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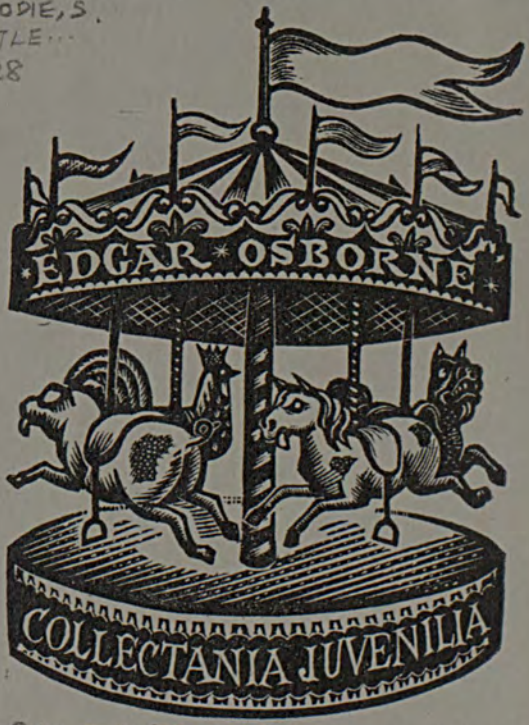

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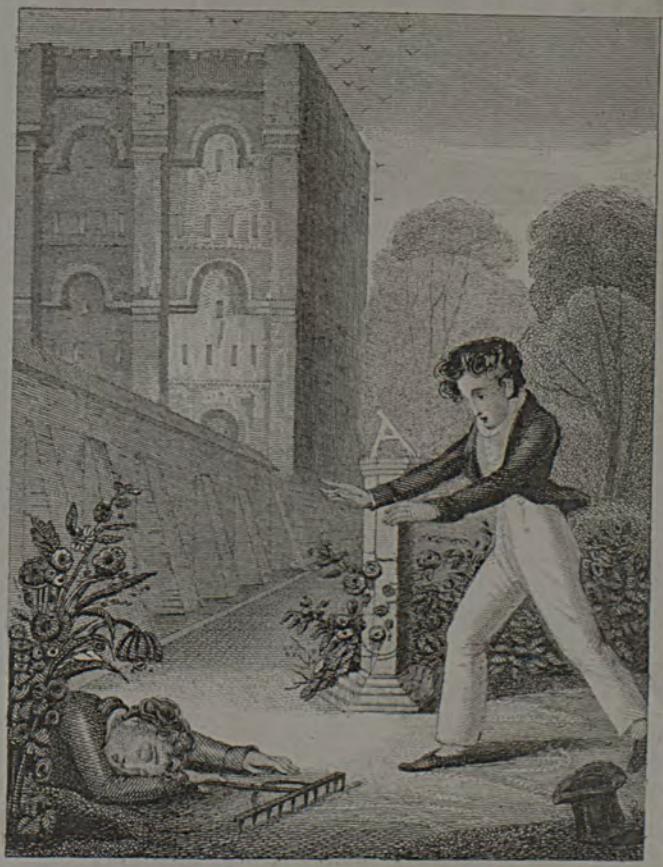

Drawn by Brook.

Engraved by Panormo

"THE BLOW STUNNED HIM AND HE FELL TO THE GROUND.

Vide The Little Prisoner Pa. 96

London Published by Dean & Munday Threadneedle Street Jan.y 1828

THE

LITTLE PRISONER;

OR,

PASSION AND PATIENCE:

AND

AMENDMENT;

OR,

CHARLES GRANT AND HIS SISTER.

By the Authors of

HUGH LATIMER, LITTLE QUAKER, ROWLAND MASSINGHAM, TELL TALE, REFORMATION, DISOBEDIENCE, &c.

He that is slow of wrath is of great understanding; but he that is hasty of spirit exalteth folly. Prov. chap. xiv. ver. 29.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

A. K. NEWMAN & Co. LEADENHALL-STREET.

1828.

THE

LITTLE PRISONER.

"HARK! what a noise there is below stairs?" said Mrs. Charlton, laying down her work, and addressing her husband, who was writing at a table near her; "the servants are certainly quarrelling."

"I am afraid, Charlotte, it is Ferdinand committing some outrage," replied Captain Charlton; "that boy is so violent, that if I do not find some means to soften his heart, and tame his furious temper,

he will grow up a pest to society, and prove the sorrow of our future years."

"The tumult increases," said Mrs. Charlton; "do step down, and hear what is the matter."

Before Captain Charlton could comply with his lady's request, the door suddenly opened, and a pretty, fair boy, of ten years of age, just put his curly head into the room, and said, in a voice of alarm, "Dear mamma, do come and speak to Ferdinand; he is beating the cook with Philip's coach-whip."

"Let me go to him," said Mr. Charlton, gently putting his wife from the door; "I think I will cure him of such tricks for the future."

"Pray, Henry, do not be too

severe," cried the fond mother, seeing the colour heighten in her husband's face.

"I trust I can find a method of punishing him without blows," said Mr. Charlton, hastily descending the staircase, followed by his eldest son.

On entering the kitchen, the first object that met his eyes was Ferdinand held by the coachman, while the footman was forcibly wrenching a whip from his grasp. Although his hands were restrained, the young gentleman was kicking and biting with all his strength; using, at the same time, the most violent language that uncontrouled passion could suggest; while his inflamed and distorted visage gave him the ap-

pearance of some animal, combatting with his keepers.

"What is the meaning of this disgraceful scene?" said Mr. Charlton, sternly surveying the hostile group; "Ferdinand, is it *you* whom I see under such degrading circumstances?"

Ferdinand only answered, by redoubling his frantic efforts to release himself from the grasp of Philip.

'Let him go, Philip," said Captain Charlton; "he is an unworthy boy, and has already bitten you severely."

"Aye, your honour, I think a muzzle would not be amiss for master Ferdinand," replied the coachman, relinquishing his hold.

Ferdinand no sooner found his hands at liberty, than, unmindful of the presence of his father, he darted on Philip, and struck him with all the strength he could muster.

"Robert," said Captain Charlton, calmly, turning to the footman; "step to Jones, the constable, and fetch a pair of handcuffs. When my son behaves like a madman, he must be treated as one."

These words were scarcely pronounced, when Ferdinand turned his eyes, with some alarm, on his father; the colour receded from his before-flushed cheek, and he stood, in the presence of his justly, offended parent; his breast still heaving with the violent passion by which he had been excited.

Captain Charlton addressed him in a mild, and impressive manner: "Ferdinand, are you convinced of your folly? and are you sorry for your past conduct?"

Ferdinand remained silent.

Mr. Charlton again put the question.

Ferdinand answered, by sneering at Philip.

"Dear Ferdinand," said Felix, affectionately taking his brother's hand, "do speak to papa; tell him you are sorry for your past conduct, and will never act so unworthily again; consider, how dreadful it would be, for a gentleman's son to be put in irons, like a common felon."

"I do not care," returned Ferdi-

nand, gloomily surveying Robert, as he entered the kitchen with the hand-cuffs.

"I am not sorry, and I will not say so!"

"Unhappy boy," said Captain Charlton, regarding his son with an air of painful commisseration; which was more irksome to the irritable Ferdinand, than the utmost severity, "you know not the extent of your crime: you do not care; you feel no shame, no remorse for your uncharitable conduct: you do not consider that the same spirit which leads you to behave thus, will one day hurry you on to commit murder; my servants gaze on you with pity and contempt."

"Dear papa, he is sorry; indeed he is!" cried Felix, clinging beseechingly to his father's arm; "his heart is too full to say so; but I know he is repentant."

"Do not weep, my kind-hearted boy," said Mr. Charlton, patting the curly head of the afflicted child, "your brother shall have a fair trial:" then turning to Ferdinand, he told him to follow him into the study.

Slowly and sullenly Ferdinand obeyed his father's mandate; when Mr. Charlton, taking a seat by a large table, placed the culprit on the other side, directly opposite: "Ferdinand Charlton, I have not yet heard the cause which gave rise to the criminal violence I have just

witnessed; and, as I never punish you unheard, listen attentively to what these people have to say against you. Philip, how did this affair commence?"

"Please your honour," said the cook, who had followed the other servants into the study; "the quarral began with master Ferdinand and me."

"Come forward, Mary, and give your evidence."

Ferdinand regarded her with a look of scornful defiance as she approached the table. "Nay, master Ferdinand, do not sneer at me; I am sorry to occasion you any trouble; but as your papa wishes me to speak on this matter, I shall only tell the plain truth."

"Do not mind that perverse boy, Mary; but answer me: How did this brawl commence?"

"Why, sir, I had just washed my kitchen, and master Ferdinand would run, to and fro, with his dirty feet, and trundle his hoop over the clean bricks; and when I asked him civilly to desist, he struck me over the head with the hoop, and threw down the pail of water all over the kitchen and my clothes. I told Robert to call his mamma, as I found my remonstrances of no use; and this put my young gentleman's spirit up, and he run to Philip, who was passing through the court-yard with his horses, and snatching his whip out of his hand, began dealing his blows in all di-

rections, till the coachman succeeded in securing him from committing further violence."

Robert, and Philip, and lastly, Felix, though most unwillingly, bore witness to the same."

"Now, sir," said his father, turning to Ferdinand; "what have you to say in your defence."

"I have done nothing to deserve all this," returned Ferdinand, bursting into a passion of tears: "I had a right to go through the kitchen, if I pleased, without Mary daring to interfere with me, or my hoop."

