

THE
HISTORY

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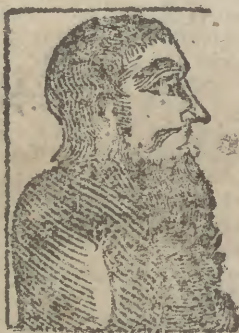
Comical Transactions

OF

LOTHIAN TOM,

IN SIX PARTS.

Wherein is contained a Collection of roguish Ex-
ploits done by him both in Scotland and England.



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HISTORICAL

General History

OF THE

STATE OF

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T H E

Life and comical Transactions of

LOTHIAN TOM.

THIS Thomas Slack, vulgarly called Lothian Tom, because of that country, was born four miles from Edinburgh; his father being a very wealthy farmer, who gave him good education, which he was very awkward in receiving, being a very wild mischievous boy.

When he was about ten years of age, he was almost killed by the stroke of a horse's foot, which his father had; who had a trick of kicking at every person that came in behind him. But when Tom was got heal of that dreadful wound, whereof many thought he would have died, to be even with the horse, he get's a clog or piece of tree, which was full of wooden pins; a thing which the shoemakers used to tan their leather upon, and with a rope, he tied it to the couple balk in the stable, directly opposite to the horse's tail, got upon the balk, and gives it a swing back, so that the pikes in the end of it came with a full drive against the horses rife, which made him to sing, and the more he struck and flung at it, it rebounded back again and struck him; the battle lasted with great fury for a long time, which was good diversion for Tom, until his father hearing some disturbance in the stable, came in to know the matter and was surpris'd when he saw the poor horse tanning his own hide, with his legs all cut and bloody, with kicking against the pikes of the tanners stool; so he cut the rope and the battle was ended, but the poor horse would never kick at any thing that came behind him afterwards, but always run from it.

knife and whips poor Tom over his knee, and with great kicking and straggling cots the waistband of his breeches, through pudding and all, so that the blood gushed out and Tom cried murder, murder and down he fell. The poor dominie went out the door, crying, and wringing his hands. Who flew about, that Tom was kicked by the dominie which made the people come running from several parts of the country round about to see how it was but searching for the wound, found nothing but the empty pudding. Tom came running home all besmeared with blood, at the sight whereof his father cry'd, what's the matter Tom? To which he made no answer: searching him, the trick was discovered and poor Tom received a severe chastisement. Tom to be revenged on his father, rose in the night time and broke the fauld and let out the cattle amongst his father's corn, and goes to bed again, this he did unperceived. Next morning, the neighbours observing the cattle lying amongst the corn, came running, and told his father how they had destroyed all his victual, for they had eat till they had like to burst. All the time Tom lay in his bed, and his father much vexed at his laziness, and told him that he would never have the benefit of more schooling as his master had so many grievous complaints against him; at which Tom rejoiced within himself as he did not value learning, nor put it in balance with his designed tricks. Tom then scampered away, and meeting with an egg cadger coming to Edinburgh, desired him to alight from his horse, and he would give him a dram at the Fallow kirk, at which, the poor man was glad, and went in with him. Tom called for two drams and bade the cadger drink hearty. in the meantime Tom slips out and mounts the cadger's horse, and puts a foot in each creel and made the eggs all caddle, and they dismounted and ran, so that the poor cadger

left his eggs, and had the dracas to pay for.

Tom was always playing tricks to his grandmother, as he knew she was rich, and would part with nothing to him; he lays in wait one night, and conceals himself in a corner until all was at rest, Tom rises and takes the keys of a drawer, and slips out about forty shillings, and slips off to Dalkeith on a Thursday where his grandmother's servant girl came that day: Tom was spending largely, and the girl who knew that Tom had no money, came home and told his grandmother that Tom had taken away her money. this so enraged him, that he lashed her buttocks with his wheep in so unmerciful a manner, that with the smart and shame together she had not the least inclination to sleep the remaining part of the day.

