

The Mohocks

John Gay

Table of Contents

<u>The Mohocks</u>	1
<u>John Gay</u>	1
<u>SCENE I</u>	3
<u>SCENE II</u>	5
<u>SCENE III</u>	15

The Mohocks

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- SCENE I.
- SCENE II.
- SCENE III.

The Mohocks. A Tragi-Comical Farce. As it was Acted near the Watch-house in Covent-Garden. By Her Majesty's Servants

*Quo, quo, scelesti, ruitis? aut cur dexteris
Aptantur enses conditi?*

Hor.

To Mr. D .

SIR,

There are several Reasons which induce me to lay this Work at Your Feet: The Subject of it is *Horrid* and *Tremendous*, and the whole Piece written according to the exactest Rules of Dramatick Poetry, as I have with great care collected them from several of your elaborate Dissertations.

The World will easily perceive that the Plot of it is form'd upon that of *Appius* and *Virginia*, which Model, indeed, I have in great measure follow'd throughout the whole Conduct of the Play.

The Action is plain and simple, the Time not above an hour and three quarters, and the Scene shifted but twice in the whole *Drama* : I am apt to flatter my self that those two Transitions are extremely natural and easie; being only out of the Tavern into the Watch-house, and, *vice versa*, out of the Watch-house into the Tavern

I am inform'd that several of these Scenes have already received your Approbation in the Country; where, I have the Pleasure to learn, that you are laying out your Time in such Rhapsodies and Speculations as cannot but be beneficial to the Commonwealth of Letters.

As we look upon you to have the Monopoly of *English* Criticism in your Head, we hope you will very shortly chastise the Insolence of the *Spectator*, who has lately had the *Audaciousness* to show that there are more Beauties than Faults in a Modern Writer.

The Mohocks

I am not at all concern'd at this *Tragedy's* being rejected by the Players, when I consider how many of your immortal Compositions have met with no better Reception.

I am proud to answer the malicious World in this Case, with that memorable Saying which was formerly apply'd to Scaliger, *I had rather be in Wrong with the ingenious Mr. D , than in the Right with any body else.*

I am, Sir, with great Respect and Gratitude,

Your most oblig'd, most obedient, most humble, and most devoted Servant, W. B.

THE PROLOGUE. To be spoken by the Publisher.

*This Farce, if the kind Players had thought fit,
With Action had supply'd its want of Wit.
Oh Readers! had you seen the Mohocks rage,
And frighted Watchmen tremble on the Stage;
Had you but seen our, Mighty Emperor stalk;
And heard in Cloudy honest Dicky talk,
Seen Pinkethman in strutting Prig appear,
And 'midst of Danger wisely lead the Rear,
It might have pleas'd; for now—a—days the Joke
Rises or falls as with Grimace 'tis spoke.
As matters stand; there's but this only way,
T' applaud our disappointed Author's Play:
Let all those Hands that would have clapp'd, combine
To take the whole Impression off from mine.
That's a sure way to raise the Poet's Name:
A New Edition gains immortal Fame.*

Dramatis Personæ.

The Emperor of the Mohocks.

Abaddon, a Mohock.

Molock, a Mohock.

Whisker, a Mohock.

Mirmidon, a Mohock.

Cannibal, a Mohock.

Gogmagog, a Mohock.

Constable Prig.

Peter Cloudy, a Watchman.

Starlight, a Watchman.

Frost, a Watchman.

Windy, a Watchman.

Moonshine, a Watchman.

Bleak, a Watchman.

Gentle, a Beau.

Joan Cloudy, Cloudy's Wife.

Justice Wiseman.

The Mohocks

Justice Kindle.
Justice Scruple.
Peg Fireband, a Whore.
Jenny Cracker, a Whore.
Other Watchmen.

SCENE I.

A Tavern.

The Emperor of the Mohocks sitting in State, Mohocks attending him.

ABADDON.

Thus far our Riots with Success are crown'd,
Have found no stop, or what they found o'ercame;
In vain th' embattell'd Watch in deep array,
Against our Rage oppose their lifted Poles;
Through Poles we rush triumphant, Watchman rolls
On Watchman; while their Lanthorns kick'd aloft
Like blazing Stars, illumine all the Air.

Mol.

Such Acts as these have made our Fame immortal,
And wide through all *Britannia's* distant Towns,
The Name of *Mohock* ev'ry Tongue employs;
While each fond Mother at the Sound grows pale
And trembles for her absent Son *Whisk.*
Let's lose no longer time in idle Talk,
Which might be better spent in new Exploits.
Most mighty Emperor, a Noble Youth,
Fir'd with our Deeds to glorious Emulation,
Desires Admittance *Emp.*

Go, Introduce him:

But search with care th' Intentions of his Heart,
See he be not a superficial Sinner,
That talks of Mischiefs which he ne'er perform'd:
Those are mean Villains, and unworthy us. *Mir.*
I'll answer for him, for I've known him long,
Know him a Subject worthy such a Prince;
Sashes and Casements felt his early Rage,
H' has twisted Knockers, broken Drawers Heads,
And never flinch'd his Glass, or baulk'd his Wench.
But see he comes

Enter New Mohock.

