

The Fashionable Lady
or, Harlequin's Opera

A Comic Opera in Three Acts
in the Manner of a Rehearsal

Text by
James Ralph

Music by
John Craton

The Fashionable Lady

ACT I

Scene 1

Meanwell, Ballard, Modely

Meanwell:

I am really surpriz'd, Mr. Ballard, that you should dishonour your Son's Marriage with such an Entertainment!

Ballad:

Blood! Mr. Meanwell, I don't understand what you intend by dishonouring my Son's Marriage with such an Entertainment.

Meanwell:

Why then, to be plain with you, a modern Opera, in my Opinion, would be but a poor Entertainment at any Marriage.

Modely:

Your *English* Operas, I grant you; but your *Italian* would do Honour to a Prince's Marriage.

Meanwell:

Yes, Sir, I believe as much as any other Part of the Ceremony.

Modely:

Some People, Sir, who have not been happy in an Ear for so refin'd an Entertainment, have affected to condemn it, only to conceal their Weakness.

Meanwell:

And some People, Sir, from a very fashionable Absurdity, have affected to be in Raptures at a Beauty they did not understand.

Modely:

Stocks and Stones! infinitely more stupid and insensible than the Rocks and Woods that, enchanted by the Operas of Amphion, danc'd to the Walls of Thebes.

Meanwell:

Ha, ha, ha!

Ballad:

Confound your Amphion's, your dancing Rocks, and Italian Gimcracks! I sent for you to hear my Friend Drama's Play; not to

quarrel about squeaking Recitative, paltry Eunuchs, and a Trill of insignificant out-landish Vowels.

Modely:

More good Manners, old Gentleman, or by the Universe I'll leave you and your Poet to howl out your awkward Gibberish, like a Pair of Country Parish Clerks, to your selves.

Ballad:

Go to the Devil, Sir, if you please. Egad, there is not a Country Parish Clerk, that has twang'd a couple of Staves thro' his Nose every Sunday, for forty Years successively, but knows more of true Musick than you, and all your Senesino's put together. Parish-Clerks, quotha! they are Angels to such effeminate Warblers.

Modely:

Abominable Comparison! a Parish-Clerk and Senesino! an English Opera, and Radamislus!

Ballad:

An English Opera, and Rad-dad- da — ; -Confound this Italian! It ties up a Man's Voice like the Appearance of a Ghost at Midnight. — Look ye, Sir, there is a certain English Opera that shall be nameless--

Modely:

I tell you, old Gentleman, you talk like a Madman, — that very Opera is —

Ballad:

No Blasphemy against that very Opera! — I say, 'tis the Master-piece of Art, the Glory of its Author, the Delight of a whole Nation. It ravish'd the Nobility, Men, Women, and Children; enchanted the City; and stroll'd all over the Country. — It makes me as eloquent as Mr. Quibble the Orator, and as valiant as Captain Macbeath, or a prime Minister. Oons, Sir! will you fight for English Opera's?

Modely:

Fight for the Devil, Sir: I would as soon fight for a common Whore.

Ballad:

Then bow down in Honour of them, as I do, or, by the Lord Harry, I'll send you, for a Senesino, to the Grand Signior, to warble out Cantatas to his Mistresses, and charm them as far as you are able. - Pox of these Fellows! they roast me like a Smithfield Saint in Fox's Martyrology. But, to my Comfort, here comes my Author-Servant, Mr. Drama!

Scene 2

Meanwell, Modely, Ballad, Drama

Meanwell & Modely:

Mr. Drama, your humble Servant.

Drama:

Gentlemen, yours.

Ballad:

Faith, you are come very seasonably; these two Gentlemen, Meanwell and Modely, have endeavoured to swinge me, but I have stood my Ground like a Finsbury Hero; and now for certain, we'll win the Day, or die like the Prince of Orange, in the last Dyke.

Meanwell:

See, Mr. Drama, to what a Pitch you have wound up Mr. Ballad. He makes Similes like a young Port in Love, and thunders them out with as much Rapidity as a Sea-Captain swears in the midst of a Storm. Deal ingenuously, Has not Ballad an hand in your Opera? Has not he embroidered it with a few Sonnets and Similes at least? Be frank, we are all Friends.

Ballad:

Yes, and be hang'd, you are all Friends, indeed; but 'tis like Court-Members; to the other Side of the Question, Say nothing, Mr. Drama; and to prevent any further Dispute, we'll call in the Players, and begin.

Scene 3

Meanwell, Modely, Drama

Drama:

To be free with you, Gentlemen, Mr. Ballad really imagines he has a Share in this same Opera. You must know, he sent me a whole Quire of Songs, adapted to old Tunes, and made Collections among his Friends, of all the Doggrel Stuff they had ever scribbled to their Mistresses, to help me on with my Design, forsooth! I had immediately almost a Ream of Gilt Paper in Sonnets. It cost me a Fortnight to read them over, they were so wretchedly spelt, and so abominably writ.

