



ANECDOTES OF THE HORSE.

THE horse is universally acknowledged to be one of the noblest members of the animal kingdom. Possessing the finest symmetry, and unencumbered by those external appendages which characterise many of the larger quadrupeds, his frame is a perfect model of elegance and concentrated energy. Highly sensitive, yet exceedingly tractable, proud, yet persevering, naturally of a roaming disposition, yet readily accommodating himself to domestic conditions, he has been one of the most valuable aids to human civilisation—associating with man in all phases of his progress from the temporary tent to the permanent city.

By his physical structure, the horse is fitted for dry open plains that yield a short sweet herbage. His hoof is not adapted to the swamp; and though he may occasionally be seen browsing on tender shoots, yet he could subsist neither in the jungle nor in the forest. His lips and teeth, however, are admirably formed for cropping the shortest grass, and thus he luxuriates where many other herbivorous animals would starve, provided he be supplied with water, of which he is at all times a liberal drinker. He cannot crush his food like the hippopotamus, nor does he ruminate like the ox; but he grinds the herbage with a peculiar lateral motion of the jaw, which looks not unlike the action of a millstone. Delighting in the river-plain and open glade, the savannahs of America, the steppes of Asia, and the plains of Europe, must be regarded as his head-quarters in a wild state. There is doubt expressed, however, as to the original

locality of the horse. The wild herds of America are looked upon as the descendants of Spanish breeds imported by the first conquerors of that continent; those of the Ukraine, in Europe, are said to be the progeny of Russian horses abandoned after the siege of Azoph in 1696; and even those of Tartary are regarded as coming from a more southern stock. Naturalists therefore look to the countries bordering on Egypt, as in all likelihood the primitive place of residence of this noble animal; and there is no doubt that the Arabian breed, when perfectly pure, presents the finest specimen of a horse in symmetry, docility, and courage. Regarding the horse as of Asiatic origin, we now find him associated with man in almost every region of the habitable globe. Like the dog, ox, sheep, and a few others of the brute creation, he seems capable of accommodating himself to very different conditions, and assumes a shaggy coat or a sleek skin, a size little inferior to that of the elephant, or not larger than that of an English mastiff, just as circumstances of climate and food require.*

In a state of nature, the horse loves to herd with his fellows, and droves of from four to five hundred, or even double that number, are not unfrequently seen, if the range be wide and fertile. The members of these vast droves are inoffensive in their habits, and when not startled or hunted, are rather playful and frolicsome; now scouring the plain in groups for mere amusement, now suddenly stopping, pawing the soil, then snorting, and off straight as an arrow, or wheeling in circles—making the ground shake with their wild merriment. It is impossible to conceive a more animated picture than a group of wild horses at play. Their fine figures are thrown into a thousand attitudes; and as they rear, curvette, dilate the nostril, paw in quivering nervousness to begin the race, or speed away with erect mane and flowing tail, they present forms of life and energy which the painter may strive in vain to imitate. They seldom shift their stations, unless compelled by failure of pasture or water; and thus they acquire a boldness and confidence in their haunts which it

* In ordinary systems of zoology, the horse is classed with the *Pachyderms*, or thick-skinned animals, as the elephant, tapir, hog, hippopotamus, and rhinoceros. Differing from the rest of the class in many respects, he has been taken as the representative of a distinct family known by the name of *Equidae* (*equus*, a horse), which embraces the horse, ass, zebra, quagga, onagga, and dzegguetai. All these animals have solid hoofs, are destitute of horns, have moderately-sized ears, are less or more furnished with manes, and have their tails either partially or entirely covered with long hair. The family may, with little impropriety, be divided into two sections—the one comprehending the horse and its varieties, and the other the ass, zebra, and remaining members. In the former, the tail is adorned with long flowing hair, the mane is also long and flowing, and the fetlocks are bushy; the latter have the tail only tipped with long hair, the mane erect, and the legs smooth and naked. The colours of the horse have a tendency to *dapple*—that is, to arrange themselves in rounded spots on a common ground; in the ass, zebra, and other genera, the colours are arranged in stripes more or less parallel.

ANECDOTES OF THE HORSE.

is rather unsafe to disturb. They never attack other animals, however, but always act upon the defensive. Having pastured, they retire either to the confines of the forest, or to some elevated portion of the plain, and recline on the sward, or hang listlessly on their legs for hours together. One or more of their number are always awake to keep watch while the rest are asleep, and to warn them of approaching danger, which is done by snorting loudly, or neighing. Upon this signal the whole troop start to their feet, and either reconnoitre the enemy, or fly off with the swiftness of the wind, followed by the sentinel and by the older stallions. Byron has happily described the manners of a herd surprised by the arrival of Mazeppa and his fainting charger on their pastures:—

“They stop—they start—they snuff the air,
Gallop a moment here and there,
Approach, retire, wheel round and round,
Then plunging back with sudden bound,
Headed by one black mighty steed,
Who seemed the patriarch of his breed,
Without a single speck or hair
Of white upon his shaggy hide;
They snort—they foam—neigh—swerve aside,
And backward to the forest fly,
By instinct, from a human eye.”

They are seldom to be taken by surprise; but if attacked, the assailant seldom comes off victorious, for the whole troop unite in defence of their comrades, and either tear him to pieces with their teeth, or kick him to death.

There is a remarkable difference in the dispositions of the Asiatic and South American wild horses. Those of the former continent can never be properly tamed, unless trained very young, but frequently break out into violent fits of rage in after life, exhibiting every mark of natural wildness; while those of America can be brought to perfect obedience, and even rendered somewhat docile, within a few weeks, nay, sometimes days. It would be difficult to account for this opposition of temper, unless we can suppose that it is influenced by climate, or rather to the transmission of domesticated peculiarities from the original Spanish stock.

CATCHING THE WILD HORSE.

As in South America we have the most numerous herds, and the most extensive plains for their pasture, so it is there that the catching and subduing of the wild horse presents one of the most daring and exciting engagements. If an additional horse is wanted, a wild one is either hunted down with the assistance of a trained animal and the *lasso*, or a herd are driven into a *corral* (a space enclosed with rough posts), and one selected from the number. The latter mode is spiritedly described by Miers, whose account we transcribe, premising that a *lasso* is a strong plaited

thong, about forty feet in length, rendered supple by grease, and having a noose at the end:—"The corral was quite full of horses, most of which were young ones about two or three years old. The chief guacho (native inhabitants of the plains are called peons or guachos), mounted on a strong steady animal, rode into the enclosure, and threw his lasso over the neck of a young horse, and dragged him to the gate. For some time he was very unwilling to leave his comrades, but the moment he was forced out of the corral, his first idea was to gallop off; however, a timely jerk of the lasso checked him in the most effectual way. The peons now ran after him on foot, and threw a lasso over his fore-legs, just above the fetlock, and, twitching it, they pulled his legs from under him so suddenly, that I really thought the fall he had got had killed him. In an instant a guacho was seated on his head, and with his long knife cut off the whole of the mane, while another cut the hair from the end of his tail. This they told me was a mark that the horse had once been mounted. They then put a piece of hide into his mouth, to serve for a bit, and a strong hide halter on his head. The guacho who was to mount arranged his spurs, which were unusually long and sharp; and while two men held the horse by the ears, he put on the saddle, which he girthed extremely tight. He then caught hold of the animal's ear, and in an instant vaulted into the saddle, upon which the men who held the halter threw the end to the rider, and from that moment no one seemed to take any further notice of him. The horse instantly began to jump in a manner which made it very difficult for the rider to keep his seat, and quite different from the kick or plunge of our English steed: however, the guacho's spurs soon set him going, and off he galloped, doing everything in his power to throw his rider.

"Another horse was immediately brought from the corral, and so quick was the operation, that twelve guachos were mounted in a space which I think hardly exceeded an hour. It was wonderful to see the different manner in which different horses behaved. Some would actually scream while the guachos were girthing the saddle upon their backs; some would instantly lie down and roll upon it; while some would stand without being held, their legs stiff and in unnatural positions, their necks half bent towards their tails, and looking vicious and obstinate; and I could not help thinking that I would not have mounted one of those for any reward that could be offered me, for they were invariably the most difficult to subdue.

"It was now curious to look around and see the guachos on the horizon, in different directions, trying to bring their horses back to the corral, which is the most difficult part of their work; for the poor creatures had been so scared there, that they were unwilling to return to the place. It was amusing to see the antics of the horses; they were jumping and dancing in various ways, while the right arm of the guachos was seen flogging them.

ANECDOTES OF THE HORSE.

At last they brought the horses back, apparently subdued and broken in. The saddles and bridles were taken off, and the animals trotted towards the corral, neighing to one another."

