

permission to ride me. He was told that I never had been ridden, that I was of a nervous, sensitive disposition and required very gentle, kind treatment, and that he would like to ride me first himself but was too heavy for me. Mr. T. said that he would like to try me, so a saddle and bridle were put on me, and I was taken out to a vacant lot. My master held me while Mr. T. mounted, and then led me for a while. I was afraid, as I never had weight on my back before, but while my master went with me I knew that it was all right and I went nicely. He said to Mr. T., "Now, I will let her go; be gentle with her and do not worry her mouth;" so he let go. I became nervous then and made two or three plunges. Mr. T. sat me well, was easy with my mouth, and spoke kindly to me, so I settled down and walked along quietly. Mr. T. then said, "So my lady, you thought you could unseat me, but I will teach you that I am master here." He then drew heavily on the reins and hurt my mouth, and he hit me a smart cut with his whip, which caused me pain. This made me angry, as he had no right to punish me when I was acting nicely; so I bucked and threw him off. He alighted heavily on the hard ground; and I stood still until he got on his feet. My master came to me and caught the bridle; he asked Mr. T. if he was badly hurt, and told him that he should not have punished me. Mr. T. said that he was not badly hurt and that he would not get again, which he did; and as he used me kindly I did not throw him again. The next day I heard my master tell Ernest that two of Mr. T.'s ribs had been broken by the fall. I felt sorry, but really it was his own fault. After this I was ridden daily by Ernest. He was kind to me, and I acted well. I soon became handy, and Ernest said that I was very easy to ride. One day my mistress asked if she might ride me, and my master said yes, that I was perfectly safe. So they put saddles and bridles on me and my mother, and my mistress and master rode us. After that she rode me often, and said that she liked me better than her own saddle horse. She sits me well and has very light hands. I like to have her ride me. She says that I walk, trot and canter well, and that my mouth is perfection. One day she asked me to jump a ditch, and I did it so well that she tried me over fences. I like jumping; I think I inherit the liking and ability to jump from both my parents. When the hunting season commenced, my master rode a big bay half-breed that he calls Pharoah, and my mistress rode her big bay half-bred mare, Dorothy. There are so many barbed wire fences and so many swamps around here that they cannot hunt foxes as they do in some countries; so the huntsman rides across the country with a ball soaked in oil of anise



Fig. 95. The colt gives a lesson.