

MASTER HENRY'S



RABBIT.



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Mary Gillette -
from her teacher -
E. J. Smith

MASTER HENRY'S
RABBIT;
THE BEES;
AND
THE FAITHFUL DOG.



M

TROY, N. Y.
MERRIAM & MOORE



THE HUNTER'S LIFE.



THE FISH WOMAN.



MASTER HENRY'S RABBIT.

AS Mr. Dalben and Master Henry Milner were one day taking a walk, they came to a rabbit warren which extended itself at the foot of

a hill ; and they saw many rabbits running across their way.

‘ O uncle ! uncle ! ’ said Henry, “ there is a rabbit, and there is another, and another ; see how they run ! what numbers there are ! ”

While he was speaking they came in sight of several boys who with a dog appeared to be engaged in pursuing the rabbits for sport ; but just as they were climbing over an old wall, they were met by the owner of the warren, who seized one of the boys and punished him, while the others with the dog ran away as fast as their legs could carry them.

“ There, uncle, ” said Henry, “ do you see that ? I hate those boys. ”

“ Do not speak in that way, my boy, ” said Mr. Dalben. “ You have been taught to dislike these cruel sports, but let us beware of condemning others who have not been

taught to think of the cruelty of such things; let us leave it to God to judge his creatures, Henry."

Mr. Dalben then walked on to a little cottage, which was in the centre of the warren, where he had some business; and while he was attending to his business, Henry played with the cottager's little boy. As they were returning, they saw a young rabbit lying at the mouth of a hole. Henry went up to it; it attempted to rise, in order to run away, but fell again, its leg having been broken; perhaps by a stone or stick thrown by one of the boys they saw a little while before.

"O! uncle," said Henry, "its leg is broken, and it will die of hunger. Let me take it home, and nurse it, and feed it; pray do, uncle—I am very sorry for it—pray do." And the little boy burst into tears.

After looking a moment at the rabbit, and seeing that it was not so much injured but that it might be recovered, Mr. Dalben gave his consent; and Henry, full of joy, ran back and borrowed a basket of the cottager's wife, whom he found sitting under a tree preparing a dish of bread and milk for the little boy.



Henry soon returned with a basket, at the bottom of which the cot-

tager had laid a little straw, and Mr. Dalben took up the poor little frightened creature, and laid it gently in the basket, and thus it was carried to Mr. Dalben's house. When arrived there, Thomas bound up its leg, and assisted Henry to establish it in an empty chicken pen, which stood in the yard; after which he directed Henry what food to bring it, for the rabbit was to be Henry's, and he was to have the sole charge of it.

For some days after Henry had brought his little white rabbit home, he took the greatest pleasure in attending upon it, and thought he should never be tired of his rabbit, and should never forget it; but Mr. Dalben knew Henry better than the little boy did himself; and therefore he made it his frequent custom to say to him, when he came in to

his meals, "Henry, have you remembered your rabbit?" He also gave a private order to Thomas to look to the poor creature, and see that it did not want any thing necessary to its comfort. It happened that, one day, Henry having seen a boy playing with a paper kite, he conceived a very strong desire to possess one, and having made known his wish to his uncle, Mr. Dalben was so kind as to send for some paper and string, and other articles necessary for making a kite; and Thomas, who was very handy in these matters, was allowed to help the little boy to make it.

When Henry got his kite he was so very much pleased with it, that I believe, had he had his own way, he would have played with it from morning till night.

Mr. Dalben more than once rea-

soned with him on the subject; but though Henry heard and understood what he said, I am sorry to say that when he got out again to his paper kite, the remembrance of his uncle's words flew away like the kite in the air, and there was no string to draw them back by.

It happened one morning, when this rage for flying kites was at its highest, Mr. Dalben said, as they were sitting down to breakfast, "Henry, have you fed the rabbit this morning?"

"O, no! uncle," said Henry, blushing, "I have quite forgotten it."

