

# COMICAL SAYINGS

OF

## PADY FROM CORK;

With his COAT BUTTON'D BEHIND.

BEING an Elegant Conference betwixt  
ENGLISH TOM and IRISH TEAGUE;

IN THREE PARTS.

With PADY's humble Petition, or  
Supplication, and a Creed for Ro-  
mish Believers.



DUNBAR

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PHOENIX-STYLE and REF. L.

## PART I.

Tom. **G**OOD morrow, Sir, this is a very cold  
Teag. Arra dear honey, yesternight  
a very cold morning.

Tom. Well brother traveller, of what nation  
thou.

Teag. Arra dear shoy, I came from my  
kingdom.

Tom. Why fir, I know that but where is  
kingdom.

Teag. Allelieu dear honey, don't you know  
in Ireland.

Tom. O you fool, Cork is not a kingdom  
city,

Teag. Then dear shoy, I am sure it is in a  
dom.

Tom. And what was the reason you have  
and left your own dear country?

Teag. Arra dear honey, by shaint Patrick,  
have got such comical laws in our country,  
they'll put a man to death in perfect health;  
be free and plain with you, neighbour, I was  
ed to come away, for I did not choose to stay an  
such people that can hang a poor man when  
please, if he either steals, robs, or kills a man.

Tom. Ay, but I take you to be more of an  
man, than to steal rob, or kill a man.

Teag. Honest, I am perfectly honest, when I  
but a child, my mother would have trusted me  
a house full of miln-stones.

Tom. What was the matter, was you guil  
nothing.

Teag. Arra dear honey, I did harm to nob  
but fancied an old gentleman's gun, and after  
made it my own.

Tom. Very well boy, and did you keep it f

Teag. Keep it, I would have kept it with all my heart while I lived, death itself could not have parted us, but the old rogue, the gentleman, being a justice of the peace himself, had me tried for the rights of it, and how I came by it, and so took it again.

Tom. And how did you clear yourself without punishment?

Teag. Arra dear shoy, I told them a parcel of lies, but they would not believe me; for I said that I got it from my father when it was a little pistol, and I had keep'd it till it had grown a gun, and was designed to use it well, until it had grown a big cannon, and then so'd it to the military. They all laugh'd at me as I had been a fool, and had me go home to my mother and clean the potatoes.

Tom. And how long is it since you left your own country.

Teag. Arra dear honey, I do not mind whether it be a fortnight or four months, but I think myself it is a long time; they tell me my mother is dead now, but I won't believe it, until I get a letter from her own hand, for she is a very good scholar, suppose she can neither read nor write.

Tom. Was you ever in England before.

Teag. Ay that I was, and in Scotland too.

Tom. And were they kind to you when you was in Scotland?

Teag. They were that kind that they kickt my case for me, and the reason was, because I would not pay the whole of the liquor that was drank in the company, tho' the landlord and his two sons got aboutful about of it; they would have me pay it all, though I did not drink it all and I told them it was a trick upon travellers first to drink his liquor, and then to kick him out of doors.

Tom. I really think they used you badly, but could you not beat them.

Teag. That's what I did, beat them a'l to the own contentment; but there was one of them stronger than me, who would have killed me, if the other two had not pulled me away, and I had to run for it, till his passion was over: then they made us drink and gree again; we shook hands, and made a bargain never to harm other more; but this bargain did not last long, for, as I was kissing his mouth by saint Patrick I bit his nose, which caused him to beat me very sore for my pains.

Tom. Well Pady what calling was you when in Scotland.

Teag. Why Sir, I was no business at all, but what do you call that green tree that's like a whin but many people makes a thing to sweep the house of.

Tom. O yes Pady they call it a broom.

Teag. Ay, ay, you have it, then I was a gentleman's broom, only waited on his horses, and washed the dishes for the cook; and when my master rode a hunting, I ran behind him like the dogs.

Tom. O yes, Pady, it was a groom you meant but I fancy you was cock's mate, or kitchen boy.

Teag. No, no, it was the broom that I was, and if I had stayed there till now, I might have been advanced as high as my master, for the ladies love me so well that they laughed at me.

Tom. They might admire you for a fool.

