

body ever find a quiet well-matched pair in friendship or in matrimony? A pair the same size, the same colour, with the same paces going a steady jog-trot together, clank, clank over the hard road, like the feet of one instead of the feet of two? No, no. Seldom do we find anything of the sort. The tall marries the short, the fiery temper takes to the quiet disposition, the quick impatient mind has to put up with the slow calculating temperament, one is lazy and the other does all the work.

It is said that when the mother of the fiery general, Sir David Baird, heard that her son had been taken prisoner and that the prisoners were tied two and two, the old lady, after musing for a moment, said: 'Lord pity the chiel that's tied to our Davie!' I have always thought the old lady was wrong. It is much harder for a fury to be tied to a slug, than for a slug to be tied to a fury. Curiously enough, to be tied to a slug was always the fate of Marchioness. No horse could ever be got to go perfectly with her. Perhaps this was fortunate, as two of the same sort might have flown to the world's end together, dragging after them the respectable family carriage and its passengers. How often have I seen her splendid dark chesnut head tossing with pride and impatience, her light-coloured mane thrown back like a wave of the sea, and her hoofs striking sparks from the stony road, as furious at her heavy brown companion's slowness, she did his work and her own too, with a contemptuous jaunty air that made light of all difficulties.

But nobody, whether man or beast, can go on exhausting himself for ever; and after a few years of willing work and intense excitement the strength of Marchioness began to fail. Rheumatism set in; she trotted along as merrily as ever, but we never knew when she might fall, and after two or three narrow escapes it was decided that she must do no more carriage work. She was turned into the field, and for the future a life of leisure and retirement was to be hers, with a tiny old pony as an attendant. I should like to say a great deal about this pony, but must keep to the subject in hand.

A strong affection sprang up between the dapper little Alice and the majestic Marchioness; but do what we would the latter was unhappy. She was pining for work, for occupation; she was tired of the monotonous green grass, and saw no beauty in the muddy pond.

She grew ragged-looking and unkempt, and seemed neglected and miserable. And yet she was not neglected. She was supplied with the best of food, taken into the stable at nights when it was cold, and, in short, treated with all the respect her rank, beauty, and character deserved. When she saw the carriage go out she would come neighing up the drive as much as to say, 'Who has taken my place? My occupation's gone.'

What was to be done? It was decided that as Marchioness was evidently unhappy with nothing to do, she must be put to light farm-work. So she was given over to the bailiff, a kind man, fully aware of her consequence and worth. What a degradation! Nothing of the kind, I assure you. Like most people, I am not so young as I used to be, and yet I should be very sorry to be considered past work. I should die of dulness. I should feel bored from morning to night if I were not allowed to do anything. I cannot take part in the severer studies that delighted my prime, but I can still do a little light literary work. I cannot walk the many miles I used, but I can still make a good tramp on a fine day. I am not fit for a day's hunting, but I can still enjoy a drive to cover.

I saw an old man the other day; he was a poor old fellow creeping by the roadside; he could hardly get along, yet he carried a load of faggots on his head. My companion was indignant: 'What a shame that an old man should carry such a load!' 'Not at all,' said I; 'it makes the old man happy to think that he can still be of some little use in the world. He will be quite proud to go into his cottage with his load, and rejoice his old wife's heart with his superior strength.' I am sure Marchioness thought exactly the same. It is a pleasure to go into the field and see her plough. She does it so well and