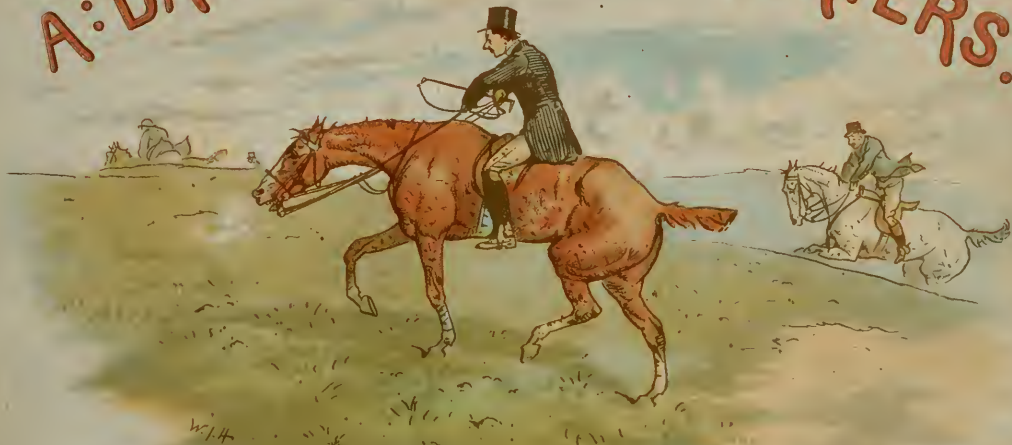


# A: DAY: WITH: THE: HARRIERS.

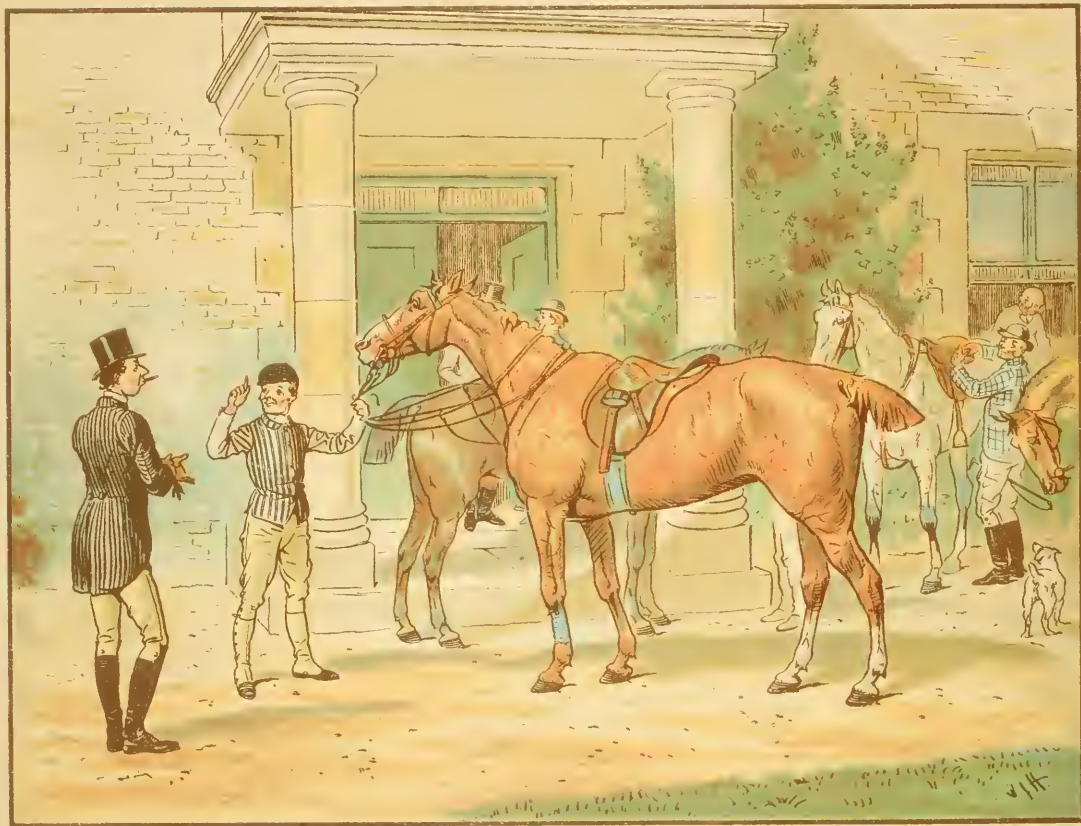


AN EXTRACT FROM "HAPPY THOUGHTS."

BY F. C. BURNAND.

BY PERMISSION.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. J. HODGSON.



*"The Groom says, 'She won't want spurs"*

# A Day With The Barriers.



MORNING.—Down to breakfast. Earlier than usual. Half-aunt making tea. Milburd, as I enter, is asking, "How far it is?"

Byng replies, "A mere trot over."

HAPPY THOUGHT.—Fridoline looking as bright as Aurora.

HAPPY THOUGHT.—Don't say it: keep it to myself. Aurora sounds like a *roarer*, and the ladies mightn't like it.

"So soon?" I ask. Don't I know? "No, I don't." "Oh," says Byng, "we've found out that the Dishling pack meets near here this morning, so we're going to have a run with them."

HAPPY THOUGHT—Have a run without *me*.

"I suppose he hasn't been able to get a horse for me?" I ask this with a tinge of regret in my voice. If he says he hasn't been able, I shall be sorry; if he says he has—why, I feel I must take my chance.

HAPPY THOUGHT—Lots of people ride, and never have an accident.

"Hasn't he?" he returns, heartily. His groom (confound him!) has been up and down the village since five o'clock, and has hit upon a very good one—about sixteen one—well up to my weight. "Carry you, in fact," says Milburd, "like a child." "I suppose he's not a hunter, is he?"

HAPPY THOUGHT.—If he's not a hunter, of course I shan't risk him over fences and ditches.

