

FOURTH

SERIES.—No. 7.

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THEODORE CARLETON,

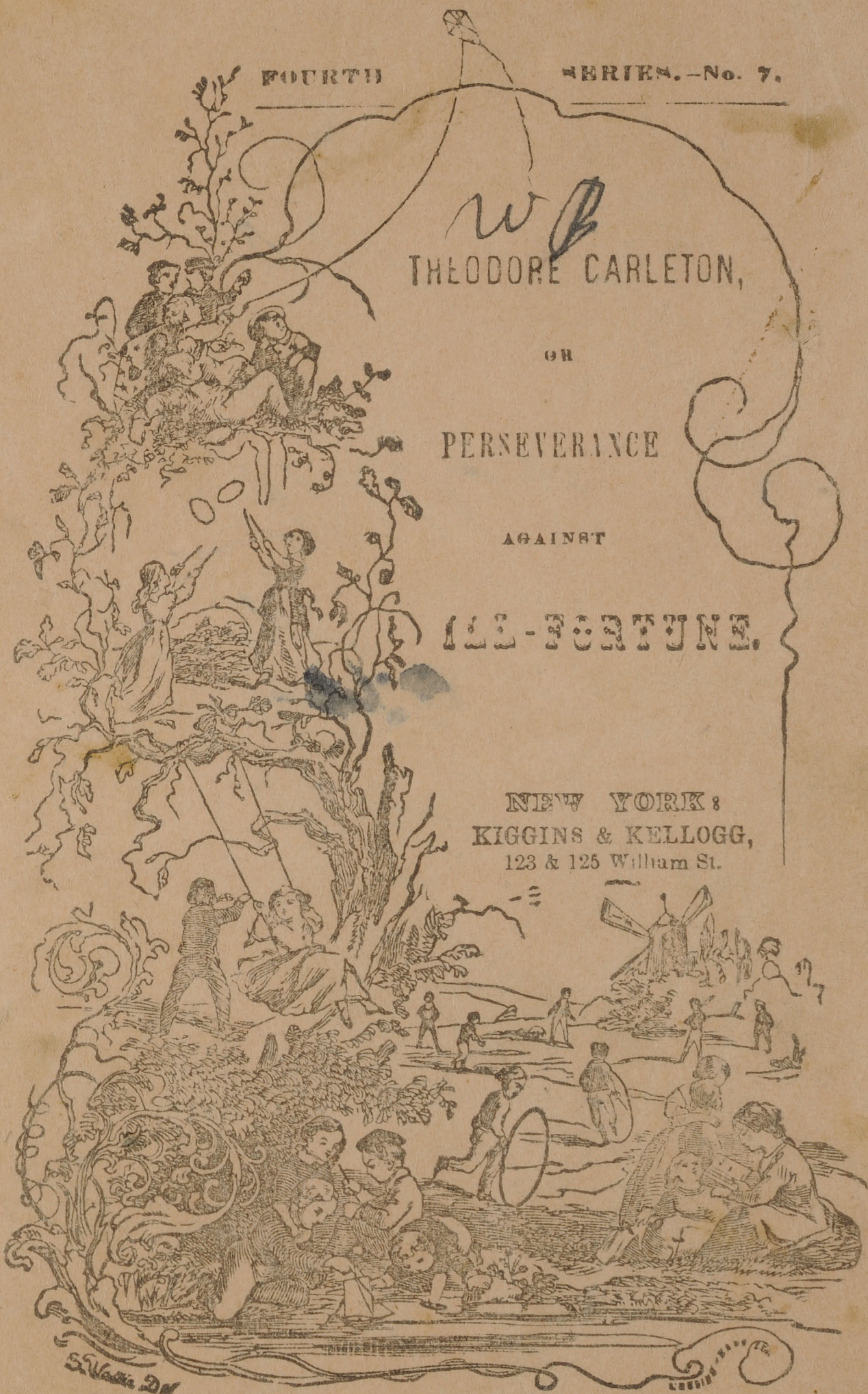
OR

PERSEVERANCE

AGAINST

ILL-FORTUNE.

NEW YORK:  
KIGGINS & KELLOGG,  
123 & 125 William St.



