

**ACT II**  
**Scene 1**  
Meanwell, Modely, Drama

**Meanwell:**

After all, Mr. Drama, I can't help thinking, that the Success of these Novelties, these double-form't Trifles, is intirely owing to Whim and Caprice; a kind of National Phrenzy, like that of purchasing South-Sea Stock, in the Year Twenty, or the Gape at Doctor Faustus ever since.

**Drama:**

Really, Sir, I believe there is some Humour in the Case, but 'tis chiefly owing, in my Opinion, to the Want of better Entertainments; the Town, in general, has now a tolerable good Taste, and when a fine Tragedy, or general Comedy appears, never fail to receive it with all the Applause it deserves.

**Modely:**

And why forsooth must it be entertain'd with Tragedies and Comedies? Are there not Italian Opera's just come over? Is not Musick the politest Entertainment in the World?

**Meanwell:**

Yes, for your Men of Mode, who have not Sense enough to relish any thing beside; Creatures that, like a certain wise Animal, are all Ear —

**Scene 2**  
Meanwell, Modely, Drama, Ballad

**Ballad:**

Well, Gentlemen, are You all agreed at last — Meanwell, pr'ythee condescend to be in the Mode for once and be pleas'd, like us, and the rest of the World, with this pretty Interruption of musical Jingle, and modish Sing-song.

**Modely:**

Like us? Dem it, like you, and your Author if you please; but, as for me, I would not be suspected for an Admirer of such rude Harmony, by the Connoisseurs of Musick, on any Account; no, not for a Front-Box *Gratis*, thro' the whole Season.

**Meanwell:**

Nor wou'd I, Mr. Ballad, forfeit my Reason so far as to approve an

Absurdity, for all the Reputation of your most popular Authors.

**Ballad:**

Then you are both a Couple of obstinate Hereticks, d'ye see! and by the Lord Harry, at the Opening of the Play-house, every Winter, I'll have you burnt in Effigy, like the Devil and his Holiness, on the Fifth of November: and so, Gentlemen, a Fig for your Ears, and your Judgment too. Let us proceed, Mr. Drama —

**Scene 3**

Merit, Sprightly

**Sprightly:**

Well, Mr. Merit, are you convinc'd? Are your Eyes open'd? — On my Conscience I believe you are the first Lover, that was ever discontented with the true Picture of his Mistress. O Lud, O Lud! you are as melancholy as a plunder'd Miser, or a fall'n Statesman.

**Merit:**

For Goodness Sake, Madam, have some Compassion on me. 'Tis true, I am a little gloomy to think me self station'd among such a Groupe of grotesque Figures, like the Adorers of Fortune in a Dutch Picture — but I shall recover presently, if you will let me breathe — Pray, Madam, let me breathe a little —

**Sprightly:**

No, no, I will not give you Time to breathe, you don't deserve to breathe, while you entertain so absurd a Passion; and a Moment's Reflection on your fantastick Idol, will undo all your Resolution.

**AIR 23.** While I fondly view my Charmer [p. 235]

*When fond Passion thrills the Lover,  
Soft the subtle Anguish flies,  
Gay Delusions cloud him over,  
Deaf his Ears, and dim his Eyes.  
All his Thoughts are ever roving  
O'er his beauteous Idol's Charms;  
All his Soul is fond of Loving,  
All his Joy within her Arms.*

**Merit:**

Well, Madam, I own you are in the right; yet she is exceedingly handsome, and if one cou'd conquer her Vanity — but I grant 'tis impossible; Affectation in a Woman is as invincible as Cowardice in a Man.

**AIR 24.** Plus inconstant que l'Onde & le Nuage [p. 242]

*When Woman once takes in her Head to persue  
The Humours, the Follies, and Modes of the Town;  
Shew, Conquest, and Dress, she has only in View,  
She fancies no Beauty so bright as her own;  
Thro' a Round of Amusement she hurries the Day,  
With the Frolick, the Fickle, the Vain, and the Loud,  
And trifles her Life in a Flutter away,  
The Scorn and the Jest and the Laugh of a Croud!*

**Sprightly:**

Ha! ha! ha! very sententious truly; on my Life you make a very pretty Figure, railing against the very Thing you doat on — Come, lay your Hand on your Heart now, and feel whether it has not its usual Pit-a-pat-ation at Mrs. Foible's Name — Look — look — just as I suspected! Your Blushes betray you. You are endeavoring to deceive your self; your Resentment is perfectly a Lover's: You rave at my Cousin, not because You hate Her, but because She does not love You: like the Thames, when the Wind blows opposite to the Tide; you seem to go one Way, when you are actually running another — Were Foible a Person of real Merit — I'll be hang'd if you wou'd give your self half this Uneasiness about her.

**AIR 25.** Oh cruel Tyrant Love [p. 249]

*The little, wanton God  
Directs his idle Darts,  
With random Aim abroad,  
And wounds discordant Hearts.*

*Thou little, wanton God,  
Forbear thy idle Darts.  
Or wing their future Road  
To sympathising Hearts.*

**Merit:**

Well, on my Conscience, Mrs. Sprightly, you begin to talk like one of us now. This Song is perfectly in the Lover's Strain. I shall relish your Company most exceedingly, I find. Your Lovers are the best Company in the World, we shall now be able to sigh in Concert, and complain of our hard Fates, alternately, with the greatest Concord imaginable: We shall echo to one another, like Mr. Dryden's Turtles.

