GREEN SPRIGS FROM THE EMERALD ISLE

Paddy and Bridget Stories in 19th Century Connecticut Newspapers

Collected and Edited by Neil Hogan
PUBLICATION OF THIS BOOK
HAS BEEN MADE POSSIBLE
BY THE GENEROSITY OF:

JAMES P. CONDRON JR., JOHN J. CONDRON, EILEEN CONDRON PERROTTI AND MAUREEN CONDRON DELAHUNT IN MEMORY OF JAMES P. CONDRON OF COUNTY CARLOW

DOROTHY HESLIN AND PATRICIA HESLIN

GEORGE WALDRON

Copyright © 1994 by the Connecticut Irish-American Historical Society, P.O. Box 120-020, East Haven, Connecticut 06512

Library of Congress Catalog Card Number: 94-69152

Design & Typesetting by Iniscealtra, Wallingford, Connecticut

Printing by Impressions, Hamden, Connecticut
CONTENTS

The Age of Stereotype .................................................. 1

The Stories ................................................................. 13

Some Tallies ................................................................. 99

Index ........................................................................... 103
FOR
TRACEY AND MAUREEN,
THEIR MOTHER'S DAUGHTERS
THE AGE OF STEREOTYPE
A whole parade of American folklore characters marched across the pages of mid-19th century Connecticut newspapers. There in brief paragraphs and full-blown narratives rich in humor, drama and dialect were related the feats and the foibles of Yankee peddlers, Vermont and New Hampshire farm boys known by the generic term of Jonathan, French-Canadian lumberjacks, Puritan witches, Mississippi River boatmen.¹

This was the era — roughly 1820 up to the Civil War — of down-home, chatty, four-page newspapers in which fact, fancy, fiction and opinion were freely mingled. The latest yarns making the rounds were printed side by side with accounts of railroad disasters, vehement attacks on political opponents and snide remarks about competing newspapers.

Two wellsprings fed the stream of tall tales: townspeople and travelers who stopped by the newspaper office to pass the time of day and other newspapers with which the editor exchanged subscriptions. A good tale in a St. Louis paper might wend its way eastward to the Litchfield Enquirer here in Connecticut by way of Cincinnati, Buffalo and New York papers. Some tales came from as far away as Europe, carried across the Atlantic in London or Dublin papers, reprinted in Boston or Quebec and picked up by the Hartford Courant or New Haven Palladium.

For the editor — more often than not reporter, editor, compositor, printer all rolled into one — the yarns were lively, ready made space fillers. For the subscribers, they were entertainment by the fireside on long winter

nights in an age when there were no televised sit-coms with dubbed-in laughter. For us a century and a half later, they are like a family photo album of everyday life in America in the mid-1800s, each yarn a snapshot filled with the characters, artifacts and situations of that era.

Stereotype printing was then the state of the art technology in newspapering. Stereotyping is a process in which an impression of a page of type is made on a soft material such as papier-mâché and then hardened into permanency by hot metal. First experimented with in the 16th century, stereotyping came into its own in the early years of the 19th century. It speeded up the printing process, saved wear and tear on the actual type and gave printers more flexibility to easily print large numbers of pages. When stereotype printing became obsolete, the word itself found a new life as the perfect term to describe the way images of people are hardened into fixed, unvarying molds, just as type was hardened in stereotype printing.

In a very real sense, the characters who appeared in the tall tales in 19th century newspapers were stereotypes, according to this later meaning of the word. They were the people who wandered across the American landscape in those years — rough and ready frontiersmen, shrewd and penurious New Englanders, immigrants with strange new customs and costumes. Their looks, their manners, their peculiarities, their dialects were captured and hardened into stereotypes in everyday conversation and then put on the record, as it were, in newspaper yarns. In part accurate, in part fanciful, those stereotypes linger even today in the American imagination.

The stereotypes cut across virtually every class and division. Connecticut folks, often accused of sharp business practices, could readily identify, for example, with a yarn published in the Hartford Courant on May 13, 1848, that placed the onus on the buyer rather than the seller:

A Yankee orator out West, vindicating his native Connecticut against slanders which have been uttered against her said, "As to Connecticut boys manufacturing horn gun flints and wooden nutmegs, I plead guilty to these charges. They did manufacture wooden nutmegs, but they had to leave the state before they could find purchasers."

A Yankee farm lad showed his lack of sophistication in a tale in the Middletown News & Advertiser on January 22, 1853:
A raw Jonathan who had been gazing at a garden in this city in which were several marble statues, exclaimed: "Just see what a waste! Here's no less than six scarecrows in this little ten foot patch and any one of 'em would keep the crows from a five acre lot.'"

The captain of a Maine sailing ship was the butt of a tale related in the Courant on December 28, 1855:

A down east skipper with a boy was trying to manage a small sloop when a master of a Liverpool packet, who had been dodging out of the way, incensed at their awkwardness, called out, "What sloop is that?"

"The Sally from Maine," cried the Yankee.

"Who commands her?"

"Well," said the Yankee, "I undertook to, but I swow she's too much for me."

A Pennsylvania militia officer displayed his pomposity in a story in the Connecticut Mirror of April 9, 1831:

A major of militia, somewhere in Pennsylvania, who had recently been elected and who was not overburdened with brains, took it into his head on the morning of the parade to go out and exercise a little by himself. The field selected was his own stoop.

Placing himself in a military attitude with sword drawn, he exclaimed, "Attention the whole! Rear rank, three paces back!"

He immediately retreated three steps and tumbled down cellar.

His wife, hearing the noise he occasioned in falling, came running out and asked, "My dear, have you killed yourself?"

"Go into the house, woman," said the major. "What do you know about war?"

A drunken Ohio rube's doltish ways were contrasted with the urbanity and scholarliness of a fellow traveler in this story which appeared in the New Haven Palladium on November 13, 1848:

A full-grown Buckeye in rather an oblivious and balmy state, tumbled into a stage coach one bright morning beside a traveler
who was "in pursuit of knowledge," certainly at the time under difficulties. After the ribbons had been picked up and the horses received notice to start, the traveler remarked to the newcomer that, "Ohio is a fine country."

'Ta — hic — ain't nothin' else,' hiccupped the Buckeye.

'What is the staple production, sir?'

'Co-or-on.'

'You must raise a large quantity. What is done with it, sir?'

'Why — hic — why a good de-al is used up for whe — hick — isky and some they waste in making bread.'

Another stagecoach story, printed in the Palladium on July 14, 1849, lampoons the stereotypical woman who demands far more than is reasonable:

A stage driver friend of ours gives the following rich morsel of his experience: One drizzly day in the Spring when his carriage and horses, half buried in mud, were floundering on toward the end of his trip, he was accosted by an old lady who was standing in her door by the road side, as follows:

'Mister stage driver, don't you ever do errands and ax anybody nothing?'

'Yes, sometimes,' replied he.

'Well,' says she, 'I want you to take into Waterville a bedstead, all corded up, to my cousin Sally's eldest darter, what's just got married.'

'I can't to-day,' says the knight of the whip, 'I am engaged to carry in that saw-mill at the top of the hill.'

The old lady took a long whiff of her pipe and the stage driver and his team moved on.

Ethnic and racial groups were fair game for the telling of tall stories. A couple of Dutchmen and their difficulty mastering English were the subject of a folktale printed in the New Haven Palladium on December 28, 1852:
Two Dutchmen once got into a dispute about the English language, each one contending that he could command the best. They made a bet at length and appointed a judge to decide between them. They were to utter one sentence each, and accordingly, they began:

"'Vell, Chon,'" said the first, "'did it rain tomorrow?'"

"'I kess it vash,'" said John.

Wasn't that judge in a quandary?

The Palladium on August 4, 1851, related this story about an innkeeper and his Negro servant:

"'Mass, you know dem big glass shades what am aribe last night?'"

"'Well?,'" said the master.

"'Well, dey was put in the store room,'" continued the boy.

"'Well?,'" continued the master, looking inquiringly.

"'Well, I was peelin' de applies, when Mr. Johnson told me to bring one of dem out and ...'"

"'Well?,'" said the master impatiently.

"'Well, just as I was gwine to do ...'"

"'You let it fall and broke it, you careless scoundrel,'" anticipated the master.

"'No, I didn't nudder,'" said the Negro sulkily.

"'Well, what then?'" said the landlord recovering.

"'Why I struck him agin' the corner of the shelf and he brake hiself all to pieces.'"

Even Arabs, a rare type in early America, turn up in newspaper tales. The Hartford Courant on May 17, 1849, related this story about an Arab caliph:

"'Why do you not thank God,'" asked Mansur of an Arab, "'that since I have been your ruler you never have been afflicted with the plague?'"

"'God is too good to send two scourges upon us at once,'" was the reply, but it cost the speaker his life.
There were probably more 19th century newspaper yarns about Irishmen and Irishwomen than about any other group of Americans.

The reason seems to have less to do with Paddy and Bridget being singled out for mockery than it does with timing. The popularity of newspaper storytelling coincided with the beginning of the huge immigration of Irish people to America, giving Paddy and Bridget a very high profile on the American scene.

In the 1820s, fairly large numbers of Irish workers began to arrive, attracted by the prospect of jobs in canal construction. During that decade; more than 26,000 immigrants entering the United States were natives of Ireland. In the 1830s, the total increased to 30,000 with a yearly high of 6,772 in 1834. And those figures are definitely conservative because they do not include any of those classified as natives of "Great Britain and Ireland" in the statistics from that period.

During the mid and late 1840s, the steady stream of immigrants became a floodtide as starvation caused by successive failures of the potato crop devastated Ireland. In 1845 alone, just at the beginning of the starvation, 50,207 Irish immigrants came to the United States. And by 1850, there were almost a million Irish natives living in the United States.

"The sheer visibility of the Irish in America," says historian Dale T. Knobel, "magnified their apparent distinctiveness from the majority that could be denominated Anglo-American." That magnification was even more pronounced in Connecticut than elsewhere for Connecticut up to that time had experienced less dilution of its Anglo-American population than perhaps any other state.

A prominent Hartford man, John Hooker was filled with wonderment when as a youngster in the 1830s he encountered his first Irishman, one of those who came to Connecticut to dig the Farmington Canal:

3 Arnold Schrier, Ireland and the American Emigration 1850-1900, Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1958, pp. 157 and 161
remember well the first one I saw. I was on my way to school when I met him. He stopped me and said to me in a brogue I could hardly understand, 'Do you know who I am?' I told him I did not. 'Well,' said he, 'I am a wild Irishman just over.' I told of this when I got home as I would if I had seen a wild zebra in the street."

From such first encounters, from subsequent contacts and from their own beliefs and biases, there developed among native Americans and native Connecticut people a stereotype of Paddy and Bridget that found expression in the newspaper yarns. In it were mingled both positive and negative elements.

The poverty-stricken appearance of the Irish immigrants, for example, was one of the negative elements. H. Giles, who wrote several contemporary articles about Irish immigration for the Christian Examiner confirmed that when he stated, "We as a people are intolerant of ragged garments and empty paunches. We are a people who have had no experience in physical tribulation ... As a result the ill-clad and destitute Irishman is repulsive to our habits and our tastes."

The distaste which the poverty of the Irish provoked was deepened by the transplantation across the Atlantic of the strong bias of the English people against the Irish. That bias, rooted in beliefs that the Irish were shiftless and unfit to govern themselves, took seed in America, too, where most people were of English descent. Arthur Young, an Englishman who toured Ireland in the 1770s found the people "lazy to an excess at work," apparently not considering that their work habits might have any connection with his other observation that "a long series of oppressions, aided by very many ill-judged laws, have brought landlords into a habit of exerting a very lofty superiority, and their vassals into that of an almost unlimited submission..." Young's assessment differs little from that of Massachusetts theorizer Theodore Parker who, writing in 1858, described the Irish as "ignorant and as a consequence, thereof, are idle, thriftless, poor, intemperate and barbarian ..."


6 Knobel, Paddy and the Republic, p. 76.

There was also among Americans a deep distrust of Paddy’s Roman Catholicism bred from the bitterness of the Reformation and strengthened by a firm belief that much of the responsibility for the poverty of the Irish could be laid at the doorstep of their being a priest-ridden people. At the height of the Famine years, a New London newspaper quoted the London Standard’s comment, "The Romish clergy in Ireland receive annually for confessions, $1,350,000; for christenings, $150,000; forunctions and burials, $270,000; for marriages, $1,350,000 ... No wonder the Irish people are starving."8

Politically, there was concern that the rapidly increasing number of Irish votes could easily be manipulated by politicians or by their priests bent upon destroying old-fashioned notions of New England government.9 And economically there was fear that the impoverished newcomers, anxious for any work at any wages, would take the jobs of native-born Americans.10

On the other side of the coin, there was a genuine admiration for some of the traits of the Irish newcomers. Many people discovered that, far from being shiftless, the immigrants were as industrious as any native-born Americans. In 1860, a Congregational minister in Wethersfield, reporting on a survey of the state of religion in his community said the Irish immigrants were 'spoken of in very favorable terms by the reporters from the several districts, in respect to their moral character, industry and thrift. Their children attend the district schools and are well behaved. Many of the parents own real estate in their own names."

The Irish were admired, too, for their apparent sunny disposition. In 1827, African-American journalist John B. Russworm, a partner in Freedom’s Journal, the first newspaper published by black people in the United States, coming to New Haven by steamboat from New York commented on four of his fellow passengers: 'I had almost forgotten to mention that among the passengers were four sons of Erin, who after wandering through

9 See, among numerous examples, Hartford Courant, January 25, April 23, March 28, 1855.
10 See Hartford Courant, April 6, 1856.
various parts of the Union with indifferent success, were about to try their luck in the 'land of steady habits.' We should think their chance for success would be but small, from the many whom we daily see travelling from one part of the Union to the other; but who ever saw one of them discouraged?" 12

The ready wit of Irish people was also proverbial among Americans. A number of Paddy and Bridget stories printed in this book begin with an affirmation to the effect that everyone concedes how quick-witted the Irish are. The Waterbury American commented on Jan. 25, 1850: "'Eliza Cook's Journal gives certain national characteristics and specimens of national wit and humor. The Irish are set down at the head of all nations on this score. Their wit is good natured, genial and as often hits themselves as others.'"

Stereotypes such as those of Paddy and Bridget — and those of Yankees, African-Americans and others, as well — offer a unique window on history. They do not provide the documentary evidence of official correspondence, legislative debates, court rulings, ship's logs and the like. Indeed, they don't even provide real names and certifiable individuals. But they do provide something those more formal records cannot: a grass roots look at what average men and women — folks sitting in the neighborhood tavern and around the cracker barrel in the country store — saw and thought and talked about.

The comments of Texas folklorist J. Frank Dobie about the value of folklore apply to such stereotypes in newspaper tall tales: Folklore, he said, "'has color and flavor and represents humanity ... (It) is a part of our social history, as legitimate in its way as the best authenticated state papers.'" 13

Finley Peter Dunne, the great Irish-American humorist for the Chicago Evening Post around the turn of the century, expressed the same sentiments in a satirical way. In one of his columns, Dunne had his famous Mr. Dooley ruminate on the topic of history.

"I know histhry isn't thrue, Hinnissy," Dooley pontificated to his bartender companion, "'because it ain't like what I see ivry day in Halsted Sthreet. If any wan comes along with a histhry iv Greece or Rome that'll show me th' people fightin', gettin' dhrunk, makin' love, gettin' married, owin' the groceryman an' bein' without hard coal, I'll believe they was a Greece or Rome, but not befure. Historyans is like doctors. They are always lookin' f'r symptoms. Those iv them that writes about their own times examines th' tongue an' feels th' pulse an' makes a wrong dygnosis. Th' other kind iv histhry is a post-mortem examination. It tells ye what a counthry died iv. But I'd like to know what it lived iv.'"\(^\text{14}\)

The tall tales in early American newspapers tell what the country "'lived of.'" They tell about people — Irish immigrants among them — doing the very things that Mr. Dooley lamented the absence of in the works of historians. And in the telling, these tall tales add a vivid dimension to our understanding of those who in that era left Mayo and Antrim, Leitrim and Cork and, in the words of the song, "'took up a new life in Amerikay.'"

THE STORIES
Getting his money's worth

We heard a good one of a green sprig from the Emerald Isle who the other day entered a boot and shoe store to purchase himself a pair of "brogues."

After overhauling his stock in trade without being able to suit his customer, the storekeeper hinted that he would make him a pair to order.

"And what will yer ax ov me to make a good iv them?" was the query.

The price was named. The Irishman demurred, but after "baiting down"\(^1\) the thing was a trade. Paddy was about leaving the store when the other called after him, asking, "But what size shall I make them, sir?"

"Och," cried Paddy promptly. "Never mind about the size at all. Make them as large as ye conveniently can for the money!"

_New Haven Palladium, March 21, 1850_

---

\(^1\) The Irish brogue in all its complexities is displayed in many of these stories. Here, Paddy turns the "ea" sound in "beat" to long "a" as in "bait." Occasionally, the brogue was the whole point of the story. On January 2, 1850, for example, the New Haven Palladium published this story: "An Irishman being asked what was the worst enemy of mankind replied, "The fire to be sure, for it always hates us."" When he said, "hate," Paddy meant "heat," and the meaning and sound of the two words made a good pun.
Tollgate dilemma

An instance of ready and available wit occurred yesterday, which is worth recording. A couple of fresh immigrants from the land of sweet Erin were traveling to Cambridge, and finding as they approached the bridge that the twain had but one cent between them, they sat themselves to work to contrive how they should pass the tollgate with only 50 percent of the requisite funds. At length it was resolved that they should part company — one lingering behind while the other went forward to confer with Mr. Brown, the gate-keeper, and see what could be done with him the way of bargain or compromise.