To hunt down the horse in the open plain, requires still greater address, and greater strength of arm. According to Captain Hall, the *guacho* first mounts a steed which has been accustomed to the sport, and gallops him over the plain in the direction of the wild herd, and, circling round, endeavours to get close to such a one as he thinks will answer his purpose. As soon as he has approached sufficiently near, the lasso is thrown round the two hind-legs, and as the *guacho* rides a little on one side, the jerk pulls the entangled horse's feet laterally, so as to throw him on his side, without endangering his knees or his face. Before the horse can recover the shock, the hunter dismounts, and, snatching his *poncho* or cloak from his shoulders, wraps it round the prostrate animal's head. He then forces into his mouth one of the powerful bridles of the country, straps a saddle on his back, and, bestriding him, removes the *poncho*, upon which the astonished horse springs on his legs, and endeavours by a thousand vain efforts to disencumber himself of his new master, who sits composedly on his back, and, by a discipline which never fails, reduces the animal to such complete obedience, that he is soon trained to lend his whole speed and strength to the capture of his companions.

DOMESTICATION.

The subduing of wild specimens in America, the Ukraine, Tartary, and other regions, must be regarded as merely supplementary to that domestication which the horse has undergone from the remotest antiquity. A wild adult may be subjugated, but can never be thoroughly trained; even the foal of a wild mother, though taught with the greatest care from the day of its birth, is found to be inferior to domestic progeny in point of steadiness and intelligence. Parents, it would seem, transmit to their offspring mental susceptibility as well as corporeal symmetry; and thus, to form a just estimate of equine qualities, we must look to the domesticated breeds of civilised nations. At what period the horse was first subjected to the purposes of man, we have no authentic record. He is mentioned by the oldest writers, and it is probable that his domestication was nearly coeval with the earliest state of society. Trimmed and decorated chargers appear on Egyptian monuments more than four thousand years old; and on sculptures equally, if not more ancient, along the banks of the Euphrates. One of the oldest books of Scripture contains the most powerful description of the war-horse; Joseph gave the Egyptians bread in exchange for horses; and the people of Israel are said to have gone out under Joshua against hosts armed with "horses and chariots very many." At a later date, Solomon is said to have obtained horses "out of Egypt," and

out of all lands," and to have had "four thousand stalls for horses and chariots, and twelve thousand horsemen." Thus we find that in the plains of the Euphrates, Nile, and Jordan, the horse was early the associate of man, bearing him with rapidity from place to place, and aiding in the carnage and tumult of battle. He does not appear, however, to have been employed in the more useful arts of agriculture and commerce; these supposed drudgeries being imposed on the more patient ox, ass, and camel. Even in refined Greece and Rome, he was merely yoked to the war-chariot, placed under the saddle of the soldier, or trained for the race-course.

As civilisation spread westward over Europe, the demands upon the strength and endurance of the horse were multiplied, and in time he was called upon to lend his shoulder indiscriminately to the carriage and wagon, to the mill, plough, and other implements of husbandry. It is in this servant-of-all-work capacity that we must now regard him; and certainly a more docile, steady, and willing assistant it would be impossible to find. But it is evident that the ponderous shoulder and firm step necessary for the wagon would not be exactly the thing for the mail-coach; nor would the slow and steady draught, so valuable in the plough, be any recommendation to the hunter or roadster. For these varied purposes men have selected different stocks, which either exist naturally, or have been produced by a long-continued and careful system of breeding. In a state of nature, the horse assumes various qualities in point of symmetry, size, strength, and fleetness, according to the conditions of soil, food, and climate which he enjoys. It is thus that we have the Arabian, Tartar, Ukraine, Shetland, and other stocks, each differing so widely from the others, that the merest novice could not possibly confound them. Besides these primitive stocks, a thousand *breeds*, as they are called, have been produced by domestication, so that at the present time it would require volumes even for their enumeration. In our own country, for example, we have such breeds as the Flanders, Norman, Cleveland, Suffolk, Galloway, Clydesdale, and Shetland; and of these numerous varieties, as may be required for the turf, the road, the cart, or the carriage. All this exhibits the wonderful ductility of the horse, and proves how admirably he is adapted to be the companion and assistant of man, as the latter spreads himself over the tenatable regions of the globe. It is to the character of the horse thus domesticated that we intend to devote the rest of this sheet; to his intellectual and moral, rather than to his physical qualities; to those traits of spirit and daring, of aptitude, prudence, memory, and affection, with which his history abounds.

COURAGE.

Courage and unshrinking firmness have ever been attributes of the horse. The magnificent description given in the book

of Job, must be familiar to every one:—"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 strength is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength; he goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword; the quiver rattleth against him—the glittering spear and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith among the trumpets, Ha! ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting." It is asserted that horses with a broad after-head, and the ears far asunder, are naturally bolder than those whose head is narrow above the forelock. This assertion is in all probability correct, for there is no reason why cerebral development should not influence the character of a horse as well as that of a man; but much, too, depends upon judicious training. Some, says Colonel Smith, habituated to war, will drop their head, pick at grass in the midst of fire, smoke, and the roar of cannon; others never entirely cast off their natural timidity. We have witnessed them groaning, or endeavouring to lie down when they found escape impossible, at the fearful sound of shot, shrapnell-shells, and rockets; and it was painful to witness their look of terror in battle, and to hear their groans upon being wounded. Yet many of the terrified animals, when let loose at a charge, dash forward in a kind of desperation that makes it difficult to hold them in hand; and we recollect, at a charge in 1794—when the light-dragoon horse was larger than at present, and the French were wretchedly mounted—a party of British bursting through a hostile squadron as they would have passed through a fence of rushes.

The horse, though naturally afraid of the lion, tiger, and other feline animals, has often sufficient confidence in a firm rider and his own courage to overcome this timidity, and to join in the attack. This was conspicuously evinced in the case of an Arab possessed by the late Sir Robert Gillespie, and noticed in the Naturalists' Library. Sir Robert being present on the race-course of Calcutta during one of the great Hindoo festivals, when many thousands are assembled to witness all kinds of shows, was suddenly alarmed by the shrieks and commotion of the crowd. On being informed that a tiger had escaped from his keepers, he immediately called for his horse, and grasping a boar-spear from one of the bystanders, rode to attack this formidable enemy. The tiger, probably, was amazed at finding himself in the middle of such a number of shrieking beings, flying from him in all directions; but the moment he perceived Sir Robert, he crouched in the attitude of preparing to spring at him, and that instant the gallant soldier passed his horse in a leap over the tiger's back, and struck the spear through his spine. Here, instead of swerving,

the noble animal went right over his formidable enemy with a firmness that enabled the rider to use his lance with precision. This steed was a small gray, and was afterwards sent home as a present to the prince regent.

M. Arnauld, in his *History of Animals*, relates the following incident of ferocious courage in a mule. This animal belonged to a gentleman in Florence, and became so vicious and refractory, that he not only refused to submit to any kind of labour, but actually attacked with his heels and teeth those who attempted to compel him. Wearied with such conduct, his master resolved to make away with him, by exposing him to the wild beasts in the menagerie of the grand duke. For this purpose he was first placed in the dens of the hyenas and tigers, all of whom he would have soon destroyed, had he not been speedily removed. At last he was handed over to the lion, but the mule, instead of exhibiting any symptoms of alarm, quietly receded to a corner, keeping his front opposed to his adversary. Once planted in the corner, he resolutely kept his place, eyeing every movement of the lion, which was preparing to spring upon him. The lion, however, perceiving the difficulty of an attack, practised all his wiles to throw the mule off his guard, but in vain. At length the latter, perceiving an opportunity, made a sudden rush upon the lion, and in an instant broke several of his teeth by the stroke of his fore-feet. The "king of the animals," as he has been called, finding that he had got quite enough of the combat, slunk grumbling to his cage, and left the hardy mule master of the battle.

As may be readily supposed, the intrepidity of the horse is often of signal service in the cause of humanity, commanding at once our esteem and admiration. We know of no instance in which his assistance was so successfully rendered as in that which once occurred at the Cape of Good Hope, and which is related by M. De Pages in his "*Travels Round the World.*" "I should have found it difficult," says he, "to give it credit, had it not happened the evening before my arrival; and if, besides the public notoriety of the fact, I had not been an eye-witness of those vehement emotions of sympathy, blended with admiration, which it had justly excited in the mind of every individual at the Cape. A violent gale of wind setting in from north-north-west, a vessel in the road dragged her anchors, was forced on the rocks, and bulged; and while the greater part of the crew fell an immediate sacrifice to the waves, the remainder were seen from the shore struggling for their lives, by clinging to the different pieces of the wreck. The sea ran dreadfully high, and broke over the sailors with such amazing fury, that no boat whatever could venture off to their assistance. Meanwhile a planter, considerably advanced in life, had come from his farm to be a spectator of the shipwreck; his heart was melted at the sight of the unhappy seamen, and knowing the bold and enterprising spirit of his horse, and his particular excellence as a swimmer, he instantly

determined to make a desperate effort for their deliverance. He alighted, and blew a little brandy into his horse's nostrils, when again seating himself in the saddle, he instantly pushed into the midst of the breakers. At first both disappeared; but it was not long before they floated on the surface, and swam up to the wreck, when, taking with him two men, each of whom held by one of his boots, he brought them safe to shore. This perilous expedition he repeated no seldomer than seven times, and saved fourteen lives to the public; but, on his return the eighth time, his horse being much fatigued, and meeting a most formidable wave, he lost his balance, and was overwhelmed in a moment. The horse swam safely to land; but his gallant rider, alas! was no more."

