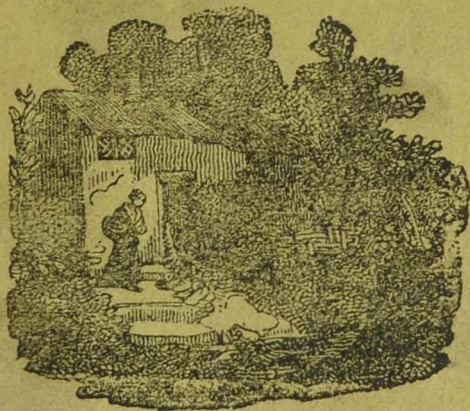


C. Wilson

THE HISTORY  
OF  
**WHITTINGTON**  
AND  
**HIS CAT.**



**Plymouth :**

PUBLISHED BY BIRD AND ACKLAND,  
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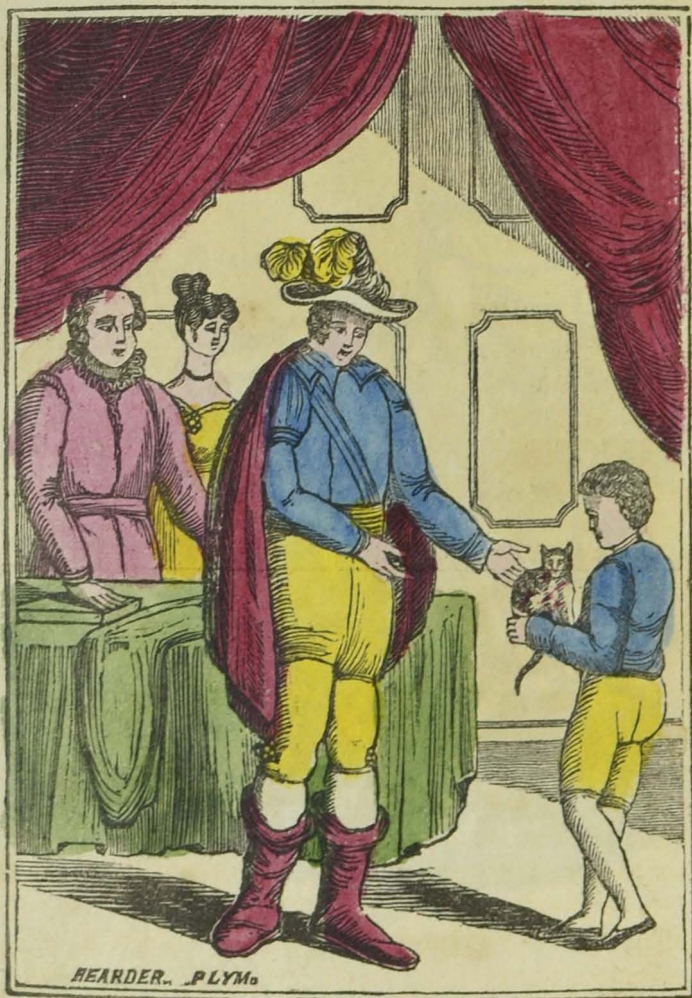


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# FRONTISPIECE.



Whittington brought poor puss, and delivered her to the  
Captain with tears in his eyes.

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# WHITTINGTON

AND

## HIS CAT.

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Who has not heard of “Whittington and his Cat?” Nay, the fact is, that the cat is much more famous than her master, in the histories already brought forward in Whittington’s name; for, whilst Madam Puss has all her merits set out to the best advantage, because she happened to be the source of her master’s great wealth, the wonderful conduct of her fortunate master, in his high-raised condition, is thrown into the shade; whereas, it is our resolution, by the help of Stowe, the ancient chronologist, to do perfect justice to both the one and the other, in due order; and, therefore, of course, begin this our history with her master.

Little Whittington was a poor orphan; and this at so early an age, as not to have any trace in his memory of what he was, or what he might have been, from being totally ignorant of what his parents were.

A worthy old woman, in the village where he first became sensible of his forlorn condition, who had nothing more in her power than to give him an occasional bit of bread, and an uncertain sheltering roof, could, it is however supposed, have informed him wherefore he became so destitute of bread at so helpless a period; but that, having only such things to relate, as she conceived would distress his young mind, without benefiting him in the smallest respect, she thought it best to seem as great a stranger to every thing concerning him, except his distress, as others really were around him.

The poor lad being born with that ardent curiosity, which Dr. Hobbes affirms is a token of very uncommon understanding, hearing London mentioned by some of the children he mixed with, would often offer to do them any act of kindness in his power, if they would but talk to him a little about that city of cities, its wealth, the number of people it contained, and how easy it, of course, must be for industry to get money, under the shadow of its wing.

The good old woman soon perceived the poor child had got something in his head that would harm him; and Whittington being unused to say the thing that was not true, in other words, to tell falsehoods, she soon drew from him the secret desire of his heart to go to London, and trembled at the dangers that must beset so innocent and so helpless a creature, she



resolved, in order to deter him from thinking of such a step, to paint the happiness and the safety of a country life, on the one hand, and the noise and the evils of great cities on the other hand, in such striking colours, as to fix his choice at once.

Whittington listened to what she said with surprise, next with anxiety, and then with doubtful apprehension; but at length remembering that his kind and tender friend was too feeble to walk out, even to ask her neighbours how they did, professed it of little concern to her how the world went, as she was unable to make it better than she was told it was; and, above all the rest, she rejoiced Providence had placed her at a distance from the town, its vices, and its distresses.

