

THE
COMIC ADVENTURES
OF
OLD DAME TROT,
AND
HER CAT:

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LONDON.
PRINTED FOR J. HARRIS AND SON,
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Albert Ellis

Walpole

August 26th 1920

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John Dupree. Feb 14 1822.



W. M. L. S.
W. M. L. S.
W. M. L. S.



Portrait
OF
DAME TROT.

From an Original Painting.

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1820.

THE
COMIC ADVENTURES
OF
OLD DAMP TROOP
AND
H.M.S. CAT

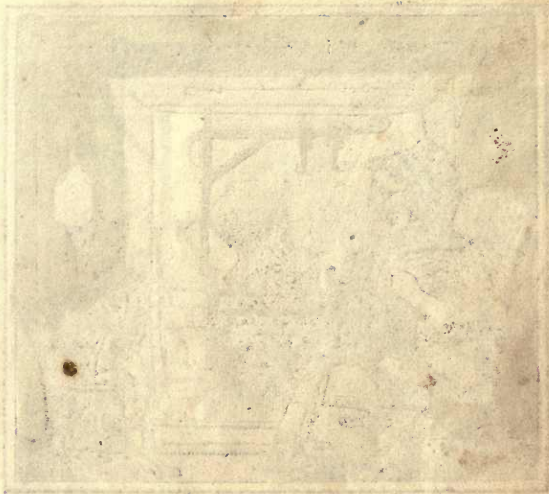
COMIC ADVENTURES

FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE HUMAN
LIBRARY.



LONDON:
PRINTED FOR E. HARRIS AND SONS,
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1827





Here you behold Dame Thyn and
 her countess Cat you see;
 and in an bow chair
 they sit, in they seats.

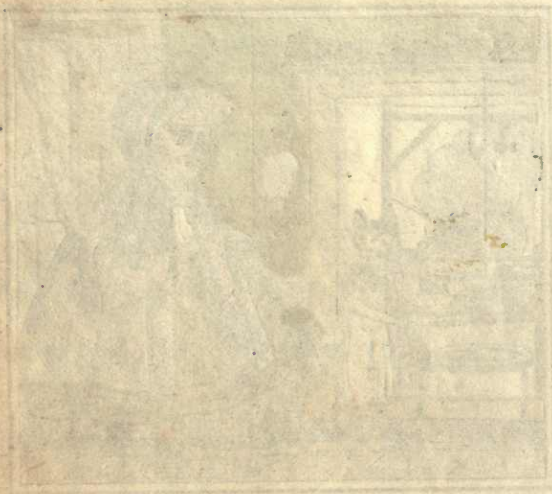


Here you behold Dame Trot, and
here

Her comic Cat you see ;
Each seated in an elbow chair
As snug as they can be.



Dame Trot came home one wintery
night,
A shivering, starving soul,
But Puss had made a blazing fire,
And nicely truss'd a Fowl.



When I got home one winter

night,

A shivering, starting soul,

But I had made a blazing fire,

And nobody there but a Tortoise.



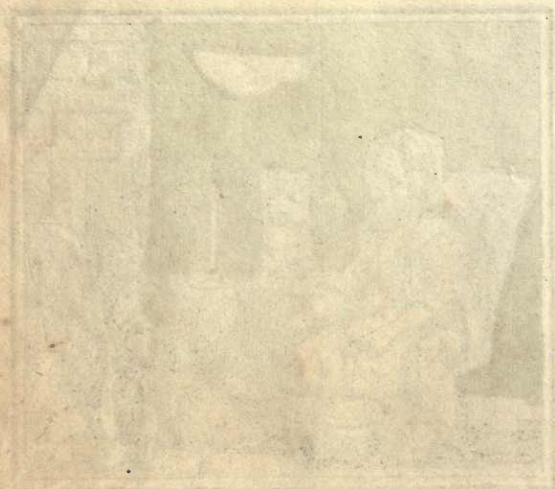
The British was plain, the Bowl was
 The tablet is plain; the
 The condition has been to
 The only condition.



