

Dangerous sports. A tale / Addressed to children. Warning them against wanton, careless, or mischievous exposure to situations, from which alarming injuries so often proceed.

Contributors

Parkinson, James, 1755-1824.

Publication/Creation

London : H.D. Symonds, 1807.

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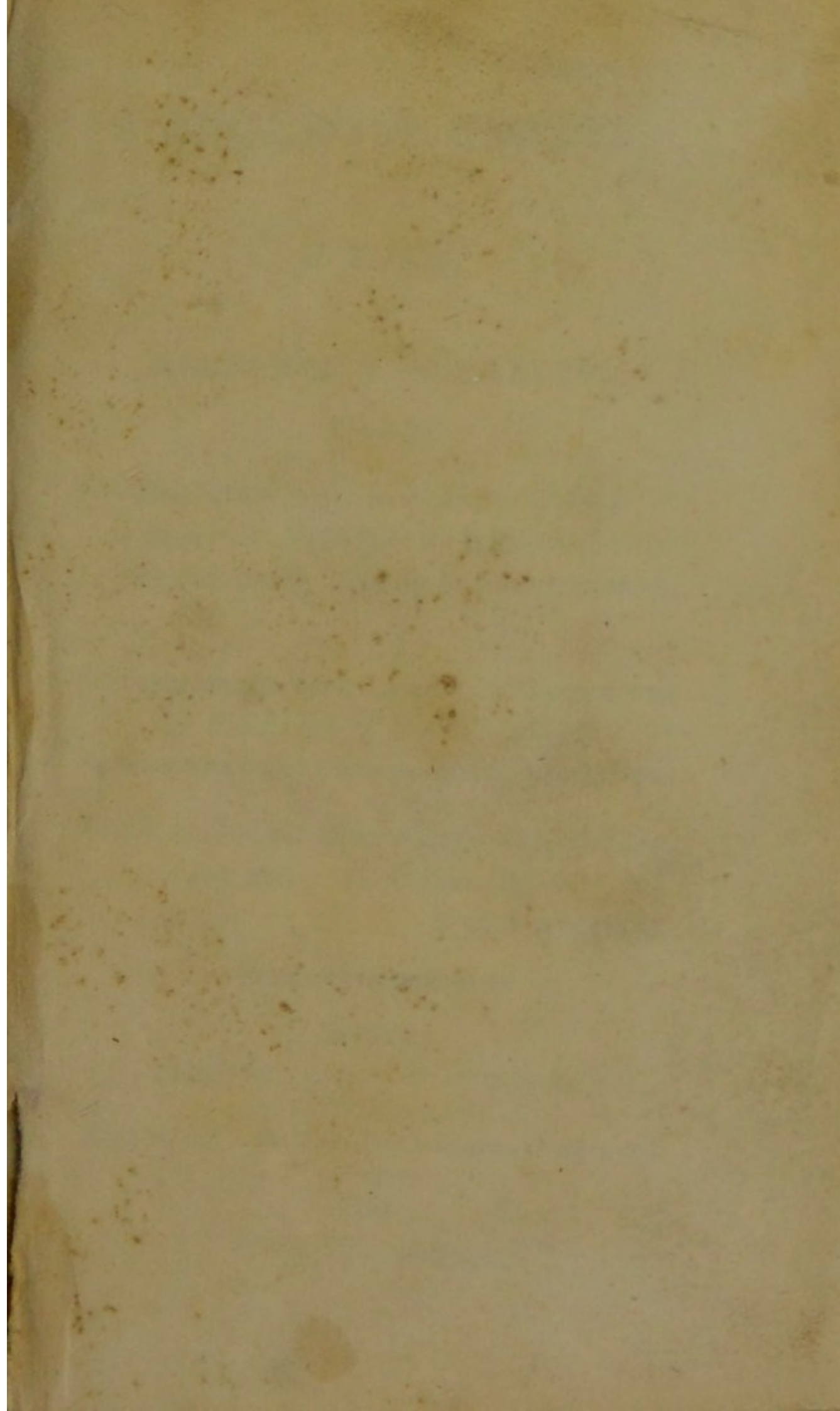


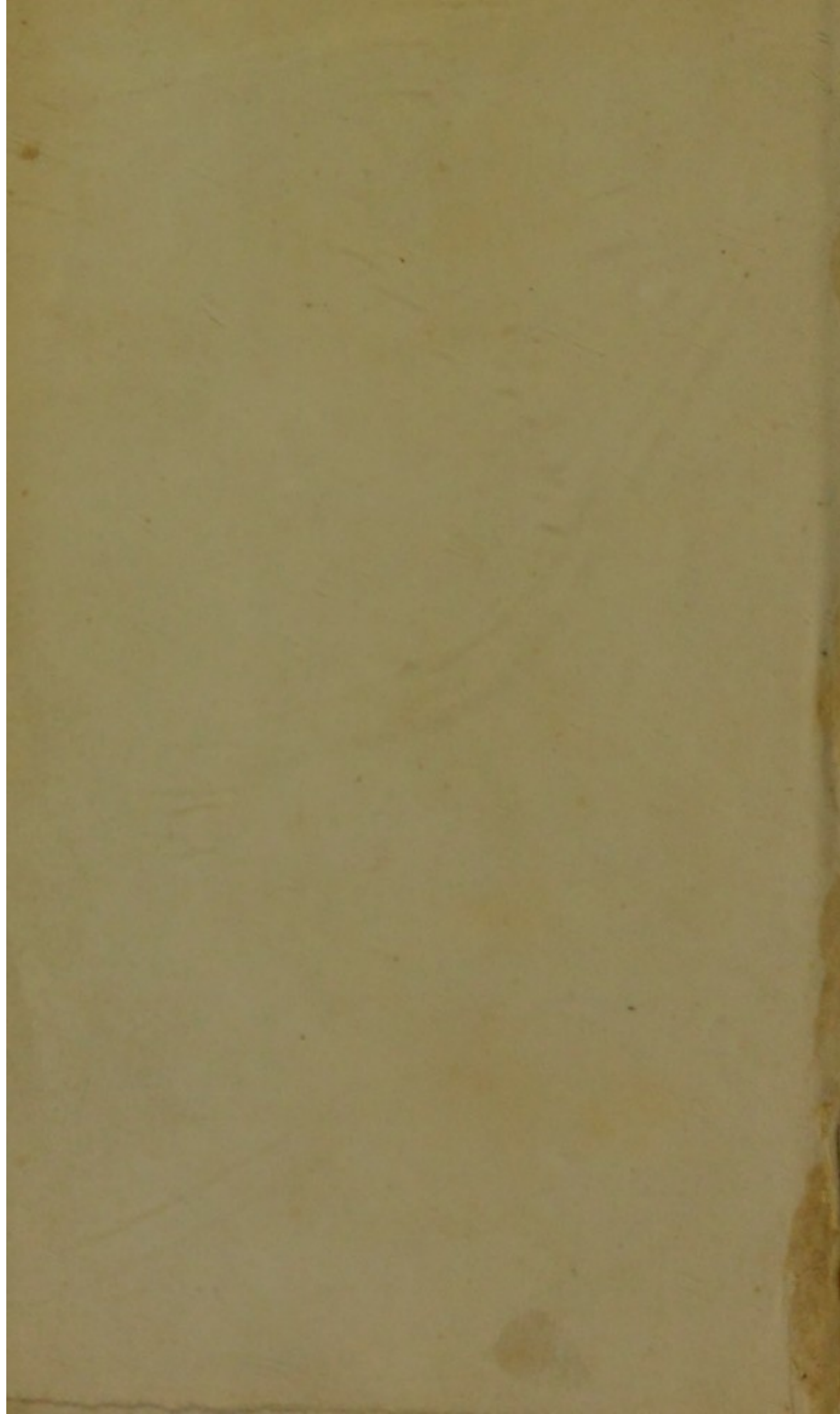
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DANGEROUS SPORTS.

A TALE.

ADDRESSED TO CHILDREN.

Warning them against wanton, careless, or
mischievous Exposure to Situations, from
which alarming Injuries so often proceed.

By JAMES PARKINSON.

*Who knows but one of my Stories may, one Day,
SAVE THE LIFE of some CHILD.*

OLD MILLSON.

London:

PRINTED FOR H. D. SYMONDS,
PATERNOSTER-ROW;

By Law and Gilbert, St. John's Square, Clerkenwell.

1807.

Price Two Shillings.

DAUGHTERS' SPORTS

A TALE

ADDRESSED TO CHILDREN

Written from a child's point of view, and
intended to be read to children, it is
a book which should be in every home.

BY JAMES F. BAKER

It is a book which every child should read, and
which every parent should read to their child.
The author is a child.



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DANGEROUS SPORTS.

CHAP. I.

Benevolence on Crutches.

LAME MILLSON lived in a little hut he had partly built, and partly dug for himself, out of the side of a high and craggy mountain, near to a bye-road in the West of England. One very dreadful evening in December, when the sharp cold wind drove the snow and sleet in at the cracks of the window, and under the door, poor Millson, who was busy in making up his fire, with the bits of dead wood he had gathered off the heath

heath the day before, thought he heard, between the gusts of wind, the faint cries of some one in deep distress. Now poor lame Millson wore a patched, but clean, drab coat; he also used crutches, and was deformed in his shape; he therefore hardly ever went to the neighbouring village without being hooted, and even pelted at by the boys; but they little knew how good a creature they abused. He listened again, and thought the noise lessened; but was more convinced it was a fellow-creature, in pain and misery. That was enough for him, he snatched up his crutches and opened the door; he then could hear the cries so plain as to be able to tell, that they proceeded from the side of the road,

at

at a little distance from his poor hovel.

He set off therefore as fast as he could, and when he arrived at the spot he found a little boy weltering in blood, which had stained the snow around him. Come, my little man, said he, let me lift you up, that you may walk to my house; and there I'll be your nurse. But alas!—the poor fellow could not speak, nor had he power to move; and when Millson laid hold of his hand, he found it as cold as ice: his cries too had now entirely stopped, so that the old man concluded, if he was not already dead, he must certainly die in a very little time. He therefore tried repeatedly to raise him, but all in vain; for as
his

his crutches required both hands, he was unable to carry him ; although he could raise him with one hand, whilst he supported himself by leaning on his crutch with the other.

What could he now do ? There seemed to be no hopes of getting the poor boy to his fire-side. But the compassionate man will always contrive means to help a fellow-creature ; and Millson was not one who would let a trifle hinder him from doing a good action. So he returned with all the speed his crutches could give him, and got back to his hut. There, out of one corner, he took a rope, and tied its two ends to the upper part of the back of a chair ; he then slipped the middle part, over his head, on to his

his chest; where, to prevent it's slipping lower, he tied it to his button, with a piece of packthread; and then set off again as fast as he could, dragging the chair behind him.



But when he came to the poor boy, he no longer moaned, nor could he

he find that he even breathed. Now was the heart of poor Millson almost broken—"Ah, dear fellow," said he, "how happy should I have been to have saved your life, but as it is, you shall not lay here all night;" and stooping down, he, with some difficulty, got him placed in the chair, which he very carefully drew back to his hut.

He now lighted a candle, and looked at the poor boy till the tears ran down his cheeks; and had just said—"thy misfortune may go near to break a fond parent's heart; poor fellow!" when he thought he saw his chest move. He wiped his eyes with the skirt of his coat, and looked again—but doubting what he saw, he again wiped the
tears

tears from his eyes, and exclaimed
“ Mercy on me—he does breathe !”
The tears now ran down his cheeks
faster than ever; but these were tears
of joy, for *Old Millson*’s heart would
soon melt when he witnessed the joy,
or the misery of a fellow-creature;—
his delight was, indeed, almost more
than he could bear. He hopped
about his little cavern, happier than
an Emperor ever was in this world.

With much labour, he placed the
poor boy on his bed, on the ground—
for *Lame Millson* lay on the ground.
He then warmed a little milk, and
with a tea spoon poured a little into
his mouth :—and could you but have
seen how he hung over him, with
his eyes fixed on him, his mouth
half open, every feature motionless,

still as a statue,—all his senses employed in watching whether he swallowed or not. He did swallow—and the happiness of Millson was even greater than it was before.

He now washed his face, and when he had removed the blood, he found a wound on the forehead, from which the blood yet flowed. This he soon stopped, and dressed the wound in the best manner he was able. He then got off his clothes, and put him into the bed; rubbing and chafing his cold limbs between whiles, and frequently putting a little of the warm milk into his mouth. Thus he attended him all night.

As the morning began to dawn, Millson watched at the window, in hopes to see some passenger; for
thought

thought he, the parents of this dear child, are now, I dare say, almost distracted, and he cannot yet speak to tell me where they live. He had watched some time, when he saw a pedlar passing by, whom he called in; and after asking where he was going to, he begged him to mention at a house or two, of the nearest villages he passed through, that a poor little wounded boy lay in his cottage.

Soon after this the little boy awakened, and was not a little startled at seeing his strange bed-room and nurse.

“Where am I,” said he, “and pray
“Sir, who are you?” addressing
Millson. “My dear,” he answered,
“you are in the hut of one who is
“proud to wait on you.” “Thank

“you, Sir,” said he, “but pray how
“came I here, and this blood too?”
“Be still, my dear,” said Millson,
“I believe you had a fall. I last
“night found you on the side of
“the road; but pray what is your
“name?” “George Henneth,” he
answered; and at this moment Mr.
Henneth, who lived at a neat white
house, built almost adjoining to the
venerable ruins of a castle, just out
of a village, about two miles distance,
came with his servant, both on horse-
back, to see whether it was his son,
who had been missing ever since
about dusk the evening before. As
soon as he had alighted, he ran into
the cavern, where he saw his son
stretched on the bed, and old Mill-
son very busily attending him.

