


POOR

BURRUFF.

BY MRS. SHERWOOD,

AUTHOR OF

“ Little Henry and his Bearer,” &c. &c.



LONDON:

PRINTED FOR HOULSTON AND SON,

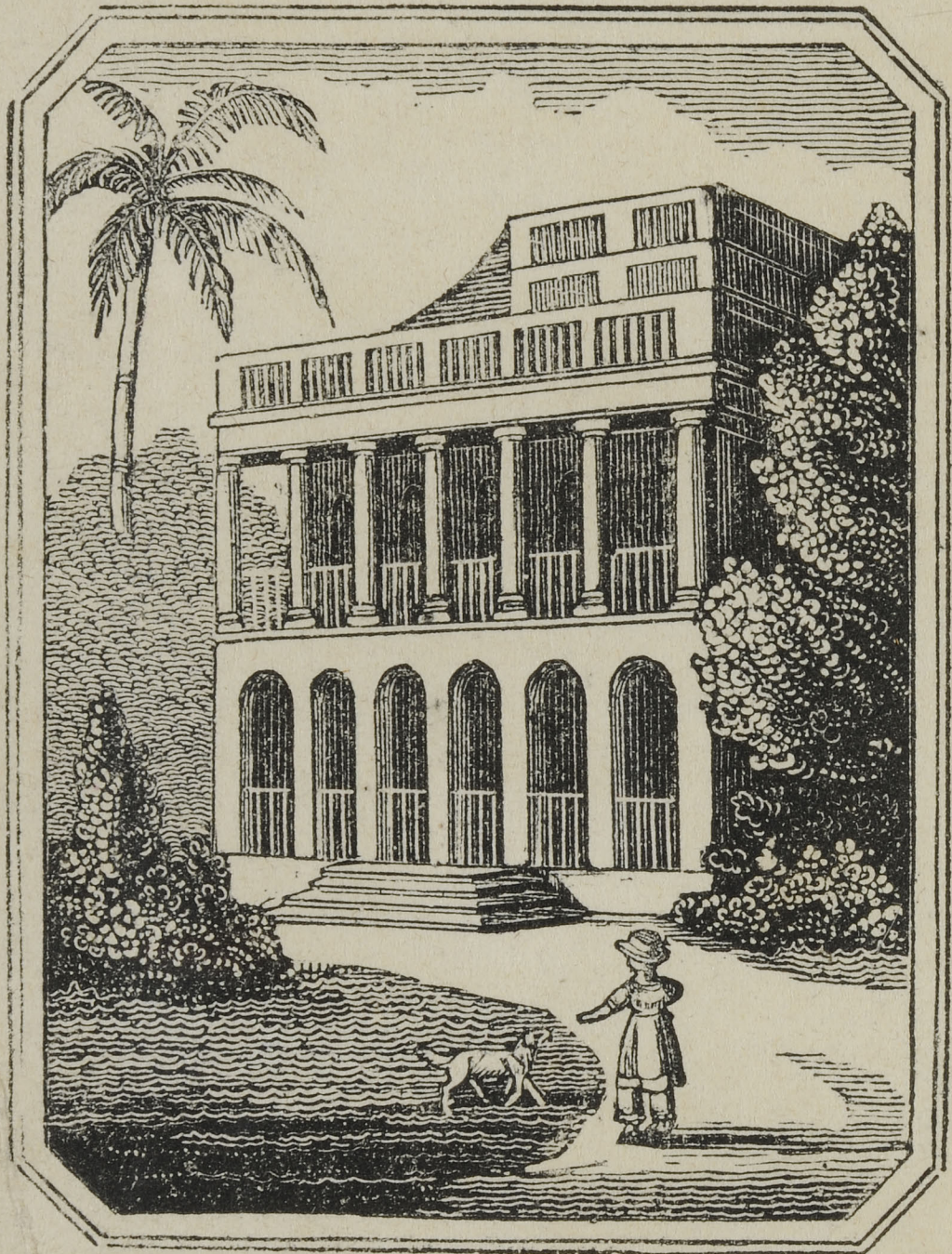
65, Paternoster-Row,

AND AT WELLINGTON, SALOP.

