

THE STORY OF A CAT

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649713189

The Story of a Cat by Mrs. Perring

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

MRS. PERRING

**THE STORY
OF A CAT**



Pussy finds a new mistress.—P. 58.

THE
STORY OF A CAT.

BY
MRS. PERRING,
AUTHOR OF
"STORY OF A MOUSE," "ADVENTURES OF A PENNY,"
ETC. ETC.

With Illustrations.

LONDON:
ROUTLEDGE, WARNE, & ROUTLEDGE,
BROADWAY, LUDGATE HILL;
NEW YORK: 129, GRAND STREET.
1865.

PREFACE.

“**W**HAT shall I write about next, dear?” said I to my little friend, Ellen Alford, when I gave her “The Story of a Mouse.”

The small, curly head was put coquet-ishly on one side, and a moment spent in consideration. “Write about a Cat!” ’Twas quickly decided, and I daresay the circumstance was as quickly forgotten by the pretty pet; yet it has frequently recurred to the mind of the author. But, as “The Story of a Mouse” professes to be written by the tiny creature itself, so, likewise, “The Story of a Cat” must be supposed

to emanate from that domestic favourite. My young readers, I am sure, will make due allowance for any errors she may have fallen into; and the older and graver portions of mankind have too much to engage them to pay any attention to Puss and her memoirs; unless, indeed, she should be found guilty of teaching rebellion to lawful authority, or of recommending pride and ill-temper, rather than the opposite qualities of humility and kind-heartedness to all.

E. P.

THE STORY OF A CAT,



CHAPTER I.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

I WELL remember that cold winter's night when I lay shivering in the stable, with three other little creatures, like myself, I suppose, though I never saw but one of them—a fine little black fellow, with a skin so smooth and soft that it was quite a pleasure to touch him. The other two kittens had been carried off the very day I now speak of, and I daresay our poor mother had gone in search of them, leaving us very uncomfortable, and crying with cold and hunger before she returned. She did not bring our lost companions with her

when she came back, and I heard afterwards that they had been drowned by some cruel person in a pond at the bottom of the garden. However, we knew nothing of this at the time; and, as we had never seen them, because we were both blind, we did not care much about our young relatives, except that when there were four of us together we did not get so cold when left to ourselves as we did after we missed them.

When our mother came back to us she was wet and uncomfortable; very likely she had ventured into that nasty pond to bring out the poor dead kittens. I don't know whether this was so or not; but our mother made a very pitious mew-ing as she licked us all over and fondled us, and at last lay down beside us, when we all fell asleep and forgot our troubles.

A day or two after this sad event, and before we could see, we were again left to ourselves, and while we were tumbling and

rolling over one another, I heard the stable door open, and in a moment after a kind voice uttered these words :

“Oh, Katie, arn't they beautiful little creatures? Which of them shall you choose for yours ?”

“I don't care anything about cats,” said another voice, which did not sound half so sweet as the first one ; “but I shall have the black kitten, and I shall call him Tom.”

“Oh, I'm so glad you have chosen the black one, and not this sweet, darling little tortoiseshell ;” and the person who spoke took me up very gently, and stroked me so softly, that I found her hand much smoother than mother's tongue : then she laid me down again beside Tommy, and I left off crying, for although I was certainly not hurt, but had been used very kindly, I did not know what was going to be done to me, so I began to call out in time.

Since then I have often been noticed for my beauty ; I have heard my bright green