

North Carolina Argus.

VOL. I—NO. 50.

WADESBOROUGH, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 25, 1859.

NEW SERIES.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY
FENTON & DARLEY.
 TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.
 Single copies, Two Dollars per year, invariably in advance.
 To Clubs of Ten and upwards, it will be furnished at One Dollar and a Half per copy.
 No subscription received for less than six months.
 RATES OF ADVERTISING.
 ONE SQUARE, TEN LINES OR LESS SERVING.
 One insertion 70c.
 Three insertions \$1.50.
 Two months, or nine insertions, 3.00.
 Three months, or thirteen insertions, 4.00.
 Six months 6.00.
 One year 9.00.
 Advertisers must state the number of times they wish their advertisements inserted; otherwise they will be continued till forbidden, and charged according to the above.
 Agreements will be made with yearly advertisers on liberal and advantageous terms.
 Professional and Business Cards, not exceeding five lines in length, will be inserted for \$5 a year; if exceeding five lines will be charged the same as other advertisements.
 Ordinary notices free when not exceeding twenty lines; all above twenty lines at advertisement rates.

HOPKINS, HULL & ATKINSON,
 IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE
 DEALERS IN FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,
 No. 258 BALTIMORE STREET,
 (OPPOSITE HANOVER STREET),
 BALTIMORE.
 H. HOPKINS,
 H. HULL,
 W. M. ATKINSON.
 37-4f

KERRISON & LEIDING,
 IMPORTERS—
 Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods,
 Wholesale and Retail,
 148 N. 3rd Street, One Door from King,
 CHARLESTON, S. C.
 K. L. KERRISON,
 J. LEIDING.
 [32-1y] HERMANS 1

ANNE & HARGRAVE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
 Practice in partnership in the county of Anson, except on the Criminal Docket in the County Court, (J. H. Hargrave being County Solicitor).
 They will attend to the collection of all claims entrusted to them in Anson and the surrounding counties. T. S. Ashe attends the Courts of Richmond, Montgomery, Stanly, Cabarrus, Union and Anson.
 J. R. Hargrave those of Montgomery, Stanly and Anson.
 Office at Wadesboro'.
 THOMAS S. ASHE. | J. R. HARGRAVE.
 19-4f

R. P. SIMMONS,
Watch and Clock Repairer,
 ANSONVILLE, N. C.
 Jewelry, &c., neatly and substantially repaired, and all work warranted twelve months.

CHAS. E. SMITH,
 DEALER IN
DRUGS AND MEDICINES,
 ALSO
 Paints, Oils, Dye-Stuffs,
 AND
 Perfumery and Fancy Articles of Every Description in his Line.

NEW AND FRESH DRUGS.
 A large lot just received, for Family and Physicians' Uses which can be relied upon as being genuine and pure.

PERFUMERY
 Of the most choice and fragrant selections. To this large and extensive assortment he would more especially call the attention of the Ladies and of the Young Men in our community—of course Old Bachelor's not excepted.

ALSO POMADES,
 For imparting a rich, glossy and healthy condition to the Hair, from the best manufacturers in this country.

TOILET ARTICLES,
 Of French and English manufacture, and of every description—suitable for the most fastidious; in fact never has there been in this place such a large and beautiful assortment of the above-named articles which he now offers to the public on the most liberal terms.

SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS, &c.
 Amputating Instruments and Dental Forceps of every variety. Also new style Electro-Magnetic Machines.

N. B.—Physicians in the surrounding country can obtain COMPLETE OUTFITS without the time and EXTRA expense of sending North, and can rely upon all the CHEMICAL PREPARATIONS as being the best that can be obtained and warranted FREE FROM ADULTERATION. The citizens of Anson and the adjoining Counties are respectfully invited to call and examine for themselves, when they will find the Proprietor ever attentive, ready and willing to show his assortment to all who will favor him with a call.
 29-4f

