

Anna Sewell
Black Beauty



Ginger



Black Beauty



Squire
Gordon

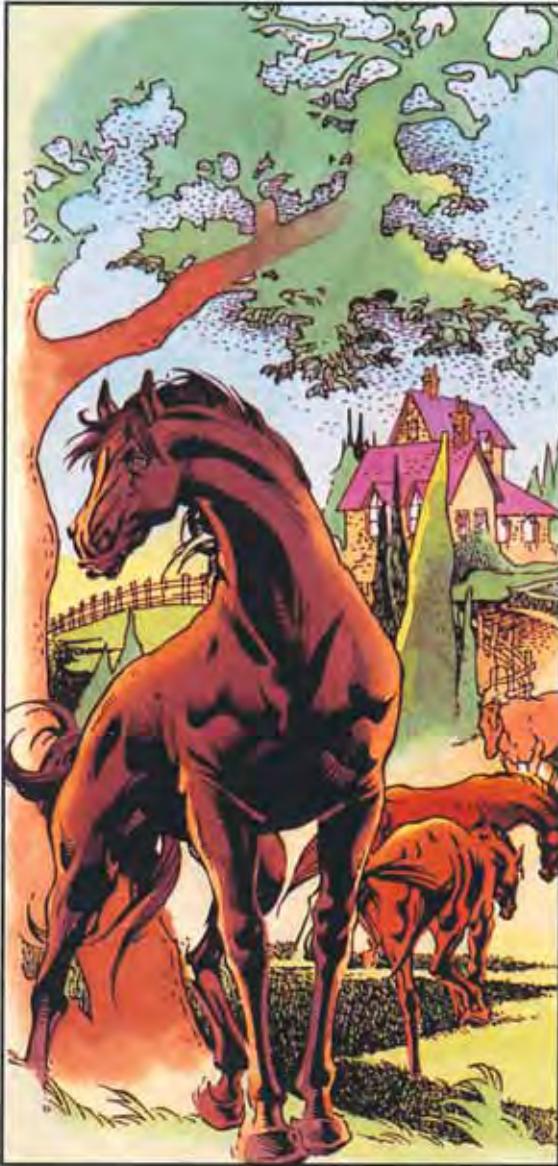


Jerry



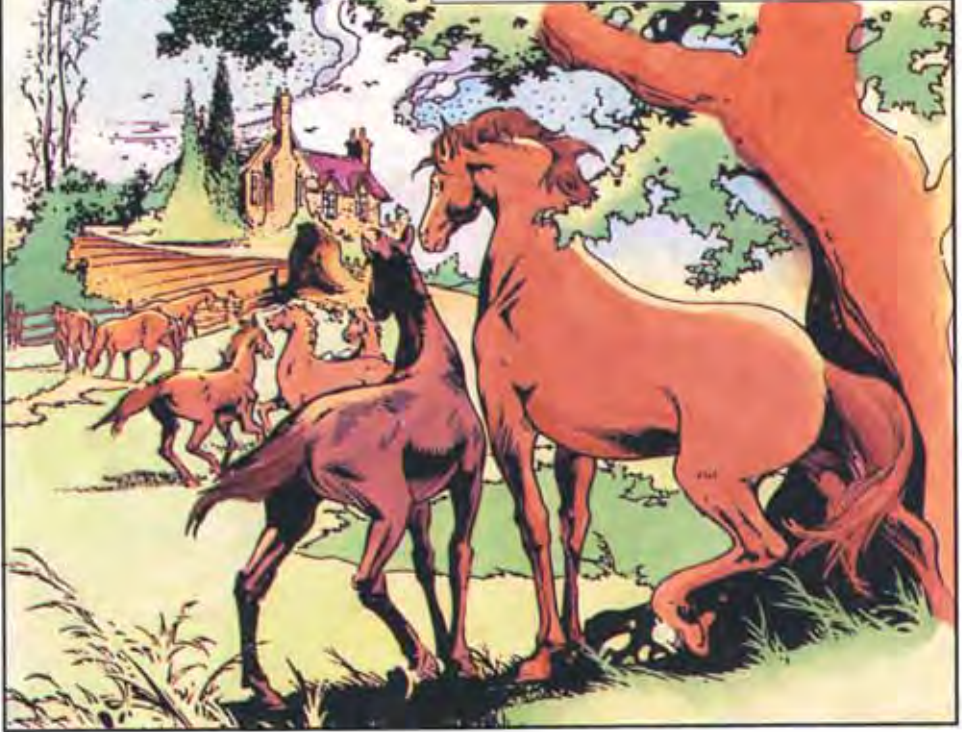
Mistress
Gordon

"Men are the strongest, and if they are cruel and have no feelings, there is nothing we can do, but just bear it." That is what my friend Ginger told me, but at first I was lucky.



In my time I have known many owners...thoughtless, cruel men and women, and kind and loving ones. I have pulled fine carriages, and poor wagons. I have even saved a life or two, as my own has been saved. And this is how it all began.

The first place I can remember well was a pleasant field with a pond and shady trees.

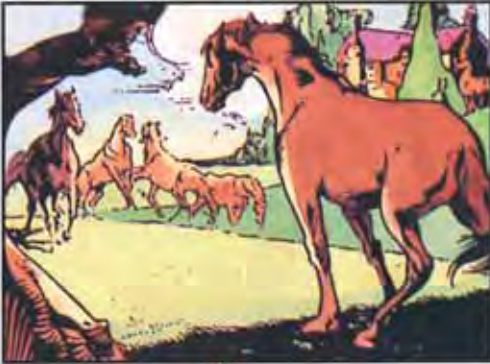


While I was young, I drank my mother's milk since I could not eat grass.

In the daytime, I ran by her side, or played with the other colts. Sometimes we had rather rough play.



