

THE  
COMICAL SAYINGS

10.

PADY FROM CORK:

With his COAT button'd Behind.

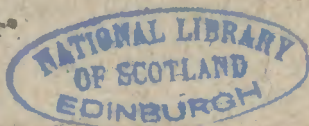
BEING

An elegant Conference between English TOM  
and Irish TEAGUE.



Entered according to Order.

1794.



THE COMICAL SAYINGS, &c.

*Tom.* Good-morrow, Sir, this is a very cold day.  
*Teague.* Arra dear honey, yesternight was a very cold morning.

*Tom.* Well brother traveller, of what nation art thou?  
*Teague.* Arra dear thoy I come from our own kingdom.

*Tom.* Why Sir, I know that, but where is thy kingdom?  
*Teague.* Allehey dear honey, do not you know Cork in Ireland?

*Tom.* O you fool! Cork is not a kingdom but a city.  
*Teague.* Then dear thoy, I am sure it is in a kingdom.

*Tom.* And what is the reason you have come and left your own dear country?  
*Teague.* Arra dear honey, by Saint Patrick, they have got such comical laws in our country, that they'll put a man to death in perfect health: so 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.  
*Teague.* Honest! I am perfectly honest, when I was but a child, my mother would have trusted me with a hoole full of millstones.

*Tom.* What was the matter, was you guilty of nothing?  
*Teague.* Arra dear honey, I did harm to no body; bu fancied an old gentleman's gun, and afterwards made it my own.

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

*Teague.* 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 right 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 o' lies, but they would not believe me, for I said I got it from my father when it was a little pistol, and I had kepted it till it had grown a gun, and was designed to use it well, until it had turned a big cannon, and then sold it to the military; they 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 fourthnight 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 k ck'd my arse for me, and the reason was, because I would not pay the whole of the liquor that was drunk in the company, though the landlord and his two sons got mouthfulls about of it; they would have me to pay it all, though I did not drink it all. 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 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 grée again; we took 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 did bite his nose, which caused him 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 the green tree that's like a whin bush, many people makes a thing to sweep the house of it.

*Tom.* O yes Pady, it was a groom you mean, but I fancy you was but cook'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 loved me so well, that they laughed at me.

*Tom.* Av, they might admire you for a fool.

*Teag.* What, Sir, do you imagine I am not a fool, no, no, my master asked counsel of me in all 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 was not got out of their beds, and neither the barking of horns, nor the blowing of 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 at dinner with him, and they admired me for my want of wisdom saying, I was certainly a man of great judgment, for my head was all in a lump; added, they were going to fishing along with my master and me in the afternoon, but I 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 stayed 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

10  
shower; and we catched them all, but got none of them.

*Tom* And how long did you serve that gentleman Pady? *Teag*. 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 thoy 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; Sr, said I, it is very bad manners in you to ask any gentleman's name; at this they laughed, mocking me, and said they could not give me none, if I would not tell my master's name; so I returned to my master, and told him the impudence of the fellow, how he would give me no letters, unless I would tell him your name, master. My master, at this flew in a great passion, and kick'd 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 but 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, saith I am not such a big fool; you think to cheat me down, this is not a conscionable way of dealing, I'll acquaint my master of it first; so I came and told my master 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 in the right, buying and selling dear penny-worths; so I

came again for my dear sixpence letter: and as the fellow was shuffling through a parcel of them seeking for it again, to make the best of a dear market, I pick'd up two, and home I comes to my master, 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 letter so dear to you: What have you done, said he? said I, I've only taken other two letters; here is one for you master, to help your dear penny-worth, and I'll send the other to my mother to see whether she be 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 fellows again with the two: I had very ill-will to go, but no body would buy them off me by the way.

*Tom.* A well Pady, I think you was to blame, and your master too; for he ought to have teach'd 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 serve the table, and such natty things as those; one night I took ben a roasted fish in the one hand, and a piece of bread in the other, the old gentleman was so saucy he would not take it, and told me I should bring nothing to him without a trencher below it; the same night as 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 to him one in every hand: no sooner did I enter the room, than he threw the pish-pot at me, which broke both my head and the pish-pot at one blow; now, said I, the d—— 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 to the potatoe monger, and asked what he took for the full of a Scots cog; he weighed them in, he asked no less than four-pence: four-pence, said I, if I were but in Dublin, I would get the full of that for no hing, and in Cork and Kingsale far 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 mouthfulls; 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 myse f both a liar and a fool to get off alive.