Tom being grown up to the years and age of a man, thought himself more wiser and slyer than his father; and there was several things about the house he liked better than to work so he turned to be a dealer among the brutes, a couper of horses and cows, &c. and even wet ware amongst the brewers and brandy shops, until he couped himself to the room halter, and then his parents would supply him no more. He knew well his grandmother had plenty of money, but she would give him none; but the old woman had a good black cow of her own, which Tom went to the fields one evening and catches, and takes her into an old waste house, which stood at a distance from any other, and there he kept her two or three days giving her me t and drink when it was dark at night, and made the old woman believe some body had steln the cow, for their winter mart, which was grief enough to the old woman for the loss of her dearly beloved cow. However she employed Tom to go to the fair that was near by, and buy her another, gives him thr o pounds, which Tom accepts very thankfully, and

promised to buy one as like the other as possible he could get; then he gets a piece of chalk and brays it as small as meal, and sleeps it in a little water, and therewith rubs over the cows face and back, which made her both brocket and rigget; so Tom in the morning takes the cow to a public house, within a little of the fair, and there left her till the fair was over, and then drives her home before him; and as soon as they came home, the cow began to rout as she used to do, which made the old woman to rejoice, thinking it was her own black cow, but when she saw her white face, sighed and said, alas! thou'lt never be like the kindly brute my black lady, and yet routs as like her as any I ever did hear; but Tom says to himself, the mercy is you know not; in two or three days the old woman put forth her bra' rigget cow in the morning with the rest of the neighbours cattle, but it came on a sore day of heavy rain, which washed away all the white from her face and back; so the old woman's black lady came home at night, and her rigget cow went away with the shower and was never heard of. But Tom's father having some suspicion, and looking narrowly into the cow's face found some of the chalk not washed away; and then he gave poor Tom a hearty beating and sent him away to seek his fortune with a skinful of fore bones.

P A R T II.

TOM being turned to his shifts, considers with himself how to raise a little money, gets a long string, as near as he could guess to be the length of his mother, and into Edinburgh he goes, to a wright, who was acquainted with his father and mother, the wright asked him how he did? he answered him very soberly, for he had lost a good fatiful mother last night, and there's a measure of

her coffin. Tom went out and staid some time and then comes in again and tells the wright he did not know what to do, for his father ad o dere him to get money from such a man, which he named, and was that day gone out of the town; the wright asked him how much he wanted: to which he answered, a guinea and a half might do, or thirty shillings at least; so he gave him the guinea and the half; then Tom gave him strict charge to be out on the morning again eleven o'clock with the coffin, and he should have his money altogether. Tom set out for the ale house with the money, and lived all while it lasted. Next morning the wright and his two lads goes out with the coffin, and as they were going into the house, Tom's mother was standing at the door, and asked the master how he did, and where he was going with the coffin? he did not know well what to say, being so surpris'd to see her alive; but at last he told her that it was made designedly for her, and that her son had come in the day before, and had got a guinea and a half from him, which he said was to buy other necessaries for the feneral. O the rogue, said she, he has play'd me that; so the wright got his guinea and a half, and so much for his trouble, and had to take back his coffin with him again.

Tom being now short of money again, began to think how he could raise a fresh supply; so he went to the port among the shearers, and there hires about thirty of them, and agrees to give them a whole weeks shearing at ten-pence a day, which was two pence higher than they had got that year. This made the poor shearers think that he was as honest, generous, gelteel a master, as ever they had got, for he took them into an ale house and gave them a hearty breackfast, till they could eat no more. Now, says he, when there are so many of you together, out of different parts, and unacquainted with

one another, I do not know but there may some of you be honest men, and some of you rogues and you are all to lye in one barn together. any of you who has got money you'll be safest to give it to me, and I'll mark it down in my book with your names, and what I receive from each of you, you shall have it again on Saturday night when you get your wages. O very well good man, take mine, take mine, every one cryed faster than another: some gave him five, six, seven and eight shillings, even all they had earned through the whole harvest, which amounted to near seven pounds sterling; having got all the money, he goes out with them till about three miles out of the town, and coming to a great field of corn though something green, yet being convenient for his purpose as it lay at a considerable distance from any house or person, so he made them begin there, telling them he was going to order dinner for them and send his own servants to join them; away he goes with all the speed he could, but takes another road into the town lest they should follow and catch him: Now when the people to whom the corn belonged saw such a band in the field they could not understand the meaning of it; but the good man to whom the corn belonged, went off crying always as he run to stop, but they would not, until he began to beat them and they at him, he being in a great passion, as the corn was not fully ripe; at last, by force of argument and other people coming up to the poor shearers, they were convinced they had gotten the bite which made them go away lamenting their misfortune.

