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No. XLIV

THE MINOR DRAMA

J. L. Andrew

THE TWO BONNYCASTLES

A Farce.

IN ONE ACT

BY JOHN MADDISON MORTON

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS ETC.

NEW YORK:

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EDITED BY F. C. WEMYSS.

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GIFT
EST. OF J. H. CORNING
JUNE 20. 1940

*First performed at the Theatre Royal Haymarket
on Tuesday, November 11, 1851.*

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### CAST OF CHARACTERS.

|                                                            | <i>Haymarket Theatre</i> | <i>Burton's Theatre</i> |
|------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| <i>Mr. Smuggins</i> . . . . .                              | MR. LAMBERT.             | MR. RAE.                |
| <i>Mr. Job's James Johnson</i> . . .                       | MR. HOWE.                | MR. LESTER.             |
| <i>Mr. Bonnycastle, alias Mr. Jeremiah Jorum</i> . . . . . | } MR. BUCKSTONE.         | MR. BURTON.             |
| <i>Mrs. Bonnycastle</i> . . . . .                          |                          |                         |
| <i>Helen, (Niece to Smuggins)</i> . .                      | MISS A. VINING.          | MISS WESTON.            |
| <i>Patty</i> . . . . .                                     | MRS. CAULFIELD.          | MRS. HOLMAN.            |

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Scene—CANTERBURY.

Time of Representation—Forty-five Minutes.

COSTUMES.

- MRS. BONNYCASTLE**—Scarlet dress, black cloak, and white bonnet.
HELEN—Check silk dress.
PATTY—Blue cotton gown.
SMUGGINS—Black body-coat, and grey trowsers.
JOHNSON—Black riding-jacket, white paletot, white waistcoat, and red plaid trowsers.
BONNYCASTLE—Grey jacket, black waistcoat, and dark trowsers.

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### STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*;  
 S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; C. *Centre*,  
 C. D. *Centre Door*.



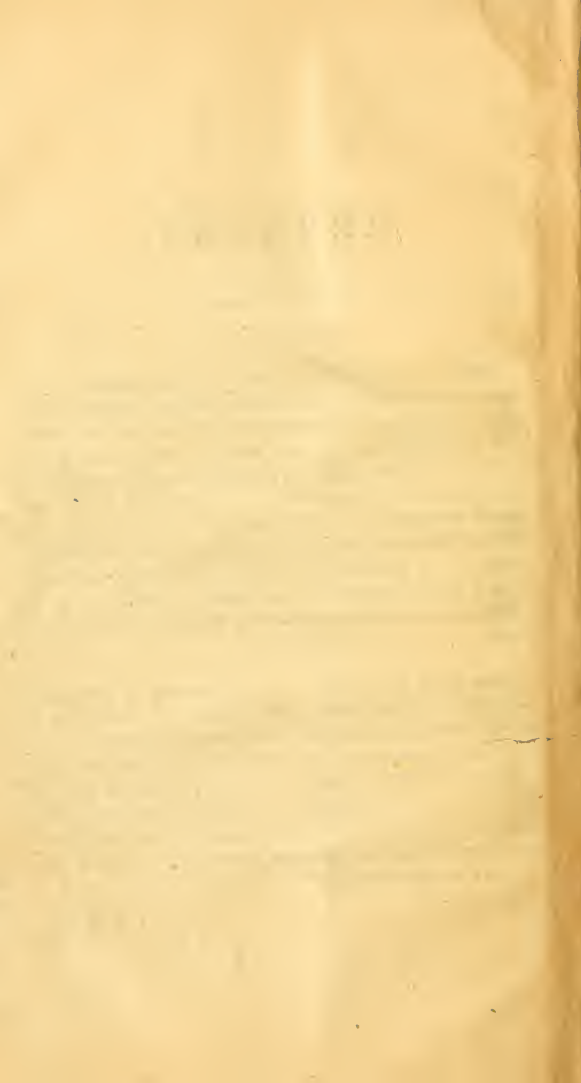
## R E M A R K S .

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THE name of MORTON, the author, is a sure stamp of excellence—and, although the play-goer may trace the incidents in half-a-dozen other pieces, yet an auditor must be ill-natured who would look at the plagiarism of a farce which has made him laugh so heartily. The secret of Morton's success is, that he confines his *dramatis personæ* to three, four, or five characters, which are in general well drawn, and always played by actors of merit. To Provincial Managers, (whose receipts will not admit of superfluous salaries,) he is invaluable—supplying a library of one-act pieces of such droll construction, as to furnish an excellent evening's performance, wanting only the aid of a female dancer and a comic singer.

