

PUG'S
TOUR THROUGH EUROPE;

OR,

The Travell'd Monkey :

CONTAINING

HIS WONDERFUL ADVENTURES
IN THE PRINCIPAL CAPITALS OF THE GREATEST
EMPIRES, KINGDOMS, AND STATES.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

LONDON:
JOHN HARRIS,
CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

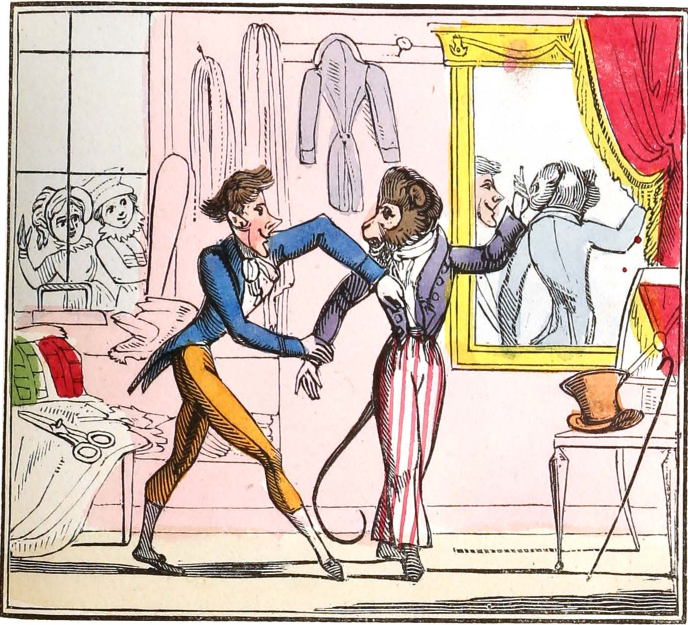
LONDON :

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A COUNTRY Pug to London came,
A raw young bumpkin 'Squire ;
Awkward his dress, his gait the same,
His full-moon cheeks on fire.

With open mouth and staring eyes,
He passes through the city,
Exciting laughter and surprize,
And something, too, like pity.



But Pug was on improvement bent,
And wish'd to be in fashion ;
So to a tip-top tailor went,
Determin'd to be dashing.

Fine clothes bespoke, Snip knew his trade,
And fitted him quite handy ;
The bumpkin grew a dashing blade,
A Bond-street lounging dandy.



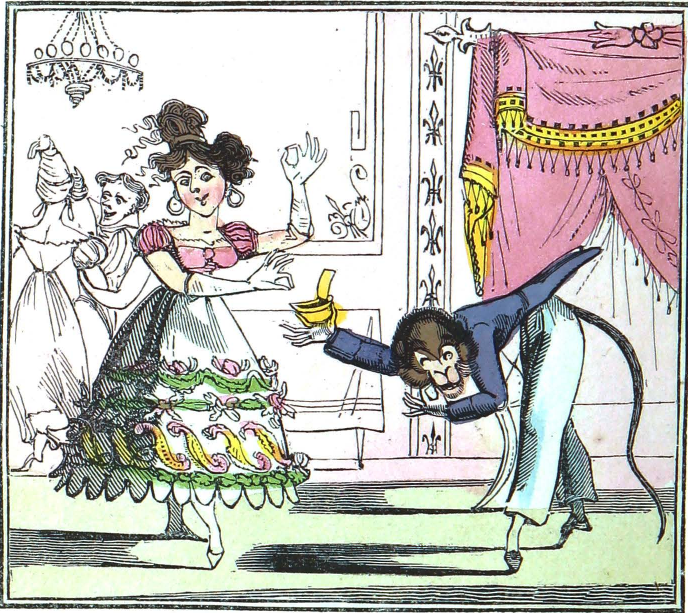
'Twas now resolv'd that he should make,
Like other rich young heirs,
The *Tour of Europe*, and forsake
Old England for some years.

On board a packet, Calais bound,
The youth embark'd at Dover ;
But here much inconvenience found,
And wish'd himself well over.