Meanwell:

Poor Mr. Drama! Faith, I had rather read a Seaman's Journal to the East-Indies, or Parson Sea-Devil's Serpents against the Stage, than endure such Drudgery. But shall we benefit by their Labours?

Drama:

Benefit! no, no, Mr. Meanwell, they were all so execrably vile, that no Benefit can possibly result from them, unless 'tis negatively, by avoiding every Thought, Circumstance, and Expression, that they have us'd. However, I'll venture to give you a Specimen of Mr. Ballad's Muse. But here he comes himself.

Scene 4

Meanwell, Modely, Ballad, Drama

Ballad:

Gentlemen, are you convinc'd? Are you become Converts to English Opera? Has Mr. Drama enlightened your Ears, and improv'd your Understanding? Has he given you new Ears, Signior Italiano? Has he drove your Outlandish Flourishers off the Stage? Hah! poor Rogues! How they look! How they flare! My Eloquence confounds them. I am certainly inspir'd. I write Opera's my self. I'll be the Hurlethrumbo of the Age, and have a Statue in Moor-Fields erected to my Memory. What papers are those, Drama? Songs! let's hear them, my dear Rogue! let them be a Prologue to our Play: Come, tune, my Sons of Cat-gut; my little Orpheus's, tinkle it away. Law! I wish I was an Actor. I would sing most melodiously, I would ravish the Ladies with the Harmony of my Voice. The Beaux from the Side-Box should cry, Bravo! Bravissimo! the Criticks in the Pit, Encore! Encore! the Gallery crack with Applause, and the Knights of the Rainbow thunder from on high, like a Herd of wild Asses in the Mountains.

Drama:

The Gentlemen of the Shoulder-Knot are much oblig'd to you for your Simile. But, since your Voice is so good, pray entertain your Friends with this Song of your own composing.

Ballad:

Ay, ay, with all my Heart, faith: Singing one's own Songs is a double Pleasure, 'tis like a beautiful Prospect on one's own Estate. Hem! hem! hem!

[Reads] A Song, by way of Prologue, to the Fashionable Lady, or Harlequin's Opera, by the Worshipful Chaunter Ballad, Esq.; That's I, Gentlemen, that's I. I am the worshipful Chaunter Ballad, Esq.; and the Author of this Song. Strike up, Fiddles.

AIR I. A Cobbler there was [p. 97]

*When Farce and when Musick can eke out a Play,
Can write for the Stage, and content with the Bay,
Hang Graces, and Muses, we need not their Aid,
'Tis our Tunes that we craft, and our Tunes are all made.
Derry Down, &c.*

*The Lord, and the Footman, the Squire, and the Cit,
Are charm'd with our Numbers, are pleas'd with our Wit;
'Tis Whim that we follow, 'tis Fashion we chuse,
To draw with me Honours the Opera Muse.
Derry Down, &c.*

What, are you all dumb? all dumb! Nay, then 'tis mere Envy; and, by the Lord Harry, I'll triumph over your ill-nature, as I have already over your Understandings. Come, sit you down, however, and see if you can deny, Mr. Drama, what is so notoriously due to the worshipful Chaunter Ballad, Esquire.

Scene 5

*Enter Hackum, as just alighted;
Sailors following with Portmanteaus, &c.*

Hackum:

Go, my bold Hearts! carry your Lading to Mrs. Cheatier, my old Birth in Drury-Lane, and keep a good Look-out for fear of Pirates by the way. Bear a Hand there, fly, begone. By the Wars, there is abundantly more Danger ashore than lying long in a Harbour. Here are your Whores and Surgeons, Lawyers and Pick-pockets, Priests and Statesmen, that grapple to one's Estate, Body and Conscience, and on the first Opportunity, blow up all without Mercy. By the Devil, an honest Man is in Danger at every Step.

AIR II. An old Woman poor and blind [p. 104]

*The honest Tar, that comes from far,
To risque his All ashore,
Receives his Pay, and, ev'ry Day,
Decreases still the Store;
The Draw-back Fees of all Degrees,
The evening Sharper's Wile,
The modish Game, the wanton Dame,
Soon render vain his Toil.*

In Case of a War, I find, 'twould have been only changing one Set of Dangers for another. But Peace is certainly a good thing, a very good thing; and Land, upon the whole, a safer Element than Water. There whoreson Bullets, and villanous Storms, regard a Captain no more than a Swabber. But 'gad I am certainly gall'd with my Journey, 'tis better to bestride a Yard-Arm when the Sea runs Mountain high, than ride these damn'd Trotters a League. However, this same Mrs. Foible is my Comfort, she makes Allowance for all my Lee-Way. I shall be as welcome to her as a new Fashion. She is always in Love with a new Fashion; nay, she protests she will marry a new Fashion, then who can bid fairer for her than I; for when was it known before, that a Sea-Captain grew weary of the Service for want of Employ?

