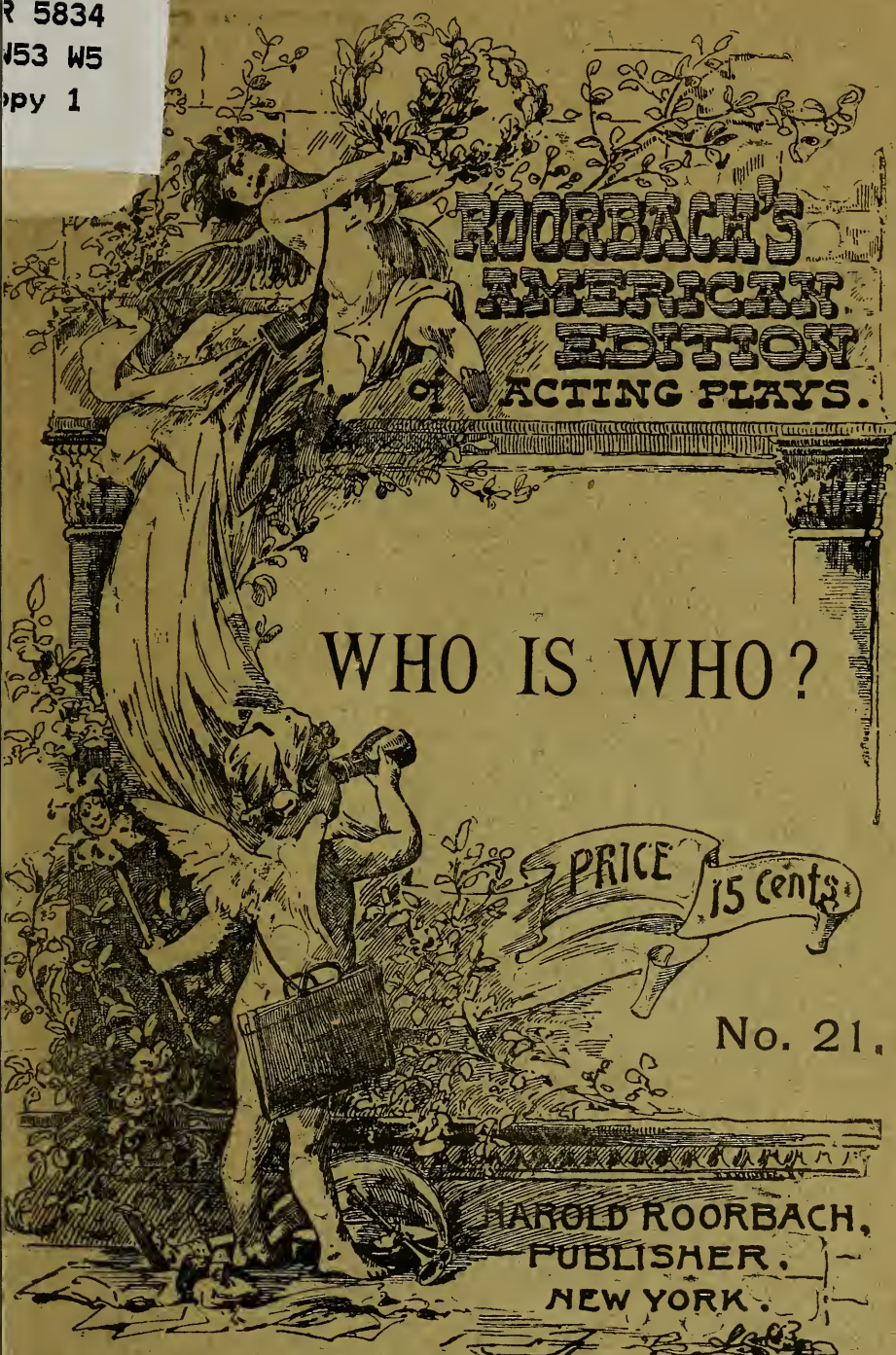


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**ROORBACH'S
AMERICAN
EDITION
OF ACTING PLAYS.**

WHO IS WHO?

PRICE 15 cents

No. 21.

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PUBLISHER.
NEW YORK.**

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WHO IS WHO?

OR

ALL IN A FOG

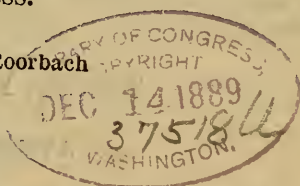
A FARCE IN ONE ACT

BY

THOMAS J. WILLIAMS

NEW AMERICAN EDITION CORRECTLY REPRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL AUTHORIZED ACTING EDITION, WITH THE ORIGINAL CASTS OF THE CHARACTERS, SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS, TIME OF REPRESENTATION, DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES, SCENE AND PROPERTY PLOTS, DIAGRAM OF THE STAGE SETTING, SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, RELATIVE POSITION OF THE PERFORMERS, EXPLANATIONS OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS, ETC., AND ALL OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

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WHO IS WHO?

OR

ALL IN A FOG.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Royal Surrey Theatre, Oct. 16th, 1869.

MR. SIMONIDES SWANHOPPER (<i>a</i>) "model Young Bachelor"— <i>First</i> <i>Low Comedy.</i>	}	Mr. John Murray.
LAWRENCE LAVANDER (<i>a</i> "Valet from Mayfair")— <i>Eccentric</i> <i>Light Comedy.</i>		Mr. Alfred Lilly.
MR. BLOOMFIELD BRAMBLETON (<i>a</i>) <i>Country Gentleman</i>	}	Mr. C. F. Marshall.
CICELY (<i>Brambleton's Daughter</i>)		Miss Clara Shelly.
MATILDA JANE (<i>a</i> "superior" <i>Housmaid</i>)		Miss H. Coveney.

TIME OF PLAYING—FORTY MINUTES.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

MR. BLOOMFIELD BRAMBLETON, a retired country gentleman, receives word from his friend Peppercorn that the latter has found an unexceptionable son-in-law for him, who will reach Brambleton Hall by the 11 A. M. train; the letter has been torn, unluckily, so that Mr. BRAMBLETON remains ignorant of this "model young bachelor's" name. At the same time, he is notified that the registry office in London sends him a new manservant, whom he expects to arrive in the afternoon. While Mr. BRAMBLETON is upbraiding the maid for being too stylishly dressed for a servant, and reproaching his daughter, who has a mind of her own, because her appearance is too plain to create a favorable impression upon their expected guest, LAWRENCE LAVANDER, a "gentleman's gentleman" arrives, makes a decided impression upon MATILDA JANE the maid, and, being mistaken

by MR. BRAMBLETON for his prospective son-in-law, is treated with the utmost politeness and hospitality, and, to his extreme astonishment, is cordially invited to make up to Miss Brambleton. CICELY then enters and, in turn, mistakes LAVENDER for "the model young bachelor," but dislikes him at sight; while he, from her plain attire, mistaking her for the housemaid, commits certain awkward familiarities which so confirm her dislike that she refuses, much to her father's chagrin, to accept the supposed young bachelor on any terms. A young man with a carpet-bag is now announced, whom BRAMBLETON supposes to be the new man-servant and leaves to the tender mercies of MATILDA JANE while he retires to break the unpleasant tidings to LAVENDER that the latter's supposed suit is in vain. Mr. SIMONIDES SWANHOPPER now arrives, having been belated in his journey, is coldly received by MATILDA JANE, who feels no interest in him, impresses CICELY favorably as a person of high degree reduced to the necessity of menial work by reverses of fortune, he in turn mixing up mistress and maid and being mistaken by both for the new man-servant, and is immediately set at work polishing boots, by BRAMBLETON. Then ensues a succession of absurd complications, in the course of which the supposed guest feels bound to confess a *h*unmistakable *h*attachment for Mr. BRAMBLETON's *h*ousemaid, CICELY considers it her duty to confess a deeply rooted attachment for the new man-servant, SWANHOPPER is impelled in honor to solicit Miss Brambleton's hand, though the image of yonder lovely handmaiden has imprinted itself indelibly upon his too susceptible heart, and MATILDA JANE feels it her dooty to confess a *h*unextinguishable fancy for his son-in-law. Mr. BRAMBLETON, in a paroxysm of rage at these several confessions, violently drives all of them out of his house, except his daughter who is commanded to lock herself in her room forever. It is only when the two men return to recover certain articles left behind in the haste of their departure, that the actual state of affairs dawns upon Mr. BRAMBLETON and the true identity of each character is revealed to the others. CICELY is delighted, MATILDA JANE *h*enchanted, SWANHOPPER elated that his heart was not so mistaken as himself, LAVENDER, convinced that his *h*arriocratic *h*instincts was right after all, determines to stick to the *s*ityvation, and there is immense satisfaction on all sides at discovering "who is who" and "what is what," after being ALL IN A FOG.

