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THE

IRISHMAN IN LONDON;

OR,

THE HAPPY AFRICAN:

A

FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Captain SEYMOUR,	<i>Mr Claremont.</i>
Mr COLLOONY,	<i>Mr Waddy.</i>
Mr FROST,	<i>Mr Munden.</i>
MURTOCH DELANY,	<i>Mr Rock.</i>
EDWARD,	<i>Mr Farley.</i>
CYMON,	<i>Mr Simmons.</i>
LOUISA,	<i>Mrs Beverly.</i>
CAROLINE,	<i>Miss Chapman.</i>
CUBBA,	<i>Mrs Findlay.</i>

SCENE—*London.*

THE

IRISHMAN IN LONDON.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Street.*

Enter SEYMOUR.

Seym. Welcome, once more, my native country! Being immured three long months on board a ship, makes land appear more delightful than even our fancy can paint it. Yet, am I almost insensible to the pleasure, from being at so great a distance from my beloved Caroline.—Oh Jamaica, happy place! which contains all that is dear to me on earth. Her cruel father must have intercepted the letters I wrote from America, or she would have contrived to let her Seymour know, she still retained the same tender affection for him——Good heaven! is it possible? Ha! reason contradicts my sense of seeing, and tells my eyes they are deceived—'Tis he!

Enter Mr FROST.

Dear sir, my joy at seeing the parent of my Caroline so unexpectedly——

Frost. This assurance is past bearing! Damn it, I never am to be happy—I left the West Indies to live in quiet; and here, one of the first things that presents itself, is the person of all others I wish to avoid.—But my daughter is in my power, and shall marry the man I have selected for her directly—I'll take care of her happiness.

Seym. Great care, indeed, to sacrifice her against her inclinations to some wretch!—But who is he? Let me know where——

Frost. No matter who he is, or what he is; or where he lives, or where I live: you know but little of my family at present, and I am determined you shall know less.

Seym. Will you listen to common sense or reason?

Frost. Yes: who have you brought that can speak them?

Seym. Come, come, sir: what objection can you make to me? my family is unexceptionable.

Frost. That may be—but you are a younger brother.

Seym. Then, sir, my character and principles are, I hope——

Frost. Such as most of our modern youths, who launch into all the luxury and excesses of the town, and then are obliged to fly the country; while the honest tradesman and industrious mechanic sink into penury and wretchedness.

Seym. I am acquainted with none such, nor do I ever cordially reckon a man in the list of my friends, who could turn away from the cries of the needy, or shut the open hand of mercy from the poor.

Frost. Gad, I believe he is not so bad as I thought him:—But Liny is engaged, my word given to a young fellow with a fine fortune, and I always retain that principle of honour, to serve my friends, when, in so doing, I doubly serve myself.

[*Exit.*

Seym. Astonishing! 'Tis some comfort, however, to know she is in England—I would follow him, but it is now the

precise time Mr Wilson appointed to meet me, as second to the gentleman who has challenged my friend, Lieutenant Corbett; and here must I continue, though at the expence of happiness, or, perhaps, be disgraced, for a violation of the most pernicious custom ever regarded in a civilized nation.

Enter EDWARD.

Edw. Oh, sir, such news! Miss Caroline is in town, has been here these two months—I found it out by the greatest chance.

Seym. How, how?

Edw. Why, sir, I met Cymon, pretended to him that I had left you in America, and he told me they were all come; and that there was great doings preparing for an elegant young fellow from Ireland, who was to marry Miss Caroline immediately.

Seym. By heavens! no such circumstance ever shall take place; and how to prevent it? Edward, you, in general, have a happy invention, and I am certain, if you exert it, you might gain me an interview, or, at all events, some further intelligence.

Edw. [*Sings.*] "The perquisite softens us into consent."—Ah! my invention and genius are at present employed, contriving how I shall avoid the civilities of my tailor, shoemaker, washerwoman, and a few other friends, whom I left rather abruptly—Now they'll renew their former mode of paying their respects to me; and though I never return one visit, they'll still continue their kind enquiries—If I had but a few guineas to satisfy those gentry, my mind would be easy, my person free; and, thus disencumbered, I should most certainly devise means to deliver from my master a letter to his dear Caroline, before she consults her downy pillow this night.

Seym. My honest fellow, make good your words, and twenty guineas shall be your reward.

Edw. Twenty guineas! twenty! She has—or I mean she shall have the letter. Write it, sir, write it—Let me have it.

Seym. While I stop to write, be very particular in observing any gentleman that may be hereabouts; and if he should seem at a loss, direct him to me, or come directly for me.

Edw. Oh Lord! Oh sir, yonder I see my tailor—I told you these people would impede my march, if I was not prepared for them. Dear me, how shall I avoid him?

Seym. Avoid him. Who is he? What's his name?

Edw. His name is a—the—oh damn it, 'tis very odd I never can remember the name of a man I owe money to—that is, when I am poor; for then I am always dejected at the sight of them. But when I have money, and can pay them, I face them as bold as a lion. How do you do? says I, how do you do?

Seym. With those principles, 'tis a pity you should ever want. Here, take this, and observe my directions while I write the letter.

