

THE

BRAVE IRISHMAN:

OR,

Captain O'BLUNDER.

A

FARCE.

As it is ACTED at the

THEATRES

IN

CROW-STREET and SMOCK-ALLEY.

WITH THE

Genuine SONGS

DUBLIN:

Printed by BART. CORCORAN on the *Inns-Quay*, near
the *Cloysters*.

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Capt. O'BLUNDER.

O AGH, brilliant Shireli, shcase to vend your Spleen,
On ush, poor Irish, 'till our faults are shcen ;
My Business here, I'll swear, you ne'er would guess ;
But come, — my Duty 'tish, first to confish ;
To keep you then no longer in Suspince,
To wed a fair One ish my whole Pretince.

Phoo, now d'ye hear, the Titter ne'er wil, shcase,
I plainly see the Curl in each merry Faash.

Well then, 'tish strange, phat 'Fronts we here reshaver
Ven tish by us the English Spalpeens live.
Have we not fought your Battles — bravely too ;
And yet, ungratefull Boors, all that won't do,
Oagh, would the Heroes of Hibernia's Blood,
Wholately in their Cause uprightly stood,
But shay with me, they'll mix their noble Breed
With Britain's Daughters ! then we should be freed,
Hark the Bell rings — I therefore must obey,
So smooth your Brows, and calnly hear the Flay.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N,

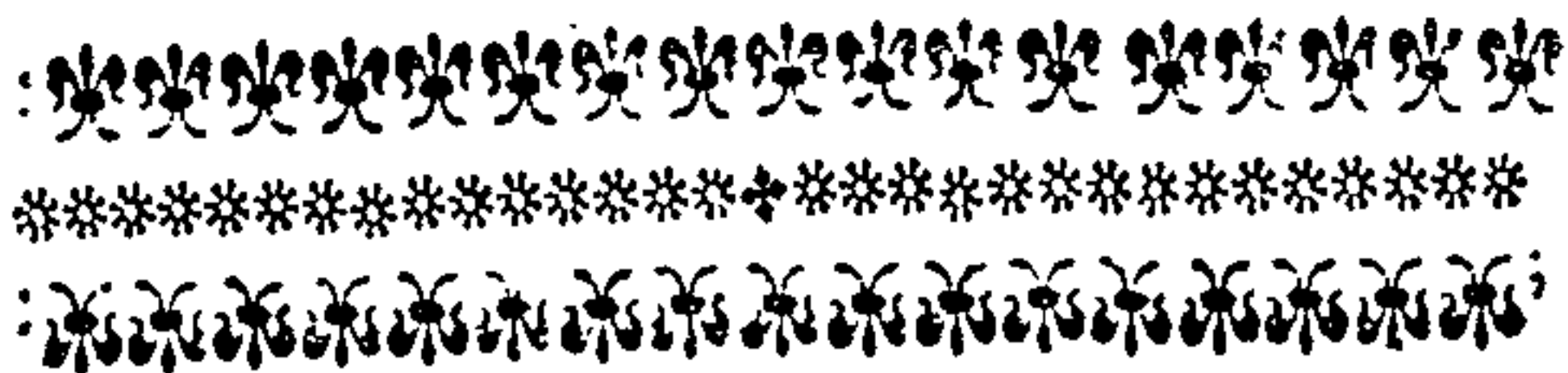
<i>Captain O'Blunder,</i>	Mr. SPARKS.
<i>Mr. Trader, a Merchant,</i>	Mr. WATSON.
<i>Cheatwell,</i>	Mr. STAYLY.
<i>Sconce,</i>	Mr. HAMILTON.
<i>Ferry, Captain's Serjeant,</i>	Mr. WILLIAMS.
<i>Dr. Clyster,</i>	Mr. MYNIT.
<i>Dr. Gallypot,</i>	Mr. CUNINGHAM.
<i>Monf. Ragou,</i>	Mr. KING.

W O M E N.

<i>Lucy, Daughter to Trader,</i>	Mrs. GREEN.
<i>Betty, Maid to Lucy.</i>	Miss COMMERTON.

Mob, Keepers, &c.

S C E N E L O N D O N.



T H E

B R A V E I R I S H M A N.

A C T I.

S C E N E I,

A Coomber.

Lucy repeating ;

*'Tis not the Marriage, but the Man we hate ;
'Tis there we reason and debate :
For, give us but the Man we love,
We'er sure the Marriage to approve.*

W E L L, this same barbarous Marriage-Act is a great Draw-back on the Inclinations of young People.