Price One Penny.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

FRONTISPIECE.



See Page 12.

POOR BURRUFF.

*Francis Sophia Adela Maria
Mowson*

from Aunt Maria
BY

MRS. SHERWOOD,

Author of "Little Henry and his Bearer,"
&c. &c.

SEVENTH EDITION.



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POOR BURRUFF.



WOULD you like to know the history of Poor Burruff? if so, you will find it in this little book.

But who was Burruff? was he a man, or a beast? He was a dog, and he was born in India. He was a very common sort of dog: he had not a fine shape, but his coat was quite white; this was the reason of his being called Burruff, because *burruff* is snow, and he was supposed to be as white as snow.

Burruff was nursed within the walls of a clay hut, which stood on the side of a heath, near Meerut, in India. This clay hut had once belonged to a beggar, but no one lived in it at the time when Burruff's mother took possession of it. I cannot tell how Burruff lived when he was old enough to be left by his mother; but I dare say that he had a very hard life, and had

many a kick from the black people, who are always cruel to animals.

Now there was a little English boy at that time living at Meerut; he was the son of an officer, and his name was Marten. This little boy used to be carried out every morning at sunrise, by Nerkon his *bearer*, and he was just old enough to be able to prattle to Nerkon as he was carried along. Marten was a thin little boy, and very light; and he used to ride on his *bearer's* shoulder as you would upon the back of a horse.

One morning, as Marten and his *bearer* were thus taking the air, they came to the edge of the common, which was covered with prickly bushes and various heath flowers, and there they saw a shepherd, with a horse-hair cloth fastened over his shoulders, and a number of long-legged sheep; they also saw a goat, with a fine white beard which came down to his feet.

Then they went on a little further, and came just opposite to the empty

house in which Burruff was born: the walls were built of mud, but there was no roof or thatch upon it. "Who lives in that house?" said little Marten to his *bearer*; but before the *bearer* could answer, Burruff put his nose out of the door-way, and stood wagging his tail. Marten had a piece of a white roll in his hand, and he broke a bit off and threw it to the dog. Burruff was at first frightened when he saw something thrown to him; but Marten called to him in a gentle voice, and then he ventured to smell the bit of bread, and the next moment he swallowed it and looked up for more. Marten threw him another and another piece, till he had not a bit of his roll left. I have drawn a picture of Marten and his *bearer*, and Burruff, and the goat, and the shepherd. When you come to this place you must look at the picture, and I dare say you will like it.

Now Burruff was a very sociable gentleman, and very free and easy in



his manners: it was enough for him only to meet with a kind look; he was always ready, at such times, to strike up a great friendship; and so it was now. As soon as he had eaten the bread he was for following Marten home, but the *bearer* would not let that be by any means, and sent him back in great haste. The next morning, however, and the next, and the next, Marten persuaded his *bearer* to carry him to the heath, where Burruff was always ready to receive him, and to take the little morsels which Marten brought for him; and, after the third

morning, the poor dog was found just without the gate, licking his lips and wagging his tail, ready to pay his compliments as soon as he should see his little friend. "I do love Burfy," said Marten to his *bearer*, for the little boy could not say Burruff, "and I will ask papa to let me take him in."

