

Old Style
SERIES.

P U S S
IN
B O O T S .



A. GORRINGTON

GUTHRIE, PUBLISHER.





PUSS IN BOOTS.





Puss—" I have been further informed that you have the power of taking the form of a rat or a mouse."—Page 10.

PUSS IN BOOTS.



HERE was once a miller who had three sons, and at his death 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 ; but the youngest, who had got nothing saving the cat, complained that he was badly used. “My brothers,” said he, “by joining their stocks together, may do very

well in the world ; but as for me, when I have eaten my cat, and made a furcap of his skin, I may soon die of hunger !”

The Cat, which had been all the time sitting listening just inside the door of the cupboard, now ventured to come out, and address him :—

“ Do not thus distress yourself, my good master; only get a pair of boots made for me, and give me a bag, and you shall see that you are not quite so ill provided for as you imagine.”

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

No sooner were the boots and the bag provided than Puss began to equip himself, much to the amusement of his young master ; he drew on the boots quite briskly—and, putting the bag about his neck, took hold of the strings with his fore paws, and bidding his master take courage, he immediately sallied forth.

The first attempt Puss made was to go into a warren, where 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 were dead, hoping that some young rabbits, (which as yet knew nothing of the cunning tricks of the world) would soon 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, when Puss immediately drew the strings, and killed him without mercy.

Proud of his prey, he hastened directly to the palace, where he asked to speak with the King. On being shown into the apartment of his Majesty, he made a very respectful 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 a title the Cat had invented for his master. "Tell my lord the Marquis of Carabas," replied the King, "that I have much pleasure in accepting his present, and that I am greatly obliged to him,"

Soon after this the Cat went and laid himself down in the same manner in a field of corn, and had as much good fortune as before ; for he had not waited long when two fine partridges slipped into his bag, which he immediately killed, and carried to the palace. The King was pleased to receive them courteously, as he had done the rabbit ; and in this manner Puss continued to carry presents of game to the King from my lord the Marquis of Carabas, at least once every week.

One day, having heard that the King intended taking a drive by the river-side with his daughter, who was the most beautiful princess in the world, Puss said to his master—" If you will now but follow my advice, your fortune is made. Take off your clothes, and bathe in the river, just in the place I will shew you, and leave the rest to me."

Puss's master did exactly as he was desired, without being able to guess the Cat's design. While he was bathing, the King passed by, and Puss directly called out, as loud as he could bawl—" Help ! help ! or my lord the Marquis of Carabas will be drowned." The King, hearing the cries, put his head out at the window of his car-

riage to see what was the matter ; and seeing the very Cat which had brought him so many presents he ordered his attendants to go directly to the assistance of the Marquis of Carabas.

While they went to take the Marquis out of the river, the Cat ran forward 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.

When the King heard this, he commanded one of his officers to fetch from the royal wardrobe one of the handsomest suits it contained, and present it to my lord the Marquis of Carabas, at the same time he showed him a thousand attentions. As the fine clothes which had been brought him made him look quite like a gentleman, and set off his person, which was very comely, to the greatest advantage, the King's daughter was very much taken with his appearance, and the Marquis of Carabas had no sooner cast upon her two or three respectful glances, then she became violently in love with him.

The King insisted on his getting into the carri-

age, and taking a drive with them. The Cat meanwhile, delighted to see how well his scheme was succeeding, ran on before to a meadow that was being reaped, and hailing the reapers said to them—"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 the Marquis of Carabas, you shall be chopped as small as minced meat."

When the King's carriage was passing the meadow he did not fail to ask the reapers to whom it belonged. "To my lord the Marquis of Carabas said they all at once; for the threats of the Cat had 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 in every year a plentiful harvest."

The Cat, which still kept going on before, now came to a field where some other labourers were busy making sheaves of corn they had reaped, and to whom he said as before—"Good people, if you do not tell the King, who will presently pass this way, that the corn you have reaped in this field belongs to my lord the Marquis of Carabas, you shall be chopped as small as minced meat."

The King passed a few minutes after, and inquired to whom the noble sheaves of corn belonged. "To my lord the Marquis of Carabas," answered they very glibly; upon which the King again complimented the Marquis on his fine possessions.

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

Puss at length arrived at a stately castle, which belonged to a powerful Ogre, who was besides very rich, for all the lands the King had passed through and admired were his. The Cat, which had taken care to learn every particular about the Ogre, and what he could do, asked to speak with him, saying, as he entered the room, that he could not think of passing so near his castle without doing himself the honour of calling 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 in a moment, into a lion, or an elephant, for example?"

“It is very true,” replied the Ogre, sternly; “and to convince you, I will directly take the form of a lion.” Puss was so terrified at finding himself beside a lion, that he sprang from him, and climbed to the roof of the house; but this was attended with considerable difficulty, as his boots were not very fit to walk upon the tiles with.

Some minutes after, the Cat perceiving that the Ogre had quitted the form of a lion and had returned to his original form, 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; of changing yourself, for example, into a rat or a mouse. I confess I am inclined to think this must be impossible.” “Impossible! you shall see,” and in an instant he changed himself into a mouse, and began to frisk about the room. The Cat had no sooner cast his eyes upon the Ogre in this form, than he sprang upon him and devoured him in a moment.

In the mean time the King’s carriage drew near

the Ogre's magnificent castle ; and as he could not help admiring it, he ordered his attendants to drive up to the gates, that he might take a nearer view of it. The Cat, hearing the noise of the carriage on the drawbridge, immediately came to the door, saying—"Your Majesty is welcome to the castle of my lord the Marquis of Carabas." The King, perfectly astonished, turned and said—"And is this splendid castle yours also, my lord the Marquis of Carabas? I never saw any thing more stately than the building, or more beautiful than the pleasure-grounds around it. No doubt the castle is as magnificent within as it is without; pray, my lord Marquis, indulge me with a sight of it."

The Marquis offered his hand to the young princess as she alighted, and they followed the King into 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, on hearing that the king, with the princess and a great gentleman of the court, were within, had not dared to enter.

The King had become so charmed with his

amiable qualities and no less with the noble fortune of the Marquis of Carabas, and the young princess, too, had fallen so violently in love with him, that after the collation, and when they had drunk a few glasses of wine, his Majesty 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 with the most profound gratitude and joy, and received the hand of the princess in marriage that very day.

The Cat became a great lord, and never again needed to run after rats or mice except for his amusement.



3377136.

OLD STYLE SERIES
OF THE
OLD FAVOURITES.



- 1.—ROBINSON CRUSOE.
- 2.—GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.—A VOYAGE TO
LILLIPUT.
- 3.—GULLIVER'S TRAVELS.—A VOYAGE TO
BROBDINGNAG.
- 4.—JACK THE GIANT-KILLER.
- 5.—JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK.
- 6.—SINBAD THE SAILOR.
- 7.—BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.
- 8.—CINDERELLA.
- 9.—ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES.
- 10.—PUSS IN BOOTS.
- 11.—ALADDIN AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP.
- 12.—THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.
- 13.—THE SEVEN CHAMPIONS OF CHRISTENDOM.