

RIDING HABITS

AND

HABITS OF RIDING;

OR,

AN ENQUIRY INTO

THE MOST PROPER POSITION

AND

THE MOST BECOMING DRESS

FOR

LADIES ON HORSEBACK.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

THE RIDING SCHOOL;

OR,

ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTION IN HORSEMANSHIP,

ADDRESSED TO THE LATE H. C. ESQ.

BY

THE CHEVALIER CALIFOURCHON,

C. L. M.

Riding Master at Straddleberg.

Femina atteri adurique equitatû.—

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RIDING HABITS
OR
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EQUIPMENT OF HORSEBACK.

H. Weede, Printer, High Road, Knightsbridge

HABITS OF RIDING AND RIDING HABITS;

OR,

LADIES EN CAVALIER.

THERE is no country on the face of the globe where women are so accustomed to ride on horseback as in Great Britain, and the English ladies are proverbially good riders. A stroll during the Spring along the walks which hem in Rotten Row affords a view of more accomplished equestrians, male and female, than are to be seen in any other public promenade throughout Europe, the males in a dress well suited to the exercise they are taking, but the females draped in a long wrapper nearly corresponding in shape with the swaddling clothes worn by infants when carried in the nurse's arms: that is to say, a skirt twice the length of the wearer from the waist downwards, which reaches to within half-a-yard of the ground, catching on a wet day all the splashes made by the horse's feet, and sucking up more mud than what covers a cart wheel sunk into the ruts of a country lane.

The origin of the petticoat springs probably from the early usages of our forefathers, who carried their wives and daughters on a pillion behind them, where, seated sideways, the ladies held fast by a girdle round the waist of the man who guided the horse, which could under such circumstances have never gone but at a foot-pace. As the

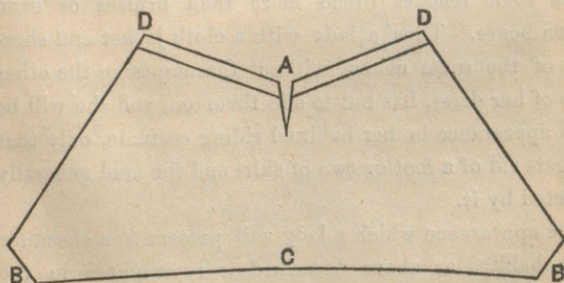
woman's two legs hung down over the horse's hind-quarters and projected somewhat from the perpendicular, decency required a long petticoat to screen her lower extremities from the gaze of the pedestrians. A sense of modesty and propriety was a warrant for the usage, and the lady on dismounting loosened the strings which tied this covering, and found herself at once in her usual costume.

I know not who first suggested the addition of a hooked pommel to the man's saddle, nor who was the first adventurous female who was placed in it with her right leg thrown over in a position that is revolting to common sense both on the score of ease in the seat or of grace in the posture; for there can be no doubt that, in forcing the weight of the body to rest on but one half of the muscles intended to support it in sitting, violence is done to the natural structure of the female frame, and, in making a hookstick of one of the hams of the two legs, there is a forced exertion of strength by an irregular process not suitable to the co-ordinate purposes of the mechanism of the limbs.

If a peasant woman in France or Italy on going to market on a horse or an ass places herself sideways and rides tranquilly along, at all events she adopts a suitable and convenient posture; she goes at a foot pace, and has not to fear any disorder in her dress arising from a strong wind or consequent on violent motion; and, as she does not wear trousers, she cannot well do otherwise. But those who aspire to be amazons, and aim at certain feats of horsemanship depending on a canter, a trot, or a galop, might have invented some mode where the sight of their prowess did not become a painful exhibition, and mar the beauty of the display in the means employed to attain it.

To effect a reform in long standing abuses is no easy matter, and the writer does not flatter himself that he has sufficient power in his pen to obtain even a passing notice of his observations, much more to arrive at such a desirable result. Yet he cannot refrain from offering a few arguments to induce some spirited lady to set the example of wearing a riding dress which would remove the objections to which the usual riding habit is liable.

It is well known that Turkish gentlemen in civil employments wear a long tunic of silk, not very dissimilar to an English lady's gown, (supposing she had none of the usual accessories which give an artificial protuberance to her person) only it is open in front. Over this a light loose-sleeved cloth coat, reaching almost as far down as the silk dress, with drawers beneath, composes his usual attire. If he intends going out on horseback he does not divest himself of any of these articles of his daily attire, but draws on a pair of *sherwals*, as his trousers are called, made of cloth, which are best described by a diagram.



DIMENSIONS.

B to D, 1 yard 6 inches.

D to A, 21 inches.

B to B, 1 yard 2 feet.

C to A, 2 feet.

B B, foot holes, 6 inches each.

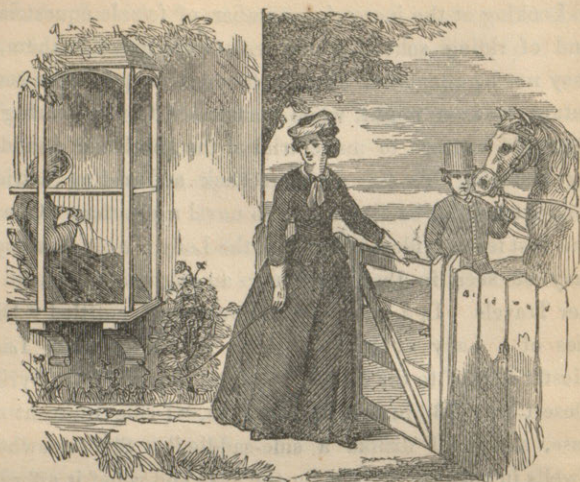
D A D, hem through which a tape goes to draw in the waist.