Teag. What sir, do you imagine that I am not a fool, no, no, my master asked counsel of me in his matters and I always gave him a reason for every thing; I told him one morning that he went too soon to the hunting that the hares were not got out of their beds; and neither the barking horns nor the blowing of dogs could make the noise, it was such a cold morning that night, so they ran away that we caught, when we did not see them. Then my master told my words to several gentlemen who were at dinner with him, and they a

hired me for want of wildom, saying, I was certainly a man of great judgment, for my head was all of a lump, added, they were going a fishing along with my master and me in the afternoon; but told them that it was a very unhappy thing for any man to go a hunting in the morning and a fishing in the afternoon: Yet they would try it but they had better staid at home, for it came on a most terrible night of south west rain, and even down wind; so the fishes got all below the water to keep them dry from the shower, and we catch't them all but got one of them.

Tom. and how long did you serve that gentleman, Pady.

Teag. Arra dear honey, I was with him six weeks and he beat me seven times.

Tom. For what did he beat you? was it for your adness and foolish tricks?

Teag. Dear shoy, it was not, but for being too quitive and going sharply about business. First, he sent me to the post office, to enquire if there was any letters for him; so when I came there, said is there any letters here for my master to day? when they asked me who was my master, sir, said I, his very bad manners in you to ask any gentleman's name. At this they laughed mocking me, and said they could give me none, if I would not tell my master's name, so I returned to my master, and told the impudence of the fellow, how he would give me no letters unless I would tell him your name; after, My master at this flew in a great passion, and kick't me down stairs, saying, Go you rogue, and tell my name directly, how can the gentleman give letters, when he knows not who is asking for em. Then I returned and told my master's name, they told me there was one for him, I looked at being but very small, and asked the price of it, they told me it was sixpence, sixpence, said I, will

you take sixpence for that small thing, and selling bigger ones for twopence, faith I am not such a big fool; you think to cheat me, now, this is not a conscionable way of dealing, I'll acquaint my master of it first, so I came and told my master as they would have sixpence for his letter, and was selling bigger ones for twopence, he took up my head and broke his cane with it, calling me a thousand fools, saying, the man was more just than to take any thing but the right for it; but I was sure there was none of the right buying and selling such dear pennyworths; so I came again for my dear sixpence letter and as the fellow was shuffling thro' a parcel of them, seeking for it again, to make the best of dear market, I pick't up two, and home I comes to my master, thinking he would be well pleased with what I had done, now said I, master, I think I have put a trick on them fellows, for selling the letter so dear to you. What have you done? said he said I, I've only taken two other letters, here's one for you, master, to help your dear pennyworth and I'll send the other to my mother to see whether she be dead or alive, for she's always angry when I don't write to her, I had not the word well spoken till he got up his stick and beat me heartily for it and sent me back to the fellows again with the two I had very ill will to go, but nobody would buy them of me by the way.

Tom: A well, Pady, I think you was to blame and your master too, for he ought to have taught you how to have gone about those affairs and not beat you so.

Teag. Arra dear honey, I had too much wit of my own to be teach'd by him, or any body else, he began to instruct me after that, how I should set the table, and such nasty things as those; one night I took ben a roasted fish in one hand, and a piece of bread in the other; the old gentleman was so laud

e would not take it, and told me, I should bring  
m nothing without a trencher below it; the same  
ght as he was going to bed, he called for his slip-  
ers and a piss-pot, so I clapt in a trencher below the  
sh-pot, and another below the slippers, and ben  
goes, one in every hand: no sooner did I enter  
e room, then he threw the piss-pot at me which  
oke both my head and the piss-pot at one blow  
ow, said I, the devil is in my master altogether, for  
hat he commands at one time, he contermands at  
nother. Next day I went with him to the market  
buy a sack of potatoes, I went to the potatoe-  
onger, and asked what he took for the full of a  
otch cog, he weighed them in, he asked no less  
an fourpence, fourpence said I, if I were But in  
ublin, I could get the full of that for nothing,  
d in Cork and Kinsale far cheaper, them is but  
small things like pease, said I, but the potatoes in  
y country, are as big as your head, fine meat all  
ade up in blessed mouthsouls; the potatoe mer-  
ant called me a liar, and my master called me a  
ol, so the one fell a kicking me, and the other a  
ffing me, I was in such bad bread between them,  
at I called myself both a liar and a fool to get off  
ive.

