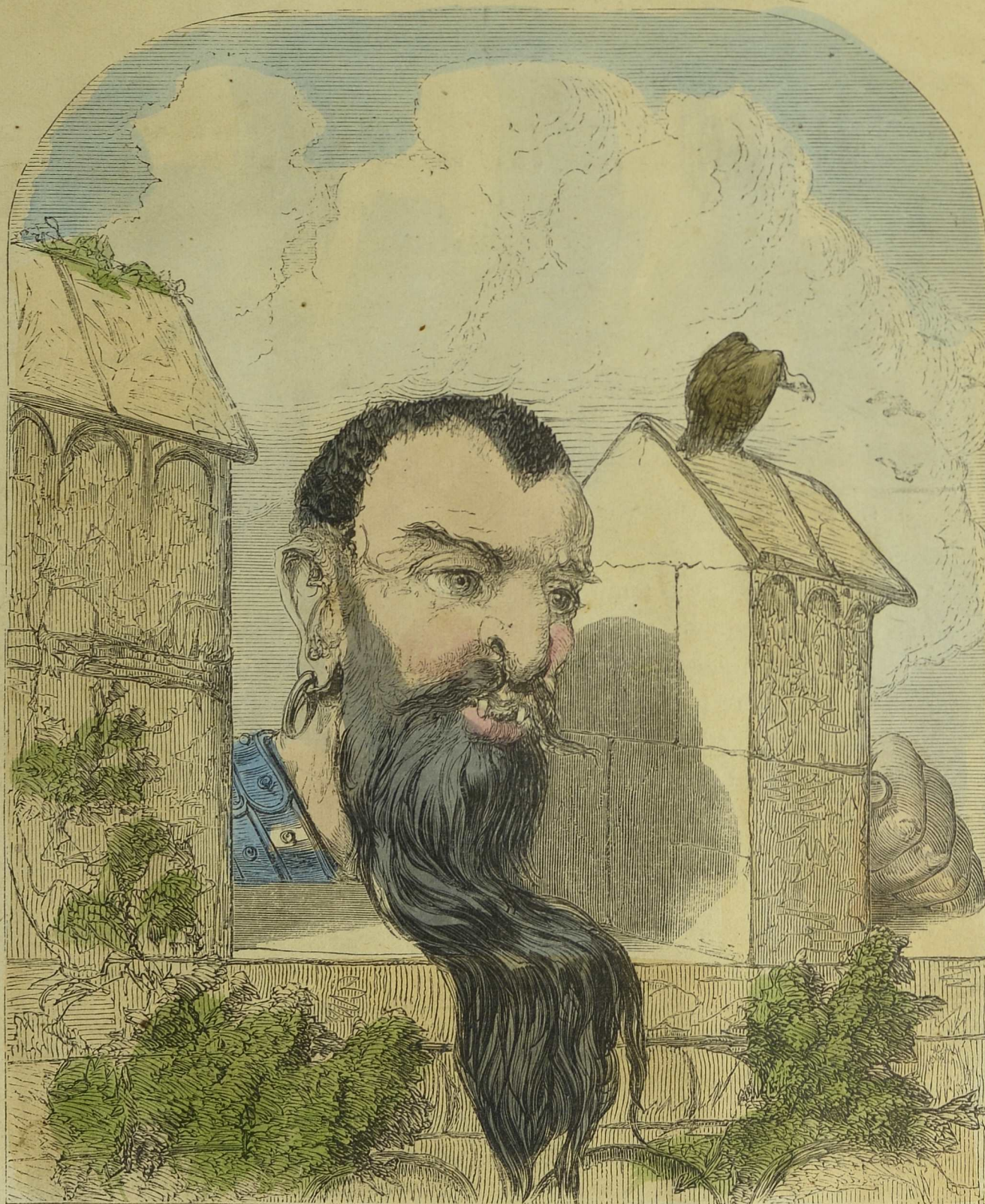


# KINDNESS AND CRUELTY;

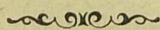
OR, THE GRATEFUL OGRE.

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BY ALFRED CROWQUILL.



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# KINDNESS AND CRUELTY;

OR.

THE GRATEFUL OGRE.

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## CHAPTER I.

SHOWS WHO THE OGRE WAS, AND WHAT A SWALLOW HE HAD, AND WHAT HE SWALLOWED.

GRINDENCHOREMUP was ten times the size of any of his neighbours, and lived in a castle a hundred times larger than any house near him; in fact he was a very great man, and took most unwarrantable liberties with all the little people about him; he stole their cows and sheep for his dinner, and their ducks and fowls and geese for his little lunches; and, worse than all, if any poor farmer dared to grumble, he took him for his supper.