New Moh.

Great Potentate! who leadst the *Mohock* Squadrons
To nightly Expeditions, whose dread Nod

The Mohocks

Gives Law to those, lawless to all besides:
To thee I come to serve beneath thy Banner.
Mischief has long lain dormant in my Bosom
Like smother'd Fire, which now shall blaze abroad
In glorious Enterprize *Emp.*
Bravely resolv'd henceforth thy Name
Be *Cannibal* like them, devour Mankind.
But come Night wears apace begin the Rites.
[They all take Hands in a Circle and Kneel.]

Gog.
By all the Elements, and all the Powers,
Celestial, nay Terrestrial, and Infernal;
By *Acheron*, and the black Streams of *Styx*,
An Oath irrevocable to *Jove* himself,

We swear true Fealty, and firm Allegiance
To our most High and Mighty Emperor. *All.*
We Swear. *Gog.*
That we'll to Virtue bear invet'rate Hate,
Renounce Humanity, defie Religion;
That Villany, and all outrageous Crimes
Shall ever be our Glory and our Pleasure. *All.*
We Swear. *Gog.*
Let all Hell's Curses light upon his Head,
That dares to violate this solemn Oath;
May Pains and Aches cramp his rotten Bones;
May constant Impotence attend his Lust;
May the dull Slave be bigotted to Virtue;
And tread no more the pleasing Paths of Vice,
And then at last die a mean whining Penitent. *All.*
This Curse involve us all. *Emp.*
'Tis well

[The Emperor stands in the midst of them, and speaks this Speech.]

Now bring the generous Bowl Come pledge me all
Rouse up your Souls with this Celestial Nectar.
What gain'd the *Macedonian* Youth the World?
'Twas Wine. What rais'd the Soul of *Catiline*
To such brave, unparallell'd Ambition?
Wine, Potent, heav'nly Juice, Immortal Wine.
Slothful awhile inglorious Mortals lay,
But Wine to Noble Action led the Way;
Wine conquers all things all must Wine obey.

[Drinks.]

A SONG.

[The Mohocks stands in a Circle, with the Glasses in their Hands.]

*Conie fill up the Glass,
Round, round, let it pass,*

SCENE I.

The Mohocks

Till our Reason be lost in our Wine:

Leave Conscience's Rules

To Women and Fools,

This only can make us divine.

Chorus.

Then a Mohock, a Mohock I'll be,

No Laws shall restrain

Our Libertine Reign,

We'll riot, drink on, and be free.

[All Drink.

We will scower the Town,

Knock the Constable down,

Put the Watch and the Beadle to flight:

We'll force all we meet

To kneel down at our Feet,

And own this great Prince of the Night. Chorus.

Then a Mohock, a Mohock, &c.

[All Drink.

The Grand Seignior shall own

His Seraglio outdone,

For all Womankind is our booty;

No Condition we spare

Be they Brown, Black or Fair

We make them fall down, and do Duty. Chorus.

Then a Mohock, a Mohock I'll be,

No Laws shall restrain

Our Libertine Reign

We'll riot, drink on, and be free.

[All Drink.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

the Street before the Watch-house.

Moon.

Lookye, Brother Watchman, you are a Man of Learning and can read the News.

Windy.

Why, Neighbour, for that matter as a Body may say, Mr. Constable is a great Man, a great Man, Neighbour, and fair Words cost nothing But as I was saying, *Peter Cloudy* there is ready with his Verses.

Frost.

Ay, ay, *Peter's* Verses may be seen pasted up in every Barber's Shop in the Parish; *Peter* shall be our Spokesman to induce our New Mr. Constable.

The Mohocks

Enter Constable.

Come, *Cloudy*, begin. *Cloudy*.

*O Magistrate, thou art, as I may say,
So Great by Night, as is Queen Anne by Day,
And what greater Power can any where be seen?
For you do represent the Person of the Queen.
The greatest Judge in England cannot do,
Or execute more greater things than you.
God save you, Master Constable, we pray,
Who are your honest Watch-men Night and Day. Const.*

Well said, *Peter* but heark ye, my Lads, we are like to have hot work on't to Night the *Mohocks* without doubt will be abroad.

Starl.

Oh, Master Constable, bloody-minded Fellows! that have broke more Windows than the great Storm, and are more mischievous than a Press-gang.

Cloudy.

You may take my word for it, Mr. Constable Sufferers may have leave to complain my Head and Ribs have been thwack'd over and over again like a Flock-bed by them.

Const.

