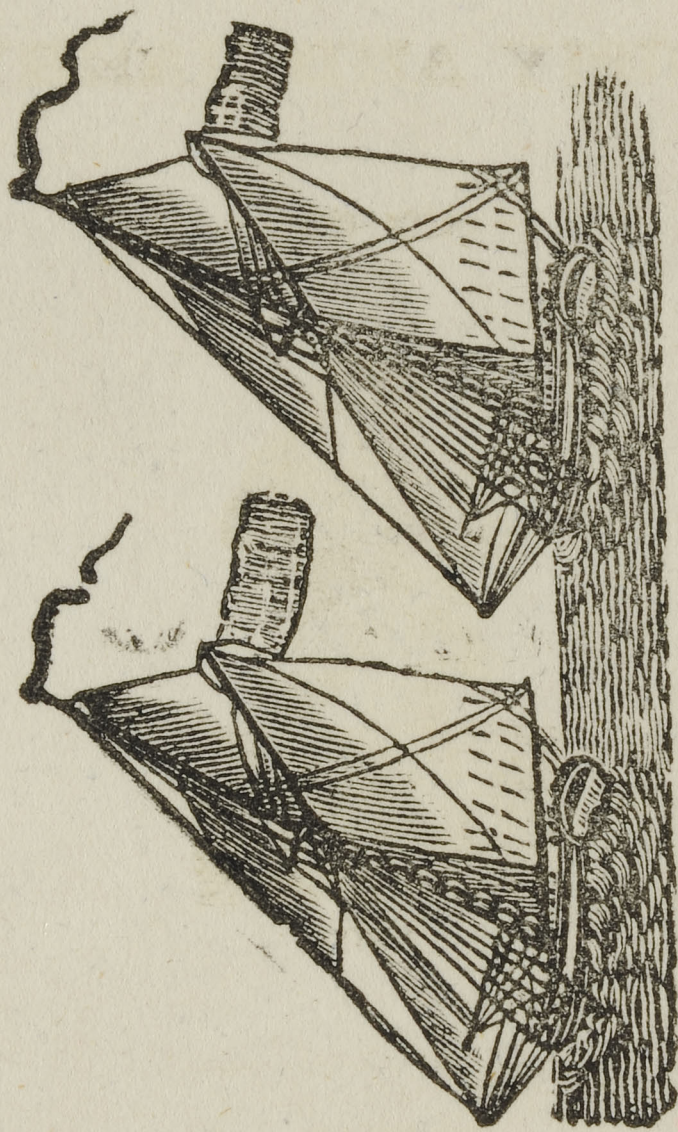


THE
HISTORY
OF
TOMMY AND HARRY.

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EMBELLISHED WITH ENGRAVINGS.

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YORK:

Printed by J. Kendrew, Colliergate.



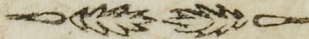
“ Harry, however, and two others, made their escape, and went
over sea in triumph.”

See Page 23.

THE HISTORY

OF

TOMMY AND HARRY.



Harry.

YORK:

PRINTED BY J. KENDREW, COLLIERGATE.

THE HISTORY

THE HISTORY

ROBERT AND JANE

TOMMY AND HARRY



There was a...
of...
the...

THE HISTORY
OF
TOMMY AND HARRY.



THERE was a gentleman in the West of England, who married a very virtuous lady, but having no

children for several years, they were discontent, and foolishly upbraided each other, not duly considering that what God either gives to or withholds from us, is always best in the end.

Some years after this they had a son, and the year following another; the name of the elder was Harry, and the other was named Thomas, whom they loved even to an excess; for whatever Harry and Tommy wished for, they had it; and as their parents never contradicted them themselves, for fear they should cry, so neither would they allow any one to check them on any account; for they loved them even to a fault, and allowed them their will and their way in every thing.

Harry was a sullen, perverse boy

from his cradle, and having always had his will, he would go to school, or stay at home, just as he pleased, or he would cry and sob at a great rate; and for fear this should make poor Harry sick and out of order, the fond parents consent to let him do as his own fancy directs; so that he at last minds nothing but play, hates his book, and always cries when he is desired to read or go to school.

