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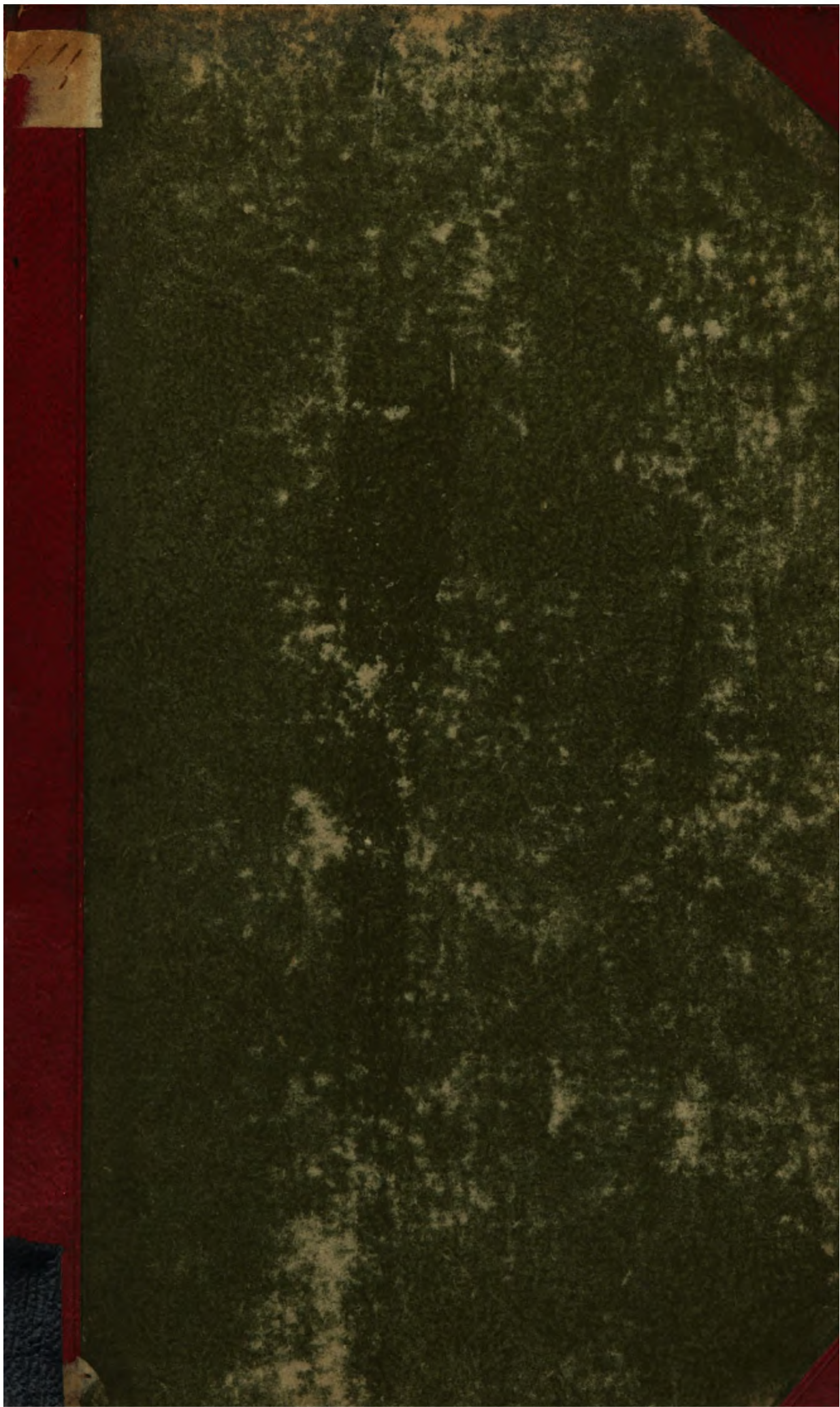
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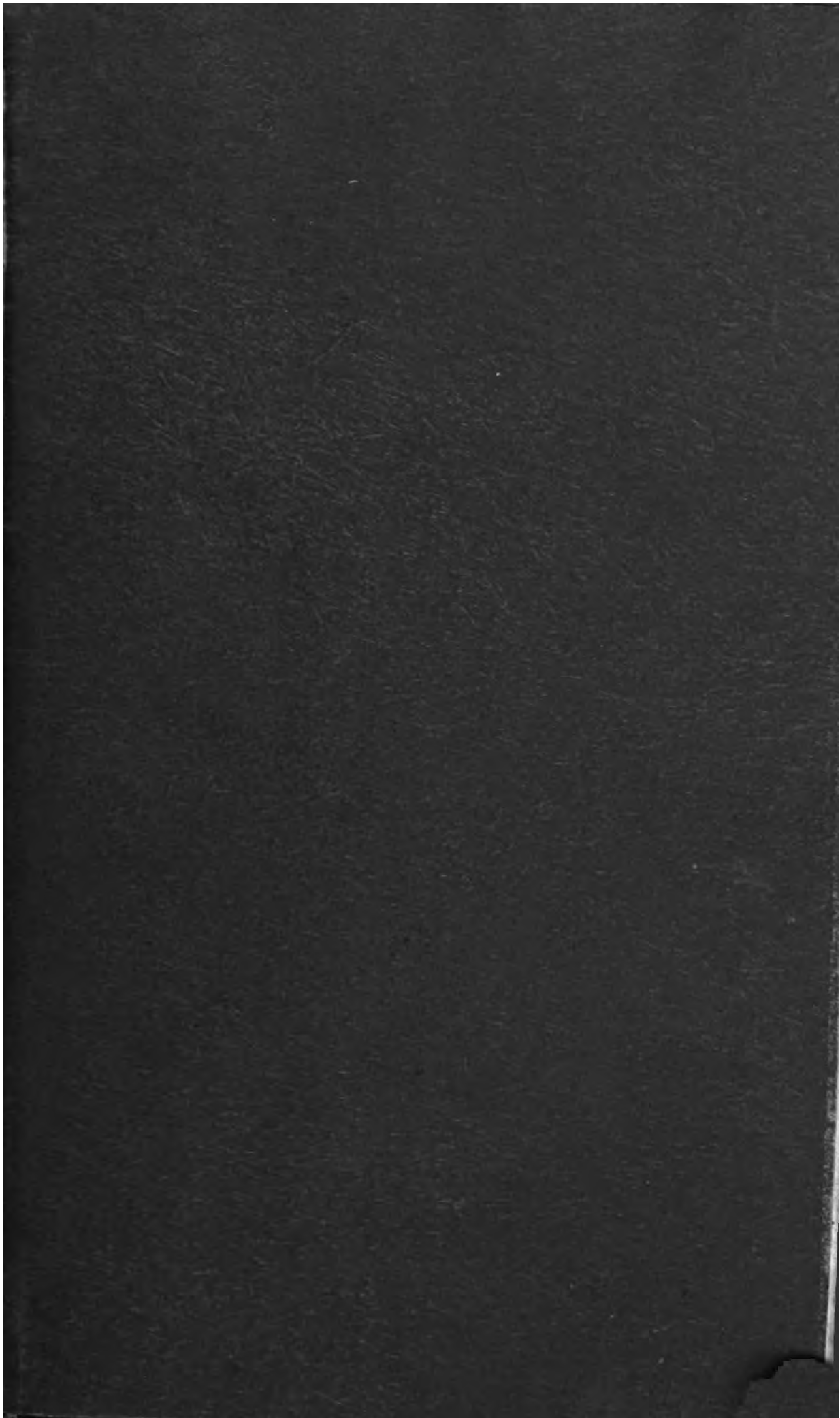
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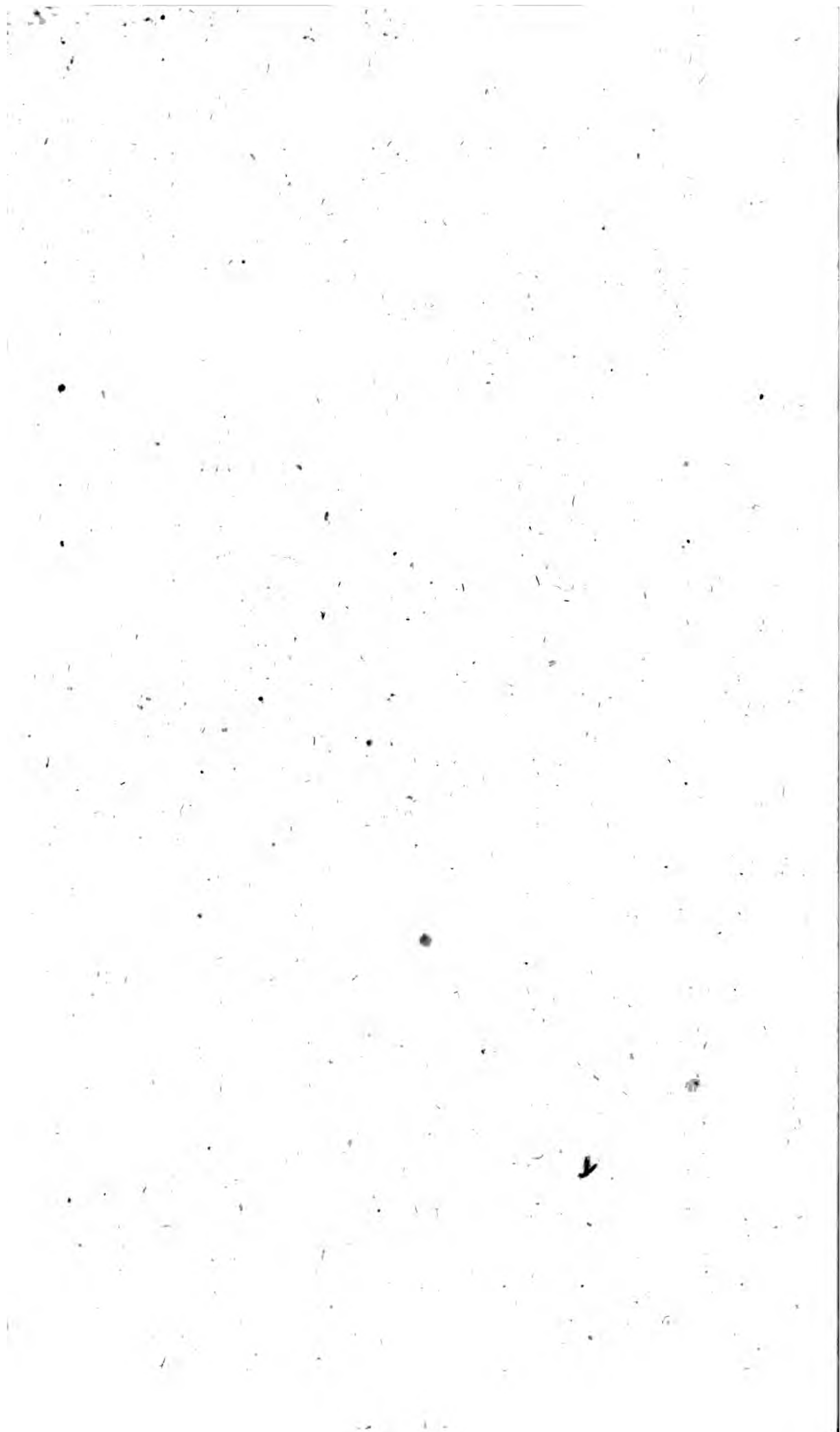
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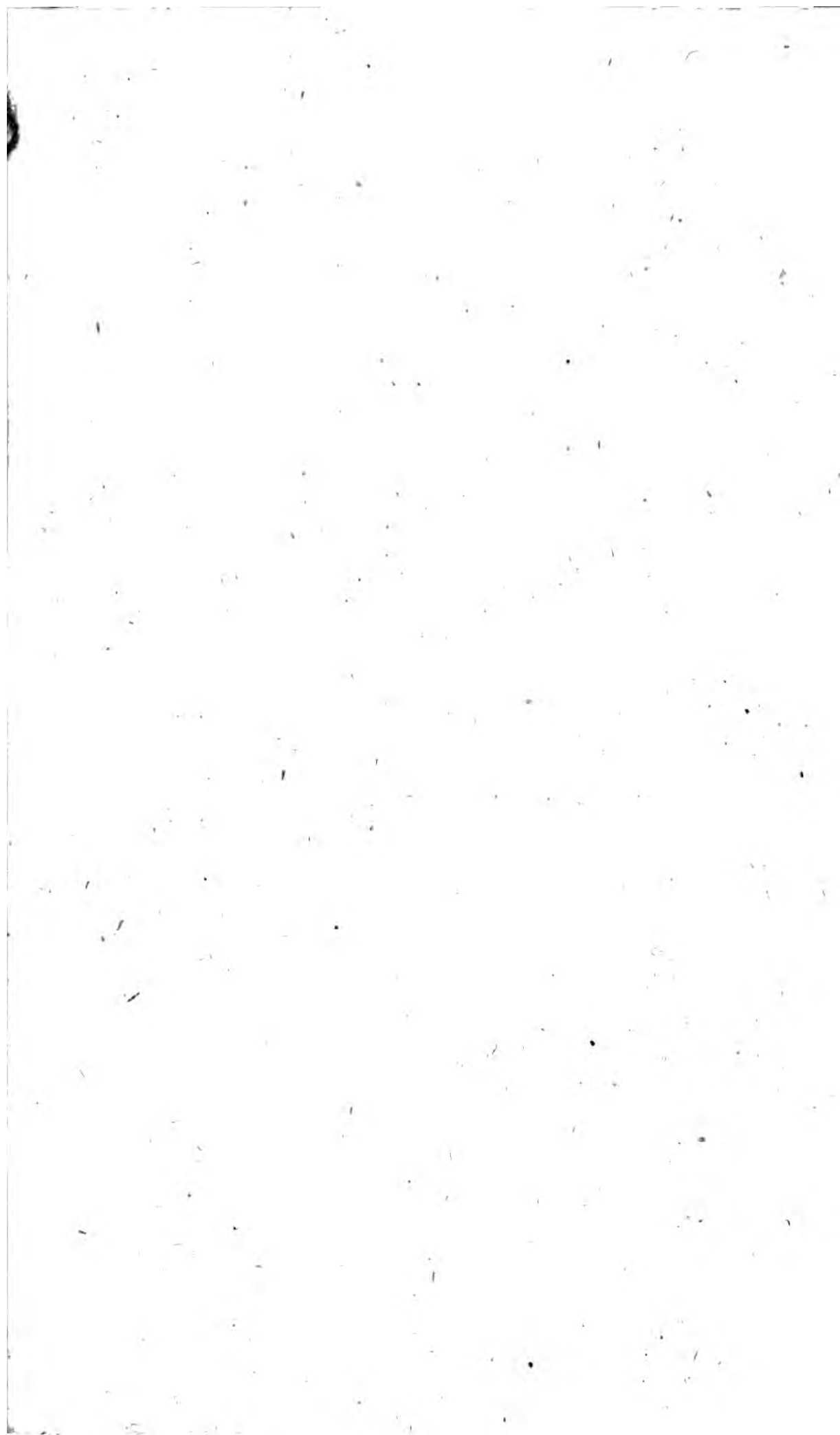