Scene 6

Hackum, Smooth

Smooth:

Captain Hackum, I am your most obedient, most devoted, and most humble Servant. You have just left your Ship, Captain, hah? What News pry'thee, have you triumphed? may one venture to congratulate? You must know, I always believ'd you a most valiant Man, that fighting was your Direction, and consequently - you know my Meaning.

Hackum:

You are in the right, young Gentleman. Fighting is my Direction. I'll tell you, Mr. Smooth, in the last fight in the Mediterranean, I kill'd so many, that I was afraid of their Ghosts for above a Month after. In short, I could never turn into my Cabin without getting drunk with the Chaplain, to preserve my self from such troublesome Company.

Smooth:

Indeed la! well, upon my Life, this is the only Reason why I did not Ship my self for the Scene of Action at the last Rupture. I knew I should be immodestly valiant, and 'tis really a cursed thing to be plagu'd with one's Enemies after they are dead.

AIR III. When I was a Dame of Honour [p. 108]

*To thou the dreadful Will that wait
The mighty Hero's Passion,
Lo Peace I wisely close my Fate,
The Follower of the Fashion!*

*Like other doughty Sons of War,
Afraid of such Perdition,
To savage Hearts, that tempt the Snare,
I threw up my Commission.*

Well, her Captain tho', if you design to renew your Addresses to Mrs. Foible, I can tell you there's a World of Rivals, not to mention your humble Servant, in the Way. There's a Mr. Merit, Mr. Trifle the Virtuoso, and, and, and, *infinement d'autres* — She is grown a very Goddess, and receives half the Town as her Adorers.

AIR IV. From thee to me she turns her Eyes [p. 113]

*The courtly Rake, the hoary Sage,
The Officer in Love,
The fable Priest, the silken Beau,
In Clusters through to gaze.
With heedless Eye,
Her Glances fly,
Without a Sigh
She sees her Lovers dye,
Without a Sigh she hears their Woe,
And sees them round her dye.*

Hackum:

Good, good, I like her Behaviour much, it argues great Discretion. I see she prefers your brave Man, your valiant Man, your Man of Honour, your Champion, your Hero, such as Sir Francis Drake, or Captain Hackum. I shall certainly carry her off, she strikes already, I shall sire only for Honour's sake, and then the Prize is my own.

AIR V. Now comes on the Glorious Year [p. 117]

*Arm, gentle Lordings! arm again
Another Fleet, to fright the Main;
The Shew will all our Vows obtain,
Without the Toil of Fighting:
The Navy, like the Court, will shine,
And Beauty grace the Battel Line;
To Seamen's Airs the Beaux incline,
And Seamen's Dress delight in.*

Smooth:

I don't think, Captain Hackum, your Happiness so certain as you seem to imagine; for, to my certain Knowledge, there is another

Person, who has abundantly more Reason to expect Mrs. Foible than you, and who has received more Favours.

Hackum:

Blood and Thunder! Favours! who dares dream of Favours? I'll Keel-haul the Dog. I'll put him in the Bilboes for a whole Voyage. I'll hang him up at the Yard-Arm.

Smooth:

Don't be in a Passion, noble Captian; I only mention'd the Possibility of Favours. I thought one might have insinuated one's own Happiness, without provoking you.

Hackum:

Your Happiness! what, are you the formidable thing that must out-fail me in this Chace? Death! you are no more to me than a Dutch Fly-Boat to a First-Rate Man of War. But I'll soon lower your Topsails, I'll only step home to careen, and then the Lady herself, like an Admiralty Judge, shall determine the Prize.

Scene 7

Smooth *solus*

Smooth:

Go thy Ways, Bully Hector. I'll find a Means to be reveng'd on this Triton, or lose my Reputation with the Ladies for ever. He a Man of Gallantry! He win a fine Lady! the Monster in *the Tempest* might as reasonably expect it. But to my Comfort, I no sooner appear, but he is slighted like an old Fashion.

AIR VI. Alexis shunn'd, &c. [p. 122]

*A thousand Rivals round me strove,
To sooth my Charmer into Love,
And vainly breath'd their amorous Moan.
But when I spoke her all divine,
Her Soul became entranc'd with mine,
At mine with hers alone.*

Let me see — ay, ay, by the Universe, Signior Harlequin the Dumb Conjuror is entirely in the Mode — I'll consult him in my Revenge — as I am a Beau, that will do incomparably — Dem it I was never so cunning before.

Scene 7

Mrs. Foible's House. Merit *solus*

Merit:

'Tis a confounded thinks to have one's Reason and Inclinations at perpetual variance, and our Resolutions the Sport of either. But just now, I had gravely determined never to see Mrs. Foible more, and in that very Instant, I only saw the Tag of her Footman's Shoulder-Knot, and am insensibly betray'd into a Visit to the very Creature I despis'd. Her Cousin Sprightly is a thousand times the more deserving Woman; but Passion and Reason are very seldom consistent.