After

After careffing his child, and fhewing his gratitude to Millfon, Mr. Henneth enquired of him the particular circumftances which had thus brought his fon under his protection ; but Millfon could only relate to him the particulars of his finding him bleeding, at the fide of the road the evening before. Any enquiry of the child was not only ufelefs, but even dangerous ; for he was already fo faint from the lofs of blood he had fufained, and fo overcome with delight at the fight of his father, that he was now unable to fpeak : fo that how he came where Millfon found him, ftill remained a myftery.

Finding him in fo weak a ftate, Mr. Henneth concluded it would not

be safe to remove him, until he had obtained the advice of his surgeon; for whom he directly sent his servant, he returning home himself, to acquaint Mrs. Henneth with the discovery he had made. On his return to Millson's hut, or rather cavern, in the rock, he was soon joined by the surgeon, who was beginning to examine the child's head, when he said, "I perceive, Sir, it has been dressed by a surgeon, and with so much propriety, that a removal of the dressings is at present unnecessary; as the gentleman who has dressed it can furnish us with an account of the size and nature of the wound." "Here," said Mr. Henneth, "then is that gentleman," pointing to old Millson. The surgeon

geon turned round, astonished ; and was still more so, when Millson gave him such an account of the injury the child had suffered, and of the manner in which he had treated it, as proved that he possessed a considerable degree of surgical knowledge. But how this poor old man, living in this strange dwelling, came by his knowledge, neither of them presumed to ask. The surgeon only said, from the account he had received, he had no doubt but the child must soon have perished, but for the assistance he had received ; and that he saw no reason why he might not be removed home in any easy carriage.

This was accordingly done ; but for the sake of brevity, we will pass
over

over Mr. and Mrs. Henneth's care and anxiety, the daily visits of enquiry made by Millson, and the gratitude expressed by George, for the old gentleman in the rock, who had saved his life; and bring you to the end of about a fortnight, when his recovery was so far accomplished, that Mr. Henneth ventured to enquire of him, as Millson sat by his bed-side, what he knew about the accident that had happened to him.

CHAP. II.

The art of finding the soft part of a Horse's foot, or a Dog's tooth; with a few remarks on the pleasure of tormenting.

“SIR,” said George, “you know
“I scorn a lye, and therefore will
“not attempt to hide my fault.
“You had bought me, that day, a
“grey poney, on which you in-
“formed me you would teach me
“to ride: but I was too impatient,
“and watched the opportunity after
“your dinner, and, whilst the ser-
“vants were having theirs, to slip
“into the shed where he stood, and
“by the help of the rails got on his
“back.

“back. Then, only with the hal-
“ter, I got him into the road, where
“two or three boys, who were pas-
“sing, soon saw, although it was
“dusk, that I could hardly keep
“on, and was terrified; and so
“they hallooed, and throwed their
“hats at the poney, who sat off full
“gallop. I hung by his neck for
“some time, and then fell off; but
“I remember nothing more.”



Mr.

Mr. Henneth was pleased with his son's frankness, and desired him to be more careful in future; which he of course promised. Old Millson now displaying some degree of uneasiness in his countenance, Mr. Henneth begged to know the reason, being sure, he said, if George had offended him, he would be very sorry. "No," says Millson, "that dear fellow has not offended me; but you must excuse me, Sir, if I declare myself not satisfied with you at the present moment." "I am very sorry," said Mr. Henneth, "but may I know in what respect?" "Why, Sir," said Millson, "you have acted as parents too often do; you have treated this child as if he possessed the same
"know-

“ knowledge you do yourself; and
“ have, therefore, contented your-
“ self with simply admonishing him
“ not to repeat his fault; instead of
“ furnishing his mind with that rea-
“ soning, which may convince him
“ of the necessity of complying with
“ your advice, when he shall be
“ again beset with temptation. It
“ should be considered, that the only
“ substitute for experience is in-
“ struction: a child might drink
“ boiling water if it had not ob-
“ served, or had not been told of,
“ it's injurious effects.” “ I sub-
“ mit,” said Mr. Henneth, “ to
“ your judgment, and beg you would
“ employ your influence on George,
“ in such a manner as you think
“ will best secure him from a similar
“ mis-

“ misfortune with that he has just
“ experienced.” “ That I will do,
“ Sir,” said Millson, “ and especially
“ as it will serve to shew you more
“ plainly what I meant, by the ob-
“ servation I took the liberty to
“ make.”

Old Millson, therefore, taking
George by the hand, thus addressed
him :—“ My dear boy, consider that
“ the strength and power possessed
“ by that noble animal the horse, is
“ such, that sometimes the strongest
“ men, with every contrivance, find
“ it difficult to obtain the mastery
“ over him. This being the case,
“ how dangerous must it be for any
“ one, and particularly a child, to
“ mount a horse without being first
“ taught the art of managing him,
“ and

“ and of preserving his feat. Aware
“ of the power of the animal he has
“ to deal with, the most expert
“ horseman always does that, which
“ I trust you, when you have learnt
“ to ride, will never omit to do.
“ Before he mounts his horse he
“ casts an enquiring eye over all his
“ trappings, to see that the bridle
“ is properly fixed, and the girths
“ of a due strength; from an omis-
“ sion of these precautions very
“ dreadful accidents have happened.
“ But it is not necessary to mount a
“ horse to be exposed to danger from
“ him; since several children have
“ had their skulls beat to pieces
“ from the kick of a horse, in con-
“ sequence of their sillily plucking
“ the hairs of it's tail. Indeed of
“ such

“such different tempers are these
“animals, that he must be more
“bold than prudent who ventures
“within reach of their heels. So
“ferocious are they sometimes, that
“two dreadful instances have oc-
“curred lately; in one of which the
“hand of a gentleman was seized
“by a horse, and terribly ground
“by his teeth. In the other, an
“enraged horse seized the arm of
“a poor man, which he did not
“loosen until the bye-standers had
“broken the bone of his nose,
“by beating him; and the arm
“was so injured, as to be obliged
“to be cut off. Impress all these
“things on your mind, and I trust
“you will not expose yourself to
“such dangers, as many young
c 2 “folks

“folks unwittingly do, with an ani-
“mal so powerful; and which,
“though in general so gentle and
“tractable, as little to deserve the
“cruel treatment it sometimes re-
“ceives, from beings more brutish
“in their nature than itself, is also
“sometimes savage and spiteful.

“The danger is not less of irri-
“tating a dog; for this animal,
“though in general so docile and
“mild, is seldom insulted without
“resenting it. Hence, setting aside
“the extreme folly of intentionally
“provoking them, the danger of
“playing with dogs, or of striking
“them even by chance. A dreadful
“instance of the consequences of
“the latter accident happened, a
“very few years since in St. James’s
Park.

“ Park. A young gentleman passing
“ a dog, slightly touched it with a
“ switch he carried in his hand, upon
“ which the ferocious animal turned,
“ and seized him by the belly ; and
“ in spite of the exertions of those
“ around him, continued his hold,
“ until the bowels of the youth ap-
“ peared at the wound : I need
“ hardly say, the poor youth died
“ within a few hours.

“ It is true, a dog may attack
“ you without any provocation, and
“ you therefore should be informed
“ in what manner, in such a case,
“ you ought to act. Your conduct
“ here should be guided by this
“ principle, that you cannot outrun
“ a dog, but may outwit him. In
“ nine cases out of ten when you

“are thus attacked, if you turn to
“run from him, the dog will seize
“you directly; but if you oppose
“him in a firm manner, at least with
“your voice, ordering him in the
“authoritative tone in which dogs
“are spoken to, on such occasions,
“to *lay down*, he will very probably
“crouch, and crawl away. But
“should you have a stick in your
“hand, do not strike at him with
“it, but keep it resolutely pointed
“towards him, with your eyes stea-
“dily fixed on him, to enable you
“to keep him perfectly at bay.

“Always be careful to avoid any
“dog which you see running along,
“looking heavy and lowering, seem-
“ingly inattentive to every thing,
“his eyes looking red and watery,
“and

“ and his tail hanging between his
“ legs, lest it should be mad. If at
“ any time you should be bitten by
“ a dog, though ever so slightly,
“ endeavour to ascertain whose dog
“ it is, and immediately apprise
“ your parents of the circumstance;
“ since they will be the fittest to
“ carry on the enquiry farther; and
“ even if the dog should have been
“ mad, can prevent its being of the
“ least ill consequence to you, if you
“ give them early information.

“ Nor can I let slip the opportu-
“ nity of remarking on the conduct
“ of those boys who perhaps occa-
“ sioned your misfortune. I am
“ very sorry to say, that it is too
“ prevailing a disposition among
“ children to teize and torment each
“ other.

“ other. It, at first, I believe, arises
“ merely from a love of fun; and
“ for want of any other object, to
“ exercise their sport upon, a play-
“ mate is chosen. But this love of
“ teizing too often ends, really, in its
“ becoming a pleasure to render
“ others miserable. It may,” (he
added, addressing himself to Mr.
Henneth) “ be said, perhaps, that
“ those boys, *knew not what they*
“ *did*; that they did not attend to
“ the mischiefs that might follow;
“ but, Sir, they must have perceived
“ in my young friend such marks
“ of distress and alarm as must have
“ awakened pity for him, if this
“ love of teizing had not so far har-
“ dened their hearts, as to have ren-
“ dered them capable of deriving
“ de-

“delight from the sufferings of a
“fellow-creature: and when any one
“has proceeded thus far, how little
“more is necessary to render him
“odious and detested by all who
“know him.”

George attended earnestly, and Mr. Henneth was much astonished, at the ready manner in which Millson addressed his advice to his son; as well as at the propriety of his observations.

CHAP. III.

Sunshine after rain, and a choice which will surprize the gentle reader, unless his heart is, exactly, as bad as George Henneth's.

A Fortnight having passed away, and George being perfectly recovered, Mr. Henneth made some serious remarks to him, and strongly impressed on his mind the propriety of offering his thanks to God for the great mercy he had experienced in his happy and providential escape. He concluded with telling him, as his birth-day was on the following week, he should invite some of his young neighbours to spend two or three days

days with him, and that their whole time should be devoted to sport and pastime.

This proposal was, of course, received by George with great pleasure. Harry Wilding, Tommy Jones, Sammy Harris, and master Jenkins, with six or eight more, were directly appointed to be of the party. Mrs. Henneth was consulted as to the number she could accommodate with beds, who said, that on this occasion, she could make room for twelve.

This number was therefore fixed on, and cards of invitation written the next day; but, previous to their being sent, George came into the room, and addressing his father in a most earnest manner, with the tears standing in his eyes, said, there was

one

one more he wished to have invited, but he feared his father would not approve of him. “Who is it, “George?” said his father.—George, with some hesitation, answered, “Old “Millson, Sir, to whom I owe my “life.”—“But why, (said his father) “should you suppose I should object “to him?”——“Because,” said George, “I feared you would not “like him to sit at table with you in “his patched coat.”——“And would “you, George,” said Mr. Henneth, thinking farther to try him, “like “to have him among your young “smart dressed friends? besides, “what could he contribute towards “your sport?——“Sir,” replied George, “there is none among my “young friends I more respect, or “have

“ have more reason to respect, than
“ him; and I would give up my
“ other sports, at any time, to sit
“ and hear him talk.”—“ My dear
“ fellow,” said Mr. Henneth, “ if
“ Mr. Millson will favour us, he shall
“ certainly be of the party; and in
“ the afternoon we will take a walk
“ down to invite him.”

In the afternoon they accordingly went to Millson's cottage in the rock, and informed him of the intended merry-making, begging him to be of the party. To this he readily agreed, only objecting to laying at Mr. Henneth's, as it might give too much trouble, and as there might not be sufficient room. “ Room,” said George, “ you shall lay with me, “ Mr. Millson.” “ Bless the dear
D “ child,”

“child,” said Millson,—“Come,
“come,” said Mr. Henneth, “you
“must not refuse George’s request,
“in which I earnestly join.”

Old Millson promised to wait on Mr. Henneth, and the party now proceeded to chat over the intended merry-making; when on the mention of the intended visitors, Mr. Henneth observed, that he was sorry that some in the list were terribly mischievous, others very giddy, and one or two ill-tempered.—“So much
“the better,” said Millson, “I’ll
“answer for it every one of them
“shall return from *Edley-castle* (for
“so was Mr. Henneth’s house called, from the ruins that joined it)
“much better than they came into
“it.”

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

*Forms and ceremonies, characters and
no characters.*

WE will not stop, to do as George Henneth did——count the slowly pacing hours, which passed before the happy day arrived; that day on which the grand jubilee was to commence. No, our reader must suppose the morning of that day arrived: Mr. and Mrs. Henneth, with happiness in their hearts, and kindness and complacency in their countenances; George, blythe as the mountain kid; and every servant, except Richard, happy in the pro-

spect of the merriment with which Edley castle was about to be gladdened. Every servant we say, except Richard: now Richard was a poor silly fellow, who believed in witches and hobgoblins, and was not much pleased to have Old Millson an inmate in the house, for he had long concluded him to be a conjuror, from his living all alone, in a house cut out of a rock. "No, "no," Richard said, "it is not making of nets keeps Old Millson; no, no, the devil keeps him, my word for it; well, the worst I wish is, Old Millson out of the house, and no mischief done."

The first visitor ushered in was one who was always first in every thing, good or bad; one who always runs head-

headlong. Whether he was about to save a life, or steal a bird's nest, nothing would make him think of his own danger. If a play-fellow fell in the river, he would plunge in to save him, though his own pockets might be loaded with dumps: but with so little consideration was his conduct marked, that he would have rushed into the same danger to save his cricket ball. Such was Harry Wilding.

