



A decorative border with a repeating floral and vine motif surrounds the text.

CHILDREN'S BOOK  
COLLECTION

LIBRARY OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA  
LOS ANGELES

MKO  
10<sup>00</sup>

For George S. Oliver  
from his afft sister  
Caroline -

July 1<sup>st</sup> 1840 -

For James M. Smith

from his wife

James

July 1840







**EXTRACTS**

**FROM THE**

**NOTE-BOOK**

**OF**

**MR. PERCIVAL PUG;**

**ILLUSTRATED BY**

**SKETCHES FROM HIS PORTFOLIO.**

---

**BOSTON:**

**PRINTED BY TORREY & BLAIR,  
No. 31 Cornhill.**

---

**. 1837.**

---

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1837,  
By TORREY & BLAIR,  
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

---

# CONTENTS.



## CHAPTER I.

Page.

Relates to the Reader in what way Peter obtained his Pig..... 9

## CHAPTER II.

Shows that it is easier to get into Trouble, than to get out..... 24

## CHAPTER III.

Informs us how Ichabod Ide got a Ride, and lost his Pride..... 44

## CHAPTER IV.

Finds Peter in a Peck of Troubles..... 62

## CHAPTER V.

Teaches a Way to get out of Trouble, and also a Way to get in..... 84

## CHAPTER VI.

Speaks of the Fitness of Things; and more particularly shows how especially suited is the Rod to a Fool's Back..... 108

## CHAPTER VII.

	Page.
Is an Authentic Narration of some Piggish Adventures, and also contains some Good Practical Lessons.....	131

## CHAPTER VIII.

Tells the Story of a Paddy and his Pig, with some Account of one Solomon Simple, and his Adventure with Patrick Bulgruffery.....	146
--	-----

## CHAPTER IX.

Instructs us in the Management of Pigs and other Obstinate Animals, such as Stubborn Boys, for instance ; to wit, that they must be used without Ceremony .....	167
---	-----

## CHAPTER X.

Shows how Peter lynched his Hog, and some other Things .....	179
--	-----

## PREFACE.



IN the following pages it has been the wish of the writer to convey sound moral and religious instruction. I have joined therewith a narrative illustrated with cuts, that the book might prove more attractive to the young: whether I have succeeded in joining instruction with amusement, I must leave others to judge. It requires, I conceive, that they should be united to form a good book; for the first alone will prove too dry for the generality of readers, and to read for entertainment, without improvement, is but a waste of time. It is worse than a waste.

The scenes exhibited in the engravings, are, with one or two exceptions, representations of real occurrences which have taken place; though, perhaps, not precisely as related in the narrative. If they should lead even one indi-

vidual to read what may be profitable for the reformation of his character, they will have been used for a noble end. And God *can* bless, and *has* blessed, even such humble means; and who knows but these may be blessed also?

To the reader I have endeavored to make the book entertaining; and I hope I may have succeeded. One thing I have to ask in return; and that is, that he will strive on his part to make such improvement of the circumstances related, when in any wise applicable to his own case, that my trouble in writing may not be labor lost, and that the time he spends in reading may not be time thrown away.

With the hope that it may indeed prove useful, the author presents his little work to the public; at the same time wishing that it was more worthy of their attention.



THE  
STORY OF PETER PEPPER.

---

CHAPTER I.

*Informs the Reader in what way Peter obtained  
his Pig.*

PETER PEPPER, as he was called, was in many respects a very clever boy. He was kind and affectionate in his feelings, and of a frank and generous disposition; his mind was bright and intelligent, and in person he was active and vigorous. He possessed much integrity of character, and was, in general, attentive to his parents' wishes and obedient to their commands: I say in general, for there was a sort of recklessness about him, which sometimes caused him to be careless and negligent in doing exactly as they wished, even when he

did not intend to be disobedient. Now, do not understand me to intimate that this recklessness was any excuse for disobedience or negligence ; far from it, it was his duty to overcome these failings. And he would have been much happier if he had done so : he would have saved himself a great deal of trouble, and his kind parents much annoyance. He would have been a much *better* boy, as well as a happier ; but I should have lost the opportunity of drawing a moral from some of his mishaps, which I shall try to relate in such a manner as to afford the reader some amusement, at the same time that I attempt to convey instruction.

You and I, reader, are starting together upon what I trust will prove a pleasant excursion. I hope, while we are in company, we shall find matter which will afford us some entertainment ; but if I cannot make it profitable for your improvement, I shall think that the time you spend in hearing or reading what I have to say, will be so much time thrown away. Now, it will depend as much upon yourself as upon me, whether you receive any instruction. I hope, therefore, you will so profit by what you read,

that, if you have any of the faults of character here pointed out, you will strive at once to amend them.

I suppose you would like to know a little more about Peter, before I proceed to relate the particular circumstances from which I expect to draw improvement. I dare say you'd wish me to tell you what sort of a looking boy Peter was,—how old he was, and where he lived. I will tell you more about his residence by and by; but about his age, I will tell you now. Peter was twelve years old. And as to his appearance, he was not such a strange-looking fellow as perhaps his name would lead you to suppose.

“Peter Pepper!” say you, “what an odd name is that! I wonder how he came by that name.”—I'll tell you, when I've told you something about his looks—only don't hurry me so. You get me dreadfully out of breath, just as Peter was one day, as I am going to tell you, when I get a chance. But as to his appearance:

Peter was rather a tall boy for his age; and

he was slenderly built, though he was a strong as well as an active lad. He had regular features and a pleasant expression to his face; he had light flaxen hair, and a bright gray eye, and his complexion was very delicate, so that the color would come and go from his face, with very sudden changes.

This last circumstance told another story too, besides showing that his skin was delicate. It told of a temper that was any thing but meek and gentle; and from this circumstance of a peppery disposition, he derived the name by which he went among his companions: and by this name I have introduced him to my readers, who no doubt guessed all this before I told them. Well, Peter had a very hasty, fiery temper; and this led him into many sore trials, some of which I am going to relate.

It appears to me, that anger is very much in its instincts like a certain animal called a hog. The hog is very stubborn, in the first place; and the angry man is as stubborn as he. The brute is of a very contrary disposition; and so is his two-legged representative; and the one is about as stupid as the other. But, on the

other hand, the swine, though stubborn, may be easily managed by those who have sufficient knowledge of their character; and so may the passionate person be directed by an artful policy; both may be wheedled into almost any thing. They are alike, too, in having so much contradiction in their nature, that they can often be made to do what you wish them to do, by the attempt to drive them in the directly opposite course from the one you desire them to pursue. Indeed these sagacious animals, of both species, may in this way be very easily driven to the very things against which they are the most determined.

Many other traits of character, equally amiable, do these two creatures exhibit in common; and, their perceptions being also equally obtuse, those who have to do with them often find it best to use them with very little ceremony. Indeed, why should those who are intrusted with animals of such perverse and stubborn natures be particular, since kindness seems thrown away upon them, and reason and instinct are alike disregarded?

Peter had an opportunity to make proof of

the stubbornness of the hog's temper; and his own irritable moods often displayed the similitude I have mentioned above. Some circumstances which happened to him will serve to illustrate this, as I shall endeavor to show the reader by letting him into a little of Peter's history. But I would observe that what I have said of one vice, will apply to vices in general; or rather to the corruption of heart in which they all originate.

Peter's father was a farmer. He had inherited a considerable property, and had acquired more by his industry and intelligence. And it was his pleasure, as well as his business, to look after his farm; for he was fond of agricultural pursuits, and his son Peter had imbibed the same tastes.

Peter had cultivated a small garden for himself, from the time that he was a very little boy. There was no pleasure he enjoyed so much as he did the time he passed in taking care of the little patch of ground which he called his *own*. There was never hero prouder of a victory than was Peter when he could exhibit the product

of his own happy toil. When his radishes were placed upon the tea-table, every body acknowledged they were very fine; and as to Peter himself, he thought he had never tasted any so tender or of so good a flavor. And with regard to lettuce and cauliflower, surely such were never before raised. He was certain of this; for his mother said so, in corroboration of his own judgment. Peter's father encouraged him in his pursuits, for he knew the habits of industry he was thus acquiring would be of advantage to him even should he not finally be a farmer.

One day,—it was when Peter was about ten years of age,—he came running into the house very much out of breath. He asked his father if he knew they had some little pigs. “No,” his father replied, he did not know it. “Well, there are, Pa,” said Peter, “as many as a dozen of them. And they are all speckled and spotted: they are the funniest little things I ever saw. Do, Pa, come out and see them.”

“But, Peter,” said his father, “you can wait

till I have finished reading the paper, cannot you ? ”

“ I should rather not wait, sir,” replied Peter, “ because I want you to see them so much.”

The father was very fond of his boy, and a very indulgent parent ; so he laid by his paper, in order to gratify his son ; for he well knew how tedious the half hour it would take to read the paper would prove to a child so eager as Peter was to display his pigs. Before he had had time to fold it up, the lad had already been for his hat ; and he now seized his father eagerly by the hand to lead him to the farm-yard. There, in a clean pen, upon her bed of straw, lay the old mother, basking in the sun ; and closely snuggled under her was her family of a dozen tiny pigs, but little larger than so many blind puppies. “ They look very comfortable, don’t they, Peter ? ” said his father. “ Yes, they do, sir. They are funny little fellows, an’t they, Pa ? ” “ Yes, they are funny enough ; and the old pig seems as happy as a queen. I suppose, Peter, you’d like to have one of them, wouldn’t you ? ”

“ What ! for my own, sir ? ”



“ Yes, Peter, for your own, if you wish it.”

“ O, yes, Pa. Will you give me one? ”

“ Don’t you remember I once told you I’d give you a pig, when you could raise enough in your garden to feed it. Well, Peter, I’m ready to perform my promise now.”

“ But, Pa, do you think I shall be able to raise enough for him : you know he will eat a great deal when he grows large. What do you think I’d better plant, sir? ”

“ I think, if you’ve a mind, you can raise enough corn and potatoes to keep the pig through the winter ; and you can have as much land as you can take good care of. Now, what do you think, Peter? Shall you take up with my offer? ”

“ I should like to, sir. But then I don’t know how I shall be able to feed the pig through the summer.”

“ The weeds you get from your garden will keep him very well ; and if they should happen to fail, I have never known the time I couldn’t spare you a few from the fields. You shall be welcome to as many as you wish, for the trouble of pulling them.”

“I thank you, father,” said Peter; “and I shall be very glad to accept your offer. But which pig may I have, sir?”

“You may take your choice. There’s one with a black ear, and there’s one with a black tail; there are black spots of all sorts, and red spots of all sorts. So you may exercise your taste, in taking the one you think the handsomest.”

“What a funny mark that further one has on his back! It looks as if he had a saddle on, don’t he, Pa? I think I’ll take that one, if you are willing, sir?”

“Well, I’ll cut off his tail, Peter, and then we shall know which is yours.”

“Oh no, sir, I wouldn’t have his tail cut off for any thing. I shall know him by the saddle on his back.”

“What, are you going to ride your pig, that you want one with a saddle?” The father laughed as he said this; and he then went off to finish reading his paper, leaving his happy son to admire his new acquisition, and to lay plans for the future management of his live stock. The father did not know that a hog might be made to carry weight upon his back.

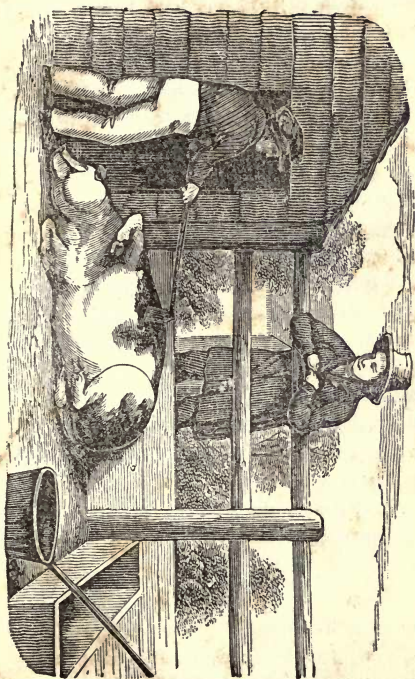
Peter himself did not so much as suspect it; though he afterwards found that the animal might be used for a ride upon a special occasion.

The lad was now very industrious in planting his corn and his potatoes. He was resolved to give his pig plenty to eat, meaning to make it, if he could, the fattest upon the farm. When he was not engaged in his garden, he spent much of his leisure about the pen; so his pig soon learned to know him. And well she might know him, for he almost always brought something in his hand to give the little thing to eat. Then Peter would scratch her ears, or rub her back with a stick; and piggie loved to be scratched; so she soon learned to be fond of her master.

When the pig was weaned, Peter had a lot of lettuce plants in his garden which had become too old for any other use. These he had saved for his favorite; and they made her grow finely, so that in a few months Polly was heavier than her master. Peter supplied her abundantly with weeds, not only from his own garden, but from his father's fields: these, you m<sup>o</sup>

be sure, his father was very ready to part with. Being thus generously fed, Polly soon grew to be larger than any others of the same litter; which afforded Peter very great satisfaction.

Polly and her master continued to be quite intimate; for though she was not now so comical in her ways as she was when she was gambolling with her brothers and sisters by the side of her mother, still Peter was very fond of looking at her. And so close did he watch her, that he thought he could see, each day, how much she had grown since the day before. Whenever he came to the pen, she always went up to him to enjoy her favorite recreation of being scratched; and as soon as he began the operation, she would lay herself down to enjoy it in her own lazy way. Peter found that the harder he rubbed, the better she was pleased. So when she had laid herself down, he would take a hoe, and, placing one foot upon her side, he would scrape away as if he was hoeing a hill of potatoes. With this unceremonious treatment Polly was very much delighted; and this Peter called "scraping an acquaintance." You may look at the cut and





see him hard at work, and Polly in the full enjoyment of being thoroughly scratched.

When he had scraped her till he was tired, Peter would sometimes take a book and sit down upon her back to read, or to study his lesson. With this familiarity Polly was not at all displeased, but seemed rather to like it; though sometimes, when she began to be tired, she would take his sitting so long in dudgeon. She would then jump up so suddenly as to cause Peter to turn a somerset; and after she had rolled him on the ground, she would turn round with a snort, as if she was laughing at him.

But perhaps the reader will ask, "What has all this to do with the main object?" I cannot say that it has much. But I thought that you might like to hear something of Peter's earlier acquaintance with Polly, before I proceed to relate the graver portion of history, which more immediately bears upon my principal purpose.

## CHAPTER II.

*Shows that it is easier to get into Trouble, than to get out.*

YOU must know that, at the particular time to which I refer, Polly had completed her second year; and she had grown to be an immensely large hog. Peter had also completed his twelfth year; and, of course, two years of friendship had subsisted between them. It had not, however, been altogether an uninterrupted friendship, for Polly was sometimes apt to be a little sulky; and Peter, as I have before observed, was not of the most patient temperament. So, instead of polishing her sides with the blade of his hoe, he would sometimes hit her a smart rap across the nose with the handle; and this operation failed not to bring forth certain notes of music from the instrument which he struck. So, you see, there was not always the most perfect harmony between them.

It was about this time that Peter's father said to him one morning at breakfast,



“My son, have you moved your hog from the large pen, as you said you would?”

“No, sir,” Peter replied; “I have not moved her yet.”

“Well,” said the farmer, “I thought it would be so, if you did not move her when I wished you to. You promised you would have her out of my way; but now I’ve got some shotes coming, and she is just where I wish to put them.”

“I can move her in a few minutes, sir; and I’ll go right out after breakfast and do it. She’s got so large now, I did not like to shut her up in a small pen before I could help it; that’s the reason I did not move her before.”

“Well, do you be careful, Peter; and don’t you let her out unless some of the men are there to help you. You know you cannot manage her alone, and she may do a great deal of damage if she gets away from you. You remember how much trouble we had, last summer, from your letting a pig out without any one to help you.”