AIR 7. Why will Florella when I gaze [p. 126]

*O Love, thou Source of flatt'ring Joy!
Thou God of Pleasing Pain!
No more thy erring Darts emply,
Or rack my Heart in vain.
If ill Success attend my Vows,
I ne'er enjoy her Charms;
If good, her Folly crowns my Woes,
And grieves me in her Arms.*

Scene 8

Merit and Sprightly

AIR 8. Bury Fair [p. 129]

Sprightly:

*With folded Hands and watry Eye,
The pensive Lover stood,
And now survey'd the Willow Tree,
And now the passing Flood.
But while he paus'd upon the Brink,
Clarinda laughing loud,
Directs him to the Willow Tree,
Or bids him chuse the Flood.
Awak'd by her insulting Airs,
While Anger thrill'd his Blood,
He bravely scorn'd the Willow Tree,
And left the passing Flood.*

Why Merit, what a lamentable, miserable Lover art thou grown of late? The exact Copy of Dulcinea's most profound Adorer, the very

Quixot of true Affection and everlasting Constancy till Death. — Really my Cousin Foible is the very Emblem of Cruelty, no neglect so true a Turtle. — Poor Creature! I am afraid you'll die of the English Disease at last; you'll certainly hang your self, and be brought in Lunatick, by the Coroner's Inquest: Then the doleful Elegies on your Undoing! — The forsaken 'Squire's Garland! — English Operas! — And the Two Children in the Wood. — Ha! ha! ha!

Merit:

Faith, Mrs. Sprightly, this is quite unmerciful; you overpower me with your Raillery; you are as keen as the North-wind, in a March Morning, and almost as loud; while I, like a duck'd Scold, have scarce Breath or Courage to make you an Answer — a Lover, I perceive, is grown a greater Rarity than a Ghost; he appears but once an Age, and then is gaz'd at as a Prodigy. — Upon my Life, at this rate, I shall expect to be shewn up and down the Country as an Exotick, that, like the Aloe in Blossom, can hardly be seen above once in a Man's Life — 'tis certain a Lover is half a Miracle; the Fashionable World hardly ever believes there is such a Creature, and, when it does, 'tis like some wonder in Guinea, on the Credit of the Realtor.

AIR 9. The Morning Break [p. 142]

*Your Cupid, and your Hymen new,
When they prepare the Marriage Vow,
Assume the wily Lawyer's Brow,
And ask what Jointure Friends allow.*

*No more they talk of mutual Pain,
The Heart belov'd that loves again,
And when they do, they only feign;
Without the Wealth the Passion's vain.*

Sprightly:

Well said — I begin to have some Hopes of you now — when a Lover can attack his own Passion with Humour, I guess that, with a little Pains and Mortification, he may get over it — 'tis a Sign there is still a Remainder of Mirth tickling about his Heart. — But when he answers in Sighs, converses in Groans, reads Romances, repeats the Rants of Tragedy; I am for sending him to the Incurables; he is not fit for this World, I am sure.

Merit:

Why then, to be free with you, Madam, I fancy my self a Lover of

that Stamp after all; I am like a poor Sculler in a strong Tide, I have labour'd hard against the Stream, but to no purpose, and am, at last, oblig'd to commit my self to Chance, and the Mercy of the Element.

Sprightly:

That is to say, a Woman's Will. — Are not you now the most rash, and inconsiderate of the whole Tribe of Lovers? To risque the Happiness of your Life in so wild a Manner. Why 'tis trusting to Frailty, 'tis depending on Vanity, 'tis courting Inconstancy — You know my Cousin Foible is the Assemblage of every Female Folly — true she is beautiful as Venus, and would dress like one of the Graces; but that Affectation ruins her Gentility, as Pride sullies her Beauty. — Besides, her Brain is as empty as a Harpsichord, and her Heart as various as its Musick; her Conversation is trifling as an Opera, and her Passions a Medley like an Entertainment.

AIR 10. Peggy grieves me [p. 148]

*Like her Pandora left the Skies;
The Snare of pleasing Ruin!
Like her Pandora's sparkling Eyes,
Were ev'ry Man's undoing.*

*Tho' Beauties deck'd Pandora's Face,
And Foible boasts as many,
A Curse attended ev'ry Grace,
A blessing scarce on any.*

Merit:

Upon my Life, Madam, this is making too free with your Cousin — I always believ'd she was not the most perfect Woman in Life, but can never believe her the worst — she is still a fine Jewel, tho' 'tis possible a little undervalued by accidental Flaws.

