

UPSTAIRS AND DOWNSTAIRS;

OR.

THE GREAT PER-CENTAGE QUESTION.

A Farce,

IN ONE ACT.

BY

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AUTHORS OF

*The Area Belle; The Census; A Shilling Day at the Great
Exhibition; The Pretty Horsebreaker; The Colleen Bawn
Settled at Last; A Valentine; The Wooden Spoon Maker;
An April Fool; My Heart's in the Highlands; The
Actor's Retreat; Doing Banting; Going to
the Dogs, &c., &c.*

THOMAS H A I L E S LACY,

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UPSTAIRS AND DOWNSTAIRS.

First performed at the Royal Strand Theatre, (under the management of Mrs. Swanborough,) on Monday, the 15th of May, 1865.

Characters.

SIR LEICESTER SQUARETOES, BART. ... Mr. COLLIER.
SNIPPER (*the Footman*) }
NOBBLER (*the Ball Porter*) } *Servants of* { Mr. STOYLE.
SNATCHER (*the Page Boy*) } *Sir Leicester* { Mr. TURNER.
CLIPPER (*the Lady's Maid*) } { Miss ELISE HOLT.
MR. FIGGS(*a Grocer*).....Mr. L. FREDERICK.
EMILY(*Sir Leicester's Daughter*)...Miss BLANCHE E. FORDE.
Servants, &c.

SCENE.—Drawing Room in Sir Leicester's Town Mansion.

Costumes.

SIR LEICESTER SQUARETOES.—Black frock suit.
FIGGS.—Black frock coat, white vest, and black trousers.
SNIPPER.—Handsome livery.
NOBBLER.—Ditto.
SNATCHER.—Buttons.
EMILY.—Morning dress.
CLIPPER.—Neat muslin cap.

UPSTAIRS AND DOWNSTAIRS.



SCENE.—*Drawing Room in Sir Leicester Squaretoes' Town Mansion. Table, R. ; chairs, ottoman, L. C.; door, c.; and side door, L.; fireplace, R.*

SIR LEICESTER and Miss EMILY discovered.

SIR LEICESTER. (*with newspaper, R. of table*) I tell you, my dear, it must and shall be put a stop to. The system is bad ; and because it has gone on for so many years is no reason it should be continued. You really must take the matter in your own hands, my dear, and pay the bills yourself.

EMILY. Oh ! but it will be so much trouble, papa.

SIR L. Better take a little trouble, my dear, than that we should be robbed, and our servants demoralized by this system of bribery. I don't believe there's a tradesman's bill paid by me upon which my servants do not get a large per-centage.

EMILY. I am sure, papa, if the tradespeople like to make presents to the servants, I don't see what it is to us.

SIR L. You don't see what it is to us, my dear, because you are a little goose !

EMILY. Oh, papa! a goose ?

SIR L. Well then—a little duck! Don't you see, my little duck, that before the tradespeople can afford to give the servants so much *off* the bills, they must stick precisely that much *on* the bills.

EMILY. I didn't think of that, papa.

SIR L. No, my dear, you didn't think of it, and I didn't think of it, and many other people didn't think of it; and it's just because no one ever thought of thinking of it, that the system has come to be regarded as perfectly legitimate. Now I mean that you shall take this matter entirely into your own hands.

EMILY. But I don't know how, papa.

SIR L. (*rising*) Then I'll teach you. The carriage is at the door, we'll go and take our drive, and I'll tell you as we go along the plan which I intend to adopt for the future.

Exeunt, L. c.

Enter CLIPPER, R. C.

CLIP. Oh! I am so glad Sir Leicester and my young lady have gone out. I do like to get into the drawing-room now and then, to do my little bit of reading : I always feel more at home in a drawing-room; in fact I feel that I was born for a drawing-room. I do hate work; it's so low and mineral. Work is degrading to the hintellect, and downright ruination to the 'ands. In fact, if I should be hasked what is the most disgusting thing in all creation, I should say it's work. If it wasn't for the pretty little pickings we get, and the 'opes of marrying the man of your 'eart, and retiring to a snug corner public house in a good neighbourhood, doing goodness knows how many barrels a month—where you have nothing to do but sit in the bar parlour, in black satin, with your gold watch and chain on, and a big brooch with your 'usband's portrait in it as large as life, and keep a barmaid to do all the work, and a strong potman to scour the pewters, and chuck disagreeable people out into the street when they've spent all their money. I don't know who would ever consent to be a servant. I don't believe nature ever intended me for a servant, (*looking at her hands*) There's a 'and to play the piano, and to be given away at St. George's, Andover Square. Well, well, since facts are agin me I must fly to fiction for consolation, (*turning over leaves of London Journal*) Let me see—where did I leave off? Ah ! I know. It was where the Earl had just poisoned his mother-in-law, and exclaimed—" Hah ! domestic happiness is now within my grasp!" Oh ! it's lovely to read about the manners of the aristocracy, (*looking at Journal*) Here it is—no, it isn't; that's where the baked-tatur man turns out to be Lord Murphy's long-lost son. That's last week's number—I must go and look for the new one. *Go* and look for it! What a shame it is that I can't ring the bell, and have my literature brought to me on a silver tray. Wait till I get into that snug corner public house, that's all. *Exit, L. door.*

Enter SNIPPER, C. from L.