Paddy, on arriving at the gate, with his politest bow asked Mr. Brown at what price he could be allowed to pass over the bridge. On being told one cent, and no less, was the rate for each foot passenger, as sanctioned by the law of the commonwealth, he after a little hesitation inquired what amount of baggage passengers were allowed to take with them. He was informed that he might take anything he could carry, except a wheelbarrow or a handcart, and without further parley he turned and left Mr. Brown to deal with numerous other passers, who were accustomed to pay the stated tax upon travelers without asking any questions, though not probably without a secret wish that the time had come in which the bridge is to be free.

In a few minutes Paddy re-appeared with his fellow traveler mounted upon his shoulders in the regular "boost-back" style. He gravely deposited the legal toll for a single passenger, and walked on to deposit his baggage upon terra firma at the other end of the bridge, which being in Middlesex, is now free soil. The spectators of this interesting scene were quite unanimous in the opinion that the travelers had "come the Paddy" over the toll-gatherer, while that worthy dignitary did not hesitate to admit that he was "done Brown."17

New Haven Palladium, November 26, 1849

From the Boston Traveler

17 "Come the Paddy over" was a popular expression meaning to fool or bamboozle someone. "Done Brown" meant to be gotten the best of.
Body and soul

A few days since, an Irishman (one of Father Mathew’s people) landed at the wharf in New York when he was accosted by an old friend.

"Arrah, Pat, I am glad to see you in this free country; come up here a bit, and take a drink, for ould acquaintance and ould Ireland’s sake."

"No," says Pat, "I’ve signed Father Mathew’s pledge."

"But," says his friend, "this is not Ireland, it’s a free country."

"Ah," replied Pat, "do you think I’ve brought my body here and left my soul in Ireland?"

Litchfield Enquirer, September 18, 1845

Most convenient

An Irish gentleman having purchased an alarm-clock, an acquaintance asked him what he intended to do with it. "Oh," said he, "it’s the most convenient thing in the world, for I’ve nothing to do but to pull the string and wake myself."

Hartford Courant, August 13, 1850

Guilty or not guilty

Now, Patrick," said a judge, "what do you say to the charge, are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Faith, but that’s difficult for your honor to ask, let alone meself. Wait till I hear the evidence."

Middletown News & Advertiser, April 26, 1851

18 Father Theobald Mathew, 1790-1856, a Catholic priest, native of Cappawhite, Co. Tipperary, was known as the apostle of temperance.
Maiden name

Bridget," said a lady to her servant Bridget Conley, "who was that man you were talking with so long at the gate last night?"

"Sure, no one but me oldest brother, mam," replied Bridget with a flushed cheek.

"Your brother? I didn't know you had a brother. What is his name?"

"Barney Octoolan, mam,"

"Indeed, how comes it that his name is not the same as yours?"

"Troth, mam," replied Bridget, "he has been married once."

_Hartford Courant,_
_November 13, 1855_

Family affair

A gentleman residing in the neighborhood of Cork, walking one evening met a young peasant girl whose parents resided near his house.

"What are you doing, Jenny?" said he.

"Looking for a son-in-law for my mother," was the smart reply.

_Hartford Courant, April 23, 1855_
For good measure

A trick was played upon Mr. S. who kept a grocery down by the Canal bridge in years gone by. An Irishman having gone beyond his usual time without any of the ardent then deemed so much a necessary of life by all, and being short withal, took a jug, introduced into it a quart of water and proceeding to the grocery of S. called for a couple of quarts of whiskey. It was measured and duly immersed in the water of the jug.

"'You'll trust me till next week?'" interrogated the customer. As he well knew it would be, the credit was refused and S. indignantly withdrew his two quarts from the jug, leaving the Irishman in quiet and peaceable possession of one third of the mixture, with which he went his way rejoicing over the success of his 'yankee' trick."

_Hartford Courant, May 17, 1849_

---

19 Some of the newspaper Paddy stories are not really Irishman stories at all, but rather generic folktales. These tales are based on a plot or theme so universal to human experience that it turns up in the folklore of various areas and peoples. In this case, the story springs from the common practice at that time of storing liquids in large barrels from which storekeepers filled jugs brought in by customers. Folklorist Richard M. Dorson found this same story with a different cast of characters in a number of publications. For example, the sporting newspaper, _Spirit of the Times_, printed an almost identical version of this story on July 27, 1850, with the trickster being, not an Irishman, but a fellow named Big Lige, a crewman on a Mississippi River barge. Finding the six-gallon whiskey keg aboard the barge empty, the captain orders Lige to fill it half full of river water and to take it ashore to be filled at the next town. The storekeeper fills Lige's keg, but when he discovers that Lige has no money, he pours three gallons from the keg back into his barrel. That's all right with Lige because he now has a mixture of water and whiskey where before he had only water. Dorson found the same or similar tales in the _Spirit of the Times_ in 1845, in the _New York Atlas_ in 1860, in a collection of Vermont folktales published in 1887 and even as late as 1902 in a Massachusetts magazine, the _Berkshire Hills_. _See American Folklore_, by Richard M. Dorson, University of Chicago Press, Chicago, 1959, p. 57.
Drainage problem

Once when the lord lieutenant of Ireland was riding in the Phoenix Park with Sir Hercules Langrishe, he complained of his predecessors for leaving it so wet and swampy. Langrishe replied, 'They were too much occupied in draining the rest of the kingdom.'

*Waterbury American, January 25, 1850*

Mistaken identity

As I was going, said an Irishman, over Westminster Bridge the other day, I met Pat Hewins. 'Hewins,' says I, 'how are you?'

''Pretty well I thank you, Donley,'' says he.

Says I, 'That's not my name.'

''Faith, no more is my name Hewins,'' says he.

So we looked at each other and faith it turned out to be neither of us.

*Hartford Courant, March 4, 1851*

Beats all

An Irishman comparing his watch with the clock on St. Paul's Church, burst into a fit of laughter. Being asked what he laughed at, he replied, 'And how can I help it? Here my little watch that was made by Paddy O'Flaherty and which only cost me five guineas has beat your big London clock there a full hour and a quarter since yesterday morning.'

*Norwich Courier, July 27, 1825*

---

20 The lord lieutenant was the chief British administrator in Ireland. The name of Dublin's 1,760 acre Phoenix Park is from the Gaelic 'Fionn Uisce,' or 'clear water.' Hercules Langrishe, 1731-1811, was a Kilkenny politician.
Fight or run

An Irishman being about to join a company in Lawrenceburgh, Indiana, forming to go south was questioned by one of the officers: "Well, sir, when you get into battle, will you fight or run?".21

"An' faith," replied the Hibernian, "I'll be after doin' as a majority uv ye does."

New Haven Palladium, January 17, 1847

Military bearing

A military officer of diminutive stature was lately drilling an Irishman considerably above six feet in height. "Hold up your head," said the officer, elevating the chin of the Irishman with the head of his cane to an angle of nearly forty-five degrees. "Hold your head so and throw your eyes somewhat to the right thus."

"And must I always do so, my noble captain?" asked the recruit with much apparent simplicity.

21 This refers to the Mexican War, 1846-1848.
"'Yes, always,'" answered the officer.

"'Then, fare you well, my dear little fellow,'" rejoined Paddy, "'I shall never see you again.'"

Norwich Courier, August 31, 1825

Fertile potatoes

Dr. Makenzie tells us with great humor an anecdote in the New York Union which we before heard verbally related. It is all about a certain Lady Middleton, who, contrary to the most anxious, was unblessed with any children. After an absence of several years with her liege lord in England, she returned with him to reside for a time on one of their Irish estates.

As their carriage drove up to the mansion, she noticed several fine looking children about, and having learned that their mother was the wife of the gate porter, she determined to interrogate her relative to the cause of her fecundity. She, therefore, next day made her way down to the porter's lodge and commenced her enquiries:

"'Whose children are these, my good woman?"

"'All my own, my good lady."

"'What! Three infants of the same age?"

"'Yes, my lady, I had three the last time."

"'How long are you married?"

"'Three years, your ladyship."

"'And how many children have you?"

"'Seven, my lady."

At last came the question of questions, how she came to have the children. The poor woman, not well knowing what this catechism meant, and not
well knowing how to wrap up in delicate words her idea of cause and effect, blushed and grew confused, and at last, for want of something better to say, replied, "I think it must be the potatoes, my lady."

This unfolded a theory of population quite new to Lady Middleton who eagerly demanded, "The potatoes? Do you eat much of them?"

"Oh, yes, lady, very seldom we have bread, and so take potatoes all the year round."

Greatly agitated with her new information, the lady further asked, "And where do you get the potatoes?"

"We grow them in our little garden my lady; sure Pat tills it."

"Well," said Lady Middleton, "send me up a cart load of those potatoes and the steward shall pay you well for them."

Shortly after her ladyship rose to leave the house, and indeed had left it, when the matron ran after her and blushing as she put the question, asked, "Ah, then, my lady, is it to have children that you want the load of potatoes?"

It was the lady's turn to blush as she confessed that it was.

"Because I'm thinkin', my lady, in that case Pat had better take the potatoes to you himself."

_Hartford Courant, June 27, 1855_

**Invitation appreciated**

A[n Irishman in distress asked a man for relief. He was repulsed with a "go to hell." Pat looked at him in such a way as to fix his attention, and then replied, "God bless yer honor for yer civility, for yer the first gentleman that's invited me to his father's house since I kim to Ameriky."

_Middletown News & Advertiser, October 21, 1853_
Candid witness

In the examination of an Irish case before the court in Providence for assault and battery, the counsel, in cross examining one of the witnesses asked him what they had at the first place they stopped. He answered, "4 glasses of ale." What next? "2 glasses of wine." What next? "1 glass of brandy." What next? "A fight, of course."

_Middletown News & Advertiser, December 9, 1853_

Death notices

Printers are often imposed on by knaves who send them notices of the decease of persons who have not paid the debt of nature. A case of this kind happened in Dublin whereupon an Irish attorney, after severely censuring the publisher for his carelessness, suggested that in order to avoid such unhappy mistakes, "no printer should publish a death unless informed of the fact by the party deceased."

_Hartford Courant, October 14, 1850_

Will power

No man can do anything against his will," said a metaphysician. "Be Jabers, I had a brother," said Pat, "that went to Botany Bay, an' faith, I know it was greatly against his own will."

_New Haven Palladium, August 23, 1852_

---

23 The frequently used interjection "'Be Jabers'" or "'bejabbers'" is a corruption of "'by Jesus.'" Botany Bay in southeast Australia was the penal colony to which many Irish were transported for various crimes.
Lecture on botany

Pat on one occasion was being sentenced to transportation and remarked to a bystander, "My lord is giving an elegant lecture on botany."

When the sentence turned out to be for fourteen years, Pat, who was already a veteran, said, "I'm delighted to hear it, my lord, for by me soul I didn't think I had half that long to live."

Waterbury American, January 25, 1850

Judgment Day sermon

Mrs. Mulvany, ye must die, although ye're so hale and hearty, ye must die, that ye must. And you, Mr. Rafferty, must die too, although ye are so lane and so lank that ye scarce make a shadow when the sun shines. Ye must die, that ye must.

"And you, Mr. Innishkillen, ye must die too, that ye must. And you too, Teague McGinnis, for all you are so rosy-cheeked and are forever making love to the girls at Donnybrook Fair. Ye must die, yes, ye must all die."

"I must die, too, although I am the pastor of the parish and have the care of all yer souls. I must die, too. And when I shall be coming up before Goodness and Goodness is after saying to me, 'Father Mulrico Lafferty, how is yer parish on for drunkenness?' I shall say, 'Och, mighty clane, yer honor.'

"And then Goodness will say, 'Father Mulrico Lafferty, how is yer parish off for thaving and such like deadly sins?' 'Och, mighty clane, yer honor.'

"So you see, it's a good character I shall be giving Goodness of yez all. But when Goodness shall say to me, 'Father Mulrico Lafferty, how have they paid you their Easter dues?' 'What shall I say to that, ye blackguards?'

Hartford Courant, March 29, 1856

---

24 Donnybrook Fair, held in a Dublin suburb of that name, had a reputation for its generally rowdy atmosphere.
Hands full

An Irishman wrote to his friend during the Rebellion of '98: "To give you some idea of the state of the country at present, I shall only say that I am writing with a sword in one hand and a pistol in the other."

New Haven Palladium, March 20, 1847

Second breakfast

A son of Erin at Schenectady heard the breakfast bell ring on board a canal boat just starting out for Buffalo. The fragrance of the viands induced him to go aboard.

"Sure, captain dear," said he, "an' what'll ye ask a poor man for thravelling on yer illegant swan of a boat?"

"Only a cent and a half a mile and found," replied the captain.

"An' is it the vittles ye mean to find, sure?"

"Yes. And if you're going along, go down to breakfast."

25 The United Irishmen's rising of 1798.
Pat didn’t wait to be told a second time, but having descended into the cabin and made a hearty meal, he came again on deck and requested that the boat might be stopped.

"What do you want to stop for?" inquired the captain.

"How far have we come, just?" asked Pat.

"Only a little over a mile."

Pat thereupon handed the captain two cents and coolly told him that he believed he would not go any farther with him as Judy would wait her breakfast, not knowing that he had breakfasted it.

The joke was so good that the captain took the cents, ordered the boat stopped, helped Pat ashore and told him that should he ever have occasion to travel that way again he should be most happy to carry him.

*Litchfield Enquirer, November 13, 1845*

**Way too fast**

Will you be after tellin' us what's the time Patrick?" asked Tim of his friend, who was sporting an imaginary timekeeper, or rather a chain and a showy bunch of seals. "'An' sure I'd do it wid all the pleasures in my life," said Pat, "'only my watch is a'most two days too fast!"

*New Haven Palladium, October 24, 1849*

**No laughing matter**

Among the early settlers in New Hampshire, a very stout Irishman strayed up into the town of Canterbury and built his shanty. On the opposite side of the Merrimac, there was a tavern where there was kept some old Jamaica, carried up from Portsmouth on a handsled when there was a good crust on the snow. To this tavern resorted the settlers on Saturday evening to smoke a pipe, hear and tell the news and drink toddy; and among the rest, Pat was a regular visitor.

One bright moonlight evening, Pat was making his way to his shanty, in a rather zig-zag line, when he discovered an object in his way which seemed to be disposed to obstruct his further progress, in the shape of a two-thirds grown bear. Pat talked to him some time upon the enormity of
stopping one of the King's loyal subjects upon the King's highway; but Bruin, owing no allegiance to his majesty, George the Third, not regarding the law of the road nor understanding Pat's blarney, quietly seated himself in the middle of the path. Pat then invoked all the saints he could remember in his calendar and especially the 'Vargin,' advanced and inquired,——"What do yez want with me, ye dirthy-faced bla'guard? I'm a thrue sun of St. Pathrick and I'd niver be turnin' out o' me way for the likes of a varmint sich as yoursilf.'"

As he drew near, the bear rose up and extended his arms. "Och, be jabers! An yer for a bit of a wrestle ye are! Well, I used to do that same t'ing in the ould counthry, an' haven't the least objection in the world to thry a bout wid ye at that.'"

So he reeled into the arms of Bruin, and they hugged and tussled for some time till Pat got the half buttock of Bruin and brought him down falling on him. Bruin began to use his hind scrapers on Pat, much to the destruction of Pat's trowsers and to the no small injury of his legs; Pat had got him firmly clinched with one hand by the throat and held his grip. "Fair play is a jewel and if ye go to work in that way, I'll give it to ye under yer lug!'" And the scuffle having evaporated the fumes of the old Jamaica, he put in about the ears and head of the bear some pretty solid knocks. The bear in the meantime was not idle. Pat was fast losing blood and he began to be doubtful of the victory when he happened to spy a pine knot within reach. He seized upon this, and this turned the tide of victory in his favor as our flying artillery did for Taylor at the Battle of Buena Vista.26 He so belabored the bear with the pine knot that Bruin was glad to shake him off and make his escape.

To the first neighbor he saw, Pat related his adventure with his unknown customer for this was the first bear he had ever seen, when he was informed that he had wrestled a bear.

On the next weekly meeting Pat had to relate the whole affair, very much to the amusement of the company. Pat got rather angry at their mirth, and told them, "It was no laughing matter, for the bear was a cursed ugly crathure to wrestle with anyhow.'"

Waterbury American, February 12, 1848

Shelled bird

As Pat Hogan sat enjoying his connubial bliss upon the banks of a southern creek, he espied a turtle emerging from the stream.

"Och, hone!" he exclaimed solemnly, "that iver I should come to America to see a snuff box."

"Whist," said his wife, "don't be after making fun of the bird." 27

Litchfield Enquirer, June 19, 1845

Gallantry

The ready wit of a true born Irishman, however humble, is exceeded only by his gallantry. A few days since, says an exchange paper, we observed a case in point.

A sudden gust of wind took a parasol from the hand of its owner and before one had a chance to recollect whether it would be his etiquette to catch the parasol of a lady to whom he had never before been introduced, a lively Emerald drooped his hod of brick and caught the parachute in the midst of its Ellsler gyrations, and presented it to the loser with a low bow, which reminded us of poor Power. "Faith madam," said he as he did so, "if you were as strong as you are handsome, it wouldn't have got away from you."

"Which shall I thank you for first, the service or the compliment?" asked the lady smiling.

"Troth, madam," said Pat, again touching the place where once stood the brim of what was a beaver, "that look of your beautiful eye thanked me for both."

New Haven Palladium, November 13, 1848
from the Liverpool Mercury

27 "Whist" is an interjection meaning "keep silent."
Plenty big enough

A gentleman in Ireland having built a large house was at a loss what to do with the rubbish. His steward advised him to have a pit dug large enough to contain it.

'And what,' said the gentleman, smiling, 'shall I do with the earth which is dug out of the pit?'

The steward with great gravity replied, 'Have a pit large enough to hold all.'

Norwich Courier, January 7, 1824

Quick excuse

Your genuine Hibernian is one of the happiest fellows in the world at a prompt excuse.

The Edinburgh Courant says that an Irishman, having accidentally broken a pane of glass in a window in a house in Queen street, was making the best of his way to get out of sight as well as out of mind, but unfortunately for Pat, the proprietor stole a march on him, and having seized him by the collar, exclaimed, 'You broke my window, fellow, did ye not?'

