

Marx Hardy Machiavelli Joyce Austen
Defoe Abbot Melville Montaigne Cooper Emerson Hugo
Stoker Wilde Christie Maupassant Haggard Chesterton Molière Eliot Grimm
Garnett Engels Schiller Byron Maupassant Schiller
Goethe Hawthorne Smith Kafka
Cotton Dostoyevsky Hall Willis
Baum Henry Kipling Doyle
Leslie Dumas Flaubert Nietzsche
Stockton Turgenev Balzac
Burroughs Vatsyayana Crane
Curtis Tocqueville Verne
Homer Tolstoy Gogol Busch
Darwin Thoreau Twain
Potter Zola Lawrence Dickens Plato Scott
Kant Jowett Stevenson Andersen Burton Harte
London Descartes Cervantes Wells Hesse
Poe Aristotle James Hastings Voltaire Cooke
Hale Shakespeare Bunner Chambers Irving
Richter Chekhov da Shaw Benedict Alcott
Doré Dante Swift Pushkin Newton
Wodehouse



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The Rivals A Comedy

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The RIVALS
A Comedy

By Richard Brinsley Sheridan

PREFACE

A preface to a play seems generally to be considered as a kind of closet-prologue, in which—if his piece has been successful—the author solicits that indulgence from the reader which he had before experienced from the audience: but as the scope and immediate object of a play is to please a mixed assembly in *representation* (whose judgment in the theatre at least is decisive,) its degree of reputation is usually as determined as public, before it can be prepared for the cooler tribunal of the study. Thus any farther solicitude on the part of the writer becomes unnecessary at least, if not an intrusion: and if the piece has been condemned in the performance, I fear an address to the closet, like an appeal to posterity, is constantly regarded as the procrastination of a suit, from a consciousness of the weakness of the cause. From these considerations, the following comedy would certainly have been submitted to the reader, without any farther introduction than what it had in the representation, but that its success has probably been founded on a circumstance which the author is informed has not before attended a theatrical trial, and which consequently ought not to pass unnoticed.

I need scarcely add, that the circumstance alluded to was the withdrawing of the piece, to remove those imperfections in the first representation which were too obvious to escape reprehension, and too numerous to admit of a hasty correction. There are few writers, I believe, who, even in the fullest consciousness of error, do not wish to palliate the faults which they acknowledge; and, however trifling the performance, to second their confession of its deficiencies, by whatever plea seems least disgraceful to their ability. In the present instance, it cannot be said to amount either to candour or modesty in me, to acknowledge an extreme inexperience and want of judgment on matters, in which, without guidance from practice, or spur from success, a young man should scarcely boast of being an adept. If it be said, that under such disadvantages no one should attempt to write a play, I must beg leave to dissent from the position, while

the first point of experience that I have gained on the subject is, a knowledge of the candour and judgment with which an impartial public distinguishes between the errors of inexperience and incapacity, and the indulgence which it shows even to a disposition to remedy the defects of either.

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

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

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

It is not without pleasure that I catch at an opportunity of justifying myself from the charge of intending any national reflection in the character of Sir Lucius O'Trigger. If any gentlemen opposed the piece from that idea, I thank them sincerely for their opposition; and if the condemnation of this comedy (however misconceived the provocation) could have added one spark to the decaying flame of national attachment to the country supposed to be reflected on, I

should have been happy in its fate, and might with truth have boasted, that it had done more real service in its failure, than the successful morality of a thousand stage-novels will ever effect.

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

The AUTHOR

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

As originally acted at COVENT GARDEN THEATRE in 1775

Sir ANTHONY ABSOLUTE

CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE

FAULKLAND

ACRES

Sir LUCIUS O'TRIGGER

FAG

DAVID

THOMAS

Mrs. MALAPROP

LYDIA LANGUISH

JULIA

LUCY

Maid, Boy, Servants, &c.

SCENE – Bath.

Time of action—Five hours.

PROLOGUE

By the AUTHOR

[Enter SERJEANT-AT-LAW, and ATTORNEY following, and giving a paper.]

SERJEANT

What's here!—a vile cramp hand! I cannot see
Without my spectacles.

ATTORNEY

He means his fee.
Nay, Mr. Serjeant, good sir, try again. [Gives money.]

SERJEANT

The scrawl improves! [more] O come, 'tis pretty plain.
Hey! how's this? Dibble!—sure it cannot be!
A poet's brief! a poet and a fee!