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THEODORE CARLETON,

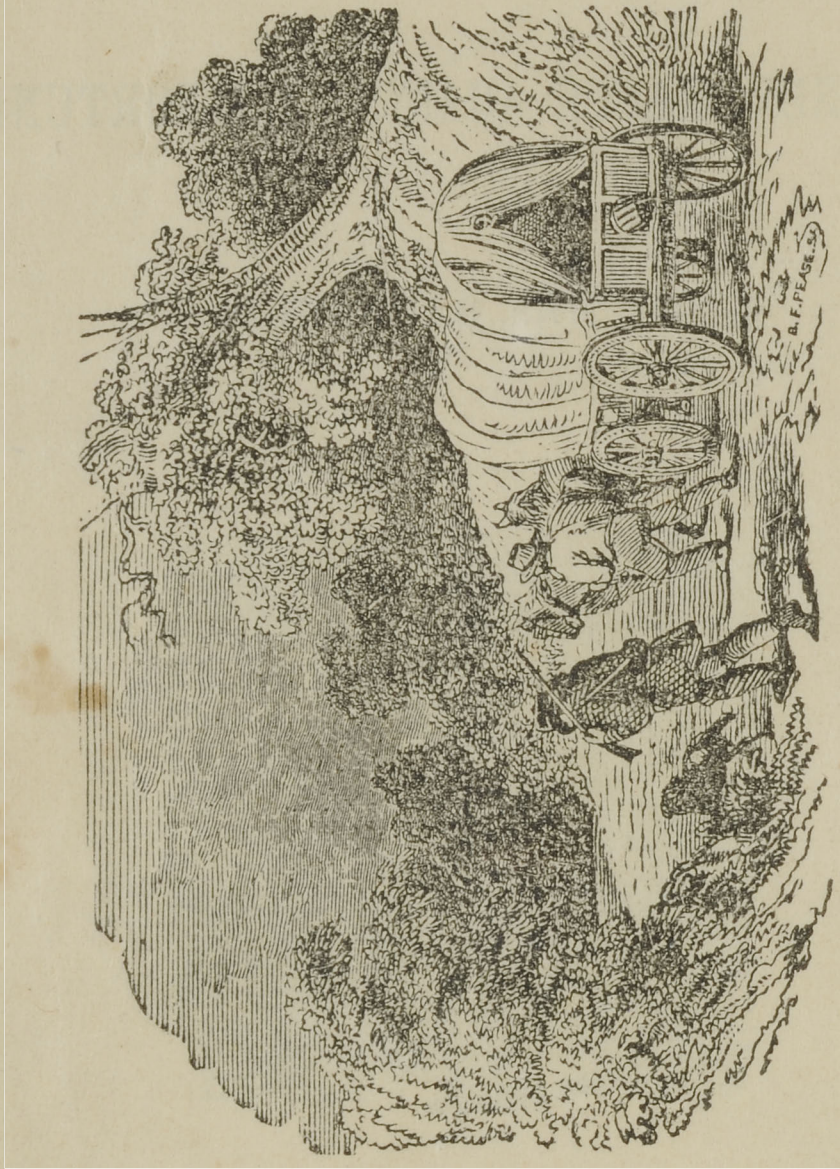
OR

PERSEVERANCE AGAINST ILL-FORTUNE.

BY MRS. BARBAULD.



NEW YORK:  
KIGGINS & KELLOGG,  
123 & 125 William St.



The Wagoner on his Return—page 22.

## THEODORE CARLETON;

OR

### PERSEVERANCE AGAINST ILL-FORTUNE.

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THEODORE was a boy of lively parts and engaging manners; but he had the failing of being extremely impatient in his temper, and inclined to extremes. He was ardent in all his pursuits, but could bear no disappointment; and if the least thing went wrong, he threw up what he was about in a pet, and could not be prevailed upon to resume it. His father, Mr. Carleton, had given him a bed in the garden, which he had cultivated with great delight. The borders were set with double daisies of different colors, next to which was a row of auriculas and polyanthuses. Beyond were stocks and other taller flowers and shrubs; and a beautiful damask rose graced the centre. This rose was just budding, and Theodore watched its daily progress with great interest. One unfortunate day the gate of the garden being left open, a drove of pigs entered, and began to riot on the herbs and flowers. An alarm being sounded, Theo-

dore and the servant boy rushed upon them, smacking their whips. The whole herd, in affright, took their course across Theodore's flower-bed, on which some of them had before been grazing. Stocks, daisies, and auriculas, were all trampled down or torn up; and, what was worst of all, a large old sow ran directly over the beautiful rose-tree, and broke off its stem level with the ground. When Theodore came up and beheld all the mischief, and especially his favorite rose strewed on the soil, rage and grief choked his utterance. After standing awhile, the picture of despair, he snatched up a spade that stood near, and with furious haste dug over the whole bed, and whelmed all the relics of his flowers deep under the soil. This exertion being ended, he burst into tears, and silently left the garden.

