

THE DOG CLUB

ESTABLISHED 1873

MEMBERSHIP LIST



1873

P A R T I.

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

Tom. Well brother traveller, of what nation art thou?

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

Tom. Why sir, I know that but where is thy kingdom.

Teag. Allielieu, dear honey, don't you know Cork in Ireland?

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

Teag. Then dear honey I am sure it is in a kingdom.

Tom. And what is the reason you have come and left your own dear country.

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

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

Teag. Honest I am perfectly honest, when I was but a child my mother would have trusted me with a housefull of mill stones.

Tom. What was the matter was you guilty of nothing?

Teag. Arra, dear honey, I did harm to no body; but fancied an old gentlemans gun, and afterwards made it my own.

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

Teag. Keep it I would have kept it with all my heart, while I liv'd death itself would 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 honey, I told them a parcell 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

kepted it till it had grown a gun, and designed to ule it well until it had grown a big cannon and then sell it to the military. I hey all fell a laughing at me as I had been a fool and bid 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 since, 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 kicked my arse for me, and the reason was because I would not pay the whole of the liquor that was drunk in the Company, tho' the landlord and his two sons got mouthfull about of it; they would have me pay it all, tho' I did not drink it all and I told them it was a trick upon travellers, first to drink their liquor and then to kick them 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 all to their 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 fight another more; but this bargain did not last, for as I was kissing his mouth, by saint Patrick I bit his nose, which caused him to beat me 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 the green tree, that's like a whin-bush, many people makes a thing to sweep the house with it?

Tom. O yes 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, along with the dogs.

Tom. O yes, Pady, it was the groom you mean, but I fancy you was cook's mate or kitchen-boy.

Teag. No, no, it was the broom that I was, and if had said there till now, I might have been advanced as high as my master, for the ladies loved 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 all his matters, and I always gave him reasons 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 of horns, nor blowing of the dogs could make them rise, it was such a cold morning that night; so they all ran away that we caught, when we did not see them. Then my master told my words to several gentlemen that was in at dinner with him, and they admired me for want of wisdom, saying, I was certainly a man of great judgment, for my head was all of a lump, and added they were going a-fishing along with my master and me in the afternoon; but I told them, 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 fine night of south-west rain and even down wind; so the fishes got all in below the water to keep them dry from the shower, and we caught them all, but got none of them.

Tom. And how long did you serve that gentleman?

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 madness and foolish tricks?

Teag. Dear shoy, it was not, but for being too inquisitive 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 I, is there any letters here for my master to day? then they asked me who was my master; sir, said I, it is very bad manners in you

to ask any gentleman's name. At this they laugh'd, mock-
 ing me, and said, they would give me none if I would not
 tell my master's name; so I returned to my master and
 told the importance of the fellow, how he would give me
 no letters unless I would tell them your name, master. My
 master at this flew in a great passion and kicked 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 them. Then I returned and told my
 master's name, so they told me there was one for him; I
 looked at it, being very small, and asking 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 him
 how 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 a dear pennyworth; so I came again for
 my dear sixpence letter; and the fellow was shuffling
 through a parcel of them seeking for it again, to make
 the best of a dear market, I picked up two, and home
 I comes to my master, I thinking he would be well
 pleas'd with what I had done; now, said I, master, I
 think I have put a trick on them fellows for selling the
 letters 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's dead
 or alive, for she's always angry 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
 fellow 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.

Trag. Arra, ara, honey, I had too much wit of my

own to be teached by him or any body else, he began to instruct me after that, how I should serve the table, and such nasty things as those; one night I took ben a roasted fish in one hand, a piece of bread in the other the old gentleman was so faucey he would not take it, and told me I should bring nothing to him without a trencher below it; the same night he was going to bed, he called for his slippers and a pish pot, so I clapt in a trencher below the pish pot, and another below the slippers and ben I goes, one in every hand; no sooner, did I enter the room, then he threw the pish pot at me, which broke both my head and the pish pot at one blow, now said I, the devil is in my master altogether, for what he commands at one time he countermands at another. Next day I went with him to the market to buy, a sack of potatoes, I went unto the potatoe monger, and asked what he took for the full of a Scotheog he weighted them in, he asked no less than fourpence, fourpence said I, if I were but in Dublin, I could get the full of that for nothing, and in Cork and Kinsale for cheaper, them is but small things like pease, said I, but the potatoes in my country is as big as your head, fine meat all made up in blessed mouthfuls; the potatoe-merchant called me a liar, and my master called me a fool, so the one fell a kicking me and the other a cuffing me, I was in such bad bread between them that I called myself both a liar and a fool to get out alive.