The next visitor was Charles Vincent, a boy of most lively parts; he was indeed more considerate than Harry Wilding, but unfortunately his consideration was generally employed on some plan of mischief. If Charles was thoughtful, mischief was brewing; but it often happened,

that, although Charles would employ so much consideration as would involve some one in an awkward scrape; he would not always employ as much as would keep himself out of it.

He was succeeded by the two brothers, John and Thomas Wilkins. John the eldest, naturally of a placid temper, had been so tenderly brought up and watched, that he never hardly had been under the necessity of giving a thought for his own preservation: hence had he grown up so careless, and so indifferent, and withal so inattentive, that out of his parent's sight, there was reason hourly to fear his suffering some injury, from not avoiding those dangers which were evident to every one else. Thomas the younger, naturally of
strong

strong passions, had endured so little contradiction, that the least opposition to his wishes was sure to produce a fit of sullenness, which would not subside for some time. He was, besides, exceedingly proud, and unfortunately foolishly vain of his person.

Edward Harris, who came in next to these, was a boy who could not receive greater pleasure, than when he believed he gave it to others; but he was also unhappily prone to fits of passion. These, however, would not last long, as they would soon be corrected by his good sense; and then, the goodness of his heart would manifest itself: for no concession, nor compensation, would he think too much, to those to whom he had conducted himself improperly;

ly; and this arising, not from meanness, but from the impulse of true honour.

Now Tim, Tillson made his appearance, with a note in his hand from his mamma to Mrs. Henneth, stating that she had almost resolved not to have sent Tim, as he had rendered himself ill by licking and sipping of every trash he met with; and that she had procured a medicine for him, which she could not prevail on him to take, and therefore prayed Mrs. Henneth to give it to him the next morning, as she hoped Mrs. Henneth would have more power over him than she had.

Just now also arrived Miss Mary Selwyn, a young lady about eleven years of age, lively and sprightly as a bird;

bird ; possessing much good sense, and admired by all for her wit and pleasing manner. She came for the purpose of accompanying Charlotte Henneth, the sister of Charles, during her brother's grand festival. Charlotte Henneth was, in every respect, a most amiable girl, but not of so lively a disposition as her companion ; her character was most distinguished by an extreme sensibility and sympathy for others. Of her brother we need only say, he very much resembled his sister ; but his feelings for others had been prudently corrected by his father ; so that although he would really inflict pain on himself, rather than on another, yet he sympathized not so much with others in their sufferings, as to be exposed to
those

those distressful feelings which his sister always endured on such occasions.

Of the remaining visitors we have little more to say, than they were, as most boys are, fonder of their dinner than their book, and fonder of play than of either the one or the other. The conversation of the party naturally fell on the providential escape of Charles Henneth; and this induced Mary Selwyn to inform the company of the extraordinary escape of her cousin, who but the day before, by standing too near the parlour fire, had set fire to her muslin frock. “Yes, “my dear,” said Mrs. Henneth, “young ladies should be very careful not to stand near the fire with “their thin and light dresses; for “should

“ should there not be any danger
“ from the heated poker, yet so great
“ is the draught of modern stoves,
“ there may be great danger of the
“ skirt of a fine muslin frock, for
“ instance, being drawn against the
“ fire; but pray, my dear, proceed.”

Miss Selwyn then stated, that as soon as her cousin found her frock on fire, she tried to tear off the skirt, but this she could not do; she then, after ringing the bell violently, flew to the side-board, hoping to find water in the decanter, with which she would have been enabled to have directly extinguished it: but failing here, and finding the flames, by rising, was communicating to the upper clothing, she sat herself on the hearth-carpet, and directly folded the
ends

ends of the carpet over the burning part, by which the flames were smothered and extinguished; the carpet, at the same time, protecting her arms from the flames.



Mrs. Henne h thanked Mary for the account she had given, and desired Charlotte would remember what she had heard, saying, should such
“ an

“an accident happen to you, that
“is the exact conduct I would wish
“you to adopt. Consider, my dear
“child,” she added, “how great is
“the pain proceeding from the
“smallest burn; and how great must
“be the sufferings when almost the
“whole body is thus injured. Let
“this consideration keep you from
“standing too near a fire, or running
“any risque of suffering so dreadful
“a calamity.”

Old Millson now arrived, in a new
drab coat, and was introduced into
the parlour by Mr. Henneth. The
young party was variously affected by
the appearance of their new visitor;
some smiled, others eyed with some
degree of surprize so strange a figure,
hobbling on his crutches, into so

smart an assembly. Thomas Wilkins could not help whispering to Charles Vincent, that he thought Mr. Hen-neth might have recompensed the *old fellow* in some other way, than introducing him there. "Indeed," he added, "he did not like such
"company, and he had a great in-
"clination to quit the room, and go
"home." But Charles, ever ready for mischief, begged him to stop, as he dared to say they should have some fun with the old gentleman, "though," said Charles, "I would
"not hurt him for the world, he
"looks so good-natured."

CHAP. V.

Fun and feasting, with a little bit of mischief, and a slice of a sermon; with instructions how to break a head or lose a hand.

DINNER being now served up, the company was summoned to attend and partake. But, my gentle reader, as I will venture to say that you are no fonder than myself of plumb-puddings, tarts, custards, &c. — *in idea*; and that you would rather have one solid slice of plumb-pudding, than the most accurate description of the daintiest feast that was ever spread on a table, we will,

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with

with your consent, not dwell on this subject: Dinner then being concluded, the party left the table, to amuse themselves with the different sports their inclinations led them to. The afternoon being fine, some of the party amused themselves in the garden, others in the court-yard; whilst others confined themselves to the hall. All were happy and sportive, and none more so than Old Millson, who, placed in an armed chair in the hall, participated in the sports which the young folks had here adopted. Thus passed on the time until they were called to tea. Now they assembled, but, alas! pleasure is too often succeeded by pain: Charles Vincent had unfortunately received a blow over the eye from Harry Wilding's top,

top, which had flung in the string. John Wilkins was found to halt with a slight degree of lameness, which had been occasioned by his falling from a swing, which he and Harry Wilding had put up. This swing was formed of a piece of old rope, which they had picked up whilst strolling in the stable-yard, and was so much decayed, as to break whilst poor Wilkins was in full swing; but as he had kept his hold of the string, he thereby broke his fall, so that the injury was not so great as it would otherwise have been. Mr. and Mrs. Henneth regretted these accidents much, and Old Millson shaking his head, and looking significantly at Mr. Henneth, said, "You remember, Sir, the remark I made to you

the other day, that young folks should be reasoned with ; now, Sir, I am sure if children were instructed in what concerns play, their plays might be rendered more interesting, as they might be rendered more expert at them ; and, at the same time, their plays might be rendered less likely to be productive of those accidents, which now so often occur." " Very true," said Mr. Henneth, " but how is this to be done ? Can you, for example, furnish our young friends here with such instructions ?" " I am very willing to try, Sir," said Millson, " if my young friends will bear patiently with me." " What say you, my boys," said Mr. Henneth, " are you willing to choose Mr. Millson your professor of sports,

sports, or master of revels?"—"Yes, Sir; yes, Sir;" resounded from all parts of the room. Millson rose to thank them for his unanimous election, when he immediately fell to that side next the tea-table, which he overset; the tea-urn, with all the tea equipage, falling with a terrible crash on the floor. Mr. Henneth flew to him, and caught him before he fell to the ground. He then placed him in his chair; and attended to Mrs. Henneth, who was exceedingly affrighted at the accident; nor were the young folks less alarmed. All, indeed, was now noise and confusion. When the bustle had subsided, Old Millson began to apologise to Mrs. Henneth; but whilst he was doing this he looked at the crutches,

crutches, and said, drily, “Madam, I have just discovered the strange cause of all this mischief,—within this last half hour, positively one of my crutches has grown six inches longer, or the other has become six inches shorter.” Then casting his eyes round the company, he directly discovered to whom he was indebted, for whilst every one else was staring in amazement, Charles Vincent could not check himself from tittering at Millson’s remarks, as indeed they were fully understood only by him. “Charles,” said Millson, “you have discovered yourself; I sincerely forgive you, and should have done so if you had broken my leg; but, my dear fellow, never let your love of fun lead you to an act of dangerous mis-

mischief. Before you determine on a frolic, consider first the probable consequences ; if then you discover it is innocent, and cannot injure any person, or even hurt their feelings, go through it with spirit ; but if you see that any one may really suffer by it, give it up at once, for where, for instance, would have been the joke of breaking the legs of such a poor old cripple as I am ?"—Charles now came forward, a blush of shame and humility overspread his countenance, he seized the hand of Millson, " I sincerely ask your pardon, Sir, (said he) I did steal your crutch away, and cut off a piece of it ; thinking that your hobbling with one crutch shorter than the other, would be a joke at which all, even yourself, would have joined

joined in a laugh ; but Sir, I see the danger of the trick, and its impropriety on other accounts. “ Mr. Millson,” he added, raising his voice, as the tear started from his eye, “ I would not hurt you for the world.”—“ No, that he would not, Mr. Millson,” cried George Henneth, “ I’ll answer for him.”—“ Enough, my dear fellows,” said Millson, caressing them both, “ may Heaven bless your warm and tender hearts. But, Charles, what ails your hand?”—“ Oh, Sir,” said Charles, “ only a slight wound, part of the punishment I merit ; whilst I was sawing your crutch, the saw slipped, and has cut my wrist.”—“ Let me look at it,” said Millson, and after a slight examination, he exclaimed, “ God be thanked !”
and

and calling the young folks to him, he made every one of them feel the pulse beat in two places on the inner part of the wrist, telling them, that through these pipes, called *arteries*, the blood passed from the heart: and that if either of these were wounded, life could only be saved, by a very serious and painful operation: and that if both were wounded, there would, perhaps, be but little chance of saving the hand. “Only observe,” he added, “how thin a covering is over them, and consequently how slight a wound might reach them, and how frequently, when cutting of pieces of wood, bread, cake, &c. must the knife be exactly in that direction, which if it were to slip through unexpectedly,
it

it must wound this part." Mr. Henneth desired the young people to attend to this caution very particularly, remarking, that he never saw any one cut a piece of bread from a loaf, but he was alarmed for them; since the knife must, most probably, if it slipped through, occasion this alarming accident. "Nor", said Mr. Henneth, "do I ever see any one throw up a window hastily, without having my fears, lest their hand should slip through the glass, when almost unavoidably the arteries would be laid open."—"But as we are on this subject," said Millson, "I must caution my young friends against a practice, the danger from which I showed George this morning; it is that of shutting your penknife by pressing

the point against the thigh; since should the resistance be greater than you expect, or you do not press it exactly in a proper direction, it may run into the thigh, and pierce the large artery which runs along its inside. I will likewise trouble you with the farther caution of never leaving your penknife open, especially on a desk, since being likely to slide down, it may fall with its point into your thigh, or wound you just by the inner angle, where the artery runs very near the surface."

The young folks were now desired to seat themselves to hear Mr. Millson's lecture.

His auditory being seated, Mr. Millson thus began.

F

"My

“ My dear playfellows,

“ The great masters of oratory agree, that the first object of a speaker is to obtain the good-will of his hearers: this I trust I shall do by declaring, that I believe play as necessary to youth as study; and that he who has not genius enough to play well, will seldom do any thing else well. But as it is agreed, my merry fellows, that there is reason in roasting of eggs, why may not it be necessary in sports and play? the fact is, that it is so; and he who would play well and without danger, must call his reason to his aid. Now we will first consider those plays which are not so dangerous in themselves as to demand to be forbidden, but
only

only become so, by neglecting to attend to certain trifling circumstances, which I shall point out to you; and then I shall conclude by remarking on those plays, which are in themselves dangerous, without certain alterations, which I shall also point out. In compliment to poor Charles Vincent, who has narrowly escaped a black eye from Harry Wilding's top, I shall begin with a few remarks on the top. This is a play-thing I much admire, as it requires a considerable share of ingenuity to use it with dexterity. And, by the bye, Mr. Henneth, that is one advantage which may be derived from properly directing the sports of children: they may be thereby led into the habit of exerting themselves, with ingenuity

and address, on other occasions. But to return to the top, the danger from it proceeds from a want of attention in winding it up; for if this be done loosely, instead of spinning, it is thrown strait forward, with a degree of violence proportioned to the intended strength of the spin; and ill will fare the legs or head which happens to stop it. But still greater danger springs from the untwisted part of the string being left too long and ragged, or from its being entirely covered by that part of the string which goes round the top; since, in either of these cases, the string fastens round the peg of the top, and the top, instead of flying off the string, flies round with such velocity, that if it meets with
a head

a head in its way, it will, as my friend Charles knows, inflict no small degree of pain; indeed the most alarming mischief might follow such a blow. To avoid injuring others is not all, you must take care of yourself; and therefore never stand opposite to any one who is spinning his top, nor sufficiently near to his side to receive it on your head should it hang in the string.

“An escape which my friend John Wilkins experienced this afternoon, impels me to urge you to cautious circumspection in whatever play you are engaged in; he very nearly received a severe blow from the bat of Will. Jones, from standing too near him whilst playing at cricket.

At trap-ball, likewise, most serious mischief may happen, in consequence of imprudently standing near to the striker: since as the ball does not always rise from the trap in the same direction, the range of the bat must be very wide; and consequently no one can be safe within three or four yards of the striker.

There are some plays, in which there is danger of falling, which should be only engaged in on the green sod of the field, such as leap-frog; hop, step, and jump, &c. for a fall in either of these games, on a paved place, might occasion a fractured skull. Much, indeed, depends on selecting a proper place for your sports; for consider what danger there would, for instance, be in
playing

playing at blindman's buff on the landing place of the stairs, or a room, in which the furniture is not carefully stowed. But perhaps I am now rather too minute, my merry fellows, I shall therefore say no more of those plays which only require a little exertion of your understanding to render them quite safe, and will proceed to speak of those plays, which, from the ill consequences which generally attend them, ought to be prohibited.