MILLINERY AND MANTUA MAKING.
MISS A. HORNE, RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCES to the citizens of Wadesboro' and Anson, that she has taken the stand lately occupied by MRS. MARY PAUL, where she will be happy to attend to all who need her services in her line of business.
 She has just received an excellent assortment of **SPRING GOODS—**
 SILKS FOR DRESSES,
 RIBBONS, BONNETS,
 ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS, &c., &c.,
 and she will have always on hand a good STOCK OF MATERIAL FOR DRESSES AND BONNETS.
 26-5f

CLOTHING.
 A LARGE STOCK OF CLOTHING OF THE LATEST FASHIONS, can be found at
 March 31, 1859—29-4f
A. E. BENNETT'S.
BLANK WARRANTS—FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

GOODS! GOODS!
 FOR
SPRING AND SUMMER!!
J. J. COX,
LILESVILLE, ANSON, N. C.,
 DEALER IN
FANCY AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,
READY-MADE CLOTHING,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES,
HARDWARE AND CUTLERY,
GROCERIES, &c.

J. J. COX takes pleasure in announcing to his Customers, Friends and the Public generally that his unusually extensive stock has recently been replenished by LARGE, FRESH and FASHIONABLE PURCHASES FOR THE SPRING AND SUMMER SEASONS. These Goods are all of the BEST QUALITY, and those wishing to purchase will be consulting their interests by calling and examining them for themselves. They will be sold low on the usual time, but all accounts must be punctually settled. [35-4f

NEW SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.
 I AM NOW RECEIVING THE LARGEST STOCK OF
STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS
 That I have ever offered in this market.
 THEY WILL BE SOLD CHEAP.
 Call and examine for yourself.
A. E. BENNETT.
 March 31, 1859—29-4f

NEW GOODS
 FOR THE
MILLION,
 AT
S. S. ARNOLD'S
CHEAP CASH AND CREDIT STORE,
WHERE CAN BE FOUND THE LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED ASSORTMENT OF SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.
 I have ever offered in this market, consisting of ALMOST EVERY ARTICLE TO BE FOUND IN A GENERAL STOCK, AND MANY ARTICLES NOT TO BE FOUND IN ANY OTHER STORE IN THE COUNTY. Purchasers wishing to buy good articles, at LOW PRICES, will please give me a call.
S. S. ARNOLD.
 Wadesboro', March 31, 1859—29-4f

NEW BOOK STORE IN CHERAW, S. C.,
 (NEARLY OPPOSITE D. MALLOY'S STORE.)
T. S. MARSHALL
 HAS JUST RECEIVED A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF
MISCELLANEOUS AND SCHOOL BOOKS,
BLANK BOOKS,
AND
STATIONERY OF ALL KINDS.
 ALSO,
 A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF FANCY GOODS, OR NOTIONS,
 To which he invites the attention of Ladies and Gentlemen.
 26

SOUTH UNION WOOL FACTORY.
 THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECTFULLY announce to the PLANTERS and WOOL-GROWERS that he still continues to MANUFACTURE WOOL INTO KERSEYS, on the following terms, viz: Deposit your Wool at the store of JOHN STACY, in Wadesboro', in the condition in which it is sent to be made into RINGS, PICKED and OILED, and you can have it made into **Good, Heavy Plains,** Cable Warp, at 13 cents per yard; or **Heavy Twilled Kersseys,** Cable Warp, a 15 cents per yard; and delivered back again at the same place. This includes the entire cost, as the Subscriber furnishes the Warp. Those wishing to deposit Wool at the above Agency for the South Union Wool Factory, will please send it as soon after shearing as they conveniently can.
 A quantity of THICK HEAVY KERSEYS, CABLE WARP, kept constantly on hand and for sale at the FACTORY, five miles northeast of Rockingham, N. C. Samples of the goods can be seen at the store of John Stacy, Wadesboro'.
 34-60 JOHN SHORTBRIDGE, Proprietor.

LADIES' DRESS GOODS, &c.
 WE HAVE A LARGE STOCK OF LADIES' FANCY DRESS GOODS, embracing all the NEWEST and LATEST STYLES OF THE SEASON, with TRIMMINGS TO MATCH. Call soon while you have a good assortment to select from.
 March 31, 1859—29-4f
A. E. BENNETT.

