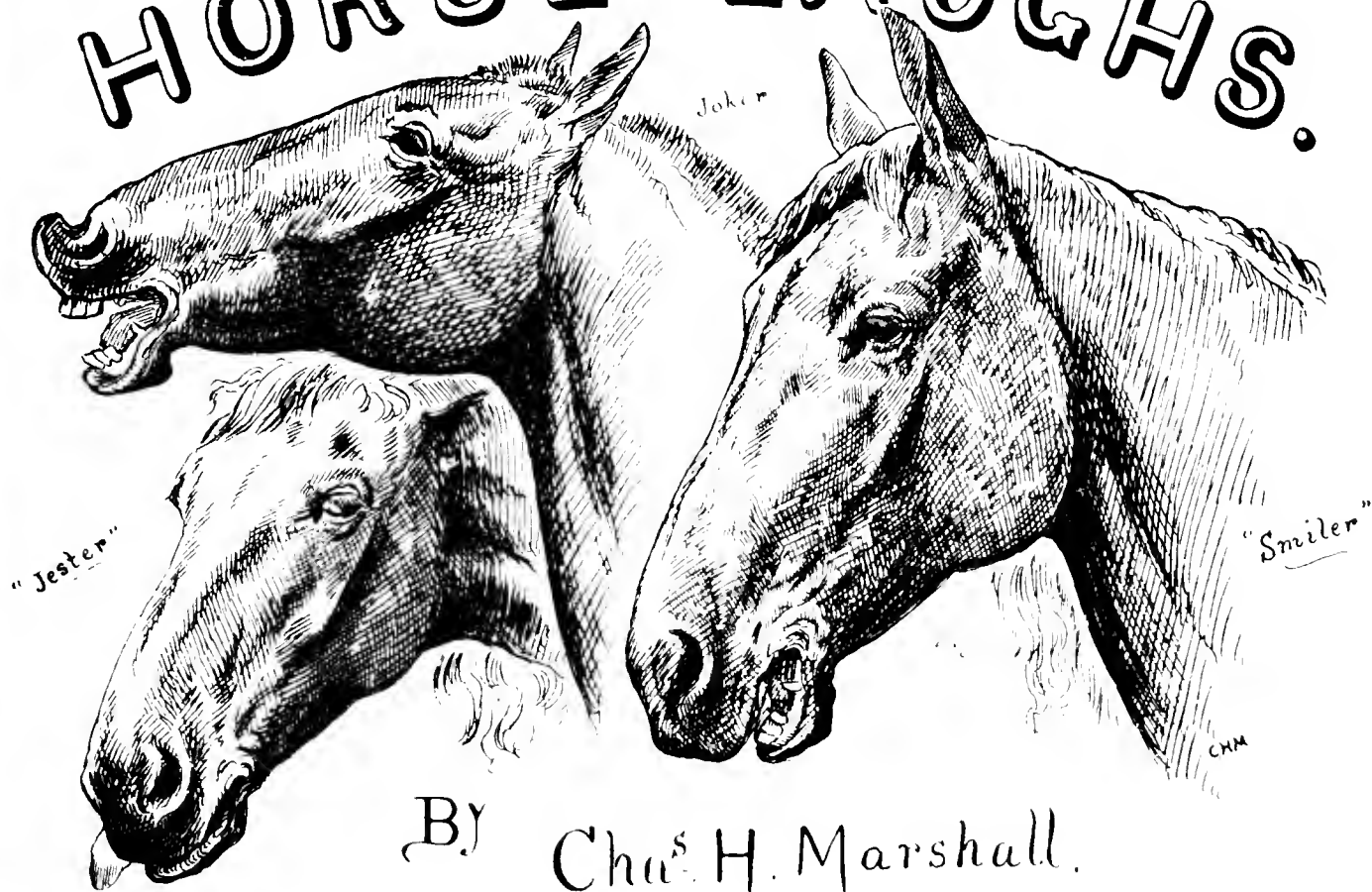
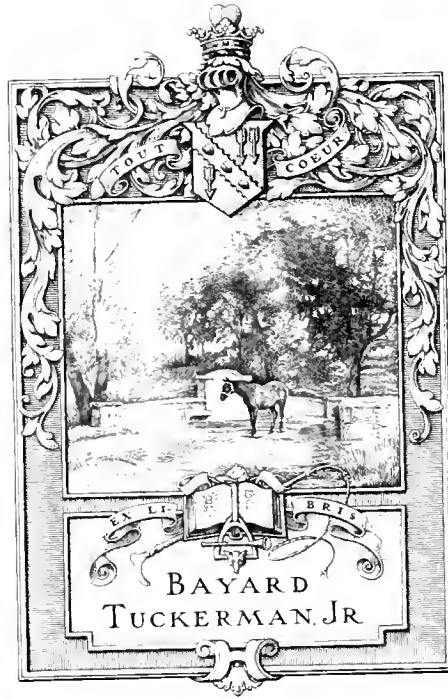
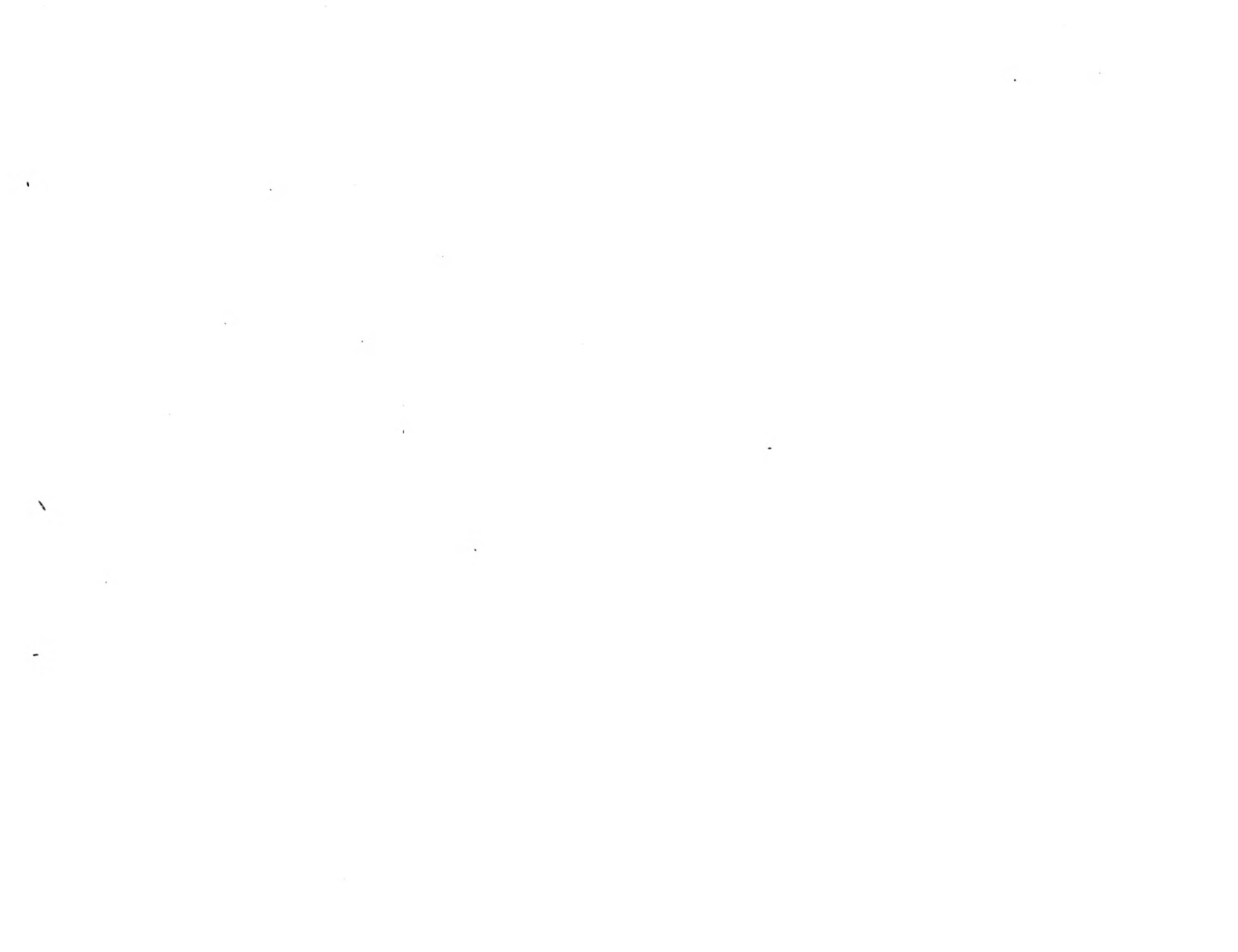