[*Exit.*

Edw. I will, sir.—What's here? ten guineas! Mr Snip?—Oh, he's off some other way, and I'll be damn'd if I call him back—Let me see; ten guineas! my master is a noble fellow—I wish he was a general, then his pocket might keep pace with his heart—At present, the one is always a day's march behind the other. But how shall I contrive to deliver my master's letter? No matter; I'll trust to chance, and convince him, with all his despair,

That English wit, howe'er despised by some,
Like English valour, still shall overcome.

Enter COLLOONY.

Coll. Oh London, London, dear London, as Ercher says, had I millions, I'd spend it all there—it's the *mert* for enjoyment—the leedies so bewitching, the squeers so elegant, the theatres so enchanting, the players so greet, and, in short, every thing so captivating, that I wish from my heart I may never leave it—Where is this servant of mine? I decler there is no bearing his inattention. I desired him to meet me here at this time precisely: 'pon my honour I must no longer neglect visiting Mr Frost and the leedies.

MURTOCH, *singing without.*

"We Irishmen both high and low, we are both neat and handy,
The ladies every where we go, allows we are the dandy;
To be sure we are, and indeed we are."

Enters.

Coll. Indeed I'll break your thick head if you don't hold your tongue, and *till* me, did you find the *plece*, and bring me the money?

Murt. Well, well; I will sir—The—a—och, sir, I wish we were at home again—This is the devil of a place.

Coll. I say, sirrah, have you found the banker's?

Murt. No, in troth, sir.

Coll. No! pray thin, where's the chick I gave you?

Murt. Where! why sure, sir, you did not bid me keep it?

Coll. I bid you give it to the banker, and bring me the money: where is it?

Murt. Why, I'll tell you, sir—The truth is, I did not give him the chick—Nor the divil a farthing he gave me—for I didn't see him at all, at all.

Coll. Was there *iver* such a provoking scoundrel? Tell me this moment, where, and what you have been about.

Murt. Och! faith! and I have been tumbled about bravely; for the people here walk the streets as if they couldn't see—for one parson gave me a drive on one side, and when I only turned to ax him what he done that for, another gave me a shoulder with his elbow on the t'other side—So, upon my soul, sir, I was going backward every step I went forward.—But at last, I saw a crowd staring up; so myself ax'd decently what was the matter—Stop, and luck up, says the man, and you'll see: myself did so, and there was two black pictures of men, with shillelys in their fists, thumping at one another, because the clock was striking—When it had done, they had done, and I was done; for I found they picked my pocket of the *chick* that I held fast in my hand, and every thing I had in the world; and the hat off my head into the bargain.

Coll. The rascal has been gaping about, *instid* of minding his business.—I will most certainly send you home, Dill.

Murt. Och! worrow do, sir, send me home; but mind, I won't go to *sea*, I got enough of that; if once I got to sweet Balinrobe, the devil burn me if ever I wish to see foreign parts again, or any, but our netrel parts at home—to be sure, it is the sweetest little place in the world, Ireland is.

Coll. Why, you scoundrel, do you want to bring a mob about us? hold your tongue about Ireland, I say—Go wait at home for me, and don't be exposing—

Murt. Exposing to talk of Ireland! Faith, sir, begging your pardon, I think a man does not deserve to belong to any country, that's ashamed to own it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Chamber.*

CAROLINE, LOUISA, and CUBBA, *discovered.*

Louisa. Well, Caroline, I vow you are almost ridiculous—fretting to such a degree about a man, that, in all human probability, has been in love with twenty women since you parted, and may be happily married for aught you know.

Car. No, no; my Seymour is too honourable. So true and faithful is he, that a blister would appear on his lips should falsehood touch 'em.

Louisa. Very pathetic indeed! But for all his truth and tender lips, many a good fib has he swallowed in his life, that was in no danger of choking him.—Nay, no tears; you know how sincerely I feel for you.

Car. Oh, Louisa! where is the soul that can conceive my sufferings? The sun, that cheers the whole creation, affords no comfort to the unfortunate Caroline.

Cubba. Missa, you frettee so, you make a de rain come in poor Cubba yies.

Louisa. Oh dear! I wish with all my heart Seymour would come and run away with you. We lead a most painful life; for if your father suffers us to go into the Park, we are obliged to walk stately and look directly before us, like a pair of coach horses newly harness'd for a state day; yet, though I rally you, I can't bear the thoughts of your having this young Irishman, whom you have never seen, and perhaps can never like; and, indeed, he may not like you; but to please two old fools, you reluctantly take each other for better for worse—when you'd rather let it alone.

Car. Take him! Never. Were he the most accomplished of men, I could be inspired with no sentiment but pity for him.

Cubba. Misse, you pity great man? he no good—Me pity poor black, he no do good—run away—he get whip and chain—Why every body no be happy like me?

Louisa. You only say so, Cubba—You are not happy—you don't love your mistress.

Cubba. Deeree me, my mout no big enough for me to say how much me love my missa.

Louisa. Honest creature! What a pity it is all your country a'n't as good as you.

Cubba. Good, bad, all colours—Bochro read great big book, tell him how he can be good—for all dat, some do very bad—Poor black no understand read—How they know good from bad, when them massa no show them good zample?

Louisa. But, Cubba, what will you do when your mistress marries Mr Colloony, and goes to Ireland?