Peter remembered that well enough; for the pig had rooted up half his own corn, besides

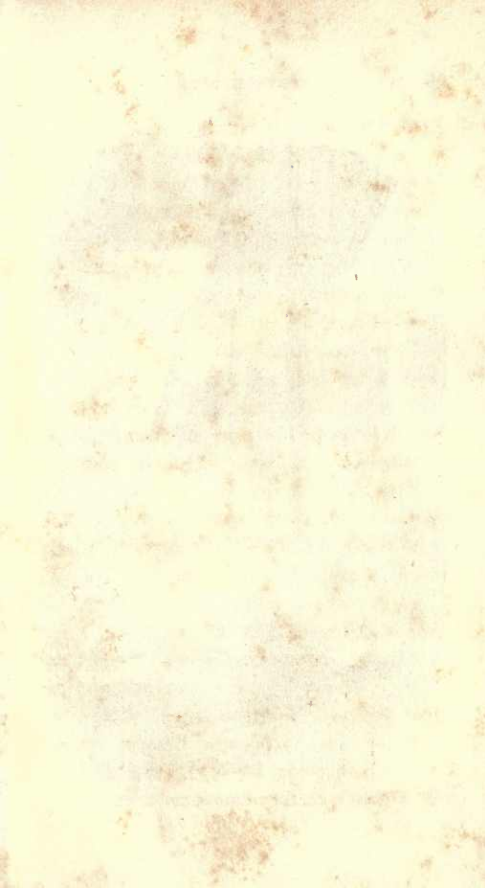
the damage it had done in his father's fields. But he felt pretty confident he could manage his own Polly ; nevertheless, he meant to obey his father, and get one of the men to help him. As soon as he had done breakfast, he started to fulfil his father's wishes, while the farmer went off after his shotes.

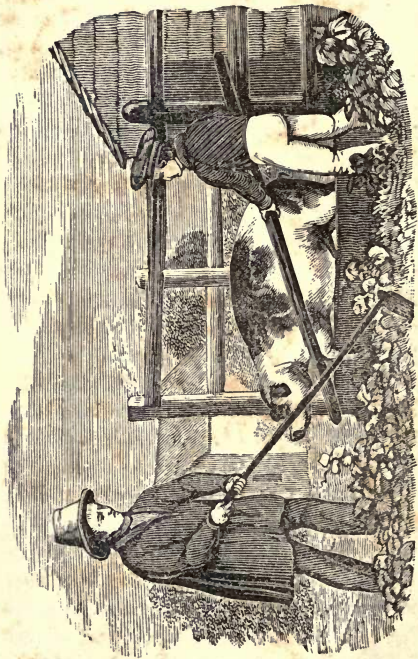
There was one of the men, named Ichabod, at work in a field adjoining the pen in which was the old sow, when Peter went to move her. Ichabod Ide was a short, thick-set, burly fellow, and was as deliberate and as cautious in his movements as Peter was rash and precipitate. He was engaged in hoeing some vines, when Peter called him to assist in removing his pig.

"I can't come jest yet, Master Peter," he replied, in answer to the call.

"But you *must* come, Ichabod," said Peter, "for father's in a hurry ; and he's gone for some shotes to put in this pen." As Peter spoke, he began to take the bars out from the front of the pig-pen.

"Don't take them 'are bars down, Master





Peter. If you let the old sow out before I come, she'll sartinly git away from you."

"Well,—I can't help it if she does. It will be your fault, if you won't come to help me. So you'd better come, I can tell you, for father'll be angry if the sow an't moved." Peter continued taking down the bars, though he knew there was no such desperate hurry, but that he could wait a few moments. The reason was, that, like most persons of his character, he always chose to have his own way. Ichabod was of rather a sulky disposition, and he would not be forced. Above all things too, he hated to do any thing in a hurry.

As they were both equally stubborn, Peter continued to take down the bars; and Ichabod kept on hoeing, as if he had nothing to do with it. Polly had come up to Peter when he approached the pen: she expected to have something to eat, and, perhaps, a good scratching into the bargain, in both of which recreations she took great delight. As soon as the first bar was removed, she began to poke out her nose, as if to smell the fresh air. She, no doubt, found her situation rather confined; and

she was glad of a chance to look a little more into the world. So she pushed on, as each bar was removed, as far as she could get, till at last a hole was made large enough for her to pass through. And it was not a small hole neither that she could go through, for she had grown to be an enormously large hog, and was a very pretty animal, as a farmer would say.

As soon as she found herself at liberty, she began to look about her very leisurely, and, no doubt, was surprised to find the world so large. She then seemed disposed to start on a voyage of discovery, and began to walk away from the pen. But she did not walk the way that her master wished; so Peter tried to turn her, by giving her nose a gentle push. But Polly was not at all forward to take the hint: she seemed rather disposed to get farther out of the way, notwithstanding the expostulations of her master, who tried by gentle means to persuade her to obey him. Peter continued to coax her, but she was deaf to his entreaties; she was altogether perverse, and would go farther and farther from the right course. Peter then tried to turn her by his own strength, pushing some-

times behind, and sometimes before : at first he did it moderately ; and she resisted only by her own weight, which it was utterly beyond his strength to move.

But he soon became vexed at her obstinacy, and then began to use violence ; and she then manifested her displeasure by sundry very unmusical snorts and grunts. At last he began to beat her, when she turned savagely upon him. Peter started back, for he was afraid she would bite him ; and the stubborn beast then began to run, but, hoglike, in a direction contrary to the one in which she had ascertained it was her master's wish to drive her. This you will say was all in character. So it was. And her owner's temper was as stubborn as hers, or he would not have let her out so foolishly.

Well—they say the longest way round is the nearest way home. It may be so in one sense, for what I know ; at any rate, Peter thought, that perhaps the shortest way to get his pig into the pen, would be to drive her round the field till she came back to it. So Polly ran on, and Peter ran after her as fast as he could. She had four legs, to be sure, and

he had but two ; nevertheless, as she had much weight to carry, he contrived to keep up with her ; and he was much in hopes that he should be so fortunate as to turn her into the pen when she came to it.

Now, it so happened that, in the plenitude of his carelessness, Ichabod Ide had left the gate open which led into the road. Instead, therefore, of going into the vile durance which had been prepared for her, she preferred, when she came to this gate, to extend her excursion further ; and so she ran directly out of the inclosure. Once in the road, she seemed to feel at perfect liberty, and immediately went about her favorite occupation of eating, nibbling the grass by the way side.

Peter now began fresh efforts to make her do as he wished, again coaxing, pushing and pulling her by turns. But she was too stubborn to be entreated, and too bulky to be moved by any other means. Peter was thoroughly vexed ; and he felt it the more, inasmuch as he knew it was the consequence of his own folly. Moreover, he every moment expected his father to return, which would make him feel ashamed.



All this time, Ichabod was exceedingly busy hoeing his vines; he trimmed and retrimmed the hill he was dressing, till the earth was as fine as ashes, and as smooth as a planed board. But though he seemed to be wholly occupied by his work, and had his head bent down as if to inspect it the more closely, he was chiefly engaged in looking out from under the edge of his hat, watching the motions of Peter and his pig. He chuckled to himself at the trouble the boy's obstinacy had brought him into; and he was determined to leave him to get out of it as well as he could. He little thought what a fall the pride of his heart was preparing for him.

When Peter found all his own efforts were in vain, he resolved once more to apply to Ichabod. But all appeals to his compassion were useless; Ichabod was deaf to his entreaties. "I telled ye, Master Peter," he said, "that ye'd git into trouble. Ye must git yourself out now as well as ye can."

"But, Ichabod, I should think you *might* help me now. Father'll be here in a little while, and he won't like it."

"Well, that won't be my fault. Ye let her

out yourself, and ye must git her in yourself; ye should have listened to what I telled ye before. As ye have brewed, so must ye bake.”

You will say there were three stubborn beasts together. They were so: but of the three, the hog was the most sensible creature; for she had some reason to prefer the open road to the close pen where she had been stived up all her life. But neither of the others had any better reason for their stubbornness, than the indulgence of their own irritable tempers. And a very poor one it was for a rational being. How different this from a Christian spirit! how different from the example of the gentle, forbearing Savior! Ah, reader, that is the character for you to study and imitate. Learn to love this Savior; and it will be the best guard against all evil passions. And *remember*, you grieve this gentle Being whenever you yield to them.

You will, perhaps, ask, “Had Peter learned to love him?” I fear not. Yet his parents had taken much pains to teach him,—he had heard the Gospel of Peace preached from the Pulpit,—he had read many good books, and

had been instructed in the Sabbath school. He felt considerable interest in religion, and he thought he loved the Savior. But I think he did not: and why?—Because he did not seek to imitate him; in temper he was entirely his opposite. Had he been a true disciple of the gentle Jesus, would he not have curbed his angry passions? His guilt in yielding to them was much greater than if he had never heard of a Savior. Now, beware, reader, that this condemnation is not yours. Have you enjoyed any of the privileges which Peter enjoyed? If you have, and you do not improve them by becoming a humble follower of Jesus Christ, you had better have been a vagrant in the streets. You are a greater sinner than such a one, inasmuch as your advantages have been so much greater than his, and you have not improved them.

When Peter found that Ichabod was determined not to assist him, he returned to try once more what he could do himself. But it was all in vain; his patience was soon exhausted, and he again began to beat the pig. For a while

she only noticed him by uttering an occasional very discontented grunt; but at length she gave an angry snort, and started into a run. "Come, come, Ichabod, come quick, or Polly will get into the garden," Peter called out at the top of his voice.

Ichabod saw that it was indeed time to start; for the pig had got into a field separated from the garden only by a slight fence with a single bar. He threw down his hoe, and hastened to stop her progress. When he had got ahead of her, he planted himself resolutely in her way, determined she should not pass him. That he might be the more sure to stop her, he spread out his legs as far as he could, so as to occupy as much ground as possible; and with a corresponding stretch of the arms, he stood, resolved to dispute the passage. You may see him in the cut, standing as if he meant she should go through him if she went at all.

But Polly was not so easily put out of her way. Go she would; whether over or under, she meant to pass some how or other; so she did not check her career, but rushed on, with unabated speed, directly towards the sturdy farmer.





“Look out, look out, Ichabod,” exclaimed Peter; “Polly’ll run you down, if you don’t take care.”

“No, she won’t run me down, Master Peter,” replied Ichabod. “Ye shall see I can stop her if ye can’t.” And Ichabod planted himself the firmer.

“But you can’t, Ichabod; I know she’ll knock you over. You might as well have a battering-ram come against you.”

“What sort of a ram did ye say? There’s never a Mereeni in yer father’s flock can knock over Ichabod when he chooses to stand on his legs. I knows that, Master Peter.”

“And I knows there’s a pig that can; and that pig’s named Polly. And you’ll see, if you do not stand out of the way pretty quick.”

“Never do ye fear for Ichabod Ide. Let him alone to manage a hog; do ye think it’s the first hog I’ve had to do with?”

“If she plumps against you, you’ll wish it was the last, I guess.”

“But she won’t come against me, ye may depend upon that, Master Peter. I knows what I’m about.”

“Well, you’ll see. She’s as stubborn as you are, and that’s being stubborn enough, and she’s a good deal stronger. You’d better stand on one side, and lay hold on her ear as she passes you.”

“Do you think ye can teach me how to handle a hog?” These were the last words Ichabod had time to utter; for his fate was fast coming to a crisis. If Peter had not said a word, he would have seen the folly of standing in the way of an enraged animal. But as it was, he stood firm till she was close upon him; and it was then too late to alter his position.

It was now his turn to reap the fruit of his obstinacy; and it was Peter’s turn to laugh. Now, I suppose there is no one ever gives way to irritability or obstinacy of temper, but they suffer for it themselves, and likewise cause annoyance to others also. But, then, it is one of the characteristics of this corrupt feeling, that it makes the person who indulges it willing to endure pain, if he can only cause his antagonist to come in for his share. Now look at the folly of harboring such evil passions—look at the wickedness—look at the degradation, to



which the individual subjects himself. Take the case of these three individuals. Begin with Polly, as, under the present circumstances, the most respectable character of the group. See how much she suffered in consequence of her stubbornness. We have seen, too, a part of what Peter brought upon himself by being headstrong, and we shall find that the worst is yet to come. Ichabod also had endured much in his own mind, thinking of the displeasure of his employer when he returned, and especially when he saw the pig making for the garden, where he knew she would do much damage. His conscience told him, that, however much Peter might be in fault, he was in fault also. But he was also, like Peter, to be openly disgraced for his folly, as we shall see presently.

Now all these not only caused themselves perplexity and trouble, but they all failed of the purpose they wished to attain. Each had the satisfaction of troubling the others; but if satisfaction it was, it was a most wretched one. And however a stubborn or angry man may perplex others, he brings much greater annoy-

ance to himself by the exercise of his evil passions. And though he may please himself with the idea of gaining the advantage of one of his fellow mortals, it would be well for him to consider that he is contending at the same time with a Being before whose just anger he must quail at last, if he goes on nourishing the pride of his heart by yielding to his wicked propensities.

Though I am telling you a story, my reader, it is not merely to amuse you ; that would be a mere waste of time. But I have a much more serious purpose in view ; and I have used the narrative to draw your attention, that I might have an opportunity to impress upon your mind the great wickedness of cherishing your angry passions, whether they are displayed by fretfulness or irritability, by obstinacy, or in any other way. Consider that you thereby are sinning against God ; and can you contend with the Almighty ? He will punish you for it in this world, and also in the next.

Here he makes our evil passions a scourge to ourselves, and to all who are connected with us. And consider, it is those who are nearest and dearest to us who will suffer the most for

our perversity. It is our parents, our brothers and sisters, and other relatives—those whom we should the most love and cherish—it is those whom we most afflict by our wicked tempers. Think of this when you are tempted to this sin; and if your heart is not altogether hard, it must influence you to keep a guard upon your temper.

And now, my reader, will you not try to think of this while you are reading the story? and will you not try to make the improvement in your own mind? If you will do so, then my labor will not have been in vain.

## CHAPTER III.

*Informs us how Ichabod Ide got a Ride, and  
lost his Pride.*

I HAVE compared an obstinate and angry person to a hog, that you might perceive how degraded he becomes by means of his evil temper. That is the least intelligent of brutes; and mankind are in general obstinate in the same measure in which they are stupid. And those who are wise at other times, become fools when excited to anger.

In one very important sense, the man who acts thus is more degraded than the brute. The last has no sense of moral right and wrong: the first has been taught by a merciful God to know good from evil. He knows that, in yielding to this perverse disposition, he is sinning against that Being who has conferred upon him innumerable benefits. Does not ingratitude, then, make him more degraded than the poor brute, which only acts from instinct,

and which has no capacity for the knowledge of God?

Poor Ichabod was never very tall ; and he had now stretched his legs out so far, that he was not much more than three feet in height as he then stood. Therefore, when Polly approached, she seemed to be measuring the altitude of his head, as if considering the possibility of clearing it by a jump. But as she was somewhat bulky, and withal rather scant of breath from the unusual exercise she had taken, she seemed to give up the idea of a flying leap, and turned her attention to the lower passage. Now, Ichabod had settled himself so close to the ground, that she could scarcely see under him at all. How then was she to pass ? To be sure, she might have turned on one side ; but she did not think of that, or, perhaps, was too stubborn to do it.

She did not check her speed at all ; but no doubt she felt some of that awe which every animal has of man. It was to this that Ichabod trusted ; but it proved a frail dependence now. Perhaps she thought he had proved no better

than she. But however that was, as the animal approached, she made a desperate plunge to pass under him. Meantime, Ichabod's heart had failed him, when he saw that she would not be stopped. He drew his legs together with a spasmodic jerk; but it was too late. Polly had already passed beneath him; and he found his knees pressing her fat sides before he could recover his position. Now, the pig was both tall and broad, and Ichabod's legs were withal somewhat of the shortest. So he soon found himself lifted from the ground, and proceeding at full career upon the animal's back. You may see him in the cut taking his ride.