*Tom.* And how did you carry your potatoes home from the market? *Teag.* Arra dear shoy, 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 up the potatoes before me; and when I tied the load to the loaf, I had nothing to do 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 brog itself to blood: and I having no hammer by me, but a hatchet I left at home, I had to beat down the point of the nail with the bottom of the bottle; and by the book, dear shoy, it broke all to pieces, and scattered the wine in my mouth.

*Tom.* And how did you recompence your master for the loss of the bottle of wine? *Teag.* Arra dear shoy, I had a mind to cheat him and myself too, for I took the bottle away to a 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 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 it? *Teag.* Why the old rogue began to chide me, asking me what way I broke it; then I held up the other as high as my head, and lets it fall to the ground on a stone, which broke it all in pieces likewise; now said I master, that's the way, and then he beat me very heartily, until I had to shout mercy and murder 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 bone-picker; but by shaint Patrick, I had to run away with my life or all was done, else I had lost my dear sh. ul and body too by him. And then I come home much poorer nor I went away. The great bitch dog, that was my master's best beloved, put in its head into a pitcher to lick out some milk, and when it was in he could not get it out, and I, to save the pitcher, got the hatchet and cutted 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 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 run 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 Glen-nap, but by shaint Patrick, I came home alive in spite of them all.

*Tom.* O rarely done Pady, you behaved like a man, but what is the reason that you Irish people I wear always 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 our kingdom, he has a great kindness for an Irishman, when he hears him calling on his name; he



10  
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 thaint 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 be dead or alive, but it is a long time since they kill'd him: the people turned all heathens, but he would 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 cutted 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.* De d! faith he was not such a big fool as 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 wo'nt 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 Portpatrick, 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 on a little young boat, having but four men dwelling in a little house, in the one end of it, which was all thacker with deals; and after they had pulled up her tedder stick, and laid her long halter over her main, they pull'd up a long big sheet like three or four 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 catcht her by a foot.

*Tom.* I fancy, Pady, by this time you was very sick? *Teag.* Sick, ay sick beyond all sickness, clear dead as a door-nail, for as I had lost the key of my back-side, I bock'd up from the bottom of my belly, and I thought that liver and lung, and all that I had, should have gone together, then I call'd to the fellow that held her by the 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, and got you safe ashore at last? *Teag.* Ay we came ashore very tall; but, by shaint Patrick, I shall never venture dear thoul and body in such a young boat again while the winds blow out of Scots Galloway.

*Tom.* Well Pady, and wherè did you go when you came to Ireland again? *Teag.* Arra, dear honty, and where did I go but to my own dear cussins, who now was become very rich by the death of the old buck his father, who died but 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 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 stayer with him.

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

*Teag.* Arra dear honey, I could have stayer there, long enough, but when a man is poor his friends thinks but little of him: I told him I was going to see my brother Hary: Hary said he, Hary is dead. Dead, said I, and who kill'd him? Why, said he,

death: Alelieu, 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 he this fellow death, said I? What is he, he is one that kills more than the head-butcher in all Cork does; Arra, dear honey, said I, if he had been on Newry mountain, with his brogs on, and his broad sword by his side, all the deaths in Ireland had not kill'd him: O that impudent fellow death, if he had letten him alone till he had a 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 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 to him, it was not him, but one just like him.

*Tom.* On what account did you go a travelling?

*Teag.* Why a recruiting sergeant listed me to be a captain, and after all advanced me no higher than a soldier itself, but only he 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 collegenors, when I saw a box like a bible upoe their bellies: until I saw G for king George upon it, and R for G—d bless him; ho, ho, said I, I shaint 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 shoy, I kill'd 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 have cutted off his head. *Teag.* Arra dear shoy, 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-fu-lusifair! my father was a lulusifair, besides he was a man under great authority by law, condemning the just and clearing the guilty; do you know how they call the hories mother.

*Tom.* Why they call her a mare. *Teag.* A mare, ay very well minded, by shaine Patrick, my father was mare in Cook.

*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 peckful of potatoes; a poor estate for an Irish gentleman in saith.