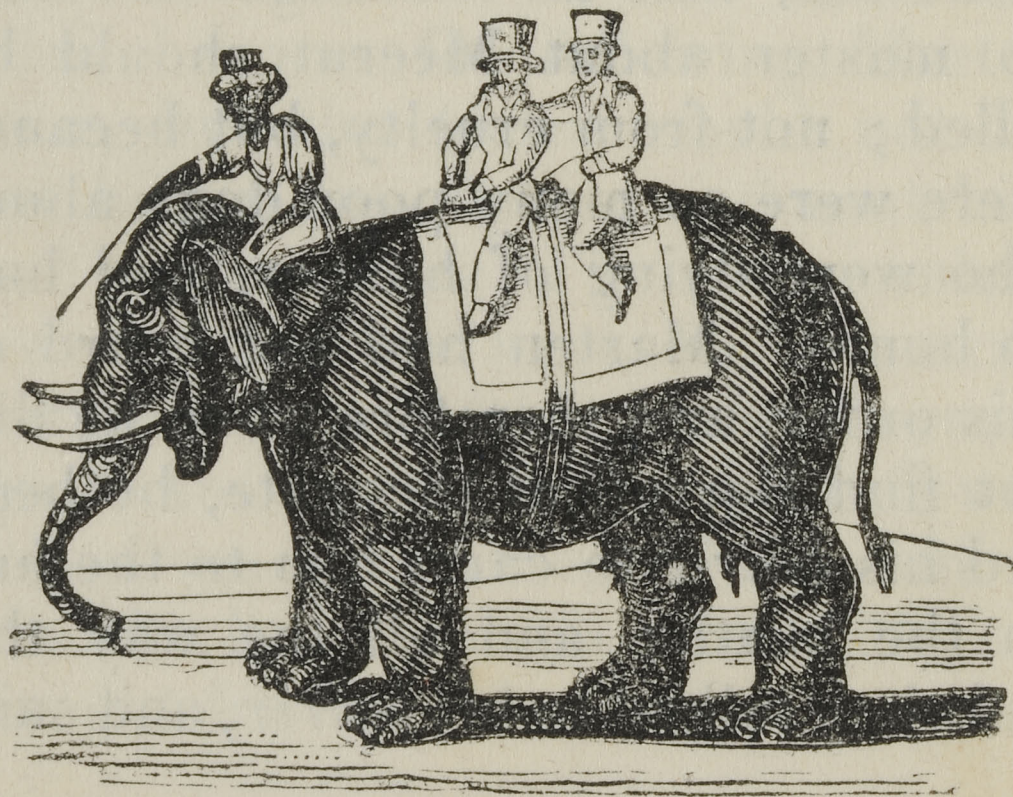
Marten did ask this favour of his papa when he was brought home to breakfast; and he begged so very hard, that his father granted his request; and, early the next morning, his *bearer* took him out to look for the poor dog.

But in the mean time an order had come out, that all the dogs who had no master about Meerut should be killed; not from cruelty, but because there were so many poor dogs about who were dying of hunger, and had no home. Marten had not heard of this order, and therefore when he did not find Burruff at the gate, he begged his *bearer* to carry him to the hut on the heath; and all the way the little boy talked to his *bearer*, and said

how he would feed Burfy, and take care of him : but when he came upon the heath, he saw no white dog, neither was there any shepherd there, nor any sheep or goats, only two gentlemen riding on an elephant.

I do believe that you never saw an elephant, and I am almost sure that you never rode upon one, therefore I have drawn the picture of this elephant for you ; it was a black one, and very large, and walked as fast as any horse could canter.

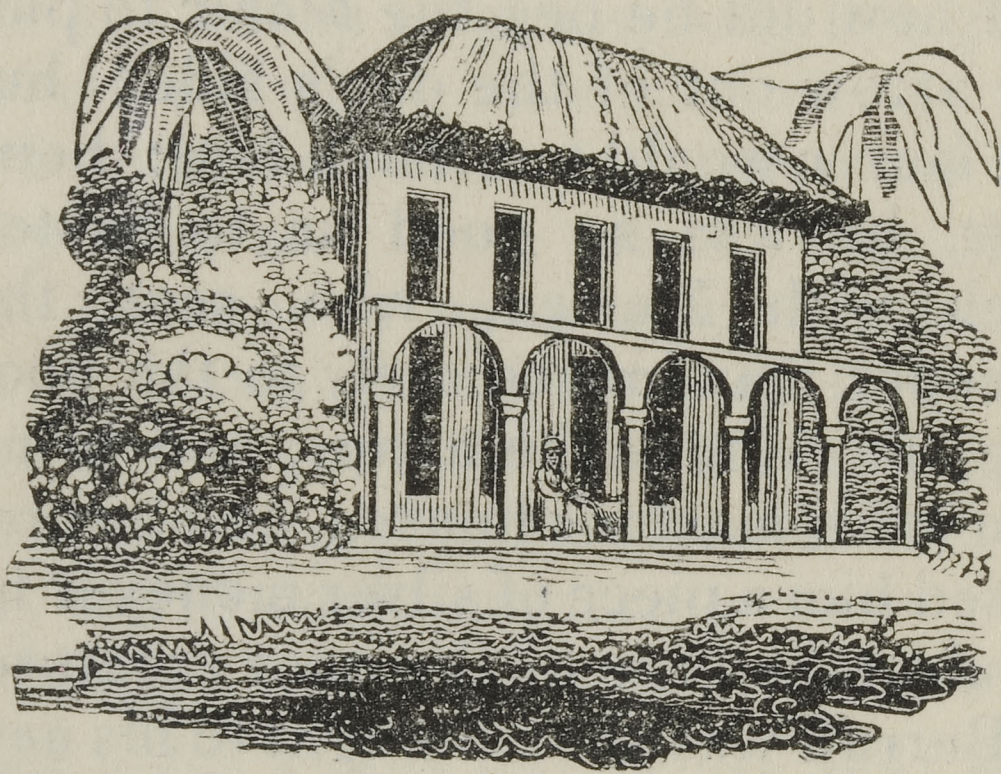
Marten and his *bearer* had come up very close to the hut before they saw