Whittington, young as he was, concluded that the difference in opinion between him and her arose solely from her being grown old, and therefore loving quietness better than any thing else; and that, from his being young, he liked to hear and see all that was going forward; under which idea, he resolved to forbear mentioning his desires in future; for to art he was an entire stranger, though he well understood that to make any one unhappy was cruel, was wicked—lessons the worthy old woman had strongly impressed on his mind; and surely those we love, and ought to honour, for their kindness to us, should never be made unhappy by us, whoever they may be. Accordingly,

persuading herself she had shut the door of his heart against every future wish that would disturb his peace, being far advanced in years, she was soon taken from him; soothing herself with the belief, that he would remain where he was, and there be secure from calamity.

Whittington felt her loss with the regret of a child for a beloved parent; and, having looked round the spacious neighbourhood for a friend, to supply to him what she had been, in vain, "What have I to do longer here," cried he, "where my grief is unpitied, and my wants unnoticed! where I may die of famine or despair, and no one feel or care what is become of me!" He therefore spoke to a waggoner, to let him walk by the side of his waggon to London, as the greatest of all favours; and the waggoner happening to be a good natured, thoughtless fellow, consented, without once considering what was afterwards to become of him: adding, he should sleep all night in his waggon; and poor Whittington, being transported with joy at his good fortune, packed up the little he could call his own, in a small bag, which he slung across his shoulder, set off, and soon began to beat time with his feet, to his companion the waggoner's whistle, without the least fear or dread of what might be in store for him,

When left for the night in the waggon, as by agreement, his little mind, however, began to set itself to work; he was without one relation

in the world, whilst other little boys had a father to protect them, and a mother to serve them; he had no friends, no money. What could he then have to hope---what had he not to fear! But recollecting the last words of his dear mother, as he called her, that there was a Father to the fatherless; and that he would bless and preserve him if he was only a good child, he implored his pity to a poor helpless child, promising evermore, to the best of his power, to deserve it, and then composed himself to sleep.

So profound was the sleep he fell into, that the waggon was far on its way before he awoke; when, being relieved in mind and body, he joined his whistle to that of his fellow traveller, until the happy moment arrived that he was bid to look up, for there was London before his eyes.

The waggoner having made him partake of his supper, and given him a few pence for the morning out of pure good nature, left him in a hay-loft asleep, into which he lifted him: bidding him good bye, being somewhat touching, he believed, to every one's feelings as well as his own; but as the people of the inn had no motives, in their opinion, for treating any body kindly, he was soon roused by the ostler, and bade to go about his business.

Poor Whittington instantly obeyed this word of command, but knew not where to go. All, however, around him was astonishing, was de-

lightful. Every one seemed happy—every one seemed employed: whence, according to his arithmetic, every body must be getting money; he could, therefore, have nothing more to do than to seek to gain a master. It was true, indeed (and he could not help sighing deeply whilst he acknowledged that truth), he had been bred to no trade whatever—could neither read nor write—“But then,” whispered Hope, “you have feet to walk upon far and wide; hands to work, where no particular skill is required; and a tongue to speak your own wants, or deliver any message you may be entrusted with.” The poor boy was so enlivened by this hint, that he cried out aloud: “Who is afraid?—I have, moreover, in my pocket, sufficient to buy me this day’s support!—I will, therefore, spend this whole day in seeing London.”

Whittington, however, soon discovered, that seeing London was not so pleasurable a task as he had flattered himself he should find it; for, wherever he stopped to gaze on any object that took his fancy, he was driven on this side, and pushed on that; and, in a word, to his unutterable surprise, when he little thought he was in any body’s way, he found himself in every body’s way, wherever he came.

As the evening drew on, he began to feel an anxiety he had not taken into his account; namely, where he could pass the night. He had been cast out, to all intents and purposes, at the inn; and had but one penny remaining

of the waggoner's bounty. As the only choice he had, however, was either to walk the streets all night, or creep under some bulk to hide himself, and try to sleep, he at length fixed on a hard pillow; on which, nevertheless, he could have slept, if undisturbed by the guard of the night. For crying the hour was the source of terror to him; though, to all those who felt their safety insured thereby, it was the voice of glad tidings.

He passed the next day with scarcely any food, for his last and only penny had fallen out of his pocket, and had been picked up by some one, before he had discovered his loss. Hungry, weary, faint, and deeply dejected, he was ashamed to beg, and knew not of whom to ask for work; when, on passing a door in the Minories, in this deplorable state, he resolved to knock at it; his mind telling him, (he knew not why nor wherefore) he should be benefited thereby. He with much difficulty reached the knocker; but, unable to prevent his sinking down on the steps, it slipped so suddenly out of his hand, as to cause a loud rap; and the door was opened in a moment by the gentleman's cook-maid, a woman of a most ungentle and unfeeling temper. Offended, therefore, highly offended, on beholding the low creature she had hurried herself to wait upon, she threatened to spurn him away, if he did not immediately remove himself. At this menaced harsh treatment he endeavoured to get out of he

way, but was unable to do so; when his kind star sent home the master of the house, one Mr. Fitzwarren, a mercer and merchant, with his daughter, to save him.

