

AN AWFUL,
Desperate and Bloody Battle,

FOR THE

BREECHES,

That was FOUGHT last Saturday Night,

BETWEEN

A LOVELY COUPLE,

Who had been married a whole Fortnight,

And which ended not without Bloodshed.

ALSO, THE

Articles of Agreement

AND PACIFICATION BETWEEN THEM,

After the Battle was over.

GLASGOW:

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A Battle for the Breeches,

Peter. **H**OW now, Dorothy, where have you been to day?

Dorothy. What's that to thee, thou bold fac'd cuckold rogue.

Peter. How now, Dorothy, what's the mater with you? What, are you drunk?

Dor. How drunk, Sirrah! give me such another word, and I will make thy face ring against the wall, thou brazen fac'd rascal; and as thou likes that flap on the chops, so prate to me the next time.

Peter. How now, Dorothy, what's the matter with you now? what! do you begin your old tricks again? trey Dame, I scora to take it at your hands as I have done; come, take thou that, you drunken quean!

Dorothy. O, thou cowardly rogue, is this the manhood thou hast gotten, to strike a woman that has nothing in her hand!

Peter. Come, come, Dorothy, that matter shall be amended; here, take thy rock: I am sure thou hast not used it this many a day, except it was to break my head.

Dorothy. Come, you prating knave, are you preaching now? give me but hold of that stick, and I'll be thy clerk to say Amen to your Cuckold's cap by and by—take you that, sirrah; ay, and that too, Goodman rascal, for eating my piece of cullard last night; I have not forgot it yet, I warrant thee.

Peter. No, thou brazen fac'd slur, nor have I forgotten since you came home drunk, and broke my

head with the tongs, for nothing but asking you where you had been; therefore take you that, you drunken whore! ay, and that too.

Dorothy. O thou rogue, wilt thou murder me, thou bloody minded villain: but take my word, I will be even with thee by and by, if thou wilt let me take my wind a little.

Peter. Nay, thou brazen faced quean, I'll keep you warm, for thou shalt not get cold under my hands; no, my medicines will not work if you get cold.

Dorothy. Well, well, Sirrah, I will make you dearly pay for this anon, for I tell thee truly, I scorn to be beholden to such a lousy rogue as thou art: no, Sirrah. If I die in thy debt, the devil take my bones. No, no, you brazen fac'd rascal, I'll pay thee while I have one penny in my purse or one spark of metal in my limbs, and that thou shalt find before I have done with thee; and so change me that groat, thou rogue! Why, how now, you rascal, hold up your head; what are you drunk?

Peter. No you whore, I am not drunk, though you have knockt me down: no, I will assure thee that I am able to take another bout yet, thou shalt find Peter has some strength left in him yet, though you told me Taylor he was no man, nor had any metal in him, when he was kissing thee at Islington town end, thou whore.

Dor. Out then, base cowardly rogue, thou showest thy breeding like a knave as thou art, knowing my wife to have but one fault, and thou, like an imudent rogue, to discover it: have at you once again for that trick; I think I have met with thee now.

Pet. Met with me now, Dorothy, I hope you will find before we part, that you have met with me, and with your match too; for I remember, not long since,

you came home drunk, with your clothes all dirt and mire, as if it had been a sow that had been wallowing in the mire in June: and I but said, alas wife you have gotten a fall; and you presently took the ladle out of the pot as it was boiling on the fire, and broke my head with it, and that you shall pay for now, take my word for it.

Dor. Spare me not, firrah, for take my word for it, I will not spare thee; I warrant thee I am able to give thee bang for bang yet, and that you shall find; take you that, you cuckoldy slave, that is for eating my pig's head, I am sure your sauce is good.

Pet. Aye, Dorothy, must we have another bout for it? take my word, if thou got but a little of the pig's head, you shall have enough of sauce, for indeed I do not care as much for your sauce as I do for the meat; therefore pray you stay and take some of your sauce again; nay, but Dorothy, turn, come about; what would you fain begone now? I have another account to cast up with you yet before you go.

Dorothy. Have you, firrah: No, no, I would have you to think that I scorn to be counted a coward yet no, firrah—crack me that nut.

Peter. Pox take you and your nuts too, if they be all such as those, for they be devilish hard.

Dor. No, no, firrah, you are deceived, these are but easy ones, I have an almond nut for thee yet: Crack it but it will melt in thy mouth like a honey pear, faith.

Pet. Aye but the devil take thee and thy almond nuts if these be they; but it is no matter, I will give thee a dish of choak pears, which will do thee a great deal of good; and as you like these, you shall have more for I have enough for thee.

Dor. Aye, but Peter, hold thy hand a little, and let me speak to thee: I pray thee, tell me what is the reason that thou dost abuse thy wife in this manner?

Peter. O, Dorothy, to thy slander I can very well answer, for this is but a slander to say I abuse you, for I hate to abuse my wife. O, Dorothy, I do but pay my debts.

Dor. Your debts with a vengeance, may the devil take such paymatters that pay their debts with blows.

Peter. Amen, Dorothy, but I think the devil will not be troubled with such a one as thou art; I wish he would, he would do me a good turn.

Dor. Why, thou brazen fac'd rotterdam cuckoldy rogue, dost thou think I am too bad for the devil; no, rogue, before I go to the devil I will have another bout with thee, and that soon too; I will teach you, firrah, to resign your wife to the devil.—fly bras! Hold, hold, thou cuckoldy coward! is this thy manhood, to strike now when thou seest my cudgel in pieces.