LADIES' DRESS GOODS.
 FINE ASSORTMENT—JUST RECEIVED BY
A. E. BENNETT.
COAL OIL AND COAL OIL LAMPS.
 FOR SALE BY—
S. S. ARNOLD.

READY-MADE CLOTHING.
 OF THE LATEST STYLES—FOR SALE BY
S. S. ARNOLD.
WEEDING HOES.
 DOZEN SCOVILL'S CELEBRATED CAST-STEEL HOES—For sale by
S. S. ARNOLD.

NORTH CAROLINA ARGUS.
HOME, DREAD HOME.
 DER ORDER SIDE OF "HOME SWEET HOME."
 'Mid par-rooms un-bier-cellers dough we may roam
 Ve vinds dem much pouter, more pleasant dis home,
 Vor nothing put schooling un-sharpling is dere,
 Vich go, drough der void, you can nix meet else-
 where.
 Home! home! dread home!
 Dere is no bease at home!
 Dere is no bease at home!
 A veller from home, un-grief hauntahm in vain,
 So give me der old-fashioned par-room again;
 Vere vrits, singin' sivevly void-trink at my call,
 Ud vere dere vas home of mind dearer dan all.
 Home! home! dread home!
 Dere is no bease at home!
 Dere is no bease at home!

SHAVINGS.
 From John Shaver's Jack Plane—Collected and Unrolled Expressly for the Argus.
 BY J. SHAYER, JUN.
 NO. II.

What I am about to relate is a fact; at least, an eyewitness told me it was, and I have no reason to doubt his word. I will give it in his own language, as near as I can recollect:
 Two or three years ago, while passing through the southwestern part of North Carolina, I chanced one fine June morning to be in the neighborhood of a Methodist church, and as it was the "time in course" for preaching at that particular church, on that particular Sabbath, I accepted the kind invitation of the family, with whom I was stopping, to accompany them and attend divine worship. As I said before, the morning was fine, consequently there was a full congregation. The church itself was a common country church, what is called a "frame house," to distinguish it from a "log house"—weather-boarded outside, but not ceiled inside.

The preacher became very interesting about the middle of his discourse. He was describing the happiness of the true Christian, when he should arrive at his long home in Heaven. Truly, it was a beautiful picture—he painted it in such bright and glowing colors. Every sound was hushed save the voice of the preacher. Several of the congregation were weeping, when all of a sudden a negro woman, in the back part of the house, commenced shouting and snapping her hands together. Her continual cry was "Glory! Glory to God and the Lamb forever!" Nearly every person looked round when she began, so I looked too. There was nothing very extraordinary in the appearance of the woman, but there was something extraordinary in the manner of a little negro boy about five or six years old who stood near her. He seemed to take a great interest in her movements. When she began to shout he eyed her very closely. At last she said she was very happy, and wanted to go to Heaven right off. The boy's eyes began to expand; he looked uneasy. She shook hands with all her friends. He caught hold of her dress and began to cry, to which she paid no attention, but said she was going to Heaven, and to prove that she was going, she started to climb up the wall of the house. The little fellow could stand it no longer, he tugged at her dress to attract her notice, and said, in a voice which was heard by nearly all the congregation, and in a most pitiful tone, "Aunt Judy, ain't yer gwine to pay me dat sixpence fur dat rabbit skin afore yer go?" Aunt Judy took her seat and looked as if she had been caught in a watermelon patch. One of her friends gave the small boy a rap over the head, numbing out something about his always "sturbin' folks at meetin'," which set him crying worse than ever; whereupon another of her friends jerked him into her lap, and nearly smothered him by crumming her apron in his mouth, to prevent his disturbing the assembly further. Several of the congregation who were not weeping used their handkerchiefs, and soon after the minister closed his remarks.