"Who gave you that right, Ferdinand? how often have I forbidden you to go into the kitchen, or to interfere with the servants. You have a large room, and a play-

ground, entirely for your use and amusement: You cannot find any pleasure in their company, and yours is irksome to them. Your conduct admits of no excuse. I find you guilty of assault on the person of my servant Mary; and, without your humble submission, and repentance for the same, I shall commit you, like every other riotous and disorderly person, to hard labour and solitary confinement.

Ferdinand was too proud to make the least profession of sorrow, and considered his father's sentence of little importance, as he knew, of old, that his brother's entreaties, and his mamma's tears, generally succeeded in obtaining for him a pardon; and he supposed the con-

finement of a day, and an additional lesson, would be the extent of his punishment. In vain the gentle Felix entreated his passionate brother to humble his spirit, and to solicit his father's forgiveness; Ferdinand, who, at another time, would have returned his caresses with interest, now pushed him rudely from him, calling him a base tell-tale and hypocrite.

Felix Charlton could hardly be considered his brother's senior, as they were twins; and though they had not both been nursed by their mother, or rocked in the same cradle, they were tenderly attached to each other. Ferdinand was a weak, sickly baby, subject to fits from his birth, and Mrs. Charlton was constantly

under the painful apprehension of losing him; her medical attendant advised her to seek a strong, healthy young woman for a wet nurse, and to send the baby into the country for better air, as the thick smoky atmosphere of the metropolis was very injurious to the lungs of his infant patient.

Mrs. Charlton was unwilling to separate the boys, whom nature had so closely united; but finding herself unequal to the task of nursing both, she reluctantly committed Ferdinand to the care of a female servant, who had for years formed a part of her household; and, at last, married from the family. Felix, a fine sprightly infant, was kept under her own superintendance.

Ferdinand remained in the country with his foster-mother, Rachael Gardener, till he was eight years old; his delicate and precarious state of health not permitting him to accompany his mamma and brother to the East Indies, whither they followed his papa's regiment. In the meantime, Ferdinand was completely spoiled by his nurse, who imagined, that indulging him in every whim and caprice, was the strongest proof she could give of the attachment she really felt for the weakly babe entrusted to her care. Her ruinous partiality, directed by these erroneous sentiments, laid the foundation of these sudden and violent gusts of passion, which formed the misery of

his future years, and became the constant source of disquiet and alarm to his fond and anxious parents.

When Captain Charlton and his lady returned to England, their first thoughts were directed towards their dear, but long absent child: and they lost no time in going themselves to fetch him from his quiet retreat in the country. He was greatly improved in his personal appearance, and looked so healthy and lively, that the fond mother, as she folded him in her arms, could hardly credit that the fine, rosy, laughing boy, who clung to her neck, was the tiny wailing infant, whose illness had given rise to so many anxious

thoughts; and had caused her to shed so many bitter tears.

It was not without some feelings of regret that Ferdinand bade adieu to his foster-mother, and the home of his childhood; but his sorrow was soon dispelled by the society of his amiable and sweet-tempered brother. The twins were as dissimilar in person, as they were in disposition and manners; Felix was fair, with large soft blue eyes, and flaxen hair; and possessed a most pleasing and benevolent aspect, which won the esteem of all who knew him: and these advantages were accompanied by such ingenuous, affectionate, and confiding manners, that he amply repaid his parents, by his grateful

and kindly disposition, for their utmost care. The cheerful tone of his voice gave pleasure to those with whom he conversed; and among his young comrades he was the universal friend and peace-maker, and the active protector of the helpless and oppressed; he gained, as if by general consent, the appellation of Happy Felix.

Though Ferdinand was slightly formed and delicate, and often suffered from sudden and violent fits of illness, which rendered him an object of constant solicitude to his parents, he had bright black eyes, chesnut curls, and laughing dimples; and, when not disfigured by passion, would generally be reckoned a pretty, spirited, brown boy:

at times he was joyous and animated; but in the height of his glee, if any one dared to cross his will, or interfere in his sports, he gave way to the most unreasonable bursts of anger, which were generally succeeded by a fit of sullen and perverse obstinancy; and if he could not wreak his indignation on the offending parties, he would even disfigure his own person with the same marks of violence he often bestowed on others.

Dreading a fresh attack of his old complaint, his mamma, on his first return to his paternal roof, had suffered these hasty ebullitions of temper to remain unchecked; till they gained such an ascendancy over his youthful mind, that neither

the gentle remonstrances of his father, nor the amiable example of his brother, could subdue his fiery and impetuous disposition, or convince him of the wickedness of yielding, on all occasions, to the influence of passion.

During the holidays, there was a constant scene of warfare carried on between Master Ferdinand and his father's servants; and, though only ten years of age, he contrived, by his unhappy temper, to disarrange the whole domestic economy of the house, setting servants and parents alike at defiance; and even the present offence was trifling when compared with the usual pranks he was constantly playing.

Mr. Charlton was a great enemy

to personal chastisement; which, when applied to Ferdinand, only seemed to render the offender desperate; and augmented the natural defect of his character. It is true, he never failed to repent of his faults, when he felt the evil effects they produced visited on himself, or on his dearer part, his beloved Felix; but, on the first provocation he received, all his good resolutions vanished. Felix was the only person who possessed the least influence over him; but, on this occasion, it was rendered of no avail; as he considered Felix had deeply injured him, by calling his papa to quell the riot, to which his imprudent passion had given rise. He now held his ears, and turned from his

judicious advice, with hasty and indignant gestures.

He was rather surprised at remaining, unpunished in the study, while his father gave orders to Philip, to put the horses to the carriage; and still more puzzled, when Captain Charlton told him to bid Felix good bye, as he must go with him.

"And where do you mean to take me, papa?" he said, in a tone of considerable alarm.

"To prison, Ferdinand."

"Dear papa, you are not in earnest?" cried Felix, bursting into tears. "Oh! pray do not put your threat into execution. He will be good! indeed, he will!"

"Hear me, Ferdinand, for the

last time, and weigh well my words. If you will candidly confess your past error, and ask Mary's pardon, promising faithfully to amend for the future, I will forgive you, and think no more of your bad conduct. I give you five minutes to determine on which path you mean to pursue; and if, at the expiration of that time, you remain obstinate, no entreaty shall mitigate your just punishment."

As Mr. Charlton ceased speaking, he put his watch down on the table, saying, "It wants five minutes to five o'clock."

"To ask Mary's pardon!—that I never will," thought Ferdinand. He saw the minute-hand rapidly moving round the face of the watch,

he met the imploring, tearful glance of his brother's soft blue eyes, and he felt that his father was steadily surveying his varying countenance; but false pride tied his tongue; the words rose to his lips, but the good resolutions died in his heart, before he gave them utterance; and he started with a cry of poinful emotion, as the great dial in the hall struck the hour; he trembled and turned pale, but his emotion elicited no word of repentance from his lips.

"Ferdinand," said his father, sternly, "the hour for conciliation is past—follow me."

"Let me kiss dear mamma, first."

"Do you deserve the caresses of a kind parent, Ferdinand? The sight of you would make her regret

having given birth to so unworthy a son."

Ferdinand cast one last look on Felix, as he left the room. The kind-hearted boy was leaning his head on the table, weeping bitterly. Ferdinand felt he was the cause of those tears, and his heart smote him; but pride came again to his assistance. "Papa only means to frighten me," he said to himself. "Yes, yes! I see it all now; he means to terrify me into asking Mary's pardon; but I never will."

With this resolution, he shrunk into a corner of the carriage, and, covering his face with his hands, remained silent, while they proceeded through the streets of N——.

Mr. Charlton ordered Philip to

stop the carriage at the foot of the hill, leading to the castle, as he wished to speak to Mr. Smeaton, the Governor. Ferdinand was rather startled at this order, but he still imagined his father only meant to frighten him.

They alighted from the carriage, and ascended the hill leading to this ancient and noble edifice, in perfect silence; and Captain Charlton left his son in the court-yard, within the iron gates; while he went into the castle, to speak to Mr. Smeaton.

Besides being very psasionate, Ferdinand was very impatient; and he was soon tired of walking round the fine quadrangle and observing the gothic structure of the august building; and he began, in his own

heart, to revile his papa for leaving him so long alone in a strange place. "He has certainly gone home, and means to leave me here all night," said Ferdinand; but I will not stay, I am determined. Then approaching the old porter, who sat by the gate, he asked him, in no very courteous tone, to let him through.

"I am sorry, young gentleman, I cannot comply with your request," returned old Grenard Pike; "but I have received orders to the contrary."

"And who dared to give you such orders?" said Ferdinand, reddening with passion.

"Those whose authority can neither be disputed by you nor me, Master," returned the porter, drily.

"So you had better leave off kicking the gate, which only hurts your own heels, and cannot conjure the key out of my pocket."

"You ugly, disagreeable old creature!" said Ferdinand, almost screaming with passion; "I will inform the Governor of your insolent conduct."

"You will never have a better opportunity than the present," returned the provoking Grenard; "for here comes Mr. Smeaton."

Hearing some one approaching, Ferdinand left off kicking the gate, and abusing the porter, as he expected his papa was with Mr. Smeaton, and was very angry at being disappointed.

"I would thank you, sir," he

said, addressing the Governor, "to order your man to let me through the gate, as I do not choose to stay here any longer."

"You can give no orders here, young man," returned Mr. Smeaton. "Perhaps you are not aware that you are my prisoner?"

"Your prisoner, indeed!" exclaimed Ferdinand, relapsing into his former passion. "Pray, where is papa?"

"At home, by this time," said Mr. Smeaton.

