

clerk not to make a transfer; at which William was so offended that he threatened Joseph, who deemed it prudent to keep out of the way, until William left on a steam-boat for the East accompanied by his family. He spent his time mostly in the various branches of the church, and collected a good deal of money for the Temple which he used for his own accommodation.

In all his missions the course of conduct he pursued towards the females subjected him to much criticism.

MODERN JERUSALEM.

A French gentleman, who delights to frequent the spots on which celebrated poets have dwelt, or whence they derived their inspiration, has published in the *Moniteur* an account of his visit to the "Gardens of Solomon." First, he visited the "sealed fountains"—large subterranean reservoirs, wherein the waters springing from the mountains are collected, and whence the water is conducted to Jerusalem by pipes:

"At a short distance from the reservoirs are the celebrated gardens. They extend along a valley which runs from El Bourach to Bethel-em. It is the most charming spot in all Palestine. Solomon was a good judge in more senses than one. There are murmuring streams winding through verdant lawns; there are the choicest fruits and flowers, the hyacinth, the anemone, the fig tree and the pine. Towering high above the garden, and contrasting grandly with its soft aspect, are the dark, precipitous rocks of the neighboring mountain, around whose summits vultures and eagles incessantly scream and describe spiral circles in the air. The rare plants and flowers which the great enchanter of the East collected within these gardens were protected from the north wind by the mountain. Every gust of the south wind was loaded with perfumes. With the first breeze of Spring the fig tree put forth its fruits and the vines began to blossom. It was, in the words of Scripture, 'a garden of delights.' The vegetations of the north and the south were intermingled. One part of the garden was called the Walnuttree-walk (or, as the English Scripture translation has it, the Garden of Nuts), another is the Beds of Spices." The writer's guide was a well-educated Italian, who informed him that the Gardens of Solomon are now let to an Englishman.

"The present tenant," he said, "is Mr. Goldsmith, of the house of Goldsmith & Son. He is underdraining the gardens of Solomon on the Yorkshire system. You will be astonished to see how successful he has been. Here is the house." I perceived a bright brass knob shining in the center of a small square of porcelain set into a white wall. Over this knob was the following superscription in the English language: "Ring the bell." This bell seemed to my imagination rather an anomaly in the gardens of Solomon—but that is a trifle. We did ring the bell, and we went in. The first thing that struck my eyes were red draining pipes lying about, and bearing the mark of the manufacturers, Samuel & Co., No. 128 Strand. Mr. Goldsmith was draining that Biblical valley, the dew of which was so often brushed away by the naked feet of the Shulamite. It was in the month of September. An American mowing-machine was cutting a second crop of artificial grass on the very spot where the daughters of Jerusalem gathered those lilies of the field which were more beautiful than Solomon in all his glory. A patent reaping-machine was rapidly garnering the crop of that glade in which the sisters of Ruth and the daughters of Naomi were wont to glean. I asked to see Solomon's pavilion, but, alas! the cypress timbers and the cedar wainscoting had been taken down, and in their place there is a brick-built cottage, with a roof of red and green tiles. The entrance hall is whitewashed; there is a little parlor with a Birmingham carpet, and a drawing-room papered with a red-bordered yellow paper, purchased in Paris, Rue des Moines. The chimney is Prussian, and the curtains are of Swiss muslin. Instead of the servants of the spouse, I found two nursery-maids—one from Paris and the other from Florence. The slave who prepares the tents of cedar is now called "John." He has red whiskers, blacks his master's shoes, scrubs the floor every day, and varnishes it on Sundays; and if some romantic person should inquire, as I had the naïveté to do, about the dark Shulamite, he will be shown five sweet little English children, redolent of cold cream and Windsor soap, as fair as floss silk, with their hair in corkscrew curls, and wearing prunella boots, blue capes, and green parasols. The cinnamon trees have been cut down for firewood and the aromatic canes grubbed up, but the five little misses do crochet work under the shade of a *bon Chretien* pear tree. Since the Eastern war, Mr. Goldsmith has obtained the custom of the Pasha of Jerusalem for vegetables. Last year he had seven crops of potatoes, thanks to his wonderful drainage.

A CURIOUS ESTABLISHMENT.—In the town of Zablagen, Wurtemberg, there has been lately opened a new printing establishment by M. Theodore Helgerad. All the compositors and pressmen are deaf and dumb, to the number of one hundred and sixty; eleven of the former are women. They have all been educated at M. Helgerad's own cost to the employment they are now engaged in. The king has conferred on him a large gold medal for this great reclamation from the social and moral waste.

