

Agriculture.

Horse Taming.

This subject does not appear to be fully understood even by professional horsemen. The majority of horses which are denominated vicious, are on the contrary extremely docile and possessed of gentle natures, but as these admirable qualities are always associated with boldness and courage, such animals will not infrequently retaliate by kicking or biting their abusers. They never exhibit antagonism unless punished, or when made to perform some painful exertion, taxing them beyond their powers.

The horse inherits a greater degree of intelligence than any other useful animal of the brute kind. His instincts, in many instances, compare favorably with those of the nobler animal, man. If, therefore, a horse is obdurate and incorrigible, it is because he has not been understood; because his genius is superior to the person to whom his early education and training have been confided. Ignorant grooms, in breaking colts, use coercive measures, where kindness and gentle treatment are only appropriate. The first impressions of a young horse deprived of his liberty and the unrestrained following of his own inclinations, are almost certain to mark indelibly his future career, and make him either obstinate and intractable or submissive and affectionate. Thus, if he had been frightened and his nervous system excited beyond control, flogging or any harsh practice would confirm what originally was but an impulse, and make it a permanent habit.

Horses, like men, are more susceptible to flattery than chastisement. I will relate a case in point which occurred last spring, by which a promising thorough-bred, three years old, was entirely ruined in disposition. The animal in question was unusually intelligent, possessed remarkably elastic limbs and temperament, and was perpetually throwing up his heels and gamboling when not restrained by lack of space. A professional horse-trainer had contracted the job of reducing him to servitude. The first difficulty of catching the colt in an adjoining pasture was only accomplished after half a day's coaxing, and the utter demolition of the patience of the trainer. This individual, thoroughly exasperated, initiated the mettlesome animal into the virtues of a black whip. His efforts at resistance were terrific; he kicked and plunged, and made fearful plunges at his executioner; he was in the most intense state of excitement; the neck-veins became gorged with blood, and his eyes were projected far from their sockets. So ungovernable did he become, and so much was his indignation aroused by this surprising treatment, that after a period of a week had elapsed, the opening of the stable door where he was confined was the signal for a continuation of the knocking and struggles which marked the day of his introduction to society. At the present time this colt is the most furious and vicious quadruped I ever saw, which is entirely attributable to the brutal flogging he received when it was unmerited, and before he could understand its object. Thus the superior intelligence, which might have been cultivated into pre-eminent virtues, was turned into a channel for the fostering and development of his baser proclivities.

In breaking a colt, we should first endeavour to make him conscious of what is required of him. Fettering him with a halter for the first time, placing the saddle upon his back, fastening the girths, are all matters of paramount importance, and an intuitive knowledge of his idiosyncracies.

Before putting a halter upon a colt, he must be rendered familiar with it by caressing him and permitting him to examine the article with his nose. Then place a portion of it over his head, occasionally giving it a slight pull, and in a few minutes he will be accustomed to these liberties, and then the halter may be fastened on properly. To teach him to lead is another difficulty. Stand a little on one side, rub his nose and forehead, take hold of the strap and pull gently, and at the same time touch him very lightly with the end of a long whip across his hind legs. This will make him start and advance a few steps. Repeat the operation several times, and he will soon learn to follow you by simply pulling the halter. The process of saddling and bridling is similar. The mouth of the colt should be frequently handled, after which introduce a plain snaffle between his teeth and hold it there with one hand and caress him with the other. After a time he will allow the bridle to be placed upon him. The saddle can now be brought in and rubbed against his nose, his neck, and his legs; next hang the stirrup strap across his back, and gradually insinuate the saddle into its place. The girth should not be fastened until he becomes thoroughly acquainted with the saddle. The

first time the girth is buckled it should be done so loosely as not to attract his attention; subsequently it can be tightened without inspiring him with fear, which if fastened immediately it would most certainly do. In this manner the wildest colt can be effectually subjugated by such imperceptible degrees that he gives tacit obedience before he is aware of his altered condition.

