AUNT MAVOR'S PICTURE BOOKS

FOR

LITTLE CHILDREN.

Min. FOX AND MISS HARE.



LONDON:

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND CO. FARRINGDON STREET.

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PRICE SIXPENCE.

CLOTH ONE SHILLING



MR. HARE AND MISS FOX.

"Is that you, dear Mr. Hare?" said Miss Fox in a faint tone, put-ting her pret-ty nose cau-ti-ous-ly out of a hol-low tree. "I am so glad to see you! I have had such a ter-ri-ble shock, that I re-al-ly thought I should have faint-ed. You re-mem-ber that dash-ing Cap-tain Stag, a ve-ry hand-some fel-low?"

"I ne-ver thought him hand-some," re-plied Mr. Hare, scornful-ly, "he was too tall and con-ceit-ed to please ev-e-ry bo-dy."

"Ah, poor fel-low!" sighed Miss Fox, "he will ne-ver more of-fend you. I have just be-held a pack of sa-vage dogs mur-der him in the most cru-el man-ner. I hid my-self in this qui-et hol-low, and here I have watch-ed and wept his sad fate. The poor dear Cap-tain made a brave de-fence; but what chance had he a-gainst a whole band of sa-va-ges!"

"Cap-tain Stag al-ways thought too high-ly of him-self," said Mr. Hare, "but I am sor-ry for him. But pray com-pose your-self, ear Miss Fox. Let me per-suade you to leave your re-treat, and axe a walk; you will be quite safe un-der my pro-tec-tion."



