

YOUR LIKENESS—ONE SHILLING!

A COMIC SKETCH

IN

ONE ACT

BY

N. H. HARRINGTON AND EDMUND YATES.

[MEMBERS OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.]

AUTHORS OF

*1 Night at Notting Hill—My Friend from Leatherhead—
Double Dummy, &c. &c.*

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market.)

LONDON.

909801

YOUR LIKENESS ONE SHILLING.

*First Performed at the Strand Theatre,
April, 1858.*

CHARACTERS.

Gregory Dumbleton, <i>Tailor</i>	}	. . .	Mr. CHARLES YOUNG.
alias			
Herr Horniblow, <i>Photographer</i>	}	. . .	Mr. RAY.
Ginivan, <i>a returned Convict</i>			
Bill, <i>Horniblow's Factotum</i>	Mr. F. SEYMOUR.
Miss Evelina Muggridge, <i>in love with Dumble-</i>			
ton	Miss M. TERNAN.
The Widow Fubbs	Mrs. SELBY.

COSTUMES.

DUMBLETON.—Short braided coat, foreign waistcoat, very full pegtop trousers with short boots drawn over them; short black crop wig with bald scalp underneath; large beard and moustache.

GINIVAN.—Poor threadbare suit.

WIDOW FUBBS.—Exaggerated old woman's dress—very gay.

The rest—modern dresses.

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YOUR LIKENESS—ONE SHILLING.



SCENE I.—*The Top Room of a House with Glass Roof. A part of glass frame open, shewing chimney, L., a built closet, R., back door facing audience—on the L. at back, a large trap door open, with hand rail round top to represent the top of a flight of stairs, door, L. 2 E.—R., a large photographic instrument complete—L. C., a small pillar, two chairs, table at back, with portraits, books, hand glass, broom, duster, &c., arm chair on castors.*

BILL discovered cleaning and dusting apparatus, &c.

BILL. I wonder why master makes me keep always a cleaning this room. I'm sure there ain't much use in doing it—the people who comes here to have their faces took don't care how much mud they bring on their feet—if their faces were as dirty as their boots, my eyes, what precious pictures they'd make! I wish master would let me photogrip some on 'em. I'd give 'em a shilling's worth that would be worth having. (*laughs heartily, as he continues to sweep—in the midst of his laughter he suddenly stops.*) Oh, crikey, I forgot! (*points over his shoulder to the closet, R.*) The old un is in there at some of his games. (*looks round at closet, cautiously.*) If he hears me laughing, down goes my shutters and no mistake!—I wonder what he is up to now? I'll just have a squint. (*looks about cautiously, then runs to closet door and peeps through keyhole; just as he does so, HORNIBLOW calls from the inside of closet, "Bill," in a loud deep voice—BILL turns round quickly, looking much frightened, runs to L. corner of the stage—HORNIBLOW calls again, "Bill!" BILL answers in a high tremulous voice.*) Yes, sir—coming, sir yes, sir!

HORNIBLOW. (*throws open closet door, or curtains, pops out his head, and in a deep voice, R.*) Bill, you vagabond!

BILL. (*aside.*) That's me!

HORNIBLOW. Come here, you young villain!

BILL. (*runs to him.*) Did you call, sir?

HORNIBLOW. Did I call, wretch? (*seizes BILL by the ear, pulls him into the closet, BILL crying out loudly—his cries are heard in the closet, when, suddenly, he returns between two boards, on which printed bills are pasted, with the words "Your Likeness, One Shilling," in large letters—HORNIBLOW follows him on, L. C.*) Now, Bill, run down stairs, stand at the door—give one of these cards (*hands a number of cards to him.*) to every one that passes, and when you see a customer coming, run up stairs and give me warning.

BILL. (*R., going towards stair head, L.*) All right, governor.

HORN. Mind how you go down stairs, Bill.

BILL. (*going down.*) All right, governor! (*as BILL goes down stairs, HORNIBLOW leans over, calling to him.*) Now, Bill, take care how you go! steady at the corner! Are you all right?

BILL. (*from below.*) All right!

