

JACK IN THE GREEN;

OR,

HINTS ON ETIQUETTE.

An Original Farce, in the Vulgar Tongue.

BY

MARK LEMON,

AUTHOR OF "GWINNETH VAUGHAN," "HEARTS ARE
TRUMPS," "WHAT WILL THE WORLD SAY,"
"DOMESTIC ECONOMY," &c. &c.

T. HAILES LACY, WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,
LONDON.

906021

*First performed at the Royal Adelphi Theatre, on Thursday,
May 23, 1850.*

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|--------------------------------------|------------------|
| MR. DURHAM .....                     | MR. BOYCE.       |
| JONAS WHITE (a chimney sweep) ....   | MR. P. BEDFORD.  |
| FLUEY (his man) .....                | MR. J. SANDERS.  |
| BOB BRYANSTONE (a small coal dealer) | MR. WRIGHT.      |
| JOHN .....                           | MR. LINTON.      |
| THOMAS .....                         | MR. BROWN.       |
| MISS DURHAM .....                    | MISS E. HARDING. |
| MRS. WHITE .....                     | MRS. LAWS.       |
| EMMA WHITE .....                     | MISS E. CHAPLIN. |

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Time of Representation—50 Minutes.  
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### Costumes.

MR. DURHAM.—Plain morning dress.  
 JONAS WHITE.—Velveteen knee breeches and coat.  
 FLUEY.—Ditto.  
 BRYANSTONE.—*First dress*.—Cord jacket and trousers ;  
 fantail hat. *Second dress*.—Very gaudy waistcoat ; blue  
 coat and brass buttons ; knee breeches, shoes, and  
 gaiters.  
 MISS DURHAM.—*First dress*.—Morning robe. *Second*.—  
 Rich dress.  
 MRS. WHITE.—Common costume of the day  
 EMMA.—Ditto ; gaudy shawl and bonnet.

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## JACK IN THE GREEN.

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### SCENE I.

*Interior of JONAS WHITE'S house. PETER FLUEY is standing on his hands against the wall. JONAS is polishing a brass ladle. EMMA is sewing the leaves on a "Jack in the Green," which is placed on a table R. MRS. WHITE is embroidering a coat with gilt paper L. The tables are covered with pieces of ribbons, coloured paper, &c.*

FLU. I say, master, I think I can walk now.

JON. Then try, Fluey, try ; your legs and arms was given you for that purpose.

FLU. (*walking on his hands*) Look there, governor. Shall I try a flip-flap ?

JON. Try, Fluey, try ; every flip-flap on May-day's worth a ha'penny. (*FLUEY tries, and fails.*) Do it again, Fluey. Perseverance conquers all things.

FLU. Well, gov'nor, I think I'll give over for the present ; I've been standing on my head so long, that the world seems regularly turn'd upside down.

JON. Well, take a turn or two in the yard, Fluey ; or, stay—go and see if the man who plays the orchestra is ready for to-morrow. When he was here this morning, he said that his little boy had stuffed up all the pipes of his mouth-organ with grey peas and cobblers' wax, and he was afraid had spiled the harmony.

FLU. I will, gov'nor, for I hardly know if I stand on my heels or my head. *Staggeres off* L. U. E.

MRS. W. Ah, Fluey is proud of his profession. He has a proper reverence for the first of May, and all its privileges.

JON. You're right, my dear—he's not like some people as I could mention, who thinks chimley sweeping low, and considers small coals and vegetables more haristocratick.

MRS. W. *He* couldn't wear such a thing as this (*holds up the coat*), tho' it's the moral of the sheriff's footman as I saw behind the carriages.

JON. Oh, no ! *he's* too genteel for that, *he* is.

EMMA. Father ! mother ! I wonder you can be so unkind,

I do—Bob Bryanstone don't deserve to be abused, and especially by us, I am sure. Who takes us out on a Sunday in his cart?—Bob Bryanstone. Who, when father was ill, sat up with him night after night?—Bob Bryanstone. Who—

JON. There, there, Emma; I was wrong—your mother was wrong.

MRS. W. No, she wasn't. You may be wrong, if you like, and own it, but I never will.

JON. You never do, my dear.

MRS. W. Mr. Bryanstone is a good fellow enough—at times—but I hate his pride; he doesn't mind being "Jack in the Green," because then he's in fog.

JON. *Incog*, my dear; *cog*, not fog.

MRS. W. Well, it's all the same. So poor old Fluey has been obliged to take to clown, and give up his old part of Jack, because Mr. Bryanstone won't do nothing else. Ain't that true, Emma?

EMMA. Quite, mother; and it is because my dear Bob is going to be Jack in the Green, that not a finger but mine shall stitch a leaf on it.

