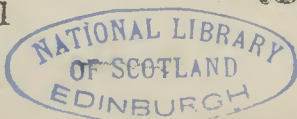


THE HISTORY
OF
WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT,
AND
THE STORY
OF
PUSS IN BOOTS.

GLASGOW:
PUBLISHED BY FRANCIS ORR & SONS.

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THE HISTORY

OF
WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT

THE STORY

OF
PETER THE BOAT

GLASGOW:
PUBLISHED BY B. B. BLACK & CO.

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HISTORY

OF

WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT

In the reign of the famous King Edward the Third, there was a little boy called Dick Whittington, whose father and mother died when he was very young, so that he remembered nothing at all about them, and was left a dirty little fellow running about a country village. As poor Dick was not old enough to work, he was in a sorry plight: he got but little for his dinner, and sometimes nothing at all for his breakfast; for the people who lived in the village were very poor themselves, and could spare him little more than the parings of potatoes, and now and then a hard crust.

For all this, Dick Whittington was a very sharp boy, and was always listening to what every one talked about.

On Sundays he never failed to get near the farm-

WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.

ers, as they sat talking on the tombstones in the churchyard, before the parson was come : and once a-week you might be sure to see little Dick leaning against the sign-post of the village ale-house, where people stopped to drink as they came from the next market-town ; and whenever the barber's shop-door was open, Dick listened to all the news he told his customers.

In this manner, Dick heard of the great city called London ; how the people who lived there were all fine gentlemen and ladies ; that there were singing and music in it all day long ; and that the streets were paved all over with gold.

One day a waggoner, with a large waggon and eight horses, all with bells at their heads, drove through the village while Dick was lounging near his favourite sign-post. The thought immediately struck him that it must be going to the fine town of London ; and taking courage he asked the waggoner to let him walk with him by the side of the waggon. The man, hearing from poor Dick that he had no parents, and seeing by his ragged condition that he could not be worse off, told him he might go if he would : so they set off together.

Dick got safe to London : and so eager was he to see the fine streets paved all over with gold, that he ran as fast as his legs would carry him through several streets, expecting every moment to come to

cruelly; and added, she would certainly be turned away if she did not treat him with more kindness.

But though the cook was so ill-tempered, Mr. Fitzwarren's footman was quite the contrary: he had lived in the family many years, was rather elderly, and had once a little boy of his own, who died when about the age of Whittington; so he could not but feel compassion for the poor boy.

As the footman was very fond of reading, he used generally in the evening to entertain his fellow-servants, when they had done their work, with some amusing book. The pleasure our little hero took in hearing him made him very much desire to learn to read too; so the next time the good-natured footman gave him a halfpenny, he bought a horn-book with it; and, with a little of his help, Dick soon learned his letters, and afterwards to read.

About this time, Miss Alice was going out one morning for a walk; and the footman happening to be out of the way, little Dick, who had received from Mr. Fitzwarren a neat suit of clothes, to go to church on Sundays, was ordered to put them on, and walk behind her. As they walked along, Miss Alice, seeing a poor woman with one child in her arms, and another at her back, pulled out her purse, and gave her some money; and as she was putting it again into her pocket, she dropped it on the ground, and walked on. Luckily Dick, who was

behind, saw what she had done, picked it up, and immediately presented it to her.

Besides the ill-humour of the cook, which now, however, was somewhat mended, Whittington had another hardship to get over. This was, that his bed, which was of flock, was placed in a garret, where there were so many holes in the floor and walls, that he never went to bed without being awakened in his sleep by great numbers of rats and mice, which generally ran over his face, and made such a noise, that he sometimes thought the walls were tumbling down about him.

One day a gentleman who paid a visit to Mr. Fitzwarren, happened to have dirtied his shoes, and begged they might be cleaned. Dick took great pains to make them shine, and the gentleman gave him a penny. This he resolved to lay out in buying a cat, if possible; and the next day, seeing a little girl with a cat under her arm, he went up to her, and asked if she would let him have it for a penny; to which the girl replied, she would with all her heart, for her mother had more cats than she could maintain; adding, that the one she had was an excellent mouser.

This cat Whittington hid in the garret, always taking care to carry her a part of his dinner: and in a short time he had no further disturbance from the rats and mice, but slept as sound as a top.

those that were all paved with gold; for Dick had three times seen a guinea in his own village, and observed what a great deal of money it brought in change; so he imagined he had only to take up some little bits of the pavement, to have as much money as he desired.