The "Two Bonnycastles" will lose nothing in comparison with "Box and Cox," "Slasher and Crasher," or "The Unwarrantable Intrusion," and will be for the season one of the stock farces, which, all who relish a good joke for the joke's sake, will avail themselves of seeing. Never was a robbery upon the highway turned to so merry an account, or brought to such a satisfactory conclusion, and the author's friends may "let everybody know at this little affair of the 'Two Bonnycastles' is capital, good —it's all right—Hurrah!"

F. C. W.





# THE TWO BONNYCASTLES.

---

SCENE.—Office at MR. SMUGGINS'. Entrance doors, C., & 2 E., L. 2 E., and L. 3 E., a practicable balcony, R. 3 E.; a large arm-chair, two tables and chairs, high desk and stool, I., papers, &c., lying on it; lighted candles.

Enter HELEN, followed by PATTY, at door R. 2. E.

*Hel.* I say it's downright tyranny, and an unwarrantable interference with the liberty of the subject.

[Walking about.

*Pat.* (Following her.) So it is, miss! But recollect Magna Charter, miss! Remember you're a Briton, miss!—and never, never, never, be a slave, miss.

*Hel.* To be married against my will! One would think Uncle Smuggins fancies himself in Turkey.

*Pat.* And flatters himself he can do as the Turkeys do, but we'll show him the contrary.

*Hel.* Oh! Patty, Patty, what would you do if you were in such a situation?

*Pat.* Give warning directly, miss—I mean I'd say to Mr. Smuggins: Uncle Smuggins, sooner than marry your head clerk, Mr. Jeremiah Jorum, I'd rather—I'd rather marry somebody else.

*Hel.* S. 've told him scores of times, but he deaf to all I say.

*Pat.* Perhaps you don't hollar—I'd make him hear, I warrant.

*Hel.* Something must be done, Patty, to break off this hateful match, or I shall do something desperate, I'm sure I shall.

*Pat.* So I would, miss: I'd marry the butcher! I would say, the policeman, only he's been looking down our area

THE TWO BONNYCASTLES.

rather more than usual lately! But how is it, miss, that your uncle, Mr. Smuggins, has taken such a violent fancy all of a sudden, to Mr. Jeremiah Jorum, for a nephew-in-law?

*Hel.* I'm sure I don't know, except that the odious creature presented himself here about three weeks ago, saying that he was recommended for the vacant clerkship by a certain Miss Clotilda Smirk, of Hatton Garden, London, who it appears is one of Uncle Smuggins' principal clients, and no sooner was he engaged to my uncle, than my uncle engaged him to me.

*Pat.* And not without good reason, depend on it—it grieves me much to speak disrespectfully of your uncle, Mr. Smuggins, but as he's a very clever man, and an ornament to the legal profession, he must put up with the consequences—it's my firm belief, miss, that he doesn't feel disposed to part with your little fortune, and therefore gives you in marriage to Mr. Jeremiah Jorum, in order that he may keep possession of the money!

*Hel.* That's what I said to him yesterday. Uncle Smuggins, said I, if it's the money you want, keep it, and marry Mr. Jorum yourself!

*Pat.* Nothing could be fairer. But take my advice, miss, insist on having every farthing of it, it may be useful in paying the traveling expenses, in case you take it into your head to run away some of these fine mornings. [*With attention.*

*Hel.* Run away!

*Pat.* Yes, I've heard that there's a certain young man—

*Hel.* Hush! have you seen him?

*Pat.* Lor, miss, I never look at the young men.

*Hel.* Nor do I! I can't deny that there is a gentleman who has lately followed me about wherever I go, like my shadow, and very handsome he is, too—the most elegant figure, the softest black eyes—not that I ever noticed him in the slightest way whatever.

*Pat.* So it seems. But if you hav'nt, John the gardener has—and he says he's sure the gentleman's in love with you.

*Hel.* Tell John the gardener to mind his own business for the future, and if he can find out the gentleman's name—who he is—what he is—in short everything about him, I'll give him a guinea (*Bell rings*) But there's my uncle's *bell*.

*Smuggins.* (*Without, at back.*) Patty, Patty.

THE TWO BONNET-CASES.

*Pat* Sir?

*Smug.* Where's my wig? I can't find my wig. It's all right, I see it—it's on my head.

*Pat.* Ha, ha! it's lucky for master he hasn't to take his head off at night, as well as his wig—he'd never know where to put his hand on it in the morning. Well, I must go, miss; once more, show a proper spirit—remember your'e a Briton—and never, never, never be a slave. [*Exit R. 2 E.*]

*Hel.* I will show a proper spirit, at any rate I'll never marry Mr. Jeremiah Jorum, that I'm determined.