His father, who had beheld the scene at a distance, though somewhat diverted at the boy's childish violence, yet began seriously to reflect on the future consequences of such a temper, if suffered to grow up without restraint. He said nothing to him at the time, but in the afternoon he took him a walk into a neighboring parish. There was a large wild common, and at the skirts of it a neat farmhouse, with fields lying round it, all well fenced, and cultivated in the best manner. The air was sweetened with the bean flower and clover. An orchard of fine young fruit-trees lay behind the house; and before it a little garden, gay with all the flowers of the season. A stand of bee-hives was on the southern side, sheltered by a thick hedge of honeysuckle and sweetbrier. The farm-yard was stocked with pigs and poultry. A herd of cows, with full udders, was just coming home to be

milked. Everything wore the aspect of plenty and good management. The charms of the scene struck Theodore very forcibly, and he expressed his pleasure in the warmest terms. "This place," said his father, "belongs to a man who is the greatest example I know of patient fortitude bearing up against misfortune; and all that you see is the reward of his own perseverance. I am a little acquainted with him; and we will go in and beg a draught of milk, and try if we can prevail upon him to tell us his story." Theodore willingly accompanied his father. They were received by the farmer with cordial frankness. After they were seated: "Mr. Hardman," says Mr. Carleton, "I have often heard of part of your adventures, but never had a regular account of the whole. If you will favor me and my little boy with the story of them, we shall think ourselves much obliged to you."—"Lack a day! sir," said he, "there's little in them worth telling of, as far as I know. I have had my ups and downs in the world, to be sure, but so have many men beside. However, if you wish to hear about them, they are at your service; and I can't say but it gives me pleasure sometimes to talk over old matters, and think how much better things have turned out than might have been expected."—"Now, I am of opinion," said Mr. C., "that from your spirit and perseverance, a good conclusion might always have been expected."—"You are pleased to compliment, sir," replied the farmer, "but I will begin without more words.

"You may perhaps have heard that my father was a man of good estate. He thought of nothing, poor man! but how to spend it; and he had the uncommon luck to spend it twice over. For when



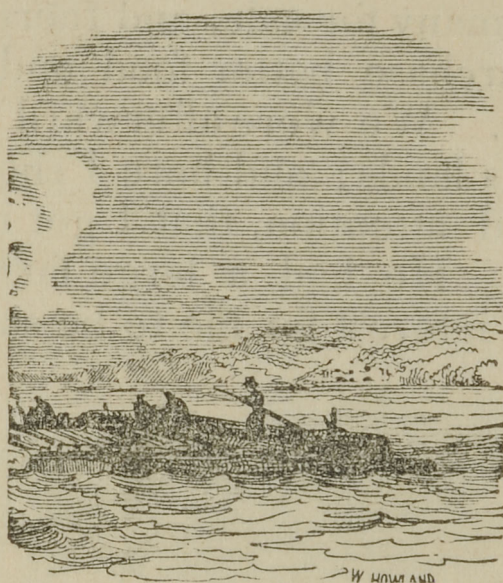
Farmer Hardman's Father.

he was obliged to sell it the first time, it was bought in by a relation, who left it him again by his will. But my poor father was not a man to take warning. He fell to high living as he had done before, and just made his estate and life hold out together. He died at the age of five and forty, and left his family beggars. I believe he would not have taken to drinking as he did, had it not been for his impatient temper, which made him fret and vex himself for every trifle, and then he had nothing for it but to drown his care in liquor.

“It was my lot to be taken by my mother's brother, who was a master of a merchant ship. I served him as an apprentice several years, and underwent a good deal of the usual hardship of a sailor's life. He had just made me his mate in a voyage up the Mediterranean, when he had the misfortune to be wrecked on the coast of Morocco. The ship struck at some distance from shore, and



we lay a long stormy night with the waves dashing over us, expecting every moment to perish. My uncle and several of the crew died of fatigue and want, and by the morning but four of us were left alive. My companions were so much disheartened, that they thought of nothing but submitting to their fate. For my part, I thought life still worth struggling for; and the weather having become calmer, I persuaded them to join me in making a kind of



The Raft.

raft, by the help of which, with much toil and danger, we reached the land. Here we were seized by the barbarous inhabitants, and carried up the country for slaves, to the emperor. We were employed about some public buildings, made to work very hard with the whip at our back, and allowed nothing but water and a kind of pulse. I have heard persons talk as if there was little in being a slave but the name; but they who have been slaves themselves, I am sure will never make light of slavery in others. A ransom was set on our heads, but so high that it seemed impossible for poor

friendless individuals like us to pay it. The thought of perpetual servitude, together with the hard treatment we met with, quite overcame my poor companions. They drooped and died one after another. I still thought it not impossible to mend my condition, and perhaps to recover my freedom. We worked about twelve hours in the day, and had one holyday in the week. I employed my leisure time in learning to make mats and flag-baskets, in which I soon became so expert, as to have a good many for sale, and thereby got a little money to purchase better food and several small conveniences. We were afterward set to work on the emperor's lands; and here I showed so much good-will and attention, that I got into favor with the overseer. He had a large farm of his own; and he made interest for me to be suffered to work