When Ichabod was fairly mounted, finding himself moving at a rapid rate, fears began to rise in his mind lest he should be tumbled off, and be hurt by his fall. As his steed was not bridled, it was lucky for him, that he was mounted with his face behind, as that end of the animal happened to be supplied by nature with a certain appendage, which, in his present extremity, Ichabod found very convenient. Polly's tail was long and well curled; and to it he now instinctively clung, as to his only safe-







guard. Ichabod was never much of a horse-man, but as to riding pigback, such a thing had never entered his head since he came to man's estate. His pride, as may be supposed, was all gone in his novel situation ; he did not sit upright in conscious dignity upon his steed, but, Gilpin-like, he bent him down, and, like that hero, sought, with might and main, to secure his seat by holding on ; both hands being strongly clinched about the before-mentioned appendage to Polly's nether end.

Peter called to Ichabod to hold on and he would soon tire her out.

"Ay, ay, Master Peter," answered Ichabod, in a most lugubrious tone of supplication, "I'll hold on, if ye'll only stop her going under the fence. I'm afeard she'll wipe me off with the rail. Do stop her, Master Peter."

"Only you hold on, and I'll stop her," said Peter. The poor beast was now trudging through the ploughed ground, where her load caused her to sink up to her gambles at every leap ; so Peter was able to get ahead of her. She got along so slow, that Ichabod might easily have rolled himself off without any fear of being

hurt. But he had lost all presence of mind ; so he only clung the harder as he saw himself carried on towards the garden, while with a sorrowful countenance he turned his eye over his shoulder to look at the fence which seemed to threaten his downfall. "Oh, *do* stop her, Master Peter," he exclaimed, "*do* make haste."

"Yes, yes," said Peter ; "only hold on a minute more." Peter felt quite sure ; for he had already passed the fence, and there was a long board which he knew must check her, could he but place it against the posts. But he was a little mistaken in his calculations ; for as the pig approached the place, she found the ground somewhat harder for her feet. She struck out with renewed energy, so that Peter had only time to place one end against a post, before she dashed through the fence, and knocked the board from his hands.

It was with a sensation almost amounting to horror, that Ichabod felt the pressure of the rail upon his back. Guided by instinct, he held the closer by the tail as to his only hope. But it would not do. Polly was by much the stronger ; and, besides, she had the momentum caused by

her speed to assist her. But Ichabod struggled hard in the dreadful conflict; alas! he found it all in vain. The brute proved victorious, though she felt as if he would verily have torn her tail out by the roots, in the struggle to maintain his seat. Ichabod, as he feared, was wiped off, and turning a complete somerset, and uttering a long-drawn dolorous—"Oh"—he was landed with his face in the dirt.

Peter seemed to fail in all his calculations. He felt that he must now have recourse to some new expedient. The pig was in the place where she could do the most damage; and glad to be relieved from her burden, she had set forward with fresh alacrity. Peter had no time to think; but, guided by the impulse of the moment, he seized upon the only thing within his reach; and that proved to be the much-persecuted tail of poor Polly. Feeling that which nature had attached to her nether end, as it would seem, rather for ornament than for use, again made the object of attack, the poor beast increased her speed in the hope to get rid of the unpleasant accompaniment. But Peter clung, and Polly ran; round and round the

garden they went together till both were completely fagged out.

As they came round to the place where Ichabod had been dismounted, Peter was in hopes he would have come to his assistance. Again and again he called to him, but Ichabod still lay with his face upon the ground, and did not return any answer. He evidently thought himself mortally wounded ; and Peter, when he found he did not seem to hear him call, began to think he might indeed be seriously hurt. He began to care less for the pig when he thought that the man might be injured, and that it would be the consequence of his own folly. He let go his hold, which indeed he could not have kept much longer, and went back to look after his assistant. But when he came to the place where Ichabod had fallen, no Ichabod was to be seen. His helpmate had disappeared ; and which way he had gone Peter could not guess.

Now, don't you think these were a couple of pretty fools, and withal very rightly served ? We are told that pride will have a fall. Anger is pride ; obstinacy is pride : these Peter and





Ichabod had both shown, and they were now humbled enough.

When Ichabod refused to assist Peter, he was guided by such feelings; and again when he was scowling at him from under his hat, while he was rejoicing in his discomfiture, he was exhibiting a very evil spirit. When, from stubbornness, he chose to stand in the hog's way, he was very properly treated to a ride upon the hog's back. There he was exhibited as a laughing-stock, which his conduct well deserved. And when the hog had rubbed him off into the dirt, he was in the place to which all pride ought to be levelled. All who gratify such feelings, must in like manner expect to be humbled.

And Peter had shown as much obstinacy, and received an equal punishment. He was a very silly fellow to let out the pig before Ichabod was willing to help him; but no sooner was it done, than he began to suffer the consequence. He was too proud to wait for Ichabod; but he soon had to sue humbly for his assistance, and he received a mortifying refusal. But all might have been well, if he could have had a little patience. He, however, got angry



with the brute he was trying to manage ; and then his troubles flowed upon him thick and fast. And the worst are yet to come.

Now Peter's father was fond of his garden, and he took much pains to cultivate it. He did most of the work in it himself, and valued himself upon keeping it in good order. Not a weed was to be seen, nor any plant growing out of its proper place. The beds were all laid out with regularity, and every thing set out in a perfectly straight line. Peter, too, as I have said before, loved *his* garden : he inherited the taste from his father ; and from him he had learned to be neat in his arrangements, and accurate in his tillage. Every member of the family had a plat in the same inclosure, where they cultivated such plants as suited their convenience or their taste. Even the little girls had their flower-beds, and took great delight in taking care of them and seeing them blossom. Peter, too, was always happy to assist his little sisters ; and he would dig over their beds, and do such other work for them as was too heavy for themselves to do.



It was into this garden that the pig had made her way ; and she now had unrestrained liberty to range about it as she pleased.

Peter felt really alarmed lest Ichabod had been injured by his adventure, as at first he neither spoke nor moved. But when he came back to the place where he had left him, he found no Ichabod there. His concern immediately changed into anger ; for he felt the more provoked, as he had begun to speak in a tone of condolence when he approached the spot where he had last seen the dismounted cavalier. "He's the most obstinate fellow I ever knew," Peter exclaimed to himself. "It's only because he's so stubborn, is the reason he would not answer me. I don't believe he's hurt at all ; and he's made me leave the hog to spoil the garden while I come to look after him. Well—I'll know better another time." So said Peter as he turned again to look after the delinquent pig. And it was quite time she was looked after ; for she had been exceedingly busy in her new vocation of gardening, since he had left her.

Peter was pretty nearly right in saying Ichabod was the most obstinate person he had ever known. But it arose from the fact, that there was another individual with whom he was not so well acquainted as he should have been. Had he known one Peter Pepper a little better, he would hardly have said so. It was a wise precept of an ancient philosopher—"Know thyself." And a wiser than he has said, "Remove the beam from thine own eye before thou attempt to take the mote from thy brother's eye." It was from the want of such wise discrimination, that Peter was led to judge so harshly of his helpmate in this hunting excursion. Had he known the poor fellow's feelings at the moment, or had he known the errand he had gone upon, his thoughts towards him would have been very different.

Poor Ichabod was completely humbled; and his mind was entirely disconcerted by his unexpected ride and its abrupt and woful termination. His brain was never the clearest in the world: 'tis no wonder, then, that he was made dizzy by his sudden exaltation, and stupefied by the consequent overthrow. As he

lay stretched upon the ground, he was not altogether certain of his personal identity. He began to think, "Be I Ichabod Ide, or be I not? And if I be Ichabod Ide, be I still in the land of the living? or has this terrible fall killed me? I be surely not the same man as was hoeing squashes just now."

As he was thus cogitating in his own muddy way, he heard Peter's call for help.

Now Ichabod did not refuse to answer from any stubbornness of spirit. His pride of heart was levelled to the dust in which he lay. But he was not altogether certain that he had the power of speech remaining; and therefore he did not attempt it.

But Peter's voice had this effect: The well-known sound made him think that, possibly, he might yet be a denizen of the world. If he could hear, possibly he might be able to speak, and perhaps to move.

I will not say that Ichabod's mind was capable of any such connected train of thinking; but he acted as if it was, and began to move first one limb, and, finding he had power over it, he thought he would try to get up. Once

upon his feet, the well-known objects around seemed to restore his confidence in himself. He now verily believed he was indeed Ichabod Ide, still living and able to move.

Then, if it was so, the pig must be in the garden. And, this consequence established in his mind, he began to have unpleasant misgivings as to what his employer would think on his return. He remembered too—for his heart was softened by his misfortunes, and he remembered what perplexity Peter must be in. He pitied the poor lad's trouble, and resolved to do what he could to assist him. But he could not think of attempting to manage Polly by his own unassisted strength. So he went off to the fields, to call some of the other men to his help.

So you see Peter was wrong to have hard thoughts of Ichabod, who was doing all he could to assist him. But he was not yet sufficiently humbled for his own stubbornness. "Pride goeth before a fall." And when pride does go before, the fall almost certainly follows. Now, it is the pride of men's hearts which produces anger and obstinacy of temper, as well as

many other evil things. This Peter and Ichabod had both shown ; with the last it had been wholly brought down ; and both had suffered for their irritability and obstinacy. Peter's was not yet fully subdued ; but he had trials yet to come, as we shall find stated more at large in the following chapter.

## 6

## CHAPTER IV.

*Finds Peter in a Peck of Troubles.*

PETER found it was quite time to be looking after his garden. He had been away but a minute; but when he returned, such a scene of destruction met his sight as almost made him sick to look at. It seemed as if Polly was possessed with the very spirit of mischief. His own corn, he found, was half ploughed up by her destructive nose. He hoped that was all she had done; for he would much rather bear all the loss himself. And he thought she must have been very busy, to effect all the damage she had done to his own corn.

But he soon found that it was not all; for she had been to work with wonderful activity in her business of destruction, as if to repay him for the trouble he had given her. She was hid from his sight by some tall plants, but he could track her very easily by the mischief she had wrought. After he had viewed the ruin of his own labors, he came next to his sisters' flower-

beds. These, but a few minutes before, were glowing with all the colors of the rainbow, the ornament of the garden. The fairest and brightest were now torn up and trampled on; and the neatly-kept beds were left ragged and disfigured. It seemed as if the brute had the power of knowing which were the finest plants; for upon such she had chiefly vented her displeasure.

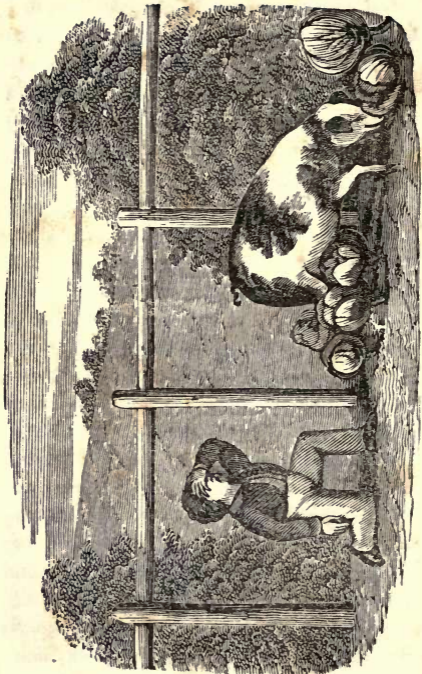
When he came to the plat where grew his mother's herbs, he found she had exercised the same instinct in selecting the most valuable for destruction. His father's cauliflowers were used in the same way, the largest heads being rooted up and scattered about. The pig seemed to have forgotten her former propensity to eat, in the now predominant inclination to destroy. Peter had been in hopes that her appetite would have checked her progress, so that she would not be able to effect much damage before he could get assistance to put her in the pen. He now looked at her ravages with dismay; but he had not yet seen her, for she was, as I said before, hid from his view by some tall plants.

It was no difficult matter to follow in her track ; and presently he came upon her. She was working with all her might upon a bed of cabbages. Peter could stand it no longer ; he threw himself upon the ground, and covered his face with his hands. These cabbages were raised from seed his father had obtained with difficulty ; he had planted them as an experiment, and valued them much. And now scarce one was left standing ; and the destructive animal seemed determined not to leave them, till the last should be rooted up.

Peter now dreaded the return of his father more than ever : he knew how much he would be disappointed ; and you may be sure he bitterly repented of his own folly. All he could do now, would not remedy the damage that had been done ; though he might easily have prevented it all by a little watchfulness over his own temper. “ I have been a fool,” he said to himself, “ and I deserve to suffer for my folly. But my father has done nothing to deserve it, nor my little sisters.” As the last thought suggested itself, he could not help bursting into tears ; for he knew that the little girls would be







very much grieved at the destruction of their flower-beds.

As Peter was thus desponding, with one knee upon the ground, and his head resting upon his hand, he felt some one grasping his shoulder: looking up, he saw his friend Ichabod, who had returned with two men to assist him, and, what was full as much to the present purpose, with the large house dog. "Come, cheer up, Master Peter," he said; "ye see we've come to help ye, and brought old Ponto, too; and he's worth all of us put thegither. And we'll soon imprison that there miscreant."

"Well, I'm sure it's kind in you, Ichabod, to take the trouble after your fall. I was afraid you were hurt; wasn't you, Ichabod?"

"Never say a word about that 'are, Master Peter," whispered Ichabod, who was no way proud of his feat. "I guess I was full as much frightened as hurt; but never say a word about it." Then speaking loud he continued: "Oh, I jist barked my shin a little when I tumbled: but there's no harm done. Only, next time, I guess I shan't be in such a hurry—to ride

a pigback." He muttered the last words to himself.

"But, see," said Peter, "what a sight of damage she has done in the little while she has been in the garden!"

"Yes, my son," replied one of the men, who was the foreman on the farm, "she has done a deal of mischief; but these cabbages will all grow again, if you set them out carefully."

"Will they? Well, I'm glad of that, for I know father will care more for them than for any thing else. If it had been only my own garden she had destroyed, I should not have cared so much about it. Now see that brute; she's looking at us as innocent as if she had done no harm."

"I guess," said Ichabod, "she's thinking we be a little too strong for her this time."

"She seems considering something or other very gravely," replied Peter. "She looks at Ponto as if she did not like *his* appearance."

"She remembers," said one of the men, "that he's had hold of her ear before. Now, if she's any thing of a sensible beast, she'll let

us drive her into the pen quietly, and save him the trouble this time."

As he spoke, he went on towards the pig, who had left off doing mischief as soon as she saw so formidable a party approaching. Ponto followed, pricking his ears and wagging his tail, as if eager to perform his part of the coming play.

But it was part of the hog's nature to be contrary—so contrary that she would still be stubborn, though she knew she could gain nothing by it. It mattered not that her opponents were too powerful to be resisted. It mattered not that she was sure to bring suffering upon herself, and, after all, was certain of being overcome, notwithstanding all she could do; she would still resist, because it was in her nature to be stubborn.

And who has not seen the same character exhibited in the human species? Take a person who habitually yields to his passions, a child for instance. Suppose his temper has been excited, and that he has been required by proper authority to do what he does not wish

to do, or to go where he does not choose to go. He will resist, though he knows resistance will be in vain against superior strength. He knows he must suffer the disgrace of being vanquished at last. He will be subject to pain in the contest; and perhaps he knows that in the end he will be punished for his obstinacy. Yet will such an one refuse to do with a good grace what he knows he must do at last? Is not such a child much more foolish than a silly hog? He is—for he has his reason to guide him, if he will but use it: he knows the consequences, and knows how to avoid them, which, perhaps, the brute has no power to consider.

But a child resisting his parent is but an emblem of a still more foolish character; though one which is, perhaps, much more common. There is another contest very frequently carried on in the world, in which the relative strength of the parties is much more unequal. What is the power of a father over his child, even when that child is a babe, as compared with the power of the Almighty Creator over all his creatures? Yet are there those who are

so foolish as to contend with this Great Being. And if they do not allow their *anger* to rise against him, they show their obstinacy in refusing to submit to the dispensations of his providence. But what can a feeble worm gain in a contest with the Eternal God? He cannot even have the satisfaction of resisting; for submit he must, with however ill a grace.