Sprightly:

Come, come, this is only like a Lover, you act still in the same Charcater — You are like a costive Poet, who thinks he has stumbled on a new Thought, when he has only alter'd the Phrase of an old one. — You can see your Mistress is not perfect, but will not suffer any body else to be as wise as yourself. — But I'll convince you presently — I'll shew you this Idol incircled with Adorers, but with such Adorers, as an Idol of any Sense would thunder from its Presence, as Affronts to its Divinity.

AIR 11. Gently touch the warbling Lyre [p. 151]

*Gently, God of fond Desire!
Gently draw this venom'd Dart,
Kindly cool his frantick Fire,
Softly ease his tortur'd Heart;
Pleasing Passion now bestow,
Passion free from ev'ry Woe.*

Scene 10

Meanwell, Modely, Drama, Ballad rising in a Rage

Ballad:

Ouns, Mr. Drama, what d'ye mean by such stupid Stuff as this? Let me be hang'd if I have not been entertain'd a thousand times better, by the Humours of Rustigo, and his Man Terrible, at Southwark-Fair —

Meanwell:

How, Mr. Ballad, I thought Modely and I were to have been the formidable Criticks, not you —

Ballad:

Ay, that's true, that's true — but I expected my own Songs — I am cheated of them all, my Wit is buried, my Reputation lost.

Drama:

What. before 'twas earn'd, Mr. Ballad? — but have Patience.

Ballad:

Patience! quotha; where the Devil are the Chorusses? I love a Noise, the Whores and Highwaymen in one Opera, the Beggars in another, and the Rusticks in a third, make a noble Symphony — I'faith it sounds better than Church-Musick, it keeps a Man from sleeping bravely — I warrant, Mr. Drama, you are above making a Noise — your have no Taste for a Chorus.

Drama:

Why truly, Mr. Ballad, I have no great Notion of keeping an Audience awake with Noise only — However —

Meanwell:

Silence, Gentlemen; the Opera continues.

Scene 11

Back Scene drawing, discovers Harlequin sitting at a Table, in a great Chair, with Books, Globes, Telescopes, and several Bags of Money before him; round him are waiting Scaramouch, Pierot, Punch, and Pantaloon, to receive their different Dividends. – Voice stands gaping at the Money, and seems to expect a Share.

Voice:

Pox! these dumb Rogues run away with all the Money, like South-Sea Directors, or rapacious Politicians – and with no more Regard for a Man of my Wit and Parts, than if I was a meer Merry Andrew, and aukward Pickle Herring, or a Common-Place Jester; plague on't, this is insufferable. – But, to say Truth, the Rogues are so much in Fashion, and I so little, that I must submit – Then what signifies it to complain? – No truly, I will be as mute as they, but with more Discretion, and, by my Patience, prove my self a true Philosopher. – Or – else turn Singer, and enter my self at the Play-House, that will do infallibly – Hemh! I'll make the most of my Talent that way.

AIR 12. Fie, pretty Doris [p. 160]

*If there's a Man whose Gothick Lungs
Can labour out your ancient Songs,
The Boast of Stephen's Reign!
The Audience, long estrang'd to Wit,
In Admiration raptur'd fit,
And dye upon the Strain.
'Tis not the Musick they admire,
'Tis not the Fancy, or the Fire;
Alack there's no such Thing!
'Tis Fashion only wins the Town,
'Tis Fashion makes such Stuff go down,
And Fashion makes me Sing.*

[Loud knocking at the Door.]

Voice:

To your Posts, Gentlemen, to your Posts.

Scene 12

Scaramouch, Pierot, Punch, and Pantaloon sit down as part of the Furniture, at some distance to the Table, while Harlequin sinks into the bottom of the Chair – Voice opens the Door, and great Numbers enter tumultuously to enquire their Fortunes: Voice takes their Money, and leads them towards the Chair, when Harlequin rising suddenly, they all run off, crying "The Devil! the Devil! bless us! the Devil! &c."

Scene 13
Ballad, Meanwell

Ballad:

Excellent, i'faith! good, good, Mr. Drama! this will do; ay, ay, this will do, this is what I meant; this is your true Taste; the Dumb Conjuror is an Angel — Oons I shall fall down and worship him, I am so transported.

Meanwell:

As you would the Devil himself, if he play'd Tricks like Bartholomew Tumbler, to entertain you.

Scene 14
Voice, Smooth

Smooth:

What a Pox is the matter here? Do you give Answers by the Dozen, Doctor, that your Querists run off together in such a Confusion?

Voice:

No, Sir, they were in too much Haste to stay for an Answer at all; the Doctor only rose a little too suddenly from a Cabinet-Council with Mephistophiles, his Patron, and they ran away in a Fright, like a Pick-Pocket from a reforming Constable, He! he! he!

Smooth:

Mercy on me. — Does the Doctor really deal with the Devil then?

Voice:

Really Sir? I wonder you should question it. This way, Sir, softly, softly — do you see those Figures that sit gravely yonder?

Smooth:

Ay, Sir! and what then! — I begin to tremble. —

Voice:

Soft Sir, soft, I beseech you, they are his Familiars.