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

Teag. Arra dear boy, I carried the horse and them both, besides a big loaf and two bottles of wine: for I put the old horse on my back and drove the potatoes before me; and when I tied the load to the loaf I had nothing ado but to carry the bottles in my hand, but bad luck to the way, as I came home, for a nail out of the heel of my foot sprung a leak in my brog, which pricked the very bone, bruised the skin, and made my very brog itself to blood; and I having no hammer by me but a latchet I left at home, I had to beat down the nail with the bottom of the bottle; and by the book, dear shoy, ~~the wine in my mouth~~ and the wine in my mouth.

Tom. And how did you
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 the blacksmith and desired him to mend it, that I might go to the butcher and get it full of bloody water, but he told me he could not work in any thing but 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 the wine?

Teag. Why the old man began to chide me, asking me how I broke it, then I held up the other as high as my head, and let it fall on the ground on a stone which broke it all to pieces likewise; now said I, master, that's the way, and then he beat me very heartily, until I had to shout out murder and mercy 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 be his own bone picker; but by shaint Patrick, I had to run away with my life or all was done, else I had lost my dear shoy 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 in her head into a pitcher to lick out some milk, when it was in she could not get it out, and I to save 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 this, swore he would cut the head off me, for the poor dog was made useless and could not see to follow any body for want of his eyes; and when I heard of this, I ran away with my own head, for if I had wanted it, I had lost my eyes too, then I would not have seen the road to Port Patrick, through Glennap, but by shaint Patrick, I came home alive in spite of them all.

Tom. O rarely done, Pady, you behaved like a man

way; by shaint Patrick, what is he this shaint Patrick.

Teag. Arra dear honey, he was the best shaint in the world, the father of all good people in the kingdom, he has a great kindness for an Irishman, when he hears him calling on his name; he was the first that sow'd the potatoes in Ireland; for he knew it was a bit of good fat ground, it being a gentleman's garden before Noah's flood.

Tom. But dear Pady, is shaint Patrick yet alive, that he hears the Irish people when they speak of his name.

Teag. Arra dear honey, I don't know whether he is dead or alive, but it is a long time since they kill'd him; the people turn'd all heathens, but he could not change his profession, and was going to run the country with it, and for taking his gospel away to England, so the barbarous tories of Dublin cut off his head; and what do you think he did when his head was off.

Tom. What could a dead man do, you fool!

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

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

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

Tom. No, Pady, it won't hold—I must have caution 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 Patrick, 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 it, which was all thacked with deals; and after they had pulled up her tether-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 catch'd her by the foot.

Tom. 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 call'd to the fellow that held by her tail behind to pull down his sheet and hold her head till I got leisure to die, and then say my prayers.

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

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

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

Teag. Arra, dear shoy, 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 had not to cost him a farthing.

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

Teag. O my dear shoy, I was as kindly us'd as another gentleman, for I told him I had made something of it by my travels as well as himself, but I 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 there 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 kill'd him? Why said he, death. Alie lieus, 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 will more than the head butcher in all Cork does. Arra dear hon & c.

on, and his broad sword by his side, all the death's 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'm sure he would have live'd all the days of his life.

Tom. In all your travels when abroad, did you never see none of your 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 too him, it was not him but one just like him.

Tom. On what account did you go a travelling.

Teag. Why a recruiting sergeant list'd me to be a captain, and after all advanced me no higher than a soldier it-self, but only called me his own dear countryman recruit; for I did not know what the regiment was when I saw them. I thought they were all gentleman's sons, and collegeoners, when I saw a box tike a bible upon their bellie's; but when I saw G. for King Geoege upon it, and R. for G—d blifs him; ho, no, said I, I shant 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 least they should look and know me.

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

Teag. Arra, dear honey I killed a man.

