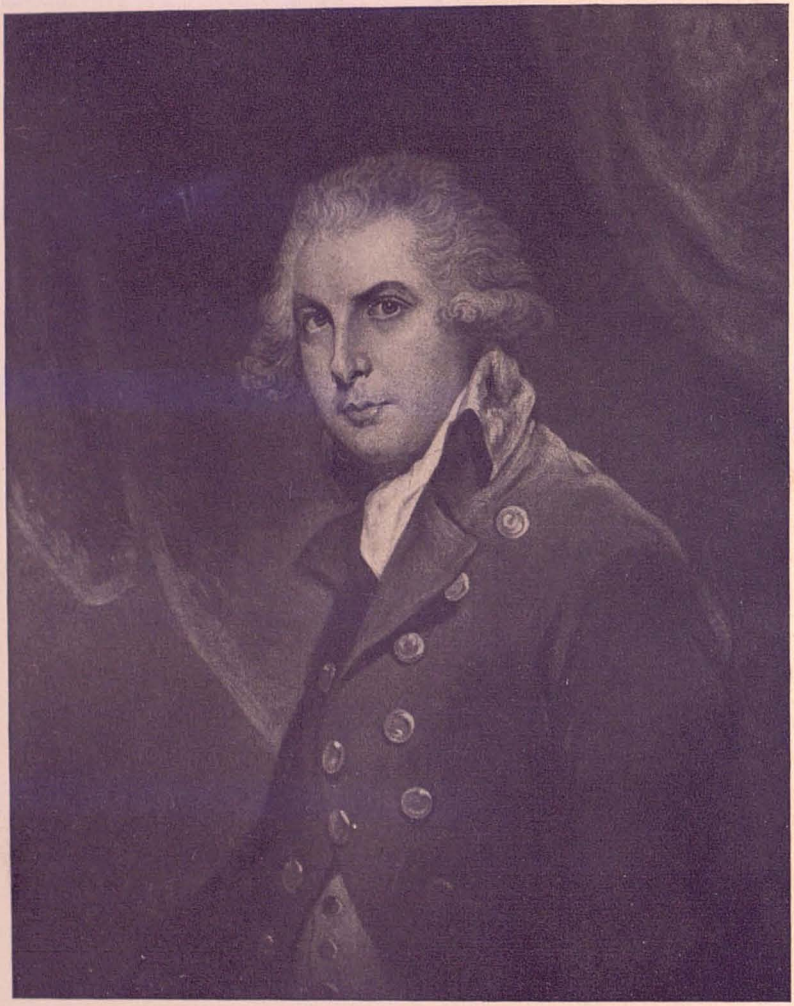
THE PLAYS AND POEMS
OF RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN



RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

FROM A MEZZOTINT BY C. TURNER AFTER THE PAINTING BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

The PLAYS & POEMS *of* RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN

Edited with Introductions, Appendices
and Bibliographies by

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The Theatre Royal, Birmingham, 1774-1824
Black Sheep: a Comedy
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TO SIR CHARLES HYDE, BART.

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Preface

UNTIL this Edition there has been no attempt at a critical and comprehensive collection of the Plays and Poems of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Its aim is to reproduce, with introductions, appendices, and bibliographies, the most authentic texts, together with any variant readings of authority.

The selection of texts has been a task of considerable difficulty. It involved an enquiry into the early editions of Sheridan; and, even in its early stages, led to the discovery that each of the plays without exception was printed in at least two texts, with greater or lesser differences. The first London "collected edition" (undated, but published about 1797), a copy of which came into my possession in 1921, bears on the title-page: "The Dramatic Works of R. B. Sheridan, Esq. Containing *The School for Scandal. The Rivals. The Duenna. The Critic.* London: Printed for A. Millar, W. Law and R. Cater." It is a duodecimo, printed on poor paper. Upon examination this edition proves to contain corrupt and spurious texts of *The School for Scandal* and *The Duenna*. This discovery, which was almost accidental, suggested an enquiry, the first results of which were summarized in my two articles on the Early Editions of Sheridan in *The Times Literary Supplement* in September, 1925. Among those results, not the least important was the finding (with the assistance of Mr. W. J. Lawrence) in the library of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin, of the authentic text of *The School for Scandal*, as transmitted by Thomas Moore from the last MS. ever corrected by Sheridan, who sent it, together with the poem called *A Portrait*, to his friend, Mrs. Crewe.

In his monograph on *Sheridan* (1909) Mr. Walter Sichel says that the dramatist "expressly told his second wife that he had sanctioned no versions of his works except *The Critic*, *Pizarro*, and the East India Bills." This is undoubtedly incorrect, for

The Rivals was first printed with a preface by Sheridan, who also must have revised the Third Edition Corrected of the same comedy. Moreover, though the greater number of the early editions were unauthorized, and sometimes of abbreviated versions, there is no reason otherwise to doubt the authenticity of any of these texts, except the spurious issues of *The Duenna* and *The School for Scandal.* In every instance, the reason for selecting a particular text is given, together in the case of the poems with its source, including (where such can be obtained) particulars of its appearance in periodical publications.

The introductions are critical examinations, illustrated by material from contemporary sources, for the most part previously unknown. The appendices, which deal with matters that could not conveniently be covered in the introductions, are also liberally documented. Even where the material is not new, the handling of it is, particularly in suggesting the influences under which Sheridan worked. It is a little surprising to find how many small, yet not insignificant, things have been overlooked. For instance, it has never been realized that one of Sheridan's earliest dramatic essays, the so-called *Drama of Devils*, was an adaptation of Suckling's *The Goblins*, which was eventually revised as his unfinished masque of *The Foresters*. Nor has it been recognized that the snatch of dialogue in which Mr. Sichel sees the germ of *The Critic* is, in fact, the story of Garrick and "Honest Johnny M'Cree," which Sheridan told, years afterwards in the House of Commons; nor that Mr. Puff's tragedy of *The Spanish Armada* was preceded by a piece entitled *Queen Elizabeth at Tilbury*; acted at Sadlers Wells Theatre, whose manager, Thomas King, was most likely the inventor of that piece, and therefore in his performance of Mr. Puff was made to laugh at himself. The introductions give the history of the original performances, and of such other early representations which have a direct bearing upon the printed texts, like the provincial productions of *The Duenna* and *The School for Scandal.*

The bibliographies record every discoverable early edition of the plays and poems, together with such particulars as will enable them to be identified. The number of such editions now

recorded is twice that contained in Mr. Sichel's *Sheridan*, which was thought to be exhaustive. No attempt has been made to record the numerous reprints later than about 1837, since none of these, with the single exception of Lacy's *The School for Scandal*, professed to be printed from or collated with MSS. When an edition has been described by a reliable authority, although not traced by me, a reference to it has been made, with due warning as to "ghost-books." In regard to the Irish editions, I have enjoyed the generous collaboration of the leading Irish bibliographer, Mr. E. R. McClintock Dix, who has examined numerous copies on my behalf. A great amount of miscellaneous information has been added in these bibliographies with the main purpose of suggesting the *provenance* of the copy, and its relation to the original prompt-books of Covent Garden or Drury Lane. The singular intricacy of Sheridan bibliography is best to be realized from a glance at *The Duenna*, where the song-books and music-books, the piratical and authentic texts, are studied in their relation to the history of the early performances, London and provincial. Only a little less intricate is the bibliography of *The School for Scandal*. It should be emphasized, however, that theatrical piracy was not invented merely to circumvent Sheridan. *The Jubilee in Honour of Shakespeare* (Waterford, 1773, 12mo) is a piracy of Garrick's unprinted play of 1769 (of which I possess a prompt-book) which is an exact parallel to the perversion of *The Duenna*. It would be possible to show parallels from other unrecorded editions of contemporary piracies in my possession, like O'Keefe's *The Agreeable Surprise* (Newry, 1773), and Colman's *The Mountaineers*; "Printed for the Curious and not sold by the Booksellers in general. London: 1794." As a rule, however, the dramatic bibliography of the eighteenth century is, so far as piratical editions are concerned, unexplored territory. I would add, as my opinion, that shorthand transcripts taken down in the theatre during a performance are fictional. Generally speaking, a corrupt text is the legacy of an unauthorized performance of an unpublished play, concocted by an actor.

As none of my precursors conceived an edition of the same

scope and nature of the present, my debt to Sheridan's previous editors is not so great as it should have been wished. In any case they did not have the advantage of using Mr. Sichel's *Sheridan*, nor of profiting by the new science of dramatic bibliography, which was virtually created by Professor A. W. Pollard's great studies, *Shakespeare's Folios and Quartos* (1909) and *Shakespeare's Fight with the Pirates* (1910). It would, however, be stupid and ungenerous to belittle the value of Fraser Rae's *Sheridan's Plays as He Wrote Them* (1902), which contains, for instance, the penultimate draft of *The School for Scandal*, and not the comedy as it was finally revised for performance. Mr. Iolo A. Williams's *The Plays of Richard Brinsley Sheridan* (1926) reprinted the seven plays of the Oxford Edition from texts of greater accuracy, including the Moore text of *The School for Scandal* from my collation—which, however, for reasons stated in the Introduction to that play has since been revised. My own selection of editions has differed sometimes from Mr. Williams's: for instance, *The Rivals* is here printed from the carefully revised Third Edition Corrected (1776) instead of the First Edition, whose variant readings are, however, duly recorded. To these seven plays I have added *The Camp*, whose authenticity was disputed by Moore, although it was accepted as Sheridan's by all his contemporaries—among them the theatrical critics of the time, who were usually well-informed on such matters. I have also added, from an unrecorded Dublin Edition of 1814, of which my copy seems to be unique, that dramatic curiosity *The Forty Thieves*, for which Sheridan wrote at least the scenario. The draft of his unfinished comedy *Affectation*, as printed by Thomas Moore, is another addition.

Affectation appears in a section dealing with the miscellaneous and apocryphal works, of which the present is the first survey, except for some brief notes by Mr. Sichel. It contains particulars of *The Storming of Fort Omoa* (1780), an interlude whose very name was lost till I discovered it; of *Robinson Crusoe*, that pantomime of which no more than the title seemed to have survived; of other unpublished pieces in which Sheridan collaborated; and of several printed plays in which he is believed by Mr. Sichel to

have had a hand. The unfinished Masque of *The Foresters* is considered. Attention is given also to the political tracts "by the author of *The Duenna*," which have so confused bibliographers of Sheridan.—*The Duenna* (1776) *The School of Scandal* (1779), *The Critic* (1780), and *The General Fast, a Lyric Ode* (1776). This section throws a new light on the theatrical activities of Sheridan: it truly "adds nothing to his reputation as a dramatist"; but it shows him, "in the round," and contains material which has either not been known to his biographers, or not adequately examined by them. It is a little startling, for instance, to discover that *Robinson Crusoe* had nothing to do with Defoe's novel in two of its three acts, but was a pantomimic ridicule of conventual life and the Spanish Inquisition. When Sheridan wrote *The Duenna* his knowledge of Spanish manners and customs did not go much beyond Dryden's *The Spanish Fryar*; but the politician, who had half-ironically entered into *The Critic*, overwhelmed the playwright: he could thereafter write nothing for the theatre that was not anti-Spanish.—*The Storming of Fort Omoa*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *The Glorious First of June*, *Cape St. Vincent*, *Pizarro*.

The Poems have not previously been collected. At least, the so-called *Sheridan's Complete Works* of 1876 contains only one of the seven Prologues and Epilogues, and only eight of the thirty-seven fugitive pieces now printed. To the longer poems in that edition, *A Portrait* and the *Verses to the Memory of Garrick*, are now added *The Ridotto of Bath*, and *Clio's Protest*, together with a poem whose title only was known to Mr. Sichel, *A Familiar Epistle to the Author of the Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers*, and also the elegy entitled *Verses to Laura*. Of the *Love-Epistles of Aristænetus*, however, I have given only the six attributed to Sheridan by Moore or Mr. Sichel. Five of the fugitive poems are at least doubtful; the epigram *To the Prince Regent* is Rochester's, slightly altered; the three songs from *The Carnival of Venice* appear to be Tickell's; and the *Stanzas on Fire* were possibly George Tierney's. But I have printed every poem attributed to Sheridan by Mr. Sichel, whose authority may in these instances be questioned, but not disregarded. One

exception to this rule, on evidence which seems to me to be final, is the political ode on *The General Fast*. The only other is *An Ode to Scandal*, which I have recently edited separately. Both poems, however, are discussed in the light of recent investigations.

Mr. Walter Sichel's admirable monograph *Sheridan* (1909) has therefore been invaluable. My debt to him is none the less because my conclusions, often on evidence that was not before him, have differed quite frequently from those given in his two handsome volumes. These have always been at my elbow, together with Thomas Moore's *Life of Sheridan* (1825), which is, at least in the parts that concern me in this edition, a much better book than his later biographers have admitted, or even understood. Other more personal acknowledgments remain to be given.

To Mr. Percival F. Hinton my obligations are great. He has lent me freely the books and periodicals of his eighteenth century collection, which includes many rare Sheridan Editions; in several cases the texts are here printed from his copies. His knowledge of the period has been of great help and he has, moreover, read most of the proofs. To Mr. Iolo A. Williams I am indebted for the loan of Sheridaniana, including an annotated copy of his *Seven XVIII Century Bibliographies*. To Mr. W. J. Lawrence, my master in theatrical research, I owe many valuable pieces of advice and information. Other acknowledgments are made in various parts of this edition, but they would be incomplete without a special mention of the editors of *The Times Literary Supplement*, of *The London Mercury*, and, above all, of *The Birmingham Post*, who have printed various articles of mine —interim reports, as it were—on the researches whose results are contained in this edition.

R. Crompton Rhodes.

January 1, 1928.

Bibliography of the Early Collected Editions

[SHERIDAN'S Dramatic Works, Dublin, 1795], pp. 1–116, *The School for Scandal*, MDCCXCII; pp. 117–190, *The Critic*, MDCCXCIII; pp. 191–318, *The Rivals*, MDCCXCIII; pp. 319–418. *A Trip to Scarborough*, MDCCXCIII; pp. 1–60, *The Governess*, MDCCXCIII.

[This Edition is not known to Sichel or Anderson. Each title-page bears the author's name: the imprint on the first four plays is *Dublin: Printed by William Porter for William Jones*, while that of *The Governess* is *Dublin: Printed by Graiseberry and Campbell for William Jones*. The printer, however, was undoubtedly John Campbell, who printed all the ten volumes of Jones's *British Theatre*, 1795. No copy of the five plays with a separate title page is known, nor of a similar edition of three plays by Charles Macklin (12mo, pp. 1-192). These eight plays were not in Bell's *British Theatre* (selected plays of which were reprinted literally in Jones's *British Theatre*, with separate title-pages and pagination). It appears to me that the continuously paged issues of Sheridan and Macklin were therefore sold separately as "Collected Editions," usually with a frontispiece of the author. All the five Sheridan plays had been issued previously, with separate pagination and dates by Jones. Some continuously paged copies do not contain *The Governess*, and these have sometimes a general title page. "*Jones's British Theatre*. Vol. V. containing I. *The School for Scandal*. II. *The Critic*. III. *The Rivals*. IV. *A Trip to Scarborough*. Dublin: Printed by John Chambers, for William Jones, No. 86 Dame Street, 1795." All copies with the five plays seem to be made up, but whether recently or originally is uncertain.]

The Dramatic Works of R. B. Sheridan, Esq. Containing *The School for Scandal*, *The Rivals*, *The Duenna*, *The Critic*, London: Printed for A. Millar, W. Law and R. Cater [1797].

12mo.

Pagination. Frontispiece, Portrait of *R. B. Sheridan, Esqr., Drury Lane Theatre. Published Decr.* 21, 1795 *by B. Crosby*, 4 *Stationers Court, Ludgate Street*. P. [i] title, p. [ii] blank, pp. 1–84, *The School for Scandal*; pp. 85–174, *The Rivals*; pp. 176–216; *The Duenna or The Double Elopement* [sigs. A–S in sixes]; pp. 1–54, *The Critic or a Tragedy Rehearsed* [sigs. A–E4 in sixes].

[This Edition was dated by Anderson [1795?] obviously from the frontispiece, but the watermarks are 1796 and 1797. Mr. Sichel's entry: Sheridan's Dramatic Works, 12mo, London [?1793] must be a misdated transcript of this entry of Anderson's.]

The Dramatic Works of R. B. Sheridan, prefaced by a Life dated 1797. London: Millar, Law, and Cater, 1798, 8vo.

[From Sichel's *Sheridan*, Vol. II, p. 445, where it is described as "identical with" the Edition previously named—which, however, is 12mo and contains no Life.]

The Works of the late Right Honourable Richard Brinsley Sheridan, 2 vols., London, 1821.

[This Edition has sometimes the imprint of John Murray, and sometimes of Murray, Wilkie and Ridgway. Lt. Col. John Murray, D.S.O., wrote me (April 8th, 1926):—

"I have looked up our records, and find that in the Edition of Sheridan's Works, published in 1821, Wilkie was paid £300 'for his share,' but nothing more is specified as to what exactly that share included.

"I find that Ridgeway also had a share of the profits with the John Murray of the day."

The Editor is usually supposed to have been Thomas Moore, who wrote the Preface. But Moore denied any other responsibility for it, when complaining of the inclusion of *The Camp*, "For this Edition of his Works, I am no further responsible than having communicated to it a few prefatory pages to account and to apologize to the public for the delay of the Life."—*Life of Sheridan*, p. 129.]

The Dramatic Works of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, With some Observations upon his Personal and Literary Character. Greenock: Printed at the Columbian Press, M.D.CCC.XXVIII 16mo.

The Rivals, A Comedy

B

Note

"THE RIVALS, a comedy as it is acted at the Theatre-Royal, Covent Garden" was first published (anonymously) in 1775, with a Preface "by the Author." The "Third Edition Corrected" was published in the next year.

The "Third Edition Corrected" omitted a number of passages and phrases, and made various verbal corrections. It was followed by all the subsequent authorized London editions, and must be regarded as the standard text. It is here reprinted with (i) footnotes to indicate its verbal corrections from the First Edition and (ii) the passages which it omitted from the First Edition inserted (for convenience of reading) in the body of the text, but distinguished by square brackets.

The Preface by the Author, the Prologue and the Epilogue are reprinted from the First Edition.

R. C. R.

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Introduction

SHERIDAN wrote *The Rivals* in six or eight weeks during the autumn of 1774, when he was just twenty-three years of age. It is a young man's comedy about young people. The elder generation are represented by Sir Anthony and Mrs. Malaprop, and neither of them need have passed the middle forties. Lydia Languish is a girl of "blooming, love-breathing seventeen," and the others are all in their early twenties. Jack Absolute may be some three-and-twenty; Bob Acres, the Devonshire squire, can be only just of age; Sir Lucius O'Trigger, the young Irish baronet who is fortune hunting at Bath, was meant to be the sort of fellow that Larry Clinch made him—tall, personable, youthful, hot of head, and glib of tongue. The key to *The Rivals* is youth, as surely as it is to comedies so delightful and so diverse as *Twelfth Night* and *Les Romanesques*.

It was acted for the first time at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, on January 17th, 1775. In those days the fate of a play was determined by the applause or censure of the audience, in acceptance of which it was (or was not) at once announced from the stage for further performances. *The Town and Country Magazine* for January, 1775, remarked that on the first night "after a pretty warm contest, towards the end of the last act, it was suffered to be given out for the ensuing night." It came, that is, very nearly to being damned.

If the censures at the first representation were strong, they were not, on Sheridan's own testimony, unjust. In his Preface to the First Edition, he admitted that its imperfections were numerous and obvious, and acknowledged the uncommon length of the piece at its first representation was a great defect. He had meanwhile, recognized the faults by withdrawing the piece for an extensive and drastic revision, so that the second night had been postponed for eleven days, till January 28th. This unusual (per-

haps unprecedented in that period) course was justified by its results, and he defended it by pleading in the Preface that he saw "no reason why the author of a play should not regard a first night's audience as a candid and judicious friend attending, in behalf of the public, at his last rehearsal... That Audience, whose *fiat* is essential to the poet's claim, whether his object be fame or profit, has surely a right to expect some deference to its opinion." The nature of the strictures, while reflected in the preface, may be recovered with more definiteness in the comments of the contemporary periodical press, of which a selection is to be found in the appendix. To sum them—the comedy was not considered to be well acted, as several actors were "imperfect" (that is, they did not know their parts): John Lee as Sir Lucius O'Trigger was wrongly cast, as he had not the knack of playing Irishmen, then a special type of impersonation, and at the second representation he was replaced by the Irish actor Laurence Clinch. But the censures were directed not only against the player of Sir Lucius, but against the part also. William Woodfall, the best dramatic critic of the period, was not alone in declaring the character an insult to the Irish nation. At first Sir Lucius had been depicted as the fortune-hunter, tamely marrying Mrs. Malaprop for her money in the end; he was represented as quarrelling with Jack Absolute for no reason but his own quarrelsomeness; and as being such a fool that, when the challenge he had dictated to Acres was delivered by that worthy's servant to himself instead of to Beverley, he thought it was a challenge from Jack Absolute, and did not recognize his own letter. As Woodfall said in *The Morning Chronicle*, the writer and managers had intended, it seemed, in Mr. Lee's person as Sir Lucius "to realize the unjust satire of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams on the whole Irish nation:

> But Nature, who denied them sense,
> Has given legs, and impudence
> Which beats all understanding."

The Town and Country Magazine summarized the objections thus: "few of the characters are new, and scarce any well-supported [that is, properly impersonated]: those of Faulkland and Miss Melville are the most *outré* sentimental ones that ever

appeared upon the ſtage; the acts are long, in many parts tedious, and of course, uninteresting. But the most reprehensible part is the many low quibbles and barbarous puns that disgrace the name of comedy" (one of these puns, quoted by several critics, was when the coachman spoke, instead of the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid, of his "meat for horses") "nevertheless," ended this periodical, "there are some scenes, lively, spirited, and entertaining; and if it were properly pruned by a competent judge of what is called the *Jeu de Théâtre*, it might probably go down with less opposition." On January 28th, largely rewritten, and well-acted, it "went down" with no opposition at all. On February 14th the play was published, in the revised form.

Before it was performed "it was thought by many," said *The Town and Country Magazine* of the time, "to have a close connexion with a certain affair at Bath in which the celebrated Miss Linley (now Mrs. Sheridan) was the subject of rivalship." The rumour had reached the Linleys at Bath. It was speedily discovered, however, that *The Rivals* had no point in common with the duels. It seems that rumour had anticipated a sort of sequel by Sheridan to Foote's comedy, *The Maid of Bath*, which told the story of Miss Linley and Walter Long under the names of Miss Linnet and Mr. Flint. Elizabeth Linley was not yet seventeen when her story was staged at the Haymarket. Some sentences from contemporary magazines will show the nature of Foote's comedy:

> The fable of this piece is founded on a late affair which occurred at Bath between Sir Walter L[on]g and Miss Linley, the daughter of an eminent musician. It seems that this gentleman paid his *honourable* addresses to Miss Linley, and when the match was judged, by her and her friends, to be on the point of celebration, the knight abruptly broke off the connexion. Such a compound of meanness, ignorance, and absurdity, as make up the character of Flint well deserves the severest lashes of the poet's pen: no satire can be too poignant, no ridicule too forcible, to expose in the fullest manner such scandals to the human species.

The rumour, then, suggested that Sheridan would pillory his

rival Matthews (who had figured in *The Maid of Bath* as Major Rackett "an officer of gallantry and spirit") as Foote had pilloried Long. The performance showed that there was not the slightest foundation, except guessing and idle gossip. It seems to me that, with the memory of *The Maid of Bath* before him, Sheridan must very deliberately have avoided any incident that could be construed as being connected with his own life or his wife's.

Nevertheless, many stupid attempts have been made to prove the contrary. Mrs. Oliphant (who was egregiously unfitted to write upon Sheridan) in her "biography" of him in *English Men of Letters*, put it in this way, "The reader who has accompanied Sheridan through the previous chapters of his history will be inclined . . . to feel that the young dramatist has but selected a few incidents from the still more curious comedy of life in which he himself had so recently been one of the actors, and in which elopements, duels, secret correspondences, and all the rest of the simple-artificial round, were the order of the day."

The autobiographic fallacy of dramatic composition, however, is a besetting sin of Sheridan biographers. Of course, no man can escape from his own shadow, and if a dramatist determines, say, to mirror jealousy, he will look first in his own heart. Beyond this very general statement, I see no foundation for the constant assertion that "the character of Faulkland is a satire upon the state of mind which Sheridan himself experienced during his courtship of Miss Linley." And one may therefore dismiss Boaden's remarks in the dramatic miscellany which he calls *Memoirs of Mrs. Siddons* (1827): "This comedy seems to have started from his personal feelings; Falkland expresses, I have no doubt, the captious alarms of the author's own passion for Miss Linley; and his memorable duel with Mathews, with all its inveterate animosity, by time admitted the play of fancy, and the strong contrast of Sir Lucius and Acres."

John Bernard, in his *Retrospections of the Stage*, written forty years afterward, gave his own recollections of the first night, in which he describes *The Rivals* as an attack on the sentimental comedy of the period. Sheridan certainly declared it to be such in his Prologue for the Tenth Night, when he mocked at:—

The Goddess of the woeful countenance,
The sentimental Muse!

Bernard's account was:

"It was so intolerably long, and so decidedly opposed in its composition to the taste of the day, as to draw down a degree of censure, which convinced me, on quitting the house, that it would never succeed. It must be remembered that this was the English 'age of sentiment,' and that Hugh Kelly and Cumberland had flooded the Stage with moral poems under the title of Comedies, which took their views of life from the drawing-room exclusively, and coloured their characters with a nauseous French affectation. *The Rivals*, in my opinion, was a decided attempt to overthrow this taste, and to follow up the blow which Goldsmith had given in *She Stoops to Conquer*. My recollection of the manner in which the former was received, bears me out in the supposition. The audience on this occasion were composed of two parties—those who supported the prevailing taste, and those who were indifferent to it and liked nature. On the first night of a new play, it was very natural that the former should predominate;—and what was the consequence? Why, that Faulkland and Julia (which Sheridan had obviously introduced to conciliate the sentimentalists, but which in the present day are considered heavy incumbrances,) were the characters which were most favourably received; whilst Sir Anthony Acres and Lydia, those faithful and diversified pictures of life, were barely tolerated."

Whether Bernard's recollections of Faulkland and Julia were correct or not is doubtful, but they may be left for the moment. "Sentimental comedy" had, besides its modern acceptation, a secondary meaning which it is well to emphasize. Robert Heron in an essay on Comedy in his *Letters of Literature* (1785) lays stress upon this characteristic:

"Sentimental Comedy bore a very short sway in England. Indeed it was incompatible with the humour of an English audience, who go to a comedy to laugh, and not to cry. It was even more absurd, it may be added, in its faults than that of which Congreve is the model; for sentiments were spoken by

every character in the piece, whereas one sentimental character was surely enough. If a man met with his mistress, or left her; if he was suddenly favoured by fortune, or suddenly the object of her hatred; if he was drunk, or married; he spoke a sentiment: if a lady was angry, or pleased; in love, or out of it; a prude, or a coquet; make room for a sentiment! If a servant girl was chid, or received a present from her mistress; if a valet received a purse, or a horsewhipping; good heavens, what a fine sentiment! . . .

"This fault I say was infinitely more absurd than that of Congreve; for a peasant may blunder on wit, to whose mind sentiment is totally heterogeneous. Besides, Congreve's wit is all his own; whereas most of the said sentiments may be found in the Proverbs of Solomon."

The Rivals was a three-fold attack on "the Sentimental Muse" first, in its return to pure comedy; second, in its exposure of the sentimentalist in real life, as exemplified by Faulkland; and third, in its playful ridicule of "the pernicious effect of the sentimental novel." The last, I think, was the initial dramatic motive.

At this point, therefore, it is necessary to find exactly what was meant by "sentimental novel."

The titles of the novels which Miss Lydia Languish borrowed from the Circulating Libraries at Bath are not inventions. They were intended to suggest that her taste for the "tender sentiment" and for "romantic nonsense," as it was described according to appreciation or depreciation, was tinged with curiosity as to things sternly condemned as "too indelicate for female perusal." She had no liking for *The Whole Duty of Man*. "necessary for all families, with private devotions for several occasions," even though, as may be, she possessed the new edition of 1773, "much better adapted to the occasions of the present time"; nor for *Sermons for Young Women* by that eminent moralist, the Reverend James Fordyce; nor for *Mrs. Chapone*. Chesterfield's *Letters* were still being attacked in pamphlets and periodicals, which leads me to suppose that "*Mrs. Chapone*" was not intended to refer to her anonymous *Letters on the Improvement of*

the Mind. Addressed to a Young Lady (1773), but to an unmentioned book which appeared in January, 1775, *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse by Mrs. Chapone*, containing sundry severe and elegant ſtrictures upon Lord Cheſterfield's advice to his son.

The other sixteen books were (with one exception) all novels, moſt of which have been identified by Dr. G. H. Nettleton[1]; and though copies are very rare, they may all be traced in contemporary reviews. They were all "new books" such as would be purchased by a recently opened circulating library. Smollett accounts for four titles, *The Expedition of Humphry Clinker* (1771), *The Adventures of Roderick Random* (Eighth Edition, 1770), *The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle*, "in which are included *The Memoirs of a Lady of Quality*"—though the laſt title may mean some other untraced novel.[2] *A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy by Mr. Yorick* needs no comment. *Ovid* may mean, as Dr. Nettleton thinks, some new but unknown translation of the *Metamorphoses*, though a more likely poem is *The Art of Love*.

This has cleared the way for the "recent fiction" of the period. After some patience, one may trace *The Miſtakes of the Heart* "by Mr. Treyssac de Vergy" (1769); *The Delicate Diſtress and The Gordian Knot by the Authors of Henry and Frances* (1769); *TheMan of Feeling* by Henry Mackenzie (1771); *The Memoirs of Lady Woodford* (1771); *The Hiſtory of Lord Aimworth* (1773); *The Tears of Sensibility* "from the French of M. d'Arnaud" (1773); and *The Fatal Connexion* "by Mrs. Fogerty" (1773). There are now only two to be accounted for, *The Rewards of Conſtancy* and *The Innocent Adultery*. Dr. Nettleton surmises that the former is a miſtake for *The Happy Pair or Virtue and Conſtancy Rewarded* (1771), which would at leaſt account for Lucy's failure to obtain it. Besides, Lydia Languish was not a bibliographer, but a young novel-reader in a hurry. *The Innocent Adultery* used to be identified, as by Mr. Brander Matthews, with a playbook of *The Fatal Marriage or The Innocent Adultery*, by Thomas Southerne, but since the tragedy had been known for twenty years as *Isabella or*

[1] *Sheridan's Major Dramas* (1906), pp. lxviii–lxxvii.

[2] Perhaps *The Adventures of Miss Beverley*, "interspersed with genuine *Memoirs of a Northern Lady of Quality*" (1768).

the Fatal Marriage, this is utterly out of the question. Dr. Nettleton thinks that the title must refer to "some translation of Paul Scarron's *L'Adultère Innocent*," which finds some support in Mr. Sichel's suggestion that the proximity of *The Innocent Adultery* to *The Whole Duty of Man* is an echo of a passage in Congreve's *Old Batchelor*, where the lover is detected in his disguise as a preacher because the book he carries is not *The Practice of Piety* but *The Innocent Adultery*. However, the title of Scarron's novel comes very strangely along the "recent fiction" of the *Bath* libraries, so my own opinion is that the novel which Sheridan had in mind was one based, as the reviews said, upon "a *cause célèbre*" of the period—*Harriet, or the Innocent Adultress* (1771).

The brevity of contemporary reviews makes it possible to give some idea of the literary tastes of Miss Lydia Languish:—

The Fatal Connexion. A Novel. By Mrs. Fogerty. 2 vols. 12mo. 5s. Bladon.

Surely Mrs. Fogerty was begotten, born, nursed, and educated in a circulating library, and sucked in the spirit of romance with her mother's milk.—*The Monthly Review* for August, 1773.

Romantic nonsense, as usual.—*The London Magazine* for September, 1773.

Whether Mrs. Fogerty is a real or a fictitious personage, is of no sort of consequence to the public; of less consequence is the production under her name, which has very little to recommend it to their attention.—*The Critical Review* for November, 1773.

The Mistakes of the Heart; or, Memoirs of Lady Caroline Pelham and Lady Victoria Nevil in a series of letters published by Mr. Treyssac de Vergy, Counsellor in the Parliaments of Paris and Bourdeaux, 3 vols. 12mo. Price 7s. 6d. Murdock.

This writer imitates Rousseau and Richardson. His performance is not without merit, and we might recommend it to the ladies if there were not some scenes too luxuriant for the

eye of delicacy.—*The Town and Country Magazine for* April, 1769.

These memoirs are related in a collection of letters, in the manner of Richardson, to whom this writer is very inferior in point of language, manners, and sentiment.—*The Gentleman's Magazine* for May, 1769.

The Tears of Sensibility. Translated from the French of M. D'Arnaud by J. Murdoch. 2 vols. 12mo. 5s. Dilly.

These novels are highly interesting, and written with sentiment and delicacy. The translator has done them ample justice. His version is elegant, and discovers a rare propriety of expression and language.—*The Universal Magazine* for January, 1773.

In this work, as is usual to the French novelists, nature is painted very warmly, but chastely. The translation has preserved the spirit of the original.—*The London Magazine* for January, 1773.

Amongst the various translations which we have read of this kind from the works of our ingenious neighbours, we recollect scarcely any which can come in competition with these productions of M. D'Arnaud. . . . We should be better pleased were not some of the incidents beyond the reach of probability. —*The Critical Review* for March, 1773.

The Author aims, for the most part, to keep his Readers on the rack. He deals only in those virtues and vices which astonish and exercise our sensibility in the extreme. He therefore defeats his own purpose. A tale made up wholly of wonder, never excites admiration; and a novel, which in every page is to harrow up the soul, leaves it in great quietness.—*The Monthly Review* for April, 1773.

Sheridan told Linley that nothing of *The Rivals* had been written before 1774, "except a scene or two in an odd act of a little farce." It seems to me that certain passages in Act I, Scene i, are plainly dated as about the summer of 1773, when the last few of the "recent novels" he names, all issued since 1769 had

appeared and were in vogue. It may be dangerous to build upon this deduction, especially as there is no other evidence, yet it seems to me that Sheridan's "little farce" had been intended to ridicule the novel-reading young woman after the manner of George Colman's farce, *Polly Honeycombe*. It is quite possible that Sheridan had never seen or read this "dramatick novel in one act," whose purpose was concisely defined in *The London Magazine* for December, 1760, as "A successful attempt to display the pernicious effects produced by modern novels and romances, so readily supplied by circulating libraries, on female minds." It has indeed been argued that the last words of Polly's father, "A man might as well turn his daughter loose in Covent Garden as trust the cultivation of her mind to a Circulating Library" are the origin of Sir Anthony's immortal phrase, "a circulating library in a town is an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge." But the thought is common to all fathers who think their daughters have had their heads turned by reading romances: it is a mere statement of the theme, and must readily have occurred to Sheridan from what he saw and heard in Bath. This was not new, even when Colman used it, the theme of the novel-reading Miss who wants to imitate the heroines of romance, though, of course, the more pointed application to the circulating libraries was new, as they themselves were. Before *Polly Honeycombe* was *The Tender Husband*.

It was to this comedy that William Woodfall alluded in *The Morning Chronicle* when he said that "the romantic vein of Lydia Languish is not so well imagined nor so ably sustained as Steele's lady (we forget her name) in *The Accomplished Fools*." *The Tender Husband, or The Accomplished Fools*, which was then still an acted play, ridiculed the rage of a previous generation for "romances from the French." One scene does indeed suggest, as Dr. Nettleton says, that the heroine Miss Biddy Tipkin is "at least a sister in spirit to Lydia Languish." This (Act IV, Scene ii) is where Biddy's lover, in disguise, courts her before her unsuspecting aunt. Then Biddy remarks *aside*, "But I can't think of abridging our amours, and cutting off all farther decoration of disguise, serenade, and adventure," and a moment later turns to

her lover with "But it looks so ordinary, to go out at a door to be married. Indeed, I ought to be taken out of a window, and run away with."

But the "atmosphere" of the older romances is much more fantastical: Clerimont, the lover, woos Biddy with such protestations as—"I have been a great Traveller in fairy-land myself: I know *Oroondates: Cassandra*, *Astræa*, and *Clelia* are my intimate acquaintances," and "Many a lady before your age has had a hundred Lances broken in her Service. And as many Dragons cut to pieces in honour of her. D'you believe that Pamela was one-and-twenty before she knew Musidorus? A Lady of your Beauty might have given occasion for a whole romance in folio before that age." This allusive type of conversation is frequent and prolonged in *The Tender Husband*; and if Sheridan also had "sustained" it, merely changing the old romance for the new novel, his "little farce" would have been regarded as merely an imitation of *Polly Honeycombe*. If it be assumed (and it is not unreasonable) that Sheridan knew *The Tender Husband*, and found in it the germ of an afterpiece, his intention must have been to modernize Biddy Tipkin, from his observations of the life about him at Bath, with particular regard to the circulating library and the sentimental novel. It would be no surprising thing if a young man of twenty had never heard of a fugitive piece like *Polly Honeycombe*, but having once come across it, he would at once see that his farce would do no more than repeat that "dramatic novel." Guesses are not facts, but there are the probabilities that (i) the first scene of his old farce developed into the first scene of his new comedy, (ii) the novel-reading passages belong to the summer of 1773. This would account for his temporary dismissal of the theme. "The lover his own rival," which Woodfall compared to Atall in Cibber's *Double Gallant* most probably belonged to the original scheme, but the second and reinforming dramatic motive, the comic rivalry of Acres and Sir Lucius O'Trigger appear to belong to the second plan.

And what shall one say of Faulkland and Julia? It seems to me (though I long held the contrary view) that these characters were intended to be satires upon the figures of sentimental comedy, or

rather that Julia, for all her florid language, was intended to represent the girl of commonsense bringing to reason her extravagant sentimental lover. But, if this was so, the satire miscarried —*The Town and Country Magazine* condemned them as the "most *outré* sentimental characters that ever appeared on the stage," *The Morning Chronicle* declared them to be "beyond the pitch of sentimental comedy, and not improperly to be stiled metaphysical." Yet Sheridan, in his Prologue for the Tenth Night unmistakably asserted *The Rivals* to be an attack upon sentimental comedy, which leaves no doubt that they were a satire, not a concession to the sentimentalists, as Bernard argued.

It is curious, indeed, that so much of the printed commentaries upon *The Rivals* has been devoted to Sheridan's "plagiarisms." Yet in the end they are trivial. The "sentimental swearing" which Bob Acres admitted that "he didn't invent himself, though" is said to have been derived from Congreve. In *The Old Batchelor* Wittol having been rescued from street-robbers exclaims "Gad's daggers, belts, blades and scabbards." If this indeed was the seed, into what a luxuriant and flourishing plant it has grown!

There can be no doubt, however, that Sheridan's Mrs. Malaprop had been anticipated in a comedy of his mother's, *A Journey to Bath*, which was never finished; nor, till the present century, published. It was from Mrs. Tryfort that he borrowed such malapropisms as "contagious countries," a "perfect progeny" and "so much taciturnity does not become a young woman." Of course, it may be that such phrases came to mother and son from some actual Malaprop, but it is of no great importance. Sheridan exaggerated his original till her trick of speech becomes tedious —that is, in retrospect, for while she is in the act of "deranging her epitaphs" there is not one that lacks its vivacity. Such borrowings as these are to be blessed. Sheridan in his Preface, speaking of plagiarism, declared that "faded ideas float in the fancy like half-forgotten dreams; and the imagination in its fullest enjoyments becomes suspicious of its offspring, and doubts whether it has created or adopted."

In the "Third Edition Corrected" (1776) a few passages were deleted: some of them may have appeared only by accident in the rapidly printed first edition, which was issued only a fortnight after the second representation. I have adopted the text of the "Third Edition Corrected," noting, however, all variants of the first edition.

THE RIVALS

A COMEDY

Preface

A PREFACE to a Play seems generally to be considered as a kind of Closet-prologue, in which—if his Piece has been successful—the Author solicits that indulgence from the Reader which he had before experienced from the Audience: But as the scope and immediate object of a Play is to please a mixed assembly in Representation *(whose judgment in the Theatre at least is decisive) its degree of reputation is usually as determined as public, before it can be prepared for the cooler tribunal of the Study. Thus any farther solicitude on the part of the Writer becomes unnecessary at least, if not an intrusion: and if the Piece has been condemned in the Performance, I fear an Address to the Closet, like an Appeal to Posterity, is constantly regarded as the procrastination of a suit, from a consciousness of the weakness of the cause. From these considerations, the following Comedy would certainly have been submitted to the Reader, without any further introduction than what it had in the Representation, but that its success has probably been founded on a circumstance which the Author is informed has not before attended a theatrical trial, and which consequently ought not to pass unnoticed.*

I need scarcely add, that the circumstance alluded to, was the withdrawing of the Piece, to remove those imperfections in the first Representation which were too obvious to escape reprehension, and too numerous to admit of a hasty correction. There are few writers, I believe, who, even in the fullest consciousness of error, do not wish to palliate the faults which they acknowledge; and, however trifling the performance, to second their confession of its deficiencies, by whatever plea seems least disgraceful to their ability. In the present instance it cannot be said to amount either to candour or modesty in me, to acknowledge an extreme inexperience and want of judgment on

matters, in which, without guidance from practice, or spur from success, a young man should scarcely boast of being an adept. If it be said, that under such disadvantages no one should attempt to write a play —I must beg leave to dissent from the position, while the first point of experience that I have gained on the subject is, a knowledge of the candour and judgment with which an impartial Public distinguishes between the errors of inexperience and incapacity, and the indulgence which it shews even to a disposition to remedy the defects of either.

It were unnecessary to enter into any farther extenuation of what was thought exceptionable in this Play, but that it has been said, that the Managers should have prevented some of the defects before its appearance to the Public—and in particular the uncommon length of the piece as represented the first night.—It were an ill return for the most liberal and gentlemanly conduct on their side, to suffer any censure to rest where none was deserved. Hurry in writing has long been exploded as an excuse for an Author;—however, in the dramatic line, it may happen, that both an Author and a Manager may wish to fill a chasm in the entertainment of the Public with a hastiness not altogether culpable. The season was advanced when I first put the play into Mr. Harris's hands:—it was at that time at least double the length of any acting comedy.—I profited by his judgment and experience in the curtailing of it—'till, I believe, his feeling for the vanity of a young Author got the better of his desire for correctness, and he left many excrescences remaining, because he had assisted in pruning so many more. Hence, though I was not uninformed that the Acts were still too long, I flatter'd myself that, after the first trial, I might with safer judgment proceed to remove what should appear to have been most dissatisfactory.—Many other errors there were, which might in part have arisen from my being by no means conversant with plays in general, either in reading or at the theatre.— Yet I own that, in one respect, I did not regret my ignorance: for as my first wish in attempting a Play, was to avoid every appearance of plagiary, I thought I should stand a better chance of effecting this from being in a walk which I had not frequented, and where consequently the progress of invention was less likely to be interrupted by starts of recollection: for on subjects on which the mind has been much informed, invention is slow of exerting itself.—Faded ideas float in the fancy

like half-forgotten dreams; and the imagination in its fullest enjoyments becomes suspicious of its offspring, and doubts whether it has created or adopted.

With regard to some particular passages which on the First Night's Representation seemed generally disliked, I confess, that if I felt any emotion of surprise at the disapprobation, it was not that they were disapproved of, but that I had not before perceived that they deserved it. As some part of the attack on the Piece was begun too early to pass for the sentence of Judgment, *which is ever tardy in condemning, it has been suggested to me, that much of the disapprobation must have arisen from virulence of Malice, rather than severity of Criticism: But as I was more apprehensive of there being just grounds to excite the latter, than conscious of having deserved the former, I continue not to believe that probable, which I am sure must have been unprovoked. However, if it was so, and I could even mark the quarter from whence it came, it would be ungenerous to retort; for no passion suffers more than malice from disappointment. For my own part, I see no reason why the Author of a Play should not regard a First Night's Audience, as a candid and judicious friend attending, in behalf of the Public, at his last Rehearsal. If he can dispense with flattery, he is sure at least of sincerity, and even though the annotation be rude, he may rely upon the justness of the comment. Considered in this light, that Audience whose* Fiat *is essential to the Poet's claim, whether his object be Fame or Profit, has surely a right to expect some deference to its opinion, from principles of Politeness at least, if not from Gratitude.*

As for the little puny Critics, who scatter their peevish strictures in private circles, and scribble at every Author who has the eminence of being unconnected with them, as they are usually spleen-swoln from a vain idea of increasing their consequence, there will always be found a petulence and illiberality in their remarks, which should place them as far beneath the notice of a Gentleman, as their original dulness had sunk them from the level of the most unsuccessful Author.

It is not without pleasure that I catch at an opportunity of justifying myself from the charge of intending any national reflection in the character of Sir Lucius O'Trigger. *If any Gentleman opposed the Piece from that idea, I thank them sincerely for their opposition; and if the condemnation of this Comedy (however misconceived the provoca-*

tion,) could have added one spark to the decaying flame of national attachment to the country supposed to be reflected on, I should have been happy in its fate; and might with truth have boasted, that it had done more real service in its failure, than the successful morality of a thousand stage-novels will ever effect.

It is usual, I believe, to thank the Performers in a new Play, for the exertion of their several abilities. But where (as in this instance) their merit has been so striking and uncontroverted, as to call for the warmest and truest applause from a number of judicious Audiences, the Poet's after-praise comes like the feeble acclamation of a child to close the shouts of a multitude. The conduct, however, of the Principals in a Theatre cannot be apparent to the Public.—I think it therefore but justice to declare, that from this Theatre (the only one I can speak of from experience,) those Writers who wish to try the Dramatic Line, will meet with that candour and liberal attention, which are generally allowed to be better calculated to lead genius into excellence, than either the precepts of judgment, or the guidance of experience.

THE AUTHOR.

Dramatis Personae[1]

As Acted at Covent-Garden Theatre on January 17, 1775.

Sir Anthony Absolute	*Mr. Shuter*
Captain Absolute	*Mr. Woodward*
Faulkland	*Mr. Lewis*
Acres	*Mr. Quick*
Sir Lucius O'Trigger	*Mr. Lee*[2]
Fag	*Mr. Lee Lewis*
David	*Mr. Dunstal*
[Coachman	*Mr. Fearon*]
Mrs. Malaprop	*Mrs. Green*
Lydia Languish	*Miss Barsanti*
Julia	*Mrs. Bulkley*
Lucy	*Mrs. Lessingham*

Maid, Boy, Servants, &c.

Scene—*Bath*

Time of Action, *within one Day*

[1]From *The Town and Country Magazine* for January, 1775.
[2]Acted on the Second Night by Mr. Clinch.

Prologue[1]

By the AUTHOR

Spoken [on the Second Night] by Mr. WOODWARD *and Mr.* QUICK.

Enter SERJEANT-AT-LAW *and* ATTORNEY *following and giving a paper.*

Serjeant. What's here!—a vile cramp hand! I cannot see
Without my spectacles.
Attorney. He means his fee.
Nay, Mr. Serjeant, good Sir, try again. [*Gives money.*
Serjeant. The scrawl improves. [*More.*] O come, 'tis pretty plain.
[How's this! The Poet's Brief *again!* O ho!
Cast, I suppose?
Attorney. O pardon me—No—No—
We found the Court, o'erlooking stricter laws,
Indulgent to the *merits* of the Cause;
By *Judges* mild, unus'd to harsh denial,
A Rule was granted for *another trial.*
Serjeant. Then heark'ee, *Dibble*, did you mend your *Pleadings*,
Errors, no few, we've *found* in our *Proceedings.*

[1]From *The Town and Country Magazine* for February, 1775, reprinted in the same form in the First Edition. For the passage in brackets the Third Edition corrected (1775) substitutes:—
[Hey! how's this?—Dibble!—sure it cannot be!
A poet's brief! A poet and a fee!
Attorney. Yea, sir!—tho' *you* without reward, I know,
Would gladly plead the Muse's cause—
Serjeant. So—so!
Attorney. And if the fee offends—your wrath should fall
On me—
Serjeant. Dear Dibble, no offence at all—]
Apparently, in the corrected form it was spoken from the Third to the Ninth Nights, a new prologue being spoken on the Tenth. On the First Night, according to *The Town and Country Magazine* for January, 1775, the Prologue was spoken by Mr. Lee in the character of a Serjeant-at-Law and Mr. Quick as an Attorney. The original Prologue, unless it was reverted to on the Third Night, is lost.

Attorney. Come, courage, sir, we did *amend* our *Plea*,
Hence your *new Brief*, and this *refreshing Fee.*]
Some sons of Phœbus in the courts we meet,
Serjeant. And fifty sons of Phœbus in the Fleet!
Attorney. Nor pleads he worse, who with a decent sprig
Of bays adorns his legal waſte of wig.
Serjeant. Full-bottom'd heroes thus, on signs, unfurl
A leaf of laurel—in a grove of curl!
Yet tell your client, that, in adverse days,
This wig is warmer than a bush of bays.
Attorney. Do you then, Sir, my client's place supply,
Profuse of robe, and prodigal of tye—
Do you, with all those blushing pow'rs of face,
And wonted bashful hesitating grace,
Rise in the court, and flourish on the case. [*Exit.*
Serjeant. For practice then suppose—this brief will show it,—
Me, Sergeant *Woodward*,—council for the poet.
Us'd to the ground, I know 'tis hard to deal.
With this dread *court*, from whence there's *no appeal;*
No *tricking* here, to blunt the edge of *law*,
Or, damn'd in *equity*—escape by *flaw:*
But *judgment* given—*your sentence* muſt remain;
No *writ of error* lies—to *Drury-lane*
Yet when so kind you seem—'tis paſt dispute
We gain some favour, if not *coſts of suit.*
No spleen is here! I see no hoarded fury;—
I think I never fac'd a milder jury.
Sad else our plight!—where frowns are transportation,
A hiss the gallows,—and a groan damnation!
But such the public candour, without fear
My client waives all *right of challenge* here.
No newsman from *our* session is dismiss'd,
Nor wit nor critic *we* scratch off the liſt;
His faults can never hurt another's ease,
His crime at worſt a *bad attempt* to please:
Thus, all respecting, he appeals to all,
And by the general voice will *ſtand* or *fall.*

Prologue

By the AUTHOR

Spoken on the Tenth Night, by Mrs. BULKLEY

GRANTED our Cause, our suit and trial o'er,
The worthy Serjeant need appear no more:
In pleasing I a different Client chuse,
He serv'd the Poet,—I would serve the Muse:
Like him, I'll try to merit your applause,
A female counsel in a female's cause.
Look on this form,[1]—where Humour quaint and sly,
Dimples the cheek, and points the beaming eye;
Where gay Invention seems to boaſt its wiles
In amorous hint, and half-triumphant smiles;
While her light masks or covers Satire's ſtrokes,
All hides the conscious blush her wit provokes.
—Look on her well—does she seem form'd to teach?
Shou'd you *expect* to hear this lady—preach?
Is grey experience suited to her youth?
Do solemn sentiments become that mouth?
Bid her be grave, those lips should rebel prove
To every theme that slanders mirth or love.
Yet thus adorn'd with every graceful art
To charm the fancy and yet reach the heart—
Muſt we displace her? And inſtead advance
The Goddess of the woeful countenance—
The sentimental Muse!—Her emblems view,
The Pilgrim's Progress, and a sprig of rue!
View her—too chaſte to look like flesh and blood—
Primly pourtray'd on emblematic wood!
There fix'd in usurpation shou'd she ſtand,

[1]Pointing to the Figure of Comedy.

She'll snatch the dagger from her sister's hand:
And having made her votaries *weep a flood*,
Good Heav'n! she'll end her Comedies in blood—
Bid *Harry Woodward* break poor *Dunstall's* crown!
Imprison *Quick*—and knock *Ned Shuter* down;
While sad *Barsanti*—weeping o'er the scene—
Shall stab herself—or poison Mrs. *Green*.—
Such dire encroachments to prevent in time,
Demands the Critic's voice—the Poet's rhyme.
Can our light scenes add strength to Holy laws!
Such puny patronage but hurts the cause:
Fair Virtue scorns our feeble aid to ask;
And moral truth disdains the trickster's mask.
For here their fav'rite stands,[1] whose brow—severe
And sad—claims Youth's respect, and Pity's tear;
Who—when oppress'd by foes her worth creates—
Can point a poignard at the Guilt she hates.

[1]Pointing to Tragedy.

Act the First

SCENE I

A *Street* in BATH

COACHMAN *crosses the Stage—Enter* FAG, *looking after him.*

Fag. WHAT!—Thomas!—Sure 'tis he?—What!—Thomas!—Thomas!

Coachman. Hey! Odd's life!—Mr. Fag!—give us your hand, my old fellow servant.

Fag. Excuse my glove, Thomas!—I'm dev'lish glad to see you, my lad: why, my prince of charioteers, you look as hearty!—but who the deuce thought of seeing you in Bath!

Coachman. Sure, Master, Madam Julia, Harry, Mrs. Kate, and the postillion be all come.

Fag. Indeed!

Coachman. Aye! Master thought another fit of the gout was coming to make him a visit:—so he'd a mind to gi't the slip, and whip! we were all off at an hour's warning.

Fag. Aye, aye! hasty in every thing, or it would not be Sir Anthony Absolute!

Coachman. But tell us, Mr. Fag, how does young Master? Odd! Sir Anthony will stare to see the Captain here!

Fag. I do not serve Captain Absolute now.—

Coachman. Why sure!

Fag. At present I am employ'd by Ensign Beverley.

Coachman. I doubt, Mr. Fag, you ha'n't changed for the better.

Fag. I have not changed, Thomas.

Coachman. No! why, didn't you say you had left young Master?

Fag. No.—Well, honest Thomas, I must puzzle you no farther;—briefly then—Captain Absolute and Ensign Beverley are one and the same person.

Coachman. The devil they are!

Fag. So it is indeed, Thomas; and the *Ensign*—half of my Maſter being on guard at present—the *Captain* has nothing to do with me.

Coachman. So, so!—what, this is some freak, I warrant!—Do tell us, Mr. Fag, the meaning o't—you know I ha' truſted you.

Fag. You'll be secret, Thomas?

Coachman. As a coach-horse.

Fag. Why then the cause of all this is—LOVE,[1]—Love, Thomas, who (as you may get read to you) has been a masquerader ever since the days of Jupiter.

Coachman. Aye, aye;—I guessed there was a lady in the case:—but pray, why does your Maſter pass only for *Ensign?*—now if he had shamm'd *General* indeed——

Fag. Ah! Thomas, there lies the myſtery o' the matter.—Hark'ee, Thomas, my Maſter is in love with a lady of a very singular taſte: a lady who likes him better as a *half-pay Ensign*, than if she knew he was son and heir to Sir Anthony Absolute, a baronet of[2] three thousand a-year.

Coachman. That is an odd taſte indeed!—but has she got the ſtuff, Mr. Fag; is she rich, hey?

Fag. Rich!—why, I believe she owns half the ſtocks!—Zounds! Thomas, she could pay the national debt as easily as[3] I could my washerwoman!—She has a lap-dog that eats out of gold,—she feeds her parrot with small pearls,—and all her thread-papers are made of bank-notes!

Coachman. Bravo!—faith!—Odd! I warrant she has a set of thousands at leaſt:—but does she draw kindly with the Captain?

Fag. As fond as pigeons.

Coachman. May one hear her name?

Fag. Miss Lydia Languish.—But there is an old tough aunt in the way;—though by the bye—she has never seen my Maſter—for he got acquainted with Miss while on a visit in Glouceſtershire.

Coachman. Well—I wish they were once harnessed together in matrimony.—But pray, Mr. Fag, what kind of a place is this

[1] *i.e.*—he spells the word. [2] with—1*st Edition.* [3] easy as—1*st Edition.*

Bath?—I ha' heard a deal of it—here's a mort o' merry making —hey?

Fag. Pretty well, Thomas, pretty well—'tis a good lounge; [Though at present we are, like other great assemblies, divided into parties—High-roomians and Low-roomians; however, for my part, I have resolved to stand neuter; and so I told Bob Brush at our last committee.

Coach. But what do the folks do here?

Fag. Oh! there are little amusements enough][1] in the morning we go to the pump-room (though neither my Master nor I drink the waters); after breakfast we saunter on the parades or play a game at billiards; at night we dance: but d—n the place, I'm tired of it; their regular hours stupify me—not a fiddle nor a card after eleven!—however, Mr. Faulkland's gentleman and I keep it up a little in private parties;—I'll introduce you there, Thomas—you'll like him much.

Coachman. Sure I know Mr. Du-Peign—you know his Master is to marry Madam Julia.

Fag. I had forgot.—But, Thomas, you must polish a little—indeed you must—Here now—this wig!—what the devil do you do with a *wig*, Thomas?—none of the London whips of any degree of Ton wear *wigs now*.

Coachman. More's the pity! more's the pity, I say—Odd's life! when I heard how the lawyers and doctors had took to their own hair, I thought how 'twould go next:—Odd rabbit it! when the fashion had got foot on the Bar, I guess'd 'twould mount to the Box!—but 'tis all out of character, believe me, Mr. Fag: and look'ee, I'll never gi' up mine—the lawyers and doctors may do as they will.

Fag. Well, Thomas, we'll not quarrel about that.

Coachman. Why, bless you, the gentlemen of they professions ben't all of a mind—for in our village now, thoff *Jack Gauge* the *exciseman* has ta'en to his carrots, there's little Dick the farrier swears he'll never forsake his *bob*, tho' all the college should appear with their own heads!

Fag. Indeed! well said, Dick! but hold—mark! mark! Thomas.

[1]Passage omitted—*3rd Edition*.

Coachman. Zooks! 'tis the Captain—Is that the lady with him?

Fag. No! no! that is Madam Lucy—my Master's mistress's maid.—They lodge at that house—but I must after him to tell him the news.

Coachman. Odd! he's giving her money!—well, Mr. Fag—

Fag. Good bye, Thomas.—I have an appointment in Gyde's Porch this evening at eight; meet me there, and we'll make a little party. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II

A Dressing-room in Mrs. MALAPROP'*s Lodgings.* LYDIA *sitting on a sopha, with a book in her hand.*—LUCY *has just returned from a message.*

Lucy. Indeed, Ma'am, I travers'd[1] half the town in search of it: I don't believe there's a circulating library in Bath I ha'n't been at.

Lydia. And could not you get *The Reward of Constancy*?

Lucy. No, indeed, Ma'am.

Lydia. Nor *The Fatal Connection*?

Lucy. No, indeed, Ma'am.

Lydia. Nor *The Mistakes of the Heart*?

Lucy. Ma'am, as ill luck would have it, Mr. Bull said Miss Sukey Saunter had just fetch'd it away.

Lydia. Heigh-ho!—Did you enquire for *The Delicate Distress*?

Lucy. ——Or *The Memoirs of Lady Woodford*? Yes indeed, Ma'am.—I asked everywhere for it; and I might have brought it from Mr. Frederick's, but Lady Slattern Lounger, who had just sent it home, had so soiled and dog's-ear'd it, it wa'n't fit for a christian to read.

Lydia. Heigh-ho!—Yes, I always know when Lady Slattern has been before me.—She has a most observing thumb; and I believe cherishes her nails for the convenience of making marginal notes.—Well, child, what *have* you brought me?

Lucy. Oh! here, Ma'am. [*Taking books from under her cloak,*

[1]transferred—1*st Edition.*

and from her pockets.] This is *The Gordian Knot*,—and this *Peregrine Pickle*. Here are *The Tears of Sensibility*, and *Humphry Clinker*. This is *The Memoirs of a Lady of Quality, written by herself*,—and here the second volume of *The Sentimental Journey*.

Lydia. Heigh-ho!—What are those books by the glass?

Lucy. The great one is only *The Whole Duty of Man*, where I press a few blonds, Ma'am.

Lydia. Very well—give me the *sal volatile*.

Lucy. Is it in a blue cover, Ma'am?

Lydia. My smelling-bottle, you simpleton!

Lucy. O, the drops!—here, Ma'am.

[*Lydia*. No note, Lucy?

Lucy. No, indeed, Ma'am—but I have seen a certain person

Lydia. What, my Beverley!—well, Lucy?

Lucy. O Ma'am! he looks so desponding and melancholic!][1]

Lydia. Hold! [Lucy][2]—here's some one coming—quick, see who it is—[*Exit* Lucy.]—Surely I heard my cousin Julia's voice!

[*Re-enter* Lucy.

Lucy. Lud! Ma'am, here is Miss Melville.

Lydia. Is it possible!——

Enter Julia.

Lydia. My dearest Julia, how delighted am I! [*Embrace*.] How unexpected was this happiness!

Julia. True, Lydia—and our pleasure is the greater;—but what has been the matter?—you were denied to me at first!

Lydia. Ah, Julia, I have a thousand things to tell you!—but first inform me what has conjur'd you to Bath?—Is Sir Anthony here?

Julia. He is—we arrived within this hour—and I suppose he will be here to wait on Mrs. Malaprop as soon as he is dress'd.

Lydia. Then before we are interrupted, let me impart to you some of my distress!—I know your gentle nature will sympathize with me, tho' your prudence may condemn me!—My letters have informed you of my whole connection with Bever-

[1]Passage omitted—*3rd Edition*. [2]Lucy—omitted *3rd Edition*.

ley;—but I have loſt him, Julia!—my aunt has discovered our intercourse by a note she intercepted, and has confined me ever since!—Yet, would you believe it? she has fallen absolutely in love with a tall Irish Baronet she met one night since we have been here at Lady Macshuffle's rout.

Julia. You jeſt, Lydia!

Lydia. No, upon my word.—She really[1] carries on a kind of correspondence with him, under a feigned name though, till she chooses to be known to him;—but it is a *Delia* or a *Celia*, I assure you.

Julia. Then, surely, she is now more indulgent to her niece.

Lydia. Quite the contrary. Since she has discovered her own frailty, she is become more suspicious of mine. Then I muſt inform you of another plague!—That odious *Acres* is to be in Bath to-day; so that I proteſt I shall be teased out of all spirits!

Julia. Come, come, Lydia, hope for the beſt—Sir Anthony shall use his intereſt with Mrs. Malaprop.

Lydia. But you have not heard the worſt. Unfortunately I have quarrell'd with my poor Beverley, juſt before my aunt made the discovery, and I have not seen him since, to make it up.

Julia. What was his offence?

Lydia. Nothing at all!—But, I don't know how it was, as often as we had been together, we had never had a quarrel!—And, somehow, I was afraid he would never give me an opportunity. —So, laſt Thursday, I wrote a letter to myself, to inform myself that Beverley was at that time paying his addresses to another woman.—I sign'd it *your Friend unknown*, shew'd it to Beverley, charg'd him with his falsehood, put myself in a violent passion, and vow'd I'd never see him more.

Julia. And you let him depart so, and have not seen him since?

Lydia. 'Twas the next day my aunt found the matter out; I intended only to have teased him three days and a half, and now I've loſt him for ever.

Julia. If he is as deserving and sincere as you have represented him to me, he will never give you up so. Yet consider, Lydia, you

[1]absolutely—*1st Edition.*

tell me he is but an Ensign, and you have thirty thousand pounds!

Lydia. But you know I lose most of my fortune if I marry without my aunt's consent, till of age; and that is what I have determin'd to do, ever since I knew the penalty.—Nor could I love the man, who would wish to wait a day for the alternative.

Julia. Nay, this is caprice!

Lydia. What, does Julia tax me with caprice?—I thought her lover Faulkland had enured her to it.

Julia. I do not love even *his* faults.

Lydia. But a-propos—you have sent to him, I suppose?

Julia. Not yet, upon my word—nor has he the least idea of my being in Bath.—Sir Anthony's resolution was so sudden, I could not inform him of it.

Lydia. Well, Julia, you are your own mistress (though under the protection of Sir Anthony), yet have you, for this long year, been a[1] slave to the caprice, the whim, the jealousy of this ungrateful Faulkland, who will ever delay assuming the right of a husband, while you suffer him to be equally imperious as a lover.

Julia. Nay, you are wrong entirely.—We were contracted before my father's death.—That, and some consequent embarrassments, have delay'd what I know to be my Faulkland's most ardent wish.—He is too generous to trifle on such a point.—And for his character, you wrong him there too.—No, Lydia, he is too proud, too noble to be jealous; if he is captious, 'tis without dissembling; if fretful, without rudeness.—Unus'd to the fopperies[2] of love, he is negligent of the little duties expected from a lover—but being unhackney'd in the passion, his affection is ardent and sincere; and as it engrosses his whole soul, he expects every thought and emotion of his mistress to move in unison with his.—Yet, though his pride calls for this full return—his humility makes him undervalue those qualities in him, which would[4] entitle him to it; and not feeling why he should be lov'd to the degree he wishes, he still suspects that he is not lov'd enough:—This temper, I must own, has cost me many

[1]the—1*st Edition*.
[2]foppery—1*st Edition*.
[3]love—1*st Edition*.
[4]should—1*st Edition*.

unhappy hours; but I have learn'd to think myself his debtor, for those imperfections, which arise from the ardour of his attachment.[1]

Lydia. Well, I cannot blame you for defending him.—But tell me candidly, Julia, had he never sav'd your life, do you think you should have been attach'd to him as you are?—Believe me, the rude blast that overset your boat was a prosperous gale of love to him.

Julia. Gratitude may have strengthened my attachment to Mr. Faulkland, but I lov'd him before he had preserv'd me; yet surely that alone were an obligation sufficient——

Lydia. Obligation!—Why, a water-spaniel would have done as much!—Well, I should never think of giving my heart to a man because he could swim!

Julia. Come, Lydia, you are too inconsiderate.

Lydia. Nay, I do but jest.—What's here?

Enter LUCY *in a hurry*.

Lucy. O Ma'am, here is Sir Anthony Absolute just come home with your aunt.

Lydia. They'll not come here.—Lucy, do you watch.

[*Exit* LUCY.

Julia. Yet I must go.—Sir Anthony does not know I am here, and if we meet, he'll detain me, to shew me the town.—I'll take another opportunity of paying my respects to Mrs. Malaprop, when she shall treat me, as long as she chooses, with her select words so ingeniously *misapplied*, without being *mispronounced*.

Re-enter LUCY.

Lucy. O Lud! Ma'am, they are both coming up stairs.

Lydia. Well, I'll not detain you, Coz.—Adieu, my dear Julia, I'm sure you are in haste to send to Faulkland.——There—through my room you'll find another stair-case.

Julia. Adieu.— [*Embrace. Exit* JULIA.

Lydia. Here, my dear Lucy, hide these books.—Quick, quick.—Fling *Peregrine Pickle* under the toilet—throw *Roder-*

[1]love—*1st Edition*.

ick Random into the closet—put *The Innocent Adultery* into *The Whole Duty of Man*—thrust *Lord Aimworth* under the sopha—cram *Ovid* behind the bolster—there—put *The Man of Feeling* into your pocket—so, so, now lay *Mrs. Chapone* in sight, and leave *Fordyce's Sermons* open on the table.

Lucy. O burn it, Ma'am, the hair-dresser has torn away as far as *Proper Pride*.

Lydia. Never mind—open at *Sobriety*.—Fling me *Lord Chesterfield's Letters*.—Now for 'em.

Enter Mrs. MALAPROP *and Sir* ANTHONY ABSOLUTE.

Mrs. Mal. There, Sir Anthony, there sits the deliberate Simpleton, who wants to disgrace her family, and lavish herself on a fellow not worth a shilling.

Lydia. Madam, I thought you once——

Mrs. Mal. You thought, Miss!—I don't know any business you have to think at all.—Thought does not become a young woman. But the point we would request of you is, that you will promise to forget this fellow—to illiterate him, I say, quite from your memory.

Lydia. Ah, Madam! our memories are independent of our wills.—It is not so easy to forget.

Mrs. Mal. But I say it is, Miss; there is nothing on earth so easy as to *forget*, if a person chooses to set about it.—I'm sure I have as much forgot your poor dear uncle as if he had never existed—and I thought it my duty so to do; and let me tell you, Lydia, these violent memories don't become a young woman.

Sir Anth. Abs. Why sure she won't pretend to remember what she's order'd not!—aye, this comes of her reading!

Lydia. What crime, Madam, have I committed to be treated thus?

Mrs. Mal. Now don't attempt to extirpate yourself from the matter; you know I have proof controvertible of it.—But tell me, will you promise to do as you're bid?—Will you take a husband of your friend's choosing?

Lydia. Madam, I must tell you plainly, that had I no pre-

ference for any one else, the choice you have made would be my aversion.

Mrs. Mal. What business have you, Miss, with *preference* and *aversion?* They don't become a young woman; and you ought to know, that as both always wear off, 'tis safeſt in matrimony to begin with a little *aversion.* I am sure I hated your poor dear uncle before marriage as if he'd been a black-a-moor—and yet Miss, you are sensible what a wife I made!—and when it pleas'd heaven to release me from him, 'tis unknown what tears I shed!—But suppose we were going to give you another choice, will you promise us to give up this Beverley?

Lydia. Could I belie my thoughts so far, as to give that promise, my aſctions would certainly as far belie my words.

Mrs. Mal. Take yourself to your room.—You are fit company for nothing but your own ill-humours.

Lydia. Willingly, Ma'am—I cannot change for the worse.

[*Exit* LYDIA.

Mrs. Mal. There's a little intricate hussy for you!