At this moment a dreadful scream proceeded from the kitchen; Millson stopped his discourse, and the whole of his auditory bent their attention entirely towards the point whence the noise proceeded. And now my kind reader, if you find yourself

yourself disposed to satisfy your curiosity we will step into the kitchen, and discover the cause of this most dreadful shriek.

CHAP. VI.

The ghost chapter; mysteries and shrieks, and—faintings, and—a ghost, more terrible than ever yet appeared to mortal eyes.

JUST as Mr. Millson began his lecture, the coachman, the footman, and the two maid-servants, with poor Joe, who had such violent apprehensions

pre-

prehensions of the conjuring tricks of Mr. Millson, had just drawn round the fire to take their tea in comfort. The bread and butter was cut, and the tea made, when the footman said, "Joe, you must be a great fool to be afraid of old Millson; why I never met with a better natured old creature in all my days; why he laughs and plays with the children just as if he was one of them." "Aye, so he may," said Joe, "and if he does, its for no good, take my word for it."—"Well, but," said the cook, "what harm do you know of him?"—"Why, I'll tell you," says Joe, "and I never mentioned it before. "You must know, then," he now looked round to see the kitchen door was shut, and then again said, "you must

must know, then, it was about a month ago; aye, just a month; no, I'm wrong, it was exactly five weeks; well, never mind that, it was nine in the evening, or near it; I believe the clock had not struck."—"My goodness," (cried the house-maid,) "what's that to do with it, do pray go on with your story."—"Well, then, (said Joe) we'll say it was on the stroke of nine. I had been to the next village, and coming by Harry Dickins, our fishmonger, I was tempted, as a body may say, with the look of the sprats; and so I bought some, meaning to have them, with a draught of ale, at the Golden Lion, along with Dick Watkins, our chaff-cutter. Well but, 'twas a dreadful night, how the wind did

did blow! now it roared so loud, and growled so with it, you'd have thought all the wild beasts of the Tower were set loose; and then it would whistle so, my life! how it did whistle; the rain too was pouring all the time, and every now and then I could hear a piece of the rock come tumbling down just by Millson's cave. Ah, thought I, just as I came by his door, who knows but Millson hath raised this wind for some mischief; well, well, I hope he'll never meddle with me; and then it struck my mind what Mr. Evanston, our curate, told me one day, as I was nailing a horse-shoe on the threshold of our stable door."—"What are you doing that for, Joe?" said Mr. Evanston. "To keep old mother

ther Hoskins from stepping over the threshold, who, I be's afraid, is an old witch, and rides our beasts by night." "Ah," said Mr. Evanston, "there's a better way than that, Joe, by which you may keep her from coming even over her own threshold; only put something to eat on her threshold over night, that she may find it there in the morning."—"Well, I thought of this, and so I thought I'd try it with conjuror Millson; so I went to the door, softly enough you may be sure, to lay some of my sprats, *something to eat*, you know, on his threshold. But when I opened the basket, oh, what a sight! the basket appeared to be full of fiery fish, of a fine white fire; so I made no more to do but
emptied

emptied them all out at his door, thinking, as he most probably had set them on fire, he might eat them; and though it rained as hard as it could pour, they laid at his door shining like—aye—like melted silver. —“Why, you fool, (said the cook,) there was no witchcraft in that, almost all fish will do so if they’re stale.”—“No witchcraft, ha!” said Joe. “No, to be sure not,” said the coachman. “No,” said the footman; “if there ever should be any ghosts or witches I should like to see——.” A shocking groan was at this instant heard, as though proceeding from the door, immediately behind the footman’s chair: amazement now seized the whole group; they stared at each other with astonishment,

G

nishment; their eyes and mouths were wide open, but none moved or spoke. A second groan was now heard, which seemed to be close to the door: they all then jumped up, and crowded together towards the door at the opposite side of the kitchen, which opened into the hall.

“Well,” said Joe, (trembling like an aspen leaf,) “it comes from the—the—the—vault, under the ruins of the—the—the—old castle, ’tis the devil him——.” All eyes were now fixed, in dreadful suspense and alarm, on the door, when it flew open, and—Radcliffe, whose enchanting pages have so bewitched the public taste, that every press now teems with mystery and with horror.—Lewis, who hath fixed our admiration on bloodless,

less, bleeding ghosts, and who hast created mysteries not to be unraveled, even by thyself; without the aid of magic art;—on your heads and shoulders must be placed the blame of this wonderful and terrific tale; for who now dare write? for who now will read? aught but what is filled with crashing and shrieking, and bones and tombs, and aërial beings, such as mortal eyes never yet saw.

“Why, my little reader, why in such a hurry! what you have had a peep in the novel your sister was so busied in reading?” “Yes, Sir.”

“Well, but don’t be in a hurry, what did you hope to find there?”

“Something shocking, Sir.” “And, my little friend, why in such a hurry, now?—why so anxiously delighted

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with

with what you are now reading?"

"Because it is so shocking, Sir."—

"Then pray, my good fellow, what do you expect to come in at the door we have just opened?"—"Why, a ghost to be sure, Sir." "Well, then you shall not be disappointed."

The door flew open, and whilst all eyes were fixed on the spot—I shiver whilst I write it; and not as you may think, from the cold wind which blows in at the shattered window of my lofty garret, the highest in all Grub-street. No, it is not from cold; for my fire, though it burns blue, throws out heat sufficient through the three pieces of iron hoops, which, stuck between pieces of brickbat, form my fireplace. No, no, its sheer fright at

my

my own writing; for I feel my hair standing up an end through the holes of my long-worn flannel nightcap."

—"Well, but, Mr. Author, don't talk about yourself so, pray go on."

—"Well, then, now for it: the door flew open, and whilst all their eyes were fixed on the spot, a figure entered, covered with blood from head to foot; heart-rending anguish was depicted on its countenance; and its hands, from which blood flowed in streams, were confined with large and bulky chains, from which also the blood flowed in big and heavy drops. The figure now moving onwards, the terrified group retreated into the hall, where the party from the parlour was now also assembled.

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bled. The figure still advancing, every one kept a respectful distance, until Miss Selwyn walked directly up to it; and after examining it earnestly, burst into a loud laugh, and exclaimed, "Its John Wilkins, hung in black puddings." The rest now came forward, and old Millson soon extricated John from the black-puddings which hung round him, and taking him into the kitchen, got him cleaned, with some little help, and dressed in a suit of George Henneth's cloaths.



John Wilkins was now introduced into the parlour, and desired by Mr. Henneth to give some account of the circumstances which had occasioned his late dreadful appearance. “Sir,” said he, “Charles Vincent and I were in the yard, and we agreed to have a game at hoop and hide, in a ruinous part of the castle out in the yard.

yard. Charles had hid himself, and I was trying to find him, when I fell through a hole in the floor, and found myself in a dreadful dark place, which seemed to be under ground. I groped about there for some time, and at last tumbled into some tub, or some other vessel, in which, from the figure you find me in, I suppose was blood; and when I got out I found I could not stir my arms, they being confined, as you found, with the black-puddings, which had hung, I suppose, on the edge of the tub, and had twisted round me: Oh, Sir, it was a long time before I could find out the stairs, though I could plainly hear the servants talk in the kitchen; and when I did get the
door

door open, instead of helping me, they all ran away."

When the confusion this accident had occasioned was a little subsided, Mr. Henneth, addressing the little party, said, "You may perceive from this misfortune of our friend John, the necessity of a little circumspection in the most harmless sports; for who possessing any reason, would think of running about at hoop and hide in a dark place, in which they had never been before, the floor of which might have been nearly full of holes, as may be almost said of the apartment of the castle, which John and Charles chose for their sports. Indeed my friends, John and Charles, if you had staid, and heard the very last advice Mr. Millson gave, it
might

might perhaps have saved you from your fright, and us from our confusion; but it is now all over, so now again for mirth and revelry: but first let us intreat Mr. Millson to proceed with his lecture.

CHAP. VII.

The sermon concluded, and succeeded by what some folk like, good eating, and a snug bit of mischief.

THE party being now again seated, Mr. Millson thus addressed them: "I now arrive at the most unpleasant

fant part of my task, that of proposing to abridge you of some of your accustomed sports. One of the first which I shall prohibit is that of climbing. Now I know that many contend, that to keep boys safe, you should let them expose themselves, to every difficulty and danger of this kind, that they may gain the habit of extricating themselves with ingenuity and address; but surely situations requiring such exertions, or the employment of such exercise, hardly ever occur in the life of a man. Another foolish practice is that of jumping unnecessarily from high places; this is frequently done without the idea of any danger: but consider when you alight on your feet, after such a jump, with how
severe

severe a shock you meet the ground. Frequently by this shock is one of the bones of the legs broken, and even when this is not the case, the shock affects the ends of the bones, at the knee or hip joint, so severely, that their surfaces, polished like glass, sustain very considerable injury; from which such diseases follow as may occasion the loss of a limb or of life. Weighing cheese and butter, as it is called, which is done by two boys entwisting the arms together, back to back, and thus swaying each other, is highly dangerous; since I know an instance, where, in consequence of this sport, the back-bone was actually broken, and the poor boy made a cripple for life.

Surely,

Surely, as I am addressing myself to young folk, whose parents have taken some pains with their education, it must be unnecessary to dwell on the ruffian-like practice adopted by some boys, of throwing stones at each other. This can never be done without the prospect of breaking the skull, or of destroying the eye, perhaps of a fellow-creature.

Follow the leader is a game which, as generally played, is full of danger, but with a little alteration may be rendered more safe and useful. At present, you know, the leader, who is generally the oldest boy, climbs the most perilous places, leaps from the greatest heights, and, in short, does his utmost to perform such feats of danger, as his younger compa-

H

nions

nious may not be able to accomplish. They, on the other hand, being subject to a penalty for not following him in his performances, submit to attempt at the accomplishing feats which are dangerous both to their limbs and life; and hence is this game a source of numerous accidents.

But this game, with a little alteration in its principle, might be rendered highly serviceable. Thus, let the leader perform some act of real ingenuity, calling the powers of the mind into action; or some feat of useful or ornamental dexterity, and let him then be imitated, and if exceeded be obliged to yield his situation of superiority. Thus may it be tried who can get most lines by rote

rote in a certain space of time; who can spell the most difficult words, or who can most readily find the corresponding words, in French, or Latin.

I will now mention a few diversions which are not only not of a dangerous tendency, but from the exercise they afford, and the exertion, and ingenuity they call forth, may be highly useful.

Questions and commands, though sometimes misapplied by the nonsensical questions employed; and even the danger of complying with the commands sometimes given, may be very beneficially engaged in, by rendering the questions and answers, as well as the commands, instructive. Thus the questions might refer to

some historical, or geographical fact, or to some curious circumstance in the natural history of animals and vegetables. In the summer time the exercise might be, to discover the names of the various plants in the fields, and of the trees in the woods. In the evening, *the sky, bespangled with suns and other worlds,* might furnish instruction; the task might now be to mark the constellations, the planets, and the larger stars. The commands for faulty ignorance might be to learn by rote some little geographical table, or problem, the characters of some plant, or the natural history of some animal.

Swimming is a very salutary exercise; but no one should go into the water until they have learnt to swim,

swim. “Why, Sam, what do you laugh at?” “At learning to swim without going into the water,” said Sam.—“Well,” said Mr. Millson, “that’s fair, but let me explain myself. We all know that if a boy goes out of his depth, he will, without any knowledge of swimming, or any previous instructions, soon sink; but I also know, that by establishing one or two maxims in the mind, a boy would, in such a situation, be enabled to keep himself much longer afloat. Few of you, perhaps, are aware that you are nearly as light as the water, and consequently require but a moderate exertion to keep your head above it. The kind of exertion you will learn by noticing the motions of an expert swimmer, bet-

ter than by any verbal directions. But these exertions should not be performed with hurry; since they are of themselves very fatiguing, and must be more so if performed with impetuosity. Suppose then by any accident you should fall into the water, I'll tell you how to drown yourself presently.—Kick and splash about as violently as you can, and you'll presently sink. On the contrary, if impressed with the idea of your being as light as the water, you avoid all violent action, and calmly and steadily strive to refrain from drawing in your breath whilst under the water, and to keep your head raised as much as you can; and gently, but constantly, move your hands and feet in a proper direction, there

there may be a great probability of your keeping afloat until some aid arrives.

The trundling a hoop is, in my opinion, as far as refers to exercise, an excellent amusement. But, my light-hearted little rogues, a feather or two and a cork for me. I would not give a penny for the boy, or even the man, who has the free use of his limbs, who could not sport away an hour with such charming aid. You all know I allude to the shuttlecock. Only consider the various positions the game of the battledore and shuttlecock employs; how earnestly is the eye engaged!—how actively is every limb employed! “Indeed, Madam, (said Millson, addressing Mrs. Henneth,) it

it is truly curious to see, in this sport, that almost every muscle in the body is called into action; and that the whole might of a man may be employed to combat four feathers and a cork."

Supper being now ready, Mr. Millson here concluded his address, and all prepared to seat themselves, and partake of the nice fare Mrs. Henneth had provided, when a little disturbance arose in consequence of Charles Vincent's having snatched away the chair, just as Miss Henneth was going to sit down. Mr. Henneth, however, caught her as she was falling, and turning round to Charles, "My dear fellow (said he) how could you be so thoughtless; consider that if she had fallen,

len,

len, as you intended, merely for sport, the back of her head must have fallen exactly against the edge of the chair; and then, who knows how serious might have been the consequences. This, my dear children, is a trick which I hope none of you will ever be guilty of, and, trusting to that, I shall not say a word more about it, so let us now to supper.