*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 hatch'd them herself: I remember of one long-necked cock she had of an over-sea brood, that he stood on the midden and picked all the stars out of the norwest, so they were never so thick there since.

*Tom.* Now Pady, that's a bull surpasses all; but is there none of that cock's offspring alive in Ireland now? *Teag.* Arra dear shoy, I don't think that they are, but it is a pity but they had, for they would fly with people above the sea, which would put the use of ships out of fashion, and then there would be no body drown'd at sea at all.

*Tom.* Very well Pady, but in all your travels did you ever get a wife? *Teag.* Ay that's what I did, and a wicked wife too.

*Tom.* And what is become of her now? *Teag.* Dear shoy, I can't tell whether she's gone to purgatory, or the parish of Pig-trantum; 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 so when that old rover called the fever, came ranging 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 a got some pills and physick for her.

*Teag.* By saint Patrick, I had as good a pill of my own as any doctor in the kingdom could give her, and as for smeeching she could never use snuff or tobacco in her life.

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

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

*Tom.* And what did he ask of you Pady? *Teag.* Why, he asked me how did my wife go to school, to

which I answered, the same way that other women goes to a chair; no, said he, that is not what I mean: how does she purge? Arra mr. doctor, said I, all the fire in purgatory wont purge her clean; for she's both a cold and stinking breath. Sir, said he, that is not what I ask you, whether does she shite 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 pudden, 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 speaking of shite before ladies.

Tom. And was you sorry when your wife died?

Teag. Arra dear shoy, 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 shoy, she was buried with 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 candle, a good hard-headed holy 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, if it was no more than to be in the fashion. Teag. And why should I cry without sorrow? when we hired two cries, to cry all the way before her to keep in the fashion.

Tom. And what did they cry before a dead woman? Teag. Why they cry the common cry, or foundrel lament that is used in our Irish country.

Tom. And what manner of a 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 goes before, saying, Suff, suff, fou ablieu dear honey, what

( 15 )  
aileth thee to die! it was not for want of good butter-milk and potatoes. 10

P A R T 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 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, it is not that I mean, was you sorry, or did you weep for her? Teag. Weep for her, by shaint 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?

Teag. 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 gives nothing along with a dead person, but an old shirt, a winding-sheet, a big hammer, with a long candle, and an Irish threepenny piece.

Tom. Dear Pady, and what use do they make of all them things? Teag. Then Tom since you are so inquisitive, you may 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 would give them into the hands of the butchers as they had been a parcel of young bogs; by shaint Patrick I had more unnaturality in me than put them in any hospital, as others do.

Tom. No, I suppose you would leave them with your friends? Teag. Ay, ay, a poor man's friends is sometimes worse than a profess'd enemy, the best friend ever I 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 goodnight with your friends or you came away? Teag. Arra dear honey, I had no friends in all the world but an Irish half-crown, and would a been very sorry to part with such a dear pocket-companion at such a time.

Tom. I fancy Pady you cou'd off with what they call a moonshine sitting? Teag. You lie like a thief now, for I did not see sun, moon nor stars all the night, and I had travelled twenty miles all but twelve before glöming 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 lodged 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 meal they were going over with, then said I, is the mills 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 fore 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 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 shoy, I scratch'd 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 bost-boat, with the fellows



that carries over the English meal from the Irish mills.

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; but I thought it was better for me to steal and be hanged, than to live all my days, and to 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 goodinan of the ship, to carry me into the sea, or over to England, and when I was like to eat my old brogs for want of victuals, I drew my hanger and cut the lock of their leather-sack, thinking to get a lick of their meal; but alillieu dear shoy, I found nothing, meal nor feeds, 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. Alillieu dear honey, the thoughts of meat and drink, death and 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 amongst the fishes and become a whale; then I would have lived an easy life all my days, having nothing to do but to drink salt water, and eat caller oysters.

Tom. What Pady was you like to be drowned again? Teag. Ay, ay, drown'd as cleanly drown'd as a fish, for the sea-blew very loud, and the wind run 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 ashore? Teag. Arra dear honey, I was not able to go any where, you might a cast a knot on my belly,

I was so hollow in the middle; so I went into a gentleman's house, and told him the black fortune I had of being drown'd between Ireland and the foot of his garden, where we came all safe ashore; 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 needed not to have gone so far to push my fortune with an empty pocket; to which I answered, and what magnifies 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 roasting 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 boiled herring and a roasted potatoe, and that was the first bit of bread ever I ate in England.

