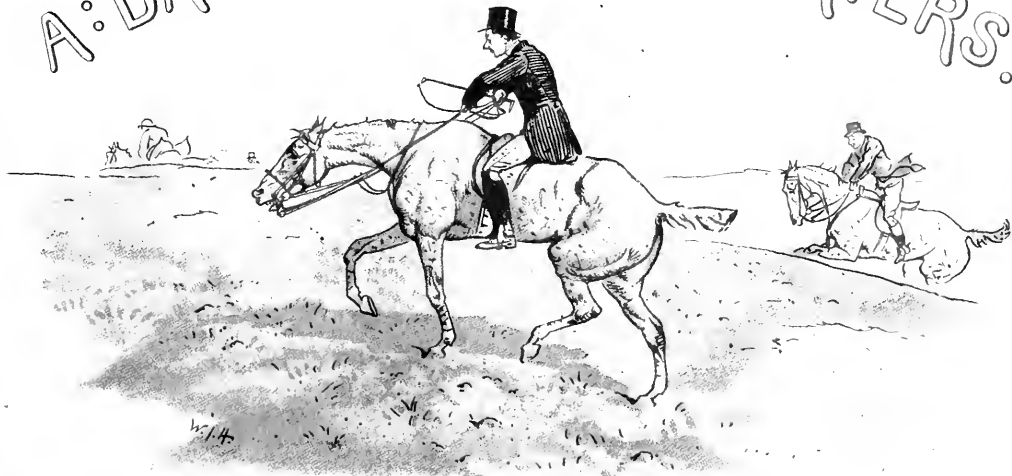


A: DAY: WITH: THE: HARRIERS.

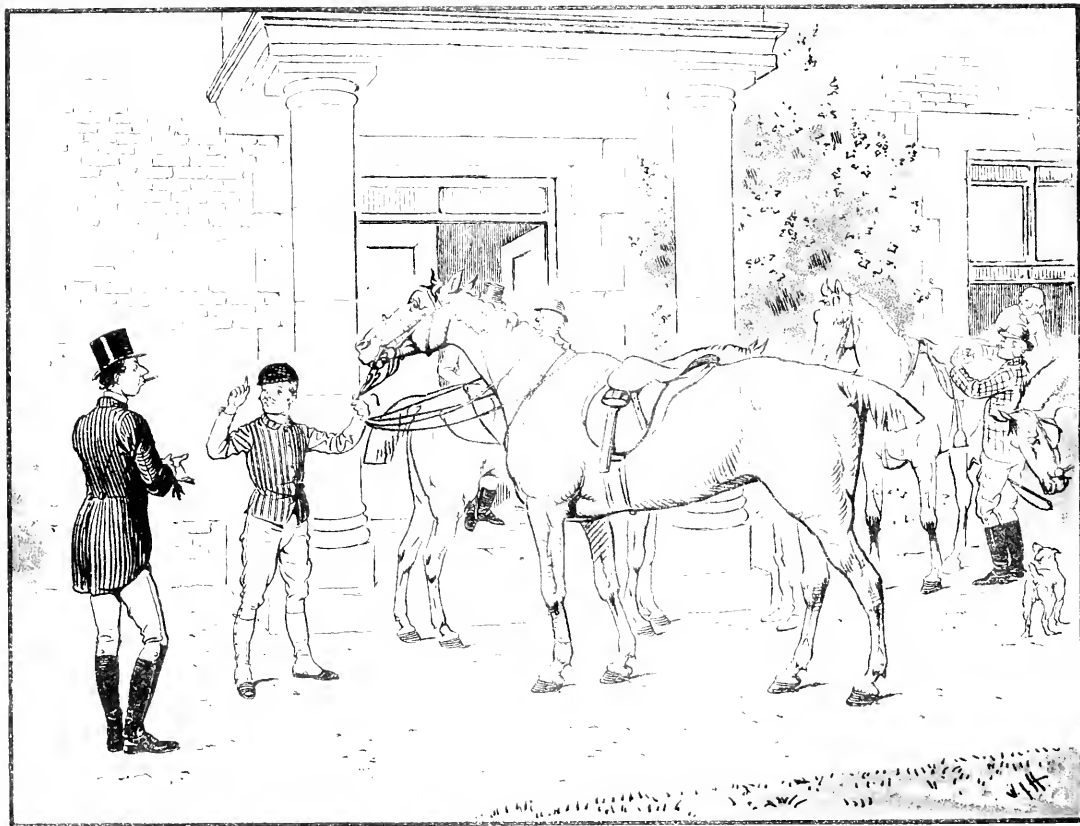


AN EXTRACT FROM "HAPPY THOUGHTS."^{2D}

BY F. C. BURNAND.