The Dame was pleas'd, the Fowl was
dress'd,
The table set in place ;
The wondrous Cat began to carve,
And Goody said her grace.



The cloth withdrawn, old Goody
cries,
“ I wish we 'd liquor too :”
Up jump'd Grimalkin for some wine,
And soon a cork she drew.



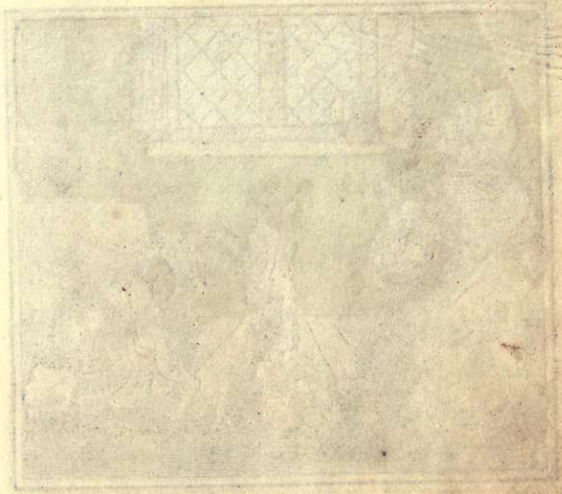
The cloth with which the

is

I wish we should see

the same in some way

And soon a year or two



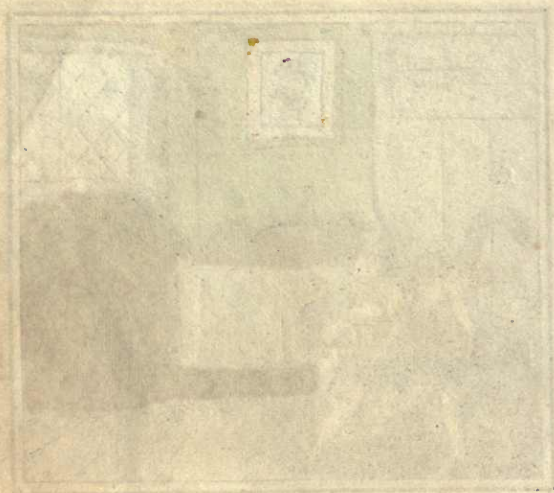
The wine got up in Patsy's head,
 She would not go to bed;
 But tumbled and tumbled, head and
 tail,
 And soon upon her head.



The wine got up in Pussy's head,
She would not go to bed ;
But purr'd and tumbled, leap'd and
danc'd,
And stood upon her head.



Old Goody laugh'd to see the sport,
As though her sides would crack ;
When Puss, without a single word,
Leap'd on the Spaniel's back.



Old Goody thought to see the spot
 As though her eyes would sink
 When first without a single word
 I set it on the point of her



"The first bell done!" old Froze-
 chime
 "Why can you gallop well?
 The spot grew such a growl and din
 And down the rider fell.



“ Ha, ha ! well done ! ” old Trot ex-
claims,

“ My Cat, you gallop well ; ”

But Spot grew surly, growl'd and bit,
And down the rider fell.



Now Goody sorely was fatigued,
Nor eyes could open keep,
So Spot, and she, and Pussy too,
Agreed to go to sleep.

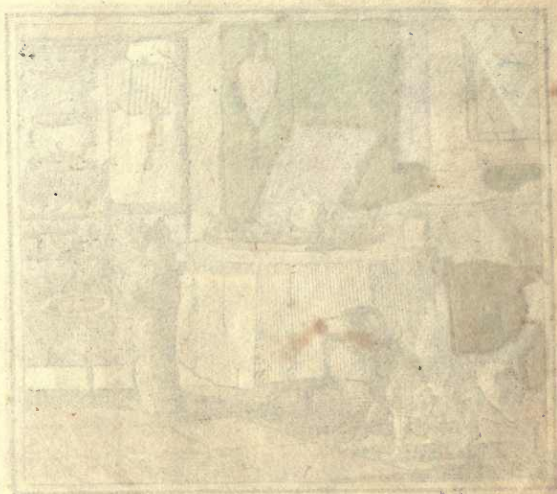


Now, nobody surely was intended,

That eyes could open keep,

To shut and close, and busy run,

Agreed to go to sleep.