'To be sure I did,' said Pat, 'and didn't you see me running home for money to pay for it?'

New Haven Palladium, May 29, 1850

Parcel post

Please, sir,' said an Irishman to a traveller, 'would yez be so obliging as to take my great coat along to Boston wid yez?'

'Yes,' said the man, 'but how will you get it again?'

'Oh that's mighty aisy, so it is,' said Pat, 'for sure I'll remain inside it.'

Middletown News & Advertiser, January 22, 1853
Ducks' feet

A gentleman residing in the vicinity of New York was desirous of raising some gamecocks and accordingly dispatched his Irish servant to the city to purchase a quantity of eggs. The Irishman returned highly pleased with the success of his mission and placed the eggs under a hen to hatch. He watched the process of incubation with great impatience and when the future prizefighters emerged from their oval prisons, he seized upon one and hastened with joy to exhibit it to his master. "Master, Master," cried Pat, "'ounly jist look here."

The gentleman cast his eyes upon the bird and discovered it to be a duck. Astonishment and indignation prevented him from replying and Pat continued, "'The paraty orchards of ould Ireland never seed the like of this — look at his bill and look at his fut (turning up the webbed toes of the biped). What a jewel of a fighter he'll make. The holy St. Patrick couldn't trip him up.""28

Middlesex Gazette, August 15, 1827

Papal hospitality

I once dreamed, said Pat, I was with the Pope and he ax'd me wud I drink? Thinks I, wud a duck swim? And seein' Innish-owen, lemons and sugar on the side-board I tould him I didn't care if I tuk a dhrap of punch. "'Cowld or hot?' ax'd the Pope. "'Hot yer holiness,'" and be that he stepped down into the kitchen for the bilin wather, but before he got back I woke strate up and now it's disthressing me that I didn't take it cowld.

Hartford Courant, November 2, 1849

28 By "'paraty orchards"' he probably means potato gardens. The Irish word for potato is "'prata.'" It is often anglicized to "'pratie'" in these stories.
Apologetic patient

Much amused to-day by a passage in a letter from a village correspondent in the northern part of old Massachusetts, whose most humane profession is that of a surgeon dentist. I took lately, he writes, with a world of wrenching, an immense molar from the right lower jaw of a stout Irish "help." She bore it all without seeming to be aware of what I was doing. After the tooth was fairly out, she looked up to me with an air of confiding sincerity and said, "I was sorry to trouble you, Docthur, so much; me teeth always come hard; but I cood'n't help it; I cood'n't. It was mighty har-r-d wurruk, so it was fer ye." Think of an apology to a dentist for the trouble one has given him drawing a deep-set double tooth!

New Haven Palladium, May 13, 1852
from the New York Knickerbocker

All in a name

During a visit of some weeks at the town of N—— in the north of Ireland, I strolled down the big street according to my custom to inquire at the post-office for my letters; and finding there were none I stopped to regale my eyes and ears at the expense of the various querists who came on the same errand. Among the rest, was one who particularly attracted my attention by the eagerness with which he pushed his way through the other applicants and advanced to the window, where behind the half-lowered blind sat ensconced the pretty daughter of the post-master whose duty it was to give out the letters when her father was away. No sooner arrived at the goal than pulling off his hat with the instinctive good breeding which an Irishman displays toward the beau sexe he demanded with a rich brogue, "If you plase, Miss O'Brady, have you ever a lether for me?"

"Who are you," inquired the damsel, sorting over the heap.

"Is it who am I? Sure and truth, I'm a dacent boy as e'er a wan in the parish, tho' it's myself says it; and Misther Fleean that I last sarved 'ill give me a right good crachther any day — faicks and he will."

"Yes, but I must know y'r name."
'My name? An' welcome! Sure it's no sacret! There's not a man, woman or child in the town that doesn't know it; and in troth, I've no raison to be ashamed of it.'

'Well, but I don't know it; can't you tell me who you are at once?'

'Arrah, now, Miss Honey, if you haven't got a letter for me, it 'ud be a dale kinder in ye to tell me so, and not be divartin' yerself axin' me questions.'

'Diverting myself? It isn't to divert myself I ask you. Sure I must know y're name to know who the letter is to be directed to.'

'To me. Who else wou'd poor Thady, that's faraway, write to but me? Me that's his own brother.'

'Once for all, will you tell me y're name?'

'Wid all the playsure in life! I said before, and I say again, I never done nothin' to make me ashamed of it; an' if it war a sacret even, sure wouldn't you see it on the letter.'

'But you don't understand. I must know your name to see if there is a letter directed to that same name.'

'In course, it 'ud be directed to that same name, to my name. D'ye think Thady 'ud be after directing it to Father Mathew or Dan O'Connell?'

The unfortunate Miss O'Brady was nearly driven to her wit's end; and she paused to think of some expedient to "insinse" the obtuse inquirer into the necessity of giving his name. At length a thought struck her. "Where is y'r brother?" she inquired.

'In troth, an' he's in Philadelphia this two years, come Michaelmas.'

'Oh, in Philadelphia," she said, turning over the letters and selecting one which the post-mark led her to hope she had finally hit the mark.

'Mr. Jimmy Nowlan, is this it?" she inquired.

'Troth an' it is jest itself. Ah, I thought it was making game of me, ye war, all the time," said the fellow, his broad face distending into a good-humored smile. And putting the letter into his pocket, he walked off probably in search of some one who more learned than himself could decipher what was about as intelligible as Arabic to him.

Litchfield Enquirer, May 22, 1845
Room temperature

A friend says his Irish nurse girl has discovered a truly Hibernian plan for regulating the temperature of a room by the thermometer. She was to keep the instrument in the nursery at a certain point, but on Tuesday morning her mistress found the room very cold and the girl sitting by the stove holding the thermometer close to the fire because, as she said, "the little spalpeen had run clean down most," and she was, "warmin' it up and sure she'd got it most up again."  

_Middletown News & Advertiser, January 17, 1852_

Raw potatoes

A gentleman passing through a potato patch observed an Irishman planting some potatoes. He inquired of him what kind they were. "Raw ones, to be sure," replied Pat. "If they were boiled ones, they wouldn't grow."

_Hartford Courant, June 2, 1854_

Half full, half empty

Is there much water in the cistern, Biddy?" inquired a gentleman of his Irish girl as she came up out of the cellar.

"It is full on the bottom, sir, but there's none at all on the top," was the reply.

_New Haven Palladium, January 31, 1851_

---

29 Spalpeen is a rascal. Derived in Irish from "'spal'" meaning scythe and "'peen'" meaning penny, thus, someone who worked for a penny a day, a common laborer or low-born fellow.
One, two, three, four

Terence O’Flaherty was recounting the particulars of a convivial gathering at which he was present. The party consisted of four persons and he endeavored to recall their names: "The two Crogans was one; meself was two; Mike Finn was three, and — and — who the divil was four? Let me see (counting his fingers) the two Crogans was one, Mike Finn was two, meself was three — and — begorry there was four of us; but St. Patrick couldn’t tell the name of the other. Now it's meself that has it: Mike Finn was one, the two Crogans was two; meself was three — and — and — be my sowl I think there was but three of us athur all." 

New Haven Palladium, April 3, 1852

Family tree

Pat, who are your ancestors?"

"My aunt’s sisters. Be Jabers, and it’s hard tellin’." 

New Haven Palladium, May 18, 1849

The staying power of some of these folktales is remarkable. An almost identical counting story turns up 140 years later in a novel about Irish-Americans, Peter Quinn’s *Banished Children of Eve*, New York, Penguin Books, 1994. On page 265 of this story about New York City’s Irish and the Civil War draft riots, Quinn tells of a minstrel show at the Adelphi theater featuring a Bill Wehman who "came on as 'Paddy Murphy,' paragon of the hod-carrying race, in battered hat and threadbare coat." Wehman begins his act with this joke: "'I’m comin’ from havin’ da most illigant time at da Astor House itself. Sure, dere were five gentlemen counting mesilf. Dere was me, for one; the Kelly brothers, for two; Terry Moran, three; and Jack O’Leary, four.' He lifted his hat and scratched his head. 'By Saint Patrick, now I know dere were five, yerra dere were.' He held up his hand and counted with his fingers. 'Mesilf, one, an’ Moran, two, an’ O’Leary, three, an’ the two Kellys, four.'" The relating of this folktale in his narrative is a tribute to the thoroughness of Quinn’s research and the authenticity of the portrait his book paints.
In deep trouble

An Irishman lost his hat in a well and was let down in a bucket to recover it. The well being extremely deep his courage deserted him before he reached the water. In vain did he call to those above him; they lent a deaf ear to all he said till at last quite in despair he bellowed out, "By St. Patrick if you don't draw me up, sure I'll cut the rope."

Middletown News & Advertiser, July 12, 1851

Adam and Eve

Rev. Dr. Dill asserts that the Irish are proverbial for wit and originality of thought the world over and only want education to make them refined. Illustrative of this point, he says that some years ago when the beautiful painting of Adam and Eve was exhibited in Ireland it became the chief topic of conversation. Finally a poor, ragged, illiterate peasant went to see it. The light was arranged as to reflect on the picture, and leave the
spectator at the same time in comparative darkness. The peasant as he entered the room to see his first parents was struck with so much astonishment that he remained speechless for some moments. He stood like a statue and as though his feet were incorporated with the naked floor of the room. At last, with an effort, he turned to an acquaintance and said, "Barney, I'll niver say another word against Adam in all my life, for if I had been in the garden I would have ate every apple in it for the sake of such a lovely cratur as Eve."

_Hartford Courant, February 12, 1849_

**Brain power exposed**

At Cherubusco, a young man of the Emerald Isle was shot in the head. On the arrival of the surgeon of the army, he was asked by a friend if the wound was dangerous and answered that it was as he could see the brains. "Ah, by my sould," replied the son of the Emerald Isle, "please send a letter to my father for he often told me I never had any."

_New Haven Palladium, May 2, 1848_

---

31 Cherubusco, or Churubusco, was the site of a battle on Aug. 20, 1847, during the Mexican War. Located only five miles from Mexico City, Cherubusco was the last strongpoint between the American army led by Gen. Winfield Scott and the Mexican capital. After hard fighting, Scott's troops took Cherubusco. Among the Mexican troops captured there was a portion of the San Patricio Battalion, a unit comprising many Irish deserters from the American army. Scott had 30 of them executed. The existence of the San Patricio Battalion had political repercussions in the United States because Nativists saw it as a confirmation of the basic untrustworthiness of the Irish.
Second hand merchandise

It is related of ex-President Tyler that from the time of his election to the vice presidency until the death of Gen. Harrison, he kept no carriage on account of the insufficiency of his salary. When he found himself accidentally elevated to the chief magistracy, he at once determined to set up an equipage. He accordingly bought a pair of horses and engaged a coachman and then began to look about for a vehicle. Hearing of one for sale belonging to a gentleman residing in Washington and which had only been driven a few times, the President went to look at it. Upon examination he was perfectly satisfied with it himself, but still he thought it more prudent before purchasing it to take the opinion of his Hibernian coachman upon it. Pat reported that it was "jist the thing for his honor."

"But," said Mr. Tyler, "do you think it would be altogether proper for the President of the United States to ride in a second hand carriage?"

"And why not?" answered the Jehu, "Sure ye're only a second hand President."

New Haven Palladium, October 9, 1852

Middle of the road

A short time since, as the mail stage was going on a very dark night from Boston to Portsmouth, the driver was alarmed by the cry of, "Oh, lordy, we are kilt every soul of us." The driver jumped off his box and found he had driven into a cart and demolished it and spilt an Irishman and two women. The driver, somewhat enraged that the gallant Hibernian should keep the middle of the road, gave him a pretty severe lecture and concluded by asking him if he did not see the lights on the stage. "Yes, to be sure and I did, and I drove right between them."

Litchfield Enquirer, January 16, 1845

32 John Tyler became president on April 4, 1841, when President William Henry Harrison died of pneumonia after only one month in office. A "jehu" is a coachman.
An Irish paper gives the following account of the simplicity of a raw Pat who had just been transplanted from the interior to Dublin. Pat had been sent by his master to purchase half a bushel of oysters to the quay, but was absent so long that apprehensions were entertained for his safety. He returned at last, however, puffing under his load in the most musical style.

"Where the devil have you been?" exclaimed his master.

"Where have I been? Why, where should I be but to fetch the oysters?"

"And what in the name of St. Patrick kept you so long?"

"Long? By my sowl, I think I have been pretty quick, considering all things."

"Considering what things?"

"Considering what things! Why, considering the gutting of the fish to be sure!"

"Gutting what fish?"

"What fish? Why, blud an owns, the oysters to be sure."

"What do you mean?"
'What do I mane? Why, I mane that as I was aresting myself down forenent the Pickled Herring, and having a dhrop to comfort me, a gentleman axed me what I'd got in the sack.

''Oysters,' said I.

''Let's look at them,' says he and he opens the bag. 'Och! Thunder and praties, who sowld you these?'

''It was Mick Carney,' says I, 'aboard the PowlDoodle smack.'

''Mick Carney, the thief o' the world!' said he, 'what a blackguard he must be to give them to you without gutting.'

''An' ar'nt they gutted?' says I.

''Devil o' one o' them,' says he.

''Musha, then,' says I. 'What will I do?''

''Do,' says he. 'I'd sooner do it for you myself than have you abused.'

''And so, he takes 'em in doors and guts 'em nate and clane, as you'll see,' — opening at the same time his bag of oyster shells, which were as empty as the head that bore them to the house.

New Haven Palladium, May 21, 1847

Horse sense

A young Irishman placed by his friends at the Veterinary College being in company with some of his colleagues was asked if a broken-winded horse were brought to him for cure, what he would advise. After considering for a moment, ''By the powers,''' said he, ''I should advise the owner to sell it as soon as possible.''

Middlesex Gazette, September 14, 1831

33 ''Musha'' is from the Irish ''maiseadh,'' an exclamation of surprise meaning, roughly, ''if that is so ...''

34 Broken-winded refers to an incurable disease of the respiratory organs of a horse.
Overpriced fowls

An Irish traveling merchant, alias a peddlar, asked an itinerant poulterer the price of a pair of fowls.

"Six shillings, sir."

"In my country, my darling, you might buy them for a sixpence a piece."

"Why didn't you remain in your own country, then?"

"Faith, case we have no sixpences there," said Pat.35

**Middletown News & Advertiser, March 6, 1852**

Better government

A native of the Emerald Isle, the other day, on hearing of a revolution in France, the flight of the King and his family, the triumph of the democracy and the establishment of a provisionary government, exclaimed, "By St. Patrick and is not that just the thing that sweet Ireland wants? A provisionary government for ever! By the powers, the only government she now has is a starvationary one."

**New Haven Palladium, April 11, 1848**

---

35 In English currency, "pence" is the plural of penny. A shilling is equal to 12 pence. The poulterer was asking 72 pence for a pair of fowl which the Irishman said could be had in his country for sixpence each or 12 pence total.
Memory jogged

Some time since, a certain lord in Ireland gave a grand gala to the members of the volunteer corps in the neighbourhood, all of whom attended in full uniform. Among others, his lordship's tailor was present and the host came up to him saying, "My dear sir, how d'ye do? I beg your pardon. I forget your name, but I perfectly remember seeing you somewhere before."

The tailor was a little confounded by his particular notice and as the best way of making himself remembered whispered, "I made your breeches."

The noble lord, thinking the tailor had informed him of his name, turned round and took him by the hand, "Major Bridges, I am very happy to see you."

Middlesex Gazette, June 23, 1824

Eternal life

A person who had visited California was speaking rapturously of the climate of that country in the presence of an Irishman. Among other things he said it was so healthy there that people never died. "Faith," says Pat, "an' I should like to go there and end my days."

Hartford Courant, January 10, 1848

More eternal life

An English gentleman being taken ill of the yellow fever at Jamaica, a lady who had married in that island indirectly hinted to him, in the presence of an Irish physician that attended him, the propriety of making his will in a country where people are apt to die. The physician, thinking his judgment called in question, tartly replied, "Faith, madam, I wish you would tell me that country where people do not die and I would go and end my days there."

Norwich Courier, January 7, 1824
High and mighty

In the old French war, as it is called, a gentleman by the name of Briant was chaplain on board an armed vessel. In the same vessel was an Irish barber of considerable wit and humor. The chaplain was naturally facetious and loved a good turn and would therefore often divert himself in conversation with this barber.

One day while under his hands, he asked him if he knew the O'Briens in Ireland. The barber replied that he did.

"Well," said his Reverence, "that was my family's name originally, but after we left our country we began to be ashamed of the 'O' and have now got our name to be Briant. But we need not be ashamed of the family for it was a high family in Ireland."

"And indeed it was," replied the shaver, in the brogue of his country, "for I have seen some of them so high that their feet could not touch the ground."

New Haven Palladium, August 22, 1850

Burned bread

Why, Bridget, how came you to burn the bread?"

"Och! An is it burned it is? Sure then, madam, it's no fault o' mine, for wasn't you after tellin' me the las' thing afore you went out, I must bake one large loaf an hour? I made three large loafs so I baked 'em three hours. For what else should I do?"

New Haven Palladium, June 29, 1850
On foot

Bishop Hedding, speaking of the muddy traveling at the West, mentioned a case of Irish wit. The bishop was moving in a gig, his horse in a slow walk, when an Irishman on foot, overtook him. "Good morning," said the bishop.

"Good morning, yer honor," replied Pat.

"You seem to have the advantage of me in our modes of traveling, my friend," continued the bishop.

"An' I'll swap places with yer, if yer plaze, sir," was the reply.

*Middletown News & Advertiser, February 5, 1853*

Promise of marriage

At the Mayor's Court, Limerick, Margaret Loftus, a young and buxom looking widow, was summoned by a respectable widower named James Lynch for 7 shillings, 6 pence expenses incurred by him in procuring marriage license with the intent of being united to the defendant.

