SUPPLEMENT TO THE WEST SHORE.

BREEDING HORSES.

The domestication of the horse, the various uses to which he is made subservient, the selection of those the best fitted for a particular purpose, and the effects of locality and climate, have caused a wonderful variation of form and size.

The range is so wide that it is measured by differences which are so great that it appears impossible that all could have descended from the same horse, and from the fine-toed *equulus* of an age so far back that there is little use in chronology, to the last winner of the Derby, and from the Shetland pony, which a strong man could carry on his back, to the draft horse of upwards of a ton in weight, there are disparities which are hard to reconcile with a common origin.

There is little use in pursuing abstract theories, or "barking back," further than generations sufficient to show how peculiarities have become fixed and valuable characteristics established. This much study is absolutely necessary to the breeder who expects to be successful in producing the best animals, as he will thus avail himself of the experience of others, get the benefit of what they found to be right, and avoid the mistakes which have followed a wrong procedure.

It is over 200 years since the breeders of racehorses in England found that there was a right and a wrong method, and in the days when Rome flourished and when that empire ruled the world, the necessity of thoughts was recognized. Anterior to that era there are traditions of families of horses which were celebrated for speed, but the modern thoroughbred is the result of comparatively modern efforts. Racing in England was a popular pastime before the breading of turf horses was carried on in a systematic manner,

But the racing of that day was scarcely worthy of the name, when compared to what it has become through the efforts of breeders and the stimulus of rich rewards. When the first importations of Turks, Arabians and Barbs were made there was a class of horses which had been used for running; but little, if any effort had been made to breed horses especially for that purpose. The get of the foreign horses were found to be superior on the course, and that which had followed hap-hazard experiments gave the key to success.

Though racing was eagerly pursued, the attention of the wealthy was more given to the production of horses for the manege, yet, as these required to have many of the characteristics of the race-horse, the breeding of them aided in establishing the other. The foremost writer on horse subjects was the Duke of Newcastle, and he gives fuller descriptions of the various breeds, better instructions in breeding, rearing and managing, and was considerably far in advance of his contemporaries in all pertaining to the subject.

Divested of the quaintness and hyperbole of the period, his works are full of practical instructions, which are applicable at present, and in order to show what the state of horse affairs were in the days when the breeding of racehorses began to be systematic, I shall quote frequently from his works.

As a matter of curiosity, as well as to show the distinguished position he held in the world, I copy the title page of his English work. He had previously written one in French, and at the date given he was universally conceded to be the foremost horseman of the time.

A NEW
METHOD,
AND
EXTRAORDINARY INVENTION,
TO DRESS
HORSES,
AND
WORK them according to NATURE:
AS ALSO
To Perfect *Nature* by the Subtility of *Art*:
Which was never found out, but by
THE
Thrice Noble, High, and Puissant PRINCE
WILLIAM CAVENDISH,

Duke, Marquess, and Earl of *Newcastle*; Earl of *Ogle*; Viscount *Mansfield*; and Baron of *Bolsover* of *Ogle*, of *Bothesa*, *Bothal* and *Hepple*; Gentleman of his Majesties Bed-chamber; One of His Majesties most Honourable Privy Council; Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter; His Majesties Lieutenant of the County and Town of Nottingham; and Justice in Eyre *Trent-North*: who had the honour to be Governor to our most Glorious King, and Gracious Sovereign, in His Youth, when He was Prince of *Wales*; and soon after was made Captain General of all the Provinces beyond the River of *Trent*, and other parts of the Kingdom of *England*; with power by a special Commission, to make Knights.

LONDON.
Printed by *Tho. Milbourn*, in the year 1667.

Here are titles enough to suit the most fastidious stickler for "blue blood," and the printer of that day in order to give them full emphasis, was profuse in the use of capitals and italics. The high positions he held gave him the best opportunity to observe, and to compare the horses of the different countries he traveled and sojourned in, as he was the guest and companion of those who took the most interest in the subject which was uppermost in his mind, he availed himself of these advantages and was a most competent critic.

