

RICH MRS DUCK



DESIGNS BY J. H. HOWARD.



BOGS DINNER PARTY

McLOUGHLIN BROTHERS N. Y.

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World Public Library Association  
P.O. Box 22687  
Honolulu, Hawaii 96823  
[info@WorldLibrary.net](mailto:info@WorldLibrary.net)



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**RICH MRS. DUCK,**

**DOG'S DINNER PARTY.**

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By McLOUGHLIN BROS.,

in the Clerk's Office of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

## MRS. DUCK WADDLES OUT.

When Mrs. Duck waddled out  
    She kept wheezing and puffing,  
Which her friends said arose  
    From over-eating and stuffing;  
She observed other ducks,  
    As she passed along, stop,  
And make vulgar remarks  
    On the size of her crop;  
Every day she added something  
    Very rich to her dinner,  
But to her friends she declared  
    She got thinner and thinner.

One day she had scarce returned  
    From the gutter a minute,  
Having found and gobbled up  
    Many rich morsels in it,  
When she felt very queer—  
    Her head swimming round—



RICH MRS. DUCK WADDLES OUT.



## DR. DRAKE'S SHOP.

And could hardly help falling  
Quite flat on the ground;  
She tried this and that,  
But was compelled in the end,  
As she kept getting worse,  
For a Doctor to send.

Dr. Drake kept a shop,  
Of dimensions not large,  
In a hole in the dung-hill  
By the side of the yard,  
Where he dispensed certain small stones,  
And one or two gravels,  
With sundry rare herbs  
He'd found in his travels:  
And this Dr Drake,  
By very good luck,  
Was called in to prescribe  
For rich Mrs. Duck.



DR. DRAKE IN HIS SHOP.

THE DOCTOR PREPARES TO VISIT  
MRS. DUCK.

So brushing his clothes

And putting his feathers in order,  
He waddled off to advise

For the lady's disorder;

On entering her house

He found his patient extended  
Quite back in her chair,

And her crop much distended.

"Dr. Drake," she exclaimed,

"I feel greatly depressed—

Dizzy sight, very faint,

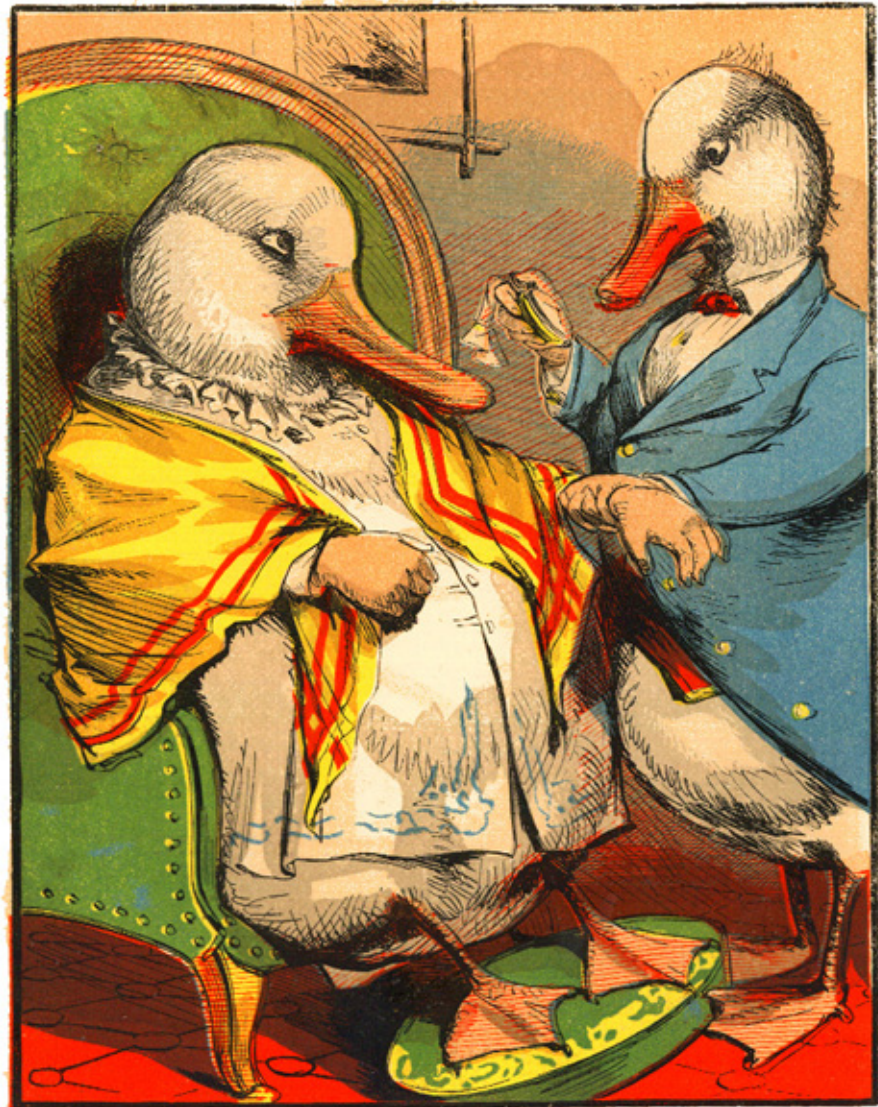
And such a load at my chest;