Tom. Well Pady, what business did you follow after in England, when you was so far? Teag. What sir, do you imagine I was poor when I came over on such an honourable condition as to list, and bring myself to no perferment at all. As I was an able-bodied man in the face, I thought to be made a brigadier, a grenadier, a fusilier, 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, or I came from Cork the least perferment 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 thoy, I am five foot nothing, all but one inch.

Tom. And where in England was it you list'd?  
 Arra dear shoy. I was going thro' 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, so 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 croud'g to me as 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 buttons behind, which was a good safe  
 guard to my body, and the starvation of my naked  
 back; as I had not a good shirt.

Tom. I am sure then Pady they would take you  
 for a fool? Teag. No, no, for they admired me for  
 my wisdom, for I always turned 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 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 Chetter? Teag. To be sure I was not idle work-  
 ing 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 through the streets as if they  
 were going to be married; and I saw them courting  
 none but young men; so to bring myself to no pre-  
 ferment at all, I list'd for a soldier because I was  
 too high for a grandedeer.

Tom. And what list'ing money did you get Pady?  
 Teag. Arra dear shoy. 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-

mon'treassing 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 deserted and not run away, that I would 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 cliverest way to die I'll warrand you.

Tom. How much pay did you get a week Pady? Teag. Do you know the little fat tall serjeant that sed me to be a soldier

Tom. And how should 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 toe, and his chin like a well-washed potatoe; he's 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 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 your arriers in once a month. Teag. That's what I did, but he read a paternoster out of his prayer-book, wherein all our names is written; so much for a stophole to my gun, to 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 fore finger nor yer a siak 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 those things? Teag. Ay, ay, pay and better pay, he took me be-

fore his captain, who made me pay all was in his book. Arra master captain said I, yot are a comical sort of a fellow, you might as well make me pay for my coffin before I be dead, than to pay for a doctor before I be sick: to which he answered in a passion, sirra said he, I have seen many a better man buried without a coffin; sir, said I, then I'll have a coffin die when I will, if there is as much wood in all the world, or I shall not be buried at all; then he called to the sergeant, saying, You sir, go and buy that man a coffin, and put in the store till he die, and stop a sixpence a week off his pay for it; No, no, sir, 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 our 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 legbail for my fidelity, and then went about the country a fortune-teller, dumb and deaf, 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 want only two years of three dozen yet, and when I live six dozen more, I'll be older than I am, I'll warrand you.

Tom. O but Pady, by your account you are three dozen of years old already.  
Teag. O what for a big fool are you now Tom, when you count the years I lay sick; which time I count no time at all.

NEW CATECHISM, &c.

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 bless'd button-hole.

Tom. And what manner of worship did you perform by that? Pady. Why I ador'd my cross, the pope and the priest, curs'd Oliver black as a crow, and swears myself a cut-throat to all protestants, and church of England-men.

Tom. And what is the matter but you could be a church of England-man, or a Scots Presbyterian yourself Pady? Pady. Because it is unnatural for an Irishman: but had shaint 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 a liberty to eat flesh in Lent, and every thing that's lovely 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 do, 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 Scots Presbyterians and English churchmen in time

of Lent, feeding upon bulls bastards and sheeps young children.

Tom. Why, Pady, do ye say the bull is a fornicator, and gets bastards? Pady. Arra dear inoy, 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, but 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 shaint Patrick I will live like a king when I am dead, for I will neither pay for meat nor drink.

Tom. What Pady do you think that you are to come alive again after you are dead? Pady. O yes we that are true Roman Catholicks 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 inoy, our priest is great shaint and a good shoul, who can repeat a paternoster and Avamaria, which will fright 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 tongue, sealed with a wafer, gives us a sacrament in our mouth with a pardon, and direction in our right hand who to call for at the ports of purgatory.

Tom. And 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 Welch to shaint David, and our own dear countrymen must 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 drown'd or

die by themselves in the fields, without a priest, is all 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 that 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 neither be kill'd, hang'd nor drown'd, nor yet die in my bed, for when any hits me a blow, my new body will play upon it like a bladder.

F I N I S.