In two or three days thereafter, as Tom was going down the Canongate, he meets one of the shearers who knee him, and kept fast by him, demanding his money and satisfaction for the rest, whist, whist, says Tom and you'll get yours and something else beside. So Tom takes him into the jail, and call

for a bottle of ale, and a dram, then takes the jailor aside, as if he had been going to borrow the money from him, and says to the jailor, this man is a great thief; I and two others have been in search of him these three days, and other two men have the warrant with them, you shall have a guinea in reward; yes said the jailor, go and fetch the rogue for you. Tom goes out, leaving the innocent fellow and the jailor struggling together, and then off for England directly.

PART III.

TOM having now left his own native country, went into the country of Northumberland, and hired himself to an old miser of a farmer; and here he continued for several years performing his duty in service well enough, though sometimes playing a roguish trick to those about him. His master had a very naughty custom, that he would allow them no candle at night to see with when at supper. Tom one night sets himself next to his master, and as they were all about to fall on, Tom puts his spoon into the midst of the soup, the crowdie was hottest, and clapt a spoon into his master's mouth. A pox on you for a rogue, cried his master, for my mouth is all burnt; a pox upon you for a master, says Tom, for you keep a house as dark as purgatory, I was going to my own mouth with that soup and mist the way, it being so dark; don't think master, that I am such a big fool as to feed you, while I have a mouth of my own. So from that night Tom burnt his master's mouth with the hot crowdie, they always got a candle to shew them li heat supper; for his master would feed no more in the dark while Tom was present.

There was a servant girl in the house, who always when she made the beds, neglected to make

Tom's, and would have him to make it himself; well then, says Tom, I have harder work to do, and I shall do that too. So next day, when Tom was in the field at the plough, when he saw his master comin' from the house towards him, he then left the horses and the plough standing in the field, and goes away towards his master, who cried, what is wrong or is any thing broke? No no, says Tom, but I'm going home to make my bed, it has not been made these two weeks, and it is just now about the time the maid makes all the rest so I'll go home and make mine too; No, no sirrah go back to your plough, and I'll cause it to be made every night for you, then says Tom, I'll plough two or three furrows more in the time.

There was a butcher come to his master's, and bought a fine fat calf, so Tom laid it on the horse's neck before the butcher, and when he was gone, Tom says, now master, what will you hold but I'll steal that calf from the butcher, before he goes two miles off? Why, says his master, I'll hold a guinea you don't, done, says Tom, in he goes, and gets a good shoe of his master's, and runs of another way, across the fields until he got before the butcher near to a hedge, where there was an open and turning of the way, there Tom turns himself behind the hedge, and brovs the shoe on the middle of the highway, then up comes the butcher, riding with his calf before him: then said he to himself, there's a good shoe, if I knew how to get on my calf again, I would alight for it, but what signifies one without its neighbour: so off he goes, and lets it lie: Tom then slips out and takes the shoe up again, and runs across the fields until he got before the butcher at another part of the hedge, about half a mile distant, and there he throws the shoe out again on the middle of the way; then up comes the butcher, and seeing it, says to himself, now I shall have a pair of

good shoes for the lifting; down he comes, lays the calf on the ground and tying his horse to the hedge runs back thinking to get the other shoe; in which time, Tom whips up the calf and shoe, and home he goes demanding his peger, which his master could not deny, being fairly won.

