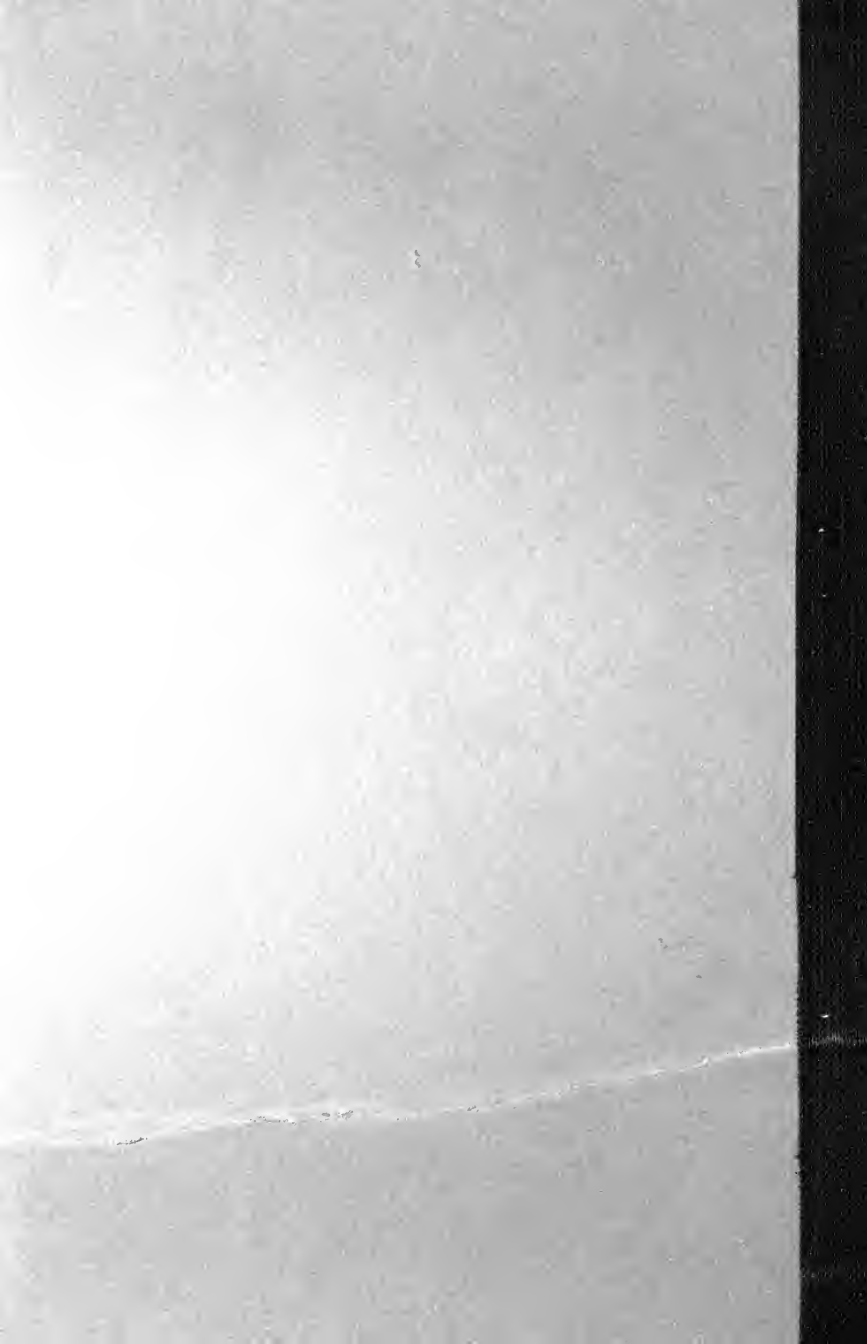


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DICKS' STANDARD PLAYS.

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

BY

REV. JAMES TOWNLEY.



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# HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

A FARCE, IN TWO ACTS.—BY THE REV. JAMES TOWNLEY



Duke.—“STAND OFF, YOU ARE A COMMONER!”—Act ii, scene 1.

## Persons Represented.

LOVEL.  
FREEMAN.  
LORD DUKE.

SIR HARRY.  
PHILIP.  
TOM.

COACHMAN.  
KINGSTON.  
KITTY.

LADY CHARLOTTE.  
LADY BAB.  
COOK, &c.

### ACT I.

SCENE I.—An Apartment in Freeman's house.

Enter FREEMAN and LOVEL.

Free. A country boy! Ha, ha, ha! How long has this scheme been in your head?

Lov. Some time. I am now convinced of what you have been so often hinting to me—that I am confoundedly cheated by my servants.

Free. Oh! are you satisfied at last, Mr. Lovel? I always told you, that there is not a worse set of servants in the parish of St. James, than in your kitchen.

Lov. It is with some difficulty I believe it now,

Mr. Freeman; though, I must own, my expenses often make me stare. Philip, I am sure, is an honest fellow; and I will swear for my blacks if there is a rogue among my folks, it is that surly dog, Tom.

Free. You are mistaken in every one. Philip is a hypocritical rascal—Tom has a good deal of surly honesty about him—and for your blacks, they are as bad as your whites.

Lov. Pray tell me, is not your Robert acquainted with my people? Perhaps he may give a little light into the thing.

Free. To tell you the truth, Mr. Lovel, your servants are so abandoned, that I have forbid

him your house; however, if you have a mind to ask him any question, he shall be forthcoming.

*Lov.* Let us have him.

*Free.* You shall; but it is a hundred to one if you get anything out of him; for, though he is a very honest fellow, yet he is so much of a servant, that he'll never tell anything to the disadvantage of another. But what was it determined you upon this project at last?

*Lov.* This letter. It is an anonymous one, and so ought not to be regarded; but it has something honest in it, and puts me upon satisfying my curiosity. Read it.

(Gives the letter.)

*Free.* I should know something of this hand.

(Reads.)

“To Peregrine Lovel, Esq.—Please your honour, I take the liberty to acquaint your honour that you are sadly cheated by your servants. Your honour will find it as I say. I am not willing to be known, whereof, if I was, it may bring one into trouble. So no more from your honour's  
“Servant to command.”