Tom. And how did you that?

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

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

Teag. Arra, dear shoy; his head was cutted of 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 fulusifair. my father was a fulusifair besides

the just and clearing the guilty, do you know how they call the horses mother.

Tom. Why they call her a mare.

Teag. A mare, aye very well minded, by shaint 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 lived in great plenty and died in great poverty; devoured up all or she died, but two hens and a pockful of potatoes a poor estate for an Irish gentleman in faith.

Tom. and what did you make of our 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 sorts 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 over sea brood that stood on the midden and picked all the stars out of the north west for they were never so thick their snee.

Tom. Now Pady that's a bull surpasses all; but is there none of the cock's offspring alive in Ireland now.

Teag. Arra dear shoy I don't think there are, but it is a pity there had not, for they would fly with people above the sea, which would put the use of ships out of fashion, and there would be nobody drown'd at sea at all.

Tom. Very well Pady; but in all your travels did you ever get a wife?

Teag. O that's what I did and a wicked wife too.

Tom. And what is become of her now?

Teag. Dear shoy I cant't tell whither she is gone to Purgatory, or the Parish of Pigtrantrum, for she told me she would certainly die the first opportunity she 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 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 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 physic for her.

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

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

Teag. Yes, yes, that's what I did; for I ran to the doctor when ever she died, and fought something for a dead or dying woman; the old foolish d—l 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, master doctor, said I, all the fire in Purgatory won't purge her clean, for she has both a cold and stinking breath. Sir, said he, that's not what I ask you, whether does she st—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, kicked me down stairs, and would give me nothing to her, but called me a dirty scoundrel for speaking of st—t before ladies.

Tom. And was you sorry when your wife died.

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

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

Teag. O my dear thoy, she was buried in all manner of pomp, pride and splendour; a fine coffin and cords in it, and within the coffin along with herself, she got a pair of new breees, a penny candle, a good hand-headed old

hammer, with an Irish sixpenny 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, as if it was no more but to be in the fashion.

Teag. And why should I cry without sorrow, when we 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 lament 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'll tell you, when any dies there is a number of criers before, saying, luff, luff, fou, allelieu, dear honey, what aileth thee 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'm sure if I had, I would not have got fair play, when I am not so old yet as my father was when he died.

Tom. No, Pady, that is not what I mean, but was you sorry, or did you weep for her?

Teag. Weep for her, by shaine Patrick I would not weep for her, 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.

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

Tom. Dear Pady, and what use do they make of all this?

Teag. Then, Tom, since you are so inquisitive, you may go and 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 young hogs, by shaint Patrick, I had more unnat'urality in me, than put them into any hospital as others do.

Tom. No, I suppose you would leave them with your friends ere you came away.

Teag. Ay, ay, a poor man's friends is sometimes worse than a profess^d 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 to 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 have parted with such a dear pocket companion at such a time.

Tom. I fancy Pady you came off with what they call a moon shine sitting.

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 travelled twenty miles and but twelve before gloomin in the morning.

Tom. And where did you go to take shipping?

Teag. Arra dear honey, I came to a county village, called Dublin, as big a city as any market town in all England, where I got myself on board 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 bag; 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 the leather sack, where I slept myself almost to death with hunger. And dear Tom to tell you plainly, when I 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 honey, I scratched my head in a hundred parts, and then set me down to think upon it, so I minded 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 to 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 then to live all my days and die directly with hungar at last.

Tom. What had you no meat for 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 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 locks of their leather sack, thinking to get a lick of their meal; but allelieu, dear shoy, I found neither meal nor seeds, 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 thought of meat and drink, death or life, and every thing else, was out of my mind, 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 eysters.

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

Teag. Ay, ay, drown'd, as clean drown'd as a fish, for the sea blew very loud, and the wind ran so 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 any where, you might have cast a knot on my belly, I was so hollow in the middle: s. I went into a gentleman's house and told them the bad fortune I had of being drown'd between Ireland and the foot of his garden, where we came all safe on shore. But all the comfort I got from him was a word of truth.

Tom. And what was that, Pady.

Teag. Why, he told me if I had been a good boy at home, I need not to have gone so far to push my fortune with an empty pocket. To which I answered, and what signifies that, as long as I am a good workman at no trade at all.