Tom. And how did you carry your potatoes home  
om the market?

Teag. Arra, dear shoy, I carried the horse and  
em both, besides a big loaf and two bottles of  
ine; for I put the horse on my back, and drove  
e potatoes before me, and when I tied the load  
to the loaf, I had nothing ado but carry the bottles  
in my hand, but bad luck to the way as I came  
ome, for a nail out of the heel of my foot sprung  
leak in my brog, which pricked the very bone,  
ruined the skin, and made my brog itself to blood;  
nd I having no hammer by me, but a hatchet I  
ft at home, I had to beat down the nail with the

bottom of the bottle; and by the hook, dear Tom, it broke to pieces, and scattered the wine in a mouth.

Tom. And how did you recompence your master for the loss of your bottle of wine?

Teag. Arra dear shoy, I had a mind to cheat him and myself too, for I took the bottle away to blacksmith, and desired him to mend it, that I might go to the butchers and get it full of bloody water; but he told me he could not work in any thing of steel and iron. Arra, said I, if I were in my own kingdom, I could get a blacksmith who could make a bottle out of a stone, and a stone out of nothing.

Tom. And how did you trick your master out of it?

Teag. Why, the old rogue began to chide me asking me what way I broke it, then I held up my other as high as my head, and let it fall to the ground on a stone which broke it all to pieces like a wife: now, said I, master, that's the way, and then he beat me very heartily, until I had to shout mercy and murder all at once.

Tom. Why did you not leave him when he used you so badly?

Teag. Arra dear shoy, I could never think to leave him while I could eat, he gave me so many good victuals and promised to prefer me to his own bone picker, but by saint Patrick, I had to run away with my life or all was done, else I had lost my dear shoul and body too by him, and then I came home much poorer than I went away. The great big bitch dog, that was my master's best beloved, put his head into a pitcher to lick out some mutton and when it was in he could not get it out and I saved the pitcher, got the hatchet and cut off the dog's head, and then I had to break the pitcher before I got out the head, by this I lost both the dog and the pitcher. My master, hearing of this swore



would cut the head off me, for the poor dog  
as made useleſs, and could not ſee to follow any  
body for want of his eyes and when I heard of this,  
ran away with my own head for if I had wanted  
I had loſt my eyes too; then I would not have  
en the road to Port Patrick, through Glen nap,  
it by ſhaint patrick I came home alive in ſpite of  
em all.

Tom. O rarely done Pady, you behaved like a  
an, but what is the reaſon that you Irish people  
ear always by ſhaint Patrick, what is he, this  
aint P\_atrik?

Teag. Arra dear honey, he was the beſt ſhaint in  
e world, the father of all good people in the king-  
m, he has a great kindneſs for an Irifhman,  
hen he hears him calling on his name, he was the  
ſt that low'd the potatoes in Ireland; for he knew  
was a bit of good fat ground, it being a gentle-  
n's garden before Noah's flood.

Tom. But dear pady, is ſhaint Patrick yet alive,  
t he hears the Irish people when they ſpeak of his  
me?

Teag. Arra, dear honey, I don't know whether  
he dead or alive, but it is a long time ſince they  
ld him; the people turned all heathens, but he  
ould not change his profeſſion, and was going to  
n the country with it, and for taking his goſpel  
ay to England, ſo the barbarous tories of Dublina  
off his head, and what do you think he did  
hen his head was off?

Tom. What could a dead man do you fool?

Teag. Dead, faith he was not ſuch a big fool as  
die yet, he ſwim'd over to England after this,  
d brought his head along with him.

Tom. And how did he carry his head and ſwim  
?

Teag. Arra dear honey, he carried his head in  
teeth.

Tom. No Pady it won't hold, I muſt have a ca

tion for that.

Teag. If you won't believe me, I'll swear it over again.

PART II.

Tom. **A**ND how did you get safe out of Scotland at last.

Teag. By the law dear honey, when I came to Port Parick, and saw my own kingdom I thought I was safe at home, but I was clean dead and almost drowned, before I could get riding over the water, for I with nine or ten passengers more leapt into a little young boat, having but four men dwelling in a little house, in the one end of which was all thacked with deals and after they had pulled up her teather stick, and laid her long halter over her mane, they pulled up a long big sheet like three pair of blankets to the riggen of the house and the wind blew in that, which made her gallop up one hill and down another, till I thought she would have run to the world's end, if some part of the world had not caught her by the foot.