Odd and honest! Well, and now, what are the steps you intend to take?

(Returns the letter.)

*Lov.* My plan is this. I gave it out that I was going to my borough in Devonshire, and yesterday set out with a servant in great form, and lay at Basingsstoke—

*Free.* Well?

*Lov.* I ordered the fellow to make the best of his way down into the country, and told him that I would follow him. Instead of that, I turned back, and am just come to town—*eccc signum.*

(Points to his boots.)

*Free.* How will you get in?

*Lov.* When I am properly habited, you shall get me introduced to Philip as one of your tenant's sons, who wants to be made a good servant of.

*Free.* They will certainly discover you.

*Lov.* Never fear; I will be so countryfied that you shall not know me—as they are thoroughly persuaded I am many miles off, they'll be more easily imposed on. Ten to one but they begin to celebrate my departure with a drinking bout, if they are what you describe them; but you must contrive some way or other to get me introduced to Philip as one of your cottagers' boys out of Essex.

*Free.* Ha, ha, ha! you'll make a fine figure.

*Lov.* They shall make a fine figure. It must be done this afternoon. Walk with me across the park, and I'll tell you the whole. My name shall be Jemmy, and I am come to be a gentleman's servant, and will do my best, and hope to get a good character.

(Mimicking.)

*Free.* But what will you do if you find them rascals?

*Lov.* Discover myself, and blow them all to the devil. Come along.

*Free.* Bravo!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Park.

Enter DUKE'S SERVANT.

*Duke.* What wretches are ordinary servants, that go on in the same vulgar track every day!—Eating, working, and sleeping. But we, who have the honour to serve the nobility, are of another species. We are above the common forms, have servants to wait upon us, and are as lazy and luxurious as our masters. Ah! my dear Sir Harry!—

Enter SIR HARRY'S SERVANT.

How have you done these thousand years?

*Sir H.* My lord duke! your grace's most obedient servant.

*Duke.* Well, baronet, and where have you been?

*Sir H.* At Newmarket, my lord—we have had devilish fine sport.

*Duke.* And a good appearance, I hear; plague take it! I should have been there, but our old duchess died, and we were obliged to keep house for the decency of the thing.

*Sir H.* I picked up fifteen pieces.

*Duke.* Psha! a trifle!

*Sir H.* The viscount's people have been d—y taken in this meeting.

*Duke.* Credit me, baronet, they know nothing of the turf.

*Sir H.* I assure you, my lord, they lost every match; for Crab was beat hollow, Careless threw his rider, and Miss Slammerkin had the distemper.

*Duke.* Ha, ha, ha! I'm glad on't. Taste this snuff, Sir Harry.

(Offers his box.)

*Sir H.* 'Tis good rappee.

*Duke.* Right Strasburgh, I assure you, and of my own importing.

*Sir H.* Ay!

*Duke.* The City people adulterate it so confoundedly, that I always import my own snuff. I wish my lord would do the same; but he is so indolent. When did you see the girls? I saw Lady Bab this morning; but, 'fore gad! whether it be love or reading, she looked as pale as a penitent.

*Sir H.* I have just had this card from Lovel's people.

(Reads.)

“Philip and Mrs. Kitty present their compliments to Sir Harry, and desire the honour of his company this evening, to be of a smart party, and eat a bit of supper.”

*Duke.* I have the same invitation.—Their master, it seems, is gone to his borough.

*Sir H.* You'll be with us, my lord? Philip's a blood.

*Duke.* A buck of the first head! I'll tell you a secret: he's going to be married!

*Sir H.* To whom?

*Duke.* To Kitty.

*Sir H.* No!

*Duke.* Yes he is; and I intend to cuckold him.

*Sir H.* Then we may depend upon your grace,

for certain. Ha, ha, ha!

Duke. If our house breaks up in tolerable time, I'll be with you. Have you anything for us?

Sir H. Yes; a little bit of poetry. I must be at the "Cocoa Tree" myself till eight.

Duke. Heigho! I am quite out of sorts—I had a d-d debauch last night, baronet. Lord Francis, Bob the Bishop, and I, tipped off four bottles of Burgundy a-piece. Ha! there are two fine girls coming! Faith! Lady Bab; ay, and Lady Charlotte.

Sir H. We'll not join them.

Duke. Oh, yes! Bab is a fine wench, notwithstanding her complexion, though I should be glad if she would keep her teeth cleaner. Your English women are d-d negligent about their teeth. How is your Charlotte in that particular?

Sir H. My Charlotte!

Duke. Ay: the world says you are to have her.

Sir H. I own I did keep her company; but we are off, my lord.

Duke. How so?

Sir H. Between you and me, she has a plaguy thick pair of legs.

Duke. Oh, d—n it! that's insufferable.

Sir H. Besides, she's a fool, and missed her opportunity with the old countess.

Duke. I am afraid, baronet, you love money. Rot it, I never save a shilling; indeed, I am sure of a place in the excise. Lady Charlotte is to be of the party to-night. How do you manage that?

Sir H. Why, we do meet at a third place, are very civil, and look queer, and laugh, and abuse one another, and all that.

Duke. Alamode, eh! Here they are.

Sir H. Let us retire.

(They retire.)

Enter LADY BAB'S MAID, and LADY CHARLOTTE'S MAID.

Lady B. Oh! fie! Lady Charlotte, you are quite indelicate! I am sorry for your taste.

Lady C. Well, I say it again,—I love Fox-hall.

Lady B. Oh, my stars! Why there is nobody there but filthy citizens.

Lady C. We were in hopes the raising the price would have kept them out. Ha, ha, ha!

Lady B. Ha, ha, ha! Runelow for my money.

Lady C. Now you talk of Runelow, when did you see the colonel, Lady Bab?

Lady B. The colonel! I hate the fellow. He had the assurance to talk of a creature in Gloucestershire before my face.

Lady C. He is a pretty man, for all that; soldiers, you know, have their mistresses everywhere.

Lady B. I despise him: How goes on your affair with the baronet?

Lady C. The baronet is a stupid wretch, and I shall have nothing to say to him. You are to be at Lovel's to-night, Lady Bab?

