

RALEIGH REGISTER

AND NORTH-CAROLINA GAZETTE.

"Ours are the plans of fair delightful peace, unwarped by party rage, to live like brothers."

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MR. STEVENSON.

It is not among the least surprising incidents of the day, that Mr. Stevenson, our Minister to England, has been formally denounced, with evident deliberation and design, in the Official Paper.—His office is his having indignantly repelled, in a letter published at New York, the imputation of having written a letter, published in the Globe some months ago, containing a high-wrought eulogium upon the Letter of Mr. Van Buren to Mr. Sherrod Williams, and especially that part of it about the Bank of the United States, and declaring his intention to have it republished in England, &c. as was done, by another person, with strictures intended to undermine the credit of the United States Bank in that country. The charge of writing that letter, or of acting in any manner as a partisan abroad, Mr. Stevenson pronounces "false and calumnious."

This is his offence! for which he is charged in broad terms, by the Official Paper, with "leading himself to the American Tories in England, to counteract the just, true, patriotic, and national opinions of Mr. Rush."

Far be it from us to interfere in this quarrel among friends. Not ours the duty to take up the cudgels for the Minister. We do not know indeed, whether upon a nice scrutiny of the merits of the dispute, Mr. Van Buren, as a private gentleman, might not have something to complain of for the earnestness with which the Minister has thought fit to repudiate his doctrines concerning the Bank. But however that may be, the destiny of Mr. Stevenson, after the service which he has rendered, the labor he has gone thro', and the sacrifices which he has made of feeling and of friendship, to say nothing of principles, to sustain the dominant party, and now to be delivered over to the tender mercies of the Official Editor, can hardly enough be pitied. It reminds one of the gallant racer of his native State, among the foremost once in many a well-contested field, shewing some remains of blood in the harness to which his growing age and stiffened limbs condemn him, knocked in the head by some brutal driver, and dragged out into the high-way for the very hounds to feed upon.—*Nat. Intelligencer.*

TAMING HORSES.

The mystery of rendering horses of the most unruly character perfectly obedient and docile, seems to be satisfactorily unfolded in the annexed communication, which we extract from the N. Y. *SMITH OF THE TIMES*. For many years this curious art has been deemed by the world something like a supernatural gift, with which but few men, and those "far between," were endowed. According to Mr. Lewis' account of the matter, any person possessing a quick eye, ready hand, active heel, and a certain portion of animal courage, by following the simple directions of Mr. Jonathan Smith, can learn to break the most unruly horse that ever stood upon four legs:

Llangollen, Ky. Feb. 19, 1837.

DEAR SIR—It was on the 26th of May, 1823, at Orange Court-House, in the Old Dominion, (God bless her!) where I then lived, that I first saw the late JONATHAN SMITH. It was Court day, and he, surrounded by a crowd of gentlemen, began thus:—"Every groom and trainer, gentlemen, has his own way of bridling, and breaking, and managing horses. I am a teacher of the art; I can tame the most ungovernable horse on this green in one hour. And if any of you want to know how, I will teach you the theory, and show you the practice, on this condition: If I fail, you shall pay me nothing; if I succeed, and satisfy you that you can do it as well as I, you and each of you who are taught, shall pay me \$10. I will make the horse follow me without bridle, halter, or saddle, through this crowd; stand quietly while I crack this whip repeatedly over his back; make him give me any foot at command, and lie down if you wish it." "Agreed, agreed!"