*At PATTY'S exit the window is slowly opened, and JOHNSON looks in and listens.*

*John.* Hear, hear, hear!

*Hel.* (*Seeing him and screaming*) Ha!

*John.* Hush! (*Jumps in at the window, looks cautiously round him, then suddenly and rapidly advances towards Helen*)

*Hel.* Keep your distance, sir. (*Retreating; aside*) It's he. (*Aloud.*) I repeat, sir, keep your distance, or I'll scream——

*John.* Hear me first, and scream afterwards; but first let me apologize for introducing myself to you by the window, instead of the door—the fact is, I had so often measured the height of that balcony with my eye, that I could'nt resist the desire of testing the accuracy of my calculation.

*Hel.* Indeed. Well, sir, since that was your *only* motive—(*piqued.*)

*John.* My only motive! Oh, madam, how little you know me! By-the-bye, that reminds me that you don't know me at all.

*Hel.* I beg your pardon, sir; I know you to be a bold and very forward person.

*John.* Quite the reverse, ma'am; a more timid, bashful creature doesn't exist. But time is precious—in a word, the first moment I beheld you—now three days and a half ago—I felt an inward conviction that we were born for one another. Perhaps the same idea occurred to you, ma'am.

*Hel.* (*Angrily*) No such thing, sir.

*John.* I apologize! Such being the state of my feelings, madam, it became absolutely necessary that you should know

them; judge, then, of my delight, when I saw that window standing invitingly open. Love gave me courage—an apple-tree did the rest—and here I am!

*Hel.* But you can't remain here, sir,—indeed you can't.

*John.* Very well, ma'am. I believe you saw me come into this room head first, through yonder window?—if you'll be good enough to keep your eye on me, you'll see me go out of it in the same way.

[*Imitating the action of jumping head first.*

*Hel.* No! don't be rash; you might do yourself a mischief.

*John.* I think it's more than probable I should— but what of that, since you are insensible to the flame that rages here! (*Striking his right breast*) I mean here. (*Striking his left side*) I prefer a dislocated neck to a broken heart; so, as I said before—here goes! [*About to start to window.*

*Hel.* (*Stopping him.*) Stop!

*John.* Stop?—if you insist upon it, certainly! And as there's nothing makes the time pass so agreeably as an interesting subject of conversation—I'll talk to you about myself! My surname is Johnson—my Christian names, John James; add them together, and the result is, John James Johnson. My age is a little more than twenty-seven—my fortune a little less than nothing; I profess the art of medicine, and hope in time to practice what I profess! So much for my worldly advantages. My physical recommendations speak for themselves. So, now for my moral qualifications—don't be alarmed—they're few in number, so I shan't detain you long. In the first place, then, I seldom lose my temper, except when I get into a passion; I never owe a shilling, because nobody will give me credit; and I'm decidedly of a domestic turn of mind, as I don't happen to have a friend in the world. And now, ma'am, that you know the precise value of the article I offer for your acceptance, will you have me? Say "Yes," and I gain a treasure—say "No," and you lose one!

*Hel.* (*Smiling.*) Ha, ha, ha! But if I were to say "yes"—you forget one rather important feature—how are we to live?

*John.* Live? Why, live together, of course!

*Hel.* You mean *starve* together! Besides, my uncle will never receive you as my suitor.

*John.* Why, as he hasn't the honour of my acquaintance, if

I were to send my card up to him, saying that the gentleman in the hall wished to marry his niece, it's more than probable he'd request a little time to consider the proposal ; but, I presume, your uncle, like the great majority of mankind, has got a nose—consequently may be led by it—at least, I've heard so.

*Hel.* From whom ?

*John.* From a friend of mine—one of his clients that I knew in London—a certain Miss Clotilda Smirk.

*Hel.* Miss Smirk no longer ; she has lately married.

*John.* I'm delighted to hear it ; for, between you and me, I was afraid she had taken a fancy to me. And who's the victim—I mean the happy man ?

*Hel.* I think my uncle said his name was Bonnycastle.

*John.* Does your uncle know him ?

*Hel.* No.

*John.* He has never seen him ?

*Hel.* No ; but he says he rather expects him down here shortly, on business connected with Mrs. Bonnycastle's property.

*John.* (Suddenly.) Egad ! I have it—yes, capital !

*Hel.* What ?

*John.* Nothing ; but if anything should occur in the course of half an hour to make you open your eyes with astonishment, don't open your lips to say so. Ask no questions ; but rely on it, "if you'll remember me," "we may be happy yet."

