

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan

Table of Contents

<u>A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH</u>	1
<u>Richard Brinsley Sheridan</u>	2
<u>ACT I</u>	3
<u>SCENE I</u>	4
<u>SCENE II</u>	12
<u>ACT II</u>	23
<u>SCENE I</u>	24
<u>ACT III</u>	46
<u>SCENE I</u>	47
<u>SCENE II</u>	54
<u>SCENE III</u>	62
<u>ACT IV</u>	68
<u>SCENE I</u>	69
<u>SCENE II</u>	77
<u>SCENE III</u>	81
<u>ACT V</u>	87
<u>SCENE I</u>	88
<u>SCENE II</u>	95

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan

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- ACT I.
 - SCENE I.
 - SCENE II.

 - ACT II.
 - SCENE I.

 - ACT III.
 - SCENE I.
 - SCENE II.
 - SCENE III.

 - ACT IV.
 - SCENE I.
 - SCENE II.
 - SCENE III.

 - ACT V.
 - SCENE I.
 - SCENE II.
-

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

ACT I.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

SCENE I.

the Hall of an Inn.

Enter Young Fashion and Lory —Postillion following with a Portmanteau.

Y. 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.

Y. 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.

Y. Fashion.

Why 'sdeath it appears full.

Lory.

Yes, sir—I made bold to stuff it with hay, to save appearances, and look like baggage.

Y. Fashion.

What the devil shall I do!—harkee, boy, what's the chaise?

Boy.

Thirteen shillings, please your honour.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

Y. 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.

Y. Fashion.

Why, as you say, Lory, I believe it will be as well.

Lory.

Yes, yes; tell them to discharge you below, honest friend.

Boy.

Please your honour, there are the turnpikes too.

Y. Fashion.

Aye, aye; the turnpikes by all means.

Boy.

And I hope your honour will order me something for myself.

Y. 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.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

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!

Y. 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.

Y. Fashion.

How so, sir?

Lory.

Why you have nothing left to take care of.

Y. 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.

Y. 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.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

Y. Fashion.

Look you, sir, I will neither wheedle him nor starve.

Lory.

Why what will you do then?

Y. 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.

Y. 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.

Y. Fashion.

Why how would'st have me treat him?

Lory.

Like a trout—tickle him.

Y. Fashion.

I can't flatter.

Lory.

Can you starve?

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

Y. Fashion.

Yes.

Lory.

I can't—Good—bye t'ye, sir.

Y. 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.

Y. 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.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

Y. 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.

Y. 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.

Y. Fashion.

But is her fortune so considerable?

Townly.

Three thousand a year, and a good sum of money independent of her father beside.

Y. 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.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

Y. 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.

Y. 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.

Y. 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.

Y. Fashion.

And Berinthia has never appear'd?

Townly.

O there's the perplexity; for just as I began not to care whether I ever saw her again or not, last night she arrived.

Y. Fashion.

And instantly reassumed her empire.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

Townly.

No faith—we met—but the lady not condescending to giev me any serious reasons for having fool'd me for a month, I left her in a huff.

Y. 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.

Y. 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.

Y. 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.

Y. Fashion.

'Sdeath and furies! why was that coxcomb thrust into the world before me? O Fortune! Fortune! thou art a jilt, by Gad.

[Exit

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

SCENE II,

a Dressing Room.

Lord Foppington, in his Night Gown, and La Varole.

Ld. 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—

Ld. Foppington.

You han't yet been at Muddy–Moat–Hall to announce my arrival, have you?

La Varole.

Not yet, mi Lor.

Ld. Foppington.

Then you need not go till Saturday,

[Exit La Va.

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.

Ld. Foppington.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

'Tis well, admit them.

La Varole.

Hey, Messieurs, entrez.

Enter Taylor, &c. &c.

Ld. 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?

Ld. 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.)

Y. 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.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

Lory.

Sir, these people come in order to make him a favourite at court—they are to establish him with the ladies.

Y. 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.

Y. 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.

Ld. 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.

