
T H E

WHAT D'YE CALL IT:

A

Tragi-Comi-Pastoral

F A R C E.

--- *Spirat Tragicum satis, & feliciter audet.* Hor.
--- *Locus est & pluribus Umbris.* Hor.



T H E

P R E F A C E .



S I am the first who have introduced this kind of Dramatick entertainment upon the stage, I think it absolutely necessary to say something by way of Preface, not only to shew the nature of it, but to answer some objections that have been already rais'd against it by the graver sort of Wits, and other interested people.

We have often had Tragi-Comedies upon the English Theatre with success: but in that sort of composition the Tragedy and Comedy are in distinct Scenes, and may be easily separated from each other. But the whole Art of the Tragi-Comi-Pastoral-Farce lies in interweaving the several kinds of the Drama with each other, so that they cannot be distinguish'd or separated.

The objections that are rais'd against it as a Tragedy, are as follow.

First, As to the Plot, they deny it to be Tragical, because its Catastrophe is a wedding, which hath ever been accounted Comical.

Secondly, As to the Characters; that those of a Justice of Peace, a Parish-Clark, and an Embryo's Ghost, are
very

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very improper to the dignity of Tragedy, and were never introduced by the Antients.

Thirdly, They say the Sentiments are not Tragical, because they are those of the lowest country people.

Lastly, They will not allow the Moral to be proper for Tragedy, because the end of Tragedy being to show human life in its distresses, imperfections and infirmities, thereby to soften the mind of man from its natural obduracy and haughtiness, the Moral ought to have the same tendency; but this Moral, they say, seems entirely calculated to flatter the Audience in their vanity and self-conceitedness.

You all have sense enough to find it out.

To the first objection I answer, that it is still a disputable point, even among the best Criticks, whether a Tragedy may not have a happy Catastrophe; that the French Authors are of this opinion, appears from most of their Modern Tragedies.

In answer to the second objection, I cannot affirm, that any of the Antients have either a Justice of Peace, a Parish-Clark, or an Embryo Ghost in their Tragedies; yet whoever will look into Sophocles, Euripides, or Seneca, will find that they greatly affected to introduce Nurses in all their pieces, which every one must grant to be an inferior Character to a Justice of Peace; in imitation of which also, I have introduced a Grandmother and an Aunt.

To the third objection, which is the meanness of the sentiments, I answer that the sentiments of Princes and clowns have not in reality that difference which they seem to have: their thoughts are almost the same, and they only differ as the same thought is attended with a meanness or pomp of diction, or receive a different light from the circumstances each Character is conversant with. But these Criticks have forgot the precept of their Master Horace, who tells them,

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— *Tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri.*

In answer to the objection against the Moral, I have only this to alledge, that the Moral of this piece is conceal'd; and Morals that are couch'd so as to exercise the judgments of the audience, have not been disapprov'd by the best Criticks. And I would have those that object against it as a piece of Flattery, consider, that there is such a figure as the Irony.*

The Objections against it as a Comedy are,

First, they object to the Plot, that it throws the Characters into the deepest circumstances of distress: Inferiors trampled upon by the Tyranny of Power, a soldier to be shot for desertion, and an innocent maid in the utmost despair.

Secondly, That Ghosts are introduced, which move terror, a Passion not proper to be moved in Comedy.

Thirdly, They will not allow the Sentiments to be comical, because they are such as naturally flow from the deep distresses abovementioned. The Speech of a dying man, and his last advice to his child, are what one could not reasonably expect should raise the mirth of an audience.

First, That the Plot is comical, I argue from the Peripætia and the Catastrophe. Peascod's change of fortune upon the reprieves being produced, Kitty's distress ending in the discharge of her sweetheart, and the wedding, are all incidents that are truly comical.

To the second objection I answer, That Ghosts have not been omitted in the antient Comedy; Aristophanes having laid the Scene of his Βαλπαχοι among the shades; and Plautus has introduc'd a Lar familiaris in his Prologue to the Aulularia, which tho' not actually a Ghost; is very little better.

* See Bossu's Chapter of concealed Sentences.

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As to the third objection, That the Sentiments are not Comical, I answer, That the Ghosts are the only characters which are objected to as improper for Comedy, which I have already proved to be justly introduced, as following the manner of the old Comedy, but as they allow that the Sentiments naturally flow from the characters, those of the Justice, Clowns, &c. which are indisputably Comical characters, must be Comical. For the Sentiments being convey'd in number and rhyme, I have the authority of the best Modern French Comedies.

The only objection against it as a Pastoral falls upon the characters, which they say are partly Pastoral, and partly not so. They insist particularly, that a Sergeant of Grenadiers is not a Pastoral character, and that the others are so far from being in the state of innocence, that the clowns are whoremasters, and the damsels with child.

To this I reply, that Virgil talks of Soldiers among his Shepherds.

Impius hæc tam culta Novalia miles habebit.

And the character of the Sergeant is drawn according to the Epithet of Virgil, Impius Miles, which may be seen in that speech of his,

You Dog, die like a Soldier—and be damn'd.

For, in short, a Soldier to a Swain is but just the same thing that a Wolf is to his Flocks, and is as naturally talk'd of or introduc'd. As for the rest of the characters, I can only say I have copied nature, making the youths amorous before wedlock, and the damsels complying and fruitful. Those that are the most conversant in the country are the best judges of this sort of nature.

Lastly,

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Lastly, they object against it as a Farce.

First, Because the irregularity of the Plot should answer to the Extravagance of the characters, which they say this piece wants, and therefore is no Farce.

Secondly, They deny the characters to be Farcical, because they are actually in nature.

