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PINK AND SCARLET



# PINK AND SCARLET

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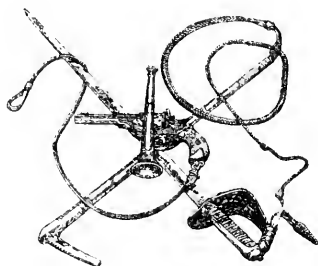
HUNTING AS A SCHOOL FOR  
SOLDIERING

BY

BT. LT.-COLONEL E. A. H. ALDERSON, P.S.C.  
THE QUEEN'S OWN REGIMENT

AUTHOR OF

'WITH THE MOUNTED INFANTRY AND THE MASHONALAND FIELD FORCE 1896'



LONDON  
WILLIAM HEINEMANN

1900

SK.

31

45

1900



TO  
MY FATHER



## PREFACE

I HAVE little to say by way of preface, except that a small experience of both hunting and of war having shown me how they dovetail one into the other—in the same way as the design on the title-page of this volume shows how readily their representative tools blend into a picture—and having seen also that the hunting man is already a more than half-made soldier, I have endeavoured to put my thoughts on the subject into words, in the hope that they may be of some use to those who have no experience at all.

In doing this my object is merely to assist the young soldier as regards his hunting, and to show him how he can make it the very best of instructors in his profession. I therefore utterly disclaim any intentions whatever of laying down the law on either subject.

I would also say that, owing to the receipt of orders to proceed on active service, I have been obliged to conclude very hurriedly, and have had no time to try and round off the many ugly corners of this amateurish production.

In conclusion, I have to thank Mr. W. Vick, photographer, late of Ipswich, and also Mr. Charles Knight, photographer, of Aldershot, for the trouble they have taken with the photographs.

E. A. H. ALDERSON.

S.S. "MALTA,"  
*En route to South Africa,*  
*October 1899.*

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# PINK AND SCARLET

## CHAPTER I

### THE CASUS BELLI

“WE have one incalculable advantage which no other nation possesses, in that our officers are able to hunt, and than which, combined with study, there is, during peace, no better practice for acquiring the gift which Kellermann naturally possessed” (Sir Evelyn Wood, *The Achievements of Cavalry*, p. 39).

“'Unting, my beloved 'earers, is the sport of kings, the himage of war without its guilt, and only five-and-twenty per cent. of its danger” (Mr. Jorrocks' *Lecture on Hunting*, p. 127, “Handley Cross”).

In the first of these quotations there seems to be more than sufficient justification for the title of these pages. As to the second—well, of all the many true sayings of that most enthusiastic old sportsman, Mr. Jorrocks, none are truer or more to the point than this.

“The image of war”—Mr. Jorrocks, speaking some thirty-five years ago, is borne out to-day by one of the keenest soldier-sportsmen of our age.

In using the above-quoted words, Sir Evelyn Wood was, as the name Kellermann naturally suggests, referring to cavalry officers. There is no doubt, however, that he considers hunting is equally good for officers of all branches of the service.

Should the sceptical wish to go further back for an opinion on this point, let them consider why the Duke of Wellington had a pack of hounds out in the Peninsula. Those must indeed have been grand days to soldier in, to hunt one day and fight the next. What could a soldier possibly want more?

How was it that the Duke used to get his information during the campaign but by using well-mounted Staff officers, which General Marbot tells us, with regret, the French were unable to catch; and where was it but in the hunting-field that these same officers acquired that eye for, and that quickness in getting across country, which so effectually baffled the French cavalry?

Did not the hero of Waterloo say of that king of sportsmen, Asheton Smith, “he would have made one of the best cavalry officers in Europe”?

To come to our own times, what does Kinglake say about the use of “hunting education” to Colonel Lacy Yea, when it came to a question of “how to get on” at the battle of the Alma?

“The 7th Fusiliers being on the extreme right of Codrington’s Brigade was beyond the reach of his

personal guidance ; but Lacy Yea, who commanded the regiment, was a man of onward, fiery, violent nature, not likely to suffer his cherished regiment to stand helpless under the muzzles pointed down on him and his people by the skirmishers close overhead.

“ The *will of a horseman to move forward*, no less than his power to elude or overcome all obstacles, is singularly strengthened by the *education of the hunting-field*, and Lacy Yea had been used in early days to ride to hounds in one of the stiffest of all hunting countries. To him this left bank of the Alma, crowned with Russian troops, was very like the wayside activity which often enough in his boyhood had threatened to wall back and keep him down in the depths of a Somersetshire lane whilst the hounds were running high up in the field some ten or fifteen feet above. His practised eye soon showed him a fit ‘shord’ or break in the scarped face of the bank, and then shouting out to his people, ‘Never mind forming! Come on, men! Come on anyhow,’ he put his cob to the task and quickly gained the top. On either side of him men of his regiment quickly climbed up, and in such numbers that the Russian skirmishers who had been lining it fell back upon their battalions.”<sup>1</sup>

Why did General Hamley, when Commandant of the Staff College, encourage hunting so much, and hold that to be a bad rider was a bar to active Staff employment? Again, why did the late Com-

<sup>1</sup> Kinglake, *The Invasion of the Crimea*, vol. ii. p. 322. The italics have been added.

mandant (Major-General H. J. T. Hildyard, C.B.) say that he “looked upon the drag-hounds as one of the most important institutions of the college”?

What says *Lectures on Staff Duties*, when talking of a reconnoissance in force with a view to gaining intelligence of the enemy’s positions?

“Whilst the fight is proceeding, well-mounted Staff officers should endeavour, by making a detour round the flanks, to penetrate the enemy’s veil and observe something of his positions.”<sup>1</sup>

This is Wellington’s method of gaining information, again recommended. “Well-mounted”—yes, but besides that the officers must ride well, have an eye for country, and a good bump of locality. All this hunting can teach and give them.

Secondly, how much of the character for dash, determination, and go-straight-to-the-pointness that we Britons have among other nations, do we owe to the fact that so many of us are horsemen? An instance will explain what is meant.

An officer in an English militia regiment (who is now dead) managed, by hook or by crook, to get attached to the Staff of the French General Bourbaki, and was present with that officer during most of the engagements round Belfort in the early part of 1871. During one of these engagements the General and his Staff were with a portion of the troops who were engaged on one side of a valley, while another portion were engaged on the

<sup>1</sup> *Lectures on Staff Duties*, p. 34.

other. He wished the latter to advance, and sent an Aide-de-camp with the order.

The valley was intersected with fences, and cut in two by a considerable brook, and the Aide-de-camp, no doubt influenced by these rather than by the German shells which were falling into the valley pretty freely, turned and galloped down the road apparently with the object of following it round the head of the valley. Five minutes passed, and ten minutes passed, without any move on the part of the troops across the valley. Then the General sent another Aide-de-camp who went off the same way. A quarter of an hour passed and still no move.

The rest of the story is better told by the principal actor in his own words (as near as we can remember them).

“It was most important for these troops to move, and at last I could stand it no longer, so I rode up alongside of him, saluted, and said—

“‘Will you allow me to go with that order, sir?’

“‘Yes, certainly,’ he replied.

“I was riding one of two Irish hunters I had managed to take out, and as soon as I was clear of the Staff I popped him over the bank out of the road we were in, and went off at a gallop straight down the hill. From our point of view the fences were not formidable ones, but they were blocked with partially-thawed snow and looked awkward, and the take-off was bad. I, however, took the old horse by the head, rammed him at them, and he never hesitated. We got over the

brook with a scramble, rose the opposite hill, and delivered the order before either of the other messengers hove in sight. I then turned about and went back the same way.

“When I rode up to the General to report the order delivered he seemed very pleased, and, among other things, said—

“‘Do English officers always take orders in that way?’

“I could not help replying—‘Yes, sir, they always go the nearest way with them.’”

It was nothing but the “education of the hunting-field” that enabled our countryman to score thus, and there is no need to comment further on the incident, unless it be to say that “the nearest way” means, of course, the nearest *possible* way. It would not be the nearest way to try and go straight, and then get pounded half-way (or fall and let your horse go), at an impossible fence. But there is no need to say this to a hunting man.

Again, how much of our influence over natives do we owe to this same fact, that so many of us are so at home on a horse? Again an instance, which memory recalls, gives an illustration.

Time—the summer of 1885; scene—the camp, near Tani on the Nile, of a party of friendly Arabs and natives, “Scallywags,” in fact, got together by two British officers for the purpose of scouting and obtaining information. Enter a party of officers who have ridden over from the neighbouring British summer camp. To entertain them the “Scally-

wags" start a game of jerreed-throwing. This consists in two parties of mounted men forming up about one hundred and fifty yards apart, each with two or three palm-leaf stalks, to represent spears, in their hands; one man from each side rides out, and after some manœuvring, they throw their sham spears at each other. The supposed victor is at once dashed at by two or three of the other side, and so on. The British officers are invited to take part, and they do so. During the process of the game one of them, instead of waiting for the onlookers to hand him fresh "spears," leans down from his pony, and, without dismounting, picks up from the ground those which have already been used. Not a difficult feat from a small pony. The effect, however, is great; the "Scallywags" point at, and talk about him eagerly, and when the game stops their principal sheiks go to the officer who is in charge of them, and request that they may be introduced to, and allowed to shake hands with, the man whom they consider has shown himself to be so much at home on a horse. They would do anything for such a man, and would follow him anywhere.

At the very moment of writing, the leading service paper, and the leading service magazine, are both giving evidence of the value of hunting to the soldier, and, through him, to the country in general. The *Broad Arrow* of December 31, 1898, in a leading article on Mounted Infantry, has the following:—

“ This brings us to the crux of the whole thing—the officer. It is he, and *his*, not *their* training that will make Mounted Infantry useful or not, like hawks or like barn-door fowls. It is he who in the stable must be the guide, from the handling of a brush to the fit of a saddle ; who in the field must get them along, keep them together, and tell them when to swoop. It is he who has made them earn a reputation in the past, and who alone can make them keep it in the future. In fact, without him they are like an engine without steam.

“ And of what sort must the officers be to do all this? The answer is—good soldiers, good horsemen, good horse-masters, and, as the present commander of the Mounted Infantry at Aldershot says in his book on the suppression of the Mashona rising of 1896, ‘ sportsmen and good men to hounds, such as we try to get into the Mounted Infantry.’ Lucky indeed is Great Britain, who alone of all nations can ‘ home-grow ’ such ‘ plants.’ ”

The *Broad Arrow* does not tell us why no other nation can grow the plants, because it is obvious, and the reason is so simple. No other nation has the soil—*i. e.* the hunting-field—in which they grow.

The *United Service Magazine* for December 1898 has an article by “ Reiver ” designated “ Thoughts on Cavalry.” In it he says—“ A new ‘ notion ’—to wit, the ‘ *éclaircur* ’—has lately been started in the Russian cavalry. Men in the ranks are chosen for their horsemanship, keen sight, power to overcome difficulties, and dash. Then they are trained



as scouts by a specially selected officer, who must himself be a *hunting man*; they are given a badge and increased pay, and are generally made much of."

"Specially selected," because a "*hunting man!*" If the Russians consider it a qualification with such hunting as they have, how much more must we do so whose officers can have the "image of war" *par excellence*?

Instances of the use of horsemanship and of "hunting education" to the soldier might be multiplied *ad nauseam*; perhaps, however, it would be more convincing to the disbelievers if they would ask the soldiers of the present day a few questions. Let them ask the young Cavalry officer what gave him that eye for country which enables him to say to himself confidently—"Ah! that's Middle wood;" or "By Jove! I must take the squadron to the right, those willows mean water;" or "We must take a pull in this heavy ground or the horses will be blown;" or "The troopers will just be able to get safely over this fence." Or ask him, how does he manage to keep his head and see which is the best way to go with such a rush of men and horses behind him? Again, how did he learn to tell when his horses are fit and when they are not, when they are tired and when they are fresh?

Say to him, oh sceptical one—"What taught you all this sort of thing, young sabretache?—was it the riding-school, or was it the Cavalry Drill Book?"

Having done with the Cavalry, pass to the young Gunner and talk to him much in the same way. Inquire how he learnt to tell at a glance that yonder hill should be a good position for his guns, and that there is most likely a cart track to it by those stacks. Having decided this, what taught him to take his horse by the head and turn him out of the road over the bank, to open the next gate with a swing, and pop over the rails beyond in order to go and see *quickly* if the position was as good as he thought? Say to him, "Well, did the 'shop' or Shoeburyness teach you this?"

Ask the young beetle-crusher what enabled him to tell his corporal that his patrol must "go through the rides in the wood"; or "There is a stream where the willows are, so you must follow the cart track to the bridge;" or "You are quite safe from the cavalry as long as you keep that straggling boundary fence between them and you." Again, how did he learn to take in the lie of the country at a glance, and thus be able to say, "Your detached post will be near that mill"? Ask him, "Did they teach you this at Sandhurst, or was it on the barrack square that you picked it up?"

Will it convince you, oh disbeliever, if, in nine cases out of ten, in which the young idea you are questioning possesses the knowledge and the qualities indicated above, the answer is, "Oh! it comes natural enough after having hunted a bit"?

Mark this, oh paterfamilias, oh nervous mother, and oh estimable guardians, whose boys are, or would be, soldiers, and oh commanding officers, whose subalterns would hunt. For this knowledge and these qualities are soldierly knowledge and qualities, and are, moreover, only a very few examples of what qualities and knowledge hunting can impart to your youngster, things, in fact, without which no man's soldiering education is complete.

We have Sir Evelyn Wood's authority for it that hunting can teach, and if you wish the apple of your eye to be a soldier, that is really a soldier, and to have every advantage to make him so, then let him learn.

Father, do not say, "I never had a horse in my time, and I don't see what he wants with it!"

Nervous mother, do not say, "But it is so dangerous!" If hunting is the most dangerous thing your soldier will ever do, he will never really be a soldier, he will only play at it. Remember that hunting will give him the requisite nerve and decision to extricate himself from a very much tighter fix than a roll with a horse. Besides, remember also poor Lindsay Gordon's lines—

"There ne'er was a game that was worth a rap  
For a rational man to play,  
Into which no danger, no mishap,  
Could possibly find its way."

Estimable guardians, do not say, "It will lead to habits of extravagance, racing, betting, etc." There

are many more youths who race and bet, who can no more ride than a sack of peas, than there are who ride and keep horses themselves. The latter, if keen and the right sort, eschew these things for fear of losing money, and so being unable to keep their horses.

Commanding officers, do not refuse leave, or make trouble about soldier grooms, and you will be repaid a hundred-fold in many ways.

To look at the reverse of the medal, think all of you—fathers, mothers, guardians, and commanding officers—what a pitiable and helpless object a man is who cannot ride when he becomes a mounted officer. It will be worse should such a one become a Staff officer, and, moreover, as such he will, except on an office stool, be practically useless; more than this even, for his consequent slowness and indirectness of movement when sent with an order may be actually harmful.

Again, think how ridiculous a man placed in either of the above-named positions will appear to many of those to whom he has to give orders, and in how many ways his want of knowledge will be apparent.

Fact always provides better illustrations than fiction, and in this case it provides an example of an officer who had just passed into the Staff College, when going some distance to look at a horse with a view to purchase, taking his own saddle with him, and when the owner suggested that the horse had better have on the saddle he

was used to, saying, "Oh, mine is all right, I had it on another horse last week!"

The man had brains, for he had passed into the college a long way first, but that he was sadly deficient in the most elementary knowledge regarding a Staff officer's proper conveyance is obvious.

Now, hunting will at any rate prevent a man appearing in any of the three above-mentioned ridiculous lights. You will admit this much, disbeliever? Very well, we will start with that and take the rest piecemeal, and try and show, chapter by chapter, the various other things that hunting cannot help teaching, and the many, many things it *may be made to teach if taken in the right way.*

As, however, it is hoped that these pages may, as well as doing this, be useful to, and help the would-be and the young and inexperienced horse-owning soldier in getting his horse and his kit, in keeping the former, and looking after it, and in getting the best value out of it, it will be necessary to go slow, and to bear in mind the words of the Infantry Drill Book, used with regard to the method of instruction in field training—"Each elementary subject must in turn be completely mastered before another is proceeded with."

This will no doubt bore the youth who cannot remember the first time he rode, and scarcely the first time he hunted, and who has had a father, a brother, or an older friend to instruct him in the details and etiquette of the chase.

Perhaps, however, even such a one may find a few things which he had not thought of before, while, if he is bored, he can skip all the details, and look only for what his hunting can teach him as regards soldiering.

## CHAPTER II

### CLOTHING

THE first thing a man at once does on receiving orders to proceed on active service, is to buy a kit suitable to the country he is going to serve in, or to overhaul and renovate his existing active service kit, remembering that all should be practically as good as new, for he never knows what work the things may have to stand, or when he can replace them.

Our young idea is about to embark for a campaign with the "image of war," and he must have a kit. The questions are, therefore, what kit? how much kit?

How much kit depends on the weight allowed; <sup>1</sup> that is, in the "image of war" campaign, on the length of the purse.

What kit depends on many things: is it for stag-hounds, fox-hounds, or harriers? Is the mount to be a young green horse, a seasoned hunter, or a pony? Is the wearer a good, bad, or indifferent rider?

<sup>1</sup> By the Field Service Manuals issued on June 1, 1899, an officer is allowed to take 35 lbs. weight of personal baggage in the regimental transport wagons.

One thing is certain : whatever the kit is, it should be the best of its kind.

A well-known and most charming sporting writer, who has now, alas ! joined the majority,<sup>1</sup> wrote somewhat as follows :—“ It is a duty every one who hunts owes to himself, to be dressed as comfortably and safely as possible, and it is a duty he owes to the world in general, to look as well as possible.”

To this should be added—“ It is a duty he owes to the hunt he goes out with to be dressed *properly*.”

Properly may be taken to mean the recognized kit for the different sorts of hunting.

We will now take these three duties, show how they dovetail one into the other, and consider what is the sort of, and the smallest amount of, kit required to fulfil them when hunting with each kind of hounds. The words “ smallest amount ” are used advisedly, because the young soldier is not usually over-burdened with the “ sinews of war.” Those who have well-filled treasury chests can buy as much kit as they like.

It would be best, perhaps, to take harriers first, because the kit suitable for wear with them nearly approaches to hacking costume. It is commonly known as “ rat-catcher ” kit, *i.e.* the mufti of hunting. Even “ rat-catcher,” however, has its etiquette—its right and its wrong.

An ounce of illustration is worth a pound of

<sup>1</sup> The late Major G. J. Whyte-Melville.



argument, and the best way to explain the right and the wrong of "rat-catcher" kit is to say—

Look on Plate No. I., Figures 1 and 2.

Looking at these two pictures the captious critic says—"What *is* the first gentleman going to do?

"Does he mean to commit suicide by knocking his head against a bough as he jumps a fence, or by falling on his head on a hard piece of ground? If so, his soft cloth cap will certainly further his wishes. Perhaps he means to hang himself, by means of his sailor-knot tie, in the first fence he comes to? Why does he stick his thongless crop up in the air like that? Is he going to brush a walnut-tree, or to throw a fly? And what will he do without a thong if asked to stop or turn a hound? Is he going to write down an account of the run, and the number of the fences that he jumps, on his protruding white shirt cuffs, or is he giving the shirt its last tour of duty before it goes to the wash?

"By his short round coat we conclude that the gentleman means to let the public see how closely he sticks to his saddle, while the broadside position of his breeches buttons shows that he is no anatomist, and the tightness of the breeches in the thigh seems to indicate that they were made for a ballet-dancer.

"No doubt his spurs contain some patent clinometer to measure the slopes of the banks he jumps, for they are already set at an angle of forty-five degrees with the ground."

The captious critic sums up by asking three questions—

(1) Is this gentleman comfortably and safely dressed?

(2) Does he look well?

(3) Is he a credit to any hunt he may go out with?

About the second picture the critic says—

“The gentleman has a good hard felt hat to protect his head, and it is secured by a double guard. His neat stock will not catch in the fences. He shows no white cuffs, but wears a flannel shirt. The long and forward cut coat sits neatly over his thighs and his horse's back, and not in his saddle, and while its tails will hide the least-honoured part of his person, they will also prevent his followers seeing daylight between him and the saddle at a chance ‘peck,’ etc.

“His strong, useful crop, *with* a thong and a scarlet lash, is held near the upper end, and the hand holding it rests in an easy and business-like attitude on his thigh. His breeches are loose in the thigh, so as to give the necessary freedom there, while the buttons rest in the bed made for them by nature in the front of his knee. His spurs rest comfortably above the swell of his heel, and lie horizontally; they can thus reach the right place, *i.e.* a hand's-breadth behind the girths, when necessary.”

The captious critic sums up by saying—

“This gentleman is safely and comfortably dressed; he looks well, and he is properly turned out



FIG. 1 —Bad "ratcatcher," bad seat.



FIG. 2.—Good "ratcatcher," good seat.



for hunting with harriers, with a drag, or for hunting with fox or stag-hounds, in mufti or 'rat-catcher' kit."

Figure 2 shows us the appearance, and the mode of wearing this kit; the material and colour of it are more or less a matter of taste. Go to a good firm, and they will tell you what is fitting. It may, however, be said that the coat should not be too thin or too light in colour, and that a grey Chipping-Norton mixture is very hard to beat for the breeches. The butcher-boots may be either patent or blacking leather, according to taste and pocket. The latter are, perhaps, the most workmanlike. A huntsman's frock-coat, made of some darkish material, may be worn instead of the morning coat, if desired.

"Rat-catcher" kit will, of course, do for hacking, but it is perhaps better form, looks more knowing, and certainly is better economy to wear rather a different one. A round coat may be substituted for the tail one, a pair of gaiters for the butcher-boots, and a well-made cloth cap for the hard felt hat, though it is safer to wear the latter if any "schooling" is to be done.

Though the tail-coat (but not the frock) may be worn with the gaiters, it does not look well to wear the short coat with the butcher-boots. Why this is, is difficult to say, but there seems to be a sort of unwritten law of etiquette which has educated the eye in this respect.

It is wise to wear "rat-catcher" kit with any hounds when riding a young green horse, a totally

strange horse, or if you are at all doubtful of your own powers of "remaining" over a fence.

From harriers we will pass to stag-hounds. Here it is not so easy to advise, and there seems no unwritten law on the subject; of course when hunting the wild stag the pink coat is correct. With the carted deer opinion seems to differ; some wear the pink or black, some the rat-catcher, some adopt a sort of cross between the two, and wear rat-catcher plus a tall hat, a covert or frock coat, and perhaps white breeches. Some of these mongrel kits, notably the "Hames of Leicester" one,<sup>1</sup> look neat and workmanlike. Perhaps the best thing to do is to try and find out if the master or the influential members of the hunt have any feelings on the matter, then comply with these. If they have no wishes wear rat-catcher, keeping the pink for the Image proper, which we will now pass on to.

It is fitting that the colour to be worn for the campaign with the "himage of war" (Mr. Jorrocks meant *fox*-hunting when he used these words) should be the same as that worn by the bulk of Britain's army. For is not the colour of the pink coat of the chase very nearly allied to that of the scarlet one of war?

It is argued by some, that it is absurd for a man with one horse to put himself into pink, but this will not hold water; if the horse is good, the man good, and he subscribes to the hounds, why

<sup>1</sup> So named because it is that adopted by Mr. Hames, the Leicester horse-dealer.

shouldn't he? Besides, it is only paying due respect to the hunt he goes out with.

The extra cost? Well, it's more than doubtful if after the first outlay there is any; pink coats properly looked after last longer than any others. Cut? Either a morning coat with the tails cut forward or a huntsman's frock (the swallow-tail is coming in again in Leicestershire). Go to a good firm and leave the details to them, but don't have too thin a material. Inner sleeves of flannel with an elastic band at the wrist add greatly to comfort.

Breeches? Leathers are rather going out of fashion, and washing materials have taken their place; this is certainly a blessing for the man who has not got a good valet.

Boots? Tops, flesh or natural colour; bottoms, blacking leather; eschew patent leather and varnish.

Spurs? Straight and long, with the rowels blunted in any case, or, unless you are quite sure that you only use them when you want to, taken right out.

Crop? Plain, strong, and serviceable, with a good crook for pulling open, or catching and stopping a gate, and a stout thong, not too long, with a scarlet lash.

Stocks and waistcoat? Matter of taste, but former certainly plain white without any coloured spots. Avoid flash pins.

To show the *tout-ensemble* we must again resort to illustration. The picture on the next page shows what may be taken as a fair hunting get-up.

For cub-hunting the kit is of course rat-catcher,

and on the hot mornings of the early part of the season, straw hats, light coats, polo breeches, and brown boots may be worn if desired.

“Now,” as Mr. Mantalini<sup>1</sup> would say, “What is the demned total of all this?”

It might be put down roughly at £40 to £50, made up somewhat as follows:—

MUFTI OR “RAT-CATCHER.”

	£	s.	d.
“Billy Coke” <sup>2</sup> hat; specially hard, with padded lining, ring, and black hat-guard, say . . .	0	15	0
Coat, morning, with tails cut forward, say . . .	5	0	0
Waistcoat, say . . . . .	1	10	0
Breeches, say . . . . .	4	0	0
Butcher-boots and garters, say . . . . .	5	5	0
Spurs, say . . . . .	1	0	0
Stocks (buy one of good pattern and get your sisters or cousins to make as many more as you want), say . . . . .	1	10	0
	<u>19</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>0</u>

“THE UNIFORM.”

	£	s.	d.
Tall hat, specially hard, with padded lining, braided guard, and ring, say . . . . .	1	7	6
Pink coat (black rather less), say . . . . .	8	8	0
Waistcoat, yellow flannel, say . . . . .	2	10	0
Two pairs white washing breeches, say . . . . .	6	0	0
Top boots, say . . . . .	5	0	0
Garters, white, two pairs, say . . . . .	0	10	0
(Etceteras, see above)			
	<u>23</u>	<u>15</u>	<u>6</u>

<sup>1</sup> Vide *Nicholas Nickleby*.

<sup>2</sup> “Billy-cock” is a corruption of “Billy Coke”—Mr. William Coke (afterwards Earl of Leicester) having originated, or at least adopted the hat so named.





The "Uniform."



For training or driving to the meet a suitable great-coat (a box-cloth one costing about £10 is nicest, and will last a life-time) and two white cotton aprons (to keep the breeches clean) must be added to the above.

The next thing is, where to get it all? The answer is, at any *good and well-known sporting* tailors and boot-makers. Mark the word "sporting," for it's no use asking an ordinary tailor, not even the very best, to make hunting clothes. He will make you a perfectly-fitting walking coat, no doubt, but directly you get on a horse it will seem to be thrown all out of gear, will have no "spring," in fact, while his breeches will be worse. It is the same with the boots, and they will be difficult to put on, to get off, and uncomfortable to wear, besides they won't be *made right*.

One word about going to the well-known and fashionable tailor for the first time : unless he thinks you are likely to be a large customer, the odds are that you do not get his best workmen put on to your things, and when trying them on you will have to show that you mean to have the best fit that the firm can produce.

"Why, dash it all, the idiot who writes all this must be a universal outfitter himself"—the reader has probably said long before this. Well, he isn't, but is only jotting down what experience has shown him may be useful to the ingenuous youth about to become a votary and a pupil of Diana.

Just two more remarks, and we have done with

dress. It will add greatly, not only to comfort, but also to the easiness with which the reins can on occasions be held, if a pair of thick, large worsted gloves are carried under the saddle-flaps when hunting. Placed there they are kept dry and warm, and can easily be got at should rain come on. Wet dogskin or buckskin gloves are very uncomfortable, and what is worse the reins slip through them. The same applies to bare hands.

Poor "Roddy" Owen might always be observed, when riding a race on a wet day, wearing woollen gloves, and on one very wet day at Aldershot, it was generally said that he won through being able to comfortably hold his reins with them, while the other riders' reins kept slipping through their bare cold hands.

A flask carried in a pocket is dangerous, for a fall on it may mean a bad contusion or a broken rib, therefore have it in a case attached to the saddle. A plain horn-shaped one looks best.

The sceptical individual is probably beginning to grin with triumph about this time, and say to himself, "Except for a few solitary points mentioned, where *do* the lessons for soldiering come in in this chapter? Do we want our soldiers to be dandies?"

The answer is to join conclusions with him at once and say, "Yes, certainly we do, so long as it does not make them effeminate fops."

What said the Iron Duke about dandies as soldiers?

What about the story of the Guardsman in the

Crimea who stood with his back to a heavy fire, daintily drawing on his white kid gloves, and saying to his somewhat shaken company, "What's the matter, men, what's the matter?" and they pulled themselves together. To go to ancient history, what about the Spartans in the pass of Thermopylæ?

Where would "pride and pomp, and circumstance of glorious war" be without dandyism?

How would our volunteer army be recruited unless the dress attracted—*i. e.* unless there was an innate love of smartness in men? And how much does this feeling of smartness contribute to give them that alertness of carriage and movement so different from the majority of civilians? Why do we pay so much attention to keeping our men clean and smart, to the set of a tunic, to the shine of a button? Why?—because cleanness and smartness—dandyism in fact—means self-respect, without which no man is worth a . . . We had almost sworn! We mean a rap . . . as a soldier.

Who is to set the example in this, as in all things, from the fit of a belt to the charging of a breach, but the Officer?

Let us look at the other side of the question for a minute or two. Men with ragged, dirty, and unsoldierlike clothes, improvised head-dresses, and unshaven chins, cannot help looking at each other and thinking, "I am just as bad as that chap, what a blackguard I must look." Thus they go about *feeling* blackguards, and this very soon ends in their *being* blackguards.

Personal experience on active service has seen this process actually take place in one body of men, through want of regard for appearances on the part of the officers, and prevented in another body, serving in the same place and under the same conditions, by due regard for them. In the first case razors were thrown away on board ship, thus the men landed on the scene of action feeling and looking dirty. Then they were allowed to lose (or rather throw away) their helmets, which had to be replaced by "swash-buckler" hats (*i. e.* the sort of soft wide-awake hat universally worn by civilians in Africa). Excellent hats these are in their way, but they were not *uniform*, and uniform means discipline.

The rest soon followed—dirt, standing anyhow in the ranks, etc. It is easy to go downhill! They looked at each other, and saw that they looked like blackguards, and they became them, got drunk, got out of hand, and did many things that got them and their Corps a very bad name.

It all came from the throwing away of the razors and the losing of the helmets!

In the other case razors were taken, and the men made to shave whenever possible, and they were not allowed to lose their helmets. In a word, appearances were kept up as far as circumstances permitted, and keeping up appearances means with the soldier keeping up discipline.

Is this not why the Iron Duke liked his officers to be dandies? Is it not also a reason why hunting, which teaches a man to dress himself beautifully in

pink and white to gallop through mud, and perhaps to go head over heels into a boggy ditch before he has been out an hour, should be the best of schools to teach him to set an example to his men, and also to see that they themselves turn out as well as possible under all circumstances?

A dear old commanding officer, the late Colonel C. H. Browne, C.B., known in the service generally as "Charlie Browne," used to say to us subalterns—"If you fellows hunt and race I will have you properly dressed. Think of my feelings if it comes to a coroner's inquest, and you are laid out badly turned out?"

Bear this in mind, young idea, and remember also that as an officer you have a position to keep up both in and out of uniform.

Nothing that has been said is meant to infer that because a man has a bad kit he must be a bad horseman or an indifferent sportsman. There are good horses in all shapes, and good sportsmen and horsemen are as often as not found beneath the worst of hats and clothed in the most unfashionable of coats.

We are perhaps beginning to "dwell" on the line and must "get for'ard," for though the tailor, combined with the barrack square drill, can make up the body of the officer, he cannot make his *fighting intelligence*, and it is our business to show how hunting can go a long way towards doing so.

Before turning over the page, however, it would perhaps be as well to remind the ingenuous youth that it is not the kit alone that makes up the whole,

it's the way it's worn, the seat, the position of the hands and elbows, the *je ne sais quoi*, the *tout-ensemble*, the *hall mark*, in fact, of the "right sort." It would also be well to say to him :—

"Yet a word in thy ear—'tis an adage oft told—  
 All glittering most bravely e'en here is not gold.  
 And if by naught else save the glitter you're caught,  
 You may scorn in its strongholds the *Spirit of Sport*.  
 For it lies not in Hammond alone, nor in Kidd ;  
 Oh ! ill with 'war's image' 'twould fare if it did.  
 It holds not sweet converse with swagger or brag,  
 Nor the set of a coat, nor the shape of a nag :  
 It lurks not, I'll swear, in one feeling of pride,  
 And glance supercilious on friend at your side,  
 Though the man at your flank not a grace may adorn,  
 Though his mount barely thrive on his hardly-earned corn,  
 Though poorly conditioned and rough be that steed,  
 Ill-fitted his tackle, inferior his breed.  
 'You may laugh till I win ; you may scorn me, in short,  
 Here I'll take a leg up,' cries the *Spirit of Sport*."<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Extract from some verses on "The Spirit of Sport" by "Winifred."



