

FURNISHED APARTMENTS.

A Comic Interlude,

IN ONE ACT.

ADAPTED FOR PRIVATE REPRESENTATION.

BY

F. H. A. C. Y.

(1860)

LONDON:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
PUBLISHER,
89, STRAND.

NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH & SON,
PUBLISHERS,
38, EAST 14TH STREET.

FURNISHED APARTMENTS.

Characters.

- DR. PLANUS (*a Surgeon-Apothecary, with a large house and limited practice, desirous of improving his income by taking a Single Gentleman to board and lodge*)
- MR. ROMEO THEODORE FUGGLES (*Assistant to Doctor Planus, and partial to the study of Music and Mnemonics*) ...
- MR. MAGNUS SMITH (*a gentleman having a great idea of his own importance, and a small portmanteau, just arrived in town on business of vast consequence*)
- MR. TELEMACHUS THOMPSON (*with weak nerves and a carpet bag, from the Provinces—of retired habits, and delighting in mystery*)
- CEPHALUS SQUILL (*a well-educated youth, with respectable connections and caroty hair, officiating as Page, Groom, and Errand Boy, in Dr. Planus's establishment*)

Costumes.

PLANUS.—Suit of black, with white cravat and silver-mounted walking stick.

FUGGLES.—Suit of black, waistcoat and cravat optional, eye-glasses or spectacles.

SMITH.—Travelling dress, rather fast; very small portmanteau.

THOMPSON.—Travelling dress, quiet and grave; carpet bag.

SQUILL.—First dress: Cotton jacket, apron, and red wig
Second dress: Page's suit.

FURNISHED APARTMENTS.

SCENE.—*Parlour in Dr. Planus's House; table, chairs, pianoforte, music, and writing materials.*

MR. ROMEO THEODORE FUGGLES discovered, writing in a large book.

FUGGLES. There—enough of writing for one morning. Mr. Planus is visiting his patients abroad, and I am entering up the ledger at home—the Book of Martyrs I call it. (*goes to door, r.*) Where can that boy be all this time? (*calls*) Cephalus Squill! Cephalus Squill, I say! That young monkey's at the tamarind jar again. (*speaking at the door*) If you don't come instantly, I'll put you into the water butt, and make you imbibe sixteen quarts of East London impure! (*crosses to front, l.*)

CEPHALUS SQUILL. (*peeping timidly at the door, r. with the morning paper on his arm, which he places on the table, is engaged in polishing a boot; a small book visible above the strings of his apron*) Did you call, sir?

FUGGLES. Did I call? Why, you provoking young imp, yes, I called loud enough to injure my larynx for the whole day; now really, Master Cephalus Squill, if you do not know intuitively when you are wanted, and be ubiquitous when required, we shall be compelled to place a notice in the window—“Wanted a respectable Youth as Errand Boy.”

SQUILL. I am very sorry, Mr. Fuggles; but, you see, I was *up late* last night and *down early* this morning, and in constant motion ever since, like a squirrel in his cage now really, what with want of rest by night and food by day, I shall soon be a juvenile walking skeleton. Since Jemima has been acquainted with policeman No. 97, there's no cold meat in the larder, and nothing but physic left for me to take.

FUGGLES. There, cease your oratory! What were you doing when I called—sucking the tamarinds, or reading the *Family Herald*, eh?

SQUILL. No, Mr. Fuggles, I was only drinking half-a-pint of what we professionally term *Cerervisia Londinensis*—the vulgar call it London porter—and, it's a curious fact in natural history, I can't hear anybody when I am drinking.

FUGGLES. Very singular; and, if true, that will do for my next article in the *Medical Mercury*. Well, Cephalus, have you done all your morning's work?

SQUILL. No, sir, I haven't had my breakfast yet.