Sir Anth. Abs. It is not to be wonder'd at, Ma'am—all this is the natural consequence of teaching girls to read.—Had I a thousand daughters, by heaven![1] I'd as soon have them taught the black art as their alphabet!

Mrs. Mal. Nay, nay, Sir Anthony, you are an absolute misanthropy.

Sir Anth. In my way hither, Mrs. Malaprop, I observed your niece's maid coming forth from a circulating library!—She had a book in each hand—they were half-bound volumes, with marble covers!—From that moment I guess'd how full of duty I should see her miſtress!

Mrs. Mal. Those are vile places, indeed!

Sir Anth. Abs. Madam, a circulating library in a town is as an ever-green tree of diabolical knowledge!—It blossoms through the year!—And depend on it, Mrs. Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves, will long for the fruit at laſt.

[*Mrs. Mal.* Well, but Sir Anthony, your wife, Lady Absolute, was fond of books.

[1]Heavens—*1st Edition.*

Sir Anth. Abs. Aye—and injury sufficient they were to her, madam.—But were I to choose another helpmate, the extent of her erudition should consiſt in her knowing her simple letters, without their mischievous combinations; and the summit of her science be—her ability to count as far as twenty.—The firſt, Mrs. Malaprop, would enable her to work *A.A.* upon my linen —and the latter would be quite sufficient to prevent her giving me a shirt No. 1, and a ſtock No. 2.][1]

Mrs. Mal. Fie, fie, Sir Anthony, you surely speak laconically.

Sir Anth. Abs. Why, Mrs. Malaprop, in moderation, now, what would you have a woman know?

Mrs. Mal. Observe me, Sir Anthony.—I would by no means wish a daughter of mine to be a progeny of learning; I don't think so much learning becomes a young woman; for inſtance—I would never let her meddle with Greek, or Hebrew, or Algebra or Simony, or Fluxions, or Paradoxes, or such inflammatory branches of learning—neither would it be necessary for her to handle any of your mathematical, aſtronomical, diabolical inſtruments:—But, Sir Anthony, I would send her, at nine years old, to a boarding-school, in order to learn a little ingenuity and artifice.—Then, Sir, she should have a supercilious knowledge in accounts;—and as she grew up, I would have her inſtructed in geometry, that she might know something of the contagious countries;—but above all, Sir Anthony, she should be miſtress of orthodoxy, that she might not mis-spell, and mis-pronounce words so shamefully as girls usually do; and likewise that she might reprehend the true meaning of what she is saying.—This, Sir Anthony, is what I would have a woman know;—and I don't think there is a superſtitious article in it.

Sir Anth. Abs. Well, well, Mrs. Malaprop, I will dispute the point no further with you; though I muſt confess, that you are a truly moderate and polite arguer, for almoſt every third word you say is on my side of the queſtion.—But, Mrs. Malaprop, to the more important point in debate,—you say, you have no objection to my proposal.

Mrs. Mal. None, I assure you.—I am under no positive

[1]Passage omitted—*3rd Edition.*

engagement with Mr. Acres, and as Lydia is so obſtinate againſt him, perhaps your son may have better success.

Sir Anth. Abs. Well, Madam, I will write for the boy directly. —He knows not a syllable of this yet, though I have for some time had the proposal in my head. He is at present with his regiment.

Mrs. Mal. We have never seen your son, Sir Anthony; but I hope no objection on his side.

Sir Anth. Abs. Objection!—let him object if he dare!—No, no, Mrs. Malaprop, Jack knows that the leaſt demur puts me in a phrenzy directly.—My process was always very simple—in their younger days, 'twas "Jack, do this";—if he demurr'd—I knock'd him down—and if he grumbled at that—I always sent him out of the room.

Mrs. Mal. Aye, and the properest way, o' my conscience!—nothing is so conciliating to young people as severity.—Well, Sir Anthony, I shall give Mr. Acres his discharge, and prepare Lydia to receive your son's invocations;—and I hope you will represent *her* to the Captain as an object not altogether illegible.

Sir Anth. Abs. Madam, I will handle the subject prudently.—Well, I muſt leave you—and let me beg you, Mrs. Malaprop, to enforce this matter roundly to the girl;—take my advice—keep a tight hand—if she rejects this proposal—clap her under lock and key: and if you were juſt to let the servants forget to bring her dinner for three or four days, you can't conceive how she'd come about! [*Exit* Sir Anth. Abs.

Mrs. Mal. Well, at any rate I shall be glad to get her from under my intuition.—She has somehow discovered my partiality for Sir Lucius O'Trigger—sure, Lucy can't have betray'd me!—No, the girl is such a simpleton, I should have made her confess it.—Lucy!—Lucy!—[*Calls.*] Had she been one of your artificial ones, I should never have truſted her.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Did you call, Ma'am?

Mrs. Mal. Yes, girl.—Did you see Sir Lucius while you was out?

Lucy. No, indeed, Ma'am, not a glimpse of him.

Mrs. Mal. You are sure, Lucy, that you never mention'd——

Lucy. O Gemini! I'd sooner cut my tongue out.

Mrs. Mal. Well, don't let your simplicity be impos'd on.

Lucy. No. Ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. So, come to me presently, and I'll give you another letter to Sir Lucius;—but mind, Lucy—if ever you betray what you are intrusted with—(unless it be other people's secrets to me) you forfeit my malevolence for ever;—and your being a simpleton shall be no excuse for your locality.

[*Exit* Mrs. Malaprop.

Lucy. Ha! ha! ha!—So, my dear *simplicity*, let me give you a little respite—[*altering her manner*]—let girls in my station be as fond as they please of appearing expert, and knowing in their trusts; commend me to a mask of *silliness*, and a pair of sharp eyes for my own interest, under it!—Let me see to what account have I[1] turn'd my *simplicity* lately—[*looks at a paper*]. For *abetting Miss Lydia Languish in a design of running away with an Ensign! —in money—sundry times—twelve pounds twelve—gowns, five—hats, ruffles, caps*, &c. &c.—*numberless!—From the said Ensign, within this last month, six guineas and a half*.—About a quarter's pay!—Item, *from Mrs. Malaprop, for betraying the young people to her*—when I found matters were likely to be discovered!—*two guineas, and a black padusoy*.—Item, *from Mr. Acres, for carrying divers letters*—which I never deliver'd—*two guineas, and a pair of buckles*.—Item, *from Sir Lucius O'Trigger—three crowns —two gold pocket-pieces—and a silver snuff-box!*—Well done, *simplicity!*—yet I was forced to make my Hibernian believe, that he was corresponding, not with the *Aunt*, but with the *Niece:* for though not over rich, I found he had too much pride and delicacy to sacrifice the feelings of a gentleman to the necessities of his fortune. [*Exit*.

END OF THE FIRST ACT

[1] I have— *1st Edition*.

Act the Second

SCENE I

Captain ABSOLUTE's *Lodgings.*

Captain ABSOLUTE *and* FAG.

Fag. SIR, while I was there Sir Anthony came in: I told him you had sent me to inquire after his health, and to know if he was at leisure to see you.

Absolute. And what did he say, on hearing I was at Bath?

Fag. Sir, in my life I never saw an elderly gentleman more astonished! He started back two or three paces, rapt out a dozen interjectoral oaths, and asked, what the devil had brought you here?

Absolute. Well, Sir, and what did you say?

Fag. Oh, I lied, Sir—I forget[1] the precise lie, but you may depend on't; he got no truth from me. Yet, with submission, for fear of blunders in future, I should be glad to fix what *has* brought us to Bath: in order that we may lie a little consistently.—Sir Anthony's servants were curious, Sir, very curious indeed.

Absolute. You have said nothing to them——?

Fag. Oh, not a word, Sir—not a word.—Mr. Thomas, indeed, the coachman (whom I take to be the discreetest of whips)—

Absolute. 'Sdeath!—you rascal! you have not trusted him!

Fag. Oh, *no*, Sir—no—no—not a syllable, upon my veracity! —He was, indeed, a little inquisitive; but I was sly, Sir—devilish sly!—My Master (said I) honest Thomas (you know, Sir, one says *honest* to one's inferiors) is come to Bath to *recruit*—Yes, Sir —I said, *to recruit*—and whether for men, money, or constitution, you know, Sir, is nothing to him, nor any one else.

Absolute. Well—*recruit* will do—let it be so—

[1]forgot—*1st Edition.*

Fag. Oh, Sir, recruit will do surprisingly—indeed, to give the thing an air, I told Thomas, that your Honour had already inlisted, five disbanded chairmen, seven minority waiters, and thirteen billiard markers.

Absolute. You blockhead, never say more than is necessary.

Fag. I beg pardon, Sir—I beg pardon—But with submission, a lie is nothing unless one supports it.—Sir, whenever I draw on my invention for a good current lie, I always forge indorsements as well as the bill.

Absolute. Well, take care you don't hurt your credit by offering too much security.—Is Mr. Faulkland returned?

Fag. He is above, Sir, changing his dress.

Absolute. Can you tell whether he has been informed of Sir Anthony's and Miss Melville's arrival?

Fag. I fancy not, Sir; he has seen no one since he came in, but his gentleman, who was with him at Bristol.—I think, Sir, I hear Mr. Faulkland coming down——

Absolute. Go, tell him, I am here.

Fag. Yes, Sir—[*going*] I beg pardon, Sir, but should Sir Anthony call, you will do me the favour to remember, that we are *recruiting*, if you please.

Absolute. Well, well.

Fag. And in tenderness to my character, if your Honour could bring in the chairmen and waiters, I shall esteem it as an obligation;—for though I never scruple a lie to serve my Master, yet it hurts one's conscience to be found out. [*Exit*.

Absolute. Now for my whimsical friend—if he does not know that his mistress is here, I'll tease him a little before I tell him——

Enter FAULKLAND

Faulkland, you're welcome to Bath again; you are punctual in your return.

Faulkland. Yes; I had nothing to detain me, when I had finished the business I went on. Well, what news since I left you? How stand matters between you and Lydia?

Absolute. Faith, much as they were; I have not seen her since our quarrel; however, I expect to be recalled every hour.

Faulkland. Why don't you persuade her to go off with you at once?

Absolute. What, and lose two-thirds of her fortune? You forget that, my friend.—No, no, I could have brought her to that long ago.

Faulkland. Nay then, you trifle too long—if you are sure of *her*, propose to the aunt *in your own character*, and write to Sir Anthony for his consent.

Absolute. Softly, softly, for though I am convinc'd my little Lydia would elope with me as Ensign Beverley, yet am I by no means certain that she would take me with the impediment of our friend's consent, a regular humdrum wedding, and the reversion of a good fortune on my side; no, no, I must prepare her gradually for the discovery, and make myself necessary to her, before I risk it.—Well, but, Faulkland, you'll dine with us to-day at the Hotel?

Faulkland. Indeed I cannot; I am not in spirits to be of such a party.

Absolute. By Heavens! I shall forswear your company. You are the most teasing, captious, incorrigible lover!—Do love like a man.

Faulkland. I own I am unfit for company.

Absolute. Am not *I* a lover; aye, and a romantic one too? Yet do I carry every where with me such a confounded farrago of doubts, fears, hopes, wishes, and all the flimsy furniture of a country Miss's brain!

Faulkland. Ah! Jack, your heart and soul are not, like mine, fixed immutably on one only object.—You throw for a large stake, but losing—you could stake, and throw again:—but I have set my sum of happiness on this cast, and not to succeed, were to be stript of all.

Absolute. But for Heaven's sake! what grounds for apprehension can your whimsical brain conjure up at present? [Has Julia miss'd writing this last post? or was her last too tender, or too cool; or too grave, or too gay; or——

Faulkland. Nay, nay, Jack.

Absolute. Why, her love—her honour—her prudence, you cannot doubt.

Faulkland. Oh! upon my soul, I never have;—but][1] what grounds for apprehension, did you say? Heavens! are there not a thousand! I fear for her spirits—her health—her life.—My absence may fret her; her anxiety for my return, her fears for me, may oppress her gentle temper. And for her health—does not every hour bring me cause to be alarmed? If it rains, some shower may even then have chilled her delicate frame!—If the wind be keen, some rude blast may have affected her! The heat of noon, the dews of the evening, may endanger the life of her, for whom only I value mine. Oh Jack! when delicate and feeling souls are separated, there is not a feature in the sky, not a movement of the elements, not an aspiration of the breeze, but hints some cause for lover's apprehension!

Absolute. Aye, but we may chuse whether we will take the hint or not.[2]—So then, Faulkland, if you were convinced that Julia were well and in spirits, you would be entirely content.

Faulkland. I should be happy beyond measure—I am anxious only for that.

Absolute. Then to cure your anxiety at once—Miss Melville is in perfect health, and is at this moment in Bath.

Faulkland. Nay, Jack—don't trifle with me.

Absolute. She is arrived here with my father within this hour.

Faulkland. Can you be serious?

Absolute. I thought you knew Sir Anthony better than to be surprised at a sudden whim of this kind.—Seriously then, it is as I tell you—upon my honour.

Faulkland. My dear friend!—Hollo, Du Peigne! my hat—my dear Jack—now nothing on earth can give me a moment's uneasiness.

Enter FAG.

Fag. Sir, Mr. Acres just arrived is below.

Absolute. Stay, Faulkland, this Acres lives within a mile of Sir Anthony, and he shall tell you how your mistress has been ever

[1]Passage omitted—*3rd Edition*. [2]no—*1st Edition*.

since you left her.—Fag, shew the gentleman up. [*Exit* Fag.

Falkland. What, is he much acquainted in the family?

Absolute. Oh, very intimate: I insist on your not going: besides, his character will divert you.

Faulkland. Well, I should like to ask him a few questions.

Absolute. He is likewise a rival of mine—that is of my *other self's*, for he does not think his friend Capt. Absolute ever saw the lady in question;—and it is ridiculous enough to hear him complain to me of *one Beverley*, a concealed sculking rival, who

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Faulkland. Hush!—He's here.

Enter Acres.

Acres. Hah! my dear friend, noble captain, and honest Jack, how do'st thou? just arrived faith, as you see.—Sir, your humble servant. Warm work on the roads, Jack—Odds whips and wheels! I've travelled like a Comet, with a tail of dust all the way as long as the Mall.

Absolute. Ah! Bob, you are indeed an excentric Planet, but we know your attraction hither—give me leave to introduce Mr. *Faulkland* to you; Mr. Faulkland, Mr. Acres.

Acres. Sir, I am most heartily glad to see you: Sir, I solicit your connections.—Hey, Jack—what, this is Mr. Faulkland, who

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Absolute. Aye, Bob, Miss Melville's Mr. Faulkland.

Acres. Od'so! she and your father can be but just arrived before me—I suppose you have seen them.—Ah! Mr. Faulkland, you are indeed a happy man.

Faulkland. I have not seen Miss Melville yet, Sir,—I hope she enjoyed full health and spirits in Devonshire?

Acres. Never knew her better in my life, Sir,—never better.—Odd's Blushes and Blooms! she has been as healthy as the German Spa.

Faulkland. Indeed!—I did hear that she had been a little indisposed.

Acres. False, false, Sir—only said to vex you: quite the reverse I assure you.

Faulkland. There, Jack, you see she has the advantage of me; I had almoſt fretted myself ill.

Absolute. Now are you angry with your miſtress for not having been sick.

Faulkland. No, no, you misunderſtand me:—yet surely a little trifling indisposition is not an unnatural consequence of absence from those we love.—Now confess—isn't there something unkind in this violent, roboſt, unfeeling health?

Absolute. Oh, it was unkind of her to be well in your absence to be sure!

Acres. Good apartments, Jack.

Faulkland. Well, Sir, but you was saying that Miss Melville has been so *exceedingly* well—what then she has been merry and gay, I suppose?—Always in spirits—hey?

Acres. Merry, Odds Crickets! she has been the bell and spirit of the company wherever she has been—so lively and entertaining, so full of wit and humour!

Faulkland. There, Jack, there.—Oh, by my soul! there is an innate levity in woman, that nothing can overcome.—What! happy and I away!

Absolute. Have done:—how foolish this is! juſt now you were only apprehensive for your miſtress's *spirits*.

Faulkland. Why, Jack, have I been the joy and spirit of the company?

Absolute. No indeed, you have not.

Faulkland. Have I been lively and entertaining?

Absolute. Oh, upon my word, I acquit you.

Faulkland. Have I been full of wit and humour?

Absolute. No, faith, to do you juſtice, you have been confoundedly[1] ſtupid indeed.

Acres. What's the matter with the gentleman?

Absolute. He is only expressing his great satisfaction at hearing that Julia has been so well and happy—that's all—hey, Faulkland?

Faulkland. Oh! I am rejoiced to hear it—yes, yes, she has a *happy* disposition!

[1]confounded—*1st Edition*.

Acres. That she has indeed—then she is so accomplished—so sweet a voice—so expert at her harpsichord—such a mistress of flat and sharp, squallante, rumblante, and quiverante—there was this time month—Odds Minnums and Crotchets! how she did chirrup at Mrs. Piano's Concert.

Faulkland. There again, what say you to this? you see she has been all mirth and song—not a thought of me!

Absolute. Pho! man, is not music the food of love?

Faulkland. Well, well, it may be so.—Pray, Mr. ——, what's his d—d name!—Do you remember what Songs Miss Melville sung?

Acres. Not I indeed.

Absolute. Stay now, they were some pretty, melancholy purling stream airs, I warrant; perhaps you may recollect;—did she sing—"*When absent from my soul's delight?*"

Acres. No, that wa'n't it.

Absolute. Or,—"*Go, gentle gales!*"—"*Go, gentle gales!*"—
[*Sings.*

Acres. O no! nothing like it.—Odds![1] now I recollect one of them—"*My heart's my own, my will is free.*"— [*Sings.*

Faulkland. Fool! fool that I am! to fix all my happiness on such a trifler! S'death! to make herself the pipe and ballad-monger of a circle! to sooth her light heart with catches and glees!—What can you say to this, Sir?

Absolute. Why, that I should be glad to hear my mistress had been so merry, *Sir*.

Faulkland. Nay, nay, nay—I'm not sorry that she has been happy—no, no, I am glad of that—I would not have had her sad or sick—yet surely a sympathetic heart would have shewn itself even in the choice of a song—she might have been temperately healthy, and somehow, plaintively gay;—but she has been dancing too, I doubt not!

Acres. What does the gentleman say about dancing?

Absolute. He says the lady we speak of dances as well as she sings.

Acres. Aye truly, does she—there was at our last race ball——

[1]Odds slips—*1st Edition*.

Faulkland. Hell and the devil! There! there—I told you so! I told you so! Oh! she thrives in my absence!—Dancing! but her whole feelings have been in opposition with mine;—I have been anxious, silent, pensive, sedentary—my days have been hours of care, my nights of watchfulness.—She has been all Health, Spirit! Laugh! Song! Dance!—Oh! d—n'd, d—n'd levity!

Absolute. For Heaven's sake! Faulkland, don't expose yourself so.—Suppose she has dance'd, what then?—does not the ceremony of society often oblige——

Faulkland. Well, well, I'll contain myself—perhaps as you say—for form sake.—What, Mr. Acres, you were praising Miss Melville's manner of dancing a *minuet*—hey?

Acres. Oh I dare insure her for that—but what I was going to speak of was her *country dancing:*—Odds swimmings! she has such an air with her!—

Faulkland. Now disappointment on her!—defend this, Absolute, why don't you defend this?—Country-dances! jiggs, and reels! am I to blame now! A Minuet I could have forgiven—I should not have minded that—I say I should not have regarded a Minuet—but *Country-dances!* Zounds! had she made one in a *Cotillon*—I believe I could have forgiven even that—but to be monkey-led for a night!—to run the gauntlet thro' a string of amorous palming puppies!—to shew paces like a managed filly! —O Jack, there never can be but *one* man in the world, whom a truly modest and delicate woman out to pair with in a *Country-dance*; and even then, the rest of the couples should be her great uncles and aunts!

Absolute. Aye, to be sure!—grandfathers and grandmothers!

Faulkland. If there be but one vicious mind in the set, 'twill spread like a contagion—the action of their pulse beats to the lascivious movements of the jigg—their quivering, warm-breath'd sighs impregnate the very air—the atmosphere becomes electrical to love, and each amorous spark darts thro' every link of the chain!—I must leave you—I own I am somewhat flurried—and that confounded looby has perceived it.

[*Going.*

[*Absolute*. Aye, aye, you are in a hurry to throw yourself at Julia's feet.

Faulkland. I'm not in a humour to be trifled with—I shall see her only to upbraid her. [*Going*.][1]

Absolute. Nay, but ſtay, Faulkland, and thank Mr. Acres for his good news.

Faulkland. D—n his news! [*Exit* FAULKLAND.

Absolute. Ha! ha! ha! poor Faulkland five minutes since—"nothing on earth could give him a moment's uneasiness!"

Acres. The gentleman wa'n't angry at my praising his miſtress, was he?

Absolute. A little jealous, I believe, Bob.

Acres. You don't say so? Ha! ha! jealous of me—that's a good joke.

Absolute. There's nothing ſtrange in that, Bob; let me tell you, that sprightly grace and insinuating manner of your's will do some mischief among the girls here.

Acres. Ah! you joke—ha! ha! mischief—ha! ha! but you know I am not my own property, my dear Lydia has foreſtalled me.—She could never abide me in the country, because I used to dress so badly—but odds frogs and tambours! I shan't take matters so here—now ancient Madam has no voice in it—I'll make my old clothes know who's maſter—I shall ſtraitway cashier the hunting-frock—and render my leather breeches incapable—My hair has been in training some time.

Absolute. Indeed!

Acres. Aye—and tho'ff the side curls are a little reſtive, my hind-part takes it very kindly.

Absolute. Oh, you'll polish, I doubt not.

Acres. Absolutely I propose so—then if I can find out this Ensign Beverley, odds triggers and flints! I'll make him know the difference o't.

Absolute. Spoke like a man—but pray, Bob, I observe you have got an odd kind of a new method of swearing——

Acres. Ha! ha! you've taken notice of it—'tis genteel, isn't *it?*—I didn't invent it myself though; but a commander in our

[1]Passage omitted—*3rd Edition*.

militia—a great scholar, I assure you—says that there is no meaning in the common oaths, and that nothing but their antiquity makes them respectable;—because, he says, the ancients would never stick to an oath or two, but would say By Jove! or By Bacchus! or By Mars! or By Venus! or By Pallas! according to the sentiment—so that to swear with propriety, says my little Major, the "oath should be an echo to the sense"; and this we call the *oath referential*, or *sentimental swearing*—ha! ha! ha! 'tis genteel, isn't it?

Absolute. Very genteel, and very new indeed—and I dare say will supplant all other figures of imprecation.

Acres. Aye, aye, the best terms will grow obsolete—Damns have had their day.

Enter FAG.

Fag. Sir, there is a gentleman below desires to see you.—Shall I shew him into the parlour?

Absolute. Aye—you may.

Acres. Well, I must be gone——

Absolute. Stay; who is it, Fag?

Fag. Your father, Sir.

Absolute. You puppy, why didn't you shew him up directly? [*Exit* FAG.

Acres. You have business with Sir Anthony.—I expect a message from Mrs. Malaprop at my lodgings.—I have sent also to my dear friend Sir Lucius O'Trigger.—Adieu, Jack, we must meet at night, when you[1] shall give me a dozen bumpers to little Lydia.

Absolute. That I will with all my heart. [*Exit* ACRES.

Now for a parental lecture.—I hope he has heard nothing of the business that has brought me here.—I wish the gout had held him fast in Devonshire, with all my soul!

Enter SIR ANTHONY.

Sir, I am delighted to see you here; and looking so well!—your sudden arrival at Bath made me apprehensive for your health.

[1]At night. Odds bottles and glasses ! you—*1st Edition*.

Sir Anth. Abs. Very apprehensive, I dare say, Jack.—What, you are recruiting here, hey?

Absolute. Yes, Sir, I am on duty.

Sir Anth. Abs. Well, Jack, I am glad to see you, tho' I did not expect it, for I was going to write to you on a little matter of business.—Jack, I have been considering that I grow old and infirm, and shall probably not trouble you long.

Absolute. Pardon me, Sir, I never saw you look more strong and hearty; and I pray frequently that you may continue so.

Sir Anth. Abs. I hope your prayers may be heard with all my heart. Well then, Jack, I have been considering that I am so strong and hearty, I may continue to plague you a long time.—Now, Jack, I am sensible that the income of your commission, and what I have hitherto allowed you, is but a small pittance for a lad of your spirit.

Absolute. Sir, you are very good.

Sir Anth. Abs. And it is my wish, while yet I live, to have my Boy make some figure in the world.—I have resolved, therefore, to fix you at once in a noble independence.

Absolute. Sir, your kindness overpowers me—such generosity makes the gratitude of reason more lively than the sensations even of filial affection.

Sir Anth. Abs. I am glad you are so sensible of my attention—and you shall be master of a large estate in a few weeks.

Absolute. Let my future life, Sir, speak my gratitude; I cannot express the sense I have of your munificence.—Yet, Sir, I presume you would not wish me to quit the army?

Sir Anth. Oh, that shall be as your wife chooses.

Absolute. My wife, Sir!

Sir Anth. Abs. Aye, aye, settle that between you—settle that between you.

Absolute. A *wife*, Sir, did you say?

Sir Anth. Abs. Aye, a wife—why, did not I mention her before?

Absolute. Not a word of her, Sir.

Sir Anth. Abs. Odd so!—I mustn't forget *her* tho'.—Yes, Jack, the independence I was talking of is by a marriage—the

fortune is saddled with a wife—but I suppose that makes no difference.

Absolute. Sir! Sir!—you amaze me!

Sir Anth. Abs. Why, what the devil's the matter with the fool? Just now you were all gratitude and duty.

Absolute. I was, Sir,—you talked to me of independence and a fortune, but not a word of a wife.

Sir Anth. Abs. Why—what difference does that make? Odd's life, Sir! if you have the estate, you must take it with the live stock on it, as it stands.

Absolute. If my happiness is to be the price, I must beg leave to decline the purchase.—Pray, Sir, who is the lady?

Sir Anth. Abs. What's that to you, Sir?—Come, give me your promise to love, and to marry her directly.

Absolute. Sure, Sir, this is not very reasonable, to summon my affections for a lady I know nothing of!

Sir Anth. Abs. I am sure, Sir, 'tis more unreasonable in you to *object* to a lady you know nothing of.

Absolute. Then, Sir, I must tell you plainly, that my inclinations are fix'd on another.

[*Sir Anth. Abs*. They are, are they? Well, that's lucky—because you will have more merit in your obedience to me.

Absolute.][1] Sir, my heart is engaged to an Angel.

Sir Anth. Abs. Then pray let it send an excuse.—It is very sorry—but *business* prevents it's waiting on her.

Absolute. But my vows are pledged to her.

Sir Anth. Abs. Let her foreclose, Jack; let her foreclose; they are not worth redeeming; besides, you have the Angel's vows in exchange, I suppose; so there can be no loss there.

Absolute. You must excuse me, Sir, if I tell you, once for all, that in this point I cannot obey you.

Sir Anth. Abs. Hark'ee, Jack;—I have heard you for some time with patience—I have been cool,—quite cool; but take care—you know I am compliance itself—when I am not thwarted;—no one more easily led—when I have my own way;—but don't put me in a phrenzy.

[1]Passage omitted—*3rd Edition*.

Absolute. Sir, I must repeat it—in this I cannot obey you.

Sir Anth. Abs. Now d—n me! if ever I call you *Jack* again while I live!

Absolute. Nay, Sir, but hear me.

Sir Anth. Abs. Sir, I won't hear a word—not a word! not one word! so give me your promise by a nod—and I'll tell you what, Jack—I mean, you Dog—if you don't by——

Absolute. What, Sir, promise to link myself to some mass of ugliness! to——

Sir Anth. Abs. Zounds! sirrah! the lady shall be as ugly as I choose: she shall have a hump on each shoulder; she shall be as crooked as the Crescent; her one eye shall roll like the Bull's in Cox's Musæum—she shall have a skin like a mummy, and the beard of a Jew—she shall be all this, sirrah!—yet I'll make you ogle her all day, and sit up all night to write sonnets on her beauty.

Absolute. This is reason and moderation indeed!

Sir Anth. Abs. None of your sneering, puppy! no grinning, jackanapes!

Absolute. Indeed, Sir, I never was in a worse humour for mirth in my life.

Sir Anth. Abs. 'Tis false, Sir, I know you are laughing in your sleeve; I know you'll grin when I am gone, sirrah!

Absolute. Sir, I hope I know my duty better.

Sir Anth. Abs. None of your passion, Sir! none of your violence; if you please—It won't do with me, I promise you.

Absolute. Indeed, Sir, I never was cooler in my life.

Sir Anth. Abs. 'Tis a confounded lie!—I know you are in a passion in your heart; I know you are, you hypocritical young Dog! but it won't do.

Absolute. Nay, Sir, upon my word.

Sir Anth. Abs. So you will fly out! can't you be cool, like me? What the devil good can *Passion* do!—*Passion* is of no service, you impudent, insolent, overbearing Reprobate!—There you sneer again!—don't provoke me!—but you rely upon the mildness of my temper—you do, you Dog! you play upon the meekness of my disposition! You take care—the patience of a saint may be overcome at last!—but mark! I give you six hours and a

half to consider of this: if you then agree, without any condition, to do every thing on earth that I choose, why—confound you! I may in time forgive you.—If not, zounds! don't enter the same hemisphere with me! don't dare to breathe the same air, or use the same light with me; but get an atmosphere and a sun of your own! I'll strip you of your commission; I'll lodge a five-and-threepence in the hands of trustees, and you shall live on the interest.—I'll disown you, I'll disinherit you, I'll unget you! and d—n me! if ever I call you Jack again! [*Exit* SIR ANTHONY.

ABSOLUTE *solus.*

Absolute. Mild, gentle, considerate father—I kiss your hands. —What a tender method of giving his opinion in these matters Sir Anthony has! I dare not trust him with the truth.—I wonder what old wealthy Hag it is that he wants to bestow on me!—yet he married himself for love! and was in his youth a bold Intriguer, and a gay Companion!

Enter FAG.

Fag. Assuredly, Sir, our Father is wrath to a degree; he comes down stairs eight or ten steps at a time—muttering, growling, and thumping the bannisters all the way: I, and the Cook's dog, stand bowing at the door—rap! he gives me a stroke on the head with his cane; bids me carry that to my master, then kicking the poor Turnspit into the area, d—ns us all, for a puppy triumvirate —Upon my credit, Sir, were I in your place, and found my father such very bad company, I should certainly drop his acquaintance.

Absolute. Cease your impertinence, Sir, at present.—Did you come in for nothing more?—Stand out of the way!

[*Pushes him aside, and Exit.*

FAG *solus.*

Fag. Soh! Sir Anthony trims my Master: He is afraid to reply to his Father—then vents his spleen on poor Fag!—When one is vexed by one person, to revenge one's self on another, who happens to come in the way—is the vilest injustice; Ah! it shews the worst temper—the basest——

Enter ERRAND BOY.

Boy. Mr. Fag! Mr. Fag! your Maſter calls you.

Fag. Well! you little, dirty puppy, you need not baul so!—The meaneſt disposition! the——

Boy. Quick, quick, Mr. Fag.

Fag. Quick! quick! you impudent Jackanapes! am I to be commanded by you too? you little, impertinent, insolent, kitchen bred—— [*Exit kicking and beating him.*

SCENE II

The NORTH PARADE

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. So—I shall have another rival to add to my miſtress's liſt—Captain Absolute.—However, I shall not enter his name till my purse has received notice in form. Poor Acres is dismissed! —Well, I have done him a laſt friendly office, in letting him know that Beverley was here before him.—Sir Lucius is generally more punctual, when he expects to hear from his *dear Delia*, as he calls her:—I wonder he's not here!—I have a little scruple of conscience from this deceit; tho' I should not be paid so well, if my hero knew that *Delia* was near fifty, and her own miſtress.—[I could not have thought he would have been so nice, when there's a golden egg in the case, as to care whether he has it from a pullet or an old hen!][1]

Enter SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER.

Sir Lucius. Hah! my little embassadress—upon my conscience I have been looking for you; I have been on the South Parade this half-hour.

Lucy [*speaking simply*]. O gemini! and I have been waiting for your Worship here on the North.

Sir Lucius. Faith!—may be, that was the reason we did not meet; and it is very comical too, how you could go out and I not see you—for I was only taking a nap at the Parade Coffee-house, and I chose the *window* on purpose that I might not miss you.

[1]Passage omitted—*3rd Edition*.

Lucy. My ſtars! Now I'd wager a six-pence I went by while you were asleep.

Sir Lucius. Sure enough it muſt have been so—and I never dreamt it was so late, till I waked. Well, but my little girl, have you got nothing for me?

Lucy. Yes, but I have—I've got a letter for you in my pocket.

Sir Lucius. O faith! I guessed you weren't come empty-handed—well—let me see what the dear creature says.

Lucy There, Sir Lucius. [*Gives him a letter.*

Sir Lucius [*reads*]. " *Sir—there is often a sudden incentive impulse in love, that has a greater induction than years of domeſtic combination: such was the commotion I felt at the firſt superfluous view of Sir Lucius O'Trigger.*" Very pretty, upon my word.—[*As my motive is intereſted, you may be assured my love shall never be miscellaneous.*—Very well.][1]—"*Female punctuation forbids me to say more; yet let me add, that it will give me joy infallible to find Sir Lucius worthy the laſt criterion of my affections.*

[*Yours, while meretricious,*][2]

DELIA."

Upon my conscience! Lucy, your lady is a great miſtress of language. Faith, she's quite the queen of the dictionary!—for the devil a word dare refuse coming at her call—though one would think it was quite out of hearing.

Lucy. Aye, Sir, a lady of her experience.

Sir Lucius. Experience! what, at seventeen?

Lucy. O true, Sir—but then she reads so—my ſtars! how she will read off hand!

Sir Lucius. Faith, she muſt be very deep read to write this way—though she is rather an arbitrary writer too—for here are a great many poor words pressed into the service of this note, that would get their *habeas corpus* from any court in Christendom.[3]

Lucy. Ah! Sir Lucius, if you were to hear how she talks of you!

Sir Lucius. O tell her, I'll make her the beſt husband in the

[1]Passages omitted—*3rd Edition*. [2]Passage omitted—*3rd Edition*.

[3]Christendom. However, when affection guides the pen, Lucy, he must be a brute who finds fault with the style.—*1st Edition*.

world, and Lady O'Trigger into the bargain!—But we must get the old gentlewoman's consent—and do every thing fairly.

Lucy. Nay, Sir Lucius, I thought you wa'n't rich enough to be so nice!

Sir Lucius. Upon my word, young woman, you have hit it:—I am so poor, that I can't afford to do a dirty action.—If I did not want money, I'd steal your mistress and her fortune with a great deal of pleasure.—However, my pretty girl, [*gives her money*], here's a little something to buy you a ribband; and meet me in the evening, and I'll give you an answer to this. So, hussy, take a kiss before-hand, to put you in mind. [*Kisses her.*

Lucy. O lud! Sir Lucius—I never seed such a gemman! My lady won't like you if you're so impudent.

Sir Lucius. Faith she will, Lucy—that same—pho! what's the name of it?—*Modesty!*—is a quality in a lover more praised by the women than liked; so, if your mistress asks you whether Sir Lucius ever gave you a kiss, tell her fifty—my dear.

Lucy. What, would you have me tell her a lie?

Sir Lucius. Ah then, you baggage! I'll make it a truth presently.

Lucy. For shame now; here is some one coming.

Sir Lucius. O faith, I'll quiet your conscience!

[*Sees* FAG.—*Exit, humming a tune.*

Enter FAG.

Fag. So, so, Ma'am. I humbly beg pardon.

Lucy. O lud!—now, Mr. Fag—you flurry one so.

Fag. Come, come, Lucy, here's no one bye—so a little less simplicity, with a grain or two more sincerity, if you please.—You play false with us, Madam.—I saw you give the Baronet a letter.—My Master shall know this—and if he don't call him out—I will.

Lucy. Ha! ha! ha! you gentlemen's gentlemen are so hasty.—That letter was from Mrs. Malaprop, simpleton.—She is taken with Sir Lucius's address.

Fag. How! what tastes some people have!—Why I suppose I have walked by her window an hundred times.—But what says our young lady? Any message to my master?

Lucy. Sad news! Mr. Fag.—A worse Rival than Acres! Sir Anthony Absolute has proposed his son.

Fag. What, Captain Absolute?

Lucy. Even so.—I overheard it all.

Fag. Ha! ha! ha! very good, faith.—Good bye, Lucy, I must away with this news.

Lucy. Well—you may laugh—but it is true, I assure you. [*Going*] But—Mr. Fag—tell your master not to be cast down by this.

Fag. O, he'll be disconsolate!

Lucy. And charge him not to think of quarrelling with young Absolute.

Fag. Never fear!—never fear!

Lucy. Be sure—bid him keep up his spirits.

Fag. We will—we will. [*Exeunt severally*.

END OF THE SECOND ACT

Act the Third

SCENE I

The North Parade

Enter ABSOLUTE.

Abs. 'TIS just as Fag told me, indeed.—Whimsical enough, faith! My Father wants to *force* me to marry the very girl I am plotting to run away with!—He must not know of my connection with her yet a-while.—He has too summary a method of proceeding in these matters [and Lydia shall not yet lose her hopes of an elopement].[1]—However, I'll read my recantation instantly.—My conversion is something sudden, indeed—but I can assure him it is very *sincere*.—So, so,—here he comes.—He looks plaguy gruff. [*Steps aside.*

Enter SIR ANTOHNY.

Sir Anth. Abs.—No—I'll die sooner than forgive him.—*Die*, did I say? I'll live these fifty years to plague him.—At our last meeting, his impudence had almost put me out of temper.—An obstinate, passionate, self-willed boy!—Who can he take after? This is my return for getting him before all his brothers and sisters!—for putting him, at twelve years old, into a marching regiment, and allowing him fifty pounds a-year, besides his pay, ever since!—But I have done with him;—he's any body's son for me.—I never will see him more,—never—never—never—never.

Absolute. Now for a penitential face.

Sir Anth. Abs. Fellow, get out of my way.

Absolute. Sir, you see a penitent before you.

Sir Anth. Abs. I see an impudent scoundrel before me.

[1]Passage omitted—*3rd Edition.*

Absolute. A sincere penitent.—I am come, Sir, to acknowledge my error, and to submit entirely to your will.

Sir Anth. Abs. What's that?

Absolute. I have been revolving, and reflecting, and considering on your past goodness, and kindness, and condescension to me.

Sir Anth. Abs. Well, Sir?

Absolute. I have been likewise weighing and balancing what you were pleased to mention concerning duty, and obedience, and authority.

Sir Anth. Abs. Well, puppy?

Absolute. Why then, Sir, the result of my reflections is—a resolution to sacrifice every inclination of my own to your satisfaction.

Sir Anth. Abs. Why now, you talk sense—absolute sense—I never heard any thing more sensible in my life.—Confound you! you shall be Jack again.

Absolute. I am happy in the appellation.

Sir Anth. Abs. Why, then, Jack, my dear Jack, I will now inform you—who the lady really is.—Nothing but your passion and violence, you silly fellow, prevented my telling you at first. Prepare, Jack, for wonder and rapture—prepare.—What think you of Miss Lydia Languish?

Absolute. Languish? What, the Languishes of Worcestershire?

Sir Anth. Abs. Worcestershire! No. Did you never meet Mrs. Malaprop and her Niece, Miss Languish, who came into our country just before you were last ordered to your regiment.

Absolute. Malaprop! Languish! I don't remember ever to have heard the names before. Yet, stay —I think I do recollect something.—*Languish! Languish!* She squints, don't she?—A little red-haired girl?

Sir Anth. Abs. Squints?—A red-haired girl!—Zounds! no.

Absolute. Then I must have forgot; it can't be the same person.

Sir Anth. Abs. Jack! Jack! what think you of blooming, love-breathing seventeen?

Absolute. As to that, Sir, I am quite indifferent.—If I can please you in the matter, 'tis all I desire.

Sir Anth. Abs. Nay, but Jack, such eyes! such eyes! so innocently wild! so bashfully irresolute! Not a glance but speaks and kindles some thought of love! Then, Jack, her cheeks! her cheeks, Jack! so deeply blushing at the insinuations of her tell-tale eyes! Then, Jack, her lips!—O Jack, lips smiling at their own discretion; and if not smiling, more sweetly pouting; more lovely in sullenness!

Absolute. That's she indeed.—Well done, old gentleman!

Sir Anth. Abs. Then, Jack, her neck.—O Jack! Jack!

Absolute. And which is to be mine, Sir, the Niece or the Aunt?

Sir Anth. Abs. Why, you unfeeling, insensible puppy, I despise you. When I was of your age, such a description would have made me fly like a rocket! The *Aunt*, indeed!—Odds life! when I ran away with your mother, I would not have touched any thing old or ugly to gain an empire.

Absolute. Not to please your father, Sir?

Sir Anth. Abs. To please my father!—Zounds! not to please —Oh, my father—Oddso!—yes—yes; if my father indeed had desired—that's quite another matter.—Tho' he wa'n't the indulgent father that I am, Jack.

Absolute. I dare say not, Sir.

Sir Anth. Abs. But, Jack, you are not sorry to find your mistress is so beautiful.

Absolute. Sir, I repeat it; if I please you in this affair, 'tis all I desire. Not that I think a woman the worse for being handsome; but, Sir, if you please to recollect, you before hinted something about a hump or two, one eye, and a few more graces of that kind—now, without being very nice, I own I should rather choose a wife of mine to have the usual number of limbs, and a limited quantity of back; and tho' *one* eye may be very agreeable, yet as the prejudice has always run in favour of *two*, I would not wish to affect a singularity in that article.

Sir Anth. Abs. What a phlegmatic sot it is! Why, sirrah, you're an Anchorite!—a vile insensible stock.—You a soldier!—you're a walking block, fit only to dust the company's regimentals on!—Odds life! I've a great mind to marry the girl myself!

Absolute. I am entirely at your disposal, Sir; if you should think

of addressing Miss Languish yourself, I suppose you would have me marry the *Aunt*; or if you should change your mind, and take the old lady—'tis the same to me—I'll marry the *Niece*.

Sir Anth. Abs. Upon my word, Jack, thou'rt either a very great hypocrite, or—but, come, I know your indifference on such a subject must be all a lie—I'm sure it must—come, now—d—n your demure face!—come, confess, Jack—you have been lying—ha'n't you? [You have been lying hey?—I'll never forgive you, if you ha'nt—So now own, my dear Jack][1] You have been playing the hypocrite, hey!—I'll never forgive you, if you ha'n't been lying and playing the hypocrite.

Absolute. I'm sorry. Sir, that the respect and duty which I bear to you should be so mistaken.

Sir Anth. Abs. Hang your respect and duty! But, come along with me, I'll write a note to Mrs. Malaprop, and you shall visit the lady directly.

[*Absolute.* Where does she lodge, sir?

Sir Anth. Abs. What a dull question!—only on the Grove here.

Absolute. O! then I can call on her in my way to the coffee-house.

Sir Anth. Abs. In your way to the coffee-house! You'll set your heart down in your way to the coffee-house, hey? Ah! you leaden-nerv'd, wooden-hearted dolt! But come along, you shall see her directly][2] Her eyes shall be the Promethian torch to you,—come along, I'll never forgive you, if you don't come back, stark mad with rapture and impatience—if you don't, egad, I'll marry the girl myself! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

Julia's *Dressing-room*

Faulkland *solus.*

Faulkland. They told me Julia would return directly; I[3] wonder she is not yet come!—How mean does this captious, unsatisfied temper of mine appear to my cooler judgment! Yet I know not that I indulge it in any other point:—but on this one

[1]Passage omitted—3*rd Edition.* [2]Passage omitted—3*rd Edition.*
[3]I—omitted 1*st Edition.*

subject, and to this one subject,[1] whom I think I love beyond my life, I am ever ungenerously fretful, and madly capricious!—I am conscious of it—yet I cannot correct myself! What tender honest joy sparkled in her eyes when we met!—How delicate was the warmth of her expressions!—I was ashamed to appear less happy—though I had come resolved to wear a face of coolness and upbraiding. Sir Anthony's presence prevented my proposed expostulations:—yet I must be satisfied that she has not been so *very* happy in my absence.—She is coming?—Yes!—I know the nimbleness of her tread, when she thinks her impatient Faulkland counts the moments of her stay.

Enter JULIA.

Julia. I had not hop'd to see you again so soon.

Faulkland. Could I, Julia, be contented with my first welcome—restrained as we were by the presence of a third person?

Julia. O Faulkland, when your kindness can make me thus happy, let me not think that I discovered something of coldness in your first salutation.[2]

Faulkland. 'Twas but your fancy, Julia.—I *was* rejoiced to see you—to see you in such health.—Sure I had no cause for coldness?

Julia. Nay, then I see you have taken something ill.—You must not conceal from me what it is.

Faulkland. Well, then—shall I own to you [But you will despise me Julia—nay, I despise myself for it. Yet I will own][3] that my joy at hearing of your health and arrival here, by your neighbour Acres, was somewhat damped by his dwelling much on the high spirits you had enjoyed in Devonshire—on your mirth—your singing—dancing, and I know not what!—For such is my temper, Julia, that I should regard every mirthful moment in your absence as a treason to constancy:—The mutual tear that steals down the cheek of parting lovers is a compact, that no smile shall live there till they meet again.

[1]object—*1st Edition.*

[2]discovered more of coolness in your first salutation than my long-hoarded joy could have presaged.—*1st Edition.*

[3]Passage omitted—*3rd Edition.*

Julia. Must I never cease to tax my Faulkland with this teasing minute caprice?—Can the idle reports of a silly boor weigh in your breast against my tried affection?

Faulkland. They have no weight with me, Julia: No, no—I am happy if you have been so—yet only say, that you did not sing with *mirth*—say that you *thought* of Faulkland in the dance.

Julia. I never can be happy in your absence.—If I wear a countenance of content, it is to shew that my mind holds no doubt of my Faulkland's truth.—If I seem'd sad—it were to make malice triumph; and say, that I had fixed my heart on one, who left me to lament his roving, and my own credulity.—Believe me, Faulkland, I mean not to upbraid you, when I say, that I have often dressed sorrow in smiles, lest my friends should guess whose unkindness had caused my tears.

Faulkland. You were ever all goodness to me.—Oh, I am a brute, when I but admit a doubt of your true constancy!

Julia. If ever without such cause from you, as I will not suppose possible, you find my affections veering but a point, may I become a proverbial scoff for levity, and base ingratitude.

Faulkland. Ah! Julia, that last word is grating to me. I would I had no title to your *gratitude!* Search your heart, Julia; perhaps what you have mistaken for Love, is but the warm effusion of a too thankful heart!

Julia. For what quality must I love you?

Faulkland. For no quality! To regard me for any quality of mind or understanding, were only to *esteem* me. And for person —I have often wish'd myself deformed, to be convinced that I owned no obligation *there* for any part of your affection.

Julia. Where Nature has bestowed a shew of nice attention in the features of a man, he should laugh at it, as misplaced. I have seen men, who in *this* vain article, perhaps, might rank above you; but my heart has never asked my eyes if it were so or not.

Faulkland. Now this is not well from *you*, Julia,—I despise person in a man—yet, if you lov'd me as I wish, though I were an Æthiop, you'd think none so fair.

Julia. I see you are determined to be unkind—The *contract*

which my poor father bound us in gives you more than a lover's privilege.

Faulkland. Again, Julia, you raise ideas that feed and justify my doubts.—I would not have been more free—no—I am proud of my restraint.—Yet—yet—perhaps your high respect alone for this solemn compact has fettered your inclinations, which else had made a[1] worthier choice.—How shall I be sure, had you remained unbound in thought and promise, that I should still have been the object of your persevering love?

Julia. Then try me now.—Let us be free as strangers as to what is past:—*my* heart will not feel more liberty!

Faulkland. There now! so hasty, Julia! so anxious to be free! —If your love for me were fixed and ardent, you would not lose[2] your hold, even tho' I wish'd it!

Julia. Oh! you torture me to the heart! I cannot bear it.

Faulkland. I do not mean to distress you.—If I lov'd you less, I should never give you an uneasy moment.—But hear me.—All my fretful doubts arise from this.—Women are not used to weigh, and separate the motives of their affections: the cold dictates of prudence, gratitude, or filial duty, may sometimes be mistaken for the pleadings of the heart.—I would not boast—yet let me say, that I have neither age, person, or character, to found dislike on;—my fortune such as few ladies could be charged with *indiscretion* in the match.—O Julia! when *Love* receives such countenance from *Prudence*, nice minds will be suspicious of its birth.

Julia. I know not whither your insinuations would tend:—But[3] as they seem pressing to insult me—I will spare you the regret of having done so.—I have given you no cause for this!

[*Exit in Tears.*

Faulkland. In tears! stay, Julia: stay but for a moment.—The door is fastened!—Julia;—my soul—but for one moment: I hear her sobbing!—'Sdeath! what a brute am I to use her thus! Yet stay.—Aye—she is coming now:—how little resolution there is in woman!—how a few soft words can turn them!—No, faith!—she is *not* coming either.—Why, Julia—my love—say

[1]a—omitted *1st Edition.* [2]loose—*1st Edition.* [3]but—omitted *1st Edition.*

but that you forgive me—come but to tell me that—now, this is being *too* resentful: ſtay! she is coming too—I thought she would —no *ſteadiness* in any thing! her going away muſt have been a mere trick then—she sha'n't see that I was hurt by it.—I'll affect indifference.—[*Hums a tune: then liſtens.*]—No—Zounds! she's *not* coming!—nor don't intend it, I suppose.—This is not *ſteadiness*, but *obſtinacy!* Yet I deserve it.—What, after so long an absence, to quarrel with her tenderness!—'twas barbarous and unmanly!—I should be ashamed to see her now.—I'll wait till her juſt resentment is abated—and when I diſtress her so again, may I lose her for ever! and be linked inſtead to some antique virago, whose gnawing passions, and long hoarded spleen, shall make me curse my folly half the day, and all the night. [*Exit.*

SCENE III

Mrs. MALAPROP'*s Lodgings*

Mrs. MALAPROP, *with a letter in her hand, and Captain* ABSOLUTE.

Mrs. Mal. Your being Sir Anthony's son, Captain, would itself be a sufficient accommodation; but from the ingenuity of your appearance, I am convinced you deserve the character here given of you.

Absolute. Permit me to say, Madam, that as I never yet have had the pleasure of seeing Miss Languish, my principal inducement in this affair at present is the honour of being allied to Mrs. Malaprop; of whose intellectual accomplishments, elegant manners, and unaffected learning, no tongue is silent.

Mrs. Mal. Sir, you do me infinite honour!—I beg, Captain, you'll be seated.—[*Sit.*]—Ah! few gentlemen, now a-days, know how to value the ineffectual qualities in a woman! few think how a little knowledge becomes[1] a gentlewoman!—Men have no sense now but for the worthless flower of beauty![2]

Absolute. It is but too true indeed, Ma'am;—yet I fear our ladies should share the blame—they think our admiration of *beauty* so great, that *knowledge* in *them* would be superfluous.

[1]become—1*st Edition.* [2]flower, beauty—1*st Edition.*

Thus, like garden-trees, they seldom shew fruit, till time has robb'd them of the[1] more specious blossom.—Few, like Mrs. Malaprop and the orange-tree, are rich in both at once!

Mrs. Mal. Sir—you overpower me with good-breeding.—He is the very Pine-apple of politeness! You are not ignorant, Captain, that this giddy girl has somehow contrived to fix her affections on a beggarly, ſtrolling, eve's-dropping Ensign, whom none of us have seen, and nobody knows any thing of.

Absolute. Oh, I have heard the silly affair before.—I'm not at all prejudiced againſt her on *that* account.

Mrs. Mal. You are very good, and very considerate, Captain. —I am sure I have done every thing in my power since I exploded the affair! long ago I laid my positive conjunctions[2] on her, never to think on the fellow again;—I have since laid Sir Anthony's preposition before her;—but, I am sorry to say, she seems resolved to decline every particle that I enjoin her.

Absolute. It muſt be very diſtressing, indeed, Ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. Oh![3] it gives me the hydroſtatics to such a degree; —I thought she had persiſted from corresponding with him; but, behold, this very day, I have interceded another letter from the fellow; I believe I have it in my pocket.

Absolute. O the devil! my laſt note. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Mal. Aye, here it is.

Absolute. Aye my note indeed! O the little traitress Lucy. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Mal. There, perhaps you may know the writing. [*Gives him the letter.*

Absolute. I think I have seen the hand before—yes, I certainly muſt have seen this hand before:——

Mrs. Mal. Nay, but read it, Captain.

Absolute [*Reads*]. "*My soul's idol, my ador'd Lydia!*"—Very tender, indeed!

Mrs. Mal. Tender! aye, and prophane too, o' my conscience!

Absolute. "*I am excessively alarmed at the intelligence you send me, the more so as my new rival*"——

Mrs. Mal. That's *you*, Sir.

[1]the—omitted *1st Edition.* [2]conjunction—*1st Edition.* [3]Oh—omitted *1st Edition.*

Absolute. "*Has universally the character of being an accomplished gentleman, and a man of honour.*"—Well, that's handsome enough.

Mrs. Mal. O, the fellow has some design in writing so.—

Absolute. That he had, I'll answer for him, Ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. But go on, Sir—you'll see presently.

Absolute. "*As for the old weather-beaten she-dragon who guards you.*"—Who can he mean by that?

Mrs. Mal. Me, Sir—*me*—he means *me* there—what do you think now?—but go on a little further.

Absolute. Impudent scoundrel!—"*it shall go hard but I will elude her vigilance, as I am told that the same ridiculous vanity, which makes her dress up her coarse features, and deck her dull chat with hard words which she don't understand*——

Mrs. Mal. There, Sir, an attack upon my language! what do you think of that?—an aspersion upon my parts of speech! was ever such a brute! Sure[1] if I reprehend any thing in this world, it is the use of my oracular tongue, and a nice derangement of epitaphs!

Absolute. He deserves to be hang'd and quartered! let me see —"*same ridiculous vanity*"——

Mrs. Mal. You need not read it again, Sir.

Absolute. I beg pardon, Ma'am, "*does also lay her open to the grossest deceptions from flattery and pretended admiration*"—an impudent coxcomb!—"*so that I have a scheme to see you shortly with the old Harridan's consent, and even to make her a go-between in our interviews.*"—Was ever such assurance!

Mrs. Mal. Did you ever hear any thing like it?—He'll elude my vigilance, will he—yes, yes! ha, ha! He's very like to enter these doors![2]—we'll try who can plot best!

Absolute. [So we will, Ma'am—so we will.][3]—Ha! ha! ha! a conceited puppy, ha! ha! ha!—Well, but Mrs. Malaprop, as the girl seems so infatuated by this fellow, suppose you were to wink at her corresponding with him for a little time—let her even plot an elopement with him—then do you connive at her escape—while *I*, just in the nick, will have the fellow laid by the heels, and fairly contrive to carry her off in his stead.

[1]Save—*1st Edition.* [2]floors—*1st Edition.* [3]Passage omitted—*1st Edition.*

Mrs. Mal. I am delighted with the scheme, never was any thing better perpetrated!

Absolute. But, pray, could not I see the lady for a few minutes now?—I should like to try her temper a little.

Mrs. Mal. Why, I don't know—I doubt she is not prepared for a visit[1] of this kind.—There is a decorum in these matters.

Absolute. O Lord! she won't mind *me*—only tell her Beverley

Mrs. Mal. Sir!

Absolute. Gently, good tongue. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Mal. What did you say of Beverley?

Absolute. O, I was going to propose that you should tell her, by way of jest, that it was Beverley who was below—she'd come down fast enough then—ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Mal. 'Twould be a trick she well deserves—besides you know the fellow tells her he'll get my consent to see her—ha! ha! —let him if he can, I say again.—Lydia, come down here! [*Calling.*]—He'll make me a *go-between in their interviews!*—ha! ha! ha! Come down, I say, Lydia!—I don't wonder at your laughing, ha! ha! ha! his impudence is truly ridiculous.

Absolute. 'Tis very ridiculous, upon my soul, Ma'am, ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Mal. The little hussy won't hear.—Well, I'll go and tell her at once who it is—she shall know that Capt. Absolute is come to wait on her.—And I'll make her behave as becomes a young woman.

Absolute. As you please, Ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. For the present, Captain, your servant—Ah! you've not done laughing yet, I see—*elude my vigilance!* yes, yes, ha! ha! ha! [*Exit.*

Absolute. Ha! ha! ha! one would think now that I might throw off all disguise at once, and seize my prize with security—but such is Lydia's caprice, that to undeceive were probably to lose her.—I'll see whether she knows me.

[*Walks aside and seems engaged in looking at the pictures.*

[1]first visit—*1st Edition.*

Enter LYDIA.

Lydia. What a scene am I now to go thro'! surely nothing can be more dreadful than to be obliged to listen to the loathsome addresses of a stranger to one's heart.—I have heard of girls persecuted as I am, who have appealed in behalf of their favoured lover to the generosity of his rival: suppose I were to try it—there stands the hated rival—an officer too!—but O how unlike my Beverley!—I wonder he don't begin—truly he seems a very negligent wooer!—quite at his ease, upon my word! I'll speak first—Mr. Absolute.

Absolute. Ma'am. [*Turns round.*

Lydia. O Heav'ns! Beverley!

Absolute. Hush!—hush, my life!—softly! be not surprised!

Lydia. I am so astonished! and so terrified! and so overjoyed!—for Heav'ns sake! how came you here?

Absolute. Briefly—I have deceived your Aunt—I was informed that my new rival was to visit here this evening, and contriving to have him kept away, have passed myself on *her* for Capt. Absolute.

Lydia. O, charming!—And she really takes you for young Absolute?

Absolute. O, she's convinced of it.

Lydia. Ha! ha! ha! I can't forbear laughing to think how her sagacity is over-reached!

Absolute. But we trifle with our precious moments—such another opportunity may not occur—then let me now conjure my kind, my condescending angel, to fix the time when I may rescue her from undeserving persecution, and with a licensed warmth plead for my reward.

Lydia. Will you then, Beverley, consent to forfeit that portion of my paltry wealth?—that burden on the wings of love?

Absolute. O come to me—rich only thus—in loveliness.—Bring no portion to me but thy love—'twill be generous in you, Lydia—for well you know, it is the only dower your poor Beverley can repay.

Lydia. How persuasive are his words!—how charming will poverty be with him!

Absolute. Ah! my soul, what a life will we then live? Love shall be our idol and support! we will worship him with a monastic strictness; abjuring all worldly toys, to center every thought and action there.—Proud of calamity, we will enjoy the wreck of wealth; while the surrounding gloom of adversity shall make the flame of our pure love show doubly bright.—By Heav'ns! I would fling all goods of fortune from me with a prodigal hand, to enjoy the scene where I might clasp my Lydia to my bosom, and say, the world affords no smile to me—but here——[*Embracing her.*] If she holds out now the devil is in it! [*Aside.*

Lydia. Now could I fly with him to the Antipodes! but my persecution is not yet come to a crisis.

Enter MRS. MALAPROP, *listening.*

Mrs. Mal. I am impatient to know how the little hussy deports herself. [*Aside.*

Absolute. So pensive, Lydia!—is then your warmth abated?

Mrs. Mal. Warmth abated!—so!—she has been in a passion, I suppose.

Lydia. No—nor ever can while I have life.

Mrs. Mal. An ill-temper'd little devil!—She'll be in a passion all her life—will she?

Lydia. Think not the idle threats of my ridiculous aunt can ever have any weight with me.

Mrs. Mal. Very dutiful, upon my word!

Lydia. Let her choice be Capt. *Absolute*, but Beverley is mine.

Mrs. Mal. I am astonished at her assurance!—to his face—this is[1] to his face!

Absolute. Thus then let me enforce my suit. [*Kneeling.*

Mrs. Mal. Aye—poor young man!—down on his knees entreating for pity!—I can contain no longer.—Why, thou vixen![2]—I have overheard you.

Absolute. O confound her vigilance! [*Aside.*

Mrs. Mal. Capt. *Absolute*—I know not how to apologize for her shocking rudeness.

Absolute. So—all's safe, I find. [*Aside.*

[1]is—omitted *1st Edition.* [2]Why, huzzy, huzzy—*1st Edition.*

I have hopes, Madam, that time will bring the young lady——

Mrs. Mal. O, there's nothing to be hoped for from her! she's as headstrong as an allegory on the banks of Nile.

Lydia. Nay, Madam, what do you charge me with now?

Mrs. Mal. Why, thou unblushing rebel—didn't you tell this gentleman to his face that you loves another better?—didn't you say you never would be his?

Lydia. No, Madam—I did not.

Mrs. Mal. Good Heav'ns! what assurance!—Lydia, Lydia, you ought to know that lying don't become a young woman!—Didn't you boast that *Beverley*—that stroller *Beverley*, possessed your heart?—Tell me that, I say.

Lydia. 'Tis true, Ma'am, and none but *Beverley*.——

Mrs. Mal. Hold;—hold, Assurance!—you shall not be so rude.

Absolute. Nay, pray Mrs. Malaprop, don't stop the young lady's speech:—she's very welcome to talk thus—it does not hurt *me* in the least, I assure you.

Mrs. Mal. You are *too* good, Captain—*too* amiably patient—but come with me, Miss—let us see you again soon, Captain—remember what we have fixed.

Absolute. I shall, Ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. Come, take a graceful leave of the gentleman.

Lydia. May every blessing wait on my *Beverley*, my lov'd *Bev*——

Mrs. Mal. Hussy! I'll choak the word in your throat!—come along—come along.

[*Exeunt severally*, BEVERLEY *kissing his hand to* LYDIA—*Mrs.* MALAPROP *stopping her from speaking.*

SCENE IV

ACRES'*s Lodgings.*

ACRES *and* DAVID.

ACRES *as just dress'd.*

Acres. Indeed, David—do you think I become it so?

David. You are quite another creature, believe me, Master, by

the Mass! an' we've any luck we shall see the Devon monkey-rony in all the printshops in Bath!

Acres. Dress *does* make a difference, David.

David. 'Tis all in all, I think—difference! why, an' you were to go now to Clod-Hall, I am certain the old lady wouldn't know you: Maſter Butler wouldn't believe his own eyes, and Mrs. Pickle would cry, "Lard, presarve me!" our dairy-maid would come giggling to the door, and I warrant Dolly Teſter, your Honour's favourite, would blush like my waiſtcoat.—Oons! I'll hold a gallon, there an't a dog in the house but would bark, and I queſtion whether *Phillis* would wag a hair of her tail!

Acres. Aye, David, there's nothing like polishing.

David. So I says of your Honour's boots; but the boy never heeds me!

Acres. But, David, has Mr. *De-la-Grace* been here? I muſt rub up my balancing, and chasing, and boring.

David. I'll call again, Sir.

Acres. Do—and see if there are any letters for me at the Poſt-office.

David. I will.—By the Mass, I can't help looking at your head!—if I hadn't been by at the cooking, I wish I may die if I should have known the dish again myself.

[*Exit*. ACRES *comes forward, practising a dancing ſtep*.

Acres. Sink, slide—coupee.—Confound the firſt inventors of Cotillons! say I—they are as bad as algebra to us country gentlemen.—I can walk a Minuet easy enough when I am forced!—and I have been accounted a good ſtick in a Country-dance.—Odds jiggs and tabors!—I never valued your cross-over to couple—figure in—right and left—and I'd foot it with e'er a Captain in the country!—but these outlandish heathen Allemandes and Cotillons are quite beyond me!—I shall never prosper ta 'em, that's sure—mine are true-born English legs—they don't underſtand their curſt French lingo!—their *Pàs* this, and *Pàs* that, and *Pàs* t'other!—damn me! my feet don't like to be called Paws! no, 'tis certain I have moſt Antigallican Toes!

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Here is Sir Lucius O'Trigger to wait on you, Sir.

Acres. Shew him in.

Enter SIR LUCIUS.

Sir Lucius. Mr. Acres, I am delighted to embrace you.

Acres. My dear Sir Lucius, I kiss your hands.

Sir Lucius. Pray, my friend, what has brought you so suddenly to Bath?

Acres. Faith! I have followed Cupid's Jack-a-Lantern, and find myself in a quagmire at last.—In short, I have been very ill-used, Sir Lucius.—I don't choose to mention names, but look on me as on a very ill-used gentleman.

Sir Lucius. Pray what is the case?—I ask no names.

Acres. Mark me, Sir Lucius, I fall[1] as deep as need be in love with a young lady—her friends take my part—I follow her to Bath—send word of my arrival; and receive answer, that the lady is to be otherwise disposed of.—This, Sir Lucius, I call being ill-used.

Sir Lucius. Very ill, upon my conscience.—Pray, can you divine the cause of it?

Acres. Why, there's the matter: she has another lover, one *Beverley*, who, I am told, is now in Bath.—Odds slanders and lies! he must be at the bottom of it.

Sir Lucius. A rival in the case, is there!—and you think he has supplanted you unfairly.

Acres. Unfairly! to be sure he has.—He never could have done it fairly.

Sir Lucius. Then sure you know what is to be done!

Acres. Not I, upon my soul!

Sir Lucius. We wear no swords here, but you understand me?

Acres. What! fight him!

Sir Lucius. Aye, to be sure: what can I mean else?

Acres. But he has given me no provocation.

Sir Lucius. Now, I think he has given you the greatest provocation in the world.—Can a man commit a more heinous offence

[1]falls—*1st Edition.*

against another than to fall in love with the same woman? O, by my soul, it is the most unpardonable breach of friendship.

Acres. Breach of friendship! Aye, aye; but I have no acquaintance with this man. I never saw him in my life.

Sir Lucius. That's no argument at all—he has the less right then to take such a liberty.

Acres. 'Gad that's true—I grow full of anger, Sir Lucius!—I fire apace! Odds hilts and blades; I find a man may have a deal of valour in him, and not know it! But couldn't I contrive to have a little right of my side?

Sir Lucius. What the Devil signifies *right*, when your *honour* is concerned? Do you think, *Achilles* or my little *Alexander the Great* ever inquired where the right lay? No, by my soul, they drew their broad-swords, and left the lazy sons of peace to settle the justice of it.

Acres. Your words are a grenadier's march to my heart! I believe courage must be catching!—I certainly do feel a kind of valour rising as it were—a kind of courage, as I may say—Odds flints, pans, and triggers! I'll challenge him directly.

Sir Lucius. Ah, my little friend! if I had *Blunderbuss-Hall* here—I could shew you a range of ancestry, in the O'Trigger line, that would furnish the new room; every one of whom had killed his man!—For though the mansion-house and dirty acres have slipt through my fingers, I thank Heav'n[1] our honour and the family-pictures, are as fresh as ever.

Acres. O, Sir Lucius! I have had ancestors too!—every man of 'em colonel or captain in the militia!—Odds balls and barrels! say no more—I'm brac'd for it. [My nerves are become cat-gut! my sinews wire! and my heart Pinchbeck!][2] The thunder of your words has soured the milk of human kindness in my breast!—Zounds! as the man in the play says, "I could do such deeds——"

Sir Lucius. Come, come, there must be no passion at all in the case—these things should always be done civilly.

Acres. I must be in a passion, Sir Lucius—I must be in a rage.—Dear Sir Lucius, let me be in a rage, if you love me.—Come,

[1]God—*1st Edition* [2]passage omitted—*3rd Edition*

here's pen and paper. [*Sits down to write.*] I would the ink were red!—Indite, I say indite!—How shall I begin? Odds bullets and blades! I'll write a good bold hand, however.

Sir Lucius. Pray compose yourself.

Acres. Come—now, shall I begin with an oath? Do, Sir Lucius let me begin with a damme.

Sir Lucius. Pho! pho! do the thing decently, and like a Christian. Begin now—"*Sir*——

Acres. That's too civil by half.

Sir Lucius. "*To prevent the confusion that might arise.*"

Acres. Well——

Sir Lucius. "*From our both addressing the same lady.*"

Acres. Aye—there's the reason—"*same lady*"—Well—

Sir Lucius. "*I shall expect the honour of your company*"——

Acres. Zounds! I'm not asking him to dinner.

Sir Lucius. Pray be easy.

Acres. Well then, "honour of your company"

Sir Lucius. "*To settle our pretensions.*"

Acres. Well.

Sir Lucius. Let me see, aye, *King's Mead-fields* will do—"*in King's Mead-fields.*"

Acres. So that's done.—Well, I'll fold it up presently; my own crest—a hand and dagger shall be the seal.

Sir Lucius. You see now this little explanation will put a stop at once to all confusion or misunderstanding that might arise between you.

Acres. Aye, we fight to prevent any misunderstanding.

Sir Lucius. Now, I'll leave you to fix your own time.—Take my advice, and you'll decide it this evening if you can; then let the worst come of it, 'twill be off your mind to-morrow.

Acres. Very true.

Sir Lucius. So I shall see nothing more of you, unless it be by letter, till the evening.—I would do myself the honour to carry your message; but, to tell you a secret, I believe I shall have just such another affair on my own hands. There is a gay captain here, who put a jest on me lately, at the expence of my country, and I only want to fall in with the gentleman, to call him out.

Acres. By my valour, I should like to see you fight first! Odds life! I should like to see you kill him, if it was only to get a little lesson.

Sir Lucius. I shall be very proud of instructing you.—Well for the present—but remember now, when you meet your antagonist, do everything in a mild and agreeable manner.—Let your courage be as keen, but at the same time as polished as your sword. [*Exeunt severally.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

Act the Fourth

SCENE I

ACRES's *Lodgings*

ACRES *and* DAVID.

