

DAME DINGLE'S SERIES

THE CAT'S PAUPERS
THE CAT'S PARTY



MC LOUGHLIN BROS NEW YORK

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MRS. GRIMALKIN WRITES HER CARDS

Meek Mistress Grimalkin, so fat and so hearty,
Once gave to her kittens a nice little party;
She sent out her cards, with gilt edges bound,
For the Tortoiseshells, Tabbies, and Blacks to come round.

There was uncle and aunt, and some cats of first water—
Of course not forgetting her last married daughter;
There was mother and sister, besides her first cousin:
Counting heads, as they sat, they made up a dozen.



MRS. G. DETERMINES TO BORROW HER MISTRESS' DISHES.

The next thing to be done, was to make preparation—
So the kittens were called to hold consultation.

Quoth Mrs. G., I've determined from Mistress to borrow,
All the dishes we need, and return them to-morrow.

"We'll have crumpets and muffins, and nice butter'd toast,
Shrimps and fried fish, and some meat, which we'll roast;
There's nothing like fish, though we've plenty beside;
I could eat a large plate-ful—especially fried."



THE TABLE GROANS, AND TOM RUNS AWAY.

The day was quite fine, the weather propitious,
So they spread out the things which appeared so delicious;
They had so much on the table, that a Tom Cat declared,
It certainly groaned, and he ran away scared.

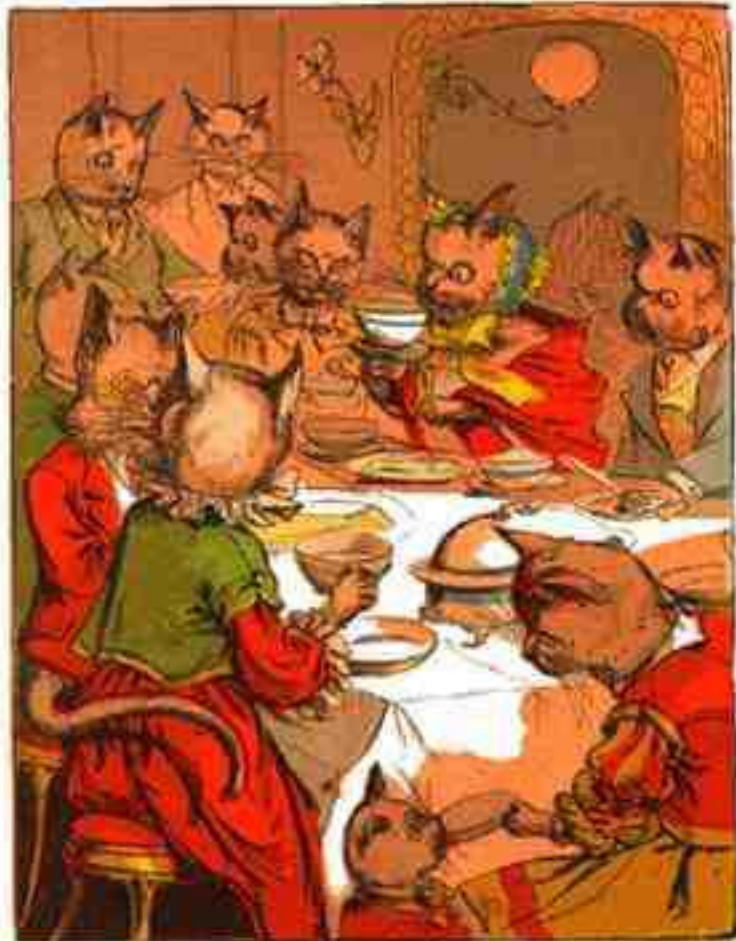
The guests now arriving, they each took a seat,
Some suspiciously eyeing the fish and the meat;
It having been hinted 'twas not all quite fresh,
They each began thinking they were caught in a mesh.



THEY ARE DESIRED TO MAKE THEMSELVES AT HOME.

Mrs. Evans was dressed in her best bib and tucker—
This quarrelsome cat often got in a pucker—
And though Tom was handsome he'd much cause to wail,
Being hurt by the door hanging to, on his tail.

But all went on smoothly, for each did their best,
To do all they could to please all the rest;
And they made themselves happy, as good kittens might,
Though of all the nice things, not one had been bought.



MRS. G.'s MARKED POLITENESS TO HER OLD
FRIEND, THOMAS.

Then madam Grimalkin, tho' oft she did roam,
Said, "I hope you will all make yourselves quite at home,
As mistresses don't look very close to her store,
There is plenty of everything—Tom, take some more."

"Yes, dear Mrs. Grimalkin. Now look at this dish,
And permit me to send you a piece of fried fish."
"I thank you, dear Tom. If your appetite's keen,
Here's a cup of the very best milk ever seen."



BILLY AND THE BELLOWS.

Each politeness from old and young feline shoots
Has seldom been seen since the famed Puss in Boots;
But Billy, who wore a great, brown, shining coat,
Got a dreadful large herring-bone stuck in his throat.

Then he kicked and "meowed" with all force he was able,
And finally turn'd upside down the great table;
When his friend, Mrs. Evans, of him being jealous,
Coolly thrust down his throat the nose of the bellows.



THE DANCE.

Such roughness—such kindness—at length moved the bone,
And poor Billy recovered himself very soon;
When a lady-like cat, who had visited France,
After supper proposed they should all have a dance.

Tera and her Lady-ship now opened the ball,
And merrily danced to the delight of them all;
The others soon followed, 'till all in the room
Were dancing away, as though quite at home.



SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF "MISSUS."

In the midst of the dancing the Mistress came in
 Completely astonished to hear such a din;
 She struck the ringleader, which so frightened the rest,
 That to get out of sight they each did their best.

MORAL.

A saying there is—perhaps not known to all—
 And so it the attention of every good cat I call;
 It's something about "taking what isn't his'n,"
 And the saying winds up with "he shall go to prison."
 So all cats and kittens from us take advice,
 And never steal viands, though ever so nice,
 Lest your feelings be hurt by this candid allusion,
 And, like Tom and the rest of them, get to confusion.

The End.

