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STORIES

ABOUT

HORSES



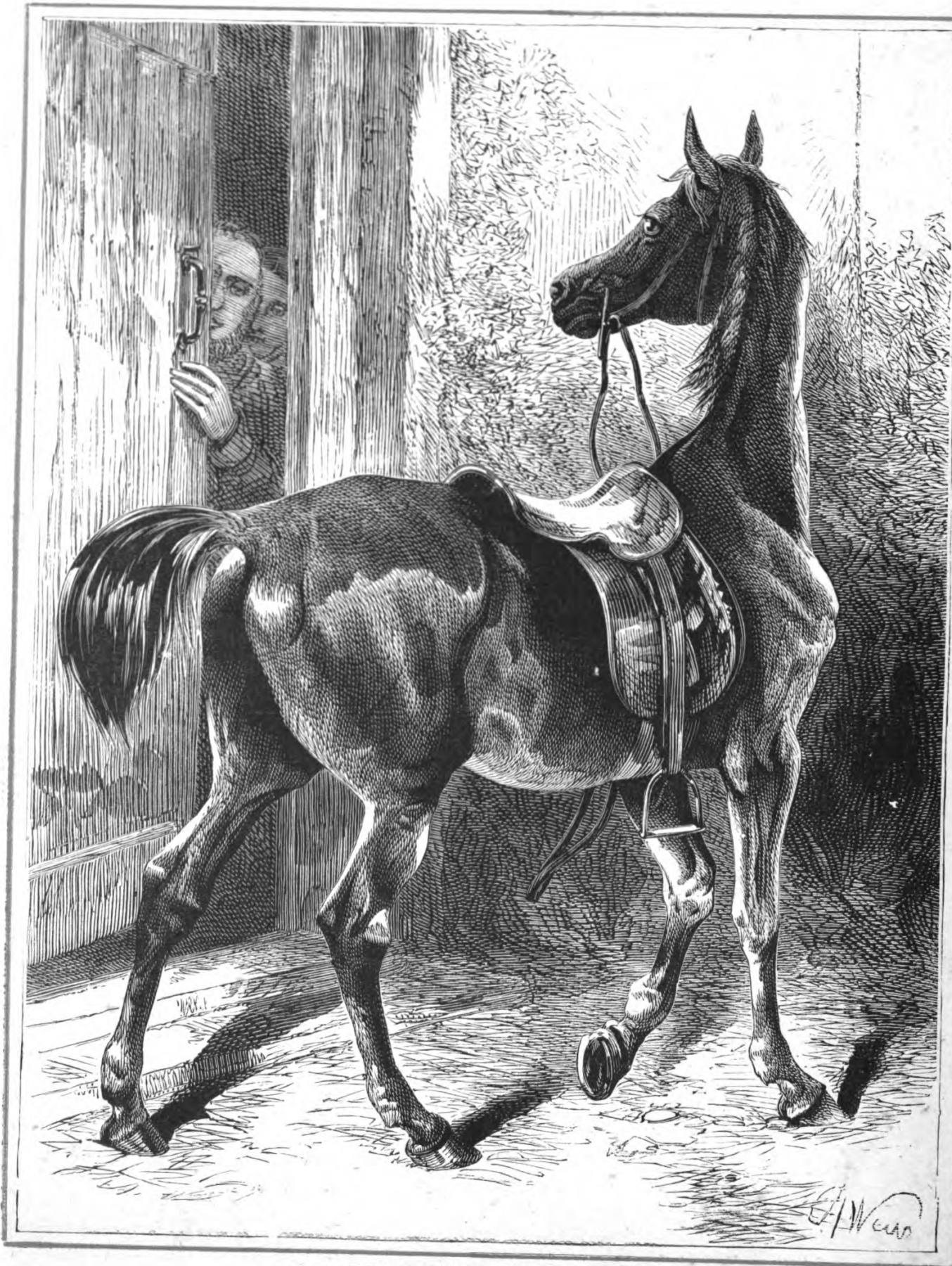
COMPILED

BY

T.B.S.



STORIES ABOUT HORSES.



THE FAITHFUL SERVANT.

STORIES ABOUT HORSES.



COMPILED BY
THE EDITOR OF THE "BRITISH WORKMAN"



LONDON :
S. W. PARTRIDGE & Co., 9, PATERNOSTER ROW.

189 . e . 150 .



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TO
LADY AUGUSTA POULETT,

ONE OF THE MEMBERS OF THE
LADIES' EDUCATION COMMITTEE
OF THE
ROYAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS,

THIS VOLUME IS
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

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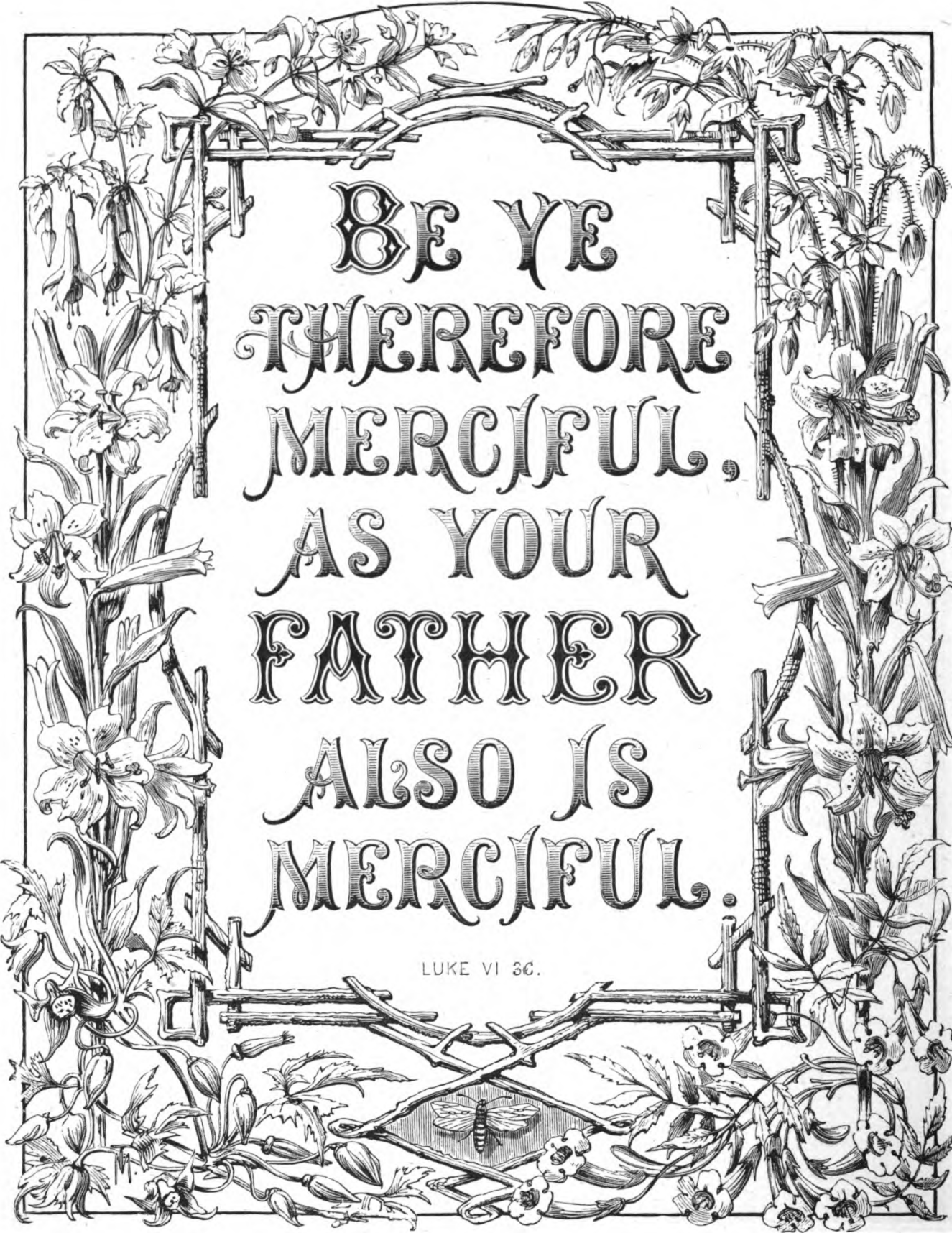
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BE YE
THEREFORE
MERCIFUL,
AS YOUR
FATHER
ALSO IS
MERCIFUL.

LUKE VI 36.



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STORIES ABOUT HORSES.

THE horse has been justly termed the noblest and most useful animal God has given for the service of man. When rightly treated, he not only readily obeys, but seems to anticipate the wishes of his master. It is not yet, however, in England, that we must look for the best illustrations of the affection and sagacity of the horse. For this we must go to Arabia, where the horse is treated with the affection of a child; and the obedience and service which the animal renders in return is most remarkable. If some of the Arabs were to visit England, and see the cruel blows of the whip which many of our drivers and

carters inflict on their poor horses, they would stand aghast, and probably call us "a cruel nation." Within the last few years, however, there has been great improvement in many parts of our country in the treatment of animals. This result is largely attributable to the progress of education, but more especially to the increased efforts made by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. This Society until a recent date confined its efforts chiefly to the punishment of the cruel; but now the more important duty of encouraging and rewarding the kind has been adopted, with the most pleasing results. The formation of the Ladies' Education Committee, of which the Baroness Burdett-Coutts is the president, for working amongst the rising generation, is likely, under the Divine blessing, to be productive of beneficial results far greater than the most repressive laws against cruelty. The influence of the labours of these ladies, by the press, the platform, and by educational literature, is already securing a rich reward.

Perhaps one of the best ways of preventing cruelty, is to encourage the young to study the habits and the sagacity of animals. To aid in this desirable work, the following pages have been compiled.

"JIMMY" THE HORSE, AND "JACK" THE PIG.

I have a favourite old horse, says a correspondent, that I have ridden and driven for years, known almost to every child in the parish, and which I once kept in an orchard close to my house.

He is called "Jimmy." To record all the manœuvres of this faithful beast would fill a pamphlet. One day, however, I saw him in the orchard in company with a large pig called "Jack," which I had bred up from a little one. The pig was rubbing the old horse's head, and at the same time making a peculiar kind of noise which seemed to say, "Come with me, Jimmy."

The pig proceeded in advance, and the horse followed until both arrived under a large apple tree, a branch of which the horse actually shook, and down fell a lot of apples. The pig grunted with evident satisfaction, whilst eating the fine apples which lay scattered on the ground. Jimmy then helped himself from the branches until I thought he had had enough. The most remarkable part of this story is that the horse never attempted to shake the limbs a second time after the pig had been satisfied. This is the same animal which some months since fractured his fetlock-joint at Long Ashton, in Somersetshire, through stopping instantly (whilst going very swiftly) to save the life of a child.

F.

SAGACITY OF THE HORSE.

A horse, whose master was accidentally injured a long way from home, returned to the house, and neighed so loudly that it brought the family to the door, when they saw he was alone. The son mounted him and rode back, when the horse carried him to where his injured master lay on the ground. Had it not been for this faithful animal's sagacity, the man would have perished.

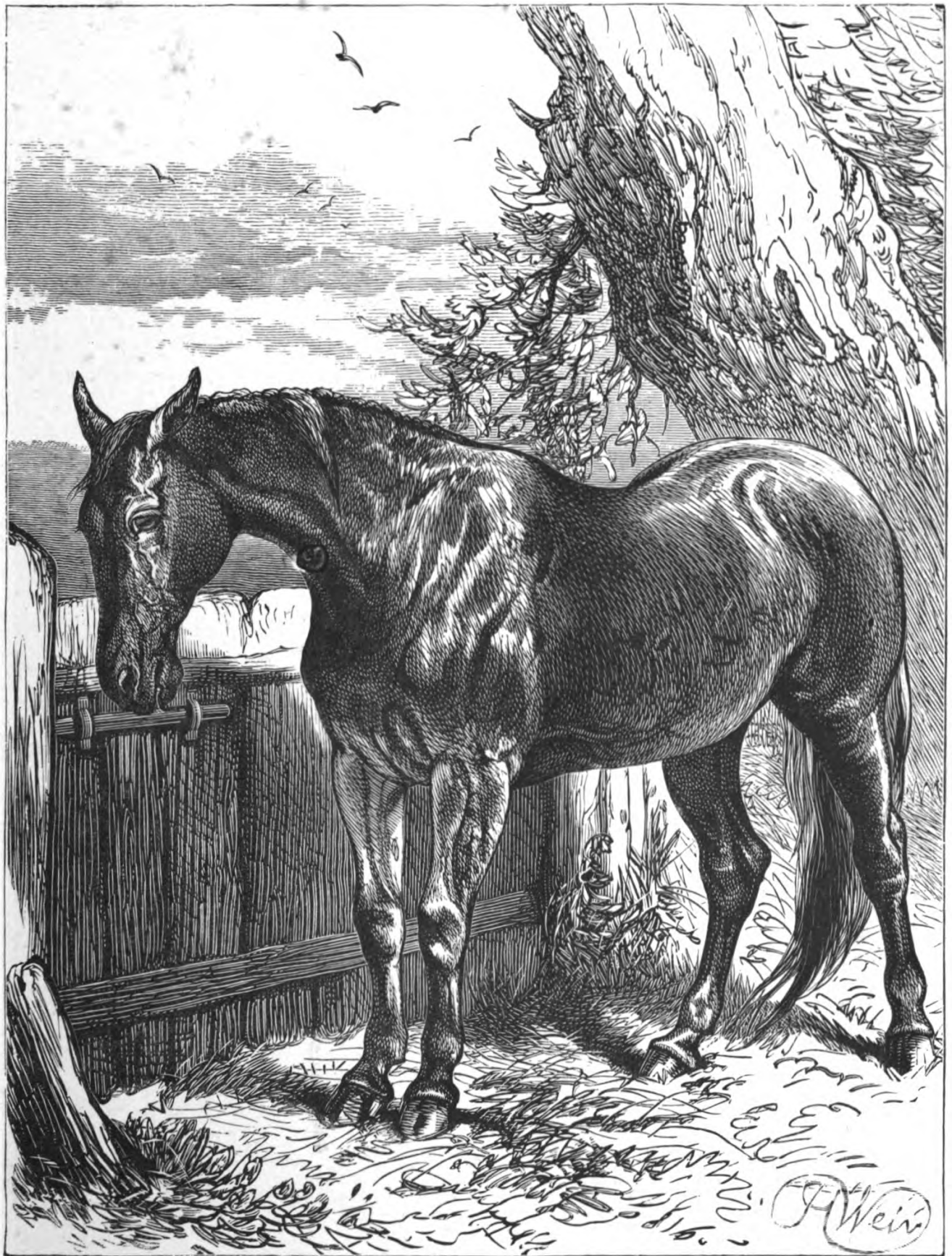
A friend of mine once was coming home from a distant town in the night and lost his way ; after trying to find it, he laid the reins on his horse's neck and said, "Go home, Fanny." She turned into another road unknown to him, and the gentleman was soon at his own door. A.

A SAGACIOUS HORSE.

A very large heavy horse, known as "Dick," owned by Mr. J. Campbell, and used as a coal-carrier, slipped and fell a few days ago under a heavy load, and was sadly shaken by the fall. After he got up, and while the men were freeing the team, Dick was missing ; no one knew where he had gone. He was not in the stable ; he could not be found. His master went in search and found him at last in Mulloy's smithy, William's Street. "Who brought that horse here?" he inquired. "No one, sir ; he walked in himself unaccompanied, and signified that he wanted a new pair of shoes. I understood the case instantly and fitted him. He had fallen, and was aware that the poor shoes that he had on were the cause of the disaster, and came to me to supply the preventive against future similar disaster." Mr. Campbell took the horse and departed—the firm step of the animal indicating his confidence in the improved understanding given to him by the worthy smith.—*Chelsea Telegraph* (U.S.A.)

RESCUING A FRIEND.

Some years since the servant of Mr. Thomas Walker, of Manchester, going one day to water the carriage horses at a large



UNBOLTING THE GATE.

stone trough which was then at one end of the Exchange, a dog which was accustomed to lie in a stall with one of them, followed the horses as he usually did, and was attacked with such ferocity by a large mastiff that he was in danger of being worried, when one of the horses (his friend and favourite), which was led by the servant with the halter, suddenly broke loose from him, and went to the place where the dogs were fighting, and with a kick of one of his heels tossed the mastiff into a cooper's cellar, and having thus rescued his companion, returned quietly with him to drink at the conduit.

THE SAGACIOUS CART-HORSE.

