn of the petty politicianers of both parties, desire and will heartily sustain the nomination of good men and true, over men of small calibre and less character; advocate a high standard of eligibility to office, and demand, as they justly may, that their voice shall be heard, and their counsels respected in a matter vital to the interests of the State, and to the prosperity, dignity, and honor of the Republic at large—*Baltimore American.*

THE AMERICAN REFORM.

The mission of the American party is to rescue the government of the States and of the United States from the foreign influence.

To accomplish this purpose two changes must be made.

The elective franchise of the state must be changed; and *this* can be done only by a *Reform Convention.*

The naturalization law must be changed: and this can be done only by Congress.

For Congress cannot change the elective franchise which is defined by the Constitution of Maryland, and no convention of the people of Maryland can change the law of naturalization. To make a thorough reform and to rescue the country entirely from foreign influence both must concur: but we of Maryland, by our power over our own State Constitution, can apply a remedy which for our own State will free us from foreign influence: and any other State so disposed can do the same by altering their elective franchise. They have only to apply to the rule of *suffrage* the principles which the framers of the United States Constitution applied to the rule of qualification for the Senate and the House of Representatives, and they will have revolutionized the government without saying a word to Congress. A few words will show how this can be done.

The election of President Buchanan depended on the vote of Pennsylvania. That vote was determined by a majority of about twenty-two hundred only. There were naturalized in Philadelphia, within two or three weeks of the election, over four thousand foreigners: and their vote put in, under the law of Pennsylvania, made more than the *whole* majority.

The Constitution of Pennsylvania declares that *"every white freeman of the age of twenty-one years, having resided in this State one year and in the election district where he offers to vote ten days immediately preceding such election, shall enjoy the rights of an elector."*

This provision gave to the four thousand Irish and Germans who were naturalized, ten days before the election, the power to elect the President of the United States!—The right to vote for President depends on the State Constitution, just as much as the right to vote for the Governor of the State; and the people of the State alone possess the power to declare who shall and who shall not vote.

Now if the Constitution of Pennsylvania had been American in spirit and feeling, and had said "every white freeman of the age of twenty-one years, having resided in this State, *and been a citizen of the United States* one year, and in the election district where he offers to vote ten days immediately preceding such election shall enjoy the privileges of an elector," Mr. Buchanan would not have been elected—but Mr. Fillmore would now have been President by the choice of the House of Representatives.

The result would have followed from simply inserting the words: *"and been a citizen of the United States one year,"* for that would have prevented the 4,000 Irish and Germans, who became citizens within three weeks, from destroying the influence of 4,000 men born and educated on American soil—who had been waiting twenty-one years for the privilege which these men got in three weeks before the election. All that is wanting is that the foreigner as well as the native shall undergo a probation before he is allowed to govern the country.

This example speaks for itself. We of Maryland have only to apply it to our own constitution.

That constitution introduced some great reforms, especially in transferring to the *people* the appointment of judges and other officers, formerly appointed by the Governor: but those reforms were half neutralized by the democratic contrivance to have them *all* controlled by the *foreign vote.*—*This* the American party can *now* remedy; and by changing the elective franchise *really* secure to the people of Maryland the appointment of their own judges and other officers, free from the foreign votes manufactured the day before the election by the democrats.

The Constitution of Maryland now says—Article I.

"Every free white male person of twenty-one years of age or upwards, who shall have been one year next preceding the election a resident of the State, and for six months a resident of the city of Baltimore, or of any county in which he may offer to vote, *and being at the time of the election a citizen of the United States, shall be entitled to vote.*"

The American people of Maryland propose—when the Constitutional term shall come—to change that Article I so as to read as follows:

"Every free white male person of twenty-one years of age or upwards, who shall have been one year next preceding the election a resident of the State and for six months a resident of the city of Baltimore, or of any county in which he offers to vote, and *having been* at the time of the election *five years* a citizen of the United States, shall be entitled to vote."

This allows any citizen, without any discrimination between native and foreign, to vote when he shall have been a citizen five years.