My doubts are set at rest by the groom, who enters at that moment. He informs me that "The old mare was reg'lar hunted by Mr. Parsons, and with you (*me*) on his back, sir, she'll go over any thing a'most." *She'll* go, but will *I*?

Fridoline exclaims, "Oh, how delicious! Shall we have much jumping? It is *such* fun!"

Milburd appears to know the country. "It's all very easy," *he* says. "Into one field, pop out again" (this is *his* description), "into another, over a hedge, little ditch, gallop across the open, little brook (nothing to speak of), sheep hurdle, and then perhaps we may get a clear burst away on the downs."



"I don't care about downs; there's no jumping there!" says Fridoline.

HAPPY THOUGHT.—Keep on the downs.

I notice, on their rising from the table, that Milburd is in tops and breeches, and that Byng is in breeches and black boots. Both wear spurs.

HAPPY THOUGHT.—I can't hunt as I am

The half uncle (who is *not* going—the coward!) says it won't matter—there's little or no riding required with harriers. He pretends to wish he could join us—old humbug! I wish he could I should like to see *him* popping out of one field, into another, over a hedge.

Byng has been considering. He *has* got by him an old pair of cords, but no boots.

HAPPY THOUGHT.—Can't hunt without boots. Great nuisance. Better give it up. Don't stop for me.

A HAPPY THOUGHT *occurs* to Milburd.—Patent leggings, fasten with springs. Antigropelos.