David. THEN, by the Mass, Sir! I would do no such thing —ne'er a Sir Lucius O'Trigger in the kingdom should make me fight, when I wa'n't so minded. Oons! what will the old lady say, when she hears o't!

Acres. Ah! David, if you had heard Sir Lucius!—Odds sparks and flames! he would have rous'd your valour.

David. Not he, indeed. I hates such bloodthirſty cormorants. Look-ee, Maſter, if you'd wanted a bout at boxing, quarter-ſtaff, or short-ſtaff, I should never be the man to bid you cry off: But for your curſt sharps and snaps, I never knew any good come of 'em.

Acres. But my honour, David, my honour! I muſt be very careful of my honour.

David. Aye, by the Mass! and I would be very careful of it; and I think in return my *honour* couldn't do less than to be very careful of *me*.

Acres. Odds blades! David, no gentleman will ever risk the loss of his honour!

David. I say then, it would be but civil in *honour* never to risk the loss of a *gentleman*.—Look'ee, Maſter, this *honour* seems to me to be a marvellous false friend: aye, truly, a very courtier-like servant.—Put the case, I was a gentleman (which, thank God, no one can say of me); well—my honour makes me quarrel with another gentleman of my acquaintance.—So—we fight. (Pleasant enough that) Boh!—I kill him—(the more's my luck.) Now, pray who gets the profit of it?—Why, my *honour*.—But put the

case that he kills me!—by the Mass! I go to the worms, and my honour whips over to my enemy.

Acres. No, David—in that case!—Odds crowns and laurels! your honour follows you to the grave.

David. Now, that's just the place where I could make a shift to do without it.

Acres. Zounds! David, you are a coward!—It doesn't become my valour to listen to you.—What, shall I disgrace my ancestors?—Think of that, David—think what it would be to disgrace my ancestors!

David. Under favour, the surest way of not disgracing them, is to keep as long as you can out of their company. Look'ee now, Master, to go to them in such haste—with an ounce of lead in your brains—I should think might as well be let alone. Our ancestors are very good kind of folks; but they are the last people I should choose to have a visiting acquaintance with.

Acres. But, David, now, you don't think there is such very, very, *very* great danger, hey?—Odds' life! people often fight without any mischief done!

David. By the Mass, I think 'tis ten to one against you!—Oons! here to meet some lion-headed fellow, I warrant, with his d—n'd double-barrell'd swords, and cut-and-thrust pistols! Lord bless us! it makes me tremble to think o't—Those be such desperate bloody-minded weapons! Well, I never could abide 'em!—from a child I never could fancy 'em!—I suppose there a'n't been so merciless a beast in the world as your loaded pistol!

Acres. Zounds! I *won't* be afraid—Odds fire and fury! you sha'n't make me afraid.—Here is the challenge, and I have sent for my dear friend Jack Absolute to carry it for me.

David. Aye, i'the name of mischief, let *him* be the messenger. —For my part, I wouldn't lend a hand to it for the best horse in your stable. By the Mass! it don't look like another letter!—It is, as I may say, a designing and malicious-looking letter!—and I warrant smells of gunpowder like a soldier's pouch!—Oons! I wouldn't swear it mayn't go off!

Acres. Out, you poltroon!—you ha'n't the valour of a grasshopper.

David. Well, I say no more—'twill be sad news, to be sure, at Clod Hall!—but I ha' done.—How Phyllis will howl when she hears of it!—Aye, poor bitch, she little thinks what shooting her Master's going after!—And I warrant old Crop, who has carried your honour, field and road, these ten years, will curse the hour he was born. [*Whimpering*.

Acres. It won't do, David—I am determined to fight—so get along, you coward, while I'm in the mind.

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Captain Absolute, Sir.

Acres. O! shew him up. [*Exit* SERVANT.

David. Well, Heaven send we be all alive this time to-morrow.

Acres. What's that!—Don't provoke me, David!

David. Good bye, Master. [*Whimpering*.

Acres. Get along, you cowardly, dastardly, croaking raven. [*Exit* DAVID.

Enter ABSOLUTE.

Absolute. What's the matter, Bob?

Acres. A vile, sheep-hearted blockhead!—If I hadn't the valour of St. George and the dragon to boot—

Absolute. But what did you want with me, Bob?

Acres. O!—There— [*Gives him the challenge*.

Absolute. "*To Ensign Beverley*." So—what's going on now! [*Aside*.

Well, what's this?

Acres. A challenge!

Absolute. Indeed!—Why, you won't fight him; will you, Bob?

Acres. 'Egad but I will, Jack.—Sir Lucius has wrought me to it. He has left me full of rage—and I'll fight this evening, that so much good passion mayn't be wasted.

Absolute. But what have I to do with this?

Acres. Why, as I think you know something of this fellow, I want you to find him out for me, and give him this mortal defiance.

Absolute. Well, give it to me, and trust me he gets it.

Acres. Thank you, my dear friend, my dear Jack; but it is giving you a great deal of trouble.

Absolute. Not in the least—I beg you won't mention it.—No trouble in the world, I assure you.

Acres. You are very kind.—What it is to have a friend!—You couldn't be my second—could you, Jack?

Absolute. Why no, Bob—not in *this* affair—it would not be quite so proper.

Acres. Well, then, I must get my friend Sir Lucius. I shall have your good wishes, however, Jack.

Absolute. Whenever he meets you, believe me.

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Sir Anthony Absolute is below, inquiring for the Captain.

Absolute. I'll come instantly.—Well, my little hero, success attend you. [*Going.*

Acres. Stay—stay, Jack.—If Beverley should ask you what kind of a man your friend Acres is, do tell him I am a devil of a fellow—will you, Jack?

Absolute. To be sure I shall.—I'll say you are a determined dog—hey, Bob!

Acres. Aye, do, do—and if that frightens him, 'egad, perhaps he mayn't come. So tell him I generally kill a man a-week; will you, Jack?

Absolute. I will, I will; I'll say you are called in the country "*Fighting Bob.*"

Acres. Right, right—'tis all to prevent mischief; for I don't want to take his life if I clear my honour.

Absolute. No!—that's very kind of you.

Acres. Why, you don't wish me to kill him—do you, Jack?

Absolute. No, upon my soul, I do not.—But a devil of a fellow, hey? [*Going.*

Acres. True, true—but stay—stay, Jack—you may add, that you never saw me in such a rage before—a most devouring rage!

Absolute. I will, I will.

Acres. Remember, Jack—a determined dog!

Absolute. Aye, aye, "*Fighting Bob.*" [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II

MRS. MALAPROP'S *Lodgings.*

MRS. MALAPROP *and* LYDIA.

Mrs. Mal. Why, thou perverse one!—tell me what you can object to him?—Isn't he a handsome man?—tell me that.—A genteel man? a pretty figure of a man?

Lydia. She little thinks whom she is praising! [*Aside.*]—So is Beverley, Ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. No caparisons, Miss, if you please.—Caparisons don't become a young woman.—No! Captain Absolute is indeed a fine gentleman!

Lydia. Aye, the Captain Absolute *you* have seen. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Mal. Then he's *so* well bred;—*so* full of alacrity, and adulation!—and has *so much* to say for himself:—in such good language too!—His physiognomy so grammatical!—Then his presence is so noble!—I protest, when I saw him, I thought of what Hamlet says in the Play:—"Hesperian curls—the front of *Job* himself!—an eye, like *March*, to threaten at command!—a Station, like Harry Mercury, new—"Something about kissing—on a hill—however, the similitude struck me directly.

Lydia. How enraged she'll be presently when she discovers her mistake! [*Aside.*

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Sir Anthony and Captain Absolute are below, Ma'am.

Mrs. Mal. Shew them up here. [*Exit* SERVANT.] Now, Lydia, I insist on your behaving as becomes a young woman.—Shew your good breeding, at least, though you have forgot your duty.

Lydia. Madam, I have told you my resolution!—I shall not only give him no encouragement, but I won't even speak to, or look at him.

[*Flings herself into a chair, with her face from the door.*

Enter SIR ANTHONY *and* ABSOLUTE.

Sir Anth. Abs. Here we are, Mrs. Malaprop; come to mitigate the frowns of unrelenting beauty,—and difficulty enough I had

to bring this fellow.—I don't know what's the matter; but if I had not held him by force, he'd have given me the slip.

Mrs. Mal. You have infinite trouble, Sir Anthony, in the affair.—I am ashamed for the cause! Lydia, Lydia, rise I beseech you!—pay your respects! [*Aside to her.*

Sir Anth. Abs. I hope, Madam, that Miss Languish has reflected on the worth of this gentleman, and the regard due to her Aunt's choice, and *my* alliance.—Now, Jack, speak to her. [*Aside to him.*

Absolute. What the devil shall I do! [*Aside.*]—You see, Sir, she won't even look at me, whilst you are here.—I knew she wouldn't—I told you so—Let me intreat you, Sir, to leave us together! [ABSOLUTE *seems to expostulate with his Father.*

Lydia [*aside*]. I wonder I ha'n't heard my Aunt exclaim yet! sure she can't have look'd at him!—perhaps their regimentals are alike, and she is something blind.

Sir Anth. Abs. I say, Sir, I won't stir a foot yet.

Mrs. Mal. I am sorry to say, Sir Anthony, that my affluence over my Niece is very small.—Turn round, Lydia, I blush for you! [*Aside to her.*

Sir Anth. Abs. May I not flatter myself, that Miss Languish will assign what cause of dislike she can have to my son!—Why don't you begin, Jack?—Speak, you puppy—speak! [*Aside to him.*

Mrs. Mal. It is impossible, Sir Anthony, she can have any.—She will not say she has.—Answer, hussy! why don't you answer [*Aside to her.*

Sir Anth. Abs. Then, Madam, I trust that a childish and hasty predilection will be no bar to Jack's happiness.—Zounds! sirrah! why don't you speak? [*Aside to him.*

Lydia [*aside*]. I think my lover seems as little inclined to conversation as myself.—How strangely blind my Aunt must be![1]

Absolute. Hem! hem! Madam—hem! [ABSOLUTE *attempts to speak, then returns to* SIR ANTHONY.]—Faith! Sir, I am so confounded!—and so—so—confused!—I told you I should be so,

[1]my Aunt is—*1st Edition.*

Sir,—I knew it.—The—the—tremor of my passion entirely takes away my presence of mind.

Sir Anth. But it don't take away your voice, fool, does it?—Go up, and speak to her directly!

[ABSOLUTE *makes signs to* MRS. MALAPROP *to leave them together.*

Mrs. Mal. Sir Anthony, shall we leave them together?—Ah! you stubborn little vixen! [*Aside to her.*

Sir Anth. Abs. Not yet, Ma'am, not yet!—what the devil are you at? unlock your jaws, sirrah, or—

[*Aside to him.* ABSOLUTE *draws near* LYDIA.

Absolute. Now Heav'n send she may be too sullen to look round!—I must disguise my voice. [*Aside. Speaks in a low hoarse tone.*]—Will not Miss Languish lend an ear to the mild accents of true love?—Will not——

Sir Anth. Abs. What the devil ails the fellow?—Why don't you speak out?—not stand croaking like a frog in a quinsey!

Absolute. The–the—excess of my awe, and my—my—my modesty, quite choak me!

Sir Anth. Abs. Ah! your *modesty* again!—I'll tell you what, Jack; if you don't speak out directly, and glibly too, I shall be in such a rage!—Mrs. Malaprop, I wish the lady would favour us with something more than a side-front.

[MRS. MALAPROP *seems to chide* LYDIA.

Absolute. So! all will out, I see! [*Goes up to* LYDIA, *speaks softly.*] Be not surprised, my Lydia, suppress all surprise at present.

Lydia [*aside*]. Heav'ns! 'tis Beverley's voice!—Sure he can't have imposed on Sir Anthony too! [*Looks round by degrees, then starts up.*] Is this possible!—my Beverley!—how can this be?—my Beverley?

Absolute. Ah! 'tis all over. [*Aside.*

Sir Anth. Abs. Beverley!—the devil—Beverley!—What can the girl mean?—This is my son, Jack Absolute.

Mrs. Mal. For shame, hussy! for shame!—your head runs so on that fellow, that you have him always in your eyes!—beg Captain Absolute's pardon, directly.

Lydia. I see no Captain Absolute, but my lov'd Beverley!

Sir Anth. Abs. Zounds! the girl's mad!—her brain's turn'd by reading!

Mrs. Mal. O' my conscience, I believe so!—what do you mean by Beverley, hussy?—You saw Captain Absolute before to-day; there he is—your husband that shall be.

Lydia. With all my soul, Ma'am—when I refuse my Beverley——

Sir Anth. Abs. O! she's as mad as Bedlam!—or has this fellow been playing us a rogue's trick!—Come here, sirrah, who the devil are you?

Absolute. Faith, Sir, I am not quite clear myself; but I'll endeavour to recollect.

Sir Anth. Abs. Are you my son or not?—answer for your mother, you dog, if you won't for me.

Mrs. Mal. Aye, Sir, who are you? O mercy! I begin to suspect!—

Absolute. Ye Powers of Impudence, befriend me! [*Aside.*] Sir Anthony, most assuredly I am your wife's son; and that I sincerely believe myself to be *your's* also, I hope my duty has always shewn.—Mrs. Malaprop, I am your most respectful admirer—and shall be proud to add affectionate nephew.—I need not tell my Lydia, that she sees her faithful *Beverley*, who, knowing the singular generosity of her temper, assum'd that name, and a station, which has proved a test of the most disinterested love, which he now hopes to enjoy in a more elevated character.

Lydia. So!—there will be no elopement after all! [*Sullenly.*

Sir Anth. Abs. Upon my soul, Jack, thou art a very impudent fellow! to do you justice, I think I never saw a piece of more consummate assurance!

Absolute. O, you flatter me, Sir,—you compliment—'tis my *modesty* you know, Sir—my *modesty* that has stood in my way.

Sir Anth. Abs. Well, I am glad you are not the dull, insensible varlet you pretended to be, however!—I'm glad you have made a fool of your father, you dog—I am—So this was your *penitence*, your *duty*, and *obedience!*—I thought it was d—n'd sudden!—You *never heard their names before*, not you!—*What*, The LANGUISHES *of* Worcestershire, hey?—*if you could please me in the*

affair, 'twas all you desired!—Ah! you dissembling villain—What! [*pointing to* LYDIA) *she squints, don't she?—a little red-haired girl!*—hey?—Why, you hypocritical young rascal—I wonder you a'n't ashamed to hold up your head!

Absolute. 'Tis with difficulty, Sir—I *am* confus'd—very much confus'd, as you must perceive.

Mrs. Mal. O Lud! Sir Anthony!—a new light breaks in upon me!—hey!—how! what! Captain, did *you* write the letters then?—What!—am I to thank *you* for the elegant compilation of "*an old weather-beaten she-dragon*"—hey?—O mercy!—was it *you* that reflected on my parts of speech?

Absolute. Dear Sir! my modesty will be overpower'd at last, if you don't assist me.—I shall certainly not be able to stand it!

Sir Anth. Abs. Come, come, Mrs. Malaprop, we must forget and forgive;—odds'life! matters have taken so clever a turn all of a sudden, that I could find in my heart, to be so good-humour'd! and so gallant!—hey! Mrs. Malaprop!

Mrs. Mal. Well, Sir Anthony, since *you* desire it, we will not anticipate the past;—so mind, young people—our retrospection will now be all to the future.

Sir Anth. Abs. Come, we must leave them together; Mrs. Malaprop, they long to fly into each other's arms, I warrant!—Jack—is'n't the cheek as I said, hey?—and the eye, you rogue![1]—and the lip—hey? Come, Mrs. Malaprop, we'll not disturb their tenderness—their's is the time of life for happiness!—"*Youth's the season made for joy*"—[*Sings.*]—hey!—Odds'life! I'm in such spirits,—I don't know what I could not do!—Permit me, Ma'am—[*Gives his hand to Mrs.* MALAPROP. *Sings.*] Tol-de-rol—'gad I should like to have a little fooling myself—Tol-de-rol! de-rol!

[*Exit singing, and handing* MRS. MALAPROP. LYDIA *sits sullenly in her chair.*

Absolute. So much thought bodes me no good. [*Aside.*]—So grave, Lydia!

Lydia. Sir!

Absolute. So!—egad! I thought as much!—that d—n'd

[1]dog—1*st Edition.*

monosyllable has froze me! [*aside*]—What, Lydia, now that we are as happy in our friends consent, as in our mutual vows——

Lydia. *Friends consent*, indeed! [*Peevishly*.

Absolute. Come, come, we must lay aside some of our romance — a little *wealth* and *comfort* may be endured after all. And for your fortune, the lawyers shall make such settlements as——

Lydia. *Lawyers!* I hate lawyers!

Absolute. Nay, then, we will not wait for their lingering forms, but instantly procure the licence, and——

Lydia. The *licence*—I hate licence!

Absolute. O, my Love! be not so unkind!—thus let me intreat —— [*Kneeling*.

Lydia. Pshaw!—what signifies kneeling, when you know I *must* have you?

Absolute [*rising*]. Nay, Madam, there shall be no constraint upon your inclinations, I promise you.—If I have lost your heart, —I resign the rest.—'Gad, I must try what a little *spirit* will do. [*Aside*.

Lydia [*rising*.] Then, Sir, let me tell you, the interest you had there was acquired by a mean, unmanly imposition, and deserves the punishment of fraud.—What, you have been treating *me* like a child!—humouring my romance! and laughing, I suppose, at your success!

Absolute. You wrong me, Lydia, you wrong me—only hear—

Lydia. So, while *I* fondly imagined we were deceiving my relations, and flatter'd myself that I should outwit and incense them All—behold my hopes are to be crush'd at once, by my Aunt's consent and approbation—and *I* am myself the only dupe at last![*Walking about in a heat*.][1]—But here, Sir, here is the picture—*Beverley*'s picture! [*taking a miniature from her bosom*] which I have worn, night and day, in spite of threats and entreaties!—There, Sir, [*flings it to him*] and be assured I throw the original from my heart as easily.

Absolute. Nay, nay, Ma'am, we will not differ as to that—Here, [*taking off a picture*] here is Miss Lydia Languish.—What a difference!—aye, *there* is the heav'nly assenting smile, that first gave soul and spirit to my hopes!—those are the lips which seal'd

[1]see note p.113 for 1*st Edition* reading.

a vow, as yet scarce dry in Cupid's calendar!—and there the half-resentful blush, that *would* have check'd the ardour of my thanks. —Well, all that's past!—all over indeed!—There, Madam—in beauty, that copy is not equal to you, but in my mind it's merit over the original, in being still the same, is such—that—I cannot find in my heart to part with it. [*Puts it up again.*

Lydia [*softening*]. 'Tis *your own* doing, Sir—I, I, I suppose you are perfectly satisfied.

Absolute. O, most certainly—sure, now, this is much better than being in love!—ha! ha! ha!—there's some spirit in *this!*—What signifies breaking some scores of solemn promises[1]:—all that's of no consequence you know.—To be sure people will say, that Miss didn't know her own mind—but never mind that:—or, perhaps, they may be ill-natured enough to hint, that the gentleman grew tired of the lady and forsook her—but don't let that fret you.

Lydia. There's no bearing his insolence. [*Bursts into tears.*

Enter MRS. MALAPROP *and* SIR ANTHONY.

Mrs. Mal. [*entering*] Come, we must interrupt your billing and cooing a while.

Lydia. This is worse than your treachery and deceit, you base ingrate. [*Sobbing.*

Sir Anth. Abs. What the devil's the matter now!—Zounds! Mrs. Malaprop, this is the *oddest billing* and *cooing* I ever heard! but what the deuce is the meaning of it?—I'm quite astonish'd!

Absolute. Ask the lady, Sir.

Mrs. Mal. Oh, mercy!—I'm quite analys'd for my part!—why, Lydia, what is the reason of this?

Lydia. Ask the gentleman, Ma'am.

Sir Anth. Abs. Zounds! I shall be in a phrenzy!—why, Jack,[2] you are not come out to be any one else, are you?

Mrs. Mal. Aye, Sir, there's no more trick, is there?—you are not like Cerberus, *three* Gentleman at once, are you?

Absolute. You'll not let me speak—I say the lady can account for this much better than I can.

[1]See note p.113 for 1*st Edition* reading. [2]Jack, you scoundrel—1*st Edition*.

Lydia. Ma'am, you once commanded me never to think of Beverley again—there is the man—I now obey you:—for, from this moment, I renounce him for ever. [*Exit* LYDIA.

Mrs. Mal. O mercy! and miracles! what a turn here is—why sure, Captain, you haven't behaved disrespectfully to my Niece.

Sir Anth. Abs. Ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha!—now I see it—Ha! ha! ha!—now I see it—you have been too lively, Jack.

Absolute. Nay, Sir, upon my word——

Sir Anth. Abs. Come, no lying, Jack—I'm sure '*twas* so.

Mrs. Mal. O Lud! Sir Anthony!—O fie, Captain!

Absolute. Upon my soul, Ma'am——

Sir Anth. Abs. Come, no excuses, Jack;—why, your father, you rogue, was so before you:—the blood of the Absolutes was always impatient.—Ha! ha! ha! poor little Lydia!—why, you've frighten'd her, you dog, you have.

Absolute. By all that's good, Sir——

Sir Anth. Abs. Zounds! say no more, I tell you—Mrs. Malaprop shall make your peace.—You must make his peace, Mrs. Malaprop:—you must tell her 'tis Jack's way—tell her 'tis all our ways—it runs in the blood of our family!—Come, away,[1] Jack,—ha! ha! ha! Mrs. Malaprop—a young villain! [*Pushes him out.*

Mrs. Mal. O! Sir Anthony!—O fie, Captain!

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV

The North Parade

Enter SIR LUCIUS O'TRIGGER.

Sir Lucius. I wonder where this Capt. Absolute hides himself.—Upon my conscience!—these officers are always in one's way in love affairs:—I remember I might have married Lady Dorothy Carmine, if it had not been for a little rogue of a Major, who ran away with her before she could get a sight of me!—And I wonder too what it is the ladies can see in them to be so fond of them—unless it be a touch of the old serpent in 'em, that makes the little creatures be caught, like vipers, with a bit of red cloth.—

[1]Come, get out—*1st Edition.*

Hah!—isn't this the Captain coming?—faith it is!—There is a probability of succeeding about that fellow, that is mighty provoking! Who the devil is he talking to? [*Steps aside.*

Enter CAPT. ABSOLUTE.

Absolute. To what fine purpose I have been plotting! a noble reward for all my schemes, upon my soul!—a little gypsey!—I did not think her romance could have made her so d—n'd absurd either.—S'death, I never was in a worse humour in my life!—I could cut my own throat, or any other person's, with the greatest pleasure in the world!

Sir Lucius. O, faith! I'm in the luck of it.—I never could have found him in a sweeter temper for my purpose—to be sure I'm just come in the nick! now to enter into conversation with him, and so quarrel genteelly. [SIR LUCIUS *goes up to* ABSOLUTE.]—— With regard to that matter, Captain, I must beg leave to differ in opinion with you.

Absolute. Upon my word, then, you must be a very subtle disputant:—because, Sir, I happen'd just then to be giving no opinion at all.

Sir Lucius. That's no reason—For give me leave to tell you, a man may *think* an untruth as well as speak one.

Absolute. Very true, Sir, but if a man never utters his thoughts, I should think they might stand a chance of escaping controversy.

Sir Lucius. Then, Sir, you differ in opinion with me, which amounts to the same thing.

Absolute. Hark'ee, Sir Lucius,—if I had not before known you to be a gentleman, upon my soul, I should not have discovered it at this interview:—for what you can drive at, unless you mean to quarrel with me, I cannot conceive!

Sir Lucius. I humbly thank you, Sir, for the quickness of your apprehension, [*bowing*]—you have nam'd the very thing I would be at.

Absolute. Very well, Sir—I shall certainly not baulk your inclinations:—but I should be glad you would please to explain your motives.

Sir Lucius. Pray, Sir, be easy—the quarrel is a very pretty quarrel as it ſtands—we should only spoil it, by trying to explain it.—However, your memory is very short—or you could not have forgot an affront you passed on me within this week.—So, no more, but name your time and place.

Absolute. Well, Sir, since you are so bent on it, the sooner the better;—let it be this evening—here by the Spring Gardens.—We shall scarcely be interrupted.

Sir Lucius. Faith! that same interruption in affairs of this nature shews very great ill breeding.—I don't know what's the reason, but in England, if a thing of this kind gets wind, people make such a pother, that a gentleman can never fight in peace and quietness.—However, if it's the same to you, Captain, I should take it as a particular kindness, if you'd let us meet in King's-Mead Fields, as a little business will call me there about six o'clock, and I may dispatch both matters at once.

Absolute. 'Tis the same to me exactly.—A little after six, then, we will discuss this matter more seriously.

Sir Lucius. If you please, Sir, there will be very pretty small-sword light, tho' it wo'n't do for a long shot.—So that matter's settled! and my mind's at ease. [*Exit* SIR LUCIUS.

Enter FAULKLAND, *meeting* ABSOLUTE.

Absolute. Well met.—I was going to look for you.—O, Faulkland! all the Dæmons of spite and disappointment have conspired againſt me! I'm so vex'd, that if I had not the prospect of a resource in being knock'd o' the head by and bye, I should scarce have spirits to tell you the cause.

Faulkland. What can you mean?— Has Lydia chang'd her mind?—I should have thought her duty and inclination would now have pointed to the same object.

Absolute. Aye, juſt as the eyes do of a person who squints:—when her love eye was fix'd on me—t'other—her eye of duty, was finely obliqued:—but when duty bid her point that the same way—off t'other turn'd on a swivel, and secured its retreat with a frown!

Faulkland. But what's the resource you——

Absolute. O, to wind up the whole, a good-natured Irishman here has [*mimicking* SIR LUCIUS] begg'd leave to have the pleasure of cutting my throat—and I mean to indulge him—that's all.

Faulkland. Prithee, be serious.

Absolute. 'Tis fact, upon my soul.—Sir Lucius O'Trigger—you know him by sight—for some affront, which I am sure I never intended, has obliged me to meet him this evening at six o'clock;—'tis on that account I wished to see you—you must go with me.

Faulkland. Nay, there must be some mistake, sure.—Sir Lucius shall explain himself—and I dare say matters may be accommodated:—but this evening, did you say?—I wish it had been any other time.

Absolute. Why?—there will be light enough:—there will (as Sir Lucius says) "be very pretty small-sword light, tho' it will not do for a long shot."—Confound his long shots!

Faulkland. But I am myself a good deal ruffled, by a difference I have had with Julia—my vile tormenting temper has made me treat her so cruelly, that I shall not be myself till we are reconciled.

Absolute. By Heav'ns, Faulkland, you don't deserve her.

Enter Servant, gives FAULKLAND *a letter.*

Faulkland. O Jack! this is from Julia—I dread to open it—I fear it may be to take a last leave—perhaps to bid me return her letters—and restore——O! how I suffer for my folly!

Absolute. Here—let me see. [*Takes the letter and opens it.*] Aye, a final sentence, indeed!—'tis all over with you, faith!

Faulkland. Nay, Jack—don't keep me in suspence.

Absolute. Hear then.—"*As I am convinced that my dear* Faulkland'*s own reflections have already upbraided him for his last unkindness to me, I will not add a word on the subject.—I wish to speak with you as soon as possible.—Yours ever and truly.* Julia."—There's stubbornness and resentment for you! [*Gives him the letter.*] Why, man, you don't seem one whit the happier at this.

Faulkland. O, yes, I am—but—but——

Absolute. Confound your *buts.*—You never hear any thing that would make another man bless himself, but you immediately d—n it with a *but.*

Faulkland. Now, Jack, as you are my friend, own honeſtly—don't you think there is something forward—something indelicate in this haſte to forgive?—Women should never sue for reconciliation:—that should always come from us.—They should retain their coldness till *woo'd* to kindness—and their *pardon,* like their *love,* should "not unsought be won."

Absolute. I have not patience to liſten to you:—thou'rt incorrigible!—so say no more on the subject.—I muſt go to settle a few matters—let me see you before six—remember—at my lodgings.—A poor induſtrious devil like me, who have toil'd, and drudg'd, and plotted to gain my ends, and am laſt disappointed by other people's folly—may in pity be allowed to swear and grumble a little;—but a captious sceptic in love,—a slave to fretfulness and whim—who has no difficulties but of his own creating—is a subject more fit for ridicule than compassion!

[*Exit* ABSOLUTE.

Faulkland. I feel his reproaches:—yet I would not change this too exquisite nicety, for the gross content with which *he* tramples on the thorns of love.—His engaging me in this duel, has ſtarted an idea in my head, which I will inſtantly pursue.—I'll use it as the touchſtone of Julia's sincerity and disintereſtedness—if her love prove pure and ſterling ore—my name will reſt on it with honour!—and once I've ſtamp'd it there, I lay aside my doubts for ever:—but if the dross of selfishness, the ally of pride predominate—'twill be beſt to leave her as a toy for some less cautious fool to sigh for. [*Exit* FAULKLAND.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT

Act the Fifth

SCENE I

JULIA'S *Dressing-Room*

JULIA, *sola.*

—HOW this message has alarmed me! what dreadful accident can he mean? why such charge to be alone?—O Faulkland!—how many unhappy moments!—how many tears have you coſt me!

Enter FAULKLAND.

Julia. What means this?—why this caution, Faulkland?

Faulkland. Alas! Julia, I am come to take a long farewell.

Julia. Heav'ns! what do you mean?

Faulkland. You see before you a wretch, whose life is forfeited.—Nay, ſtart not!—the infirmity of my temper has drawn all this misery on me.—I left you fretful and passionate—an untoward accident drew me into a quarrel—the event is, that I muſt fly this kingdom inſtantly.—O Julia, had I been so fortunate as to have call'd you mine entirely, before this mischance had fallen on me, I should not so deeply dread my banishment!—[But no more of that—your heart and promise were given to one happy in friends, character, and ſtation! they are not bound to wait upon a solitary, guilty exile.][1]

Julia. My soul is oppress'd with sorrow at the nature of your misfortune: had these adverse circumſtances arisen from a less fatal cause, I should have felt ſtrong comfort in the thought that I could now chase from your bosom every doubt of the warm sincerity of my love.—My heart has long known no other guardian—I now intruſt my person to your honour—we will fly together.—When safe from pursuit, my Father's will may be fulfilled—

[1]Passage omitted—*3rd Edition.*

and I receive a legal claim to be the partner of your sorrows, and tenderest comforter. Then on the bosom of your wedded Julia, you may lull your keen regret to slumbering; while virtuous love, with a Cherub's hand, shall smooth the brow of upbraiding thought, and pluck the thorn from compunction.

Faulkland. O Julia! I am bankrupt in gratitude! but the time is so pressing, it calls on you for so hasty a resolution.—Would you not wish some hours to weigh the advantages you forego, and what little compensation poor Faulkland can make you beside his solitary love?

Julia. I ask not a moment.—No, Faulkland, I have lov'd you for yourself: and if I now, more than ever, prize the solemn engagement which so long has pledged us to each other, it is because it leaves no room for hard aspersions on my fame, and puts the seal of duty to an act of love.—But let us not linger.—Perhaps this delay——

Faulkland. 'Twill be better I should not venture out again till dark.—Yet am I griev'd to think what numberless distresses will press heavy on your gentle disposition!

Julia. Perhaps your fortune may be forefeited by this unhappy act.—I know not whether 'tis so—but sure that alone can never make us unhappy.—The little I have will be sufficient to support us; and exile never should be splendid.

Faulkland. Aye, but in such an abject state of life, my wounded pride perhaps may increase the natural fretfulness of my temper, till I become a rude, morose companion, beyond your patience to endure. Perhaps the recollection of a deed my conscience cannot justify, may haunt me in such gloomy and unsocial fits, that I shall hate the tenderness that would relieve me, break from your arms, and quarrel with your fondness!

Julia. If your thoughts should assume so unhappy a bent, you will the more want some mild and affectionate spirit to watch over and console you:—One who, by bearing *your* infirmities with gentleness and resignation, may teach you *so* to bear the evils of your fortune.

Faulkland. Julia,[1] I have proved you to the quick! and with

[1] O Julia—*1st Edition.*

this useless device I throw away all my doubts. How shall I plead to be forgiven this last unworthy effect of my restless, unsatisfied disposition?

Julia. Has no such disaster happened as you related?

Faulkland. I am ashamed to own that it was all pretended; yet in pity, Julia, do not kill me with resenting a fault which never can be repeated: But sealing, this once, my pardon, let me to-morrow, in the face of Heaven, receive my future guide and monitress, and expiate[1] my past folly by years of tender adoration.

Julia. Hold, Faulkland!—that you are free from a crime, which I before fear'd to name, Heaven knows how sincerely I rejoice!—These are tears of thankfulness for that! But that your cruel doubts should have urged you to an imposition that has wrung my heart, gives me now a pang, more keen than I can express!

Faulkland. By Heav'ns! Julia——

Julia. Yet hear me.—My Father lov'd you, Faulkland! and you preserv'd the life that tender parent gave me; in his presence I pledged my hand—joyfully pledged it—where before I had given my heart. When, soon after, I lost that parent, it seem'd to me that Providence had, in Faulkland, shewn me whither to transfer, without a pause, my grateful duty, as well as my affection: Hence I have been content to bear from you what pride and delicacy would have forbid me from another.—I will not upbraid you, by repeating how you have trifled with my sincerity.——

Faulkland. I confess it all! yet hear——

Julia. After such a year of trial—I might have flattered myself that I should not have been insulted with a new probation of my sincerity, as cruel as unnecessary! [A trick of such a nature, as to show to me plainly, that when I thought you loved me best, you even then regarded me as a mean dissembler; an artful, prudent hypocrite.

Faulkland. Never! never![2]

Julia. I now see it is not in your nature to be content, or confident in love. With this conviction—I never will be yours. While

[1] *3rd Edition* misprint "Expatiate."

[2] Passage omitted—*3rd Edition.*

I had hopes that my persevering attention, and unreproaching kindness might in time reform your temper, I should have been happy to have gain'd a dearer influence over you; but I will not furnish you with a licensed power to keep alive an incorrigible fault, at the expence of one who never would contend with you.

Faulkland. Nay, but Julia, by my soul and honour, if after this——

Julia. But one word more.—As my faith has once been given to you, I never will barter it with another.—I shall pray for your happiness with the truest sincerity; and the dearest blessing I can ask of Heaven to send you, will be to charm you from that unhappy temper, which alone has prevented the performance of our solemn engagement.—All I request of *you* is, that you will yourself reflect upon this infirmity, and when you number up the many true delights, it has deprived you of—let it not be your *least* regret, that it lost you the love of one—who would have follow'd you in beggary through the world! [*Exit.*

Faulkland. She's gone!—for ever!—There was an aweful resolution in her manner, that riveted me to my place—O Fool!—Dolt!—Barbarian!—Curst as I am, with more imperfections than my fellow-wretches, kind Fortune sent a heaven-gifted cherub to my aid, and, like a ruffian, I have driven her from my side!—I must now haste to my appointment.—Well, my mind is tuned for such a scene.—I shall wish only to become a principal in it, and reverse the tale my cursed folly put me upon forging here.—O Love!—Tormentor!—Fiend!—whose influence, like the Moon's, acting on men of dull souls, makes idiots of them, but meeting subtler spirits, betrays their course, and urges sensibility to madness! [*Exit.*

Enter MAID *and* LYDIA.

Maid. My Mistress, Ma'am, I know, was here just now—perhaps she is only in the next room. [*Exit* MAID.

Lydia. Heigh ho!—Though he has used me so, this fellow runs strangely in my head. I believe one lecture from my grave Cousin will make me recall him.

Enter JULIA.

Lydia. O, Julia, I am come to you with such an appetite for consolation.—Lud! Child, what's the matter with you?—You have been crying! —I'll be hanged, if that Faulkland has not been tormenting you!

Julia. You mistake the cause of my uneasiness!—Something *has* flurried me a little.—Nothing that you can guess at.—I would not accuse Faulkland to a Sister! [*Aside*.

Lydia. Ah! whatever vexations you may have, I can assure you mine surpass them.—You know who Beverley proves to be?

Julia. I will now own to you, Lydia, that Mr. Faulkland had before inform'd me of the whole affair. Had young Absolute been the person you took him for, I should not have accepted your confidence on the subject, without a serious endeavour to counteract your caprice.

Lydia. So, then, I see I have been deceived by every one!—but I don't care—I'll never have him.

Julia. Nay, Lydia——

Lydia. Why, is it not provoking? when I thought we were coming to the prettiest distress imaginable, to find myself made a mere Smithfield bargain of at last—There, had I projected one of the most sentimental elopments!—so becoming a disguise!—so amiable a ladder of Ropes!—Conscious Moon—four horses—Scotch parson—with such surprise to Mrs. Malaprop—and such paragraphs in the News-papers!—O, I shall die with disappointment.

Julia. I don't wonder at it!

Lydia. Now—sad reverse!—what have I to expect, but, after a deal of flimsy preparation with a bishop's licence, and my Aunt's blessing, to go simpering up to the Altar; or perhaps be cried three times in a country-church, and have an unmannerly fat clerk ask the consent of every butcher in the parish to join John Absolute and Lydia Languish, Spinster! O, that I should live to hear myself called Spinster!

Julia. Melancholy, indeed!

Lydia. How mortifying, to remember the dear delicious shifts I used to be put to, to gain half a minute's conversation with this

fellow!—How often have I ſtole forth, in the coldeſt night in January, and found him in the garden, ſtuck like a dripping ſtatue!—There would he kneel to me in the snow, and sneeze and cough so pathetically! he shivering with cold and I with apprehension! and while the freezing blaſt numb'd our joints, how warmly would he press me to pity his flame, and glow with mutual ardour!—Ah, Julia, that was something like being in love.

Julia. If I were in spirits, Lydia, I should chide you only by laughing heartily at you; but it suits more the situation of my mind, at present, earneſtly to entreat you, not to let a man, who loves you with sincerity, suffer that unhappiness from your caprice, which I know too well caprice can inflict.

Lydia. O Lud! what has brought my Aunt here?

Enter MRS. MALAPROP, FAG, *and* DAVID.

Mrs. Mal. So! so! here's fine work!—here's fine suicide, paracide, and simulation[1] going on in the fields! and Sir Anthony not to be found to prevent the antiſtrophe!

Julia. For Heaven's sake, Madam, what's the meaning of this?

Mrs. Mal. That gentleman can tell you—'twas he enveloped the affair to me.

Lydia. Do, Sir, will you, inform us. [*To* FAG.

Fag. Ma'am, I should hold myself very deficient in every requisite that forms the man of breeding, if I delayed a moment to give all the information in my power to a lady so deeply interested in the affair as you are.

Lydia. But quick! quick, Sir!

Fag. True, Ma'am, as you say, one should be quick in divulging matters of this nature; for should we be tedious, perhaps while we are flourishing on the subject, two or three lives may be loſt!

Lydia. O patience!—Do, Ma'am, for Heaven's sake! tell us what is the matter?

Mrs. Mal. Why! murder's the matter! slaughter's the matter! killing's the matter!—but he can tell you the perpendiculars.

[1]salivation—*1st Edition.*

Lydia. Then, prithee, Sir, be brief.

Fag. Why then, Ma'am, as to murder—I cannot take upon me to say—and as to slaughter, or manslaughter, that will be as the Jury finds it.

Lydia. But who, Sir—who are engaged in this?

Fag. Faith, Ma'am, one is a young gentleman whom I should be very sorry any thing was to happen to—a very pretty behaved gentleman!—We have lived much together, and always on terms.

Lydia. But who is this? who! who! who!

Fag. My Maſter, Ma'am—my Maſter—I speak of my Maſter.

Lydia. Heavens! What, Captain Absolute!

Mrs. Mal. O, to be sure, you are frightened now!

Julia. But who are with him, Sir?

Fag. As to the reſt, Ma'am, this gentleman can inform you better than I.

Julia. Do speak, friend. [*To* DAVID.

David. Look'ee, my Lady—by the Mass! there's mischief going on. Folks don't use to meet for amusement with fire-arms, firelocks, fire-engines, fire-screens, fire-office, and the devil knows what other crackers beside!—This, my Lady, I say, has an angry favour.

Julia. But who is there beside Captain Absolute, friend?

David. My poor Maſter—under favour for mentioning him firſt.—You know me, my Lady—I am David—and my Maſter of course is, or *was*, Squire Acres.—Then comes Squire Faulkland.

Julia. Do, Ma'am, let us inſtantly endeavour to prevent mischief.

Mrs. Mal. O fie—it would be very enelegant in us:—we should only participate things.

David. Ah! do, Mrs. Aunt, save a few lives—they are desperately given, believe me.—Above all, there is that blood-thirſty Philiſtine, Sir Lucius O'Trigger.

Mrs. Mal. Sir Lucius O'Trigger!—O mercy! have they drawn poor little dear Sir Lucius into the scrape?—Why, how you

ſtand, girl! you have no more feeling than one of the Derbyshire Putrefactions!

Lydia. What are we to do, Madam?

Mrs. Mal. Why fly with the utmoſt felicity, to be sure, to prevent mischief!—here, friend—you can shew us the place?

Fag. If you please, Ma'am, I will conduct you.—David, do you look for Sir Anthony. [*Exit* DAVID.

Mrs. Mal. Come, Girls!—this gentleman will exhort us.—Come, Sir, you're our envoy—lead the way, and we'll precede.

Fag. Not a ſtep before the ladies for the world!

Mrs. Mal. You're sure you know the spot.

Fag. I think I can find it, Ma'am; and one good thing is we shall hear the report of the piſtols as we draw near, so we can't well miss them;—never fear, Ma'am, never fear.

[*Exit, he talking.*

SCENE II

South-Parade

Enter ABSOLUTE, *putting his sword under his great coat.*

Absolute. A sword seen in the ſtreets of Bath would raise as great an alarm as a mad-dog.—How provoking this is in Faulkland!—never punctual! I shall be obliged to go without him at laſt.—Oh, the devil! here's Sir Anthony!—how shall I escape him? [*Muffles up his face, and takes a circle to go off.*

Enter SIR ANTHONY.

Sir Anth. Abs. How one may be deceived at a little diſtance! only that I see he don't know me, I could have sworn that was Jack!—Hey!—Gad's life! it is.—Why, Jack,—what are you afraid of? hey!—sure I'm right.—Why, Jack—Jack Absolute! [*Goes up to him.*

Absolute. Really, Sir, you have the advantage of me:—I don't remember ever to have had the honour—my name is Saunderson, at your service.

Sir Anth. Abs. Sir, I beg your pardon—I took you—hey!—why zounds! it is—Stay—[*Looks up to his face.*] So, so—your

[1]Jack, you Dog.—*1st Edition.*

humble servant, Mr. Saunderson!—Why, you scoundrel, what tricks are you after now?

Absolute. O! a joke, Sir, a joke!—I came here on purpose to look for you, Sir.

Sir Anth. Abs. You did! well, I am glad you were so lucky:—but what are you muffled up so for?—what's this for?—hey?

Absolute. 'Tis cool, Sir; isn't it?—rather chilly somehow:—but I shall be late—I have a particular engagement.

Sir Anth. Abs. Stay.—Why, I thought you were looking for me?—Pray, Jack, where is't you are going?

Absolute. Going, Sir?

Sir Anth. Abs. Aye—where are you going?

Absolute. Where am I going?

Sir Anth. Abs. You unmannerly puppy!

Absolute. I was going, Sir, to—to—to—to Lydia—Sir, to Lydia—to make matters up if I could;—and I was looking for you, Sir, to—to——

Sir Anth. Abs. To go with you, I suppose—Well come along.

Absolute. O! zounds! no, Sir, not for the world!—I wish'd to meet with you, Sir,—to—to—to——You find it cool, I'm sure Sir—you'd better not stay out.

Sir Anth. Abs. Cool!—not at all—Well, Jack—and what will you say to Lydia?

Absolute. O, Sir, beg her pardon, humour her—promise and vow:—but I detain you, Sir—consider the cold air on your gout.

Sir Anth. Abs. O, not at all!—not at all!—I'm in no hurry.—Ah! Jack, you youngsters when once you are wounded here. [*Putting his hand to* ABSOLUTE'*s breast.*] Hey! what the deuce have you got here?

Absolute. Nothing, Sir—nothing.

Sir Anth. Abs. What's this?—here's something d—d hard.

Absolute. O, trinkets, Sir! trinkets—a bauble for Lydia!

Sir Anth. Abs. Nay, let me see your taste. [*Pulls his coat open, the sword falls.*] Trinkets!—a bauble for Lydia!—zounds! sirrah, you are not going to cut her throat, are you?

Absolute. Ha! ha! ha!—I thought it would divert you, Sir, tho' I didn't mean to tell you till afterwards.

Sir Anth. Abs. You didn't?—Yes, this is a very diverting trinket, truly.

Absolute. Sir, I'll explain to you.—You know, Sir, Lydia is romantic—dev'lish romantic, and very absurd of course:—now, Sir, I intend, if she refuses to forgive me—to unsheath this sword—and swear—I'll fall upon its point, and expire at her feet!

Sir Anth.Abs. Fall upon a[1] fiddle-ſtick's end!—why, I suppose it is the very thing that would please her—Get along, you fool.—

Absolute. Well, Sir, you shall hear of my success—you shall hear.—" O, Lydia!—forgive me, or this pointed ſteel "—says I.

Sir Anth. Abs. "O, booby! ſtab away, and welcome"—says she.—Get along!—and d—n your trinkets! [*Exit* ABSOLUTE.

Enter DAVID, *running.*

David. Stop him! ſtop him! Murder! Thief! Fire!—Stop fire! Stop fire!—O! Sir Anthony—call! call! bid 'm ſtop! Murder! Fire!

Sir Anth. Fire! Murder! where?

David. Oons! he's out of sight! and I'm out of breath! for my part! Oh, Sir Anthony, why didn't you ſtop him? why didn't you ſtop him?

Sir Anth. Abs. Zounds! the fellow's mad!—Stop whom? ſtop Jack?

David. Ay, the Captain, Sir!—there's murder and slaughter.

Sir Anth. Abs. Murder!

David. Aye, please you, Sir Anthony, there's all kinds of murder, all sorts of slaughter to be seen in the fields: there's fighting going on, Sir—bloody sword-and-gun fighting!

Sir Anth. Abs. Who are going to fight, Dunce?

David. Every body that I know of, Sir Anthony:—every body is going to fight, my poor Maſter, Sir Lucius O'Trigger, your son, the Captain——

Sir Anth. Abs. Oh, the dog!—I see his tricks:—do you know the place?

[1]a—omitted *1st Edition.*

David. King's-Mead-Fields.

Sir Anth. Abs. You know the way?

David. Not an inch;—but I'll call the Mayor—Aldermen—Constables—Church-wardens—and Beadles—we can't be too many to part them.

Sir Anth. Abs. Come along—give me your shoulder! we'll get assistance as we go—the lying villain!—Well, I shall be in such a phrenzy—So—this was the history of his trinkets![1] I'll bauble him! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

King's Mead-Fields

SIR LUCIUS *and* ACRES, *with Pistols.*

Acres. By my valour! then, Sir Lucius, forty yards is a good distance—Odds levels and aims!—I say it is a good distance.

Sir Lucius. Is it for muskets or small field-pieces? upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, you must leave those things to me.—Stay now—I'll shew you. [*Measures paces along the stage.*] There now, that is a very pretty distance—a pretty gentleman's distance.

Acres. Zounds! we might as well fight in a sentry-box! I tell you, Sir Lucius, the farther he is off, the cooler I shall take my aim.

Sir Lucius. Faith! then I suppose you would aim at him best of all if he was out of sight!

Acres. No, Sir Lucius—but I should think forty or eight and thirty yards——

Sir Lucius. Pho! pho! nonsense! three or four feet between the mouths of your pistols is as good as a mile.

Acres. Odds bullets, no!—by my valour! there is no merit in killing him so near: do, my dear Sir Lucius, let me bring him down at a long shot:—a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me!

Sir Lucius. Well—the gentleman's friend and I must settle that.—But tell me now, Mr. Acres, in case of an accident, is there any little will or commission I could execute for you!

[1] d—d trinkets—*1st Edition.*

Acres. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius—but I don't understand——

Sir Lucius. Why, you may think there's no being shot at without a little risk—and if an unlucky bullet should carry a Quietus with it—I say it will be no time then to be bothering you about family matters.

Acres. A Quietus!

Sir Lucius. For instance, now—if that should be the case—would you chuse to be pickled and sent home?—or would it be the same to you to lie here in the Abbey?—I am told there is very snug lying in the Abbey.

Acres. Pickled!—Snug lying in the Abbey!—Odd's tremors! Sir Lucius, don't talk so!

Sir Lucius. I suppose, Mr. Acres, you never were engaged in an affair of this kind before?

Acres. No, Sir Lucius, never before.

Sir Lucius. Ah! that's a pity!—there's nothing like being used to a thing.—Pray now, how would you receive the gentleman's shot?

Acres. Odds files!—I've practised that—there, Sir Lucius—there [*Puts himself in an attitude.*]—a side-front, hey?—Odd! I'll make myself small enough:—I'll stand edge-ways.

Sir Lucius. Now—you're quite out—for if you stand so when I take my aim—— [*Levelling at him.*

Acres. Zounds! Sir Lucius—are you sure it is not cock'd?

Sir Lucius. Never fear.

Acres. But—but—you don't know—it may go off of its own head!

Sir Lucius. Pho! be easy—Well, now if I hit you in the body, my bullet has a double chance—for if it misses a vital part of your right side—'twill be very hard if it don't succeed on the left!

Acres. A vital part! [O my poor vitals].[1]

Sir Lucius. But there—fix yourself so—[*Placing him.*] let him see the broad-side of your full front—there—now a ball or two may pass clean thro' your body, and never do any harm at all.

[1]Passage omitted—*3rd Edition*.

Acres. Clean thro' me!—a ball or two clean thro' me!

Sir Lucius. Aye—may they—and it is much the genteelest attitude into the bargain.

Acres. Look'ee! Sir Lucius—I'd just as lieve be shot in an awkward posture as a genteel one—so, by my valour! I will stand edge-ways.

Sir Lucius [*looking at his watch*]. Sure they don't mean to disappoint us.—Hah!—no, faith—I think I see them coming.

Acres. Hey!—what!—coming!——

Sir Lucius. Aye—Who are those yonder getting over the stile?

Acres. There are two of them, indeed!—well—let them come—hey, Sir Lucius!—we—we—we—we—won't run.—

Sir Lucius. Run!

Acres. No—I say—we *won't* run, by my valour!

Sir Lucius. What the devil's the matter with you?

Acres. Nothing—nothing—my dear friend—my dear Sir Lucius—but I-I-I don't feel quite so bold, somehow—as I did.

Sir Lucius. O fie!—consider your honour.

Acres. Aye—true—my honour.—Do, Sir Lucius, edge[1] in a word or two every now and then about my honour.

Sir Lucius. Well, here they're coming. [*Looking*.

Acres. Sir Lucius—If I wa'n't with you, I should almost think I was afraid—if my valour should leave me!—Valour will come and go.

Sir Lucius. Then pray keep it fast, while you have it.

Acres. Sir Lucius—I doubt it is going—yes—my valour is certainly going!—it is sneaking off!—I feel it oozing out as it were at the palms of my hands!

Sir Lucius. Your honour—your honour.—Here they are.

Acres. O mercy!—now—that I were safe at *Clod-Hall!* or could be shot before I was aware!

Enter FAULKLAND *and* ABSOLUTE.

Sir Lucius. Gentlemen, your most obedient.—Hah!—what Captain Absolute!—So, I suppose, Sir, you are come here, just

[1]hedge—*1st Edition*.

like myself—to do a kind office, first for your friend—then to proceed to business on your own account.

Acres. What, Jack!—my dear Jack!—my dear friend!

Absolute. Heark'ee, Bob, *Beverley's* at hand.

Sir Lucius. Well, Mr. Acres—I don't blame your saluting the gentleman civilly.—So, Mr. Beverley, [*to* FAULKLAND] if you'll chuse your weapons, the Captain and I will measure the ground.

Faulkland. *My* weapons, Sir.

Acres. Odds life! Sir Lucius, I'm not going to fight Mr. Faulkland; these are my particular friends.

Sir Lucius. What, Sir, did you not come here to fight Mr. Acres?

Faulkland. Not I, upon my word, Sir.

Sir Lucius. Well, now, that's mighty provoking! But I hope, Mr. Faulkland, as there are three of us come on purpose for the game—you won't be so cantanckerous as to spoil the party by sitting out.

Absolute. O pray, Faulkland, fight to oblige Sir Lucius.

Faulkland. Nay, if Mr. Acres is so bent on the matter.

Acres. No, no, Mr. Faulkland—I'll bear my disappointment like a Christian.—Look-ee, Sir Lucius, there's no occasion at all for me to fight; and if it is the same to you, I'd as lieve let it alone.

Sir Lucius. Observe me, Mr. Acres—I must not be trifled with. You have certainly challenged somebody—and you came here to fight him.—Now, if that gentleman is willing to represent him—I can't see, for my soul, why it isn't just the same thing.

Acres. Why no—Sir Lucius[1]—I tell you, 'tis one Beverley I've challenged—a fellow, you see, that dare not shew his face? If *he* were here, I'd make him give up his pretensions directly!—

Absolute. Hold, Bob—let me set you right—there is no such man as *Beverley* in the case.—The person who assumed that name is before you; and as his pretensions are the same in both characters, he is ready to support them in whatever way you please.

Sir Lucius. Well, this is lucky—Now you have an opportunity——

[1]Zounds Sir Lucius—*1st Edition*.

Acres. What, quarrel with my dear friend Jack Absolute—not if he were fifty Beverleys! Zounds! Sir Lucius, you would not have me be so unnatural.

Sir Lucius. Upon my conscience, Mr. Acres, your valour has *oozed* away with a vengeance!

Acres. Not in the least! Odds Backs and Abettors! I'll be your second with all my heart—and if you should get a *Quietus*, you may command me entirely. I'll get you *snug lying* in the *Abbey here*; or *pickle* you, and send you over to Blunderbuss-hall, or any thing of[1] the kind with the greatest pleasure.

Sir Lucius. Pho! pho! you are little better than a coward.

Acres. Mind, gentlemen, he calls me a *Coward*; Coward was the word, by my valour!

Sir Lucius. Well, Sir?

Acres. Look-ee, Sir Lucius, 'tisn't that I mind the word Coward—*Coward* may be said in joke.—But if you had call'd me a *Poltroon*, Odds Daggers and Balls——

Sir Lucius. Well, Sir?

Acres. ——I should have thought you a very ill-bred man.

Sir Lucius. Pho! you are beneath my notice.

Absolute. Nay, Sir Lucius, you can't have a better second than my friend, Acres.—He is a most *determined dog*—call'd in the country, *Fighting Bob*.—He generally *kills a man a week*; don't you, Bob?

Acres. Aye—at home!—

Sir Lucius. Well, then, Captain, 'tis we must begin—so come out, my little counsellor, [*draws his sword*] and ask the gentleman, whether he will resign the lady, without forcing you to proceed against him?

Absolute. Come on then, Sir [*draws*]; since you won't let it be an amicable suit, here's my reply.

Enter Sir Anthony, David, *and the* Women.

David. Knock'em all down, sweet Sir Anthony, knock down my Master in particular—and bind his hands over to their good behaviour!

[1]any of—*1st Edition*.

Sir Anth. Abs. Put up, Jack, put up, or I shall be in a phrenzy —how came you in a duel, Sir?

Absolute. Faith, Sir, that gentleman can tell you better than I! 'twas he call'd on me, and you know, Sir, I serve his Majesty.

Sir Anth. Abs. Here's a pretty fellow! I catch him going to cut a man's throat, and he tells me, he serves his Majesty!—Zounds! sirrah, then how durst you draw the King's sword against one of his subjects?

Absolute. Sir, I tell you! That gentleman call'd me out, without explaining his reasons.

Sir Anth. Abs. Gad! Sir, how came you to call my son out, without explaining your reasons?

Sir Lucius. Your son, Sir, insulted me in a manner which my honour could not brook.

Sir Anth. Abs. Zounds! Jack, how durst you insult the gentleman in a manner which his honour could not brook?

Mrs. Mal. Come, come, let's have no Honour before ladies.—Captain Absolute, come here.—How could you intimidate us so? —Here's Lydia has been terrified to death for you.

Absolute. For fear I should be kill'd, or escape, Ma'am?

Mrs. Mal. Nay, no delusions to the past.—Lydia is convinc'd; speak, child.

Sir Lucius. With your leave, Ma'am, I must put in a word here.—I believe I could interpret the young Lady's silence.—Now mark——

Lydia. What is it you mean, Sir?

Sir Lucius. Come, come, Delia, we must be serious now—this is no time for trifling.

Lydia. 'Tis true, Sir; and your reproof bids me offer this gentleman my hand, and solicit the return of his affections.

Absolute. Oh! my little angel, say you so?—Sir Lucius—I perceive there must be some mistake here—with regard to the affront which you affirm I have given you. I can only say, that it could not have been intentional.—And as you must be convinced, that I should not fear to support a real injury—you shall now see that I am not ashamed to atone for an inadvertency—I ask your pardon.—But for this lady, while honour'd with her

approbation, I will support my claim against any man whatever.

Sir Anth. Abs. Well said, Jack, and I'll stand by you, my Boy.

Acres. Mind, I give up all my claim—I make no pretensions to any thing in the world—and if I can't get a wife, without fighting for her, by my valour! I'll live a bachelor.

Sir Lucius. Captain, give me your hand—an affront handsomely acknowledged becomes an obligation—and as for the Lady—if she chuses to deny her own hand-writing here—

[*Takes out letters.*

Mrs. Mal. Oh, he will desolve[1] my mystery!—Sir Lucius, perhaps there's some mistake—perhaps I can illuminate——

Sir Lucius. Pray, old gentlewoman, don't interfere where you have no business.—Miss Languish, are you my Delia, or not?

Lydia. Indeed, Sir Lucius, I am not.

[LYDIA *and* ABSOLUTE *walk aside.*

Mrs. Mal. Sir Lucius O'Trigger—ungrateful as you are—I own the soft impeachment—pardon my blushes, I am Delia.

Sir Lucius. You Delia—pho! pho! be easy.

Mrs. Mal. Why, thou barbarous Vandyke—those letters are mine.—When you are more sensible of my benignity—perhaps I may be brought to encourage your addresses.

Sir Lucius. Mrs. Malaprop, I am extremely sensible of your condescension; and whether you or Lucy have put this trick upon me, I am equally beholden to you.—And, to shew you I am not ungrateful, Captain Absolute! since you have taken that lady from me, I'll give you my Delia into the bargain.

Absolute. I am much obliged to you, Sir Lucius; but here's my friend, fighting Bob, unprovided for.

Sir Lucius. Hah! little Valour—here, will you make your fortune?

Acres. Odds Wrinkles! No.—But give me[2] your hand, Sir Lucius, forget and forgive; but if ever I give you a chance of *pickling* me again, say Bob Acres is a Dunce, that's all.

Sir Anth. Abs. Come, Mrs. Malaprop, don't be cast down—you are in your bloom yet.

[1]disolve—1*st Edition.* [2]us—1*st Edition.*

Mrs. Mal. O Sir Anthony!—men are all barbarians.

[*All retire but* JULIA *and* FAULKLAND.

Julia. He seems dejected and unhappy—not sullen—there was some foundation, however, for the tale he told me.—O woman! how true should be your judgment, when your resolution is so weak!

Faulkland. Julia!—how can I sue for what I so little deserve? I dare not presume—yet Hope is the Child of Penitence.

Julia. Oh! Faulkland, you have not been more faulty in your unkind treatment of me, than I am now in wanting inclination to resent it. As my heart honestly bids me place my weakness to the account of love, I should be ungenerous not to admit the same plea for your's.

Faulkland. Now I shall be blest indeed!——

[SIR ANTHONY *comes forward.*

Sir Anth. Abs. What's going on here?—So you have been quarrelling too, I warrant.—Come, Julia, I never interfered before; but let me have a hand in the matter at last.—All the faults I have ever seen in my friend Faulkland, seemed to proceed from what he calls the *delicacy* and *warmth* of his affection for you.—There, marry him directly, Julia, you'll find he'll mend surprisingly! [*The rest come forward.*

Sir Lucius. Come now, I hope there is no dissatisfied person, but what is content; for as I have been disappointed myself, it will be very hard if I have not the satisfaction of seeing other people succeed better——

Acres. You are right, Sir Lucius.—So, Jack, I wish you joy—Mr. Faulkland the same.—Ladies,—come now, to shew you I'm neither vex'd nor angry, Odds Tabors and Pipes! I'll order the fiddles in half an hour, to the New Rooms—and I insist on you all meeting me there.

Sir Anth. Abs. Gad! Sir, I like your spirit; and at night we single lads will drink a health to the young couples, and a husband to Mrs. Malaprop.

Faulkland. Our partners are stolen from us, Jack—I hope to be congratulated by each other—*yours* for having checked in time, the errors of an ill directed imagination, which might have

betrayed an innocent heart; and *mine*, for having, by her gentleness and candour, reformed the unhappy temper of one, who by it made wretched whom he loved most, and tortured the heart he ought to have ador'd.

Absolute. Well, Jack,[1] we have both tasted the Bitters, as well as the Sweets, of Love—with this difference only, that *you* always prepared the bitter cup for yourself, while *I*——

Lydia. Was always obliged to *me* for it, hey! Mr. Modesty?—But come no more of that—our happiness is now as unallay'd as general.

Julia. Then let us study to preserve it so: and while Hope pictures to us a flattering scene of future bliss, let us deny its pencil those colours which are too bright to be lasting.—When Hearts deserving Happiness would unite their fortunes, Virtue would crown them with an unfading garland of modest hurtless flowers; but ill-judging Passion will force the gaudier Rose into the wreath, whose thorn offends them, when its Leaves are dropt!

FINIS

[1]Faulkland, *Cumberland's Edition* emendation.

[Note to p.88] *Absolute*. Nay, but hear me. *Lydia*, No, Sir, you could not think such artifices could please me, when the mask was thrown off! But since your tricks have made you secure of my fortune, you are little solicitous about my affections. But here, Sir—*1st Edition*.

[Note to p.89] promises, half a hundred vows under one's hand, with a dozen or two angels to witness—all that's.

Epilogue[1]

By the AUTHOR

Spoken by Mrs. BULKLEY

LADIES, for *You*—I heard our Poet say—
He'd try to coax some *Moral* from his Play:
"One moral's plain—cried I—without more fuss;
Man's social happiness all rests on Us—
Thro' all the Drama—whether d—d or not—
Love gilds the *Scene*, and *Women* guide the *plot*.
From ev'ry rank, obedience is our due—
D'ye doubt?—The world's great stage shall prove it true."

The Cit—well skill'd to shun domestic strife—
Will sup abroad;—but first—he'll ask his *wife:*
John Trot, his friend for once, will do the same,
But then—he'll just *step home to tell my dame.*—

The *surly 'Squire*—at noon resolves to rule,
And half the day—Zounds! Madam is a fool!
Convinc'd at night—the vanquish'd Victor says,
Ah! Kate! *you women have such coaxing ways!*——

The *jolly Toper* chides each tardy blade,—
Till reeling Bacchus calls on Love for aid:
Then with each Toast, he sees fair bumpers swim,
And kisses Chloe on the sparkling Brim!

[1] From *The Town and Country Magazine* for February 1775. Also printed in First Edition and all other authorized issues.

Nay, I have heard that Statesmen—great and wise—
Will *sometimes* counsel with a Lady's eyes;
The servile suitors—watch her various face,
She smiles preferment—or she frown's disgrace,
Curtsies a pension here—there nods a place.

Nor with less awe, in scenes of humbler life,
Is *view'd* the *mistress*, or is *heard* the *wife*.
The poorest Peasant of the poorest soil,
The child of Poverty, and heir to Toil—
Early from radiant Love's impartial light,
Steals one small spark, to chear his world of night:
Dear spark!—that oft thro' winter's chilling woes,
Is all the warmth his little cottage knows!

The wand'ring *Tar*—who, not for *years*, has press'd
The widow'd Partner of his *day* of rest—
On the cold deck—far from her arms remov'd—
Still hums the ditty which his Susan lov'd:
And while around the cadence rude is blown,
The Boatswain whistles in a softer tone.

The *Soldier*, fairly proud of wounds and toil,
Pants for the *triumph* of his Nancy's smile;
But ere the battle, should he list' her cries,
The Lover trembles—and the Hero dies!
That heart, by war and honour steel'd to fear,
Droops on a sigh, and sickens at a tear !

But Ye more cautious—ye nice-judging few,
Who give to Beauty only Beauty's due,
Tho' friends to Love—*Ye* view with deep regret,
Our conquests marr'd—and triumphs incomplete,
'Till polish'd Wit more lasting charms disclose,
And Judgment fix the darts which Beauty throws!

—In female breasts did Sense and Merit rule,
The Lover's mind would ask no other school;
Sham'd into sense—the Scholars of our eyes,
Our Beaux from *Gallantry* would soon be wise;
Would gladly light, their homage to improve,
The Lamp of Knowledge at the Torch of Love!

Appendix I—Contemporary Criticisms

[THE criticisms of the periodical press show that the play differed considerably in its first form from that it took upon the second night. They also show the reasons for the different manner in which it was received. The most comprehensive account is that of *The Monthly Miscellany* whose chief proprietor was Crutwell of Bath, Sheridan's first publisher. The most interesting are the commentaries in *The Morning Chronicle*, whose "printer"—editor, dramatic critic, and parliamentary reporter—was Sheridan's friend William Woodfall. *The Public Ledger* was at once time edited by Hugh Kelly, the author of *False Delicacy*, who may have written the particular criticism. *The Morning Post* was edited by the "fighting parson," the Rev. Henry Bate, afterwards Sir Henry Bate-Dudley, Bart.]

THE MONTHLY MISCELLANY

(*February*, 1775)

The Rivals, Tuesday, Jan. 17. At the *first* performance of this play, (which is a production of the younger Mr. Sheridan's) either from the badness of the piece itself, the negligence of the performers, or the wrong casting of the parts, it met with a very indifferent reception; but the author has since retouched it, and on its *second* appearance, Jan. 28, it met with great applause, and has done more honour to Mr. Sheridan's abilities, than if it had needed no alteration.

The fable at first stood thus: Miss Lydia Languish, a young lady of thirty thousand pounds fortune, is address by Captain Absolute, the son of Sir Anthony, under the fictitious title of Ensign Beverley. Two-thirds of her fortune, however, are settled upon another branch of family, if she marries without the con-

sent of her aunt Malaprop; which causes no small hesitation on the part of the Captain, with respect to an expedition to Scotland.

In this situation the lovers are found at Bath, where Sir Anthony unexpectedly arrives with a slight fit of the gout: The Knight is surprised to find his son there; however he presently informs the Captain that he has a wife in his eye for him, and insists on his assent, without so much as seeing the lady. This the Captain positively refuses to accord with, and his father leaves him with threats to disinherit him. The Captain, soon discovering that the choice his father had made for him was no other than that he had pitched on for himself, pleads his penitence for his past offence, and promises to obey him, be the lady whom or what she may.

In consequence of this he is introduced by Sir Anthony to Mrs. Malaprop, as Captain Absolute, in order to be presented to her niece as her admirer.

The old lady, in a *tête-à-tête* with the Captain, informs him of a young beggarly Ensign to whom Lydia was a little partial; but that there was no great danger now, as she had discovered the plot by a letter she had intercepted, which she begs him to read, in which the old lady is finely abused, with respect to her figure and affectation of using hard words. Lydia being introduced soon after to her supposed new lover, is much astonished at finding her Beverley in Captain Absolute; he tells her, however, that he assumed the name of the latter, only to gain admission to her, with which she is perfectly satisfied; however, on his father's entrance the deceit is discovered, and the consequence is, that Lydia's hopes of an elopement being all cut off, she treats the idea of this union by the consent of their parents with great indifference, and they part with no very favourable impressions of each other.

Mr. Acres arrives about this time at Bath, on a visit of courtship to this same lady, but he is refused admittance. He is waited upon by Sir Lucius O'Trigger, to whom he relates his grievances. Sir Lucius immediately recommends him to call the favourite lover to an account, to which Acres consents, by writing a challenge, which, in order to prevent a prosecution, he signs with the

name of Colin, and sends it to the lover of Miss Languish, on the South Parade, insisting on his meeting him in King's-mead.

Sir Lucius himself, through the artifice of Lucy, Lydia's maid, has been made to believe that her mistress was dying for love of him, from a letter she carried to him, written by the old aunt, who it seems, had a predilection for this gigantic fortune-hunter.

In consequence of his supposed pretensions to Lydia, he designedly quarrels with the Captain, whom he meets on the Parade, supposing him his rival; and insists upon his giving him satisfaction in King's-mead, where he has a little affair of the same nature upon his hands.

David, Acres's servant, soon after the parting of these gentlemen, arrives with his master's challenge, and supposing Sir Lucius to be the rival, delivers it to him, who, mistaking it, as it was only subscribed Colin, for a note from the Captain, posts away to the field.

By the time the combatants are supposed to have arrived at their ground, David alarms the whole town, while Mrs. Malaprop, Lydia, Sir Anthony, Mr. Faulkland, and Julia Melville, with constables, &c., soon after arrive, and prevent the fatal effects of a duel by a general eclairisement, which terminates the comedy by the old aunt's giving her hand to Sir Lucius, and the marriage of Captain Absolute with Miss Lydia.

An episode, containing a number of disputes between Miss Julia and Faulkland, who is ever doubtful of the affection of his mistress, and like Prior's Henry, puts her constancy to the severest trials, makes a very agreeable addition to the principal story. He is, however, at length, by Julia's unexceptionable conduct, cured of his suspicions, and they are united in the nuptial band, at the same time that the matrimonial ceremony is solemnized between Miss Lydia and her lover.