The *a* in Sherwàl is pronounced like the *a* in gallop : the accent is on the last syllable.

Braid, embroidery, and the like work for ornament, are used round the holes for the feet, the seams for the girdle, &c.

Strange as the shape of these cloth brogues may appear when distended as in the drawing, yet when they are drawn in plaits round the waist, by means of the tie which passes through the hem, their appearance is that of the customary English riding habit slightly dragging on the ground. From their breadth they allow of just as much room as the habit does for placing the leg over the pummel, and they have this advantage, that there is no opening beneath but for the feet to go through, so that a fall from the saddle is entirely exempt from those consequences which some females dread more than bruises or even broken bones. Thus a lady with a cloth jacket and sherwàls of the same colour, without discomposing the other parts of her dress, has but to slip them on, and she will be to all appearance in her habitual riding costume, only that she gets rid of a foot or two of skirt and the mud generally collected by it.

The appearance which a lady will present to a spectator when habited as above described is represented in the annexed wood cut; and the most fastidious prude could offer no objection to it on the score of impropriety or vulgarity. The jacket with a short flap or *volant* conceals the plaits which are consequent on drawing in the broad width



of the waist or girdle of the *sherwàls* ; and for better security where the hips refuse to lend sufficient support to the large volume of cloth, braces may be used with advantage rather than a belt with buckles.



Looking at the increasing number of female equestrians and of riding schools where lessons are given to them, it may not be altogether an idle fancy to suppose that some future amazon might, when accustomed to the wearing of sherwals, venture to make trial of the gentleman's saddle, by assuming his seat on horseback and riding astride. And let her not be alarmed at so novel a position. One of the best female riders of her day, the Lady Hester Stanhope, may be seen in that position in an engraving prefixed to her Travels. In a work recently published, entitled "Diaries of a Lady of Quality," there is a letter from Lady Hester herself to Sir H. W. Wynn, dated from the Syrian Desert in 1813, in which she says, "I ride quite at my ease, and shall dislike a side-saddle." She elsewhere dwells in her conversation on the ease and relief it afforded her in the long journeys she had to make, to say nothing of the ridicule it spared her from the Mahometans, who, when she rode on a side-saddle, constantly turned their heads away as if ashamed of the twisted and distorted position, so far removed from the plain rules of common sense and comfort, in which she sat—no, not sat, but hung as they described it. To them it was indelicate and unseemly: and it may be it is we, and not they, who are wrong in applying that term to sitting on the fork, instead of forming three sides of an incomplete trapezium in this attitude so uncouth and unnatural.

It is pleasant to read (in a work published three or four years ago) how two English ladies, on their travels, at once adopted the plan of riding astride, and have borne testimony to the usefulness of the Norwegian unmentionables, which seem to correspond in volume and capaciousness

with the Turkish *sherwáls*. The note beneath* on the book to which allusion is made, will explain itself: only it may be observed that the critic used an inappropriate term when he headed his observations by "The Unprotected Female in *Smalldresses*," seeing that the said clothes were large and roomy enough to take in all the female dress, yet allowing the rider to sit easy and independent with a foot in each stirrup.

Could the eye penetrate through the thick folds of the habit, such

* The "Unprotected Female" in *Smalldresses*!—A lady, who went on a tour through Norway, has written a narrative under the signature of "The Unprotected." The following may serve as a specimen of the style of the book, as well as the mode of travelling adopted by the authoress:—"We had entered the third phase of the journey—the forest. Hurrah for the three glories of Norwegian travel—the Fjord! the Fjeld! the Forest! Wild graces of Scandinavia—vast, rugged, grand, as befits a stern Northern queen of beauty! The ponies long to gallop beneath the shade. One spring—they start. Now the *non-talk-aboutables* proved their usefulness. *Bagging all my clothes in their ample folds*, I at once mounted *à la Zouave*, and can assure every one for a long journey this attitude has double comforts. While mamma sat twisted sideways on a saddle which would not keep its balance, I was easy and independent, with a foot in each stirrup—besides the scarlet having the most beautiful effect through the green trees."—The articles here alluded to, into the shape and structure of which we decline to inquire impertinently, did not form part of the original fit-out, but were made at Bergen, on the soundest æsthetic principles, utility at the same time not being lost sight of. The material, it appears, was scarlet flannel. "They can be of any colour you fancy," ladies are told, "only red looks pretty among the trees, charms the peasants, and frightens the wolves."—*Inquirer*.



would be the unfeminine aspect which a lady's lower extremities would present, and an American with his legs over the back of a chair in a drawing room would hardly shock our propriety more. Veiled from the sight we seldom reflect on the disfigurement and contortion of the person, and as they never tell us what torture they have to undergo in learning to ride we seldom enquire into the matter. A young girl is afraid to complain of her sufferings, lest her parents should stop her lessons, and so she endures for months the severe friction to which she is subjected in the bend of her right leg, until repeated exercise wears off the feeling and perhaps she thinks no more about it.

Let any good rider place himself on a stile or gate with the gate post hooked by his right leg, in the posture in

which a woman sits on her saddle, and then try if he can bend his back and give the same play to the body as he is required and accustomed to do in yielding to the movements of a skittish or a kicking horse; he will find it impossible: and by so much will the female equestrian ever be an incomplete horsewoman in comparison with a gentleman rider. Her body is stiffened, and consequently she will be more easily thrown. She is also precluded from using that great safeguard to riders of looking between the horse's ears, when the animal is given to turning suddenly about, or shying; for as she does not sit square to his neck her view is askant.