I try them on. They *do* fit me; at least, I imagine so (meaning the hunting breeches), though never having worn hunting breeches before, I've got a sort of idea that they're not quite the thing. So very tight in the knee. His leggings are patent antigropelos, which go over my stockings and boots. When I am dressed I walk downstairs, or rather, waddle downstairs, and can't help remarking that "This is just the

sort of dress for riding in," or, by the way, for sitting in; but walking is out of the question. [I wonder if they *do* fit]

Fridoline, who looks so bewitching in her habit that I could fall down on my knees and offer her my hand at once—(my knees! I don't think they *do* fit; and I question



whether this costume exhibits the symmetry of form so well as the modern style)—Fridoline says that I look quite military (She means it as a compliment, but it isn't; because I want to look sportsmanlike.) In antigropelos, if like anything, I resemble the Great Napoleon from the knees. Milburd says I'm not unlike the master of the ring in a French circus. I can't help feeling that I am something like that, or, as I said before, the Great Napoleon. Milburd remarks I ought to have spurs. I object to spurs. I feel that without spurs I'm tolerably safe; but if there's a question of a spill, spurs will settle it. That's my feeling about spurs. I only say, "Oh, don't trouble yourself." Byng is going to fetch them: "I can get on just as well without spurs." The groom says, "She won't want spurs,"

which awakens me to the fact of the beast being now at the hall door. A bright chestnut, very tall, broad, and swishing its tail; with a habit of looking back without turning its head (which movement is unnatural), as if to see if any one is getting up. I ask, Is this mine? I feel it is. It is. I can't help saying jocosely, as a reminder to others to excuse any short-



comings in horsemanship on my part, "I haven't ridden for ever so long; I'm afraid I shall be rather stiff." If stiffness is all I've to fear, I don't care. I wish we were coming home instead of starting. "Will I help Fridoline up?" I will; if only to cut out Milburd and not

lose an opportunity. What a difficult thing it is to help a lady on to her horse! After several attempts, I am obliged to give in.

HAPPY THOUGHT.—I must practise this somewhere. Private lesson in a riding-school. I feel I've fallen in her estimation. I feel I'm no longer the bold dragoon to her. I apologise for my feebleness. She says it doesn't matter. Misery! to fail and be feeble before the woman you adore.

So, *this is* the horse from Brett's stables in the village, which they talked about last night. I shouldn't have had it if Mr. Parsons, who always rides it with the Harriers, "hadn't come rather a nasty cropper" at Deepford Mill, and won't be able

to go out again for a fortnight. The groom thinks I'm unlucky. Hope so. It was off this horse that poor Parsons "came a nasty cropper." Miss Pellingle, on the doorstep, says, "What a pretty creature!" and observes that she's always heard chestnuts are so fiery. I return, "Indeed!" carelessly, as if I possessed Mr. Rarey's secret. The whole-uncle (from a window) suggests that "perhaps you'd rather have a *roast* chestnut." People laugh. Groom laughs. At me.

HAPPY THOUGHT.—"How ill grey hairs become a fool and jester!" Shakspeare, I think. What happy thoughts Shakspeare had. So applicable to a stupid old idiot. Keep this to myself.



*Mounting.*—I don't know any work on equestrianism which adequately deals with the difficulty of equalising the length of stirrups. You don't find out that one leg is longer than the other until you get on horseback for the first time after several years. The right is longer than the left. Having removed that inconvenience, the left is longer than the right. One hole up will do it. "One down?" asks the groom. I mean one down.

HAPPY THOUGHT (*just in time.*)—No; I mean up.



*"Footman runs after me. 'Here's a whip.'"*



Groom stands in front of me, as if I was a picture. Placing no further reliance on my own judgment, I ask him "if it's all right now?" He says "Yes," decidedly. From subse-

quent experience I believe he makes the answer merely to save himself trouble. Byng, on horseback, curvetting, cries, "Come along!" If mine curvettes or caracoles, where shall I be? Perhaps the brute caracoled or curvetted at Deepford Mill when poor Parsons "came" that "nasty cropper."

HAPPY THOUGHT.—Sport in the olden time. Hawking. People generally sat still, in one place, watching a hawk. Not much exercise, perhaps, but safe. Why don't they revive hawking?

Milburd wants to know if I'm going to be all day. Fridoline's horse is restive; the other two are restive. I wish they weren't. Mine wants to be restive; if he goes on suddenly, I go off.

HAPPY THOUGHT.—If I *do* come a nasty cropper like Parsons, I hope I shall do it alone, or before strangers only.

