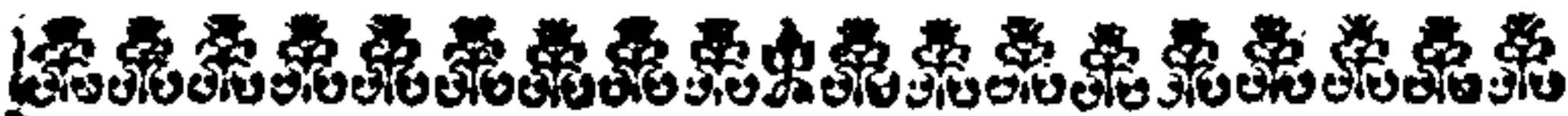


5

Christopher Mullock

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THE
ADVENTURES

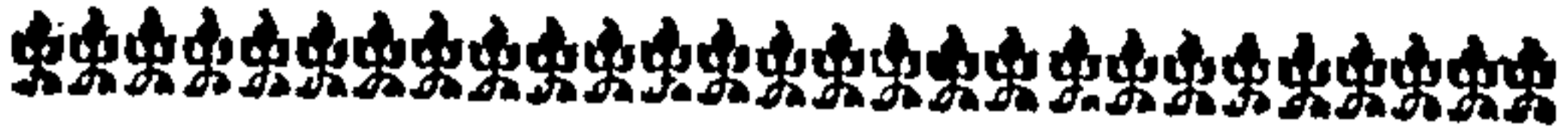
OF

Half an Hour :



F A R C E.





Dramatis Personæ.

Captain *Courtal*,

Mr. *Ogden*.

Mr. *Tagg*,

Mr. *Pack*.

Aminabab his Apprentice, Mr. *Bullock Jun.*

Landlord,

Mr. *Hall*.

2 Gentlemen.

3 Bullies.

2 Gentlewomen.

Drawer,

Mr. *Frisby*.

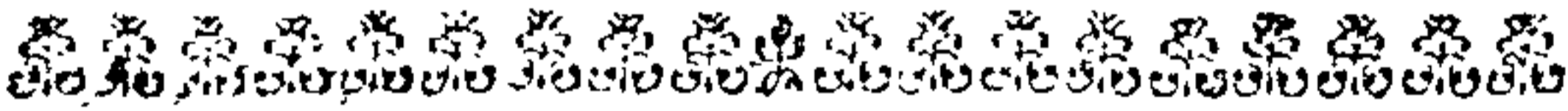
Mrs. *Tagg*.

Mrs. *Schooling*.






THE
 ADVENTURES
 OF
Half an Hour.



SCENE, *A Chamber.*

Enter Mr. Tagg, and Aminadab.

Tag.  *ARM! Arm! Aminabab! This Night the Fates have decreed that I should make my Name Immortal. Ask no Questions, but put on thy Head-piece, and prepare for Battel.*

Amin. Nay, Master, if you take me along with you, a Back-piece will be of more use, for that will be the only part I shall expose to the Enemy. But pray, Sir, without Jesting, who is

it you are going to fight with, and what is the matter with you ?

Tag. O! *Aminadab!* *Aminadab!* such Matrimonial Contrivances! such things there be in Agitation against *Timothy Tagg*, thy Master, that (ad-bodlikins) I am asham'd to tell thee. Wou'd'st thou think it? Thy Mistress, my wicked Wife, is yielding up the great Fort of her Honour, and planting Horns upon the Forehead of me her own natural Husband.

Amin. No fure!

Tag. True, as I'm a Common-Council-Man; not a Magistrate within the Bars will look more like a *Lincolnshire Ox* than myself: I just now dogged her to a Tavern in *Fleetstreet*, which she no sooner enter'd, but was met by a sawcy young Redcoat, who gave her a Smack on the Lips, and a Squeeze by the Hand; then convey'd her up one Pair of Stairs, where she, and Five and Forty more; very good Wives, are sending their Husbands to Heaven the old way, without considering where they are going themselves. Well, I vow and swear, these Soldiers do more Mischief; in that way, than all the younger Brothers about Town; not a Maidenhead within the Walls can 'scape them, and hardly a Husband in the whole City, whose Pocket does not largely contribute to the carrying on the charitable Work of Cuckold-making.