Why, they say that they slit Noses, cut and slash all they meet with, poach Folks in the Calves of the Legs, and disturb us and our Officers in our lawful Authority I charge you all, knock down upon Suspicion that we may not be forced to cut Capers against our Wills pox of such Dancing Masters, say I, that will make a Man Dance without a Fiddle.

Starl.

They make no more of our Poles than so many Straws; let me tell you, Sir, that I have seen them do such things that would make a Man's Hair stand on end let me see ay to-morrow Night, 'twill be three Nights ago when I was going my round I met about five or six and thirty of these *Mohocks* by the same token 'twas a very windy Morning they all had Swords as broad as Butchers Cleavers, and hack'd and hew'd down all before them I saw as I am a Man of credit, in the Neighbourhood all the Ground covered with Noses as thick as 'tis with Hail-stones after a Storm.

Const.

So between Whores and *Mohocks*, we shall not have a Man left with a handle to his Face Heav'n keep us, say I and preserve that Member from danger for a Man of Reputation would never be able to show his Nose after such an Affront.

Frost.

Ha, ha, ha but that is nothing to what I have seen I saw them hook a Man as cleverly as a Fisher-man would a great Fish and play him up and down from *Charing-Cross* to *Temple-Bar* they cut off his Ears, and eat them up, and then gave him a swinging Slash in the Arm told him that bleeding was good for a fright, and so turn'd him loose.

Const.

And where was you all the while?

The Mohocks

Frost.

I blow'd out my Candle, and lay snug in the corner of a Bulk.

Starl.

Poh poh! that's nothing at all I saw them cut off a Fellow's Legs, and if the poor Man had not run hard for it, they had cut off his Head into the bargain.

Cloudy.

Poor *John Mopstaff's* Wife was like to come to damage by them for they took her up by the Heels and turn'd her quite inside out the poor Woman, they say, will ne'er be good for any thing more honest *John* can hardly find the Head from the Tail of her.

Windy.

Hark! hark! what Noise is that? oh the *Mohocks* the *Mohocks* oh *Will, Harry, Gregory, Peter, George, Thomas*, to your Poles quickly ay there stand to it stand to it

[Pushing them forwards.]

Const.

Where? where are they? ay, Gentlemen stand to it.

[Pushing them forwards.]

Starl.

Oh there they come oh yonder is one with a Face like a Lion the *Guildhall* Giant is a meer Dwarf to him.

Cloudy.

Where, where? oh keep your Ranks, Brothers hark!

Starl.

Nothing but Fancy, Neighbours, all's well, only a shadow, only a shadow; but if they had come

All.

Ay, if they had come

[All with their Poles lifted up and advancing.]

Bleak.

We would have hark keep your Ranks, *Peter*, stand to them, Boys. *[Pushing 'em.]* nothing, nothing, Neighbours.

Cloudy.

I'm afraid these plaguy suspexions are fore-runners of them; but if they had come

Const.

Ope thy Lanthorn, *Peter*.

[The Constable speaks lighting his Pipe.]

The *Mohocks* are but Men and we be Men as well as they be and a Man is a Man, Neighbours now you be the Watch and I am the Constable they may may hap venture upon a single stragling Watchman but we are a Garrison a Garrison, Brothers.

The Mohocks

Bleak.

Ay, Mr. Constable, and we'll all stand by you with our Lives and Fortunes.

Const.

A *Mohock* Brothers a *Mohock*, I say, will no more come near a Watch-house than a Whore Here we are unattackable but we be not only to be upon the Defensive Brothers I mean, to defend the Watch-house but upon the Offensive I mean, to offend destroy knock down take up and commit and bring *Mohocks* to Justice. Therefore, Neighbours, as our Duty requires us I order the greatest Party of you to go through all the several Streets Lanes and Alleys to endeavour to seize and apprehend the *Mohocks* if you apprehend them d'ye hear bring them hither before me But if they apprehend you d'ye hear then you need not come The Justices are now sitting and have ordered all the *Mohocks* that we shall take, to be immediately brought before them.*[They all go out, but the Constable and six Watchmen.*

Cloudy.

Mr. Constable d'ye see, Mr. Constable, here is this Pole, Mr. Constable I'll engage that this Pole Mr. Constable, if it takes a *Mohock* in the right Place it shall knock him down as flat as a Flounder, Mr. Constable Pole is the word, Sir I, one Night, Mr. Constable, clap'd my Back against the Watch-house, and kept nine *Mohocks*, with their Swords drawn, at Poles length, broke three of their Heads, knock'd down four, and trim'd the Jackets of the other six.

Bleak.

I, for my part, remember the ancient *Mohocks* of King *Charles* his Days; I was a young Man then; now times are alter'd with me some of the greatest Men of the Kingdom were *Mohocks*, yet for all that we did not care a Fig for them.

Const.