**AIR 26.** The Lucky Hit [p. 252]

*In this Anguish, cease to languish,  
Thus I sadly sing;  
'Tis now too late, to rave at Fate,  
Alas! poor Thing!*

**Sprightly:**

*Simple Lover, Hope give over,  
I as sadly sing;  
Your foolish Pain, is all in vain,  
Alas! poor Thing!*

**Merit:**

*In this Anguish,*

**Sprightly:**

*You may languish,*

**Both:**

*Thus I sadly sing;*

**Sprightly:**

*Your foolish Pain,*

**Merit:**

*Like your's is vain,*

**Both:**

*Alas! poor Thing!*

**Sprightly:**

Well! well! Mr. Merit, I am glad you are so merry, tho' it is at my Expence: I'll be contented to look as ridiculous as you, or any other Romanmtick Lover, to do my Friend a Service; and I assure you that's what I intend you, tho' I may lessen my Cousin's Train of Admirers, without increasing my own.

**Merit:**

I am infinitely oblig'd to you, Madam, and you shall henceforward see, with what Resolution I'll disengage my self from her Snare.

**Sprightly:**

She is coming this Way, I see; wherefore, if you'd have me believe you, avoid her at once, and let one Pang serve for all.

**Merit:**

I'll only stay to tell her I am free; and then —

**Sprightly:**

And then you'll be just where you were before — *[Aside.]* Devil take her for this unseasonable Interruption.

**AIR 27.** See, see, my Seraphina comes [p. 260]

**Merit:**

*See! see! like Vensu she appears,  
With all her Heaven of Charms;  
Her spotless Form, her blooming Years  
Enchant me to her Arms.  
Were I to chuse my fav'rite Joy,  
Or Love, or Kingly Sway;  
Her smiles shou'd all my Hours employ;  
And sport the World away.*

*[Enter Foible.]*

#### **Scene 4**

Ballad, Meanwell, Modely, Drama

**Ballad:**

Oons! Mr. Drama, I don't like these Merits, and Sprightlys, and Smooths, and Foibles, they are not the proper Subjects of an Opera — I tell you, High-way-men and Whores, Beggars, and Rusticks are your only People; 'tis they raise the loud Laugh, — I say, Sir, let us have some Whores, a Chorus of Whores, or a Gang of Street-Robbers, it does my Heart good to see them.

**Meanwell:**

'Tis but common Justice then, to wish your Bed may be always supplied with a Specimen of the first, and your Roads with the last.

**Drama:**

You're too severe, Mr. Meanwell; pray let Mr. Ballad indulge his Taste in Whores and Highwaymen, if he pleases.

**Modely:**

For Shame, Gentlemen, let the Play proceed: Don't you see the Actors stand gaping at one another, like People that are out in a Country Dance?

**Scene 5**  
Merit, Sprightly, Foible

**Foible:**

So, Cousin, 'tis you, I see, that run away with Mr. Merit from Company; but I must needs tell you, that 'tis very unpolite; and no Person of Fashion wou'd be guilty of such Rudeness.

**Sprightly:**

Lard, Madam! I thought that in such a Crowd of Adorers, you cou'd not have miss'd a single Person. — But, on Recollection, I ask Pardon, Cousin, he is the only Man of Sense among them —

**Foible:**

Unfashionable Creature! Why, she endeavors to be witty.

**Sprightly:**

Which makes me wonder indeed, that ever your Ladyship shou'd admit him as a Lover, or he become an Admirer of your Ladyship.

**Foible:**

I'll have you to know, Madam, I have made Fools of Men of Sense, as you call them, before now; and shall again, when you have not a Fellow to bless your self with.

**Sprightly:**

The more's the Pity, that's all, Madam. Ha, ha, ha!

**Foible:**

What Airs the Thing gives her self! Positively, I am almost angry. — I feel my whole Complexion is perfectly engrain'd, like a Country Milk-maid's. [*Looking in a Pocket-Glass.*] Bless me! I am out of Countenance at my own Face.

**Sprightly:**

Well, but Cousin, I hope you'll furnish me, now and then, with some unfashionable cast-off Lovers, as you do Prattle with your old Gowns. You may do this, methinks, out of meer Charity.

**AIR 28.** Sleepy Body [p. 263]

**Foible:**

*Foolish Lover!*

*Silent Lover!*

*How can you let her teize me?*

*Quick discover,  
Stupid Lover!  
How you are bound to please me.*

**Merit:**

*When you shou'd be kind,  
You always are blind  
To the Sorrows I daily suffer;  
Fair Lady! bestow  
Some Respite from Woe,  
And pity a faithful Lover.*

**Sprightly:**

*Foolish Lover!  
Silent Lover!  
How can you let me teize her?  
Quick discover,  
Stupid Lover!  
How you are bound to please her.*

Ha, ha, ha! poor Cousin! why, you look as melancholy as your Lover; and your Lover, as you: I never saw a Couple of better Figures in my Life; on my Conscience, you wou'd do admirable well for the last Scene in a Tragedy. — You are the very Images of Spleen and Melancholy. Surely, this can never be the facetious Mr. Merit, and this the celebrated Mrs. Foible! Ha, ha, ha!

**Foible:**

Insulting Creature! these Wits are the greatest Fools in the Universe. Merit, you're a Coxcomb; I cou'd cry for Vexation — but that Tears are out of Fashion.

**Merit:**

As I hope to be sav'd, Madam, I am exceedingly concern'd to see you so disorder'd. —

**Foible:**

Disorder'd! Who told you I was disorder'd, Mr. Wisdom? You are a hopeful Lover, to see me abus'd so scandalously, without speaking a Word in my Favour. — I can tell you, Sir, 'tis only fashionable to suffer one's Friends to be rail'd at behind their Backs.

