

THE
SISTER'S GIFT;
OR, THE
BAD BOY REFORMED.

Published for the
ADVANTAGE OF THE
RISING GENERATION.

ILLUSTRATED WITH WOOD-CUTS.

YORK:
Printed and Sold by J. Kendrew,
Colliergate.

O now, while health and vigour still
remain,
Toil, toil, my lads to purchase honest
gain.



Shun idleness! shun pleasure's tempt-
ing snare;
A youth of folly breeds an age of care.

THE
SISTER'S GIFT;
OR, THE
BAD BOY REFORMED.

Published for the
ADVANTAGE OF THE
RISING GENERATION.

J. H. CARR.

Entered at Stationers'
31, FOSSGATE,
Printed by J. KENDREW, Colliergate.
YORK.

1826.

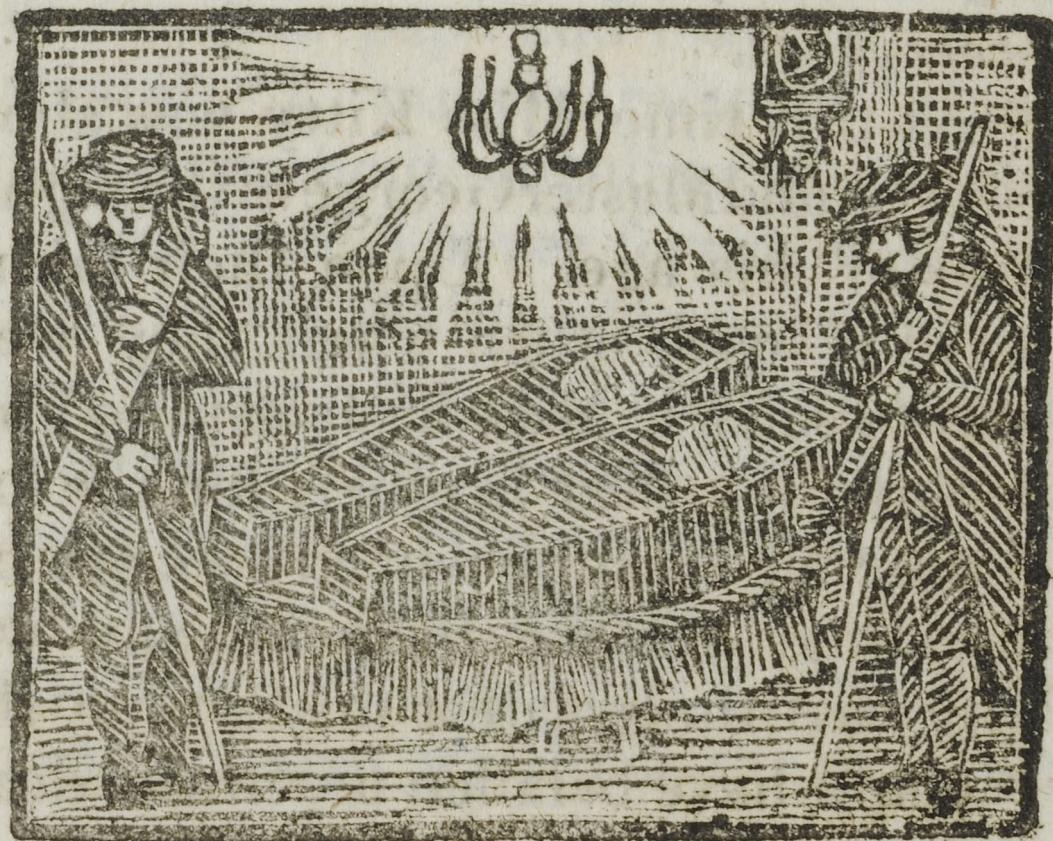
THE
SISTER'S GIFT, &c.