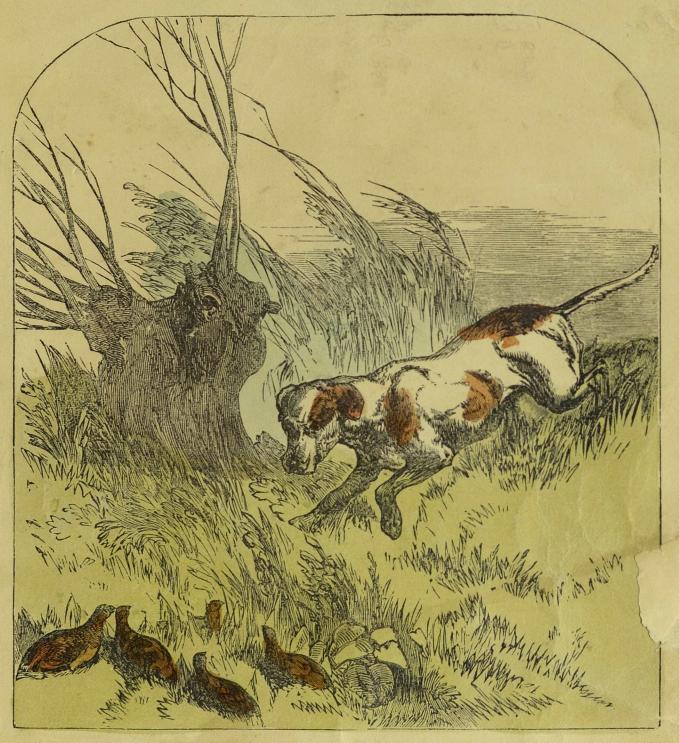
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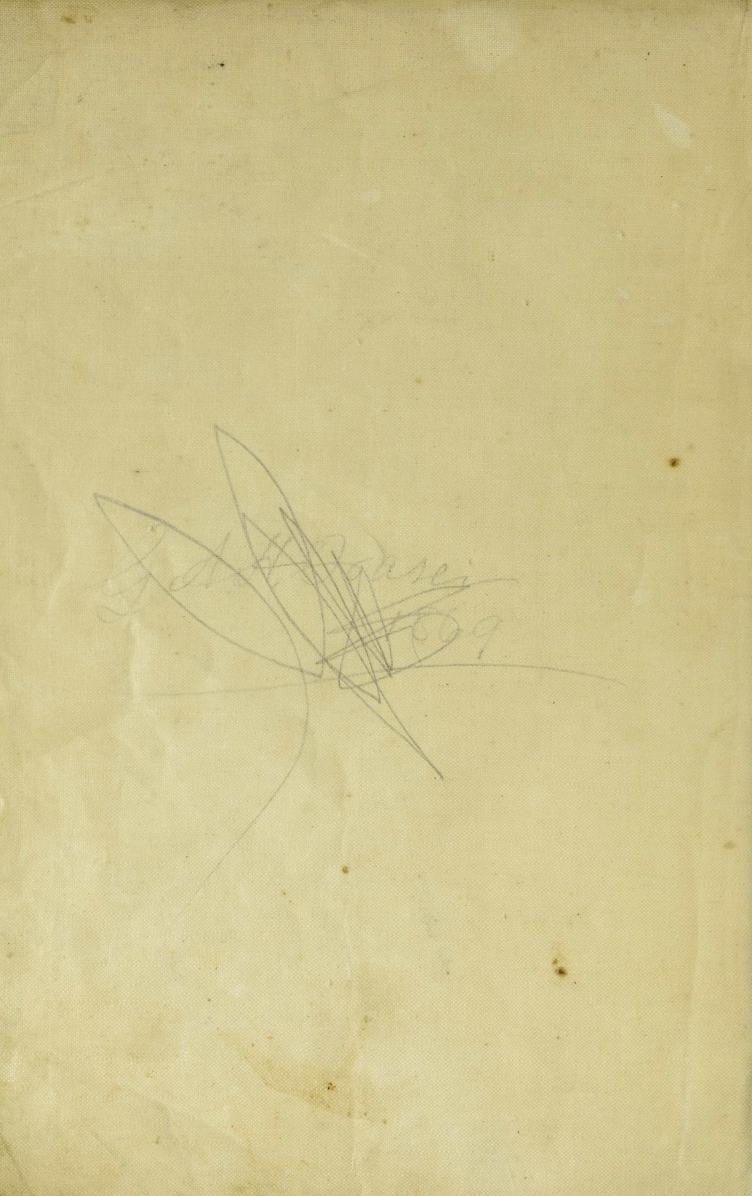
Miss Fox gave a gen-tle smile of as-sent, and, as-sist-ed by the gal-lant Mr. Hare, step-ped out. They had not walk-ed on, how-ev-er, more than a do-zen yards, when they a-gain heard the cry of the dogs, and in spite of Mr. Hare's boast-ing, he was quite as glad as Miss Fox to creep into a snug hol-low be-neath a hedge, from whence they saw an-o-ther mur-der.