MRS. W. Oh, there's a herowine for you, Mr. White. I tell you, Hemmar, it's my opinion you stopp'd at that day-school a quarter too long.

EMMA. Never mind, mother. Bryanstone likes me for it—and here he comes.

*Enter BOB BRYANSTONE, door L. 2nd E.*

BRY. Good mornin', Mr. White—good mornin', Mrs. White—Hemma, good mornin'.

EMMA. Good morning. See, I've nearly finished it.

MRS. W. Ah, Mr. Bryanstone, it's a pity you wouldn't give your thoughts to My Lord. (*Shows coat.*) There's a garment, as might have been the coronation robe of George IV.

BRY. I say, Mr. White—I've been thinking—you'll excuse what I'm going to say, though?

JON. Certainly.

BRY. I've been thinking, Mr. White, that since the legislature has put down chimbley sweepers, and helevated your profession into Ramonuring, whether this going out on May-day isn't the wrong side of respectable?

JON. What?

MRS. W. What?

EMMA. Oh, Bryanstone, when I'm to be "my lady."

BRY. Not with my consent, Hemma; I couldn't abear to see you in a frock and trousers, covered with hartificial flowers, and flourishing a brass ladle—I couldn't.

MRS. W. Mr. Bryanstone, if you've come here to set my child—

JON. Hush, my dear, this is a masculine matter. Just listen to me. Hem! Mr. Bryanstone—

BAY. Sir to you.

JON. Among the proudest institutions of this favoured country is—chimbley sweeping—which, when I was a little boy, and swept copper flues, I looked upon as part of our glorious constitution, whatever that may be. Since then innovation has done its work—first, they nail'd brass door plates on to our foreheads—

EMMA. La! father. How cruel!

BRY. Hush, Hemma, he's only flowery.

JON. Then they took away our brushes and scrapers—wiped us out of the London Directory, and made us into Ramoneurers.

BRY. And he prefers sweep, Emma—he objects to your being the daughter of a Ramoneur.

JON. I do. Sweep I was born—sweep I was bred—and sweep I will die.

Mrs. W. Bravo, old man!

JON. Sweeps and the first of May seems as natural as plum pudding on Christmas day, and by that I stands.

BRY. And quite right, Mr. White. But as I'm not a sweep—ramoneurer—now, I can't be blamed if your sooty notions don't suit me.

EMMA. Why not, Bob: what harm can there be in your doing as father does?

Mrs. W. What, indeed! A better man than ever stood in his shoes.

BRY. I've no doubt Lord Montague was told the same thing, Mrs. White.

Mrs. W. And who's Lord Montague, I should like to know?

JON. The only nobleman as was ever know'd to belong to our profession.

BRY. At present, Mrs. White. I—I have been in the line.

Mrs. W. Well, what's that to do with it?

BRY. Do you know my story, Mrs. White?

EMMA. No, Bob, do tell us.

BRY. I'm speaking to your mam—your mother.

Mrs. W. Well, since I must speak, I've heard you were a fondling.

BRY. No, ma'am, not a fondling—I was not left like a basket of game at anybody's door. I don't look upon myself as a fondling—I consider I'm a pledge.

EMMA. A pledge!

BRY. Yes, dear, a pledge of affection, that is some day to be redeemed.

JON. I don't understand you.

BRY. I don't see how you should, at present. You remember old Brown, the kind old fellow as brought me up.

JON. Of course I do; we was fellow 'prentices together.

BRY. Do you know how I came into his possession?

JON. No ; he and me had a quarrel about a chimbley that was on fire, and we never spoke arterwards. How was it ?

BRY. On the 1st of April, 1825, old Brown was crying Sweep ! in Bryanstone Square——

JON. Ah ! we mus'n't cry now.

EMMA. Be quiet, father.

BRY. When a remarkable fine woman appeared on a sudden, holding in her hand a remarkable handsome child.

EMMA. Dear me, how strange—it's as good as a penny novel.

BRY. " My good man," says the remarkable fine woman, " will you keep your eye on the little boy for five minutes ?" pinting at the same time to the remarkable handsome child in her hand. Old Brown agreed to do so.

EMMA. Well, go on.

BRY. Old Brown kept keeping his eye on that child for two and twenty years, for the remarkable fine woman never came to look arter it any more. Mr. White ! Mrs. White ! Emma ! that child stands afore you.

ALL. You !

MRS. W. And who was the wretch of a mother ?

BRY. At present that's like the drainage of London—that's to be found out ; as I couldn't talk, I couldn't tell old Brown my name and direction ; so he called me Bob, after himself, and Bryanstone, after the place of my diskivery.