cried half a dozen voices, of which mine was one. "Bring up Madison's mare, & if he can do half what he says with her, he must deal with the Devil." "No, gentlemen," said Smith, "there is no devilment in it, but plain common sense, as you will see. Take the mare into that house out yonder." (It was a log house, about 20 feet square) "all horses may be managed in the same way." The mare was a wild, skittish young thing, high tempered withal, disposed to kick and bite, and would not let a stranger touch her. "Come, gentlemen," said Smith, "let us go to the stable." As he went along, he examined carefully a whip which he carried, formed like a waggoner's, but lighter in the handle and longer in the thong and lash. When we got to the door, Smith said no man but himself must enter. "Look through the cracks, and see what I do, and how I do it." Shut the door after me, and fasten it. "In he went suddenly and very boldly, and before the mare could survey him, he was giving her the lash on her hind legs & thighs, with quick, sharp strokes. Around she went, kicking, jumping, backing out, and seeming as if she would break through the side of the house, keeping at the greatest possible distance from him. No rest, no breathing time was given; the sweat began to flow, and the mare slower in her movements, and occasionally to turn so as to screen her hind legs from the lash. When she turned her head towards him, and approached nearest, he stopped the whip, stretched out his hand towards her & said, "Come along." But she was off again instantly, and again the lash was applied. Presently she stopped, turned, looked at him, and inclined slightly towards him. He reached out his hand, stopped whipping, and touched her neck, saying again, "Come along." But there was no come along in her; there she stood suddenly. Away he leaped, and plied the lash, and repeated "Come along." She soon turned, came towards him, and stopped. He was watching her, and the moment she began to advance, he did also, so that now he was near her, he patted her; stopped whipping, and as he moved away said, "come along." She began to move with him; but as if panic struck, a moment afterwards darted off. The lash was poured into her. She stopped, trembled, and dinged. "You'll see now," said Smith to us, "they generally do this when giving up." She approached; he patted her neck, stopped whipping, and said, "come along," moving slowly from her. She now obeyed, following him several times around the room. He patted her neck, and as she was following him, he suddenly darted away and began with the whip, crying "come along." Instantly she was at his side, and the whip ceased to flash through the air, and he was patting her neck as she followed him around. Whenever she lagged, he was away, and the whip applied. Never after that would she remain two feet from him. "You see, gentlemen," said he, "the principle.—The whip never touches her to hurt when near me; nothing near me, or that I bring to her, is to hurt her so much as her fear of me, or any thing in contact with me." He then took off his glove, thrust his fist into his armpit and then rubbed it on and in her nostrils. After a few more times around the room, the mare following close to him, he said "open the door."

The door was opened, and the mare followed close to him off to the crowd, and through it, and back again to the stable. He came out, closed the door, and said, "This, gentlemen is always the first lesson, and never has to be repeated.—After a horse follows in the stable, it is but to make him do it in a small lot, where he cannot escape you. It has taken about thirty minutes. On the whole, it is humane, for it prevents all future contention. On entering her stable hereafter, she should be reminded by a single touch of the whip, and 'come along.' She will now follow the smallest boy, who will go in alone, give her the hint with the whip, and say, 'come along,' for a treaty has been formed with her to this effect, that when near you, she is never to be struck; but if at a distance and disobedient, she suffers, not after the fault, but during its commission. By this treatment her whole nature will be changed, and she may be taught, by the rational application of the principle, to do any thing that a horse can do. I will now show you that she will let me handle her feet, &c. so soon as I teach her what I want her to do." He went in and closed the door. She came up to him; he patted her shoulder, then her arm, and carried his hand down the fore leg; she drew back and trembled. In an instant he was away from her, and the lash applied with "come along." Up she came, and he began again; she now stood fast, while he ran his hand over the leg, patting and soothing her. "She is now satisfied, you see, that she is not to be hurt when I touch her." He then went from leg to leg, till she stood perfectly quiet while he handled them. He then slightly tapped the inside of the foreleg, and said, "foot, foot." She raised it on the toe; he took hold of it gently, but firmly, raised it from the ground, and patted