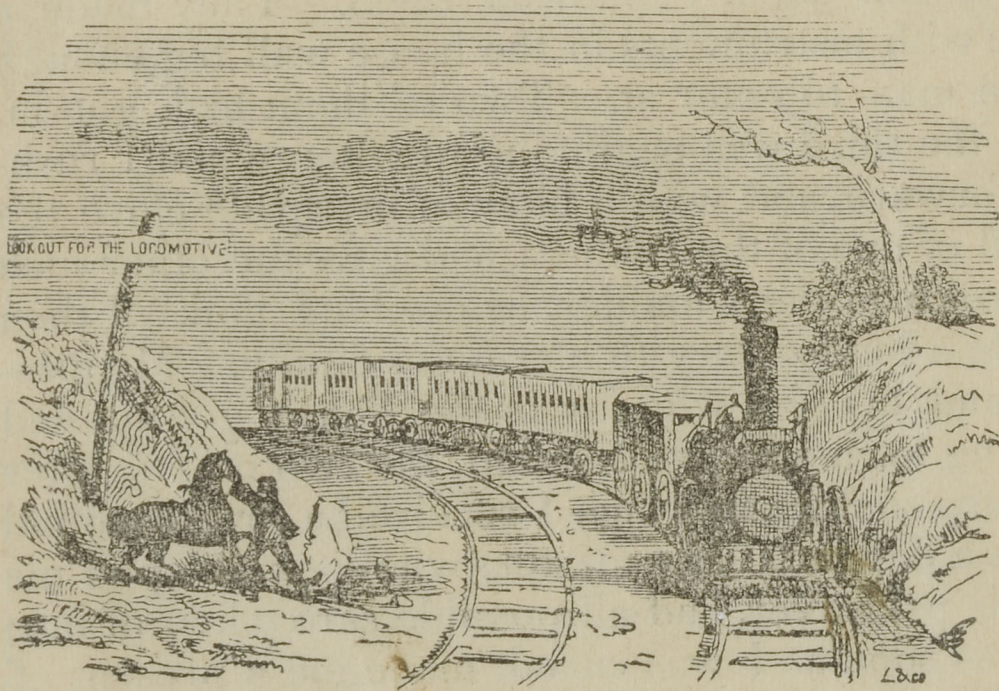
Hardman at work for the Overseer.

for him alone, on the condition of paying a man to do my duty. I soon became so useful to him, that he treated me more like a hired servant than a

slave, and gave me regular wages. I learned the language of the country, and might have passed my time comfortably enough, could I have accommodated myself to their manners and religion, and forgot my native land. I saved all I could in order to purchase my freedom; but the ransom was so high, that I had little prospect of being able to do it for some years to come. A circumstance, however, happened, which brought it about at once. Some villains one night laid a plot to murder my master and plunder his house. I slept in a little shed in the garden where the tools lay; and being awakened by a noise, I saw four men break through the fence, and walk up an alley toward the house. I crept out with a spade in my hand, and silently followed them. They made a hole with instruments in the house wall big enough for a man to enter at. Two of them had got in, and the third was beginning to enter, when I rushed forward, and with a blow of my spade clove the skull of one of the robbers, and gave the other such a stroke on the shoulder, as disabled him. I then made a loud outcry to alarm the family. My master and his son, who lay in the house, got up, and having let me in, we secured the two others, after a sharp conflict, in which I received a severe wound with a dagger. My master, who looked upon me as his preserver, had all possible care taken of me; and as soon as I was cured, made me a present of my liberty. He would fain have kept me with him, but my mind was so much bent on returning to my native country, that I immediately set out to the nearest seaport, and took my passage in a vessel going to Gibraltar.

“From this place I returned in the first ship for

England. As soon as we arrived in the Downs, and I was rejoicing at the sight of the white cliffs, a man-of-war's boat came on board, and pressed into the king's service all of us who were seamen. I could not but think it hard that this should be my welcome at home after a long slavery; but there was no remedy. I resolved to do my duty in my station, and leave the rest to Providence. I was abroad during the remainder of the war, and saw many a stout fellow sink under disease and despondence. My knowledge of seamanship got me promoted to the post of a petty officer, and at the peace I was paid off, and received a pretty sum for wages and prize-money. With this I got in the railroad car, and was off for London. I had ex-



Travelling by Railroad.

perienced too much distress from want to be inclined to squander away my money, so I put it into a banker's hands, and began to look out for some new way of life.

“Unfortunately, there were some things of which I had no more experience than a child, and the tricks of London were among these. An advertisement offering extraordinary advantages to a partner in a commercial concern, who could bring a small capital, tempted me to make inquiry about the matter; and I was soon cajoled by two plausi-



Hardman cajoled by an Advertisement in a Newspaper.

ble fellows to venture my whole stock in it. The business was a manufacture, about which I knew nothing at all: but as I was not afraid of my labor, I set about working as they directed, and thought all was going on prosperously. One morning, on coming to the office, I found my partners decamped; and the same day I was arrested for a considerable sum due by the partnership. It was in vain for me to think of getting bail, so I was obliged to go to prison. Here I should have been half starv-

ed, but for my Moorish trade of mat-making, by the help of which I bettered my condition for some months: when the creditors, finding that nothing could be got out of me, suffered me to be set at liberty.

