

T A L E S
O F
P A S S E D T I M E S
By M O T H E R G O O S E.

W I T H
M O R A L S.

W R I T T E N

In *French* by M. PERRAULT, and
Englished by R. S. GENT.

To which is added a New one, viz.
The DISCREET PRINCESS.

The SEVENTH EDITION, Corrected, and
Adorned with fine Cuts.

NEW-YORK:
Printed for J. RIVINGTON, Bookseller
and Stationer, No. 56, Pearl-Street,
1795.

C O N T E S

DU

TE M S P A S S É

DE MA MERE L'OYE.

A V E C D E S

M O R A L E S.

Par M. PERRAULT.

Augmentée d'une NOUVELLE, *viz.*

L'ADROITE PRINCESSE.

SEPTIEME EDITION.

avec des jolies Estampes.

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Libraire.

1795.

FRONTISPIECE



THE
M A S T E R C A T;
O R,
P U S S I N B O O T S.

T A L E V.

HERE was a miller, who left no more estate to the three sons he had, than his Mill, his Afs, and his Cat. The partition was soon made. Neither the scrivener nor attorney were sent for. They would soon have eaten up all the poor patrimony. The eldest had the Mill, the second the Afs, and the youngest nothing but the Cat.

The poor young fellow was quite comfortless at having so poor a lot. *My Brothers*, said he, *may get their living handsomely enough, by joining their stocks together; but for my part, when I have eaten up my Cat, and made me a miff of his skin, I must die with hunger.* The Cat, who heard all this, but made as if he did not, said to him with a grave and serious air, *Do not thus afflict yourself, my good master; you have nothing else to do, but to give me a bag, and get a pair of boots made for me, that I may scamper thro' the dirt and the brambles, and you shall see that you have not so bad a portion of me as you imagine.*

The



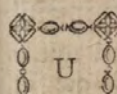


M A I T R E C H A T ;

O U

L E C H A T B O T T É .

C O N T E V .


 N meünier ne laiffa pour tous biens à trois enfans qu'il avoit, que fon Moulin, fon Ane & fon Chat. Les partages furent bientôt faits, ni le notaire, ni le procureur n'y furent point appellez. Ils auroient eu bien-tôt mangé tout le pauvre patrimoine. L'ainé eut le Moulin, le fecond eut l'Ane, & le plus jeune n'eut que le Chat.

Ce dernier ne pouvoit fe confoler d'avoir un fi pauvre lot. Mes freres, difoit-il, pourront gagner leur vie honnêtement en fe mettant enfemble ; pour moi, lors que j'aurai mangé mon Chat, & que je me fèrai fait un manchon de fa peau, il faudra que je meure de faim. Le Chat qui entendoit ce difcours, mais qui n'en fit pas feublant, lui dit d'un air pofé & fèrieux, ne vous affligez point, mon maitre, vous n'avez qu'à me donner un fac, & me faire faire un paire de bottes pour aller dans les brouffailles, & vous verrez que vous n'êtes pas fi mal partagé que vous croyez.

Quoi-