Betty. Indeed and so it is, Mem ; for my Part I'm no Heiress, and therefore at my own Proposal ! and if I was under the Restraint of the Act, and kept from Men, I wou'd run to Seed, so I wou'd—but la ! Mem, I had forgot to acquaint you, I verily believes that I saw your *Irish* Lover the Captain ; and I conceits it was he and no other, so I do,—and I saw him go into the Blue Poltices, so I did.

Lucy. My *Irish* Lover, Miss Pert ; I never so much as saw his Potato Face in all my born Days ; but I hear he's a strange Animal of a Brute—Pray had he his Wings on ? I suppose they saved him in his Passage.

Betty. Oh ! Mem, you mistakes the *Irishmen* ; they deny that they've *Wings*, but they all confess and boast of their *Tails*.

Lucy. Oh Tawdry ! but see who's at the Door.

[*Exit Betty and returns with Cheatwell.*

Cheat. Miss ! Your most humble and obedient—I came to acquaint you of our Danger : Our common Enemy is just imported hither, and is enquiring for your Father's House thro' every Street—The *Irish* Captain, in short, is come to *London* ; such a Figure ! and so attended by the Rabble ———

Lucy. I long to see him—we love Variety ; and *Irishmen*, I hear, are not so despicable ; besides, the Captain may be misrepresented. [*Aside.*] Mr. *Cheatwell*, you know my Father's Design is to have as many Suitors as he can, in order to have a Choice of them all.

Cheat. I have nothing but your Professions and Sincerity to depend on—Oh !, here's my trusty Mercury.

Enter Sconce.

So—Well, have you dogg'd the Captain ?

Sconce. Yes, yes, I left him snug at the *Blue Posts* ; he's just pat for our Purpose, easily humm'd ; as simple and as undefigning as we would have him, Well, and what do you propose ?

Cheat. Propose ! why to drive him back to his native Bogs as fast as possible.

Lucy. Oh ! Mr. *Cheatwell*—pray let's have a Sight of the Creature ———

Cheat. Oh ! Female Curiosity—Why Child, he'd frighten thee—he's above six Feet high ———

Lucy. A fine Size—-I like a tall Man. [*Aside.*

Sconce. A great huge Back and Shoulders.

Lucy. We Women love length and Breath in Proportion. [*Aside.*

Sconce. Wears a great long Sword, which he calls his *Andrew Ferrara* ———

Lucy. I hear the *Irish* are naturally brave ———

Sconce. And carries a large Oaken Cudgel, which he calls his *Shillela*.

Lucy. Which he can make use of on Occasions, I suppose. [*Aside.*

Sconce.

Sconce. Add to this a great Pair of Jackboots, a *Cumberland* Pinch to his Hat, an old red Coat, and a damn'd Potatoe Face.

Lucy. He must be worth seeing truly —

Great. Well, my dear Girl, be constant, with me Success; for I shall so num, so roast, and so banter this same *Irish* Captain, that he'll scarce wish himself in *London* again these seven Years to come.

Lucy. About it—Adieu — I hear my Father.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.

A Street.

Enter Captain O'Blunder and Jerry.

Capt. And so you tells me, *Cherjeant*, that *Terence M'Gloodterry* keeps a Goon?

Serj. Yes, Sir.

Capt. Monumondioul! but if I catches a . of these *Spalpeen* Brats keeping a Goon to destroy the Game, but I'll have 'em shot first, and whip't thorough the Regiment afterwards

Ser. One would think that they should be whipp'd first, and then shot.

Capt. Well isn't it the same Thing? For the Devil magnifies that?—'Tis but whipping and shooting all the time — 'Tis the same Thing in the End, sure, after all your Cunning, but still you'll be a Wileacre: but that *Terence M'Gloodterry* is an old *Pocher*, he shoots all the Rabbits in the Country to stock his own *Borough* with 'em.

Enter a Mob, who stare at him.

1st Mob. Twig his Boots.

2d Mob. Smoke his Sword, &c. &c.

Capt. Well, you Scoundrels, did you never see an *Irish* Shentleman before?

Enter

Enter Sconce.

Sconce. Oh! fie! Gentlemen are not you asham'd to mock a Stranger after this rude Manner.

Capt. This is a shivil Short of a little Fellow enough. [*Afide.*]

Sconce. If he is an *Irishman* you may see by his Dre's and Behaviour, that he's a Gentleman.