Whilst some were sick, and some were sad,
Some thoughtful,—others mellow ;—
The sailors cried, “ Cheer up, my lad,
Here’s port, my little fellow !”

Then leaping on a woman’s back,
Pug gaily rode to shore ;
Laughing as though his sides would crack,—
He ne’er laugh’d so before.



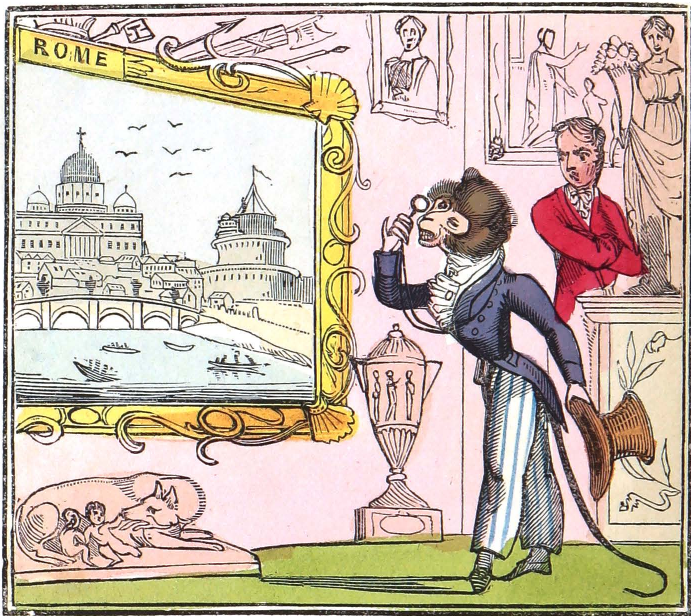
To Paris now he bends his way,
 Is there admir'd by all;—
 Frequents the concert and the play,
 And dances at the ball.

He twirls the ladies with a grace,
 Takes snuff with *très bon air*,
 His shoulders shrugs with such grimace,
 A Frenchman Pug you 'd swear.



Now o'er the Pyrenees he flies,
To take a peep at Spain ;
And in Madrid his fortune tries
With the fair *Donna* train.

But, ah ! no triumph here was won !—
A *challenge* came one day ;—
So Pug did all that could be done—
Pack'd up, and ran away.



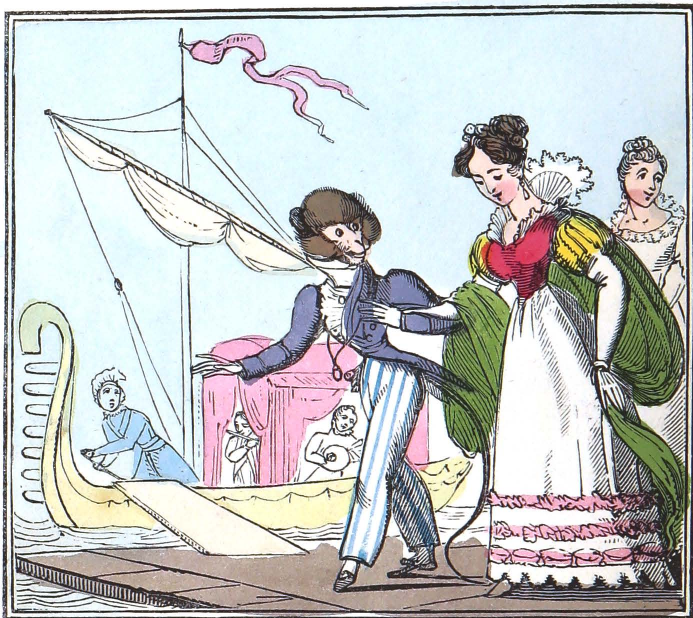
For Italy he shap'd his course,
 To shew his wond'rous parts ;
 At Rome and Florence held discourse
 Of sciences and arts.

Paintings, he'd say, were so and so,—
 Sculptures were such and such ;
 And each he'd criticise, although
 A pig knows just as much.