There have been *Mohocks* in all Reigns and in all Ages, but, thank Heav'n, there have been Constables too, with heart and hand to suppress them though a Constable be a Civil Magistrate, yet upon great occasions he is allow'd to take up Arms; and there is not a Man among you that shall step a Step farther than my self.

[A noise of the Mohocks.

Windy.

Mr. Constable stands in the front.

[Pushing one another forwards.

Frost.

A brave Man! a gallant Man! I warrant him.

Const.

Hold, hold, Gentlemen, let us do all things in order Do you advance, Gentlemen, d'ye see, and while you advance I'll lead up the Rear.

Enter the Mohocks singing.

*'Tis Wine and a Whore,
That we Mohocks adore,
We'll drink 'till our Senses we quench;
When the Liquor is in,
We're heighten'd for Sin;
Then heigh! for a brisk jolly Wench.*

SCENE II.

The Mohocks

Fa, la, la, la. Abad.

Hola! the Watch, down down with them; oh, the Devil, down with your Poles you Dogs upon your Knees worship the *Mohocks* and be damn'd to you.

[The Watch throw down their Poles and fall on their Knees.

Starl.

Oh for Pity's sake, Gentlemen, I've a Wife and four Children.

Mol.

Rot your Wife and Children, make Fricassees of them, Sirrah, and invite the Devil to Supper.

Whisk.

And I'll cut off the Noses of all these Rascals to garnish the Dish.

Mirm.

Heighday what, *Peg Firebrand* in Limbo?

[Looking towards two Wenches which the Watch have in Custody.

Gog.

Come, you Scoundrel there unhand the Doxies upon your Knees, you Dog, and receive Sentence.

Peg.

Your humble Servant, Mr. *Mirmidon*.

Jenny.

Who thought to have found Mr. *Gogmagog* here!

Peg.

Pox of these destroyers of Game and Mr. *Moloch* too! Mr. *Moloch* I am your humble Servant.

Can.

Come, I'll sacrifice this Rascal's Ears to you, *Peg*.

Emp.

The Constable is my Prisoner hark ye, Sirrah, are you married?

Const.

Yes, an please your Honour.

Emp.

Then you are a Cuckold, Coxcomb.

Const.

Yes an an an please you your Worship.

[Trembling for fear.

Abad.

This Dog's Face Phiz is scarce worth the spoiling. Come, Sirrah, I'll save your Wife the charge of more Children,

SCENE II.

The Mohocks

and make you cry a dark cloudy Morning like an *Italian*.

Cloudy.

Oh pray your Honour, good your Honour, my Ears or my Nose is wholly at your Worship's Service; but pray, good, dear loving Sir, don't let poor *Gillian* lose her only Comfort.

Mol.

Come, let's dispatch, cut, slash, and mangle, and pursue more noble Game.

Emp.

Hold, hold, for once we'll have a merry frolick. Since we have the Constable and Watch in our Power, we will divest our self of our Imperial Dignity, make them *Mohocks*, and our selves Constable and Watchmen.

All.

Agreed, agreed come strip, Sirrah, strip Sirrah.

Emp.

Ay, ay, come, come, Sirrah, let us put the Lion's Skin upon the Ass.

Const.

Yes, Sir, yes; oh pray, Sir, I'll be an Ass or any thing but pray your Honour let me be an Ass with Ears.

Starl.

Little does my poor Wife at home think what a pitiful taking her Husband is in Poor Soul she is sound asleep and thinks nought of all this.

[Aside.

[The Emperor changes Cloaths with the Constable, and places a Patch like an half Moon in his Forehead; the other Mohocks strip the Watchmen and take their Poles and Lanthorns.

Mirm.

Come, strip this Scoundrel, *Jenny*, and plague the Rogue now thou hast got him in thy power.

Jenny.

Pox on't, Mr. *Mirmidon* 'tis as dangerous for us to use a Watchman ill, as for a Stage–Coachman to be uncivil to an High–way Man; for our Trade forces us to travel the Streets all the Year round Remember, Sirrah, you owe me an Escape without a Fee to the Constable.

Peg.

And me.

Whisk.

Why, the Dog looks as terrible as a Janizary.

Cloudy.

Oh Law, Sir, I'm a poor quiet harmless Fellow, and no Janzary *Peter Cloudy* by Name I'm known all the Neighbourhood over, and can bring several good creditable Housekeepers to vouch for my Honesty.

Can.

The next Man that speaks a Word forfeits an Ear; and for the second fault, a Nose

SCENE II.

The Mohocks

Cloudy.

Let me see, oh, ay, I was afraid he had took him off as a Mountebank draws a Tooth with a Touch.

[Feeling his Nose. Aside.]

Can.

Silence in the Court while our most mighty Emperor sits in Judgment.

Emp.

