

# COMIC ADVENTURES

OF

## JOHN MAUKS.



Last night, about 3 weeks ago, I received a of an old hags death, and I was so overjoy- with the sad news that every tear I let fall from e of my belly would split 16 fathoms of or set a mill agoing. I took a fit of runing my two shin bones in my pocket and my under my arm, and away goes myself for 12 miles sitting down every minute until I met John James, a hackney coachman, driving 13 dead Jack asses under an empty steam coach, loaded with three roasted mile stones, 77 grenadier buck mag pies, with 77 rounds of buck stirabout, as they were on the march from the battle of Delhi, they

are to be back on the 77th of the hungriest month in the year. There was a great fight 3 weeks and-a-half below Bucks Wheat near Christmas, between the big tree of Drumcondra and Nelson's pillar, they fired stewed lapstones at each other seventy-eleven leagues just above the Burnt Sea, where John Mauks brought me up eleventy-seven story high, and I never fell until I struck myself against a swaddler's soul case, who was swearing piously for pauper cash. At that time I was taking a hearty farewell to Jamis, but he asked me did I hear anything of the shower of old hags that fell next week, I said I did not, well says he, John Mauks can tell you all about it, I asked him where John Mauks lived and he said, behind Up and Down Street, where a mad dog bit a hatchet next week, and pigs wrestled for stirabout. He then said he would show me some of his wonders and the first wonder that he showed me, was 12 little boys and 36 little girls playing hide and go seek behind a hayrick that was made of stones. The next wonder he showed me, was himself and his son threshing tobacco into peas, one of the peas jumped through a stone wall, and killed a dead dog that was barking at a pook-marked cat, that was knitting a pair of stockings, and dying of the chin cough. I turned the dog inside out, and he begun to bark at me, with the fright I made a leap over a stone wall, so I easily might, for it was only the height of a cabbage stalk, and was not much longer than from Patrick's day to New York. I then took seriously ill with a horned colic in my big toe, a tooth ache in my shin bone, and a head ache in the back of my belly, and I was taken to the Lock Hospital where I took a fit of coughing for 18 days and 22 nights and was then ordered some frogs butter, and Kyrogues kidneys, I was then safely delivered of a Blacksmith's anvil and bellows 216 tons weight, I then then threw up Snap dogs Lap Dogs, Water Dogs, terrier and Bear Dogs. After that I threw up 77 Grenadiers and 77 rounds of cal cannon as they appeared at Sebastapol.

I then marched on till I came to the Curragh of Kildare, where I struck my nose against a bridge and knocked it down. I then went into a small village about the size of Dublin where I saw a man running away with a stack of chimneys on his back. I also saw an old woman taking a drink out of the River Liffey, I pushed her in & she was immediately burnt alive in a blaze of cold water. I afterwards met an old woman in the Parish of Nothing, in the County Go Luck, She told me of a great battle that took place on the ocean of sprats near the continent of Green Pea, where Bobby the ratcatcher swallowed a monument, and a poor old soldier was killed by being drawn into a bog of buttermilk. Such an unseasonable battle was never heard of before, it took place in Doing Green, between 15 and 16 o'clock at night when Arthur Kelly's nose was knocked into 1800 pieces and sold in Plumb Pudding Court, going up to Christmas, at the top side of Bobby the Ratcatcher. The regiment was commanded by Colonel Pigfry, and Colonel Beef steak the bone polisher, who lived 516 years behind Mutton Chop, in the Parish of Blackberry.

His waistcoat suddenly took fright and jumped in at one side of his back, and was immediately fried in a trap of calamity, and fried within an inch of bad luck, that made nearly two thousand miles behind Buttermilk. Solomon O'Brieny the dish lickers son received a dreadful wound the stone of a plumb flew out of a pudding which hit him in the stomach and knocked his appetite asunder. The whole regiment was put to flight and the names of the officers are as follows, Arms Hib, Denny Gib, Skib of the Glistor, Glistor and Gig, Harry McAuley, Johnny McAuley, Pig of the rump, Hop of the Venture, Benefit, Bad Bodily Mad, Durable Family, and General Holy News, Bad Pay, Run away, and Stand Still.

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