"Well," said Mr. Dalben, "go and feed it after breakfast; do not neglect it, I charge you."

At dinner, when Henry appeared again, Mr. Dalben made the same inquiry. Henry blushed, and hung down his head.

“You are greatly to blame, Henry,” said Mr. Dalben. “You would have done better, to have destroyed the little creature at once when you found it in the warren, than to keep it to perish with hunger. Go, careless boy, feed your poor rabbit now; and, in order that you may be able to feel for the poor little animal another time, I shall deprive you of your dinner to-day.”

The tears came into Henry's eyes, but he walked out of the room without speaking, and Mr. Dalben ate his dinner alone.

Henry did not return to his uncle till tea-time. When he had fed his rabbit he went into the garden, and walked about in the most retired parts of it, crying very bitterly, and thinking how cruel he had been to his poor little lame rabbit. I am also happy to say, that he humbled

himself before God for this sin, and prayed earnestly for a better heart; neither did he touch his kite during the whole evening.

At tea-time when Mr. Dalben sent



for him, he saw with pleasure that he had been crying; and hoping that he would not easily again fall into a fault of the same kind, invited him to partake of the tea and bread and butter, of which the poor little boy stood much in need.



THE BEES.

AS Mr. Dalben and Henry were one day taking a walk, they came in sight of a very old cottage,

standing in a garden, and shaded on the back ground by a number of high trees. At the same moment that they saw the cottage, their ears were saluted with a tinkling sound, like that of a bunch of keys rattling against a brass pan.

“As sure as I am here,” said the miller’s man, who was near them, “Betty Hodge’s bees are swarming. Come, Sir, let us make haste, mayhap Master Henry never saw bees hived; and it’s a wonderful curious sight.” So they all hurried on to the garden.

“Bees swarming, uncle,” said Henry, as he walked towards the cottage, “what is that? what does it mean?”

“You shall see, Henry,” said Mr. Dalben; “make haste, and I will explain it all to you by and by.”

Mr. Dalben, and Henry, and the

miller, made the best of their way towards the cottage, being regaled as they went along, by the merry tinkling of the keys against the frying-pan.

When they approached the cottage, which, as I before observed, was not far from the river, they perceived that every individual of the family, consisting of an old grandmother, a daughter, and five or six young children, were collected in the garden, where there were several bee-hives. The garden was full of bees, who were, as the miller said, playing about in all directions, and filling the air with their murmurs, which added to the tinkling of the keys, rendered it difficult to hear a word that was said.

When Mr. Dalben approached the little garden gate, he made Henry stand still, directing him to observe

what was passing, and not to be alarmed if the bees came near him and buzzed in his ears.



The miller in the meantime offered his services to help to hive the bees as soon as they settled; and in a short time, Mr. Dalben pointed out to Henry, that the bees, which had but just now been scattered all over the garden, were settling on a bough of an apple-tree, on which they presently were so thickly collected, that they formed a cluster

nearly as large as a man's head, but more in the shape of a cone. Henry and Mr. Dalben now entering the garden, were near to where the bees were collected. The old woman had placed a little round table, on which she had spread a large white cloth; she now produced a new hive, which had been rubbed within with the leaves of the nut-tree, and placed it upon the white cloth on two cross sticks.

“What is all that for?” said Henry.

“You will soon see,” said Mr. Dalben.

The miller then took the new hive, and putting it under the cluster of bees, he shook the bees into it, and placing it on the table, nearly covered it with the cloth, leaving only the little entrance to the hive open.

“There,” said the man, when he

had performed this exploit, "now for a bunch of stinging-nettles, and all will be right."

When the nettles were brought to him, he placed them on the bough where the bees had settled, and where some of them were collecting again.

"What is that for?" said Henry.

"To prevent the bees from leaving the hive, and returning again to the tree," said Mr. Dalben.