*Hel.* Happy ? Could you be happy, if you had to marry a man you can't endure ?

*John.* What's that ? Have I got a rival ?

*Hel.* Yes—my uncle's head clerk.

*John.* The head clerk dies !

*Hel.* No, no !

*John.* Excuse me, I must kill him—indeed I must !

*Bonnycastle.* (Without.) Very well, Mr. Smuggins, if you are not satisfied, you had better go on your own errands your own self.

*Hel.* Here's some one coming—make haste, fly !

*John.* I'll soon be back—and as I said before—

*Hel.* Never mind what you said before—go !

*John.* Where ? Ah, here ! [*Goes behind window curtain, which he draws so as to conceal himself.*]

*Enter BONNYCASTLE, c., with a very large blue bag, very full of papers, and a quantity of papers sticking out of his pockets, and under each arm.*

*Bon. (Turning and speaking off as he enters.)* I repeat, you had better go on your own errands your own self. (*Advances to front*) I appeal to any one, is it possible for any man to display anything like agility in his movements with such a load as I have got distributed about me in various parts of my person? What I say is this—if I'm to do the work of a London Parcels Delivery Company cart, let me have the privilege of that cart: give me a horse to pull me about! (*Seeing Helen*) Ah! Miss Helen. How dy'e do, Miss Helen? You'll excuse my taking off my hat, because I can't get at it. [*Trying to get his hand to his hat.*]

*Hel.* You are loaded, indeed, Mr. Jorum! Such a very hot day, too!

*Bon.* Hot! I've been in such a dreadful state of perspiration, that I really thought I should have run all away. I did ask a highly respectable individual in the street, if he'd be kind enough to take my pocket handkerchief out of my pocket and wipe my forehead for me. He said he would; and, what's more, he did—only he forgot to put the handkerchief back again.

*Hel.* I presume those are papers of consequence?

*Bon.* Of the utmost importance—or I should have dropped them long ago. [*Lets them all fall on the stage.*]

*Hel.* What are you about, Mr. Jorum? You are smothering me with dust?

*Bon.* A thousand pardons! I'll open the window.

[*Runs to window.*]

*Hel. (Anxiously)* No—never mind!

*Bon.* But I do mind! [*Throwing open curtains.*]

*Hel. (Looking; then aside.)* He's gone!

*Bon. (Throwing window open.)* There! It'll soon blow off—and, really, now I look at you, I assure you, your'e none so dusty!

*Hel. (Recovering herself.)* I was afraid you might catch cold—that's all.

*Bon.* Your'e very kind; but pray, don't be alarmed on my account; I've got no end of flannel on, besides hare skins—

no—I rather think they're rabbit skins, because they're a sort of tortoise-shell color. *[Going to desk.]*

*Hel.* Yes, sir, I know I am much too kind; especially as you seem determined to make me the most unfortunate of women.

*Bon.* What? *[Depositing papers, &c., on desk.]*

*Hel.* Determined to make me the most unfortunate of women.

*Bon.* Goodness gracious! *(Coming hastily down.)* I make you an unfortunate woman! I vow and protest—

*Hel.* Yes, sir! Have you not consented to marry me?

*Bon.* Now, my dear Miss Helen, just let's change positions. In other words, let me be I and you be you—no—let I be me and—no—never mind—you know what I mean. Well, your uncle, Mr. Smuggins, says to me, last Monday week, as I was putting up the shutters, "Jeremiah Jorum," says he, "What do you think of my niece?" "Well," says I, going on putting up the shutters, "I think she's a stunner," says I. "You do?" says he. "I do," says I; and up went another shutter. "Then," says he, "you think she'd make a good wife?" says he, giving me a considerable slap on the shoulder. "Well," says I, giving him a prodigious poke in the ribs, "I think she would." "Then she's your's?" says he. I thought I should have dropped—as it was, I only dropped the shutter.

*Hel.* You should have asked time to consider.

*Bon.* So I did. "Certainly," says he, "lots of time—I'll give a good hour and a half," says he. "If you say Yes, I'll take you into the house—if you say No, I'll kick you out of it," and away he went!

*Hel.* And you said "Yes," of course.

*Bon.* Well, they say, "of two evils choose the least;" and I certainly did come to the conclusion that a good wife is preferable to a good kicking!

*Hel.* Now listen to me, sir! I don't like you—I never can like you—and if you insist on making me Mrs. Jeremiah Jorum, you—you—you know what the consequences will be—that's all!