Cubba. Me go too—Me leave my country and friend for sake of my missa—Me follow her all the world over—Missa be every ting to poor Cubba.

Car. How can you, Louisa, mention such a circumstance, even in jest, when you know my sentiments?

Louisa. Perhaps your sentiments and mine may be so congenial, that the old gentleman's schemes may be defeated, and you be happy with your Seymour; for however he may rove, a good soldier will always return to his head-quarters.

Enter FROST.

Frost. Come, cheer up, Liny—Your lover certainly will be here to-day—The knot shall be tied to-morrow.

Car. Dear sir, don't expose your Caroline to the misery of refusing, when nature powerfully informs her, 'tis her duty to obey you—Indeed, indeed, I never can love this Mr Colloony.

Frost. How do you know? You have never seen him—Why, he is young, handsome, rich—

Car. Mention not his qualifications, sir, for my heart is engaged.

Frost. Yes, and my word is engaged—The young fellow coming all the way from Ireland on purpose—A fine settlement made on you—Is not that better than starving with your Seymour?

Car. Poverty with him, sir, is preferable to a palace without him. He loves me.

Frost. You're mistaken, it's my money he loves—but he'll never touch a shilling of it, that I am resolved.

Car. I don't know what your resolution may be, but mine is unalterably fixed—Dear sir, I have only to entreat you will give up the idea of plunging me in wretchedness—Remember that you're a father, sir, and that indulgence should ever unite with that name.

[*Exit.*

Cubba. Ah! poor missee, she be so good—Still she cry great deal—Bochro do wrong, laugh and be happy—nobody ought to be merry when missee frettee.

[*Exit.*

Frost. Ay, follow her, you—you—whenever I am vexed, or in trouble, that angel of darkness is sure to come in my way—I tell her every hour that she is in a blessed land of liberty, that she's her own mistress, free as air, in hopes I shall get rid of her; but she won't stir—no, she sticks like birdlime. Then, that curst Cymon comes with his similies—There was neighbour Diggins robbed last night by mistake; for I'm sure 'twas my house they meant to attack. Oh dear! oh dear! I shall have my throat cut! They'll be with me to-night. Was there ever such a little, wretched, unfortunate old man!

Louisa. La, sir, you frighten yourself with shadows—Why should the thieves mean to rob you?

Frost. I know they did—I know it—I am miserable—No, no, I am happy—you make me happy—you are to me, a—a—a—sun without a spot—a heaven without a cloud!

Louisa. This is a change indeed! You were but this moment declaring you were a wretched, unfortunate, little old man.

Frost. No, I am not old—Fifty or so, no age for a man. And if you would take compassion on me, and do yourself justice—

Louisa. Oh, sir! If I take compassion on you, I hope you'll do me justice—

Frost. That I will—You know in the West Indies I administered justice—I was there a justice of peace.

Louisa. Yes: but not *just* now.

Frost. Oh! no, not in office—But the settlement you shall have can be equalled by nothing but my love—I do love you beyond—

Louisa. Don't say so, you wish to deceive me; a true lover would hang or drown himself, break his neck, poison or stab himself in a fit of despair: Would you do any of these?

Frost. Eh! if you'll marry me, perhaps I may; who knows what good things time may bring about?

Louisa. Ah! there's little good to be expected from him—I never knew the old gentleman with his scythe and his glass bring any thing but grey hairs, thin cheeks, wrinkles, and loss of teeth.

Frost. That's true; and you don't know what a terrible thing it is to be an old maid.

Louisa. No—nor I hope I never shall.

[*Knock.*]

Frost. Hark! there's somebody coming—Will you promise me an interview?—I have something very particular to say to you—We'll be quite private—Nay, do now, now—

Louisa. Well, sir, you may expect me.

Frost. Oh, my charmer! I'm distracted—Oh! [*Kisses her hand.*] Adieu!

Louisa. Adieu!—I'm much mistaken, if I don't cure the gentleman of his love fits, before I have done with him.

[*Exit.*]

Frost. Oh! she loves me, it's too plain—I have long suspected it. What a very engaging, agreeable, nice, handsome, little fellow I must be, to captivate so sweet a girl!

Enter CYMON.

What do you want? Who was that knocked at the door?

Cymon. A man, sir: he gave me this as nimble as a fencing-master, and stepped away like a dancing-master.

Frost. Oh curse your similies! Let me see, from Mr Colloony—That's delightful! [*Reads.*] "Sir, my anxiety to take you by the hand, can only be equalled by my passionate desire to see your amiable daughter, and with the speedy assistance of Hymen, shall glory in the liberty of being her slave—The earliest moment possible I hope to make acceptable to Mr Frost the devoirs of his truly devoted and most assured humble servant, William Patrick O'Brien Colloony." Oh! he's a fine ardent lover. They shall be married to-morrow morning—D'ye hear, Cymon? take care every thing is ready for the reception of your new master. How does my purchase come on, the coach horses?

Cymon. Troth, sir, bad enough—They are only fit for the crows. One of them, the sorrel horse, puts me woundily in mind of a lawyer.

Frost. A lawyer! How now, how can that be?

Cymon. Why, sir, he is well paid for every journey he goes; and the other is downright game, for he'd sooner die than run.

Frost. Have done, sir, or I'll brain you—This fellow makes me as melancholy—

Cymon. As an owl at noon-day—Now, your honour, I'm as merry as a mouse at mid-night.