And is there any man who does not know it, when he makes God his adversary?—Can any man sin without being aware that he is offending the Almighty?—And does not every one know that he sins, whenever he does what God has forbidden?—or when he neglects to do what God requires?—or when he refuses to submit to what God has ordered? And yet of how frequent recurrence is this rebellion against the Great Eternal! How common among the human family is this obstinacy of heart! Nay! who is there that must not plead to the charge for some part of his life!

And why is it so? Is any so foolish as to think he can contend with Almighty Strength?—No.—The child does not believe that he can succeed in striving with his father;



neither can any one think to cope with the power of the Eternal. Yet will the rebel resist, though he knows it is all in vain.

Man is proud. He naturally fears disgrace. Yet will he submit to the disgrace of being vanquished, rather than withdraw from the unequal contest. He wishes to avoid pain; yet will he suffer that which he knows he might escape by bowing to God's will. And he knows, moreover, that there is another more fearful punishment which awaits him if he continues in his rebellion. And yet how many do obstinately continue it to the last!

Knowing that he can neither escape nor endure the anger of the Almighty, how strange it is that a feeble worm should think to brave it! Did not our every day's experience prove it, we could not believe that so weak a creature as man would dare to go on recklessly exciting the indignation of God. But thousands are constantly going down to the gates of death, who have all their lives been knowingly and wilfully resisting the Almighty.

What, then, is the cause of all this folly, of all this wickedness? None other can be



assigned, than the innate stubbornness of the human heart.

Am I wrong, then, in comparing those who give way to their evil passions in regard to their fellow-creatures, and those who continue in rebellion against God, to the most obstinate of all brutes? In some respects, the quadruped is to be preferred, inasmuch as it has no means of knowing right from wrong; while mankind have both the capacity for perceiving moral rectitude, and, by the helps a merciful God has provided, they have the power to follow it.

But what are the means by which we may overcome this stubbornness of our hearts?—There is one living, acting principle which alone has power effectually to do it. That principle is love.

If a child loved its parents, it would always obey them: it would never exhibit towards them obstinacy or anger. But you may say there are few children who do not love their parents; though most make a display of such evil passions at times.—Yes—they may have for them a degree of love—but they have it not

in any measure compared to the benefits received from those kind friends—they have it not in any proportion to the affection their parents have shown to them, or they would never thus be willing to grieve them.

But can even *so much* be said of those who rebel against God by obstinately resisting his will?—No.—Those who live in open rebellion to their Creator do not love him in *any* degree. They hate him—and for their folly, they must endure the fury of his indignation, if they repent not.

Yet God is willing these should return, and call him Father. And some do rejoice in the hope that they are children of God. And do *these* love him?—Yes—they love him.—Then they can no more sin against him?

Ah, it is not so—and why?—'Tis because their love is in no measure according to *his* love for them. As I said of the child in regard to its parent, so may I say of them. Their love is in no proportion to the benefits they have received at his hands, or it would not be so. It is not even proportioned to the daily

temporal blessings he bestows upon them. Much less can it be according to the measure of that love which prompted their Father in heaven to give his only-begotten Son a ransom for their sins. Much less can it compare with the love which induced the Saviour to bear ignominy and reproach—to endure suffering and death for their sakes; which made him willing to come in contact with sin and pollution, that he might cleanse them from their defilement, and make them heirs of an eternal and blessed inheritance in his heavenly kingdom.

Reader, will you not let me persuade you to emulate this love? Then you may hope in some measure to resemble the all-perfect character of him who felt it.

Thus is the choice of two characters before every one. He may raise himself to resemble an angel; or he may degrade himself below the very brutes which perish.

But it is time we knew what they were doing with Peter's pig. I have told you that she still continued stubborn, though she saw

such a force collected against her. One of the men had gone round her, in hopes to drive her quietly towards the pen; and she moved not till he approached close to and attempted to urge her. She then gave a piggish grunt, and, in accordance with her porkish nature, set off to run in an entirely opposite direction.

Ponto began to think that it was now his turn to operate: he commenced frisking about, looking up eagerly for the word of command. The word was given. He was told to seize her. In an instant his fangs were hooked in her ear; and giving a piteous squeal, poor Polly was turned upon her back.

This was the signal for a general attack. Ichabod rushed forward and seized her fore legs; the other men, each got hold of one of the hinder; and Peter, unwilling to be left out, caught at the already tormented tail. Thus, with Ponto to lead and Peter to bring up the rear, the cavalcade started with their prisoner. Squealing and squeaking she was, to be sure, most piteously; but their hearts had no pity for her. They kept on, till, what with dragging, and what with carrying her, she was at

last safely landed in the pigsty. The bars were closed upon her, and she was deprived of the liberty which she did not know how to use. And thus may all who resemble her in the stubbornness of their character, expect to be subdued by a power which they cannot resist; and in like manner may they expect to be shut out from those enjoyments which they abuse.

Scarce were the bars closed upon Polly, when Peter ran off to the garden. And no sooner had he gone, than his father drove into the yard followed by a wagon with the new shotes in it. He looked into the pen and saw the old hog had been moved. "Well," he said, "I'm glad Peter's moved his pig." Ichabod thought he would not be so very glad if he knew the mischief she had been doing. But he said not a word, and only busied himself getting the shotes into the pen.

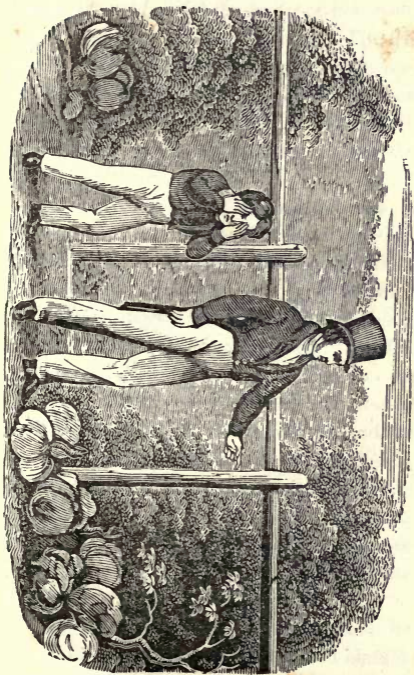
When this work was accomplished, the farmer inquired for his son. "He's gone towards the garden, the last I seed of him," said Ichabod: and he turned to go to his work,

while his employer went towards the garden to seek his child.

Peter had run back to the bed of cabbages, as soon as he had seen the pig well secured ; and so very active had he been, that he had them all replanted before his father arrived. He had been so much engaged in his work, that he had completely forgotten the cause which had rendered it necessary to be done ; and he looked round with much complacency as he viewed the accomplishment of his task, after he had set the last cabbage in the ground.

When therefore he suddenly felt his father's hand upon his shoulder, and heard his exclamation, " You seem warm, my son ; what have you been so busy about ? " he was a good deal startled. He turned to look at his father, and instantly remembered all that had passed. He was utterly confounded, and, in his confusion, turned away and covered his face with his hands.

His father saw that all was not right : as he looked at his cabbage-bed, he perceived that the earth was fresh about all the plants.







Tracks of the hog, and the marks of her snout, were visible upon the earth around. The farther he looked, the more damage could he see, which had been done by the destructive animal. "What is the trouble here, my son?" he said, as he pointed to the different spots where the mischief had been effected.

Peter was silent, but it required no words to inform the farmer of the cause of the destruction. As he looked farther, and perceived the extent of the damage which had been done, he could not but feel angry with Peter; for he knew it must be owing to *his* carelessness. He felt himself too much excited to speak; so he turned to walk away. But when he looked at the boy, and saw his utter confusion, and the tears trickling through his fingers, his kindly feelings returned; for he saw that the child was penitent. So he said to him with kindness as he walked off, "I am glad, my son, to see you have taken so much pains to repair the damage."

Peter was now wholly overcome, and he sobbed aloud. He might have braced himself to bear any punishment which should have been

inflicted upon him, but he could not withstand the affectionate tone of his father's voice when he forgave him. As Peter felt when he saw his father, so must all feel when they meet any kind friend whom they have injured. Is it not very foolish so to act, that we must fear to see those we love, more than we fear our most bitter enemy?

You may easily conceive, too, what was the state of Peter's mind when his father so freely forgave him. Oh, how bitterly did his heart reproach him, when he thought how much injury his own carelessness and stubbornness had caused his father,—that kind father who had so freely forgiven him! But Peter should have thought of this, when he was allowing his evil passions to do the mischief. And you, my reader, in like manner, should remember, when any wicked feelings tempt you to do evil, that you are sinning against your kind Father in heaven, who has conferred so many benefits upon you—*that* Father who is so ready to forgive you—who so loved you, that he gave his only Son to die for your sake.—You will be grieving that precious Savior who was willing

to suffer in your stead, and who is ever ready to plead for your pardon, if you will but repent.

And if you do ever repent, how bitterly will you mourn, that you should have caused pain to such a kind, forgiving friend !

If mankind could be actuated by no higher motives, yet if they would but duly consider the consequences to themselves, they would be less prone to sin. If they become penitent, they must weep, in the bitterness of their spirit, over their ingratitude to their long-suffering Redeemer. But if they obstinately refuse to repent, they must forever groan in unutterable anguish in the regions of interminable despair.

## CHAPTER V.

*Teaches a Way to get out of Trouble, and also  
a Way to get in.*

I HAVE said, Peter's father felt his own temper too much excited to allow himself to speak to his son at that time. He was naturally of a hasty temper, as was Peter; and he found the best way to keep it in subjection was, not to allow himself to say any thing under its influence; for if he permitted himself to speak, it soon would get beyond his control. He often endeavored to persuade his son to act on the same principle; and had he done so, Peter would have saved himself many a more bitter lesson, and his present trial among the rest.

The good farmer, however, felt reconciled to his son when he saw his penitence; and, of course, his own angry feelings abated. Nevertheless, he thought it best to consider a while, before he said any thing more about the mischief which had been effected by his son's means. He felt that he ought to converse

with him on the subject, but he wished to do it in such a way as would be likely to prove of the most advantage. So he said to Peter that he had better go to school; and that he hoped he would improve his leisure moments to reflect how far the trouble he had met with that morning, had been owing to his own folly and wickedness. "And, my son," he continued, "you have been disobedient to me, and have done me much injury. But I am glad to see you are sorry for it; and therefore I can cheerfully forgive you. But I wish you, also, to remember wherein you have disobeyed God in this matter, and how much you have injured *him* by your sins. And I trust you will, by penitence and prayer, seek his forgiveness."

Peter did as his father desired him. Even before he went to school, he retired to his closet, and there, on his knees, sought the forgiveness of God; and he felt much better satisfied when he had done so. He knew that he had been sinning through the whole course of the affair. At the first, he had sinned by disobeying his father—he had sinned by his impatience with Ichabod—he had afterwards sinned by his

irritability, his anger and stubbornness. He knew that he stood in need of forgiveness, and he felt better satisfied when he had asked it.

He not only did *so*, but he also sought help from the Almighty to enable him to conquer his evil passions. This is the true way to overcome any bad propensity of our corrupt hearts. If we humbly and sincerely seek the assistance of him who alone has the power to render it, it is surely the most likely way to accomplish our purpose. It is a certain way, since he has given his promise to fulfil the petitions of those who humbly ask in his Son's name. Perhaps we may see, in Peter's case, whether it was at all effectual.

Peter felt much relieved when he had done this; and he went off to his school with a comparatively light heart. Nevertheless, he felt uneasy sometimes, in the course of the day. At first he would hardly know why: then the remembrance of his fault would come into his mind to cause him sorrow. He was in a measure comforted when he recalled to his thoughts his father's forgiveness, and when he recollected he had sought pardon of the Al-

mighty. And he trusted that he had that also ; for he had early learnt that the Lord was a prayer-hearing God.

It was strange, you will think, that he should not regulate his own conduct better, since he had had a religious education. It was so ; but such strange inconsistencies do appear in human beings. But Peter had this morning prayed for help to overcome his evil passions *more earnestly* than he had ever done before ; and he hoped God would assist him, for he now felt his own weakness and inability to contend with them himself.

Perhaps the reader will think that I lay more stress upon the sin of Peter's conduct than it deserved. But is it indeed so ? Is not disobedience a very great sin, and the root of all other sins ? And Peter had disobeyed his father ; and he had disobeyed God, who has enjoined obedience to parents. He had, moreover, given way to stubbornness and obstinacy, which are the fruit of pride, the most hateful of all sins. Had he not then sinned ? He had given way to his angry passions ; and our Savior tells us that the murderer's guilt lies

in this feeling of anger. Which of us knows that he would not kill his brother, were he free from the restraint of human laws? No one who yields to his temper, can say that, thus unrestrained, he would not be a murderer. Can we then think, that anger is a trifling sin?

The fact is, we are very apt to consider actions trifling which the Almighty will look upon in no such light. And we are apt to think as little of the consequences; but were we to consider only those that accrue to us in this life, it should make us more cautious of incurring them. But, sooner or later, conscience will be awakened; and then, like Peter, we shall be goaded with its stings. Had not Peter been reconciled to his father, he would have been unhappy all the day; and to the impenitent, the stings of conscience are past endurance. As it *was*, having his forgiveness, his mind at times was still uneasy; for he knew that the consequences of his conduct could not be wholly repaired; and, moreover, he could not think of his own perverseness without sorrow. His heart told him that the



sin was registered against him, and it must forever remain so.

And even thus is it with the Christian. He will never be wholly free from the effects of his former sins ; and it is with anguish he will remember his folly in committing them. Such a bitter thing is it to rebel against God, that, even when he has been forgiven, a sting will remain behind.

We can never be wholly free from the consequences in this life ; but, thanks be to a long-suffering Savior, we may hope for perfect peace in a better world, if we seek it by faith in him.

But to the impenitent, there can be no peace in this life, nor in that which is to come. If the remorse of a guilty conscience is unbearable in this world, who can endure the gnawings of that never-dying worm through an eternity of despair ? There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked.

When Peter came home at night, he had almost forgotten the events of the morning. Not so his father. He had thought much of

them ; and he believed it was a favorable opportunity to make an impression on his son ; and he determined not to let it pass unimproved. Moreover, some circumstances, which had come to his knowledge in the course of the day, confirmed him in his intentions.

When the family were seated round the table after supper, he said to his son, " Peter, have you forgotten what we were speaking of this morning ? " Peter colored up to his eyes.

" No, sir," he said, " I have not forgotten it. I shall remember it a good while ; every time I go into the garden, I'm sure I shall."

" Well, my son," said the father, " I do not mention it so much to remind you of the mischief that was done, nor of your disobedience, which caused it ; for you know I have forgiven you your fault. But I thought that it might be a useful lesson to you for the future, if you would seriously reflect on your conduct and its consequences. One thing this may help to teach you ; and that is, that we never can do wrong without bringing suffering on ourselves and others. Truly, the way of transgressors is hard.

Now, my son, I should like to have you relate all the circumstances of the case."

Peter then began, and told all that happened; and where he was in fault, he did not spare himself, but honestly took the blame. When he had done, he asked his father if he did not think that a hog was the most obstinate of all animals.

"Perhaps he is, my son, the most stubborn of all brutes. But I should think, from the story you have been telling us, that there was another concerned as obstinate as the pig."

"Oh, you mean Ichabod, father; well, I *do* think he was quite as obstinate as the hog. He's the most stubborn fellow I ever knew."

"Do you think, Peter, that remark will apply to no one but Ichabod?" Peter blushed: "I don't know, sir," he said; "I suppose you think I was as bad as he was."

"Well, we won't try to adjust the balance of merit; but I will tell you a story which I have heard, and which forms something of a parallel to yours."

"Oh, so do, father, tell it to us," exclaimed all the children.

“Peter, where do you think was the chief fault, this morning?” asked the father.

“It was my first letting the pig out?”