HORSES TRAINED TO HARNESS.

ALTHOUGH I should be one of the very last to recommend any private person that could employ his time better to usurp the place of the colt-breaker or breaksman, still there may be circumstances under which it would be advisable for a man to perform himself the duty of either or both. But before he does so let him ask himself the following questions, and trust to his good sense for answering them.—Does he possess great command of temper, inexhaustible patience, much presence of mind, and strong nerve? Unless his conscience answers these queries satisfactorily, let him not attempt a business that requires all these.

With such indispensable attributes and proper appliances, I may perhaps give him some hints that may enable him to train his horse to harness without accident to the animal, himself, or others.

We will suppose a gentleman in the country has a horse that in all that has been required of him has shown gentleness and docility; he wishes to break him to harness, and draws a natural inference that, from his placidity on all occasions, he will go quietly. The probability is that, with gentle usage, he will do so; but it by no means amounts to a certainty that this will be the case; yet a great deal depends on the care and judgment shown on first putting him in.

We are to recollect the horse has (in a general way) winkers on, consequently cannot see behind him. If a man will only judge by his own feelings, he will recollect how surprised, and in some cases alarmed, he feels on any one or anything touching him behind. So feels the horse. We may say, if he rushes forward or strikes out, "It was only the end of the trace," or anything else; how is the horse to know this? A man standing in the street would turn as quickly round if a harmless sheep touched him as if a tiger or a man with a stiletto in his hand did the same thing.

We are cautioned by men conversant with the breaking of horses to be careful lest we alarm them—perhaps surprise would be a more proper term. The horse is not, in the full sense of the word, alarmed or frightened by a shaft accidentally touching him, but he is surprised. This probably leads to what in the end causes a fright he will never forget; for, let people think as they may, direct fright is an event that is never erased from the horse's memory.

A man, we will say, encounters an object in the dark; he either grapples with it or strikes at it. The horse does the latter, for he is virtually in the dark as to what approaches him from behind. It may be said that a man on being touched behind does not immediately strike behind him before he turns to see what surprises him; but he is borne in mind the man does not wear winkers, so he turns to see the cause of that surprise. He has not a gig or a break behind him to prevent his doing this, and, above all, he has reason.

In all things connected with horses, if we wish to succeed, time is indispensably necessary, whatever is done with them in a hurry is done badly. All we teach him, is a work of time, and having taught him, the getting him in a condition to perform what we wish is a work of time also. "Fastina lente" would be an appropriate motto over the stable-door of a trainer of race horses or breaker of colts.

Horses, whether young or old, if they are averse to going in harness, show it in one or more of the following ways: they either refuse to advance—that is face the collar—kick, rear, run back, lie down, or attempt to run away. I have had some to deal with who have rung the changes on these *agremens* in succession; but I must admit it has been when circumstances have rendered a horse being tried in harness, in common phrase, "there and then necessary." With one left to my own discretion I never found this occur in the same objectionable degree. My method may, at first, appear a slow one, but it will be found the quickest in the end; that is, if a man wishes a horse so trained to harness as not to have the same work to go over again in a week or two, from finding he had kicked a gig to pieces or run away with it and its driver both together, or indeed sometimes separately.

We have supposed a gentleman in the country wishing to accustom his horse to harness. If he has it not, let him borrow or hire a very light jockey-cart, on springs. I say on springs, for such run the most level, and without the noise and jolting of those without such advantages. Before this is wanted, let the harness be quietly put on the horse in the stable; let it remain on while he is fed, watered, and, to a certain degree, dressed in fact all day; let him be quietly led out in it; and in a few days he will take no more notice of it than of his ordinary clothing. Fix a couple of cords, or a pair of driving reins, to the end of the traces; give them to a man to hold, while the horse is led on.

Now, when this is done, the man is apt to throw the traces about, under the idea of accustoming the animal to feel them flapping against his sides and thighs; but in nine cases in ten, the man does not accustom the horse to feel this, he merely surprises him by feeling a something striking against those parts to which he is unaccustomed; the horse jumps forward, right and left, as he feels the trace touch him—the effect of being in a hurry, and to bring that about in a few minutes that might perhaps occupy a morning or two to accomplish.

We will suppose a horse to have become used to the traces, and the pressure of the collar, from the man gradually increasing his tension on the traces, till the horse will freely draw the man forward, though exerting all his strength in resisting it. A horse having learned to do all this willingly, and without hesitation for alarm, is half broke. But do not let any

one deceive himself, or rather be deceived by appearances; let him act with as much caution in putting the horse between the shafts as if he had shown evident symptoms of resistance. I grant the horse may have no disposition to vice, but he is as susceptible to alarm as one who has; perhaps more so; and be it remembered that a frightened horse is often worse to deal with than a vicious one.