FUGGLES. Pooh, pooh, it is too late now for breakfast, and too early for dinner! Get your hat and basket; a long walk will improve your health; "*u natum bis die*"—"let it be taken twice a day!" Really, Master Cephalus Squill, I envy you the luxury of dispensing medicine and reaping a store of health at the same time; but make haste, or some of our patients will get well before they get the physic. (*busies himself at the books*)

SQUILL. (*aside*) I won't lose my dinner though, if I get no breakfast. Jemima didn't give all the cold meat to the policeman—no, I took care of that—so I'll cut off a slice and then cut off with the basket. *Exit, R.*

FUGGLES. (*following to the door and listening*) Well, he's off at last. Now let me consider; is anything forgotten—anything omitted? I suffer so much from deficiency of recollection, that, after studying for three years the "Memoria Technica," I am compelled to adopt mnemonics of my own, suitable to every-day occurrences; thus, an empty phial reminds me to make up the prescriptions, my hat and gloves of a visit, and—ah! this newspaper—by-the-bye the Doctor's advertisement. (*takes up the paper*) Where is the ad-ver-tisement? Thirty-six columns—hum, ha—like an army on active service; from the forlorn hope to the flying artillery; pioneers, grenadiers, sharpshooters, and all. (*sits himself on a chair in the centre of the stage—still reading*) "Australia—California—Rifles and Revolvers—For a Winter Residence—Aldershott—Russia and Turkey—Bear's Grease and Opium—Opening of Parliament—Zoological Gardens—To be let for the Shooting Season—Her Majesty's Royal Horse Guards—

Fashionable Intelligence—The Old Bailey.”* This must be the identical—Eureka—I have it, “ Furnished Apartments with attendance, in an open and healthy situation, within twenty minutes’ ride of the Royal Exchange; for cards apply at—.” It is the advertisement. I was not quite certain that I had not sent it to the *Medical Mercury*, or the *Mining Journal*. I wonder if we shall have any enquiries—and Jemima out for the day—no one to show the apartments. Some friends have advised Mr. Planus to take a lodger—poor Planus, so smooth and so calm! Since the death of his wife, he finds the house *too quiet* even for him. I must say I sympathise with him; the place was more lively when Mrs. P. was *alive*; what with her passion for music and love for scolding, we were anything *but quiet*; nothing agreeable, nothing exciting *now*, but an occasional skirmish between Jemima and Squill.

Enter SQUILL, R.

SQUILL. “If you please, sir, three of the bottles were empty—you forgot to put anything in ‘em, so I brought them back—if anything is said, you can lay the blame on me, *as usual, you know*. (*aside*) I have been learning my speech for the next meeting at the Hall of Roscius. (*aloud*) Oh! Mr. Fuggles, I’ve a little favour to ask.

FUGGLES. Favour to ask, eh. What is it? D’ye want another tooth extracted? Sit down, my good lad, I’ll get the instruments directly, *experientia docet*.

SQUILL. No, thank ye, Mr. Fuggles; you’ll break my jaw, perhaps, and spoil my spouting to-morrow night at the Hall of Roscius. I’m to come hout strong hin “ Brutus hon the Death of Cœsar.” May I go, sir? You know I always sit up for you, when you go to hear Charles Kean sing, or to see Sims Reeves play Macbeth.

FUGGLES. Hall of Roscius! Where the deuce is that, and how long have you been a spouter?

SQUILL. About six months, sir; we meet once a week for *mutual instruction* at the Pig and Whistle—terms, sixpence a quarter, *with the privilege* *haf* introducing a friend.

* In lieu of these a few cross readings suitable to the period and locality may be introduced.

Would you like to hear me, sir? I shall be thankful for many ints; here's the book, sir—the “Giant Spouter!” (*producing a Lilliputian book and throwing himself into an attitude*) Now, sir! “Romens, countrymen, hand lovers, ear me for my cause, hand be silent—that you may ear believe me.”

FUGGLES. La, la, la! There, there. (*stopping his ears*) that will do—you are murdering the Queen's English most unmercifully; throw the “Giant Spouter” on the kitchen fire, and buy a spelling-book. Learn to *read well* before you attempt *spouting*, and shun the sons of Roscius at the Pig and Whistle; you'll do to polish boots and wash the medicine bottles, but you'll never do for the buskins! Get ready for another trip, Master Cephalus Squill, or Mr. Planus will be *in* before you're *out*, and then, I guess, things won't go on so very *smoothly*. But stay; just wait while I look down the list, in case anything should be forgotten.

