

Richard Brinsley Sheridan

Scarborough and the Critic

 Publio

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Publio Kiadó

2013

Minden jog fenntartva!

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ AS ORIGINALLY ACTED AT DRURY LANE THEATRE IN 1777

LORD FOPPINGTON *Mr. Dodd.*
SIR TUNBELLY CLUMSY *Mr. Moody.*
COLONEL TOWNLY *Mr. Brereton.*
LOVELESS *Mr. Smith.*
TOM FASHION *Mr. J. Palmer.*
LA VAROLE *Mr. Burton.*
LORY *Mr. Baddeley.*
PROBE *Mr. Parsons.*
MENDLEGS *Mr. Norris.*
JEWELLER *Mr. Lamash*
SHOEMAKER *Mr. Carpenter.*
TAILOR *Mr. Parker.*
AMANDA *Mrs. Robinson.*
BERINTHIA *Miss Farren.*
MISS HOYDEN *Mrs. Abington.*
MRS. COUPLER *Mrs. Booth.*
NURSE *Mrs. Bradshaw.*

Sempstress, Postilion, Maid, *and* Servants.

SCENE—SCARBOROUGH AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

PROLOGUE 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;
The Exchange, 'Change Alley, wheresoe'er you're ranging,
Court, city, country, all are changed or changing
The streets, some time ago, were paved with stones,
Which, aided by a hackney-coach, half broke your bones.
The purest lovers then indulged in bliss;
They ran great hazard if they stole a kiss.
One chaste salute!—the damsel cried—Oh, fie!
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 metamorphosed 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 reversed—each fop appears,

Cropp'd and trimm'd up, exposing head and ears:
The buckle then its modest limits knew,
Now, like the ocean, dreadful to the view,
Hath broke its bounds, and swallowed up the shoe:
The wearer's foot like his once fine estate,
Is almost lost, the encumbrance 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-faced grandmamas appeared with grace
When dawning blushes rose upon the face;
No blushes now their once-loved station seek;
The foe is in possession of the cheek!
No heads 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 ever they should try the experiment.

As change thus circulates throughout the nation,
Some plays may justly call for alteration;
At least to draw some slender covering o'er,
That *graceless wit*

[Footnote: "And *Van* wants grace, who never wanted wit."

—POPE.]

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.

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ACT I.

SCENE I.—

The Hall of an Inn. Enter TOM FASHION and LORY, POSTILION following with a portmanteau. Fash. Lory, pay the postboy, and take the portmanteau. Lory. [Aside to TOM FASHION.] Faith, sir, we had better let the postboy take the portmanteau and pay himself. Fash. [Aside to LORY.] Why, sure, there's something left in it! Lory. Not a rag, upon my honour, sir! We eat the last of your wardrobe at New Malton—and, if we had had twenty miles further to go, our next meal must have been of the cloak-bag. Fash. Why, 'sdeath, it appears full! Lory. Yes, sir—I made bold to stuff it with hay, to save appearances, and look like baggage. Fash. [Aside.] What the devil shall I do?—[Aloud.] Hark'ee, boy, what's the chaise? Post. Thirteen shillings, please your honour. Fash. Can you give me change for a guinea? Post. Oh, yes, sir. Lory. [Aside.] So, what will he do now?—[Aloud.] Lord, sir, you had better let the boy be paid below. Fash. Why, as you say, Lory, I believe it will be as well. Lory. Yes, yes, I'll tell them to discharge you below, honest friend. Post. Please your honour, there are the turnpikes too. Fash. Ay, ay, the turnpikes by all means. Post. And I hope your honour will order me something for myself. Fash. 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— Post. And there's the ostler, your honour. Lory. Psha! damn the ostler!—would you impose upon the gentleman's generosity?—[Pushes him out.] A rascal, to be so cursed ready with his change! Fash. Why, faith, Lory, he had nearly posed me. Lory. Well, sir, we are arrived at Scarborough, not worth a guinea! I hope you'll own yourself a happy man—you have outlived all your cares. Fash. How so, sir? Lory. Why, you have nothing left to take care of. Fash. Yes, sirrah, I have myself and you to take care of still. Lory. Sir, if you could prevail with somebody else to do that for you, I fancy we might both fare the better for it. But now, sir, for my Lord Foppington, your elder brother. Fash. 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. Fash. Look you, sir; I would neither wheedle him, nor starve. Lory. Why, what will you do, then? Fash. Cut his throat, or get someone 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. Fash. 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. Fash. Why, how wouldst have me treat him? Lory. Like a trout—tickle him. Fash. I can't flatter. Lory. Can you starve? Fash. Yes. Lory. I can't. Good by t'ye, sir. Fash. 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. Col. Town. Dear Tom, this is an unexpected pleasure! What, are you come to Scarborough to be present at your brother's wedding? Lory. Ah, sir, if it had been his funeral, we should have come with pleasure. Col. Town. 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. Fash. Why, Lory is an attached rogue; there's no getting rid of him. Lory. True, sir, as my master says, there's no seducing me from his service.—[Aside.] Till he's able to pay me my wages. Fash. Go, go, sir, and take care of the baggage. Lory. Yes, sir, the baggage!—O Lord! [Takes up the portmanteau.] I suppose, sir, I must charge the landlord to be very particular where he stows this? Fash. Get along, you rascal.—[Exit LORY with the portmanteau.] But, Colonel, are you acquainted with my proposed sister-in-law? Col. Town. Only by character. Her father, Sir Tunbely Clumsy, 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. Fash. But is her fortune so considerable? Col. Town. Three thousand a year, and a good sum of money, independent of her father, beside. Fash. 'Sdeath! that my old acquaintance, Dame Coupler, could not have thought of me, as well as my brother, for such a prize. Col. Town. 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. Fash. My dear Colonel, what an idea have you started! Col. Town. Pursue it, if you can, and I promise you shall have my assistance; for, besides my natural contempt for his lordship, I have at present the enmity of a rival towards him. Fash. What, has he been addressing your old flame, the widow Berinthia? Col. Town. Faith, Tom, I am at present most whimsically circumstanced. I came here 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 incense to the beauties of Amanda, our friend Loveless's wife. Fash. I never have seen her, but have heard her spoken of as a youthful wonder of beauty and prudence. Col. Town. 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. Fash. And Berinthia has never appeared? Col. Town. Oh, there's the perplexity! for, just as I began not to care whether I ever saw her again or not, last night she arrived. Fash. And instantly resumed her empire. Col. Town. No, faith—we met—but, the lady not condescending to give me any serious reasons for having fooled me for a month, I left her in a huff. Fash. Well, well, I'll answer for it 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? Col. Town. Yes, and I believe is most heartily despised by her. But come with me, and you shall see her and your old friend Loveless. Fash. I must pay my respects to his lordship—perhaps you can direct me to his lodgings. Col. Town. Come with me; I shall pass by it. Fash. I wish you could pay this visit for me, or could tell me what I should say to him. Col. Town. 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. Fash. 'Sdeath and furies! why was that coxcomb thrust into the world before me? O Fortune, Fortune, thou art a jilt, by Gad! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—

