

THE
MONKEY'S FROLO

A HUMOROUS TALE,

IN VERSE.



LONDON

GRIFFITH AND FAIRAN,

ST & GRIFFITH, SUCCESSORS TO NEV BERY & HAF
CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

THE MONKEY'S FROLIC.



A *Monkey*, that comical tricks would be at,
His frolics one morning began with the *Cat*;
He chatter'd, as much as to say *How d' ye do*?
And *Puss* look'd her thanks, and politely cried *Mew*!
Pug then shook her paw, and they sat down together,
Puss washing her face, indicating wet weather.

THE MONKEY'S FROLIC.



But, mischief the *Monkey* inclining to harbour,
His skill he resolved now to try as a *Barber*.—
A soap-box conveniently lay in the room,
“Miss *Puss*,” he exclaimed, “you’ll be shav’d I presume?”
Then scraping and bowing with grin and grimace,
Despite of resistance, he lather’d her face.

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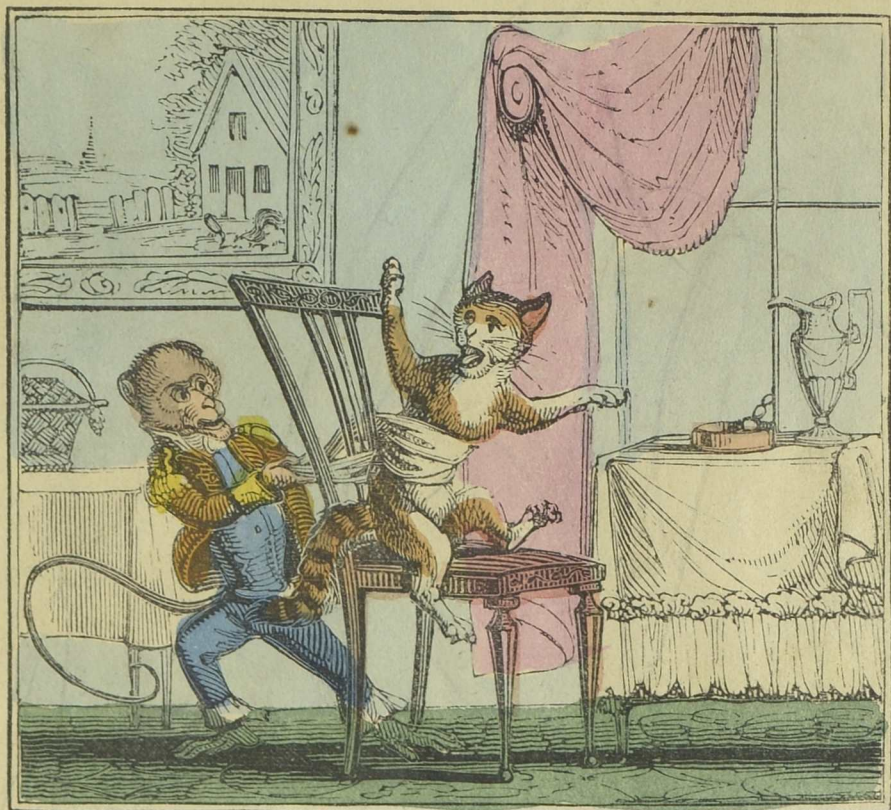
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Now *Pug* could not find either razor or knife,
So *Puss* ran no hazard of losing her life ;
Yet razor or knife though they could not be had,
Pug found what the terrified *Cat* thought as bad ;
A knife made of ivory, in use to cut paper,
With which Barber *Pug* now proceeded to scrape her.



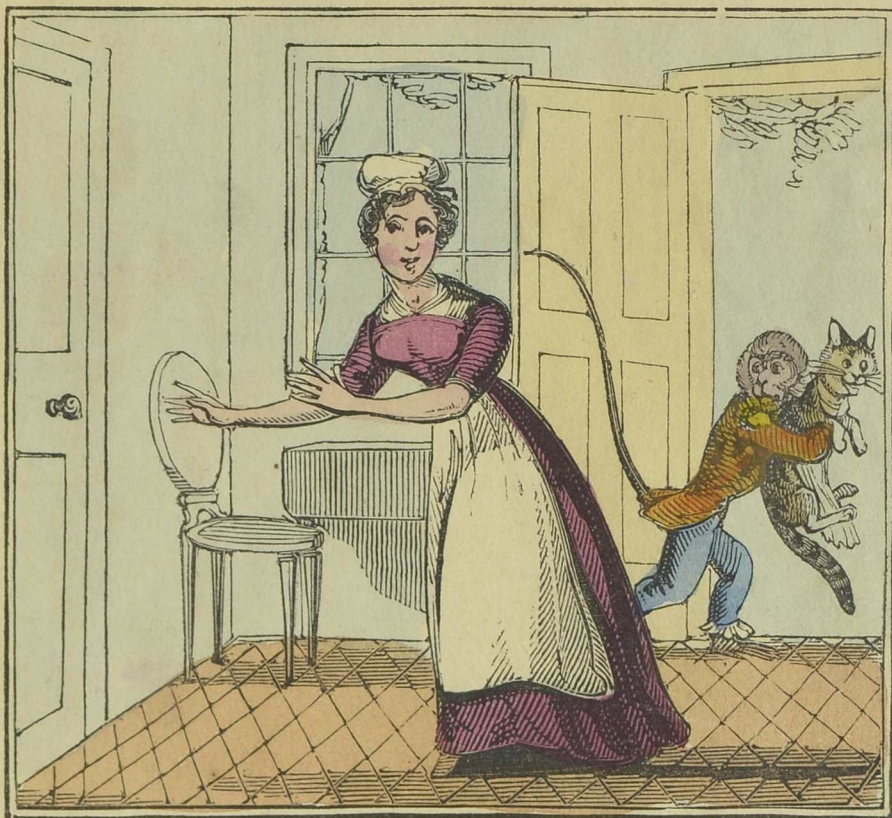
But *Puss* on a sudden deserted her station,
Disliking (no wonder) the strange operation,
And ran round the room without means of escaping ;
While *Pug*, still determined to give her a scraping,
Pursued, and, regardless of struggle or prayer,
Fast bound her, at last, to the back of a chair.