SNIPPER. Now that I have got rid of Sir Leicester and my young lady, I'll take my ease in the drawing room, and if any of those common tradespeople call to solicit my patronage I'll receive them here. How I dislike the society of tradespeople ! If it wasn't for what I get out of them, I shouldn't descend to speak to such low people; they have no souls, no haspirations, no genius, except for turning noughts into nines, and ones into four-teens ; and any can do that who has had a liberal education and knows his geography. No! give me the haristocracy, with blue blood in their veins, and yellow sovereigns in their pusses ; also a coat of arms, which hindicates a hancient horigin, and

family livery which is becoming to the figure. I love the haristocracy—I feel at home among them; in fact, I *make* myself at home among them, and a remarkably comfortable home I find it. I think there's a hindward sympathy between me and the liaristocracy. For anything I know I may have been changed at nurse ; in fact, I have at times a sort of feeling come over me—a hindward voice, such as I read of in my favourite journal—which says to me, " Augustus Snipper, you may not be aware of it, hut if you had your rights you are a dook." Suppose I *should* turn out to be a dook ! I've read of more extraordinary things in the Journal. There's a leg for the Horder of the Garter ! and there's a foot to turn out in the amazing dance, (*doing ridiculous steps*) Yes, I love the haristocracy; they're the only thing as keeps the world a going, and I hendorse what was so beautifully said by the immortal bard—

" Let laws and learning, harts and commerce die,
But leave us still our haristocracy."

Enter NOBBLER, door, L.

NOBBLER. Mr. Snipper, sir, here's Mr. Marrowbone, the butcher, and Mr. Figgs, the grocer, send their respectful compliments, and if you are at home and quite disengaged they would be glad to have a word with you.

SNIP. Well it's a bore; but I suppose livery has its duties as well as its rights. Did you tell them I was in ?

NOBB. Of course I didn't; I never answers each impertinent questions without due consideration.

SNIP. Quite right, Nobbier, quite right. But I suppose you got your due consideration out of them—eh ?

NOBB. I got a small instalment on account when I consented to go and see if you was in; and if you will be so good as to say that you *are* in, and disengaged, I have no doubt I shall bag the balance.

SNIP. Very well, Nobbler ; having a due regard to your interest, I will see them; and as the family is out I will receive the people here. Shew them up !

NOBB. I always said, Mr. Snipper, as you was a good sort, and never interferes with a fellow servant's perquisites. Which will you see first, sir?

SNIP. Whichever is the most liberal.

NOBB. Well, sir, Mr. Marrowbone gave me a two-shilling piece, and Mr Piggs a half-a-crown.

SNIP. Then let's have half-a-crown's worth of Figgs to begin with.

NOBB. (*going to door*) This way, Mr. Figgs, sir, if you please---- (*announcing*) Mr. Figgs!

Enter FIGGS, door, L.

FIGGS. (*crossing to C.*) Good morning, Mr. Snipper.

SNIP. (*sitting in easy chair by the fire, R., his back to FIGGS, and without looking round*) Good morning, Figgs, good morning!

FIGGS. (*aside*) Nice treatment this of a respectable householder who pays rates and taxes !

SNIP. (*still not looking round*) Anything I can do for you, Figgs, my boy ?

FIGGS. Nothing, thank you, sir; I was merely passing, and thought I would look in to see how the establishment found itself to-day.

SNIP. The establishment is pretty bobbish, thank you, Figgs.

NOBB. Yes, Mr. Figgs, the establishment is remarkably bobbish, except that sitting in a leather chair in the hall is cold work, sir, and requires frequent stimulants, (*holding out his hand*)

FIGGS. (*giving money*) Do me the favour of drinking ray health, Mr. Nobbler, (*aside*) Oh, I should like to get five minutes face to face with your master; I'd soon stop this system of black mail.

SNIP. Any thing further to observe, Figgs? my time is precious, bear in mind.

FIGGS. (*aside*) So it seems! (*aloud*) Nothing, except that I'm sorry to find your orders have somewhat fallen off of late

SNIP. Yes, Figgs, yes; the fact is, your goods have not given the same satisfaction lately that they used to.