*[Exit R. 2. E.]*

*Bon.* Yes, ecod! I do know what the consequences would be—the consequences would be transportation!—because I happen to have a wife already—a wife



that I adore—a woman I hoped to live with for the next fifty years, and ran away from at the end of three weeks! I don't wish to boast, but I feel convinced that when the adventures of Benjamin Bonnycastle come to be known, Sinbad the Sailor will sink into utter insignificance! That man will have to hide his diminished head—in point of fact he'll have to put it somewhere immediately! Now this is the state of the case:—Three weeks ago, as Mrs Bonnycastle was rather poorly, she went down to Buxton to drink the waters; she wanted me to go too, but I didn't fancy the waters; I had drunk them before, and they didn't agree with me! Well, after I had seen her off in the evening, I thought I'd take a stroll to St. James's Park and smoke my cigar, and look at the ducks and the nursery maids. I hadn't been there long before it came on to rain in torrents; the ducks immediately dived under water, the nursery maids disappeared by the various gates, and I was left under the nearest tree; but, as it was getting darker and darker, and rained harder and harder, I made up my mind to run for it, and away I started at the top of my speed; but I hadn't got twenty yards before I came into violent collision with an individual who was making for the same gate. I hadn't the most distant idea how long it took me to recover the shock, but when I did the individual was gone—that I didn't care about—but my watch was gone, too!—and that I did care about. So off I set again—luckily caught him up, seized him by the collar with one hand—snatched my watch out of his fob with the other—and then, as of course, there was no policeman near, I let him go—went home—lighted a candle—went up to bed—and there—I shall never forget it as long as I live!—there, the first thing I saw lying on the dressing-table, was my own watch that I had left behind me! Yes—the thing was clear—I had stopped one of Her Majesty's subjects on one of Her Majesty's high ways, and robbed him! I had booked myself for Botany Bay! What was to be done? At last a brilliant idea struck me—I'd destroy the evidence of my guilt! I seized the watch, dashed it on the floor, trampled on it, and flung it into the fire, and I was safe!—at least I thought I was, but I wasn't; for such was the state of nervous excitement I was in, that I made a slight mistake and destroyed my own watch instead of the other! There was now only one thing to be



THE TWO BONNYCASTLES.

done, and the next morning I did it. I set off for the nearest police station to state the whole circumstances of the case when the first thing I saw there was a hand-bill just posted up, headed "Highway Robbery—£20 Reward," with a full description of the property stolen, and offering a reward of twenty pounds for the apprehension of the offender! I rushed home again—packed up a carpet-bag—left a note for Mrs. Bonnycastle, without the most distant idea of what I had written, and started off without the most remote notion of where I was going to. At last I recollected hearing her mention a Mr. Smuggins, of Canterbury, as her man of business; so down I came here, with the intention of putting him in possession of the whole affair; but I got frightened, and, as he was in want of a clerk, I preferred presenting myself with a letter of introduction (which I wrote myself) from his client, the late Miss Clotilda Smirk, of Hatten Garden; he engaged me at once; and the next morning, under the assumed name of Jeremiah Jorum, I took possession of the vacant stool in his office. That's three weeks ago, and I've been sitting upon thorns ever since; I think every man and woman I see is a policeman in disguise! And now the stupid old fool wants me to marry his niece—just as if highway robbery wasn't enough, without doing a bit of bigamy! I declare I often feel inclined to knock my head against the wall!—and what's more I would—if it didn't hurt.

*Enter JOHNSON, at c. d., with a carpet-bag, hat, box and umbrella.*

*John. (Aside as he enters.)* Now then, attention! (*Advances and slaps Bonnycastle on the shoulder, who gives a violent jump, and finds himself face to face with Johnson.*) How are you?

*Bon. (Staring wildly in Johnson's face, attempts to speak, staggers, and falls into his arms.)*

*John.* Holloa! zounds, what's the matter with you? It can't be the pleasure of seeing me again, considering I never saw you before.

*Bon. (Starting up.)* Of course not! ha, ha, ha! As you very properly observed, you never saw me before—in point of fact, you would'nt hesitate to take several oaths before several magistrates that you never saw me before! The fact

is, I thought at first you were a very old and valued friend of mine; but, now I look at you again, I see you're not a bit like him—he was a handsome man, he was!

*John.* Thank ye! Can I see Mr. Smuggins?

*Bon.* I really don't know if Mr. Smuggins is fit to be seen!

*John.* Never mind, I can wait. Bye-the-bye, can you tell me the time?

*Bon.* Certainly! [*Taking out his watch.*]

*John.* I unfortunately lost my watch a short time ago.