“ I was now in the wide world without a farthing or a friend, but I thanked God that I had health and limbs left. I did not choose to trust the sea again, but preferred my other occupation of gardening; so I applied to a nursery-man near town, and was received as a day-laborer. I set myself cheerfully to work, taking care to be in the grounds the first man in the morning and the last at night. I acquainted my employer with all the practices I had observed in Morocco, and got him, in return, to instruct me in his own. In time I came to be considered as a skilful workman, and was advanced to higher wages. My affairs were in a flourishing state. I was well fed and comfortably lodged, and saved money into the bargain. About this time I fell in company with a young woman at service, very notable and well behaved, who seemed well qualified for a wife to a working man. I ventured to make an offer to her, which proved not disagreeable; and after we had calculated a little how we were to live, we married. I took a cottage with an acre or two of land to it, and my wife's savings furnished our house and bought a cow and some domestic fowls. All my leisure time I spent upon my piece of ground, which I made very productive; while my wife attended to the hens. The sale of her eggs, and the profits of the cow, with my wages, supported us very well. No mortal, I think, could be happier than I was after a hard day's work, by my



Hardman's Wife sending her Eggs to Market.

own fireside, with my wife beside me, and our little infant on my knee.

“ After this way of life had lasted two or three years, a gentleman who had dealt largely with my master for young plants, asked him if he could recommend an honest industrious man for a tenant upon some land that he had lately taken in from the sea. My master, willing to do me a kindness, mentioned me. I was tempted by the proposal, and going down to view the premises, I took a farm upon a lease at a low rent, and removed my family and goods to it, one hundred and fifty miles from London. There was ground enough for the money, but much was left to be done for it in draining, manuring, and fencing. Then it required more stock than I was able to furnish; so, though unwilling, I was obliged to borrow some money of my landlord, who let me have it at moderate interest. I began with good heart, and work-

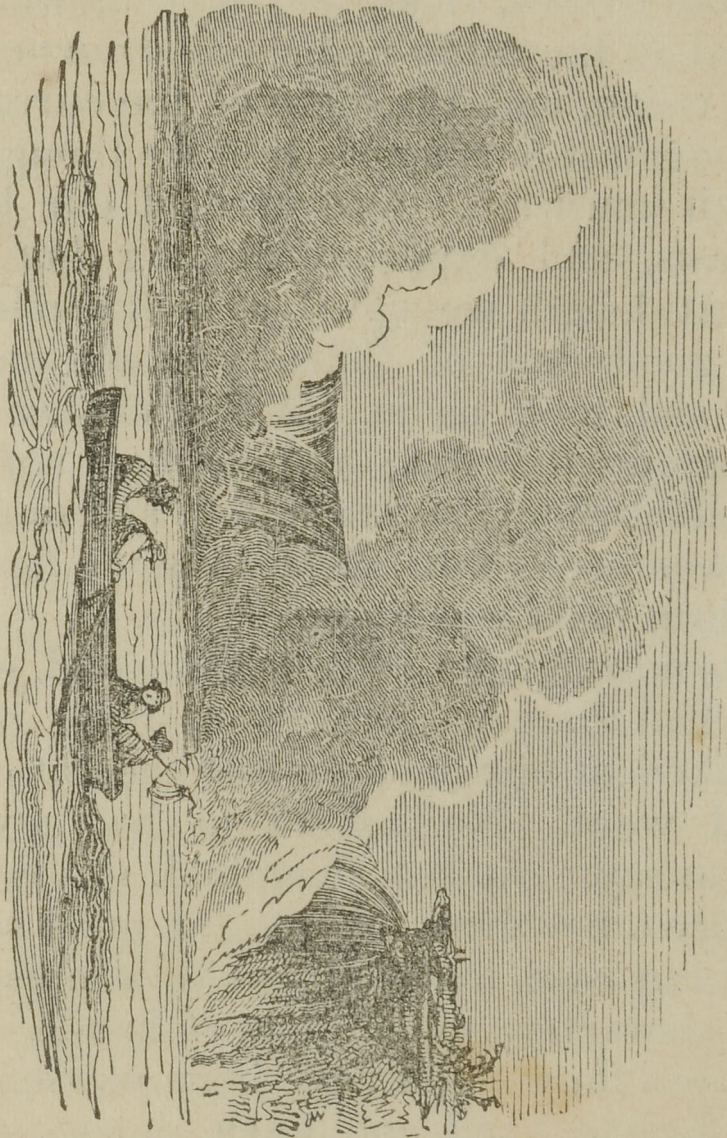


Hardman at work upon his Farm.