The poor butcher turned back to his horse, got only his travel for his pains; so missing his calf, he knew not what to say or do, but thinking it had broke the rope from about its feet, and had run into the fields the butcher spent that day in search of it, amongst the hedges and ditches and so returned to Tom's master's all night, intending to go and search farther for it next day, giving them a tedious relation how he came to lose it by a curled pair of shoes, which he believed the devil threw in the way, and how he had taken the calf and all along with him, expressing his thankfulness, that the devil had been so honest as to spare his old horse, when he stole away the calf. Next morning, Tom went to work and makes a fine white face on the calf with chalk and water, then brings it out, and sold it to the butcher, which was good diversion to his master and the other servants, to see the butcher buy his own calf again. No sooner was he gone with it, but Tom says, now master what will you hold, but I'll steal it again from him before he goes two miles off? No, no, says his master, but I'll give you a shilling if you do it. Tom says Ten, it shall cost you no more; and away he runs a foot through the fields, until he came in before the butches, hard by the place where he stole the calf the day before; and there he lies behind the hedge, and as the butcher came past he put his hands in his mouth, and cries, baw, baw, like a calf; the butcher hearing this, swears to himself, that there was the calf he had lost the day before: down he comes, and throws the calf on the ground, gets in

through the hedge in all haste, thinking he had nothing to do but pick it up; but as he came in, at one part of the hedge Tom leaps out at another, and gets the calf on his shoulder, then gets it over the hedge to the other side, and through the fields he came safely home with the calf on his shoulders: while the poor butcher spent his time and labour in vain, running from hedge to hedge, and hole to hole, seeking what was not there to be found. So the butcher returned to his horse again, and finding his other calf gone, he concluded it to be done by some invisible spirit there about that spot of ground; and so he went home and raised a bad report on the devil, and saying he has turned highwayman, and had taken two calves from him. So Tom washing the white face of the stolen calf, his master sent for the butcher to come and buy another calf, which he accordingly did a few days after, and Tom sold him the same calf a third time: then told him the whole affair as it was acted, giving him his money again, so the butcher got but few for all his trouble.

P. A R T IV.

THERE was an old rich blind widow, who lived hard-by, had a young girl, her only daughter, and she fell deep in love with Tom, and Tom fell as deep in love with the money, but not with the maid; the old woman bestowed a vast of presents on Tom, and mounted him like a gentleman, but still he put off the marriage from time to time, and always wanted something which the old woman gave the money to purchase for him, until he had got about thirty pound of her money, and then she would delay the marriage no longer. Tom went and took the old woman and girl aside, and made his apology in the following manner: Dear mother, said he, I am very willing to wed with my

dearest Polly, for she appears an angel in mine eyes, but I am sorry very sorry to acquaint you that I am not a match for her. What child, says the old woman there's not a fitter match in the world for my Polly: I did not think that your counry could afford such a clever youth as what I hear you to be, you shall neither want gold and silver, and a good horse to ride upon, and when I die, you shall have my all; O but says Tom, that's no matter at all, the stop is this, when I was at home in Scotland, I got a stroke with a horse's foot on the bottom of the belly, which has quite disabled me below, that I cannot do a husband's duty in bed. Then the old woman clapt her hands, and fell a crying, O! if he had any other impediment but that, but that! woful that, which gold and silver cannot purchase, and yet the poorest of people that are common beggars have plenty of it. The old woman and her daughter sat crying and wringing their hands, and Tom stood and wept, lest he should get no more money. O says Polly, mother, I'll wed him nevertheless I love him dearly. No, no, you foolish girl, would you throw yourself away, to marry a man and die a maid, and don't know the end of your creation. it is the enjoyment of a man in bed, that makes women to marry, which is a pleasure like paradise, and if you wed with this man you'll live and die and never know it. Ho, ho, says Tom if I had money, I needed not be this way till now. Money you fool says the old woman, there is not such a thing to be got for money in all England, says Tom, there's is a doctor in Newcastle will make me as able as any other man for ten guineas. Ten guineas, said she, I'll give him fifty if he will, but here's twelve, and go directly and know first what he would do, and come directly again, and marry my child or she and I will die both for thy sake. Tom having now got twelve

guineas more of their money, got all things in readiness next morning early, and sets off for Newcastle, but instead of going to Newcastle, he came to Scotland and left Polly and her mother to think upon him. When in about two weeks after, when he was not returned, no, nor so much as a word from him, the old woman and Polly got a horse and came to Newcastle in search of him, went through all the doctor's shops asking if there came a young man there about two weeks ago, with a broken cock to mend; some laughed at her, others were like to kick her out of doors, so the old woman had to return, without getting any farther intelligence of Tom.