Occasionally, there is so much sagacity and affection combined with the intrepidity of the horse, that his conduct would do credit even to the bravest human nature. Like the dog, he has been known to swim to the assistance of a drowning creature, and this without any other impulse than that of his own generous feelings. Captain Thomas Brown, in his interesting *Biographical Sketches of the Horse*—a work to which we are indebted for several of the facts here recorded—mentions the following gratifying incident, which proves the possession of something more than mere unreasoning instinct:—A little girl, the daughter of a gentleman in Warwickshire, playing on the banks of a canal which runs through his grounds, had the misfortune to fall in, and would in all probability have been drowned, had not a small pony, which had been long kept in the family, plunged into the stream and brought the child safely ashore without the slightest injury.

FLEETNESS, STRENGTH, AND ENDURANCE.

Although fleetness, strength, and power of endurance are strictly physical properties, yet they depend so intimately upon courage, emulation, and other moral qualities, that we cannot do better than consider them in this place. Taken separately, a greater degree of swiftness or of strength may be found in certain other animals, but in none are all these properties so fully and perfectly developed as in the horse. And what is also remarkable, in him they are improved by domestication, a process which tends to deteriorate them in most other animals. It is thus by the unwearied attention of breeders, that our own horses are now capable of performing what no others can. In 1755, Matchem ran the Beacon Course at Newmarket—in length four miles one furlong and one hundred and thirty-eight yards—with eight stone seven pounds, in seven minutes and twenty seconds. Flying Childers ran the same course in seven minutes and a half; and the Round Course, which is three miles six furlongs and ninety-three yards, in six minutes and forty seconds, carrying nine stone and two pounds. In 1772, a mile

was ran by Firetail in one minute and four seconds. In the year 1745, the postmaster of Stretton rode, on different horses, along the road to and from London, no less than 215 miles, in eleven hours and a half—a rate of above eighteen miles an hour; and in July 1788, a horse belonging to a gentleman of Billiter Square, London, was trotted for a wager thirty miles in an hour and twenty-five minutes—which is at the rate of more than twenty-one miles an hour. In September 1784, a Shetland pony, eleven hands high, carrying five stone, was matched for one hundred guineas to run from Norwich to Yarmouth and back again, which is forty-four miles. He performed it with ease in three hours and forty-five minutes, which was thought to be the greatest feat ever done by a horse of his height. In October 1741, at the Curragh meeting in Ireland, Mr Wilde engaged to ride 127 miles in nine hours; he performed it in six hours and twenty-one minutes, riding ten horses, and allowing for mounting and dismounting, and a moment for refreshment; he rode for six hours at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Mr Shafto, in 1762, with ten horses, and five of them ridden twice, accomplished fifty miles and a quarter in one hour and forty-nine minutes. In 1763 he won a second match, which was to provide a person to ride 100 miles a-day, on any one horse each day, for twenty-nine days together, and to have any number of horses not exceeding twenty-nine: he accomplished the task on fourteen horses; and on one day he rode 160 miles, on account of the tiring of his first horse. The celebrated Marquis de la Fayette rode, in August 1778, from Rhode Island to Boston, a distance of nearly seventy miles, in seven hours, and returned in six and a half. Mr Huell's Quibbler, however, afforded the most extraordinary instance on record of the stoutness as well as speed of the race-horse, when, in December 1786, he ran twenty-three miles round the flat at Newmarket in fifty-seven minutes and ten seconds. Hundreds of other examples might be quoted, some of them even perhaps more wonderful than those above cited, but these will serve at least to show the astonishing fleetness of the horse, and to confirm our assertion, that in this particular he is not surpassed by any other quadruped.

The strength and power of draught in the horse is not less remarkable than his swiftness. "In London," says Bingley in his *Animal Biography*, "there have been instances of a single horse drawing, for a short space, the weight of three tons; and some of the pack-horses of the north usually carry burdens weighing upwards of 400 pounds; but the most remarkable proof of the strength of the British breed is in our mill-horses, some of which have been known to carry, at one load, thirteen measures of corn, that, in the whole, would amount to more than 900 pounds' weight." Useful as the horse may be to man on account of his great natural strength, his utility is increased tenfold by the assistance of art, as is well illustrated by the fol-

lowing trial which took place near Croydon, in Surrey:—The Surrey iron railway being completed, and opened for the carriage of goods from Wandsworth to Mertsam, a bet was made that a common horse could draw thirty-six tons for six miles along the road, and that he should draw his weight from a dead pull, as well as turn it round the occasional windings of the road. A number of gentlemen assembled near Mertsam to witness this extraordinary triumph of art. Twelve wagons loaded with stones, each wagon weighing about three tons, were chained together, and a horse belonging to Mr Harwood yoked to the team. He started from near the Fox public-house, and drew the immense chain of wagons, with apparent ease, to near the turnpike at Croydon, a distance of six miles, in one hour and forty-six minutes, which is nearly at the rate of four miles an hour. In the course of the undertaking he was stopped four times, to show that it was not by the impetus of the descent the power was acquired. After each stoppage, a chain of four wagons was added to the cavalcade, with which the same horse again set off with undiminished power. And still farther to show the effect of the railway in facilitating motion, the attending workmen, to the number of about fifty, were directed to mount the wagons; still the horse proceeded without the least distress; and, in truth, there appeared to be scarcely any limitation to the power of his draught. After the trial, the wagons were taken to the weighing machine, when it was found that the whole weight was little short of fifty-five tons and a half!

The endurance of the horse is also exceedingly great, and equalled only perhaps by that of the camel. The elephant either breaks down under his own weight, or becomes infuriated when goaded beyond his accustomed powers; the ox, though extremely patient, soon suffers in his feet, or becomes faint through hunger; but the horse toils on unflinchingly, till not unfrequently he drops down dead through sheer exhaustion. The mares of the Bedouin Arabs will often travel fifty miles without stopping; and they have been known to go 120 miles on emergencies, with hardly a respite, and no food. In 1804, an Arab horse at Bangalore, in the presidency of Madras, ran 400 miles in the course of four successive days, and that without showing any symptoms of more than ordinary fatigue. Sometimes our own English horses will perform equally astonishing feats, notwithstanding that they carry larger weights, and are more heavily harnessed. In June 1827, a gentleman left Dublin, mounted on a small gelding, in company with the day coach for Limerick, and arrived at Nenagh at six o'clock the same evening, having kept the vehicle in view all the time, and entered the town with it, riding the same horse. There was a wager of fifty guineas to ten that he would not bring the horse alive to Nenagh. The animal was, however, none the worse for it, after the extraordinary ride of ninety-five English miles.

ANECDOTES OF THE HORSE.

Even the ass, dull and stupid as our bad treatment too often makes him, is not without his share of vigour and endurance. In 1826, according to Captain Brown, a clothier of Ipswich undertook to drive his ass in a light gig to London and back again—a distance of 140 miles—in two days. The ass went to London at a pace little short of a good gig-horse, and fed at different stages well; on his return he came in, without the application of a whip, at the rate of seven miles an hour, and performed the whole journey with ease. He was twelve and a half hands high, and half-breed Spanish and English.

ATTACHMENT TO MAN.

In submission and attachment to man, the horse is equalled only by the dog and elephant. He soon learns to distinguish his master's voice, and to come at his call; he rejoices in his presence, and seems restless and unhappy during his absence; he joins with him willingly in any work, and appears susceptible of emulation and rivalry; and though frequently fierce and dangerous to strangers, yet there are few instances on record of his being faithless to those with whom he is domesticated, unless under the most inhumane and barbarous treatment. Colonel Smith relates the following affecting incident of attachment in a charger which belonged to the late General Sir Robert Gillespie:—When Sir Robert fell at the storming of Kalunga, his favourite black charger, bred at the Cape of Good Hope, and carried by him to India, was, at the sale of his effects, competed for by several officers of his division, and finally knocked down to the privates of the 8th dragoons, who contributed their prize-money, to the amount of £500 sterling, to retain this commemoration of their late commander. Thus the charger was always led at the head of the regiment on a march, and at the station of Cawnpore, was usually indulged with taking his ancient post at the colour stand, where the salute of passing squadrons was given at drill and on reviews. When the regiment was ordered home, the funds of the privates running low, he was bought for the same sum by a relative of ours, who provided funds and a paddock for him, where he might end his days in comfort; but when the corps had marched, and the sound of the trumpet had departed, he refused to eat, and on the first opportunity, being led out to exercise, he broke from his groom, and galloping to his ancient station on the parade, after neighing aloud, dropped down and died.

The affection of the horse is sometimes displayed in joyous gambols and familiar caresses like those of the dog, though, like the man in the fable who was embraced by his ass, one would willingly dispense with such boisterous manifestations. We are informed in the *Sporting Magazine*, that a gentleman in Buckinghamshire had in his possession, December 1793, a three-year-old colt, a dog, and three sheep, which were his constant

attendants in all his walks. When the parlour window, which looked into the field, happened to be open, the colt had often been known to leap through it, go up to and caress his master, and then leap back to his pasture. We have ourselves often witnessed similar signs of affection on the part of an old Shetland pony, which would place its forefoot in the hand of its young master like a dog, thrust its head under his arm to be caressed, and join with him and a little terrier in all their noisy romplings on the lawn. The same animal daily bore its master to school, and though its heels and teeth were always ready for every aggressive urchin, yet so attached was it to this boy, that it would wait hours for him in his sports by the way, and even walk alone from the stable in town to the school-room, which was fully half a mile distant, and wait saddled and bridled for the afternoon's dismissal. Indeed the young scape-grace did not deserve one-tenth of this attention, for we have often seen old "Donald" toiling homeward with him at the gallop, to make up for time squandered at law or cricket.

