

Captain O'blunder's

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

Bloody WAR in AMERICA,

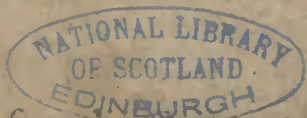
And the late Debates in Parliament,  
with his Opinion of the black in-  
tention of a new intended Corn  
BILL.

Recommended to the Consideration  
of all true and Loyal BRITISH  
Subjects, and lovers of the Poor.

---

By Capt. O'BLUNDER.

---



Printed for the Company of Flying  
Stationers in G. Britain & Ireland.

MDCCLXXVIII.



lost for my good King and dear country, both by the gun and the gully; and to tell you plainly, my friends, I did not do it for nothing, I loved to plunder better than to fight; and what do you think of my great and valiant name, Captain O Blunder: Ah, my hearts of oak, that I'll be dead and alive— Hurro, hurro, the brave Irishman for ever, it is not for a time, take me as I speak, and cry for ever as I do; and my bucks as I am old and crazed with cracking of sculs, I have set up a haberdasher's shop, to sell kick-shows to my countrymen, whirligigs, and gimblets, pudding-pans and prospects, spectacles of a new construction, by which you will see all the kingdoms in the world, and sweet Ireland also, for I am a currier of courts, and has surveyed all the kingdoms above and below the globe.

For which cause, I'll give you a lecture on the manners and madness of mankind, ah! how deceitful they prove to one another; and I shall begin at home, as charity did in the days of old; I shall seek no text, as the honest Quaker says, neither shall I touch on the Scriptures, as the subject is all on deceit, you have all heard of the bloody times in America, a well then, that is enough for you, it is easier to hear of it, than to suffer by it; but I must now expose my haberdasher ware, as they are only for the use of you that is time ticklers, my whirligigs are for those who sit on the devil's cushion, which is an idle seat, studying the destruction of their neighbours, and ruining of their country, it will please a child, and divert a foolish old evil thinking man—My gimblet, is for boring the ears of such as will hear none speak but themselves, and when it is screwed into the wood on the head, they will feel the point, but some great heads will not,—— My prospect is for looking fourteen years behind you, and you will see them sowing sedition in Britain.

tain, and planting rebellion in America, by intrigues of false statesmen and the mouths of black Judas clergymen, preaching up the doctrine of disobedience; ah, dear hearts, from the days of Jack Stra and Tom Taylor, there has been a set of those levellers in every generation; how did they rage in England in the days of Cromwell, when they maintained, that no man ought to be superior above another, and the friar that preached to Jack Stra's army, had for his text, (*When Adam carded and Eve span, who was then a gentleman?*) now in this our age, you all know the seditious text, (*Wilks and Liberty.*) Ah, how it was sounded from shore to shore, oftner repeated than the Creed, esteemed more sacred than the *Ave Maria* in our holy Manual; ay, the very malefactors riding in triumph to Tyburn, Cried, Wilks and Liberty all the way; by Shaint Patrick it was a bad prayer to be hanged with.

And now who is for my pudding pan, it is only for the use of those, who worship that idol, Haggies, this Mr Haggies is a brother to that poor hungry god of Babylon, called Bell, who always ate forty sheep at a meal, besides wine and other necessaries; ah, my dear countrymen. my old brogs go down with it, for this voracious Idol, Mr Haggies, has made too many prosylites in sweet Ireland, and in the cold North also; his great solemnity is at Christmas as devoutly kept as a Jewish Sabbath, though the nations were in flames, and the house in fire about their ears, they w<sup>o</sup>uld not be disturbed till it be over; ah, dear Shoy, the fat of the three kingdoms and three times more, is squeezed together here for pudding and pan-cake, in adoration of the great idol Haggies, his voracious hunger of late years caused a great depopulation, emigration and transportation, ay, our own dear countrymen, flock'd in thousands to the land of Sneeshing, as it had been the land of

Promise

Promise and perfect prosperity, but ah dear souls, they went out of the frying pan into the fire

And now who will buy my spectacles, by which you will see, and perceive by the printers black art, above and below the globe, the customs of kings, and command they have of their countries, the greatest king in the East, has it, that not a shoul dare take a bite of his own dinner, until the king their master be full, and then at the ringing of the hungry bell, they fly all to dinner, like dogs on a dead horse — The Grand Turk with one word of his mouth, can take off a great man's head, and put on another: The Pope can curse his whole Clergy to the low regions: The Great King of Prussia can make the noblest man in his dominions cringe like a spaniel dog: The French King, if one of his parliamenters cursey his mouth, or hing his lip at him, can put him into the Bastile, and whip him into perfect obedience: Great Britain itself, in the days of William Rufus the Conqueror, had not only all to go to bed, but to piss out their fires and candles at the ringing of the Curfeu bell.