COSTUMES.

SWANHOPPER.—Plain dark suit of tweeds, derby hat, pouch slung at his waist.

LAVENDER.—Blue cut-away coat, light waist-coat, white hat, chain, extensive "peg-top" whiskers, eye-glass, cane, etc.

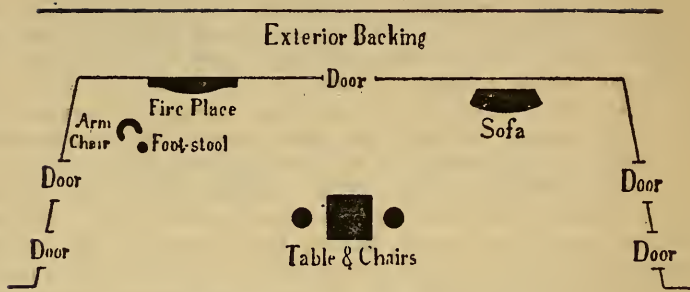
BRAMBLETON.—*First Dress*: Dressing gown, smoking cap, etc. *Second Dress*: Green coat, buff waist coat, etc. (*country gentleman's make up*).

CICELY.—*Very plain* muslin dress, large brown holland apron. (N. B. —*Strict simplicity of attire is absolutely necessary.*)

MATILDA JANE.—Holiday clothes. Very smart silk dress of the latest fashion, hair done *à la mode*; very "killing" get up.

ALL IN A FOG.

STAGE SETTING.



SCENE.—A parlor set in 3 G. Doors R. and L., 1st and 2nd entrances. Door C. in flat, backed with an exterior backing in 4 G. Mantel and fire-place R. F. Mirror over the mantel, and easy-chair and footstool near it. Sofa L. against flat. Table and two chairs C. Ornaments on mantel and table. Pictures against walls. Carpet down.

PROPERTIES.

Furniture, carpet, pictures, ornaments, etc., as per scene plot. Letter, watch and pair of boots for BRAMBLETON. Eyeglass, watch, cane, small portmanteau and lighted cigar for LAVENDER. Small watering-pot for CICELY. Pouch, traveling rug, satchel, umbrella and 2 large paper bundles for SWANHOPPER. Large nankeen jacket with broad red stripes. Flowers. Bamboo cane in corner. Bell off stage, at back.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The player is supposed to face the audience. R., means right; L., left; C., centre; R. C., right of centre; L. C., left of centre; D. F., door in the flat or scene running across the back of the stage; R. F., right side of the flat; L. F., left side of the flat; R. D., right door; L. D., left door; 1 E., first entrance; 2 E., second entrance; U. E., upper entrance; 1, 2 or 3 G., first, second or third grooves; UP STAGE, toward the back; DOWN STAGE, toward the footlights.

R.

R. C.

C.

L. C.

L.

NOTE.—The text of this play is correctly reprinted from the original authorized acting edition, without change. The introductory matter has been carefully prepared by an expert, and is the only part of this book protected by copyright.



WHO IS WHO?

OR

ALL IN A FOG.

Scene.—*A Parlor in Brambleton Hall, an old-fashioned Country House. Time, the present.*

MATILDA JANE *discovered—she is very smartly dressed—silk dress, &c., &c.*

M. Jane. (*looking at herself in glass, admiringly*) Well, dress *does* make a difference! Put me in a carriage, and who's to know me from a nobleman's daughter? I expect I shall settle somebody's business at the fair to-day! How very lucky that my monthly holiday and our fair should fall on the same identical day; there will be *lots* of young farmers—I'll wictimize *some* on 'em!

Enter BRAMBLETON, R. 2 E., *with a letter in his hand.*

Bramble. (*in great excitement*) Well, 'pon my word, this *is* news indeed! (*impatently*) Matilda Jane, where's my daughter?

M. Jane. (*carelessly*) I don't know *where* she is, sir! (*aside*) She was down in the kitchen just now, a-meddlin' and a-interferin'; she's what they call a domesticated young lady—I don't care about 'em myself. (*looking off unconcernedly*) Ah, here she comes, sir! (*walks up, gets on stool in front of fireplace, and looks at herself in the glass*)

Enter CICELY, R.—*She is dressed in a neat, but excessively simple, morning dress—contrasting strongly with MATILDA JANE'S more "pretentious" attire; she wears a brown holland apron, and carries a little watering-can.*

Cicely. What's the matter, papa?

Bramble. (*in great excitement*) He's coming, you little puss—he's coming!

Cicely. *Who's* coming, papa?

Bramble. Why, the "model young bachelor" my friend Peppercorn has been so long looking out for you.

Cicely. (*smiling*) A "model young bachelor"! I didn't know there was such a thing.

Bramble. (*in a great flutter*) Oh yes! just hear what Peppercorn says: (*reading*) "I've found you an unexceptionable son-in-law, at last. I've given him a glowing description of your daughter Cicely, and he's so enraptured with my *portrait*, that he intends to start at once, with a view to secure the *original*."

Cicely. (*smiling*) The "model young bachelor" seems in a hurry!

Bramble. (*continuing*) "He'll reach Brambleton Hall by the 11 A. M. train."

Cicely. (*laughing*) You know, papa—(*firmly*) I shan't have him, if I don't approve of him!

Bramble. (*significantly*) I'm perfectly well aware of *that*, my dear!

Cicely. What's his name?

Bramble. Ah, by the bye, what *is* his name? (*referring to letter*) His name is—(*vexed*) *Dash* it all!

Cicely. (*surprised*) "Dash-it-all"! What a very curious name!

Bramble. (*vexed*) No—I say *dash* it all! in opening the letter I've torn off the very corner containing the name, so I haven't the slightest idea *what* his name is! But never mind his name, he'll be here directly to speak for himself! (*suddenly catches sight of MATILDA JANE, who has, meanwhile, come down*) Why what are you dressed out in this style for, this morning? You look more like the mistress of the house than the maid-servant!

M. Jane. (*consequently*) Please, sir, it's my day out; all the rest of the month, I dress to please my *employers*, but on my day out I dress to please *myself*!

Bramble. (*sarcastically*) Oh, that's it!

M. Jane. (*pertly*) It's fair day at the village—I means to avail myself o' the hoppertoony o' makin' a *himpresion*!

Bramble. (*smiling*) Then you'll have to avail yourself of *some other* opportunity. We can't spare you to-day, we have a visitor coming.

M. Jane. (*cruelly disappointed*) Well, this *is* a pretty disappointment—arter getting myself ready and all—if it arn't downright *tyrannical*, and that's about the size of it! (*walks up stage*)

Bramble. (*looking at CICELY*) And *you*, Cicely—simplicity is all very well, but there can be no positive necessity for a young lady's wearing a *brown holland apron*!

Cicely. (*laughing*) Now, papa, that *is* an unjust remark; you know I'm your little house-keeper—servants are so consequential now-a-days, that, unless they are looked after, the house would go to rack and ruin;—why, you ungrateful papa! I've been making you some beautiful *apricot tarts* for dinner.

Bramble. (*aside*) What a domesticated little darling it is! (*sighing*) What shall I do without her?

Cicely. (*continuing*) I'm now going to water the flowers, and then I shall feed the ducks and geese.

Bramble. (*detaining her*) *First impressions*, you know, my dear child, are everything. (*importantly*) Fortunately, I have just secured a man servant from London—a first-rate specimen, formerly in the service of a nobleman. I applied, by letter, to a registry office, and the secretary has promised me something “A I.” The fellow can't arrive till this afternoon, but he will be in time to wait at dinner! (*ring heard at bell*) A ring! (*looking at watch*) Bless my soul, the “model young bachelor,” I dare say! Run, Matilda Jane, run!