Court — "'Why did you not marry this man according to agreement?''

Defendant — "'Arrah, thin, and sure your worship, how the devil could I, whin bad luck to the pinny he had at the time for marriage money and surely I consented one half and was afterwards put off entirely by three big lumps of daughters he has who threatened — Lord preserve us — to cut the throat out of me if I married their father.'"

Court — "'Well, now, you must pay half the expense at sixpence per week and in the meantime you may settle the matter.'"

The defendant turning to the complainant exclaimed, "'Whatever chance you had at all before, divil of a bit you have now at any rate.'"

*Middletown News & Advertiser, January 18, 1851*

---

36 Elijah Hedding, 1780-1852, a Methodist Episcopal circuit preacher and bishop.
Wet or dry

An Irish post-boy, having driven a gentleman a long stage during torrents of rain, the gentleman said to him, "Paddy, are you not very wet?"

"Arrah, I don't care about being very wet, but plaze yer honor, I'm very dry."

*New Haven Palladium*,
*March 14, 1852*

Proper attire

When Lord Ellenborough was lord chief justice, a laboring bricklayer was called as witness. When he came up to be sworn his lordship said to him, "Really, witness, when you have to appear before this court, it is your bounden duty to be more clean and decent in your appearance."

"Upon my life," said the witness, "if your lordship comes to that, I'm thinking I'm every bit as well dressed as your lordship."

"How do you mean, sir?" said his lordship angrily.

"Why, faith," said the laborer. "You come here in your working clothes and I'm come in mine."

*Litchfield Enquirer, February 4, 1847*

---

37 Edward Law, 1750-1818, first Lord Ellenborough.
A bad coin

A gentleman traveling on a journey, having a light guinea which he could not pass, gave it to his Irish servant, and desired him to pass it upon the road. At night he asked him if he had passed the guinea. "Yes, sir," replied Teague, "but I was forced to be very sly. The people refused it at breakfast and at dinner, so at a turnpike gate, where I had fourpence to pay, I whipped it in between two half-pence and the man put it in his pocket and never saw it."

New Haven Palladium, March 22, 1850

Spelling yowzitch

One of Cromwell's officers, who filled the important post of an Irish Justice, having reason to write the word "usage," contrived, it is said, to spell it without employing a single letter of the original word. He wrote by sound, and according to his pronunciation, his orthography was "yowzitch." When someone remarked on the mistake, he declared that no one could spell with pens made from Irish geese!

Hartford Courant, November 12, 1849

Everything in its time

A young clergyman, newly ordained, was appointed to a curacy in a country district in Ireland, and as is usual on such occasions, the priest on his installation was entertained by one of the strongest, richest farmers in the parish and a few choice neighbors invited to be present at his hospitable board. The present affair came off on a Saturday and as his Reverence

38 A guinea was a British coin worth one pound, five pence. A light coin is counterfeit, containing less of the metal of which it is cast than required and thus being below the standard weight and having less intrinsic value.
had to celebrate one or more Masses on the Sunday, he began to feel somewhat fidgety and uneasy as the evening passed by. At length after enjoying the "feast of reason and flow of soul" increased by the addition of some half dozen tumblers of good scalding hot whiskey punch, he put his hand to his waistcoat pocket as if feeling for a watch, but who ever saw a watch with a poor newly ordained "soggerth"? The host saw the movement and asked what was the matter.

"Oh," said the priest, "I merely wished to know the hour as I have the Masses to say in the morning and must not drink anything after 12 o'clock."

"Oh, if that be all, your reverence," says the farmer, "you may make your mind 'aisy for though the devil a clock or watch I ever had, yet thank God I have a cock that is better and thruer nor all the clocks or chronometers in Ireland, so just mix another glass of punch and I will order in the cock and I'll go bale 'tis himself that will crow long and loud the moment it is on the point of twelve."

The priest did as he was desired, took all the farmer said as gospel, mixed another glass of punch and again joined freely in the laugh and song. In the meantime, the cock was brought into the parlor and perched before the fire to all intents sleeping soundly. Time passed by cheerfully, the priest made and drank one, two and even three tumblers. He had a fourth brewed when the cock showed some symptoms of awakening. The priest looked and paused, scarcely breathing so excited was he. The cock first stretched out one leg and wing and then the other; next clapped both his wings against his sides and then erected his neck. The first thrill note had almost escaped, when the priest seized him by the neck with one hand, made a dart at the tumbler of punch with the other, quickly tossed it off and then dashed the cock to the ground, crying out at the same time, "There now, crow away and be d—— to you."

*Waterbury American, February 28, 1848*

*from the New York Sun*
Lost estate

An Irish officer in the Dragoons on the continent on hearing that his mother had been married since he quitted Ireland exclaimed, "By St. Patrick, there is that mother of mine married again. I hope she will not have a son older than me. For if she has, I shall be out of my estate."

*New Haven Palladium, January 20, 1847*

Down the canal

Some Irishmen were lately discussing the prospect of the potato crop of the present season. Some very truly said, "Without rain there will be no potatoes." Others said differently, when one, being wiser than the others, said, "And surely I know where the potatoes will come from if we have not a drop of rain."

"And where, Johnny?" says half a dozen at one time.

"Ah! And surely, and will they not come down the Canal?"

*New Haven Palladium, July 27, 1846*

No forgery

Curious and odd things not unfrequently occur before the Mayor. The other day, in attending applications for the police force, the Mayor it was supposed was about to invest Patrick Murphy with a star when some of his Irish competitors outside the railing cried out, "Are ye goin' to 'pint Pat, yer Honor? He can't write his name, yer Honor."

"I'm only receiving applications to-day; in a fortnight we make appointments," said the Mayor, and Pat was told to call on that day two weeks.

The friend through whose influence Pat had been induced to apply for office, said to him as they came away from the hall, "Now, Pat, go home and every night do you get a big piece of paper and a good stout pen, and keep writing your name. I'll set the copy for you."
Pat did as directed and every night for a fortnight was seen running out his tongue and swaying his head over "Patrick Murphy," "Patrick Murphy," in the style of chirography generally known as coarse hand.

When the day for the appointment came, Pat found himself before the Mayor urging his claim.

"'Can you write?' said that excellent functionary.

"'Troth, an' it's meself that jist kin!' answered Pat.

"'Take the pen,' said the Mayor, '"'and let us see you write. Write your name.'"

He took the pen as directed when a sort of exclamatory laugh burst from his surprised competitors who were in attendance, "'Howly Paul! D'ye mind that, Mike! Pat's writin'! He's got a quill in his fist!"

"'So he has, be Jabers!' said Mike, "'but small good 'twil do him. He can't write wid it, man.'"

But Pat did write. He had recorded his name in a bold, round hand.

"'That'll do,' said the Mayor.

His foiled rivals looked at each other's faces with undisguised astonishment. A lucky thought struck them, "'Ask him to write somebody else's name, yer Honor,'" said two of them in a breath.

"'That's well thought of,' replied the Mayor. "'Pat, write my name.'"

Here was a dilemma, but Pat was equal to it.

"'Me write yer Honor's name?' exclaimed he with a well dissembled holy horror. "'Me commit a forgery and I a-goin on the pelisse? I can't do it, yer Honor.'"

And he couldn't. But his wit saved him and he is now a star of the first magnitude.

*New Haven Palladium, November 21, 1848*
Full-blooded American

Tim Mulowney, a jolly looking tar with the richest of brogues, applied at the custom house the other day for "purteetion" as an American citizen. He was asked for his naturalization papers.

"Me nateral papers is it, your honor wants," said Tim with an insinuating grin, "'an' me a full-blooded American?"

"You don't mean to say that you were not born in Ireland?"

"Born in Ireland?" replied Tim, "sure I was. But, thin, your honor I kem from Cork to New Orleans last summer, an' there the bloody-minded muskeeters run their bills into every inche of me an' sucked out every drop of my Irish blood, hood luck to 'em, an' now I'm a full-blooded American."

There was some philosophy, as well as fun, in this reasoning, but it had no effect, and the last that was seen of Tim, he was on his way to the city hall, to look for "the man who sells the nateral papers."

_Hartford Courant, September 26, 1855_

Horse sense

An Irish girl residing with a family near this city was ordered to hang the wash clothes on the horse in the kitchen to dry.

Her mistress shortly after found a very gentle family horse standing in the kitchen completely covered with articles of clothes that had been washed that day.

Upon interrogating the girl, the reply was, "Och, to be shure, ye tould me to hang the clothes upon the horse in the kitchen and the baste is the kindest I ever saw, shure."

_Middletown News & Advertiser, January 27, 1854_
Injudicious reading

Recently while attending a court held in J——— County, where Judge S. presided, a very plain question of law was presented for the decision of the counsel on the wrong side and when the opposite attorney (a real Paddy who had just waded through Blackstone and Chitty so as to enable him to obtain a license) rose to reply, he was stopped by his Honor, who informed him that his opinion was made up against him, and that he would have no farther argument. 40

Paddy laid his hand slowly upon the volume of Blackstone and opened it where the leaf was carefully turned down, and commenced reading the law directly in conflict with the opinion of the Court.

"Stop, sir," cried the Judge. "I have decided the case and my mind is no longer open to conviction, nor will I have any farther argument in the case."

"Oh," said the lawyer. "I did not intend to argue the point or expect to convince your Honor. I only wanted to show to the Court what a 'tarnal' fool Blackstone was!"

Such a shout of laughter as went up from every part of the Court House was beyond the means of the sheriff or Court to control for some minutes.

Paddy was fined a dollar for his slander of Blackstone, and the Court adjourned.

New Haven Palladium, February 10, 1848

An Irishman, a day or two since, who had been often and profitably employed as a stevedore, was observed intently gazing at a steam engine that was whizzing away at a swift rate, doing his work for him and lifting the cotton out of the hold of a ship quicker than you could say, "'Jack Robinson.'"

Pat looked till his anger was pretty well up and then shaking his fist at the "'tarnal critter,'" he exclaimed, "'Choog, choog, choog, spet, spet, stam it, and be bothered ye ould child o' the divil that ye are! Ye may do the work o' twenty-five fellies. Ye may take the bread out iv an honest Irishman's mouth, but, be the powers, now, ye can't vote, old blazer, mind that will ye!'"

*New Haven Palladium, March 9, 1848*
Dead letters

During my term of service at the general delivery of this post office, it was my custom upon receiving dead letters from Washington City to make a list of the names of the persons to whom they were addressed and stick it up in the lobby of the office with a notice "Call for Dead Letters."

One day an elaborate specimen of Erin's sons, whose brawny fists and broad shoulders seemed to denote a construction with an eye single to American railroads, sauntered into the office and up to the board containing aforesaid list. He looked at it a moment and burst into tears. I spoke to him through the window and asked him what was the matter.

"Oh, Mr. Postmaster, I see ye have a daid letter for me. I spect me sester in Ireland's daid, and it's not a wake since I sint her a tin pound note to come to Ameriky wid. And kin ye tell me how long she's bin daid, Mr. Postmaster?"

I asked him his name, found the "letter," and after a request from him "to rade it, sir, and rade it easy if you plaze," opened it, and told him not to cry, that his sister was not dead, but that it was a letter written by himself and directed to Michael Flaherty, Boston Chicago.

"And is Michael daid, Mr. Postmaster?"

"No, I guess not," said I.

"Well, who is daid, sir?"

I explained to him that letters not taken from the office to which they were addressed within a certain time, were sent to what is called the Dead Letter Office at Washington City, and from thence if containing anything valuable to the persons who wrote them.

"God bliss ye for that, sir, but Michael lives in Chicago."

I told him I would not dispute that, but Boston and Chicago were two distinct cities and the letter was addressed to both and Boston being the first named, it had been retained there and his friend had not received it.

"Sure and I thought Boston was in Chicago! And that's what ye call a daid letter is it? Faith and I thought it was Bridget and not the letter was daid. You see, Mr. Postmaster, Michael he writ home to the ould folks that he lived in Chicago, that he had married a nice American lady, that she was a sea-cook on a steamboat and that they called her a nager. So whin I started for Amerky, the ould modder, Michael's modder, she gave me
these illigant rings (the letter contained a pair of earrings) to give Michael’s wife for a prisint.

"When we landed at Boston, I wrote Michael the letter, told him I was going to Columbus to live, put on the name — Michael Flaherty, Boston Chicago — and put it in the post. And sure here it is and Michael’s sea-cook nager niver got it. Bad luck to the ship that fetched me to Boston."

After offering to "trate me for the trouble" he had caused me, he left and ever after when he mailed a letter he brought it to me to put on the address, "because he didn’t understand these daid letthers."

_Hartford Courant, December 7, 1855_

**Illigant ball**

_B_ arney, where have you been?"

"To widow Mulhoney’s ball and an illigant time we had of it. Four fights in 15 minutes and knockdowns with the watchmen that left but one whole nose in the house, and that belonged to the tea kettle. Bedad, the like were niver to be seen since we waked out ould Donnally."

_New Haven Palladium, December 1, 1855_

**Meddling**

_I_ dle people are always meddling with what does not concern them and the only remedy is to find something for them to do for themselves. Apropos to this is the story of the Irishman who when passing by a hornet’s nest with his gun on his shoulder was carelessly stung by one of its proprietors. Turning round he let them have the contents of his piece with the comforting remark, "Now, by St. Patrick, my boy, I’m thinking you’ll have something to do at home, you will."

_Middlesex Gazette, November 16, 1831_

---

41 "'Bedad' is an interjection meaning 'by dad' or 'by God.'"
Boiling over

Come, Patrick," said a medical student of our city institution to the honest porter therein employed, "as I am going to treat. Step into the corner and take a drop with us."

"Sure, are you in earnest, Doctor dear?" inquired Pat with a grin.

"Certainly, come along."

Pat didn't want coaxing, and he therefore accepted the invitation and followed the Doctor. Arrived at the public house, the Doctor poured out half a tumbler full of the ruddy liquid and under pretence of adding a little sugar, he slyly slipped in the contents of a box of cayenne pepper which stood behind the bar.

"Drink quick, Pat, for I see Professor B——— cross the square," said the Doctor stirring the fiery mixture, handing it to Pat, who quaffed it off without taking breath.

Scarce had he taken his lips from the tumbler ere his countenance began to undergo the most ludicrous contortions. "Water, for the sake o' marcy, water!" gasped he, his mouth raw with the burning draught.

Just at this moment, one of the Doctor's friends happening accidentally to walk near the two and seeing the bottle from which the liquor had been poured standing on the counter in front of Pat, he exclaimed with an anxious look, "Why, Doctor, you didn't let the man drink from the bottle?"

"Yes, I did," was the reply.

"Then you are a dead man!" said the other, turning to Pat, "for I prepared the bottle of poison to ill cockroaches for the barkeeper here."

Pat turned ghastly pale; he gasped for breath.

"O marther, I'm dead; run for a doctor. O I'll be dead before you come back. Holy mother of Moses, why did I taste the dirty brandy? For the love of heaven fetch a doctor; I'm dying. Lord have mercy on my soul!" and like exclamations did Pat pour forth with astonishing rapidity.

"What's to be done for the poor man?" said the Doctor. "I'll get him a dose of Tincture of Hokeepokee," said his friend, and away he went and shortly returned with the Tincture of Hokeepokee, as he called it, which was nothing more or less than a Rochelle powder. Almost everyone knows, or ought to know, that a Rochelle powder is put up in two papers, one
blue and the other white, and in taking it the contents of the blue paper are dissolved in about a gill of pure water in one tumbler and that of the white paper in another; the two are then poured together and a lively effervescence takes place, making a foaming and sparkling drink.

Well, two tumblers were arranged, the Rochelle powder dissolved in them, and Pat was told to drink first one and then the other immediately after it. He followed these directions implicitly and the result was that the two doses met midway in his throat. He literally foamed at the mouth.

The bystanders could keep no longer silent, but gave vent to their feelings in a laugh, long, loud and hearty. Patrick started off from his persecutors without his hat, his hands clasped over his abdominal regions and his hair streaming in the wind.

The next day, one of the students seeing him, enquired respecting the occurrence.

"O bad luck to that scamp of a Doctor," said Pat, "he gave me such red hot brandy it set my inside afire and when I drank cold water it biled over."

*New Haven Palladium, May 19, 1849*

*From the Spirit of the Times*

---

**Culinary mystery**

Last spring, a lady in the country employed a newly imported Irish gardener. Pat commenced his work in the morning, and his dinner was sent to him at the proper time, containing among other things a large sweet potato. Pat ate his dinner and found it much to his liking, particularly the potato. After quitting work at night, Pat makes his way, hat in hand, to the lady and says, "*Indade, madam, it was an illigant pudding you sint for me dinner, but and how did ye put it in the skin?*

*Hartford Courant, March 6, 1850*
Able to walk

An Irish carriage driver made a very happy and characteristic reply the other day. A gentleman had replied to Pat's "Want a carriage, sir?" by saying, "No, I am able to walk." When Pat rejoined, "May your honor long be able, but seldom willing."

New Haven Palladium, May 22, 1854

Soaked, not drowned

As the Brooklyn ferry boat was leaving the dock the other morning, a couple of Irishmen came running down, one close at the heels of the other. The boat was just pushed off, and the forward Irishman wishing to get on board, made a bold spring for it, while at the same moment, the one behind fearing that his comrade would not reach the boat, or reaching it would leave him ashore, caught the jumping Patrick by the coat-tail, who was thereby precipitated into the water.

"Arrah! Pat!" cried the one on the dock to the one in the water, "and where would you have been if I had not caught you?"

"Whew! Whew!" exclaimed Pat, spouting the filthy brine from his mouth and swimming to one of the floating fenders which he soon managed to bestride.

"Whew!" he again exclaimed, putting himself in a boxing attitude, "and wasn't it a bastely trick you was after sarving me? Come on to the log here and I'll tache you better manners in future."

"But you'd been kilt drown'd if I had'nt caught you, my jewel," said the humane Irishman, "'but now you are only soused."

