

**Accession number:** 1992-24/2

**Description:** Four large sheets of paper, watermarked, originally folded in half and stitched. Written, in a scribal hand, on both sides and paginated in Arabic numbers. Manuscript of Ragandjaw, with dedicatory letter from David Garrick to William Windham, dated July 20, 1746.

**Transcript:**

*Sheet 1* Ragandjaw

Dedication

To William Windham Esq[ui]r]e

Sir

As I have long waited for an opportunity of expressing my Gratitude for past favours & my Superlative Esteem for your uncommon Talents in that Species of Eloquence vulgarly called Blackgardism, I must beg leave to dedicate to you (as the most proper Patron) the following Exquisite Composition w[hi]ch will immediately appear to one of your taste and Penetration a Master-piece of the kind, and the joint Labour of the Greatest Geniuses this present Age has produced. That I may not be thought guilty of vanity when I own that I had no small Share in the working up the following Scenes, I must declare that the Choicest flowers which I have added to this Poetical Nosegay, were all gathered and cull'd from your private Conversation, Writings & Publick disputations on the Water, the road, in the street, at Cupers Gardens and M<sup>r</sup> Broughton's Amphitheatre. I am under no apprehension of putting you to the blush by this Confession, for Experience has convinced me, that your Countenance (like your Heart) is incapable of Weak and womanish impressions and therefore it is my Frailty to be too susceptible to Shame, I here make this just and Publick Transfer of all my Right, title & Merit in this performance to You, and am (w[ith] the Greatest Reverence to your Superior Genius and Abilities)

July 20 1746

Your Admiring pupil & most humble serv[an]t  
D. Garrick

Page 2 Ragandjaw

Scene, a tent, a table, Pot of beer, pipes & Tobacco &c

Serjeant Brutarse, Corporal Cassiarse

Bru: To fall to business yet, things are not Ripe  
Do nothing Rashly, Brother – Fill your Pipe

Cass: Now Serj[ean]t Brutarse, how came it to pass,  
When I sent to'ye, you bade me kiss your A-e?

Bru: I bid you kiss my Arse! O fie! O Fie!  
The Man who said so, told a Cursed Lie.

Cass: I say, I'm wrong'd – Out of the Camp you've turn'd  
One in whose Fate Cassiarse is much Concerned:  
I mean Sue Chitterling the Sutler's Wife  
To take her Livelihood's to take her Life

Bru: You wrong'd yourself to speak for such a bitch

Cass: Turd on the Tongue that dares to Call her sick

Bru: Peace Corporal Peace, She's both a Thief and Whore!

Cass: Why say she is, and so are forty more,  
At such a time, to mark each nice Offence;  
May shew your honesty, but not your Sense

Bru: Cassiarse, 'tis said, for all your might rout,  
That you yourself can Nim and Nail the Clout

Cass: I Nail the Clout! Brutarse, let's have no Jaw,  
Or by the Gods, I'll make you eat your Chaw.

Bru: And does my Quid provoke thee, Dirt and Scum?  
There take my Chaw, and halve it with your Strum.

Cass: A Strum! Ye Gods! And can I bear these Wrongs?

Bru: I wou'd not touch her with a pair of Tongs:  
I say, a Common Strum, a Brimstone Bitch –  
Thro' her the Private men have got the Itch

The Taint

Page 3: The Taint that spreads among the Drummers too  
Whose scratching Pauses interrupt Tattoo;  
Fame tells the News, and all, with Gibes and Sneers,  
Laugh in their Sleeves, and cry. Scotch Fusileers  
From North to south it flies, from East to West,  
And you they say, can fiddle with the Rest.  
Nay, Stare not, Cassiarse, like a Stucken pig,

I still am Brutarse – were you twice as Big.

Cass: It is a Lye, a Damn'd confounded Lye.

Bru: And if it be, You have't as cheap as I.

Cass: Must I be consumed because Rumour blabs?

Bru: 'Tis true – I smell the brimstone, & see the Scales  
Corporal , I know, for all your Oaths and Damns  
Sue brib'd your Love by gingerbread and Drams  
You first turn'd beast, then wallow'd in the sty,  
And Virtue Slumber'd while you Bung'd your Eye.  
Shall we with Bunters Pig? Shall one of Us,  
For as much Gin, as may be swallow'd – thus –  
Shall we be mark'd with Low and Highland Rott,  
And ev'ry stranger take us for a Scott?  
I'd rather be an Ass, and bray at Nix,  
Than ride and Claw myself in Coach and six.

Cass: Bray not at me – for all your Ears and Hoofs,  
That I'm the better Man I've many Proofs.

Bru: Go to, you are not, Cassiarse –

Cass: ----- But I am  
Beware, for Cassiarse cannot take a Bam.

