

A NEW

COMEDY;

OR, A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN THE

COALMAN and his SON;

Together with the TOWN-GUARD,

In Two ACTS.

As it was Acted at Edinburgh in St *Andrew's* Lodge,

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

The Exploits of Sour-Milk Andrew,
with his Horse and an English Rider:
And a large Advertisement.



Entered according to Order this present Year,

ACT I. SCENE I.

A View of the Street.

Enter the Coalman and his Son.

SON. Whistling Johnny Coupe, are you wakin' yet.

Father. Wynd, wynd, hap again fir, deils i' the cheeld, he'll tak awa' the check o' the turnpike, can ye keep the crown o' the casso, an be curst t'ye.

Son. What can I help it father, what can I help it?

Father. What can ye help it, ye dirten bitch that ye're, can ye cast a squent eye to ringle eyed Tamzie, fir

Son. So I am father, so I am.

Father. Caw up the sharny tail'd mare there, do ye hear laddie, Was you down in Lucky Bunches the day?

Son. I was a father, I was a.

Father. Well laddie, didn she cast a rough bane in ye're teeth, or the check of a futter's clod?

Son. No father, no, deil a bit she offered me.

Father. Did she speer the price o' the coals, laddie?

Son. Yes did she father, ay did she.

Father. Well, what deil was her bode, can ye speak out fir?

Son. She bade me aught pence.

Father. Aught pence! Aught deils draw her to hell bee th' hair o' the head: Od I fancy she thinks I stale them; wha deil's she mocking thinks she, does she think I'm either a tybo head or an onion-tail, an be curst till her, the bitch.

Son. I tell'd her father, tak them or want them, mistress, just at ten pence, tak them or want them.

Father. Od they just cost me seven pence, be-
e they came af Gilmorton coal hill that did

they, besides a bap to you at Bristol Port, sir. What the deil did ye nae ley to tip the maggot lead on her, sir?

Son. I was wanting to do that father, but she said they were maggot: maggot said I, there's nae mair maggot about them, nor what's about ye re auld arse, ye bitch, wha deil do ye mock, think ye? when they're good Gilmorton parrot.

Father. Od the laddie has some sense for a' that, tho', what t'deil; I think ye're cloven fitted, whare deil hae ye steal'd them— I fancy ye've taen em aff a Willie Meekilon's stand; I see their a pair o' Fish market anes: What deil, I think the callint's turn't corporate, what deil's made ye fyck a kyte ye dirten bitch that ye re?

Son. I'm sure a dinna a' get naething frae you to mak me fae fat.

Father. What sir? de ye teil me that, when I ga you a peate bannock before ye came frae hame this morning; besides a bap and a mutchkin o' ale t'ye at Mayfield loan sir; what deil wad ye hae, yer'te to be a glutton sir, wad ye?

Son. Am sure I got nae mair a day, yesterday, when I was at Loan head coal, but a peas-bannock till a came hame at at night; but ye, when ye sit down the deil canna raise ye; and then ye'll come hame as fu' as the baltick, threshing us like auld Bassy, that was shot to dead last winter.

Father. Is that a the reverence ye gie to ye're father sir? Od if I gie ye sic a whithrekin, I'll gar ye're jaw banes ring, like the clattering banes of an auld chair mans lanthorn: deil nor ye're mither had snapit the head aff ye for my share.

Son. Am sure its very true father, when you was down i' the barbers a Nidderys wynd, ye was like to fell me, because ye fell aff the cart, and gae me the wyte o't.

Father. What deil, will ye provoke me yet sir? Od if I gie ye sic a whithrekin, a'll gar the red ink

come o'er ye're cännopy, I fancy ye think ye're
 speaken to ye're wney bearded monkeys like ye're
 sel. Od, as I was comin' in at Bristo-port wi' him,
 whare we saw a mistress and her cat sitting in the
 winnock: Sae I asked him whether he wad hae the
 auld yane or tha young yane; and he said the young
 yane: deil's i' the dryten bitch, he wad tak the young
 yane, and fill Gilmorton fu' o' kitlens. that's a the
 fence that he has in his braia! Dae ye hear laddie,
 Was ye down at the sign of the meal firlot, ye ken
 whare ye gat the girdle farles?