Mr. Fitzwarren was all benevolence; his young daughter, all compassion towards the distressed; and poor Whittington's heart was so relieved by their looks, that he told his tale of woe with a degree of courage, and a degree of pathos, or touching language, that even astonished himself; and had so happy an effect on the feelings of his humane hearers, that the young lady entreated, and her father commanded, the wretched boy to be taken into the house, fed, and put to bed, until he had recovered his strength, and could walk from thence and get his livelihood.

Miss in a short time slipped into the kitchen, having formed a most unfavourable opinion of Mrs. Cook's humanity, from what she had seen of her behaviour to the poor boy, to know how they went on; and, having learned from himself how long he had been an orphan, and how he was allured by false tales to come to London, as also the grievous distress that journey had thrown him into, returned to her father and mother, with tears in her eyes, and pleaded for him with such success, that it was settled, if he proved a *good boy*, he should remain in the family till he could be better provided for; as the only work that family could give him was assisting the cook, cleaning shoes, &c.

But most unfortunately, as it *then* appeared, the choice of where he should sleep being left to this cook, she had the cruelty to hoist him up into a loft, common in old built houses, which, superadded to the comfortless distance from every one, and the hard bed she destined him to lie on, was, to her certain knowledge, infested with *rats* and *mice* without number.

Whittington, nevertheless, resolved not to complain, for, under the roof with such worthy folks as Mr. Fitzwarren and his wife, not forgetting their little daughter, he thought his lot had fallen in good ground; but, as delivering himself from such great annoyances was an object not to be disregarded, (for the disagreeable creatures ran over his face when asleep, and waked him continually,) he set it down in his memory, to buy a cat with the very first money he got. Nor was it long before he had both the means and the opportunity of so doing; for, very early in the morning, within the same week, an old woman passed the door as he was cleaning it, with a cat in her arms; which, on his noticing, she offered to sell him, but required more money than the poor boy could raise. When discerning he had tears in his eyes, and a tempting penny in his hand, she came down to his price, out of compassion.

The delighted boy called this a most lucky day, for he not only got up safe to his loft with his purchase, before Mrs. Cook's bright eyes were open; but, passing through a lumber-

room, saw a wicker basket with a cover to it, which, by being in a dusty condition, he believed he might venture to help himself to, as a cast off, for his cat to live in during his absence in the day, to prevent her running out of the loft, and Mrs. Cook from getting a sight; for he knew her ill-temper to be such, that if she ever beheld her, she would turn her out into the street.

Having surmounted these prodigious difficulties, he began to amuse himself at stolen moments; when he ran up stairs to ask Puss how she did; with thinking what name he should like to give her. When hoping, he could not tell wherefore, that one day or other she would become a favourite with his young mistress, he called her *Felice*; having heard some one in the parlour, when he brought in coals, say that *Felix* was the *Latin word* for *happy*.

But it may, perhaps, be agreeable to our little readers, from good will to Puss, to hear somewhat about cats in general. Cats, it is well known, are so much like tigers in form, that they tell part for part with each other, when dissected; and, in their wild state, their nature is nearly the same: they dart on their prey, and worry the creature before they give it the death-wound; but, when tame, and living in families, cats are as well-tempered and as tractable as dogs, sportive as monkeys, and evermore sing their little song of gratitude to their kind friends for favours received; although,





And taking courage he asked the waggoner to let him walk with him by the side of the waggon.



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.



on having food given them, they betray their origin, by grumbling over it as they devour it.

Accordingly, Whittington's cat, besides being what history bespeaks her, a *grave, well-practised mouser*, had all the *sportive talents* of her tribe. Whence, so soon as her master found himself perfectly freed from his late tormentors, he began to call them forth in- to exercise; and accordingly, having received a few lessons only, Mrs. Puss would creep into his pocket like a squirrel, follow him as far as he would permit her, and, like a little puppy-dog, jump over his hands at a nod or command.

In a word, she became as lively and entertaining a companion, as she had proved herself to be a useful one, and was the whole solace of his life. In one of these happy moments, for they were the only happy moments he ever enjoyed out of his kind master and mistress's presence, he was at length surprised by his young mistress; for the cook being gone out, he forgot to guard against other visitors: and, at his young mistress's request, Puss went through all her pretty manœuvrings, with equal honour to herself and her master.

Whittington besought the young Lady not to mention a word of her discovery to any person on earth, and she was so good as to promise she would comply with his request; and being, moreover, greatly pleased with Puss, she contrived to have a quarter of an hour's play with her every day, when the family dined at home.

Pass, as well as her master, improving much on acquaintance, Miss Fitzwarren (though drawing was taught but to few in those days, genius not being confined to either sex or country), drew Whittington and his Cat to perfection; and, above the rest, was so kind as to let the picture become an ornament of his loft; and proud enough he was of possessing such a gift. These happy moments were, however, short-lived, for the poor boy was the slave of an arrogant and barbarous woman's temper, who not only made him her turnspit, but spurned him and beat him at will.

Miss Fitzwarren and Whittington were nearly of the same age; her person was not, indeed, beautiful, but the very first rate of agreeable; and her disposition sweetly amiable. No wonder, therefore, that to a poor lad, smarting under all the evils of a contrary disposition, she should appear nothing less than an angel; whilst the modesty of Whittington's demeanour, his uncommonly good language for his condition, his grateful, his respectful conduct, made her his friend; insomuch, that she begged her father would let one of the clerks teach the poor fellow to read and write, as he was an orphan, she said, and had no other chance of learning what might be so useful to him in future. One of the clerks was, therefore, ordered to set him copies, and hear him read; and his improvement was astonishing.