FIGGS. Indeed ! Any particular article ?

SNIP. No ; no particular harticle. Things —ah, yes—generally. In fact we have had serious thoughts of transferring our patronage elsewhere.

FIGGS. I hope not, Mr. Snipper.

SNIP. I say we have thought of it, Figgs. We have only thought of it at present.

FIGGS. (*aside*) I know what that means ! Well, there's no help for it. (*aloud*) Do me the favour to inspect this sample, sir. (*gives bank note—aside*) I shall have to add it on to the bill. Well, it serves the masters right for not looking after these things themselves.

SNIP. (*examining note*) Yes, that's better, Figgs, considerably better; that will do, in fact—you may go!

FIGGS. Good morning, sir.

Exit, door, L.

SNIP. Good morning, Figgs.

NOBB. Ah, Mr. Snipper, you are a hand at it—how much, eh ? We go shares, I suppose ?

SNIP. Go what ? I'll share you! Get back to your hall chair this moment ! How dare you trespass in the drawing room ?

NOBB. But, I say—

SNIP. No, you don't say anything of the kind. You're a nice man of business, you are, with the chance you have of catching 'em first when they comes in and last when they goes out. Why if I had your opportunities I wouldn't let one of 'em pass the door-mat under a sovereign.

Enter SNATCHER, the page, running, with a letter.

SNATCH. Here you are, Snipper—there's a letter for you.

SNIP. Who do you call Snipper—where's your manners ?
(*aims a blow at him—SNATCHER ducks and avoids it*)

SNATCH. Who are you a hitting of? I say, Nobbler, don't let him.

NOBB. Who do you call Nobbier—can't you say Mister, eh?
(*aims a blow at him—he ducks as before*)

SNATCH. Now then, can't you hit one of your own size?

NOBB. Certainly not, he might feel inclined to hit me back again.

SNIP. (to boy) What are you eating there ? Almonds and raisins, by Jove ! You young rascal, you've been in the pantry priggging again, (*takes them from him—eats*)

NOBB. And what have you got in your pockets there? Hand over. (SNATCHER *pulls out a bundle of cigars*) Cigars, by jingo! You've been at your master's box, you dishonest young villain, (*takes them and pockets them*)

SNIP. It's downright awful; boys now-a-days take to smoking cigars and robbing their masters just like grown-up people. Here, give us hold of that letter, can't you ? (*snatches it*) You're a pretty page to bring messages. Who's it from?

SNATCH. Mr. Marrowbone, the Butcher. He said he couldn't wait.

NOBB. What do you mean by couldn't wait ; do you mean to gay he's gone ? How dare you let anyone out of this house without my opening the door, and taking toll of 'em ? Run after him and bring him back directly.

SNATCH. Shan't.

NOBB. I'll shan't you. (*runs after him*)

SNATCH. Come on, then, old skittle-pins, (*dodging round ottoman, L.*) catch me if you can. You know you can't run with those old butter-firkins of legs of yours—yah !

Runs off, L., NOBBLER after him.

NOBB. (*as he follows*) What do you mean by butter-firkins, you young spindleshanks ? It's my belief Marrowbone has tipped that young urchin with my half-crown.

Exit, running—noise outside—NOBBLER yells—SNATCHER laughs.

SNIP. Holloa! hold up, Nobbler! There he goes, head over

heels down stairs again! That man's never safe out of his leather hall chair, (*reading letter*) " Mr. Marrowbone presents his respectful compliments to Mr. Snipper, and as the Derby is approaching, and Sir. S. might wish to back his opinions and his favourite horse, Mr. M. begs his acceptance of the enclosed." (*taking out a bank note*) Very civil and thoughtful of Mr. Marrowbone. I shall see that in future nothing but the best sirloins are ordered for making the soups. It will be an encouragement to Mr. Marrowbone, and will likewise tend to swell the amount of the bill, off which I shall have my discount. And now, having got rid of the harrassing details of business, I will devote myself to light reading, (*takes London Journal out of his pocket*) Now for it! I am in the very middle of—oh ! such an 'eavenly story. I wonder who that interesting tutor will turn out to be ? I'm sure he's going to turn out somebody, because he has feelings come over him just like I have — and he's so clever and handsome, which is just my case. And then he's got a strawberry mark at the back of his neck. What's that for but to indentifyhim when he's took off his cravat to fight a duel ? Let me see! (*sits down to read on ottoman, L.*)

Re-enter CLIPPER, L. door.

CLIP. I can't find the *London Journal* anywhere. Oh! you've got it, have you, Mr. Snipper ?