No, my gentle reader, old birds are not to be caught with chaff; think not that I shall set my mouth watering, and turn my appetite from my piece of bread and cheese, so snug in the cupboard, fixed in the corner of my garret, with enumerating the various delicacies of which the party partook; it is sufficient

sufficient to say, they supped deliciously, and then went to bed; but not until Millson had challenged all the young folks to accompany him the next morning to take a walk before breakfast.

CHAP. VIII.

A morning's walk.—Exaltation, or the blessings of obstinacy and sullenness.—With the invisible plumb-pudding.

THE morning came, and away our party sallied, and proceeded pretty steadily on their walk, except the inter-

interruption, now and then, of snow-balls, which were hurled about with some pleasantries, until Mr. Millson discovered Tom Wilkins busily engaged in loading a snow-ball with a large pebble; he therefore immediately called the party together, and in very proper terms exposed the folly and danger of such a trick. Passing a large pond Harry Wilding ran directly on to it to have a slide; but Mr. Millson, hearing the ice creak, turned round, and called him to come off as quickly as possible. Harry endeavoured to get off, but just within a yard of the edge, the ice gave way, and in he sunk to his knees; but Mr. Millson gave him hold of his crutch, and soon got him out. As they were not now
above

above half a mile from home, Mr. Millson told him to run on, and to beg Mrs. Henneth to let him have a basin of warm tea, and dry shoes, stockings, &c. and that the rest would soon follow.

When they got back, breakfast was ready for them, and all ready for breakfast; therefore it is not to be wondered at, that they sat to and eat like stout fellows. But Millson, who made a rule to save all the time he could, begged the young folk to keep in mind Harry's accident: "Never venture (said he) on a pond covered with ice, until you are satisfied it has the power to bear you; for be assured, if Harry had fallen in when he had been a little farther advanced on the pond, none
of

them to luncheon, when seeing Tom Wilkins sitting astride on the top of the jack weight, which, the jack being down, rested on the ground, he admonished him to get off it, telling him, that as he was so heated with play, it might be very injurious to sit on any thing so cold as that must be. He then returned into the house, but the pride of Tom Wilkins was so hurt by the remonstrance, that he said to Edward Harris, who stood next to him, "What business is it of his?"—"Oh," said Edward, "he only spoke for your good, so come off."—"I won't," said he.—"Pray do," said Edward.—"I sha'n't," said he, "let me alone."—The bell now rung to luncheon; and as he hung his head
down

down quite fulkily on his chest, and resisted every attempt to get him off, they attended the summons, and, of course, left him.

Luncheon was just finished, when Mr. Henneth said, "Hark! I think I hear a cry of distress;" and, looking round, he said, "Where is Tom Wilkins?"—In the play-ground, was answered, and thither they immediately ran. When they had arrived at the play-ground, the cry was more loud and distinct; but some little time passed before Tom was discovered. And where, my good reader, do you think he was found?—No, guess again—No—well, then, I'll tell you—but first tell me what Joe thought.—"La, Sir, I don't know; pray tell us where Thomas was
1 2 found."—

found."—Well! well! so I will, but first I'll tell you what Joe thought—he thought Mr. Millson had conjured him there.—“Where, Sir?”—Where, why where do you think?—Almost at the top of the house, just up to the edge of the roof; but Mr. Millson had not conjured him there, for he was carried up by a spirit——“A spirit, Sir?”—Yes, by an evil spirit too, a spirit of obstinacy and contradiction. For as soon as his companions were gone, he found the jack-weight move, and supposing some of his play-fellows were trying to remove him, he hung his head down still more, not deigning to look up in the least, but kept crying, “Ha'done! ha'done!”—until, looking downwards, on finding his
feet

feet off the ground, he perceived himself rising, and before he could resolve how to act, he had risen so much above the ground, as to render his escape impossible; for the cook, who was winding up the jack, finding more than usual resistance, exerted herself so much the more, until she had wound poor Tom up to his present height.

What was now to be done! Mr. Henneth had not a ladder that would reach so high, nor could one be got within three miles. After consulting a little time, it was concluded, that Tom must come down, by the same means he went up. Mr. Henneth, therefore, admonished him to keep fast hold of the hook which held the weight to the pulley, and

as the meat roasted he gently and safely descended. They now all went in doors again, taking Tom with them, whom Mr. Henneth supplied with a glass of wine and his luncheon. Nor did Mr. Millson fail to take him affectionately by the hand, and bid him reflect on the folly, to say no worse, of fullness. "Consider," said he, "my dear, how it robs you of your happiness; you know, when you are overpowered by it, you are in a state of complete wretchedness, are you not?"—"Yes, Sir, that I am, indeed."—"Well, then, fight against it, my dear fellow," said Millson.—"I will, Sir," he replied; "and if ever I am sulky and obstinate again," he added, with a laugh, "may I be drawn

up

up again with a jack weight."—
“Well,” said Mr. Henneth, “we’ll
say no more about it.”—“If you
please, Sir,” said Millson, “I’ll just
tell my friend, Tom, a story about
a jack weight, and then we’ll finish.
When I was a young one there was
a christening at my father’s and a
feast of course. A fine large plumb-
pudding was made, and boiled on
the occasion. The dinner time be-
ing arrived, the servant first took off
the pudding, and put it, pot and all,
in the scullery, behind the kitchen;
she then took up the rest of the din-
ner, but when she went to take the
pudding out of the pot, neither pud-
ding nor pot could be found. The
strictest search was made, but all in
vain. The servant could swear no
one

one had been in the scullery but herself, after she had put the pudding down, and yet could it not be discovered any where. Well, there was no help—we were obliged to dine without it; but in two or three days after, the servant ran into her mistress—‘Oh, Madam,’ (said she) ‘Old Nick has brought the pudding back.’—What, said my mother, can the girl mean?—‘Why, Madam, there’s the pudding and the pot both in the scullery, just where I put them on Monday.’—My mother went and found the pot and the pudding both there, still fixed to the hook of the jack weight. The servant had put it immediately under where the jack weight came down, which, as it descended, went into the pot, and, resting

resting on the pudding, became thrown a little aside, by which the hook got hold of the handle of the pot; and when she wound up the jack, up went the weight, the pudding, and the pot too, and had all come down together the next day that we had roast meat for dinner: but the pudding, alas! was pressed by the weight as flat as a pancake."

This story of Millson's had all the effect he intended; it occasioned a general laugh, and drove away the dullness occasioned by the consideration of Tom Wilkins's misconduct. After this, dinner being nearly ready, no other particular sports were engaged in; and when dinner was over, the snow falling in large flakes, our party was prevented from going
out

out doors, and therefore applied to Mr. Millson, whom they all now regarded with considerable respect, to direct them how they should amuse themselves. “Come ye hither, my lads, (said he, drawing to a table at the window, and taking a little brass instrument out of his pocket,) I’ll furnish you with amusement, and such as boys, fifty years old, need not be ashamed of. Look through this glass, Miss Henneth, and inform me what you see.” “Oh, Mr. Millson, (said the young Lady) I see something of a most beautiful green colour, charmingly striped and studied. Look, my dear,” said she to Miss Selwyn: her admiration equalled Miss Henneth’s. The young gentlemen, all in turn, examined this sub-

substance, and expressed their opinion of its beauty; begging to know what it was. “That is,” said Mr. Millson, “a blade of grass, magnified to your sight by this little microscope.” They all looked at each other, as almost doubting what they saw and heard, when Millson desired them to look again.—“How beautiful! (cried Miss Henneth :) I see something more glossy than the finest satin, yet with as fine a down as velvet; and at one part striped with a lovely purple.” The admiration of all was excessive; “Pray, Mr. Millson, what is this?” they all cried at once.—“A piece of the flower leaf or petal of a white crocus.”—“But if this appears so fine, how beautiful must a piece of this satin ribband appear?”

appear?" said Charlotte Henneth.—
"We'll see," said Mr. Millson.
"There, I have fixed it; now look."
"Oh," cried Miss Henneth, "it will
bear no comparison, it has hardly
any gloss on it at all; it's as coarse
as sheeting, and the threads look
like packthread."—"Remark," said
Mr. Millson, "then, how much the
works of art are exceeded by those
of nature." In this the whole party
agreed. "Look now," said Millson.
—"This exceeds every thing I could
have ever believed," said Charlotte
Henneth; "here is something which
seems covered with bright burnished
copper, like a coat of mail, running
into shades of the most beautiful
purple and green; and beset with
the finest pointed spears, like a
shield."

shield.”—“It is a shield, (said Millson;) it is the outer wing of a cockchafer. Here, George, lend me a piece of that dried fig—look at what you have been eating.”—George peeped for a moment, and then began spitting about the room, with so much vehemence, as to induce his father to call to him. “George, for shame, what are you about?”—“Oh, Sir, (said he) I’ve been eating hedgehogs: they’re rolling about my mouth like porcupines.”

The young ladies, and the rest of the party, all were eager to catch a glance at the monsters; and were so deeply engaged with them, that Mr. Millson, seeing no opportunity of exhibiting any thing else, for some time, said, “That, my dear-

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play-

playfellows, is such a toy as I would recommend for young folks; it is always new: for every substance in your reach, may, by its means, furnish you with amusement and instruction. Please yourselves with it, whilst I accompany George, who is still making wry faces, to get some water, to wash out the remainder of the hedgehogs."

CHAP. IX.

*Wonder upon Wonder, or the Barn
full of Devils, with the Farce of
the mysterious Bell.*

MR. Henneth now assumed the management of the instrument, and shewed them a variety of objects. In this manner had passed away the time, aided by the light of the candles; for it had now become quite dark; when the parlour door flew open, and poor Joe made his appearance; staring, not like a conjuror, but like one who had lost his wits. “What’s the matter, Joe,”

said Mr. Henneth.—“ Sir,” said Joe, “ if you will keep such company as the devil’s eldest children”—“ Who d’ye mean?” cried Mr. Henneth.—“ Why that conjuror, old Millson.”—“ But what of him?”—“ Why, that he’ll be the ruin of you. Oh, that I should ever have seen this day.”—“ Joe,” said Mr. Henneth, “ cease your silly ravings, and tell me directly what is the matter.”—“ Why, Sir,” said Joe, trembling as he spoke, like an aspen leaf, “ the barn is full.”—“ I’m glad of it,” said Mr. Henneth, “ where’s the harm of that?”—“ Oh, Sir, but its full of witches and of devils, in all the most horrid shapes that ever was seen, some like lawyers, some like parsons, and some too like doctors, and I know

know not what beside. Do only come this way, Sir; they keep walking in as regularly as if they were going to a ball."



Mr. Henneth directly accompanied Joe, the rest of the party following behind,

When they came into the yard, a vast number of strange figures appeared to be then entering the barn, furrounded by a blaze of light; but whilst all were gazing on them with astonishment, every one of them disappeared, and all was enveloped in darkness. Away ran Joe for a lanthorn, swearing they should all come out of the barn, and not play their tricks there all night.

He soon returned, and boldly went into the barn, but not a devil, nor a witch could he see. Scarcely had he got out of the barn, when the bell, which was usually rung to summons the family to dinner, began ringing violently. Joe was now as though he was thunderstruck; "Oh, (cried he) they're all now got into
the

the loft. Pray come with me, Sir, (said he to his master) I'll ferret them out."

Away the party ran into that part of the castle over which the loft was, near the window of which was the bell; but guess the surprize of Joe, and indeed of all, when they perceived the bell rope motionless, and the bell still ringing violently. "Oh, where will these dreadful doings end?" said Joe; "what will become of us? I'll go up, Sir, if you will but keep close to me, and I'll see what they're at."—Away Joe ran up the ladder, when his courage failed him, and he returned; but, encouraged by the number of the company which attended, he mounted again, and had got just high enough
up

up the ladder to raise his lanthorn, when he came down as pale as ashes. "Why, what have you seen, Joe," said his master.—"Nothing, Sir, (said he) not a soul; but look here," and with dread and horror impressed on his countenance, he shewed the clapper of the bell; which he had laid his hand on as it lay on the floor of the loft, near the door; "look here, Sir," said he, "see what I hold in my hand; and yet there's the bell ringing as fast as ever. Oh, Sir! it surely is all over with us." After a little time the bell sounded fainter and fainter, and at length ceased entirely.

The party now returned to the parlour, filled with astonishment at what they had seen and heard, making
various

various surmises respecting these astonishing wonders, when Charles and Mr. Millson entered. Every one now began to enquire whether they had seen and heard these strange things; but Charles, not being able to keep his countenance, the young folks challenged Millson and him with having played them this trick. Charles now laughed aloud; and Millson informed them, that their charge was pretty well founded. "But," said he, "before I explain any farther, I will ask the favour of Mr. Henneth to permit the servants, who have witnessed these mysterious transactions, to attend during their explanation."

Mr. Henneth immediately rung for the servants, who accordingly came into the parlour. All were now
anxious

anxious to learn how these most extraordinary circumstances had happened. “I will not,” said Mr. Millson, in a very serious tone, “keep you long in suspense. I have just learnt that our friend Joseph has charged me with being guilty of producing the wonderful events that have been just witnessed.”—“That I do, most undoubtedly,” said Joe.—“Now, as honesty,” said Mr. Millson, “I’ve heard, is the best policy, I will confess at once—the charge is true; but I must also confess, I’ve had two accomplices: the one stands there, and pointed to poor Joseph, who directly fell on his knees, declaring to his master his innocence; and looked very hard at the monster Millson, as he now, indeed, thought him.—‘Oh, Sir,’ said Joseph, “don’t believe

believe that false and wicked man.”—

“Why,” said Mr. Millson, “did you not bring a box here from the rock?”