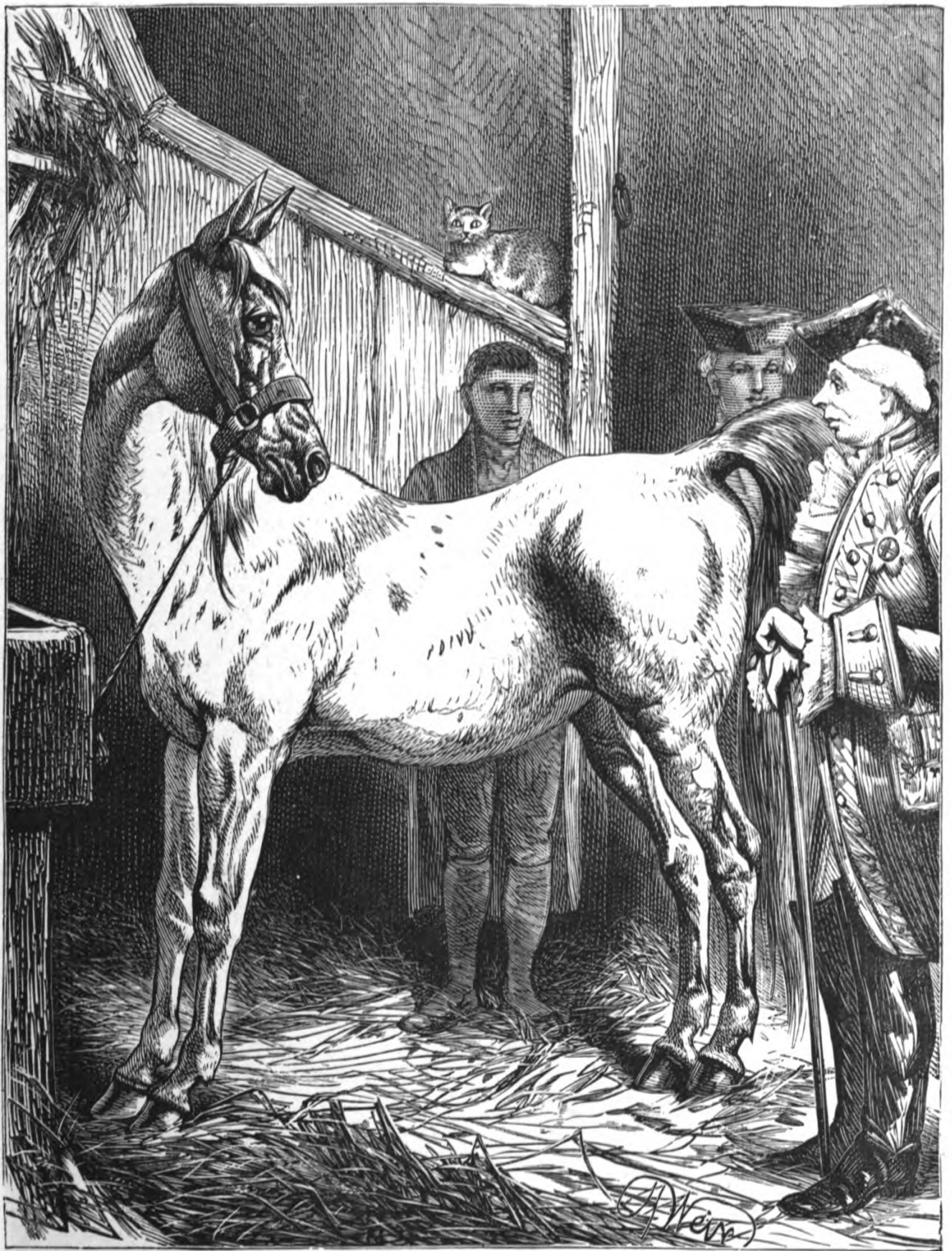
A carter in Fifeshire had a fine old horse. From the carter having a large family, this animal had got particularly intimate with the children, and would on no account move when they were playing among its feet, as if it feared to do them injury. The youngest boy being too small to mount, the horse would put down its head to the ground, allow him to get astride its neck, and then by gently elevating the head, would let him slip backwards to his seat on his back. On one occasion, when dragging a loaded cart through a narrow lane, a child happened to be playing in the road, and would inevitably have been crushed by the wheels, had it not been for the sagacity of this animal. He carefully took it by the clothes with his teeth, carried it a few yards, and then placed it on a bank by the way-side, moving slowly all the while, and looking back as if to satisfy himself that the wheels of the cart had cleared it.

SINGULAR ESCAPE OF A HORSE.

A remarkable sight was witnessed one Monday morning by the passengers on two trains of the Harlem Railroad. As the down train, due at Twenty-sixth Street at 11.30 a.m., was approaching the high stone bridge that spans the valley between One Hundred and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, and had entered upon the high walled grade that leads to the bridge, a spirited young horse was discovered trotting unconcernedly on the track, ahead of the engine, going in the direction of the bridge. At this moment an upward-bound train approached, thus blocking the animal's retreat in the other direction. The dilemma of the horse became strikingly apparent in his dilating nostrils and glaring eyes. Although advance and retreat were alike impossible, one alternative remained. Rearing his head with a toss of defiance at his advancing foes, the animal suddenly turned and plunged headlong from the bridge, falling a distance of over twenty feet. He alighted safely on his feet, and trotted off as if nothing unusual had happened.—*American Paper.*

HORSE AT MILFORD JUNCTION.

Often have I watched with surprise and delight, at this railway junction, the fine horse that was employed in "making up" and "shunting" the trains. On some occasions he was so placed between carriages moving towards each other, that I felt sure he would be killed; but just at the right moment the sagacious creature would jump from between the rails to a place of safety. No man could have acted with greater wisdom.



GEORGE III. AND HIS FAVOURITE HORSE "ADONIS."

"ADONIS," THE FAVOURITE OF KING GEORGE III.

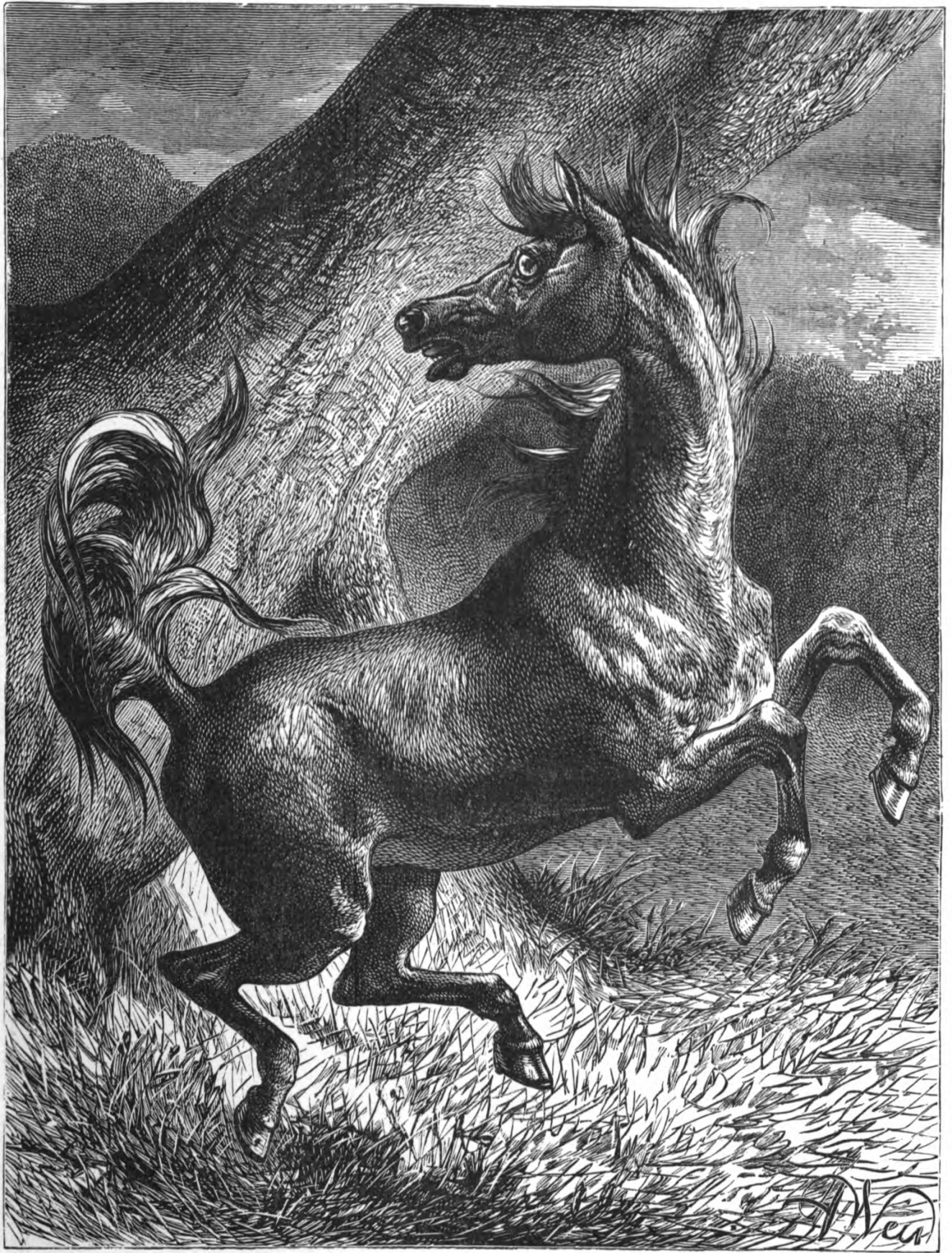
The favourite charger of George the Third, named "Adonis," was an animal of great beauty and extraordinary sagacity. His affection for his royal master was perhaps equal to either. I have heard that on one occasion, when His Majesty visited Cumberland Lodge, the horse, then in the stable, heard his voice, and began neighing with great violence; the king hearing him went to the door, which seemed only to increase his anxiety. His Majesty, knowing the cause, said, "Well, well, I must humour him; bring Adonis out." He was saddled and led forth; his royal master mounted and rode him for a short time, to the manifest delight of the creature, which appeared conscious of his burden; and upon the king's alighting he returned to his stable, perfectly quiet and satisfied. It is a curious and melancholy fact, that the horse which carried the king so long, died in a state of madness, some time after the monarch's last attack.

REMARKABLE CAUTION OF A HORSE.

The following instance of the memory and caution of a horse which narrowly escaped being killed by the fall of a tree is not uninteresting. "During my residence," says the writer, "on the head-waters of the Susquehanna, I owned a small American horse of the name of 'Charlie,' that was remarkable for his attachment to my own person, as well as for his general good qualities. He was a great favourite with all the family; and

being a favourite he was frequently indulged with less work and more to eat than any of the other horses on the farm. At a short distance from the dwelling-house was a small but luxuriant pasture, where during the summer Charlie was often permitted to graze.

"When this pasture had been originally reclaimed from its wild-forest state, about ten years previous to the period of which I am speaking, four or five large trees, of the sugar-maple species, had been left standing when the rest were cut down, and means had afterwards been found to prevent their being scorched by the fire at the time the rest of the timber had been consumed. Though remarkably fine trees of their kind, they were however no great ornament, their stems being long and bare, their heads small, and by no means full of leaves—the case generally with trees that have grown in close contact with each other in the American forests: but if they were no ornament, they might serve as shade trees. Beneath one of these trees Charlie used to seek shelter, as well from the heat of the meridian sun as from the severe thunder-gusts that occasionally ravage that part of the country. On an occasion of this sort Charlie had taken his stand close to his favourite tree, his tail actually pressing against it, his head and body in an exact line with the wind, apparently understanding the most advantageous position to escape the violence of the storm, and quite at home, as it were, for he had stood in the same place some scores of times. The storm came on, and raged with such violence



HORSE ESCAPING FROM THE FALLING TREE.

that the tree under which the horse had sought shelter was literally torn up by the roots. I happened to be standing at a window, from which I witnessed the whole scene. The moment Charlie heard the roots giving way behind him, that is on the contrary side of the tree from where he stood, and probably feeling the uprooted tree pressing against his tail, he sprang forward and barely cleared the ground, upon which at the next moment the top of the tree fell with such force that the crash was tremendous, for every limb and branch were actually riven asunder. I have many a time seen horses alarmed, nay, exceedingly frightened, but never in my life did I witness anything of the sort that bore the slightest comparison to Charlie's extreme terror; and yet Charlie on ordinary occasions was by no means a coward. He galloped, he reared his mane and tossed his head, he stopped short and snorted wildly, then darted off at the top of his speed in a contrary direction, and then as suddenly stopped and set off in another, until long after the storm had considerably abated; and it was not until the lapse of some hours that he ventured to reconnoitre—but that at a considerable distance—the scene of his narrow escape.

“For that day at least his appetite was completely spoiled; for he never offered to stoop his head to the ground while daylight continued. The next day his apprehension seemed somewhat abated; but his curiosity had been excited to such a pitch that he kept pacing from place to place, never failing to halt as he passed within a moderate distance of the prostrate tree,

gazing thereat in utter bewilderment, as if wholly unable to comprehend the scene he had witnessed the preceding day. After this occurrence took place I kept this favourite horse several years, and during the summer months he usually enjoyed the benefit of his old pasture ; but it was quite clear he never forgot on any occasion the narrow escape he had had ; for neither the burning rays of the noontide summer sun, nor the furious raging of the thunderstorm, could compel Charlie to seek shelter under one of the trees that still remained standing in his small pasture."

THE OLD TROOPER.

The following ludicrous incident occurred years ago in the Castle-yard, Dublin. A farmer had some time previously purchased at one of the sales an old troop-horse which had been sold as unfit for further service in the army. The animal being very quiet, the farmer mounted his daughter upon him, and sent her with a supply of milk to the city, where she unfortunately for herself arrived just at the time the soldiers were relieving guard. The horse, hearing the music to which he had been long accustomed, became ungovernable by his fair rider, and trotting, snuffing, and snorting, dashed into the Castle-yard, with his rider and her milk-pails, and took his place in the midst of the ranks, to the no small amusement of all present. It required the help of some of the men to remove the old trooper !



THE OLD TROOPER AND THE MILK-GIRL.

THAT COLT OF GOOD MEMORY.

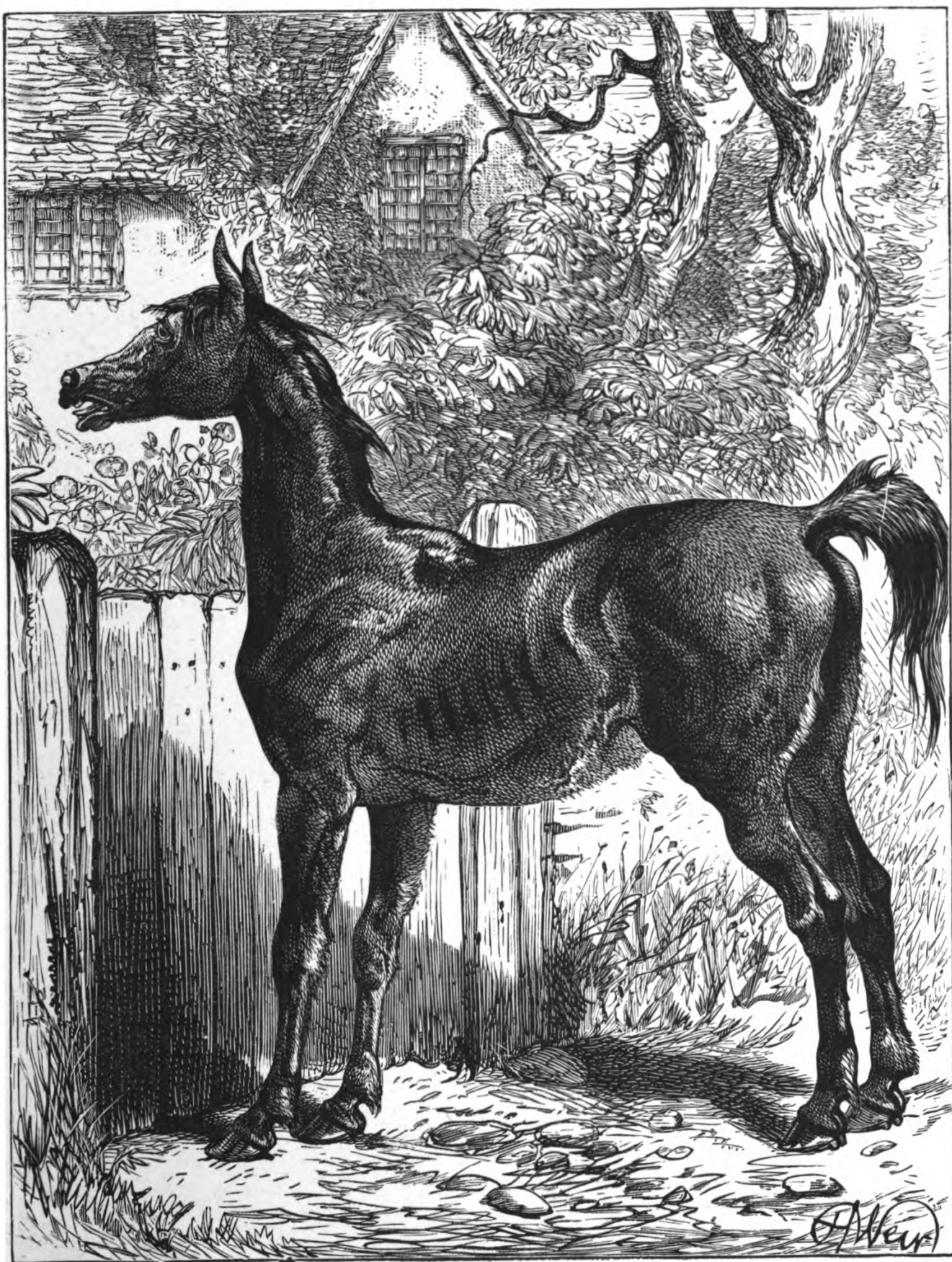
A gentleman writing from Rawson Lodge, Virginia, United States, says:—"When I was a youth of eighteen years, I was directed to ride a colt from Milford to Worcester, Massachusetts, eighteen miles. The colt had never been on that road before. In a very secluded locality on the way I had my lunch, which the colt gladly shared with me. On returning, the docile colt surprised me by suddenly darting out of the road, to the identical bar-post in the fence where we had eaten our lunch. Much did I regret that I was not provided with another lunch to give him. God holds us responsible for our treatment of all dumb animals."

SAGACITY AND SYMPATHY OF A HORSE.

A blind horse lately wandered into the river near the National Road Bridge, and getting beyond his depth, swam around in a circle in his efforts to find his way out. His distress attracted the attention of another horse near by on the bank, who instantly went to his assistance. He first went to the water's edge and attempted to direct the blind horse by neighing; but finding this proceeding ineffectual, he boldly took to the water and swam out to his relief. After swimming around him for nearly a quarter of an hour, he finally got the blind horse to understand his good intentions, and in what direction the land lay, and the two horses came to shore side by side amid the cheers of upwards of one hundred spectators.—*Indianapolis Journal*.

A GRATEFUL PATIENT.