"Then I will go home too," returned Ferdinand; renewing his fruitless assault on the gate. "I hate you! I will not stay here another minute."

"You had better quietly submit

to your punishment," said the Governor: "this violence will render your condition worse, instead of bettering it. Those who commit evil deeds, ought always to meet the chastisement they deserve."

"You are a cruel, hard-hearted man!" sobbed Ferdinand. "I have heard our boys, at school, call our master a tyrant, and I dare say you are one too!"

The Governor only smiled at this sally, which appeared greatly to divert old Grenard Pike.

"Well, Master Charlton, if you prefer staying here all night, in the rain, (which now began to fall very fast), without your supper, I will wish you a very good bye."

When Ferdinand found all hope

of inducing the porter to open the gate was at an end, he began seriously to consider, that it would be his best plan to follow Mr. Smeaton quietly into the Castle; as he did not much relish the idea of passing the night in the open air, with no other companion than Grenard Pike, the surly porter, with whom he had already commenced hostilities; and even he had retreated into the little lodge by the side of the gate.

With a very ill grace, he followed Mr. Smeaton into the Castle; when that gentleman conducted him to a small, neat apartment of modern structure, which belonged to the suite of rooms allotted for the use of the Governor and his family.

Ferdinand cast a hasty glance

round the apartment; every thing was very plain; the furniture was of polished oak, and oil-cloth covered the floor, and a small bureau bedstead occupied a corner of the room; the heavy iron bars that secured the high narrow casement, was the only circumstance which conveyed to his mind the idea of a prison, which he had been used to picture to himself as a horrible, dark place, full of toads and snakes, and the like nuisances.

"I hope," said Ferdinand, in a discontented voice, "you will send me something to eat, for I am very hungry."

"You will have the usual allowance at the proper time," returned Mr. Smeaton. "Master Charlton,

I shall not see you again before to-morrow; I therefore wish you a very good night; recommending you to better thoughts, and hoping you will not forget to say your prayers, and ask forgiveness of your heavenly Father, for your late conduct."

So saying, he left the room, and Ferdinand, with no very enviable feelings, heard him lock the door after him.

"I have read in history of people making their escape from prison," said Ferdinand to himself; "perhaps I may contrive some plan to get out of this hateful place, and outwit this spiteful old Governor, and his ill-natured porter."

Indulging this idea he carefully examined every corner of the room,

but his search ended in disappointing every hope of escape. The windows were placed at a great height from the ground, so that he was forced to climb on a chair to reach them; and though, at length, he succeeded in opening the casement, the iron bars that secured it were so close together, that they only would admit his hand between them.

Tired with his fruitless scrutiny, vexed and disappointed with himself, and mortified with his present degrading situation, he sat down on the ground, and cried aloud. While indulging in tears, which flowed more from pride than remorse, the door opened, and a stern-looking old man entered the room, and, without saying a single

word, placed before the young prisoner a white roll and a pitcher of water.

Ferdinand viewed his unsociable visitor, for some minutes, with infinite disdain; the anger he had been obliged to bridle in solitude now broke out afresh. "Do you imagine, old man, that I will live upon bread and water? No: I will starve first!"

"Many a proud word comes off an empty stomach," was the provoking reply. "But please yourself, young gentleman; no other food is allowed here by the Governor, unless the prisoners purchase it themselves."

Ferdinand put his hand, with an air of great ostentation, in his

pocket, but he looked very foolish when he discovered he was penny-less; and he remembered he had been obliged to lay out all the ready money he possessed in repairing the damage he had done to the windows of old Betty Lond, the cake-woman; for she, in a fit of passion almost equal to his own, had dragged the offending culprit before his father, who obliged him to make good the mischief he had done.

The conviction of his poverty only served to heighten Ferdinand's displeasure, and flinging the bread disdainfully on the ground, he told the old man, he did not care for him or the Governor either; that he might eat the bread himself; for he was a gentleman, and had never been used to such hard fare."

"Very likely not," returned the man, coolly turning on his heel; "you then knew how to behave yourself like one." Then seeing Ferdinand dash down the pitcher of water, he added, with a sarcastic smile, "It is a pity to quarrel with your food; you will have no more provided for you before this time to-morrow morning." He then unfolded the bureau bed, and placed a small bundle, containing Ferdinand's night-clothes, on a chair near it; picked up the fragments of the broken pitcher, wished the refractory prisoner good night, and then left the room.

Ferdinand with some alarm saw the daylight diminish through the high narrow windows; and being

naturally fearful in the dark, his pride began to abate, and he recalled, with no small degree of terror, the strange stories of ghosts, and the marvellous adventures of fairies and hobgoblins, with which Rachael Gardener had imprudently soothed his wayward infancy; implanting in his young mind a firm belief in these fictitious and imaginary beings, and he scarcely dare glance round the room, or raise his head, for fear of encountering some such frightful appearance.

Turning from these gloomy thoughts, he pictured to himself his own comfortable home, and contemplated, in idea, his dear Mamma and Felix seated round the tea-table, while his Papa read aloud to

them some amusing or instructive tale; and he now bitterly repented of his folly, as he contrasted his situation with theirs. "I wonder what makes Felix so happy?" he said; "he is always cheerful and good-tempered, and never gets into any scrapes, like me; but then he is never treated harshly, as I am; he is loved by every body who knows him, while the servants call me an ill-tempered, disagreeable, rude boy."

Had Ferdinand possessed the least knowledge of himself, he would have found that the universal dislike expressed by strangers towards him, originated in his own bosom, and sprung from that restless disposition he had never attempted to control.

After indulging, for some time, in these gloomy reflections, he thought he should be much safer in bed, and hastily undressing, he retired to rest, and soon lost, in the forgetfulness of sleep, the cares and sorrows which had marked the day.

The next morning, he awoke with the sun, and, for a few minutes, gazed round the apartment like one in a dream, who entertains a strange doubt of the reality of the scenes in which he often finds himself an unwilling actor. At length recollection returned, and he sprung from his bed with renewed sorrow, and increasing appetite. He began to wish for even a small piece of that bread he had in his passion so wantonly cast away, when he contem-

plated the hours that must elapse before the old man would renew his visit. Looking carefully round the room, he discovered, to his infinite satisfaction, the remains of the crushed roll, lying at some distance from him on the floor; and a beautiful robin, who had entered at the casement (which he had left unclosed the preceding evening), making a hearty meal of the same.

"Pretty robin," he exclaimed, regarding with tenderness the red-breasted stranger, "you are a silly bird, to venture into a prison to share my sorry meal." As he approached to take up the broken roll, the robin hopped to a little distance, regarding him attentively with his

bright black eye, as if willing, yet fearful, of commencing a further acquaintance. Ferdinand scattered some crumbs on the sill of the window to induce him to stay, but had the mortification of seeing him fly from the casement, and perch on a large mulberry-tree in the castle garden, whence he repaid the young prisoner for his breakfast with a cheerful song.

"Oh, what a lovely morning!" sighed Ferdinand, climbing up to the window, and looking wistfully on the garden beneath; "how I wish I could get out into the open air. Happy robin! you are at liberty to hop from bough to bough, and divert yourself among the fruit

and flowers; while I am shut up in a dismal dark room, to weep and pine over my hard fate."

Ferdinand determined to confess his repentance for his past folly to the Governor, and to beg that gentleman to intercede with his father, to soften the rigour of his sentence, and release him from prison; but in the opportunity to do this he was disappointed, as two days passed away, and he only saw the cross old man, for whom he felt the greatest antipathy, and who informed him that Mr. Smeaton was absent on business, and would not return till the next day.

Ferdinand rose on the morrow with a heavy heart, but hope lurked beneath the vexation he felt in being

kept thus long in solitary confinement. He should, most likely, see Mr. Smeaton; or his papa might think he had sufficiently expiated his fault, and would come and take him home; or, at least, send his dear Felix to console and comfort him in his misfortunes. Possessing a very active mind, Ferdinand was completely weary of having nothing to do, or to divert his attention from his own melancholy thoughts. Gladly, during his confinement in that solitary chamber, would he have written the hardest Latin exercise, or studied the longest sum, with more pleasure than ever he flew a kite, or played a game of marbles.

The robin came every morning for his daily donation of crumbs,

and the greatest intimacy was soon established between Ferdinand and his winged visitor; but robin could not stay all day to amuse him, neither was Ferdinand so cruel as to detain him; but he always hailed the appearance of the bird with unspeakable delight. The whole week passed without his seeing Mr. Smeaton, and he began to despair of ever being released from confinement; and though he hated the sight of the old man, and was always very rude to him, he now determined to treat him with more civility for the future, as he apprehended that Mark reported his insolent behaviour to the Governor, which was the reason that gentleman never visited his apartment.

One morning, he felt unusually dull, for robin had not come to visit him; he therefore hailed the approach of old Mark French with some pleasure, and left off tracing with his finger the clumsy pattern on the oil-cloth, and addressed him in a lively and conciliatory manner.

Instead of bread and water, Mark brought him a basin of nice new milk and a buttered roll for his breakfast, and remarking the alteration in Ferdinand's voice and manner, he said, "So, Master Charlton, I suppose you are willing, at last, to listen to reason: I find close confinement and hard fare can quell even *your* spirit. I thought it would be strange if the same method which tames the wild beasts of

the forest should fail in producing the desired effect on you. However I am glad to see this change in you; and hope you are well this fine morning?"

"Not a bit the better for seeing you, with your sour face and your ugly wig," said Ferdinand, relapsing into passion; "or for being called a wild beast."