Fishing—Isaak Walton—Reflections—Fishing.
 "No life, my honest scholar, no life so happy and pleasant as the life of a well governed angler; for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cow-slip banks, near the fishing, and possess ourselves in so much quietude as those silent, silver streams which we now see glide so quietly by."
 [ISAIAK WALTON.]
 Fishing, in all ages, appears to have been a favorite recreation with great men. Nay, great men have always been fishermen—or rather sharks—
 "Who, like Leviathan, devour
 Of meager men the smaller fry!"
 Upon this catalogue, I believe the names of the unfortunate Jonah and the amiable Walton, stand most prominent. (Let not my readers be surprised when I call Jonah a fisherman. It is true, Jonah did not catch the whale; yet the whole caught Jonah, which, in the language of the old lady, is "just the same thing.") Once upon a time, a certain old lady, while descending upon the eminent characters of antiquity, alluded to Jonah as "the man that swallowed the whale." "You are mistaken my dear," said her good natured spouse, "it was the whale that swallowed Jonah." "Well, well," replied the dame, "it's all the same thing!" And so it is, so far as we are concerned. Be this, however, as it may, Jonah's name seems, by common consent, to have become as inseparably identified with the whale, and consequently with whale fishing, for what fur clad Esquimaux, or "son of the briny deep" ever harpooned this Leviathan of the northern seas without thinking of the hapless fate of Nineveh's great reformer? as that of the eccentric Walton is with angling for trout.) Pardon me, my good reader, and don't forget the parenthesis. Four out of the twelve apostles were fishermen. Washington, Franklin, Webster and a host of other great personages were eminent fishermen. Lawyers are proverbially fond of this health-giving exercise. As instances, we might mention our own Winston and Dargan. Preachers and doctors are not quite so notorious for their Waltonian propensities. The late Rev. John Culpeper, however, might be named as one eminent for his successful forays among the fluky tribes.
 But Isaak Walton stands forth in bold relief as the king of fishermen. The name of this truly great man will ever be revered by the angler in like manner with that of Hippocrates, by the student of medicine; or that of Blackstone by the law disciple; or that of Luther by the divine; or those of Galileo and Newton by the philosopher. Walton looked upon fishing as the *plus* of human happiness. He says, (speaking to Venator, his disciple, or student,) "Indeed, my good scholar, we may say of angling, as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries, 'Doublets God could have made a better berry, but, doubtless, God never did.' And so, (if I might be judged,) God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling."
 The truth of this assertion is proved by Walton's own life. Though poor, he never repined, but always appeared happy, and exceedingly thankful for the favors of a kind Providence. He says: "Nay, let me tell you, there be many that have forty times our estates, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us; who, with the expense of a little money, have eat, and drank, and laughed, and angled, and sung, and slept securely; and rose next day and cast away care, and sung, and laughed, and angled again, which are blessings rich men cannot purchase with all their money."
 What more graphic picture of contentment than this, could we ask? As a contrast to the above, Isaak (this is the way he always wrote his name) says: "Let me tell you, scholar, I have a rich neighbor that is always so busy that he can't laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money; he is still struggling, and says that Solomon says, 'The hand of the diligent maketh rich; and it is true, indeed; but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy; for it was wisely said by a man of great observation, 'That there be as many miseries beyond riches, as on this side of them.'"
 Isaak Walton was a philosopher of no mean degree, and I repeat that my space will not allow me to make further extracts from his excellent sayings. No one will deny that, as a means of driving away dull care, and making man "forget his troubles," fishing is a *par excellence* amusement—much better than a resort to the chess-board or the drinking saloon.