HAPPY THOUGHT.—The mane.

I like being comfortable before I start. Stop one minute. One hole higher up on the right. The whole-uncle, who is watching the start—[old coward! he daren't even come off the doorstep, and has asked me once if I won't "take some jumping-powder." He'd be sorry for his fun if I was borne home

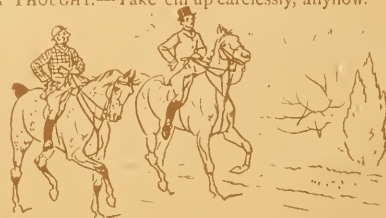
on a stretcher after a "nasty cropper." I almost wish I was, just to give him a lesson—I mean if I wasn't hurt]—says, "Aren't those girths rather loose?" The groom sees it for the first time. He begins tightening them. Horse doesn't like it. "Woo! poor fellow! good old man I mean good old woman, then." Horse puts back its ears and tries to make himself into a sort of arch. I don't know what happens when a horse puts back its ears.

HAPPY THOUGHT.—Ask Milburd.

He answers, "Kicks" Ah! I know what happens if he kicks. That would be the time for the nasty cropper. This expression will hang about my memory. "All right now?" Quite. Still wrong about the stirrups: one dangling, the other lifting my knee up; but won't say anything more, or Fridoline may think me a nuisance.

Two reins. Groom says, "She goes easy on the snaffle. Pulls a little at first; but you needn't hold her." I shall, though. Trotting, I am told, is her "great pace." The reins are confused. One ought to be white, the other black, to distinguish them. Forget which fingers you put them in. Mustn't let the groom see this.

HAPPY THOUGHT.—Take 'em up carelessly, anyhow. Watch Byng.



We are walking. My horse very quiet. Footman runs after me. Idiot, to come up abruptly; enough to frighten any horse. If you're not on your guard, you come off so easily. "Here's a whip." "Oh, thank you." Right hand for whip, and left for reins like Byng? Or, left hand for whip and right for reins, like Milburd? Or, both in one hand, like Fridoline? Walking gently. As we go along Milburd points out nice little fences, which "Your beast would hop over."—Yes, by hers-elf.

HAPPY THOUGHT.—Like riding. Fresh air exhilarating. Shall buy a horse. *N.B.*—Shall buy a horse which will walk as fast as other horses: not jog. Irritating to jog. If I check him, he jerks his head, and hops. Fridoline calls him "showy." Wonder if, to a spectator, I'm showy? Passing by a village grocer's.

HAPPY THOUGHT.—See myself in the window. Not bad; but hardly "showy." Antigropelos effective.

HAPPY THOUGHT.—If I stay long here, buy a saddle, and stirrups my own length. My weight, when he jogs, is too much on one stirrup.

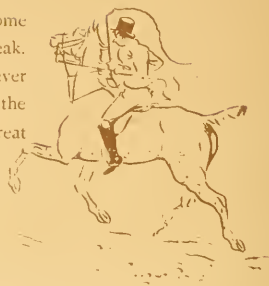
Fridoline asks, "Isn't this delightful?" I say, "Charming." Milburd talks of riding as a science. He says, "The great thing in leaping is to keep your equilibrium."

HAPPY THOUGHT.—The pummel.

"Shall we trot on?" If we don't push along, Byng says we shall never reach Pounder's Barrow, where the Harriers meet. As it is, we shall probably be too late.

HAPPY THOUGHT.—Plenty of time. Needn't go too fast. Tire the horses.

My left antigropelo has come undone. The spring is weak. I can't get at it. My horse never will go the same pace as the others. The groom said his great pace was trotting. He is trotting, and it *is* a great pace: not so much for speed, as for height. He trots as if all his joints were loose. His tail appears to be a little loose in the socket, and keeps whisking round and round, judging from the sound. I go up and down, and from side to side.



HAPPY THOUGHT.—Are people ever sea-sick from riding?

