

Eighteenth-Century Coffee-House Culture

Drama

Edited by
Markman Ellis



ROUTLEDGE



Eighteenth-Century Coffee-House Culture

Volume 3



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Markman Ellis

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CONTENTS

Introduction	vii
[John Tatham], <i>Knavery in all Trades: or, The Coffee-House. A Comedy</i> (1664)	1
Thomas Sydsenf, <i>Tarugo's Wiles: or, the Coffee-House. A Comedy</i> (1668)	43
Elkanah Settle, <i>The New Athenian Comedy</i> (1693)	109
Charles Johnson, <i>The generous husband: or, the coffee house politician</i> ([1711])	149
<i>Exchange-Alley: or, the stock-jobber turn'd gentleman</i> (1720)	223
James Miller, <i>The Coffee-House. A Dramatick Piece</i> (1737)	265
<i>The Usurpers: or the Coffee-House Politicians. A farce</i> (1749)	313
Explanatory Notes	379



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INTRODUCTION

Along with the Restoration of the monarchy in 1660 came the return of the theatres. Although some drama had been performed clandestinely in London in the last years of the republic, soon after his return to London, Charles II issued a royal warrant giving Sir William Davenant and Thomas Killigrew exclusive and hereditary right to stage plays, restricting the trade to only two theatres. With their audiences and profits protected by the duopoly, the theatre managers were able to stage lavish productions and to rebuild the theatres. Killigrew's King's Company established itself, after some years, in the Theatre Royal in Bridges Street, later rebuilt by Wren in 1672 in Drury Lane (Covent Garden); while Davenant's Duke of York's Company adopted the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, a converted tennis court. The new theatres were constructed in brick on a larger and more splendid scale, roofed and enclosed. The audience was accommodated with more varied seating, with the pit as the main seating area, and boxes and thereafter galleries as more expensive and desirable locations. The theatres made use of new scenic technologies imported from Europe, such as 'wing-and-shutter' scenery that made use of painted canvas backgrounds run on tracks from both sides of the stage. The visual splendour of the theatrical illusion afforded by these devices was only augmented by the new practice of allowing women on the stage.¹

The reopening of the theatres was broadly coincident with the establishment of coffee-house sociability in London. Furthermore, the locations of the theatres placed them in close proximity to important concentrations of coffee-houses (both in Covent Garden and Temple Bar). The social space of the theatres and the coffee-houses overlapped to a significant degree, especially around the intellectual culture of theatrical production and consumption that was conducted by managers, writers, actors, wits and critics. But compared to the coffee-houses, the social space of the theatres was both more inclusive, mixing women as well as men drawn from a wide range of social classes, and at the same time more

1. Emmet Avery and Arthur Scouten, 'Introduction: The London Stage, 1660–1700', in *London Stage*, part I, pp. xxi–clxxv; Harold Love, 'Restoration and early eighteenth century drama', in *The Cambridge History of English Literature 1660–1780*, ed. by John Richetti (Cambridge, Cambridge University Press, 2005).

elite, dominated by the royal court and wealthy city merchants. In the theatres themselves, the sociability of the audience competed directly with the theatrical event, encouraged by the architectural arrangement of the pit and the boxes (spectators did not maintain a respectful silence, nor were they in the dark). The audience, in short, were the centre of a fervid and heterodox social scene: 'a theatre in themselves', as Susan Owen has it.² The theatre historian Allardyce Nicoll, writing in 1923, argued that 'the courtiers made of the theatre a meeting-place of their own', describing an audience comprised of 'the noblemen in the pit and boxes, the fops and beaux and wits or would-be-wits who hung on their society, the women of the court, depraved and licentious as the men, and the courtesans with whom these women of quality moved and conversed as on equal terms'.³

As male-only spaces, the coffee-houses, by contrast, were cast in a different light: discursive, critical, sober (even when they were anything but). Coffee-houses near the theatres soon established a reputation for a theatrical clientele, both for consumers and producers of theatrical entertainments. Samuel Pepys, an inveterate theatre-goer, records in his diary in February 1664 his encounter with the critics in 'the great Coffee-house there' in Covent Garden, where he found

Draydon the poet (I knew at Cambridge) and all the wits of the town, and Harris the player and Mr. Hoole of our college; and had I time then, or could at other times, it will be good coming thither, for there I perceive is very witty and pleasant discourse.⁴

Pepys's encounter with the dramatist John Dryden, William Howell (the historiographer royal), and the actor Henry Harris was typical of Will's Coffee-house at the corner of Russell Street and Bow Street, which had become the nightly home of a group of self-styled wits (a word that combined the imaginative creativity of the writer with the ingeniousness of the critic). The meetings at Will's gained renown, helping to establish the reputation of the celebrated poets and playwrights of the age, including William Congreve, William Wycherly, Thomas Southerne, the Earl of Rochester, the Earl of Roscommon, Nicholas Rowe, George Etherege, William Walsh, John Vanburgh, Samuel Garth and Joseph Addison. The regular attendance of these writers, William Wycherly claimed, made Will's into 'the Wits Coffee-house': in the vacation, when they were absent, its society was given over to nothing but 'Puns, Couplets' and 'Quibbles'. The critic John Dennis (1657–1734) concurred: 'the Coffee-house

2. Susan Owen, *Perspectives on Restoration Drama* (Manchester, Manchester University Press, 2002), p. 4.

3. Allardyce Nicoll, *A History of Restoration Drama 1660–1700* (Cambridge, Cambridge University Press, 1923), pp. 7–8.

4. Pepys, *Diary*, vol. V, p. 37; vol. IX, p. 175.

is generally the Exchange for Wit'.⁵ A minor poet, 'Captain' Robert Julian, who was known as the 'Secretary to the Muses', took it upon himself to keep the coffee-house supplied with all the most recent literary works.⁶

Assembled in the coffee-house, then, critics and wits cast their judgement on all the new plays and poems produced or published in London. The 'Wits Coffee-house', one anonymous satirist complained, encouraged negative criticism and the empty display of pedantry:

Then for your Coffee-houses, to begin with those of the *Wits*, the two Brothers; thither the Jury of Wit retire from the Play, over a Dish of Politick and Poetick Tea or Coffee, Painters, Fiddlers, Poets, Minor Authors, Beaux, and the rest of the illiterate Blockheads, promiscuously dissect the poor Play, to be sure to the Author's disadvantage; how good soever, or whatever Success it met with. This, indeed, is the Scene of the Wits, where a pert young Fop, fresh from the University, with his Head fuller of Notions and Authors Names, than Sense, from seven years poring over his Books, shall pass for a profound Scholar: The height of his Reading has been the Indexes of those Authors he talks of; a good Assurance and Pedantry establishes his Reputation; and he must be a Wit, if he can but prattle a little of Aristarchus and Homer &c. in general Terms praising their Style, Descriptions, and Designs, to those that understand not one Word of them.⁷

Coffee-house wits, and the satires they attracted, are the model for and the evidence of the professionalisation of literary criticism in the eighteenth century. For wits and poets, dramatists and critics, the coffee-houses of Russell Street and Covent Garden, located close to the theatres, remained central to their theatrical practice throughout the Restoration and eighteenth century. Although Will's Coffee-house declined in importance after the death of Dryden in 1700, Tom's Coffee-house (from 1700), Button's Coffee-house (from 1712), and the Bedford Coffee-house (from 1750) rose to replace it (see Volume 2, pp. 263–327).