You *Cannibal*, you *Abaddon*, with *Whisker* and the rest of you, bring all you meet before me.

Enter Gentle.

Mol.

Heigh-day, here's a Fellow got into the Trammels already; come, you Sir, before the Constable on, on.

[They size Gentle.]

Gent.

Pray, Gentlemen, treat a Man of Fashion with more Civility.

Can.

Damme Sir you are a *Mohock*.

Gent.

I vow and protest Gentlemen, I just now came from my Lady *Pride*'s in the City, from playing at Ombre, and had there been a Coach or a Chair to be found, I had not walk'd a-foot.

Abad.

Before the Constable come, come, before the Constable

Gent.

Be civil, I beg you, Gentlemen, disengage your Poles from my full Bottom and I'll wait upon you.

Emp.

Hearkye, Fellow, you seem very suspicious, you have a downcast hanging look.

Gent

A languishing Air, you mean, Sir.

Emp.

Give an Account of your self, Fellow, whence come you? whither are you going? What is your business abroad at this time of Night take his Sword from him there, lest he should have some evil design against the Queen's Officer.

Gent.

I am a Gentleman, Sir.

Emp.

A doubtful, a shuffling Answer! we need no further proof that he is a *Mohock* commit him.

SCENE II.

The Mohocks

Gent.

'Tis a strange thing that the vulgar cannot distinguish the Gentleman pray Sir, may I ask you one Question have you ever seen a *Mohock*? has he that softness in his Look? that sweetness of delivery in his Discourse? believe me, Sir, there is a certain *Je ne scay quoi* in my manner that shows my Conversation to have lain altogether among the politer part of the World.

Emp.

Look ye, Sir, your Manners in talking *Latin* before her Majesty's Officer, show you to be an ill–designing Person.

Gent.

Ha, ha, ha, very merry, as I hope to be caress'd. *Latin* and *French* sound alike in the Ears of the vulgar *Je ne scay quoi* is a *French* Phrase much in vogue at the Court end of the Town, ha, ha, ha.

Emp.

Meer Prevarication! to the Round–house with him a *Mohock* without dispute here's Evidence against you, Friend, downright Evidence against you.

Mol.

With these very Eyes, Mr. Constable, I saw him in a dark Alley, where one could not see ones Hand, slit a Cinder Wenches Nose, because she would not yield to his Brutality.

Gent.

Is there any thing in my Appearance that shows a *Goust* for a Cinder Wench? Improbable! downright falsity! this Usage, Sir, will make me complain to some higher Power of your illegal Proceedings.

Emp.

What! dispute my Authority! bind him, and see you guard him strictly.

Gent.

Pray Gentlemen indeed I vow Gentlemen you daub my Ruffles; let not your Lanthorns come nigh my Cloaths bless me! my Perriwig! hold, hold, I vow and protest upon the word of a Gentleman, that I am a civil Person fogh! the stench of the Lanthorns confound me Have a care what you do Mr. Constable, for I shall find redress.

Emp.

Bind him, bind him, I value not his Threats *Mohocks* are thus to be treated, where and whenever they shall be taken.

[They bind Gentle.

Enter Joan Cloudy.

Gog.

Come on, Woman, before the Constable Here is a Stragler that is just now fallen into my Hands, Mr. Constable.

Joan.

Where is *Peter*? What, is *Peter* going his rounds? I'm *Peter's* Wife, Mr. Constable an please your Worship and am come to take a Pot with him, and take care of him this cold Weather. What, is not *Peter* among you? What! is not *Peter* come back from his rounds? *Peter*, Mr. Constable, an please your Worship, is a diligent Man in his

The Mohocks

Office I have been in Bed this two hours, and was so strangely a–dream'd of the *Mohocks* that I could not rest, but must come and see him alas! alas! these are strange hazardous Times! I was a–dream'd methought that the *Mohocks*

Emp.

Hold, hold, Woman, are you drunk with Mild, Stale, or Stout.

Cloudy.

Heav'n grant that I may not be made a Cuckold before my own Face What a plague made her stirring?

[Aside.

Joan.

Drunk, Mr. Constable, Drunk! whether you know it or no, though I am a poor Woman, I am a sober Woman I work for what I get, and I thank no body for a Maintenance. Drunk! tell your Wife of being Drunk with Mild, Stale, and Stout would *Peter* was here, he should not hear his Wife affronted after this manner.

Emp.

I'll take care and Tongue–tye you, Woman.

Joan.

To be Tongue–tyed is fit for nothing but Lyars and Swearers. I'll speak the Truth and shame the Devil. Though a Constable be to keep Peace and Quietness, yet the greatest Constable in *England* shall not make me hold my Tongue, when there is occasion for speaking. My Husband is a Watchman, *Peter Cloudy* by Name, a good House–keeper, though he be a poor Man. Why these are all strange Faces, methinks. Where is *Peter*, Friend? oh Law! oh Dear! this ugly Dream runs in my Head most strangely? *[Spies Peter.]* Oh Gracious! what's this our *Peter*? why *Peter*? sure I be'nt out of my Dream yet why, *Peter*, I say, *Peter*

[Bawls.