Ld. 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.

Y. Fashion.

Respect!—D—m him for a coxcomb—but let's accost him.—Brother, I'm your humble servant.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

Ld. 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?

Ld. Foppington.

In love with them, stab my vitals!—Bring my bill, you shall be paid to-morrow.

Sempstress.

I humbly thank your Lordship.
[Exit Semp.]

Ld. 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.

Ld. Foppington.

They hurt me just below the instep.

Shoemaker.

(feeling his foot) No, my Lord, they don't hurt you there.

Ld. Foppington.

I tell thee they pinch me execrably.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

Shoemaker.

Why then, my Lord, if those shoes pinch you I'll be d—n'd.

Ld. 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.

Ld. 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.

Ld. Foppington.

Well, prithee be gone about thy business.

Exit Shoe.

Mr. Mendlegs, a word with you. The calves of these stockings are thicken'd a little too much; thy make my legs look like a porter's.

Mendlegs.

My Lord, methinks they look mighty well.

Ld. 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.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

Ld. 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 autumn'd calves, you commit a manstrous impropriety, and make no allowance for the fatigues of the winter.

Jew.

I hope, my Lord, those buckles have had the unspeakable satisfaction of being honoured with your Lordship's approbation?

Ld. Foppington.

Why they are of a pretty fancy; but don't you think them rather of the smallest?

Jew.

My Lord, they could not well be larger to keep on your Lordship's shoe.

Ld. 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.

Y. 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.

Y. 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?

Ld. Foppington.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

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.]

Y. Fashion.

Shall you be back to dinner?

Ld. Foppington.

As Gad shall judge me, I can't tell, for it is passible I may dine with some friends at Donner's.

Y. Fashion.

Shall I meet you there? for I must needs talk with you.

Ld. 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.]

Y. Fashion.

Hell and furies! Is this to be borne?

Lory.

Faith, Sir, I could almost have given him a knock o' the pate myself.

Y. Fashion.

'Tis enough; I will now shew 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.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

Y. 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.

Y. 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?

Y. 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't.

Y. Fashion.

How—how, old Mischief?

Coupler.

Why you must know I have done you the kindness to make up a match for your brother.

Y. Fashion.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

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.

Y. Fashion.

I understand as much.

Coupler.

Now you must know, stripling, your brother's a knave.

Y. 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.

Y. 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 this 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.

Y. Fashion.

Agreed, agreed; and for thy reward—

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

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.

Y. 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 Coup.]

Y. 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.

Y. 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.

Y. Fashion.

How dost know?

Lory.

Because, sir, I have wondered at you so often, I can wonder at you no more.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

Y. 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!

Y. Fashion.

Why faith, Lory, tho' I am a young Rakehell, 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.

Y. Fashion.

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 (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.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

ACT II.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

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 Scarbro' at all.

Loveless.

O! a little of the noise and folly of this place will sweeten the pleasures 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.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

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.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

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 modesty 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.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

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 Serv*) 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.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

Sweet cousin, I'm overjoy'd to see you. (*To Lov.*) 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 Serv.*) 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.

Ld. Foppington.

Dear Loveless, I am your most humble servant.

Loveless.

My Lord, I'm your's.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

Ld. Foppington.

Madam, your Ladyship's very humble slave.

Loveless.

My Lord, this lady is a relation of my wife's.

Ld. 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.

Ld. 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?

Ld. Foppington.

Oh, passionately, Madam, but I never think of what I read.

Berinthia.

Why, can your lordship read without thinking?

Ld. Foppington.

O Lard, can your ladyship pray without devotion, Madam?

Amanda.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

Well, I must own, I think books the best entertainment in the world.

Ld. 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.

Ld. 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 sprouts 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 resolve 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?

Ld. 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?

Ld. Foppington.

Most certainly, Madam; there is my Lady Tattle, my Lady Prate, my Lady Titter, my Lady Sneer, my Lady

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

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.

Ld. 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.

Ld. 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 is'nt your Lordship sometimes obliged to attend the weighty affairs of the nation?