Occasionally equine attachment exhibits itself in a light as exalted and creditable as that of the human mind. During the peninsular war, the trumpeter of a French cavalry corps had a fine charger assigned to him, of which he became passionately fond, and which, by gentleness of disposition and uniform docility, equally evinced its affection. The sound of the trumpeter's voice, the sight of his uniform, or the twang of his trumpet, was sufficient to throw this animal into a state of excitement; and he appeared to be pleased and happy only when under the saddle of his rider. Indeed he was unruly and useless to everybody else; for once, on being removed to another part of the forces, and consigned to a young officer, he resolutely refused to perform his evolutions, and bolted straight to the trumpeter's station, and there took his stand, jostling alongside his former master. This animal, on being restored to the trumpeter, carried him, during several of the peninsular campaigns, through many difficulties and hair-breadth escapes. At last the corps to which he belonged was worsted, and in the confusion of retreat the trumpeter was mortally wounded. Dropping from his horse, his body was found many days after the engagement stretched on the sward, with the faithful charger standing beside it. During the long interval, it seems that he had never quitted the trumpeter's side, but had stood sentinel over his corpse, scaring away the birds of prey, and remaining totally heedless of his own privations. When found, he was in a sadly reduced condition, partly from loss of blood through wounds, but chiefly from want of food, of which, in the excess of his grief, he could not be prevailed on to partake.

On the evening of Saturday the 24th February 1830, Mr Smith, supervisor of excise at Beaulieu, was proceeding home from a survey of Fort Augustus, and, to save a distance of about

sixteen miles, he took the hill road from Drumnadrochit to Beauly. The road was completely blocked up with, and indiscernible amidst the waste of snow, so that Mr Smith soon lost all idea of his route. In this dilemma he thought it best to trust to his horse, and, loosening the reins, allowed him to choose his own course. The animal made way, though slowly and cautiously, till coming to a ravine near Glenconvent, when both horse and rider suddenly disappeared in a snow wreath several fathoms deep. Mr Smith, on recovering, found himself nearly three yards from the dangerous spot, with his faithful horse standing over him, and licking the snow from his face. He thinks the bridle must have been attached to his person. So completely, however, had he lost all sense of consciousness, that beyond the bare fact as stated, he had no knowledge of the means by which he had made so striking and providential an escape.

Very similar to the above is the following instance related of a hunter belonging to a farmer in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh:—On one occasion his master was returning home from a jovial meeting, where he had been very liberal in his potations, which destroyed his power of preserving his equilibrium, and rendered him at the same time somewhat drowsy. He had the misfortune to fall from his saddle, but in so easy a manner, that it had not the effect of rousing him from his sleepy fit; and he felt quite contented to rest where he had alighted. His faithful steed, on being eased of his burden, instead of scampering home, as one would have expected from his habits (which were somewhat vicious), stood by his prostrate master, and kept a strict watch over him. The farmer was discovered by some labourers at sunrise, very contentedly snoozing on a heap of stones by the road-side. They naturally approached to replace him on his saddle; but every attempt to come near him was resolutely opposed by the grinning teeth and ready heels of his faithful and determined guardian.

The Biographical Sketches, on the authority of which we give the preceding, also records the following, as exhibiting a still more sagacious solicitude on the part of the horse for his master:—“A farmer who lives in the neighbourhood of Belford, and regularly attends the markets there, was returning home one evening in 1828, and being somewhat tipsy, rolled off his saddle into the middle of the road. His horse stood still; but after remaining patiently for some time, and not observing any disposition in its rider to get up and proceed further, he took him by the collar and shook him. This had little or no effect, for the farmer only gave a grumble of dissatisfaction at having his repose disturbed. The animal was not to be put off with any such evasion, and so applied his mouth to one of his master's coat laps, and after several attempts, by dragging at it, to raise him upon his feet, the coat lap gave way. Three individuals who witnessed this

extraordinary proceeding then went up, and assisted him in mounting his horse, putting the one coat lap into the pocket of the other, when he trotted off, and safely reached home. This horse is deservedly a favourite of his master, and has, we understand, occasionally been engaged in gambols with him like a dog."

The generally received opinion, that asses are stubborn and intractable, alike unmoved by harsh or affectionate usage, is in a great measure unfounded, as appears from the following anecdote, related in Church's Cabinet of Quadrupeds. In most instances their stubbornness is the result of bad treatment—a fact that says less for the humanity and intelligence of man, than for the natural dispositions of the brute. An old man, who a few years ago sold vegetables in London, used in his employment an ass, which conveyed his baskets from door to door. Frequently he gave the poor industrious creature a handful of hay, or a piece of bread, or greens, by way of refreshment and reward. He had no need of any goad for the animal, and seldom indeed had he to lift up his hand to drive it on. His kind treatment was one day remarked to him, and he was asked whether his beast were apt to be stubborn. "Ah! master," replied he, "it is of no use to be cruel, and as for stubbornness, I cannot complain; for he is ready to do anything, and go anywhere. I bred him myself. He is sometimes skittish and playful, and once ran away from me; you will hardly believe it, but there were more than fifty people after him, yet he turned back of himself, and never stopped till he ran his head kindly into my bosom."

INSTANCES OF REVENGE AND OBSTINACY.

Though Providence seems to have implanted in the horse a benevolent disposition, with at the same time a certain awe of the human race, yet there are instances on record of his recollecting injuries, and fearfully revenging them. A person near Boston, in America, was in the habit, whenever he wished to catch his horse in the field, of taking a quantity of corn in a measure by way of bait. On calling to him, the horse would come up and eat the corn, while the bridle was put over his head. But the owner having deceived the animal several times, by calling him when he had no corn in the measure, the horse at length began to suspect the design; and coming up one day as usual, on being called, looked into the measure, and seeing it empty, turned round, reared on his hind-legs, and killed his master on the spot.

In the preceding instance the provocation was deceit and trickery; the poor horse, however, often receives heavier incentives to revenge. Can we blame him when he attempts it in such cases as the following?—A baronet, one of whose hunters had never tired in the longest chase, once encouraged the cruel

thought of attempting completely to fatigue him. After a long chase, therefore, he dined, and again mounting, rode furiously among the hills. When brought to the stable, his strength appeared exhausted, and he was scarcely able to walk. The groom, possessed of more feeling than his brutal master, could not refrain from tears at the sight of so noble an animal thus sunk down. The baronet some time after entered the stable, and the horse made a furious spring upon him; and had not the groom interfered, would soon have put it out of his power of ever again misusing his animals.

It is told of a horse belonging to an Irish nobleman, that he always became restive and furious whenever a certain individual came into his presence. One day this poor fellow happened to pass within reach, when the animal seized him with its teeth and broke his arm; it then threw him down, and lay upon him—every effort to get it off proving unavailing, till the bystanders were compelled to shoot it. The reason assigned for this ferocity was, that the man had performed a cruel operation on the animal some time before, and which it seems to have revengefully remembered.

The ass, like his congener the horse, is also sometimes influenced by the most determined revenge. At Salwell, in 1825, an ass was ferociously attacked by a bull-dog; but the poor animal defended himself so gallantly with his heels—keeping his rear always presented to his assailant—that the dog was unable to fix on him. He at length turned rapidly round on his adversary, and caught hold of him with his teeth in such a manner that the dog was unable to retaliate. Here the dog howled most repentantly, and one would have thought that the ass would have dismissed him with this punishment; but no; he dragged the enemy to the river Derwent, into which he put him over the head, and lying down upon him, kept him under water till he was drowned.

Occasionally, the horse displays unparalleled obstinacy, suffering himself to be lashed and bruised in the severest manner rather than yield to the wishes of his master. In most instances there is some discoverable cause for such perversity, though in some there appears to be no other impulse save that of a stubborn and wilful disposition. We have witnessed a draught-horse, working lustily and cheerfully, all at once stand still on coming to a certain spot; and no coaxing that could be offered, or punishment that could be inflicted, would cause him to move one step, until he was blindfolded, and then he would push forward as if nothing had happened. On one occasion, we chanced to see a carter's horse take one of these obstinate fits, when issuing from a quarry with a load of stones. The most shameful tortures were had recourse to by the carter and quarrymen; but all to no purpose. We believe the animal would have suffered himself to be cut to pieces rather than stir one foot. At last the carter in

desperation threw an iron chain round the neck of the animal, and yoked another horse to the chain; but no sooner did the obstinate brute perceive the intention of this application, than he rushed forward; and from that day, the simple jingling of a chain was quite sufficient to put him out of the sulks.

