

**CLASSICS TO GO**



**THE HORSE  
AND HIS RIDER**  
**SIR FRANCIS BOND HEAD**

# **The Horse and His Rider**

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THE HOUNDS ARE **LATE** TO-DAY!

**FRONTISPIECE**



He grew unto his seat;  
And to such wond'rous doing brought his  
horse,  
As he had been incorps'd and demy-natur'd  
With the brave beast.

## **PREFACE.**

The writer of this little volume deems it only fair to forewarn his readers that he is not, and never has been, an inhabitant of that variegated region in creation commonly called "the sporting world."

He has never bred, raced, steeple-chased, nor betted sixpence on any colt, filly, horse, or mare. He has never seen, nor been seen by, the Jockey-Club. He has never been on the turf. He does not belong to "the ring."

Nevertheless, sometimes in the performance of public duties,—sometimes from private inclination,—sometimes for the benefit of his health,—sometimes for recreation,—sometimes for rumination,—sometimes to risk his life,—and more than once to save it, he has, throughout a long and chequered career, had to do an amount of rough-riding, a little larger than has fallen to the lot of many men.

His observations and reflections on horses and horsemen he now ventures to submit to that portion only of the community who, like himself, preferring a long tether to a short one, take exercise on four legs, instead of on two.

## THE HORSE.

In almost every region of the globe, not only on its surface, but at different depths beneath it, the history of the horse is recorded.

"Fossil remains," says Colonel Hamilton Smith in the twelfth volume of the Naturalist's Library, "of the horse have been found in nearly every part of the world. His teeth lie in the Polar ice along with the bones of the Siberian mammoth; in the Himalaya mountains with lost, and but recently obtained, genera; in the caverns of Ireland; and, in one instance, from Barbary, completely fossilized. His bones, accompanied by those of the elephant, rhinoceros, tiger, and hyæna, rest by thousands in the caves in Constadt; in Sevion at Argenteuil with those of the mastodon; in Val d'Arno and on the borders of the Rhine with colossal urus."

But what is most deserving of attention is that while all the other genera and species, found under the same conditions, have either ceased to exist, or have removed to higher temperatures, the horse alone has remained to the present time in the same regions, without, it would appear, any protracted interruption; fragments of his skeleton continuing to be traced upwards, in successive formations, to the present surface of the earth—the land we live in.

In like manner in history, sacred, profane, and modern, the horse is to be found omnipresent, sharing in the conquests, in the defeats, in the prosperity, in the adversity, in the joys, in the sorrows, in the occupations, and in the amusements of man.

In Genesis xlvii. 17, Moses records that the Egyptians (1729 years before Christ), at a time when the famine was sore in the land of Canaan, gave to Joseph their *horses* in exchange for bread.

Two hundred and thirty-eight years afterwards (1491 B.C.), six hundred chosen chariots for nobles and generals, all the war chariots of Egypt armed with iron to break the enemy's battalions, *the horsemen*, and all the host of Pharaoh, in their pursuit of the children of Israel, were overthrown in the midst of the Red Sea, so that there remained not so much as one of them.—(Exodus, chap. xiv.)

"Then sang Moses and the children of Israel this song unto the Lord, and spake, saying, I will sing unto the Lord, for he has triumphed gloriously: *the horse and his rider* hath he thrown into the sea."—Exodus, chap. xv.

The Canaanites whom Joshua engaged at the waters of Merom had *cavalry*, and a multitude of chariots drawn by *horses*. Sisera, general of Jabin, King of Hazor, had 900 chariots of iron. Judah could not get possession of the lands because the ancient inhabitants of the country were strong in chariots of iron. The Philistines, in their war against Saul, had 30,000 chariots and 6000 *horsemen*. David having taken 1000 chariots of war from Hadadezer, King of Syria, hamstringed the *horses*, and burned 900 chariots. During the latter periods of the Jewish monarchy Palestine abounded in horses.