HORSE: LAUGHS.



By Chas. H. Marshall.







ADVICE GRATIS.

Boy (to Local Preacher sallying forth on a "spouting" expedition) —I say, MESTER, IF YER WAS TO LENGTHEN YER STIRRUPS AN' SHORTEN YER FACE, YER'D RIDE A LIT EASIER.

HORSE: LAUGHS.



By Cha^s. H. Marshall.

To Gilbert Dalziel, Esq.,

THE EDITOR OF "JUDY,"

THIS LITTLE BOOK OF SKETCHES IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED,

AS AN

ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF HIS KIND PERMISSION FOR ITS PUBLICATION,

AND ALSO AS A

RECOGNITION OF NUMEROUS FAVOURS RECEIVED FROM HIM ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

WITH THE MOST LIVELY SENTIMENTS OF RESPECT,

BY HIS MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR AND ARTIST.



A NICE BEGINNING OF THE SEASON!

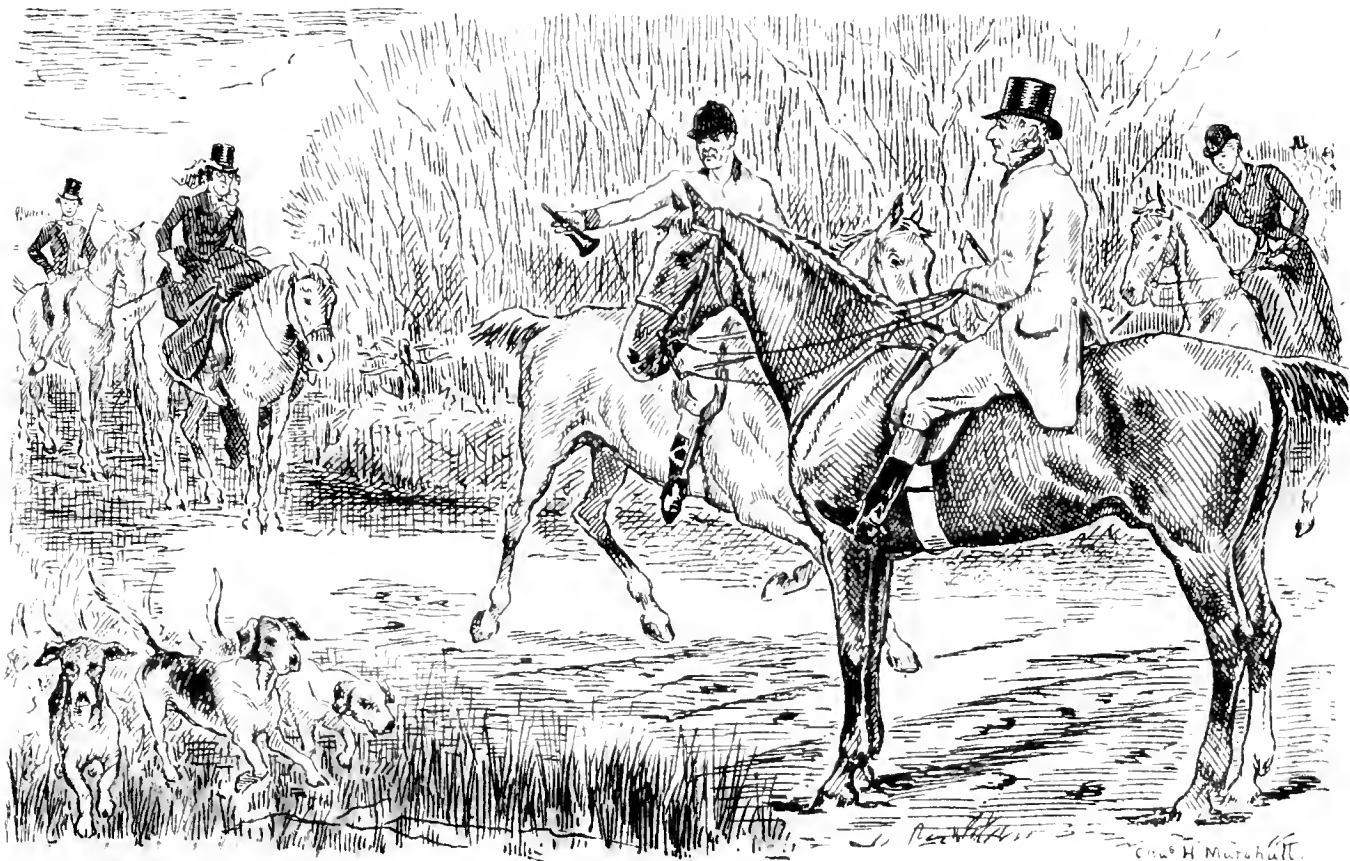
Jovial Huntsman (turning up three-quarters of an hour late, with only two or three couple of hounds, to Master).—FINE HUNTINSH MORNIN', SHURR. 'OUNDISH FINE CONDISHUN—THIRSTIN' FOR BLOODSH—HORSHISH FRESH—MENSH VERY FITSH.



