

STACK ANNEX

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# MR. PUNCH IN THE HUNTING FIELD

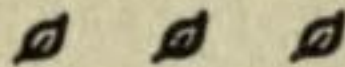
AS PICTURED BY

JOHN LEECH, CHARLES  
KEENE, PHIL MAY,  
RANDOLPH CALDECOTT,  
L. RAVEN-HILL, G. D. AR-  
MOUR, G. H. JALLAND,  
ARTHUR HOPKINS, REGI-  
NALD CLEAVER, CECIL  
ALDIN, TOM BROWNE,  
W. L. HODGSON AND  
OTHERS



*WITH 173 ILLUSTRATIONS*

PUBLISHED BY ARRANGEMENT WITH  
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THE EDUCATIONAL BOOK CO. LTD.

## EDITOR'S NOTE



FROM his earliest days MR. PUNCH has been an enthusiast for the Hunting Field. But in this he has only been the faithful recorder of the manners of his countrymen, as there is no sport more redolent of "Merrie England" than that of the Horse and Hound. At no time in MR. PUNCH's history has he been without an artist who has specialised in the humours of the hunt. First

it was the inimitable Leech, some of whose drawings find a place in the present collection, and then the mantle of the sporting artist would seem to have descended to feminine shoulders, as Miss Bowers (Mrs. Bowers-Edwards) wore it for some ten years after 1866. That lady is also represented in the present work, at pages 49 and 111. Later came Mr. G. H. Jalland, many of whose drawings we have chosen for inclusion here. Perhaps the most popular of his hunting jokes was that of the Frenchman exclaiming, "Stop ze chasse! I tomble, I faloff! *Stop ze fox!!!*" (see page 141). To-day, of course, it is Mr. G. D. Armour whose pencil is devoted chiefly to illustrating the humorous side of hunting; but now, as formerly, most of the eminent artists whose work lies usually in other fields, delight at times to find a subject associated with the hunt. Thus we are able to present examples of Mr. Cecil Aldin and Mr. Raven-Hill in sportive mood, while such celebrities of the past as Randolph Caldecott and Phil May are here drawn upon for the enriching of this, the first book of hunting humour compiled from the abundant chronicles of MR. PUNCH.

## Mr. Punch in the Hunting Field

### HUNTING SONG

*(To be sung when the Hounds meet at Colney Hatch  
or Hanwell)*

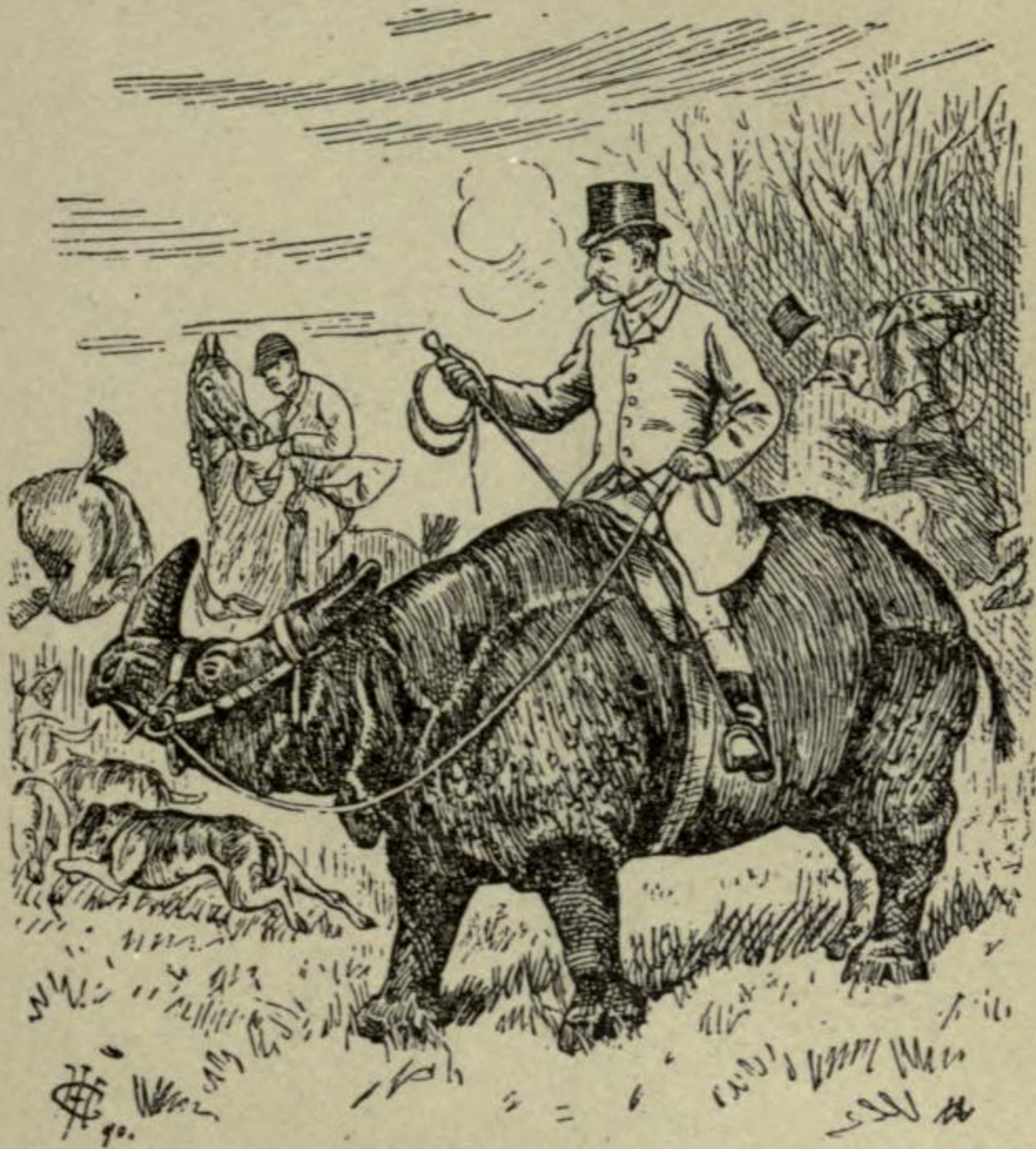
TANTIVY! Anchovy! Tantara!  
The moon is up, the moon is up,  
The larks begin to fly,  
And like a scarlet buttercup  
Aurora gilds the sky.  
Then let us all a-hunting go,  
Come, sound the gay French horn,  
And chase the spiders to and fro,  
Amid the standing corn.  
Tantivy! Anchovy! Tantara!



### UNCOMMONLY KEEN

“Why, where’s the horse, Miss Kitty? By Jove, you’re wet through! What has happened?”

“Oh, the stupid utterly refused to take that brook, so I left him and swam it. I couldn’t miss the end of this beautiful thing!”



### WIREFROOF

Sir Harry Hardman, mounted on "Behemoth," created rather a stir at the meet. He said he didn't care a hang for the barbed or any other kind of wire.