Him under the wagon (and now comes the pith
Of this story, perhaps you may think it a myth,
But it's true—as true in every partic-
Ular as a sum in Arithmetic!)

As soon as that monkey found out he was free,
He winked at the ostrich, and turning to me,
He told me if I would come under there with him
He'd tell me a tale in Chimpanzee rhythm.
I was pleased with the voice of the little brown fellow.
'Twas as soft as the tones of a Violincello,
And tho' I was frightened,—I own up to that—
I crawled under with him, and we had quite a chat.

You'd have laughed to have seen how the little chap acted.
I certainly thought he was going distracted,
When suddenly grinning, he held out his paws
For a shake—I didn't—I told him the cause
Was "too short acquaintance and too lengthy claws;"
He replied with a grin and the utmost complaisance:
"I'm glad you don't shake me on first day's acquaintance."
And then he leaned back—his paw to his head,
And these were the words the cute fellow said:

"When you were strutting around all the cages,
I thought to myself does he know what the sages
Are saying about the "Voice of the Ages?"
Don't you know? Well I'll tell you and then you will see
There is not much difference between you and me.
We monkeys have heard from Darwin and Hux-
Ley, who tell us that geese are not geese but are ducks.

"And between all the species there stretches no chasm,
They tell us that you're not a man but a beast
Created to drink, and to eat, and to feast,
Grown up from a brute in a grand revolution
In some sort of fashion they call "Evolution"—
So your great grandfather, whoever he be,
May have swung by his tail from some tropical tree.

"So my clever young fellow don't feel quite so big,
For *I* am the tree and you are the twig;
And if we monkeys should tell all we know
You'd never again want to go to a show."
He ceased—and again he held out his paws
For a shake—I decided to shake then, because
If into our family I had to take him
Why—of course, as soon as I could I would shake him.