BY PERMISSION.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. J. HODGSON.



"The Groom says," She would not stir!

A Day With The Barriers.



Byng replies, "A mere trot over."

HAPPY THOUGHT.—Fridoline looking as bright as a nova.

HAPPY THOUGHT.—Don't say it—keep it to myself. Amora sounds like a *maree*, 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 *m*.

"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.

MORNING.—Down to breakfast. Earlier than usual. If it ain't making tea. Millard, as I enter, is asking, "How far it is?"

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. "O, try you, in fact," says Millard, "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 ask 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 regular fitted by Mr. Parsons, and with you *over* on our back, sir, she'll go over any thing almost." "She'll go, but will?"

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

Millard 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 *riding up*," says Fridoline.

HAPPY THOUGHT.—Keep on the downs.

I notice, on their rising from the table, that Millard 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 *comes* to Millard.—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 it is 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. Millard 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. Millard 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 it is to see if any one is getting me. I ask, "Is this mine?" "Yes, it is." "I can't help saying possibly, as a reminder to you, as to exercise, my own."



"I am a horseman, but in my part, I haven't ridden for over a long time, 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 Fritoline up?" "I will; it only to get out Millburd and not

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

HARRY THORNTON: "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 dragon 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 on again for a fortnight. The groom thinks I'm a little lame. "Hope so." "It was on this horse that you, Parsens, came a nasty cropper." Miss Pelling's, 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. Percy's secret. The whole came from a few stanzas that "perhaps you'd rather have a *war* chestnut." People laugh. "Groom laughs." "At me."

HARRY THORNTON:—"How do grey hairs become a fool and aster?" "Shame yours, I think. What happy thoughts Shakespeare had. So applicable to a stupid old blot. Keep this to yourself."



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."

HARRY THORNTON, *not in time*.—No. I mean to



Man and horse in the foreground

1882



"I'm not starting," I say, "I was a plow-
horse, and I was a plow-
horse no other reason
on my own judgment, I
admit, it's all right
now?" He says: "Yes,"
decidedly. From subse-

quent experience I believe he gives the answer merely to
save him self trouble. Bygone on his back, cowering, cries:
"Come along." If mine cannot see a hole, where shall I
be? Perhaps the brute caricatured my conviction at Deedford
Mill when poor Parsons "come" fat in a copper.

HARRY THOUGHT.—Sport in the older times. Having
people generally sat still, in one place, watching a hawk. Not
much exercise, perhaps, but sure. Why don't they revive
hawking?

Milburd wants to know if the grey one he always
rides is a plow-horse. Mine's horse is restive, the other two are restive. I wish
they weren't. Mine wants to be kept, if he goes on sud-
denly I go off.

HARRY THOUGHT.—If I do come, a waste proper like
Parsons, I hope I shall do it at one, or before strangers or by

HARRY THOUGHT.—The name.

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 doesn't even come off the
doorstep, and has asked me, once if I won't take some jump-
ing powder." He'd be sorry for his time if I was home to see

on my back, and I don't get it," I say, "well, I was
plow-horse, and I was a plow-horse, I would have says
And he says, "I don't know." The grey one is a
plow-horse. He says, "I don't know." Horse doesn't do it
"What's your name?" I ask old man. "I mean good old woman,
then." Horse puts back its ears and tries to make him-
self into a sort of arch. I don't know what happens when a horse
puts back its ears.

HARRY THOUGHT.—Ask Milburd.

"Horse were plow-horse." No, I know what happens if
I do. "That would be the first, the rusty copper." His
experience will hang about my memory. "All right now?"
quite right, wrong about the stripes, one darning, the other
hitting up, knee up, but won't do anything more, or hobbling
may think me a nuisance.

"Two rings, Harry says. "She goes easy on the snaffle,
pulls a bit, but she's a plow-horse, but you needn't hold her." I shall
hold. "From the old, it's her great pace." The reins
are confusion. One ought to be white, the other black, to dis-
tinguish them. Forget which finger you put them in. Mustn't
get the grey one see this.

HARRY THOUGHT.—Take care, Harry, anyhow. Watch
Bye.





End of the lane. The trees in front. I wish they'd stop. Mine would stop them. We trot again, so loudly. I'm tired.