Smooth:

The Devil they are, in the Name of — Dem I can't pray, for my Life, 'tis so long since I tried.

Voice:

Don't be afraid, Sir — they are only dancing Devils for the Entertain-

ment of such Customers as you — I'll speak the Doctor to give you a Dance — *[To Harlequin]* A most excellent Foo, Master — let us make the most of him — 'tis such as he that support our Reputation, and fill out Pockets in the bargain. —

[Harlequin rises, and waving his Wand leads up his Company in a Dance.]

Smooth:

Hark ye, Mr. — a — what may I have the Honour to call your Name, Sir?

Voice:

O dear Sir! Voice, at your Honour's Service.

Smooth:

Pray, Mr. Voice, do their Devilships love Musick as well as Dancing?

Voice:

Oh Sir, prodigiously, like a *Petit Maître*, they are behind the Scenes at the Opera every Evening.

Smooth:

Then I'll never go there any more, that's certain.

AIR 13. What need I to care how the World goes [p. 168]

*While sweet, smooth, and clear,
Musick charms your Ear,
Devils may be near,
Pois'ning the Soudg.*

Voice:

*Devils still are near,
Laughing in your Ear,
When Fools pay so dear,
Only for Sound.*

[While he sings, Harlequin and Panteloon stand on his right Hand, mimicking his Actions, Pierot and Scaramouch on his left, Voice behind; when he has done, they all Dance round him, till by degrees he is push'd into the Doctor's Chair; which rises towards the Roof of the House, while they continue Dancing below.]

Smooth:

Oh Lard! Oh Lard! What, am I going to the other World already? upon my Soul, good Gentlemen Devils, I am not prepar'd; I am not

prepar'd, indeed — dear Mr. Voice, sweet Mr. Voice intercede for me with their Devilships — 'tis very hard, indeed 'tis very hard, for they never carried any Body upwards before that I ever heard of.

Voice:

Why, where are you, Sir? What's become of you? Are not you safe in the middle of us? What can you desire more? Are not the Doctor and the Devil a sufficient guard?

Smooth:

Pox take them both — I had like to have said. Why I am up in the Clouds — I am going Post to the other World, in an easy Chair.

Voice:

Alas! poor Gentlemen — as I hope to breathe — in the Clouds — he'll be in the Moon in half an Hour, at this Rate — I fancy he has not paid the Doctor for his Dance — and he does nothing without Encouragement.

Smooth:

Gad forgive me, there's my Purse — and I'll send him a World of Customers into the Bargain. — All the Fools I know, that is to say all my Acquaintance. [*Harlequin waves his Wand, and he is let down.*] Oh Lard! I am glad I am on *Terra firma* again, I shall never have a Fancy to go upwards any more, as long as I live — I swear going upwards is a very strange thing — 'tis no wonder so few are desirous of taking that Journey. — Pox take them, they have disorder'd my Peruke most furiously.

Voice:

But the Customers, Sir, you'll be sure to send the Customers.

Smooth:

Oh certainly, dear Mr. Voice. — Mrs. Foible, and all. — But then let me beg you to confirm her in my Favour, and, and, and frighten Captain Hackum; as you have done me, that's all: To say Truth, that was my Business here, tho' I had not the Courage to tell it before. — Indeed, I am so disorder'd with the Honour of their Devilships have done me, I can add no more, unless I am, Reverend Doctor, your most Obedient, most Dutiful, and most Humble Servant — Good Gentlemen Devils, yours most sincerely, — [*Exit*]

Voice:

Ha! ha! ha! Doctor, we shall live, we shall flourish — the World is all our own, that's certain — 'tis only ask and have, that's all, that's all.

AIR 14. O raree Show, O bravee Show [p. 179]

*Dis be de fine English Signior Harlequin,
Dat playa de prettiest Trick dat ever vas seen;
And Dese be his Companion, one, two, three, four,
Dat drivea da damn'd Shakespeare out of Door.
O rarée Show, &c.*

*Here be de fine Dancer dat jumpa so high,
And call de huge Dragon from out de Sky;
Dese be de prettya Ting dat Charma de Age,
Dat starcea de Poet, and honmour de Stage.
O rarée Show, &c.*

Scene 15

Mrs. Foible's House. Foible, Prattle

Foible:
Prattle!

Prattle:
Mem!

Foible:
When was Mr. Smooth here?

Prattle:
Why last Night, Mem, when he waited on your La'ship to the Masquerade.

Foible:
O dear, I had forgot — People of Fashion have so many Engagements that they quite disorder the Memory — But your short Memory is intirely the Fashion — your Statesman forgets his Promises, your Courtier his Debts, your Priest his Morality, your Tradesman his Honesty. —

Prattle:
And your La'ship your old Fashions.