Capt. Yesh, you Shons of Whores, don't you see by my Dref- and Behaviour, that I'm a Shentleman Stranger — by my Shoul if I take *Shillita* to you I'll make you all smoke. [*Mob runs off.*]

[*To Sconce.*] Shir, your humble Sharvant; you seem to-be a shivil manerly Shentleman and I shall be glad to be gratified with your nearer Acquaintance. [*Salute.*]

Enter Cheatwell.

Cheat. Captain *O'Blunder*; Sir, you are extremely welcome to *London*—Sir, I am your most sincere Friend and devoted-humble Servant——

Capt. Yara I then how well every Body knows me in *London*—to be sure they read of my Name in the Papers, and they know my Faash ever since.—Shir your affected humble Sharvant, [*Salute.*]

Cheat Well, and Captain, tell us, how long are you arrived? I hope you had a good Passage?

Capt By my Shoul, my own Bones are thore after it—We were on the Devil's own Turnpike for eight and forty Hours—to be sure, we were all in a comical Pickle.—'I was Old Nick's Race Horse we rode, and tho' I bid the Landlord of the Ferry boat to stop it, he took no more Notice of me, than if I was one of the Spalpeens that was going over to reap the Harvett.

Cheat. No, Captain!—The unmannerly Fellow; and what brought you to *London*.

Capt. Faith, my Jewel, I came in the Stage-Coach from *Ch:ster*.

Cheat. I mean, what Business?

Capt.

Capt. How damn'd inquisitive they are here [*Aside.*] but I'll be as cunning as no Man alive. By my shoul, my Jewel I'm going over to *Whirginny* to beat the *Frinch* — They say they have driven our Countrymen out of their Plantations ; by my Shoul, my Jewel, if our Troops get vonse among them, we'll cut them all in Pieces, and then bring 'em over Prisoners of War besides.

Cheat. Indeed, Captain, you are come upon an honourable Expedition—but pray, how is the old Gentleman your Father ? I hope you left him in good Health ?

Capt. Oh ! by my Shoul, he's very well, my Jewel ; for he's dead these four Years.

Cheat. And the old Gentleman, your Uncle.

Capt. My Uncle !—you mean my Shifter's Husband, you Fool you, that's my brother-in-law —

Cheat. Aye, a handsome Man——

Capt. Ha, ha, a handsome Man ? ay, for he's a damn'd crooked Fellow ; he's crooked Shoulder'd, and has a Hump upon his Nose, and a Pair of Huckle Backs upon his Shins, if you call that handsome——Ha, ha, ha.

Cheat. And pray is that merry, joking Gentleman alive still—He that used to make us laugh so—Mr.—Mr.—a.

Capt. Phoo, I'll tell you who you mean—You mean *Sheela Shaughnassy's* Husband the Exshizeman.

Chea. The very same.

Capt. Oh ! my dear Jewel, he's as merry as my Lord Chief Joke in *Dublin* ; tho' he's not very wise phin I'm by ; for I took him down—Arra, my Jewel, I'll tell you the whole Story—We took a walk together, and the Wind was very high, considering 'twas a fine calm Morning—'Twas in our Back going, but, by my Shoul, as we returned, it was in our Faash coming home—and yet I could never persuade him that the Wind was turned.

Cheat. Oh the Fool——

Capt. Ara, so I told him, my Jewel ; you great Qaf, says I—If the Wind blows in your Back going,
and

and blows in your Faash coming, sure the Wind is turn'd—No, if I was to preach, and to preach, 'till last Year come Twelvemonth, I cou'd not dissuade him that the Wind was turn'd.

Cheat. He had not common Sense—Well, and does the old Church stand where it did.

Capt. The old Church—the Devil a Church within ten Mile of us.——

Cheat. I'm sure there was a kind of an old Building like a Church or a Castle.——

Capt. Phoo, my Jewel, I know what you call a Church—by my Shoul, 'tis old lame *Will Hurley's* Mill you mean. [Talk aside.]

Enter Sconce with Monsieur Ragou.

Sconce. Consider, Monsieur, he's your Rival, and is come purely, and with an Intent to rob you of your Mistrefs.

Monsf. Is he—Le Fripon—Le grand Fripon! Parbleu, me no endure dat! icy l'Épee—vat you call—my Sword—Est bien assuré—he may take my Vord for dat.——

Sconce. And he's the greatest of all Cowards—tho' he carries that great swaggering broad Sword—believe me Monsieur, he woo'd not fight a Cat—he'd run away if you drew upon him.—

Monsf. You be bien assuré that he be de grand Coward—Mon Ami—Eh bien—vel den—I'll have his Blood—my Heart dance de pit a pit. [Aside.] Je n'avois pas la Courage. I have not de good Courage.