her, then stopped a few moments, and repeated it till when he tapped it she raised the foot off the ground for him. This he did repeatedly to every foot. "She now understands," said he, "that when I slightly tap her leg, and say 'foot,' I want her to give it to me, and she will do it, for if she does not, she will know the consequence. I will be off yonder, and the lash will take my place; I'm the most agreeable of the two. Horses taught this will never kick you; they are not only afraid, but from the association of ideas, take pleasure in your touch; it is the sign of peace. I will now put her confidence in me to the severest test." He raised the whip, laid it on her back, rubbed her with it; she trembled like a leaf till she stood nearer to him, as if for protection. He patted her; shook the whip over her, then increased its motion parallel to her back till it whizzed in the air, without ever touching her; louder and louder it sounded, till he began to crack it over her; once only did she retire, and was back again instantly; for the moment she was off she felt the lash. After this he suddenly receded, raised the whip, and said, "come along." Up she came; then he cracked it over her very often, and she never moved from him.

"You see now, gentlemen, that the cracking the whip is also a sign of peace. She will come to it if you do not deceive her. My horse comes to it if he sees me, although a quarter of a mile off. Suppose your horse is afraid of an umbrella, or any thing else; take it into the stable, make him follow you with it on your arm, then touch him, then hold over his head, then on his back, and then take him into a lot so small that he cannot escape you, and make him follow there, in like manner. He will soon cease to fear any thing when you thus prove to him that it will not hurt him; or if he is afraid, the great fear of distance and the lash will cast out the least fear of any thing in contact with you. Break your colts and fillies in accordance with these principles, applied by common sense, and they will play no tricks. Give your colts a first lesson; at the next, make him come up, lay the bridle on his head; when used to it, put it on, make him follow with the bridle on, without holding it, then lead him. Handle his legs, and feel as you have seen done to-day. Teach him also to bear the crack of the whip near him, and over his back. These several teachings should occupy fifteen or twenty minutes, twice a day, for three or four days, then you may bring your blanket and circingle to him; go on as with the umbrella. When he is used to them, girt the blanket on; make him follow with it on; do this several times; after that, bring in your saddle, use him to it in the same manner. Put it on, and make him follow; after he is used to it, lay over it a long narrow bag, with thirty pounds in each, and let him follow with these on in the stable, and in the lot, with the bridle drawn as tight as when in the hands of a rider. Repeat this several times, and you may put up your boy in the stable; still let him follow you; then in the lot, several times. After a day or two, you may increase your distance from him, towards the centre of the circle in which he walks. He will soon walk around the lot, obeying the bridle of the boy. You may now bring in another gentle horse, with a rider on, to walk with him, but before him at first. After a few walks thus in the lot, you may take them out, and with ordinary care, your colts is broken and gentle, without having injured himself or his rider. To teach him to lie down is quite easy after the foot lesson. Take a fore foot from the ground, hold it firmly, tap the other fore leg, and ask for it. He will necessarily come on his knees. Perhaps he will bounce up, alarmed at his new position. But you must have patience to teach a horse what you want him to do. Begin again; bring him in the same manner as at first on his knees, till he will remain quiet in that attitude, permitting you to walk round him without attempting to rise. Do this till he is used to it; then, when he is on his knees, go to a hind foot, and make him give that to you. When in that position, ask for the other hind foot; and down he comes on his side. Perhaps (if he is a timid animal) he will be alarmed at his new position, and rise up instantly; but take care to pat him as he goes down, and while he is on the ground; but as he rises, and is fairly on his feet, you must retire, and give him a slight admonition with the lash, that he is doing wrong to get up so soon. Go again and again through the same routine, he will soon understand what you want him to do.—And a horse taught thus, will do for you any thing that he can do when he understands you; and, gentlemen, he is not slow of understanding. The horse is naturally a very observing, sagacious, & sensible animal, docile and obedient, when once thoroughly convinced of the superior powers of man. And his intellectual powers, if I may say so without offence, are like those of man, much improved by proper exercise or education, with this remarkable difference:

A man convinced against his will,
Is of the same opinion still."