The invention of the Leaping Head* in addition to the Upper Head or old fashioned ^{normal} ~~crupper~~ of the lady's saddle is said to be a great safe-guard against a fall in any exertion made by a horse whether starting or jumping. It no doubt answers that purpose if we can satisfy ourselves that the Creator intended female limbs should be strong enough to resist a jerk which would try the muscles of a trooper. But the one-sided position of a lady, with her legs crooked and confined, imperils her safety and endangers her frame, the more because of the very serious injuries she may sustain should she be thrown out of her seat athwart these protuberances.

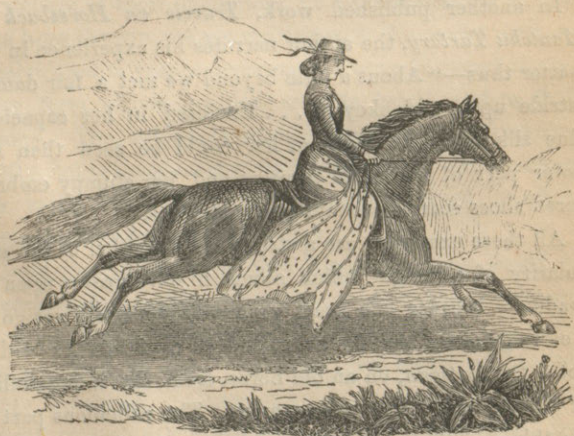
Since the name of Lady Hester Stanhope has been introduced in confirmation of the practice recommended by the writer, he will take the liberty of adding a little story related somewhere by an Englishman who had paid her a visit in her retired abode on Mount Lebanon. She

* This invention, if we have been rightly informed, was first introduced by a saddler named Peachem, some twenty years ago.

was telling her countryman how much she disliked Swiss servants, and that she at once packed off three in a batch, who had been procured for her at a great expense, because she considered them an artful and mercenary set of people. "These servants" she said "when they engaged themselves, came here for no other purpose than just to make use of my name, and having got by rote something about the Emperor Aurelian, Palmyra, Zenobia, Baalbec, &c., intended when they got back to their own country, to start for England and try for situations in some wealthy merchant's family as governesses." Lady H. then supposed one of them to have succeeded, and desired her hearer to figure to himself this citizen's wife giving a party: and she acted over the conversation which would take place. "Oh! Sir Lawson," cries my lady, as the gentlemen enter from the dinner table, "I have got such a secret!—but I wo'nt tell you." "Indeed, my lady, you must," Sir Lawson replies; "how can you be so cruel?" Then some fat baronet puffs out "Oh! Lady Jones, how can you refuse Sir Lawson? you know he never asked a favour in vain of the women." In this way the grand affair of the secret goes on for a couple of hours, until at last her ladyship says "Madmizelle Pawlean, do, pray, tell us—was it really so, that Lady Hester Stanhope rode —— oh! dear, there are my daughters here. There! you may go up stairs, my dears, it's getting late; good night. Lady Hester, Sir Lawson, absolutely" (hiding her face with her fan and pretending to blush) "rode astride." (*See the written note at the end.*)

A most unexpected corroboration of the practice advocated in these brief observations has come to us from a distant part of the globe in the work just published by Com-

mander R. C. Mayne, R.N. F.R.G.S., entitled *Four Years in British Columbia and Vancouver Island*. The author writes thus (p. 18)—“The Sandwich Island horses are good and wonderfully cheap. Many have been exported to Vancouver Island with great success.” He then adds, “The women are bold equestrians. The use of the side-saddle is entirely unknown to them, and they ride *en cavalier* on the Spanish saddle, which is made by the natives every where in the Pacific. They ride most pluckily and by no means ungracefully, wearing a roll of bright yellow or red cloth sufficiently long to reach below the feet. This is fastened to the waist and wrapped loosely round the lower limbs so as to form a sort of loose trousers.” The gallant captain illustrates this equipment by a wood cut, as under, and he seems to lend his approval to the custom.



Those of the fair sex who may have courage enough to adopt the seat recommended in these pages must make

up their minds to endure at first some ridicule, much censoriousness, and various criticisms in the columns of the daily papers. It is the tax paid by all innovators. But let them persevere and they will soon find that medical men and sensible fathers of families will recommend the practice.

In a work published not long since, *The Private Diary of Richard 2nd Duke of Buckingham and Chandos*, we have a description of a fête at Albano (v. iii. p. 155), where women on horseback and astride formed an interesting procession—"The road was full of people," the Duke says, "coming to the *Festa*, the farmers' and little proprietors' wives and daughters in their gala dresses, decked out with rings and gold and silver bodkins, riding *en cavalier*, many of them very well, and managing their well fed spirited horses with great dexterity.

In another published work, *Travels on Horseback in Mantchu Tartary*, the author narrates his experience in the matter thus—"About a mile beyond we met a fair damsel astride upon a donkey Enclosed in her capacious blue silk dress, no more of her could be seen than the lower part of her pink trousers and her stumpy embroidered shoes scarcely touching her stirrups."

All these examples are a strong confirmation of the singularity of a usage which seems to have grown upon us gradually because our great grandmothers could not go in a carriage down country lanes, and so sat sideways behind John, the footman, on an old horse, from the impossibility of having any other conveyance. The ridiculous part of the thing is that it has grown upon us by degrees from a vulgar necessity, originating in the timidity of the sex, who in former days lived in-doors much more than now,

and would not venture to place themselves on horseback unless there was a man to hold by and guide the steed. So, sitting sideways, when one of them more courageous than the rest had resolved to try to ride alone, the saddlers of the time could devise no better way to make her seat secure and supply the want of the belt round the servant's or husband's waist, than to hook her on to a crooked pummel by the leg.