*Bon.* (*Hastily cramming watch back into his trowsers' pocket.*) And I quite forgot to wind mine up last night; and I've remarked that watches in general don't go so well when they're not wound up! I'll tell Mr. Smuggins you're here—bye-the-bye, what name shall I say?

*John.* (*Aside*) Now for it! (*Aloud.*) Mr. Bonnycastle!

*Bon.* (*After a short pause of astonishment.*) Will you be good enough to say that again, sir?

*John.* Bonnycastle! (*Aside.*) What the deuce ails the man, does he suspect?

*Bon.* (*Aside.*) He distinctly said Bonnycastle! but after all what of that? it may be a very common name. There are several Elephant and Castles, why shouldn't there be lots of Bonnycastles? (*Aloud.*) Will you be good enough to tell me how you spell Bonnycastle, sir!

*John.* Certainly! B——

*Bon.* Of course I know it begins with a B! I couldn't for a moment imagine it began with a Q! B, O, N, N, Y Bonny?

*John.* Yes! C, A, S——

*Bon.* You're sure it isn't K, A, S?

*John.* Pshaw!

*Bon.* (*Aside.*) Perhaps he's some relation of mine—he can't be my brother—because I never had one! to be sure I once had a cousin, but he went to America and died—I've half a mind to ask him if *he* ever went to America and died!

*John.* I see how it is—the name's strange to you! Of course it must be, since it's only recently that Clotilda became my wife.

*Bon.* Clotilda?

*John.* Yes, Miss Clotilda Smirk! of Hatten Garden London.

*Bon.* (*After a short pause, then quietly taking Johnson's*

*John.*) Now, my dear sir, let's understand one another; there's nothing like seeing one's way clearly—which I confess I don't—you mean to assert—but first do you know the nature of an oath?

[*Solemnly.*

*John.* I ought—I've used a great many of 'em in my time!

*Bon.* And you are prepared to assert—that Miss Clotilda Smirk—

*John.* Is now Mrs. Bonnycastle!

*Bon.* Exactly!

*John.* And I am Mr. Bonnycastle!

*Bon.* Precisely! (*Suddenly.*) No—that is—

*John.* Perhaps you are—?

*Bon.* Yes—that is—I mean—(*aside.*) if I was sure this fellow wasn't one of the detective police, I'd unmask him and expose him in all his naked deformity!

*John.* Perhaps you knew my dear little Clotty before I married her? I call her Clotty for short!

*Bon.* (*Aside.*) Clotty for short! Goodness gracious, can the inconsiderate woman have married two Bonnycastles?

*John.* Egad! now I think of it, you may be that young fellow that used to be so sweet upon Clotty! ha, ha, ha!

*Bon.* Oh! ha, ha! (*Forcing a laugh.*) A young fellow used to be sweet upon Clotty, eh?

*John.* Before she became Mrs. Bonnycastle! Bye-the-bye, they say your old governor Smuggins. was an admirer of her's, too; then there was the Chemist and Druggist on Holborn Hill, and the Tallow Chandler in Farringdon street, besides lots of others; but you see Bonnycastle cut 'em all out after all, eh? ha, ha, ha!

[*Slapping Bonnycastle on the back and going up.*

*Bon.* (*Forcing a very loud laugh.*) Ha, ha, ha! (*Aside.*) Well, this is pleasant—take it altogether it's about the most agreeable quarter of an hour I ever spent in all my life!

*Enter SMUGGINS, C.*

*Smug.* (*To Bon*) Oh! here you are—I've found you at last, have I? (*Seeing Johnson* Heyday! a stranger?

*John.* Mr. Bonnycastle, at your service! [*Bowing.*

*Bon.* (*Laughing hysterically.*) Ha, ha, ha! that's right! stick to it!

*Smug.* Jeremiah! behave yourself, sir! hand Mr. Bonnycastle a chair, sir!

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Bon. Pooh!

Smug. Do you hear what I say, sir? (*Bonnycastle kick a chair towards Johnson; Smuggins and Johnson seat themselves.*) And my dear Mr. Bonnycastle—

Bon. Well? (*Advancing*)

Smug. I wish you'd speak when you're spoken to, sir! And so you'r the happy husband of my sweet friend, Miss Clotilda Smirk? (*To Johnson.*)

Bon. Sweet friend! come, I say, Smuggins! (*Giving him a violent dig in the side with his elbow*)

Smug. (*Aside, to Bon.*) Hush! it's all right—of course he doesn't know what desperate love I used to make to her!—ha, ha, ha! (*Chuckling.*) Wives don't tell their husbands everything, eh?—ha, ha, ha!

Bon. (*Aside*) The very first time I catch Smuggins alone, I shall make it my immediate business to strangle him!

