

T. W. STRONG.

No.

MAVOR'S PICTURE BOOKS

FOR

LITTLE READERS.

THE CAT'S TEA PARTY.



LONDON:

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & CO, FARRINGDON STREET.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

MISS PUSSEYCAT'S TEA PARTY.



MISS TABITHA PUSSEYCAT was a very old maid, and, like most old maids, she loved her tea. So one evening she sent her footman, Jackoo, the monkey, to take out cards to invite all her cat friends to take a quiet cup with her. She had bought six pennyworth of muffins, two twopenny tea-cakes, and three pennyworth of shrimps, by way of a relish.

Jackoo was a very active monkey, for he had once lived in the "United and Happy Family," which we have all of us seen in Trafalgar Square. So he knocked at the doors one after another, and left all the notes as Miss Tabitha had told him; and he ran back as quick as he could, in order to get ready the tea-things, and make the toast. Soon the



knocker began to go, “rat, tat, tat,” and “rat, tat, tattat, tattat, bang!” and the guests began to arrive.

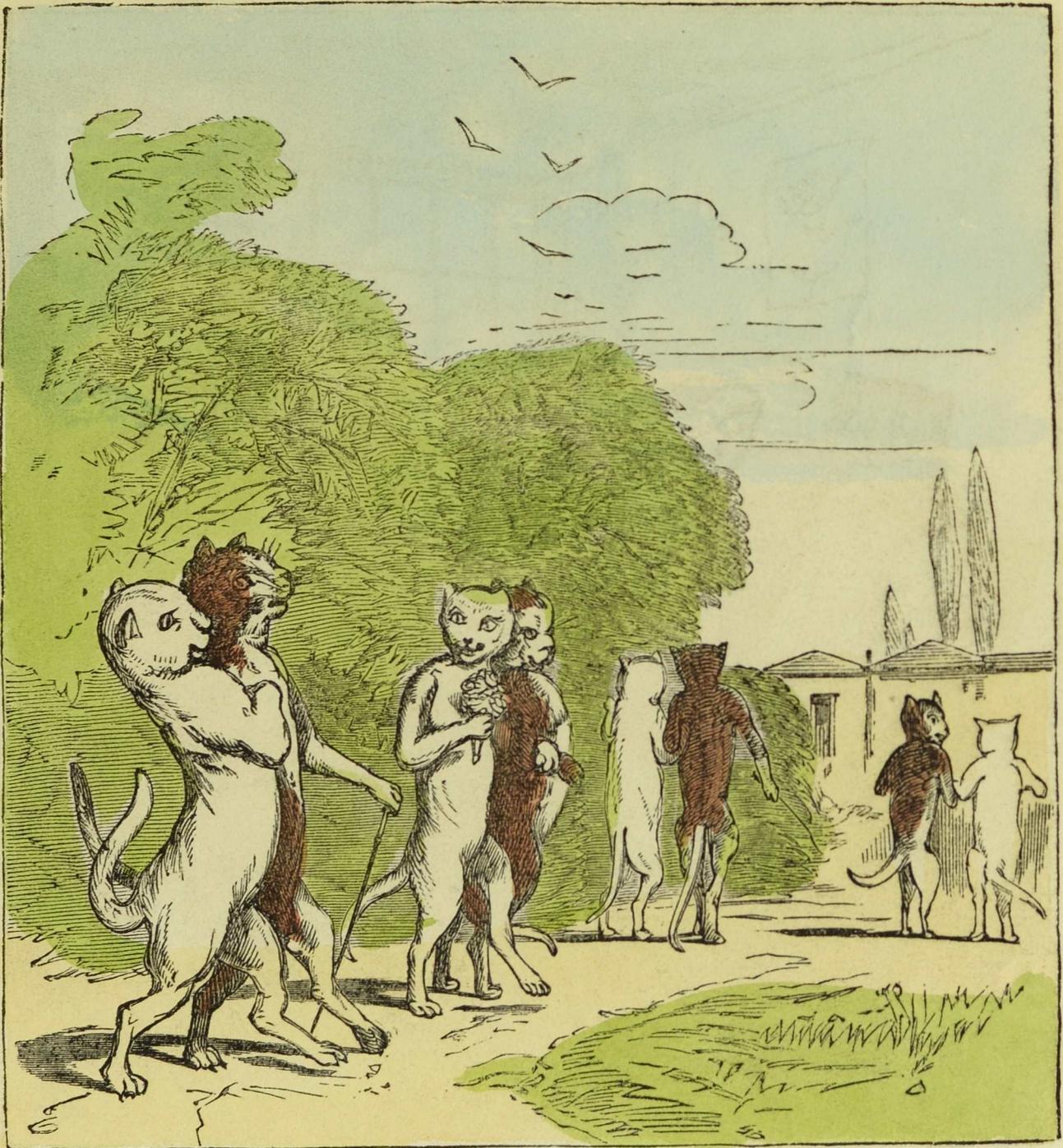
First came Mr. Velvet Purr, who was an old bachelor cat, who loved muffins, and did nothing all day but clean his soft fur with his tongue. He had plenty to live on, for he was a great favourite with the cook of the kitchen where he dwelt; so that he only caught mice for amusement, and never touched flies or black beetles. He was fond of milk.