Ld. 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.

Ld. 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

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

of them yet.

Ld. 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.

Ld. 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 Lov.)* 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.

Ld. Foppington.

(To Aman. 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!

Ld. 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.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

Ah! What has my folly done?—Help! murder! help! Part them, for Heaven's sake.

Ld. 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?

Ld. Foppington.

Just thro' the guts.

Loveless.

Call a surgeon, there—unbutton him quickly.

Ld. Foppington.

Ay, pray make haste.

Loveless.

This mischief you may thank yourself for.

Ld. 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.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

Ld. 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.

Ld. 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 wound*) Oons! what a gash is here!—Why, sir, a man may drive a coach and six horses into your body!

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

Ld. 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.

Ld. Foppington.

Surgeon!

Probe.

Sir?

Ld. Foppington.

Are there any hopes?

Probe.

Hopes! I can't tell—What are you willing to give for a cure?

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

Ld. Foppington.

Five hundred pounds 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*)

Ld. 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.

Ld. 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 Ld. 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.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

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 tonight 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.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

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.)

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

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 continues in his airs; there must be something more at the bottom of this than the provocation he pretends from me.

Amanda.

For Heav'ns 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.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

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.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

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 awkwardly, 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—

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

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 beaux?

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!

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

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!

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

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!—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.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

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 idiot or a wanton.

END OF ACT THE SECOND.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

ACT III.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

SCENE I.

Enter Lord Foppington and La Varole.

Ld. 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?

Ld. 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.

Ld. 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.

Y. Fashion.

Brother, your servant, how do you find yourself to day?

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

Ld. Foppington.

So well, that I have ardered my coach to the door;—so there's no danger of death this baut, Tam.

Y. Fashion.

I'm very glad of it.

Ld. 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?

Y. Fashion.

Why do you think it should?

Ld. Foppington.

Because I remember mine did so when I heard my uncle was shot thro' the head.

Y. Fashion.

It then did very ill.

Ld. Foppington.

Prithee, why so?

Y. Fashion.

Because he used you very well.

Ld. Foppington.

Well!—Naw, strike me dumb, he starv'd me —he has let me want a thousand women, for want of a thousand pound.

Y. Fashion.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

Then he hinder'd you from making a great many ill bargains—for I think no woman worth money that will take money.

Ld. Foppington.

If I was a younger brother, I should think so too.

Y. Fashion.

Then you are seldom much in love?

Ld. Foppington.

Never, stap my vitals.

Y. Fashion.

Why then did you make all this bustle about Amanda?

Ld. Foppington.

Because she was a woman of an insolent virtue —and I thought myself piqu'd in honour to debauch her.

Y. Fashion. (Aside.)

Very well. Here's a rare fellow for you, to nave 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.

Ld. Foppington.

The greatness of your necessities, Tam, is the worst argument in the world 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.

Y. Fashion.

I'm sorry you think so.

Ld. Foppington.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

I do believe thou art—but come, let's know the affair quickly.

Y. 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 mortgage 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.

Ld. Foppington.

Why, faith, Tam, to give you my sense of the thing, I do think taking a purse the best remedy in the world—for if you succeed you are relieved that way, if you are taken—you are relieved t'other.

Y. Fashion.

I'm glad to see you are in so pleasant a humour; I hope I shall find the effects on't.

Ld. Foppington.

Why, do you then really think it a reasonable thing that I should give you five hundred pawnds?

Y. Fashion.

I do not ask it as a due, brother, I am willing to receive it as a favour.

Ld. 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 to that extremity in my cash, I have been forced to retrench in that one article of sweet powder, till I have brought it dawn to five guineas a maunth—now judge, Tam, whether I can spare you five hundred pawnds?

Y. Fashion.

If you can't I must starve, that's all. (*Aside.*) Damn him.

Ld. Foppington.

All I can say is, you should have been a better husband.

Y. Fashion.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

Ouns!—If you can't live upon ten thousand a-year, how do you think I should do't upon two hundred?