Lady B. Unless I alter my mind. I don't admire visiting these commoners, Lady Charlotte.

Lady C. Oh, but Miss Kitty has taste:

Lady B. She affects it.

Lady C. The duke is fond of her, and he has judgment.

Lady B. The duke might show his judgment much better.

(Holding up her head.)

Lady C. There he is, and the baronet too. Take no notice of them; we'll rally them by-and-by.

Lady B. Dull souls! Let us set up a loud laugh, and leave 'em.

Lady C. Ay, let us be gone; for the common people do so stare at us, we shall certainly be mobbed.

Both. Ha, ha, ha!

[Exeunt.]

Enter DUKE'S SERVANT and SIR HARRY'S SERVANT.

Duke. They certainly saw us, and are gone off, laughing at us. I must follow.

Sir H. No, no.

Duke. I must. I must have a party of railery with them; a *bon-mot*, or so. Sir Harry, you'll excuse me. Adieu! I'll be with you in the evening, if possible; though, harkye! there is a bill depending in our house, which the ministry make a point of our attending; and so, you know, mum! we must mind the stops of the great fiddle. Adieu!

[Exit.]

Sir H. What a coxcomb this is! and the fellow can't read! It was but the other day that he was a cowboy in the country, then was bound 'prentice to a periwig-maker, got into my lord duke's family, and now sets up for a fine gentleman. Oh, tempora, oh, Moses!

Re-enter DUKE'S SERVANT.

Duke. Sir Harry, pr'ythee, what are we to do at Lovel's when we come there?

Sir H. We shall have the fiddles, I suppose.

Duke. The fiddles! I have done with dancing ever since the last fit of the gout. I'll tell you what, my dear boy! I positively cannot be with them, unless we have a little—

(Makes a motion, as if with the dice-box.)

Sir H. Fie, my lord duke!

Duke. Lookye! baronet, I insist on it. Who the devil of any fashion can possibly spend an evening without it? But I shall lose the girls. How grave you look! Ha, ha, ha! Well, let there be fiddles.

Sir H. But, my dear lord! I shall be quite miserable without you.

Duke. Well, I won't be particular—I'll do as the rest do. Tol, lol, lol!

[Exit, singing and dancing.]

Sir H. He had the assurance, last winter, to court a tradesman's daughter in the City, with two thousand pounds to her fortune, and got me to write his love-letters. He pretended to be an ensign in a marching regiment: so wheedled the old folks into consent, and would have carried the girl off, but was unluckily prevented by the washerwoman, who happened to be his first cousin.

Enter PHILIP.

Mr. Philip, your servant.

Phil. You are welcome to England, Sir Harry

I hope you received the card, and will do us the honour of your company. My master is gone into Devonshire; we'll have a roaring night.

Sir H. I'll certainly wait on you.

Phil. The girls will be with us.

Sir H. Is this a wedding supper, Philip?

Phil. What do you mean, Sir Harry?

Sir H. The duke tells me so.

Phil. The duke's a fool!

Sir H. Take care what you say; his grace is a bruiser.

Phil. I am a pupil of the same academy, and not afraid of him, I assure you; Sir Harry, we'll have a noble batch. I have such wine for you!

Sir H. I am your man, Phil.

Phil. Egad! the cellar shall bleed; I have some Burgundy that is fit for an emperor; my master would have given his ears for some of it t'other day, to treat my Lord What-d-ye-call-him with; but I told him it was all gone; eh! Charity begins at home; eh! Odsso! here is Mr. Freeman, my master's intimate friend. He's a dry one! Don't let us be seen together—he'll suspect something.

Sir H. I am gone.

Phil. Away, away! Remember, Burgundy is the word.

Sir H. Right! Long corks! eh, Phil? (*Mimics the drawing of a cork.*) Yours!

[Exit.

Phil. Now for a cast of my office; a starch phiz, a canting phrase, and as many lies as necessary. Hem!

Enter FREEMAN.

Free. Oh! Philip; how do you do, Philip? You have lost your master, I find.

Phil. It is a loss, indeed, sir. So good a gentleman! He must be nearly got into Devonshire by this time. Sir, your servant.

(Going.)

Free. Why in such a hurry, Philip?

Phil. I shall leave the house as little as possible, now his honour is away.

Free. You are in the right, Philip.

Phil. Servants, at such times, are too apt to be negligent and extravagant, sir.

Free. True; the master's absence is the time to try a good servant in.

Phil. It is so, sir. Sir, your servant.

(Going.)

Free. Oh, Mr. Philip! pray, stay; you must do me a piece of service.

Phil. You command me, sir.

(Bows.)

Free. I look upon you, Philip, as one of the best behaved, most sensible, completest—(*Phil bows*)—rascals in the world!

(Aside.)

Phil. Your honour is pleased to compliment.

Free. There is a tenant of mine in Essex, a very honest man; poe' fellow! he has a great number of children; and they have sent me one of them, a tall, gawky boy, to make a servant of; but my folks say they can do nothing with him.

Phil. Let me have him, sir.

Free. In truth, he is an unlicked cub!

Phil. I will lick him into something, I warrant you, sir; now my master is absent, I shall have

a good deal of time upon my hands; and I hate to be idle, sir; in two months, I'll engage to finish him.

Free. I don't doubt it.

(Aside.)

Phil. Sir, I have twenty pupils in the parish of St. James; and, for a table, or a sideboard, or behind an equipage, or in the delivery of a message, or anything—

Free. What have you for entrance?

Phil. I always leave it to gentlemen's generosity.

Free. Here is a guinea; I beg he may be taken care of.

Phil. That he shall, I promise you. (Aside.) Your honour knows me.

Free. Thoroughly!

(Aside.)

Phil. When can I see him, sir?

Free. Now, directly. Call at my house, and take him in your hand.

Phil. Sir, I will be with you in a minute; I will but step into the market to let the tradesmen know they must not trust any of our servants, now they are at board wages. Hump!

Free. How happy is Mr. Lovel in so excellent a servant!

[Exit.

Phil. Ha, ha, ha! This is one of my master's prudent friends, who dines with him three times a week, and thinks, he is mighty generous in giving me five guineas at Christmas. D—n all such sneaking scoundrels, I say!