KITTY SOMERS and her brother George, were the only children of Sir William Somers. She was of the most amiable disposition ; her mien was graceful, her manners gentle ; and the beauty of her person was only to be outshone by the justness of her ideas, and the brilliancy of her wit. Master George, however, had not the happiness to be held in so much esteem by the young ladies and gentlemen with whom he associated, he was so ill-tempered, that he had always a pleasure in mortifying his school-fellows ;

and had so little of the feelings of humanity, that he was frequently guilty of such acts of cruelty as shocked the rest of his companions; yet he did not want sense, for he could always construe his lesson or finish his theme before any other boy in the class, but never assisted any of them, in hopes of having the pleasure of seeing them whipped all round. Such are the faint outlines of the character of the brother and sister, who are the subject of this volume, and the heightening and colouring will be sufficiently displayed by and by.

Unfortunately for this young pair, they lost their papa and mamma at a very early period; Sir William being seized with a scarlet fever, the physicians all gave him over for lost, and his lady, that no duty or obligation might be wanting on her part, would suffer

no nurse to attend upon him but herself. She unhappily forgot the delicacy of her constitution, so that at length, with long watchings & fatigue, she began to be very much indisposed ; but what added to the distress of this once happy family, she soon after caught the feverish infection, which carried off both her and her spouse in less than half an hour of each other.



Sir William, by his will, had appointed Colonel Scar and Admiral Fearnought, to be his executors and joint guardians to his young children. But upon the breaking out of the last war, these two gallant officers, were obliged to attend the calls of their country, and fight for its liberties: and Miss Kitty and Master George were each of them sent to different boarding schools, under the care of other preceptors.

At this time Miss Kitty was about twelve, and Master George in the eighth year of his age. Upon their taking leave of each other when they were sent to school, Miss Kitty said to him; "Now, my dear brother, for the first time we must be parted; we are but young, yet we have already witnessed the greatest misfortune that could have befallen us, in the death



" of our dear papa and mamma ; and
 " though I cannot mention their
 " names without shedding tears, yet
 " I hope I shall never forget, that he,
 " who in his divine pleasure gave us
 " our being, has an absolute right
 " whenever he pleases to take it
 " back again. Nay, so short-sighted
 " are we, my dear little precious boy,
 " that many things, which for the pre-
 " sent moment we think the greatest

" calamities that could possibly have
" attended us, by the hidden opera-
" tion of divine providence, turn out
" to be the greatest blessings. How-
" ever, I am confident, that an all-
" wise God would create us for no
" other purpose but to be happy, and
" we have nothing else to do to make
" ourselves completely so, but to be
" virtuous."

George burst out a crying, and could only say, " Farewell, my dear sister; I shall see you again in the whitsuntide vacation." But he no sooner saw his little galloway waiting for him in the court-yard, than he dried up his tears, mounted, clapped to his spurs, and set off a galloping as merry as a Greek.

Miss Kitty went a few days after to another school, along with Miss Polly Scar, and Miss Nancy Fearnought,



where she soon became the admiration and delight of every one that knew her. But Master George, as we have observed before, was quite of another cast; there was not a boy in the school for whom he had not a nick name; and he took a pleasure in setting his school-fellows together by the ears. But this was not all, rather than not

gratify his inclination for mischief, he would stick at nothing : he once threw an ink bottle into Master Watkin's bosom, and stained his shirt so abominably, that the poor washerwoman was never able to get it out. A thousand other such tricks he daily practised, which for the sake of his reputation, I will not mention ; but one among the rest must not pass unnoticed.

It was customary on a play day, when the young gentlemen went a bird's nesting, out of a frolic to change their coats. And once Master George and Dicky Rooksby having made an exchange for the afternoon, they went to amuse themselves in the fields as usual. But upon their return home in the evening, coming by an honest farmer's garden, George clambered over the hedge, and pulled up about

two hundred cabbage plants that the poor farmer had industriously put in the ground for his future subsistence. Dick Rooksby finding he staid longer in the garden than he expected, looked over the hedge, and seeing what he was about, called to him, and asked him if he was not ashamed to injure the poor man of the house merely for the sake of doing mischief? "If it was an orchard," added he, "and in the fruit season, I do not know whether I might not be as forward as you; but where is the use of destroying these things, since you cannot eat them when you have done! Fie, fie, you may do as you please, but I will stay no longer for you."

Master George followed some time after, but as he was getting over the hedge again, one of the farmer's men, who was coming over the field at a

distance, observed him, and called out to know what he had been doing there? Upon which George was obliged to run as fast as he was able, and indeed it was with great difficulty that he got out of his clutches.