James E. Dr

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Ne Sutor ultra
Crepidam

THE
COBLER
OF
PRESTON.

As it is ACTED at the
THEATRE-ROYAL
IN
DRURY-LANE.

By His MAJESTY'S Servants.

Written by Mr. JOHNSON.

The SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed by W. WILKINS, at the *Dolphin* in
Little-Britain; and Sold by W. HINCH-
CLIFFE, at *Dryden's-Head* under the *Royal*
Exchange. 1716.

(Price One Shilling.)

(2)

COBBLER

PRESTON

As it is ACTED at the

THEATRE ROYAL



D. R. U. R. O. Y. A. L.

By His Majesty's


Written by Mr. JOHNSON

The Second Edition

L O N D O N

Printed by W. W. ... at the Dolphin in
Little Britain; and sold by W. H. ...
at Dagen's Head under the Royal
Exchange. 1716.

(Price One Shilling)



PROLOGUE,

Perform'd by Mr. WILKS.

NAMES that could never rise to Epic Verse,
May furnish out a Ballad, or a Farce.

Our Author has a Comick Rebel stole
To make you Mirth; a drinking, noisy Fool:
His Heimskirk Mule in Life's low Business plays,
And hopes in Laughter to receive your Praise.
If he wants Plot, consider, Sirs, he draws
These Scenes, from the worst Plot that ever was;
He paints not in big Verse those Hills of Snow,
Where Traitors breathe, and North-Winds ever blow,
We might be brought to pity Carles that live,
Where neither Tree, nor Beast, nor Man can thrive;
If pinch'd with Frost, and Famine, they aspire,
To taste a Lowland Meal, or smell a Seacoal Fire:
But 'tis amazing, that an English Cudden
Should quarrel with his honest Beef and Pudden;
And yet 'tis so;— And we contend with Knaves,
That only wish to Conquer,——to be Slaves.

PROLOGUE.

*To Night a plotting Cobler will appear,
He plots indeed, but still he plots in Beer;
The Man's a quiet Protestant when sober,
'Tis a most Popish Liquor that October;
Who knows how high his Courage had aspir'd,
If with French Claret, and French Pistols fired:
---But---may this Plot, and every Plot hereafter,
Produce but little Bloodshed, and much Laughter.*

[He goes off, and returns with a Paper in
his Hand.]

An Express just arriv'd from North-Britain, a propos.

*Reads.] From Perth, we hear, the Warriours all
[are Rubbing;
They wisely stay not for a second Drubbing;
That the Pale Hero with his Lady-Crown
Took Courage, and forsook his Bed of Down:*

[To the Galleries.]

*---Fair Ones, the Stripling has no Favour done you,
Poor joyless Youth, he turn'd his Back upon you,
And the keen Night-Air from the Mountains scorning,
North-Eastward gallop'd bold---at One i'th' Morning.*

Persons

AMALGAMATED

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Persons of the DRAMA.

Sir *Charles Briton*, a Country Gentleman, } Mr. *Rian*.
Capt. *Jolly*, his Friend, Mr. *Walker*.
Servants to Sir *Charles Briton*, dress'd in
Spanish Habits, by the Names of
Lorenzo. } { *Bartolino*.
Diego. } { *Pedro*.
Huntsman
Constable, Mr. *Leigh*.
Butler to Sir *Charles*, Mr. *Birkhead*.
Kit Sly, a drunken Cobler. Mr. *Pinkethman*.
Betty, Chamber-Maid to } Mrs. *Willis* the
Sir *Charles*, dress'd for a } Younger.
Spanish Princess,
Cicely Gundy, a Country- } Mrs. *Baker*.
Ale Wife,
Joan, *Kit Sly's* Wife. Mrs. *Willis*.

SCENE, Sir *Charles's* House, and the
Road before it, with the Cobler's Hovel,
and the Constable's House.

Time of Action, from Nine in the Morning
till Ten at Night.