The recently introduced art of taming horses as practiced by Mr. Rarey, and which has given him an enviable celebrity in Europe, is one which in my opinion will prove of inestimable value, not only in training colts, but in eradicating the vices of the matured horse. Mr. Rarey's method is not new in this country, nor original with him, it having been practiced by circus riders in subduing and educating horses for their performances. The treatment is exceedingly simple, and consists in placing the horse in such a position as to render all his efforts at resistance abortive. Once convince him of your superiority mentally and physically, and his obdurate spirit is permanently conquered. The older the horse, the more the difficulty in vanquishing him, as he clings to his early impressions with astonishing tenacity. Last week I had the gratification of witnessing the taming of a horse by a confere of Mr. Rarey practicing in this city—Mr. Caleb H. Rarey. The horse provided for the operation was a most incorrigible brute, extremely nervous, and apparently actuated by a desire to taste of every person who came within range of his mouth. Mr. Rarey approached him fearlessly, and after a contested struggle of two hours, the ferocious animal was entirely changed in disposition. In fact he presented a most pitiful and forlorn appearance, not only permitted Mr. Rarey but also the bystanders to take liberties which, two hours before, he would have resented in the most savage manner. Such was the wonderful influence of a few simple contrivances by which the horse was effectually prevented from offering successful resistance.

The art of horse-taming is to a certain extent known to the Mexicans. Throwing the lasso and entangling the animal in its meshes, so as to deprive him of his liberty, will produce similar effects in curing his obstinacy as Mr. Rarey's method, as the same general principles are involved. I am not permitted to give the details of this gentleman's practice, as secrecy was enjoined upon all who witnessed the performance. Any knowledge of the horse that will make him more useful to man cannot be too widely disseminated; and I sincerely hope that horse-taming, with all the details of the operation, will soon find its way into the public prints, properly authenticated. The introduction of valuable thorough breeds makes the subject of training an exceedingly interesting one, as in many instances the pure bloods defy all efforts at subordination.

J. V. V., in N. Y. Tribune.

Simple Butter Cooler.

Procure a large new flower pot, of a sufficient size to cover the butter plate, and also a saucer large enough for the flower pot to rest in upside down; place a trivet or meat stand—such as is put in the oven when a joint is baked—in the saucer, and put on this trivet the plate of butter; now fill the saucer with water, and turn the flower pot over the butter, so that its bottom edge will be below the water. The hole in the flower pot must be fitted with a cork, the butter will then be in what we may call an air-tight chamber. Let the whole of the outside of the flower pot be thoroughly drenched with water, and placed in as cool a spot as you can find. If this be done over night, the butter will be "firm as a rock" at breakfast time; or if placed there in the morning, it will be quite as hard for use at tea hour. The reason of this is that when water evaporates it produces cold; the porous pot draws up the water, which in warm weather quickly evaporates from the sides, and thus cools it; and as no warm air can now get at the butter, it becomes firm and cool in the hottest day.—Scientific American.

Blackberry Jam.

Gather the fruit in dry weather; allow half-a-pound of good brown sugar to every pound of fruit; boil the whole together gently for an hour, or till the blackberries are soft, stirring and mashing them well. Preserve it like any other jam, and it will be found very useful in families, particularly for children; regulating their bowels, and enabling you to dispense with cathartics. It may be spread on bread, or on puddings, instead of butter; and even when the blackberries are bought, it is cheaper than butter.

About a year since, a journeyman Carpenter at Chicago, received a legacy of \$40,000 by the death of an uncle in Australia. He died last week from the effects of dissipation.—New York paper, 3rd July.

For the Christian Messenger.

Obituary Notices.

DEAR BROTHER,

It is not in my power to send you an interesting account of a gracious revival of religion in our neighbourhood in connection with the Church of Christ, but, in the Providence of God, I have been called upon to witness the conversion and happy death of a beloved son of one of our members in this place; and by the insertion of the following account, if you should deem it worthy a place in the columns of your valuable paper you will oblige a large circle of relatives, and I would fain hope it would be read with interest by the friends of Zion.