But now you see the liberty they take to drink, rant, whore and roar night and day, they told me the king is our head commander, but I don't believe it, for he must keep in his house night and day, and guards to keep him in too: Ah, dear heart, when I lately viewed the school of law at London, they were all in a hubbub, like scholars when their master's out, tearing, jeering, and domineering at one another: Arra, thinks I, this is like a Machara fair, they are all drunk, and on the eve of a battle, some call the Americans brave fellows, and government had used them badly, others called them rebels and traitors, and that they had been too well used, and too much lenity and liberty shewn them, brought them to what they are now about: What, thinks I,  
Will



Will this be Silas Dean and old Frankland, come here to plead for the Americans, I looked always for critical Jack, or forty five, but he was in the lower work-house with old Vulcan forging thunder bolts for them, then their eyes kindled like wild cats and shined like candles.

Arra, said I, between my shoul and myself, What is become of the king's big beef eaters, that they don't come and toss these cumberers of the house over the window? why does my good wife King and master, send away his guards and armies abroad to kill rebels, and so many here left alive? Arra, for shame, By shaint Patrick, it is here the devilry is distilled, which began the disobedience; call them brave fellows, oppressed and made poor by British taxations, where did such a poor people get the money to purchase the arms, amunition, privateers and clothing they now have? Ah, my *era*, I find it out now, they took it from the Scots and Irish emigrants, plundered all the British store-houses, gave them only paper dollars of their own making, which will do for nothing but bum-wiping; and this makes the brave fellows. Oh, my *era*, what is the most of their original, but the refuse of the gallows, murderers, coiners, horse-stealers and sons of whores, it was a cheating of both the gallows and the poor hangman, sending so many of them there, no wonder nor they have stolen the fourth part of the earth, so many rogues in a croud.

Ah, my dear shouls, I will not predict, but speaking low, betwixt my shoul and myself, take another glisk of my old Brills, and look but one year before you, and you will see another sedition infused. by the black virtue of a Corn Bill, then they will export and import at their pleasure, rott our corn at sea, get a drawback for so doing, as they did for the tobacco some years ago; their next touch will be a

tax on our potatoes, the oat meal will soon go to five thirteens a stone, how then will a poor soldier live on sixpence halfpenny a day, or a labourer on a thirteen: Ah my hearts of oak, this will intrage both the Scots and the Irish, a hungry man will fight for his belly before he fight for any king at all, at all; the poor will kill the rich, and the rich will hang the poor, and the never a shoul' will be left alive in a few years: Oh Mr Hatcher, burn your Bill, or the wicked hungry Scots will throw your big wigs in the fire.—Think how many poor shouls has suffered by your plotting and voting already, &c.

I will not now touch on the Clergy, or they will call me crack brained, but they act too much with the erronious set of men, called Typographers or Printers, for if they meet with a wrong word in a book, they'll tell you from the very pulpit, it is an error of the press; ah, it cannot err at all, but like the fire, it must burn all that is laid upon it, for it is only a piece of hard wood, iron, stone and leathren belts below; the printers are but mortal men and boys, and liable to many mistakes, men that give light to the world, and men that benights the world, points out the failings of all men, but conceals their own, so far as they can, for which cause, I'll blunder out a real rag of their outbreakings: Many of you counts a nullo nothing, puts hundreds for thousands, and thousands for hundreds, by so doing, not only in news papers, and histories, but in sermons and sacred books, one in the very new Testament, for the words, *Go, and sin no more*, put in the words, *Go, and sin more*; another of you, in printing the ten commands, puts in, *Thou shalt commit adultery, thou shalt steal, thou shalt kill, thou shalt hunger thy father and thy mother*, &c. another of you in printing of a Catechisin, *Asks who it was, that was thrown into the sea and swallowed up the whale?* Another of

ef you in printing of a sermon, for putting in the words, *That the ministers house should be the poor man's harbour*, puts in, *That the ministers horse should be the poor man's barber*, and these you'll call errors of the press: Ah, O Blunder for ever, a certain News Monger, not long ago, citing St James's London Chronicle, calls it, *Satan James's Lying Chronicle*; another of the said craft informs us, *That there was now a very great heat amongst all the Potentates in Europe*, and in place of *Potentates*, he puts in *Potatoes*; arra, but this did put a drill to many of my poor countrymen, so that, that all the potatoes in Europe, was heating in one pot, many a poor weaver ran out to his potatoe-ridge, to see if it was gone there too: another of you not long since, says, *We are informed from such a Lord's country-seat, not minding his Duchels*, *But that his Lordship was safely delivered of a daughter, and was now in a foir way of recovery*: you have likewise abused by your spelling, the titles of Kings and Queens, for the Emperess of Germany, put, *the Emperse of Germany*; for Queen of all the Ruffians, put *Queen of all the Ruffians*; for her Serene Highness, *Shaggeren Highness*; for Hero of Prussia, the *Nero of Prussia*; and last of all, you, or some of you, put for the British Ambassador, the *Brutish Ambassador*, and for the Doge of Algiers, the *Dog of Algiers*, as these great men had been both two dogs; so now Mr Printer, I have cleared your press, to be an innocent machine, then let the Clergy rail no more against the erroneous iniquities of the press, in which there is neither pride nor spite, no even in the very spindle of it, she gives all perfect again, if it be put perfect in her bosom. I add no more, no body hears me, I spoke it low, betwixt my shou and myself.

Capt. O'BLUNDER.

F I N I S.