

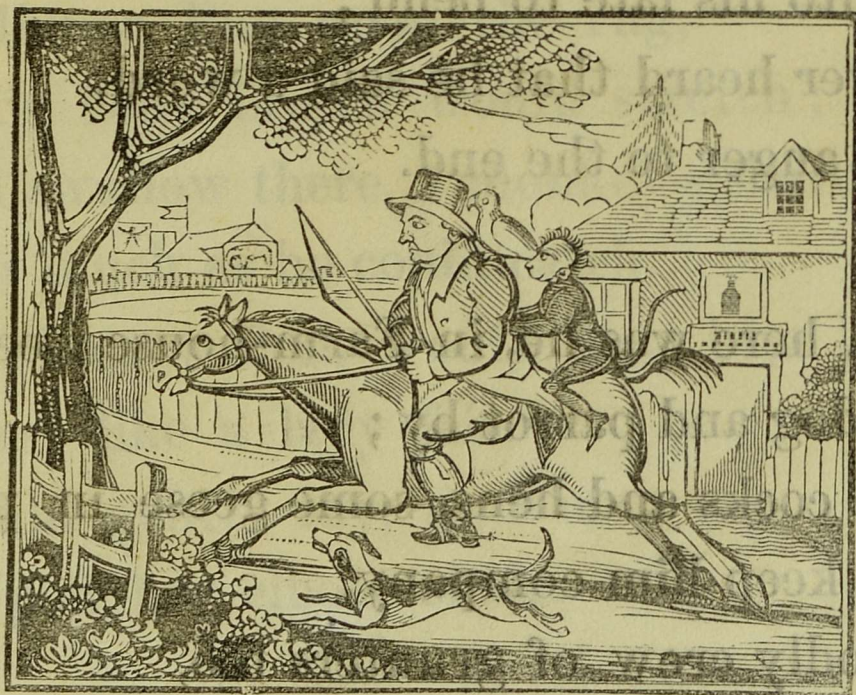


LONDON :- T. GOODE, PUBLISHER, CLERKENWELL GREEN.



LONDON: T. COOTE, PUBLISHER, CLEVELAND STREET, LONDON.

THE COMICAL HISTORY
OF THE
BROWN MONKEY.



Some folks in France make monkey's dance,
And tumble over sticks ;
In England, here, it will appear,
They play as funny tricks.
Some Pugs are black, their nuts they crack,
And some are blue to eye ;
My monkey's brown, from head to crown,
And here's his history.

THE HISTORY OF

How he came here it don't appear,—

He did not bring himself;

In Afric caught and hither brought,

To change away for pelf.

The money paid, poor Pug was made,

Unto his fate to bend;

I never heard that he said a word.

In anger to the end.

Well, here was he, in Farm-house free,

A dog and parrot by;

Some cocks and hens, some geese in pens,

To keep him company.

A goodly crew of grunTERS too,

Were in the service press'd,

And Pug became, in deed and name,

The leader of the rest.

When Farmer Brown went up to town,

Upon his dapple grey;

Young Pug would stick behind him quick,

The dog would lead the way.

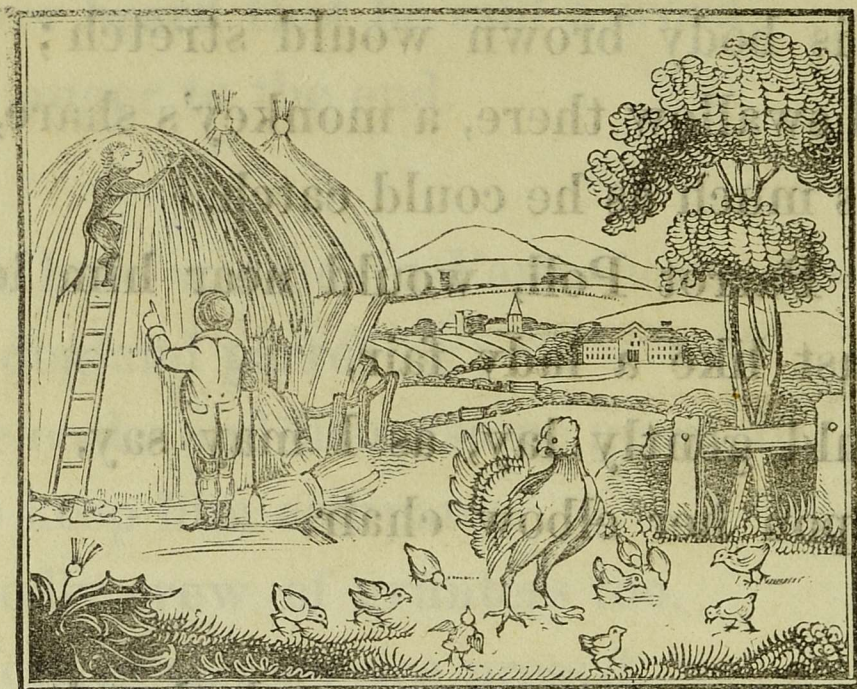
THE BROWN MONKEY.