A lady remarkable for benevolence to the brute creation, observed from her garden-gate one day a miserable horse, with the shoulder raw and bleeding, attempting to graze on an open spot adjacent. Having, by means of some bread, coaxed the poor animal to the gate, she then managed, with some assistance, to cover the wound with adhesive plaster spread on a piece of soft leather. The man to whom the animal belonged (one of those ignorant beings who are indifferent to the sufferings of any but themselves) shortly afterwards led the horse away. The next day, however, the horse made his appearance again at the gate, over which he put his head and gently neighed. On looking at him it was found that the plaster was removed, either by the animal's master or by the rubbing of the ill-made collar in which he worked. The plaster was renewed. The third day he appeared again, requiring the same attention, which he solicited in a similar manner. After this the plaster was allowed to remain, and the horse recovered ; but ever after, whenever it saw its benefactress, it would immediately approach her, and by voice and action testify its sense of her kindness and notice. This anecdote, for the truth of which we can personally testify, proves how sensible the horse is of humane treatment, and how grateful for benefits bestowed. Considerate treatment and every care are due to an animal from whose services man derives such important benefits ; but too often does man forget that he has a duty to perform, not only towards his fellow-man,



THE GRATEFUL HORSE.

but towards those domestic animals which Providence has entrusted to him for his welfare.

SINGULAR CASE OF INSTINCT IN A HORSE.

We do not remember ever to have heard of a more remarkable exhibition of equine intelligence than was communicated to us a few days since by Mr. Allen of this place. The circumstances as they were related to us were as follows:—

Mr. Allen has had for a considerable time a span of sprightly little horses, that he has never separated. In the stable, in the field, in the harness, they have always been together. This has caused a strong attachment to grow up between them. A few days ago, he went with them out to Lake Minnetonka, on a fishing excursion. Taking them out of the carriage, he led them down to the lake, and tied them with stout ropes, several rods apart, on a strip of grass that grew upon the shore, and left them to feed. Returning to the shanty, he threw himself upon the floor to await the return of the party who had repaired to the lake to fish. Not much time had elapsed before the sound of an approaching horse's feet attracted his attention, and a moment after, one of his span appeared at the door. The animal put his head in, and giving one neigh, turned, and at a slow gallop, yet under evident excitement, returned to the spot where but a few minutes before he and his companion had been fastened. Surprised to find his horse loose, and struck with his singular conduct, Mr. Allen immediately followed, and

found the other lying in the water, entangled in the rope, and struggling to keep his head from being submerged.

While Mr. Allen proceeded to disengage the unfortunate horse, his noble benefactor stood by, manifesting the utmost solicitude and sympathy, and when his mate was extricated from its perilous situation, and again upon its feet, the generous creature exhibited unquestionable signs of satisfaction and joy.

That this intelligent animal should have noticed the misfortune of his mate, that he should know where to apply for rescue, and in his efforts should sunder a three-fourths of an inch rope—and finally that he should exhibit so high an appreciation of the event, are circumstances to astonish us, and commend themselves to the thoughtful consideration of those who would limit the power of reasoning to man.—*American Paper.*

WONDERFUL CASE OF SENSIBILITY TO DANGER.

Mr. Jesse writes:—

The following is an instance of the sensibility, if I may call it so, of a horse, and proves how alive he is to danger.

A friend of mine was riding a horse one day in India, attended by a spaniel dog, who had long been its companion. The dog ran into some long grass and came out crying and shaking its head: the horse, contrary to its usual custom, not only avoided the dog, but showed the utmost dread of its coming near him: the dog soon died, and, upon examining him, it was found that he had been bitten in the tongue by a venomous snake.



HORSE AVOIDING THE POISONED DOG.

THE FAITHFUL SERVANT.

Professor Kruger, of Halle, relates the following instance of fidelity in a horse :—" A friend of mine one night was riding home through a wood, and had the misfortune to strike his head against the overhanging branch of a tree, and fell from his horse stunned by the blow. The horse immediately returned to the house which they had left, about a mile distant. He found the door closed, and the family gone to bed. He paused at the door till one of them, hearing the noise, arose and opened it, and to his surprise saw the horse of his friend. No sooner was the door opened, than the horse turned round, and the man, suspecting there was something wrong, followed the animal, which led him directly to the spot where his master lay on the ground in a faint."

A VALUABLE HORSE LOST BY CRUELTY.

A lady, a friend of animals, writes :—" While sitting at my window there passed by a heavily loaded cart drawn by a remarkably fine horse. I thought how very strong he looked ; how proudly he arched his glossy neck, and how stately was his tread, when my admiration was quickly changed to sorrow, by seeing the brutal and ignorant driver raise his heavy whip, bringing it down upon the poor animal, who was already doing his very best. The horse started and would have galloped off with his load, if he could, but the weight of the cart jerked him back with such suddenness as to be too much even for his iron frame, and the

poor creature fell, and I learned that he died the next day, to the great grief of his owner. All this for want of proper intelligence and thought on the part of his careless driver. It is rarely—I might almost say never—necessary to whip horses; but if it must be done, let the driver give some warning sign or word before striking, and thus save many a hard strain and permanent injury.”

HORSE AND GREYHOUND.

A gentleman of Bristol had a greyhound, which slept in the stable along with a very fine hunter of about five years of age. These animals became mutually attached, and regarded each other with the most tender affection. The greyhound always lay under the manger, beside the horse, who was so fond of him, that he was unhappy and restless when out of his sight. It was a common practice with the gentleman to whom they belonged to call at the stable for the greyhound to accompany him in his walks: on such occasions, the horse would look over his shoulder at the dog with much anxiety, and neigh in a manner which plainly said, “Let me accompany you.” When the dog returned to the stable, he was always welcomed by a loud neigh: he ran up to the horse, and licked his nose; in return the horse would scratch his back with his teeth.

One day, when the groom was out with the horse and greyhound for exercise, a large dog attacked the latter, and quickly bore him to the ground; on which the horse threw back his ears, and, in spite of all the efforts of the groom, rushed at the



HORSE AND GREYHOUND.

strange dog who was worrying the greyhound, seized him by the back with his teeth, which speedily made him quit his hold : he shook him till a large piece of the skin gave way, when he fell to the ground. He no sooner got on his feet, than he judged it prudent to beat a precipitate retreat from so formidable an enemy.

REMARKABLE CASE OF A GENTLE HORSE.

A lady who was a clever rider was in the field one day, and in trying to clear a hedge her horse fell into a ditch on the other side of the fence. The lady fell completely under the horse, and her head was between and slightly in advance of his fore-legs, where she could be seen and talked to by those who assisted in extricating her. At first it was thought that the only way of releasing her would be by digging her out, commencing on the further side of the hedge ; but at last it was decided to move the horse by urging him forward, raising his head and hind-quarters at the same time by main force. The only fear was that the horse might trample on his rider, which really seemed almost impossible for him to avoid.

The lady showed marvellous courage during this trying period, and put full faith in the gentleness and instinct of her horse, which she said she had ridden for four years, and been accustomed to pet and feed with horses' dainties. Her reliance on him was merited by the result, as the horse on moving forward placed his feet on the only available spot of ground which her

form did not cover ; and the only mark made on the lady's face was one where his knees rubbed her in making his first movement, which it was impossible to avoid.

TROOPERS IN THUNDERSTORMS.

Soon after the year 1745 a troop of cavalry, commanded by Sir Robert Clayton, was disbanded in the city of York; but as Sir Robert could not bear the idea of selling the dumb companions of his perils in Germany, to become butchers' hacks, and the like, he absolutely purchased a piece of ground upon Knavesmire Heath, upon which it was his desire these old horses should remain for life. It was upon this spot they were seen by the gentleman who communicated this article. A thunderstorm coming on at the same time, he was also a witness of the surprising powers of instinct in these noble animals. They were grazing promiscuously when the first flashes of lightning made their appearance, and the distant thunder began to roll ; but as if they supposed these appearances to be the signal of an approaching battle, they were very soon collected ; and without the least assistance of any intelligent being, formed into a line almost as complete as if they had been managed by their respective riders.

About the period of the first American war, the horses of a heavy dragoon regiment, during the summer months, were sent to grass at Haverscroft, a village between Barnsley and Pontefract in the West Riding of York. One hot summer day, a



TROOPERS IN A THUNDERSTORM.

tremendous thunderstorm occurring, these horses, occupying a large enclosure, were observed to collect in a body, and afterwards form in a line, with as much regularity and exactness as when exercised on a field day; and, whilst the "thunder rolled its awful burden to the wind," and the lightning glared on every side, maintained their position during the continuance of the storm, exhibiting a most astonishing proof of animal sagacity, and one of the most magnificent spectacles that the mind can well conceive.

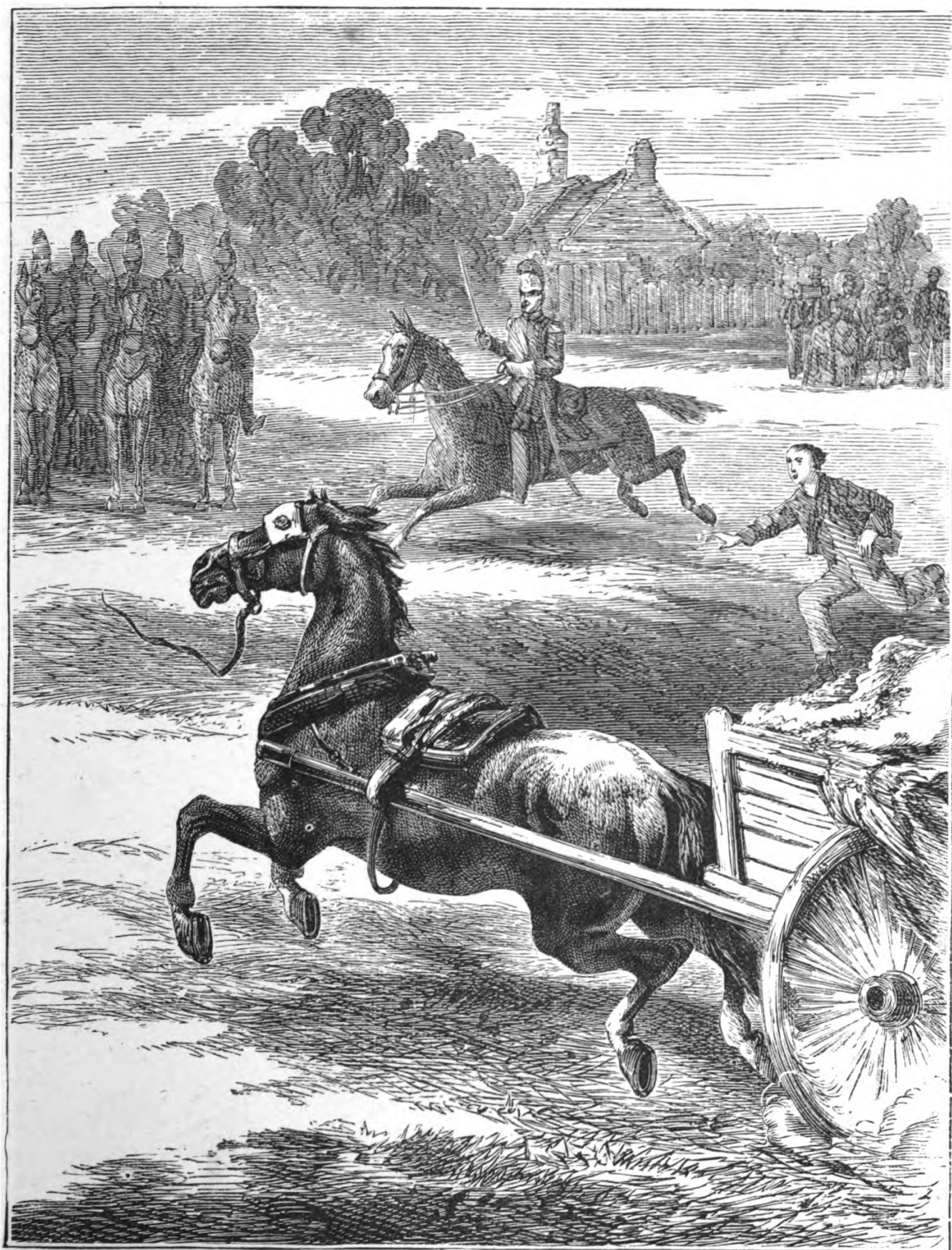
A CLEVER SOMERSETSHIRE HORSE.

The following fact, which occurred in one of the prettiest towns of Somersetshire, proves that the whip is not required for the horse when it is properly trained. Some years ago the road in front of our house required to be widened, and in consequence there were a large number of men at work from daylight until sunset. One day a man came up the road with his horse and cart, although told by the men that he could not possibly pass that way, there being quite a wall of earth laid across the road; he only said he must and would pass; still the men tried to dissuade him from attempting the feat, by telling him of the severe flogging the poor horse would have to undergo before he would go over the wall. He only laughed, and said he never beat his horse at any time—and he said this with an air of triumph—he and his horse perfectly understood one another. The men had left off working, while the man stood patting his horse; presently

he spoke a few kind words, which the horse seemed to understand quite well, and in another moment he had taken the animal by its bridle, and running by its side, they cleared the obstacle, to the astonishment and admiration of the bystanders. The man said a few more words in praise of his horse, and then went on his way, leaving the men rather astonished that so much could be accomplished without the aid of a whip. Is it not desirable that men who thus train their horses to obey by kind words instead of blows should be rewarded by medals or certificates of honour?

AN OLD CRONY.

A few years back, some squadrons of the Scots Greys which were out for exercise had occasion to pass up Leith Walk, near the middle of which the trumpets were ordered to sound a halt; at that moment a horse, dragging a cart of sand, which happened to be passing, pricked up his ears, gave a loud neigh, and rushed into the middle of one of the troops, where he quietly took up his station, to the no small annoyance of those in his immediate neighbourhood. The unfortunate carter was immediately scolded by the adjutant for his carelessness; but the poor man protested that he could not help it, as the animal had made an instantaneous and precipitous bolt from him, dragging the halter out of his hands. The carter informed the adjutant that he supposed his horse had taken the troops in question for some old cronies, as he had, some time before, bought him at a sale of discharged dragoon horses.



THE OLD CAVALRY HORSE.

REMARKABLE CASE OF AFFECTION.

Two Hanoverian horses had long served together during the Peninsular war, in the German brigade of artillery. They had assisted in drawing the same gun, and had been inseparable companions in many battles. One of them was at last killed; and after the engagement the survivor was picketed as usual, and his food brought to him. He refused, however, to eat, and was constantly turning round his head to look for his companion, sometimes neighing as if to call him. All the care that was bestowed upon him was of no avail. He was surrounded by other horses, but he did not notice them; and he shortly afterwards died, not having once tasted food from the time his former associate was killed. A gentleman who witnessed the circumstance assured me that nothing could be more affecting.

MEMORY AND ATTACHMENT.

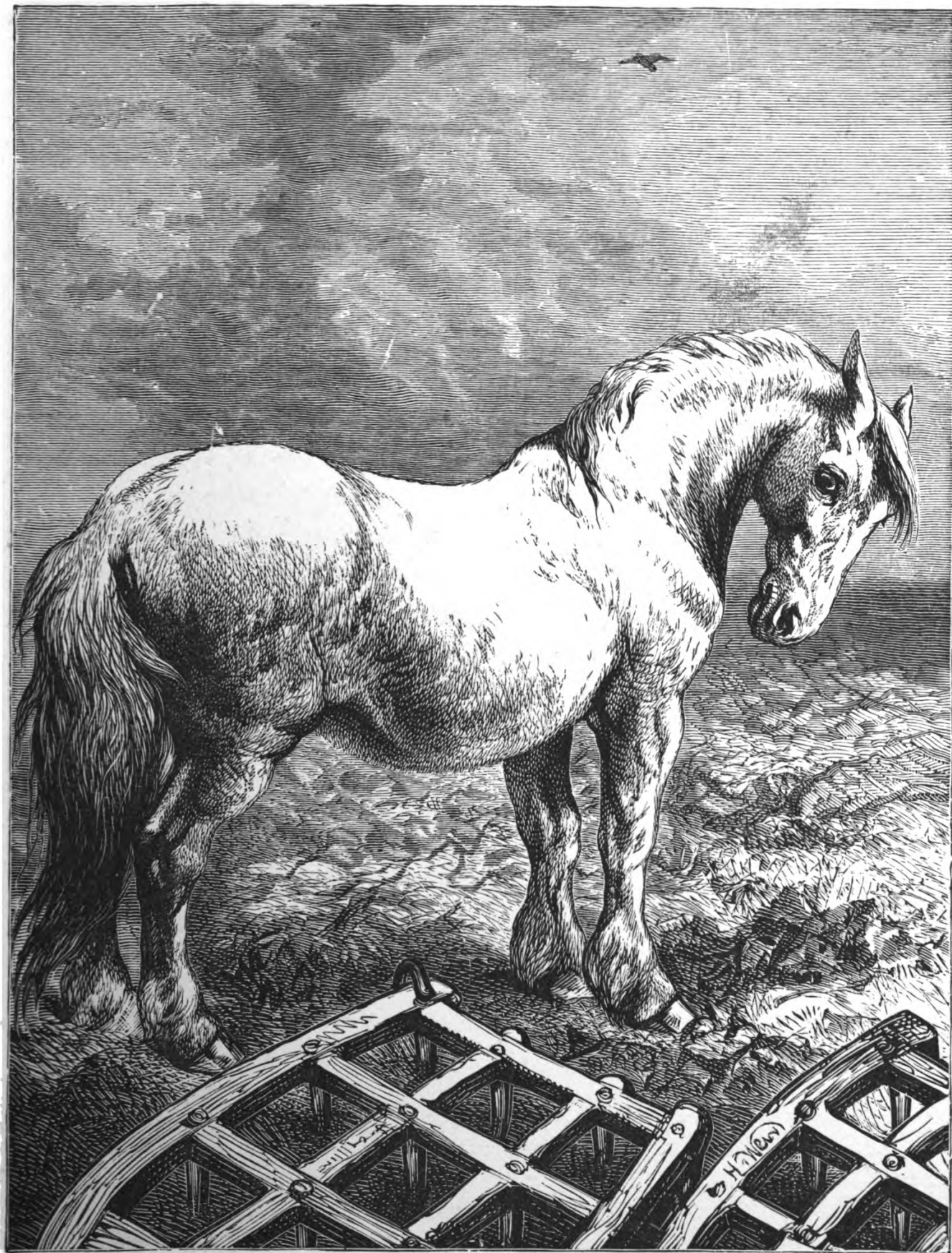
Colonel Hamilton Smith had a charger in his possession for two years, which he left with the army, but which was brought back and sold in London. About three years afterwards the colonel travelled up to town, and at a relay, on getting out of the mail, the off-wheel horse attracted his attention; on going near to examine it with more care, he found the animal recognising him, and testifying its satisfaction by rubbing its head against him, and making every moment a little stamp with its fore-feet, to the surprise of the coachman, who asked if the horse was not an old acquaintance. It was his own old charger.