Its present state is widely different from that in which it appeared on the first night's representation. Sir Lucius O'Trigger being retouched, has now the appearance of a character; and his assigning Beverley's reflection on his country, as the grounds for his desire to quarrel with him, is a reasonable pretence, and wipes off the former stigma undeservedly thrown on the sister king-

dom. An alteration of a principal incident gave a very favourable turn to the fable and the whole piece; viz. that where young Acres now delivers his challenge to his friend Absolute, begging him to carry it to his rival Beverley, not knowing the two characters composed but one man; its being at first given to Sir Lucius, the person who indited it, was highly inconsistent.—The performers were now very attentive to their duty.

THE MORNING CHRONICLE

January 18, 1775 (Editorial)

Some of that stage-art, much of which Cibber derived from his connexion with the theatre, would have taught our juvenile poet to give more *effect* to the part of Jack Absolute,—which is, in some sort, a second Atall in *The Double Gallant*. The romantic vein of Lydia Languish is not so well imagined, nor so ably sustained as Steele's Lady (we forget her name)[1] in *The Accomplished Fools*; and the characters of Falkland and Julia are beyond the pitch of sentimental comedy, and may not improperly be stiled metaphysical. What evil spirit could influence the writer and the managers to assign the part of Sir Lucius O'Trigger to Mr. Lee, or Mr. Lee himself to receive it? One would imagine they had intended in Mr. Lee's person to realize the unjust satire of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams on the whole Irish nation:

> But Nature, who denied them sense,
> Has given legs, and impudence
> Which beats all understanding.

The representation of Sir Lucius is indeed an affront to the commonsense of an audience, and is so far from giving the manners of our brave and worthy neighbours, that it scarce equal the picture of a respectable Hotentot, gabbling in an uncouth dialect, neither Welch, English, nor Irish . . . .

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[1] "The lady (we forget her name)" was Biddy Tipkin in *The Tender Husband, or the Accomplished Fools*. At that time a favourite part of Mrs. Abington.

January 20, 1775 (Letter to the Printer)

To the Printer, Sir, There is certainly some evil genius attends the proceedings of Covent Garden Theatre. Our expectations have been some time raised with the Hope that they were at last to produce us a truly good comedy; the hour of proof arrives, and we are presented with a piece got up with such flagrant inattention, that half the performers appear to know nothing of their parts, and the play itself is a *full hour* longer in the representation than any piece on the stage.—This last circumstance is an error of such a nature as shows either great obstinacy in the Author, or excessive ignorance in the managers; but the casting Mr. Lee for the part of *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*, is a blunder of the first brogue, which Mr. Lee plainly shewed as he was not *Irishman* enough to have committed for himself. If there had been no one in the theatre fit for the part, it should have been taken out of the piece which is full exuberant enough to spare it. As I find the further representation of it is put off for the present, I suppose this will be the case; for to attempt to continue him in the character will inevitably damn the play. . . . The character of Faulkland is touched with a delicate and masterly hand. . . . There is as much true humour in *Acres* and *David* as in any character on the stage whatever. What the characters of *Sir Anthony* and *Sir Lucius ought* to have appeared I cannot take upon me to say, but Shuter, from being imperfect appeared to ruin some scenes, which, from the situations, seemed to promise noble effects from his *vis Comica*. . . . Yours &c. *A Friend to Comedy.*

January 20, 1775 (Letter to the Printer)

Sir,—I cannot avoid taking the earliest opportunity of reprehending, in the severest manner, one of the performers of Covent Garden Theatre, for his shameful negligence, in not being perfect in a single sentence, at the representation of The *Rivals* on Tuesday last. Before I name the man, every lover of the drama, will, I am persuaded, point him out: for fear, however, the town should be wrong in their conjecture, and any other person should

suffer by it, I will give you, Mr. Printer, his name in capitals. The person I allude to is MR. SHUTER. I will treat him like a gentleman in my appellation, though he probably may not deserve it. If his incorrectness arises from his strong feelings, I really pity his condition, and a public declaration of this kind would do him service, but if it is the effect of *inattention*, I will be bold to tell him, that, in an equitable consideration, he is more immoral and unjust than a highwayman; for by this shameful usage, he in all probability may rob an author of four or five hundred pounds, besides what is as dear token as his existence—his reputation. . . . *One of the Pitt.*

January 30, 1775 (Editorial)

We heartily wish it was a general custom for authors to withdraw their pieces after a first performance, in order to remove the objectionable passages, heighten the favourite characters, and generally amend the play. The author of the RIVALS has made good use of his time; his comedy is altered much for the better since it was first acted. The cast of it is improved, and all the performers are now perfect, and better acquainted with their several parts. It comes within a reasonable compass as to the time taken up in the representation, and the sentiments thrown into the mouth of Sir Lucius O'Trigger produce a good effect, at the same time that they take away every possible idea of the character's being designed as an insult on our neighbours on the other side of St. George's Channel. In the room of the objectionable and heavy scenes which are cut out, two new ones of a very different turn are introduced, and we remarked more than one judicious alteration in the Prologue.—The RIVALS will now stand its ground; and although we cannot pronounce it, with all its amendments, a comic chef-d'ouvre it certainly encourages us to hope for a very capital play from the same writer at a future season; he therefore, from motives of candour and encouragement, is entitled to the patronage and favour of a generous public.

THE MORNING POST

January 20, 1775 (Letter to the Editor)

Sir, Next to the torment of sitting out a very dull Comedy, I know not a more uneasy situation than that of hearing an apparently good one mangled in the representation. I think I never saw a performance more disgraceful to a Theatre-Royal than the manner in which the *Rivals* was performed at Covent Garden; none of the performers seemed to be tolerably perfect except Mrs. Bulkley and Miss Barsanti; Shuter did not know any two lines together, and whenever he was out, he tried to fill the interval with oaths and buffoonery; in all his scenes with Woodward he put him out; and for the Irishman, of all disgusting attempts that ever was damn'd in a strolling company, nothing ever came up to this. The audience shewed great partiality and lenity for the author, in making a distinction between the merit of the piece, and the excessive demerit of the representation of this character; which one would have thought must have damned the best play that ever was written: as it stands, it is absolutely impossible that the piece can go on; the others may get perfect, and do justice to their parts, but Lee never can be suffered in this character, and his deportment in it, is literally such, as will bully even the Author's friends into hissing.

Yours, &c. *Hibernicus.*

January 21, 1775 (Letter to the Editor)

Mr. Editor, I am the last man in the world who would step forth to upbraid a degraded poet, but when I find a performer is execrated by the wretched puffs of the author's friends, in order to throw the principal part of the odium from his own shoulder on those of the player, I own I cannot help taking fire. I shall be acknowledged no partisan, either of Mr. *Lee* or Mr. *Shuter*, when I confess their performance was in every way reprehensible nay shocking—but at the same time I will aver, that neither of them were invested with anything like a *character*: *Sir Lucius*

O'Trigger was so ungenerous an attack upon a nation, that muſt juſtify any severity with which the piece will hereafter be treated: it is the firſt time I ever remember to have seen so villainous a portrait of an Irish Gentleman, permitted so openly to insult that country upon the boards of an English theatre. For the reſt of the piece, the author has my pity; but for this unjuſtifiable attack, my warmeſt resentment.

Yours, &c. A Briton.

THE PUBLIC LEDGER

January 18, 1775 (Editorial)

The *Rivals*, as a Comedy, requires much caſtigation, and the pruning hand of judgment, before it can ever pass on the Town as even a tolerable Piece. In language it is defective to an extreme, in Plot outré and one of the *Characters* is an absolute exotic in the wilds of Nature. The author seems to have considered puns, witticisms, similes and metaphors, as admirable substitutes for polished diction; hence they abound in every sentence; and hence it is that inſtead of the '*Metamorphosis*' of Ovid, one of the characters is made to talk of Ovid's 'Meat-for-Horses,' a Lady is called the 'Pine-Apple of Beauty,' the Gentleman in return 'an Orange of Perfection.' A Lover describes the sudden change of disposition in his Miſtress by saying, that 'she flies off in a tangent born down by the current of disdain', in another place he is represented as coughing and sneezing at her feet, and in a second Tony Lumkin, to describe how faſt he rode, compares himself to a 'Comet with a tail of duſt at his heels.'

These are shameful absurdities in language, which can suit no character, how widely soever it may depart from common life and common manners.

Whilſt thus censure is freely passed, not to say that there are various sentiments in the Piece which demonſtrate the Author's no ſtranger to the finer feelings, would be shameful partiality....

Many of the parts were improperly caſt. Mr. Lee [as Sir Lucius O'Trigger] is a moſt execrable Irishman. Miss Barsanti

[as Lydia Languish] is calculated only for a mimic; she has the archness of look and manner, that shrug of the shoulders, which muſt for ever unqualify her for genteel Comedy; and when she is represented as a girl of thirty thousand pounds fortune, we curse the blind Goddess for beſtowing her favours so absurdly; then she has the agreeable lisp of Thomas Hull, and cannot be expected to articulate her words so as to be underſtood, unless her tongue firſt undergoes a cutting.

[With trivial changes, this appeared also in *The Whitehall Evening-Post*.]

THE LONDON CHRONICLE

January 28-31, 1775 (On the Second Night)

On Saturday evening laſt, Mr. Sheridan's comedy of 'The Rivals,' was performed for the second time with additions and alterations, at the Theatre Royal, Covent-garden. Its present ſtate is widely different from that in which we found it on the firſt night's representation. Sir Lucius O'Trigger being retouched, has now the appearance of a character; and his assigning Beverley's reflection on his country as the grounds for his desire to quarrel with him is a reasonable pretence, and wipes off the former ſtigma undeservedly thrown on the siſter kingdom: It is due to the merit of Mr. Clinch to say he did the ſtrickeſt juſtice to the part, and from his ease in this character we soon expect to see him fill more capital walks in genteel comedy with credit to himself and pleasure to his audience.

An alteration of a principal incident gave a very favourable turn to the fable and the whole piece, viz. that where young Acres now delivers his challenge to his friend Absolute, begging him to carry it to his rival Beverly, not knowing the two characters composed but one man; its being at firſt given to Sir Lucius, the person who indited it, was highly inconsiſtent.—The cuttings have been every where judicious, except where they have deprived Lydia of that comic and picturesque description of her lover, ſtanding like a *dripping-ſtatue* in the garden, &c.—The hiss that

occasioned this cut was that of party or ignorance, not of judgment.

The performers were very attentive to the discharge of their duty; and though honest Ned Shuter was unfortunately reprehensible the first night, he has now wiped off the odium, and charmed as much as he had before displeased.

THE BRITISH CHRONICLE

January 27-30, 1775 (On the Second Night)

At the second representation of the new Comedy of the Rivals, it was received with the warmest bursts of approbation by a crowded, and apparently impartial audience. The Author has very judiciously removed everything that could give offence in the character of Sir Lucius O'Trigger; and Mr. Shuter exerted himself in a manner which entirely recovered his credit.

Appendix II

Letters Concerning *The Rivals*

1. R. B. SHERIDAN TO THOMAS LINLEY

Nov. 17th, 1774.

. . . If I were to attempt to make as many apologies as my long omission in writing to you requires, I should have no room for any other subject. One excuse only I shall bring forward, which is, that I have been exceedingly employed, and I believe *very profitably*. . . . I have been very seriously at work on a book, which I am just now sending to the press, and which I think will do me some credit, if it leads to nothing else. However, the profitable affair is of another nature. There will be a *Comedy* of mine in rehearsal at Covent-Garden within a few days. I did not set to work on it till within a few days of my setting out for *Crome*, so you may think I have not, for these last six weeks, been very idle. I have done it at Mr. Harris's (the manager's) own request; it is now complete in his hands, and preparing for the stage. He, and some of his friends also who have heard it, assure me in the most flattering terms that there is not a doubt of its success. It will be very well played, and Harris tells me that the least shilling I shall get (if it succeeds) will be six hundred pounds. I shall make no secret of it towards the time of representation, that it may not lose any support my friends can give it. I had not written a line of it two months ago, except a scene or two, which I believe you have seen in an odd act of a little farce. . . .

[From Moore's *Sheridan*, pp. 90-91. The book which was being sent to the press has never been identified, but it *may* have been *A Familiar Epistle to the Author of the Heroic Epistle* (etc.)]

2. MARY LINLEY TO MRS. SHERIDAN

Bath.

(*i*) . . . We are all in the greatest anxiety about Sheridan's play,—though I do not think there is the least doubt of its succeeding. I was told last night that it was his own story, and therefore called *The Rivals*; but I do not give any credit to this intelligence.

I am told he will get at least 700*l.* for his play. . . .

Bath, January, 1775.

(*ii*) . . . It is impossible to tell you what pleasure we felt at the receipt of Sheridan's last letter, which confirmed what we had seen in the newspapers of the success of his play. The *knowing ones* were very much disappointed, as they had so very bad an opinion of its success. After the first night we were indeed all very fearful that the audience would go very much prejudiced against it. But now, there can be no doubt of its success, as it has certainly got through more difficulties than any comedy which has not met its doom the first night. I know you have been very busy in writing for Sheridan,—I don't mean *copying*, but *composing*;—it's true, indeed;—you must not contradict me when I say you wrote[1] the much-admired epilogue to *The Rivals*. How I long to read it! What makes it more certain is, that my *father* guessed it was *yours* the first time he saw it praised in the paper. . . .

Bath, February 18, 1775.

(*iii*). . . . What shall I say of *The Rivals*!—a compliment must naturally be expected; but really it goes so far beyond any thing I *can* say in its praise, that I am afraid my modesty must

[1]This statement respecting the epilogue would, if true, deprive Sheridan of one of the fairest leaves of his poetic crown. It appears, however, to be but a conjecture hazarded at the moment, and proves only the high idea entertained of Mrs. Sheridan's talents by her own family.—*Moore*. Apparently the Linleys had read *The Morning Post*, January 28th, 1775: "We hear the admired Epilogue to *The Rivals* is the composition of Mrs. Sheridan." The rumour seems to have been unfounded.

keep me silent. When you and I meet I shall be better able to explain myself, and tell you how much I am delighted with it. We expect to have it *here* very soon:—it is now in rehearsal. You pretty well know the merits of our principal performers:—I'll show you how it is cast. Sir Anthony, *Mr. Edwin*; Captain Absolute, *Mr. Didier*; Falkland, *Mr. Dimond* (a new actor of great merit, and a sweet figure.); Sir Lucius, *Mr. Jackson*; Acres, *Mr. Keasberry*; Fag, *Mr. Brunsdon*; Mrs. Malaprop, *Mrs. Wheeler*; Miss Lydia, *Miss Wheeler* (literally, a very pretty romantic girl of seventeen); Julia, *Mrs. Didier*; Lucy, *Mrs. Brett*. There, Madam, do not you think we shall do your *Rivals* some justice? I'm convinced it won't be done better any where out of London. I don't think Mrs. Mattocks can do Julia very well. . . .

Bath, March 9, 1775.

(*iv*). . . . You will know by what you see enclosed in this frank my reason for not answering your letter sooner was, that I waited the success of Sheridan's play in Bath; for, let me tell you, I look upon our theatrical tribunal, though not in *quantity*, in *quality* as good as yours, and I do not believe there was a critic in the whole city that was not there. But, in my life, I never saw any thing go off with such uncommon applause. I must first of all inform you that there was a very full house:—the play was performed inimitably well; nor did I hear, for the honour of our Bath actors, one single prompt the whole night; but I suppose the poor creatures never acted with such shouts of applause in their lives, so that they were incited by that to do their best. They lost many of Malaprop's good sayings by the applause: in short, I never saw or heard any thing like it;—before the actors spoke, they began their clapping. There was a new scene of the N. Parade, painted by Mr. Davis, and a most delightful one it is, I assure you. Every body says,—Bowers in particular,—that yours in town is not so good. Most of the dresses were entirely new, and very handsome. On the whole, I think Sheridan is vastly obliged to poor dear Keasberry for getting it up so well. We only wanted a good Julia to have made it quite complete. You must

know that it was entirely out of Mrs. Didier's style of playing: but I never saw better acting than Keasberry's,—so all the critics agreed. . . .[1]

[1]Mr. Sheridan's comedy of "The Rivals" was performed for the first time at our theatre last night; and we have the pleasure to say that it was received with every mark of approbation and applause from a numerous and polite audience.

—*The Bath Chronicle, March* 9, 1775.

Bath, August 22d, 1775.

(*v*). . . . Tell Sheridan his play has been acted at Southampton:—above a hundred people were turned away the first night. They say there never was any thing so universally liked. They have very good success at Bristol, and have played *The Rivals* several times:—Miss Barsanti, Lydia, and Mrs. Canning, Julia. . . .

[From Moore's *Sheridan*, pp. 101-3. These letters deal with the performances in London, at Bath, and elsewhere.]

Bibliography of *The Rivals*

1. EDITIONS BY THE WILKIES.

The Rivals, A Comedy, As it is acted at the Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden. London: Printed for John Wilkie, No. 71, St. Paul's Church-Yard. MDCCLXXV.

8vo.

Pagination. P. [i] half-title, *The Rivals, A Comedy*, [*Price One Shilling and Six pence.*]; p. [ii] blank; p. [iii] title; p. [iv] blank; pp. [v] & vi-x; *Preface*; [pp. xi] & [xii] *Prologue By the Author*; pp. [xiii] & [xiv] *Epilogue by the Author*; p. [xv] *Errata*; p. [xvi] *Dramatis Personæ*; pp. [1] & 2-100 Text.

[The Catchword EPI- appears on p. 100, but the Epilogue is printed on pp. xiii-xiv and not at the end.

The text is that as revised by the author for the Second Night, January 28th, 1775.

ADVERTISEMENTS:

(i) *The British Chronicle*. January 30th, 1775—"In a few days will be published, price 1s. 6d. The Rivals, a Comedy, as it is now performing at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. Printed for John Wilkie, No. 71, St. Paul's Churchyard."

(ii) *Whitehall Evening Post*. February 11-14, 1775. "This Day is published, Price One Shilling and Sixpence, The Rivals, A Comedy, As it is now performing, with universal applause, at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, Printed for J. Wilkie, No. 71, St. Paul's Church-Yard and J. Walter, Charing-Cross."]

This suggests an Edition with Walter's imprint. None is recorded.]

The Rivals, A Comedy . . . . The Second Edition. London Printed for John Wilkie, No. 71, St. Paul's Church-Yard. MDCCLXXV.

8vo. Pp. xvi—102.

The Rivals, A Comedy. As it is acted at the Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden. Written by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Esq.

The Third Edition Corrected. London: Printed for John Wilkie, No. 71, St. Paul's Church-yard. MDCCLXXVI.

8vo. Pp. xii—124.

[This is the first Edition to contain the "Prologue by the Author Spoken on the Tenth Night." The corrections seem to have been Sheridan's: they include the deletion of several passages and many verbal emendations. Nettleton first drew attention to this Edition: it is very rare, especially with the engraved half-title which has a small picture of the characters in Act IV, sc. ii. It is the first Edition with Sheridan's name.]

*The Rivals, . . . The Fourth Edition. Printed for G. Wilkie. No. 71, St. Paul's Church-yard [1785].

8vo.

[Another "Fourth Edition" dated 1776 is recorded, without other particulars, by Sichel and Allardyce Nicoll. The date of this Edition is tentative, being deduced from the general style and appearance of the only copy I have seen—Mr. Percival F. Hinton's.]

The Rivals. . . As it is performed at the Theatres-Royal in Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden. The Fifth Edition. G. & T. Wilkie. No. 57, Paternoster-Row. MDCCXCI.

8vo. Pp. 108.

The Rivals . . . The Sixth Edition . . . . G. Wilkie. No. 57 Paternoster-row. 1798.

8vo. Pp. 108.

2. DUBLIN EDITIONS.

*The Rivals. A Comedy. As it is performed at the Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden. Dublin: Printed for Messrs. Exshaw, Sleater, Potts, Chamberlaine, Williams, Wilson, Husband, Porter, Moncreiffe, Walker, Jenkin, Flyn, and Hillary. M.DCC.LXXV.

12mo.

Pagination. P. [i] title; p. [ii] blank; p. [iii-vi] *Preface*; p. [vii-xi] *Prologue, Epilogue & Dramatis Personæ*; pp. 14-92 Text [pages misnumbered].

[Copy in Dublin Municipal Library.—E. R. McC. D.
Also known with other imprints—*e.g.* Moncreiffe alone.]

The Rivals, A Comedy. As it is acted at the Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden. Dublin: Printed by M. Graisberry, For the Company of Booksellers. M.DCC.LXXXVIII.

12mo. Pp. 106.

Copy in Dublin Municipal Library (lacking pp. 9-16).—E. R. McC. D.

*The Rivals, A Comedy . . . Dublin. Printed for C. Brown. No. 93, Grafton Street, 1793.

12mo.

Copy in National Library, Dublin.—E. R. McC. D.

*The Rivals, A Comedy. By R. B. Sheridan, Esq. Dublin. Printed by William Porter for William Jones, No. 86, Dame-Street. MDCCXCIII.

12mo.

The Rivals. A Comedy. Dublin. Wogan. 1802. 12mo.

3. OTHER EDITIONS.

The Rivals appeared, in issues with separate pagination in wrappers, in numerous serial collections, such as Dibdin's, 1815; Oxberry's, 1818 and 1820; Cumberland's [?1829]. The first Scottish issue was Oliver and Boyd's, Edinburgh [?1814].

Nettleton, *Sheridan's Major Dramas*, records a New York Edition of 1807. It was also printed in the two first collected Editions, Dublin 1795 and London [1797], and, of course, in numerous posthumous collections.

St. Patrick's Day:
or, the Scheming Lieutenant

Note

"ST. PATRICK'S DAY; or, The Scheming Lieutenant," was printed—of course, piratically—in Dublin in 1788. This text has been generally followed by previous Editors. The last scene, however, is there abbreviated, a fuller text having been printed by Cumberland in 1829, most likely from a transcript of the Covent Garden prompt-book.

Mr. Fraser Rae, in *Sheridan's Plays as he Wrote Them*, printed the later portions of the play—from Act II, scene iii to the end—from MSS. in the hand-writing of Sheridan and his wife. This ending agrees with Cumberland's Edition, and has therefore been used for the present edition. A few other emendations of the accepted text are indicated by footnotes. The shorter ending of 1788 follows the text.

R.C.R.

CONTENTS

Introduction

THE "Account of Mr. Sheridan" in the annual of *Public Characters* for 1799 gives concisely the facts as to the farce that so quickly followed *The Rivals* in 1775:

"His next production was the farce of *St. Patrick's Day, or The Scheming Lieutenant*, a piece evidently written more for the purpose of trying his ability to excite broad laughter and humorous merriment, than with a view of enlarging his reputation. It was presented by him to Mr. Clinch, as a testimony of his good opinion, for the assistance he had experienced from that gentleman's excellent performance of Sir Lucius O'Trigger, in *The Rivals*, in which he had succeeded Mr. Lee. The farce of *St. Patrick's Day* was actually written in eight and forty hours, and was performed, for the benefit of Mr. Clinch, on the 2d of May, in the same year."

It was a "Benefit Play" written *pour exploiter* the personality of Larry Clinch, who impersonated the Irish Lieutenant. Nevertheless, pieces of this type had often enjoyed a vogue. Thomas Sheridan had, more than thirty years before, written one called *Captain O'Blunder; or, The Brave Irishman*, which he had taken with him to Dublin in his "theatrical campaign" of 1771. David Garrick had written another for Mrs. Barry—"so sensible was he of her uncommon powers in *The Grecian Daughter*," says Murphy, "that, as a token of gratitude, he made her a present of a farce called *The Irish Widow* to be acted at her benefit in the month of March [1772]."[1] These were Sheridan's immediate precedents—he wanted to write for Larry Clinch an Irish part which would suit that actor as Captain O'Blunder had suited the elder Sheridan; and as, in Garrick's farce, the Widow Brady had suited Mrs. Barry and Sir Patrick O'Neale "Irish" Moody. But the resemblances are otherwise not particular, but generic. There is,

[1]Murphy, *Life of Garrick* (1802).

however, a similarity of humour, between the "medical" nonsensicalities of the plays by the two Sheridans, between Justice Credulous's encounter with Dr. Rosy and "the German quack" and Captain O'Blunder's encounter with Doctors Clyster and Gallipot.[1] *St. Patrick's Day* utilized one of the favourite devices for a "Benefit Play,"—the double disguise. On such occasions players delighted to show their "versatility," so Lieutenant O'Conner, Sheridan's hero, was "like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once"—the dashing Irish officer, the English rustic, and the German quack. There is no reason, therefore, to pursue beyond a mention Mr. Sichel's comparison between the ruse in *St. Patrick's Day* where "the Lieutenant impersonates a Doctor in order to win the daughter of an anti-military judge," with the similar device of Almaviva in *The Barber of Seville*. The trick, such as it is, varies the old one in Fielding's *The Mock Doctor* (imitated, of course, from Molière) where the lover impersonates an apothecary with the assistance of a pretended doctor, whose wild jargon is, by the way, imitated by Sheridan's disguised lieutenant. *St. Patrick's Day* was only a trifle; it was written for to-morrow night, not for posterity.

Nevertheless, it is a jolly little farce, with flashes of Sheridan's finer wit.[2] The character of Doctor Rosy is richly humorous, especially in his pathetic reminiscences of his dead wife—who perished from drinking "Spa-water—with an infusion of rum and acid!" Moore comments:

> Though we must not look for the usual point of Sheridan in this piece, where the hits of pleasantry are performed with the broad end or *mace* of his wit, there is yet a quick circulation

[1]This scene in *Captain O'Blunder* is disfigured by some very coarse "wit." But the piece as printed was not authorized by Thomas Sheridan."He produced a farce called *Captain O'Blunder* which was written as a schoolboy, and the copy lost. It was afterwards collected by some persons from memory and frequently performed, but never, as Mr. Sheridan used to declare, with his consent."—*The Thespian Dictionary* (1802). His later version was, therefore (perhaps) a reconstruction of his own. The printed farce certainly seems a piracy, but I have had no opportunity of comparing the several editions.

[2]A recent verdict is: "There are genuinely witty portions of the drama, but as a whole its style does not rise to any great heights, and often falls below the upper level of late eighteenth-century farcical work. Much better from this point of view are some of Mrs. Inchbald's similar farces."—Allardyce Nicoll. *XVIII Century Drama*, 1750-1800 (1927).

of humour through the dialogue,—and laughter, the great end of farce, is abundantly achieved by it. The moralizing of Doctor Rosy, and the dispute between the justice's wife and her daughter, as to the respective merits of militia-men and regulars, are highly comic:—

Lauretta. Psha, you know, Mamma, I hate militia officers; a set of dung-hill cocks with spurs on—heroes scratch'd off a church-door. No, give me the bold upright youth, who makes love to-day, and has his head shot off to-morrow. Dear! to think how the sweet fellows sleep on the ground, and fight in silk stockings and lace ruffles.

Mother. Oh barbarous! to want a husband that may wed you to-day, and be sent the Lord knows where before night; then in a twelve-month, perhaps, to have him come like a Colossus, with one leg at New-York and the other at Chelsea Hospital.

Sometimes, too, there occurs a phrase or sentence, which might be sworn to, as from the pen of Sheridan, any where. This, in the very opening:—

First Soldier. I say you are wrong; we should all speak together, each for himself, and all at once, that we may be heard the better.

Second Soldier. Right, Jack, we'll *argue in platoons.*

St. Patrick's Day, like so many Benefit Plays, was generally ignored by the periodical press. *The Whitehall Evening-Post* for May 6th, 1775, however, makes it clear that one scene has been lost, no doubt beyond recovery. It says, "The recruiting party reappear [at the beginning of Act II] beating up for recruits; a drunken cobler and a countryman[1] in vain are attempted to be enlisted, the former declaring himself to be perfectly sober, and swearing that his companion has never any courage till he is drunk; if he was made a General, it would cost Government five shillings a day to find him in valour." Then enter the two countrymen, and the account thereafter, as before, is quite accurate.

[1]On August 28th, 1776, "*The Scheming Lieutenant or St. Patrick's Day.* Written by Richard Sheridan, Esq. Author of the *Duenna, Rivals,* &c." was acted "by permission of the Author, for this Night only" at King-street Theatre, Birmingham. Among the parts was "Blacksmith, by Mr. Cummins," in addition to the countrymen.

Dramatis Personae[1]

As Originally Acted at Covent Garden Theatre on May 2nd, 1775.

Lieutenant O'Conner	*Mr. Clinch*
Doctor Rosy	*Mr. Quick*
Justice Credulous	*Mr. Lee Lewis*
Sergeant Trounce	*Mr. Booth*
Corporal Flint	
Lauretta	*Mrs. Cargill*
Mrs. Bridget Credulous	*Mrs. Pitt*

Drummers, Soldiers, Countrymen, and Servant.

[1]Cast from *Sheridan's Works*, Greenock, 1828. Not in 1788 *Edition*, nor *Cumberland's Edition*.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY:
OR, THE SCHEMING LIEUTENANT

Act the First

SCENE I

LIEUTENANT O'CONNER'S *Lodgings*.[1]

Enter [SERGEANT] TROUNCE, [CORPORAL] FLINT, *four* SOLDIERS [DRUMMER *and* FIFES *with shamrocks in hats*].[2]

First Soldier. I SAY you are wrong; we should all speak together, each for himself, and all at once, that we may be heard the better.

Second Soldier. Right, Jack, we'll argue in platoons.

Third Soldier. Aye, aye, let him have our grievances in a volley, and if we be to have a spokesman, there's the corporal is the Lieutenant's countryman, and knows his humour.

Flint. Let me alone for that. I served three years, within a bit, under his honour, in the Royal Inniskillions, and I never will see a sweeter-tempered gentleman, nor one more free with his purse. I put a great shamrock[3] in his hat this morning, and I'll be bound for him he'll wear it, was it as big as Steven's Green.

Fourth Soldier. I say again then you talk like youngsters, like militia striplings: there's a discipline, look'ee, in all things, whereof the sergeant must be our guide; he's a gentleman of words; [he understands your foreign lingo, your figures, and such like auxiliaries in scoring. Confess now for a reckoning, whether in chalk or writing, ben't he your only man?][4]

Flint. Why, the sergeant is a scholar to be sure, and has the gift of reading.

[1] *Lieutenant O'Conner's Lodgings*. All Editions except *Cumberland's*, which reads "*A street*."
[2] Not in 1788 *Edition*.
[3] sham rogue—1788 *Edition*.
[4] 1788 *Edition*; omitted, *Cumberland's Edition*.

Trounce. Good soldiers, and fellow gentlemen, if you make me your spokesman, you will show the more judgment; and let me alone for the argument. I'll be as loud as a drum, and point blank from the purpose.[1]

All. Agreed, agreed.

Flint. Oh, faith! here comes the lieutenant.—Now, sergeant.

Trounce. So then, to order. Put on your mutiny looks; every man grumble a little to himself, and some of you hum the Deserter's March.

Enter LIEUTENANT O'CONNER.

O'Conner. Well, honest lads, what is it you have to complain of?

Soldiers. Ahem! hem!

Trounce. So please your honour, the very grievance of the matter is this:—ever since your honour differed with Justice Credulous, our innkeepers use us most scurvily. By my halbert, their treatment is such, that if your spirit was willing to put up with it, flesh and blood could by no means agree; so we humbly petition that your honour would make an end of the matter at once, by running away with the justice's daughter, or else get us fresh quarters—hem! hem!

O'Conner. Indeed! Pray which of the houses use you ill?

First Soldier. There's the Red Lion an't half the civility of the Old Red Lion.

Second Soldier. There's the White Horse, if he wasn't case-hardened, ought to be ashamed to show his face.

O'Conner. Very well; the Horse and the Lion shall answer for it at the quarter sessions.

Trounce. The Two Magpies are civil enough; but the Angel uses us like devils, and the Rising Sun refuses us light to go to bed by.

O'Conner. Then, upon my word, I'll have the Rising Sun put down, and the Angel shall give security for his good behaviour; but are you sure you do nothing to quit scores with them?

Flint. Nothing at all, your honour, unless now and then we

[1] 1788 *Edition*; and level to the point, *Cumberland's Edition.*

happen to fling a cartridge into the kitchen fire, or put a spatterdash or so into the soup; and sometimes Ned drums up and down ſtairs a little of a night.[1]

O'Conner. O, that's all fair; but hark'ee, lads, I muſt have no grumbling on St. Patrick's Day; so here, take this, and divide it amongſt you. But observe me now—show yourselves men of spirit, and don't spend sixpence of it in drink.

Trounce. Nay, hang it, your honour, soldiers should never bear malice; we muſt drink St. Patrick's and your honour's health.

All. Oh, damn malice! St. Patrick's and his honour's by all means.

Flint. Come away, then, lads, and firſt we'll parade round the Market Cross, for the honour of King George.

Firſt Soldier. Thank your honour. Come along; St. Patrick, his honour, and ſtrong beer for ever! [*Exeunt* SOLDIERS.

O'Conner. Get along, you thoughtless vagabonds![2] yet, upon my conscience, 'tis very hard these poor fellows should scarcely have bread from the soil they would die to defend.

Enter DR. ROSY.

Ah, my little Doctor Rosy, my Galen[3] Abridg'd, what's the news?

Rosy. All things are as they were, my Alexander; the juſtice is as violent as ever: I felt his pulse on the matter again, and, thinking his rage began to intermit, I wanted to throw in the bark of good advice, but it would not do. He says you and your cutthroats have a plot upon his life, and swears he had rather see his daughter in a scarlet fever, than in the arms of a soldier.

O'Conner. Upon my word the army is very much obliged to him. Well, then, I muſt marry the girl firſt, and ask his consent afterwards.

Rosy. So, then, the case of her fortune is desperate, hey?

O'Conner. Oh, hang fortune—let that take its chance; there is a beauty in Lauretta's simplicity, so pure a bloom upon her charms.

Rosy. So there is, so there is. You are for beauty as nature made

[1] 1788 *Edition*; at night, *Cumberland's Edition.*
[2] 1788 *Edition*; you thoughtless dogs! (rest omitted) *Cumberland's Edition.*
[3] Galen abridg'd. *Cumberland's Edition*: Galen a-bridge 1788 *Edition.*

her, hey! No artificial graces, no cosmetic varnish, no beauty in grain, hey!

[*O'Conner.* Upon my word, doctor, you are right; the London ladies were always too handsome for me; then they are so defended, such a circumvallation of hoop, with a breastwork of whalebone that would turn a pistol-bullet, much less Cupid's arrows—then turret on turret on top, with stores of concealed weapons, under pretence of black pins—and above all, a standard of feathers that would do honour to a knight of the Bath. Upon my conscience, I could as soon embrace an Amazon, armed at all points.

Rosy. Right, right, my Alexander! my taste to a tittle.][1]

O'Conner. Then, Doctor, though I admire modesty in women, I like to see their faces. [I am for the changeable rose; but with one of these quality Amazons, if their midnight dissipations had left them blood enough to raise a blush, they have not room enough in their cheeks to show it.][2] To be sure, bashfulness is a very pretty thing; but, in my mind, there is nothing on earth so impudent as an everlasting blush.

Rosy. My taste, my taste! Well, Lauretta is none of these. Ah! I never see her but she puts me in mind of my poor dear wife.

O'Conner. Aye, faith; in my opinion she can't do a worse thing. Now he is going to bother me about an old hag that has been dead these six years! [*Aside.*

Rosy. Oh, poor Dolly! I never shall see her like again; such an arm for a bandage—veins that seemed to invite the lancet. Then her skin, smooth and white as a gallipot; her mouth as round and not larger than the mouth of a penny phial;[3] her lips, conserve of roses; and then her teeth—none of your sturdy fixtures—ache as they would, it was but a small pull, and out they came. I believe I have drawn half a score of her poor dear pearls. [Weeps.] But what avails her beauty? Death has no consideration—one must die as well as another.

O'Conner [*aside*] Oh, if he begins to moralize——

[*Takes out his snuff-box.*

[1] 1788 *Edition*; omitted, *Cumberland's Edition.*
[2] 1788 *Edition*; omitted, *Cumberland's Edition.*
[3] 1788 *Edition*; vial, *Cumberland's Edition.*

Rosy. Fair and ugly, crooked or ſtraight, rich or poor—flesh is grass—flowers fade!

O'Conner. Here, doctor, take a pinch,[1] and keep up your spirits.

Rosy. True, true, my friend; grief can't mend the matter—all's for the beſt; but such a woman was a great loss, lieutenant.

O'Conner. To be sure, for doubtless she had mental accomplishments equal to her beauty.

Rosy. Mental accomplishments! she would have stuffed an alligator, or pickled a lizard, with any apothecary's wife in the kingdom. Why, she could decipher a prescription, and invent[2] the ingredients, almoſt as well as myself: then she was such a hand at making foreign waters!—for Seltzer, Pyrmont, Islington, or Chalybeate, she never had her equal; and her Bath and Briſtol Springs exceeded the originals.—Ah, poor Dolly! she fell a martyr to her own discoveries.

O'Conner. How so, pray?

Rosy. Poor soul! her illness was occasioned by her zeal in trying an improvement on the Spa-water, by an infusion of rum and acid.

O'Conner. Aye, aye, spirits never agree with water-drinkers.

Rosy. No, no, you miſtake. Rum agreed with her well enough; it was not the rum that killed the poor dear creature, for she died of a dropsy. Well, she is gone, never to return, and has left no pledge of our loves behind. No little babe, to hang like a label round papa's neck. Well, well, we are all mortal—sooner or later—flesh is grass—flowers fade.

O'Conner. Oh, the devil!—again! [*Aside*.

Rosy. Life's a shadow—the world a ſtage—we ſtrut an hour.

O'Conner. Here, Doctor. [*Offers snuff*.

Rosy. True, true, my friend: well, high grief can't cure it. All's for the beſt, hey! my [little][3] Alexander?

O'Conner. Right, right; an apothecary should never be out of spirits. But come, faith, 'tis time honeſt Humphrey should wait on the Juſtice; that muſt be our firſt scheme.

Rosy. True, true; you should be ready: the clothes are at my

[1] 1788 *Edition*: a pinch of snuff, *Cumberland's Edition*.
[2] 1788 *Edition*; substitute, *Cumberland's Edition*.
[3] Omitted *Cumberland's Edition*.

house, and I have given you such a character that he is impatient to have you: he swears you shall be his body-guard. Well, I honour the army, or I should never do so much to serve you.

O'Conner. Indeed, I am bound to you for ever, Doctor; and when once I'm possessed of my dear Lauretta, I will endeavour to make work for you as fast as possible.

Rosy. Now put you in mind of my poor wife again.

O'Conner. Ah, pray forget her a little: we shall be too late.

Rosy. Poor Dolly!

O'Conner. 'Tis past twelve.

Rosy. Inhuman dropsy!

O'Conner. The Justice will wait.

Rose. Cropped in her prime!

O'Conner. For heaven's sake, come!

Rosy. Well, flesh is grass.

O'Conner. Oh, the devil!

Rosy. We must all die——

O'Conner. Doctor!

[*Rosy.* Kings, lords, and common whores——][1]

[*Exeunt*, LIEUTENANT O'CONNER *forcing* ROSY *off.*

SCENE II

A Room in JUSTICE CREDULOUS'S *House.*

Enter LAURETTA *and* MRS. BRIDGET CREDULOUS.

Lauretta. I repeat it again, mamma, officers are the prettiest men in the world, and Lieutenant O'Conner is the prettiest officer I ever saw.

Mrs. Bridget. For shame, Laura! how can you talk so?—or if you must have a military man, there's Lieutenant Plow,[2] or Captain Haycock, or Major Dray, the brewer, are all your admirers; and though they are peaceable, good kind of men, they have as large cockades, and become scarlet as well as the fighting folks.

[1] 1788 *Edition*; omitted, *Cumberland's Edition.*
[2] 1788 *Edition*; Plough, *Cumberland's Edition.*

Lauretta. Psha! you know, mamma, I hate militia officers; [a set of dunghill cocks with spurs on—heroes scratched off a church door—clowns in military masquerade, wearing the dress without supporting the character.][1] No, give me the bold upright youth, who makes love to-day, and has his head shot off to-morrow. Dear me! to think how the sweet fellows sleep on the ground, and fight in silk stockings and lace ruffles.

Mrs. Bridget. Oh, barbarous! to want a husband that may wed you to-day, and be sent the Lord knows where before night; then in a twelvemonth perhaps to have him come like a Colossus, with one leg at New York and the other at Chelsea Hospital.

Lauretta. Then I'll be his crutch, mamma.

Mrs. Bridget. No, give me a husband that knows where his limbs are, though he want the use of them:—and if he should take you with him, to sleep in a baggage-cart, and stroll about the camp like a gipsy, with a knapsack and two children at your back; then, by way of entertainment in the evening, to make a party with the sergeant's wife to drink bohea tea, and play at all-fours on a drumhead:—'tis a precious life, to be sure!

Lauretta. Nay, mamma, you shouldn't be against my lieutenant, for I heard him say you were the best-natured and best-looking woman in the world.

Mrs. Bridget. Why, child, I never said but that Lieutenant O'Conner was a very well-bred and discerning young man; 'tis your papa is so violent against him.

Lauretta. Why, Cousin Sophy married an officer.

Mrs. Bridget. Aye, Laury, an officer in the Militia.

Lauretta. No, indeed, mamma, a marching regiment.

Mrs. Bridget. No, child, I tell you he was Major of Militia.[2]

Lauretta. Indeed, mamma, it wasn't.

Enter JUSTICE CREDULOUS.

Justice. Bridget, my love, I have had a message.

Lauretta. It was Cousin Sophy told me so.

Justice. I have had a message, love——

[1] 1788 *Edition*; omitted, *Cumberland's Edition*.

[2] 1788 *Edition*; Major in the Manchester Militia, *Cumberland's Edition*.

Mrs. Bridget. No, child, she would say no such thing.

Justice. A message, I say.

Lauretta. How could he be in the Militia, when he was ordered abroad?

Mrs. Bridget. Aye, girl, hold your tongue!—Well, my dear?

Justice. I have had a message from Doctor Rosy.

Mrs. Bridget. He ordered abroad! He went abroad for his health.

Justice. Why, Bridget!——

Mrs. Bridget. Well, deary.—Now hold your tongue, miss.

Justice. A message from Doctor Rosy, and Doctor Rosy says——

Lauretta. I'm sure, mamma, his regimentals——

Justice. Damn his regimentals!—Why don't you listen?

Mrs. Bridget. Aye, girl, how durst you interrupt your papa?

Lauretta. Well, papa.

Justice. Doctor Rosy says he'll bring——

Lauretta. Were blue turned up with red, mamma.

Justice. Laury!—says he will bring the young man——

Mrs. Bridget. Red! yellow, if you please, miss.

Justice. Bridget!—the young man that is to be hired——

Mrs. Bridget. Besides, miss, it is very unbecoming in you to want to have the last word with your mamma; you should know ——

Justice. Why, zounds! will you hear me or no?

Mrs. Bridget. I am listening, my love—I am listening! But what signifies my silence, what good is my not speaking a word, if this girl will interrupt and let nobody speak but herself? Aye, I don't wonder, my life, at your impatience; your poor dear lips quiver to speak; but I suppose she'll run on, and not let you put in a word. You may very well be angry; there is nothing, sure, so provoking as a chattering, talking——

Lauretta. Nay, I'm sure, mamma, it is you will not let papa speak now.

Mrs. Bridget. Why, you little provoking minx——

Justice. Get out of the room directly, both of you—get out!

Mrs. Bridget. Aye, go, girl.

Justice. Go, Bridget, you are worse than she, you old hag. I wish you were both up to the neck in the canal, to argue there till I took you out.

Enter SERVANT.[1]

Servant. Doctor Rosy, sir.

Justice. Show him up.

[*Exit* SERVANT.

Lauretta. Then you own, mamma, it was a marching regiment?

Mrs. Bridget. You're an obstinate fool, I tell you; for if that had been the case——

Justice. You won't go?

Mrs. Bridget. We are going, Mr. Surly.—If that had been the case, I say, how could——

Lauretta. Nay, mamma, one proof——

Mrs. Bridget. How could Major——

Lauretta. And a full proof——

[JUSTICE CREDULOUS *drives them off.*

Justice. There they go, ding-donging[2] for the day. Good lack! a fluent tongue is the only thing a mother don't like her daughter to resemble her in.

Enter DR. ROSY.

Well, doctor, where's the lad—where's Trusty?

Rosy. At hand; he'll be here in a minute, I'll answer for't. He's such a one as you an't met with—brave as a lion, gentle as a saline draught.

Justice.—Ah, he comes in the place of a rogue, a dog that was corrupted by the Lieutenant. But this is a sturdy fellow, is he, Doctor?

Rosy. As Hercules—and the best back-sword player in[3] the country. Egad, he'll made the red-coats keep their distance.

Justice. Oh, the villains! this is St. Patrick's Day, and the rascals have been parading my house all the morning. I know they have a design upon me; [but I have taken all precautions: I have

[1] 1788 *Edition*; John, (and so throughout), *Cumberland's Edition*.
[2] ding dong in for the day—1788 *Edition*.
[3] backsword in—1788 *Edition*.

magazines of arms][1] and if this fellow does but prove faithful I shall be more at ease.

Rosy. Doubtless he'll be a comfort to you.

Re-enter SERVANT.

Servant. There is a man below, sir, inquires for Doctor Rosy.

Rosy. Show him up.

Justice. Hold! a little caution. How does he look?

Servant. A country-looking fellow, your worship.

Justice. Oh, well, well, for Doctor Rosy; these rascals try all ways to get in here.

Servant. Yes, please your worship; there was one here this morning wanted to speak to you: he said his name was Corporal Breakbones.

Justice. Corporal Breakbones!

Servant. And Drummer Crackskull came again.

Justice. Aye! did you ever hear of such a damn'd confounded crew? Well, show the lad in here!

[*Exit* SERVANT.

Rosy. Aye, he'll be your porter; he'll give the rogues an answer.

Enter LIEUTENANT O'CONNER, *disguised*.

Justice. So, a tall—Efacks! what! has lost an eye?

Rosy. Only a bruise he got in taking seven or eight highwaymen.

Justice. He has a damned wicked leer somehow with the other.

Rosy. Oh, no, he's bashful—a sheepish look.

Justice. Well, my lad, what's your name?

O'Conner. Humphrey Hum.

Justice. Hum—I don't like Hum!

O'Conner. But I be mostly called honest Humphrey——

Rosy. There, I told you so, of noted honesty.

Justice. Well, honest Humphrey, the doctor has told you my terms, and you are willing to serve, hey?

O'Conner. And please your worship I shall be well content.

Justice. Well, then, hark'ye, honest Humphrey—you are

[1] 1788 *Edition*; omitted, *Cumberland's Edition*.

sure now you will never be a rogue—never take a bribe, hey, honest Humphrey?

O'Conner. A bribe! What's that?

Justice. A very ignorant fellow indeed!

Rosy. His worship hopes you will never part with your honesty for money.

O'Conner. Noa, noa.

Justice. Well said, Humphrey—my chief business with you is to watch the motions of a rake-helly fellow here, one Lieutenant O'Conner.

Rosy. Aye, you don't value the soldiers, do you, Humphrey?

O'Conner. Not I; they are but zwaggerers, and you'll see they'll be as much afraid of me as they would of their captain.

Justice. And i'faith, Humphrey, you have a pretty cudgel there!

O'Conner. Aye, the zwitch is better than nothing, but I should be glad of a stouter: ha' you got such a thing in the house as an old coach-pole, or a spare bed-poast?

Justice. Oons! what a dragon it is!—Well, Humphrey, come with me.—I'll just show him to Bridget, doctor, and we'll agree. —Come along, honest Humphrey. [*Exit.*

O'Conner. My dear Doctor, now remember to bring the Justice presently to the walk: I have a scheme to get into his confidence at once.

Rosy. I will, I will. [*They shake hands.*

Re-enter JUSTICE CREDULOUS.

Justice. Why, honest Humphrey, hey! [*Sees them shaking hands.*] what the devil are you at?

Rosy. I was just giving him a little advice.—Well, I must go for the present.—Good morning to your worship—you need not fear the Lieutenant while *he* is in your house.

Justice. Well, get in, Humphrey. Good morning to you, doctor. [*Exit* DR. ROSY.] Come along, Humphrey.—Now I think I am a match for the Lieutenant and all his gang.[1] [*Exeunt.*

[1]and his gang. Ha, ha, a spare bed-post, eh? Ha, ha!—*Cumberland's Edition* (Apparently an actor's "gag for exit.")

END OF THE FIRST ACT

Act the Second

SCENE I

A Street.

Enter SERGEANT TROUNCE, DRUMMER, FIFES *and* SOLDIERS.

Trounce. Come, silence your drum—there is no valour stirring to-day. I thought St. Patrick would have given us a recruit or two to-day.

Soldiers. Mark, Sergeant!

Enter two COUNTRYMEN.

Trounce. Oh! these are the lads I was looking for; they have the looks of gentlemen.—A'n't you single, my lads?

First Countryman. Yes, an please you, I be quite single: my relations be all dead, thank heavens, more or less. I have but one poor mother left in the world, and she's an helpless woman.

Trounce. Indeed! a very extraordinary case—quite your own master then—the fitter to serve His Majesty. Can you read?

First Countryman. Noa, I was always too lively to take to learning; but John here is main clever at it.

Trounce. So, what, you're a scholar, friend?

Second Countryman. I was born so, measter. Feyther kept grammar-school.

Trounce. Lucky man—in a campaign or two, put yourself down Chaplain to the Regiment. And I warrant you have read of warriors and heroes?

Second Countryman. Yes, that I have: I have read of Jack the Giant-killer, and the Dragon of Wantly, and the—Noa, I believe that's all in the hero way, except once about a Comet.

Trounce. Wonderful knowledge!—Well, my heroes I'll write word to the king of your good intentions, and meet me half an hour hence at the Two Magpies.

Countrymen. We will, your honour, we will.

Trounce. But stay; for fear I shouldn't see you again in the crowd, clap these little bits of ribbon into your hats.

First Countryman. Our hats are none of the best.

Trounce. Well, meet me at the Magpies, and I'll give you money to buy new ones.

Countrymen. Bless your honour, thank your honour. [*Exeunt.*

Trounce [*winking at* SOLDIERS]. Jack! *Exeunt* SOLDIERS.

Enter LIEUTENANT O'CONNER.[1]

So, here comes one would make a grenadier. Stop, friend, will you list?

O'Conner. Who shall I serve under?

Trounce. Under me, to be sure.

O'Conner. Isn't Lieutenant O'Conner your officer?

Trounce. He is, and I am commander over him.

O'Conner. What! be your Sergeants greater than your Captains?

Trounce. To be sure we are; 'tis our business to keep them in order. For instance now, the General writes to me, dear Sergeant, or dear Trounce, or dear Sergeant Trounce, according to his hurry, if your lieutenant does not demean himself accordingly, let me know.—Yours,[2] General Deluge.

O'Conner. And do you complain of him often?

Trounce. No, hang him, the lad is good-natured at bottom, so I pass over small things. But hark'ee, between ourselves, he is most confoundedly given to wenching.

Enter CORPORAL FLINT.

Flint. Please your honour, the doctor is coming this way with your worship. We are all ready, and have our cues. [*Exit.*

O'Conner. Then, my dear Trounce, or my dear Sergeant, or my dear Sergeant Trounce, take yourself away.

Trounce. Zounds! the Lieutenant—I smell of the black hole already. [*Exit.*

[1] *disguised as Humphrey Hum, Cumberland's Edition.*

[2] 1788 *Edition*; yours to command, *Cumberland's Edition.*

Enter JUSTICE CREDULOUS *and* DR. ROSY.

Justice. I thought I saw some of the cut-throats.

Rosy. I fancy not; there's no one but honest Humphrey. Ha! Odds life, here comes some of them—we'll stay by these trees, and let them pass.

Justice. Oh, the bloody-looking dogs!

[*Walks aside with* DR. ROSY.

Re-enter CORPORAL FLINT *and two* SOLDIERS.

Flint. Halloa, friend! do you serve Justice Credulous?

O'Conner. I do.

Flint. Are you rich?

O'Conner. Noa.

Flint. Nor ever will be with that old stingy booby. Look here —take it. [*Gives him a purse.*

O'Conner. What must I do for this?

Flint. Mark me, our Lieutenant is in love with the old rogue's daughter: help us to break his worship's bones, and carry off the girl, and you are a made man.

O'Conner. I'll see you hanged first, you pack of scurvy[1] villains! [*Throws away the purse.*

Flint. What, sirrah, do you mutiny? Lay hold of him.

O Conner. Nay, then, I'll try your armour for you. [*Beats them.*

All. O! O!—quarter! quarter!

[*Exeunt* CORPORAL FLINT *and* SOLDIERS.

Justice [*coming forward*]. Trim them, trounce them, break their bones, honest Humphrey. What a spirit he has!

Rosy. Aquafortis.

O'Conner. Betray your master!

Rosy. What a miracle of fidelity!

Justice. Aye, and it shall not go unrewarded—I'll give him sixpence on the spot. Here, honest Humphrey, there's for yourself: as for this bribe, [*Takes up the purse.*] such trash is best in the hands of justice. Now then, Doctor, I think I may trust him to guard the women: while he is with them I may go out with safety.

[1]skurry villains—1788 *Edition.* (Apparently Sheridan wrote "skurvy.")

Rosy. Doubtless you may—I'll answer for the Lieutenant's behaviour whilst honest Humphrey is with your daughter.

Justice. Aye, aye, she shall go nowhere without him. Come along, honest Humphrey. How rare it is to meet with such a servant! [*Exeunt*.

SCENE II

A Garden.

LAURETTA *discovered*. *Enter* JUSTICE CREDULOUS *and* LIEUTENANT O'CONNER.

Justice. Why, you little truant, how durst you wander so far from the house without my leave? Do you want to invite that scoundrel Lieutenant to scale the walls and carry you off?

Lauretta. Lud, papa, you are so apprehensive for nothing.

Justice. What, hussy——[1]

Lauretta. Well then, I can't bear to be shut up all day so like a nun. I am sure it is enough to make one wish to be run away with —and I wish I was run away with—I do—and I wish the Lieuenant knew it.

Justice. You do, do you, hussy? Well, I think I'll take pretty good care of you. Here, Humphrey, I leave this lady in your care. Now you may walk about the garden, Miss Pert; but Humphrey shall go with you wherever you go. So mind, honest Humphrey, I am obliged to go abroad for a little while; let no one but yourself come near her; don't be shame-faced, you booby, but keep close to her. And now, miss, let your lieutenant or any of his crew come near you if they can. [*Exit*.

Lauretta. How this booby stares after him!

[*Sits down and sings*.

O'Conner. Lauretta!

Lauretta. Not so free, fellow! [*Sings*.

O'Conner. Lauretta! look on me.

Lauretta. Not so free, fellow!

O'Conner. No recollection!

Lauretta. Honest Humphrey, be quiet.

[1]Why, huzzy—1788 *Edition*.

O'Conner. Have you forgot your faithful soldier?

Lauretta. Ah! Oh, preserve me!

O'Conner. 'Tis, my soul, your truest slave, passing on your father in this disguise.

Lauretta. Well now, I declare this is charming—you are so disguised, my dear Lieutenant, and you look so delightfully ugly. I am sure no one will find you out, ha! ha! ha! You know I am under your protection; papa charged you to keep close to me.

O'Conner. True, my angel, and thus let me fulfil——

Lauretta. Oh, pray now, dear Humphrey——

O'Conner. Nay, 'tis but what old Mittimus commanded.

[*Offers to kiss her.*

Enter JUSTICE CREDULOUS.

Justice. Laury, my—hey! what the devil's here?

Lauretta. Well now, one kiss, and be quiet.

Justice. Your very humble servant, honest Humphrey! Don't let me—pray don't let me interrupt you!

Lauretta. Lud, papa! Now, that's so good-natured—indeed there's no harm. You did not mean any rudeness, did you Humphrey?

O'Conner. No, indeed, miss; his worship knows it is not in me.

Justice. I know that you are a lying, canting, hypocritical scoundrel; and if you don't take yourself out of my sight——

Lauretta. Indeed, papa, now I'll tell you how it was. I was sometime taken with a sudden giddiness, and Humphrey seeing me beginning to totter, ran to my assistance, quite frightened, poor fellow, and took me in his arms.

Justice. Oh! was that all—nothing but a little giddiness,[1] hey!

O'Conner. That's all, indeed, your worship; for seeing miss change colour, I ran up instantly.

Justice. Oh, 'twas very kind in you!

O'Conner. And luckily recovered her.

Justice. And who made you a doctor, you impudent rascal, hay? Get out of my sight, I say, this instant, or by all the statutes

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[1] 1788 *Edition*; a little giddiness, hey? she has been troubled with a giddiness all her life, *Cumberland's Edition.*

Lauretta. Oh, now, papa, you frighten me, and I am giddy again!—Oh, help!

O'Conner. Oh, dear lady, she'll fall!

[*Takes her into his arms.*

Justice. Zounds! what, before my face—why, then, thou miracle of impudence! [*Lays hold of him and discovers him.*] Mercy on me, who have we here?—Murder! Robbery! Fire! Rape! Gunpowder! Soldiers! John! Susan! Bridget!

O'Conner. Good sir, don't be alarmed; I mean you no harm.

Justice. Thieves! Robbers! Soldiers!

O'Conner. You know my love for your daughter——

Justice.—Fire! Cut-throats!

O'Conner. And that alone——

Justice. Treason! Gunpowder!

Enter a SERVANT *with a blunderbuss.*

Now, scoundrel! let her go this instant.

Lauretta. O papa, you'll kill me!

Justice. Honest Humphrey, be advised. Aye, miss, this way, if you please.

O'Conner. Nay, sir, but hear me——

Justice. I'll shoot.

O'Conner. And you'll be convinced——

Justice. I'll shoot.

O'Conner. How injurious——

Justice. I'll shoot—and so your very humble servant, honest Humphrey Hum. [*Exeunt separately.*

SCENE III

A *Walk.*

Enter DR. ROSY.

Rosy. Well, I think my friend is now in a fair way of succeeding. Ah! I warrant he is full of hope and fear, doubt and anxiety; truly he has the fever of love strong upon him: faint, peevish, languishing all day, with burning, restless nights. Ah! just my case

when I pined for my poor dear Dolly! when she used to have her daily colics, and her little doctor be sent for. Then would I interpret the language of her pulse—declare my own sufferings in my receipt for her—send her a pearl necklace in a pill-box, or a cordial draught with an acrostic on the label. Well, those days are over: no happiness lasting: all is vanity—now sunshine, now cloudy—we are, as it were, king and beggar—then what avails ——

Enter LIEUTENANT O'CONNOR.

O'Conner. O doctor! ruined and undone.

Rosy. The pride of beauty——

O'Conner. I am discovered, and——

Rosy. The gaudy palace——

O'Conner. The Justice is——

Rosy. The pompous wig——

O'Conner. Is more enraged than ever.

Rosy. The gilded cane——

O'Conner. Why, doctor! [*Slapping him on the shoulder.*

Rosy. Hey!

O'Conner. Confound your morals! I tell you I am discovered, discomfited, disappointed.

Rosy. Indeed! Good lack, good lack, to think of the instability of human affairs! Nothing certain in this word—most deceived when most confident—fools of fortune all!

O'Conner. My dear doctor, I want at present a little practical wisdom. I am resolved this instant to try the scheme we were going to put in execution last week. I have the letter ready, and only want your assistance to recover my ground.

Rosy. With all my heart—I'll warrant you I'll bear a part in it: but how the deuce were you discovered?

O'Conner. I'll tell you as we go; there's not a moment to be lost.

Rosy. Heaven send we succeed better!—but there's no knowing.

O'Conner. Very true.

Rosy. We may, and we may not.

O'Conner. Right.

Rosy. Time must show.

O'Conner. Certainly.
Rosy. We are but blind guessers.
O'Conner. Nothing more.
Rosy. Thick-sighted mortals.
O'Conner. Remarkably.
Rosy. Wandering in error.
O'Conner. Even so.
Rosy. Futurity is dark.
O'Conner. As a cellar.
Rosy. Men are moles.

[*Exeunt*, LIEUTENANT O'CONNER *forcing out* ROSY.

SCENE IV

A Room in JUSTICE CREDULOUS'S *House*.

Enter JUSTICE CREDULOUS *and* MRS. BRIDGET CREDULOUS.

Justice. Odds life, Bridget, you are enough to make one mad! I tell you he would have deceived a Chief Justice: the dog seemed as ignorant as my clerk, and talked of honesty as if he had been a churchwarden.

Mrs. Bridget. Pho! nonsense, honesty!—what had you to do pray, with honesty? A fine business you have made of it with your Humphrey Hum; and miss, too, she must have been privy to it. Lauretta! aye, you would have her called so; but for my part I never knew any good come of giving girls these heathen Christian names: if you had called her Deborah, or Tabitha, or Ruth, or Rebecca, or Joan, nothing of this had ever happened; but I always knew Lauretta was a run-away name.

Justice. Psha, you're a fool!

Mrs. Bridget. No, Mr. Credulous, it is you who are a fool, and no one but such a simpleton would be so imposed on?

Justice. Why, zounds, madam, how durst you talk so? If you have no respect for your husband, I should think *unus quorum* might command a little deference.

Mrs. Bridget. Don't tell me!—Unus fiddlestick! you ought to be ashamed to show your face at the sessions: you'll be a laughing

ſtock to the whole bench, and a byword with all the pig-tailed lawyers and bag-wigged attorneys about town.

Juſtice. Is this language for his majeſty's representative? By the ſtatutes, it's high treason and petty treason, both at once!

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. A letter for your worship.

Juſtice. Who brought it?

Servant. A soldier.

Juſtice. Take it away, and burn it.

Mrs. Bridget. Stay!—Now you're in such a hurry—it is some canting scrawl from the lieutenant, I suppose. [*Takes the letter. Exit* SERVANT.] Let me see: aye, 'tis signed O'Conner.

Juſtice. Well, come, read it out.

Mrs. Bridget [*reads*]. "*Revenge is sweet.*"

Juſtice. It begins so, does it? I'm glad of that; I'll let the dog know I'm of his opinion.

Mrs. Bridget [*reads*]. "*And though disappointed of my designs upon your daughter, I have ſtill the satisfaction of knowing I am revenged on her unnatural father; for this morning, in your chocolate, I had the pleasure to adminiſter to you a dose of poison.*"—Mercy on us!

Juſtice. No tricks, Bridget; come, you know it is not so; you know it is a lie.

Mrs. Bridget. Read it yourself.

Juſtice [*reads*]. "*Pleasure to adminiſter a dose of poison!*"—Oh, horrible! Cut-throat villain!—Bridget!

Mrs. Bridget. Lovee, ſtay, here's a poſtscript. [*Reads.*] "*N.B. 'Tis not in the power of medicine to save you.*"

Juſtice. Odds my life, Bridget! why don't you call for help? I've loſt my voice.—My brain is giddy—I shall burſt, and no asiſtance.—John!—Laury!—John!

Mrs. Bridget. You see, lovee, what you have brought on yourself.

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Your worship!

Juſtice. Stay, John; did you perceive anything in my chocolate cup this morning?

Servant. Nothing, your worship, unless it was a little grounds.

Justice. What colour were they?

Servant. Blackish, your worship.

Justice. Aye, arsenic, black arsenic![1]—Why don't you run for Doctor Rosy, you rascal?

Servant. Now, sir?

Mrs. Bridget. O lovee, you may be sure it is in vain: let him run for the lawyer to witness your will, my life.

Justice. Zounds! go for the Doctor, you scoundrel. You are all confederate murderers.

Servant. O, here is he, your worship. [*Exit.*

Justice. Now, Bridget, hold your tongue, and let me see if my horrid situation be apparent.

Enter Dr. Rosy.

Rosy. I have but just called to inform—hey! bless me, what's the matter with your worship?

Justice. There, he sees it already!—Poison in my face, in capitals! Yes, yes, I'm a sure job for the undertakers indeed!

Mrs. Bridget. Oh! oh! alas, Doctor!

Justice. Peace, Bridget!—Why, Doctor, my dear old friend, do you really see any change in me?

Rosy. Change! never was man so altered: how came these black spots on your nose?

Justice. Spots on my nose!

Rosy. And that wild stare in your right eye!

Justice. In my right eye!

Rosy. Aye, and alack, alack, how you are swelled!

Justice. Swelled!

Rosy. Aye, don't you think he is, madam?

Mrs. Bridget. Oh, 'tis in vain to conceal it! Indeed, lovee, you are as big again as you were[2] this morning.

Justice. Yes, I feel it now—I'm poisoned! Doctor, help me, for the love of justice! Give me life to see my murderer hanged.

Rosy. What?

[1]arsenac, black arsenac—1788 *Edition.* [2]you was—1788 *Edition.*

Justice. I'm poisoned, I say!

Rosy. Speak out!

Justice. What! can't you hear me?

Rosy. Your voice is so low and hollow, as it were, I can't hear a word you say.

Justice. I'm gone then! *Hic jacet*, many years one of his Majesty's Justices!

Mrs. Bridget. Read, doctor!—Ah, lovee, the will! Consider, my life, how soon you will be dead.

Justice. No, Bridget, I shall die by inches.

[*Mrs. Bridget.* Well, lovee, and at twelve inches a day—and that's good slow dying—you'll be gone in five days and a half.

Justice. 'Tis false, cocatrice,—I'm five foot eight.][1]

Rosy. I never heard such monstrous iniquity. Oh, you are gone indeed, my friend! the mortgage of your little bit of clay is out, and the sexton has nothing to do but to close. We must all go, sooner or later—high and low—Death's a debt ; his mandamus binds all alike—no bail, no demurrer.

Justice. Silence, Doctor Croaker! will you cure me or will you not?

Rosy. Alas! my dear friend, it is not in my power, but I'll certainly see justice done on your murderer.

Justice. I thank you, my dear friend, but I had rather see it myself.

Rosy. Aye, but if you recover, the villain will escape.

Mrs. Bridget. Will he? then indeed it would be a pity you should recover. I am so enraged against the villain, I can't bear the thought of his escaping the halter.

Justice. That's very kind in you, my dear; but if it's the same thing to you, my dear, I had as soon recover, notwithstanding.—What, Doctor, no assistance!

Rosy. Efacks, I can do nothing, but there's the German quack, whom you wanted to send from town; I met him at the next door, and I know he has antidotes for all poisons.

Justice. Fetch him, my dear friend, fetch him! I'll get him a diploma if he cures me.

[1] *Fraser Rae*, from MS.; omitted, 1788 *Edition* and *Cumberland's Edition*.

Rosy. Well, there's no time to be loſt; you continue to swell immensely. [*Exit*.

Mrs. Bridget. What, my dear, will you submit to be cured by a quack noſtrum-monger? For my part, as much as I love you, I had rather follow you to your grave than see you owe your life to any but a regular-bred physician.

Juſtice. I'm sensible of your affection, dearest; and be assured nothing consoles me in my melancholy situation so much as the thoughts of leaving you behind.

Enter DR. ROSY, *and* LIEUTENANT O'CONNER *disguised* [*with wig and cloak as a physician*].[1]

Rosy. Great luck; met him passing by the door.

O'Conner. Metto dowsei[2] pulsum.

Rosy. He desires me to feel your pulse.

Juſtice. Can't he speak English?

Rosy. Not a word.

O'Conner. Palio vivem mortem soonem.

Rosy. He says you have not six hours to live.

Juſtice. Oh, mercy! does he know my diſtemper?

Rosy. I believe not.

Juſtice. Tell him 'tis black arsenic they have given me.

Rosy. Geneable[3] illi arsnecca.

O'Conner. Pisonatus.[4]

Juſtice. What does he say?

Rosy. He says you are poisoned.

Juſtice. We know that; but what will be the effect?

Rosy. Quid effectum?

O'Conner. Diable tutellum.[5]

Rosy. He says you'll die presently.

Juſtice. Oh, horrible! What, no antidote?

O'Conner. Curum bono fullum.

[*Juſtice*. What, does he say I muſt row in a boat to Fulham?][6]

[1]*Fraser Rae*, from MS.
[2]domini? *Conjecture*, *R.C.R.*
[3]give abant? *Conjecture*, *R.C.R.*
[4]Poisonatus. *Sichel*, from MS.
[5]Diabit tantalum. *Sichel*, from MS.
[6]Not in MS. "May have been an actor's gag." *Sichel*. But in 1788 *Edition* also.

Rosy. He says he'll undertake to cure you for three thousand pounds.

Mrs. Bridget. Three thousand pounds! three thousand halters! No, lovee, you shall never submit to such impositions; die at once, and be a customer to none of them.

Justice. I won't die, Bridget—I don't like death.

Mrs. Bridget. Psha! there is nothing in it: a moment, and it is over.

Justice. Aye, but it leaves a numbness behind that lasts a plaguy long time.

Mrs. Bridget. Oh, my dear, pray consider the will.

Enter LAURETTA.

Lauretta. Oh, my father, what is this I hear?

O'Conner. Quiddam scominam deos tollam rusum?[1]

Rosy. The doctor is astonished at the sight of your fair daughter.

Justice. How so?

O'Conner. Damsellum liven even visilbani.[2]

Rosy. He says that he has lost his heart to her, and that if you will give him leave to pay his addresses to the young lady, and promise your consent to the union, if he should gain her affections, he will on those conditions cure you instantly, without fee or reward.

Justice. The devil! did he say all that in so few words? What a fine language it is! Well, I agree, if he can prevail on the girl.—[*Aside.*] And that I am sure he never will.