Not so with the horse. He never is of the same opinion after the *argumentum ad equum* has once convinced him. The lesson of punishment at a distance from you, and teaching that near you is the place of safety and peace, with the consequent following you in the stable and out of it, is the first step always, and the key of the whole system. This first lesson must be made effectual, by perseverance and courage. I say courage, for some horses fight bravely in the first lesson; never afterwards, if subdued. If they merely kick and back towards you, the size of the room enables you, by keeping your eye constantly on them, and sideling round, to avoid their heels as you apply the lash. The horse will soon be tired of presenting his hind legs to you. But if the horse be a strong, high-spirited stallion, of some age, who, badly managed by a timid groom, has had his own way, when he turns his head towards you then comes the tug of war. In such cases, gentlemen, I make myself a little ugly and outlandish in my appearance before I enter his presence chamber; and I do enter in a very bold, dashing style, (for horses are very subject to panic from sudden unusual appearances.) Before he recovers his self-possession, and can wonder at my audacious impudence, I fall aboard of him like five and forty wild cats, and before he is sufficiently self-possessed to front you, he is inspired with some considerable respect for his new customer's courage and prowess.—But after a while, he begins to think the joke is carrying too far. He turns and gives you a look, which plainly says, "Who the devil are you? I am sorry to make the noble horse swear on even so provoking an occasion; but I assure you he is not so much addicted to it as jackasses, and some other inferior animals, and he may at least plead the excuse of—evil communications corrupt good manners," for this bad habit. Now he surveys you, notwithstanding the sharp lash incessantly applied to the hind legs, fixes his gaze on you, lays his ears close to his head, draws back his lips, disclosing his teeth, opens his mouth, raises his fore feet, and dashes right at you.—Woe to the timid braggart, who, with wandering eye or daunted breast, is not ready with hand and heart, and heels, and eyes for this crisis. Perhaps his time is come!

"Poor Johnny Raw, what madness, could impel
So run a flat to face so prime a swell."

Let none such presume to exercise the art of mastering even, much less the noble science of subduing the horse. But the fearless and practised horse teacher is ready for the encounter. His eye was fixed upon him, he foresaw the coming storm, and as the open-mouthed and high-raised hoof of the indignant and enraged animal approached, he seems to meet them:

"But when the shadow's o'er his brow he slips aside,
So nimbly slips, that the vain robber past
Through empty air, and he so high, so vast,"

Who dealt the stroke came thundering to the ground;

Nor rest, nor pause, nor breathing time is given,
But rapid as the rattling hail from heaven,
Beats on the house top, showers of "horseman's shot"

Around the "Stallion's legs fly peppering hot,"
From this to the finish is all "twiddle dee,
You now have my secret; so hand me my tee."

We did hand Jonathan his fee, and I have no reason to repent it, for I believe that this method has more than once saved my life, although I am no Jack Myton to throw myself under a horse's heels, or ride full tilt over a rabbit warren.

JOHN LEWIS,
Late of Spottsylvania Co., Virginia.

ADVICE TO YOUNG HUSBANDS.

A young planter in the upper part of the State, lately married to a beautiful and highly intellectual lady, after the honey moon had passed, was pained to observe that his young bride looked thoughtful at times, and appeared to suffer much from ennui! Thinking this might be caused by the absence of female companions, he induced several young ladies, relatives, to make his house their home, in hopes thereby to render her completely happy. This arrangement had not the desired effect. His beloved, though apparently joyous and cheerful, while conversing with him, as soon as the conversation lagged, relapsed into the melancholy mood. Surprised at this, he fell to pondering the cause; and after much reflection, he came to the determination of sending to New York for a Piano, to be forwarded by the first ship bound to Natchez, Vicksburg, or Grand Gulf.—Well, the musical companion at length arrived, and a splendid one it was—of beautiful mahogany, ornamented and polished, to the value of a \$500 bank note. And then it discoursed such ravishing melody, as the snowy fingers of the young bride pressed the keys! The young planter was in raptures! and congratulated himself on having procured the identical one thing needful to his angel's complete felicity. Poor man! he paid a poor compliment to his amiable partner's in-