Next morning the good business
The breakfast-table should
And the village school struck eight
The ten and twelve the number



Next morning Puss got up betimes,
The breakfast-cloth she laid ;
And ere the village clock struck eight,
The tea and toast she made.



Goody awoke and rubb'd her eyes,
And drank her cup of tea ;
Amaz'd to see her Cat behave
With such propriety.

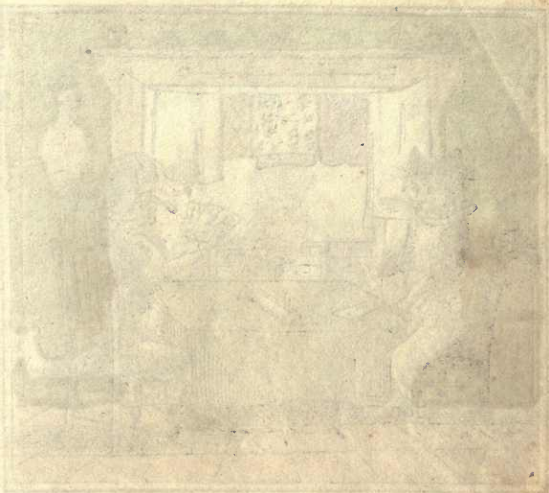


Goodby, my love, and rattle down the stairs,

And drink her cup of tea;

Anxious to see her far below,

With such propriety.

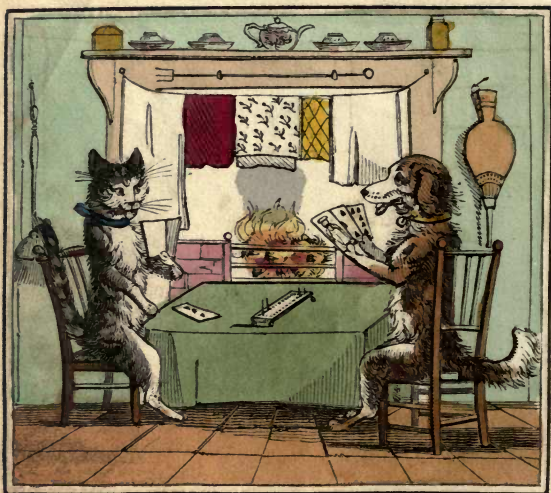


The breakfast table, I set went out

To see old neighbour hands;

And coming home, stood round her

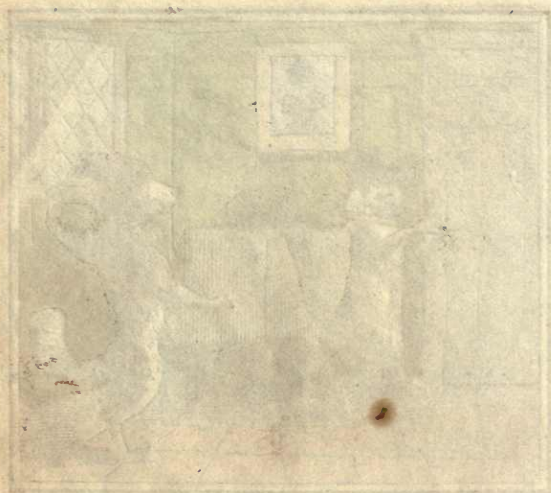
Engaged with her



The breakfast ended, Trot went out
To see old neighbour Hards ;
And coming home, she found her Cat
Engag'd with Spot at cards.



Soon after this, as she came in,
(It happen'd quite by chance ;)
Pussy was playing on the flute,
And teaching Spot to dance.