So at last everybody trembled when they heard the footstep of the Ogre; and they hardly ventured to whisper their fears to each other, or form any plan to revenge themselves upon him, for they knew very well that he used to creep about at night and listen down the chimneys to discover who was plotting against him; and woe betide the poor man, woman, or child that was bold enough to propose any plot to destroy him, for the next day they would be hanging in the Ogre's larder, and of course never saw their friends any more.

Early every morning he was to be seen peeping from his castle keep, from whence he had a most beautiful view of the surrounding country, just taking a look round upon his neighbours' corn-fields and vineyards, or listening to the sheep-bells upon the downs, or the lowing of the cattle in the meadows, all of which he looked upon as his own, or, at least, the greater part. There





THE SNAKE PROVES A FRIEND TO PETER.



he stood, with his great ugly head peeping above the ramparts, watching his dinners and lunches and suppers; walking about until he wanted them, rolling his great eyes, which were almost as large as cheese-plates, with a hungry look that was very unpleasant to see. His long beard waved about in the wind, and fell for yards down the rampart-wall; for he never was shaved in his life, as he could not find a barber bold enough to undertake the job; and, indeed, his chin was so very large, and his beard so remarkably stiff, that no living barber could have got it clean under a week; for when he had finished one side it would have been time to begin again; so his beard grew like a whole stable full of horses' tails, which certainly did not improve his very ugly appearance. So now you know what sort of a gentleman the Ogre was.

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## CHAPTER II.

INTRODUCES YOU TO PETER AND CARL, AND SHOWS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THEM;  
AND IT IS HOPED THAT ALL GOOD LITTLE CHILDREN WILL LOVE PETER BEST—AT  
LEAST, UNTIL CARL IS SORRY FOR NOT BEING AS GOOD AS PETER.

PETER and Carl were neighbours' sons, and both had been taught alike; although, I am sorry to say, that they did not learn and profit alike: for Peter was tender-hearted, and loved every created thing, and would not put his foot upon a worm nor kill a fly. Carl, on the contrary, was always tormenting something for his amusement: if a dog ran through the village with a kettle or bramble tied to his tail, everybody knew *Carl* had done it; and when he returned panting, and covered in dust, relieved of his cruel torment by some kind hand, everybody knew it was *Peter's*. If the old, blind knitting-woman fell into the brook, everybody knew who had led her there; and they also knew who it was led her home and carried her bundle for her.





PETER CARRIED ACROSS THE WATER BY A FISH



Now, these two boys, so different from each other, were nevertheless constant companions, for the simple reason that Carl supposed himself much cleverer, bolder, and more expert than the mild, quiet Peter, whilst Peter was too kind of heart to entertain an enmity to any one, so he continued his friendship with Carl, although he always endeavoured to correct his faults, or remedy the evil caused by their mischievous tendency.

Wandering together one day in a wood, Carl flourishing a long stick, with which he cut at every flower and branch that came across his path, whilst Peter gathered into a beautiful nosegay the many blossoms that grew in profusion around him, they were very much astonished to see an enormous footmark impressed on the soft clay.

"Grindenchoremup is out!" exclaimed Carl, with a shudder.

"Let us go home," said Peter, preparing to run off.

"Stop!" replied Carl; "don't you see that the toe points from us? so by that he must have walked on."

"To be sure," said Peter, "I did not think of that: how sharp you are! But recollect that his toes may be now turned this way, so I shall make the best of my way home." With that he started off at a good pace, very soon followed by Carl, who, though a loud talker, was not prepared to brave the Ogre alone.

Poor Peter had not run far before he stumbled and fell into a deep, dry well, which was partly overgrown with grass and moss. Down he went, much to the horror of Carl, who stood quite stupefied with fright, which was considerably added to when he heard the branches of the trees cracking above his head and becoming violently agitated. He looked up and beheld the bright folds of an enormous snake whirling on towards him with startling velocity. When he thought himself almost within the jaws of the tremendous monster he opened his eyes, which he had closed in terror, and saw its undulating body disappearing down the mouth of the well and in an instant reappear with Peter in its jaws; but instead of swallowing him he placed him gently on the ground, then turning to Carl, who was too frightened to run, said—

"I am the slave of the good spirits that reign supreme in the woods, the





THE TURTLE LEAVES CARL PERCHED ON THE ROCK.



fields, the water, and the air. I have saved Peter from death because he has pity for all that are troubled, and never takes the life of any created thing that, by its weakness, is at his mercy. Go, Carl, and imitate him. I, by the command of the good spirits, endow his kindness of heart with a power that shall subdue the strong and the wicked, and whatever he may purpose will have the aid of the birds in the air, the beasts of the wood, and the fishes in the sea, for they all know that he is their friend; whilst you, Carl, are——” Carl did not stop to hear what he was.