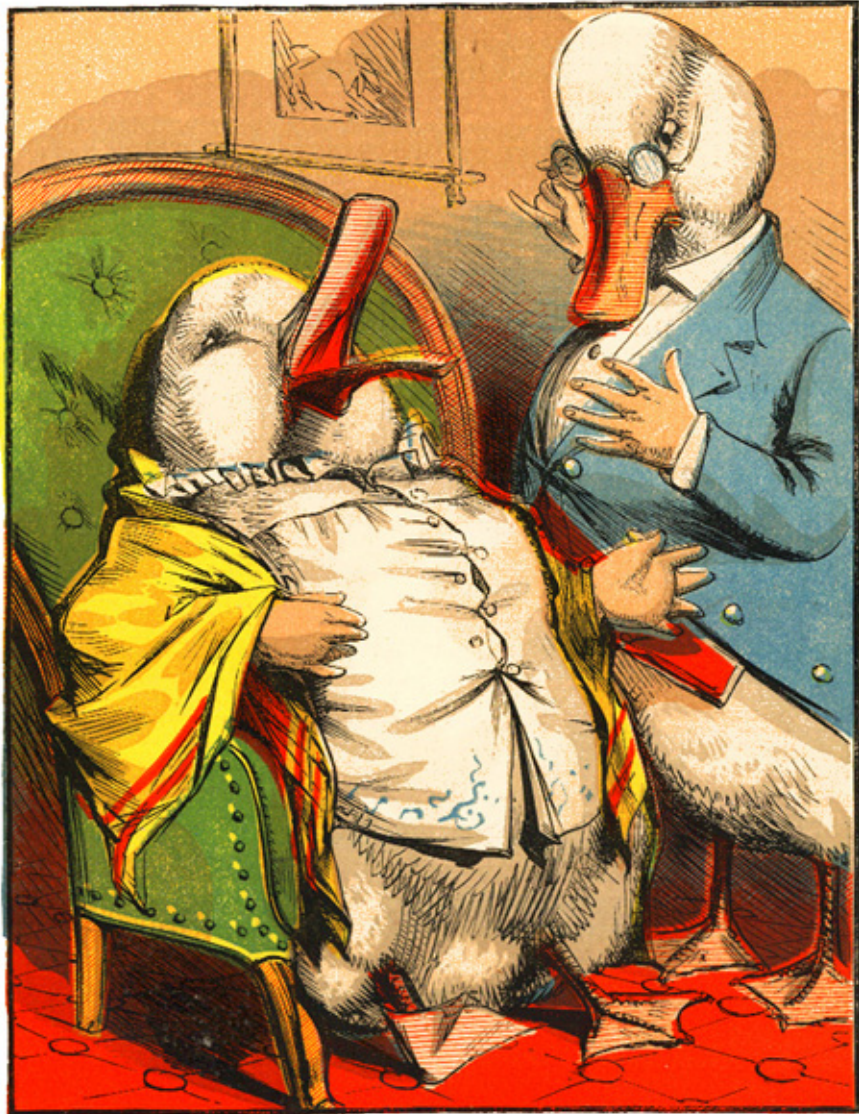
DR. DRAKE STARTS TO VISIT RICH MRS. DUCK.

MRS. DUCK DESCRIBES HER SENSATIONS.

“You must know, my dear Sir,  
I never exceed  
The simplest ingredients  
To take in my feed;  
And it certainly is  
To my delicate feelings most hard  
To suffer so oft  
Such racking pains in my gizzard;  
But I strongly suspect  
It all proceeds from the cramp,  
For I remember being out  
The other day in the damp.”