As the water was none of the warmest, the soused Irishman was soon cooled, he sidled to the end of the log, and with the assistance of his helpmate clambered up the pier, when they embraced each other by the hand and retired to a neighboring porter house to drown their misunderstanding.

Connecticut Mirror, April 9, 1831
Restitution delayed

A son of the Emerald Isle, whom we shall call Dennis McCann, had long absented himself from the confessional; but a few days since he appeared before the priest and confessed to sundry transgressions. But the priest was not satisfied and something like the following dialogue passed between them:

Priest: "Now, Dennis, I fear you haven't confessed all, so you'd better not keep anything back, but make a clean breast of it all and tell me all. Come, out with it."

Dennis: "Well, then, yer worship, if I must be after tellin' ye about it, I shtole the Widder Johnson's pig, an that's a fact, yer worship."

Priest: "That's a mighty sin and you must make satisfaction to the widow."

Dennis: "An' plase yer worship, I don't know him, an' that's a fact, I don't."

Priest: "Make her recompense; pay for the pig, Dennis, pay Mrs. Johnson for the pig."

Dennis: "Och, be me sowl! An' is it that yer mane now? Sure can't do it, for I've ate him an' I've not a harporth for meself and the childett so what'll be the throuble about it, yer reverence, if I don't pay her?"42

Priest: "You'll be brought before the judgment, Dennis. I shall be there too, to accuse you. The Widow Johnson will also be there."

Dennis: "An' what will I do? Will the pig be there, too?"

Priest: "Yes, Dennis, the pig will be there surely."

Dennis: "Och, murther! What will I do thin, yer worship? Faix, an' I have it, yer reverence. I'll give her the pig thin and there, yer worship, an' so I will, an' troth, that same'll be after satisfyin' her entirely!"

_Hartford Courant, March 29, 1856_

---

42 "Harporth" is a corruption of "halfp'orth," or halfpennyworth.
Boxing the compass

Pat," said the owner of the schooner Anna Marie Matilda, "can you box the compass?" 43

"Oh be jabbers, yis," replied the raw recruit from the Emerald Isle.  
"Well, go at it then," replied the captain who at that moment was called to another part of the vessel.

Half an hour afterwards the captain found the compass was missing.

"Pat, here, you lubberhead, where's the compass?"

"Faith, it's in the howld, sir."

"What is it doing there?" roared the infuriated officer.

"Why, didn't yer honor tell me to box the compass? An' didn't I mind yess? I packed it away, sir, in one of thim empty boxes of soap, nailed it up tight and put it in the howld. I boxed it all safe, sir."

New Haven Palladium, February 19, 1849

---

43 In nautical terms, "boxing the compass" means naming the 32 points of the compass in their proper order.
The doctor was one day summarily summoned to visit an Irishman who had poisoned himself and was "kilt intirely." Upon repairing to the house with the messenger, the doctor related, I found that the poisoned man was only "kilt" in Irish, for he was alive and kicking with his lungs in the best order, standing on the stairs that led to his miserable chamber with a broken pair of scissors and a tea cup in his hand, stirring busily the contents. It seems that he had been courting my fair guide and after the period she had fixed for giving her final answer to his declaration, she had bantered him with a refusal, which her solicitude for his life plainly showed to be far enough from her real intentions.

Before she came for me, he had swallowed an ounce of laudanum which he had procured from an injudicious druggist and was now mixing a powder which he had obtained from another, who, knowing of the love affair, it will be seen acted a little more judiciously as Terry let slip enough to show what he wanted to do with the "rat's bane" for which he enquired, and Biddy, a true daughter of Eve, had made it no secret in the neighborhood that she valued the charms beyond the poor fellow's bid.44

As soon as she came near him, he, by some importune expression re-excited her wrath, and she declared she wouldn't have him "if he wint right straight to the divil."

Poor Terry, in his red shirt and blue stockings and an attitude of the grandest kind, but covering, as we soon found, a desperate purpose, flourished his teacup and stirred up its contents with the scissors constantly exclaiming, "Ah! Biddy, will ye have me? Ye'll have me now, will ye not? Divil a bit will I let the docthor near me till ye say yes, sure. Weren't we children together and didn't we take our pertaties and butter-milk out of the same bowl? Yer mother that's dead always said ye'd be my wife. And yer kapin' company wid that dirty blackguard, Jemmy O' Connor, divil take him for a spalpeen. Ah, Biddy will ye have me?"

Biddy's blood was up at this disrespectful mention of Jemmy's name for he had a winning way with him and she now declared with great

---

44 Laudanum is a solution in which opium is the main ingredient. It is used as a pain killer.
earnestness that she would never have him, when with an awful grin, poor Terry rolled up his eyes and with a most impassioned, yet ludicrous look at her, drained the cup and fell on his knees on the step. Biddy fell down in strong hysterics. The whole affair was so irresistibly ludicrous that I could scarcely forbear shouting with laughter.

On observing the ounce bottle, however, labeled "Laudanum," and looking onto the bottom of the teacup and finding a white powder, I went to the druggist to see what it was and to send his boy for my stomach pump and procure a chemical remedy also should it prove to be arsenic. To my great relief he informed me that he had given Terry a quantity of chalk and eight grains of tartar emetic, as he said he was already in possession of the ounce of laudanum and all the neighbors knew that Biddy had driven him almost mad by flirting with Jimmy O'Connor. The young man told him that the powder was sure to make the laudanum operate effectually. Sending the druggist's clerk for the stomach pump, in case the emetic should not operate, I awaited the result for eight grains of tartar emetic taken at a dose would almost vomit the potatoes out of a bag. As for Biddy, I let her lie, for I thought she suffered justly. My heart was already very tender toward the sex, and I generally expected a "fellow feelin'."

In a short time, it became evident that Terry's stomach was not so strong as his will, and he began to mingle long and portentous sighs with his prayers and to perspire freely. I gave him a wide berth for I knew what was coming and I was anxious Biddy should revive in time to witness his grand effort, for I expected more fun. But Terry was tough and held out. Shortly she revived and suddenly started up and ran towards him. "Ah, Terry, Terry, dear Terry. I'll have ye. Yes I will, and I don't care who hears me. I always loved ye! But that divil's baby, Meg, always kep' tellin' me ye'd love me betther if I did'nt give in too soon. Ah Terry, dear Terry, only live and I'll go to the end of the world for ye. Ah! What would my poor mother say if she was here? Och hone, och hone, docthor, nhow and what are ye doin'? A purty docthor ye are; and ye pumped out yer own counthrymen that didn't die, sure, and he tuk twice as much as poor Terry. Up wid ye, now, and use the black pipe ye put down the poor crather's
throat over the way last summer. I'd take it meself if 'twould do, but God
knows whether I'd be worth the trouble.''

As Terry had not yet cast up his accounts and the stomach pump, all bright
and glittering was at hand, I determined to make a little more capital out
of the case, and thrusting the long flexible India rubber tube down poor
Terry's throat with his teeth separated by means of a stick and his head
between my knees, I soon had the satisfaction of depositing the laudanum
and emetic in a swill pail, the only article of the toilet at hand.

After years proved Terry and Biddy most loving companions. He never,
even when drunk, more than threatened her 'wid a batin',' and she
never forgave the divil's baby, poor Meg, for her cruel experiment on the
heroic and devoted Terry.

*Middletown News & Advertiser, August 26, 1853*

**Smoked herring**

An Irishman on seeing a vase of gold fish remarked that it was the first
time he 'ever saw smoked herring alive.'

*New Haven Palladium, September 18, 1847*

**Divil of a bedbug**

A friend of ours who resides in Pearl street went a fishing the other day.
Among other things that he had hauled in was a large-sized turtle. To enjoy
the surprise of his servant girl, he placed it in her bedroom. The next
morning the first that bounced into the breakfast room was Biddy, with
the exclamation of, 'Be Jabers, I've got the divil!'

'What devil?'' inquired the head of the house, feigning surprise.

'The bull bedbug that has been atein' the childer for the last month.'

*New Haven Palladium, July 9, 1848*
Shrewd weaver

An Irish weaver just imported from the sister isle took to his employer in Kilmarnock, Scotland, the other day, the first cloth he had woven since his arrival.

His employer detected in the cloth two holes within half an inch of each other and told him he must pay a fine of a shilling for each hole.

'And plaze ye,' returned Pat, 'is it by the number of holes or by the size of them that ye put the fine?'

'By the number of holes to be sure.'

'And a big hole and a small hole is the same price?'

'Yes, a shilling for every hole, big or little.'

'Then give me hould of the piece,' replied Paddy, and getting the cloth into his hands, he tore the two small holes into one, and exclaimed, 'By the hill of Howth and that saves me one shilling any how.'

Middletown News & Advertiser, September 18, 1852

Harbor pumpers

Frequenters of our wharves are well aware that a class of vessel often lie at Long Wharf (in Boston) known as fishing smacks. These smacks hail in most cases from Cape Anne and supply our markets with fresh fish. Near the centre of each of these smacks is a fish pit, with sides perfectly watertight and rising to the decks, while the bottom of the vessel is perforated with holes. Into these pits or wells are thrown the fish and the sea furnishes through the holes a constant supply of water for the preservation of the finny tribes during their transit from along shore to our market.

It happened one morning last week that one of these smacks was lying near the Custom House when two Irishmen came on board inquiring for work. They were told that there was nothing to be done on board but they still hung around and at last discovering the pit inquired if they might pump out the vessel as they noticed she leaked badly.

The two tars aboard, who were both first-class jokers, perceiving the mistake of the Hibernians, replied yes and asked their price for pumping
the smack dry. A bargain was struck for a dollar and a half, a pump was procured and at work the two men went, one pumping while the other bailed with a bucket.

An hour passed on and still they worked, occasionally wondering how deep the hole was and how much water remained still in the vessel. The two sailors in the meantime had gone up the wharf, as they said, on business. The Captain, who was absent at the time the bargain was struck, came on board and finding the men still hard at work, with the perspiration pouring off of their faces, inquired what they were about.

"Pumping out this ship," was the reply.

"Pumping out this ship?" said the Captain.

"Yes, sir, an' a mighty dape one she is intirely," said one of the perspiring Emeralders, as he panted away at the pump handle. "Sure, I'm thinkin' it'll be night before we get her dhry."

"Night!" said the captain, beginning to roar with laughter as he discovered the joke that had been perpetrated during his absence. "Night, why you will not get through till you have pumped out Boston Harbor."

He then explained the matter to the laborers who resumed their coats, vowing vengeance upon the sailors who had "desaved" them.

_Hartford Courant, January 20, 1854_

**Not worth it**

An Irish laborer plunged into the river and hauled out a gentleman who was accidentally drowning. The gentleman rewarded Pat with a sixpence.

"Well," said the dripping man, seeing Pat's doubtful pause, "ain't you satisfied? Do you think you ought to have more?"

"Och," answered the poor fellow looking hard at the one he had rescued, "I think I'm overpaid."

_New Haven Palladium, April 13, 1848_
Mistaken identity

Bridget," said a lady in the city of Gotham one morning as she was reconnoitering in her kitchen to her servant," 'What a quantity of soap grease you have got there. We can get plenty soap for it, and we must exchange it for some. Watch for the fat man and when he comes along, tell him I want to speak to him.'"

"'Yes, ma'am,' says Bridget, between each whisk of her dish-cloth, keeping a bright lookout of the kitchen window, and no moving creature escaped her watchful gaze. At last her industry seemed to be rewarded for down the street came a large portly gentleman flourishing a cane and looking the picture of good humor. Sure, when he was in front of the house, out she flew and informed him that her mistress wished to speak to him.

"'Speak to me, my good girl?" asked the gentleman.

"'Yes, sir, wants to speak to you, and says would you be good enough to walk in.'"

This request, so direct, was not to be refused so in a state of some wonderment up the steps went the gentleman and upstairs went Bridget and knocking at her mistress' door, put her head in and exclaimed, "'Fat gentleman's in the parlor, ma' m,'"

"'In the parlor?' thought the lady. "'What can it mean? Bridget must have blundered.'"

But down to the parlor she went and up rose our fat friend with his blandest smile and most graceful bow. "'Your servant informed me, madam, that you would like to speak to me — at your service, madam.'"
The mortified mistress saw the state of the case immediately, and a smile wreathed itself about her mouth in spite of herself, as she said, "Will you pardon the terrible blunder of a raw Irish girl, my dear sir? I told her to call in the fat man to take away the soap-grease, when she has made a mistake, you see.''

The jolly fat gentleman leaned back in his chair and laughed such a hearty laugh as never comes from your lean gentry.

"No apologies needed, madam," said he. "It is decidedly the best joke of the season. Ha, ha, ha, so she took me for the soap-grease man, did she? It will keep me laughing for months, such a good joke."

And all up the street and around the corner was heard the merry laugh of the old gentleman as he brought down his cane, every now and then and exclaimed, "Such a joke!"

_Hartford Courant, November 27, 1855_

---

**Well diggers**

Some years ago I was lounging on a sandy plain in England, awaiting the arrival of the drill and guards. The day was as hot as Africa.

I observed two men working hard, sinking a well. They had got down about ten feet, and were apparently finding sand drier and still more dry. The only apparent moisture was the sweat of the brow, which was most copious.

"Do you expect to find water here?"

"Oh, please, your honor, I'm afeared we shall."

"Afraid to find water! Why, what are you looking for?"

"Oh, please your honor, I'd like to find beer jist for wanst."

_New Haven Palladium, March 10, 1848_
Shela saves her husband

Once upon a time long ago, when giants were as plenty in Ireland as fleas on a tomcat, there lived on the borders of the county Armagh one Barney M'Connell, who lawfully came under the above appellation, being seven feet high and made in proportion. His prowess was well known, and acknowledged for many miles round; but there was one thing that grieved Barney above a little, namely, that he could get no one to stand before him in his own country.

Now reports spoke of a certain giant in Scotland who was laboring under the like grief, and for precisely the same cause. Therefore, Barney, after consulting his friends on the subject, sent a challenge to the Scotch giant to "come over to Ireland and get the conceit taken out of himself."

After due time, the bearer of the challenge returned with word that it had been accepted and further stated that he was advised to inform Barney that he had better make his will, get his coffin made &c., as he that he was about to encounter never left his work half done.

"Did you see him?" asked Barney.

"Faith, an'I did," said the messenger.

"What is he like?" interrogated the giant.

"Faith, Barney, he's like anything at all but a mortal being."

"How big is he?" said Barney, looking anything but pleased at the description of his rival.

"How big is he, did you say? Faith, he's as big as the ould tower furnint the door, an' a head an' shoulders like Father M'Gurney's bull, an' by all accounts he'll ait you alive."

Barney began to feel rather uncomfortable at the prospect before him and straightaway went to consult his wife as what was to be done in the event of his rival proving to be such as his messenger had represented. While they were thus engaged, one of the children came running in and exclaimed, "Daddy, come to the door and see the great big man that's coming down the hill."

Barney peeped through the chinks of the door and to his great terror saw the monster. A look was enough to satisfy him that his messenger had not exaggerated his account of him, and turning to his wife he said, "Shela, jewel, I'm ett alive for sartin'. Here comes the Scotch baist to drum your poor Barney."
When Shela heard the approach of the coming foe, and her lord's utter inability to wage war with one so far superior in strength and size, she concluded that it was only by some piece of woman's wit that her husband could escape from the affair without dishonor. Accordingly, she gently lifted the child out of the cradle and depositing it on the bed in the inner room, made the father get in its place and covering him with a quilt, gently seated herself and resumed her work.

After a few moments, in walks the cause of all the disturbance, and demanded an interview with the giant. Shela, after motioning with her hand for him to keep quiet, walked gently across the floor to where he stood and in an undertone told him that Barney had gone out to the woods.

The giant informed her that he intended waiting his return. "Very well," said Shela, "only don't make a word of noise for the life that's in you, for there's nothing makes him more furious than to hear the child crying when he comes home."

By this time, the giant had seated himself on a bench and was quietly surveying the apartment. But when his eye rested on the cradle with a look of unutterable astonishment he asked what was in it.

"'In it?"' cried Shela, "'don't you see, it's the child that's in it. An' heaven help you if you wake him. The craytur didn't get a wink of sleep last night with the two back teeth he's cutting."

The giant with a look of terror and astonishment asked what size the father was. "'Faith an' I can't tell you, for I never measured him, but that gasson (pointing to the cradle) when the father is angry runs and hides himself in one of his boots."

"'Laird save us!' exclaimed the giant. "'I winna mind waiting the noon lassee, I maun be gaun. Gude morning.'"

And so saying, he took to his heels and never thought himself safe until he got among the hills of his own country.

_New Haven Palladium, April 13, 1852_

45 "Gasson," from the Irish "garsun" for young boy.
Bought it for vinegar

A gentleman in New Bedford employs a number of Irishmen and exerts himself to keep them free of bad habits. Seeing one of them one day with a jug, he asked him what he had got in it.

"Ah, sure it's vinegar," said the Irishman. The gentleman requested him to assist him in removing a stone and while he was engaged the contents of the jug were scented and found to be rum.

"Why," said the gentleman, "this is not vinegar, it is rum."

"Is it, be Jabers?" said Patrick. "Well I bought it for vinegar and if it is rum, the spalpeen has cheated me like the devil."

Middletown News & Advertiser, July 3, 1852

Disappearing watermelon

Some time since, a lady of Philadelphia, having received some company, ordered the cook to serve up a large watermelon, which she had just purchased in the market, at a specific time in the evening. Time rolled on and the period came and passed in which the aforesaid melon was to have been served; and the mistress looked anxiously toward the door every minute expecting Betty with the melon. Finally as her anxiety could no longer be kept within the bounds of silence, she rang the bell; and presently a round-faced, rosy-cheeked, dumpling-shaped sort of a paddy whose appearance betokened a green 'un from the Emerald Isle, thrust her open countenance in at a narrow aperture between the door and the door jam and gave notice of her appearance by asking her mistress, "An' what would you be after havin'?"

"Why don't you bring up the melon, as I ordered you?" asked the mistress.