For the most part, however, there is some apparent cause for these intractable fits, such as the remembrance of a fright, of a severe punishment, or of some other injury. Thus we have known a riding-horse pass within a few feet of the wands of a windmill when in motion; and yet no force or persuasion would induce him to pass them when they were at rest. This seemed curious to his master, till told that one day, when the animal was grazing immediately under the wands, they were suddenly set in motion, which so frightened him, that in his haste to escape he came down, and was stunned by the fall. The recollection of this had never forsaken him; and though he had courage to pass a moving wand, he could never so much as face one that had a chance of being suddenly set in motion. Akin to this is the following, related to us by a correspondent:—In travelling by coach some years ago, we stopped at a country stage to change horses. While this process was going on, we remarked a peculiar interest to attach to the left-wheel horse, a strong-built, though rather hard-favoured and sinister-looking animal. After unusual preparations had been made, and amid the leers and jibes of a bevy of ostlers and post-boys, who stood by armed with whips and staves, the order was given to start. The other horses bounded forward, but the left-wheeler instantly squatted down on the ground, and there he lay, notwithstanding the shower of blows with which he was forthwith assailed from the bystanders. It was in vain that they beat, coaxed, and threatened him—there he lay, sullen and unmoved, till at last they were obliged to unyoke him, and supply his place with another. This had not been his first trick of the kind; yet we were told that the same horse submitted quietly to be yoked in a gig, and always proved a steady roadster. Some antipathy had rendered the coach abhorrent to him, though he did not pretend to exempt himself from other kinds of labour.

The ascendancy which some individuals have over intractable horses of this sort is truly wonderful, as the following curious instance, related of James Sullivan, a horse-breaker at Cork, and an awkward rustic of the lowest class, will show. This man obtained the singular appellation of the *Whisperer*, from a most extraordinary art which he possessed of controlling, in a secret manner, and taming into the most submissive and tractable disposition, any horse that was notoriously vicious and obstinate. He practised his skill in private, and without any apparent forcible means. In the short space of half an hour, his magical influence would bring into perfect submission and good temper even a colt that had never been handled; and the effect, though

instantaneously produced, was generally durable. When employed to tame an outrageous animal, he directed the stable in which he and the object of the experiment were placed to be shut, with orders not to open the door until a signal was given. After a *tête-à-tête* between him and the horse for about half an hour, during which little or no bustle was heard, the signal was made, and upon opening the door, the horse was seen lying down, and the man by his side playing familiarly with him, like a child with a puppy dog. From that time he was found perfectly willing to submit to any discipline, however repugnant to his nature before. The narrator of this account says, "I once saw his skill on a horse which could never before be brought to stand for a smith to shoe him. The day after Sullivan's half-hour lecture, I went, not without some incredulity, to the smith's shop, with many other curious spectators, where we were eye-witnesses of the complete success of his art. This, too, had been a troop-horse; and it was supposed, not without reason, that, after regimental discipline had failed, no other would be found availing. I observed that the animal appeared afraid whenever Sullivan either spoke or looked at him. How that extraordinary ascendancy could have been obtained, it is difficult to conjecture. He seemed to possess an instinctive power of inspiring awe, the result perhaps of a natural intrepidity, in which I believe a great part of his art consisted, though the circumstance of a *tête-à-tête* shows, that upon particular occasions something more must have been added to it."

ATTACHMENT TO OTHER ANIMALS.

Gregarious when wild, the horse retains his sociable disposition undiminished by domestication and bondage. "My neighbour's horse," says White of Selborne, "will not only not stay by himself abroad, but he will not bear to be left alone in a strange stable without discovering the utmost impatience, and endeavouring to break the rack and manger with his forefeet. He has been known to leap out at a stable-window, through which dung was thrown, after company; and yet in other respects he is remarkably quiet." The same disposition characterises less or more every member of the family. Many horses, though quiet in company, will not stay one minute in a field by themselves; and yet the presence of a cow, of a goat, or a pet lamb, will perfectly satisfy them. The attachments which they thus form are often curious and inexplicable.

A gentleman of Bristol had a greyhound, which slept in the stable along with a very fine hunter of about five years of age. These animals became mutually attached, and regarded each other with the most tender affection. The greyhound always lay under the manger beside the horse, which was so fond of him, that he became unhappy and restless when the dog was out of his sight. It was a common practice with the gentleman to whom

they belonged to call at the stable for the greyhound to accompany him in his walks: on such occasions the horse would look over his shoulder at the dog with much anxiety, and neigh in a manner which plainly said—"Let me also accompany you." When the dog returned to the stable, he was always welcomed by a loud neigh—he ran up to the horse and licked his nose; in return, the horse would scratch the dog's back with his teeth. One day, when the groom was out with the horse and greyhound for exercise, a large dog attacked the latter, and quickly bore him to the ground; on which the horse threw back his ears, and, in spite of all the efforts of the groom, rushed at the strange dog that was worrying at the greyhound, seized him by the back with his teeth, which speedily made him quit his hold, and shook him till a large piece of the skin gave way. The offender no sooner got on his feet, than he judged it prudent to beat a precipitate retreat from so formidable an opponent.

The following singular instance of attachment between a pony and a lamb is given by Captain Brown:—"In December 1825, Thomas Rae, blacksmith, Hardhills, parish of Brittle, purchased a lamb of the black-faced breed from an individual passing with a large flock. It was so extremely wild, that it was with great difficulty separated from its fleecy companions. He put it into his field in company with a cow and a little white Galloway. It never seemed to mind the cow, but soon exhibited manifest indications of fondness for the pony, which, not insensible to such tender approaches, amply demonstrated the attachment to be reciprocal. They were now to be seen in company in all circumstances, whether the pony was used for riding or drawing. Such a spectacle no doubt drew forth the officious gaze of many; and when likely to be too closely beset, the lamb would seek an asylum beneath the pony's belly, and pop out its head betwixt the fore or hind legs, with looks of conscious security. At night, it invariably repaired to the stable, and reposed under the manger, before the head of its favourite. When separated, which only happened when effected by force, the lamb would raise the most plaintive bleatings, and the pony responsive neighings. On one occasion they both strayed into an adjoining field, in which was a flock of sheep; the lamb joined the flock at a short distance from the pony, but as soon as the owner removed him, it quickly followed without the least regard to its own species. Another instance of the same description happened when riding through a large flock: it followed on without showing any symptoms of a wish to remain with its natural companions."

As already remarked, the attachments which the horse will form, when separated from his own kind, are often curious and inexplicable, showing how much the whole animal creation, from man himself to the humblest insect, is under the influence of a social nature. "Even great disparity of kind," says White, "does not always prevent social advances and mutual fellow-

ship; for a very intelligent and observant person has assured me, that in the former part of his life, keeping but one horse, he happened also on a time to have but one solitary hen. These two incongruous animals spent much of their time together in a lonely orchard, where they saw no creature but each other. By degrees an apparent regard began to take place between these two sequestered individuals. The fowl would approach the quadruped with notes of complacency, rubbing herself quietly against his legs, while the horse would look down with satisfaction, and move with the greatest caution and circumspection, lest he should trample on his diminutive companion. Thus, by mutual good offices, each seemed to console the vacant hours of the other; so that Milton, when he puts the following sentiment in the mouth of Adam, seems somewhat mistaken—

Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl
So well converse, nor with the ox the ape."

We shall close this pleasing section of the horse's history with an extract from the Biographical Sketches, which speaks volumes for the intelligence and affection of the brute creation:—"My friend, Dr Smith, of the Queen's County Militia, Ireland, had a beautiful hackney, which, although extremely spirited, was at the same time wonderfully docile. He had also a fine Newfoundland dog, named Cæsar. These animals were mutually attached, and seemed perfectly acquainted with each other's actions. The dog was always kept in the stable at night, and universally lay beside the horse. When Dr Smith practised in Dublin, he visited his patients on horseback, and had no other servant to take care of the horse, while in their houses, but Cæsar, to whom he gave the reins in his mouth. The horse stood very quietly, even in that crowded city, beside his friend Cæsar. When it happened that the doctor had a patient not far distant from the place where he paid his last visit, he did not think it worth while to remount, but called to his horse and Cæsar. They both instantly obeyed, and remained quietly opposite the door where he entered, until he came out again. While he remained in Maryborough, Queen's County, where I commanded a detachment, I had many opportunities of witnessing the friendship and sagacity of these intelligent animals. The horse seemed to be as implicitly obedient to his friend Cæsar as he could possibly be to his groom. The doctor would go to the stable, accompanied by his dog, put the bridle upon his horse, and giving the reins to Cæsar, bid him take the horse to the water. They both understood what was to be done, when off trotted Cæsar, followed by the horse, which frisked, capered, and played with the dog all the way to the rivulet, about three hundred yards distant from the stable. We followed at a great distance, always keeping as far off as possible, so that we could observe their manœuvres. They invariably went to the stream,

and after the horse had quenched his thirst, both returned in the same playful manner as they had gone out.