**Merit:**

Upon my Life, Mrs. Sprightly, you are too hard upon your Cousin, — yet, Madam, I am sure her Railery is in perfect good Humour; otherwise, — Madam, — a — that Look has undone me again. — I

see you don't believe me, and yet, Madam, my Heart is sincere enough to deserve your Credit, tho' not worthy your Esteem.

**AIR 29.** Would Fate to me Belinda give [p. 272]

*Oh! take me, Charmer, to thy Breast,  
And let me breathe my Love-sick Pain;  
Oh hear my Vows, by Truth imprest,  
And sooth my anxious Soul again.*

*No Peace my anxious Soul can know,  
When you, my Fair, in Anger frown;  
It wanders thro' a Wild of Woe,  
To other anxious Souls unknown.*

**AIR 30.** Cease your Funning [p. 275]

**Sprightly:**

*Idle Creature!  
Form and Feature  
Give thy anxious Soul its Pain;  
Pretty Faces,  
Modish Graces,  
O'er thy conquer'd Reason reign:  
Slave to Passion!  
Fool to Fashion!  
Rouse thy Courage to this Aid;  
If, to gain thee,  
She disdain thee,  
Let her, let her dye a Maid.*

**Foible:**

Oh, Madam! that is not in his Power, I can assure you; and, as long as 'tis the Fashion to marry, I shall never want Opportunity, or Inclination.

#### **Scene 6**

Merit, Sprightly, Foible, Smooth

**AIR 31.** Cupid, God of pleasing Anguish [p. 281]

**Foible:**

*Cupid, let my lovers languish.  
Let them feel thy keenest Anguish,  
Let them groan with all thy Pain:  
We shou'd ne'er avoid complying,  
They no longer talk of Dying,*



*Did their Hearts at Ease remain.*

**Smooth:**

*Cupid, let me ever languish,  
Let me feel thy sweetest Anguish;*

**Foible:**

*Let him groan with all thy Pain.*

**Smooth:**

*Let my Angel be complying,*

**Foible:**

*Let him always talk of Dying,*

**Both:**

*Let us always thus remain.*

**Smooth:**

Upon my Soul, Madam, we are perfectly the Loadstone and the Needle; I obey all your Motions implicitly. Gad, I miss'd your La'ship the very moment you was gone, meerly by Sympathy. — I was sending Hackum to the Dumb Conjuror to enquire his Fortune; when, of a sudden, I felt a sort of a, sort of a — Dem it! when a Man is in Love, he had need carry a Folio Dictionary in his Pocket, I think. — But I am sure you — a — understand me, Madam.

**Sprightly:**

If Mrs. Foible does, I am sure no-body else can.

**Merit:**

It is very happy for them, in my Opinion.

**Foible:**

What! again, with your Impertinence? Sir, I thought you had been answered before. As I hope to breathe, Mr. Smooth, these two ill-bred Creatures have perfectly agreed to give me the Vapours; where one ended the unfashionable Railery, the other took it up, like a Duet in an Opera: I was never so absurdly treated since I was a Person, before.

**Sprightly:**

Upon my Life, Cousin, we have done you no Injustice that I know of.

**Merit:**

How! Mr. Smooth, Adoration!

**Smooth:**

Yes, Sir, I say Adoration! and what then, Sir? Is that Word your's, that I mayn't use it as I please?

**Merit:**

No, really Sir, I never make use of it but in my Prayers.

**Smooth:**

Prayers! Ha, ha, he! why I never pray'd in my Life.

**Sprightly:**

So 'tis a Sign.

**Smooth:**

Sign, Mem! Why so? I don't understand you, Mem!

**Sprightly:**

I did not suppose you wou'd; Prayers and Understanding generally go together.

**Foible:**

So, Mr. Smooth! we are all treated alike, you see.

**Smooth:**

Dem it, Madam! they can't provoke me; I can feel nothing but Pleasure in your Ladyship'd Company.

**Foible:**

Fine! gallant! when wou'd the ingenious Mr. Merit say such a Thing?

**Merit:**

When your La'ship gives me an Opportunity.

**Sprightly:**

And that will never be, I am sure, 'till you have as many Accomplishments as the fashionable Mr. Smooth.

**Smooth:**

Faith, Mem, to say Truth, I have some Accomplishments, which some other Persons need very much, for what I can tell.

**Merit:**

Oh, Sir! there is no Man in England has so many, at least in his own Opinion, as Mr. Smooth.

**AIR 32.** As fair Dorinda fitting was [p. 290]

*The Man of Fashion, proudly vain,  
And in Embroideries gay,  
Displays the Gold that tips his Cane,  
And hums the modish Lay.*

*The Grin, the Lace, the janty Air,  
Are all the Coxcomb's Pride;  
A Rant, or two, to win the Fair,  
All Fop, and Fool beside!*

**Smooth:**

Dem it, Sir, do you mean me?

**Merit:**

Lord, Sir, do you take your self for a Fop or a Fool, that you suspect it?

**Sprightly:**

Mr. Smooth is hardly such a Plain-Dealer.

**Smooth:**

I can tell you, Mem, 'tis well you are a Lady.

**Sprightly:**

'Tis very well for you, Mr. Smooth, I can assure you.

**Smooth:**

Why so, Mem? I never said a fine Thing to you in my Life, as I know of.