When, tucking a napkin close under her chin,
Each mew of dismay he return'd with a grin ;
And yelling and chattering they raised such a clatter,
That *Susan* rush'd in to learn what was the matter ;
When *Pug*, overturning the chair midst the clack,
Ran off, leaving *Pussy* stretched out on her back.



The sight was to *Susan* so curious, that faster
She ran *out* than *in*, to tell *Mistress* and *Master* ;
But, when they came up, neither *Puss* nor the *Shaver*
Was there, to account for improper behaviour ;—
For *Pug* had contrived, amid *Susan's* alarms,
To reach the house-top, with Miss *Puss* in his arms.



Now fearing that *Pug* or *Miss Puss* might be maim'd,
"Go, fetch a long ladder," the *Master* exclaim'd ;
"And bring them down quickly both *Barber* and *Cat*."
"Oh, oh !" thought the *Monkey*, "*I sha'nt suffer that*."
The ladder was climb'd by a servant so valiant,
But *Pug* with loose tiles soon repulsed the assailant.



Against all manœuvre apparently proof,
Pug chatter'd and paced to and fro on the roof,
And fondled the *Cat*, and next, pitying her case,
He wiped with the napkin the suds from her face ;
As nurse would a child, then he held her out so,
While all the spectators kept laughing below.

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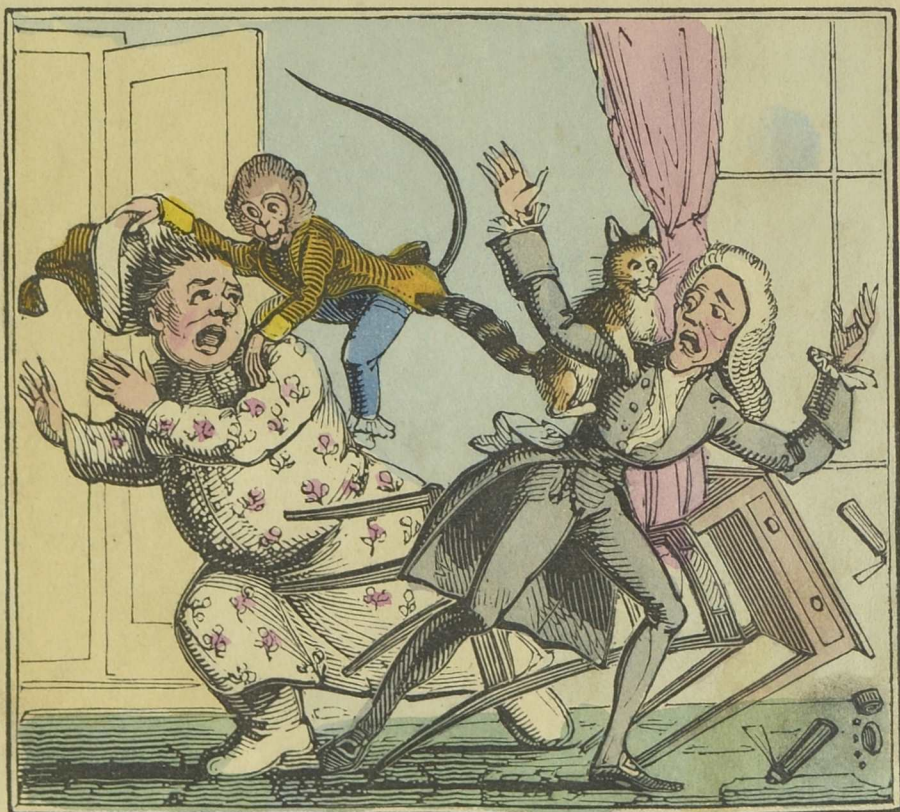
Now seeing him thus to good humour inclined,
They thought he might prove more pacific of mind,
So mounted the ladder another assailer ;
When *Pug*, of loose tiles now perceiving a failure,
Eluded the grasp of pursuit with a hop,
And gain'd an adjacent and tall chimney-pot.