That the theatres were as much social as theatrical institutions had important repercussions for the dramatic repertoire of the period. The neoclassical principles of contemporary theoretical writing on drama, derived from Aristotle, suggested to playwrights that they should observe the unities of time, place and action, setting their works in a single location, occupied by events that take place within the period of the play itself, and with one central plot line. The moral imperative of neoclassical theory also suggested that the drama should reinforce moral principles. Yet everything about the theatres themselves – their glamorous audiences, their delusive scenic effects, their plays' extraordinary plots – sug-

5. John Dennis, *Letters Upon several Occasions* (London, Sam. Briscoe, 1696), unpaginated insertion between pp. 128–9.

6. Brice Harris, 'Captain Robert Julian, Secretary to the Muses', *ELH*, 10:4 (1943), pp. 294–309.

7. *The Humours and Conversations of the Town, expos'd in Two Dialogues, The First, of the Men. The Second, of the Women* (London, R. Bentley and J. Tonson, 1693), p. 106.

gested the opposite. As John O'Brien argues, the theatre 'did not only portray the workings of desire in the form of love stories and narratives of political ambition, it was a form of desire in its own right'.⁸

That the dramatic writings collected in this volume are all comedies and farces is no accident. In generic terms, comedies are set in the everyday world, populated by characters recognisable from everyday life (although foreign and exotic locations are tolerated), and spoken in normal speech. In a comedy, the audience expects to see aspects of their moral behaviour exaggerated and made ridiculous, so that their own follies can be recognised and reformed. Given the generic interest of the comedy in the quotidian locations and events of everyday life, it is not surprising that coffee-house scenes feature largely in British theatre of the Restoration and eighteenth century. There is no coffee-house tragedy.

The first examples of coffee-house comedies – that is, comedies which use the coffee-house as a location for and model of the new sociability of Restoration and eighteenth-century London – are included in this volume: the anonymous *Knavery in all Trades: or, The Coffee-House* (1664), and Thomas Syderf's *Tarugo's Wiles: or, the Coffee-House* (1668).⁹ Of these comedies, the first claims to have been written for, and perhaps performed, outside the state-licensed theatre system by City apprentice boys as a holiday entertainment, such as were traditional at Christmas. Stage directions in the third act detail a coffee-house interior scene including 'wax-Lights, Pipes, and Diurnalls [newspapers]' and 'Fire-pots and China Cups' – the typical accoutrements of the coffee-room. The behaviour of the customers in this scene further elaborates a coffee-house location: reading aloud from newspapers, debating and gossiping on a ridiculous series of topics, including actors, wrestlers and puritan politics. The discussion ends badly, as they come to blows. Syderf's *Tarugo's Wiles* is located, the *Dramatis Personae* notes, in 'A Coffee-House, where is presented a mixture of all kinds of people'. The third scene (conventionally used within the structure of a comedy as a plot interlude allowing heterodox burlesque and farce) directs its satire against the pretensions of coffee-house conversation, as a ridiculous diversity of intellectual men – philosophers, virtuosi, bailiffs, connoisseurs, astrologers, mechanic tradesmen, gazette-readers and an excise-man – discuss a farrago of fashionable topics, including coffee, syllogisms, medical experiments, Harringtonian politics, painting, politics, sexuality and warfare. Again, it ends badly as violence breaks out.

8. John O'Brien, 'Drama: Genre, Gender, Theatre', in *A Concise Companion to the Restoration and Eighteenth Century*, ed. by Cynthia Wall (Oxford, Blackwell, 2005), pp. 183–201, p. 187.

9. Important examples of the coffee-house comedy not included in this volume, as readily available in modern editions, are: Henry Fielding, *The Coffee-House Politician; or, The Justice Caught in His Own Trap. A Comedy* (London, J. Watts, 1730); François Marie Arouet de Voltaire, *Le Café ou l'Ecosaise* (1760), trans. as *The Coffee-House*; or, *The Fugitive, a comedy in five acts, written by Mr. Voltaire* (London, J. Wilkie, 1760); and Carlo Goldoni, *La Bottega del Caffè* (1750); trans. by Jeremy Parzen as *The Coffee House* (New York, Marsilio Publishers, 1998).

As a theatrical device of Restoration and eighteenth-century comedy, the coffee-house is a space where disparate people can be observed, and satirised, together. Scenes such as these, where the location is a coffee-house, are plentiful in the texts represented in this volume. A further example is afforded by Tom D'Urfey's *The Royalist* (1682), in which the coffee-house – perhaps the Amsterdam, a notorious Whig house – is satirised as a nest of seditious, the 'mart of the mobile', scheming over newspapers and plot-narratives, but is used theatrically as a space where disparate plot events coterminate.¹⁰ Even in comedies that do not have scenes set in coffee-houses make use of the socio-spatial capacity of the coffee-house to bring diverse elements together – and as such, present an emblem of the discontented energies of modernity. Newsmongers and critics are often the particular focus. In Thomas Shadwell's *The Sullen Lovers: or, The Impertinents* (1668), the melancholic hero Stanford reports that he 'venture'd into a Coffee-house' where

I found a Company of formal Starch'd-Fellows
Talking Gravely, Wisely, and nothing to the purpose;
And with undaunted Impudence discoursing of the
Right of Empires; the Management of Peace and War;
And the great Intrigues of Councils; when o'my
Conscience you wou'd have sooner took e'm for
Tooth-Drawers then Privy Councillors.¹¹

Wycherley too talks of an impudent 'Table of Coffee-House Sages' in *Love in a Wood* (1672).¹² The coffee-house is often short-hand for the critics or the critical reception: appealing to the coffee-house is a commonplace referring to public opinion and its vagaries. Aphra Behn, for example, in the Preface to her comedy *The Luckey Chance* (1687) complains of the hostile treatment given to her play by the wits of the town at Wills Coffee-house, one of whom, she says, praised it to her face, yet cried it down in public. The coffee-house, she later laments, 'still swarms with Fool'.¹³ As with Restoration prose satires of Volume 1, the representation of the coffee-house in the comedies is hostile: a Tory rendition of a Whig space.

In the eighteenth century, the focus for this satiric energy is transmuted, and ameliorated, into the politically more ambivalent figure of the coffee-house politician: a man consumed by the public debate of the coffee-room, neutered by the

10. Thomas D'Urfey, *The Royalist. A Comedy; as it is acted at the Duke's Theatre* (London, Jos Hindmarsh, 1682), p. 47. See also Arthur Murphy's *The Spouter* (1756)

11. Thomas Shadwell, *The Sullen Lovers: or, The Impertinents a comedy acted by His Highness the Duke of Yorkes Company* (London, Henry Herringman, 1668), p. 4.

12. William Wycherley, *Love in a Wood: or St James's Park. A Comedy as it is acted at the Theatre Royal, by His Majesties Servants* (London, J.M for H. Herringman, 1672), p. 6

13. Aphra Behn, *The Luckey Chance, or, An Alderman's Bargain. A Comedy. As it is acted by their Majesty's Servants* (London, R. H. for W. Canning, 1687), pp. [viii], [x].

media spectacle of which he is both symptom and cause. The first description of this celebrated but 'impertinent' figure was Judith Drake's 'character' in 1696:

He is one whose Brains having been once over-heated, retain something of the Fire in 'em ever after. He mistakes his Passion for Zeal, and Noise and Bustling, for Services. He is always full of Doubts, Fears and Jealousies, and is never without some notable Discovery of a deep laid Design, or a dangerous Plot found in a *Meal Tub*, or *Petticoat*. He is a mighty listner after *Prodigies*, and never hears of a *Whale*, or a *Comet*, but he apprehends some sudden *Revolution* in the State, and looks upon a *Groaning-board*, or a *speaking-head*, as forerunners of the *Day of Judgement*. He is a great Lover of the King, but a bitter Enemy to all about him, and thinks it impossible for him to have any but *Evil Counsellors*, and though he be very zealous for the Government, yet he never finds any thing in it but *Grievances* and *Miscarriages* to declaim upon. He is a Well-wisher to the *Church*, but is never to be reconciled to the *Bishops* and *Clergy*, and rails most inveterately against the *Act of Uniformity*. He hates Persecution implacably, and contends furiously for *Moderation*, and can scarce think well of the *Toleration*, because it is an Act of the State ... He lodges at home, but lives at the *Coffee-house*. He converses more with *News Papers*, *Gazettes* and *Votes*, than with his *Shop Books*, and his constant Application to the *Publick* takes him off all Care for his *Private Concern*. He is always settling the *Nation*, yet cou'd never manage his own *Family* ... Thus by mending the State, He marrs his own Fortune; and never leaves talking of the Laws of the Land, till the Execution of 'em silence him.¹⁴

The coffee-house politician is so absorbed in news and politics that he has lost touch with the quotidian events that surround him. Henry Fielding made use of this character in his *Politick*, a central figure in his well-known play *The Coffee-House Politician* (1730), an anti-Walpole satire responding to the trial and pardon of the notorious rapist Colonel Charteris.¹⁵ First performed on 23 June 1730 at the Little Theatre as *Rape upon Rape*, this five-act comedy was revived, and subsequently printed, under its new title at Lincoln's Inn Fields in autumn of the same year. *Politick*, a retired merchant, is a quixotic character: he reads so much in newspapers of plots, conspiracies and threats to the body politic, that he cannot perceive dangers close at hand to his body corporal (his daughter conspires to elope, is mistaken for a whore on the street, and kidnapped by a rake). In Fielding's comedy, both the space of the theatre and the space of the coffee-house are absorbed by spectacle: essentially empty news in one, comedy in the other.