Amin. Nay, Sir, if 'tis a Soldier she's in League with, 'tis forty to one but you are dubb'd: You can't think what Charms are under a Red Coat and a Feather: Nay, Sir, wou'd you think it? I have known a Soldier make a Cuckold of an Alderman.

Tag. But I am a young Man, *Aminadab*, which makes me wonder why that Type of her Old Grandame *Eve* shou'd serve me thus. Well, I do wonder,

wonder, in my Heart, what makes Women so fond of Soldiers ?

Amin. O, Master! a Captain is a taking Name with the Women.

Tag. Why, I am a Captain of the Train-bands, thou know'st, tho' not a fighting Captain.

Amin. Ay, Sir, but the Women like a Captain of Courage.

Tag. Courage! Gadsbud, *Aminadab*, thou know'st I have as much Courage as any Officer in our Regiment; and tho' I say it that shou'd not say it, I have as much Courage as any Officer that ever run away from a Shower of Rain, and she knows it too. Did I not last Training-Day carry her to the Siege of *Mons*, in *Biubill-fields*, where she was an Eye-witness of my Valour, and saw me with an undaunted Resolution attack the Hornwork, to the Admiration of all Spectators ?

Amin. Yes, Sir, you know I held your Cloke while you fought, by the same Token a Fellow stole your Silver-hilted Sword from your Side; and in the Heat of the Action, the Wind blew your Hat and Feather off your Head into the Dirt, and set all the Mob a laughing at you.

Tag. It did so; and thou may'st remember how I wheel'd off to the Right, and with great Expedition, pursu'd my Hat to the Rear of my Company; which I had no sooner recover'd, but I march'd up to the Van, and with redoubled Fury, began the Attack, which at last I carried with great Difficulty, and no Bloodshed.

Amin. 'Tis very true, indeed, Sir.

Tag. Then tell me, *Aminadah*, did'st thou ever so much as observe me wink when I let off my Gun? And you know, that very day, Captain *Heartless*, of our Regiment, shut his Eyes when he presented his Musquet, and fired full in the

Face of an old Custard-Woman : and yet to be a Cuckold——

Amin. Is the commonest thing in the World, Master ; besides, this may be but an innocent Frolick.

Tag. An innocent Frolick ! Adsbodlikins, she has made me fit to chew the Cud with Oxen, climb the Mountains with wild Goats, and keep company with none but Ram-headed People.

Amin. Why really now, Master, methinks there is abundance of good Conversation in the City.

Tag. But I'll go now while my Blood is up, and do such Mischief, that never any Cuckold in the World thought of before.

Amin. Hold, Master, hold; fair and soft goes far ; this is a ticklish thing we are upon, therefore take a little of my Advice ; for tho' I am none of the wisest, I am pretty good at a lucky Thought. You know, Sir, my Mistress, like most Citizens young Wives, loves to shake her Tail at the Squeak of a Fiddle, and is hugely given to Dancing——

Tag. Ay, ay, too much——

Amin. Now you can play upon the Fiddle, and so can I, therefore we will disguise ourselves like Fiddlers, and go to this Tavern, where they are ; we shall certainly be call'd up to 'em, where you may observe all Passages, and as you find your Wrongs, proceed in your Resentment.

Tag. Adsbodlikins! a very pretty Stratagem, and I'll immediately put it in Execution——Come along, *Amiradab*, and assist thy Master ; and now Mrs. *Tag*, my pretty Wife, if I do find thee to be what I greatly suspect thou art, thou shalt dearly rue the making a Cuckold of a Haberdasher of Small Ware.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE changes to a Room in a Tavern.