Rosy. Agreed.[3]

O'Conner. Writhum bothum.

Rosy. He says you must give this under your hand, while he writes you a miraculous receipt.

[*Both sit down to write.*

[*Lauretta.* Do, mamma, tell me the meaning of this.

[1]Quiddam seomriam deos tollam rosam, 1788 *Edition.* (Sheridan may have written "Quidam scombram,"—*scomber*, mackerel, tunny-fish, fool).—*R.C.R.*

[2]Damsellan luvum cum videbam, *Sichel*, from MS. Damsellum livirum surum risilbani, 1788 *Edition.*

[3]Great, *Fraser Rae*, from MS.; Greal, 1788 *Edition.*

Mrs. Bridget. Don't speak to me, girl.—Unnatural parent!][1]

Justice. There, doctor; there's what he requires.

Rosy. And here's your receipt: read it yourself.

Justice. Hey! what is here? plain English!

Rosy. Read it out,—a wondrous nostrum, I'll answer for it.[2]

Justice [*reads*].[3] "*In reading this you are cured by your affectionate son-in-law, O'Conner.*" Who the deuce is this?

Mrs. Bridget. O monstrous imposition!

Justice. In the name of Beelzebub and his brethren! Whom have we here?

O'Conner. Lieutenant O'Conner, at your service, sir, and your faithful servant, honest Humphrey!

Mrs. Bridget. So, so, another trick!

Justice. Out of my sight, varlet! I'll be off with the bargain; I'll be poisoned again, and you'll be hanged.

Rosy. Come, come, my dear friend, don't put yourself in a passion; a man just escaped from the jaws of death should not be so violent; come, come, make a merit of necessity, and let your blessing join those, whom nothing on earth can keep asunder.

Justice. I'll not do it—I'd sooner die, and have my fortune go to Bridget.

Mrs. Bridget. To be sure, o' my conscience! I'd rather you should die, and leave me ten estates, rather than consent to such a thing.

Justice. You had, had you? Hark'ee, Bridget, you behaved so affectionately just now, that I'll never follow your advice again, while I live.—So, Mr. Lieutenant—

O'Conner. Sir?

Justice. You are an Irishman, and an officer, an't you?

O'Conner. I am, sir, and proud of both.

Justice. Well, if you'll forswear your country, and quit the army,—I'll receive you as my son-in-law.

O'Conner. Mr. Justice; if you were not the father of my

[1] 1788 *Edition*; omitted, *Cumberland's Edition*. For "parent" *Fraser Rae* read "parisite" from MS.

[2] From here to end, 1788 *Edition* differs. See end of text.

[3] *Fraser Rae* gives from MS. this direction. (*While the Just. reads, Lieut. throws off his disguise and kneels with Laura.*)

Lauretta, I'd pull your nose for mentioning the first, and break your bones for professing the latter.

Justice. He's likely to prove a very affectionate son-in-law! Here, Lauretta, you're a sly, tricking, little baggage; and I believe no one so fit to manage you, as my honest friend here. Humphrey Hum, [*Joins their hands and crosses to Bridget.*] who is the most impudent dog I ever saw.

O'Conner. I thank you, sir; for with such a gift, every word is a compliment.

Mrs. Bridget. Come, then, since every thing is settled, I give my consent; and this day's adventure, lovee, will be a good scolding subject for you and me, these ten years.

Justice. So it will, my dear, though we are never much at a loss.

Rosy. Come, I insist upon one day without wrangling! The Captain shall give us a dinner at the Two Magpies and your worship shall put every man in the stocks who is sober at eight o'clock! So joy to you, my little favourite—and I wish you may make such a good wife as my poor Dolly.

FINIS[1]

[1]*Fraser Rae* transcribes from MS. "Dolly—&c., &c., L. Finis!" I understand this as meaning that "L." (Lauretta or Lieutenant) spoke a final tag, possibly in rhyme.

The 1788 Edition has this shorter ending:—

Justice [*reads*]. "*In reading this you are cured, by your affectionate son-in-law*, O'Conner."—Who, in the name of Beelzebub, sirrah, who are you?

O'Conner. Your affectionate son-in-law, O'Conner, and your very humble servant, Humphrey Hum.

Justice. 'Tis false, you dog! you are not my son-in-law; for I'll be poisoned again, and you shall be hanged. I'll die, sirrah, and leave Bridget my estate.

Mrs. Bridget. Aye, pray do, my dear, leave me your estate: I'm sure he deserves to be hanged.

Justice. He does, you say! Hark'ee, Bridget, you showed such a tender concern for me when you thought me poisoned, that for the future I am resolved never to take your advice again in anything.—[*To* Lieutenant O'Conner.] So, do you hear, sir, you are an Irishman and a soldier, an't you?

O'Conner. I am, sir, and proud of both.

Justice. The two things on earth I most hate; so I'll tell you what—renounce your country and sell your commission, and I'll forgive you.

O'Conner. Hark'ee, Mr. Justice—if you were not the father of my Lauretta, I would pull your nose for asking the first, and break your bones for desiring the second.

Rosy. Aye, aye, you're right.

Justice. Is he? then I'm sure I must be wrong.—Here, sir, I give my daughter to you, who are the most impudent dog I ever saw in my life.

O'Conner. O sir, say what you please; with such a gift as Lauretta, every word is a compliment.

Mrs. Bridget. Well, my lovee, I think this will be a good subject for us to quarrel about the rest of our lives.

Justice. Why, truly, my dear, I think so, though we are seldom at a loss for that.

Rosy. This is all as it should be.—My Alexander, I give you joy, and you, my little god-daughter; and now my sincere wish is, that you may make just such a wife as my poor dear Dolly.

[*Exeunt omnes*.

Bibliography of *St. Patrick's Day*

St. Patrick's Day; Or, The Scheming Lieutenant. A Comic Opera: As It Is Acted At The Theatre-Royal, Smoke-Alley. Printed For The Booksellers. M,DCC,LXXXVIII.

12mo.

Pagination. P. [1] title; p. [2] *Dramatis Personæ*; pp. [3] & 4-27 Text; p. [28] blank.

[No Edition of *St. Patrick's Day* is known to Sichel before Cumberland's (1831). The description "A Comic Opera" is of course erroneous.]

St. Patrick's Day . . . . Dublin. Printed for Byrne. 93 Grafton Street, Dublin. 1789.

12mo.

Pagination. P. [1] Title-page; p. [2] Blank; p. [3] *Dramatis Personæ*; p. [4] blank; pp. [5] — 6-48 Text.

Sigs. A.— D. in sixes.

[Last speech begins "Come, I insist upon one day without quarreling." Copy (probably unique) in Trinity College, Dublin.—E. R. Mc.C. D.
(Apparently the first issue of the complete text.—R. C. R.)]

St. Patrick's Day, or the Scheming Lieutenant; A Comic Piece. By R. B. Sheridan. London: John Cumberland, 2 Cumberland Terrace, Camden New Town. [1831]

12mo. pp. 32.

[The first London Edition. Apparently taken from the prompt-book of Covent Garden Theatre. Sichel dates this 1829, but it contains the cast of March 17th, 1831. Issued in wrappers, with a frontispiece by Cruikshank and *Remarks* by D—— G. (George Daniel).]

The Duenna :
or, the Double Elopement

Note

"THE DUENNA: a Comic Opera . . . by R. B. SHERIDAN, Esq" was first printed in 1794. This edition was authorized by Thomas Harris, manager of the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, to whom Sheridan had sold the copyright in 1775 when it was first acted.

Three Songs omitted from the edition of 1794 (and in the Oxford Edition) have been restored (in square brackets) to the text, from the pamphlet of *Songs in the Duenna* (1775).

The earlier editions of *The Duenna*, like that printed in Dublin in 1786, were a mere paraphrase of Sheridan's dialogue, though the songs are correct.

R.C.R.

CONTENTS

Introduction

THE run of *The Duenna*—even in those days they often measured success by the length of the run—was (as Moore said) "without parallel in the annals of the drama. Sixty-three nights was the career of *The Beggar's Opera*; but *The Duenna* was acted no less than seventy-five times during the season."[1] It may be added, so that length of run shall not be confused with merit, that the record for the century was held by neither of these operas, but by an afterpiece of Garrick's called *The Jubilee*, which was performed a hundred or so times during the season of 1769-1770. Perhaps *The Duenna* would have equalled *The Jubilee* but for the "intermissions" of which Moore speaks:

> "A few nights at Christmas, and the Friday in every week, the latter on account of Leoni who being a Jew could not act on those nights."[2]

Statistics are, however, not nearly so picturesque as verse. In January, 1776, or thereabouts—the opera was first performed on November, 1775—something of the sort appeared as a broadside or ballad-sheet, with the title of *The Duenna; or, Double Elopement*. "A new Song, to an old Tune." It has nineteen verses, but five of them are to the purpose:

> "In days of Gay, They sing and say,
> The Town was full of folly:
> For all day long, Its sole sing-song,
> Was Pretty, Pretty, Polly.
>
> " So now-a-days, As 'twas in Gay's,
> The world's run mad agen-a:
> From morn to night, Its whole delight
> To cry up *The Duenna*.

[1]George Daniel (1824), however, gives the number as sixty-five.

[2]"Being a Jew" was not exactly the reason. Leoni was Cantor at the synagogue, and permitted to engage at Covent Garden so long as it did not interfere with his duties.

"One half the Town Still talks of Brown,
The other of Leoni,
While those sly curs, The Managers,
Keep pocketing the money

"Nor flatters less This strange success
The modest Master Sherry;
For strange enough, That such sad stuff
Should make dull folks so merry.

"God save my head! What have I said?
Our gracious King and Queen-a
Already twice, (Or maybe thrice),
Have been at *The Duenna*."

Its success was not merely transient: it endured upon the stage for half-a-century. Byron, in his rather sentimental eulogy(which began "whatever Sheridan has done or chosen to do has been, *par excellence*, always the best of its kind") described *The Duenna* as "the best opera—in my mind far better than that St. Giles's ampoon *The Beggar's Opera*." Hazlitt, lecturing in 1819, said, "*The Duenna* is a perfect work of art. It has the utmost sweetness and point. The plot, the characters, the dialogue, are all complete in themselves; and they are all his own: and the songs are the best that were ever written, except those in *The Beggar's Opera*. They have a joyous spirit of intoxication in them, and a strain of the most melting tenderness." The "Octogenarian" who wrote *Sheridan and his Times* (1840) proclaimed that this comic opera "will continue to hold its unequalled reputation amid all the changes of time, the customs, manners, and fluctuating opinions on matters of taste." Yet it had virtually disappeared from the stage with Leoni's pupil and successor Braham. Sigmund in his preface to *Sheridan's Dramatic Works* (1848) said, "should we ever again have to boast upon the stage the talents and the powers of Leoni or Braham, it will again be brought forward; its dialogue will be listened to with delight, its airs refresh the memories of the old, and kindle the enthusiasm of the young."

It is no part of my purpose to discuss the recent revivals of Sheridan, but it must be remembered that, after her life had been pronounced extinct by several generations of theatrical doctors, *The Duenna* came out of her trance in full and unexpected vigour some five years ago. The comic opera was then revived by Mr. Nugent Monck at the Maddermarket Theatre, Norwich; second by Sir Barry Jackson at the Repertory Theatre, Birmingham; and third by Mr. Nigel Playfair at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith. In none of these was the revival brought about by the discovery of a Leoni or a Braham, for the part that these singers used to play, Don Carlos, is a dramatic excrescence. Indeed (as the *Editor* of *The Duenna* in 1819) said, it is "the great defect of the piece, not being sufficiently connected with the other parts of the story. He seems like a stranger who, by some sudden chance, has been flung into a family party; and who in spite of all his efforts, his bustling assiduities, and a word occasionally thrown in, still remains an isolated intruder."

But this, indeed, is the only defect in the comic opera as an example of dramatic construction. The characters have, indeed, no great profundity—but why should they have?—they are excellent acting-parts. Isaac Mendoza, the little converted Jew, is a joyous comic creation, and the others, Carlos alone excepted, are essential to the plot. "Of all Sheridan's plays," says Mr. Sichel, "it is the best constructed, and its tangle of imbroglio is unwound with consummate ease." For comic opera, *The Duenna* is certainly a model of dramatic construction. Not the least of its merits is that which Boaden remarks upon, the propriety of its songs—"they are not mere vehicles for music, a sort of tender or whimsical *à propos*, with little or no relation to character or business; they carry on always the dialogue or resolutions of the persons engaged: their meaning is essential to the display of interest." Moreover the songs have a grace of their own, whence we may agree with Mr. Iolo A. Williams, that *The Duenna* shows Sheridan at his best as a lyric poet—"his achievement in this sort is, perhaps, not a very high one, but there is an undeniable ease and charm, and a most useful quality of suitability for singing, in some of the best songs. . . As poetry, pure and simple, they are

better, by a long way, than the songs in most pieces of the same kind, and this is certainly due to the fact that they were actually written, not with an eye to the stage, but in the course of Sheridan's courtship of Miss Linley. There is in them much of the generous-hearted romanticism (they are none the less romantic for being somewhat conventionally phrased) of those early days at Bath."[1] While the last sentence is true, it seems to me that the tendency to consider *The Duenna* as in any way autobiographical is erroneous. It is certain that Sheridan was possessed of a curious frugality, or perhaps laziness, which caused him throughout his life to adapt a song that he had written rather than to write a new one, like the song he kept by him for twenty years, till he used it in *The Stranger*. Some three or four of the songs he wrote for Elizabeth Linley were pressed into service for the opera, but the rest were original, and created for its needs as surely as the dialogue. Moore has this comment upon "Ah, cruel maid!" which he said "for deep impassioned feeling and natural eloquence has not, perhaps, its rival through the whole range of lyrical poetry."

> "It is impossible to believe that such verses as these had no deeper inspiration than the imaginary loves of an opera. They bear, burnt into every line, the marks of personal feeling, and must have been thrown off in one of those passionate moods of the heart, with which the poet's own youthful love had made him acquainted, and under the impression or vivid recollection of which these lines were written.
>
> "In comparing this poem with the original words of the air to which it is adapted, (Parnell's pretty lines, "My days have been so wondrous free') it will be felt, at once, how wide is the difference between the cold and graceful effusions of taste, and the fervid bursts of real genius—between the delicate product of the conservatory, and the rich child of the sunshine."

Nevertheless, it seems to me a dangerous fallacy which, in effect, denies Sheridan the dramatic faculty.

The setting of *The Duenna* was Spanish; but the source of its local colour "cannot be tracked," says Mr. Sichel, "unless it be sought in his mother's early novel of *Eugenia and Adelaide*." So

[1]Iolo A. Williams, Preface to *The Plays of Sheridan* (1925).

far as I remember, the only recent plays which could have helped him were two of Bickerstaffe's adaptations *The Padlock* (1768), a comic opera, and *'Tis well it's no Worse* (1770) a comedy.[1] Boaden suggests vaguely a debt to Dryden. "*The Duenna* is gay without indecorum—though it may be doubted whether, since the reformation of Luther, any monasteries have displayed the festivities of Father Paul to the envy of any lay attendant. Sheridan follows Dryden in his *humour*, and happily follows him too in his *lyrical* effusions." His allusion was no doubt to *The Spanish Fryar, or the Double Discovery*, then still acted at Drury Lane and Covent Garden.[2] These monastic scenes were not "universally liked." *The London Magazine* said, "neither can we see what purpose the bacchanal vespers of the order of St. Anthony[3] can possibly answer: we will venture to say, they are not founded on fact, nor supported in probability. . . Such a scene might have had a very proper effect towards the latter end of King Charles, or during the reign of James the Second, but at present we think this pious fraud totally unnecessary. It now appears as an excrescence, shot out by excess of the author's zeal against Popery: or the exuberance of his invention: it may indeed fit any other play as well as *The Duenna* when the scene is laid in a Popish country." When *The Duenna* was adapted into an Italian operain 1779, thesingers at the King's Opera House refused, as good Catholics, to appear in it unless this scene was deleted. There is indeed an affinity between Father Paul and Father Dominick, especially as in the version of *The Spanish Fryar* acted about this period.[4] The conventual satire then appears to be a curious survival from Restoration

[1]To these must be added *The Wedding Ring*, a Comic Opera by Charles Dibdin (1773). It has a Spanish setting, and was adapted from *Il Filosofo Di Campagna*. Since George Daniel in his Preface to *The Duenna* (1824) suggested this Italian piece was one of the "sources" of Sheridan's comedy, it may be added that in *The Wedding Ring* Lisetta, the chambermaid, passes herself off as Felicia, her mistress, to hersuitor Zerbino. But the resemblance is not very striking.

[2]*The Spanish Fryar* has among its personages a Duenna, who, however, is not given among the dramatis personæ, having nothing to do or say except once to whisper to Elvira. This is of small significance, however, since "duenna" had a great vogue at the period instead of "chaperon."

[3]Sheridan's Friars were Dominicans or Jacobins.

[4]The Spanish Fryar; or, the Double Discovery. . . As performed at the Theatre-Royal in Covent Garden. Regulated from the Prompt-Book by Mr. Wild, Prompter, London: John Bell, 1777.

comedy. Their humour is of no high order, and not to be compared for a moment with "cunning little Isaac." This type of humour recurred strangely, with their drinking glee in Sheridan's pantomime of *Robinson Crusoe* (1781).

The music was " compiled"[1] by Sheridan, who was no doubt advised by his wife, with the assistance of Thomas Linley the elder. It was not, therefore, entirely original, and the father-in-law disapproved of the method of proceeding.[2] He adapted several Scots and Irish airs: "By him we love offended" was written to an aria of Rauzinni, and other songs appear to have been adapted from Harrington and Jackson of Exeter. Such pieces as "Gentle Maid" were written by Linley under Sheridan's direction, though the musical knowledge was undoubtedly Mrs. Sheridan's.

The Duenna was not printed until 1794, and not then by Sheridan's authority, since he had sold the copyright to Harris, of Covent Garden, in 1775. The words of the songs, and also the music, were both however printed, and a piratical imitation of the play was issued in Dublin as *The Governess* in 1777, and afterwards reprinted as *The Duenna*. It has no value whatever as a text, and may here be ignored.[3] The edition of 1794 omitted three songs, which had for one reason or other at some time in the course of twenty years, been left out of the performance, though they were printed in "the Songs Duets &c" of 1775. Otherwise, there is no reason to doubt that the play is printed as it was first acted. Sheridan's draft, printed in Fraser Rae's *Sheridan's Plays as he Wrote Them*, has certainly no claim to replace the printed text, though it has its interesting points. Moore gives three instances of Sheridan's revision:

(i) "In the speech of Lopez, the servant, with which the opera opens, there are, in the original copy, some humorous points, which appear to have fallen under the pruning knife, but which are not unworthy of being gathered up here:—

[1]See his letters in the Appendix, to the present Edition. [2]Ibid.
[3]It is fully discussed in the Appendix and the Bibliography to *The Duenna*.

"A plague on these haughty damsels, say I:—when they play their airs on their whining gallants, they ought to consider that we are the chief sufferers,—we have all their ill-humours at second-hand. Donna Louisa's cruelty to my master usually converts itself into blows, by the time it gets to me:—she can frown me black and blue at any time, and I shall carry the marks of the last box on the ear she gave him to my grave. Nay, if she smiles on any one else, I am the sufferer for it:—if she says a civil word to a rival, I am a rogue and a scoundrel; and, if she sends him a letter, my back is sure to pay the postage."

(ii) "In the scene between Ferdinand and Jerome (act ii. scene 3) the following lively speech of the latter was left out:

Ferdinand. . . . . but he has never sullied his honour, which, with his title, has outlived his means.

Jerome. Have they? More shame for them! What business have honour or titles to survive, when property is extinct? Nobility is but as a helpmate to a good fortune, and, like a Japanese wife, should perish on the funeral pile of the estate."

(iii) "In the first act, too (scene 3), where Jerome abuses the Duenna, there is an equally unaccountable omission of a sentence, in which he compares the old lady's face to 'parchment, on which Time and Deformity have engrossed their titles.'"

(iv) "To the song 'Give Isaac the nymph,' there were at first two more verses, which, merely to show how judicious was the omission of them, are here transcribed:—

To one thus accomplish'd I durst speak my mind,
And flattery doubtless would soon make her kind;
For the man that should praise her she needs must adore,
Who ne'er in her life received praises before.

But the frowns of a beauty in hopes to remove,
Should I prate of her charms, and tell of my love;
No thanks wait the praise which she knows to be true,
Nor smiles for the homage she takes as her due."

These omissions certainly show the soundness of Sheridan's judgment, and to restore these and their like to the text,[1] or even in the footnotes, would give them an importance which they do not deserve. The first speech of Lopez, for instance, would have degenerated into a monologue if these "humorous points" had been left in. Sheridan's deletions were invariably judicious: they were directed to giving the conciseness which is requisite in stage-speech.

[1]The text "follows copy"—with the addition of the songs, from the edition of 1794; except for [think] being inserted (p. 200). [She kneels] (p. 240) is an erroneous, or rather misplaced, direction; but "Machiavel . . . Machival" (p. 221) may, or may not, be intentional.

Dramatis Personae[1]

Original Cast of Characters, 1775

Don Jerome	*Mr. Wilson*
Ferdinand	*Mr. Mattocks*
Antonio	*Mr. Du Bellamy*
Carlos	*Mr. Leoni*
Isaac Mendoza	*Mr. Quick*
Father Paul	*Mr. Mahon*
Lopez	*Mr. Wewitzer*
Lewis	*Mr. Castevens*
Louisa	*Mrs. Mattocks*
Clara	*Miss Brown*
Margaret (the Duenna)	*Mrs. Green*

[1]From the 1794 Edition. To these must be added (from *The Town and Country Magazine* for November, 1775), Augustin, Mr. Baker; Francis, Mr. Fox; Porter, Mr. Besford.

THE DUENNA

AN OPERA

Act the First

SCENE I

A Street.

Enter LOPEZ, *with a dark Lanthorn.*

Lopez. PAST three o'clock! soh! a notable hour for one of my regular disposition to be ſtrolling like a bravo thro' the ſtreets of Seville; well, of all services, to serve a young lover is the hardeſt—not that I am an enemy to love; but my love and my maſter's differ ſtrangely—Don Ferdinand is much too gallant to eat, drink, or sleep—now, my love gives me an appetite—then I am fond of dreaming of my miſtress, and I love dearly to toaſt her—This cannot be done without good sleep, and good liquor, hence my partiality to a feather bed, and a bottle—what a pity now, that I have not further time for reflections; but my maſter expects thee, honeſt Lopez, to secure his retreat from Donna Clara's window, as I guess [*Music without.*] hey! sure I heard music! so! so! who have we here? Oh, Don Antonio, my maſter's friend, come from the Masquerade to serenade my young miſtress, Donna Louisa, I suppose! soh! we shall have the old gentleman up presently—leaſt he shou'd miss his son, I had beſt lose no time in getting to my poſt. [*Exit.*

Enter ANTONIO, *with Masks and Music.*

SONG—ANTONIO (*Soft Sym.*)

Tell me, my lute, can thy soft ſtrain
So gently speak thy maſter's pain;

So softly sing, so humbly sigh,
That tho' my sleeping love shall know
Who sings—who sighs below.
Her rosy slumbers shall not fly?
Thus may some vision whisper more
Than ever I dare speak before.

First Mask. Antonio, your mistress will never wake while you sing so dolefully; love, like a cradled infant, is lull'd by a sad melody.

Antonio. I do not wish to disturb her rest.

First Mask. The reason is, because you know she does not regard you enough, to appear if you waked her.

Antonio. Nay, then I'll convince you.

Sings.

The breath of morn bids hence the night,
Unveil those beauteous eyes, my fair,
Nor till the dawn of love is there,
I feel no day, I own no light.

LOUISA *replies from a Window.*

Waking I heard thy numbers chide,
Waking, the dawn did bless my sight,
'Tis Phœbus sure that woos, I cried,
Who speaks in song, who moves in light.

DON JEROME *from a Window.*

What vagabonds are these I hear
Fidling, fluting, rhyming, ranting,
Piping, scraping, whining, canting,
Fly, scurvy minstrels, fly.

TRIO.

Louisa. Nay, pry thee, father, why so rough,
Antonio. An humble lover I,
Jerome. How durst you, daughter, lend an ear

To such deceitful stuff?
Quick from the window fly.

Louisa. Adieu, Antonio!

Antonio. Must you go?

Louisa. } We soon perhaps, may meet again
Antonio. } For tho' hard fortune is our foe,
The god of love will fight for us.

Jerome. Reach me the Blunderbuss.

Ant. & Lou. The god of love, who knows our pain,

Jerome. Hence, or these slugs are thro' your brain.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II

A Piazza.

Enter FERDINAND *and* LOPEZ.

Lopez.—Truly, sir, I think that a little sleep once in a week or so.

Ferdinand. Peace, fool, don't mention sleep to me.

Lopez. No, no, sir, I don't mention your low-bred, vulgar, sound sleep; but I can't help thinking that a gentle slumber, or half an hour's dozing, if it were only for the novelty of the thing.

Ferdinand. Peace, booby, I say. O Clara, dear, cruel disturber of my rest.

Lopez. And of mine too.

Ferdinand. S'death! to trifle with me at such a juncture as this —now to stand on punctilios—love me! I don't believe she ever did.

Lopez. Nor I either.

Ferdinand. Or is it that her sex never know their desires for an hour together.

Lopez. Ah, they know them oftner than they'll own them.

Ferdinand. Is there in the world so inconstant a creature as Clara?

Lopez. I cou'd name one.

Ferdinand. Yes; the tame fool who submits to her caprice.

Lopez. I thought he cou'dn't miss it.

Ferdinand. Is she not capricious, teizing, tyrannical, obſtinate, perverse, absurd, ay, a wilderness of faults and follies, her looks are scorn, and her very smiles—s'death! I wish I hadn't mention'd her smiles; for she does smile such beaming loveliness, such fascinating brightness—O death and madness, I shall die if I lose her.

Lopez. O those damn'd smiles have undone all.

AIR—FERDINAND.

Could I her faults remember,
  Forgetting ev'ry charm,
Soon would impartial reason
  The tyrant love disarm.
But when enraged I number
  Each failing of her mind,
Love ſtill suggeſts each beauty,
  And sees—while reason's blind.

Lopez. Here comes Don Antonio, sir.

Ferdinand. Well, go you home—I shall be there presently.

Lopez. Ah those curſt smiles. [*Exit.*

Enter ANTONIO.

Ferdinand. Antonio, Lopez tells me he left you chaunting before our door—was my father wak'd?

Antonio. Yes, yes; he has a singular affection for music, so I left him roaring at his barr'd window like the print of Bajazet in the cage. And what brings you out so early?

Ferdinand. I believe I told you that to-morrow was the day fix'd by Don Pedro and Clara's unnatural ſtep-mother, for her to enter a Convent, in order that her brat might possess her fortune, made desperate by this, I procur'd a key to the door, and brib'd Clara's maid to leave it unbolted; at two this morning I entered, unperceived, and ſtole to her chamber—I found her waking and weeping.

Antonio. Happy Ferdinand!

Ferdinand. S'death, hear the conclusion—I was rated as the most confident ruffian, for daring to approach her room at that hour of night.

Antonio. Ay, ay, this was at first.

Ferdinand. No such thing! she wou'd not hear a word from me, but threat'ned to raise her mother if I did not instantly leave her.

Antonio. Well; but at last?—

Ferdinand. At last! why, I was forced to leave the house as I came in.

Antonio. And did you do nothing to offend her?

Ferdinand. Nothing, as I hope to be saved—I believe I might snatch a dozen or two of kisses.

Antonio. Was that all? well, I think I never heard of such assurance.

Ferdinand. Zounds! I tell you I behaved with the utmost respect.

Antonio. O lord! I don't mean you, but in her—but, hark'y, Ferdinand, did you leave your key with them?

Ferdinand. Yes; the maid who saw me out took it from the door.

Antonio. Then my life for it, her mistress elopes after you.

Ferdinand. Ay, to bless my rival perhaps—I am in a humour to suspect every body—you lov'd her once, and thought her an angel, as I do now.

Antonio. Yes, I loved her till I found she wou'dn't love me, and then I discovered that she hadn't a good feature in her face.

AIR.

I ne'er could any lustre see
In eyes that wou'd not look on me:
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,
But where my own did hope to sip.
Has the maid who seeks my heart
Cheeks of rose untouch'd by art?
I will own the colour true,
When yielding blushes aid their hue.

Is her hand so soft and pure?
I muſt press it to be sure:
Nor can I be certain then
Till it grateful press again:
Muſt I with attentive eye
Watch her heaving bosom sigh?
I will do so when I see
That heaving bosom sigh for me.

Besides, Ferdinand, you have full security in my love for your siſter, help me there, and I can never diſturb you with Clara.

Ferdinand. As far as I can consiſtently with the honour of our family, you know I will; but there muſt be no eloping.

Antonio. And yet now, you wou'd carry off Clara.

Ferdinand. Ay, that's a different case—we never mean that others shou'd aſt to our siſters and wives as we do to others—But to-morrow Clara is to be forc'd into a convent.

Antonio. Well: and am not I so unfortunately circumſtanc'd? To-morrow your father forces Louisa to marry Isaac, the Portugueze—but come with me, and we'll devise something, I warrant.

Ferdinand. I muſt go home.

Antonio. Well, adieu.

Ferdinand. But, Antonio, if you did not love my siſter, you have too much honour and friendship to supplant me with Clara.

AIR—ANTONIO.

Friendship is the bond of reason,
But if beauty disapprove,
Heaven dissolves all other treason
In the heart that's true to love.

The faith which to my friend I swore
As a civil oath I view,
But to the charms which I adore,
'Tis religion to be true.

[*Exit* ANTONIO.

Ferdinand. There is always a levity in Antonio's manner of replying to me on this subject, that is very alarming—S'death, if Clara shou'd love him after all.

AIR.

Tho' cause for suspicion appears,
Yet proofs of her love too are strong;
I'm a wretch if I'm right in my fears,
And unworthy of bliss if I'm wrong.
What heart-breaking torments from jealousy flow,
Ah, none but the jealous, the jealous can know.

When blest with the smiles of my fair,
I know not how much I adore;
Those smiles let another but share,
And I wonder I priz'd them no more.
Then whence can I hope a relief from my woe,
When the falser she seems still the fonder I grow. [*Exit*.

SCENE III

A Room in Don Jerome'*s house*.

Enter LOUISA *and* DUENNA.

Louisa. But my dear Margaret, my charming Duenna, do you think we shall succeed?

Duenna. I tell you again I have no doubt on't; but it must be instantly put to the trial—Every thing is prepared in your room, and for the rest we must trust to fortune.

Louisa. My father's oath was never to see me till I had consented to——

Duenna. 'Twas thus I overheard him say to his friend, Don Guzman, "I will demand of her to-morrow, once for all, whether she will consent to marry Isaac Mendoza—If she hesitates, I will make a solemn oath never to see or speak to her till she returns to her duty"—these were his words.

Louisa. And on his known obstinate adherence to what he has

once said, you have form'd this plan for my escape—But have you secured my maid in our interest.

Duenna. She is a party in the whole—but remember, if we succeed, you resign all right and title in little Isaac the Jew, over to me.

Louisa. That I do with all my soul, get him if you can, and I shall wish you joy most heartily. He is twenty times as rich as my poor Antonio.

AIR

Thou can'st not boast of fortune's store,
My love, while me they wealthy call,
But I was glad to find thee poor,
For with my heart I'd give thee all.
And then the grateful youth shall own,
I lov'd him for himself alone.

But when his worth my hand shall gain,
No word or look of mine shall shew,
That I, the smallest thought retain
Of what my bounty did bestow.
Yet still his grateful heart shall own,
I lov'd him for himself alone.

Duenna. I hear Don Jerome coming—Quick, give me the last letter I brought you from Antonio—you know that is to be the ground of my dismission—I must slip out to seal it up as undelivered. [*Exit.*

Enter Don Jerome *and* Ferdinand.

Jerome. What, I suppose you have been serenading too! Eh! disturbing some peaceable neighbourhood with villainous catgut and lascivious piping, out on't! you set your sister here a vile example—but I come to tell you, madam, that I'll suffer no more of these midnight incantations, these amorous orgies that steal the senses in the hearing; as they say Egyptian Embalmers serve mummies, extracting the brain thro' the ears; however, there's

an end of your frolics—Isaac Mendoza will be here presently, and to-morrow you shall marry him.

Louisa. Never while I have life.

Ferdinand. Indeed, Sir, I wonder how you can think of such a man for a son-in-law.

Jerome. Sir, you are very kind to favour me with your sentiments—and pray, what is your objection to him.

Ferdinand. He is a Portugueze in the first place.

Jerome. No such thing, boy, he has forsworn his country.

Louisa. He is a Jew.

Jerome. Another mistake: he has been a christian these six weeks.

Ferdinand. Ay, he left his old religion for an estate, and has not had time to get a new one.

Louisa. But stands like a dead wall between church and synagogue, or like the blank leaves between the Old and New Testament.

Jerome. Any thing more?

Ferdinand. But the most remarkable part of his character, is his passion for deceit, and tricks of cunning.

Louisa. Tho' at the same time, the fool predominates so much over the knave, that I am told he is generally the dupe of his own art.

Ferdinand. True, like an unskilful gunner, he usually misses his aim, and is hurt by the recoil of his own piece.

Jerome. Any thing more?

Louisa. To sum up all, he has the worst fault a husband can have—he's not my choice.

Jerome. But you are his; and choice on one side is sufficient—two lovers shou'd never meet in marriage—be you sour as you please, he is sweet temper'd, and for your good fruit, there's nothing like ingrafting on a crab.

Louisa. I detest him as a lover, and shall ten times more as a husband.

Jerome. I don't know that—marriage generally makes a great change—but to cut the matter short, will you have him or not?

Louisa. There is nothing else I could disobey you in.

Jerome. Do you value your father's peace?

Louisa. So much, that I will not faſten on him the regret of making an only daughter wretched.

Jerome. Very well, ma'am, then mark me—never more will I see or converse with you till you return to your duty—no reply—this and your chamber shall be your appartments, I never will ſtir out without leaving you under lock and key, and when I'm at home no creature can approach you but thro' my library—we'll try who can be moſt obſtinate—out of my sight—There remain till you know your duty.

[*Pushes her out.*

Ferdinand. Surely, Sir, my siſter's inclinations shou'd be consulted in a matter of this kind, and some regard paid to Don Antonio, being my particular friend.

Jerome. That, doubtless, is a very great recommendation—I certainly have not paid sufficient reſpect to it.

Ferdinand. There is not a man living I wou'd sooner chuse for a brother-in-law.

Jerome. Very possible; and if you happen to have e'er a siſter, who is not at the same time a daughter of mine, I'm sure I shall have no objection to the relationship—but at present, if you please, we'll drop the subject.

Ferdinand. Nay, sir, 'tis only my regard for my siſter makes me speak.

Jerome. Then, pray, sir, in future, let your regard for your father make you hold your tongue.

Ferdinand. I have done, sir—I shall only add a wish that you wou'd reflect what at our age you wou'd have felt, had you been croſt in your affection for the mother of her you are so severe to.

Jerome. Why I muſt confess I had a great affection for your mother's ducats, but that was all, boy—I married her for her fortune, and she took me in obedience to her father, and a very happy couple we were—we never expected any love from one another, and so we were never disappointed—If we grumbled a little now and then, it was soon over, for we were never fond enough to quarrel, and when the good woman died, why, why—I had as lieve she had lived, and I wish every widower in Seville

cou'd say the same—I shall now go and get the key of this dressing room—So, good son, if you have any lecture in support of disobedience to give your sister, it must be brief; so make the best of your time d'ye hear. [*Exit* JEROME.

Ferdinand. I fear indeed, my friend Antonio has little to hope for—however Louisa has firmness, and my father's anger will probably only increase her affection—In our intercourse with the world, it is natural for us to dislike those who are innocently the cause of our distress; but in the heart's attachment, a woman never likes a man with ardour till she has suffer'd for his sake [*Noise.*] soh! what bustle is here! between my father and the Duenna too—I'll e'en get out of the way. [*Exit.*

Enter DON JEROME (*with a Letter*) *putting in the* DUENNA.

Jerome. I'm astonish'd! I'm thunderstruck! here's treachery and conspiracy with a vengeance! you, Antonio's creature, and chief manager of this plot for my daughter's eloping! you that I placed here as a scare-crow.

Duenna. What?

Jerome. A scare-crow—To prove a decoy duck—what have you to say for yourself?

Duenna. Well, sir, since you have forced that letter from me, and discover'd my real sentiments, I scorn to renounce 'em—I am Antonio's friend, and it was my intention that your daughter shou'd have serv'd you as all such old tyranniacal sots shou'd be serv'd—I delight in the tender passions, and would befriend all under their influence.

Jerome. The tender passions! yes, they wou'd become those impenetrable features—why, thou deceitful hag! I plac'd thee as a guard to the rich blosoms of my daughter's beauty—I thought that dragon's front of thine wou'd, cry aloof to the sons of gallantry—steel traps and spring guns seem'd writ in every wrinkle of it—but you shall quit my house this instant—the tender passions, indeed! go thou wanton sybil, thou amorous woman of Endor, go!

Duenna. You base, scurrilous, old—but I wont demean myself by naming what you are—yes, Savage, I'll leave your den, but I

suppose you don't mean to detain my apparel—I may have my things I presume.

Jerome. I took you, mistress, with your wardrobe on—what have you pilfer'd, heh?

Duenna. Sir, I must take leave of my mistress, she has valuables of mine, besides, my cardinal and veil are in her room.

Jerome. Your veil for sooth! what do you dread being gazed at? or are you afraid of your complexion? well, go take your leave, and get your veil and cardinal! soh! you quit the house within these five minutes—In—in—quick.

[*Exit* DUENNA.

Here was a precious plot of mischief—! these are the comforts daughters bring us.

AIR

If a daughter you have, she's the plague of your life,
No peace shall you know, tho' you've buried your wife,
At twenty she mocks at the duty you taught her,
O, what a plague is an obstinate daughter.
Sighing and whining,
Dying and pining,
O what a plague is an obstinate daughter.

When scarce in their teens, they have wit to perplex us,
With letters and lovers for ever they vex us,
While each still rejects the fair suitor you've brought her,
O what a plague is an obstinate daughter.
Wrangling and jangling,
Flouting and pouting,
O what a plague is an obstinate daughter.

Enter LOUISA, *dress'd as the* DUENNA, *with Cardinal and Veil, seeming to cry.*

Jerome. This way, mistress, this way—what, I warrant, a tender parting soh! tears of turpentine down those deal cheeks—Aye, you may well hide your head—yes, whine till your heart breaks, but I'll not hear one word of excuse—so you are right to be dumb, this way—this way. [*Exeunt.*

Enter DUENNA.

Duenna. So speed you well, sagacious Don Jerome! O, rare effects of passion and obstinacy—now shall I try whether I can't play the fine lady as well as my mistress; and if I succeed, I may be a fine lady for the rest of my life—I'll lose no time to equip myself. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV

The Court before DON JEROME'*s house.*

Enter DON JEROME *and* LOUISA.

Jerome. Come, mistress, there is your way—The world lies before you, so troop, thou antiquated Eve, thou original sin—hold, yonder is some fellow skulking, perhaps it is Antonio—go to him, d'ye hear, and tell him to make you amends, and as he has got you turn'd away, tell him I say it is but just he shou'd take you himself, go.

[*Exit* LOUISA.

Soh! I am rid of her, thank heaven! and now I shall be able to keep my oath, and confine my daughter with better security.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V

The Piazza.

Enter CLARA, *and her Maid.*

Maid. But where madam, is it you intend to go?

Clara. Any where to avoid the selfish violence of my mother-in-law, and Ferdinand's insolent importunity.

Maid. Indeed, ma'am, since we have profited by Don Ferdinand's key in making our escape, I think we had best find him, if it were only to thank him.

Clara. No—he has offended me exceedingly. [*Retire.*

Enter LOUISA.

Louisa. So, I have succeeded in being turn'd out of doors—but how shall I find Antonio? I dare not enquire for him for fear

of being discovered; I would send to my friend Clara, but that I doubt her prudery wou'd condemn me.

Maid. Then suppose, ma'am, you were to try if your friend Donna Louisa would not receive you.

Clara. No, her notions of filial duty are so severe, she would certainly betray me.

Louisa. Clara is of a cold temper, and would [think] this ſtep of mine highly forward.

Clara. Louisa's reſpect for her father is so great, she would not credit the unkindness of mine.

[LOUISA *turns, and sees* CLARA *and Maid.*

Louisa. Ha! who are those? sure one is Clara—if it be, I'll truſt her—Clara! [*Advances.*

Clara. Louisa! and in Masquerade too!

Louisa. You will be more surprized when I tell you that I have run away from my father.

Clara. Surprized indeed! and I should certainly chide you moſt horridly, only that I have juſt run away from mine.

Louisa. My dear Clara! [*Embrace.*

Clara. Dear siſter truant! and whither are you going?

Louisa. To find the man I love to be sure—And I presume you wou'd have no aversion to meet with my brother.

Clara. Indeed I should—he has behaved so ill to me, I don't believe I shall ever forgive him.

AIR—CLARA.

When sable night, each drooping plant reſtoring,
Wept o'er the flowers her breath did cheer,
As some sad widow o'er her babe deploring,
Wakes its beauty with a tear;
When all did sleep, whose weary hearts did borrow
One hour from love and care to reſt,
Lo! as I preſt my couch in silent sorrow,
My lover caught me to his breaſt;
He vowed he came to save me
From those who would enslave me!

Then kneeling,
Kisses ſtealing
Endless faith he swore,
But soon I chid him thence,
For had his fond pretence,
Obtain'd one favour then,
And he had press'd again
I fear'd my treacherous heart might grant him more.

Louisa. Well, for all this, I would have sent him to plead his pardon, but that I would not yet awhile have him know of my flight. And where do you hope to find protection?

Clara. The lady Abbess of the convent of St. Catherine is a relation and kind friend of mine—I shall be secure with her, and you had beſt go thither with me.

Louisa. No; I am determined to find Antonio firſt, and as I live, here comes the very man I will employ to seek him for me.

Clara. Who is he? he's a ſtrange figure!

Louisa. Yes, that sweet creature is the man whom my father has fixed on for my husband.

Clara. And will you speak to him? are you mad?

Louisa. He is the fitteſt man in the world for my purpose—for, tho' I was to have married him to-morrow, he is the only man in Seville, who I am sure never saw me in his life.

Clara. And how do you know him?

Louisa. He arrived but yeſterday, and he was shown me from the window as he visited my father.

Clara. Well, I'll be gone.

Louisa. Hold, my dear Clara—a thought has ſtruck me, will you give me leave to borrow your name as I see occasion.

Clara. It will but disgrace you—but use it as you please—I dare not ſtay (*going*) but, Louisa, if you shou'd see your brother, be sure you don't inform him that I have taken refuge with the Dame Prior of the convent of St. Catherine, on the left hand side of the Piazza which leads to the church of St. Anthony.

Louisa. Ha, ha, ha! I'll be very particular in my directions

where he may not find you. [*Exeunt* CLARA *and Maid.*
So! my swain yonder has done admiring himself and draws nearer. [*Retires.*

Enter ISAAC *and* CARLOS, ISAAC *with a pocket glass.*

Isaac [*looking in the glass*]. I tell you, friend Carlos, I will please myself in the habit of my chin.

Carlos. But, my dear friend, how can you think to please a lady with such a face?

Isaac. Why, what's the matter with the face? I think it is a very engaging face; and I am sure a lady must have very little taste, who could dislike my beard [*Sees* LOUISA.] See now—I'll die if here is not a little damsel struck with it already.

Louisa. Signor, are you disposed to oblige a lady who greatly wants your assistance. [*Unveils.*

Isaac. Egad, a very pretty black-eyed girl; she has certainly taken a fancy to me, Carlos—first, ma'am, I must beg the favour of your name.

Louisa. Soh! it's well I am provided. [*Aside.*] My name, sir, is Donna Clara D'Almanza.

Isaac. What!—Don Guzman's daughter? I'faith, I just now heard she was missing.

Louisa. But, sure sir, you have too much gallantry and honor to betray me, whose fault is love.

Isaac. So! a passion for me! poor girl! why, ma'am, as for betraying you, I don't see how I cou'd get any thing by it; so you may rely on my honour; but as for your love, I am sorry your case is so desperate.

Louisa. Why so, Signor?

Isaac. Because I'm positively en gaged to another—an't I, Carlos.

Louisa. Nay, but hear me.

Isaac. No, no; what should I hear for? It is impossible for me to court you in an honourable way; and for any thing else, if I were to comply now, I suppose you have some ungrateful brother, or cousin, who would want to cut my throat for my civility —so, truly you had best go home again.

Louisa. Odious wretch! [*Aside*.] But, good Signor, it is Antonio d'Ercilla, on whose account I have eloped.

Isaac. How! what! it is not with me then, that you are in love?

Louisa. No indeed it is not.

Isaac. Then you are a forward, impertinent simpleton! and I shall certainly acquaint your father.

Louisa. Is this your gallantry?

Isaac. Yet hold—Antonio d'Ercilla did you say? egad, I may make something of this—Antonio d'Ercilla?

Louisa. Yes, and if ever you hope to prosper in love, you will bring me to him.

Isaac. By St. Iago, and I will too—Carlos, this Antonio is one who rivals me (as I have heard) with Louisa—now, if I could hamper him with this girl, I should have the field to myself, hey, Carlos! A lucky thought, isn't it?——

Carlos. Yes, very good—very good——

Isaac. Ah! this little brain is never at a loss—cunning Isaac! cunning rogue! Donna Clara, will you trust yourself a while to my friend's direction.

Louisa. May I rely on you good Signor?

Carlos. Lady, it is impossible I should deceive you.

AIR.

Had I a heart for falsehood framed,
  I near could injure you;
For tho' your tongue no promise claimed,
  Your charms wou'd make me true.
To you no soul shall bear deceit,
  No stranger offer wrong,
But friends in all the aged you'll meet;
  And lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have blest
  Another with your heart,
They'll bid aspiring passions rest,
  And act a brother's part;

Then, lady, dread not here deceit,
Nor fear to suffer wrong;
For friends in all the aged you'll meet,
And lovers in the young.

Isaac. I'll conduct the lady to my lodgings, Carlos; I must haste to Don Jerome—perhaps you know Louisa, ma'am. She is divinely handsome—isn't she?

Louisa. You must excuse me not joining with you.

Isaac. Why, I have heard it on all hands.

Louisa. Her father is uncommonly partial to her, but I believe you will find she has rather a matronly air.

Isaac. Carlos, this is all envy—you pretty girls never speak well of one another—hark'y, find out Antonio, and I'll saddle him with this scrape, I warrant! oh, 'twas the luckiest thought—Donna Clara, your very obedient—Carlos, to your post.

DUET.

Isaac. My mistress expects me, and I must go to her,
Or how can I hope for a smile?
Louisa. Soon may you return a prosperous wooer,
But think what I suffer the while:
Alone and away from the man whom I love,
In strangers I'm forced to confide,
Isaac. Dear lady, my friend you may trust, and he'll prove,
Your servant, protector, and guide.

AIR—Carlos.

Gentle maid, ah! why suspect me?
Let me serve thee—then reject me,
Can'st thou trust, and I deceive thee?
Art thou sad, and shall I grieve thee?
Gentle maid, Ah! why suspect me?
Let me serve thee—then reject me.

TRIO.

Louisa. Never may'st thou happy be,
If in ought thou'rt false to me.
Isaac. Never may he happy be,
If in ought he's false to thee.
Carlos. Never may I happy be,
If in ought I'm false to thee.
Louisa. Never may'st thou, &c.
Isaac. Never may he, &c.
Carlos. Never may I, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT

Act the Second

SCENE I

A Library in JEROME'*s House.*

Enter DON JEROME *and* ISAAC.

Jerome. HA, ha, ha! run away from her father! has she given him the slip! Ha, ha, ha! poor Don Guzman!

Isaac. Ay; and I am to conduct her to Antonio; by which means you see I shall hamper him so that he can give me no disturbance with your daughter—this is trap, isn't it? a nice stroke of cunning, heh!

Jerome. Excellent! Excellent! yes, yes, carry her to him, hamper him by all means, ha, ha, ha! poor Don Guzman! an old fool! imposed on by a girl!

Isaac. Nay, they have the cunning of serpents, that's the truth on't.

Jerome. Psha! they are cunning only when they have fools to deal with—why don't my girl play me such a trick—let her cunning over-reach my caution, I say—heh little Isaac!

Isaac. True, true; or let me see any of the sex make a fool of me—No, no, egad, little Solomon, (as my aunt used to call me) understands tricking a little too well.

Jerome. Ay, but such a driveller as Don Guzman.

Isaac. And such a dupe as Antonio.

Jerome. True; sure never were seen such a couple of credulous simpletons, but come, 'tis time you should see my daughter—you must carry on the siege by yourself, friend Isaac.

Isaac. Sir, you'll introduce —

Jerome. No—I have sworn a solemn oath not to see or speak to

her till she renounces her disobedience; win her to that, and she gains a father and a husband at once.

Isaac. Gad, I shall never be able to deal with her alone; nothing keeps me in such awe as perfect beauty—now there is something consoling and encouraging in ugliness.

SONG

Give Isaac the nymph who no beauty can boast;
But health and good humour to make her his toast,
If strait, I dont mind whether slender or fat,
And six feet or four—we'll ne'er quarrel for that.

Whate'er her complexion, I vow I don't care,
If brown it is lasting, more pleasing if fair;
And tho' in her face I no dimples shou'd see,
Let her smile, and each dell is a dimple to me.

Let her locks be the reddest that ever were seen,
And her eyes may be e'en any colour but green,
Be they light, grey or black, their lustre and hue,
I swear I've no choice, only let her have two.

'Tis true I'd dispense with a throne on her back,
And white teeth I own, are genteeler than black,
A little round chin too's a beauty I've heard,
But I only desire she may'nt have a beard.

Jerome. You will change your note, my friend, when you've seen Louisa.

Isaac. O Don Jerome, the honour of your alliance—

Jerome. Aye, but her beauty will affect you—she is, tho' I say it, who am her father, a very prodigy—there you will see Features with an eye like mine—yes I'faith, there is a kind of wicked sparkling—something of a roguish brightness that shows her to be my own.

Isaac. Pretty rogue!

Jerome. Then, when she smiles, you'll see a little dimple in one

cheek only; a beauty it is certainly, yet you shall not say which is prettiest, the cheek with the dimple, or the cheek without.

Isaac. Pretty rogue!

Jerome. Then the roses on those cheeks are shaded with a sort of velvet down, that gives a delicacy to the glow of health.

Isaac. Pretty rogue!

Jerome. Her skin pure dimity, yet more fair, being spangled here and there with a golden freckle.

Isaac. Charming pretty rogue! pray how is the tone of her voice?

Jerome. Remarkably pleasing—but if you cou'd prevail on her to sing you would be enchanted—she is a nightingale—a Virginia nightingale—but come, come, her maid shall conduct you to her Antichamber.

Isaac. Well, egad, I'll pluck up resolution and meet her frowns intrepidly.

Jerome. Aye! woo her briskly—win her and give me a proof of your address, my little Solomon.

[SONG

When the maid whom we love
No intreaties can move,
Who'd lead a life of pining?
If her charms will excuse
The fond rashness *you* use,
—Away with idle whining!

Never stand like a fool
With looks sheepish and cool;
—Such bashful love is teazing:
But with spirit address,
And your sure of success,
For honest warmth is pleasing.

Nay though wedlock's your view,
Like a rake if you'll woo,
Girls sooner quit their coldness:

They know beauty inspires
Less respect than desires,—
Hence love is proved by boldness.

So ne'er stand like a fool, &c.][1]

Isaac. But hold—I expect my friend Carlos to call on me here —If he comes will you send him to me?

Jerome. I will—Lauretta, come—she'll show you to the room —what! do you droop? here's a mournful face to make love with.

SCENE II

LOUISA'*s Dressing Room*.

Enter MAID *and* ISAAC.

Maid. Sir, my mistress will wait on you presently.

[*Goes to the door*.

Isaac. When she's at leisure—don't hurry her.

[*Exit* MAID.

I wish I had ever practised a love-scene—I doubt I shall make a poor figure—I cou'd'nt be more afraid if I was going before the Inquisition—so! the door opens—yes, she's coming—the very rustling of her silk has a disdainful sound.

Enter DUENNA (*drest as* LOUISA).

Now dar'n't I look round for the soul of me—her beauty will certainly strike me dumb if I do. I wish she'd speak first.

Duenna. Sir, I attend your pleasure.

Isaac. So! the ice is broke, and a pretty civil beginning too! hem! madam—Miss—I'm all attention.

Duenna. Nay, Sir, 'tis I who shou'd listen, and you propose.

Isaac. Egad, this isn't so disdainful neither—I believe I may venture to look—No—I dar'n't—one glance of those roguish sparklers wou'd fix me again.

Duenna. You seem thoughtful, Sir—let me persuade you to sit down.

[1]From *The Songs in the Duenna* (1775).

Isaac. So, so; she molifies apace—she's ſtruck with my figure, this attitude has had its effect.

Duenna. Come, Sir, here's a chair.

Isaac. Madam, the greatness of your goodness overpowers me —that a lady so lovely shou'd deign to turn her beauteous eyes on me so.

[*She takes his hand, he turns and sees her.*

Duenna. You seem surpriz'd at my condescension.

Isaac. Why, yes, madam, I am a little surprized at it; zounds! this can never be Louisa—she's as old as my mother.

[*Aside.*

Duenna. But former prepossessions give way to my father's commands.

Isaac [*aside*]. Her father! Yes, 'tis she then—Lord, lord; how blind some parents are!

Duenna. Signor Isaac.

Isaac. Truely, the little damsel was right—she has rather a matronly air indeed! ah! 'tis well my affections are fixed on her fortune and not her person.

Duenna. Signor, wont you sit? [*She sits.*

Isaac. Pardon me, madam, I have scarce recover'd my aſtonishment at—your condescension, madam— she has the devil's own dimples to be sure. [*Aside.*

Duenna. Nay, you shall not ſtand [*he sits*] I do not wonder, Sir, that you are surpriz'd at my affability—I own Signor, that I was vaſtly preposessed againſt you, and being teiz'd by my father, I did give some encouragement to Antonio. But then, Sir, you were described to me as a quite different person.

Isaac. Aye, and so you was to me upon my soul, madam.

Duenna. But when I saw you, I was never more ſtruck in my life.

Isaac. That was juſt my case too, madam; I was ſtruck all on a heap for my part.

Duenna. Well, Sir, I see our misapprehension has been mutual —you expected to find me haughty and averse, and I was taught to believe you a little black snub-nosed fellow, without person, manners or address.

Isaac. Egad, I wish she had answer'd her picture as well.

Duenna. But, Sir, your air is noble—something so liberal in your carriage, with so penetrating an eye, and so bewitching a smile.

Isaac. Egad, now I look at her again, I dont think she is so ugly.

Duenna. So little like a jew, and so much like a gentleman.

Isaac. Well, certainly there is something pleasing in the tone of her voice.

Duenna. You will pardon this breach of decorum in praising you thus, but my joy at being so agreeably deceiv'd has given me such a flow of spirits.

Isaac. O dear lady, may I thank those dear lips for this goodness [*kisses her*] why, she has a pretty sort of velvet down, that's the truth on't. [*Aside.*

Duenna. O Sir, you have the most insinuating manner, but indeed you shou'd get rid of that odious beard—one might as well kiss an hedge-hog.

Isaac. Yes ma'am—the razor wou'dn't be amiss for either of us [*aside*]. Could you favour me with a song?

Duenna. Willingly, Sir, tho' I am rather hoarse—Ahem! [*Begins to sing.*

Isaac. Very like a Virginia nightingale—ma'am, I perceive you're hoarse—I beg you will not distress——

Duenna. O not in the least distressed;—now, Sir.

SONG

When a tender maid
Is first essayed,
By some admiring swain.
How her blushes rise,
If she meets his eyes,
While he unfolds his pain;
If he takes her hand, she trembles quite,
Touch her lips, and she swoons outright,
While a pit a pat, &c.
Her heart avows her fright.

But in time appear,
Fewer signs of fear,
Tho' youth she boldly views,
If her hand he grasps,
Or her bosoms clasps,
No mantling blush ensues.
Then to church well pleas'd the lovers move,
While her smiles her contentment prove,
And a pit a pat, &c.
Her heart avows her love.

Isaac. Charming, ma'am! Enchanting! and truely your notes put me in mind of one that's very dear to me, a lady indeed, whom you greatly resemble.

Duenna. How! is there then another so dear to you?

Isaac. O, no, ma'am, you mistake; it was my mother I meant.

Duenna. Come, Sir, I see you are amazed and confounded at my condescension and know not what to say.

Isaac. It is very true indeed, ma'am—but it is a judgment, I look on it as a judgment on me for delaying to urge the time when you'll permit me to compleat my happiness, by acquainting Don Jerome with your condescension.

Duenna. Sir, I must frankly own to you that I can never be your's with my father's consent.

Isaac. Good lack! how so?

Duenna. When my father in his passion swore he would never see me again 'till I acquiesced in his will—I also made a vow that I would never take a husband from his hand—nothing shall make me break that oath—but if you have spirit and contrivance enough to carry me off without his knowledge, I'm yours.

Isaac. Hum!

Duenna. Nay, Sir, if you hesitate—

Isaac. I'faith no bad whim this—if I take her at her word, I shall secure her fortune, and avoid making any settlement in return; thus I shall not only cheat the lover but the father too, Oh! cunning rogue, Isaac! Ay, ay, let this little brain alone—Egad, I'll take her in the mind.

Duenna. Well, Sir, what's your determination?

Isaac. Madam, I was dumb only from rapture—I applaud your spirit, and joyfully close with your proposal; for which, thus let me on this lilly hand express my gratitude.

Duenna. Well, Sir, you must get my father's consent to walk with me in the garden. But by no means inform him of my kindness to you.

Isaac. No, to be sure—that wou'd spoil all—But trust me when tricking is the word—let me alone for a piece of cunning! this very day you shall be out of his power.

Duenna. Well, I leave the management of it all to you, I perceive plain, Sir, that you are not one that can be easily outwitted.

Isaac. Egad, you're right, madam—you're right I'faith.

Enter Maid. Here's a gentleman at the door, who begs permission to speak with Signor Isaac.

Isaac. A friend of mine, ma'am, and a trusty friend—Let him come in.

[*Exit* MAID.

He is one to be depended on, ma'am.

Enter Carlos. So, coz. [*Aside*.

Carlos. I have left Donna Clara at your lodgings; but can no where find Antonio.

Isaac. Well I will search him out myself—Carlos, you rogue, I thrive, I prosper.

Carlos. Where is your mistress?

Isaac. There, you booby, there she stands.

Carlos. Why she's dam'd ugly.

Isaac. Hush! [*Stops his mouth*.

Duenna. What is your friend saying, Signor?

Isaac. O ma'am, he is expressing his raptures at such charms as he never saw before, hey Carlos?

Carlos. Aye, such as I never saw before, indeed.

Duenna. You are a very obliging Gentleman—well, Signor Isaac, I believe we had better part for the present. Remember our plan.

Isaac. O, ma'am, it is written in my heart, fixed as the image of

those divine beauties—adieu, Idol of my soul—yet, once more permit me—— [*Kisses her.*

Duenna. Sweet, courteous Sir, adieu.

Isaac. Your slave eternally—come, Carlos, say something civil at taking leave.

Carlos. I'faith, Isaac, she is the hardest woman to compliment I ever saw, however, I'll try something I had studied for the occasion.

SONG

Ah! sure a pair was never seen,
So justly form'd to meet by nature.
The youth excelling so in mien,
The maid in ev'ry grace of feature.
O how happy are such lovers,
When kindred beauties each discovers.
For surely she
Was made for thee,
And thou to bless this lovely creature.

So mild your looks, your children thence,
Will early learn the task of duty,
The boys with all their father's sense,
The girls with all their mother's beauty.
Oh! how happy to inherit,
At once such graces and such spirit.
Thus while you live
May fortune give,
Each blessing equal to you merit.

[*Exeunt* Isaac, Carlos, *and* Duenna.

SCENE III

A Library.

Jerome *and* Ferdinand *discovered.*

Jerome. Object to Antonio? I have said it! his poverty, can you acquit him of that?

Ferdinand. Sir, I own he is not over rich—but he is of as antient and honourable a family as any in the kingdom.

Jerome. Yes, I know the beggars are a very antient family in most kingdoms; but never in great repute, boy.

Ferdinand. Antonio, Sir, has many amiable qualities.

Jerome. But he is poor, can you clear him of that, I say—is he not a gay, dissipated rake, who has squander'd his patrimony?

Ferdinand. Sir, he inherited but little; and that his generosity, more than his profuseness, has stript him of—but he has never sullied his honor, which, with his title, has outlived his means.

Jerome. Psha! you talk like a blockhead! nobility without an estate is as ridiculous as gold-lace on a frize-coat.

Ferdinand. This language, Sir, wou'd better become a Dutch or English trader, than a Spaniard.

Jerome. Yes; and those Dutch and English traders, as you call them, are the wiser people. Why, booby, in England they were formerly as nice as to birth and family as we are—but they have long discover'd what a wonderful purifier gold is—and now no one there regards pedigree in any thing but a horse—O, here comes Isaac! I hope he has prosper'd in his suit.

Ferdinand. Doubtless, that agreeable figure of his must have help'd his suit surprizingly.

Jerome. How now?

[FERDINAND *walks aside.*

Enter ISAAC.

Well, my friend, have you soften'd her?

Isaac. O yes; I have soften'd her.

Jerome. What, does she come to?

Isaac. Why, truely, she was kinder than I expected to find her.

Jerome. And the dear little Angel was civil, hey!

Isaac. Yes, the pretty little Angel was very civil.

Jerome. I'm transported to hear it, well, and you were astonish'd at her beauty, hey?

Isaac. I was astonished indeed! pray, how old is miss?

Jerome. How old? let me see—eight and twelve—she is twenty.

Isaac. Twenty?

Jerome. Aye, to a month.

Isaac. Then, upon my soul, she is the oldest looking girl of her age in Christendom.

Jerome. Do you think so? but I believe you will not see a prettier girl.

Isaac. Here and there one.

Jerome. Louisa has the family face.

Isaac. Yes, egad, I shou'd have taken it for a family face, and one that has been in the family some time too. [*Aside.*

Jerome. She has her father's eyes.

Isaac. Truely I shou'd have guess'd them to have been so—If she had her mother's spectacles I believe she would not see the worse. [*Aside.*

Jerome. Her aunt Ursula's nose, and her grandmother's forehead.

Isaac. Ay, faith, and her grandmother's chin to a hair. [*Aside.*

Jerome. Well, if she was but as dutiful as she's handsome—and harky, friend Isaac, she is none of your made up beauties—her charms are of the lasting kind.

Isaac. I'faith, so they shou'd—for if she be but twenty now, she may double her age, before her years will overtake her face.

Jerome. Why, zounds, master Isaac, you are not sneering, are you?

Isaac. Why, now seriously, Don Jerome, do you think your daughter handsome?

Jerome. By this light, she's as handsome a girl as any in Seville.

Isaac. Then, by these eyes, I think her as plain a woman as ever I beheld.

Jerome. By St. Iago you must be blind.

Isaac. No, no; 'tis you are partial.

Jerome. How! have I neither sense nor taste? If a fair skin, fine eyes, teeth of ivory, with a lovely bloom, and a delicate shape—if these, with a heavenly voice, and a world of grace, are not charms, I know not what you call beautiful.

Isaac. Good lack, with what eyes a father sees! As I have life, she is the very reverse of all this, as for the dimity skin you told me of, I swear 'tis a thorough nankeen as ever I saw; for her eyes, their utmoſt merit is in not squinting—for her teeth, where there is one of ivory, its neighbour is pure ebony, black and white alternately, juſt like the keys of an harpsicord. Then as to her singing, and heavenly voice—by this hand, she has a shrill crack'd pipe, that sounds for all the world like a child's trumpet.

Jerome. Why, you little Hebrew scoundrel, do you mean to insult me? out of my house, I say.

Ferdinand. Dear Sir, what's the matter?

Jerome. Why, this Israelite here, has the impudence to say your siſter's ugly.

Ferdinand. He muſt be either blind or insolent.

Isaac. So, I find they are all in a ſtory. Egad, I believe I have gone too far.

Ferdinand. Sure, Sir, there muſt be some miſtake—It can't be my siſter whom he has seen.

Jerome. S'death! you are as great a fool as he, what miſtake can there be? did not I lock up Louisa, and hav'n't I the key in my own pocket? And didn't her maid show him into the dressing room? and yet you talk of a miſtake, no, the Portugueze meant to insult me—and, but that this roof protects him, old as I am, this sword shou'd do me juſtice.

Isaac. I muſt get off as well as I can—her fortune is not the less handsome.

DUET

Isaac. Believe me, good Sir, I ne'er meant to offend,
My miſtress I love, and I value my friend:
To win her, and wed her, is ſtill my requeſt,
For better, for worse, and I swear I don't jeſt.

Jerome. Zounds! you'd beſt not provoke me, my rage is so high.

Isaac. Hold him faſt, I beseech you, his rage is so high,
Good Sir, you're too hot and this place I muſt fly.

Jerome. You're a knave and a sot, and this place you'd beſt fly.

Isaac. Don Jerome, come now, let us lay aside all joking and be serious.

Jerome. How?

Isaac. Ha, ha, ha! I'll be hang'd if you hav'n't taken my abuse of your daughter seriously.

Jerome. You meant it so, did not you?

Isaac. O mercy, no! a joke—just to try how angry it wou'd make you.

Jerome. Was that all I'faith! I did'nt know you had been such a wag; ha, ha, ha! By St. Iago, you made me very angry tho', well, and you do think Louisa handsome?

Isaac. Handsome! Venus de Medicis was a sybil to her.

Jerome. Give me your hand, you little jocose rogue—Egad, I thought we had been all off.

Ferdinand. So! I was in hopes this would have been a quarrel; but I find the Jew is too cunning.

Jerome. Aye, this gust of passion has made me dry—I am seldom ruffled; order some wine in the next room—let us drink the poor girl's health—poor Louisa! ugly, heh! Ha, ha, ha! 'Twas a very good joke indeed.

Isaac. And a very true one for all that.

Jerome. And, Ferdinand, I insist upon your drinking success to my friend.

Ferdinand. Sir, I will drink success to my friend with all my heart.

Jerome. Come, little Solomon, if any sparks of anger had remain'd, this would be the only way to quench them.

TRIO

A bumper of good liquor,
Will end a contest quicker,
Than justice, judge or vicar.
So fill a cheerful glass,
And let good humour pass.

But if more deep the quarrel,
Why, sooner drain the barrel,

Than be the hateful fellow,
That's crabbed when he is mellow.
A bumper, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

ISAAC's *Lodgings.*

Enter LOUISA.

Louisa. Was ever truant daughter so whimsically circumstanced asI am ! I have sent my intended husband to look after my lover—the man of my father's choice is gone to bring me the man of my own, but how dispiriting is this interval of expectation?

SONG

What bard, O time discover,
With wings first made thee move;
Ah! sure he was some lover,
Who ne'er had left his love.

For who that once did prove,
The pangs which absence brings,
Tho' but one day,
He were away,
Could picture thee with wings.

Enter CARLOS.

So, friend, is Antonio found?

Carlos. I could not meet with him, lady; but I doubt not my friend Isaac will be here with him presently.

Louisa. O shame! you have used no diligence—Is this your courtesy to a lady who has trusted herself to your protection?

Carlos. Indeed, madam, I have not been remiss.

Louisa. Well, well; but if either of you had known how each moment of delay weighs upon the heart of her who loves, and waits the object of her love, O, ye wou'd not then have trifled thus.

Carlos. Alas! I know it well.

Louisa. Were you ever in love then?

Carlos. I was, lady: but while I have life will never be again.

Louisa. Was your mistress so cruel?

Carlos. If she had always been so, I shou'd have been happier.

SONG

O had my love ne'er smil'd on me,
  I ne'er had known such anguish;
But think how false, how cruel she,
  To bid me cease to languish.
To bid me hope her hand to gain,
  Breathe on a flame half perish'd,
And then with cold and fix'd disdain,
  To kill the hope she cherish'd.

Not worse his fate, who on a wreck,
  That drove as winds did blow it,
Silent had left the shatter'd deck,
  To find a grave below it.
Then land was cried—no more resign'd,
  He glow'd with joy to hear it,
Not worse his fate, his woe to find,
  The wreck must sink e'er near it.

Louisa. As I live, here is your friend coming with Antonio—I'll retire for a moment to surprize him. [*Exit.*

Enter ISAAC *and* ANTONIO.

Antonio. Indeed, my good friend, you must be mistaken. Clara D'Almanza in love with me, and employ you to bring me to meet her! It is impossible!

Isaac. That you shall see in an instant—Carlos, where is the lady? (CARLOS *points to the doors*) In the next room is she?

Antonio. Nay, if that lady is really here, she certainly wants me to conduct her to a dear friend of mine, who has long been her lover.

Isaac. Psha! I tell you 'tis no such thing—you are the man she

wants, and nobody but you. Here's ado to persuade you to take a pretty girl that's dying for you.

Antonio. But I have no affection for this lady.

Isaac. And you have for Louisa, hey? but take my word for it, Antonio, you have no chance there—so you may as well secure the good that offers itself to you.

Antonio. And could you reconcile it to your conscience to supplant your friend?

