

# BOBBY BRIGHT.



Dreading a halter my father would say  
Take care of your Neck, Bob, don't lohey

PLEASE

14



HISTORY  
OF  
LITTLE FIDO,  
THE FAITHFUL.  
*No. 34*  
AND THE  
WONDERFUL  
SQUIRREL.

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*Embellished with Coloured.*  
ENGRAVINGS.

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PRICE ONE PENNY.



## LITTLE FIDO,

A FABLE.

“WHAT shall I do,” said little Fido one day to his mother, “to shew my gratitude to our good master, and make myself of some value to him? I cannot draw or carry burdens, like the horse; nor give him milk, like the cow; nor lend him my covering for his clothing, like the sheep; nor produce



him eggs, like the poultry; nor catch mice and rats so well as the cat. I cannot divert him with singing, like the canaries and linnets; nor can I defend him against robbers, like our relation Towzer. I should not be of use to him even if I were dead, as the hogs are, I am a poor insignificant creature, not worth the cost of keeping; and I don't see that I can do a single thing to entitle me to his regard." So saying, the poor little Dog hung

down his head in silent despondency.

“My dear child,” replied his mother, “though your abilities are but small, yet a hearty good-will is sufficient to supply all defects.

The little Dog was comforted with this assurance; and on his master’s approach, ran to him, licked his feet, gamboled before him, and every now and then stopped, wagging his tail, and looking up to his master, with expressions of the most humble and affectionate attachment. The master observed him. Ah! little Fido, said he, you are an honest, good-natured little fellow!

Fido was now his master’s constant companion in his walks, playing and skipping round him, and amusing him by a thousand spor-



tive tricks. He also attempted to make himself useful by a number of little services. Hewas always ready to alarm Towzer, if there was any suspicious noise about the house, day or night. If his master pulled off his coat in the field to help the workmen, as he would sometimes do, Fido always sat by it, and would not suffer either man or beast to touch it. By this means he came to be considered as a very trustly protector of his master's property.

One hot day, after dinner, his master was sleeping in a summer house, with Fido by his side. The building was old and crazy ; and the Dog, who was faithfully watching his master, perceived the walls shake, and pieces of mortar fall from the ceiling. He comprehend-



ed the danger, and began barking to awake his master ; and this not sufficing, he jumped up, and gently bit his finger. The master, upon this, started up, and had just time to get out of the door before the whole building fell down. Fido, who was behind, got hurt by some rubbish which fell upon him : on which his master had him taken care of with the utmost tenderness, and ever after acknowledged this little animal the preserver of his life.





THE SQUIRREL THAT WOULD TRAVEL FROM HOME.

IN a pleasant wood, there lived a Squirrel, who had passed two or three years of his life very happily. At length he fell into the following soliloquy.

What, must I spend all my time in this spot, running up and down the same trees, gathering nuts and acorns, and dozing away months together in a hole! I see a great

many of the birds who inhabit this wood ramble about to a distance, wherever their fancy leads them, and at the approach of winter, set out for some remote country, where they enjoy summer weather all the year round. My neighbour Cuckoo tells me he is just going : and even little nightingale will soon follow. To be sure, I have not wings like them, but I have legs nimble enough ; and if one does not use them, one might as well be a mole or a dormouse. I dare say I could easily reach to that blue ridge which I see from the tops of the trees : which no doubt must be a fine place, for the sun comes directly from it every morning, and it often appears all covered with red and yellow, and the finest colours imaginable. There can be

no harm, at least, in trying, for I can soon get back again if I don't like it. I am resolved to go, and I will set out to-morrow morning.

When Squirrel had taken this resolution, he could not sleep all night for thinking of it; and at peep of day, prudently taking with him as much provision as he could conveniently carry, he began his journey in high spirits. He presently got to the outside of the wood, and entered upon the open moors that reached to the foot of the hills. These he crossed before the sun was gotten high; and then having eaten his breakfast with an excellent appetite, he began to ascend. It was heavy, toilsome work, scrambling up the steep sides of the mountains; but Squirrel was used to climbing; so for a while he pro-



ceeded expeditiously, but espying a large ravenous wolf, he was obliged to stop and take refuge in a cleft of the rock. Here he sat down to eat his dinner: and looking back, was wonderfully pleased with the fine prospect. The wood in which he lived lay far beneath his feet; and he viewed with scorn the humble habitation in which he had been born and bred.

On looking out and finding his enemy gone, he set out again, though



not so briskly as before. The ground was rugged, brown, and bare; and to his great surprise, near the top of the mountain, he discovered a clear pool of water; but, in attempting to satisfy his thirst, the ground gave way, in he tumbled, and with difficulty reached the bank with swimming. His strength and spirits being almost spent, he now seriously thought of giving up the point, and returning before night should come on. While he



was thus deliberating with himself, clouds began to gather round the mountain, and to take away all view of distant objects. Presently a storm of mingled snow and hail came down, driven by a violent wind, which pelted poor Squirrel most pitifully, and made him quite unable to move forward or backwards. Besides, he had completely lost his road, and did not know which way to turn towards that despised home, which it was now his only desire again to reach. The storm lasted till the approach of night; and it was as much as he could do, benumbed and weary as he was, to crawl to the hollow of a rock at some distance, which was the best lodging he could find for the night. His provisions were spent; so that, hungry and shivering,



he crept into the furthest corner of the cavern, and rolling himself up, with his bushy tail over his back, he got a little sleep, though disturbed by the cold, and the shrill whistling of the wind amongst the stones.

The morning broke over the distant tops of the mountains, when Squirrel, half frozen and famished, came out of his lodging, and advanced, as well as he could, towards the brow of the hill, that he might discover which way to take. As he was slowly creeping along, a hungry kite scaring in the air above, discried him, and making a stoop, carried him off in her talons. Poor Squirrel, losing his senses with the fright, was borne away with vast rapidity, and seemed inevitably doomed to become food for the



kite's young ones : when an eagle who had seen the kite seize her prey pursued her in order to take it from her ; and overtaking her, gave her such a buffet, as caused her to drop the Squirrel in order to defend herself. The poor animal kept falling through the air a long time, till at last he alighted in the midst of a thick tree, the leaves and tender boughs of which so broke his fall, that though stunned and breathless, he escaped without material injury,



and after lying a-while, came to himself again. But what was his pleasure and surprise, to find himself in the very tree which contained his nest. Ah! said he, my dear native place and peaceful home! if ever I am again tempted to leave you, may I undergo a second time all the miseries and dangers from which I am now so wonderfully escaped.

Large Alphabet.

A B C D E F

G H I J K L

M N O P Q

R S T U X

Y Z &.

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I 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0.

Dr. C. C.

John R. A.

Penny

# UNCLE TOBBY.



The heart which trembles at a tale of woe,  
May bound with courage when it meets the foe