



# OUR NEW MAN.

*A Farce,*

IN ONE ACT.

BY

W. E. SUTER,

AUTHOR OF

The Pirates of the Savannah, Idiot of the Mountain, Syren of Paris,  
Angel of Midnight, Old House on the Bridge, Outlaw of the  
Adriatic, Sarah's Young Man, A Quiet Family, John  
Wopps, Rifle Volunteer, Brother Bill and Me,  
Highwayman's Holiday, Accusing  
Spirit, First Love,  
&c. &c.

THOMAS H A I L E S L A C Y,  
89, STRAND, LONDON.

OUR NEW MAN.

*Versions of this Farce have been performed as "The Waiter of Cremorne," and "The Waiter of the Eagle Tavern."*

Characters.

Surrey Theatre. Eagle Theatre.

MR. ANDREW MUDDLE-

BANK ..... Mr. VOLLAIR. Mr. T. JACKSON.  
(First Old Man.)

ALEXANDER JOHNSON Mr. A. TAPPING. Mr. G. GILLETT.  
(Light Comedy.)

JENKINS (a *Waiter from  
Cremorne*) ..... MR. WIDDICOMB. Mr. G. CONQUEST  
(Low Comedy.)

MRS. MUDDLEBANK ... Mrs.M.BROOKES. Miss M. BREWE  
(Soubrette or Second Comedy.)

**Costumes:—MODERN.**

MUDDLEBANK.—Body coat, light cravat, brown trousers, grey hair.

JOHNSON.—Walking suit, moustache.

JENKINS.—Shabby black coat, white waistcoat, black trousers, white stockings and pumps.

MRS. MUDDLEBANK—Neat morning dress.

[Mr. Lacy's List.]

## OUR NEW MAN.

SCENE.—*An Apartment, carpeted and well furnished—doors, L. 1 E. and L. 2 E.— door, R. 1 E.—door, C., on each side of which is a buffet—table, L. C., forward—a small table, R., forward—chairs, &c.*

*Enter* ANDREW MUDDLEBANK (*in morning gown*), *door R.*

MUDDLE. Betsy! Betsy!

*Enter* MRS. MUDDLEBANK, *door L. 2 E.*

MRS. M. I have paid your Betsy, and sent her off about her business.

MUDDLE. Good gracious! why? Impossible to have a better female servant.

MRS. M. She was too saucy and too lazy, and with too much crinoline. Besides, I have made up my mind to have a male domestic.

MUDDLE. What, a real live footman! gracious! But even then, you would also require a female maid-of-all-work, because there are matters about a house which—

MRS. M. My aunt is to send me one to-day.

MUDDLE. A maid of—

MRS. M. NO, a man-of-all-work; because there are matters about a house which—

MUDDLE. Yes, but—

MRS. M. And a man servant would be useful to my cousin Alexander.

MUDDLE. Without wishing to be at all disrespectful, perhaps you will allow me to say—I wish the devil had your cousin Alexander.

MRS. M. I desire, Mr. Muddlebank, that you will speak in different terms of my relations. He came to pay us a short visit—

MUDDLE. Yes, eight months ago, and here he is now. 'Tis my opinion that he will stay and die here, and be buried under the hearth-rug.

MRS. M. He is charming society.

MUDDLE. Very! always in the way. Bolt upright between us two, like a party-wall.

MRS. M. Well, what of that?

MUDDLE. Why, that it is very disagreeable that there should always be three of us. (*romantically*) If, at least, when the fair Phoebe—

MRS. M. Who is she?

MUDDLE. The moon—descends on the horizon!

MRS. M. Don't talk nonsense, Mr. Muddlebank. Why were you calling Betsy just now?

MUDDLE. For my shaving water; but as she is gone—

MRS. M. I will manage that for you. *Exit, door L. 2 E.*

MUDDLE. (*after assuring himself that he is alone*) Oh! is there anybody who, looking at me, would say, "That man is a guilty wretch!" And yet I am—that is, I was, three months ago. (*to audience*) Swear to be secret, and I'll tell you all about it. On a wretched Sunday in last July, a day most sublimely beautiful, and tremendously hot, I went—unaccompanied alas! by Mrs. M.—and dined with my friend Gobbles. After dinner Gobbles fell fast asleep, and I strolled out for a ride up and down the river. Oh! I was rather flushed with wine, and I dropped in at Cremorne—you know Cremorne—everybody knows Cremorne. I walked about the grounds, and beheld a charming creature—in fact, a considerable number of charming creatures; but *my* charming creature I addressed, and invited her to partake of some refreshment, and soon discovered that she had a partiality for rum-and-water. We sat down in a box, my head burned, and I suggested that we should tea, and the consequence was that we—we *tead*. Suddenly I thought of Mrs. M., and the tea scalded my throat, and I fled, leaving behind me my silver snuff-box, with a donkey's head chiselled on it—and, of course, I am chiselled out of it. I have told Mrs. M. that I forgot it at a friend's house—alas! ever since I drank that tea I have been full of remorse—my appetite is gone, my sleep is full of horrors, for in my dreams I always see the waiter at Cremorne, who, with a plate of shrimps in his hand, advances to my bedside, exclaiming, "Shrimps for two, sir!" Oh, cursed be the day I ordered shrimps for two!