Frost. That's always the case—I am never out of humour; but you are pleased as—

Cymon. As a peasant with a plumb-cake at Christmas, or an old lady on her wedding-day.

Frost. Will any body take this fellow from me? I'll change your tune; I'll make you as sorrowful as—

Cymon. As a young bride with an old husband.

Frost. Oh! you damn'd dog, where did you get that? that's the worst of all—[*Knock.*] Go to the door, I say.

Cymon. Yes, sir—I think I am as whimsical to-day, as a merry-Andrew's coat. [Exit.]

Frost. That fellow's as bad to me as the gout—I can find no cure for him.

Enter Cymon.

Cymon. Sir, sir—here's a grand gentleman dressed like a peacock, and talks like a magpie.

Frost. Was there ever such an affronting scoundrel! show him in. [Exit Cymon.] It must be Mr Colloony—I say, Cubba, send your mistress to me immediately—Oh dear, this is lucky.

Enter Caroline.

Car. Did you send for me, sir?

Frost. Yes, yes; here's Mr Colloony—it can be nobody else.

Enter Edward, dressed in a tawdry manner.

Sir, I rejoice to see you—how do you? so is my daughter, indeed, sir, though she says nothing—Why the devil don't you speak?

Car. Sir, I—I—

Edw. I have got into the house at all events, and must trust to impudence for the rest. [*Aside.*]

Frost. Sir, she's excessively fond of you; but she naturally expects you to speak first.

Edw. Certainly, my dear sir—Fond of me! Oh, ho! then I must be in love—Here goes! [*Aside.*] Oh, Madam, you're such a beauty, so full of charms, so all over engaging, such a hand, such symmetry, such eyes, such lips, such smiles, such frowns, such love, such—Oh! I'm quite out of breath.

Frost. Well, dam'me, but he's a comical fellow! How he has galloped over the poor girl! I don't think he has much of the brogue—But, sir, I say, my—

Edw. Then, her foot, sir—do but look at her foot, sir—A foot proportioned to the body; the body suited to the face, the face suited to the soul, the soul to the heart, the heart to the mind, the mind to—as my friend Hamlet says, in his *device* to the actors, "the action to the word;" and then she has so much—Oh dear, oh dear, I can go no further—Now to try to give her the letter. [*Aside.*]

Frost. How his tongue does run! I am afraid Liny will never have him, he's such a fool. But, sir, you confound her with your compliments.

Edw. You wrong me, sir; I can't flatter—I truly love, I adore, I live for you—I—I can't find the letter [*Aside.*]—Oh, madam! say that you'll marry me, or I shall curse my stars, go mad, and die!

Frost. Die and be damn'd, for you're the strangest fish I ever met. Sir, I'll speak to my daughter, and if—

Edw. Oh! that *if* has driven me to despair, for—[*Aside.*] I have lost the letter—My peace of mind is—dam'me, but it's

gone! [*Aside.*] It has undone my quiet, ruined me, blasted all my hopes—Farewell, board-wages, laced liveries, all joy, peace, happiness! Oh!

Frost. Sir, I'll withdraw a little to order some refreshment, and—

Car. Dear sir, don't leave me with this wretch, this fool!

Frost. Don't abuse him, Liny; 'tis your charms have made him a little flighty—I wish they had cut his wings before they had let him away, for he's the wildest Irishman I ever saw. [*Exit.*]

Car. Sir, I say—

Edw. Stop, madam, for heaven's sake!—I am Edward—my master, Captain Seymour, is in town.

Car. Ha! can it be! My Seymour in England!

Edw. Yes, ma'am, and has sent you—

[*Searching for the Letter.*]

Enter FROST.

Frost. I don't like leaving my child with this wild Irishman. Eh! egad they seem very quiet! I'll listen.

Edw. Dear, dear, I have certainly left it in my other clothes—But the circumstance is this, ma'am—My master, this morning, saw your father; and, on finding you were in town, wrote a letter, which I undertook to deliver to you.

[*FROST comes between them, pushes CAROLINE off.*
EDWARD continues telling her of the Letter.]

But I have unfortunately mislaid it—I can assure you he loves you as much as ever; and if you would but write a few lines, to say that you love him, he'll run away with you, in spite of that cruel curmudgeon your father, and—[*Turning about, meets Mr FROST face to face.*] Oh! murder!

Frost. Thieves! Cymon! Thieves! Knock him down!

Edw. Yes, sir.—[*Knocks CYMON down as he enters, and exit.*]

Frost. Oh! Murder! Thieves!—Cymon! Where are you?

Cymon. Here, sir; as flat as a flounder.

Frost. My poor fellow!—Go shut the door, and be sure to bolt, lock, and chain it—But see that impostor out of my house.

Cymon. Yes, sir—I'll see every thing as safe as a guinea in a miser's purse.

Frost. Oh! curse your similes!—I must go myself, and see every thing secure.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter LOUISA and CAROLINE.

Car. Thank Heaven! I know my Seymour is in England—I have heard enough to convince me he still loves me; and constancy's the only proof of *true* affection—I hope he may devise some means to free me.

Louisa. If he did not, I am sure he should not have me. A soldier! and in love! and to be afraid of such a little old fellow as your father!