THE PUNCTUAL HORSE.

A farm-servant went to the public-house one night, and forgot to fasten the stable-door. Through his drinking he was up very late in the morning, and when he went to the stable one of the horses was gone! He searched in all directions, but could not find the missing animal. At last he saw a lad in the road, who told him that about six o'clock he met a horse without a halter or attendant going in the direction of the field in which the man had worked the previous night. The man was overjoyed at this information, hastened to the field, and there, to his surprise, found the stray horse standing in the ploughed field, by the harrows where he had been unyoked the preceding night!

A STOLEN HORSE.

A curious instance of instinct which occurred at Bristol proves the great local memory possessed by horses. A person, recognising a horse bestrode by a countryman to be one which he himself had lost about nine months previously, seized his property, and said, "This is my horse; I will prove it in two minutes, or quit my claim." He then liberated the animal from restraint, let him go at large, and declared his proof to be that the horse would be found at his stable at some distance; a fact which was ascertained in a few minutes, by the two claimants and the bystanders repairing thither, where they found the horse quite at home.



THE PUNCTUAL HORSE.

TYROLESE HORSES.

The Tyrolese, in one of their insurrections in the early part of this century, captured fifteen horses from the troops sent against them, and mounted them with as many of their own men, in order to go out to a fresh encounter with the same troops: but no sooner did these horses hear the well-known sound of their own trumpet, and recognise the uniform of their own squadrons, than they darted onward at full speed, and in spite of all the efforts of their riders, bore them into the ranks, where they were made prisoners.

A REMARKABLY CLEVER HORSE.

The following anecdote is given on the authority of Dr. Macdonnel, well-known for his great talents as a naturalist:—

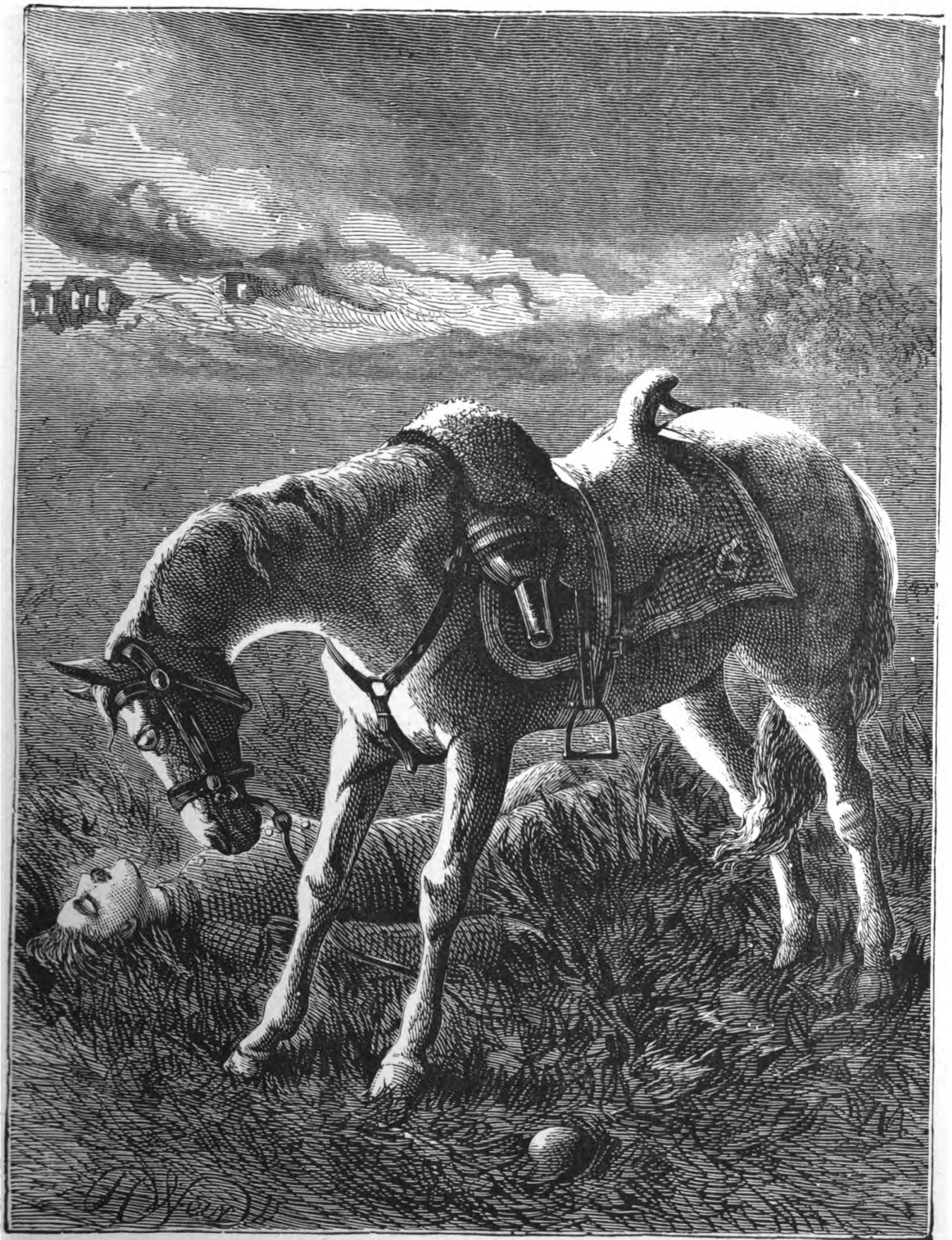
“A gentleman with whom the Doctor was acquainted, had a horse, which had been observed to disengage his head from the halter; then to open the stable door, and go out in the middle of the night only, and regale himself upon corn in a field at a considerable distance. The horse returned to his stall before the break of day, and had continued this practice for some time without being detected. He adroitly opened the door by a string fastened to the latch, with his teeth; and it is said that on returning to the stable he shut the door.”

Horses, dogs, and indeed many other animals, give extraordinary proofs of their intelligence and reflection. I have known horses open a door or gate which was fastened with a

latch or bolt : a proof that they must have been aware that it was the cause of the door keeping shut.

THE FAITHFUL COMPANION.

During the Peninsular War, the trumpeter of a French cavalry corps had a beautiful charger assigned to him, of which he became passionately fond, and which by gentleness of disposition and uniform docility equally evinced its affection. The sound of the trumpeter's voice, the sight of his uniform, or the twang of his trumpet, was sufficient to throw this animal into a state of excitement ; and he appeared to be pleased and happy only when under the saddle of his rider. Indeed, he was unruly and useless to everybody else ; for, once on being removed to another part of the forces, and consigned to a young officer, he resolutely refused to perform his evolutions, and bolted to the trumpeter's station, and there took his stand, jostling alongside his former master. This animal, on being restored to the trumpeter, carried him, during several of the Peninsular campaigns, through many difficulties and hair-breadth escapes. At last the corps to which he belonged was worsted, and in the confusion of retreat, the trumpeter was mortally wounded. Dropping from his horse, his body was found many days after the engagement stretched on the sward, with the faithful charger standing beside it. During the long interval, it seems that he had never quitted the trumpeter's side, but had stood sentinel over his corpse, scaring away the birds of prey, and remaining totally heedless of his own privations.



THE FAITHFUL COMPANION.

A HORSE PROTECTING A DOG.

To what extent the horse may be endowed with any power of reasoning may be a question ; but the intelligence he sometimes exhibits is certainly more than instinct. Some time ago, a poor dog having been inhumanly pelted with sticks and stones by some cruel boys until his flesh was bruised and his leg fractured, limped into a stable. In one of the stalls was an intelligent young horse, which seemed touched by the distress of the dog. He bent his head and inspected the broken leg with his fore-feet, pushed some straw into a corner of the stall, and made a bed for the dog. One day, when the horse was eating the bran mash which formed part of his food, he gently caught the dog by the neck, and with his teeth lifted him into the trough. For weeks the two friends fed together, and the invalid grew strong. At night the horse arranged a soft bed for the dog, and encircled him with one of his fore-feet, showing the utmost carefulness.

A GOOD SWIMMER.

It is certain that horses have the power of swimming many miles, of which the following fact is a proof. A gentleman, while bathing under the rocks which are close to the sea near Dunraven Castle, in Glamorganshire, saw some strange object at a considerable distance swimming towards him ; as this object came nearer, it made a great snorting and proved to be a horse. The opposite coast was ten or twelve miles from the spot, and

it was never ascertained to whom the horse belonged, or from whence it came. He was much exhausted when he landed, and was taken to Dunraven Castle, the owner of which took care of him for many years.

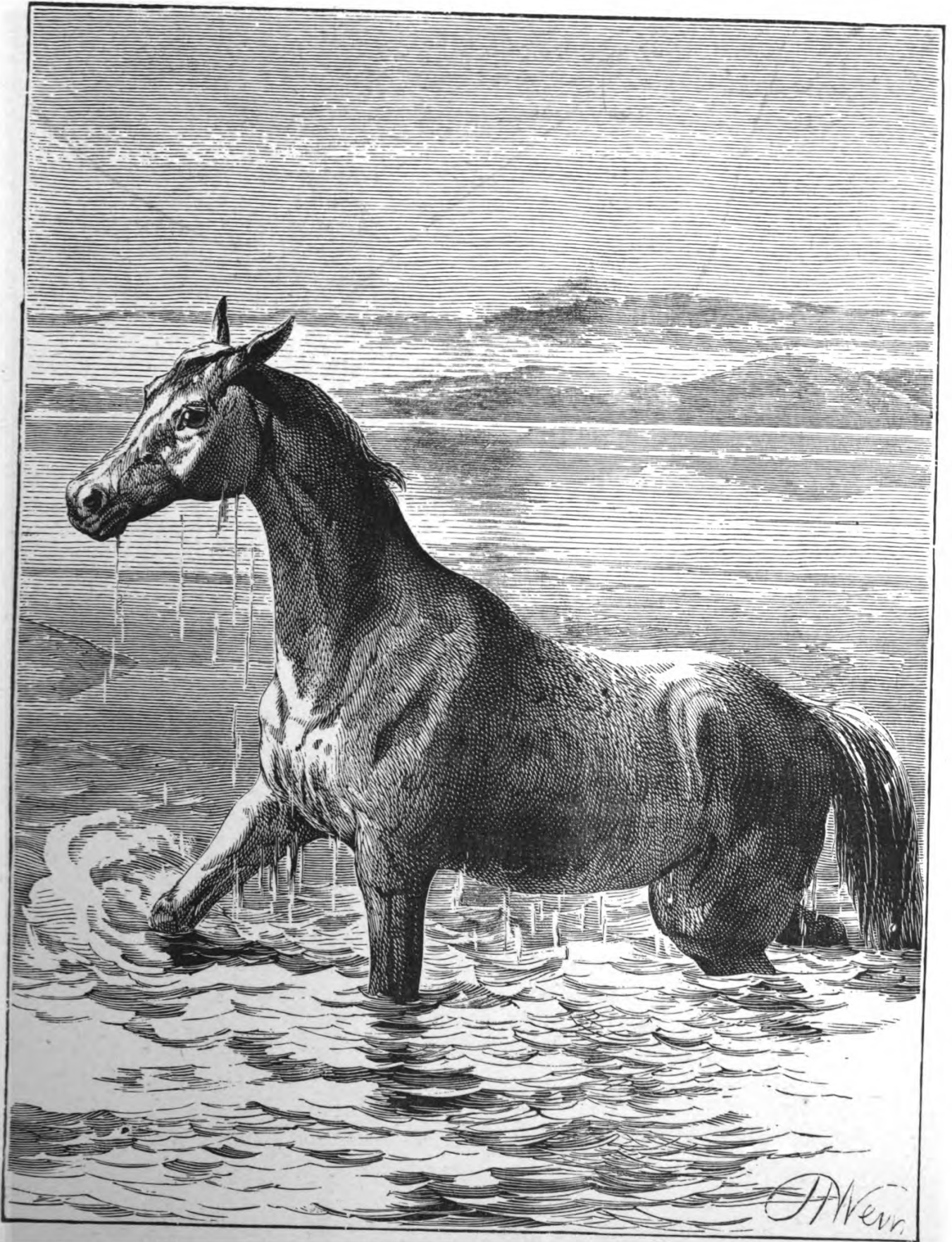
It is more than probable that the horse was endeavouring to return to some former abode.

ANOTHER GOOD SWIMMER.

A farmer residing on the borders of the New Forest, in Hampshire, went over to the Isle of Wight, and there purchased a mare from a person of his acquaintance near Newport. The mare was put into a passage-boat, conveyed to the Hampshire coast, and when landed, was taken to the purchaser's residence, and afterwards turned into one of his fields. The next morning the mare was missing: search was made for her, but she could neither be found nor heard of, and it was supposed she had been stolen.

The farmer soon afterwards had occasion to go again to the Isle of Wight; and on stating his loss to the person from whom he had purchased the mare, he was informed that she had safely returned to the premises of her former master. The nearest distance from the Hampshire coast to the Isle of Wight is five miles, although the mare probably had to swim a much greater distance.

The farmer had to take special precautions to prevent the horse again swimming over to her old quarters.



Stories of Horses,

THE GOOD SWIMMER.

THE POLISH GENERAL'S HORSE.

Kosciusko, the Polish general, wished to send some provisions to a clergyman at Solothurn ; and, as he hesitated to entrust them to his servant, lest he should smuggle a part, he gave the commission to a worthy young man of the name of Zeltner, and desired him to take the horse which he himself usually rode. Upon his return young Zeltner said to the general that he would never ride his horse again, unless he gave him his purse at the same time. Kosciusko, asking what he meant, he answered : “ As soon as a poor man on the road takes off his hat, and asks for charity, the horse immediately stands still, and will not stir until something is given to the petitioner ; and, as I had no money about me, I was obliged to make a motion as if I were giving something, in order to satisfy the horse.”

A FRENCHMAN AND HIS HORSE.

A correspondent of one of the daily papers writes :—

“ A touching incident occurred after the surrender of Metz. As I was walking down one of the streets, a veterinary surgeon of the Ambulance Corps came up, and said—‘ Monsieur, my horse is dying for want of food ; I have ridden him for four years ; he has shared my rations, and latterly also my bed. For three days I have had nothing to give him to eat. Give him something ; save the poor thing’s life, and take him for your own ; he is a good and faithful beast ; you will never regret it.’

I immediately accompanied the man, and on my way I bought two loaves of bread, which we cut up as we walked along. Arrived at the shed where his horse stood, the poor beast turned his head towards his master, and neighed out a welcome, though so weak that he could scarcely move. The man, rushing up to his horse, threw his arms round his neck, and, whilst the tears stood in his eyes, cried out, '*Tu es sauve ! Tu es sauve !*' The horse belonged to the staff of the French army, and, being branded, it was, of course, the property of the conquerors of Metz. I was, therefore, reluctantly obliged to hand him over to the proper authorities—at the same time assuring my friend that all possible care would be taken of his dumb but affectionate friend."

HORSE AND CAT,

A horse and a cat were great friends, and the latter generally slept in the manger. When the horse was going to have his oats, he always took up the cat gently by the skin of her neck, and dropped her into the next stall, that she might not be in his way while he was feeding. At all other times he seemed pleased to have her near him.

SAGACITY OF THE CART-HORSE.

Directly opposite my residence a church is being erected, and during its progress temporary sheds have been put up for the use of the workmen, and one as a stable for a very fine cart-



HORSE CARING FOR THE CAT.

horse, the property of the builder. The extreme docility of this animal attracted my attention to him, and since that some of his manœuvres appear to me to border strongly on the sense and the powers of reflection. His stable was erected at one end of the church: on one occasion two poles had been fastened across his usual road to it, in order to strengthen the scaffolding; he went up, tried the strength of these first, then finding that he could neither get over nor under, he turned round, and, at a full trot, made the circuit of the church, and got to the other side of the poles by another path. Here was no straying about, and at last finding his way; he resolved to go round, as if an idea had at once flashed across his mind. Another day, a waggon had been left standing in the narrowest part of his road to the stable: he looked and tried each side, but found there was not space enough for him to pass; he took very little time for consideration, but put his breast against the back part of the waggon, and pushed it on to a wider part of the road; then deliberately passed on one side to his stable. Could human wisdom have done better? But to crown all his manœuvres, I mention the following as being, I consider, very extraordinary. During the winter a large wide drain had been made, and over this strong planks had been placed for our friend the cart-horse to pass over to his stable. It had snowed during the night, and froze very hard in the morning. How he passed over the planks on going out to work I know not; but on being turned loose from the cart at breakfast he came up to them, and I saw his

fore-feet slip; he drew back immediately, and seemed for a moment at a loss how to get on. Close to these planks a cart-load of sand had been placed; he put his fore-feet on this, and looked wistfully to the other side of the drain. The boy who attends this horse, and who had gone round by another path, seeing him stand there, called him. The horse immediately turned round, and set about scraping the sand most vigorously, first with one foot then the other. The boy, perhaps wondering what he would be at, waited to see. When the planks were completely covered with sand, the horse turned round again, and unhesitatingly walked over, and trotted up to his stable and driver.—*Correspondent of the "Animal World."*

THE HORSE—"WHISPERER."