The thoroughbred of to-day is descended from the Spanish, Arabian, Barb, Turkish and English horses. Though a few mares were imported during the reign of Charles II. by that king and called "the Royal mares," in which some of the best pedigrees end, the great majority were stallions, which were first bred to the English mares, and subsequently to the produce of the earlier importations. Hereafter, when considering the value of pedigrees, illustrations will be given to elucidate the commingling of strains, and to show the origin of the blood horse from the sources designated.

In copying the descriptions and remarks of the Duke, while following the phraseology, the orthography will be changed, but in everything else the transfer will be literal.

He commences with the Spanish horse: "You must know, that of all horses in the world, of what nation soever they be, Spanish horses are the wisest, far the wisest, and strangely wise, beyond any man's imagination; but I must tell you they are not the easiier drest (trained) for that, because they observe too much with their eyes, and their memories are too good." * * * If he be well chosen, I assure you he is the noblest horse in the world. First there is no horse so curiously shaped, all over from head to croup. He is the most beautiful that can be, for he is not so thin and lady-like as the Barb; not so gross as the Neapolitan, but between both. He is of great spirit, and of great courage, and docile; hath the proudest walk, the proudest trot, and best action in his trot, the loftiest gallop, the swiftest careers, and is the lovingest and gentlest horse, and litteth for a king in a day of triumph to show himself to his people, er in the head of an army, of any horse in the world.

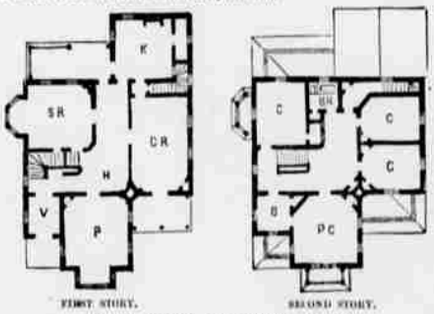
"Therefore no horse so fit to breed on, as a Spanish horse, either for the mannage, the ambling for the pad, hunting or for running horses. 'Conqueror' was of a Spanish horse, 'Shotten-Herring' was of a Spanish horse 'Butler' was of a Spanish horse, and 'Peacock' was of a Spanish mare, and these beat all the horses in their time, so much, as no horse ever ran near them.

"I say he is absolutely the best stallion in the world, for all those several things I have formerly named; if you do wisely appropriate such mares to him, as shall be fit for such uses as you would have your breed, and so he is fit for all breeds, but to breed cart horses."

Of the Barb he writes: "The Barb is next to the Spanish horse for wisdom, but not near so wise, and that makes him much easier to be drest. Besides he is of a gentle nature, docile, nervous and light. He is as fine as a horse can be, but somewhat slender, and a little lady-like, and is so lazy and negligent in his walk, as he will stumble in a bowling green; he trots like a cow and gallops low, and no *action* in any of those actions. But commonly he is sinewy and nervous, and hath a clean strength, is excellently winded and good at length, to endure great travel, and very apt to learn, and easy to be drest, being (for the most part) of a good disposition, excellent apprehension, judgment and memory; and when he is searched and wakened no horse in the world goes better in the mannage in all airs whatsoever, and rarely upon the ground in all kinds. * *

The Barb is not so fit a horse for a stallion for the mannage as for running horses, for he gets long and loose horses." * *—*Joseph Cairn Simpson in Pacific Rural Press.*

DESIGN FOR A PICTURESQUE GOTHIC VILLA.



FIRST STORY. SECOND STORY.

FLOOR PLANS OF GOTHIC VILLA.

CLEANING OLD ENGRAVINGS.—An admirer of old engravings adopts the following plan for cleaning them: "I place them, one or two at a time, in a shallow dish and pour water over them until they are completely soaked or saturated with it. I then carefully pour off the water and pour on to the prints a solution of chlorids of lime (one part liq. calcis chlorate, B. P., to 20 parts of water). As a general rule the stains disappear as if by magic, but occasionally they are obstinate. When that is the case, I pour on the spot pure liq. calcis chlorate, and if that does not succeed, I add a little acid nitro-hydrochlor. dil. I have never had a print which has not succumbed to this treatment—in fact, as a rule, they become too white. As soon as they are clean, they must be carefully washed with successive portions of water, until the whole of the chlorine is got rid of. They should then be placed in a very weak solution of isinglass or glue, and many collectors color this solution with coffee grounds, etc., to give a yellow tint to the print. They should be dried between folds of blotting paper, either in a press or under a heavy book, and finally ironed with an ordinary flat iron to restore the gloss, etc., (place clean paper between the iron and the print).