T H E



THE
COBLER of *Preston.*



A C T the First.

S C E N E *The Road.*

(*Eight in the Morning.*)



The Cobler, Cicely Gundy, and Alice.



UZZA, Huzza, a *Mackintosh*,
a *Mackentosh*; there is some-
thing now so couragious, as it
were, in the very Sound of his
Name—— You are sure he
wears Whiskers as soon as you hear him men-
tion'd——I must be a Rebel, and I will be a
Rebel——I never saw a finer Army of Sports-
ment in my Life——Hawks, Halloo my
brave Boys——O'd, here is my Guard,
and thus will I stand, do you see, firm to the
B Cause,

2 *The* COBLER of Preston.

Cause, to the last Drop of Eale in Squire *Carbuncle's* Cellar.

Cic. Out you Knave! a pair of Stocks, Sirrah! a Whipping-Post, you Rogue! a Whipping-Post!

Cob. You are a Baggage: Look'ee, say what you will of me, but don't disparage my Family.— The *Sly's* came in with *Richard the Conqueror*; and so let the World slide, *Sessa.* *(Fencing with his Stick.*

Cic. Sirrah, Sirrah! will you pay for the Mugs you have broke?

Cob. No, not a single Farthing. I will live upon Free-Quarter, *Cicely*, I am free of all the Eale and Beef in *England*, you Housewife—I will have no Reckonings paid at all—'Tis downright Abomination, Heresy—Your sober Small-Beer Whey-beards, shall pay all the Scot.— And I will Tax them at my Will and Pleasure, Huzza— He that cannot Leap a Five Bar Gate, knows nothing of Generalship—

Alice. Varial, Father! what a Pickle is he in!

Cic. Well, *Kit*, I know my Remedy, *Kit*; I'll e'en fetch the Constable—

Cob. Give me some more Drink, you old dry Puttock—Why, let the Constable come—I'll answer him by Law, I'll not Budge an Inch; let him come—What, are you for that Sport? Have at you—*(Tumbles down.)* Well! you have conquer'd me—I surrender—Here, *Cicely*, *Alice!* a double Jugg; score it. *(falls asleep.*

Enter

The COBLER of Preston.

β

Enter Sir Charles Briton, Squire Jolly, Huntsmen, Servants, &c. as from Hunting.

Sir Char. I was never more disappointed in my Life ; the Morning promised us good Sport.

Jolly. How thick the Mists fell, and puzzled the Scent !

Sir Char. And yet, for all that, *Bellman* made it good at yon Hedge Corner in the coldest Fault.

Jolly. I think *Ringwood* is as good a Dog as he, *Sir Charles* ; for twice to Day, I observ'd him to pick out the faintest Scent — What's here ! one Dead or Drunk ! Look — Does the Fellow breathe ? —

Hunts. Yes, Sir, he breaths — If he were not well warm'd within, this would be but a cold Bed this hazy Weather — Hah ! why, Sir, this is our drunken Neighbour *Kit* —

Sir Char. This Rascal is the greatest Politician, and the great Sot in our Parish, *Mr. Jolly* — His Head is perpetually confounded with the Fumes of Ale and Faction —

Jolly. His Habit shews him a Cobler.

Sir Char. Even so ; but he has laid aside cobling of Shoes, to mend our Constitution —

Jolly. Our Constitution has been too much handled by such Fellows as these, who have of late Years been the Journeymen to a Sett of merry Statesmen, that turned all Government into a Jest —

4 *The* COBLER *of* Preston.

Sir Char. This Fellow has fancy'd himself of some Consequence a great while, and has been extremely troublesome and factious; there has been hardly any Iniquity committed in this Country, but this drunken Knave has had a Finger in it—What if we should take this Opportunity to punish him a little, and practise upon him for our Diversion?

Jolly. As how?

Sir Char. Suppose we should convey him thus drunk and senseless, as he is, to my House, and lodge him in the best Apartment; strip him of his Rags, change his Linnen, put him into a Down-Bed, and order him to be attended in every Respect as a Man of Quality: Will it not strangely amaze him when he awakes, to find his Condition so wonderfully alter'd?

Jolly. It must surprize him, and make his Behaviour entertaining.

Sir Char. We'll put the Project in execution this instant. *John and William,* do you take up that Corpse and bear it into the best Chamber—and do as I have said—I'll follow, and give you farther Directions. (*Ex.*)

SCENE *The Hall in Sir Charles's House.*

Peter and Richard, two Servants.

Peter. To be sure the Butler is dead drunk, and fast asleep in the Pantry; how shall we
get

The COBLER of Preston. 5

get Things in Order against my Master comes home? For it has struck Ten.

(Richard to John and Will, entering with the
Cobler.) Hey Day! — What have we here,
John?

John. A sleeping Tun of strong Beer, Peter,
that's all —

Peter. Whether do you carry him?

John. Open the great Chamber, let the best
Bed be sheeted; for here is your Lord and
Master, Man, for this Day.

Peter. My Lord and Master! what is the
Fellow wild, tro'?

Enter Sir Charles and Mr. Jolly.

Sir. Char. Aye, it shall be so; who waits
there? Bid the Butler bring a Bottle of Wine.

Peter. Sir, he is a little indispos'd.

Sir Char. Eternal Sot — Always drunk — Is
it not so?

Peter. A little disguis'd, Sir.

Sir Char. Where is he?

Peter. Asleep in the Pantry.

Sir Char. Asleep, say you? Let me see; I
have a Thought, Mr. Jolly, now strikes me:
What if we should dress this drunken Butler
in the Cobler's Cloaths, and lay him in the
very Place where we found the Cobler?

Jolly. It may improve our Mirth, and thicken
our Plot with variety of Circumstances.

Enter William and John.

Sir Char. Have you bestowed the Cobler,
as I directed?

Will.

6 *The COBLER of Preston.*

Will. He is fast asleep in the best Bed.

Sir Char. Harky^r, strip the Butler this Moment of his Livery, and dress him in the Coblery's Habit: When you have done this, carry him and lay him down gently in the very Place where we found *Kit Sly* ——— And, do you here, bid all your Fellow Servants come hither instantly. (*Exeunt John and Will.*)

Folly. What a flattering Dream will this poor Fellow think has laid hold of him, when he wakes!

Enter several Servants.

Sir Char. Where are those *Spanish* masking Suits I bespoke for last *Christmas*?

Serv. In the Wardrobe, Sir.

Sir Char. Each of you instantly put on one of those *Spanish* Habits—and so disguise your Features, that you may not be readily discover'd.

Serv. Hey day! what Gambols are we to play now? (*Aside.*)

Sir Char. That done, place your selves all round the Coblery's Bed; perfume the Apartment where he lies; attend him as his Servants; wait upon him; obey all his Commands, and call him your Lord—. Let him have Musick, when he wakes; and bid *Betty*, the Chambermaid, take the *Spanish* Princess's Dress, and personate his Lady; and let her call him her Lord and Husband ———

1st Serv. This will be pure Sport, Efackins!

2^d Serv.

The COBLER of Preston. 7

2d Serv. Adad, I shall never hold from laughing.

Sir Char. Come, Mr. Jolly, while these things are preparing, we will walk in and refresh ourselves.

SCENE *The Road.*

The Butler in the Cocker's Cloaths dead Drunk.

Cicely, Alice, and Constable.

Cic. Ah! Mr. Constable, he is the most harlotry Knave alive! I warrant he is an infinitive thing, at least fourteen or fifteen Pence on my Score! Then he swaggers so, when he is in his Eale; he beats my Customers, he breaks my Mugs; and, to be sure, is so untowardly about Steate Matters—

Const. Well, well Woman, but what dost thou charge him with?

Cic. It was but the last Fear Day, when he was bound over to the *Nisi Prixi*, about breaking Gaffer Dobbins Head with our Pewter Flaggon, d'y see,—only because he call'd the Pope *the Whore of Babylon*; and you know Gaffer Dobbins cannot abide the Pope.

Const. What have I to do with your Story of the Pope and Gaffer Dobbins? What do you charge him with, I say again?—

Cic. Why, first, I charge him with Burgulary.

Const. For what?

Cic. For

8 *The COBLER of Prestori.*

Cic. For calling his good Worship, Sir *Jeoffry Freeman*, a Presbyterian, Schematick, and a Round Head——

Const. Very well! this is *an Rem*—What have you farther?

Cic. Why then, I charge him with forswearing himself, and with Perjury, and bearing False Witness.

Const. As how?

Cic. Why, for knocking down *Peter Turph*—because honest *Peter* would not drink his abomination Healths: Besides, he is guilty of the Statue of Stabbing.

Const. How Woman! guilty of the Statute of Stabbing, say you?

Cic. Yes, I do say it; for being treacherously disposed towards my Daughter *Kitty* in the Hay-ricke——Will ye nill ye, I protest——Oh, he is a most Honey-suckle Villain—And so I preay ye, Master *Constable*, that he may be comprehended as an aspitious Person.

Const. Well, well, he shall be forth coming. Here *Richard Slough*, take the Prisoner upon your back and carry him to my House——When he awaketh he shall be examin'd. (*Carry off the Butler.*) But you must make Oath of these things, Woman.

Cic. Aye, that I will, take my Bible Oath on't.