(*noise of his falling down stairs—crash, as if he had fallen down stairs, followed by a cry of distress from BILL.*)

HORN. There! there's that young vagabond gone and broke my new bill boards—I'm certain he has done some mischief, from the way he roared out; if he'd broken his neck—but no! (*listens over stairs.*) No such luck! I hear him blowing his nose and creeping down stairs. (*he assumes a morose look, comes down stage, stands, C., looks round.*) On the face of this habitable globe, there is not a more unfortunate young man than myself. (*takes chair and sits, C.*) Yet my talents are acknowledged, my abilities admitted by—by—by heaps of people (*that I have given good dinners to*); but some how or other, nothing seems to prosper with me. Just as I expect that my efforts will be crowned with success—just as I am on the topmost rail of the ladder, some misfortune occurs, and away go all my hopes; even Bill falls down the three flights of stairs, the moment I employ him to announce my Photographic Establishment; and upon my word, I think he feels a satisfaction in breaking his neck while destroying my advertisements. (*walks up and down stage while speaking the following.*) Ah! what a foolish tailor I have been! my splendid business in the Borough! my "Guinea Suit"—my "Bermondsey Trousers," worn by every shopman within three miles of my establishment—all—all—all gone—all lost, through the machinations of a false friend; but never mind! a day of retribution will come! I'll have my revenge on Ginivan some time or other; and when I have him in my grasp—when—when I feel my right hand well twisted in his neckcloth—while he is struggling in my arms—trying in vain

to vociferate "Police!" then my time comes—Ginivan shall feel the weight of a tailor's vengeance! Ginivan, that I treated as a brother! Ginivan, that was my nightly companion at the Harmonic Goose Club! Ginivan, that taught me to swindle all my creditors—he to turn and rob me in the end—leave me penniless—oblige me to change my name, my hair, and my profession—transform Dumbleton into Horniblow—throw me on the world as a photographer, when I ought to be in the Borough as a tailor. To return to my late establishment would be impossible—my injured creditors would be down on me like a knife—and Whitecross Street, with all its new regulations—my summer residence. I wonder where my creditors think I'm gone to—Australia, I hope; I've not told a soul where to find me—not a human being knows where I am, except my beloved Evelina; she has plighted her youthful vows to me, and come weal, come woe, shall be the mother of an honourable race of little Dumbletons—I—I mean a house full of little Horniblows; I hope she got my letter safe—oh, of course she has—I directed it plain enough, and put it into a pillar post myself. (*goes to apparatus and examines it—looks at the specimens of photography that are hung upon the walls, during which he speaks as follows.*) Well, who knows but my luck may turn—it is not impossible that I may make a fortune in my adopted profession—to be sure I know but very little about it—but that does not appear to be of the slightest consequence, if I may judge from the specimens that are shown by the photographers. If I can only remain concealed from Ginivan until I can place him at defiance, by paying all my injured creditors—then, indeed, I may be happy.

BILL pops his head upstairs.

BILL. I say, governor, here's a young woman a-coming up; I gived her a card. *Disappears.*

HORN. A young woman! for a likeness, no doubt; well, come, there's an early beginning this morning.

(stands, R. C., arranging his hair, &c.

EVELINA comes up the stairs—she looks about.

EVELINA. (L.) What a dreadful staircase! one might as well climb up the monument.

HORN. (R.—turns, recognises her, exclaims, as he rushes to her and clasps her in his arms.) Ah! my Evelina, come to my arms.

EVELINA. (*not knowing him, screams.*) Sir! wretch! begone! (*throws him from her—looks about anxiously.*) Can I be mistaken—where's my Dumbleton?

HORN. (*throws himself at her feet, pulls off his wig, false*

whiskers and moustache.) Evelina, don't you know me? behold your own Gregory!

EVELINA. Oh, oh! good heavens! 'tis he! Oh, my Dumbleton! *(she throws herself into his arms fainting.)*

HORN. Evelina, look up! 'tis me! 'twas I! Good gracious! she's in a swoon! help! *(places her in a chair and runs about.)* Water! oh! *(runs into closet, R., and returns with a large wooden bowl—runs to her and places bowl to her lips—she revives, is about to drink, when he suddenly seizes the bowl and takes it from her.)* Oh, stop! beware! *(aside.)* D—n it! she was nearly swallowing a quart of quicksilver.

EVELINA. Oh, Dumbleton, I'm so rejoiced to see you. When I found your shop shut, I thought you had deserted me.

HORN. Never, Evelina! *(aside.)* Egad! I was nearly doing for her, though. If she'd drank all that quicksilver—'twould have turned her into a barometer.

EVELINA. Yes, Dumbleton, I was.

HORN. Hush, dearest—drop Dumbleton, and for the present call me by the German name of Horniblow.