EMMA. But, Bob, what has that to do with Lord Montague ?

MRS. W. That's what I want to know.

BRY. This : it was always old Brown's opinion, that I'm not in my proper *spear*, and as old Brown left me all he had in the world, I've come in to that opinion into the bargain.

JON. But what made him think so ?

BRY. What ! Why, Brown had swept in the best families, and he always said there was a particular mark about people in high life. Now, I've a particular mark—here, on my right arm.

MRS. W. La, what is it ?

BRY. Why, it's uncommon like a duck and green peas, and that's not a dish for the wulgar.

JON. No, that's rather haristocratick, I acknowledge.

BRY. Every day I looks into the *Times* newspaper, to see if I'm " wanted," but at present nothing's come up to my description. I called in at the public-house next door before I came in, but the paper was in hand ; so, if Hemma wouldn't mind fetching a pot of beer, and borrowing the paper, we can look over it together.

EMMA. I'll go, Bob, with pleasure. La, what fun it would be if you should turn out a real nobleman after all.

*Exit D. L., 2nd E.*

BRY. That's it ; now, you see, Mr. White, what's my reason for not wishing to be " My Lord" on the 1st of May. If

I should take my seat in the House of Peers, I shouldn't like to be called Lord Chummy.

*Re-enter EMMA, with beer and newspaper, at D. L. 2nd E.*

EMMA. Here's the paper, Bob, and the porter.

BRY. Hand that to your parents (*she gives beer to JONAS.*)

JON. Well, my lord, here's wishing you may live till you come into your title and property—ha, ha—(*drinks.*)

BRY. (*reads*) "No door mat to-night"—that's nothing. "Edward, please to send back the key of the tea caddy,"—that's nothing, either. "To Parish Clerks: Wanted, the register of the marriage of William Wiggins, shoemaker, and"—that don't concern me. Eh! what's this? "If the young man who was consigned 25 years ago to the care of an individual in Bryanstone Square,"—that's me; here, give me some porter, (*drinks*) "and who has a singular mark upon the right arm," Duck and green peas is singular! "will be prudent, his claim to title and fortune will be acknowledged. He will hear from—a—friend" (*appears overpowered.*)

EMMA. He's owned at last. O dear, how glad I am.

BRY. (*recovering*) Where's the paper? (*reads rapidly*) "If the young man who was consigned 25 years ago to an individual"—O, if old Brown could but know this! if he could only but see me in my coronet and coat of arms! if he could hear me drink health in red port wine (*walks about.*)

MRS. W. (*to JONAS*) His head's turned.

BRY. I'll give away my coals and tatures to the poor—I'll shut up the shop; no, I won't, I'll pay some poor devil a shilling to do it. Eh, Hemma, I'm a cut above that now, I fancy?

EMMA. Yes, Bob.

JON. (*ironically*) Lord Bob, my dear.

BRY. Why, Hemma, you don't seem pleased at my good luck—why, you're crying!

EMMA. Am I, Bob? Lord Bob, I mean.

BRY. What's the matter? Speak, Hemma.

EMMA. Why, I was thinking that now you're a nobleman you will think me beneath you, and that's a hard thought from one, you have loved long and truly.

BRY. Think you beneath me, Hemma! Never, never! if I wear a hermine robe you shall wear a hermine tippet. If I wear a golden coronet you shall wear Prince of Wales's feathers, I'll make you a lady, Hemma, if they make me a lord.

EMMA. (*embracing him*) Oh, Bob! Bob! Bobby!

*Enter SERVANT, D. 2nd E. L.*

SERV. I beg pardon, is Mr. Bryanstone here?

BRY. Yes, here he is, at your service.

SERV. (*takes off hat*) A letter from my master, sir, Mr. Durham.

*Exit.*

BRY. Mr. Durham! that's the kind gent. in the Temple,

as I serves with coals, half a sack a week reg'lar, and pays ready money. I suppose he's heard of my good luck (*reads note deliberately*), "There's an advertisement in the *Times* to-day, which nearly concerns you." I should think so. "I am the friend alluded to." Him is he? "Come to me directly at 21, Bellevue Square, and bring with you the young woman of whom I have heard you speak so often." That's you, Hemma—Mr. Durham's my confident adviser. "I inclose you ten pounds, so that you may both make a good appearance.—CHARLES DURHAM." Huzza! there's no mistake in this. Come, get ready directly.

EMMA. La, Bob, I wonder what he wants me for.

BRY. That's his business. Good bye, White—good bye, Mrs. White. (*Kisses her.* EMMA *puts on bonnet and shawl.*) Come, Hemma, make haste.