ATTORNEY

Yes, sir! though you without reward, I know,
Would gladly plead the Muse's cause.

SERJEANT

So!—so!

ATTORNEY

And if the fee offends, your wrath should fall
On me.

SERJEANT

Dear Dibble, no offence at all.

ATTORNEY

Some sons of Phoebus in the courts we meet,

SERJEANT

And fifty sons of Phoebus in the Fleet!

ATTORNEY

Nor pleads he worse, who with a decent sprig
Of bays adorns his legal waste of wig.

SERJEANT

Full-bottom'd heroes thus, on signs, unfurl
A leaf of laurel in a grove of curl!
Yet tell your client, that, in adverse days,
This wig is warmer than a bush of bays.

ATTORNEY

Do you, then, sir, my client's place supply,
Profuse of robe, and prodigal of tie —
Do you, with all those blushing powers of face,
And wonted bashful hesitating grace,
Rise in the court, and flourish on the case. [Exit.]

SERJEANT

For practice then suppose — this brief will show it, —
Me, Serjeant Woodward, — counsel for the poet.
Used to the ground, I know 'tis hard to deal
With this dread court, from whence there's no appeal;
No tricking here, to blunt the edge of law,
Or, damn'd in equity, escape by flaw:
But judgment given, your sentence must remain;
No writ of error lies — to Drury Lane:
Yet when so kind you seem, 'tis past dispute
We gain some favour, if not costs of suit.
No spleen is here! I see no hoarded fury; —
I think I never faced a milder jury!
Sad else our plight! where frowns are transportation.
A hiss the gallows, and a groan damnation!
But such the public candour, without fear

My client waives all right of challenge here.
No newsman from our session is dismiss'd,
Nor wit nor critic we scratch off the list;
His faults can never hurt another's ease,
His crime, at worst, a bad attempt to please:
Thus, all respecting, he appeals to all,
And by the general voice will stand or fall.

* * * * *

Prologue
By the AUTHOR

SPOKEN ON THE TENTH NIGHT, BY MRS. BULKLEY.

Granted our cause, our suit and trial o'er,
The worthy serjeant need appear no more:
In pleasing I a different client choose,
He served the Poet—I would serve the Muse.
Like him, I'll try to merit your applause,
A female counsel in a female's cause.

Look on this form—where humour, quaint and sly,
Dimples the cheek, and points the beaming eye;
Where gay invention seems to boast its wiles
In amorous hint, and half-triumphant smiles;
While her light mask or covers satire's strokes,
Or hides the conscious blush her wit provokes.
Look on her well—does she seem form'd to teach?
Should you expect to hear this lady preach?
Is grey experience suited to her youth?
Do solemn sentiments become that mouth?
Bid her be grave, those lips should rebel prove
To every theme that slanders mirth or love.

Yet, thus adorn'd with every graceful art
To charm the fancy and yet reach the heart—
Must we displace her? And instead advance
The goddess of the woful countenance—
The sentimental Muse!—Her emblems view,
The Pilgrim's Progress, and a sprig of rue!

View her — too chaste to look like flesh and blood —
Primly portray'd on emblematic wood!
There, fix'd in usurpation, should she stand,
She'll snatch the dagger from her sister's hand:
And having made her votaries weep a flood,
Good heaven! she'll end her comedies in blood —
Bid Harry Woodward break poor Dunstal's crown!
Imprison Quick, and knock Ned Shuter down;
While sad Barsanti, weeping o'er the scene,
Shall stab herself — or poison Mrs. Green.

Such dire encroachments to prevent in time,
Demands the critic's voice — the poet's rhyme.
Can our light scenes add strength to holy laws!
Such puny patronage but hurts the cause:
Fair virtue scorns our feeble aid to ask;
And moral truth disdains the trickster's mask
For here their favourite stands, whose brow severe
And sad, claims youth's respect, and pity's tear;
Who, when oppress'd by foes her worth creates,
Can point a poniard at the guilt she hates.

THE RIVALS

ACT I

Scene I. — A street. [Enter THOMAS; he crosses the stage; FAG follows, looking after him.]

FAG

What! Thomas! sure 'tis he? — What! Thomas! Thomas!

THOMAS

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

FAG Excuse my glove, Thomas: — I'm devilish glad to see you, my lad. Why, my prince of charioteers, you look as hearty! — but who the deuce thought of seeing you in Bath?

THOMAS Sure, master, Madam Julia, Harry, Mrs. Kate, and the postillion, be all come.