QUALITY AND QUANTITY.

Noble Lord (recently married, and rather proud of his Wife).—THERE, MUGGINS! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF HER LADYSHIP?

Muggins (a Tenant who has just been taking a prize at the Fat Stock Show).—WELL, M' LORD, I RECKON SHE'S TUPPENCE-A'P'NY A POUND BETTER THAN ANY OTHER LADY IN THESE PARTS.



AN EXCUSE FOR THE FOX.

(The Fox having been repeatedly headed back into cover, the Noble Master rides up to ascertain the cause.)
Exasperated Huntsman (pointing to Old Lady, with withering contempt).—WHY, MY LORD, WHAT COULD FACE THAT?



WELL MEANT.

Highly elated little Gen.—Now then, Miss, I'll give yer a lead hover. Come hup, Donovan? Hin or Heber!



BOTH!

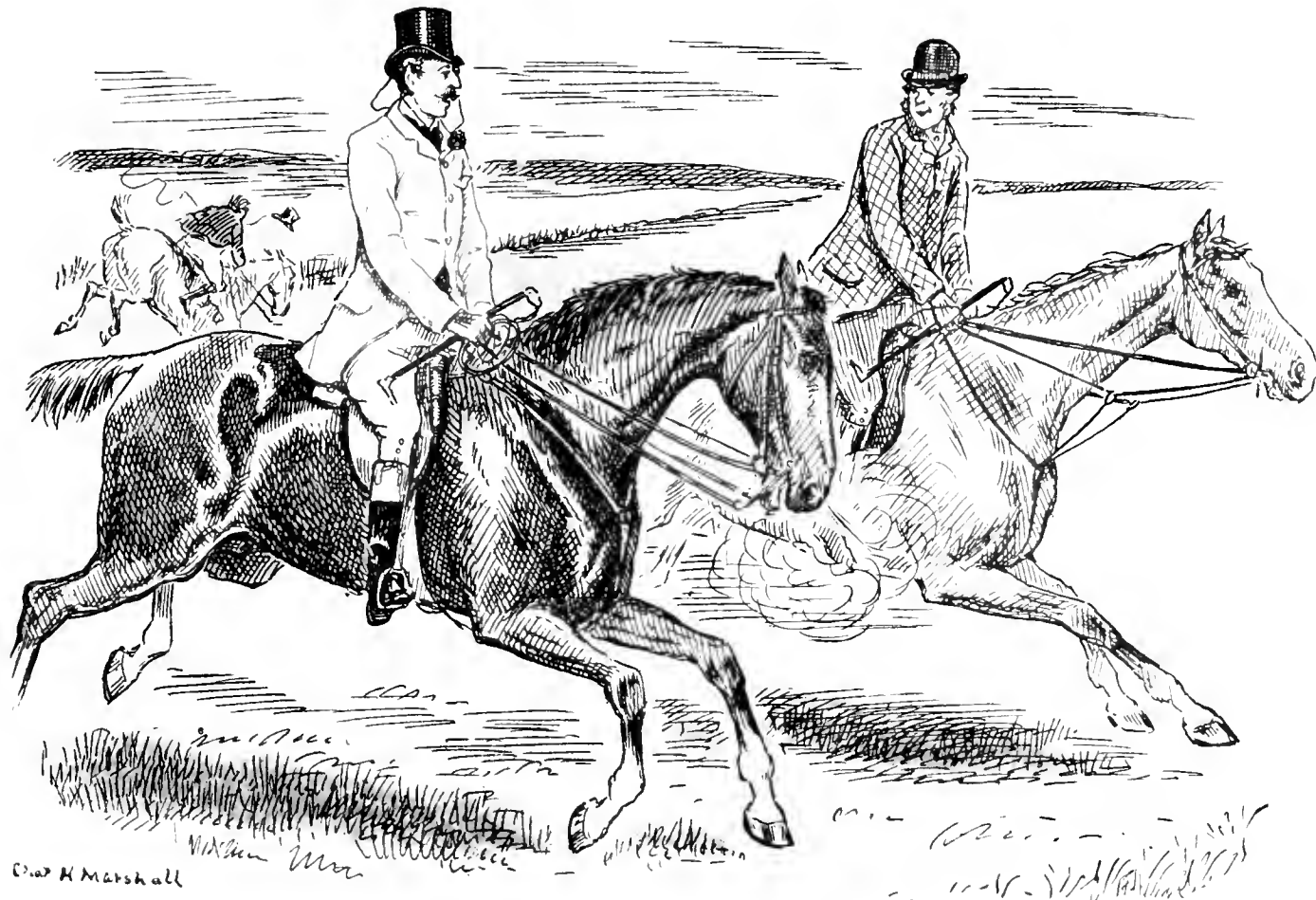
"A DOUBLE EVENT."



DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

Awful County Magnate (to *small Boy*, occupying the only gap in big fence).—COME, GET OUT OF MY WAY, YOU YOUNG MONKEY!

Small Boy.—WHO'S INTERFERED WITH YOU, OLD CHAWBACON? KEEP TO YOUR OWN LINE, AND DON'T COME RIDING IN MY POCKET.



A MUSICAL HORSE.

Officious Horsey Individual (who "knows a 'orse when 'e sees 'im," and who also "'as a hear for musick").—YOUR 'ORSE WILL SOON JINE THE BRASS BAND, SIR.

Swell (unconscious of his horse's slight infirmity).—BRASS BAND? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

O. H. Individual.—WHY, CAN'T YER 'EAR THAT ALREADY 'E TOOTLES A BIT ON THE FLUTE; BUT BY THE END OF THE SEASON IT'LL BE A CASE OF TROMBONE WITH 'IM, AN' NO MISTAKE.

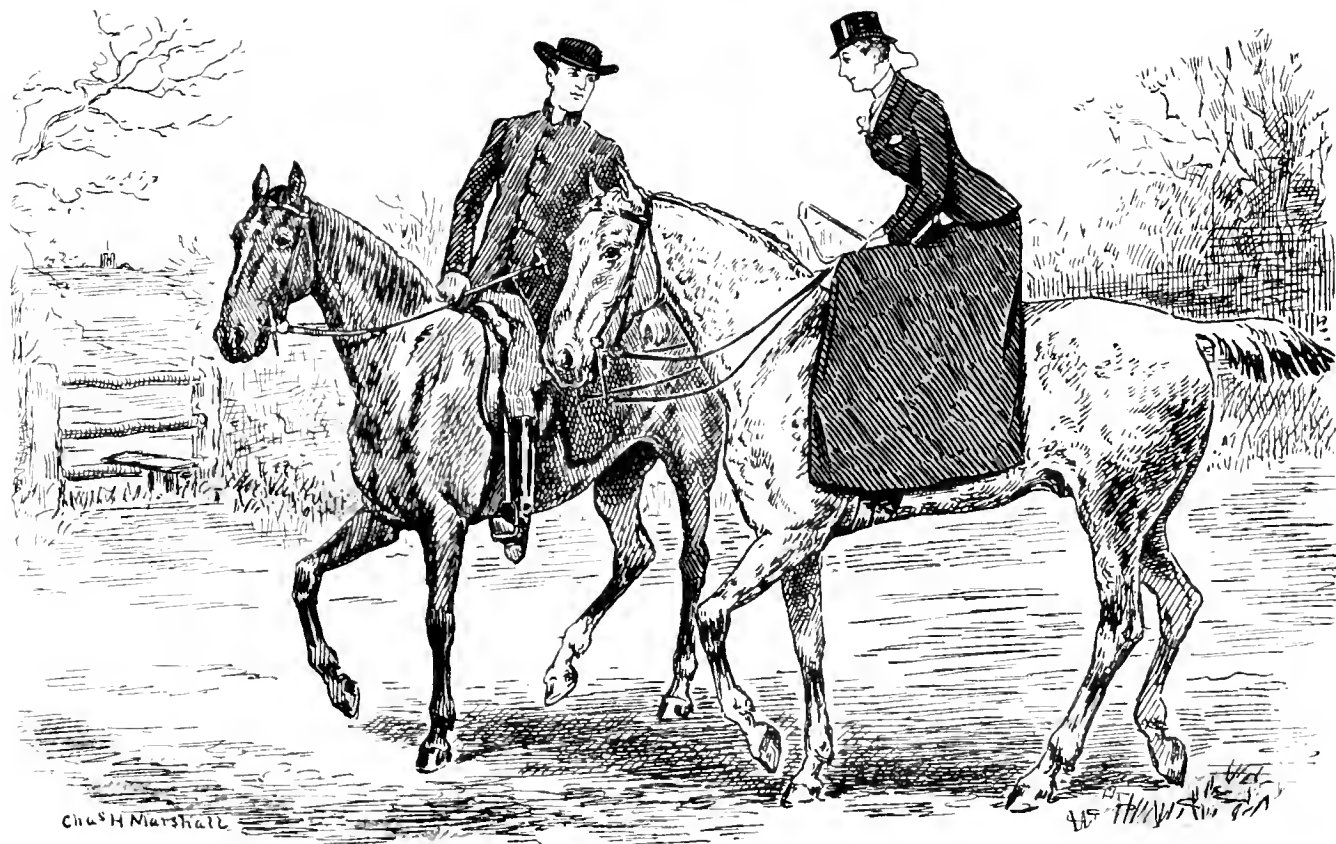


Chas. H. Marshall.

"WHEN THE DEVIL WAS SICK THE DEVIL A MONK WOULD BE," &c.

Whip (who has come a severe cropper).—WELL, I'LL BE——(hesitates; wonders whether he's mortally damaged; finds he's all sound and right)—

D—D!