 I intended, at first, Mr. Editor, to tell you how that I went fishing this morning, but Jonah and Walton, together with my own random reflections, have so near consumed my space—or rather your space—that I ought to say "nothing more at present;" but doubting that you have a *patented* set of readers—especially the *fishermen* thereof—and supposing that you will have the goodness to "crowd me in," I will tell you something about my piscatory excursion.
 Well, this morning, "armed and equipped" with a small fishing-pole, a bait-pan and tin bucket, I started in high spirits to the river to catch, if possible, a string of chubs. (By the way, Mr. Editor, how comes it that our would-be-reformed people always call this favorite fish trout, instead of the simple and more euphonious name of chub? I am sure "chub" sounds as pretty as "trout," and I am equally certain that it is as proper. But I have digressed—beg pardon.) Having arrived at a place called "the round hole," in the Flatrock Branch, we (brother D. and myself) cast our hooks therein, and were not long in "extracting" therefrom sundry little perch and roaches, which we deposited in the aforesaid tin bucket for bait. Having done this, we proceeded to where Flatrock forms a junction, by emptying its waters into Rocky river, which my readers may take for granted is "the mouth of the Flatrock branch." Here we proceeded to put on our chub hooks, and cast them into the water. This operation performed, I waited awhile for something to "bite." But nothing bit. Looked at the sun, and waited again. Cork still on top of the water! Took off the roach, which had died, and put on a live perch. Looked for something to bite—but looked in vain. "Sat down in the sunshine and thought of Isaak Walton and Daniel Webster. Compared myself with these two great personages. Felt small! Being of an anecdote of Webster—'which, though somewhat *apropos*, and Webster having been a man, like myself, (of some little notoriety,) I will relate. Once upon a time Daniel Webster started from Marshall on a trouting expedition to the little town of Sandwich. On approaching a fine stream he alighted from his wagon, and just then met the owner of the farm through which the stream ran.
 "Good morning," says Webster, "is there any trout here?" "Well," replied the farmer, "some people fish here, but I don't know what they get." "I'll throw my line in and see what there is," said Webster, and he walked the banks of the stream, trying his luck, while the old farmer followed. Soon Webster remarked, "You have some leg on your farm?" "Yes," says the farmer, "and that ain't the worst of it." Fishing still further along, Webster says, "You see to have plenty mosquitoes here?" "Yes, and then ain't the worst of it." Webster still kept throwing his line into the deep pools, and then said, "You have plenty of briars here?" "Yes," says the old man, "and that ain't the worst of it." Webster, getting somewhat discouraged in a hot August day, bitten by mosquitoes, scratched by briars, and not raising a single fish, dropped his rod and said, "I don't believe that there are any trout here!" "And that ain't the worst of it," replied the farmer. "Well," says Webster, "I'd like to know what the worst of it is?" "That never was any here!" says the farmer.
 Waited awhile longer. Thought of Job—what a good fisherman he might have made! No chub bite yet. Took little perch off, and put on a dead roach for bait. Raised my cork higher up on the line, and threw my hook into the river. Waited. No eat bite. Waited again. Got tired! Took my hook out and moved it a few hundred yards up the river to the "Ray canoe landing." Water the color of new cider. "Cats wouldn't bit." Thought of the "turtle hole" half a mile above; but backed out when I thought of old times—times when I was wont to perform surgical operations to rescue my hooks from the jaws of sundry "logger-heads." Sat "like patience on a monument," and waited again. But no go. Thought may be I was born under an unlucky star. Concluded I was. Become desperate—tired. Took off my hook—threw the pole away, and went into Mr. C.'s field and gathered some apples. Came home hungry and tired. Eat dinner, and took my seat in the big rocking-chair by the side of my little walnut table (upon which, by-the-by, is filed such a heterogeneous mass of books, medical, poetical, periodical and historical, that it is with no little difficulty I get room to write) to pen this.
 My "salmagundi" is done! If you can read it, and think your good natured readers can read it, I would be pleased to see it in print. Give it to the "devil," and I'll warrant hereafter you'll not hear him complain of not having his "due."
 August 11, 1859. A. J. G.