In 1 Kings, chap, iv., it is stated that Solomon had 40,000 stalls *of horses* for his chariots, and 12,000 *horsemen*.

Cyntacus, a King of Ethiopia, entered Egypt at the head of 100,000 cavalry; and from that period to Balaklava, and from it to the last battle in modern history, horses in greater or less numbers have shared in the dangers of war.

In many instances the history of an individual horse forms part and parcel of the history of his rider: accordingly we learn that Bucephalus (so called because his head resembled that of a bull, Βου κεφαλος), when thirty years old, saved the life of Alexander the Great, who, in remembrance, built a city which he called after his name.

We are, moreover, taught in our schools, that the Emperor C. Caligula, as an especial honour to his favourite horse, not only created him a high-priest and consul, but caused him to live in marble apartments, in which he stalked about adorned with the most valuable trappings and pearls the Roman empire could supply.

In statuary, ancient as well as modern, the horse lives with his rider.

On the frieze of the Temple of Minerva, in the Acropolis of Athens, at Nineveh, and numerous other localities, are to be seen sculptured or painted, more or less beautifully, ancient figures of men on horseback.

In all the great cities of Europe the horse and his rider, or rather the rider and his horse, are ornaments deemed worthy to occupy conspicuous positions in the most important thoroughfares. Accordingly in London, within a few hundred yards of each other, are to be seen equestrian statues of Kings Charles I., William III., George III., and George IV.

Mounted on one charger, the Duke of Wellington in his cocked hat and feathers, military cloak, sword, pistols and spurs, in all weathers, rides triumphantly on the summit of an arch at the western end of London, while, at the same moment, in pantaloons and shoes, without hat, stirrups, or spurs, mounted on another charger, he appears, as a



sentinel, in front of the Bank of England, the commercial heart of the empire.

Among the great potentates of the earth, the coin that is most currently used, in proffers to each other of amity and friendship, is *a horse*. And accordingly, the Beys of Tunis, of Algiers, and Egypt; every sovereign in Europe, including the Czar of Russia, and the Sultan of the Turks; the Emperor of Morocco, the Kings of Persia and Abyssinia, and other rulers of smaller name, have transmitted to the Queen of Great Britain, with due compliments, specimens of their finest *horses*.

In the Life of Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, it is recorded that Fasil, after having assembled the leaders of the Galla tribes, said to the noble Briton, "Now, before all these men, ask me any thing you have at heart, and be it what it may, they know I cannot deny it to you!" Bruce, of course, asked to be conducted immediately to the head of the Nile. Fasil then turned to his seven chiefs, who got up. They all stood round in a circle and raised the palms of their hands, while he and the Galla with great apparent devotion repeated together a prayer, about a minute long. "Now," says Fasil, "go in peace: you are a Galla. This is a curse upon them and their children, their corn, grass, and cattle, if ever they lift their hand against you or yours, or do not defend you to the utmost, if attacked by others." Upon this, Bruce offered to kiss his hand, and they all went to the door of the tent, where there stood a very handsome grey horse. "Take this horse," said Fasil, "as a present from me. But do not mount it yourself. Drive it before you, saddled and bridled as it is. No man of Maitsha will touch you when he sees *that horse*,"—which proved a magician that led him towards his object—an *Ægis* that shielded him on his way.

In like manner to the people of France, the '*Moniteur*' has just officially made the two following announcements:—

"Algiers, 19th September, 1860.