No scientific riding here! Can't get my equilibrium. Ought to have had a string for my hat. Cram it on. I think, from the horse's habit of looking back sideways, that he's seen the loose antigropelo, and it has frightened him. He breaks into a gallop. It feels as if he was always stumping on one leg. He changes his leg, which unsettles me. He changes his legs every minute. Wish I could change mine for a pair of strong ones in comfortable boots and breeches. Thank Heaven, I didn't have spurs! Hope I shan't drop my whip. This antigropelo will bring me off sooner or later, I know it will.





End of the lane. The three in front. I wish they'd stop. Mine would stop then. We trot again—suddenly. Painful.

HAPPY THOUGHT.—“Let's look at the view!”

Byng cries, “Hang the view!—here's a beautiful bit of turf for a canter.” We break (my horse and I) into a canter. He breaks into the canter sooner than I do, as I've not quite finished my trot. I wish it was a military saddle, with bags before and behind. A soldier can't come off. If the anti-

gropelo goes at the other spring, I shall lose it altogether. Horse pulls; wants to pass them all. Hat getting loose; anti-gropelo flapping.

HAPPY THOUGHT.—Squash my hat down anyhow, tight.

The fresh air catches my nose. I feel as if I'd a violent cold. There's no comfort in riding at other people's pace. I wish they'd stop. It's very unkind of them. They might as well. I should stop for them. What a beast this is for pulling! I can't make him feel.



*"We are getting towards a hedge. Happy thought.—Stop my horse violently."*

HAPPY THOUGHT.—If I ride again, have a short coat made, without tails.

Everything about me seems to be flapping in the wind ; like a scarecrow. Fridoline doesn't see me. What an uncomfortable thing a hard note book is in a tail-coat pocket, when cantering and bumping.

HAPPY THOUGHT.—End of canter. Thank Heavens! he (or she) stops when the others stop.

Fridoline looks round and laughs. She is in high spirits. In an attempt to wave my whip to her with my right hand, I nearly come that nasty cropper on the left side. Righted myself by the mane quietly. What would a horse be without a mane?

HAPPY THOUGHT.—The hard road. Walk. Fasten my antigropelo. Tear it at the top by trying the spring excitedly.

Before talking to her I settle my hat and tie ; also manage my pocket-handkerchief. Feel that I've got a red nose, and don't look as "showy" as I did. On the common we fall in with the Harriers, and men on horseback, in green coats.

Byng knows several people, and introduces them to Miss Fridoline. He doesn't introduce me to any one. We pass through a gate into a ploughed field. The dogs are scenting, or something. I see a rabbit. If I recollect rightly, one ought to cry out "Holloa!" or "Gone away!" or "Yoicks!" If I do, we shall all be galloping about, and hunting.

HAPPY THOUGHT—Better not say anything about it. It's the dogs' business.

The dogs find something. Every one begins cantering. Just as I am settling my hat, and putting my handkerchief into my pocket, my horse breaks into a canter. Spring of antigropelo out again. It is a long field, and I see we are all getting towards a hedge. The dogs disappear. Green-coat men disappear over the hedge. I suddenly think of poor Parsons and the nasty cropper.

HAPPY THOUGHT.—Stop my horse : violently.

Our heads meet. Hat nearly off. Everybody jumps the hedge. Perhaps my horse won't do it. If I only had spurs I might take him at it. Some one gets a fall. He's on his own horse. If he falls, I shall. He didn't hurt himself.

HAPPY THOUGHT.—You *can* fall and not hurt yourself. I thought you always broke your neck, or leg.

HAPPY THOUGHT—Any gap?

None. Old gentleman, on a heavy grey, says, "No good going after them. I know the country." Take his advice. If I lose the sport, blame him.



HAPPY THOUGHT.—Hares double : therefore (logically) the hare will come back.

HAPPY THOUGHT.—Stop in the field.