## CHAPTER III

### EQUIPMENT AND NECESSARIES

As the marching order equipment is to the soldier, so is the saddle, the bridle, etc., to the horse ; and the efficiency and comfort, let alone the appearance, of the latter, like that of the former, depends a great deal on whether his equipment is suitable, comfortable, and fits him well, or the reverse.

There is an old saying, something about not "spoiling the ship for a ha'porth of tar." This applies to us just now very much indeed. We have got our own kit ; now comes the equipment for the horse, the saddle, the bridle, and many other necessaries.

The first thing to do is, as with the horse (Chapter V.), ask advice from those who know ; the next is, as with our own kit, go to good firms ; and the first, second, and third are, don't stint the tar.

A good saddle costs but little more than a bad one, it lasts twice as long, it always pleases the eye, and, most important of all, it is far more likely to fit, and be comfortable to the horse, therefore have a good one. The same applies to the bridle, and

everything else connected with the horse and the stable.

It has been said that the poor young Prince Imperial might have escaped but for the breaking of a strap on his saddle. He caught hold of it in his efforts to get on to his moving horse, it was "shoddy," and broke in his hand! The rest is only too well known. We hope that our young soldier may never be placed in the same dreadful predicament; let him, however, beware; moreover, the hunting-field will find out the "shoddy" like active service does, and he will look very foolish if, after duly holding on to his reins through the catherine-wheel-like turns which end in a "buster," he loses his horse through the breaking of leather or buckle.

To begin with the saddle, it should be plain flapped, and of a fair size. It is a great mistake to use a small saddle for hunting just because it is light, it does not distribute the weight so well as a bigger one, and is therefore far more likely to give a sore back. For hacking this does not apply so much, because the weight is not, as a rule, on the horse for so long at a time. The saddle should be leather lined, or be used with a leather numnah cut to fit it exactly. No other form of numnah is good.

Bridle—must suit the horse, therefore the exact sort cannot be named, but as most horses go in the conventional double bridle, we will take that as an example. It must be made of good leather. This means going to a good firm and giving a fair price.

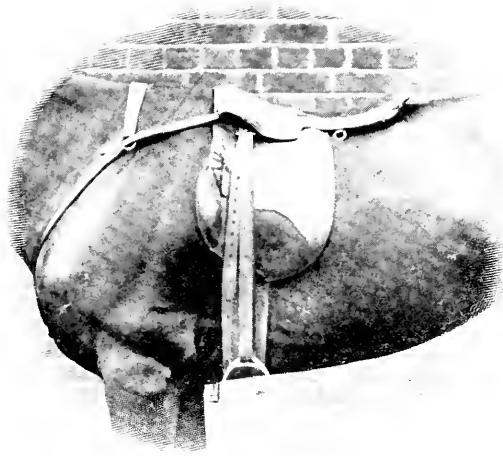


FIG. 1.

A bad, and badly fitting, saddle with the stirrup irons hanging wrong.

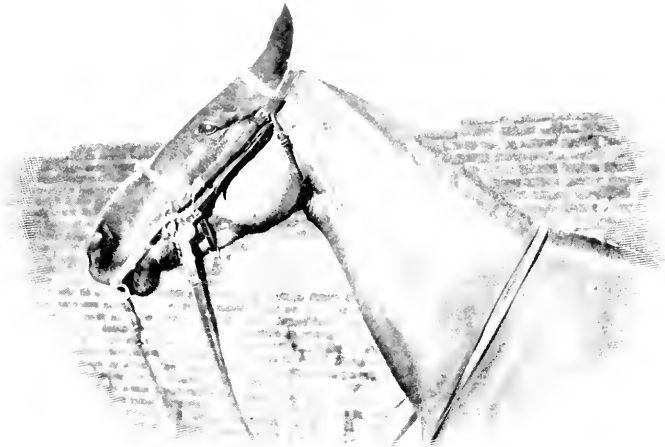


FIG. 2.

A bad bridle, badly put on.



It must be sewn on to the bits, nothing looks worse than buckles.

Breastplate.—This, in most countries and with a well-shaped horse, is of little practical use, but it is periodically fashionable, and it sets off the forehand of a horse.

Having got these three articles, the next thing is—“How to put them on?”

No doubt every man who rides, and every groom, thinks he knows all about it; but it is surprising how very many of both do not know, and how many more of the former do not *see* when the horse is brought out with both saddle and bridle badly put on and badly fitted.

Plates III. and IV. show the same mare with a bad saddle and bridle badly put on, and a good saddle and a bridle properly put on and fitted. To the uninitiated there may not appear much difference in these pictures, so we had better go through the various points.

In Plate III. Figure 1, the saddle is an old and badly shaped one, it has ugly knee rolls which will prevent the rider easily getting his leg back into its place after a “peck,” or forward when he wants to avoid a tree in a fence. It is too short in, and has too much stuffing in the flaps. It is insufficiently stuffed both under the pommel and the cantle, and therefore down on the mare’s withers and backbone: this is bound to give a sore back in two places.

In Figure 2 of the same plate the bridle has most horrible buckles which join it to the bits, and the

mare can no more look well in it than a lady can in a vulgar bonnet. The bridoon is so thin as to be almost like a piece of string, while it is so high in the mare's mouth that it wrinkles up the corners. The bit is jammed close up to the bridoon with the result that the desperately tight and twisted curb-chain, which is *inside* the bridoon, is far above the chin-groove. Neither curb, bit, nor bridoon can act properly as they are placed ; moreover, they are uncomfortable, and will assuredly irritate all light-mouthed and most high-couraged animals. The breastplate is so tight that it must cause a gall. The stirrup-leathers, by the way the irons hang, have evidently not been put on to their proper sides, and a rider who lost one iron would not be able to recover it easily.

In Plate IV., Figure 1, the saddle is a good and well-shaped one, it fits the mare, and is well off her withers and her backbone, its flaps are long and will not catch the tops of the rider's boots, while the absence of stuffing makes them sit close to the mare's sides. The stirrup-leathers have been put on their proper sides, and therefore the irons hang at right angles to the mare, and would be easily found by the rider's foot. The bridle, Figure 2, is sewn on to the bit, and it thus looks neat and workmanlike. The thick bridoon lies easily in the mare's mouth and does not wrinkle the corners. The bit is in its right place, *i. e.* two inches above the corner tooth (one inch above the tusk of the horse) ; the result is that the evenly laid, correctly *hooked*



FIG. 1.

A good, and well fitting saddle, with the stirrup irons hanging right.

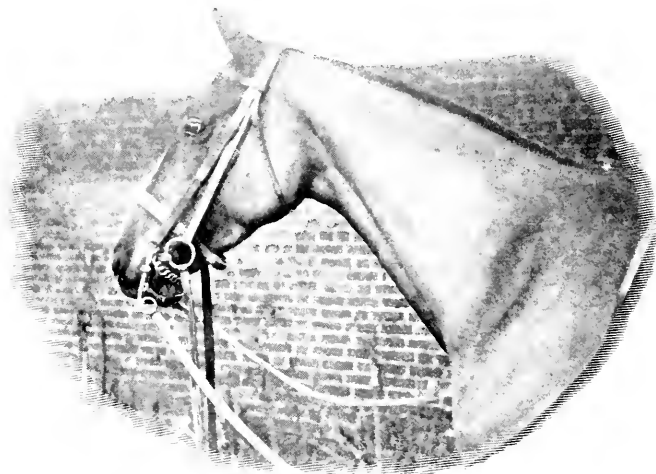


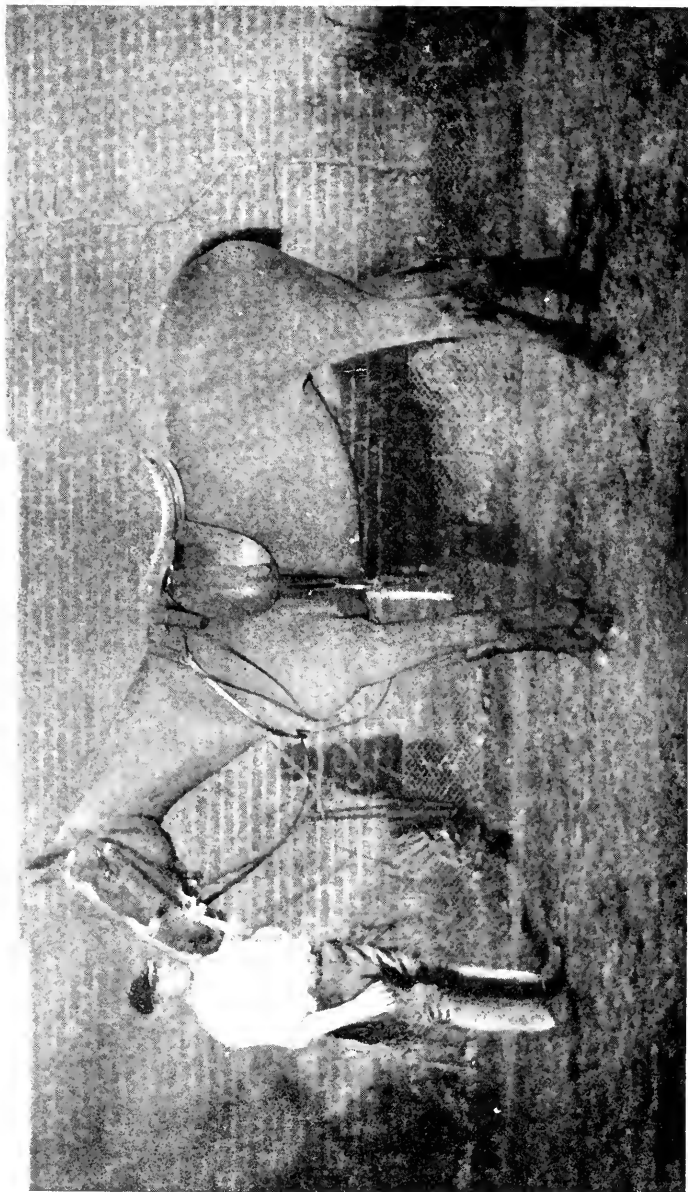
FIG. 2.

A good bridle, well put on.









The *tout ensemble* is businesslike, comfortable and becoming.

*on*, and not too tight curb-chain lies in the place which seems to have been made for it by nature, the chin-groove. The throat-lash is just sufficiently tight to play its part, *i. e.* to keep the bridle on. The same may be said of the breastplate, its part being to keep the saddle from slipping back. The *tout-ensemble* is business-like, comfortable, and becoming.

A word about the curb-chain. The majority of grooms know that it should be evenly laid, but very many do not know how to *hook it on* correctly; they do not think, and it is very difficult to make them understand, even when they are told, that to set the *flat*, and not the *edge*, against the horse's chin they must hook it *apparently backwards*.

The photographs on the next page will explain better than any words what is meant.

Regarding the stirrups, or rather the leathers, if they are not always put on the same sides, the irons will not hang right (*vide* Figure 2, Plate III., and Figure 2, Plate IV.). Should, however, the leathers be new, or there be not time to change them when the horse is brought out, they may be made to hang at right angles to the horse by giving them several twists towards his tail, stretching them downwards and then letting them go.

With some slight modifications, necessitated by difference of make and shape, the foregoing remarks apply to the military saddle and bridle. Moreover, will not the eye, to which it has become second nature to see at a glance, as the horse is brought

out of the stable accoutred for the chase, that saddle, bridle, etc., are properly put on, take readily to the inspection of men and horses on the parade ground? Therefore the lessons of this chapter for the soldier are obvious.

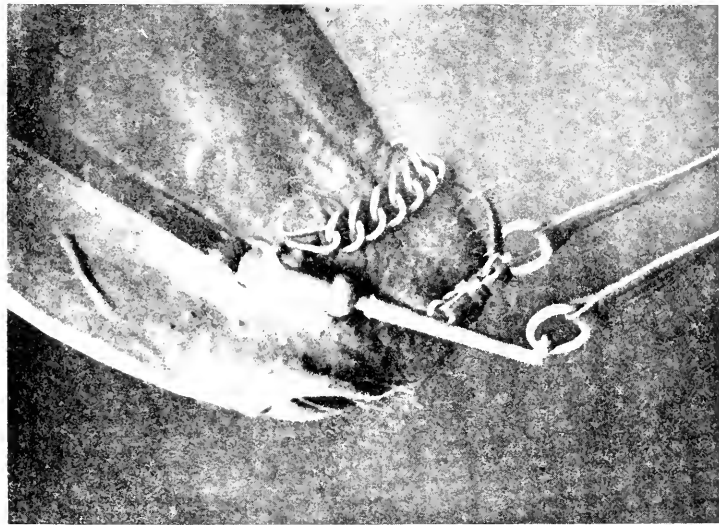


FIG. 1.—Curb chain hooked on the right way.

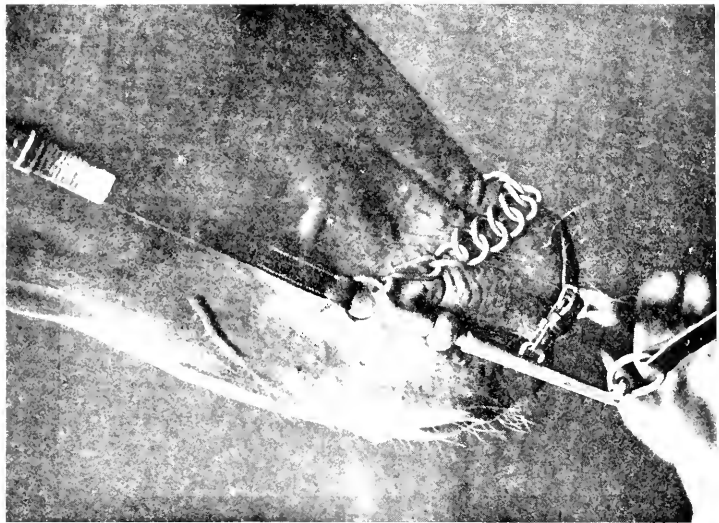


FIG. 2.—Curb chain hooked on the wrong way.



## CHAPTER IV

### INTERIOR ECONOMY AND SUPPLY

Good interior economy makes a comfortable, a happy, and a contented regiment or battalion, and lays the foundation of a good one.

On the contrary, no good results can be expected where there is a want of system, of interest, and of supervision on the part of those in command ; while discontent is the deadliest of enemies of efficiency.

It is the same with the stable.

Our soldier knows when his horse is saddled and bridled properly, he must also know when he is properly fed, groomed, and generally looked after.

This volume would outgrow all proportions were every detail regarding these, and other things connected with the horse, gone into,—besides, one of its principles is *not to repeat* what has already been said over and over again in many much better productions.

Sir Frederick Fitzwygram deals fully,<sup>1</sup> and at the same time concisely, with feeding, with the how, the why, and the wherefore of grooming, and also with exercise ; while Major M. F. Rimington's little

<sup>1</sup> In *Horses and Stables*.

book on stable management puts the whole thing in a nutshell, and is one that all young soldiers fond of horses should possess.<sup>1</sup>

There are, however, just a few points which these books do not look at in the light that this volume is trying to do, that is, from the point of view of a complete novice. One of these points is, "I have a groom of whom I mean to be master—can I tell him exactly what I expect him to do daily?" Many horse-owners, after a little reflection, will answer, "Of course I know, but I can't run through it in detail." Well, Mr. Owner, you ought to be able to, for how can you expect a man to do his work properly if his master doesn't know what he ought to do, and therefore cannot be appreciative when he does it well?

Much more does this apply to the soldier who has no stud, or experienced groom, but merely a more or less inexperienced "Thomas Atkins" to look after his stable.

The routine laid down below will at any rate give him something to go upon, and enable him to tell his groom what he expects done.

#### STABLE ROUTINE.

6 to 6.30 a.m.—Water, feed, pick out and wash *in side* of horse's feet. Clear litter out of stall and sweep floor clean, putting litter in spare stall, or outside, to dry. When the horse has finished his feed, turn

<sup>1</sup> *Stable Management*, by Major M. F. Rimington, Inniskilling Dragoons. Gale & Polden : price 6d.



him round in stall and fold his clothing back on his hind-quarters, clean one side of his head, neck, shoulders, and legs, then the other side. After this, turn him round again, sweep his clothing right off and clean his hind-quarters. Sponge eyes, nostrils, and under dock. When grooming is finished put on the *day* clothing and give some hay.

8 to 8.30.—Go to breakfast.

9 to 9.30.—Put on exercising saddle and bridle and *knee-caps* and go to exercise.

11 to 11.30.—Water and feed.

12.30 p.m.—Put litter neatly back in stall and give horse some hay.

12.45.—Go to dinner.

3 to 3.30.—Water and feed.

6.30 to 7.—Put on night-clothing, water, feed, and bed down. Before leaving the stable for the night give the balance of the hay allowed.

The groom should also be told to *note well the following*:—

1. Horses must always be watered *before* being fed and *never* directly afterwards.

2. Nothing will prevent a horse looking well so surely as want of water, and it should always be left in his stall.

3. Even if a horse is only getting two “feeds” a day he must be fed four times, half a “feed” being given at each of the times named above.

4. If horses are going out, their watering and feeding must be put back, or forward, to suit the time they will be wanted. They must not be fed

within an hour of ordinary work, or within two hours of fast work.

5. Always see that the manger is clean before giving a horse his feed, and look well for stones, etc., in the oats.

6. Remember that it is most important that a horse should be watered and fed regularly, and, above all, as early as possible in the morning.

7. Few things are worse for a horse than a hot and close stable, and nothing makes him so likely to catch cold.

8. On no account is litter to be left piled up under the manger.

9. When a horse comes in from work he should, as a general rule, be allowed to drink directly his bridle is taken off. His saddle should be ungirthed, raised off his back, and put back again, and a rug thrown over his loins while he is being dressed. His feet should be washed out *inside*, and stones, etc., carefully looked for. When the saddle is removed the horse's back should be thoroughly dried. If it is near feeding time he should be fed after being clothed up.

10. The dangerous time to give a horse water of ordinary temperature is not when he is *hot*, but when he is getting *cold*, is much exhausted, or has just been *fed*.

11. *Remember always that a horse is entirely at your mercy, and cannot ask for his water and food or complain if he is badly treated.*

No groom, however good, will be the worse for

having all the above impressed on him by the master, and with many, very many, it is absolutely necessary to do so if you want your horses to be fit, and free from colic, inflammation of the intestines, etc.

The ignorance of so-called grooms is astounding, and the old-fashioned ideas of "I will give him some water when he is cool," or "when he has eaten his feed," still prevail.

Why they did not, and do not, kill more horses than they did and do, can only be regarded as one more example of how well outraged Nature adapts herself to circumstances.

It is, therefore, not only necessary for the young, and indeed every horse-owner, to be able to lay down the law, but he must also be able to explain why he does so, or what he says will be put down as "My bloke's fads."

He must be able to say, "You must feed early, because a horse's stomach is empty long before morning."

"You must feed at least four times a day, because a horse's stomach is very small."

"You must not give water directly after food, because it may wash undigested food into the wrong place and give the horse what you would call 'gripes' (*i. e.* colic)."

"You must water and feed regularly, because if you do not a horse expects and pines for his food, and so loses condition."

"You must look for stones, etc., in his oats,

because if he grinds one with his teeth it may put him off his feed."

"You must not take his saddle right off when he is hot, because this may raise blisters and so give him a sore back."

"You must not bring him out for me to ride directly after his feed, because it may give him a stitch in his side (*i. e.* colic), like it does you to run after dinner."

"You must not pile the litter under his manger, because it smells, and the smell goes up into his food. How would you like a lot of dirty clothes piled up under your breakfast table?"

"You must not merely add water to the pail which the horse has in his stable, but you must throw away any water left, and change or clean the pail before filling it again."

Finally, perhaps, it may be necessary, though we will hope not, to say, "If you were dumb and I did not bring you your food, and knocked you about, how would you like it?"

As well as talk the horse-owner must be able to act, and he should know how to take up brush and curry-comb, stand well away from his horse, and show his groom how he should put his weight into his work. Scratching at a horse as if you were combing your hair is no use whatever.

"Taking up brush and curry-comb" does not mean that the latter is to be actually applied to the horse. On the contrary, it must never touch him, its use being merely to clean the brush, and for this

purpose it is held in the hand not holding the latter. It is very strange how many people seem ignorant of the proper use of the curry-comb. So much is this so, that a very popular, and, as a rule, most correctly informed sporting library has, in its book on hunting, the following sentence—"Unless the animal is very diligently curry-combed and brushed, scurf will form, close the pores of the skin, and affect the horse's health."

"Brushed," of course, but "curry-combed" (!), well, try it on with a thin-skinned, high-couraged horse, and see what happens. Yet some so-called grooms do think it should be used on the horse; but then, as has been remarked on page 39, their ignorance is proverbial.

Fact will again give us one or two instances. A good and apparently knowledgable groom sees an old blemish on a horse and says, "Ah, he must have been bitten there by a snake when young, and the hair has never grown." (!) Again, "What beautiful small legs." (!) One more—a lady's groom, sent to look at a horse with a view to purchase it for her (one of the worst things to do, by the way, unless you are very sure of your man), says that his hocks are wrong, and when asked to say where, points to the *os calcis*, and says, "It's too long" (!). This worthy had *not had his palm greased*, and he wanted to crab, but he made a bad shot, for extra length in the *os calcis* means extra leverage, and therefore increased power, in the hock.

No man can turn out his best work with bad or insufficient tools, therefore the groom must not be stinted in the way of brushes, rubbers, sponges, and cleaning things and material generally. For these *necessaries* (we do not say for saddles and bridles) the Army and Navy Stores are excellent, and they give in their price-book a very complete list of what is required for one and for two horses; more than is required is, in fact, given, as a carriage as well as a horse seems to have its wants considered.

While on the subject of stable necessities it may be remarked, that the Government body-brush is an excellent one, and its price is only 2s. 3d. as against from 5s. to 8s. at the Army and Navy Stores, or at a saddler's. Our young soldier can of course obtain it on repayment. There is also another article which may be found in her Majesty's Stores, and which is a great preventive of waste, *i. e.* a hay-net. If a horse's hay is given to him in this he cannot throw it all out in trying to find the best pieces, as he can, and often does, when it is put into the hay-rack. Once on the floor a great part of the hay is stamped upon and spoilt.

Sir F. Fitzwygram deals with clothing, bandages, bedding, etc. All this should be carefully noted, but there is no need to repeat it. Remember, however, one thing regarding bedding, if a horse eats it, you must stop him somehow, and the best and surest way is to put him on some bedding which he cannot eat, such as moss litter,<sup>1</sup> sawdust, or

<sup>1</sup> Some horses will eat the roots in this.

shavings. The latter, called in the trade "shruff," makes a very clean, sweet, and comfortable bed. They are unfortunately difficult to get unless you happen to be in the vicinity of a builder's workshop or mill. If he keeps on eating large quantities of straw he will never be fit to go, and it may in the end break his wind or make him a roarer.

While on the subject of wind, it may be said that it is a good thing to always damp the food of a whistler or roarer. It is also a good thing to give him his water out of an old tar-barrel.

Note especially what Sir Frederick says about ventilation. Many more horses cough from being in a hot stable than from a cold one, and most stables are too hot and close when the groom has *his* way about the ventilation. On no account let the dirt be washed off your horses' legs when they come in from work or exercise. Rather than this, if for any reason, such as pressure of time, etc., the dirt cannot be got off at once, let the legs be bandaged loosely and the dirt *brushed* off when they are dry. Nothing leads to cracked heels, etc., so much as the washing and not drying *immediately* afterwards. If you had two men to each horse washing would be very well.

One word about shoeing. Get your blacksmith to shoe your horses as described by Sir F. Fitzwygram in chapter lxiv. of *Horses and Stables*; take him the book, show him the pictures, and tell him quietly, putting it as if it was your fad, and not as if you wanted to teach him his work; but in any

case make him do as you want, or leave him for some other smith who will. The form of shoe advised by Sir Frederick is the one pointed to by those two very best of teachers, Nature and common sense. It is almost an insult to them to add, that the personal experience of one individual can vouch for several horses which "stuck their toes in" in the most bring-your-heart-into-your-mouth fashion, becoming safe hacks when so shod. The great thing to bear in mind in shoeing is, "Get the frog on to the ground," *i. e.* so that a ruler laid across a foot when held up, will touch the shoe on one side, the frog in the middle, and then the shoe again on the other side. This lets Nature do her work, for the frog is made to take its share of the weight and concussion with the walls of the hoof. The more it is allowed to do its work, the bigger and the healthier will it become, and thrush, "wired in," and contracted heels will be unknown.

Another thing regarding shoeing is, go occasionally and see your horses shod yourself, to let the smith see that you take an interest in it. Then, don't forget his workmen at Christmas time!

A few words as regards forage, not as to how to know its quality, etc.,—Sir Frederick thoroughly goes into that,—but as to the purchasing of it.

The *pros* of keeping horses as a soldier far outweigh the *cons*, but this question is certainly one of the latter. The soldier is always on the move, and he cannot buy quantities of hay and oats, etc., when they are cheap and store them. Again, he



has usually nowhere to keep even a ton of hay (40 trusses) or six to a dozen quarters of oats (12 or 24 sacks). He must thus buy from the dealer in small quantities, and is always made to pay top prices. It is his own fault if he pays these prices for bad stuff, but he will do so if he doesn't look out, and if he leaves it to his groom it is almost certain that he will.

Memory recalls the following incident. A big firm of forage-dealers, not 100 miles from London, give a groom 10s. at Christmas, and offer him five per cent. on all his master has. Groom tells master. Master pays his account, deducting five per cent. from the total, informing the firm that if they can afford to give it to his groom they can to him, adding that they need not expect his custom in future. Firm refuses cheque and demand payment in full. Master sends it back, writing words to the effect of "Take it or leave it, and go to law if you like." Firm write back accepting cheque, and saying that if their representative did give groom 10s. (they ignore the offer of five per cent.) it was only for having taken care of their sacks, and this they regard as a *trade expense* (!) which they would be very glad to see done away with (!!).

Now, what is the origin of this "trade expense"? Simply that generations of masters have been either too ignorant, or too lazy, principally the former, to look at and judge their own forage. Then Mr. Groom goes to the forage-dealer and says, "If you don't give me so-and-so, I tells my master your

forage is bad." The variation is, Mr. Dealer says to the groom, "You take in what's sent you and keep your mouth shut, and there's a good fat present for you at Christmas."

Oh, young soldier, if only to save your own self-respect, or your own pocket, learn to be at any rate a fair judge of forage; remember, moreover, that some day you may have to purchase, or pass, forage for her Majesty, and you will indeed be one of her bad bargains if you cannot tell good from bad.

Yards might be written on the interesting subject of stable management, but Sir Frederick has it all (except, perhaps, the lump of rock-salt which it is good to have in each manger), and there is nothing more to be said but, "Be master," pay your groom well, and treat him well, and get him to see that you are both pulling in the same boat. Remember, also, that we all of us occasionally want a poke from some one to keep us up to the mark.

Be often in and out of your stable, not with a view to spy on your groom, but because you are fond of your horses and want to see them well done. Don't forget that a little judicious praise is a very powerful lever. (This, by the way, is a good thing to remember with soldiers also, and it would be good if it were more the fashion in the army to give praise.) And remember "that what's not inspected is likely to be neglected," and also that "a master's eye makes a fat horse."

Before concluding this chapter it would perhaps

be well to give a rough estimate of the approximate cost of keeping a horse in England. Taking a month of thirty days as the period, it may be put down at somewhat as follows:—

	£	s.	d.
2¼ sacks of oats at 12s. per sack . . . . .	1	7	0
(i.e. 12 lbs. per day)			
6 trusses of hay at 2s. per truss . . . . .	12	0	
(i.e. 12 lbs. per day)			
¼ sack of bran at 7s. 6d. per sack . . . . .	1	10½	
½ sack of chaff at 3s. 6d. per sack . . . . .	1	9	
6 trusses of straw at 10d. per truss . . . . .	5	0	
Ordinary table-salt (for use in bran mash) . . . . .			3
Rock-salt (to place in manger) . . . . .			3
Carrots, say . . . . .	1	0	
Shoeing . . . . .	4	0	
Soldier groom, 10s. per month . . . . .	10	0	
Allow for incidental expenses, cleaning materials, etc. . . . .	4	10½	
Total cost per month . . . . .	<u>£3</u>	<u>8</u>	<u>0</u>

This estimate is made out from the prices lately (1899) paid at Aldershot for good sound forage bought in small quantities from local dealers. The quantities allowed are liberal, and a horse can be kept in health and fair working order on considerably less, but it is no pleasure to the real horse lover to ride unless his mount is really fit for the work he has to do.

Should the young soldier horse-owner elect to use Government forage, which is bought by contract in large quantities, and which he can obtain on repayment, he will find that the actual *keep* of his horse will work out from £1 15s. to £2 a month. In

stations where proper supervision is maintained the quality of the forage is good enough for horses in ordinary work, though it would not, as a rule, do for hunters which are really wanted "to go."

In Ireland the cost of actual keep is a good deal lower than that given in the estimate above, but so also is the quality of both hay and oats.

Wherever the horse is kept, and whoever the forage is obtained from, every care must be taken to prevent waste, robbery, and over-feeding. A few shillings invested in a small spring balance weighing machine will be well spent, and the hay, etc. should frequently be weighed. Each truss is supposed to weigh fifty-six pounds; it is not, however, possible for the man who cuts them out of the stack to always do so to a pound or two, but what must be looked out for is that some are *over* as well as under weight, so that the *average* may be right.

Experience provides a case of every truss of several tons of hay which were bought direct from a big farmer being under weight, some of them so much as six or seven pounds. The excuse made was, "I'm very sorry that the man who cut them out should have made such a mistake." The natural retort was, "It's very odd that he should have always made it on the right side for you;" and the action taken was to go elsewhere for hay in future!

Another preventive of robbery, or rather of speculation, is to keep a book in which the number of horses kept, and the amount of forage used, each month is entered. Any noticeable difference in the

total should at once be gone into, as it is suspicious. If preferred dry bran may be used with the oats instead of chaff, as is always done by the 10th Hussars. The object of both is the same, *i. e.* to prevent the horse bolting the oats. Some owners maintain that straw chaff is better than hay chaff. This, like the use of bran instead of either, seems a matter of opinion.

The carrots are not a necessity, but it is a capital plan for a horse-owner to always have some ready cut up in his stable or harness-room, so that he may give his horse, or horses, a piece or two each time he goes to see them; they will thus connect his appearance with pleasure, and they will very soon get to know his voice if he calls out to them as he goes into the stable. A well-known voice will go further with most horses than any amount of whip or spur. A little grass, or green food, is good in spring and summer.

It will be seen that the cost of keeping and looking after a horse to a soldier, when he can find stabling in barracks, and has a soldier groom, works out to 2s.  $3\frac{1}{5}d.$  per day.

Soldiers of all sorts and conditions are often heard saying, "Oh, I can't afford to keep a horse," and yet some of these drink and smoke every day more than this 2s.  $3\frac{1}{5}d.$  over and above what they actually require; nay, putting aside the benefit of the exercise and the education they could get for the money, they would be much better in health without the drink and the smoke.

Youngsters, note this. Fathers, mothers, guardians, and Commanding Officers also note—that strength of mind to deny the appetite, and increased health, and thence efficiency, come in here ; surely you will assist, if only for these reasons ?

The lesson to be learnt from this chapter, and the books it names, is the care of that work of the Creator's which is man's closest companion and colleague both in war and in sport—the Horse.

## CHAPTER V

### TRANSPORT

“Yet if man, of all the Creator plann’d,  
His noblest work is reckon’d,  
Of the works of His hand, by sea or land,  
The horse may at least rank second.”

MR. JORROCKS said that the horse was made for the hound, and the fox was thrown in as a connecting link between the two! Certainly there can be no doubt that the horse was made for the soldier.

Our soldier has been shown how to get, and put on, both his own kit and his horse’s equipment, and also how to take care of the horse, which, assuming that a stall, or better a loose box, a soldier groom, and other necessary *etceteras* have been arranged for, we will now think about.

The author of *Riding Recollections* says, that in the choice of a horse and a wife a man must please himself, ignoring the opinion and advice of his friends.

A wife is a luxury that the young idea has no business to think about for the present, even if he can afford it. A horse is, however, a necessity for every soldier at some time or the other in his

professional career, so the sooner he has one and gets used to it the better. *Learning* to ride is not easy at the time of life when an Infantry soldier becomes a mounted officer, and a man who puts it off so long does not, as a rule, learn to ride at all, though he may succeed in learning to be *carried* by his horse. Passengers are of little use in the navigation of a ship, or the driving of a train, and a man who is merely a passenger on his horse cannot command a battalion properly, even in the barrack square. In the field he stamps it with his own want of mobility. On active service the same fault, by glueing him to his command, and thus restricting his power of personal reconnoitring, and limiting his range of vision, may lead to bad use of the ground, surprise, and thence disaster.