M. Jane. (*aside—consequently*) I ain't a going to run—it ain't a housemaid's place to run! Exit, *consequently, at back, C.*

Bramble. (*in a great flutter*) Cicely, my dear child, for goodness sake take off that apron—and, by the bye, just see if the little blue room is ready for our visitor's reception.

Cicely. Now don't be in a flurry, papa; I'll see to it all. (*aside*) But I'll finish my darling flowers first, and then I'll come back and see what the “model young bachelor” is like.

She takes up watering pot, and runs out,—Exit, L. 2 E.

Re-Enter MATILDA JANE, *in a great bustle.*

M. Jane. (*with a totally altered manner*) He's come, sir,—the gardener let him in, sir! Oh, sir—(*with a burst of feeling*) he's a regular *out-an'-outer!*

Bramble. (*pleased*) I'm glad to hear it—(*suddenly remembering*) Bless my soul, I can't receive him in my dressing-gown! (*to MATILDA JANE*) Tell him to take a chair, while I run and put on my coat. Dear, dear! what a memorable day this is to be sure!

Exit, R. 2 E.

M. Jane. (*looking off at back*) Here he comes! (*clasping her hands and striking an attitude—enraptured*) Oh! what whiskerses!

Enter LAWRENCE LAVENDER *at back, C.—He is dressed in a somewhat flash attempt at gentility—fashionably cut clothes—blue cut-away coat, light waistcoat, white hat, chain, extensive whiskers, &c., &c.—(he speaks pompously, and gives himself all the recognized airs of a “gentleman's gentleman.”)—He carries a short cane in one hand, and a small portmanteau in the other.—N. B. He sports an eye-glass, and invariably aspirates his “h's”*

Lav. (*patronizingly*) Aw, aw! Don't let me disturb any one. (*after bowing majestically—looking at MATILDA JANE through eye-glass*) Fine girl—doosed fine girl—(*musingly*) Silk dress—prim manner—our daughter, I suppose; just a trifle *hag-ga-ricultural*, but *fine*—doosed *fine!*

M. Jane. (*admiringly*) He *is* an out-an'-outer, and nothing but it! (*gushingly*) He's for all the world like a *half-a-crown* valentine!

Lav. (*aside, conceitedly*) The young haymaker seems struck with my appearance. (*striking attitude*) The effect I generally *perdooce* on 'em!

M. Jane. (*aside, rapturously*) Wouldn't he ha' been *my* style—(*gushingly*) Oh, wouldn't he just!

(*when she reaches door, C. she heaves a tremendous sigh, casts a languishing glance at LAVENDER, and exit at back*)

Lav. (*complacently*) Our daughter seems a very *haffable* young party—wonder what her expectations foot up to! (*looks round*) Quiet sort of old place this; I shall be able to *coach up* a bit, after the fatigues of last winter. (*sitting down in arm chair*) By *Jupitar*, I *ham* done up, and no mistake! My late master, the Marquis of Rattlebrain, did go the pace so confoundedly, that I was obliged to give him *hup* at last, I was, 'pon honor! I didn't object to the *horse racing*, but when he took to attending *prize fights* at *five o'clock* in the morning, I was *hobligated* to get rid of him—I was, 'pon honor! Doosed fine figure, the Marquis—(*striking attitude*) I've got on a *suit* of *his* clothes now. Aw!—aw!—it's a compliment I wouldn't pay to *everybody*! I was sorry to cut him, but another month in *his* service would ha' knocked me clean off my legs. So I applied at a registry office for a quiet berth in a *salobrious* part of the country, where I might *rustify* a little, previous to *resoomin'* the service of the British *harristocracy*, (*rising and looking at his watch*) Eleven o'clock—I'm not due here till the afternoon; but, dooce take it, unlucky at *cribbage* last night—only seven-and-sixpence left; *hobligated* to start by the *early party*, or I couldn't ha' got here at all. (*yawning*) Plaguy tired, 'pon honor! (*throws himself languidly into arm chair near table*)

Re-Enter BRAMBLETON, R. 2 E., in bottle green coat, buff waist-coat &c., &c.

Bramble. (*perceiving LAVENDER, who is indulging in a prolonged and violent yawn*) Ah, there he is; I—I'll just attract his attention—(*strikes an imposing attitude*) Ahem! ahem!

Lav. (*starting, and turning round*) Halloa! the governor, I 'spose. (*rising—with a kind of condescending civility*) Good morning, sir—see you well, I hope, sir.

Bramble. (*cordially*) Quite well. How are *you*, my dear fellow? (*advancing, and taking LAVENDER cordially by the hand*)

Lav. (*aside, astounded*) Why, he's shaking hands with me!

Bramble. (*cordially*) Glad to see you; all I have heard of you is of the most highly satisfactory nature.

Lav. (*aside*) The registry chap told me he had laid it on pretty thick.

Bramble. (*cordially*) Sit down, my boy, sit down! (*fetches a chair, while he motions to LAVENDER to take another*) You won't mind my asking you a few questions?

Lav. (*taking chair and sitting down—surprised*) Aw—no—really—don't see any objections.

Bramble. (*earnestly*) First of all, my dear fellow, do you enjoy good health?

Lav. Well—aw—aw—just at present—I may be a trifle seedy—aw—aw—owing to the fatigues—

Bramble. (*interrupting*) The fatigues of the *journey*—you'll soon get over *that*. You seem pretty strongly put together! (*thumps him on the chest*)

Lav. (*getting up, alarmed*) Aw, aw! I'm midling toughish. (*BRAMBLETON rises, follows LAVENDER up, and continues to thump him on the chest, back, &c., aside*) What an eccentric old buffah!

Bramble. (*resuming his seat*) Your character—

Lav. (*aside*) Stop—I've got it in my pocket.

Bramble. (*continuing*) Your character and disposition I know to be all that can be desired. How old are you, my boy?

Lav. (*whose surprise is visibly increasing—resuming his seat*) Aw, aw! eight and twenty last *Guy Faux* day.

Bramble. A very nice age. (*aside*) Plaguy awkward not to know his name—(*aloud, at a loss*) Let me see, Mr.—Mr.—

Lav. (*consequently*) Lavender, sir—Lawrence Lavender.

Bramble. Lavender—Ah, Lavender. I've a foolish way of forgetting names; but I shan't forget Lavender. (*resuming*) Well then, *Laburnam*, my boy—

Lav. (*correcting*) Beg pardon, *not* Laburnum, Lavender, sir.

Bramble. Ah, to be sure, Lavender! (*cordially*) I say, you'd like a bit of lunch, wouldn't you? Some cold lamb and a pickle, with a glass of prime sherry—

Lav. Well, I—I shouldn't mind, certainly—(*aside complacently*) This seems the right sort of place, 'pon honor!

Bramble. (*mysteriously*) But, stop a bit—

(*BRAMBLETON rises, and, with mysterious gestures, approaches door L. on tip-toe—LAVENDER in a state of bewildered surprise, rises also, and watches BRAMBLETON'S movements*)

Lav. (*aside—puzzled*) What the dooce is he up to? (*hastily resumes his seat*)

Bramble. (*coming back mysteriously, to LAVENDER*) Now then, my boy, all I have to say to you is—*make up to my daughter!*

Lav. (*starting—astounded*) What!!!

Bramble. (*continuing—emphatically*) Make up to her, my boy, with all your *might and main!*

Lav. (*aside—turning away, utterly astounded*) Make up to his daughter!!!

Bramble. You'll find her a most delightful young person.

Lav. (*excessively puzzled*) Well—aw—aw—I—I'll do my best—but really—aw—aw—(*aside*) Well, this bangs all I ever read in the *Morning Post*, it does, 'pon honor!

Re-enter CICELY, L. 2 E.

Cicely. (*as she enters*) The blue room's quite ready—(*suddenly catching sight of LAVENDER, aside*) That's the "model young bachelor," I suppose? (*as though struck with a sudden idea—aside to BRAMBLETON*) Leave me to introduce myself!