*Enter ALEXANDER JOHNSON, door L. 1 E.*

ALEXANDER. Ah! there you are!

MUDDLE. (*aside*) Oh! here's the cousin! it must, then, be near breakfast time.

ALEX. Good morning, cousin.

MUDDLE. (*pettishly*) Yes, no doubt, pretty well, thank you, I am waiting for my shaving water.

ALEX. I thought I should have found breakfast ready.

MUDDLE. (*aside*) There, didn't I say so? (*aloud*) No, not yet—Mrs. Muddlebank has just discharged Betsy, so—

ALEX. Well, make haste ; I have been smoking a cigar, and it has given me an enormous appetite.

MUDDLE. Oh, you smoke, do you? (*aside*) That's what my wife won't allow me to do !

*Enter* MRS. MUDDLEBANK, *door* L. 2. E., *small shaving pot in her hand, down* C.

MRS. M. Here is your hot water.

MUDDLE. (R., *taking it*) Thank you, my love !

MRS. M. NOW, make haste, go and shave.

ALEX. (L.) Yes, do, go and shave.

MUDDLE. (*aside*) I wish I could shave you out of the house—I am in such a rage—boiling ! but I must go, for my water is getting cold. *Exit, door* R.

ALEX. Well, cousin—

MRS. M. Alexander, before you leave us, here is a little keepsake for you.

ALEX. Indeed!

MRS. M. (*taking a cigar case from her pocket*) See, you horrid smoker.

ALEX. (*taking it*) How kind! a cigar case, with my cipher embroidered on it!

MRS. M. Hush! my husband must not know, for I have forbidden him to smoke.

ALEX. (*opening case*) Regalias! (*solemnly*) I will smoke them in a foreign land.

MRS. M. And you really leave us soon ?

ALEX. In a few days—carrying with me the delicious remembrance of that July Sunday afternoon when you consented to take a walk with me, and we strolled up and down the King's-road and dropped in at Cremorne.

MRS. M. Hush ! if my husband heard, he is so—

ALEX. Never mind him, he is shaving; we sat down alone, together, in a quiet box—

MRS. M. NO harm with my cousin—only, my husband, he is so—

ALEX. We partook of refreshment, and suddenly you started to your feet, looking full of alarm !

MRS. M. A voice which I had just heard, in the box next to ours!

ALEX. NO, no ! it was only the waiter who also attended us, who was saying, " Shrimps for two, sir ?"

MRS. M. Oh! no, no ! that was not it; but whose was that voice which so terrified me, I cannot say, but it was not strange to me, I am certain of that.

ALEX. At any rate, up you jumped, and away you ran, and I scampered after you—

JENKINS *appearing, door c., a bundle under his arm.*

JENKINS. May a body come in?

MRS. M. (R.) What is it?

JENK. (C.) If you please, mum, is this—stop a minute, I have got the address ; *(taking a paper from his packet)* Wait till I smuthe it out. *(reads)* " Mrs. Muddyhead—"

MRS. M. What!

JENK. NO! M-u-ed, mud, mud ; la, what a stick-in-the-mud I am! it's Muddlebank, Mrs. Muddlebank, No. 12, Round Street—

MRS. M. I am sure I have seen your face somewhere!

ALEX. And so have I!

JENK. *(advancing)* Then you must have seen me with it, for my face has never been out without me, as I knows on. But wait, here's some more; *(reading)* "If Mrs. M. isn't at home, speak to her husband, Mr. M., who lives at the same place;" that's all. No, here's something else, *(reading)* " But if they are both out, there'll be no occasion to speak to neither on 'em ;" that's all. No, stop, here's something else. *(reads)* " If you don't knock at the door, ring the bell;" the door was open, so I took the liberty to walk in ; that's all. No, stop, here's something else. *(reads)* " If it should happen that there's nobody at home, it will be because they are all out!" *(refolding paper)* Please can you tell me where Mrs. Ruddlebaik lives?

MRS. M. I am Mrs. Muddlebank !

JENK. Law ! *(taking off his hat and bowing)* I hope you find yourself pretty well, mum.

MRS. M. What is it you want?

JENK. If you please, mum, your aunt examined me, and then she said I should do for a male-servant.

MRS. M. Ah! I was expecting you—

JENK. I can have a good character from Mr. E. T. Smith.

MRS. M.

ALEX. What!

JENK. Yes, mum—I was a waiter at Cremorne.