EVELINA. Oh, ah! true! I forgot. Well, I was just about to retire for ever from the world—take a dreadful vow of eternal celibacy, when—

HORN. Yes! eh?

EVELINA. I was rescued by—the postman—

HORN. Good gracious!

EVELINA. He brought me your welcome letter—I rushed into the street, followed by the servant, who placed my bonnet on my head—paid threepence for a 'bus—and—oh! Dumble—Horniblow, I mean, here I am.

HORN. *(aside.)* What touching affection—what energetic love! *(to her.)* But tell me, dearest, have they been looking for me?

EVELINA. They! who?

HORN. Why, any shabby looking men, with hook noses and big sticks.

EVELINA. No, not one; but a mysterious looking old woman has been asking all the neighbours where you've gone to.

HORN. Ah! ah! very likely—I see—it's that Ginivan in petticoats. Ha, ha! how green he must think me

EVELINA. Nonsense. Ginivan, indeed! Nothing of the sort! She says she's your long lost aunt, who wishes to discover you, her only relative.

HORN. Ha, ha! very good story, indeed! Why I never had an aunt but one, and she was my mother's brother—no, I mean she was my brother's mother—no—I—that is—thank goodness

I lost sight of her twenty years ago—no, no! it must be Ginivan.

EVELINA. Ginivan, indeed! Nothing of the sort. I've seen him often enough since you left.

HORN. What! seen him often enough!

EVELINA. Yes; he's been three times at my lodgings.

HORN. Three times at *your* lodgings! What for?

EVELINA. Oh, Dumbleton! you know not how that man has persecuted me!

HORN. Persecuted you! What for? Go on. (*gradually working himself into a jealous rage.*)

EVELINA. First, he wanted me to tell him where you had gone to.

HORN. You *didn't* tell him?

EVELINA. No—because I didn't know it myself! Then he swore that you had married somebody else—

HORN. The deceitful humbug!

EVELINA. And you had gone to Australia—

HORN. Well, I'm glad he thinks that—I'll drop upon him some day, when he least expects it.

EVELINA. And, oh, Dumble—Horniblow, I mean, he wanted me to marry him, and set up in business in your old shop!

HORN. In my old shop! This finishes all his treachery. Well, I've seen a good deal of villany in my time, but for so small a man, that Ginivan is the biggest rogue unhung.

EVELINA. He told mother that he had plenty of money.

HORN. No doubt—so he ought to have.

EVELINA. Ought to have?

HORN. Of course; five hundred pounds that he robbed from me!

EVELINA. Five hundred pounds, Dumbleton? Oh, gracious me!

HORN. Positive fact! that's the reason I've run away. What young tradesman could stand up against such a loss.

EVELINA. Oh, that's it, is it? My poor Dumble—Horniblow, I mean.

HORN. Dreadful, was it not? (*aside.*) To be sure the money wasn't mine, for I had just swindled it out of other people. (*to her.*) But never mind, Evelina, we shall get on in spite of fate; in three months time I shall have such a reputation that all London will be coming here to patronise me—then we shall be married, and you will assist me in my liberal business of giving to all our patrons a correct likeness for one shilling.

EVELINA. Oh, how delightful! but I must go now—if I stay too long my first visit, I shall not be able to get leave another time.

YOUR LIKENESS, ONE SHILLING.

HORN. Farewell, dear Evelina. (*embraces her, and they go towards the top of stairs.*) Be faithful to your Dumbleton!

EVELINA. Hush! Horniblow, you mean. Gregory, do not doubt my fidelity. (*she is going down stairs.*)

HORN. When absent, sometimes bestow a sigh on the poor exile of Tooley Street.

EVELINA. Oh, Gregory, how can you—

HORN. Beware of Ginivan!

EVELINA. Oh, the brute! *She disappears down stairs.*

HORN. (*looking over the stairs after her.*) Well, if ever there was a female angel in this world, that's the identical cherubim. (*comes forward.*) The man that could calmly sit down to calculate his income before he married such a girl as that, must be a cold-blooded monster! Why, I'd marry her with a four-penny piece to set up housekeeping.

BILL rushes up to the top of the stairs.

BILL. (*calls out.*) Oh, sir, look here, here's another lady a coming up!

HORN. Another lady?

BILL. Yes, sir; and oh crikey, such a fat 'un! (*looks down stairs.*)

HORN. (*runs to apparatus to see if it is all ready.*) This must be a customer. Now for business!

