

a rich gentleman like Mr. Highflyer, not to speak of me, his groom, your Honor. Why, your Worship, this boy, Dick Niven, has the cheek to lecture me, as was with horses 'fore he was born, on using the whip. Why, sir, what were whips made for, but to use. But this young stupid tells me the whip makes them strain theirselves, ass that he is. Then he lectures me on what he calls the cruelty of docking.

"Now, your Honor being a gentleman knows that fashion is everything—everything, sir, with carriage horses. Why, even the ladies likes to see 'em lookin' so smart-like as when docked. If my horses don't stand still, even in fly-time, I gives 'em the whip, 'cause I knows my business, sir, and I won't stand 'bein' lectured to by this here kid. Horses, is only horses, and can be bought so cheap, your Honor, that the fact is it doesn't pay to be a pampering of them, especially when a man owns them, body and bones." And the groom, red with rage, took his seat.

SLIDE 23.—DICK NIVEN PLEADING HIS CASE IN COURT.

"Dick Niven!" said the Court, "what have you to say to the charges against you? Have you no lawyer to defend you, my boy?"

"No, your Honor," replied Dick, modestly and respectfully; "though we are not beggars, as groom Nettle has called us, still, sir, since father died mother and I try to save—yes, and do save—a few dollars every month—but I beg pardon for taking up the time of the court. But I would not agree to mother spending money on a lawyer, your Honor, who could only tell the truth, which he would first have to learn from me. So I am here, sir, to answer to the charges against me. I am here to plead for the poor horses, sir, and for myself," added Dick, gaining courage on seeing the magistrate look kindly at him. "There are just two items in groom Nettle's charges against me, which I shall notice, your Honor. First, he speaks as if he owned the horses, body and bones, as he has stated. Well, your Honor, I claim that Mr. Highflyer, by purchase, owns them; and I don't think groom Nettle had any right to summon me to court in the absence of his master—who has always treated me with kindness—and who really, by purchase, as has been said, owns the poor horses in question, sir. But, your Honor, I claim that there is One who has a higher claim to the horses than even Mr. Highflyer—One who has said, 'All the beasts of the forest are mine, and so are the cattle upon a thousand hills.' Secondly, I maintain, sir, that groom Nettle, in persuading his master to agree to the *cruel*, the *hideous* process of docking the horses, has broken the eighth commandment—has, in seeking to *revise the work of the Creator*, committed a theft of the *horses' own tails*. Therefore, your Honor, it has been clearly proven that