MRS. M. *(aside)* Oh! now I remember him—

ALEX. *(aside)* Now I know—'tis the fellow that—

*(they quickly turn their backs towards JENKINS, concealing their faces with their handkerchief)*

JENK. *(to Mrs. MUDDLEBANK)* I was always considered an obliging and attentive young man at Cremorne—could attend to half a dozen boxes at once—eh !—*(aside)* she's got the tooth-ache!— *(aloud, with feeling)* Poor creature, it's a awful pain! *(turning towards ALEXANDER)* I was always considered very

sternly and virtuous at Cremorne!—(*aside*) And he's got the toothache too—two toothaches—I s'pose the house is damp. (*aloud to ALEXANDER*) Sir, I can tell you some stuff that will cure it directly—it's a simple mixture—have it out.

ALEX. (*getting towards door C., concealing his face*) Thank you—thank you. *Exit, door C.*

JENK. (*following him to door c.*) That stuff is sure to cure you. (*Mrs. MUDDLEBANK hurries across to door L. 1. E.*)

JENK. (*turning towards where Mrs. MUDDLEBANK has been standing*) 'Tis a very simple mixture—

MRS. M. (*concealing her face*) Very well!—you will find the breakfast-cloth and things there. (*pointing to buffet at back, L. C.*)

JENK. Yes, mum.

MRS. M. (*aside*) Ah, yes! (*hurrying across to door, R.*) I will go and tell Mr. Muddlebank to send him away directly.

JENK. (*L. C.*) Stop a minute, please, mum; where's the kitchen?

MRS. M. There! (*points to door, L. 2E., and hurries off door, R.*)

JENK. It's all right, I'm engaged! (*places his bundle on buffet, R. C.*) The missus is quite taken with me, I can see that, so of course the master will have to be pleased too! (*while speaking he opens his bundle—takes out and puts on a sleeved waistcoat*) I think this place will suit me, the people are well off—I like rich people! In the first place, because they are rich—and next, because they have got money! Missus told me to lay the cloth. (*takes cloth from back and spreads it on table, forward, L. C.*) I don't ask much to be comfortable in a situation—(*taking plates and wiping them*)—only good wages, good eating and drinking, a good bed to lie on, and that I may sleep my ten hours comfortably—with leave to go out for two hours every evening, and all day on Sunday—and that's why I left Cremorne—'cause running about in the open grounds was too much confinement. As for the work, I don't make much trouble of that—'cause if there is much on it, I don't do it. I am a steady young man, free from the wices of my sex—not at all addicted to running after the gals—and certainly, being a good-looking young fellow, I had plenty of temptation when I lived with Mr. E. T. Smith—it was rather hot there, I can tell you! But I was blind to all, except my duties—served my customers without looking at them. I might have served my own wife without knowing it—only I couldn't, because I haven't got a wife, in consequence of being a single young man! (*melancholily*) Ah! it isn't a wife I am looking after—no; my existence is elevated to a different hexpedition—I'm a—looking after my father! I'm a love-child—a child of chance—anybody's child—(*wiping his eyes*)—nobody's child! By dint of per-

severance, I have discovered two precious pieces of hinformation—I was twenty-six years old when my father was born—no ; that's wrong, it was wicey-wersy—his Christian name was Andrew, and his height was a yard and a half and two furlongs—no, two nails, I mean—so that, whenever I meet with a Andrew, out comes this—*(bringing from his pocket a red ribbon, similar to a tailor's measure)*—and I measure him ! Yesterday, I met with a Andrew, in Shoreditch, and I measured him; but, heartless wretch! he was only a yard and a quarter—so he fell short of being my father. *(taking plates)* I'm always in trouble—a careful young man, but I'm always breaking something. *(drops a plate and breaks it)* There! didn't I tell you so ! never mind—if they don't see, they won't know, *(picks up pieces of plate and puts them in his pockets)* Mr. E. T. Smith used to make me pay for breakages, so I never had any wages to take all the while I was there—and owed him a good deal when I left! Now I must go to the kitchen—*(going towards door, L. 2. E.)*—and I'll be careful; but I'm sure to break a lot of things, I'm so nervous—and if they haven't got a cat here, whatever shall I do ! ( *Exit, door L. 2. E.—and immediately is heard a smash of crockery—without*) There! I knew how it would be!

*Enter MUDDLEBANK, door R., dressed.*

MUDDLE. Yes, yes, I'll soon get rid of the fellow, very soon! *(with satisfaction)* At last my wife has recognized my authority—I asserted my rights, and Betsy is to return. Now, where is this new man-servant, that I may bundle him out. *(calling)* Here ! you—what's-your-name ?—halloa, halloa!

*Enter JENKINS, door L. 2. E., hastily, a plate of shrimps in his hand.*

JENK. S'trimps for two, sir! *(places them on table—MUDDLEBANK utters a cry, staggers back, and falls into arm chair, R.)*

MUDDLE. *(aside)* Heavens, that voice—those shrimps ! it's the waiter at Cremorne! *(hastily produces his handkerchief and covers his face with it)*

JENK. *(aside, L. c.)* It's the master ! *(turning and seeing him with his handkerchief to his face)* He, too! it seems that everybody here is cutting their teeth—I wonder how it was they didn't do it when they was younger.