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### CHAPTER III.

TELLS HOW PETER AND CARL SET OUT TO DESTROY THE OGRE, AND WHAT BEFELL THEM.

PETER did not sleep that night, for his thoughts were full of what the serpent had said of his power to destroy the strong and the wicked. So with the earliest dawn he went down to Carl's cottage, and proposed to him to join him in an attempt to destroy the cruel Ogre that almost desolated their village.

“Very good,” said Carl, “you go first, that I may see what you do, and I will follow your example.” For you see Carl was not of a very brave turn, except when his foe was something rather small; so he gave place, with much prudence, to Peter to take the post of danger.

That very same evening they started, and just as the moon was rising they came to the edge of the water that flowed in from the sea, and surrounded the Ogre's castle. This was a puzzler, for there was no boat, the master not requiring one, as his long legs, like scaffold-poles, easily walked through it.

“How are we to get over this difficulty?” said Carl, looking with a cunning leer at Peter, rather pleased in his own mind that there was a difficulty in getting nearer the castle.





A SQUIRREL ASSISTS PETER UP A TREE.



No sooner had he spoken than there arose out of the waves a large round fish, something like a bladder. Floating to their feet, he said—

“Get on my back, Peter; I will take you across as safely as the largest ship.”

Peter jumped on his back without hesitation, and, grasping his large fins, prepared to start, but not before he had asked the fish whether he would be kind enough to come back for Carl.

“Well,” said the fish, “I can’t do that, as I have only orders about you; but I dare say if he will sit down on the rock, some other fish will be sent to him.”

So saying, he floated off in the moonlight, leaving Carl sitting rather disconsolately on the rock.

He soon bore Peter to the sandy beach that drifted around the foundation of Grindenchoremup’s castle. No sooner was Peter safe on his feet, than the good fish sank down and down until he was lost in the depths of the green sea.

Carl sat kicking his wooden shoes against the rock, dropping off every few minutes into a satisfied doze, for he was in no hurry to be nearer the Ogre. Presently a voice calling his name made him open his eyes, and look around him, when he saw, to his great terror, that the tide had flowed, and completely surrounded him with water; close to his foot rolled and splashed a large turtle.

“Did you call, sir?” said Carl.

“I did,” replied the turtle. “Pray, what are you doing on that rock? You’ll be washed off there presently.”

“Washed off, sir!” said Carl. “Oh, dear, I hope not, for I can’t swim!”

“Can’t swim!” exclaimed the turtle, with something as like a laugh as a turtle could do; “poor, useless thing! then what are you doing stuck up there?”

“Oh, please, sir, I was waiting for some fish to carry me,” replied Carl.

“Well, I’m sure!” said the turtle. “You are pretty conceited, I think.





CARL IN THE CLUTCHES OF THE OGRE.



What respectable fish, do you think, would condescend to carry such an ugly boy as you are?"

With that he flapped his scaly fins, and immediately he was surrounded by a thousand fish, whose eyes shone like diamonds in the moonlight; and if fish ever did laugh, they all laughed then.

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## CHAPTER IV.

SHOWS WHAT BECAME OF PETER, AND HOW HE WAITED FOR CARL, WHO DIDN'T COME.

PETER hid himself in the trunk of an old tree, a few of which still lived upon the scanty earth that the encroaching sea had left, and there he lay until the morning broke; but no Carl came, which made him very unhappy. He looked out across the water, and he thought he could see the rock where he had left Carl, and also that he could see something like a crow upon it: that crow upon the top of the rock was Carl, sure enough.

"I wish," thought Peter, "I could peep over the castle walls, and see whether the Ogre is at home."

"You can easily do that, then," said a little squirrel, popping in through a hole in the tree; "climb up to the top of this tree, and you will be able to have a nice bird's-eye view."

"Ah! but how am I to do that?" asked Peter.

"I'll show you," replied the squirrel; with that he popped outside the tree, and Peter followed him. "Take hold of my tail," said the squirrel, "and stick your feet well in the bark."

Peter did as he was directed; and the squirrel soon dragged him up to the topmost branches, whence he saw all over the Ogre's castle, and also saw that the Ogre was preparing for a walk, for he was just dusting his walking-stick with his pocket-handkerchief. He saw that he had no hat,





PETER ASCENDING THE MAGIC LADDER.



which would have been useless, for his hair would have thatched a barn. He saw him unlock the door, lock it from the outside, and proceed to walk through the waves. He had not walked far before he was evidently attracted by the unfortunate crow, Carl, upon the distant rock.