14. Judith Drake, 'Character of a Coffee-house Politician', in *An Essay in Defence of the Female Character* (London, A. Roper and E. Wilkinson, and R. Clavel, 1696), pp. 87–9. See also Matthew Concanen 'Of Coffee House Politicians', in *The Speculatist* (London, 1730), pp. 126–31; and an untitled essay in *The Weekly Register* (3 April 1731).

15. Henry Fielding, 'The Coffee-House Politician', in *Plays*, ed. by Thomas Lockwood, Wesleyan Edition of the Works of Henry Fielding, 3 vols (Oxford, Clarendon Press, 2004), vol. I, pp. 405–98. See Bertrand A. Goldgar, 'The Politics of Fielding's *Coffee-House Politician*', *Philological Quarterly*, 49:3 (1970), pp. 424–9.

[John Tatham], *Knavery in all Trades: or, The Coffee-House. A Comedy. As it was acted in the Christmas Holidays by several Apprentices With great Applause. With License* (London, J. B. for W. Gilberton and H. Marsh, 1664), 38pp.; 4°. BL: 644.a.13. ESTCR3000.

This anonymous five-act comedy is the first dramatic piece to be set in a coffee-house. In this play the coffee-house is an arena in which important conflicts over the nature of modern trade and its effects on society are negotiated and resolved. The play focuses on four young tradesmen's apprentices: Rasey, Samphire, Froth and Smoake. They are bound respectively to: Compound, a vintner or wine-seller; Pickle, an oilman; Pepper, a grocer; and Subtler, a victualler. The apprentices' 'Society of Brothers' habitually take advantage of their employers by entertaining each other with the pilfered wares of their masters. The play ends farcically when Hunt-Cliffe, a fallen courtier, persuades Sweet-Lips, wife of Compound, to lend him money to pay his creditors. The money she gives him is old underweight coin, perhaps counterfeit, which he uses to pay off his debt to Compound (paid with a pig from his own sow, as Compound laments). Douglas Canfield, in *Tricksters & Estates: on the ideology of Restoration comedy* (Lexington, KY, University of Kentucky Press, 1997), pp. 210–11), argues that the tragic ending was probably added to the published version, perhaps to evade censorship by turning it from a comedy to a satire.

The decline in the fortunes of the traditional victualling trades is emblematised by the success of the nearby coffee-house owned by the Turkish coffee-man, Mahoone. He too complains that his servants have destroyed his profit by wasting his stock. When the victualler, Subtler, notes that trade is bad, all agree that an exception is the coffee-house, for 'they are never empty' (p. 22). Mahoone's coffee and chocolate are shown to be bogus fakes. In this volatile economic climate, the coffee-house, and its foreign keeper, act as a scapegoat, accused of being the cause of all kinds of social disturbance. The comic opacity of Mahoone's foreign accent depicts him stumbling over his English, and lamenting that his coffee-house is most popular at night amongst plotters, thieves and

beggars. The stage directions of the third act contain an important description of the interior of an early coffee-house, noting 'wax-Lights, Pipes, and Diurnalls,' 'Fire-pots and China Cups' and the servants of the house. The scene also testifies to the typical sociability of the room: when customers arrive, one of them reads aloud from the newspapers, while the other customers listen, debate and make witty remarks about the news. The discussion, interleaved with a series of ridiculous debates about actors, wrestlers and puritan politics, ends with shouting and blows. In this play, coffee is emblematic of the destabilising effects of economic change, in which its foreignness and newness reinforce the way it weakens and subverts all the supposed values of the city.

The title is borrowed from a ballad, *Knauery in all Trades* (London, n.p., c. 1624) (Pepys, *Diary*, vol. I, 1666–7), the second part of which concerns corruption among the victualling trades. The play was published by 'J.B' for the booksellers William Gilbertson (fl. 1647–65), of the Bible in Giltspur Street, and Henry Marsh (fl. 1635), of the Princes Arms in Chancery Lane. According to *London Stage*, part I (p. 73), the play was staged in 1664, but there is no evidence further than the title-page for this edition, which states that it was acted by a group of apprentices over the Christmas holidays of 1663 'with great Applause,' and published in 1664. The comedy is sometimes attributed to John Tatham (fl. 1632–64), a Royalist playwright whose plays were first acted and published from the 1640s to the early years of the Restoration. His most popular works were the Lord Mayor's pageants he wrote and staged annually between 1657 and 1664 (*ODNB*). The attribution is very doubtful. The play was listed as anonymous in William Mears's *True and Exact Catalogue of all the Plays that were ever Printed* (London, W. Mears, 1714); William Chetwood's *The British Theatre* (London, R. Baldwin, 1752), p. 133; and the 1787 British Library catalogue. The play was first attributed to Tatham in *Bibliothetica Dramatica: A Catalogue of the ... Dramatic Library of William Barnes Rhodes ... which will be sold by auction, by Mr. Sotheby ... on Monday April 18 1825* (London, Sotheby, 1825), and subsequently followed in William Thomas Lowndes's *The Bibliographer's Manual of English Literature* (London, Henry G. Bohn, 1864) and every other authority including Wing. The editors of *The Dramatic Works of John Tatham* (Edinburgh, William Paterson, 1879), James Maidment and W. H. Logan, argue that the attribution is 'exceedingly questionable'.

KNAVERY
IN ALL
TRADES:

OR, THE
Coffee-House.

A COMEDY.

As it was **ACTED** in the **CHRISTMAS**
Holidays by several Apprentices
With great Applause.

With *L I C E N S E*.

LONDON,

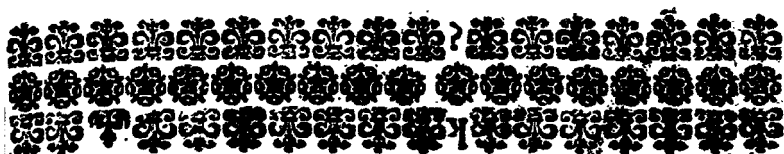
Printed by *J. B.* for *W. Gilbertson*, and *H. Marsh*; and are
to be Sold at the *Royal Exchange*, *Fleet-Street*
and *Westminster-Hall*, 1664.



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PERSONS NAMES.

C ompound,	a Vintner.
Rafey,	his Drawer.
Pickle,	an Oyleman.
<i>Samphire his Man.</i>	
Pepper,	a Grocer.
<i>Smoak his Man.</i>	
Subtler	a Victualler.
Froth,	his Tapster.
Mahoone,	the Coffee-Man.
Hunt-Cliffe,	a Cast-Courtier.

Sweet-Lips, wife to Compound.

Olive, wife to Pickle.

Fraile, wife to Pepper.

Compliance, wife to Subtler.

Rampant, wife to Mahoone.

A Man servant, }
 & } belonging to the Coffee-House.
 A Maid servant, }
Several Gentlemen, and other Persons.





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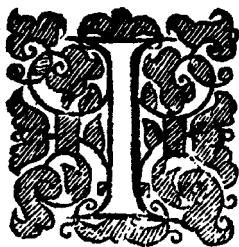
Knavery in all Trades.

Or, the
Coffee-House.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Froth, Rasy, and Smoake.

Froth.



Have made an escape as hard as one of
Jupiters to see thee, *Rasy*; The heat of
our morning business is over; and
now my Stomack's more raw and cold
then the weather; therefore prithee
one half Pint of the best, if thou lov'st
me.

Rasy. I know thy meaning, thou shalt
Exit.

have it Lad in a pint Pot.