**Sprightly:**

No, nor to any one else, I'll be engag'd.

**AIR 33.** Hunt the Squirrel [p. 295]

*For Wit, the fawning Coxcomb cries,  
Look you, fair Lady, beautiful Lady!  
Dancing Step, and courtly Air,  
Look you, my Lady fair!*

*How sweet my Voice! genteel my Bow!  
How soft my Ogle now!  
He speaks, he bows, he rolls his Eyes,  
In Sighs the Lady dies.*

**Foible:**

Indeed, Cousin, you give your self such Airs, there's no enduring you. — The Man of Fashion is a Person —

**Smooth:**

True, Madam, the Man of Fashion is a Person your La'ship esteems, and therefore, tho' I am a Man of Fashion my self, I value this Lady's unfashionable Wit no more, than she does your La'ship's inimitable Graces.

**AIR 34.** O Jenny, O Jenny, where hast thou been? [p. 310]

*O dearest Lady! let me but see  
Those bright Stars of Beauty languish on me;  
Let Spleen, and let Satire,  
Wit and Ill-nature,  
Ever, as now, my Enemies be*

**Foible:**

*O Fashion, O Fashion, let me see  
Thy changeable Graces wedded to me;  
Let Speen, &c.*

**Both:**

*Let Spleen, &c.*

**Foible:**

Come, Mr. Merit, I know you have a *Tendre* for me still; Ha, ha, he! in spit of Mrs. Sprightly, and all her Wit. — I know you are ready to hang your self for having disoblig'd me, Ha, ha, he! therefore, out of meer Compassion, I believe I had best take you into Favour again. — Come, come, you may look pleasant again now. — You shall have the Pleasure of waiting on me to the Dumb Conjuror, with Mr. Smooth.

**Sprightly:**

Yes, Madam, the Pleasure will be of a Piece with the Entertainment.

**Foible:**

The Creature!

**Sprightly:**

The Insolent!

**Merit:**

You know, Madam, without a Compliment, I am always ready to wait on you with Pleasure.

**Foible:**

Oh, Sir! I don't question it in the least. *Allons*, Gentlemen. My Cousin, the Wit here, can entertain herself with her own Excellencies; Ha, ha, ha!

**Merit:**

Madam, your most humble Servant.

**Sprightly:**

The Tyrant! how she insults me! [*Exeunt. Manet Sprightly.*]

**Scene 7**

Ballad, Meanwell, Modely, Drama

**Ballad:**

What a Devil does this Vixen slay for? I was in hoped we shou'd have the Stage clear'd at once, to make room for the Dumb Conjuror: I long for the Dumb Conjuror, he is the whole Spirit of the Play. Gad! Mr Drama, if you cou'd have made him and his Companions sing a few Songs, I shou'd not have desir'd any other Company.

**Meanwell:**

Pray, Mr. Drama, dismiss Mrs. Sprightly to oblige your Patron; and let Harlequin and his Companions enter, without any farther Ceremony. Song and Dance, you see, are his Taste; I wonder you shou'd be so unfashionable, to dream of pleasing any other way.

**Drama:**

You see, Sir, I have endeavor'd at both; here are Dances for some, Songs for other, and —

**Meanwell:**

I understand you, Mr. Drama; but your Songs disoblige Mr. Modely; you have not Dances enough for Mr. Ballad; and you have not burlesqu'd Shakespeare, Dryden, and Otway at all; which, let me tell you, Sir, is the chief Humour of Opera's, and raises a loud Laugh when —

**Ballad:**

Well said, Mr. Meanwell; Gad! I love to see those Fellows ridicul'd; it mortifies their Admirers confoundedly. — The Rogues look as foolish as so many Criminals on their Examination at the Old-Baily. — But come, come, let us have those facetious Mutes. — Enter Harlequin! Oh, the pretty, little, nimble, party-colour'd Dog! I long

to see him; I want to laugh; I love Laughing; I love your loud Horse-Laugh most exceedingly. I always distinguish my self at the Play-house by my Laugh.

**Drama:**

Well, Sir, if your Patience will hold out a Scene or two longer, you shall have your favourite Harlequin, and may laugh as loud as you please.

**Scene 8**  
*Sprightly sola*

**Sprightly:**

That ever Merit shou'd be such a Fool, to submit to her impertinence! — How is it possible to retrieve him, and be reveng'd on her? I'll have one Tryal more for't however; and, if I fail, Despair is my last Remedy.

**AIR 35.** Canny Boatman [p. 315]

*Come, sweet Content, and soft Repose,  
To sooth a Virgin Lover!  
Smile, God of Love, and ease the Woes  
Thy Rigour makes me suffer.  
With blushing Shame,  
I hide my Flame,  
And all unheeded languish;  
Yet long to own  
My secret Moan,  
The Cause of all my Anguish!*

**Scene 9**  
*Trifle, Sprightly*

**Trifle:**

Ah! verily they are all gone; Mrs. Foible, my finest Rarity, like the Philosopher's Stone, is slipt thro' my Fingers; verily, I have nothing else to do, but hang my self out of the way. That cursed Humourist has betray'd me; and, while I have been reading him Lectures on a Butterfly's Wing, has contriv'd to send off the Lady. — Verily, I will be reveng'd. — He is as subtle as your Egyptian Alligator. I am in a great Passion; I cou'd cry, I am so violently incens'd; verily, I am — I don't know what I am. — *[Whistles.]* — but I will certainly be reveng'd; truly, my revenge shall be as remarkable as the Anulus of Saturn.

