

# THE EVENING NEWS.

Wednesday, August 21, 1872.

## A LETTER FROM A HORSE.

Respected Person.—After living unappreciated until middle life, I have at last found a friend who understands me and is willing to interpret me to my master and mistress, to whom I wish to give a few ideas. You mustn't suppose we have no brains, for if you tell us we have, we understand more than you suppose, only we can't express ourselves in a way that suits your comprehension.

For instance, yesterday they took me out to exercise me. I'm such a favorite that they take care to exercise me pretty much of the time; sometimes I think they overdo it, but I know they mean well. However, as I was saying, I trotted easily along, one ear kept back to listen to the master's words, the other to the mistress' words.

I often think that if our horses only knew their own strength, and how completely we are at their mercy, we should have to take locomotives, velocipedes and wheelbarrows, for the horses would be lost to us forever." Says my master, "It's a blessing they don't."

How wild they would have looked, had they known that I understood every word! But they are mistaken; we do know our own strength, we talk it over at night in the stable, and sometimes when I am in the field, and no human creature near, I almost make up my mind to revolt from slavery forever. Sometimes when I see in the distance a man with an ear of corn I say to myself "He can't catch me unless I choose, and I don't choose; as for his ear of corn, he won't give me but a nibble, and what are a few grains of corn compared with a horse?"

Again, when I am in harness, and get into a brown study over something, all at once I feel a cut of the whip which I don't like, for it interrupts me. Now, at such moments I know perfectly well, that if I choose to put forth my strength for two minutes, I could smash everything, and free myself from my bonds. But while I know that I could I feel as if I couldn't. Now that's a queer thing, isn't it?

However that's not my business now; we've talked all that over, and concluded that, on the whole, it is the destiny of horses to be driven by people, and that as long as the people treat us properly, we'll make no fuss about it. But we should like to have a little better understanding as to what proper treatment is; for the fact is, although you are doubtless mostly well-intended, some of the things you do are so odd that it is very hard for a sensible horse to comprehend them at a!

For instance, when I take my master out of an afternoon, why does he insult me by speaking to me so rudely? He hurts my feelings continually. If he is sick, always goes to the doctor, and grows too hurry him up, it's "What now! Ho, Caesar!" shouted as if I were dead. It jars on my nerves, and is apt to make me start a little, and again it's—

"Ho, now, what ye 'bout?" as if I was committing some impropriety, when nothing is further from my thoughts. That's the sort of thing that really gives my good humor, I give a little playful shake; it does me good after standing so long in the stable.

Straightway comes a jerk on the bit that almost makes me sit down, and a—"Ho, now, keep steady, can't you?" just as if he thought if he didn't yell at me, I meant to kick things to pieces! I tell you nothing riles me like being unjustly accused.

Well, when he has done this a few times, he has spoiled all my pleasure in the journey; then I settle down in a dull sort of way, and get into a brown study on horses' rights or something, when all at once I am roused by a stinging blow with the whip; then I jump, and start off pretty fast to escape another sting; then he braces his feet and pulls the lines, and till my mouth is almost bleeding, and till we move some seconds to find out what he does want.

Now if he wanted me to stop, why didn't he tell me so politely? When I lived with Dr. McAmble, who raised me, I hardly knew what a whip was; it was only—"Up, Caesar!" and his low clear voice would rouse me from the deepest meditation. Now, all I ask of any driver is to do me the justice to speak clearly if I don't mind that, I suppose the whip.

Similarly, if he wants me to stop, instead of using all his strength to pull me by the mouth, let him say "Up, Caesar," making it sound as if he said "Stop if you please, Caesar," and he will see how ready I am to mind.

It is known that I am a finely organized horse, and consequently nervous; sometimes, when I am suddenly yelled at, or hauled two or three ways at once, it makes me tremble, and I have not the slightest knowledge of what I am about. Then if I begin to back, or out of pure confusion of the mind stand still, he bawls out—"Oh, stubborn, are ye! I'll soon thrash that out of ye!" Then it is ten to one that either from terror or indignation, I take to my heels and run.