Smoake. An honest Rogue I warrant him.

Froth. Here can I drink at any time a Pint of Sack would make
a Cat speak Greek or Hebrew for a Groat.

B

Smoake.

Knavery in all Trades 3

Smoake. 'Tm^t ft be thy Grandams groat, then.

Froth. A good plain *Harry*, or a *Besses* do'ft, or any *Coyne* will tantamount to four-pence.

Smoake. How, man?

Froth. True man; there's an Art in't will puzel all the Poets and Legerdemane--men living. A friend in a corner is as good as a penny in a man's Purse, I need say no more.

Smoake. 'Tis good, to be acquainted with such a friend.

Froth. Creep e're you go; deserve him first, every man is not *Froth*, I nick you there; one courtesie requires another, so much for that, ka me, ka thee. *Enter Rasy.*

Rasy. Score a pint of White-Wine in the *Rose* there.

Smoake. White-Wine! we call'd for Sack.

Froth. Pass by his Ignorance; friend hast thou a Pallat? here's to thee.

Smoake. By all the Wares in my Master's shop, and my Mistresses *Compter* too, excellent Sack.

Rasy. Hold your peace, cannot you fare well, but you must cry Roast-meat?

Froth. This *Smoak* is such a vapour.

Smoake. Are you for a Pipe? I have right speciall in my Box.

Froth. Would choak a Dog I warrant it.

Smoake. The best *Spain* affords I promise you.

Froth. I care not if I take a whiffe,---what say'it thou *Rasy*?

Rasy. I dare not, 'tis too soon, come, mnd your drinking, one Quart more, that's pint a piece, and we have done.

Froth. Gramercy, honest *Rasy*; and so have at thee.

Smoake. Bring a Light, and Pipes too.

Rasy. Well, I shall. *Exit Rasy.*

Froth. Now firrah, say I've brought you acquainted with a trusty *Trojan*, one that does prize his friend, that's such as I am, that scornes to be behind hand in requital. If thou wilt be of our Society, then study that.

Smoake. By this hand thou know'ft I am as prodigall of my Master's Goods as another can be of his; If I can serve *Rasy* in any thing relates to our Trade he shall command me.

Froth. why, that's well said; I'll tell him so.

Smoak,

Or, The Coffee-House.

Smoak, Pray do, I warrant him a witty fellow : I like his way of scoring White-Wine for Sack, 'tis ingenious, & undiscoverable.

Froth. Unless the Master come into the Room, and smell into the Pot.

Smoak. That's but a hazard, and care must manage it.

Froth. Thou dost inspect well.

Smoak. I am not ignorant of good fellowship *Froth*; and have been at the like sport in the City, when the visible Pint of Sack has past the Barr, and the merry quart Bottle by cleanly conveyance brought in the Breeches, & dedicated to good fellows; & now & then (as the house fills, and Company resolv'd to stay,) a Quart scor'd in the Crown and brought to us in the Myter, for which the elevated Gentlemen pay, and we pass upon Paroll, that is, to return again, and be merry upon the like account; and these are kindneses I meet withall.

Froth. And how dost thou requite 'em.

Smoak. Know *Froth*, I hate to be ingrate, I will not boast my doing; but while my master has Rasens, Currans, Figs, Sugar, Nutmeg, Cloves, all sorts of Spices and Tobacco, they shall march in Pounds and Ounces to my friends, Lads. *Enter Rasey*.

Froth. Thou wilt deserve us then; come sprightly *Rashey*, we thirst for thee.

Rashey. As I'm a Christian the best Gentlemen comes to the house taste not better; and so my love to you.

Froth. Thou dost well, here's one that would be one of us, and though I say it an intelligible puppy, one will come to hand upon a good occasion; Mr. *Pepper*'s man the Grocer.

Rashey. How do you call him Gynney?

Froth. No *Smoak*, or what you will, but certainly his proper name is *Smoaker*, for that the Pipe is ne're out of his mouth; however he's good natur'd, and true hearted.

Rashey. The fitter for our Company.

Froth. He swears he is so ca'ne with thine, thou shalt not want any thing his Masters Shop affords.

Rashey. I thank ye, *Froth* knows me well enough.

Froth. And thou know'st me well enough *Rashey*:

Rashey. I Rogue, we are brothers.

Knavery in all Trades;

Smoak, I hope you will intitle me too, and if you want a fourth man, I'll bring one that is true blew, an Oyle-man's Apprentice, who shall furnish you better, and with more variety then he that cryes your Olives, your Capers, your Samphire, your Barbaries; your Cowcumbers, your Anchoves, and your new-Pickl'd Oysters, and cost you nothing.

Froth. By all means let's know him.

Smoak. A kind soul, and will spend his Money freely too.

Rafey. Or else he does nothing,—will he Game.

Smoak. I never try'd him.

Froth. Now thou talk'st of Gaming, what's become of the little Dapper Clark, how does he hold out?

Rafey. Pox take him, he won four pound of me but t'other day, I hope to retrieve it.

Smoak. Thou hast only drawn him in.

Rafey. No, hang him, were he as good at Clerkship as he is at Gaming, he'd get more Money then his Hide could carry.

Smoak. Is he so good at it.

Rafey. It is his prayers and his daily bread; and yet I know sometimes he wants a dinner, but that is when his Mint is broke and he wants recruiting; for the best of Gamsters does not alwayes winne, and then the Rogue will spend high when he has it, Whores a little, and keeps himself neat and trim, fit for good Company.

Smoak. By this hand *Rafey*, now we are Brothers (for I will be so whether thou wilt or no) if thou beest excellent at that sport, I will bring thee acquainted with such a young fry of Apprentices thou shalt want for no Commodities.

Froth. By this hand I'll go snip, and so shalt thou.

Rafey. Agreed, agreed.

Smoak. Why should not we four that is our brother Oyleman, (as yet unknown to you,) our brother Vintner here, our brother Tapster, and *Ego* my own self, brother to all, love one another? the Drapery, and the Mercery Pedees comply to cheat their Masters in gross, to please their Concubines, ('twere Porter like to say Whors,) & we never cheat our Masters but in parcels to please our selves and keep up merry Society, and for ought I know our Masters

Or, The Coffee-House.

Masters are greater Cheats then we are, what say you Brothers.

Rafey. A learned speech, you have hit right,-- *within, why*
I come, I come; the truth on't is I could

Rafey.
say something as to our own calling, as to Balme and Shamlee, the merry mixtures, flumings, and sophistications, but it is an ill Bird defiles its own Nest they say; and truly I think it not necessary for a man to discover the adulterations and deceits in his own Calling.

Froth. Though we can say something as to our Callings too, 'tis wisdom to hold our peace, the truth on't is, Cheating like the Wandering Jew is every where; but of all cheats I hate your Coffee-House cheat.

Rafey. Why a Turk's as bad as a Jew, if not worse.

Smoak. For my part I think they are principi'd alike.

Rafey. But the vanity of our Nation is such, that rather then we shall cheat 'em they'll bring in the divel to do't.

Smoak. A Song in three parts, the Jew, the Turk, and the Devil.

Froth. Troth *Rafey* some of your quality are serv'd in their kind, and suffer for their own finnes, what had they to do to take anothers calling upon them, to sell Ale in silver Tankerds, ordered with Sugar, and a nick name, and sell it for 6^d. a Pint, half pint? and then Beer put into a Rhenish Wine Cask and sold for March Beer, strew'd with a little Sugar at a groat a Tankerd, and all to cozen the poor Victualler.

Rafey. That my Master was never guilty of. *call within*

Froth. I do not say he was. *Rafey.*

Rafey. I am coming,—howe're I have a plaguy spleen at the Coffee-House that cheats us all.

Smoak. No, he cheats not us, we furnish him with Tobacco, and he payes honestly, but still he is but a Turk as the Song goes.

Rafey. Would I could meet with some Poet that would handle the Humours of the Coffee-House a little, as I'm a Christian I'd be civil to him.

Froth. I know one, *Rafey*, that does love thee dearly; I must confesse he cares not much for me, yet he will take his mornings draught in Ale, to please his company, but Sack is his best mistress, Coffee he abominates.