Bramble. (*aside—terribly vexed*) Another whim! And that precious apron on still! (*turns to LAVENDER*) Here, I'll take that portmanteau into your room for you—(*attempts to take portmanteau from LAVENDER*)

Lav. (*astounded—retaining portmanteau*) No really—'pon honor (*firmly*) That I can't allow!—

Bramble. (*tugging at portmanteau*) I insist, I tell you.

Lav. (*retaining such firm hold of portmanteau, that he drags BRAMBLETON half across stage*) No—it's too much—it is, 'pon honor!

Bramble. (*still tugging at portmanteau, and pulling LAVENDER back again*) Now, do you want to offend me? (*a regular tussle for portmanteau takes place*)

Lav. Well, if you really mean it—(*suddenly leaves go of portmanteau, so that BRAMBLETON is precipitated against table—alarmed*) But pardon, really, 'pon honor—I—I—assure you—I—I—

Bramble. Don't mention it! (*aside writhing*) Right against the sharp corner—(*turning to CICELY, who is arranging flowers on table*) Just see to the lunch.

Lav. (*aside—looking at CICELY through eye-glass*) "See to the lunch"—I thought she was the lady's maid! Well, that's the neatest little article in the "all-work" line, I ever clapped eyes on!

Bramble. (*re-crossing to LAVENDER—pointing suggestively to CICELY—aside*) Now, be gallant, you know.

Lav. (*aside, astounded*) What, with the housemaid?

Bramble. (*coming back to LAVENDER, and pointing as before*) And I say, my boy, as soon as the first preliminaries are over, I authorize you to give her a kiss.

Lav. (*overcome with astonishment*) "Give her a kiss!"

Bramble. (*to LAVENDER, aside, chuckling*) Say I told you—(*giving LAVENDER a dig in the ribs*) Ah! you young dog, you!

Lav. (*aside, dumfounded*) Ham I asleep, or awake? I got up plaguy early this morning—(*rubs his eyes in extreme bewilderment*)

Bramble. (*aside*) I suppose I had better leave them together a little. (*to CICELY*) Never mind the lunch! I'll superintend it myself! (*to LAVENDER*) By bye, my boy, I'll be back presently! (*giving him another dig in the ribs*) Ah! you young dog, you!

Exit with portmanteau, R. 2 E.

Lav. (*looking after BRAMBLE through eye glass—slowly recovering from his surprise*) Well, they are rum 'uns in the country! (*tapping himself on the forehead*) Strikes me the gov'nor's a little hobfuscated in the hupper story. I—I'm a superior sort of a fellah, I know, but I nevah was made so much of before—not even in Mayfair—nevah!

Cicely. (*who, meanwhile, has been busy with flowers—coming down*) Now then to see what the "model young bachelor" is like.

Lav. (*perceiving CICELY, condescendingly*) Ah! how de dar, my little dear? how de dar? (*aside*) Nice gal this, very nice gal. (*conceitedly*) I—I make it a rule never to talk to servants, but I suppose, under the circumstances, I must do the civil thing. (*aloud, coming to CICELY, and looking at her through eye glass*) How de dar, my dear, how de dar?

Cicely. (*aside, surprised*) "My dear!"—he's very familiar.

Lav. (*conceitedly*) And how do we amuse ourselves in this hout o' the way part of the world—eh, my little dairymaid?

Cicely. (*aside, offended*) His "little dairymaid!" (*aloud, stiffly*) Sir, I really—

Lav. (*mockingly*) "Sir"—dear me! Now come, I'll lay odds, *partiklar* as you seem, you'll be distractingly in love with me before the week's out.

Cicely (*aside, offended*) His conceit is really insufferable!

Lav. (*aside, surprised*) Plaguy stuck-up—countryfied notions: pity—doosed pity! (*following her up*) I say, my little shepherdess, there's one thing I mean to have—(*emphatically*) and that's a kiss! (*puts his arm round her waist*)

Cicely. (*indignantly, retreating*) Have done, sir! (*aside, vexed*) Why, he hasn't known me five minutes yet!

Re-Enter BRAMBLETON, R. 2 E.—LAVENDER *perceiving BRAMBLETON, hastily withdraws a few paces from CICELY.*

Bramble. (*jovially—not noticing proceedings*) Lunch is quite ready—Come along, Rosemary!

Lav. (*consequently*) Not Rosemary, sir, Lavender.

Bramble. Ah, Lavender, to be sure! (*crossing to CICELY, aside*) What do you think of the "model young bachelor," eh?

Cicely. (*aside to BRAMBLETON*) I don't like him at all!

Bramble. (*astounded, aside*) Eh!

Cicely, (*vehemently, to BRAMBLETON*) He's a forward, conceited, presumptuous young man! I tell you once for all, I'll never

marry him! (crossing to door, L., impetuously) Never, never, never!

Exit, hastily, L.

Bramble. (aside, thunderstruck) The deuce she won't!!! Now here's a pretty go—(seats himself, R., in a state of utter bewilderment)

Lav. (who has, meanwhile, got up on stool in front of looking glass at back, and, after looking at himself complacently in glass, has struck a conceited attitude—looking after CICELY—aside) Thoroughbred little cweechar; she'd be 'a ornament to Mayfair—she would, 'pon honor!

Re-enter MATILDA JANE at back, C.

M. Jane. (looking admiringly at LAVENDER) There he is! how noble is his hattitoods! (sighing) Oh them whiskerses!

Lav. (looking round, aside) Our young missus—fine gal too—but there's something about the little cweechar in the brown 'olland—(thumping himself on breast) Really, 'pon honor, I never felt anything like it before—(thumping himself on the chest, affectedly) It's Cupid—it's the little god—it is, 'pon honor!

Bramble. (who has remained utterly bewildered, rising, aside) My daughter says she won't marry him; and when my daughter says a thing, she means it! But, anyhow, he'd better have his lunch, and I'll break the disagreeable intelligence to him afterwards. (aloud) Marjoram, my boy—

Lav. (coming forward—haughtily) Not Marjoram, sir, Lavender.

Bramble (stamping) Aye, Lavender to be sure—a—a—my dear fellow, you must be hungry; step into the next room, and begin lunch without ceremony. I—I'll join you directly!

Lav. (condescendingly) Aw—aw—no hurry, you know—(going R.)

Bramble. (following him) And, I say, don't spare the sherry; you'll find the cigar box on the sideboard—choice Havannahs, my boy!

Lav. (at door R. 2. E. amazed) "Choice havannahs!" this bangs the Marquis all to shivers! (affectedly) If that helegant little cweechar in the brown 'olland would only come and wait on me—why, Mayfair would be a fool to it! It would, 'pon honor!

Exit, conceitedly, R. 2 E.

M. Jane. (looking after LAVENDER, aside—sentimentally) I never took a fancy afore, but I've been and gone and done it this time! Heigh-ho! my young affections has fixed themselves on that 'ere elegant stranger, like periwinkles on a rock! I feels like a dairy-maid in love with a dook!

Bramble. (who has continued plunged in a brown study) Dear, dear! How am I to account for my daughter's refusal? (a loud ring heard)

M. Jane. (*walking up to door at back, and looking off—in a melancholy tone*) Please, sir, here's a young man with a railway rug and a carpet bag.

Bramble. (*preoccupied*) Ah—the new man-servant, doubtless; there's a train just in—(*irritably*) Dear, dear, I'm in no humor to talk about wages and references just now! Matilda Jane, do you stay here and talk to the new man-servant. Tell him I'll be back shortly. (*aside—going*) What a bitter disappointment it will be to poor Sweetbriar!

Exit, R. 2 E.

M. Jane. (*in a melancholy tone*) Stop and talk to the new man-servant! I don't take no interest in new man-servants, now (*sighing*) Heigho! My young affections is fixed on one o' the huppers! (*walking up to door at back*) It's a melancholy instance of what they calls *love at first sight*! (*looking off through door, C., carelessly*) Ah, there he is; he's a-scraping his feet on the mat—what a funny little man he looks! (*relapsing into sentimentality*) But what do I care? (*in a melancholy tone*) He arn't got no whiskerses! (SWANHOPPER *speaks outside*)

Swan. Sorry, very sorry indeed, to be so late—quite an accident—I'll just step into the parlour!