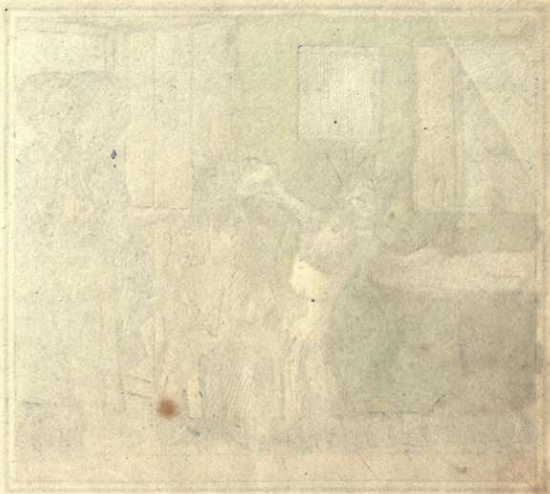


Soon after this as she came in

(Her hand quite by chance)

Pastor was playing on the floor

And teaching Spot to dance.



Another time the Damsel came in

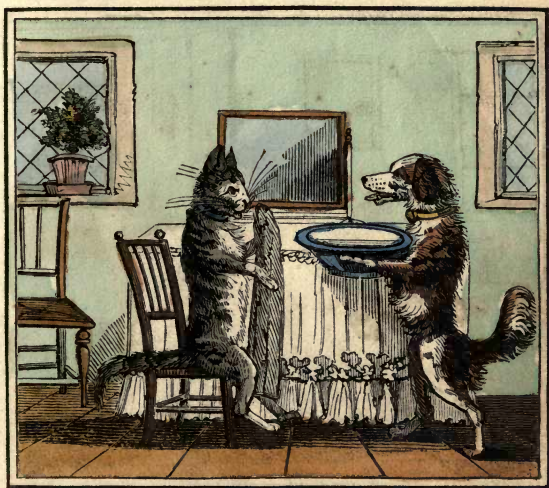
When she had brought her art

Half hidden to the ears and eyes

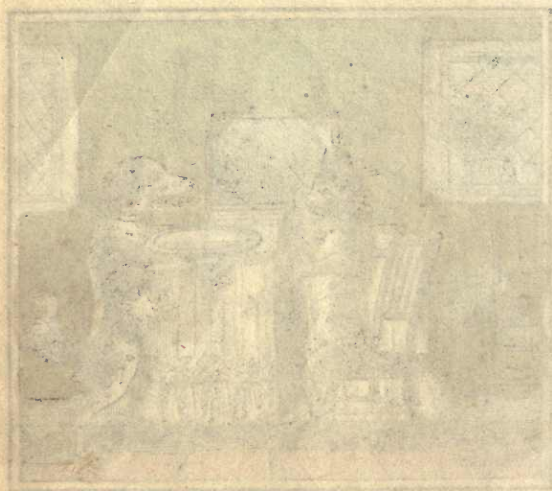
Half shown by the Cat.



Another time the Dame came in,
When Spot demurely sat,
Half lather'd to the ears and eyes,
Half shaven by the Cat.



Grimalkin, having shav'd her friend,
Sat down before the glass,
And wash'd her face, and dress'd her
hair,
Like any modern lass.



Grimalkin, having shar'd her friend,
 Sat down before the glass,
 And wash'd her face, and dress'd her
 hair;
 Like any modern lass.



A line and feather then she took
 And stuck it on aside;
 And o'er a gown of crimson silk,
 A lark's note sung her tale.



A hat and feather then she took,
And stuck it on aside ;
And o'er a gown of crimson silk,
A handsome tippet tied.



Just as her dress was all complete,
In came the good old Dame ;
She look'd, admir'd, and curtsied low,
And Pussy did the same.

Mrs

Albert Ellis

Shallots



Just as her dress was all torn
In came the good old man;
She took a drink, and another
And Pussycat the same

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