“Yes, that was the great fault in action, which gave rise to all your after trouble. But faults in action are always preceded by sins of the heart. If you had resisted the first inclination to anger, none of this would have happened. If, when Ichabod refused to come, you had not allowed yourself to make him any answer, you might have kept your temper under restraint. ’Twas just as it was with the pig. You can see well enough that, if you had not let down the bars of the pen, you might have restrained the stubborn brute you had to deal with. In like manner, if you had not opened your mouth, when you felt the risings of anger, you might have kept the evil passion within till you had smothered it.”

“That was the way *you* did, father, when you saw what was done in the garden.”

“Yes, my son, I tried to do so, because I knew if I allowed myself to speak, I should get very angry. And that would have made me very uncomfortable, besides that I should have

been tempted to do what I might have been sorry for."

"I'm sure you'd made *me* very uncomfortable," said Peter, "if you had used me as I deserved."

"I might, very properly, have punished you, no doubt; and do you know why I did not?—It was because I saw you were sorry for what you had done. I felt towards you as our Heavenly Father feels towards his children when he sees they are penitent for their sins. Can you tell me, now, what is the chief reason why we should be cautious to check our evil propensities?"

"Yes, sir—It is that we may not sin against God."

"Yes—that we may not displease that good God who is so ready to forgive."

"Well, I'm sure that is a good reason; for I felt as bad again for what I had done, when I found how ready you were to forgive me. I am sure I suffered more than if you had whipped me for it."

"That is the way we shall feel towards God, when we have done wrong, if our hearts are

right. It will grieve us more to have offended our kind Father, than it would to endure any punishment. And these feelings will lead us to contend against sin."

"But, father," said one of the little girls, "an't you going to tell us the story?"

"Yes, my dear. It's about a boy who very foolishly let his temper get loose, just as Peter let the pig out of the pen; and then he found it quite as unmanageable. He was going one day to school, when one of his comrades joined him, and immediately began to tell what another boy had said about him the day before."

"And what was it, father?" asked the little girl.

"Oh, it's no matter what it was. It was some foolish thing, I dare say, not worth quarrelling about. But this boy did not think so; or rather he did not think at all, for angry folks are not apt to think.

"So, when he saw the other lad sitting on a rock in the playground, he went right up, and taxed him with what he had said. The other boy only laughed at him, and this made him ten times more angry."







“ And what was his name, Pa ? ”

“ Why, his companions had nicknamed him Pepper, because of his peppery disposition ; and the boy he was affronted with was called Robert. And the one who made the trouble was a cunning, mischievous boy, whom, for that reason, his schoolfellows called Simon Slyboots. You know whom I mean by Simon Slyboots, don't you, Peter ? ”

“ I can guess, sir,” said Peter, coloring, for he thought he could guess all the three.

“ Now, if Master Pepper had gone and asked Robert about what he said, in a proper manner, he would have received an explanation which would have satisfied him ; for he would have seen there was no harm, except in the coloring Simon Slyboots had given it. But this he did not do ; but he grew more and more angry ; and at last he concluded he must have a fight to settle the matter. Now, this was very foolish, not only because persons can never get any good themselves by quarrelling and fighting, but also because Robert was two years older than the other, and a great deal the stronger, so that the peppery young gentleman

was sure to come by the worst of it, if they *did* fight. But he was about as wise as most people are when they are angry. You see his temper was like Peter's pig; when she had once got out, there was no way to manage her."

"And did the boys fight, Pa?"

"Why, Robert only laughed at the challenge, as he had laughed at his anger before. He did not feel at all angry himself, and therefore had no disposition to fight. But he did not like to be bullied; so he would make no explanation. He would have behaved better if he had."

"And where was Simon Slyboots, Pa?"

"Oh, he had taken his seat upon a stump hard by; and right glad was he to see things working so much to his mind. He wanted to see the boys quarrel, and was delighted when he saw Pepper's anger getting beyond control. So the one scolded, and the other laughed; and at last Master Pepper proceeded to blows. Robert still laughed; 'I don't mind your hitting me, you little pepperpot,' he said, 'any more than I should a musquito bite.'

“‘If you won’t fight,’ cried the angry lad, ‘it’s because you’re a coward.’

“‘Why,’ replied Robert, ‘every body knows I could thresh you if I wanted to. So I don’t know why I should be afraid. If you were as strong as I am, perhaps they might think so.’ Just then, the pepperpot (as he called him) hit Robert a severe blow upon his eye, which made the light dance before him. This was too much for his equanimity. He jumped up, and a regular fight ensued. Now, though Robert was a great deal the stronger, yet the other was more active ; so they fought for some time. Some of their friends tried to persuade them to stop ; but it was of no avail. Their tempers had got loose, and it was of no more use to try to check them by words, than it was for Peter to try to stop his pig by catching hold of her tail.”

“But, Pa,” said one of the children, “they might have got between them, so that they could not fight.”

“That would have been a very silly trick. They could have done no good by it, but would only have fared the worse for it themselves.

You know how Ichabod succeeded when he tried to stop the hog; he was only carried away himself and thrown down. Now, anger is much more difficult to check, when it has once got loose, than even a stubborn hog. So these boys were more wise than to interfere any other way than by words. All this time, Simon was perched upon his stump, chuckling to himself; for he was mightily pleased to think how well he had succeeded."

"And why did he want them to fight, sir?"

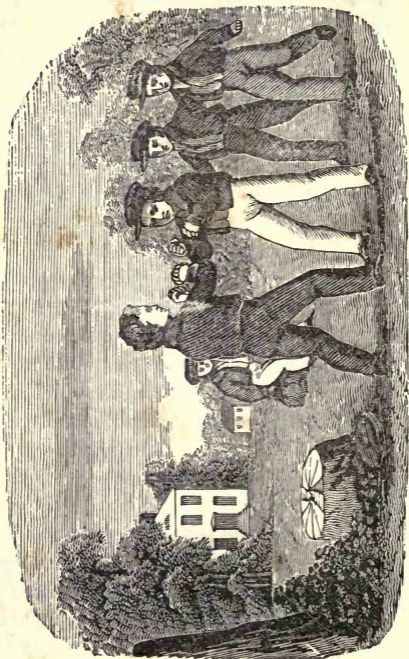
"Because he had a grudge against one of them, for something he had done. And he would have been glad to have beat him himself; but he did not like to fight. So he tried to make him pick a quarrel with one who, he knew, would give him a good flogging."

"I think he was a great fool for letting him do so."

"Yes, Simon *knew* that he was a fool, or he would not have thought of trying. That is, he knew he was very passionate; and a passionate person may be made to commit any act of folly."

"But I wonder they didn't suspect him."





“Why, Master Pepper had forgotten all about his quarrel with Simon; and when his anger was once excited, it was not to be expected that he would think at all. For anger and reason can never act together; so that, when a man cherishes this passion, he brings himself for the time to a level with the brutes. Now, Peter, don't you think that this boy was a very silly fellow, thus to let his passions have the command of him, so that he could be duped in such a silly way?”

“I do, indeed, sir,” said Peter; and he blushed, for he knew well enough that his father was speaking of himself.

His father had heard these circumstances from his teacher in the course of the day; and it made him feel, more than ever, the importance of doing something to check the violent temper of his son. He knew that this could not be effected by punishing him; and that, unless he could bring the boy's reason to act, all his efforts would be vain. If to this he could add the power of religion, he had good hopes that he should succeed, and that his son would be

saved from a fault which threatened very much to interfere with his happiness.

He had prayed often and earnestly that his boy might be delivered from this evil. And he fully believed that his prayers would be answered ; for he trusted that God, according to his promise, would hear those who asked in the name of the Holy Savior. He had the full assurance of hope, that the Almighty God, for the sake of the Son whom himself loved, would have pity on a father, when he sought mercy for his child. How would his heart have been gladdened, had he known how near his prayers were to be fulfilled !

Though he knew it not, his son had taken the most important step towards their accomplishment. This he had done on that very day when he had drawn nigh to God in prayer. The father knew, indeed, that his son prayed ; for this he had been taught from his earliest childhood. And he knew he would seek God's forgiveness for the sins of that day ; for so he had promised to do, and Peter was too honest a boy not to fulfil his word.



But he was also well aware of the nature of children's prayers, uttered, as they generally are, without consideration. Yet even such petitions, he thought, were better than neglecting the duty; for he trusted that the spirit of the Almighty would at some time descend upon his son to change his heart in answer to his own prayers. He felt that these had been sincere; and therefore he fully believed they would be accomplished for his son. So he taught Peter where to go for succor, hoping that at some time he would feel the need of more than human help, and be led to seek it where alone it could be obtained. He knew, if he once went thus to God feeling his own helplessness, that he would be accepted; he knew that his son then would be received into the fold of Christ. How would his heart have rejoiced, had he known, that, on that very morning, his boy, feeling his wickedness and his utter inability to help himself, had humbled himself before God to seek his forgiveness and his assistance in subduing his own evil heart!

It is thus that an All-merciful God brings good out of evil. When Peter's father went

into the garden in the morning, and saw the state that it was in, and the truth flashed upon his mind, that it was owing to the perverseness of his boy, he felt grieved to the heart. He cared little for the damage that had been done to his garden, though he valued that so much—he thought not of the carelessness of his son. But it was his disobedience which grieved him—his direct disobedience to himself, and consequently his sin against God. Had he known the stubbornness, and anger, and pride, which his son had that morning exhibited, it would have given him much more pain.

But if he could have known that the suffering he had felt himself, and more especially the damage he had done to those he loved, would cause his son to mourn over his own perverseness and wickedness—and if he could have known that he would be made to feel his own weakness and inability to restrain himself—and that he would thus be induced to sink upon his knees as a humble suppliant for divine assistance—would he not have rejoiced in those circumstances which led him to it? He would have thought the mischief which had been done

too trifling to occupy his thoughts—he would not have cared for the suffering to himself or to his son—he would have been *thankful* even, for those sins which had made the boy feel his weakness and his need of pardoning mercy. His mourning would have been turned to gladness—he would have had the oil of joy for the spirit of heaviness.

And Peter *had* resolved to struggle with his evil temper, and he was determined to seek help from God. And he did it faithfully. But there was many a hard-fought battle before he gained the victory. Sometimes he was allowed to fall, that he might more simply rely upon God. But, encouraged by his father and the promises of the Savior, he persevered. And one thing he always found to be the case, and that was, that he was never strong, except when he sought help from God. So the reader may know where to look.

## CHAPTER VI.

*Speaks of the Fitness of Things ; and more particularly shows how especially suited is the Rod to a Fool's Back.*

IN the first chapters, the reader has had an opportunity to see the effects of letting loose so unmanageable an animal as a pampered hog. And in the last, he may perceive like bad consequences arising from not keeping under proper restraint a long-indulged evil temper. The comparison is easily drawn ; and in so many points is the character of a proud person like that of the above-named stupid and stubborn beast, that the similarity hardly needs to be pointed out. In this chapter, I purpose to show, in conformity with the title of it, how very suitable to the deserts of such characters are the natural consequences of their conduct.

Our friend Peter was the principal actor in the first part of the narrative ; and it must be borne in mind that he was likewise in the incidents

related in the last chapter, though his father, from delicacy to his feelings, told the story under the name his companions at school had given him, so that the rest of the family did not know of whom he was speaking. I shall now go on with the narration, that you may perceive to what such folly most naturally leads.

But first I would observe, that I do not know of a more odious character than that of one who, for purposes of revenge, or for any other reason, takes a malignant delight in setting his fellow-creatures at variance. What can be a more hateful sight, than a human being exhibits, who is exulting in success after endeavoring to make mischief between two of his comrades! It appears to me, that there is no earthly spectacle which so clearly represents to us the aims, the employments, and the feelings of the fallen angels. These, we know, are ever striving to set God's creatures at variance with one another, and to urge them to rebellion against their Maker. These ever exult in the success of their infernal attempts. But let it not be supposed that their exultation is enjoyment. Far from it; they bring upon them-

selves more suffering than they cause to others ; for even those malignant feelings in which is their delight, are ever gnawing like a canker at their own heart. The more they indulge them, the greater is their own torment.

Such a character was Simon Slyboots ; and so little enviable were his feelings, as he sat upon his stump viewing the mischief he had made. But there was a more open punishment awaiting him, as we shall presently perceive.

And now I will go on and tell you how Peter succeeded in the war he was waging to avenge his wounded honor, which he felt was injured by Robert's remarks. Perhaps it may appear silly to be talking of a boy's honor ; but why may not a boy have such a sensitive spot, as well as a man?—ay, or as well as a nation? And when he is wounded there, why should he not fight for it as well? Does he not take as much comfort in the blows he receives as a man or a nation of men do, in the wounds they get? and is not his satisfaction as laudable in returning them? And as to the matter of policy, I conceive it is much more becoming the intellect of a child to be fighting, than it is accord-

ing to the wisdom which might be expected from a man and a statesman.

But to return to Peter. He was a very active lad, much more so than was Robert; and therefore, though the latter was by much the stronger, Peter contrived to keep him in play for some time. He gave his antagonist many hard blows, but he received some harder in return. However, Robert did not wish to hurt Peter, though he had been excited to fight by the sudden blow in his eye. He rather wished to put an end to the contest, when he could do so without exposing himself too much to the fury of his peppery antagonist. Accordingly, when he saw an opportunity, he flung his arms round Peter in order to throw him down.

This was no difficult matter, seeing he was so much the stronger. But Peter was just like an eel, and twisted himself round in such a manner, that when they fell, he contrived to come down on the upper side. Robert, however, turned him over like a pancake. "Now," said he, "Peter, we've had enough of this nonsense. I'll let you get up now, if you'll

promise to be quiet." William and Richard were the friends both of Robert and of Peter. They were standing by, and they tried to persuade the latter to agree to the terms. But he only struggled the harder that he might continue the contest. Now, don't you think he was a very silly fellow? Just observe how much his conduct resembled that of his pig.

Robert tried to hold down the hands of the furious boy; but, spite of all he could do, the peppery little fellow got them clear, and immediately began to strike with all his might. "Well," says Robert, "I see nothing will do for him, but that I must give him a good threshing." Robert then began in earnest, and Master Pepper was beaten till Robert was tired, and Peter himself was sick of his bargain. So you see he had to submit in the end; and this he knew would be the case when he began; and it shows how ridiculous a boy's temper may sometimes make him.

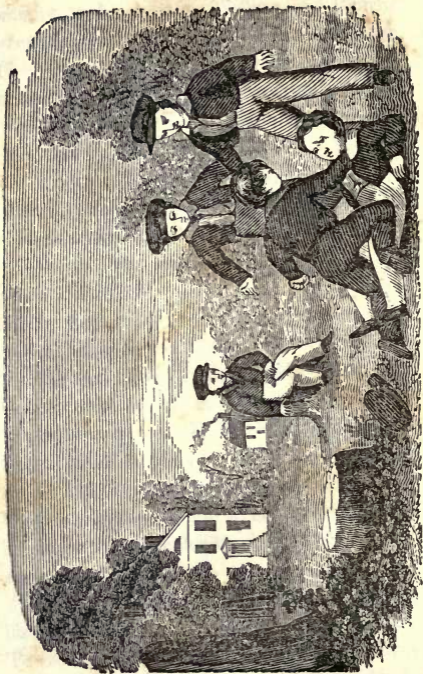
But suppose he had succeeded in conquering his opponent, what would he have gained? To be sure, the balance of blows would have been on the other side: but what would *he*



1870

118





have had himself to repay him for his share of the pain? Why—he'd have had the noble satisfaction of inflicting like pain upon a fellow-creature; perhaps, as in the present case, upon a friend. And this is what is called *honor*; and the principle is the same whether they are boys, or men, or nations, who fight for it. What do you think, reader? Is this a wise and noble principle?

I have been speaking of it as a matter of policy: but how is it viewed as a moral right? It will come in place here to relate a conversation which took place between Peter and his father. The good man had been telling his son how very wicked it was for children to quarrel and fight, in continuation of their conversation in the last chapter.