Foible:
That's true, Prattle; I hate old Fashions; — I would not eat, if I could help it, merely because 'tis an old Fashion; and your Vulgar have the Assurance to Eat, as well as your persons of Quality. — Oh Ged, I love your Man of Quality, his Dress is so negligently modish, his Bow so gentlemanly graceful, and his Language so sweetly perswasive, that, in my Opinion, he is the finest Character in Life: 'tis

perfectly a Pleasure to hear such a one talk, and, were there not a sort of Bewitchment in Variety, I would not admit of an humble Servant that was not a man of Quality.

AIR 15. Buff-Coat [p. 185]

*From Birth-Night Show,
The powder'd Beau,
All essenc'd sweetly over,
With softest Art,
Assails your Heart;
A dangerous tempting Lover!*

*When Cupid wears
A Courtier's Airs,
What Belle could guard her Honour?
But that her Pride
Demands, beside,
A Croud to wait upon her.*

AIR 16. Mirleton [p. 188]

Prattle:

*When a Lady fair, like you, Mem,
Grows in Love with Hymen's Noose,
Such a Crowd is but her Due, Mem,
Let her from a Thousand choose,
For a Mirleton, Mirleton, &c.*

Scene 16

Foible, Prattle, Whim, Trifle

Trifle:

Madam, I am your in all bounden Duty.

Whim:

Lady, your most humble Servant; my friend Trifle here, by his Grotesque Compliment, had almost made me resolve against all Salutations whatever.

Foible:

You are in your old Honour, Mr. Whim, I perceive, of railing against every Person's Manners that are not like your own.

Trifle:

Verily, Madam, his own are such a Rarity, that no body can pronounce any like them.

Whim:

Then I present them to you, Mr. Butterfly, to adorn your Collection of Wonders with.

Trifle:

Truly, I can have but a Copy, and that will cost more than 'tis worth.

Foible:

I don't think so, Mr. Trifle; for he changes so often, that 'twould be almost a Miracle to have any Copy of him at all.

Whim:

'Tis true, Madam, I change pretty often, but a Lady of Fashion so much oftener, that I can't, for my Life, keep the Tally even.

AIR 17. Ye Jacks of the Town [p. 191]

*The Maid in her Prime, who frolicks with Time,
And follows Fancy still,
As Fashion will lead, as Appetite plead,
Like a Dial sets her Will; with a Hum, Hum.
But honest old Time, that withers her Prime,
And changes all we see,
Can't change for his Life, so hard is his Strife,
Can't change so fast as she; with a Hum.*

AIR 18. I'll rove and I'll range [p. 197]

Foible:

*At Pleasure I'll range,
At Pleasure I'll change;
Thro' a Maze of Delight:
Let Time take his Flight,
As fast I'll persue,
My Joys to renew.
All, all the while Circle shall be in my View,
All, all, &c.*

Trifle:

Well sung, very well sung truly; I find now that a fine Lady is a Cameleon, only your Cameleon does not change quite so often. — Madam, I have the most beautiful Cameleon in the World, except your Ladyship; verily I only want your Ladyship, to compleat my

Collection, and make it the finest in the World.

Whim:

What the Devil, would you place the Lady on top of an Antique Pedestal, like a Grecian Venus, to preside over Butterflies, and Spiders?

Trifle:

On my Life, very well said — the Lady would make an incomparable Venus; verily I would give half my Estate for such a Venus.

Whim:

Why thou egregious Trifler, thou art just the Reverse of Pigmaleon, thou art thinking the Lady a Statue indeed — I hate such absurd Bunglers in Science; this Creature apes your true Philosopher, as a Monkey would a Man.

AIR 19. Dear Catholick Brother [p. 200]

*Set up with a pretty Collection of Flies,
With Spiders, and Beetles, of ev'ry Size;
With Medals, corroded with Time and with Rust,
With Worm-eaten Manuscripts cover'd with Dust,
With worshipful Mummies of Priests, and of Kings,
And a long Muster-Roll of such terrible Things;
With awkward Addresses, he sues for a Bride,
To gape at his Wonders, and — sleep by his Side.*

Trifle:

By the Vatican, Mr. Whim, I don't understand this Language, 'tis very unlike the Elegance of the Ancient Romans; and mathematically demonstrates the Degeneracy of this Gothick Age. — But you are a downright Humourist, as Son of the Spleen, a Regarder of Winds, a Prophet of ill Weather, a Dealer in Omens, the very Image of Caprice, and almost a Lunatick.

Whim:

What a Pox. —

Trifle:

Nay, nay, Mr. Whim, I will be heard in my Turn, tho' it were in the Royal-Society. — Verily, Madam, I say, were it possible, in *Rerum Natura*, for this Weathercock, with his perpetual change of Humours, to win your Ladyship, before the End of the Honey-Moon, as 'tis vulgarly call'd, you would be neglected like a common Pebble, or a

Counterfeit Coin.