And at his neck, with beak to peck,
And claws to grapple fast ;
The Parrot too, his pluck would shew,
Remaining to the last.

At dinner, Pug upon the rug,
His body brown would stretch ;
And swallow there, a monkey's share,
As much as he could catch.
The Parrot Poll, would near him loll,—
Just like a lady fair,
Would gently lay, as I may say,
Upon her elbow chair.

'Twould have done you good, that it would,
To see poor Pug at work ;
In stacking hay, he'd slave away,
As hard as any Turk.
While farmer Brown was standing down,
Young Pug would perch him high ;
On ladder tall, and seeing all,
Whate'er was wrong espy.

And up and down about the town,
 The neighbours all would cry;
 Did e'er you see a Pug like he,
 That would such antics try.

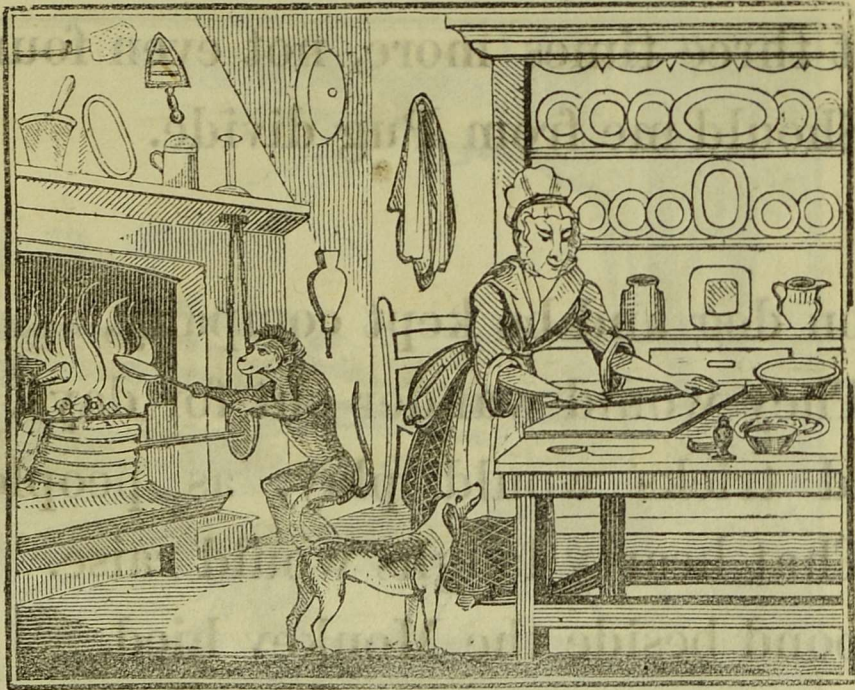


Pug stacking hay.

His equal, there, I do declare,
 Been seen had never yet;
 To his dying day the people say,
 That monkey was their pet.

THE BROWN MONKEY.

He'd tend the door, and sweep the floor,
And scrub the tables too;
In kitchen cook, instead of Suke,
Or make an Irish stew.



Pug cooking a chop in the Kitchen.

Or fry a chop—at home, or stop
The Farmer's house to mind;
At every thing he had a fling,
To please his mistress kind.