JON. But, I say—you'll still be "Jack in the Green"?

BRY. The devil take Jack in the Green! You don't suppose I'm going to put an extinguisher upon myself. Come, Hemma!

*Exeunt L. 2nd E.*

JON. Here, Emma, come back! You sha'n't marry a man who sends "Jack in the Green" to the devil.

*Exit D. 2nd E. L.*

SCENE II.—*A Room in Mr. DURHAM's House.*

*Enter MISS DURHAM L. H. 1st E.*

MISS D. (*with note*) How very inconsiderate of Charles to invite some "very particular persons" here, when he knows papa and mamma are both at Hastings; but here is my brother to clear up the mystery.

*Enter MR. DURHAM L. H. 1st E.*

DUR. Well, Julia, my dear. (*Kisses her.*)

MISS D. You naughty boy, what is the meaning of all this? Why have you not invited your particular friends to your club or your chambers?

DUR. Because I should have thrown away my time and my dinner. By your assistance, July, I intend to-day to work a great moral revolution.

MISS D. What do you mean, Charles?

DUR. You remember last winter I had the good fortune to fall through the ice in St. James's Park?

MISS D. Shall I ever forget it! We were all frightened nearly to death.

DUR. I told you that a brave fellow dragged me out at the risk of his own life.



MISS D. Yes, he was a poor man that dealt in coals and vegetables.

DUR. Now, that is one of the particular friends I have invited here to-day.

MISS D. Indeed! I should have thought, though he is entitled to your gratitude, that you could have acknowledged your obligation in some way more agreeable to him.

DUR. I think to serve him materially by doing as I propose. You must know that he has made me his confidant. He tells me he is prospering in his business—that he loves a young woman in the same sphere as himself, one who is calculated to make him a good wife,—and yet he is discontented and unhappy.

MISS D. How so?

DUR. Because he believes himself to be a nobleman in disguise.

MISS D. Ha! ha! on what reason, pray?

DUR. Simply because he was abandoned when a child in the neighbourhood of Bryanstone Square. The old man—a sweep—who charged himself with his nurture, always entertained this opinion, and contrived to instil the same absurd notion into poor Bob's head. I have a plan to-day to free him from this bugbear, if you will aid me.

MISS D. Willingly, dear Charles; what do you want me to do?

DUR. Simply to make yourself as much of a very fine lady as you possibly can, and receive my friend Bryanstone and his young "ooman," as he calls her. I have put an advertisement in the *Times*, which I know he has read, and I have sent for him here, and if I can effect his cure I shall be heartily glad, for he is a very worthy fellow, I assure you.

MISS D. I will get ready immediately, and trust that your plan will not fail from any deficiency on my part.

*Exit R. H. 1st E.*

DUR. Oh, I have no fear of that.

*Enter JOHN L. 1st E.*

DUR. Now, John, you will follow my directions—be particularly respectful to these visitors, and if you conduct yourself properly without giggling, or any other impertinence, I will give you half a sovereign.

JOHN. You may depend upon me, sir.

DUR. Was not that the bell?

JOHN. Yes, sir; do you think they'll come with a ring?

DUR. Most likely; go and see who it is at the door. (*Exit JOHN.*) Poor Bob, it will be rather a cruel experiment if it fails, but the end I have in view justifies the means. Now to assume the *arbiter elegantiarum*.

*Enter JOHN L. H. 1st E., followed by BOB and EMMA. BOB is dressed in full costermonger costume, and EMMA has a very fine shawl and bonnet.*

JOHN. Mr. Bryanstone and Miss White.

*Exit JOHN, after placing chairs.*

*BOB and EMMA bow and curtsey.*

DUR. Ah, Bryanstone, I'm very glad to see you. Miss White, I am happy to make your acquaintance.

BRY. You're werry kind, I'm sure, sir.

DUR. I am glad to be first to congratulate you on your prospect of good fortune. *(To EMMA)* Pray be seated. *(EMMA, after a moment, sits R. on the edge of the chair.)* Bryanstone, take a seat.

BRY. *(looking at the taberet on chair)* What, is this to sit down upon?

DUR. Certainly.

BRY. Why, it looks to me fine enough for a Sunday waistcoat. *(Spreads his pocket handkerchief on the chair, and sits C.)*

DUR. *(L.)* I dare say you are anxious to know to whom you are supposed to be allied?

BRY. What, who my unnatural parents was? Why, yes, sir.

DUR. Did you ever hear of the Earl of Eaglesdown?

BRY. I can't say as I have. My acquaintance hasn't run much in that line at present.

DUR. You are conjectured to be an Eaglesdown.

BRY. Me!

EMMA. What, Bob?