[Peter shakes his Head.

Gog.

Ay, why there now, good Woman, while you thought he was upon the Watch, he was about a *Mohocking* Why he is a *Mohock*, good Woman.

Joan.

Oh good Lord!

Whisk.

Here we took him in company with these two Wenches.

Joan.

What, and Constable *Prig* a *Mohock* too! and honest *Harry Starlight*!

Can.

Mohocks all, good Woman, every Soul of them.

Joan.

Why *Peter*, *Peter*, Mr. *Prig*, *Harry Starlight*! what are you all dumb? *[Cloudy shakes his Head.]* Oh, you

The Mohocks

ungracious Rogue! you ungodly Wretch! what, must you have your Wenches, Sirrah, while your poor Children at home ay, and your poor Wife, nay your honest, true and careful Wife, are ready to starve. Why, *Peter*, I say, fye upon't, what, hadst thee no more Wit to be a *Mohock* too?

Cloudy shakes his Head.

Joan.

Why! you notorious Rogue, won't you answer your poor Wife?

[Cloudy shakes his Head.]

Joan.

Alack, alack! do I live to see this with my own Eyes? oh, *Peter, Peter!* an old Fool of all Fools is the worst a *Hawkubite!* a Rogue! I hope, I shall see thee at the Gallows for this, Blockhead! What, you there with your hairy Bush upon your Head, I suppose are the Ring-leader of them, I'll *Hawkubite* you, Sirrah.

[To Gent.]

Gent.

I vow and protest, Madam, you do me the greatest Injustice in the World, I'am a Gentleman of Honour, but at present labour under the Misfortune of being suspected.

Emp.

Come, come, Woman, don't be troublesome, we can see through your Designs; you are a Female *Mohock*, I perceive and under that Denomination I order you to be apprehended.

Joan.

I, a Female *Mohock!* a Female Jesuit as soon

Emp.

Bind her, bind her.

Joan.

But my Tongue shall still be at Liberty; he must have good Luck, ifackins, that ties a Woman's Tongue. Why, *Peter*, Sirrah, all this comes of your ungracious Tricks, you *Hawkubite* Rogue.

Emp.

Heigh-day! what's here *[Takes a Paper out of the Constable's Pocket.]* a Warrant for the apprehending us *Mohocks!* I find the Justices are sitting in all the several Quarters of the Town this Night to examine them; what think you, my Heroes shall we improve the Jest? carry the Scoundrels before some Justices of a Ward where they are unknown, and so make them commit their own Officers instead of us.

All.

A Merry Frolick! with all our Hearts.

Emp.

We'll immediately carry them before the Justices of the next Ward, commit the Rascals to the Round-house, and so finish the Night's Adventure.

Whis.

Come, come, to the Justices to the Justices.

The Mohocks

Emp.

Leave this Fellow, and this Female *Mohock* till our Return; bind them Back to Back, and there will be no fear of *Peter's* being Jealous.

[They bind them.]

Gent.

I beg you, Gentlemen; this Posture is so like Man and Wife, that a Man of Mode may be perfectly ashamed of it.

Joan.

Go you *Hawkubite* Rogue, you ungracious Wretch!

Gent.

Figurative Matrimony, as I hope to be caress'd; one pulls one way, and the other the other.

[They bolt Gentle and Joan into the Watch-house, and Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

A Tavern.

The Justices sitting.

Scrup.

What says the Statute Book, Brother *Wiseman*, in relation to these kind of Enormities? I am informed that there were *Mohocks* in Queen *Elizabeth's* Days. Have you search'd all the Statutes of her Reign for an Act in relation to this Affair?

Kind.

What occasion for all these doubts, Mr. Justice *Scruple*? for where the Law is silent, there, our Will is the Law If we have no Precedents of *Mohocks* come, Mr. Justice *Scruple*, my hearty Service to you if we have no Precedents, I say, of any *Mohocks* my hearty Service to you again, Mr. Justice yet *Mohocks* inclusively are comprehended in disorderly Persons, and disturbers of her Majesty's Peace, and as such, I say, they may and ought to be committed.

Scrup.

But we must refer to the Statute Books upon all Occasions The Statute Books must be our guide in all Cases and where the Statutes will not come within our Cases we must make our Cases come within the Statute's Cases That's the Method of all judicious practising Lawyers, Brothers.

Wise.

Let us act Justice, and be guided by Reason.

Kind.

What has Reason to do with Law, Brother *Wiseman*? if we follow the Law, we must judge according to the Letter of the Law.

Scrup.