With him came his sister, Miss Velvet Purr, who was as neat and clean as her brother. She always went out to parties, and could sing as pretty a song as any female cat you would wish to hear. It was rather a warm afternoon, so she brought her parasol with her, to keep off the sun. Like her brother, she was very fond of milk also.



Next came Sir Claws Scratch. He was a cat of noble birth, being the great second cousin to the nephew of the uncle of Dame Trot's cat, of whom you have heard so much. He spent all his time in trimming his whiskers, and went every morning to be shaved at Soapy Jack's, the frog, who kept the barber's shop in Seven Dials.

While he was being shaved, he dropped his friend in the army, Captain Black. Captain Black was a terrible cat, and no rat dared come within a mile of the place where he was. Like all soldiers, he was a great pet with the lady cats; so, when he heard where Sir Claws Scratch was going, he said he would just drop in too, and take a cup with them.



The last who came were the four Misses White, who were the four pretty daughters of old Mrs. White, the great cat at the butcher's round the corner. They were dressed beautifully in their own skins, and looked charming. Well might their mother be proud of them! And when they all sung out together, which was mostly before dinner time! you never heard anything like it.

With them came the four Masters Tortoiseshell, who had just left school, and had fallen in love with the Misses White. They were very clever cats at school, and could play with a mouse, roll over a ball of cotton, run round after their own tails, or climb a wall, with any one. At night they used to get on the roof and sing.



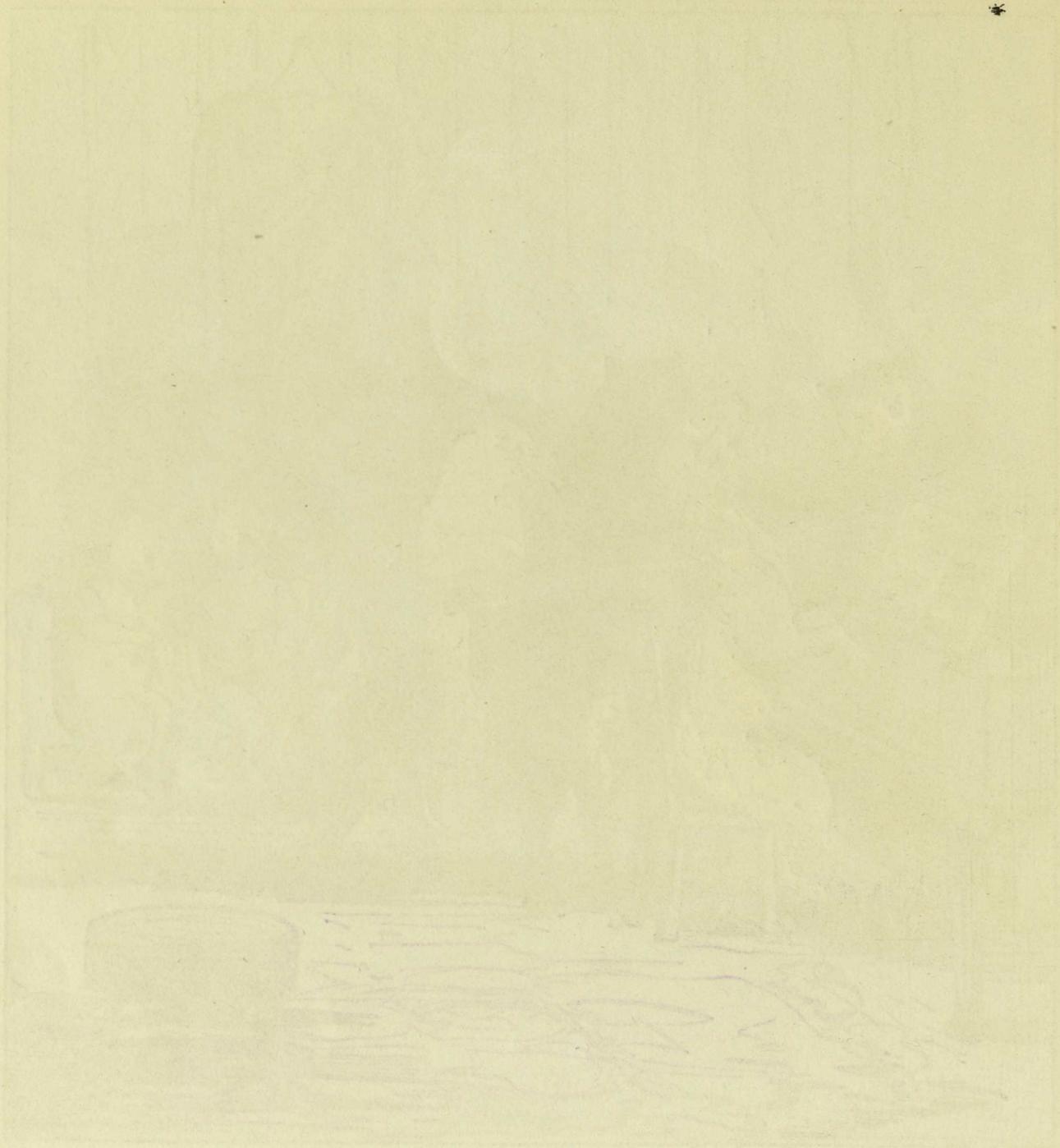
And so all the party sat down, and Miss Pusseycat made tea, and Jackoo handed it round. And Captain Black would hand the bread and butter, at which Sir Claws Scratch began to growl and look angry. But when Miss Pusseycat smiled at him, he was as calm as could be, and helped himself to shrimps with a good grace.