Tom. I suppose, Pady, the gentleman would make you dine with him.

Teag. I really thought I was when I saw them toasting and skinning so many black chickens, which was 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, commend me to the wing of an ox, but all that came to my share, was a piece of a boiled herring and a roasted potatoe, that was the first bit of meat I ever ate in England.

Tom. Well, Pady, what business did you follow after in England when you was so poor?

Teag. What sir, do you imagine I was so 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 be made a brigadier, a grenadier, or a fuzillier, or even one of them blue gowns that holds the fiery stick to the bung-hole of the big cannons, when they let them off to fright away the French; I was as sure as no man alive, ere I came from Cork, the least preferment I could get, was to be riding-master to a regiment of marines, or one of the black horse itself.

Tom. 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'm feet nothing at all but one inch.

Tom. And where in England was it you listed.

Teag. Arra, dear shoy. I was going through that little country village the famous city of Chester, the streets was very sore by reason of the hardness of my feet, and lameness of my brogs, but I went but very slowly across 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 I had been a world's wonder, or the wandering Jew; for the rain blew in my face and the wind wetted all my belly, which caused me to turn the backside of my coat before and the buttons behind, which was a good safeguard to my belly, and the starvation of my naked back, as I had not a good smirt on my back.

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 wonder greatly how the people knew my name, and where I came from; for every one told another that was Pady from Cork. I suppose they knew my face by seeing my name in the newspapers.

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, tossing their airs thro' the streets as if they were going to be married; and I saw them courting nothing but young men; so to bring myself to no preferment at all, I listed for a soldier, because I was too high for a grenadier.

Tom. And what listing-money did you get, Pady.

Teag. Arra, dear honey, I got five thirteens and a pair of English brogs, the guineas and the rest of the gold was sent away to London to the king my master, to buy me new shirts, a cockade, and common teasing for my hat,

that 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, that I should be shot, and then whipt to death, through the regiment.

Tom. No Pady, it is first whipt and then shot you mean.

Teag. Arra, dear shoy it is all one thing at last, but it is best to be shot and then whipt, the cleverest way to die I'll warrant you.

Tom. How much pay did you get, Pady?

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

Tom. And how shall I know them I never saw, you fool.

Teag. Dear shoy, 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 is the colour of a lobster's toe, and his chin like a well washed 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 drinks, and blows his nose before he takes a snuff; the rogue heights 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 sixpence of it.

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

Teag. That's what I did, but he read a pater-noster, out of his prayer book wherein all our names are written; so much for a stop hold to my gun, buckles to a pair of comical harn hose, with leather buttons from top to toe, and worst of all he would have no less than a penny a week to a doctor; arra said I, I never had a sore finger, or yet a sick toe all the days of my life, then what have I to do with the doctor, or the doctor, to do with me.

Tom. And did he make you pay all these things.

Teag. Ay, ay, pay and better pay; he took me before his captain, who made me pay all was in his book: Arra mastercaptain, said I, you are a comical sort of a fellow now you might as well make me pay for my coffin before I am

dead, as to pay for a doctor before I be sick; to which he answered me in a passion, firrah, said he, I have seen many a better man buried without a coffin; fir said I, then I'll have a coffin, die when I will, if there be as much wood in all the world, or I shall not be buried at all. Then he called for the serjeant, saying, you fir go and buy that man's coffin, and put it in the store till he die and stop sixpence a week of his pay for it. No, no, fir said I, I'll rather die without a coffin, and seek none when I'm dead, but if you be for clipping another sixpence off my poor pay keep it all to yourself, and I'll swear all your oaths of agreement we had back again, and then seek soldiers where you will.

Tom. O then Pady how did you end the matter!

Teag. Arra dear shoy by the mights of shaint Patrick and help of my own brogs, I both ended it and mended it. for the next night before that, I gave them leg bail for my fidelity, and then I went about the country a fortune teller, deaf and dum as I was not.

Tom. How old was you Pady, when you was a soldier last,

Teag. Arra, dear honey. I was three dozen all but two, and it is only but two years since, so I wanted only four of three dozen yet and when I live sixdozen more, I'll be older then I am. I'll warrant you.