If questioned about his advice as to choosing a horse for oneself, Whyte-Melville would no doubt have said, that of course he meant a man with knowledge of horses, and above all one who had in his mind's eye *the sort of horse he wanted*. Our young friend can scarcely have the one or the other, and if he *thinks* he has, let him remember that experience with horses, as with life in general, tends to show us that the more we learn the more we find how little we *know*. Therefore let him go to some one with the knowledge got from experience, and say, "I weigh so much, I ride well (indifferently or badly), I want to hunt with so-and-so hounds, and I can afford to give so much; will you help me to find a horse?"



This is better advice than giving him yards of quotations from veterinary text-books on the subject of splints, ring-bones, spavins, etc., etc., to consider. There is time enough for this when he goes, as he ought, through the veterinary course at Aldershot. It will, however, do him no harm to study the pictures and diagrams published by Bailey and Woods of Cirencester, showing the many ailments the horse is subject to, with their positions, and endeavour to identify these on the live animal as examples are met with.

If the ingenuous youth is too proud, or rather has not sufficient sense—for only fools are too proud to ask questions about things they do not know—to ask a friend's advice, let him at any rate go to a respectable dealer, and above all avoid being caught by such chaff as this—

“Bargain.—Superb hunter, sold only owing to accident to owner.” “Perfection,” by “Prize Winner” out of “Jump-over-the-moon.” “Chestnut gelding, beautiful, handsome, free-stepping horse. Most brilliant hunter, etc., etc. Apply to Lord Scattercashe's coachman, Beanem Mews, W.”

A young bird in a scientific corps at this station (Aldershot) was caught with a very similar bait a few months ago. He wanted a horse, he saw an advertisement, he said nothing to anybody, but got a day's leave and went and bought the horse, giving nearly £100. The horse arrives. Next day, “Downey bird” goes to ride him. Horse won't leave stable yard, rears. Rough-rider brought in,

horse rears over backwards and is put back in stable. Next day a brother officer with experience tries his hand, and by dint of all sorts of tackle, men behind with hunting crops, etc., rides horse out. Finds he is a roarer. Further examination discovers that his hocks have been fired, and that his knees are slightly marked. Very valuable horse this!

There is no redress, he was bought as he stood, without any warranty. Fact is even stranger than fiction!

How well does Franklin's saying, "Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other," apply to cases like this!

Nothing that has been said is intended to dissuade the young soldier from reading about the horse, quite the contrary, for it is necessary for him to read and re-read just as he must do regarding his profession. But it is intended to convey to him that no amount of reading without practical experience will make him a judge of a horse, any more than the study of the strategy and tactics of Frederick the Great or Napoleon will enable him to lead his squadron or company in the field if he has not been right through the mill of practical work.

Regarding literature on horses, *Horses and Stables* (Sir F. Fitzwygram) and *The Points of a Horse* (Captain M. Hayes) will give all that is wanted.

The former is plain and concise, and it gives hints on stable management, and also on the purchasing of

horses. The latter is most complete, and explains the good and bad points of a horse in the best possible way—*i.e.* by illustration.

Any one who has sufficient knowledge to understand Sir F. Fitzwygram's hints on purchasing can scarcely buy a "wrong 'un," as far as make and shape are concerned. There are, however, three pieces of advice he does not give. One is, "If possible ride your horse, and see how he *feels*, before you buy him." Another is, "If you are giving much money, say over £50, have him *vetted*, even when you have an experienced friend to help you;" and the third is, "Look at both sides of a horse." Memory recalls a horse sold at Tattersall's for ninety-five guineas, with a rupture on the *off* side, which it is certain that some at any rate of the bidders did not see.

Sir Frederick says, "Reject a horse which is 'split up,' *i.e.* shows much daylight between his thighs; propelling power comes from behind, and must be deficient in horses without due muscular development between the thighs." This horseman's term "split up" recalls the day when a gallant officer, in showing his own horses, remarked knowingly, "What I like about this horse (turning his tail sideways) is that he is so well split up behind!" And yet this officer bought many horses for the Government in one of our colonies! Poor Government!! Should our youth have to do the same, and there is no reason why some day he should not, these pages will not have been written in vain, if

they save him from making, and his country from the effects of, a similar mistake.

While on the subject of the hind-quarters it may be said, that if a horse's dock is difficult to raise up, *i.e.* if it offers much resistance, it is supposed to be a sign of a good constitution. Again, there are veterinary surgeons who hold that a horse with a small sheath is more liable to go wrong in the wind than one which has a well-developed one.

Captain Hayes gives photographs of almost every sort of horse, and certainly of every sort of legs, heads, etc., etc., and he so clearly and fully describes the noticeable points of each picture, that his book is a complete education for the eye that can retain the points, and then compare them with, or rather detect their presence or absence in, the live animal. There are, however, one or two classes of horses which Captain Hayes does not show, or perhaps it is more correct to say, does not specially point out, as such, and these our young soldier will be none the worse for having in his mind's eye. They are the cheap useful hunter for light, medium, and heavy weights, and the horses suitable for the Cavalry trooper, for the gun, for the baggage-wagon, and for the Mounted Infantry cob.

The talk of a cheap heavy-weight hunter may be called absurd. But what is meant here is not the ideal article, be it a prize-winner or a great-charactered horse, but the useful rough-and-tumble one, a horse, in fact, "selected by rejection for bad points . . . such a one may be plain, but will at least be

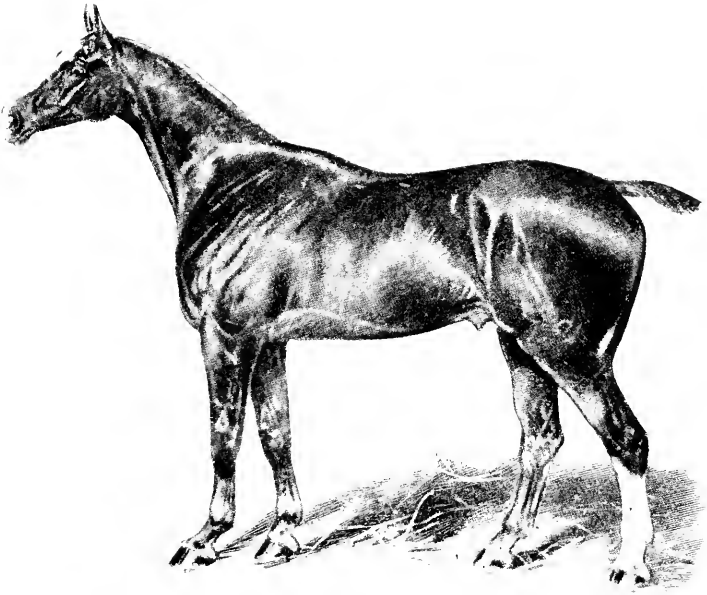


FIG. 1.—*The Ideal*\*.

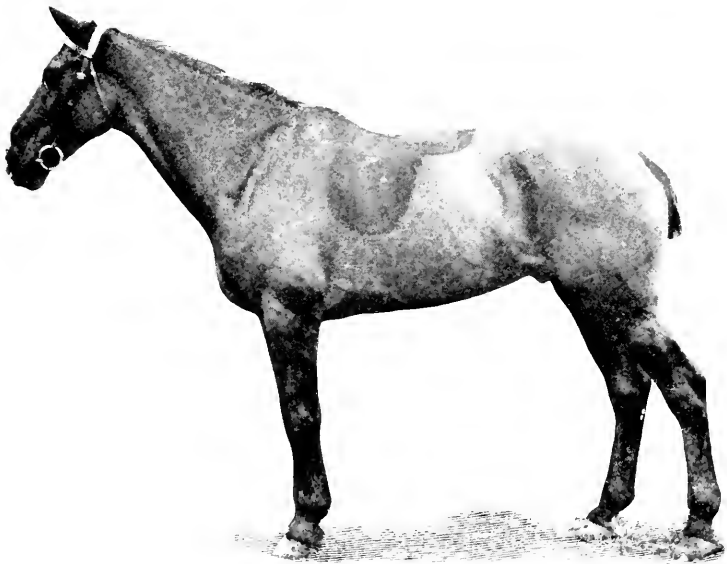


FIG. 2.—*The useful Real*.

\* We are indebted to the Proprietors of "Land and Water" for their kindness in allowing us to reproduce this picture.



serviceable" (Sir F. Fitzwygram). The former will mean hundreds of pounds instead of tens, in which only the bulk of our young soldiers are able to deal. A picture of each is given in Plate VII.

Medium and light-weight horses must, for our purposes, be looked at much in the same way as described above, though in a less and less degree as their weight-carrying capacities decrease. Specimens of each are shown in Plate VIII. Photographs of horses more or less suitable for different sorts of army work are shown in Plates IX. and X. It may be as well to make a few remarks about the horses shown in these plates.

Except in the case of the horse represented in Fig. 1, Plate VII., which appears a "dream" of a weight-carrying hunter, they must not be taken as perfect samples of their class, but merely as representative types which have proved themselves good in the "handsome is as handsome does" way.

In Fig. 2, Plate VII., the horse is standing badly, his fore-legs are too much under him and his hind-legs too much away. In spite of this, however, it can be seen that his shoulders lie well back and slope fairly, and also that he has power behind. He may be taken as a sample of the useful, but not expensive, soldier's weight-carrier.

Fig. 1, Plate VIII., shows a medium-weight horse. By the photograph he appears somewhat upright and "lumpy" in the shoulders, and he is certainly rather short and upright in the pasterns. Notwith-

standing these crabs this horse's fore-limbs "did handsome," for he only gave one fall in five seasons, and he won five point-to-point races, and would probably have won more had he not begun to "whisper" (*i.e.* became a whistler).

It will be seen that he has great length from hip to hock, and very good arms and "second thighs" (gaskins). He is unfortunately photographed with an indifferent saddle on, the irons of which do not hang right. Under £40 bought this horse at Tattersall's as a six-year-old, and bids of five times that amount were afterwards refused for him.

Fig. 2, Plate VIII., shows a sample of the light-weight horse, an Irishman; "made" by one of the best horsemen in the north of Ireland, very much on the principle mentioned on page 84, never hustled or bustled, but at the same time never allowed to refuse; he was taught in his youth to take fences as a matter of course. The result was that, having naturally that without which neither man nor horse, however perfectly made, is any use—a good heart, he never "turned his head" from anything. The photograph hardly does his shoulders justice; they are excellent, and he had, as can be seen, wonderful depth of girth, which no doubt made him the stayer that he was.

The horse was photographed at the end of the season, just after he had won three point-to-point races, and, as will be noticed, he had no superfluous flesh on him. He was, as may be guessed from his way of standing, a singularly active, well-balanced



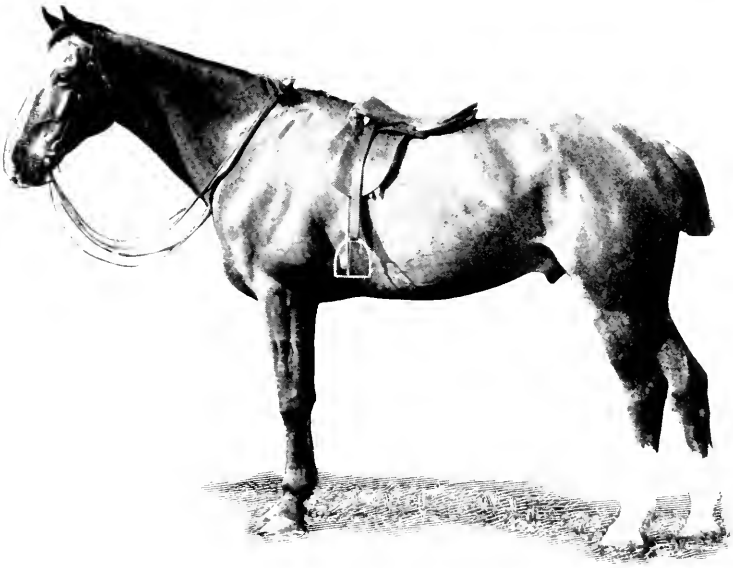


FIG. 1.—A medium weight horse.



FIG. 2.—A light weight horse.



horse. In spite of his extreme boldness he was in some ways a nervous horse (the two often go together), and could not stand a whip being cracked on his back. Half-a-century bought him as a five-year-old in Ireland, and three times that (which was less than his value, but circumstances made his sale desirable) saw him go to carry a distinguished lady rider with—

“The cream of the cream in the shire of the shires.”

Fig. 1, Plate IX., shows indeed one of the “handsome is as handsome does” sort. This mare served her Majesty for eleven years as a cavalry trooper, and was never sick or lame from any constitutional cause, or any fault or defect of her own. A good record! and we may well take her as a good type for cavalry, though perhaps some Commanding Officers might like a more showy sort.

The photograph is not a very good one, and the mare is not standing too well, yet we can see the points that have made her able to earn such a record. First come perhaps great depth of girth, unusually well-arched ribs, and wide hips; these mean constitution. Then come the long and, for her stamp, good shoulders, the short, well-timbered legs, the good-sized, well-shaped feet, and the straight, level, and sufficient, but not extravagant, action (she retains the last at fifteen to sixteen years of age).

The photograph makes the mare look to be some-

what short "reined" and rather "goose-rumped," but when on her back neither are apparent.

Finally we may say that she is a type also of the horse without any very evident bad points, and her record bears out what Sir Frederick Fitzwygram says about such a one, "It may be plain but it will be useful." Should the young soldier ever become a remount officer and buy nothing worse, he will do well indeed.

Fig. 2, Plate IX., shows a Mounted Infantry cob. There is not much to be said about him; he is "common" perhaps, and has somewhat upright-looking shoulders, though they are long ones. His girth, barrel, hips, and legs are all good, and at the price probably paid for him he must be considered a "good sort" for the job.

Fig. 1, Plate X., gives a leader in a Royal Horse Artillery gun team; he is a useful stamp of horse, though perhaps he has somewhat straight shoulders. The horse in Fig. 2 of this plate has lately (1899) been received as a remount by the Army Service Corps at Aldershot, and he is regarded by them as a very good type of a draft horse. He has short legs, deep girth, good ribs, and powerful, though not handsome hind-quarters. Perhaps his most noticeable point is the great amount of bone below both knee and hock.

And the lessons of this chapter? Many are obvious, and many more may be found by following up and studying the horse on the lines indicated.

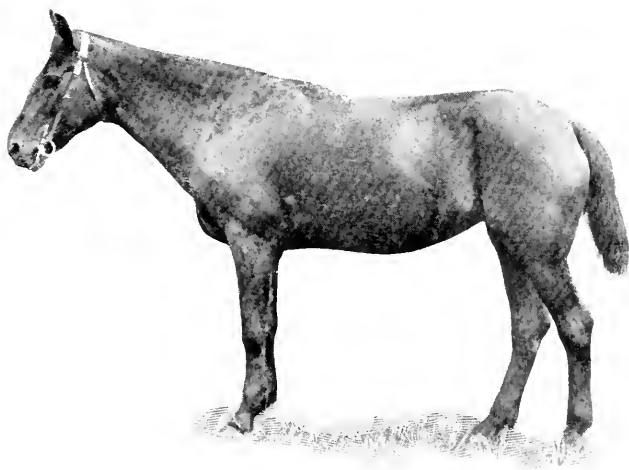


FIG. 1.

Served Her Majesty for 11 years as a Cavalry Trooper, and was never sick or lame.

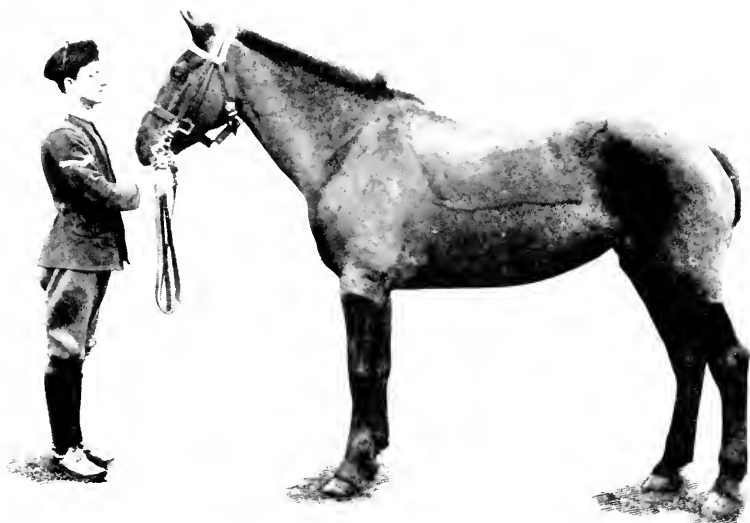


FIG. 2.

A Mounted Infantry Cob. "M. 1. 63."





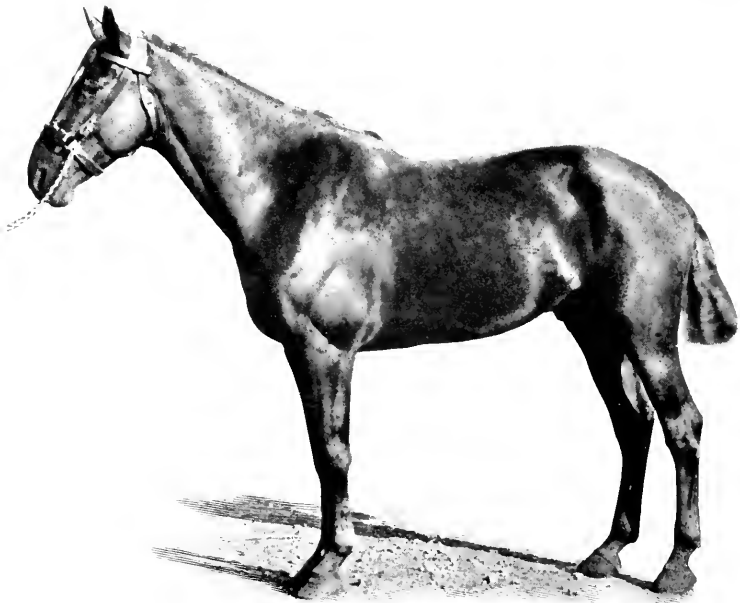


FIG. 1.—A Royal Horse Artillery lead horse.



FIG. 2.—An Army Service Corps horse.



## CHAPTER VI

### FIELD TRAINING

AN officer can be of little use on active service unless he can command and handle his men (*i. e.* knows his drill), has had some practice in marches, outposts, and practical work generally, and has acquired by reading some knowledge of what he and his men may expect to meet with in actual war.

It is the same with "the image of war," and no man should be allowed to hunt until he has at any rate mastered the rudiments of equitation, can sit fairly tight over a fence, open a gate properly, hold his whip in the right way, and a host of other minor details which it is now proposed to go into.

This is not a treatise on riding, nor would such a thing, even if written by poor "Roddy" Owen and Fred Archer, in conjunction with the greatest master of the art of the *haute école* that ever stepped into a riding-school, enable a man to become a good horseman, or even to ride well. Nothing but practical experience can teach him either.

Mark the two words "rider" and "horseman." They are synonymous to the world in general, but how different to the initiated; to essay to explain the subtle differences to the uninitiated is like endeavouring to explain the beauties of a picture to a coal-heaver in French.

Illustration may perhaps do something to separate the two, and we may say that the riding-master can teach, and the riding-school make the *rider*; while Whyte-Melville, in *Riding Recollections*, explains what is meant by the term *horseman*; and the hunting-field, combined with some natural aptitude, can make one. It is the difference, in fact, between barrack-square drill and active service.

Our young soldier has got his kit, his horse, his saddle and bridle, and we must assume that he is a rider "of sorts."

For argument's sake let us suppose that he becomes a horse-owner for the first time in the summer. This will give him time to get the show into going condition before the hunting season begins.

It is the morrow of the great day on which the purchase was made, and the first ride is to be taken. There is a great deal in first impressions, and no one is so susceptible to them as the horse. The very minute you get on his back, perhaps directly you touch the reins to get up, he knows whether you are afraid of him or not, and he will act accordingly.

But we must hark back a minute, we have not

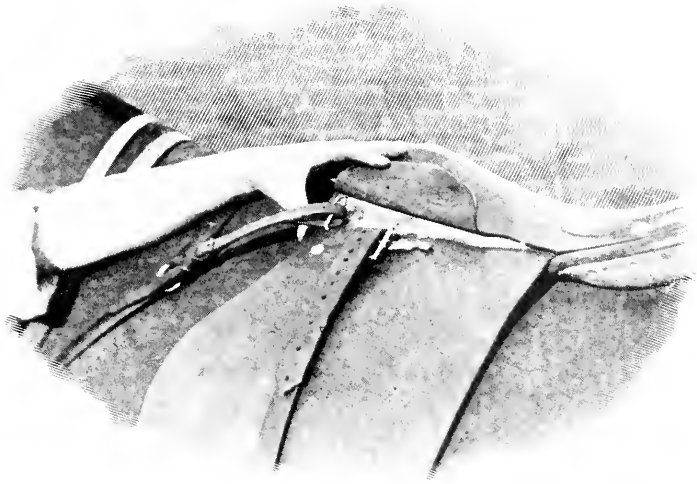


FIG. 1.  
Spring of the bar down, and stirrup leather not tucked in.



FIG. 2.  
Testing the length of a leather.



got him out of the stable yet, and there are several things to do before getting on his back.

When he comes up to the door, or is brought out of the stable, the eye should run quickly over him and note whether all is right. It soon becomes a habit, and a very necessary one it is, to see it at a glance, whether or not the saddle fits, if the bit and bridoon are in the right place (*vide* p. 32), the curb laid evenly and hooked on correctly (*vide* p. 33), the throat-lash not too tight, and the *girths* fairly so, and the nose-band not too high. Regarding the stirrups, see that they hang right (*vide* p. 33), and that the spring which is made to keep them on the bar is *down*, as shown in Fig. 1, Plate XI. This last may mean all the difference between being dragged or not, between life and death in fact (of this more anon). Whether the leathers are approximately the right length may be proved by placing the tips of the finger of the right hand on the bar of the saddle, and with the left hand raising the stirrup to the right arm-pit. The length of the leather which brings the bottom of the stirrup just clear of the side will generally be found *approximately* right for most men. The word "approximately" is used because horses differ and saddles vary; were it not so, every one could tell to a hole, before getting on, whether his stirrups were the right length, simply by noting when they were so, how far the bottom of the stirrup came down his arm when held as described above, and as shown in Fig. 2, Plate XI. As, however,

the length cannot with certainty be fixed to a hole before getting up, the end of the leather should never be tucked into the buckle, but should be left out as shown in Fig. 1, Plate XI. If it is like this the rider can easily shorten or lengthen his stirrup as he moves off.

All is now ready, and the question of "Who is going to be master" will very soon be decided. On this depends certainly the rider's comfort and safety, and probably whether his ride is a pleasure or not.

In tactics it is better to lay down the law than to allow it to be dictated to us; it is the same with a horse. Therefore take the initiative and approach boldly. It is by no means a bad thing when going to get on to a strange horse for the first time, to give the middle of the saddle three or four good hard bangs with the flat of your hand. If the horse has a tendency to buck directly any one gets on him this may prevent his doing so, perhaps because it is not then the weight of your body which first presses a maybe cold saddle down on to his back. Be this as it may, if you see this performance gone through by a seller before the intending purchaser gets on, you may safely bet that the horse is, to say the least of it, a little uncertain in his manners until his "back is down."

In getting up do not think too much about the correct riding-school way of doing it, but get hold of the reins and swing up boldly. When up do not, oh! *do not* at once grasp and draw up the reins

as if you were going to pull on a tug-of-war rope ; this is *the very* way to make most horses think "this chap's afraid," and then they begin to dance. Do not begin at once to fuss about your stirrups, you have got them approximately right, and that's good enough to start with. So at once drop your hands, feel the horse with your legs, and say to the groom, "Let him go." It's a hundred to one that, if you are not afraid of him, he goes off perfectly quietly. As you go along you can get your leathers to suit you.

If you notice that, as he comes out of the stable or is brought round to the door, the horse tucks his tail very closely into his hind-quarters, sticks it out straight behind him, or sticks it out with an upward curl or bend, instead of carrying it naturally, look out for squalls. All these are signs that his "back is up" ; it may be merely from freshness, it may be because the saddle is cold or uncomfortable, and it may be from temper and because he means kicking or bucking. Anyway it is a sign that, even with a horse you know well, should not be disregarded, therefore sit tight, assert yourself, and keep his head up, or you may find yourself suddenly in the position shown on the following page.

The position is certainly absurd, it may be dangerous, and it will probably end in the rider being shot, like old rubbish, into the street—a most unpleasant and ignominious experience, and the very worst of introductions to a new horse.

But how to get his back down? Well, you must with him, as you must whenever possible in war, *take the initiative*; you may do somewhat as follows: At the least sign of a hitch up behind, or a "pig jump," use your voice saying, "Now then-n g-a-r-r-on- g-a-r-r- on," or something of the sort, and at



EXCELLENT ADVICE.<sup>1</sup>

*Dealer (to Timmins, who is trying a hunter).* "PULL 'IS 'ED UP, SIR! PULL 'IS 'ED UP, AND JAM THE SPURS IN, OR 'E 'LL DOWN YOU!"

the same time give him just a hint of a "chuck under the chin," *i. e.* shake the bridle a bit. Both these will show that you mean to be master, and the last will probably stop him thinking of getting his head down, without doing which he cannot

<sup>1</sup> We are indebted to the proprietors of *Punch* for their kindness in allowing us to reproduce the above picture.



buck badly. This sort of thing should carry you along until you come to a piece of grass, or soft ground, and then you can complete the back-getting-down process by giving him a canter. Look out, however, when he first gets on the grass ; this often starts a previously apparently sheepish horse into lamb-like gambols. These can be checked in the way described above, but there is no harm in them, gallop half-a-mile even, and they will probably cease, besides our youth does not know the meaning of the word *nerves*, and it is all good practice.

Two or three rides over varied ground, and among different sights and sounds, will show the horse's peculiarities, his likes and his dislikes, and, to a rider of any experience at all, will also show what bridle suits him best. If our young man cannot decide the last for himself, he should ask advice from an experienced friend. It is an important point, as it may mean all the difference between comfort and discomfort, between being run away with and holding him easily, between having your teeth knocked out, and losing sight of your horse's head between his fore-legs. The two latter bring forward the question of the martingale and the gag, the "keep his head down," and "the get his head up." Both of these are good in their way and should be used when necessary, but it is much better if they can be done without, and they may be dangerous in the hands of an inexperienced rider. Should the martingale be used with a double

bridle, follow Whyte-Melville's advice, and put it on the *bit* rein; he tells us why on p. 43 of *Riding Recollections*, and there is no need to say more. Note well also what he says about the martingale rings slipping over those of the bit, and if there is the least danger of this have "stops" on your reins.

Memory recalls a horse whose martingale rings slipped over the bit rings while out hacking, spinning round and round like a top till he threw himself down. Nothing is said about the danger of martingales with reins which *are buckled*, instead of sewn, on to the bit, because it is obvious, besides our boy does not have such abominations as buckles on his bridles at all.

Whyte-Melville describes the gag also, and it only remains to be said—be careful with it.

In one point regarding bits we must differ from the author of *Riding Recollections*. He recommends a *jointed* Pelham; we cannot lay claim to experience such as his, but must nevertheless back our opinion and say—"A smooth thick *unjointed* Pelham made in the shape of a half-moon, is an excellent bit for many horses."

The chapter on "The use of the Bridle" in the above-named book leaves little more to be said on the subject, unless it be, "Use it as little as possible."

Sailors have an axiom something to this effect, "As long as the ship keeps her course let her steer herself," and this is by no means a bad thing to

remember regarding the horse. It may be transposed into "give him plenty of rope," *i. e.* ride with long reins. Be assured that, with your elbows well back, and close to your side, and your hands as far back as (and if separated, on each side of) the pommel of the saddle, you have much more command over your horse than if your arms were nearly straight out and your hands half-way up his neck. It is like the difference between steering a big ship with a wheel and with a tiller. Besides, think of the look of it (*vide* the pictures on p. 17), and, above all, in the first case the horse will go comfortably to himself, and therefore to you, while in the second even a phlegmatic, and what Mr. Jorrocks would call "unhenterpriseless brute," will resent the restraint, and consequently make you uncomfortable.

There are, it seems, a few horses which, either from bad education, wrong treatment, or from something wrong with their *brains*, appear to go mad almost directly they begin to gallop with other horses near them, and nothing satisfies them but going as hard as they can split. Such are luckily few and far between, and the shortcomings of man are responsible for most of them. It is no pleasure to ride such brutes, and they will not get you to hounds nearly so well as slower, though more handy, horses, simply because you cannot let them go unless there is plenty of room to stop them in, and with constantly pulling against you they beat

themselves ; therefore, if by bad luck you buy such an one, sell him on the first opportunity.

With the very large majority of horses, however, pulling is a case of being pulled at, in other words of "hands."

Every opportunity should be taken of riding the horse on parade, it will make him handy, and, by rendering him "Quiet with troops," will increase his value.

It is an excellent plan for those subalterns who have horses, to do "Mounted Officers" on Adjutant's parades, it makes them take more interest in mere drill, gives them a wider point of view, and enables them to see the mistakes of others, than which there are few better things for making an observant man learn his work. Moreover, the young idea should look upon all this as a stepping-stone to becoming Adjutant himself, which should be the ambition of all young soldiers. In addition to going on Adjutant's parades, opportunities may offer of being a galloper on field days, route marches, etc.; these should all be taken and made the best use of.

As well as lessons for the Real,<sup>1</sup> lessons necessary for the "image" may also be learnt during the summer.

Two of these are opening a gate and cracking a whip. Both sound very simple, yet it is wonderful

<sup>1</sup> No apology is made to Mr. Rudyard Kipling, because this was written before his excellent book, *A Fleet in Being*, appeared.



FIG. 1.  
A right-handed gate opening *to you*,  
1st position



FIG. 2.  
A right-handed gate opening *to you*,  
2nd position.



how many men who hunt can do neither correctly. The former is the most important, so it will be well to take it first.

One main broad rule may be laid down for opening a gate, viz. "Use the hand which is next to the hinges."

Thus a gate whose hinges come on the right should be opened with the right hand, and *vice versa*. This applies equally whether the gate opens *to* you or *from* you.

Plate XII., Fig. 1, shows the first position in opening, with a hunting crop, a right handed gate which opens *to* you. The fastening is first lifted up, or drawn back (as the case may be), and the gate pulled a little way open, the crop is then transferred quickly to the upper bar, the horse backed far enough to enable the gate to clear his shoulder, and the gate is then given a good strong swing which should throw it wide open. Should it come back quickly, it is caught as shown in Fig. 2, and given another push to enable the horse's hind-quarters to clear it.

When out hunting, and people are following behind, it is very bad form not to be most punctilious about stopping or pushing a gate, so that the man following you can catch it before it closes. Indeed, on the "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you" principle, it is good to stand even a minute or so, as shown in Fig. 2, Plates XII., XIII. and XIV., to make sure that your follower can catch the gate before it closes again.

If following a man opening a gate, be careful to keep on the falling (or shutting) post side of him, *i. e.* keep him between you and the hinges.

With a left-handed gate, the process is exactly the same, except that the crop is changed to the left hand. Plate XIII. shows the procedure with a left-handed gate opening *from* you. The fastening is first unlatched, the gate is then pushed open as shown in Fig. 1, and if necessary, caught and stopped as shown in Fig. 2.

Plate XIV. shows a left-handed gate, opening *to* you, being opened with the *hand* instead of the *crop*. It is often best, with a heavy or awkwardly-placed gate—especially a left-handed one—to use the hand, and some horses will open gates much better when it is used than they will with the crop. The procedure is exactly the same, but it is necessary to stoop over more from the saddle, and, as the horse is necessarily closer to the gate, he has to be backed further to open it.

It seems scarcely necessary to point out the awkward look and feeling a man has who uses the right hand to a left-handed gate, and *vice versa*; and yet so many people who hunt do so, that it may be well to consider what it means. The first thing is, that the horse may be upset by the crop being swung across his neck; the next is, that the man has only about half the length of reach; and the third is, that the crossed-over hand is bound to interfere with the bridle one; lastly, the position is analogous to that of a trussed chicken.





FIG. 1.  
A left-handed gate opening *from* you.  
1st position.



FIG. 2.  
A left-handed gate opening *from* you.  
2nd position.



Notwithstanding the above it may, however, sometimes be necessary, when a gate is awkwardly placed, or has an intricate fastening, to use the right hand to unlatch it instead of the left. When this is done, the hand should be changed, if not to push the gate open, at any rate to catch it if it comes back.