Mr Fitzwarren being a silk mercer, and a

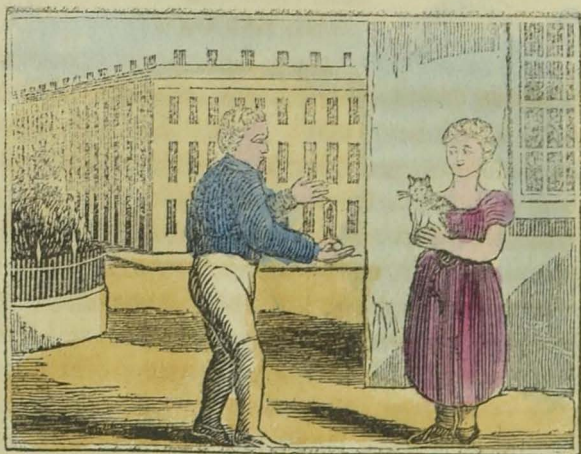
great merchant, imported large quantities of silk from India, just in the state it was spun by the little worms ; which are thence called silkworms, and are so numerous in the eastern world, that mulberry trees are planted and cultivated, in order to furnish leaves for their food. Of course, this gentleman sent out such articles as were best received abroad in exchange ; and it being his benevolent custom, when a ship, freighted at his own expence, was ready to sail, to call all his family around him, that every one might provide a little venture, according to their wishes or abilities, to be improved to the best advantage by the kind care of the captain, who was a man after his own heart, without guile. On looking about him, on such an occasion, he found Whittington was absent, and had him sought for ; but the poor lad had hid himself, from the shame of being the only one incapable of benefiting by his master's liberal-mindedness. Miss begged she might call him ; when her voice instantly drew him forth, and she would not return to the parlour without him.

“ You have been weeping,” said she, “ with Puss, I suppose, ; but wherefore do you shed tears thus, over a creature that neither can understand your grief, or in any degree soothe it ?” “ She does both,” replied Whittington : “ she is lively when I am lively, sorrowful when I am sorrowful ; for, pardon my freedom, miss, she reads my feelings, as you have the goodness to do, in my face.”

Whittington assured his master he had every due sense of his kindness, but had not an article he could call his own. His young lady entreated she might buy something for him; but her father told her that would not do, for it must be his own, to be a fortunate venture. "You have, Dick, a cat," said miss. The poor lad burst into tears; but his master's ear having caught the word, and ordered puss to be brought and made Whittington deliver her up, with his own hands, to the captain; but not until miss, in order to show the value of Dick's venture to all present had made her perform all her sportive tricks, to the equal surprise and pleasure of the whole company, except the cook; who beheld the boy part from her, with a heart-breaking look and sigh, wholly unmoved.

Whittington a second time hid himself, to conceal his grief from all eyes; but, strange to tell, the whole scene operated so maliciously on the cook's mind, from thinking the boy was too kindly treated, and such like ideas, that she made it her daily practice to tease and torment him; either about having parted with his poor cat, that he pretended to have so much love for, she would say; or his vanity and folly in setting so high a value on her. "A fine cargo, no doubt," cried she, "she will bring you in return! Perhaps herself; that is," she would add, "her skin stuffed, to supply the place of her lifeless body, and to make her look as if she were alive!" Whittington was so distressed





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.



“Turn again Whittington, Lord Mayor of London.”



by these taunts and jeers, that he was obliged to call all his reason and all the good lessons his old deceased friend had taught him, in aid, to enable him to support them; for her unprovoked malice embittered his life: and the mere especially, as, by losing his cat, he was cut off from the consoling looks and words of his dear young mistress.

At length, however, quite terrified at his own feelings, without having the relief of breathing them to any one, he resolved to run away; for, in his poor opinion, to die of grief that ought to be conquered, or by human means, was alike offensive to his Maker. Having tied up a trifle or two, he contrived to slip them out of doors and soon followed them. He stopped and looked back on the paradise he had quitted, with heartfelt anguish. Never should he hear his master's kind voice more; never more receive his mistress's gentle commands, nor behold his dear young lady again! But finding, the more he lingered, the more languid his resolution became, in compliance with stern necessity he set off, and never once stopped until he reached the stone near Holloway; which, from his having been known to sit and to rest himself on it, is called "Whittington's Stone" to this day.

The poor fellow's mind was so agitated, he knew not what he saw or heard, until roused into attention by Bow bells, which, as it was their custom on All-hallows' day, began to

ring a peal ; that, by the force of fancy sounded to his ear,

Turn again, Whittington,  
Lord Mayor of London !!

He suddenly jumped up, and rubbed his eyes, that he might be certain he was awake. "O," cried he, "is it I—I—the forlorn, the outcast Whittington, that shall be Lord Mayor!—then shall I see those I love best once again!" Still, still the bells continued their song. "It is enough," said Whittington: "what would not any one endure, to arrive at such greatness and honour! I will therefore go back, and patiently sustain all I must suffer, only to gain myself a *chance* for such glory and such happiness;" and thus making *hope* his *walking-stick*, as Shakspeare expresses it, he returned back, exercising it against despairing thoughts: and all this was unobserved by any one.

Whilst Whittington was bowing his neck to the yoke of an usurped tyranny, Puss and her fellow-voyagers made way, with all their sail, for the east; but sailing was then a nice and difficult art: for the compass, that now tells us how to steer, was then wholly unknown. Whence the winds and waves sported with ships, and often tossed them out of their latitude; as was the case with the Unicorn, to the delay and alarm of all on board.

