

when they get into years, saying they are now only fit to breed from, and will do well enough for that purpose. This may be true enough, and we must breed from them as long as they will breed; horses we must have, and though they may not be of the best, yet they are worth all they will sell for to a judge; but at the same time I would not advise to keep for stock, a colt from an old mare, but one from a dam full of vigor, youth, beauty and constitution, free from vice, and from five to ten years of age.—The first axiom, says Youatt, that we should lay down is, that "like will produce like," and that the progeny will inherit the general or mingled qualities of the parents.—There is scarcely a disease by which either of the parents is afflicted that the foal does not often inherit, or at least occasionally show a predisposition to it, even the consequences of ill usage or hard work will descend to the progeny.

When you have a good colt, to do justice to him, the dam should roam at grass, and not be worked or overheated, nor the colt allowed to run all day after its mother when she is worked, but be closed up in a paddock or building, and not put to the dam until she is perfectly cool. I have frequently seen colts in dangerous places about the plough, harrows, waggons and harness, and often wonder that more accidents do not happen. I always close mine in a building, and find they keep more quiet, fret less, and in many respects do better.

When the young one is taken from its mother, it should not be allowed to fall back, but be kept generously, giving it a fair share of succulent food, and the less raw grain the better, till it is put to work. I could never keep colts in a small or close place, or one not well lighted; but give them a yard and loose box, always separating them from horned cattle, from which they often receive serious injury.

Next to the rearing, comes the breaking in of the young horse or mare, either for the saddle or collar, and this is a more serious matter than many imagine. In the old country, not but skilled hands are entrusted with such a job, while in this, any man that owns a horse thinks him-self or some quite suited to the task, and frequently they are, for the Canadian is so reliant upon him-self for everything, that he seldom thinks of looking beyond his farm fences for assistance, unless requiring more power than the farm can furnish, such, for instance, as the gathering of a bee for a grand thrashing, raising, or logging, followed by a merry evening. Notwithstanding the want of skill in many to break in young horses, I consider the farm and road horses in this country very respectable in their carriage; head and tail pretty well up, and tail arched; but again, there are many to be seen clanking along the road with their noses in a line with the pole of the waggon they are harnessed to.

I am of opinion that a horse is just as easily set up in figure, and taught in movements as a man, and as soon filled with pride, and there is as much or more difference between horses well broke, and those not, as between a soldier well drilled and a laborer. It all depends upon instruction in youth, and a fit upon the occupation in they follow. If a driving horse has been taught his paces well in his youth, and always driven at a good speed after, it will be more difficult for him to keep it up all day, than it will for a negligently trained and carelessly driven one to do half the work in the same time. I have always acted upon the conviction, and in consequence got out of my horses as much as most men, and with

as little effort. Of course, no one would expect a horse to do all he was capable of, but to be kept at a good fair pace, stepping off gaily all the time, but not laboring. How often have we seen horses jogging along the road, tripping just from mere carelessness, worrying themselves and their drivers by their own laziness. Just look round among your friends, and you will find the habitual fast walker looking as well and fresh as the slug-gard. In a farm horse the same argument holds good; horses broken to walk well, soon show their superiority, over others in the plough, frequently doing a fourth more work in the week.—Knowing this, do you think that careless or indifferent old people should be charged with the early training of the noblest of animals?

I would not advise to break in colts or fillies till they are three years old, and then very little more than to mouth them, and set them up, with a little harrowing or rolling on the farm through the summer, for farm horses, and gentle riding or driving by a light weight, for a saddle or buggy horse. During the winter that they are coming out, a farmer's teaming will not hurt them, and after that they should be able to do a fair day's work without injury; but heavy draughts or weights, with over driving, might be very injurious to any horse under five, at which time they are said to be fully developed or furnished, or in other words, arrived at "Horsehood." The foundation is laid for many of the diseases that the horse is heir to, before he arrives at that time of life, such as spavin, splints, wind-galls, and broken-wind. I look upon a horse at three, as comparing in point of maturity, to a lad of fourteen or fifteen, at four, to one of eighteen, and at five, to a young man come of age. The most serviceable time in a horse's short life, is from seven to fifteen or even twenty, and yet I dare say that most horses in this country die before twenty-five. It seems a great pity that many people have so little compassion for old servants, such as the horse.—The common practise is to sell them for little or nothing when they begin to fail, so that everything may not be lost by their death. This is cruelty to make money of. Look about you in the wood market of Toronto—I might rather say the chip market, for the wood teams have generally good farm horses.—I refer to the horses in single waggons and carts, loaded with chips, logs and rubbish; poor old creatures, looking as if they would die before they reached home, and many do; they are badly fed, and worse housed and groomed; poor old things, after working faithfully for a lifetime for a master well off, and able to feed them well, and at a time too when they can eat, or live on almost anything, they are sold to a poor man that can scarcely find food for himself and family, putting them off with bad hay and little else; leaving them to die, as they frequently do, as often from want, as old age or disease. Keep your old servants a year or two after they begin to fail, grind their corn and cut their food, that they may get the good of it, and have the more time to rest, and they will repay you for your extra trouble; after this you can afford to shoot them, and protect them from any further trouble. I think the certainty of three or four years of misery and want in old age, would overbalance and throw gloom over a life time.