If cavalry are ever to be used in England, this gate opening is certainly a thing that all ranks, from the Commanding Officer to the smallest trumpeter, should be *au fait* at.

Should any man out hunting dismount to open a gate, it is not etiquette for any one following him to go through it until he gets on to his horse again, and the nearest man to him should if necessary hold his horse for him.<sup>1</sup>

Gate opening is to a certain extent an education in the use of those chief aids to riding, the legs, for the horse requires both pushing up to and pressing back from the gate, and very often pressing sideways as well, and no man can teach a horse to open a gate properly who cannot use his legs.

On a strange horse, especially one just over from Ireland, a gate should be approached with caution, for a horse not used to it is apt to think that the crop suddenly pushed out in front of his face is a

<sup>1</sup> How often do we see the man who has got down in the mud to open an awkward gate nearly knocked over by his eager but mannerless followers!

hint to him to jump, and he acts accordingly, much to the discomfort and maybe to the danger of the rider.

A final word about gates. *They should always be shut.* No man worthy of the name of sportsman will neglect to shut gates behind him when there are stock of any kind in the field, however fast hounds may be running. Few things are so irritating to the farmer, and therefore so bad for "the cause," as having stock, and perhaps valuable young horses, careering down the road, just because some thoughtless or ignorant individual, having opened a gate with difficulty, flings it back and leaves it so.

Stock and young horses will sometimes follow horsemen crossing a field and make a desperate charge for the gate when it is open. It is very difficult to stop them, and the only sure way is to shut the gate and drive them well away from it before it is opened again. This will probably mean loss of time, but what matter when put against possible loss of the farmer's good-will, without which hunting at all is impossible? moreover, is not this one small way of paying back the big debt that all who hunt owe to those who own and occupy land?

We will now take cracking a whip.

Regarding this the reader will probably say, "What has this accomplishment got to do with soldiering?" Well, perhaps nothing; but it has



FIG. 1.  
A heavy left-handed gate opening *to you*.  
1st position.



FIG. 2.  
A heavy left-handed gate opening *to you*.  
2nd position.



with hunting ; moreover, whatever the soldier does at all he must do well, and must know all the details of it.

Now, as to the cracking of a whip, it would be pretty safe to bet that certainly one-third, probably one-half, of the people in any hunting-field do not know how to crack their whips so as to get the best result, in other words, properly. It would be almost equally safe to bet, that the same proportion of those who had thongs on their crops had got them attached in the wrong way. And the same bet might again be made that they did not know which was the *thong* and which was the *lash*.

Figures 1, 2, and 3 show an attempt to explain by illustration the right and the wrong way of cracking a whip.

We will take the orthodox crack first. Fig. 1 is intended to show what may be termed the first position, and it gives the approximate position of the hand, crop, and thong when half-way through the motions which end in the crack. There is, of course, no perceptible pause in this position when actually handling the whip.

Put into words, the procedure is somewhat as follows :—

The crop, held at the point of balance, not close to the crook, is thrown out along the line A A, and with the same motion is given an upward sweep, which causes *the point of the lash* to take a course somewhat similar to that shown by the arrows on the dotted line B B'.

When the lash reaches to about  $B'$  the motion is reversed, and it comes down again on the line  $c c c'$  (*vide* Fig. 2), which shows what may be called the second position. When it gets to about the neighbourhood of  $c'$  (the exact point depends on where it is wished the crack should take place, but it must not be on the ground), the arm, which

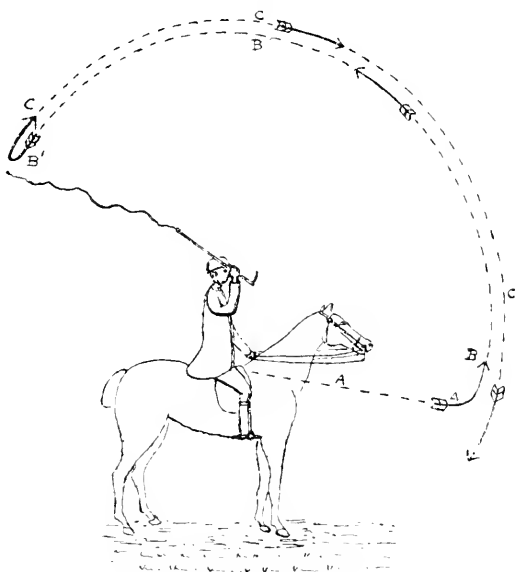


FIG. 1. CRACKING A WHIP, FIRST POSITION.

has hitherto been somewhat bent, is straightened with the sharpest possible *jerk*, and this should produce the pistol-shot-like crack, the sound of which in a covert on a still winter's day we know so well, and which we often try in vain to produce ourselves.

It has taken a long time to give the pedigree of



the orthodox crack, but it is, of course, actually made rapidly.

Now for the bastard, and, it might almost be said, the common or garden crack.

No, it is not worthy of the name of *crack*—let us call it rather “flick,” for that is all it is. Fig. 3 gives an attempt to show the sort of minor circular

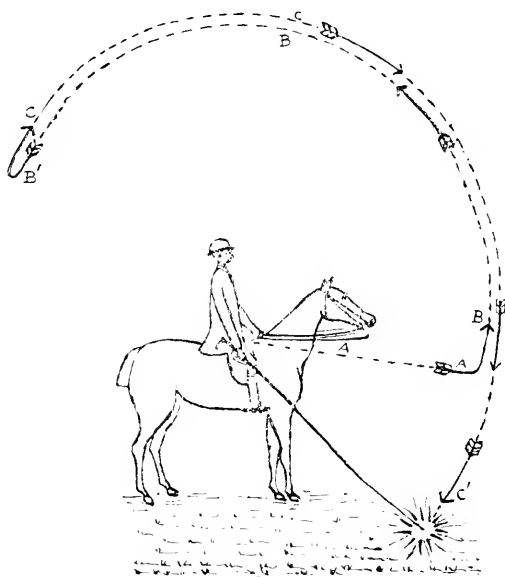


FIG. 2. CRACKING A WHIP, SECOND POSITION.

course (indicated by the arrows) followed by the end of the *crop* (not by the lash in this case), and ending with the jerk at its starting-point A, which produces the “flick,” and makes about as much noise as the striking of a match or the firing of a paper cap in a boy’s toy gun.

The difference between the crack and the “flick”

can be estimated mathematically if desired, by considering the difference between the radius, or the diameter of the circle, which produces each.

The nature of the lash has a good deal to say to the noise made by a crack, and a stout silk lash seems the best. An old hunt servant recommended a piece out of a stout silk handkerchief; presumably, however, this would not last long. The sort of

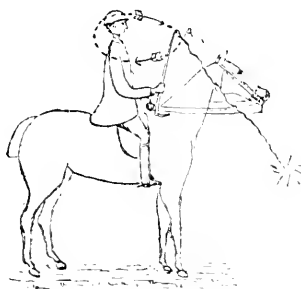
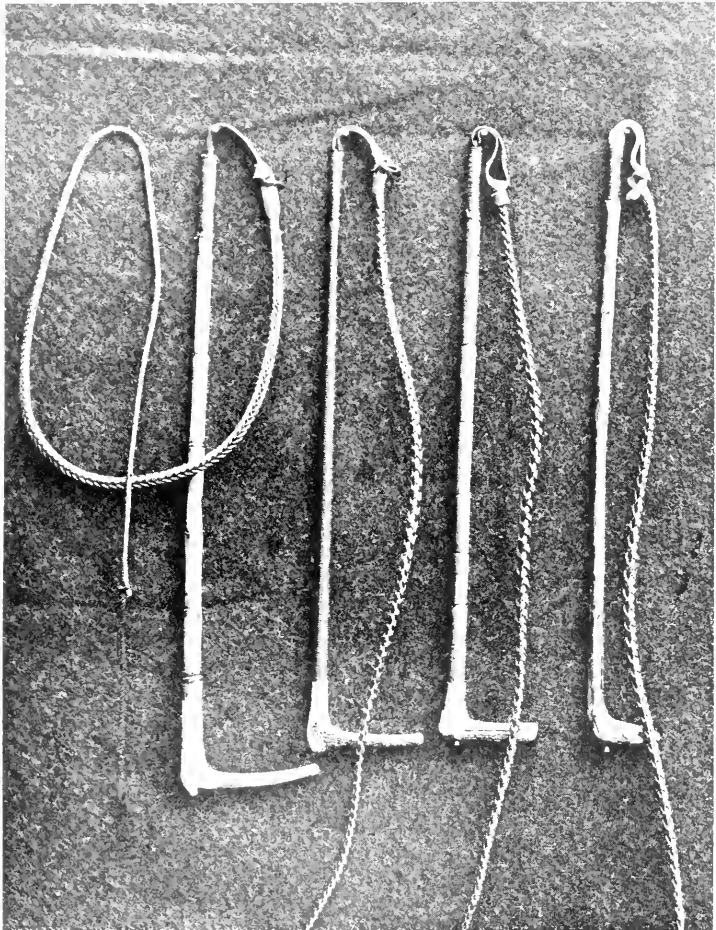


FIG. 3. FLICKING A WHIP.

thong also makes a difference, and it must be a fairly stout one.

A final word about the cracking of a whip. Unless your horse is used to having a whip cracked on his back, it must be done at first with caution. The thong should be let loose and swung about gradually; then, when he will stand it, "flicked" a little, and when the actual crack is attempted great care must be taken not to hit him with the thong.

Plate XV. shows the right and the wrong way of attaching a thong to a crop. It also makes it plain, by illustration, which is the thong and which



Thong.

Lash.

FIG. 1.      FIG. 2.      FIG. 3.      FIG. 4.

The right and the wrong ways of attaching a thong to a crop.



is the lash. In Figs. 1 and 2 of this plate the thong is attached in the right way, the only difference between the two being that in Fig. 1 the tongue on the crop is a single one, and in Fig. 2 it is a double one.

Some saddlers do not, until asked to do so, punch the hole, and cut the slit in the tongue, which is necessary for attaching the thong in the right way.

Fig. 3 shows the most common wrong way of attaching the thong. Specimens of this way may be found in plenty in any hunting-field. Fig. 4 shows another wrong, but not so common a way, and in this case the hole and the slit in the tongue are made use of.

The boy who can scarcely remember the first time he hunted, will probably say about this time— if he has had patience enough to read so far— “What a conceited ass this chap is, he thinks no one knows anything but himself!” The answer is— “These details are not written for the initiated class to which you belong, but in hopes that they may be useful to one or two of the uninitiated, of whom you will be sure to see some if you will look about you for them next time you go hunting.” To this might be added, “Don’t despise them when you see them, but try and give them a help along.”

Another very useful thing which can be learnt during the summer, is vaulting on to a horse, both when standing still and when in motion, and also jumping off when the horse is on the move. These

are all easier than they seem to look, and any active man can easily learn them.

To vault on to a horse standing still, a lock of the mane is seized with the left hand, much as in mounting, and the fingers of the right hand are placed under the pommel of the saddle, the tips towards the horse's tail. Keeping a good grip with both hands, a spring is made off the feet as in vaulting a gate, and the right leg is at the same time thrown up so as to clear the horse's hind-quarters and the cantle of the saddle.

With a horse on the move, at any pace, the procedure is the same, and the process is easier, the motion of vaulting being very much aided by one or two giant stride-like steps made alongside the horse.

The usefulness of this easily learnt accomplishment both in the Real and in the Image (of war) need scarcely be expatiated on. In the former it has saved many lives ; possibly it might have saved a young imperial one.<sup>1</sup> In the latter it has made many a man able to keep his place in a run owing to the saving of time in remounting after a "toss."

In jumping off, the mane and saddle are grasped in the same way, the right leg is swung clear of the horse, and the feet allowed to come lightly to the ground, the run or walk, according to the pace the horse is going, being taken up at once.

Two other useful things may also be practised in the summer—riding without stirrups and without

<sup>1</sup> *Vide* p. 30.

reins. The former will strengthen the muscles of the thigh and so give power in the saddle ; the latter will go further than anything else to make "good hands." It is best to do it in a riding-school, if one is available, and when our young friend can canter round the school and jump the bar with his hands behind his back, he may consider that he has got a seat fairly independent of the reins. It is surprising how awkward, it might almost be said how uncanny, one feels on first trying this, and no one realizes, till he does try it, how much even the fact of having the end of a *perfectly slack* rein in the hand contributes to maintenance of balance.

What must the horse feel when this balance is kept by a *tight* rein which is fastened to his mouthful of unyielding steel ?

Well indeed would it be for their horses and for themselves if all riders would never forget this.

Though all the foregoing accomplishments are useful, each in their way, none of them will be any good in the hunting-field unless the one thing, without which no horse can carry a man satisfactorily to hounds, has been thought of, and duly provided for, viz. condition.

What are the signs of condition and of the want of it ? A hard firm neck, not a weak-feeling flabby one ; ribs clothed with hard firm flesh, not hidden by soft fat, or so naked that each one can be counted the length of a cricket pitch away ; a clear bright eye and blooming coat, instead of a dull eye and a staring coat ; cool clean legs and feet, instead of

puffy legs and hot feet ; noiseless breathing during a fair gallop, and scarcely perceptible breathing when pulled up after it, instead of a noise like that made by a wheezy organ during the gallop, and heaving flanks and staring eye after it ; sweat like clear drops of water instead of like shaving soap. All these signs mean good condition or the reverse.

How is condition to be got ?

The answer is, by plenty of good food, plenty of slow steady work, and plenty of good grooming.

Sir Frederick Fitzwygram tells us what is the minimum amount of exercise required to keep a stabled horse in health, *i. e.* two hours per day ; to really *condition*, one to four hours are wanted. Walking and trotting is all that is required, a hunter gets all the galloping that he wants with hounds, unless it be one or two short gallops (if he has not had any cub-hunting) a day or so before the season begins, just to get rid of any inside fat he may have put on.

One thing is advisable regarding exercise ; give your soldier groom a strict order that he is never to ride faster than a trot, and take steps to see that he obeys this, and does not race with other grooms for pots of beer, as is the way with some of them. Insist also that he always exercises with knee-caps on. Should a horse unaccountably remain in or get into bad condition, it will be well to have his grinders looked at by a veterinary surgeon, and also to find out if he has got worms. A table-spoonful of cod-liver



oil in each feed is an excellent thing for putting on flesh and improving a horse's coat.

Nothing has been said about "schooling" a horse over fences, because a man cannot "school" a horse unless he is a master, *i. e.* a horseman himself; besides, the young idea should start with a made hunter which will teach *him*. When he has learnt his lesson, let him, by all means, invest in a four-year-old and tumble about with it.

"Tumble about?" No, this is scarcely correct, for a good four-year-old, especially an Irish one, if *boldly* and *judiciously* ridden will not as a rule tumble much.

The subject of riding young horses is a fascinating one. The awkward, baby-like movements improving day by day. The little grip, snorted and looked at for ten minutes yesterday, stepped lightly over to-day with that delightful toss of the head afterwards expressive of satisfaction, or is it of contempt at the obstacle?

We were almost off at score! But, in the present hunt, this is not legitimate game, so we must whip off and refer Diana's soldier pupil, if he is bitten by the thing, to the excellent chapters on it in the Badminton Library's book on *Riding and Polo*.

Just, however, even at the risk of being called a "Blatherer," one more throw of the tongue on this tempting line.

Personal experience says that after a horse has been lunged once or twice over different sorts of fences, the best way to continue his schooling is to

ride him barebacked, or with a hood, kept on him by a roller, in a snaffle, and with pockets full of carrots, quietly at a walk and trot, over fences, in such a way that he thinks each fence is an obstacle which there is no getting round, and which *comes in the day's work as a matter of course*. After each fence he gets over without any fuss, no matter how awkwardly, give him a bit of carrot and make much of him. Taken thus, a young horse learns to connect a fence with pleasure and reward, instead of with fuss, hustle, whip and spur, as he does when hustled backwards and forwards over artificial fences by a no doubt iron-nerved, but probably also an iron-handed rough-rider. Of course the line to be taken must be thought out beforehand, and it goes without saying that leave to cross the land must be obtained.

Should the youngster (the horse is meant) show signs of nervousness and refuse—and this is the only reason that makes a young *unspoilt* horse refuse—he may, at *first only*, be given a lead by a steady old hunter.

It may be asked, “Why barebacked or with hood and roller?” Well, because thus accoutred the rider falls lightly, and falls *clear* should the horse make a mistake.

In all these things, the riding on parade, the opening of a gate, the cracking of a whip, and the vaulting-on, the horse is being educated as well as the rider, and during it and all other education, the pockets of the latter should never be without bits

of carrot, and good manners and performances should be rewarded with a piece every now and then.

Thus these "schoolings," instead of being a bore to the horse, are looked forward to with pleasure. During all these the voice also should be constantly used (*vide* p. 49), and at each pause the riding-school phrase, "Make much of your horses," should be remembered.

In a word, what should be aimed at is, to "humanize" your horse. In this respect we have much to learn from the Boers. A properly trained Boer horse is quite an ideal animal for a Mounted Infantry or a Mounted Rifle man, a shooting pony, or for a gentleman to pay afternoon calls on. Take the reins over his head and let them hang down to the ground, and he stands as still as if tied to a post for as long as you like to leave him.

With other different conditions of elaborate stables, crowded and noisy streets, etc., etc., and, above all, the high condition of our horses, we cannot attain to such perfection, but a great deal can be done by treating our horses less *artificially* than is usually the custom.

Horses when in camp in close proximity to men become quieter and more sensible—"humanized" in fact. This is not entirely due to the fact that they are probably having harder work, and are exposed to that great detractor from a horse's condition—when he is tied to a picket-line—wet; but it is due also to their closer acquaintance with man and with the sights and sounds which accompany man.

The moral is therefore—Be often with your horse, talk to him, make much of him. Get to know his character and expression, and, from these, the state of his health. Train him to obedience, such obedience that with the soldier is called discipline, *i. e.* the long-continued habit of obedience by which the very muscles of the soldier obey the word of command. The ordinary horse cannot be expected to obey the *word* of command like a man, but he can be made to obey the *tone* of it and the pressure of the legs which accompany it, and these he can be taught to take as orders, in the same way as Prince Kraft zu Hohenlohe-Ingelfingen says that the soldier takes his orders—“Each soldier takes it for granted that any such orders will be the best. Such is the order the magic word.”<sup>1</sup>

Taught thus—“disciplined” in fact—the horse will not fail you when, with encouraging voice and steady pressure of the legs, you “send him at” some more than usually forbidding-looking fence, any more than your men, if treated in the same way and as well disciplined, will fail you when with a cheery “Come along, lads!” you spring out and lead them forward in the face of an unusually heavy fire.

Men are like horses in more ways than this, and like them have tender mouths, therefore, “hands,” tact, temper, justice, confidence in them, boldness, judgment, and self-reliance are required to lead

<sup>1</sup> *Letters on Infantry*, by Prince Kraft zu Hohenlohe-Ingelfingen.

them successfully, just as they are to ride horses properly—*i. e.* like a *horseman*.

This fact—that the handling of horses cultivates the qualities required for the handling of men—must be the excuse for this chapter being prolonged like a run with hounds on an indifferent scenting day.

## CHAPTER VII

### INTELLIGENCE<sup>1</sup>

ANOTHER thing to be done before proceeding on active service is to get hold of every book, map, paper, etc., that can be found giving information about the theatre of war: its physical features, climate, seasons, communications, supplies, transport, character and mood of life of the inhabitants, etc. etc. The strength, composition, tactics, and characteristics of the enemy's forces must also be ascertained, if possible. Notes should be made from the books or papers giving the information, and the best of them should be taken, to be read and re-read while on the journey or voyage to the scene of action.

Our young friend must know something of the country and its inhabitants in which he is about to campaign, and the question is, "Where can the requisite knowledge be obtained?" The answer is, "Get some sound sportsman to tell you all about it, and then read yourself."

Sporting authors of late years do not seem to have gone much into the details and etiquette of hunting,

<sup>1</sup> The word is used here in a military sense, and what it means is best explained to the civilian mind by the word "information."

and it may still be said that the two best and most instructive books on the "Sport of Kings" are Beckford's *Thoughts on Hunting*, and *Handley Cross*, read in conjunction with each other. Then come, perhaps, *Mr. Romford's Hounds*, and *Sponge's Sporting Tour*, coupled with Whyte-Melville's *Riding Recollections*. The last is the best book on the riding and the handling, etc., of a horse ever written, and its two chapters on riding to hounds cannot be beaten. *The Life of a Fox*, by T. Smith (Arnold), is also excellent and most instructive. It gives and explains hunting language and terms, pictures of a fresh and beaten fox, and of a good and bad hound. There are of course many more works on, or introducing, the subject which the young idea can read at his leisure, but if he reads, and re-reads, so as to *understand* and thoroughly take in the knowledge and the hints contained in the half-dozen books mentioned above, he may hunt till he is a hundred years old and find that he cannot add one iota to any of them.

*Maps.*—This is very simple now-a-days, there are hunting maps of every district. It is best, however, for Diana's soldier pupil to have the one-inch Ordnance map-sheets of the district he is going to hunt in, mounted in a convenient size for his pocket. He should then himself mark in the meets (as he goes to them) with small red dots, and add the principal woods and coverts in green as he learns their position. In this way he will unconsciously learn to read a map.

Perhaps an officer going on active service may, or may not, be able to secure, or be given, by the Colonial or War Office, some papers or pamphlets pertaining to the country in which he is going to serve. These may, or may not, be useful. There is, however, no doubt whatever that the following pregnant paper, which is undoubtedly very old, and which was reprinted in 1880 by Messrs. William Pollard & Co., printers, of Exeter, though for whom then we are unable to say, cannot fail to be of use to any one who would hunt and who reads it rightly:

*Some Rules of Advice as concerns Hunting.*

To all Western Sporters, greeting: for this Cornwall is a ticklish hunting-ground.

1. To the Huntsman going out in the morning.—Take especial care that no lame or sick hound be of the party; then jog on at the rate of five miles an hour. Be not one minute behind time at the place of meeting. Half-past ten is early enough in the morning.

2. To the Whipper.—Keep at least one hundred yards behind the huntsman. Allow your hounds to do the thing needful at their ease. Do not crack your whip. If any hound picks up a bone, say “drop it”—if that rate will not do, give him a slight taste of the thong. You should know the character of your hounds. Do not flog or rate a sulky or shy one. Do not talk to grooms or others riding to the meet. Pass all beer-shops, kidly-winks, and lush-cribs of all sorts, without even looking at them.



3. To all who ride to meet with the hounds.—Take especial care not to ride over them; take care of their precious feet. Do not talk to the huntsman or whipper.

4. When at the covert-side.—Huntsman, keep an eye on your hounds. Whipper, take care that they do not stray. Allow a few minutes of indulgence to any good or influential sporting character, whose horse may be at the meeting-place; then clap them into covert with the wind in their faces.

5. When drawing a covert.—Huntsman, do not rate a young one, until you are quite sure he is wrong. I have known a young hound find a fox before now, and have heard him rated: that's wrong—young hounds have better noses than old ones: that's canine nature.

6. Lords, Gentlemen, and Yeomen.—When the hounds are drawing a covert, keep together in one place: do not talk, do not laugh; above all things, aristocrats, democrats, whigs, radicals, tories, for heaven's sake do not whistle; that whistling creates bitter confusion: it is a simple thing to do, and shows a want of thought. When you hear a hound challenge, do not sing out, "huic, huic!" which is your custom. If you think the huntsman does not hear the challenge, go quietly and quickly to him, and tell him; then allow *him* to cheer the challenger: do not add your voices; the hounds would rather hear their comrade-quadruped than their comrade-biped. Silence, they (the hounds) join chorus: he

is up.—Gentlemen, keep your mouths shut, and your ears open.

7. The fox has broke covert : you see him.—Gentlemen, gentlemen, do not roar out “ Tally ho ! ” do not screech horribly. If you do, he will turn back, even under your horse’s feet, in spite of the sad and disappointed look on your handsome or ugly faces. Do not crack your infernal whips, be silent. Harden your hearts and look happy.

8. He is gone away in earnest, the hounds well at him. Now go it, my lads, as straight as ye can. By all means avoid the roads and lanes ; many a good run has been lost on our hunting-grounds by the tremendous paviours of M’Adam’s handy works : the hounds are running inside a fence, you are riding best pace on the road outside : they try to cross the road ; you head them or force them on, the fox is lost—you are done.

9. If the chase runs the road—gentlemen, allow the huntsman to take the lead ; but if he is not where he should be—that is, with his hounds—allow some good sportsman, who may happen to know the hounds, to take it. If the hounds, when running a road, stop at a fence, do not yoicks and hallo on them : you will drive those spirited animals over the fence, when most probably the fox has only tried it and gone on the road. Gentlemen, you must be particularly careful in the roads and lanes ; they are the devil, and spoil many a good chase.

10. A Check.—Allow your hounds to make their

own cast : they do not hit it : then, huntsman, make a forward one. If that will not do, use your own judgment as to his having been headed, as to the scent, wind, neighbouring earths, or strong coverts. Do not make your casts, as is too often your custom, at double quick time. In the enclosures hounds will hit it away at a bank or fence, when they cannot hunt it on the open ground. Sometimes hounds will hunt a scent heel better than forward ; and look sharp and look to the old working ones : but this is generally a lost case.

11. Gentlemen, when the huntsman is making a cast, sit quietly and sedately on your horses : do not ride after him, and oh ! do not whistle : your horses will stretch out their legs and do the *et cetera* without that mouthy assistance : you need not screw up your lips and look ugly.

12. They have mended the fault ; they are going again ; the scent is not so good.—Gentlemen, give them room. The scent mends—quick—quicker : they race ; have at him, my charmers : yonder he goes, dead beat : he gains a small covert. Now, gentlemen, do not be rash ; he runs short, dodges, hunts the hounds. Be on your guard, ye hot and fiery ones : do not hallo too much :—steady, steady ; do not meet him in the path-ride. I once most unwillingly saved the life of a fox, when Mr. Bulteel's hounds were in the very act of catching him : he ran against my horse in the path of a covert, then turned short into the brushwood : the hounds would have had him in a moment. I began most lustily

to roar ; the hounds stopped one half-minute to ask me what the devil I made such a noise about, and that half-minute check saved the life of that fox. I was not particularly well pleased with myself. Many a condemned-to-death fox has been reprieved in that way.

13. He tries the earths ; they are shut ; his enemies are catching at him : Triumph has him—Who—Whoop ! Now roar amain, gentlemen sportsmen—tear him and eat him, my beauties ! Yet even in this last act, so very delightful after a good run to bloodthirsty hounds and screaming men, take care—keep your panting steeds away from the *mêlée* or they will cripple their fellow-steeds (let alone the brush and pad seizers), and kick the hounds, and maybe occasion more deaths than one.

14. Down with the dust, liberal gentlemen. Some influential person, not the master of the hounds, should cap—every one who has it lugs out his half-crown with glee after a good run. Yet, by Jove, if a huntsman prefers running a bad fox for a death, to a good one for a chase, not a copper's worth of silver should he ever get from me. A fox well earthed should be as well paid for as a death : it is better—he will fight another day ; and do you not think that if the hounds mark him well to his earth it is as good for them almost as blood ?

15. Huntsman, go home steadily with your hounds : tarry not, lest the hounds lie down on

the wayside. Whipper, assist the wearied hound—leave none behind: and should a cur-dog of any degree attack any of your charge, why, up whip, pitch into him, and cut his liver and lights out.

16. Huntsman, when you arrive at the kennel, ascertain that the meat be somewhat warm and comfortable. Some are for cold meat; I say warm: then a good bed of clean, sweet straw in a snug lodging room, the warmer the better; then they will be like fighting-cocks the next hunting day, all ready and eager for action.

17. Go out in the morning with a sunny countenance. Whilst out keep your temper—rather a difficult matter sometimes. Never quit until the hounds do. Go home: dine: enjoy your life: do not get drunk—then you will be as fresh as roses next morning, and not as seedy as old cucumbers.

No comment is needed, the paper is an education in itself.

Part of an Intelligence Officer's duty is to furnish his Chief with information regarding the climatic conditions and the seasons of the country in which they are campaigning, for the weather influences operations in the Real Thing as it does in the "himage."

A hunting man naturally taps the barometer, and observes and speculates on the weather indications, so here, again, is education.

A soldier on active service keeps a diary, and our youth should do so while on the present campaign.

In it should be noted the hounds he hunts with, the meets he attends, the distance to them, the weather, the directions of the wind, a concise account of the day's sport, and any noteworthy incident in it.

This also is education, for observation, memory, and powers of committing facts to paper clearly and concisely are all exercised ; and does not the soldier's art consist of order, simplicity and clearness ?

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE MARCH TO THE RENDEZVOUS

“De l’observation, de l’observation, et toujours de l’observation.”

GENERAL SIR E. B. HAMLEY wrote:—“The theatre of war is the province of strategy; the field of battle is the province of tactics.” Let us see how this, which refers to the Real Thing, can be applied to the Image.

We may say that our theatre of war is the country in which we are going to hunt, and that our fields of battle are the meets of the hounds that we are going to attend, and the country immediately round them.

The only strategy we require is to try and arrange to go to the best and nearest meets, or, if we have a stud of horses, to arrange our horses suitably for them. This means that we must tell off our fast flippant horse for the flying grass country, and our steady, short-backed, and possibly slower one, for the cramped bank and ditch country. It also means that we should keep the bad hacks—those which have “a leg,” and the young ones—for the near meets, the good hacks and the sound, seasoned horses for the distant ones. We will figuratively

suppose that we have completed our voyage to the scene of action, and have actually landed in the theatre of war (*i.e.* we are about to begin hunting, either in the place we have been in during the summer, or where we have gone for our leave). We have now the march up-country to our first objective, *i.e.* the meet.

We have seen that we have a *casus belli* (Chapter I.); we know that we have equipment, clothing, necessaries, transport, and a certain amount of training, and also of intelligence of the enemy's strength, composition, and tactics (Chapters II., III., IV., V., VI., and VII.). We must now inspect our troops before the march begins, and issue the necessary orders (*i.e.* see to the horse's shoes, his saddle, bridle, etc., and also see that our own kit is ready). The only remaining thing to do is to communicate with the commanders of the columns, should there be any, who are to march on roads parallel to ours (*i.e.* with our pals who will ride to the meet with us).

Not the least good part of pleasure is the anticipation of it; and this is the case with hunting, at any rate to those who are keen. How lovingly the horse, the coat, the breeches, the boots, and all the paraphernalia of the chase are regarded the night before the season begins, and how sorrowfully when it is about to end!

But we have nothing to do with sorrow just now, for are we not about to begin?

There seems little doubt that soldiers, to whom



hunting, and, indeed, all things for which leave is required, is a privilege, and not a right, and who can, therefore, have comparatively little of it, do get more value out of each of their one or two days a week when with their regiments, and their three, four, five, or six days (according to the state of the treasury chest) when on leave, than does the man who can hunt every day in the week all the season through. The latter does not know the delicious sense of freedom, of a school-boy out for a holiday, in fact, which seems to be in the air as one rides out the barrack-gate with two or three brother Officers, who are to be one's companions in the pleasures of "the image," as every keen soldier hopes that they may some day be in the serious business of the Real.

With this feeling in the heart, a good horse between the legs, and the musical rhythm of his one, two, three, four, on the road, or his squelsh, squelsh, squelsh, squelsh! in the soft ground, or on the grass at the side of it, in the ear, a man could not be in better form for learning in that best and most delightful of ways—by observation. The March has begun! let us ride along together, mile by mile, keeping our eyes open all the time.

Of course, we have the map, which has been studied the night before, with us, and we have a wristlet for our watch, which has also a compass on it. Worn thus, both can be seen at a glance, *without attracting attention*. This last may be of importance on a "jumpy" job on service, when

either time or direction, or both, are material to the issue, for men are very quick to note anything like anxious glances at watch or compass, and they are quicker still to take their cue from their officer and be "jumpy" or calm, according as he is either. There is also far less chance of losing or breaking either watch or compass when worn like this, and the latter is particularly handy for setting the map quickly and roughly when it comes to a question of "which turn to take?"

During the manœuvres in Sussex in August 1897, Sir Redvers Buller, then Adjutant-General, said that he was sure that Officers commanding companies could not be aware how very much easier and quicker troops could be moved over rolling or uneven ground, if its features were well considered, and movements directed more in conformity with them.

For no one is it more necessary to study, and make good use of, ground, than it is for him who would ride to hounds with success, and at no sport or occupation will he see so much ground in one day, and have such opportunities of studying it with a view to getting over it in the easiest way.

We therefore have Sir Redvers Buller, our late Adjutant-General, with us in considering that soldiers should hunt, as we have seen that we have Sir Evelyn Wood, our present Adjutant-General. There is, however, no need to prove Sir Redvers's approval of hunting in this roundabout way, for he sets the example to others by hunting himself.