SNIP. (*deeply engaged in reading*) Hush! not a word! (*moving from one compartment of ottoman to the other—she pursues him—they finally settle in the two front ones*) Don't talk to me. I'm just coming to it.

CLIP. You're coming to it ? Oh, ain't it beautiful ? You're coming to where the Earl poisons his mother-in-law, and exclaims " Hah!"

SNIP. Don't —don't tell me about it ! I can't bear to be told what's coming.

CLIP. But do be quick, there's a dear good Mr. Snipper. I do so want to see what happens afterwards.

SNIP. (*reading — starts*) Hah, by jingo !

CLIP. (*excited*) What—what? Mr. Snipper, what ?

SNIP. Why, she turns out to be his third wife, and the first one still alive.

CLIP. Oh! haven't you got beyond your third wife yet ?

SNIP. No, Miss Clipper, I have not.

CLIP. How slow you are. You'll be all day reading it. Do let me look overleaf.

SNIP. Stop—stop ! I haven't done this page yet.

CLIP. Never mind. Here, we can both read together. (*each holding page of same Journal—reading*) " The Countess touched a hidden spring, a secret door opened and revealed"-----

SNIP. (*reading*) "' What is it, nurse,' he cried, in an agony of suspense; the laconic answer came, ' *Twins!* ' "

CLIP. Don't waggle the paper about like that. I want to see what the Countess discovered.

SNIP. Bother the Countess! I want to see what becomes of the twins.

CLIP. Well, well, turn over the leaf, and I'll tell you.

SNIP. Yes, yea! Well?

CLIP. Oh, nothing; they substituted one, the little boy, for the baby, which could not succeed to the wicked Marquis's title, being a female.

SNIP. Good gracious! and the other twin?

CLIP. Oh, they drowned it in a pail of water. Come now, let's go on. What was it the Countess discovered when the door flew open? let's see.

SNIP. (*looking into Journal*) Good 'evins! The skeleton of his second wife!

CLIP. The skeleton of his second wife—is that all! But come; never mind the rest. Ah, here we are!

SNIP. What—what? Let *me* see.

CLIP. (*reading*) "' Ha!' exclaimed the Earl, as his mother-in-law, having drunk the cup of tea, fell lifeless at his feet, ' domestic happiness is now within my grasp! "' Oh, ain't it beautiful!

SNIP. Go—go on! (*reads*) "' And now,' said the Earl, as a slight shade of uneasiness passed over his brow, ' Now to exercise the power which I possess in intimidating the coroner! "' On, isn't it nice to read all about the doings of the *bo mond*? Isn't it very odd, that we, who are in the midst of the hupper classes, never see them committing any of those crimes that we read about in the novels.

CLIP. Ah! that's their artfulness; it's only those clever fellows, the authors, who can find them out.

SNIP. I wonder now if master has poisoned anyone on the sly?

CLIP. I shouldn't wonder—perhaps if we knew all, he's got two or three wives besides her ladyship.

Enter SIR LEICESTER, door, L. C, unperceived.

SNIP. Ah, you may depend upon it, master's a right down bad'un, like all the rest of them.

SIR L. (*aside*) Halloa!—they say listeners never hear anything good of themselves. I wonder which of my failings they have discovered. I should like to hear more of this—I'll be a listener for once, (*listens at C. entrance*)

CLIP. La! Mr. Snipper, and do you really think master has got his secrets?

SNIP. My dear Miss Clipper, I read in a book, t'other day, that every one has got a skeleton in his cupboard !

CLIP. Good gracious !—I wonder which cupboard master keeps his in ?

SNIP. You don't hunderstand, my dear; a skeleton is a sort of a—a sort of a hallegory.

CLIP. What's a hallegory, Mr. Snipper?

SNIP. A hallegory—why, a hallegory is—ah—a sort of skeleton. It was a hallegory which Lady Murphy had in her cupboard, when she concealed the fact that the baked tatur-man was her son.

CLIP. Then the baked tatur-man was a hallegory ?

SNIP. Eh ?—no—no, the baked tatur-man was the skeleton ! (*coming down*) and by the way, Clipper, what if I should be a skeleton ?

CLIP. Oh, Mr. Snipper !

SNIP. I mean what if I should turn out to be a long-lost heir—what if I should be a duke !

CLIP. And what if I should turn out to be a marchioness ?

SNIP. Oh, no—come, that's my idea—I thought of it first.

CLIP. I suppose I have as much right to be a marchioness as you have to be a duke ?

SNIP. Certainly not. Two long-lost heirs in the same family would be coming it rather too strong. Let us confine ourselves to probabilities.

CLIP. I don't care—I shall be a marchioness.

SNIP. Nonsense—you're not a bit like a long-lost heiress.