Burruff, and then they found him lying in the door-way, in a miserable condition, and with an arrow in his side. O, how did little Marten cry! and how did he beg the *bearer* to pull the arrow out of the dog's side! but the *bearer* would not touch him: however, he was so good as to hasten back with Marten, who sent the sweeper-man immediately to the poor dog, to remove the arrow, and bring him to his master's house; and he promised him a piece of silver money if he would take care of the poor creature.

Burruff was soon brought to his new home, and laid on straw, and fed; and, as the arrow had been taken out, and the wound was not deep, he soon licked it well: and then he was able to attend upon his dear little master when he was taking the air, and on many other occasions. Marten had a collar, with his name upon it, put on Burruff's neck, to prevent any one from supposing that he was a dog without a master.

Would you not like to see a view of the house of Marten's papa, and the *verandah* where Burruff spent most of his time?



Barfy and his master did not remain very long at Meerut, for Marten's papa removed into Bengal, and there they had a pleasant house, standing in a garden. (*See Frontispiece.*)

Now Bengal is very hot; and one moonlight night, when Marten's papa and mamma were gone out, the servants brought Marten's little bed out at the house-door, and laid him to

sleep under the shade of a *verandah*, where he was very cool and comfortable, and enjoyed the smell of some very sweet flowers.

Marten lay on his bed awake a little time, and was looking up at the moon and the stars, and thinking of a dear little sister whom he had once had, and who was then dead; and he was trying to remember all that his mamma had told him about little babies who die before they are old enough to know good from evil: how these little children are made white in the blood of the Lamb, and received into glory. These were sweet thoughts, and I wish that all little children, when lying on their beds, had such thoughts as these. The last thing which Marten did before he slept was to stretch out his little white hand and lay it on Burfy's head, for Burfy always lay by his master's bed.

In the mean time all the servants had gone to a distance at the other end of the *verandah*, where they sat talk-

ing and gossipping with each other, all of them being seated on the pavement.

At length Burfy was heard to growl in a low under tone, and then to snarl, and then to howl and bark in the most terrifying manner. And first Marten's *bearer* jumped up, and all the servants followed him, and ran towards Marten; and behold, when they came close to his bed, they saw a great hooded serpent with fiery eyes, drawn up in one corner, and ready to dart at the little sleeping boy's white hand. In another moment the serpent would



have bitten the child, and then nothing could have saved him from a painful death. The *bearer*, however, seized Marten's bed-cover and threw it over the serpent, and then the servants, all together, beat it to death with sticks and stones.

Thus poor Burfy saved the life of his little master. And Marten's papa was so grateful to the white dog, that when he came to England he brought him with him: and he took so much care of him that he lived to a great age; and when at last he died, he was buried in the gentleman's garden, and a white rose bush planted over his grave.

I hope that all the little boys who read this, may learn thereby how lovely it is to be kind to dumb creatures. Had Marten been a cruel boy, he never would have escaped the death which threatened him from the mouth of the hooded serpent.

FINIS.

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