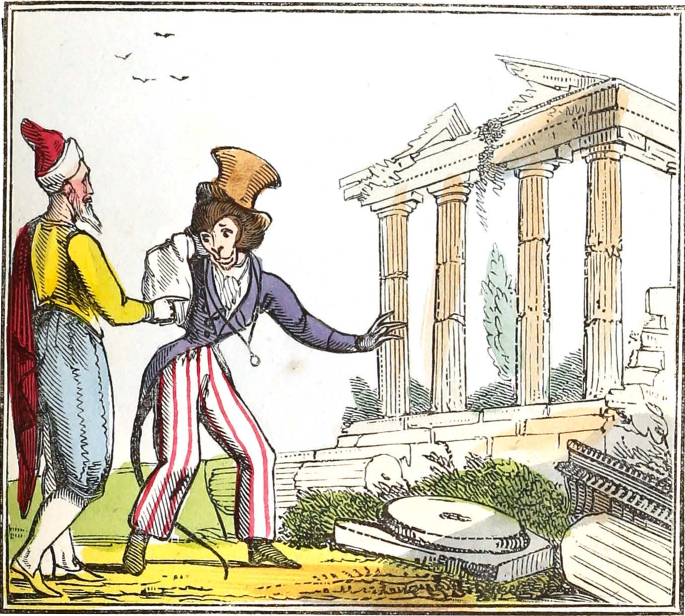
To Venice next our traveller went,
The carnival to see ;
And there his time he gaily spent
In scenes of mirth and glee.

Mask'd and disguis'd in fairy shapes,
The folks look'd wond'rous fine ;—
Said Pug, “ Why here 's a *land of apes*,
And these are friends of mine !”



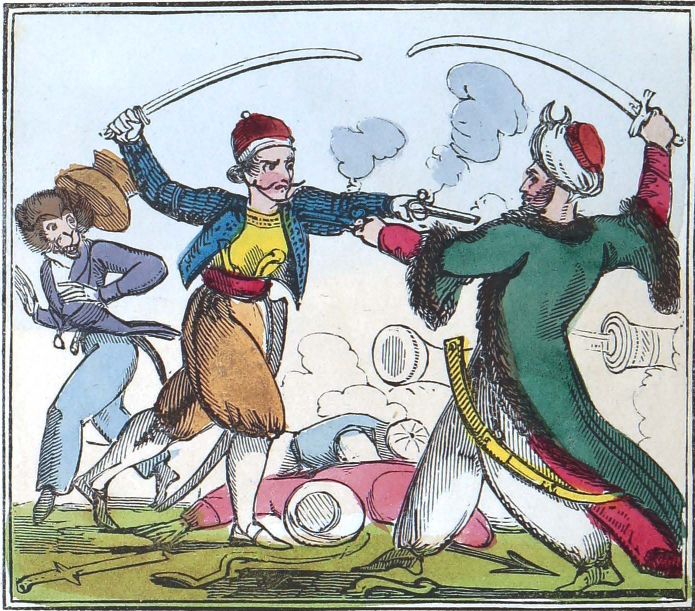
A handsome gondola he hir'd,
Musicians too, so gay !—
His taste the ladies all admir'd,
Got in, and sail'd away.

The band struck up,—Pug said fine things,
The females made reply ;
Time flew away on silken wings,
Pug felt in ecstasy !



Through Greece, that cradle of the Arts,
Our tourist slowly rang'd,
And saw, distressing to all hearts,
How much her scenes were chang'd.

By *Gothic Virtuosi* spoil'd
Of monuments most rare,
For which their ancestors had toil'd
And wrought with anxious care.