The foregoing is somewhat of a divergence, but one of the chief lessons we have to, and can, learn during our marches to the objective is to think about, and from this thinking to acquire the habit of deciding quickly—at a glance in fact—how we should *use* ground under different conditions, and a weighty opinion like Sir Redvers Buller's cannot fail to emphasize the importance of learning this lesson.

We have cleared the port of disembarkation (represented by the town, village, or house we started from), and the march has begun in earnest. We know the distance we have to go and the average rate of our horse's ordinary walk and trot,<sup>1</sup> so we can time ourselves to a nicety, while, as we have studied the map beforehand, and have it with us, we should have no difficulty about the way, which we have determined to *find for ourselves by the aid of the map only, and without asking any questions*. This, and the correct map reading which it entails, are two elementary and important lessons which the march can teach us.

What a pull must he have who, either in the Real or the Image, can trot or canter along, map in hand, in an unknown country, and never take a wrong turn.

The most difficult place in which to find the way is in a town, and there is in most men a certain

<sup>1</sup> This is one of the things we should ascertain during the summer, and we should also make a trotting scale for him, *vide* p. 174 of the text-book of *Military Topography*, 1898, Part I.

amount of dislike at stopping and looking at a map in the street. Until, however, our young soldier is sure that he can find his way *by the map alone* equally well in the town as in the country, he should brave the inquiring, and perhaps amused, glances of the inhabitants. Does not military history furnish instances of mistakes and often of disasters, which have occurred through troops losing their way or taking the wrong turn in a town?

One such instance occurred at the assault of Lucknow on September 25, 1857, a portion of our troops losing their way near the Kaiserbagh.

Before leaving the town we may consider of what sort would be the fighting in it, and how, supposing the enemy were occupying that block of houses there, we should turn him out. Should we go for the houses straight, and perhaps find ourselves unable to get inside them and losing men fast? Or should we throw a few men into the block opposite to them to attract the enemy's attention, and then work round by that street to the right and try and cut him off, if necessary, by working through the walls from house to house?

There is a habit regarding the finding of the way, or rather of the finding of the way back, that soldiers should cultivate, and that is the habit of *looking back* occasionally. The object of this is to see how the road *looks* when you are coming the reverse way. When in touch with the enemy on active service there are times when we never know how fast we may have suddenly to return by the road we have

just come, and then the taking of a wrong turn may mean being late in taking back information, being late with an order, or it may even mean being cut off or caught in a *cul-de-sac* by the enemy's lancers!

Another habit which should be cultivated is that of knowing approximately, without reference to compass or map, in which direction we are going. This habit may enable him who cultivates it to afterwards trace the course of a run with hounds, or the movements of troops on the map fairly accurately by the following process—"We ran (or we marched) for ten minutes about north-west, then swung half-right and ran five minutes west, etc."

There are so many things to be looked at during the march, and so much to be learnt from them, both from a soldier's and sportsman's point of view, that it is difficult to know exactly where to begin, and more difficult still not to jumble them up. Perhaps, therefore, it will be best to take a piece of road as if from a map, and consider the physical features of the country as we come to them.

We have cleared the town, and the country begins to open out, so that we can see the fields and the fences. Have we grass or arable, flying fences, or banks which will have to be negotiated on the "on and off" principle, and have they ditches on one or both sides? What sort of obstacles do they offer for Cavalry, Infantry, or Guns, and do they give cover from view only, or from fire, or from both? Are there bridle-roads and gates, and are all of the former shown on the map? The nature of the soil,

—Is it light, medium, or deep and holding, and does it favour ricochet or the reverse? have the fields headlands along which we can ride and so save our horse?

Is the road a first or a second-class one? what is its state of repair, and is there any material for repair available locally?

In what formations could the various arms move along it? and would the strip of grass at the side, along which we ride in such comfort, be wide enough for a "shunting place"?

What are the crops? and do we know the different sorts when we see them at this time of year? This is a thing that every man who hunts should make it his business to know, indeed no man should be allowed to hunt unless he knows any kind of corn crop, beans, seeds, young grass, and roots, when he sees them. The last mentioned few can mistake, the last but one is comparatively easy to tell by its new-sown and fragile look. The general appearance of the others will be seen by looking at Plate XVI.

Perhaps of all crops, seeds (Fig. 2) is the least generally known, and the uninitiated usually regard it as merely a stubble field, seeing only the old stubble, and missing the delicate, close-to-the-ground-growing clover leaves underneath. Thus seeds come to be ridden over unknowingly, and yet few crops are, with certain conditions of soil and weather, more liable to suffer *permanent* damage.

Unless hounds are running really fast all crops should be avoided if possible, and when they are

PLATE XVI.



FIG. 1. WHEAT.



FIG. 2. SEEDS.

## PLATE XVI (continued).

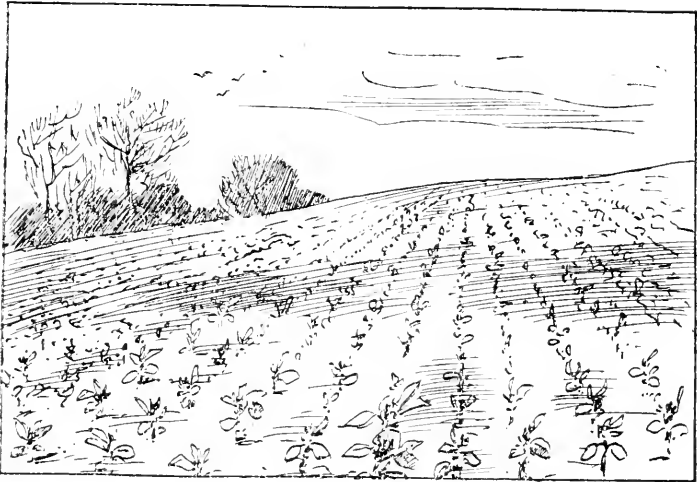


FIG. 3. BEANS.

unavoidable, or hounds are running fast, every care should be taken to ride down the furrows or the headlands (*i. e.* the sides of the fields).

While writing of furrows it would be well to say, that some farmers consider that to ride down a water furrow does more harm than to ride over the crop, because the earth turned up by the horses' feet is likely to cause many small dams in the furrow. Water furrows are easily distinguishable from the ordinary furrow by their drain-like appearance.

There are many men, farmers among them, who maintain that wheat, barley, etc. do not suffer from being moderately ridden over, and it certainly is impossible to see when the crop is up in summer



where horses have been. Still, we imagine that no crop can be done actual good; besides, there are many of our good friends the farmers who do not like *to see* great tracks across their fields any more than we should across our flower gardens. Therefore, if only for this reason, let those who hunt avoid riding over crops whenever possible.

We top a rise and see below us a small grass vale with strong-looking stake-and-bound fences, and what Mr. Jorrocks would call "a nasty long Tommy bruk" winding down the middle of it, the course of which, where we cannot actually see its muddy-looking waters, is indicated by a line of pollard willow trees.

The questions to be decided regarding it when in pursuit of the Image are—1st, "Is it jumpable?" and 2nd, "Where should we have it?" *Riding Recollections*, the *Badminton Library* books, and many others, will tell us how to answer these questions, but after all the best teacher is experience. One bit of advice can, however, be given safely, and that is—unless you can ride at it as if there was no doubt whatever about the answer to both questions, do not do so at all. If you have doubt, your horse will know it, and will have doubt too, and such an enterprise undertaken with doubt in the heart is nearly sure to end in disaster.

Looking at the same brook with considerations of the Real in the mind, one's thoughts are somewhat as follows:—How wide and deep is it? Are the banks and bottom sound or muddy? Is there much

current? Could Infantry or Cavalry ford it? if so, where? Would two or three of the willows on its banks reach across, and so form a bridge if cut down? Are there other trees, gates, etc., near at hand which could be used for this purpose? and if we were to bridge it, should we have to make a single or double lock bridge? Is there any suitable position for a covering party to take up, supposing the brook had to be crossed under fire? Are the meadows sound enough to carry guns and transport if required? Could the brook be dammed and made to flood the vale? Where would you cross with your men supposing the enemy was holding yonder knoll, and where would you post a portion of your force to hold him and distract his attention while you crossed the brook with the rest? Could you not get down to the proposed place of crossing without being seen by going behind that fold of the ground, and then through the little spinney which reaches almost down to the brook?

In connection with the bridge which takes our road over the brook, and which we are now nearing, we can have no thoughts as regards hunting, except it be that we have no business on it unless it comes well in our line, or the brook is unjumpable. With soldiering, however, it is very different, and we may consider its width, *i. e.* does it make a defile? its strength, the material of which it is built, the number of its arches and their size, and how should we destroy it, or prepare it for destruction.

It is not meant, of course, that we should get down

from our horse and take measurements, etc., or even go out of our way to see different points. But five minutes' reading of par. 14, § xxiii. of the *Manual of Military Engineering*, at any odd time, will give us the details, and the just glancing at the bridge as we pass with the afore-mentioned thoughts in our mind will impress them on us. Even if we forget the  $\frac{3}{4}$  (or the  $\frac{3}{8}$ )  $T^2 \times B$ , it is good to think about the job, and make up our minds as to how we should do it, for we never know when we may have to do it, or indeed any other job of the sort, without time to think much and perhaps under fire. Then will this cultivated habit come to our aid.

We cross the bridge (looking at and measuring "long Tommy" with our eye), and begin to ascend the opposite slope. Suppose we had got well over the brook, just above that stunted bush, where the take-off was fairly dry and sound, and hounds are running fast up the sloping meadow beyond, where should we jump out, and where have the next fence into the plough?

Where, supposing we were commanding a company on outpost, and the ground allotted to us extended from yonder lane to those stacks, should we post our sentries to watch the line of the brook—by day and by night? Which is the best place for our support? What is the probable line of the enemy's advance? and would our line of resistance be on this ridge or the next one?

All these things, and many others, which Part VII., "*Infantry Drill*, 1898," will suggest, we can

go over in our minds as we walk or jog along, and at the same time take good "stock" of the fences and the country in general, with a view to riding over it.

Before reaching the top of the hill a second-class road crosses the first-class one we have been going on hitherto, and a doubt arises as to the way.

Pull out the map, "shoot the linen" of your left wrist, to bring the compass on your wristlet into view, and set the map roughly with it. "Ah! that's it!" as we thought, the left-hand turn, and then we keep the same general sou'-westerly direction.

Having a good look at the map, we see that, if we read it rightly, we shall shortly have on our right hand open heath land, and on our left cultivation, with numerous small coverts and a few farms. Half-a-mile further on we find that we did read correctly, and the unfenced heath opens out on our right.

It is worth while to pull up just a minute here, and consider what an advanced guard, Cavalry or Infantry (the principle of each is the same, though the one is limited in its power of acting up to it), should do on debouching on to the heath.

It is very simple, and only requires common-sense, and the sort of argument that "Facey Romford" was wont to use to himself before making his cast after a check. "Francis Romford, if you were the fox, what would you do under these circumstances?" Our argument is—"Is there anything near the road which might conceal an enemy?" The answer is—"Yes, that heather-

covered hill on the right, and those farms and coverts on the left." How to deal with them?

The right is easy, the ground is sound and open (though sufficiently rough and heather-covered to be excellent for teaching a young horse to keep his eyes open if he were trotted over it), and it is only necessary to send a file or two straight to the hill.

The left is different, fences, cultivation, and woods. Men, no matter whether on foot or mounted, cannot go on all day during a march negotiating fences or bursting through woods. We look at the ground. There is a bridle road through that wood which must surely lead to the nearest farm?—We look at the map—yes, it does, and then swings round and runs fairly parallel to our road till it turns back into it through the last wood, etc., etc. Now, it is also easy to give our left files their directions.

That they all, non-commissioned officers and men, have been through "Squadron or Company Training" (we will hope under a *common-sensed* Officer), and know how *to approach* the various things which may conceal an enemy, so as not to give themselves away, goes without saying.

The heath ends, and the road runs through a defile formed by two low bare hills.

Suppose we halt our advanced guard, for some reason, just as it is entering the defile. Now we can see whether the men have been taught merely from the book, or whether its teaching has been supplemented with observation and common-sense. If the former only, they will stand still where they

halted ; if the latter, a file or two will at once ascend the hills on either side until they can just see over the tops of them, and command the ground on the reverse slopes.

It is all very simple, but the men won't think of it, and therefore the Officer must, and in what more charming way can he learn so to think than when jogging up to the rendezvous for those who are about to take part in the " Sport of Kings " ?

We debouch from the defile, and find ourselves in a rich grazing ground fenced mostly with strong bullfinches, some of which have the awkward addition of an ox rail. While deliberating as to whether our mount is equal to bursting through the bullfinches, and to covering the addition beyond in his stride, our eye catches sight of the numerous cattle which are grazing in the fields.

How many are there in that field and the next ? Ten in one and fifteen in the other. Roughly, meat for 7500 men for one day.<sup>1</sup> It is quite worth while to make a practice of counting the cattle, sheep, and horses in a field, until we can estimate at a glance, sufficiently accurately for practical purposes, how many there are. We never know when, either on active service, on a Staff ride, or when working out a reconnaissance scheme at the Staff College, we may have to report on the supplies available in a country, and only just have time to trot or canter through it. Then indeed this acquired habit of *l'observation* will stand us in good stead.

<sup>1</sup> An average-sized ox will furnish rations for 300 men.

Leaning over the gate of one of the rich grass fields is a man who, "by the cut of his jib," as the sailor would say, we judge to be the farmer. In any case there can be no harm in giving him, whoever he is, a cheery "Good-morning." If he responds in any way to this, we can add some remark about the weather, and may perhaps venture to say, "Fine beasts those." This latter is dangerous if we have no knowledge, as they may be wretched brutes; it is, however, worth any soldier's while to try and acquire some knowledge of stock, and of farming generally. Whether or not we possess sufficient technical knowledge not to absolutely give ourselves away when trying to talk farming, it is well to remember that civility and geniality are appreciated by all, and surely they are due to the man whose crops we may shortly ride over, and whose fences we may break?

How much our good friends do appreciate such treatment one personal experience will show. We used to call on those good fellows, the East Kent farmers, to ask permission for the Shorncliffe Drag hounds to run over their land, and on several occasions the reply we received was—

"We don't mind when you come or where you go, so long as you treat us *friendly like*." The last two words put the whole thing in a nutshell, and good indeed would it be for "the cause" if all who hunted bore them in mind.

We leave the vale and gain the top of a hill,

whose steepness we note is such as would necessitate special mention in a road report.<sup>1</sup>

Let us pull up a minute on the top of this hill, take out the map, and with its aid identify on the ground the various things which may be important both in sport and in war.

Here we are, and now it is roughly set; that church spire just appearing over the hill on the left front must indicate the position of Horsey village, near which we meet; that big wood further to the left must be Foxey Wood, which we are told is our first draw. By Jove! unless he goes up wind to those spinneys we must have a run, if there is any scent at all, for there is no covert down wind of any size nearer than Cotsmore Brake, a good five miles off, and we believe grass nearly all the way. That farm below us to the right must be Folly Farm; what a comfortable place it looks! and what a full rick-yard! five hay-stacks of some forty tons<sup>2</sup> each, and twelve stacks of corn. That silver streak showing between the trees must be the brook which is marked on the map as Red River, and there's Wisdon's mill on the highest part of the next rise; what a good look-out or signal station it would make! etc. etc.

Before we move on let us take one look at the country generally, with a view to thinking how it is

<sup>1</sup> The gradient is over 1 in 7, and therefore extra horses will be required for heavy wagons.

<sup>2</sup> We should try and learn to estimate the approximate number of tons of hay in a rick from its appearance.



represented on paper, both in plan, *i.e.* as in a map, and as in a free-hand sketch. The map we have in our hands shows us the first, though only on a small scale. As to the latter, we can only note the different size that the various objects appear to be according as they are near us or far off; this is perspective, in giving an idea of which on paper different-sized trees are particularly useful. Again, we may try and think what lines on paper will give an idea of those fields sloping down that way, and those going up the other. In this way, by considering and thinking how things *look* on the ground, we may learn to be able to represent them sufficiently well on paper for the practical purposes of a report.

Often a rough but fairly accurate representation of ground by a few lines on paper—a free-hand sketch, in fact—may be the most useful, sometimes the only way—as in reconnoitring an enemy's position—of supplementing, and of saving the words of a report.

We go down the hill, and when we reach the bottom, the ridge with the mill on it looms in front of us. Suppose the enemy were in position on this ridge, his right on that farm, his left in the small fir-wood. How could we turn him out?

Make a feint at his centre through that chestnut copse, and turn his right by the hollow road, that belt of trees, and the village, each of which will in turn prevent his seeing this movement?

Perhaps it would be well to have a check here

or we may blow our horse, *i. e.* exhaust our reader's patience, before we have killed our fox?

Very well, let us halt, and, as they would say in South Africa, "outspan a bit."

Although the foregoing is merely an outline of what he who is a keen soldier and a keen sportsman may think of on his way to the meet, it has taken some time to read and longer to write, but it will take a very few minutes *to think*, as we jog along, casting our eyes to the right and left.

Is it any good to bother one's head about it?

Yes, it is, young soldier, if any part of it, or any other thought which the line indicated may suggest, should cause you to learn one single little thing about the *use of ground* in sport or in war.

Especially in war, because in it bad use of ground may mean the avoidable and useless loss of gallant lives, which are entrusted to your keeping for the purpose of defeating the enemy.

The blatherings of an enthusiast, hey?

Well, maybe, but he is backed up by a good, solid, weighty, and publicly expressed opinion. Sir Redvers Buller, speaking as chairman at a lecture on "The possible effect on tactics of the recent improvement in weapons," given by Lieutenant-Colonel F. B. Elmslie, R.A., before the Aldershot Military Society, on February 6, 1899, said—

"To my mind the lesson we have to learn is, that the better the weapons we have, the more essential

it is that the troops be mobile, and that the Officers who lead the troops should be highly trained and able *to use the accidents of the ground.*"

Let us "outspan," sit under the wagon out of the sun, and think about it.

## CHAPTER IX

### THE MARCH CONTINUED

WE have now only three miles to go, and three-quarters of an hour to do it in, so can afford to take it easy, and have a good look about us.

We are going along a road with fairly high banks, and there is a strip of wood along the top end of the big grass-field which rises up in a glacis-like slope on our right. Suppose we were commanding a regiment marching along this road, and were suddenly fired at from this belt of wood, which our advanced and flank guards had neglected to look into. What should we do?

Something must be done at once, or the men may take the law into their own hands, and either rush at the wood, or rush away down the road, and in either case numbers of them will get bowled over. The action taken may perhaps be somewhat as follows:—

“*Down behind the bank, men*”—followed by “Officers Commanding Companies, return that fire by section volleys;” and then “I want the Officers Commanding ‘A’ and ‘B’ Companies.” When these Officers double up, they may be addressed

somewhat like this—"Look over the bank here with me, you remember that lane we passed just now? Well, you see it bends round and nearly touches the right of the wood from which that fire is coming. It cannot be a big party in there, or our advanced or flank guards must have seen them; anyhow we must turn them out before we can pass, and I want you two to do it. Take your companies back, turn down the lane, get into the end of the wood, and you will be on the enemy's flank, then go for him. You in advance, 'A', and you in support, 'B'. You understand."

This may be right and may be wrong—we don't profess to teach tactics—but anyhow it is action of some sort under circumstances in which inaction would probably be fatal, and it certainly is no case for getting the men under cover in the orthodox barrack-square way—"Halt—front—six paces to the front—march"—"Volleys at the edge of the wood, standing, by sections from right to left." If the enemy could shoot at all, surely several men would be bowled over before this string of words was half out?

The foregoing is only given as a specimen of the many interesting problems of war that we may set ourselves, as, with mind and body fresh, and the senses alert with the anticipation of sport, we jog to the rendezvous of Diana's devotees.

And the use of such imaginary problems?

Well, in battle, habit is everything, and he who accustoms himself to consider things in this way

when going to the meet, or riding over the country, in pursuit of the "himage" is more than likely to find quickly a—at any rate tolerable—solution of a suddenly propounded problem in the Real.

May we run riot a minute?

Yes! Well, it always seems to us that something like the following is the way to inspect a Regiment.

The General unexpectedly rides into barracks: "Good-morning, Colonel, I'll come and hear you tell off your prisoners, if there are any. Then I'll see what men you have got on parade." The prisoners are told off, and the corps parades; the General then says—"Now, we'll march out to — as if in an enemy's country." The advanced guard goes out, the Regiment follows, etc., etc. The General, riding alongside the Colonel, suddenly says—"Now, Colonel, you are fired at from so-and-so, what will you do?" Something (or nothing), good, bad, or indifferent, is done, and they march back to barracks. The General then says, "Now I'll have a look at your books, see your men's dinners, and lunch in the mess with you."

This is the best of trials, and is, in fact, like trying a horse *au naturel*, i.e. without his being gingered, if a phlegmatic sluggish brute, or being physicked, if a rearing or runaway devil.

Given a week's or a fortnight's notice of the approach of the General, the worst of corps can be got into some sort of shape, as the biggest brute of a horse can be prepared for a customer, by being

fed up and finally gingered, or bran-mashed and finally physicked, as his peculiarities may require.

Thank you, kind reader, for the indulgence. This has nothing directly to do with "Hunting as a School for Soldiering," but it seems, in the muddled mind of an enthusiast, to coincide with his rough-and-tumble ideas on preparation for war, and being fired at from the wood that we have just passed, brought it all up.

On our right hand we now have a considerable hill, whose fenceless sides seem to indicate that it is the commencement of the downs. Should hounds run across here, which is the best way to ride up it? We cannot afford to let them slip us much, for they will probably run fast on the down above. Ah! that will be the way, past the old chalk-pit, behind those bushes, and then along the sheep track, which runs diagonally up. That would also be the best way to take men up, suppose there was no enemy on the top. And if there was? Why, we could not come near the part of the road we are now in at all. For the hill commands it all, and we should have had to halt behind that spur about three-quarters of a mile back, reconnoitre well, and then perhaps try to turn the hill by that lime-kiln.

We see a village just ahead of us. How should an advanced guard approach it? would it be classed as end on, broad-side, or circular, for the purposes of attack and defence? and is it subject to direct distant artillery fire or not? On getting up to its outskirts we may consider where we should have

our shooting line if we had to defend it, and what demolitions would be necessary to give a fair field of fire. Riding through, thoughts would naturally arise about second and third lines, communications, barricades, best place for the garrison during a cannonade, and a host of other things which the text-books will suggest.

Another point of view from which the village may be regarded is that of accommodation. The details of how an estimate of the amount of accommodation available for troops may be arrived at are given in the *Text-Book of Military Topography*, 1891, Part I., and it is no use to repeat them; but it is good to get into the habit of running the eye over houses with soldiering in the mind, just as it is over the country, cattle, sheep, stack-yards, etc.

To consider roughly how the village may be allotted to regiments or detachments, where their alarm posts would be, and where they would get their water, are also useful things.

It is not of course intended to convey the impression that it is possible to work out a billeting scheme on the way to the meet! It is only intended to show how, by looking at the things he sees on his way to it professionally, as well as sportingly, the young soldier may make his hunting like a most interesting and instructive illustrated book.

It so happens that the village we are going through might be an important one, for in it is a bridge over the Blue River, which is deep and unfordable, and to secure the passage of the river



the village must be held. As we ride over the bridge we may consider what means should be taken for its defence. Should we have a bridge head on this side or the other? Would not those houses be suitable for Infantry and that hill a bit to the right for guns?

The river,—How deep is it, how wide, and what is the rate of its current? Are there any boats about, and how many horses could water at a time where the bank shelves down gradually there? Suppose we tried to swim it with hounds, could our horse get out on the far side?

Swimming a river with a horse should not be attempted unless the last is pretty certain, or the result may be, as personal experience has proved, that the horse gets out on one side and the rider on the other! It of course goes without saying, that no man should try this swimming with a horse unless he is a thoroughly good swimmer himself, for to swim even a few yards in hunting clothes (or uniform) is by no means easy.

We have already run over in our minds how the village should be attacked or defended, and what accommodation it would give; but as we ride out of it, there is one other point we may consider, and that is, how should we act if, with a company, a squadron, a battalion, or a cavalry regiment, we were sent on ahead of the army, or whatever force we were with, to occupy the village until they came up; and with instructions also to collect any supplies we could from it?

The German method of occupying a town or large village in 1870 will give us a line. They at once got hold of the principal inhabitants, placed sentries on their houses, at the street corners, in the open spaces, and at either end of the bridges. They were then in a position to requisition supplies at their leisure, and to stop them and people from going out of the place, and thus giving the alarm to the neighbouring farms, etc.

Now we go under the line, and there is the station. Can we entrain or detrain horses there? If so, how many at a time? What about the capacity of the station for the entraining or detraining of troops, and is there room to improve this? What would be the quickest and best way to render the station useless? Let's see. Two-thirds of a pound of gun-cotton will break the best iron rail—won't it?

Rolling stock? Not much; four passenger-coaches in that siding there quite fill it, therefore it cannot be more than one hundred and twenty feet long.<sup>1</sup> Ah! several people have trained as far as this, for there are five horse-boxes on the other siding, they half fill it, and this, taking them each at seven yards long, makes the siding about seventy yards.

A poor station for troops, but lots of room to improve it, and lots of room for forming troops up outside too, etc., etc.

Now the river winds round on our left. If there

<sup>1</sup> The average length of a passenger-coach including buffers is thirty feet.

is a ford across it anywhere, it should be from where those rails run down into it to these tall poplars? That would be a good place to force a passage too, for that hill commands it, and the wood gives cover right down to the bank, while the enemy's side is as flat as a pancake. The banks would hardly offer any obstacle, for they are shelving and look hard.

What about this defile we are coming to?

A nasty place to be attacked in, for the road is bad, winding, and narrow, and the woods and rocks on each side give any amount of cover. A rare place to hold a fox though, if it is fairly quiet, for there is plenty of warm lying, and whichever way the wind is blowing he can find a lee-side. We should have to turn the sides before going into the defile, there is no doubt, and only Infantry would do for this job, for the ground is so broken.

Ah! this would be the place for the enemy to hold it, he could almost stop us with stones from those overhanging rocks, and three or four of those big trees cut down would effectually block the road.

The *débouché* is good, and if our advance-guard could get through, and get hold of that rise beyond, we should be all right. What a nice flying grass country on the far side of the defile! It's down wind, and there is Badger Holt in the far distance, so, should we draw the defile woods, we may have a run over it.

What a position there looks to be on those hills away to the west! A clear field of fire. Right flank

on the Blue River. Left flank on Peat Bog. Good length and depth for about a division.<sup>1</sup> Nothing to prevent the offensive being taken up, and no artillery positions for the enemy; while the big wood in the rear, with the numerous roads through it, would be excellent in case retirement, etc., etc.

Ah! there are the caps of the hunt-servants bobbing up and down above the fence about three-quarters of a mile ahead, and that smoke coming up above yonder rise must come from Home Grange, where the meet is. A quarter to eleven; we have timed ourselves well.

When nearing the end of a march thoughts of camps naturally arise, and it so happens that in this last mile we pass several large, sound, grass-fields which would be excellent for camping purposes. They all have outlets on to the road, and that stream, which apparently rises in the defile woods we have just passed, should give a sufficient supply of water if it were dammed up, and it has not yet had time to get polluted.

Let's see. Those two fields taken together must be fifteen to twenty acres,<sup>2</sup> we could put a brigade in them. Those other two, about ten acres each, will take the other brigade. Then the big field sloping up to the spinney must be nearly twenty, that would take the divisional troops, and the head-quarters. Anyhow there must be fifty acres in all, and most of

<sup>1</sup> About a mile long.

<sup>2</sup> We should learn, by looking at fields of which we know the acreage, to estimate acreage roughly by the eye.

it good. Comfortable room for an Infantry division, a Cavalry brigade, or the Corps troops ;<sup>1</sup> while that smaller field up there, with a large gate on to the road at each end of it, would make an excellent place for the supply depôt.

Now we begin to ascend the rise from the top of which we should be able to see our rendezvous, *i. e.* the meet. Have we taught ourselves anything sportingly or professionally during the march ?

If we have had in our minds during the march even one thought in connection with each, on the lines indicated in the last two chapters, the answer is—yes ; and if so, the ink used in the writing of the chapters will not have been expended in vain.

<sup>1</sup> Theoretically each of these should be able to camp on about forty acres, but practically, when irregularly shaped and perhaps uneven fields have to be used, fifty or sixty acres are required for comfort. The Cavalry brigade can use the smallest ground of the three.

## CHAPTER X

### THE RENDEZVOUS

As we top the last-mentioned rise and look down on the scene in front, what strikes us?

First, perhaps, Whyte-Melville's most appropriate words—

“Sportsmen arriving from left and from right,  
Bridle-roads bringing them, see how they gather,  
Dotting the meadows in scarlet and white,  
Foot-people staring and horsemen preparing.”

The whole joyous scene put before us in four short lines!

Or perhaps, certainly if we have read our Beckford, Somerville's lines may be in our minds—

“ . . . . Delightful scene!  
Where all around us is gay, men, horses, dogs,  
And in each smiling countenance appears  
Fresh blooming health and universal joy.”

Why does Somerville spoil it by writing *dogs* instead of *hounds*?

Beckford, who quotes him so much, gives us the answer when he says—

“Our friend Somerville, I apprehend, was *no great*

*fox-hunter*,<sup>1</sup> yet all he says on the subject is so sensible and just, that I shall turn to his account of fox-hunting and quote it where I can."

If we have read neither Whyte-Melville nor Beckford (as we ought), perhaps we get our ideas from—

"We'll all go a-hunting to-day!  
All nature looks smiling and gay!  
Let us join the gay throng  
That goes laughing along,  
And we'll all go a-hunting to-day."

This has not the same ring about it as the others, and experience shows that those who sing it the loudest about 2 a.m. are those who do not hunt, and who have never ridden (and never mean to) over a fence. Surely this fact might be used as an argument, in more ways than one, why all men, let alone soldiers, should hunt?

Whether we think of any of the foregoing or not, we cannot, unless we are in a blue funk—nervous in fact—help our spirits rising as we survey the animated scene, and speculate on the possible sport to follow.

The above are our thoughts regarding the Image, the colour of which—pink—predominates in the picture in front of us.

Now what about the scarlet of the Real?

If we have any eye for a country at all, we can scarcely help saying to ourselves of Home Grange—our rendezvous—"What an ideal place for Infantry defence!"

<sup>1</sup> The *italics* have been added.

Down in a hollow, and yet on a rise, and thus, although not subject to direct distant artillery fire, it has, from an Infantry point of view, a good field of fire itself. A substantially-built house, stables, and all, and look at the kitchen-garden wall running along exactly the right place on the slope, high enough, too, for two tiers of fire, and with the sunk fence as an obstacle in front. Suppose those howitzers, of which we hear so much now-a-days,<sup>1</sup> found the range of the house, etc., these folds of the ground on either side outside the garden should serve us until the fire ceases, and then we can run back into the buildings long before the Infantry attack comes on, etc., etc.

What if our rendezvous has none of these advantages? No matter, take what it has, or think of its disadvantages, and, clothed in the pink coat of the chase, we may learn some scarlet lessons of war from any meeting-place of hounds, if we will only use our eyes and think a little.

One more thing before we descend the slope and report ourselves, *i. e.* reach the meet. Let us look at the picture—fore-ground, middle distance, and

<sup>1</sup> Lieut.-Col. Elmslie, R.A., in a lecture on "The possible effect on tactics of recent improvements in weapons," given before the Aldershot Military Society on February 6, 1899, when referring to the use of farms, villages, etc., as tactical points in a defensive line, said—"Now, perhaps the most striking development of the next war will be the rapid and complete demoralization of the defenders of such place by means of the field howitzer in its modern form, using smokeless powder, and firing high-explosive shells."



back-ground—for a minute or so, then turn our heads away and try and say to ourselves what we have seen. It is good practice, young soldier, for you never know when you may only have time to glance at a piece of country, and then gallop away with a report on it; and it tends, moreover, to develop the “prehensibility of mind” which is necessary for a good scout. It is good, also, to try your men at this sort of thing, and you will be very much surprised to find how few can tell you in the least bit accurately what they have seen.

Enough of this! we have come out to hunt, not to lecture on squadron and company training.

Let us turn into the straw-yard, or stable, and get off our horse a minute or so before joining the throng in the front of the house. Mind we do not get ourselves or our horse kicked. Should there be any labourers or odd men about, let them hold the horse, and don't forget the “dust”—*i. e.* a shilling—when you get on again. All this sort of thing is good for “the cause,” and it is only natural. Would not you, as a labourer, with wages varying from eleven to fourteen shillings a week, gladly welcome anything which brought in an extra shilling or two? And would you not argue to yourself, suppose you saw a fox in trap, “Ah! that's the chap what brings them gents as are free with the shillings, I'll just let he go.”

