

**HARRY'S MISTAKES,
AND WHERE THEY LED
HIM. A TALE FOR BOYS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649599424

Harry's Mistakes, and Where They Led Him. A Tale for Boys by M. A. Parrott

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

M. A. PARROTT

**HARRY'S MISTAKES,
AND WHERE THEY LED
HIM. A TALE FOR BOYS**

HARRY'S MISTAKES.

Garry's Mistakes,

AND

WHERE THEY LED HIM.

A TALK FOR BOYS.

BY

M. A. PARROTT,

Author of "MAY CHUMBLEIGH," "CHARLES GLENNY,"
&c., &c.

LONDON.
WERTHEIM, MACINTOSH, AND HUNT,
24, PATERNOSTER ROW,
AND 23, HOLBORN STREEK, CAVENDISH SQUARE

1868.

HARRY'S MISTAKES,
AND
WHERE THEY LED HIM.

CHAPTER I.

Two dogs were one day travelling the same road, but not in the same direction; one was going eastward and the other westward, and thus it happened that they met face to face.

The smaller of the two was a Blenheim spaniel, one of the handsomest of its handsome family. A profusion of long white silky hair hung in rich masses of curls over its round little form, thickening under the throat and round each soft paw, into a sort of tuft; its ears—almost touching the ground—and its gracefully-curved tail, were tipped with a delicate brown or liver

colour; round its neck it wore a highly polished brass collar, and at the particular time of which we are writing, some tasteful hand had further ornamented it with a large bow of scarlet ribbon. Thus attired, Miss Blanche—for so was this lovely little creature called—moved along the road with a measured stately step, and doubtless, thought herself—if animals think at all—a dog of very superior breeding, one who had little in common with the vulgar hord which infest the highways and byeways of the world. What then must have been her indignant surprizo, at finding her little black nose suddenly touched by one belonging to a dog of quite a different stamp.

The new comer was of no particular form, and belonged to no particular family; its thin wiry hair, which was neither quite black nor quite brown, but slightly tinged with both, stood bolt upright upon its back, as if it had just escaped some great danger, but had not yet recovered from the fright of it; its ears and tail were closely cropped,

one eye was half shut, an old leather collar fastened with a piece of string hung loosely round its neck, and the bones almost piercing through its skin, fully established its claim to its name of Gristle.

But though thus unlovely in outward appearance, those who knew poor Gristle best thought that he was by no means to be despised, seeing that he not only possessed extraordinary sagacity, but was of a most amiable and friendly disposition; a dog, in short, full of affection for his own kind, and in perfect love and charity with the whole race of living things, except perhaps, hares, rabbits, and rats.

When, therefore, Gristle, as he was taking his evening walk with his master, a young peasant lad of the name of Willy Archer, saw a beautiful little creature of his own species approaching, he very politely crossed the road, with the intention of paying his respects; but Blanche, who had no idea of being addressed in so familiar a manner by a dog whom nobody knew,

turned her head disdainfully away, with a sharp shrill bark, which doubtless meant, when translated into the English tongue, "Get away, you low-born thing! how dare you to touch one so much above you? go, learn your place and keep it, and know, that the class to which I belong, exchange no greetings with such as you." But Gristle, the good-natured, as he was called among his master's friends, was not to be frightened by this sudden outburst of wounded pride; he knew how to make allowance for the caprice of a petted parlour dog, and not having besides a too high opinion of his own attractions, thought to win the charming stranger back to good humour, by the gentleness of his own demeanour; he was proceeding, therefore, to whisper some civil words in her ear, when the interview was suddenly interrupted by the approach of a party of children, one of whom, a boy of some nine years old, brandished in his hand a whip, the lash of which, as he reached the spot, fell, not very gently, on

Gristle's shoulder. Almost any other dog than he would have resented this, and shewn his teeth, even if he had not used them ; but Gristle was of too noble a nature to snarl where he knew it would be wrong to bite ; and having by this time discovered that the beautiful Blanche was as cross, and crabbed by nature as she had shewn herself in manner, he wisely made up his mind to wish her good evening, and leave her alone in her stateliness.

"That's right Blanche, my beauty," cried her young master, stooping down to caress her ; "keep up your consequence, and have nothing to say to such an ugly vulgar looking animal as that : always remember, darling, that you're a gentleman's dog !"

Now master Harry Howard, for he it was who spoke, was dressed in a velvet tunic with a richly worked collar, a pair of shiny shoes, and a smart little cap stuck on the top of his head ; he could moreover make a graceful bow when addressed by any of his mamma's friends ; and having once,