Sammy goes a'hunting
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by

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“Seven o’clock, Master Sam, and the frost ’ave broke up beautiful — -- you’ll ’ave a grand run today, Master Sam, — sir — --Seven o’clock — and the meets at Jack White’s Cross Roads, Master Sam — Sir — ”
“Ugh — — — — — — how cold it is! — — —
How sl-e-e-e-p-y I am — — — — — —
Ah — — aw — —
aw — — augh — —
augh!! — — —”
Be Quick, be quick, there’s no time to be lost—a good breakfast before starting we must have.

“Ham and eggs, please”—
“Tea and toast, please”—
“What for you Master Sam?”
“Haw—I’m not hungry thanks—yes, that will do nicely—not too much soda water please”—
Come, come, Sammy, jump up again quick! Ah! it's all very fine your getting off to open gates for Lady Tabitha, but you won't be at the meet at this rate—
no—you see Sammy’s not there!

“How do, Lady Tabitha” said the M.F.H.—”Jolly morning eh? Come out to show us how to sit a horse, eh? Where’s our young friend, Sammy. Not far off if you are out I’ll be bound ——eh?”
Ah! here's Sammy.
And that's where Sammy found himself presently—

"Whoa - Dapple whoa keep still, you silly thing don't you know a barn-door piggy when you see one? Whoa - a - a -a - then."
Whoever would think that horrid old motor was in the road, just under that lovely gap – Oh! – – poor Sammy!
but he wasn’t much the worse, and a nail or two soon put Dapple to rights – and here he is – in at the death!
“Bravo Sammy!
A splendid run you made of it!
Here’s the Brush!
and well you deserve it too!”
And now
Sammy — —
A
well earned
repose!