

ere reined up, he tells us, at full stretch in the steepest and difficult places; a number of which were subsequently thought worthy of being transported to Rome with a view to the improvement of the Italian horse, and became a favorite breed with the aristocracy of the day; that their likeness very probably suggested the eye and mind of Virgil that graphic description of a noble animal that he has left us the Georgics. From this time forward, occasional mention is made of the excellence of British horses. The Saxons appear to have paid great attention to the horse, and to have been fully aware of the importance of improving the breed. The cognisance which waved on a Kentish royal banner was a white horse. What character were the native breeds up to a Norman Conquest it is now impossible even to guess. That they were powerful and well fitted to the purposes of war, both by their nature and training, we have the testimony of war before mentioned, and of subsequent historians; but the first attempt on record to improve the native stock by the introduction of foreign blood, occurred during the reign of William the Conqueror, when Roger de Belesme, Earl of Shrewsbury, imported the elegant and noble Spanish horse, and bred from it on his estates in Powis land; and it is recorded that horses of that part of Wales were long celebrated for their swiftness—a quality which is doubtless derived from this happy mixture of blood."—(Yarrell.) At a subsequent period there is a tradition of some foreign horses swimming ashore from a wreck in the British Channel, and escaping clear to the hills. Of recent years great occasional efforts have been made in various landed proprietors in North and South Wales to improve the breed by turning occasionally an Arab; but the small farms on the mountain-side stand greatly in their way, and persist in neglecting material which in skilful hands might prove a very mine, which, even as it is, yields occasionally most valuable specimens. To see a herd in summer beneath you in the hollow of the Black Mountains gathered by a spring—of all ages, fillies, foals, colts, two-year-olds, with the old mares white from age—and then to contemplate the ragged-jointed indescribable lord of the troop, it is a wonder that anything tolerable ever passes to the lowlands. It is about Christmas time, that, as a purchaser, you have a chance of selecting deliberately to suit your taste. Then when the Sibewether sets about those everlasting hills, by the

"Precipices huge
Smoothed up by snow"

is no longer any picking to be found, they end to the boundary of the common land, are admitted into strawyards, being all distinguished by their respective owners through special marks upon the ear or flank. Then is

there opportunity for a judge to pick many a valuable colt from amidst the bright-eyed hears (for they look like nothing else), as they crowd nervously into a corner on your approach, ready to spring over if it be not exceeding high, or cat-like scramble across in a moment. Some five-and-twenty years ago, the noble-hearted proprietor of Rug, in Denbighshire, Colonel Vaughan, lineal descendant of Prince Llewelyn, took great pride in the improvement of a tribe upon the neighbouring Berwyn range. The picture of his Apricot I have beside me as I write, 12½ hands in height—a bright chestnut, with a beautiful small head, full eye, elegantly turned quarters, muscular thigh, arch neck, and a Blink Bonny shoulder; the victor of a hundred races at Ruthin, Mold, and on the historic flats of Harlech, against much taller horses than himself more than once. I am glad to know that there is a good sprinkling of his stock left yet in Merionethshire. How those whipper-in lads attached to the Rug fox-hounds would on their ponies overtop the highest wattled fence, creep in and out of the ugliest thicket, stream down the steepest hill-side without halt or blunder, then rein them at the bottom as cool as any travelled hunter, so calmly to trot off with a message for the master.—*Bever's Notes on Fields and Cattle.*

PERSEVERANCE—At the close of the last century, a poor, awkward, uncouth boy entered London; but he was so long, lank, and ungainly, that he seemed fit only to be the drudge of a printing-office—run errands, bring water, sweep the floor, and the like. Already had poverty and the hardness of the world made him sour, unhelpful, and despondent. Under less discouragements, many a youth has abandoned himself to a thriftless life, having no higher aim than to live but for the day; or, worse still, has plunged headlong into all the extravagances and indulgences connected with thriftlessness and crime. But the boy had vigorous health: this imparted to him a mental *vim* a moral power, which soon showed itself to his employer. He was prompt, persevering, and painstaking; and with these three qualities, in spite of the fact that he was good at nothing (in everything tolerably only), he made his patient way, step by step, to the "woolsack," (that is, the seat of the highest judge in England), and lately died worth £200,000 among the most honoured men of his nation and age, Lord Chief Justice Campbell. In this case, vigorous health was a mine of wealth, a better fortune than if he had been the heir of many thousands. And certain is it, that the world would be a happier world, and the men in it would be happier, better, and greater, if one tithe of the time, and care, and study, which parents bestow on the accumulation of money to leave to their children, were devoted to the physical education and training necessary to secure