Puss, during her passage, however, presented the captain with a young family of kittens; who soon grew up as sportive as their mother,

and thereby beguiled to the sailors many a tedious hour. Hopeless, however, at length, of regaining their lost track, and terrified by the view of their reduced provisions, (for, at sea, the remedy for such an evil is dreadful but to think of,) they were reduced to the horrible extremity of casting lots who should die, when they were relieved in the moment of their deepest despair, by seeing land; and this land proved to be a kingdom on the African coast, abounding with mines of wealth.

The arrival of a ship on this coast was so pleasurable, because so unusual a thing, that the king sent some of his high courtiers to congratulate them on their safety, if compelled by a tempest to visit them. The captain made suitable returns to their compliments; and accepted the invitation sent him by the king and queen, together with such persons as he chose should share the honour, to dine with them. But what must be his surprise, when, on an elegant dinner being served up, an incredible number of rats and mice rushed forth and devoured it; or at least rendered what they left behind them unfit to be eaten. On Whittington's *venture* occurring to his remembrance, he told the king and queen he had an animal that would soon destroy these troublesome visitors.

The king, queen, and the whole court, heard of this astonishing animal with wonder and delight, and were impatient to bring her talents to proof. Puss was, therefore, soon brought

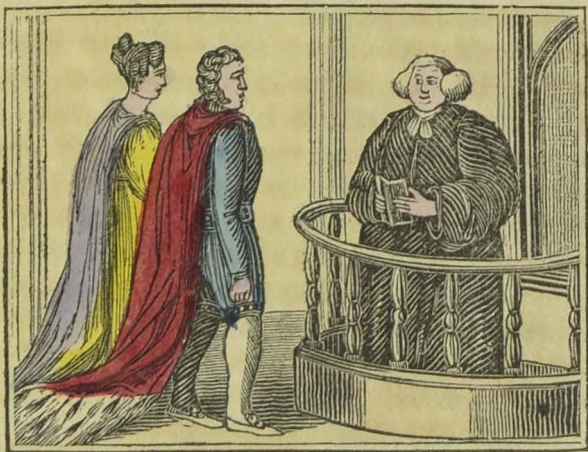
nto the royal presence ; and a new repast being provided, the instant the rats and mice began to show their heads, jumping out of her wicker basket, she put the whole host of her enemies to flight without beat of drum. The king, the queen, and all present, were desirous of caressing her ; but could not persuade themselves it was safe for strangers so to do, until repeatedly assured by the captain of her kind disposition towards all, but the creatures she was formed to be at eternal enmity with. She was then stroked and patted by every one ; and the sum given for her is well known to have been immense, if even exaggerated by fame in some small degree.

Her majesty, however, with Puss in her lap, where she had speedily sung herself fast asleep, appeared lost in thought ; the cause of which being enquired into, she said, that from feeling the past, she could not forbear being alarmed for the future ; as there could be little doubt, if the cat died, the offensive animals would renew their old practices, which could not fail of exciting tenfold distress and disgust, by their having been for some time free from their violence. How agreeable, therefore, must the news be, that the captain could furnish them with a whole family, sufficient, in process of time, to stock the kingdom !

The queen had a tender mind, and having heard the captain, (at her own request,) many times repeat poor Whittington's history, his



The cat at sight of them did not wait for bidding, but sprung from the captain's arms.



Mr. Fitzwarren proposed to unite them in marriage, to which without difficulty they each consented.



orphan infancy, his friendless state, and his distress at parting from his cat, though for the greatest hoped for-advantage, she told the king, and his majesty was of the same opinion, that having made them so happy, it was their duty to render him happy also ; “ therefore,” cried she, “ tell him to receive back his beloved cat, lest, without that addition to his wealth, he may be unable to enjoy all we bestow upon him. Puss was accordingly recommitted to her wicker-basket, by the queen’s own hands, having first tried and proved that the progeny she left behind were as capable as herself of protecting the palace from the late invaders.”

The captain now a second time hoisted his flag, unfurled his sails, and, with a fair wind, and most encouraging gale, set sail for England ; but the ship *Unicorn* had been for so many months unheard of, that Mr. Fitzwarren concluded she was buried, and all it contained, in the deep. And whilst poor Whittington was shocked at remembering *his* loss, when so many of his fellow-beings were gone to the bottom, yet he was unable to forget the love he bore his cat, or forbear to lament he had exposed her to the perils of the sea.

Mr. Fitzwarren, to whom the captain was endeared from his manifold virtues, he setting him down as a human gem, above all price, was greatly concerned to think he was no more. One morning, however, when these friendly regrets were nearly overpowering his mind,

who should he behold at his door but the very man he utterly despaired of ever seeing again!

The meeting was touching on both sides, and the ladies being present were much affected by the view thereof. When no longer able to suppress her desire to know how puss had borne her voyage, Miss Fitzwarren telling the captain as much, he immediately opened on their knowledge the wonderful events that animal had produced: adding that he much feared it would be dangerous to let the poor lad know all his good fortune at once, or, perhaps, even to be made master of the wealth he brought him. "Let him be called," cried Mr. Fitzwarren—"instantly called," said the worthy man, with heartfelt joy at the news: "The gifts of Providence must be held sacred, and the whole gift of Providence, on this occasion is the orphan's due."