Now, after Tom's return to Scotland, he got a wife, and took a little farm near Dalkeith, and became a very douse man for many years, followed feeding of veals, for slaughter and the like. He went one day to a fair, and bought a fine cow from an old woman, but Tom judged by the lowness of the price that the cow had certainly some fault. So he gave the wife the other good bicker of good ale, then said he, wife, the money's your's, and the cows mine, ye must tell me the wae bifs o' faults it has. Indeed, quoth she, goodman, she has nae faults but one, and gin she wanted it, I wad ne'er hae parted wi' her: and what's that, goodwife, said he? Indeed, said she, the filthy dast-beast ay fucks herself. Hute, says Tom, if that be all, I'll soon cure her of that: O can ye no't says she, if I had kend what wad a done it ye hadna gotten her. Well says Tom, I'll tell you what to do, take the cows price I gave you just now, and tie it fast in a napkin, and give it through to me below the cow's wame, and I'll give you the napkin again over the cow's back and I'll lay my life for't that she shall ne'er fuck herself in my sight. A wae well said she, I'll do that an' there sud be witchcraft in't. Tom no sooner got the filler through beneath

the cow's belly, then he looses out his money, and puts it in his pocket, and gave the napkin over the cow's back to the wife, according as he told her, saying, there's your cow, and I have my money, and I told you she should never suck herself in my aught. O dole, cry'd the wife, is that your cure, ye ha e cheated me, ye ha e cheated me.

P A R T V.

TOM being very scant of money, at a time when his rent was to pay, and though he was well acquainted with the butchers in Edinburgh, he tried severals of them, yet, none of them would lend him as much, as he was known to be such a noted sharper. Tom thinks with himself, that he'll give them a bite in general who had refused him. So in he comes next day, (and all of them had heard that he had a fine fat calf feeding) comes to one of the butchers, and tells him he was going to sell his fine fat calf he had at home. Well says the butcher, and what will you have for it? Just five and thirty shillings, says Tom. No, says the butcher, but by what I hear of it, I'll give you thirty. Na, na, says Tom, you must remember that is not the price of it, but give me twenty shillings just now, and send out your lad to-morrow and we will perhaps agree about it. Thus Tom went through ten of them in one day, and got twenty shillings from each of them and kept his speech against the rest, for what ever they offered him for his calf, told them to remember that was not to be the price of it, but give me twenty shillings just now, and send out your lad to-morrow morning and perhaps we'll agree about it, was all that passed. So home he comes with his ten pounds, and paid his rent; and next morning one of the butchers sent out his lad to Lothian Tom's for a calf, and as he was about a mile from the town, went to

an ale house door, and calls for a bicker of ale, and as he was drinking it up comes another butcher lad on the same errand, he being called by the first to come and drink, which caused another bicker then up comes other two on the same errand; and again up comes other six more, which made the ten and every one told he was going to Lothian Tom for a calf, which made them think Tom had gathered together all the calfs in that country side. So up they came to Tom's house, and every one called for his calf, and Tom had but one calf to serve them all, which he took out and shews them. Now, says he, whoever gives most for it shall have it, for I'll put it to a reup. What said they, our masters bought it yesterday. Then, says Tom, you would be fools to buy it to day, for it is heavy to carry, and fashious to lead, you must all go home without it. Next day Tom gets ten summonses to answer at the instance of the butchers, for selling his calf and not delivering it. Tom goes to Edinburgh and gets the best lawyer in town for that purpose, tells him the whole story from first to last. Then said the lawyer, as they cannot prove a bargain, and deny you the paying the money again, if you give me the calf, I'll bring you off, but remember in law, there is no point like that of denial. The calf, says Tom, you'll not want that and a stone of butter to make it ready with. Then the lawyer goes to the court, where Tom is called upon; the lawyer answers first, who asked the butchers if they could sell the price or prove the bargain? they answered no; but he ordered us to send our ads, and we would agree about it. Agree about it! said the judges, why do you come to sue for a bargain, and to agree about it! Ay but said they, we want twenty shillings a piece from him of the money we gave him. Tom is called out, then said the Judge Did you borrow money from any of these men? Not I my Lord, I came indeed asking the

loan of money from them, but they would lend me none, and then I came next day beggar ways, and they were so generous as to give me twenty shillings a-piece; but said the judge, were not you to give it back again? I never promised nor never intend it at all; my Lord, for what is given to the poor is given gratis; and I appeal to this court that whatever pence any of you has given to the poor, that you look not for it back again. Then Tom was freed at the bar, and the butcher's lost and laughed at.