[Exit.

SCENE III.—*The Servant's Hall in Lovel's house.*

KINGSTON and Coachman, drunk and sleepy, discovered. Knocking at the door.

King. Somebody knocks. Coachy, go! go to the door, coachy!

Coach. I'll not go; do you go, you black dog!

King. Devil shall fetch me, if I go!

(Knocking.)

Coach. Why, then, let them stay; I'll not go, d—e! Ay, knock the door down, and let yourselves in.

(Knocking.)

King. Ay, ay! knock again, knock again!

Coach. Master is gone into Devonshire, so he can't be there; so I'll go to sleep.

King. So will I; I'll go to sleep, too.

Coach. You lie, devil! you shall not go to sleep, till I am asleep. I am the king of the kitchen.

King. No, you are not king; but, when you are drunk, you are sulky as a hell. Here is cooky coming; she is king and queen, too.

Enter COOK.

Cook. Somebody has knocked at the door twenty times, and nobody hears. Why, coachman, Kingston, ye drunken bears! why won't one of you go to the door?

Coach. You go, cook; you go.

Cook. Hang me, if I go!

King. Yes, yes, cooky, go; Mollys, Pollay, go!



Cook. Out, you black toad! It is none of my business, and go I will not.

(Sits down.)

Enter PHILIP, with LOVEL, disguised.

Phil. I might have stayed at the door all night, as the little man in the play says, if I had not had the key of the door in my pocket. What is come to you all?

Cook. There is John Coachman, and Kingston, as drunk as two bears.

Phil. Aha! my lads: what, finished already? These are the very best of servants. Poor fellows! I suppose, they have been drinking their master's good journey. Ha, ha, ha!

Lov. No doubt on't!

(Aside.)

Phil. Yo, ho! get to bed, you dogs, and sleep yourselves sober, that you may be able to get drunk again by-and-by! They are as fast as a church. Jemmy!

Lov. Anan?

Phil. Do you love drinking?

Lov. Yes, I loves ale.

Phil. You dog! you shall swim in Burgundy.

Lov. Burgrumdy! What's that?

Phil. Cook, wake these honest gentlemen, and send them to bed.

Cook. It is impossible to wake them.

Lov. I think I could wake them, sir, if I might, eh?

Phil. Do, Jemmy; wake them, Jemmy. Ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Hip! Mr. Coachman!

(Gives him a slap on the face.)

Coach. Oh, oh! What! Zounds! Oh! d—n you!

Lov. What, blackey! blackey!

(Pulls him by the nose.)

King. Oh, oh! What now? Curse you! Cot tam you!

Lov. Ha, ha, ha!

Phil. Ha, ha, ha! Well done, Jemmy. Cook, see these gentry to bed.

Cook. Marry come up! I say so, too; not I, indeed!

Coach. She sha'n't see us to bed, we'll see ourselves to bed.

King. We got drunk together, and we'll go to bed together.

[Exit with coachman, reeling.]

Phil. You see how we live, boy?

Lov. Yes, I sees how you live.

Phil. Let the supper be elegant, cook.

Cook. Who pays for it?

Phil. My master, to be sure. Who else? Ha, ha, ha! He is rich enough, I hope. Ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Humph!

(Aside.)

Phil. Each of us must take a part, and sink it in our next weekly bills; that is the way.

Lov. So!

(Aside.)

Cook. Pr'ythee, Philip, what boy is this?

Phil. A boy of Freeman's recommending.

Lov. Yes, I'm Squire Freeman's boy, eh?

Cook. Freeman is a stingy hound; and you

may tell him I say so. He dines here three times a-week, and I never saw the colour of his money yet.

Lov. Ha, ha, ha! That is good. Freeman shall have it.

(Aside.)

Cook. I must step to the tallow-chandler's to dispose of some of my perquisites; and then I'll set about supper.

Phil. Well said, cook! that is right; the perquisite is the think, cook!

Cook. Cloe, Cloe! where are you, Cloe?

(Calls.)

Enter CLOE.

Cloe. Yes, mistress!

Cook. Take that box, and follow me.

[Exit.]

Cloe. Yes, mistress! (Takes the box.) Who is this? (Seeing Lovel.) He, he, he! Oh! this is pretty boy! He, he, he! Oh, this is pretty red hair! He, he, he! You shall be in love with me by-and-by. He, he!

[Exit, chucking Lovel under the chin.]

Lov. A very pretty amour! (Aside.) Oh, la! what a fine room this is! Is this the dining-room, pray, sir?

Phil. No; our drinking-room.

Lov. La, la! what a fine lady here is! This is madam, I suppose.

Enter KITTY.

Phil. Where have you been, Kitty?

Kit. I have been disposing of some of his honour's shirts, and other linen, which it is a shame his honour should wear any longer. Mother Barter is above, and waits to know if you have any commands for her.

Phil. I shall dispose of my wardrobe to-morrow.

Kit. Who have we here?

(Lovel bows.)

Phil. A boy of Freeman's; a poor, silly fool!

Lov. Thank you!

(Aside.)

Phil. I intend the entertainment this evening as a compliment to you, Kitty.

Kit. I am your humble, Mr. Philip.

Phil. But I beg I may see none of your airs, or hear any of your French gibberish with the duke.

Kit. Don't be jealous, Phil.

(Fawningly.)

Phil. I intend, before our marriage, to settle something handsome upon you; and, with the five hundred pounds which I have already saved in this extravagant fellows family—

Lov. A dog! (Aside.) Oh, la, la! What, have you got five hundred pounds?

Phil. Peace, blockhead!

Kit. I'll tell you what you shall do, Phil.

Phil. Ay, what shall I do?

Kit. You shall set up a chocolate-house, my dear!

Phil. Yes, and be cuckolded.

(Aside.)

Kit. You know my education was a very gen-

teel one; I was a half-boarder at Chelsea, and I speak French like a native. *Comment vous portez vous, mounseer.*

(Awkwardly.)

Phil. Psha—psha!

Kit. One is nothing without French. I shall shine in the bar. Do you speak French, boy?

Lov. Anan!

Kit. Anan! Oh, the fool! Ha, ha, ha! Come here, do, and let me mould you a little; you must be a good boy, and wait upon the gentlefolks to-night.