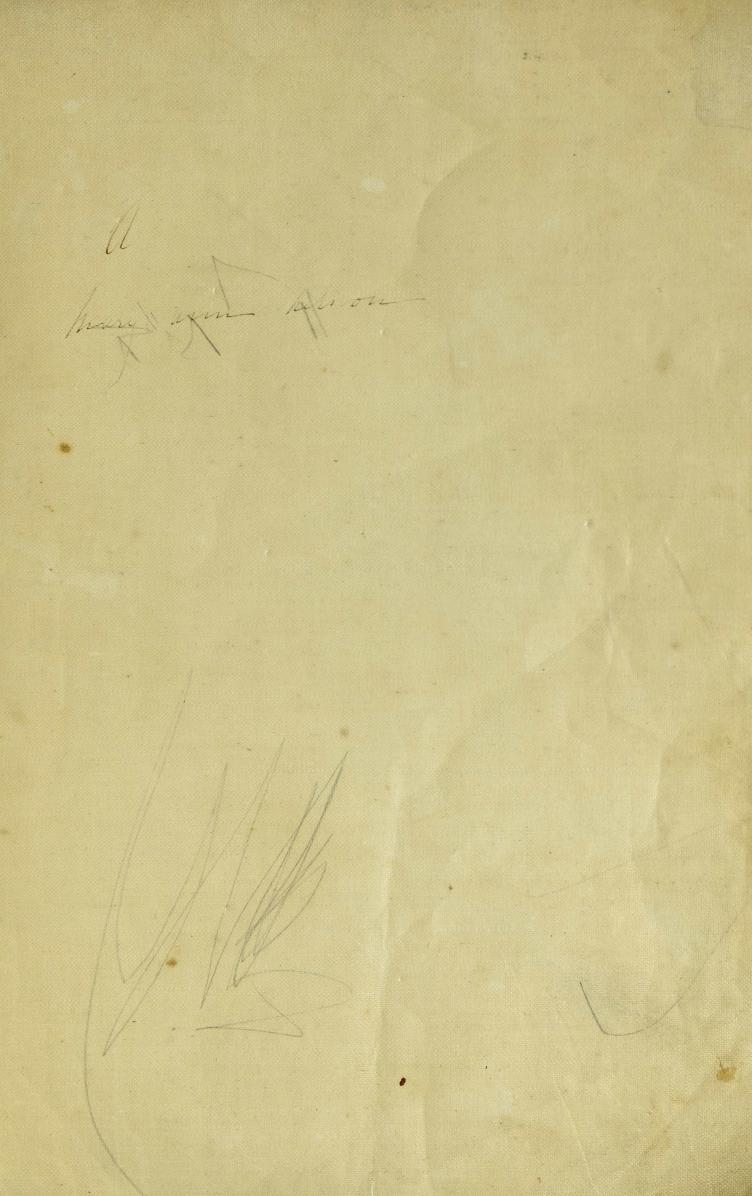
"Of all the sa-vage mon-sters that dis-grace the world by sing their fel-low-crea-tures," said Mr. Hare,—"I speak of the all be-ings who walk on four legs,—the dog is sure-ly the most and blood-thirs-ty. Cer-tain-ly, Go-ver-nor Boar was a ty-rant a bul-ly!"

"And such a hi-de-ous wretch!" sim-per-ed Miss Fox, as they n-ed their walk



"Not hand-some, as-sur-ed-ly," said Mr. Hare smi-ling, "but no-thing can ex-cuse the cold-blood-ed as-sas-sins. Let us pass from the dan-gers of the wood to this qui-et field, where you can be a-mus-ed by watch-ing the brood of young par-tridg-es at play." Miss Fox look-ed at the birds with a long-ing eye, but she knew Mr. Hare was a ve-ge-ta-ri-an, and did not like to name her taste for an-i-mal food. But in a mo-ment a crouch-ing point-er mark-ed the birds, while the re-port of a gun drove Mr. Hare and Miss Fox back to their re-treat, and stretch-ed two of the in-fant par-tridg-es bleed-ing on the field.







The two friends were not long in mak-ing their es-cape from this dis-turb-ed dis-trict; they took re-fuge in a qui-et cof-fee-house, and re-main-ed at a re-spect-ful dis-tance ob-serv-ing two grave North-ern tra-vel-lers, Mr. Brown Bru-in, and Mr. Black Bru-in, qui-et-ly read-ing the news-pa-pers. Mr. Hare a-gain point-ed out the peace-ful man-ners of the four-leg-ged world.

"What ex-cuse can there be," ask-ed Mr. Brown Bru-in, "for this war with Rus-sia? I al-ways found Rus-sia a good place to

live in."