ed late and early to put things in the best condition. My first misfortune was that the place proved unhealthy to us. I fell into a lingering ague, which pulled me down much, and hindered my business. My wife got a slow fever, and so did our oldest child. The poor child died; and what with grief and illness, my wife had much ado to recover. Then the rot got among my sheep, and carried off the best part of my flock. I bore up against distress as well as I could; and by the kindness of my landlord was enabled to bring things tolerably about again. We regained our health, and began to be seasoned to the climate. As we were cheering ourselves with the prospect of better times, a dreadful storm arose—it was one night in February—I shall never forget it—and drove the spring tide with such fury against our sea-banks, that they gave away. The water rushed in with such force, that all was presently at sea. Two hours before daylight, I was awakened by the



The Flood.



noise of the waves dashing against our house, and bursting in at the door. My wife and I, and the two children, slept on the ground floor. We had just time to carry the children up stairs, before all was afloat in the room. When day appeared, we could see nothing from the windows but water. All the out-houses, ricks, and utensils were swept away, and all the cattle and sheep drowned. The sea kept rising, and the force of the current bore so hard against our house, that we thought every moment it must fall. We clasped our babies to our breasts, and expected nothing but present death. At length we spied a boat coming to us. With a good deal of difficulty it got under our window, and took us in. A few clothes was all the property we saved; and we had not left the house half an hour, before it fell, and in a minute nothing was seen of it. Not only the farmhouse, but the farm itself was gone.

“I was now again a ruined man; and, what was worse, I had three partners in my ruin. My wife and I looked at one another, and then at our little ones, and wept. Neither of us had a word of comfort to say. At last, thought I, this country is not Morocco, however. Here are good souls that will pity our case, and perhaps relieve us. Then I have a character, and a pair of hands. Things are bad, but they might have been worse. I took my wife by the hand and knelt down. She did the same. I thanked God for his mercy in saving our lives, and prayed that he would continue to protect us. We rose up with lightened hearts, and were able to talk calmly about our condition. It was my desire to return to my former master, the nursery-man; but how to convey my family so

far without money was the difficulty. Indeed, I was much worse than nothing, for I owed a good deal to my landlord. He came down upon the news of the misfortune, and though his own losses were heavy, he not only forgave my debt and released me from all obligations, but made me a small present. Some charitable neighbors did the like; but I was most affected by the kindness of our late maid-servant, who insisted upon our accepting a crown which she had saved out of her wages. Poor soul! we had always treated her like one of ourselves, and she felt for us like one.

“As soon as we had got some necessaries, and the weather was tolerable, we set out on our long march. My wife carried her infant in her arms. I took the bigger child upon my back, and a bundle of clothes in my hand. We could walk but a few miles a day, but we now and then got a lift in an empty wagon or cart, which was a great help to us. One day we met with a farmer returning with his team from market, who let us ride, and entered into conversation with me. I told him of my adventures, by which he seemed much interested; and learning that I was skilled in managing trees, he acquainted me that a nobleman in his neighborhood was making great plantations, and would very likely be glad to engage me; and he offered to carry us to the place. As all I was seeking was a living by my labor, I thought the sooner I got it, the better; so I thankfully accepted his offer. He took us to the nobleman's steward, and made known our case. The steward wrote to my old master for a character; and receiving a favorable one, he hired me as a principal manager of a new plantation, and settled me and my family in a snug cottage near it.

He advanced us somewhat for a little furniture and present subsistence; and we had once more a *home*. O, sir! how many blessings are contained in that one word to those who have known the want of it!

“I entered upon my new employment with as much satisfaction as if I was taking possession of an estate. My wife had enough to do in taking care of the house and children; so it lay with me to provide for all, and I may say that I was not idle. Besides my weekly pay from the steward, I contrived to make a little money at leisure times by pruning and dressing gentlemen’s fruit-trees. I was allowed a piece of waste ground behind the house for cultivation, and I spent a good deal of



Hardman Ploughing.

labor in bringing it into order. My old master sent me down for a present some choice young trees and flower roots, which I planted, and they throve wonderfully. Things went on almost as well as I could desire. The situation being dry and healthy, my wife recovered her lost bloom,