(She ties and powders his hair.)

Lov. Yes, an't please you, I'll do my best.

Kit. His best! Oh, the natural! This is a strange head of hair of thine, boy; it is so coarse, and so carrotty.

Lov. All my brothers and sisters be red in the pole.

Phil and Kit. Ha, ha, ha!

(Loud laugh.)

Kit. There, now you are something like. Come, Philip, give the boy a lesson, and then I'll lecture him out of the "Servants' Guide."

Phil. Come, sir; first, hold up your head. Very well! Turn out your toes, sir. Very well! Now call "Coach!"

Lov. What is call coach?

Phil. Thus, sir: "Coach, coach, coach!"

(Loud.)

Lov. Coach, coach, coach, coach!

(Imitating.)

Phil. Admirable! The knave has a good ear. Now, sir, tell me a lie!

Lov. Oh, la! I never told a lie in all my life.

Phil. Then it is high time you should begin now. What is a servant good for that can't tell a lie?

Kit. And stand to it. Now I'll lecture him. (Takes out a book.) This is "The Servants' Guide to Wealth, by Timothy Shoulderknot, formerly servant to several noblemen, and now an officer in the Customs: necessary for all servants."

Phil. Mind, sir, what excellent rules the book contains; and remember them well. Come, Kitty, begin.

Kit. (Reads.) "Advice to the Footmen.

"Let it for ever be your plan  
To be the master, not the man;  
And do as little as you can."

Lov. He, he, he! Yes, I'll do nothing at all—  
net I.

Kit. (Reads.) "To the Groom.

"Never allow your master able  
To judge of matters in the stable.  
If he should roughly speak his mind,  
Or to dismiss you seem inclin'd,  
Lame the best horse, or break his wind."

Lov. Oddines! that's good! He, he, he!

Kit. (Reads.) "To the Coachman.

"If your good master on you doats,  
Ne'er leave his house to serve a stranger,  
But pocket hay, and straw, and oats,  
And let the horses eat the manger."

Lov. Eat the manger! He, he, he!

Kit. I won't give you too much at a time. Here, boy; take the book, and read it every night and morning before you say your prayers.

Phil. Ha, ha, ha! very good! But now for business.

Kit. Right. I'll go and get one of the damask tablecloths and some napkins; and be sure, Phil, your sideboard is very smart.

[Exit.

Phil. That it shall. Come, Jemmy.

[Exit.

Lov. So, so. It works well.

[Aside, and exit.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Servants' Hall, with the supper and sideboard set out.*

PHILIP, KITTY, and LOVEL discovered.

Kit. Well, Phil, what think you? Don't we look very smart? Now let them come as soon as they will; we shall be ready for them.

Phil. 'Tis all very well; but—

Kit. But what?

Phil. Why, I wish we could get that snarling cur, Tom, to make one.

Kit. What is the matter with him?

Phil. I don't know. He is a queer son of a—

Kit. Oh, I know him. He is one of your sneaking, half-bred fellows, that prefers his master's interest to his own.

Phil. Here he is.

Enter TOM.

And why won't you make one to-night, Tom? Here's cook, and coachman, and all of us.

Tom. I tell you again, I will not make one.

Phil. We shall have something that's good.

Tom. And make your master pay for it.

Phil. I warrant, now, you think yourself mighty honest. Ha, ha, ha!

Tom. A little honestier than you, I hope, and not brag, neither.

Kit. Harkee, Mr. Honesty, don't be saucy!

Tom. What, madam, you are afraid for your cully, are you?

Kit. Cully, sirrah—cully! Afraid, sirrah, afraid of what?

(Goes up to Tom.)

Phil. Ay, sir, afraid of what?

(Goes up on other side.)

Lov. Ay, sir, afraid of what?

(Goes up to Tom.)

Tom. I value none of you—I know your tricks.

Phil. What do you know, sirrah?

Kit. Ay, what do you know?

Lov. Ay, sir, what do you know?

Tom. I know that you two are in fee with every tradesman belonging to the house. And that you, Mr. Clodpole, are in a fair way to be hanged!

(Strikes Lovel.)

Phil. What do you strike the boy for?

Lov. It is an honest blow!

(Aside.)

Tom. I'll strike him again. 'Tis such as you that bring a scandal upon us all.

Kit. Come, none of your impudence, Tom.

Tom. Egad! madam, the gentry may well complain, when they get such servants as you in their houses. There's your good friend, Mother Barter, the old clothes-woman, the greatest thief in town, just now gone out with her apron full of his honour's linen.

Kit. Well, sir, and did you never—eh?

Tom. No, never. I have lived with his honour four years, and never took the value of that. (Snapping his fingers.) His honour is a prince; gives noble wages, and keeps noble company. And yet you two are not contented, but cheat him wherever you can lay your fingers. Shame on you!

Lov. The fellow I thought a rogue is the only honest servant in my house.

(Aside.)

Kit. Out, you mealy-mouthed cur!

Phil. Well, go tell his honour, do. Ha, ha, ha!

Tom. I scorn that. D—n an informer! But yet, I hope his honour will find you two out, one day or other, that's all.

[Exit.]

Kit. This fellow must be taken care of.

Phil. I'll do his business for him, when his honour comes to town.

Lov. You lie, you scoundrel! you will not. (Aside.) Oh, la! here is a fine gentleman.

#### Enter DUKE'S SERVANT.

Duke. Ah, ma cher mademoiselle! comment vous portez vous?

(Salute.)

Kit. Fort bien, je vous remercier, monsieur.

Phil. Now we shall have nonsense by wholesale.

Duke. How do you do, Phillip?

Phil. Your grace's humble servant.

Duke. But, my dear Kitty—

(They talk apart.)

Phil. Jemmy!

Lov. ANAN!

Phil. Come along with me, and I will make you free of the cellar.

Lov. Ees, I wull. But won't you ask he to drink?

Phil. No, no; he will have his share by-and-by. Come along.

Lov. Ees.

[Exit, with Philip.]

Kit. Indeed, I thought your grace an age in coming.