Son. I was there father, an I tipt the maggot lead
 on her, though besides I got baith a piece an a drink
 frae her, besides a babee for maggs.

Father. Do ye hear laddie? ye maun gang down
 to Mrs——od keep me. has my memery escapet
 me already sirs?—Ay, ay, Mrs Jamilon's down
 the town, the first turnpike abun the Nether-bow-
 Port, an first door o' the stair, and there ye maun
 chap gently, for thirs a brass nocker on the door.

Son. I'll chap wi' my fite father, I'll chap wi' my
 fite.

Father. Chap wi' ye're fite ye dryten bitch that
 ye're; what for wad ye chap wi' ye're fite fir? do
 ye ken its a grand house lad, and when the servant
 maid comes to the door, you maun let a grand scrap
 and ca' her madam at every word: Od lad she'll
 cast a rough bane in ye're teeth, or elle a prime salt
 herring, for I ken she keeps primmers.

Son. I sell a father, I sell a.

Father. And when the lady comes, ye maun say,
 O madam, here's a prime lead for you the day, an
 if she ask the price o' them, just a ten pence, tak
 them or want them: but you maun hear her bode
 rrough; if she say they're maggot, a deil e' maggot
 bit's about them, for they're as fu' as ony nine pea
 eod in the country; (haste ye an gang awa laddie)
 an mind ye're maggs fir.

Son. A'll do sae father, a'll do sae.

Father. Ca awa the beats there laddie, an tak care o' ringle eyed Tammie, an cast a squint eye till him, or faith he'll bring us into a pretty primminary, as he did the tither day.

ACT II. SCENE II.

A View of the City Guard.

Serjeant **H**URRY out Tuscan, Cod's mercy, they're precking down the town of Elinbor^{oughs} Clob

First Soldier. Cot damn you fur, fat you pi preck te glib for, ech.

Coalman. What deil's your quarrel billies? what's your quarrel?

Second Soldier. Our quarre shir, no matter to you what's our quarrel; but you must come away to the City guard, by my lord Provost's orders, for precking down the clob.

Coalman. What deil, are the nae redemption, we can tak up tee clob. What are ye makin sic a wark about min?

Third Sold. You stupit prvte tat ye're, its fa'n down tair pon te plain stanes, an proken a te pieces.

Coalman. Ods mercy, its vanisht, Where deil's come o't? Do ye think am gaun to pay for the thing I did not see, an be curst te ye? What did, did the beast break it willingly, did it?

Soldiers Cot dam her bloods, wha deil do ye mock? hegh ——— put him awa Duncan M Calpis, put him awa.

Coalman What deil do ye want, ye parcel a read like scoundrels at ye're? bring your justice here an be curst te ye fir am no oblg't to gang to ye're justice fir.

Second Sol Shustice here, or shustice there, you must gang to the City guard on any account.

Coalman. No fir, no, a'll not gang my tae lenth wi' ony o' ye fir.

Second Sol. Come come, an mak rae mair words about it; for that's our orders fir till tak you awa' to the City-guard

Coalman. Bring your orders here fir; wha deil's obligt to gang to your justice? Bring him here fir, an a'll vindicat the thing wi' him afore you: What deil mair can I do fir? are ye gaun to prison folk fausly, am I a thief or a rabber?

Corperal. Deil eat you ye prutes that ye are, and spue you behint the amery I wat, come tak him awa, fat needs ye had sae meikle tongue wi' him? put him into the wester hole.

Coalman. Let me alane fir, an a'll gaung peaceably wi' ye: O gin I ead you out o'er at the Whin mill, I sud let you ken whether my whip-shaft or ye're ribs wod be hardest.