BILL. All right, ma'am, only a few steps more. Here, lay hold of my hand. (*the WIDOW FUBBS appears on the stairs, coming up with great difficulty.*) Only a few steps more, ma'am, and here you are.

Enter the WIDOW FUBBS, comes down, L., very much out of breath.

MRS. F. Drat the boy, where has he brought me to? (*looks round.*) Am I at the top at last? I declare, when I thought I could go no higher, I found myself in the second floor front, where an old gentleman in a white nightcap nearly frightened me out of my life.

(*HORNIBLOW runs to her and places a chair, she sits, BILL, at the top of the stairs, smothering his laughter.*)

HORN. (*aside.*) What a stupendous female!

BILL. My eyes, what a buster! *Runs down stairs.*

MRS. F. (*to HORNIBLOW.*) Oh, you're the professor, eh?

HORN. At your service, ma'am, did you wish to be photographed?

MRS. F. (*with indignation.*) Sir! nothing of the sort!—get along with you! None of your nonsense—I want my likeness taken—how do you do it?

HORN. The simplest thing in the world, ma'am—there's the instrument.

MRS. F. (*rises, goes to the apparatus, looks alarmed, turns to go down stairs.*) No, sir, not if I know it; I wish you a very good morning.

HORN. My dear madam, don't be alarmed. (*gets between her and the stairs.*)

MRS. F. I tell you I wouldn't sit opposite that, (*pointing to machine.*) for all the world.

HORN. (*leading her back.*) Pray be seated, ma'am; it's the easiest process you can imagine.

MRS. F. Eh? Well, then, what do you charge?

HORN. All prices, ma'am, to suit all pockets—from one shilling up to one pound; it greatly depends upon the size.

MRS. F. Oh, a little one will do for me.

HORN. I don't mean the size of the picture, but of the person to be taken—large parties costs more than little ones. Now, ma'am, you're of the leviathan style of beauty, and it would take more than a pint of quicksilver to develope you.

MRS. F. Develope me! goodness gracious! what on earth's the man going to do? (*produces a portrait case from her pocket.*) Look at that—that was me a few years ago—do you see much alteration?

HORN. (*examines portrait, aside.*) What a griffin! (*to her.*) Really very handsome!

MRS. F. (*she simpers.*) Do you think so? Can you make me look as well as that?

HORN. Certainly, ma'am—much better—only slightly full blown.

MRS. F. Then I'll have a guinea's worth, if you please?

HORN. A guinea! (*aside.*) Not a bad beginning. (*to her.*) Oh, thank you, ma'am, I thought you looked like a sitter.

MRS. F. Well! after nine flights of stairs and five landings, I should think I ought to be a sitter, and a precious long sitter, too.

HORN. Now, madam, have the goodness to take off your bonnet.

MRS. F. Take off my bonnet? What next I should like to know?

HORN. (*hurriedly.*) Oh! nothing else, I assure you. (*goes to table and brings a large round mirror.*) Now, ma'am, here's a looking glass—be kind enough to arrange your hair, while I prepare the chemicals in that closet.

MRS. F. Oh, ah! you'll be gone a few months.

HORN. Not more than five minutes, ma'am.

MRS. F. Don't hurry yourself. I never make my toilet before a male.

HORN. Very well, ma'am, when your ready, I'll come back and focus you at once. *Exits into closet, to R. U. E.*

MRS. F. Focus me! Drat the man! What's he going to do? Well, I must make haste, or he'll return before I'm half ready. *(takes off her cap—produces a large front with ringlets from her pocket—puts them on—looks at herself in the glass—looks towards the closet.)* What can he be doing in there all this time? *(looks at herself in the glass again.)* I think a flower in my hair would be an improvement. *(runs to bonnet, and takes a large rose from it, pins it in her hair—looks in the glass again.)* Ah! it really gives me a romantic appearance.

(she sits down, and places herself in attitude. HORNIBLOW comes from closet—seeing her, he makes a sudden start, as if struck with amazement—she sits smiling, with self-satisfaction.)

HORN. *(aside.)* Bless my soul, what a wonderful old party. "The Last Rose of Somerstown left blooming alone."

MRS. F. Now, sir, if you please, I'm quite ready. Do you think my hair is quite right?

HORN. Perfect, madam! Truefit himself couldn't have done better. *(aside.)* Good gracious! what a set out. The "front of Jove himself was nothing to it."

MRS. F. Well, I'm glad you like me. Now, sir, if you please take it at once, for if I get nervous—I'll distort my features.