Mr. Courtal, two Gentlemen, Mrs. Tagg, and two Gentlewomen, at a Table, drinking.

Court. We are all very dull on the sudden, I believe, Ladies, you were thinking of your Husbands.

Mrs. Tag. Wisely observ'd, Captain, for no other Subject cou'd sooner charm a Woman to a melancholy Silence.

Court. Mrs. Tagg, will you charm the Company with a Song?

Mrs. Tag. Really, Sir, Nature has not qualify'd me with a Voice to please anybody but myself; if we had any Musick, I shou'd be glad to entertain the Company with a Dance.

Court. Come, Sir, you are a good Singer we all know.

Mrs. Tag. And too complaisant to our Sex to deny us any thing. *[He sings.]*

Enter a Drawer.

Draw. Gentlemen and Ladies, there is a Couple of Fiddlers below desire to know if you please to have any Musick?

Court. By all means, let 'em come up.

Draw. Here they be, Sir.

Enter Mr. Tagg with a great Coat on, and a Patch on one Eye, and Aminadab, both as Fiddlers.

Court. Now, Mrs. Tagg, you must oblige us with a Dance, you have no Excuse to debar us of that Pleasure.

Mrs. Tag. I am always willing to contribute what I can to the Satisfaction of my Company, and

and would more particularly oblige you, Captain.

Mr. Tag. So, there is a Word of Comfort already. [Aside.

Mrs. Tag. Look, here is one, a poor, blind, old Fellow. [Turns him about.

Tag. Blind as I am, I can see the Fruits of your Industry upon my Brows. [Aside.

Court. He puts me in mind of your Husband, Madam.

Tag. Impudent Dog! not but his Observation is just, for Blindness is a Defect in most Husbands, and Matrimony is a sore Decayer of one's Eyesight. [Aside.

Mrs. Tag. Come, play away. } Tagg and Ami-
Court. Admirably perform'd up- } nadab play, and
on my word, Mrs. Tagg. } she dances.

Mrs. Tag. I am glad it pleases you.

Tag. Obliging Toad! [Aside.

Court. Ladies, what think you of a Country-Dance, here's three Couple of us?

Mrs. Tag. Oh Captain! your Proposals are always so agreeable; what shall we have?

Court. Cuckolds all a-row, Madam.

Mrs. Tag. With all my heart, Sir, ——— You silly old Fellow, can you play Cuckolds all a-row?

Tag. Yes, Madam ——— as well as you can dance Whores all a-row. [Aside.

Mrs. Tag. Or what think you of a kissing Dance, Captain?

Court. Better than any, Madam.

Tag. Oh Rampant Strumpet! I have heard and seen enough, and that Bawdy-fac'd Red-coat has made a Where of a wondrous honest Woman, and a Cuckold of one, that, for ought I know, might have been an Alderman ——— I can suppress my Passion no longer ——— Thus ends the
the

the Comedy, and now begins the Tragedy——
Have at thee, thou Increaser of Parish-Taxes——

*[Flings down his Fiddle, opens his Coat,
and presents a Blunderbuss. They dis-
arm him.]*

Court. Hold your murdering Hand; prithee don't
be so furious, good *Aminadab*.

*[Aminadab presents a Blunderbuss at Courtal.
He disarms him.]*

Tag. I am disarm'd, but I shall find another
time——

Court. What time will you find?——Oons you
shan't dare to think of another time; not dare,
do you mark me?—'Tis very pretty, faith, that
your Wife can't take an innocent Frolick, but
you, like a jealous-pated Fool, must come to in-
terrupt her Diversion——Fire and Sword, I'll
not endure it——Here, fill me a Bumper——Come,
Sir, take it——Oons, take it, or——

Tag. Adsbodlikins, my Heart is in my Breeches;
there's Magnanimity in his very Voice——I dare
not refuse it.

Court. That's well: Come, Sir, now drink your
Love and Duty to your Wife——How dare you
scruple it?——Oons, drink it, and quickly too,
or I'll open a Hole in your Wind-pipe with this——
[Draws his Sword.]

