

**THE STORY-TELLER: A COLLECTION
OF ORIGINAL TALES, CALCULATED
TO LEAD THE YOUTHFUL MIND TO
A LOVE OF RELIGION, MORALITY,
AND VIRTUE**

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The story-teller: a collection of original tales, calculated to lead the youthful mind to a love of religion, morality, and virtue by Anonymous

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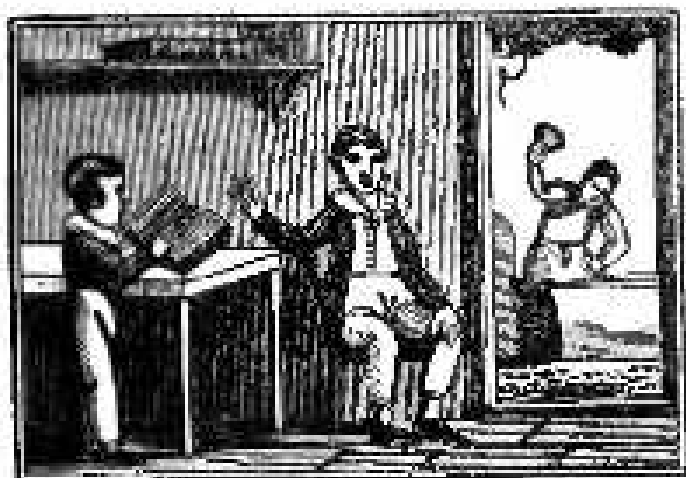
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ANONYMOUS

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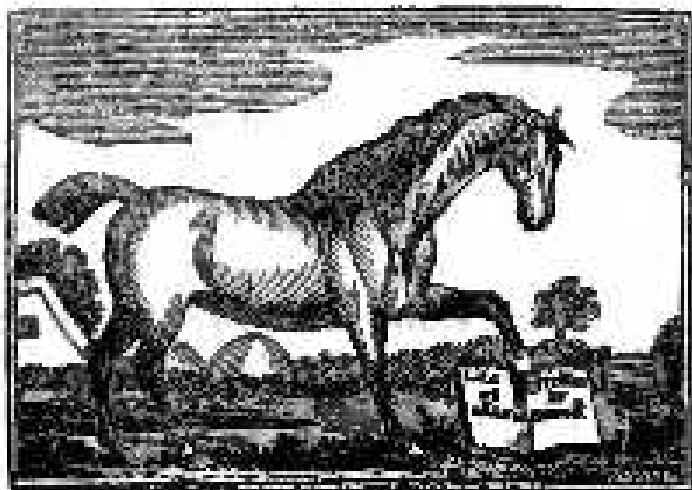
Illustrated with many engravings.



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And David Francis, 90 Newbury-Street.



THE LIFE OF A HORSE.

Supposed to be written by himself.

“WHAT useful animals are Horses !” I have frequently heard persons exclaim, who were seated at ease in a chaise, while I drew them rapidly along the road ; and yet how cruelly are we frequently used ! half the business of the country would be at a stand, but for our race ; men are dependent upon us for the greater part of their advantages, or their pleasures, and how do they recompense the most useful among us ?—with harsh-

ness, with blows : if we stumble, or take fright, they whip and spur us, by which our terror is increased, and our desire to escape is aroused. I have heard my master speak of some portion of time, that seemed by his expressions, to be appropriated to the entire rest both of man and beast ; but whether it is observed in this country, I am unable to determine, as I have never been so fortunate as to serve any one who paid regard to this ancient custom.

I first became used to the bit under the care of a person whose employment it was to break in horses, as it is termed, who was somewhat severe in his discipline, and I was probably, in his opinion, very obstinate. In time, I became accustomed to restraint, and it was judged safe for a young squire to mount me, who was both able and willing to use his spurs, and to speak to me in a lordly tone. My young master boasted much of me to his companions, and in order to display his horsemanship, would often

goad me with the spur, which always occasioned me to prance and rear. He frequently attended races, where I saw the fleetest of our kind wearing out their strength for no other purpose than to gratify the folly and avarice of men. At one of these meetings, my master thought proper to bet a considerable sum with an associate, that I could exceed his horse in swiftness; and the trial was immediately made. It terminated in my favour, but in returning to the stable, heated and tired with the efforts I had been forced to make, I stumbled and fell. My knees were both broken, and being no longer deemed a proper nag for a squire, he sold me to a person who kept horses for the purpose of letting them out by the day to any one who wanted to hire. My sufferings were now great. Often I fell into the hands of ignorant drivers, who pulled the reins unmercifully, and lashed me with the whip even when I went full speed. Sometimes I scarcely received sufficient food to support me through the

day ; for my drivers were more mindful of their own provender than of that of their poor horse. My master, however, was careful of us all : on our return after a hard day's work, he saw us well fed, and provided with good straw to rest our weary bones. Hard as this life appeared to me, I have since had occasion to regret it.

An inn-keeper purchased me; and I was destined to be a post-horse. Perpetual travelling caused the harness to rub off my coat in several parts : yet, sore as my shoulders were, there was no pity shown. I was forced, though suffering pain at every step, to bear the pressure of the galling collar. Often when I had lain down at night, almost dead with fatigue, the sound of my driver's voice has forced me to rise, and I have been led from the warm stable to gratify the whim of persons who were sometimes, I believe ashamed to travel by day-light, or afraid to stop, lest they should be overtaken. For these persons, and for thoughtless

young men, I suffered incredibly. Late one evening, as I and my companion in misery were advancing full speed on the great north-road, I fell senseless on the ground. What occurred afterwards, I know not; but when I regained my senses, I found myself in a field, with two men, who seemed farmers, standing beside me with a mixture of corn and bran, which they offered to me with many kind words, such as I had seldom heard. I began to eat, and the elder of the two men bitterly execrated the persons who had caused me to be driven till I was nearly dead; declaring that I should stay on his farm for the rest of my life, although I proved incapable of labour. Here I have since remained, and am able to repay the kindness of my benefactor, by a few hours work every day.

When I first began to write this history, I knew not that there was a day when animals rest: here I have constantly enjoyed it; and the sound of some bells at