DUR. The heir of that illustrious house was stolen by his nurse. A recent confession made by the unhappy delinquent, points you out as the missing individual.

BRY. My eye! Did she say anything about the duck and green peas?

DUR. There your imagination has deceived you. The mark to which you allude, was supposed to resemble a phoenix, the family crest of the Countess Eaglesdown.

BRY. Lord bless me! I never know'd that noblemen's children was engraved with the family crest, like silver spoons, afore.

DUR. It was a singular coincidence. I have arranged with the Earl to introduce you to him to-morrow, should some inquiries now making corroborate our present expectations. I was therefore anxious to see you, that I might give you a few Hints on Etiquette, necessary to be observed on your introduction to his lordship, who is a most particular man.

BRY. Hints on what, did you say?

DUR. Etiquette—the mode of conducting yourself properly.

BRY. Oh, I see, Hemma. We're to have a sort of rehearsal, the same as they're to have at home to-night with the drum and shovels, and the "Jack in the Green."

EMMA. Oh!

DUR. My dear Bryanstone, make as few allusions as possible to your old avocations. The Earl is a remarkably proud man.

BRY. Is he? But I suppose he'll be glad to see me—he can't find a son every day.

EMMA. 'Specially such a one as you, Bob.

BRY. Thank you, Hemma. If he puts your vally upon me he won't think much of the Bank of England. I suppose he knows about my bringings up?

DUR. I ventured to hint that you were a member of the Coal Exchange, and had speculated in vegetables; but he seemed so pained at the avowal, that I did not enter into particulars. It was to spare him as much as possible that I wish to drill you a little. I sent you some money, in order that you might make a proper appearance. Why have you not done so?

BRY. Why, haven't I done so, sir? (*exhibits himself.*) Surely, you don't call this nothing! Why, this is the new cut in Westminster!

DUR. I'm afraid your taste and the Earl's will not agree.

BRY. Werry well, I can't help that. If he's been brought up in ignorance of what's the kick, I can't help it.

DUR. And pray, is Miss White's bonnet and shawl her own selection?

BRY. No, them's mine; and I should like to see any Earl-ess in the kingdom look better or finer for the money.

DUR. To look prettier than Miss White is impossible; but my friend, Lady Routlead, must instruct her better as to dress.

EMMA. I'm sure, sir, I don't see what there's to find fault with. Bob likes me as I am, and I shouldn't like to be altered.

BRY. And I shouldn't like it either, Hemma. Don't you fret: I've a better opinion of the Earl of Eaglesdown—that is, if he is my father.

DUR. But what shall we do till dinner-time? Can you play at billiards?

BRY. Why no, sir, I never tried billiards; but if you've a good dry skittle ground handy, I'm your man.

DUR. Hush, my good fellow; if you were to mention skittles in the Earl's hearing, you'd bring on a fit of apoplexy.

*Enter Miss DURHAM, R. H. 1st E.*

DUR. Oh, here is Lady Routlead. This is Mr. Bryanstone—and this, Miss White.

MISS D. (*haughtily*) Oh! the young persons in whose welfare you take an interest: Very *gauche*.

BRY. (*aside*) What's that?

DUR. Awkward—that's what your ladyship means?

MISS D. Yes. (*examines EMMA.*)

DUR. Your bow is not the thing. The Earl would be horrified. Try something more in this way (*bows.*)

BRY. That's nothing like what old Thrasher taught us at the Free School; however, I'll try (*he does so, and imitates grotesquely.*)

MISS D. Curtsey again, my dear. (*EMMA does so.*) Oh, frightful!

EMMA. Please, my lady, we always does so in Westminster.

MISS D. You should curtsey thus (*curtseys.*)

BRY. (*smiling*) I beg your ladyship's pardon, but I think it's you as is wrong this time; cos I've seen a hundred of 'em at once do it this way (*curtseys,*) when they've met the parson a going to church. I won't stand up for my bow, but I must for Hemma's curtsey.

DUR. Her ladyship's right. The Earl would faint to be bobbed at in that way.

MISS D. Why, what an odious bonnet. Take it off, child, do, and let us see your natural advantages.

EMMA. (*to BRY.*) Eh, Bob?

BRY. Take it off, dear—take it off. We'll have 'our pen'orth out o' that as we walk home by and bye.

MISS D. I suppose your friends are totally without accomplishments?

DUR. I presume so. Do you sing or play, Miss White?

EMMA. No, sir, I don't, but Bob is always asked to take the chair at his club.

DUR. Oho! that's fortunate, as the Earl of Eaglesdown is particularly fond of music: Will you allow us to hear you?