After the court, Tom and the lawyer had a hearty bottle; and at parting, the lawyer said, Now mind Tom and send me the half to-morrow; O yes, said Tom, but you must first send me out forty shillings for it. What says the lawyer, did not you promise me it, and a stone of butter to make it ready with, for gaining your plea? But says Tom, did you not tell me the only point of the law was to deny? and you cannot prove it; and if you have learned me law, I have learned you roguery to your experience, so take this as a reward for helping me to cheat the butchers, and I think I'm even now with you both. This was all the lawyer got of Tom.

PART VI.

PADY'S NEW CATECHISM.

Tom. O F all opinions professed in religion, tell me now Pady, of what profession art thou? P dy. Arra, dear laoy, my religion was too weighty a matter to carry out of my own country, I was afraid that you English Presbyterians should pick it away from me. Tom. What Pady, was your religion such a load that you could not carry it along with you? P. Yes, that it was, but I carried it al-

ways about me when at home, my sweet cross upon
 my dear breast, bound to my best button hole. T.
 And what manner of worship did you perform by
 that? P. Why I adore my cross, the Pope and the
 priests, and curses, I live as black as a crow, and
 I swore myself an out-throat against all protestants; and
 the English Kirkmen. T. And what is the matter but
 you would be a church of England man, or a Scots
 Presbyterian yourself? P. Because it is unnatural for
 an Irishman; but had saint Patrick been a Presby-
 terian I had been the same. T. For what reason
 would you be a Presbyterian then Pady? P. Because
 they eat flesh in Lent, and every thing lovely to the
 belly. T. What Pady, are you such a lover of flesh
 that you would change your profession for it? P.
 O yes, that's what I would, I love flesh of all kinds,
 sheeps beef, swines mutton, hares flesh, hens venison
 but our religion is one of the hungriest in the world,
 oh, but it makes my teeth to weep and my belly to
 water, when I see the Scots Churchmen, and English
 Presbyterians in the time of Lent, feeding upon bulls
 bastards and sheeps young children. T. Why, Pady
 do you say that bulls gets bastards? P. Arra, dear
 shoy, I never saw the cow and her husband all the
 days of my life, or before I was born going to the
 church to be married, and what can his sins be but
 bastards. T. O Pady, Pady, the cow is a cow, and
 so are you, but what reward will you get when you
 are dead, for punishing your belly so, when you are
 alive? P. By saint Patrick, I will live like a king
 when I am dead, for I will neither pay for meat nor
 drink. T. What, Pady, do you think that you are
 to come alive again after you are dead? P. Yes,
 that is true, we Roman Catholics will live long after
 we are dead, when we die in love with the priest and
 the good saints of our profession. T. What assu-
 rance can your priests give you of that? P. Arra,

dear sboy, our priest is a good shaint, and a good
 shoul, he also can repeat a pater noster, and Ave
 Maria, which will fright the very horned devil him-
 self, and make old nick to run for it until he be like
 to fall and break his neck. T. And what does he
 give you when you are dying, that make you come
 alive again? P. Why, he writes a letter on our
 tongue, sealed with a pardon and a direction in our
 right hand who to call for at the ports of purgatory.
 T. But what entertainment will you get when you
 are in? P. O my dear we are all kept there until
 a general review, which is commonly once a week,
 and then they are all drawn up like to many young
 recruits, and all the blackguard scoundrils picked
 out of the ranks, and the one half of them is sent
 away to the Elysian fields to carry the weeds from
 among the potatoes; the other half of them to
 the river sticks, to catch fishes for shaint P. trick's
 table; and all them that is owing the priests any
 money, is put in the black hole, and then given
 into the hands of a great big 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 backsides to a great
 fire, until their hips be all in one blister, and after
 all they are sent away to the parish of pigstrantrum,
 where they will get nothing to eat but cold sowens,
 bargo, and butter milk. I. And where does your
 good people go who are separated from the bad?
 P. And where would you have them to go, but
 into the garden of Eden, now called paradise; h,
 my dear sboy, this is the real fundamental truths of
 our Romish religion and deep doctrine it is but you
 En. Jily Presbyterians and Scots high churchmen will
 not believe it; and by shaint Patrick neither can I.

until I see more of it come to pass. T. Pray, what business do you follow after at present? P. Arr, dear shoy, I am a mountain sailer, and my petition is as follows:

PADY'S HUMBLE PETITION.

