

The DOGS'
DINNER
PARTY

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS,
LONDON AND NEW YORK.

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Title: The Dogs' Dinner Party

Date of first publication: 1865

Author: Anonymous

Date first posted: February 20, 2014

Date last updated: February 20, 2014

Faded Page eBook #20140211

This eBook was produced by: Marcia Brooks & the online Distributed Proofreaders Canada team at <http://www.pgdpcanada.net>



THE DOGS' DINNER PARTY.

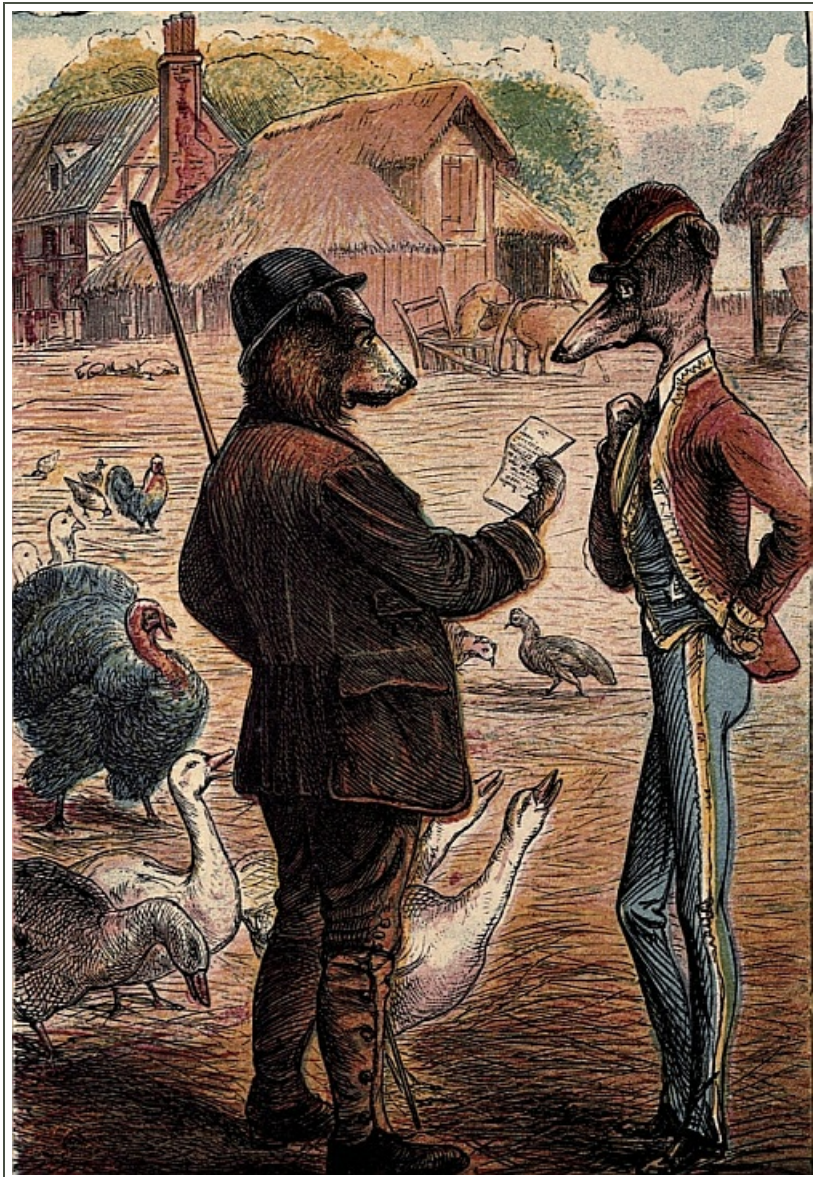
Mr. Blenheim was a very gentlemanly dog, and Mrs. Blenheim was quite the lady; both were well-bred, handsome, and fond of good company. They lived in a nice house, by Hyde Park Corner. Now Mr. Blenheim was one day in the library, dozing in his arm-chair after dinner, when Mrs. B. thus addressed him:

“Rouse up, Blenny dear, and tell me about these notes of invitation for our dinner-party.”