Harry Trot says, "Let's look at the view."

Byng cries, "Hang the view! There's a horse and rider in front for a canter." We break my horse and I into a canter. He breaks into the canter sooner than I do, as if he's not quite finished my trot. I wish it was a military saddle, with bags before and behind. A soldier can't come on to the anti-

grounds goes at the other spring, I shall lose it altogether. Mine pulls, wants to pass them all. Hat getting loose, anti-croquet-dapping.

Harry Trot says — Squash my hat down anyhow, tight.

The fresh air catches my nose. I feel as if I'd be 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.



"The man who is riding the horse is the man who is riding the horse."

HARRY THOUGHT.—Hare brush (the hare dog) will
hare will come back.

HARRY THOUGHT.—See, old

Try to fasten anteropole (ear) (too) (not round quiet)
I'm getting well into my set (eye) (stop) (hand) (along) (at)
at the hedge. Too late, as (the) (s) (back) (for) (at) (I explain)
to old gentleman who knows he come to that "I don't like

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

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

HARRY THOUGHT.—Ask for a brush. If I get it, present it
to Frivolous.



leaping hired horses, or I shall have taken him off Frivolous."

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

Milford 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 Perceptions*, Book XVI.
"Perception of the Ridiculous."]

Harris: The hounds—O, how I hate 'em! I
hate 'em all! But what's the use of it?

The hounds are getting a lot of money
he's seen a hare about here, and he's got
big men, horses, and dogs, and he's got
the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to
thought they always shut their eyes to
up, and are whining. They're making
they give that countryman a good

Shant I do? Shant write to old Boodels, and tell him
I shant come out with the hounds every day. Wish I was at
low, and a chair. I've not come the "nasty cropper" as
you call it, but the dog's not over.

Can you get a man to fasten my antigropelos. Sixpence. Can
you get a man to fasten my antigropelos? He does not satisfactorily. The hounds
are getting a lot of money before the countryman has finished my stir-
up, and are whining. They're making a good thing of it. Nearly all together. I shant come out
with the hounds every day. This is put of the down country.



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

HAPPY THOUGHT.—Get off at once!

Off! Just in time. He neighs loudly. He is shivering and quivering all over. Poor fellow! Won my man, won, then, poor 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 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, more civilly, grant gaiters, follows me. I turn my 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, but I hold on.



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 Radstot, six



"Happy thought which strikes the season in black. - Lison has got 'is."



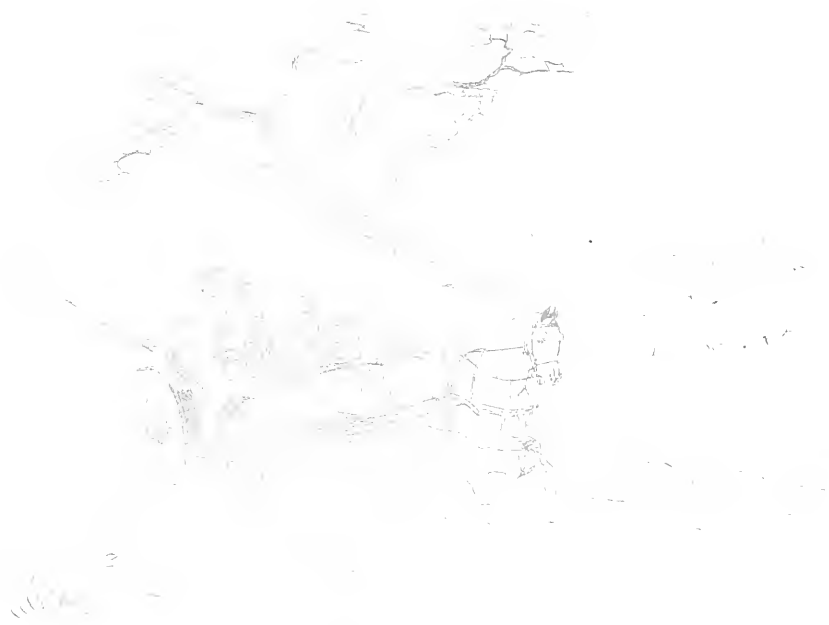
Is *this* the noble English character that we read of in the villages of our happy land? Mercenary, dastardly, grating, gaping fools and cowards, who've been delighting themselves with my miseries for the last hour, merely to trade upon them at the last.

Long man holds the horse. The beast just a 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 next

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?



Soft cushion. - figs.



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