We will suppose him to have been got quietly between the shafts, traces fixed, kicking-stray and belly-band fastened, of course; the precaution must be taken of having a flat-headed hemp halter under the bridle. Let him stand—the man at his head encouraging him, and another at his side doing the same thing. He may, probably, be a little fidgetty; if, in doing so, he brings himself in contact with the shaft, he will not mind that more than in bringing himself in contact with the standing of his stall, or wall, or gate.

But it would be found a very different thing if the shaft was brought in contact with him; he would feel that as the approach of some extraneous object that he knows not of, and not being able to see what it is, would probably kick at it; the shoving himself against an opposite object he feels to be his own act, and he is not alarmed by doing so. His restlessness is rather a favorable symptom. In all probability, he will be inclined shortly to move forwards; on no account let any audible click of the tongue be used. The moment he voluntarily attempts to move, let him do so, in any direction he may be disposed, (that is if you have space to admit of it.) His fidgeting does not matter a farthing; he has voluntarily moved in some direction.

You will have little trouble with a horse acting thus; all that will be wanting is a man gently leading him about for a day or two—a driver, getting quietly into the cart, gig, or break, the man still leading him; he may be thus coaxed into a trot, by the man by his side running on, and encouraging the horse to follow. He then, insidiously slips away, fastens the halter to the harness, and quietly seats himself by the driver's side.

The horse is broke—all that he wants is practice; the time occupied has only been four or five days. He has been gradually brought to a knowledge of his business; so far as not feeling alarm, or having found it irksome to him.

RATS NOT SO BAD AS THEY SEEM.

In the last number of the *Quarterly*, an instructive and pleasing paper on rats—a paper full of curious and remarkable anecdotes—is deserving attention, for it will make even the gentlest of "gentle readers" think of rats with something less of horror and more of sympathy than heretofore. That rats possess an histrionic genius, a penchant for dramatic representations, is new to us. We have heard of military fleas, we have seen Jacko perform his miserable imitation of humanity on the top of a barrel organ, but who ever heard of a rat's turn for tragedy?

"Nevertheless (says the writer in the *Quarterly*), a Belgian newspaper not long since published an account of a theatrical performance by a troop of rats, which gives us a higher idea of their intellectual nature than anything else which is recorded of them. This novel company of players were dressed in the garb of men and women, walked on their hind legs, and mimicked with ludicrous exactness many of the ordinary stage-effects. On one point only were they intractable. Like the young lady in the fable, who turned to a cat the moment a mouse appeared, they forgot their parts, their audience, and their manager, at the sight of the viands which were introduced in the course of the piece, and dropping on all fours, fell to with the native voracity of their race. The performance was concluded by their hanging in triumph their enemy the cat, and dancing round her body."

The following fact, although interesting, is not new to us:—

"When rats have once found their way into a ship they are secure as long as the cargo is on board, provided they can command the great necessary—water. If this is well guarded, they will resort to extraordinary expedients to procure it. In a rainy night they will come on deck to drink, and will even ascend the rigging to sip the moisture which lies in the folds of the sails. When reduced to extremities they will attack the spirit-casks and get so drunk that they are unable to walk home. The land-rat will, in like manner, gnaw the metal tubes which in public-houses lead from the spirit-store to the tap, and is as convivial on these occasions as his nautical relation. The entire race have a quick ear for running liquid, and they constantly eat into leaden pipes, and much to their astonishment receive a douche-bath in consequence."

Nor is the rat without a touch of Christian feeling, as a Sussex clergyman testifies in the following:—

"Walking out in some meadows one evening, he observed a great number of rats migrating from one place to another. He stood perfectly still, and the whole assemblage passed close to him. His astonishment, however, was great when he saw amongst the number an old blind rat, which held a piece of stick at one end in its mouth, while another had hold of the other end of it, and thus conducted its blind companion. A kindred circumstance was witnessed in 1757 by Mr. Purdew, a surgeon's mate on board the *Lancaster*. Lying awake one evening in his berth, he saw a rat enter, look cautiously round, and retire. He soon returned leading a second rat, who appeared to be blind, by the ear. A third rat joined them shortly afterwards, and assisted the original conductor in picking up fragments of biscuit and placing

them before their infirm parent, as the blind old patriarch was supposed to be."