"An' faith, an' it's gone."

"Gone, gone where?"

"An' troth, an' I put it in yez pot to bile, an' faith, an' I b'lave the witches have taken it up the chimney; for the crather's all gone."

Hartford Courant, October 23, 1850
Keeping accounts

An Irish woman who had kept a little grocery was brought to her death bed and was on the point of breathing her last when she called her husband to her bedside.

"Jamie," she faintly said, "and there's Missus Mallony, she owes me six shillings."

"Och," exclaimed her husband, "Biddy, darlint, ye're sensible to the last."

"Yis, dear, and there's Missus McCraw, I owe her a dollar."

"Och, be jabbers, and ye're as foolish as ever."

_Middletown Weekly Press, January 18, 1851_

Sweetening the customers

The following conversation recently took place in a mercantile house in one of our large cities.

"Patrick, have you placed those hogsheads of sugar?"

"Yes, sir, and d'ye know how the customers used to bother me, by always taking the back hogsheads?"

"Yes, Patrick."

"Well, I have fixed them so that the'll not bother me any more."

"How is that Patrick?"

"Why, I've put all the back hogsheads in front."

_Litchfield Enquirer, May 15, 1845_
Close by

I will come down and give you a thrashing if you don't stop your impudence," said a man to a political opponent from Ireland, who was railing at him from the street below his window.

"Come along," said Pat, "purtty soon if ya plaze, fer I'd like to be close by when ye did it."

New Haven Palladium, August 23, 1853

Perfect match for the job

The Cleveland Plain Dealer says an athletic specimen of a man from the Emerald Isle called into the counting room of one of our River street merchants. He took off his hat and made his best bow.

"The top of the mornin' to ye, Misthur P———. I've been told ye're in want of help.''

"I've but little to do,'" replied P——— with mercantile gravity.

"I'm the very boy for yees. It is but little I care about doing, sure it's the money I'm afther.''

The above reply secured him a situation.

Middletown News & Advertiser, February 24, 1854

Off to sleep

I say, Pat, are you aslape?''

"Divil the bit.''

"Then be afther lending me a quarter.''

"I'm aslape, be jabers.''

Hartford Courant, March 10, 1859
Native son

On Saturday, the President of the United States arrived in this city on his way to Washington. He came in the Steam-Boat from Trenton. While on board the boat, a well-dressed, ruddy-complexioned man addressed him in these words, "I am an Irishman, Sir; I understand you are the President of the United States and I desire to have the honor to shake hands with you."

"With great pleasure, Sir," said Mr. Adams, extending his hand and shaking that of the person who had addressed him.

"May I ask, Sir," said the President, "how you like this country."

"Indeed, Sir," said the Irishman, "I like it very much. I like it so much that I intend soon to become a native!"

The President smiled and with a gentle inclination of the head, said, "We shall be happy, Sir, to have such fellow-citizens."

Norwich Courier, November 2, 1825
from the Philadelphia Democratic Press

Horseflesh

What do you drive such a pitiful looking carcass as that for? Why don't you put a good heavy coat of flesh on him?" asked John Van Buren of an Irish cartman about his horse.

"A heavy coat of flesh! Mavourneen. Be all the blessed powers, now, when the poor crathur can scarce carry the little flesh there is on 'im!"

Hartford Courant, April 19, 1849
from the New York Spirit of the Times

46 John Quincy Adams, president 1825-29.
Prettier than a rose

The Irish of every grade are noted for their quickness of thought in repartee. We once heard of equal quickness in paying a compliment. A very pretty girl was bending her head over a rose tree as a lady was purchasing from an Irish basket woman, when the woman, looking kindly at the young beauty, said, "'I axes yer pardon, young lady, but if it's pleasing to ye, I'd thank ye to kape yer cheek away from that rose; ye'll put the lady out of consait with the color of her flowers.'"

_Hartford Courant, April 12, 1849_

Evidence enough

An Irishman being asked in a late trial for his certificate of his marriage, bared his head and exhibited a huge scar which looked as though it might have been made with a fire shovel. The evidence was satisfactory.

_New Haven Palladium, January 3, 1852_
Enough is enough

Ann Dunn, teetotal wife of an itinerant and teetotal fiddler, was put to bed in Manchester, a short time ago of her twenty-second child. When the midwife handed it to poor papa, the fiddler facetiously exclaimed, "What, the pledge again? How often must I take it?"

_Litchfield Enquirer, July 17, 1845_

Pistol exchange

Not many years ago, an Irishman, whose finances did not keep pace with the demand made on his pocket and whose scorn of honest labor was immensely unfavorable to their being legitimately filled, borrowed an old pistol one day, when poverty had driven him to extremity, and took to the highway determined to rob the first man he could most conveniently, who was likely to have a heavy purse.

A jolly old farmer came jogging along and Pat put him down instantly as a party who possessed those requisites he so much stood in need of himself. Presenting the pistol, he ordered him to "stand and deliver."

The poor fellow forked over some fifty dollars, but finding Pat somewhat of a green horn, begged a five to take him home, a distance of about half a mile, by the way. The request was complied with, accompanied with the most patronizing air. Old Acres and Roods was a knowing one. Eyeing the pistol, he asked Pat if he would sell it.

"Is it the pistol? Sowl, an' it's that same thing I'll be after doin'. What will ye be after givin' for it?"

"I'll give you this five dollar bill for it."

"Done! An' done's enough betwane two gentlemen. Down with the dust, an' here's the tool for yer."

The bargain was made by immediate transfer. The moment the farmer got the weapon he ordered Pat to shell out; and pointing the pistol threatened to blow his brains out if he refused.

Pat looked at him with a comical leer and buttoning his breeches pocket sang out, "Blow away, ould boy! D—I take the bit of powder's in it."

_New Haven Palladium, July 30, 1850_
Not lost at all

Pat McCarty was "a broth of a boy" and altogether as "dacent" a man and as handy with a spade as any of the whole five hundred who were at work upon the railroad, then and now in process of building in the northern part of Ohio.

He was a great favorite with the overseer on account of his faithfulness and integrity of character, but he had one fault that sorely grieved his employer.

Though as sober as a sexton for six days in the week, Pat could never resist the temptation of pay-day and when Saturday came round never failed to get as "drunk as a lord."

Having tried every other reformatory expedient in vain, the overseer at length betheought of the priest, who prevailed on Pat to "take the pledge," and sent him on his way rejoicing.

But alas, the next pay-day was too many for poor Pat, who staggering through the village at noon, met no less a personage than the priest who had attempted to reform him. "You're lost Pat, entirely lost," said his reverence, with a sigh of genuine sorrow.

Pat was bewildered for a moment, but having stared about him till he fairly ascertained his local whereabouts, he exclaimed triumphantly, "Lost? Is it lost I am? Lost in broad day-light, half way between Jimmy Stacy's and the coort house? To the divil wid yer nonsense!"

_Hartford Courant, August 14, 1856_

Not far to go

Three Hibernians were traveling together on foot at night. Tired and hungry, they asked the distance to their point of destination. Three miles was the reply, "Good luck to you," returned the spokesman, "that's only a mile apiece for us."

_Waterbury American, January 25, 1850_
Grease job

An Irishman on being told to grease the wagon, returned in about an hour afterwards and said, "I've greased every part of the wagon but thim sticks where the wheels hang on."

*New Haven Palladium, February 22, 1849*

National traits

A dispute arose between three noblemen, one Irish, one Scotch and the other English, as to the respective traits of their respective countrymen. A wage was laid, the Irish were the wittiest, the Scotch most cunning and the English most frank. They agreed to walk out on the streets of London and the first one of either nation they met should be enquired of as to what he would take to stand watch all night in the tower of St. Paul's Church.

Pretty soon a John Bull came along and was accosted thus, "What will you take to stand all night in the tower of St. Paul's?"

"I shouldn't want to do it short of a guinea," frankly replied Mr. Bull.

The next accosted was a Scotchman. Sandy replied with his cunning, "And what will you gie me?"

Last, but not least, Patrick was enquired of as to what he would take to stand all night in St. Paul's tower. To which Pat wittily answered, "An' sure, an' I think I should take a devil of a cowld!"

The wager was won.

*Hartford Courant, August 16, 1855*
Seeking direction

Can you direct me to the —— Hotel?" inquired a gentleman with a carpet bag of a burly Hibernian standing on the steps of the railroad station.

"Faith," was the reply, "It's jist I that can do that same. You see you jist go up that strate till you come to Thaddy O'Mulligan's shop. Then ..."

"But I don't know where Thaddy O'Mulligan's shop, as you call it, is."

"O faith, why didn't I think of that? Well, then your honor must kape on till ye get to the apple woman's stand on the corner of the brick church it is and kape that on the right and go on till ye get to the sign of the big watch, and mind you don't fall down the cellar thereway, then you kape on a little further till ye come to a big tree and after that you turn to the right or left, but by the bones of St. Patrick, I don't know which."

The traveler turned in despair to a long, lank Jonathan who was standing and whittling close by and made the same inquiry of him.

"Maybe you're going to put up there?" queried Jonathan.

"Yes, I intend to."

"Did you come from far off?"
''Yes from Philadelphia,'' was the impatient reply. ''But can you tell me where the ...''

''Got any more baggage?'' said the imperturbable Yankee.

''No, this is all,'' said the traveler, convinced that the only way to get the direction was to submit to the questioning.

''Going to stay long?''

''Couldn't say,'' was the reply in rather a crusty manner. ''But I'm in a hurry, and would like to be directed ...''

''Wait a minute. I reckon you're a married man, ain't you?''

''No, I am not and now I won't answer anything more till you have answered.''

''Well, Squire,'' said the Yankee coolly. ''I'd like to oblige you, but the truth is, I have never been in the town before myself.''

In less than a minute, a carpet bag with a man attached was seen hurrying away from that vicinity. He didn't find asking directions of any particular advantage.

_Hartford Courant, May 5, 1855_

**Love by telegraph**

Look-a-heah, you Paddy! Wh-what is you huggin' an kissin' dat ar post for?'' said a colored man, a day or two since, on seeing an Irishman tightly embracing one of the telegraph poles near this city, on the New York (railroad) line.

''Howld yer toong nager; don't be playin' boderation wid me now whin yez saa I'm ingaged intirel y,'' replied Pat.

''I-I-I dusn't want to boder ye, but I'd like to know what you's doin' dat's all.''

''Ooch? Ye smutthy-faced bla'guard, don't yez saa that I's st'al in this opportunity on the tillegraph to make love to my darlin' little ooman in Philadelphiy?''

_Waterbury American, February 19, 1848_
Initial victory

An Irishman meeting an acquaintance one morning, after the usual salutation, addressed him thus: "So, Barna, I see that my coat has made a wonderful mistake this morning."

"Mistake, how?" replied the other.

"Why man it has be some accident or other, got on your back when it should have been on mine."

At that instant, the magistrate made his appearance and Paddy, without any circumlocution lodged a detainer against the portion of his wardrobe he found astray and the other as loudly asserted his right to the garment in question.

The magistrate, having at length obtained a hearing by silencing these noisy litigants, addressed the complainer in the following terms: "What is your name, friend?"

"Pat Purdie."

"What proof have you that the coat in question is yours?"

"Plase your honor, my initials is on it."

"Your initials? Let me see them."

Pat took out his knife and ripping up a part of the sleeve at the wrist took out two peas, which he placed in the magistrate's hand with an air of triumph.

"What do these mean, my friend?" was the first question.

"Mane your honor? Why ain't there Pea for Pat and Pea for Purdie, sure?"

It is almost unnecessary to add that the evidence was considered conclusive in Pat's favor and the coat returned to the rightful owner.

Norwich Courier, May 25, 1825
Circumlocution

It may seem a matter of no extraordinary difficulty to give a plain answer to a plain question. And yet it is an act which it evidently requires much trouble to learn. In all half-civilized nations, the inquirer for the most simple thing is met by an enigma for an answer. And among the peasantry of Scotland and Ireland, civilized as the general communities may be, the system often seems to be studied evasion. This dialogue is the model of thousands in the sister isle.

"Is this the nearest road to Cork?"

"Is it to Cork you are going?"

"Yes, but my question is as to the nearest road."

"Why, this road is as near as that on the other side of the hill, for neither of them is any road at all."

"Then which way ought I to go?"

"Oh, that depends on your honor's own liking. Perhaps you wouldn't like to go back again?"

"Certainly not. But one word for all, my good fellow: Do you know anything about any kind of a road here?"

"There now, if your honor had asked that before, I could have told you at once."

"Out with it then."

"Why the truth is, your honor, that I am a stranger in these parts, and the best thing you can do is to stop till somebody comes that knows all the way."

"Stupid scoundrel! Why did you not say so at first?"

"Stupid! That's all my thanks. But why did not your honor ask me if I belonged to the place? That would have settled the business. Take a fool's advice and stop where you are."

_Hartford Courant, January 25, 1847_
Notice to leave

Mary McBride, a clean, good-natured looking Irish girl, who is a child nurse and a most affectionate one at the house of Mrs. P., in Camp street, presented herself in the parlor yesterday at about half past 4 o'clock.

"Why Mary," said her mistress, "I thought you had by this time taken the children down to Lafayette Square."

"No ma'am," said Mary. "I came to give you notice to layve."

"Oh, you mean, Mary, that you came to notify me of your intention to leave," said Mrs. P.

"Yis, ma'am," said Mary, "an' in troth sorry enough I'm for it too. For you wor so good a mistress and the childer is such sweet darlins. Oh it's like driving a could iron into my heart to go, and yet, go I must."

"Well, and what do you go for Mary?" said Mrs. P. "I am sure I am unconscious of having ever said anything that would cause you to leave. And the children are quite attached to you."

"Oh, I know all that ma'am," said Mary. "But if I was to get all the money in the mint I could not stay in any house where they peels their potatoes before they biles them!"

New Haven Palladium, July 13, 1846

Not so innocent victim

A Hibernian with a nose as red as a beet and rendered more red by a recent wound on his scalp applied at court at the beginning of the week for a warrant when the following dialogue took place. "Well, Pat," said the magistrate, for his countenance operated as a sort of finger just pointing to the road from whence he came, "what do you want?"

"I'd be after wanting a warrant, pleaze yer honor."
'Against whom?'

'Against Barney O'Leary, plase yer reverence.'

'For what?'

'For murther, yer grace.'

'Whom did he murder?'

'Divil a creature but myself.'

'And has he murdered you?'

'By my soul he has, bad luck to him. He cut a hole in my head big enough to bury his cat.'

'He has not quite killed you outright, I see.'

'It's not his fault if he hasn't.'

'I suppose that an assault warrant will satisfy you.'

'Yer honor knows best and I'll take what I can get.'

'When did he assault you?'

'Last night.'

'Did he hit you with a stick?'

'Please God that he didn't, yer honor, but with a poker.'

'With a poker. That's a dangerous weapon.'

'Divil a doubt of it.'

'Where were you?'

'Where was I? Why in bed.'

'And what was the provocation?'

'Divil a provocation at all. How could I when I was fast asleep?'

'What? You don't mean to say that he came to your bedside and struck you in this manner?'

'It's all true what yez say, yer honor. Barring that he came to his own bedside instead of mine.'

'What? His own bedside. Were you in his bed?'

'Faith, you just guessed it.'

'What brought you there?'

'That's more than I can tell, yer honor.'
''And was that all you did to provoke him?''
''Divil a thing else.''
''Was there any other person present?''
''Not a living creature independent of his wife.''
''His wife?''
''Of course.''
''And don't you think you got what you deserved?''
''Is it me?''
''Yes, you.''
''Sure it was a mistake, yer honor. I thought it was my own wife.''
''That may be, but you must be more careful in future and I think under the circumstances you must be contented with what you have got. I cannot give you a warrant.''
''Thank yer honor, but when he hits me again it won't be for nothing.''
Exit Pat, shrugging his shoulders and evidently disappointed.

_Middletown News & Advertiser, June 19, 1852_

---

**All in the family**

_Census taker: 'Well, Mrs. Finnigan, how many have you in the family?''_

_Mrs. Finnigan: 'Well, let me see. There's me and Misther Finnigan and Mary and Megy and John and Michael and Pathrick and eleven chickens, three gase and a Dootchman!'_

_Hartford Courant, May 17, 1849_
Hunting horse

Pat Regan had a poor horse given him by a man who was about to send it to the knacker's yard. Being somewhat of a horse jockey, he polished up the animal, mounted him, when he met by the way a cockneyfied looking chap, who stared at him and his horse and then burst into a laugh. Pat was by no means offended, but accosted him thus: "Is it admiring the noble animal your honor is after? Faix by the same sign I'd like to sell you this illegant hunter." 47

"What? Purchase such a miserable 'ack as that?" said the cockney.
"Why, he's spavined, half blind and both his knees are broken."

"Bether," said Pat, "and that's just the beauty of him, thim broken knees."

"How?" asked the cockney.

"Faix, thin he'll save the expense of a setter dog. He's brak his knees going down to set at partridges."

Absurd and impudent as that assertion was, Pat managed to wheedle the cockney into purchasing the horse and away he went in high glee. Two or three days after, while he was standing in the Castle tavern-door, Pat was recognized by the person who had bought the horse. The gentleman was in a violent passion and having collared Pat, dragged him into the bar which was full of company and soundly rated him as a cheat. "You infernal scoundrel!" said he. "The horse you sold me went down on his knees in the middle of a brook and nearly drowned me."

"Did he go down on his knees in the wather?" exclaimed Pat. "Och, then, it's ruined entirely I am. Bedad, I sold him uner his vally."

47 A knacker is a person who buys worn-out animals, destroys them and sells the meat or hides.
"Under his value, you swindling scoundrel? Why the beast wasn't worth a rap and I had him shot."

"Had him shot! Oh murther," cried Pat. "There's a loss and I wouldn't have sold him for a hundred guineas if I'd had it offered. I know'd well enough that the horse 'ud point at partridges, but begorra, I didn't know till you tould me that he'd set at trout."