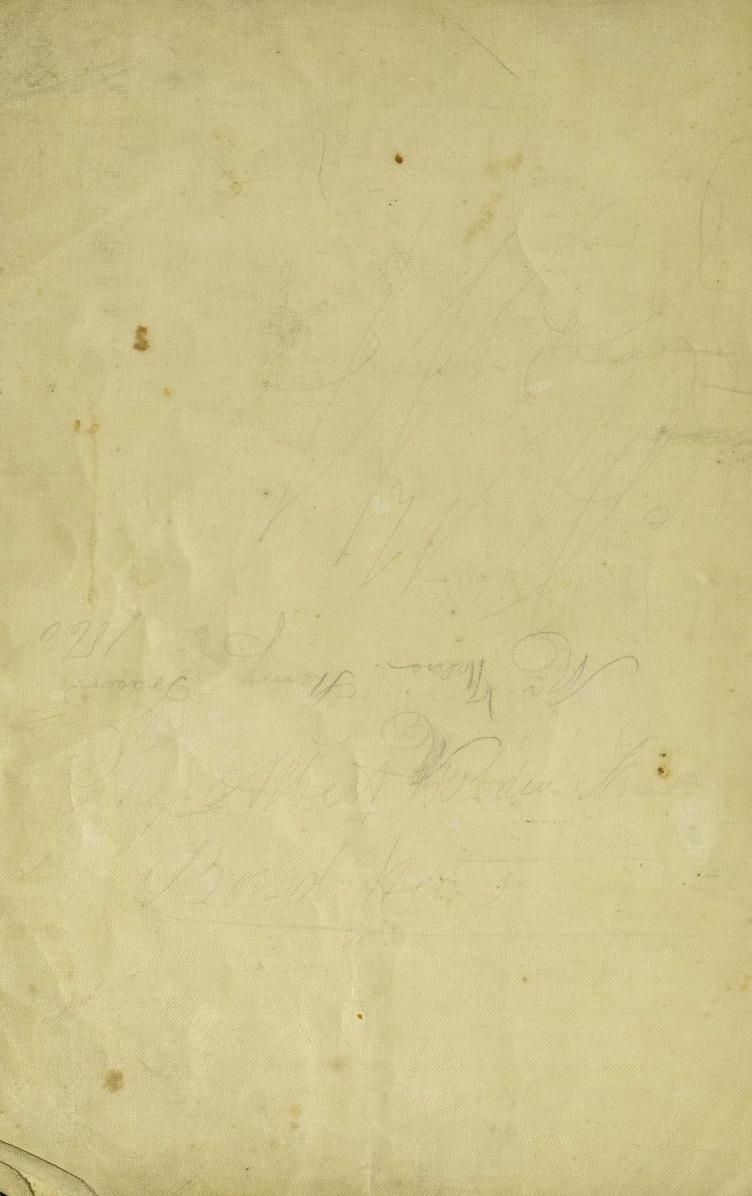
"I guess you know lit-tle of li-ber-ty," an-swer-ed Mr. Black Bru-in, "your Rus-sian Czar is a des-pot. I am a true A-me-ri-can Re-pub-li-can, and I say, 'Down with Ty-rants! Free-dom for ev-er!"

