

**A DAY WITH THE
BROOKSIDE HARRIERS
AT BRIGHTON**

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A day with the Brookside harriers at Brighton by Sir Richard Levinge

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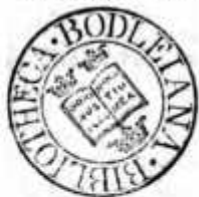
BY

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A Day with the Brookside Harriers

AT BRIGHTON.



Behind she hears the hunters' cries,
And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies ;
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath,
She hears the near approach of death ;
She doubles to mislead the bound,
And measures back her mazy ground.

A YARMOUTH bloater, which had been well soaked, an indifferent cup of tea—Brighton water is not famous for tea-making—very fresh prawns, and a fair share of marmalade, having been discussed with a sea-side appetite, I mounted my horse, Diachylum, one very

foggy morning in the last week in November, to take a ride and lionize Brighton.

The beauty of Brighton, says one of its *habitués* and admirers, is, that we are clear of fogs when the London world is enveloped in the pea-soup raddle sort of medium, and, to do Brighton justice, it certainly gets off easier in this respect than most places I know; but this was not the case on the morning in question.

“Where shall I go?” said I to myself, half soliloquizing aloud. I remember to have heard that Jack Musters, the first of sportsmen, had said that when Leicestershire failed, he would go to Brighton and hunt there with the harriers; because hares run straight upon those downs, and like foxes!

“Sir,” said Mr. Walton’s foreman of the stables, where Diachylum lodged, “‘the Brookside’ are at Telscombe Tye to-day.

Go and have a look at them; it's only a matter of five miles or so—it is better than riding along our muddy streets this foggy morning!”

But here again, to say a good word for old Brighton—in no town I know of do the *trottoirs*, at any rate, dry up so soon, being generally made of brick, and kept scrupulously clean; and if the great luminary will but smile upon them, the most delicate of ladies, in the very thinnest possible of *chaussures*, and in the most splendid of dresses, may walk along the Brighton *trottoirs* without the chance of either being *abîmé-d*.

“But where is Telscombe Tye?”

“Go right along the cliff, sir, past Kemp Town, and keep straight on; you will soon find that you are not alone. Cannot mistake the way, sir. They meet at eleven o'clock. If you are late you will easily find them; get

on the top of a hill, and you will be sure to see them."

"But what about the fog?"

"Oh, I think that will clear off. But you will have to mind them downs, for it's very easy to get lost on 'em; it's a wery wild place, is them downs. I've heard tell of gentlemen as has not know'd the way back, and been a roaming about all night, and never see'd a soul to show them the way; and I heard tell that the whole pack once ran clean away from every one, huntsmen and all, and never were heard of until the next week!"

"Well, I will go at any rate, fog or no fog, and take my chance."

On turning out of one of those feeders that debouch at right angles upon the Esplanade, and down which the wind as well as flies can descend at a marvellous pace, I came upon a crowd craning over a chasm where

some twenty or five-and-twenty feet of iron railing should have stood, but which had been carried away the night before. The smartest carriage in Brighton save one,—high-stepping dapple-grey horses, London coachman, powdered footman, bearskin hammer-cloth, gilt paws, and all, had been precipitated into Lady ——'s garden—an enclosed place some six or eight feet below the level of the roadway!

“How did it happen?” said I to a coachman-like-looking fellow—“a horsey-looking gent,” as *Punch* would designate him—in a fustian undress, with a short pipe in his mouth.

“Why, you see, sir, they was a driving quietly home—quite quietly like, after putting the missus down for dinner—and never seed that they had come to the end of Brunswick Terrace. The pole first caught the top cross-