HORN. *(aside.)* Distort her features, the grinning Hyæna, as if her features were not distorted already. What a specimen her picture will make. *(to her.)* Now, ma'am, if you please, I'll arrange you. *(places her in attitude before the apparatus.)* Now, keep your eye steadily on that knob. *(pointing R.—she does so—he takes a step back to look at her.)* Capital! Charming! *(aside.)* I never saw a finer squint in all my life. *(looking through machine with all action of focussing the sitter under the cover of the machine.)* Only remain quiet for a short time and I'll focus you.

MRS. F. *(without moving.)* Why, he threatened to do that before. *(a pause.)* Where on earth can the man have gone to?

HORN. *(under cover.)* That's it! Capital! Prime!

MRS. F. Primed! Oh, lor!—it's a gun!

HORN. Now, ready? *(by this time HORNIBLOW has completed likeness.)*

MRS. F. Ready! I knew it—he's going to fire! *(gets up and is running towards the stairs.)* I'll be off! *(HORNIBLOW rushes up stage, and intercepts her, brings her back, places her in chair.)*

HORN. What the devil is the matter with you, ma'am? You

come to my establishment to have you likeness taken, and you treat me as if I were going to blow your brains out.

MRS. F. Oh, sir, don't say that! I'm an unprotected female.

HORN. Very likely—but I can't waste my professional time, while you are dancing about the house. Your picture will be ready in a few minutes, and then your alarm will be at an end.

MRS. F. I hope it will, young man, for I won't stand any more of your nonsense.

HORN. It will take about five minutes (*goes to machine, pulls out slide, and goes to closet, R.*) to put you in a proper case, and then, I'll finish you.

Exit into closet, R.

MRS. F. Put me in a proper case—finish me—ah! I suspected as much. (*starts up in alarm, puts on her bonnet.*) I won't stop another minute! I'll get out of the house at once! (*goes to the stairs—GINIVAN appears, meets her, she starts back.*)

GINIVAN. (*looks round mysteriously, then at her—says in a loud voice.*) Horniblow!

MRS. F. (*in alarm.*) Sir!

(*comes down, L. corner—GINIVAN gets round to R., following her.*)

GINIVAN. Horniblow!

MRS. F. Eh? very likely—what does the man mean?

GINIVAN. He is here—don't deny it.

MRS. F. Certainly not—I deny nothing. (*aside.*) This is a raving lunatic—what will become of me?

GINIVAN. Horniblow! he is here, you have concealed him somewhere—but I know you!

MRS. F. Know me!

GINIVAN. Yes, these twenty years—you are his aunt.

MRS. F. (*sinks into easy chair, L.*) Horniblow's aunt! bless my soul—who is Horniblow?

GINIVAN. (*takes a chair and sits before her.*) Ah! concealment is useless—I know all.

MRS. F. (*in great agitation.*) Do you? then I wish you would let me know a little.

GINIVAN. You shall! your name is—

MRS. F. Fubbs!

GINIVAN. Humbug!

MRS. F. A widow these twenty years.

GINIVAN. Bosh! nothing of the sort.

MRS. F. Sir, what do you mean? I lost my husband twenty years back.

GINIVAN. And found him within the last five minutes. (*throws off his hat and assumes an attitude.*) Dorothy, look at me—look at this pallid face—this attenuated form—behold the sad remains of your once blooming Benjamin!

MRS. F. (*recognising him.*) What, Benjamin! returned from transportation! I thought I should never see your face again!

(*screams and faints.*)

GINIVAN. No more you should, if you hadn't come into some money. (*looks at her.*) Holloa! get up! none of your gammon. (*tries to revive her by shaking her.*) Why, the old humbug has fainted—this will never do—get up. (*tries to lift her.*) d—n it! she's thirty stone, at least. (*runs to closet, L.*) I'll hide her in here till she revives. (*pushes her on chair into closet—shuts door—laughs.*) Ha, ha, ha! I knew I was right—I thought this was Dumbleton's domicile.

HORNIBLOW. (*speaks in closet, R.*) In one moment, ma'am—I'll not detain you longer.

GINIVAN. Ha! that's his voice. Ho, ho, ho! I'll frighten him out of his false hair. (*conceals himself under the cover of machine, R.*)

Enter HORNIBLOW, R.