The next morning the farmer made complaint to the master of the Academy, of the injury he had received, and declared that the culprit was dressed in a sky-blue coat. Search was immediately made, and as no other boy had a sky-blue coat except Master Rooksby, the unfortunate youth was horsed and severely whipped, altho' entirely innocent of the crime, and blamable only in having put it in Master George's power, by changing coats, to be guilty of crimes, for which, in all probability, he would not be punished.

If Master George had had either

spirit or generosity, he would never have first injured the poor farmer, and then see an innocent person suffer for it; no, he would have stood forth, and taken the blame upon himself. But so far from this, he absolutely exulted in seeing the distress of Master Rooksby, and was one of the first to assist in horsing him and to render his punishment as severe as possible.



Master Rooksby, however, took the first opportunity of clearing up the

matter among his school-fellows ; he summoned them together in a body, and told them the plain truth of the story ; every one believed him, because he was never known to tell a fib, and because there were very few to whom Master George had not at sometime or other done an ill turn, they agreed that every one should set down the injuries he had received in writing, to shew them to the master, and to solicit for his being expelled the school. But Master Rooksby objected to this, and told them that he thought a better punishment would be, for every young gentleman in the school to come to a resolution, never more to speak to him, to play with him, or to keep his company. This was immediately agreed to, and Master George had the mortification to

see himself the outcast of all his former acquaintance.

When Whitsuntide arrived, according to custom, the young gentlemen were sent for home, and Master George spent the holidays with his sister at Colonel Scar's country seat. Now it was that Miss Kitty had an opportunity of observing the ill tendency of her brother's mind and disposition,



and to apply those useful remedies, which were afterwards of so much service to him.

She frequently observed him catching poor innocent flies, through the bodies of which he would stick pins, and then fasten them to a coach made of a card ; and would thus take a pleasure in seeing them drag it along after them, till they were quite dead with pain and fatigue.



Sometimes he would amuse himself with tying an old tin-kettle or canister to the tail of any dog that was so unhappy as to fall in his way ; and then with a whip set them a running and howling through the town, to the great fright and mortification of the poor tormented animal.