Tom. O but Pady, by your account you are three dozen of years already.

Teag. O what a big fool are you, now Tom when you count the years I lay sick; which time I count no time at all.

A NEW CATECHISM.

Tom. **O**F all the opinions professed in religion, tell me now Pady, of what profession art thou?

Pady. Arra, dear shoy, my religion was too weighty a matter to carry out of my own country; I was afraid that you English Presbyterians should pluck it away from me.

Tom. What Pady, was your religion such a load that you could not carry it along with you?

Pady. Yes, that it was, but I carried it always about with me, when at home, my sweet cross upon my dear breast, bound to my blest button-hole.

Tom. And what manner of worship did you perform by that.

Pady. Why, I adored my cross, the Pope and the priest, cursed Oliver as black as a crow, and swears myself a cut-throat against all protestants and church of England men.

Tom. And what is the matter, but you would be a church of England man, or a Scots Presbyterian yourself, Pady.

Pady. Because it is unnatural for an Irishman, but had saint Patrick been a Presbyterian, I had been the same.

Tom. And for what reason would you be a Presbyterian then, Pady.

Pady. Because they have liberty to eat flesh in Lent, and every thing that is fit for the belly.

Tom. What, Pady, are you such a lover of flesh, that you would change your profession for it.

Pady. O yes, that's what I would, I love flesh of all kinds, sheep's beef, swine's mutton, hare's flesh, and hen's venison; but our religion is one of the hungriest in all the world; ah! but it makes my teeth to weep and my belly to water, when I see the Scotch Presbyterians and English churchmen, in time of Lent, feeding upon bull's bastards and sheep's young children.

Tom. Why, Pady, do you say the bull is a fornicator, and gets bastards?

Pady. Arra dear shoy, I never saw the cow and her husband all the days of my life, nor yet before I was born, going to the church to be married; and what then can his sons and daughters be but bastards.

Tom. O Pady, Pady, the cow is but a cow and so are you; but what reward will you get when you are dead, for punishing your belly so while you are alive.

Pady. By saint Patrick I will live like a king when I am dead, for I will neither die for meat nor drink.

Tom. What, Pady, do you think that you are to come alive again when you are dead?

Pady. O Yes, we that are true Roman Catholics,

will live a long time after we are dead, when we die in love with the priests, and the good people of our profession.

Tom. And what assurance can your priests give you of that.

Pady. Arra, dear shoy, our priest is a great shaint and a good shoul, he can repeat a Pater Noster and Ave Maria, which will frighten the very horned devil himself, and make him run for it, until he be like to fall and break his neck.

Tom. And what does he give you when you are dying, that makes you come alive again.

Pady. Why, he writes a letter upon our tongues, sealed with a wafer, gives us a sacrament in our mouth, with a pardon, and a direction in our right hand, who to esll for at the ports of Purgatory.

Tom. To whom do they direct the dead.

Pady. Why, the English Romans when they die, are all directed to shaint George, the Scots to shaint Andrew, the Welsh to shaint David, and our own dear countrymen, most every shoul of them go to shaint Patrick: but them that have no money to pay the priest for a pardon, and those that are drowned, or die by themselves in the fields without a priest, is lost and sent away as blackguard scoundrels, to wander up and down while the world stands, among the brownies, fairies, mermaids, sea-devils, and water kelpies.

Tom. And what money design you to give the priests for your pardon.

Pady. Dear shoy, I wish I had first the money he would take for it, I would rather drink it myself, and then give him both my bill and my honest word, payable in the other world.

Tom. And how then are you to get a passage to the other world, or who is to carry you there.

Pady. O my dear shoy, Tom, you know nothing of the matter; for, when I die, they will bury my body, flesh, blood, dirt and bones, only my skin will be blown up full of wind and spirit, my dear shoul I mean: and then I will be blown over to the other world on the wings of the wind; and after that I shall never be kill'd,

hang'd nor drown'd nor yet die in my bed, for when any one hits me a blow, my new body will buff upon it like a bladder.

Tom. But what way will you go to that new world, or where is it.