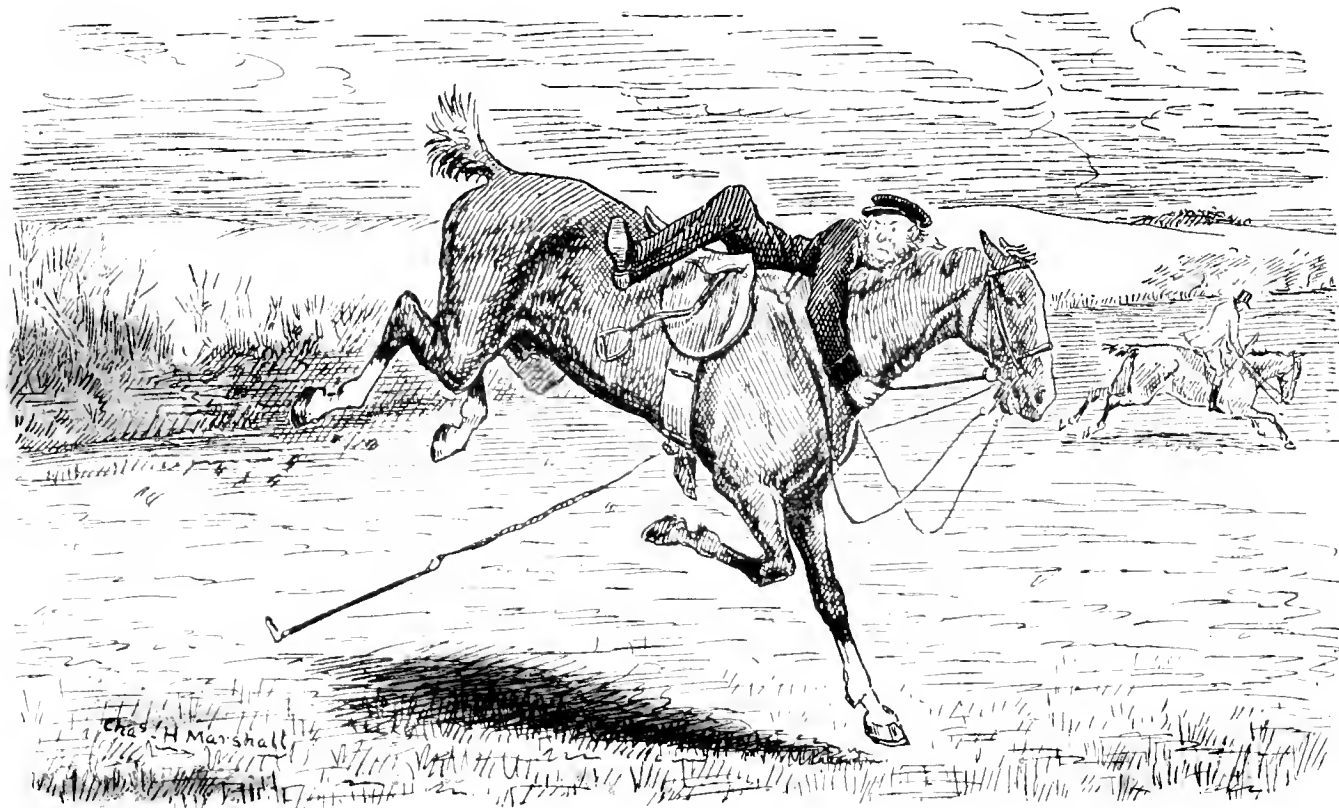


THE RIGHT SORT.

Young Curate.—SINFUL TO HUNT? OH DEAR NO! I DO NOT HUNT NOW, BECAUSE CERTAIN MEMBERS OF MY FLOCK MIGHT TAKE EXCEPTION TO IT, AND THINK I NEGLECTED MY PARISH.

Miss Gallopade.—BUT, SUPPOSE THE HOUNDS WERE TO CROSS THIS LANE "FULL CRY," COULD YOU WITHSTAND THE TEMPTATION?

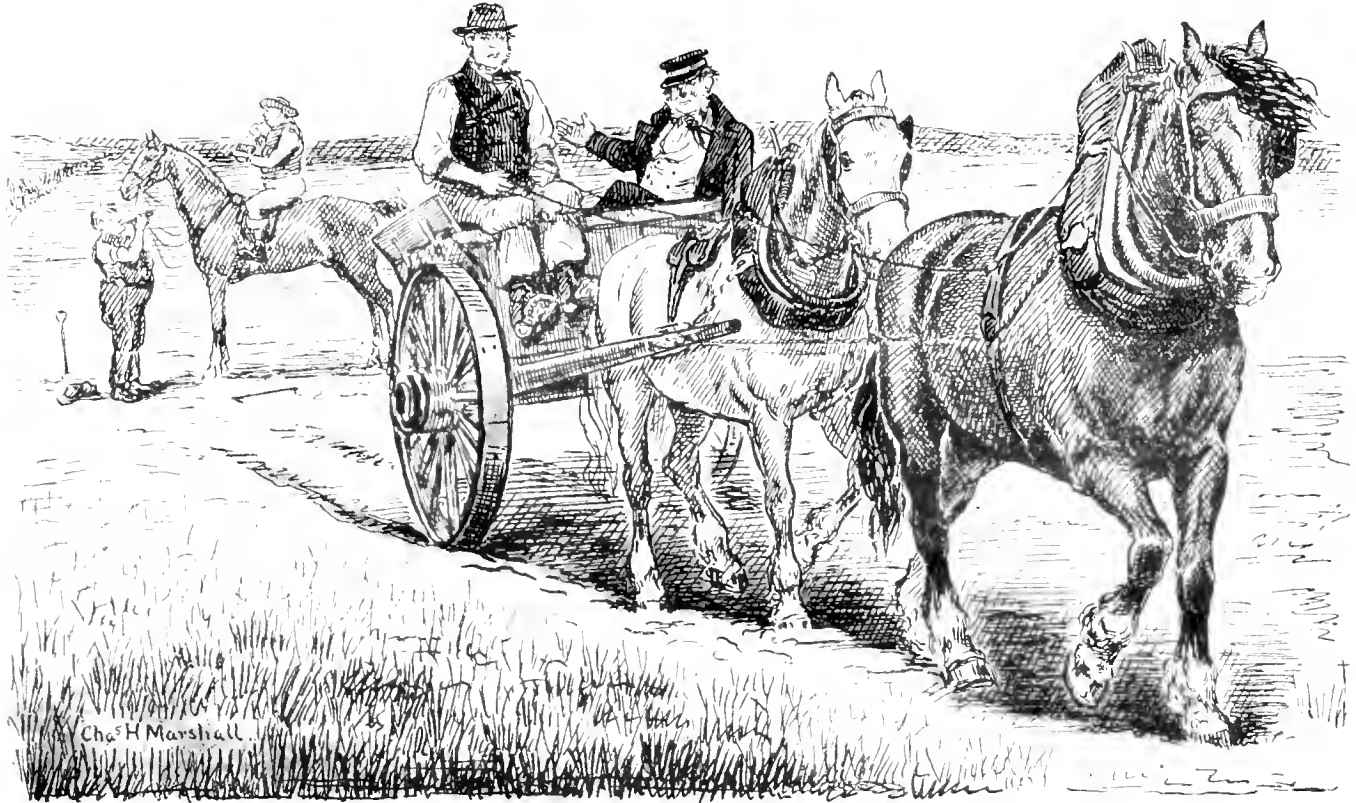
Young C.—WELL, I'M AFRAID THEN MY CONSCIENCE WOULD NOT BE THE MOST FORMIDABLE OBSTACLE I SHOULD HAVE TO NEGOTIATE