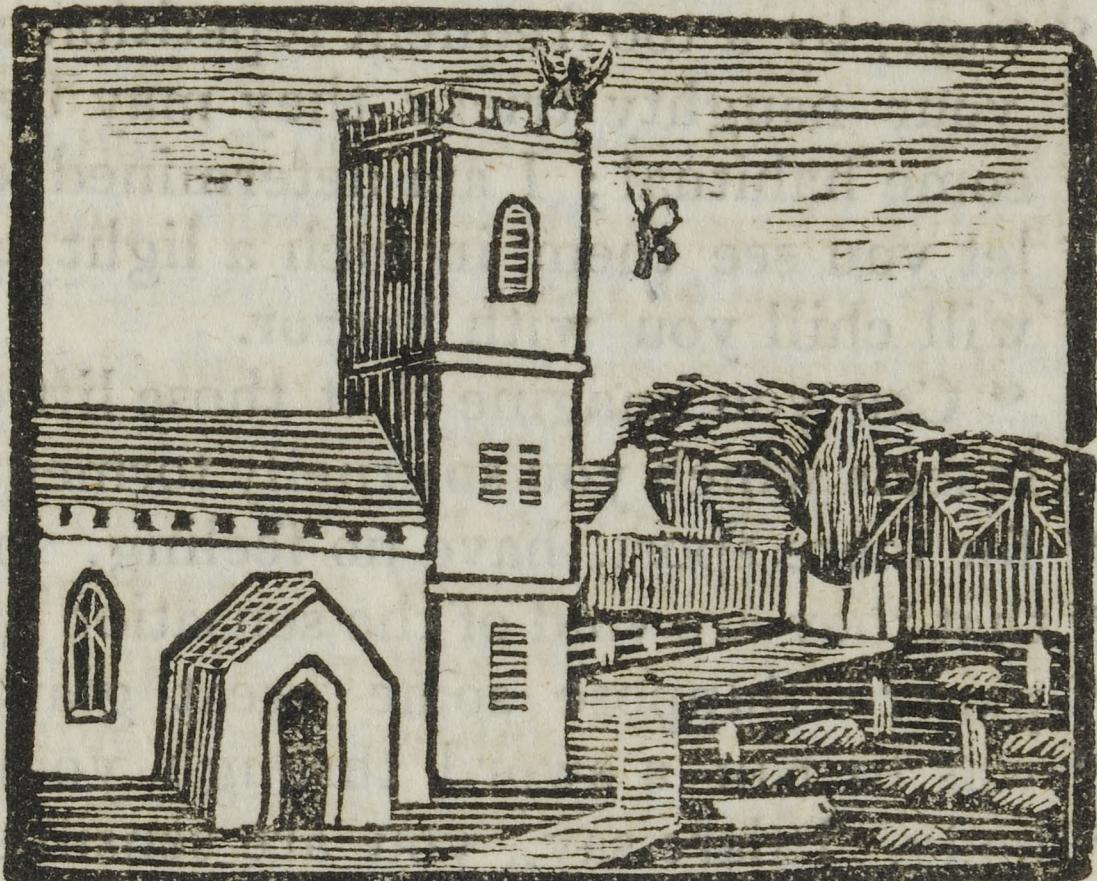
The farmers all round the neigh-



bourhood complained several times that he abused their cattle, by sticking a sharp nail at the end of a long stick, with which he used to gore them, till they were almost mad, or laming them by terrible and repeated blows upon the feet.

But what provoked the young ladies most of all, was his taking Miss Scar's favorite cat, and carrying her to the top of the church tower, from whence, after tying two bladders about her neck he cruelly threw her over the battlements, imagining that she would fly down without being quite killed. Though the poor creature was terribly bruised with the fall, yet she made a shift, with difficulty, to crawl home, and staggering into the parlour, she laid down at the feet of her indulgent mistress, and looking her piteously in the face, as if begging her to revenge

her death, expired in the utmost agony.



Miss Kitty immediately imagined who had been the author of this cruelty ; and taking her brother aside, she remonstrated with him to the following effect :

“ My dear brother,” said she, “ it is with great uneasiness of mind

“ that I have observed your vicious
“ disposition, which if not checked in
“ time, by a too frequent repetition of
“ your naughty tricks they may be-
“ come habitual; I am determined to
“ let you see them in such a light as
“ will chill you with horror.

“ Can you imagine that those little
“ insects which you so cruelly torment
“ for mere sport, have no feeling, or
“ that they are void of the sensation of
“ pain?—Suppose some great giant
“ was to run a sword through your
“ body, I dare say, you are sensible
“ that it would give you unspeakable
“ torment; and is a common sword
“ any more in your body, than a small
“ pin in one of those little flies?—
“ Believe me my dear, the smaller an
“ animal is, the quicker and more
“ acute is its sensibility, because its

" organs are so much more delicate
" and tender.

" All your other frolics are equally
" cruel and unsupportable. Do you
" love to be frightened? If you do
" not, what pleasure can you take in
" frightening so many faithful dogs as
" you do; perhaps till they run mad
" with fear?—Suppose I was to prick
" your sides full of holes with one of
" my needles, would not you think me
" very hard-hearted? And are you
" not equally cruel, who for wanton
" amusement, can gore all the cattle
" in the common fields!—And lastly,
" your brutality is attended by the
" most odious ingratitude: you have
" destroyed the favorite kitten of Miss
" Polly Scar; wantonly sported away
" the life of a little playful innocent
" animal, although its mistress is every
" day bestowing apples, oranges, and

“ sweetmeats upon you.—Is this the
“ return for all her civilities towards
“ you? Fie, fie!”

Master George blushed and seemed confounded, when Miss Kitty thus continued her discourse:

“ It is universally allowed, that you
“ do not want sense, and therefore
“ what I have now said, I would re-
“ commend to you to apply to your
“ own understanding. What I have
“ to add, I shall enforce by the prin-
“ ciples of christianity and virtue. You
“ cannot suppose that the divine Being
“ created these poor creatures merely
“ to please the whim and caprice of
“ mankind. He has breathed the
“ same spirit of life into thousands of
“ animals, as that by which you exist;
“ and though he has made man master
“ of all, yet it is only in a limited
“ sense. He has appointed certain