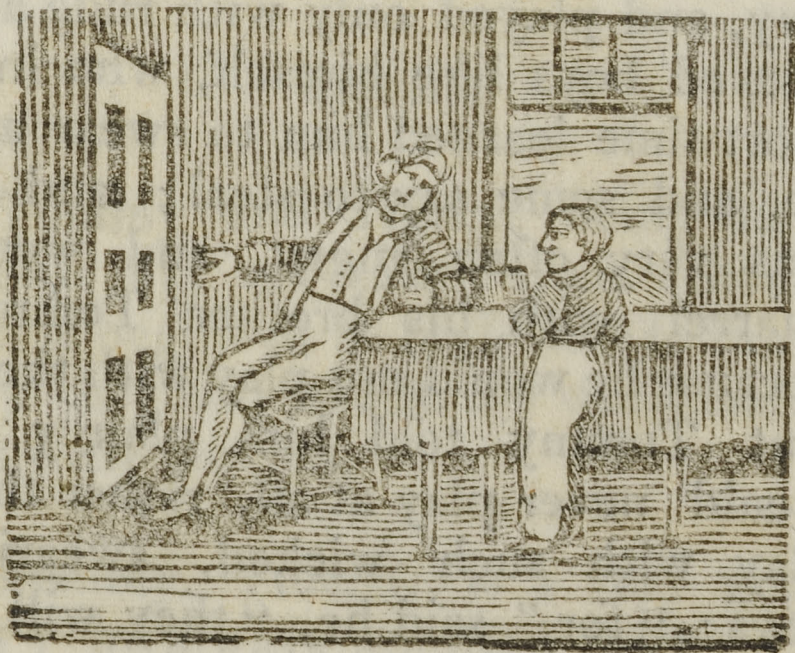
In short, Harry is now seven years of age, and can scarcely read a verse in the bible, or a sentence in any common book; and now his overfond parents begin to see their own folly, and are afraid to tell each other what they think concerning him.

As for Tommy, he was quite of another temper; for though he would

now and then cry and be naughty, yet he minded what his parents said to him; he loved his book and his school, and was so good-natured, pleasant and mannerly, that all his friends took notice of him; the neighbours loved him, and every body praised him because he was a good-natured child, and very dutiful and obliging.



Harry, indeed, minds nothing but idling and playing about the streets, with any sort of boys, and it is now very difficult to get him to school, nor can his parents prevail upon him by any means to mind his learning; and therefore it is agreed upon to put them both to some good boarding-school; and accordingly their father provided a master, one that bore an extraordinary character for his ability,



care, and sobriety, which it appeared he deserved, by the improvement that Tommy made under him, in the several branches of learning, to the satisfaction of his parents.

As for Harry, though he behaved pretty well for some time, yet he showed his sullen, perverse temper, and made very little improvement in his learning; for he went on his old way, and played only with rude and wicked boys like himself, who in a short time learned him to swear and lie, and some say to steal; and he was very often angry, and would quarrel with his brother Tommy, because he would not play with them. But Tommy told him plainly he would never play at all, rather than play with such wicked, swearing boys; "for," said he, "they will be

your ruin, brother Harry, and you know it grieves poor papa and mamma." "I don't care for that," said naughty Harry.—"O, fie! fie! brother Harry," said Tommy, "how often you have been told, that don't care has brought many a one to an ill end." "I don't care for that neither," said the little churl: and thus he went on, as you will soon hear, till don't care was his ruin at last.

Tommy and Harry, being now grown up, are taken from school; and it begins to be high time to think how they may live in the world without their parents.

Tommy, indeed, is a very good boy; he always counted learning a

fine thing, and he still takes delight in it, and pursues it: but Harry continues much the same; for he is near fourteen years of age, and is no other than a wicked boy, and a great overgrown dunce.

He hates his brother Tommy, because he loves his book, and is spoken well of; but Tommy pities him, and gives him always good advice, but to no purpose, for he is bent upon being bad, and bad it seems he will be; nor can his father, mother, or friends make him any better at present. In short, Tommy is now the joy and comfort of his parents; but Harry grieves them so much, that they know not as yet how to proceed with him; nor is there but one way left by which they have any hopes to serve him, and make them all happy.



The gentleman had a brother, a reputable tradesman in London; and it was proposed to put Harry to his uncle. The uncle agrees to the proposal: Harry also seems well pleased at it; and now his parents promise themselves great comfort in their own and his future happiness.

About a year after Harry was at

London, Tommy went to see him, and behaved so well all the time he was there that a merchant, who used to visit his uncle, took a great fancy to him, and barely for his learning and good behaviour took him apprentice.

Harry went on pretty well for two years; he would indeed now and then show his sullen, perverse temper, but his uncle and aunt winked at his follies, hid his faults, and forgave him, for the sake of his worthy parents.

Now comes the trial for Tommy and Harry: there mother is taken very ill, and is confined to her bed; she often speaks of Tommy and Harry, but seems to have Harry most at heart, for fear he should not do well.

Not long after this, a letter comes to acquaint them of the death of their mother; and now Harry's uncle talks to him again very sedately and tenderly.

“ You see, Harry,” says he, “ that you have lost your best friend; but, notwithstanding, if you behave soberly, mind your business, keep good company, and good hours, I will take care of you, will be a good friend to you, and make you a man in the world.”