If a person is born here he is a *citizen by birth*, and when twenty-one years of age has been twenty-one years a citizen. If not born here, but born abroad, but naturalized here when sixteen years old, then at twenty-one he will have been a citizen five years, and can then vote. But no native can now vote till he has been more than five years a citizen, and it is not equal that a foreigner shall be allowed to vote the *very day* he becomes a citizen. Yet this is what the present Constitution now authorizes.—The day before the election he is not a citizen and owes no allegiance to the Government—may plot against it with impunity, and cannot be compelled to defend it and the *next day* he is transformed into a full blown citizen, with the right to dictate to the natives who shall be their President!

This is directly contrary to the spirit of the constitution; for it is giving to *foreigners immediately*, before they have been citizens a day, the right to govern the country—while the constitution of the United States, so far as *it could*, in determining the qualifications of President, Senator and Representative, was careful to interpose a period of probation.

As to President, *it forbids* any but a native to be President.

As to Senator, the Article I, sec. III, says: "No person shall be a Senator who shall not have attained the age of thirty years, and been *nine* years *a citizen of the United States.*

As to Representative, the Article I, section II, say: "No person shall be a Representative who shall not have attained the age of twenty-five, and been *seven years a citizen of the United States.*

We see therefore, how careful the constitution has been to confine the power of appointment to native influences.

The Constitution has thus *settled the principle*: it has applied it *as far as it could* to the Legislature and the executive and appointing power. It could not apply it to the elective franchise: for that was the prerogative of the States: but we in the States must now do it in order to bring the law of suffrage in Maryland into a conformity with the spirit and words of the Constitution of the United States.

It is vain for the constitution to endeavor to exclude foreign influence by requiring a Representative to have been seven years a citizen, if that Representative should get his seat by pandering to the prejudices of the foreign crowd naturalized only a day before his election. He is the representative of the very foreign influence the constitution was trying to exclude.

And in vain will it have required nine years citizenship to free a Senator from foreign influence in his executive functions, of appointments and treaty-making, if he go there from State Legislatures elected by foreign votes, to whose spirit he must bow if he would keep his place.

And in the *State* the *people are now the direct* appointing power as to the Governor, Judges and every other important office, and yet we are in flagrant conflict with the spirit of the United States Constitution, which confines the nomination to a native—the President and the approval to the Senators who have been *nine years* citizens while *we*, in our State affairs allow foreigners, just naturalized both to nominate and to appoint Governors, Judges, Sheriffs, Clerks and all our officers without any limitation at all!

The American party are penetrated with the wisdom of those provisions of that immortal instrument, and they mean to interpose similar restrictions *here* on foreign influence in appointments—which can be done *only by the elective franchise* requiring all persons who vote for the appointment of those officers to have been citizens for five years.

This the American party of Maryland mean to do. They do not mean to wait for any change in the naturalition law, for it is not necessary to enable them to protect themselves, and after it may be passed, the State Constitution would still have to be changed in order to any real security.—They will therefore strive to get the naturalization laws changed; but they will not allow the failure of Congress to do its duty, to subject our State to the foreign influence of Irish and Germans, manufactured by democrats into citizens, on the day of election.

If I were so unlucky, said an officer, as to have a stupid son, I would certainly by all means make him a parson. A clergyman who was in company calmly replied: You think differently, Sir, from your father.

Prescott, the historian, is reported to have received $20,000 as the income from his literary labors during the past year.

Healey, the artist, is said to have made $12,000 in six months, by portrait painting in Chicago.

[Correspondence of the Easton Gazette.]

LEAVENWORTH CITY, (K. T.)
6 mo. 29th, 1857.

A gentleman having tendered me the use of his Indian pony, I availed myself of the opportunity to ride through the north-western portion of the territory to Doniphan and left this place on the morning of the 25th, fully equipped with blanket, &c., for a three day's trip over the hills and prairies of Kansas. Four miles distant from town in Salt Creek Valley, I came upon a Mormon emigrant camp, preparing to leave for Salt Lake city, and having a desire to see a real mormon I rode into camp and spent half an hour among them. The women were engaged in washing and putting away the utensils used at the morning meal, and were dressed in coarse clothes, cut and fashioned in rather a nondescript style, between the bloomer and present dress worn—minus the hoops. Some were young with rather intelligent and interesting countenances, decidedly more so than I expected to find in a Mormon camp; they appeared in numbers, three to one of the male sex, who were a coarse rough looking set of men. The children with their dirty faces and tangled hair were tombling around on the prairie in considerable numbers, occasionally they had a little muss among themselves with regard to the ownership of pieces of bread, &c.—their crying was the first thing to avert my attention on approaching the camp. My curiosity as to a mormon camp being satisfied I renewed my journey, passing over rather a rough but beautful country interspersed with timber at intervals of four or five miles. This portion has been settled for the past two years, and I noticed where the prairie fires had been kept out the young timber is growing up finely, the soil being so very rich that it requires but a short time to grow it. I thought that if Talbot only had the soil of Kansas she could not be surpassed in any particular, but then it must not be expected that she should possess all the good things.