SQUILL. Yes, Mr. Fuggles; there's the half-crown you promised me last week, you know.

FUGGLES. I know—you're an impertinent young monkey. Now will you go instantly, or must I put in the window, “*Wanted a well-educated Youth, respectably connected, as Errand Boy!*” Are you going, I say?

SQUILL. No, sir—Presto—I'm gone! Exit, R.

FUGGLES. Now I'll finish my last poem (*takes up unfinished MS.*) “The Robber Hermit.” (*he dips the pen in the ink three times, thrice he rubs his forehead for inspiration, and reads*)

“A dark-brow'd robber sought his cave,

And forthwith, in his ire,

He pluck'd a poniard from his belt

And with it——”

(*walks about agitatedly*) and with it—and with it—(*knocking heard, L.*) Confound you, let me finish the rhyme! And with it——

(*knocking heard again—He goes to L. door, and is nearly upset by Mr. MAGNUS SMITH, who enters hastily with a very small portmanteau, speaking to the cab-driver outside*)

MR. SMITH. Yes, wait ; I shall want you to drive me back to the City. (*to FUGGLES*) Pray, sir, am I right—Mr. Planus's, I presume?—just arrived from Southampton, mail train—read advertisement in the *Times*, “ Apartments furnished”—got a card from Snap and Snarl, my intimate friends—I prefer the suburbs, genteel, quiet, retired—there's my card—there, d'ye see, my name's SMITH, Mr. MAGNUS SMITH, well known everywhere—the Smiths are a numerous and *highly respectable* family (*FUGGLES bows*)—my reference—your friends—my friends—Snap and Snarl, of Negro-driver Lane, City—well known—what are the terms? Are there any omnibuses passing here, hey? Can I enter to-night?—bed well aired?—or must I sleep at an hotel, eh?

FUGGLES. The terms, sir, are two guineas per week, attendance inclusive, but exclusive of board; omnibuses pass every two minutes—and if the reference answers, Mr. Planus will, I'm sure be happy, most happy to receive you this evening. Will you see the apartments now—and what refreshment will you require? because the maid is—

MR. SMITH. Two guineas a week! — that will do. *Important business*—I may say *most important business*, will possibly detain me in London for some time. I'm now going back to the City—shall return before nine—refreshments—supper—yes, order me a *small* lobster, loaf, pat of butter, and a pint of porter—yes, that's all—hum—ha!—I'll leave my luggage—good morning—good morning! (*bows with stately dignity, and exit, L.—speaking outside*) Here—Cab—Lombard Street—quick!

FUGGLES. (*standing in a state of misty doubt, with the card in one hand and the portmanteau in the other*) Mr. Magnus Smith of Liverpool; reference, Snap and Snarl. No doubt he is very respectable; but his manners and appearance are much more *imposing* than his *luggage*. (*weighing the portmanteau on one finger*) He elephant has a very small trunk. (*placing the portmanteau on the chair*) Peculiarly unfortunate that they're all out. I can't be chambermaid, page, and cook; and then the small lobster for the large gentleman—suppose I enter it into the book; good thought—*astacus panis*. (*writes*)

Enter PLANUS, L.

PLANUS. Well, Mr. Fuggles, I have returned to release you; when you are in the City, execute one or two little commissions for me. You'll go by omnibus, I suppose; make what haste you can—the maid promised to be home at eight. Squill, where is he, out?

FUGGLES. Yes, sir, delivering medicine and (*aside*) learning his speech of "*Romans, countrymen, and lovers.*"

PLANUS. He'll not be long; in the meantime, should any one call, I'll answer the door. But I shall not be troubled with visitors; no, Mr. Fuggles, they don't come here now—the house is *large*, and the place *quiet* as Grosvenor Square in September; you find it quiet, do you not, Mr. Fuggles?