Harry, upon the news of his mother's death, seemed very much concerned, for he knew she was a very tender mother, and promised very fairly to mend his way of life; but that which had a greater effect upon Harry, was the pretty way in which his brother Tommy addressed him.

He talked in so mild and manly a manner to his brother Harry, and gave him such good advice, that he got the good will of his uncle and aunt, and surprised all who heard him.

Harry, after this, goes on pretty well for some months, and then gets into his old ways again. He has now quite forgotten the death of his mother; and, in short, has taken up with such idle, wicked companions, as are bent only upon mischief, and are never sorry but when they do good: they give him bad advice, and tell him when his father is dead he will have a good fortune; and, say they, "I would not be checked by my uncle, nor all the uncles in the world." "I will not," says the wicked, unguarded fool, "for as soon as

ny father dies I will go away.”
“That’s right,” say they, “you are
a fool if you don’t.” “I will, I will,”
says he.

Harry, by the bad counsel of o-
thers, still goes on in wickedness to
such a height, that his uncle is o-
bliged to send word to his father,
that he cannot possibly keep him
much longer. The death of their
mother, and the bad course of Harry’s
life, had such an effect upon the poor
old gentleman, that he soon after fell
ill and died.

He left Tommy indeed the chief
part of his fortune; and though Har-
ry did not deserve a shilling, yet so
tender was he that he left him five

hundred pounds, hoping still that through the care of his uncle, and his own future conduct, he might be happy.

Harry, being now of age, and having received his fortune, instead of minding his uncle and brother, continues to follow bad company; and now, having money, he is persuaded and foolishly persuades himself, that he can live better from his uncle than with him; therefore is resolved that his uncle's and brother's advice shall never do him good, for he never comes near them.

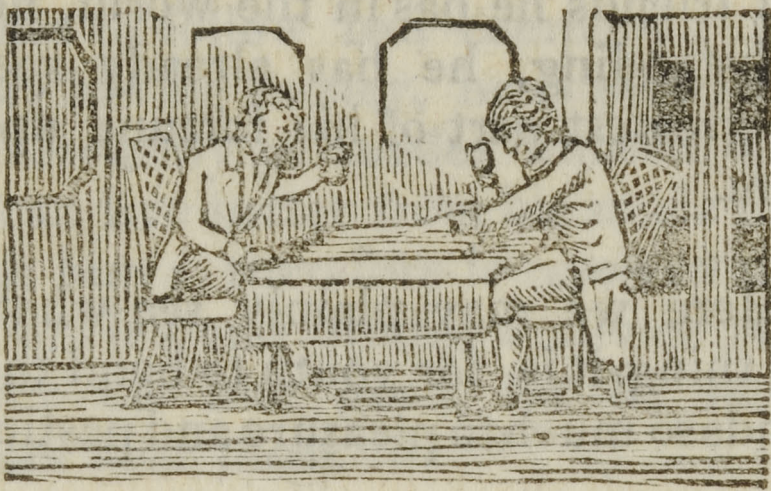
In short, Harry's delight is only in his old wicked acquaintance; and he has besides these some new rakes, who wish him joy in his fortune, and he takes it as a great mark of their

favour, and is fool enough to treat them, because they rail at his uncle and brother and tell him, that his father was an old scoundrel for leaving him no more; all which the fool hears with a smile, swears it is true, and tells these vultures that they are the best friends he has in the world, notwithstanding, he has already spent the greatest part of his fortune upon them.

Here we may plainly see what a sad thing it is, for youth to bend their minds so much to pleasure and pastime.

Harry cannot now go to a play or concert, and when it is over return home soberly as he used to do. No; he must after that go to a tavern, or to some private wicked place or other, with a set of wicked companions.

In short, he is now become a perfect owl, for you seldom see him in the day-time, and when you do, he blinks like an owl; nor can you find him at night, but by chance, but this you may be sure of, that he is in some house of ill-fame; for drinking,



swearing, lying, gaming, and sitting up all night, are now his common practices.

Now, while foolish, wicked Harry is thus wasting his time, spending

his money, and destroying his reputation, Tommy his improving his fortune and his mind; for his time being now out, his master loves him so well, that he not only takes him into partnership, but in a short time recommends him to a virtuous wife, with whom he had a very handsome fortune, besides a thousand pounds, which his master gave him; and, we hear, that his master has since left all the trade to him, so that he has now become a great man.

One thing must not be omitted, as a great mark of the brotherly love of Tommy; and that is, that though he is now so prosperous, and his brother Harry so debased by his folly, yet, as he found Harry would not come near him, he resolved, if possible, to find him out, and talk to him

once more concerning his unhappy life; "for who knows," said he, "but the respect I show to my brother may be taken so kind, that it may be one great step to reform him?" Tommy, therefore, took a friend with him, for fear of danger, and after a long hunt found him at one of his old houses.

