

THE CONFESSIONS OF A LOST DOG

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The confessions of a lost dog by Frances Power Cobbe

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FRANCES POWER COBBE

**THE CONFESSIONS
OF A LOST DOG**



PHOTOGRAPHED FROM LIFE,
BY FRANK HAES.

THE CONFESSIONS

OF A

LOST DOG.

REPORTED BY HER MISTRESS,
FRANCES POWER COBBE.



LONDON:

GRIFFITH AND FARRAN

(Successors to Newbery and Harris,)

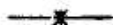
CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

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CONFESSIONS OF A LOST DOG.



YES, kind Ladies and Gentlemen, I am, as you see, a poor Lost Dog. I was found in the streets well-nigh dead of hunger and terror, and I was sent here by a good lady; and very thankful I am to have food and shelter and to be safe from those cruel boys. If I could only see my dear old mistress again I should be quite happy; but I wait and wait, and look out for her between these bars all day long, and she never comes. I am afraid I shall never see her again.

Do you ask what is my story? It is not anything wonderful. Nearly every dog here could tell you a more adventurous one; but as you ask me, I'll tell you all I can recollect about myself, and how I have come to be a Lost Dog at last.

When I was a puppy we lived in a pretty town, a great way off, on the shore of a beautiful lake. I have not much knowledge of geography, but I have heard my mistress say that the name of the town was Lausanne, in Switzerland. Our family must have migrated there at some time or other, for we were certainly high-born,—or, as Germans say, High and Well-born folk; Pomeranians by lineage. Some people called us Spitz-dogs, because our noses are so beautifully pointed, and sharp as needles; but for my own

part I consider that, for a lady, the title "Pomeranian" is more becoming. My mother was a dear, kind, soft creature; and I had several brothers and sisters, and when we took our walks in the streets in the warm summer evenings we were as merry a little party as ever you saw.

One day we were running after our mother, and she was trotting quietly behind her master, who kept a stable close by. I was barking and rushing about in the silly way young creatures do, without any earthly reason, when a gentleman passing by looked at me and laughed, and said something in a language I did not then understand, but I now believe it was, "What a jolly little puppy!" Then he took me up in his arms, and spoke to our master, and carried

me into an hotel close by, and up to a room where a lady was sitting, writing, at a table.

"What do you think I have got here?" said he, and he popped me down right in her lap. I was not at all frightened,—I was too young and inexperienced, and the gentleman and lady both touched me very gently. So I jumped up and kissed the lady, in our way (which of course you know is by licking the tip of her nose), and made myself as agreeable as I could. The lady kissed me, in *her* way, and tickled me, and said I was "a dear little thing," and she should like to have me very much—and called me a little "Chinchilla muff," which I suppose was very much what I resembled at that time. So the gentleman went downstairs again and had a talk with my master, and after

some discussion I saw him take out a gold napoleon and give it to him, and then my brother and I were delivered over to the gentleman, and he took us away.

Our poor dear mother looked very wistfully at us, and tried to jump up and take us out of the gentleman's arms; but our master called her off peremptorily, and she went away with her two remaining puppies very dolefully, and the last I saw of her was her tail, drooping mournfully on the ground, which, you know, for us Pomeranians, is a sign of the greatest possible misery. Few dogs, I am happy to say, hold their tails up as consistently as we, all through our lives.

My brother and I were soon put to bed for the night in a basket, after a nice supper of