Const. Very well, very well: To morrow Morning, Woman, when this Cobler has recover'd his Understanding, that is, his Legs, I will translate him to Sir *Charles Brison's*, where

The COBLER of Preston. 9

he shall be examin'd, *solus cum solo*; and thou shalt be consol'd about the Fractures in thy Juggs, and the fourteen Pence that he is upon thy Score. (*Exeunt Cicely and Alice.*) So, so, it behoveth a Magistrate to be sententious; and if so be, he is capable of seasoning his Wisdom with some smack of Mirth, he acts judiciously indeed. (*Exit Constable.*)

SCENE *An Anti-Room to a Bed-Chamber.*

Sir Charles Briton drefs'd like a Spanish Doctor, and two Servants as Spaniards.

Sir Char. So, so, I see you are drefs'd; are all the rest ready?

Serv. They are all now attending round the Bed. He just now lifted up his Eye-Lids and yawn'd—and then clos'd 'em again for another Nap—Will your Worship please to have the Door set open?

Sir Char. By all means! but be sure you give him no Occasion by over-acting your Parts, or any unseasonable Laughter, to suspect the Deceit.

The Doors open'd, the Cobler discover'd in a rich Bed; Servants on each side the Stage, some preparing Tea, others Chocolate, as against his Levee.

Kit. (*Tawning.*) Heigh Ho! a Pot of Small Eale, Joan, for Heaven's sake, a Pot of Small Eale

C

Eale

10 *The COBLER of Preston.*

Eale—Why dost not come Woman? Hey day! what!—Why certainly I am awake—Hah—What! I am most damnably frightened—I don't like these Fellows—Who are they? I dare not ask; no, not for the Soul of me—

(Lorenzo *Enters.*) Is my Lord awake, Diego?

Diego. Softly Lorenzo, softly—He is asleep still—Heaven grant this sweet Refreshment may do him good.

Loren. His Majesty has sent to know how he rested last Night.

Diego. Better than usual truly, better than usual—He does not stir yet—How greatly the King honours him!

Kit. I am most horribly frightened. The King send to know how I rest—I am most damnably frightened; why, what is to be done here— (Diego goes to the Bed, and Kit sneaks his Head under the Bed-cloaths.

Diego. He sleeps still; this Doctor will do Wonders: Well, if he recovers his Lordship, he will have a Gratuity of a Thousand Pound from the King for the Cure; besides the Honour of bringing back a Person of his Wisdom and Weight to the Service of the Publick—

Kit. Humph—How! I cannot guess what the Devil they drive at.

Diego. 'Tis a thousand pities so fine a Gentleman should be thus disturb'd in his Head—

Kit. A fine Gentleman—

Diego. Ten to one, now, when he awakes, he will ramble and rave as he used to do, about
* the

The COBLER of Preston. II

the Story of the Cobler and his Wife ———

Kit. How! — What! — a Cobler and his Wife; why, they can't mean me sure all this while ———

Loren. Aye, how odly will he talk of his being a poor Cobler, and that his Wife *Joan* is the veryest Vixin in all *Lancashire* —

Diego. 'Tis that Beer, *Lorenzo*, that damn'd *English* Strong Beer, that distracts him so, and fills him with base ignoble Thoughts.

Loren. 'Tis strange! No Advice can prevail with him not to drink it.

Kit. Aye! now 'tis plain they mean me — But what! — Why, sure! Nay, now I am more amazed than ever — Humph — What Company am I got into? — What Business have I in this Bed? — How came I here? —

Diego. Order his Lordship's Band of Musick in the Anti-Chamber, gently to touch their Instruments, and awake him with the sweetest, softest Sounds of Harmony —

Kit. Musick! What the Devil are they about? Here is some cursed Blunder made; I shall be hang'd that is certain, I am got into a Lord's Bed-Chamber, I don't know how; Aye, and into his very Bed too.

Diego. I will venture to peep once more into his Curtains, and see if he stirs yet —

Kit. Ah Lord! — now I am taken in the Fact: What shall I do?

Diego. (*Softly at his Curtains.*) My Lord — My honour'd Lord —

12 *The COBLER of Preston.*

Kit. What does your good Worship say? Here is no body here but I, an it please you—

Loren. Your Lordship's Gown— (*They put on his Gown, and set him at the Feet of the Bed.*)

Diego. Will your Lordship taste some Chocolate or Tea?

Kit. An it shall please you, you mistake me for some other Person to be sure.

Loren. Ah! *Diego, Diego*, he is still in the same unhappy Distraction!

Kit. What's that you say, good Sir? Upon my Word I don't know how I came here, I had no Design indeed.

Diego. What Cloaths will your Lordship please to wear to day?

Kit. Pho, Pox, what do you mean? I am *Christopher Sly of Preston Heath*. Nay, nay, do no' geam a body thus—Why, what?

Diego. Your *English* Brocade will be too hot, and the *Persian* too cool, I think your *Genoa* ash-colour'd Velvet will suit your Honour best to day.

Kit. Prithee now, Prithee indeed, an it shall please you, it is well known I have no more Doublets than Backs, nor no more Stockings than Legs, nor no more Shoes than Feet; nay sometimes more Feet than Shoes, or such Shoes as my Toes peep through the upper Leather.

Diego. Heaven, good Heaven, amend this idle Humour: Oh! that a Man so born — in such Esteem and Credit, of so clear a Judgment, and so sound an Understanding — —
shou'd

The COBLER of Preston. 13

thou'd be possess'd by such an evil Spirit.—

Kit. What wou'd you make me mad! Am not I *Kit Sly*? old *Sly's* Son of *Wiggan*—born a Pedlar, brought up a Card-maker, then turn'd into a Bearherd—and now, as you see, translated into a Cobler— Ask *Cicely Gundy*, the fat Eale-wife of *Preston*, if she know me not; if she say I am not fourteen Pence on her Score for sheer Eale, score me up for the most lying Knave in *Christendom*. What, I am not bestraught! here's!—

Diego. Oh! this it is that makes your Lady mourn.

Loren. Oh! this it is that makes your Servants droop.

Bart. Therefore your noble Kindred shun
(your House,
As driven hence by this strange Lunacy.
Behold your Servants all attend around,
Each in his Office ready at your Nod.

Kit. Very well, very well, then you say I am a Lord, Hah!

Diego. You are a Lord—and you can draw your Lineage down from the Flood—so noble is your Name.

Kit. Oh, Hoh—but am I really, really a Lord?

Loren. Ah, my good Lord, why should you doubt your Worth?

You have a Lady far more beautiful
Than any Woman in this waning Age.

Kit. A Lady—Hah!—what, is she handsome? very handsome?

Sir Ch.

14 *The COBLER of Preston.*

Sir Ch. Until those Tears, which she has shed
(for you,
Like waſting Floods, o'er-ran her lovely Face,
She was the faireſt Creature in all *Spain*.

Kit. *Spain!* Am I a Lord? And have I ſuch
a Lady? Or do I dream? Or have I dream'd
till now? I do not ſleep, I ſee, I hear, I
ſpeak; I ſmell ſweet Savours, and I feel ſoft
Things: Oh Pox, it would be very rude and
impertinent in me to doubt any longer. Well,
bring our Lady hither to our fight—And pri-
thee, Friend, once more, a Pot of the ſmalleſt
Eale.

Loren. Oh how we joy to ſee your Wits re-
(ſtor'd!
Oh that once more you knew but who you
(were!
Theſe fifteen Years you have been in a Dream,
Or when you waked, ſo waked, as if you ſlept.

Kit. Fifteen Years, doſt thou ſay! a goodly
Nap by my Faith. But did I never ſpeak in
all that time?

Loren. Oh yes, but very wild and idle
Words.

Kit. Well! Heaven be praiſed for my good
Recovery!

Loren. Amen, with all my Heart.

Kit. I thank thee; thou ſhalt not loſe by
it; I'll be good to thee.

Enter Betty, as his Lady, with Attendants.

Lady. How fares my noble Lord?

Kit.

The COBLER of Preston. 15

Kit. Marry I fare well— here's Chear enough — but pray where's my Wife?

Lady. Here my good Lord— What is your Lordship's Pleasure?

Kit. Hah ! a goodly Wench ! a *Bona Roba* in troth ; — Now shall I know whether this be a Dream, or no in a Moment. Are you my Wife, forsooth ? Hah ! — why don't you call me Husband ? My Men say, I am a Lord, and I am your good Man.

Lady. My Husband and my Lord, my Lord and Husband. I am your dearest Wife in all Obedience.

Kit. Very well ! I am glad to hear it, in Troth. What must I call her ?

Diego. Madam.

Kit. *Alice* Madam, or *Joan* Madam ?

Diego. Madam, and nothing else ; so Lords call their Ladies.

Kit. Madam Wife, they say that I have slept and dreamt some fifteen Years, or thereabouts.

Lady. Yes, and it seem'd a tedious Age to me, being all that Time abandon'd from your Bed.

Kit. Ha ! — that's much ! Servants, leave me and Madam alone, before I take t'other Nap.— Madam Wife, undress your self, and come to Bed now.

Doct. My honour'd Lord, this wou'd endanger a Relapse ; indeed your Blood must be gently temper'd by degrees, the possession of a Woman now wou'd cause a Tumefacti-

ON,

16 *The COBLER of Preston.*

on, which wou'd occasion an Inflammation, which might increase to a Conflagration, and thereby give Birth to a Schirrification, which must end in a Mortification, which is properly speaking, a Dissolution of Action, in consequence whereof the Springs of Life stand still—the Vulgar call it Death. (*Spoken very fast.*)

Kit. Zounds, Mr. Doctor, I'll venture all that, I am not to be directed by you in this Matter; let my Blood take its course, I warrant you I do well after it.—You're a pragmatical Fellow, I must tell you that, to meddle in this Business; come Madam Wife, if we give ear to this idle Rascal, I may fall into a Trangrum Dream again, and thou may'st lie fallow fifteen Years longer.—What!—

Lady. Thrice Noble Lord, let me intreat of
(you,

To pardon me yet for a Night or two;
Or if not so, until the Sun be set:
For your Physitians all agree in this,
'Tis certain your Distemper will return,
If I consent not to refrain your Bed.
I hope this Reason stands for my Excuse.