FUGGLES. *Rather quiet*, certainly sir; almost *too quiet*.

PLANUS. But if we let the apartments to a pleasant agreeable lodger—Has the advertisement appeared?

FUGGLES. Yes, sir; here it is in the *Times*; and, curious enough, while I was reading it—

PLANUS. Well, well, you can tell me when you return; you had better go now. (*looking at his watch*) You'll be just in time. Cash this cheque at Smith Payne's—four fives—call at Macmurdo's, and then go on to Highley's for "*Toulmin on Gout.*"'

FUGGLES. (*confused with, to him, this multiplicity of commissions*) Yes, sir! yes, sir!—Smith Payne's—Smith! Mr. Magnus Smith! and a *small* lobster—very good, I'll start immediately. (*leaves the cheque on the table, exit, R.*)

PLANUS. (*taking up the paper*) Positively, the modern newspaper, like the metropolis, has extended in size to such a degree that one may spend a whole day without finding the spot we are in search of; one needs a *Directory* for the *newspaper* as well as for the streets. Ah! here it is.

Knocking heard.

Enter Mr. TELEMACHUS THOMPSON mysteriously, L. with a carpet bag, talking to the cabman outside.

THOMP. No, thank you—let it alone, I say that will do. Return?—I don't know! I may, or I may not—there's your fare—now go. (*advancing*) Is your name Planus,

sir? In the medical profession, I believe? And you have apartments to let?

(at each interrogatory PLAXUS bows affirmatively)

PLAXUS. Yes, sir! And whom have I the honor of?—

THOMP. (presenting a letter) That letter will explain. The writer says you are an intimate friend of his.

PLAXUS. (takes the letter, and after the usual apologetic bow he reads) "Dear Planus—The bearer, Mr. T. T., has been known to our house for some years; he has just come from Southampton, and will remain in London until the affair he has in hand shall be arranged. During his stay, he requires a quiet, respectable lodging, and we think your house will suit him.—Yours truly, Stoppage, Transit, and Co." I shall be happy, sir, on the recommendation of my friends here, to make you comfortable. My terms are two guineas per week, including attendance. You can have a sitting room, sleeping and dressing rooms, on the same floor. The fact is, my people are all out at present, or I should ring for the servant to show you the apartments.

THOMP. Never mind, sir, in the evening will do. Is your house quiet? well conducted, of course—and the neighbourhood respectable, no doubt?

PLAXUS. The neighbourhood is quite respectable; consisting chiefly of settled residents. If your stay should be long, you will get acquainted with each, and be soon known to every family in the Row.

THOMP. Hum! Indeed! Are they inquisitive and gossiping?

PLAXUS. Not more so than in any other respectable suburban neighbourhood, where each one's history, life, character, and conversation, are public property within the radii of its little world.

THOMP. But I have no desire to be the subject of their remarks; my stay in London will depend on circumstances; and, during its continuance, I trust I shall not be annoyed by impertinent curiosity. I shall be much occupied in writing; I want no visitors, and never make new acquaintance. I wish to be perfectly incognito, and my letters will be addressed to a friend in the City.

PLAXUS. In that case, sir, my house will suit you exactly;

here you will be as retired and undisturbed as you can possibly wish to be.

THOMP. I'm glad to hear it, for I am *very nervous* and *rather* particular. To-night, if convenient, I take possession; I am now going out for a short time. When I return, I should like, for supper, a small lobster, with a pint of porter, bread and butter, and then for a *quiet night*.

PLANUS. I trust you will find everything to your satisfaction.

Exit THOMPSON, L.

Enter FUGGLES, R.

PLANUS. Bless me, Mr. Fuggles, you have been quick—give me the notes, as I wish to pay two or three small accounts in the neighbourhood.

FUGGLES. (*searching on the table for the cheque*) Oh, here it is, quite safe. The fact is, I went away without the cheque, and I fear it will be too late for the bankers to-day.