Sconce. Tut, Man, only affront him—go up to him.

Monsf. Me sal thew him de bon Address:—Helas—
(goes up to the Captain) Monsieur Le Capitaine vous etes Le grand Fripon.——

Capt. *Wil' Gal'n a gal,* have you any *Iish*?

Monsf. *Irelan'de!* me be no such outlandish Country:——You smell of de Potatoe.——

Capt. Do I—by my Shoul I did not taast a Praty since I left *Ireland*; may be he has a mind to put the Front upon me. [To Cheatwell.]

Cheat

Cheat. It looks like it, very like it, Captain:

Capt. Faith, my Jewel, I don't know a more peaceable Companion than *Andrew Ferrara* here—
[*shewing his Sword.*] But if he's provok'd—he's no Slouch at it—do you mean to front me, you *French Bogre*—Eh—

Monf. Affront—you be de Teague, de vild *Irishman*—de *Potatoe Face*—me no think it vorth my while to notice you. Otez vous, je dis—go about your *Basiness*—

Capt. Oh, ho, are you there? —come out my trusty *Andrew Ferrara*—here take *Shillela*— - [Gives his Cudgel to *Cheatwell.*]

Sconce. Draw, for he won't fight. [To the Frenchman.

Monf. He be de terrible Countenance—He be fort enrage, dev'lish angry.

Capt. Come on, you *Soup Maigre*.

[They fight—*Monsieur* falls.

Capt. After that you're easy—who smells of *Pratys* now? you *Refugee Son of a Whore*—Affront an *Irish Shentleman*!

Sconce. The Man's dead.

Capt. Is he? — what magnifies that; I killed him in the fair duelling way.

Cheat. But, Captain, 'tis Death by the Law to duel in *England*—and this Place is not so safe a Place for you—I'm heartily sorry for this Accident.

Capt. Ara, my Jewel, they don't mind it in *Ireland* one *Trawneen*.

Cheat. Come, come, Captain, safe's the Word — the Street will be soon alarm'd—you can come to my House till the Danger's over—and I will get you Bail.

Capt. By my Shoul, I believe 'tis the best Way, for fear of the *Boners*.

Cheat. Here's my Friend will shew you the Way to my House, I'll be with you in a minute.

[Exit Captain with *Sconce*,

Cheat. Are you dead, *Monsieur*, *Eveillez-vous*—get up, Man.

Monf. Parbleu—il avoit de long *Rapier*—he be de

de terrible *Irishman* ——— 'tis well me fall in time, or he make me fall so dat me never resusciter—never get up again.

Great. Well, I'm glad there's no more Mischief done——

Come, never mind the *Irishman* a Rush,
You and the Captain shall have t'other Brust.
Mons. Parbleu——me kis de Book, me just have
swore,
Never to fight an *Irishman* no more. *Exeunt.*

A C T II.

S C E N E III.

A mad House.

Enter Captain and Sconce.

Sconce. Captain, this is your Cousin's House : I'll go and get proper Things for your Accomodation—Sir, your humble Servant for a Moment or so——give me your Things. (*Takes his Sword and Cudgel.*)

Capt. Shir, your most humble Sharvant. (*Looks about*) Faith my Cousin's House is a brave large Place——tho' it is not so very well furnish'd——but I suppose, the Maid was cleaning out the Rooms : So—who are these now ? Some Acquaintance of my Cousin's to be sure.

Enter Dr. Clyster and Dr. Gallypot.

(*Both Salute the Captain*)

Capt. Shentlemen your most humble Sharvant—but where's my Cousin ?

Clyst. His Cousin——what does he mean ?

[*To Dr. Gallypot.*

Gally. What should a Madman mean ? Sir, we come to treat you in a regular Manner.

Capt. O dear Shentlemen, 'tis too much Trouble——you need not be over regular, a single Joint of Meat, and a good Glas of Ale, will be a very good Treat without any needless Expences.

Clyst.

Clyst. Do you mind that Symptom—the canine Appetite.

Capt. Nine Appetites,—no, my Jewel ; I have an Appetite like other People ; a Couple of Pounds will serve me if I was ever so hungry—phat the Devil do they talk of nine Appetites ; do they think I'm a Cat, that has as many Stomachs as Lives.

Gally. He looks a little wild, Brother.

Capt. Fat ! are you Brothers ?

Both. Pray, Sir, be seated ; we shall examine methodically into the Nature of your Case.

They sit—Captain in the Middle—they feel his Pulse—He starts at them.