“But, father,” asked Peter, “is it any worse for boys to fight than for men?”

“No, my son,” replied his father; “it is much more wicked for men, inasmuch as they have so much better means of knowing what is right.”

“But we always hear great generals praised for it, sir,” said Peter.

“That is too true; but it is seldom they deserve the praise, Peter. Without there has been some peculiar cause to justify their fighting, they ought to receive reprobation rather than commendation for it. They should be considered the scourges rather than the benefactors of their race. And especially should Christians look upon them in that light.”

“And yet, father, I’ve heard *Christians* boasting of a victory!”

“It is not often they can exult in such a thing without sinking from their Christian character. It is but rejoicing in pain, and wounds, and death, inflicted upon their fellow-creatures; and it is seldom, very seldom, that there is cause which will justify bloodshed in the sight of God. And when that is the case, the necessity will rather be mourned over, than the result rejoiced in, by those who possess the spirit of the compassionate Savior. It is another kind of feeling altogether, which causes them to exult. A great victory gratifies the pride of the human heart; but that pride is most hateful in the sight of God.”

“Don’t you think it strange then, father, that Christians should delight in such things?”

“I do indeed, my son. But there have been those who have called themselves Christians, but who, notwithstanding, could fight a duel. Now, there is little difference in a murder committed to gratify public hate and one committed from private ill-will.”

“But no one would think any man a Christian who was to fight a duel!”

“No! public opinion would brand him with ignominy; and if it frowned in like manner upon public wars, it would soon put an end to them, as it has to duelling. So you see those who praise a soldier for his feats, are in a measure partakers of his crimes.”

But let us see what was the end of Peter's adventure. Robert pounded him till he acknowledged that he had “enough;” and soon after, the boys were called into school. It was not long before the master perceived that there was something out of the way in Robert's face. “Come here, Robert,” he said. “What's the matter with your eye?”

“It's only where Peter hit me, sir,” Robert replied.

“It’s *only* that? Step this way, Peter. How came you to strike Robert? But stop— You seem to have had a pretty good drubbing yourself: so you have been having a fight, young gentlemen, have you? Now you know that it’s always my calculation to do all the whipping myself, and I never fail to come in for my share on such an occasion as this; so that’s expected, of course. Now, tell me, Robert, how this happened. I should have thought you would have been ashamed to fight with a boy so much smaller than yourself, if you had no other principle to restrain you.”

“I did not wish to hurt him, sir,” Robert replied, “but he forced me to.”

Peter was then questioned; and as a reason for his conduct, he repeated what Simon had told him that Robert had said. “And you said so, did you, Robert?” asked the master.

“No, sir, I did not,” Robert replied: and he then explained what it was he had said.—“And why did you not explain to Peter, when you saw he was angry?”

“Why, sir, he was so rude and violent, I did not like to.”

“Because he did wrong, will not excuse you ; so I shall have to punish you as well as Peter. But let us look to the bottom of the matter. Walk this way, Master Simon,” said the teacher, turning to Slyboots ; “we must get a little information from you in this affair. What could be your motive in misrepresenting what Robert had said ?”

It was seldom Simon was in want of a plausible reason ; but this time, he knew not what to say. Nevertheless, he felt that he must say something, for the fear of the Dominie’s rod was haunting his imagination. At last he stammered out, that Peter had kicked him, and laughed at him, on a certain time he mentioned.

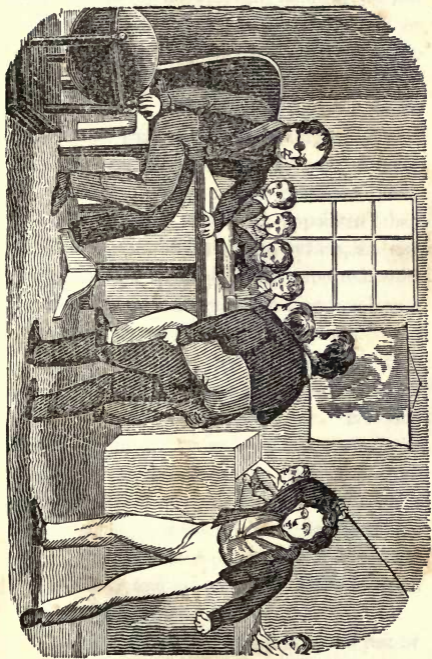
“And so,” said his teacher, “you told a lie to be revenged on Peter. I do not see but you are the principal culprit after all.” The Dominie was very unwilling to punish his boys ; but when duty required it, he knew his own feelings must yield. He sat silent a while considering what he should do ; meantime the three culprits stood before him, awaiting their sentence with no very enviable feelings. To

Simon, especially, the suspense was tormenting, for he had an awful dread of the Dominie's birch.

At last the good man hit upon a plan by which he could cause the least pain, and yet punish all. To Robert he said—"You seem disposed to lend yourself as an instrument in chastising others; and therefore I shall use you again. You must hold Peter fairly on your back while he receives his chastisement. And as to Peter, I do not see that any thing will answer for him but a good whipping. The wise man, in speaking of the fitness of things, lays the rod on the fool's back. That is clearly its proper place, and therefore you must all see that Peter's back is excellently prepared to receive it. And you, Master Simon, for your share, shall administer the punishment."

The heart of Simon leaped within him for joy: his little soul could hardly contain itself, and prevent his chuckling aloud. The idea that his own back was to escape a scourging, was all that he could think of. To gain that, he would gladly have become whipper to every boy in the school. Peter thought it was very







hard he was to be whipped, thinking he had flogging enough for one day. But when he heard Simon's sentence, he was glad he was to be whipped, and not the whipper.

Robert was a noble-spirited boy, and would much rather have received a scourging himself than have been made an instrument in chastising another. The master considered their various characters when he appointed their punishment: his object was to reform, and not to please. To be sure, Simon appeared satisfied with the part assigned him, inasmuch as it would save his own back from the birch.

But his satisfaction was of short duration; for as he stole his eyes round the room, he perceived a sneer upon every face. He soon perceived that the general contempt would be harder to bear, than even the pain of a whipping. As he struck the first blow after Peter was mounted, a universal hiss pervaded the school. This public reprobation was more than he could bear, and he could find neither strength nor courage to go on.

This expression of contempt from the rest of the boys, the Dominie did not attempt to check,

for he wished Simon to appear and to feel contemptible. He urged him on, however, to the performance of his task; and Simon dare not refuse, though every blow he struck was accompanied with a like expression of feeling from his companions. So Simon found his punishment, after all, was not a very light one; and Peter, though his whipping did not amount to much, felt severely the disgrace of being exhibited before the whole school for his folly.

When the boys went to their places, every eye in the school was turned upon Simon; and he was glad to hide his confusion by appearing very studious, though he was not very fond of his books at other times. And when the school was dismissed, the whole burst upon him in one torrent of reproach. He went off amidst the general hisses of all his school companions; one would hit him a cuff or a kick, another would trip him up, and tumble him into the mud. And he would then be greeted with loud "huzzas" by the whole school; so greatly did they despise him for the meanness of his conduct. No one, I think, will say that he did not deserve their contempt. But, though they

were right to despise his conduct, and he deserved all that he suffered, yet you will not understand me to intimate, that they were right to proceed to acts of violence.

Simon was glad when he could get clear of them, and sneak away by himself. He went home, and it was some time before he again dared to show his face at the school.

But let us return to the evening before referred to, in which Peter had been conversing with his father.

When the good man had done speaking, Peter rose up and retired to his room; and when there, he began to think seriously of what had passed, and to look forward to the future. He could see but a gloomy prospect ahead: his father had told him that the older he grew the worse would be the consequences of his irritable temper, if he did not learn to control it. His own experience, so far, had proved his father to be correct; and he could not doubt it would continue to be so. But, then, what was he to do? All his attempts heretofore had been unavailing, though he had been fully sensible of the

importance of success, and had been resolved to do his utmost to attain it.

He well remembered, that, at the time of the affair with his schoolfellows, he had been determined that thenceforth he would keep his passions in check. Yet but a few days had passed since he had made such a fixed resolution; and already, how unavailing had it proved! It was the remembrance of this, which, in the morning, made him almost despair, when, after the adventure in the garden, he parted with his father. When he went, as his father desired him, to seek forgiveness of God, this sense of his own weakness caused him to throw himself in entire dependence upon the mercy of his Maker. And his heart was much comforted when he had done so.

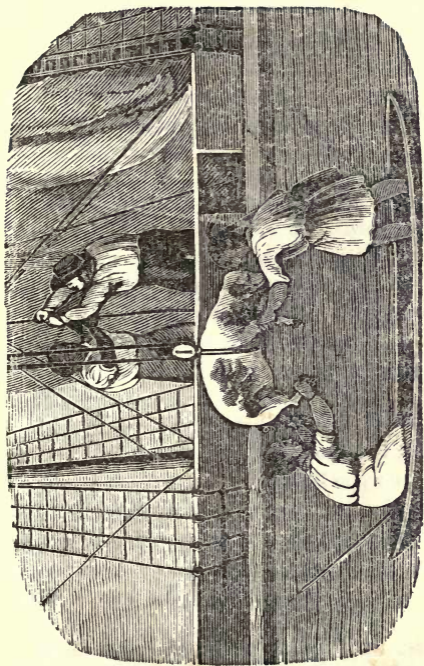
And now, in the evening, when he had retired to his room, he began again to despond, as he called to mind his repeated perverseness after his many resolutions to amend. He revolved in his mind such thoughts as these:—  
“If I go on in this way, what is to become of me? My temper seems to grow worse and worse; and it constantly makes me unhappy,

and makes my friends unhappy.—Yes—and it causes me to sin against God; and there is another world for the punishment of sin. And how am I to escape it? I know well enough the way of salvation—I know I have only to believe on Jesus Christ. But they say, those who truly believe on him in their hearts, strive to be like him; and that they *do* become more and more like him. Now, Jesus was gentle and forbearing; but I do not become so in the least.”

Then he remembered again that God had promised to assist those who ask his help, and the words of Jesus came into his mind: “If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it:” and he spoke aloud—“God will not lie; Jesus would not lie.” A hope that he might yet overcome his sin flashed across his mind, and he sunk by his bedside upon his knees to seek help where alone it could be found. Earnestly and fervently did he plead with God to hear him for his dear Son’s sake—earnestly did he plead with the Savior to fulfil his promise to him, and to plead in his behalf.

He rose from his knees with his heart refreshed and his mind soothed ; and he resolved that thenceforth, with God's help, he would make the Savior his pattern, and God's will the rule of his life. With these thoughts revolving in his mind, he laid himself down to rest, and his sleep was sweet.







## CHAPTER VII.

*Is an Authentic Narration of some Piggish Adventures, and also contains some Good Practical Lessons.*

PETER waked in the morning refreshed by his sleep; and he went forth that day relying on something firmer than his own strength, and he went to victory. But it must not be supposed that he was always successful; for sometimes he would grow careless, and then he would fall into his former sin. And many a bitter pang did it cost him.

But this day, when he had been sensible of his own weakness, and was strengthened for the conflict, it was fortunate, or, I should say, it was providential, that he was put to the trial; for it resulted in a victory over the pride of his heart, which opened the way to many more in future, if not to a final conquest.

Simon appeared at school that day for the first time since the adventure before related;

and his friend Dick wished to persuade Peter to whip him, telling him it was cowardly not to do so.

Peter colored deeply, for he did not like to be reproached in that way; but his resolution did not forsake him. "Well, Peter," said Dick, seeing he could not prevail, "do tell us what's the matter with you. You used to be ready enough for a fight."

"I'll tell you," said Peter, "if you'll sit down here." And he then told the boys his own and Ichabod's adventure with the hog; and how his father had compared their stubborn tempers to the stubborn beast. "Now, the fact is, boys," said he, "I've made up my mind that I've no ambition to resemble such a brute." So you see the reason I did not wish to get angry; because, if I once let my temper loose, I know I shall not be able to manage it. I think it's best to keep in such unruly things; for if I had kept the pig in the pen yesterday, I should have saved myself a great deal of trouble."

The boys were much amused at the story; and for a long time after that, when any one

got angry, they compared him to the hog; and this made them more cautious how they yielded to their tempers. So this porkish adventure was of some advantage to others besides Peter.

When his story was finished, Peter turned round, and perceived that Simon had crept up close behind him. The poor boy looked frightened when he found that he was observed; but Peter held out his hand to him, and, thus encouraged, he joined the rest of the party; and all seemed disposed to be friendly, and to forget the past. And I can assure you, Peter felt much more happy than he would if he had quarrelled.

When Peter returned home, he told his father that Simon had appeared at school again.

“Well, my son,” said his father, “did you quarrel with him?”

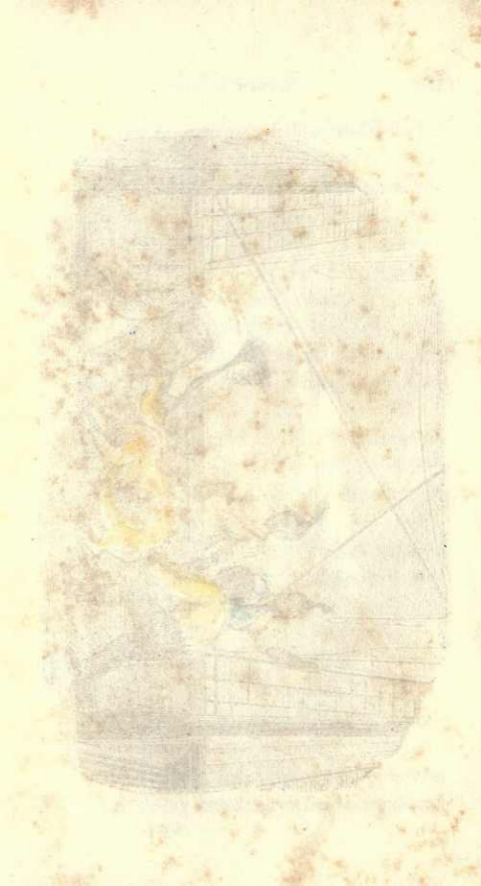
“No, sir,” said Peter, “but the boys wanted me to whip him;” and he then told his father how they had tried to make him do it, by calling him a coward.

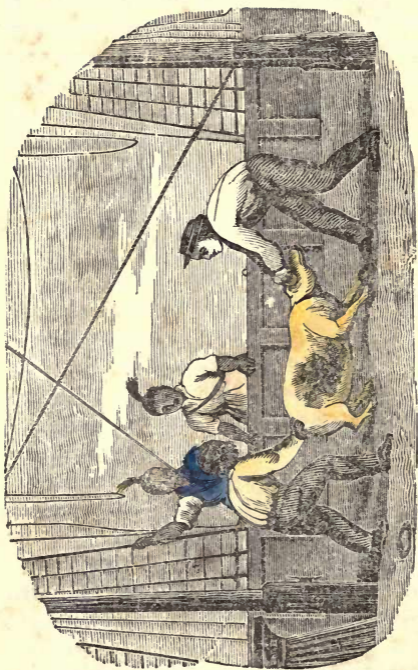
“You put me in mind of another characteristic of the hog,” said his father; “and that is his disposition to be contrary. And the pride

of the human heart has the same tendency ; 'tis evident the boys calculated upon this, by the means they used to force you into another quarrel. I will tell you another pig story, to show you this amiable trait of character, which angry people generally possess, in a most eminent degree, in common with their four-legged representatives.

“ When I was a young man, I went a voyage to sea. As we were lying at one of the islands in the South Sea, two Indians brought a large hog alongside in a canoe. The cook and the steward were called to hoist it on board ; and a good tug they had, for it was a heavy fellow. After they had landed him upon the deck, he lay down, and would not move one way nor the other. They wanted to get him forward ; so one gets hold of his ears, and the other pushes astern. But the more they pulled, and the more they pushed, the more did he resist ; and he proved himself stronger than them both. He stuck his sharp claws into the deck, and braced himself, so that they could not start him an inch.