PLANUS. Now really, Mr. Fuggles, *this is provoking, very provoking*—so much as I wanted the cash too. I did not think anything could disturb the equanimity of my temper; but your want of memory causes me so much annoyance, that, were it not for the lodger coming here this evening—

FUGGLES. Ah, true! the gentleman and a small lobster—

PLANUS. Yes! yes! for his supper.

FUGGLES. A pint of porter and a pat of butter; I know.

PLANUS. I cannot clearly understand how you can possibly know anything 'about it; seeing— Well, well, no matter—I'm now going to call on Mrs. Capsicum; when the servants return let every attention be paid to our new inmate; he will return shortly.

Exit, L.

FUGGLES. Yes, I do recollect that—Mr. Magnus Smith—he will come back this evening; but where did Mr. Planus meet with him? (*knocking heard*) And sure enough here he is. (*opens R. door*) Walk in, sir.

Enter Mr. MAGNUS SMITH, R.

Will you have candles in your own apartments, sir?

SMITH. No, this will do very well for the present: my luggage will be here to-morrow; in the meantime, my portmanteau contains all I require. Where is it, eh?

FUGGLES. Here it is, sir ! and this carpet bag also.

SMITH. No ! no ! that is not my property. (*places his portmanteau, umbrella, and hat, on the chair*) That will do ; now, my good fellow, do me the favour to order in my evening repast, and, afterwards, I'll seek the dominions of the drowsy god. (*here SMITH peruses FUGGLES's MS. lying on the table*)

FUGGLES. Directly, sir ! (*aside*) I'll make a note of that, "take his evening repast in the dominions of the drowsy god !" He means Morpheus. (*goes to door, n.*) I wonder if Jemima and Cephalus Squill are returned. (*listening*) Yes, I can tell by the quarrelling that those domestic animals have come home.

Exit, n.

SMITH. What have we here ? the attempts of some one afflicted with *cacoethes scribendi*. (*reads*)

"A dark-brow'd robber sought his cave,
And forthwith, in his ire,
He pluck'd a poniard from his belt
And with it (*writes*) stirred the fire."

Now this termination will prevent any tragical conclusion with the poniard.

(*while Mr. SMITH is tagging a rhyme to FUGGLES's poetry, enter, L. MR. THOMPOX, cautiously and mysteriously as is his custom ; and enter, R., CEPHALUS SQUILL with a tray containing the lobster, &c. &c. SQUILL looks astonished at seeing two Gentlemen when he evidently expected to find one only.—He arranges the table*)

SQULL. (*aside*) A light supper for two. I didn't know our new lodger expected company. (*he examines the carpet bag*) "T. T." Who the deuce is "T. T."

(*THOMPOX, seeing him at the carpet bag, rushes to snatch it away*)

THOMP. Leave that bag alone ! (*SQULL puts down the bag and sneaks out of the room, L.*) Servants are so inquisitive !

(*MR. SMITH, who has been examining the room, now turns round ; they bow*)

SMITH. These are nice apartments, but there is no bell-

pull; upon my word, I must have a bell-pull, if at my own expense.

THOMP. Why—ah!—certainly—you can please yourself; but this (*laying his hand on the small bell on the table*) will do very well for me.

SMITH. Certainly not—no, sir! we must have a bell-rope; I cannot keep running to the door sounding that sixpenny toy. But don't stand—take a seat—never mind me—I'm not particular.

THOMP. (*aside*) That's cool. I wish the fellow would go. (*sits down*)

SMITH. (*aside*) This landlord of mine is original; but I'll humour him. (*sits down—they stare at each other*) I suppose I *must* say something. (*aloud*) May I beg, sir, to ask what is your opinion as to what we may expect from the ministers this session?

THOMP. (*aside*) Well, if I'm strong on any *subject* in this world, it is on *politics*. (*aloud*) Sir, my opinions on such points are not rashly formed—that is all I venture to say in their favour; I do not tell you that they are worth having, but merely that they are well considered; and it is therefore with some confidence I reply, that, in my humble judgment, the question you have mooted is involved in doubt—in doubt, sir—the expression I advisedly use is *doubt*.