The doctor frequently desired Cæsar to make the horse leap over this stream, which might be about six feet broad. The dog, by a kind of bark, and leaping up towards the horse's head, intimated to him what he wanted, which was quickly understood; and he cantered off, preceded by Cæsar, and took the leap in a neat and regular style. The dog was then desired to bring him back again, and it was speedily done in the same manner. On one occasion Cæsar lost hold of the reins, and as soon as the horse cleared the leap, he immediately trotted up to his canine guide, who took hold of the bridle, and led him through the water quietly."

POWER OF MEMORY.

Horses have exceedingly good memories. In the darkest nights they will find their way homeward, if they have but once passed over the road; they will recognise their old masters after a lapse of many years; and those that have been in the army, though now degraded to carters' drudges, will suddenly become inspirited at the sight of military array, and rush to join the ranks, remembering not only their old uniform, but their own places in the troop, and the order of the various manœuvres. Many interesting anecdotes might be recited under this head, which place the retentive powers of the horse in a highly pleasing and creditable light.

A gentleman rode a young horse, which he had bred, thirty miles from home, and to a part of the country where he had never been before. The road was a cross one, and extremely difficult to find; however, by dint of perseverance and inquiry, he at length reached his destination. Two years afterwards, he had occasion to go the same way, and was benighted four or five miles from the end of his journey. The night was so dark that he could scarcely see the horse's head. He had a dreary moor and common to pass, and had lost all traces of the proper direction he had to take. The rain began to fall heavily. He now contemplated the uncertainty of his situation. "Here am I," said he to himself, "far from any house, and in the midst of a dreary waste, where I know not which way to direct the course of my steed. I have heard much of the memory of the horse, and in that is now my only hope." He threw the reins on the horse's neck, and encouraging him to proceed, found himself safe at the gate of his friend in less than an hour. It must be remarked, that the animal could not possibly have been that road but on the occasion two years before, as no person ever rode him but his master.

Sometimes the recollection of the horse serves him so well, that he will perform actions with as much precision when left to himself, as though he had been under the guidance of his master. A Wiltshire gentleman, in 1821, lent a well-bred and fiery mare

to a friend from town, who had come down to try the Essex dogs against the Wilts breed of greyhounds. At the close of a very fine day's sport, the huntsman had to beat a small furze-brake, and, for the purpose of better threading it, the London gentleman dismounted, and gave the bridle of his mare to the next horseman. Puss was soon started; the "halloo" was given. The person who held the mare, in the eagerness of the sport, forgot his charge, loosed his hold, and, regardless of any other than his own steed, left the mare to run, like Mazeppa's, "wild and untutored." But, to the astonishment of all, instead of so doing, or even attempting to bend her course homewards (and she was in the immediate neighbourhood of her stable), she ran the whole course at the tail of the dogs, turned as well as she could when they brought the prey about; and afterwards, by outstripping all competitors (for the run was long and sharp), she stopped only at the death of the hare, and then suffered herself to be quietly regained and remounted. What renders it still more remarkable is, that the animal had only twice followed the hounds previous to this event. It is true that her conduct may have been influenced by the circumstance, that the brace of dogs which were slipped were the property of her owner, and the groom had been in the habit of exercising them with her.

To prove that the notes of hounds have an overpowering influence upon horses which have once joined the chase, another incident, which occurred in 1807, has often been related:—As the Liverpool mail-coach was changing horses at the inn at Monk's Heath, between Congleton in Cheshire and Newcastle-under-Lyne, the horses that had performed the stage from Congleton having just been taken off and separated, hearing Sir Peter Warburton's fox hounds in full cry, immediately started after them with their harness on, and followed the chase till the last. One of them, a blood mare, kept the track with the whipper-in, and gallantly followed him for about two hours over every leap he took, till Reynard ran to earth in Mr Hibbert's plantation. These spirited horses were led back to the inn at Monk's Heath, and performed the stage back to Congleton the same evening.

Horses being highly susceptible in their dispositions, are also peculiarly mindful of kind treatment. "This," says Colonel Smith, "was very manifest in a charger that had been two years our own, and which was left with the army, but had subsequently been brought back and sold in London. About three years after, we chanced to travel up to town, and at a relay, getting out of the mail, the off-wheel horse attracted our attention, and upon going near to examine it, we found the animal recognising its former master, and testifying satisfaction by rubbing its head against our clothes, and making every moment a little stamp with the forefeet, till the coachman asked if the horse was not an old acquaintance. We remember," continues the colonel, "a beautiful and most powerful charger belonging

to a friend, then a captain in the 14th dragoons, bought by him in Ireland at a low price, on account of an impetuous viciousness, which had cost the life of one or two grooms. The captain was a kind of centaur rider, not to be flung by the most violent efforts, and of a temper for gentleness that would effect a cure, if vice were curable. After some very dangerous combats with his horse, the animal was subdued, and became so attached, that his master could walk anywhere with him following like a dog, and even ladies could mount him with perfect safety. He rode him during several campaigns in Spain; and on one occasion, when in action, horse and rider came headlong to the ground, the animal, making an effort to spring up, placed his forefoot on the captain's breast, but immediately withdrawing it, rose without hurting him, or moving till he was remounted."

The most remarkable instances of minute recollection, however, occur in horses that have been accustomed to the army. It is told that in one of their insurrections in the early part of the present century, the Tyrolese captured fifteen horses belonging to the Bavarian troops sent against them, and mounted them with fifteen of their own men, in order to go out to a fresh rencontre with the same troops; but no sooner did those horses hear the well-known sound of their own trumpet, and recognise the uniform of their own squadron, than they dashed forward at full speed; and, in spite of all the efforts of their riders, bore them into the ranks, and delivered them up as prisoners to the Bavarians. "If an old military horse," we quote the Cyclopædia of Natural History, "even when reduced almost to skin and bone, hears the roll of a drum or the twang of a trumpet, the freshness of his youth appears to come upon him, and if he at the same time gets a sight of men clad in uniform, and drawn up in line, it is no easy matter to prevent him from joining them. Nor does it signify what kind of military they are, as is shown by the following case:—Towards the close of last century, about the time when volunteers were first embodied in the different towns, an extensive line of turnpike road was in progress of construction in a part of the north. The clerk to the trustees upon this line used to send one of his assistants to ride along occasionally, to see that the contractors, who were at work in a great many places, were doing their work properly. The assistant, on these journeys, rode a horse which had for a long time carried a field-officer, and though aged, still possessed a great deal of spirit. One day, as he was passing near a town of considerable size which lay on the line of road, the volunteers were at drill on the common; and the instant that Solus (for that was the name of the horse) heard the drum, he leaped the fence, and was speedily at that post in front of the volunteers which would have been occupied by the commanding officer of a regiment on parade or at drill; nor could the rider by any means get him off the ground until the volunteers retired to the town. As long as they

kept the field, the horse took the proper place of a commanding officer in all their manoeuvres; and he marched at the head of the corps into the town, prancing in military style as cleverly as his stiffened legs would allow him, to the great amusement of the volunteers and spectators, and to the no small annoyance of the clerk, who did not feel very highly honoured by Solus making a colonel of him against his will."

The following illustration of combined memory and reasoning has often been recorded; we are not aware, however, upon whose authority it originally appeared:—A cart-horse belonging to Mr Leggat, Gallowgate Street, Glasgow, had been several times afflicted with the bots, and as often cured by Mr Downie, farrier there. He had not, however, been troubled with that disease for a considerable time; but on a recurrence of the disorder, he happened one morning to be employed in College Street, a distance of nearly a mile from Mr Downie's workshop. Arranged in a row with other horses engaged in the same work, while the carters were absent, he left the range, and, unattended by any driver, went down the High Street, along the Gallowgate, and up a narrow lane, where he stopped at the farrier's door. As neither Mr Leggat nor any one appeared with the horse, it was surmised that he had been seized with his old complaint. Being unyoked from the cart, he lay down and showed by every means of which he was capable that he was in distress. He was again treated as usual, and sent home to his master, who had by that time persons in all directions in search of him.

In point of sagacity and memory, the ass is nothing inferior to his nobler congener, as is shown by the subjoined well-known anecdote:—In 1816, an ass belonging to Captain Dundas, then at Malta, was shipped on board the Ister frigate, bound from Gibraltar to that island. The vessel struck on a sand-bank off Cape de Gat; and the ass was thrown overboard, in the hope that it might be able to swim to land; of which, however, there seemed little chance, for the sea was running so high, that a boat which left the ship was lost. A few days after, when the gates of Gibraltar were opened in the morning, the guard was surprised by the ass presenting himself for admittance. On entering, he proceeded immediately to the stable of his former master. The poor animal had not only swam safely to shore, but, without guide, compass, or travelling map, had found his way from Cape de Gat to Gibraltar—a distance of more than two hundred miles—through a mountainous and intricate country, intersected by streams, which he had never traversed before, and in so short a period that he could not have made one false turn.

DOCILITY.

The docility of the horse is one of the most remarkable of his natural gifts. Furnished with acute senses, an excellent memory, high intelligence, and gentle disposition, he soon learns to know

and obey his master's will, and to perform certain actions with astonishing accuracy and precision. The range of his performances, however, is limited by his physical conformation: he has not a hand to grasp, a proboscis to lift the minutest object, nor the advantages of a light and agile frame; if he had, the monkey, the dog, and the elephant, would in this respect be left far behind him. Many of the anecdotes that are told under this head are highly entertaining.