CLIP. And you are not tall enough to be a long-lost duke.

SNIP. Ain't I, though? Look at my calves—observe the graceful small of my back.

CLIP. I don't care. I tell you I am more likely to be a marchioness than you are to be a duke.

SNIP. Well, look here—I'll toss you for it?

CLIP. I shan't do anything so low.

SNIP. There, don't let's quarrel about it. You know it's settled that you and I are going to be married—so when I'm a duke, I'll make you my duchess; and then, if we should meet master in the street, we'd cut him dead.

SIR L. (*at back*) Oh, you would, would you ?—I'll take this nonsense out of you by-and-bye. *Exit, c. to L.*

CLIP. Of course we would. We should not condescend to speak to anybody under the rank of a hearl.

SNIP. Shouldn't we make a pretty pair in the *bo mond*—particularly on that hinteresting occasion when we are walking harm-in-harm to the himenial haltar.

CLIP. Catch me walking—I'll go in the carriage, if you please.

SNIP. But you can't take the carriage into church.

CLIP. Oh! I can fancy myself a aristocratic bride at this moment, with my white satin train and wedding veil, (*takes white shawl from ottoman and, ties it round her waist, so as to form a train, and puts an anti-macassar on her head for a veil—SNIPPER takes flower from vase on chimney-piece*) Look at me; aint I a pictur'.

SNIP. And I should take you gracefully by the hand, thus—and lead you hup the hile to where my 'and, my 'art and my coronet are awaiting you. (*they walk proudly hand-in-hand up to back of stage, to an imaginary altar*) And here comes your noble parent to give you away.

Enter NOBBLER, L. C.

NOBB. Halloa, here—what are you up to ?—what's your little game ?

SNIP. (R.) We are rehearsing an approaching marriage in high life, Mr. Nobbier.

CLIP, (L.) Yes, Mr. Nobbier, we are practising the nuptial knot.

NOBB. (c.) That's the Tom Fool's knot, my dear.

CLIP. (R.) Well, perhaps you're right, Mr. Nobbier, for that's a knot there's no getting out of.

SNIP. Still, if the worst comes to the worst, and it hurts you, you can cut it.

NOBB. (L.) Then I'd advise you to cut it at once, for there's a storm brewing—master has come back, and ordered all the servants to meet him in the drawing-room here.

CLIP. Master come back!—I mustn't let him catch me in my bridal attire. (*throws off anti-macassar and shawl*)

SNIP. What can be his hobject? Perhaps he's going to raise our wages.

NOBB. I don't think that's it, Mr. Snipper, for I heard him fuming in the hall and saying he'd warm us all.

CLIP. Whatever did he mean by that ? (*crosses to R.*)

SNIP. I shouldn't wonder if it's his birthday, and he's going to ask us all to liquor.

NOBB. It's more likely that, on account of our long and faithful services, he's going to give us all the sack.

CLIP. Oh! good gracious, I hope not.

Enter SNATCHER, door, L.—knocks against NOBBLER, and gets to c.

SNATCH. I say, Snipper, what's all this about ?

SNIP. Who do you call Snipper ? (*aims a blow at him, which he dodges*) If you call me Snipper again, I'll give you a snopper on the nose.

NOBB. Here, you young rascal, tip up that half-crown Mr. Marrowbone gave you.

SNATCH. Shan't; it's my perquisites.

CLIP, (R.) Oh! the depravity of that boy! The idea of perquisites at his time of life.

NOBB. Hush! here's the Grand Serag.

Enter SIR LEICESTER, C. *from* L., *followed by* COOK, HOUSE-KEEPER, GARDENER, GROOM, KITCHENMAID *and* HOUSEMAID.

SIR L. Now then, I want you all to hear what I've got to say. (*sitting R. of table*) Form a line there. (SERVANTS *range themselves in a line*—SNATCHER *puts himself at the head above* SNIPPER—*he is turned from one to the other until he gets extreme L.*) Silence there! Now listen : you have had a good home here ?

SNIP. Right you hare, Sir Leicester; we 'ave a very comfortable 'ome.

SERVANTS. Hear! hear!

SIR L. Silence! I always endeavour to be a kind and indulgent master-----

NOBB. You've been as good as a father to us, Sir Leicester.

SERVANTS. Hear! hear! hear!

SIR L. Don't interrupt me.

CLIP. Be quiet—do. Don't you know that enthusiasm is vulgar ?

SIR L. I say I have been a kind and indulgent master; but I will not have my kindness abused—I will no longer consent to be robbed.

SERVANTS. Robbed!