Poor Dick ran till he was tired, and at last, finding it grow dark, and that whichever way he turned he saw nothing but dirt instead of gold, he sat down in a dark corner, and cried himself asleep.

Little Dick remained all night in the streets; and next morning, finding himself very hungry, he got up and walked about, asking those he met to give him a halfpenny to keep him from starving; but nobody staid to answer him, and only two or three gave him any thing; so that the poor boy was soon in the most miserable condition. Being almost starved to death, he laid himself down at the door of one Mr. Fitzwarren, a great rich merchant. Here he was soon perceived by the cook-maid, who was an ill-tempered creature, and happened just then to be very busy dressing dinner for her master and mistress: so, seeing poor Dick, she called out, "What business have you there, you lazy rogue? There is nothing else but beggars; if you do not take yourself away, we will see how you will like a sousing of some dish-water I have here that is hot enough to make you caper?"

Just at this time Mr. Fitzwarren himself came home from the city to dinner, and seeing a dirty ragged boy lying at the door, said to him, "Why do you lie there, my lad? You seem old enough to work. I fear you must be somewhat idle."—"No, indeed, Sir," says Whittington, "that is not true, for I would work with all my heart, but I know nobody, and I believe I am very sick for want of food."—"Poor fellow!" answered Mr. Fitzwarren.

Dick now tried to rise, but was obliged to lie down again, being too weak to stand; for he had not eaten any thing for three days, and was no longer able to run about and beg a halfpenny of people in the streets: so the kind merchant ordered that he should be taken into his house, and have a good dinner immediately, and that he should be kept to do what dirty work he was able for the cook.

Little Dick would have lived very happily in this worthy family, had it not been for the crabbed cook, who was finding fault and scolding at him from morning till night; and was withal so fond of roasting and basting, that, when the spit was out of her hands, she would be at basting poor Dick's head and shoulders with a broom, or any thing else that happened to fall in her way; till at last her ill usage of him was told to Miss Alice, Mr. Fitzwarren's daughter, who asked the ill-tempered creature if she was not ashamed to use a little friendless boy so

Soon after this, the merchant, who had a ship ready to sail, richly laden, and thinking it but just that all his servants should have some chance for good luck as well as himself, called them into the parlour, and asked them what commodity they chose to send.

All mentioned something they were willing to venture but poor Whittington, who, having no money nor goods, could send nothing at all, for which reason he did not come in with the rest ; but Miss Alice, guessing what was the matter, ordered him to be called, and offered to lay down some money for him from her own purse; but this, the merchant observed, would not do, for it must be something of his own.

Upon this, poor Dick said, he had nothing but a cat, which he bought for a penny that was given him.

“Fetch thy cat, boy,” says Mr. Fitzwarren, “and let her go.”

Whittington brought poor puss, and delivered her to the captain with tears in his eyes ; for he said, “He should now again be kept awake all night by the rats and mice.”

All the company laughed at the oddity of Whittington’s adventure ; and Miss Alice, who felt the greatest pity for the poor boy, gave him some half-pence to buy another cat.

This, and several other marks of kindness shown him by Miss Alice, made the ill-tempered cook so jealous of the favours the poor boy received, that she began to use him more cruelly than ever, and constantly made game of him for sending his cat to sea; asking him, if he thought it would sell for as much money as would buy a halter.

At last, the unhappy little fellow, being unable to bear this treatment any longer, determined to run away from his place: he accordingly packed up the few things that belonged to him, and set out very early in the morning on Allhallow Day, which is the first of November. He travelled as far as Holloway, and there sat down on a stone, which to this day is called Whittington's Stone, and began to consider what course he should take

While he was thus thinking what he could do, Bow-bells, of which there were then only six, began to ring; and it seemed to him that their sounds addressed him in this manner:

“ Turn again, Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London.”

“ Lord Mayor of London !” says he to himself. “ Why, to be sure, I would bear any thing to be Lord Mayor of London, and ride in a fine coach ! Well, I will go back, and think nothing of all the cuffing and scolding of old Cicely, if I am at last to be Lord Mayor of London.”

So back went Dick, and got into the house, and set about his business, before Cicely came down stairs.

The ship, with the cat on board, was long beaten about at sea, and was at last driven by contrary winds on a part of the coast of Barbary, inhabited by Moors that were unknown to the English.

The natives in this country came in great numbers, out of curiosity, to see the people on board, who were all of so different a colour from themselves, and treated them with great civility, and, as they became better acquainted, showed marks of eagerness to purchase the fine things with which the ship was laden.