Duke. Upon honour, our house is but this moment up. You have a d—d vile collection of pictures, I observed above stairs, Kitty. Your squire has no taste.

Kit. No taste, that's impossible, for he has laid out a vast deal of money.

Duke. There is not an original picture in the whole collection. Where could he pick them up?

Kit. He employs three or four men to buy for him, and he always pays for originals.

Duke. Donnez moi votre eau-de-luce. My head aches confoundedly! (She gives a smelling-bottle.) Kitty, my dear, I hear you are going to be married.

Kit. Pardonnez moi for that.

Duke. If you get a boy, I'll be the godfather. Faith!

Kit. How you rattle, duke! I am thinking, my lord, when I had the honour to see you first.

Duke. At the play, mademoiselle.

Kit. Your grace loves a play.

Duke. No; it is a dull, old-fashioned entertainment. I hate it.

Kit. Well, give me a good tragedy.

Duke. It must not be a modern one, then. You are devilish handsome, Kate! Kiss me.

(Offers to kiss her.)

#### Enter SIR HARRY'S SERVANT.

Sir H. Oh, ho! Are you thereabouts, my lord duke? That may do very well by-and-by. However, you'll never find me behind-hand.

(Offers to kiss her.)

Duke. Stand off, you are a commoner! Nothing under nobility approaches Kitty.

Sir H. You are so devilish proud of your nobility. Now, I think, we have more true nobility than you. Let me tell you, sir, a knight of the shire—

Duke. A knight of the shire! Ha, ha, ha! A mighty honour, truly, to represent all the fools in the county.

Kit. Oh, lud! this is charming, to see two noblemen quarrel.

Sir H. Why, any fool may be born to a title, but only a wise man can make himself honourable.

Kit. Well said, Sir Harry; that is good morality.

Duke. I hope you make some difference between hereditary honours and the huzzas of a mob.

Kit. Very smart, my lord. Now, Sir Harry.

Sir H. If you make use of your hereditary honours to screen you from debt—

Duke. Zounds! sir. What do you mean by that?

Kit. Hold, hold! I shall have some fine, old, noble blood spilt here. Have done, Sir Harry.

Sir H. Not I: why he is always valuing himself upon his upper house.

Duke. We have dignity.

(Slow.)

Sir H. But what becomes of your dignity, if we refuse the supplies?

(Quick.)

Kit. Peace, peace! Here's Lady Bab.

#### Enter LADY BAB'S SERVANT, in a chair.

Dear Lady Bab!

Lady Bab. Mrs. Kitty, your servant. I was afraid of taking cold, and so ordered the chair down stairs. Well, and how do you do? My

lord duke, your servant, and Sir Harry, too, yours.

*Duke.* Your ladyship's devoted.

*Lady B.* I am afraid I have trespassed in point of time. (*Looks at her watch.*) But I got into my favourite author.

*Duke.* Yes; I found her ladyship at her studies this morning—some wicked poem.

*Lady B.* Oh, you wretch! I never read but one book.

*Kit.* What is your ladyship fond of?

*Lady B.* Shikspur. Did you never read Shikspur?

*Kit.* Shikspur, Shikspur! Who wrote it? No, I never read Shikspur.

*Lady B.* Then you have an immense pleasure to come.

*Kit.* Well, then, I'll read it over one afternoon or other. Here's Lady Charlotte.

*Enter LADY CHARLOTTE'S MAID, in a chair.*

Dear Lady Charlotte!

*Lady C.* Oh! Mrs. Kitty, I thought I never should have reached your house. Such a fit of the cholick seized me! Oh! Lady Bab, how long has your ladyship been here? My chairmen were such drones. My lord duke! the pink of all good breeding!

*Duke.* Oh, madam!

(*Bowing.*)

*Lady C.* And Sir Harry! Your servant, Sir Harry.

(*Formally.*)

*Sir H.* Madam, your servant. I am sorry to hear your ladyship has been ill.

*Lady C.* You must give me leave to doubt the sincerity of that sorrow, sir. Remember the Park!

*Sir H.* The Park! I'll explain that affair, madam.

*Lady C.* I want none of your explanations.

(*Scornfully.*)

*Sir H.* Dear Lady Charlotte!

*Lady C.* No, sir; I have observed your coolness, of late, and despise you. A trumpery baronet!

*Sir H.* I see how it is. Nothing will satisfy you but nobility. That sly dog, the marquis—

*Lady C.* None of your reflections, sir. The marquis is a person of honour, and above inquiring after a lady's fortune, as you meanly did.

*Sir H.* I—I, madam? I scorn such a thing! I assure you, madam, I never—that is to say—Egad! I am confounded! My lord duke, what shall I say to her? Pray, help me out!

(*Aside.*)

*Duke.* Ask her to show her legs. Ha, ha, ha!

(*Aside.*)

*Enter PHILIP and LOVEL, laden with bottles.*

*Phil.* Here, my little peer—here is wine that will ennoble your blood. Both your ladyships' most humble servant.

*Lov.* (*Affecting to be drunk.*) Both your ladyships' most humble servant.

*Kit.* Why, Philip, you have made the boy drunk!

*Phil.* I have made him free of the cellar. Ha, ha, ha!

*Lov.* Yes, I am free—I am very free.

*Phil.* He has had a smack of every sort of wine, from humble port to imperial tokay.

*Lov.* Yes, I have been drinking kokay.

*Kit.* Go, get you some sleep, child, that you may wait on his lordship by-and-by.

*Lov.* Thank you, madam; I will certainly wait on their lordships, and their ladyships, too.

[*Aside and exit.*]

*Phil.* Well, ladies, what say you to a dance, and then to supper?

*Enter COOK, COACHMAN, KINGSTON, and CLOE.*

Come here. Where are all our people? I'll couple you. My lord duke will take Kitty; Lady Bab will do me the honour of her hand; Sir Harry and Lady Charlotte; coachman and cook; and the two devils will dance together. Ha, ha, ha!

*Duke.* With submission, the country-dances by-and-by.

*Lady C.* Ay, ay; French dances before supper, and country dances after. I beg the duke and Mrs. Kitty may give us a minuet.

*Duke.* Dear Lady Charlotte, consider my poor gout. Sir Harry will oblige us.