It is not pretended to treat as a light matter the apprehensions of grave matrons, who might see in these deviations from what are considered as almost consecrated usages, a tendency to lead young ladies into paths which have hitherto been associated with the name of pretty horse breakers, a class that has recently obtained considerable notoriety. But not knowing precisely what meaning is attached to the expression, let all mothers anxious for the welfare of their daughters be assured that the suggestions here thrown out are written with the purest motives, as calculated to ensure decorum and propriety, and to save ladies from effects injurious to their health and to their persons. The subject is not a trivial one, to be rejected hastily, but is based on anatomical principles, which parents may verify by applying to the medical adviser on whose judgment they have most reliance

Could the writer hope that his suggestions would be listened to, he would point out to our Australian daughters the feasibility of introducing into new founded colonies the proposed change. In them are tracts of country thinly inhabited. Communication between homesteads nearest to each other can only be had on horseback, and side-saddles for women are not always to be got; besides that when out of repair they are not easily mended in a

remote settlement. Useful innovations are more quickly adopted in colonies than in the mother country; and altogether the advantages to be gained by women riding as men do would be more generally appreciated there and more easily attained than in England.

THE RIDING SCHOOL,

ADDRESSED, WHEN WRITTEN, TO THE LATE H. C., ESQ.

Henry Cline

Whilst at your gate the sick of London stand,
And crave the succour of your healing hand ;
Whilst crowded hospitals your skill implore
On fevered lips the soothing balm to pour :
'Twere sin against the public, if my rhyme
Too long, my friend, should occupy your time.

How many summers now have past away
(And yet, methinks, it was but yesterday)
Since, on the steamer's deck, I shook your hand,
And sailed, advent'rous, to the Holy Land.
But early inclinations seldom change ;
With minds unaltered still our bodies range :
And, if in youth's propensities we find
The future studies of the ripened mind,
What time, when serious duties set aside,
Together oft we hastened to *the Ride*,
Proud of the wond'rous progress we had made,
When we could trot without the stirrup's aid,
That love for horsemanship, which then you bore,
Lives in your bosom strong as heretofore.
Then, come ! and, if a willing ear you lend,
My pride shall be to write what you commend.
Of all the Arts in which we would excel
Few are so difficult as riding well :

Yet every man you question is so vain,
 He tells you nothing in the world's so plain.
 For perfect cavaliers have such address
 Their laboured skill seems only gracefulness,
 And all their motions are so marked with ease,
 Each fool cries "I can do so, if I please."
 Thus, polished poetry, that smoothly flows,
 Seems written just as easily as prose :
 Yet he, who once essays, will quickly know
 That what looks easy is not always so.
 Not all are horsemen who wear boots and spurs,
 Nor poets all, who make hexameters ;
 Since both alike will catch the censor's eye,
 If these sit ill, or those want harmony.

All you, who take in horsemanship a pride,
 Attend ! and let these precepts be your guide.
 What constitutes a horseman, and what's meet
 To give a graceful and a steady seat ;
 What trains the horse's legs and rider's hand,
 These to obey, the other to command ;—
 Learn here, and, in the practice, hope to find
 Pleasure that leaves no penitence behind.

The fittest scholar for the school is he,
 Whose triple lustre marks his puberty.
 On manhood's verge each joint will play with ease,
 And ev'ry motion's fashioned as you please.
 But age is creaking, boyhood is unripe,
 Too young to straddle and too old to gripe.
 Let foolish parents set a child astride
 On poneys, with a groom-boy by his side ;
 All he acquires is labour spent in vain :
 He'll only have it to unlearn again.

The sports befitting boys are rather those
 Which will the body's energies disclose—
 To run, to leap, to row, to fence, to swim,
 In wrestling fierce to strengthen every limb,
 These are the games that all their sinews knit,
 Till years shall come for equitation fit.

His courage and his temper should be rare,
 That will, unruffled, opposition bear;
 For, when brutality directs the hand,
 The mildest horses stubbornly withstand:
 Or, if the rider trembles at a shy,
 The cunning steed soon gains the mastery.
 To meet these qualities combined how rare!
 Yet not for that the learner need despair:
 For, short of excellence, 'tis something still
 To shun derision by not doing ill.

Not all are first rate orators that speak,
 Nor all can construe Pindar, who read Greek.
 And, whilst the seeds that in the earth you sow
 Seem just alike, some late, some quicker grow.

Your horse, now saddled, waits you at the door.
 Before you mount him scrutinize him o'er:
 As cautious sailors, when they put to sea,
 Mark that in trim the sails and cordage be.
 To eyes expert one single glance will do.
 Look if the curb's well hooked, the throat band true.
 Pass your two fingers freely to and fro
 Betwixt the chin and curb, the first to know:
 The last on judgment chiefly must depend;
 Too light 'twill gall, too loose 'twill serve no end.

But to the girths most care of all is due.
 What skill can save you if they burst in two?

Or, if too slack, the saddle should run round,
 You may, like Homer's heroes, bite the ground.
 Nor let the maiden hold this caution light.
 Belles, e'er you mount, be sure the girths are tight :
 For think, what shame attends a woman's fall,
 To some a laughing stock, a show to all.
 A fall disclosed (for who could know before?)
 What coloured garters fair Lucinda wore :
 A fall revealed (oh ! horrible disgrace !)
 That Sylvia's knee was browner than her face.
 Though some aver—a fact not clearly shewn—
 'Twas mouse's skin folks saw, and not her own.

Say, what position should the saddle fill?
 Too forward or too backward it looks ill.
 One rule there is applies in every way—
 The horse's shoulder-blades must freely play.