Enter CYMON in haste.

Cymon. Ma'am, he's come; Mr Colloony—Lord, I am as much out of breath as a trumpeter.

Frost. [*Without.*] Walk in—walk in, sir.

Enters with COLLOONY.

I am overjoyed to see you—Walk in, sir, walk in, ladies—Ladies, this is Mr Colloony: Sir, my daughter and her friend Miss Bellmont.

Coll. Ladies, your most obedient—[*Salutes them.*] This warm and kind reception is truly flattering, and impresses me strongly with the idea of my future happiness.

Frost. Oh! I'm sure you'll be very happy—There's a husband for you, Liny! Is he to be compared to your captain?

Car. No, indeed, sir, I don't think he is—

Frost. That's a good girl—Well, sir—You shall be married this morning—Oh dear—And how is my old friend, your worthy father, and all your family? What sort of a passage had you? I suppose you were very much fatigued after your journey? Will you have some refreshment? Oh! I'm so happy, come tell me all.

Coll. *All!* Upon my honour, he asks all, and will hear nothing—Sir, I left my father and all the family very well, as his letters will acquaint you—I say, Dill! bring up that parcel, Dill.

Enter MURTOCH with a Portmanteau.

Murt. Here, sir, here; Arrah, Maister Pat, don't be calling me Dill, myself can't bear it; it's making so little of one. My name, ladies, saving your presence, is *Murtoch Delany*; and though Maister Pat's my maister, I don't know who the divil made him my god-mother.

Coll. Get away, sirrah!—Sir, you will find by these peepers the liberality of my father—He gives me his whole estate while he lives; and makes me heir to all the rest when he dies.

Murt. Oh, the divil burn the blade of grass, horse, cow, servant, or any other fixture upon the estate, even to the value of a sucking-pig, but will be all his own.

Frost. Oh! I'm too happy: you shall be united directly.

Coll. I should think myself unworthy, indeed, if words could express how much I feel indebted to your goodness, before I had the felicity of seeing the lady, I could think of nothing else; and such an effect had the description of her on my mind, I declare I could not sleep a wink for dreeming of her.

Frost. Here, here's all the settlement; I am so overjoyed I scarcely know what I say or do; but you did not tell me what sort of a passage you had.

Coll. Why, sir, they said it was a good one, but I was sick of it.

Murt. Sick! Arrah, ladies, we were kilt, myself was quite dead, I was all—a—I called to the captain to stop; stop and put me out, says I; nonsince, man, says he; if I put you out, it will be in the water, and then you'll go to Davy Jones. Oh thank'e, Loursee, says I, it's time enough for me to go and live with that gentleman when I am dead in earnest.

Louisa. Then you are not fond of the sea, Mr Colloony?

Coll. No, indeed, ma'am; if they'd give me the finest estate upon earth, I could not live in it with any enjoyment on board of ship.

Frost. But come, are not the towns through which you came worthy of observation?

Coll. Certainly, sir; your manufactories are so astonishingly greet, they prove at once the wonderful industry and wealth of your nation.

Murt. Ax your pardon, ladies; I'll tell you: I could see three times as much as Maister Pat, for I slept all the way on the outside of the coach, and the devil a manufactory I saw equal to our own. Och! if you could only look at the oyster-beds in Poolbeg, the Foundling or the Lying-in-Hospital at Dublin, they are the right sort of manufactories.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Murt. Faith you may laugh, but I am sure there can't be better *manufactrys* in the world than those that provides comfortable lodgings, and every other sort of bread and meat, for poor craters that can't provide for themselves.

Coll. Hold your preeting, sirrah; leedies, I hope you'll excuse him.

Frost. They are getting into conversation; I'll try to keep them engaged; but, Mr Colloony, do now favour us with your opinion of our country, and an account of your journey.

Coll. 'Twas a very pleasant journey; travelling here is much better than in Ireland.

Murt. [*Aside.*] Oh! murther, murther!

Coll. The roads are so very excellent, the inns so large, and the mile-stones so regular—

Murt. Och! Maister Pat, don't be running down our country; myself can't bear it; you know the roads are a thousand times better in Ireland. Ladies, the miles there are three times as long as they are here; and then the devil a half mile can you go, but there's a beautiful wooden mile-stone; I'm sure from the time we left the hill of Houth, till we got to that spalpeen place they call Holyhead, the devil a bit of land I saw but what was all covered over with water; pretty travelling indeed!

Coll. Begone, you scoundrel; lave the room, I say.

Murt. Sir!

Coll. Lave the room, I say, sir.

Murt. Lave the room, you say, sir? Oh, mighty well; there's more o' the yarn!—*Bad travelling!* I'll say nothing before the company, but if ever I forgive this—Ladies, your most engaging conversation—[*Goes off muttering.*] I never can forgive this.

[*Exit, singing.*]

Frost. Your father, in this letter, seems particularly anxious that the marriage ceremony should be performed as soon

as possible; now I'm desirous it should be so too; what do you say, sir?

Coll. What do I say, sir? why I say, ask the lady; I deem it the happiest moment of my life! He must be covetous indeed, that could form a wish beyond what is here to be found. [*Bowing to LOUISA.*]

Frost. Liny, thank him—Isn't he an elegant, polite, well-bred man? An't you surprised and rejoiced?—The licence is ready—I'll go to the parson; it must be done before twelve; we have but an hour and a half.