“I am rather sleepy,” said he, “so you must read the list over to me.”

Mrs. B. read the names of Mr. Tan-Terrier, Mr. Fox-Hound, Mr. Dane, Mr. Mastiff, Mr. Beagle, Mr. Poodle, Mr. Barker—Mr. Bull-Dog concluding the list. “Mr. Bull-Dog!” cried Mrs. B., looking vexed, “why do you ask him? no one considers him respectable.”

“It will not do to leave him out, dear!” said Mr. Blenheim, who then got up, and went lazily to the desk to write the invitations.



Pug, the Page, went to Kennel Court, the country box of Mr. Fox-Hound, and found that sporting character near home, wiping his brow after a good hunt. His manners were more blunt than his teeth, and his loud voice could be heard miles off. He was called a “jolly dog,” and seldom dined alone. But his great delight was the chase of a fox; he could then

hardly give tongue enough to express his joy. After asking Pug after Mrs. Blenheim's health, he accepted the invitation.

Florio, the Courier, waited on Mr. Barker with his note of invitation. Mr. Barker lived in a snug little house, in a farmyard, where he had the charge of watching over and protecting the live stock. He at first feared he must decline the invitation, but, on second thoughts, he resolved to venture; it was not a late dinner, and he would manage to get away early. Unluckily, his coat was rather the worse for wear, but he could boast of a handsome collar at any rate,—and so he accepted.



When Pug, the Page, reached the dwelling-place of Mr. Bull-Dog, he found him lying close to a bit of an old tub, in a dirty yard, smoking a short pipe very coolly. Mr. Bull-Dog snarled a little at being disturbed, and then read the note. “Oh, you can say I’ll be sure to come,” said he, “I am always ready for a good feed. Now, young one,” said he to Pug, with a growl, “I advise you to cut away as fast as you can!”



At last the day of the grand dinner-party arrived, and the guests all assembled, in good spirits, with keen appetites for the feast. Never had so many sleek, well-dressed dogs met together before, and the variety of their coats and countenances was very striking. All were, in compliment to the gentle hostess, Mrs. Blenheim, on their best behaviour, and great was the harmony that prevailed. Ample justice, too, was done to the good things liberally provided for their entertainment; and, strange to say, for so large a party and so mixed a company, no excess was committed either in eating or drinking. Social chat was the order of the day; compliments were exchanged; toasts, praising every guest in turn, were

proposed and received with cordiality; speeches were made, which were applauded even when not called for or understood; and for a long time it seemed that no Lord Mayor's feast could have passed off more brilliantly, or have given greater satisfaction.



Mr. Bull-Dog was, however, missing from among the guests after a time; it seems that he found the sports rather dull, and so had sneaked off. Presently a great uproar was heard; and it was found that he had gone below, and had eaten up all the servants' dinner; so they all joined together to punish him, and after some trouble, contrived to kick him out of the house; and very foolish he looked, in spite of his tipsy swagger.

As Mr. Bull-Dog had lost his pipe in the street, he thought he would turn into a public-house to get another: here he again misbehaved, and was soon turned out; some mischievous boys then got hold of him, tied an old tin saucepan to his tail, and chased him through the streets. The faster he ran, the more he bumped himself with the saucepan; and the more he yelled with pain, the more the boys pelted him with mud and stones. At length he reached his dirty dwelling, more dead than alive.

Poor Mrs. Blenheim! she was, indeed, much to be pitied, to have her nice dinner-party disturbed by so vulgar a creature. This shows how careful we should be in avoiding low company.



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Transcriber's Note: Any inconsistencies have been left as they were in the original.

[The end of *The Dogs' Dinner Party* by Anonymous]