Pady. Arra dear shoy, the priest knows where it is, but I do not, but the Pope of Rome keeps the outer port, shaint Patrick the inner port, and gives us a direction of the way to shaint Patrick's palace, which stands on the head of the Stygian Loch, where I'll have no more to do but chap at the gate.

Tom. What is the need of chaping at the gate, is it not always open.

Pady. Dear shoy, you know little about it, for there is none can enter there but red hot Irishmen, for when I call, "Attelieu dear honey, shaint Patrick, countenance your own dear countryman if you will." Then the gates will be opened directly to me, for he knows and loves an Irishman's voice, as he loves his own heart.

Tom. And what entertainment will you get when you are in.

Pady. O my dear we are all kept there unto a general-review which is commonly once in the week; and all the blackguard scoundrils is pick't out of the ranks, and one half of them is sent away to the Elsiyan fields to carry the weeds from among the potatoes. the other, half of them to the river sticks to catch fishes for shaint Patrick's table; and all them that are owing the priests any money is put in the black hole, and then given into the hands of a great black bitch of a devil, which they keep for a hangman, who whips them up and down the smoky dungeon every morning for six months, then holds their bare back side to a fire, until their hips be all in one blister, and after all they are sent away to the poor parish of Pigtrantum, where they'll get nothing to eat, but cold sowens, burgue and butter milk.

Tom. And where does your good people go when they are parted from the bad?

Pady. And where would you have them to go, but

into shaint Patrick's palace, and then they may go down the back stairs unto the garden of Eden now called Paradise; ah! my dear shoy this is the real fundamental truths of our Romish Religion and a dēp doctrine it is, but your Presbyterian, and English churchmen will not believe it and by shaint Patrick neither can I, until I see more of it come to pass.

Tom. And what manner of lives does your priests order you to live in the world to come?

Pady. Arra dear shoy if I had money enough to buy pardons from our priests, I might commit all the lies forbidden in our holy books, as he gives them a toleration to lie and cheat all the world, but those of our own profession.

Tom. What Pady are you not to do as much justice to a protestant as a priest.

Pady. O my dear shoy, the most justice we are commanded to do to a protestant, is to whip and torment them till they confess themselves in the Romish Faith, and then cut their throats that they may die-believers.

Tom. And what business do you follow after at present. Pady. Arra dear shoy, I am a mountain sailor and my supplication is as follows.

PADY'S HUMBLE PETITION, OR SUPPLICATION.

GOOD Christian people, behold me a man, who has com'd through a world of wonders, a hell full of hardships, dangers by sea, and dangers by land, and yet I am alive, you may see my hand crooked like a foals foot, and that is no wonder at all considering my sufferings and sorrows; 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 bisquet. And now, now, I have nothing, being taken by the Turks, and relieved by the Spaniards, lay sixty six days at the siege of Gibraltar, and got nothing to eat but sea wreck and raw mussels; then out to sea for our safety, cast upon the Barbarian coast, among the woeful wicked Algeries where we were to

ken and tied with tugs and tedders, horse-locks and cow-chains; then cut castrated, yards and testicles quite away; if you will not believe, put in your hand and feel how every female's made smooth by the shear-bone, where nothing is to be seen but what is natural. Then made our escape to the q-sar or wild wilderness of Arabia, where we lived axon ft the wild asses, upon wind, sand and sap-eis ling. Afterwards put to sea in the hull of an old house; where we were tossed above and below the clouds, being driven thro' thickets and groves by fierce, course, entr and contrary winds; at last was cast away upon Salisbury plains, where our vessel was dashed to pieces against a cabbage 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 biscuit, 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 few of your halfpence or farthings, a waught of your butter-milk, a pair of your old breeches, stockings or shoes, or even a chew of tobacco for charity's sake.

A CREED FOR ROMISH BELIEVERS.

I BELIEVE the Pope of Rome, to be the 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 far beyond the grave, and can bring up any departed shoul^e he pleases, even as the devil in its women of Endor brought up Samuel to Saul, by the same power he can, assisted by the enchantments of old Manassah, 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 partakes a little of other mens wives in secret confession. I acknowledge the worshipping of images and relics of shaints departed to be very just; but if they hear and do not help us, O they are but a parcel of ungrateful wretches.

F I N I S.