Good care will tell as much upon the horse as any other animal. I know an old horse, in Toronto, the property of T. G. Ridout, Esq., B. U. C., thirty-five years of age, and he is as fat as a seal, but then he has

been doing for many years. Dr. Waimer's old horse, that many of you know, and so on drive every day, is about thirty years old, and as fat or fatter than any horse in town. One of the old black carriage horses that my father is still alive, though thirty years old, and as frisky as a colt. I saw an account some time ago, of a horse that went to a market gardener's cart, in New York, for forty years. "Old Brock," that went through the late war with the Americans in 1812—'15, the charger of the late Colonel Guyton, was the admiration of my youth, and died at a great age. Youatt says, of the natural age of the horse, "we should form a very erroneous estimate from the early period at which he is now worn out and destroyed."

Mr. Blain speaks of a gentleman who had three horses that died at the age of thirty-five, thirty-seven, and thirty-nine. Mr. Cully mentions one that received a ball in the neck at the battle of Preston, in 1715, and which was extracted at his death, in 1758. And Mr. Percival gives an account of a horse that died in his sixty-second year.

The best paces to cultivate in the horses of this country, are the trot and walk, for many reasons, (unless it be in the case of a lot of bloody). First, the walk, for the most of the work is done at that pace, and next to this the trot. The Yankee Americans discovered this long ago, and in consequence have now the best trotters in the world, of which I will name a few. Lady Suffolk, in May, 1842, did her 2 miles in 5 minutes 19 seconds.

Americus, October, 1841, doing his first 5 miles in 13 minutes 58 seconds, and his second in 13 minutes 58½ seconds.

Edwin Forrest, his mile in 2 minutes 37½ seconds.

Doichman, his 3 miles in 7 minutes 32½ seconds.

Tom Thyn's was broken in England, 1813, miles in 56 minutes 45 seconds; he was only 14½ hands high; an Indian pony; and in 1829, on Sandbury Common, England, he did his 100 miles in 10 hours and 7 minutes in a cart of 108 pounds, and driver of 140 pounds; and in 1828, a pair of horses trotted their 100 miles in 11 hours 4 minutes.—In June, 1831, Mr. Thul drove his pair the same distance, 100 miles, in 10 hours.—Since then a Canadian horse, bred in Prince Edward District, called Tecoma, has done his mile in 2 minutes 25 seconds, and I was told that he afterwards sold for \$7000. I have now a plough horse on my farm, a half brother of his, which I bought to match McKinnell, can any day do his mile in about 3 minutes and 10 seconds and my neighbor, Robert James from whom I bought him, has a mare that can do her mile in 2 minutes 28 seconds, and is not more than 14½ hands high. Last year, Flora Temple noted in harness, 1er mile in 2 minutes 24½ seconds, beating the whole world. A horse has paced or raked a mile in the United States, in 2 minutes 17 seconds. All this goes to prove what can be done by good training and driving at the best pace for use. Racing, with us, is almost out of the question, and quite out of fashion; we have very few thorough bred horses, no good courses, and very little time, money or inclination for the sport; and racing horses in this country are good for little or no use, so we will return to the horse and pace best suited to our wants. Trotting is practiced by most of us, and slow indeed is the man who never becomes excited enough to try his horse or team against some fellow traveller, and I do not believe that a day ever passes without a trot or more across the front of my farm, it being the first clear place on the road after turning out of