Capt. Fat the Devil do they mean by taking me by the Wrists—may be 'tis the Fashion of Compliment in *London*.

Clyst. Brother, you plainly perceive that the Systole and Diastole are obstructed.

Capt. My Piss-hole and Arse-hole—Fat the Devil ails them ? Eh ! sure de'er mad.

Gally. First, Brother, let us examine the Symptoms

Capt. By my Shoul, the Fellows are Fools,

Clyst. Pray, Sir, how do you rest ?

Capt. In a good Feather-Bed, my Jewel—and sometimes, I take a Nap in an Arm-chair.

Clyst. But do you sleep sound ?

Capt. Faith I sleep and snore all Night ; and when I awake in the Morning, I find myself fast asleep.

Gally. The *Cerebrum* or *Cerebellum* is affected.

Capt. The Devil a Sir Abram, or Bell either, I mind.

Gally. How do you eat, Sir ?

Capt. Width my Mouth—how the Devil should I eat d'ye think.

Clyst. Pray Sir, have you a good Stomach, d'ye eat heartily ?

Capt. Oh, my Jewel, I'm no Slouch at that, tho' a clumsy Beef-stake, or the Leg and Arm of a Turkey, with a Griffon under his Oxter would starve my Turn.

Gally. Do you generally drink much?

Capt. Oh my Jewel, a Couple of Quarts of Ale and Porter would not choak me; but sat the Devil magnifies so many Questions about eating and drinking—If you have a mind to order any Thing, do it as soon as you can, for I'm almost famish'd.

Clyst. I am for treating him regularly, methodically, and secundum Artem.

Capt. Secundem Fartern—I don't see any Sign of treating at all—Arra, my Jewels, send for a Mutton Chop, and dont trouble yourselves about my Stomach.

Clyst. I shall give you my Opinion, concerning this Case, Brother——*Galen* says——

Capt. *Wil Galen a gud?*

Clyst. I say that *Galen* is of Opinion, that in all adult Complexions.

Capt. Well, and who has a dusty Complexion?

Clyst. A little Patience, Sir,

Capt. I think I have a great deal of Patience; that People can't eat a Morsel without so many impertinent Questions.

Clyst. *Qui habet Vultum adustum,
Habet cuninum Gustum.*

Capt. I'm sure 'tis an ugly Custom to keep a Man fasting so long after pretending to treat him.

Gall. Ay, Brother, but *Hipocrates* differs from *Galen* in this Case.

Capt. Well, but my Jewels, let there be no Difference, nor falling out between two Brothers about me, for a small Matter will sharve my Turn.

Clyst. Sir, you break the Thread of our Discourse; I was observing, that in Gloomy opaque Habits, the Rigidity of the Solids causes a continual Friction in the Fluids, which, by being constantly impended, grow thick an glutinous, by which means they cannot enter the Capillary Vessels, nor the other finer Ramifications of the Nerves.

Gally. Then, Brother, from your Position, it will be deducible that the *Primæ Viæ* are to be clear'd, which must be effected by frequent Emeticks.

Clyst.

Clyst. Sudorificks.
Gally. Catharticks.
Glyst. Penumaticks.
Gally. Restoratives.
Clyst. Corrosives.
Gally. Narcoticks.
Clyst. Cephalicks.
Gally. Pectorals.
Clyst. Stypticks.
Gally. Specificks.
Clyst. Causticks.

Capt. How naturally they answer one another like the Parish Minister and the Clerk — By my Shoul, Jewels, this Gibberish will never fill a Man's Belly.

Clyst. And thus to speak *Summatim* and *Articulatim*, or categorically to recapitulate the several Remedies in the Aggregate, the Emetics will clear the first passages, and restore the Viscera to their pristine Tone, and regulate their lost peristaltick or vermicular Motion, so that from the Oesophagus to the Rectum I am for potent Emeticks.

Gally. And next for Sudorificks, as they open the Pores, or rather the porous Continuity of the cutaneous Dermis and Epidermis: thence to convey the noxious and melancholy Humours of the Blood.

Clyst. With Catharticks to purge him,

Gally. Penumaticks to scourge him.

Clyst. Narcoticks to doze him.

Gally. Cephalicks to pose him.

Capt. These are some of the Dishes they are to treat me with — Why, my Jewels, there's no need for all this Cookery — upon my Shoul, this is to be a grand Entertainment. Well, they'll have their own Way.

Clyst. Suppose we use Phlebotomy, and take from him thirty Ounces of Blood.