Isaac. Pish! Conscience has no more to do with gallantry than it has with politicks—why, you are no honest fellow, if love can't make a rogue of you—so come,—do go in and speak to her at last.

Antonio. Well, I have no objection to that.

Isaac [*opens the door*]. There—there she is—yonder by the window—get in, do (*pushes him in, and half shuts the door*) now, Carlos, now I shall hamper him I warrant—stay—I'll peep how they go on—egad, he looks confoundedly posed—now she's coaxing him—see, Carlos, he begins to come to—aye, aye, he'll soon forget his conscience.

Carlos. Look! now they are both laughing.

Isaac. Aye! so they are—yes, yes, they are laughing at that dear friend he talked of—aye, poor devil, they have outwitted him.

Carlos. Now he's kissing her hand.

Isaac. Yes, yes, faith, they're agreed—he's caught, he's entangled—my dear Carlos, we have brought it about. O, this little cunning head! I'm a Machiavel, a very Machiavel.

Carlos. I hear somebody enquiring for you—I'll see who it is.

[*Exit* CARLOS.

Enter ANTONIO *and* LOUISA.

Antonio. Well, my good friend, this lady has so entirely convinc'd me of the certainty of your success at Don Jerome's, that I now resign my pretensions there.

Isaac. You never did a wiser thing, believe me—and as for deceiving your friend, that's nothing at all—tricking is all fair in love, isn't it, ma'am?

Louisa. Certainly, Sir, and I am particularly glad to find you are of that opinion.

Isaac. O lud, yes, ma'am—let any one outwit me that can, I say—but here let me join your hands—there, you lucky rogue, I wish you happily married from the bottom of my soul.

Louisa. And I am sure, if you wish it, no one else shou'd prevent it.

Isaac. Now, Antonio, we are rivals no more, so let us be friends, will you.

Antonio. With all my heart, Isaac.

Isaac. It is not every man, let me tell you, that wou'd have taken such pains, or been so generous to a rival.

Antonio. No, faith, I don't believe there's another beside yourself in all Spain.

Isaac. Well, but you resign all pretensions to the other lady?

Antonio. That I do most sincerely.

Isaac. I doubt you have a little hankering there still.

Antonio. None in the least, upon my soul.

Isaac. I mean after her fortune?

Antonio. No, believe me. You are heartily welcome to every thing she has.

Isaac. Well, I'faith, you have the best of the bargain as to beauty, twenty to one—now I'll tell you a secret—I am to carry off Louisa this very evening.

Louisa. Indeed!

Isaac. Yes, she has sworn not to take a husband from her father's hand—so, I've persuaded him to trust her to walk with me in the garden, and then we shall give him the slip.

Louisa. And is Don Jerome to know nothing of this?

Isaac. O lud no: there lies the jest! Don't you see that, by this step, I over-reach him, I shall be intitled to the girl's fortune without settling a ducat on her, ha, ha, ha! I'm a cunning dog, a'n't I? A sly little villain, heh?

Antonio. Ha, ha, ha! you are indeed!

Isaac. Roguish you'll say—but keen hey?—devilish keen!

Antonio. So you are indeed—keen—very keen.

Isaac. And what a laugh we shall have at Don Jerome's, when the truth comes out, hey?

Louisa. Yes, I'll answer for't, we shall have a good laugh when the truth comes out, ha, ha, ha!

Enter CARLOS.

Carlos. Here are the dancers come to practice the fandango you intended to have honor'd Donna Louisa with.

Isaac. O, I sha'n't want them, but as I must pay them, I'll see a caper for my money—will you excuse me?

Louisa. Willingly.

Isaac. Here's my friend, whom you may command for any services, Madam, your most obedient—Antonio, I wish you all happiness. O the easy blockhead! what a tool I have made of him. —This was a master-piece.

[*Exit* ISAAC.

Louisa. Carlos, will you be my guard again, and convey me to the Convent of St. Catherine?

Antonio. Why, Louisa, why shou'd you go there?

Louisa. I have my reasons, and you must not be seen to go with me, I shall write from thence to my father, perhaps, when he finds what he has driven me to, he may relent.

Antonio. I have no hope from him—O Louisa, in these arms should be your sanctuary.

Louisa. Be patient but for a little while—my father cannot force me from thee. But let me see you there before evening, and I will explain myself.

Antonio. I shall obey.

Louisa. Come friend—Antonio, Carlos has been a lover himself.

Antonio. Then he knows the value of his trust.

Carlos. You shall not find me unfaithful.

TRIO

Soft pity never leaves the gentle breast,
Where love has been received a welcome guest,
As wand'ring saints poor huts have sacred made,
He hallows ev'ry heart he once has sway'd;
And when his presence we no longer share,
Still leaves compassion as a relic there.

Exeunt CARLOS, LOUISA, *and* ANTONIO.

END OF THE SECOND ACT

Act the Third

SCENE I

A Library.

Enter JEROME *and* SERVANT.

Jerome. WHY, I never was so amazed in my life! Louisa gone off with Isaac Mendoza! what, steal away with the very man whom I wanted her to marry—elope with her own husband as it were—it is impossible.

Servant. Her maid says, Sir, they had your leave to walk in the garden while you was abroad: The door by the shrubbery was found open, and they have not been heard of since.

Jerome. Well, it is the most unaccountable affair! s'death, there is certainly some infernal mystery in it, I can't comprehend.

Enter SECOND SERVANT, *with a* Letter.

Servant. Here is a letter, Sir, from Signor Isaac.

Jerome. So, so, this will explain—ay, "Isaac Mendoza," let me see. [*Reads.*] "Dearest Sir, you must, doubtless, be much surprized at my flight with your daughter"—Yes, faith and well I may. "I had the happiness to gain her heart at our first interview"—The devil you had! "But she having unfortunately made a vow not to receive a husband from your hands, I was obliged to comply with her whim" So, so! "We shall shortly throw ourselves at your feet, and I hope you will have a blessing ready for one who will then be

"Your son-in-law,

"ISAAC MENDOZA."

A whim, heigh? Why, the devil's in the girl, I think—This

morning she wou'd die sooner than have him, and before evening she runs away with him. Well, well, my will's accomplished—let the motive be what it will—and the Portugueze, sure, will never deny to fulfill the rest of the article.

Enter SERVANT *with another letter.*

Servant. Sir, here's a man below who says he brought this from my young lady, Donna Louisa.

Jerome. How! yes, it is my daughter's hand indeed! lord, there was no occasion for them both to write; well, let's see what she says: (*reads*) "My dearest father, how shall I intreat your pardon for the rash step I have taken, how confess the motive?" Pish! hasn't Isaac just told me the motive—one would think they weren't together, when they wrote. "If I have a spirit too resentful of ill usage, I have also a heart as easily affected by kindness" —So, so, here the whole matter comes out, her resentment for Antonio's ill usage, has made her sensible of Isaac's kindness—yes, yes, it is all plain enough—well "I am not married yet, tho' with a man I am convinced adores me"—Yes, yes, I dare say Isaac is very fond of her—"but I shall anxiously expect your answer, in which, should I be so fortunate as to receive your consent, you will make compleatly happy,

"Your ever affectionate daughter,

"LOUISA."

My consent to be sure she shall have it; egad, I was never better pleased—I have fulfilled my resolution—I knew I should—O there's nothing like obstinacy—Lewis?

Enter SERVANT.

Let the man who brought the last letter wait, and get me a pen and ink below. I am impatient to set poor Louisa's heart at rest, holloa! Lewis! Sancho!

Enter SERVANTS.

See that there be a noble supper provided in the Saloon to-night —serve up my best wines, and let me have music, d'ye hear?

Servants. Yes, sir. [*Exeunt.*

Jerome. And order all my doors to be thrown open—admit all

guests with masks or without masks—I'faith, we'll have a night of it—And let 'em see how merry an old man can be.

SONG.

O the days when I was young,
When I laugh't in fortune's spight,
Talk'd of love the whole day long,
And with nectar crown'd the night,
Then it was, old father care,
Little reck'd I of thy frown,
Half thy malice youth could bear,
And the rest a bumper drown.

Truth they say lies in a well,
Why I vow I ne'er could see,
Let the water-drinkers tell,
There it always lay for me.
For when sparkling wine went round,
Never saw I falsehood's mask,
But still honest truth I found,
In the bottom of each flask.

True, at length my vigour's flown,
I have years to bring decay;
Few the locks that now I own,
And the few I have, are grey.
Yet, old Jerome, thou may'st boast,
While thy spirits do not tire,
Still beneath thy age's frost;
Glows a spark of youthful fire.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II

The New Piazza.

Enter FERDINAND, *and* LOPEZ

Ferdinand. What, cou'd you gather no tidings of her? Nor guess where she was gone? O Clara! Clara!

Lopez. In truth, Sir, I could not—that she was run away from her father, was in every body's mouth,—and that Don Guzman was in pursuit of her, was also a very common report—where she was gone, or what was become of her, no one could take upon 'em to say.

Ferdinand. S'death and fury, you blockhead, she cant be out of Seville.

Lopez. So I said to myself, Sir! S'death and fury, you blockhead, says I, she can't be out of Seville—then some said, she had hang'd herself for love, and others have it, Don Antonio had carried her off.

Ferdinand. 'Tis false, scoundrel! no one said that.

Lopez. Then I misunderſtood 'em, Sir.

Ferdinand. Go, fool, get home, and never let me see you again, till you bring me news of her.

[*Exit* LOPEZ.

O! how my fondness for this ungrateful girl, has hurt my disposition?

SONG

Ah, cruel maid, how haſt thou changed
  The temper of my mind?
My heart by thee from mirth eſtrang'd
  Becomes, like thee, unkind.
By fortune favour'd, clear in fame
  I once ambitious was;
And friends I had, that fann'd the flame,
  And gave my youth applause.

But now my weakness all abuse,
  Yet vain their taunts on me;
Friends, fortune, fame itself I'd lose;
  To gain one smile from thee.
Yet, only thou shouldſt not despise
  My folly, or my woe;
If I am mad in others eyes,
  'Tis thou haſt made me so.

But days like these, with doubting curſt
I will not long endure;
Am I despised, I know the worſt,
And also know my cure.
If false, her vows she dare renounce,
She inſtant ends my pain,
For, Oh, that heart muſt break at once;
Which cannot hate again.

Enter Isaac.

Isaac. So, I have her safe—and have only to find a prieſt to marry us, Antonio now may marry Clara, or not, if he pleases.

Ferdinand. What? what was that you said of Clara?

Isaac. O Ferdinand! my brother-in-law that shall be, who thought of meeting you.

Ferdinand. But what of Clara?

Isaac. I'faith, you shall hear.—This morning as I was coming down, I met a pretty damsel, who told me her name was Clara d'Almanza, and begg'd my protection.

Ferdinand. How?

Isaac. She said she had eloped from her father, Don Guzman, but that love for a young gentleman in Seville, was the cause.

Ferdinand. O heavens! did she confess it?

Isaac. O yes, she confess'd at once—but then, says she, my lover is not inform'd of my flight, nor suspects my intention.

Ferdinand. Dear creature! no more I did indeed! O, I am the happieſt fellow—well, Isaac! [*Aside.*

Isaac. Why, then she intreated me to find him out for her, and bring him to her.

Ferdinand. Good heavens, how lucky! well, come along, lets lose no time, [*Pulling him.*

Isaac. Zooks! where are we to go?

Ferdinand. Why, did any thing more pass?

Isaac. Any thing more!—yes, the end on't was, that I was moved with her speeches, and complied with her desires.

Ferdinand. Well, and where is she?

Isaac. Where is she? why, dont I tell you I complied with her requeſt, and left her safe in the arms of her lover.

Ferdinand. S'death! you trifle with me—I have never seen her.

Isaac. You! O lud, no! How the devil shou'd you? 'Twas Antonio she wanted, and with Antonio I left her.

Ferdinand. Hell and madness [*Aside.*] what Antonio d'Ercilla?

Isaac. Aye, aye, the very man; and the beſt part of it was, he was shy of taking her at firſt—He talk'd a good deal about honour and conscience, and deceiving some dear friend; but, lord, we soon over ruled that.

Ferdinand. You did?

Isaac. O yes, presently—such deceit, says he—Pish! says the lady, tricking is all fair in love—but then, my friend, says he—Psha! damn your friend, says I—so, poor wretch, he has no chance—no, no—he may hang himself as soon as he pleases.

Ferdinand. I muſt go, or I shall betray myself.

Isaac. But ſtay, Ferdinand, you han't heard the beſt of the joke.

Ferdinand. Curse on your joke.

Isaac. Goodlack! what's the matter now? I thought to have diverted you.

Ferdinand. Be rack'd, tortur'd, damn'd——

Isaac. Why, sure you're not the poor devil of a lover are you? I'faith, as sure as can be, he is—this is a better joke than t'other, ha, ha, ha!

Ferdinand. What do you laugh, you vile, mischievous varlet [*collars him*] but that you're beneath my anger, I'd tear your heart out. [*Throws him from him.*

Isaac. O mercy! here's usage for a brother-in-law!

Ferdinand. But, harky, rascal! tell me directly where these false friends are gone, or by my soul [*draws*].

Isaac. For heavens sake, now, my dear Brother-in-law, don't be in a rage—I'll recollect as well as I can.

Ferdinand. Be quick then!

Isaac. I will, I will—but people's memories differ—some have a treacherous memory—now mine is a cowardly memory—

it takes to its heels at sight of a drawn sword, it does I'faith—and I could as soon fight as recollect.

Ferdinand. Zounds, tell me the truth, and I won't hurt you.

Isaac. No, no; I know you won't, my dear brother-in-law—but that ill looking thing there.

Ferdinand. What, then, you won't tell me?

Isaac. Yes, yes, I will—I'll tell you all upon my soul, but why need you listen sword in hand.

Ferdinand. Why there [*puts up*] now.

Isaac. Why then, I believe they are gone to—that is my friend, Carlos, told me he had left Donna Clara—dear Ferdinand keep your hands off—at the Convent of St. Catherine.

Ferdinand. St. Catherine!

Isaac. Yes; and that Antonio was to come to her there.

Ferdinand. Is this the truth?

Isaac. It is indeed; and all I know, as I hope for life.

Ferdinand. Well, coward, take your life—'tis that false, dishonourable Antonio, who shall feel my vengeance.

[SONG

Sharp is the woe that wounds the jealous mind,
When treach'ry two fond hearts wou'd rend!
But O! how keener far the pang, to find
That traitor in our bosom friend.][1]

Isaac. Ay, ay, kill him—cut his throat and welcome.

Ferdinand. But for Clara—infamy on her—she is not worth my resentment.

Isaac. No more she is, my dear brother-in-law, I'faith I would not be angry about her—she is not worth it indeed.

Ferdinand. 'Tis false—she is worth the enmity of princes.

Isaac. True, true; so she is, and I pity you exceedingly for having lost her.

Ferdinand. S'death, you rascal! how durst you talk of pitying me.

[1]From *The Songs in the Duenna* (1775).

Isaac. O dear brother-in-law, I beg pardon—I don't pity you in the leaſt, upon my soul.

Ferdinand. Get hence, fool, and provoke me no further—Nothing but your insignificance saves you.

Isaac. I'faith, then my insignificance is the beſt friend I have—I'm going, dear Ferdinand—What a curſt hot-headed bully it is!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

The Garden *of the* Convent.

Enter LOUISA *and* CLARA.

Louisa. And you really wish my brother may not find you out.

Clara. Why else, have I conceal'd myself under this disguise?

Louisa. Why, perhaps, because the dress becomes you, for you certainly don't intend to be a nun for life.

Clara. If, indeed, Ferdinand had not offended me so, laſt night.

Louisa. Come, come, it was his fear of losing you, made him so rash.

Clara. Well, you may think me cruel—but I swear if he were here this inſtant, I believe I shou'd forgive him.

SONG—CLARA.

By him we love offended,
How soon our anger flies,
One day apart, 'tis ended,
Behold him and it dies,

Laſt night, your roving brother,
Enrag'd I bade depart,
And sure his rude presumption,
Deserv'd to lose my heart.

Yet, were he now before me,
In spite of injured pride,
I fear my eyes wou'd pardon,
Before my tongue cou'd chide.

With truth, the bold deceiver,
  To me thus oft has said,
In vain wou'd Clara slight me,
  In vain wou'd she upbraid ;

No scorn those lips discover,
  Where dimples laugh the while,
No frowns appear resentful,
  Where Heaven has stampt a smile.

Louisa. I protest Clara, I shall begin to think you are seriously resolved to enter on your probation.

Clara. And, seriously, I very much doubt whether the character of a nun wou'd not become me best.

Louisa. Why, to be sure, the character of a nun is a very becoming one—at a masquerade—but no pretty woman in her senses ever thought of taking the veil for above a night.

Clara. Yonder I see your Antonio is returned—I shall only interrupt you; ah, Louisa, with what happy eagerness you turn to look for him! [*Exit*.

Enter ANTONIO.

Antonio. Well, my Louisa, any news since I left you?

Louisa. None—The messenger is not returned from my father.

Antonio. Well, I confess, I do not perceive what we are to expect from him.

Louisa. I shall be easier however, in having made the trial, I do not doubt your sincerity, Antonio: but there is a chilling air round poverty that often kills affection, that was not nurs'd in it —If we would make love our household god, we had best secure him a comfortable roof.

[SONG—ANTONIO.

How oft, Louisa, hast thou said
  (Nor wilt thou the fond boast disown)
Thou wouldst not lose Antonio's love
  To reign the partner of a throne!

And by those lips that spoke so kind,
  And by this hand I press'd to mine,
—To gain a subject nation's love,
  By Heav'n I would not part with thine!

Then how, my soul, can we be poor,
  Who own what kingdoms could not buy?
Of this true heart thou shalt be queen,
  In serving thee—a monarch I.

Thus uncontroll'd in mutual bliss
  And rich in love's exhaustless mine—
Do thou snatch treasures from my lips,
  And I'll take kingdoms back from thine!][1]

[*Enter* MAID, *with a letter.*

My father's answer I suppose.

Antonio. My dearest Louisa, you may be assured that it contains nothing but threats and reproaches.

Louisa. Let us see however [*reads*] "Dearest daughter, make your lover happy, you have my full consent to marry as your whim has chosen, but be sure come home to sup with your affectionate father."

Antonio. You jest, Louisa.

Louisa [*gives him the Letter*]. Read—read.

Antonio. 'Tis so, by heavens! sure there must be some mistake; but that's none of our business—now, Louisa, you have no excuse for delay.

Louisa. Shall we not then return and thank my father?

Antonio. But first let the priest put it out of his power to recall his word.—I'll fly to procure one.

Louisa. Nay; if you part with me again, perhaps you may lose me.

Antonio. Come then—there is a friar of a neighbouring convent is my friend; you have already been diverted by the manners of a nunnery—let us see, whether there is less hypocrisy among the holy fathers.

[1]From *The Songs in the Duenna* (1775).

Louisa. I'm afraid not, Antonio—for in religion, as in friendship, they who profess most are ever the least sincere.

[*Exeunt*.

Enter CLARA.

Clara. So, yonder they go, as happy as a mutual and confess'd affection can make them; while I am left in solitude. Heigho! love may perhaps excuse the rashness of an elopement from one's friend; but I am sure; nothing but the presence of the man we love can support it—Ha! what do I see; Ferdinand as I live, how cou'd he gain admission—by potent gold I suppose, as Antonio did—how eager and disturbed he seems—he shall not know me as yet. [*Lets down her veil.*]

Enter FERDINAND.

Ferdinand. Yes, those were certainly they—my information was right. [*Going*.

Clara [*stops him*]. Pray, Signor, what is your business here.

Ferdinand. No matter—no matter—Oh, they stop—[*looks out*] yes, that is the perfidious Clara indeed.

Clara. So, a jealous error—I'm glad to see him so mov'd.

[*Aside*.

Ferdinand. Her disguise can't conceal her—No, no, I know her too well.

Clara. Wonderful discernment! but Signor——

Ferdinand. Be quiet, good nun, don't teize me—by heavens she leans upon his arm, hangs fondly on it! O woman! woman!

Clara. But, Signor, who is it you want?

Ferdinand. Not you, not you, so, prythee don't teize me. Yet pray stay—gentle nun, was it not Donna Clara d'Almanza just parted from you?

Clara. Clara d'Almanza, Signor, is not yet out of the garden.

Ferdinand. Aye, aye, I knew I was right—and pray, is not that gentleman now at the porch with her, Antonio d'Ercilla?

Clara. It is indeed, Signor.

Ferdinand. So, so, now but one question more—can you inform me for what purpose they have gone away?

Clara. They are gone to be married, I believe.

Ferdinand. Very well—enough—now if I don't mar their wedding. [*Exit.*

Clara [*unveils*]. I thought jealousy had made lovers quick-sighted, but it has made mine blind—Louisa's story accounts to me for this error, and I am glad to find I have power enough over him to make him so unhappy—but why should not I be present at his surprize when undeceived? When he's thro' the porch I'll follow him, and, perhaps, Louisa shall not singly be a bride.

SONG

Adieu, thou dreary pile, where never dies,
The sullen echo of repentant sighs:
Ye sister mourners of each lonely cell,
Inured to hymns and sorrow, fare ye well;
For happier scenes I fly this darksome grove,
To saints a prison, but a tomb to love.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV

A Court *before the* Priory.

Enter ISAAC, *crossing the Stage.*

Enter ANTONIO.

Antonio. What, my friend Isaac:

Isaac. What, Antonio! wish me joy! I have Louisa safe.

Antonio. Have you? I wish you joy with all my soul.

Isaac. Yes, I am come here to procure a priest to marry us.

Antonio. So, then we are both on the same errand, I am come to look for father Paul.

Isaac. Hah! I am glad on't—but I'faith he must tack me first, my love is waiting.

Antonio. So is mine—I left her in the porch.

Isaac. Aye, but I am in haste to get back to Don Jerome.

Antonio. And so am I too.

Isaac. Well, perhaps he'll save time and marry us both to-

gether—or I'll be your father and you shall be mine—Come along—but you're oblig'd to me for all this.

Antonio. Yes, yes. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V

A Room *in the* Priory.

Friars *at the* Table *drinking.*

GLEE and CHORUS

This bottle's the sun of our Table,
His beams are rosy wine;
We, Planets that are not able,
Without his help to shine,
Let mirth and glee abound,
You'll soon grow bright,
With borrow'd light;
And shine as he goes round.

Paul. Brother Francis, toss the bottle about, and give me your toast.

Francis. Have we drank the abbess of St. Ursuline?

Augustine. Yes, yes; she was the last.

Francis. Then I'll give you the blue-ey'd nun of St. Catherine's.

Paul. With all my heart [*drinks*]. Pray brother, Augustine, were there any benefactions left in my absence?

Francis. Don Juan Corduba has left an hundred ducats to remember him in our masses.

Paul. Has he! let them be paid to our wine merchant, and we'll remember him in our cups, which will do just as well. Any thing more?

Augustine. Yes; Baptista, the rich miser, who died last week, has bequeath'd us a thousand Pistols, and the silver lamp he used in his own chamber, to burn before the image of St. Anthony.

Paul. 'Twas well meant; but we'll employ his money better—

Baptista's bounty shall light the living, not the dead—St. Anthony is not afraid to be left in the dark, tho' he was—see who's there.

[*A knocking*, FRANCIS *goes to the door, and opens it.*

Enter PORTER.

Porter. Here's one without in pressing haste to speak with father Paul.

Augustine. Brother Paul!

[PAUL *comes from behind a curtain with a glass of wine, and in his hand a piece of cake.*]

Paul. Here! how durst you, fellow, thus abruptly break in upon our devotions?

Porter. I thought they were finished.

Paul. No they were not—were they, brother Francis?

Augustine. Not by a bottle each.

Paul. But neither you nor your fellows mark how the hours go—no, you mind nothing but the gratifying of your appetites; ye eat and swill, and sleep, and gormandize, and thrive while we are wasting in mortification.

Porter. We ask no more than nature craves.

Paul. 'Tis false, ye have more appetites than hairs, and your flush'd, sleek, and pampered appearance is the disgrace of our order—out on't—if you are hungry, can't you be content, with the wholesome roots of the earth, and if you are dry, isn't there the crystal spring [*drinks*]? Put this away [*gives a glass*] and show me where I'm wanted. [PORTER *drains the glass*—PAUL *going, turns*]—so, you wou'd have drank it, if there had been any left. Ah, glutton! glutton! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI

The court before the Priory

Enter ISAAC *and* ANTONIO.

Isaac. A plaguy while coming this same father Paul—He's detain'd at vespers I suppose, poor fellow.

Antonio. No, here he comes.

Good father Paul, [*Enter* PAUL] I crave your blessing.

Isaac. Yes good father Paul, we are come to beg a favour.

Paul. What is it pray?

Isaac. To marry us, good father Paul; and in truth, thou do'ſt look the very prieſt of Hymen.

Paul. In short I may be called so; for I deal in repentance and mortification.

Isaac, No, no, thou seem'ſt an officer of Hymen, because thy presence speaks content and good humour.

Paul. Alas! my appearance is deceitful. Bloated I am, indeed, for faſting is a windy recreation, and it hath swoln me like a bladder.

Antonio. But thou haſt a good fresh colour in thy face, father, rosy I'faith.

Paul. Yes, I have blush'd for mankind, till the hue of my shame is as fixed as their vices.

Isaac. Good man!

Paul. And I have labour'd too—but to what purpose, they continue to sin under my very nose.

Isaac. Efecks, father, I shou'd have guess'd as much, for your nose seems to be put to the blush more than any other part of your face.

Paul. Go, you're a wag.

Antonio. But to the purpose, father—will you officiate for us?

Paul. To join young people thus clandeſtinely is not safe, and indeed, I have in my heart many weighty reasons againſt it.

Antonio. And I have in my hand many weighty reasons for it—Isaac, hav'n't you an argument or two in our favour about you?

Isaac. Yes, yes; here is a moſt unanswerable purse.

Paul. For shame, you make me angry; you forget that I am a Jacobin[1] and when importunate people have forced their trash—aye, into this pocket here—or into this—why, then the sin was theirs [*they put money into his pockets*] fie! now, how you diſtress me?—I wou'd return it, but that I muſt touch it that way, and so wrong my oath.

Antonio. Now then, come with us.

[1]you forget who I am—*Greenock Edition* (1828), *Oxford Edition* (1906).

Isaac. Aye, now give us your title to joy and rapture.

Friar. Well, when your hour of repentance comes, don't blame me.

Antonio. No bad caution to my friend Isaac [*Aside.*] Well, well, father, do you do your part and I'll abide the consequence.

Isaac. Aye, and so will I [*They are going.*].

Enter LOUISA, [*running*].

Louisa. O, Antonio, Ferdinand is at the porch and enquiring for us.

Isaac. Who? Don Ferdinand! he's not enquiring for me I hope.

Antonio. Fear not, my love, I'll soon pacify him.

Isaac. Egad, you won't—Antonio, take my advice and run away; this Ferdinand is the most unmerciful dog! and has the cursedest long sword! and upon my soul he comes on purpose to cut your throat.

Antonio. Never fear, never fear.

Isaac. Well, you may stay if you will—but I'll get some one to marry me, for by St. Iago, he shall never marry me again, while I am master of a pair of heels. [*Runs out.*

Enter FERDINAND *and* LOUISA.

Ferdinand. So, Sir, I have met with you at last.

Antonio. Well, Sir?

Ferdinand. Base treacherous man! whence can a false, deceitful soul like your's borrow confidence to look so steadily on the man you've injured?

Antonio. Ferdinand, you are too warm—'tis true you find me on the point of wedding one I love beyond my life, but no argument of mine prevail'd on her to elope—I scorn deceit as much as you—by heav'n, I knew not she had left her father's till I saw her.

Ferdinand. What a mean excuse! you wrong'd your friend then, for one, whose wanton forwardness anticipated your treachery—of this indeed, your Jew pander inform'd me; but let

your conduct be consistent, and since you have dar'd to do a wrong, follow me, and show you have spirit to avow it.

Louisa. Antonio, I perceive his mistake—leave him to me.

Paul. Friend, you are rude to interrupt the union of two willing hearts.

Ferdinand. No, meddling priest, the hand he seeks is mine.

Enter CLARA, *behind.*

Paul. If so, I'll proceed no further—lady, did you ever promise this youth your hand? [*To* LOUISA, *who shakes her head.*]

Ferdinand. Clara, I thank you for your silence—I would not have heard your tongue avow such falsity—be't your punishment to remember I have not reproached you—Antonio, you are protected now, but we shall meet. [*Going,* CLARA *holds one arm and* LOUISA *the other.*]

DUET

Louisa. Turn thee round I pray thee,
Calm awhile thy rage,
Clara. I must help to stay thee,
And thy wrath assuage.

Louisa. Could'st thou not discover
One so dear to thee?
Clara. Can'st thou be a lover,
And thus fly from me? [*Both unveil.*

Ferdinand. How's this! my sister! Clara too—I'm confounded.

Louisa. 'Tis even so, good brother.

Paul. How! what impiety! Did the man want to marry his own sister?

Louisa. And arn't you asham'd of yourself not to know your own sister?

Clara. To drive away your own mistress——

Louisa. Don't you see how jealousy blinds people?

Clara. Aye, and will you ever be jealous again?

Ferdinand. Never—never—you, sister, I know will forgive me—but now, Clara, shall I presume——

Clara. No, no, just now you told me not to tieze you "Who do you want, good Signor?" "not you, not you." O you blind wretch! but swear never to be jealous again, and I'll forgive you.

Ferdinand. By all——

Clara. There, that will do—you'll keep the oath just as well.

[*Gives her hand.*

Louisa. But, brother, here is one, to whom some apology is due.

Ferdinand. Antonio. I am asham'd to think——

Antonio. Not a word of excuse, Ferdinand—I have not been in love myself, without learning that a lover's anger shou'd never be resented—but come—let us retire with this good father, and we'll explain to you the cause of this error.

GLEE *and* CHORUS

Oft does Hymen smile to hear,
  Wordy vows of feign'd regard;
Well he knows when they're sincere.
  Never slow to give reward:
For his glory is to prove,
  Kind to those who wed for love.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII—AND LAST

A *Grand* Saloon.

Enter DON JEROME, SERVANTS *and* LOPEZ.

Jerome. Be sure now let every thing be in the best order—let all my Servants have on their merriest faces—but tell 'em to get as little drunk as possible till after supper. So, Lopez, where's your master? sha'n't we have him at supper.

Lopez. Indeed, I believe not, Sir—he's mad, I doubt; I'm sure he has frighted me from him.

Jerome. Aye, aye, he's after some wench, I suppose, a young rake! Well, well, we'll be merry without him.

Enter a SERVANT.

Servant. Sir, here is Signor Isaac.

Enter ISAAC.

Jerome. So, my dear son-in-law—there, take my blessing and forgiveness, but where's my daughter? where's Louisa?

Isaac. She's without impatient for a blessing, but almost afraid to enter.

Jerome. O fly and bring her in. [*Exit* ISAAC. Poor girl, I long to see her pretty face.

Isaac [*without*]. Come, my charmer! my trembling Angel!

Enter ISAAC *and* DUENNA, DON JEROME *runs to meet them* [*she kneels*].

Jerome. Come to my arms, my—[*starts back*] why who the devil have we here?

Isaac. Nay, Don Jerome, you promised her forgiveness; see how the dear creature droops.

Jerome. Droops indeed! Why, gad take me, this is old Margaret—but where's my daughter, where's Louisa?

Isaac. Why here, before your eyes—nay, don't be abashed, my sweet wife!

Jerome. Wife with a vengeance! Why, zounds you have not married the Duenna!

Margaret [*kneeling*]. O dear papa! you'll not disown me sure!

Jerome. Papa! dear papa! Why, zounds, your impudence is as great as your ugliness.

Isaac. Rise, my charmer, go throw your snowy arms about his neck, and convince him you are——

Duenna. O Sir, forgive me! [*Embraces him*.

Jerome. Help! murder!

Servants. What's the matter, Sir?

Jerome. Why here, this damn'd Jew has brought an old Harridan to strangle me.

Isaac. Lord, it is his own daughter, and he is so hard hearted he won't forgive her.

Enter ANTONIO *and* LOUISA, *they kneel.*

Jerome. Zounds and fury what's here now? who sent for you, Sir, and who the devil are you?

Antonio. This lady's husband, Sir.

Isaac. Aye, that he is I'll be sworn; for I left 'em with the Priest, and was to have given her away.

Jerome. You were?

Isaac. Aye; that's my honest friend, Antonio; and that's the little girl I told you I had hamper'd him with.

Jerome. Why, you are either drunk or mad—this is my daughter.

Isaac. No, no; 'tis you are both drunk and mad, I think—here's your daughter.

Jerome. Hark'ee, old iniquity, will you explain all this or not?

Duenna. Come then, Don Jerome, I will—tho' our habits might inform you all—look on your daughter there, and on me.

Isaac. What's this I hear?

Duenna. The truth is, that in your passion this morning, you made a small mistake, for you turn'd your daughter out of doors, and lock'd up your humble servant.

Isaac. O lud! O lud! here's a pretty fellow! to turn his daughter out of doors instead of an old Duenna.

Jerome. And, O lud! O lud! here's a pretty fellow to marry an old Duenna instead of my daughter—but how came the rest about?

Duenna. I have only to add, that I remain'd in your daughter's place, and had the good fortune to engage the affections of my sweet husband here.

Isaac. Her husband! why, you old witch, do you think I'll be your husband now! this is a trick, a cheat, and you ought all to be asham'd of yourselves.

Antonio. Hark'ee, Isaac, do you dare to complain of tricking—Don Jerome, I give you my word, this cunning Portugueze has brought all this upon himself, by endeavouring to over-reach you by getting your daughter's fortune, without making any settlement in return.

Jerome. Over-reach me!

Antonio. 'Tis so indeed, Sir, and we can prove it to you.

Jerome. Why, gad take me, it must be so, or he cou'd never have put up with such a face as Margaret's—so, little Solomon, I wish you joy of your wife with all my soul.

Louisa. Isaac, tricking is all fair in love—let you alone for the plot.

Antonio. A cunning dog ar'n't you? A sly little villain, heh!

Louisa. Roguish, perhaps; but keen, devilish keen.

Jerome. Yes, yes, his aunt always call'd him little Solomon.

Isaac. Why, the plague of Egypt upon you all—but do you think I'll submit to such an imposition?

Antonio. Isaac, one serious word—you'd better be content as you are, for believe me, you will find, that in the opinion of the world, there is not a fairer subject for contempt and ridicule, than a knave become the dupe of his own art.

Isaac. I don't care—I'll not endure this—Don Jerome 'tis you have done this—you wou'd be so curst positive about the beauty of her you lock'd up, and all the time, I told you she was as old as my mother, and as ugly as the Devil.

Duenna. Why you little insignificant reptile.

Jerome. That's right—attack him, Margaret.

Duenna. Dares such a thing as you pretend to talk of beauty—a walking rouleau—a body that seems to owe all its consequence to the dropsy—a pair of eyes like two dead beetles in a wad of brown dough. A beard like an artichoke, with dry shrivell'd jaws that wou'd disgrace the mummy of a monkey.

Jerome. Well done, Margaret.

Duenna. But you shall know that I have a brother who wears a sword, and if you don't do me justice—

Isaac. Fire seize your brother, and you too—I'll fly to Jerusalem to avoid you.

Duenna. Fly where you will, I'll follow you.

Jerome. Throw your snowy arms about him, Margaret.

Exeunt ISAAC *and* DUENNA.

But Louisa, are you really married to this modest gentleman?

Louisa. Sir, in obedience to your commands I gave him my hand within this hour.

Jerome. My commands!

Antonio. Yes, Sir, here is your consent under your own hand.

Jerome. How? wou'd you rob me of my child by a trick, a false pretence, and do you think to get her fortune by the same means? why s'life, you are as great a rogue as Isaac.

Antonio. No, Don Jerome, tho' I have profited by this paper in gaining your daughter's hand, I scorn to obtain her fortune by deceit, there Sir, [*Gives a letter*.] now give her your blessing for a dower, and all the little I possess, shall be settled on her in return. Had you wedded her to a prince, he could do no more.

Jerome. Why, gad take me, but you are a very extraordinary fellow, but have you the impudence to suppose no one can do a generous action but yourself? Here Louisa, tell this proud fool of yours, that he's the only man I know that wou'd renounce your fortune; and by my soul, he's the only man in Spain that's worthy of it—there, bless you both, I'm an obstinate old fellow when I am in the wrong; but you shall now find me as steady in the right. [*Enter* FERDINAND *and* CLARA.]
Another wonder still! why, Sirrah! Ferdinand, you have not stole a nun, have you?

Ferdinand. She is a nun in nothing but her habit, Sir—look nearer, and you will perceive 'tis Clara d'Almanza, Don Guzman's daughter, and with pardon for stealing a wedding, she is also my wife.

Jerome. Gadsbud, and a great fortune—Ferdinand, you are a prudent young rogue and I forgive you; and ifecks you are a pretty little damsel. Give your father-in-law a kiss, you smiling rogue.

Clara. There, old gentleman, and now mind you behave well to us.

Jerome. Efecks, those lips ha'n't been chill'd by kissing beads —Egad, I believe I shall grow the best humour'd fellow in Spain —Lewis, Sancho, Carlos, d'ye hear, are all my doors thrown open? Our childrens weddings are the only hollidays our age can boast, and then we drain with pleasure, the little stock of spirits time has left us. [*Music within*.] But see, here come our friends and neighbours.

Enter MASQUERADERS.

And I'faith we'll make a night on't, with wine and dance, and catches—then old and young shall join us.

FINALE

Jerome. Come now for jest and smiling,
Both old and young beguiling,
Let us laugh and play, so blythe and gay,
Till we banish care away.

Louisa. Thus crown'd with dance and song,
The hours shall glide along,
With a heart at ease, merry, merry glees,
Can never fail to please.

Ferdinand. Each bride with blushes glowing,
Our wine as rosy flowing,
Let us laugh and play, so blythe and gay,
Till we banish care away,—

Antonio. Then, health's to every friend,
The night's repast shall end,
With a heart at ease, merry, merry, glees,
Can never fail to please.

Clara. Nor while we are so joyous,
Shall anxious fear annoy us,
Let us laugh and play, so blythe and gay,
Till we banish care away.

Jerome. For generous guests like these,
Accept the wish to please,
So we'll laugh and play, so blithe and gay,
Your smiles drive care away.

FINIS

Appendix I.—Letters concerning the Music of *The Duenna*

[ALTHOUGH Thomas Linley assisted Sheridan in *The Duenna*, he did so with some considerable reluctance. He disapproved of what seemed to him a casual and ineffective method of collaboration. The four letters from Sheridan to Thomas Linley were printed in Moore's *Life* (pp. 114-120). They become more understandable when read in conjunction with Linley's previous letter to David Garrick.]

1. THOMAS LINLEY TO DAVID GARRICK

Bath, Sep. 28, 1775.

. . . . There is a circumstance—because relative to myself in the good opinion I wish you should preserve of me—that I must mention; otherwise, I know not if I ought: it is, that, as often I am called upon, I have promised to assist Sheridan in compiling —I believe is the properest term—an opera; which, I understand from him, he has engaged to produce at Covent-Garden this winter. I have already set some airs which he has given me, and he intends writing new words to some other tunes of mine. My son has likewise written some tunes for him, and I understand he is to have others from Mr. Jackson of Exeter. This is a mode of proceeding in regard to his composition I by no means approve of. I think he ought first to have finished his opera with the songs he intends to introduce in it, and have got it entirely new set. No musician can set a song properly unless he understands the character,—and knows the performer who is to exhibit it. For my part, I shall be very unwilling for either my name, or my son's, to appear in this business; and it is my present resolution to forbid it: for I have great reason to be diffident of

my own abilities and genius; and my son has not had experience in theatrical composition, though I think well of his invention and musical skill. I would not have been concerned in this business at all, but that I know there is an absolute necessity for him to endeavour to get some money by this means, as he will not be prevailed upon to let his wife sing, and indeed at present she is incapable; and nature will not permit me to be indifferent to his success . . . .

From *The Private Correspondence of David Garrick* (vol. II. p. 102), edited by James Boaden (1832) endorsed by Garrick. "Mr. Linley's letter, October 2nd, 1775, answered."

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2. R. B. SHERIDAN TO THOMAS LINLEY

October [10], 1775.

Dear Sir,

We received your songs to-day, with which we are exceedingly pleased. I shall profit by your proposed alterations; but I'd have you to know that we are much too chaſte in London to admit such ſtrains as your Bath spring inspires. We dare not propose a peep beyond the ancle on any account; for the critics in the pit at a new play are much greater prudes than the ladies in the boxes. Betsey intended to have troubled you with some music for correction and I with some ſtanzas, but an interview with Harris to-day has put me from the thoughts of it, and bent me upon a much more important petition. You may easily suppose it is nothing else than what I said I would not ask in my laſt. But, in short, unless you can give us three days in town, I fear our opera will ſtand a chance to be ruined. Harris is extravagantly sanguine of its success as to plot and dialogue, which is to be rehearsed next Wednesday at the theatre. They will exert themselves to the utmoſt in the scenery, &c., but I never saw any one so disconcerted as he was at the idea of there being no one to put them in the right way to music. They have no one there whom he has any opinion of—as to Fisher [the theatre composer] he don't choose he should meddle with it. He entreated me in the moſt pressing terms to write inſtantly to you, and wanted, if he thought it could be any weight, to write himself. Is it impossible

to contrive this? couldn't you leave Tom[1] to superintend the concert for a few days? If you can manage it, you will really do me the greateſt service in the world. As to the ſtate of the music, I want but three more airs, but there are some glees and quintets in the laſt acſt, that will be inevitably ruined, if we have no one to set the performers at leaſt in the right way. Harris has set his heart so much on my succeeding in this application, that he ſtill flatters himself we may have a rehearsal of the music in Orchard Street to-morrow se'nnight. Every hour's delay is a material injury both to the opera and the theatre, so that if you can come and relieve us from this perplexity, the return of the poſt muſt only forerun your arrival; or (what will make us much happier) might it not bring *you?* I shall say nothing at present about the lady "with the soft look and manner," because I am full of more than hopes of seeing you. For the same reason I shall delay to speak about G[arrick]; only this much I will say, that I am more than ever positive I could make good my part of the matter; but that I ſtill remain an infidel as to G.'s retiring, or parting with his share, though I confess he *seems* to come closer to the point in naming his price.

Your ever sincere and affectionate,
R. B. SHERIDAN.

[Endorsed]
Dareſt Father, I shall have no spirits or hopes of the opera, unless we see you.

ELIZA ANN SHERIDAN.

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3. R. B. SHERIDAN TO THOMAS LINLEY

[*October* 17?], 1775.

DEAR SIR,

Mr. Harris wishes so much for us to get you to town, that I could not at firſt convince him that your proposal of not coming till the music was in rehearsal, was certainly the beſt, as you could ſtay but so short a time. The truth is, that what you mention of my getting a *maſter* to teach the performers is the very point

[1]Mrs. Sheridan's eldest brother.—*Moore.*

where the matter ſticks, there being no ſuch perſon as a maſter among them. Harris is ſenſible there ought to be ſuch a perſon; however, at preſent, every body ſings there according to their own ideas, or what chance inſtruction they can come at. We are, however, to follow your plan in the matter; but can at no rate relinquiſh the hopes of ſeeing you in eight or ten days from the date of this; when the muſic (by the ſpecimen of expedition you have given me) will be advanced as far as you mention. The parts are all writ out and doubled, &c. as we go on, as I have aſſiſtance from the theatre with me.

My intention was to have cloſed the firſt act with a ſong, but I find it is not thought ſo well. Hence I truſt you with one of the inclosed papers; and, at the ſame time, you muſt excuſe my impertinence in adding an idea of the caſt I would wiſh the muſic to have; as I think I have heard you ſay you never heard Leoni [Don Carlos], and I cannot briefly explain to you the character and ſituation of the perſons on the ſtage with him. The firſt (a dialogue between Quick [Isaac] and Mrs. Mattocks [Donna Louiſa]), I would wiſh to be a pert, ſprightly air; for, though ſome of the words may'nt ſeem ſuited to it, I ſhould mention that they are neither of them in earneſt in what they ſay. Leoni takes it up ſeriouſly, and I want him to ſhow himſelf advantageouſly in the ſix lines, beginning "Gentle maid." I ſhould tell you, that he ſings nothing well but in a plaintive or paſtoral ſtyle; and his voice is ſuch as appears to me always to be hurt by much accompaniment. I have obſerved, too, that he never gets ſo much applauſe as when he makes a cadence. Therefore my idea is, that he ſhould make a flourish at "Shall I grieve thee?" and return to "Gentle maid," and ſo ſing that part of the tune again.[1] After that, the two laſt lines, ſung by the three, with the perſons only varied, may get them off with as much ſpirit as poſſible. The ſecond act ends with a *ſlow* glee, therefore I ſhould think the two laſt lines in queſtion had better be briſk, eſpecially as Quick and Mrs. Mattocks are concerned in it.

The other is a ſong of Wilſon's in the third act. I have written

[1]It will be perceived, by a reference to the muſic of the opera, that Mr. Linley followed theſe inſtructions implicitly and ſucceſſfully.—*Moore.*

it to your tune, which you put some words to, beginning, "Prithee, prithee, pretty man!" I think it will do vastly well for the words: Don Jerome sings them when he is in particular spirits; therefore the tune is not too light, though it might seem so by the last stanza—but he does not mean to be grave there, and I like particularly the returning to "O the Days when I was young!" We have mislaid the notes, but Tom remembers it. If you don't like it for words, will you give us one? but it must go back to "O the days," and be *funny*. I have not done troubling you yet, but must wait till Monday.

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4. R. B. SHERIDAN TO THOMAS LINLEY

[*October* 24], 1775.

Dear Sir,

Sunday evening next is fixed for our first musical rehearsal, and I was in great hopes we might have completed the score. The songs you have sent up of "Banna's Banks," and "Deil take the wars," I had made words for before they arrived, which answer excessively well; and this was my reason for wishing for the next in the same manner, as it saves so much time. They are to sing "Wind, gentle evergreen," just as you sing it (only with other words), and I wanted only such support from the instruments, or such joining in, as you should think would help to set off and assist the effort. I inclose the words I had made for "Wind, gentle evergreen," which will be sung, as a catch, by Mrs. Mattocks, Dubellamy,[1] and Leoni. I don't mind the words not fitting the notes so well as the original ones. "How merrily we live," and "Let's drink and let's sing," are to be sung by a company of *friars* over their wine.[2] The words will be parodied, and the chief effect I expect from them must arise from their being *known*; for the joke will be much less for these jolly fathers to sing any thing new, than to give what the audience are used to annex the idea of jollity to. For the other things Betsy mentioned, I only wish to

[1]Don Antonio.—*Moore*.

[2]For these was afterwards substituted Mr. Linley's lively glee, "This bottle's the sun of our table."—*Moore*.

have them with such accompaniment as you would put to their *present* words, and I shall have got words to my liking for them by the time they reach me.

My immediate wish at present is to give the performers their parts in the music (which they expect on Sunday night), for any assistance the orchestra can give to help the effect of the glees, &c., that may be judged of and added at a rehearsal, or, as you say, on enquiring how they have been done; though I don't think it follows that what Dr. Arne's method is must be the best. If it were possible for Saturday and Sunday's post to bring us what we asked for in our last letters, and what I now enclose, we should still go through it on Sunday, and the performers should have their parts complete by Monday night. We have had our rehearsal of the speaking part, and are to have another on Saturday. I want Dr. Harrington's catch, but, as the sense must be the same, I am at a loss how to put other words. Can't the under part ("A smoky house, &c.") be sung by one person and the other two change? The situation is—Quick and Dubellamy, two lovers, carrying away Father Paul (Reinold) in great raptures, to marry them:—the Friar has before warned them of the ills of a married life, and they break out into this. The catch is particularly calculated for a stage effect; but I don't like to take another person's words, and I don't see how I can put others, keeping the same idea ("of seven squalling brats, &c.") in which the whole affair lies. However, I shall be glad of the notes, with Reinold's part, if it is possible, as I mentioned.[1]

I have literally and really not had time to write the words of any thing more first and then send them to you, and this obliges me to use this apparently awkward way. . . .

My father was astonishingly well received on Saturday night in Cato: I think it will not be many days before we are reconciled.

The inclosed are the words for "Wind, gentle evergreen"; a passionate song ["Sharp is the woe"] for Mattocks, and another ["Adieu thou dreary pile"] for Miss Brown, which solicit to be clothed with melody by you, and are all I want. Mattocks's I could wish to be a broken, passionate affair, and the first two lines

[1]This idea was afterwards relinquished.—*Moore.*

may be recitative, or what you please, uncommon. Miss Brown sings hers in a joyful mood: we want her to show in it as much execution as she is capable of, which is pretty well; and, for variety, we want Mr. Simpson's hautboy to cut a figure, with replying passages, &c., in the way of Fisher's *M'ami, il bel idol mio*, to abet which I have lugged in "Echo," who is always allowed to play her part. I have not a moment more. Yours ever sincerely,

R. B. SHERIDAN.

R. B. SHERIDAN TO THOMAS LINLEY

[*November* 2], 1775.

. . . Our music is now all finished and rehearsing, but we are greatly impatient to see *you*. We hold your coming to be *necessary* beyond conception. You say you are at our service after Tuesday next; then "I conjure you by that you do possess," in which I include all the powers that preside over harmony, to come next Thursday night (this day se'nnight), and we will fix a rehearsal for Friday morning. From what I see of their rehearsing at present, I am become still more anxious to see you.

We have received all your songs, and are vastly pleased with them. You misunderstood me as to the hautboy song; I had not the least intention to fix on *Bel idol mio*. However, I think it is particularly well adapted, and, I doubt not, will have a great effect. . . .

Appendix II—*The Governess* and the Piracies of *The Duenna*

THE history of *The Duenna*, theatrical and bibliographical, is as intricate as it is interesting. Until 1925, when I attempted to explain its relations with *The Governess*, the knowledge on the subject was summarized by Mr. Sichel in these words, "No authorized English book of the play is known till 1794, and indeed even this was unauthorized by Sheridan... But at least as early as 1785 *The Duenna* was printed in Dublin, where for some years it had been acted with alterations, and 1793 it reappeared as *The Governess* with changed names and gagged dialogue."[1] To anticipate certain conclusions, the present state of knowledge is: *The Governess* was printed in Dublin in 1777, being a paraphrase of the genuine text of *The Duenna*; with the names of the characters altered. The Dublin editions of *The Duenna* before 1794 all reprint the text of *The Governess*, except that the title and names of characters are Sheridan's. The London edition of 1794 was authorized by Thomas Harris of Covent Garden, to whom Sheridan had sold the copyright.[2]

The problem presented itself to me by accident. In 1923, when Sir Barry Jackson told me he was reviving *The Duenna* at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, I chanced to take down, instead of the Oxford Edition, a little neglected duodecimo. This was the first English "collected edition" of "The Dramatic

[1]See my article in *The Times Literary Supplement*, September 17th, 1925.

[2]Sheridan never himself printed this opera, which I think was published by the authority of the proprietor of Covent Garden Theatre, in whom the copyright, I believe, was vested by the author's original bargain. This notion of keeping back the drama from the press, is in its design impolitic, and always ineffectual. Copies must be allowed to the country theatres, and the production finds its way speedily to the Irish printer, who receives it perhaps full of errors, and, at best, strictly preserves them all. Publication never yet diminished the attraction of the stage. The number of books sold nightly in our theatres proves this decisively.—James Boaden, *Memoirs of Mrs. Siddons*, 1827.

Works of R. B. Sheridan, Esq., containing *The School for Scandal, The Rivals, The Duenna, The Critic*, London. Printed for A. Millar, W. Law and R. Cater," issued without a date in or about 1797, as the watermarks show. On reading *The Duenna* I was astonished at the poverty and crudeness and unfamiliarity of the dialogue. Whereupon I compared the two Editions, with this result:—

According to the Oxford Edition, this is a colloquy between Don Jerome, his son and daughter (Act I, scene iii).

Jerome. Isaac Mendoza will be here presently, and tomorrow you shall marry him.

Louisa. Never, while I have life.

Ferdinand. Indeed, sir, I wonder how you can think of such a man for a son-in-law.

Jerome. Sir, you are very kind to favour me with your sentiments. And pray, what is your objection to him?

Ferdinand. He is a Portuguese in the first place.

Jerome. No such thing, boy, he has forsworn his country.

Louisa. He's a Jew.

Jerome. Another mistake; he has been a Christian these six weeks.

Ferdinand. Ay, he left his religion for an estate, and has not had time to get a new one.

Louisa. But stands like a dead wall between church and synagogue, or like the blank leaves between the Old and New Testament.

Jerome. Anything more!

Ferdinand. But the most remarkable part of his character is his passion for deceit and tricks of cunning.

Louisa. Though at the same time the fool so much predominates over the knave that I am told he is generally the dupe of his own art.

Ferdinand. True, like an unskilful gunner, he usually misses his aim, and he's hurt by the recoil of his own piece.

Jerome. Anything more?

Louisa. To sum up, he has the worst fault a husband can have—he's not my choice.

Jerome. But you are his, and choice on one side is sufficient. Two lovers should never meet in marriage. Be you as sour as you please, he is sweet-tempered, and for your good fruit there's nothing like ingrafting on a crab.

In the Edition of 1797 this conversational trio dwindles into a duet of half the length, Ferdinand standing silently by:—

Jerome. Louisa, to-morrow, child, I have determined you shall marry Isaac Mendoza, and then——

Louisa. O, sir, do not make me miserable.

Jerome. Anything more?

Louisa. He's a Jew.

Jerome. That's a mistake, for he's changed his religion these six weeks! Anything more?

Louisa. Sir, he's a Portuguese.

Jerome. That's another mistake; for he has forsworn his country. Anything more?

Louisa. Sir, he has to me the greatest fault that ever a man had.

Jerome. Hey-day, what's that?

Louisa. He is my aversion.

Jerome. Louisa, I care not. I know he loves you, and he has the money. The best experiment in nature, to obtain good fruit, is to graft it on a crab.

Throughout the entire text of 1797 the dialogues were similarly paraphrased and impoverished. At that time Moore's *Memoirs of Sheridan* was so discredited by later biographiers that I did not consult it, but later, doing so, I discovered from certain extracts given by him, that this London Edition of 1797 was a reprint of something that he called "The Dublin Edition." He said (*Sheridan*, p. 132):

Among literary piracies or impostures, there are few more audacious than the Dublin edition of *The Duenna*, in which although the songs are given accurately, an entirely new dialogue is substituted for that of Sheridan, and his gold, as in the barter of Glaucus, exchanged for such copper as the following:—

Duenna. Why, sir, I don't want to stay in your house, but I must go and lock up my wardrobe.

Isaac [a mistake for *Jerome*]. Your wardrobe! When you came in my house you could carry your wardrobe in your comb-case, you could, you old dragon.

These jokes, I need not add, are the gratuitous contributions of the editor.

There was no difficulty in accounting for the correctness of the songs,—they were reprinted verbatim from those in a little pamphlet of which a copy was in my possession—"Songs, Duets, Trios, &c. in *The Duenna; or, The Double Elopement*, London, 1775." These facts I summed up in a causerie in *The Birmingham Post*, ending with a reference to a vaguely-recollected account of a piracy of *The Duenna* by Tate Wilkinson of York, of which more later. An article on Ryder in *The Thespian Biography* narrated briefly (and incorrectly) how he had pirated *The Duenna* at Dublin under the title of *The Governess*. At this stage I consulted Mr. W. J. Lawrence, of Dublin, my friend and adviser for many years in theatrical research. His reply came promptly, and brought my enquiry to the second stage.

THE GOVERNESS IN DUBLIN

The Duenna was first performed at Covent Garden on November 21, 1775. Sheridan, and Harris, the manager, refused to allow the prompt-book to be copied, yet there can be no doubt that "stolen and surreptitious" versions were made and multiplied. By the kindness of Mr. Lawrence I was enabled to tell, for the first time, the history of the unauthorized performances in Dublin of *The Duenna* and its dramatic piracy, *The Governess*, about which such writers as W. C. Oulton, Fitzgerald Molloy, and Joseph Knight have given accounts or allusions too full of error to be profitably repeated. It is shown by Dublin newspapers of the time that:—

On January 31, 1777, at the Theatre Royal, Crow-street Ryder produced *The Governess*.

On February 21, 1777, at the New Theatre, in Fishamble-street, Waddy, Vandermere, and Sparks produced *The Duenna*.

On April 17, 1777, the patentees of Covent Garden applied

for an injunction to restrain Fishamble-street from performing *The Duenna*. The case was postponed for six days, no performances to be given in the interim.

On April 23, 1777, "case heard with four counsel on each side, and lasted until the middle of the following day. The plea of the defendants, viz.—that anyone could repeat what had been made public—was sustained by the Court, and the Lord Chancellor refused the injunction."

No proceedings whatever (despite the biographers) were taken against Ryder. There was a rumour in Dublin that Ryder was to be prosecuted for pirating the songs, but no action was taken—no doubt because of the failure of the major suit. Afterwards *The Hibernian Journal* sneered at Ryder for, instead of taking the bold and defiant course of Fishamble-street, evading prosecution by altering and distorting *The Duenna* (in which he had changed the names of the characters—Isaac Mendoza into Enoch, &c.) "Jack Indignant" rejoiced at the failure of "the avaricious attempt made by the English managers to engross dramatic productions to their own emolument." (Nevertheless, Ryder paid £100 two years later for the right to perform *The School for Scandal*.)

When Mr. Lawrence sent me this information I made a guess at the true explanation of the piratical *Duenna* as printed in Dublin and London: it was a reprint of Ryder's distorted text with the names he had altered changed again in consonance with Sheridan's original. But, as there was no copy of *The Governess* in the British Museum, it was twelve months before this could be verified. Then an incomplete copy of *The Governess*, "a Comic Opera, as it is performed at the Theatre Royal in Crow-street and Dublin. Printed in the year M.DCC. LXXVII" showed that my surmise was correct. In *The Governess* Don Ferdinand is Don Lorenzo, Isaac Mendoza is Enoch, Donna Louisa is Donna Sophia, and so throughout. Otherwise than in its resumption of Sheridan's names *The Duenna* in the collected edition is a word-for-word reprint of *The Governess*. And, curiously enough, many people have read *The Duenna* in this piracy and accepted it as Sheridan's, although marvelling that Sheridan could write such

"sing-song rubbish without genius, sense and humour," as Lord Gardenstone called it (*Miscellanies*, Edinburgh, 1792). From various publishers' lists there is no doubt that both *The Governess* and *The Duenna* were printed in many editions. As late as 1808 Thomas McDonnell, of Dublin, was selling "*The Governess*, by Mr. Sheridan" Although I examined numerous editions of *The Duenna*, the earliest I had then found of the authentic text was Oxberry's, of 1820, though not doubting that this was not "the first." The question of the genuine first edition was speedily settled.

Such is, without doubt "*The Duenna*, A Comic Opera in Three Acts, as played at the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, with Universal Applause. By R. B. Sheridan, Esq. London. T. N. Longman, No. 39, Pater Noster Row, 1794."

THE DUENNA AT BIRMINGHAM

The question of the provenance of *The Governess* has long puzzled me. It seemed to me that the secret would be revealed by a study of provincial performances. While writing a *History of the Theatre Royal, Birmingham*, 1774-1824, I discovered a number of facts, thus summarized and explained:

In Sheridan's time dramatic authors had fewer rights than those of to-day. As soon as a play was printed all "stage-right" ceased, and any theatrical manager was entitled to perform it, without permission or payment. This explains, at least in part, why Sheridan never authorised any edition of his finest comedy, *The School for Scandal*, nor of *The Duenna*. The cases are not quite parallel, for as manager of Drury Lane Theatre he retained the copyright of *The School for Scandal*, whereas he had assigned the copyright of *The Duenna* to Harris, the manager of Covent Garden Theatre. It was Harris who prevented *The Duenna* being printed until he sanctioned an edition in 1794. However, the songs of *The Duenna* were printed in 1775, about the time of the first performance and the music was published on January 9, 1776.

Many provincial managers were, of course, anxious to obtain permission to play *The Duenna* in their theatres, but (perhaps

with one or two exceptions) Harris refused them all. Not to be daunted, Tate Wilkinson, of the Theatre Royal, York, concocted a version of his own, with the songs as published, the plot from the various accounts in newspapers and magazines, and the dialogue tricked out with all the little bits from Spanish plays he could remember. He gave this, or sold it, to other theatrical managers, apparently with impunity. The Birmingham managers were no doubt as eager as the others to play *The Duenna*, only to meet with Harris's refusal. *The Duenna* was first "performed" at the old theatre in King Street on August 12, 1776, some nine months after the London production. On that day were sung "all the Airs, Duets, Trios, Quartettes, and Choruses of the celebrated comic opera of the *Duenna*," the characters being "drest in proper habits." The chief performers were Powell, of Drury Lane, who played Isaac Mendoza; Collins, the song-writer, as Don Jerome; and Elizabeth Farren, then a girl of fifteen, afterwards Countess of Derby, as Louisa. As the songs and music were published this "performance" needed no permission from Harris or Sheridan.

In 1777-8 the two Birmingham theatres were closed by the magistrates, but a new playhouse was opened outside the boundaries, in the county of Worcester, called variously "the Theatre in Moseley" and "the Concert-Booth, near the Plough and Harrow, on Moseley Road," "where, on July 22, 1778, was acted the celebrated comic opera of *The Duenna*; or, *the Double Elopement*," a note stating that the manager had "procured a copy of the manuscript at considerable expence." It is likely that they obtained it not from Harris, but from Tate Wilkinson. The part of Don Carlos, in which were "introduced the favourite songs, *Gramachree Molly* and *Highland Mary*," was played, as often afterwards, by a woman, Mrs. Smith. The Booth was burnt down a few weeks later, but the magistrates allowed the company to give a few performances at New Street Theatre, where it was acted "for the sixth time" on August 19.

In 1779 *The Duenna* was acted at both the Birmingham theatres. At New Street it was given, on June 28, with a well known singer named Brett as Don Carlos, Collins the poet as

Father Francis, and an Irishman, Fullam, as Isaac Mendoza. This version must have been a piracy. At King Street it was given "by permission of the author" with two members of the original cast at Covent Garden, Mattocks as Ferdinand and Wewitzer as his servant Lopez. This was, no doubt, the first performance in Birmingham of the genuine version of the comic opera. For in 1780, at New Street Theatre, a revival was advertised "as now being performed at Covent Garden Theatre, being a true copy of the original," which, considered with other evidence, implies that the previous performances in 1778 and 1779 at the same playhouse were of piratical and spurious versions. In this revival Isaac Mendoza, the Jew, was acted by that great comedian, James Dodd, whom Lamb admired so highly, and Don Carlos was once again played by a woman, Miss Weston.[1] After the authorised edition of 1794, *The Duenna* was frequently acted at New Street, the "star part" being always Don Carlos, as in 1796, when it was played by the great singer Incledon, and in 1797, when it was acted by his Jewish rival Braham, with Michael Kelly as Ferdinand.

By that time, however, the legality of provincial performances of unpublished plays had changed. In 1795 Colman of the Haymarket Theatre prosecuted the manager of Richmond Theatre[2] for playing O'Keefe's *The Agreeable Surprise*. But the jury found that the exclusive right of performance applied only to London. Whatever was the previous value of "provincial rights," they now became valueless. Hence, no doubt, Sheridan's readiness to print his *Pizarro* in 1799, a few weeks after its first performance.

THE DUENNA AT YORK

The next step was obviously to investigate the question of Tate Wilkinson's piracy. Mr. Arthur H. Furnish, the City Librarian of York, gave me this information:—

"Wilkinson wrote in *The Wandering Patentee* (vol. I, p. 219):

[1]At New Street Theatre, Birmingham on August 18th, 1779, was acted a sort of sequel to *The Duenna*, of which no more seems to be known —"A New Comic Interlude" called *Cunning Isaac's Escape from the Duenna*.

[2]See Winston's *Theatric Tourist* (1805).

'On April 9 [?1776] Easter Tuesday, I produced what is called to this day, "Wilkinson's Duenna." Having given an account of that production in my Memoirs, I will not here trouble the reader on that subject.'

"Nothing more is said about it in that reference, but in Tate Wilkinson's *Memoirs* (vol. II, p. 230) the statement appears

'The fashion of not publishing is quite modern, and the favourite pieces not being printed, but kept under lock and key, is of infinite prejudice to us poor devils in the country theatres, as we really cannot afford to pay for the purchase of MSS.—The only time I ever exercised my pen on such an occasion was on a trial of necessity. Mr. Harris bought that excellent comic opera of *The Duenna* from Mr. Sheridan. I saw it several times, and finding it impossible to move Mr. Harris's tenderness, I locked myself up in my room, set down first the jokes I remembered, then I laid a book of the songs before me, and with magazines kept the regulation of the scenes, and by the help of a numerous collection of obsolete Spanish plays I produced an excellent opera; I may say excellent—and an unprecedented compilement; for whenever Mr. Younger,[1] or any other country manager wanted a copy of *The Duenna*, Mr. Harris told them they might play Mr. Wilkinson's: hundreds have seen it in every town in Great Britain and Ireland.—Mrs. Webb has acted the part of the Duenna in my Opera, as I call it, many nights at Edinburgh—Mr. Suett, the Jew, at York, &c.' "

SHORTHAND OR MEMORY?

It is now time to revert to *The Governess*. The inaccuracy of the accepted accounts of this piracy having been established, it is still relevant to reproduce one of them. The account of Thomas Ryder in *The Thespian Dictionary* (1802) says: "The opera of *The Duenna* having been got up by his opponents at great expense, soon after its representation in London, Ryder

[1]Younger managed King Street Theatre, Birmingham, in 1777, as well as conducting the Liverpool Theatre.

employed some confidential persons to take down the dialogue in shorthand, and being thus maſter of the words, advertized it under the title of *The Governor*, including the Songs, &c. of *The Duenna*, which were published, and gave fresh names to all the Dramatis Personæ. The Jew Isaac, which he performed himself was called Enoch. A prosecution was the result of this, but Ryder succeeded as defendant, it being the opinion of the Irish judges that any person may make memoranda, or write all, if capable, of whatever is publicly exhibited." The verdiſt was given, not for Ryder, but for the proprietors of Fishamble-ſtreet Theatre. As the performance of *The Governess* at Crow-ſtreet was three weeks earlier than that of *The Duenna* at Fishamble-ſtreet, Ryder could not have employed "confidential persons to take down the dialogue in shorthand." Indeed, anybody who has compared *The Governess* with the genuine version of *The Duenna*[1] muſt have at once discredited the explanation of shorthand. It is true that verbatim reporting was in its infancy, but such a result could have been achieved only by a person of unparalleled incompetence.[2] It is moſt unlikely too that any person would have been allowed publicly to take down a piece in a theatre, or Tate Wilkinson, for inſtance, would have clandeſtinely employed shorthand writers inſtead of hazarding his own recolleſtions. The general inaccuracy of such writers of the period is not to be disputed—even the moſt accomplished brethren of the craft, the parliamentary official shorthand writers,[3] were far from impec-

[1]One enquirer might have anticipated my discoveries had he not unluckily compared the text of *The Governess* with that of one of the piratical versions of *The Duenna*, and marvelled at its *accuracy!*

[2]"The shorthand writer must have been exceptionally incompetent, for there is barely a line of Sheridan in the piece, with the exception of the songs. It is obviously a distinct piece founded on *The Duenna*."—*The Booklover's Leaflet*, No. 220, London, Pickering and Chatto (?1926).

[3]"On a motion made by Lord Stanhope (April 29, 1794) that the shorthand writers, employed on Hastings' trial, should be summoned to the bar of the House, to read their minutes, Lord Loughborough, in the course of his observations on the motion, said, "God forbid that ever their Lordships should call on the short-hand writers to publish their notes;—for, of all people, short-hand writers were ever the farthest from correctness, and there were no man's words they ever heard that they again returned. They were in general ignorant, as acting mechanically; and by not considering the antecedent, at catching the sound, and not the sense, they perverted the sense of the speaker, and made him appear as ignorant as themselves."—Quoted by Moore, *Sheridan* (p. 371).

cable. A single scene might be transcribed without much difficulty. But shorthand does not seem to account for the discrepancies between the genuine version, and an excerpt which appeared in *The European Magazine* for May, 1783. It seems to me that this was reproduced from memory, and it abounds in the same type of inaccuracies as those in *The Governess*. It is here set out for convenience in double-columns:

ACT III, SCENE IV

THE GENUINE TEXT	THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE
A *Room in the Priory.*	*Scene a Convent.*
FATHER PAUL, FATHER FRANCIS, FATHER AUGUSTINE, *and other* FRIARS, *discovered at a table drinking.*	*Discovers* FATHER PAUL, BROTHER FRANCIS, &c. &c. *at a Table drinking.*
Paul. Brother Francis, toss the bottle about, and give me your toast.	*Father Paul.* Push the bottle about, brother Francis, and give us your toast.
Francis. Have we drank the Abbess of St. Ursuline?	*Brother Francis.* The abbess of St. Dunstinane.
Paul. Yes, yes; she was the last.	*F. P.* That was our last.
Francis. Then I'll give you the blue-ey'd nun of St. Catherine's.	*B. F.* Then here's to the little blue eyed nun of St. Catharine's.
Paul. With all my heart.—[*Drinks.*] Pray brother Augustine, were there any benefactions left in my absence?	*Omnes.* With all our hearts.—[*drink*] *F. P.* Has any benefaction been left to the convent in my absence ?
	B. F. Yes.
	F. P. What were they?
Aug. Don Juan Corduba has	*B. F.* Francisco the mer-

left a hundred ducats to remember him in our masses.