AIR 20. Willey was a wanton Wag [p. 206]

*Take heed, fair Lady, how you trust
A Man so various in his Mind;
Like April Days his Passions change,
His Pleasures like the fickle Wind:
If e'er by chance a transient Smile
Displace a Frown, displace a Frown;
How soon he wears his gloomy Airs;
And turns again a sullen Drone?*

Whim:

Why, what a Devil! do I live to be insulted by a Dealer in Counters, a Warehouse-keeper of Fragments, a Destroyer of Insects, a Worshipper of Graven Images, a meer Book-worm. The Caterpillar of Science — Oons, I'll be reveng'd —

Trifle:

And so will I, Mr. Cholerick, in an honourable way; tho' I think the Romans encourag'd no such thing as Duelling.

Foible:

Hold, hold, Gentlemen; if I endure you as Admirers, I admit of no Champions — I'll have no Fighting — at least in my Presence. — It ruffles my Temper, and reddens my Complexion too much.

Whim:

At your Request, Madam, I will be patient.

Trifle:

Then it behoveth me to be so.

Foible:

Now if these Fools would have cut one another's Throats any where else, it might have given some Importance to one's Beauty; some Tragical Soneteer would have celebrated my Charms, and bewal'd their Misfortune.

AIR 21. Bright Aurelia [p. 210]

*If e'er, in Honor of the Fair,
A Lover bleeding lies;
The fatal Wound, the dire Despair,
In Pity, tune some moving Air,*

And lull him as he dies.

And truly in my Opinion, that's Consolation enough for a Lover.

Scene 21

Foible, Prattle, Whim, Trifle, Hackum

Hackum:

Madam, by your Leave [*kisses Foible*] yours most heartily — Ah hah! Are you there, my little Tender? [*kisses Prattle*] Gentlemen what Cheer! I'gad, for my part, I am as tir'd of Eating and Drinking, as of the Rains on the Coast of Guinea, or Calms in the South-Sea.

Foible:

Then I suppose, Captain, you pray for Action now, instead of your Daily-Bread.

Hackum:

Blood, Madam, I have pray'd for it as heartily as ever I did for a fresh Gale, or a smooth Sea; a Weather Shore, or Fresh-Water — But no more of that, I don't care to lose my Commission, for let me tell you, a Captain without his Commission, is like a Blunderbuss without Powder.

AIR 22. The Budgean it is a fine Trade [p. 217]

*Athwart the Waves, in martial Pride,
Full gallantly we lay;
A nobler Sight you'll never see
Upon a Summer's Day!
With Songs, with Revelry, and Mirth,
We made our Station gay;
And so we liv'd the Sons of Peace,
And so we came away.*

Foible:

Well, but Captain, have you no News to tell us from on Board?

Hackum:

No faith, Madam, I never trouble my self but with my own Journal, and that's a Blank hitherto.

Whim:

Good, very good.

Trifle:

This Sea-Captain is a perfect Rarity, I wish I had the Mummy of such a Fellow, I am of Opinion he would look as formidably in his gilded Searcloths, as in his Embroideries.

Foible:

But Captain, had you a great deal of good Company Aboard?

Hackum:

Death! Madam, we were perfectly a new Fashion, and were visited accordingly, by all the fine People round the Country; I wonder your Ladyship was not amongst us.

Foible:

La! what an Entertainment have I lost? What an Opportunity of being quite in the Mode! and making more Conquests than the whole Fleet? Why I shall be quite ridiculous — I shall be the Scandal of every Visiting-Day for a Month — Prattle, what was the reason I did not pay my Compliments to the Fleet?

Prattle:

Why, Mem, your Ladyship was pre-engag'd for the York Races, with Lady Quickset, and Lady Mandrake.

Foible:

Devil take them for being so impertinent, as to hinder me from so fashionable a Journey.

[Enter a Servant]

Servant:

Madam, your Ladyship's Bookseller has sent you in all the English Operas, according to your Ladyship's Order.

Foible:

Has he! — then come along, Gentlemen — we shall make an excellent Concert — I am impatient to sing them over — for I can assure you 'tis a very fashionable Entertainment. *[Exeunt.]*

Scene 17.

Ballad, Meanwell, Modely, Drama

Ballad:

Excellent! and, while they sing over the dear Operas, let us regale our selves with a Bottle within.

Meanwell:

That's positively the best thing you have said yet, Mr. Ballad.

Drama:

Really I think so too.

Ballad:

Ah, Gentlemen, let me alone for a Jest.

Modely:

If you are in Jest now, Mr. Ballad, I shall wish you and your Opera at the Devil together. — These villanous Gothick Tunes have quite set my Teeth an Edge — I feel a sort of an Antipathy to an old English Tune, that shocks me worse than the setting of a Saw, or a Concert of Midnight Cats in a Gutter. — But there's one Act over however, and I'll comfort my self with that Consideration.

The End of the First Act.