"The Emperor and Empress yesterday morning laid the first stone of the fine boulevard which is to run along the shore. An immense concourse of persons, both French and native, were collected, eager to see their Majesties, and the ceremony displayed a most picturesque character. Under the skilful direction of General Jusuf, contingents of the Kabyle infantry and cavalry of the three provinces, with all the Aghas and Caidis at their head, had been assembled to come and pay homage to the Emperor. After a sham fight between the different tribes a grand fantasia took place by from 9000 to 10,000 horsemen rushing forward at the swiftest gallop, and discharging their firearms before their Majesties' tent; afterwards a magnificent charge was given by twelve squadrons of Spahis, crossing the plain like a hurricane; then followed tilting matches, gazelle, ostrich, and falcon hunts; a grand filing-off of the Touaregs, with their faces veiled, and mounted on their camels; and of the Chambaas, those inhabitants of the depths of the Desert, and the future carriers of French commerce into the Soudan. After, in short, one of the most splendid spectacles that could be imagined, all the Goums, forming an immense line of battle, advanced majestically, with banners displayed and muskets held high in the air, towards the eminence on which the Emperor's tent had been pitched. The chiefs, clad in the richest burnous, alighted from their steeds and came in a body to present *the horse of homage*, caparisoned with gold, and thus perform an act of submission to the Sovereign of France. At this moment, rendered solemn by the beauty of the scene and the warlike appearance of the various tribes whose long resistance has given glory to the French arms, the Emperor could not prevent

himself from giving way to visible emotion. The Bey of Tunis was present at this grand solemnity."

"Paris, 28th September, 1860.

"General Count Pierre Schouvaloff, Grand Master of Police at St. Petersburg, and his brother, Count Paul Schouvaloff, both aides-de-camp to the Emperor of Russia, were received the day before yesterday by the Emperor Napoleon, and had the honour of presenting to his Majesty four horses, sent as a present by the Emperor Alexander. These fine animals, which have been accompanied to Paris by a veterinary surgeon, four hussars, and a non-commissioned officer of the Imperial Guard, are of the celebrated Orloff race, and come from the Imperial breeding stud at Chrenovsky. They were selected from among a great number by the Czar himself; and during the two months that their journey from the very heart of Russia has occupied, they have been the objects of the greatest care. His Majesty greatly admired the beauty, strength, and symmetry of *the horses*, and expressed to the Counts Schouvaloff how gratified he felt at a mark of attention which showed the friendly relations existing between the two Sovereigns."

In war, the value of these noble animals to man is well described by Shakspeare's thrilling exclamation of King Richard—

"*A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!*"

In like manner, in civil life, how often has the schoolboy, who in his infancy had clutched with ecstasy his toy—a little spotted horse on wheels—felt that he would give his birthright for *a pony!*

On his arriving at Oxford or Cambridge, how often has the undergraduate, for the professed purposes of application and recreation, submitted to his parents or guardians a supplication for those three stereotyped wants of college life, "a little money, a private tutor, and *a horse!*" Afterwards, in his manhood, and even in his old age, how often has the Prime Minister of England, during a most important debate, risen from his seat in Parliament to propose to the legion of senators around him "that this House shall adjourn from Tuesday to Thursday," for the well known object (acknowledged by "loud and protracted cheering") of enabling *himself*, those who surround him, and everybody else, "to go to the Derby," to purchase "*Dorling's correct card of the names of the HORSES, and the colours of their RIDERS!*"

Among our leading statesmen, how many, as patrons of the turf, have purchased for several thousand guineas—*a horse!* How many, including Pitt, Fox, Lord Althorp, Lord Derby, Lord Palmerston, Sir Francis Burdett, &c., &c., have been ardent followers of hounds!

Her Majesty Queen Victoria and the Emperor Napoleon III. each keep a pack of stag-hounds; the Prince Consort, a pack of harriers. During the Peninsular war, and again while commanding the army of occupation in France, the Duke of Wellington, besides fighting and writing, maintained either a pack of fox-hounds or boar-hounds.<sup>[A]</sup> George III. was strongly attached to hunting; his great grandson, the Prince of Wales, "loves it better still."

In all our streets, in our fields, in our highways and bye-ways, along the surface of merry England, and across it; under ground in coal-mines; revolving in a mill;—in short, in every direction, and wherever we go, we see before us—sometimes as man's companion, sometimes as his servant, sometimes as his slave, and occasionally as his master—*the*

*horse*, respecting which and his rider we will now, without further preamble, venture to offer to our readers the few following remarks.

