

Thomas Duffett,  
The Mock-Tempest : or The Enchanted Castle

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Genre : Burlesque

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A great noyse heard of beating Doors, and breaking Windowes, crying a Whore, a Whore, &c.

Enter Beantossler , and Moustrappa .

Beant.

What a noyse they make!

Moustr.

A roaring noyse, we shall have foul weather.

Enter Drinkallup .

Drink.

The Dogs have us in the Wind, 'twill go hard.

[Exeunt Beant. and Mous. ]

Enter Stephania .

Stepha.

Hectorio! Hectorio!

All.

Hectorio! Hectorio! Hectorio!

Enter Hectorio .

Hect.

Here here Mother, what cheer, what cheer.

Stepha.

Never worse, never worse, barr up the Doors, barr up the Doors: Oh! Oh!

[She whistles, Wenches run on and off again.]

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Enter Moustrappa .

All.

Barr up the Doors, barr up the Doors.

Mous.

Let's make all fast enough, and let'm roar the Devils head off.

Steph.

Beantosser, Beantosser.

All.

Beantosser, Beantosser, Beantosser.

Steph.

Why, where is this damn'd deaf flunder mouth'd drab?

Enter Beantosser .

Bean.

Here here, a pox o' these full mouth'd Fox hounds.

Hect.

They hunt devilish hard, I'me affrai'd they'l earth us.

Steph.

Give Hectoria a dram of the Bottle, the Whey-Blooded Rogue looks as if his heart were melted into his Breeches.

[Exeunt Beantosser and Hectorio .]

[Enter Wenches arm'd with Spitts, Forks, Tongs, Chamber-Potts, &c. they pass over the stage.]

Steph.

Bear up, bear up my brave Amazons , y'ave born Ten times as many men in your times, neigh my Girles, stand fast my stout bona Roba's; run, fly, work nimbly, nimbly ye Queans, or all's lost.

[Exeunt all]

[A great noyse again.]

Enter Hectorio, Alonzo, Gonzalox, Quakero .

Alon.

Good friend, stand to thy tackling, and play the Man: [25] where's Mother Stephania .

Hect.

Pry'thee old Goat tye up thy Clack, and move thy hands.

Quak.

Friend, friend, look thee, bridle thy unruly member---to wit, thy tongue.

Hect.

Work, work, my hearts of Gold.

Quak.

Ha, ha, ha, my Father to whom thou spakest so unadvisedly is Duke of that building which doeth sustain my Lord Mayors Cattle, Vidicilet , his Doggs.

Hect.

Fill the sweating Tub with Stones, and set it against the Door, quick, quick.

Within

---The Sweating Tub; the Sweating Tub! Stones, Stones!

Quak.

He is moreover perpetual Whiffler to the Worshipful company of Pin-makers , as I my self am.

Hect.

Confound thy Father and thy self.

[A noyse within.]

What care these Roarers for the worshipful Pin-makers. ?

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Silence, and to work, or I'll ram thee into a Chamber-pot, and throw thee out at Window.

[Exeunt all.]

Enter Steph. Bean. Mous. and Drink .

Steph.

Stir, Wenches, stir, bring out all the Jourdans full of Water.

All.

The Jourdans, the Jourdans, &c.

Bean. Drink. and Mous. run off several wayes crying the Jourdans.

[A great noyse within, all crying a Whore, a Whore, a Whore, &c.]

Steph.

Send a Legion of Devils down their yelling throats to pluck their lungs out.---Out ye bauling Curs, ye ill-bred hounds, here are Whores enough for you all, All, if you would behave your selves like civil Gentlemen, and come one after another.

She Whistles, Enter Wenches.

Down, down, down to the Sellar Windows.---

All.

[50] The Sellar Windows, the Sellar Windows.

[The Wenches run down the Trap Door.]

Enter Bean. Mous. and Drink. hastily one after another.

Bean.

Undone, undone, not one drop of Water in the house.

Alous.

With hard labour all their moisture turns into sweat.

Drink.

Th'are dryer then hung Beef, and almost as black too.

Bean.