Tag. Well, Sir, don't be in such a Passion, and
I will——Dear Heart, what a bloody Fellow
this is! Well, Wife, since this honest Gentleman
will have it so, here is——Faith, I cannot do
it——

Court. How, Sir!

Tag. My Love and Duty to you, Wife.

[Drinks.]

Court. Very well, is not this better than quar-
relling? And now we are all Friends, you may
take another Glass, and go home; your Wife shall
follow you presently.

Tag.

Tag. How, Sir, my Wife follow me; I say, she shall go along with me.

Court. What are you troublesome again? I find you'll oblige us to use you scurvily—What-ho, Landlord!

Enter Landlord.

Landl. Coming, coming, Sir! what is it you want, Gentlemen?

Court. Want! why to know what you mean by suffering such a Rascal to come into your House, as this Fidler here: because we did not like his Musick, and bid him be gone about his business, he abus'd the whole Company.

Landl. Gentlemon, I hope you won't take it ill of me, for these Fidlers are the most impudent Fellows in the Nation: but, if you please, I'll call up half a dozen of my Servants, and they shall duck him in the great Cistern.

Tag. Did ever any body hear such an old Pewter-Pot? Adsbodlikins, I wish all the Buts in his Cellar were in the Guts of him, there's room enough, I'm sure: I warrant, that Barrel-belly'd Fellow has swallow'd as much Claret in his Life as would swim a *Welsh* Horse.

Court. No, no, use no unlawful means, Landlord.

Landl. Let me alone, Sir—Heatkye, old Roffin and Cats-gut, if you don't get out of my House —

Tag. Sir, I'll not stir one foot, till I have my Wife with me.

Court. Come, Ladies, we'll retire, and leave him to the Management of my Landlord.

[All go but Tagg and Landlord.]

Landl. What Wife, you scraping Rascal—
Oons, don't provoke me, I cannot talk, it wasteth
my

my Constitution; therefore do not anger me, lest I dounce my Fist in your Chops, and leave thee not a Tooth in thy Head to chew with—Oh, how my Blood boils at this Rascal!

Tag. Thy Blood boil! ay, and thy Flesh too, it may very well, I'm sure, in its own Liquor—He sweats like a Hoghead of Tallow in July.

Landl. What, abuse me in my own House! Out, you Fiddling Rascal. [*Beats him out.*] A villainous Rogue, my House a Bawdy-House! Oh! what a Heat the Rogue has put me in! I am all over of a Dew.

[*Exit puffing.*]

[*Aminadab creeps from under the Table, drinks a Glass of Wine, and runs off.*]

Amin. Is the Coast clear? brush off. [*Exit.*]

SCÈNE changes to the Street.

Enter Tagg and Aminadab.

Tag. A Pox on thee, *Aminadab*, this was one of thy lucky Thoughts; here we might have been devour'd by that mighty Cannibal: that fiery fac'd Fellow, if he had fallen upon us, wou'd have crush'd us into Mummy—[*Bullies sing without.*] So, who be these coming this way?

Amin. As I live, Sir, a Company of drunken Bullies; if they see us they'll take us for Musicians, so make us play about the Streets to 'em all night; and if we refuse, break our Bones, and our Fiddles into the bargain.

Tag. Let us turn back then.

Amin. No, Sir, I have a lucky Thought come into my head, how we may avoid 'em.

Tag. A Pox on thy lucky Thoughts, we never have good Fortune when thou begin'st to contrive.

Amin.

Amin. Pray, Sir, try me but this once, and if you don't say this is a lucky Thought, I'll never plot again—Come, Sir, kneel down against this Wall with me; now let us lay our Hands upon the ground, so they'll take us for a Bench, and pass by us quietly——Here they come.

[They lie down, with their Backsides close to each other, in the figure of a Bench.

Enter Two Bullies cross the Stage singing, then enter a Third, and stumbles against Tagg.