"I did not call you one," returned Mark drily;" but if I had, I find I should not have made a great mistake, while you continue to behave like one."

"I meant to be a good boy," said Ferdinand, bursting into tears; "but the sight of you, and your provoking speeches, drove all my better thoughts out of my head."

"I am sorry for it," returned Mark, "for I still see great room for amendment. Had you conducted yourself with any temper, I would have allowed you to walk in the castle garden this fine spring morning."

"What is the use of telling me of sunshine, which I cannot enjoy?" returned Ferdinand, sobbing between every word; "I wish it rained, with all my heart,"

"Indeed!" said Mark. "Do you quarrel with this beautiful day? that, surely, cannot have offended you."

"Yes, but it has though! If it rained, I should not regret so much being denied taking my pleasure abroad. I wish I had never quarreled with any one, for I am tired

of being confined in this horrid place."

"Your late intemperance is no proof of it," returned the provoking old man. "For my part, I think you must be very much attached to prison, or you would take more pains to regulate your conduct, and to keep a civil tongue in your head; for I assure you, Master Charlton, while you continue to behave in this saucy manner to those that have authority over you, you will never be set at liberty."

Ferdinand was so terrified by this assurance, that, forgetting his former pride, he clung beseechingly to old Mark's arm, and said, in an humble voice, "I am sorry for what

I have said; forgive me this once, and I will try and behave better for the future."

"I take you at your word, Master Charlton, and, for once, will try how long you will be able to keep your good resolution."

"I promise you I will never act so unworthily again," said Ferdinand, in a confiding and affectionate tone.

"Never is a long word," returned Mark. You have not yet been tempted; and those who rely upon their own strength, are very often betrayed into error."

"On whom then should I rely?" said Ferdinand, fixing his fine dark eyes, with a look of anxious inquiry,

on the old man, who, taking his hand, shook it affectionately, and replied,

"Man, left to himself, my dear child, "can do nothing but commit evil; he remains in a savage, unenlightened state of existence, yielding, on all occasions, to the same bad passions which deform your character, and render you an object of fear and aversion to your young friends. To remedy all this, you must, first, carefully examine your own heart, and try to discover in what particular you most offend. If you take a candid view of yourself, you will find the cause of your displeasure originates wholly in the wrong estimate you form of the words and actions of others. If friends point

out to you the error of your conduct, it gives rise to the most violent resentment. Instead of listening patiently to what they have to say, you construe their very looks into insults levelled at you; and, rejecting their wholesome advice, you debase your mind, by yielding to the most unreasonable gusts of passion. You call them names; and they, in return, view you with contempt, and laugh at your impotent resentment."

"Alas!" said Ferdinand, in a subdued voice, "how can I remedy this evil?"

"You must pray to God, my child, to soften your heart, and to assist you in conquering these evil passions. Confess your faults to

him, and he will not fail to aid you in the arduous task of self-improvement. At present, your mind, like your person, is in prison, and your good qualities are completely obscured by these bad propensities. If you resolutely persevere in subduing your violent temper, and regulate your words and actions by the precepts laid down for us in God's blessed book, he will bestow on you that liberty, of which no earthly power can deprive you."

He here ceased speaking, to see what effect his words produced on his young auditor. Ferdinand had hid his face, and was weeping silently to himself. "You appear sorry for the past, Master Charlton, and I will not deny you the walk I

just now promised you; and, if you can so far govern your temper, as to commit no act of violence during the day, you shall return home to your kind parents in the evening."

Ferdinand was now ready to jump for joy; he fetched his hat, wiped away his tears, and was soon all life and animation. After his long confinement, Ferdinand enjoyed the open air exceedingly. The castle garden was a beautiful spot, full of fine old trees, and elegant shrubs. The birds were singing in the boughs; and the bees were busily engaged in collecting their honied store, and humming among the flowers. Ferdinand felt so happy in once more tasting the sweets of liberty, that he fully determined

never to give way to passion or ill-humour again. He sauntered round the green terrace, delighted and amused by every fresh object that met his view.

He had not been long in the garden before he saw, to his infinite satisfaction, a little boy, about his own age and size, advancing from an arbour, at the end of the walk, with a book in his hand. Ferdinand, who anticipated a friend and playmate in the young gentleman, ran up to him, and accosted him in a friendly and polite manner, enquired his name, and asked him to come and play with him.

"My name is Lewis Smeaton: I am the Governor's eldest son, and

cannot comply with your request, as I am now going off to school."

"School does not commence till nine o'clock," said Ferdinand; "I think you might spare half an hour from study."

"No," returned Lewis; "I will never lose the head place in my class, which I have long maintained with credit to myself, to idle away the time allotted to study. I have not finished learning my lessons; and, if I had, I dare not play with you."

"Why not, Master Smeaton? Has your papa forbidden you?"

"No," returned Lewis, "that is not my reason for declining your offer; but I have been told that you

are so passionate and ill-tempered, that you quarrel with every body; that you not only make use of your hands, in your fits of anger, but even bite those who are so unlucky as to offend you."

Ferdinand coloured like scarlet, bit his lips, twirled his hat between his hands, cast his eyes on the ground, and then remained silent.

"I was sorry to hear such an unfavourable account of you," continued Lewis, "and I think your looks do not correspond with your character; and, did I judge by your appearance, I should never take you for the passionate boy, who is under confinement in the castle for his bad conduct."

Ferdinand's anger began to rise;

but he remembered the promise he had given to old Mark, and with great difficulty bridled his tongue. "Though I have quarreled with other people," he said, "that is no reason why I should fall out with you."

"Very likely not," returned Lewis; "you may be sincere, but I dare not trust to your promises. I am not so patient and amiable as your brother Felix, and yet you sometimes beat him."

"And if I do," said Ferdinand, losing all self-control, "that is no concern of your's. Pray what do you know of my brother Felix?"

"He is my friend."

"Your friend!" said Ferdinand, repeating his words. Your ac-

quaintance must be very short, for I never saw you in my life before."

"Felix and I were children together in India, where my father first became acquainted with your's," returned Lewis; "and had we returned to England at the same time, you would not have been a stranger to the name of Smeaton. I have been staying with dear Felix since your confinement; and we have spent many happy hours together."

"Happy hours! Could Felix be happy, and I away from him?" said Ferdinand, his eyes swimming in tears.

"You were certainly missed at home, Ferdinand. We were all so quiet and comfortable, that Captain Charlton said, it was only your vio-

lent temper that disturbed his domestic peace; and that you never should return home, till you could conduct yourself like your brother."

"Then I must remain in prison all my life," said Ferdinand, dashing away his tears, and hastily walking away, "for I shall never be such a good boy as Felix."

This adventure put him into a sad ill-humour, and he no longer enjoyed the pleasant garden, the pretty flowers, and the nice ripe strawberries, which old Mark had given him permission to eat. He saw Lewis leave the garden without regret, and he felt disposed, in his heart, to dislike him, though he had only told him the plain truth. He now sat down on a bench, and

amused himself with watching the gardener's boy, who was weeding a flower-bed near him.

He had not remained long here, before a pretty robin perched on the top of the sun-dial, which stood in the middle of the walk. Ferdinand took it into his head that this red-breast was his own favourite robin; and he was greatly exasperated, when the boy, picking up a pebble from among the gravel, turned to him, and said, "Do not you think, master, it would be a good throw, if I could hit that bird with this stone?"

"It is my robin!" said Ferdinand, in a sharp and angry tone; "and if you dare to throw a stone at him, I will throw one at you!"

The youth laughed, and threw the pebble at random towards the sun-dial. Without waiting to see whether his favourite had received any injury or not, Ferdinand caught up a sharp flint, and threw it at the boy's head.

The blow stunned him, and he fell to the ground, almost at the feet of the terrified Ferdinand; whose passion subsided the moment he saw the boy fall, and his blood flow. Supposing he had killed him, he wrung his hands and screamed in a piteous manner. His outcries brought Mr. Smeaton and his servants to the spot; who, raising the youth from the ground, soon brought him to his senses; but the stone had wounded his head,

and his face was pale, and covered with blood.

Mr. Smeaton ordered him to be conveyed to the house, and dispatched one of the men for a surgeon; then, turning to the weeping and terrified Ferdinand, he took him by the hand, and led him back to the apartment he had so long occupied; and, closing the door, thus addressed him:—

"See, Ferdinand! the dreadful effects of passion; see, to what frightful lengths your ungovernable temper has hurried you. This morning you have been guilty of a great crime; should this lad die from the blow you have given him, as perhaps he may, should you ever be happy again?"

"Oh no; indeed I should not," said Ferdinand. "I never felt so miserable before. I would give all my playthings, every thing I had in the world, to save his life."

"You must do more than all this, Ferdinand; you must for ever renounce the evil habits which have led you into the commission of such a heavy crime. Remember, that it was in a fit of anger Cain slew his brother, and that action was so highly displeasing to God, that he set a mark upon his brow, that he might be shunned by all men. And do not you think, God will set a mark upon you?"

"I hope not," replied Ferdinand, greatly troubled; "for I never saw any one so disfigured."

"Then, Ferdinand, you have never seen yourself. The bad passions you constantly indulge in, have stamped their characters so strongly on your countenance, that no one can look at you without discerning your disposition; and, knowing your unhappy failing, they avoid you as a quarrelsome and dangerous person."

"I heard papa say, that the felon who was executed on the hill, last month, for murder, was a very ill-looking man: surely, dear sir, I do not appear like him?"