SIR L. I repeat it—robbed! I can call by no other name the practice which has so long prevailed in my own and other households, of servants taking a percentage on tradesmen's bills. (*consternation among the SERVANTS*)

CLIP. Did you ever hear such meanness ?

NOBB. It's base ingratitude after all we've done for him.

SNIP. Ingratitude! it's hun-Henglish, and contrary to the sperrit of the constitushun.

SIR L. Now, hark ye! this practice I intend to put a stop to. In future my daughter, Miss Emily, will give all the orders and pay all the tradespeople herself.

CLIP. How hundignified!

SIR L. Any servant whom I detect in taking any present or fee whatever from the persons with whom I deal shall be instantly discharged. If you ate not satisfied with these conditions, you are at perfect liberty to quit my service as soon as you please. I will leave you here to talk it over among yourselves. (*going, when SNIPPER stops him*)

SNIP. You'll excuse me, Sir Leicester, but being charged

with robbery is one of them things as hurts ; for though I wear the red plush veskit of a hupper servant, that red plush covers feelings which-----

SIR L. (*laughing*) Ah! to be sure: when a man happens to be a duke changed at nurse-----

SNIP. (*starts*) Ha! can it be true ?

SIR L. (*aside*) I do believe the fellow has read himself into the idea that he is one. I'll teach you a lesson which will cure you of this folly, my romantic friend. *Exit, L. c.*

NOBB. (*going up to SNIPPER, who is buried in thought*) This is a pretty state of things, Mr. Snipper.

CLIP. What shall we do, Mr. Snipper? can't you suggest any thing?

SNIP. (*taking c.*) Suggest ? yes ; as free-born Henglishmen-----

CLIP. And Henglishwomen.

SNIP. Exactly! and Henglishwomen; we must 'old a hindignation meeting on the spot to assert our rights and nip the unconstitutional tyrant in the bud.

SERVANTS. Hear! hear! hear!

SNATCH, (*crosses to NOBBLER*) Let's have a meeting, and put old Nobbier in the chair, (*pushing him up to chair, c. of R. table*)

CLIP. Yes, you go into the chair, Mr. Nobbler; you're used to it.

NOBB. (*seating himself, and knocking on the table*) Order! Order! Mr. Snipper will oblige with a song—I mean a speech.

SERVANTS. Hear! hear!

SNIP. Friends, fellow servants, lovers of your privileges, hereditary bondsmen, the—the tocsin—whatever that may be—has sounded—the flag of tyranny is unfurled—the foot of the ruthless invader is about to trample on our rights ! shall we submit to this ? I only ask you simply, shall we submit to this—I pause for a reply !

SERVANTS. No! no! no!

NOBB. Order! order!

SNIP. Of course not! service has its duties, but it also has its rights. If we are to have no perquisites, what's to become of the British Constitootion, and all our constitootions ?

SERVANTS. Hear ! hear! hear !

SNIP. If we are denied our lawful percentages on a tradesman's bills, what is the use of the Bill of Rights ? If our worthy chairman is to pine to a shadow for want of his allowances, what becomes of his Habeas Corpus ?—I pause for a reply,

SERVANTS. Hear! hear!

SNIP. Mr. Chair—in the words of Magna Charta—I say that the party as would lay his hands upon the perquisites of a

poor servant may be worthy of the name of a master, but not of that of a man !—I pause for a reply!

SERVANTS. Hear! hear!

NOBB. Order ! order !

SNIP. Mr. Chair and fellow-servants, we must rally our standard; nail our colours to the mast, and raise the battle cry of " Perquisites and no Surrender."

SERVANTS. Hurrah!

SNIP. I pause for a reply.

SERVANTS. " Perquisites and no Surrender."

SNIP. To conclude, Hengland hexpects that hevery serving man-----

CLIP. And woman.

SNIP. This day will do his duty—to *himself*.

CLIP. And *herself*.

SERVANTS. Hear, hear!

NOBB. (*rising*) My oppressed children, I propose that we leave our case in the hands of Mr. Snipper, and that he be instructed to defend our cause in the columns of the journal which has recently been started for the advocacy of our interests; I refer to that influential horgan the *Servants' Journal*.

SERVANTS. Hear, hear!

SNIP. I haccept the hoffice. I will write the harticle—I will send to the heditor, and I will pause for a reply.

CLIP. Yes, do; and I will help you to put in the grammar and the spelling, which is things, Mr. Snipper, as you are very deficient in.

SNIP. Miss Clipper, a just cause hadvocated by genius is superior to horthography.

NOBB. Come along, my injured children ; let us leave them to that quietude which is necessary for the production of literature. SERVANTS *exeunt*, L.

SNATCH. Pitch it strong, Snipper; go in a buster, while you're about it.

