

was a natural balker. Balky horses are made not born so. Overloading and discouragement are, in a majority of cases, the cause of trouble.

Men assign horses to perform tasks for which they are not calculated. Spirited, nerry little bits of condensed pluck and courage are hooked double, with dull, steady, plodding work-horses, and are jerked and curbed in senseless efforts to make them conform to the slow and spiritless gait of their draft companions. As well try to manacle the wind! A horse should not be put to uses for which he is not suited. How often we see a horse, whose place is in the shafts of a carriage, or at the lightest of draft work, hitched up to a heavy load. He makes quick, gritty, spasmodic efforts to draw, and soon becomes discouraged. Then, by way of encouragement, he is often whipped, pounded with a heavy stick, and even in some instances kicked while, if the driver had not eminently good qualifications for entrance to a lunatic asylum, he would reflect, that the horse cannot know whether he is punished for failing to draw or for making the attempt. And to witness this too frequent spectacle, of a horse anchored to a load and whipped, beaten, and kicked, makes the blood in a true man's veins seethe and boil, and he longs just for a little while to occupy a seat of judgement. The importance of a right beginning cannot be overrated, for a well trained horse is not often ill-used. Those who have had the misfortune to have been badly "broken" are the ill-starred individuals in the horse world. For faults for which their early teacher was responsible they are whipped, kicked, and pounded through life, "old" and broken down, while yet they should be in their prime, and left at last to die of neglect and starvation—this is the outline of many a good horse's hard life. An ounce of humanity in the beginning may save many a pound of pain in the future; hence the importance of humane and rational education of colts.

Few creatures possess in a greater degree the virtues of gratitude and natural kindness than the horse. He is slow to forgive an injury, but never forgets continued kindness. How often every thoughtful horseman, has observed touching evidence of the friendship of his horse. The gently caressing nose, the kindly eye, the neigh of welcome, and the outstretched neck, speak as eloquently as words, of a noble, thinking nature. Yet this same animal can, by ill usage, be transformed into a vicious, dangerous brute.

Finally, it is a good thing for a man to be master of his horse, but to be master of his horse's affection is an absolutely noble thing.

W. R. GILBERT.

If Mr. Henry Bergh, the philanthropist who has done so much for man's most useful servitor, the horse, has not the following suspended from the walls of the office of the society, he here has the means of rectifying the omission. It was written by a resident of New York in 1777, and placed over the resting-place of

MY POOR OLD HORSE.

When past my prime, wounded, lame, and poor,
My ingrate master drove me from his door;
Forgetting all my toils and earnings past,
To perish on a ruthless world I then was cast.

My worn-down teeth through a long summer day
Did seldom mumble one poor lock of hay;
Fixed to a spot, my limbs would scarce sustain—
A meagre corpse, through which my ribs complained.

So weak I was that while the hungry flies
In clusters fastened on my nose and eyes,
Their tortures undisturbed I must bear,
For I couldn't move a joint or whisk a hair.

Abandoned in the street, the stroke I waited
Which should release me from a world I hated.
Welcome, old death, old horses last, best friend—
My master's woes *begin* where mine shall *end*.

In pastures green I shall forever dwell,
While *cruelty* sinks to its native hell.