[*Exeunt FROST and COLLOONY.*]

Louisa. Caroline, how could you treat Mr Colloony in such a manner? you scarce looked at him. Are not you on the very brink of matrimony? To disappoint him now, what would the world say?

Car. Yet disappointed he *shall be*, and I am in no dread of what people may say—The truly virtuous mind makes itself judge, and, satisfied within, smiles at that common enemy, the world.

Enter FROST.

Frost. Come, girls, prepare; Louisa, you shall go to—You shall be bride's maid. Hadn't you rather be a bride?

Louisa. Why, sir, I can't say I should have any objection.

Frost. Oh, charming! you make me young again—Egad, I begin to think—Oh dear—go and prepare, for Mr Colloony will return directly. [*Exit LOUISA.*] Oh the lovely sweet——

Enter EDWARD, singing.

Frost. Well, sir, what do you want?

Edw. Sir, I—a—beg pardon, sir, I believe I am come to the wrong house——

Frost. Then pray, sir, go to the right house.

Edw. Yes, sir.

[*Exit, singing.*]

Frost. Do, sir. Cymon, who is that fellow? He had but an ill look, methought—Shut the door there. Now, Liny my love, be a good girl; I'm so pleased, that I shall give you an additional hundred pounds, for you to——

Enter EDWARD.

He here again! I thought you were gone to the right house!

Edw. This is it, sir. Pray did not a gentleman of the name of Colloony—I got that from the Irish servant [*Aside.*]—go out of this house a little time ago?

Frost. Yes, sir; but if you want him, he'll be back directly.

Edw. No, sir, he will not—A sad accident has happened to him.

Frost. Mercy on me! I hope not.

Edw. Truth indeed, sir—I'll tell you the particulars—At the corner of the next street a gentleman attacked him—Sir, says he, you are a villain, then drew his sword, and pushed violently at him—thus, sir, thus, madam—thus [*Pushes the Letter over FROST'S shoulder, which she does not notice.*] Oh, the blind creature!

Frost. Dear me, how unlucky! I wish he was returned, I hope he is not hurt.

Edw. He is, sir; yes, he is—It's rather an odd place.

Frost. Where, where?—Is it in a mortal part?

Edw. It's in the back, sir—In the back, ma'am, in the back—Dam'me but she'll die a maid. [*He turns his back to her, and the Letter is fastened to it; she takes no notice of it.*] And so Captain Seymour, ma'am——

Frost. Oh! that curst captain!

Car. Captain! What was it my——?

Frost. No, no, it was not.

Edw. Yes, yes, ma'am, it was—a——

Frost. [*Stopping his mouth.*] No, no, she must not know he is so near her. I don't think, at least, I hope it was not Mr Colloony.

Edw. Yes, it was, sir.

Frost. Why, how was the gentleman dressed?

Edw. Why, sir, he had a scarlet coat on, a riding-habit, sir; he was in boots; and had a cockade in his hat. [*Fixes the Letter over the Cockade, and pushes it towards her, which she takes.*]

Frost. And how is Mr Colloony? tell me.

Edw. Why, sir, as soon as Captain Seymour saw the blood trickle from his antagonist, he jumped to him, took him in his arms, thus, and carried him to Dr Julep's this way.

Car. Blessed contrivance, 'tis from my Henry; but how to send an answer? If I go to my room, Edward may be gone before I can write—What shall I do? Invention assist me. [*Writes with her Pencil on the Letter.*]

Frost. But what did the doctor say? Did he think him in danger?

Edw. Why, sir, we hope not—He probed the wound, and after muttering a great many gallipot phrases, that none but the brethren of the pill-box understand, he pronounced him out of danger, and ordered him to be put to bed, his stomach to be fomented with a—a—bason of soup, and—

Car. If this does but succeed—[*Aside.*] Sir, sir, this fellow's an impostor—I'll let my honoured father know your villainy—Sir, while you were listening to his story, he forced this letter into my hand; but to show how I regard the writer, there, take his impertinent scrawl back again. [*Throws it on the ground.*]

Edw. The art of man won't prevent her being an old maid.—Ma'am——

Frost. Oh, you damn'd dog! Let me see it, my dear—We'll throw it into the fire, and this fellow out of the window.

Car. No, sir, I cannot wish him a greater punishment than to return his letter just in that manner.

Edw. Here's usage for my poor master—but, Ma'am, is there nothing for—or by way of—a—

Frost. Oh, you want something, do you? I'll pay you; there's wood upon wood—Come along, Liny, and if ever I catch you in this house again, I'll leave you no more brains than a fiddler. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter MURTOCH, *singing.*

Och, whiskey, it's you that's my darling,
It's you that keeps me on my feet,
And often you cause me to stagger,
Whenever we chance for to meet.

Murt. Maister Pat, I'm come to desire that you will—a—Oh, he's gone! It's well for him—I was just going to discharge him—he vexes me so when he speaks congrumshously about the sod—I won't, for I can't bear it—I have made Cymon blind drunk in love with Ireland—I was telling him all about it, and he supp'd up my intelligence like a gentleman; to be sure he mixt it a little, for he emptied the best part of two bottles of port, that Miss gave to make much of me, and there he lies stretched on the floor, snoring as quiet as a stone in a wall. I'm quite up—I'm almost corn'd, faith, with lucking at him drinking it.—To be sure I'm not the naaty—I wish I had something to do—that somebody would affront me, or a fine young lady fall in love with me—or any divarting accident of that nater.