Bru: Your Threats I mind not, for I'll take my Death;  
Your words pass by me, as your stinking Breath,  
Which I respect not.

Cass: Ye Gods! Ye Gods! Why thus is Cassiarse curst?  
Bru:

Page 4: Bru: Swear on, Swear on, ad Swagger till you burst.  
When e'er you please to Stale, am I to Whistle,  
Or cry, God bless your Arse, if you but fizzle?  
When e'er you please to Fart, or belch or snivel,  
Am I to catch the Stench and lick the Drivel?  
I am not pot, tho' you're a blackars'd Kettle,  
And you shall find you've piss'd upon a Nettle.

Cass: Pis'd in a Bandbox! – say what e'er you can,  
I am, and ever was the Better Man;



Cass: There I am with you, sir, with all my Heart.  
(Enter Loose-Arse the Boy, with a Jordan of Brandy and Ale. Brutarse Drinks)

Bru: My friend, Your Health - & here's rememb'ring Sue

Cass: Such Galantry I ne'er cou'd hope from you.  
Fill Loosearse, 'till the Brandy touch the Brim,  
'Tis Brutarse's Health - I'd be a Beast for Him  
I did not think You cou'd have look'd so Grim.

Bru: Oh! Cassiarse, Oh! - I'm troubled with the Gripes.

Cass: You eat too much when e'er you Dine on Tripes.  
Some Gin will ease you; or, if that won't do -  
Thrust your Forefinger down your Throat & Spue

Bru: Nor Puke, nor Drams avail - My Heart's like Lead;  
No Man beares Suffering better - Brindle's Dead.

Cass: Ha! Brindle Dead! Your Mastiff- bitch no more!

Bru: She's dead, and gone where Trowser went before.

Cass: O Gods! How died She! Was she hug'd by Bear,  
Or did the Bull rip out his Guts in air?

Bru: Nor this, nor that. Brutarse was fast a Sleep,  
While She at Banstead hung for worrying Sheep.  
Farewell, ye Legs of mutton, Breasts of Lamb,  
Ye lumps of pudding and ye scraps of Ham  
Farewell

Page 6: Farewell ye future hapes of noble Prog  
Brutarse has lost his Dinner, & his Dog

Cass: Excellent Brutarse! Thou art like to swine;  
Who keep their Trot, and do by spirts Urine;  
You carry Anger, as a Turd mine Arse,  
Just drop a bit, and all is as it was.  
Of what cold cucumber your Heart is made!  
When I am vext, I call a Spade a Spade!  
But, Brindle Dead -

Bru: ----- Name her no more, lest I  
Become a Sniveling Kiseminearse, and Cry.

Cass: Brother, This was a Damnable Days work –  
A thousand Times I wish'd myself at York.  
Good Night – Brutarse, forgive these hasty Starts  
Think 'em no more than transitory Farts,  
Whose sudden Cracklings flush my Conscious Face  
Pass off in a Stink and leave me in Disgrace

Bru: Thus they're forgot – And when I e'er renew  
This Broil – or turn like Dog to lick my spue;  
When Brutarse's Rage again our Friendship blots,  
Be ready, Maids, with all your Chamber pots,  
Befoul his Regimentals! – Let's to Sleep,  
For Day and Night are playing at Bo-Peep.  
Good Night, my friend, away with Jalap Dread,  
Nor let your Tremblings make you shit-Bed  
(Exit Cassiarse)

Where did I leave? Oh! Here's the leaf Dogsear'd  
Where to King Arthur Gaffer Thumb appear'd.  
(Thunder and Lightning. Enter Grillardo the Devil's Cook)

How ill this farthing Candle burns, and blue!  
I'll tap

Page 7 I'll top the Glim (Snuffs it with his Fingers) – what's here? Zounds who are you?  
That pits my Heart in Pickle and in stew?

Grill: I am Old Nick's Cook - & hither I am come,  
To slice some Steiks from off thy Brawny Bum  
Make Sausage of thy Guts, & Candles of thy Fat  
And cut thy Cock off, to regale his Cat.

Bru: Art thou, in Hell, a Ruler of the Roast?  
I would not care a – (snaps his Fingers) for such a Ghost.