Enter MR. SIMONIDES SWANHOPPER, *at back, C.; he is attired very plainly, in a dark suit of tweeds, pot hat, pouch slung at his waist. He carries railway rug, small travelling bag, an umbrella, a large parcel under each arm, &c.* (N. B.—*He speaks throughout with almost pedantic precision*)

Swan. (*bowing to MATILDA JANE*) Mr. Bloomfield Brambleton at home?

M. Jane. (*consequentially*) He'll be here presently.

Swan. (*surprised*) Presently?

M. Jane. (*pertly*) Yes! you're not above waiting a few minutes, I suppose.

Swan. (*surprised*) Eh! No—oh dear no. (*aside*) I am considerably behind time! I just missed my train, through upsetting an old woman's *apple stall*, as I turned a sharp corner.

M. Jane. (*disdainfully*) I was told to stop and talk to you.

Swan. (*politely*) Indeed! (*aside*) A remarkably fine girl. (*struck by a sudden idea*) Good gracious—is it possible I can be addressing—surely it *must* be, or he wouldn't have asked her to stop and talk to me! How very awkward to make my first appearance, thus, un-introduced—I'm getting red in the face—I'm sure I am; I always get red in the face when I talk to a pretty girl! (*aloud, politely*) I—I'll crave permission to deposit these few articles on yonder sofa.

M. Jane. (*vacantly*) Deposit them wherever you please. I don't care where you deposit them!

Swan. (*aside, putting bag &c., on sofa, surprised*) Somewhat.

distant in manner Peppercorn told me she was just a little *self-willed*—I had better allude to the *object* of my visit. (*striking attitude and extending his arm*) Ahem! (*aloud, in a declamatory tone*) I have journeyed all the way from London in the *hope*—I may say in the *expectation*—or rather in the fervent *belief*—

M. Jane. (*sharply*) There, there, you'd better tell all that to Mr. Brambleton!

Swan. (*with grotesque enthusiasm, striking attitude*) Ah, to that moment I look forward with *hope* mingled with *fear*—with *fear*, mingled with *rapture*—with *rapture*, blended with *ecstasy*!

M. Jane. (*bursting into a fit of laughter*) Ha! ha! ha! well, he is a character (*stopping short*) But I ain't got sperrits to laugh; I'm what they call *nipped* in the *bud*—that's what I am! Heigho!

Heaves a deep sigh and Exit, L.

Swan. (*puzzled*) There seems a slight shade of "keep-off-ishness" about that young lady; it must be the family blood! Peppercorn told me that the Brambletons came over with William the Conqueror—I almost wish they *hadn't*; it makes people so bounceable! I'm beginning to think that a wife who came over with William the Conqueror, may possibly "come over" *me*!

Re-enter CICELY, L.

Cicely. (*perceiving SWANHOPPER*) Oh, the new man-servant;—I heard he had arrived.

Swan. (*aside*) Another nice girl! Who's she, I wonder?

Cicely. You've just reached Brambleton Hall, I presume, my good man?

Swan. (*aside, surprised*) Her "good man!" (*aloud, politely*) I put in an appearance not three minutes ago.

Cicely. (*aside*) I rather like the look of him—he seems so quiet and respectful. (*aloud*) I have every reason to believe you will be comfortable here—Mr. Brambleton is a kind and generous master.

Swan. (*aside, puzzled*) "Master?" Oh, I see, the maid-servant—I didn't notice the *apron* before. Nice little creature; not so *imposing* as her mistress—*her* ancestors did *not* come over with William the Conqueror. (*aloud*) So, Mr. Brambleton, you say, is kind to his servants?

Cicely. He is benevolence itself.

Swan. (*glancing significantly at CICELY*) I'm sure he *ought* to be. (*sentimentally*) Many owe their menial station to fortune's stern decree!

Cicely. (*looking compassionately at SWANHOPPER*) Most true. (*aside*) Poor fellow! he has evidently experienced some great reverse!

Swan. (*aside, puzzled*) This handmaiden must have seen better days. (*aloud, looking compassionately at her*) Such is life! We

never know what's in store for us! (*with burlesque sentimentality*) One day we are at the *top* of the *tree*, the next we are at the *bottom* of the *pond*!

Cicely. (*aside, admiringly*) His sentiments are really superior to his station! (*aloud, interested*) Your parents have probably known the blessings of affluence!

Swan. (*aside—surprised*) What does she mean? (*aloud*) My excellent father made a snug fortune in the *goose-quill* and *peacock-feather* line.

Cicely. (*aside—sympathetically*) And lost it all in *railway shares*, I've no doubt.

Swan. (*sentimentally*) But *fortune* does not always constitute happiness! For my own part, when I left London this morning, (*striking attitude*) I thought the summit of earthly felicity would be attained, if I only succeeded in the cherished object of my anxious mission!

Cicely. (*aside—surprised*) What very superior language for a person in his sphere! I am strongly prepossessed in this young man's favour—I trust papa will engage him. (*aloud, looking off, R.*) See, here comes Mr. Brambleton! I withdraw, in order that you may converse together respecting the object of your visit.

Exit, L.

Swan. (*evidently puzzled*) Singularly choice phraseology for the wearer of a brown holland apron! Education is evidently making rapid strides in this part of the world!

Re-enter BRAMBLETON, R. 2 E.

Bramble. (*aside, as he enters*) Can't pluck up courage to break it to the young fellow. It's *too* bad of Cicely, it really is!

Swan. (*aside—nervously*) He doesn't see me—(*coughing*) Ahem!

Bramble. (*turning round*) Oh, it's you, is it?

Swan. (*striking an attitude*) Yes, 'tis I, Mr. Bloomfield Brambleton, 'tis I—I'm very late.

Bramble. (*chuffly*) You are—*very* late—*very late indeed!*

Swan. (*aside, ecstatically*) To think that I am talking to the father of the future Mrs. Simonides Swanhopper—the grandfather, possibly, of a fluttering tribe of chirruping Swanhoppers!

Bramble. (*scrutinizing him*) The preliminaries are already settled; you've been very highly recommended to me—you'll do.

Swan. (*aside, slightly puzzled*) I'll "do"—that's all right. I had no idea it would be so quickly settled!

Bramble. (*chuffly*) Let me see—I—I—forget your name.

Swan. (*mildly*) My name is—Swanhopper.

Bramble. (*surprised*) *Swanhopper!* don't like that name at all!

Swan. (*surprised*) You don't like it?

Bramble. No, I can't be shouting "*Swanhopper!*" all day long! What's your *other* name?

Swan. (*quietly*) Simonides.

Bramble. (*starting*) *Simonides!* that's worse! It's most absurd that a man like you should have such a name as *Simonides!*

Swan. (*mildly*) Well, you see, I didn't choose it myself.

Bramble. (*chuffy*) Don't talk, sir! (*reflecting*) I tell you what I must do—I'll shorten the appellation—I—I'll call you *Bob*.

Swan. (*excessively surprised*) *Bob!!*

Bramble. Yes, it's a good name, and easy to pronounce.

Swan. (*quietly*) Viewed in *that* light, the name doubtless has its advantages. (*complacently*) There was once a Bruce, King of Scotland—*his* name was Bob.

Bramble. (*shortly*) It was.

Swan. Then there was Burns, the *poet*—

Bramble. (*surprised*) True! (*aside*) He seems well up in biography. (*aloud—chuffy*) Now then, Robert Bruce—no! I mean *Bob* hopper—why, where is he? (*looks all round for SWANHOPPER, who has meanwhile walked up, and quietly laid himself full length on the sofa at back—catching sight of him, roaring*) Don't lie down while I'm talking to you!!

Swan. (*surprised, quietly turning on his side*) A—a—you see—a—a—I'm rather tired!

Bramble. (*roaring*) Get up directly, sir! (SWANHOPPER *starts into a sitting posture*) Tired, indeed! Why you've done nothing yet! You had better get to work at once!

Swan. (*surprised*) Work! What work? (*rises slowly and comes down*)

Bramble. (*sarcastically*) *What* work! You *don't* suppose you've come down here to *amuse* yourself, do you! I—I wish you to commence operations at once.