I arrived in Doniphan in time for supper, passing through Atchison at four o'clock. These are two rival towns on the Missouri river, distant from each other five miles, and containing about forty houses each, with a number of others going up, and were you to judge from what is said about them by parties most interested, you would be led to suppose that at least one of them would be the metropolis of the Territory, but I think that power must be given to Leavenworth city. It is perfectly astonishing how rapidly this place increases, and the high figure at houses as well as lots are rented and sold.

When within ten miles of Leavenworth on my return, my pony which by the way, is the laziest animal I have ever seen, declined to go any farther, and not being able to carry him, (though he was remarkably small) nor understanding enough of the Indian language to make him do as I desired, had quietly to wait his time for moving, which when he had eaten as much grass as he wished, which detained me near three hours, but notwithstanding the detention reached Leavenworth in time for a late supper, and thereupon transferred the pony over to his owner with thanks for his kindness, with an inward wish that I may never meet with so lazy a pony again.

Since my residence here I have met with Col. Delahay, formerly a resident of the Eastern Shore, and well known to many of the citizens of Talbot county, and at present the editor of the Wyondorte Register. Col. D. was particularly unfortunate during the troubles here last year in having his type and press destroyed. K.

P. S.—30th.—The election yesterday, for members of the city council to fill the vacancies caused by the resignation of the old board, resulted in the election of the Free State ticket. During the afternoon a serious difficulty occurred, resulting in the death, by stabbing, of J. M. Lyle, clerk of the county court, by a Free State man, named Hallar. From what particulars I can learn of the case it appears that an old feud existed between them. They both having been engaged in the difficulties when Phillips was shot and his property destroyed. Hallar was taken prisoner at that time and was afterwards sent down the river. It has created an intense excitement here. Haller was arrested, and some few talked of lynching. The city marshal summoned a hundred men, which were placed on guard during the night for fear of an outburst, but this morning everything is quiet, and no further difficulties are apprehended. A man named Mitchell is also arrested for shooting during the row.

The Gazette (ever a welcome visitor) makes its appearance more regular: the issue of the 20th was received on the 28th, eight days coming, provided it was mailed on the morning of the 20th. K.

A HEROIC WOMAN.—One of the most striking incidents in the fearful tradgedy near Quebec was the conduct of Mrs. Bloomfield, whose husband is in the employ of the Grand Trunk Company at Toronto, in saving two children. She held to a rope with one hand, keeping the head of one child above the water with the other, and holding the other up by fastening her teeth in its dress. So heavy was the load that two of her teeth gave way and were lost, yet she still retained her hold. At last a boat came towards her, and men were screaming all around her to be taken on board. She could not scream, but a man seeing her situation brought a boat to her, telling them she needed help most.—Then her strength gave way at the prospect of relief and safty, and she came near drowning before she could be lifted into the boat. She is a slight delicate woman in appearance, and one wonders how she was able to endure so much. The children were not her own. One of them, aged eighteen months, is named Jeanie, as Mrs. Bloomfield heard it called on board by its parents, who were from Glasgow. They were both lost.

AGRICULTURE, &c.

SHEEP.—Every owner of a flock of sheep, should consider it his duty, as it assuredly is his interest, to keep a trough, under cover in his sheep pasture, from now until fall, over the bottom of which should be placed a layer of *tar*, and over that a liberal covering of *salt*. In licking the salt of which they are very fond, and which is conducive to their health, they will smear their noses with tar, and thus arm themselves against the *fly*, which deposits its eggs in the nostrils of sheep; the aroma of the tar will drive the fly off and prevent such deposits, and consequently preserve the sheep from the disease called the *worms in the head*, which is the result of such deposits. The tar and salt should be placed in the trough every few days.