[A] About 44 years ago a Frenchwoman, the proprietor of a small farm, showed us, as a great curiosity, a "billet de logement" which had been inflicted upon her, of which the following is a translated copy:—

"The widow — will lodge for one night fifty-four dogs." [The Duke of Wellington's hounds just arrived from England.]

(Signed) —,  
"Mayor."

"Imaginez-vous donc," exclaimed the poor old lady, uplifting her eyes and the palms of both hands; "Imaginez-vous donc—cinquante-quatre chiens!!"

## **MR. RAREY'S MODE OF SUBDUING HORSES.**

It is a singular fact, that although England produces the finest horses in the world, and though the English people have always fancied they understood their management better than any other nation, yet, lately, not only have we all been astonished by the superior knowledge on this subject of a trans-Atlantic cousin, but what is still more surprising, our sporting men have rushed forwards to pay to Mr. Rarey no less a sum than about 15,000*l.* for exhibiting to them a system of horse-breaking, the philosophy of which is based upon a few simple facts, which, although unreflected on, have ever been lying close before our eyes.

Of all animals in creation, there is no one we should all of us be so very sorry to lose as the horse. In peace and in war, on burning sands under the equator, or on eternal snow in the frigid zone, for pleasure or for business, well fed or starving, he is always not only ready, but eager, to the utmost of his strength, to serve a master, but too often inconsiderate, ungrateful to him, and unjust. As soon as his courage is excited, no fall, bruise, blow, or wound, that does not paralyse the mechanism of his limbs, will stop him; indeed, with his upper and lower jaw shot away, and with the skin dangling in ribands, we have seen him cantering, apparently careless and unconscious of his state, alongside of the horse artillery gun from which he had just been cut adrift.

But although in the hunting-field, on the race-course, or in harness, a horse will generally, from sheer pluck, go till he drops, yet, whenever he encounters physical strength greater than his own, our hero all of a sudden acts like an arrant coward.

For instance, in the mail, it apparently matters not to the spirit of the horses whether there be one passenger or six—light bags or heavy ones; on the contrary, the greater the weight, the more eagerly do they strain to force it to follow them. The faster they are allowed to go, the harder do they pull, until, if the reins were to break, they would enjoy the opportunity by running away, not as in the days of Phaeton with the chariot of the sun, but with say a ton and a half, of they know not what, at their heels. And yet, if on the following day the same high-flying, high-spirited, high-mettled horses were to be hooked to a sturdy living oak tree, after two or three ineffectual snatches to move it, no amount of punishment would be sufficient to induce them to go to the end of their traces; in short, to use a well-known expression, they would all "*jib*." Again, if a horse in harness, however resolutely he may be proceeding, slips upon pavement, and falls heavily on his side, after vainly making three or four violent struggles to rise, he becomes all of a sudden so completely cowed, that not only without any resistance does he allow his harness piecemeal to be unbuckled, the carriage detached, and pushed away far behind him, but, when lying thus perfectly unfettered, it requires kicks, stripes, and a malediction or two, to induce him to make the little effort necessary to rise from his prostrate state.

Again, in the hunting-field, a noble, high-couraged horse, a rusher at any description of fence, the very sight of which seems to inflame his ardour, in most gallant style charges a brook, which when he is in the air he sees is too broad to be cleared. On his chest striking against the bank, and while his rider, delighted at feeling that he is not a bit hurt, is luxuriously rolling over and over on the green grass like a rabbit that at full speed has been shot dead, this gallant steed makes two, three, or four desperate efforts to get to him; and yet, simply because the mud at the bottom of the

brook catches hold of his hind feet, and the sticky perpendicular clay bank grasps his fore ones, his courage suddenly fails him, and as nothing will then induce him to make another effort, it becomes necessary to send, often several miles, for cart-horses to drag this high-bred animal out by his neck.

But although this strange mixture of courage and cowardice appears to us at first to be inexplicable, yet on reflection we must perceive that it is in strict accordance with the beneficent decree that "man should have dominion over every beast of the field."