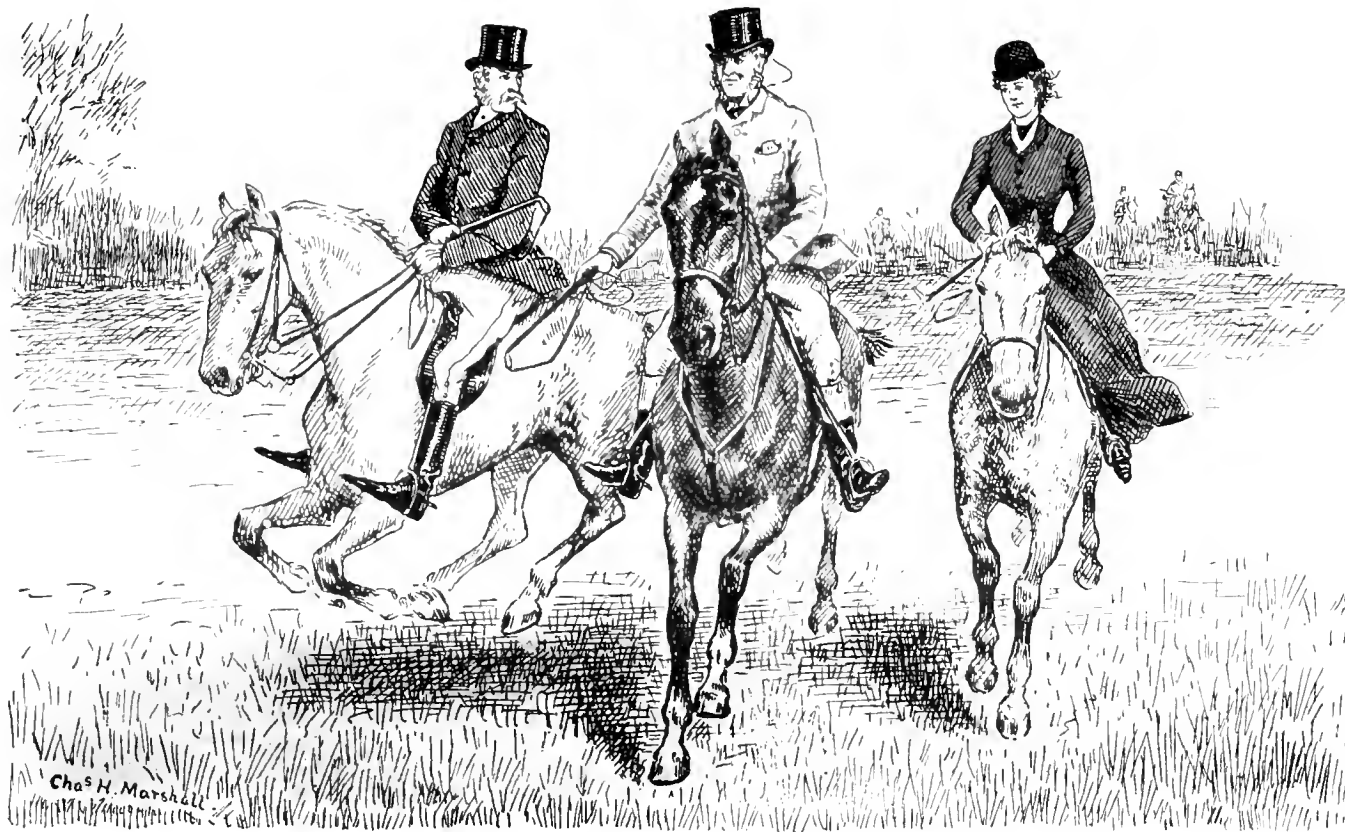
"A CHOPPY SEA."

*Seafaring Gent (who has been imbibing too freely of mixed "rumping powders").--*AWFUL SHOPPY SHEE. MUSHT CLING TO MAIN-MASHT, OR WASHT OVERBOARDSHT

(Next Page.)



Having been obliged, owing to the violence of the storm, to relinquish his hold of the main-mast our sea-faring friend was washed overboard, but rescued by Landlubbers, who conveyed him home in an Agricultural Cart, which he imagined was the life-boat, and tried to impress upon the driver that "VESHEL MUSHT BE SHAVED—VAL-BLE CARGO ABOARDSH. WHYSHNOT DISHPLAY SHIGNALS OF DISHKESH?"



STILL IN THE SHAFTS.