POTATOES.—Keep these clean from grass and weeds. If you have not already done so, give them a top-dressing of a mixture comprised, at the rate per acre, of 5 bushels of unleached ashes, 1 bushel of salt, and 1 bushel of plaster. We do not recommend this application with the view of finding in it a specific or preventive against the *rot;* for we have but little faith in *nostrums* but for the more rational purpose of supplying the potatoes with elements which we consider essential to their healthful growth, and which are always found, by every well conducted analysis, in their tubes and tops; and hence we inter, that it is always the part of prudence to supply them, lest they may be absent from the soil, and as a consequence that the plants would suffer for the want of them; for we take it to be a legitimate deduction from the premises, that if the substances named were not essential to the growth and maturation of the potato, their *presence* would not be so invariably found in their ashes when submitted to the test of analysis.

THE HORSE - CHARMER OR THE GREAT SECRET OF TAMING HORSES.—The following singular article is from the *Indiana Farmer*, and we shall be glad to know if the editors of that paper have not been imposed upon. A few years ago, during the session of the United States Agricultural Society at Washington, we saw some feats performed by a horse trainer. He used a small drum kept constantly beating, and the wildest and most unmanageable horse that could be found would follow him like a dog. He would go into the stables without the least fear of being kicked, commencing to beat this drum before going near the horse, and then going through some manipulations about his head, which we supposed to be at the time mere pretences, but they may have been connected with the following recipe. Many accounts having been given in English journals of what are called the "Horse Whisperers," that are to be found at English and Irish Fairs, pretending to whisper into the ears of horses, after which the most untractable are readily managed by themselves and others. [ED. *Working Farmer.*

"The horse-castor is a wart, or excrescence, which grows on every horse's fore legs and generally on the hind legs. It has a peculiar rank, musty smell, and easily pulled off. The amoniacal affluvia of the horse seems peculiarly to concentrate in this part, and its very strong odor has a great attraction for all animals, especially canine, and the horse himself.

For the oil of cumin, the horse has an instinctive passion—both are original natives of Arabia, and when the horse scents the odor, he is instinctively drawn toward it.

The oil of Rhodium possesses peculiar properties All animals seem to cherish a fondness for it, and it exercises a kind of subduing influence over them. Directions:—Procure some horse castor, and grate it fine. Also get some oil of Rhodium and oil of cumin, and keep the three separate in air-tight bottles.

Rub a little oil of cumin upon your hand; and approach the horse in the field, on the windward side, so that he can smell the cumin. The horse will let you come up to him then without any trouble.

Immediately rub your hand gently on the horse's nose, getting a little of the oil on it. You can then lead him anywhere. Give him a little of the castor on a piece of loaf-sugar, apple or potato.

Put eight drops of oil of Rhodium into a lady's silver thimble. Take the thimble between the thumb and middle finger of your right hand, with the fore-finger stopping the mouth of the thimble, to prevent the oil from running out whilst you are opening the mouth of the horse.

As soon as you have opened the horses's mouth, tip the thimble over upon his tongue, and he is your servant. He will follow you like a pet dog.

Ride fearless and promptly, with your knees pressed to the side of the horse, and your toes turned out; then you will always be on the alert for a shy or a sheer from the horse, and he can never throw you.

Then if you want to teach him to lie down, and stand on his nigh or left side, have a couple of leather straps about six feet long; string up his left leg with one of them round his neck; strap the other end of it over his shoulders; hold it in your hand, and when you are ready, tell him to lie down, at the same time, gently, firmly and steadily pulling on the strap, touching him lightly on the knee with a switch. The horse will immediately lie down. Do this a few times, and you can make him lie down without the straps.

He is now your pupil and your friend.—You can teach him anything, only be kind to him, be gentle. Love him and he will love you. Feed him before you do yourself. Shelter him well, groom him yourself, keep him clean, and at night always give a good bed, at least a foot deep.

In the winter season, don't let your horse stand out a long time in the cold, without shelter or covering; for remember that the horse is an aboriginal native of a warm climate, and in many respects his constitution is as tender as a man's.