MUDDLE. *(aside)* That man here—I am lost! Oh, if my wife knew ! what a dreadful position!

JENK. *(aside)* Now's the time to present my respects.

MUDDLE. *(aside)* If I could but send him away before he recognizes me.

JENK. *(bowing)* Mr. Muddy—Muddlebank—



MUDDLE. (*aside*) My name! he knows me! (*withdrawing his handkerchief and rising*)

JENK. (*with an amiable smile*) If you would be pleased to accept—

MUDDLE. (*aside*) He looks as much as to say, I've got you!

JENK. (*walking up to MUDDLEBANK, who retreats*) My humble endeavours—

MUDDLE. (*aside*) After all, he has got no proof—

JENK. YOU will find me a steady and—

MUDDLE. (*aside*) And so, I'll bundle him—

JENK. And careful—

MUDDLE. (*aside*) Out!

JENK. Servant! (*aside as MUDDLEBANK is fidgetting about*) He can't keep his legs still—got the pins and needles in his arms, I suppose. (*with feeling*) Poor man, that's the tooth ache!

MUDDLE. (*advancing resolutely towards him*) My good friend, I am very sorry, but we shouldn't suit each other!

JENK. Why not? I'm a steady and careful—

MUDDLE. Yes, but at my age, we need to be nursed, and—

JENK. Well, I'll nurse you, and put you to bed, and tuck you up as you shan't fall out—I've been used to drunken people.

MUDDLE. Eh? you misunderstand—you would be no substitute for a wife's attentions, so—

JENK. NO, certainly, I can't be your wife, but I'll be a mother to you!

MUDDLE. (R. C.) NO, no, you won't do, so you must go; (*aside*) for the rascal has no proof that—

JENK. (*piqued*) Oh, well, you're the master, and—but I must confess, I didn't expect this; I made sure of stopping here.

MUDDLE. (*aside*) Hear that, the scoundrel!

JENK. (*producing and mechanically tapping on a snuff-box*) Hiring a man servant by the hour isn't exactly the sort of thing—and if I chose to be spiteful—

MUDDLE. (*aside*) Gracious! (*seeing snuff-box*) my snuff-box! there's the donkey's head! he has a proof!

JENK. (*crossing towards door, R.*) You will allow me to say good bye to missus? I must tell her, and when she knows that—

MUDDLE. (*running to JENKINS and bringing him back*) No, no, stay (*aside*)—I am in his clutches—for if he were to tell my wife! (*aloud*) I was only joking—you will suit me very well—I engage you!

JENK. (*astonished*) Eh? you're sure you ain't joking now?

MUDDLE. YOU know very well that I can't do otherwise.

JENK. You mean you can't do better; no more you can't! for when a young man has been waiter at Cremorne—

MUDDLE. *{(rightened)}* Hold your tongue; say nothing about that, especially before my wife.

JENK. Ah, I understand! *(aside)* I belong now to a moral and virtuous 'ouse.

MUDDLE. *(aside)* What can I say to Mrs. M. now ? and how purchase this fellow's silence ?

JENK. Master, I want to ask you a question; do servants have to pay for breakages here ?

MUDDLE. Yes !

JENK. *(vexed)* Oh, then, if that's the case—

MUDDLE. *(quickly)* I mean—no—just as you please !

JENK. AS I please; then I shan't pay nothing, and I may as well tell you that—*(brings the pieces of plate from his pockets, and puts them one by one into MUDDLEBANK'S hands)*

MUDDLE. What! my plates !

JENK. Don't begin to grumble yet; there's only two of them there ; wait till I've been here a week !

MUDDLE. *(aside)* Pleasant! *(aloud)* Yes, yes, break away, as fast as you like! *(aside)* the vagabond !

JENK. *(aside)* How different to Mr. E. T. Smith ! This here is a nice old man ! *(aloud)* When are you going to have breakfast?

MUDDLE. (R.) Plenty of time; I am not hungry.

JENK. (L. C.) Well, now, I'm sorry for that, 'cause I am, and I suppose you wouldn't like me to breakfast till after you have had yours ! *(mechanically he has taken, out snuff-box and is again tapping it)*

MUDDLE. *(aside)* The wretch wants to breakfast before his master!

JENK. Only I used to have my breakfast early when I was at Cremorne!

MUDDLE. Hush ! don't!

JENK. 'Cause I had to go into the gronnds and clean out the boxes!

MUDDLE. Will you be quiet ? sit down there, and eat!

JENK. What do you say ?

MUDDLE. *(flopping JENKINS into chair, L. of table)* Swallow, and stop your mouth!