Yours affectionately, in the gospel,
CHARLES IVES BURNETT.

North River, P. E. I.

After a protracted illness of seven months, which he bore with much patience and resignation, John Bruce, eldest son of John and Mary McPhee, departed this life July 6th, in the 19th year of his age.

On the 20th of March I called to see him, and found him very much impaired in his health. I spoke to him freely, and kindly as I could, of looking upon his state, as being critical; prayed with him and the dear family. His affectionate mother told me he was the idol of her heart, she had prayed long for his conversion, that he might become a useful minister of the gospel of Christ, and now, if she could only see him converted, she could freely give him up. On the 19th of April, an interesting young friend, (the son of a pious widow lady), whose health had been in a declining state for many months, and at whose couch during the past winter I had frequently watched with feelings of deep anxiety, had so far recovered as to be able to ride out to see our afflicted brother—there were only three months difference in their ages—and at that interview it would have been a critical point to say who would be removed first. Both of them naturally reserved, you could not easily get them to express their feelings, however, afflicted as they were, and pale consumption had marked the one, and a diseased liver, apparently for their victims, yet they enjoyed the interview.

May 10th, his brother Daniel came for me to go immediately, as he supposed he was dying. When I arrived, the father and mother met me on entering the house, and told me he was in great distress, on account of his soul! On entering his bed room, his uncle and aunt, (both members of the Church), were with him, but I shall not easily forget his piercing look when he gave me his hand and said, in strong accents, "Mr. Burnett, pray for me. I am dying, and I am going to hell. O my God! must I die? and go to hell? It was truly an affecting and heart rending scene—hard as adamant must that heart be which could gaze on such a scene unmoved. I endeavored to pray with him, and plead a Saviour's ability and willingness to save; but not a ray of light nor a glimmering of hope seemed to take possession of the mind, he was the subject of intense agony,—he said he had for months past stifled conviction and grieved the Spirit of God, and God would not hear him.

On the 12th, I saw him again, he was more calm and resigned. I talked with him freely, he opened his mind to me, he said he saw the ability and willingness of Christ to save; but he had no evidence of it, he was afraid he was not saved, he said, "he was afraid to die," his sins were so great. He spoke of the first time he turned his back on the sanctuary to desecrate the Holy Day of rest, how his conscience smote him, and how his comrades laughed at his fears.

That evening I spent at his uncle's, and on returning home, his mother informed me he wished to speak to me. I went to his bedside, and he told me he had given himself to the Lord, that whether he lived or died he hoped he was his. He expressed himself as having no feelings of triumph, like some believers; but his fear was gone—he was not afraid to die—yet he was looking for a fuller evidence than he enjoyed.

On Sabbath, 30th, one of his companions called to see him. I was present at the time. He shook hands with him and said, "John, it is a serious thing to die," and he exhorted him to seek the Lord.

Flattering indeed was the disease. Steadily, as far as my circumstances would allow, I visited him, in order, if possible, to strengthen his mind, by presenting to him those exceeding great and precious promises which are given to them that believe.

July 2nd, I found him apparently in a dying state, and his mind at times wandered; but it was easily recalled, when divine truth was presented to him; in concluding this interview with prayer, he said, "I will fear no evil." On one occasion, on seeing his mother weep, he said to her, "Why do you weep? why wish me to stay here? There is nothing but sin and sorrow. Let me go to my blessed Jesus."

On the 4th, Sabbath morning, I called, previous to the exercises of the day. I found him composed, longing to be gone. He said to me "I hope to spend next Sabbath in heaven." The following Monday, my young friend, to whom I have alluded in our former visits, went with me in the afternoon to see him. I found him dying, but composed. He told me to pray low, his head was affected. While I was engaged with God on his behalf, he uttered the words, "Come Lord Jesus, and come quickly." He bid both of us affectionately "Good bye," and said, "I hope to meet you in heaven."