Your advice, your advice Mother.

Drink.

Dispatch, or w'are ruin'd.---

Steph.

Get up in the Windows, you musty Queens, make water in their Eyes, and burn e'm out, I'me sure y'are hot enough.---

Enter Hectorio .

Hect.

Turn out, turn out all hands to the Back-door: is this a time to prate ye spurr-gald jades, ye over-rid Hackneys.---

Mous.

O you huffing Son of a Whore.

Drink.

You rotten Jack in a box.

Bean.

You foul mouth'd Nickumpoop.

Hect.

Prate on, prate on, d'ee hear how it Thunders?---stand still and be damn'd, I'll shift well enough for one.

[The noyse renew'd.]

[Exit Hectorio .]

Steph

Turn out, turn out Seditious mutiners, ye or I'll have ye all flead---Out, out!

[Exeunt Bean. Mous. and Drink. ]

Enter Gonz. Alon. and Quak.

Gonz.

More noyse and terrour then a Tempest at Sea.

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Enter Beantosser .

Bean.

The green Chamber, the green Chamber.

[ Stephania whistles, the Wenches come up from the Trapp-door.]

Steph.

Aloft, aloft, to the green Chamber, all to the green Chamber---Aloft, aloft.---

[Exeunt Beant. and Wenches.]

Alon.

My Honour, my Reputation.---

Quak.

Yea! Reputation, Reputation!---Woo man, ah! ha!

Steph.

Reputation! ye crop-ear'd whelps, Reputation! is not my Reputation dearer to me then your lives and Souls? Down with the [75] Close stool upon their heads.

You louzy farandinical Sots, Reputation! I have had Lords---Lords! thou whey-bearded Ananias, and then I had a blessing on my endeavours; but this is justly fall'n upon me, for dealing with such zealous Whore-masters, thin-gutted 3 d. Customers---Out of my sight, and to work, or by the beards of my renowned Predecessors I'll have you hung out like Wool-sacks to defend my Walls. See if thou canst preach the Rabble to Silence, thou canting Hypocritical Abednego.

Quak.

Yea, thou babylonish Whore in grain, thou Harlot of a London dye, thou shalt see the strength of the power of a um---Thou shalt see, I say, look ye Friends, Brethren and Sisters---Give heedful attention, and a, and I say a um---

[A shout within, and dirt thrown in his mouth.]

[Exeunt all.]

Enter again Steph. and Bean.

Bean.

We are gone, we are gone, th'are all broke in the Closet Window,

Enter Hectorio .

Hect.

Hell, and Devils, th'are untiling of the House.

Enter Wenches.

Steph.

Let off the Bottles of Stepony, they may think th'are Guns.

Bean.

Clap up the middle hatch with the Iron spikes.

Hect.

Take down the false Stairs.

Enter Moustrappa .

Mous.

Open the Trap-door, that falls into the Common-shoar.

Enter Drinkallup .

Drink.

Hang up the tenter Hooks.---

Steph.

Set the great Chest against the stair Door.

[ Stephania Whistles, Enter Wenches.]

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All.

To the great Chest, the great Chest.

[Exeunt all but Stephania .]

Hect. within

Heave all together, heave Cats, heave.

Heave Cats, heave---cheerily, cheerily.

Enter Alonzo. Gonz and Quak.

Alon., Gonz., Quak.

[100] ---Murther, murther, murther.

Steph.

Oh, you obstreperous Woolves, a Rot consume your Windpipes, y'are louder then the rabble.

Alon.

O, this base, this cursed business!

Steph.

Cursed bus'ness, thou invincible Fop, thou Brazen headed Ignoramus---Hast thou a mind to be limb'd? one word more, and all the Doors shall fly open: Cursed bus'ness, with a pox to ye.

[She whistles.]

Enter Wenches---And go off again.

Come tag-rag and long-tail, Old Satin, Taffaty, and Velvet, rouze about, charge 'em briskly, showr the Coals on their pates.---He calls Wenching, base cursed bus'ness---Oh you rake Hells, sons of unknown Fathers.

Enter Beantossor .

Bean.