SNIP. Get out, you young scamp; don't interrupt a hauthor while he's cogitating, (*hits at him—he dodges*) That young monkey has no respect for the dignity of letters.

NOBB. What a wonderful thing literature is; and it's hastonishing what a lot of it you can get for a penny.

(SNATCHEE *pushes him off*, L.—*noise outside*—NOBBLER *yells*, SNATCHER *laughs*)

CLIP. There's that poor dear Mr. Nobbler tumbled down stairs again.

SNIP. (*taking up his pen*) Now for it. Stand apart, my dear, and give me plenty of room for my hupstrokes. (*sits to write*) " Mr. Heditor,—sir"— Heditor with a haitch (H) ain't it ?

CLIP. No, no ; with a he (E).

SNIP. Oh, nonsense! how could you spell heditor with a he ? I tell you it's a haitch.

CLIP. And I tell you it's a he.

SNIP. Oh, well, to oblige you, I'll spell it with a he. Two d's in hedditor, I believe ?

CLIP. Certainly not; only one d.

SNIP. Now look here ; you're not going to have everything your own way. I will have two d's.

CLIP. I tell you you mustn't put two d's; it ain't considered helegant.

SNIP. I tell you I shall; and if you say much I'll put three.

CLIP. (*catching hold of his arm*) Stop—don't!

SNIP. There now, you've blotted the paper (*wipes up blot toith his finger*) Oh dear! this head work is very exhausting.

Enter SIR LEICESTER, c.from L.

SIR L. Mr. Snipper.

SNIP. (*rising—aside*) Mister Snipper to *me*.

SIR L. Mr. Snipper, I wish to speak to you alone ? Miss Clipper, be good enough to leave us.

CLIP. (*aside*) Oh, dear! I'm sure he's going to discharge Augustus. All I can say is, if Augustus goes, I go.

SIR L. Will you be good enough to leave us?

CLIP. I'm going, sir. (*aside*) Though, how he could find it in his heart to discharge such a pair of calves as them I can't imagine. *Exit, L. door.*

SNIP. (*aside*) I suppose he's angry at my turning hauthor. I know the hupper classes consider it low.

SIR L. Mr. Snipper, will you be good enough to read this letter, (*gives him letter*)

SNIP. (*aside*) Notice to quit, in writing, I suppose, (*reads note and starts*) Eh !—what ?—can I believe my eyes ? Then my inward feelings did not deceive me. I *am* a long-lost somebody, after all—I was certain of it.

SIR L. Yes, Mr. Snipper, according to that paper, it seems you are the rightful heir to that property which I have till now enjoyed. I hope you'll forgive me for keeping you out of it so long.

SNIP. Say no more, my good man—say no more. I knew the truth would come out, sooner or later. Didn't I say that I had blue blood in my veins, and now I'll have yellow sovereigns in my pocket ? Didn't I say that I had a leg for the Horder of the Garter?

SIR L. If I can be of any assistance to you in managing your property----

SNIP. We'll talk of that another time, my good man. Mean-

while you go and call my servants together; I wish to haddrass them on their several duties.

SIR L. *I call the servants together!—ah! to be sure—certainly, sir. (aside) Confound the fellow's impudence.*

Exit, L. door.

SNIP. *(walking about proudly)* The dream of my life is fulfilled, and I am in my true position at last—and if I suspect anybody of being the rightful heir to my property, I'll have him smothered in onions like the Princes in the Tower. I suppose now that I ham a haristocrat, I must keep up my character, and see about committing bigamy or something.

Enter CLIPPER, door, L.

CLIP. Oh! Augustus, what did master say to you ? Has he discharged you without a character ?

SNIP. I am no longer in that person's service.

CLIP. I guessed as much; but I will never desert you.

SNIP. You are much too forward, young woman, *(waving her off)*

CLIP. Why, whatever has come to Augustus? Don't be vexed, Augustus, dear, I've got a little money in the Post-office Savings' Bank.

SNIP. The Post-office Savings' Bank, indeed!—the idea of talking of a twopenny-halfpenny concern like that to a *millionaire!* Keep your few paltry pounds, young woman; you may want them.

CLIP. I'm afraid his misfortunes and his literary labours have hupset his hintellect.

Enter SIR LEICESTER, followed by SERVANTS, door, L.

SIR L. My friends, I have called you together in order to listen to some words which Mr. Snipper has to say to you.

NOBB. *(aside to CLIPPER)* Has he got over the Grand Serag about the perquisites ?

CLIP. I can't make out what has happened.

SNIP. *(to SERVANTS)* Now form a line—I want you hall to hear what I've got to say. Now, silence! horder !—Now then, about this subject of servants' percentages !

SERVANTS. Hear! hear !