Again, when your master, the farmer, complains of the hoof-marks across his fields, or the holes in his fences, would you not try and make the best

of it, and say, "Oh, the first shower o' rain 'ill take 'em nearly out, and as for they holes, I'll just cut a bush or two and stop 'em up."

It is only human nature, which those who deal with all sorts and conditions of men, and especially perhaps with soldiers, must ever bear in mind. Yet how often do we see soldiers treated as if they were mere machines, and had no such thing as human nature in their compositions. Perhaps, however, we, who have actually to deal with the men themselves, are not such bad offenders in this respect as some of those who deal with their dress and their terms of enlistment, etc.

While on the subject of the "dust" it would be well to say that it is good for "the cause" to have a few sixpences handy (in the ticket- or waistcoat-pocket) for children and people who open gates. In some countries a little discrimination in the bestowal is necessary, as there are such people as practically professional gate-openers. It is not these, but the *bonâ fide* country people, that we want to enlist on the side of the "sport of kings."

"Yes, draw up his girths—now hold his head while I get on. Thank you. It's fox-hunting brings you *that*" (giving him the shilling).

Out we go on to the erstwhile trim, but now much cut-up, gravel in front of the house.

Do you know the Master, young soldier?

No? Never mind, off with your hat to him, for he is your Commanding Officer for the day. Now go and have a look at the hounds, but don't take

your horse too near. Are they the lady or the gentlemen pack, and how many couple are there out? Unless you really know something about them it is best to look only and not to talk. In any case do not give yourself away by following Somerville, and calling them *dogs*, or by talking of their "sterns" as *tails*. Try and compare them in your own mind with the pictures you have seen of good and bad hounds.

Do not lay yourself open to be snubbed by the huntsman like the small boy on a pony who rode up and said—

"Good-morning, Mr. Huntsman, nice hunting morning this!"

The answer was (grunt), "Is it? *you* know more about it than *I* do, then. *I* never know whether it's a good hunting morning till my hounds find a fox."<sup>1</sup>

The huntsman was no doubt thinking whether or no there would be a scent, and at the same time probably remembering, and thoroughly agreeing with, Mr. Jorrocks' opinion, "There's nothing so queer as scent except a woman."

Having done with the hounds, take stock of the field, their horses, their saddles, bridles, clothes, seats, etc. Observation of all is good so long as you do not observe in a sneering or captious spirit. Remember that you never know that, when hounds run, you will be able to even see the way which that man in the "shocking bad hat" goes.

<sup>1</sup> This is a fact.

If you smoke, have your last one now, and don't keep it going while hounds are drawing, and you ought to be all attention to hear them find and to get a start.

This is an invitation meet, so look to your manners and avoid riding on the trim edges of the drive. Should you see any farmers you know, go and speak to them, remembering that it is to them that you owe your hunting.

Find out where you are going to draw, then, if you have time, pull out your map, locate the covert, look at the surrounding country, and note what other coverts are near it, thinking which of these are down wind. To know the lie of the land will help you in riding to hounds, and if you can piece it in bit by bit as you go, and be able to say to yourself, as you gallop across the piece of country you have looked at on the map, "Ah! now we are heading for Foxey Wood," etc., etc., you are unconsciously acquiring those two most important qualities in the Real thing, an eye for country and a bump for locality.

We have dealt briefly with the Rendezvous, because both in the Real and in the Image it shows bad work on somebody's part to be too long there. To be too early is almost as bad as to be too late. In the Image, it means that you have taken your horse out of the stable unnecessarily early, or ridden him too fast to the meet, and perhaps also that he will catch cold while he waits about. In the Real, to be too early at the Rendezvous means that the

men were paraded unnecessarily early, and while they wait, perhaps in the cold and wet, for those who have had half-an-hour longer in bivouac or camp, they will probably grumble at those who were responsible for their too early hour of march.

To be either too early or too late shows bad calculation in those very important factors in war, time and space.

To be late at the Rendezvous in the Real may be very serious, and it concerns others as well as ourselves. To be late at it in the Image is our own concern only, and it may be that, through this very lateness, we may learn a lesson that will serve us in good stead in the Real.

Let us think of the thing as it happens.

We arrive at the meet, say half-an-hour late. No one about. At last a man at work in a garden, or an old woman in a cottage, says—

“Oh! yes, they be moved off half-an-hour ago.”

We bustle our already lathering horse on to the covert. Not a sign nor a sound. The rooks have settled down again peacefully in those tall trees, that blackbird going away with his “twit-twit-twee,” much as a sentinel school-boy cries “cave, cave, cave!” seems almost as if he had not been disturbed before to-day, while that man ploughing over yonder appears to have no eye for anything else but his horses.

Can this be the right covert?

Look at the ground. Yes, no doubt about it,

there are the tracks.—Let's go and ask the ploughman.

“Seen the hounds?”

“Yes, they was there.”

“Which way did they go?”

“Can't exactly say, they went away t'other side of the wood.”

Down the ride at a gallop, and out at the far side.

Now which way?

Tracks? Yes, diagonally across the field, a gap or two in that fence and the next, and surely something must have made those sheep huddle up together like that.

Was that a halloo, or a boy scaring rooks? Our horse pricks his ears and looks in the direction. He can be trusted to hear sounds *much better* than we, so let us any way go to the rising ground beyond the sheep and see if we can see anything.

Ah! those labourers are looking in the same direction, the cattle further on are running about excitedly, and surely there's the tail of the hunt just disappearing over the far hill?

Yes, that's a pink coat. *What* a start they have got—Must be a scent—Will *never* be late again.

Now, however, there is nothing for it but to try and get up to them gradually in the way so charmingly described on pp. 197—200 of *Riding Recollections*.

And what is there to be learnt in all this?

The right interpretation of sights and sounds by

the process of "inductive reasoning," the elements, in fact, of that most important factor in war—scouting. Captain Mayne Reid's novels dealing with prairie life, which we have all read as boys, give us excellent examples of the art of scouting; so, in a different way, do the *Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes*.

A very excellent example of what may be done by "inductive reasoning" was given by Colonel R. S. Baden-Powell, 5th Dragoon Guards, in a lecture "On the Campaign in Rhodesia," given before the Military Society of Ireland in 1897. He said—"I was out scouting with my native boy in the neighbourhood of the Matopos. Presently we noticed some grass-blades freshly trodden down. This led us to find some footprints on a patch of sand; they were those of women or boys, because they were small; they were on a long march, because they wore sandals; they were pretty fresh, because the sharp edges of the footprints were still well defined; and they were heading towards the Matopos. Then my nigger, who was examining the ground a short distance away from the track, suddenly started, as Robinson Crusoe must have done when he came on Friday's footmark. But in this case the boy had found, not a footmark, but a single leaf. But that leaf meant a good deal; it belonged to a tree that did not grow in this neighbourhood, though we knew of such trees ten or fifteen miles away. It was damp, and smelt of Kaffir beer. From these two signs, then, the footprints and the beery leaf, we were able to read a good deal. A party of

women had passed this way, coming from a distance of ten miles back, going towards the Matopos, and carrying beer (for they carry beer in pots, on their heads, the mouth of the pot being stoppered with a bunch of leaves). They had passed this spot at about four o'clock that morning, because at that hour there had been a strong wind blowing, such as would carry the leaf some yards off their track, as we had found it. They would have probably taken another hour to reach the Matopos, and the men for whom they were bringing the refreshment would, in all probability, start work on it at once, while the beer was yet fresh. So that if we now went on following this spoor up to the stronghold we should probably find the men in too sleepy a state to take much notice of us, and we could do our reconnaissance with comparative safety. So you see there is a good deal of information to be picked up from merely noticing two small objects, such as crushed blades of grass and a single leaf, and then reasoning out their meaning."

And then Colonel Baden-Powell added—"And these two habits of mind are what every man can practise in peace-time."

Exactly, and in what sport, or peace-time occupation, will he have more opportunities of doing so than when hunting?

We must stop, or may be accused of being too long at the rendezvous—of having, in fact, miscalculated "time and pace"; besides, the Master is getting on to his horse and they are going to move off.



## CHAPTER XI

### GETTING INTO POSITION FOR THE ATTACK

MOVING off from the rendezvous! This is apt to set the human heart beating above normal, both in the Image and in the Real; and in the former it certainly has this effect on the equine heart. The result often is that the owner "gets his dander up," as Mr. Jorrocks says, and plays about in a way by no means comfortable to a bad or nervous rider.

How to suppress, or rather to keep within bounds, these expressions of the exuberance of Equine Spirits? Talk to him, and give him a chuck or two under the chin, as described in Chapter VI. Better still, move off with the hounds, and keep him close behind them. This will please him, give him something to look at and think about, and make him forget his desire to "play up." It will also get you out of the crowd, particularly of the carriages, foot people, and, it must be added now-a-days, cyclists. It is far better to be well ahead of all these when on a fresh and eager horse who *will* sidle down the road.

We are nearing the covert. Are we going into it, or going to take our chance outside? If the

Master does not object, much better go in, unless the covert is a very small one, or has no rides. This advice is given in spite of the fact that one of the oldest (but certainly not the best) huntsmen in England at the present day said, "Inside the covert is no place for gentlemen, they get in the way, and kick the hounds." But there was a reason for this. He had just been surprised behind a big tree taking a pull at his "jumping powder," and wasn't pleased.

On the other hand, Beckford says, speaking of the Field, "Could you entice them all into the covert, your sport, in all probability, would not be the worse for it."

Let us, however, consider the question impartially. We come out to hunt, and to see and learn all we can of, and from, the "sport of kings." Not the least good part, from both points of view, is to see a fox well found. This we shall not do if we stay outside the covert. Nor shall we even *hear* much of it, for probably two-thirds of our fellow "sportsmen" who will be there, will be engaged in telling each other the last good story, the last scandal, or what won at yesterday's steeplechases, etc., etc., and in doing this they will keep up an incessant cackle resembling that made by the inhabitants of a roused farmyard. This noise, which we can always hear in the smoking-room of the club when we wish, will effectually prevent us hearing for ourselves when hounds are drawing up to their fox.

Not having heard anything, and therefore having no ideas of our own as to what is likely to happen,

we shall become like one of the flock of sheep that hunting-fields so much resemble. Thus, our minds being vacant, as far as regards the thing we have come out, and gone to considerable trouble and expense, to do, we shall be ready to receive any impression, and we shall helplessly join that mad, and, as far as most of us are concerned, blind, rush, which will take place when some one calls out, "By Jove! they're gone away," when a pink coat is seen disappearing round a distant corner at a gallop, or when a boy scaring rooks in a field hard by gives vent to an unusually loud "Cow-wow!"

Will such a state of mind give us any satisfaction in this part of the Image, or will it favour the learning of lessons for the Real?

Certainly not. Therefore, let us see that we do not get into it, and if, by request of the Master, or for some other good reason, we do go outside the covert, let us remember the excellent advice given in paragraph 6 of "Some rules of advice as concerns hunting," and "not talk, not laugh, and above all not whistle." We shall then hear if a hound challenges, hear when they turn, and hear when they go away. This is attending to business, "playing the game," in fact—the other is coffee-housing.

As we mean to go into the covert if we can, let us think what it behoves us to do when there. We must keep well behind the Huntsman, say fifty yards; must stand still when he stands still; must make way at once for him, and any hounds which may be round his horse, should he turn round and

wish to pass us; must carefully avoid letting our horse (unless we can trust him absolutely not to kick them) be heels towards any hounds which may come near us, and, above all, we must keep quiet.

So much for the etiquette of the chase. What can we think about the covert as regards the business of war?

Its rides—are they sound or not? Wide enough to take Infantry in fours or Cavalry in sections? Is the undergrowth penetrable or not? If so, by Infantry only or by Cavalry also? The trees—are they thick and big enough to stop a bullet?<sup>1</sup> Suppose we had to defend, or to watch the far edge—how should we do it? Would our supports receive any cover from rifle or shell fire if placed a little way back from the edge?

The covert we are now drawing does not look much like holding a fox; it is so hollow, and there is no lying for him. Ah! there is a young hound running a rabbit. We may venture to smack our whip and rate him with a “ware rabbit!” and follow this with a “garaway boick!” if there is no Hunt Servant near by to do it.

It's no go this time, for there is the Huntsman blowing them out with that “Come, come, come, come-away” note on the horn, to which the Whip is maintaining with “Cor-way-coup, coup! coup! cor-w-a-y,” or “Heeawoy—heea-w-o-y!”

<sup>1</sup> It takes 42 inches of soft wood, such as fir, etc., and 24 inches of hard wood, such as oak, to stop a Lee-Metford bullet at 500 yards.

On we go at a jog-trot to the next covert, Foxey Wood, which we made out in the distance when on the way to the meet.<sup>1</sup> A jump on the way? No—certainly not, unless it is necessary, for we may break a fence, or jump into crops, for nothing; besides, we never know when we may want a jump out of our horse.

This covert looks more likely; plenty of warm lying, and ups and downs of ground with sunny banks and lee-sides to any wind. Rabbits too in plenty, judging by the amount of “work.” How eagerly the hounds dash in at the cheery “Yoi-over there, yoi-over!” of the Huntsman, and—but Somerville describes it a thousand times better than we can—

“See! how they range  
Dispers’d, how busily this way and that  
They cross, examining with curious nose  
Each likely haunt.”

Who that is a sportsman can help seeing it all in his mind’s eye as he reads these lines? Does he not feel in his nostrils the delightful (to a fox-hunter, at any rate) smell of the freshly fallen leaves on the damp earth? Can he not see the cheerily waving, and almost speaking (by their expression) “sterns,” flashing about in the bracken and the brambles, and perhaps tipping themselves with red as they do so? Can he not hear the long-drawn “Yooi ov-er there,” and the “Yeu try in

<sup>1</sup> *Vide* p. 114.

thar" of the Huntsman, encouraging the owners of those expressive sterns to find their fox?

Hold hard! or enthusiasm for the Image will over-ride that for the Real. What a comfortable bivouac might be made on the heather-covered ground under those pines, whose lower branches would be excellent for making shelters. What—No! enough of this for the present, for surely those hounds are showing a line across the ride about a hundred yards up?

Ah! there's a whimper. Now a challenge. The Huntsman sits silent and still. Again Somerville bests us in description—

“Hark! on the drag I hear  
Their doubtful notes, prelude to a cry  
More nobly full, and swelled with every mouth.”

Another challenge. The Huntsman cheers it—  
“Hoick, Batchelor.”

We are in touch with the enemy's outposts.

A crash of canine music.

We are engaging his picquets! and it's a case of—

“Stand to your horses! It's time to begin:  
Boots and saddles! the picquets are in.”

Ah! there he goes over the ride just in front of us; a jolly-looking, bright-coated fellow, too. Now we may open our mouths and holloa “Taa-leo over” if we like, and if there is no Hunt Servant near by to do it.

The pack come crashing after him; we must

keep touch with them now as closely as if they were our own or the enemy's scouts, or they may give us the slip.

One ring round the covert. Then from the distant corner comes the shrill "wh-ooi" of the Whip, followed by the magic "Gone awa-way, gone a w a w a y -GONE AWA-W-O-Y!"

Glorious sound! at which the funklers pale, and the "right sort" glow as they do at the sound of battle.

There goes the Huntsman, swishing through the undergrowth to the point.

"Twang-twang, twang-twang, twang-twang!" goes his horn, with that double note which tells the flying pack that the varmint has gone.

The first shot of the battle proper has been fired, and—

"They're at it already, I hear by the din ;  
Boots and saddles ! the picquets are in."

## CHAPTER XII

### THE BATTLE

GONE AWAY-O-Y!

THE PICQUETS ARE IN!

What is the first thing necessary in both cases?  
Decision.

And the second? Action.

One is no good without the other; and without either we are lost. Surely he who learns to cultivate both at his play, is more than likely to be able to apply them when he wants them in his work?

Our business just now is to get a start in the Image, as it would be to take the initiative in the Real.

We must decide on the instant what is the best way to do it. To join the desperately-excited, jostling, "look-outing," and mud-scattering-crowd, which is tearing down the ride like a flock of frightened sheep charging for a gap, and which, like the sheep in the gap, must inevitably become jammed in the gateway at the end of it? Or to follow the fast-disappearing Huntsman through the still quivering scrub, which has already closed up



again behind him, and in so doing scratch our hats and our boots, and perhaps our faces, green our coats, and, maybe, stub our horses?

To be orthodox, and form up all our men on the top of the slope, where the enemy might naturally expect to find them, or to only hold it with a few men, and counter-attack him through the wood with the rest?

Death loves a crowd, so do fools and funklers, who have no wish to make up for themselves what they may please to call their minds.

Crowds both in the Image and the Real mean casualties. Nothing can be seen or heard in a noisy crowd, as this one will be. To get out of the crowd is therefore the first essential if we are really to enjoy the chase, as it is also if we are to succeed in the battle of life. So let us, in this case only (for when outside the covert we must take our own line), follow the Huntsman, even at the risk of stubbing our horses. The damaged clothes and the scratched face don't count.

What! risk laming a horse for the chance of getting a start? Yes, certainly. For though we should at all times treat our horse as if he were the apple of our eye, and handle him as delicately as if he were

“A goddess in muslin that's likely to suit,  
Is the mate of your choice for the ball,”

yet there will be times, both in sport and in war, when we must ride him as if he wasn't worth eighteen-pence.

Now this getting a start—this taking of the

initiative, is one of these times. It is then that, in the Image, we must, if necessary, jump at short notice an extra - forbidding-looking fence, or an awkward stile, and in the real battle be prepared to take some risks, in order that we may strike quickly; remembering, as Whyte-Melville says, that "the first blow is half the battle in many nobler struggles than a street brawl with a cad." Having got a start we can afford to look about us and pick our places a bit.

It is not proposed to write a run, or to explain how it should be ridden : Whyte-Melville has done it so deliciously in Chapter XI. of *Riding Recollections* that it would be both superfluous and presumptuous to attempt to do so here. We may, however, scan what he writes with a view to seeing where lessons for soldiering can be deduced.

The first point he draws attention to is the necessity of *keeping the eyes open*—of observation, in fact. How essential this habit is for soldiering has already been pointed out in Chapter VIII., and there is no need to say more.

Having got a good start, "Do not therefore lose your head," says Whyte-Melville. There is no doubt that the sight of a pack of fox-hounds dashing across the first field or two, with that "drive" which is their characteristic, sets the blood coursing through one's body as do the first shots of battle. Here then is education indeed, for he who keeps his head under the one circumstance will probably do so under the other.

Whyte-Melville says, "Ride for ground as far as possible when the foothold is good." Proper use of ground is daily becoming of more importance to the soldier, who, belong he to the horse, foot, or artillery, will only lead his men like sheep to the slaughter if he does not know how to use ground, and cannot make up his mind quickly as to the best way to do so.

In riding to hounds during a "quick thing" a man has but little time to make up his mind, or weigh the *pros* and the *cons* of over or round the hill?—down the furrow, or turn off and strike the headland?—into the meadow and jump two fences, or keep along the stubble and jump only one?—across that bottom, or round the head of it?—etc., etc.—all have to be decided in less time than it takes to read this paragraph.

Surely this is good training, for—

"By going down the valley and skirting the wood I shall have cover from fire part of the way, and from view for the rest of it."

Or—

"Get into the fold of the ground, follow it along to those bushes, and I can get the squadron within charging distance without being seen."

This last, by the bye, is much what Von Bredow did before his famous charge at the battle of Mars-la-tour, when, with six small squadrons, he counter-attacked and checked an Army Corps!

Sir Redvers Buller told us at the manœuvres of 1896 that officers did not think sufficiently about the

use of ground.<sup>1</sup> Let us, therefore, all hunt as much as we can, and learn to think of ground in the pleasantest possible way!

The author of *Riding Recollections* writes of an old friend of his that, "He always rode as if he had never seen a run before, and should never see one again," and he adds that this is something of the feeling that those who ride to hounds should possess, a feeling which impels them to take every legitimate advantage, and to throw no possible chance away.

Analyzed, this means, "Always play the game."

How many runs have been missed because people will talk at the wrong time; because they will not take the trouble to keep touch with the hounds in a big wood; because they will not get up early enough to be in time at the meet; because on a bad scenting day they will let hounds get so far ahead of them that, when the scent suddenly improves, they do not know which way they have gone? These are only a few instances of the bad results of not "playing the game."

We need not search very deeply into our military history to find plenty of instances of disasters which were due solely and simply to this same slackness, this same contempt of the enemy. Zululand, the Soudan, South Africa, and India, all furnish examples, but it would perhaps be better taste not to name them.

Therefore, let us soldier as we would ride to

<sup>1</sup> *Vide* p. 100.

hounds, and give no "chances." Taking no notice when the slack ones say of us in the Real—as they assuredly will do—"What unnecessary precautions; why, there's no enemy within twenty miles!" or, "What a devil of a funk this chap is in! What's the good of bothering the men so?" etc., etc. Just as they will say of us in the Image—"What a jealous-riding chap that is!" or "How unnecessarily he buckets his horse!" etc., etc.

It's no good, either in soldiering or in sport, any more than it is in life in general, trying to please every one, and the only safe thing to do is to *always play the game*.

Whyte-Melville says—"Keep an eye forward." The acquirement of this habit is certainly necessary if we are to acquit ourselves well when riding to hounds, but how much more is it so when we lead our men on the field of battle? In the former, the lack of it merely means that we lose our place in the run; in the latter, its absence may mean defeat and the loss of our men's lives. It is not, however, only forward that we must have an eye in the Real, but on both sides as well, and sometimes, like the great beast in Revelation, behind also.

Whyte-Melville tells us, too, what the eye is to be kept on—the hounds, the ground, on the look-out for the fox, and what may be his point, or what may head or turn him. The hounds may be likened to our scouts, the fox to those of the enemy, and the things which may turn him may be thought of as formed bodies of the enemy's troops on which

we must keep an eye, and whose movements we must, if possible, anticipate.

“Always ride to *command* hounds if you can,” says our author. This goes on all-fours with taking the initiative and manœuvring for position, so as to be able to compel the enemy to accept the actual collision when it suits us. To do so successfully the commander of men must follow Napoleon’s example, and be always up with his most advanced troops,<sup>1</sup> with his scouts if it appears desirable (as it often may with a small force), just as he who would command hounds (for the purpose of riding to them) must always be on terms with the body of the pack. In no other position will either be able to properly *anticipate* (and this is one of the secrets of success in both cases) the movements of the enemy.

While riding in this way, to command hounds, it is good to think of how you would direct—command in fact—men following you. It is very easy, when looking one way and going another, to say right when you *mean* left.

The Boer War of 1881 is a sore subject, but the author of *A Narrative of the Boer War* gives an instance of men who were retiring, being told to rally on the right, the result being that they in reality rallied on the left of the original fighting line. In this case the mistake (if it was one?) did not make any difference, but the incident may

<sup>1</sup> When complaining of the way in which his brother Jerome was conducting a campaign in 1807, Napoleon wrote—“Why does he not make war as I do, and bivouac with his outposts?”

serve the purpose of emphasizing the desirability of cultivating the habit mentioned above.

Perhaps Diana's young devotee is beginning to snort with disgust about this time, and to say to himself, "How can a man possibly think about all this when hunting?"

Of course he cannot. That is, he cannot think about it all on the same day, but he can quite easily, and without exerting himself sufficiently to be irksome, think of two or three of the points mentioned each day he goes out. Then by degrees they all, and many, many other things not mentioned, will flash across his mind as naturally as it comes to him to rise in his stirrups at a trot.

Surely, when this comes about, he will be a good way on the road to "acquiring the gift which Kellermann naturally possessed"?

Thus thinking of what our reader is saying to himself has driven us over the line a bit, just as hounds are driven over the line when over-ridden, and the natural and inevitable result is—a check.

## CHAPTER XIII

### A CHECK. THE BATTLE CONTINUED

WHYTE-MELVILLE says—"At all periods of a fox-chase be careful to anticipate a check."

What sound, excellent teaching can we get if we apply this to war, and say to ourselves, when making an offensive movement, "How, when, and where am I likely to be counter-attacked or checked?" and, when engaged in defending a position, "How, when, and where can I make a counter-attack and so check the enemy?"

Does not the last great war, that of 1870, abound with instances of the want of this thought on the part of the French commanders? the battle of Spicheren being perhaps the most notable example; and it is not too much to say, that had Frossard and his staff *anticipated*, not a check, but how they might counter-attack, and so check, the Germans, the result of this battle would in all probability have been different.

How can we anticipate checks either in sport or in war? Whyte-Melville tells us one, and the most important way, when he says, "Keep an eye



forward." The necessity of this has already been remarked on page 151.

Facey Romford tells us another way, when he says, "Francis Romford, if you were the fox, what would you do under these circumstances?" We can equally well say, "If I was the enemy, what should I do?"

In both cases we can perhaps see what has caused the check :—

Hounds were over-ridden, and forced off the line.

Men diverged too much for cover, lost direction, and the necessary "get on" feeling, and became an irresolute bunch behind the cover they erred in seeking.

The fox was headed by that flock of sheep, and hounds have flashed over his line.

Men fear a charge from the cavalry whose lance-heads are glinting behind those trees on the right.

The fox was coursed by that sheep-dog, which is just slinking back again to the shepherd.

The men were checked by, and are unwilling to advance in the face of, the fire coming from yonder ridge? etc., etc.

What to do to pick up the line, to set the concern going again, in the Image and the Real?

In the former very little indeed, for unless you are Hunting the Hounds yourself, you have merely a passive part to play. To turn your horse's head to the wind and sit still, is all that is required of you.

If only all hunting-fields would do this when

hounds throw up their heads, how very many more foxes would come to hand !

Instead of doing it, however, they *will* move about after the Huntsman making his cast, probably talking, and even "whistling," all the time. The result being that hounds and Huntsman have the uneasy feeling of being pressed on ; the steam and smell of the horses, not to mention that of the riders, which must be very perceptible to the fine nose of the hounds, is ever with them, and, should a back cast be necessary, the ground is all foiled.

Why will people spoil their own sport ?

Because many are ignorant that they are doing so, some are jealous of the others, and nearly all are like sheep, and move on because other people do so. Let us not be like any of these, but let us remember that the thing for the field to do at a check is to *keep still*.

With the Huntsman, however, as with the Commander in the Real, a check is the most anxious time. He must be all eyes and ears, keep his head cool, and, while the hounds are making their own cast (in the Real, while the men in little knots are holding on to some bit of cover), rapidly turn the situation over in his mind.

How far did they bring it ? What headed him ? In which direction was his old point ? What is his new one ? Is he running short because he is nearly beat ? etc., etc.

The Commander in war must be even quicker, or

his check may turn into a retreat without orders, a *sauve qui peut*, in fact.

But what to do? Throw in a reinforcement and so send the line forward at all risks, or let them hold on where they are and detach a party to turn the enemy's flank? Swing round the fighting line to meet the counter-attack, or let the reserve do it? Refuse the flank the Cavalry is on, and continue the advance, or diverge towards them, and bring things to a head? etc., etc.

Circumstances alone can decide.

We cannot all of us Hunt Hounds, but we all of us shall have command sooner or later, even though it only consist of a company or two, and it will be education for us to think, as we sit still at a check in the Image, what we should do in the Huntsman's place, if in command that is; and then apply the situation to an imaginary problem in the Real, in the manner indicated above.

Ah! they have hit it off in the corner there, and up go the heads and down go the sterns once more, and away they go in the uncontrolled ecstasy of pursuit.

The check has let up the laggards and those who did not get a start, the latter rather cross and determined to see the rest of it, if riding can make them do so; so if we mean to keep our places, we must "tackle to work with a will."

We shall have competition now, and must be prepared to back our own opinion, that is, to take our own line without hesitation.

Lord St. Vincent said, "The test of a man's courage is responsibility." Responsibility is a thing that every soldier must at all times be prepared to take, and surely the decision, the self-reliance, and the moral and physical courage necessary for the successful taking of one's own line to hounds in a stiffly fenced country, cannot but go to make what is more and more required of a soldier the higher he gets up the tree, viz. the cheerful and unhesitating acceptance of responsibility. So much is this the case, that when a certain stage is reached it seems that the soldier is paid chiefly for this purpose: his subordinates do the actual work, and calculate the details for him; he is paid to take the responsibility.

Even here we find that the Image will dovetail in with the Real, for is not the Huntsman, with his double anxiety to show sport and kill his fox, like the General who wishes to win his battle, and at the same time keep his casualties down, and do not the reputations of both fluctuate with their successes or reverses?

Away we go after the merrily chirping pack, thanking our stars that the check has not been serious, and facing, with that exhilarated feeling which Kinglake has called the "will of a horseman to overcome or elude all obstacles," the unknown at each fence. Here again is education, for in modern war we must face the unknown with a vengeance, and who is likely to do it better than he who does it many times a day merely for his sport?

The words "modern war" remind us that there

is another way in which this being able to take our own line in the Image will fit us for the Real, for all those who have seen the war of to-day, that is, war between two European nations armed with modern weapons, and also all our thinking military writers, tell us that there can be no more galloping about of Staff officers and adjutants with orders when troops have been once launched in the attack. The Junior Officers, the company and section commanders, in fact, must "go their own lines," and if they cannot get on in one way, they must find or devise means to do so in another. Indeed, we must go much further and say that, in the war of to-day, "get on" must be the creed, not only of all Officers, but also of the individual soldier, just as he who would ride to hounds well must carry with him an unswerving determination to "be with them" whatever happens.

Surely the two are identical?

We have already seen (p. 2) how hunting education, and the "will of a horseman to move forward," "got on" the 7th Fusiliers at the Alma. The Alma was fought over forty-five years ago, and during these forty-five years "the country" has been continually growing stiffer for the soldier, much as barbed wire has made it more dangerous for the follower of Diana.

Prominent among the new "fences" which the soldier has to face are an effective shrapnel shell, smokeless powder,<sup>1</sup> the magazine rifle with a flat

<sup>1</sup> It seems likely that the absence of smoke, which will enable the soldier to see, not only his own immediate comrades, but also

trajectory, a perfected machine gun, high explosives, and quick-firing guns.

Thinking of all these, it does not require much acumen to see that it is only by having resolute men fully imbued with the all-important "get on" feeling, possessing the necessary discipline to *make* them go on when told, and led by officers who, down to the last-joined second-lieutenant, will act on their own initiative (take their own lines, in fact), that we can hope to win Almas in modern war.

We are told that it was the "well-grounded training of the individual,"<sup>1</sup> combined with the ready initiative of the officers, which made the Germans so superior to the French in 1870. Our individuals, *i. e.* our non-commissioned officers and men, cannot hunt to acquire the "get on" feeling which, as we have just shown, should underlie all training for war, but luckily our Officers can, and they should lose no opportunity of imparting the feeling so learnt to their men. For just as it is best for the horse to be taught to jump by the man who will subsequently ride him to hounds, so should the soldier be taught to face his "fences" by the man who will lead him in battle.

Mutual confidence is thus established, and when the trial comes the soldier can be encouraged—nay,

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those for some distance around him, hit by he knows not whom, will try the soldier's nerves much as the suspected presence of wires in the fences tries those of the rider across country.

<sup>1</sup> *The Battle of Spicheren*, Henderson.

compelled, to "get on," as the horse can be made to jump, by the voice and the will of the teacher.

Thus, "the will of a horseman to move forward, no less than his power to elude or overcome all obstacles," which, as Kinglake adds, "is singularly strengthened by the education of the hunting-field," will influence our soldiers on the modern battle-field, as it did the gallant 7th Fusiliers at the Alma.

Here we would repeat, that the eye for ground so thoroughly possessed by Lacy Yea (*vide* p. 3) will play a very prominent part; may mean, indeed, all the difference between "getting on" and being "held up," or between no casualties and very heavy ones.

We have now been going some time, and our horse has lost his first freshness, though he is still going strong and well. If we are wise we shall now be more than ever careful to save him all we can in the way so delightfully explained by Whyte-Melville in *Riding Recollections*. If we do not take precautions about this period of the chase, the odds are much in favour of our being "downed." Even this, however, if it happens, should teach us something, for presence of mind, the quality necessary to meet it, will mean all the difference between getting off with a scramble, and going down with a fall. How necessary presence of mind is for the soldier need not be expatiated on.

The fox is beginning to run short now, and the battle is nearly over. With that "eye forward" we see him, in one of his short turns, sinking a hedge-

row to the left, while the pack are still running straight on. Let us not shout out loudly, "There he is," or something of the sort, but rather let us ride quickly up to the Master or Huntsman and say, *without pointing*, "I viewed him just now down that hedgerow to the left." Then fall back again quietly, and let those whose business it is to do so take the necessary action, and also the *credit for it*.

This is training for that "playing for the side"—that loyalty to your Commanding Officer—which is the most valuable attribute of a reliable Officer. For it is better indeed to be served by a man with mediocre ability, who is thoroughly loyal, than by one with the most brilliant talents, who plays for himself and does not "back up."