BRY. Well, I never like to stop harmony, but I can't sing standing up, and I should like—(*pauses.*)

MISS D. (*going to piano*) Oh, the accompaniment.

BRY. Yes, my lady; but it ain't the piany—the accompaniments I require, is a pipe, and a glass of gin and water.

MISS D. Oh, shocking.

BRY. Why, them's thought to be the genteel thing in Westminster; however, if it's painful to your nerves, I'll fancy this here pen a pipe, and this inkstand the "cold without." Will you be kind enough to knock the table, and cry—"Silence,—a song from Mr. Bryanstone." I can't start without. (*All sit.*)

DUR. (*strikes table*) Silence—a song from Mr. Bryanstone. (*BRYANSTONE illustrates a gentleman in the agony of song.*)

SONG.

There is a young 'ooman I knows very well,  
 Fal de ral la ! Fal de ral la !  
 But where she resid-es I don't mean to tell.  
 Fal de ral la ! Fal de ral la.

The first time I seed her was in Greenwich Park,  
 Fal de ral, &c.  
 When me and Bill Simmons was out for a lark.  
 Fal de ral, &c.

Says I to her, " Miss, will you jine us at tea ?"  
 Fal de ral, &c.  
 But she turn'd up her nose at Bill Simmons and me.  
 Fal de ral, &c.

Says I, that young 'ooman's as pretty as good,  
 Fal de ral, &c.  
 I ax'd if she'd marry, she said that she would.  
 Fal de ral, &c.

So the very next Sunday as ever expires,  
 Fal de ral, &c.  
 We're to be axed in the church, as the law it requires.  
 Fal de ral, &c.

Now all you young 'oomen be guided by she,  
 Fal de ral, &c.  
 Don't jine every fellow as asks you to tea :  
 Fal de ral, &c.

For modesty's prized by the poor and the rich,  
 Fal de ral, &c.  
 And if you are bold you'll be treated as sich.  
 Fal de ral, &c.

DUR. (*shakes his head*) I'm afraid the Earl will object to that.

BAY. Object to that ! why, I'm hangcored every night at our club. Object to that ! why, I suppose, Jenny Lind wouldn't please him.

EMMA. I only wish the Earl could see them standing round the parlour window of the Red Lion, on Club night, when Bob sings that song. Oh, it's melting.

DUR. I don't doubt its effect at the Club, my dear ; but you yourself can imagine there must be a difference between the society of the Earl of Eaglesdown and the visitors at the Red Lion.

BAY. Werry good, sir ; I never thought of that afore.

*The doors at back are opened, and a table laid for dinner is wheeled on.*

*Enter JOHN and THOMAS.*

JOHN. Dinner, sir.

[N.B. *The business here must be ad libitum.*]

DUR. Mr. Bryanstone, will you hand her ladyship ?

BRY. No, thank you, Mr. Durham. Hemma and me have had our victuals.

DUR. Nay, I can take no refusal. It has been ordered expressly upon your account.

BRY. Really, that's very kind—and there's summat that smells uncommon good. (*All sit. Miss D. fills soup plates, which JOHN and THOMAS hand to EMMA. BRY. seeing napkin in plate*) I say, young man, somebody's left a towel here.

EMMA. Thank you, sir (*then to BRY.*)

BRY. Thank you, sir. You're very good, I'm sure.

(*BRY. makes a great noise in eating. MR. D. calling him from table, he brings his soup-plate with him.*)

DUR. You should eat with less noise—the Earl of Eagles-down would be shocked. (*Returns to seat.*)

BRY. (*following*) Well, I never know'd there was a noble way of eating afore.

MISS D. Do you not like mulligatawny?

EMMA. (*simply*) No, my lady, I like pea-soup better.

JOHN (*to BRY.*) More soup, sir?

BRY. If you please, sir; and I'll thank you to stir it up, ma'am, and give us some of the thick.

DUR. (*coming down*) Bryanstone!

BRY. What's up now, I wonder!

DUR. It is not usual to take soup twice. You delay the *entrees*, and they may be spoiled. The Earl would be pained to see you (*returns*).

BRY. Well, I don't see what's the use of being born with a silver spoon in your mouth, if you're not to use it (*returns*).

(*MR. D. serves fish. JOHN fills wine-glasses.*)

JOHN. Sherry, Punch, or Madeira, sir?

BRY. Thank ye, sir; I suppose I must take the three. Ladies and gentlemen, your health—(*does so, and empties them. THOMAS gives him fish.*) Thank you, sir.

THOMAS. Sauce, sir?

BRY. You're very good. (*Helps himself. JOHN hands dish.*) Why, I'm blow'd if here isn't cowcumber. Cowcumber, Hemma? (*helps her across table*) You haven't sich a thing as a onion?