Kit. Aye, it stands so—that I may hardly tarry so long. But I shou'd be loath to fall into my Dreams again, I will therefore tarry, for I am devilishly afraid of relapsing into a Cobler,—But hearky', you Whiskers, *Don Diego*,—What Countryman am I, pray?—

Diego. Ah, my good Lord, there's not a *Conde* in all *Arragon* can boast a Family so Ancient, or a more plentiful Inheritance.

Kit.

The GOBLER of Preston. 17

Kit. An *Arrogant Conde*, what's that?

Diego. The King of *Spain* himself, whom we all serve, has not a nobler Subject.

Kit. What! then I am a *Spaniard*, am I? Prithee, my Friend, what Language do we speak now? Hah!

Diego. Truly, my Lord, I think we speak better *Spanish* here than they do at *Madrid*.

Loren. Oh! *Alcantara* has been always famous for the purest *Spanish*.

Kit. Ha, ha, ha, why these *Mustachio*, stiff-neck'd Sons of Whores, are a Pack of the most consumed Lyars—Hearky' Friend, 'tis in vain to argue this matter with you I find; but I do, between you and I now, positively assure you, that I cou'd never speak any other Language than plain *English* in my Life.

Diego. Why, how is it possible, my Lord, for me, who understand nothing but *Spanish*, to answer you, if you spoke nothing but *English*?

Kit. Aye, why that is true, very true.

Diego. Ah, my good Lord, this cursed Distemper yet hangs about you, and clouds your Understanding.

Kit. Well, well, I will ask no further Questions, for they puzzle me consumedly.

Diego. My Lord, some Neighbours hearing of your Recovery, are come to entertain you with a Song, and cheer your Heart with Mirth.

Kit. Hah!——this must be some damn'd Mistake or other at the bottom!——but I

D

dare

18 *The COBLER of Preston.*

dare not ask Questions—well! let 'em come in, *Diego.*

A Dialogue SONG *between a Cobler and his Wife.*

I.

She. **G**Oe, goe; you vile Sot!
Quit your Pipe and your Pot:
Get home to your Stall, and be doing.
You puzzle your Pate
With Whimsies of State,
And play with Edge-Tools to your Ruin.

II.

He. Keep in that shrill Note,
Or I'll ramm down your Throat
This Red-hot black Pipe, I am smoaking.
Thou Plague of my Life!
Thou Gypsie! Thou Wife!
How darest thou thy Lord be provoking?

III.

She. You riot and roar
For Babylon's Whore,
And give up your Bible and Psalter:
I prithee, dear Kit,
Have a little more Wit,
And keep thy Neck out of the Halter.

IV. He.

IV.

He. *Nay pr'ythee, sweet Joan,
Now let me alone
To follow this Princely Vocation.
I mean to be Great,
In spite of my Fate;
And settle my self and the Nation.*

V.

She. *Goe, goe, you vile Sot !*
He. *I matter Thee not ?*
She. *Was ever poor Woman so slighted !*
He. *Thy Fortune is made !*
She. *Goe follow your Trade !*
He. *I tell Thee, I mean to be Knighted.*

VI.

She. *A Whipping-Post Knight !*
He. *Get out of my Sight !*
She. *Thou Traitor, Thou ! mark thy sad Ending.*
He. *I'll new-vamp the State ;
The Church I'll translate :
Old Shoes are no more worth the mending.*

Kit. Ha, ha, this is a very Commonty, Faith. That Fellow now is as like me, I mean in my Dreams — and my Wife too! — Well, well: Come, we have had Singing enough — For GodfAKE, let us have a Cup of Strong Beer — Nay, don't stare: for, by the Lord Harry, I will have it so, or I'll flea you all
D 2 alive,

20 *The COBLER of Preston.*

alive. How now! Aye, and you shall all sit down and drink Bumpers round, as fast as you can pour them down— Come, *Diego*, you are my first Minister; sit on my Right-Hand: So!— What is Madam Wife gone? be it so: for, to say the Truth, she is but a Temptation to me, since I may not use her—

Doct. Might I presume, my Lord, that *English* Beer which you delight in, is too heavy for your Constitution.

Kit. What? How? are you giving your Advice again, Sirrah? Zounds! you smutty muzzled Dung Broker, pretend to tell me Strong Beer is not good for me! Lend me your Spit, Friend; I'll put that Dog to Death, this Moment. What, is he gone? 'tis well; What a Pox, if one did not pluck up a Spirit, I see — Come, *Diego*, all of you sit down— (*A Servant brings in a large Jugg of Strong Beer and a Country Horn.*) Aye, that is somewhat like! set it down, and place the Horn in my Right-Hand; bring Pipes and Tobacco; so!— Come—here's to all true Hearts and sound Bottoms!

Diego. Aye, this is a Loyal Health indeed!

Kit. Ah *Diego!* if we were not in *Spain* now, I cou'd drink such Healths as would set us all together by the Ears in a Moment!— Are you a *Whig* or a *Tory*?

Diego. I don't know what your Lordship means.

Kit. I am glad on't: Come, drink about: I have had the Devil to do in my Dreams about that Matter.

Enter

The COBLER of Preston. 21

Enter Joan.

Joan. Oh the Vather! how they have di-zen'd him! Why *Kit!* *Kit!* why dost let 'em play their Gambols with thee thus, *Kit?*

Kit. Aye, there she is, by the Lord *Harry!* before I have drank two Horns round—

Loren. Who, my good Lord?

Kit. Oons, you stiff-rump'd Pimp, my Wife: don't you see her?

Joan. Goe, you eternal Sot! never well, but when you have a Pot and a Pipe at your Nose! — Goe, goe. — And you may be asham'd, that you may, to keep a Woman's Husband here Ranting and Scanting, when he shou'd be pains-taking with his poor Wife at Home.

(They keep her from him.)

Kit. Looky', Neighbours; I know the Woman well enough: She must be noited; her Constitution requires it; one Ounce of Oil of Stirrop makes her as supple and tractable as a Lamb——This to me! This to me! *(Strutting and roaring)* What, am I not your Sovereign Redidary Lord and Husband? Hah!

Loren. Who is it you talk to, my Lord?

Diego. What troubles your Lordship thus?

Doct. You hold Discourse ev'n with the idle

Air.

Joan. Ah, what an Oaf they make thee,
Kit, Come home you Sot! come home!

†

Kit. Will

22 *The COBLER of Preston.*

Kit. Will you help me, my Neighbours, to a Leather about an Ell long, such a one as your Coblers use; and let it be doubled, Do you hear? Let it be doubled in the Form of a Stirrop. You shall see what sort of Discipline I used to dream I gave to just such a sort of a Woman, when I was in my Trankums, before I waked.

Joan. Let me come at him! Let me come at him! I'll tear his Eyes out, a Rogue! *(She attempts to fly at him, and they force her out; as she is going, Lorenzo speaks to her aside.)*

Loren. What art thou mad, Woman, to disturb his Lordship in this manner, when you hear he is a little disorder'd in his Head? Thy Husband is now dead drunk, in the Possession of the Constable. Go, go to him, and satisfy thy self.

Kit. So! Heaven be praised, she is gone!

Diego. Who is gone, my Lord? Here was no body.

Loren. How his Imagination abuses him!

Kit. Why, what did you not see our *Joan*?

Doct. This evil Spirit still haunts him.

Kit. Why, aye, it is true; this is an evil Spirit that always haunts me, Morning, Noon, and Night; I can tell you that— And so you say my Wife was not here? Hah!

Diego. Ah, my good Lord!—

Kit. Nay, nay, I only ask; 'tis very well—My Mind is very much disorder'd indeed!—I am in mighty whimsical Circumstances, Aye, very whimsical Circumstances.

Diego.

The COBLER of Preston. 23

Diego. My Lord, the Dancers attend, as you order'd 'em.

Kit. I order'd 'em! Nay, nay, it may be so! Let 'em come an they will: but a Pox on 'em! they shall not interrupt our Mirth. Come, my Boys! sit down, we'll drink till our Heads turn round as fast as their Heels—Ah! when all is done, this is the only true Pleasure of Life!

(While the Dance is performing, they drink fast about, and the Cobler is very Drunk.)

Kit. Dub—Rub, Dub a Dub! Rumps and Round-Heads, Rumps and Round-Heads! I'll be a Rebel, down with the Rump, down with the Rump; and yet I do not Rebel, look'ee because I hate the Government—but because there should be no Government at all—Look'ye, I am for Passive Obedience and Non-Resistance; and so I will knock every Body down, and be subject to no Body. I am likewise for Liberty and Property; that is, declare for a Sponge and no Taxes: and in order to bring this about the more expeditiously, I pronounce my self a Doxy Member of that Church which can forgive all my Sins, past, present, and to come. And so *Diego*, good Night. *(Falls asleep.)*

Sir Char. Hah, hah—So his Lordship is finish'd—

Jolly. He has perform'd beyond our Hopes.

Sir Char. Well, now take his Lordship up, and convey him to his own dirty Hovel; lay him in his Bed—his Wife is abroad; she

24 *The* COBLER of Preston.

she is now searching for him at the Constable's House: Let us see how we may yet work upon him, when he returns to his original Shape.

Jolly. The Delusion is now so strong, I believe we may prolong it still.