Capt. Flea my Bottom, dy'e say?

Gally. His Eyes roll — — call in the Keepers.

[Enter Keepers.

Capt. Flea my Bottom — Oh, my *Anderew Ferrarara* and *Shillela*, I want ye now — but here's a Chair —

Flay my Bottom—Ye Sons of whores—ye Gibberish Scoundrels. *[Drives them out.]*

Oh ! this Son of a Whore of a Cousin of mine, to bring me to these Thieves to flay my Bottom—If I meet him, I'll flay his Bottom. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E IV.

The Street.

Enter Serjeant.

I have been seeking my Master every where and cannot find him ; I hope nothing has happened him—I think that was one of the Gentlemen I saw with him

Enter Sconce.

Sir, Sir, pray did you see the Captain, my Master, Captain O'Blunder the *Irish* Gentleman ?

Sconce. Not I, indeed, my Friend—I left him last with Mr. Cheatwell,—I suppose they're taking a Bottle together——Oh, No, here's the Captain.

Enter Captain.

Capt. Oh ! my dear Friend, I had like to be lost, to be ruined by that Scoundrel my Cousin—Well I'm so out of Breath, I ran away with my Life from the Thieves—you know You left me at my Cousin's House—Well, I walked about for some Time to be sure I thought it an odd sort of a House, when I saw no Furniture,—There I expected my Cousin every Moment ; and, dear Honey, there came in two Bird-lime Sons of Whores, with great Wigs — they look'd like Conjurers and Fortune-tellers—one takes hold of one of my Wrists, and the other catches hold of my other Wrist ; I thought by Way of Compliment, I sat down betwixt them ; they did chatter such Gibberish like a couple of old Baboons ; and all this Discourse was conchaarning me—they talked at first
of

of treating me, and ask'd me Had I a good Stomach? —one of 'em said, I had nine Appetites; but at length, my Jewels, what should come of the Treat, but they agreed before my Face to flay my Bottom— Oh! If I tell you a Word of Lie, I'm not here—My Dear, they calls in the Keepers to tie me; I up with the Chair; for I gave you my *Shillala* and *Andrew Ferrara*, and drove them out, and made my Escape.

Sconce. I'm sorry to see that your Cousin has behaved so rudely towards you; but any thing that lies in my Power—

Capt. Oh! Sir, you're a very worthy Shentleman; but Cherjeant, I must go to see Mr. *Trader* the Merchant, and his fair Daughter.—Has the Taylor brought home my Clothes?

Ser. Yes, Sir, and the old Gentleman expects you immediately, and sent a Man in Livery for you.—

Capt. Come, my good Friend, I won't part with you—I'll step to my Lodgings, and just slip on my Clothes, that I may pay my due Regards to my Mistress. [Exit]

SCENE V.

The Mad House.

Cheatwell, Clyster, and Gallypot.

Cheat. I'm sorry for this Accident.

Clyst. In throth, Mr. *Cheatwell*, he was the most furious Madman that ever I met with during the whole Course of my Practice.

Gally. I am now surpris'd how he sat so long quiet.

Cheat. He'll run riot about the Streets; but I hope he'll be taken—Oh! here's *Sconce*.

Enter Sconce.

Well, What News of the Captain?

Sconce. I just ran to let you know of his Motions; he is preparing to dress, in order to pay a visit to Miss

Lucy, and to pay his respects to *Trader* ; and worie News for you, 'tis whispered on Change, that *Trader* is broke.

Cheat. If that should fall out so, I shall easily resign my Pretensions to the Captain. 'Twas *Lucy's* Purse, and not her Beauty that I courted.

Sconce. I must run back to the Captain, and keep in with him, to serve a Turn ; do you at a Distance watch us, and proceed accordingly. [Exit,

Cheat. Well, Gentlemen, I shall take Care to acknowledge your Trouble at the first Time I see you again ; so adieu. [Exit.

SCENE VI.

The Captain's Lodgings.

Capt. Arrah but who the Divil do you think I met Yesterday fullbut in the Street but *Thady Shaughbuss* ?

Serj. Well, and how is he ?

Capt. Arrah, stay till I tell you ; he wash at todther Side of the Way, and when I came up, it wash not him. Tell me, dosh my new Regimentals become me ?

Serj. Yes indeed, Sir, I think they do.

Capt. This pocket is too high ; I must be forced to stoop for my Snuff-Box.

Enter Sconce.

Ha ! upon my Word, Captain, you look as spruce as a young Bridegroom.

Capt. All in good Time—and does it fit easy ?