Tom. I fancy, Pady, you was by this time very sick?

Teag. Sick, ay sick beyond all sickness, clean dead as a door-nail; for as I had lost the key of my backside, I Bock'd up the very bottom of my belly, and I thought that liver and lungs, and all that I had should have gone together, then I called to the fellow that held by her tail behind to pull down the sheet, and hold her head, till I got leisure to die and then say my prayers.

Tom. Well then Pady, and got you safe ashore at last.

Teag. Ay, we came ashore very fast; but, by saint Patrick, I shall never venture my dear shoe and body in such a young boat again, while the wind blows out of Scots Galloway.

Tom. Well Pady, and where did you go when  
I came to Ireland again?

Teag. Arra dear honey, and where did I go, but  
to my own dear cousin, who was now become very  
rich by the death of the old buck his father, who  
died but a few weeks before I went over, and the  
parish had to bury him out of pity, it did not cost  
him a farthing.

Tom. And what entertainment or good usage did  
you get there, Pady?

Teag. O my dear shoy, I was kindly used as ano-  
ther gentleman, for I told him I had made something  
of it by my travels, as well as himself, but had got no  
money, therefore I had to work for my victuals  
while I staid with him.

Tom. Ho poor Pady, I suppose you would not  
stay long there.

Teag. Arra, dear honey, I could have staid here  
long enough, but when a man is poor, his friends  
think little of him, I told him I was going to see my  
brother Harry; Harry, said he, Harry is dead; dead,  
said I, and who killed him? Why, said he, Death;  
Belieu, dear honey, and where did he kill him,  
said I? In his bed said he, O what for a cowardly  
action was that, said I to kill a man in his bed, and  
what is this fellow death; said I? What is he, He is  
one that kills more than the head butcher in all  
Ireland does. Arra, dear honey, said I, if he had  
been on Newry mountains with his brogs on, and  
his broadsword by his side, all the deaths in Ireland  
had not killed him. O that impudent fellow death,  
if he had let him alone till he had died for want of  
butter milk and potatoes, I am sure he would have  
lived all the days of his life.

Tom. In all your travels, when abroad, did you  
ever see none of my countrymen, to inform you of  
what happened at home concerning your relations.

Teag. Arra, dear shoy, I saw none but Tom Jack

one day on the street, but when I came to him, it was not him but one just like him.

Tom. On what account did you go a travelling?

Teag. Why, a recruiting serjeant insisted me to be a captain, and after all advanced me no higher than a soldier itself, but only called me his dear countryman recruit, for I did not know what the regiment was when I saw them, I thought they were all gentlemen's sons and collegeoners, when I saw a box like a bible upon their bellie, until I saw G for King George upon it, and R for G—d bless him; ho, ho, said I, I shan't be long here.

Tom. O then Pady, you deserted from them?

Teag. Ay that's what I did, and run to the mountains like a wild buck, and ever since when I see any soldiers I close my eyes, lest they should look and know me.

Tom. And what exploits did you do, when you was a soldier?

Teag. Arra, dear honey, I kill'd a man.

Tom. And how did you do that?

Teag. Arra dear honey, when he dropt his sword I drew mine, and advanced boldly to him, and then cutted of his foot.

Tom. O then what a big fool was you; for you ought first to have cut off his head.

Teag. Arra dear iloy, his head was cutted off, before I engaged him, else I had not done it.

Tom. O then Pady, you acted like a fool: but you are not such a big fool as many take you to be; you might pass for a philosopher.

Teag. A fulusfair, my father was a fulusfair besides, he was a man under great authority by law, condemning the just and clearing the guilty; do you know how they call a horse's mother?

Tom. Why they call her a mare.

Teag. A mare, ay very well minded, by thair Patrick my father was a mare in Cork.

Tom. And what riches was left you by the death of your mother.

Teag. A bad luck to her old barren belly, for she ved in great plenty, and died in great poverty, evoured up all or she died, but two hens and a cckful of potatões, a poor estate for an Irish gentleman, in faith.

Tom. And what did you make of your hens and potatoes, did you sow them.