Peter looked on with terror when he saw him stoop down and take the object from the rock as you might pull a mussel or a limpet; and soon, by its kicking, he discovered it was his friend Carl. Peter watched in fear and trembling as the Ogre returned with Carl kicking between his finger and thumb. Poor Carl!

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## CHAPTER V.

PETER, HELPED BY THE SPIDERS, ENTERS THE OGRE'S CASTLE.

PETER was not a coward; so he determined not to desert Carl, but to endeavour, by all the means in his power, to rescue him from his horrid fate; but when he looked at the strong-barred gates and high towers, his heart failed him, and he exclaimed, "Oh, what would I give for a ladder with which I might scale these walls!"

"My good Peter," said a spider, who was hanging by one leg from his web, finishing off the last scrap of his breakfast, "I'll make you the finest ladder you ever saw; so don't fret about that. I have plenty of friends in the neighbourhood who are the best ladder makers in the world."

"Oh, if you only could!" said Peter.

"Enough said—it shall be done," interrupted the spider, and it was soon done; for thousands of spiders spun their silken webs in shining ropes, whilst others carried them up the face of the tower, and attached them to the grey stone, and others again bound them together with cross lines until all was quite secure, and Peter, instructed by his first friendly spider, walked up with the greatest ease to the summit of the tower, and landed himself safely. He looked over the side to thank the little ladder makers, but they had gone, and the magic web had melted away. Peter sat down under the shadow of a large rusty gun carriage, and fell into a sound slumber.





PETER FINDS THE OGRE LOOKING FAR FROM WELL.



## CHAPTER VI.

## THE OGRE CATCHES COLD—PETER BECOMES USEFUL.

PETER slept on until the night had far advanced; indeed, when he awoke he was some time before he remembered where he was. When he was sufficiently awake, he proceeded down into the tower, where his ears were saluted with the most horrible noises: what it was he could not make out; was a lion roaring? or was it some machinery groaning?

He went down a few more steps, when he distinguished amidst the dreadful sounds the word "Oh!"

He went down a few more steps, when he distinguished two, "Oh dear!"

He went down a few more steps, when he heard three words, "Oh dear me!"

He stood still and thought, "Is 'dear me' the Ogre, or is it the Ogre lunching off poor *me*, and is it the lunch groaning?"

He went down a few more steps, and peeped through a key-hole, and there he saw the Ogre stretched out on a couch, with his head on a pillow and a nightcap on his head. He looked very sick, indeed; his eyes were shut, but his mouth was open, and such a mouth! but we won't say much about it: the Ogre was ill-looking and looking ill; he was breathing short; but, for the unpleasantness of the sound, it was long enough.

Peter crept in, and seeing him so prostrate and helpless at once forgot his determination to destroy him, but stepping lightly on his pillow looked over the bridge of the Ogre's nose and saw his great teeth. One look was enough: he shuddered and stepped back, but in his hurry tumbled over the tassel of the nightcap.





CARL HUNG UP IN THE OGRE'S LARDER



"Who's there?" said the Ogre, in the mildest tone he could muster.

"Oh, please, sir," said Peter, "nobody."

"If you are nobody I can't hurt you, so come forward," replied the Ogre. Peter accordingly stepped forward gently until the Ogre saw him.

"You are indeed remarkably small," said the Ogre, "but still you are somebody; so put down your stick, for I am too feeble to lift a finger against you, and see whether you can pour some water down my throat, which now feels like a furnace chimney."

Peter, without saying a word, jumped down, in pity to the moaning wretch, and quickly brought some water. The Ogre groaned with delight as Peter poured bucket after bucket over his fevered tongue, and, as soon as he could, thanked him and promised him everything.

"Well, then," said Peter, who had grown bold, "perhaps you will tell me whether you have eaten my companion Carl."

"Upon my word, I really don't know; what sort of person was your friend?" said the Ogre.

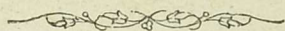
"A boy like me," replied Peter, "only with wooden shoes."

"Wooden shoes," said the Ogre, ponderingly; "I do not remember eating anything with wooden shoes on it. He may be in my larder."

"In your what, sir?" exclaimed the astonished Peter.

"In my larder," repeated the Ogre. "I always hang my meat, whether it be beef, fish, mutton, or men." Peter felt for his stick.

The sick gentleman saw that he had better be cautious, so, motioning him to put down his weapon, he told him how to find the larder mentioned. Peter rushed down the stairs immediately, in hopes of saving Carl.