James Sullivan was a native of the county of Cork, generally known by the appellation of "the Whisperer," and his profession was horse-breaking. The credulity of the vulgar bestowed that epithet upon him, from an opinion that he communicated his wishes to the animal by means of a whisper; and the singularity of his method gave some colour to the superstitious belief. As far as the sphere of his control extended, the boast of "*Veni, vidi, vici*," was more justly claimed by James Sullivan, than by Cæsar, or even Bonaparte himself. How his art was acquired, or in what it consisted, is likely to remain for ever unknown, as he has lately left the world without divulging it. His son, who follows the same occupation, possesses but a



SULLIVAN, THE IRISH HORSE-TAMER.

small portion of the art, having either never learned its true secret, or being incapable of putting it into practice. The wonder of his skill consisted in the short time requisite to accomplish his design, which was performed in private, and without any apparent means of coercion. Every description of horse, or even mule, whether previously broke, or unhandled, whatever their peculiar vices or ill habits might have been, submitted, without show of resistance, to the magical influence of his art, and in the short space of half an hour became gentle and tractable. The effect, though instantaneously produced, was generally durable. Though more submissive to him than to others, yet they seemed to have acquired a docility unknown before. When sent for to tame a vicious horse, he directed the stable in which he and the object of his experiment were placed to be shut, with orders not to open the door until a given signal. After a *tête-à-tête* between him and the horse for about half an hour, during which little or no bustle was heard, the signal was made; and, upon opening the door, the horse was seen lying down, and the man by his side, playing familiarly with him, like a child with a puppy-dog. From that time he was found perfectly willing to submit to discipline, however repugnant to his nature before. I once saw his skill tried on a horse which could never before be brought to stand for a smith to shoe him. The day after Sullivan's half-hour lecture, I went, not without some incredulity, to the smith's shop, with many other curious spectators, where we were eye-

witnesses of the complete success of his art. This too had been a troop horse; and it was supposed, not without reason, that, after regimental discipline had failed, no other would be found availing. I observed that the animal seemed afraid whenever Sullivan either spoke or looked at him. How that extraordinary ascendancy could have been obtained, it is difficult to conjecture. In common cases, this mysterious preparation was unnecessary. He seemed to possess an instinctive power of inspiring awe, the result perhaps of natural intrepidity, in which, I believe, a great part of his art consisted; though the circumstance of the *tête-à-tête* shows that upon particular occasions something more must have been added to it. A faculty like this would, in other hands, have made a fortune, and great offers have been made to him for the exercise of his art abroad; but attachment to his native soil was a ruling passion. He lived at home, in the style most agreeable to his disposition, and nothing could induce him to quit Dunhallow.

THE FROZEN POND.

I well remember, one hard frosty morning, coming up rather suddenly to a pond near the half-way oak. My grandfather was walking hastily up to the place, for a cart-horse, whose forelock and mane were covered with hoar frost, was vainly pawing at the ice, not being able to get a drop of water. My grandfather, who did not see me, was soon close to the old cart-horse, thumping away at the ice with his cane. "I am



HORSE BREAKING THE ICE.

afraid I cannot help thee," said my grandfather to the old horse, just as I came up, and then we both stamped on the ice together, but it was of no use. There was an out-house at a distance, and there, directed by my grandfather, I ran and fetched an old rail, with which we contrived to get at the water, and while the old horse stood drinking, my grandfather kept patting him on his chest and shoulders. It is a long time since this happened, and very likely it might never have again occurred to me, had it not been for these lines of my grandfather:—

"Doth God care for oxen? No doubt He does, for He gave commandment to His chosen people, 'Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn.' The High and Holy One careth for all things that He has made. He can send His creatures the ravens to satisfy the hunger of His prophet, and his unworthy servants to assuage the thirst of His creatures."

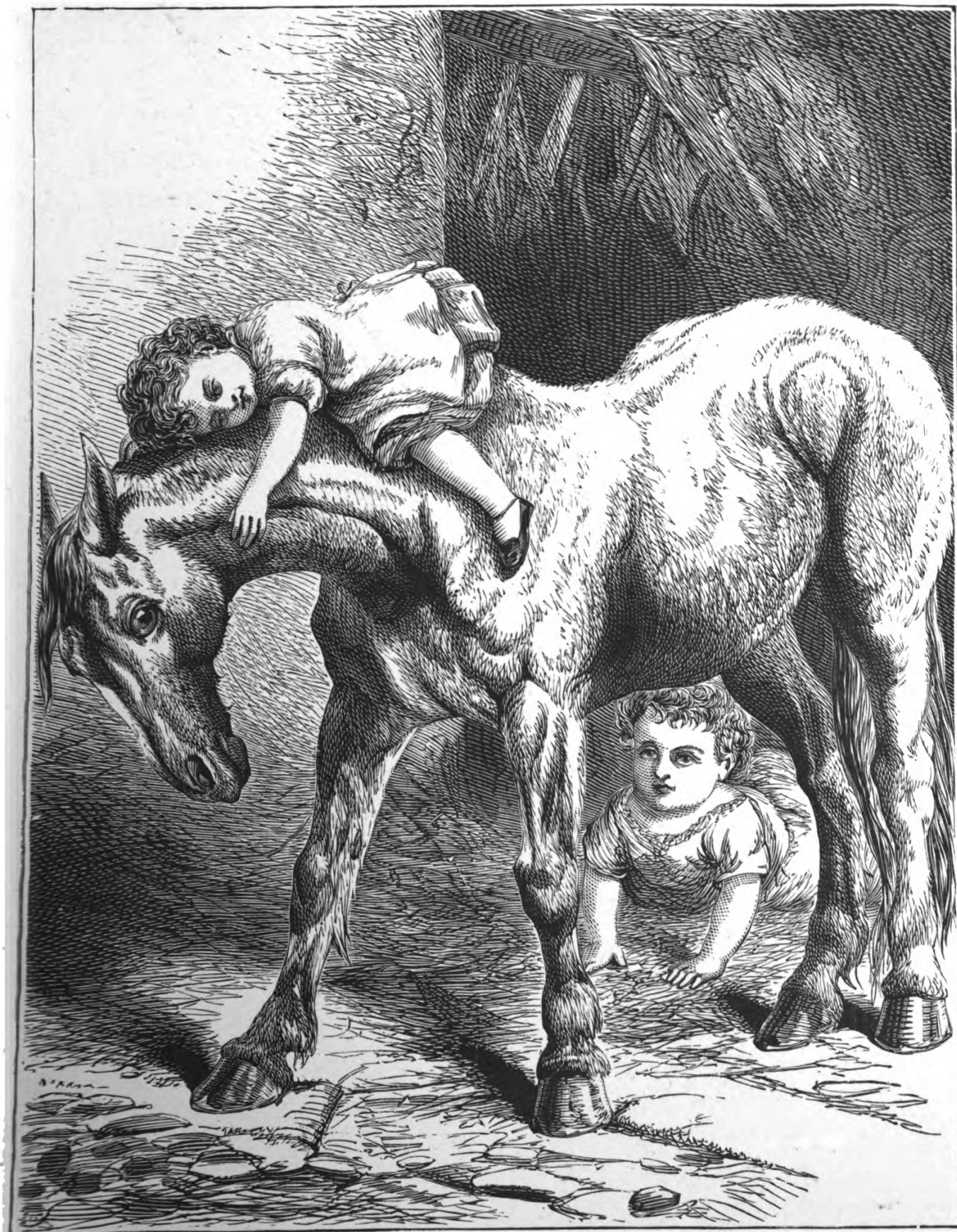
EXTRAORDINARY SAGACITY.

One of the most remarkable instances of equine sagacity is reported from Whitby. A young gentleman named Keene has been for some time resident near Malton, and from Mr. Rutter, of Hessle Farm, he bought a hunting mare, which, on leaving Malton, he recently took with him to Whitby. On Wednesday the mare was missing from the field, and a search was instituted to no purpose. On Thursday the search was renewed, Mr. Keene and his groom going about ten miles on the Guisborough Moors, and then to Sleights, where they heard the mare had

crossed the railway the previous morning. At this point the trail was easy. The mare had taken the high road homewards, and at Saltersgate six men tried to stop her, without avail. At Pickering she jumped a load of sticks and the railway gates, and then found herself in her old hunting country, making across Ryedale for "home." In so doing she would have to cross two rivers and a railway. Mr. Keene found her at home on Thursday night with one shoe thrown and rather lame, but otherwise no worse for her cross-country gallop of nearly sixty miles, done in one day, for her previous owner found her on the Wednesday night standing at the gate of the field where she had grazed for the two previous years.

A HORSE FOND OF CHILDREN.

Strange indeed was the conduct of an old horse belonging to a carter in Fifeshire. From the carter having a large family, this animal had got particularly intimate with children, and would on no account move when they were playing among its feet, as if it feared to do them injury. The youngest boy being too small to mount, the horse would put down its head to the ground, allow him to get astride its neck, and then by gently elevating the head, would let him slip backwards to his seat on its back. On one occasion, when dragging a loaded cart through a narrow lane, a child happened to be playing in the road, and would inevitably have been crushed by the wheels, had it not been for the sagacity of this animal. He carefully



THE CART-HORSE PLAYING WITH CHILDREN.

took it by the clothes with his teeth, carried it for a few yards, and then placed it on a bank by the wayside, moving slowly all the while, and looking back as if to satisfy himself that the wheels of the cart had cleared it.

CLEVER BARGE HORSE.

Some years ago, a little boy, not quite eleven years of age, was riding a barge horse on the banks of the river Thames, near Staines. There had been much rain, and the floods were very much out, and the boy had to guide the horse on the sides of the river when up to its knees in water. The stream was very strong, the waters got deeper and deeper, the horse pulled and tugged, till at last the towing-rope broke, and both horse and rider were thrown into the river, and the barge passed over them; but the little boy kept fast hold of the horse's mane. They rose again behind the barge; the horse spread out his great fore-legs and began to swim like a duck; the little boy held fast, but still the stream bore them along the river at a rapid rate. The little boy, however, guided the horse. Now they were half under water—now they were twirled round and round by an eddy—now they were borne towards the land, and now again to the middle of the stream; but the little boy never lost his courage; and the old horse dashed away at a fine rate through the flood, till he swam right into the canal-lock, and the little boy and the big horse were both saved, and were warmed and deservedly cheered by the spectators.

HORSE WITHOUT BEARING-REIN.

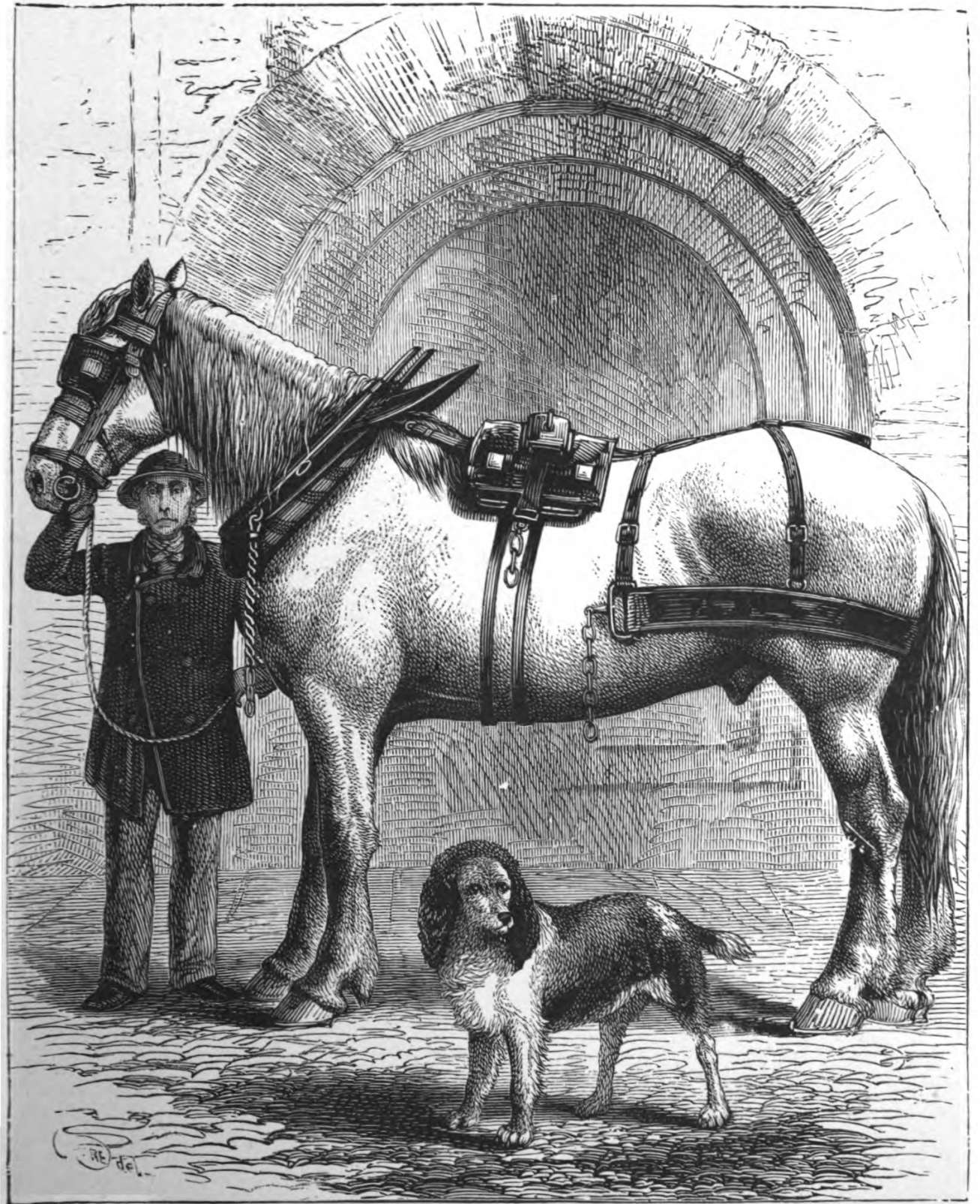
The following letter will interest those who have to do with horses. It is from John Hall, a carman in the employ of Messrs. Spence, Blundell and Co., the well-known colour merchants of Thames Street, London, to the editor of the *British Workman*, and testifies clearly to the fact that horses can get through their work satisfactorily *without* bearing-reins.

“9, Anchor Wharf, Upper Thames Street.

“DEAR SIR,—You ask me to give you my opinion respecting the use of bearing-reins and blinkers.

“I have been employed as a carman for the last thirty-five years, having been eighteen years in my former situation, and seventeen years with Messrs. Spence, Blundell and Co. I was induced, by a hint thrown out in the *British Workman* some years ago, to try whether I could not manage my noble horse without using the bearing-rein, and I cannot easily forget how thankful the beautiful creature seemed to be in having the free use of his head, and full play for his chest and limbs. I am most happy to be able to say that I have induced other carmen to abandon the use of these torturing appliances, but I also grieve to say that sometimes I have met with abuse—though I care not for that, as I know I have acted with an object of kindness. I hope that you will try to induce many others to take the same view.

“Many are the instances I have met with of the benefit of not



MESSRS. SPENCE, BLUNDELL AND CO.'S HORSE AND CARMAN.

using bearing-reins. One particular case I call to mind. A van drawn by one horse, and laden with two tons of coals, was going over Blackfriars Bridge, just in front of my van. The bearing-rein on the horse was drawn tight up. The poor creature being unable to move the load up the incline, stopped, and all the blows of the driver were of no avail. I then asked the carman to release the horse's head, and I am sure, sir, it would have gladdened your heart to have seen the result. On finding his head free, the noble creature resumed his efforts, and was able at once and with *ease* to move off with his load.

“Then as regards blinkers. I have not until recently discontinued using them, owing to my horse being very nervous; but I am glad to say that I can daily see the good result of leaving them off. I am happy to see that the Midland Railway Company do not use blinkers on their horses.

“And now, sir, I should like to give you a few facts as to how I treat my fine horse. In the summer months I brush and rinse him well all over with cold water, and after he has been well dried, he seems so refreshed and delighted, that even after a hard day's work he will race round the yard, take my hat off my head, and on my holding up a stick, will dance before me into the stable. Often on a Saturday afternoon there has been a crowd collected round the gates to watch his gambols, and many inquiries have been made about him.

“I may further say that we have one of the best of masters for both man and beast.

“ You ask me, sir, whether I think that my horse knows the day of rest.

“ On my entering his stable on a Sunday morning, and shaking down his bed (which is not done on other mornings), he will look round at me as if he understood that he was not to be taken out, and will at once lie down again. This he does not do on week-day mornings.

“ I am glad to be able to say that we have many teetotal carmen in London, who as a rule *are very kind to their horses*. I have been a teetotaler myself for over twenty one-years.”

HORSES RESENT INJURIES.

Mr. Jesse writes:—

“ Horses will sometimes show resentment of injuries. I went to see a fine hunter, who appeared perfectly docile when I went up to him: his owner did not dare to approach him, and when he came into the stable the noble animal was quite furious. He had been ill-treated by him, and frequently severely beaten when there was no occasion for it. The groom exhibited much feeling when he told me this; and he added that with him the horse was always good-tempered and docile.”

A PONY'S PETITION.

Mr. Wadsworth, of Doncaster, writes:—

“ I send you a small scrap about a small grey pony, which I know to be true, as I shod the pony for many years. When it



got almost past work it was taken to Bawtry fair, and sold for a very trifle to a person from Maltby, and taken to its new home on the same day. Next morning, at five o'clock, it was at the yard door of its old master, as much as to say, 'Please do take me back again;' but its petition was not complied with, and it was sent away to its new master. Another morning found it at its old master's yard door, waiting to be admitted, but was sent back a second time. Now Bawtry is ten miles from Balby, and Maltby about the same distance from both places; so if it came back by Bawtry, which it is supposed to have done (it had never been the nearest road), it would have to travel twenty miles each time to get to its old home. A kind lady hearing of the above sent for me to purchase it at once, that it might have good treatment during its last days; but her letter was too late, as death had just put an end to its suffering life."