Diego. Away with him. *(They take him upon their Backs and bear him off.)*

Loren. Come my Lord, to your Stirrop and Hammer once more.

Sir Char. In the mean time let us not forget the Surloin of Beef I order'd to be ready by Three. That will be the chief of your Dinner, Mr. *Jolly*, with a Flask of spritely *Burgundy*, to drink his Majesty's Health, and all the Royal Family,

The End of the First ACT.



ACT



A C T the Second.

SCENE *The Constable's House.*

The Butler in the Cobler's Cloaths, dead drunk



Butler raises his Head.) **D**ick, Dick! lay the Cloath—
whet the Knives: I cannot
come; I am busie, very busie—

Enter Constable, followed by Joan.

Const. What a Howling is here? is the Woman wild tro!—There: there lies your Houshod-stuff: the Furniture of your best Chamber; but 'tis in a most filthy Pickle—Come, up with him; take your Government upon your Shoulders—Dame, march off with your Head upon your Back—You know his Weight.

Joan. Ah, 'tis a filthy Pig! always wallowing in the Wash!—What the Dickens, did the Eale they gave me in the Buttery at the Hall-House, dazzle my Ears and my
E Eyes,

26 *The COBLER of Preston.*

Eyes, so that I took a Lord there for our *Kit*? — and made such an Uproar, Efackins, I am asbeam'd as it were —

Const. Away with your Rubbish, I say; remove your Lumber, Dame. —

Joan. Ah, 'tis our *Kit* fure enough! I'll ring 'en such a Peal, when he is sober, as it were — I pray ye now, Master *Constable*, let him have his Nap out — and I'll borrow Neighbour *Treddle's* Wheel-barrow for 'en in the Morning, and roul e'n Home as well as I con.

Const. Do so, thou Hoop of a Hogthead; for as thou art that Vessel's Rib, 'tis plain, thy whole Business is to keep a Tun of Beer tight only — Do so; and drive him Home in Triumph. Hear ye me, Good Woman! thy Husband is guilty of no Crime, but what Justice may wink at — — for our whole County consists of walking Vessels of *October*; now to accuse one Vessel to another, for no other Crime but being full, would be downright false Heraldry. — I am a Magistrate, and have some Wisdom. Away! — Away!
(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE *A Cobler's Stall on one side of the Stage, and a little poor Bed on the other. Kit in Bed.*

Kit alone.) Hey hoh! — where are my Servants? Here, some of you bring me a whole
whole

The COBLER of Preston. 27

whole But of your *English* Small-Beer —
Here *Diego!* *Lorenzo!* *Bartolino!* — Why,
where are my Varlets? — I'll have the
Dogs Liveries stripp'd over their Ears, and
turn 'em all out to Grass — Tho' I must
own I have a fort of a liking to *Senior Diego*,
he took his Glafs off *super Na-culum* — Hah!
— What! why this is my old Flock Ham-
mock! Aye, and there is my spacious Shop
too, of a Yard long! — and those are my
base Implements! — But where's *Joan*? —
Aye, Mad as sure as a Gun — I am in
my *Trangrums* again — Ho! Pox! I am
always undervaluing my self: this is only
now one of my old Quondaries they tell me
of — Here; where are you? What, will
no Creature come near me? — Now am I
most consumedly puzzled, to know whether
I Dreamt before, or whether I Dream now,
or whether 'tis all a Dream from beginning
to ending? whether I am my Lord what
do y' call him, or *Kit* the Cobler? Some Bo-
dy or No Body! —

Enter Joan.

Hold! here comes one will interpret all
my Dream, with a Vengeance —

Joan. (*Busie sweeping and setting the Room to
right.*) Was there ever such a Sot! — All our
Neighbours cry Shame o'en — Wou'd he
were here — I wou'd rattle him! — Good
lack! — What a Litter this Shop is in! — We

28 *The COBLER of Preston.*

have a mort of Work, and not one Stitch set; there's Neighbour *Clump's* Boots to be liquor'd, there's *Peter Hobson's* Shoe'n to be tapp'd—besides Dame *Goslin's* Patins, and the Curate's Galoshoes that are to be lined with Swan Skin.—Oh Lud! Oh Thieves!——Thieves!—Murther!—Fire!

Kit. How now! what is the Woman Gal-liad, tro'!

Joan. Thieves, Thieves!

Kit. Silence, I say — What has possess'd the Woman? Either take that abominable shrill Pipe of thine a Note lower——or I will——

Joan. Who are you? What are you? How came you here? And what Business have you in this Place?

Kit. Hah!——

Joan. Oh Lud! *Kit!* Why, I left thee just now fast asleep in the Constable's Kirchin; I staid but one Moment at *Goody Tattles*, to tell her to take her Cow out of the Lees—And see if thou hast not slipt home, and got into Bed before me!

Kit. Let us hear that again!——Hah! where didst thou leave thy Husband, good Woman. dost thou say?

Joan. Why, I tell the *Kit*, I left thee at the Constable's, drunk asleep; and I Marl how thou gottest home so soon!

Kit. Haud ye!——Haud ye!——Not so fast, Woman, I will take care thy Husband shall come to no Harm—he is an honest Man; he

The COBLER of Preston. 29

he loves a Cup of Eale, I have heard; but that's a small Fault indeed—Go home——be easy, my Servants shall bring thee thy Husband.

Joan. Thy Servants, *Tom. Dingle!*—Goody'e now! Goody'e, what in this Eale still, *Kit?* Come, Do'n thy Cloaths, and get thee to Work!—What the Dickens!——

Kit. Good lack! good lack!—Why, this is the Hag now that has plagued me in my Dreams thus for fifteen Years together! and so puzzled my Pate, that I have all along mistaken my self for a Cobler, and her for my Wife!

Joan. Out you drunken Sot!—Why, *Kit*, what do you deny your lawful Wife, *Kit?* Adsnigs, I'll make you find your Senses, in good Faith, I will! Why Sirrah, Sirrah!—I'll siegue your Trulls, Efaith!—I'll ferret out your Coneyboroughs! I'll teach you to Drink, and Wench, and come home and be-ly the Wife of your Bosom thus, I will!——
(*Crying.*) Oh! Oh!—was ever poor Woman so us'd by a sawcy Knave, that had not a Shoe to his Foot, 'tis well known, nor a Rag to his Back, till I took him out of a Joal and cloath'd him!

Kit. Look thee *Joan*, that I do not use any Discipline to thee now, if I can guess at thy Husband's Temper, may be a Proof to thee, that I am not thy Husband——
This Place, 'tis true, does appear to me to be

30 *The* COBLER of Preston.

a Cobler's Stall, neither better nor worse; and thou dost appear likewise, both by thy Words and Looks, to be a Cobler's Wife— But *Joan*, I know now most certainly, that all this is but a Dream ---- a base low Imagination, which I am always afflicted with when I sleep.---- But be peaceable, and presently too, or else I know, by some infallible Symptoms, that I shall Dream of strapping thee most confoundedly.

Joan. Oh Lud, Oh Lud! to be sure our *Kit* is distraught; his Brains are quite addled! - - What shall I do with 'em? --- Come *Kit*, I won't be angry: ---- lye down in the Bed, do ye so, and I will get a *Cardous* Posset, and thou shalt sweat a little.

Kit. No, No, I will arise and consider this matter uprightly; Aye, and with much Wisdom.---- But do not thou multiply Words; if thou art my Wife, be Obedient and Silent: Come, give me my Cloaths, Woman.

Joan. Cloaths! Goody'e now! Goody'e! here are no Cloaths! Why *Kit*, what hast thou done with thy Cloaths, *Kit*?

Kit. No Cloaths! -- No Cloaths! --- Nay, I do not remember that I wore any Cloaths when I was your *Spanish* Lord yonder, neither.

Joan. Oh *Gemini* ---- what is this, *Kit*? Oh the Father! what a fine silken Gown is here!

Kit. Aye,

The COBLER of Preston. 31

Kit. Aye, why there's it! now 'tis plain again! (*In a Rage.*) Answer me thou Witch of *Endor* — How came I hither? How did you steal me away? Where are your Imps? Restore me to my Lordship, my House, my Lands, my Servants, and my Cellar of strong Beer —

Enter a Countryman.

Count. Odsnigs, *Kit*, give me my Sho'en done or undone. I'll stay no longer for 'en. Eale and Politicks will be the utter undoing of thy good Man; I foresee that now, *Joan.*

Joan. Ah Gaffer! he has gotten into an Acquaintance, as one may say, with some of your *Spanish* Roysters, that lie yonder at Sir *Charles Britons* — and he is at last got drunk for good and all — Lookee, where he struts in his silken Gown! — He reaves so! you ne'er saw the peer o'en; he says he is a Lord, and denies me to be his lawful Wife! — Pray ye Gaffer, talk to 'en a little, and try to dispose 'en an ye con.

Count. Why hearkee Neighbour, Neighbour *Kit*; why, what the good Year! Why dost thou straddle about, and tofs up thy Snout so, like one of your Actors in a Stage-Play? — Speak to me, Mon, give me thy Hond — What dost thou not know thy old Friend and Neighbour Gaffer *Hobson*?

*
Kit. You

32 *The COBLER of Preston.*

Kit. You are somewhat fawcy, methinks, my familiar Friend.

Coun. Ha, ha, ha—Aye, 'tis all Pride and Idleness! — he wou'd always be meddling with your Cudgel-playings, and your State Affairs, and your Bull-baitings, and Randy-ing all the Country over, and such like — see what 'tis come to! 'Tis true, he always bore a Mind above his Means——

Kit. Thou Devil, in the Shape of a Clown, Avant—What hand have you had in this Journey-work? Did you help that Witch to unlord me; thus to steal me out of my self, and my own *Spanish* Country, and translate me into this rascally Cobler's Form that I now wear?