Tommy, at first sight, did not know Harry, he looked so sottish and so shabby; nor did Harry immediately know his brother Tommy, because his dress and deportment were such as Harry and his companions had for a long time been strangers to.

However, they soon knew one another by their tone of voice; and indeed Harry had so much good manners left as to tell Tommy, that he

took it very kind he should pay such a regard to him, "a respect," said he, before his companions, "that I am not worthy of."

Now, one would think, by such an expression as this, that Harry was really sensible of his faults; and in short, his brother was surprised to hear such a sentence from him, and thought within himself, that he should now certainly succeed in being a means to save him from the very brink of ruin.

Indeed the place was quite improper for good advice, and much more so to talk over family affairs; therefore after Tommy had submitted to be agreeable to such base company for an hour or two, he persuaded his brother Harry to go to a tavern to

spend an hour with him and his friend; to which Harry consented.

Tommy, being now in a proper place, begins to talk to Harry very seriously, but yet in so tender and so mild a manner, that he never once upbraided him; only desired him, for his own sake, and the credit of his family, to change his way of life; "for," says he, "the company you keep will certainly be your ruin." "I don't care for that," exclaimed the hardened wretch.

"O brother, Harry," said Tommy, "I have now no hopes of you! Yet, as God prospered me, it is my duty to serve you as a brother; I will, therefore, make you an offer before this gentleman, which, if you accept it must certainly be for your good;

but if you refuse it, I fear you will repent when too late.

“The thing is this: if you can but be so much master of yourself, as to abandon such company as we have now found you with, and will behave in a sober manner, you shall live with me; I will teach you my business, and you shall partake of the profits of it; in short, you shall want for nothing.”

Here was love indeed. Who could have thought Harry so mad, and so stupid, as not to accept so kind an offer! Or who could expect but that he would have embraced his brother with tears of love and gratitude! Instead of this, he rose up in a great passion, and swore like an hector, bent his fist at his brother, and told

him that he kept better company than he did, every day of his life, and that he would never live such a humdrum life as he lived ; then flew to the door, never took leave of the gentleman nor his brother, but ran to his companions, and told them all that had passed ; who clapped their hands, and received him with shouts of applause, called for a fresh bottle, and spent the chief part of the night in drinking and carousing.

Thus Harry goes on till he has not only spent all his money, but has also lost all his credit, reputation, and friends ; and having been so long used to such a lavishing, profligate way of life, money he still must have to support his extravagance and folly ; and yet so great is the pride of his heart, that, rather than accept of his

brother Tommy's kind invitation to live with him and be happy, he now takes up with unlawful methods, and associates with none but gamblers, shoplifters, and street-robbers; and, one night, having been with some of the rakes of the town, they committed a murder and a robbery; but being closely pursued, Harry, with four more of the gang, were taken and carried before a magistrate, who ordered them to Newgate.



Harry, however, and two others made their escape, and went over sea in triumph, and would often laugh at the misfortune of those two that were left behind ; and thought themselves now very secure, but even thither Divine vengeance followed them ; for a storm arose and drove the ship against a rock on the coast of Barbary, and it being very dark, many of the crew perished, besides Harry's two unhappy companions.

Harry indeed was, by the violence of the waves, cast upon the shore, but in the morning he was presented with a shocking scene :—a raging sea on one side, and a wild, desolate place on the other ; and having not the least hope of ever escaping, we may easily guess how he talks to himself :—“ Oh,” says he, “ that I had been

more obedient to my parents, and more grateful to my friends!—Oh! that I could now make all wicked youth sensible of my sorrow, and their own folly! How would I press upon them to avoid all manner of ill company, to hearken to the instruction of their friends, and pursue the paths of virtue.—Wicked wretch that I am!—God be merciful to me a sinner!”

Thus he went on, often thinking upon his old words, don't care, but too late; for after roving about and bemoaning his unhappy fate, till he was almost starved to death, he at last became a prey to wild beasts, which God suffered to tear him to pieces, as the just reward for his disobedience and mispent life.—Thus you see, that as Harry followed no-

thing but vice, he lived a wretched life, and died a miserable death; but Tommy was always a pattern of virtue and goodness, and still lives happy.

Learn then betimes, O youth, to know your duty to God, your parents, and mankind in general: take care not only to know but to do it; and let the examples of Tommy and Harry be always before you, so that you may escape the just judgment of the one, and enjoy peace and prosperity equal to the other.

THE END.

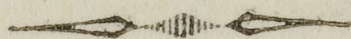
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