*Knavery in all Trades ;**Rafey.* Prithee bring him hither.*Call within,**Froth.* He has been here, and thou canst not
but know him.*why Rafey.**Rafey.* I come, I come, —I am more call'd upon, then any servant in the house ; look you there's my Groat, —pay at the Barr, I'll take the Quart-pot down into the Cellar.*Froth.* Here's our two Groats, prithee do thee pay the Reckoning.*Rafey.* I will.*Smoak.* Dear *Rafey* I am thy humble servant, by this hand when next we meet I will requite this kindness.*Froth.* You Rogue! must have a pound of Verina's, for a friend in the mean time,*Smoak.* Thou shalt have it.*Froth.* Come go to our house and't shan't cost thee a farthing stay all day.*Smoak.* I dare not do that.*Exeunt.*

ACT I. SCENE II.

*Enter Maboone and his Maid.**Maboone.* **Y**OU damm shade ver be de hore your Metres, and de shack nape dogbolt Rog a me man, begar dis devell Vise mind nothing in de Varld but de foke she spoil all a de men me keep, she lie a de Bed to breed leshery, and call a me men to rub her Gumms, begar, and let me do all a de varke my self ; ver be de hore you shade.*Maid.* My Mist:ers forsooth.*Maboone.* Yes a dat Bish.*Maid.* She is rising forsooth.*Maboone.* De gran pock take ier pour me, vat ave you done vid de milke for de Chocólet ?*Maid.* It is within Sir.*Maboone.* Vid in, diable be vid in der be no ting in de Pan begar.*Maid.* It is in the Bole forsooth.*Maboone.* Vat boll you shade ? de boll ver dat hore your Metres do pish,
maid.

Or, The Coffee-House.

Maid. Yes forsooth.

Mahoone. Fesh me de Boul hedders; it vill be day presant de Company come to de owse, noting for dem begar; call de dog Rog a my man.

Maid. Yes forsooth.

Exit Maid.

Mahoone. O de devell? dis hore Bish my wife no come yet? a begar; he dat marry de *English* woman marry the Serpent, de Snake in bosome, de devell and all, dey do noting but keep a deire Bed and tink on dyable, vat be dis? vere be demilk you shade.

Enter Maid with the Boul.

Maid. The Cat it seemes has lapt it up Sir.

Mahoone. A de Dog, bish Cat, de shade my maid, de hore mine wife, and the Dog hores son my man, begar dey will undo me, fesh me de Eggs you damm shade.

Maid. Yes forsooth.

Mahoone. Hore, you shall no yes a forsooth, me go my self you be de lucky hore shade you shal no go.

Exit Mahoone.

Maid. A body had better be out of their life then live with such a mandring hell hound, he'l find the Eggs broke too, and then I shall lead such a life all this day.-----

Enter Mahoone

Mahoone. O diable! vere be de Eggs you shade, bish, damm bish hore, shade vere be de Eggs? eere be de Sells? you shade hore vere be de Eggs?

with Egg shells in a Basket.

Maid. You see, they are broke fir.

Mahoone. Broaka, you damm shade old Nick break a your neck, pour dat broak! begar you damm shade, de hore my wife, and de dog Rog a my man break me to fivers, to noting by and by; me vill no dure dis begar, take you dat varming one, two, tree, four times.

Maid. I could not help it fir.

Mahoone. Elpe it! begar you elp noting --- O shack Rog my dog man, very good time ven all my tings be spoild den you come a de luck on't.

Enter his man rubbing his eyes.

Man. Why fir 'tis not so late, 'tis not day yet.

Mahoone. Begar dat be brave no day yet! dat be very fine; shack-nape vill you lie abed pour de day? begar you be no servan pour moy, Myne Trade be in de Nite, Ater de Teeffe break de owse
ver

Knavery in all Trades;

ver ave dey to come but to de Coffee-Owse? vere come a de young Clerks, de Prentices ven dey be drinc but to the Coffee-Owse? ver come de Plotters, de men of desigue, but to de Coffee-Owse? and in de Nite; the best time; begar dey be de best Customers too; begar dey drink mush of de Coffee, and mush of de Chocolet begar: now be you no Rog shack dog?

Man. I am no Rogue nor no Dog.

Mahoone. Begar you be de Rog and de dog, you be de one, two, tree, four, sis Rogs and de dogs, me tell you dat now.

Wife. Bless me what ado is here, *Enter his Wife.*
what's the matter?

Mahoone. De matter! go hang your self shade hore, begar you be de hore of all de Varld.

Wife. I, I, we know your words no slander.

Mahoone. Begar you vid dis shack dog, dis shack nape, dis ogoly cur my man and no mind my busines, de Eggs be broke, and de milk a bespild for de Chocolet

Wife. Is that it, have you made all this din for a little flatten milk, and a few rotten Eggs, they all strod you not in three pence.

Mahoone. No matter for dat; dough the milk be stale, de better to make a de Chocolet, dough de Eggs be rotten dey be better for de Chocolet, and den de Sugar make all fine begar: but you be careless, mind noting for your profit, let all de Rog in de Town come upon you, every Barher, Fidilere, Tayleer and Tapster be all *Turks*, now begar, and sell de Coffee Bougra de *Anglish* dey be all sheats begar, me can live better in any place of de varld den in dis Country, me travail every vere and no man take mine Trade from me, and dis be all long a you, may foy, you tell my gredience to every body, pock take you for your paine.

Wife. You are alwayes so jealouse of me sweet-heart.

Mahoone. Diable sweet art; begar you be de cunning hore, me jealouse of you ha, ha, he, ave me no reasons you shade, begar me ave no Chocolet pour de Company to day, and de Coffee two tree Gallons begar de pock shack dog, de Cat sirreverence into de Caldron, faugh, faugh, fe, fe, fe.

Man. Oh fir let it boyl well, a Dog or Cats Turd is as good as the Berry it self, 'twill give a rare hogo fir, and make the drink the better. *mahoone.*

Or, The Coffee-House.

Mahoone. De better ! dat be very fine, you make me leeve a dat, but me no care, it shall do,---you damm shade go your waies and knock de devil up for some Eggs and some Milk, begar me loose vun filling by dis bufiness, devil fesh you for a hore.

Wife. You are a foul mouth base fellow.

Mahoone. Begar me took you from Dog and Bish-yard and made you de woman, and you prove de hore, de damm hore a de varld.

Wife. If I were never so bad I were good enough for a damn'd Turk,

Mahoone. Diable ! me kick you begar unto de Devell, and make you de hore of de House.

Maid. Good Master.---

Man. I pray, fir.---

Wife. Let the Rogue come, the Renegado Rogue, I'll give him his Passport.

Mahoone. Vat, have you got your *man and maid* stand between Them. Shampians here you hore, Bish, shade, dis be very fine. knock. So much for dat,---get you up de Shamber, the Company come in ; me make no noise, open de door you shack dog, and you shade my maid ; get you de Milk and de Eggs Presto : begar me vill do strange ting 'fore Nite.

Wife. Hang you Raskall.

Exeunt severally.

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

Enter Hunt-Cliffe, and Mrs. Sweet-Lips.

Hunt-Cliffe. How now, where's thy Husband?
Sweet-Lips. Gone into the City.

Hunt-Cliffe. How has he look'd on thee since he Trapan'd us at Epsome, prithee ?

Sweet-Lips. With the same eyes he did before, and as lovingly faith la, only sometimes he'll tell me jestingly 'twas a wild frolique in me ; and so it was indeed, we might have been far more securely merry neerer hand.

Hunt-Cliffe. Do'st think he is not Jealous ?

Sweet-Lips. If he be, he shewes it not.

C

Hunt-

Knavery in all Trades ;

Hunt-Cliffe. How does he speak of me ?

Sweet-Lips. Very well faith La; he thinks you a right honest man, and shall not loose a penny by ye, he had rather trust you then a hundred Courtiers.

Hunt-Cliffe. I believe him, 'tis safer to trust one Man then a Hundred. What wilt thou drink this morning?

Sweet-Lips. Any thing.