“Yes,” said Joseph, that I did, sure enough, and you paid me a shilling; I wish I had touched neither box nor shilling.”—“Then so far,”

said Millson, “he was my accomplice; for that box contains the instruments with which I worked. Fetch them in, Joseph, from the hall.”—“No, if I do,” said Joe,

——“my master must insist on it——nothing else shall make me touch that box again.”—“Well,

Mr. Millson,” said Charles Henneth, “as I was your other accomplice, and helped you, by getting into the belfry for you, I’ll fetch it in.”

Charles

Charles fetched in the box, which Mr. Millson opened, and taking from it a magic lanthorn, and an electrical machine, he then explained all their properties, and shewed how easily, by their assistance, he and Charles had produced those alarming effects. By the help of this machine, he made a set of bells ring, without the appearance of any ordinary means of moving the clapper. He then shewed them how he had produced the ringing of the bell, in the loft, by suspending a little metal ball, by a piece of sewing silk, between the bell and the knob of a bottle charged with electrical fire; the ball vibrating between the bell and the knob, and striking the bell each time.

He

He then showed them an artificial spider, which spread out his legs, and imitated many of the motions of a real one. He shewed them a picture, on which was painted a miser counting his guineas; then telling Joe, to have a care of the sin of avarice, he told him, "That money, though necessary, was sometimes dangerous to meddle with, touch that guinea."—Joe did—but surely no poor creature ever appeared more frightened than he did.—"What's the matter, Joe," said Mr. Henneth.—"Oh, Sir," said Joe, "surely after all, I do not mean to offend, but surely Mr. Millson, God mend him, must be a conjuror; why, Sir, directly as I touched the guinea, my arms seemed as if they were twisted in two."—

L

"Oh,

“Oh,” said Millson, “that’s nothing, Joe, the touch of a guinea has often twisted a man’s neck almost in two; it has given a bad twist to many a head and many a heart too.—But see, Joe, this was accomplished in this manner;” and then he explained the mode in which the effect had been produced.

He then performed several other electrical experiments, much to the wonder and amusement of the whole company, not excepting even Joseph himself; who began now to think much better of Millson, than he had done for some time.

The servants being retired, Mr. Millson now addressed the young folks:—“My young philosophers, I have played these tricks, not merely
to

to amuse you, but to shew how much amusement may be derived from such toys as these. Who would not rather play with such toys as these, than with the silly trifles children generally lose their time with: besides the cost of these need not exceed that of two or three of those foolish toys which are often destroyed weekly."

He then said to the young folks, "Save up your money, my boys, and bring it to me, and I'll send to London, and procure you play-things fit for young folks of good understanding." They all flew round him, promised to begin directly, and save up their money, and to call on him soon with their commissions. Supper being now had in, this was paid

proper respect to, and the party all then retired to bed.

CHAP. X.

A Plot, and almost a Tragedy.

THE morning came, and brought with it merriment and pastime, and breakfast. After breakfast was finished, Mr. Millson proposed that Tim. Tillson should go into the dining parlour to play at battledoor and shuttlecock with Charles Vincent, telling Tim. to go in and get all ready,

ready, and that Charles would come to him presently.

He now apprized Mr. and Mrs. Henneth of the plot he had laid, and which he soon found had fully succeeded; for on Charles being sent into the room, he soon returned, accompanied by poor Tim, the latter shewing in his countenance marks of the most excessive alarm. "Oh," he cried, "I am poisoned! I am poisoned!" Charles Vincent now hastily stated, that as he went into the parlour, he saw Tim drinking out of a glass, which he emptied before he could reach him; and that on looking farther he found a bottle, which still held a little of the same liquor, and on which was written, *Poison for the rats.*

The terror of Tim. had now become so great, that Mr. Henneth, believing a proper effect had been produced, took Tim. on his knees, and, in a kind manner, told him, not to be any more frightened. He then told him what he had taken was not poison, but the medicine his Mamma had sent with him, which Mr. Millson had thus employed, for the purpose of showing him the danger of fillily tasting every kind of trash which might come in his way; that this might really have been poison, and remarked to him that in that case his life would have been lost.

Tim. pleased to find he had escaped this time, promised to pay attention to what Mr. Henneth had said, and although he declared he would

would take no more physick than he could possibly help, yet he promised he would not run any more chances of poisoning himself.

Fun, mirth, and play, engaged our party, before and after dinner, and until tea-time arrived. When tea-time was over, and all were considering how they could dispose of their time for the rest of the evening, Charles Henneth proposed to ask Mr. Millson to tell them a story. A story! a story! resounded from every part of the room. “Pray, Mr. Millson, tell us a story—do tell us a story—if you will but tell us a story,” said Charles Vincent, “I’ll never do any mischief again.”—“Oh, Mr. Millson, tell us a story, and (said Thomas Wilkins) I’ll never be sulky again as long as I live.” They had

had all now furrounded him, and importuned him so earnestly, that he found there was no escape. "Well," said he, "I have had some fair promises; now careless Tom Wilkins, will you promise to take a little care in future, and consider that to keep out of danger, you must look about you, like the wise man, who never crosses a highway without first looking both up and down the road, lest he should be run over, and crushed to pieces, by then he has reached the mid-way. And you, young master Tasty, will you promise to think before you taste, and to taste before you swallow?"

"For want of attending to this simple rule, I knew two poor children lose their lives. One from
thought-

thoughtlessly tasting something he found in a bottle, and which was aqua fortis, had his mouth and throat so burnt, that he died in the greatest agonies. The other was a little girl, who playing alone in a parlour, perceived a bottle of liquor standing on the sideboard. On tasting the liquor she found it pleasant, and, putting her mouth to the bottle, drank so freely, that when her mother came into the room, she found her senseless on the floor. The liquor she had drank, which was brandy, had so overpowered her senses, that all the means which her friends employed, and they were the most proper to be used, were insufficient to arouse her; so that in a very few hours she died."

All

All were ready enough to promise their attention to the hints Mr. Millson gave them, and Mr. Hennesh joined in the request that Mr. Millson would, if it were agreeable, tell them a story.—“I shall do it with pleasure,” said Millson, “for—*who knows but one of my stories may, one day, save the life of some child.*”

CHAP. XI.

A story commenced, and Millson, like some other great folks, the hero of his own tale.

“COME, my lads and lasses,” said Millson, “sit ye down—Well, now for it, but what must this story be about?” A castle, cried some; and a ghost, cried others.—“Ah, my boys,” said Millson, “there’s no doing without these now-a-days, but yet it’s time they were out of fashion.—What say you to A MONSTER?”—A monster! a monster! was directly
6 called

called for, as the subject of the tale, and old Millson thus began:

“He who is so negligent of his own welfare, as thereby to distress those who are so kind as to be concerned for him; or he who is constantly indulging himself in acts of mischief, to the real injury of himself and others, deserves the name of a *monster*. Of such a boy I will now give you the history, trusting that you will consider the actions I shall describe, not as patterns for imitation, but as examples of such conduct as ought never to be followed.

“I am, myself, the hero of the tale I am relating; I am the *monster* of whom I spoke. I was the eldest of two boys; my father was a farmer,

farmer, in the west of England, and was, as well as my mother, doatingly fond of his children; but for want of judgment, they indulged us to a very great degree: we never had a wish but, if possible, it was gratified, and no one was ever allowed to contradict us.

“ I, who was always of too lively a disposition, had more courage than my brother Ben, and was constantly either leading him into some mischief, or getting into some scrape myself.

“ The school to which we went was about a mile and a half distant from our house; and in our way to and from school, we were always employed in some tricks or other. Happy should I be if these had been

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only


only tricks of fun, and not of mischief. Sometimes we were riding on pigs, sometimes birds-nesting, sometimes—but to tell you all our amusements would be unnecessary; it will be sufficient to mention a few as cautions to you.

“Birds-nesting was an amusement in which I highly delighted; many a poor bird have I wantonly robbed of its young. How the little warblers have flown around me from tree to tree, and every now and then chirped a plaintive note, as though intreating for mercy; but I am sorry to say, I was lost to every tender feeling; and so as I could but gratify my own foolish inclinations, I cared not how much I distressed others.”

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

*The pleasures of birds-nesting, with a
new mode of sweeping chimneys.*



“SOMETIMES I received from my misconduct that punishment which, though I often merited, my father and mother kept back. Thus one evening, just before dark, I had climbed up a very high tree to take a bird’s nest, and was trying to get from the branch I was on to the one on which the nest was built, when my foot slipped, and I fell, but not far; for my coat skirts en-
M 2 tangling

taangling in the boughs, my fall was broken, and I, at the same time catching hold of another bough with my hands, hung in this manner; fearing, every moment, that my clothes would give way, and that not having power enough to support myself with my hands, I must fall and break my neck.

“At length I was fortunate enough to get my legs across another bough, but could not disentangle my clothes; I now called aloud, but could make no one hear, and was therefore obliged to pass the whole night in this dreadful state; oftentimes feeling such pain from being so long in one posture, as to be ready almost to loose my hold, and trust to the consequences; and I should certainly have

have fallen through fatigue, if I had not about the middle of the night, got my back also to bear a little on another branch.

“Think, my good fellows, what a situation I had put myself in by indulging my cruel disposition; think how dreadful a night I passed, dreading every moment that my clothes would give way, or the branch break, and that I should fall to the ground, and be bruised to atoms.

“At last morning came, and some labouring men passing near the tree, I cried aloud: they looked about, and now I delighted myself with thinking I should be delivered from my dreadful situation—but, not seeing me, they walked on. I had now given myself up for lost, but in about

half an hour, some more persons passing by, I repeated my cries: and was fortunately discovered by them, and happily released.

“ But think of the perverseness and thoughtlessness which so ruinously influenced all my actions. Within a week I climbed a tree again, and enticed my brother to follow me. We had nearly gotten to the top of the tree, and my brother was on a branch on which I was going to step, when he prayed me to desist; but such was my wicked obstinacy, that to ask me not to do any thing was sure to inspire me with an inclination to do it directly.— So it was in this case. I stepped on to the branch, which broke directly, and we both fell.

Oh,

“ Oh, heavens, what I felt at the moment of falling, whilst buffeted about from one branch to another. In those few moments my torments were greater than I can describe; instant death was before my eyes. I at last reached the ground with such violence that I lost my senses. When I recovered, I found myself surrounded by people, who had been rendering me assistance—but to my poor brother their kindness was fruitless, he was killed outright.

“ I was now carried home; one of my arms and one of my legs were broken; and I had the dreadful reflection fixed in my mind, that, by my obstinacy, I had occasioned the death of my brother. Nor was this the only injury I occasioned to others
by

by my indiscretions, as this little story will show,

“An old woman, who lived in a small cottage under the side of a little hill, the top of which was nearly level with the top of her chimney, used frequently to get the neighbouring children to come and sit with her in the evening; and, with all the kindness imaginable, would treat them with the homely delicacies of cakes and sugared ale. At the same time she would tell them stories of ghosts and hobgoblins, in which the poor silly, but good-natured, old woman herself believed.

“I had rendered myself so dreaded for my mischief, that the old lady had refused to admit me to be any longer of the party. Determined, there-

therefore, to play her a trick, one evening that I knew she had a large company of young folks with her, I mounted the hill, and waiting till I thought they were deeply engaged in some dreadful story, I put my mouth to the opening of the chimney, and, in a feigned voice, cried, "I am come for you," and, at the same time, "———"—"Well, Mr. Millson, what did you do then?" said Miss Henneth.—"No, Miss Henneth, I'll tell you no more until that needle is taken out of your sleeve. Be assured it is a most dangerous practice, for any one running against you, may have it driven into their arm, or force it into your's.

It is almost as dangerous a trick as that of putting pins into the mouth,
by

by which a life has sometimes been lost; the pin, by some sudden motion or fright, or by speaking hastily, having been forced down the gullet into the stomach. The caution I now give is also applicable to other improper substances, which are sometimes put into the mouth by silly children, such as halfpence, marbles, fruitstones,"——"Thank ye, Mr. Millson," said Harry, with his usual impetuosity——"but what did you do then, pray?"——"First promise, young folks, to remember what I have told you." "Yes, Sir," they all cried at once, "but what did you do next, pray?"——"Why I forced a duck, which I had brought for the purpose, down the chimney.

“The

“The poor duck carried down with it a cloud of smoke, and when it got into the room was itself as black as possible. The party was most dreadfully alarmed, and all flew to the door, helter skelter, the poor old woman hobbling after the rest. Unfortunately her foot slipping at the threshold, she fell with so much violence that she broke her leg, and was confined, poor creature, for two or three months.

“Thus did I, by a foolish piece of mischief, make a good old creature a cripple the rest of her days. Let this teach you, that you are not to gratify your love of fun, by the injury of another.”

CHAP. XIII.

*The charming effects of bull-baiting,
and other such rational amusements.*

“**O**BSTINACY and thoughtlessness were not the only causes of my calamities; my extreme impatience sometimes contributed its share. Thus one day as I was playing with fireworks, I had lighted a serpent, which would not go off, and too impatient to wait, I held it towards my face whilst I blew it; on a sudden it went off, the flame and sparks flew into my face, and burnt me shockingly.
It

It was to this trick I am indebted for this scar on my right cheek.

“ Thus I passed my time, until I became acquainted with one worse than myself; and then I became brutal enough to indulge in acts of cruelty, such as tying saucepans to dogs tails, bull-baiting, throwing at cocks, &c. But I will not distress your feelings by dwelling on such conduct, any more than to assure you, that by indulging in such amusements as these, the heart is rendered callous, and the mind ferocious, as the story I shall tell you will prove.