Enter CUBBA.

Cubba. You want to speak a wi me?

Murt. Och, honey, what's this? Sure the crater wou'dn't be in love with me—She is, she is! And I am sorry for her—but she can't help it—Honey, it won't do—Now don't think of it—a vurneen.

Cubba. Me no understand you.

Murt. She does not understand me—What a misfortune it is to want larning—if your schoolmistress had been a gentleman, she'd teach you the manners to say you did, whether or not. I'll larn you to spake good English when my master marries your young lady.

Cubba. Me hop me not live till den—Me sure missee break her heart, and me rader die den see it.

Murt. Oh faith, if you die, you won't see it to be sure—May be you'll hear of it, and that will be the same thing—Miss A—troth I forget your name.

Cubba. Me name Cubba: my fader great king.

Murt. Pooh, pooh, be asy, Miss Cubbagh!—That's being too agreeable—Your father a king!

Cubba. Iss.

Murt. Oh! it's king of the Morice-dancers she manes; ay, ay, that fellow had a black face—I saw him yesterday.

Cubba. No, no; him live at de Gold-Coast.

Murt. Where?

Cubba. At de Gold-Coast—Now nobody here, you shut your eye, me tell you something dat make my heart open in two. But you look so good—You not be angry with Cubba?

Murt. Oh! the devil an angry I'll be—I never was angry with one of the fair sex in my life—There, honey, my eyes are shut—go on—now the devil a word I can hear.

Cubba. Me love a you dearly—but me no want you love me—dat be very wrong—Your face white, me poor negro—me only tell you make me easy, den me pray for you be happy.

Murt. I knew it—I knew it—Black, brown, green, or yellow, I bother them all—Oh, Murtoch, you murderer of beauty—What are you about—but the milk of compassion rises within me for poor Cubbagh—I wish she was not sooty—Who knows—may be the journey will bleach her—Troth, it's a shame your mistress never found out that fellow, that

advertises to whiten ladies' hands and faces, the limping Jew, he'd make you fair as a daisy. Och! if you had even a bit of the violent soap, honey.

Cubba. No matter, my color, if me do right—Good black face be happier den bad white.

Murt. Troth and I believe she may be the daughter of a king, for she has the mind of a prince—If her face was but as white as her heart, she'd be a wife for a pope.

Cubba. You tell a *Syman* fine story about your country, me like to hear.

Murt. Och honey! she likes my history, she—sweet crater, she's choaking with sense; then you shall have it—You know I left off at the Exchange—the next the Parliament House, but I suppose you heard of the chimneys setting the walls afire and burning every stick of them—the live pillars all run away, but the dead ones stood there, as if they were determined to support it as long as they lived—I must go to my master immediately—But I'll tell you all in a bit of a Planxty.

SONG.

Murtoch.

If you'd travel the wide world all over,
And sail across quite round the globe,
You must set out on horseback from Dover,
And sail unto sweet Balinrobe.
'Tis there you'll see Ireland so famous,
That was built before Adam was breech'd,
Who lived in the reign of King Shamus,
Ere he was at Boyne over-reach'd.

CHORUS.

With my whack fal de ral, &c. &c. &c.
O, the Land of Shillelah for me.

There you'll see Ulster, and Munster, and Leinster,
Connaught, and sweet Kilkenny likewise,
That city where first, as a spinster,
I open'd these pair of black eyes;
In this town there is fire without smoking,
For a penny you'd buy fifty eggs,
And then there's such wit without joking,
And rabbits without any legs.

With my whack, &c.

There you'll see my ancestors glorious,
The sons of the brave O's and Mac's,
Who died whene'er they were victorious,
And after that ne'er turn'd their backs.
Our heads are stout and full of valour,
Our hearts are wise and full of brains,
In love we ne'er blush nor change colour,
And the ladies reward all our pains.

With my whack, &c.

Saint Patrick is still our protector,
He made us an island of saints,
Drove out snakes and toads like an Hector,
And ne'er shut his eyes to complaints.
Then if you would live and be frisky,
And never die when you're in bed,

Come to Ireland and tipple the whiskey,
And drink ten years after you're dead.

CHORUS.

With my whack fal de ral, &c. &c. &c.
O, the Land of Shillelah for me.

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter SEYMOUR and EDWARD.

Edw. There's your letter again—That's all the answer I could get.

Seym. My letter! 'sdeath, you rascal, is this your boasted cleverness? Did you see my Caroline?

Edw. Yes, sir; and after many efforts, at last I gave the letter into her own hand, and her father in the room. But she returned it just as you see, and is positively to be married this morning.

Seym. Unlucky scoundrel! 'tis to you I owe all my misfortunes; by listening to your wretched paltry schemes, I have lost all that was dear to me on earth; but you shall injure me no more—all the punishment I can at present inflict is, to divest you of my property, and discard you—so strip, sir, and never let me see your face again.

Edw. Sir?