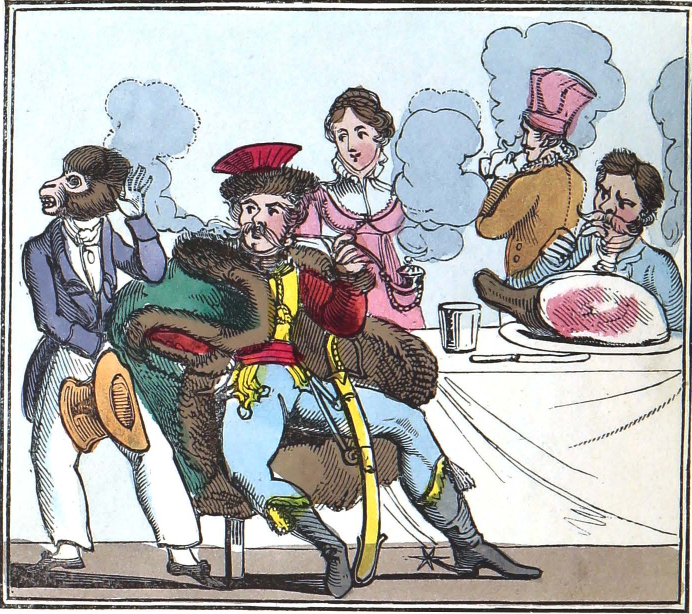
But whilst our hero rov'd about,
 The country to explore,
 A dreadful desperate war broke out—
 He heard the cannon roar !

Of powder Pug dislik'd the smell,—
 He was not form'd to fight ;
 “ Brave Greeks !” he cried, “ I wish you well,
 And wish you all—Good night.”



Among the turban'd Turks he steer'd,
A swagg'ring blust'ring race ;
Where female forms indeed appear'd,
But not one female face.

Pug lik'd not this unsocial plan,
For him it would not do ;
Woman he'd rather see than man,
So bade the brutes adieu.



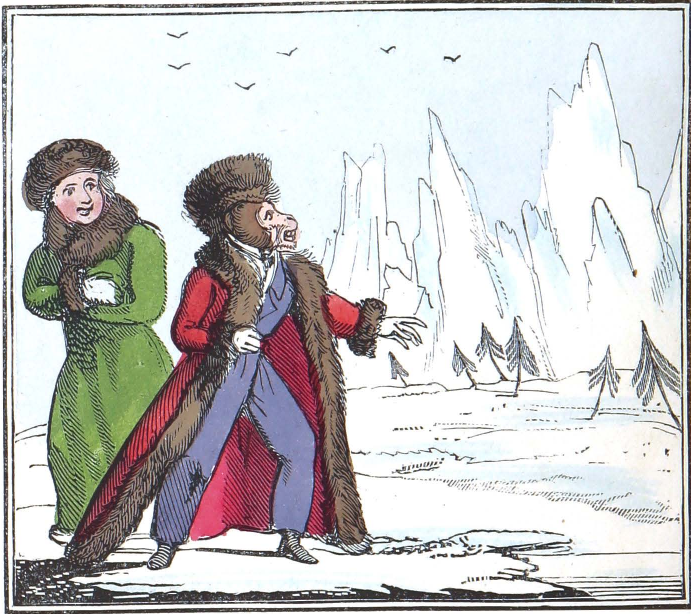
To Germany he bowls away,
Another race to see ;
Sincere and honest in their way.
But rough as rough can be.

Westphalian hams they here devour
Till nearly dead with thirst ;
Then drink till they can hold no more,
And almost till they burst.



For Russia's empire off he trudg'd,
 A rude and trackless space!
 But much his toilsome journey grudg'd
 To such a slavish race.

Of tyrant lord, and vassal boor,
 He scorn'd the wretched lot:
 The former princely proud, though poor,
 The latter—Nature's blot.



To Norway, then, our traveller went,
And o'er the mountains toil'd,
Shuddering to view the steep descent,
The landscape rude and wild.

There frowning woods and hills arise
Beyond the deep abyss ;
“ Save me,” cries Pug, and lifts his eyes,
“ From such a place as this !”



Among the Dutch Pug shew'd his
 phiz,
 A surly, selfish crew,
 Where every man a trader is,
 Each trader is a Jew.

On some capacious barrel's head
 They count their cash with glee;
 And there the frugal board they
 spread,
 If so inclined they be.

Sick of their habits, smoked to
 death,
 Pug took his passage home;
 And, landing, cried, "Whilst I
 have breath,
 "From England I'll ne'er roam."

But, after all, I feel no doubt,—
 Let *him* say what he will,—
 That he who went a monkey out,
 Is but a monkey still.