RICH MRS. DUCK DESCRIBES HER SENSATIONS.



DEATH OF RICH MRS. DUCK.

## DR. DRAKE'S OPINION.

The Doctor looked wisely—

Then shook his learn'd head,

And, taking her cold flabby paw

In his own, he thus said,

“Permit, me dear Madam,

Your tongue now to see;”

Then feeling her pulse,

“I'm thinking,” said he,

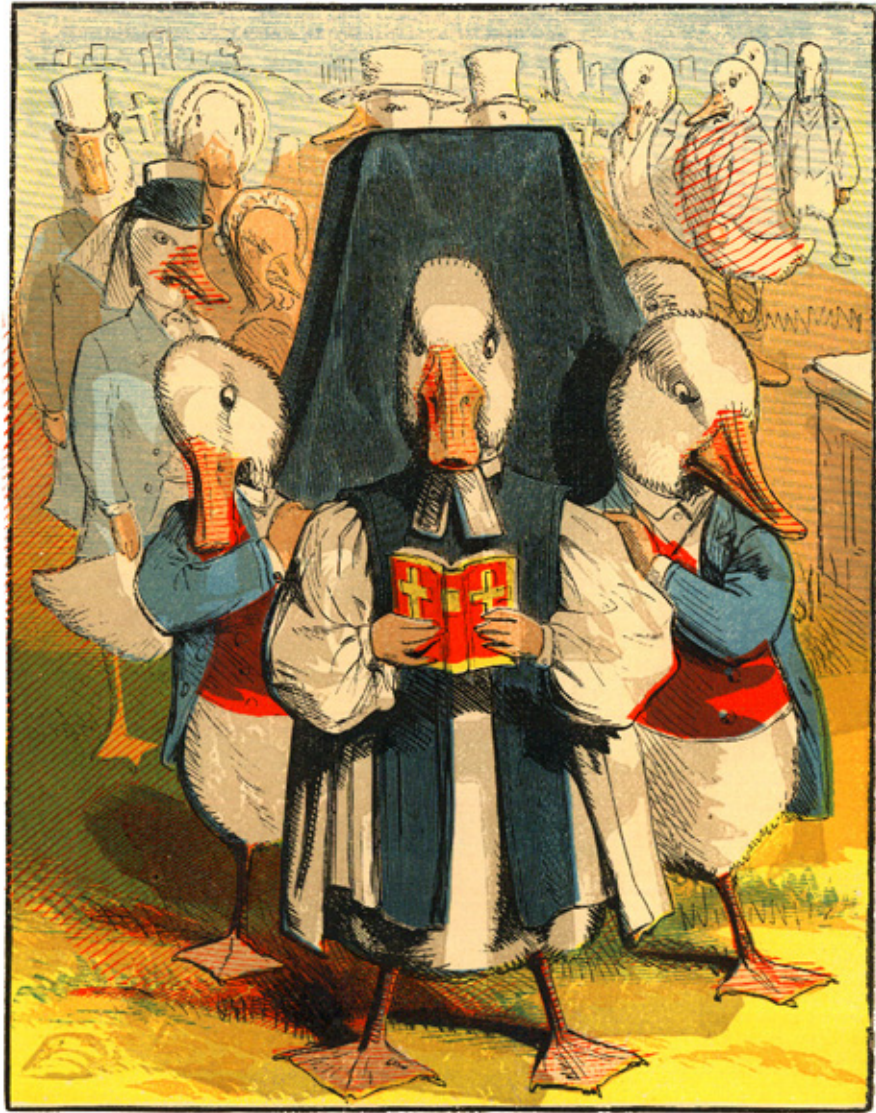
“Your disorder arises

From over-eating and drinking,

And your pulse is so low,

Without care you'll be sinking!”





THE FUNERAL OF RICH MRS. DUCK.

## MRS DUCK OFFENDED.

Quoth the lady, incensed  
At so rude a remark,  
"I'm sure, Dr. Drake,  
You're treating my case quite in the dark;  
From anything that I eat  
It cannot possibly be,  
For I am careful, indeed,  
To an extraordinary degree!"  
The fat lady's alarm  
As thus she replied,  
Was as much for her stomach  
As also her pride.



BURIAL OF RICH MRS. DUCK.

## DEATH OF MRS. DUCK.

But the Doctor at once,  
Without more ado,  
Commenced blistering and bleeding,  
With an emetic or two;  
And, just as he thought  
His patient looked better,  
She gave a roll of the eyes  
And a terrible flutter—  
Then fell on her back,  
And then on her side,  
Gave an awful loud quack—  
A struggle—and died.