JOHN. No, sir.

DUR. Oh dear no.

(*BRY. begins to eat, MR. D. stops him, and comes forward.*)

BRY. Why, what's wrong now?

DUR. My dear fellow, you really must not eat your fish with a knife. The Earl would disinherit you if you were twenty times his son.

BRY. Then I give it up. If I ain't to make a noise over

my soup, or have a onion with my cowcumber, or eat my fish with a knife and fork, why I give it up. (*Walks about.*)

DUR. Nay, my good fellow, I am only telling you—

BRV. I know, I know, it's very kind of you, but you have taken away my appetite.

DUR. Now, I desire you will resume your chair.

BRV. It can't be done, sir. I couldn't eat biled fowl if you placed it before me.

DUR. (*aside*) Bravo!

MISS D. As there seems to be some altercation going on, we will leave the room, my dear. Mr. Durham, we feel our presence is not wanted.

DUR. My dear Lady Routlead.

MISS D. No apologies; Miss White and I will retire into the next room.

EMMA. Oh, my lady, do you think they are going to fight?

MISS D. Oh, no, Mr. Durham is too much of a gentleman.

*Exit R.*

EMMA. But Bob isn't. You'll excuse me, but I'd rather remain here.

DUR. I am sorry to have annoyed you, Bryanstone.

BRV. It's not you, sir; it's very kind of you to take all this trouble with me, but when I thinks I've found the father I've been looking for all my life, and hears that he'll cut me off with a shilling, because I eats fish with a knife, why I gives it up.

DUR. Why, it surely must have occurred to you that different classes of society have different customs; that what is quite right and proper in one sphere of life, may be very objectionable in another.

BRV. No, it didn't; did it to you, Hemma?

EMMA. No, Bob. I never thought about it. (*Puts on bonnet and shawl.*)

DUR. Well, well, I dare say you will soon accustom yourself to the change. I will see the Earl presently, and hear how matters have proceeded. So good day for the present.

BRV. Come, Hemma, I'll go and have a pipe with your father—it may be the last I shall ever smoke, Hemma. I begin to think I rather wish my Duck and Green Peas hadn't turn'd out a Phoenix.

*Exeunt L. H. 1st E.*

DUR. Capital! I think my patient is in the crisis of his disorder.

*Exit R. H. 1st E.*

SCENE III.—*Inside of JONAS WHITE's house. JONAS discovered dressed in a coat laced with paper, and a eeked hat similarly decorated. FLUEY partly as Clown; MRS. WHITE has a brass ladle. They are seated, looking very disconsolate. "The Drum and Mouth Organ" at back smoking a pipe. The "Jack in the Green" on the table in the centre of the room.*

MRS. W. Well, Jonas, how have you got on?

JON. Oh, no how! I can't get a "Jack" under 7s. 6d., tho' I finds my own "Green;" and as for "a Lady," she's not to be had for love nor money. There's only one thing to be done, as I see.

MRS. W. What's that?

JON. Why, you must put on the frock and trousers, and be "my Lady" yourself.

MRS. W. Me, Jonas! At my time of life! No, rather than that we'll dress up old Fluey.

JON. He'll never consent to shave off his whiskers, I know he won't. Is the orchestra come?

MRS. W. Yes, but his mouth organ's sadly out of tune.

JON. Emma come back?

MRS. W. No, not yet, but she's so taken up with that Bryanstone that she'll turn up her nose at the ladle. A huncrateful girl—but I'll disown her, I will.

JON. Well, we must make the best on it. It's enough to break an old sweep's heart, it is—to see how the profession is going to the dogs. I always said machinery would be the ruin of the country, and them Ramoneurs is a doing of it.

FLU. This ain't very promising for to-morrow. Here we are on the 30th April as glum and as melancholy as if there was no 1st of May to follow.

JON. It's all along of her.

FLU. What her?

JON. Why, Em-mer. I thought my heart was made of fire brick, but it's butter, Fluey. It's butter, and it's running away as tho' my bosom was a helliptic stove, and my heart was a melting afore it.

MRS. W. (*goes to JONAS*) Jonas, I know you're werry bad—I know you are. Whenever you get flowery it's always a bad sign. The girl will come back again; she always was a tolerable dootiful child, and she's our own flesh and blood, Jonas, and loves us, I'm sure she do.

JON. Don't go on that way, Sally, don't, unless you want me to belie my natur, and be as great a old woman as you are.

FLU. I say, gov'nor, here she is, and Bob Bryanstone with her.

JON. Is she? then you and the orchestra go into the back kitchen. I'll let her know what parental sewerity means.