The weight and muscular strength of a horse multiplied into each other, form a momentum which, if his courage were as indomitable as that of man, would make him the master instead of the servant of the human race; and accordingly, although, for all the purposes for which man can require them, his energy and endurance are invincible, yet, to ensure his subjection, his courage has been so curiously constituted, that, as it were, by touching the small secret spring of a safety valve, the whole of it instantly evaporates; and although Mr. Rarey has not exactly explained this theory, he has, with extraordinary intelligence and success, reduced it to practice as follows:—

When a horse of a sensitive and sensible disposition is placed under the care of a man of weak nerves, he very soon finds out that, by the help of his body, teeth, and heels, that is to say by squeezing, crushing, biting, and kicking his groom, he is able to frighten him; and no sooner is this victory attained, than the tyrant begins to misbehave himself to everybody in every possible way, until, as in the case of *Cruiser*, it is declared dangerous to approach him, even with food; that no man can ride him; in fact, that he is an animal beautiful to look at, but thoroughly useless to mankind.



Now, to cure this disorder, the wild beast, for such he is, with great precaution, by several guy-ropes, is led close to the wheel of a waggon, under which Mr. Rarey, putting his hands through the spokes, manages to lift up and gently strap up one fore-leg, and to affix a long strap to the fetlock of the other, which two simple operations at once ensure the victory he is about to attain.

As it gives a horse not the slightest pain or inconvenience to stand for a short time on one fore-leg, Cruiser, while "amazed he stares around," is scarcely aware that he is doing so; and as he is totally unconscious of the existence of the other strap, he is perfectly astounded to find that no sooner does he attempt to resent Mr. Rarey's bold approach and grasp, than, apparently by the irresistible power of man, he is suddenly deprived of the use of both his fore-legs.

The longer and the more violently he can be encouraged to resist, the more deathlike will be the trance in which he is about to lie. He struggles—struggles—struggles—until, as in the three instances we have described, his courage all at once evaporates, and with heaving flank, panting nostrils, palpitating heart, flabby muscles, and the perspiration bursting through every pore in the skin, he then allows his conqueror to sit on his ribs, to fiddle in his ears, drum to the gaping and gasping audience: in short, as the Duke of Wellington described Lord Ellenborough's proclamation about the gates of Sumnauth, to sing over his carcase "a song of triumph." And thus as Achilles was mortally wounded in the only vulnerable part of his body—the heel,—so does Cruiser find that in a heart which had never before failed him, and which had been the terror of all who approached him, there exists a weak point, discovered by Mr. Rarey, which has caused his complete subjection to man.

"Is this the face that faced ten thousand men,  
And was at last out-faced by Bolingbroke?"

In old times this conversion of the bully into the coward could only be effected, at great risk, by courage and physical force, as follows:—

Some years ago Captain —, the well-known steeple-chase rider, bought at Tattersall's, for a very small sum, a magnificent horse that no stranger in the yard dared approach, and which therefore was "put up" and honestly sold as a "man-killer."

On these propensities being explained by the purchaser to his head groom, the resolute fellow bluntly replied that he would not at all object to take care of the beast provided he were allowed, "in self-defence, to kill or cure him;" and accordingly, as soon as the homicide entered his stable, with a steady step, but avoiding looking into his eye, he walked up to him, and then, not waiting for a declaration of war, but with a short, heavy bludgeon, striking the inside of his knees, he knocked his fore legs from under him, and the instant he fell, belaboured his head and body until the savage proprietor of both became so completely terrified, that he ever afterwards seemed almost to quail whenever his conqueror walked up to him.

Now, on comparing the two opposite systems, humane and inhuman, scientific and unscientific, just described, it must be apparent to everybody, that while for the latter a powerful hero must be procured, all that is requisite for the former is calmness, gentleness, and two little straps which, in a lower stratum, physically fight a desperate battle, above which man morally and serenely presides; the horse, nevertheless, all the while ascribing to him alone the whole credit of the victory eventually attained.