HORSES ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

Only those who have seen a battle-field can form a notion of the extraordinary way in which the horses, as long as they have a leg to crawl on, will follow the regiment to which they belong. I saw what evidently had been sergeants' horses keeping their position in rear of their squadron, wheeling with it, and halting, exactly as if their riders were on their backs, and all the time streaming with blood. Poor creatures! they are indeed to be pitied, for they have neither Vaterland, promotion, nor the coveted medal to think of, whatever may be the issue; and few

indeed are there which have been in action which have not some honourable scars to show. While I am on the subject I must relate one of the most pitiable sights I think I ever saw, which made an impression on me such as I never shall forget. On the way to Homburg—not *the* Homburg—we passed the 3rd Hussars, the colonel of which was mounted on a chestnut horse so like the one the late Lord Cardigan used to ride, and on which he made his celebrated charge, that it seemed as if it must be the identical horse. I saw him again just before they made their charge against infantry, in which they were fearfully cut up; and the third time I saw him was standing in the middle of the plain on the morning after the battle, totally divested of his trappings, three bullets in him, and his fetlock-joint cut in two. Poor creature! he struggled up when he saw my horse and neighed. The difference in him from the last time I had seen him galloping at the head of the regiment, a king of horses, and now, the sight was appalling.

STORY OF A FAITHFUL SERVANT.

Many years ago, there lived on the banks of the Brandywine, in the State of Pennsylvania, an aged Quaker gentleman, who possessed an old faithful servant. This servant was a horse, and his name was "Charley." Now Charley had trotted before the chaise for many a long year, to the village post-office, to the Meeting, and upon all kinds of errands. Old Charley was



ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.
From Charles Ischagreny's Painting. By Permission of the Commissioners of South Kensington Museum.

now ready to be "hitched up." Not one trick had he shown, nor had he once proved unfaithful, and grandfather always rode him upon such errands of business as he might have about the farm. The river divided the farm, and it was at times necessary to visit the lot on the other side; there was a bridge a mile and a half from the house, but there was a good ford just down by the bank, which was always used when the water was not too high. One day in the spring-time, grandfather had to go over the river; but the freshet had come, the banks were overflowed, and the ice in great cakes and fields was coming down with a rush; so he mounted old Charley, and set off by the way of the bridge. Arriving safely on the other side, he spent some time in the business which had brought him over, and it was nearly sun-down when he got ready to go home. He looked up toward the bridge, saw it was a long three miles round, and believed that he might safely return by the ford. "Old Charley can swim," he said, as he rode down to the bank of the stream, "and it is but a short way over."

Charley looked reluctant; but after considerable urging he entered the stream. In a moment he was striking out bravely for the opposite shore; but in another moment a great cake of ice came pounding along, overwhelming both man and horse. They both rose; but grandfather had lost his seat, and as he was swept along by the powerful current he caught the drooping branches of a large sycamore tree, and was soon safe from immediate danger.

The riderless horse pursued his journey towards the house, and soon reached the shore. Here, appearing to miss his familiar friend, he looked around, and, as it seems, discovered his master clinging to the branch of the tree ; immediately and without hesitation, he turned around and swam boldly for the tree, and beneath the branch he stopped, and permitted my grandfather to get on his back ; and then, although quite exhausted, he started at once for home.

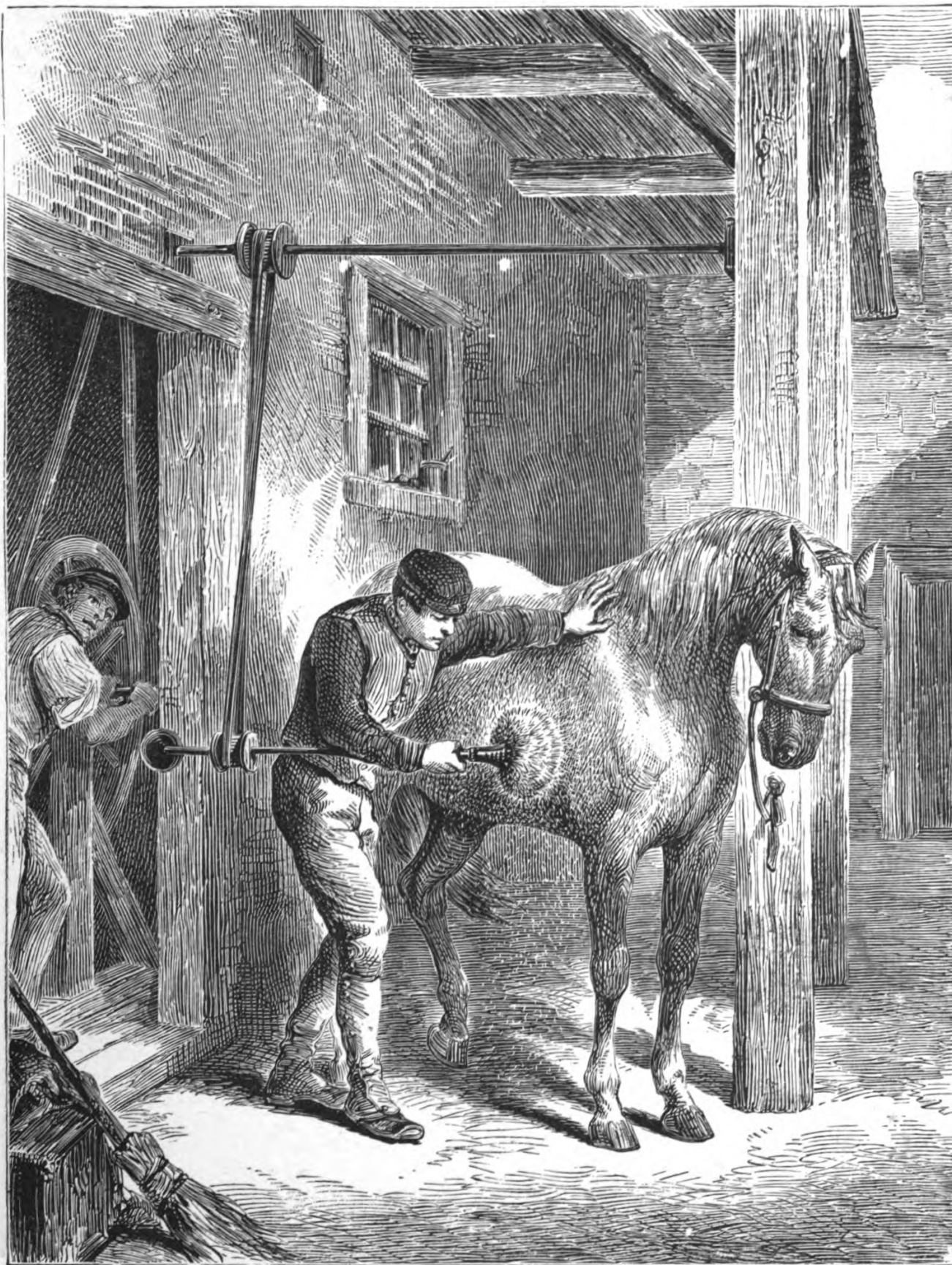
The whole scene had been witnessed by the entire family, and they got ready with boats, and went to meet the nearly exhausted horse ; he was caught by the bridle when near the shore, and the old gentleman relieved from his perilous position.

BRUSHING HORSES BY MACHINERY.

Mr. Haworth, a clever Lancashire manufacturer, has applied the "Hair-brushing Machine" to the grooming of horses, with remarkable success. At first, the horses "start" a little ; but soon relish the whirling brush, which dries and cleanses the coat as no currycomb can possibly do.

A GOOD HORSE, AND A GOOD MASTER.

My father had contracted to carry the mail on horseback between St. Austell and Bodmin, which duty commonly devolved on my elder brother Jabez. At one time, in the depth



GROOMING BY MACHINERY.

of winter, Jabez being ill, I (then ten years old, apprenticed to a shoemaker) was borrowed to supply his place, and had to travel in the darkness of night, through frost and snow, a dreary journey out and home of more than twenty miles. Being overpowered with fatigue I fell asleep on the horse's neck, and when I awoke observed that I had lost my hat. The wind was keen and piercing, and I was bitterly cold. I stopped the horse and endeavoured to find out where I was ; but it was so dark that I could scarcely distinguish the hedges on each side of the road, and I had no means of ascertaining how long I had been asleep or how far I had travelled. I then dismounted, and looked round for my hat, but seeing nothing of it I turned back, leading the horse, determined to find it if possible. The loss of a hat to me was a matter of serious consequence, since, if it were not recovered, I should probably have to wait a long time for another. Shivering with cold I pursued my solitary way, scrutinising the road at every step, until I had walked about two miles, and was on the point of giving up the search, when I came to a receiving house where I ought to have delivered a packet of letters, but had passed it when asleep. To this place the post usually came about two o'clock in the morning, and it was customary to leave a window unfastened, except by a large stone outside, that the family might not be disturbed at so unseasonable an hour. I put my letter-bag through the window, and having replaced the stone, was turning round on my horse, when I perceived the hat lying close to my feet. I suppose

that he, knowing the place, must have stopped at the window for me to deliver my charge, and that my hat was shaken off by his movements or efforts to awaken me. Not succeeding in this, and having waited until his patience was exhausted, he had, though blind, pursued his way to the next stopping place. By all the family this sagacious and valuable animal was much prized, but my father felt for it an especial regard, and the attachment between the master and his faithful horse was to all appearance mutual. Many years before, the poor beast, in a wretched condition from starvation and ill-usage, was turned out on a common to die. The owner willingly sold it for little more than the value of the skin, and his new possessor having, by care and kindness, restored it to strength, soon found that he had made an advantageous bargain. For more than twenty years he and his blind companion travelled the road together, and many were the proofs of its intelligence and attachment. After the horse was past labour it was kept in the orchard, and attended with almost parental care. Latterly it had become unable to bite the grass, and the old man regularly fed it with bread soaked in milk. When in the early morning the horse put his head over the orchard railing, towards his master's bedroom, and gave its usual neigh, he would jump up out of bed, open the window, and call to it, saying,—“My poor old fellow, I will be with thee soon.” And when the animal died he would not allow the skin or shoes to be taken off, but had the carcase buried entire.

HORSE GOING TO THE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP.

An old family horse that has been running at will through the common lost one of his shoes, when, with the intelligence of a human being, he walked up to the blacksmith's shop where he had been shod for the last twenty years, and to the best of his ability asked the smith to shoe him, by raising his foot and stamping the ground. The smith being busy, drove him away several times during the day, and thought nothing of it. The following morning on going to the shop he found the old horse at the door; again he drove him off, but the horse came back, and entering the shop, walked up to the anvil, and there raised his foot, thus attracting the particular notice of the smith, who examined the foot, and finding it worn off to the "quick," kindly got an old horse-shoe, and fitting it to his foot, nailed it on; when the grateful animal trotted off contentedly.—*Ohio Paper.*

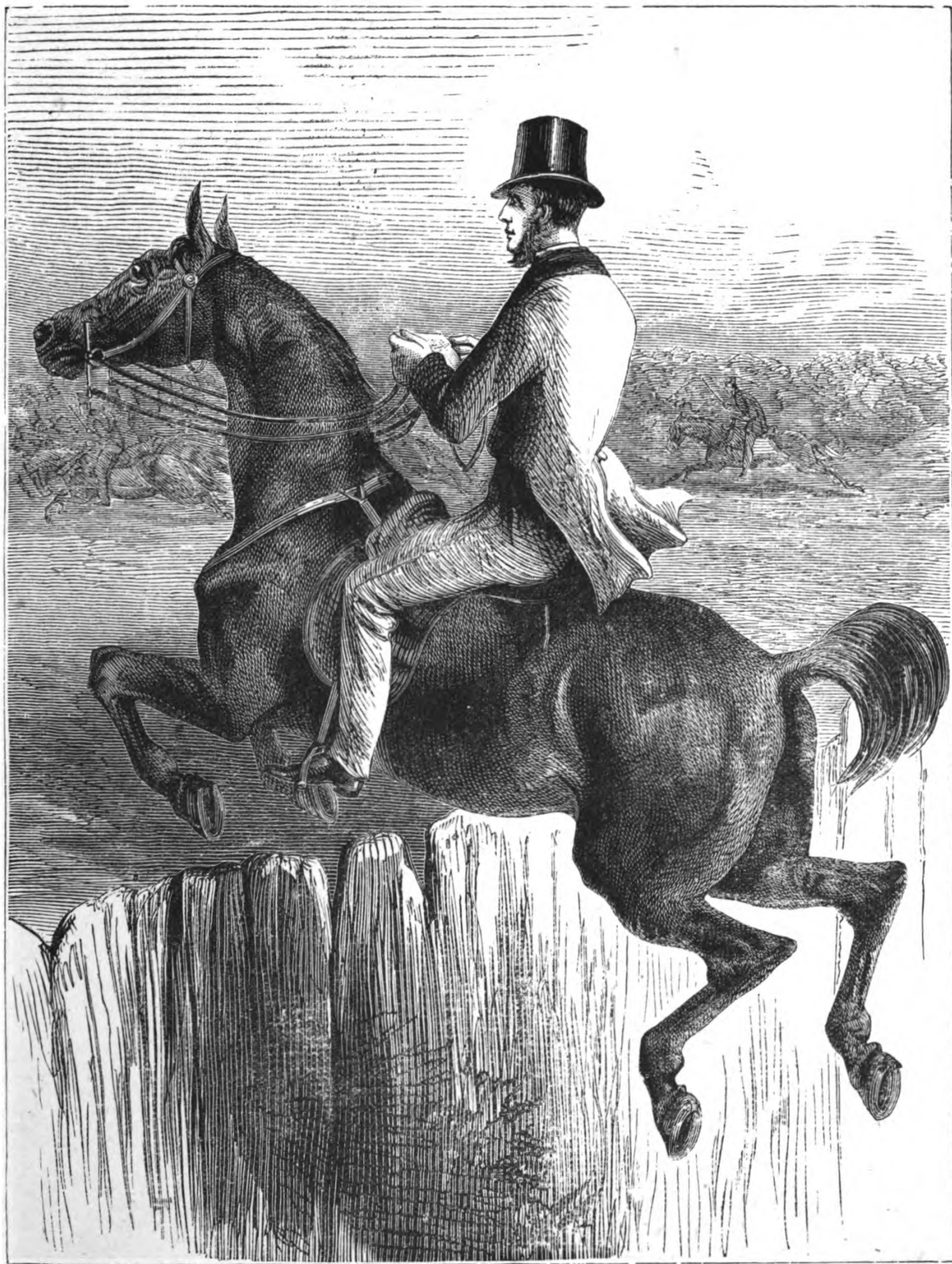
THE HORSE AND THE IRON GATE.

Mr. Barnes, of Wood Green, has a fine old horse which runs in his cab. One dark night lately the driver was taking a fare to a house in the Green Lanes which is about one hundred yards from the high road. The darkness of the night prevented the driver seeing an iron gate which was near the house, and the poor horse knocked his nose rather heavily against the gate. The next night when it was pitch dark the horse had to go the same journey, when the sagacious creature pulled up a foot in advance of the iron gate, and tossed the reins in a sig-

nificant manner. "Oh," said the kind-hearted driver, "he's telling me to get down and open him the gate."

A SAGACIOUS OLD TROOPER.

Toward the close of the last century, about the time when volunteers were first embodied in the different towns, an extensive line of turnpike road was in progress of construction, in a part of the north. The clerk to the trustees upon this line used to send one of his surveyors to ride along, occasionally, in order to see that the contractors, who were at work in a great many places, were doing their work properly. The surveyors, on these journeys, rode a horse which had for a long time carried a field-officer, and, though aged, still possessed a great deal of spirit. One day as he was passing near a town of considerable size, which lay on the line of road, the volunteers were at drill on the common, and the instant that "Solus" (that was the name of the horse) heard the drum, he leaped the fence, and was speedily at the post in front of the volunteers which would have been occupied by the commanding officer of a regiment on parade, or at drill, nor could the rider by any means get him off the ground until the volunteers retired to the town. As long as they kept the field, the horse took the proper place of a commanding officer in all their manœuvres; and he marched at the head of the corps into the town, prancing in military style, as cleverly as his stiffened legs would allow him, to the great amusement of the volunteers and spectators, and the no small annoyance of the poor bewildered surveyor.



SURVEYOR AND OLD TROOPER.

A REMARKABLE DELIVERANCE.

The following narrative of the providential deliverance from death of the sister of Samuel Drew—the celebrated Cornish shoemaker and divine (which, in her own words, is extracted from his life)—will be read with interest :—

“It was about five o’clock, on one evening in November, 1796, when I was twenty-five years of age, that I was returning on horseback from St. Austell to my father’s house. To shorten my journey, the weather being cold and boisterous, I crossed a river near the sea, and travelled over a sandy beach. This was the usual route when the tide permitted; but at its farther extremity, I had to pass under a cliff, which at high water is dangerous, and sometimes impassable. On approaching this place, I found the tide had advanced further than I expected; yet thinking myself safe, being within half a mile of my home, I entered the water without any fear, but I had not proceeded far before I found it deeper than I supposed.

“Having discovered my error, the cliff being on my left hand and the stormy sea on my right, I tried to turn my horse and retreat; but in doing this, the poor animal fell over a projecting rock. By this fall I was thrown off him on the side next to the sea, and in an instant was buried in the waves. I, however, retained my senses, and, aware of my danger, held fast by the horse, which after some struggling, drew me safely on the beach.

