





THE

PIG AND THE CAT.



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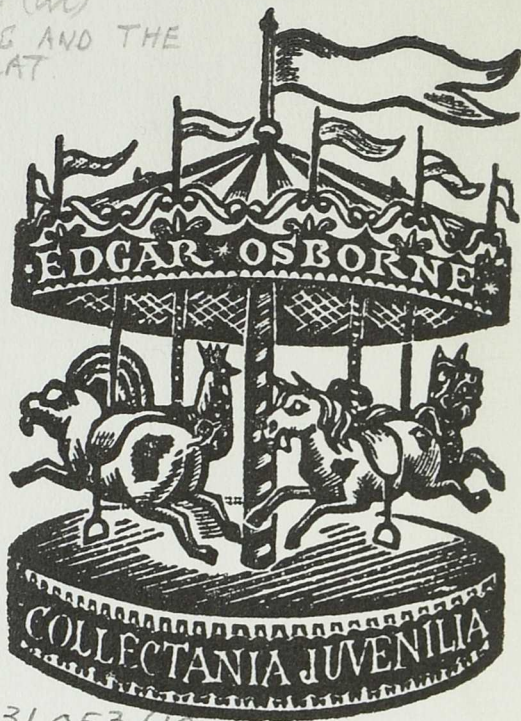


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H. T. COOKE & SON. WARWICK

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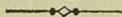
STORIES FOR THE NURSERY.

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THE PIG AND THE CAT.

GEORGE and Henry were brothers. George was a farmer: he lived in a pretty cottage in the country, where he kept horses, and cows, and sheep, and pigs. He used his horses in ploughing the fields when he wanted to sow corn, and in bringing home the corn to his barn when it was ripe: he kept cows for the sake of the milk; some of which he used himself, some he sold, and some his wife made into butter. The pigs were of no use as long as they were alive; but when they had grown fat, he used to sell them to the butcher, who killed them, and sold the meat in the

market. Once a year he and his men sheared off the wool from the sheep, and sold it to be made into cloth. When he had more sheep than he wanted, he used to send some of them to market to be sold, and the persons who bought them killed them, and, when they had cut them up, sold them again to any one who wanted to buy mutton.

Henry was a sailor. He did not live in a house very often, but spent nearly all his time in a ship; not a small one, like those which you see sometimes on the river, but one large enough to hold a great many men. He used to sail away in his ship to places a long way off, and bring home, sometimes casks of wine, and sometimes boxes of tea, and sometimes barrels of sugar, and various other things. Once, after he had been away for a very long time, he came to see his

brother George ; and when George had shown him all his animals, Henry said to him, “ I am going very soon to a place where they sell very fine pigs ; and, if you like, I will bring you home one in my ship.” George thanked his brother, and said he should be very much obliged to him : “ Let it be a white pig, if you please,” said he, “ with yellow and black spots, and a curly tail.”

Henry promised to buy just such a pig for his brother as he asked for, and very soon sailed away. He had a very long way to go, but the weather was very fine, and the ship sailed very fast. First they went to a place where they bought a great many bags of coffee, and stowed them away in the ship ; then they sailed to another place where they bought rice, and tea, and pepper, and nutmegs ; and at last they came to the place where Henry

meant to buy the pig. He had been there once before, so he knew where the market was. When they were come near the shore, he got into a boat with another sailor, and they rowed away until they came to the shore.

“Where are you going?” said Henry to the other sailor.

“O,” said he, “I am going to buy a white Persian cat with a long bushy tail for my sister.”

“And I,” said Henry, “am going to buy a pig for my brother.”

They did not go very far together, for they do not sell cats in the market, you know, as they do pigs; so the other sailor went away into the town, and Henry walked off as fast as he could until he came to the market.

He saw plenty of pigs there, but he could not at first find one exactly like

what his brother wanted : some of them had yellow and black spots, but not curly tails ; and some had curly tails, but were not spotted. At last, just as he was beginning to be afraid that he should not be able to suit himself, he saw a man standing by a cart which was covered over with a piece of canvas, and asked him what he had in his cart.

“The prettiest pig that ever was seen,” said the man ; and when he had lifted up the canvas, Henry saw a smooth white pig, spotted with black and yellow, and having a tail curled like a corkscrew.