The Mohocks

You are in the Right, Brother *Kindle* Reason and Law have been at variance in our Courts these many Years a mis-spell'd Word, or a Quibble will baffle the most convincing Argument in the World; and therefore if we are guided Mr. Justice *Wiseman*, my hearty respects to you if we are guided, I say, in any measure by the Law, 'tis my Opinion, that we must keep strickly to the Letter of the Law.

Enter the Mohocks, Constable and Watchmen.

Emp.

An please your Worship we have brought some *Mohocks* before your Honours; This, an please your Honours, is the Emperor, and this his Grand Vizier, and all the rest are Princes of the Blood.

Abad.

I, my own self, an please your Honours, saw this very self-same Fellow here, tip the Lyon upon five several of her Majesty's true-born Subjects, and afterwards slit all their Noses.

Mol.

This Fellow here is a Dancing-Master an please your Worships, he pricks Passengers in the Calves of the Legs to make them show their Agility.

Whisk.

And this Terrible look'd Fellow, and please your Honours, is their Master Cooper, his Office is to Barrel up old Women all the rest of them have their proper Employments.

Wise.

Where, and how were they taken?

Can.

In an Attack upon the Watch-house after an obstinate fight of about an hour and an half we made them all Prisoners.

Star.

The Devil is a most confounded Lyar!

[Aside.

Emp.

We took this *Mohock*, Mr. Justices in an actual Assault to ravish these two Women oh he's a Devilish Fellow for a Wench the Rogue has no Conscience with him no more Conscience than a Woman what two Women! why a Woman with common Modesty in her Demands would not have desired above two Men what, two Women at once!

Peg.

He gagg'd me, and please your Worships; then drew his Sword, and threaten'd to kill me, if I did not

Jen.

And if the Watchman had not come just in the Nick

Cloudy.

If I lose both my Tongues and my Ears I must and will speak And please your Worships, I am an honest Watchman *Peter Cloudy*.

SCENE III.

The Mohocks

Whisk.

What are you, Sirrah what are you such a Word more

[Aside to him.

[The Mohocks prick Cloudy behind.

Cloudy.

I am oh yes I am oh I am a *Mohock* an please your Worships a Watchman I mean and this is Mr. Constable *Prig* oh no I beg your Worship's Pardon, he is oh no oh no he is not .

Gog.

Come, come, confess

[Aside to Cloudy.

Cloudy.

Yes, he is Emperor of the *Mohocks*, an please ye

Kind.

I perceive that you are a prevaricating shuffling Rogue commit him, commit him when a Man talks backwards and forwards I have done with him.

Cloudy.

Oh, Dear Mr. Justice indeed oh pray sweet, loving, good, kind Mr. Justice I have been a Watchman, these twenty Years.

Mol.

What's that you say, Rascal?

[Aside to Cloudy.

Cloudy.

A *Mohock* these twenty Years, an please your Honours.

Kind.

Commit them commit them we need no further Proof Impudent Impudent Rogue pretend to be the Queen's Officer! I'll hear no more away away with them.

Scrup.

But hold, Brother *Kindle* though the Case is plain in Relation to this Fellow yet we must not punish the Guilty with the Innocent

Kind.

The Innocent with the Guilty, you would say, Brother they are all of a Gang all Rogues alike away away with them.

Wise.

Do you confess what is alledg'd against you by these honest Watchmen, Friends? you are accused of being a Riotous sort of Creatures called *Mohocks* Answer to your Charge are you Guilty or not Guilty

The Mohocks

[The Mohocks prick them behind.]

All.

Not Guilty an please your Worship Oh yes, yes Guilty Guilty Guilty.

Kind.

What need we examine further?

Cloudy.

But as to the Ravishing Mr. Justices oh me! Yes I will speak *[Aside to the Mohocks.]* as I was saying, Mr. Justices, as to the Ravishing I know nothing of that matter oh, oh! yes, yes I did Ravish I did Ravish them an please your Worships.

Kind.

A most Impudent Rogue the Fellow has a confounded Ravishing Look Heav'n preserve our Wives and Daughters away, away they are dangerous Persons commit them.

[As they are carrying them out, Enter the other Party of Watch with Joan Cloudy and Beau Gentle.]

I Watch.

An please your Worships we found this Gentleman here, and Woman here, joyn'd together in a very odd Posture.

Kind.

As how Friend, as how?

I Watch.

Why they were tyed together back to back an please your Worships.

Wise.

A very odd Posture Brother *Scruple* a very odd Posture.

Joan.

But Mr. Justices Oh you ungracious Wretch! Mr. Justices you are Justices of the Peace, and I hope your Worshipful Honours will do me Justice Look, how the sneaking Rogue looks upon me now!

Scrup.

Proceed, Woman, to the Matter in Hand.

Joan.