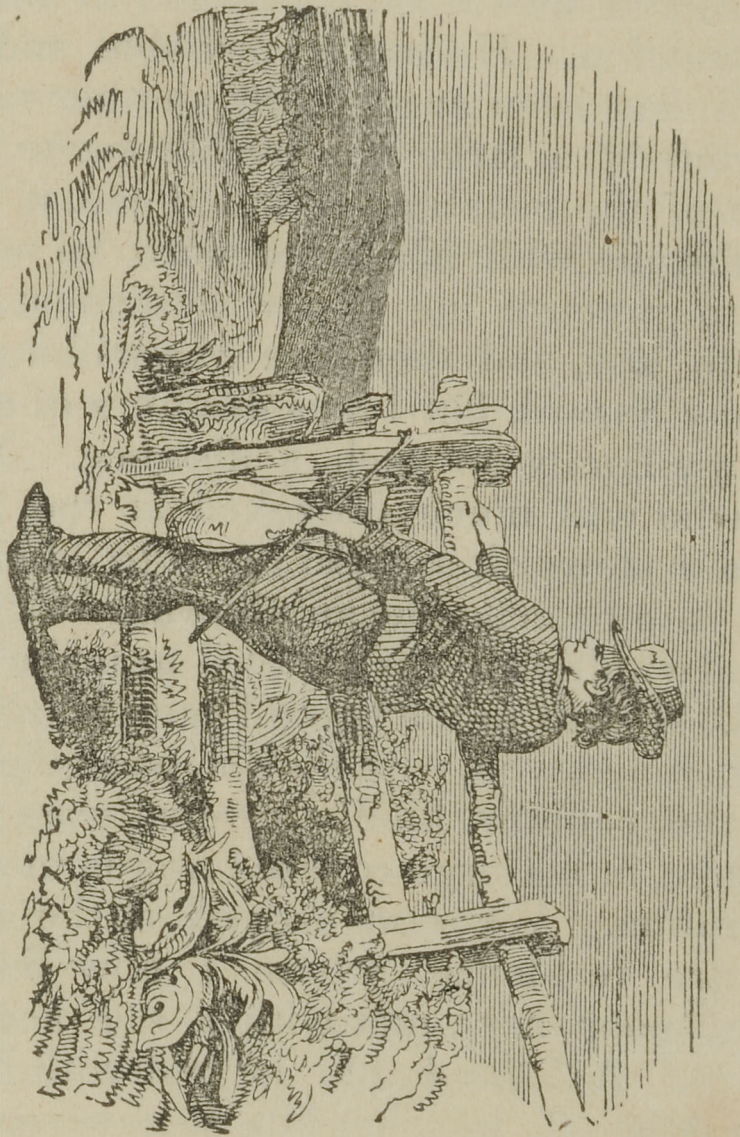
and the children sprung up like my plants. I began to hope that I was almost out of the reach of further misfortune; but it was not so ordered.

“I had been three years in this situation, and increased my family with another child, when my lord died. He was succeeded by a very dissipated young man, deep in debt, who presently put a stop to the planting and improving of the estate, and sent orders to turn off all the workmen. This was a great blow to me; however, I still hoped to be allowed to keep my little house and garden, and I thought I could then maintain myself as a nursery-man and gardener. But a new steward was sent down, with directions to rack the tenants to the utmost. He asked me as much rent for the place as if I had found the garden ready made to my hands: and when I told him it was impossible for me to pay it, he gave me notice to quit immediately. He would neither suffer me to take away my trees and plants, nor allow me anything for



The new Steward.

them. His view, I found, was to put in a favorite of his own, and set him up at my expense. I remonstrated against this cruel injustice, but could obtain nothing but hard words. As I saw it would be the ruin of me to be turned out in that manner, I determined, rather hastily, to go up to London and plead my case with my new lord. I took a sorrowful leave of my family, and walking to the next market town, I got a place on the outside of the stage coach. When we were within thirty miles of London, the coachman overturned the carriage, and I pitched directly on my head, and was taken up senseless. Nobody knew anything about me; so I was carried to the next village, where the overseer had me taken to the parish workhouse. Here I lay a fortnight, much neglected, before I came to my senses. As soon as I became sensible of my condition, I was almost distracted in thinking of the distress my poor wife must be under on my account, not hearing anything of me. I lay another fortnight before I was fit to travel, for, besides the hurt on my head, I had a broken collar bone, and several bruises. My money had somehow all got out of my pocket, and I had no other means of getting away than by being passed to my own parish. I returned on foot, and found my wife very ill in bed. My children were crying about her, and almost starving. We should now have been quite lost, had I not raised a little money by selling our furniture; for I was yet unable to work. As soon as my wife was somewhat recovered, we were forced to quit our house. I cried like a child on leaving my blooming garden and flourishing plantations, and was almost tempted to demolish them, rather than another should



Hardman returning Home on Foot.