It was now time for Mr. Dalben and Henry to return home, so having wished Dame Hodge good luck with her bees, they started on their walk, and as they went along Mr. Dalben gave little Henry some explanation of what they had seen.

THE FAITHFUL DOG.

A FEW days after, an old clergyman, Mr. Nash, came to see Mr. Dalben; he travelled in an old fashioned one horse chaise, which he had possessed for many years, and lately it had been painted a bright blue, which added not a little to the singularity of its appearance. One day Mr. Nash took Mr. Dalben and Master Henry in his chaise for a ride to the village where he was born, which was but a few miles distant. On their way they came in view of a house at the end of an avenue, which appeared to have been built nearly forty years.

“There,” said Mr. Nash, pointing down the avenue, “I remember that

house being built; and I remember still better, the house that was there before it. It was a very old brick house; it was built, they say, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and was burnt down to the very ground when I was a boy. I can tell you a curious story which happened at the time it was burnt. The house was in possession of a widow lady, who had one son, a lad about my age. This boy was one day playing by a pond in the garden, and he fell in, and would surely have been drowned, had not a large Newfoundland dog, which was in possession of his mother, jumped into the water, and brought him safe to shore. You may be sure this dog was a great favorite in the family, ever after.

“It happened when I was about eleven years old, that this house was set on fire by the carelessness of a

servant; and the building being full of timber, which was old and dry, the flames raged so violently, that it was impossible to stop their progress. At the sight of the flames, the country people came from miles distant; and among the rest I followed my father, who was anxious to give what assistance lay in his power. But by the time we had reached the place, the roof of the house had fallen in, and a spectacle of extreme distress presented itself to our view. The fire, notwithstanding the pains which had been taken to prevent it, had communicated to the stable, in which the poor dog had been fastened by a chain, and in the confusion and uproar, had been forgotten, till it was impossible to go to his relief, excepting at the extreme hazard of life. The poor dog, who was fully sensible of his danger, fill-

ed the air with his cries, making every effort in his power to break his chain, but in vain. In the mean



time, the servants of the farm-house were using absolute force to detain Edward the farmer's son, who had made several efforts to go the assistance of his dog, although at the hazard of his life; his agonies and cries were however, not less pathetic than those of the poor animal. And

the old lady herself, seemed more touched with the situation of the dog, than with all her other misfortunes.

“In the meantime, the fire mounted even to the heavens, and the sparks seemed to mingle themselves with the very clouds, whilst the crackling beams, the waving flames, and the falling tiles, resounded to a great distance. At length, the flames reached the very room in which the poor dog was confined; and the agonies of Edward were wrought up to the highest pitch. ‘O my dog, my Cæsar!’ cried the poor boy; ‘O my Cæsar!’”

“For a moment the cries of the dog were more dreadful than ever: a terrible crash ensued; the floor of the loft above the room where he had been confined, had fallen in; and those who loved Cæsar, were

indulging the last sad hope, that his death might be speedy, and his sufferings short, when suddenly the dog appeared, making his way through the flames, which burst from the open door; and though singed and scorched, no otherwise hurt; but springing towards his master, exhibited the wildest testimonies of delight. The chain by which he had been held had been broken some days before, as it was afterwards remembered, and the links united by a piece of rope, the knots of which had remained firm, until the flames had reached the poor dog, and by burning the cord had set him free. And now," said Mr. Nash, "how shall I describe the joy of Edward? It was quite affecting to witness it I should never forget it were I to live a thousand years. He hugged his dog in his arms, he kissed him,

he congratulated him, as if he could have understood every word he said; and the poor animal in return, testified his delight by every expression of joy of which a dumb creature is capable."

"Oh! said Henry Milner, "I am so glad that Cæsar was saved. I really expected that he would never escape; did he live many years after that time?"

"Yes," said Mr. Nash. "He lived, I think, ten years after that; and I am told that Edward never would suffer him to sleep out of his own room, or to be chained up again."

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THE
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