One day when there was a lot of kicking, my mother whinnied to me to come to her.



"Pay attention to what I am going to say to you...you have been well brought up."



"Your grandfather won the cup two years at the Newmarket races."



"Your grandmother had a very sweet temper, and you have never seen me kick or bite. I hope you will grow up gentle and good."



"Do your work with a good will, lift your feet up well when you trot, and never bite or kick."



Our master was a good, kind man. He gave us good food, a good home, and kind words.



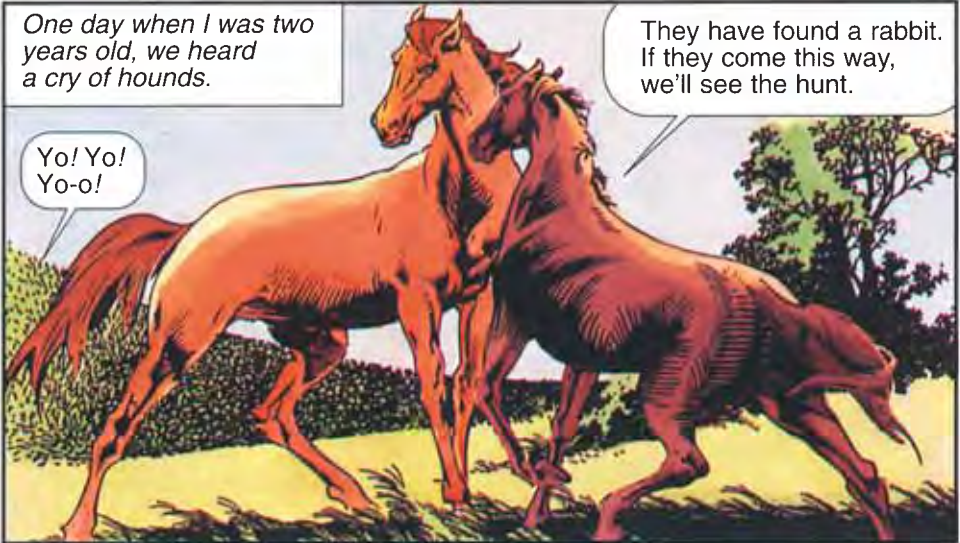
Well, Dutchess, how is your little colt today?

One day he caught a boy throwing stones at the colts to make them run.



Bad boy! I shall not want you on my farm again!

One day when I was two years old, we heard a cry of hounds.



Yo! Yo!
Yo-o!

They have found a rabbit. If they come this way, we'll see the hunt.