Swan. (*puzzled*) Commence *operations!* (*struck by a sudden idea*) Aha! I see. (*laughing*) Ha! ha! ha! Facetious—very—comic—decidedly! What a funny man you are! (*digs BRAMBLETON in the ribs*)

Bramble. (*sternly*) I say, Bob! I'll trouble you not to behave in that rude manner.

Swan. (*surprised*) I—I really beg pardon, but your remarks are so replete with humor, so fraught with facetiousness—

Bramble. Never you mind *what* they are! Now then, (*rubbing his hands*) what can you do?

Swan. (*puzzled*) What can I do? I—I can do a great many things—(*simply*) I can play the flute!

Bramble. (*angrily*) *Play the flute!* You won't play it *here*, I can tell you! I—I suppose you can brush clothes—bottle wine—

Swan. (*enormously puzzled*) Well, I dare say I could—if I were to *try*.

Bramble. (*sharply*) Try! you'll *have* to try, and *no mistake!* (*aside*) Extraordinary man-servant this; he evidently knows more

of biography than of boot-blackening! (*aloud, sarcastically*) I imagine—at a pinch, if required, you can—(*imitates action of blackening and brushing boot*)

Swan. (*mechanically imitating BRAMBLETON'S gesture, puzzled*) No, I don't think I can.

Bramble. (*amazed*) Do you mean to tell me you can't—(*repeats gesture of blackening boots*)

Swan. (*quietly*) Haven't the slightest notion of—(*repeats BRAMBLETON'S pantomime*)

Bramble. (*bursting out, angrily*) Then what the deuce can you do? (*aside*) Stay—perhaps his abilities lie in a more scientific direction. (*aloud*) Can you cook?

Swan. (*puzzled, quietly*) Well, I once made a pancake—for a lark.

Bramble. (*starting*) For a lark, sir? (*roaring*) Allow me to inform you that if you make a pancake here, it will not be for a lark, sir!

Swan. (*bewildered*) But I really don't see the necessity for these peculiar qualifications!

Bramble. (*angrily*) You don't see! you don't seem to see anything! (*aside, angrily*) I'll never apply to a registry office again. "A I," indeed! the fellow's utterly useless!

Swan. (*aside, puzzled*) Well, Peppercorn said he was peculiar—it strikes me he's out of his mind!

Bramble. (*who has meanwhile been dodging round SWANHOPPER, and examining his garments*) So strangely dressed for a man in his station—(*aloud—suddenly, shouting*) Bob!

(SWANHOPPER starts, looks up, resumes his meditations—BRAMBLETON shouting still more loudly "BOB!")

Swan. (*starting, and looking all round*) Who's Bob?

Bramble. (*impatiently*) Who's Bob? Why, you're Bob!

Swan. (*remembering*) Oh, ah! (*aside*) Hang it! I forgot he had altered my name.

Bramble. What clothes have you brought with you?

Swan. (*quietly*) A flannel jacket, a tooth brush, and a cake of brown windsor.

Bramble. (*angrily*) Brown nonsense! (*struck by a sudden idea—crossing to door, L.*) Stay! (*calling*) Cicely!

Re-enter CICELY, L.

Cicely. (*entering*) Here I am!

Bramble. Bring me my old nankeen-smoking jacket with the red stripes.

Cicely. (*running across to, R.*) I'll look for it directly.

Exit, R.

Bramble. (*crossing to SWANHOPPER*) Now then, sir—take off that coat!

Swan. (*surprised*) Take off this coat?

Bramble. (*imperatively*) Take it off *at once*, sir!

Swan. (*aside, mechanically taking off his coat*) He can't surely be going to fight me?—he seems very William-the-Conquerish! I don't feel altogether comfortable in this establishment. I'm getting red in the face—I know I am!

Re-enter CICELY, R., *carrying a peculiar looking Nankeen jacket with large red stripes.*

Cicely. (*as she enters*) I wasn't long finding it, was I?

Bramble. (*taking jacket, and throwing it to SWANHOPPER*) Now then, pop that on!

Swan. (*bewildered*) Pop this on? (*picking up jacket*)

Bramble. Yes—it's the very thing for you—(*aside*) I'll just set him to work at once!

Exit, *hastily*, R. 2 E.

Cicely. (*looking at SWANHOPPER*) Poor young man—how acutely he feels his position. I really am quite interested in him. (*walks up*)

Swan. (*putting on Nankeen jacket which is immensely large for him*) Well, he certainly is a very eccentric gentleman; however, it's very kind of him to lend me his garment—he evidently wishes me to make myself *at home*. (*looking at himself*) It isn't much of a fit—or rather it's *too much* of a fit! (*drawing jacket tightly round him*) Jacket! why, it's more like a great coat; it goes round and round me! (*sitting down in arm chair*) There's a certain air of "rurality" about it, though—I once saw a haymaker in something of the sort—I'll just have a few moments calm repose! (*throws one leg over the arm of chair*)

Re-enter BRAMBLETON, R. 2 E. *with a pair of top boots in his hand.*

Bramble. (*looking round, not seeing SWANHOPPER, who is concealed by back of arm chair*) Why, where is he? (*after looking all round, suddenly catches sight of him*) Why, there he is, in my arm chair!! (*aloud—chuffly*) I say, just get out o' that, will you?

Swan. (*surprised—rising*) Get out of it? (*aside—puzzled*) Why, the old fellow won't let me sit down a minute!

Bramble. (*scrutinizing SWANHOPPER'S jacket*) Ah! *that* looks more the style of thing. Now then, I'll get you to black these top boots for me. (*drops them at SWANHOPPER'S feet*)

Swan. (*starting, thunderstruck*) Black those top boots!!!

Bramble. Yes—at once—d'ye hear? (*aside, looking off*, R.) I must take my guest for a ride, presently.

Swan. (*dreadfully offended, advancing and striking a dignified attitude*) Mr. Brambleton, sir! All labour is honourable, provided it be only *useful*—but *blacking boots* is an occupation in which I do not pretend to *shine*!

Bramble. (*roaring*) Then take that jacket off, and step it back to town by the very next train.

Swan. (*aside, offended*) Step it back! I *will* step it back, in double quick time! I'm getting *very* red in the face, I know I am! (*struck by a sudden idea*) But no! this must be some *ordeal*, some extraordinary *probation*, to which this eccentric person is subjecting me!

Cicely. (*approaching SWANHOPPER, aside to him encouragingly*) Courage! Quail not beneath stern Fortune's frowns, but manfully fulfil your duty! (*walks up*)

Swan. (*aside, sentimentally*) Kind is the lovely little housemaid; I'll take her advice—she seems to understand this elderly lunatic's peculiarities—I only wish I had known a little more about them before I left town this morning! (*picks up the boots*)

Re-enter LAVENDER, R. 2 E., *luxuriously smoking a cigar.*

Lav. (*as he enters*) Prime cigar—very prime! (*looking at SWANHOPPER, who has a boot in each hand*) Halloo! footman's deppity, I presume. (*suddenly catching sight of CICELY*) Why, there's the lovely little cwechar in the brown 'olland! (*affectedly, thumping his chest*) It's Cupid—it's the little god—it is, 'pon honor!

Bramble. (*aside, perceiving LAVENDER*) Poor young fellow—what a blow it will be to him!

Swan. (*who has, meanwhile, taken up top boots, and, with a variety of indignant gestures, has inserted one arm in each of them*) Talk about transmogrification—there's nothing in Ovid's Metamorphoses to come up to this! (*indignantly*) Instead of asking me to take a little refreshment, my eccentric host makes me black his boots!

Cicely. (*aside, commiseratingly*) Poor fellow*, he seems quite ashamed of his menial occupation! (*approaching SWANHOPPER, and pointing off, R. 1 E.*) That's the way to the kitchen.

Swan. (*aside*) Kitchen indeed! (*glancing at CICELY*) Thank you; I—I'm much obliged. (*aside*) Sweet little creature, that housemaid; her brown holland but enhances her beauty! (*suddenly remembering boots, and shaking his fists, with a boot on each*) Confound the boots! I'll give it Peppercorn for this!

Flourishes boots, with gestures indicative of extreme indignation, and Exit, R. 1 E.

Cicely. (*aside, looking after SWANHOPPER*) I declare he's going into papa's study! I had better show him the way.