We are moralizing somewhat, and while on that tack we may mention that hunting can also teach unselfishness, perhaps indeed may even inculcate the habit which will hereafter be the cause of our winning that Decoration most coveted by the soldier, the Victoria Cross. The habit referred to is that of hastening to the help of a man in difficulties. This feeling will at once prompt us to diverge, even at the risk of losing our place, from our line, to catch and to hold, while he gets on, the horse of a man who is down. This sounds very simple, but it is not too often done, and yet how grateful is the recipient of the caught horse who has been trying to run through a sloppy pasture, or a soft plough, in top-boots!

We once caught and took back a horse to a sport-



ing parson during a gallop in what Mr. Jorrocks would call one of the "cut 'em down countries." The "good" man was very grateful, and when met a year or so afterwards said, "Well, I have always thought better of hunting-fields since that day."

Again, suppose we have the luck to be going strong and well towards the end of what will be a record run, let us not hesitate, should the Huntsman or Master get to the bottom of their horses, to offer ours. We may miss being named in *The Field* as being one of the five or six who saw the finish, but we shall have the far greater satisfaction of having done our best for "the side."

It is the possession of the feelings which prompt actions like this that distinguishes the true soldier from the mere medal or brevet hunter.

We are getting into an intricate country, in more ways than one, and we had better concentrate our thoughts on the work in hand, that is, the getting to the end of a good run on a horse which cannot by this time be any too fresh. In among small fields, with going by no means sound, and a tired horse under us, we shall want all the powers of observation and of overcoming difficulties that we possess.

Ah! that very green look about the centre of the field we have just jumped into probably means bog, also we must look out that our horse does not drop his hind-legs into one of the herring-bone drains as we gallop over them, for this will mean a nasty fall, and perhaps a broken back for our mount. Judging by its situation and surroundings, this innocent-

looking stake-and-bound fence we are just coming to probably has a big ditch on the other side, and we must put on the pace a bit.

Yes! just as we thought, and we only get over with a scramble. Let us take this ridge and furrow slant-ways, and it won't interfere so much with our horse's stride, besides, the best way out appears to be in the corner of the field, but we must go steady as there seems to be a bit of a drop. How cleverly the horse let himself down, but in spite of this, we instinctively feel that he does not relish jumping like he did an hour ago.

By Jove, rails ahead! and pretty stiff-looking ones too. That's our place where the top bar is half broken through, but they are none too nice even there, and we must not go at them too fast. Well done, old horse, but a good job it broke! Now we can ease him a bit up the headland, luckily the gate at the end is open, for the fence has wire on it.

These are only a few specimens of the details which must be noticed, and the precautions which must be taken if we would get success to the end of a run, and yards might be written in the same strain; but we shall get to the bottom both of the horse and of the reader's patience; besides, the best of runs, like the fiercest of battles, must have an ending, and the end of ours is near. Enough has, however, been said to show how, even when crossing the last few fields in a run, the rider to hounds must ever be exercising, or unconsciously acquiring, those faculties which cannot but stand him in good

stead in war, the foreseeing of obstacles, and the seeing or the devising of means to overcome them.

As we burst through a thick bullfinch we catch a view of the fox rolling across the next field with the pack close at his brush.

We are up to the enemy's position.

How they strain after him! How they gain on him!

Ah!—

“Who-whoop! they have him, they're round him; how

They worry and tear when he's down!

'Twas a stout hill fox when they found him, now

'Tis a hundred tatters of brown!”

We are over the trenches.

The battle is won, and it remains but to shout, to pursue, and to pick up the wounded.

## CHAPTER XIV

### AFTER THE BATTLE

To him who thinks about it all, the end of a successful hunt, like the end of a fight, is sad, for both mean more or less suffering and death.

Yet, what would you ?

Until we have a Peace Conference which brings about disarmament and universal arbitration, and judging by the one which has just completed its labours, this is very much *en l'air*, and until all savages are sufficiently civilized to understand, and to abide by, the decisions arrived at through arbitration, we must have war, and while we have war, bad indeed will it be for merry England if we had not sport, and above all sport—fox-hunting.

Where should we train our future Kellermanns and Lacy Yeas ?

Whence would come that feeling of power “to elude or overcome all obstacles,” which our junior ranks must possess ? Where would our cavalry Officers learn so well, as Sir Evelyn Wood says they must learn, “to strike without waiting for orders” ?

Where should we educate the Officers that Wel-

lington found so useful for obtaining information in the Peninsula?

We might go on asking these sort of questions for any length of time, but let us instead look at the matter from another point of view.

Were there no hunting, there would certainly be no foxes, and their last representatives would die miserable deaths in traps and gins. It is hardly likely that they would hesitate, if they had their choice between certain extermination in a cruel way on the one hand, and comparative protection during most of the year, and a fair run for their lives once or twice a month during the winter, on the other. Truly there is, to us, the appalling sense of being *hunted*, but surely this, with its chance of getting away, is better than waiting all night—perhaps two nights—in a trap, the iron teeth of which are slowly eating into one's leg, with the *certainty* of being knocked on the head by a hairy ruffian with a bludgeon at the end of it! Would any sensible fox hesitate which to choose?

Again, we are told—but unfortunately we cannot be sure—that it is second nature to a fox to be pitted—with his staunchness, courage, and cunning—against all comers. Some even say that he glories in his victories! Be this as it may, we do know that he is a fighting animal, and that he dies fighting, and dies game.

Perhaps we had better turn over the page, for the soldier, whose profession it is to encompass the death and destruction of his country's enemies, must

not be too soft-hearted, and therefore had better not analyze these things too closely.

The battle being over, we have now to think what remains to be done. Regarding this in the Image, no one can tell us better than Whyte-Melville does on pages 200 to 202 of *Riding Recollections*. Put into half-a-dozen words, these pages say, "Think of your horse before yourself." This should be, and in most cases is, the creed of the British Officer regarding the care of his men.

While the hounds are breaking up their fox, with the accompaniment of "rattles" on the horn, and some yokel leads about our horse, whose girths we have slacked, well away from the surging pack, let us make up our minds what to do. We have been carried well through a good run, are some distance from home, and, to say the least of it, the "steel" is out of our horse, and we should not be a sportsman, in the true sense of the word, if we stayed out and rode him in another run, with those who have second horses, any more than we should be if we had "over-marked" (*i. e.* over-ridden) him during the run in which he has just carried us well. Therefore, home it must be.

This decided, let's pull out the map, locate ourselves, and look out the best way to go; not forgetting that those with local knowledge will probably be able to tell us of some short cut which is not evident by the map. While the map is out we should also try and follow on it the run we have just ridden: if we cannot do this easily, there is

sure to be some one who can tell us the names of the parishes we have run through. It is quite worth the young soldier's while to take a little trouble over this, if only because of the interest which those at home may take in hearing about the run ; but much more is it so because of the practice it gives in map reading, and in acquiring an eye for country, and a bump for locality.

If we have a second horse out, and he casts up about this time, we are indeed well placed (for good scenting days, like decisive victories, are not too common), and we may confirm our success by continuing the pursuit of the Image, as we may confirm it in the Real by continuing the pursuit of the enemy if we have in hand, as we ought to have, a formed portion of our third line, of our Cavalry, or, better still, of both. The pursuits may then continue, as they should continue, until light fails us, or the hounds go home.

To the man who is keen it is a wrench to have to go home before the hounds, especially on good scenting days, and he wants a second horse, just as the most brilliant achievement by a disordered mass of soldiery (and successful attacking columns, if only through their own *élan*, are bound to become disordered) requires the speedy support of formed troops.

In the present instance, however, we are a one-horse man, and having seen our fox broken up, and decided in which direction we are going, it behoves us to be off before our horse has time to get stiff.

Shoes all right?—Yes. Then draw up his girths, tender the yokel who has been walking him about a shilling, and march.

Is he sound?—Yes. Then we had better jog along between six and seven miles an hour, and so get him home to his food, which, we may be sure, he wants a deal more than we do ours, as soon as possible.

There seems to be no doubt that, as a rule, it is the long time that he is without food that takes it out of a horse during a day's hunting, as much as, if not more than, the actual work he does. We told our groom on p. 39 that a horse's stomach is small, and that he therefore wants food often. Let us not forget this now, and do anything on the way home to keep his nose out of the manger longer than necessary. Whyte-Melville tells us about jumping off his back and walking up and down the hills, and also about getting him some gruel if we have far to go, and there is no need to say more about these. Jogging up to the meet, we naturally took the grass at the side of the road whenever possible, and our horse seemed to like it. Now that he is tired it will be very different, and if we give him his head, we shall invariably find that he chooses the smoothest and hardest part of the road, probably the middle. This is natural, and just what we should do ourselves after a day's shooting, so let him have his way, unless he has lost a shoe, in which case it is well to keep on the soft until we can get one tacked on.



Riding home after a good gallop which we have been able to see to our own satisfaction, is not unlike marching back to camp after a successful fight in which we have done our part, and there are many less pleasant things than either of these. Whyte-Melville said that after a good gallop with hounds, he rode home feeling like a man who has done a good action. It is to be hoped that the young soldier may experience this feeling many, many times during his life, but let him not forget that it is not really he who has done the good action, but it is the owners and the occupiers of the land he has been galloping over, and some of the fences of which he has probably broken. Good indeed would it be for "the cause," if all who hunted remembered this, and not only remember it, but also act accordingly.

If this were done universally, we should certainly hear very much less about that curse of hunting in the present day, and maybe the assassinator of it in years to come—wire. There are very few of us who do not like to think that we have done good actions, and thought of, and talked to, in this way, it must be an unusually hard-hearted and thick-headed farmer who cannot be brought into line, and made to regard the *bête noir* of the devotee of the modern chase from the point of view which touches himself, and which is so deliciously put in the following lines :—

"Let us argue the point : if the stock get astray,  
If the pig in a panic sets off for the day,

If a herd leaves unfolded, lamb, heifer, or steer,  
 If the colt from his tackle can kick himself clear,  
 Your truants to capture you'd hardly desire  
 That their hides should be torn into ribbons with wire !”

Having got thus far our friend will probably be in the mood for seeing it from the point of view of—

“’Tis cruel to see, in the cream of a run,  
 A dozen fine fellows enjoying the fun,  
 Struck down at a moment to writhe in the dirt,  
 Dismounted, disgusted, both frightened *and* hurt !  
 While behind them a panic breaks out like a fire,  
 With the ominous caution—’*Ware wire, sir !* ’*Ware wire !*”

and he will end by exclaiming—

“Dang it all ! I’ll take the stuff down.”

All this may fairly be called digression from our line, but digression (of the thoughts only) is permissible—nay, is good, because it amounts to relaxation on the way home after a run, or a fight. Moreover, in this case the very digression brings us back to the true line—that of the Real—again, for this panic which “breaks out like a fire” in the hunting-field, “with the ominous caution—’Ware wire, sir ! ’Ware wire !” is on all-fours with the panic which may break out among our men in war when some one says, “The enemy are behind us ;” “Our flank is turned ;” or, “Here come the spear-men,” etc., etc.

And does not each sort of panic require the same qualities in the leaders to overcome it, and to “get on” in spite of it ? Presence of mind to avert disaster, eye forward to see a way out, decision to act, and nerve to carry out the action decided on.

May we not say that, even in its panics, hunting is the Image of war?

Hulloa! We have struck into the road we came by to the meet, and there are two turnings—which way did we come? If we remembered to look back as we came, we shall probably know, if not, we must pull out the map to see.

It's getting dusk now, and the road looks quite different to what it did in the daylight, while bushes, trees, etc. begin to assume fantastic shapes, and we might almost fancy that we can see figures in the fences. All this sort of thing is training, excellent training, for the time when we shall go on night outpost duty, especially when our minds and bodies are, as they are now, somewhat depressed from fatigue and an empty stomach. These two, particularly when coupled with dusk or darkness, often make all things look different to what they really are; and what a difference the latter makes when it comes to a case of fighting!

Hold up, horse! That *was* a bad stumble. And how we resent it now when we are tired, hungry, and, what usually accompanies these two, cross. Yet we ought not to job him in the mouth or kick him with the spur, for he is tired and hungry too, certainly the latter far more than we are, and has he not been working all day for our pleasure? Therefore let us say, "Hold up, old man," and ride him and keep him awake with legs and voice rather more in future.

Thus shall we learn from the Image to rise

superior to fatigue, hunger, and general irritability when annoyed, and in such a state we are easily annoyed by our inferiors and superiors at the end of a long, trying, and perhaps "jumpy" march in the Real.

Talking of trying marches, we never know what a horse can do until we give him a really hard day. The excitable, high-stepping, prancing animal of the early morning may require kicking along long before the afternoon, while the slug of the early hours may trot gaily home with his action brisker, and as true as ever, long after dark in the evening.

It is the same with men; you do not really know what they are made of until you see them on active service, or under conditions akin to it. Then you may find that hunger, fatigue, discomfort, etc., make your vivacious, "such good company" chap of peace and plenty utterly coil up, while the man you looked upon as dull and unattractive may prove himself a veritable tower of strength.

One thing is certain, and that is, that when the ordeal does come, the youth who has gone through the same sort of experience for the sake of his sport, will have an enormous pull over the one who has not.

Does not the "sport of kings" score another notch here?

We are nearing home now, and even if we did not know it ourselves, the pricked ears and the quickened stride of our horse should tell us so. There are the lights. How pleasant it is to see them after a long

jog in the dark! and if we are glad, how much more so must our mount be, who knows that he will soon now put down the weight that he has been carrying all day.

Here we are; let us go into his box with him, and see him drink his gruel and begin to munch the bit of hay, while he is being made comfortable. What a sigh of satisfaction he gives after his drink! and how contentedly he turns to the hay! "Yes; just throw a rug over his loins, pull his ears a bit" (this always seems very acceptable to the tired horse), "and then dress him quickly, and give him his feed, which we know he is looking for. Have a good look for thorns, for we had several thick places to-day."

Now, and not before, may we go indoors, and have our own gruel, in the shape of a cup of tea, and perhaps a boiled egg. How good it seems! and how pleasant it is to stretch out one's legs in an arm-chair before the fire afterwards, and think over the day. We must not stop too long, though, for we have to go out and see our horse again. "Has he fed well? Yes? That's all right." How comfortable he looks with his warm clothing, thick bed, and loose flannel bandages. Now give him the rest of his hay, and leave him alone for the night; he has indeed earned a rest.

Surely this sort of thing, which is second nature to every real sportsman, cannot but be training for the time when, after a long march or fight, though dog-tired ourselves, we have to stand about, see our

men pitch their tents, see them and their accoutrements into them, and arrange many small details, before we have any right to think about our own wants.

Then, after we have been to our own tents, have we not to turn out again, however stiff we may be, to see that the men have got their dinners all right, just as we had to turn out of the arm-chair in front of the fire, to see that our horse was comfortably done up for the night?

Can we not, indeed, learn from the Image that *noblesse oblige* feeling which should influence the Officer at all times, but more especially when he and his men are hard put to it in the Real?

## CHAPTER XV

### CARE OF THE WOUNDED

IN any serious case of injury or ailment, and in any case which we cannot diagnose for certain ourselves, it is far better for both man and horse to call in professional assistance at once. A little knowledge in this, as in other things, may be very dangerous, and with the very best intentions we may apply totally wrong treatment to a wound or ailment, of the exact nature or extent of which we are ignorant.

For the man in the Real, as for the horse in the Image, such professional aid will usually be procurable; still it may occasionally happen, in both cases, that it is not, or that it may be a long time in arriving. Moreover, there are in the case of a horse certain common injuries and ailments of which the first treatment at any rate is very simple.

It is of these that we would now try and treat briefly, because the young soldier sportsman should be able to diagnose, and prescribe for, them in order, in the first instance, to save time, and in the second, to save a veterinary surgeon's bill (*i. e.* if there is nothing really serious), in the same way as he should

be able to deal with correspondingly simple cases which may happen to his men when he is away from professional advice.

It is outside the scope of these pages, and very much beyond the capacity of the writer of them, to treat of the injuries or ailments of the horse except in an extremely amateurish and elementary manner. So much is this the case, that we would begin by declaring that we have no technical knowledge whatever—are extremely ignorant, in fact—therefore we only propose to try and *think*, with what little common sense we possess, about some of the common accidents that may happen in the Image of War campaign, and of a few of the ordinary ailments that its work may cause.

It will be best to try and take them as they might happen in the course of a few days' hunting. If we do this, we may get them somewhat as follows :—

1. Our mount is a whistler or roarer, what can we do to ease him?

Try a Harvey's aconite powder the night before he goes out ; or give him a little linseed oil in the morning.

Damping all his food, and putting his water in an old tar-barrel, has already been mentioned on p. 43.

Permanent relief may be afforded by having a tube put in his throat.

2. He is scouring, as some horses will, from excitement on his way to the meet. Put him up for a few minutes at a wayside inn, and give him a little flour and water or a double-handful of dry bran. Even if



this does not do any good to the horse, it will to "the cause," for is it not one more proof to the publican, and his ostler, that *hunting causes money to be spent?*

This treatment corresponds with giving the human subject a few drops of chlorodyne. This, by the way, is a medicine that all officers on active service should have with them.

3. Our horse has been fed late, or watered just *after* feeding, and we have been coming along quickly. The result may be a colic. This may not be actually serious, but it will be indirectly so, for it will probably necessitate our giving up the day and taking him home.

The treatment is described in par. 540, *Horses and Stables*. Note that the inn may again come in useful, this time with its spirits in the same way as it would for the corresponding ailment in man. It may be remarked here that brandy is certainly a thing that an officer detached with men out of reach of medical comforts should have with him.

4. "Confound it, I *felt* him brush. I thought the different shoeing would stop that."

What an uncomfortable, not to say irritating, feeling it is when a horse brushes! and we know that if it goes on, it means a nasty-looking raw spot on his fetlock. Proper shoeing and *good condition* will stop almost any horse brushing; but what we want just now is prevention for the rest of the day. We shall find this if we improvise a Yorkshire boot. This is simply a piece of horse-rug, or blanket (a

piece of sack will do, failing anything better), wrapped round the leg above and below the fetlock joint, then tied above the joint with a piece of string or tape, and the part of it above the string turned down over the part below.

5. The horse may be jogging along "as sound as a bell," and suddenly go "as lame as a tree." Get down at once, for the odds are that he has either picked up a stone, or a nail, in his foot, or stepped on a stone. If either of the former, they must be got out, if the latter, we shall probably see a whitish mark somewhere on the foot, and the horse will usually go sound again in a few minutes, and continue so for the rest of the day, though he may subsequently be lame from the bruise.

6. "Was silly fresh, shied at a piece of paper, and got caught in the step of a cart, which cut an artery." This would be an unlucky accident, especially as most of the arteries run in the inside of the limbs, still it might happen, either in this way or from a kick, and it is important to know how to stop arterial bleeding, both in man and horse. We may do so by improvising a tourniquet; a round, smooth stone, a handkerchief, and our hunting crop, are all we want. In the Real a cleaning rod, a sword, or a bayonet, may be substituted for the crop.<sup>1</sup>

7. *A kick*.—This mostly happens when horses are

<sup>1</sup> Since writing the above, personal experience has provided an instance of a carriage-horse shying into another vehicle, cutting an artery, and being just saved from bleeding to death by an improvised tourniquet (Oct. 1899).

fresh, either at the meet or in going through a gateway. As with a bruised foot, a horse may be very lame at first, then go sound, and be lame again next day, or if he is allowed to stand still. If there is bleeding, the first thing is to stop it, either with cold water or as described in 6. Warm water and fomentations applied round the injured part on arrival home will ease the patient. A bad kick may have serious after results, and it is best to call in a veterinary surgeon.

8. *A stubb.*—This is not unlikely to happen when we are going the nearest and most unorthodox way to get a start, which, as is pointed out on p. 147, is so necessary. It may also happen at any bank on which our horse has to put his feet. We may not know it is done at the time, perhaps not till the horse is lame the next day. A bran, or a bran-and-turnip, poultice can do no harm, but it is best to call in a vet. early, as we cannot afford to experiment on horses' feet.

9. *A blow.*—This also, which may be caused by the top bar of a gate or stile, or by a branch in a fence, we shall probably not know of until we stand still for a few minutes, or maybe until our groom comes in the evening and sends us a most alarming message, probably to the effect that the horse "can't put his foot to the ground."

Bathing with warm water and the application of fomentations will usually put the matter right both for man and horse.

10. *A sprain.*—This may come about when the

ground is hard, when the going is what is called "good," or when it is "deep"; the latter is most likely. Serious sprains, like punctured feet, are best not played with, but the same treatment as for a blow (*vide* 9) will do no harm till the veterinary surgeon arrives. Subsequently a bit of garden hose-pipe and the cold-water tap will be very useful.

11. *An over-reach.*—This may occur at any time,<sup>1</sup> but it is most likely to do so when the horse lands over a fence into deep or holding ground.

If it is in the usual place, *i. e.* just above the heels of the fore-feet, a little spirit may be poured on as a first treatment, and when the horse arrives home a little Friar's Balsam will complete the drying-up process. An over-reach higher up may be treated in the first instance as described in 9. In a serious case call in a vet.

12. "Stuck his toe into the ground, and went down as if he were shot."

Result—broken knees.

Treatment.—Wash out the dirt, and bandage with a handkerchief, or strip of linen, and, if procurable, some tow. Get him home if possible, and then, if the damage is at all serious, call in a veterinary. For after treatment, see par. 719, *Horses and Stables*.

13. *Quite beat.*—Experience should soon teach us when our horse is beginning to have had enough,

<sup>1</sup> Poor old "Midshipmite," the well-known and celebrated steeple-chaser, over-reached very badly when being cantered quietly across the Long Valley at Aldershot by his present owner, Captain H. N. Schofield, Royal Artillery (Aug. 1899).

and it should be rare that we get him so much beat as to have difficulty in getting him home. This, however, may happen, and there are some horses which will go on pulling and giving us trouble to the very last minute when with hounds, and directly they are turned away from them we find they can scarcely walk. The only thing to do is to jump off and walk, and get them home, if possible, as quick as we can. A pail of gruel, with a pint of beer or stout in it, procured at the first public-house we come to, may work wonders. For further advice, see pp. 201, 202, *Riding Recollections*.

14. *Thorns*.—These should be carefully looked for after every day's hunting. Clipping the hair on the legs greatly facilitates the finding of them. It is now-a-days just as fashionable to clip horses' legs as it used to be to leave the hair on them. The argument in favour of the latter was that the hair turned the thorns. This seems more than doubtful.

It is wonderful that horses in bursting through thick places do not pick up more thorns than they do; probably the very pace and force with which they do it is their chief safeguard. It is certainly a fact that a man out shooting, and wearing knickerbockers and stockings, gets far less pricked if he jumps boldly and crushes through a fence, than he does if he climbs or scrambles slowly through.

A pair of tweezers, for extracting thorns, should be in every Officer's active service knife, and, it goes without saying, in his hunting and shooting one also.

Lameness caused by thorns is often very obscure, and experience provides a case of one of the best veterinary surgeons in England diagnosing a coming ring-bone as the cause of lameness, which a few days afterwards was proved to be the result of a thorn prick.

15. "Your saddle touched his back yesterday, where there was a lump after you rode him the other day."

How annoying is this when said with an air of superiority, almost triumph, by our groom the morning after a day's hunting! Yet, unless we keep our eyes open, it will happen, for it seems the way of many grooms, either not to see the signs of mischief in due season, or to keep them to themselves if they do see them. It is the same sort of want of observation in his men that makes it so important for an Officer with mounted troops to himself examine and feel all his horses' backs after a march, or an unusually long field-day. To him who is in the habit of watching his hunters' backs this comes like second nature.

16. *Cold and cough*.—These ought seldom to occur in a well-managed and *well-ventilated* stable, and when proper precautions are taken whilst the horse is at work. They must, both in man and beast, be taken in hand at once. A neglected cold may mean pneumonia, influenza, etc., with all the loss of condition and subsequent debility which accompany these; while the end may be roaring, broken wind, and perhaps death. Treatment.—

Knock off all hard food at once, and substitute bran mashes, linseed, and green food if procurable, put into a loose box, then see Chapter XXII. of *Horses and Stables*.

In all cases of sickness or injury, both to man and horse, the essentials for a quick recovery are rest, quiet, fresh air, comfort, and sufficient warmth, combined of course with proper treatment, good nursing, plenty of water, and suitable food. (See Chapter XV., *Horses and Stables*, and Chapter XVIII., *Veterinary Notes for Horse-Owners*.)

Bran mashes are generally the principal food of sick horses, yet it is surprising how few grooms know how, and how still fewer will take the trouble, to make them properly. They usually dump the bran into a pail, often a dirty one, pour some hot water on to the top of it, and they then consider that the mash is made. How a mash should be made, or rather *cooked*, is concisely described on p. 411 of *Veterinary Notes for Horse-Owners*.

Like a sick-room or hospital, every stable should have its registering thermometer hanging on the wall to show the temperature of stall or box, and also its small clinical thermometer for taking the temperature of a patient. How this is taken is described in par. 217A, *Horses and Stables*. The ordinary temperature of the horse's blood is about 99° Fahrenheit, and 50° to 60° may be taken as a suitable average temperature for the stable.

The pulse, like the temperature, is a great indicator of the state of health of the horse, as it

is that of the man, and its variations should be studied until they are thoroughly understood. Chapter XI., *Horses and Stables*, tells us all about the pulse and its different meanings.

In conclusion, it only remains to be said again that, in any serious case, or when you are in any doubt about a case, either in man or beast, do not waste time, but call in professional assistance at once.

The old saying about a stitch in time saving nine is never more true than when applied here.

In many cases it will not be till the next day that we shall know whether or not any injuries have been received during a day's hunting, and we cannot, as a rule, depend on our groom to find them even then. We should, therefore, invariably visit the stable the morning after a hunting day, and run our eyes over the horse generally, and our hands over his back, legs, and feet. Any sign of heat, or puffiness, or of flinching from the touch, must be regarded as suspicious, and the cause should be discovered, and, if necessary, treatment commenced as soon as possible.



## CHAPTER XVI

### MISCELLANEOUS REGULATIONS, THE OUTCOME OF THE EXPERIENCE OF THE CAMPAIGN

IN this chapter we have merely jotted down a few things which experience has shown may be of use to the young soldier and sportsman.

Some of these "Regulations" (as we have called them in the heading of the chapter) are simply useful hints, others should be as binding to the soldier and the sportsman as are the paragraphs of the Queen's Regulations and Orders for the Army.

We will take the things as they might possibly be wanted.

We wish to have a horse led out and trotted up and down to see if he is sound before we ride him. A horse in high condition frequently "plays the fool" when brought out like this, and sometimes breaks away in doing so, and if for any reason, such as shortness of time, etc., we do not have a bridle put on him, it is well to take the precaution of putting the head-rope across the front of his nose and then out again behind the lower part of the head-piece of the head-collar, as shown in Fig. 1 of

Plate X. This gives the man who is leading him much more command over him than if the rope merely came straight away from the bottom ring of the gullet-piece, and he can always stop any antics on the part of the horse by giving the rope a few jerks.

“All right, he’s sound ; put his bridle on.” This sounds very simple, and yet how often do we see it bungled most horribly ! Perhaps the chief offenders in this respect are the so-called ostlers at way-side inns and the inexperienced soldier grooms. There are, however, many horse-owners who are just as bad.

Some horses will not have a bridle put on at all by a bungler, and they are quite right. It must be most unpleasant to have a heavy-fisted biped trying to force a handful of cold steel between your clenched teeth, scraping your gums as he does so, and at the same time endeavouring to pull the head-piece of the bridle (which, of course, is too short until the bit is between the teeth) roughly up over your sensitive ears.

Fig. 1, Plate XVII. shows a bridle being put on in a way that a horse readily yields to, simply because he understands it, and it does *not hurt* him.

The bits having been arranged properly, and the curb-chain unhooked on the near side, the reins are put over the horse’s head, the right hand holds the top of the head-piece, and the fingers of the left hand hold the bits, as shown in the photograph. The



FIG. 1.—Putting on a bridle.

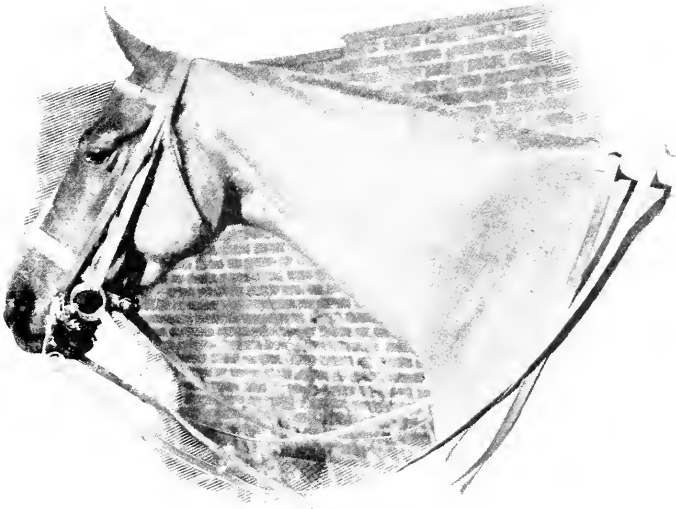


FIG. 2 —Taking the bridle rein over.



thumb of the left hand is then put into the corner of the horse's mouth above his nippers—this causes him to open them at once ; the fingers then guide the bits gently into his mouth, and at the same time the right hand pulls the head-piece quietly over his ears. All that remains to be done is to adjust the bridle as shown in Fig. 2, Plate IV.

It will be well to once more draw attention to the importance of seeing that everything is right before we start on a ride. It is also advisable to keep our eyes open for anything wrong while we are out, and we may be sure that there is some reason for any unaccustomed signs of uneasiness on the horse's part ; such as laying his ears back and keeping them so, when he usually carries them forward, or a frequent shaking of the head, or a twitching of the skin over the withers. The first may mean that he is not well, or that the saddle hurts him, and the two second may also mean that his back is not comfortable.

While thinking of the way that a horse expresses his feelings, it would be well to say that, should a horse who is usually a free, bold jumper, persistently refuse, there is certain to be a reason which he knows well, and of which we probably have no idea. It may be a chalk-pit on the far side ; it may be that he has been hurt, and feels that the task is beyond him. Do not, therefore, force him, but after making sure that it is not the fence that his instinct tells him to refuse, jump off and have a good look round him.

It is a common saying, that “the train is the best of covert hacks.” This may be so for the man who

goes comfortably down to the station at the last minute and gets into a first-class carriage. But it is not always the same for the horse unless the master concerns himself about it in the way that is the horse's due. Grooms are apt to be late on dark winter mornings, and the horse may suffer in consequence; be fed hurriedly and late, hardly be groomed at all, and be hustled off to the station with his feed half eaten, and his clothing, bandages, etc., badly, and therefore uncomfortably, put on. We make a fuss if we are not called ourselves, and have not time to eat our breakfast! Surely we should make certain that our four-footed colleague, who has all the work to do, has plenty of time in which to eat his?

It is the same in coming home again, and it is unsportsmanlike to stay with hounds so long that we have not time to get our horse his sup of well-earned gruel, and his handful or so of oats, before he is put into his box.

Boxing horses often means a very long day out of the stable, and we should do all we can to make it less hard.

When sending horses long journeys by rail, much may be done to hasten shuntings, change of lines, etc., by writing civil notes the day before to station-masters or traffic superintendents. These should be thanked when seen for any extra trouble they may have taken, and tips to boxing and shunting porters, and maybe inspectors, should not be forgotten. This is good for horses and horse-

owners generally, because it is human nature to take more trouble when a reward is probable.

Some horses (usually those built that way) have a provoking knack of getting girth-galled. The conformation which is prone to this, is that in which the last few inches of a horse's chest (or brisket), instead of inclining *downwards* as it begins to go between his fore-legs, runs straight, or inclines slightly upwards. With either of the latter there is nothing to keep the girths in their proper place, *i. e.* clear of the skin behind the elbow. This part of the skin moves with each motion of the leg, and if the girth is on it, is very liable to chafe, especially if the horse is at all soft.

A girth-gall is annoying because there is the horse, well and fit to work, and indeed would be all the better for work, and yet we cannot put an ordinary saddle on him. What are we to do? Either ride him bare-backed, which, by the way, is good practice, or put a military saddle on and strap the girth back in the way described on p. 45 of *Veterinary-Major Smith's excellent little work Saddles and Sore Backs*.<sup>1</sup>

This plan is very simple, and consists in placing a surcingle, or over-girth, under the seat of the saddle, towards the rear arch (or across the rear fans), and round the horse's belly, and then fastening the girth back towards this, and clear of the gall, with a shoe case or other small strap.

<sup>1</sup> This is a book that all officers should have; the price is only 1s.