Ld. Foppington.

Don't be in a passion, Tam, for passion is the most unbecoming thing in the world—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.

Y. Fashion.

Yes.—She has made you older. (*Aside.*) Plague take her.

Ld. Foppington.

That is not all, Tam.

Y. Fashion.

Why, what is there else?

Ld. Foppington. (*Looking first upon himself and then upon his brother.*)

Ask the ladies.

Y. Fashion.

Why, thou Essence-bottle, thou Musk Cat,— dost thou then think thou hast any advantage over me but what fortune has given thee?

Ld. Foppington.

I do, stap my vitals.

Y. Fashion.

Now, by all that's great and powerful thou art the Prince of Coxcombs.

Ld. Foppington.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

Sir, I am proud at being at the head of so prevailing a party.

Y. Fashion.

Will nothing then provoke thee?—Draw, Coward.

Ld. 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 lang time. Your poverty makes life so burthen—some 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.

Y. Fashion.

So! farewell brother; and now conscience I defy thee.—Lory!

Enter Lory.

Lory.

Sir?

Y. 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.

Y. 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.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

Lory.

Then, sir, you are going striaght about the fortune?

Y. Fashion.

I am.—Away—fly, Lory.

Lory.

The happiest day I ever saw. I'm upon the wing already.

[Exeunt severally.]

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

SCENE II

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 out her, 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 suspect be in the mind?

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

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 practice.

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

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

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 Lov.)

Berinthia.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

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!

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

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! apologize 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

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

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 honor or your friend, for heav'n's 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 alteration in his manner, which

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

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.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

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.*]

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

SCENE III

SCENE, *a Country House.*

Enter Young Fashion and Lory.

Y. 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.

Y. 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 enchanted castle —we shall have the giant come out by and by with his club, and beat our brains out.

(knocks again.

Y. Fashion.

Hush—they come—*(from within)* who is there?

Lory.

Open the door and see—is that your country breeding?—

Servant. (within)

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

Ay, but two words to that bargain—Tummas, is the blunderbuss prim'd?

Y. Fashion.

Ouns! give 'em good words Lory—or we shall be shot here a fortune catching.

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?

Y. 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.

Y. 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.

Y. Fashion.

D'ye hear that Lory?

Enter Sir Tunbelly, with Servants, armed with guns, clubs, pitchforks, &c.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

Lory.

O (*Running behind his master*) O Lord, O Lord, Lord, we are both dead men.

Y. 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?

Y. 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 ashamed of my name, nor my face either.

Y. 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.

Y. Fashion.

(*Giving him a Letter*) Sir, I hope you'll find this letter an authentic passport.

Sir Tunbelly.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

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?

Y. 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.

Y. 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.

Y. Fashion.

Sir, I wait upon you.

[Ex. thro' the gate.

Miss Hoyden sola.

Miss.

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

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

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.

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.

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.

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 tonight.

Miss.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

My Lord! why is my husband come?

Nurse.

Yes, marry is he, and a goodly person too.

Miss.

(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, its as full of good nature as an egg's full of meat.

Miss.

But my dear Nurse, don't lie now, is he come by your troth?

Nurse.

Yes, by my truly is he.

Miss.

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.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

ACT IV.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

SCENE I.

Enter Miss Hoyden and Nurse.

Nurse.

Well, Miss, how do you like your husband that is to be?

Miss.

O Lord, Nurse, I'm so overjoy'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.

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.

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 foully, and he's no better than a rogue for his pains. These Londoners have got a gibberage with 'em, would confound a gipsy. 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, look, if his Honor be

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

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.

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.

Never fear.

[Exit Nurse.]

Enter Y. Fashion.

Y. Fashion.

Your servant, Madam, I'm glad to find you alone, for I have something of importance to speak to you about.

Miss.

Sir, (my Lord, I meant) you may speak to me about what you please, I shall give you a civil answer.

Y. 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.

Sir, I never disobey my father in any thing but eating green gooseberries.

Y. 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

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

your father designs it.