"You are very young, Ferdinand, at present," returned Mr. Smeaton, "and the muscles of your face are soft and flexible, and take readily every impression of the mind. All

evil passions are affections of the mind; and the furious gusts of anger, under whose influence you often act, when frequently repeated, swell and distort those muscles, till they draw your face into ugly crooked lines and channels, which will so disfigure the natural cast of your countenance, that, in time, it will produce a complete change in your features, and give them a bad and sinister expression; so that everybody, at the first glance, will say, "That is a fine boy, but he has a very wicked look; I am sure he will never come to any good."

"And shall I always look like a bad boy?" said Ferdinand.

"Doubtless, while you continue to act like one," returned Mr.

Smeaton; "but directly you remove the cause, this unfavourable impression will gradually subside; and your face become as faithful a mirror of your virtues, as it is, at present, of your faults. Become amiable and good, and you will look so; the inward satisfaction you will feel in the performance of your duty, will be expressed by your countenance; and your company will be as much sought and enjoyed, as it is, at present, detested and avoided."

"Oh! dear sir," said Ferdinand, "I begin to feel how weak and sinful it is to give way to bad passions."

"I am glad to find you are, at last, convinced of your folly," replied Mr. Smeaton; "and now you can talk calmly, and seem sensible

of your faults, tell me which of the commandments you have broken this morning?"

Ferdinand remained silent, and seemed to consider a long time within himself. At last he said, "Indeed, sir, I cannot tell."

"What is the sixth?"

"Thou shalt not kill," returned Ferdinand, trembling from head to foot. "Surely, dear sir, you do not think me guilty of murder?"

"If you have not committed actual murder, Ferdinand, you have shed blood; and if the lad lives, it is more through the mercy of God, than any forbearance on your part. When you threw that stone, what was uppermost in your thoughts?"

"I do not know, sir. I was in

such a passion, that I could not think; but I am sure I never meant to kill him."

"Very likely not," returned Mr. Smeaton; "but, is it any consolation to the poor lad, and his parents, that you were in a state of madness when you wounded him?"

"Oh! no, sir; I am sure it would not ameliorate his condition; and would prove but a sorry excuse for my rashness."

"You have reason, indeed, Ferdinand, to thank God that the injury he has received is but trifling; but never banish from your mind the conviction, that it might have been otherwise."

Mr. Smeaton's words sunk deeply into the heart of his young auditor;

he reviewed the actions of the past day, and trembled at his own folly. In a humble and subdued voice, he confessed to the worthy Governor the remorse he had felt in the morning, and the resolution he had then formed of never yielding to passion again; faithfully relating his conversation with Lewis in the garden, and the angry feelings it had produced in his breast.

Mr. Smeaton listened to his candid relation with great interest; and, when he had concluded, said, "Ferdinand, though you were offended with my son for speaking the truth, how came you to vent your passion on the unoffending gardener's boy?"

"Indeed, sir, if you think I threw

the stone at him out of pure malice, you are greatly mistaken. I did not attempt to speak to him, till he provoked my displeasure by his cruelty." Ferdinand then related the boy's conduct with regard to the robin, and his persevering in throwing the stone after he had told him to desist.

"He was very wrong, Ferdinand, in wishing to hurt an innocent, harmless little bird; and your indignation at his conduct would have done you great credit, had it been guided by moderation. But in what manner did you speak to him? Did you calmly point out to him the cruelty of the action he meditated? or did you, in a fierce and passionate tone, command him to desist?"

Ferdinand hung down his head, and remained silent.

"The boy might be as passionate and unreasonable as yourself; and, if any one spoke to you in that way, I am afraid you would not mind them. You were partial to the bird, and the idea of its death was distressing to you; but if you had *not* imagined it to be *your* robin, should you have spoken so sharply to the boy?"

"No, sir."

"Then you will find, on a close examination of your own heart, that even your humanity, on this occasion, was prompted by selfish motives. No one will blame you for wishing to save the life of your favourite; but it might have been

done without any violence on your part, had you mildly represented to the boy his cruelty, and your wish to prevent the robin from receiving any injury.'

"Oh, sir," said Ferdinand, "I have acted very foolishly, and I much fear I shall never have patience enough to subdue my unfortunate temper."

"My dear boy," returned Mr. Smeaton, affectionately taking his hand, "be not discouraged in your first attempt at self-improvement. You have before you a difficult and arduous task, which will require much patience and self-control.—Evil habits, long indulged, are very hard to eradicate; and, perhaps, it

is easier to conquer a kingdom, than to gain a complete ascendancy over the human heart. But all things will yield before a steady perseverance in the path of well doing; and, I doubt not, if you pursue the plan of conduct I have laid down for you, that you will, ultimately, succeed; and, in time, regain the lost esteem of your friends, and become the pride and joy of your affectionate parents."

Ferdinand, with the permission of his father, remained some weeks with the good Governor and his son. He was no longer confined as a prisoner, but admitted to a friendly intercourse with his amiable family circle; and, though many things

happened to rouse his irritable feelings, he was so thoroughly convinced of the sinfulness of yielding to anger, that he resolutely persevered in bridling his imprudent tongue.

His residence at the castle produced the most salutary effect on his mind, and he returned to his paternal roof an altered and improved character; and, in after life, was as much distinguished for his generous and benevolent disposition, as he had before been condemned for his violent and irascible temper.

Esteemed by his parents, and tenderly beloved by his dear Felix, he no longer regretted the trials he had endured; but was often heard

to say, he should always remember, with gratitude, the kind advice he had received from Mr. Smeaton, and the hours he had spent in prison.

AMENDMENT.

CHARLES GRANT lived in a good house, and wore fine clothes, and had a great many pretty toys to play with; yet Charles was seldom happy or pleased; for he was never good. He did not mind what his mamma said to him, and would not learn to read, though he was now seven years old.

He called the servants names; pinched and beat his little sister Clara, and took away her playthings,

and was not kind and good to her, as a brother should be. "Oh! what a sad boy Charles is!" was his mother's daily bitter exclamation.

His father was a proud, bad man; who let Charles have his own way, because he was his only son, and he thought him handsome. But how could any one be handsome that was so naughty? I am sure that when he was froward, and put out his lip, and frowned, he looked quite ugly. Mamma told him so; and said, that no one was pretty that was not good: but Charles did not mind his mamma, and was so vain, he would stand before the looking-glass half the day, instead of learning his lessons; and was so silly, he would say, "What a pretty

little boy I am! I am glad I am not a shabby boy, like Giles Bloomfield, our cow-boy." At such times, his mamma would say to him, "I wish, Charles, you were only half as good as Giles; he is not much older than you, yet he can read in the Bible quite well; he works hard for his poor mother, and never vexes her, as you do me; and, when he comes home of an evening, he nurses the baby; and is kind to all his sisters. I dare say he never pinched nor beat any of them in his life."

"Oh!" said that wicked Charles, "I hate him for all that, for he wears ragged clothes, and has no toys to play with."

"Oh fie! Charles," said his mamma; "you are a wicked boy: have

not I often told you, that God made the poor as well as the rich, and he will hate those who despise them?

"Now, Charles, if God, to punish you for your pride, were to take away your papa and me, and you had no money to buy food, and your clothes became old and ragged, you would then be a poor, shabby boy, and worse off than Giles; for you could not earn your own living, as he does; and you would, consequently, be starved to death, if God did not take care of you. And if, while you were rich, you hated the poor, how could you expect God to care for you, when you grew poor, like those you had scorned." But Charles, however, was so naughty, he would not stay to hear what his

mamma said, but ran away into the fields.

Then Charles's mamma was so vexed, that she could not help crying at his being such a wicked, proud boy; and she could not sleep all that night for the grief his conduct had occasioned her. The next day, she was forced to take a long journey, to visit a friend who was very ill, and who lived in London. She was very sorry to leave her children, for she knew if Charles behaved naughty when she was with him, he would be a sad boy, indeed, when he was left to himself, and had none to correct him, and tell him of his faults.

When the carriage that was to take Mrs. Grant to London drove to

the door, she kissed her children a great many times, and begged that they would be very good while she was away from them. "You, my dear Clara, I know, will mind what nurse says to you, and will try to be good, while I am gone; for you know that God will see every thing you do amiss, if I do not; and I hope you will never forget to say your prayers to him, night and morning."

Clara kissed her dear mamma, and promised that she would attend to all she said; and her mamma was satisfied, for she knew Clara never told stories, though she was but a little girl.

Then Mrs. Grant turned to Charles, and said, "As for you,

Charles, I cannot help feeling great pain at leaving you; for you are such a bad, wilful boy, that I shall not have a happy moment whilst I am away from you, lest you should do any thing amiss. But, if you love me, you will try to be good; and whenever you are about to do any thing wrong, say to yourself, 'How much this would grieve my poor mamma, if she knew it: and how much it will offend God, who does see, and knows, not only every thing I do, but even my most secret thoughts; and he will one day bring me to an account for all I do or say against his holy will, and my kind parent's commands.' "

Charles, who knew he was a bad

boy, hung down his head, for he did not like to be told of his faults.

Then his mamma said, "My dear Charles, do try and be good, and I will love you dearly."

"But what will you bring me from London," said Charles, "if I am a good boy? for I never will behave well for nothing."

"Do you call the love of God, and of dear mamma, nothing?" said Clara; "I will behave well, even if mamma forgets to bring me the great wax doll, and the chest of drawers to keep her clothes in, which she told me about yesterday."

Mrs. Grant smiled fondly on her little girl, but made no reply to

Charles; and soon the coach drove away from the door.

Charles was very glad when his mamma was gone; and he said, "Now mamma is gone to London, I will do just as I please: I will learn no ugly lessons, but play all day long. How happy I shall be! I hope mamma may not come home for a whole month."