The captain, seeing this, sent patterns of the choicest articles he had to the king of the country, who was so much pleased with them, that he sent for the captain and his chief mate to the palace. Here they were placed, as is the custom of the country, on rich carpets flowered with gold and silver: and the king and queen being seated at the upper end of the room, dinner was brought in, which consisted of the greatest rarities. No sooner, however, were the dishes set before the company, than an amazing number of rats and mice rushed in, and helped themselves plentifully from every dish, scattering pieces of flesh and gravy all about the room.

The captain, extremely astonished, asked if these vermin were not very offensive?

“ Oh, yes,” said they, “ very offensive ; and the king would give half his treasure to be free of them, for they not only destroy his dinner, but they disturb him even in his chamber, so that he is obliged to be watched while he sleeps.”

The captain, who was ready to jump for joy, remembering poor Whittington's hard case, and the cat he had intrusted to his care, told him he had a creature on board his ship that would kill them all.

The king was still more overjoyed than the captain. “ Bring this creature to me,” says he ; “ and if she can really perform what you say, I will load your ship with wedges of gold in exchange for her.”

Away flew the captain, while another dinner was providing, to the ship, and taking puss under his arm, returned to the palace in time to see the table covered with rats and mice, and the second dinner in a fair way to meet with the same fate as the first.

The cat, at sight of them, did not wait for bidding, but sprang from the captain's arms, and in a few moments laid the greatest part of the rats and mice dead at her feet, while the rest, in the greatest fright imaginable, scampered away to their holes.

The king, having seen and considered of the wonderful exploits of Mrs. Puss, and being informed she would soon have young ones, which might in time destroy all the rats and mice in the country, bargained with the captain for his whole ship's cargo,

and afterwards agreed to give a prodigious quantity of wedges of gold, of still greater value, for the cat; with which, after taking leave of their majesties, and other great personages belonging to the court, he, with all his ship's company, set sail, with a fair wind for England, and, after a happy voyage, arrived safely in the port of London.

One morning, Mr. Fitzwarren had just entered his counting-house, and was going to seat himself at the desk, when who should arrive but the captain and mate of the merchant-ship, the Unicorn, just arrived from the coast of Barbary, and followed by several men, bringing with them a prodigious quantity of wedges of gold, that had been paid by the King of Barbary in exchange for the merchandize, and also in exchange for Mrs. Puss. Mr. Fitzwarren, the instant he heard the news, ordered Whittington to be called, and having desired him to be seated, said, "Mr. Whittington, most heartily do I rejoice in the news these gentlemen have brought you; for the captain has sold your cat to the King of Barbary, and brought you in return more riches than I possess in the whole world; and may you long enjoy them!"

Mr. Fitzwarren then desired the men to open the immense treasures they had brought, and added, that Mr. Whittington had now nothing to do but to put it in some place of safety.

Poor Dick could scarce contain himself for joy; he begged his master to take what part of it he pleased, since to his kindness he was indebted for the whole. "No, no, this wealth is all your own, and justly so," answered Mr. Fitzwarren, "and I have no doubt you will use it generously."

Whittington, however, was too kind-hearted to keep all himself; and, accordingly, made a handsome present to the captain, the mate, and every one of the ship's company, and afterwards to his excellent friend the footman, and the rest of Mr. Fitzwarren's servants, not even excepting crabbed old Cicely.

After this, Mr. Fitzwarren advised him to send for tradespeople, and get himself dressed as became a gentleman, and made him the offer of his house to live in, till he could provide himself with a better.

When Mr. Whittington's face was washed, his hair curled, his hat cocked, and he was dressed in a fashionable suit of clothes, he appeared as handsome and genteel as any young man who visited at Mr. Fitzwarren's; so that Miss Alice, who had formerly thought of him with compassion, now considered him as fit to be her lover; and the more so, no doubt, because Mr. Whittington was constantly thinking what he could do to oblige her, and making her the prettiest presents imaginable.

Mr. Fitzwarren, perceiving their affection for

each other, proposed to unite them in marriage, to which, without difficulty, they each consented; and accordingly a day for the wedding was soon fixed and they were attended to church by the lord mayor, the court of aldermen, the sheriffs, and a great number of the wealthiest merchants in London; and the ceremony was succeeded by a most elegant entertainment and splendid ball.