Thirdly, If it was a true Farce, the Sentiments ought to be strain'd, to bear a proportional irregularity with the plot and characters.

To the first I answer, That the Farcical Scene of the Ghosts is introduced without any coherence with the rest of the piece, might be entirely left out, and would not be allowed in a regular Comedy. There are indeed a great number of Dramatick entertainments, where are Scenes of this kind; but those pieces in reality are not Comedies, but five Act Farces.

Secondly, Let the Criticks consider only the nature of Farce, that it is made up of absurdities and incongruities, and that those pieces which have these Qualities in the greatest degree are the most Farces; and they will allow this to be so from the characters, and particularly from that of the speaking Ghost of an Embryo, in the conclusion of the first Act. I have 'tis true, Aristophanes' Authority for things of this sort in Comedy, who hath introduced a Chorus of Frogs, and made them talk in the following manner:

Βρεκεκεκεξ, κοαξ, κοαξ,
Βρεκεκεκεξ, κοαξ, κοαξ,
Αλιμναϊα κρηνωυ τέκνα, &c.

Mr. D'Urfey of our own nation has given all the fowls of the air the faculty of speech equal with the parrot. Swans and elbow chairs in the Opera of Dioclesian have danc'd upon the English Stage with good success. Shakespear hath some characters of this sort, as a speaking wall, and Moon-

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Moonshine *. The former he designed to introduce (as he tells us himself) with something rough cast about him, and the latter comes in with a lanthorn and candle; which in my opinion are characters that make a good figure in the modern Farce.

Thirdly, The sentiments are truly of the Farce kind, as they are the sentiments of the meanest Clowns convey'd in the pomp of numbers and rhyme; which is certainly forc'd and out of nature, and therefore Farcical.

After all I have said, I would have these Criticks only consider, when they object against it as a Tragedy, that I design'd it something of a Comedy; when they cavil at it as a Comedy, that I had partly a view to Pastoral; when they attack it as a Pastoral, that my endeavours were in some degree to write a Farce; and when they would destroy its character as a Farce, that my design was a Tragi-Comi-Pastoral: I believe when they consider this, they will all agree, that I have happily enough executed w^hat I purpos'd, which is all I contend for. Yet that I might avoid the cavils and misinterpretations of severe Critic's, I have not call'd it a Tragedy, Comedy, Pastoral, or Farce, but left the name entirely undetermined in the doubtful appellation of the What d'ye call it, which name I thought unexceptionable; but I added to it a Tragi-Comi-Pastoral Farce, as it comprized all those several kinds of the Drama.

The judicious Reader will easily perceive, that the unities are kept as in the most perfect pieces, that the Scenes are unbroken, and Poetical Justice strictly observ'd; the Ghost of the Embryo and the Parish-Girle are entire new characters. I might enlarge further upon the conduct of the particular Scenes, and of the piece in general, but

* See his Midsummer Night's Dream.

P R E F A C E.

I shall only say, that the Success this piece has met with upon the Stage, gives encouragement to our Dramatick Writers to follow its Model; and evidently demonstrates that this sort of Drama is no less fit for the Theatre than those they have succeeded in.



Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Sir Roger	Mr. Miller.
Sir Humphry	Mr. Cross.
Justice Statute	Mr. Shepherd.
Squire Thomas, Sir Roger's Son, <i>alias</i> Thomas Filbert	Mr. Johnson.
Jonas Dock, <i>alias</i> Timothy Peascod.	Mr. Penkethman.
Peter Nettle, the Sergeant Steward to Sir Roger	Mr. Norris.
Constable	Mr. Quin.
Corporal	Mr. Penroy.
Stave, A Parish-Clark.	Mr. Weller.
The Ghost of a Child unborn	Mr. Norris Junior.
Countrymen, Ghosts, and Soldiers.	

W O M E N.

Kitty, the Steward's Daughter, <i>alias</i> Kitty Carrot	Mrs. Bicknell.
Dorcas, Peascod's Sister	Mrs. Willis Senior.
Foyce, Peascod's Daughter left up- on the Parish	Mrs. Younger.
Aunt	Mrs. Baker.
Grandmother.	

T H E



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WHAT D'YE CALL IT:

A

Tragi-Comi-Pastoral

F A R C E.

SCENE, *A Country Justice's Hall, adorn'd
with Scutcheons and Stag's Horns.*

*Enter Steward, Squire, Kitty, Dock, and others in
Country Habits.*

S T E W A R D.



O, you are ready in your parts, and in your dress too, I see; your own best cloaths do the business. Sure never was Play and Actors so suited. Come, range yourselves before me, women on the right, and men on the left. Squire *Thomas*, you make a good figure.

[The Actors range themselves.]

SQUIRE.

SQUIRE.

Ay, thanks to *Barnaby's* Sunday cloaths; but call me *Thomas Filbert*, as I am in the Play.

STEWARD.

Chear up, daughter, and make *Kitty Carrot* the shining part: Squire *Thomas* is to be in love with you to night, girle.

KITTY.

Ay, I have felt Squire *Thomas's* love to my cost. I have little stomach to play, in the condition he hath put me into. [Aside.

STEWARD.

Jonas Dock, dost thou remember thy name?

DOCK.

My name? *Jo—Jo—Jonas*. No—that was the name my Godfathers gave me. My play name is *Timothy Pea—Pea—Peascod*; ay, *Peascod*—and am to be shot for a deserter.——

STEWARD.

And you *Dolly*?

DOLLY.

An't please ye, I am *Dorcas*, *Peascod's* sister, and am to be with child, as it were.

1 COUNTRYMAN.

And I am to take her up, as it were—I am the Constable.