Miss.

Pray, my Lord, how long is that?

Y. Fashion.

Madam—a thousand years—a whole week.

Miss.

A week!—Why I shall be an old woman by that time.

Y. Fashion.

And I an old man.

Miss.

Why I thought it was to be to-morrow morning, as soon as I was up. I'm sure nurse told me so.

Y. Fashion.

And it shall be to-morrow morning, if you'll consent?

Miss.

If I'll consent! Why I thought I was to obey you as my husband?

Y. Fashion.

That's when we are married. Till then I'm to obey you.

Miss.

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.

Y. Fashion.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

With all my heart. But I doubt we must get Nurse on our side, or we shall hardly prevail with the Chaplain.

Miss.

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.

Y. Fashion.

Why then, my dear, if you'll call her hither, we'll try to persuade her presently.

Miss.

O Lord, I can tell you a way how to perswade her to any thing.

Y. Fashion.

How's that?

Miss.

Why tell her she's a handsome, comely woman, and give her half-a-crown.

Y. Fashion.

Nay, if that will do, she shall have half a score of them.

Miss.

O Gemini, for half that she'd marry you herself. —I'll run and call her.

[Exit.]

Y. 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.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

Y. 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.

Y. 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.]

Y. Fashion.

And the old Jesabel with her. She has a thorough procuring countenance, however.

Enter Miss Hoyden and Nurse.

Y. 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 acknowledgement 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. (To Nurse, taking her angrily aside.)

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

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.

Y. Fashion.

O every thing, Madam, is to give way to business; besides, good housewifery is a very commendable quality in a young lady.

Miss.

Pary, Sir, are young ladies good housewives at London town? Do they darn their own linnen.

Y. Fashion.

O no;—they study how to spend money, not to save.

Miss.

I'cod, I don't know but that may be better sport, ha, Nurse!

Y. Fashion.

Well, you shall have your choice when you come there.

Miss.

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?

Y. 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.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

Miss.

I'cod with all my heart.

Nurse.

O mercy, worse and worse.

Y. 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.

Why then we will be married again.

Nurse.

What twice, my child!

Miss.

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.

Shall I?—*(Aside.)* O Lord I could leap over the Moon.

Y. 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

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

him?

Nurse.

Prevail with him!—Or he shall never prevail with me, I can tell him that.

Y. 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.

Faith do, Nurse, make him marry you too, I'm sure he'll do't for a fat living.

Y. 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.]

Y. Fashion. *(Giving her his hand.)*

Come, Madam, dare you venture yourself alone with me?

Miss.

O dear, yes, Sir, I don't think you'll do any thing to me I need be afraid on.

[Exeunt.]

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

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!

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

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 subject. 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.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

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?

Berinnhia.

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.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

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 me 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.]

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

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 shew 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.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

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.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

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.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

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 some one 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 s voice. Tho' I mean she should have er share of jealousy in turn.

Enter Amanda.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

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 over-heard—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.]

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

ACT V.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

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)

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.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

No!—why do you think you are really so irresistible, 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 follows, 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.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

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 awkward 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 shew 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.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

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.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

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 never shall have an opportunity—from the artful manner in which you first shew'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.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

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

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

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.]

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

SCENE II

SCENE, Sir **Tunbelly's House**.

Enter Miss Hoyden, Nurse, and Y. Fashion .

Y. 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.

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.

I'cod with all my heart—the more the merrier, I say—ha Nurse?

Enter Lory, taking Y. Fashion hastily aside.

Lory.

One word with you, for Heav'ns sake.

Y. 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.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

Y. 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.

Y. Fashion.

That's right: (*to Miss*) 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.

O the brazen-faced varlet, it's well we are married, or may be we might never have been so.

Y. 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 ourselves up till the danger be over.

Y. Fashion.

Do so, if you please.

Miss.

Not so fast—I won't be lock'd up any more, now I'm married.

Y. Fashion.

Yes, pray, my dear do, till we have seiz'd this rascal.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

Miss.