LORD FOPPINGTON'S Dressing-room. Enter LORD FOPPINGTON in his dressing-gown, and LA VAROLE. Lord Fop. [Aside.] Well, 'tis an unspeakable pleasure to be a man of quality—strike me dumb! Even the boors of this northern spa have learned the respect due to a title.— [Aloud.] La Varole! La Var. Milor— Lord Fop. You ha'n't yet been at Muddymoat Hall, to announce my arrival, have you? La Var. Not yet, milor. Lord Fop. 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. Re-enter LA VAROLE. La Var. Milor, de shoemaker, de tailor, de hosier, de sempstress, de peru, be all ready, if your lordship please to dress. Lord Fop. 'Tis well, admit them. La Var. Hey, messieurs, entrez! Enter TAILOR, SHOEMAKER, SEMPSTRESS, JEWELLER, and MENDLEGS. Lord Fop. So, gentlemen, I hope you have all taken pains to show yourselves masters in your professions? Tai. I think I may presume, sir— La Var. Milor, you clown, you! Tai. My lord—I ask your lordship's—pardon, my lord. I hope, my lord, your lordship will be pleased 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 view 'em now? Lord Fop. 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. [Puts on his clothes.] Enter TOM FASHION and LORY. They remain behind, conversing apart. Fash. Heyday! 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. Fash. Good Heaven! 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, tailors and hair-dressers debauch all the women. Fash. Thou sayest true. But now for my reception. Lord Fop. [To TAILOR.] Death and eternal tortures! Sir—I say the coat is too wide here by a foot. Tai. My lord, if it had been tighter, 'twould neither have hooked nor buttoned. Lord Fop. Rat the hooks and buttons, sir! Can any thing be worse than this? As Gad shall judge me, it hangs on my shoulders like a chairman's surtout. Tai. 'Tis not for me to dispute your lordship's fancy. Lory. There, sir, observe what respect does. Fash. Respect! damn him for a coxcomb!—But let's accost him.—[Coming forward.] Brother, I'm your humble servant. Lord Fop. O Lard, Tam! I did not expect you in England. —Brother, I'm glad to see you.—But what has brought you to Scarborough, Tam!—[To the TAILOR.] Look you, sir, 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.—[Exit TAILOR.] Well but, Tam, you don't tell me what has driven you to Scarborough.— Mrs. Calico, are not you of my mind? Semp. Directly, my lord.—I hope your lordship is pleased with your ruffles? Lord Fop. In love with them, stap my vitals!—Bring my bill, you shall be paid to-morrow. Semp. I humbly thank your worship. [Exit.] Lord Fop. Hark thee, shoemaker, these shoes aren't ugly, but they don't fit me. Shoe. My lord, I think they fit you very well. Lord Fop. They hurt me just below the instep. Shoe. [Feels his foot.] No, my lord, they don't hurt you there. Lord Fop. I tell thee they pinch me execrably. Shoe. Why then, my lord, if those shoes pinch you, I'll be damned. Lord Fop. Why, will thou undertake to persuade me I cannot feel? Shoe. Your lordship may please to feel what you think fit, but that shoe does not hurt you—I think I understand my trade. Lord Fop. Now, by all that's good and powerful, thou art an incomprehensive coxcomb!—but thou makest good shoes, and so I'll bear with thee. Shoe. My lord, I have worked for half the people of quality in this town these twenty years, and 'tis very hard I shouldn't know when a shoe hurts, and when it don't. Lord Fop. Well, pr'ythee be gone about thy business.— [Exit SHOEMAKER.] Mr. Mendlegs, a word with you.—The calves of these stockings are thickened a little too much; they make my legs look like a porter's. Mend. My lord, methinks they look mighty well. Lord Fop. Ay, but you are not so good a judge of those things as I am—I have studied them all my life—therefore pray let the next be the thickness of a crown-piece less. Mend. Indeed, my lord, they are the same kind I had the honour to furnish your lordship with in town. Lord Fop. 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 monstrous impropriety, and make no allowance for the fatigues of the winter. [Exit— MENDLEGS.] Jewel. I hope, my lord, these buckles have had the unspeakable