Whittington slowly appeared; but his appearance was most dismaying, for the cook had just complimented him with a ladle of dripping over his clothes: which, though by no means the best he was master of, were decent, and more than suited to the business he was engaged in: namely, turning the spit, and cleaning his master's shoes.

"My worthy fellow," said Mr. Fitzwarren, seizing his dirty hand, "be of good cheer; patient sufferers seldom pass unrewarded. Instead, therefore, of the scullery and the kitchen to which you never more return, you are—yes,



my late forlorn child, you are now become my equal; and as with me, *virtue*, much rather than *money*, makes the man, you shall henceforth, in honour of your virtues, be my beloved friend my favorite companion." Whittington's astonishment rendered him for a length of time speechless; the ladies wept without reserve; and Mr. Fitzwarren and the captain turned aside their heads, to hide a humane and manly tear, that would not be suppressed.

At length, "You sir," cried Whittington, "are much too good to sport with the unhappy or to wound the defenceless. I therefore believe what you tell me to be true, because *you* tell it me; as unable as I am to comprehend wherefore such blessings are poured down on my head. Those trunks," continued he, pointing to them, "are marked, I see, as mine; but, oh, sir, that mark is a false one!—they are *yours*; and you must either deign to consider them as such, or their contents can never be enjoyed in a manner by me."

"Idle, idle!" said Mr. Fitzwarren. "Do not, dearest sir," resumed Whittington, "do not plunge me into despair—do not drive me from your beloved presence, in the very moment you wish to see me happy. Allow me to be your humble, your grateful friend, if such is your generous desire; but take the wealth, for your friendship is all the riches, all the honour, and all the happiness, I would obtain!" "Bravo! my dear Whittington," cried Mr. Fitzwarren:

“and be your happiness whatever you choose to make it.”

Whittington rose, and was preparing to retire to improve his dress. “Hold! hold!” said the captain: “these trunks are not all the king and queen have sent you. “Hollo, there!” cried he, to a sailor in the hall, “bring in that article.” When, lo! what should present itself to the delighted eyes of Whittington, but the well-known wicker-basket, out of which leaped Mrs. Puss, and paid her due compliments to the company; for the creature knew them all, rubbed her head against her master’s face, twirled herself round Mr. Fitzwarren’s legs, looked up at Mrs. Fitzwarren, and purred; and jumping up into Miss Fitzwarren’s lap, composed herself, and seemed to feel herself perfectly at home. But, on her master’s retiring to dress, she eagerly followed him; and, such was the pleasure her return gave him, that he forgot his wealth whilst he caressed her, and promised her he would never part with her more to the end of her or his life.

Mr. Fitzwarren told his wife and the captain, that, in the first knowledge of Whittington’s amazing good fortune, he did not dare to oppose either his humour or his wishes, lest all the circumstances of his new condition should be too much for him to bear; but so soon as his mind recovered its firmness, he would duly regulate matters between them. He spoke highly of the merits of both his head and his heart; and said

he would pledge himself for his doing honour to himself, his country, and mankind, by rendering his wealth a blessing to multitudes: "For," continued this gentleman "it is evident to me, the poor worthy fellow will perform all the different parts assigned him by Providence, on the great stage of human life, with first-rate claims to applause; and that, however humble his entrance, his exit will be glorious. "The elements," as our famous British bard, Shakespeare, has it, "are so mixed up in him, that nature might come forth and say, 'this is a man.'"

Whittington soon rejoined them, dressed in his Sunday's clothes, and a very smart well-looking youth he became, with little advantage from his wardrobe; made his best bow with a very good grace; took his seat, (happy, happy creature, as his countenance bespoke him,) between his master and mistress; being not only invited or commanded so to do, with his old friend, Mrs. Puss, purring at his feet; and dinner being served up, except a blush or two of grateful diffidence and modest sensibility, proved by his whole behaviour he was at length got into his real, right place.

The next thing to this establishment of his happiness, his great concern was to reward every person that had been indulgent or serviceable to him: not forgetting the waggoner who brought him to London; or even Mrs. Cook herself, whose very unkindness to him, he said,

had wrought out his good fortune : for, had she not lodged him in the loft, he had never bought his cat. And what obligations must he then be under to his young lady, who was particularly and immediately the cause of his sending her abroad ! The cook, however, was never able to behold him, from the ill-treatment she had given him, without confusion of both heart and face ; though he cheerfully and repeatedly desired her to cease to remember what he had forgot, and to look upon him henceforward only as a friend.

To the captain, under Mr. Fitzwarren's instruction, or rather restraining voice, (for Whittington's gratitude knew no bounds,) he made a noble present. He rejoiced the heart of the whole ship's crew by his bounty ; and in closing the lid of the jewel-box, sent as a part of the purchase of his cat, which was of great value, he wrote thereon, "*Miss Fitzwarren ;*" who received a nod from her father, not to contradict him at that time. " And, my honoured madam," said he to his mistress, " what token of respect, my—my—feelings, (for his heart had not an expression equal to his wish,) can I offer you ?" " Give me your hand," replied that worthy woman, let me have the pleasure of seeing you composed, for your present happiness is too agitating for your spirits, and you will greatly oblige me."