2 COUNTRYMAN.

And I am to see *Tim* shot, as it were—I am the Corporal.

STEWARD.

But what is become of our sergeant?

DORCAS.

Why *Peter Nettle*, *Peter*, *Peter*.

[Enter Nettle,

NETTLE.

These stockings of *Susan's* cost a wounded deal of pains the pulling on: But what's a sergeant without red stockings?

DOCK.

D O C K.

I'll dress thee, *Peter*, I'll dress thee. Here, stand still, I must twist thy neckcloth; I would make thee hold up thy head, and have a ruddy complexion; but prithee don't look black in the face, man. [*Rolling his neckcloth.*] Thou must look fierce and dreadful. [*Making whiskers with a burnt cork.*] But what shall we do for a grenadier's cap?

S T E W A R D.

Fetch the leathern bucket that hangs in the belfry; that is curiously painted before, and will make a figure.

N E T T L E.

No, no, I have what's worth twenty on't: the Pope's mitre, that my master *Sir Roger* seiz'd, when they would have burnt him at our market town.

S T E W A R D.

So, now let ev'ry body withdraw, and prepare to begin the Play. [*Exeunt Actors.*] My daughter debauched! and by that booby Squire! well, perhaps the conduct of this Play may retrieve her folly, and preserve her reputation. Poor girl! I cannot forget thy tears.

Enter Sir Roger.

Sir R O G E R.

Look ye, Steward, don't tell me you can't bring them in. I will have a ghost; nay, I will have a competence of ghosts. What, shall our neighbours think we are not able to make a ghost? A Play without a ghost is like, is like,—i'gad it is like nothing.

S T E W A R D.

Sir, be satisfied; you shall have ghosts.

Sir R O G E R.

And is the Play as I order'd it, both a Tragedy and a Comedy? I would have it a Pastoral too: and if you could make it a Farce, so much the better—and what

if you crown'd all with a spice of your Opera? You know my neighbours never saw a Play before; and d'ye see, I would shew them all sorts of Plays under one.

S T E W A R D.

Sir Roger, it is contriv'd for that very purpose.

Sir R O G E R. [Enter two Justices.

Neighbours, you are welcome. Is not this Steward of mine a pure ingenious fellow now, to make such a Play for us these *Christmas* holidays? [Exit Steward bowing.]—A rare headpiece! he has it here, i' faith. [Pointing to his own head.] But indeed, I gave him the hint—To see now what contrivance some folks have! We have so fitted the parts to my tenants, that ev'ry man talks in his own way!—and then we have made just three justices in the Play, to be play'd by us three justices of the *Quorum*.

1 J U S T I C E.

Zooks!—so it is;—main ingenious,—and can we sit and smoke at the same time we act?

Sir R O G E R.

Ay, ay,—we have but three or four words to say;—and may drink and be good company in peace and silence all the while after.

2 J U S T I C E.

But how shall we know when we are to say these same words?

Sir R O G E R.

This shall be the signal——when I set down the tankard, then speak you, Sir *Humphry*,——and when Sir *Humphry* sets down the tankard, speak you, Squire *Statute*.

1 J U S T I C E.

Ah, Sir Roger, you are old dog at these things.

2 J U S T I C E.

To be sure.

Sir R O G E R.

Why neighbours, you know, experience, experience
— I remember your *Harts* and your *Bettertons*— But
to see your *Othello*, neighbours,— how he would rave
and roar, about a foolish flower'd handkerchief!— and
then he would groud so manfully,— and he would put
out the light, and put the light out so cleverly! but
hush—the Prologue, the Prologue.

*[They seat themselves with much ceremony at
the table, on which are pipes and tobacco,
and a large silver tankard.]*

The PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. Pinkethman.

TH E entertainment of this night—or day,
This something, or this nothing of a Play,
Which strives to please all palates at a time,
With ghosts and men, songs, dances, prose and rhyme,
This comic story, or this tragic jest,
May make you laugh, or cry, as you like best;
May exercise your good, or your ill-nature,
Move with distress, or tickle you with satire.
All must be pleas'd too with their Parts, we think:
Our maids have sweethearts, and their Worships drink;
Criticks, we know, by antient rules may maul it;
But sure Gallants must like—the What d'ye call it.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Sir R O G E R, *Sir* H U M P H R Y, *Justice* S T A T U T E,
 C O N S T A B L E, F I L B E R T, S E R G E A N T, K I T T Y,
 D O R C A S, G R A N D M O T H E R, A U N T.

Sir R O G E R.

H E R E, *Thomas Filbert*, answer to your name,
Dorcas hath sworn to you she owes her shame:
 Or wed her strait, or else you're sent afar,
 To serve his gracious Majesty in war.

F I L B E R T.

'Tis false, 'tis false—— I scorn thy odious touch.

[*Pushing Dorcas from him.*]

D O R C A S.

When their turn's serv'd, all men will do as much.

K I T T Y.

Ah, good your Worships, ease a wretched maid,
 To the right father let the child be laid.
 Art thou not perjur'd?—mark his harmless look.
 How canst thou, *Dorcas*, kiss the Bible book?
 Hast thou no conscience, dost not fear *Old Nick*?
 Sure sure the ground will ope, and take thee quick.

S E R G E A N T.

Zooks! never wed, 'tis safer much to roam;
 For what is war abroad to war at home?
 Who wou'd not sooner bravely rilque his life;
 For what's a cannon to a scolding wife?

F I L B E R T.

Well, if I must, I must—— I hate the wench,
 I'll bear a musquet then against the *French*.