satisfaction of being honoured with your lordship's approbation? Lord Fop. Why, they are of a pretty fancy; but don't you think them rather of the smallest? Jewel. My lord, they could not well be larger, to keep on your lordship's shoe. Lord Fop. 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 [SERVANT fetches the watches,] my chapeau, [SERVANT brings a dress hat,] my handkerchief, [SERVANT pours some scented liquor on a handkerchief and brings it,] my snuff-box [SERVANT brings snuff-box.] There, now the business of the morning is pretty well over. [Exit JEWELLER.] Fash. [Aside to LORY.] Well, Lory, what dost think on't?—a very friendly reception from a brother, after three years' absence! Lory. [Aside to TOM FASHION.] 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. [SERVANTS all go off.] Fash. [Aside to LORY.] Nor ever shall, while they belong to a coxcomb.—[To LORD FOPPINGTON.] Now your people of business are gone, brother, I hope I may obtain a quarter of an hour's audience of you? Lord Fop. 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.] Fash. Shall you be back to dinner? Lord Fop. As Gad shall judge me, I can't tell; for it is passible I may dine with some friends at Donner's. Fash. Shall I meet you there? For I must needs talk with you. Lord Fop. That I'm afraid mayn't be quite so praper; for those I commonly eat with are 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, LA VAROLE following.] Fash. Hell and furies! is this to be borne? Lory. Faith, sir, I could almost have given him a knock o' the pate myself. Fash. '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 both our loggerheads, if she would but join in the confederacy. Fash. By this light, Madam Coupler! she seems dissatisfied at something: let us observe her. Enter MRS. COUPLER. Mrs. Coup. So! 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 petty sum, when I am upon the point of making him master of a galleon! but let him look to the consequences; an ungrateful, narrow-minded coxcomb. Fash. So he is, upon my soul, old lady; it must be my brother you speak of. Mrs. Coup. Ha! stripling, how came you here? What, hast spent all, eh? And art thou come to dun his lordship for assistance? Fash. No, I want somebody's assistance to cut his lordship's throat, without the risk of being hanged for him. Mrs. Coup. Egad, sirrah, I could help thee to do him almost as good a turn, without the danger of being burned in the hand for't. Fash. How—how, old Mischief? Mrs. Coup. Why, you must know I have done you the kindness to make up a match for your brother. Fash. I am very much beholden to you, truly! Mrs. Coup. You may be 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. Fash. I understand as much. Mrs. Coup. Now, you must know, stripling, your brother's a knave. Fash. Good. Mrs. Coup. He has given me a bond of a thousand pounds for helping him to this 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. Fash. And how the devil wilt thou do that? Mrs. Coup. 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 his letters go through my hands. Sir Tunbely Clumsy, my relation—for that's the old gentleman's name—is apprised 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 sunset, you deserve to be hanged before morning. Fash. Agreed! agreed! and for thy reward—Mrs. Coup. Well, well;—though I warrant thou hast not a farthing of money in thy pocket now—no—one may see it in thy face. Fash. Not a sous, by Jupiter! Mrs. Coup. 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 further instructions, thou shalt hoist sail and be one. [Exit.] Fash. So, Lory, Fortune, thou seest, at last takes care of merit! we are in a fair way to be great people. Lory. Ay, sir, if the devil don't step between the cup and the lip, as he used to do. Fash. Why, faith, he has played me many a damned trick to spoil my fortune; and, egad, I am 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. Fash. How dost know? Lory. Because, sir, I have wondered at you so often, I can wonder at you no more. Fash. 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. Fash. Why faith, Lory, though I have played many a roguish 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 increase, sir, pray make your will. Fash. No, my conscience shan't starve me neither: but thus far I'll listen to it. Before I execute this project, I'll try my brother to the bottom. If he has yet so much humanity about him as to assist me—though with a moderate aid—I'll drop my project at his feet, and show 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.