SMITH. my own opinion exactly; and as for the ministers—

THOMP. Sir, I will trust the ministers to a certain point,—but no further; I will not trust them more than is reasonable—not a jot. I rarely change my opinions, and humble individual as I am, fear no man, so long as I pay my way. I would not fear telling the ministers—and even the Lords and the Commons,—to their faces, sir, aye sir, to their faces, that there are men, who are Englishmen,—with hearts in their bosoms,—brains in their heads—blood in their veins—and, what is much better,—with money in their purses; all of which I venture to assert, with the most supreme indifference as to how it may be received.

SMITH. Sir, you're a brick! I am not in the habit of flattering, and have no occasion to flatter any man, Lord or no Lord, seeing that I pay my way—but what I say is this—

and I say it without disguise—that an individual entertaining such noble sentiments is, emphatically, a *Brick! Drink,* and pass the porter.

THOMR. (*aside*) Very kind to invite me to drink my own porter. (*he drinks, and looks sharply and suspiciously at SMITH over the pint pot*) I hope he hasn't drugged it. (*aside*)

SMITH. (*taking the pewter pot—aside*) My landlord appears to be a man of genius. I suppose he takes the lead at some debating society. The deuce! he has drunk nearly all my beer. (*aloud*) I hope you will make yourself comfortable, sir; pray consider yourself *quite at home*—pray do.

THOMR. I always do, sir, especially in my own apartments! I am in the habit of paying *my rent*, whatever other people may do, although I make *no allusions*; and when individuals pay their *rent*, they have a right to consider themselves at *home*.

SMITH. *Rent*, sir?—Do you talk to me of *rent*, the first night?—Do you question *my honesty*?

THOMR. Oh, no—I don't question your *honesty*, but I do question your *politeness*. If you will intrude thus unseasonably, why—I shall take *my supper*. (*helping himself to bread and butter*)

SMITH. *Your supper*, sir?

THOMR. Yes, sir, *my supper*! (*here they both make a rush at the edibles*) *My supper!*

SMITH. Really, this conduct is extremely strange—perfectly incomprehensible; to-morrow I shall certainly demand an explanation of my friends, Messieurs Snap and Snarl. (*takes out a cigar case and commences smoking*)

THOMR. How dare you take this liberty? I detest the smell of tobacco—perfectly disgusting, I declare!

SMITH. Pooh, nonsense!—no ladies here, have you? Try one (*offering cigar case*)—very soothing for nervous excitement.

THOMR. If you will persist in smoking that detestable weed here, I would recommend you to sit as near the fireplace as possible—(*aside*) up the chimney would be better—(*aloud*) and I may stand a chance of not being suffocated.

SMITH. Well, if you decline smoking, perhaps you'll

join me in a glass of whisky toddy. Agitate that soniferous toy of yours on the table.

THOMP. I shall do neither, sir; and permit me to say, that I wish to be alone, sir; I repeat it—alone, sir!

SMITH. Why you appear to be the most irascible, unsociable little fellow I ever beheld.

THOMP. And you, sir, are the biggest bore I ever met with—a great intrusive, impertinent—

SMITH. Come, sir, come, mind what you say, or else—
(threatening)

THOMP. I'm not to be terrified, and I won't be bullied, sir! *(waspishly)*

SMITH. *(indignantly)* Bullied, sir? Oh! there must be an end of this!—since politeness and forbearance are thrown away upon you—I beg to wish you a particularly good night.

THOMP. Good night, then—good night with all my heart; it's what I've been wishing this half hour. *(aside)* I shall be very ill after this—I know I shall.

SMITH. *(with great dignity)* Sir, you may retire.

THOMP. *(petulantly)* Get out!

SMITH. Sir! if I were not in my own premises, I would put you out at *that door*.

THOMP. And if I wasn't in *mine*, I would throw you out at *that window*!

SMITH. You insolent, ungrateful individual! What! throw me out of the window, after drinking *my porter* and devouring *my supper*?

THOMP. *Your porter—your supper?* They were *my own*, and you know it—you intolerable sponge!