Smug. (*Aside to Bon*) He's really much better looking than I expected, for when Mrs. Bonnycastle wrote to me to apprise me of her marriage, she said her husband was a perfect fright.

Bon. (*Aside.*) Pleasant again!

Smug. And where's the charming Mrs Bonnycastle?

[*To John.*]

John. In London.

Bon. Buxton!

[*Shouting.*]

Smug. Will you be quiet! (*To Johnson.*) And how is she?

John. Quite well.

Bon. Poorly!

[*Shouting again.*]

Smug. Hold your tongue! how should you know anything about her?

John. Of course, I presume, I ought to know better than you! (*To Smuggins.*) And so you really think her charming, eh?

Smug (*Aside to Bon.*) He asks me if I think her charming! I know she is, eh?—ha, ha, ha! very odd if I didn't, eh?

[*Chuckling and nudging Bonnycastle.*]

Bon. (*Aside to Smuggins confidentially*) If you do that again, Smuggins, I'll hit you!

Smug. By-the bye, Mr Bonnycastle, this is the young man she recommended to me—of course I engaged him in

mediately. (*Pointing to Bon. who turns away, disgusted.*)

*John.* Oh! my wife recommended him, did she? rather an odd thing to do without consulting me? but you know Clotty's a queer little body.

*Bon. (Aside.)* He says Clotty's a queer little body! I never saw anything queer!

*John.* However, I hope you've found him civil and sober, and all! that sort of thing, and more intelligent than he looks!

*{Bon. again turns away disgusted.*

*Smug.* Why the fact is I look over several little defects, because between you and me he's going to marry my niece, Helen! But where is she, I wonder; here, Helen, Helen!

*Enter HELEN in a walking dress and bonnet, running from R. 2 E.*

*Hel.* Yes, uncle. (*Seeing Johnson, starts.*) Ah!

*Smug.* Ah! what d'ye mean by ah!

*Hel.* Noth-ing—only seeing a stranger—

*Smug.* A stranger? No such thing, my dear; this is Mr. Bonnycastle, the husband of my highly valued and respected client, the late Miss Clotilda Smirk, (*takes her hand.*) Mr. Bonnycastle, my niece Helen!—my niece Helen, Mr. Bonnycastle!

*Hel.* Mr. Bonny— (*Stopping on a sign from Johnson*)

*John.* Now, young man! (*Pushing Bonnycastle out of his way, and going to Helen*) A very charming person, indeed! (*taking Helen's hand, then hastily aside to her.*) I've done it—it's all right! hush!

*Hel. (Aside)* Was there ever such assurance!

*Smug. (To Johnson.)* Of course you'll sleep here? Patty! (*Calling off.*) get a bed ready for Mr. Bonnycastle. Bye-the-bye, you want your supper? of course you do! Here, Jeremiah, Jeremiah, I say! (*To Bonnycastle who has gone and seated himself on the stool before the desk, pulling the papers about, smashing the pens, &c*)

*Bon.* Well?

*Smug.* Come here, I want you!

*Bon. (Shouting again)* I hear you! (*Banging the lid of the desk down, and coming slowly down with the blue bag.*) Here I am, what do you want? (*In the same sulky tone and manner.*)

*Smug.* Why, as Patty's busy, I want you to get a paper for Mr. Bonnycastle—that's all

*Bon.* Oh, that's all! Your'e sure that's all?—ha, ha, ha! (*Laughing wildly.*) perhaps you'd like me to clean Mr. Bonnycastle's boots, or brush Mr. Bonnycastle's hair; you're a delicious creature, Smuggins, 'pon my life you are!—ha, ha, ha! (*Laughing wildly again, and swinging the blue bag frantically about, hitting Smuggins on the back.*)

*Smug.* You'll oblige me, Jeremiah, I'm sure you will; you'll find the tray ready laid in the next room, so bring it in at once and have done with it!

[*Pushing him towards R. 2 E.*

*Bon.* Well, but —

*Smug.* { Now go along! [*They push him out at R. 2 E.*

*John.* Now, Mr. Smuggins, what say you to a little stroll in the mean time?

*Smug.* You must excuse me, my dear Mr. Bonnycastle, business must be attended to; but Helen, I am sure, will be delighted.

*Hel.* But, my dear uncle—— [*Hesitating.*

*Smug.* Pshaw! don't be absurd—I insist upon it—take Mr. Bonnycastle's arm this minute, and go along—go along, I say!