Peter. No, no, Dorothy, you shall have another if you please.

Dorothy. Another, rogue! aye and another too, for before I will give in to thee, all the cudgels in the town shall fail me; firrah, I would have you to think I am not done with you yet, mind that.

Peter. Take this, if we must have the other bout.

Dorothy. The other bout, rogue! aye and the other bout too; dost thou think to have thy will of me with thy great words; no, firrah, it shall never be said that I will yield to thee while there is life in my body, or at least while I am able to lift up my cudgel, and so take thee that.

Peter. Lay on as hard as thou canst, thou bold brazen fac'd slut, I scorn to ask thee any favour, and if thou look for any at my hands, thou mayest be deceived, except thou mend thy manners; what, have you forgot since I found you and the pear-monger in the cellar a kissing for a peck of pears; and when I

but asked you what you were doing, you up with the three footed stool and broke my nose. and I am sure it was but the trick of a whore.

Dor. Sirrah, it is not a broken nose nor a broken head that serve your turn, for, take my word, I do not intend to leave thee one whole bone in thy skin; therefore have at all, hit or miss for a cow heel—back, legs, sides, arms, or any other place, I care not.

Peter. O daintily done, Dorothy! play thy work, thou mayest come to get thy wages anon; so I may hold till I have not a whole bone, indeed; nay, faith, mistress, have with you, if you go but a mile a day, I will follow, I cannot endure this.

Dor. Sirrah, if thou cannot endure this, thou hadst better lay down thy cudgel, and yield the Breeches to me, and stand at my mercy, and it shall never be the worse for thee.

Pet. How, yield the Breeches to thee! then the devil take Peter for a fool: I can have no worse life than I have; if thou canst win the Breeches, then thou shalt wear them; therefore provide thyself for another single bout, or else own me to be thy master.

Dorothy. My master, sirrah! no, I scorn to yield while I have one drop of blood in me; I would have thee to know I care as little for a broken head as thou therefore have at that fiery nose of thine, I will make it as flat to thy face as a picture upon a six-pence.

Pet. Hold, Dorothy, I see that I must leave off my own trade, and fall to the tanning trade a while, and help thee to tan that whore's hide of your's a little better: you see I but parry with you, and you care not, but now have at you with a new supply: take my word this bout shall pay for all; for now I will either win the horse or lose the saddle; therefore make thee ready, and not say that I come upon thee cowardly.

Dorothy. I am as ready as thou, I warrant thee, and that thou shalt find—O, manfully done.

Peter. Stand off, you whore, do not come so nigh.

Dorothy. For what, you cuckold rogue; what be you afraid of your horns for, they be not so little but they may be able to bide a bang.

Peter. I will bang any whore's hide—to be doing!

Dor. Murder, murder! good husband hold thy hand! I am killed, I am killed! good husband forgive me, and I will be the best wife that ever lay by man's side.

Peter. Yes, yes, you tell me so, but trust you, and I had as good hang you; for when you come home drunk, then you will be in your majesty again: then comes out, 'you rogue' at every word; then the tongs, the ladle, the brass candlestick, they must fly about my ears, and sometimes the three footed stool must comb my head; faith I thought a pay day would come at last.

Dorothy. No, good husband, take my word this time, and upon my life I will be as good as my word, and whatever you would have me to do, I will do it.

Peter. Well, Dorothy, seeing you give me so many good words, I will try you once more on this condition, that is, to stand to the articles which shall be here laid before you.

Dorothy. Truly, husband, whatsoever you would have me to say or do, I will do it.

Peter. Well then Dorothy, I will forgive thee; but, first, down on thy knees and ask my forgiveness.

Dorothy. I will, good husband; forgive me and I will never do so any more.

Peter. Well, Dorothy, upon the conditions which I will here relate, I shall forgive you.

Dorothy. Indeed, Peter, let it be what you will, I am content to do it.

THE ARTICLES.

Pet. Come, hold up your hand. Dor. I will, Peter.

Pet. First of all, will you never be drunk again?

Dor. No indeed, never while I live.

Peter. Nor let the taylor ever kiss you?

Dor. No, indeed husband, never while I live; if I do, hang me; he cozen'd me with a brass half crown.

Pet. Nor will you ever break my head with the ladie?

Dorothy. No indeed I will burn it first.

Peter. Nor will you ever break my head with the brass candlestick, as you did on Saturday?

Dorothy. No, indeed, I will not.

Peter. Nor never let the pear-monger kiss you?

Dorothy. No indeed, never while I live.

Peter. Nor will you ever break my nose with the three footed stool, as you did that day?

Dorothy. No truly, husband, I will not; and if you will be pleased to forgive me what is past, I will prove the best wife that ever man married.

Pet. Come, wife, on these conditions I will forgive you, so come and give me a kiss, and we will be friends.

Dorothy. With all my heart.

Peter. Come, wife, fetch us two pots of beer, and let us drink for joy of our agreement.

Dorothy. With all my heart.

So the beer being come, says Peter, drink to me my love on this bargain, and I'll sing you a song.

Pet.—Come, my dear Dorothy, give me your hand,

From henceforth in love we'll for ever agree,

And if that you true to your promise do stand,

There's none upon earth that more happy will be.

Dor.—My dear loving husband, I give you my hand,

With my hearty thanks for your kindness to me,

And while I have life to my promise I'll stand,

With truest affection, dear husband, to thee.

FINIS.