“ About a year or two ago, the lady of captain Bellamy went to the New Jail, in the Borough, to visit a person confined there for debt;

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and

and while in conversation, in a room up two pair of stairs, she cried out, 'Whoever the man is, that I now hear talking below, (in the yard) he is the same who robbed, and so cruelly used my husband.' Upon this she was introduced into that part of the prison, where persons charged with felony, assaults, &c. are confined, it being entirely separated from the quarter assigned to the debtors; and, from among a great number of persons, she readily pointed out the particular man, whose voice she had recollected. In consequence of this the man was taken before the magistrates, at the Rotation-office in the Borough, when the following circumstance appeared.—About that time two years, as
Captain

Captain Bellamy and his lady were returning from Epfom in a phaeton, during the race week, they were attacked near Ewell by three men, who demanded their money and watches: the Captain refused to submit to being robbed, and prepared to defend himself; but being at length overpowered by the villains, they took from him cash and other property to a large amount; and afterwards barbarously cut the back sinews of both his legs, so that he remains a cripple to this day. The person of the prisoner being sworn to, as one of the men guilty of the above robbery and atrocious act of cruelty, he was remanded for trial at the next assizes for Surry, condemned, and executed.

“ Now the circumstance to which I most particularly wish to call your attention is, that this wantonly cruel being had been indulged, by a fond mother, in every extravagant wish he could form; and instead of being employed at learning, or at labour, was allowed to gratify himself, with the cruel and bloody sport of worrying with dogs that noble animal, which Providence has kindly appropriated to our use, and which furnishes us with both food and clothing. To the sport of bull-baiting was this poor wretch amazingly addicted, consequently his cruelty was not to be wondered at.

“ I do assure you, that as reason gained more power over me, I gradually detested cruelty more and more,

more, and can say that since twelve years of age, I never willingly gave any fellow-being pain.

CHAP. XIV.

Old Millson found out.

“AT a proper time I was put out apprentice, but fondness for play had so possessed my mind, that I could not reconcile myself at all to work; and when I had served three years of my time, I ran away.

“ I now went to sea, and continued a sailor until I was about fifty years of age; when being so fortunate as to be one of a party who took possession last war of a Dutch fort in the East-Indies, in which a great quantity of riches was contained, my share of the spoil was so great as to allow me to live as I now do.”

Just as Millson had finished this account, Mr. Vincent, the clergyman, came in, and having paid his respects to Mr. and Mrs. Henneth, he addressed Mr. Millson in a very familiar and respectful manner; thanking him for the kind relief he had yielded to a poor distressed family. — Millson winked at him, and strove all he could to prevent his going on; but the clergyman not perceiving it, pro-

proceeded to thank him for numerous other acts of benevolence.

Mr. Henneth looked at Mr. Millson with a look of enquiry, when Mr. Millson said, "It may seem strange, that I, who employ so much of my time in mending nets for the fishermen, at small pay, should be able to perform these little acts of charity, but the fact is, that when I returned last from sea, I found my poor mother alive, whom I had so distressed in my youth; my father had been some time dead. I therefore, in the first place, employed my property to render her last days comfortable, and make some atonement for the sufferings I had occasioned her in my youth.—Oh, my children, never act so in your youth towards

wards your parents, that you shall be stung by self-reproach in your age.

“ When I had thus rendered my mother comfortable, I still had property sufficient left, to allow me to do good to others. To be the better enabled to do this, I determined to spend no more money on myself than was absolutely necessary. I therefore built my little hut, and resolved rather to earn a trifle by mending nets, than to waste any of my property, the greater part of which I determined to appropriate to the poor; and for that purpose, I selected that worthy gentleman to distribute my little donations among such objects as he best approved. Having been a favourite with the surgeon of our ship,

ship, I used to be employed by him in dressing some of the patients under his direction, and by the knowledge thus gained, I have been enabled frequently to be of service to my poor neighbours—but enough of this, for I hate to talk about myself.—So, my good fellows, let us away to bed.”

But, addressing himself to Mr. Henneth, “As to-morrow is the last day of our jubilee, I have one favour to ask of you, Sir, that you will indulge me with your company, and that of the young folks to-morrow, to see the inside of my hut, and to take a little refreshment, if it should be agreeable to the party.”—“Oh! pray, Mr. Henneth, do go,” said all the

the young folks, and the visit was, therefore, agreed on.

CHAP. X V

The visit paid; and as much bustle, surprize, and alarm, as any moderate reader would wish for.

WHEN the morning came, Mr. Millson returned to his house, or rather cave in the rock, first expressing his hearty thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Henneth, for the kind and hospitable treatment they had afforded him;

him; and begged the party would not be late before they honoured him with their visit.

It was, at last, settled that they were to be with him by twelve o'clock, and Mr. Millson, taking Mr. Henneth aside, begged him, when they had arrived within a hundred yards of the house, to let George run forward to apprize him of their coming, and then whispered something in Mr. Henneth's ear.

“Pray, Mr. Author, what did he say when he whispered to him?”—

“My charming little reader—Why do you suppose he spoke in a whisper?”—“Because he wished, I suppose, not to be heard by any one, but him to whom he spoke.”—

“Then let us, my young friend, not
make

make a breach in our good manners, but leave the secret between Mr. Henneth and his friend, old Millson, not doubting but that, at a proper time, if it be fit to be communicated, we shall become a party in the secret."

They were all anxious for the time to arrive, at which they were to be admitted to the honour of a visit at Mr. Millson's curious cave. When the time came, they all sat off as happy as princes and princesses, anticipating the delight they were about to experience.

As they were going along Mr. Henneth turned round, on hearing a noise behind, when he saw Thomas Wilkins laying on the ground, to all appearance lifeless, and Edward
Harris

Harris hanging over him, under the greatest alarm. On enquiry, he found that in consequence of a little dispute, in which Thomas Wilkins had treated Edward Harris with a great deal of insolence and contempt; Edward, on the other's calling him a liar, had knocked him down by a blow on the side of his head. In a few moments, however, he recovered by the care of Mr. Henneth, when Edward flew to him, and, in the most affectionate manner, intreated his pardon, and begged his forgiveness. He then took Mr. Henneth by the hand, and said, "But you, Sir, I fear cannot forgive my ill behaviour."—"Yes, Edward, I can," said Mr. Henneth, "but on the condition that you will consider the

consequences of thus being led away by passion. Ponder, my dear fellow, a little on the escape you have had, and think what would have been the reflections, which would have ever tormented you, if you had thus robbed, in a fit of passion, a fellow-creature; a companion and playmate, of his life!"—Edward promised to pay due attention to Mr. Henneth's cautions, and Thomas Wilkins being now recovered, they pursued their walk.

As soon as they arrived within sight of the house, Mr. Henneth told George that he might now run forwards, and inform Mr. Millson that the whole family was coming; for Mrs. Henneth, with the young ladies, and even Joe, were of the party.

Away George ran, lifted the latch, and jumped joyfully in—but, in less than a minute, the door opened again, and out flew George, wringing his hands in the deepest distress, and affected with the utmost alarm and terror. They all ran towards him, and asked, what could have happened to terrify him so?—“Oh, Sir,” cried George, addressing his father, “I shall never be happy again! Oh, what a wicked wretch I am!”—“What, my dear, is the matter?”—“Poor Mr. Millson,” said George, “that I should murder you!”—“What does the child mean?” said Mrs. Henneth.—“Alas! I have killed my dear friend, my good Mr. Millson.”—“My dear child,” said Mr. Henneth, “collect

yourself. Be cool, explain yourself, and tell us particularly what has happened.”—“ I will Sir, as well as I can,” said George—“ when I got into Mr. Millson’s room, he was sitting, in his old coat, asleep, by the fire, with his head laying on his hands on the table; and on the table was one of the pistols which used to be over his fire-place. As he was asleep, I did not know whether I ought to awake him; and I acknowledge I very imprudently attempted to take up the pistol to look at it; but directly I touched it, it went off, and as I happened to hold it directed towards him, the whole of its contents, I suppose, are lodged in his poor head, for he directly fell motionless on the floor.”

We



We have not pretended to insert half of the numerous breaks and interruptions which disjoined poor George's story, nor have we blotted our paper with his tears. You may believe me, when I say that his distress was beyond description.

The whole party now made all the haste they could, and rushed into

the room, but were hindered from examining the fallen lifeless mafs, by the fudden opening of a door on one fide of the fire-placc, and hearing a hollow voice fay, “ Enter here, and fear nothing.”—They all now paffed, but with fome caution and a little apprehenfion, into this room; and as foon as they had all got in, the door flew to with fo much violence, as to feem to fhake the rock itfelf. They were now involved in the deepeft darknefs, this room having before been only enlightened by the light which had come in at the door, which was now fhut fo clofe that no efforts of Mr. Henneth could open it.

They had not remained long in this dreadful fituation when they heard very near them the foft breathings

ings of a flute, which sounded most melodiously, and almost made them forget the horrors of the moment; when suddenly, at the farther end of the cave, they beheld a face which had somewhat of the human form, but was rendered terrific, by shining with a strong vivid blue light. This they had scarcely beheld a minute, when it disappeared, and the music again commenced. But this had not lasted long, before the face again appeared, but now it was illuminated by frequent flashes, and volumes of fire, which came rolling out at its mouth. The music now was again heard, the face disappeared, and they heard a door gently creak on its hinges.

Whilst

Whilst waiting very anxiously to see who should enter, they heard the music again; but at a greater distance. In a moment after, another door flew open, to which, as the light rushed in there, they all flew; but guess their wonder, when they passed into a little apartment, in which, although it was December, roses, pinks and jasmine, were blowing, with the most delightful fragrance, and numerous other plants displaying their beauties, and diffusing their odours. No pen can describe the astonishment which might be now seen in every countenance: but soon was their astonishment increased; for George looking through the window, joined his hands together, danced in an agony of joy, and with

the tears flowing from his eyes, from the sweet poignancy of delight, exclaimed, “ Oh, look! look!”— They all looked through the window, and beheld Mr. Millson, very composedly at work in a little garden.

CHAP. XVI.

*The wonderful mysteries explained,
with the particulars of the GUN-
POWDER PLOT.*

THE door which opened from this little hot-house into the garden was now soon found, and away they all flew

flew to Millson, who laughed most heartily as they came round him. Joe, however, kept a most respectful distance; nay, if he could at that moment have flown a hundred miles from him, he undoubtedly would have done so. "It may," says Joe to himself, "be old Millson, but how can that be, when he now lies dead in the front room? Aye, aye, aye! laugh on, Mr. Devil, you don't catch me near you."—And truly did Joe keep to his word; for, during their stay in the garden, Joe took care to keep as far from him as possible. The young folks all clung close to Millson, begging to know how he had brought himself to life again, and praying to know who was that dreadful man with a face of fire?—

Mr.

Mr. Henneth himself, with a laugh, said, "Well, Mr. Millson, I must confess, notwithstanding the notice you gave in a whisper this morning, I am quite at a loss with respect to several circumstances I have this day witnessed; so pray favour us with a thorough explanation."—"Well," says Millson, "my welcome guests, follow me." He now returned into the green-house, and thence into the room they had last quitted; but here Joe thought it would be as well not to enter, and therefore kept aloof. "Come, Joe, come along," says Mr. Millson.—"Not I, indeed, Sir," said Joe, "except I can be assured that *Old Fiery Face* is not there."—"Come along, Joe," said Mr. Henneth, "I'll insure

insure your safety."—Joe now came in, and the door was again shut, and all in darkness; but, by touching a spring, the blind, which covered the window, flew up, and shewed the garden they had just quitted. The light, thus admitted, shewed the room to be rather spacious; with the sides covered with books, with a telescope, globes, and other philosophical instruments; and, in the middle of the room, a table set out with cakes, and a bottle or two of currant wine. He now having seated his guests, and supplied them with refreshment, told them, he would keep them no longer in suspense, but would proceed to explain all the wonders they had beheld, as well as the motives which had induced him to take the part in
them

them he had." No great difficulty existed in obtaining silence; all were as still and as attentive as possible. Mr. Millson therefore thus addressed them:—"When my young friend George came with Mr. Henneth, his father, to honour me with the invitation to enjoy those days of pleasantries we all have so charmingly passed, I saw that he fixed his eyes on my pistols; and it seemed with difficulty, indeed, that he could keep himself from beholding them. I was then convinced that his curiosity was so much excited, and such a propensity to meddle with fire-arms created, that nothing but some strong and striking circumstance could counteract it. For this purpose, therefore, having you know had a new coat to

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pay

pay my visit in to Edley Castle, I this morning stuffed my old coat full of straw and rags. I then placed it in a chair, in the position George found it, with its face, for the better concealment, seeming leaning on the table. I also loaded one of the pistols with powder, fastened it to the table, and tied a string to the trigger, which I brought through this hole in the door into this room, whilst I watched his motions through the hole. Directly as I saw him touch the pistol, I pulled the string, the pistol went off; then pulling another string fastened to the chair, in which my representative was placed, down he fell, and away ran poor George. I then prepared for your reception in the other room, pulled open the door, called

called you in, with a feigned voice, and then let the door fall violently to. I then took up my little flute, and played a bar or two of the flow movement in the overture to Artaxerxes; and then clapped on a mask, I had previously rubbed with phosphorus. This being removed, I again took my flute, and, after performing on it a little time longer, I played off a chemical trick, by which I appeared to breathe flames. When you heard the door creak, I made my escape into the garden, and pulled the door open which led you into the green-house. Thus are all the mysteries explained; and now for the motives which induced me to play you these strange tricks.

