

# WHO IS WHO?

OR,

# ALL IN A FOG!

**A Farce.**

IN ONE ACT.

BY

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*(Member of the Dramatic Author's Society.)*

AUTHOR OF

Old Gooseberry, Ici on Parle Francais, Turn Him Out, The Peep-Show Man, The Better Half, My Wife's Maid, Larkins' Love Letters, The Trials of Tompkins, Jack's Delight, An Ugly Customer, Nursey Chickweed, On and Off, A Race for a Widow, I've written to Brown, Peace and Quiet, Ruth Oakley, Gossip, Truth and Fiction, Cruel to be Kind, The Silent System, A Charming Pair, The Little Sentinel, The Desert Flower, Little Daisy, My Dress Boots, Pipkin's Rustic Retreat, Found in a Four-Wheeler, Tweedleton's Tail-Coat, My Turn Next, The Volunteer Review, or, the Little Man in Green, The Lion Slayer, or, Out for a Prowl, Who's to win him? A Silent Protector, Flo's First Frolic, One too many for him, Dandelion's Dodges, A Cure for the Fidgets, &c. &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

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## WHO IS WHO?

*First performed at the Royal Surrey Theatre (under the management of Mrs. Charles Pitt), on Saturday, October 16th, 1869.*

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### Characters.

MR. SIMONIDES SWANHOPPER (a }  
"model Young Bachelor."—*First Low* } Mr. JOHN MURRAY.  
Comedy }  
LAWRENCE LAVENDER (a " Valet }  
from Mayfair")—*Eccentric Light Comedy* } Mr. ALFRED LILLY.  
MR. BLOOMFIELD BRAMBLETON }  
(a Country Gentleman) } Mr. C. F. MARSHALL.  
CICELY (*Brambleton's Daughter*) ... Miss CLARA SHELLY.  
MATILDA JANE (a " superior" Housemaid) Miss H. COVENEY.

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### Scene.—INTERIOR OF BRAMBLETON HALL.

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TIME.—PRESENT DAY.

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### Costumes.

SWANHOPPER.—Plain dark set of tweeds, pot hat, pouch slung at his waist.

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

BRAMBLETON.—*First Dress*: Dressing gown, smoking cap, &c. *Second Dress*: Green coat, buff waistcoat, &c. (*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 a la mode; very " killing" get up.

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SCENE.—*A Parlour in an old-fashioned Country House; door in flat at back; two doors, R, two doors, L.; at back, R. of entrance, a fireplace with looking-glass over chimney-piece; chairs, table, pictures, dc.; against wall, in a conspicuous position, a sofa; in front of fireplace, a footstool.*

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 victimize *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!* (*impatiently*) Matilda Jane, where's my daughter?

M. JANB. (*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 JUNE'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. (*consequentially*) 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 *himpression* !

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—consequentially*) I ain't a going to run—it ain't a housemaid's place to run!

*Exit, consequentially, 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 *whiskers*!

*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.—she speaks pompously, and gives himself all the recognised airs of a "gentleman's gentleman."—He*

*carries a short cane in one hand, and a small portmanteau on 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-garicultural*, butane—*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 *h'affable* 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 Jupiter, I *ham* done up, and no mistake! My late master, the Marquis of Rattlebrain, did go the pace so *confoundedly*, that I was *obleeged* to give him up 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 *salonbrious* part of the country, where I might *rustify* a little, previous to *resoomin'* the service of the British *harri-stocracy*. (*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 waistcoat, &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, *Laburnum*, 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!  
 BKAMBLE.(*mysteriously*) But, stop a bit—

(BRAMBLETON rises, and, with mysterious gestures, approaches door L. on tip-toe—LAVENDER in a state of bewildered surprise, risen 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.*

CICELY. (*as she enters*) The blueroom'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—returning 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 tustle fur portmanteau takes place*)

LAV. Well, if you really mean it-----(*suddenly leaves go of portmanteau, so that BRAMBLETON is precipitated against table-alarmed*) Beg 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—footing 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, dumbfounded*) *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 forehead*) Strikes me the *gub'nor's* a little hofuscated in the *hupper* story. I—I'm a superior sort of *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 eyeglass*) 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 *h'out o' the way* part of the world—eh, my little dairymaid ?

CIC. (*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—dooced pity! (*followingher 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.—LAVENDER *perceiving* BRAMBLETON, *hastily withdraws a few paces from* CICELY.

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

LAV. (*consequentially*) 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*) Thorough-bred little cweechar; she'd be a ornament to May-fair— she would, 'pon honor!

*Re-enter* MATILDA JANE *at back, c.*

M. JANE. (*looking admiringly at* LAVENDER) There he is! how *noble* is his *hatitoodt*! (*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 luuch 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 *Havannaks*, 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, *May-fair* 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 haffections 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 out 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 the 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 manservant;—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.*

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 Swan-hoppers!

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. (*chuffly*) 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—chuffly*) Now then, Robert Bruce—no I mean *Bobhopper*—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 I 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 blacking 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 blacking 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!

SWANHOPPEE *starts, looks up, and 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.*

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*) Halloa! 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 w[redacted] to him!

SWAN. (*who has manfully 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 hoot 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 shew 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, it.*) Never! never! never!

*Exit, R. 1 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 idea does me proud, and grateful to you, I *ham*, for *hever henter*taining 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 *h*independent *h*orgin, 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 *many-whack*—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 wan't 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'am 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 tie 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 other 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 feelins is too 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 table, jams it fiercely on his head, and makes for door—writh 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 take a *humextinguishable* 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, eir, for a young 'ousemaid to be *nipped* in the bud ! Exit, L.

BRAMBLE. (*alone—in a tone of calm bewilderment*) Let me endeavour 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 I'm all in a fog !

Re-enter LAVENDER, C.

LAV. (*angrily*) Aw—aw—in the Aindignation 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 slick*) 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) turt 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 recommencing*) 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 !

**Curtain.**