A MODEL WIFE.

Zachary Hodgson was not naturally an ill-tempered man. It was want of reflection, more than a corrupt and ungenerous heart, that led him to consider his wife in the light of an inferior being, and to treat her more like a slave than an equal. If he met with anything abroad to ruffle his temper, his wife was sure to suffer when he came home. His meals were always ill-cooked, and whatever the poor woman did to please him, was sure to have a contrary effect. She bore his ill-humor in silence for a long time; but finding it to increase she adopted a method of reproving him for his unreasonable conduct which had the happiest effect. One day, as Zachary was going to his usual avocation after breakfast, he purchased a large cod-fish, and sent it home with directions to his wife to have it cooked for dinner. As no particular mode of cooking was prescribed, the good woman well knew that whether she boiled it, or fried it, or made it into a stew, her husband would scold her when he came home. But she resolved to please him for once, if possible, and therefore cooked portions of it in several different ways. She also, with some little difficulty, procured an amphibious animal from the brook at the back of the house, and put it into the pot. In due time her husband came home; some covered dishes were placed on the table, and with a frowing, fault-finding look, the moody man commenced the conversation.

"Well, Sally, did you get the fish I bought?"

"Yes, my dear."

"I should like to know how you have cooked it—I will bet anything you have spoiled it for my eating. (Taking off the cover) I thought so. Why, in the name of common sense, did you fry it? I would as soon eat a boiled frog."

"Why, I thought you liked it best fried."

"You did not think any such thing. You knew better. I never liked fried fish—why didn't you boil it?"

"My dear, the last time we had fresh fish you knew I boiled it, and you said you liked it better fried. I did it merely to please you, but I have boiled some also." So saying she lifted a cover, and lo! the shoulders of the cod, nicely boiled, were neatly deposited on—a dish; a sight which would have made an epicure rejoice, but which, alas! only added to the ill-nature of her husband.

"A pretty dish, this! Boiled fish? Chips and porridge? If you had not been the most silly of woman kind you would have made it into a stew."

His patient wife, with a smile, immediately placed a tureen before him containing an excellent stew.

"My dear," said she, "I have resolved to please you. There is your favorite dish."

"Favorite dish, indeed," grumbled the discontented husband, "I daresay it is an unpalatable wishy-washy mess. I would rather have a boiled frog than the whole of it."

This was a common expression of his, and had been anticipated by his wife, who as soon as the preference was expressed, uncovered a large dish at her husband's right arm and there was a boil-frog of portentous dimensions, and pugnacious aspect, stretched out at full length! Zachary sprang from his chair, not a little frightened at the unexpected apparation.

"My dear," said his wife in a kind, entreating tone, "I hope you will at length be able to make a dinner."

Zachary could not stand this. His surly mood was overcome, and he burst into an immoderate fit of laughter. He then acknowledged that his wife was right, and declared she should not again have reason to complain of him; and he faithfully kept his word.—*Anecdotes of the Family Circle.*

THE POMEGRANATE.

Hassan, the son of Ali,
Was sick of a foll disease,
And he longed for a pomegranate
When there were none on the trees,
Though they hunted near and far,
And none in the fruit bazar.

At length his father, Ali,
As he wandered the city through,
Saw the long-desired pomegranate,
And purchased it of a Jew;
And, blessing Allah's name,
Was hastening home with the same.

But now a trembling sick man
Crept up to him by stealth,
"Give me half of the pomegranate,
It will restore my health."
'Twas given. He bolder grew,
"Give the other." He got that too.

Home to his son went Ali,
Whose footsteps were not light;
Told him of the lost pomegranate.
He said the gift was right,
"Greater than mine his need,
And only just was the deed."

While they were talking of it
There came a tap at the door;
The servant-woman answered.
And never on earth before
Saw she a man so fair
As the man that met her there.