tellect, if he thought she could contentedly pass her leisure hours in strumming a piano forte! He was mistaken. Tho' "music bath charms," like love, it is not the only desideratum in this world; for a while it pleases the ear and touches the heart, but ministers not to the mind! The lady but seldom courted Apollo, and the husband had the mortification of feeling that he had not yet made his domicile a paradise to "her he adored."—At last, to solve the riddle of her discontent, he asked her if she did not at times regret having entered the marriage state? "Oh no, indeed!" she replied with earnestness—"never for a moment, have I been other than your happy wife, but—sometimes—" "Well, sometimes what, dearest?" "If I must tell you, then—sometimes I regret that you don't take the Newspapers! Pa takes half a dozen."

THE THREE EXPERIMENTS OF LIVING.

"This little work," say the Editors of the Knickerbocker, "is, without exception, the best of the kind which it has been our good fortune to read." The three experiments of living described, are, "living within the means, living up to the means, and living beyond the means." We copy the following extract, given in the literary notices of the Knickerbocker, as a specimen of the ability of the author. These remarks close the first division of the volume "living within the means," and serve as a just commentary upon the folly of adopting habits and customs so little adapted to our independence of character as Americans:

"We fear there are few who sincerely repeat, 'give me neither poverty nor riches.'"

"This was the situation to which Frank had attained. Blessed with health, a promising family, respected as a physician, and cherished as a friend—with the wife of his youth, the partner and lightener of his cares—it seemed as if there was little more to desire. We talk of the blessings of an amiable disposition; what is it but the serenity of a mind at peace with itself—a mind that is contented with its own lot, and which covets not another's? They sometimes make a morning call at the houses of the rich and fashionable; but Jane looked at the splendid apartments with vacant admiration. It never for a moment entered her head that she should like such herself. She returned home to take her seat by the side of the cradle, to caress one child, and provide for the wants of another, with a feeling that nobody was so rich as herself.

"It would be pleasant to dwell longer on this period of Dr. Fulton's life. It was one of honest independence. Their pleasures were home pleasures—the purest and the most satisfactory that this world affords. We cannot but admit that they might have been elevated and increased by deeper and more fervent principle. Nature had been bountiful in giving them kind and gentle dispositions, and generous emotions; but the bark, with its swelling sails and gay streamers, that moves so gallantly over the rippling waters, struggles feebly against the rushing wind and foaming wave. Prosperous as Frank might be considered, he had attained no success beyond what every industrious, capable young man may attain, who, from his first setting out in life, scrupulously limits his expenses within his means. Not what others do—not what seems necessary and fitting to his station in life—but what he, who knows his own affairs, can decide is in reality fitting. Shall we, who so much prize our independence, give up, what, in a political view alone, is dress, compared to independence of character and habits?—Shall we, who can call master spirits from every portion of our land, to attest to the hard-earned victory of freedom and independence, give up the glorious prize, and suffer our minds to be subjugated by foreign luxuries and habits? Yet it is even so; they are fast invading our land; they have already taken possession of our sea ports, and are hastening toward the interior. Well may British travellers scoff, when they come among us, and see our own native Americans adopting the most frivolous parts of civilized life—its feathers and gewgaws; our habits and customs, made up of awkward imitations of English and French; our weak attempts at aristocracy; our late hours of visiting, for which no possible reason can be assigned, but that they do so in Europe! Let us rather, with true independence, adopt the good of every nation—their arts and improvements, their noble and liberal institutions, their literature, and the grace and real refinement of their manners; but let us strive to retain our simplicity, our sense of what is consistent with our own glorious calling, and, above all, the honesty and wisdom of living within our income, whatever it may be. This is our true standard. Let those who can afford it, consult their own taste in living. If they prefer elegance of furniture, who has a right to gainsay it? But let us not all aim at the same

luxury. Perhaps it is this consciousness of unsuccessful imitation, that has given a color to the charge made against us by the English, of undue irritability. Truly, there is nothing more likely to produce it. Let us pursue our path, with a firm and steadfast purpose, as did our fathers of the Revolution, and we shall little regard those who, after receiving our hospitality, retire to a distance, and pelt us with rubbish."