SMITH. *Sponge, sir?*—I have a strong inclination to—
(advances threateningly)

THOMP. *(takes up the knife)* Ah! if you do—I'll—

SMITH. Why, surely I'm in an asylum for lunatics—put down that knife instantly, sir!

THOMP. I'm very nervous, but I'm not to be frightened. *(rings the hand bell)* Here—help!—help!

Enter FUGGLES, n., with a labelled medicine bottle.

FUGGLES. *(reading the prescription)* *Aqua fervens—boiling water; febre durante—while the fever is on.*

SMITH. (*grasping him by the arm*) Tell me, young man, is your master mad?

FUGGLES. (*astonished*) I can't exactly say, sir; but he'll return presently, and then perhaps you will be kind enough to ask him yourself.

SMITH. No, no, but who then is this—this individual? (*pointing to THOMPSON*)

THOMP. And this—person—(*pointing to SMITH*) who, and what is he?

(FUGGLES, *in doubt—staring in turns at each, at length a glimmer of recollection coming across him*)

FUGGLES. Why, this gentleman (*pointing to SMITH*) is the lodger—and you, sir, (*addressing THOMPSON*) are his visitor, are you not?

THOMP. Certainly not—I am the *lodger*, and this person—is an *intruder*; he has spoilt my supper.

SMITH. (*with dignity*) I engaged these apartments, a few hours since, for my own use—I might say—for my *private use*; and, sir, there is my card.

THOMP. And there, sir, is mine. (*they exchange cards*)

SMITH. (*reads*) "Mr. T. T.!"

THOMP. (*reads*) "Magnus Smith, Esq., of Liverpool!"

SMITH. But what do you mean by "T. T.?"

THOMP. Ob, that is my *travelling card*; but this (*giving another*) is a *name not unknown to the scientific world*.

SMITH. Have I the pleasure then of meeting Mr. Telemachus Thompson, the discoverer and patentee of—

THOMP. Hush! pray, hush! some one may hear you. And you, sir, I presume, represent the house of Smith, Brown, and Robinson, of Liverpool? This is indeed a fortunate meeting;—allow me the pleasure of— (*they shake hands most cordially*)

SMITH. Very fortunate that *one* of us was not kicked out at the *door*, or thrown out of the *window*; all owing to my great command of temper! Your letter appointing a meeting to-morrow at Snap and Snarl's, brought me to town this morning by express train: my partners and myself are well disposed to promote your new—

THOMP. Hush! hush! we shall have time, my dear sir, to talk over the affair after supper. I say, young man—(*to FUGGLES*)

FUGGLES. I'm the young man, sir; that is, I'm the assistant; what is your pleasure?

THOMP. Your name is—

FUGGLES. Fuggles, sir; *Romeo Theodore Fuggles*.

THOMP. Well, Mr. Fuggles, oblige us by ordering supper, and request Mr. Planus to favour us with his company.

Exit FUGGLES, R.

SMITH. Your letter states that Stoppage and Transit have every confidence in a successful result with respect to your patent for—

THOMP. Excuse me, my dear sir, I'm rather nervous—some one may hear (*examining the doors*)—we can't be too cautious; if prematurely published, the project may be injured—perhaps ruined: let us but start *first*—and when our new company is formed, we may safely defy competition.

Enter PLANUS, L.

PLANUS. Gentlemen, I have just heard the particulars of this unfortunate mistake—I am truly sorry for the unpleasant dilemma. The fact is, my assistant let the apartments to *one* gentleman, and I let them to the *other*; however, I shall be happy to accommodate *both*, if agreeable to you.

SMITH. Perfectly so!—The fact is, *my friend*, I'm proud to call him, *my friend*, Mr. Telemachus Thompson.

PLANUS. Can it be possible? What, the Mr. T. T. mentioned in my friend's letter, and Mr. Telemachus Thompson, one and the same? Proud am I that this roof should be honoured with the presence of one whose new discovery will astonish the world, and make the fortunes of the fortunate shareholders!