We may sometimes find it necessary to work a horse whose back has been slightly rubbed, *i. e.* has a little hair and skin off. We may prevent the sore from being made bigger, or from being greatly irritated, during a day's work, by cutting a piece of kid glove about the size and the shape of the wound, and then dipping it into the white of an uncooked egg and laying it on to the wound some time before the saddle is put on. It will usually be found at the end of the day that the piece of kid has not moved, and therefore that the sore is little the worse.

It is dangerous to continue this for long, or to let the piece of kid stay on long, as we shall not then see any inflammation which may be set up, and the last state of the back may be far worse than the first.

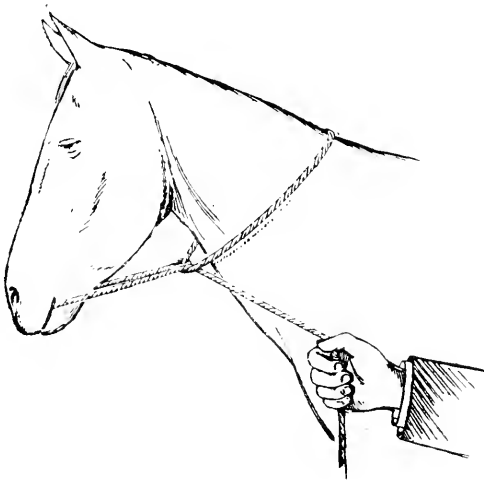
One would think that leading one horse alongside another was a very simple thing, but it is surprising how awkwardly many people, who ought to know better, do it. Suppose the horse has a double bridle on, how should the bridoon rein be taken over to lead him? As follows:—

With the reins lying on the horse's neck, or held in the hand, the bridoon rein being uppermost, put the hand under the *bit* rein and get hold of the bridoon rein as shown in Fig. 2, Plate XVII. (see p. 188). Then draw the bridoon rein back and pass it up over the horse's head, and it will fall clear of, and *inside*, the bit reins as shown in Fig. 2, Plate IV. (see p. 32). Its end may then be put



through the near side ring, or simply taken straight out from between the bit reins, as preferred, and when the end of the bit rein has been placed under the pulled-up stirrups, the horse is ready for leading.

All that, then, has to be remembered is that civilians usually lead on the off side, and mounted troops on the near side, and that the led horse



"A LITTLE BIT OF STRING."

should always be kept on the side of the road away from vehicles and other horses. For this reason a man leading a horse on the off side reverses the ordinary rule of the road.

Any attempt at playing the fool, etc., on the part of the led horse should be anticipated, and checked by "chucks under the chin" (*vide* p. 66).

Some horses seem to have a rooted objection to

being led, originated probably by improper or rough handling at some time or other when being led; this objection can usually be overcome by firmness and kindness. Should this fail, a string fastened as shown in the picture (p. 193), will generally settle matters. This method of leading a horse is also useful in case we have no head collar or halter to hand.

On p. 63 one precaution against being dragged is mentioned, another (and perhaps the best of the many patent safety dodges) is to have a stirrup with only one side. In this stirrup the outside is made extra strong, and the place of the inside is taken by a rubber ring which comes away at once if the foot be pressed against it. Most men put their feet against the outside of the iron only, and no inconvenience results from having only one side. Being dragged is the worst thing that can happen, and personal experience of being hung up in the stirrup, with the bridle in the hand, it is true, but *pulled off the horse* in the act of falling, has induced the use of these stirrup-irons for hunting.

Two useful things to remember are, that in going through a narrow gateway, or in jumping near a tree, we should put our legs *forward* in front of the saddle and not backwards behind it, and that when a fall is probable, especially at water, and when riding through a deep ford, we should take our feet out of the stirrups. Should there be any likelihood of the horse having to swim in the ford, we should also cross the stirrups over the saddle. It is

scarcely necessary to explain the reasons for these precautions.

The word "precautions" reminds us that in the hunting-field, as in war, every reasonable precaution should always be taken. Wire, stakes, bogs, holes, etc., should be looked out for in the one, just as counter-attacks, night attacks, surprises, etc., should be provided against in the other. Such precautions are not the outcome of "fussiness," or "funk," as the young and hot-headed are apt to think, but the necessary steps to ensure ultimate success. It must not, however, be forgotten that there are times, both in the Image and in the Real, when all must be risked, and risked too with the utmost dash and determination.

A very useful accomplishment, both for the soldier and the sportsman, is to be able just to tack on a horse-shoe, and both can find opportunities of attending a forge and learning to do so. To lose a shoe in the middle of a day's hunting is annoying enough in itself, but it is doubly so, after having with difficulty found a village forge, to be told that the smith is out, or gone away to dinner. It is then that he who can select a fairly fitting shoe and nail it on will score considerably. It is well to remember, however, that in a horse's foot there is very little room for the nail to go wrong, and it is therefore rash to venture to drive in one unless we are sure of our own knowledge and ability.

Regarding the care of the horse on active service, the chief thing to be remembered is, that we should

do our utmost to make him, as well as our men, as *comfortable as possible* under all circumstances. Horses are very sensitive to discomfort (we have only to use our eyes when out on a wet day where there are horses turned out in a field to see this), and rain, mud, wind, and cold tell on their condition and spirits, just as wet clothes and muddy boots tell on the *morale* of the soldier.

Therefore, when horses are picketed in the open, good blankets and waterproof sheets are a necessity if condition is to be kept up, and every care should be taken to ensure that they are put on and taken off at the right times, and also that they *are kept* properly adjusted. A horse whose blanket and sheet are half flown off on a cold, wet night will lose more condition in a few hours than several days on unlimited oats will put on.

In standing camps some sort of screen should be put up, on both sides of the horse lines, if possible, but at any rate on the side from which the prevailing wind comes.

If it is not possible to improvise shelters, the horses should be picketed on one side of the line only, with their backs to the prevailing wind, or, better still, be picketed without heel-ropes,<sup>1</sup> so that they can always turn their backs to the wind.

In the Mounted Infantry Camp which remained on the slopes of Majuba Hill for some six months

<sup>1</sup> Heel-ropes are not usually used for South African horses, and they very soon cease to be required for most horses on active service.

in 1881, turf walls were built on each side of the horse lines, and by degrees overhead shelter was improvised for most of the horses.

Horses exposed to weather undoubtedly require more food to keep up the same condition than those in the stable, and the greatest care should be taken to prevent waste, not only in the issuing of the food, but also while the horses are eating it, and every bit of hay blown out of a horse's reach should be put back again by the line orderly. This little detail has been mentioned in order to draw attention to the fact that it will, *like all other things*, be done well, badly, or not done at all, according to the interest taken in it by the Officers.

It is hardly necessary to say, that when on active service horses must be watched, and the hand run over their backs, legs, and feet more than ever. The look, character, disposition of each one when in health should be known by heart; these are barometers whose changes should be noted with suspicion.

We would repeat, that the chief promoter of the horse's health, comfort, and hence his efficiency, is the constant presence of the Officers in the horse lines.

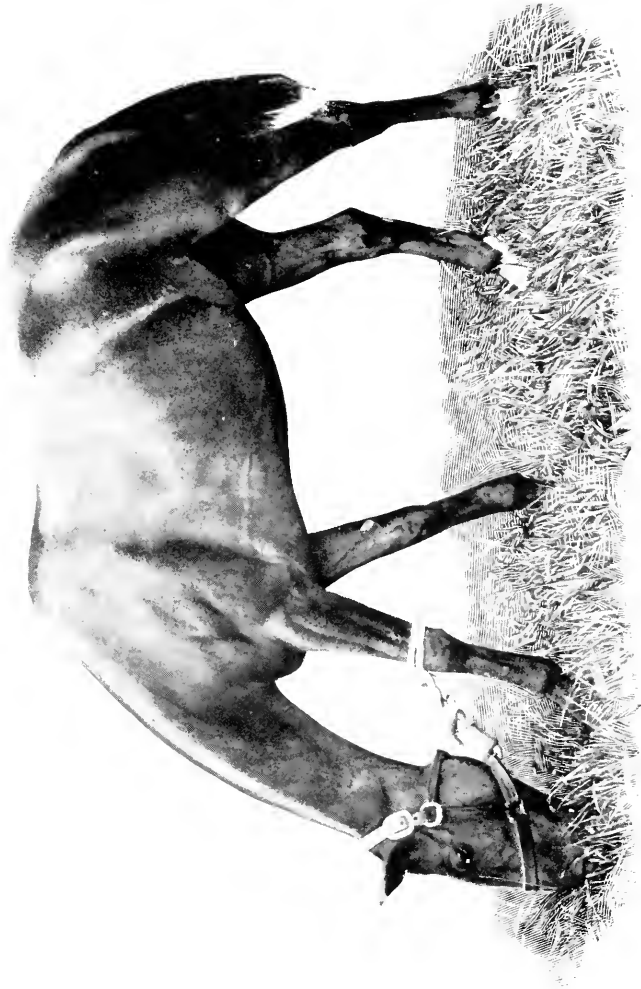
Another axiom of the soldier on active service (and indeed at all times) should be, never to allow his men to sit on the horses when they can possibly be dismounted. If all men who hunted, and especially heavy ones, would remember this, it would indeed be a blessing for horses.

Thinking of South African horses naturally brings up the subject of knee-haltering. When horses are turned out on the veldt to graze (and many South African horses get no other food) they are knee-haltered to prevent them from straying too far away, and to make them easy to catch. Knee-haltering is very simple and very efficacious. Plate XVIII. shows the knee-halter. A clove hitch is made round the leg above the knee, allowing about a foot of rope between the horse's knee and his chin; two half-hitches are then made with the spare end, round the standing part of the rope, and the rest of the spare part is used up with additional half-hitches, or by being carried on to the head collar and secured there. None of the spare rope should be left loose, or hanging in loops, as the horse might put his other foot on, or into, it.

Horses take readily to the knee-halter,<sup>1</sup> and very soon regard it as a matter of course, and many of them are difficult, some impossible, to catch, however short the halter is made. The only thing to do with these is to hobble them; with some even this is not enough, and it is necessary to tie a hind foot to a fore one.

Knee-haltering is unknown in England, and, judging by a picture which recently (September '99) appeared in one of the oldest and best-known of

<sup>1</sup> The pony shown in Plate XVIII. is a nervous animal, and had never had a knee-halter on until five minutes before she was photographed.



The knee-halter.





illustrated papers, the ideas concerning it are very vague. This picture purports to show a "Boer Encampment" with the horses (very much scattered, by the way!) grazing round it. All these horses are supposed to be knee-haltered (*hobbled*, it is called), and, though they have got their heads down, and consequently the knee-halter is slack, all have got the leg on which the halter is tied held off the ground. Apparently the artist thinks that the virtue of the knee-halter is that the horse cannot put his leg to the ground with it on!

Underneath the picture is written, "The way the horses are *hobbled*, as shown in the drawing, is certainly as effective as it is cruel. Protests have been made by humane members of the South African Colonies and Republics; but the custom is too deeply-rooted to be easily abolished!"

It would be well if all those who get their ideas of knee-haltering from the above could see the contented appearance of the pony in Plate XVIII., in order to prevent their receiving a terrible shock when they hear that all the British troops now out, in, and on the way to, South Africa will knee-halter their horses.

Knee-haltering, with its clove hitch, reminds us of another very useful hitch to the soldier and the sportsman, that is, the "DIAMOND hitch." We saw this hitch described in *The Field* in 1895, cut the description out, learnt to make the hitch, and found it very useful on active service in Rhodesia in 1896. Through the kindness of the proprietors of *The*

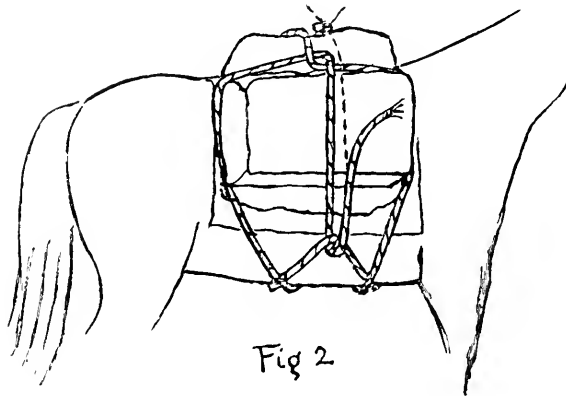
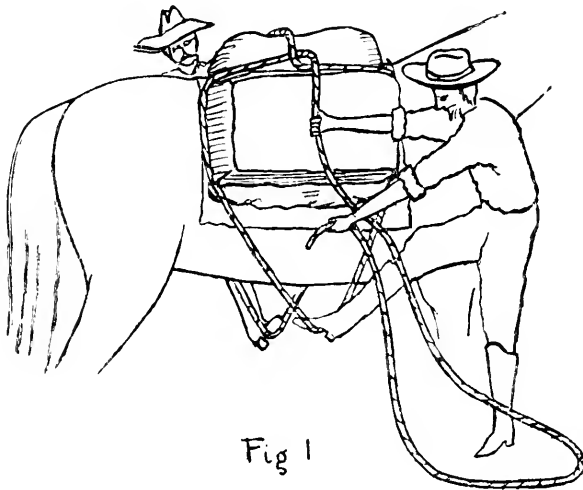
*Field* we are able to reproduce the description of this hitch as it appeared in the paper.

#### THE DIAMOND HITCH.

“SIR,—In R. C. D.’s interesting account, in *The Field* of Dec. 1, of a ‘Fishing Expedition in British Columbia,’ in describing his pack outfit, he says—‘I was initiated into the mysteries of the “diamond hitch”—an ingenious system of knots, by means of which baggage of all shapes and sizes is securely fastened to the most refractory of ponies. My previous experience in this line had been acquired, for the most part, during the campaign in Afghanistan, and I was much impressed on seeing how neatly and securely the load was tied by means of this knot, which is in use over all the Pacific slope; and, calling to mind the scenes I had sometimes witnessed, when camels careered wildly through camp, I thought that the accomplishment would be an exceedingly useful one to the British soldier.’

“Twenty years of frontier life and use of the said ‘diamond hitch’ enable me to thoroughly realize the above, and having frequently seen such allusions to it, I think that perhaps my present endeavour to explain it may be acceptable to some *Field* readers. Its greatest advantage is, that in the case of camp outfits, when blankets are a part of the pack, no pack-saddle is required; indeed, the pack is infinitely firmer, and the pack animal less liable to be given a sore back, without that forward shifting abomination which the pack-saddle is.

“ In the diagrams, to make it clearer, I have made the horse disproportionately large, and only put in



what I considered necessary to the explanation. Only the off side is shown, the man on the near doing the same on his side. To proceed—

“Take a thirty-foot picket rope, throw half on each side of the horse, the middle of the rope lying across the top of the pack ; then let each man make a loop, putting his foot into it as a stirrup, as shown in Fig. 1. Then the man on one side takes his end of the rope (Fig. 1), and passing it first down through his stirrup-loop, puts it then under the horse’s belly and through his companion’s stirrup-loop on the other side (both meanwhile holding taut with one hand above). When he has pulled the slack of his part of the rope through (but not till then), he tells his companion to slip his foot out, and at the same time smartly hauls the caught-up stirrup-loop into its place under the horse’s belly (as in Fig. 2). Then his companion in turn takes his end of the rope, and reaching under the horse’s belly, puts it through the remaining stirrup-loop (which the first man has meanwhile kept his foot in), and hauls it similarly into place on the other side of the belly ; then both on their respective sides give a good pull together, make everything taut (as in Fig. 2), and all that remains to be done is to tie the spare rope ends with a good double-reef knot (pulling tight again when making it) on the top of the pack. In Fig. 2 the final fastening knot on the top is only indicated by a dotted line, so as not to unnecessarily complicate the drawing.

“Now, with reference to what I said above about pack-saddles. All the saddle that this tie requires is a large pad ; therefore, if blankets are a part of the pack, they make the pad. First lay an old half

blanket as a sweat-cloth on the horse's back (folded so as to cover about two and a half feet length of the back, and hanging down a little more than half-way down the ribs); then folding all the blankets and bedding to the same size, as much as possible, lay them on top of the sweat-cloth, evenly, one by one; on the top of that lay the canvas or waterproof sheeting, similarly folded; then sling flour and other provisions, in sacks, equally balanced on each side of back (by means of small rope ties connecting them and holding them in place); then put whatever other sack of dunnage there is still to go on, on top, in the middle between the two last; and then, over all, holding everything together, goes the 'diamond hitch.' And if this is carefully put on as regards balancing of weights, and made well taut in all its parts, it will 'stick' over the roughest mountain trails, and when you take your pack off at night you will find no sore back, as is so frequent with a pack-saddle.

"I have used the 'diamond' under all circumstances, having packed only 20 lbs. of blankets with it on a spare horse when going on a cattle round-up, or 200 lbs. of general camp outfit on a mule when crossing mountain trails where a wagon could not go. It is too well known by name in the Far West to require any testimonials, but one, I think, I may give it. Twelve years ago, when I settled the ranch on the Mexican frontier from which I write, smuggling was the occupation of the Mexicans in the frontier villages, and one day one of the 'boss'

smugglers, who had done me some favours (*honi soit qui mal y pense*), camped with his mule train in the mountains at a place where I was 'nooning.' Well, Mexicans are conceded to be good packers, and especially the mountain smugglers, but they use a more complicated tie than the 'diamond,' so I taught it him. From that day till smuggling was put an end to by an efficient force of frontier gendarmes, he used no other, and showed it to many of his *confrères*, the consequence being that to-day it is known in the neighbouring Mexican villages as the '*nudo contrabandisto*.'

"As some months ago I saw in a San Francisco paper what I considered an unsuccessful attempt to explain it, I hope that my above attempt may be more explicit.

"ALBERT H. LEITH.

*"El Alamo, Chihuahua, Mexico,*  
"Dec. 28, 1894."

We wrote to Mr. Leith, asking some questions about the hitch, and when replying, he was kind enough to give the following useful hints regarding the making of an improvised pad or pack-saddle:—

"Half fill two large sacks with grass or straw; place the upper empty parts overlapping each other, and then sew them together."

We have two more "Regulations" to mention, and, though put down late, they are by no means the least important. One is the subscription to the Hounds we hunt with. Every man who can afford to hunt at all, can afford to give a subscription of

some sort to the hounds, the exact amount being according to the depth of his pocket and the frequency of his hunting. Farmers and covert-owners who preserve foxes well, are the sole exceptions. It is not easy to fix a regulation amount, though many counties are now trying to do so. £5 to £10 a horse, according to the number of days a week the pack hunts, may be taken as a rough guide for the man who hunts all the season through. The soldier, however, rarely does so with the same pack; he may hunt with one or two packs near his station, go on leave to a better country for a time, and perhaps go home, and so to a fourth country for the rest of his leave.

£5 to £10 a horse to three or four different packs for a month, or a few weeks' hunting with each, will work out to more than the majority of soldiers can afford, but luckily most countries are good to soldiers, and do not expect from them the same amount as they do from those who hunt with their hounds all the season through.

There are a few countries, however, which are not so considerate, chiefly because they are bound, in self-defence, to do all they can to reduce the size of their fields. We sympathize with the Hunt Committees and the Secretaries of these most sincerely, but we hope that they may see, at any rate, the title of these pages, and that, having pondered over it, they may decide, not only that the case of the soldier who only hunts with them for a few weeks is an exceptional one, but also that it is good to

encourage the defenders of their grand pastures to hunt.

It seems quite likely that, should the present agricultural depression continue, we shall in the future have to pay for the land we hunt over, much in the same way, but, of course, with smaller rents, as we now pay for shooting.

The last "Regulation" is that, whether dressed in the scarlet coat of war or the pink one of the chase, we must never be *mean*.

The scarlet is popular with all classes, and with our voluntary army it is most important to keep it so; besides, it is Her Majesty's Livery.

The pink coat is equally popular. The farmers as a rule would rather have six men in pink over their land than one in mufti; the country people, men, women, and children, all flock to see it; the railway people, the innkeepers, the ostlers, etc., etc., all run to serve it, and all money which comes out of its pockets does something for the good of "the cause."



## CHAPTER XVII

### GENERAL LESSONS OF THE CAMPAIGN

JUST as a pack of hounds requires a whip and a whipper-in, and as troops marching in an enemy's country require an advanced- and a rear-guard (and, by the way, flank-guards too), so are writings of this description the better for an introduction (which Chapter I. must do duty for), and a winding-up, or conclusion, which it is now proposed to give in this seventeenth chapter.

Repetition is detestable, but it is sometimes permissible for the sake of emphasis; just as a preacher in the pulpit repeats his text for the purpose of keeping the attention of his congregation fixed on the subject. Should we now repeat, either directly or indirectly, what has already been said, it will be for one of these reasons.

Looking back over the run that is now nearly finished, the first thing that strikes us (as is often the case after a run), is how much better we might have ridden (*i. e.* written) it, and how very much better we might have got over the fences (*i. e.* brought out the various points and questions raised); we cannot, however, ride the same line again, and we can only

regret the mistakes made, and hope to do better in the future.

It may, perhaps, be well to briefly scan the ground covered—to sum up the evidence, in fact.

Chapter I. proves that we have a just cause for undertaking a campaign with the Image. This is important, for history shows that troops who did not believe in the justice of their cause have seldom fought well.

Chapter II. deals with “clothing”—this, as has been shown, is important to the sportsman as it is to the soldier; comfort and suitability comes first, but appearance, because of the moral effect it cannot but have, runs a very good second.

“Equipment” follows dress as naturally as Chapter III., in which we find it mentioned, follows Chapter II. As has been said, it must be, both for the Image and the Real, like clothing, suitable, comfortable, good, well fitted, and well put on.

Chapter IV. gives us “Interior Economy and Supply.” The importance of seeing to the comfort, and, to what usually follows the comfort, the efficiency, and the proper and economical feeding of man and horse cannot be exaggerated, and need not be enlarged on,

“Transport,” Chapter V., also needs little comment; without it the operations of the Real must be as limited as those of the Image would be without a horse. The necessity, in both cases, of getting the right sort of transport for the country in which the operations are to be conducted, is obvious.

In Chapter VI. we have "Field Training," the object of which is to prepare Diana's recruit for the chase in the same way as squadron and company training prepares men for battle.

Chapter VII. treats of "Intelligence," the word being used in the military sense. Without proper intelligence, we should enter on a campaign, both with the Image and the Real, like blind men. How the intelligence required in the one campaign dovetails in with that required in the other, is shown in this Chapter.

With Chapters VIII. and IX., which tell us of "The March to the Rendezvous," we begin to get really important and convincing evidence; this is continued in Chapter X., which is entitled "The Rendezvous"; is backed up by Chapter XI., which deals with "Getting into Position for the Attack;" and is clinched by the evidence of Chapters XII. and XIII., which tell us of "The Battle."

"The Miscellaneous Regulations" dealt with in Chapter XVI. proved nothing, unless they be admitted as the evidence of an accessory after the fact.

From the foregoing evidence we are certainly justified in arriving at the one broad conclusion, that hunting can take up the fighting education of the young Officer just where the barrack-square and the drill-field can go no further, and that, if taken and made use of in the right way, it can continue to educate him in a way that nothing else, except actual experience of active service, or work under

conditions very nearly akin to those of active service, can possibly do.

Shooting, especially deer-stalking, with its accompanying necessity for the observation of ground and of nature, is good ; and the same may be said of fishing, because of the experience gained of river and stream. Mountaineering teaches use of ground, and the most difficult of ground too. Yachting familiarizes us with water, and all Officers should know how to sail a boat, and be able to swim. Polo will give a firm, independent seat in the saddle, and teach us to ride without thinking every minute of what our mount is going to do, and this is good, because no Mounted Officer can do his work properly if his attention is occupied with, and his nerves concerned about, his horse. Cricket, football, and all out-door games and pastime that are

“Worth a rap for rational man to play,”

that is, which, to play successfully, require nerve, decision, endurance, and the keeping of the temper, cannot but be good.

The teaching, however, which any one, or all, of these can impart to the soldier, is but limited, compared with that given by the proper use of hunting ; more especially in that all-important desideratum in modern war—*the intelligent use of ground*.

Quick grasp of the right use of ground, with a view either to save your men from unnecessary work or losses, and to the defeating of the enemy, means the possession of *fighting intelligence*, that is,

the same sort of second-nature intelligence on the battle-field as that which prompts a cricketer to play forward or back according to the pitch of the ball, and a football-player to "pass" when he sees that he cannot take the ball on himself. The importance of this sort of intelligence, if the game is to be won, is well known to every school-boy.

In our army we seem to have such a desire for uniformity that it almost amounts to a craze. Such a craze is apt to beat down the well-grown heads rather than to bring on the poor ones. In the hunting-field all men are equal, and each one has ample scope for individual action. It is here then that the well-grown and ambitious heads can top the poorer ones without let or hindrance, and learn that *self-reliance and decision of action* which the want of scope, consequent on their subordinate positions, prevents them from doing in the ordinary routine of work, and without which they can be of little use as Officers.

In contra-distinction to the uniformity sought after in the army, it has always been England's policy to give full scope to individuals, hence we have buoyancy as a national characteristic. Hunting can develop this to the fullest extent. Buoyancy also means two other important characteristics for modern troops, *flexibility and adaptability to circumstances*.

The author of *With the Ambulance in the Franco-German War* says that, in his opinion, one of the reasons of the failure of the French Army in 1870,

was "want of physical training of the officers," and he adds also, "want of courage." The latter is a failing not usually found in French Officers; it is, however, one of the natural outcomes of the former.

Man is by nature an active animal, and at his best when the powers of activity given him are in full swing and fully and *healthily* occupied. When this is not the case he declines mentally and physically.

Hunting will not only occupy all his own powers most healthfully, but it will at the same time teach him a great deal about the physical powers of other men and of horses. It will inure him to *fatigue*, to *dangers*, and to *difficulties*, will accustom him to face cheerfully long hours without food, long rides on wet and cold days and nights, and will teach him to find his way in a strange country both by day and by night; while it need hardly be said that without a due quota of physical courage, *i. e.* of nerve, no man will really relish riding to hounds.

Men's heads, like those of horses, should improve with the experience of age, but alas! like the horses' legs, their nerves usually begin to show signs of wear all too soon. It is then that, again like the horse, they begin to lose "dash," simply because they "know too much." Therefore, let the soldier do his utmost to get his experience, both in the Image and the Real, while (at any rate comparatively) young.

Now many young soldiers are not—and more's the pity—too well blessed with this world's goods, and it

is not, therefore, so easy for them to get the necessary hunting experience. One way to meet this difficulty, and a very excellent way too, is to have a Regimental Hunting Club on the same lines that many regiments have their Polo Clubs, but at a much smaller cost. A few oldish hunters, bought *judiciously*, on the rejection for bad points principle, will not cost very much, and, as Sir Frederick Fitzwygram says—"they may be plain, but they will be useful." From the back of a really useful horse a man can see sport, though he may not be able to "show the way," in any country.

With proper management it could be possible to let these horses out to members of the club for a day's hunting at a comparatively low rate.

If it is not worth any Commanding Officer's while to organize and encourage this sort of Club in a Regiment, then there is not a single true word in the whole of these pages.

"We have one incalculable advantage which no other nation possesses, in that our Officers are able to hunt, and than which, *combined with study*, there is, during peace, no better practice for acquiring the gift which Kellermann naturally possessed."

These words of Sir Evelyn Wood have been taken from p. 1, and repeated here, because it is to be feared that too many of us forget to combine the sport, which we take to so readily, with the necessary study to make us soldiers in every sense of the word.

Bismarck said—"Fools say, that you can only

gain experience at your own expense, but I have always contrived to gain my experience at the expense of others." It is given to but few men of the century to be Bismarcks, and to fewer still to have the opportunities to prove themselves such. We can all, however, follow the advice of Napoleon, and "read and re-read" about the doings and mistakes of others in glorious war.

Thus we can gain experience at the expense of others in a degree corresponding to our own ability, and to the extent of our studies. It is also according to our own ability, and the bent of our minds, that we can apply (in the way indicated in Chapters VIII. to XIII.) the problems and incidents of which we read, to the actual ground that we come across when in pursuit of the Image.

While thinking of the study of the Real, let us not forget that Napoleon, Wellington, and all the great masters of the Art of War were also great readers and students of Military History.

It is good indeed that the old-fashioned prejudice against the Staff College and the study which going there entails, has died out. This is due, not only to the changing of the times, but in a great degree also to the fact that Commandants of the College like Generals Hamley, Clery, and Hildyard have encouraged the presence and the tastes of the practical soldier and sportsman student as apart from the mere (anyhow by reputation) book-worm of days gone by, who was to the old-fashioned Commanding Officer like a rag to a bull.



“I look upon the drag-hounds as one of the most important institutions at the College,” so said General Hildyard.

Let us think a minute why he said this.

Because the *raison d'être* of the Staff College is to turn out Staff Officers *for active service*. Many, too many, Officers arrive there, never having ridden over a fence, and some not even over rough ground. The drag teaches them to do both. *Voilà tout!*

We most sincerely hope that there may never be a Commandant of the College who thinks differently.

This reminds us, with a shock, that there are not wanting indications that there is less hunting done in the army generally than there was a few years ago, but what the exact reasons are, it is difficult to say. There is more work, of course, but this is right, for soldiering is beginning at last to be generally regarded as a profession; besides, more work need not necessarily mean less play. There are many more Courses, and many Officers away on various jobs; this makes leave harder to get and somewhat uncertain when got. Some Commanding Officers are bad about hunting leave, and will not be good about soldier grooms. This, we consider, proves them absolutely unfitted to command, for presumably they do not even know what are the essential characteristics for the making of a fighting Officer.

Lastly, and, we are almost afraid, chiefly, perhaps the reason of the decline of hunting in the army is that we are beginning to get into it a different class

of man. Unless we wish our Officers to develop the characteristics attributed by Dr. Ryan to the French Officers of 1870, we can only pray that this is not the case.

If hunting and riding in our army is on the decline, it is on the increase—that is, the official increase—in other European armies, the German one, perhaps, especially, for with it the Officers in some stations hunt “by order,” and the hounds are kept by the State! Can we not see that this imitation of our glorious and unequalled chase is the sincerest of flattery?

Soldiering now-a-days is a profession, and the most difficult of professions, and the Army is no longer regarded merely as “a very good thing for younger sons,” as it was some fifty years ago. The modern soldier must *think*, and must be a thoroughly good, all round, man. Let him not forget that, though brains combined with study may take him half-way round, it wants the characteristics which hunting can impart to him to complete the circle.

If we need proof that it is worth while taking some trouble and incurring some expense, to complete the circle, we have only to look in our daily papers just now (end of Sept. 1899), and then ask how most of the men whose names we see mentioned as likely to have commands in the event of war with the Boers, first came to notice. The answer in the case of the following five—viz. Sir Redvers Buller, Sir Frederick Carrington, Sir William Symonds, Lord Methuen, and Major-General

Hallam Parr—is, “that they obtained celebrity through mounted work.”

We have shot our bolt, and must pull up. But before doing so we would say, that the ink used will not have been spilt in vain, if anything we have said contributes in the smallest degree towards causing the young soldier to be regarded from the following point of view—

“As he sits in the saddle, a baby could tell  
 He can hustle a sticker, a flyer can spare ;  
 He has science, and nerve, and decision as well,  
 He knows where he’s going and means to be there.  
 The first day I saw him they said at the meet,  
 ‘That’s a rum one to follow, a bad one to beat.’”

“Science,” “nerve,” “decision,” “knows where he’s going and means to be there,” “rum to follow,” and “bad to beat.” Surely this one verse of Whyte-Melville’s reminds us once more, most forcibly, first, that the chief characteristics required by those who campaign in the pink coat of the chase are identical with the characteristics required by those who do so in the scarlet coat of war ; and secondly, that the wearers of both coats, and also those whose duty it is to follow them, must be—

“Resolute men, who, pushing into the fray, acquire that enthusiasm which compels victory.”

So we see “Hunting as a school for Soldiering.”

QUOD ERAT DEMONSTRANDUM.

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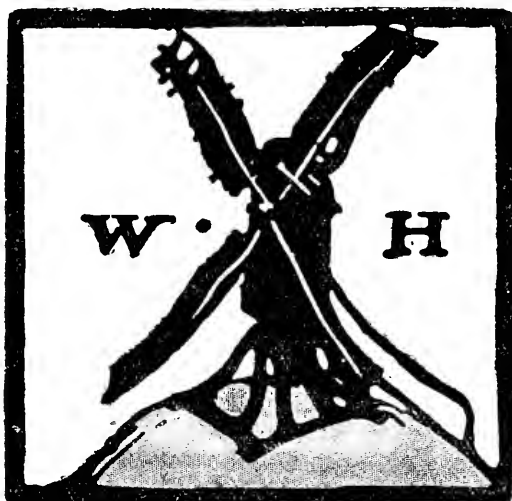
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