*Oh ye happy, happy Groves,  
Witness of our tender Loves.*

Bless me! I shake like an Aspen Leaf, or a Water-wag-Tail!

**Sprightly:**

What's the matter, Mr. Trifle? You seem to be very much discompos'd of a sudden. —

**Trifle:**

Truly, Madam, I am much discompos'd — the Lady! Have you seen the Lady? — Can you give me any News of the Lady?

**Sprightly:**

Oh, Sir! the Lady!

**Trifle:**

Ay, verily, Madam, the Lady! your Cousin! Mrs. Foible! my Mistress! my fine Cabinet-Rarity! the very Flower of all my Collection!

**Sprightly:**

Why, Sir, she is gone to the Dumb Conjurer's with Mr. Merit and Mr. Smooth. I wish she is not married to one of them before she comes back.

**Trifle:**

Then I will follow her incontinently to prevent any further Mischief, verily I will prevent all Conjunctions.

**Sprightly:**

Hold, Sir, a Moment — suppose now we shou'd be reveng'd on them, for leaving us out of their Frolick, and spoil their Entertainment.

**Trifle:**

Ah, dear Lady! that will be excellent; verily that will do me as much good as an Otho — But how shall it be done?

**Sprightly:**

Why, Sir, you know Sir Peevish Terrible, the famous Critick; he has lately set up a Poetical Inquisition, and sits himself as President, with a Dozen of unsuccessful Poets for Assistants, an Italian Singer for his Clerk, and a Play-House Prompter the Cryer of his Court.

**Trifle:**

Verily, I have some knowledge of this venerable Assembly.

**Sprightly:**

Well then, go immediately to them with an Information against the

Dumb Conjurer; no matter whether they believe you or no, they are furiously prejudic'd against him for spoiling their Trade, and, when they have an Opportunity, will not fail to treat him accordingly; the Conjurer will be taken into custody, by some of their Emissaries, immediately; and that will disappoint your Rival's Frolick, and turn the Laugh on our sides.

**Trifle:**

Verily, I am exceedingly delighted, Ha, ha he! I never was in a Plot before — I'll do it incontinently, 'twill be rare Diversion; nothing but my Collection of Rarities can exceed it, that's certain. I go, I run, I fly, like a Piece of ill News.

**Sprightly:**

I'll meet you at the Conjurer's, to congratulate you on the Success.

**Scene 10**  
*Sprightly sola*

**AIR 36.** Pretty Salley [p. 323]

*Whate'er the Sages taught of old  
Of moral Good and Evil;  
Whate'er the trembling Child is told  
Of going to the Devil;  
Whate'er a thousand Saws beside  
Have thunder'd out of Ruin;  
'Tis Passion drives us down the Tide,  
That ends in our Undoing.*

**Scene 11**  
*Whim, Prattle*

**Whim:**

So you say she is gone to the Dumb Conjurer's, Mrs. Abigail?

**Prattle:**

Mrs. Abigail! truly, Sir, a little more Manners wou'd become you better. *Abigail*, quotha!

**Whim:**

O cry you Mercy, Madam! the very Waiting-Maid here is a fine Lady, I perceive — But she is really gone, Child, you say?

**Prattle:**

What signifies it to you whether she is or no? 'Tis always your



Custom to sleep away an imaginary Head-Ach, or some other fantastick Ail, when you shou'd have courted a fine Lady.

**Whim:**

S'death! what had I to do with a fine Lady? Wou'd she have preserv'd me from a North-East Wind? Could she make the Sun shine in a rainy Day? Could she make me Merry when I was Melancholy, or Melancholy when I was Merry? cou'd she —

**Prattle:**

Hold, Sir; all these were your Offices to her, and not her Duty to you. I'd have you to know, that a fine Woman, like her la'ship, makes her very Husband her Slave, as long as she likes him; and, when she does not, the Admirer must be Fool in his Turn.

**AIR 37.** New Rigadoon [p. 329]

*When first the Fair appears  
With all her Marriage Pride,  
She takes her sighing Mate  
In Triumph to her Side.  
Yet e're the first gay Year  
He damp'd the Nuptial Vow,  
The Husband's out of date;  
And so, good luck! may you.*

But that will hardly give you any Trouble, I suppose.

**Whim:**

Why dost thou imagine that I am indifferent with regard to my Wife's Conduct? That I cou'd wear a pair of Antlers like those in Justce Shallow's Hall, in the Face of the Sun, without running horn mad? No, no, there are enough of those tame Creatures already.

**AIR 38.** 'Twas on a sultry Summer's Day [p. 334]

*Look round the Park, the Court, the Change,  
In Herds the happy Monsters range,  
And rap their Horns, and cry 'tis strange,  
If Laughter hail their Brows.  
They bear them rattle as they go,  
But, if they're told what all Men know,  
Enquire at Home if it be so,  
And credit none but Spouse.*

**Prattle:**

Then you think to escape the Danger, by seeing it before hand? Sir, your humble Servant, your Woman of Fashion makes the best Wife in the World, to a Man of your Constitution.

**Whim:**

My Constitution! s'death! this Girl confounds me! Oons! she has found out all my Ails, my Gout, my Rheumatism, me Sciatica, my Intermittent, my Hectick, my Dropsy, and all my Maladies — she has conjur'd them up like so many Devils to torment me. Oh! oh! oh! I feel them all at once. Hussey, how came you by the Intelligence, have you been at the Conjurer's?