Teag. Arra dear shoy, I sowed them in my belly, and sold the hens to a cadger.

Tom. And what business did your mother follow after.

Teag. Greatly in the merchant way.

Tom. And what sort of Goods did she deal in.

Teag. Dear honey, she went through the country and sold small fishes, onions and apples: bought hens and eggs, and then hatched them herself. I remember of one long necked cock she had of an oversea brood, that stood on the middle and picked the stars out of the north-west so they were near so thick there since.

Tom. Now Pady, that's a bull surpesses all: but there none of that cock's offspring alive in Ireland now.

Teag. Arra dear shoy, I don't think that there e, but it is a pity but they had, for they would y with people above the sea, which would put the e of ships out of fashion, and then there would be body drown'd at sea at all.

Tom. Very well Pady, but in all your travels did u never get a wife?

Tag. Ay that's what I'dil, and a wicked wife too.

Tom. And what is become of her now?

Teag. Dear shoy, I can't tell whether she is gone Purgatory, or the parish of Pigtrantrum; for she d me she would certainly die the first opportunity e could get, as this present evil world was not

worth the waiting on, so she would go and see what good things is in the world to come; and so when that old rover called the Fever, came raging like a madman over the whole kingdom knocking the people on the head with deadly blows she went away and died out of spite, leaving me with nothing but two motherless children.

Tom. O but, Pady you ought to have gone to a doctor, and got some pills and physick for her.

Teag. By shaiat Patrick I had as good a pill of my own as any doctor in the kingdom could give her, and as for sneezing, she could never use snuff nor tobacco in herself.

Tom. O you fool that is not what I mean; you ought to have brought the doctor to feel her pulse and let her blood if he thought it needful.

Teag. Yes, yes, that's what I did; for I ran to the doctor whenever she died, and sought something for a dead or dying woman; the old foolish doctor was at his dinner, and began to ask me some dirty questions, which I answered distinctly.

Tom. And what did he ask Pady?

Teag. Why, he asked me, How did my wife go to stool? to which I answered, the same way that other women go to chair: no, said he, that's not what I mean, how does she purge? Arra Mr Doctor said I, all the fire in purgatory won't purge her clean, for she has both a cold and a stinking breath. Sir, said he, that is not what I ask you, whether does she sh—t thick or thin, Arra, master doctor said I, it is sometimes so thick and hard that you may take it in your hand, and eat it like a piece of cheese or pudding, and at other times you may drink it, or sup it with a spoon. At this he flew in a most terrible rage, and kicked me down stairs and would give me nothing to her, but called me a dirty scoundrel, for the speaking of sh—t before ladies.

Tom. And was you sorry when your wife died.

Teag. Arra dear shoy, if any body had beat me, was fit to cry myself.

Tom. And in what good order did you bury your wife when she died.

Teag. O my dear shoy, she was buried in all manner of pomp, pride, and splendour; a fine coffin with cords in it, and within the coffin along with herself, she got a pair of new brogs, a penny cane, a good hard-headed old hammer, with an Irish penny piece, to pay her passage at the gate and what more could she look for.

Tom. I really think you gave her enough along with her, but you ought to have cried for her, if it was no more than to be in the fashion.

Teag. And why should I cry without sorrow; when I hired two criers to cry all the way before her to keep in the fashion.

Tom. And what do they cry before a dead woman.

Teag. Why they cry the common cry, or funeral ment that is used in our Irish country.

Tom. And what manner of cry is that, Pady?

Teag. Dear Tom, if you don't know I will tell you, when any dies, there is a number of criers go before saying, Luff, suff, sou, allelieu dear honey, what aileth the to die! it was not for want of good butter milk and potatoes.

PART III.

Tom. **W**ELL Pady, and what did you do when your wife died?

Teag. Dear honey, what would I do; do you think I was such a big fool as to die too, I am sure I had, I should not have got fair play, when I am so old yet as my father was when he died.

Tom. No pady, it is not that I mean, was you cry, or did you weep for her?

Teag. Weep for her, by saint Patrick I would

not weep nor yet be sorry suppose my own mother and all the women in Ireland had died seven years before I was born.

Tom. What did you do with your children when she died.