“But although I had thus escaped the violence of the surf,

my situation was dreadfully insecure. I now found myself hemmed in by two projecting points, with scarcely the possibility of getting round either. The tide was also rapidly encroaching on me, and the cliff it was impossible to climb. The wind, which had been blowing in an angry manner, now increased its fury. Thunder began to roll, and the bright lightning gleaming on the surface of the water, just interrupted the darkness to show me the horror of my situation. This was accompanied by heavy showers of hail, from the violence of which I could find no shelter. Thus circumstanced, I made a great effort to remount my horse, resolving to pass one of the projecting points as my only chance of safety. But all my efforts were unsuccessful, and to this inability it is probable I owed my life.

“The tide gaining fast upon me, the poor animal mounted a rock, and I with difficulty followed the example. In this forlorn condition I once more made an ineffectual effort to remount, without duly considering the certain destruction that awaited me, in case I had succeeded. The waves, urged on by the tempest, to the whole force of which I stood exposed, soon told me that my retreat was unsafe. The rock on which myself and horse stood was soon covered with the rising tide, and at times we were so nearly overwhelmed, that I could literally say, ‘Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me.’ Surrounded thus by water, my horse made another desperate effort, and happily gained a still more elevated crag. I followed, but with



A REMARKABLE DELIVERANCE.

great difficulty ; and as all further ascent seemed impossible, in this place I expected to meet my fate.

“Under this impression, with ‘but a step between me and death,’ I began seriously to reflect on the near approach of eternity, into which, perhaps, a few minutes might hurry my spirit. In these awful moments I can truly say, ‘I cried by reason of my affliction unto the Lord, and He heard me.’ In the midst of the waters I knelt on a rock, and commended my soul to Him who hath all power in heaven and earth, well knowing that He was able to say to the ocean, ‘Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther, and here shall thy proud waters be stayed.’ At one time I felt a little hope, but this was soon destroyed by the increasing waters, which still gaining upon us, convinced me that the tide had not yet reached its height. Conceiving my own deliverance to be scarcely possible, I felt anxious for the escape of my horse, and endeavoured to take off the saddle and bridle, that in attempting to swim, he might find nothing to prevent his reaching the shore. But while I was thus engaged, to my utter astonishment, by a violent exertion, the horse partially ascended another crag, so as to keep his head above water. I was not long in attempting a similar effort, in which I happily succeeded. This, however, was our last retreat, for just over my head projected a large shelving rock, above which it was impossible to ascend. Here I sat down with a mind somewhat composed, to await the event. After remaining some time, I began to hope that the tide had reached

its height; and in this I was at length confirmed by the light of the moon, which, shining on the rocks, showed to my inexpressible joy that the water had actually begun to subside. I was now convinced that if we could keep our position until the water had retired, and I could survive the cold, we might both be saved; but this was very doubtful. The posture in which my horse stood was nearly upright, and I was cherished by the warmth which proceeded from his breath, as I kept his head near my bosom.

“As the tide retired and the moon rose, I discovered, by its increasing light, to what a fearful height we had ascended, and that to descend in safety was not less difficult than the means of getting up had been extraordinary. This, however, was effected without any material injury. On reaching the beach, from which the waves had now retired, I endeavoured to walk towards my home, but found myself so benumbed that I was unable; and my voice was so nearly gone that I could not call for help, although I was not far from my father’s house, and near many kind neighbours who would have risked their lives to render me assistance, if they had known of my situation.

“Being unable to proceed, I seated myself upon a rock, and expected, from the intense cold, that I must perish. How long I remained there I cannot say with certainty; but when almost insensible, I was providentially discovered in this position by my father’s servants, who had been sent out to search for me, as from the lateness of the hour the family had feared some



A NOBLE HORSE AND ITS RIDER.

misfortune, and became alarmed. I had been in the water three or four hours, and exposed to the tempest from about five in the evening to half-past eleven at night. I then reached my comfortable dwelling much exhausted, but to the great joy of my affectionate parent, who, I doubt not, had been offering up petitions in my behalf to Him who hears the prayers that are presented to Him in sincerity. For this preservation, I desire to thank God; but my words are poor, and insufficient for this purpose. May all my actions praise Him, and may my lengthened life be devoted to His glory."

A NOBLE HORSE AND ITS RIDER.

An English East Indiaman had run upon a reef, or bar of sand, a long way from the shore at the Cape of Good Hope. The roaring, foaming seas were breaking upon the deck, stamping it in pieces. They had crushed the boats like so many eggshells, and the frantic passengers were shrieking in the tempest for help. The Dutch settlers saw the sight and heard the cry, and rushed down to the beach, apparently to do nothing but see the waters swallow up the men and women clinging to the rigging of the doomed vessel; for what could they do to aid or rescue them? They had no boat to push out into the surge, and none was within an hour's reach. The wreck would go to pieces before a raft could be constructed, or anything effective floated from the shore. No human help, for some time, appeared, when just at the sharpest crisis of the agony a Dutch

farmer galloped down to the sea on an Arabian mare, strong and spirited, yet easily managed by a word. The animal carried its master through all the hazards of the journey and the chase of the wild world and its wilder beasts, and seemed to share his intelligence, and to understand as well as obey his will. She had swum river, and waded morasses with him on her back, and now he urged her through the crowd. Without waiting a moment to reflect on anything but the rescue of the sufferers, he fastened a rope to the tail of the animal, and together they plunged into the sea. The brave creature shrank not an instant from the fierce struggle with the roaring waves: she struck them down with her ironed hoofs, and nobly breasted her way to the ship's side. It was but a minute's stay, and she was making for the shore again, dragging a row of men and women clinging to the rope. The shouts of the crowd that had been watching their progress with intense anxiety seemed to thrill her strained muscles with new vigour; and when her feet struck the earth, and she mounted the beach, and shook the salt water from her sides, she looked around upon the half-drowned beings she had rescued from a watery grave in a way that seemed to express a consciousness that she had performed a good act. Her master patted her on the neck as he had been wont when they had faced together the wild beasts of the forest and the wilderness; he patted her with eyes turned towards the ship. It was but a minute's pause. "Once more, my Jenny darling; once more;" and she turned her head, and plunged



THE HORSE THAT WAS REFUSED ASSISTANCE.

again without touch of spur into the sea. Once more she ploughed through the surge, snorting on its briny crest. Once more she wheeled at the ship's side, and headed for the shore, dragging another row of men after her. Many times her head dipped above her nostrils in a breaking wave; many times she neighed as if for help, as she struck out heavily with the long load pulling her down. She neared the land, but more slowly than before, and staggered up the ascent with trembling limbs. The second long and desperate struggle had strained every nerve and muscle to its utmost tension, and she stood quivering, blown and exhausted. There were several more human beings left behind on the crashing, broken hull. The darkness was closing in upon them, and, with the darkness, certain death. The brave-hearted Dutchman gazed on the harrowing sight, and the bitter cry from the wreck reached his ear and his heart. Could he do more? Could he try it again? "Jenny, my darling! Jenny, can you do it?" and he put his arm around her neck fondly and tenderly. She rubbed her head against his cheek, as if she said, "Master, if *you* will it, I will try." He mounted her back, and without sense of spur or rein, she turned, and walked straight into the foaming sea. Slowly, painfully, with weakened strokes, she made her way to the ship, and once more headed her way for the shore with the last passengers clinging to the rope. With hands and voices uplifted, stood the crowd on the beach. "O God of mercy and might, give the poor creature strength for this once!"

Her head is lost for a moment. "It is the wave between. There! she rises! see her mane on that white cap. Oh, Heaven, be merciful! Do you see her now?" "No; but I see good Diedrich's hand above the water reaching towards us. Now it's gone. Oh poor, good man! he is gone down with his noble horse, and all the men he tried to save. Noble Diedrich! God bless his widow and fatherless children. Dear, good man! He was thinking more of other men's widows and fatherless children than of his own when he made his last ride into the sea!"

This was the act of a Dutch Boer on the Coast of Africa—of a man belonging to a class of persons which most men acquainted with them would deem the most unlikely to produce an example of a lofty and chivalrous philanthropy. We present the foregoing example to show, that while the chivalry of rank has been studded with gems brilliant with the lustre of a noble and exalted heroism, there may be found among the humble and less refined classes of the community—among our working men and women—deeds and dispositions not only equally heroic, but even partaking of a purer and more unselfish character; and these, too, in such abundance, that were they collected and brought together, their record would fill scores of bulky volumes.

THE HORSE THAT WAS REFUSED ASSISTANCE.

A horse, whose stable was situated about a quarter of a mile from Dundee, had been for some years regularly shod by Mr.



THE GOOD SWIMMERS.

Gow, and had also undergone several operations by him as veterinary surgeon. Years, however, had incapacitated the animal from executing his wonted tasks; but his master, grateful for past services, had humanely tended him in the winter, in the hope that spring might bring fresh vigour to his aged limbs. Some time after, Mr. Gow and his workmen were astonished by a visit of their old customer, without any attendant. The afflicted animal stood before his former benefactor, and commenced licking and biting his own sides, accompanying the action with a low moaning, as indicative of some internal commotion. Unfortunately, however, his dumb eloquence was lost on the person he addressed, who, unable to conjecture what this meant, shifted his place. His petitioner, still following him, met with rebuffs, and was at last dismissed. Foiled in this, the distressed creature returned as he came, lay down in his stall, and in less than fifteen minutes afterwards expired.

It was found that in the agonies of death he had broken a strong rope by which he had been fastened, and disposed of the stable-door according to his mind, before he got out in search of that relief which, after all, was unwittingly denied him.

TWO GOOD SWIMMERS.

The horse is an inconvenient inmate in a ship, and has no liking to employ his powers in swimming. The wide extended field and the solid earth alone give scope to the exercise of his energies. On some occasions it has been found very difficult

to overcome the opposition of a horse to go on board a ship, and he rejoices at the termination of a voyage. He sometimes even anticipates the entrance of the ship into the harbour.

When Ducrow's equestrian company was approaching the stone pier at Newhaven, two of the horses getting a glimpse of the green shore, became impatient of their situation, and so desirous of the land, that they leaped overboard and made towards it. The groom instantly sprang in after them and kept swimming beside them, guiding and cheering them in their progress. When they got out of the water, they, by snorting and various kinds of gambols, expressed their high satisfaction at being restored to their natural fields.—*Capt. Brown.*

THE PARLOUR VISITOR.

A gentleman in Buckinghamshire had in his possession, some years ago, a three-years-old colt, a dog, and three sheep, which were his constant attendants in all his walks. When the parlour window, which looked into the field, happened to be open, the colt had often been known to leap through it, go up to and caress his master, and then leap back to his pasture.

“DON'T SELL THE POOR OLD HORSE.”

An aged correspondent of “Our Dumb Animals,” writes:—

“Confession of wrong sometimes lessens guilt, and to note experience often tends to profit. I want now, on my eighty-second birthday, to tell of some things that I have practised and



THE PARLOUR VISITOR.

witnessed, that in retrospect give pain rather than pleasure. It is not so much of human woe that I would speak, as of the woes of creatures that cannot speak for themselves—for the use of whom man is held accountable, while in abuse of the same a fearful requital awaits him. For the last fifty years I have mostly kept two horses for farm and family use, occasionally making exchange for the purpose of getting better for worse; and touching this matter would say, Don't do as I have done, when, instead of preparing a resting-place through means of a merciful death for worn and crippled horses, the paltry sum of a pound or two has induced me to sell a faithful servant, whose attachment to home, pasture, manger, and familiar voices, has been all that instinct could render it; yet, sad to think that the petted beast must go into the merciless hand of a stranger, when to his master age and infirmity had rendered him undesirable.

"I don't love to think of my 'Charlie,' once the noblest of his kind, dying neglected, unwept, and unhonoured, like most of his brethren. And poor 'Bill' fared but little better after fourteen years of hard service for me. But 'Sam' and 'Dick' have promise of different treatment. They are old, like myself, and are not to be sold from their home. Dick has been blind for many years, but he does not seem to know it when travelling the road. With perfect confidence in bit and bridle, he excels most horses in beauty of form and gait, never stumbling more than horses that have eyes; his sense of smell, touch, and hearing

being equal to sight. When in pasture with strange horses he will select one for companion with whom he is always found, as if seeking protection from danger. His speed on the road is often increased by perceiving that animals, however small, are about him and crossing his path. He is especially quick to detect a dog even before he is heard to bark, and in passing a group of children his playful manner of noticing them is highly amusing. When coming to my gate from the highway, he will without guidance turn and pass safely through, will also turn and stop at favourite places, miles distant from home, and is never so proud as when saddled, evincing his pleasure to a lady rider by playfulness of temper and an easy gait.

"Truly, I know at least one horse that has a friend."

SOLDIERS AND THEIR HORSES.

The affection of many soldiers for their horses is most interesting. Many soldiers on march have taught their horses to give them a kiss every morning, and not a few have shared the last draught of water with their noble chargers.

When the writer visited Shorncliffe camp a few years ago, on entering one of the cavalry stables a beautiful mare, named "Bessie," was pointed out as the special favourite of the regiment. "Ah," said our attendant, "she went through the Crimean campaign without a day's illness, but on landing at Dublin after the war she fell sick, and had to go into the hos-



THE MORNING KISS.



pital, and for days was so weak that she could not stand. The man to whom she belongs was so troubled that he laid in the stable with her, and it was pitiable to see his sorrow and hear him say, 'What, hast thou carried me safely all through the Crimean war, and art thou now going to leave me, my poor Bessie?' "

Under the skill of the veterinary surgeon poor Bessie recovered, and when the writer saw her she had all the appearance of a strong healthy constitution, and likely to live to see some years of service.

A HORSE FREE AT TWENTY-ONE.

A citizen of Berkley, who owned a piece of saltmarsh adjoining Major Baylies' farm, had one day put upon his waggon a heavier load than his ox-team could well draw. Seeing a fat and sleek horse on the major's premises, he asked the major to lend him the horse to help to draw the load down to the road. The major said, "That horse is not mine, though he was once, and did me good service until he attained his majority; he is past twenty-one, at which age he acquired his freedom—complete freedom, sir; I have never worked him since, never will, and no one else shall. But be pleased to accept the free use of my oxen to assist in drawing the load."

We are happy to add that that old horse never was worked any more; but was well fed, warmly housed, and carefully groomed, until he died of old age.

HELPING A COMRADE IN DISTRESS.

The editor of the *Christian Advocate* writes:—"A few days since, as I was leaving my residence on my usual visit to the office, a horse belonging to me galloped up and caught my arm, and made an attempt to pull me in the direction he wished to go. He then left, and went off in a quick trot towards a pasture on a farm about a quarter of a mile distant from my residence. In a few minutes he approached me again, making an unusual noise, and seemed by his actions to desire me to follow him. This I did, and when I reached the pasture I observed the mate of the horse entangled in a rustic bridge which had broken down with his weight. After I had extricated his companion from this dangerous position, the horse which had given me notice of his companion's danger came up and rubbed his head against me, showing evident signs of satisfaction.

"JENNY" AND HER MASTER.

A gentleman tells some incidents about his little bay mare, "Jenny." She is very quick in her resentments, and will not bear a touch of the whip, even from him. The only smart blow she ever received was from a physician, who borrowed her to go a few miles, and, wishing to seem in desperate haste while passing the house of a rival doctor, gave her a cut, whereupon she whirled quick as lightning, threw him into the mud, and then stood and surveyed him. It seemed to be no viciousness, but she was simply indignant at a blow; she took it as an insult.



JENNY AND HER KIND MASTER.

One curious thing he tells about her is, that she will never draw a hay-cart; neither will her colt, "Nobby."

There is the best understanding, however, between man and beast; and his tender appreciation of the sensitive horse-nature was once the means of saving Jenny's life. She had received a terrible injury in consequence of being frightened and running away, the shaft of the waggon penetrating her flesh to such a depth that force was required to draw it out. She suffered agonies from the fearful wound, and could not sleep, and her great, piteous eyes were turned appealingly for help. Just at this crisis, when everybody said that she must be killed, to put her out of misery and save her from a lingering death, her master quietly laid her head over on his shoulder and began to soothe her; and almost immediately the poor worn-out creature dropped asleep, and when she awoke was visibly calmed and refreshed. Thenceforward that man went out daily and sat there in the stall by her side and supported her heavy head on his shoulder to let her sleep, and so continued to do until the crisis was past and she began to recover.

A. B. HARRIS.

THE PET PONY.

A canal ran along by a portion of the grounds of a gentleman, whose little daughter, only three years old, was one day playing near its banks, and fell into the water. The pony was grazing in a field close by; no one was near to help, and but for her

brave dumb friend, the child would have certainly been drowned. The pony jumped into the canal, seized her dress with his teeth, and, swimming swiftly to the shore, safely landed his precious burden.

He had been used to kind treatment, indeed was quite a pet with the family; and their kindness had won his affection, and was thus richly rewarded.

Surely God's creatures should meet at our hands better treatment than oftentimes falls to their lot. And many a lesson might we learn from them of faithfulness and kindness, doing with our might what we may do to help and bless.

WHY THE PONY SHIED.

E. F. Flower, Esq., 35, Hyde Park Gardens, London, S.W., and Stratford-on-Avon, the gentleman who takes a very deep interest in the humane war against "gag-bits" and "bearing-reins," told the following deeply interesting and instructive story at the annual meeting of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in St. James's Hall in 1875. He said:—

"Sixty-five years ago, when I was six years of age, I had a little pony, and his name was 'Moses,' and I could get upon his bare back and ride him because I treated him with kindness. I became a good rider on the pony in that way, when my uncle brought me a very handsome present, a saddle and bridle and a beautiful whip. Somehow or other the pony would not follow me, and was very uncomfortable; and I am afraid I was

WHY THE PONY SHIELD.



fonder of the whip than humane to the pony. One fine morning I was riding with my father in Hertfordshire, and I was proud of the whip, and I whipped the pony. My father, who was a stern man, and was riding behind, called me back, and gave me such a cut with his whip that it was dreadful. I cried, and my father said: 'I am not angry with you, but I want you to understand pain. Do you like it?' 'No,' I said. 'Then why did you whip the pony?' 'Because he shied, and the groom said I was to whip him if he shied.' My father said: 'That is a very ignorant groom, for if the pony shies, and you whip him, you make him worse. You should take him back and show him the place you have passed.' We took the pony back, and we found that the animal had seen a post-hole in the road, and if he had gone straight he would have fallen into it, so he jumped violently on one side, and saved me from a fall in which I might have been killed. I have never forgotten that all my life."

