

THE
GOOD NATURED BOY.



SIDNEY'S PRESS, NEW-HAVEN.

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William H. Hunt
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L. H. Hunt

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A little boy, went out one morning, to walk to a village about five miles from the place where he lived, and carried with him, in a basket, the provision that was to serve him the whole day. As he was walking along, a poor little half-starved dog came up to him, wagging his tail, and seeming to entreat him to take compassion on him. The little boy at first took no notice of him. but at length remarking how lean and fam-

ished the creature seemed to be, he said "This animal is certainly in very great necessity: If I give him part of my provision, I shall be obliged to go home hungry myself; however, as he seems to want it more than I do, he shall partake with me." Saying this, he gave the dog part of what he had in the basket, who ate as if he had not tasted victuals for a fortnight. The little boy went on a little farther, the dog still following him, and fawning upon him with the greatest gratitude and affection, when he saw a poor old horse lying upon the ground, and groaning as if he

was very ill: he went up to him, and saw that he was almost starved, and so weak that he was unable to rise. "I am very much afraid," said the boy, "If I stay to assist this horse, that it will be dark before I can return, and I have heard there are several thieves in the neighbourhood: however, I will try: it is doing a good action to attempt to relieve him, and God Almighty will take care of me." He then went and gathered some grass, which he brought to the horse's mouth, who immediately began to eat with as much relish, as if his chief disease

was hunger. He then fetched some water in his hat, which the animal drank up, and seemed immediately to be so much refreshed, that after a few trials, he got up, and began grazing. He then went on a little farther, and saw a man wading about in a pond of water, without being able to get out of it, in spite of all his endeavours. "What is the matter, good man?" said the little boy to him; "can't you find the way out of the pond?"

"No, God bless you, my worthy little master," said the man: "for such I take you to be by your voice.

I have fallen into this pond, and know not how to get out again, as I am quite blind, and am almost afraid to move for fear of being drowned."

"Well," said the little boy, "though I shall be wetted to the skin, if you will throw me your stick, I will try to help you out of it." The blind man then threw the stick to the side where he had heard the voice, the little boy caught it, and went into the water, feeling very carefully before him, lest he should, unguardedly, go beyond his depth: at length he reached the



blind man, took him very carefully by the hand, and led him out. The blind man then gave him a thousand blessings, and told him he could grope his way home, and the little boy ran on as hard as he could to



prevent being benighted. But he had not proceeded far, before he saw a poor sailor, who had lost one of his legs in an engagement at sea, hopping along on crutches.

“God bless you my little master,”

said the sailor; "I have fought many a battle with the French, to defend poor Old England, but now I am crippled, as you see, and have neither victuals nor money, although I am almost famished."

The little boy could not resist his inclination to relieve him, so he gave him all his remaining victuals, and said, "God help you poor man! this is all I have, otherwise you should have more." He then ran along, and presently arrived in the town he was going to, did his business, and returned towards his own home, with all the expedition he was able.

But he had not gone much more than half way, before the night set in extremely dark, without either moon or stars to light him. The poor little boy did all that he was able to find his way, but unfortunately missed it in turning down a lane which brought him into a wood, where he wandered about a great while without being able to find any path to lead him out. Tired out at last, and hungry, he felt himself so feeble, that he could get no farther, but sat himself down upon the ground crying most bitterly. In this situation he remained some time, till

at last the little dog, who had never forsaken him, came up to him, wagging his tail, and holding something in his mouth. The little boy took it from him, and saw it was a handkerchief nicely pinned together, which somebody had dropped, and the dog had picked it up ; and upon opening it he found several slices of bread and meat, which the little boy ate with great satisfaction, and felt himself extremely refreshed with this meal. "So," said the little boy, "I see that if I have given you a breakfast, you have given me a supper, and a good turn is never lost, done

even to a dog." He then once more attempted to escape from the wood, but it was to no purpose: he only scratched his legs with briars, and slipped down in the dirt, without being able to find his way out. He was just going to give up all farther attempts in despair, when he happened to see a horse feeding before him, and going up to him, saw, by the light of the moon, which just then began to shine a little, that it was the very same horse he had fed in the morning. "Perhaps," said the little boy, "this creature, as I have been so good to him, will let me



get upon his back, and he may bring me out of the wood, as he is accustomed to feed in this neighbourhood." The little boy then went up to the horse, speaking to him, and smoothing him, and the horse let

him mount his back without opposition; and then proceeded slowly through the wood, grazing as he went, till he brought him to an opening which led to the road. The little boy was much rejoiced at this, and said, "If I had not saved this creature's life in the morning, I should have been obliged to have staid here all night; I see by this, that a good turn is never lost." But the poor little boy had yet a greater danger to undergo; for as he was going along a solitary lane, two men rushed out upon him, laid hold of him, and were going to strip him

of his clothes, but just as they were beginning to do it, the little dog bit the leg of one of the men with so much violence, that he left the little boy, and pursued the dog, that run howling and barking away.

At this instant a voice was heard that cried out, "There the rascals are, let us knock them down!" which frightened the remaining man so much, that he ran away, and his companion followed him. The little boy then looked up and saw it was the sailor, whom he had relieved in the morning, carried upon the shoulders of the blind man whom he had helped out of the pond.



“There my little dear,” said the sailor, “God be thanked! we have come in time to do you a service, in return for what you did us in the morning. As I lay under a hedge, I heard these villains talk of robbing a little boy, that from the description, I concluded must be you; but I was so lame, that I should not have been able to come in time enough to help you, if I had not met this honest blind man, who took me upon his back while I showed him the way.”

The little boy thanked them very gratefully for thus defending him;

and they went altogether to his father's house, which was not far off, where they were all kindly entertained with a supper and a bed.— The little boy took care of his faithful dog as long as he lived, and never forget the importance and necessity of doing good to others, if we wish them to do the same to us.

THE MAN WHO HAD TRAVELLED.

A MAN who had travelled,
 His story unravelled,
 And strange were the things he related ;
 Till his hearers began
 To discredit the man ;
 For they were with his miracles sated.

So he racked his invention,
 To keep their attention,
 And at last he declared to them all
 That he leapt from the dome
 Of St. Peter's, at Rome,
 Without being hurt by the fall.

“ For,” said he, “ when at Rhodes,
 I conformed to their modes,
 And in leaping became so expert,
 That now should they toss us
 Clean o'er the Colossus,
 I am certain I should not be hurt.”

This, all were agreed,
 Was surprising indeed,
 Provided the whole were authentic ;
 Then the truth to confirm,
 He employed every term
 In *Sheridan*, *Johnson*, or *Entick*.

“ But, good sir,” said a friend,
 “ All our scruples must end,
 If you would but just leap from that steeple ;”
 But our hero thought fit,
 At that hint to retreat,
 From a pack of incredulous people.

When people assert
 An achievement expert,
 And have *only* assertions to show it ;
 There is ground to suspect
 That they are not correct ;
 The best proof of all is to *do* it.