Teag. Do you imagine I was such a big fool as bury my children alive, along with dead women. Arra dear honey, we always commonly give nothing along with a dead person, but an old shirt, a winding-sheet, a big hammer, with a long candle, and an Irish silver threepenny piece.

Tom. Dear Pady, and what use do they make of all them things.

Teag. Then Tom, since you are so inquisitive you must go ask the priest.

Tom. What did you make of your children then Pady.

Teag. And what should I make of them, do you imagine that I should give them into the hands of the butchers, as, they had been a parcel of your hogs, by saint Patrick, I had more unnaturality in me; than put them in an hospital as many do.

Tom. No, I suppose you would leave them with your friends?

Teag. Ay, ay, a poor man's friends is sometime worse than a profess enemy, the best friend I ever had in the world, was my own pocket while my money lasted, but I left my two babes between the priest's door and the parish church, because I thought it was a place of mercy, and then set out for England in quest of another fortune.

Tom. And did you not take good night with your friends ere you came away?

Teag. Arra dear honey I had no friends in the world, but an Irish half crown, and I would have been very sorry to parted with such a dear pocket-companion at such a time.

Tom. I fancy Pady you've com'd off, with wh



they call a moon shine flitting.

Teag. You lie like a thief now, for I did not see sun, moon, nor stars, all the night then; for I set out from Cork at the dawn of night, and I had travelled twenty miles all but twelve, before gloaming in the morning.

Tom. And where did you go to take shipping?

Teag. Arra dear honey, I came to a country village, called Dublin, as big a city as any market town in all England, where I got myself on board of a little young boat, with a parcel of fellows, and a long leather bag, I supposed them to be tinkers until I asked what they carried in that leather sack, they told me it was the English mail they were going over with; then said, I, is the milns so scant in England, that they must send over their corn to Ireland to grind it: the comical cunning fellows persuaded me, it was so; then I went down to a little house below the water, hard by the rigg back of the boat, and laid me down on their leather sack, where I slept myself almost to death with hunger. And dear Tom to tell you plainly, when awak'd I did not know where I was, but thought I was dead and buried, for I found nothing all around me but wooden walls and timber above.

Tom. And how did you come to yourself, to know where you was, at last?

Teag. By the law, dear shoy, I scratched my head in a hundred parts, and then set me down to think upon it, so I minded that it was my wife that was dead, and not me, and that I was alive in the young post boat, with the fellows that carries over the English meal from the Irish milns.

Tom. O then Pady, I am sure you was glad when you found yourself alive?

Teag. Arra dear shoy, I was very sure I was alive, but I did not think to live long, so I thought it was better for me to steal and be hang'd, than to live

all my days, and die directly with hunger at last.

tom. What had you no meat nor money along with you?

teag. Arra, dear shoy, I gave all my money to the captain of the house, or goodman of the ship, to carry me into the sea, or over to England, and when I was like to eat my old brogues for want of victuals I drew my hanger and cut the lock off their leather sack, thinking to get a lick of their meal; but allelieu dear shoy, I found nothing, meal nor feed, but a parcel of papers and letters, a poor morsel indeed for a hungry man!

tom. O then pady you laid down your honesty for nothing.

teag. Ay, ay, I was a great thief, but got nothing to steal.

tom. And how did you come to get victuals at last?

teag. Allelieu dear honey, the thoughts of me and drink, death and life, and every thing else went out of my head, I had not a thought but one.

tom. And what was that Pady?

teag. to go down among the fishes and become a whale, then I would have lived an easy life all my days, having nothing to do but drink salt water and eat caller oysters.

tom. What, Pady, was you like to be drown'd again.

teag. Ay, ay drown'd as cleanly drown'd as a fish for the sea blew so very loud, and the wind ran high that we were all cast away safe on shore; and not one of us drown'd at all.

tom. And where did you go, when you came on shore.

teag. Arra dear honey, I was not able to go anywhere, you might cast a knot on my belly, I was hollow in my middle; so I went into a gentleman's house and told him the bad fortune I had of being drown'd between Ireland and the foot of his garden.

ere we came all safe ashore. But all the comfort  
of from him was a word of truth.

om. And what was that Pady?

teag. Why he told me, if I had been a good boy  
home, I needed not to have gone so far to push  
my fortune with an empty pocket; to which I an-  
swered, and what magnifies that, as long as I am a  
good workman at no trade at all.