Bull. Jack, Jack, what a pox makes you walk so fast?

Tag. Oons, the Son of a Whore has trod upon my Fingers.

Bull. What the devil is this, a Bench stands in the way to break People's Shins?

[Strikes Tagg over the back, and goes off singing.

Tag. A Plague on him, he has broke my back, I believe——*Aminadab!*

Amin. Sir——Indeed, Sir, I thought it would have prov'd for the best——But who comes here?

Tag. My Wife, and her Gallant, as I am a married Man; I know her Voice.

[Enter Courtal and Mrs. Tagg.

Amin. Then, Sir, it may prove for the best still; for if we continue in this posture, you may overhear their Discourse.

Mrs. Tag. Pray, Mr. Courtal, leave me here, I have not far home, and shall go safe enough.

Court. Madam, you must give me leave to wait on you quite home.

Mrs. Tag. Mr. Courtal I shall be angry with you if you disobey me; you know my Husband's Temper, how jealous he is upon the least occasion.

Court.

Court. Hang him, a senseless, half-witted Rascal, he deserves to be cuckolded for using you so ill.

Tag. Here's a Son of a Whore!

Mrs. Tag. Well, Sir, I must take my Leave of you.

Court. You'll give me leave to speak two or three words to you first: here's a Bench, let us sit.

Mrs. Tag. *Mr. Court.* don't pull me so, for I won't sit down.

Court. Upon my word, Madam, but you shall——

Mrs. Tag. Upon my word, Captain, but I won't——

Court. By——this Kiss, but you shall.

[He forces her to sit down on her Husband's back, and he sits on Aminadab's.]

Tag. Hey-day, here's a pretty Sight now! what's to be done next, I tro?——Gad, I wou'd give a Shilling I had but a Looking-Glass and a Candle, to see what sort of a Figure I make——Gads-me, kissing again!——Faith, I'd fain know what this will come to——

Amin. Lie still a little while, Master, and 'tis fifty to one but you do.

Mrs. Tag. Fie, Captain! how if any body shou'd see us?

Court. That, Madam, is a needless Fear; 'tis late, and the Shops are all shut up, and 'tis impossible for any body to see or hear us.

Mrs. Tag. *Mr. Court.*, I will go home, therefore don't hold me.

Court. You shall promise then to let me see you to-morrow Night.

Mrs. Tag. If my Husband goes to *Highgate* to-morrow, you shall; for I will feign myself sick on purpose

purpose to stay at home, and we'll have the Fiddles, and be as merry as possible.

Amin. I am afraid the Sins of my Mistress will lie heavy upon my Master's back.

Tag. So, so, here will be fine Work by and by——Why what a Story will this be to tell, of a Woman who made an Assignment upon her Husband's back?——If I discover my self, how am I sure that devilish Fellow won't cut my Throat? This is a very dark Place——What shall I do? my Back is almost broke, tro——Mercy on me, was ever poor Man so Wife-ridden?

Amin. Never poor Afs was so laden as I am.

Tag. Adsbodlikins, I'll make a horrible Groan, and it may be that will frighten 'em away.

[Groans.

Mrs. Tag. Ah, ah, ah!

Court. Don't be frightened, Madam.

[Exeunt Mrs. Tagg and Courtal:

Tag. The Devil frighten you both, I say; for you have crippled me, I'm sure——Well, if ever I get home again, I'll make an Oath never to watch my Wife more, let her do what she will, go where she will, with whom she will: for I find she will have her Will, let me say or do what I will.

[Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE changes to a Chamber.

Enter Courtal and Mrs. Tagg.

Mrs. Tag. Captain, I am extremely obliged to you for seeing me home, but must beg you to leave me instantly, for fear my Husband shou'd come in, and see you here : I expect him every minute.

Court. Madam, I must obey you, tho much against my will——

Enter Mr. Tagg.

'Sdeath what have we here ?

Mrs. Tag. My Husband !