When sufficient time, in Mr. Fitzwarren's opinion, had elapsed, to render them all tran-

quil, and, as he called it, rational creature, he was first surprised, and next quite angry, at Whittington's persisting to refuse the possession of his fortune, even, at length, to the degree of telling him he did not deserve it. Whittington defended his conduct with much address; "For, sir," said he, I wish to be independent; that is, to make myself happy in my own way. What wealth Providence has so miraculously given me, I know not how to dispose of, or enjoy: I must be broke in, sir, to my good fortune, by degrees. What money is of my own getting, I shall know the value of—shall feel my own; and, by habit, all the flutter of astonishment, which my heart is now unable to throw off, will gradually subside; but, to rush from the extremity of poverty into unbounded prosperity, believe me, sir, I have no powers equal to sustaining the shock; and you must, therefore, either have the goodness to save me from myself, or leave me to be undone."

There was so much good sense and worthy-mindedness in his argument, that Mr. Fitzwarren was overcome. "I consent to be your banker," said he, "your guardian, so long as you chose to call yourself a minor; but shall rejoice to be informed, that my much valued Whittington is no longer a boy, and, of course, capable of acting for himself."

Whittington being now, as he called it, master of himself, withdrew from his friends to collect his thoughts, and begin to be calmly happy,

He recalled to his memory every moral and excellent lesson his worthy deceased friend had given him. "Blessed spirit!" cried he, "the persons to whom I owe my birth are wholly unknown to me; but your tender compassion for my orphan state, which flowed solely from the benevolence of your heart; that guarded me in my helpless infancy: watched over my growth; and, above all, the manifold acts of kindness bestowed upon me; your anxiety and daily prayers that my soul should prove upright, my life useful to myself and others, and my death happy: I feel myself unutterably indebted to you; nor shall they, to the best of my ability, be unfulfilled. Your good will for me, therefore, shall teach me universal good will for my fellow beings; your kind relief of my infant necessities make me acquire wealth as a *steward* for those who want the means of subsistence; and your virtues, by my practising them, give more glory to my name, than all that honours or riches can bestow!"

Accordingly Whittington soon started forth the *man of business*; and, amongst the other money-getting methods he pursued, bought up in Leadenhall Market, all what was then, and is now in Ireland called the *offal*, that is, the *intestines* of cattle; superintended their cleaning, until in a fit condition to be exposed to sale for those ranks that were glad to make a cheap purchase, of however coarse food; and the refuse was sold for dogs' and cats' meat, with

very considerable profit. He moreover, according to Stowe, dealt largely in wool, leather, cloth, and pearls; much worn by the British ladies at that time. Out of the returns of which, he went about feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, releasing the prisoner, and wiping the tears from the cheeks of the worthy distressed, wherever he found them. All his undertakings flourished in his hands; and, in this fulness, of self-obtained prosperity, Mr. Fitzwarren resolved to question him as to his true motive of conduct, respecting the purchase-money for his cat; for Mr. Fitzwarren, as a kind father, was anxious to see his beloved and only child the wife of an honest and valuable man.

But poor Whittington was so careful to conceal his regard for Miss Fitzwarren, lest it should be thought presumptuous, and thereby deprive him of the friendship of a family he so highly prized, that no one suspected such a thing: and his master from delicacy, and the fear of laying a constraint on his grateful feelings, had never so much as hinted at the subject. "My beloved fellow," said he, however, to him one morning when they were quite by themselves, "wherefore do you exclude me from a knowledge of what passes in your heart?—what its views—what its desires are: as also why you, who are so active in making others happy, are so backward in making yourself so?" Whittington sighed, cast his eyes on the ground, and from the high respect he

bore his master, (as he would still often call him,) could only say: "You, sir, have a daughter."

Mr. Fitzwarren on the instant recollected many, very many instances of tender attachment that, with all caution, had escaped him; and, being convinced that no young woman, whose affections were not engaged, could dislike either his person or his behaviour; whilst every worthy woman must be charmed with his goodness of heart, he caught him by the hand, and cried: "Be it so: let the name of father be added to that of friend, and thereby make me completely happy. She is yours, my Whittington, if with her own consent." "And without her own consent I would die," replied Whittington, "before I would receive her hand." Miss and her mother were sent for; and never was there a party more endeared to each other. Mr. Fitzwarren called Whittington his son elect; Mrs. Fitzwarren, her dearest boy; and Miss Fitzwarren confessed she preferred him to his whole sex.

According to all ancient testimony, Mr. Whittington was three times Lord Mayor of London; and was pronounced, by all who knew him, one of the most upright and vigilant magistrates the city of London could ever boast. And, from the immense sums of money he lent Richard the Second and Henry the Fifth, besides various other modes of circulating cash, had the name given him of "*The Golden Merchant.*"



Thus, abounding in wealth and reputation, he became the husband of his master's daughter; and there were present at the wedding, the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, the great John of Gaunt, Chaucer the poet, and numbers of other celebrated persons. The wedding-feast lasted a whole week, and the roast beef of Old England was the sheet-anchor at every table; whilst the quantity of sack and Barbary wine that was drank surpasses almost all belief: and never, it is recorded, was there a more happy couple.

He entertained Henry the Fifth and his queen, after that sovereign's return from the battle of Agincourt; who, in reward of his superb and magnificent feast, bade Mr. Whittington kneel down, when the king, having flourished his sword (as is the custom in creating a knight) over his head, he bade him "*Rise, Sir Richard Whittington;*" honours the worthy merchant would much rather have declined than accepted, only that he felt them so many testimonies, that Mr. Fitzwarren had not disgraced either himself or his daughter by bestowing her upon him.