History tells us that the said Mr. Whittington and his lady lived in great splendour and were very happy; that they had several children; that he was sheriff of London in the year 1340, and several times afterwards lord mayor; that in the last year of his mayoralty he entertained King Henry the Fifth, on his return from the battle of Agincourt. And some time afterwards, going with an address from the city on one of his majesty's victories, he received the honour of knighthood.

Sir Richard Whittington constantly fed great numbers of the poor; he built a church and college to it, with a yearly allowance to poor scholars, and near it erected an hospital.

The effigy of Sir Richard Whittington was to be seen, with his cat in his arms, carved in stone, over the archway of the late prison of Newgate, that went across Newgate Street.

THE STORY

OF

PUSS IN BOOTS.

THERE was a Miller who had three sons, and when he died he divided what he possessed among them in the following manner:—He gave his Mill to the eldest, his Ass to the second, and his Cat to the youngest.

Each of the brothers accordingly took what belonged to him without the help of an attorney, who would soon have brought their little fortune to nothing in law expenses.

The poor young fellow who had nothing but the Cat, complained that he was hardly used. “My brothers,” said he “by joining their stocks together, may do very well in the world; but for me, when I have eaten my Cat, and made a cap of his skin, I may then die of hunger !”

side with his daughter, who was the most beautiful princess in the world, he said to his master, "If you would but follow my advice your fortune is made. Take off your clothes, and bathe yourself in the river, just in the place I shall show you, and leave the rest to me."

The Marquis of Carabas did exactly as he was desired, without being able to guess at what the Cat intended. While he was bathing the King passed by, and Puss directly called out as loud as he could bawl—"Help! help! my Lord Marquis of Carabas is in danger of being drowned!" The King, hearing the cries, put his head out at the window of his carriage to see what was the matter; when perceiving the very cat who had brought him so many presents, he ordered his attendants to go directly to the assistance of my Lord Marquis of Carabas.

While they were employed in taking the Marquis out of the river, the Cat ran to the King's carriage, and told his Majesty that while his master was bathing, some thieves had run off with his clothes as they lay by the river side, the cunning Cat all the time having hid them under a large stone.

The King, hearing this, commanded the officers of his wardrobe to fetch one of the handsomest suits it contained, and present it to the Lord Marquis of Carabas, at the same time loading him with a thou-

sand attentions. As the fine clothes they brought him made him look like a gentleman, and set off his person, which was very comely, to the greatest advantage, the King's daughter was mightily taken with his appearance, and the Marquis of Carabas had no sooner cast upon her two or three respectful glances, than she became violently in love with him.

The King insisted on his getting into the carriage, and taking a ride with them. The Cat, enchanted to see how well his scheme was likely to succeed, ran before to a meadow that was reaping, and said to the reapers—"Good people, if you do not tell the King, who will soon pass this way, that the meadow you are reaping belongs to my Lord Marquis of Carabas, you shall be chopped as small as mince meat."

The King did not fail to ask the reapers to whom the meadow belonged?—"To my Lord Marquis of Carabas," said they all at once, for the threats of the Cat had terribly frightened them. "You have here a very fine piece of land, my Lord Marquis," said the King—"Truly, Sire," replied he, "it does not fail to bring me every year a plentiful harvest."

The Cat, who still went on before, now came to a field where some other labourers were making sheaves of the corn they had reaped, to whom he said as before—"Good people, if you do not tell

The Cat, who all this time sat listening just inside the door of a cupboard, now ventured to come out, and addressed him as follows:—

“Do not thus afflict yourself, my good master; you have only to give me a bag, and get a pair of boots made for me, so that I may scamper through the dirt and the brambles, and you shall see that you are not so ill provided for as you imagine.”

Though the Cat's master did not much depend upon these promises, yet, as he had often observed the cunning tricks with which Puss used to catch rats and mice, such as hanging by the hind legs, and hiding in the meal to make them believe he was dead, he did not entirely despair of his being of some use to him in his unhappy condition.

When the Cat had obtained what he asked for, he gaily began to equip himself: he drew on the boots, and, putting the bag about his neck, he took hold of the strings with his fore paws, and, bidding his master take courage, immediately sallied forth.

The first attempt Puss made was to go into a warren, in which there was a great number of rabbits. He put some bran and some parsley into his bag, and then stretched himself out at full length, as if he was dead; he waited for some young rabbits, which as yet knew nothing of the cunning tricks of the tribe, to come and get into the bag, the better to feast upon the dainties he had put into it.

Scarcely had he lain down before he succeeded as well as could be wished. A giddy young rabbit crept into the bag, and the Cat immediately drew the strings, and killed him without mercy.