THE MORAL PRESENTED TO YOUNG DUCKLINGS.

# THE MORAL PRESENTED TO YOUNG DUCKLINGS.

Her friends all assembled  
Near a neighboring swamp,  
And buried the rich lady  
With much funeral pomp;  
On her tombstone, I'm told,  
This inscription they placed on,  
"Here lies Mrs. Duck,  
The nasty old glutton;"  
And old Ducks oft bring here  
Their young Ducklings to see  
The disgrace and sad end  
Of filthy gluttony.

# THE DOGS' GRAND DINNER PARTY.



“SUPPOSE,” said young Dash,  
To his friend in the corner,  
“That a party we have,  
Now the weather is warmer;

We've spent a dull month,  
So for once let's be gay,  
And if you'll name the friends,  
I will soon name the day.”



MR. DASH AND HIS FRIEND MR. ROVER.



Says Dash, "Your suggestion  
Is every way right,  
So sit down at once,  
And begin to indite ;

We'll receive the young Dogs  
With a welcome most hearty,  
And I think we can make  
Up a capital party.

"There's our friend, Mr. Pincher,  
A bit of a beau,  
Who with him will bring  
Miss Flora, we know ;

How happy we'll be  
To see them both here  
And kind Mr. Pompey  
Will come, I don't fear.



ARRIVAL OF MISS FLORA AND MR. PINCHER.

“The best way to arrive  
Will be in a bus,  
Which will save expense,  
Without making a fuss;

They all can be put down  
Just facing the door,  
And we'll spend such a day  
As we ne'er spent before.”

The party arrived,  
And it was a queer sight,  
To see them so gay  
From the bus all alight;

The Lap-dog was gazed at,  
She being so small,  
And the Newfoundland, also,  
He being so tall.



ARRIVAL OF MISS LAPDOG AND MR. NEWFOUNDLAND.

The footmen were dressed  
In the richest attire,  
And were all that a lady  
Of taste could admire;

They bowed to the guests,  
Who were met by the host,  
And to make them at home,  
Not a moment was lost.

So, into the dining saloon  
They were shown,  
Where soon to each other  
Their names were made known,

By the host, who politely  
Invited each guest,  
With a merry "bow wow,"  
To partake of his best.



MONKEY THE FOOTMAN, SHOWS IN THE GUESTS.



THE ACCIDENT TO MISS FLORA.

The dinner was served  
In a new-fashioned way,  
But the servants, the Monkeys,  
Had too much to say;

And one careless Pug,—  
Oh, the accident guess,—  
Spilt a dish of hot soup  
On Miss Flora's silk dress!

Then all was confusion,  
The soup being hot,  
And the footman, of course,  
Was discharged on the spot:

While 'twas rumored by those  
With Miss Flora acquainted,—  
Had the floor not been hard,  
She'd have certainly fainted.





THE BULL-DOG WITH THE RAT PIE.

A rat pie being brought,  
Soon was hushed every voice,  
And each one declared  
That the dinner was choice;

While the Bull-dog, whose manner  
Was certainly rough,  
And we'll say unbecoming;  
Ate more than enough.

I'd have you to know  
That these Dogs were polite,  
They understood manners,  
And knew what was right;

After coffee was served,  
They withdrew, one and all,  
To the room where so gaily  
Was opened the ball.



MISS FLORA AND HER TERRIER DANCING.

The Terrier, though wild,  
Had the sense to be quiet,  
For, when females are present,  
There should be no riot.

There was no ill-humor,  
Which happiness clogs,  
And I think I may say  
They were all happy Dogs.

The ladies were delicate,  
Genteel, and pretty,  
And some, I am told,  
Were remarkably witty;

They danced with delight,  
Quite forgetting all sorrow,  
Not thinking their legs  
Would be tired to-morrow.



THE PARTY IS OVER, THE NIGHT TOO IS WET.

At length it grew late,  
While the night, too, was wet,  
And seeing no cabs,  
Caused Miss Fanny to fret;

Cried she, "My new dress,  
Which has cost so much gold,  
Is sure to be spoilt,  
And I shall catch a cold."

Her lover, good Dog,  
Had a new umbrella,  
Of which he instantly  
Hastened to tell her;

So the company left,  
And the party was over,  
When the doors were made fast  
By the watch-dog, old Rover.

The End.