From

From door to door I'd sooner whine and beg,
 Both arms shot off, and on a wooden leg,
 Than marry such a trapes—No, no, I'll not :
 —Thou wilt too late repent, when I am shot.
 But, *Kitty*, why dost cry?—

G R A N D M O T H E R.

———Stay, Justice, stay :

Ah, little did I think to see this day!
 Must Grandson *Filbert* to the wars be prest?
 Alack! I knew him when he suck'd the breast,
 Taught him his catechism, the fescue held,
 And join'd his letters, when the bantling spell'd.
 His loving mother left him to my care.
 Fine child, as like his Dad as he could stare!
 Come *Candlemas*, nine years ago she dy'd,
 And now lies buried by the yew-tree's side.

A U N T.

O tyrant Justices! have you forgot
 How my poor brother was in *Flanders* shot?
 You prest'd my brother—he shall walk in white,
 He shall—and shake your curtains ev'ry night.
 What though a paultry hare he rashly kill'd,
 That cross'd the furrows while he plough'd the Field?
 You sent him o'er the hills and far away;
 Left his old mother to the parish pay,
 With whom he shar'd his ten pence ev'ry day.
Was kill'd a bird, was from his farm turn'd out;
 You took the law of *Thomas* for a trout:
 You ruin'd my poor uncle at the sizes,
 And made him pay nine pounds for *Nisiprises*.
 Now will you prest my harmless nephew too?
 Ah, what has conscience with the rich to do!

[*Sir Roger takes up the Tankard.*

Though in my hand no silver tankard shine,
 Nor my dry lip be dy'd with claret wine,
 Yet I can sleep in peace——

150 *The WHAT D'YE CALL IT.*

Sir R O G E R. [*After having drunk.*

————— Woman, forbear.

Sir H U M P H R Y. [*Drinking.*

The man's within the act——

Justice S T A T U T E. [*Drinking also.*

————— The law is clear,

S E R G E A N T.

Haste, let their Worships orders be obey'd.

K I T T Y. [*Kneeling.*

Behold how low you have reduc'd a maid.

Thus to your Worships on my knees I sue,

(A posture never known but in the pew)

If we can money for our taxes find,

Take that—— but ah! our sweethearts leave behind.

To trade so barb'rous he was never bred,

The blood of vermine all the blood he shed :

How should he, harmless youth, how should he then

Who kill'd but pou!cats, learn to murder men?

D O R C A S.

O *Thomas, Thomas!* hazard not thy life ;

By all that's good, I'll make a loving wife :

I'll prove a true pains-taker day and night,

I'll spin and card, and keep our children tight.

I can knit stockings, you can thatch a barn ;

If you earn ten-pence, I my groat can earn.

How shall I weep to hear this infant cry ?

[*her hand on her belly.*

He'll have no father——and no husband I.

K I T T Y.

Hold, *Thomas*, hold, nor hear that shameless witch :

I can sew plain-work, I can darn and stitch ;

I can bear sultry days and frosty weather ;

Yes, yes, my *Thomas*, we will go together ;

Beyond the seas together will we go,

In camps together, as at harvest, glow.

This

This arm shall be a bolster for thy head,
I'll fetch clean straw to make my soldier's bed;
There, while thou sleep'st, my apron o'er thee hold,
Or with it patch thy tent against the cold.
Pigs in hard rains I've watch'd, and shall I do
That for the pigs, I would not bear for you?

F I L B E R T.

Oh, *Kitty, Kitty*, canst thou quit the rake,
And leave these meadows for thy sweetheart's sake?
Canst thou so many gallant soldiers see,
And captains and lieutenants slight for me?
Say, canst thou hear the guns, and never shake,
Nor start at oaths that make a christian quake?
Canst thou bear hunger, canst thou march and toil
A long long way, a thousand thousand mile?
And when thy *Tom's* blown up, or shot away,
Then canst thou starve?—they'll cheat thee of my pay.

Sir R O G E R, [Drinking.

Take out that wench—

Sir H U M P H R Y. [Drinking.

————— But give her penance meet.

Justice. S T A T U T E. [Drinking also.

I'll see her stand— next Sunday— in a sheet.

D O R C A S.

Ah! why does nature give us so much cause
To make kind-hearted lasses break the laws?
Why should hard laws kind-hearted lasses bind,
When too soft nature draws us after kind?

S C E N E II.

Sir ROGER, Sir HUMPHRY, Justice STATUTE,
FILBERT, SERGEANT, KITTY; GRANDMOT-
HER, AUNT, SOLDIER.

S O L D I E R.

Sergeant, the captain to your quarters sent;
To ev'ry ale-house in the town I went.
Our Corp'ral now has the defetter found;
The men are all drawn out, the pris'ner bound.

S E R G E A N T. [To Filbert:
Come, soldier, come—

K I T T Y.

————— Ah! take me, take me too.

G R A N D M O T H E R:

Stay, forward wench;—

A U N T.

————— What would the creature do?
This week thy mother means to wash and brew.

K I T T Y.

Brew then she may herself, or wash or bake,
I'd leave ten mothers for one sweetheart's sake.
O justice most unjust!—

F I L B E R T.

————— O, tyranny!

K I T T Y.

How can I part?—

F I L B E R T.

————— Alas! and how can I?

K I T T Y.

O rueful day!—

F I L B E R T.

————— Rueful indeed, I trow.

K I T T Y.

K I T T Y.

O woeful day!

F I L B E R T.

————— A day indeed of woe!

K I T T Y.

When gentlefolks their sweethearts leave behind,
They can write letters, and say something kind;
But how shall *Filbert* unto me endite,
When neither I can read, nor he can write?