It chanced that the vent of this same chimney led
 Direct to a chamber, confined to his bed
 Where lay an old gentleman, ill with the gout,
And wishing some bad fate might thence drag him out!
Pug, missing his footing, 'midst vapour and fume,
 That instant with *Puss* tumbled into the room.

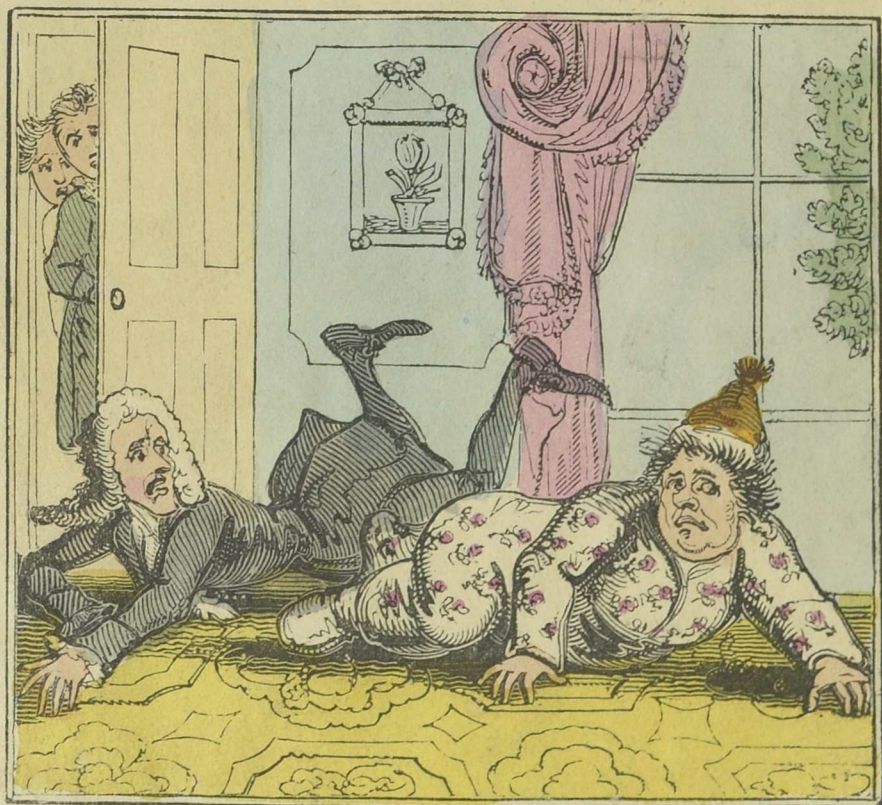


Grim'd over with soot, they kick'd up such a rout,
And caper'd the sick man's apartment about,
And chatter'd and squall'd in a manner so hideous,
Like young imps of darkness, that, not to be tedious,
The sufferer forgot both his gout and his prayers,
And scamper'd, pursued by these phantoms, down stairs!



There sat in the parlour a medical man,
And thither *pursued* and *pursuers* now ran ;
And *Puss* and the *Monkey* grown fiercer and bolder,
Physician and Patient seized each by his shoulder,
Who raised such a yell, that the *chorus* resembled
A legion of mad-caps from Bedlam assembled.





The tumult each wonder-struck inmate alarm'd ;
At length on assistance they ventured well arm'd,
And entered the scene of dismay and despair,—
When lo ! no invaders of quiet were there !
But Doctor and Patient lay stretch'd on the floor,
Not wotting of terror a forthcoming cure.



The incident soon was of mystery cleared,—
The owner of *Pug* and *Grimalkin* appear'd ;
“My *Monkey* and *Cat* have created alarm ;
“I hope,” he observed, “you have not taken harm :”—
Then cautiously peering the chamber about,
He dragg'd, from the chimney, both intruders out.



Alarm now gave way to good humour and fun,—
“Much harm to my friend,” said the Patient, “is done;
“Your *Ape* pill and potion has put to the rout,
“And cured me, I thank him, at once of the *Gout*.”
He then to the *Monkey* made reverence profound,
Who *salam'd* politely the company round.



The *Doctor* a lesson thus learned, that despite
 Of physic, the Gout may be cured by a *fright*;
 And to show that no malice or envy he knew,
 He shook hands with *Pug*, and each party withdrew.

M O R A L.

*If terrors assail you, examine the cause,
 And all will be well ;—for, by NATURE'S kind laws,
 Nor Goblins nor Spectres on earth have a station,—
 These phantoms are all of ideal creation.*

KEY

EACH.

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