_Waterbury American, January 15, 1848_

**The complete story**

An Irish cab driver was presented with a shilling at his journey's end and grumbled loudly at the smallness of the fare. "Faith," said he, "it's not putting me off with this ye'd be if ye knew but all."

"And now," asked the gentleman, "what do you mean by saying if you knew but all?"

"That I drove yer honor the last three miles without a lynchpin."

_Waterbury American, January 25, 1850_

**Wholesome food**

A newly arrived Hibernian was asked at a dinner a few days ago by a friend whether he would not take some apple pie.

"Is it houlsome?" inquired Teddy.

"To be sure it is," was the reply.

"Because," said the newcomer, "I once had an uncle that was killed wid the apple-plexy, and shure I thought it might be something of the same sort."

_New Haven Palladium, January 21, 1848_
Milk of human kindness

A son of Erin, once set up his trade
In a near town and soap and candles made.
'Twas his delight your strangers to employ
And fill the hearts of all around with joy.
A feeling heart, he said, is what we owe
The sons of sorrow in this world of woe.
But though his heart in kindness did embrace
The sons and daughters of the human race,
His chief delight was in an Irish face.
In short, his heart was like a great tin pan
To hold the milk of human kindness in,
This milk he would dispense with lib'ral hand
To all who hither come from dear Ireland.
Those who behind them leave their land and money,
And seek this, flowing with rich milk and honey.
These he would fondly hail and patronize
And give them freely and in large supplies,
From this broad, deep and flowing pan of bounty,
Which none could ever say ran low or scanty.
One soon presented from his native land,
Him he received with open heart and hand,
Was overjoy'd his countryman to see,
And soon employ'd him in his Factory.
And thus began t' enquire of the newcomer,
Touching his character, and its owner,
'Pat are you honest? And disposed to lend
A helping hand to one who'll be your friend?'
'Honest, dear joy, now by our own sweet brogue
You ne'er will know Pat Murphy as a rogue.

48 This is the only Paddy story discovered in verse.
And would he lend a helping hand, you ask.
Pat Murphy never wish'd a lighter task.
These hands have ever been so free and easy,
Pat Murphy is the lad I know will please ye.''
Indeed, he left dear Ireland 'tis well known,
Because he lov'd too well things not his own.
No Blarney stone e'er lick'd Pat Murphy's tongue,
He'll only say, he'd scorn to do you wrong.
And since he's in your honor's kind employ,
I fear his honest heart will sink for joy.
Murphy rejoic'd to find his patron kind,
Forget the hempen fields he left behind.
His master call'd abroad one day,
Says, 'Pat, within the shop you'll stay.
And wait on customers — aye that I will —
And treat them most genteely too.''
'The best side of the soap I'll show;
I think at trade I have some skill.
When you return less soap you'll find
Than what your honor left behind.''
And true it was, for Pat being left alone,
Took sundry bars and mark'd them as his own.
That is, seeing no one near him but himself,
Stole several bars from off his master's shelf.
His master soon returning said,
'Well, Patrick, what success in trade?
I see the goods are gone, now where's the ching?''
'Where?' answered Pat, 'Indeed, that's more than I know.
For 'tis as sure as I abhor a rope,
No one has call'd to buy a pound of soap.''
The rope idea, offer'd undesigned
Like night of spectre struck his tender mind.
Nor could he help being terrified.
For well he knew
How few slip thro'.
When Jack Ketch once the knot has tied,
On Pat the master charg'd the sinful trick
Which he denied by calling on St. Patrick!
But pretty soon
It was made known
That Pat had hawk'd that soap so low
At hucksters and at dram shops too
Where daily's carried on a trade
In brooms there offer'd ready made.
His master now could understand
What Murphy meant by helping hand.
This so provok'd his wrath and ire,
He swore for such ingratitude,
'Twas very proper that Pat should
Be forthwith had before the Squire.
On Patrick the tipstaff soon laid his claw,
Held him by force to answer in the law,
For goods purloined and chattels taken.
And nothing now could save his bacon.
His master also on his Bible oath,
Swore to the theft and value both.
The judgment was that he receive ten stripes.
The very idea gave poor Pat the gripes.
His sympathetic master now began
To yearn in bowels for his countryman.
So strong it work'd, he felt it in his heart
As if he really felt the smart.
"'Ten stripes, your worship said. And must the law
Be hoop'd with ten stripes for so small a flaw?
I'd sooner lose my soap and candles all
Than such disgrace should on my country fall.
Forbid it, Justice. I can never be
The instrument of such dire cruelty.'"
His Worship now began to his due turn,
To feel his metal rous'd, his anger burn,
And looking sternly in the master's face
"'Hark ye! Pray sir and do ye know the place
In which you now do stand?
Sir, 'tis the Law's command.
For on your oath most solemnly you swore
The soap you lost was at its cost,
Worth in the market one pound or more;
If so the Law most wisely has decreed
Stripes and stripes only must be paid.''
The Master answer'd, ''Yes, I did declare
Or in law language, solemnly did swear,
The soap was well worth one pound two.
That is be retail, and it's true.
But as the man a quantity did take
'Tis right a liberal discount I should make,
That will reduce th' offence within the lines
That's punished only by a simple fine.
And I am ready now to pay the money
So, Pat, you're free again, you rogue, dear honey.''

Connecticut Mirror, July 29, 1822

Miracle drug

A few days since, an Irishman upon one of our wharves was obliged to suspend work in consequence of being sorely afflicted with an ulcerated sore throat. His employers, pitying his sufferings, sent him a jar of nice currant jelly. To their great surprise he resumed his labors on the following morning with his throat and head completely enveloped in bandages highly discolored. Upon being questioned as to his health and peculiar appearance, Pat replied, ''That was a beautiful medicine ye gave me, and did me a power of good. I made it all into a nice poultice and put it on the outside of my throat and it's far better than all yer doctor's stuff.''

Hartford Courant, May 12, 1855
Extreme courtesy

The most characteristic instance of carrying politeness to an extreme came off not long since at a Hibernian ball.

As related to us by one of the sons of Erin, who keenly appreciates a good thing, it seems that one gay Lothario pro tempore, in crossing the room to request Bridget's hand the next reel, stumbled over the outstretched foot of Mr. Terence O'Grady.

Misther O'Grady promptly rose and in the politest manner imaginable said, "'I beg yer pardon, sir.'"

"'No offence, no offence, sir, at all,' responded the other. "'It was my fault.'"

"'I beg your pardon, sir, it was entirely my fault,'" was the response, accompanied by a graceful bend of the body and wave of the hand.

"'No, sir,' answered Misther O'Toole, 'yer intirely in the wrong, sir. I tell ye it was altogether my fault."

"'I till ye it was not, sir,' responded O'Grady. "'Do ye mane to say I'd be tilling a lie, sir?'"

"'Bad luck to you, sir. Do ye mane to say I'd be telling a lie, sir, when I tell ye it wasn't yer fault?' responded O'Toole, waxing with wrath.

"'Bad luck to yer bad brading, yer ignorant gossoon. D'ye think ye'd be getting the bether o' me in manners?' shouted O'Grady, as with a trip and a blow he laid the unfortunate O'Toole upon the floor.

O'Toole rallied and a rough and tumble fight ensued, which ended in the expulsion of both gentlemen from the ball room.

New Haven Palladium, December 28, 1855
from the California Pioneer Magazine
Tenderhearted

Molly,'" said a lady to her servant, "'I think you'll never set the river on fire.'"

"Indade, ma'am," said Molly, "'I'd never be after doing anything so wicked. I'd be burnin' up all the little fishes.'"

New Haven Palladium, January 2, 1851

Three little words

Frederick of Prussia had a mania for enlisting gigantic soldiers in the Royal Guards. He paid enormous bounties to his recruiting officers for getting them. One day his recruiting sergeant chanced to spy a Hibernian who was at least seven feet high. He accosted him and proposed that he should enlist. The idea of a military career and a large bounty so delighted Patrick that he at once consented. "But," says the sergeant, "'unless you can speak German, the king won't pay you as much.'"

"O,'" said the Irishman, "'shure it is that I don't know a word of German.'"

Said the sergeant, "'Three words will be sufficient and them you can learn in a short time. The king knows every man in the guard. As quick as he sees you, he will ride up and ask how old you are. You will say 27. Next how long have you been in the service. You must reply three weeks. Finally, if you are provided with clothes and rations. You answer both.'"

Patrick learned the answers but never dreamed of learning the questions. In three weeks, he appeared before the king in review. His majesty rode up to him. Paddy stepped forward with present arms.

"'How old are you?'" asked the king.

"'Three weeks,'" said the Irishman.

"'How long have you been in the service?'" asked his majesty.

"'Twenty-seven years.'"

"'Am I or you a fool?'" roared the king.

"'Both,'" replied Patrick, who was instantly taken to the guardhouse.

Middletown News & Advertiser, May 24, 1851
Scene in a dentist's office. A male representative from the Emerald Isle enters hat in hand with, "The top of the mornin' to ye, sir, and I got a bad tooth, an' the devil a bit of comfort can I get short of a bottle of brandy and I've got one of Father Matthy's medals to keep me from such evil spirits. Sure now, sir, what'll you be axin' to pull me a tooth, sir?"

"Half a dollar," said the doctor.

"Well," said Patrick, "what'll ye pull two for."

Replied the doctor, "I won't ask you anythin' for pulling the second one."

Pat seated himself, turned up his mug and the doctor took a peep at his grinders and with a little assistance from Pat, soon found out which were the ones Pat wanted out. Says Pat, "This is the first one and that is the second one. Plaize pull the second one out first."

"Very well," said the doctor, "any way to get them out." And he pulled. Before he had time to fix the instrument for the other tooth (the first tooth), Pat had got out of the chair and was edging toward the door. "I guess, doctor, I won't have the first tooth pulled until it aches and you told me you would pull the second one for nothing."

Pat mizzled and the doctor pocketed the joke instead of the fee.49

Middletown News & Advertiser, May 25, 1851

49 "Mizzle" means to make a sudden departure.
Discount advertising

The Boston Times says, "'On Wednesday we shall issue a second edition, but no first edition.'" This reminds us of an honest Hibernian, who called at our office with an advertisement, the price of which he was told would be fifty cents for the first time and twenty-five for the second. "'Faith, then,'" said he, "'and I'll have it in the second time.'"

New Haven Palladium, August 22, 1848

Pig in a poke

I recollect," says Mr. Croker in his "'Researches in the South of Ireland,'" "'once trying to convince a peasant that he might with very little trouble improve the state of his cabin by building a shed for his pig and banishing him from the chimney-corner, but he coolly answered, 'Sure then and who has a better right to be in it? Isn't he the man of the house and isn't it he that will pay the rent?'"50

Middletown News & Advertiser, April 15, 1851

Geographical puzzlement

A few days ago, Pat Murphy asked for a money order at the post office on Dundalk and was particular in stating that Dundalk was in the County Louth and that Louth was in Ireland, but when asked where Ireland was, "'Fakes,'" says he, "'you have puzzled me now quite intirely.'"

New Haven Palladium, July 8, 1853

50 Thomas Crofton Croker, 1789-1854, is one of the best known of Irish folklorists. From 1812 to 1815, he rambled about his native Cork and the rest of the south of Ireland collecting the folklore of the peasants. In 1825, he published "'The Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland.'"
Paddy in search of his father

The migratory Irish coming into this country as they do in gangs and shiploads annually and in detached families, a father at one time, a daughter or son at another, now a bevy of three sisters, then an ould mother, so estranges or scatters them that it would require a first-rate surgeon to put the members (family speaking) together again. And this being a great country with a vast extent of territory and the Milesians having a very lax idea of geography and a much laxer proficiency in the arts, mysteries and sciences of letter writing and directing are often obliged to give things to Time and Providence, sources that often work wonders in bringing together wandering friends and forming strange tableaux.

The term Milesians to refer to Irish people is rooted in ancient Irish tradition. There is a legend that the Celtic people of Ireland are descended from a people who migrated from Asia Minor to Spain. The sons of Milesius, the leader of that people, made an expedition by sea to Ireland and conquered the tribes already living there. The text of this story notwithstanding, Irish immigrants to America were prolific letter writers as evidenced by the hundreds of thousands of dollars they sent back to Ireland to help their families and their knowledge of geography probably was no less than that of any Americans of that era. But, the author of this story knows whereof he speaks when he tells of the scattering of Irish families. The Boston Pilot, which was founded as an Irish immigrant journal and wound up as the newspaper of the Boston Roman Catholic Archdiocese, began publishing in 1831 a weekly column of classified advertisements placed by Irish people seeking information on lost relatives in America. The column continued on up into the 20th century and it is estimated that the advertisements from 1831 to 1856 alone contain information on as many as 20,000 immigrants. The large number of Irish men and women who actually sought relatives suggests that this tale about the search of one Irish lad
Some years ago an emigrant ship landed a large freight of Irishmen on Long Wharf in the city of Boston. Among the rest was a brave Irish boy, Patrick Dean, who was in quest of his father, a gentleman who had come over some 14 long years previously and who leaving behind him in ould Ireland a wife and child (master Pat and his mother). After some years of patient toil the old man bethought him it would be as well to send for his family, now that he was master of some acres of mother earth in the West. But all of a sudden it occurred to Mr. Dean that just as like as not he had no family, inasmuch as he had no distinct idea of hearing anything about them for four or five years. He had kept up an occasional correspondence and hoped they were well and informed them now and then that he lived in the illegitimate state of New York and all that peculiar indefinite brevity of amateur letter writers. But as is generally the case the consoling letters only now and then went through and finally failed to reach their destination altogether, the poor wife suffering for the honestly earned and freely remitted little drafts which fell into impious hands regular as clockwork.

Mr. Dean finally made another effort to open a correspondence with his wife and child which proving of no account at all, he gave it up and went on his quiet way to make a fortune. From a handcart, he marched into red horse cart, from a horse and cart to a grocery, from the grocery to a farm. Politics followed and at the end of the fourteenth year of his residence in America, Barney Dean had an Esq. to his name and a seat upon the magistrated bench of the town of J... not a hundred miles southwest of the flourishing city of Buffalo. But all this amounted to little seeing Barney Dean Esq. had no chick nor child to help him enjoy his fine estate.

But Paddy Dean landed in Boston with a lot of stick in one hand and a good-sized bundle of worldly gear tied up in an extensive bandana in the other. Fifteen shillings two pence in his pocket, a light heart under his vest and a pair of clever brogans upon his feet, faith, Paddy my boy was just the boy to begin his tour in search of his father in real dead earnest.

Paddy knew it was New York it was his father had last been heard of and so down he goes to the city to begin his examination and not till his last haporth was gone did Paddy Dean get a pig's whisper of his worthy

for his father is neither fanciful nor unique. A portion of the Pilot ads have been collected by Ruth-Ann M. Harris and B. Emer O'Keeffe and published in several volumes titled 'The Search for Missing Friends' by the New England Historic Genealogical Society and make fascinating reading.
progenitor's whereabouts. Then it was purely speculative, an Irish friend informing him that he had heard one Philip Donnegan spake of a Hugh Murphy who had worked upon the 24th section of the Pennsylvania canal, under a Connaught man by the name of Dean and so by want of better information poor Paddy, bundle in hand, started for Phillydelfy working his passage along among the farmers and in the course of ten days Paddy reached the Quaker city and then made tracks for the canal where sure enough he learned that a Mr. Dean had bossed it on a section there about a year before and in a mistake like ran away wid de funds between two fine days, leaving the poor Paddies in the ditch and they further consoled Paddy by saying the ould divil had turned up in Ohio getting out stone for the new penitentiary. This information was not exactly desirable or complimentary to Paddy Dean's father, but that did not alter the relationship in the least and the fact of the 'ould felly' having bolted with the rocks led poor Paddy to follow up the pursuit with renewed confidence. He found no difficulty to work his way along west and when at last poor Pat reached the pork state capital he had the misfortune to find Mr. Dean was not Barney Dean, the father of Patrick Dean, nor kith or kin of his at all, at all.

''Oh, murther, murther,'' sighed poor Paddy, ''it's all my trouble thrown to the divil and all my illigent dhrames of ase and comfort and a place to lay down my bundle in peace at last gone wid 'em. Murther, murther ...''

''Divil burn 'em then,'' responded Mr. Dean, ''don't let a thratling mistake like that disturb ye. Be faith, it's my own dear father I lost one day early in the morning and it's not a blubber escaped me as they hung the poor ould erathur up by the neck, accordin' to law, as they said, because of a slight mistake in the wrong door and helpin' himself to some mighty fine stuffs as didn't belong to him, d'ye mind.''

''Hould yer whist,'' continued Mr. Dean, ''it shrikes me all of a sudden, be jabbers, I know your father.''

''Do ye,'' exclaimed the suddenly rescued Paddy Dean.

''I do. He's an ouldish sort of a man wid black hair and gray eyes.''

''Faith and it's mor'n I can say, sur barin' I don't remember 'im.''

''Oh, I know 'im well,'' continued the confident Mr. Dean with a toss of his bullet-shaped head and a knowing twist of his eye. I know 'im, he's a mighty fine fell, too. Him and I once met by the greatest accident in the world d'ye see. In New Orleans one night at a wake, poor Jim Dooley was dead, 'Dane,' says some one to me. 'What?' says I. Then says your father stepping up, says he, 'Is your name Dane?'''
"It is," says I.

"D'ye spell wid an 'a' or an 'e'?"

"Neither." says I. "I spell it wid a 'd.'"

"None o' your jokin'," says he.

"I won't," says I.

"Will ye dhrink?" says he.

"I will," says I, and by the Hill o' Howth we soon became as thick as thaves and he told me all about it and a grat deal more which I don't remember. But the mild gentleman, barrin' he's not dead d'ye mind, will spake for himself as you'll find him down there kaping a little stoor for whiskey, pipes, tobaccy and merchandize on the Pinch-a-thrain canal. 52 An that's all I know of 'im.'