In confirmation of their sagacity the writer tells the following very curious story:—

"Incredible as the story may appear of their removing hens' eggs by one fellow lying on his back and grasping tightly his ovid burden with his fore paws, whilst his comrades drag him away by the tail, we have no reason to disbelieve it, knowing as we do that they will carry eggs from the bottom to the top of a house, lifting them from stair to stair, the first rat pushing them up on its hind and the second lifting them with its forelegs. They will extract the cotton from a flask of Florence oil, dipping in their long tails and repeating the manœuvre until they have consumed every drop. We have found lumps of sugar in deep drawers at a distance of thirty feet from the place where the petty larceny was committed; and a friend saw a rat mount a table on which a drum of figs was placed, and straightway tip it over, scattering its contents on the floor beneath, where a score of his expectant brethren sat watching for the windfall."

But the writer falls into a strange oversight when he adds that the rat's "instinct is no less shown in the selection of suitable food." In the selection of food there is nothing more intelligent than in the union of an acid with a base.

Rats are worth three shillings a dozen for "sporting purposes;" consequently, rat-catching is a branch of human industry:—

"The underground city of sewers becomes one vast hunting ground, in which men regularly gain a livelihood by capturing them. Before entering the subterranean world the associates generally plan what routes they will take, and at what point they will meet, possibly with the idea of driving their prey towards a central spot. They go in couples, each man carrying a lighted candle with a tin reflector, a bag, a sieve, and a spade; the spade and sieve being used for examining any deposit which promises to contain some article of value. The moment the rat sees the light he runs along the sides of the drain just above the line of the sewage water; the men follow, and speedily overtake the winded animal, which no sooner finds his pursuers gaining upon him than he sets up a shrill squeak, in the midst of which he is seized with the bare hand behind the ears, and deposited in the bag. In this manner a dozen will sometimes be captured in as many minutes. When driven to bay at the end of a blind sewer, they will often fly at the boots of their pursuers in the most determined manner. A company has been established in Paris, upon the Hudson's Bay principle, to buy up all the rats of the country for the sake of their skin. The soft nap of the fur when dressed is of the most beautiful texture, far exceeding in delicacy that of the beaver, and the hat-makers consequently use it as a substitute. The hide is employed to make the thumbs of the best gloves, the elasticity and closeness of its texture rendering it preferable to kid."

A POLITICAL PRAYER.—The *Hartford Times* relates the following:—

A Congregational church in a neighboring State got so completely enlisted in the Presidential contest for Fremont and Jessie that little attention was given to religious questions. The minister was constantly preaching, praying and exhorting upon political issues, and his deacons and the laymen followed suit at the prayer and conference meetings. Finally, a worthy old farmer—one of the staunchest and best members of the church, and a firm, undeviating democrat, was called upon to offer a prayer:

"O Lord!" said he, "uphold the democratic party, which has received thy support ever since the great Jeffersonian struggle; continue to bless that party which has, under thy protection and providence, brought great blessings upon this republic. If it be thy pleasure—and I believe it will be—O, carry that party through this struggle to a complete triumph. Bless James Buchanan, the tried and honest statesman, and guide him safely to the Presidential chair. Bless John C. Breckinridge, the young and zealous democrat, and open to him the path of duty as well as that which leads to the Vice Presidency. Give them victory."

O, bless the opponents of democracy personally, but utterly destroy their fanatical and injurious schemes, if it be thy will to do so, as I verily believe it is. Be on the side of the democracy, O Lord, as thou hast been for the last fifty-six years, and on the 4th of March next we shall witness the inauguration of Pennsylvania's favorite son, and the people of this country will once more settle down in their peaceful pursuits, instead of warring wickedly, section against section, interest against interest, and man against his brother. And, oh! I beseech Thee especially to free the Christian churches from the political strife and bitterness which are rending them asunder, destroying their usefulness, and turning them unhappily into mere political associations. Let us hear something of thy word and mercy on the Sabbath. We have already been plied to fullness with political fanaticism; and our minister has become a stump orator against the good old party which Thou, in thy wisdom, hast upheld so long, and so repeatedly guided to victory and sustained in the establishment of sound measures. Oh! turn his mind from these things, and direct his attention to his legitimate religious duties, or turn him over directly into the hands of the federal or abolition party, and let them take care of him, and provide us a true minister of the gospel. At any rate, the present state of things cannot last. If politics are to rule, I shall claim one half the time in behalf of the democratic party, so that there may be fair discussion within these walls: Amen."