THE TRUTH OF THIS ASSERTION IS PROVED BY WALTON'S OWN LIFE.
 Though poor, he never repined, but always appeared happy, and exceedingly thankful for the favors of a kind Providence. He says: "Nay, let me tell you, there be many that have forty times our estates, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us; who, with the expense of a little money, have eat, and drank, and laughed, and angled, and sung, and slept securely; and rose next day and cast away care, and sung, and laughed, and angled again, which are blessings rich men cannot purchase with all their money."
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 August 11, 1859. A. J. G.

TO MAKE A BRIDE FOLLOW YOU.
 Place a bridle on him, and turn him into a large stable. Approach him, and cross him for a few minutes; then take hold of his bridle, and turn him towards you, at the same time touching him lightly over the hips with a long whip. You will now lead him the length of the stable, rubbing him on the neck, and speaking to him in a steady tone of voice. Every time you turn, touch him lightly with the whip, to make him step up close to you. He will soon learn to hurry up to escape the whip and be exercised, and in less than one hour you can make him follow you around without taking hold of the bridle. If he should refuse to follow you give him a few sharp cuts about the hind legs, and he will promptly obey. Give the horse four lessons of one hour each, for four successive days, and he will follow you anywhere.

TO MAKE A HORSE FOLLOW YOU.
 Place a bridle on him, and turn him into a large stable. Approach him, and cross him for a few minutes; then take hold of his bridle, and turn him towards you, at the same time touching him lightly over the hips with a long whip. You will now lead him the length of the stable, rubbing him on the neck, and speaking to him in a steady tone of voice. Every time you turn, touch him lightly with the whip, to make him step up close to you. He will soon learn to hurry up to escape the whip and be exercised, and in less than one hour you can make him follow you around without taking hold of the bridle. If he should refuse to follow you give him a few sharp cuts about the hind legs, and he will promptly obey. Give the horse four lessons of one hour each, for four successive days, and he will follow you anywhere.

TO ACCUSTOM A HORSE TO A DRUM.
 Place it near him on the ground, induce him to smell it, and let it remain by him until he is thoroughly accustomed to it; then lift it up slowly and carefully, and place it on the side of his neck where he can see it, and tap it gently with your finger. If he starts you must pause and let him carefully see, smell and feel the drum. This done to commence, gradually moving it backwards until it rests upon his withers, by degrees of playing louder and louder, pausing when the animal seems alarmed, to let him look at it and smell it. Continue this for about one hour, and you may play with all your force without alarming the horse. It will be necessary to repeat the lesson four or five times. Horse-taming is an operation that requires patience, it cannot be done in a hurry, and the lessons must be progressive.

TO TEACH A HORSE TO BEAR AN UMBRELLA.
 The method is somewhat similar to that above described. Let the horse see and smell the umbrella; open it by degrees, gain your point inch by inch, passing it always from his eyes to his neck, and from his neck to his back and tail; in half an hour any horse may be taught to bear an umbrella.

THE METHOD IS SOMEWHAT SIMILAR TO THAT ABOVE DESCRIBED.
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TO TEACH A HORSE TO BEAR AN UMBRELLA.
 The method is somewhat similar to that above described. Let the horse see and smell the umbrella; open it by degrees, gain your point inch by inch, passing it always from his eyes to his neck, and from his neck to his back and tail; in half an hour any horse may be taught to bear an umbrella.

THE PRESIDENT CENSUS OF THE STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, which places the white population of the State, less two parishes wanting, at 305,112, an increase of nearly 9 per cent. in the last ten years.