SNIP. Silence—horder! I have been thinking seriously about the subject, and I have come to the conclusion that percentages and perquisites are utterly wrong.

SERVANTS. Oh, oh!

SIR L. *(a little back)* Hear, hear, hear!

SNIP. Silence there—horder! *(to SERVANTS)* Servants as have a comfortable 'ome and a hindulgent master, hought to be content with their situations in life.

SERVANTS. Shame, shame!

SIR L. Hear, hear!

SNIP. Horder— silence !—Now, look here, once for all—we are not going to have any more perquisites whatsomdever. I know your tricks, every one of you, from old Nobbler down to young Snatcher, and it's no use trying it on; for in the words of that popular song, " You won't get over me." Remember, I am the master of this 'ouse!

SERVANTS. *You, master!*

NOBB. What the deuce does he mean ?

CLIP. Why, if it isn't for all the world like Lord Murphy and the baked-tatur man!

SNIP. Now, be off to your duties—and mind for the future I won't have you do anything but duties.

NOBB. But won't you explain all this, sir?

SNIP. Certainly not; any servant asking me for an explanation will be instantly discharged without a character!

SIR L. (*aside*) Well, this is a conversion, indeed ! I only meant to cure him of his romantic folly ; but I see I have killed two birds with one stone. I'll give him the rein a little further and see how far he'll go. *Exit, SIR L., door, c.*

SNIP. (*to SERVANTS, who are talking together*) Did you hear me horder you to retire, or, in language more suited to your limited capabilities, hook it ?

SERVANTS *exeunt, door L., all but CLIPPER—Noise outside—NOBBLER yells.*

SNIP. (*crossing to door, L., and calling*) I tell you what it is, Nobbler, if I catch you tumbling down stairs again I'll prosecute you for damaging my hancestral bannisters.

CLIP. Ah! Augustus, has it all indeed come true ?

SNIP. Who are you calling Augustus ? Keep your distance, young woman, and know your place.

CLIP. Didn't you say that if ever you turned out to be a duke, my place should be beside you as your duchess—you surely ain't going to cry off now ?

SNIP. Circumstances halter cases, young woman; and circumstances over which I have no control compel me to seek a partner in my own spear of life.

CLIP. Oh, Augustus ! I didn't think you'd have treated me like this. I'm sure if I had turned out to be anybody, I should never have deserted you. (*crying*)

SNIP. That would have been a different case haltogether. There, don't go crying about the drawing room and spoiling my best carpet.

Enter Miss EMILY, door C, from L.

EMILY. Papa, dear, I want to ask you—eh! what's this ?

SNIP. Hah, there she is! a lovely female in my own walk of

life, (*going to her*) Miss Hemily, I hoffer you my 'and and my 'art.

CLIP. (*screams*) The wretch !

EMILY. Is the man mad ? How dare you ?

SNIP. Lovely Hemily, I hadore you. Say, will you be mine ? (*goes on his knees to her and takes her hand*)

EMILY. Help! help! (*screams and goes to bell, dragging SNIPPER across the floor on his knees—rings bell*)

Enter SIR LEICESTER.

SIR L. What's the matter? Holloa! you audacious rascal. (*taking him by the ear and pulling him up*)

SERVANTS *run in, door* L.

SNIP. Here, come, I say, a man ain't going to have his ears pulled in his own drawing room.

SIR L. *Your* own drawing room ? Enough of this! To teach you a lesson which you stood in need of, I condescended to practise a deception upon you. I have proved that, if placed in my position, you would take the same view of perquisites and percentages as I do. But the joke has gone a little too far, when it leads you to insult my daughter.

SNIP. Then haven't I turned out anybody after all ?

CLIP. Then he's not a long-lost anything in disguise ! Oh! Augustus!

SNIP. Ah, Miss Clipper, I always said as you were the only woman I ever loved. By-the-bye, how much did you say you had got in the Post Office Savings' Bank.

CLIP. Quite enough with what you've got, to realize the dream of my existence, and take that little corner public house, doing goodness knows how many barrels a month.

SNIP. Come to my arms, my Clipper! That snug corner public house shall be a bower of bliss—a cave of harmony!

NOBB. And I'll come and take the chair at your harmonic meetings. We're not going to be parted after the years we've spent together.

SNIP. A bargain ! And if our kind friends, the public, will patronize our little establishment, we hope, by strict attention to business-----

CLIP. And serving a first-rate article, and giving good measure—real half pints and no twopenny glasses, and setting our faces sternly against the pernicious system of percentages and perquisites-----

SNIP. To merit a continuance of those favours which we have always received from your hands, both UPSTAIRS AND DOWNSTAIRS.

Curtain.