HORN. (*with picture in his hand.*) Now, ma'am—(*not observing that she has gone.*) sorry to detain you. What! not here? where the devil has she gone to? Oh, I see! the old impostor has bolted with my guinea—here's my old luck again—robbed by an inflated old porpoise out of my hard earnings. Ah, well, there's no use in being honest—I'll give it up. (*looks at picture.*) Oh, you old pickpocket—(*dashes picture on ground and stamps upon it.*) if I had you within my reach, I'd—

GINIVAN. (*in a solemn tone, under cover.*) Murder!

HORN. (*frightened.*) Eh? what on earth is that?

GINIVAN. Murder!

HORN. (*looking round in alarm.*) Bless my soul, where did that voice come from? (*goes to closet, L., opens door, with a loud exclamation shuts door and starts back with horror.*) Good heavens! the old woman has strangled herself, and I shall be hung.

(*runs to steps, R., and is about to get out on roof—GINIVAN rushes out and seizes him by the skirts of his coat and brings him down.*)

GINIVAN. Murder, of course—I always told you so.

HORN. (*turning and recognising him*) Ah, Ginivan! you here? (*stands opposite him in a threatening attitude.*) The long wished for moment come at last—Ginivan in my power—now for vengeance. (*makes a feint as if to seize GINIVAN—suddenly turns and runs to top of stairs and calls.*) Police! Police!

(*GINIVAN seizes and brings him down again.*)

GINIVAN. Why, you fool! What are you about? Do you want to ruin yourself? Who killed the old lady?

HORN. Let me go, Ginivan, you green eyed snake—let me go! You've broken my heart—you've picked my pocket—and may the curse of a middle aged orphan light upon your head. (*seizes GINIVAN by the throat—they struggle—GINIVAN calls.*)

GINIVAN. Help! Help! Dorothy!

The WIDOW FUBBS screams in closet. HORNIBLOW throws GINIVAN round to, L.—the WIDOW rushes between them, as EVELINA enters upstairs, and rushes down, R. to HORNIBLOW, who falls into EVELINA'S arms, and GINIVAN into MRS. FUBBS'S.

MRS. F. Man! do you want to murder my old husband?

EVELINA. Woman! do you wish to kill my young one? (*rushing at MRS. FUBBS—HORNIBLOW stops her.*)

HORN. Come, Evelina—we'll leave them together. (*going.*)

GINIVAN. (*laughs.*) Ha, ha, ha! Stop! Stop! Stop a moment, it will be all right—wait till I've had my laugh out.

HORN. I hope 'twill be at the wrong side of your mouth, you old Cheshire cat!

GINIVAN. Dumbleton, it's all your own fault. I am the best friend you have in the world.

HORN. Best friend, indeed! Then I wonder what my worst enemy is like?

GINIVAN. The very picture of yourself. What have I not done for you?

HORN. You're right, you have done for me entirely.

EVELINA. You wanted to marry me!

MRS. F. (*to GINIVAN.*) Ginivan!

GINIVAN. Ha, ha, ha! Nothing of the sort!

HORN. What have you done with that five hundred pounds?

GINIVAN. I've paid all your debts. I only courted her to find your address.

EVELINA. Why, that's the old lady that has been so long looking for you.

HORN. Ah, indeed! Oh, my prophetic soul—my aunt.

(rushes to FUBBS, and embraces her.)

MRS. F. What! my nephew Dumbleton? (*embraces him.*)

GINIVAN. Of course—your aunt Ginivan. Ha, ha, ha!

HORN. Ginivan, my aunt? Oh, I see. Oh, my photographic soul! My uncle!

GINIVAN. Certainly.

HORN. Well, that's pleasant, at all events!

GINIVAN. You ought to think so—for I've paid your creditors.

HORN. What! paid my debts? Hurrah! The Borough once more, instead of the Old Bailey!

GINIVAN. Return to the Borough? nonsense! just as your credit is becoming good at the West End?

HORN. Do you really think so? (to AUDIENCE.) Have I really gained credit here, or is Ginivan deceiving me again? your approbation is the quicksilver that will speedily develope me; so if you approve, here I stop. You'll find me a liberal fellow; to everyone who pays me a visit, I'll present a likeness of himself in a neat frame, *with a hook*—patronize me, then—here are my cards. (*throws them into House.*) You'll find no other shop where you'll get a correct likeness for one shilling.

GINIVAN.

MRS. FUBBS.

HORNIBLOW.

EVELINA.

R.

L.

CURTAIN.

EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R.	R. C.	C.	L. C.	L.
Right.	Right Centre.	Centre.	Left Centre.	Left.

FACING THE AUDIENCE.