Hell take 'em, they clime the Walls like Cats.

Steph.

Down with the Tables and Stools upon 'em.

[Exit Bean. ]

[The noyse renew'd]

Enter Hectorio .

Hect.

Sound a Parle, sound a Parle, or they'l break in upon us---There's no hope left.

Steph.

A Parle, thou impudent miscreant! false hearted Caytiff I'll rather like a noble Roman Virago , make my House my Funeral pile.

Hect.

All are resolv'd not to sight a stroak more, sound a Parle but to gain time.

Steph.

To delude the Foe I consent, but never to yield.

[She whistles.]

Enter Drink. Bean. and Mous.

Sound a Parle, and hang out the White Flag.

[A Horn sounds within, and one passes over the Stage with a Flannel Peticoat on a Stick: another Horn sounded on the other side.]

Hect.

Hark, they answer us.

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Steph.

Go you Drinkallup , and see what they will demand.

[Exit Drink. and returns immediately]

Drink.

Here's a Plenipotentiary desires admittance.

Steph.

[125] Let him be blinded, and introduc'd by the Postern---Casement---Come fellow Souldiers, lets sit in State, and receive him with undaunted Countenances, as blustering Warriours do, though we are like to dye for fear.

A Guard of Wenches Enter.

Master of our Ceremonies, introduce the Plenepotentiary.

[A dirty fellow led in between two Wenches.]

Steph.

Fellow Souldiers 'tis a Maxim in Warr to treat with our Arms in our hands---(Guard, deliver us your Weapons)---and while we talke of peace to prepare for a Battle; therefore Guard go you and mend the backs of the Chairs.

[Exeunt Guard.]

Plenipotentiary, be not dismaid with the glittering Splendour of our Court, but boldly deliver what thou hast in Charge.---

Plen.

My Master, the many-headed-monster-Multitude, to save the great effusion of Christian Chamberly, will grant you peace on these terms.

Steph.

Say on.

Plen.

First, they demand the Dominion of the Straights mouth, and all the Mediterranean Sea---That every Frigot, Fireship, you have, shall strike, furl up their sail, and lye by to the least of their Cock-boats, where-ever they meet, and receive a man aboard to search for prohibited Goods, and permit him to romage fore and aft without resistance.---

Stepha

Umph.---My friends, this is very hard.

Plen.

Secondly, That all their Vessels shall have and enjoy a free-trade into and out of all your Ports without paying any Custom.---

Steph.

The duties of Importation are my greatest Revenue, and [150] must not be parted with.

Bean.

But though your People pay for import, we will engage to pay them at going off.

Mous.

As we have always done heretofore.

Plen.

Lastly, That you re-imburse the charge of the War, pay for the Cure of the wounded, and the

recov'ry of those that have surfeited on your rotten Ling and Poys'nous Oyl, and allow Pensions

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for those that are dismembered---What say ye, Peace, or War?

Steph.  
War.

All.  
War, War, War.

Steph.  
Return for answer, that we will rather dye at their Feet, then submit to such dishonourable Conditions:---Begon:---And so she pray'd me to tell ye.

Plen.  
Though you refuse peace, I scorn to carry back my present,---there.

[Throwes out a bunch of Carrets.]

Drink.  
We scorn their Courtesies, and their dry toys.

Plen.  
Are ye so fierce? if the Seige continue, you'l Petition for 'em: look for Fire and Sword---And so she pray'd me to tell you.

[Exit Plen. ]

Steph.  
Arm, Arm, give the word, Arm, Arm.

All.  
Arm, Arm.

Within.  
Arm, Arm, Arm,

[Exeunt All.]

[The noyse of the assault renew'd.]

Enter Steph. Bean. and Mous.

Steph.

Many a brush have I gon through in my time, but never was any so sharp.

Enter Hectorio .

Hect.

S'death, our Ammunition's spent, the dear dear dyet-drink's gone.

Steph.

[175] And yet these Canibals, more insatiate then the Sea, are not satisfi'd with our best goods; pull up the Harths, and down with the Chimnies.

Exeunt Bean. and Mous.