(is about to Exit, R. 1 E.)

Bramble. Where are you going, miss? (*crossing to her, aside, coaxingly*) Just say a civil word to Mr. a—a—Jack-in-the-Green—(*angrily*) what the *devil's* his name?

Cicely. (*aside to BRAMBLETON*) I have already told you I'll have

nothing to do with that gentleman—and you know, papa, I never alter my mind! (*crossing, R.*) Never! never! never!

Exit, R. I E.

Bramble. (*aside, ruefully*) That settles the question! I must break the unpleasant truth to the young fellow without further delay—(*approaching LAVENDER*) I am really very sorry, my dear Gilliflower—

Lav. (*interrupting*) Not Gilliflower, my dear sir—Lavender. Think of sixteen branches a penny!

Bramble. Ah, to be sure. My dear Lavender, I—I—I'm sorry to inform you that my daughter doesn't *approve* of you—

Lav. (*surprised*) Doesn't *approve* of me?

Bramble. She doesn't like you a bit; it will therefore be impossible for me to bestow on you my daughter's hand!

Lav. (*starting violently, thunderstruck*) Your daughter's hand! (*utterly overcome*) Well, sir, the very *hidea* does me proud, and grateful to you, I *ham*, for *hever hentertaining* it; but if the young lady thinks *hotherwise*, (*conceitedly*) why between you and me, sir, it doesn't much matter.

Bramble. (*surprised*) The *devil* it doesn't!

Lav. (*rather confused*) You see, sir, the heart o' man is a *hinde*-pendent *horgin*, and I feels myself bound to confess—

Bramble. (*impatiently*) What—what—what?

Lav. That I've conceived a *hunmistakable* attachment—(*hesitating*) for your 'ousemaid.

Bramble. (*thunderstruck*) For my housemaid? (*in a towering passion*) How dare you conceive anything so ignominious?

Lav. (*hurriedly*) But my intentions are honourable—

Bramble. (*roaring*) Hang your intentions, sir—get out of my house, sir!

Lav. (*hurriedly*) I intends to lead her to the *haltar*—

Bramble. (*roaring and walking LAVENDER up to door at back*) you'll not lead her *anywhere*, sir! Go away, sir! (*aside*) I never was so insulted in all my life!

Lav. (*expostulating*) But really, sir—

Bramble. (*angrily, walking him up*) I'll hear no more, sir—go, sir—be off, sir!

Lav. (*at door*) You mishapprehend my *hobject*—

Bramble. (*roaring*) Get out of my house, sir! Fly! Vanish! Begone! (*comes down indignantly*)

Lav. (*near door C.*) I always *thought* he was a *manywhack*—and now I am sure of it!

Takes up SWANHOPPER'S hat from sofa at back, and Exit majestically, C. D.

Bramble. (*in a paroxysm of anger*) The scoundrel comes down here to propose to my daughter, and falls in love with my maid-servant! If this is Peppercorn's notion of a *model young bachelor*, I'm sorry for him! (*falls into arm chair, utterly exhausted*)

Re-enter CICELY, R. I E.

Cicely. (*aside, as she enters*) Papa's alone—how very fortunate! (*approaching BRAMBLETON, aloud*) Papa, I want to speak to you, very particularly.

Bramble. (*starting from his reverie*) Eh! What's the matter now?

Cicely. (*timidly*) You know, papa, we are none of us masters of our inclinations. You'll be greatly surprised, but I consider it my duty to confess—

Bramble. (*starting, alarmed*) Another confession!

Cicely. (*timidly*) To confess that I have conceived a deeply rooted attachment for—

Bramble. (*on thorns*) Go on—go on!

Cicely. (*casting down her eyes*) For the new man-servant!

Bramble. (*bounding off his chair, thunderstruck*) The new-man-servant!! Malediction and confusion! My daughter's in love with my man-servant now! (*tragically*) Unhappy girl! How came you to fall in love with a wretched shoe-black? (*bitterly*) Shoe-black! he isn't even that, for he doesn't know how!

Cicely. (*innocently*) There's no accounting for these things, you know.

Bramble. (*indignantly*) I should think *not* indeed! (*utterly overcome*) I declare my head's going round and round like a whirligig at a fair!

Re-enter SWANHOPPER, R. I E., with a pair of top boots in his hand.

Swan. (*aside, looking complacently at boots*) Well, for a first attempt, I've imparted a very tolerable amount of lustre; (*holding up boot*) I can see the tip of my nose most distinctly; I'm getting red in the face—I can see I am!

Cicely. (*aside, perceiving SWANHOPPER*) He comes! How my heart beats!

Bramble. (*suddenly perceiving SWANHOPPER—starting up*) Oh, there you are! (*rushing angrily at SWANHOPPER, and seizing him by the collar*) Wretched young man! is *this* the way you repay my favors!

Swan. (*struggling*) Your favors! (*breaks from BRAMBLETON*) Do you call this sort of thing favors? (*dashes boots angrily on the ground*) Take your favors!

Bramble. Aha! (*bobbing aside to avoid boots, furiously*) How dare you, in *your* sphere of life, presume to make advances to my daughter?

Swan. (*utterly mystified*) In my sphere of life! And *why not* in my sphere of life, sir? (*striking attitude*) I repeat, sir *why not*?

Bramble. (*angrily*) "Why not!" He owns it—he tacitly owns it! (*stumbles over one of the top-boots turns round and kicks it, angrily to back of stage*).

Swan. (*aside, very angry*) His daughter! I don't care *two pence* for his daughter! (*looking tenderly at CICELY*) The image of yonder lovely handmaiden has imprinted itself on my too susceptible heart! (*tragically—aside*) Yes! I, Simonides Swanhopper, have this day blacked a pair of boots; but, to win a smile from that celestial embodiment of nine pounds per annum, I'd clean the knives—for ever!! (*altering his manner—ruefully*) But no! it must not be; my word is pledged to Peppercorn—the sooner I fulfil my compact the better! (*taking centre and striking attitude*) Mr. Bloomfield Brambleton, sir! (*with a gulp*) I have the honour to ask you for your daughter's hand!

Cicely. (*aside, delighted*) Eh!

Bramble. (*speechless with indignation*) You ask me for my daughter's hand!! (*in a towering passion, giving him a kick*) Take it!!!

Swan. (*roaring*) O-o-h! (*mortally offended*) Sir, you've stung me to the quick!

Bramble. (*roaring*) Get out of my house, sir!

Swan. (*furious*) Eccentricity is all very well in its way, but I can't stand this any longer. I'm getting red in the face, I know I am! I shall be red *all over* if this goes on! (*stumbles over the top-boot, which he kicks to the back of stage*) Confound these precious boots!

Bramble. (*furious*) Don't *kick my boots* about sir!

Swan. (*walking to and fro, aside*) I never was so treated in all my life! the man must be a raving lunatic!

Re-enter MATILDA JANE, L.

M. Jane. (*aside, sentimentally*) My feelin's is to much for me—I must unbuzzin myself to master, or I shall *bust*!

Swan. (*approaching MATILDA JANE*) For *your* sake I have endured a great deal, but I'll not put up with any more!

M. Jane. (*aside, surprised*) What does the man mean!

Bramble. (*aside, bewildered*) For *her* sake? why, he's sentimental on the *maid-servant* now! (*with concentrated resolution*) Where's my gold-headed bamboo? (*rushes to corner and fetches bamboo*)

Cicely. (*imploringly*) For goodness sake! Oh, something dreadful will happen!

Bramble. (*rushing at SWANHOPPER, with bamboo*) Now then, oblige me by stepping it instanter!

Swan. (*with much dignity, taking up carpet bag*) I will step it—*instantissimer*! (*turns to MATILDA JANE*) Fair damsel! you'll bear witness to the treatment I've received. (*kissing his hand to CICELY—sentimentally*) Beauteous maiden, farewell! (*in his agitation, he unconsciously takes up LAVENDER'S white hat from the table, jams it*

fiercely on his head, and makes for door—with intense emphasis) Mr. Bloomfield Brambleton, for the *present*, I will merely observe—*Good morning!!*

Exit, angrily, at back, with carpet bag—still wearing nankeen jacket and white hat.