**Prattle:**

No, as I am a Person, you told me your self. Have not I heard you complain to my Lady, of all the Diseases on the Apothecary's File; as if you courted her for a Nurse, rather than a Wife?

**Whim:**

Well, and what then? surely a good Wife wou'd be glad to wait upon her sick Husband.

**Prattle:**

Not half so glad as on a dead Husband, sweet Sir! Oh hideous! a fine Lady nurse her sick Husband, Ha! ha! ha! Come, come, you had better think of a Person in a lower Station, who wou'd qualify your Constitution, with as good a Will, and a far less Expense, I can assure you.

**Whim:**

Pr'ythee, where is there such a one? I must have my Constitution corrected, that's certain; or I shall die by the middle of next Spring.

**Prattle:**

Sir, your most obedient, humble Servant. [*Curtsies.*]

**Whim:**

What a Plague! what a Devil! do you mean your self?

**Prattle:**

I hope, Sir, you will spare my Blushes —

**Whim:**

Spare your Blushes, with a Pox! why thou hast none to spare; thou Bundle of cast-off Cloaths! thou Medley of second-hand Fashions! what, expect me for a Husband? Go, go, carry thy two-penny Box

of Vails, and the Lady's old Ward-robe, to some discarded Valet; go, get Brats and starve, I say! marry me, with a Pox!

**Prattle:**

Truly, Mr. Whim, you treat me very rudely, as I am a Person; and I must tell you, Sir, my two-penny Box of Vails and old Ward-robe, as you are pleas'd to call them, may be better bestow'd, than on such a heap of ill Humours, such a Complication of Diseases, such a Gloom of Spleen and Vapours, as you. — But I waste my Breath upon you, and so, Sir, you may correct your Constitution when you please, for me.

**AIR 39.** Stand by clear the Way [p. 341]

*What, tho' I deck the flatter'd Fair,  
Adjust the Gown, and curl the Hair,  
And make a thousand Whims my Care,  
The Toil of ev'ry Day!  
The Scene may change, and, in my View,  
A Crowd of Lovers flutter too;  
While I a Round of Joy pursue,  
With a Stand by, clear the Way!*

**Scene 12**

Whim *solus*

**Whim:**

I'gad the Jade may be in the right, for what I can tell; she has a delicate Pair of Eyes, and seems ev'ry way qualify'd to correct any Man's Constitution whatever.

**AIR 40.** Winchester Wedding [p. 345]

*The Lady, with Diamonds and Laces,  
By Day may heighten her Charms;  
But Joan, without any such Graces,  
At Night lies as warm in your Arms.  
The Night, when her Sables o'er shade ye,  
Will veil all the Pomp of the Day,  
Then Joan is as good as my Lady,  
And Cats are all equally grey.*

### Scene 13

The Dumb Conjuror's House. Harlequin in his Chair: Punch, Pierot, Scaramouch, Pantaloon, as before.

[Enter Voice, with several Sailors, singing.]

**AIR 41.** Let's be jovial, fill our Glasses [p. 351]

**All:**

*Come brave Boys, forget the Ocean,  
Mock the surly Tempest's Roar;  
Laugh at Bully War's Commotion:  
Pleasure only reigns on Shore.  
While our Bowls are thus o'erflowing,  
Bacchus smiles to see us gay;  
Pleasure scorns a sober Wooing,  
Let us drink our Cares away.*

**Voice:**

And so, my Lads! let's have a Dance.

**All:**

Ay, ay, a Dance! a Dance!

[As they dance, — p. 352 — Harlequin and his Companions join with them, in a humorous Manner; and after playing them several Tricks, retire to their Places.]

**1<sup>st</sup> Sailor:**

Come my Mess-mates, about Ship, let's have t'other Jig.

**2<sup>nd</sup> Sailor:**

No faith! I'll dance no more, I begin to be out of my Latitude; this damn'd Punch has almost overset me; [Stumbles.] I'gad I'm half a-ground.

**Voice:**

Phoo, Phoo, half a-ground quotha! why we are but just under Sail; that Bowl was but a Whet: I'gad we must drink such another before we part, or his Worship, the Doctor, will never calculate your — a — Calamities.

**3<sup>rd</sup> Sailor:**

Hah! Boatswain, wo'ut whet thy Whistle again? Faith the Rogue has a free Heart, and makes Punch like an Angel; Moll, my Landlady's Daughter at Wapping, has scarce a better Hand at it.

**2<sup>nd</sup> Sailor:**

But how the Devil shall we get it? — Here's nothing but a damn'd Heap of Lumber, as I see. I shou'd rather think of learning Navigation here, than taking a Tiff; beside, those dumb Fellows yonder, would frighten me from drinking.

**4<sup>th</sup> Sailor:**

Never fear, hold Heart! Shew me but the Punch and I'gad I'll drink, tho' the Devil were to pledge me.

**Voice:**

Cra' Mercy, old Rock! I love a Boy of Courage, and so we'll begin the Round. Do'st see that Globe yonder?

**2<sup>nd</sup> Sailor:**

Well, and what then? what's that to a Bowl of Punch?

**Voice:**

Why 'tis over that Globe I study Geography.

**2<sup>nd</sup> Sailor:**

Oons don't tell us of Jeffery; give us the Punch.

**All:**

The Punch! the Punch!

**Voice:**

Ay, ay! the Punch, the Punch!