Puss, proud of his prey, hastened directly to the palace, where he asked to speak to the King. On being shown into the apartment of his Majesty, he made a low bow, and said, "I have brought you, Sire, this rabbit from the warren of my Lord the Marquis of Carabas, who commanded me to present it to your Majesty, with the assurance of his respect." This was the title which the Cat thought proper to bestow on his master. "Tell my Lord Marquis of Carabas," replied the King, "that I accept his present with pleasure, and that I am greatly obliged to him."

Soon after, the Cat laid himself down in the same manner in a field of corn, and had as much good fortune as before; for two fine partridges got into his bag, which he immediately killed and carried to the palace. The King received them as he had done the rabbit, and ordered his servants to give the messenger something to drink. In this manner he continued to carry presents of game to the King from my Lord Marquis of Carabas, once at least in every week.

One day, the Cat having heard that the King intended to take a ride that morning by the river

the King, who will presently pass this way, that the corn you have reaped in this field belongs to my Lord Marquis of Carabas, you shall be chopped as small as mince meat."

The King accordingly passed a moment after, and inquired to whom the corn he saw belonged?—"To my Lord Marquis of Carabas, answered they very glibly; upon which the King again complimented the Marquis on his noble possessions.

The Cat still continued to go before, and gave the same charge to all the people he met with; so that the King was greatly astonished at the splendid fortune of my Lord Marquis of Carabas.

Puss at length arrived at a stately castle, which belonged to an Ogre, the richest ever known; for all the lands the King had passed through and admired were his. The Cat took care to learn every particular about the Ogre, and what he could do, and then asked to speak with him, saying, as he entered the room in which he was, that he could not pass so near his castle without doing himself the honour to inquire for his health.

The Ogre received him as civilly as an Ogre could do, and desired him to be seated. "I have been informed," said the Cat, "that you have the gift of changing yourself into all sorts of animals; into a lion, or an elephant for example." "It is very true," replied the Ogre, somewhat sternly; "and

to convince you, I will directly take the form of a lion." The Cat was so much terrified at finding himself so near a lion, that he sprang from him, and climbed to the roof of the house; but not without much difficulty, as his boots were not very fit to walk upon the tiles.

Some minutes after, the Cat perceiving that the Ogre had quitted the form of a lion, ventured to come down from the tiles, and owned that he had been a good deal frightened. "I have been further informed," continued the Cat, "but I know not how to believe it, that you have the power of taking the form of the smallest animals also; for example, of changing yourself to a rat or mouse. I confess I should think this must be impossible." "Impossible: you shall see;" and, at the same instant, changed himself into a mouse, and began to frisk about the room. The Cat no sooner cast his eyes upon the Ogre in this form, than he sprang upon him, and devoured him in an instant.

In the meantime, the King admiring, as he came near it, the magnificent castle of the Ogre, ordered his attendants to drive up to the gates, as he wished to take a nearer view of it. The Cat, hearing the noise of the carriage on the draw-bridge, immediately came out, saying—"Your Majesty is welcome to the castle of my Lord Marquis of Carabas." "And is this splendid castle yours also, my Lord Marquis

of Carabas? I never saw any thing more stately than the building, or more beautiful than the park and pleasure-grounds around it. No doubt, the castle is no less magnificent within than without; pray, my Lord Marquis, indulge me with a sight of it."

The Marquis gave his hand to the young princess as she alighted, and followed the King, who went before. They entered a spacious hall, where they found a splendid collation which the Ogre had prepared for some friends he had that day expected to visit him, but who, hearing that the King with the princess, and a great gentleman of the court, were within, had not dared to enter.

The King was so much charmed with the amiable qualities and noble fortune of the Marquis of Carabas, and the young princess, too, had fallen so violently in love with him, that when the King had partaken of the collation, and drank a few glasses of wine, he said to the Marquis—"It will be your own fault, my Lord Marquis of Carabas, if you do not soon become my son-in-law." The Marquis received the intelligence with a thousand respectful acknowledgments, accepted the honour conferred upon him, and married the princess that very day.

For some time the great banqueting hall of the castle was thrown open to all, the tables profusely spread with all the delicacies of the season, every

eye beaming with joy, every heart seemed to respond with delight—all sat round the festive board in the full enjoyment of unmingled mirth. 'Twas a heart-stirring scene, all striving to share the smile of the Marquis and his beautiful bride.

The Cat became a great Lord, and never ran after rats and mice but for his amusement.

THE END.