

The first thing I remember was one Sunday morning in May, 1808, when my master and Ernest, his stable man, came to the stall where my mother and I were. I was only about one hour old, but I was walking around the stall. They looked at me for a while, and then my master came into the stall and put his hand on me and spoke kindly. I was afraid at first and ran behind my mother, but he followed me, saying, "Poor little thing, do not be afraid, I will not hurt you;" so after a little time my fear left me, and I have never been afraid of him since, as he has always been kind to me, and provided me with a nice clean box stall with plenty of straw to lie on and good food to eat, and he never works me too hard. That morning, after looking me carefully over he said, "Well my little beauty, I am glad that you are a filly; you are tall enough but rather too slim, but time and good care will cause you to grow stouter; your knees are rather weak but they will grow strong after a while; I will call you Tomboy; and if you make as good a mare as your old mother you will do well." He then gave my mother a nice feed of warm bran and crushed oats and a drink of water. He told Ernest to clean the stall out and put in a liberal supply of clean straw. I liked to lie on the straw, and did so most of the time for a few days. Whenever I got hungry I got up and took some milk and walked around a little. My mother did not lie down for three days after I was born; she appeared to be afraid to do so for fear of hurting me. My master and mistress came to see me often, and would always pet and handle me. I liked to see either of them come, and would always walk up to them to be petted. Ernest gave my mother her food and water, and kept the stall clean and well supplied with straw. He likes horses and was very kind to us, and we both liked him, and would do what he told us. When I was three days old, my master put a little halter on me and Ernest put one on my mother and led her out of the stall. I was not afraid, but did not know what to do. My master, however, was kind and did not get angry and jerk or hit me, but petted and coaxed me; he did not expect me to lead the same as a horse that had been trained to it; so I soon learned what he wanted me to do and went along with him. They took us to the yard between the stable and the house. I forgot to tell you that we live in town. There was some nice grass in the yard; and as soon as our halters were taken off and we were given our liberty, my mother commenced to eat it. The day was fine and warm, and it was nice to be out in the open air. I began to run around my mother and kick up my heels.

My master and Ernest stood and watched us and laughed at the fun I was having. Master said, "That is right, Tomboy, have a good time but do not hurt yourself, you are not very strong yet, and a little sun will do you good." When I became tired I lay down and stretched myself out in the sun. All this time my mother continued to eat grass, but would often look to see that I was all right; she was very proud of me. After a little while some bad boys came along and threw stones at me, one of them hit me on the head and hurt me. I jumped up and ran to my mother; the boys continued to throw stones and mother became greatly excited; she galloped around and whinnied, and my master heard the noise and ran out. He was very angry at the boys, and told them that