Mr. Longfoot (to disagreeable friend, who has tried to destroy the reputation of his new Horse).—You said he would never make a HUNTER, AND THAT HE WAS ONLY fit FOR HARNESS. WHY, HE CARRIES ME SPLENDIDLY!

Disagreeable Friend.—Yes, NO DOUBT HE CARRIES you WELL; HE SEES THOSE FEET OF YOURS, AND THINKS HE'S STILL IN THE SHAFTS.



A VERY OLD AND CURIOUS VINTAGE.

First "Old Varmint."—THEY TELL ME YOU ARE THE OLDEST FOXHUNTER GOING? NOW, I DON'T THINK YOU ARE; I HAVE HUNTED WITH THE H— SIXTY-FIVE YEARS.

Second Ditto.—WHAT VINTAGE ARE YOU?

First Ditto.—I WAS "SHIPPED" IN EIGHTEEN-FIFTEEN.

Second Ditto.—POOH! YOU'RE A MERE BOY. I WAS "BOTTLED" BEFORE EIGHTEEN-HUNDRED; AND IF HOUNDS WILL ONLY RUN TO-DAY YOU'LL FIND THERE'S SOME "BODY" IN ME YET.



EVERY MAN TO HIS TASTE.

Time—The very last day of the Season.

The Honourable Joe.—WELL, JACK, IT'S ALL OVER NOW. WHAT SHALL YOU DO WITH YOURSELF UNTIL THE CUB-HUNTING COMES IN? I'M GOING TO GET MARRIED, YOU KNOW, AND I SHALL TRAVEL WITH MY WIFE.

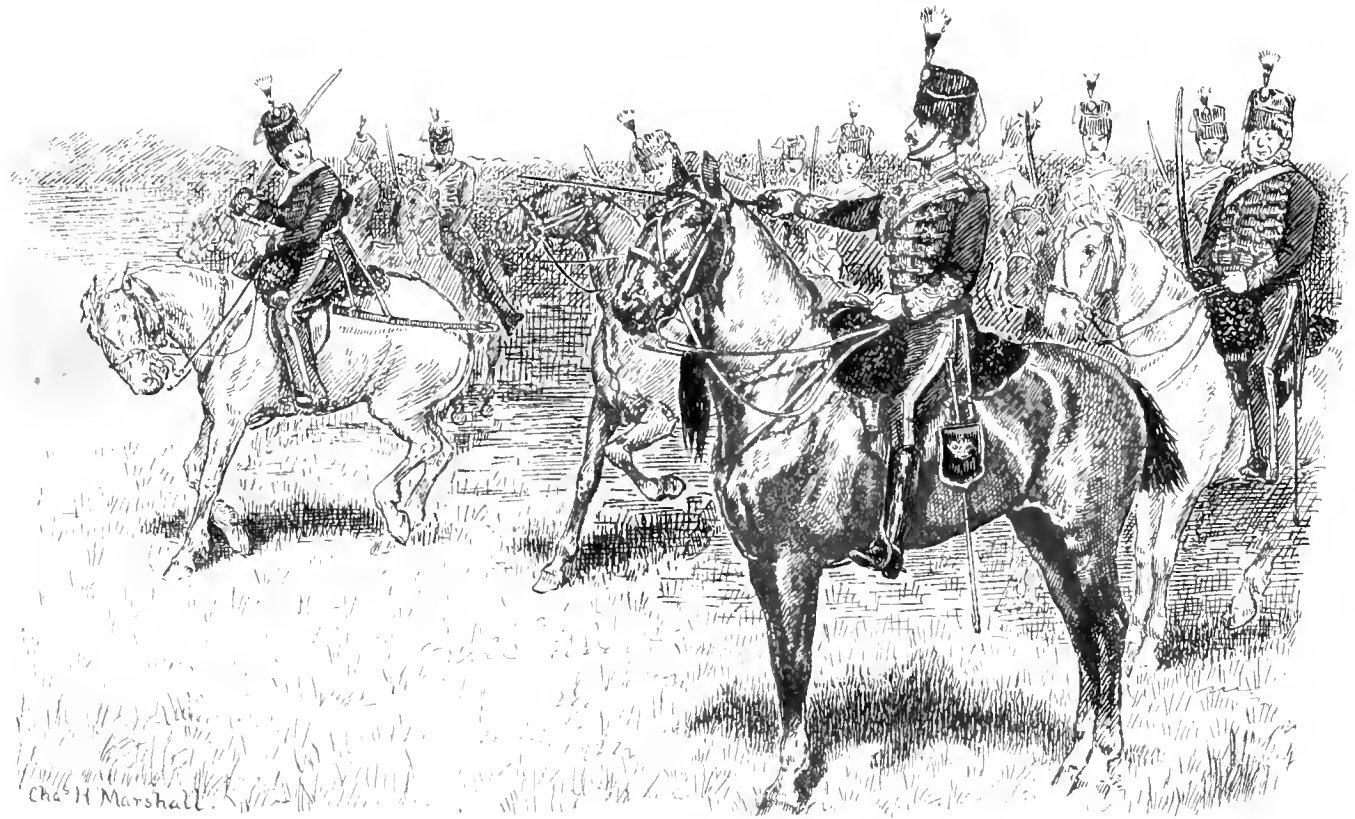
Lord Jack.—YES, JOE; YOU ALWAYS WERE A SLOW GOING CHAP. NOW, I SHALL BUY A COUPLE OF AWFULLY SMART TERRIERS, AND GO IN FOR RATTING IN LINCOLNSHIRE. THERE, WHAT DO YOU THINK O' THAT?



AT LINCOLN APRIL FAIR.

Poor Little Gent (about to purchase "Screw").—BUT SURELY THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH THOSE HOCK JOINTS—"CURBS," ARE THEY NOT?

Dealer.—"CURBS?" LOR' BLESS YER, NO! THERE'S WHERE ALL 'IS JUMPING POWER IS—PROP-HELLERS, I CALLS 'EM.



UP WITH THE YEOMANRY.