Hunt-Cliffe. A Cup of Hypocras, 'twill warme thee within Wench; come kifs me, poor Rogue dost not want *claps her*
a Course this morning? *Cheeks.*

Sweet-Lips. You talk wildly, you have not slept to night well certainly. Who's at Barr there? *within anon, anon.*

Rafey bring a Cup of Hypocras for Mr. *Hunt-Cliffe* *enter Rafey.*
here, and make a Toast.

Rafey. I shall forsooth.

Exit Rafey.

Sweet-Lips. I hope dear *Hunt-Cliffe* you are no friend unto the Coffee-House.

Hunt-Cliffe. I hate the Liquor perfectly, give me the Sack, it breeds good Blood.

Sweet-Lips. The other is a dryer, a monstrous dryer, and the greatest enemy unto th'affaires relate unto our Sex that can be; if you love me you must hate that, my Husband is too much addicted to't.

Hunt-Cliffe. Let fools, and Sots affect it, Wilemen sleight it.

Enter Compound.

Compound. Oh Squire *Hunt-Cliffe*, how fares your body?

Hunt-Cliffe. It will fare better by and by,
we wait for Wine.

Enter Rafey
with the Wine
and Toast.

Sweet-Lips. But new come in I protest my
Dear---look thee, the Wine is not toucht yet.

Hunt-Cliffe. Come, here's to thee, 'tis Hypocras man.

Compound. I care not, I've newly drank Coffee.

Hunt-Cliffe. What? an enemy to thy own Calling!

Compound. Some two or three hours hence I'm for you;

Hunt-Cliffe. I shall Sup here to Night.

Sweet-Lips. And welcome too, Sir.

Hunt-Cliffe. Some friends of mine are newly come to Town,
I am oblig'd to Treat, *Sweet-*

Or, The Coffee-House.

Sweet-Lips. What will you have provided fir?

Hunt-Cliffe. A douzen of Cocks, and half a douzen of Teale, as many Partridges, and a couple of Pullers, will do the bufiness,

Sweet-Lips. They shall be ready fir.

Hunt-Cliffe. Twixt six and seven.

Compound. I like not things that run at six and sevens.

Hunt-Cliffe. I prithee fail me not.

Compound. You have my Wife's word for't fir.

Hunt-Cliffe. I must to Court about some special bufiness; add this Wine to my Accompt. *Exit Hunt-Cliffe.*

Compound. So---to your Accompt! I think you'l make no Accompt on't, still scoring: I never saw a penny of his Money.

Sweet-Lips. He brings good Company to the House, my Dear.

Compound. And alwayes scores his part o'th Reckoning; a pretious purchase, what will begot at last by such a Customer? prithee wilt hold out?

Sweet-Lips. He'l pay thee all my Dear, I'le warrant it.

Compound. Nay, then I'm in a likelihood indeed to be well paid, if you be his Security.

Sweet-Lips. Not so neither my Dear; his Money he sayes will come up very shortly.

Compound. It has been long a coming, and the truth is, would I could see't once, I have small mind to trust him longer.

Sweet-Lips. As you please for that my Dear; but take my word the Gentleman's a very civil Gentleman.

Compound. I wish he prove so. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mrs. Fraile, and Smoak.

Mrs. Fraile. What, does you Master think to Coope me up in his Counter? faith fir no, he takes his pleasure, and I'le take mine; let him look to his Comodities himself, I have other Comodities in Town to look after beside his, and as I take it a great deal better: if he calls for me when he comes in, tell him I'm gone to see my sister *Touchstone*.

Smoak. I shall forsooth.

Mrs. Fraile. And I pray keep you the house, though your shoos be made of running Leather.

Smoak. Yes, yes.

Exit.

Enter

Knavery in all Trades ;

Enter Mrs. Olive.

Fraile. Sister *Olive*, how dost thou do ?

Olive. I came purposely to see you.

Fraile. Wilt go along with me to th' Play ?

Olive. No, no, I dare not.

Fraile. How dare not ! art thou a fool, I'd fain see whether my Husband could bring me to that pass or not, I believe I should break his heart first.

Olive. Oh fie, do not say so.

Fraile. I protest I should, why, woman we were not born to be their slaves, 'tis our selves make our selves so.

Olive. You talk merrily.

Fraile. And so might'st thou, had'st thou not been a fool ; thy own good nature first subjected thee ; and now thy Husband keeps thee at a Beck ; thou wert an humble Worme and he'l tread on thee, spurn thee to nothing, triumph in his Tyranny, and thou remaine a *M-me*, a suffering Idiot.

Olive. You wrong my Husband there, he scornes to beat me.

Fraile. But he does worse, he pinches back or belly ; or else thy Purfs I'm sure on't ; he'l not spare thee a penny to buy Pepins or scarce Pinns.

Olive. He's somewhat wary I confess, but not so bad, as you would make him.

Fraile. There's our sister *Touchstone* the Goldsmith's Wife, she leades a life as merry as the day is long.

Olive. The happier she ; and yet you do not hear me complain, I am contented.

Fraile. So are patient fooles ; but women that have wit, are not so tame : if thou wilt see a Play it shall cost thee nothing, I'll warrant thee a Ticket, sh'as a friend, a Player, a pretty fellow that at any time will pleasure her, and her friends too.

Olive. I do not love to buy my pastime at so dear a rate.

Fraile. How like an Ass thou talk'st, 'tis wonderous pretty to have a Player hand us into the House ; and when the Play is done out to the Tavern, where we are merry, Laugh untill we tickle.

Olive. Without your Husbands !

Fraile. Or we were worse then mad ; yet now and then *Touch-*
stone,

Or, The Coffee-House.

stone, himself comes to us, an easie natur'd man, full of believe, dare trust the Player and his wife together, even in the Bed he is so fond of both.

Olive. Oh fie upon't, there will no good come on't.

Fraile. And if her friend take her to *Finshury*, (as now and then we must go see our Cosen supposed living somewhere,) she leaves word, and he perhaps soberly follows after, and if she's gone from thence, or never was there, she is prepar'd with an excuse for either, 'gainst she comes home; your Players are huge witty and fit a Woman for that purpose rarely; which the good man does hugg with eager credit, and gives his friend thanks for the care he had of his dear wife. This is the fruit of Tickets; now if you'll see a Play, be one of us, we'll find you Tickets and your Husband too.

Olive. I am not grown so desperate I thank you, nor you I hope, although you talk so wildly.

Fraile. Is mirth term'd wildness then? pritchee turn Recluse, shut thy self up in shop, and stinck a Moneth, then come abroad to ayre thy self, and see who will indure thy Company; what, deny to see a Play? refuse a noble Ticker? tha'rt Barth already, doubtless.

Olive. 'T makes no matter, you'll ticket it so long that at the last I fear you'll come behind hand in your Reckoning; I'll trouble you no more sweet Mistress *Fraile*. *Exit.*

Fraile. 'Tis not desir'd, good *Robin Wisdome's* Daughter. The Baggage though has toucht me to the quick; pox take the Reckoning, would it might miscarry, but if it be, here's one I'm sure concern'd in't. *Enter Hunt-Cliffe.*

Hunt-Cliffe. What talking to thy self?

Fraile. A thing came in my head that did direct my eyes down to my Belly, but let that pass---methinks y'are mighty smug as though you c: me but lately from your dear beloved *Sweet-Lips*.

Hunt-Cliffe. Now thou vexest me; I must confess she courts me with as eager an appetite as ever, but I slight her, the thought of thee draws all my faculties unto their proper center thy dear Bosome; but why so trim art thou for walking, love?

Fraile. I am invited by a friend of mine, a sprightly jovial Girl, one I call sister, to see a Play.

Knavery in all Trades ;

Hunt-Cliffe. I prithee what's her Name ?

Fraile. One that is not in your List I promise you ; fie *Hunt-Cliffe* fie, will you ne're leave enquiring after new Faces, where's the love to me you seem so much to glorifie your self in ?

Hunt-Cliffe. Dost thou distrust my love, dear heart, my soul and all that do belong to't are thy Vassals : the Light's not constanter unto the day, then I to thee, and dost thou doubt me dearest ?

Fraile. Nay, nay, with her I dare adventure thee, she is my friend, I know she will not wrong me, besides she has a friend some say dare fight, and he a strict eye carries over her.

Hunt-Cliffe. So let him ; thou art my *Hysperides*. But hear thee is my Band and half shirts done ?