But Charles soon found he was not so happy as he thought he should have been; he did not know the reason, but I will tell you why he was not happy. No one can be happy, who is not good, and Charles was so naughty as to resolve not to obey his kind mamma, who loved him so much.

Charles brought out all his toys

to play with, but he soon grew weary of them; and he kicked them under the table, saying, "Nasty, dull toys, I hate you, for you do not amuse me, or make me happy. I will go to papa, and ask him to give me something to please me, that I am not used to."

But papa was busy, with some friends in the study, and could not attend to his wants. Charles was a rude, tiresome boy; so he stood by his papa, and shook his chair, and pulled his sleeve, and teazed him so much, that his papa, at last, grew angry, and turned him out of the room. Then Charles stood, and kicked at the door, and screamed with all his might; when one of the gentlemen said to him, "If you

were my little boy, I would give you something to cry for." So Charles's papa told him, if he did not go away, he would come out of the study, and whip him.

When Charles heard this, he ran away, for he was afraid of being beaten; but, instead of playing quietly with his toys, he went and laid under the great table in the hall, and sulked and fretted till dinner time.

When nurse came to call him to dinner, he said, "I won't come. Go away, ugly nurse!"

Then said nurse, "Master Charles, if you like to punish yourself, by going without your dinner, no one will prevent you, I am sure."

Then Charles began to cry aloud,

and tried to tear nurse's apron; but nurse told him he was a bad boy, and left him.

Now when Clara sat down to dinner, she said to nurse, "Where is brother Charles? Why is he not here?"

"Miss Clara, he is a naughty child," said nurse, "and chooses to go without his dinner, thinking to vex us; but he hurts no one but himself with his perverse temper."

"Then," said Clara, "I do not like to dine while Charles goes without; so I will try and persuade him to come and eat some pie."

"Well, Miss Clara," said nurse, "you may go, if you please; but I would leave the bad boy to himself."

When Clara came to Charles, and asked him if he would come and eat his dinner, he poked out his head, and made such an ugly face, that she was quite frightened at him, and ran away.

Nurse did not take the trouble of calling him to tea; and, though he was very hungry, he was too sulky to come without being asked, so he laid under the table, and cried aloud, till bed-time. But when it grew dark, he was afraid to stay by himself, for bad children are always fearful; so he came up stairs to nurse, and said, in a cross, rude tone of voice, "Nurse, give me something to eat."

Nurse said, "Master Charles, if you had been good, you would have

had some chicken, and some apple-pie, for your dinner, and bread and butter, and cake, for tea; but as you were such a bad boy, and would not come to your meals, I shall only give you a piece of dry bread, and a cup of milk, and you do not deserve even that."

Then Charles made one of his very worst faces, and threw the bread on the ground, and spilt the milk.

Nurse told him, that there were many poor childen in the world, who would be glad of the smallest morsel of what he so much despised, and that the time would come, when he might want the very worst bit of it; and she bade him kneel down, and say his prayers, and ask God to

forgive him, for having been such a wicked boy all day.

But Charles did not mind what she said, and went crying to bed. Thus ended the first day of Charles Grant's happiness.

He awoke very early the next morning, and told nurse to get him his breakfast, for he was very hungry. But nurse said, he must wait till eight o'clock, which was the breakfast hour.

He now found it was of no use sulking, as no one seemed to care for his tempers; so he looked about for something to eat, but found nothing but the piece of bread he had thrown on the ground the night before; and he was glad to eat that,

and only wished there had been more of it.

As soon as breakfast was over, Clara brought her books, and began to learn her lessons, and nurse asked Charles if he would do the same. But Charles said, "No, indeed! I do not mean to learn any lessons while mamma is away; for I mean to please myself, and be happy."

"You did as you pleased yesterday, Master Charles," said nurse; "yet I do not think you were so very happy, unless happiness consists in lying under a table, and crying all day, and going without dinner and tea, merely to indulge a sullen, froward temper."

Now Charles hated to be told of

his faults, so he left nurse, and went into the garden to try and amuse himself. When there, instead of keeping in the walks, as he ought to have done, he ran on the beds, trampled down the flowers, and pulled the blossoms from the fruit-trees.

The gardener's boy earnestly requested Charles not to do so much mischief; but Charles told him he was a gentleman's son, and would do as he pleased. So he again ran over the new-raked borders, and pulled up the flowers: and the poor boy was sadly vexed, to see his nice work all spoiled.

Charles did not care for that, and would have behaved still worse, had not the gardener, who then came up,

taken him in his arms, and carried him into the house, in spite of his kicking and screaming. He cried for a long time, and made a sad noise; but finding that no one paid any regard to him, he became quiet, and went into the nursery, and asked Clara to come and play with him.

"I cannot come just now, brother Charles," said she, "for I want to finish this frock, that I am making for Giles Bloomfield's little sister."

"I am sure," said Charles, "if I were you, I would much rather play than sit still and sew."

"Not if you knew what pleasure there is in doing good," said Clara; but if you will wait till I have finished it, you shall go with me,

and give it to the poor woman, and then you will see how pleased she will be, and how nicely the baby will look, when she is dressed in this pretty frock, instead of her old faded ragged one."

Charles did not know how to amuse himself, so he sat down on his little stool, and watched his sister while she worked.

When Clara had finished making the frock, she said, "Thank you, dear nurse, for cutting out and fixing the frock for me." So she threw her arms round nurse's neck, and kissed her cheek; and nurse put on Clara's tippet, and her new bonnet, and walked with Charles and her to Dame Bloomfield's cottage.

The good woman took the baby

out of the cradle, and laid it on Clara's lap, and Clara had the pleasure of dressing it herself in the nice new frock; and the baby looked so neat and pretty, and the poor mother was so pleased, that Clara was much happier than if she had spent her time in playing, or working for her doll.

While Clara was nursing and caressing the baby, Charles went into the little garden, where he found Giles Bloomfield, who had just returned from working in the fields, with a beautiful milk-white rabbit in his arms, which he had taken out of the hutch, and was nursing with much affection.

"Oh, what a pretty rabbit!" said Charles. "Giles, will you sell it to me?"

"No, Master Charles," said Giles, "I cannot sell my pretty Snowball."

"And why not?" asked Charles, in a fretful tone.

"Because, Master Charles, the old doe, its mother, died when Snowball was only a week old, and I reared it by feeding it with warm milk and bran; and it is now so fond of me, that I would not part with it for a great deal."

So saying, he stroked his pretty favourite, who licked his hand all over, and rubbed her soft white head against his fingers.

Then Giles said, "My dear Snowball, I would not sell you for the world."

"But you shall sell Snowball to

me," said Charles, making one of his ugly faces. "I will give you a shilling for her; and if you do not let me carry her home this very day, I will tell papa of you, and he will turn you out of the cottage."

When Giles's mother heard Charles say so, she came out of the house, and said, "Pray, Giles, let Master Charles have the rabbit."

"Dear mother," said Giles, "Master Charles has a poney and a dog, and a great many fine toys to play with, and I have only my pretty Snowball; and it will break my heart to part with her."

"Then," said his mother, "would you rather see your mother and sisters turned out of doors, than part with your rabbit? You know, Giles,

that I had so many expences with your poor father's illness and death, that I have not paid the rent due last quarter-day; and you know it is in our landlord's power to turn us into the streets to-morrow."

"Well, mother," cried Giles, bursting into tears, "Master Charles must have the rabbit. But oh!" continued he, "he does not love you, as I do, my pretty Snowball; he will not feed and take care of you, as I have done, and you will soon die, and I shall never see you again;" and his tears fell fast on the white head of his little pet, as he spoke.

Clara was quite grieved, and begged her naughty brother not to deprive poor Giles of his rabbit;

but Charles was a wicked and covetous boy; he, therefore, took Snowball from Giles, and carried her home in his arms; and put her in a box. He went into the fields and gathered some green herbs for her to eat; and said, "I am glad I have got Snowball; now I shall be quite happy."

But how could Charles be happy, when he had broken God's holy commandment, which says, "Thou shalt not covet?" Nurse and Clara told him so, and begged him to give Snowball back again to Giles. But Charles said he would not; for he meant to keep her all his life: but, the next morning, when he went into the stable to look at her, he found her stretched at the bottom of

the box. He called her; but Snowball did not stir: he then took her out of the box to see what ailed her; but she was quite cold and dead.

Oh, dear! how Charles did cry; but it was of no use. He had better not have taken her away from Giles, for he did not know what to feed her with, and had given her among the greens he had gathered, a herb called hemlock, which is poisonous, and will kill whatever eats of it; and it had killed poor Snowball.

The coachman told Charles so, when he saw how swollen she was, and Charles cried the more. Giles cried too when he heard what a sad death poor Snowball had died; but he had been a good dutiful boy in

parting with her when his mother wished it, though it had cost him much pain and many tears.

Well, Charles's mamma was gone a long time, more than a month; and it would quite shock you to be told how naughty Charles was all that time: at last, a letter came to say, she was very ill, and then another, to tell them she was dead.

What would Charles then have given, if he had not grieved her so often, with his perverse temper and wicked conduct. He now said, when he saw her again, he would beg her to forgive him; but when Charles did see his poor mamma again, she was in her coffin, and could not hear him; and he cried exceedingly, and wished he had been

good. Clara, though she cried as much as Charles for her dear mamma, was glad she had obeyed her, and been so good while she was away.

"And I will always be as good, as if dear mamma could see me, and love me for it too," said she, to nurse, the day after her mamma was buried.