THE ART OF HORSE-TAMING.
 ARRANGED FOR THE COURIER BY PALMETTO.
 NO. IV.
HOW TO BREAK A HORSE TO HARNESS.
 Take a harness and go through the same process that you did with the saddle, until he is familiar with it, and that you can put it on him, and rattle it about without alarming him. This accomplished, put on the lines, cross him as you draw them on him, and drive him about till he will bear them over his hips. As soon as the animal is familiar with the harness and lines, lead him to and round a light pig, let him stand by it, look at it, and touch it with his nose; then pull the shafts a little to the left, and stand your horse in front of the off wheel. Place some one on the right side of the horse, and hold him by the bit while you stand on the left side, facing the pig. Run your left hand back, and let it rest on his hip, and lay hold of the shafts with your right, bringing them up gently to the left hand, which remains stationary. Be careful not to let anything but your arms touch him, and as soon as you have the shafts square over him, let the one on the opposite side take hold of one of them, and lower them gently to the shaft-bearers. When the shafts are placed shake them carefully so that the animal may feel them against each side. As soon as he will bear them without alarm, fasten your traces, &c., and start him along very slowly. Let one man lead the horse, to keep him gentle, while the other gradually works back with the lines till he can get behind and drive. If the horse shows any disposition to kick, strap up the off fore leg the first time you drive him. We will now offer a few remarks on
BALANCING HORSES.
 A horse generally lanks in harness from mismanagement, excitement or confusion. Never in such cases use the whip. Rub and cross him, be calm yourself, and you will keep down the excitement of the horse. If you wish to start a horse that has been balked, whipped or badly used, approach him gently, hang the lines on the haunches, unloose the check reins, and let the animal stand a few minutes in this condition, until you see that he is no longer excited. While he is standing, be about his head, put and cross him, and use as much of the "blarney" as you please. This done, prepare to start him; turn him gently to the right without letting him pull on the traces, then stop him with a kind word, and cross him. Now, turn him back to the left, by the same process, and, as you again turn him to the right, steady him in the collar, give the word, and you can take him where you please. I never whip a balking horse—it is only adding fuel to fire. Should the horse prove very stubborn, your only alternative is to call your patience into exercise. Strap up one of his fore legs, and let him stay in this position for two hours; this will not fail to subdue the animal. Having omitted it under its proper head, we will here remark, that for conquering a biting horse, there is nothing equal to a large wooden gag bit. A muzzle prevents a horse from biting—a gag cures him; for when he finds that he cannot bite, and that you cross him and rub his ears kindly with perfect confidence, he, by degrees, abandons this most dangerous vice.

LETTER FROM SENATOR DOUGLAS.—The following is the letter of Senator Douglas which has recently elicited some comments from the press. We publish it that our readers may judge it for themselves.
 WASHINGTON, August 2, 1859.
 MY DEAR SIR:—You do me no more than justice in your kind letter, for which accept my thanks, in assuming that I do not concur with the Administration in their views respecting the rights of naturalized citizens, as defined in the "Le Clerc letter," which, it is proper to observe, have been since materially modified.
 Under our Constitution there can be no just distinction between the right of native-born and naturalized citizens to claim the protection of our Government, at home and abroad. Unless naturalization releases the person naturalized from all obligations which he owed to his native country, by virtue of his allegiance, it leaves him in the sad predicament of owing allegiance to two countries, without receiving protection from either—a dilemma in which no American citizen should ever be placed.
 Neither have you misapprehended my opinions in respect to the African slave trade. That question seriously disturbed the harmony of the Convention which framed the Federal Constitution. Upon it the delegates divided into two parties, under circumstances which, for a time, rendered harmonious action hopeless. The one demanded the instant and unconditional prohibition of the African slave trade, on moral and religious grounds, while the other insisted that it was a legitimate commerce, involving no other consideration than a sound public policy, which each State ought to be permitted to determine for itself, so long as it was sanctioned by its own laws. Each party stood firmly and resolutely by its own position until both became convinced that this vexed question would break up the Convention, destroy the Federal Union, blot out the glories of the Revolution, and throw away all its blessings, unless some fair and just compromise could be formed on the common ground of such mutual concessions as were indispensable to the preservation of their liberties, Union and independence.
 Such a compromise was effected and incorporated into the Constitution, by which it was understood that the African slave trade might continue as a legitimate commerce in those States whose laws sanctioned it until the year 1808, from and after which time Congress might and would prohibit it forever, throughout the dominion and limits of the United States, and pass all laws which might become necessary to make such prohibition effectual. The harmony of the Convention was restored, and the Union saved by this compromise, without which the Constitution could never have been made.
 I stand firmly by this compromise, and by all the other compromises of the Constitution, and shall use my best efforts to carry each and all of them into faithful execution, in the sense and with the understanding in which they were originally adopted. In accordance with this compromise, I am irreconcilably opposed to the revival of the African slave trade, in any form and under any circumstances.
 I am, with great respect, yours, truly,
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 COL. JOHN L. PAYTON, Staunton, Va.

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