FAG

Indeed!

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

FAG

Ay, ay, hasty in every thing, or it would not be Sir Anthony Absolute!

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

FAG

I do not serve Captain Absolute now.

THOMAS

Why sure!

FAG

At present I am employed by Ensign Beverley.

THOMAS

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

FAG

I have not changed, Thomas.

THOMAS

No! Why didn't you say you had left young master?

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

THOMAS

The devil they are!

FAG So it is indeed, Thomas; and the ensign half of my master being on guard at present — the captain has nothing to do with me.

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

FAG

You'll be secret, Thomas?

THOMAS

As a coach-horse.

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

THOMAS Ay, ay; — I guessed there was a lady in the case: — but pray, why does your master pass only for ensign? — Now if he had shammed general indeed — —

FAG Ah! Thomas, there lies the mystery o' the matter. Hark'ee, Thomas, my master is in love with a lady of a very singular taste: a lady who likes him better as a half pay ensign than if she knew he

was son and heir to Sir Anthony Absolute, a baronet of three thousand a year.

THOMAS That is an odd taste indeed!—But has she got the stuff, Mr. Fag? Is she rich, hey?

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

THOMAS Bravo, faith!—Odd! I warrant she has a set of thousands at least:—but does she draw kindly with the captain?

FAG

As fond as pigeons.

THOMAS

May one hear her name?

FAG Miss Lydia Languish.—But there is an old tough aunt in the way; though, by-the-by, she has never seen my master—for we got acquainted with miss while on a visit in Gloucestershire.

THOMAS

Well—I wish they were once harnessed together in matrimony.—

But pray,

Mr. Fag, what kind of a place is this Bath?—I ha' heard a deal of it—here's a mort o' merrymaking, hey?

FAG Pretty well, Thomas, pretty well—'tis a good lounge; in the morning we go to the pump-room (though neither my master nor I drink the waters); after breakfast we saunter on the parades, or play a game at billiards; at night we dance; but damn the place, I'm tired of it: their regular hours stupify me—not a fiddle nor a card after eleven!—However, Mr. Faulkland's gentleman and I keep it up a little in private parties;—I'll introduce you there, Thomas—you'll like him much.

THOMAS

Sure I know Mr. Du-Peigne — you know his master is to marry Madam Julia.

FAG

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

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

FAG

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

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

FAG

Indeed! well said, Dick! — But hold — mark! mark! Thomas.

THOMAS

Zooks! 'tis the captain. — Is that the Lady with him?

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

THOMAS

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

FAG Good-bye, Thomas. I have an appointment in Gyde's porch this evening at eight; meet me there, and we'll make a little party.

[Exeunt severally.]

Scene II. — A Dressing-room in Mrs. MALAPROP's Lodgings. [LYDIA sitting on a sofa, with a book in her hand. Lucy, as just returned from a message.]

LUCY Indeed, ma'am, I traversed half the town in search of it: I don't believe there's a circulating library in Bath I ha'n't been at.

LYDIA

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

LUCY

No, indeed, ma'am.

LYDIA

Nor *The Fatal Connexion*?

LUCY

No, indeed, ma'am.

LYDIA

Nor *The Mistakes of the Heart*?

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

LYDIA

Heigh-ho! — Did you inquire for *The Delicate Distress*?

LUCY Or, *The Memoirs of Lady Woodford*? Yes, indeed, ma'am. I asked every where for it; and I might have brought it from Mr. Frederick's, but Lady Slattern Lounger, who had just sent it home, had so soiled and dog's-eared it, it wa'n't fit for a Christian to read.

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

LUCY Oh! here, ma'am.—[Taking books from under her cloak, and from her pockets.] This is *The Gordian Knot*,—and this *Peregrine Pickle*. Here are *The Tears of Sensibility*, and *Humphrey Clinker*. This is *The Memoirs of a Lady of Quality*, written by herself, and here the second volume of *The Sentimental Journey*.

LYDIA

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

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

LYDIA

Very well—give me the sal volatile.

LUCY

Is it in a blue cover, ma'am?

LYDIA

My smelling-bottle, you simpleton!

LUCY

Oh, the drops!—here, ma'am.

LYDIA

Hold!—here's some one coming—quick, see who it is.— —

[Exit LUCY.]

Surely I heard my cousin Julia's voice.

[Re-enter LUCY.]

LUCY

Lud! ma'am, here is Miss Melville.