"My dear young lady," said nurse, "your mamma *will* see it, and love you for doing your duty."

"How can dear mamma see me? her eyes are closed, and she is in the dark grave," said Clara.

"But she will see you from heaven, Miss Clara; where she is gone to receive the reward of her good conduct in this world; for though

her body is in the earth, her spirit is in heaven."

"And shall I never see my own dear mamma again?" said Clara.

"Yes, Miss Clara, if you are good, you will go to heaven when you die, and become an angel, like her."

"Then," said Clara, "I will pray to God to make me good, and when I am going to do any thing wrong, I will say to myself, 'If I do this, I shall never go to heaven, and see my dear mamma, when I die."

"I wish," said nurse, "that Master Charles was like you, and would try to be good."

But though Charles was sometimes sorry for his bad behaviour, he did not try to mend, because he

thought it was too much trouble to be good; and said, he did not care, because he was the son of a gentleman.

Charles did not know that, at this very time, his father had spent all his money, and owed a great many debts to different people; and, at last, he ran away, that he might not be put in prison; and the people to whom he owed so much money, came and seized his fine house and gardens, and the coach, and all the furniture, and sold them by auction, to raise money to pay the debts: so Charles found that instead of being rich, he was now very, very poor.

When the auction was over, and all the things were sold, and it was getting quite dark, (for it was in

the month of November), Clara and Charles stood in one of the empty parlours, and wondered what they should do for supper, and where they should sleep that night, for all the beds were sold, and they saw the servants go away one after another.

At last, nurse came in with her bonnet and cloak, and said, "Miss Clara, I am going away to my own cottage, and as you have always been a kind, good child, you shall go with me, and I will take care of you."

Then Clara said, "Thank you, dear nurse, but will you not take Charles also?""

"No," said nurse; "he has always been such a proud, bad boy, that I

will not take him. I have very little to spare, for I am a poor woman, and what I have is not more than will keep my own children and you, Miss Clara."

Saying this, she got into the cart, and took Clara on her lap, and one of the footmen got in after her, and drove away from the door.

Charles stood on the step of the door, and looked after them till they were quite out of sight; and then he began to cry, as if his heart would break. The servant of the gentleman who had purchased the house, came, and locked the door: so Charles could not get in any more, and he sat down on the stone steps, and covered his face with his hands, and cried bitterly.

"Unhappy child that I am," sobbed he, "what will become of me? Oh! if I had but been good and kind, like Clara, I should have found a friend, as she has; but no one cares what becomes of me, because I have been so wicked. I used to despise the poor, and God, to punish me, has made me poor indeed."

It was very cold, and the snow began to fall fast, and it grew quite dark. Charles rested his head on his knees, and was afraid to look round; his clothes were almost wet through, and his limbs were benumbed with cold; he had no place where he could ask shelter, for no one loved him; and he thought he should be obliged to stay there all

night, and, perhaps, be frozen to death.

Just then, some one softly touched his hand, and said, "Master Charles, I have been looking for you for more than an hour."

Charles looked up; but when he saw it was Giles Bloomfield, who had come to seek him in his distress, he remembered how ill he had behaved to him; so he hid his face, and began to weep afresh.

Then Giles sat down by him on the steps, and said, "Dear Master Charles, you must not stay here. See, how fast it snows! You will catch your death of cold."

"Yes, I am very cold and hungry," sobbed Charles; "but I have no home now: I have no where

else to go; and must stay here all night."

"No, Master Charles," said Giles, "you shall come home with me, and shall share my supper and my bed, though it is not such as you have been used to: notwithstanding we are very poor, we will do our best to make you comfortable."

"Oh Giles!" said Charles, throwing his arms round Giles's neck, "I do not deserve this kindness, I have been such a proud, wicked boy, and have treated you so ill. I am sure you can never forgive me for having taken your pretty Snowball; and, if *you* forgive me, I can never forgive myself."

"Dear Master Charles, do not think of that now," said Giles, tak-

ing both Charles's cold hands in his. "Indeed, Master Charles, I should never dare say my prayers, if I was so wicked as to bear malice; and, now you are in distress, I would do any thing in my power to serve you. So pray come home with me, and warm yourself, and get some supper. But Charles hid his face on Giles's bosom, and cried the more: at last, he said, "Giles, I am so ashamed of having behaved so cruelly to you, that I never can go to your home, and eat the food that you are obliged to labour so hard for."

"Master Charles;" said Giles, "that is because you are so proud." "Oh! no, no!" sobbed Charles, "I am not proud now, and I think

I shall never be proud again." So he kissed Giles, and they both went home to Dame Bloomfield's cottage together.

When Giles's mother saw Charles, she said, "Why did you bring this proud, cross young gentleman here, Giles?"

Charles, when he heard her say so, thought he should be turned out again into the cold, and began to cry afresh; but Giles said, "Dear mother, Master Charles has no home to go to now; he is cold and hungry: I am sure you will let him stay here, and share my bed, and my supper."

"He can stay here, if he likes," said Dame Bloomfield; "but you know, Giles, we are forced to work

hard for what food we have, and I am sure we cannot afford to maintain Master Charles."

"Then," said Giles, "he shall have my supper to-night: he wants it more than I do, for he has had no food all day."

"You may please yourself about that, Giles; but remember, if you give your food to Master Charles, you must go without yourself."

"Well," said Giles, "I shall feel more pleasure in giving my supper to Master Charles, than in eating it myself." So he brought a stool, and placing it in the warmest corner by the fire, made Charles sit down; and he chafed his cold frozen hands, and tried to comfort him; for Charles was greatly af-

flicted when he saw that every one hated him: but he knew that it was his own fault, and a just punishment for his pride and bad conduct.

When Giles brought his bason of hot milk and bread for supper, he could not thank him for crying; and he was ashamed to eat it, while Giles went without; but he was so hungry, and the milk looked so nice, that he did not know how to refuse it; and Giles begged him so earnestly to eat, that, at last, he did so; and once more felt warm and comfortable.

Then Giles said to him, "Now, Master Charles, will you go to bed? Mine is but a coarse, hard bed, but it is very clean." So he took the lamp to shew Charles the

way to the chamber, in which he was to sleep.

Charles was surprised at seeing no staircase, but only a ladder. Giles laughed when he saw how Charles stared, and he said, "You have been used to live in a grand house, Master Charles, and know nothing of the shifts the poor are forced to make."

Then Charles climbed up the ladder, and Giles shewed him a little room, not much larger than a closet, with no furniture in it, but a stump bed without any hangings, and covered with a coarse, woollen rug. Charles Grant had never even seen such a bed before, but he was thankful that he could get any place to sleep in, out of the cold and snow.

Giles helped Charles to undress, for Charles was so helpless, he did not know how to undress himself. When he was going to step into bed, Giles exclaimed, "Will you not say your prayers before you go to bed, Master Charles?"

Charles blushed and hung down his head, for he had been so naughty that he had not said his prayers for a long time past; and had almost forgotten what his dear mamma had taught him; and he told Giles so at last.

"Dear! dear!" said Giles, "I never dare go to bed without saying mine." Then Charles said, "I am sorry I have been so naughty as to forget my prayers; will you teach me yours, and I will never forget them again?"

Then they both knelt down by the side of the little bed, and Giles taught Charles such prayers as he knew; and Charles went to bed much happier that he had been for a long time.

Though the bed was hard, and the sheets brown and coarse, Charles was so weary that he soon fell asleep; and slept so soundly that he did not awake till it was broad day, and Giles was up, and gone to work in the fields.

When Charles looked round, he thought he had never seen such a shabby room in his life. There was not so much as a chair, or table, or carpet in it; he could see all the thatch and the rafters in the roof, for the chamber was not even ceiled,

but shewed the thatch and rafters, and, as I said before, there was not a single article of furniture in the room, except the bed. How different from the pretty little chamber in which Charles used to sleep, with the nice white dimity window-curtains, and hangings, and mahogany tent bed, with such comfortable bedding, and handsome white counterpane! However, he now thought himself very fortunate that he had any roof to shelter him, or any bed, however homely it might be, on which he could sleep.

He thought he should like to get up and go down stairs, but he had always been used to have a servant to dress him, and he did not know how to dress himself; so while he

was considering what he should do, Giles came into the chamber. He had returned to get his breakfast, and not seeing Charles down stairs, he concluded the cause of his absence, and came to assist him to dress. Charles observed how this matter was arranged, and resolved to do it for himself the next morning.

When he was dressed, they both knelt down by the bed side, and said their prayers, for though Giles had said his at the dawn of day, yet he never omitted an opportunity of repeating his thanksgivings and praises to his heavenly Father, for the mercies and blessings which he enjoyed through his grace; for Giles possessed a grateful and contented

heart, which made him look upon that state of life unto which it had pleased God to call him, as that which was meet and fit for him; so he worked hard and ate the bread of labour, with cheerfulness and satisfaction.

When Charles and Giles joined the family below, Dame Bloomfield set a porrenger of milk, and a piece of brown bread, for every one but Charles, who looked ready to cry, but Giles put his porrenger before him, and gave him another spoon, and said, "Master Charles, we will eat together, for there will be enough for both of us." The tears came into Charles's eyes, and he whispered; "Dear Giles, you are very good." So these boys eat out

of the same porrenger, and broke of the same bread.

After breakfast, Giles went out to work, and Charles thought it very dull, till he returned to dinner. When Dame Bloomfield gave her children their dinners, there was a dumpling for every one but Charles: then Giles cut his dumpling in half, and gave one part to Charles, and eat the other half himself. Now this was very good of Giles, for he was very hungry himself, but he could not bear to see Charles sad and hungry, while he was eating; and Giles liked to do good, because he knew it was pleasing to God.