JENK. *(aside)* This here situation will suit me, I can see that! *(MUDDLEBANK puts a napkin under his arm, and waits upon JENKINS)*

MUDDLE. What would you like to—

JENK. Shove here them s'rimps will you, and let's have some coffee! *(MUDDLEBANK. hurries off, door L. 2. E., and returns with coffee-pot —his mouth full)* I like the ways of this house uncommonly! Now pour it out, will you? *(MUDDLEBANK commences to fill JENKINS'S cup)* How good of you to wait on me

yourself; you are serving me now, just as I used to serve the customers when I was with Mr. E. T. Smith! *(the coffeepot slips from MUDDLEBANK'S hand, falling on to table, and scalding JENKINS'S fingers, who jumps up, roaring and stamping, and pelts MUDDLEBANK with shrimps, pieces of bread, lumps of sugar, &c. MUDDLEBANK at length seizes JENKINS, and forces him back into chair, so concealing him as MRS. MUDDLEBANK enters, door R.)*

MRS. M. Well, Mr. Muddlebank, is he gone?

MUDDLE. *(starting away from JENKINS)* Ah!

MRS. M. *(seeing JENKINS and starting)* Ah!

JENKINS. *(lying back in his chair and thrusting his hands into his pockets)* Ah!

MRS. M. *(aside)* He has recognized me, and before my husband!

MUDDLE. *(forcing a laugh)* Ha, ha, ha! You see the poor fellow was very hungry, so I—

JENK. Yes, I was very hungry, so he—*(shouting)* bring us some more wittles, master!

MUDDLE. *(R. of table)* Ha, ha! so you see Caroline, I—

JENK. *(L. of table, seated)* Yes, ha, ha! that's all about it, Caroline! *(MUDDLEBANK signs in terror to JENKINS to be quiet)*

MRS. M. Well there is no harm in that. *(crossing to JENKINS)* Eat away, my dear friend!

MUDDLE. *(R., aside, astonished)* Eh!

JENK. *(aside)* Calls me her dear friend! *(aloud)* Oh, missus, what a different woman you are to Mr. E. T. Smith!

MRS. M. Hush! for heaven's sake! but you have nothing to eat. Is there anything you would prefer?

JENK. Yes; a rasher of streaky bacon!

MUDDLE. Streaky bacon; yes, yes! *(runs off, door L. 2 E., Mus. MUDDLEBANK hurries to buffet—MUDDLEBANK returns down R.)* There isn't any bacon!

MUDDLE. *(down, R.)* There isn't any bacon!

MRS. M. *(coming forward, c.)* But we'll run and get some.

JENK. Yes, do! *(both are going, door c.)* No, stop! I'll make shift with some 'am!

MRS. M. *(running forward—aside to JENKINS)* Not a word before my husband! *(goes to buffet)*

JENK. Eh?

MUDDLE. *(running to JENKINS)* Not a syllable before my wife! *(runs back to R.)*

JENK. Eh?

MRS. M. *(C.—bringing forward a plate of biscuits)* Try these—they are very good.

MUDDLE. *(R.—aside)* How partial my wife is to male domestics!

JENK. NO ; fetch me some brandy, I have got a pain in my—

MRS. M. Yes, yes! (*both run to buffet, knocking against*

MUDDLE. *each other*)

MRS. M. Awkward man !

MUDDLE. Clumsy woman!

JENK. YOU don't understand waiting—you should go to

MRS. M. } *Cremorne!*

MUDDLE. } (*starting*) Oh!

JENK. Look alive! (*putting his hand on his stomach*) It's getting worser !

MRS. M. (*running about*) What have you done with the brandy ?

MUDDLE. (*running about*) I hope you haven't drunk it all ?

MRS. M. (*running across, and off at door, R.*) There never was such a stupid man !

MUDDLE. (*running across, and off at door, L. 1 E.*) There never was such a careless woman!

(*JENKINS lies on his back in his chair, crosses his legs and thrusts his hands into his pockets*)

JENK. This is the best situation I ever had in my life—such a nice easy place—except for master and missus ! Only one says, " not a word"—and the other says " not a synabble"—and what that means, I don't know !

*Enter ALEXANDER, hastily, door c.*

ALEX. Ah, there you are! I was looking for you !

JENK. (*rising*) What would you please to take, sir?

ALEX. (R.) Young man, which shall it be, shall I give you money, or shall I break your neck !

JENK. (L. C.) That's an important question, and I must have time for consideration.

ALEX. In a word, am I to buy you or kill you ?

JENK. Buy me and kill me? (*aside*) He wants to sell me to the sausage shops!

ALEX. YOU must leave this place.

JENK. Oh, yes ! catch me giving up a place where the master and missus does all the work.

ALEX. Well, but listen to me. (*in drawing out his pocket handkerchief he drops the cigar case*)

JENK. (*picking it up*) You have tumbled something down.