We can, however, only add, from the smallness of our work, that to the best of husbands, were superadded to his name the best of fathers, and the best of sons-in-law. And that having built alms-houses for widows; hospitals for the sick and wounded; schools for the maintenance and education of poor children; besides


giving a large sum towards endowing St. Bartholomew's Hospital, he built himself a house in *Grubb-street*, to which he retired with his family and there died.

Poor Puss having ended a remarkably long life, for one of her species, died in the arms of Mrs. Whittington, and was buried at the bottom of her master's garden.

Let not then our young readers, we conjure them, let them not suffer so truly worthy a man to have lived, much less to have died in vain: but by imitating his virtues, emulating his renown, and remembering that the precepts of his humble friend the old woman, by being so engraven on his heart, though by so feeble a hand, were blessed with such abundant increase, as to be an additional confirmation of what we read in holy writ, namely, "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it."

*End of Whittington and his Cat.*

THE STORY  
OF THE  
**KING AND COBBLER.**



IT was a custom of King Henry to stroll about the streets of London in disguise during the night to see that the guardians did their duty; and returning in the morning, he always observed a Cobbler early at work, singing or whistling merrily. Pleased with his industry and lively humour, the King resolved to make an acquaintance with him, and, striking the heel off his shoe, went to the Cobbler's stall and enquired if he could mend it.

“That I can; so come in, my honest fellow, and sit down,” said the Cobbler, scraping his awls and old shoes to one side to clear a seat for his Majesty, who was highly amused at his droll situation. However he begged the Cobbler to tell him where to get a cup of good ale; and being recommended to an inn opposite, the King borrowed an old shoe, and went over, desiring the Cobbler to bring his shoe when it was done.

The Cobbler soon finished his job, and carried it to the King, saying, “Here's thy shoe, my honest blade, and I warrant you the heel will not come off so soon again.”

The King paid the Cobbler handsomely, and requested him to drink a pot with him to the King's health. The Cobbler sat down, and taking the pot, said, "I'll pledge thee with all my heart, were it in water." The King soon got so merry with the Cobbler, who sung lively songs and catches, that he invited him to court, and said, if he enquired there for Harry Tudor, he would meet with a hearty welcome.

The Cobbler, who little thought it was the King, returned him many thanks, and, shaking his hand, said, "You are the honestest fellow I ever met with, and it will not be long before I make a holiday to see you."

The King paid the reckoning, and was going away, when the Cobbler insisted on his tasting some fine brown ale which he had at home, for he was one of the best of companions over a pot. The King yielded to his entreaties, and went over to the Cobbler's house, which joined to the stall, and was neatly furnished. "Here, sit ye down, and welcome," said the Cobbler; "but I must insist on your speaking very low, for fear you awaken my wife, who will make your ears ring again." He then brought out his Cheshire cheese, some brown bread, and a full pot of beer saying, as he cut a large slice off the cheese, "There's as much fellowship in eating as in drinking; so, my good friend follow the example." The King did not need much pressing; and as the Cobbler was free of his ale and his stories, they sat carousing till day break; but

his wife beginning to move, the Cobbler started up, seized the King's hand, and led him out saying, "Honest friend, you must excuse me, for Joan is awaking, and I would not for half the shoes in my shop that she found you here; fare you well, and it sha'nt be long ere I make a holiday to come and see you at court."

The day having arrived when the Cobbler sallied forth to go to court, and having arrived there, enquired of a servant-man, as he conjectured, if he knew one Harry Tudor. "Yes," replied he; "follow me;" and leading him to the guard-chamber, told one of the men what he wanted. The yeoman conducted the Cobbler through a variety of fine apartments; but, the Cobbler astonished at the grandeur he saw, thinking there might be some mistake, told the yeoman that the person he wanted was a plain, honest fellow, called Harry Tudor, who, he supposed was in the service of some lord about the court. The man said he knew him well, and desiring the Cobbler to follow, he brought him into a room where the King and nobles were all assembled, saying aloud, May it please your Majesty this man enquires for Harry Tudor.

The Cobbler, thinking he had been guilty of treason, ran off; but unacquainted with the turnings, he was soon overtaken and brought back. Panick-struck he fell on his knees, saying "May it please your Grace—may it please your Highness—may it please your Right Worshipful Reverence—to have mercy on me! I am a

poor Cobbler, who wanted an honest fellow called Harry Tudor, whose shoe I lately mended, when he paid me nobly, giving me two pots to boot, and invited me to come and see him at court."

The King asked the Cobbler if he would know him again? "Yes," said he, "among a thousand." "Stand up then," said the King, "and examine whether or not Harry Tudor be in the room." But it was to no purpose then, but, when the King came in his disguised habit, the Cobbler saw his friend, ran and kissed him. The Cobbler was soon as merry with the King as at their first meeting, singing his droll songs, and drinking freely, to the great delight of the King, when several noblemen, richly dressed came in uncovered, and the astonished Cobbler, recognizing the person of the King in his companion, fell on his knees bawling aloud for mercy. The King raised him up, and insisted that he would use the same freedom as he had formerly done; the Cobbler was so happy, that he gave them his best songs and merry stories, and delighted the courtiers with his humour. The King was so much pleased with his innocent merriment, that he allowed him forty marks a year, with the freedom of his cellar, and liberty to come to court.

On returning home his wife Joan was so overjoyed with the news, that she danced about the house.

THE END.



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