Yet, Justices, permit us e'er we part
To break this ninepence, as you've broke our heart.

F I L B E R T. [*Breaking the Ninepence.*

As this divides, thus are we torn in twain.

K I T T Y. [*Joining the Pieces.*

And as this meets, thus may we meet again.

[*She is drawn away on one side of the Stage by
Aunt and Grandmother.*

Yet one look more——

F I L B E R T.

[*Haul'd off on the other side by the Sergeant.*

————— One more e'er yet we go.

K I T T Y.

To part is death.——

F I L B E R T.

————— 'Tis death to part.

K I T T Y.

————— Ah!

F I L B E R T.

————— Oh!

N 5

SCENE

S C E N E III.

*Sir ROGER, Sir HUMPHRY, Justice STATUTE,
and CONSTABLE.*

Sir ROGER. [Drinking.
See, constable, that ev'ry one withdraw.

Sir HUMPHRY. [Drinking.
We've businefs —

Justice STATUTE. [Drinking also.
————— To discuss a point of law.

S C E N E IV.

Sir ROGER, Sir HUMPHRY, Justice STATUTE.

They seem in earnest discourse.

Sir ROGER.
I say the Press-act plainly makes it out.

Sir HUMPHRY.
Doubtless, Sir Roger. —

Justice STATUTE.
————— Brother, without doubt.

A Ghost rises.

1 GHOST.
I'm *Jeffry Cackle*. — You my death shall rue;
For I was press'd by you, by you, by you.

[Pointing to the Justices.]

Another Ghost rises.

2 GHOST.
I'm *Smut* the farrier. — You my death shall rue;
For I was press'd by you, by you, by you.

A Woman's Ghost rises.

3 G H O S T.

I'm *Bess* that hang'd myself for *Smur* so true;
So owe my death to you, to you, to you.

A Ghost of an Embryo rises.

4 G H O S T.

I was begot before my mother married,
Who whipt by you, of me poor child miscarried.

Another Woman's Ghost rises.

5 G H O S T.

Its mother I, whom you whipt black and blue;
Both owe our deaths to you, to you, to you.

[*All Ghosts shake their heads.*]

Sir R O G E R.

Why do you shake your mealy heads at me?
You cannot say I did it—

B O T H J U S T I C E S.

—————No——nor we.

1 G H O S T.

All three——

2 G H O S T.

—————All three.——

3 G H O S T.

—————All three——

4 G H O S T.

—————All three——

5 G H O S T.

—————All three.

A S O N G sung dismally by a G H O S T

YE goblins, and fairys,
With frisks and vagarys,
Ye fairys and goblins,
With hoppings and hobblings.

Come

*Come all, come all
To Sir Roger's great hall.*

*All fairys and goblins,
All goblins and fairys,
With hoppings and hobblings,
With frisks and vagarys.*

C H O R U S.

*Sing, goblins and fairys,
Sing, fairys and goblins,
With frisks and vagarys,
And hoppings and hobblings.*

*[The ghosts dance round the Justices, who
go off in a fright, and the ghosts vanish.]*

A C T II. S C E N E I.

A Field.

**TIMOTHY PEASCOD bound; CORPORAL,
SOLDIERS, and COUNTRYMEN.**

C O R P O R A L.

STAND off there, countrymen; and you, the guard,
Keep close your pris'ner—see that all's prepar'd.
Prime all your firelocks—fasten well the stake.

P E A S C O D.

'Tis too much, too much trouble for my sake.
O fellow-soldiers, countrymen and friends,
Be warn'd by me to shun untimely ends:

For

For evil courses am I brought to shame,
And from my soul I do repent the same.
Oft my kind *Grannam* told me—*Tim*, take warning,
Be good—and say thy pray'rs—and mind thy learning.
But I, sad wretch, went on from crime to crime;
I play'd at nine-pins first in sermon time:
I rob'd the Parson's orchard next; and then
(For which I pray forgiveness) stole—a hen.
When I was press'd, I told them the first day:
I wanted heart to fight, so ran away;

[Attempts to run off, but is prevented.]

For which behold I die. 'Tis a plain case,
'Twas all a judgment for my want of grace.

[The soldiers prime, with their muskets towards him.]
Hold, hold, my friends; nay, hold, hold, hold, I pray;
They may go off—and I have more to say.

1 C O U N T R Y M A N.

Come, 'tis no time to talk—

2 C O U N T R Y M A N.

—————Repent thine ill,

And pray in this good book:— [Gives him a book.]

P E A S C O D.

————— I will, I will!

Lend me thy handkercher—*The Pilgrim's pro---*

[Reads and weeps.]

(I cannot see for tears) *Pro-Progress--Oh!*

The Pilgrim's Progress--eighth---edi-ti-on

Lon-don--prin-ted--for--Ni-cho-las Bod-dington:

With new ad-di-tions never made before,

Oh! 'tis so moving, I can read no more.

[Drops the book.]

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

PEASCOD, CORPORAL, SOLDIERS, COUNTRYMEN, SERGEANT, FILBERT.

SERGEANT.

What whining's this?—boys, see your guns well ramm'd,
You dog, die like a soldier—and be damn'd.

FILBERT.

My friend in ropes!—

PEASCOD.

————— I should not thus be bound,
If I had Means, and could but raise five pound.
The cruel Corp'ral whisper'd in my ear,
Five pounds, if rightly tip't, would set me clear.

FILBERT.

Here—*Peascod*, take my pouch—'tis all I own,
(For what is Means and Life when *Kitty's* gone!).
'Tis my press-money—can this silver fail?
'Tis all, except one sixpence spent in ale.
This had a ring for *Kitty's* finger bought,
Kitty on me had by that token thought.
But for thy life, poor *Tim*, if this can do't;
Take it, with all my soul—thou'rt welcome to't.