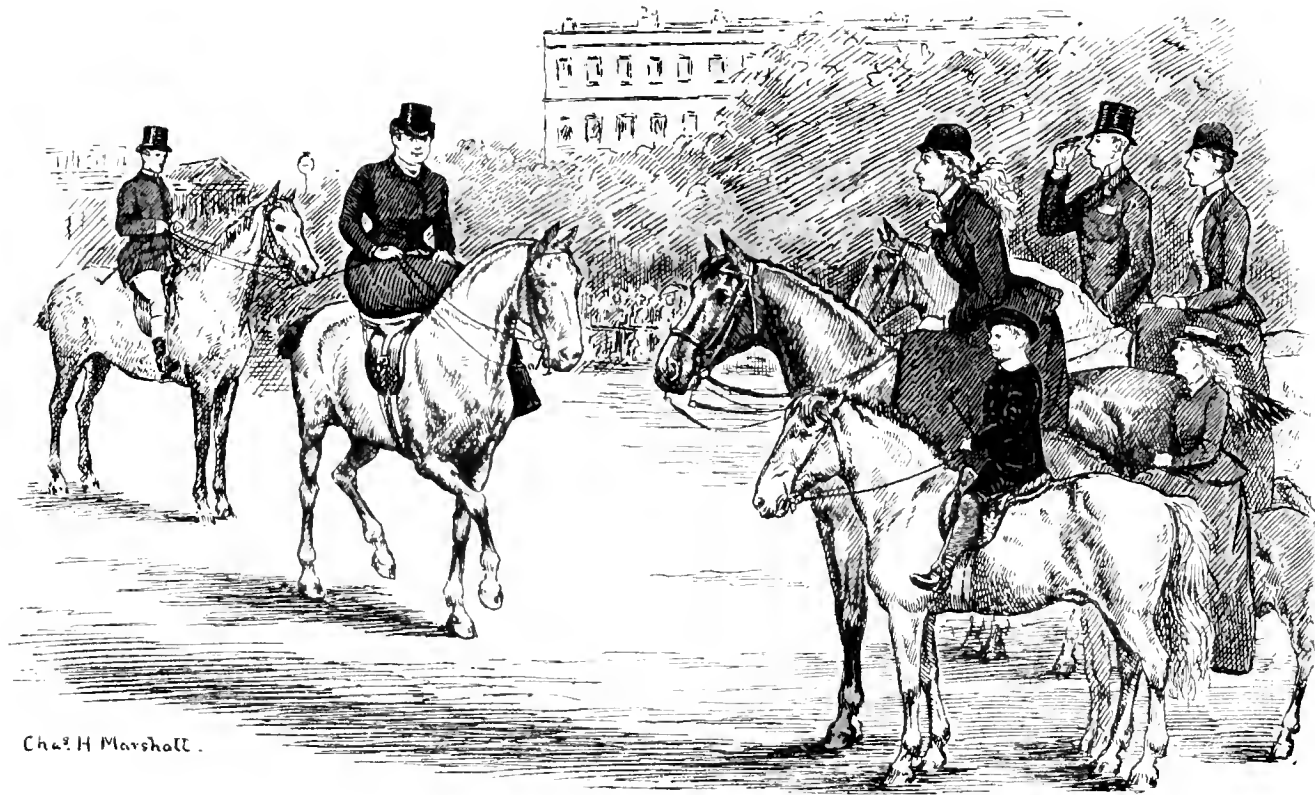
Trooper Stubbles (who has been repeatedly reprimanded by Officer for riding in advance and breaking the line)—OI CAN'T HELT IT, SQUIRE. IT'S ALL TH' HOULD MARE. HIVER SIN' OI LENT 'ER TO A CHAP TO RIDE AT TH' EASTER MUNDIVERS, SHE'S BIN THAT HOWDACCIOUS AN' WALLANT OI CAN DO NOUGHT WITH 'ER. SHE WEANT FLOO, AN' SHE KICKS !' PIECES IVERY BLOOMING CART SHE'S PUT TO; AN' NOO SHE WEANT DO SOLDIERING UNLESS SHE'S FUST. YER'LL 'AVE TO FOIND ME ANOTHER 'OSS BY REVILW DAY, OR ELSE MAK' A HOSSIEK ON ME.



THE REVIEW DAY.

Trooper Stubbles, as he appeared in the March Past before the Reviewing Officer.

On his return home he described the exciting scene as follows:—"TH' WOR TH' TROOP fust, A-GALLOPING LIKE MAD; TH' HOULD MARE SECOND, A-KICKING LIKE BLAZES; AND THEN OI A-RUNNING AN' A-HOLLERING HOOT FOR SOME UN TO KETCH 'ER; BUT THEY ONLY CALLED HOOT, 'GO IT, STUBBLES! TAK YER SPURS OFF, AN' YER'LL BE FUST YET."



“OH! WHAT A SWINDLE!”

Chorus of Nephews and Nieces (to Stout Party on her way to the Meet of the Coaching Club).—OH, AUNTIE! YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING TO RIDE ASTRIDE, AND WE’VE ALL COME PURPOSELY TO SEE YOU.



MOST DISRESPECTFUL, AND SO IRREVERENT, TOO!

Aristocratic Old Lady (who likes to make her own bargains).—NO, HE WON'T DO, MR. HUGGINS: HE HAS SUCH VERY BAD ACTION—HE THROWS HIS FEET ABOUT SO.

Mr. Huggins (a dealer in "Screws").—BAD HACKSHON? THROWS HIS FEET ABOUT? I CALL IT BEE-UTIFUL HACKSHON. HE GOES AS IF—(soak's wrath as he sees the old lady won't be done)—AS IF HE DIDN'T CARE A — FOR YOU OR ANY OF YOUR RELATIONS. TAK' 'IM IN, BILL; TH' OLD GAL WANTS A HANGEL FROM 'EAVAN FOR A TEN-PUN NOTE, AN' WEEER TO FOINDE 'EM OI DON'T KNOW.