(*Sir Harry bows.*)

*All.* Minuet, Sir Harry; minuet, Sir Harry.

*Kit.* Marshal Thingumbob's minuet.

(*A minuet by Sir Harry and Kitty; awkward and conceited.*)

*Lady C.* Mrs. Kitty dances sweetly.

*Phil.* And Sir Harry delightfully.

*Duke.* Well enough for a commoner.

*Phil.* Come, now to supper. A gentleman and a lady. (*They sit down.*) Here is claret, burgundy, and champagne, and a bottle of tokay for the ladies. There are tickets on every bottle. If any gentleman chooses port—

*Duke.* Port! 'Tis only fit for a dram.

*Kit.* Lady Bab, what shall I send you? Lady Charlotte, pray be free; the more free, the more welcome, as they say in my country. The gentlemen will be so good as to take care of themselves.

(*A pause.*)

*Duke.* Lady Charlotte, "Hob or nob!"

*Lady C.* Done, my lord; in burgundy, if you please.

*Duke.* Here's your sweetheart, and mine, and the friends of the company.

(*They drink. A pause.*)

*Phil.* Come, ladies and gentlemen! A bumper all round; I have a health for you. Here is the amendment of our masters and mistresses.

*All.* Ha, ha, ha!

(*Loud laugh. A pause.*)

*Kit.* Ladies, pray: what is your opinion of a single gentleman's service?

*Lady C.* Do you mean an old single gentleman?

*All.* Ha, ha, ha!

(*Loud laugh.*)

Phil. My lord duke, your toast?

Duke. Lady Betty!

Phil. Oh, no! A health and a sentiment.

Duke. Let us have a song. Sir Harry, your song.

Sir H. Would you have it? Well, then, Mrs. Kitty, we must call upon you. Will you honour my muse?

All. A song, a song! Ay, ay! Sir Harry's song, Sir Harry's song!

Duke. A song, to be sure; but, first, *preludio*. (Kisses Kitty.) Pray, gentlemen, put it about.

(Kisses round. Kingston kisses Cloe heartily.)

Sir H. See how the devils kiss!

Kit. I am really hoarse. But, hem! I must clear up my pipes—hem! This is Sir Harry's song; being a new one, entitled, and called the "Fellow-Servant; or, All in a Livery."

### SONG.—KITTY.

Come here, fellow-servant, and listen to me,  
I'll show you how those of superior degree  
Are only dependants, no better than we.

Chorus.—Both high and low in this do agree,  
'Tis here fellow-servant,  
And there fellow-servant,  
And all in a livery.

See yonder fine spark, in embroidery drest,  
Who bows to the great, and they smile, is blest;  
What is he, 'faith! but a servant at best?

Chorus.—Both high, &c.

The fat shining glutton looks up to the shelf,  
The wrinkled lean miser bows down to his self,  
And the curl-pated beau is a slave to himself.

Chorus.—Both high, &c.

Phil. How do you like it, my lord duke?

Duke. It is a d—d, vile composition!

Phil. How so?

Duke. Oh, very low! Very low, indeed!

Sir H. Can you make a better?

Duke. I hope so.

Sir H. That is very conceited.

Duke. What is conceited, you scoundrel?

Sir H. Scoundrel! You are a rascal! I'll pull you by the nose.

(All rise.)

Duke. Lookye, friend; don't give yourself airs, and make a disturbance among the ladies. If you are a gentleman, name, your weapons.

Sir H. Weapons! What you will—pistols!

Duke. Done! Behind Montague House!

Sir H. Done! With seconds!

Duke. Done!

Phil. Oh, for shame, gentlemen! My lord duke! Sir Harry!—the ladies!—fie! (Duke and Sir Harry affect to sing. A violent knocking. Kitty faints.) What the devil can that be, Kitty?

Kit. Who can it possibly be?

Phil. Kingston, run up stairs and peep. [Exit Kingston.] It sounds like my master's rap. Pray heaven it is not he!

Enter KINGSTON.

Well, Kinston, what is it?

King. It is master and Mr. Freeman; I peeped through the keyhole, and saw them by the lamp-light. Tom has just let them in.

Phil. The devil he has! What can have brought him back?

Kit. No matter what. Away with the things! Phil. Away with the wine! away with the plate! Here, coachman, cook, Cloe, Kingston, bear a hand. Out with the candles! Away away!

(They carry away the table, &c.)

Visitors. What shall we do? What shall we do?

(They all run about in confusion.)

Kit. Run up-stairs, ladies.

Phil. No, no, no! He'll see you, then.

Sir H. What the devil had I to do here?

Duke. Plague take it! face it out.

Sir H. Oh, no; these West Indians are very fiery.

Phil. I would not have him see any of you for the world.

Loc. (Without.) Philip! Where's Philip?

Phil. Oh, the devil! he's certainly coming down stairs; Sir Harry, run down into the cellar. My lord duke, get into the pantry. Away, away!

Kit. No, no; do you put their ladyships into the pantry, and I'll take his grace into the coal-hole.

Visitors. Anywhere, anywhere! Up the chimney, if you will.

Phil. There; in with you.

(They all go into the pantry.)

Loc. (Without.) Philip, Philip!

Phil. Coming, sir. (Aloud.) Kitty, have you never a good book to be reading of?

Kit. Yes, here is one.

Phil. Egad! this is Black Monday with us. Sit down; seem to read your book. Here he is, as drunk as a piper.

(They sit down.)

Enter LOVEL with pistols, affecting to be drunk! FREEMAN following.

Loc. Philip, the son of Alexander the Great, where are all my myrmidons? What the devil makes you up so early this morning?

Phil. He is very drunk, indeed. (Aside.) Mrs. Kitty and I had got into a good book, your honour.

Free. Ay, ay; they have been well employed, I dare say. Ha, ha, ha!

Loc. Come, sit down, Freeman. Lie you there. (Lays his pistols down.) I come a little unexpectedly, perhaps, Philip?

Phil. A good servant is never afraid of being caught, sir.

Loc. I have some accounts that I must settle.

Phil. Accounts, sir—to-night?

Loc. Yes, to-night; I find myself perfectly clear; you shall see I'll settle them in a twinkling.