He handed her in silence
A curious plate of gold,
Whereon were ten pomegranates,
Which she did not behold,
Beneath a tassels green,
That kept their bloom unseen.

He vanishes. She counts them.
"This one," she says, "is mine";
And bears in the pomegranates—
The ten that now are nine,
(But of this she nothing speaks),
All kisses their red cheeks!

He knows the woman's secret,
For he hath eyes to see;
But he gives her the pomegranate,
And straightway sets her free
Who brings such gifts he thought,
Hath her own ransom brought.

Then All unto Hassan
The woman's tale did tell;
And he gave him the pomegranates,
Whose colors made him well.
Such healing virtue lies
In the fruits of Paradise!

—*R. H. Stoddard, in New York Independent.*

HOW ONE MOTHER TRAINED HER LITTLE GIRL.

"Maybe I am foolish, Mrs.——, but ever since my little one was given me I have loved to kiss the little baby hands as well as the baby lips. I used to lay the soft little pink palms upon my mouth and kiss them till my baby laughed.

"As she grew older I still kept up the custom, and when night came and undressing her I failed to kiss the little hands, Amy knew that it was because they were not quite clean from naughtiness. If they had been lifted in anger during the day, if they had struck at nursie or a little playmate, mamma could not kiss them because they were not clean. And to miss the kiss was very hard for my baby, I assure you. It was the same with the little lips. If a naughty word had escaped them—I mean *willfully* naughty word,—or my little girl had not spoken quite the truth during the day, I could not kiss the lips; although I always kissed her on cheeks and forehead, never allowing her to go unkissed to bed. But she cared more for kisses on the hands and lips than for anything else in the world, I believe; my loving little Amy! And gradually the naughty ways were done away with, and each night my baby would say, 'Tess hannies to-night, mamma! Tess hannies for 'oo to tiss!'

"And even now—though she is five years old—I keep up a custom which she has known from her birth, because I think it helps her *try* to be good. You will laugh, maybe, Mrs.——, but I do want my little girl to grow up pure and sweet; and if the love of mamma's kisses can keep, by God's help, the little hands, lips, and heart, *clean*, I think I shall continue the custom until Amy is old enough to understand fully things too hard for her as yet."

My own eyes were tearful when Mrs. Horton's sweet voice ceased, and I envied little Amy her beautiful young mother's companionship. Did I think it a foolish idea? Ah, no indeed! But the truest, sweetest custom in the world—keeping the small hands clean for mamma's good-night kiss; and that is why Sallie Jones was not "paid in her own coin," as the saying is. That is why the sweet lips made no angry reply. Mamma's kiss was too precious a thing to be given up for the gratification of one moment of evil speaking. Dear little Amy!—*Mary D. Brine, in May Wide Awake.*

SUBURBAN DWELLING.

The picturesque Gothic villa, shown in our engraving on this page, is a style which is fast becoming prevalent. It is designed by Isaac Hobbs & Son, of Philadelphia. The shape and ornamentation of the building comport well with rural or suburban surroundings, and no one would think of building such a house unless he could give it handsome trees and tasteful grounds for its environment. The superstructure is of frame, and the roof may be of slate or shingles.

The following will interpret the lettering upon the ground plan, and give the size of the rooms. First story.—*P*, parlor, 14 by 16 feet, with bay window; *D R*, dining room, 12 by 20 feet; *S R*, sitting room, 14 by 15 feet; *K*, kitchen, 14 by 14 feet; *H*, hall, 6 feet wide; *V*, vestibule.

Second story.—*P C*, principal chamber, 14 by 16 feet; *C C* (on the right), chambers, 10 by 12 feet each; *C* (on the left), chamber, 12 by 14 feet; *B R*, bath room; *B*, boudoir.

LONGFELLOW.—Mr. Longfellow celebrated his 71st birthday recently, and may now be said to rank among America's old men. His hair and beard are white, but his eye is keen, his step light, and the grip of his hand firm. There is no falling off in his work, either.

FOR SMOOTH HANDS.—After washing and drying the hands, pour into one hand a few drops of good cider vinegar; rub the hands together, wetting the whole surface, both sides, and dry it. Practice this and your hands will feel smooth.