om. I suppose, Pady, the gentleman would make  
me dine with him.

teag. I really thought I was, when I saw them  
plucking and skinning so many black chickens, which  
is nothing but a few dead crows they were going  
to eat; ho, ho, said I, them is but dry meat at the  
best, of all the fowls that flies, compare me to the  
weight of an ox; but all that came to my share, was  
a piece of boil'd herring and a roasted potatoe, that  
was the first bit of bread I ever eat in England.

om. Well pady, what business did you follow  
in England, when you was so poor.

teag. What sir, do you imagine I was poor  
when I came over on such an honourable occasion as  
to list, and bring myself to no preferment at all. As I  
was an able bodied man in the face, I thought to  
make a brigadeer, a grenadeer, or a fuzeleer, or  
in one of them blue gowns that holds the fiery  
ball to the bung hole of the big cannons, when  
they let them off, to fright away the French; I was  
sure as no man alive ere I came from Cork, the  
best preferment I could get, was to be riding master  
of a regiment of marines, or one of the black horse  
regiment.

om. Well pady, you seem to be a very clever  
little man, to be all in one body, what height are  
you?

teag. Arra, dear shoy, I am five feet nothing all  
but one inch.

om. And where in England was it you listed?

teag. Arra, dear shov, I was going thro' that little country village, the famous city of Chester. The streets was very sore by reason of the hardness of the feet, and lameness of my brogs, so I went but very slowly a-cross the streets, from port to port is a pretty long way, but I being weary thought nothing of it: then the people came all crowding to me as if it had been a world's wonder, or the wandering Jew. For the rain blew in my face, and the wind wet all my belly, which caused me to turn the back-side of my coat before, and my buttons behind, which was a good safe-guard to my body, and the startion of my mind back; as I had not a good shirt.

tom. I am sure then, pady, they would take you for a fool?

teag. No, no, sir, they admired me for my wisdom. for I always turned my buttons; before, when the wind blew on behind, but I wondered greatly how the people knew my name, and where I came from; for every one told another, that was passed from Cork; I suppose they knew my face by seeing my name in the news papers.

tom. Well pady, what business did you follow in Chester?

teag. to be sure I was not idle working at nothing at all, until a recruiting serjeant came to town, with two or three fellows along with him, one beating on a fiddle and another playing on a drum, toffing their airs thro' the street, as if they were going to be married; and I saw them courting none but young men; so to bring myself to no preferment at all, I listed for a soldier because I was too high a grandedeer.

tom. And what liking money did you get, pady?

teag. Arra dear shov, I got five thirteens and a pair of English brogs; the guinea and the rest of the gold was sent away to London, to the King my master, to buy me new shirts, a cockade, and com-

king for my hat, they made me swear the malicious oath of devilrie against the King, the colours, and my captain, telling me if ever I desert and not run away, then I should be shot, and then whipt to death, through the regiment.

Tom. No Paddy, It is first whipt and then shot in mean.

Teag Arra dear thoy, it is all in one thing at last, it is best to be shot, and then whip, the clever-way to die I'll warrant you.

Tom. How much pay did you get, paddy?

Teag. Do you know the little fat tall serjeant that bid me to be a soldier?

Tom. And how should I know them I never saw a fool?

Teag. Dear thoy, you may know him whether you see him or not; for his face is all bor'd in big holes with the small pox, his nose has the colour of a stork-toe, and his chin like a well washen potatoe: he is the biggest rogue in our kingdom, you'll know him when he cheats you, and the wide world; and another mark, he dights his mouth before he sneaks, and blows his nose before he take a snuff; the rogue height me a sixpence a day, kill or no kill: and when I laid Sunday and Saturday both together, and all the days in one day, I can't make a penny above fivepence of it.

Tom. You should have kept an account, and ask'd for arrears once a month.