As soon as dinner was over, Giles went out to work again; and Charles was as dull as he had been

in the morning; for all the family were at work, in some way or other, and could not spare time to amuse, or talk to him; and he did nothing but sigh and fret to himself, till evening, when Giles came home from work.

Giles's eldest sister made a bright fire, and they all sat round it, and talked and told stories; and Giles nursed the baby, and played with the other little ones; and seemed quite happy; and so he was, for he had done his duty, and every one loved him for being so good.

After supper, Giles taught those of his sisters who were old enough, to read and write; and, when they had finished learning their tasks, Charles took up the book, and said,

"Giles, will you teach me to read?" and Giles said, "Certainly, Master Charles, I will; but I am sure you must know how to read a great deal better than such a poor boy as I am."

"I might have done so," said Charles; "but, Giles, I was a sad, naughty, perverse boy, and hated to learn any thing that was good: but I hope I know better now, and if you will only take the trouble of teaching me, I will try and make up for my lost time."

So Giles gave Charles a lesson that very night; and every evening after supper, he heard him read and spell what he had learned during the day; and Charles took such pains, that he soon began to read

so well, that he used to amuse himself by reading pretty stories, and by teaching little Betty, one of Giles's younger sisters, to read.

Still Charles used to be exceedingly hungry, for he had not more than half the quantity of food he was used to eat; and Giles was hungry too, and grew pale and thin.

Then Charles said to himself, "It is not right for me to eat the bread which poor Giles works so hard to earn: I will try and get my own living; for why should I not do so, as well as Giles?" So, one morning, when Giles rose, as usual, at five o'clock, Charles got up too. Then Giles said,

"Why do you rise so early, this cold morning, Master Charles?"

"Because I am going out to work with you, Giles, if you will permit me," answered Charles.

"Oh, Master Charles, such work as I do is not fit for a young gentleman, like you," said Giles.

"You must not call me a young gentleman *now*; for I am only a poor boy, and poorer than other poor boys; for they can earn their own living, while I should have been starved to death, had not you given me half of the bread you work so hard for. But I will not be a burthen to you any longer, but learn to work and get my own living, as you do."

Charles now meant to keep his word; and they both went out into the fields, and worked together at

picking stones off the young crops of wheat and clover; and before breakfast, Giles had picked up two bushels of stones, and Charles one: and the farmer gave them a penny per bushel for gathering them up.

Then they made haste back to the cottage; and Giles gave his mother the money he had earned, and Charles did the same; and when the dame poured out the milk for the family, Charles saw that she filled a porrenger for him also; and they had all a good breakfast that morning; and Charles felt quite happy, because he had not eaten the bread of idleness. So he went out to work with Giles again, and earned two-pence before dinner.

When Dame Bloomfield took up

the dumplings, Charles saw there was one for him; and he felt happy that poor Giles had not to deprive himself of half his food, that he might eat.

Charles went out to work every day, with Giles, and in the evening he learned to read and write. He became quite good and gentle, and enjoyed more happiness than he had experienced in his life before. And why was Charles happy? I will tell you, my dear children. Because he was no longer a proud, froward boy, as he had been; but was kind and sweet-tempered to every one; and did his duty both to God and himself.

The winter passed swiftly away, and the spring came, and the birds

began to sing, and the trees looked green and gay, and the pretty flowers bloomed in the gardens and covered the meadows all over, and scented the air with their fragrance: and Charles thought it very pleasant to work in the fields, and hear the birds sing as they tended their young, or built their nests among the green boughs, or in the hedges.

One day, Giles said to Charles, "Master Charles, we cannot work together in the fields any more; I have got a new employment."

"But why cannot I work with you?" asked Charles.

"Because, sir, you will not like to work where I am going," answered Giles. Charles asked where that was. "In the garden of the

great house, Master Charles, where you used to live," said Giles.

Charles looked very sorrowful, and remained silent for some minutes: at last he said, "Well, Giles, I will go with you; my clothes are grown shabby now, and no body will know me; and, if they did, I hope I am too wise to be ashamed of doing my duty: so let us go directly."

Then Giles took Charles into the garden, and the gardener gave them each a hoe and a rake, and told them to hoe up the weeds on the flower borders, and then rake them neatly over; and promised, if they worked well, he would give them eight-pence per day.

Now this was much pleasanter than picking stones in the field; but Charles was very sad, and could not refrain from shedding tears, when he thought of the time when he used to play in that very garden; and he thought too of his dear mamma, who was dead; and of his sister Clara, whom he had not seen for so many months; but he worked as hard as he could, and the gardener praised them both, and he gave them a basket to put the weeds in, and showed them how to rake the borders smooth.

Just as they had finished the job, and Charles was saying to Giles, "How neat our work looks!" a little boy, dressed very fine, came

into the garden, and as he passed them, said, "I am glad I am a gentleman's son, and not obliged to work, like these dirty boys."

When Charles thought the little boy was out of hearing, he said to Giles, "That little boy is as wicked as I used to be; and I doubt not but that God will punish him in the same way, if he does not mend his manners."

The little boy, who had overheard what Charles said, was very angry, and made ugly faces, and run into the newly-raked beds, and covered them with footmarks. Then Charles said, "I am sorry for you, young gentleman, for I see you are not good."

"How dare you say I am not good?" said this naughty child; "I am a great deal better than you, for I am a gentleman, and you are only a poor boy."

"Yes," said Charles, his eyes filling with tears as he spoke, "I am, indeed, only a poor boy *now;* but I was once rich like you, and lived in this very house, and wore fine clothes, and had plenty of toys and money; and was just as proud and naughty as you are: but God, to punish me, took away my parents, and all those things that I had been so proud of, and that I had made such a bad use of, and reduced me to a poor boy, as you see."

When the little boy heard this,

he looked very serious, and said, "I have been very naughty, but I will do so no more:" and he went into the house, and never teased Charles or Giles again.

A few months after this, when Charles and Giles were working, as usual, in the garden, they saw a gentleman come down one of the walks, leading by the hand a little girl, dressed in a black silk frock, and bonnet trimmed with crape.

"Ah, Giles!" said Charles, "how like that young lady is to my sister Clara! I wonder whether I shall ever see my dear sister Clara again."

"Brother Charles, dear brother Charles, you have not then quite

forgotten your sister Clara!" said the little girl, throwing her arms round his neck, as she spoke.

When Charles saw that it was, indeed, his own dear sister Clara, he kissed her, and cried with joy.

Then he told Clara all that had happened to him since the day they had parted, and how sorry he had been for all his past conduct; and he asked her who the gentleman was that had brought her into the garden.

"It is our uncle, dear Charles. You know our dear mamma had a brother who lived in India, that she used frequently to talk about. Well, when he came home, and heard that mamma was dead, and

we were in distress, he came to nurse's cottage, and took me home to his house; and has now come to find you; for he is very good and very kind, and loves us both for our dear mamma's sake."

"And will he take me home too?" said Charles.

"Yes, my boy," said Charles's uncle, taking him by the hand, "because you are good and kind, and are no longer cross and proud, as I heard you used to be. You shall come home with me this very day, if you please, and I will teach you every thing that a young gentleman should know; and you and Clara shall be my children, so long as you continue to be deserving of my love, and are not unkind, nor despise

those who are beneath you in situation."

"Indeed, uncle," said Charles, "I can now feel for the poor; "and I would rather remain as I am, than be rich, if I thought I should ever behave as I used to do."

"My dear child," said his uncle, kissing him with great affection, "continue to think so, and you will never act amiss. The first and greatest step toward amendment, is acknowledging our faults. What is past shall be remembered no more; and, I doubt not, but that we shall all be happy for the time to come."

"But, uncle," said Charles, laying his hand on his uncle's arm, "I have something to ask of you."

"Well, Charles, and what would you have of me?" said his uncle.

Then Charles led Giles to his uncle, and related all he had done for him; how he had taken him to his own home, and given him half of his food, and his bed, and taught him to read and to work; he, likewise, told his uncle how ill he had behaved to Giles, in depriving him of his pretty Snowball; and he said, "Dear uncle, " will you allow Giles to share my good fortune, for I cannot be happy while he is in want; and he is better than me, for he returned good for evil."

Then his uncle said, "Charles, I should not have loved you, had you forgotten your kind friend." And

he asked Giles if he would like to go to his house, and live with him, and spend his time in learning to read and write, and in improving his mind, instead of hard labour.

"I should like it very much indeed, sir," said Giles; "but I cannot accept your kind offer."

"And why not, my good little friend?"

"Because, sir," said Giles, bursting into tears, "my poor mother and sisters must go the workhouse, or starve, if I did not stay and work for them; and I could not be happy, if I lived in a fine house, and knew they were in want of a bit of bread to eat."

"Then," said the gentleman,

smiling, "for your sake, they shall never want any thing: for I will put them into a cottage of my own, and will take care of them; and you shall live with me, and I will love you, as if you were my own child; and remember, Giles, I do this as a reward for your kindness to Charles, when he was unhappy, and in great distress."

Charles's uncle was as good as his word, and Giles received the blessings of a good education, while his mother and sisters were maintained by the benevolence of his benefactor.

Charles was so careful not to relapse into his former errors, that he became as remarkable for his gen-

tleness, and the goodness of his heart, as he had formerly been for his pride and unkindness; and, in the diligent performance of his duty, both to God and man, he proved to his uncle the sincerity of his amendment.

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