Seym. Call a coach, sir, throw the clothes into it, and begone—Strip, I say.

Edw. What, sir, in the street? I shall catch cold, sir.

Seym. Do as I desire you, rascal, or——

Edw. Yes, sir, yes—coach—co—Lord, sir, you are joking.

Seym. I am serious, sirrah—Do as I order you;—no words—but—

Edw. Yes, sir, yes—Here's gratitude! who the devil would be a footman now, I wonder.—There, sir, there's your coat, all the rest is my own.

Seym. Quit my sight—and here, sir, take this letter as your reward.

Edw. Oh! sir, virtue is its own reward—I look for none. Eh! what's this? Ha! kind fortune, you never deserted me.

Seym. What is the fellow loitering about? I wish he'd ask for his coat again. [*Aside.*]

Edw. Sir, I have one favour to beg before I go; will you be so kind, as just to look at the outside of that letter.

Seym. Look at! [*Taking the letter.*] Ha! what's here? [*Reads.*] "This is the only method I have to acquaint my dear Seymour, that I am still the same; my heart is wholly his." Transport! [*Kisses the letter.*] My charming!——

Edw. A hem! A hem!

Seym. My dear Edward, what shall I say to you?

Edw. Nothing, sir; you've said enough—'Tis to me you owe all your misfortunes.

Seym. Nay, nay, put on your coat.

Edw. No, no, sir; get another servant. I'll never——

Seym. Nay, for Heaven's sake, Edward—I own I have been rash.

Edw. Rash! to make me strip here in the open street, and expose me to all the world——[*Walking about.*]

Seym. [*Following him.*] But, Edward, do put on your coat.

Edw. Not I, sir, I despise a coat—when there's no money in the pockets.

Seym. [*Gives money.*] Now, my dear fellow, have done.

Edw. Lord, sir, I have done. Money and a good place have stopt greater men's mouths than mine.

Seym. Take your coat, and put it on.

Edw. Yes, sir—A little of your assistance, if you please.

Seym. My assistance!

Edw. Yes, sir; dam'me if I put it on without it—[*SEYMOUR helps him on with his coat.*] I have often assisted you on a similar occasion.

Seym. Well, come, only think of my anxiety!

Edw. Who would not be a footman now? It's well you're a gentleman, sir.

Seym. Why?

Edw. You make a very good master, but you'd be a damn'd bad servant.

Enter CUBBA.

Cubba. Massa bring a my dear good Missee to make her marry great man. She send a me to look for you. Hee a shee come—O dear Missee!

Seym. Why, there's no man but her father.

Cubba. No; chum chum meet her at de church.

Seym. Never—let the consequence——

Edw. Here they come, sir. Let's retire a little—Come, Cubba, and mind what I say—[*They retire.*]

Enter FROST and Ladies, one on each side.

Frost. Dear me, the time is getting rapidly over, and I dread that fellow's having any more schemes to bamboozle and cheat me; but I think if he does now, he must be cunning—Come on, Liny.

Car. Why, sir, how very ridiculous you'll make yourself and me in this business—You see plainly Mr Colloony won't be here—Pray, sir, put it off till to-morrow.

Frost. No, no; I am certain he will be here—Egad, yonder he comes—Louisa, your turn shall be next—To-morrow, we'll—Oh dear!

Enter COLLOONY and MURTOCH.

Coll. I hope, sir, I hav'n't kipt you weeting: Madam, I take—[*Addressing himself to LOUISA.*]

EDWARD takes CUBBA'S hand, slips CAROLINE'S gently away, and puts CUBBA'S in its place, under FROST'S arm.]

Frost. Mr Colloony, don't be ashamed to be seen with your wife before marriage—here she—Oh the devil!

Murt. Arrah, is it my own little daffy-down-dilly you want, Maister Pat, to bring home? Oh thunder! Arrah be asy!

Frost. Oh thunder indeed! What hocus pocus is this?

Coll. Sir, I take your daughter as the greetest gift this world can be—

Frost. Take her! where will you find her?

Coll. Here, sir—This lady—

Frost. That lady! No, no, no; she is no daughter of mine—She is engaged—She is—Oh, Liny! Why don't you pursue and bring back your wife that is to be? This poor girl has no fortune.

Coll. Why, then, it is very lucky I have enough for us both; and if this lady will make it more by sharing it with me, it's all at her service.

Frost. Oh dear! Oh! Was there ever such a wretched little old man!

Enter SEYMOUR, CAROLINE, and EDWARD.

Car. Dear sir, I can't bear to see you so miserable—Be reconciled; and our future conduct shall prove, that to make you happy is all we wish.

Frost. Ah, confound you all! I'll never—yet stop; since Providence has so far interfered—'twould be presumptuous any longer to oppose your happiness. She is yours, sir, with a good fortune, and the blessing of an affectionate father.

Louisa. Ay, now you look like the good-natured little man I always considered you. Let us be friends.

Frost. With all my soul—I must love you—Give me your hand—At my time of life, I think it's much better to be a good friend, than an indifferent—

Murt. Faith, you're right, old gentleman—But all our great joy and happiness, will be nothing but downright grief and misery, if the hands of all our friends do not loudly whisper in our ears, they have no objection to the "IRISHMAN IN LONDON."

[The end of *The Irishman in London* by William Macready]