Why, an please your Worshipful Honours, to make short of my Story this great Boobily Lubber here it seems, while I thought he was upon the Watch, went about a *Mohocking* The Laird keep us, say I, from the Great *Turk*, and from Popery! but to make short of my Story, Mr. Justices, this Slave here, this *Hawkubite* Rogue, throws away upon two Wenches in one Night, *[Weeping.]* what with good Huswifery would have satisfied his poor Wife for a Fortnight; can you deny this, Sirrah, can you deny it? but to make short of my Story, an please your worshipful Honours; when I came to the Watch-house, thinking to find him in his Office, I found him *[Weeping.]* taken up for a *Mohock*.

Emp.

Faith, 'tis high time for us to sneak off.

The Mohocks

[Aside.

[The Mohocks are going.

Wise.

Hold hold! let us examine further into these Affairs.

2 Watch.

Why, *Harry* how comest thee in this Pickle?

[Aside to Starlight.

Gent.

These, Gentlemen, Sirs, treat all alike without the least Distinction one would rather fall into the Hands of the *Mohocks*, than suffer the Barbarities of these ill-bred sort of Creatures.

Cloudy.

Why they are all *Mohocks* an please your worshipful Honours they unconstabled the Constable.

Star.

And unwatch'd the Watch an please your Honours.

Cloudy.

Ay faith I don't value your Staring it shall all out fath now I have got all my Friends about me. *[Aside to the Mohocks.]* They stript us an please your worshipful Honours made us *Mohocks*, and themselves Constable and Watch.

Kind.

Very strange Brother *Scruple* very strange.

Cloudy.

This is Mr. Constable *Prig*, an please your Honours.

Starl.

And I am *Harry Starlight*, an please ye.

Joan.

And is not my *Peter* a *Mohock* then! art not thee a *Hawkubite, Peter?* are not these thy Wenches? oh, *Peter!*

[Hugging him.

All the Watch.

These are all our Brother Watchmen, we'll vouch for them an please your Worships.

Wisem.

A plain case, Brothers, Oh, then you are the *Mohocks*, it seems, Gentlemen.

All the Mohocks.

We are Gentlemen, Sirs, 'twas only an innocent Frolick.

The Mohocks

Wisem.

Frolicks for Brutes and not for Men. Watchmen, seize your Prisoners.

Cloudy.

Heark ye, Sir are you a *Mohock* or are you not a *Mohock* [*Takes away the Dagger, with which they prick'd him.*] Come, come, give up your Poles and your Lanthorns hold up your Head, Friend Mr. *Hannibal* I think they call him oh I find you have Ears to lose I was afraid the Pillory had been before—hands with me come strip.

[The Watchmen strip the Mohocks.

Joan.

Oh *Peter!* *Peter!* and art not thee a *Mohock* then, *Peter?*

Gent.

Have I been a Captive of the *Mohocks* well I vow, 'tis mighty happy, that I have preserv'd all my Features entire for the Ladies.

Emp.

Pray, Gentlemen, give us our Liberty.

All the Mohocks.

We'll ask Pardon.

Emp.

Treat us like Gentlemen.

Wisem.

Let them be brought before us by ten a Clock You may assure your selves, Gentlemen these Proceedings of yours shall be punished with the utmost Severity.

[Exeunt Justices.

All the Mohocks.

We'll submit, ask Pardon, or do any thing.

Const.

Come, let's call up the Musick that is below, and rejoice for our happy Deliverance Let us show the Emperor here, that we can Dance without his Instructions.

All.

Agreed.

A Dance of Watchmen.

Const.

*This is the Day the joyful Night indeed
In which Great Britain's Sons from the Mo—hocks are freed.
Our Wives and Daughters they may walk the Street,
Nor Mohock now, nor Hawkubite shall meet.
Mohock and Hawkubite, both one and all,*

SCENE III.

The Mohocks

Shall from this very Night date their Down fall.

THE EPILOGUE, Design'd to be spoken by the Person who should have play'd Joan Cloudy.

*What woful things do we poor Folks endure,
To keep our Spouses to our selves secure?
We Wives (of one and all this may be said,)
Ne'er think our Husbands safe, but when in Bed.
But now, to quit the Wife How would it please ye,
Could you dissolve the Marriage Noose as easie.
Marriage would then no more entail for Life,
And Coquets venture on the Name of Wife:
What Woman would not! if this Scheme would do,
Just for a Frolick take a Spouse or two.
Ye Criticks that are scatter'd o'er the Pit,
And stare and gape to catch descending Wit,
Meer Mohocks, that on harmless Authors prey,
And damn for want of Sense a Modern Play,
I vow 'tis hard. Yet if it must be so,
I still must ask one Favour e'er I go.
If you condemn him, grant him a Reprieve,
Three days of Grace to the young Sinner give,
And thou if his sad Downfal does delight ye,
As witness of his Exit I invite ye.*

FINIS.