“ ‘ What shall we do, doctor ? ’ said the







steward. 'Dis is an ogly fellow, and I do believes we skall not do wid him at all.'

"The doctor (that is, the cook) scratched his head, and looked wise, but said not a word. The doctor was a Guinea Negro, as black as a crow; and as he looked at the hog and grinned, his white eyeballs and teeth shone in fine contrast to his jetty skin. The steward was a Dutchman, short, and somewhat pursy withal. As soon as he could recover breath again, he exclaimed—

"'What for you stand and kratch your nomb-scoll? You look and grin at de hog as if it was a handsome ting, and not soch an obstinate prute.'

"'Me was tinkin, Massa Tewart, dat it be one berry putty critur. In mee country, dey make mooch of such a handsome hog; it be mos a pity to kill him.'

"'I wish I could stick a knife in his troat, now, de prute.'

"'Now don't say so, Massa Tewart. Handsome tings apt to be littel solky.'

"'Come now, no more dis nonsense, toctor. We most git de pig forard: so git hold once more.'

“ ‘ Well, Massa Tewart, you boost—Ho—yo, heave oh : come all togedder now—Ho—yo, heave oh.’ But all the boosting, and all the pulling, and all the heaving, would not do. The pig still maintained his position, or rather he moved retrograde. The steward was again scant of breath ; and while he stopped to recover himself, Jack Jumper came forward from the quarter-deck, where he had been at work.

“ ‘ Hilloa, my hearty boys,’ says Jack, ‘ what are you about here ? You’ve a good lump of a porker between you : what, are you going to stick the beast, for a fresh mess for us ? ’

“ ‘ No, no, Massa Jumper,’ said the negro ; ‘ we not shall stick he now. We’re going to git he forrard, when he let we : he pretty critur, an’t he, Massa Jack ? but he be drefful stubborn though.’

“ ‘ It may suit your Guinea notions of beauty, Master Cuffee ; and it’s the natur of a hog to be stubborn : they must be handled accordingly.’

“ ‘ My name not Cuffee, Massa Jack. My name Sambrino Snowball : my old massa gib me de name when he bring me from Guinea, be-

cause he said 'twas becoming my complexion. Misser Snowball, da ladies in Snowtown call me when I go on shore; and dey call me doctor on board da ship. But dat no matter. Now, Massa Jack, you trong man—s'pose you gib we a lift wid da pig?'

“‘Well, Mister Doctor Sambrino Snowball, I'll help you along with your long-faced gentleman; or rather I'll get him along for you: I never wants any body to help me with this sort of gentry.’

“‘Ah, Massa Jack, I guess you mistaken! You trong man, Massa Jumper, but not tronger than teward and I togedder, I guess. He berry stobborn indeed.’

“‘And he's contrary too, is'nt he?'

“‘Oh! drefful contrary.’

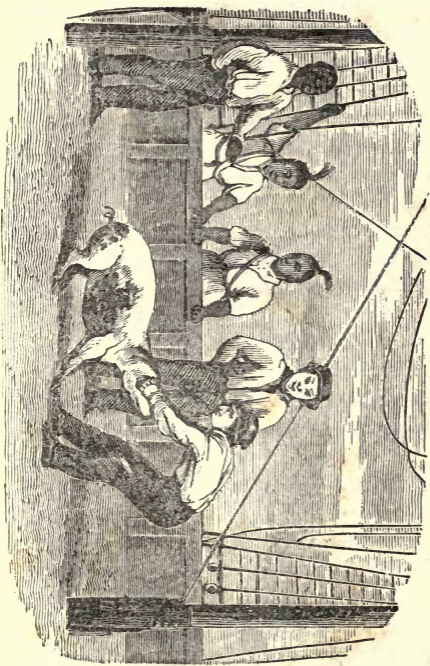
“‘Then he's easily managed: all you've got to do is to act contrary with him, and there's nothing easier in the world. Now you shall see.' So saying, Jack seized the pig by the ears, and began to draw him aft towards the quarter-deck. By the suddenness of the motion, he had gimleted the animal round, and he drew him a little ways aft. But as soon as the

beast found which way he was pulling, he began to brace himself against it, and to work himself and Jack forward, in spite of all Jack's strength exerted in the contrary direction. The cook and steward stood by meanwhile holding their sides for laughter at the success of the expedient. 'What do you stand there for,' exclaimed Jack, 'like a couple of grinning monkeys, as ye are? Come, Doctor Sambrino Snowball, bear a hand, my beauty, and get your pen open, if you want your pig housed.'

"'Ay, ay, Massa Jack—dat I do right quick, I shure you.' And cook and steward both ran to obey. As soon as Jack found the coast clear, he slackened somewhat of his own efforts, so as to allow the animal to quicken his pace, till he came to the door of the pen; and then, by pulling him the way he did not wish him to go, he made the contrary brute turn himself in. 'What do you think now about handling a hog, Massa Doctor?' said Jack.

"'Why, I tink da long head be better than da trong arm.'

"'Now, my son,' said Peter's father, 'you





see one way of managing such animals as are contrary in their disposition. It is almost always an effectual way. Jack calculated upon it with a certainty; and he was not mistaken, because he knew the character of the beast he had to deal with. After this took place, we received a great many of these long-faced gentry on board; but we never had any difficulty in getting them to any place we wished. Now, do you see any similarity between this case and yours, this morning, when the boys wanted you to fight?"

"Yes, sir, I think I do," said Peter; "I suppose they thought that I was of a contrary disposition; and so they supposed they could make me quarrel, by saying I was afraid, and calling me a coward."

"But how came they to make that calculation, Peter?"

"Perhaps they had found it answered the purpose before. A boy does not like to be called a coward, you know, sir."

"Yes, it was just as it was on board the ship. After Jack had shown them the contrary disposition of that hog, they all knew that

other animals, having a like temper, might be managed in the same way. Now, what sort of tempers had the boys found that they could manage in this manner?"

"Why, I suppose, such tempers as mine, sir."

"I will not say as yours, particularly, my son. But I suppose almost any boy, of an irritable and obstinate disposition, may be managed in this way. Now, what does all this tend to prove?"

"I don't know, sir, except that they are very silly."

"It certainly shows them to be very silly; but it chiefly shows the pride of the human heart. Now, if being called a coward would in reality make them so, there might, perhaps, be a little sense in their minding it. But no boy is so simple as to think that; and it is not because they are so much afraid of being a coward, as they are of being thought or being called one. This hurts their pride; and rather than let that suffer, they will commit almost any wickedness. But the boys were mistaken about you this morning, my son; and I hope



that you will so continue to act, that they will cease to calculate upon your having a contrary disposition. And what must they think then ? ”

“ I don't know, sir, unless they think my temper's changed.”

“ And if they find it is permanently changed, there will be reason to hope that the heart is changed too—that it has parted with some of its pride, and become more humble. That would be a very surprising thing, though it sometimes happens. It must change its nature entirely, as a stone would, were it to become soft, like dough ; or as an eagle, were he to become gentle, like a dove. Such a thing would be a wonder, a miracle which divine grace could alone effect.

## CHAPTER VIII

*Tells the Story of a Paddy and his Pig, with some Account of one Solomon Simple, and his Adventure with Patrick Bulgruffery.*

PETER was at work early next morning in the garden. Indeed, he had spent all his leisure time there, since his misadventure with the pig. He had worked hard to repair the damage which had been done, and had replanted every thing that had not been too much injured by rough usage from Polly's feet and snout. His own garden he had attended to last ; but even that was repaired, and by dint of watering, he had succeeded in making the plants live, though it was late in the season, and the sun was very hot.

Little Alice had mourned much over her beautiful geranium, which had been thrown down ; and it gave Peter particular pleasure to see it once more upright and flourishing. He had given a last touch to the beds, so that it could scarcely be perceived that there had been

any mischievous intrusion ; and he now stood with the fingers of one hand extracting the sweet scent from the geranium, while with the other he wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

But though Peter had thus earned his breakfast, as it is said the young Persians were required to do, by the sweat of his brow, yet had the sun scarcely risen above the horizon. As he stood thus looking with satisfaction at what he had done, his father entered the garden. He clapped his hand upon his son's shoulder, and said, " You must have been up early, my boy, to be so warm at this hour. Come, tell me what you were thinking of."

Peter started, for he had not heard his father coming. He turned and answered: " I thought, father, that as I had done the mischief, the least I could do would be to repair it as far as I could. I have just been finishing off these beds ; and I was thinking how pleased little Alice would be to find that her geranium was not injured. But I am sure she will not be half so glad as I am."

" I am happy to find that you feel so, my

son. You can see by this how much more pleasant it is to do good than to do evil. You have only to think of your own feelings while you were doing the mischief, from the very first act of disobedience which led to it, and compare them with what they have been while you were repairing the damage, and you will see that the wicked are punished in the very act of wickedness. You knew this before you did it, and while you were doing it; what, then, could induce you to make yourself so unhappy."

"I believe, sir, it was that same contrary disposition we were speaking of yesterday. I do think I was a good deal like that hog you were telling me about."

"And what were you acting contrary to?"

"I don't know, sir; but there seemed to be something."

"That something was your own conscience, my son. How much does it prove the depravity of the human heart, when it will knowingly make itself unhappy by doing evil, while conscience is all the time reproaching! It is because of the stubbornness of its pride, which

will not allow it to yield to the remonstrances of that faithful monitor. Mankind are continually displaying a stubbornness in doing evil which would disgrace a brute. But I hope my son will never again show any such disposition."

"I hope not, father," said Peter, eagerly, "for I have no ambition to place myself on a level with a hog. After you told me about Jack Jumper yesterday, I remembered another pig story I had read in the newspaper; and I will tell it you, father, if you'd like to hear it."

"Well, my son, we won't stand here idle; you shall come and help me weed my cauliflowers, and I will hear your story." The farmer took his hoe, and went to work, while Peter stooped to pull up the weeds close to the plants, and began his story.

"You see, father, there was a man in Ireland; he wanted to get his pig to market. I think it was to Limerick he was going. So he ties a rope round the pig's neck, and takes the other end over his own shoulder, and begins to walk away from the market-town. As soon as the pig found what he was at, he began to draw

the other way ; and Pat let him draw rather the hardest. He was going along so, when he met one of his friends. ‘ Hilloa, Pat,’ said he, ‘ what are you about here—you travelling one way, and your pig going t’other?’

“ ‘ Now, Murphy, my dear,’ whispered Patrick, ‘ can’t you be asy? I’m gitting along nicely now ; but if ever he gits a notion of where I’m a going, I shan’t do it at all.’

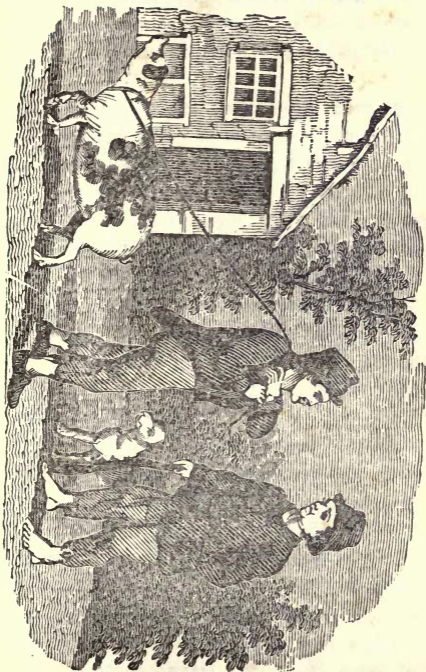
“ ‘ But, Pat, my man,’ said Murphy, ‘ you are acting like a natural, an’t ye? Why, here, yer own dog’s laughing at you.’

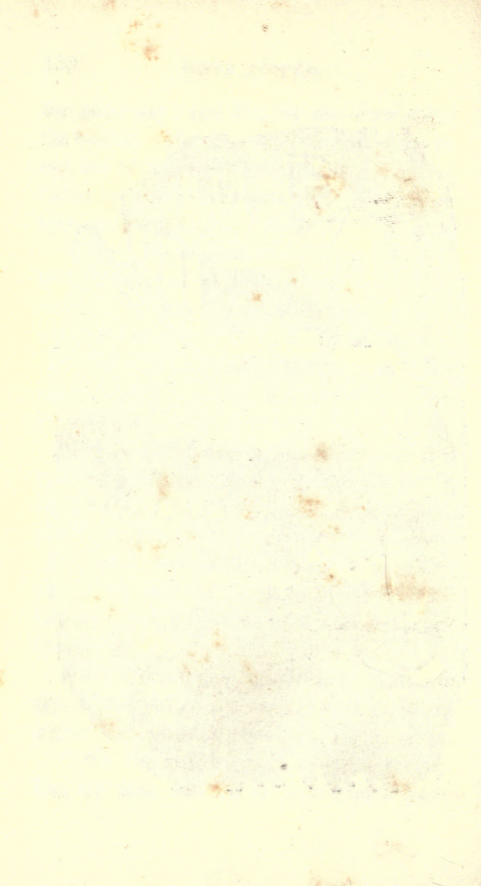
“ ‘ Well, then ; and the pup may laugh, and you may laugh too, so you don’t let it out where I’m going. Those can bear a laugh who win ; you know that, don’t you, my dear?’

“ ‘ But I don’t know where you’re going yit ; I see well enough your pig’s going to Limerick. But you seem to be travelling t’other way.’

“ ‘ Well, then, Murphy, if it will make ye asy, I’ll tell you ; I’m going to Limerick jist in a quiet way, ye see.’

“ ‘ It’s the same way that I’m travelling, Pat, my dear, and I’d be right glad of your







company. Come, then, if ye're going to Limerick, turn round, and walk on like a man. How long is it ye've taken to travelling like a crab?'

“‘Now, can't you spake saftly about that same town? Don't ye know if he was to git an inkling of my going there, I shouldn't git there at all? An't you a sinsible fellow, now, to ask me to turn round? when, if I was to have my face towards Limerick, it's jist the other way the pig would be travelling, and it's throuble enough I'd have to bring him there. So, if you've any thing to say of the place at all, jist spake in a whispher.’ So Pat went on talking with his friend, till the pig dragged him quietly into the market.”

“Well, Peter,” said the farmer, “that illustrates the character of the animal very well, though I suppose it was for his own amusement that Pat chose to go backwards. He need only to have pulled back upon the rope, for the animal is not very sagacious. And an obstinate man is not much more so than the pig. I hope, my son, you have found such a disposition so uncomfortable, that it will never be

said so of you ; and since you have found it pleasanter to act with kindness, I trust you will ever try to please others. For your feelings this morning will teach you that such a disposition is rewarded by its own exercise."

"I have, indeed, father, found it very pleasant, working here to repair the damage I had done, because I thought you and the children would be so much pleased. But do you know, father, why I was so eager to get it done?"

"I can't say that I know the special reason you refer to, my son."

"Well, sir, it was because you so kindly forgave me. I do not think I should have cared half so much about it, had I been punished at the time."

"Your feelings are such as I would have them, my boy. And they are such as all of us should exhibit towards our Heavenly Father, when we have any hope that our sins are forgiven. We should feel that we cannot do too much in return. But, my son, suppose you had not been sorry for what you had done, and still that I had forgiven you. I presume you would have had no such feeling."

“No, sir, I’m sure I shouldn’t.”

“That shows, then, that it would not have been proper for me to have forgiven you. And we may see, in the same way, that it would not be right for God to forgive sinners, except they repent. But the penitent, God is ever ready freely to forgive for his dear Son’s sake; and how can such pardoned sinners be too anxious to show their gratitude?”

“I think they cannot, indeed, sir; for it is a great deal that our sins have made our Savior suffer.”

“That is most true, my son: it is wonderful so pure a Being should be willing to endure so much for such polluted creatures. But our wonder ceases when we remember his whole character—when we think that it is his nature to love, ’tis not strange he should love even sinners. This is the worst part of every wicked act, that it grieves this blessed Savior. You were telling of the contrary disposition of the Irishman’s pig; I dare say we might find some *people* of such a contrary disposition, that they may be made to do any thing by pulling them in the contrary direction. I think I have

known some who might be made to sin even against their inclination by such management."