And the four Masters Tortoiseshell helped the four Misses White to bread and butter and shrimps; and the four Misses White did say "thank you," and did purr, and then they did eat the bread and butter. And everybody ate and drank everything, and they enjoyed themselves very much.



At last, when tea was almost over, Miss Velvet Purr sat down to the piano, and sang a beautiful song, beginning and ending with "Mew, mew, mew;" and all the cats were delighted, and clapped their hands, and some cried, and some smiled; and the Misses White said it was "so affecting," and the Masters Tortoiseshell said it beat mice-catching any day.

Then Captain Black and Mr. Velvet Purr sang a duet. It made a great noise, and was very funny. I believe it was about two cats who lived at Kilkenny in Ireland, who once fell out; and, like bad, naughty cats, fought till they ate each other up, all but the tails. The other cats laughed like fun when they heard it.



At last, when tea was almost over, Miss Velvet, not
down to the piano, and sang a beautiful song, beginning
and ending with "Blow, blow, now, now," and all the company
delighted, and clapped their hands, and some cried, and
some whistled; and the Misses White said it was "so effec-
ting," and the Masters Tortoisehead said it had nice-sounding
way say.
Then Captain Black and Mr. Velvet brought a duet.
It made a great noise, and was very funny. I believe it was
about two cats who lived at Kilkenny in Ireland, who once
fell out; and like bad, angry cats, fought till they ate
each other up, all but the tails. The other cats laughed
like fun when they heard it.



Then the four Masters Tortoiseshell offered to give a song like the four Ethiopian Serenaders. So they blacked their faces, and took the fiddle, and the banjo, and the tambourine, and the bones, and sang "Old Dan Tucker," and rattled the bones, and banged the tambourine, and twanged the banjo, and scraped the fiddle, till the room was ready to fall with the noise.

After this, Mr. Velvet Purr, who was a wonderful cat in his way, conjured peas into thimbles, stood on his head, and did all sorts of tricks, quite wonderful for a cat. And then he laid a wager that he would catch his own tail ten times round, and he won it. So Sir Claws Scratch lost two paws of a mouse, which served him right, for being cross about the bread and butter.



At last it grew late, so they all began to kiss, and shake hands, and say "good-bye," and "what a pleasant evening we have had!" And the gentlemen brushed their coats, and pulled up their whiskers; and the ladies got ready their parasols, and said "they had no idea it was so late," and then all went home.

And the Masters Tortoiseshell took the Misses White home, and Mr. Velvet Purr took Miss Velvet Purr home, and everybody else went home as they ought. But naughty Sir Claws Scratch had a fight with Captain Black, because Captain Black said he had eaten too many shrimps. All the others got home in peace, and enjoyed Miss Pusseycat's tea party as much as I hope you have.

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Such Pictures as are here given will gladden the eyes of our Juvenile Friends, and make them remember the wonderful sight now passed away

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