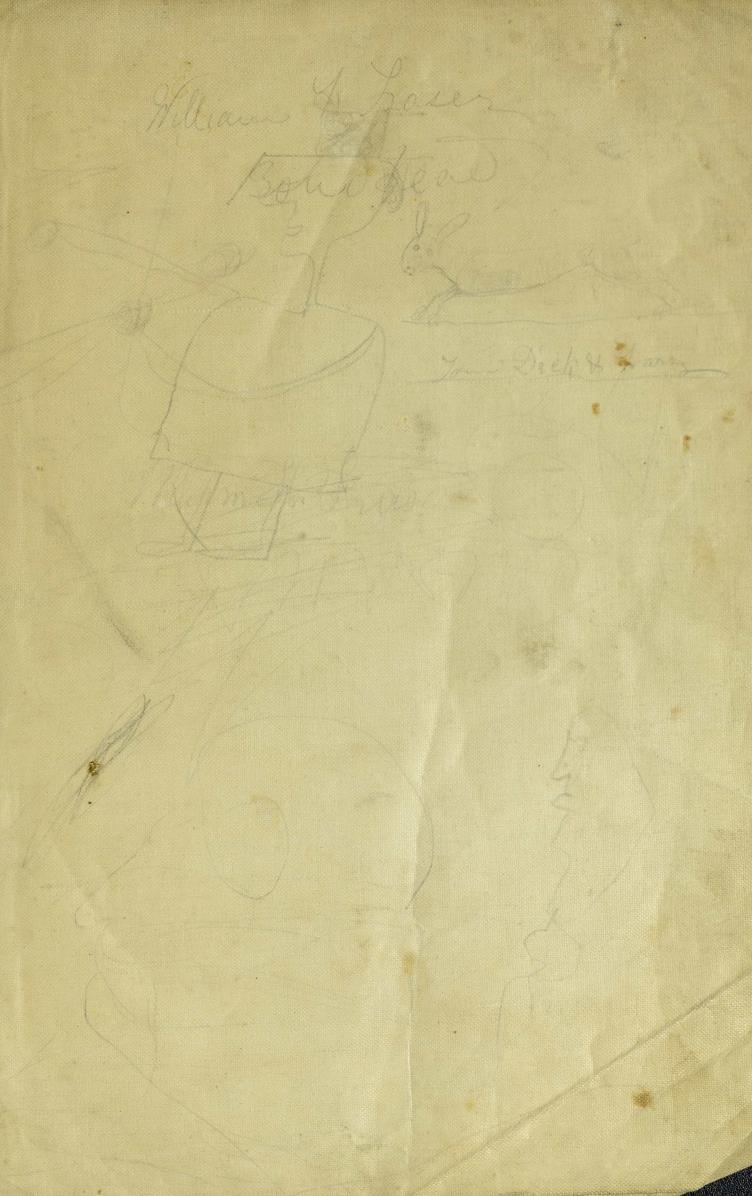
"You might know some-thing of free-dom in your in-fan-cy," re-pli-ed Brown Bru-in, "but you had a sla-vish life, led a-bout in a chain, in your free ci-ty of Wash-ing-ton!"



"You have in-sult-ed me!" growl-ed Black Bru-in; "and I de-mand sa-tis-fac-tion." The news-pa-pers were thrown down, and the two an-gry po-li-ti-ci-ans rush-ed out, fol-low-ed by Mr. Hand Miss Fox.

The du-el was a des-pe-rate snow-ball-ing af-fair, from who very se-ri-ous con-se-quen-ces were like-ly to oc-cur; and those of the com-bat-ants was of Eu-ro-pe-an, and the o-ther of A-me-ri-can o-ri-gin, they were e-qual-ly ac-cus-tom-ed to cold cli-mates, and ke up the con-test so long, that Mr. Hare and Miss Fox be-gan to grove-ry chil-ly, and left them.







A show-er of snow be-gin-ning to fall, Mr. Hare po-lite-ly ex-pand-ed his um-brel-la o-ver his gen-tle friend, who did ven-ture to re-mark, that e-ven the four-leg-ged cre-a-tion some-times broke the peace; but Mr. Hare as-sur-ed her this lit-tle mis-un-der-stand-ing be-tween the two dis-tin-guish-ed fo-reign-ers was quite an ac-ci-dent; and he con-ti-nu-ed to talk so well and so learn-ed-ly, that Miss Fox was quite won by his ta-lents, and could no lon-ger re-fuse the of-fer of his paw.



The mar-ri-age was soon af-ter ce-le-brat-ed, and was at-tend by the Peace par-ty ge-ne-ral-ly. A-mongst o-ther fes-ti-vi-ties was a ca-pi-tal race be-tween Nor-way Rat and Old Black; the joc-keys were well train-ed mice, and bets ran so high, and the were so hea-vy on the race, that it re-quir-ed all Mr. Hare ex-cel-lent gift of speak-ing to pre-vent the Peace par-ty from go to War.

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