Cicely. (*tearfully, to BRAMBLETON*) But he must *not* be turned out in *this* unjust manner—what has the poor fellow done?

Bramble. (*angrily*) Hold your tongue, miss!

Cicely. (*imploringly*) But, my dear papa—

Bramble. (*with bombastic sternness*) Go to your chamber, miss, and lock yourself in—*for ever!!!*

Cicely. (*impetuously*) Oh, what a *cruel, cruel* papa! *Exit, L.*

Bramble. (*utterly overcome, turning to MATILDA JANE, pathetically*) Oh, Matilda Jane, Matilda Jane, unheard of things are taking place! My daughter, my son-in-law, my man-servant, *all* conspire to drive me out of my senses! *thou* alone—*thou* faithful maid-of-all-work—*thou* alone art left me! (*carried away by his emotion, he throws his arms round M. JANE*)

M. Jane. (*struggling*) Don't sir! a-done, sir! for goodness sake, sir—(*pushes him away*) Ah, sir—(*in a melancholy tone*) I—I've got a *summat* on my mind, sir.

Bramble. (*starting*) Eh!

M. Jane. (*whimpering*) Yes, sir. I—I feels it my dooty to confess—

Bramble. (*dreadfully alarmed*) Another confession!

M. Jane. (*whimpering*) I've been and taken a *hunextinguishable* fancy—

Bramble. (*wildly*) To *whom?* To *whom?*

M. Jane. (*convulsively*) To—to—to your *son-in-law!*

Bramble. (*starting as if electrified*) Aha!!! This is the finishing stroke! this about settles it! (*wildly*) The prescribed order of things is completely inverted, and confusion, worse confounded, reigns supreme!

M. Jane. (*whimpering*) You'd better turn me out, at once, sir, for when *I* takes a fancy to any one, I never gets over it! (*sobbing*) I couldn't help it, sir, it was them *whiskerses* as did it!

Bramble. (*bitterly*) *Whiskerses*, indeed! Get out of my sight! Fly! Begone!

M. Jane. (*drying her eyes*) Oh, thankee, sir! I—I'll go and pack up my box: for the sooner I forgets them faskinatin' appendages, the better! (*sentimentally*) Ah! it's a dreadful thing, sir, for a young 'ousemaid to be *nipped* in the bud! *Exit L.*

Bramble. (*alone—in a tone of calm bewilderment*) Let me endeavor to collect my scattered senses, and calmly consider how matters stand at present. (*calculating on his fingers*) My bachelor maid-of-all-work has proposed for my daughter's hand—No! My

model young man-servant is desirous of marrying my spinster son-in-law—No! (*utterly bewildered*) I *can't* make it out—I'm all in a fog! I'm all in a fog.

Re-enter LAVENDER, C.

Lav. (*angrily*) Aw—aw—in the *kindignation* of the moment I forgot my portmanteau!

Bramble. (*bewildered*) Your portmanteau?

Lav. (*haughtily*) Yes, sir! You just now *hordered* me *hoff* the premises, sir, and *hoff* I goes according—but, previous to startin', I'll just trouble you to 'and *hover* the travelling expenses!

Bramble. (*surprised*) The *travelling expenses*?

Lav. (*haughtily*) Yes, sir! I speculated all my "ready" in the fare down, to say nothing of the registry fee!

Bramble. (*astounded*) Registry fee! (*looking at LAVENDER, in great perplexity*) You came here at the instance and suggestion of my dear friend, Peppercorn?

Lav. (*consequentially*) "Peppercorn?"—never heard the name!

Bramble. (*struck by a sudden suspicion*) Are you, or are you *not*, the "model young bachelor" recommended to me for a son-in-law?

Lav. (*surprised*) "Model young bachelor?"—I understood you wanted a *superior hupper man-servant*!

Bramble. (*clapping both hands to his forehead*) Man-servant!! What vivid gleam of forked lightning flashes through my bewildered brain? (*turning to LAVENDER*) Are *you* the man-servant?

Lav. (*consequentially, striking attitude*) In *harristocratic* circles we calls it—"wally-de-sham!"

Bramble. (*suddenly remembering, horrified*) Good gracious! Then *Bobhopper* was the "model young bachelor!" (*clasping his hands*) and I've made him polish *top boots*!

Re-enter SIMONIDES SWANHOPPER, C. at back, still wearing nankeen jacket and white hat.

Swan. (*with immense dignity*) I forgot to return your odious jacket! (*takes off jacket majestically and throws it at BRAMBLETON'S feet—he then takes his own coat from chair and makes for door*)

Bramble. (*while SWANHOPPER is thus occupied*) Hold, young man, hold!—it was all a mistake! Idiot that I was! (*rushes to table and seizes bamboo—SWANHOPPER and LAVENDER, mistaking BRAMBLETON'S intention, rush down stage in violent alarm, one R., the other L.*)

Swan. } (*alarmed*) Halloa!
Lav. }

Bramble. (*following up SWANHOPPER*) Oblige me by taking this.

bamboo—*presents it to SWANHOPPER—emphatically*) and by *laying into* me with all your might and main!

Swan. } *(surprised)* What!
Lav. }

Bramble. (*imploringly*) Now *do* oblige me, *Bobmonides*, just a *rap* or two!

Swan. (*brandishing bamboo, aside*) I should rather like to give him one for himself—(*aloud, magnanimously, as though resisting a strong temptation*) No, sir! you are your father's daughter—(*throws away stick*) I mean your daughter's father! (*tableau*)

Bramble. (*with a burst of feeling*) Sublime instance of heroic forgiveness!

Re-enter MATILDA JANE, L.

M. Jane. (*in a melancholy tone*) Before I goes, sir—(*suddenly catches sight of LAVENDER—pathetically, aside*) *Oh* them *whiskerses*!! (*aloud, in great agitation*) Before I goes, sir, perhaps you'll count the spoons, sir, and examine my box.

Swan. } *Examine her box*!!
Lav. }

Bramble. (*hurriedly*) I shan't examine anything! Where's my daughter?

Swan. } (*pointing to MATILDA JANE*) Why, *there* she is!
Lav. }

Bramble. (*surprised*) That! that's my *housemaid*!

Swan. } (*astounded*) The *devil* she is!!!
Lav. }

Re-enter CICELY, L.

Cicely. (*surprised*) What's going on now, papa?

Swan. } *Papa*!!!
Lav. }

Swan. (*astounded*) Why, the *maid-servant* is the *mistress*!

Lav. (*astounded*) Why, the *mistress* is the *maid-servant*!

Cicely. But what's the matter?

Bramble. (*to CICELY, with immense emphasis*) The matter is, that everybody is somebody else, and nobody is who he ought to be! My *man-servant* (*pointing to SWANHOPPER*) turns out to be my *son-in-law*!

Cicely. (*aside, delighted*) Oh, how delightful!

Bramble. And my *son-in-law* (*pointing to LAVENDER*) turns out to be my *man-servant*!

M. Jane. (*tumultuously, aside*) Oh, how *henchanting*!

Swan. And the angelic little *housemaid* turns out exactly what I wanted her to be! (*approaching CICELY*) Despite the *brown holland*, my heart was *not* mistaken! (*kisses her hand*)

Lav. (*aside*) My harristocratic hinstincts was *right* after all—it was the *lady* as I cottoned to, though she *did* wear a hapron. (*sentimentally*) Anyhow, the *housemaid's* a precious fine girl—I sticks to the *sityvation!*

Bramble. (*much relieved*) Well, we've been in a terrible fog; but, thank goodness, we have found out "*who is who*" at last.

Cicely. But our mistakes and misunderstandings have not been in vain——

Swan. If they have afforded our kind friends amusement. (*coming down to footlights*) Ladies and gentlemen—(*as though to himself*) I'm getting red in the face, I know I am! (*aloud, recommending*) Ladies and gentlemen—you not only know "*who is who,*" but also "*what is what!*" May, then, the bright sunshine of your approbation dispel the mist by which *we* have been surrounded, and assure us that you have derived entertainment from seeing us——

All. (*in chorus*) ALL IN A FOG!

SWAN

M. JANE.

CICELY.

LAV.

BRAM.

CURTAIN



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