Paul. Has he? let them be paid to our wine-merchant, and we'll remember him in our cups, which will do just as well. Anything more?

Aug. Yes; Baptista, the rich miser, who died last week, has bequeath'd us a thousand pistoles, and the silver lamp he used in his own chamber, to burn before the image of St. Anthony.

Paul. 'Twas well meant; but we'll employ his money better —Baptista's bounty shall light the living, not the dead—St. Anthony is not afraid to be left in the dark, though he was.—[*A knocking.*] See who's there.

[FRANCIS *goes to the door and opens it.*

Enter PORTER.

Port. Here's one without in pressing haste to speak with father Paul.

Fran. Brother Paul!

[F. PAUL *comes from behind a curtain with a glass of wine, and in his hand a piece of cake.*

Paul. Here! how durst you,

chant, has left us a hundred pistoles to remember him in our masses.

F. P. Let that be paid to our wine merchant; we'll remember him in our glasses, it will do every jot as well.

Omnes. Ha! ha! ha!

F. P. Any thing more?

B. F. Yes; Baptista, the rich old miser, who died last week, has left us a hundred ducats, and a silver lamp that he used to burn in his own chamber, to be continually burning before the image of St. Anthony.

F. P. 'Twas well meant, but we'll employ his bounty better: let it be converted to cash, and paid to our wax chandler—we'll have light—St. Anthony was never afraid to sleep in the dark, though he was—[*Knocking at the door; the table, &c. drawn behind a curtain. Brother Francis unlocks the door.*

Enter a Lay Brother.

Lay Brother. One without wants to speak to Father Paul.

B. F. calls. Brother Paul.

[*Enter from behind,* FATHER PAUL.

F. P. How durst thou, fel-

fellow, thus abruptly break in upon our devotions?

Port. I thought they were finished.

Paul. No they were not—were they, brother Francis?

Fran. Not by a bottle each.

Paul. But neither you nor your fellows mark how the hours go—no, you mind nothing but the gratifying of your appetites; ye eat, and swill, and sleep, and gormandize, and thrive, while we are wasting in mortification.

Port. We ask no more than nature craves.

Paul. 'Tis false, ye have more appetites than hairs, and your flush'd, sleek, and pampered appearance is the disgrace of our order—out on't!—if you are hungry, can't you be content with the wholesome roots of the earth? and if you are dry, isn't there the crystal spring?—[*Drinks.*] Put this away—[*Gives the glass*] and show me where I'm wanted.—[PORTER *drains the glass.*—PAUL, *going, turns.*] So, you would have drunk it, if there had been any left! Ah, glutton! glutton! [*Exeunt.*

low, disturb us at our devotions?

Lay Brother. I thought they were ended.

F. P. No, they were not: were they, Brother Francis?

B. F. No; not by a bottle each.—[*aside*]

F. P. Fellow, thou art always eating.

Lay Brother. We ask no more than nature craves.

F. P. 'Tis false. Ye eat, ye drink, and you gormandize; and your sleek and pamper'd appearance, is a disgrace to our order: if thou art hungry, is there not the fruits of the earth.—[*eats some cake.*]

F. P. And thou art dry. Is there not the chrystal spring? [*drinks wine*] Take this, [*gives the glass*] and show me where I am wanted. [*Lay Brother pu the glass to his mouth.*] Thou wouldst have drank it if I had left any. Oh! glutton! glutton! [*Exit.*

In short, it seems to me that "Wilkinson's *Duenna*," which he says was played all over Ireland, was procured for Dublin both by Vandermere and Ryder, as by numerous other managers. It was first printed under the title of *The Governess*, and afterwards with altered names, as *The Duenna*. Thus only can its "provenance" be accounted for.[1]

[1]A minute comparison of the names of characters on the playbills of various theatres —Dublin, Edinburgh, York, Birmingham, Liverpool, and Cork in particular—might assist in establishing (or otherwise) this conclusion. But the labour would be immense.

Bibliography of *The Duenna*

[THE complicated bibliography of *The Duenna* cannot be fully understood without reference to the preceding study of its relations with *The Governess*. The first editions in the five sections of this Bibliography are: *The Songs*, 1775; *The Music*, 1776; *The Governess*, Dublin: 1777; *The Duenna* (*The Governess* text), London: 1783; *The Duenna* (genuine text), London, 1794. It should be noted that "*The Duenna*. A Comic Opera. London: 1775. 8vo," thus entered in Anderson's *Sheridan Bibliography*, is a ghost-book, being in fact an undated issue of the political parody of the same title, first printed in 1776. There are so many pitfalls in this Bibliography that I can hope only to have avoided them. The Editions marked with an asterisk are unknown to Sichel.]

1.—THE SONGS

Songs, Duets, Trios &c. in the Duenna, or the Double Elopement, as performed at the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden, London. Printed for T. Wilkie in St. Paul's Churchyard and T. Evans in the Strand. M.DCC.LXXV. [Price sixpence.]

8vo.

Pagination. P. [i] title; p. [ii] blank.

P. [iii] *Dramatis Personæ*; p. [iv] blank; pp. 1–20 text.

This was followed by:—

*The Sixth Edition, 1775. 8vo.

The Tenth Edition, 1776. 8vo.

The Fourteenth Edition, 1776. 8vo.

The Fifteenth Edition, 1776. 4to.

[Pp. 24. This is the only quarto edition that is recorded. The imprint is: London: Printed for J. Wilkie in St. Paul's Church-yard and T. Evans in the Strand M.DCC.LXXVI.
[Price One Shilling.]
It contains a charming allegorical frontispiece by Bartalozzi after Cipriani.]

*The Twenty Third Edition. 1777. 8vo.

The Twenty Fifth Edition. 1778. 8vo.

From Anderson, *Sheridan Bibliography*, p. iv.

*The Twenty Seventh Edition. 1780. 8vo.

*The Twenty Ninth Edition, 1783. 8vo.

*The Thirteenth Edition. 1786. 8vo.

[Error of number for Thirtieth? or date for 1776? I think the former.]

*Songs, Duets &c. in The Duenna as performed at the Theatres Royal, Covent Garden and Drury Lane. Including Mrs. Billington's New Bravura Song. Written by R. B. Sheridan Esq. London. For Longman and Rees. 1801.

[Apparently the first issue of the Songs for many years, and also the last. Mrs. Billington's song "When the dreadful Tempest ceasing" was written by T. Dibdin, not Sheridan. The *Dramatis Personæ* shows Mrs. Billington as Clara at both theatres. Carlos was played by Incledon at Covent Garden, by Mrs. Mountain at Drury Lane. I have seen no copy but my own.]

2.—THE MUSIC

*The Duenna, or Double Elopement, a Comic Opera, as Performed at the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden. For the Voice, Harpsichord or Violin. Printed for C. & S. Thompson. No. 75, St. Paul's Church Yard.

Small folio.

[*The Gazetteer*, the only paper (except *The Public Advertiser*) in which plays were advertised "by order of the Managers" had in its issue of January 8, 1776, beneath an advertisement of a performance of *The Duenna*:

NEW MUSIC

This day is published, price 10s. 6d.

The Favourite Opera of the DUENNA; or Double Elopement, for the voice, harpsichord, or violin, as now performing at the Theatre-Royal in Covent-garden with universal applause.

Printed for and sold by C. and S. Thompson, No. 75, St. Paul's Church-yard.

On December 31, 1775, Sheridan wrote to Linley (Moore, p. 136):—

"You have heard of our losing Miss Brown; however, we have missed her so little in *The Duenna*, that the managers have not tried to regain her, which I believe they might have done. I have had some books of the music these many days to send you down. I wanted to put Tom's name in the new music, and begged Mrs. L. to ask you, and let me have a line on her arrival, for which purpose I kept back the index of the songs. If you or he have no objection, pray let me know—I'll send the music to-morrow. We have given *The Duenna* a respite this Christmas, but nothing else at present brings money. We have every place in the house taken for the three next nights, and shall, at least, play it fifty nights, with only the Friday's intermission."

Linley obviously replied refusing the use of his name. These facts settle the priority of this edition to Harrison's, which has usually been accepted as the first.]

*The Duenna . . . for the German-Flute. London, C. & S. Thompson [1776].

Small folio.

Issued a little later, I suppose, than the other copy.

The Duenna. A Comic Opera. As performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. Composed by Mr. Linley. Harrison Cluse and Co. [1794].

This is dated by Sichel as 1776. But I should put it some twenty years later. It was perhaps contemporary with some renewed spell of popularity.

3.—THE GOVERNESS

*The Governess, A Comic Opera: as it is performed at the Theatre-Royal in Crow-Street. Dublin. Printed in the Year M.DCC.LXXVII.

12mo.

Pagination. (of a copy in National Library, Dublin], p. [i] title-page; p. [ii] blank; p. [iii] *Dramatis Personæ* [Sig. A3]; p. [iv] blank; pp. [1] and 2–40 text. [Sigs. B–E2 in sixes.]

[Apparently a half-title is missing.—E. R. McC. D.

The list of *Dramatis Personæ* is interesting, especially when it is compared with the corresponding cast of the original performance at Covent Garden:

THE GOVERNESS, 1777		THE DUENNA, 1775	
Enoch Issachar	Ryder	*Isaac Mendoza*	Quick
Don Pedro	Vandermere	*Don Jerome*	Wilson
Octavio	Owenson	*Antonio*	Du Bellamy
Sancho	G. Dawson	*Lopez*	Wewitzer
Father John	Wilder	*Father Paul*	Mahon
Lorenzo	Du Bellamy	*Ferdinand*	Mattocks
		Carlos	Leoni
Ursula	Mrs. Heaphy	*Margery*	Mrs. Green
Flora	Mrs. Thompson	*Clara*	Miss Brown
Sophia	Miss Potter	*Louisa*	Mrs. Mattocks

It will be noticed that the parts of Ferdinand and Carlos were merged into one, Lorenzo, played by Du Bellamy, the original Antonio at Covent Garden. With this might come a suspicion that he had some hand in the piracy, *The Governess*, produced at Crow-Street on January 31, 1777. But at the first performance of Gay's *Polly* at the Haymarket Theatre, London, on June 19, 1777, he played Cawwawkee "He then afterwards went to Dublin under Mr. Ryder's management" says *The Thespian Dictionary* (1802). At a guess I should say that the original Lorenzo in Dublin was Webster, with whom afterwards Du Bellamy played Macheath and such parts alternately. This cast was certainly not the original, since Vandermere, who appears as Don Pedro, was one of the partners who produced *The Duenna* at Fishamble-street. This suggests that *The Governess* was printed after the beginning of the autumn season, 1777.

The Thespian Dictionary says that Ryder was a printer as well as an actor, "and set up a theatrical newspaper; he also printed some of the plays in which he performed himself, altering his characters, and adapting them to his own taste and humour." Did he therefore own the printing office which issued *The Governess*?]

*The Governess. A Comic Opera: As it is performed at the Theatre Royal in Crow-Street. Dublin: Printed in the year M.DCC.LXXXVIII.

12mo.

Pagination. P. [i] title; p. [ii] blank; p. [iii] *Dramatis Personæ* [Sig. A2]; p. [iv] blank; pp. 1 and 2–40 Text.

[A reprint of 1777, even to an error on p. 32, which reads, "How oft, *Louisa*" for "Sophia."]

*The Governess, A Comic Opera, By R. B. Sheridan, Esq. Adapted for Theatrical Representation. As performed at the Theatres-Royal, Drury-Lane, Covent-Garden, and Smock Alley, Regulated from the Prompt-Books, By Permission of the Managers. Dublin; Printed by Graisberry and Campbell, For William Jones, No. 86, Dame-street. MDCCXCIII.

12mo. pp. 60.

[No credence is to be placed on the title-page, which follows the usual style that Jones copied from John Bell's *British Theatre* (London, 1792); though Bell did not issue *The Governess*, which was (of course) never acted at Covent-Garden or Drury Lane. This edition was the first of *The Governess* to bear Sheridan's name; it was incorporated (with separate pagination) in Jones's *British Theatre*, Vol. VI (1795).]

4.—THE DUENNA (*THE GOVERNESS* TEXT)

The Duenna: or, the Double Elopement. A Comic Opera. As it is performed at the Theatre-Royal in Covent Garden. London. Printed in the Year MDCCLXXXIII.

12mo. in half sheets.

Pagination. P. [1] title; p. [2] *Dramatis Personæ*; pp. 3 & 4–40; Text.

Mr. Williams suspects that this was printed in Dublin. My opinion is the same.]

*The Duenna: or, the Double Elopement. A Comic Opera. As it is performed at the Theatre-Royal in Convent Garden, London: Printed in the Year M.DCC.LXXXV.

8vo.

Pagination. P. [1] title; p. [2] *Dramatis Personæ*; pp. [3] & 4-43 Text; p. [44] blank.

Mr. Percy Hinton's copy, no other being recorded. It has every appearance of being printed in Dublin.

The Duenna; or, the Double Elopement: A comic Opera. As it is acted at the Theatre. Smoke-Alley, Dublin: Printed for the Booksellers. M.DCC.LXXXVI.

8vo.

Pagination. P. [i] title page; p. [ii] *Dramatis Personæ*; pp. 1–37 Text, p. [38] blank.

Sig. B (p. 7),–B4. C–C4, D–D4 (D2 twice), E–E4.

[Apparently the edition bound up second in "A volume of Plays as they are acted at Smoke Alley," etc., Dublin, 1786. A 12mo edition (separately paged, was also issued in the same year. Another 12mo. volume was issued in 1785, *The Duenna* (separately paged) being dated "1785."

Copies of these three volumes are in the Bradshaw Collection, Cambridge University Library.]

5.—THE DUENNA (GENUINE TEXT)

First Edition—First Issue

The Duenna: A Comic Opera. In Three Acts. As performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden: with universal applause. By R. B. Sheridan Esq. London: Printed by G. Woodfall, Paternoster Row. For T. N. Longman, No. 39, Paternoster-Row. 1794.

Pagination. Two unpaged leaves; p. [i] title; p. [ii] blank. P. [iii] *Dramatis Personæ*; p. [iv] blank.

Pp. [9] & 10–78 Text.

[This is the first edition, first issue, of the authentic text. It was authorized by the

owner of the copyright. Harris of Covent Garden Theatre. Boaden wrote in his *Memoir of Mrs. Siddons*:—"Sheridan never himself printed this opera, which I think was published by the authority of the proprietor of Covent Garden Theatre, in whom the copyright, I believe, was vested by the author's original bargain. This notion of keeping back the drama from the press, is in its design impolitic, and always ineffectual. Copies must be allowed to the country theatres, and the production finds its way speedily to the Irish printer, who receives it perhaps full of errors, and at best, strictly preserves them all. Publication never yet diminished the attraction of the stage. The number of books sold nightly in our theatres proves this decisively. To delay it, is to gratify the first thirst of curiosity with an impure draught; and when the genuine fountain of the muse is permitted to play, it is unregarded by the many, and runs to waste, or into the reservoirs only of the collector."]

First Edition— Second Issue

*The Duenna (as above) Printed for T. N. Longman. No. 39, Paternoster Row. Price Eighteen Pence 1794.

[There are no catchwords on pp. 25, 30, 68. Cf. Iolo A. Williams', *Seven XVIII Century Bibliographies*. The addition of the price suggests that this was a second issue of the first edition.]

The Duenna. A Comic Opera. In Three Acts. As performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. With universal Applause. By R. B. Sheridan Esq. Dublin. Printed for Messrs. G. Burnet, P. Wogan, R. Byrne [and others] 1794.

12mo. Pp. iv + 64.

Copy in National Library, Dublin.

[The first Dublin Edition of the genuine text.—E. R. McC. D.]

*The Duenna. Dublin. Printed for P. Byrne. Grafton Street. [1795].

[Another reprint of the authentic text.

Mr. Sichel (Vol. II, p. 449) gives an edition, "Dublin, 1797," which neither Mr. Dix nor I can trace. Possibly the above.]

The Duenna... Printed under the Authority of the Managers From the Prompt-Book, With Remarks by Mrs. Inchbald. London [1808].

12mo.

[Issued in wrappers. Usually found in Vol. XIX of Mrs. Inchbald's *British Theatre*, 1808.]

*The Duenna: A Comic Opera. As performed at the Theatres-Royal, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, Printed, under authority of the Managers. From the Prompt-Books Edinburgh. Oliver and Boyd. Baron Grant's Close. High Street. [1812].

12mo. pp. 52.

[Issued in paper wrappers "Price Six-Pence." In a list of plays printed on the wrapper are *Pizarro* and *The Rivals*. From the reading of the title-pages it seems that most of Oliver and Boyd's texts reprinted Mrs. Inchbald's *British Theatre*.]

The Duenna, An Opera. By R. B. Sheridan. Faithfully marked with the Stage Business. London. W. Simpkin and R. Marshall. 1818.

12mo. pp. vi + 60.

[Issued in buff wrappers, Oxberry's *New English Drama*. No. X. Portrait of Cooke as Carlos. The wrappers advertise also "A Superior Edition with proof plates. Price 2s."]

*The Duenna . . . London. W. Simpkin and R. Marshall. 1820.

12mo.

[A re-issue of the 1818 Edition.]

The Duenna: A Comic Opera. Printed from the Acting Copy, London: John Cumberland [1826].

12mo. pp. 2–58.

[Issued in wrappers. Frontispiece by R. Cruikshank. Remarks by D—— G. Cumberland's *British Theatre*, No.9. Anderson gives also "*Duncombe's Edition*, Vol. 39, London [1825], 12mo," which was (I think) the same text with another preface.]

*The Duenna; A comic Opera. By R. B. Sheridan. With Remarks. Edinburgh: Printed for Stirling and Kenney. 1828.

12mo. pp. 52.

[Issued in wrappers (of *Huie's British Drama*), with frontispiece. The list of *Dramatis Personæ* gives the casts at Drury Lane, 1823; and Edinburgh, 1826. From Mr. P. F. Hinton's copy, the only one I have seen. There are no early Scottish editions of Sheridan in the National Library of Scotland, Edinburgh.

The wrapper advertises, "*Huie's British Drama*. Price 6d. No. II, *The Rivals*; No. VII, *School for Scandal*; No. X, *Duenna*."

The two former I have not seen.]

6.—MISCELLANEOUS

The Duenna (*The Governess* text) is found in Millar's *Sheridan's Works*, London [1797].

Mr. Sichel described the undermentioned as a parody of *The Duenna*; it is more strictly an operatic adaptation:—

La Governante; or, The Duenna. A new Comic Opera. As performed at the King's Theatre, In The Hay-Market. The Poetry by Mr. Badini, A.M. and L.L.B. From the Royal University of Turin. The Music entirely new by Signor Bertoni.—Vestrum est opus—Amicas adplicate aures—Hor. Carmen seculare. par. quár—London: Printed by R. Ayre, No. 5, Bridges-Street, opposite Drury-Lane Theatre. M.DCC.LXXIX. [Price One Shilling.]

8vo.

Pagination. P. [1] title; p. [2] blank; p. [3] (Dedication) "*To the Author of the Duenna*" (signed *Badini*); pp. [4] & [5] *Advertisement*; p. [6] blank; p. [7] *Dramatis Personæ*; pp. 8–91 Text [in English and Italian on opposite pages].

The "Advertisement" begins "The ground of this Opera is taken from the admired *Duenna* of Mr. Sheridan.

A Trip to Scarborough, A Comedy

Note

"A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH . . . Altered from Vanbrugh's *Relapse; or, Virtue in Danger*, by RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN," was first printed in 1781. The text of that Edition is here printed; it includes some dozen passages and speeches that are omitted in the Oxford Edition, which copies an unascertained text. There is, however, no reason to doubt the authenticity of the text of 1781.

R.C.R.

CONTENTS

Introduction

JEREMY COLLIER in *A Short View of the Profaneness and Immorality of the English Stage* gave a section of "Remarks on *The Relapse*." The headings of his discourse upon Vanbrugh's comedy were "1. A Misnomer in the *Title* of the Play. 2. The Moral vicious. 3. The *Plot* ill-contriv'd. 4. The *Manners* or *characters* out of Order. 5. The three *Dramatick Unities* Broken." Whether Sheridan had or had not studied this eminent moralist with any great assiduity may be doubted, yet it is certain that his alteration seems to have been made deliberately to meet the less fanatical of these objections. He gave the play a new title; he amended, or sought to amend, the moral; he revised the plot; he "corrected" the manners; and he even made some concession to the barkings of that pedantic Cerberus "the three Dramatick Unities." It must not, however, be thought that Jeremy Collier's was the only voice lifted against *The Relapse*. The author of *The Companion to the Playhouse* (1764) wrote "There are, indeed, much Wit, great Nature, and Abundance of Spirit, which run through the whole of it; yet it must be acknowledged there is a Redundancy of Licentiousness and Libertinism mingled with them, and that two or three Scenes, particularly those between Berinthia and Loveless and that (which is indeed now omitted in the representation) between Coupler and young Fashion,[1] convey ideas of so much warmth and Indecency, as must cast a very severe Reflection on such Audiences as could sit to see them without being struck with Confusion and Disgust—The Taste, however, of the Age Sir John Vanbrugh lived in, alone could justify his committing such violence on the Chastity of the Muse." Of course, this attack was much less extensive than Collier's, and

[1]Coupler was almost entirely suppressed in the acting versions, as in "*The Relapse*, As Performed at the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden. Regulated from the Prompt Book, By Permission of the Managers, By Mr. Wild, Prompter. London John Bell. 1777."

Sheridan's alterations were not confined to these two parts of the comedy.

1. "The Misnomer of the Title" was in Collier's opinion that the play should not have been called *The Relapse; or, Virtue in Danger* since "Loveless and Amanda, from whose Characſters these Names are drawn, are persons of Inferior Consideration... The Intrigue and the Discovery turns upon Young Fashion. He, without Competition, is the principal Person in the Comedy, and therefore *The Younger Brother; or, the Fortunate Cheat* would have been a much more proper name." This argument has a sort of fantaſtical logic, which Sheridan answered, or evaded, by calling his play *A Trip to Scarborough*. He had given a twiſt to the plot which made some alteration of title advisable, but his early audiences looked upon it as ſtill a "Misnomer," because it was, for the moſt part, an old play with a new title.

2. "The Moral is vicious," says Collier; "it points the wrong Way, and puts the Prize into the wrong Hand. It seems to make Lewdness the Reason of Desert, and gives young Fashion a second Fortune, only for debauching away his firſt." This charge Sheridan certainly did not take very seriously—so little seriously, indeed, that it was so soon to be direcſted againſt himself by the numerous moraliſts who condemned the same thing in Charles Surface. But on the broader queſtion of the morality of the play Sheridan did attempt a reform, "when he ventured," says James Boaden,[1] "to save the virtue of Berinthia from the moonlight closet and the sopha, to which she is borne away by Loveless without a ſtruggle and even without a noise; when she only trifles with him to pique Townley; and Loveless, maſter of a present opportunity, lets the fair trifler escape for a promised meeting afterwards in the *garden*, all the brilliant language in the world could not atone for so flat an expedient. Not that Sheridan tried the experiment, for what he has written is beneath him." Sheridan omits the cynical paſt between Worthy (his Colonel Townly) and Berinthia that she will help him to debauch the wife, as the price of his silence about her intrigue with the husband. When Berinthia and Loveless are keeping their assigna-

[1] *Memoirs of Mrs. Siddons*, vol. I, p. 109.

tion in the garden, they overhear the colloquy between Amanda Loveless who virtuously repulses the Townley's advances; they moralize "a lame and impotent conclusion" in this manner:

Berinthia. Your servant, Mr. Loveless.

Loveless. Your servant, madam.

Berinthia. Pray, what do you think of this?

Loveless. Truly, I don't know what to say.

Berinthia. Don't you think we steal forth two contemptible creatures?

Loveless. Why, tolerably so, I must confess.

Berinthia. And do you conceive it possible for you ever to give Amanda the least uneasiness again?

Loveless. No, I think we never should, indeed.

Berinthia. We! why, monster, you don't pretend that I ever entertained a thought?

Loveless. Why, then, sincerely and honestly, Berinthia, there is something in my wife's conduct which strikes me so forcibly, that if it were not for shame, and the fear of hurting you in her opinion, I swear I would follow her, confess my error, and trust to her generosity for forgiveness.

Berinthia. Nay, prithee, don't let your respect for me prevent you; for as my object in trifling with you was nothing more than to pique Townly, and as I perceive he has been actuated by a similar motive, you may depend on't I shall make no mystery of the matter to him.

Loveless. By no means inform him; for though I may choose to pass by his conduct without resentment, how will he presume to look me in the face again?

Berinthia. How will you presume to look *him* in the face again?

Loveless. He, who has dared to attempt the honour of my wife!

Berinthia. You, who have dared to attempt the honour of his mistress! Come, come, be ruled by me, who affect more levity than I have, and don't think of anger in this cause. A readiness to resent injuries is a virtue only in those who are slow to injure.

Loveless. Then I will be ruled by you; and when you shall

think proper to undeceive Townly, may your good qualities make as sincere a convert of him as Amanda's have of me. When truth's extorted from us, then we own the robe of virtue is a sacred habit.

Could women but our secret counsels scan—
Could they but reach the deep reserve of man—
To keep our love they'd rate their virtue high,
They live together, and together die. [*Exeunt.*

It is only fair to say, however, that "the tag" which Loveless speaks, is exactly in consonance with the rest of the conversation, so much like a "sentiment" of the period, is not Sheridan's but Vanbrugh's who puts it into the mouth of Worthy, after he has been repulsed by Amanda.

3. "The ill-contrivance of the plot" consisted, in Collier's argument, of its dependence upon the credulity of Lord Foppington and Sir Tunbelly Clumsy, particularly in employing Coupler as a match-maker. This infamous wretch, whose viciousness was so obvious that Collier passed it over in silence, was turned by Sheridan into an old woman. The change was neatly made, and whoever disputes the plausibility of the amended character need do no more than study two of Foote's cheating old marriage-brokers, Mrs. Mechlin in *The Commissary* and Mrs. Fleecem in *The Cozeners*, and remember that they were "taken from life."

Of another character Collier added, "Let us see how Sir Tunbelly hangs together. This Gentleman the poet makes a Justice of Peace and Deputy Lieutenant, and seats him fifty miles from London. But by his Character you would take him for one of Hercules's monsters, or some Giant in Guy of Warwick. His Behaviour is altogether Romance, and has nothing agreeable to Time or Country." The complaint is rather peevish, yet it seems to have suggested to Sheridan the idea of setting Muddymoat Hall among the moors of Yorkshire.[1]

[1]Sheridan made no attempt at "local colour" beyond the mention of Donner's. Mr. Sydney Jones, Town Clerk of Scarborough, tells me that "Donner's Assembly Rooms, where Lord Foppington dined, was a very fashionable rendezvous in those days, standing on the site occupied by the Royal Hotel." Sheridan had never, it seems, visited "The Northern Spa" though probably his parents had. Cf. Sichel, *Sheridan*, vol. I,

4. "The Manners or Characters" were "out of order" for various reasons. "The fine Berinthia is impudent and profane," says Collier, quoting from Rymer's *Tragedies of the Last Age Consider'd*, "An impudent Woman is fit only to be kick'd and expos'd in comedy." Berinthia being "neither kick'd nor expos'd, goes off without Censure or Disadvantage." Accordingly Sheridan made her more moral than he was to make Lady Teazle, even to pretending she was only trifling with Loveless.

Collier was severe upon Hoyden Clumsy "—this young Lady swears, talks smut, and is upon the Matter just as rag-manner'd as Mary the Buxome" in D'Urfey's *Don Quixote*. He objected to this sentence of Miss Hoyden's:—

> Sure, nobody was ever us'd as I am! I know well enough what other girls do, for all they think to make a fool o' me. It's well I have a Husband a-coming, or I-cod I'd marry the Baker, I would so. Nobody can knock at the Gate, but presently I must be lock'd up; and here's the young greyhound bitch can run loose about the house all the Day long, so she can.—'Tis very well!

But he could not bring himself to write "I-cod," he wrote, "she swears by her Maker"; and instead of "bitch" he put a discreet dash. Sheridan was so squeamish, not as to abolish the oaths, but still as to omit the obnoxious word, just as when Young Fashion cries: "Oh, Fortune, Fortune, thou art a bitch!" Sheridan amended it to "a jilt." In the same mood, he deleted nearly all Berinthia's confessions about her married life. There is no great point in tracing the verbal revision; but Sheridan omitted all Lord Foppington's discourse upon church-going.

5. The "three Dramatic Unities" are of too academic a nature to be discussed, yet Sheridan, by changing the place to Scarborough, virtually endorsed Collier's arguments; by this device, he therefore knitted the plot more closely and avoided the "long journeys" from London to the country seat.

The argument on each count might be prolonged, to the inevitable conclusion that Sheridan revised *The Relapse* with one eye fixed upon Jeremy Collier.

A Trip to Scarborough has met with no great favour. *The Town*

and Country Magazine for April, 1777, commented briefly that "it was purged of its greatest indelicacies by Mr. Sheridan. *The Relapse*, with its obscenities, was also deprived of the greatest part of its wit. The audience felt these omissions very sensibly and expressed their disgust."

Moore's verdict was:

"In reading the original play we are struck with surprise, that Sheridan should ever have hoped to be able to *desecate* such dialogue, and yet leave any of the wit, whose whole spirit is in the lees, behind. The very life of such characters as Berinthia is their licentiousness, and it is with them, as with objects that are luminous from putrescence,—to remove their taint is to extinguish their light. If Sheridan, indeed, had substituted some of his own wit for that which he took away, the inanition that followed the operation would have been much less sensibly felt. But to be so liberal of a treasure so precious, and for the enrichment of the work of another, could hardly have been expected from him. Besides, it may be doubted whether the subject had not already yielded its utmost to Vanbrugh, and whether, even in the hands of Sheridan, it could have been brought to bear a second crop of wit. Here and there through the dialogue, there are some touches from his pen—more, however, in the style of his farce than his comedy. For instance, that speech of Lord Foppington, where, directing the hosier not 'to thicken the calves of his stockings so much,' he says, 'you should always remember, Mr. Hosier, that if you make a nobleman's spring legs as robust as his autumnal calves, you commit a monstrous impropriety, and make no allowance for the fatigues of the winter.'"

Boaden,[1] who was no lover of Sheridan, points out another defect:—

Sheridan wrote about a page of very poor stuff, to bring in the fiddlers at the close and make a dancer of Sir Tunbelly, and his Berinthia, Mrs. Yates, dropt her curtsey after saying—"while the *intention* is evidently *to please*, British auditors will ever be indulgent to the errors of the performance." He had

[1] *Memoirs of Mrs. Siddons*, vol. I, p.110.

little variety certainly on such occasions, for his Duenna ends with the same thought:

> For *generous* guests like these
> Accept the *wish to please*."

Vanbrugh kept Sir Tunbelly much more in character, sending him off with a good round curse for everybody—"Art thou brother to that noble peer?" he asks Young Fashion. "Why then, that Noble peer, and thee, and thy wife, and the nurse, and the priest—may all go and be damn'd together!"

For all these strictures, *A Trip to Scarborough* remains an entertaining comedy. It was a tidying-up of *The Relapse*, as David Garrick's *The Country Girl* was a tidying-up of *The Country Wife* of Wycherley. It was nearly "damn'd," however, on both the first and second nights—"We think justly so," said *The London Magazine* for February, 1777, "if the public disapprobation had been directed against those who served up the entertainment instead of the person who provided it. . . The attempt was very near miscarrying through the inability, inattention and factious cabals of some of the performers." Then, in the metaphor of "the Theatrical Correspondent in *The Morning Chronicle*"—William Woodfall, that is—"the offenders were threatened to be brought to the halberds, tyed up, and flogged, if they offered to desert their colours." This gentle admonition restored the discontented ones to their senses, and the later performances met with approval.[1] "Mrs. Abington was inimitable as Miss Hoyden," said *The London Magazine*, "and left only one wish ungratified—that she was not twenty years younger." "Miss Farren (then not twenty) was Berinthia," says Mr. Sichel, repeating a mistake often made about a part that was first acted by Mrs. Yates. Mary Robinson, "the lovely Perdita," was Amanda. In her *Memoirs* she recorded her impressions of the first performance.

"I was terrified beyond imagination when Mrs. Yates, no longer able to bear the hissing of the audience, quitted the scene,

[1]Ninety-nine performances of the play realized £1400—no ill omen for the new management. Sichel, *Sheridan*, vol. I, p. 535. This number of performances must, from the figures, have been nine; an average receipt of £140 was quite a middling "house." The management was nearly six months old, and had not then been highly successful, nor did it become so till *The School for Scandal* in May.

and left me alone to encounter the critic tempeſt. I ſtood for some moments as if I had been petrified. Mr. Sheridan, from the side-wing, desired me not to quit the boards: the late Duke of Cumberland; from the ſtage-box bade me take courage—'It is not you, but the play they hiss,' said his Royal Highness. I curtsied; and that curtsey seemed to electrify the whole house, for a thundering peal of encouraging applause followed. The comedy was suffered to go on, and is to this hour a ſtock-piece at Drury Lane Theatre."

Prologue

Written by David Garrick, Esq.

Spoken by Mr. King

WHAT various transformations we remark,
From East Whitechapel to the West Hyde-park!
Men, women, children, houses, signs, and fashions,
State, ſtage, trade, taſte, the humours and the passions;
Th' Exchange, 'Change alley, wheresoe'er your ranging,
Court, city, country, all are chang'd, or changing;
The ſtreets sometime ago, were pav'd with ſtones,
Which, aided by a hackney coach, half broke your bones.
The pureſt lovers then indulg'd no bliss;
They run great hazard if they ſtole a kiss—
One chaſte salute—the Damsel cry'd, *O fye!*
As they approach'd, slap went the coach awry,
—Poor Sylvia got a bump, and Damon a black eye.
But now weak nerves in hackney coaches roam,
And the cramm'd glutton snores unjolted home:
Of former times that polish'd thing a *Beau*,
Is metamorphos'd now, from top to toe;
Then the full flaxen wig, spread o'er the shoulders,
Conceal'd the shallow head from the beholders!
But now the whole's revers'd—each fop appears,
Cropp'd, and trimm'd up—exposing head and ears;
The buckle then it's modeſt limits knew—
Now, like the ocean, dreadful to the view,
Hath broke it's bounds, and swallows up the shoe;
The wearer's foot, like this once fine eſtate,
Is almoſt loſt, th' *incumbrance* is so great.
Ladies may smile—are they not in the plot?
The bounds of nature have not they forgot?

Were they design'd to be, when put together,
Made up, like shuttlecocks, of cork and feather?
Their pale fac'd grand-mama's appear'd with grace,
When dawning blushes rose upon the face;
No blushes now their once lov'd station seek,
The foe is in possession of the cheek!
No head of old, too high in feather'd state,
Hinder'd the fair to pass the lowest gate;
A church to enter now, they must be bent,
If ev'n they should try th' experiment.

As change thus circulates throughout the nation,
Some plays may justly call for alteration;
At least to draw some slender cov'ring o'er
That graceless wit,[1] which was too bare before:
Those writers well and wisely use their pens,
Who turn our Wantons into Magdalens;
And howsoever wicked wits revile 'em,
We hope to find in you, their Stage Asylum.

[1]And *Van* wants Grace, who never wanted Wit.—POPE.

Dramatis Personae[1]

Lord Foppington	*Mr. Dodd*
Young Fashion	*Mr. Palmer*
Loveless	*Mr. Smith*
Colonel Townley	*Mr. Brereton*
Sir Tunbelly Clumsey	*Mr. Moody*
Probe	*Mr. Parsons*
Lory	*Mr. Baddeley*
La Varole	*Mr. Burton*
Shoemaker	*Mr. Carpenter*
Taylor	*Mr. Baker*
Hosier	*Mr. Norris*
Jeweller	*Mr. La Mash*
Servants, *&c.*	
Berinthia	*Miss Farren*
Amanda	*Mrs. Robinson*
Mrs. Coupler	*Mrs. Booth*
Nurse	*Mrs. Bradshaw*
Miss Hoyden	*Mrs. Abington*

[1]The cast as here given seems to be that of 1781, and is not (as is generally stated that of 1777. At the performance on February 24, 1777, Mrs. Yates played Berinthia.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH

A COMEDY

Act the First

SCENE I

The Hall of an Inn

Enter YOUNG FASHION *and* LORY—Postillion *following with a Portmanteau*

Young Fashion. LORY, pay the post-boy, and take the portmanteau.

Lory. Faith, sir, we had better let the post-boy take the portmanteau and pay himself.

Young Fashion. Why sure there's something left in it.

Lory. Not a rag, upon my honour, sir—we eat the last of your wardrobe at Newmalton—and if we had had twenty miles farther to go, our next meal must have been off the cloak-bag.

Young Fashion. Why 'sdeath it appears full.

Lory. Yes, sir—I made bold to stuff it with hay, to save appearances, and look like baggage.

Young Fashion. What the devil shall I do!—harkee, boy, what's the chaise?

Boy. Thirteen shillings, please your honour.

Young Fashion. Can you give me change for a guinea?

Boy. O yes, sir.

Lory. Soh, what will he do now?—Lord, sir, you had better let the boy be paid below.

Young Fashion. Why, as you say, Lory, I believe it will be as well.

Lory. Yes, yes; tell themto discharge you below, honest friend.

Boy. Please your honour, there are the turnpikes too.

Young Fashion. Aye, aye; the turnpikes by all means.

Boy. And I hope your honour will order me something for myself.

Young Fashion. To be sure, bid them give you a crown.

Lory. Yes, yes—my maſter doesn't care what you charge them—so get along you——

Boy. Your honour promised to send the hoſtler——

Lory. P'shaw! damn the hoſtler—would you impose upon the gentleman's generosity?—[*Pushes him out*]—A rascal, to be so curſt ready with his change!

Young Fashion. Why faith, Lory, he had near pos'd me.

Lory. Well, sir, we are arrived at Scarborough, not worth a guinea!—I hope you'll own yourself a happy man—You have outliv'd all your cares.

Young Fashion. How so, sir?

Lory. Why you have nothing left to take care of.

Young Fashion. Yes, sirrah, I have myself and you to take care of ſtill.

Lory. Sir, if you could prevail with some-body else to do that for you, I fancy we might both fare the better for't—But now, sir, for my Lord Foppington, your elder brother.

Young Fashion. Damn my eldeſt brother!

Lory. With all my heart; but get him to redeem your annuity however.—Look you, sir, you muſt wheedle him, or you muſt ſtarve.

Young Fashion. Look you, sir, I will neither wheedle him nor ſtarve.

Lory. Why what will you do then?

Young Fashion. Cut his throat, or get some one to do it for me.

Lory. Gad-so, sir, I'm glad to find I was not so well acquainted with the ſtrength of your conscience as with the weakness of your purse.

Young Fashion. Why, art thou so impenetrable a blockhead as to believe he'll help me with a farthing?

Lory. Not if you treat him *de haut en bas* as you used to do.

Young Fashion. Why how would'ſt have me treat him?

Lory. Like a trout—tickle him.

Young Fashion. I can't flatter.

Lory. Can you ſtarve?

Young Fashion. Yes.

Lory. I can't—Good-bye t'ye, sir.

Young Fashion. Stay—thou'lt diſtract me. But who comes here—my old friend, Colonel Townly?

Enter COLONEL TOWNLY

My dear Colonel, I am rejoiced to meet you here.

Townly. Dear Tom, this is an unexpected pleasure—what, are you come to Scarbro' to be present at your brother's wedding?

Lory. Ah, sir, if it had been his funeral, we should have come with pleasure.

Townly. What, honeſt Lory, are you with your maſter ſtill?

Lory. Yes, sir, I have been ſtarving with him ever since I saw your honour laſt.

Young Fashion. Why, Lory is an attach'd rogue; there's no getting rid of him.

Lory. True, sir, as my maſter says, there's no seducing me from his service, 'till he's able to pay me my wages. [*Aside.*

Young Fashion. Go, go, sir—and take care of the baggage.

Lory. Yes, sir—the baggage!—O Lord!—I suppose, sir, I muſt charge the landlord to be very particular where he ſtows this.

Young Fashion. Get along, you rascal.

[*Exit* LORY, *with the portmanteau.*

But, Colonel, are you acquainted with my proposed siſter-in-law?

Townly. Only by character—her father, Sir Tunbelly Clumsey, lives within a quarter of a mile of this place, in a lonely old house, which nobody comes near. She never goes abroad, nor sees company at home; to prevent all misfortunes, she has her breeding within doors; the parson of the parish teaches her to play upon the dulcimer; the clerk to sing, her nurse to dress, and her father to dance:—in short, nobody has free admission there but our old acquaintance, Mother Coupler, who has procured your brother this match, and is, I believe, a diſtant relation of Sir Tunbelly's.

Young Fashion. But is her fortune so considerable?

Townly. Three thousand a year, and a good sum of money independent of her father beside.

Young Fashion. 'Sdeath! that my old acquaintance, dame Coupler, could not have thought of me as well as my brother for such a prize.

Townly. Egad I wouldn't swear that you are too late—his Lordship, I know, hasn't yet seen the lady, and, I believe, has quarrelled with his patroness.

Young Fashion. My dear Colonel, what an idea have you ſtarted?

Townly. Pursue it if you can, and I promise you you shall have my assiſtance; for besides my natural contempt for his Lordship, I have at present the enmity of a rival towards him.

Young Fashion. What, has he been addressing your old flame, the sprightly widow Berinthia?

Townly. Faith, Tom, I am at present moſt whimsically circumſtanced—I came here near a month ago to meet the lady you mention; but she failing in her promise, I, partly from pique, and partly from idleness, have been diverting my chagrin by offering up chaſte incense to the beauties of Amanda, our friend Loveless's wife.

Young Fashion. I have never seen her, but have heard her spoken of as a youthful wonder of beauty and prudence.

Townly. She is so indeed; and Loveless being too careless and insensible of the treasure he possesses—my lodging in the same house has given me a thousand opportunities of making my assiduities acceptable; so that in less than a fortnight, I began to bear my disappointment from the widow, with the most Christian resignation.

Young Fashion. And Berinthia has never appear'd?

Townly. O here's the perplexity; for juſt as I began not to care whether I ever saw her again or not, laſt night she arrived.

Young Fashion. And inſtantly reassumed her empire.

Townly. No faith—we met—but the lady not condescending to give me any serious reasons for having fool'd me for a month, I left her in a huff.

Young Fashion. Well, well, I'll answer for't, she'll soon resume her power, especially as friendship will prevent your pursuing the other too far—but my coxcomb of a brother is an admirer of Amanda's too, is he?

Townly. Yes; and I believe is most heartily despised by her—but come with me, and you shall see her and your old friend Loveless.

Young Fashion. I must pay my respects to his Lordship—perhaps you can direct me to his lodgings.

Townly. Come with me, I shall pass by it.

Young Fashion. I wish you could pay the visit for me; or could tell me what I should say to him.

Townly. Say nothing to him—apply yourself to his bag, his sword, his feather, his snuff-box; and when you are well with them, desire him to lend you a thousand pounds, and I'll engage you prosper.

Young Fashion. 'Sdeath and furies! why was that coxcomb thrust into the world before me? O Fortune! Fortune! thou art a jilt, by Gad. [*Exit.*

SCENE II

A Dressing Room.

LORD FOPPINGTON, *in his Night Gown, and* LA VAROLE.

Lord Foppington. Well, 'tis an unspeakable pleasure to be a man of quality—strike me dumb!—even the boors of this Northern spa have learn'd the respect due to a title—La Varole!

La Varole. Mi Lor——

Lord Foppington. You han't yet been at Muddy-Moat-Hall to announce my arrival, have you?

La Varole. Not yet, mi Lor.

Lord Foppington. Then you need not go till Saturday,

[*Exit* LA VAROLE.

as I am in no particular haste to view my intended Sposa—I shall sacrifice a day or two more to the pursuit of my friend Loveless's wife—Amanda is a charming creature—strike me ugly;

and if I have any discernment in the world, she thinks no less of my Lord Foppington.

Enter LA VAROLE.

La Varole. Mi Lor, de shoemaker, de taylor, de hosier, de sempstress, de peru, be all ready, if your lordship please to dress.

Lord Foppington. 'Tis well, admit them.

La Varole. Hey, Messieurs, entrez.

Enter TAYLOR, *&c. &c.*

Lord Foppington. So, gentlemen, I hope you have all taken pains to shew yourselves masters in your professions.

Taylor. I think I may presume to say, Sir——

La Varole. My Lor, you clown you!

Taylor. My Lord, I ask your Lordship's pardon, my Lord. I hope, my Lord, your Lordship will please to own, I have brought your Lordship as accomplished a suit of clothes as ever Peer of England wore, my Lord—will your Lordship please to try 'em now?

Lord Foppington. Ay; but let my people dispose the glasses so that I may see myself before and behind; for I love to see myself all round.

[*Whilst he puts on his clothes, enter* YOUNG FASHION *and* LORY.]

Young Fashion. Hey-day! What the devil have we here?—Sure my gentleman's grown a favourite at court, he has got so many people at his levee.

Lory. Sir, these people come in order to make him a favourite at court—they are to establish him with the ladies.

Young Fashion. Good Heav'n! to what an ebb of taste are women fallen, that it should be in the power of a laced coat to recommend a gallant to them!

Lory. Sir, Taylors and Hair-dressers are now become the bawds of the nation—'tis they that debauch all the women.

Young Fashion. Thou say'st true; for there's that fop now has not, by nature, wherewithal to move a cook maid: and by the time these fellows have done with him, egad he shall melt down a Countess—but now for my reception.

Lord Foppington. Death and eternal tortures! Sir—I say the coat is too wide here by a foot.

Taylor. My Lord, if it had been tighter, 'twould neither have hook'd nor button'd.

Lord Foppington. Rat the hooks and buttons, Sir, can any thing be worse than this?—As Gad shall jedge me! it hangs on my shoulders like a chairman's surtout.

Taylor. 'Tis not for me to dispute your Lordship's fancy.

Lory. There, Sir, observe what respect does.

Young Fashion. Respect!—D—m him for a coxcomb—but let's accost him.—Brother, I'm your humble servant.

Lord Foppington. O Lard, Tam, I did not expect you in England—Brother, I'm glad to see you—but what has brought you to Scarbro" Tam?—Look you, Sir, [*to the Taylor*] I shall never be reconciled to this nauseous wrapping gown; therefore, pray get me another suit with all possible expedition; for this is my eternal aversion—Well, but Tam, you don't tell me what has driven you to Scarbro'?—Mrs. Callicoe, are not you of my mind?

Sempstress. Directly, my Lord.—I hope your Lordship is pleased with your ruffles?

Lord Foppington. In love with them, stab my vitals!—Bring my bill, you shall be paid to-morrow.

Sempstress. I humbly thank your Lordship. [*Exit* SEMPSTRESS.

Lord Foppington. Heark thee, shoemaker, these shoes a'nt ugly, but they don't fit me.

Shoemaker. My Lord, I think they fit you very well.

Lord Foppington. They hurt me just below the instep.

Shoemaker [*feeling his foot*]. No, my Lord, they don't hurt you there.

Lord Foppintgon. I tell thee they pinch me execrably.

Shoemaker. Why then, my Lord, if those shoes pinch you I'll be d—n'd.

Lord Foppington. Why wilt thou undertake to persuade me I cannot feel!

Shoemaker. Your Lordship may please to feel what you think fit, but that shoe does not hurt you—I think I understand my trade.

Lord Foppington. Now by all that's good and powerful, thou art an incomprehensible coxcomb—but thou makest good shoes and so I'll bear with thee.

Shoemaker. My Lord, I have work'd for half the people of quality in this town these twenty years, and 'tis very hard I shoudn't know when a shoe hurts, and when it don't.

Lord Foppington. Well, prithee be gone about thy business.

[*Exit* SHOEMAKER.

Mr. Mendlegs, a word with you. The calves of these stockings are thicken'd a little too much; th[e]y make my legs look like a porter's.

Mendlegs. My Lord, methinks they look mighty well.

Lord Foppington. Aye, but you are not so good a judge of those things as I am—I have study'd them all my life—therefore pray let the next be the thickness of a crown piece less.

Mendlegs. Indeed, my Lord, they are the same kind I had the honour to furnish your Lordship with in town.

Lord Foppington. Very possibly, Mr. Mendlegs; but that was in the beginning of the winter; and you should always remember Mr. Hosier, that if you make a Nobleman's spring legs as robust as his autumnal calves, you commit a manstrous impropriety, and make no allowance for the fatigues of the winter.

Jeweller. I hope, my Lord, those buckles have had the unspeakable satisfaction of being honoured with your Lordship's approbation?

Lord Foppington. Why they are of a pretty fancy; but don't you think them rather of the smallest?

Jeweller. My Lord, they could not well be larger to keep on your Lordship's shoe.

Lord Foppington. My good Sir, you forget that these matters are not as they used to be: formerly, indeed, the buckle was a sort of machine, intended to keep on the shoe; but the case is now quite reversed, and the shoe is of no earthly use, but to keep on the buckle.—Now give me my watches, and the business of the morning will be pretty well over.

Young Fashion. Well, Lory, what dost think on't?—a very friendly reception from a brother after three years absence!

Lory. Why, Sir, 'tis your own fault—here you have ſtood ever since you came in, and have not commended any one thing that belongs to him.

Young Faſhion. Nor ever shall, while they belong to a coxcomb.—Now your people of business are gone, brother, I hope I may obtain a quarter of an hour's audience of you?

Lord Foppington. Faith, Tam, I muſt beg you'll excuse me at this time, for I have an engagement which I would not break for the salvation of mankind. Hey!—there!—is my carriage at the door?—You'll excuse me, brother. [*Going*.

Young Faſhion. Shall you be back to dinner?

Lord Foppington. As Gad shall jedge me, I can't tell, for it is passible I may dine with some friends at Donner's.

Young Faſhion. Shall I meet you there? for I muſt needs talk with you.

Lord Foppington. That I'm afraid may'nt be quite so praper;—for those I commonly eat with are a people of nice conversation; and you know, Tam, your education has been a little at large—but there are other ordinaries in town—very good beef ordinaries—I suppose, Tam, you can eat beef?—However, dear Tam, I'm glad to see thee in England, ſtap my vitals! [*Exit*.

Young Faſhion. Hell and furies! Is this to be borne?

Lory. Faith, Sir, I could almoſt have given him a knock o' the pate myself.

Young Faſhion. 'Tis enough; I will now show you the excess of my passion, by being very calm.—Come, Lory, lay your loggerhead to mine, and, in cold blood, let us contrive his deſtruction.

Lory. Here comes a head, Sir, would contrive it better than us both, if she would but join in the confederacy.

Young Faſhion. By this light, Madam Coupler; she seems dissatisfied at something: let us observe her.

Enter COUPLER.

Coupler. Soh! I am likely to be well rewarded for my services, truly; my suspicions, I find, were but too juſt—What! refuse to advance me a paltry sum, when I am upon the point of making

him maſter of a Galloon! But let him look to the consequences, an ungrateful, narrow-minded coxcomb.

Young Fashion. So he is, upon my soul, old lady: it muſt be my brother you speak of.

Coupler. Hah!—ſtripling, how came you here! What, haſt spent all, hey? And art thou come to dun his Lordship for assiſtance?

Young Fashion. No;—I want somebody's assiſtance to cut his Lordship's throat, without the risque of being hang'd for him.

Coupler. Egad, sirrah, I could help thee to do him almoſt as good a turn without the danger of being burnt in the hand for it.

Young Fashion. How—how, old Mischief?

Coupler. Why you muſt know I have done you the kindness to make up a match for your brother.

Young Fashion. I'm very much beholden to you, truly.

Coupler. You may before the wedding-day yet: the lady is a great heiress, the match is concluded, the writings are drawn, and his lordship is come hither to put the finishing hand to the business.

Young Fashion. I underſtand as much.

Coupler. Now you muſt know, ſtripling, your brother's a knave.

Young Fashion. Good.

Coupler. He has given me a bond of a thousand pounds for helping him to his fortune, and has promised me as much more in ready money upon the day of the marriage; which, I underſtand by a friend, he never designs to pay me; and his juſt now refusing to pay me a part, is a proof of it. If, therefore, you will be a generous young rogue and secure me five thousand pounds, I'll help you to the lady.

Young Fashion. And how the devil wilt thou do that?

Coupler. Without the devil's aid, I warrant thee. Thy brother's face not one of the family ever saw; the whole business has been managed by me, and all the letters go thro' my hands. Sir Tunbelly Clumsey, my relation, (for that's the old gentleman's name) is apprized of his lordship's being down here, and expects him to-morrow to receive his daughter's hand; but the Peer, I

find, means to bait here a few days longer, to recover the fatigue of his journey, I suppose. Now you shall go to Muddymoat-hall in his place. I'll give you a letter of introduction ; and if you don't marry the girl before sun-set, you deserve to be hang'd before morning.

Young Fashion. Agreed, agreed; and for thy reward——

Coupler. Well, well;—tho' I warrant thou haſt not a farthing of money in thy pocket now—no—one may see it in thy face.

Young Fashion. Not a souse, by Jupiter.

Coupler. Muſt I advance then?—well, be at my lodgings next door this evening, and I'll see what may be done—We'll sign and seal, and when I have given thee some farther inſtructions, thou shalt hoiſt sail and be gone. [*Exit* COUPLER.

Young Fashion. So, Lory; Providence thou seeſt at laſt takes care of merit: we are in a fair way to be great people.

Lory. Aye, sir, if the devil don't ſtep between the cup and the lip, as he uses to do.

Young Fashion. Why faith, he has play'd me many a damn'd trick to spoil my fortune; and, egad, I'm almoſt afraid he's at work about it again now; but if I should tell thee how, thou'dſt wonder at me.

Lory. Indeed, sir, I should not.

Young Fashion. How doſt know?

Lory. Because, sir, I have wondered at you so often, I can wonder at you no more.

Young Fashion. No! what wouldſt thou say if a qualm of conscience should spoil my design?

Lory. I would eat my words, and wonder more than ever!

Young Fashion. Why faith, Lory, tho' I am a young Rake-hell, and have play'd many a rogueish trick, this is so full-grown a cheat, I find I muſt take pains to come up to't——I have scruples.

Lory. They are ſtrong symptoms of death. If you find they encrease, sir, pray make your will.

Young Fashion. No, my conscience shan't ſtarve me neither, but thus far I'll liſten to it. Before I execute this projeſt, I'll try my brother to the bottom. If he has yet so much humanity about

him as to assiſt me (tho' with a moderate aid) I'll drop my project at his feet, and shew him how I can do for him much more than what I'd ask he'd do for me. This one conclusive trial of him I resolve to make—

Succeed or fail, ſtill victory's my lot,
If I subdue his heart, 'tis well—if not
I will subdue my conscience to my plot.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT

Act the Second

SCENE I

Enter LOVELESS *and* AMANDA

Loveless. HOW do you like these lodgings, my dear? For my part, I am so well pleas'd with them, I shall hardly remove whilst we stay here, if you are satisfied.

Amanda. I am satisfied with every thing that pleases you, else I had not come to Scarboro' at all.

Loveless. O! a little of the noise and folly of this place will sweeten the pleasure of our retreat; we shall find the charms of our retirement doubled when we return to it.

Amanda. That pleasing prospect will be my chiefest entertainment, whilst, much against my will, I engage in those empty pleasures which 'tis so much the fashion to be fond of.

Loveless. I own most of them are, indeed, but empty; yet there are delights, of which a private life is destitute, which may divert an honest man, and be a harmless entertainment to a virtuous woman: good musick is one; and truly, (with some small allowance) the plays, I think, may be esteemed another.

Amanda. Plays, I must confess, have some small charms, and would have more, would they restrain that loose encouragement to vice, which shocks, if not the virtue of some women, at least the modesty of all.

Loveless. But, 'till that reformation can be wholly made, 'twould surely be a pity to exclude the productions of some of our best writers for want of a little wholesome pruning; which might be effected by any one who possessed modesty enough to believe that we should preserve all we can of our deceased authors, at least 'till they are outdone by the living ones.

Amanda. What do you think of that you saw last night?

Loveless. To say truth, I did not mind it much; my attention was for some time taken off to admire the workmanship of Nature, in the face of a young lady who sat some distance from me, she was so exquisitely handsome!

Amanda. So exquisitely handsome!

Loveless. Why do you repeat my words, my dear?

Amanda. Because you seem'd to speak them with such pleasure, I thought I might oblige you with their echo.

Loveless. Then you are alarm'd, Amanda?

Amanda. It is my duty to be so when you are in danger.

Loveless. You are too quick in apprehending for me. I view'd her with a world of admiration, but not one glance of love.

Amanda. Take heed of trusting to such nice distinctions. But were your eyes the only things that were inquisitive? Had I been in your place, my tongue, I fancy, had been curious too. I should have ask'd her, where she liv'd (yet still without design) who was she pray?

Loveless. Indeed, I cannot tell.

Amanda. You will not tell.

Loveless. By all that's sacred then, I did not ask.

Amanda. Nor do you know what company was with her?

Loveless. I do not; but why are you so earnest?

Amanda. I thought I had cause.

Loveless. But you thought wrong, Amanda; for turn the case, and let it be your story; should you come home and tell me you had seen a handsome man, should I grow jealous because you had eyes?

Amanda. But should I tell you he was *exquisitely* so, and that I had gazed on him with *admiration*, should you not think 'twere possible I might go one step further, and enquire his name?

Loveless [*aside*]. She has reason on her side, I have talk'd too much; but I must turn off another way. [*To her*.] Will you then make no difference, Amanda, between the language of our sex and yours? There is a modesy restrains your tongues, which makes you speak by halves when you commend, but roving flattery gives a loose to ours, which makes us still speak double

what we think. You should not, therefore, in so strict a sense, take what I said to her advantage.

Amanda. Those flights of flattery, sir, are to our faces only; when women are once out of hearing, you are as modest in your commendations as we are; but I shan't put you to the trouble of farther excuses;——if you please, this business shall rest here, only give me leave to wish, both for your peace and mine, that you may never meet this miracle of beauty more.

Loveless. I am content.

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Madam, there is a lady at the door in a chair, desires to know whether your Ladyship sees company? her name is Berinthia.

Amanda. O dear!—'tis a relation I have not seen these five years, pray her to walk in. [*Exit* SERVANT.] Here's another beauty for you; she was, when I saw her last, reckoned extremely handsome.

Loveless. Don't be jealous, now, for I shall gaze upon her too.

Enter BERINTHIA.

Loveless [*aside*]. Ha!—by Heav'ns the very woman!

Berinthia [*saluting* AMANDA]. Dear Amanda, I did not expect to meet with you in Scarbro'.

Amanda. Sweet cousin, I'm overjoy'd to see you. [*To* LOVELESS.] Mr. Loveless, here's a relation and a friend of mine, I desire you'll be better acquainted with.

Loveless [*saluting* BERINTHIA]. If my wife never desires a harder thing, Madam, her request will be easily granted.

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Sir, my Lord Foppington presents his humble service to you, and desires to know how you do. He's at the next door, and if it be not inconvenient to you, he'll come and wait upon you.

Loveless. Give my compliments to his Lordship, and I shall be glad to see him. [*Exit* SERVANT.] If you are not acquainted

with his Lordship, Madam, you will be entertained with his character.

Amanda. Now it moves my pity more than my mirth, to see a man whom Nature has made no fool, be so very industrious to pass for an ass.

Loveless. No, there you are wrong, Amanda; you should never bestow your pity upon those who take pains for your contempt; pity those whom Nature abuses, never those who abuse Nature.

Enter LORD FOPPINGTON.

Lord Foppington. Dear Loveless, I am your most humble servant.

Loveless. My Lord, I'm your's.

Lord Foppington. Madam, your Ladyship's very humble slave.

Loveless. My Lord, this lady is a relation of my wife's.

Lord Foppington [*saluting her*]. The beautifullest race of people upon earth, rat me. Dear Loveless, I am overjoyed that you think of continuing here. I am, stap my vitals. [*To* AMANDA.] For Gad's sake, Madam, how has your ladyship been able to subsist thus long, under the fatigue of a country life?

Amanda. My life has been very far from that, my Lord, it has been a very quiet one.

Lord Foppington. Why that's the fatigue I speak of, Madam; for 'tis impossible to be quiet, without thinking; now thinking is to me the greatest fatigue in the world.

Amanda. Does not your lordship love reading then?

Lord Foppington. Oh, passionately, Madam, but I never think of what I read.

Berinthia. Why, can your lordship read without thinking?

Lord Foppington. O Lard, can your ladyship pray without devotion, Madam?

Amanda. Well, I must own, I think books the best entertainment in the world.

Lord Foppington. I am so much of your ladyship's mind, Madam, that I have a private gallery in town, where I walk sometimes, which is furnished with nothing but books and looking glasses. Madam, I have gilded them, and ranged them so prettily

before Gad, it is the most entertaining thing in the world, to walk and look at them.

Amanda. Nay, I love a neat library too, but 'tis, I think, the inside of a book should recommend it most to us.

Lord Foppington. That, I must confess, I am not altogether so fand of, far to my mind, the inside of a book is to entertain one's self with the forced product of another man's brain. Now I think a man of quality and breeding may be much more diverted with the natural sprauts of his own; but to say the truth, Madam, let a man love reading never so well, when once he comes to know the tawn, he finds so many better ways of passing away the four-and-twenty hours, that it were ten thousand pities he should consume his time in that. Far example, Madam, now my life, my life, Madam, is a perpetual stream of pleasure, that glides through with such a variety of entertainments, I believe the wisest of our ancestors never had the least conception of any of 'em. I rise, Madam, when in town, about twelve o'clock. I don't rise sooner, because it is the worst thing in the world for the complexion; nat that I pretend to be a beau, but a man must endeavour to look decent, lest he makes so odious a figure in the side-bax, the ladies should be compelled to turn their eyes upon the play; so, at twelve o'clock I say I rise. Naw, if I find it a good day, I resalve to take the exercise of riding, so drink my chocolate, and draw on my boots by two. On my return, I dress; and after dinner, lounge perhaps to the Opera.

Berinthia. Your lordship, I suppose, is fond of music?

Lord Foppington. O, passionately, on Tuesdays and Saturdays, provided there is good company, and one is not expected to undergo the fatigue of listening.

Amanda. Does your lordship think that the case at the Opera?

Lord Foppington. Most certainly, Madam; there is my Lady Tattle, my Lady Prate, my Lady Titter, my Lady Sneer, my Lady Giggle, and my Lady Grin,—these have boxes in the front, and while any favourite air is singing, are the prettiest company in the waurld, stap my vitals! May'nt we hope for the honour to see you added to our society, Madam?

Amanda. Alas, my Lord, I am the worſt company in the world at a concert, I'm so apt to attend to the music.

Lord Foppington. Why, Madam, that is very pardonable in the country, or at church; but a monſtrous inattention in a polite assembly. But I am afraid I tire the company?

Loveless. Not at all; pray go on.

Lord Foppington. Why then, ladies, there only remains to add, that I generally conclude the evening at one or other of the Clubs, nat that I ever play deep; indeed I have been for some time tied up from losing above five thousand pawnds at a sitting.

Loveless. But isn't your Lordship sometimes obliged to attend the weighty affairs of the nation?

Lord Foppington. Sir, as to weighty affairs, I leave them to weighty heads; I never intend mine shall be a burthen to my body.

Berinthia. Nay, my Lord, but you are a pillar of the ſtate.

Lord Foppington. An ornamental pillar, Madam; for sooner than undergo any part of the burthen, rat me, but the whole building should fall to the ground.

Amanda. But, my Lord, a fine gentleman spends a great deal of his time in his intrigues; you have given us no account of them yet.

Lord Foppington [*aside*]. Soh! She would enquire into my amours, that's jealousy; poor soul! I see she's in love with me. [*To her.*] Why, Madam, I should have mentioned my intrigues but I am really afraid I begin to be troublesome with the length of my visit.

Amanda. Your lordship is too entertaining to grow troublesome any where.

Lord Foppington [*aside*]. That now was as much as if she had said pray make love to me. I'll let her see I'm quick of apprehension. [*To her.*] O Lard, Madam, I had like to have forgot a secret I muſt needs tell your ladyship. [*To* LOVELESS.] Ned, you muſt not be so jealous now as to liſten.

Loveless. Not I, my Lord, I am too fashionable a husband to pry into the secrets of my wife.

Lord Foppington [*to* AMANDA *squeezing her hand*]. I am in love with you to desperation, ſtrike me speechless!

Amanda [*giving him a box o' the ear*]. Then thus I return your passion,—an impudent fool!

Lord Foppington. Gad's curse, Madam, I'm a Peer of the Realm.

Loveless. Hey, what the Devil do you affront my wife, Sir? Nay then—— [*Draws and fight.*

Amanda. Ah! What has my folly done?—Help! murder! help! Part them, for Heaven's sake.

Lord Foppington [*falling back and leaning on his sword*]. Ah! quite through the body, ſtap my vitals!

Enter SERVANTS.

Loveless [*running to him*]. I hope I han't killed the fool, however—bear him up—where's your wound?

Lord Foppington. Juſt thro' the guts.

Loveless. Call a surgeon, there—unbutton him quickly.

Lord Foppington. Ay, pray make haſte.

Loveless. This mischief you may thank yourself for.

Lord Foppington. I may so, love's the Devil, indeed, Ned.

Enter PROBE *and* SERVANT.

Servant. Here's Mr. Probe, sir, was juſt going by the door.

Lord Foppington. He's the welcomeſt man alive.

Probe. Stand by, ſtand by, ſtand by; pray, Gentlemen, ſtand by; Lord have mercy upon us! did you never see a man run through the body before? Pray ſtand by.

Lord Foppington. Ah! Mr. Probe, I'm a dead man.

Probe. A dead man, and I by! I should laugh to see that, egad.

Loveless. Prithee, don't ſtand prating, but look upon his wound.

Probe. Why, what if I won't look upon his wound this hour, sir?

Loveless. Why then he'll bleed to death, sir.

Probe. Why then I'll fetch him to life again, sir.

Loveless. 'Slife! he's run thro' the guts, I tell thee.

Probe. I wish he was run thro' the heart, and I should get the more credit by his cure.—Now I hope you are satisfied?—Come,

now let me come at him—now let me come at him—(*viewing his wounds*) Oons! what a gash is here!—Why, sir, a man may drive a coach and six horses into your body!

Lord Foppington. Oh!

Probe. Why, what the devil have you run the gentleman thro' with a scythe?—[*Aside*.] A little scratch between the skin and the ribs, that's all.

Loveless. Let me see his wound.

Probe. Then you shall dress it, Sir—for if any body looks upon it I won't.

Loveless. Why thou art the veriest coxcomb I ever saw.

Probe. Sir, I am not master of my trade for nothing.

Lord Foppington. Surgeon!

Probe. Sir?

Lord Foppington. Are there any hopes?

Probe. Hopes! I can't tell—What are you willing to give for a cure?

Lord Foppington. Five hundred paunds with pleasure.

Probe. Why then, perhaps there may be hopes; but we must avoid a further delay—here—help the gentleman into a chair, and carry him to my house presently—that's the properest place —[*aside*.] to bubble him out of his money.——Come, a chair—a chair quickly—there, in with him.—[*They put him into a chair*.]

Lord Foppington. Dear Loveless, adieu: if I die, I forgive thee; and if I live, I hope thou wilt do as much by me.—I am sorry you and I should quarrel, but I hope here's an end on't; for if you are satisfied, I am.

Loveless. I shall hardly think it worth my prosecuting any farther, so you may be at rest, sir.

Lord Foppington. Thou art a generous fellow, strike me dumb! —[*Aside*.] but thou hast an impertinent wife, stap my vitals!

Probe. So—carry him off—carry him off—we shall have him prate himself into a fever by and by—carry him off.

[*Exit with* LORD FOPPINGTON *and* PROBE.

Amanda. Now on my knees, my dear, let me ask your pardon for my indiscretion—my own I never shall obtain.

Loveless. Oh, there's no harm done—you serv'd him well.

Amanda. He did indeed deserve it; but I tremble to think how dear my indiscreet resentment might have cost you.

Loveless. O, no matter—never trouble yourself about that.

Enter Colonel Townly.

Townly. So, so, I'm glad to find you all alive—I met a wounded Peer carrying off—for Heav'ns sake what was the matter?

Loveless. O, a trifle—he would have made love to my wife before my face, so she obliged him with a box o' the ear, and I run him through the body, that was all.

Townly. Bagatelle on all sides—but pray, Madam, how long has this noble Lord been an humble servant of your's?

Amanda. This is the first I have heard on't—so I suppose 'tis his quality more than his love has brought him into this adventure. He thinks his title an authentic passport to every woman's heart, below the degree of a Peeress.

Townly. He's coxcomb enough to think any thing; but I would not have you brought into trouble for him.—I hope there's no danger of his life?

Loveless. None at all—he's fallen into the hands of a roguish surgeon, who, I perceive, designs to frighten a little money out of him—but I saw his wound—'tis nothing—he may go to the ball to-night if he pleases.

Townly. I am glad you have corrected him without farther mischief, or you might have deprived me of the pleasure of executing a plot against his Lordship, which I have been contriving with an old acquaintance of yours.

Loveless. Explain——

Townly. His brother, Tom Fashion, is come down here, and we have it in contemplation to save him the trouble of his intended wedding; but we want your assistance. Tom would have called, but he is preparing for his enterprize, so I promised to bring you to him—so, sir, if these ladies can spare you—

Loveless. I'll go with you with all my heart—[*aside*]—tho' I could wish, methinks, to stay and gaze a little longer on that creature—Good Gods! how engaging she is—but what have I to do

with beauty?—I have already had my portion, and must not covet more.—[*To* TOWNLY.] Come, sir, when you please.