Phil. Your honour will go into the parlour?

Loc. No; I'll settle them all here.

Kit. Your honour must not sit here.

Loc. Why not?

Kit. You will certainly take cold, sir; the room has not been washed above an hour.

Loc. What a cursed lie that is!

(Aside.)

Duke. Philip, Philip, Philip!

(Peeping out.)

Phil. Plague take you! Hold your tongue!

(Aside.)

Free. You have just nicked them in the very minute.

(Aside to Lovel.)

Lov. I find I have. Mum! (Aside to Freeman.)  
Get some wine, Philip.

[Exit Philip.]

Though I must eat something before I drink.  
Kitty, what have you got in the pantry?

Kit. In the pantry? Lord, your honour! we  
are at board wages!

Free. I could eat a morsel of cold meat.

Lov. You shall have it. Here. (Rises.) Open  
the pantry-door. I'll be about your board wages!  
I have treated you often, now you shall treat your  
matter.

Kit. If I may be believed, sir, there is not a  
scrap of anything in the world in the pantry.

(Opposing him.)

Lov. Well, then, we must be contented, Free-  
man. Let us have a crust of bread, and a bottle  
of wine.

(Sits down again.)

Sir H. (Peeping.) Mrs. Kitty, Mrs. Kitty!

Kit. Peace, on your life!

(Aside.)

Lov. Kitty, what voice is that?

Kit. Nobody's, sir. Hem!

(Somebody in the pantry sneezes.)

Re-enter PHILIP, with wine.

We are undone! undone!

(Aside.)

Phil. Oh! that is the duke's d—d rappee!

(Aside.)

Lov. Didn't you hear a noise, Charles?

Free. Somebody sneezed, I thought.

Lov. D—n it! there are thieves in the house!  
I'll be among them.

(Takes a pistol.)

Kit. Lackaday, sir! it was only the cat. They  
sometimes sneeze, for all the world, like a Chris-  
tian. Here! Jack, Jack! He has got a cold, sir.  
Puss, puss!

Lov. A cold, then! I'll cure him. Here, Jack,  
Jack! puss, puss!

Kit. Your honour won't be so rash; pray your  
honour, don't.

(Opposing him.)

Lov. Stand off! Here, Freeman, here's a bar-  
rel for business, with a brace of slugs, and well  
primed, as you see. Freeman, I'll hold you five  
to four—nay, I'll hold you two to one—I hit the  
cat through the key-hole of that pantry-door.

Free. Try—try; but I think it impossible.

Lov. I am a d—d good marksman! (Cocks the  
pistol, and points it at the pantry-door.) Now for  
it! (A violent shriek, and all is discovered.) Who  
the devil are these? One, two, three, four!

Phil. These are particular friends of mine, sir;  
servants to some noblemen in the neighbour-  
hood.

Lov. I told you there were thieves in the  
house.

Free. Ha, ha, ha!

Phil. I assure your honour they have been en-  
tertained at our expense, upon my word.

Kit. Yes, indeed, your honour, if it was the last  
word I had to speak.

Lov. Take up that bottle. (Philip takes up a  
bottle with a ticket to it, and is going off.) Bring it  
back. Do you usually entertain your company  
with tokay, monsieur?

Phil. I, sir! treat with wine!

Lov. Oh, yes! From humble port to imperial  
tokay! Yes, I loves kokay.

(Mimicking himself.)

Phil. How! Jemmy, my master!

(Aside.)

Kit. Jemmy! The devil!

(Aside.)

Phil. Your honour is, at present, in liquor; but  
in the morning, when your honour is recovered,  
I will set all to rights again.

Lov. (Changing his countenance.) We'll set all  
to rights, now. There, I'm sober, at your ser-  
vice. What have you to say, Philip? (Philip  
starts.) You may well start. Go!—get out of my  
sight.

Duke. Sir, I have not the honour to be known  
to you, but I have the honour to serve his grace,  
the Duke of—

Lov. And the impudent familiarity to assume  
his title. Your grace will give me leave to tell  
you, that is the door; and if you ever enter there  
again, I assure you, my lord duke, I will break  
every bone in your grace's skin. Begone! I beg  
your ladyship's pardon, perhaps they cannot go  
without chairs. Ha, ha, ha!

Free. Ha, ha, ha!

(Sir Harry steals off.)

Duke. Low-bred fellows!

Exit

Lady C. I thought how this visit would turn  
out.

[Exit.

Lady B. They are downright hottenpots!

[Exit.

Phil. I hope your honour will not take away our  
& bread.

Kit.

Lov. "Five hundred pounds will set you up in  
a chocolate-house; you'll shine in the bar,  
madam." I have been an eye-witness of your  
roguey, extravagance, and ingratitude.

Phil.

& Oh, sir! Good sir!

Kit.

Lov. You, madam, may stay here till to-morrow  
morning. And there, madam, is the book you  
lent me, which I beg you'll read "night and  
morning before you say your prayers."

Kit. I am ruined and undone.

[Exit.

Lov. But you, sir, for your villany, and (what I  
hate worse) your hypocrisy, shall not stay a  
minute longer in this house; and here comes an  
honest man to show you the way out. Your keys,  
sir.

(Philip gives the keys.)

Enter TOM.

Tom, I respect and value you; you are an honest  
servant, and shall never want encouragement.  
Be so good, Tom, as to see that gentleman out of

my house. (*Points to Philip.*) And then, take charge of the cellar and plate.

Tom. I thank your honour; but I would not rise on the ruin of a fellow-servant.

Lov. No remonstrances, Tom; it shall be as I say.

Phil. What a cursed fool have I been!

[*Exit with Tom.*]

Free. You have made Tom very happy.

Lov. And I intend to make your Robert so, too; every honest servant should be made happy.

NICH LIFE BLOW STRIKE

Yes, that a cursed fool I fear!  
 Yes, You have made me very happy.  
 And I intend to make you a fool too;  
 every honest courtier should be made  
 a fool.

my house. (Point to Philip.) And that the  
 change of the cells and place  
 You I think your honour; but I would not  
 rise on the ruin of a fellow-courier.  
 You. No remembrance, then; it shall be as I  
 say.



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