[Offers him his purse.]

1 COUNTRYMAN.

And take my fourteen pence—

2 COUNTRYMAN.

————— And my cramp-ring.

Would, for thy sake, it were a better thing.

3 COUNTRYMAN.

And master Sergeant, take my box of copper.

4 COUNTRYMAN.

And my wife's thimble.—

5 COUNTRYMAN.

5 COUNTRYMEN.

-----And this 'bacco-stopper.

SERGEANT.

No bribes. Take back your things---I'll have them not.

PEASCOD.

Oh! must I die?-----

CHORUS of COUNTRYMEN.

-----Oh! must poor *Tim* be shot!

PEASCOD.

But let me kiss thee first-----

[Embracing *Filbert*;

SCENE III.

PEASCOD, CORPORAL, SOLDIERS, COUNTRYMEN, SERGEANT, FILBERT, DORCAS.

DORCAS.

-----Ah, brother *Tim*,

Why these close hugs? I owe my shame to him.

He scorns me now, he leaves me in the lurch;

In a white sheet poor I must stand at church.

O marry me---[To *Filbert*.] Thy sister is with child,

[To *Tim*!

And he, 'twas he my tender heart beguil'd.

PEASCOD.

Could'st thou do this? could'st thou-----

[In anger to *Filbert*;

SERGEANT.

-----Draw out the men:

Quick to the stake; you must be dead by ten;

DORCAS.

Be dead! must *Tim* be dead!-----

PEASCOD.

-----He must---he must.

DORCAS!

DORCAS;

Ah! I shall sink downright; my heart will burst.
 —Hold, Sergeant, hold—yet e'er you sing the Psalms,
 Ah! let me ease my conscience of its qualms.
 O brother, brother! *Filbert* still is true,
 I foully wrong'd him—do, forgive me, do. [To *Filb.*
 The Squire betray'd me; nay,—and what is worse,
 Brib'd me with two gold guineas in this purse,
 To swear the child to *Filbert*.——

PEASCOD.

——— What a Jew
 My sister is!—Do, *Tom*, forgive her, do. [To *Filb.*

FILBERT. [kisses *Dorcas*.

But see thy base-born child; thy babe of shame,
 Who left by thee, upon our parish came;
 Comes for thy blessing——

S C E N E IV.

PEASCOD, CORPORAL, SOLDIERS, COUNTRYMEN, SERGEANT, FILBERT, DORCAS, JOYCE.

PEASCOD.

——— Oh! my sins of youth!
 Why on the haycock didst thou tempt me, *Ruth*?
 O save me, Sergeant;—how shall I comply?
 I love my daughter so—I cannot die.

JOYCE.

Must father die! and I be left forlorn?
 A lack a day! that ever *Joyce* was born!
 No grandfire in his arms e'er dandled me,
 And no fond mother danc'd me on her knee.
 They said, if ever father got his pay,
 I should have two-pence ev'ry market day.

PEASCOD.

P E A S C O D.

Poor child; hang sorrow, and cast care behind thee,
The parish by this badge is bound to find thee.

[Pointing to the badge on her arm.]

J O Y C E.

The parish finds indeed—but our church-wardens
Feast on the silver, and give us the farthings.
Then my school-mistress, like a vixen *Turk*,
Maintains her lazy husband by our work:
Many long tedious days I've worsted spun;
She grudg'd me victuals when my task was done.
Heav'n send me a good service! for I now
Am big enough to wash, or milk a cow.

P E A S C O D.

O that I had by charity been bred!
It then had been much better—taught than fed:
Instead of keeping nets against the law,
I might have learnt accounts, and sung *Sol-fa*.
Farewel, my child; spin on, and mind thy book;
And send thee store of grace therein to look.
Take warning by thy shameless Aunt; lest thou
Should'st o'er thy bastard weep—as I do now.
Mark my last words—an honest living get,
Beware of Papishes, and learn to knit.
[Dorcas leads out. Joyce sobbing and crying.]

S C E N E V.

P E A S C O D, CORPORAL, SOLDIERS, COUNTRYMEN, SERGEANT, FILBERT.

F I L B E R T.

Let's drink before we part—for sorrow's dry.

To *Tim's* safe passage—

[Takes out a brandy-bottle, and drinks.]

I C O U N.

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1 COUNTRYMAN.

————— I'll drink too.

2 COUNTRYMAN.

————— And I.

P E A S C O D.

Stay, let me pledge—— 'tis my last earthly liquor.

[Drinks.

—— When I am dead you'll bind my grave with wicker.

[They lead him to the stake.

1 COUNTRYMAN.

He was a special ploughman——

[Sighing.

2 COUNTRYMAN.

————— Harrow'd well!

3 COUNTRYMAN.

And at our maypole ever bore the bell!

P E A S C O D.

Say, is it fitting in this very field,

Where I so oft have reap'd, so oft have till'd;

This field, where from my youth I've been a carter,

I, in this field, should die for a deserter!

F I L B E R T.

'Tis hard, 'tis wondrous hard!——

S E R G E A N T.

————— Zooks, here's a pother.

Strip him; I'd stay no longer for my brother.

P E A S C O D.

[Distributing his things among his friends.

Take you my 'bacco-box—— my neckcloth, you.

To our kind Vicar send this bottle-skrew.

But wear these breeches, *Tom*; they're quite bran-new.

F I L B E R T.

Farewel——

1 COUNTRYMAN.

————— B'ye, *Tim*.——

2 COUNTRYMAN.

————— B'ye, *Tim*.