Grill: And dost thou think to hide they Crime from me?  
Tho' thou blind'st Cassiarse, yet thou can'st not We  
Your Wife thou Murther'd – shall I say for What?  
Because she leak'd beside the Chamber-Pot:  
Your Sisters you Debauch'd in anger sudden,  
Because they put no plumbs into your Pudding  
You, Nero like, rip'd up your Mothers Belly,  
And boil'd your Father to make Calves foot Jelly.  
Adieu; to Hell I'm going to prepare  
This redhot Gridiron against you come here:

Pack your Duds and meet me at Rag-Fair,

Bru: My Trull keeps Shop in porridge Row – I'll meet thee there

Grill; But first to Westminster I'll make my Way,  
And with a Gang of Lawyers Load my Dray  
Next to fam'd Warwick Lane away I'll whiz,  
My Master Satan wants a Household Phiz:  
Last to where Convocation sits I'll fly,  
For I've a fatars'd Chaplain in my Eye.  
But ha! I'm call'd – Hell gapes! I'm on the Brink!  
Brutarse, prepare – for now I feel, I sink.

(Walks off)

Bru: Now I've got courage, & could Box a few,  
The Ghost

Page 8: The Ghost is gone – I'll call him back - Here, You  
He comes not at my Call – What must I do?  
Sure he befoul'd him, as he parted hence,  
I sent the flavour of his reverence:  
Or thick, or thin, I vow, I cannot tell  
But strong of Sulphur proves it comes from Hell.  
This for the Gohst [sic] (Clapping his hand on his arse)  
Ha! haw! What's here I feel?  
I Nose it too – and here's a Plaguey Deal  
It looks, but does not smell, like orange Peel –  
But I must clean myself before I go  
Lest they should call me shitten arse below –  
Mortals from hence be warne'd and take great heed  
That when your Belly's full, you do your Need;  
Trust not your Breech too far – Our Moral teaches,  
That Turds were made for Pots, and not for Breeches

**Notes:**

Aileen Osborn, 'The Literary Material in the Hereford Garrick Papers' M.Phil. thesis, University of Birmingham, 1999, 33-68, [transcript on pages 52-61]; Appendix 3, pages 276-7, contains comparisons showing how closely *Ragandjaw* parodies *Julius Caesar*.

p. 33 'Another similar manuscript was discovered amongst the papers of Garrick's friend, William Windham. That document remained until recently at the Windham family home, Felbrigg Hall in Cromer near Norwich, now a National Trust property. It has since been removed

to the Norfolk Record office in Norwich and a copy only remains at the house ... It was written by David Garrick and privately performed in July 1746, during a gathering at Old Alresford, near Southampton, the home of Garrick's friend, the Reverend John Hoadly. Present were Hoadly and his brother Benjamin, William Hogarth, the painter, and "plump doctor" presumed to be Dr Messenger Monsey'.

p. 37 'The playlet is roughly based on a scene from *Julius Caesar*, Act 4 Scene 3, where Brutus and Cassius have an argument after which Brutus is visited by the ghost of Caesar. Although Garrick never performed in or produced *Julius Caesar* himself, there was a production at Covent Garden on 31 October 1744, repeated on 10 October and 2 February 1745, featuring James Quin as Brutus and Lacy Ryan as Cassius, two actors whose declamatory style Garrick liked to mock. The characters in *Ragandjaw* are Brutarse, played by John Hoadly, and Cassiarse, played by Garrick. The servant Lucius become Loose-Arse, although it is not known who played him. Caesar's ghost, on the other hand, becomes Grillardo, the Devil's cook, played by the painter, William Hogarth, who apparently had difficulty remembering his lines. It is not recorded whether William Windham was of the party but *Ragandjaw* is dedicated to him'.

pp. 38-40 Information about William Windham (1717-1761), 'a cultured and well-travelled country gentleman, but something of an eccentric'.

pp. 41- 44 Information about John Hoadly (1711-1776). Son of the bishop of Winchester, 'a wealthy clergyman with a keen interest in the theatre'.

pp. 44-46 Information about William Hogarth (1679-1764). The painter probably first met Garrick in 1745, while sitting for his portrait as Richard III.

pp. 46-7 Information about Dr Messenger Monsey (1693-1788). A popular figure in London society, although Ronald Paulson, Hogarth's biographer, said he was 'noted for his dirty linen, snuff-covered exterior, sharp tongue and especially for his buffoonery'.

pp. 47-9 Discussion of the date of the performance and its treatment by later biographers.

pp.49-50 Comparison of the Felbrigg manuscript with the Hereford one.

**Cuper's Gardens** were pleasure gardens operating in Vauxhall from the mid-17thC until 1760, See <http://vauxhallhistory.org/cupers-gardens/> accessed 25 July 2016.

**Mr Broughton's Amphitheatre** was the boxing arena run by the champion boxer Jack Broughton (d. 1789). It was Oxford Road, near Oxford Street. See [http://www.bbc.co.uk/london/content/articles/2007/11/13/boxing\\_jack\\_broughton\\_feature.shtml](http://www.bbc.co.uk/london/content/articles/2007/11/13/boxing_jack_broughton_feature.shtml) accessed 25 July 2016.