Mr Astley, junior, of the Royal Amphitheatre, Westminster Bridge, once had in his possession a remarkably fine Barbary horse, forty-three years of age, which was presented him by the Duke of Leeds. This celebrated animal for a number of years officiated in the character of a waiter in the course of the performances at the amphitheatre, and at various other theatres in the United Kingdom. At the request of his master, he would ungirth his own saddle, wash his feet in a pail of water, and would also bring into the riding-school a tea-table and its appendages, which feat was usually followed up by fetching a chair, or stool, or whatever might be wanted. His achievements were generally wound up by his taking a kettle of boiling water from a blazing fire, to the wonder and admiration of the spectators. Ray affirms that he has seen a horse that danced to music, which at the command of his master affected to be lame, feigned death, lay motionless with his limbs extended, and allowed himself to be dragged about till some words were pronounced, when he instantly sprang to his feet. Feats of this kind are now indeed common, and must have been witnessed by many of our readers in the circuses of Astley, Ord, Ducrow, and others. Dancing, embracing, lying down to make sport with their keepers, fetching cane and gloves, selecting peculiar cards, and many similar performances, are among the expected entertainments of all equestrian exhibitions.

A few years ago, one of the most attractive of Ducrow's exhibitions was "The Muleteer and his Wonderful Horse." The feats of this pair are pleasantly described in a popular journal, by an individual who witnessed them in 1838:—"The horse," says this writer, "is a beautiful piebald, perfect almost in mould, and adorned about the neck with little bells. At first, it playfully and trickishly avoids its master when he affects an anxiety to catch it; but when the muleteer averts his head, and assumes the appearance of sullenness, the animal at once stops, and comes up close to his side, as if very penitent for its untimely sportiveness. Its master is pacified, and after caressing it a little, he touches the animal's fore-legs. It stretches them out, and, in doing so, necessarily causes the hind-legs to project also. We now see the purpose of these movements. The muleteer wishes a seat, and an excellent one he finds upon the horse's protruded *hind-legs*. A variety of instances of docility similar to this are exhibited by the creature in succession, but its leaping

feats appeared to us the most striking of all. Poles are brought into the ring, and the horse clears *six* of these, one after the other, with a distance of not more than four feet between! After it has done this, it goes up *limping* to its master, as if to say, 'See, I can do no more to-night!' The muleteer lifts the lame foot, and seems to search for the cause of the halt, but in vain. Still, however, the horse goes on limping. The muleteer then looks it in the face, and shakes his head, as if he would say, 'Ah! you are shamming, you rogue; arn't you?' And a sham it proves to be; for, at a touch of the whip, the creature bounds off like a fawn, sound both in wind and limb."

One of the earliest equine actors in this country was Banks's celebrated horse "Morocco," alluded to by Shakspeare in *Love's Labour Lost*, and by other writers of that time. It is stated of this animal that he would restore a glove to its owner after his master had whispered the man's name in his ear, and that he would tell the number of pence in any silver coin. He danced likewise to the sound of a pipe, and told money with his feet. Sir Walter Raleigh quaintly remarks, "that had Banks lived in older times, he would have shamed all the enchanters in the world; for whosoever was most famous among them, could never master or instruct any beast as he did his horse." M. le Gendre mentions similar feats performed by a small horse at the fair of St Germain in 1732. Among others which he accomplished with astonishing precision, he could specify, by striking his foot so many times on the ground, the number of pips upon a card which any person present had drawn out of a pack. He could also tell the hour and minute to which the hands of a watch pointed in a similar manner. His master collected a number of coins from different persons in the company, mixed them together, and threw them to the horse in a handkerchief. The animal took it in his mouth, and delivered to each person his own piece of money. What is still more wonderful, considering his size, weight, and peculiarity of construction, the horse has been known to pass along the tight-rope. It is recorded that, at the solemnities which attended the wedding of Robert, brother to the king of France, in 1237, a horse was ridden along a rope, and that it kept balance and moved with precision. Our surprise at this rope-dancing faculty may, however, be a little abated, when we learn that the more unwieldy elephant has actually exhibited the same performance.*

Even the ass, stupid as we are accustomed to consider him, is

* According to Pliny, at the spectacles given by the Emperor Germanicus, it was not an uncommon thing to see elephants hurl javelins in the air, and catch them in their trunks—fight with each other as gladiators, and then execute a pyrrhic dance. Lastly, they danced upon a rope, and their steps were so practised and certain, that four of them traversed the rope (or rather parallel ropes) bearing a litter which contained one of their companions, who feigned to be sick.

capable of being taught tricks equally clever and amusing. Leo, in his Description of Africa, 1556, gives the following account of a performance which he witnessed in Egypt:—"When the Mahometan worship is over, the common people of Cairo resort to that part of the suburbs called Bed-Elloch, to see the exhibition of stage-players and mountebanks, who teach camels, asses, and dogs to dance. The dancing of the ass is diverting enough; for after he has frisked and capered about, his master tells him that the sultan, meaning to build a great palace, intends to employ all the asses in carrying mortar, stones, and other materials; upon which the ass falls down with his heels upwards, closing his eyes, and extending his chest, as if he were dead. This done, the master begs some assistance of the company, to make up for the loss of the dead ass; and having got all he can, he gives them to know that truly his ass is not dead, but only being sensible of his master's necessity, played that trick to procure some provender. He then commands the ass to rise, which still lies in the same posture, notwithstanding all the blows he can give him; till at last he proclaims, by virtue of an edict of the sultan, all are bound to ride out next day upon the comeliest asses they can find, in order to see a triumphal show, and to entertain their asses with oats and Nile water. These words are no sooner pronounced, than the ass starts up, prances, and leaps for joy. The master then declares that his ass has been pitched upon by the warden of his street to carry his deformed and ugly wife; upon which the ass lowers his ears, and limps with one of his legs, as if he were lame. The master alleging that his ass admires handsome women, commands him to single out the prettiest lady in company; and accordingly he makes his choice, by going round and touching one of the prettiest with his head, to the great amusement of the spectators."

This astonishing aptitude in the horse and ass is often directed to purposes more immediately useful to themselves. Thus, in 1794, a gentleman in Leeds had a horse which, after being kept up in the stable for some time, and turned out into a field where there was a pump well supplied with water, regularly obtained a quantity therefrom by his own dexterity. For this purpose the animal was observed to take the handle into his mouth, and work it with the head, in a way exactly similar to that done by the hand of a man, until a sufficiency was procured. Again, horses have been taught to go to and from water or pasture by themselves, to open the gate, and otherwise to conduct themselves with a propriety almost human. We have ourselves known a farm boy, who was too small to mount the plough-horses, teach one of the team to put down its head to the ground, allow him to get astride its neck, and then, by gently elevating the head, to let him slip backwards to his seat on its back. This act we have seen done by the same horse a hundred times, and there was no doubt that the animal perfectly understood the

wishes of the boy, and the use of its lowering the head for the purpose of his mounting.

GENERAL SAGACITY AND INTELLIGENCE.

It has been before remarked, that the horse is inferior to none of the brute creation in sagacity and general intelligence. In a state of nature, he is cautious and watchful; and the manner in which the wild herds conduct their marches, station their scouts and leaders, shows how fully they comprehend the necessity of obedience and order. All their movements, indeed, seem to be the result of reason, aided by a power of communicating their ideas far superior to that of most other animals. The neighings by which they communicate terror, alarm, recognition, the discovery of water and pasture, &c. are all essentially different, yet instantaneously comprehended by every member of the herd; nay, the various movements of the body, the pawing of the ground, the motions of the ears, and the expressions of the countenance, seem to be fully understood by each other. In passing swampy ground, they test it with the forefoot, before trusting to it the full weight of their bodies; they will strike asunder the melon-cactus to obtain its succulent juice with an address perfectly wonderful; and will scoop out a hollow in the moist sand, in the expectation of its filling with water. All this they do in their wild state; and domestication, it seems, instead of deteriorating, tends rather to strengthen and develop their intelligence.

The Rev. Mr Hall, in his "Travels through Scotland," tells of the Shetland ponies, that when they come to any boggy piece of ground—whether with or without their masters—they first put their nose to it, and then pat it in a peculiar way with their forefeet; and from the sound and feeling of the ground, they know whether it will bear them. They do the same with ice, and determine in a minute whether they will proceed; and that with a judgment far more unerring than that of their riders.

Their sagacity sometimes evinces itself in behalf of their companions, in a manner which would do honour even to human nature. M. de Boussanelle, a captain of cavalry in the regiment of Beauvilliers, mentions that a horse belonging to his company being, from age, unable to eat his hay or grind his oats, was fed for two months by two horses on his right and left, who ate with him. These two chargers, drawing the hay out of the racks, chewed it, and put it before the old horse, and did the same with the oats, which he was then able to eat. In 1828, Mr Evans of Henfaes, Montgomeryshire, had a favourite pony mare and colt, that grazed in a field adjoining the Severn. One day the pony made her appearance in front of the house, and, by clattering with her feet, and other noises, attracted attention. Observing this, a person went out, and she immediately galloped

off. Mr Evans desired that she should be followed; and all the gates from the house to the field were found to have been forced open. On reaching the field, the pony was found looking into the river, over the spot where the colt was lying drowned.