GOOD Christian people, behold me a man, who has come thro' a world of wonders, by a hell full of hardships, dangers by sea and dangers by land, and yet I am alive. O! see, see my hand crooked like a fools foot, and it is no wonder at all, considering my sufferings and sorrow: 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, the beef, and biscuit; and now, now, I have nothing, being taken by the Spaniards, lay sixty days at the siege of Gibraltar, got nothing to eat but sea-wreck and raw mussels then put to sea for our safety, cast upon the Barbarian coast, among the woful wicked Algerines, where we were taken and tied with tugs and tadders, horse, dogs, and cow chains then cut and castrate yards and testicles quite away, if you wont believe: put in your hand and feel, how every female is made smooth by the flcar bone, where nothing is to be seen but what is natural. Then we made our escape to the desert wild wilderness of Arabia, where we lived among the wild asses upon wind, sand, and sapless ling. Afterwards put to sea, in the hull of an old horse, where we were tossed above and below the clouds, being tossed through thickets and groves by fierce, furious, coarse, calm, and contrary winds; and, at last, being cast away upon Silisbury plain 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 butter, one hundred of your cheese, another of your beef, a cask of your

scuite, a tun of your beer, a keg of your rum, with
 pipe of your wine, a lump of your gold, a piece
 of your silver, with a few of your halfpence or far-
 things, a waught of butter milk, a pair of your old
 recches, stockings, or shoes, or even a chaw of to-
 acco, for charity's sake.

PADY'S CREED FOR IRISH BELIEVERS.

[BELIEVE the Pope of Rome to be the right heir
 and true successor of Father Peter the Apostle;
 and that he has a power above the kings of the
 world; which is spiritual and temporal, endowed
 with a communication from beyond the grave, and
 can bring up any departed soul (that is to say a
 devil in its stead) he pleases, even as the woman of
 Endor brought up Samuel to Saul, by the same power
 he can be afflicted by the enchantment of old Manasseh,
 a king in Israel, I believe also in the Romish priests,
 that they are very civil chaste shentlemen, keeps no
 wives of their own, but partake a little of other
 men's when in seccet confession I acknowledge the
 worshipping of images, an relies, and if they hear
 and do not help, they are but a parcel of ungrateful
 wretches.

PLOUGHMAN'S GLORY; or TOM'S SONG.

AS I was walking one morning in the spring,
 I heard a young plowman so sweetly did sing,
 And as he was singing these words he did say,
 No life is like a plowman's in the month of May.

The lark in the morning rises from her nest,
 And mounts in the air with the dew upon her breast
 And with the jolly plowman she'll whistle and sing,
 And at sight she'll return to her nest back again.

If you walk in the fields any pleasure to find,
You may see what the plowman enjoys in his mind.
The corn he sows grows, and the flowers do spring
And the plowman's as happy as a prince or a king

When his day's work is done that he has to do,
Perhaps to some country wake he will go.
There with a sweet lass he will dance and sing,
And at night return with his lass back again.

And as they return from their walk to the town
When the meadows are mow'd, and the grass cut
down,
If they chance for to tumble among the green hay,
It's kiss me now or never, the damsel did say.

Then he rises next morning to follow his team,
Like a jolly plowman so neat and so trim;
If he kiss a pretty girl he will make her his wife.
And she loves her dear plowman as she does her life.

Come Molly and Dolly lets away to the wake,
There the plow boys will treat us with beer, ale
and cake,
And if in coming home they should gain their ends,
Ne'r fear but they'll marry us or make us amends.

There's Molly and Dolly, and Nelly and Sue,
There's Ralph, John, Willy, and young Tommy too
Each lad takes his lass to the wake or the fair,
Adzooks, they look farley I vow and declare.

F I N I S .