CARL IN DANGER OF FALLING A PREY TO THE CROCODILES.



## CHAPTER VII.

THE LARDER DESCRIBED—THE CONTENTS—CARL KEPT IN SUSPENSE—HIS COAT IS TORN—  
THE CONSEQUENCES.

AND where was Carl all this time? why left to his ruminations in the larder, with some fish and cold meat. Ah! how he regretted his cruel and mischievous disposition; for, had he not been such a bad boy, he would have had the protection afforded that good Peter had experienced: and he really began to think how much better he would be if the Ogre did not eat him.

But the Ogre's larder—it was certainly in a very cool place outside the castle wall. Some large hooks stuck out of the stones, which were generally stuck into something or somebody, and there they hung over the rushing water, where crocodiles and other big-mouthed monsters revelled and rolled about, continually tempted and tantalised by having in view the savoury contents of the Ogre's larder. The larder was rather scanty; for there was nothing but a large fish with one of the hooks through his gills, a shoulder of mutton with a hook through the knuckle, and Carl with a hook through—his collar.

The moon shone upon all three, and the wind whistled through the reeds mournfully as they bent to the dark waves. Splash went the hungry crocodile as the smaller fish leapt out of his way; crash went his great jaws with a disappointed snap. The clouds flitted drearily by and the moon began to get obscured, and the collar of Carl's jacket began to tear; and then it kept on tearing—tear—tear—tear! Splash!—Carl was in the water. It was very dark and the crocodiles did not see him, so he crawled up a sloping buttress—much too sloping a buttress, for he very nearly slid into the water twenty times, and very nearly into the jaws of the crocodiles, who by this time had discovered him.

So Carl held on as well as he could, but with a very uncomfortable prospect before him; but still Carl held on. Carl was hungry, and he looked up at the mutton and the fish.





PETER SAVES CARL.



## CHAPTER VIII.

HOW PETER HUNTED FOR CARL—HOW CARL KEPT SLIPPING—AND HOW THE CROCODILES  
DID NOT GET TIRED OF WAITING.

PETER peeped over the parapet wall, and he saw the shoulder of mutton and the fish, and he saw the little bit of Carl's collar. He sighed, for he loved him, although he was not so good as he wished him to be; so he turned away with another sigh without looking at the buttress.

Carl kept slipping; so he laid himself flat on his face and dug his nails into the smallest cracks.

Peter went back to nurse the giant, who, though weak as the smallest mouse in the castle, began to get better under his care. Oh! how he promised never to dine on anything but mutton, beef, veal, and pork, if he should get well; and, moreover, that he would pay his butcher and steal no more: and, further, he promised to make Peter his steward, and give him the keys of his strong room, where he might enter and take the full money bags and repay all the people that he had injured. You may guess how happy Peter felt at all this, but poor Carl's fate made him sigh very often.

Great thoughts came into his head when he reflected how everybody would love him if he could by kindness win the Ogre to be good and just, instead of a fear and desolation to his native village.

"However, I'll nurse him as well as I can," exclaimed Peter, "and I won't sit thinking any longer, but go and make him some mutton broth;" with this he jumped up and went to the larder for the mutton, and lucky was it for Carl that he did so, for just, by chance, casting his eye down upon the buttress, he saw a pair of wooden shoes, and in them poor Carl, wet, miserable, and frightened. He called to him with a joyful shout. Carl looked up with an imploring look—which was as much as he dared do. In a very short time he found a rope, and, tying a strong noose in it, he lowered it to his disconsolate playfellow. To pull him up was not the





PETER BECOMES THE GIANT'S STEWARD.



work of a minute; but Peter worked with a good will, and at last landed him safely upon the tower roof. Poor Carl embraced him with tears of gratitude as he turned for one moment and beheld, with a shudder, the disappointed crocodiles swim away. They then descended, arm in arm, into the Ogre's chamber.

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### A PROPER END.

WHAT joyous shouts rent the air when the two companions returned to their friends; and how were those shouts added to when they were told that they were to return and be repaid by Peter from the giant's treasures for all the wrongs he had done them in the wilfulness of his strength!

And they did so: Peter, as the giant's steward, righted the wronged and protected the weak, and, in a short space of time, his master began to enjoy the peace and tranquillity that accompanied the justness practised towards all around him; and, although he died before he thought that he had done enough good to counterbalance the evil of his former career, he felt that he left behind him one who knew well how to dispense the wealth intrusted to him: and Peter's life justified this confidence; for he never forgot that no gold was equal to the love of your fellow-creatures, and that the worst and the wickedest can be brought back to reason and repentance by the

### MAGIC OF KINDNESS.

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