ALEX. My cigar-case, (*taking and kissing it*) She has embroidered it for me—here is my initial—Oh, angel! (*kissing case*)

JENK. O don't stand for hangel. (*aside*) This chap don't know his letters!



ALEX. NOW, young fellow. (*slapping him lightly on the back*) Listen!

JENK. (*dealing him a heavy blow*) Don't strike me!

ALEX. Oh! (*aside*) And I dare not resent—to dare to strike me!

JENK. I don't like to be knocked about—I ain't been used to it.

ALEX. I ask you only to keep your lips closed.

JENK. Then how am I to eat my wittles?

ALEX. And soon you must go away, must return to—

JENK. I shan't go back to Cremorne, I know!

ALEX. (*with his foot touching JENKINS slightly on the leg*) Hush!

JENK. (*giving ALEXANDER a heavy kick*) Don't kick me!

ALEX. Oh, oh! (*aside*) To kick me ! and I dare not—(*to JENKINS*) YOU—you are a perfect savage!

JENK. (L. C.) It's 'cause I've got a pain in my—

ALEX. (R. C. *aside*) I am boiling over, and dare not murder him ! (*to JENKINS, endeavouring to subdue his rage*) You shall be well rewarded, but you—you must obey me—must—must do as I tell you—must—(*to himself, ejaculating*) Strike me! strike me! (*JENKINS deals him two heavy blows*)

ALEX. Ah, ah, again! Wretch, you take a base advantage of—of—but I—I—

JENK. What are you grumbling at? You told me to do it.

ALEX. Eh? ah! I see — (*aside*) what an idiot!—(*to JENKINS*) Well, you might, this time, but before—when you—you—(*to himself ejaculating*) Kick me! kick me! (*JENKINS gives him two tremendous kicks—ALEXANDER retreats to R.—JENKINS goes to L. of table ; sits and thrusts his hands into his pockets*)

ALEX. YOU wretch !—you villain !

JENK. (*aside*) This chap don't know what he wants. There's no pleasing some people.

ALEX. (R.) YOU are a base, contemptible villain !

JENK. (*jumping up*) Don't rile me ; I've got a pain in my—

ALEX. And I'll murder you ! (*hurrying towards JENKINS*)

JENK. Ah! (*pelts ALEXANDER with the biscuits—ALEXANDER runs off, door c—JENKINS goes up to door c. and throws plate off after him, then strides forward as MRS. MUDDLEBANK enters, door R.*)

MRS. M. (*aside*) Moments are precious, but, ah ! what humiliation !

JENK. (*to himself, L. C.*) What did you go and aggrawate me for, when I've got a pain in my—

MRS. M. (R.C.) Young man! (*JENKINS starts, turns, and sees her*) You know all, and my trouble—my emotion since you have been here—

JENK. (*aside*) Missus has fell in love with me ! Here's a chalice for a rising young man!

MRS. M. It was no harm to—to—

JENK. NO, of course it's no harm to—to—

MRS. M. But my husband is so strange, so jealous and—

JENK. Don't be afraid, I shan't tell him nothing about it.

MRS. M. (*taking JENKINS'S hand with both her own*) Oh, thanks, thanks!

JENK. (*aside, looking at his hand and chuckling*) My eye ! I never had nothing like this at Cremorne !

MRS. M. (*withdrawing her hands*) All here is at your disposal ; you could ask nothing of me that I should refuse.

JENK. Oh! (*wiping his mouth with his sleeve*) In that case, I'll take a—(*about to throw his arms round MRS. MUDDLEBANK*)

MRS. M. (*who has been listening, not perceiving JENKINS'S movements*) Hark! my husband!

JENK. Ah!

(MRS. MUDDLEBANK *hurries off door R.*—JENKINS *hastens to table and pretends to be rubbing it*—MUDDLEBANK *enters door L. 1 E. and goes over to R., not seeing JENKINS*)

MUDDLE. Yes, better send him away, I cannot live thus!

JENK. (*aside*) Poor man, to think that I am about to destroy all his domestic felicity!

MUDDLE. (*R., turning and seeing JENKINS*) Ah, there you are !

JENK. Yes, I believe so.

MUDDLE. YOU have not seen my wife ?

JENK. (*resolutely*) No!

MUDDLE. What did she say to you?

JENK. That we were to have a leg of mutton and turnips for dinner.

MUDDLE. That was all ?

JENK. Yes. (*aside*) To deceive an aged old man—Oh! (*changing his tone*) Certainly though, he's most used up—quite a imbecile!

MUDDLE. Young man, we are bound to each other by a fatal tie.

JENK. (*uneasy*) Cut it, will you ?

MUDDLE. Behold the awful results of a single fault—the only one in my pure married life—

JENK. (*aside*) What's the old ancient been up to ?

MUDDLE. A fault I was endeavouring to forget, when you came to revive its memory.

JENK. (*aside*) Oh! (*with emotion*) can it be that he is my— Oh ! this strange sensation in my bosom—under my waistcoat!