" creatures for the support and sus-
" tenance of man, yet when we take
" the lives even of these, it ought to
" be with the greatest decency, and
" even with compunction. All noxi-
" ous animals also, that is to say, such
" as we have a natural antipathy to
" and shudder at the sight of, as
" snakes, toads, serpents, &c. may be
" destroyed from the laws of nature;
" but shall we for the same reason
" kill a fly, worm, or such inoffensive
" insects, as cannot in their conse-
" quence do us any mischief? It is
" not in our power to give life to any
" thing, and therefore what right have
" we to destroy an existence which
" we cannot restore? The man who,
" without remorse, can wantonly do
" these things, ought to be banished
" to the deserts of Arabia, there to live

“ among lions, wolves, and tygers, for
“ he is not fit for society.

“ You know very well, that our for-
“ tune will be ample, and that you
“ must figure in the great world as a
“ gentleman: and the truest mode of
“ gentility is a noble generosity of
“ mind and a tender feeling for the
“ distresses of our fellow-creatures.
“ But if you still continue to torment
“ every unhappy being that comes in
“ your way, you will in time (for the
“ transition is very easy) be led to
“ exercise your cruelties upon your
“ own species, and Negro-like, rejoice
“ in the blood of a parent or friend!
“ —horrid thought! Will your for-
“ tune then protect you from the cen-
“ sures of the good and the virtuous?
“ And will you not be the outcast of
“ society?

“ He who is not endowed with the
“ delicate touch of compassion sinks
“ even below the brutes themselves,
“ for they are sometimes known to
“ help and assist each other. The
“ heart that feels no anxiety for an-
“ other’s misfortunes, is destitute of
“ the very grounds and principles of
“ virtue. And the wretch who can-
“ not weep for the griefs of a friend,
“ is blind to his own interest, and
“ will ultimately be punished for his
“ cruelty.”

Master George wept bitterly, and declared to his sister, that she had painted the enormity of his vice in such striking colours that they shocked him in the greatest degree, and promised ever after to be as remarkable for generosity, compassion, and every other virtue, as he had hitherto

been for cruelty, frowardness, and ill-nature. It is with pleasure we can add, that he faithfully kept his word, and is now one of the best little masters in the whole universe.



MY MOTHER.

WHO fed me from her gentle breast,
And hush'd me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses prest ?

My Mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye,
Who was it sung sweet lullaby,
And rock'd me that I should not cry ?

My Mother.

Who sat and watch'd my infant head,
When sleeping on my cradle bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed ?

My Mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry,
Who gaz'd upon my heavy eye,
And wept for fear that I should die ?

My Mother.

Who dress'd my doll in clothes so gay,
And taught me pretty how to play,
And minded all I had to say ?

My Mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well ?

My Mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray,
To love God's holy word, and day,
And walk in wisdom's pleasant way ?

My Mother.

And can I ever cease to be
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who wast so very kind to me ?

My Mother.

O ! no ! the thought I cannot bear,
And, if God please my life to spare,
I hope I shall reward thy care,

My Mother.

When thou art feeble, old, and gray,
My healthy arm shall be thy stay,
And I will soothe thy pains away,

My Mother.

And when I see thee hang thy head,
 'Twill be my turn to watch thy bed,
 And tears of sweet affection shed,

My Mother.

For God, who lives above the skies,
 Would look with vengeance in his eyes,
 If I should ever dare despise,

My Mother.



PENNY BOOKS
PRINTED AND SOLD

BY

J. KENDREW, COLLIERGATE,
YORK.

Mrs. Lovechild's Golden Present	-
Silver Penny	-
Death and Burial of Cock Robin	-
Little Red Riding Hood	-
The Cries of York	-
Surprising Adventures of Puss in Boots	-
Sister's Gift; or the Bad Boy Reformed	-
Tom Thumb's Folio	-
The History of Giles Gingerbread	-
Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe	-
The Hermit of the Forest	-
Entertainments at the Royal Circus	-
The House that Jack Built	-
The World turned Upside Down	-
The Cries of London	-
Adventures of Old Mother Hubbard and her Dog, in Three Parts	-
Cinderilla; or, the Little Glass Slipper	-
A New-Year's Gift	-
A Collection of Fables	-