

Our Fellow Creatures.

III.—MARCHIONESS THE CHESNUT MARE.

 HE was a beautiful creature, and I shall never forget my first impression of her as she stood pawing the ground and tossing her refined head and glorious mane. Her eyes too: how full of intelligence, how full of deep meaning, how full of impatience and excitement! She had an earnest mind and a noble heart, though at times she was a little too quick in her temper for most people.

It is astonishing how slow some people are to appreciate genius! They think men and horses can always do things with measured pace, and carry a yard measure and an hour-glass in their pockets to tabulate every movement. They make no allowance for a little dash, fun, or excitement. Anything out of the way chafes them exceedingly. I think they must always have been at the top of their class, and never got into a scrape in their lives. I do not like such people, and I know Marchioness did not; she always tossed her head violently when she saw them, and had it not been for her sober companion in harness she would have been delighted to 'upset the coach' when they were inside it, on purpose to spite them. But they seldom did get inside it, for Marchioness's owner had as great a dislike to stupid people as Marchioness herself had.

Marchioness was one of a team of four in a famous drag. I often think that she must have pulled the drag and the other three horses along with it, for she had that bad practice, much to be avoided, of doing everybody's work as well as her own. This is a bad practice and one I never follow, because not only is it exhausting to one's own strength, but is extremely bad for other people. It makes them very selfish and exacting.

The fact is Marchioness was too hot for the team. It must have been a sight to see

her galloping down the hill—say such hills as the old road down into Beer, or the hill down into Tynemouth, or any of those old-world roads like the side of a house, for I am certain she would never have taken things quietly whilst she had the chance of dragging three others—I was going to say human beings—along with her. Horses are nearly human, are they not? Dogs are, I sometimes think, *quite*.

She was quieter with one companion than with three. It is not nearly so exciting to drag one creature along as it is to pull three. So Marchioness came to a quiet house on the hills of Gwent to be one of a quiet pair. 'What do you take me for?' she said, with her bright eyes and snorting nostrils, the first morning I went to stroke her silky neck. And as she stood there in all her beauty accepting my admiration, she reminded me of the description in Job of the war-horse, do you remember it? 'Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? The glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth out to meet the armed men.' Now this is just what Marchioness would have delighted in, and I often used to fancy how she would have dashed against the enemy's iron ranks in a charge, shaken herself, neighed, foamed at the mouth, and gone at it again with renewed vigour.

'What do you take me for? I wonder,' she seemed to say to me. 'Do you think I look as if I were going to make one of a quiet pair? Not if I know it; at least, let the other one be what he may, I am not going to be quiet.' And she kept her word. To be one of a quiet pair in a family carriage was by no means consonant with the nature of Marchioness. A quiet pair! Where is such a thing to be found? A quiet pair means a well-matched pair. Did any-