3 COUN

3 COUNTRYMAN.

Adieu.

4 COUNTRYMAN.

Adieu.

[They all take their leave of Peascod by shaking hands with him.]

SCENE VI.

PEASCOD, CORPORAL, SOLDIERS, COUNTRYMEN, SERGEANT, FILBERT, to them & SOLDIER in great haste.

SOLDIER.

Hold—why so furious, Sergeant? by your leave, Untye the pris'ner—see, here's a reprieve.

[Shows a paper.]

CHORUS of COUNTRYMEN. [Huzzaing.]
A reprieve, a reprieve, a reprieve!

[Peascod is unty'd, and embraces his friends.]

SCENE VII.

PEASCOD, CORPORAL, SOLDIERS, COUNTRYMEN, SERGEANT, FILBERT, CONSTABLE.

CONSTABLE.

Friends, reprehend him, reprehend him there!

SERGEANT.

For what?—

CONSTABLE.

For stealing gaffer Gap's grey mare:

[They seize the Sergeant.]

PEAS-

P E A S C O D.

Why, heark ye, heark ye, friend; you'll go to pot.
Would you be rather hang'd—hah!—hang'd or shot?

S E R G E A N T.

Nay, hold, hold, hold——

P E A S C O D.

——Not if you were my brother.

Why, friend, should you not hang as well's another?

C O N S T A B L E.

Thus said Sir *John*——the law must take its course;

'Tis law that he may 'scape who steals a horse.

But (said Sir *John*) the statutes all declare,

The man shall sure be hang'd——that steals a mare.

P E A S C O D. [to the Sergeant.

Ay——right——he shall be hang'd that steals a mare.

He shall be hang'd——that's certain; and good cause.

A rare good sentence this——how is't?——the laws

No——not the laws——the statutes all declare,

The man that steals a mare shall sure——be——hang'd,

No, no——he shall be hang'd that steals a mare.

[*Exit Sergeant guarded, Countrymen, &c. buzzing after him.*

S C E N E VIII.

KITTY, with her hair loose, GRANDMOTHER,
AUNT, HAYMAKERS, CHORUS of SIGHS
and GROANS.

KITTY.

Dear happy fields, farewell; ye flocks, and you.

Sweet meadows, glitt'ring with the pearly dew:

And thou, my rake, companion of my cares,

Giv'n by my mother in my younger years:

With thee the toils of full eight springs I've known,

'Tis to thy help I owe this hat and gown;

On

On thee I lean'd, forgetful of my work,
 While Tom gaz'd on me, propt upon his fork:
 Farewel, farewel; for all thy task is o'er,
 Kitty shall want thy service now no more.

[Flings away the rake.]

CHORUS of SIGHS and GROANS.

Ah—O!—Sure never was the like before!

K I T T Y.

Happy the maid, whose sweetheart never hears
 The soldier's drum, nor writ of Justice tears.
 Our bans thrice bid! and for our wedding day
 My kerchief bought! then press'd, then forc'd away!

CHORUS of SIGHS and GROANS.

Ah! O! poor soul! alack! and well a day!

K I T T Y.

You, *Bess*, still reap with *Harry* by your side;
 You, *Jenny*, shall next *Sunday* be a bride:
 But I forlorn!—This ballad shews my care;

[Gives Susan a ballad.]

Take this sad ballad, which I bought at fair:
Susan can sing—do you the burthen bear.

A B A L L A D.

I.

T WAS when the seas were roaring
 With hollow blasts of wind;
 A damsel lay deploring,
 All on a rock reclin'd.
 Wide o'er the rolling billows
 She cast a wistful look;
 Her head was crown'd with willows
 That tremble o'er the brook.

II.

Twelve months are gone and over,
 And nine long tedious days.
 Why didst thou, vent'rous lover,
 Why didst thou trust the seas?
 Cease, cease, thou cruel ocean,
 And let my lover rest:
 Ah! what's the troubled motion
 To that within my breast?

III.

The merchant, rob'd of pleasure,
 Sees tempests in despair;
 But what's the loss of treasure
 To losing of my dear?
 Should you some coast be laid on
 Where gold and diamonds grow,
 You'd find a richer maiden,
 But none that loves you so.

IV.

How can they say that nature
 Has nothing made in vain;
 Why then beneath the water
 Should hideous rocks remain?
 No eyes the rocks discover,
 That lurk beneath the deep,
 To wreck the wand'ring lover,
 And leave the maid to weep.

V.

All melancholy lying,
 Thus wait'd she for her dear;
 Repay'd each blast with sighing,
 Each billow with a tear;
 When, o'er the white wave stooping,
 His floating corpse she spy'd;
 Then like a lilly drooping,
 She bow'd her head, and dy'd.

K I T T Y.

Why in this world should wretched *Kitty* stay?
What if these hands should make my self away?
I could not sure do otherways than well.

A maid so true's too innocent for hell.

But hearkye, *Cis*—*[Whispers and gives her a penknife,*

A U N T.

————— I'll do't—'tis but to try
If the poor soul can have the heart to die.

[Aside to the Haymakers,

Thus then I strike— but turn thy head aside.

K I T T Y.

'Tis shameless sure to fall as pigs have dy'd.

No—take this cord— *[Gives her a cord,*

A U N T.

————— With this thou shalt be sped.

[Putting the noose round her neck,

K I T T Y.

But curs are hang'd.—

A U N T.

————— Christians should die in bed.

K I T T Y.

Then lead me thither; there I'll moan and weep;
And close these weary eyes in death.

A U N T.

————— or sleep.

[Aside,

K I T T Y.

