

and his size, bone, and general development stamp him as the best among his kind, all of which qualities are the result of some consideration on the part of man with a view of to improve the stock. The Mexicans on their Indian-infested border kept their horses close herded; for they lived where they had located their ranches, desired good horses, and took pains to produce them. The sires were well selected, and in the growing animals were not subjected to fearful setbacks attendant on passing a winter on the cold plains, which is one of the reasons why all wild horses are stunted in size. Therefore we must look to the Spanish horse of northern Mexico for the nearest type to the progenitors of the American broncho..... Texas pony, that is one that is full bred with no admixture. He has fine deer-like legs, a very long body, with a pronounced roach just forward of the coupling, and possibly a glass eye and a pinto hide. Any old cowboy will point him out as the only creature suitable for his purposes. Hard to break, because he has any amount of latent devil in his disposition, he does not break his legs or fall over backward on the "pitching" process as does the "cayuse" of the northwest. I think he is small and shriveled like a Mexican because of his dry, hot habitat, over which he has to walk to get his dinner. But in compensation he can cover leagues of his native plains, bearing a seemingly disproportionately large man, with an ease both to himself and his rider, which is little short of miraculous..... Mentally he never seemed to make any discrimination between his new found masters and the big timber wolves that used to surround him, and keep him standing all night in a bunch of his fellows.

The golden age of the broncho ended some 20 years ago (written in 1889) when the great wave of Saxonism reached his grassy plains. He was rounded up and brought under the yoke ~~by the Saxon~~ Here and there, a small band fled before man, but their freedom was hopeless. The act of subjugation more implied than real, and to this day, as the cowboy goes out and drives up a herd of bronchos to the corral, there is little difference between the wild horse of old and his enslaved progeny. Of course the wild stallion is always eliminated, and he alone was responsible for the awe ~~the~~ which the wild horse inspired..... the home of the Simon pure wild horse is on the southern plains, but when he appears elsewhere he has been transported there by man and found his freedom later on..... one thing is certain; of all the monuments the Spaniard has left to glorify his reign in America, there will be none more worthy than his horse.

The most favorable place to study the horse/pony is in an Indian camp, as the Indians rarely defeat the the ends of nature, in the matter of natural selection; and further, the ponies are allowed to eat the very greenest grass they can find in the summer time, and to chew on a cottonwood sawlog during winter, with perfect indifference on the part of their owners. The pony is thus a reflex of nature and, coupled with his surroundings, is of quite much interest as the stretch of prairie grass, the white lodges, and the blanketed forms. The savage red man in his great contest with nature has learned, not to combat nature, but to observe her moods and to provide a possible means of escape. He puts up no fodder for winter, but relies on the bark of the cottonwood..... Before the early grass starts in the spring the emaciated appearance of one of these little ponies in the far northwest will sorely try the feelings of an equine philanthropist should he be looking along the humpy ribs and withered quarters. But, alack! when the grass does shoot, the pony scours the trash which composes his winter diet, sheds his matted hair, and shines forth another horse. In a month "Richard's himself again"; and ready to fly over the grassy sward with his master (savage), or to drag the travaux and pack the handsome squaw. Yet do not think that at this time, the Indian pony is the bounding steed of romance. Do not be deluded into expecting the arched neck, the graceful lines and the magnificent limbs of the English ~~hunter~~.

Yoke by the Spaniard and his pony departed