THE HISTORY OF

A man there came, I think his name,
Was "Bouncing Bobby Tim,"
Who offered fair, in money there,
One hundred pounds for him.
A hundred pounds full well doth sound,
Our Monkey's master cried!
But three times more, not even four,
Should me from Pug divide.

Soon dog and he kept company,
They would wander out for days,
And tricks would play, as people say,
That hearty laughs would raise.
A pond beside the Monkey hied,
And Toby followed by;
And fetch and carry, and would be merry,
As well as you or I.

There was one thing they could not bring
Our Monkey bright to do;
The case was thus—he hated Puss,
And Puss she hated too.

THE BROWN MONKEY.

And many a scratch poor Pug would catch
From kittens two and three;
So he never would, for bad or good,
Keep Feline company.



Pug and the Dog playing at the pond.

Pug was so slave, but did behave,
As if he felt his place;
His friends he shew'd that nought he owed
To bring him to disgrace.

THE HISTORY OF

When he was dressed all in his best,
No lord could be more proud,
Erect his head, and firm his tread,
While he would chatter loud.

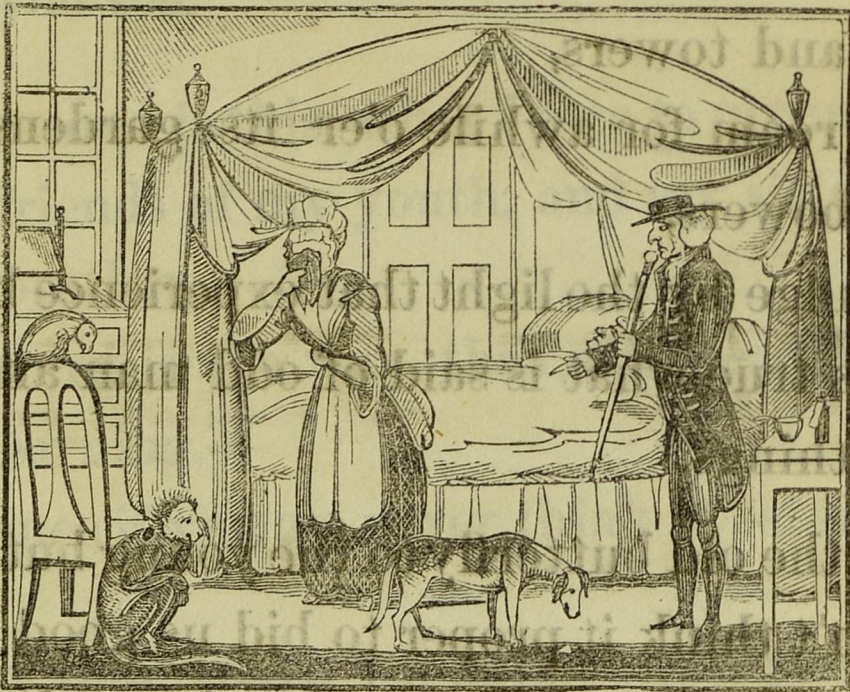
Pug now fell in, and took a pill,
The doctor then was brought ;
Who shook his head, but what he said,
I'm sure it matters nought.
Poor Pug he died, and by his side,
Went Toby full of woe ;
So a grave was made in a green wood
shade,
Where they laid their bodies low.

Of friends bereft, alone, and left,
Poor Poll she moped too ;
And pined away from day to day,
As little children do.

Her eyes grew weak, and thin her cheek,
I mean her face—the bird ;
So in grave the same I did name,
Her body was interred.

THE BROWN MONKEY.

And there's the ends of these three friends
And all their tricks and fun,
Old Farmer Brown was quite cast down,
To think their race was run.



Death of poor Pug and Toby.

If Pug had lived, and now survived,
A wonder we should eye,
But gone is he, and mourn must we,
Good bye, poor Pug, good bye.

THE YOUNG BUTTERFLY.

Said a young Butterfly to an old Butterfly,
If I stop much longer with you, I shall die.
I cannot live moping, whatever may come,
So do not think father, to keep me at home.