"So have I, father, and I can tell of one boy, now. You know Simon Slyboots, father?"

"I've heard of him, my son."

"Well, he says he can make Solomon Simple do any thing he pleases. I well remember that he once put him in the way of getting a good threshing. You know, father, that Squire Hedge has some fine peaches in his garden?"

"Yes, I know it; but I know they are not ripe."

"And they wan't ripe last year, when this happened; and Simon knew they were not ripe, and so did Solomon; and we all knew it. But Simon says to us, one day, 'Boys, what will you bet I can't make our Solomon break into Squire Hedge's garden to steal his green peaches?'

"'Pshaw, Simon,' said the boys, 'he won't be such a fool.' We all knew that Patrick Bulgruffery, the Squire's Irish gardener, kept a good lookout for thieves; for he had lost a good deal of fruit.

"Solomon was just coming along: so when

he gets up with us, Simon says, 'I don't believe there's a boy here dares go after some of the Squire's peaches. He's got some real fine peaches.'

"'I dare go, for one,' said Solomon; 'but what's the use of going when they an't ripe? Besides, I don't want to steal, though I an't afraid.'

"'They are as ripe as they are like to be,' replied Simon; 'they'll pick them before they are much riper. But you'd go fast enough, if you wan't afraid of old Bulgruffery.'

"'Who cares for the paddy? I don't, for one,' exclaimed Master Simple.

"'Well, I'll bet you any thing,' said Simon, 'that you dare not go.'

"'I dare,' replied Solomon; 'but I won't bet, because it an't right.'

"'You won't bet, because you are afraid you shall lose.'

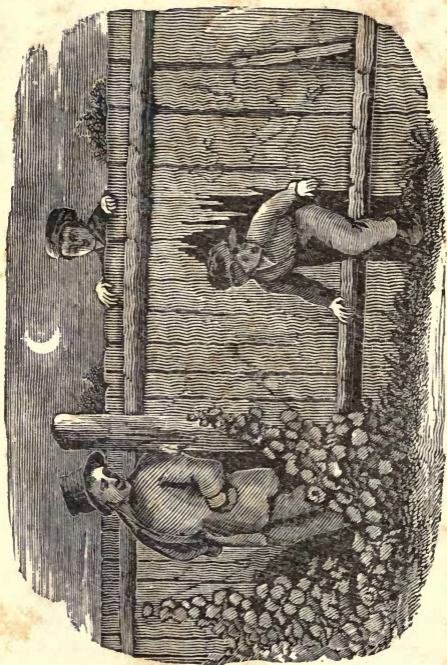
"'Come, I *will* bet, then,' exclaimed Solomon. The bet was made, and Solomon set out in the evening to win it.

"Simon said he would go with him, and he knew of a rotten place in the fence where they

could easily break in. And he was right; for they soon made a hole large enough for a boy to creep through. But they had made so much noise as to draw the attention of the gardener; and he placed himself behind one of the posts, ready to pounce upon the first who should enter. Simon had no notion of entering at all, but Solomon soon began to crawl through, while Slyboots climbed up so as to look over the fence. Solomon had got about half in, when he heard the rough voice of the gardener:—

“‘So, my lovely, I’ve got you at last. I thought I should catch ye: come, walk in, my dear, and we’ll be better acquainted directly.’ Solomon looked up in dismay, and could just see the gardener’s eyes glisten in the moonbeams, as he pushed forward his head to look upon the intruder. By a sudden start he attempted to draw his head out of the trap, but it was too late: Bulgruffery’s heavy hand had fallen upon his collar, and by a single jerk he set the culprit upon his feet before him in the garden. ‘And so I’ve cotched ye at last. I thought I should git ye some time; but I didn’t expect to find such a nice tidy lad.’







“Solomon begged and entreated, and declared he had never been in the garden before. ‘Now, ye see, this won’t do, my bright one; they say that a liar will steal, and it may be. But I’m right shure of one thing; and that is, that a thief will lie: so ye see while you are here, we’ll rub out some of the old scores. Or rather, in faith, I should say, we’ll mark them down: here’s the raspberry bushes all handy. Ye’re acquainted with them already; but I must make you a little more intimate before we part.’

“The gardener then stripped off Solomon’s trousers, spite of his resistance, and then, as he said, scored down the old accounts upon his legs with the thorny stems he had cut from the raspberry bushes. Solomon roared for mercy, but roared in vain. When he had given him, as he thought, chastisement enough, or rather when he was tired of inflicting it, Bulgruffery caught him up by his head and his heels, and pitched him through the hole in the fence, saying, as he let go his hold, ‘You may come back in the morning for your trousers, my dear.’ Thus ended Solomon’s expedition.”

“And a foolish one it was,” said Peter’s father, when his son had ended his story. “And a termination it had such as his folly deserved. Solomon was very wicked too, as well as very foolish; and the more so, as he has, I know, received good instruction, so as to know right from wrong. But it shows what a wicked thing that pride is, which could force him to sin against a good God, even when he had no inclination.”

“But, father, would it not have been better for Mr. Bulgruffery to have forgiven him? Solomon was surely sorry for what he had done; and you know you were saying, that a free pardon is more effectual than punishment in reclaiming the offender, when his feelings are in a right state.”

“Yes, my son, but that is wherein is your mistake. His feelings were not in the right state. He was doubtless sorry; but it was rather because he was caught, than because that he had done wrong. He was afraid of the punishment, rather than penitent for what he had done. If he had been allowed to go free, he would have been very apt to have done the same thing

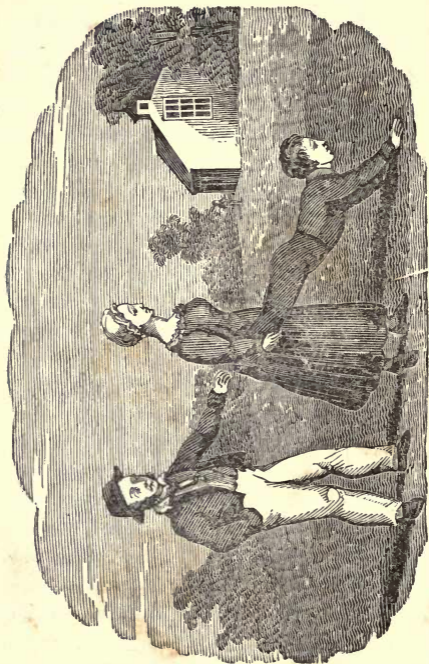
again. Therefore, the pain and disgrace he was made to endure, might operate to prevent him when a more generous motive would have no influence.

“And this is a very important distinction, which ought to be thought of in regard to God. Very many deceive themselves by mistaking the fear of punishment for penitence on account of their sins. No doubt many have gone into eternity under such a delusion, when they have deferred making their peace with God till their last sickness. We have good reason to think so, because we see very many who gave good hope of a renewed heart, while the near approach of death had awakened their slumbering consciences, but who, with returning health and strength, have made haste to get rid of all serious thoughts. When the dread of the king of terrors forced on their minds the realities of an awful eternity, they were willing to make their peace with their Judge. But with their sickness, they have cast away their fears, and with them all desire to be reconciled to God; and they have then returned to the world with tenfold eagerness. The case of such persons

is truly awful. In almost every instance do they continue hardened, till the approach of the king of terrors again awakens in them the fear of impending wrath; and then, but too often, a death-bed of despair awaits them. Thus, my son, you see the importance of distinguishing between true penitence and that spurious repentance which arises from the fear of punishment. And may God grant, that you, my son, may feel that godly sorrow which worketh repentance unto life, and not that sorrow which ends in death."

And may God grant that the reader of these pages may be enabled to distinguish between that generous grief which a noble spirit feels at having offended a good and gracious Benefactor, and that selfish sorrow which cares for sin only because it dreads the recompense. The first is a savor of life unto life; the last a savor of death unto death, for it cannot even mitigate the wrath it fears.





## CHAPTER IX.

*Instructs us in the Management of Pigs and other Obstinate Animals, such as Stubborn Boys, for instance ; to wit, that they must be used without Ceremony.*

SOME months passed away, and Peter continued to evince, by his consistent conduct, the sincerity of his reformation. 'Tis true that, once or twice, on a sudden emergency, he did show some irritability ; and for this he was always really sorry ; but obstinacy or stubbornness of temper he no longer displayed. Upon the impulse of the moment, he might become angry ; but this was less and less frequent, because he was ever striving against his evil propensities. But continued ill-feeling he could not show ; for he was resolute in overcoming the corruption of his proud heart, so that, whenever he had time for reflection, he perceived and felt the wickedness of an evil temper. Moreover, he was in the habit of invoking the aid

of the Almighty ; and his help he found sufficient for every emergency.

Peter, though on the whole he had always wished to please his parents, had yet been, as we have seen in the first part of his story, sometimes carelessly and even recklessly disobedient. But now it was no longer so ; for he was very attentive to his father's wishes, and soon learned to do instinctively those things which he knew would please him.

One Sunday, when he had been at the Sabbath school, after he came home, he asked his father how he could always remember God. He said his teacher had told him that he must remember God every day, and all the day. "But, father," said he, "I can't help thinking of other things sometimes."

"'Tis not desirable that you should try to help it, my son," replied his father. "But do you *wish* to remember God?"

"I think I'd like to do every thing to please him, sir."

'It is true, that we cannot always have the idea of God in our minds. But we may ever



be mindful of him by being always careful to please him; and this is what your teacher meant. I can remember, Peter, when you were much less mindful of *my* wishes than you are now. For instance, I suppose you remember you were very careless in leaving the bars down at the pasture when you brought home the cows at night? Now, I have observed that you have been very particular about them lately. Can you tell why you have, my son?"

"It was because I knew you wished it, sir."

"But did you think of *me* every time you put them up?"

"Oh no, sir; I dare say I never did."

"But you did it because you were in the habit of trying to please me? In that way you were mindful of your father, though you did not remember him personally at the moment; but this was better than to think of him. In the same way should you remember God; and, when we are in habits of obedience, we shall do what will please *him* as a matter of course. I suppose you understand now what it is to be ever mindful of God."

“I think I do, sir, and it is n't so hard as I thought it was.”

“Now, in this very instance, I hope you can see the same exemplified in your own case. Do you know why your obedience of late has been particularly pleasing to me? It was because I had the hope that it arose from a desire to please God. Was it not so, my son?”

“Yes, sir, I believe it was.”

“And yet the idea of God did not come into your mind each time you obeyed me. Nevertheless, when it was done from a desire to please him, you were mindful of him. But no doubt you are much less so than you should be, as we all are; and it is chiefly for this reason, that our Heavenly Father has to use rough methods to bring us to obedience.”

The next morning, the farmer wanted to remove a couple of his hogs to a pen at some distance; and Peter went out with him to see it done. As they were going along, he said to his father, “We must be careful not to let them get loose, Pa, as I did Polly last summer; or we shall have plenty of trouble.”





“Yes, Peter, I think we shall. But I shall find a safer method to manage them.”

“And how is that, father?”

“Oh, you’ll see,” said the farmer; and when they came to the pen, as the pigs were let out, he told two of his men to take each a pig by the hinder legs, and to push him forward as if wheeling a wheelbarrow. Peter laughed heartily as he saw the hogs marching off at a good pace; for they could not help going wherever their pilots directed. To be in the fashion, he caught up the legs of his dog in the same way, and wheeled him off after them. Old Ponto seemed as much amused as his master: he wagged his tail, and, looking round, seemed to be laughing in Peter’s face. Peter and his dog were on very intimate terms, so that this familiarity was very well received on the part of Ponto. But with the hogs it was not so; they kicked and squealed, but it was of no use. Willing or unwilling, they had to march.

“Well, Peter,” said his father, when the animals were safely penned up, “what do you think of my method of driving hogs?”

“I think it’s a very good one, sir,” said Peter, “and a good deal better than mine.”

“Yes, it is, as you say. Do you remember what we were speaking of yesterday, Peter?”

“Yes, sir. It was about obedience; but what has that to do with driving pigs, father?”

“Nothing, immediately; and yet we may get some instruction by uniting the two subjects. You may remember, perhaps, that I said that, for our disobedience, God frequently had to use rough methods with us.—You can understand why it is necessary to manage these animals in this way.”

“Yes, sir. ’Tis because of their contrary and stubborn tempers.”

“It is so; and it is because men’s dispositions are so contrary to God’s law, and their hearts so stubborn in sin, that he is obliged to subject them to pain and disgrace in order to subdue them. If these were sensible animals, how would they do when we wanted to move them?”

“They would go along quietly where we wished to drive them.”

“To be sure they would; for, resist as they

will, resistance is utterly vain. But man's power over other animals is as nothing when compared to the power of the Almighty over man himself. How much better and wiser, then, is it cheerfully to obey him! and how utterly vain is any resistance to his will! We should all of us be happier if we had less of this trait of the hog's character about us."

"But, father, where did you learn to manage them so? Did you ever see any pigs driven in that way before?"

"No, my son, I never saw hog nor dog wheeled along with so little ceremony. But I once heard it proposed to manage a stubborn boy so, whom I met with one day."

"Who was it, father," asked Peter, "and where did you see him?"

"Oh, I was riding in the country one day, and, as I passed a farm-house, I saw a boy lying in the dirt; and his poor mother was by, trying to persuade him to get up. He had become angry for some cause, and refused to go to school. His mother tried to coax him, but it would not do; and she then took hold of him, to pull him along, when he threw himself down



in the dirt ; and there he was when I came by. While she was persuading him to get up, a sailor passed by : ‘ You’ve an ugly colt to break, there, Ma’am,’ he said.

“ ‘ Oh yes, sir,’ said the old lady, ‘ he’s a very troublesome boy ; I can’t make him go to school.’

“ ‘ He’s as stubborn as a hog ; and he ought to be used like one,’ said the sailor. He then told her how they managed their pigs in foreign parts, where he had been ; and that was just as we have managed ours to-day. He recommended the old lady to take the hint, and wheel her stubborn boy along in the same way ; ‘ for,’ said he, ‘ he’ll have to go along on his hands then, or he’ll rub his face in the dirt.’ ”

“ And did she try it, father ? ” asked Peter.

“ I don’t know, my son ; for I went on my way, and left them ; but one thing I am sure of, and that is, that the boy deserved to be used so.”

“ Father,” said Peter, “ I wonder you never thought of doing so with me ; for I remember I used to be very stubborn, and often would not go where you wished me to. I am sure that I deserved it.”







## CHAPTER X.

*Shows how Peter lynched his Hog, and some other Things.*

THE year drew near to a close, and the reformation in Peter's character was proved by his steadfastness. He felt that his own comfort depended on his overcoming the infirmities of his temper, and therefore that it was his interest to do it. But, above all, his duty to God required this of him; and this, more than any other motive, made him vigilant.

Peter's hog had grown to a very large size, and he found that, the older she became, the more stubborn and obstinate she grew. He had taken great pains to feed her and make her comfortable; but the more pampered she was, the more unmanageable she became. At last he sent for the butcher, and she was scalded and hung up by her hinder legs.

As Peter sat upon the scalding tub, he told his father that he had been thinking how very like she was in these things to an evil temper.

“For,” said he, “I remember you told me what I have found to be pretty true; and that is, that the longer any wicked disposition is allowed, the more stubborn and obstinate does it grow; and the more an evil temper is indulged, the more unmanageable does it become.” And Peter had determined to lynch his own corrupt heart just as he had lynched his hog.

He was now as gentle and forbearing as he had formerly been irascible. He was ever considerate of the feelings of others, and thus followed the example of the Savior, whom he had taken as his pattern; and his companions soon ceased to call him Peter Pepper, because his character was now changed.

And may God grant that it may be even so with you also, my reader. If the corruption of your heart is yet unsubdued—if there is any evil propensity which has caused you to sin, and brought upon you trouble and sorrow—cease not to strive with it, and to seek God’s help, till the evil is eradicated, and your corrupt heart is brought into subjection to his will.



127