Try to fasten antigropelo : tear it more. Trot round quietly. I'm getting well into my seat now. Shouldn't mind taking him at the hedge. Too late, as they'll be back directly. I explain to old gentleman who knows the country that "I don't like

in a ditch by the roadside. Old gentleman still angry. I am told afterwards that he's one of the old school of sportsmen, who, I suppose, don't cut at hares with a whip.

HAPPY THOUGHT.—I am in at the death. Say "Tally ho!" to myself.

HAPPY THOUGHT.—Ask for a brush. If I get it, present it to Fridoline.



leaping hired horses, or I should have taken him at that hedge."

Old gentleman thinks I'm quite right. So do I. They come back : the hare first. I see him and cut at him with my whip. Old gentleman very angry. I try to laugh it off. With the dogs I ride through the gate. Capital fun. The hare is caught

Milburd laughs, and says he supposes I want a hare-brush.

It is a great thing to possess quick perceptive faculties. I see at once that a hare has no brush, and treat the matter as my own joke. [Note for *Typical Developments*, Book XVI. "Perception of the Ridiculous."]



After looking about for another hare for half an hour, my blood is not so much up as it was. We are "away" again. The hare makes for the hill. We are galloping. I wish I'd had my stirrups put right before I started. A shirt-button has broken, and I feel my collar rucking up; my tie working round. I cram my hat on again. There's something hard projecting out of the saddle, that hurts my knees. Woa! He *does* pull. I think we've leapt something; a ditch. If so, I can ride better than I thought. What pleasure can a horse have in following the hounds at this pace? Woa, woa! My stirrup-straps are flying; my antigropelos on both sides have come undone; my breeches pinch my knees, my hat wants cramming on again. In doing this I drop a rein. I clutch at it. I feel I am pulling the martingale. Stop for a minute: I am so tired. No one will stop.

HAPPY THOUGHT (*at full gallop*).—"You gentlemen of England who live at home at ease, how little do you think upon" the dangers of this infernal hunting.

Byng's whole-uncle is at home reading his *Times*. Up a hill at a rush. Down a hill. Wind rushing at me. It makes me gasp like going into a cold bath. Think my shirt-collar has come undone on one side.



HAPPY THOUGHT (*which flashes across me*).—*Mazeppa* "Again he urges on his wild career!" *Mazeppa* was tied on, though: I'm not.

I shall lose the antigropelos. Down a hill. Up a hill slowly. The horse is walking, apparently, right out of his saddle. Will he miss me?

HAPPY THOUGHT.—I shall come off over his tail.



I have an indistinct idea of horsemen careering all about me. I wish some one would stop my horse. Suddenly we all stop. I cannon against the old gentleman on the grey Apology. He is very angry; says "I might have killed him." Pooh!



HAPPY THOUGHT.—If this is hunting, it isn't so difficult, after all. But what's the pleasure?

The hounds are scenting again. Stupid countryman says he's seen a hare about here. Delight of everybody. All these big men, horses, and dogs after a timid hare! Why doesn't the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals interfere? I thought they always shot hares. The dogs have got their tails up, and are whining. They are unhappy. If they find a hare they give that countryman a shilling.

HAPPY THOUGHT.—Shall write to old Boodels, and tell him I'm going out with the hounds every day. Wish I was at home in an armchair. I've not come the "nasty cropper" as yet; but the day's not over.

Ask a countryman to fasten my antigropelos. Sixpence. Can he alter my stirrups? He does; not satisfactorily. The hounds make a noise, and before the countryman has finished my stirrups, we are off. Nearly off altogether. I shan't come out again. Up another hill. This is part of the down country.





*"My horse is beginning to get tired. Every one passes me."*

My horse is beginning to get tired. He'll go quieter. Every one passes me.



Get on! get up! Tch! He is panting. Get on! tch! I feel excited. I should like to be on a long way ahead, in full cry, taking brooks, fences, and ditches. Get on! Get along, *will* you? tch! What an obstinate brute! I think I could take him over that first hedge now. I find my legs kicking him. It has no effect. First tchking, then kicking! I'd give something to be at home. Dropped my rein; in getting it up, dropped my whip.