Fraile. They'l be brought home within a day or two. Will you go with us to the Play ?

Hunt-Cliffe. If you command me, but you know my stock is low, my Moneys will not come to Town this moneth yet, and I hate when I'm frolique to be scanted.

Fraile. I have a Piece ; doubtless she'l bring another to serve her friend ; and that will do't I warrant thee.

Hunt-Cliffe. Well I'm thy servant still.

Exeunt :

Enter Smoak and Samphire.

Smoak. What wind drove thee this way ?

Samphire. The breath of my Mistresses commands, I am sent to a Customer with these two Barells of Anchoves.

Smoak. When wilt thou remember me :

Samphire. Oh---for thy friends *Rafey* and *Froth*.

Smoak. I you Rogue did you not promise it.

Samphire. And will perform't I vow with the first opportunity--where's thy Mistress ? I need not ask for thy Master, I know where he is, he and mine are at the old sport, the merry game.

Smoak. And my Mistress is at hers by this time or I'm mistaken, she'l not be one of the last couple in Hell I warrant her.

Samphire. A shrew'd woman able to break a man's back if he had no other wayes to do't, but I've a Mistress so far from those wayes, she is as modest, as loving, and as carefull a wife as any in the City ; when he has been out all night and perhaps lost twenty

or

Or, The Coffee-House.

or thirty pound at Dice, she takes no notice on't, but bids him welcome home i'th morning with all the sweet words she can devise, gives him a Cawdle, has him to bed, and there he sleeps till three or four a Clock i'th afternoon, & then he's ready for the sport agen.

Smoak. A brave woman, mirour of Patience.

Samphire. Nay, I've o're heard him swear unto himself, he fear'd he should be damn'd for wronging so good a wife, and by this hand the very thought of her sets me into a trembling; when I'm about to steal Oyle, Oysters, Anchoves, or any other Comodity to pleasure a friend, but when I consider that it cannot last, and he must break if he holds on his course, I then take hardy grace and make me friends of the unrighteous Mammon.

Smoak. Let me not live if 't ben't the wisest course, I promise you I practice it, I find my Master draw one part of the house his way, and my Mistress drawes another part her way; and if I (lying in the Shop) don't draw another part my way, let the Rafter of the house fall upon my head.

Samphire. I like that well, there is but one way to that Wood, a false Key, my friend.

Smoak. I hope thou dost not think me unprovided of such an Engine.

Samphire. We shall be brothers by and by, how could I else (my Mistress being so over-vigilant,) accomodate my friends and my self too, and send Time merrily about his business.

Smoak. *Frost* has the same trick too, and so has *Rafey* (but not a word but mum I charge thee *Samphire*,) we can keep at our Randevouze from one till five i'th morning, and enter the Tenements with such security as though we had been Tenents there all night.

Samphire. When shall we meet?

Smoak. I'll give thee notice.

Samphire. Shall we not drink together?

Smoak. A Cup or two at the next door, I'll get a friend to take care of my Shop the while, and call me if need be--Remember Rogue your promise to my friends.

Samphire. Pugh, we'll talk of that by and by.

Exeunt.

Enter

Knavery in all Trades;

Enter Subler, Compliance delivered (as in the Barr,) and Froth attending.

Subler. I protest I never knew such bad Trading in my life,

Froth. Every one complains sir, except the Coffee-Houses, and they are never empty.

Subler. They are some hinderance indeed, especially in a morning, but we have Interlopers neerer us, God blefs us from a Gun; each paltry Coachman, Butler, or Cast-serving-man now set up the Victualling Trade; the time has been, we have not had a Room empty before this time o' th day, that Company (as one may say) have sat on one anothers Lap.

Compliance. And many turn'd away too, sweet heart, which we would willingly now entertain:

Subler. Pox take their Receptacles, how do they fill, below?

Froth. But thinly truly sir, take one time with another I believe our Custome is as great as theirs.

Subler. I think not, *Froth*; I do not find it so in my Accompts, and yet I understand not any reason why Gentlemen should forsake my house, I never was wanting in my due respects and regard towards them, and have endeavoured to please all Companies, and distast none.

Compliance. That has been my care too sweet heart.

Froth. Some men think themselves bound to come alwaies to one house, and love to see the fashion of others, you know sir new Brooms sweep clean; and new Corners promise much to Customers.

Subler. And performe as little after a while; but I have been civil to many, not only trusted 'em with my Commodities, but lent 'em money out of my Purse, which is not yet discharg'd; methinks Gentlemen (as they are Gentlemen) (I name no man,) should think of such civilities, I see 'em daily frequent those places, (though they think they dance in *Tenibris*) and could take a course that would not please 'em, but I had rather (and 'twould be part of satisfaction to me) enjoy 'em at my house as formerly, for I owe much civility to a Gentleman, and 'twould go 'gainst the hair for me to trouble 'em.

Compliance. Yet Gentlemen should do like Gentlemen.

Subler. That's true sweet heart, but every like is not the same.
D'ye

Or, The Coffee-House.

D'ye see how they flock in yonder? I proteſt if we have no better Trading, I ſhall never leave thee money enough when I am dead, to be marry'd in thy white Sattin Gown to another, as thy Predeceſſor was; no, no, *Hercules* then ſupported but one victual-ling houſe, and now he has three. *Watches.*

More Company---they are paſt the Gun---and the Crown---they come hither now I warrant ye---welcome Gentlemen.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Give us that when we are going

Compliance. What are you pleas'd to have?

2. *Gent.* A Brick---and what----

1. *Gent.* Halfe a Breſt of Mutton.

Compliance. You ſhall---ſhew a Room there. *Exeunt.*

Froth. Will you pleaſe to walk in?

Enter 2. or 3. more:

Subtler. Here are more ſweet heart---welcome Gentlemen--- why where are you there? ſhew theſe Gentlemen a Room. *Enter Servant.*

Compliance. What will you pleaſe to have Gentlemen?

1. *Gent.* How---what ſay you! a couple of Chickins.

2. *Gent.* I, I.

Compliance. What Bread Gentlemen?

1. *Gent.* No Brick; Manchet, and freſh Beer.

Compliance. You ſhall Gentlemen, will you pleaſe to walk in?

Enter two or three Clerks.

Exeunt.

1. *Clerk.* Mr. *Subtler* how d'ye?

Subtler. The better to ſee you all well Gentlemen---where are you there---does no man hear me? ſhew theſe Gentlemen a Room. *Enter Froth.*

Froth. Y'are welcome Gentlemen.

Compliance. What are you pleas'd to have?

2. *Clerk.* A Manchet or two, and your beſt Butter.

1. *Clerk.* and a Cup of nappy Ale.

Froth. That I'll promiſe you Gentlemen---will you walk in?

Enter two or three more.

Exeunt.

Subtler. Here are more Company ſweet heart.

Compliance. I hope thou haſt complain'd without a cauſe, it may prove a good Morning.

D

Subtler.

Knavery in all Trades;

Sattler. Happy be lucky---where are you there? shew these Gentlemen a Room. *Enter Servant.*

Compliance. What will you please to have?

First. A Role, and a Cup of your best Ale.

Second. Bring me a single pot of Purle.

Compliance. You shall, you shall.

Exeunt.

The Scene is drawn.

ACT the Third.

Enter Pepper and Pickle.

Pepper. HE has pickl'd you.

Pickle. And pepper'd you (my friend) or I'm mistaken.

Pepper. A pox take all ill luck, who brought him to us?

Pickle. The Devil upon *Dun's* back I think, I'm sure I've lost seven pound.

Pepper. And I'm not much behind thee, dost think he did not put the slirr, upon us were his Dice right?

Pickle. Right for his purpose doubtless.

Pepper. I know not, but as I could guess he play'd the square.

Pickle. And we the Coxcombs, now could I hang my self to think upon the Carke and care my *Olive* takes at home.

Pepper. I shall not fret my neck for that matter, for I have one as careless as thine is carefull, and faith we are well met; if I chance to eat a Spider I hope thou'lt visit my Carcase in the Grave, ycliped *Ludgate*; there are as merry Worms as heart can wish boy.