Next, mark your horse's temper in his eye :
 For there you may his inmost thoughts descry.
 Whether with playful or with restive bent,
 Forewarn'd, unheeded comes no accident.
 A wary foresight makes correction sure,
 And checks the fault that blows can rarely cure.
 So Alexander tamed by tact alone
 The steed that other cavaliers had thrown.

When mounting, at the nether shoulder stand,
 And gently draw the bridle through the hand :—
 That hand, from which ill-fated omens came,
 And learnèd augurs hence *sinister* name.
 Let the ring finger separate the rein ;
 And round the thumb entwine the pendent mane.
 Within the stirrup half way lodge the foot ;
 Against the saddle-flap the kneebone put :

The right hand to the cantle elevate ;
 Then rise, and keep the head and body straight.
 A moment pause ; then let the cantle go,
 And the right leg to its position throw.
 Whilst the same hand, that now the cantle pressed,
 Is carried to the pommel, (there to rest
 But for an instant), with the lightest grace,
 And only till the right leg finds its place.
 So, guided by some geometric hand,
 The compasses their brazen legs expand.
 This, in the centre fixed, its footing takes ;
 That, stretching wide, a semicircle makes ;
 And, whilst its just circumference it gains
 The head almost immoveable remains.
 Some men there are (such bad examples shun)
 Who, rising with an effort overdone,
 And leaning trunk, that throws the weight before,
 Their equilibrium lose, and topple o'er.

An air of freedom let your movements wear,
 That lookers-on should see no stiffness there.
 With head erect and shoulders somewhat back,
 Now grasp the reins, nor tightly drawn nor slack ;
 Then hold the hand, with knuckles outward placed,
 Six inches from the pommel and the waist :
 The elbows, closely hanging to the side,
 Play just enough to shew they are not tied,
 Poised in the stirrups by each foot, the ball
 Rests on the iron ; and the heel must fall,
 So that a plummet line, let down, would go
 Straight from the shoulder to the heel below.
 The knee should firmly press the saddle flap,
 Nor should the eye discern the smallest gap :

And, turning inwardly the flattened thighs,
Sit on your fork, and let your buttocks rise.

For length of stirrups there's a rule well known :—
“The bar should knock against the ankle bone.”

Nor seek to claim similitude with those,
Whose knees exalted almost touch their nose ;
Who hold their bridle like a pinch of snuff :—
In Brummel 'twas ridiculous enough,
Who, stamped with eccentricity, could do
What would sheer folly be in me or you.
Some names there are of high repute that teach
The toe but just the stirrup bar should reach.
But can the attitude then graceful be,
When thus the dangling feet have no *appui*,
And all the inner muscles of the thigh,
Which should be flattened, gain rotundity ?

If stirrups long or short leave room for doubt,
One thing is clear ; the scholar rides without,
Performs each evolution o'er and o'er,
Until he feels he wants their help no more ;
Then uses them for equipoise, not aid,
As bonds, though true, by stamps are valid made.

In all your riding there must fitness be ;
As every lock requires its proper key.
Field, camp and street for diff'rent graces call ;
The Riding-School's a master-key for all.
Not that, where teachers, over-complaisant,
Shew Cockneys how to sit upon a jaunt,
Or puny nobleman to take the air ;—
No fruits of horsemanship are gathered there.
Shun it ! Go, seek the military drill,
Where blustering sergeants swear like Bobadil ;

Mix in the ride with those that take Queen's pay,
And claim no more indulgences than they.

To crooked words what verse e'er glibly ran?
What well-made coat can fit a hump-backed man?
As soon would flint-stones soften into lime,
As technical expressions cap a rhyme.
How can the muse in *manège* terms explain
The trot, walk, gallop, *passage*, backward rein?
Yet LILY ventured on a rougher sea,
Who versified the rules of prosody;
Who could harsh genders, nouns and verbs defy,
And made them all submit to quantity.

First then, the snaffle rein, on either side,
Must the last fingers of each hand divide;
From these between the thumb and index past
To bar its sliding, there you hold it fast.
Nor should the curb-rein here be overlooked;—
Useless awhile, and to the finger hooked,
The time will come, when, skilful to command
Your horse, you'll guide him with a single hand;
Then will the curb-rein, taken into play,
Usurp the place the snaffle holds to-day.

The right-hand palm the whip must occupy,
Which to the horse's inner side apply.
Hold the point down, when *longeing* to the right,
And upwards, when you're *longeing* opposite.
Each well-poised hand with graceful curve appears,
The knuckles facing to the horse's ears.

To walk or trot, both legs you gently press,
Studious to keep the body motionless.
The heel, which moves below, inflicts the smart;
The trunk above no impulse can impart.

Winds drive the ship which on the ocean rides,
 Whilst buried in the foam the rudder guides,
 The yards are shifted to the varying gale ;
 But not by press of canvas riders sail.

The bounding elbows, jerked from either flank,
 The knees that meet the saddle with a spank,
 Are post-boys' actions ; who, from usage, think
 The more the clatter, they get more to drink.

Soon as his pace the horse has fairly got—
 Walks without jerks, nor ambles in his trot,
 The under fingers keep his thoughts awake—
 Indulge the bit he champs, and give and take.
 Some folks there are, whose heels are never still,
 And yet can wonder that their steed goes ill ;
 Some, as they trot, their elbows toss in air,
 Now up now down, just like a bagpipe player.
 With thoughts sublime in deep reflection wrapt,
 Others there are, to common cares unapt,
 Who, quite forgetful if they walk or ride,
 Let fall the reins, and leave the horse to guide :
 'Twere better these a palfrey should possess,
 Sure-footed, old, and known for gentleness.
 Sacred their meditations ! 'twere a sin,
 When fancy's in full cry, to call her in :
 Yet riding's not the time for thoughts like these ;
 A start cuts short the noblest *reveries*,
 And wakes the careless rider from his stud,
 To find himself lie sprawling in the mud.