Some people standing about won't see it. Horses and hounds a long way on. I think Milburd or Byng, as I'm his guest, might have stopped for me. Very selfish.

HAPPY THOUGHT.—Get off and pick it up.

If I get off I shall have to get up again. Perhaps he won't stand still. I am all alone; every one has disappeared, except a few pedestrians who have been watching the sport from the top of this hill. Hate these sort of idle people who only come out to see accidents and laugh at any one if he can't get on. I haven't got the slightest idea as to where I am. What country? How far from Byng's? The horse seems to me to be trembling, probably from excitement. He stretches his head out. What power a horse has in his head! he nearly pulled me off. He shakes himself violently. Very uncomfortable. Perhaps he's rousing himself for another effort. I have seen a "magic donkey" (I think) of pasteboard, in the shop windows; when the string is loose the head and tail fall. It occurs to me that my horse is, at this minute, like the magic donkey with the string loose.

HAPPY THOUGHT.—Get off.

He *is* quivering in both his front legs. I feel it like a running current of mild electric shocks. Get out my notebook. The beast seems to be giving at the knees. I don't know much about horses, but instinct tells me he's going to lie down. Wonder if he's ever been in a circus?



HAPPY THOUGHT.—Get off at once.

Off. Just in time. He nearly falls. He is shivering and quivering all over. Poor fellow! Woa, my man, woa, then, poo' fellow! I have got hold of his bridle at the bit. His eyes are glaring at me: what the deuce is the matter with the beast?

HAPPY THOUGHT.—Is he going mad!!!

He pulls his head away from me—he jerks back: he pulls me after him. I try to draw him towards me: he jerks back more and more. His bit's coming out of his mouth. Is he going to rear? or kick? or plunge? or bite me? What *is* the matter with him? Is there such a thing as a lunatic asylum for horses?

HAPPY THOUGHT.—Ask some one to hold him.



Two pedestrians come towards me cautiously, an elderly man in yellow gaiters, and a respectable person in black.

Horse snorts wildly, grunts, glares, shivers, jerks himself back: I can't hold on much longer. If he runs away he'll become a wild horse on the downs, and I shall have to pay for him. Hold on. Apparently he's trying to run away backwards.



HAPPY THOUGHT.—Say to man in gaiters, very civilly, "Would you mind holding my horse while I pick up my whip?" as if there was nothing the matter. He shakes his head, grins, and keeps at a distance. In *his* opinion, the horse has got the staggers.

The staggers! Good heavens! I ask him, "Do they last long?"

"Long time, generally," he answers. "Will he fall?" I ask. "Most likely," he answers. "Then," I ask him, angrily, "why the deuce he stands there doing nothing? Why doesn't he get a doctor? If he'll hold the beast for a minute, *I'll* run to the village for a doctor."

He says, "There ain't no village nearer than Radsfort, six

miles from here." Then I'll run six miles, if he'll only hold my horse. He won't—obstinate fool: then what's he standing looking at me for, and doing nothing? He says he's as much right to be on the downs as I have. The horse is getting worse: he nearly falls. Ho! hold up. He holds up convulsively, but shows an inclination to fall on his side and roll down the hill. I haven't got the smallest idea what I should do if he rolled down the hill.

HAPPY THOUGHT (*which strikes the person in black*)—Loosen his girths

HAPPY THOUGHT (*which strikes me*).—Do it yourself.

He won't—the coward. He says he's afraid he'll kick. Kick! he won't kick. I tell him. I think I should feel the same if I was in his place. I urge him to the work, explaining that I would do it myself if I wasn't holding his head. He makes short, nervous darts at the horse's girths, keeping his eye on his nearer hind leg. I encourage him, and say, "Bravo, capital!" as if he was a bull-fighter. He loosens one girth. Do the other: he won't.

