

THE
Surprising Adventures
OF
Whittington
AND
HIS CAT.

Ornamented with neat Engraving.

BIRMINGHAM:
Printed and sold by T. Bloomer,
Edgbaston-street.

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WHITTINGTON.

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Whittington and His Cat.

IN the reign of Edward the Third, there was a little boy called Dick Whittington; his father and mother died when he was young, so that he remembered nothing at all about

them. He was a very sharp boy, and was always listening to what people talked about; and in this manner, Dick heard of the great city called London and one day, while he was lounging in the streets, he saw a large waggon and horses,



on the road for London; taking courage, he asked the waggoner to let him walk with

him, and the man, hearing that poor Dick had no parents, readily consented; so they set off together.



When Dick arrived in London, it was near dark, and from hunger and fatigue, he found he was very weak, and laying himself down at the door of Mr. Fitzwarren, a rich merchant, he cried himself asleep. In the morning he was discovered by the cook-maid, an ill-tem-

pered creature, who would have whipped him from the door.



but the merchant at that moment coming to the door, and seeing Dick lying very ill at his door, ordered him to be taken into the house, and have something to eat, and that he should be kept to do the dirty work for the cook. In this worthy family, Dick would have lived happily, had it not been for the



wicked cook scolding him from morning till night, till at last her ill usage was told to Miss Alice, the merchant's daughter, who threatened to turn her away if she did not treat him with more kindness. The footman behaved exceedingly well to Dick; he would often read some entertaining book to him, and by his instruction, Dick soon learned to read him-

self. But in addition to the ill usage, Whittington had now another hardship to get over, which was, that his bed being of flock, was placed in a garret where he could not sleep for the rats and mice, which ran over his face, and made a terrible noise in the room.



One day, a gentleman who paid a visit to Mr. Fitzwarren, gave Dick a penny for clean-



ing his shoes, with which he bought a cat. This cat he concealed in the garret, and in a short time had no further disturbance from the rats and mice. Soon after this, the merchant, who had a ship ready to sail, and thinking it but just that all his servants should have some chance for good

luck, asked them what commodity they chose to send. All mentioned something, but poor Dick said he had nothing but a cat. 'Fetch thy cat, boy,' said Mr. Fitzwarren, 'and let her go.' He brought his cat and gave it to the captain.



After this, the ill-tempered cook used him more cruelly than ever, and constantly made game of him for sending his

cat to sea. At last, not being able to bear such treatment, the poor fellow ran away; but after having travelled a few



miles, he heard Bow-bells begin to ring, and their sounds seemed to address him thus:

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

On hearing this, Dick went back, and was lucky enough to get into the house, before the

old cook came down stairs. In a short time after, the vessel belonging to Mr. Fizwarren, arrived safe in the port of London, containing 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 Puss. No sooner had the merchant heard this intelligence, than he ordered Whittington to be called, and having desired him to be seat-said, Mr. Whittington, I congratulate you on your success, for the captain has sold your cat to the king of Barbary, and brought you more riches in

return than I possess in the whole world!

Poor Dick could scarce contain himself for joy; he made a handsome present to the captain, the mate, and all the ship's company, and also to the whole of Mr. Fitzwarren's servants. Being now dressed



in a fashionable suit of clothes, Mr. Whittington appeared as genteel as any young man that

visited at Mr. Fitzwarren's, so that Miss Alice, who had formerly thought of him with compassion, now thought him fit to be her lover, and Mr. Fitzwarren perceiving their affection for each other, gave his consent to their union, and they were accordingly married. History informs us that they lived happily together---that Whittington was sheriff of London in the year 1340, and several times afterwards Lord Mayor.