**AIR 42.** As I went over London Bridge [p. 363]

*You've heard, no doubt, how all the Globe  
Was soak'd of old with Noah's Flood.  
See here's a Globe that holds a Sea!  
A Sea of Liquor twice as good!  
Tol dol de rol.*

*Had Noah's been a Flood like this,  
And Anak's Sons such Souls as I,  
They'd drunk the Deluge as it rose,  
And left the Ark, like Noah, dry.  
Tol dol de rol.*

**All:**

Ha! ha! ha! a good Catch, faith!

*[He takes off one half of the Globe, and brings the other full of Punch, to the*

*Front of the Stage; they sit on the Ground to drink.]*

**Voice:**

This, my Buffs, is your true *Aqua Vitæ*, and your true *Lignum Vitæ*; which is, being interpreted, *Unum Necessarium*, Meat, Drink, and Cloaths, Punch! all that the Heart of Man can desire!

**4<sup>th</sup> Sailor:**

I'gad a very pretty Fancy! I swear a World of Punch! on my Life we'll drink a World of Punch.

**Voice:**

Ay, ay! my Boys! we'll be the Alexanders that shall conquer this World, tho' we cry for more, as he did, when we've done.

**1<sup>st</sup> Sailor:**

Did Alexander cry for more Punch, then? I'gad I think he was in the right — I shou'd have done the same my self.

**3<sup>rd</sup> Sailor:**

Oons! who talks of crying over an Ocean of Punch? Let the World spin, I say, and a Fig for the Spaniards, I say, let the World go round.

**2<sup>nd</sup> Sailor:**

By your leave, Dick, that's a Lye, 'tis the Sun goes round, and your World stands still, like a Fool, to watch for his rising.

**Voice:**

Faith, if you have any Disputes here, d'ye mark me, you shall have no Punch; your Wranglers don't deserve any.

**Scene 14**

Hackum, Voice, Sailors

**Hackum:**

Hey! Hey! You whorson, lubberly Dogs, what a Devil do you here? What! must you have your Fortunes told too, with a Pox — Hah!

**4<sup>th</sup> Sailor:**

Yes, faith, Captain, and what then? our Fortunes may be as good as your Honour's, for what you know.

**Hackum:**

Yes, yes! fine Fortunes and be damn'd to you — come, come, troop off, or by the Devil I'll put you all in the Bilboes together. — I'll spoil your Preferment, with a Vengeance.

**Voice:**

Hold, — hold! noble Captain! we were gauging the Well of Science,  
not turning the Wheel of Fortune; we divided the Globe fairly, and  
kept the better half — Look your Honour; how full 'tis! 'tis Nectar  
and Ambrosia, the very Liquor of the Gods!

**Hackum:**

What the Devil! a Globe of Punch! as I hope to be an Admiral! I'll  
have just such another in my Cabin; i'faith we'll first drain the  
Abyss, and then replenish it again — I'gad I like this Humour; sit  
down you Rogues, I'll lend a Hand to empty it before I go any  
farther; Faith 'twill be a good Joke to say I have help'd to empty the  
Ocean.

**All:**

Brave Captain! noble Captain! Huzza!

*[They all sit; Voice fills every one a Glass, the Mutes leave their Chairs, and  
sit down behind them; while they hold their Glasses, Hackum sings.]*

**AIR 43.** On a Bank of Flowers, &c. [p. 368]

*Should the Storm blow high,  
And cloud the Sky,  
What care such Souls as we?  
Let the Thunder roll  
'Till it shake the Bowl,  
It rolls in vain to me:  
To the roaring Sound  
Let the Glass go round,  
While the World shall ring,  
To the Tunes we sing,  
With a Fal lal la.  
And I drink with Joy to Thee.*

*[As they are going to drink, Harlequin and his Companions take the Glasses  
out of their Hands, and while they Stare about, return them empty.]*

**Voice:**

Well, Gentlemen, how d'ye like your Liquor? 'Tis as good as the  
World affords, I can assure you — what, all silent? Nay faith! this is  
quite ungrateful.

**Hackum:**

Blood! and Thunder! I never tasted it.

**All:**

Nor I, nor I; 'tis Conjuratation! Witchcraft! Chantment!

**Voice:**

O ho! Gentlemen you can't taste it 'till the second Glass; I like your Humour much; I can never taste 'till the second Glass, my self.

*[He fills their Glasses again, but, as they are going to drink, they are served as before.]*

**Hackum:**

Oons, you conjuring Dogs, do you put Tricks upon Gentlemen? — By the Wars, I'll be reveng'd; fall on, my Boys, fall on; bear a hand there, I'faith we'll segue the Rogues.

**Voice:**

Nay then, let Signior Harlequin wave his Wand, and, in firm Durance, bind these restive Slaves; such Slaves as rudely mar our social Joys, and quarrel o'er a Moiety of the Globe.

*[Harlequin seizes Hackum, and his Companions the Sailors; they hurry them along to the Chairs, where they are fasten'd, and drawn into a Line, a-cross the Stage. Harlequin, &c. mimick their Consternation, and hold them by the Throat; while they roar out, "Murder! Murder! the Devil! the Devil!"]*

**Voice:**

The Sailor's Distress! or War in the Bilboes! an excellent new Ballad! to the Tune of *London Bridge is broken down*. Ha! ha! ha!

### Scene 15

Ballad, Meanwell, Modely, Drama

**Ballad:**

Incomparable! excellent Drama! Oons, this is the best Scene in Christendom; it shall act with any Play in Europe, Pit, Box, and Gallery; I say 'tis superlative, 'tis inimitable.

**Drama:**

Meer Mechanism, Mr. Ballad, I assure you!