Hect.

'Tis in vain to strive.

Steph.

Thou Cow-hearted cormorant, shall we be all lost for thee?

Hect.

No, 'tis for thy obstinacy, thou insatiable shee-Woolf.

Steph.

Rot your Sheeps blood.

Hect.

Confound your brutish heart and bacon, face.

Steph.

Nounz, stir about, or I'll beat thy brains out with my Bottle.

Hect.

One word more, and by the Lord, Harry .

Steph.

Thou dar'st not for thy Blood, thou dar'st not.

[She Whistles,]

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Enter all the Wenches.

Steph.

For shame let not the Army see our difference, or thy Cowardise.---

Hect.

Pull down the House, and bury them in the Ruines: come along boldly, my dear hearts, follow me, I shall find a time.---

[Exeunt Wenches.]

[Exit Hectorio .]

Steph.

To be hang'd---I don't doubt it.

Enter Beantossler .

Bean.

O save the Syring and the Pot of Turpentine-pills for my sake.---

[Exit Bean. ]

Steph.

Save nothing, cut off your Leggs and throw at 'em. Out with the Exchange Womans Trunk of Perfum'd Linnen which the Old Knight us'd to play hey Gamer Cook in---Out, out; save nothing.

[Exit Steph. ]

Enter Hectorio , and Moustrappa

Hect.

Fill the old Justices greazy Night-Cap with the Rosary of [200] Beads the Fryer pawn'd here but last Night, and down with 'em.

Mous.

I wish they were all Cannon-bullets for their sakes.

[Exit Hectorio ]

Enter Stephania , hastily.

Steph.

Hold, hold, if you throw out the Beads, they'l take us for Papishes, and then there's no Mercy; otherwise we may still hope for pity because we are all of one Religion.

Enter Hectorio .

Hect.

Set the Led Cistern against the Door; all hands to the Cistern, to the Cistern.

[ Steph. whistles]

Enter all the Wenches.

Steph.  
My Girles, my Daughters.

Hect.  
Fellow Souldiers, dear hearts now for the last push.

Steph.  
All hands to the Cistern, away ---

[Exeunt all.]

Enter all pulling at a Rope.

Hect.  
Hoa up; hoa up; cheerily, cheerily, pluck all together.---

All.  
Hoa up! hoa up! hoa up!

Enter Steph. whistling.

Steph.  
Down, down, all hands down, th'are going to spring a Mine.

[All run down]

Enter Beantosser , and Moustrappa .

Bean.  
There's a fresh Brigade ef sturdy Blood-hounds come from the Butcher-row.

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Mous.  
The Barr of the Door's broke.---

[Exeunt Bean. and Mous. ]

Steph.  
Barr it with the Constables staffe that lay here last Night.

Enter Drinkallup .

Drink.

O Mother, save your self, save your self.

Steph.

Must our mouths be cold then?

[She whistles.]

Enter Hectorio .

Hect.

All's lost, all's lost.---

[Exit Drink. ]

Enter Bean. and Mous.

Bean.

They break in like a full Sea upon us.

Mous.

O Mother, Mother, shift for your self.

Steph:

Name not me: the Justices, and Jaylors, are my very good [225] Friends, and Customers.

All.

Ah, there's no trust to Friends now.

Steph.

If I dye, I dye, but I pity your tender backs, and grieve for the present want all these young Gallants will have of so many excellent Beauties.

[Exeunt Hect. Bean. Mous. and Drink. and return presently.]

Hect.

Yet, yet, you may 'scape perhaps.

Bean.

The poor hearts fight as if they were all Scanderbegs .

Mous.

Yet, shift Mother in two minutes, 'twill be too late.

Steph.

No, here will I stay, and like a Phænix , perish in my Nest, the Fates so Decree.

Bean.

Then let's among 'em, and dye all together, or break through.---

All.

Agreed, agreed.

[Exeunt all.]

A great noyse of fighting, crying Fire, Murther, &c. The Rabble, and Wenches enter fighting. It Rains Fire, Apples, Nuts.---A Constable and Watch enter, and drive all off.