—FLU. I say, gov'nor, draw it mild, she is a good girl, and Bob ain't a bad one.

*Exit R. H. E.*

JON. Now, then, to be like the man I saw at the the-a-tre—what's his name? Him as wore his hair up in front—Brutus! Brutus! Just notice me.

*Enter BRYANSTONE and EMMA, L. 2nd E.*

EMMA. Well, here I'm come back again, father.

JON. Like a bad shilling, cos nobody won't have you. Why, you look out of sorts, "my lord!"

BRY. Well, I ain't in spirits, Mr. White.

JON. Oh, there's a little mistake, is there? You ain't the identical fondling they was looking for?

BRY. Yes I am.

JON. Only they won't own you, I suppose?

BRY. Yes, they does—I'm a Heaglesdown.

JON. A what? Well, I've swept the House of Lords for these ten years, and never heard of that title before.

BRY. No, that's because the Earl my father has shut himself out of the world, on account of losing me.

JON. Well, what is the matter then? If you are owned why ain't you jolly? You've been a wishing to be a nobleman all your life, and now you is one.

BRY. True, Mr. White—but I don't think the place will suit me. It's not so easy to be a nobleman, I can tell you; what they had to go through I'd no idea on. High life's a good deal like your May-day coat, Mr. White, it's not all gold as glitters. Lords and ladies look happy enough, but you don't know their privations.

JON. Why, with lots of money what privations can they know?

BRY. No skittles.

JON. No skittles!

BRY. Not allowed; all that part of my education will be throw'd away. No knives and forks—

JON. You astoundes me!

BRY. Eat their fish with the fingers. If you only mention a pipe, the lords turn up their eyes, and the ladies burst their stay-laces.

JON. And this is a civilised country! Bob, I was very angry with you this mornin', but I can't bear malice to a man in misfortin. Bob, I forgive you and pities you.

BRY. Thank you, Mr. White. Hemma's father forgives me!

EMMA. (*who has been putting her new bonnet on Mrs. WHITE, runs and kisses JONAS*) I knew he would!

JON. Father, did you say? *that* requires consideration. Emmer, do you know what you'll have to give up if you becomes a lady?

EMMA. Yes, father. All I've ever cared about, except you and mother and Bob.

JON. That's enough; so you know what you're about. I've done a parent's duty.

*Enter MR. DURHAM, D. L. 2nd E.*

DUR. I'm glad I've met with you, Bob, for I found you had not been home since you left me.

BRY. Why, no, sir, I came here for a little consolation under my good fortune.

DUR. I'm afraid I've got some bad news, Bob.

BRY. What's the Earl in a hurry to see me? I suppose all the folks in Belgrave Square will be at the windows to see me embrace my noble father on the doorstep.

DUR. I'm afraid such an event is not likely to occur.

BRY. Oh, what, you've told him about the coals and the tators, and he's ashamed of me. Well, he can leave me alone if he likes. It seems, Mr. Durham, that I have been doing wrong all my life, as a lord, tho' I have acted quite right as a costermonger. In Westminster I'm respected and respectable—in Belgrave Square I should be despised and woted vulgar; so if the Earl won't advertise after me, I won't after him, I promise you.

DUR. What! would you abandon your noble father, the Earl of Eaglesdown?

BRY. Why, considering he abandoned me for two and twenty years, I don't think it will break his heart if I do.

DUR. I'm delighted to hear this, for upon further inquiries a person has been found with the Phoenix distinctly visible.

BRY. Hurrah! hurrah! mine's a duck and green peas after all. I'm only a fondling—old Bob Brown's fondling. I'd not be a lord again if they'd give me a hundred a year. Here's the coat and the—*(about to pull it off.)*

DUR. No, Bob, you must consider those as a present from me, and in return allow me to dance at your wedding.

*Exit L. H. D. 2nd E.*

BRY. You shall, sir, and have a span new shovel and broom to beat time with. *(To JONAS)* Father, you will be a father to me. Mother *(embracing MRS. WHITE)*, you'll nurse me over again. Hemma, you'll be a wife to me! Where's the music? Where's old Fluey? *(JONAS calls them on.)* Get the shovels—Hemma, get the ladle—and here goes for "Jack in the Green."

*(Music. Enter Boys with shovels. BOB puts his head out of the hole in the Green.)*

BRY. Stop a minute. I think *(comes down)* a farce and a song are all the better for a moral—and mine's this—Be content with your station in life, whatever it may be; make

the most of the little you have, and never envy those who have more ; think kindly of those below you—for a warm heart and good intentions may be found in a " Jack in the Green." Play up, my boy !

*Music and Dance.*

**Curtain.**