**Meanwell:**

Pshaw! Pshaw! 'tis Mr. Ballad's Taste.

**Modely:**

Devil take your Criticisms, they are as impertinent as a Digression



in an old Woman's Tale.

### Scene 16

Hackum, Voice, Merit, Smooth, Foible, Sailors, &c.

**Foible:**

Bless me! what is to be done here? As I live, I never saw any things so perfectly ridicule. Gentlemen, did you ever see the like? The Captain, and his Retinue! Poor Devils! they are perfectly confounded!

**Smooth:**

Oh Mem! I told your La'ship, we shou'd have excellent Entertainment.

**Hackum:**

Pox of your Entertainment! to trepan me into the very Clutches of the Devil. Oons, 'tis worse than a leaky Ship, or a Lee-Shore — But, if ever I get loose, I'll be sufficiently reveng'd. By the Wars, I'll teach you more Respect to a Man of my Quality.

**All Sailors:**

Ay, ay, noble Captain, Revenge! Revenge!

### Scene 17

*Enter several Poets, who seize on Harlequin, and hurry him forward to the Front of the Stage*

**1<sup>st</sup> Poet:**

Seize him as an Enemy to the Muses!

**2<sup>nd</sup> Poet:**

As an Enemy to the Poets! that's all one.

**Hackum:**

O ho! Mr. Conjuror, what are you got into Limbo at last? I thought your Devil wou'd leave you one Time or other, and I'faith we'll make use of the same Opportunity to leave you too.

*[While he speaks, Harlequin waves his Wand, and a sham Harlequin, Punch, Pierot, Scaramouch and Pantaloon rise instead of the others.]*

**Hackum:**

Oons! what, more Devils?

**Voice:**

Ha! ha! ha!

**1<sup>st</sup> Poet:**

This is he that damn'd my Tragedy.

**2<sup>nd</sup> Poet:**

That ruin'd my Comedy.

**3<sup>rd</sup> Poet:**

That spoiled my Benefit.

**4<sup>th</sup> Poet:**

That danc'd us out of Fashion.

**1<sup>st</sup> Poet:**

That ridicul'd the Muses.

**3<sup>rd</sup> Poet:**

The Monster-Monger!

**4<sup>th</sup> Poet:**

The Dragon-Rider!

**2<sup>nd</sup> Poet:**

The Necromancer!

**1<sup>st</sup> Poet:**

The Devil's Favourite!

**All Poets:**

This is he! this is he!

**1<sup>st</sup> Poet:**

Let's carry him before the Judge of such Criminals. [*They hurry him off.*]

**All Poets:**

Come away, come away.

### **Scene 18**

Merit, Smooth, Hackum, Voice, Foible, &c.

**Foible:**

For shame, Mr. Merit! What, let the Darlin of the Fashion be so furiously abus'd, without giving him Assistance? As I am a Toast,

I resent it most heinously. Mr. Smooth, I depend on your Generosity for his Rescue.

**Smooth:**

As I hope to be sav'd, Madam, he's in very good Hands already, or I shou'd be proud to obey your La'ship.

**Foible:**

Mr. Merit, I expect you'll obey me, or else you shall feel my Resentment, I can assure you. What, suffer the most facetious Signior Harlequin to be persecuted by a Mob of rascally Scriblers?

**Merit:**

Madam, I'll wait on you to his Examination; and, if there is any Opportunity to serve him, without a Prejudice to my own Judgment, you may depend on it I will exert my self to the utmost of my Power.

**Smooth:**

*Allons*, Madam! and, if my Judgment will permit me, your La'ship shall hear me plead most sublimely in his Favour. [*Exeunt.*]

**Scene 19**

Voice, Hackum, Sailors

**Voice:**

Poor Signior Harlequin! — in the Hands of the Poets! — Mercy on thee, I say. Those Sons of Tragedy I'm most afraid of — they are sad Dogs, certainly. I doubt his Catastrophe will be very deplorable. Those Rogues carry Death and Destruction where-ever they come. I must follow to his Assistance, and prove my self a faithful Servant, even in Adversity; tho' my Character will certainly suffer for being so singular.

**AIR 44.** Death and the Lady [p. 377]

*Alas, alas! this Mischief grieves me sore!  
Our Charms are ended, and our Gain no more.  
I did not think they would have call'd so soon;  
Ah! must our Morning Sun go down at Noon? [Exit.]*

**Scene 20**

Drama, Modely, Meanwell, Ballad

**Drama:**

There's an End of the Second Act, Gentlemen.

**Modely:**

I'm glad on't, with all my Heart.

**Meanwell:**

Poor Modely! You see what a Plague it is to have such a delicate Ear.

**Ballad:**

Oons, Sir! his Ear has no Delicacy; or he would relish these Songs as well as I. But, come, let us take t'other Bottle. What a Devil! must these poor Rogues wait here all the while like a Gang of gaping School-Boys at a Toy-Shop Window? Pr'ythee dismiss them, Mr. Drama.

**Meanwell:**

No, faith, I deny that; 'tis contrary to the Rules of Magick.

**Drama:**

Well, Sir, I believe they'll think it no Hardship, if you furnish them with a Bottle, as well as for us, for their Diversion, in the mean time.

**Ballad:**

With all my Heart; faith, they shall have a Bottle, and drink like Justices of the Quorum. [p. 384]

*I did not think they would have call'd so soon;  
Ah! must our Morning Sun go down at Noon? [Exeunt.]*

*End of the Second Act.*