FIRE BRIGADE HORSES.

Fire brigade horses have a distinct character. They are selected for their size, strength, and intelligence, and are trained to their duties as fire horses with as much care as firemen are trained, and, like men, they show different degrees of intelligence. Some horses will learn their business in three or four days, others will take as many months. The first thing a fire horse has to learn—assuming that he is already trained to draw

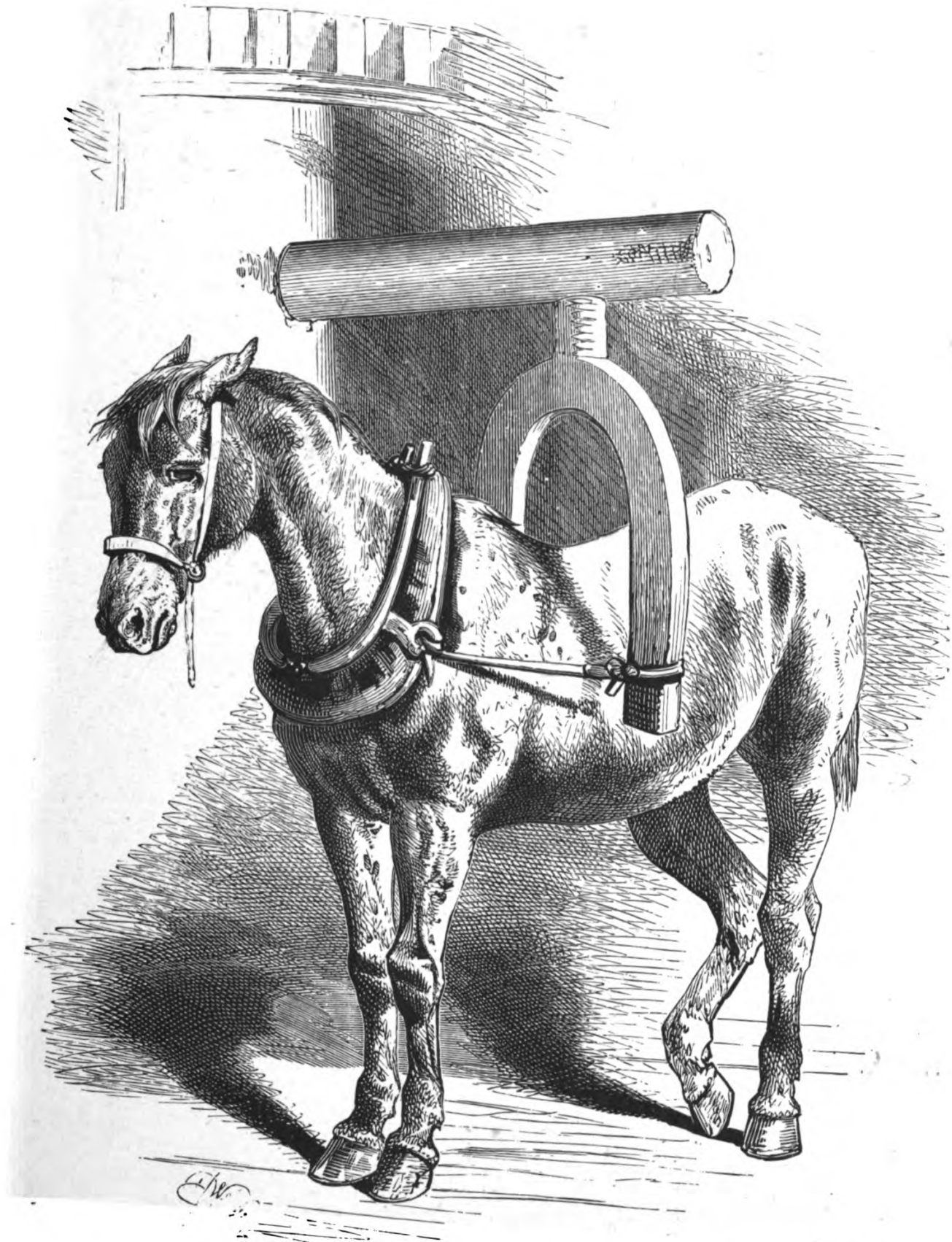
any vehicle to which he may be attached—is to take his place at the engine, or tender, as the case may be, every time the telegraph signal-bell strikes, all ready to start off at the word of command. This the horses learn to do with astonishing speed and correctness. Any person who has ever been in an engine house of the fire brigade when the bell has struck, must have been astonished and pleased with the manner in which the horses performed their duty. When the bell strikes, the horses instantly back out of their stalls and trot to their respective stations, each horse taking his proper place. Their harness being already on, it has only to be secured to the engine, and the horses are all ready to start. It only requires from fourteen to twenty seconds from the time the bell strikes for men and horses to be ready to go, and the horses are as eager for a start as the men !

Horses are naturally afraid of fire ; but these horses become accustomed to it, and exhibit no fear whatever. They will approach so close to a burning building that the heat almost singes their hair, and yet show no signs of fear. The overcoming of the horse's dread of fire furnishes new evidence of how animals can be trained to the will of man.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

THE WHARF HORSE.

Some years ago, Captain Brown wrote :—

“ A horse has resided for the last ten years upon the upper floor of the Leith and Berwick Wharf, London, without having



WORKING THE CRANE.

once touched the ground since his elevation. His duty has consisted in working the discharging crane of the Berwick smacks, and although in this manner he has contrived to walk, upon a fair average computation, nearly ten miles a day, he has never been more than thirty feet from his manger. As might be expected from so long an apprenticeship, he does not now require much attention, but, on the contrary, performs his duty with a great deal of intelligence. When the weight he is raising reaches the desired height, it is transferred from the machinery to the keeping of a friction roller, by means of a rope and pulley from below; the horse then quietly waits till the noise of the clutch thrown back, when the end of the chain has again reached the ship's hold, tells him his shoulders are again wanted. One thing may be asserted, that he has raised more grain than any other individual in the same number of summers, and, at the same time, seen less of what he was about. He appears to have been a hunter in his younger days, which renders it likely that he had seen something of the world before he was removed to his present habitation; it would therefore be not a little interesting to watch how far memory would serve him, should he ever visit the world of his youth. Such instances show how readily the spirit of the horse accommodates itself to circumstances."

A WISP INSTEAD OF A WHIP.

A correspondent tells a story of a teamster who had a heavy load for his horse to draw up a hill, when instead of whipping

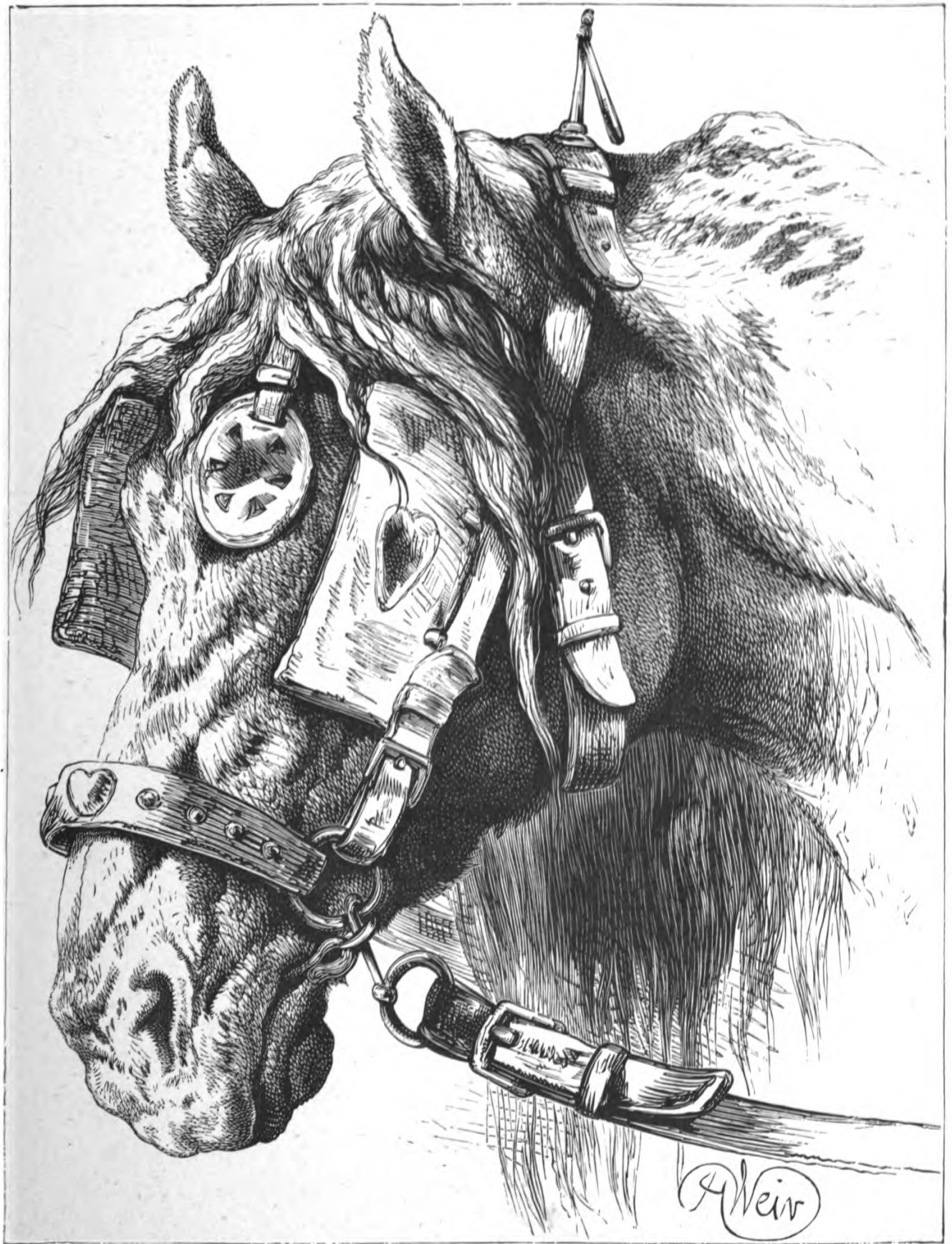
him, he took a wisp of hay, and went ahead of the horse a short distance, and held out the hay. The poor horse looked at it wistfully, then dragged the load up to it. The man, instead of giving it to him, walked on about the length of the load, and held out the hay again—the horse dragged the load up the second time. He tried it again, but the horse would not come, so he gave it to him, at the same time taking another wisp from the bag. After the horse had tasted the hay, he dragged the load up to get more ; and that is the way he got his load up the hill.

BEARING-REINS AND BLINKERS.

Twenty years ago almost every cab-horse in London was tortured by a bearing-rein. Poor broken-kneed horses were seen on every stand. Common-sense in this matter has at length prevailed. The bearing-rein has been wisely abandoned by almost every cab-owner in the metropolis. The horses are in every way improved. Thousands of the cart and van horses in London may now be seen free from any bearing-reins, but there are still many that claim the help of such friends of humanity as the following.

A correspondent of the *Animal World* wrote in September, 1875, as follows :—

“ A few months since I noticed some very fine horses belonging to the South Eastern Railway Company, being driven through London with all their heads screwed back to such an



WITH BLINKERS.

extent that one horse had actually to keep his mouth wide open in a vain attempt to relieve the muscles of his neck. As I knew from experience that it was no use expostulating with the driver, I wrote at once to the secretary, Mr. Shaw, from whom I immediately received a most courteous reply, thanking me for calling his attention to the matter, and assuring me that effectual means would be taken at once to prevent a recurrence. Mr. Shaw has been as good as his word, for in one day all those short reins which waggoners delight to fasten behind the collars, and which to a draught horse are worse even than the gag, disappeared *in toto*, and the horses of the South Eastern Railway now jog along comfortably and happily, thanks to Mr. Shaw's appreciative intelligence.

"I think a great deal might be done by persons interested in this question if, when they notice a glaring case, they would write to the owners of the horses, as I have done frequently."

Some of the largest London firms will not allow the bearing-rein to be placed on a single horse in their service.

Liverpool and some other provincial towns are sadly behind the metropolis in this matter.

It is difficult to imagine why horses in harness should have their eyes rendered half useless! Men would shame to *ride* horses with blinkers! But if needful to a horse in harness, is it not equally so for riding? The horse is furnished with eyes of remarkably quick perception.

Some of the London firms have abandoned the use of blinkers

with great advantage. Some horses which, when they wore blinkers, were guilty of shying, never do it now. The free use of their eyes has rendered them less nervous or subject to fright than before. The pleasant appearance of horses is materially improved by their bright intelligent eyes being left free from the old-fashioned leather shutter.

Not only cart-horses, but also the carriage-horses of some of the aristocracy are to be seen in London without either bearing-rein or blinkers. The writer was passing down Regent Street not long ago, when a carriage with a beautiful pair of horses attracted general attention and called forth the highest admiration. The horses appeared to step with a consciousness that they were having some marked advantage over the numerous horses they passed. Neither bearing-rein nor blinkers disfigured them! On inquiring, I was told "That's Lady Peek's carriage," and I could not restrain the mental prayer, "May God bless her, and may her example be followed by *all* ladies."

Writing on this subject, the Vicar of Dumfrey says :—"About eleven years ago I was almost thrown over a precipice, by a young mare shying badly. I was so convinced if she had seen her danger she would have kept out of it, that the moment I went home I took off the blinkers, and have always driven her without them since. Finding she went so pleasantly without blinkers, I then trained a horse of about fifteen years of age, but of wonderful spirit, who had always run in blinkers, to go just



WITHOUT BLINKEKS.

as quietly without them. I now drove them in single harness, in double harness, or tandem, without either blinkers or bearing-reins. The bearing-rein I gave up because it fatigued 'Jack' so much. You can understand how easily they work in their harness without blinkers or bearing-reins, when I tell you that though 'May' is sixteen, and Jack twenty-six years of age, they often take me about eighteen miles to the town in two hours and twenty minutes, and return in about the same time. Another great advantage in having no blinkers is, that I have only to shake or crack the whip, instead of making them feel it. I think, too, they take a pleasure in watching me, which they could not do with blinkers on."

EXTRAORDINARY SAGACITY OF A PONY.

It has frequently fallen to our lot to record instances of animal sagacity, but we never remember anything more remarkable than the following, which was related to us by an eye witness:—About eleven o'clock on Thursday night, the 29th ult., as Mr. Henry Carr, of Shaw Wood Gardens, and two or three friends, were coming through a field leading from his house to the North Road, their attention was attracted to a pony belonging to Mr. Carr, which came up to them, and on their attempting to *stroke it*, as they had *often done* on previous occasions, it threw up its head, gave several loud snorts, and instantly scampered across the field in the direction of the viaduct, and

after proceeding some distance, returned, and made a similar demonstration, evidently wishing to attract their attention, and then again immediately ran off. It occurred to the party that there might be something amiss, and they therefore followed the pony, which betrayed evident symptoms of delight, and in a short time it brought them to the edge of a large pool of water immediately adjoining the viaduct, when it again commenced snorting and jumping about. On looking into the water they fancied they saw something on the surface, and also heard a gurgling sound, as of some one drowning. A man named Coxon, of Framwellgate Moor, instantly jumped into the water, and soon succeeded in bringing out the apparently lifeless body of a man, which turned out to be a person named Johnson, a shoemaker, from Sunderland, who was evidently under the *influence of liquor*, and had probably lost his way, and fallen into the pool. Efficient aid was at once rendered, but it was nearly *three hours before he showed any signs of life*; he, however, eventually recovered. In whatever way the strange conduct of the pony may be accounted for, it is certain that but for it, the unfortunate man would have been drowned. The promptitude shown by Mr. Coxon, Mr. Carr, and their companions, is deserving of all praise.—*Durham Advertiser*, June 6, 1856.

This fact shows—1. The value of kindness to animals; 2. The danger of drinking; 3. The value of perseverance.

If the efforts made for the poor man's recovery had been

given up even at the end of two hours and a half, his life would have been sacrificed. We hope that Johnson the shoemaker joined the Temperance Society, and became an energetic member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. If any man ought to be a friend to the dumb creation *he* is the man.

A LORD'S DAY OBSERVANCE PONY.

"Balaam . . . was rebuked for his iniquity: the dumb ass, speaking with man's voice, forbade the madness of the prophet." In a little village in Berkshire there lived a family, the members of which were in the habit of disregarding the command of God to remember to keep holy the Sabbath-day. Forgetting that God careth even for the beasts of burden, and has set apart a seventh portion of time as a day of rest for them as well as for man, they used to harness their pony in order to convey them and their friends to the nearest railway station on the Lord's day. A new pony, however, which they purchased, from some instinct which we shall not attempt to explain, but which has often been noticed to exist in dogs, was able to distinguish as accurately as its master between Sunday and the other days in the week; and, probably, from remembering the habits of some previous owner who was more careful to obey the commands of God, was fully resolved to enjoy *that* day quietly at home in his stable or his paddock. When he was fastened to the gig on Sunday, and his owner or his friends had ascended the gig, and wished to proceed, the pony, though

obedient at other times, would plant his feet firmly on the ground, and neither blows, nor words, nor caresses could induce him to stir from the spot. All the efforts of his master proved powerless to induce him to move on the Sabbath-day; and at last, as a matter of necessity, he has been left to the quiet enjoyment of his weekly day of rest.

These records of the sagacity and usefulness of the horse will it is hoped induce many to do all in their power not only to prevent any acts of cruelty being practised on such a noble creature, but also assist the "Ladies' Education Committee of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" in their praiseworthy efforts to promote amongst the young the practice of kindness to animals generally. Those who desire to form ladies' local committees are requested to write to the secretary, John Colam, Esq., 105, Jermyn Street, London.