Pickle. Be no *Lillyan* Rogue, Predict not; I fear my Stars e're long will direct me that way, if I become thy fellow Collegiate once. A short life and a merry life we'l cry; in the mean time let's tope a Pint at the Rose and so march home. *Exeunt.*

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

Gent. Tom, wilt drink a Glas of Wine, or Break-fast with us?

2 *Gent.* Neither.

I am but just come from the Coffee-House, and must not drink, nor eat till Dinner time.

3 *Gent.*

Or, The Coffee-House.

3 *Gent.* An imposition ridiculous !
and he's but shallow brain'd inclines to keep it.

2 *Gent.* That's your opinion, but I find it otherwise :
If I abstain not some few houres, it will not Operate effectually.

3 *Gent.* Dares the *Turks* Bill
avouch that Language ! he has stollen it from
Salvator Winter the grand Operator ;
tell him I'll justify't.

1 *Gent.* Didst not mind his words ?
a said he must abstain, or 'twould not do :
his Body's then beholding more to *Abstinence*
then to the Liquor ; and I will maintain't
a Cup of Ale-berry, or *Warme-Broth* exhibited
to his small Guts, observing lesser time
then now he foolishly prescribes himself,
shall actuate in all parts of his Body,
and do his business better.

3 *Gent.* Abandon it.
A curriish cynicall Drink ; I am perswaded
the first Inventer was *Diogenes Canes*,
an utter Enemy to sweet Society.

1. *Gent.* It is suppos'd (and credited by most)
the Berry grew upon a Bramble, neer
the River *Stix*, and the Devil to congratulate
his Coze the *Turk*, after a mighty slaughter,
made on the Christians, sent a graft of it
to *Turkey*, where it since hath spread it self,
and like to Locus over-run the Country ;
That it being grown both troublesome, and loathsome,
the *Turk* (to ridd his Country of 't) Transports it,
and sends it by the basest of his People,
with a large Sale of most Non-sensicall virtue,
to vend it 'mongst the Christians, and so poyson 'em.

3 *Gent.* Much probabillity in't, believe me, *Tom* ;
for look but on the colour of the Liquor,
and if it don't resemble *Stix* in self,
ne're trust Complexions, nor believe old Poets ;

Knavery in all Trades;

and then the Scent on't does conclude it came
from old *Gebenna*, *Lucifers* deep Furnace;
a stench to stifle virtue and good manners.

2. *Gent.* A learned Lecture!

1 *Gent.* Nay, 'tis most pernicious
unto the brain, it fires the *Pericranium*,
disorders all the faculties, presents
Ideas most delusive; Treason, Murder,
(the hand helps to ambition) twins of villany:
Brutus ('tis thought) drank heartily of it
when he design'd the death of Royal *Cæsar*;
and *Cataline* Caroust it with more greediness,
then th' blood of slaves; The Fryar that murder'd *Harry*
the Fourth of *France* drank of it; *Vaux* and *Noll*
(the last grand Conspirator) tost it up
and made no bones on't: (Treason went down merrily.)
It is a drink fit for dark Lanthorn men,
but such as love their reason, and the light,
will walk our way (boy) drink good Sack, and laugh.

2 *Gent.* Prithee let me go, do not hayt me thus.

1 *Gent.* As I'm a friend to goodness, 'tis my fear
(if thou continu'st longer in thy error)
thou'lt be detected in some Pamphlet, for
an Idiot, but a man of far design.

I would not have Treason lurke under this
thin hide of thine, for there the danger lies,
or *Cæsar* speaks untruth, (with Reverence.)

2 *Gent.* All this won't do.

3 *Gent.* But mark the folly, *Tom*,
of you Coffee-House hunters you pretend
it does preserve your health, keepes you alive
better then the Juice of *Li-num vite*, or *Aqua Mirabilis*;
when (for *probatum*) there was hang'd last Sessions
a pretious Pick-pocket that drank it frequently,
and with the like observance, as thou dost;
and yet you see, *morius est*, nay, I am confident,
chathad'st thou brought a Gallon on't to th' Gallowes,

and

Or, The Coffee-House.

and made him drink it, 'twould not have sav'd his life:
where rests the virtue of your Horse-pond-Liquor then?

2 *Gent.* Well, well, this noice converts me not nor will I
drink with ye.

1 *Gent.* Go hang thy self *Jew*; better Company will.
There will be ten Pound offer'd ere't be long,
to bring some Traytor in, and I hope to find thee.

2 *Gent.* Pugh, if that be all do your worst.

3 *Gent.* Farwell burnt bread and puddlewater. *Exeunt severally.*

*The Coffee-House discovered; three or four Tables set forth, on which
are placed small Wax-Lights, Pipes, and Dinrnalls.*

*Enter Mahoone trimming up the Tables, his Man ordering the Fire-pots
and China Cups, his Wife in the Barr, his Maid
imploied about the Chocolet.*

Mahoone. Vat be you doing dere, hore, shade?

Maid. I am making the Chocolet, fir.

Mahoone. make a de devell! be de Chocolet to make now?
bougra! de damm hore, bish, shade, vill break a me, begar; she
put in to a mush Milk: you shade, hore, une quart a de Milk, and
deux quarts o de vater, vid one two Eggs, and a little Sugar make
a de boone Chocolet may foy. Vise, pray you look to her, begar
she be de hore a de house,----velcome, velcome, *Enter 2. or 3.*
you been velcome.

first. Montieur *Mahoone*? Bon jour.

Mahoone. Diable de Monsieur; me be no *French* man, me be de
Country of de *Turk*,

second. You imitate their broken dialect.

Mahoone. Me travel all the Varld, me speak all de *Lingua*; damm
a de *Frensh*, me love a de *Anglish*, dix temps better, by our great
Prophet *Mahomet*. Vat vill you drine?

third. Coffee, bring me a Cup of Coffee.

1. & 2. And us the like.

Mahoone. You shack dog mind, a your business.
ver vill you be? vid dese Gentlemen?
very good, vat vill you have?

2 *Company.* Coffee, Coffee.

D 3

*Enter
more Company.*

mahoone.

Knavery in all Trades ;

Mahone. Roga, mind your business ; de Coffee, de boyne Coffee ; de Coffee Cordial for dese Gentlemen. Mind a your business shack nape, me tell you dat. Begar, Gentlemen me tell you une ting, mine Coffee, be de Coffee of all de Varld, make a de man---ha, ha, ha---merry, may foy ; it cure a de lsh in de Code, it make a de man stronge, very good stronge, dat be vorne a vay vid venery, and de droping a de shine in une two tree score years and no more begar, bett er den de devell Doctor, be sure of dat. *Enter more*

You be velcome, vat vill you ave ?

Company.

3 *Company.* Coffee, Coffee.

Mahone. Coffee ! you be vise men begar ; Coffee ! de better drinc in de Varld ; it make a de man stronge, very good stronge ; me tell'd you dat before, *to the second Company.* It make a de *Turk* so stronge, dat une *Turk* kill une douzane' *Cristians* for a break-fast ; dat make dem so mighty begar.

3 *Company.* Thou'lt never leave thy bragging, th'art a right *French* man.

Mahone. Begar me be no *Frensh* man, me no lie, me tell you de true---mind your business dere shack nape. You be velcome : vat vill you ave ? *Enter more Company.*

4 *Company.* Chocolet.

Mahone. Chocolet ! you be very vise men for dat ; de better drinc in de Varld, it make a de man stronge, very good stronge, for de voman, une *Turk* get une douze de enfans e're matin begar, dat make dem so numerous---you damm shade mind a you business, and bring de Chocolet for dis *Company*---you damm shade, mind a me.

Maid. Yes, sir.

Enter more Company.

Mahone. So very good, mine Owse fill by and by ; vat vill you ave ?

5 *Company.* Some Chocolet, and some Coffee.

Mahone. Four bone, may foy ! de Chocolet and de Coffee make a de man live for ever ! you shack dog, nape, mind a de Coffee, and you damm shade, hore, bith, mind de Chocolet---me till you une ting, vud de *Angliss* drinc no oder drinc den de Chocolet and de Coffee, dey vud kill all de *Turks* in *Cristendom* ; and conquer all de Varld begar.

5 *company.*