MUDDLE. It was Gobbles' wine!

JENK. (*agitated*) Who's Gobbles ?

MUDDLE. My particular friend, and then—her eyes, so beautifully blue—

JENK. Blue! ah! (*thrusts his hand in his pocket and pulls out his measure*)

MUDDLE. And her voice was so winning—and when I had told her my Christian name—and she called me Andrew—

JENK. Andrew—ah! (*hurries over to MK. MUDDLEBANK, and measures him*)

MUDDLE. What are you about?

JENK. A few nails too short; but that's near enough. 'Tis he—'tis he ! (*throwing his arms round MR. MUDDLEBANK, and embracing him frantically*)

MUDDLE. (*getting away*) What are you about, idiot ?

JENK. (*gazing on him affectionately*) How sweet to hear his tender voice. Oh, you nice old man! (*rushing to, and again and again embracing him*) You uncommon nice old man !

MUDDLE. (*again getting away—aside*) What the devil is the matter with the fellow ?

JENK. Do you know, I think you are very much like me.

MUDDLE. Nonsense, nonsense!

JENK. (*affected*) And I have found you then at last? (*taking his hand*) and you're such a nice old man—(*again embracing him*) such a particularly nice old man. (MUDDLEBANK *again gets away*) I never saw such a nice old man all the while I was at Cremorne.

MUDDLE. Hush ! not a word about *that*—not a word about *her*!

JENK. Yes, we must speak of her sometimes. (*wiping his eyes*) Poor unhappy creature!

MUDDLE. No, no —pray—for if my wife knew—

JENK. Ah yes, I understand! (*with melancholy*) Well, I will be silent—I will endeavour to muzzle my feelings.

MUDDLE. Thank you! thank you !

JENK. But sometimes you—you will let me *squeedge* your hand under the table ?

MUDDLE. What for ?

JENK. What for? (*aside*) Oh, that time should so harden a father's heart.

MUDDLE. (*going up*) But I have a short call to make, so——

JENK. (*running after him*) But it's going to rain—you mustn't go out like that.

MUDDLE. What do you mean ?

JENK. (*bringing an old comforter from, his bundle*) We must take care of you, you know—you're such a nice old man! (*wrapping comforter round him*) there ; tuck in the ends, and button up tight—there ! and stop; let's pull it well over your face, or the rain may get up your nose and give you cold in your *jints*. (*doing as he describes*)

MUDDLE. There, that will do; let me go, will you ?

JENK. One more embrace—you're such a nice old man! (*embraces MUDDLEBANK, who, trying to get away, has his hat forced down over his eyes—MUDDLEBANK blunders off, door c.*)

JENK. (*looking after him*) Oh, now isn't he a remarkably nice old man ? (*coming forward*) And I have found him at last— isn't the ways of nature wonderful; to-day I have found my father, and a lovely woman has fell in love with me, and— (*suddenly*) gracious ! my father's wife—dreadful! the woman that ought to have been my mother—horrible ! and I was about to commit a dreadful tragedy—was about to make my father a—oh, awful!

*Enter MRS. MUDDLEBANK, door R.*

Don't come near me, mum ; don't ask me—impossible ! impossible!

MRS. M. (R.—*going towards him*) What do you mean ?

JENK. (L.—*getting behind an arm chair*) Don't come near me I tell you. I won't—never! never!

MRS. M. YOU take advantage of my situation—

JENK. NO I don't; I won't!

MRS. M. It is paying very dearly for a slight imprudence ; merely for having strolled into the grounds of Cremorne with my cousin Alexander, and for having sat with him for a few minutes in a box that—

JENK. YOU !

MRS. M. YOU know it, for as you waited on us—

JENK. I?

MRS. M. Ah! what! did you not know it then?

JENK. Not a bit about it!

MRS. M. (*breaking out*) How! you did not ? Then (*going up for bundle*) you are discharged; go away directly.

JENK. What for ?

MRS. M. (*returning with bundle*) You have been causing me to tremble, and you knew nothing. (*thrusting bundle into his hands, and pushing him towards C. door*) Be off!

JENK. Well, but—

MRS. M. (*pushing him*) Be off!

JENK. Yes, but—

MRS. M. Be off! (*thrusting JENKINS off, c. door, walking forward to L.*) Thank heaven, I am for ever rid of the fellow! (JENKINS, *his hat on his head, and his bundle under his arm, reappears, C. door*)

JENK. May a body come in ?

MRS. M. YOU are still here ?

JENK. (*advancing, R. c.*) Yes; a sudden thought has struck me! you have discharged me, because I knew nothing!

MRS. M. Well?

JENK. Well, I know everything now!

MRS. M. Ah! you know?

JENK. Certainly! haven't you just told me ?

MRS. M. (*aside*) Oh, heaven ! true!



JENK. (*replacing his bundle*) Shrimps for two, mum!

MRS. M. What is your purpose ?