On Tuesday, 6th, at 1 1/2 P. M., I received the intelligence, he was no more, he had fallen asleep, but in so doing he said, "Come Lord Jesus"—the power of nature failed before he could finish the sentence.

My young friend and myself hastened to see his remains. I found the father and mother sustained under the painful dispensation as well as

could be expected. His brother Daniel felt deeply the blow which was struck. May it bring him savingly acquainted with his Saviour.

On the following Thursday his remains were taken to the burial ground at Charlotetown, they were followed by a large circle of relatives and friends. In depositing the body in its last resting place, those beautiful words of Watts were sung,

"Unveil thy bosom, sacred tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust."

On the following Sabbath the writer endeavored to improve the solemn event to a large and attentive audience.

And while the sluices of nature are opened, we have no reason to sorrow, as those without hope; but,

"Still in heaven, we hope to greet him,
Where no farewell tear is shed."

North River, July 13th, 1858. B.

DAVID H. POTTER.

Died, at Clements, on the 22nd of May, David H. third son of the Rev. Israel Potter, aged 39 years. Brother Potter made a profession of religion in the 23rd year of his age; and lived a consistent member of the Baptist church until his death.

Through his protracted illness he manifested the most perfect resignation to the Divine will. For him to live was Christ, but to die was gain. His ransomed soul was washed in the atoning blood of Jesus. Exulting in redeeming love it winged its way to God.

He has left a widow and 3 children, with a large number of friends to mourn their loss. May the Lord comfort and sustain them, and bring them all to meet again at his right hand in glory.—Communicated by REV. A. COGSWELL. Clements, July 22nd, 1858.

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

Who are the "persecutors" at Bridgewater?

MR. EDITOR,

I beg leave to make a few remarks in reference to an article written by Rev. H. D. Steele, an extract of which appeared in the C. M. of the 14th inst.

I regret to learn that a minister of the Gospel has departed from his holy calling, so far as to make use of such language as appeared in the article referred to. Every true Christian should discountenance such a spirit; and I am happy to inform you that many do in this place: (even members of the Presbyterian as well as other churches.)

I was of the opinion, and am still, that Baptists, or those holding Baptist principles, from our Saviour's appearance on earth—until the present time—were a persecuted but not a persecuting people.

As a looker-on, I would give it as my candid opinion—that if there be any body of Christians who are so treated in Bridgewater, it is the Baptists. This causes me to feel a nearness to them, although I am not a member of their church.

All members of churches profess to love their Maker, but O! what a solemn mockery for them to attempt to worship God while indulging in hatred towards their neighbours. No wonder so many doubt the reality of religion, and stand aloof from uniting with its professors. The efforts put forth by the Baptists have been blest to the hopeful conversion of numbers in Bridgewater and surrounding country. I have attended several of their prayer and preaching meetings, and have conversed with a number of the members.—I have noticed a desire expressed in their prayers and exhortations, that the revival enjoyed by them might extend to other churches. Some of the Baptists, with members of other persuasions, have been instrumental in organizing a Union Prayer Meeting, two miles from Bridgewater, which I trust will be productive of much good. I hope there will be no "fire-brands of disaffection" thrown in by contending parties—to retard the progress of the Redeemer's Kingdom, in the vicinity where those meetings are held.

Notwithstanding these facts the Baptists are accused of attempting to build up a "hateful sectarianism" Is it the spirit of true religion that would bring such accusation? No, No: impossible!

I hope and pray that the All-wise may forgive the injury done, and enable those who speak lightly of their fellow-Christians to be careful least they offend any of "God's little ones."

A WELL-WISHER TO
PRACTICAL RELIGION.

[We are unwilling to have the discussion of an unpleasant circumstance like that to which the above refers, prolonged. We have therefore omitted a portion of the communication, although we have no doubt of its correctness. It might have been inserted without doing injustice to any parties, yet as we wish to see Christian forbearance returned for injury, we prefer to write the faults of erring brethren in the sand, but their virtues in the enduring tablets of our hearts. It was a smooth stone which slew the giant Goliath.—Ed. C. M.]