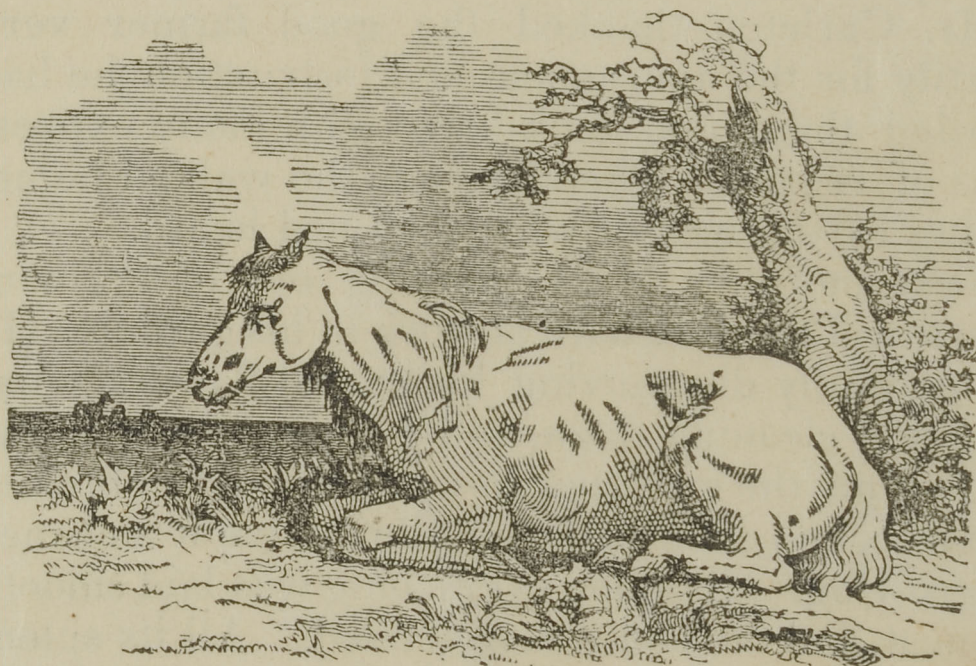
unjustly reap the fruit of my labors. But I checked myself, and I am glad I did. We took lodgings in a neighboring village, and I went round among the gentlemen of the country to see if I could get a little employment. In the meantime the former steward came down to settle accounts with his successor, and was much concerned to find me in such a situation. He was a very able and honest man, and had been engaged by another nobleman to superintend a large improvable estate in a distant part of the country. He told me, if I would try my fortune with him once more, he would endeavor to procure me a new settlement. I had nothing to lose, and therefore was willing enough to run any hazard, but I was destitute of means to convey my family to such a distance. My good friend, who was much provoked at the injustice of the new steward, said so much to him, that he brought him to make me an allowance for my garden; and with that I was enabled to make another removal. It was to the place I now inhabit.

“A wagoner, who, with his son, was going to that part of the country, kindly gave us seats for company's sake, in his large covered wagon at a trifling remuneration. We soon arrived at the place of our future residence, where I now live. The wagoner, poor man, met with a sad accident on his return. A loaded gun he had with him accidentally went off, injuring him so severely that he died, leaving his son in the wide world an orphan.

“When I came here, sir, all this farm was a naked common, like that you crossed in coming. My lord got an enclosure bill for his part of it, and the steward divided it into farms, and let it on improving leases to several tenants. A dreary spot



to be sure, it looked at first, enough to sink a man's heart to sit down upon it! I had a little unfinished cottage given me to live in, and as I had nothing to stock a farm, I was for some years employed as head laborer and planter about the new enclosures. By very hard working and saving, together with a little help, I was at length enabled to take a small part of the ground I now occupy. I had various discouragements, from bad seasons and other accidents. One year the distemper carried off four out of seven cows that I kept; another year I lost two of my best horses, and another was completely disabled. That poor old creature which you see through the window, lying under the tree in the field yonder, is the one I refer to. He has been



both lame and blind for several years. But I keep him for the good he did me when sound. A high wind once almost destroyed an orchard I had just planted, and blew down my biggest barn. But I was too much used to misfortunes to be easily dis-

heartened, and my way always was to set about repairing them in the best manner I could, and leave the rest to Heaven. This method seems to have answered at last. I have now gone on many years in a course of continued prosperity, adding field to field, increasing my stock, and bringing up a numerous family with credit. My dear wife, who was my faithful partner through so much distress, continues to share my prosperous state; and few couples in the country, I believe, have more cause to be thankful for their lot. This, sir, is my history. You see it contains nothing very extraordinary; but if it impresses on the mind of this young gentleman the maxim, that patience and perseverance will scarcely fail of a good issue in the end, the time you have spent in listening to it will not entirely be lost."

Mr. Carleton thanked the good farmer very heartily for the amusement and instruction he had afforded them, and took leave with many expressions of regard. Theodore and he walked home, talking by the way of what they had heard.

Next morning, Mr. C. looking out of the window, saw Theodore hard at work in his garden. He was carefully disinterring his buried flowers, trimming and cleaning them, and planting them anew. He had got the gardener to cut a slip of the broken rose-tree, and set it in the middle to give it a chance for growing. By noon everything was laid smooth and neat, and the bed was well filled. All its splendor, indeed, was gone for the present, but it seemed in a hopeful way to revive again. Theodore looked with pleasure over his work; but his father felt more pleasure in witnessing the first fruits of Farmer Hardman's story.

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