Horse still shivering. Now he is dragging away from me, and trying to get down-hill backwards, harder than ever. "Staggers" are like hysterics. What do you do to people in hysterics? Cold water, vinegar—hit them on the palms of their hands. Man behind a hedge, about a hundred yards distant, who has been looking on in safety, halloes out some advice unintelligibly. Why doesn't he come close up? I shout back irritably, "What?" He repeats, evidently advice but

unintelligible. It sounds like, "If you arshy booshy-marnsy goggo (*unintelligible*), you'll soon make him balshybalsy (*unintelligible*), and then you can easily causheycoosheycaushey." Why on earth can't he speak plainly?

I can only return, irritably and excitedly shouting to him, "Wha-a-at? What do you say?" He walks off in the opposite direction. I ask, Who is that man? Nobody knows. I should like to have him taken up and flogged. No change in the horse's symptoms. Where are Byng, Milburd, and the rest? They must have missed me. I think they might have come back. I say, bitterly, "Friendship!" Confound the horse, and the harriers, and everybody. Here, hold up!



Another man comes up. Tall and thin, he stands with the other two, and stares as if it was an exhibition. If there is one thing that makes me angry, it is idiots staring, helplessly. The last idiot who has come up has something to say on the subject. The horse is shaking, gasping; I know he'll fall. If he falls, I've heard cabmen say in London, "Sit on his head."

*Prospect*.—Sitting on his head, in the middle of the bleak downs, until somebody comes who knows all about the staggers. If no one comes, sit on his head all night!!!

HAPPY THOUGHT (*which suddenly occurs to the last comer*).—Cut his tongue.



*"Happy thought (which strikes the person in black). -Loosen his girths."*

What good'll that do? "Relieve him," he replies. Then do it. He says he won't undertake the responsibility. He has got a penknife, and I may cut the tongue if I like. Cut his tongue! doesn't the man see I'm holding his head? I can't do everything. He replies by mentioning some vein in the horse's tongue, which if cut instantly cures the staggers. It appears on inquiry that he doesn't know where the vein is. What helpless fools these country people are! I thought country people knew all about horses! What are they doing on the downs? Nothing. Fools: I hate people who merely lounge about. Will any one of them get a doctor? As I ask this, the horse nearly falls. A ploughboy arrives.

HAPPY THOUGHT.—He shall hold the horse.

I ask him: he grins: what an ass! I command him imperiously to hold the horse. He says, in his dialect, that he can't. "Why not?" I ask. "What on earth can he be doing?"



He replies, "Moind'nruks." "What?" I bellow at him. "Moind'nruks." His reply is interpreted to me by the yellow gaiters—the boy is "minding rooks." The boy grins and shows me an enormous horse-pistol with cap on, pointed, under his arm, at me. The idea of trusting such an imbecile with a pistol! "Turn it the other way!" He grins. "'Tain't loaded." He explains that they only give him a cap—no powder. "Never mind, turn it the other way."



HAPPY THOUGHT.—If the long thin man will hold my horse while I go to Radsfort, I will give him half-a-sovereign. I offer this diffidently, because he is such a respectable-looking person.

Respectable-looking person closes with the offer immediately. Yellow gaiters and man in black propose to show me where the village is: for money.





Is *this* the noble English character that we read of in the villages of our happy land!! Mercenary, dastardly, griping, gaping fools and cowards, who've been delighting themselves with my miseries for the last hour, merely to trade upon them at the last.

Long man holds the horse. The beast just as bad as ever. Don't care now : got rid of him. Feel that all the responsibility is on the long man. Wonder what the long man will do if he falls on his side. It's worth ten shillings to be free.

Miserable work walking. Beginning to rain.

Man on horseback coming towards me.

HAPPY THOUGHT.—Byng's groom. I can imagine the delight of a shipwrecked man on a desert island on seeing somebody he knows rowing towards him. He has come back to look for me. He is on his master's horse, and the ladies and his master are in the pony trap in the road just below. The ladies!



HAPPY THOUGHT.—Be driven home Soft cushions : rugs.



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