Soldiers. Cule your cuits tere.

*Andrew with his Sour-milk Horse and Barrels,
coming to the Tron.*

Coalman. **H**Y, Andrew, will ye nae speak till poor folk man?

Andrew. Wow Rab! Is that you man? What te deil's brought you there? I think ye re cadg'd.

Coalman. Cadg'd, ye dryten bitch that ye're; am no cadg'd, but am stanshel d.

Andrew. Can ye come out man, can ye come out?

Coalman. Deil's o' the dryten bitch, how can I come out, when they've plac'd double centerics on me wi' Lochaber guns an cleeks on them; they'll soon catch ye, before ye'd wiu far frae them? O man! do ye see my horse there, what's he doing man, wat ye?

Andrew. He's ty'd till a cannon.

Coalman. What te deil, are they gaun till shot him? O man, do ye ken if our Megg be at the

Tron the day? Ehey tell me the's in wi' the sharny tail'd mare; if ye wad tell her to gang to Captain C——'s, an see if he'll be bail for me, for we serve him wi' coals.

Andrew. A'll do sae Rab man, an a very wae to see you there man! What will be the price o't, wat ye?

Coalman. They tell me it'll be a red half-ginney.

Andrew. Fare ye well Rab; an the deil speed the dearth o't, faith I wish I may never ken what the price o't is.

At last Andrew wags aff wi' his Sour milk horse and barrels, and runs and leaves the Coalman not in the best humour; and for hurry to be out of the town, the frightened his horse, and away he stroted like a mad man on a dast horse, up past a ginshbread wife's door, and down the West Bow, off goes one barrel amongst a wife's piggs, and another on a salt wife's head, and knocked her on her hips. Andrew still running after his four-milk horse (crying, Deil's i' the beast, I've lost my barrels), he fell at the corn-market and broke his nose on a Glasgow cart, and went out of the town with a dy'd face: The horse and him directed their race to Calder; but was never seen in Edinburgh since.

Observations on the preceeding Dialogue, by J. B.

THROUGH this book I have observed several things worthy of observation;

First, The uncommon Dialogue between the Coalman and his Son, their manner of acting.

Secondly, How Duncan Macalpin was so ill used thereby: how the town's globs were so idiotly broken: how the water hole when coal Johnny was made prisoner in it, did not satisfy him; the iron glats windows afforded him no pleasure; his neighbour went off without giving him assistance, when he

heard of the high demands of the City guard; Sour-milk Andrew who lost his barrels and his horse, run off and did great damage going down the West Bow. It is now two years since Andrew lost his horse: He thought his horse went by the way of Mid Catter; and since he lost his horse, he has been going from one kitchen to another, educating young girls in his old business.

Lucky for Andrew, the last Wednesday, he saw his horse in the Grats market, and an English rider on him. Andrew's heart and eyes watered at the sight. Andrew cried hoi, hoi, man: when the horse saw Andrew he nickored; Andrew ran to his old companion, and the rider cried a Nen. Andrew cried, Come down you son of a Mackalpin, I'll let you know you peck pudding dog that I am Sour-milk Andrew, and that you and my horse shall go to the water-hole.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE honesthonourable vulgarian company of Coal drivers, here offers a reward of twenty carts to any person who shall apprehend the Author of this book, and secure him in the clutches of Duncan Mackalpin, who will elegantly entertain him with ten days in the water hole for the pollution of his name, and the frequent alarms given by the merry boys passing the Guard door, crying, *Hurry out Tuncan Macalpin, Hurry out Cots mercy, ter precking te Glibs.* The printer likewise offers one hundred copies of the said book (on certain other conditions) than bring him the Author, as he wants another of the same, or many such; for it had never been done within his door, had it not been for the sake of silver, as coalmen are not to be mocked, especially in cold weather; neither ought the name of a Soldier to be taken in vain.

F I N I S.