Coun. Looke, my Lord, I do not come to preat with yee about your Politicks, and your outlandish Affairs. I bore in Head welly a Twelmonth ago, that ye would be mad, or be hang'd—Dono' dunder my Head with your Nonsense—I came in an honest way, as I may say, to pay yee the Thirteen Pence that I owe; and take my Sho'en, if they are soal'd and heel-pieced. And so, my Lord, if you pleasen, as they say'n, to wax one End of Thred, and handle your Awl for a Minute or two, you may be a Lord afterwards, and Welcome.—Ha, ha, ha.

Kit. Hah!—what!—Thirteen Pence dost thou say? Thirteen Pence is, indeed, a considerable Sum! — And seriously now, I do not find that my Lordship has any Mony at all.

The COBLER of Preston. 33

all—I suppose my Steward keeps my Cash
—Aye, but where is he? the Scoundrels
are all vanished—— what shall I do?—I
don't know, I think it may be proper how-
ever to try, whether I have Ingenuity e-
nough to earn a Penny in an Honest Way—
My Mind misgives me now, that I can soal a
pair of Shoes by Instinct, as it were.—Od, I'll
try—*Joan*! take the poor Fellow's Thirteen
Pence, and fetch a double Flaggon of *Goody
Gundy's Stingo*——I think I heard of such
an Ealewife among you, when I was in
England.

Joan. Heaven be thankful, his Brains be-
gin to earn towards his Business again!—I'll
fetch his Eale; we must not cross 'em in these
Humours. (*Exit Joan.*)

(*Kit sits down to Work and Sings, after
which he speaks*)

Kit. Honest *Kit*, or my Lord, or my Lord
or *Kit*, for which of you I speak to, I can-
not tell at present, give me a patient Hear-
ing: The Question then, between me and
my self, is, Whether I am a dreaming Lord
and a waking Cobler, or a dreaming Cobler
and a waking Lord?—Yesterday my Servants
were all *Spanish* Gentlemen; my Wife was
a Lady; my Bed all silken; my House as
big as a Church; my Meat so good, that I
could not tell what it was; and my Booze
as right as ever was tipp'd: All these Things,
I say, did then appear to these Eyes of
mine, (if these Eyes of mine are mine, and

F

were

34 *The COBLER of Preston.*

were then open) to belong to me, their natural Lord and Master : And now this Morning, my fine Lady is turned into a scolding Vixen ; my great House into a wretched Hovel ; my spacious Chamber into a Cobler's Stall ; and my Silken Down Bed into musty Flocks and filthy Woollen.—In short, all Things round me appear to be the Rascally Appurtenances of *Kit* the Cobler—I am horribly transmogrified from Day to Day !—Pho ! Pox ! it must be so ; I am but a Cobler after all : at least I'll fix here now ; 'tis better to be Somebody than Nobody ; however—

Enter Joan with a double Flaggon of Ale.

Joan. So *Kit*, how dost thou do ? What, art not out of thy Conundrums yet, Mon ?

(giving him the Flaggon.

Kit. Ah, this is an old Acquaintance indeed ! this proves me broad awake, and clears up all my Scruples at once : Welcome to my Arms once more : It makes me weep for Joy to see my old Friend and Acquaintance ! What Wonders dost thou work ? as *Sir Charles* used to say : Thou makest Men Plot without Brains, Fight without Courage, and Rebel without Reason : Thou turnest Libertines into Zealots, and Fox-hunters into Statesmen : To thee I owe my Briskness, when I Randy my fine Speeches at the Head of the Mobility : To thee, my dearest, I owe
that

The COBLER of Preston. 35

that I was a *Spanish* Lord last Night; and for thee I owe *Nicely Gundy* the Lord knows what!—and so, Neighbour *Hobson*, here's to you.

Coun. See, see, *Joan*, how he pulls! — what, is all out?

Kit. Aye, aye, an it were Ten Fathom deep—Come *Joan*, as I was a Lord of my own making, I unlord my self again, and acknowledge thee for my Lawful Spouse.—Nothing sticks on my Conscience, but this Harlotry Gown here—Od, I believe it was brought by the Fairies.

Enter Squire Jolly's Servants dress'd as before, like Spaniards.

Diego. I was afraid his old Distraction wou'd return.

Ant. This is very Witchcraft!

Loren. Look, if he be not set down to Work like a poor Cöbler!

Diego. Alas, my Lord, how is it with you?

Ant. How came your Lordship here?

Loren. Your faithful Servants have been seeking you this Hour and more.

Ant. My poor Lady refuses all Comfort.

Diego. And has charg'd us on pain of Death to find you out, and bring you back, once more, to your own Palace.

Kit. Hah!—What!—aye! 'tis my Old Friend *Diego*! Aye, and that is *Lorenzo*!—

36 *The COBLER of Preston.*

and there is that hatchet-faced Rogue, who deny'd me the Use of Madam Wife last Night! I remember 'em all very well!

Loren. We have brought your Lordship's Cloaths.

Diego. Will your Honour please to Dress?

Kit. Aye, Aye, Dress me quickly,—quickly!— (*They dress him*) But Harkee, Varlets, Scoundrels! are you sure now, positively sure, that I am your natural Lord and Master? *I am devilishly afraid I am but a Pretender.*

(*Aside.*

Diego. Oh, my good Lord!

Loren. If your Lordship wou'd but confine your self to the Rules of your Physicians—

Diego. These vain Imaginations cou'd never prevail upon you.

Kit. Look thee, honest *Diego*, I hate Physick, I abominate Doctors: Talk not to me of Doctors. — I wou'd not deny my self the Enjoyment of Roast Beef and *October*, to be an Emperor. — What, the Pox! will the Fellow choak me. (*To a Servant putting on his Ruff.*) What is this, Friend! — What is this?

Loren. Only your Lordship's Ruff.

Kit. Rough indeed, I think!— Oons, you must provide me with a Dog and a String too,—or I shall break my Bones, I can tell you; for I cannot see one Inch of my Way.

Joan. Oh Lud! Neighbour *Hobson*! what is the meaning of all this tro'?

Count.

The COBLER of Preston. 37

Coun. Meaning? Oons, the People are aw wild, I think! — This is most certain now, some o' your Conjurations, or your Witchcrafts or Ghosts, as they sayn—Flesh, Ise' e'en ready to sink!—

Kit. Hearn thee, thou Witch of *Endor*? If ever thou layest any Claim to my Person again—I'll have thy Wainscot Hide stripp'd over thy Ears, and tann'd to make Soals for Plowmen — What a stinking Hole is this?

Diego. Will your Lordship use your Mule, or your Chariot, or your Litter?

Kit. I cou'd walk well enough, Friend *Diego*, if I cou'd but see my Way.

Loren. We'll attend your Lordship—

Kit. Good Woman, Fare-you-well, commend me to your Husband; if he wou'd be sober, he is a special Workman, that is certain; I'll be his Customer, he shall mend my Shoes. (*Exeunt omnes, but Joan and Country-*
(man.

Joan. To be sure, Neighbour *Hobson*, the World is turn'd topsy torvey! — One cannot trust to one's own Eyes or Ears —

Coun. I think they have conjur'd thee out of thy Husband, indeed — Odsfish, follow 'em *Joan*; for, be he Lord, or Squire, or Emperor, he is thy Husband, Woman still—

Joan. Aye, so I thought last Night at the Hall-House, but they persuaded me out on't; And to be plain w' ye, Neighbour, to be sure I did see our *Kit* just afterwards, drunk in the Constable's House. He is indeed as like
my

38 *The COBLER of Preston.*

my Husband as if he were spit out of his Mouth ; and yet I am partly persuaded I may be mistaken——Prithee, *Robin*, go w'me to the Constable's ; to be sure I am in a terrible Quandary.—— (Exeunt.)

SCENE *The Hall-House discover'd ; a spacious Room ; the Cobler at a Table ; Strong Beer upon it ; his Servants waiting round him ; and a Doctor at his Right Hand, offering him a Viol.*

Kit. Looky', Doctor, make as many damnable ugly Faces as you please, I'll not taste a drop of your Lixar.

Doct. My Lord, with the most profound Submission, 'tis impossible to recover your Lordship without the Administration of Medicine——

Kit. Why then I will remain as I am——What, the Pox, wou'd the Fellow have?——Hearkee, *Diego*——tap a fresh Hoshead, I command you——this damn'd Fellow denies me the use of Madam Wife——my Roast Beef——and pretends to be my Friend!

Doct. My Lord, 'tis absolutely necessary your Lordship shou'd bleed.

Kit. Hah!——Bleed!——

Doct. It will qualify this unnatural Heat in your Blood, and make it circulate freely.

Kit. You

The COBLER of Preston. 39

Kit. You are a Son of a Whore. (*Throws a Glass of Ale in his Face*) Leave my Presence—I am not able to bear the Sight of you.

Doct. It is not you, my good Lord, who use me thus; but your Distemper, which for that Reason, I am resolv'd to conquer. It will be proper therefore to shave your Head———After which we will make a Couple of Blisters incisional in the Nape of your Neck, which will occasion a plentiful Evacuation, and draw down the Humours from the *Pia Mater* of your Brain; which Dreins must be kept open by two small Ventages, that may not improperly be called Back-Doors in your Body.