Townly. Ladies, your servant.

Amanda. Mr. Loveless, pray one word with you before you go.

Loveless [*to* TOWNLY]. I'll overtake you, Colonel.

[*Exit* TOWNLY.

What would my dear?

Amanda. Only a woman's foolish question, how do you like my cousin here?

Loveless. Jealous already, Amanda?

Amanda. Not at all—I ask you for another reason.

Loveless [*aside*]. Whate'er her reason be, I must not tell her true. [*To her*.] Why, I confess she's handsome—but you must not think I slight your kinswoman, if I own to you, of all the women who may claim that character, she is the last would triumph in my heart.

Amanda. I'm satisfied.

Loveless. Now tell me why you ask'd?

Amanda. At night I will.—Adieu.——

Loveless [*kissing her*]. I'm your's—— [*Exit*.

Amanda [*aside*]. I'm glad to find he does not like her, for I have a great mind to persuade her to come and live with me.

Berinthia [*aside*]. Soh! I find my Colonel continued in his airs; there must be something more at the bottom of this than the provocation he pretends from me.

Amanda. For Heaven's sake, Berinthia, tell me what way I shall take to persuade you to come and live with me?

Berinthia. Why one way in the world there is—and but one.

Amanda. And pray what is that?

Berinthia. It is to assure me—I shall be very welcome.

Amanda. If that be all, you shall e'en sleep here to-night.

Berinthia. To-night!

Amanda. Yes, to-night.

Berinthia. Why the people where I lodge will think me mad.

Amanda. Let 'em think what they please.

Berinthia. Say you so, Amanda?—Why then they shall think what they please—for I'm a young widow, and I care not what

any body thinks.——Ah, Amanda, it's a delicious thing to be a young widow.

Amanda. You'll hardly make me think so.

Berinthia. Puh! because you are in love with your husband—but that is not every woman's case.

Amanda. I hope 'twas your's at least.

Berinthia. Mine, say you?—Now I have a great mind to tell you a lye, but I shall do it so aukwardly, you'd find me out.

Amanda. Then e'en speak the truth.

Berinthia. Shall I?—then, after all, I did love him, Amanda, as a Nun does penance.

Amanda. How did you live together?

Berinthia. Like man and wife—asunder—he lov'd the country—I the town.—He hawks and hounds—I coaches and equipage.—He eating and drinking—I carding and playing.—He the sound of a horn— I the squeek of a fiddle.— We were dull company at table—worse a-bed: whenever we met we gave one another the spleen, and never agreed but once, which was about lying alone.

Amanda. But tell me one thing truly and sincerely—notwithstanding all these jars, did not his death at last extremely trouble you?

Berinthia. O yes.—I was forced to wear an odious Widows' band a twelve-month for't.

Amanda. Women, I find, have different inclinations:—prithee, Berinthia, instruct me a little farther—for I'm so great a novice, I'm almost asham'd on't.—Not Heav'n knows that what you call intrigues have any charms for me—the practical part of all unlawful love is——

Berinthia. O 'tis abominable—but for the speculative, that we must all confess is entertaining enough.

Amanda. Pray, be so just then to me, to believe, 'tis with a world of innocence I would enquire whether you think those, we call Women of Reputation, do really escape all other men, as they do those shadows of beaus?

Berinthia. O no, Amanda—there are a sort of men make dreadful work amongst 'em—men that may be called the Beaus

Antipathy—for they agree in nothing but walking upon two legs. These have brains—the beau has none.—These are in love with their mistress—the beau with himself.—They take care of their reputation—he's industrious to destroy it.—They are decent—he's a fop. They are men—he's an ass.

Amanda. If this be their character, I fancy we had here e'en now a pattern of 'em both.

Berinthia. His Lordship and Colonel Townly?

Amanda. The same.

Berinthia. As for the Lord, he's eminently so; and for the other, I can assure you there's not a man in town who has a better interest with the women, that are worth having an interest with.

Amanda. He answers then the opinion I had ever of him—Heav'ns! what a difference there is between a man like him, and that vain nauseous fop, Lord Foppington—[*taking her hand*] I must acquaint you with a secret, cousin—'tis not that fool alone has talked to me of love.—Townly has been tampering too.

Berinthia [*aside*]. So, so!—here the mystery comes out!—Colonel Townly!—impossible, my dear!

Amanda. 'Tis true, indeed!—tho' he has done it in vain; nor do I think that all the merit of mankind combined, could shake the tender love I bear my husband; yet I will own to you, Berinthia, I did not start at his addresses, as when they came from one whom I contemned.

Berinthia [*aside*]. O this is better and better—well said innocence!—and you really think, my dear, that nothing could abate your constancy and attachment to your husband?

Amanda. Nothing, I am convinced.

Berinthia. What if you found he lov'd another woman better?

Amanda. Well!

Berinthia. Well!—why were I that thing they call a slighted wife; somebody should run the risk of being that thing they call—a husband.

Amanda. O fie, Berinthia, no revenge should ever be taken against a husband—but to wrong his bed is a vengeance, which of all vengeance——

Berinthia. Is the sweeteſt!—ha! ha! ha!—don't I talk madly?

Amanda. Madly indeed!

Berinthia. Yet I'm very innocent.

Amanda. That I dare swear you are.—I know how to make allowances for your humour—but you resolve then never to marry again?

Berinthia. O no!—I resolve I will.

Amanda. How so?

Berinthia. That I never may.

Amanda. You banter me.

Berinthia. Indeed I don't—but I consider I'm a woman, and form my resolutions accordingly.

Amanda. Well, my opinion is, form what resolution you will, matrimony will be the end on't.

Berinthia. I doubt it—but A Heav'ns![1]—I have business at home, and am half an hour too late.

Amanda. As you are to return with me, I 'll juſt give some orders, and walk with you.

Berinthia. Well, make haſte, and we'll finish this subject as we go.

[*Exit* AMANDA.

Ah! poor Amanda, you have led a country life! Well, this discovery is lucky!—base Townly!—at once false to me, and treacherous to his friend! and my innocent, demure, cousin, too!—I have it in my power to be revenged on her, however. Her husband, if I have any skill in countenance, would be as happy in my smiles, as Townly can hope to be in her's.—I'll make the experiment, come what will on't.—The woman who can forgive the being robb'd of a favour'd lover, muſt be either an ideot or a wanton.

[1]but a—Heavens!—*Cumberland's Edition.*

END OF THE SECOND ACT

Act the Third

SCENE I

Enter LORD FOPPINGTON *and* LA VAROLE.

Lord Foppington. HEY, fellow—let my vis-a-vis come to the door.

La Varole. Will your lordship venture so soon to expose yourself to the weather?

Lord Foppington. Sir, I will venture as soon as I can to expose myself to the ladies.

La Varole. I wish your lordship would please to keep house a little longer; I'm affraid your honour does not well consider your wound.

Lord Foppington. My wound!—I would not be in eclipse another day, tho' I had as many wounds in my body as I have had in my heart. So mind, Varole, let these cards be left as directed. For this evening I shall wait on my father-in-law, Sir Tunbelly, and I mean to commence my devoirs to the lady, by giving an entertainment at her father's expence; and heark thee, tell Mr. Loveless I request he and his company will honour me with their presence, or I shall think we are not friends.

La Varole. I will be sure. [*Exit.*

Enter YOUNG FASHION.

Young Fashion. Brother, your servant, how do you find yourself to day?

Lord Foppington. So well, that I have ardered my coach to the door;—so there's no danger of death this baut, Tam.

Young Fashion. I'm very glad of it.

Lord Foppington [*aside*]. That I believe's a lye.—Prithee, Tam, tell me one thing—did not your heart cut a caper up to your mauth, when you heard I was ran thro' the bady?

Young Fashion. Why do you think it should?

Lord Foppington. Because I remember mine did so when I heard my uncle was shot thro' the head.

Young Fashion. It then did very ill.

Lord Foppington. Prithee, why so?

Young Fashion. Because he used you very well.

Lord Foppington. Well!—Naw, ſtrike me dumb, he ſtarv'd me—he has let me want a thausand women, for want of a thausand pound.

Young Fashion. Then he hinder'd you from making a great many ill bargains—for I think no woman worth money that will take money.

Lord Foppington. If I was a younger brother, I should think so too.

Young Fashion. Then you are seldom much in love?

Lord Foppington. Never, ſtap my vitals.

Young Fashion. Why then did you make all this buſtle about Amanda?

Lord Foppington. Because she was a woman of an insolent virtue—and I thought myself piqu'd in honour to debauch her.

Young Fashion [*aside*]. Very well. Here's a rare fellow for you, to have the spending of five thousand pounds a year. But now for my business with him.—Brother, tho' I know to talk of business (especially of money) is a theme not quite so entertaining to you as that of the ladies, my necessities are such, I hope you'll have patience to hear me.

Lord Foppington. The greatness of your necessities, Tam, is the worſt argument in the warld for your being patiently heard. I do believe you are going to make a very good speech, but ſtrike me dumb, it has the worſt beginning of any speech I have heard this twelvemonth.

Young Fashion. I'm sorry you think so.

Lord Foppington. I do believe thou art—but come, let's know the affair quickly.

Young Fashion. Why then, my case in a word is this.—The necessary expences of my travels have so much exceeded the wretched income of my annuity, that I have been forced to mort-

gage it for five hundred pounds, which is spent. So unless you are so kind as to assist me in redeeming it, I know no remedy but to take a purse.

Lord Foppington. Why, faith, Tam, to give you my sense of the thing, I do think taking a purse the best remedy in the warld —for if you succeed you are relieved that way, if you are taken— you are relieved t'other.

Young Fashion. I'm glad to see you are in so pleasant a humour; I hope I shall find the effects on't.

Lord Foppington. Why, then do you really think it a reasonable thing that I should give you five hundred pawnds?

Young Fashion. I do not ask it as a due, brother, I am willing to receive it as a favour.

Lord Foppington. Then thou art willing to receive it any how, strike me speechless.—But these are d——n'd times to give money in; taxes are so great, repairs so exorbitant, tenants such rogues, and bouquets so dear, that the Devil take me, I am reduced to that extremity in my cash, I have been forced to retrench in that one article of sweet pawder, till I have brought it dawn to five guineas a maunth—now judge, Tam, whether I can spare you five hundred pawnds?

Young Fashion. If you can't I must starve, that's all. [*Aside.*] Damn him.

Lord Foppington. All I can say is, you should have been a better husband.

Young Fashion. Ouns!—If you can't live upon ten thousand a-year, how do you think I should do't upon two hundred?

Lord Foppington. Don't be in a passion, Tam, for passion is the most unbecoming thing in the warld—to the face. Look you, I don't love to say any thing to you to make you melancholy, but upon this occasion I must take leave to put you in mind, that a running-horse does require more attendance than a coach-horse.—Nature has made some difference 'twixt you and me.

Young Fashion. Yes.—She has made you older. [*Aside.*] Plague take her.

Lord Foppington. That is not all, Tam.

Young Fashion. Why, what is there else?

Lord Foppington [*looking first upon himself and then upon his brother*]. Ask the ladies.

Young Fashion. Why, thou Essence-bottle, thou Musk Cat,—dost thou then think thou hast any advantage over me but what fortune has given thee?

Lord Foppington. I do, stap my vitals.

Young Fashion. Now, by all that's great and powerful thou art the Prince of Coxcombs.

Lord Foppington. Sir, I am proud at being at the head of so prevailing a party.

Young Fashion. Will nothing then provoke thee?—Draw, Coward.

Lord Foppington. Look you, Tam, you know I have always taken you for a mighty dull fellow, and here is one of the foolishest plats broke out, that I have seen a long time. Your poverty makes life so burthensome to you, you would provoke me to a quarrel, in hopes either to slip through my lungs into my estate, or to get yourself run thro' the guts, to put an end to your pain, but I will disappoint you in both your designs; far with the temper of a Philasapher, and the discretion of a statesman—I shall leave the room with my sword in the scabbard. [*Exit*.

Young Fashion. So! farewell brother; and now conscience I defy thee.——Lory!

Enter LORY.

Lory. Sir?

Young Fashion. Here's rare news, Lory, his Lordship has given me a pill has purged off all my scruples.

Lory. Then my heart's at ease again. For I have been in a lamentable fright, sir, ever since your conscience had the impudence to intrude into your company.

Young Fashion. Be at peace; it will come there no more, my brother has given it a wring by the nose, and I have kick'd it down stairs. So run away to the inn, get the chaise ready quickly and bring it to dame Coupler's without a moment's delay.

Lory. Then, sir, you are going straight about the fortune?

Young Fashion. I am.—Away—fly, Lory.

Lory. The happieſt day I ever saw. I'm upon the wing already.
[*Exeunt severally*.

Scene, a Garden.

Enter LOVELESS *and* SERVANT.

Loveless. Is my wife within?

Servant. No, sir, she has been gone out this half hour.

Loveless. Well, leave me. [*Exit* SERVANT.] How ſtrangely does my mind run on this widow—never was my heart so suddenly seiz'd on before—that my wife should pick her out, of all woman-kind, to be her playfellow.—But what fate does, let fate answer for—I sought it not—soh!—by heav'ns!—here she comes.

Enter BERINTHIA.

Berinthia. What makes you look so thoughtful, Sir? I hope you are not ill.

Loveless. I was debating, madam, whether I was so or not, and that was it which made me look so thoughtful.

Berinthia. Is it then so hard a matter to decide?—I thought all people were acquainted with their own bodies, tho' few people know their own minds.

Loveless. What if the diſtemper I suspeſt be in the mind?

Berinthia. Why then I'll undertake to prescribe you a cure.

Loveless. Alas! you undertake you know not what.

Berinthia. So far at leaſt then you allow me to be a Physician.

Loveless. Nay, I'll allow you to be so yet farther, for I have reason to believe, should I put myself into your hands, you would increase my diſtemper.

Berinthia. How?

Loveless. Oh, you might betray my complaints to my wife.

Berinthia. And so lose all my praſtice.

Loveless. Will you then keep my secret?

Berinthia. I will.

Loveless. I'm satisfied. Now hear my symptoms, and give me your advice. The firſt were these when I saw you at the play; a random glance you threw, at firſt alarm'd me. I could not turn

my eyes from whence the danger came—I gaz'd upon you till my heart began to pant—nay, even now on your approaching me, my illness is so increas'd, that if you do not help me I shall, whilst you look on, consume to Ashes. [*Taking her hand.*

Berinthia [*breaking from him*]. O Lord let me go, 'tis the plague, and we shall be infected.

Loveless. Then we'll die together, my charming angel.

Berinthia. O Gad! the devil's in you. Lord, let me go—here's somebody coming.

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Sir, my lady's come home, and desires to speak with you.

Loveless. Tell her I'm coming.

[*Exit* SERVANT.

[*To* BERINTHIA.] But before I go, one glass of nectar to drink her health.

Berinthia. Stand off, or I shall hate you, by heavens.

Loveless [*kissing her*]. In matters of love, a woman's oath is no more to be minded than a man's. [*Exit* LOVELESS.

Berinthia. Um!

Enter TOWNLY.

Townly. Soh! what's here—Berinthia and Loveless—and in such *close* conversation!—I cannot now wonder at her indifference in excusing herself to me!—O rare woman,—well then, let Loveless look to his wife, 'twill be but the retort courteous on both sides.—[*To* BERINTHIA.] Your servant, Madam, I need not ask you how you do, you have got so good a colour.

Berinthia. No better than I used to have, I suppose.

Townly. A little more blood in your cheeks.

Berinthia. I have been walking!

Townly. Is that all? Pray was it Mr. Loveless went from here just now?

Berinthia. O yes—he has been walking with me.

Townly. He has!

Berinthia. Upon my word I think he is a very agreeable man!

—and there is certainly something particularly insinuating in his address!

Townly. So! so! she has n't even the modesty to dissemble! Pray, madam, may I, without impertinence, trouble you with a few serious questions?

Berinthia. As many as you please; but pray let them be as little serious as possible.

Townly. Is it not near two years since I have presumed to address you?

Berinthia. I don't know exactly—but it has been a tedious long time.

Townly. Have I not, during that period, had every reason to believe that my assiduities were far from being unacceptable?

Berinthia. Why, to do you justice, you have been extremely troublesome—and I confess I have been more civil to you than you deserved.

Townly. Did I not come to this place at your express desire? and for no purpose but the honour of meeting you?—and after wasting a month in disappointment, have you condescended to explain, or in the slightest way apologize, for your conduct?

Berinthia. O heav'ns! apologise for my conduct!—apologise to you!—O you barbarian!—But pray now, my good serious Colonel, have you any thing more to add?

Townly. Nothing, madam, but that after such behaviour I am less surpris'd at what I saw just now; it is not very wonderful that the woman who can trifle with the delicate addresses of an honourable lover, should be found coquetting with the husband of her friend.

Berinthia. Very true—no more wonderful than it was for this *honourable* lover to divert himself in the absence of this coquet, with endeavouring to seduce his friend's wife! O Colonel, Colonel, don't talk of honour or your friend, for heav'ns sake.

Townly. S'death! how came she to suspect this!—Really madam, I don't understand you.

Berinthia. Nay—nay—you saw I did not pretend to misunderstand you.—But here comes the Lady—perhaps you would be glad to be left with her for an explanation.

Townly. O madam, this recrimination is a poor resource, and to convince you how much you are mistaken, I beg leave to decline the happiness you propose me.—Madam, your servant. *Enter* AMANDA. [TOWNLY *whispers* AMANDA, *and exit.*]

Berinthia. He carries it off well however—upon my word—very well!—how tenderly they part!——So, cousin—I hope you have not been chiding your admirer for being with me—I assure you we have been talking of you.

Amanda. Fie, Berinthia!—my admirer—will you never learn to talk in earnest of any thing?

Berinthia. Why this shall be in earnest, if you please; for my part I only tell you matter of fact.

Amanda. I'm sure there's so much jest and earnest in what you say to me on this subject, I scarce know how to take it.—I have just parted with Mr. Loveless—perhaps it is my fancy, but I think there is an alternation in his manner, which alarms me.

Berinthia. And so you are jealous? is that all?

Amanda. That all!—is jealousy then nothing?

Berinthia. It should be nothing, if I were in your case.

Amanda. Why what would you do?

Berinthia. I'd cure myself.

Amanda. How?

Berinthia. Care as little for my husband as he did for me. Look you, Amanda, you may build castles in the air, and fume, and fret, and grow thin, and lean, and pale, and ugly, if you please, but I tell you, no man worth having is true to his wife, or ever was or ever will be so.

Amanda. Do you then really think he's false to me? for I did not suspect him.

Berinthia. Think so!—I am sure of it.

Amanda. You are sure on't?

Berinthia. Positively—he fell in love at the play.

Amanda. Right—the very same—but who could have told you this?

Berinthia. Um——O—Townly!——I suppose your husband has made him his confidant.

Amanda. O base Loveless!—and what did Townly say on't?

Berinthia. So, so—why should she ask that?——[*aside*]——say!—why he abused Loveless extremely, and said all the tender things of you in the world.

Amanda. Did he?—Oh! my heart!—I'm very ill—I must go to the chamber—dear Berinthia, don't leave me a moment. [*Exit.*

Berinthia. No—don't fear.——So—there is certainly some affection on her side at least, towards Townly. If it prove so, and her agreeable husband perseveres—Heav'n send me resolution! —well—how this business will end I know not—but I seem to be in as fair a way to lose my gallant Colonel, as a boy is to be a rogue, when he's put clerk to an attorney. [*Exit.*

Scene, a Country House.

Enter YOUNG FASHION *and* LORY.

Young Fashion. So—here's our inheritance, Lory, if we can but get into possession—but methinks the seat of our family looks like Noah's ark, as if the chief part on't were designed for the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the field.

Lory. Pray, sir, don't let your head run upon the orders of building here—get but the heiress, let the devil take the house.

Young Fashion. Get but the house! let the devil take the heiress I say—but come, we have no time to squander, knock at the door—

[LORY *knocks two or three times.*

What the devil have they got no ears in this house?—knock harder.

Lory. I'gad, sir, this will prove some inchanted castle—we shall have the giant come out by and by with his club, and beat our brains out. [*Knocks again.*

Young Fashion. Hush—they come—[*from within*][1] who is there?

Lory. Open the door and see—is that your country breeding?

Servant [*within*]. Ay, but two words to that bargain—Tummas, is the blunderbuss prim'd?

Young Fashion. Ouns! give 'em good words Lory—or we shall be shot here a fortune catching.

[1]*Servant* [*within*]—*Cumberland's Edition.*

Lory. Egad, sir, I think you're in the right on't—ho!—Mr. what d'ye callum—will you please to let us in? or are we to be left to grow like willows by your moat side?

SERVANT *appears at the window with a blunderbuss.*

Servant. Weel naw, what's ya're business?

Young Fashion. Nothing, sir, but to wait upon Sir Tunbelly, with your leave.

Servant. To weat upon Sir Tunbelly?—why you'll find that's just as Sir Tunbelly pleases.

Young Fashion. But will you do me the favour, sir, to know whether Sir Tunbelly pleases or not?

Servant. Why look you d'ye see, with good words much may be done.—Ralph, go thy waes, and ask Sir Tunbelly if he pleases to be waited upon—and dost hear? call to nurse that she may lock up Miss Hoyden before the geats open.

Young Fashion. D'ye hear that, Lory!

Enter SIR TUNBELLY, *with* SERVANTS, *armed with guns, clubs, pitchforks, &c.*

Lory. O [*Running behind his master.*] O Lord, O Lord, Lord, we are both dead men.

Young Fashion. Take heed fool, thy fear will ruin us.

Lory. My fear, sir, 'sdeath, sir, I fear nothing—[*Aside.*] would I were well up to the chin in a horse pond.

Sir Tunbelly. Who is it here has any business with me?

Young Fashion. Sir, 'tis I, if your name be Sir Tunbelly Clumsey?

Sir Tunbelly. Sir, my name is Sir Tunbelly Clumsy, whether you have any business with me or not—so you see I am not asham'd of my name, nor my face either.

Young Fashion. Sir, you have no cause that I know of.

Sir Tunbelly. Sir, if you have no cause either, I desire to know who you are; for 'till I know your name, I shan't ask you to come into my house: and when I do know your name, 'tis six to four I don't ask you then.

Young Fashion [*giving him a Letter.*] Sir, I hope you'll find this letter an authentic passport.

Sir Tunbelly. Cod's my life, from Mrs. Coupler.—I ask your Lordship's pardon ten thousand times—[*to his* SERVANT.]—Here, run in a doors quickly; get a Scotch coal fire in the great parlour—set all the Turkey work chairs in their places; get the brass candlesticks out, and be sure stick the socket full of laurel, run—[*Turning to* YOUNG FASHION.] My Lord, I ask your Lordship's pardon—[*To* SERVANT.] and do you hear, run away to nurse, bid her let Miss Hoyden loose again.

[*Exit* SERVANT.

[*To* YOUNG FASHION.] I hope your honour will excuse the disorder of my family—we are not used to receive men of your Lordship's great quality every day—pray where are your coaches and servants, my Lord?

Young Fashion. Sir, that I might give you and your daughter a proof how impatient I am to be nearer akin to you, I left my equipage to follow me, and came away post with only one servant.

Sir Tunbelly. Your Lordship does me too much honour—It was exposing your person to too much fatigue and danger, I protest it was—but my daughter shall endeavour to make you what amends she can—and tho' I say it, that should not say it, Hoyden has charms.

Young Fashion. Sir, I am not a stranger to them, tho' I am to her: common fame has done her justice.

Sir Tunbelly. My Lord, I am common Fame's very grateful humble servant.—My Lord, my girl's young—Hoyden is young, my Lord; but this I must say for her, what she wants in art, she has by nature—what she wants in experience, she has in breeding—and what's wanting in her age, is made good in her constitution—so pray, my Lord, walk in; pray, my Lord, walk in.

Young Fashion. Sir, I wait upon you. [*Ex. thro' the gate.*

MISS HOYDEN *sola.*

Miss Hoyden. Sure, nobody was ever used as I am. I know well enough what other girls do, for all they think to make a fool of me. It's well I have a husband a-coming, or I'cod I'd marry the baker

I would so.—Nobody can knock at the gate, but presently I must be lock'd up—and here's the young greyhound can run loose about the house all the day long, so she can.—'Tis very well——

[NURSE, *without opening the door.*]

Nurse. Miss Hoyden, Miss, Miss, Miss, Miss Hoyden!

Enter NURSE.

Miss Hoyden. Well, what do you make such a noise for, ha?—what do you din a body's ears for?—can't one be at quiet for you?

Nurse. What do I din your ears for?—here's one come will din your ears for you.

Miss Hoyden. What care I who's come?—I care not a fig who comes, nor who goes, as long as I must be lock'd up like the ale cellar.

Nurse. That, Miss, is for fear you should be drank before you are ripe.

Miss Hoyden. O don't you trouble your head about that, I'm as ripe as you, though not so mellow.

Nurse. Very well—now I have a good mind to lock you up again, and not let you see my Lord to-night.

Miss Hoyden. My Lord! why is my husband come?

Nurse. Yes, marry is he, and a goodly person too.

Miss Hoyden [*hugging* NURSE]. O my dear nurse, forgive me this once, and I'll never misuse you again; no, if I do, you shall give me three thumps on the back, and a great pinch by the cheek.

Nurse. Ah! the poor thing, see how it melts, it's as full of good nature as an egg's full of meat.

Miss Hoyden. But my dear Nurse, don't lie now, is he come by your troth?

Nurse. Yes, by my truly is he.

Miss Hoyden. O Lord! I'll go and put on my laced tucker, tho' I'm lock'd up a month for't. [*Exit running.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT

Act the Fourth

SCENE I

Enter Miss Hoyden *and* Nurse.

Nurse. WELL, Miss, how do you like your husband that is to be?

Miss Hoyden. O Lord, Nurse, I'msooverjoy'd, I can scarce contain myself.

Nurse. O but you must have a care of being too fond, for men now-a-days, hate a woman that loves 'em.

Miss Hoyden. Love him! Why do you think I love him, Nurse? I'cod, I would not care if he was hang'd, so I were but once married to him.—No, that which pleases me, is to think what work I'll make when I get to London; for when I am a wife and a Lady both, I'cod I'll flaunt it with the best of 'em. Aye, and I shall have money enough to do so too, Nurse.

Nurse. Ah! there's no knowing that Miss, for though these Lords have a power of wealth, indeed, yet, as I have heard say, they give it all to their sluts and their trulls, who joggle it about in their coaches, with a murrain to 'em, whilst poor Madam sits sighing and wishing, and has not a spare half crown to buy her a Practice of Piety.

Miss Hoyden. O, but for that, don't deceive yourself, Nurse, for this I must say of my Lord, he's as free as an open house at Christmas. For this very morning he told me, I should have six hundred a year to buy pins. Now, Nurse, if he gives me six hundred a year to buy pins, what do you think he'll give me to buy fine petticoats?

Nurse. Ah, my dearest, he deceives thee fouly, and he's no better than a rogue for his pains. These Londoners have got a gibberage with 'em, would confound a gipsey. That which they

call pin-money, is to buy their wives every thing in the versal world, down to their very shoe-knots.—Nay, I have heard folks say, that some ladies, if they will have gallants, as they call 'em, are forced to find them out of their pin-money too. But, look, if his Honor be not coming to you.—Now, if I were sure you would behave yourself handsomely, and not disgrace me that have brought you up, I'd leave you alone together.

Miss Hoyden. That's my best Nurse, do as you'd be done by—trust us together this once, and if I don't shew my breeding, may I never be married but die an old maid.

Nurse. Well, this once I'll venture you.—But if you disparage me——

Miss Hoyden. Never fear.

[*Exit* NURSE.

Enter YOUNG FASHION.

Young Fashion. Your servant, Madam, I'm glad to find you alone, for I have something of importance to speak to you about.

Miss Hoyden. Sir, (my Lord, I meant) you may speak to me about what you please, I shall give you a civil answer.

Young Fashion. You give me so obliging a one, it encourages me to tell you in a few words, what I think both for your interest and mine. Your father, I suppose you know, has resolved to make me happy in being your husband, and I hope I may depend on your consent to perform what he desires.

Miss Hoyden. Sir, I never disobey my father in any thing but eating green gooseberries.

Young Fashion. So good a daughter must needs be an admirable wife.—I am therefore impatient till you are mine, and hope you will so far consider the violence of my love, that you won't have the cruelty to defer my happiness so long as your father designs it.

Miss Hoyden. Pray, my Lord, how long is that?

Young Fashion. Madam—a thousand years—a whole week.

Miss Hoyden. A week!—Why I shall be an old woman by that time.

Young Fashion. And I an old man.

Miss Hoyden. Why I thought it was to be to-morrow morning, as soon as I was up. I'm sure nurse told me so.

Young Fashion. And it shall be to-morrow morning, if you'll consent?

Miss Hoyden. If I'll consent! Why I thought I was to obey you as my husband?

Young Fashion. That's when we are married. Till then I'm to obey you.

Miss Hoyden. Why then if we are to take it by turns, it's the same thing. I'll obey you now, and when we are married you shall obey me.

Young Fashion. With all my heart. But I doubt we must get Nurse on our side, or we shall hardly prevail with the Chaplain.

Miss Hoyden. No more we shan't indeed, for he loves her better than he loves his pulpit, and would always be a-preaching to her by his good will.

Young Fashion. Why then, my dear, if you'll call her hither, we'll try to persuade her presently.

Miss Hoyden. O Lord, I can tell you a way how to perswade her to any thing.

Young Fashion. How's that?

Miss Hoyden. Why tell her she's a handsome, comely woman, and give her half-a-crown.

Young Fashion. Nay, if that will do, she shall have half a score of them.

Miss Hoyden. O Gemini, for half that she'd marry you herself. —I'll run and call her. [*Exit.*

Young Fashion. Soh, matters go swimmingly. This is a rare girl I'faith. I shall have a fine time on't with her at London. But no matter—she brings me an estate will afford me a separate maintenance.

Enter LORY.

Young Fashion. So, Lory, what's the matter?

Lory. Here, Sir; an intercepted packet from the enemy—your brother's postillion brought it—I knew the livery, pretended to be a servant of Sir Tunbelly's, and so got possession of the letter.

Young Fashion [*looking at it*]. Ouns!—He tells Sir Tunbelly

here, that he will be with him this evening, with a large party to supper,—'egad! I must marry the girl directly.

Lory. O Zounds, Sir, directly to be sure! Here she comes.

[*Exit* LORY.

Young Fashion. And the old Jesabel with her. She has a thorough procuring countenance, however.

Enter MISS HOYDEN *and* NURSE.

Young Fashion. How do you do, Mrs. Nurse?—I desired your young lady would give me leave to see you, that I might thank you for your extraordinary care and conduct in her education; pray accept of this small acknowledgment for it at present, and depend upon my farther kindness when I shall be that happy thing her husband.

Nurse [*aside*]. Gold by Maakins!—Your Honour's goodness is too great. Alas! all I can boast of is, I gave her pure good milk, and so your Honour would have said, an you had seen how the poor thing thrived—and how it would look up in my face—and crow and laugh it would!

Miss Hoyden [*to* NURSE, *taking her angrily aside*]. Pray one word with you. Prithee, Nurse, don't stand ripping up old stories, to make one ashamed before one's love; do you think such a fine, proper gentleman as he is, cares for a fiddle-come tale of a child? If you have a mind to make him have a good opinion of a woman, don't tell him what one did then, tell him what one can do now. [*To him.*] I hope your Honour will excuse my mis-manners, to whisper before you, it was only to give some orders about the family.

Young Fashion. O every thing, Madam, is to give way to business; besides, good housewifery is a very commendable quality in a young lady.

Miss Hoyden. Pray, Sir, are young ladies good housewives at London town? Do they darn their own linnen.

Young Fashion. O no;—they study how to spend money, not to save.

Miss Hoyden. I'cod, I don't know but that may be better sport, ha, Nurse!

Young Fashion. Well, you shall have your choice when you come there.

Miss Hoyden. Shall I?—then by my troth I'll get there as faſt as I can. [*To* NURSE.] His Honour desires you'll be so kind, as to let us be married to-morrow.

Nurse. To-morrow, my dear Madam?

Young Fashion. Aye faith, Nurse, you may well be surprised at Miss's wanting to put it off so long—to-morrow! no, no,—'tis now, this very hour, I would have the ceremony perform'd.

Miss Hoyden. I'cod with all my heart.

Nurse. O mercy, worse and worse.

Young Fashion. Yes, sweet Nurse, now, and privately. For all things being signed and sealed, why should Sir Tunbelly make us ſtay a week for a wedding dinner?

Nurse. But if you should be married now, what will you do when Sir Tunbelly calls for you to be wedded?

Miss Hoyden. Why then we will be married again.

Nurse. What twice, my child!

Miss Hoyden. I'cod, I don't care how often I'm married, not I.

Nurse. Well—I'm such a tender hearted fool, I find I can refuse you nothing. So you shall e'en follow your own inventions.

Miss Hoyden. Shall I?—[*Aside.*] O Lord I could leap over the Moon.

Young Fashion. Dear Nurse, this goodness of your's shan't go unrewarded. But now you muſt employ your power with the Chaplain, that he may do his friendly office too, and then we shall be all happy. Do you think you can prevail with him?

Nurse. Prevail with him!—Or he shall never prevail with me, I can tell him that.

Young Fashion. I'm glad to hear it; however, to ſtrengthen your intereſt with him, you may let him know, I have several fat livings in my gift, and that the firſt that falls shall be in your disposal.

Nurse. Nay then, I'll make him marry more folks than one, I'll promise him.

Miss Hoyden. Faith do, Nurse, make him marry you too, I'm sure he'll do't for a fat living.

Young Fashion. Well, Nurse, while you go and settle matters with him, your lady and I will go and take a walk in the garden.
[*Exit* NURSE.

Young Fashion [*giving her his hand*]. Come, Madam, dare you venture yourself alone with me?

Miss Hoyden. O dear, yes, Sir, I don't think you'll do any thing to me I need be afraid on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

Enter AMANDA, *her* WOMAN *following.*

Maid. If you please, Madam, only to say whether you'll have me buy them or not?

Amanda. Yes—no—go—Teazer!—I care not what you do—prithee leave me. [*Exit* MAID.

Enter BERINTHIA.

Berinthia. What in the name of Jove's the matter with you?

Amanda. The matter, Berinthia? I'm almost mad; I'm plagued to death.

Berinthia. Who is it that plagues you?

Amanda. Who do you think should plague a wife, but her husband?

Berinthia. O ho! is it come to that?—we shall have you wish yourself a widow, by and bye.

Amanda. Would I were any thing but what I am!—a base, ungrateful man, to use me thus!

Berinthia. What, has he given you fresh reason to suspect his wandering?

Amanda. Every hour gives me reason.

Berinthia. And yet, Amanda, you perhaps at this moment cause in another's breast the same tormenting doubts and jealousies which you feel so sensibly yourself.

Amanda. Heaven knows I would not!

Berinthia. Why, you can't tell but there may be some one as

tenderly attached to Townly, whom you boaſt of as your conqueſt, as you can be to your husband.

Amanda. I'm sure I never encouraged his pretensions.

Berinthia. Pshaw! Pshaw!—No sensible man ever perseveres to love, without encouragement. Why have you not treated him as you have Lord Foppington?

Amanda. Because he has not presum'd so far. But let us drop the subjeſt. Men, not women, are riddles. Mr. Loveless now follows some flirt for variety, whom I'm sure he does not like so well as he does me.

Berinthia. That's more than you know, Madam.

Amanda. Why, do you know the ugly thing?

Berinthia. I think I can guess at the person—but she's no such ugly thing neither.

Amanda. Is she very handsome.

Berinthia. Truly I think so.

Amanda. Whate'er she be, I'm sure he does not like her well enough to beſtow any thing more than a little outward gallantry upon her.

Berinthia[*aside*]. Outward gallantry.—I can't bear this.—Come, come, don't you be too secure, Amanda; while you suffer Townly to imagine that you do not deteſt him for his designs on you, you have no right to complain that your husband is engaged elsewhere. But here comes the person we were speaking of.

Enter TOWNLY.

Townly. Ladies, as I come uninvited, I beg, if I intrude you will use the same freedom in turning me out again.

Amanda. I believe, sir, it is near the time Mr. Loveless said he would be at home. He talked of accepting of Lord Foppington's invitation to sup at Sir Tunbelly Clumsey's.

Townly. His Lordship has done me the honor to invite me also. If you'll let me escort you, I'll let you into a myſtery as we go, in which you muſt play a part when we arrive.

Amanda. But we have two hours yet to spare—the carriages are not ordered 'till eight—and it is not a five minutes drive. So,

Cousin, let us keep the Colonel to play piquet with us, till Mr. Loveless comes home.

Berinthia. As you please, Madam, but you know I have a letter to write.

Townly. Madam, you know you may command me, tho' I'm a very wretched gamester.

Amanda. O, you play well enough to lose your money, and that's all the ladies require—and so without any more ceremony, let us go into the next room and call for cards and candles.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

BERINTHIA'S *Dressing-Room.*

Enter LOVELESS.

Loveless. So—thus far all's well—I have got into her dressing room, and it being dusk, I think nobody has perceived me steal into the house. I heard Berinthia tell my wife she had some particular letters to write this evening, before we went to Sir Tunbelly's, and here are the implements for correspondence—how shall I muster up assurance to show myself when she comes?—I think she has given me encouragement—and to do my impudence justice, I have made the most of it.—I hear a door open and some one coming; if it should be my wife, what the Devil should I say?—I believe she mistrusts me, and by my life I don't deserve her tenderness; however I am determined to reform, tho' not yet. Hah!—Berinthia—so I'll step in here till I see what sort of humour she is in. [*Goes into the Closet.*

Enter BERINTHIA.

Berinthia. Was ever so provoking a situation!—To think I should sit and hear him compliment Amanda to my face!—I have lost all patience with them both. I would not for something have Loveless know what temper of mind they have piqued me into, yet I can't bear to leave them together. No—I'll put my

papers away, and return, to disappoint them. [*Goes to the closet.*] O Lord! a ghoſt! a ghoſt! a ghoſt!

Enter LOVELESS.

Loveless. Peace, my Angel—it's no ghoſt—but one worth a hundred spirits.

Berinthia. How, sir, have you had the insolence to presume to—run in again—here's somebody coming.

Enter MAID.

Maid. O Lord, Ma'am, what's the matter?

Berinthia. O Heav'ns I'm almoſt frightened out of my wits!—I thought verily I had seen a ghoſt, and 'twas nothing but a black hood pin'd againſt the wall.—You may go again, I am the fearfuleſt fool!

[*Exit* MAID.

Re-enter LOVELESS.

Loveless. Is the coaſt clear?

Berinthia. The coaſt clear!—Upon my word I wonder at your assurance!

Loveless. Why then you wonder before I have given you a proof of it. But where's my wife?

Berinthia. At cards.

Loveless. With whom?

Berinthia. With Townly.

Loveless. Then we are safe enough.

Berinthia. You are so!—Some husbands would be of another mind were he at cards with their wives.

Loveless. And they'd be in the right on't too—but I dare truſt mine.

Berinthia. Indeed!—And she, I doubt not, has the same confidence in you. Yet do you think she'd be content to come and find you here?

Loveless. 'Egad, as you say, that's true—then for fear she should come, hadn't we better go into the next room out of her way

Berinthia. What—in the dark?

Loveless. Aye—or with a light, which you please.

Berinthia. You are certainly very impudent.

Loveless. Nay then—let me conduct you, my Angel.

Berinthia. Hold, hold, you are mistaken in your Angel, I assure you.

Loveless. I hope not, for by this hand I swear.

Berinthia. Come, come, let go my hand, or I shall hate you, I'll cry out as I live.

Loveless. Impossible!—you cannot be so cruel.

Berinthia. Ha!—here's someone coming—be gone instantly.

Loveless. Will you promise to return if I remain here?

Berinthia. Never trust myself in a room with you again while I live.

Loveless. But I have something particular to communicate to you.

Berinthia. Well, well, before we go to Sir Tunbelly's I'll walk upon the lawn. If you are fond of a Moon-light evening, you will find me there.

Loveless. E'faith, they're coming here now.—I take you at your word. [*Exit* LOVELESS *into the Closet*.

Berinthia. 'Tis Amanda, as I live.—I hope she has not heard voices. Tho' I mean she should have her share of jealousy in turn.

Enter AMANDA.

Amanda. Berinthia, why did you leave me?

Berinthia. I thought I only spoil'd your party.

Amanda. Since you have been gone, Townly has attempted to renew his importunities.——I must break with him—for I cannot venture to acquaint Mr. Loveless with his conduct.

Berinthia. O no—Mr. Loveless mustn't know of it by any means.

Amanda. O not for the world.——I wish, Berinthia, you would undertake to speak to Townly on the subject.

Berinthia. Upon my word it would be a very pleasant subject for me to talk to him on.—But come—let us go back,—and you may depend on't I'll not leave you together again, if I can help it. [*Exeunt*.

Enter LOVELESS.

Loveless. Soh—so!—a pretty piece of business I have overheard—Townly makes love to my wife—and I'm not to know it for the world—I must enquire into this—and, by Heav'n, if I find that Amanda has in the smallest degree—Yet what have I been at here?—O s'death! that's no rule.

That wife alone, unsullied credit wins,
Whose virtues can atone her husband's sins;
Thus while the man has other nymphs in view,
It suits the woman to be doubly true.

[*Exit.*

END OF THE FOURTH ACT

Act the Fifth

SCENE I

A Garden—Moon Light.

Enter LOVELESS.

Loveless. NOW, does she mean to make a fool of me, or not?—I shan't wait much longer, for my wife will soon be enquiring for me to set out on our supping party.—Suspence is at all times the devil—but of all modes of suspence, the watching for a loitering mistress is the worst—but let me accuse her no longer—she approaches with one smile to o'erpay the anxiety of a year.

Enter BERINTHIA.

O Berinthia, what a world of kindness are you in my debt!—had you staid five minutes longer—

Berinthia. You would have been gone, I suppose.

Loveless [*aside*]. Egad she's right enough.

Berinthia. And I assure you 'twas ten to one that I came at all. In short, I begin to think you are too dangerous a Being to trifle with; and as I shall probably only make a fool of you at last, I believe we had better let matters rest as they are.

Loveless. You cannot mean it sure?

Berinthia. No!—why do you think you are really so irresistable, and master of so much address, as to deprive a woman of her senses in a few days acquaintance?

Loveless. O, no, Madam; 'tis only by your preserving your senses that I can hope to be admitted into your favour—your taste, judgment, and discernment, are what I build my hopes on.

Berinthia. Very modest upon my word—and it certainly fol-

lows, that the greatest proof I can give of my possessing those qualities, would be my admiring Mr. Loveless!

Loveless. O that were so cold a proof—

Berinthia. What shall I do more?—esteem you?

Loveless. O, no—worse and worse— Can you behold a man, whose every faculty your attractions have engrossed—whose whole soul, as by enchantment, you have seiz'd on—can you see him tremble at your feet, and talk of so poor a return as your esteem!

Berinthia. What more would you have me give to a married man?

Loveless. How doubly cruel to remind me of misfortunes!

Berinthia. A misfortune to be married to so charming a woman as Amanda!

Loveless. I grant all her merit, but—'sdeath, now see what you have done by talking of her—she's here by all that's unlucky.

Berinthia. O Ged, we had both better get out of the way, for I should feel as aukward to meet her as you.

Loveless. Aye—but if I mistake not, I see Townly coming this way also—I must see a little into this matter. [*Steps aside.*

Berinthia. O, if that's your intention—I am no woman if I suffer myself to be outdone in curiosity. [*Goes on the other side.*

Enter AMANDA.

Amanda. Mr. Loveless come home and walking on the lawn! —I will not suffer him to walk so late, tho' perhaps it is to show his neglect of me——Mr. Loveless—ha!—Townly again—! how I am persecuted!

Enter TOWNLY.

Townly. Madam, you seem disturbed!

Amanda. Sir, I have reason.

Townly. Whatever be the cause, I would to Heaven it were in my power to bear the pain, or to remove the malady.

Amanda. Your interference can only add to my distress.

Townly. Ah! Madam, if it be the sting of unrequited love you

suffer from, seek for your remedy in revenge—weigh well the strength and beauty of your charms, and rouse up that spirit a woman ought to bear—disdain the false embraces of a husband—see at your feet a real lover—his zeal may give him title to your pity, altho' his merit cannot claim your love!

Loveless [*aside*]. So, so, very fine, e'faith!

Amanda. Why do you presume to talk to me thus?—is this your friendship to Mr. Loveless?—I perceive you will compel me at last to acquaint him with your treachery.

Townly. He could not upbraid me if you were—he deserves it from me—for he has not been more false to you, than faithless to me.

Amanda. To you!

Townly. Yes, Madam; the lady for whom he now deserts those charms which he was never worthy of, was mine by right; and I imagined too, by inclination—Yes, Madam, Berinthia, who now——

Amanda. Berinthia!—impossible!——

Townly. 'Tis true, or may I never merit your attention.—She is the deceitful sorceress who now holds your husband's heart in bondage.

Amanda. I will not believe it.

Townly. By the faith of a true lover, I speak from conviction.—This very day I saw them together, and overheard——

Amanda. Peace, Sir, I will not even listen to such slander—this is a poor device to work on my resentment, to listen to your insidious addresses. No, Sir; though Mr. Loveless may be capable of error, I am convinced I cannot be deceived so grossly in him, as to believe what you now report; and for Berinthia, you should have fixed on some more probable person for my rival, than she who is my relation, and my friend: for while I am myself free from guilt, I will never believe that love can beget injury, or confidence create ingratitude.

Townly. If I do not prove this to you——

Amanda. You shall never have an opportunity—from the artful manner in which you first show'd yourself to me, I might have been led, as far as virtue permitted, to have thought you less

criminal than unhappy—but this last unmanly artifice merits at once my resentment and contempt. [*Exit.*

Townly. Sure there's divinity about her; and she has dispensed some portion of honor's light to me: yet can I bear to lose Berinthia without revenge or compensation?—Perhaps she is not so culpable as I thought her. I was mistaken when I began to think lightly of Amanda's virtue, and may be in my censure of my Berinthia.—Surely I love her still; for I feel I should be happy to find myself in the wrong. [*Exit.*

Enter LOVELESS *and* BERINTHIA.

Berinthia. Your servant, Mr. Loveless.

Loveless. Your servant, Madam.

Berinthia. Pray, what do you think of this?

Loveless. Truly, I don't know what to say.

Berinthia. Don't you think we steal forth two contemptible creatures?

Loveless. Why tolerable—so I must confess.

Berinthia. And do you conceive it possible for you ever to give Amanda the least uneasiness again?

Loveless. No, I think we never should, indeed.

Berinthia. We!—why, monster, you don't pretend that I ever entertain'd a thought.

Loveless. Why then, sincerely, and honestly, Berinthia, there is something in my wife's conduct which strikes me so forcibly, that if it were not for shame, and the fear of hurting you in her opinion, I swear I would follow her, confess my error, and trust to her generosity for forgiveness.

Berinthia. Nay, prithee don't let your respect for me prevent you; for as my object in trifling with you was nothing more than to pique Townly; and as I perceive he has been actuated by a similar motive, you may depend on't I shall make no mystery of the matter to him.

Loveless. By no means inform him—for tho' I may chuse to pass by his conduct without resentment, how will he presume to look me in the face again!

Berinthia. How will you presume to look him in the face again.

Loveless. He—who has dared to attempt the honour of my wife!

Berinthia. You—who have dared to attempt the honour of his mistress!—Come, come, be ruled by me who affect more levity than I have, and don't think of anger in this cause. A readiness to resent injuries, is a virtue only in those who are slow to injure.

Loveless. Then I will be ruled by you—and when you shall think proper to undeceive Townly, may your good qualities make as sincere a convert of him, as Amanda's have of me. When truth's extended from us, then we own the robe of virtue is a secret habit.

Could women but our secret counsels scan—
Could they but reach the deep reserve of man—
To keep our love—they'd rate their virtue high—
They live together, and together die!

[*Exit.*

Scene, SIR TUNBELLY'*s House.*

Enter MISS HOYDEN, NURSE, *and* YOUNG FASHION.

Young Fashion. This quick dispatch of the chaplain's I take so kindly, it shall give him claim to my favour as long as I live, I assure you.

Miss Hoyden. And to mine too, I promise you.

Nurse. I most humbly thank your honors; and may your children swarm about you, like bees about a honey-comb.

Miss Hoyden. I'cod with all my heart—the more the merrier, I say—ha Nurse?

Enter LORY, *taking* YOUNG FASHION *hastily aside.*

Lory. One word with you, for Heav'ns sake.

Young Fashion. What the Devil's the matter?

Lory. Sir, your fortune's ruin'd, if you are not married—yonder's your brother, arrived with two coaches and six horses, twenty footmen, and a coat worth fourscore pounds—so judge what will become of your Lady's heart.

Young Fashion. Is he in the house yet?

Lory. No—they are capitulating with him at the gate—Sir Tunbelly luckily takes him for an impostor, and I have told him that we had heard of this plot before.

Young Fashion. That's right: [*To* Miss Hoyden.] my dear, here's a troublesome business my man tells me of, but don't be frighten'd, we shall be too hard for the rogue.—Here's an impudent fellow at the gate (not knowing I was come hither incognito) has taken my name upon him, in hopes to run away with you.

Miss Hoyden. O the brazen-faced varlet, it's well we are married, or may be we might never have been so.

Young Fashion [*aside*]. Egad like enough.—Prithee, Nurse, run to Sir Tunbelly, and stop him from going to the gate before I speak with him.

Nurse. An't please your honour, my Lady and I had best lock outselves up till the danger be over.

Young Fashion. Do so, if you please.

Miss Hoyden. Not so fast—I won't be lock'd up any more, now I'm married.

Young Fashion. Yes, pray, my dear do, till we have seiz'd this rascal.

Miss Hoyden. Nay, if you'll pray me, I'll do anything.

[*Exit* Miss *and* Nurse.

Young Fashion [*to* Lory]. Hark you, sirrah, things are better than you imagine. The wedding's over.

Lory [*aside*]. The Devil it is, Sir!

Young Fashion. Not a word—all's safe—but Sir Tunbelly don't know it, nor must not, yet. So I am resolved to brazen the business out, and have the pleasure of turning the impostor upon his Lordship, which I believe may easily be done.

Enter Sir Tunbelly, *and* Servants, *armed with clubs, pitchforks, &c.*

Young Fashion. Did you ever hear, Sir, of so impudent an undertaking?

Sir Tunbelly. Never, by the Mass—but we'll tickle him, I'll warrant you.

Young Fashion. They tell me, Sir, he has a great many people with him, disguised like servants.

Sir Tunbelly. Ay, ay, rogues enow—but we have maſter'd them.—We only fired a few shot over their heads, and the regiment scower'd in an inſtant.—Here, Tommas, bring in your prisoner.

Young Fashion. If you please, Sir Tunbelly, it will be beſt for me not to confront the fellow yet, till you have heard how far his impudence will carry him.

Sir Tunbelly. 'Egad, your Lordship is an ingenious person. Your Lordship then will please to ſtep aside.

Lory [*aside*]. 'Fore Heaven I applaud my maſter's modeſty.

[*Exeunt* YOUNG FASHION *and* LORY.

Enter SERVANTS, *with* LORD FOPPINGTON, *disarmed.*

Sir Tunbelly. Come—bring him along, bring him along.

Lord Foppington. What the pax do you mean, gentlemen, is it fair time that you are all drunk before supper?

Sir Tunbelly. Drunk, sirrah!—here's an impudent rogue for you. Drunk, or sober, bully, I'm a Juſtice of the Peace, and know how to deal with ſtrollers.

Lord Foppington. Strollers!

Sir Tunbelly. Aye, ſtrollers.—Come, give an account of yourself.—What's your name? Where do you live? Do you pay scot and lot? Come, are you a freeholder or a copyholder?

Lord Foppington. And why doſt thou ask me so many impertinent queſtions?

Sir Tunbelly. Because I'll make you answer 'em before I have done with you, you rascal, you.

Lord Foppington. Before Gad, all the answers I can make to 'em, is, that you are a very extraordinary old fellow, ſtap my vitals!

Sir Tunbelly. Nay, if thou are for joking with Deputy Lieutenants, we know how to deal with you.—Here, draw a warrant for him immediately.

Lord Foppington. A warrant!—What the Devil is't thou would'ſt be at, old gentleman?

Sir Tunbelly. I would be at you, sirrah, (if my hands were not tied as a Magiſtrate) and with these two double fiſts beat your teeth down your throat you dog you.

Lord Foppington. And why would'ſt thou spoil my face at that rate?

Sir Tunbelly. For your design to rob me of my daughter, villain.

Lord Foppington. Rab thee of your daughter! Now do I begin to believe I am in bed and asleep, and that all this is but a dream. Prithee, old father, wilt thou give me leave to ask thee one queſtion?

Sir Tunbelly. I can't tell whether I will or not, till I know what it is.

Lord Foppington. Why then it is, whether thou didſt not write to my Lord Foppington to come down and marry thy daughter?

Sir Tunbelly. Yes, marry did I, and my Lord Foppington is come down, and shall marry my daughter before she's a day older.

Lord Foppington. Now give me thy hand, old dad, I thought we should underſtand one another at laſt.

Sir Tunbelly. This fellow's mad—here, bind him hand and foot. [*They bind him.*

Lord Foppington. Nay, prithee Knight, leave fooling, thy jeſt begins to grow dull.

Sir Tunbelly. Bind him, I say—he's mad—bread and water, a dark room, and a whip, may bring him to his senses again.

Lord Foppington. Prithee, Sir Tunbelly, why should you take such an aversion to the freedom of my address, as to suffer the rascals thus to skewer down my arms like a rabbit? 'Egad, if I don't waken quickly, by all that I can see, this is like to prove one of the moſt impertinent dreams that ever I dreamt in my life. [*Aside.*

Enter Miss Hoyden *and* Nurse.

Miss Hoyden [*going up to him*]. Is this he that would have run away with me? Fough! how he ſtinks of sweets!—Pray, father, let him be dragged thro' the horse-pond.

Lord Foppington [*aside*]. This must be my wife, by her natural inclination to her husband.

Miss Hoyden. Pray, father, what do you intend to do with him —hang him?

Sir Tunbelly. That, at least, child.

Nurse. Aye, and it's e'en too good for him too.

Lord Foppington [*aside*]. Madame la Governante, I presume; hitherto this appears to me to be one of the most extraordinary families that ever man of quality match'd into.

Sir Tunbelly. What's become of my Lord, daughter?

Miss Hoyden. He's just coming, Sir.

Lord Foppington [*aside*]. My Lord!—What does he mean by that, now?

Enter YOUNG FASHION *and* LORY.

Lord Foppington. Stap my vitals, Tam, now the dream's out.

Young Fashion. Is this the fellow, Sir, that design'd to trick me of your daughter?

Sir Tunbelly. This is he, my Lord; how do you like him? is not he a pretty fellow to get a fortune?

Young Fashion. I find by his dress, he thought your daughter might be taken with a beau.

Miss Hoyden. O gemini! Is this a beau? Let me see him again. Ha! I find a beau is no such ugly thing, neither.

Young Fashion. 'Egad, she'll be in love with him presently.— I'll e'en have him sent away to gaol. [*To* LORD FOPPINGTON.] Sir, tho' your undertaking shows you a person of no extraordinary modesty, I suppose you ha'n't confidence enough to expect much favour from me.

Lord Foppington. Strike me dumb, Tam, thou art a very impudent fellow.

Nurse. Look; if the varlot has not the frontery to call his Lordship, plain Thomas.

Sir Tunbelly. Come, is the warrant writ?

Chaplain. Yes, Sir.

Lord Foppington. Hold, one moment.—Pray gentlemen—my Lord Foppington, shall I beg one word with your Lordship?

Nurse. O, ho, it's my Lord, with him now; see how afflictions will humble folks.

Miss Hoyden. Pray, my Lord, don't let him whisper too close, lest he bite your ear off.

Lord Foppington. I am not altogether so hungry as your Ladyship is pleased to imagine. [*To* YOUNG FASHION.] Look you, Tam, I am sensible I have not been so kind to you as I ought, but I hope you'll forgive what's past, and except of the five thousand pounds I offer. Thou may'st live in extreme splendor with it, stap my vitals!

Young Fashion. It's a much easier matter to prevent a disease, than to cure it. A quarter of that sum would have secured your mistress, twice as much won't redeem her. [*Leaving him.*

Sir Tunbelly. Well, what says he?

Young Fashion. Only the rascal offered me a bribe to let him go.

Sir Tunbelly. Aye, he shall go, with a halter to him—lead on, Constable.

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Sir, here is Muster Loveless, and Muster Colonel Townly, and some ladies, to wait on you.

Lory [*aside*]. So, Sir, What will you do now?

Young Fashion. Be quiet—they are in the plot. [*To* SIR TUNBELLY.] Only a few friends, Sir Tunbelly, whom I wish'd to introduce to you.

Lord Foppington. Thou art the most impudent fellow, Tam, that ever Nature yet brought into the world. Sir Tunbelly, strike me speechless, but these are my friends and my guests, and they will soon inform thee, whether I am the true Lord Foppington or not.

Enter LOVELESS, TOWNLY, AMANDA, *and* BERINTHIA.

Young Fashion. So, gentlemen, this is friendly; I rejoice to see you.

Townly. My Lord, we are fortunate to be the witnesses of your Lordship's happiness.

Loveless. But your Lordship will do us the honour to introduce us to Sir Tunbelly Clumsey?

Amanda. And us to your Lady.

Lord Foppington. Ged take me, but they are all in a ſtory.

Sir Tunbelly. Gentlemen, you do me great honour; my Lord Foppington's friends will ever be welcome to me and mine.

Young Fashion. My love, let me introduce you to these ladies.

Miss Hoyden. By goles, they look so fine and so ſtiff, I am almoſt asham'd to come nigh 'em.

Amanda. A moſt engaging lady, indeed!

Miss Hoyden. Thank ye, Ma'am!

Berinthia. And I doubt not will soon diſtinguish herself in the Beau Monde.

Miss Hoyden. Where is that?

Young Fashion. You'll soon learn, my dear.

Loveless. But, Lord Foppinton——

Lord Foppington. Sir!

Loveless. Sir! I was not addressing myself to you, Sir; pray who is this gentleman? He seems rather in a singular predicament.

Sir Tunbelly. Ha, ha, ha!—So, these are your friends and your gueſts, ha, my adventurer?

Lord Foppington. I am ſtruck dumb with their impudence, and cannot positively say whether I shall ever speak again or not.

Sir Tunbelly. Why, Sir, this modeſt gentleman wanted to pass himself upon me for Lord Foppington, and carry off my daughter.

Loveless. A likely plot to succeed, truly, ha, ha!

Lord Foppington. As Gad shall judge me, Loveless, I did not expect this from thee; come, prithee confess the joke; tell Sir Tunbelly that I am the real Lord Foppington, who yeſterday made love to thy wife; was honour'd by her with a slap on the face, and afterward pink'd thro' the body by thee.

Sir Tunbelly. A likely ſtory, truly, that a Peer wou'd behave thus!

Loveless. A curious fellow indeed! that wou'd scandalize the character he wants to assume; but what will you do with him, Sir Tunbelly.

Sir Tunbelly. Commit him certainly, unless the bride and bridegroom chuse to pardon him.

Lord Foppington. Bride and bridegroom! For Gad's sake, Sir Tunbelly, 'tis tarture to me to hear you call 'em so.

Miss Hoyden. Why, you ugly thing, what would you have him call us? dog and cat!

Lord Foppington. By no means, Miss; for that sounds ten times more like man and wife, than t'other.

Sir Tunbelly. A precious rogue this, to come a wooing!

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. There are some more gentlefolks below, to wait upon Lord Foppington.

Townly. S'death, Tom, what will you do now?

Lord Foppington. Now, Sir Tunbelly, here are witnesses, who I believe are not corrupted.

Sir Tunbelly. Peace, fellow!—Wou'd your Lordship chuse to have your guests shown here, or shall they wait till we come to 'em?

Young Fashion. I believe, Sir Tunbelly, we had better not have these visitors here yet; 'egad, all must out! [*Aside.*

Loveless. Confess, confess, we'll stand by you.

Lord Foppington. Nay, Sir Tunbelly, I insist on your calling evidence on both sides, and if I do not prove that fellow an impostor——

Young Fashion. Brother, I will save you the trouble, by now confessing, that I am not what I have passed myself for;—Sir Tunbelly, I am a gentleman, and I flatter myself a man of character; but 'tis with great pride I assure, I am not Lord Foppington.

Sir Tunbelly. Oun's!—what's this!—an impostor!—a cheat! —fire and faggots, Sir!—if you are not Lord Foppington, who the Devil are you?

Young Fashion. Sir, the best of my condition is, I am your son-in-law, and the worst of it is, I am brother to that noble Peer.

Lord Foppington. Impudent to the last!

Sir Tunbelly. My son-in-law! Not yet, I hope?

Young Fashion. Pardon me, Sir, thanks to the goodness of your Chaplain, and the kind offices of this old gentlewoman.

Lory. 'Tis true, indeed, Sir; I gave your daughter away, and Mrs. Nurse, here, was clerk.

Sir Tunbelly. Knock that rascal down!—But speak, Jezabel, how's this?

Nurse. Alas, your honour, forgive me!—I have been overreach'd in this business as well as you; your Worship knows, if the wedding dinner had been ready, you would have given her away with your own hands.

Sir Tunbelly. But how durst you do this without acquainting me!

Nurse. Alas, if your Worship had seen how the poor thing begg'd and pray'd, and clung and twin'd about me like ivy round an old wall, you wou'd say I who had nurs'd it and rear'd it, must have had a heart of stone to refuse it.

Sir Tunbelly. Ouns! I shall go mad! Unloose my Lord there, you scoundrels!

Lord Foppington. Why, when these gentlemen are at leisure, I shou'd be glad to congratulate you on your son-in-law, with a little more freedom of address.

Miss Hoyden. 'Egad, tho'—I don't see which is to be my husband, after all.

Loveless. Come, come, Sir Tunbelly, a man of your understanding must perceive, that an affair of this kind is not to be mended by anger and reproaches.

Townly. Take my word for it, Sir Tunbelly, you are only tricked into a son-in-law you may be proud of, my friend, Tom Fashion, is as honest a fellow as ever breath'd.

Loveless. That he is, depend on't, and will hunt and drink with you most affectionately; be generous, old boy, and forgive them.

Sir Tunbelly. Never—the hussey!—when I had set my heart on getting her a title!

Lord Foppington. Now, Sir Tunbelly, that I am untruss'd, give me leave to thank thee for the very extraordinary reception I have met with in thy damn'd, execrable mansion, and at the same time to assure you, that of all the bumpkins and block-

heads I have had the misfortune to meet with, thou art the most obstinate and egregious, strike me ugly!

Sir Tunbelly. What's this ?—Ouns! I believe you are both rogues alike!

Lord Foppington. No, Sir Tunbelly, thou wilt find to thy unspeakable mortification, that I am the real Lord Foppington, who was to have disgraced myself by an alliance with a clod; and that thou hast match'd thy girl to a beggarly younger brother of mine, whose title deeds might be contain'd in thy tobacco-box.

Sir Tunbelly. Puppy, puppy!—I might prevent their being beggars if I chose it;—for I cou'd give 'em as good a rent-roll as your Lordship.

Townly. Well said, Sir Tunbelly.

Lord Foppington. Aye, old fellow, but you will not do it; for that would be acting like a Christian, and thou art a thorough barbarian, stap my vitals.

Sir Tunbelly. Udzookers! Now six such words more, and I'll forgive them directly.

Loveless. 'Slife, Sir Tunbelly, you shou'd do it, and bless yourself; ladies what say you?

Amanda. Good Sir Tunbelly, you must consent.

Berinthia. Come, you have been young yourself, Sir Tunbelly.

Sir Tunbelly. Well, then, if I must, I must;—but turn that sneering Lord out, however; and let me be revenged on somebody; but first, look whether I am a barbarian, or not; there, children, I join your hands, and when I'm in a better humour, I'll give you my blessing.

Loveless. Nobly done, Sir Tunbelly; and we shall see you dance at a grandson's wedding, yet.

Miss Hoyden. By goles tho', I don't understand this; what, an't I to be a lady after all ? only plain Mrs.— What's my husband's name, Nurse?

Nurse. 'Squire Fashion.

Miss Hoyden. 'Squire, is he?—Well, that's better than nothing.

Lord Foppington. Now will I put on a Philosophic air, and show these people, that it is not possible to put a man of my quality out of countenance. Dear Tam, since things are thus fallen out, prythee give me leave to wish thee joy; I do it *de bon cœur*, strike me dumb! You have married into a family of great politeness and uncommon elegance of manners; and your bride appears to be a lady beautiful in person, modest in her deportment, refined in her sentiments, and of nice morality, split my windpipe!

Miss Hoyden. By goles, husband, break his bones, if he calls me names.

Young Fashion. Your Lordship may keep up your spirits with your grimace, if you please, I shall support mine by Sir Tunbelly's favour, with this lady, and three thousand pounds a year.

Lord Foppington. Well, adieu, Tam; ladies, I kiss your hands; Sir Tunbelly, I shall now quit thy den, but while I retain my arms, I shall remember thou art a savage, stap my vitals! [*Exit.*

Sir Tunbelly. By the Mass, 'tis well he's gone, for I shou'd ha' been provok'd by and by, to ha' dun' un a mischief;—Well, if this is a Lord, I think Hoyden has luck o' her side, in troth!

Townly. She has, indeed, Sir Tunbelly, but I hear the fiddles; his Lordship, I know, had provided 'em.

Loveless. O, a dance, and a bottle, Sir Tunbelly, by all means.

Sir Tunbelly. I had forgot the company below; well, what—we must be merry then, ha?—and dance and drink, ha?—Well, 'fore George, you shan't say I do things by halves; son-in-law there looks like a hearty rogue, so we'll have a night of it; and which of these gay ladies will be the old man's partner, ha?—Ecod, I don't know how I came to be in so good a humour.

Berinthia. Well, Sir Tunbelly, my friend and I both will endeavour to keep you so; you have done a generous action, and are entitled to our attention; and if you shou'd be at a loss to divert your new guests, we will assist you to relate to them the plot of your daughter's marriage, and his Lordship's deserved mortification, a subject which, perhaps, may afford no bad evening's entertainment.

Sir Tunbelly. 'Ecod, with all my heart; tho' I am a main bungler at a long story.

Berinthia. Never fear, we will assist you, if the tale is judged worth being repeated; but of this you may be assured, that while the intention is evidently to please, British auditors will ever be indulgent to the errors of the performance.

FINIS

Bibliography of
A Trip to Scarborough[1]

1. EARLY EDITIONS. LONDON AND DUBLIN.

A Trip to Scarborough. A Comedy. As performed at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane. Altered from Vanbrugh's Relapse; or, Virtue in Danger. By Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Esq. London. Printed for G. Wilkie, No. 71, St. Paul's Churchyard. MDCCLXXXI.

8vo.

Pagination. P. [i] half-title; p. [ii] blank; p. [iii] title-page, p. [iv] blank; pp. [v] and "6" *Prologue*; p. [vii] blank; p. [viii] *Dramatis Personæ*; pp. [1] and 2-100 Text.

Sigs. B-O8 in eights.

[In some copies, certain page-numbers (*e.g.* 24, 30) have dropped out. Iolo A. Williams, *Seven XVIII Century Bibliographies*, has a long note upon the subject. One of my copies has, for instance, no number on p. 78, which reads in the first lines:—

hheard s voice. Tho' I mean she should have
er share of jealousy in turn.

This should read *heard his voice* and *her share*.

But since no two of the eight copies I have collated agree with one another in these various typographical peculiarities, no deduction as to "issues" can be made from them.]

*A Trip to Scarborough. A Comedy.... By Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Esq. Dublin: Printed by R. Marchbank, For the Company of Booksellers. M.DCC.LXXXI.

12mo. Pp. 72.

[Copy in Dublin Municipal Library.—E. R. McC. D.
A verbatim reprint of Wilkie's Edition.]

[1]Editions not recorded by Sichel are distinguished by an asterisk.

*A Trip to Scarbrough. A Comedy: By R. B. Sheridan, Esq. . . . Dublin. Printed by William Porter. For William Jones. No. 86, Dame-Street. MDCCXCIII.

12mo. Pp. 88.

[Copy in National Library, Dublin.—E. R. McC. D.]

2. LATER EDITIONS.

A Trip to Scarborough was issued at a later date in several series of plays:—

(i) *The London Theatre*. Edited by Thomas Dibdin. London. 1815. 16mo.

*(ii) *Dolby's British Theatre*. London. 1823. 12mo.

["It is now acted in three acts. Exactly as here printed." Some passages are omitted from this Edition. It has an interesting account of the burning of Drury Lane Theatre in 1809, with several Sheridan anecdotes, and Lord Byron's Address on the opening of the New Theatre, 1812.]

(iii) *Oxberry's New English Drama*. London. 1824. 8vo.

[Arranged like the preceding, in three acts, with passages omitted. This Edition appears to have been used for the text in the Oxford Sheridan's Dramatic Works (1906).

(iv) *Cumberland's British Theatre*. London [1824]. 12mo.

A reprint of Dolby's Edition, with a preface by D—— G. Some copies have the new title page and prefatory matter, bound up with the text actually printed by Dolby, but omitting the matter on Drury Lane. Anderson dates this 1829, apparently a reissue.]

All the above Editions were issued with separate pagination in wrappers.

There were numerous other reprints in Editions of Sheridan's Works and in Collections of Plays. They have no textual authority.