JENK. To place myself between you and your accomplice, your cousin, (*advancing on MRS. M., she seeks refuge behind a chair*)

MRS. M. Sir!

JENK. When *you* go out, so shall I; when *you* return, so shall I; if *you* take an omnibus, so shall I; if *you* take a bath, so will—no ! the law don't allow it, so I'll wait outside.

*Enter ALEXANDER, C. door, down, R.*

MRS. M. (L.) Oh! Alexander, this man has threatened—

ALEX. (R.) Well, after all, what could he say ?

JENK. *S'rimps* for two, sir—that's all! and I should produce a proof thst was left on the table, when—

BOTH. A proof.

JENK. (*pulling out snuff box and thrusting it under ALEXANDER'S nose*) Behold!

ALEX. (*quietly*) No, thank you, I never take snuff.

JENK. Ah ! (*turning to MRS. M.*) Then it's you! (*some business with snuffbox*) Behold! (MUDDLEBANK *appears, c. door*)

MRS. M. (*snatching snuffbox, and crossing to ALEXANDER*) Ah! my husband's snuff box!

JENK. (L.—*aside*) Oh, I've done it now ! and papa was—

MUDDLE. (*aside*) The villain has betrayed me !

MRS. M. (R. C.—*seeing MUDDLEBANK*) Oh, you are there!

MUDDLE. (*advancing L. of MRS. M.*) Yes, my dear.

JENK. (L. *of MUDDLEBANK*) Papa was in the next box, and it was the wrong box for him.

MRS. M. (*containing herself*) You left this snuff box with a friend ?

JENK. (*aside*) Papa looks about as happy as a fly what's got stuck on a " catch-'em-alive-o."

MRS. M. With what friend, may I ask ?

MUDDLE. With—with—

JENK. (*aside to MUDDLEBANK, prompting him*) With Gubbles.

MUDDLE. (*quickly*) With Gobbles! (*aside to JENKINS*) Thank you, you vagabond!

JENK. (*prompting*) Who dropped in at Cremorne.

MUDDLE. (*repeating*) Who dropped in at Cremorne, and— and sat in a box with—(*getting confused*) with a young girl that— (JENKINS *kicks him slyly*) Oh!

MRS. M. What young girl ?

MUDDLE. (*confused*) A frightful young girl, about eighteen, with dreadful beautiful pink eyes, and a blue hat, and a red feather and— (JENKINS *kicks him again*) Oh !

MRS. M. (*aside*) Mr. Gobbles! It was then his voice that I heard.

JENKS. (*aside, remorsefully*) I have kicked my own father!  
But it was all for his good, so I shall be forgiven!

ALEX. (R.) NOW all is explained, let's go to dinner.

MRS. M. (R. C.) Yes, cousin.

JENK. (*crossing to ALEXANDER*) NO, cousin, remember you have to set off immediately.

ALL THREE. HOW?

ALEX. NO, nothing of the sort.

JENK. Yes you have, because—(in ALEXANDER'S ear) *S'rimps* for two, sir!

ALEX. Yes, yes, he is quite right: I must depart at once.

MUDDLE. (*pleased*) I shall be rid of the cousin.

ALEX. So I'll light a cigar and—

MUDDLE. Happy man! my wife won't allow *me* to—

JENK. Nonsense! she has just embroidered a beautiful cigar case for you.

ALL THREE. Ah!

JENK. (*to ALEXANDER, as before*) *S'rimps* for two, sir!  
(ALEXANDER *hastily gives him cigar case*—JENKINS *laughs, and passes it to MRS. MUDDLEBANK, who presents it to her husband*)

ALEX. (*aside*) Curse him!

MUDDLE. And embroidered with my cipher—A for Andrew—how kind of you!

(MRS. MUDDLEBANK *turns away*—JENKINS *goes to MUDDLEBANK and leads him mysteriously forward, and having observed himself that the others are not observing him, gives him a piece of paper rolled up*)

JENK. Take that and conceal it in your bosom.

MUDDLE. What is it?

JENKS. It's a lock of my hair. (*takes a knife from table and cuts a piece of hair from MUDDLEBANK'S head*)

MUDDLE. What are you about?

JENK. (*aside, extatically*) And I've got a lock of his precious wig. (*embracing MUDDLEBANK*) Oh, you nice old man—oh, you uncommon nice old man! (MUDDLEBANK *breaks away and runs to L.*—MRS. MUDDLEBANK *goes to him*)

MUDDLE. What a remarkably queer man-servant.

JENKS. (*to Audience*) You won't say a word to anybody that that nice old man is my father—I don't want anybody to know that I ever had a father. Mrs. M. wouldn't like it, you know. I can tell you that I feel myself comfortable here, and I mean to stick to this place—that is, if you have no objection to THE NEW MAN.

R. ALEXANDER. JENKINS. MRS. M. MUDDLEBANK. L.

**Curtain.**