The master often, lest attention cool,
 Makes his whip echo through the Riding School.
 That moment keep your seat with nicest art,
 Whether for forward plunge or sideward start ;

And let the body, pliant at the waist,
 Its centre keep, as on a pivot placed.
 So, in a storm, howe'er the vessel rock,
 The well-hung compass seldom feels the shock.
 Who knows the golden maxim never fears—
 "When a horse plunges look between his ears."
 For all depends not on the gripe; he must,
 That would sit surely, keep his balance just.
 With opened fork, his posture should be such,
 The saddle must the perinæum touch:
 Since, if you trust to gripe alone, and close
 The thighs, each jump your seat will discompose.
 Then, strength alone proves vain; for, once thrown out,
 The more you gripe, the more you roll about:
 As awkward cricketers, to catch a ball,
 Close-to their hands before it in them fall.

The master now "Prepare to gallop" cries.
 Or e'er you give the spur your steed apprize.
 Allowed to make a little pause between,
 Experience soon will teach him what you mean.
 Quick to the word th'obedient hand is changed;
 Borne to the left, with knuckles downward ranged,
 The near rein shortens; and the horse's head
 Turns where that pulls, by force superior led.
 To his left flank just then the rowel bring,
 And, as he feels the touch, he'll onward spring,
 Constrained (howe'er he be inclined) to make
 The right leg of the left precedence take.
 Thus throw him off, when circling with the sun:
 Against its course the opposite is done:
 Nor cease to practise, till your horse with ease
 Begins his gallop with which leg you please.

So those the billiard-table best command,
Who use the cue alike with either hand.

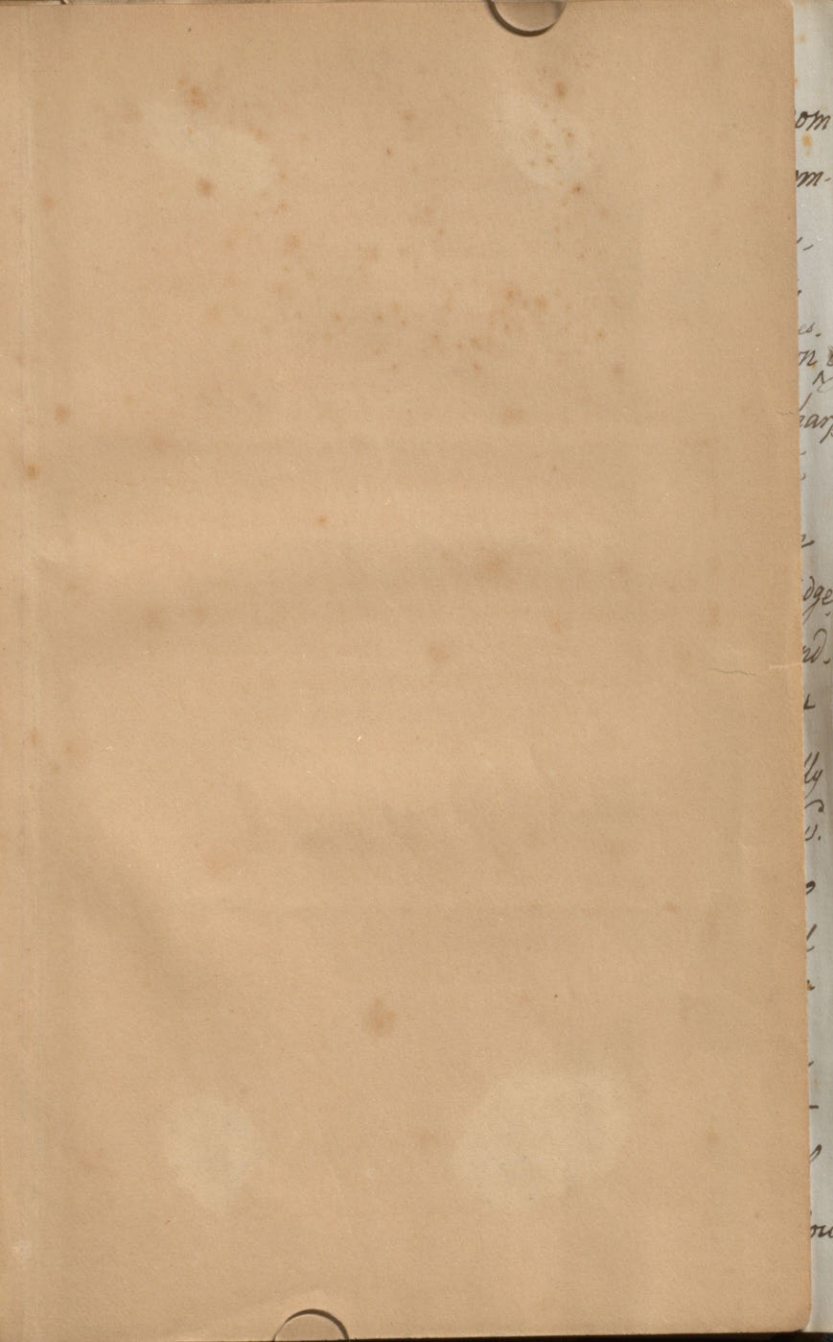
Do you, whene'er the weather will allow,
Desert the school:—the fields are better now.
Choose some convenient spot, on fallow land,
Or sandy down, if such be near at hand.
From turf, unless 'tis yielding, keep aloof:
There's danger on it to the slippery hoof.
The horse, that feels the ground beneath untrue,
Will, with his footing, lose his courage too.
Now each known evolution try again:
Some will prove hard which seemed before so plain.
As boys in order A, B, C can say,
Who, taken crosswise, hesitate half-way.
Within the narrow circuit of the school,
Custom makes man and horse alike a tool.
There, the same corner the same turn demands,
Without the aid of either legs or hands;
But, in the open space, no walls to guide,
The rein his head, the spur directs his side:
And, still unconscious of the new-made ring,
Now would he bolt, and now his rider fling.
To check these efforts use your nicest skill:
Let hand and spur by turns express your will;
Prompt, e'er 'tis done, to judge of his intent,
Anticipate each fault by punishment:
As skilful doctors (so wise authors say)
Should meet the coming malady half-way.