When I am cold, and stretch'd upon my bier,
My restless sprite shall walk at midnight here;
Here shall I walk— for 'twas beneath yon tree
Filbert first said he lov'd— lov'd only me.

[Kitty faints,

G R A N D M O T H E R.

She swoons, poor soul—help, *Dolly*.

A U N T.

AUNT.

 She's in fits.

 Bring water, water, water. [Screaming.]

GRANDMOTHER.

 Fetch her wits.

[They throw water upon her.]

KITTY.

Hah!—I am turn'd a stream—look all below;

It flows, and flows, and will for ever flow.

The meads are all afloat—the haycocks swim.

 Hah! who comes here!—my *Filbert*! drown not him.

Bagpipes in butter, flocks in fleecy fountains,

 Churns, sheep-hooks, seas of milk, and honey moun-
tains.

SCENE IX.

 KITTY, GRANDMOTHER, AUNT, HAYMAKERS,
FILBERT.

KITTY.

It is his ghost—or is it he indeed?

Wert thou not sent to war? hah, dost thou bleed?

 No—'tis my *Filbert*.

 FILBERT. [embracing her.]

 Yes, 'tis he, 'tis he,

Dorcas confess'd; the Justice set me free.

I'm thine again.

KITTY.

 I thine.

FILBERT.

 Our fears are fled.

Come, let's to Church, to Church.

KITTY.

 To wed.

FILBERT.

FILBERT.

—————To bed.

CHORUS of HAYMAKERS.

A wedding, a bedding; a wedding, a bedding.

[*Exeunt all the Actors.*]

Sir ROGER.

Ay, now for the wedding. Where's he that plays the Parson. Now, neighbours, you shall see what was never shewn upon the *London* stage.—Why, heigh day! what's our Play at a stand?

Enter a Countryman.

COUNTRYMAN.

So, please your worship, I should have play'd the Parson, but our Curate would not lend his gown, for he says it is a profanation.

Sir ROGER.

What a scrupulous whim is this? an innocent thing! believe me, an innocent thing.

[*The Justices assent by nods and signs.*]

Enter Stave the parish-Clark.

STAVE.

Master Doctor saith he hath two and twenty good reasons against it from the Fathers, and he is come himself to utter them unto your Worship.

Sir ROGER.

What, shall our Play be spoil'd? I'll have none of his reasons—call in Mr. *Inference.*

Stave goes out, and re-enters.

STAVE.

Sir, he saith he never greatly affected stage Plays.

[*WITHIN.*]

Stave, Stave, Stave.

Sir ROGER.

Tell him that I say—

[*WITHIN.*]

Stave, Stave.

Sir R O G E R.

What, shall the Curate controul me? have not I the presentation? tell him that I will not have my Play spoil'd; nay, that he shall marry the couple himself,—I say, he shall.

Stave goes out, and re-enters.

S T A V E.

The steward hath perswaded him to join their hands in the parlour within—but he saith he will not, and cannot in conscience consent to expose his character before neighbouring gentlemen; neither will he enter into your worship's hall; for he calleth it a stage *pro tempore*.

Sir H U M P H R Y.

Very likely: The good man may have reason.

Justice S T A T U T E.

In troth, we must in some sort comply with the scrupulous tender conscienc'd doctor.

Sir R O G E R.

Why, what's a Play without a marriage? and what is a marriage, if one sees nothing of it? Let him have his humour—but set the doors wide open, that we may see how all goes on. *[Exit Stave.*

[Sir Roger at the door pointing.

So natural! d'ye see now, neighbours? the ring i-faith, To have and to hold! right again—well play'd, doctor; well play'd, Son *Thomas*. Come, come, I'm satisfy'd—now for the fiddles and dances.

Enter Steward, Squire Thomas, Kitty, Stave, &c.

S T E W A R D.

Sir Roger, you are very merry.

So comes a reck'ning when the banquet's o'er,

The dreadful rec'ning, and men smile no more.

I wish you joy of your Play, and of your daughter. I had no way but this to repair the injury your son had done my child—the shall study to deserve your favour.

[Presenting Kitty to Sir Roger.
Sir

Sir R O G E R.

Married! how married! can the marriage of *Filbert* and *Carrot* have any thing to do with my son?

S T E W A R D.

But the marriage of *Thomas* and *Katherine* may, *Sir Roger*.

Sir R O G E R.

What a plague, am I trick'd then? I must have a stage Play, with a pox!

Sir H U M P H R Y.

If this speech be in the play, remember the tankard, *Sir Roger*.

Squire T H O M A S.

Zooks, these stage plays are plaguy dangerous things —but I am no such fool neither, but I know this was all your contrivance.

Justice S T A T U T E.

Ay, *Sir Roger*, you told us it was you that gave him the hint.

Sir R O G E R.

Why blockhead! puppy! had you no more wit than to say the ceremony? he should only have married you in rhyme, fool.

Squire T H O M A S.

Why, what did I know, ha? but so it is—and since murder will out, as the saying is; look ye, father, I was under some sort of a promise too, d'ye see—so much for that—If I be a husband, I be a husband, there's an end on't.—sure I must have been married some time or other.

[Sir Roger walks up and down fretting, and goes out in a passion.]

Sir H U M P H R Y.

In troth, it was in some sort my opinion before; it is good in law.

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Justice **S T A T U T E.**

Good in law, good in law—but hold, we must not
lose the Dance.

A D A N C E.

E P I L O G U E.

S T A V E.

*Our stage Play has a moral—and no doubt
You all have sense enough to find it out.*



E P I S T L E S

EPISTLES

ON

Several Occasions.