Some weeks after Paddy found himself in the Crescent City sun burnt and red as a wild ingin. And by diligent inquiry he discoverd the mercantile establishment as described by Mr. Dean. But alas for letters and for Paddy's dreams of good fortune in finding a thriving relative, the mercantile gentleman spelled his name with an "a," Dain not Dean. This discovery gave Paddy double-breasted blues and with all haste and convenience he made back for New York via Pittsburgh and onward up the Allegheny river.

In this tour up the Allegheny, poor Paddy made many rustic meals in the orchard and rude encampments by sleeping under trees and climbed into hay mows. At length one auspicious Sabbath morn poor Paddy found himself in a mow into which he had crawled late and tired the previous night. As Paddy made arrangements to be moving, he spies the farmhouse close at hand and two or three villainous curs sneaking round in the immediate neighborhood. It wouldn't do to sit perched up there while the glorious sun was mounting the high-arch heavens in its fiery course and Paddy wanted to be moving. In his effort to make a quiet retreat, Paddy was letting himself down as delicately as possible when an old, treacherous clapboard to which he clung gave way and down came poor Paddy into the soft alluvial, or muck, of the cow yard and in the next twinkling the dogs were after him. He up and ran, but the curs overtook him and

52 The Hill of Howth, or Howth Head, is located on the north side of Dublin Bay. By "Pinch-a-thrain" is meant Pontchartrain, the lake near New Orleans.
down went Paddy and out ran the farmer's people great fame and no pitch hot. The farmer and his man drove off the dogs but not until the savages had nibbled every square inch of poor Paddy's garments into shreds and patches, besides nibbling into the flesh of his nether extremities, making Paddy bawl, yell and kick dreadful.

''What were ye at in me mow, ye blackguard?'' said the farmer with a pretty decent Irish accent upon his tongue.

''Oh murther, murther, sur, I was taking a nap there just.''

''You're an Irishman, I see. Where the divil are ye goin' to?''

''To New York, sur,'' promptly answered Paddy.

''To New York are ye, and so you must need come over my farm, eh, to go to New York? Where have ye been travelling to, ye bog trotter?''

''The divil's own journey I've had sure. I've been hunting my father.''

''Hunting yer father. What was yer father's name?''

''Dean, sur, Barney Dean of Connaught, Ireland.''

''And yer mother's name was.''

''Margaret Dean, sur.''

''And your name?''

''Patrick Dean, sur.''

''Hurrah Phillaloo, You've found 'em. Come to my arms an divil be my sowl and body I'm yer own decent ould father Barney Dean, ye black­guard. Come to my arms.''

And so it proved and poor Paddy forgetting his small bits and bruises became as happy as a clam in high water, his mistakes turning out at last a palpable bit. And so ended Pat's adventures in search of his father.

Middletown News & Advertiser, May 3, 1851
SOME TALLIES
The widespread notion that Irish people historically have been seen by their fellow Americans as rowdies ready to fight at the drop of a hat, much given to drunkenness and little given to hard work doesn’t entirely hold up when judged by the content of these stories from Connecticut newspapers. Those traits certainly are evident in some of the 121 stories in this book, but surprisingly they are not as prevalent as we might suspect. And, there are other characteristics, both virtues and vices, more common in the stories. Below are some interesting counts of various traits that turn up in the stories.

Fighting and rowdiness: There are 18 stories, or 15 percent of the total, in which Irishmen engage in fisticuffs or other kinds of raucous behavior. Among the 18 are some which are borderline. For example, included in the count is the story of the two Irishmen running to catch the Brooklyn ferry. One tries to leap onto the ferry but is grabbed by the other and falls into the water. He comes up sputtering and threatening to throttle his companion, but they end up friends again without coming to blows.

Intemperance: Drinking is mentioned in 15 stories, 13 percent of them. In five of the 15, drinking plays a minor or passing role; in 10, it is central to the tale. In three of the 10, there is the suggestion of intemperance on the part of the Irish participants and in one story the Irishman is portrayed as being flat out drunk. In three of the 15 stories, the Irish people are described as being teetotalers, those who have taken the pledge not to drink alcoholic beverages.

Crime: A total of 17 stories have some element of crime or court proceedings. Three of the Irishmen in these stories are thieves. One is a highwayman, another is an adulterer and one passes a counterfeit coin at the behest of his master. One is sentenced to transportation, but his crime
is not mentioned. And one is guilty of nothing more serious than breaking a window accidentally and trying to run away.

Deceit: Irishmen engage in deceptions in 18 of the stories, ranging from an attempt to get some liquor without paying for it to Bridget lying to her mistress about the man she was talking with at the gate.

Laziness: Of the 121 stories, four suggest laziness or indolence on the part of the Irish. By contrast in 10 stories just the opposite is the case and the Irishmen and Irishwomen are depicted as showing more than usual get up and go in their jobs.

Ignorance: Judging from these stories, stupidity seems to be the major failing in Irish people as seen by their American contemporaries. A total of 56 stories, almost 50 percent, portray the Irish in this way to at least some degree. One Irishman, for example, nearly gets himself killed by driving his rig between the two headlights of a coach. Another Irishman becomes frightened while being lowered into a well and threatens to cut the rope unless his companions pull him up immediately. Bridget is particularly dumb. In nine of the 10 stories in which a female Irish servant is the main character, she is portrayed as a bumbler.

Several reasons suggest themselves for the prevalence of that theme in the stories. One is bias or simple dislike of the Irish. Perhaps the tellers of the stories transferred their distaste for the "ill-clad and destitute" Irishman mentioned by H. Giles into an assumption that the Irish were also stupid. Perhaps some Americans felt the need to put down Irish people, especially in job situations, because those Irish were willing to accept cheap wages and therefore were an economic threat.

On the other hand, the stories may reflect a fact of life. Coming from a poor, largely agrarian, simply organized society, Irishmen and women may indeed have had problems understanding and adapting to the complexities of life in a rapidly industrializing nation. That difficulty may have led Americans to view them as inept. For example, in 14 of the 56 stories in which they appear this way, their mistakes seem to stem from an inability to understand technology. Three stories, for example, involve Irishmen and watches and in all three the technology of the watches befuddles Paddy. Similarly, in one of the servant girl stories, Bridget is unable to figure out the mysteries of a thermometer.

Wit: Far and away, wit is the greatest virtue of the Irish in these stories. They are witty not only in the sense of humorous, but also in the broader sense of quick with repartee, skilled in the use of words, able to charm people. Six of the stories contain specific comments to the effect that the wit of the Irish is well known. And of the total 121 stories, at least 41
show the Irishman getting the upper hand or the final say by a remark or an action that cuts to the heart of the matter.

**Women:** In the stories told about Irish people, Paddy is far more often the central character than Bridget. Irish women appear in significant roles in only 21 stories. Ten of the stories have as their central character an Irish maid servant. The others revolve around maidens, wives, girlfriends, mothers, widows and a couple of working women. Bridget does not come off well in these stories, a fact which may say as much about 19th century stereotypes of women as about 19th century stereotypes of Irish folks. In 14 of the 21 stories, the Irish woman is portrayed negatively.

**Occupations:** A total of 49 occupations engaged in by Irishmen and Irishwomen are mentioned in the stories and there is a surprising variety. The largest single number — 10 — is female servant or maid, or just "help," as such servants were sometimes called. The second largest is soldier with the locations where the soldiers serve varying from Prussia to American units in the Mexican War of 1846, which was, of course, very much in the thinking of people living in the 1840s and 1850s when the majority of these stories appeared. The list of other occupations includes: general laborer, 4; priest, 3; stevedore, 2; railroad worker, 2; farmer, 2; lawyer, 2; servant, 2; well digger, 2; coachman, 2. Occupations which appear one time include: politician, laborer in mercantile house, hod carrier, soap manufacturer, steward, dockhand, cab driver, horse trader, peddler, veterinarian student, barber, weaver, cartman, tailor, post boy, bricklayer, fiddler, policeman, sailor and porter.

It would be a mistake to rely too much on these numbers to get a definitive picture of how Irish people were perceived by their fellow Americans in this era. These stories comprise a very small sampling, collected randomly rather than systematically, of just one type of evidence and from a very limited number of all the newspapers that were published in Connecticut, much less in the nation, in this period. With all those limitations, however, these 121 stories do offer some clues as to the reality and the perception of Paddy and Bridget in 19th century America.
INDEX

A
Adam and Eve, 34
Adams, John Quincy, 70
Adelphi theater, 32
Africa, 64
African-Americans, 9
Allegheny River, 95
America, 6, 101
American, 21, 51
Antrim, 10
Arabs, 5
Armagh, 65
Asia Minor, 92
Astor House, 32
Atlantic Ocean, 1, 7
Australia, 23

B
Berkshire Hills, 17
Big Lige, 17
Blackstone, William, 49
Blarney stone, 85
Boston, 1, 28, 36, 51, 61, 93
Boston Pilot, 92
Boston Times, 91
Boston Traveler, 14
Botany Bay, 22
Briant, Rev., 41
Bridges, Major, 40
Bromwell, William J., 6
Brooklyn, N.Y., 55, 99
Brown, Mr., 14
Buckeye, 3
Buena Vista, Battle of, 26
Buffalo, N.Y., 1, 24, 93
Bull, John, 74

C
California, 40
California Pioneer Magazine, 88
Cambridge, Mass., 14
Canterbury, N.H., 25
Cape Anne, 61
Cappawhite, Co. Tipperary, 15
Carney, Mick, 38
Celtic people, 92
Cherubusco, Mexico, 35
Chicago, 51
Chicago Evening Post, 9
Chitty, Joseph, 49
Christian Examiner, 7
Cincinnati, 1
Civil War, 1
Draft riots, 32
Cleveland Plain Dealer, 69
Columbus, Ohio, 52
Congregational Church, 8
Conley, Bridget, 16
Connought, 94, 96
Connecticut, 1-2, 6, 101
Connecticut Mirror, 3, 55, 87
Cook, Eliza, 9
Cork, 10, 16, 78, 91
Cork, city, 78
Crescent City, 95
Crime, among Irish, 99
Crogan, 33
Croker, Thomas Crofton, 91
Cromwell, Oliver, 44
Custom House, Boston, 61

D
Dean,
Barney, 93
Margaret, 96
Patrick, 93, 99
Deceit, as Irish trait, 100
Dill, Rev. Dr., 34
Dobie, J. Frank, 9
Donley, 18
Donnelly, 52
Donnegan, Philip, 94
Donnybrook Fair, 23
Dooley,
Jim, 94
Mr., 9
Dorson, Richard M., 1, 17
Dublin, 1, 18, 22, 37
Dundalk, 91
Dunn, Ann, 72
Dunne, Peter Finley, 9
Dutchmen, 4

E
Easter, 23
Edinburgh Courant, 28
Eliza Cook’s Journal, 9
Ellenborough, Lord, 43
Emerich, Duncan, 10
England, 20, 64
English language, 5
Erin, 8, 14, 24, 51, 84, 88
Europe, 1

F
Famine, potato, 8
Fanning, Charles, 10
Farmington Canal, 6
Fighting, as Irish trait, 99
Finn, Mike, 33
Finnigan, John
Mary, Megy, Michael, Pat, 81
Flaherty, Michael, 51
Fleean, Mr., 30
France, 39
Frederick of Prussia, 89
Freedom’s Journal, 8-9
French-Canadian lumberjacks, 1

G
German, language, 89
Giles, H., 7, 100
Gotham, 63
Great Britain, 6
Greece, 10

H
Harris, Ruth-Ann M., 93
Harrison, President William H., 36
Hartford, 6
Hedding, Bishop Elijah, 42
Help, 101
Hewins, Pat, 18
Hogan, Pat, 27
Home evangelization, report, 9
Hooker, John, 6
Howth, hill of, 95

I
Ignorance, as Irish trait, 100
Immigrants,
Dutch, 5
Irish, 6-7
Indiana, 19
Innishkillen, Mr., 23
Intemperance, as Irish trait, 99
Ireland, 6-8, 15, 18, 28-30, 34, 39-41, 46, 48, 65, 69, 78, 84, 91

J
Jamaica, 40
Jamaica rum, 25-26
Johnson,
Mr., 5
Widow, 56
Jonathan, 1, 3, 75

K
Kelly, brothers, 32
Ketch, Jack, 85
Kilmarnock, Scotland, 61
King George III, 26
Knobel, Dale T., 6
Knocktopher, Co. Kilkenny, 18

L
Lafayette Square, 79
Lafferty, Father Mulrico, 23
Langrishe, Sir Hercules, 18
Laudanum, 58-59
Law, Edward, 43
Lawrenceburgh, Indiana, 19
Laziness, as Irish characteristic, 100
Leitrim, 10
Limerick, 20, 42
Litchfield Enquirer, 1, 15, 25, 27, 31, 36, 43, 68, 72
Liverpool, 3
Liverpool Mercury, 27
Loftus, Margaret, 42
London, 1, 18, 74
*London Standard*, 8
Long Wharf, Boston, 61, 93
Louth, 91
Lynch, James, 42

**M**

M'Connell,
  Barney, 65-66
  Shela, 65-66
M'Ginnis, Teague, 23
M'Gurney, Father, 65
Mackenzie, Robert Shelton, 20
Maine, 3
Makenzie, Dr., 20
Manchester, 72
Mansur, Arab caliph, 5
Massachusetts, 7, 17, 30
Mathew, Father Theobald, 15, 31, 90
Mayo, 10
McBride, Mary, 79
McCann, Dennis, 56
McCarty, Pat, 73
Merrimac River, 25
Mexican War, 19, 101
Mexico City, 35
Michaelmas, 31
Middlesex *Gazette*, 29, 38, 40, 52
Middlesex, Mass., 14
Middleton, Lady, 20
Middletown News & Advertiser, 2, 15, 21,
  28, 32, 34, 39, 42, 48, 60-61, 67, 69, 81,
  89-91, 96
Middletown Weekly Press, 68
Mileians, 92
Mileius, 92
Mississippi River, 17
Mississippi River, boatmen, 1
Mulhoney, widow, 52
Mullowney, Tim, 48
Mulvany, Mrs., 23
Murphy,
  Hugh, 94
  Paddy, 32
  Pat, 84, 91
  Patrick, 46-47

**N**

Nativists, 35
Negro, 5
New Bedford, Mass., 67
New England, 8
New Englanders, 2
New Hampshire, 1, 25
New Haven, 8
*New Haven Palladium*, 1, 3-5, 13-14, 19,
  22, 24-25, 27-28, 30, 32-33, 35-36, 38-39,
  41, 43-44, 46-47, 50, 52, 54, 60, 64, 66,
  69, 71-72, 74, 79, 83, 88-89, 91
New London, 8
*New London Morning News*, 8
New Orleans, 48, 94
New York, 1, 8, 15, 29, 76, 93, 95-96
*New York Atlas*, 17
*New York Knickerbocker*, 30
*New York Spirit of the Times*, 17, 54, 70
*New York Sun*, 45
*New York Union*, 20
Niven, John, 7
*Norwich Courier*, 18, 20, 28, 40, 70, 77
Nowlan, Jimmy, 31
Nutmegs, 2

**O**

O'Connell, Jemmy, 58
O'Brady, Miss, 30-31
O'Brien, family, 41
O'Connell, Daniel, 31
O'Flaherty,
  Paddy, 18
  Terence, 33
O'Grady, Terence, 88
O'Keeffe, B. Emer, 93
O'Leary, Barney, 80
O'Leary, Jack, 32
O'Mulligan, Thady, 75
O'Toole, Misther, 88
Occupations, of Irish, 101
Octoolan, Barney, 16
Ohio, 3, 73, 94

**P**

Parker, Theodore, 7
Pennsylvania, 3, 94
Philadelphia, 31, 67, 76, 94
*Philadelphia Democratic Press*, 70
Phoenix Park, 18
Pittsburgh, 95
Ponchartrain, Lake, 95
Pope, 29
Portsmouth, N.H., 25, 36
Providence, R.I., 22
Prussia, 101
Purdie, Pat, 77
Puritan witches, 1

Q
Quebec, 1
Quinn, Peter, 32

R
Rafferty, Mr., 23
Rebellion of 1798, 24
Reformation, 8
Regan, Pat, 82
Robinson, Jack, 50
Rochelle powder, 53
Roman Catholicism, 8
Rome, 10
Romish clergy, in Ireland, 8
Russworm, John B., 8

S
San Patricio Battalian, 35
Sandy, 74
Schenectady, N.Y., 24
Schooner Anna Marie Matilda, 57
Schrier, Arnold, 6
Scotland, 61, 65, 78
Scott, Gen. Winfield, 35
Spain, 92
St. Louis, 1
St. Patrick, 26, 29, 33-34, 37, 39, 46, 52, 75, 86
St. Paul's Church, 18, 74
Stacy, Jimmy, 73
Stereotype printing, 2
Stereotypes in newspaper tales, 2, 101

T
Taylor, Gen. Zachary, 26
Technology, Irish and, 100
Teetotalers, 72, 99

Texas, 9
Tincture of Hokeepokee, 53
Trenton, N.J., 70
Tyler, President John, 36

U
United Irishmen, 24
United States, 6, 8, 35, 70

V
VanBuren, John, 70
Vermont, 1, 17
Veterinary College, 38

W
Washington, D.C., 36, 51, 70
Waterbury American, 9, 18, 23, 26, 45, 73, 76, 83
Waterville, Maine, 4
Wehman, Bill, 32
Westminster Bridge, 18
Wethersfield, Conn., 8
Wit, as Irish characteristic, 100
Women, roles in stories, 101

Y
Yankee, 2-3, 17, 76
Yankee peddlers, 1
Young, Arthur, 7-8

St. Louis, 1
St. Patrick, 26, 29, 33-34, 37, 39, 46, 52, 75, 86
St. Paul's Church, 18, 74
Stacy, Jimmy, 73
Stereotype printing, 2
Stereotypes in newspaper tales, 2, 101

Taylor, Gen. Zachary, 26
Technology, Irish and, 100
Teetotalers, 72, 99