“ My intention in playing those little tricks, both to day and yesterday evening, which excited, perhaps, some little terror in your minds, was that of showing you the folly of supposing every strange appearance to be something out of the ordinary course of nature, and the weakness of allowing yourselves, so to be overcome by terror on such occasions, as to be deprived of the power of making the necessary examination. It is no wonder that any one, who allows his mind so to be engrossed with terror on such occasions, and who so yields up the powers of the mind, as to let such circumstances pass without examination, should refer every thing in the least out of the common way, to witches, ghosts, fairies,

fairies, &c. How much more proper was the conduct of my little heroine Miss Selwyn, who, when the bloody ghost appeared, went directly up to it, and made that discovery which dispelled all fear. Another remark I must make respecting those experiments by which I have lately so much engaged your attention; which is, that you should carefully obtain all the instruction you are able, concerning the principles by which such extraordinary effects are produced: and then these experiments may become to you, not merely a source of amusement, but the means of important instruction. But some degree of scientific knowledge is necessary to be possessed by those who choose thus rationally to amuse them-

selves, since disagreeable consequences might be the result of attempting to perform them without the necessary previous information. When I found George was undoubtedly stricken with a propensity to play with fire-arms, I was determined, if possible, to show him what ticklish things they are; and to impress on his mind, as strongly as possible, how much caution is necessary in meddling with them; and the dangerous consequences which may follow their being improperly meddled with. For this purpose I played him that trick, which I believe made some impression on you all; and, for the same reason, I shall now beg you seriously to consider the dreadful mischiefs which may follow from admitting gun-powder

powder and fire-arms among the number of your amusements.”—

“Well, but,” said Charles Vincent, “may we not play with gun-powder, and cannons, and fire-works, if we take care?”—“Take care, indeed,” said Mr. Millson, “you’re a fine fellow to talk of taking care; yes, young Pickle, much might be allowed to depend on your care, no doubt; you all of you know Frank Ruffel, who did live at Edley; for mischief he was equal to Charles Vincent himself, for precipitancy he was about a match for Harry Wilding, and for quickness of mind equal to any I now have the pleasure to speak to. Yet see how little the care of young folks may be depended on, and even of those of good abilities.

He

He had purchased a little brass cannon and an ounce of gun-powder; and having charged his cannon, was proceeding to discharge it, when he found the priming would not light. He tried fresh priming, but in vain, and again, and again; until his patience being worn out, he thrust his lighted stick into the paper of gun-powder; but this was so damp it did not directly take fire. He therefore then took the paper in one hand, and applied the lighted stick with the other hand, and it not taking fire even now, he raised the gun-powder to his face, and blew on the lighted stick, when the powder immediately exploded, burning the whole of his face in so dreadful a manner, that for several days it could
not

not be determined whether he would ever recover his sight, and, had it not been for the properly directed, and unremitting efforts of his affectionate mother, he must have been so frightfully scarred, as to have been dreadful to view. Therefore, my dear fellows, remember the fate of Frank Ruffel; and consider also, that although his misfortune was in fact the consequence of extreme thoughtlessness; yet, with such inflammable matter as gun-powder, no caution may be sufficient to secure from dreadful accidents. As to sporting with fire-arms, it will be surely sufficient to relate to you an accident or two, and leave your own good sense to make the proper inferences respecting the great degree of caution
necess^{ary}

necessary, in meddling with these horrid instruments of slaughter.

CHAP. XVII.

In which the Author shows an inclination to starve the Royal College of Surgeons.

NOT long since the Newspapers informed us, that at Sutton, in the Isle of Ely, a youth stationed with a loaded gun to protect some wheat from the birds, entrusted his piece with another lad whilst he went into the village to replenish his casket with powder and shot. The lad, pleased

pleased with his charge, was rectifying the situation of the ramrod, when the butt end of the gun being on the ground, and the mouth of it pointed towards his body, it went off, and discharged its contents in his belly; some of the shot going quite through him, and passing out at his back. He made a shift to get to the house of his friends, at several hundred yards distance, and there, after living about the space of an hour, expired.

Very lately a most dreadful accident happened in the country. The guards of the mail coaches always travel with loaded pistols and a blunderbuss. In a room at an inn, some of the pistols had been left by one of the guards, and had remained
there

there several days, when a little boy, about eleven years old, took up one of the pistols, and carried it into the garden as a play-thing. On his return to the house, he met his sister, towards whom he presented the pistol, and snapped it several times. At last, most unexpectedly and unfortunately, it went off, and its whole contents were lodged in her stomach; she



survived

survived only a few hours, during which she suffered the most excruciating torments.

Charles Vincent talks of taking care, but the care of young folks we see is very little to be depended on; and how much, even the care of grown people, is sufficient to prevent these dreadful accidents, the circumstance I shall now relate to you will, I think, render sufficiently evident. Mr. William Hartley had long loved, and been beloved by, Miss Amelia Irefon, the daughter of a neighbour. Innumerable obstacles had, for three years, almost deprived them of a hope of being united in matrimony; when, by a happy turn in their affairs, the clouds, which had so long hung over them, suddenly

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denly disappeared, and the beams of happiness shone full on them. Their parents consenting, their marriage was determined on, and was accordingly celebrated one morning, in town; a postchaise and four attending to take them, with a sister of Amelia's, to Mr. Hartley's country seat. As they rode from town, Mrs. Hartley jokingly said, "She could not bear to travel with such dreadful weapons," pointing to a pair of pistols, the ends of which projected out at the pockets in the front of the chaise. He smiled at her fears, and to shew how groundless they were, convinced her that they were not loaded. In the afternoon they dined at an inn on the road, and after dinner walked in the garden, whilst the postchaise

postchaise was preparing; the pistols being left on a chair, in the room in which they had dined. On being informed the chaise was ready, they returned to the room for their gloves, &c. when Mr. Hartley, taking up the pistols, said, "Well, Amelia, you shall no longer travel with these companions, for I have told Thomas to take them and charge them, to defend us as we pass over Brixley Heath. "William," said Amelia, "why should we resist, and take away the life of a fellow-creature for a few guineas? I will use the authority of a wife," she laughingly said, "and do declare they shall not be loaded."—"Here," cried he to her sister, "here's a positive wife;" and, joking, pointing the pistol to her,

pulled the trigger, and——killed her instantly. The servant, having received his master's orders, had loaded the pistols whilst his master and mistress were walking in the garden.

“Well but, Mr. Millson,” said Miss Henneth, “surely you will not deprive us of our bows and arrows? Archery, you know, is now quite in vogue; how charmingly did the ladies and gentlemen look the other day, when they met to try their skill in archery; the bowmen dressed in their uniforms of green and silver, and the ladies in dresses corresponding to them.” “My dear prattler,” said Millson, “it pains me to prohibit a pleasure, and therefore I say with regret, that they should not be played with by young folks, who do
not

not act with a very considerable degree of circumspection; recollect how dreadful a weapon is the arrow. But a few years ago, just such a thoughtless rogue as Harry Wilding, had affixed an arrow to the string of his bow, and was playfully pulling the string, without intending the arrow to fly, when his finger slipped, and the arrow lodged in the eye of a gentleman who stood opposite to him. But here let me digress, to show you how good may flow from evil. The gentleman, to whom this accident happened, was actuated by a most benevolent spirit, and possessed a very considerable portion of ingenuity. He therefore, instead of sinking into a censurable despondency, employed himself in contriving,

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triving,

triving and forming, with a species of enamel, *artificial eyes*. These he at last constructed so beautifully, as not to differ in appearance from the natural eye, and was therefore very generally applied to for the purpose of assisting those who had suffered a similar deprivation.

But to enliven my address to you, my young friends, I will tell you of a curious mistake occasioned by this good gentleman; who when living, enjoyed the very respectable situation of school-master to that noble institution, the Marine Society.

Mr. Watson has actually been applied to by gentlemen, whose favourite horses had lost an eye; and has been so very successful in imitating their colour and form, and in adapting them,

them, that they could not be distinguished from the natural eye. A gentleman having a horse, of which he was very fond, very bad with a diseased eye, employed a farrier; but notwithstanding all his care, the eye became sunk in the head. The owner of the horse sent to Mr. Watson, who made and fitted an eye; and a little time after, the farrier passing that way, called in, when the gentleman shewed him the horse in the field. The farrier went and examined the horse, and was astonished to find the eye entirely restored, declaring it was the greatest cure he had ever performed, for he was sure it was the effect of the last remedy he had employed.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

More proofs that Millson is an uncommon kind of a creature.

THE thanks of the whole party were now given to Mr. Millson, for these little histories, and the accompanying observations. "But, Mr. Millson," said Mrs. Henneth, "you must excuse female curiosity, but I cannot understand how it can be that you who mend fishermen's nets, and are even sometimes seen gathering sticks off the heath, should be in possession

possession of such a nice little library, philosophical instruments, and, besides all these, such a charming little green-house?"—"My dear Madam," said Millson, "I before informed you I had got some private property, and this, you by accident discovered, I appropriate a part of to charitable purposes: another part furnishes my support, and another my amusement. What I can spare from my support I devote to charity, and when I can spare any from this portion, I purchase with it books, instruments, and plants for my little green-house, and little presents for my young neighbours. The circumstance which first induced me to obtain permission to erect my little dwelling on this spot was,

was, that behind the piece of soft chalk, out of which my hut is cut, there was a nice plot of ground, furrounded by the rock, and I was delighted with the thought of rendering it my garden. The little hot-house you saw, I raised with my own hands, and had the sashes sent by the waggon from town, according to the dimensions I gave; these I also put up myself, so that none but the present company knows of there being a garden, with a hot-house, in the valley, formed by these furrounding rocks."—Joe now, very humbly, whispering to George Henneth, George laughed heartily, and said, "Mr. Millson, pray satisfy Joe, why you go about picking up sticks off

off the heath?"—"By so doing, Joe, I keep up the idea of my poverty, which is all that protects me in this lonely place from robbers."

"Now, Mr. Millson," said George Henneth, "I hope you'll excuse me, for I cannot refrain from asking you one question. When you gave us the history of your various adventures last night, you made no mention of that by which you had the misfortune of being rendered lame; I hope the question is not an improper one; but, pray, by what accident did it happen?"—"You are right, my dear fellow, I forgot that, as well as several other of my tricks; for how can a person remember all, who has been almost always engaged in

in

in some strange adventure. But of this misfortune I will give you the particulars, as well as recollection will enable me."

Now we will commence another chapter, trusting that what Mr. Milson has to tell the good company, will fully authorise our so doing.

CHAP. XIX.

A caution to our young readers.—He who does good, will, if not very careful, be found out at last.

"IT happened in the last voyage I made to India, and soon after I had been

been concerned in taking the Dutch fort, by which I gained my property. Our ship was laying at anchor, and myself, the Surgeon, and about half a dozen more, had obtained permission to go ashore for amusement. As the wild beasts were known sometimes to come down near to the sea hereabouts, the Captain would have dissuaded us from going, but we being anxious to enjoy an hour or two on shore, he agreed, advising us to arm ourselves each with a pair of pistols, stuck in a belt round the middle. Thus accoutred we rowed ashore, and, making the boat fast, wandered as our inclinations directed; first of all agreeing that should the sound of a pistol be heard, all who heard it should immediately repair

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to

to the part whence the sound proceeded, lest their assistance should be necessary. I had not strolled far before I saw at a little distance before me a gentleman, on whose countenance were evidently discoverable the marks of alarm, pointing a fowling-piece to a large bush at the foot of a tree. He pulled the trigger, the priming flashed in the pan, but the piece did not go off: instantly a large royal tiger, at which his piece had been pointed, flew from the bush, and seized him by the shoulder. Not a moment of time was to be lost, I ran towards the animal, and as he was preparing to drag his prey along, I discharged one of my pistols at, and, I believe, I must have wounded him, as he immediately

mediately loosened his prey, and turning round, directed his course to me. At this instant I drew the second pistol from my belt; the ferocious animal flew on me, and seized me by the hip. He had already dragged me into the wood, but I had happily still kept hold of the pistol, and as my hands and arms hung at liberty, I was able, notwithstanding the agonies I endured, to point the pistol close to the chest, and as near as I could guess to the heart of the animal;—what a moment was this, my pistol might or might not miss fire, the shot might take place effectually or not.—My life all rested on this—I pulled the trigger, and, God be praised, my pistol did not fail me, and my dreadful enemy let go his

R 2 hold.

hold. I fell and he stole away, but very faintly. My companions, alarmed by the sound of the pistols, now ran towards the place, and found me weltering in my blood. The Surgeon did his duty by me, and the rest of my companions carried me to the boat, and then to the ship, which, on a fresh breeze arising, soon set sail." Mr. Henneth, who had been evidently much agitated during the narration; enquired of him the name of the place?—Millson informed him it was a place near to Fort St. George, called Tingar.—No sooner were the words uttered than Mr. Henneth flew to Millson, and embraced him, exclaiming, "My noble and brave preserver, I am the person you thus saved! I ran to call for assist-

assistance, but on my return found the tiger dead, but no traces of you. I am thankful to Heaven who has thus thrown in my way my heroic preserver; and remember not only hast thou saved mine, but the life also of my dear boy."—Mrs. Henneth and George now flew to Mr. Millson, and eagerly manifested their gratitude to him, who had thus preserved the life both of the father and the son. The whole of the party regarded Millson with the highest degree of respect, and even of veneration; whilst Joseph cried like a child, declaring his greatest pleasure would be to serve the rest of his days with the man who saved the life of his good and worthy master.

Mr. Henneth would have persuaded Mr. Millson to quit the rock, and spend the remainder of his days at the Castle; but Mr. Millson could not agree to this. Mr. Henneth, however, took care to make such arrangements as should secure to Mr. Millson all the comfort he could possibly render him, and insure to himself the opportunity of daily testifying his gratitude.

FINIS.

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