Sconce. Easy, Sir, it fits like your Shirt:

Capt. I think it's a little too wide here in the Sleeve ; I'm afraid the Fellow has not left Cloth enough to take it in ; tho' I can't blame the Fellow neither ; for I was not by when he took Measure of me—Cherjeant here, go, take this Sixpence Halfpenny, and buy me a Pair of white Gloves.

Serj. I don't think you can get a pair for Sixpence.

Capt.

Capt. Why how much will the Leatherman have?

Sconce. Two Shillings

Capt. Two Thirteens!

Serj. Indeed, Sir, you won't get them less in *London*.

Capt. Not less than two 'Thirteens! *Monomendiqui!* but I'd rather my Hands should go barefoot all the Days of their Lives, than give two Thirteens for a Pair of Gloves—Come, come along, I'll go without 'em; my Mistress must excuse me. *[Exeunt.*

S C E N E *changes to* Trader's House.

Enter Trader and Lucy.

Tra. Well, Daughter, I have been examining into the Circumstances of *Cheatwell*, and find he is not worth a Six-pence, and as for your *French* Lover, he is some run-away Dancing-Master or Hair-cutter from *Paris*; so that really, among them all, I cannot find any one to come up to your *Irish* Lover, either for Birth, Fortune, or Character.

Lucy. Sir, you're the best Judge in the disposing of me; and indeed, I have no real Tendency for any one of them—As to the *Irish* Captain, I have not seen him as yet.

Tra. You'll see him presently; I sent to his Lodgings, and expect him every Moment—Oh! here's Monsieur.

Enter Monsieur Ragou.

Tra. Well, Monsieur, I have been trying my Daughter's Affections in Regard to you, and as she is willing to be guided by me in this Affair, I wou'd willingly know by what visible Means you intend to maintain her like a Gentlewoman, as she is, both by Birth and Education?

Monsf. Me have de grand Acquaintance with the Beau-Monde; and, si vous plais to do me the Honour of making me your Son-in-Law, me transact your Negotiations with all possible Care and Belle Air.

[Enter

Enter Captain O'Blunder, &c.

Tra. You're welcome to my House—Sir, this is my Daughter—this, Child, is Captain *O'Blunder*, whom I hope you will receive as he deserves.

Capt. Fairest of Creatures, will you gratify me with a Taste of your sweet delicate Lips, [*Kisses*] By my Shoul a neat Creature, and a good Bagoorah Girl—Oh! oh! I see my *Frenchman!* and, Faith, I have a Praty ready for him now.

Monf. Oh! Le Diable—he espy me—me better go off while I am well.

Capt. (*goes up to Monsieur*) I thought, Monsieur *Ragou*, that you were dead—Do I smell of the Praty now, you Soupe Maigre Son of a *French Boogre?*

Tra. The Captain has a Mind to be merry with the *Frenchman*.

Capt. By my Shoul, my Jewel, I have got a Praty for you now—here eat it. Eat this—Oh, ho, come forth. [*Draws.*] Eat that Praty this Minute. I'm sure 'tis better nor your Garlick nor Ingyons in *France*.
[*Frenchman eats it.*]

Enter a Servant to Trader.

Serv. Oh! Sir—there are certain accounts come—but these Letters will better inform you.

Tra. [*reads*] Oh, Captain, I'm ruin'd, undone—broke—

Capt. Broke! what have you broke?

Tra. Oh! Sir, my Fortune's broke; I am not a Penny above a Beggar.

Monf. Oh! den me be off de *Amour*—me have no Dealings with Beggars; me have too many of de Beggar in my own Country; so me better slip away in good Time. [*Exit.*]

Tra. So now, Captain, I have not concealed my Misfortunes from you; you are at Liberty to choose a happier Wife, for my poor Child is miserable.

Capt.

Capt. I thought your Rib was broke ; I am no Surgeon ; but it 's only a little Money that broke you ; give me this sweet Lady's Lily-white Hand, and, as far a good Estate in Land and Stock will go. I'll share it with her, and with yourself—Ara, never mind the Thieves, my Jewel, I'll break their Necks before they shall break your little Finger. Come, I'll give you a Song of my own Composition.

*Wherever I am going, and all the Day long,
Abroad and at home, or alone in a Troop,
I find that my Passions so lively and strong,
That your name, when I'm silent, runs still in my
Song.*

*Sing Balinamone oro, Balinamone oro, Bali-
namone oro, A Kiss of your sweet lips for me
Since the first Time I saw you, I took no repose
I sleep all the Day, to forget half my Woes ;
So strong is the Flame in my Bosom which glows,
By St. Patrick I'm afraid it would burn thro' my
Cloaths,*

Sing Balinamone oro, &c.