(*here THOMPSON exhibits signs of bashful modesty, followed by restless nervousness*)

SMITH. You are then acquainted with the particulars, and of our intentions?

PLANUS. Oh, yes, by Stoppage and Transit. I have consented to take 50 shares, on condition of being appointed a director.

SMITH. I shall be happy to give you *my support*, (*patronisingly*)

THOMP. (*eagerly*) And *I* delighted to co-operate. But may I enquire how long you have known our project—I thought it was a secret confined to so few persons.

PLANUS. So it was originally, no doubt; but having been whispered at first to a few, quite in confidence of course, it soon became talked of *everywhere*.

THOMP. While *I* have taken such pains to keep the discovery quiet!

PLANUS. My dear sir, "*The conversion of River Mud into Fuel for Steam Navigation and Domestic Purposes*," has long excited the attention of the scientific world.

SMITH. But it wanted a Telemachus Thompson to perfect the discovery. (*bows to THOMPSON*)

THOMP. And an influential person, like *Mr. Magnus Smith*, to bring it forward. (*bows to SMITH*)

SMITH. It now remains for our friend here, the doctor, to give it an *Anglicised Latin name*. (*both bow to PLANUS*)

THOMP. There is one thing more we shall require—the *last but not least* in my estimation, and *that is*, a secretary for the new company, and he must have a magnificent patronymic.

SMITH. I would recommend, then, our friend's assistant, Mr. Romeo Theodore Fuggles.

THOMP. Excellent! I should say the *man* was cut out for the *place*, and the *place* cut out for the *man*. What says our friend, the doctor?

PLANUS. Why you see, gentlemen, *I* may be suspected of partiality; but having a duty to perform to our prospective shareholders, whose interests it will be *my* aim to protect, I'm obliged to state candidly, in my opinion, the young man won't do.

SMITH. On what account, doctor?

PLANUS. Forgetfulness and want of memory.

THOMP. Allow me to say, of all things for a new company, *the most convenient*.

SMITH. But he has talents and industry, eh?

PLANUS. Why—ah—yes—but *I'm his friend*, you know; he can mix medicine, carve a fowl, and talk like a connoisseur of *wine, music, and the opera*.

THOMP. Then he'll *suit us*. Your *business-like, industrious people* are apt to be pertinacious, and *thin skinned*.

SMITH. It's a settled affair, then—if the young man embrace the offer.

PLANUS. I should rather think he would; indeed, I may venture to say I have no doubt on the subject.

SMITH. Well, doctor, we shall remain your tenants until this *important business* shall be arranged.

THOMP. But I hope there will be *no increase of lodgers*.

Enter FUGGLES, R.

PLANUS. Not any more, I assure you; I'll adopt measures to prevent that. Where's Fuggles? Oh! Mr. Fuggles, you will please to remember that the apartments are *all occupied*.

FUGGLES. Yes, sir! I shall not forget that. (*aside*) And if I do, the servants won't!

During the conclusion of the dialogue enter SQUILL, L., he proceeds to the table, does a little business in the porter and lobster line, with skirmishing variations with FUGGLES, who snatches the lobster from his pocket and deposits it in his own; exit SQUILL with tray, L.

PLANUS. And now, gentlemen, unless you prefer being private, I have to request the favour of your company to supper with me, *without the lobster*.

SMITH. With pleasure.

THOMP. (*nervously*) Any visitors?

PLANUS. Only ourselves, gentlemen, and Mr. Fuggles.

SMITH. Of course, Mr. Fuggles.

THOMP. Mr. Romeo Theodore Fuggles, of course.

(*FUGGLES bows*)

PLANUS. As to visitors, we have none but our kind friends here (*addressing the AUDIENCE*), who are too generous to notice any faults in our "FURNISHED APARTMENTS."

FUGGLES. Errors of the *heart*—I mean errors of the *head*, and not of the *heart*—

SMITH. Always meet with lenity—

THOMP. And indulgence from an audience at the—

MAGNUS SMITH. FUGGLES. DR. PLANUS. TELEMACHUS THOMPSON.
R. L.

Curtain.