Well that's my master. Now then here's my mistress. As soon as her footstep the water begins to run from my mouth, for I know it means an apple or a carrot, or a lump of sugar or salt. Then while I'm munching she puts my neck, and smooths my nose the right way, and rubs her little soft hand over my eyes till I shut them up and begin to grow quite stupid with pleasure. Then she gets in and gives the lines sharply, and says politely—"Now, old fellow!" then she keeps on jerking. About a dozen times a minute, jerk goes that iron against my jaws, till I declare, if it were anybody else I'd take the bit in my teeth and run away with her. Now I can't talk, but if some of you ladies or gentlemen would only tell her that all you have to do is to say, "There's a good fellow," and I'll try till I drop; or if I should happen to be merriment, and I'm not the horse to complain of it, but I can't bear this continual nagging jerk, jerk, jerk at my jaws.

Now here's another thing: I have heard that you two-legged creatures have succeeded in imitating us so far as to run races on course. I dare say you do it very well, considering, but how do you begin? In the first place, you dress accordingly, don't you? leaving every muscle loose, and more as it will. But suppose just before I'm led, I should come and fasten an iron rod across the small of your back, and then with a leather strap tie back your head to the rod behind. You wouldn't like that in running, would you? Well, how would you like it if you had to draw two or three people up hill, and had to lead them back to that rod to keep you from taking an ungraceful position? And what use is it? If a horse has any spirit, and owns a neck that curves easily, he will curve it; if not, all the bearing reins in the country would only make him look stiff. Anybody can see it isn't the real thing.

I will only add in conclusion that horses have rights as well as people, and feelings as well as people, and that if you want to know how to get the best out of me that's in me, just consider how you ought to manage one of your own children, and you won't go far astray in managing me.

Yours faithfully, CÆSAR.

## RAILROADS.

### UTAH CENTRAL RAILROAD

#### Pioneer Line of Utah

#### ON AND AFTER MONDAY, JULY 17th

1872.  
Trains will leave Salt Lake City daily at 5 a.m. and 2:30 p.m.; arrive at Ogden 7 a.m. and 4:30 p.m.; leave Ogden City at 8 a.m. and 5:30 p.m.; arrive at Salt Lake City 10 a.m. and 7:30 p.m.

In addition to the above

#### MIXED TRAINS

WILL RUN

#### DAILY, SUNDAYS EXCEPTED

Leaving Salt Lake City at 8:30 p.m. and 11:30 p.m.

Passengers will please purchase their tickets at the offices. Fifty cents additional will be charged when the fare is collected on the train.

For all information concerning Freight or Passage, apply to

H. H. DAVIS,  
Ticket and Freight Agent  
JOHN SHARP,  
Superintendent

### UTAH SOUTHERN RAILROAD

#### ON AND AFTER AUG. 9, 1872,

#### MIXED TRAINS

WILL RUN

#### DAHL W.

Leaving the Utah Central Railroad Depot, Salt Lake City at 7:30 a.m. and 4:30 p.m.

Sandy, (nearest point to Little Cottonwood Canyon,) at 8:10 a.m. and 4:45 p.m.

Arrive at Point at 8:50 a.m. and 4:50 p.m.

Leave Point at 9:10 a.m. and 5:10 p.m.

Arrive at Salt Lake at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

#### FARES.

Salt Lake Cottonwood Station 50cts.  
Sandy 4:00  
Draper 12cts  
Point 17cts

Passengers will please purchase tickets at the office.

#### H. H. DAVIS,

General Freight and Ticket Agent.

#### FERAMORZ LITTLE,

Superintendent

#### C. P. R. R.

February 8th, 1872.

#### San Francisco and Sacramento.

Leave going East. Arrive from East

\* 6:30 p.m. 2:00 a.m. 8:30 a.m. 12:30 p.m. 4:30 p.m. 7:30 p.m. Sat. Jan 10

\*\* 7:30 a.m. 12:30 p.m. 4:30 p.m. 7:30 p.m. Sat. Jan 10

3:35 \* 8:35 \*\* Notes 7:05 12:45 "

8:25 \* 11:28 " Lathrop 4:41 9:45 "

10:45 a.m. 11:45 " Saor'a 10:45 2:07 "

Arrive from the West. Leave on West

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