Teag. that's what I did, but he read a pater noster out of his prayer-book, wherein all our names were written; so much for a stop-hold to my gun, to my kles, to a pair of comical barn hose, with leather buttons from top to toe, and worst of all, he should have no less then a penny a week to a doctor, arra, said I, I never had a fore finger, nor yet a black toe, all the days of my life, then what have I to do with the doctor, or the doctor to do with me?

tom. I and did he make you pay all these things  
 teag. Ay, ay, pay and better pay; he took it  
 before his captain, who made me pay all was in  
 book, Arra, Mr captain, said I, you are a comic  
 sort of a fellow now, you might as well make me  
 pay for my coffin before I be dead as to pay for  
 doctor before I be sick, to which he answered in  
 passion, sirra, said he I have seen many a better man  
 buried without a coffin, sir, said I, then I'll have  
 coffin, die when I will, if there be as much work  
 in all the world, or I shall not be buried at all, then  
 he call'd for the serjeant, saying you sir, go and  
 buy that man's coffin, and put it in the store,  
 he die, and stop sixpence a week off his pay for  
 No, no, sir, said I, I'll rather die without a coffin  
 and seek none when I'm dead; but if you be  
 clipping another sixpence off my poor pay, keep  
 all to yourself and I'll swear all your oaths of argu-  
 ment we had back again, and then seek fold  
 where you will.

tom. O then, pady, how did you end the matter  
 teag. Arra, dear shoy, by the mights of the  
 patrick, and help of my brogs, I both ended  
 and mended it, for the next night before the  
 gave them leg-bail for my fidelity, and then went  
 about the country a fortune teller, dumb and  
 as I was not.

tom how old was you pady, when you was a  
 dier last.

teag. Arra, dear honey, I was three dozen all  
 two, and it is only but two years since, so I was  
 only four years of three dozen, yet, and when I  
 six dozen, more I'll be older than I am I'll war-  
 you.

tom. O what pady, by your own account, you  
 three dozen of years old already.

teag. O what for a big fool you are now tom,

you count the year I lay sick, which time I count no  
me at all.

PADY'S HUMBLE PETITION, OR SUPPLICATION.

GOOD Christian people, behold me a man! who  
has com'd thro' a world of wonders, a hell  
all of hardships, dangers by sea, and dangers by  
land and yet I am alive, you may see my hand  
cooked like a fowl's foot, and that is no wonder  
at all considering my sufferings and sorrows: Oh!  
oh! oh! good people, I was a man in my time who  
had plenty of the gold, plenty of the silver, plenty  
of the clothes, plenty of the butter, the beer, beef  
and bisket. And now, now I have nothing: being  
taken by the turks, and relieved by the Spaniards,  
my sixty six days at the siege of Gibraltar, and got  
nothing to eat but sea wreck and raw mussels; then  
cast to sea for our safety, cast upon the Barbarian  
Coast, among the woeful wicked Algerines, where  
we were taken, and tied with tugs and tadders,  
horse locks and cowchairs, then cut and castrate  
our ears and testicles, quite away, if you will not be-  
lieve, put in your hand and feel how every female's  
face made smooth by the sheer bone, where no-  
thing is to be seen but what is natural, then made  
our escape to the desert wild wilderness of Arabia,  
here we lived amongst the wild asses, upon wind,  
and sapless ling. Afterwards put to sea in  
the hull of an old house, where we was tossed above  
and below the clouds being driven thro' thickets  
and groves by fierce, course, calm and contrary  
winds; at last, was cast away upon Salisbury plains,  
where our vessel was dashed to pieces against a cab-  
bage stock. And now my humble petition to you  
good Christian people is, for one hundred of  
your beef, one hundred of your butter, another of  
your cheese, a cask of your bisket, a tun of your  
beer, a keg of your rum, with a pipe of your wine,

a lump of your gold, a piece of your silver, a farthing of your halfpence or farthings; a waught of your butter-milk; a pair of your old breeches, stockings & shoes, even a chew of tobacco for charity's sake.

### A CREED FOR ROMISH BELIEVERS.

**I** Believe the pope of Rome, to be right heir and true successor of peter the Apostle, and that he has a power above the kings of the world, being spiritual and temporal, endowed with a communication from beyond the grave, and can bring up any departed soule \* he pleases, even as the woman of Endor brought up Samuel to Saul, by the same power I can, assisted by the inchantment of our Manasseh a king in Israel. I believe also in the Romish priests, that they are very civil chaste gentlemen, keep no wives of their own, but partake a little of other men's when in secret confession. I acknowledge the worshipping of images; and relics of their departed to be very just, but if they hear, and help us, O they are but a parcel of ungrate wretches.

\* i. e. or  
a devil in its  
stead.