

mercifully beating his horse. The man, being nearly drunk, did not take proper means to get the horse past Rennick's stable, where his former owner had been in the habit of putting him when he came to market."

"The gentleness and instinct of the horse," said Tom, "are astonishing. I have seen a horse feel with his foot and tremble before putting it on the ground where a little brother of mine, about three years old, had tumbled amongst his feet on the street. I was acquainted with a carter who, when returning from a sea-port with his load of deals, was in the habit of giving his horse half a pint of whisky at the foot of a long hill. Long afterwards, when the horse passed to other owners, and came to the foot of the same hill, he would not ascend it without half a pint of whisky, or a most unmerciful beating. Mr. Snooks, of Fivemiletown, owned a horse which, although gentle and willing in other respects, would always stop at the foot of a long hill near that town, and could not be induced to ascend it until the passengers alighted from the vehicle. On one occasion there was only one gentleman in the chaise, when the horse stopped as usual; the driver at once alighted and made a great noise and bustle in opening the chaise door and pulling down the steps. 'What do you mean, sir?' said the gentleman in an angry tone. 'Whisht! whisht! yer honor,' replied the driver, in a whisper, 'you need not stir; the horse thinks you are getting out to walk up the hill; if he didn't I might as well thry to move the hill o' Houth as get him to budge one inch.'"

"Of all brutes of the creation," said Tom, "none should be treated so well, and with such kind and tender regard, as the noble and willing horse, and yet none suffers and endures more hardship. It is terrible to reflect on the cruelties and sufferings many of them undergo, and especially by the effects of strong liquors on their owners and drivers: by drawing grain and liquors