Your pretty Black hair for me.

*On that happy Day when I make you my Bride,
With a swinging long Sword, how I'll strut and
I'll stride,*

*In a Coach and six Horses with Honey I'll ride,
As before you I walk to the Church by your side.*

Sing Ballinamone oro, &c.

Your little white fist for me.

Enter Cheatwell.

Gentlemen, I beg pardon for this Intrusion.

Capt. Oh, by my Shoul, this is my friendly Cousin that bid the old Conjurers flay my Bottom.

Cheat. Sir, I beg your Pardon in particular, and hope you'll grant me it ; nothing but Necessity was the Cause of my ungenteel Behaviour—This Lady I had an Esteem for ; but since Things have turn'd out

as they have, my Pretensions are without Foundation ; and therefore rais'd the Report of your Ships being lost at Sea, in hopes that this Gentleman would decline his Addreses to your Daughter, when he found she had no Fortune.

Capt. Oagh, my dear, we play no such dirty Tricks in our Country.

Cheat. And now, Captain, I hope you'll grant me your Pardon, and look upon me in the Light of an unfortunate Man, rather than of a bad Man.

Capt. Faith, my dear Cousin, since Love is the Cause of your Mourning, I shall forgive you with all my Heart. [Shakes Hands.

Cheat. Sir, I shall always look upon your Friendship as an Honour ; and hope you'll look upon me as a poor unfortunate young Fellow, that has not a Shilling, nor the Means of getting one upon the Face of the Earth.

Capt. Oh ! upon my Shoul, then, Cousin *Cheatwell* I pity your Condition with all my Heart ; and since Things are so bad with you, if you'll take a Trip to my *Irish* Plantations with me and my dear Creature here, I'll give you 500*l.* to stock a Farm upon my own Estate, at *Ballmascushlain*, in the County of *Monaghan*, and the Barony of *Cragafigby*—Faith, and here's *Betty*, a tight Girl ; and since you cou'd not get the Mistress, if you'll take up with the Maid, my Dear here, shall give her a couple of Hundred to fortune her off.

Betty. Captain, I'm very much oblig'd to you, for getting me a Husband ; if Mr. *Cheatwell* has any Tendre for me, I have a thousand Pounds at his Service of my own saving.

Capt. Oagh, dear Joy, a Servant maid with a thousand Pounds ! *Fay*, in my Country, there's many a fine Lady has not half the Money, and goes to the Plays, and the Balls, and the Reddotto's, and won't make her own Smock.

Cheat. I should be blind to my own Interest not to accept of such valuable Proposals ; and with Gratitude take your Hand promising for the future, to lead

lead a Life, which shall be a Credit both to myself and my Benefactor.

Capt. Well then, without Compliments, I'm glad to have made one poor Man happy; and since we have made a double Match of it, hey for *Ireland*, where we will all live like the Sons of *Irish* Kings.

Lucy. This Generosity amazes me, and greatly prejudices me in the Honesty and Goodness of the *Irish*.

Capt. Oagh, my dear little Charmer, I've another Song just *a propos*.

*Of all the Husbands living, an Irishman's the best,
With my fal, la!, &c.*

*No Nation on the Globe, oagh like him can stand the test
With my fal, la!, &c.*

*The English are all Drones, as you may plainly see,
But we're all brisk and airy, and lively as a Bee.
With my fal, la!, &c.*

Lucy. Sir, your generous Behaviour so frankly shewn on so melancholy an Accident, has entirely gained my Heart, nor do I value your Estate, when set in Composition with your noble Soul.

*Thus, let all Women judge and thus decide,
Be Beauty still to noble Worth ally'd;
Nor glittering Wealth should blind the Fair one's Eyes,
Which, not with Honour join'd, we shou'd despise.*

[*Exeunt.*]

E P I L O G U E

Spoken by *Lucy*.

TUT! tut! I was mistaken—ne'er believe me;
If any Scandal shall again deceive me:
For now I find, they made me but a Child,
To tell me that the Irish all were wild:
My Captain is as gentle as a Dove,
As innocent, and quite as full of Love——
Ye British Fair, if ye would wed the TRUTH,
You'll only find it in the IRISH Youth:
The Irish to our hearts have found the Way,
I ne'er believ'd it till I saw the—Key,
Our dearest Secret best such Youth Rewards,
Who find the Key-hole quick and hit so true the Wards.