Nay, if you'll pray me, I'll do any thing.

[Exit Miss and Nurse.]

Y. Fashion. *(To Lory.)*

Hark you, sirrah, things are better than you imagine. The wedding's over.

Lory. *(Aside.)*

The Devil it is, Sir!

Y. 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, pitch-forks, &c.

Y. 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.

Y. 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.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

Y. 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.

(Exe. Young Fashion and Lory.)

Enter Servants, with Lord Foppington, disarmed.

Sir Tunbelly.

Come—bring him along, bring him along.

Ld. 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.

Ld. 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?

Ld. Foppington.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

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.

Ld. 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.

Ld. 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.

Ld. Foppington.

And why would'st thou spoil my face at that rate?

Sir Tunbelly.

For your design to rob me of my daughter, villain.

Ld. 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.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

Ld. 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.

Ld. 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.]

Ld. 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.

Ld. 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. (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.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

Ld. Foppington. (Aside.)

This must be my wife, by her natural inclination to her husband.

Miss.

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.

Ld. 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.

He's just coming, Sir.

Ld. Foppington. (Aside.)

My Lord!—What does he mean by that, now?

Enter Young Fashion and Lory.

Ld. Foppington.

Stap my vitals, Tam, now the dream's out.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

Y. 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?

Y. Fashion.

I find by his dress, he thought your daughter might be taken with a beau.

Miss.

O gemini! Is this a beau? Let me see him again. Ha! I find a beau is no such ugly thing, neither.

Y. Fashion.

'Egad, she'll be in love with him presently.— I'll e'en have him sent away to gaol. (*To Lord Fop.*) Sir, tho' your undertaking shews you a person of no extraordinary modesty, I suppose you ha'n't confidence enough to expect much favour from me.

Ld. 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.

Ld. Foppington.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

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.

Pray, my Lord, don't let him whisper too close, lest he bite your ear off.

Ld. Foppington.

I am not altogether so hungry as your Ladyship is pleased to imagine. (*To Y. 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!

Y. 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?

Y. 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.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

Lory. (Aside.)

So, Sir, What will you do now?

Y. 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.

Ld. 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.

Y. 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.

Ld. 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.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

Y. Fashion.

My love, let me introduce you to these ladies.

Miss.

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.

Thank ye, Ma'am!

Berinthia.

And I doubt not will soon distinguish herself in the Beau Monde.

Miss.

Where is that?

Y. Fashion.

You'll soon learn, my dear.

Loveless.

But, Lord Foppington—

Ld. Foppington.

Sir!

Loveless.

Sir! I was not addressing myself to you, Sir; pray who is this gentleman? He seems rather in a singular predicament.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

Sir Tunbelly.

Ha, ha, ha!—So, these are your friends and your guests, ha, my adventurer?

Ld. 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!

Ld. 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.

Ld. Foppington.

Bride and bridegroom! For Gad's sake, Sir Tunbelly, 'tis tarture to me to hear you call 'em so.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

Miss.

Why, you ugly thing, what would you have him call us? dog and cat!

Ld. 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?

Ld. 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 shewn here, or shall they wait till we come to 'em?

Y. 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.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

Ld. Foppington.

Nay, Sir Tunbelly, I insist on your calling evidence on both sides, and if I do not prove that fellow an impostor—

Y. 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?

Y. 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.

Ld. Foppington.

Impudent to the last!

Sir Tunbelly.

My son—in-law! Not yet, I hope?

Y. 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.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

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!

Ld. 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.

'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 or drink with you most affectionately; be generous, old boy, and forgive them.

Sir Tunbelly.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

Never—the hussey!—when I had set my heart on getting her a title!

Ld. 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 blockheads 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!

Ld. 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.

Ld. 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.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

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.

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.

'Squire, is he?—Well, that's better than nothing.

Ld. Foppington.

Now will I put on a Philosophic air, and shew 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 coeur*, 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.

By goles, husband, break his bones, if he calls me names.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

Y. 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.

Ld. 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.

A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH.

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.