Kit. Back Doors!———thou most execrable abominable Spawn of a Clyster Pipe. Why, *Diego! Vincentio! Lorenzo!* what the Plague is to be done now?—What am I to be butcher'd here?—Aye, this is a Plot, a villanous Contrivance, I see it plain—You are all Rebels, arrant Antimarchial, Schematical Hereticks; and have a mind to destroy the Church: Oons what do you mean?

Doct. My Lord, I shall act only according to the celebrated Prescription of that most learned Doctor in the Faculty, Seignior *Palambrino Cento Galfrido Pedro de Mendosa*—who was a *Galenist*.——

Kit. I did not care if Seignior Doctor—*Mendosa Palfrey* and you were both hang'd in a String—Sirrah, I dismiss you my Service; I'll have no more to do with you. *Doct.*

40 *The COBLER of Preston.*

Doct. Ah my poor Lord! —how sorry will he be when he comes to his Senses, for thus misusing his most faithful Servant! — Come, *Diego, Lorenzo*, hold him — This is the most proper time imaginable — the Moon is in the last Quadrant of the Ecliptick. *(They hold him, the Doctor draws his Incision Knife, while Kit struggles and cries out.*

Kit. Dogs, Rogues, Villains, Low-Church Rebels! I'll have you all hanged. —

Enter a Servant running hastily, and in a great Fright — The rest quit the Cobler.

Loren. What's the matter you stare so wildly!

Kit. Aye, what's the matter, Friend?

Serv. Ah, my good Lord! a whole Troop of Dragoons have surrounded the House, they charge you with Treason, and say, they have a Warrant to hang you upon one of the highest Elms before your Palace Gate. —

Kit. High Treason! — Hah! — I have been a little inclin'd to Rebellion, 'tis true, but sure that was when I was a Cobler only. What shall I do, *Diego*? Cou'd not you clap me into an empty Hoghead in the Cellar? — Do, *Diego*, do, and throw a *Cheshire Cheese* and a Peck Loaf or two after me; and I'll retire from this vile World, like a Peace-making Minister, and pass the rest of my Days in Solitude and Sleep —

Diego.

The COBLER of Preston. 41.

Diego. Alas, my Lord! they'll put us all to the Torture, who can keep a Secret when a Sword is at his Throat?

Kit. Good lack! — good lack! This is worse than Senior *Palfrey's* Receipt. Pray, Friend, what is your King's Name? for I have been in such Visions, my Memory is absolutely spoil'd.

Loren. *Alphonso.*

Kit. Oh *Alphonso!* Aye, why if they go to that then, Squire *Blunder* and I took the Oaths together to his Majesty at the Quarter Sessions.

Loren. Then you think taking the Oaths absolves you from every Thing for the future?

Kit. Aye, for when I have sworn I won't be a Rebel, what signifies what I do after, you know?

Loren. Right!

Kit. Why aye; there was Squire *Clumsey*, Squire *Blunder*, *Nick Quicksett* and Sir *Tim Dodypole*, and I — used to Drink, and Roar, and talk Treason, it would do your Heart good! — What, mun one not be Fisky a little bit or so in this Country, Hah!

Loren. Nay, that I know not: But hark, I fear, my Lord, your Servants have capitulated — Aye, 'tis so! I see the Captain is coming in: He will take your Confession to be sure.

G

Enter

42 *The COBLER of Preston.*

*Enter Squire Jolly as a Captain of Dragoons,
and Servants as Dragoons with him.*

Capt. My Lord, I am yours—I have a small Affair to dispatch here — Read this, my Lord, read this—

Kit. I cannot read, an it please your Honour.

Capt. Read it to him, Slaves.
(*Diego reads*)

Captain,
When Pedro Lorenzo, Conde of Alcantara, sees this, you are to Execute him forthwith, unless he shows good Reason to the contrary.

Alphonso:

Capt. If you have a Prayer or two ready made, huddle it over as fast as you can ; for I am in haste.

Kit. In haste, Sir !

Capt. Oons Sir — yes, in haste ! Come, come, be quick, or I'll Halter you, and put you out of your Pain in a Moment.

Kit. Give me leave, Sir, to say, I am not the Person you take me for ; I am but a Cobl-er, Sir.—

Capt. *Frederico*, do your Office. (*Puts the Halter about his Neck.*)

Kit. Ah, dear Sir, my dear Sir, spare me but one Word : Recommend me to my Wife
Joan;

The COBLER of Preston. 43.

Joan; and tell his Majesty, that I ca—not help—ta—aking it ve—ry i—ill at his Hands.

Capt. Very well, my Lord! you expect to die like a Man of Quality—and I'll hold your Lordship a Thousand Pounds now this Fellow, simply as he looks here — takes off your Head—at one Blow!— Draw *Pedro*— I warrant you, he nicks the Joint!— Come, Kneel, kneel —————

Kit. Oh, spare my Life, Captain, and I'll Peach; I'll tell you the whole Plot.

Capt. Well—you look so penitentially, I'll try you; if what you have to say will deserve a Reprieve, you shall have it.— Come, begin; but be very clear and full in your Discovery, without the least Prevarication.

Kit. Yes indeed, I will make a full and true Discovery.

Capt. Come then, begin — Was not you concerned in some or all of the Riots and Rebellions that have been in this Country?

Kit. I do not remember.

Capt. How came you among the Traitors?

Kit. I do not know.

Capt. Who sent you thither?

Kit. I cannot tell.

Capt. What are the Names of your Companions?

Kit. I have quite forgot.

Capt. Had you any Money or Strong Beer given you?

44 *The COBLER of Preston.*

Kit. My Memory quite fails me of a sudden.

Capt. How the Rogue prevaricates! Sirrah, Sirrah, you learnt this of your Betters: Come, off with his Head; for he can have no farther use for it.

Kit. Ah, dear Sir, do not ye be so hasty, and I'll try to remember.

Capt. Quickly then, while you have Life to do it.

Kit. *Imprimis* then, I was drawn away, as they sayn, to Drink your Jacobite Papish Healths; which I did at first for the Love of the Beer only, as I am a Christian.

Capt. Well, go on.

Kit. Then, when I was very Boosie, I used to leave my Stall, and go a Rioting with *Timothy Sprig* the Tythingman, *Edward Belfrey* our Sexton, *Patrick Quaver* the Clerk, *Dick Marrowbone*, *John a Geates*, *David Bullock*.

Capt. Well, and what then?

Kit. Why then we did beat and knock down all People who were soberly disposed: and we did likewise most abominably disuse both the King and the Parliament.

Capt. Who encourag'd you to do all this?

Kit. The Honourable Sir *Andrew Squib*, the Worshipful *Nicholas Quickmatch*, Esq; and the Reverend Mr. *Peter Pinnacle*.

Capt. What Reasons did they give you for it?

Kit. Money and Strong Beer.

Capt.

The COBLER of Preston. 45

Capt. O my Conscience, I believe thy Confession now is pretty honest---Fear has made thee speak Truth.

Kit. Aye, I have been wheadled and terrify'd too into this Plot, indeed Captain.—Why what cou'd a poor weak Sinner do? Our Parson frighted me with Fire and Brimstone, and the Squire tempted me with Beef and *October*; what could frail Flesh and Blood do in such a case?

Capt. Do you now promise to amend your Life for the future?

Kit. Most sincerely.

Capt. Then get thee Home, honest *Kit*; learn to Cobble thy Shoes, and let the Commonwealth alone.—Look upon those *Spaniards*, now their Whiskers are off.—Do you know 'em? *(The Servants pull of their Wigs and Whiskers.)*

Kit. Hah; what, is not that thy old Friend *Peter Pimpernell*? --- and *Diego*, there is my dear Boy *Jack*, the Postilion of *Blossom-Hall*.

Capt. Aye, and that's your good Master, *Sir Charles Briton*; whose Advice, if you had follow'd, you wou'd never have fall'n into these Scrapes, *Christopher*.

Kit. Ah, good your Worship! I beg your Worship's Pardon for being so free in your House, as they sayn.

Diego. There's your Wife below, has seiz'd upon the Butler, and swears she will have him, since she has lost her 'tother Husband---

Kit.

46 *The COBLER of Preston.*

Kit. Why, let her make good her Title, and in Troth I'll serve Sir *Charles* in his stead, if his Honour pleases—A Butler's a snug Thing, as I may say. In troth I am heartily glad this Matter is settled; it is a most perplexing thing not to know who one is—I have been in very whimsical Circumstances in Troth —

Sir Char. Aye, and we will transform you again, if you do not keep your Promise to amend your Manners for the future.

Kit. I will, I do promise most faithfully.

Sir Char. Upon these Conditions my Cellar Doors shall be always open to you—

Kit. I humbly thank your Honour.

Sir Char. Stand aside awhile and attend the Entertainment we prepared for your Lordship. You have a sort of Right to govern here to day.

A Masque.

Sir Char. Go, comfort thy Wife. Mend thy Life and thy Shoes. Be courteous to thy Customers, and mannerly to thy Superiors. Live soberly, and be a good Christian. And remember you are obliged to me for bringing you to the Knowledge of your self.

Kit. To be sure I shall never forget your Honour's Kindness. I'll from this Hour leave Sir *Andrew Squib's* Cellar, and be faithful to
yours,

The COBLER of Preston. 47
yours, and for the future mix Loyalty with
my Liquor.

*Our Squire, for Kit, may by himself Rebel,
To his mad Politicks I bid Farewel.
Henceforth I'll never Rail against the Crown,
Nor swallow Traytors Healths, in Bumpers down;
Nor sham Pretences of Religion forge,
But with true Protestants cry, Live King GEORGE.*

F I N I S.



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