Tag. As sure as thou art alive——Ah, thou Cockatrice, thou second Eve, more deceitful than the first——what can't thou say in thy Defence ?

Mrs. Tag. Why——why——why——nothing, Sir.

Tag. That's a very good Excuse indeed.

Mrs. Tag. But thus upon my knees I implore your Pardon, which if you grant, will win more upon me, than the greatest Punishment you can inflict ; I never will offend you so again——How can you see these Tears, and look so unkind upon me ?

Tag. Tell me, dost thou not expect that (Lord bless us!) I shou'd commit some horrible great Murder ?

Mrs. Tag. Ye—ye—yes——but I hope you will have more Compa—pa—pa—passion on a po—po—poor repe—pe—pening Woman, that acknowledges her Faults, and humbly implores your Pardon——Do, dear Husband, forgive me ; do, my dear *Time—mo—mo—motby*——

Tag. Speak, have you not——hum——ha—— that is——am I not forked at both ends?

Mrs. Tag. No, indeed——indeed——will you forgive me?——Do——how can you look on these Eyes, and not relent?

Tag. Get up, and never do so again, as you fear my Displeasure——But now tell me what you brought this Gentleman home with you for?

Mrs. Tag. Why, Sir, it was late, and the Gentleman wou'd see me part of the way home——but I happen'd to be frighted by the way——so he wou'd wait on me quite home——and——

Tag. Is this true, Sir?

Court. Yes, Sir, and I think you ought to give me Thanks for taking so much care of your Wife.

Tag. O, Sir, I am very sensible of my Obligations!

Court. Blood, Sir, you use me with ill Manners, and not like a Gentleman; therefore as you are an Officer, I require Satisfaction, and expect to see you to-morrow morning behind *Montague House*, with your Sword in your hand.

[Exit.]

Tag. See, see, *Aminadab*!——O Cockatrice! Cockatrice! I married thee out of the Country, but thou hast learnt the City-Fashions already: My Hairs are all turn'd into Horns, and my Head will be fit for nothing but Men to hang their Hats upon.

[Exit.]

Mrs. Tag. So farewell, Husband——After this Fit of Jealousy comes an Interval of Fondness; and thus the Time runs round. Oh Matrimony, Matrimony! thou art a blessed Thing!——Let me give this Advice to my Sex——Marry not in haste, for she that takes the best of Husbands, puts on a golden Fetter: If you marry a Courtier, he'll have

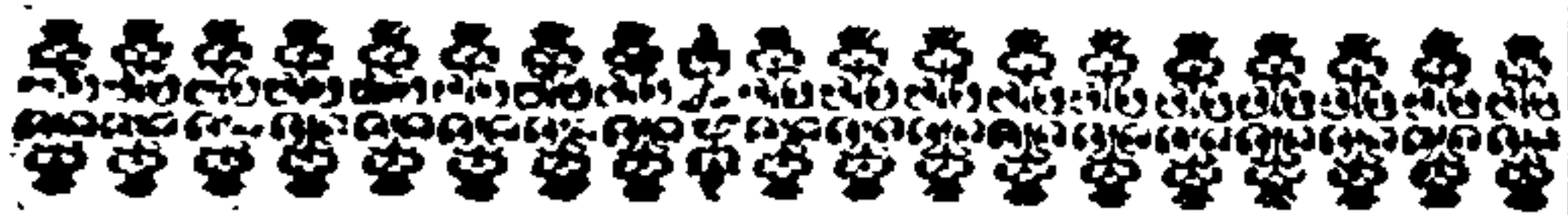
have a dozen of Mistresses at least, and repent his Marriage within four and twenty Hours at most.—If a Lawyer, the Spruceness of his Clark will bring into suspicion the Carriage of his Wife.—And if you marry a Citizen, 'tis forty to one but you have a Cuckold to your Husband.

*Husbands, like painted Fruit, do promise much,
But still deceive us when we come to touch.*

*A Husband is the greatest Human Ill;
She's married best—that's wedded to her Will.*



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