A GOOD STORY.

A couple of New-York blades met a Vermonteer at a tavern. They had heard much of Yankee ingenuity and cunning; they soon determined to see if they could not "come round" this son of the Green Mountain. Thinking he would be careful of his coppers they proposed to him, in the course of the evening's chat, that each of them should propose and do something, which the other two should imitate, or on refusal of either so to do, he should pay all the damage the other two might sustain, and the scot at the bar. The Vermonteer was a little wary at first, but at length consented. One of the Yorkers commenced the game. He pulled off his coat, walked up to the fire, and threw it on. His companion did the same. The Vermonteer was at length agreed, must do the same with his coat or pay for the other two coats, and the scot. Without hesitating, off went the garment on to the fire. The other New-Yorker next made trial. He off boots and hat and consigned them to the devouring elements. His companion imitated him, and, to their astonishment, the Yankee was not backward. Next came the Vermonteer's turn to lead. "Landlord," said he, "is there a doctor near?" "Yes, sir." "Send for him." The gentlemen of York began to stare. The doctor soon came in. "Doctor," said the Vermonteer, "get your instruments, I want you to pull out every tooth I have got in my head, and these gentlemen will probably want the same done with theirs;"—at the same time he began to make ready for the operation.—"The Doctor and the other two were confounded. "Come Doctor, don't wait," and getting open his mouth, he discovered to the company, that he had but one old rootless snag, that would hardly keep in his head. It was presently out. The Yorkers wisely declined following suit, but the Vermonteer for his coat, hat and boots, and went off to bed grinding their molars.

A Fortune made by accident.—I once knew a man who died immensely rich, who traced all his good fortune to a rusty nail, which he preserved with a sort of pious veneration. The links between what he was, and what he had been, he concatenated thus:

"He had been a small carpenter, and being employed upon a small job at a gentleman's house, when he had completed it, he received his money, and went about his business. But he had not proceeded far on his way home, ere he recollected that he had forgotten to draw a large crooked nail which protruded very awkwardly, and he returned to remove it. Just as he was approaching the door he heard a loud scream. Looking up, he saw the infant and only child of the gentleman falling from one of the attic windows, where the nursery maid had been playing with it, when, by a sudden spring, it escaped from her grasp. With equal presence of mind and dexterity he received the child in his arms, broke the shock of its descent, and saved it from being dashed to pieces. The grateful father requited the invaluable service [for he doated on the babe, because it was the sole memorial of the dead mother who bore it] by a munificent sum of money, which enabled him to embark largely in his business, and thus lay the foundation of the great wealth which he afterwards accumulated. But he always maintained that it was the rusty nail in reality that made his fortune."

BREAKING A WILL.—SCENE IN COURT.

Judge—Was you acquainted with old Mr. Durgin?
Witness—Rather guess I was.
Judge—Do you know nothing about his will?
Witness—May be I does.
Judge—What do you know?
Witness—Why they say it was a plagy ugly one.
Judge—I mean his last will and testament?
Witness—Don't know nothing about that; never heard the old man had any will for readin' the Testament.
Judge—I do not refer to this disposition, but to the division of his property?
Witness—Well, I did learn that he map'd off his big farm in Scarboro' in mighty small patches—such as mowin' pasterin' tatur and Ingin corn fields.
Judge—I wish to know if you have any knowledge of his making a will to divide the property?
Witness—As to that I can't say that I have.
Judge—What did you come here for?
Witness—That's jist what I was going to ax yer Honor.