And here, my Muse, your theme unfinished leave.
Not every rope will in one pulley reave;
Though verse, that is didactic, must compound
With many incongruities of sound.

The *passage*, *pas-à-pas*, and *terre-à-terre*,
 The *cabriole*, the amble, and *mezair*,
 The *volte*, the *balotade*, and *airs* like these
 The tongue and eye, but not the pen can seize.
 So the French grammars, which teach how to sound
 The alphabet, at U still run aground;
 And wisely tell us somewhere else to go,
 To learn how U's pronounced from those who know.
 So mariners, upon the open seas,
 With safety steer, and guide the ship with ease;
 But when at last they come in sight of land,
 Give o'er the rudder to the pilot's hand.

Short are the precepts which make mortals wise.
 Those here, though few, the rider's art comprise.
 Then weigh them well; for 'tis by practice long
 Men learn to separate what's right from wrong.

The passage was long and hard to leave
The water, the ripples, and the rain,
The sun, the clouds, and the like things,
The fog and the rain, out of the fog
The fog and the rain, which was now to sound
The signal, as U still run ahead,
And wisely, tell us somewhere else to go,
To learn how U's proposed from those who know
So matters upon the open sea,
With every step, and guide the ship with ease;
But when at last they come in sight of land,
Give over the rudder to the pilot's hand,
Short are the passages which make mortals wise,
Those here, though few, the ruder's art compare;
Then were they well; for his by practice long,
Then learn to separate what's right from wrong.



700. Sunday. 28. May
26. May at West Hill. W
Nothing

My dear Sir

I've had the
pleasure of seeing you at
the U. C. today - I should like
on a splendid Superior
Q.° Volume of Love on
Horses - with Coloured plates
as you are fond of Horses
This may be worth your attention
It is to be sold tomorrow
the 29th at one or after ^{10.30} 73
at Phillips Sale Rooms -
73. New Bond St. - It is
beautifully bound - Green Morocco
& the plates show the different
breed & races of Horses.
Excuse my Liberty in writing
for W. H. C. Reed

700

My dear Sir
Sir

pleasure of
the U. U. (b'd
on a splendid
Q.° Volume of
Horses - with
as you are
this may be done
It is to be sold
the 29th at or
at Phillips Sale
73. New Bond
Beautifully bound
& the plates new
bind & cover of
Examine the

Mr. Reed's Letter

Note to page 12. (of 'Riding Habits')

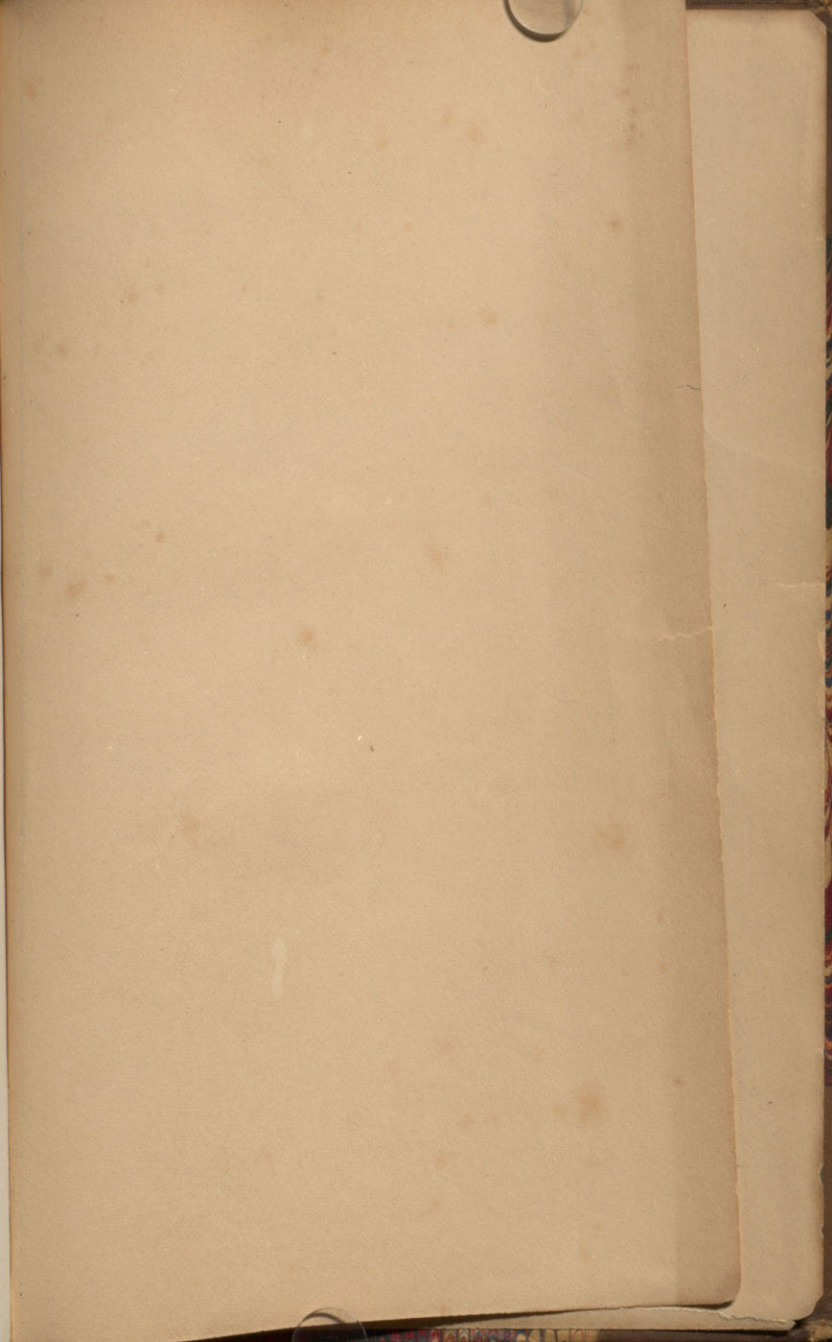
The two following anecdotes have been communicated to me by a gentleman, a member of University Club, and are singularly apposite to the purpose of this essay. The first he witnessed with his ^{eyes} own ^N.