For the world I must see with its castles
and towers,
And roam for awhile o'er its gardens and
bowers,
To judge by the light that experience brings
If 'tis true what is said of odd man and his
things.

Said the old butterfly to the young butterfly
I don't think it proper to bid us good bye.
It is all very well to be chatting so light,
But talking and doing, is different quite.

There's flowers enough in this garden of
mine,
To make you feel happy if you can incline.
Plenty of butterflies, ladies and gents,
To keep you alive without going from hence.

THE YOUNG BUTTERFLY.

Besides you don't think of your sister and
brother,

And the pain you will give to the heart of
your Mother!

I'd ask myself questions, one, two and three
What good is got by roaming, is one do
you see.

The second is this, what I owe to my mother
The friends of my youth, and my sister and
brother,

The third is the way, that my bread I'd be
earning,—

For once if you go, never think of returning.

From your youth we have reared you, and
fed you, and taught,

For in old age you ne'er would forsake us
we thought.

But go wicked child, as I see that I warry,
When off the young butterfly flew in a hurry

He roamed for awhile over flower and tree,
And no butterfly felt so happy as he.

THE YOUNG BUTTERFLY.

When just as the sun was beginning to go,
To his bed in the west as all of you know.
A troop of young children playing about,
Beheld all at once the gay thing with a
shout,
And one that run quicker than others
could by,
Caught fast in his hand the young butterfly.
In vain then he fluttered, and struggled,
and wept,
And wished too late, that his home he had
kept.
In less time than would take his fate to
bewail,
He was dead—he was dead, that's the end
of my tale.



PENCE TABLE.

Twenty pence are one and eight pence,

Wash your face and comb your hair.

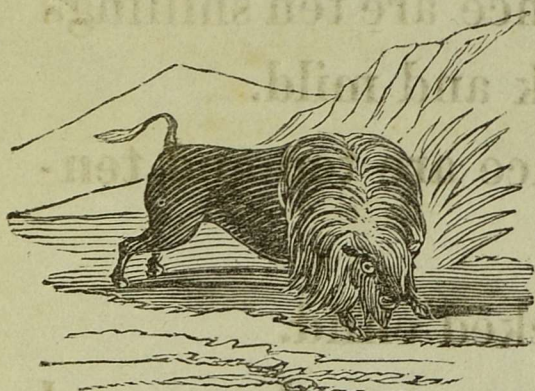
Thirty pence are two and sixpence,

Every day to school repair.

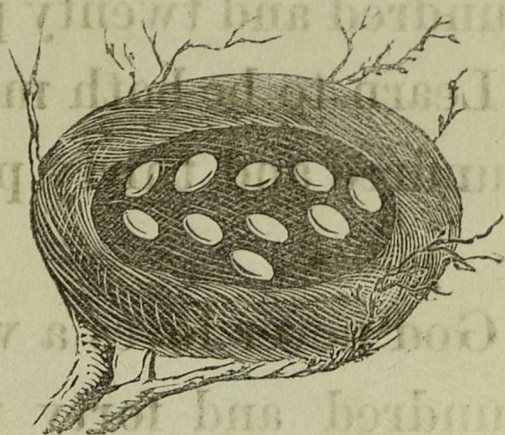
Forty pence are three and fourpence,

Learn to read while you are young.

Fifty pence are four and twopence,



Bison.



Sparrow's nest.

Never use a lying tongue.

Sixty pence are five shillings,

Honour both your Father and Mother.

Seventy pence are five and tenpence,

Love your sister and your brother.

PENCE TABLE.

Eighty pence are six and eightpence,
Mind what you are taught at school.

Ninety pence are seven and sixpence,
Never call your brother a fool.

Hundred pence are eight and fourpence,
Never learn to cheat or swear.

Hundred and ten pence are nine and two-
pence,

With bad companions take no share.

Hundred and twenty pence are ten shillings
Learn to be both meek and mild.

Hundred and thirty pence are ten and ten-
pence,

God never loves a wicked child.

Hundred and forty pence are eleven and
eightpence,

Learn this table at your school.

Hundred and forty-four pence are twelve
shillings,

Never forget the golden rule.