The deepest cunning sometimes mingles with the sagacity of the horse, as evinced by the subjoined well-known anecdote. Forrester, the famous racer, had triumphed in many a severe contest; at length, overweighed and overmatched, the rally had commenced. His adversary, who had been waiting behind, was quickly gaining upon him; he reared, and eventually got abreast: they continued so till within the distance. They were parallel; but the strength of Forrester began to fail. He made a last desperate plunge; seized his opponent by the jaw to hold him back; and it was with great difficulty he could be forced to quit his hold. Forrester, however, lost the race. Again, in 1753, Mr Quin had a racer which entered into the spirit of the course as much as his master. One day, finding his rival gradually passing him, he seized him by the legs; and both riders were obliged to dismount, in order to separate the infuriated animals, now engaged with each other in the most deadly conflict.

Professor Kruger of Halle relates the following instance of sagacity and fidelity, which we believe is not without parallel in our own country:—A friend of mine was one dark night riding home through a wood, and had the misfortune to strike his head against the branch of a tree, and fell from his horse stunned by the blow. The horse immediately returned to the house which they had left, about a mile distant. He found the door closed, and the family gone to bed. He pawed at the door, till one of them, hearing the noise, arose and opened it, and to his surprise saw the horse of his friend. No sooner was the door opened than the horse turned round, and the man suspecting there was something wrong, followed the animal, which led him directly to the spot where his master lay on the ground in a faint. Equal in point of sagacity with this was the conduct of an old horse belonging to a carter in Strathmiglo, Fifeshire. From the carter having a large family, this animal had got particularly intimate with children, and would on no account move when they were playing among its feet, as if it feared to do them injury: On one occasion, when dragging a loaded cart through a narrow lane near the village, a young child happened to be playing in the road, and would inevitably have been crushed by the wheels, had it not been for the sagacity of this animal. He carefully took it by the clothes with his teeth, carried it for a few yards, and then placed it on a bank by the wayside, moving slowly all the while, and looking back, as if to satisfy himself that the wheels of the cart had cleared it. This animal was one of the most intelligent of his kind, and performed his duties with a steadiness and precision that were perfectly surprising.

The following manœuvre, which is related in most books on

animal instinct, appears to us rather incredible; we transcribe it, however, without vouching for its accuracy farther than the general circulation it has received:—The island of Krütsand, which is formed by two branches of the Elbe, is frequently laid under water, when, at the time of the spring-tides, the wind has blown in a direction contrary to that of the current. In April 1794, the water one day rose so rapidly, that the horses which were grazing in the plain, with their foals, suddenly found themselves standing in deep water, upon which they all set up a loud neighing, and collected themselves together within a small extent of ground. In this assembly they seemed to determine upon the following prudent measure, as the only means of saving their young foals, that were now standing up to the belly in the flood; in the execution of which some old mares also took a principal part, which could not be supposed to have been influenced by any maternal solicitude for the safety of the young. The method they adopted was this: every two horses took a foal between them, and, pressing their sides together, kept it wedged in, and lifted up quite above the surface of the water. All the horned cattle in the vicinity had already set themselves afloat, and were swimming in regular columns towards their homes. But these noble steeds, with undaunted perseverance, remained immoveable under their cherished burdens for the space of six hours, till the tide ebbing, the water subsided, and the foals were at length placed out of danger. The inhabitants, who had rowed to the place in boats, viewed with delight this singular manœuvre, whereby their valuable foals were preserved from a destruction otherwise inevitable.

Respecting the intelligence of even the common work-horse, the least delicately treated of his kind, Mr Stephens, in his "Book of the Farm," speaks in terms of high commendation. "It is remarked," says he, "by those who have much to do with blood-horses, that when at liberty, and seeing two or more people standing conversing together, they will approach, and seem as if it were to wish to listen to the conversation. The farm-horse will not do this; but he is quite obedient to call, and distinguishes his name readily from that of his companions, and will not stir when desired to stand, till his own name is pronounced. He distinguishes the various sorts of work he is put to; and will apply his strength and skill in the best way to effect his purpose, whether in the thrashing-mill, the cart, or the plough. He soon acquires a perfect sense of his work. [In ploughing] I have seen a horse walk very steadily towards a directing pole, and halt when his head had reached it. He seems also to have a sense of time. I have heard another neigh almost daily about ten minutes before the time of ceasing work in the evening, whether in summer or in winter. He is capable of distinguishing the tones of the voice, whether spoken in anger or otherwise, and can even distinguish between musical notes. There was a work-horse of my own, when even

at his corn, would desist eating, and listen attentively, with pricked and moving ears, and steady eyes, the instant he heard the note low G sounded, and would continue to listen so long as it was sustained; and another that was similarly affected by a particular high note. The recognition of the sound of the bugle by a trooper, and the excitement occasioned in the hunter when the pack give tongue, are familiar instances of the power of horses to discriminate between different sounds: they never mistake one call for another." It might also have been added, that work-horses seem fully to comprehend the meaning of the terms employed to direct them—whether forward, backward, to the left, or to the right. A great deal of this gibberish might certainly be spared with advantage, as tending only to confuse the limited faculties of the animal; but still there is no doubt that a horse will obey the command to stop, to go on, or to swerve to either side, even should its master be hundreds of yards distant. Work-horses seem also to anticipate Sunday, perhaps partly from memory, and partly from noticing the preparations making for it. They are quick observers of any change that takes place around them; they can distinguish the footfall of the person who feeds them; and seem fully to understand, from the kind of harness put upon them, whether they are to be yoked in the mill, in the cart, or in the plough. Even when blind they will perform their accustomed operations with wonderful precision. We knew a blind coach-horse that ran one of the stages on the great north road for several years, and so perfectly was he acquainted with all the stables, halting-places, and other matters, that he was never found to commit a blunder. In his duties he was no doubt greatly aided by hearing and smell. He could never be driven past his own stable; and at the sound of the coming coach, he would turn out of his own accord into the stable-yard. What was very remarkable, so accurate was his knowledge of time, that though half-a-dozen coaches halted at the same inn, yet was he never known to stir till the sound of the "Ten o'clock" was heard in the distance.

The manner in which the ass descends the dangerous precipices of the Alps and Andes is too curious and indicative of sagacity to be passed over without notice. It is thus graphically described in the Naturalist's Cabinet:—"In the passes of these mountains, there are often on one side steep eminences, and on the other frightful abysses; and as these for the most part follow the direction of the mountain, the road forms at every little distance steep declivities of several hundred yards downwards. These can only be descended by asses; and the animals themselves seem perfectly aware of the danger, by the caution they use. When they come to the edge of one of the descents, they stop of themselves, without being checked by the rider; and if he inadvertently attempt to spur them on, they continue immovable, as if ruminating on the danger that lies before them, and preparing for the en-

counter; for they not only attentively view the road, but tremble and snort at the danger. Having at length prepared for the descent, they place their forefeet in a posture as if they were stopping themselves; they then also put their hinder feet together, but a little forward, as if they were about to lie down. In this attitude, having taken a survey of the road, they slide down with the swiftness of a meteor. In the meantime, all that the rider has to do is to keep himself fast on the saddle, without checking the rein, for the least motion is sufficient to destroy the equilibrium of the ass, in which case both must inevitably perish. But their address in this rapid descent is truly wonderful; for, in their swiftest motion, when they seem to have lost all government of themselves, they follow the different windings of the road with as great exactness as if they had previously determined on the route they were to follow, and taken every precaution for their safety."

The preceding anecdotes—which form but a mere fraction of what might be gleaned—exhibit some of the principal features in the character of the horse, whose natural qualities have been matured and greatly developed by domestication. Man has trained him with care, for the value of his services; we wish we could add, that he uniformly treats him with kindness and consideration. "The reduction of the horse to a domestic state," says Buffon, "is the greatest acquisition from the animal world ever made by the art and industry of man. This noble animal partakes of the fatigues of war, and seems to feel the glory of victory. Equally intrepid as his master, he encounters danger and death with ardour and magnanimity. He delights in the noise and tumult of arms, and annoys the enemy with resolution and alacrity. But it is not in perils and conflicts alone that the horse willingly co-operates with his master; he likewise participates in human pleasures. He exults in the chase and the tournament; his eyes sparkle with emulation in the course. But, though bold and intrepid, he suffers not himself to be carried off by a furious ardour; he represses his movements, and knows how to govern and check the natural vivacity and fire of his temper. He not only yields to the hand, but seems to consult the inclination of the rider. Uniformly obedient to the impressions he receives, he flies or stops, and regulates his motions entirely by the will of his master. He in some measure renounces his very existence to the pleasure of man. He delivers up his whole powers; he reserves nothing; and often dies rather than disobey the mandates of his governor." If such be the principal features in the character of the horse—and they are universally admitted—the feelings of that individual are little to be envied who ever utters a harsh tone, draws a severe lash, or urges beyond his speed or strength an animal so willing and so obedient, and whose powers have been so essential to human progress.