An English lady, riding at a sharp pace across from Pest to Buda on the old bridge of boats, had to pass, on the Buda side opposite to the bridge a casino or café, which commanded a view of those who ~~travellers~~ went and came. The casino was generally filled with nobles; for of that class w. be all such as frequented a casino in Hungary. The sensation created by a lady in a side saddle, a seat on horse back which they had ^{not} seen or heard of before, as the narrator told me, was about the same as if a live gorilla had ridden down Rotten Row.

But of Lady Hester Stanhope he re-
lated this very amusing story, ^{his an incident} which
he had ^{not} witnessed himself, but ~~seemed~~ ^{which}
~~to come to his knowledge~~ ^{had come to his knowledge}
from good authori-
ty. It happened in Russia, where
a review was held in her honour: and
during it, she with Platoff by her
side and the old serg of Russian
generals following, galloped down
the lines at full speed; and, as she
rode with her legs on the ^{side} opposite ~~side~~
~~to~~ the troops, they all conclud-
ed that she could have but one leg,
as they never dreamt that any per-
son could be riding in a different
way from themselves or from what
they had been in the habit of seeing
all their lives both in men or women.
The story runs that, when the Of-
ficers came together after the
field day was over, ~~that~~ exclaima

tions were heard from a hun-
dred mouths of "What an excel-
lent Hetman ^{or, in other words, what an excellent Colonel would she} would she be, ^{if}
^{make,} she had but another leg!"

The only drawback to this
anecdote is that, ~~as mentioned above~~
in a ^{work} ~~work~~, published about twen-
ty years ago, entitled Memoirs
of Lady Hester Stanhope, where
in many conversations are
related touching the events of
her early life, no mention is
made of her ever having been
in Russia.



Litt.
M5769
1800₂-1865

475 Meryon (Charles Lewis, *Physician and Biographer of Lady Hester Stanhope*)
The Origin of Rome and of the Papacy.
A poem, translated from the Italian of

Giovanni Casti, by Deuterus Whistlecraft, Gent. [C. L. Meryon]. Small 8°. PRIVATELY PRINTED. N.D., about 1862.
—The History of Pope Joan. By Gianbattista Casti. A poem in three cantos. Translated from the Italian by Democritus Ridens [C. L. Meryon]. Small 8°. PRIVATELY PRINTED. 1860.
—'Tis all my eye and Betty Martin; or, the folly of men's pursuits. By C. L. Meryon. Small 8°. MS. note "PRIVATELY PRINTED, ONLY FIVE COPIES." N.D. Outer margins guarded.—Stanzas on the Turkish Bath, with plain rules for cleanliness of the body, and the preservation of health. In two parts. Small 8°. PRIVATELY PRINTED. N.D.
—Riding Habits and Habits of Riding; or, an enquiry into the most proper position and most becoming dress for ladies on horseback. To which is added The Riding School; or elementary instruction in Horsemanship. By the Chevalier Califourchon, [C. L. Meryon]. Small 8°. London, 1865.

In one volume. On the fly-leaf is a MS. note by the author as follows:—
'These translations from Casti, made by me, will probably be found nowhere else: so my daughter is requested not to lose them.'

Half calf. £2/

Litt.

M 5769

1800₂ - 1865

(Copy)

Carlisle Barracks, Pa.

December 10, 1929

My dear Doctor Francis:

Your letter was forwarded to me here, where I have been stationed since October 14 and up to the end of the year. You are welcome to use the review and I am glad to stand corrected about Meryon (E. and C.L.). I wrote from memory, but remember reading about one pater quam nuptiae non demonstravunt in the Dictionary of National Biography. I am glad to be reminded of it, as I had thought of writing up the medical etchings of Meryon - Morgue, Ecole de Médecine, rue des Mauvais Garçons, Zeppelin fancies, etc., if some one else does not want to do it. As W.O. used to say: Why not you? I think you will find it fascinating and I know you would not take the "peptic" line of the amateur psychiatrist. One of Meryon's finest etchings - that of the choragic monument at Athens, is buried in an obscure French volume of travels. Some of us had planned ransacking Amsterdam and the quais in the hope of unearthing a cheap copy, but I suspect the French art collectors have long since combed the territories. Funny what priceless treasures are sometimes buried in those obscure dinky little French and German duodecimi!

With kind regards,

Yours very sincerely,

"F. H. Garrison"