He bought the pig at once, and taking a piece of string out of his pocket, tied it to one of the pig’s hind legs, and set off for the ship. But the pig did not choose to go. First he ran on one side of the road, and then on the other—then he turned round and tried to run the wrong

way, twisting the string round Henry's leg, and nearly throwing him down—then he ran under a cart, and Henry was obliged to pull him very hard to save him from being run over by the wheel.

At last Henry lost all patience ; so he caught him up in his arms, and carried him off. The pig squeaked terribly, though it was not hurt at all ; and the people laughed very much to see Henry carrying a pig in his arms ; and one man said to him, “ What a naughty baby you have there ! ” But Henry did not mind the laughing, if he could only get his pig safe on board the ship.

When he had nearly reached the boat, he met his friend carrying in a basket the most beautiful cat that ever was seen. It was as white as snow, and it had pink eyes, and a long bushy tail shaped like a fox's tail. Both sailors were much

pleased with their animals, and hoped that their brother and sister would be as pleased as themselves.

The pig was so troublesome while it was in the boat, that Henry was obliged to tie it fast to the seat, and cover it with his jacket ; but puss was very well behaved ; perhaps she thought it very pleasant to be carried in a basket. When they had reached the ship, piggy was put into a sty, where, as soon as he had got his dinner, he became very quiet, and did not give any more trouble as long as he was in the ship.

Next day they set sail towards home, and they all hoped that they should very soon see their friends, and talk with them about all that had happened while they were away. For some time the weather was very fine, the water was smooth, and the ship sailed on nicely.

Henry grew very fond of his pig, and the pig soon knew him, and used to come out of his sty when he was called, to have his head scratched. Pussy was not shut up, but was allowed to go wherever she liked; she was so gentle and good-tempered that all the sailors were very fond of her, and used to take her in their arms and smooth her back, and she would rub against their legs, and stick up her beautiful tail, and look quite happy.

One night when they were getting near home, there came on a terrible storm, which made great waves rise in the sea, and tossed the ship up and down, and kept driving it away from the place to which the sailors wanted to go. It was so dark that they could not see where they were going; when, all at once, they heard a great crash, and found that the ship had struck against a rock,

and was breaking in pieces. The sailors quickly got into their boat, and rowed away from the ship, hoping that they should be able to reach the land safe. Henry took his pig with him; but the other sailor either forgot his cat, or could not find her, so she was left behind. In a few minutes the boat was dashed against another rock, and all the men were thrown into the water. After scrambling about a little while they climbed up from the water to the top of a rock, where they found some grass growing; so they knew they were safe; for grass does not grow upon rocks over which the sea washes.

When daylight came they were very sorry to see that their ship was gone, being all dashed to pieces; and the rice, and coffee, and nutmegs, were floating about in the water, quite spoiled. They were very thankful, however, to find that

it was easy to climb from the rock, on which they were sitting, to the shore; and they soon set off, Henry still carrying his pig. After they had gone a little way one of the sailors cried out, "There is our cat coming!" "No," said another; "it cannot be, for our cat was left in the ship, and this one has no tail." But when they came near, poor puss ran towards them, wet and very wretched, and began to rub against their legs, just as she used to do on board the ship. Puss could not tell them what had become of her tail, or how she came on shore; but they supposed that it must have been pinched off between two planks as the ship broke in pieces, and that the waves washed her against the rocks, and that she climbed up as they did.

They soon reached a village; and as they were all wet, and cold, and hungry,

they were very glad to be able to sit down by a fire and warm themselves, and get something to eat and drink. Poor men! they had lost all their money in the ship, and were too far away from their friends to get any from them. The people who lived in the village were too poor to be able to give them food for nothing: so Henry and the other sailor were obliged to exchange their pig and cat for bread and cheese and beer.

Henry was very sorry that, after all his trouble, he could not give his brother the spotted pig; and his friend was quite as sorry that he could not give his sister the Persian cat which he had promised her.

I do not know whether they bought another pig and another cat, when they went in a new ship to that place again: perhaps they did.

Stories for the Nursery.



- No. 1.—THE TWO GOLDFINCHES.
- 2.—THE ELEPHANT AND THE GINGERBREAD NUTS.
- 3.—THE CHIFF-CHAFF.
- 4.—THE LOST DOG.
- 5.—THE MINNOWS.
- 6.—THE CATERPILLAR.
- 7.—THE PIG AND THE CAT.
- 8.—THE HEN AND CHICKENS.
- 9.—THE LOST SPOON.
- 10.—THE LOVE-BIRDS.
- 11.—THE BROKEN PITCHER.
- 12.—THE SPIDER.