*Exeunt Johnson and Helen, arm-in-arm, followed by Smuggins.*

*Enter PATTY, R. 2 E.*

*Pat.* (*Speaking towards door as she enters*) I tell you once for all, I can't do it, Mr. Jorum, there's the plate to clean—and the kitchen to scrub—and Mr. Bonnycastle's bed to make—and I don't know what else besides! (*A double knock.*) Who can this be I wonder? (*runs out door c., then heard without.*) This way, this way, ma'am, if you please! (*Re-enters, showing in MRS. BONNYCASTLE, very agitated.*) You wish to see Mr. Smuggins, I presume, ma'am.

*Mrs. B.* Yes, I must see him immediately! this moment

*Pat.* Sorry for that, ma'am, 'cause I rather think master's busy; perhaps his head clerk, Mr. Jeremiah Jorum, will do as well?

*Mrs. B.* Yes, yes, send him to me this instant!

*Pat.* Very well, ma'am. (*Calling towards door. R. 2. E.*)  
*Mr. Jorum.* you're wanted!

*Bon.* (*Without*) Coming directly!

*Pat.* Take a seat, ma'am. (*Placing a chair*) You'll excuse me, ma'am, but Saturday's always such a busy day. (*Calling again.*) Make haste, Mr. Jorum! [*Runs off, c.*]

*Mrs. B.* What a dreadful state of agitation I am in, to be sure, and no wonder! I return home from Buxton yesterday, and find that my husband—my Bonnycastle—has suddenly and mysteriously disappeared; gone nobody knows where, nobody knows why! He was last seen alive on the very evening I left London, rushing frantically down Holborn Hill, with a carpet-bag under his arm, and hasn't been heard of since; a few lines on the dressing table out of which I could make neither head nor tail, only serve to make matters worse. So, late as it was, I started off for Canterbury this evening to consult my old friend, Mr. Smuggins, who I'm sure will leave no stone unturned to ascertain if I am a wife or a widow! Will that head clerk of his never come? ah, yes, here he is!

*Re-enter BONNYCASTLE, R. 2 E., carrying a small tray with luncheon, he carries it very carefully—*

*Bon.* (*As he enters.*) Woh! steady! bother the tray! do what I will that pepper-caster will keep tumbling down. (*Looking up and finding himself face to face with MRS. BONNYCASTLE.*) Clotilda! (*Drops tray, &c., on stage with a loud smash.*)

*Mrs. B.* Mr. Bonnycastle!

*Bon.* [*Suddenly and grasping her arm.*] Hush! I'm not Bonnycastle! consider Bonnycastle as defunct—look upon Bonnycastle as a man with an extinguisher put on him!

*Mrs. B.* Pshaw! explain your mysterious and suspicious conduct, this moment, Mr. Bonny——

*Bon.* Hush!

*Mrs. B.* Why did you leave Hatton Garden, sir, as soon as your wife's back was turned, sir? Tell me that, Mr. Bonny——

*Bon.* Hush!

*Mrs. B.* And what is the meaning of this gibberish I found on the dressing table when I reached home yesterday, sir? (*Reading a paper which she takes out of her reticule.*) "Clo-



tilda—don't be alarmed—sudden business—horrible event—St. James's Park—innocent as a lamb—highway robbery—£20 reward—dressing-table—watch—Botany Bay—carpet-bag—you understand."—But I do not understand, Mr. Bonny——

*Bon.* Hush!

*Mrs. B.* In short, why do I find you here? under another roof—under another name? Speak, Mr. Bonny——

*Bon.* Hush! all shall be explained—but not now. I'll unfold my short, but moving tale, another time.

*Mrs. B.* I see, sir—yes, base man, there's another female in the case!

*Bon.* I vow and protest—no, I don't—of course not—why shouldn't there be two females in the case as well as two males? Yes, two males, ma'am, and both of them Bonnycastles!

*Mrs. B.* Two Bonnycastles! ha, ha, ha! I'm sure one's enough in all conscience.

*Bon.* If that's your opinion ma'am, how is it that there's an individual under this very roof, at this very moment, who asserts to my very face that he's your husband—calls you Clotty for short—and says you're a queer little body?

*Mrs. B.* The impudent impostor! A disappointed admirer of mine, no doubt.

*Bon.* I shouldn't wonder; he says you've had lots of 'em.

*Mrs. B.* "Lots of 'em!" I've a very fair share of them, sir. But I'll soon unmask this counterfeit husband!

*Bon.* Do; but don't unmask me at the same time; because, if he should happen to turn out to be a policeman in plain clothes—instead of two husbands, I'm horribly afraid you won't have one!

*Mrs. B.* Will you explain? *[Impatiently.]*

*Bon.* Not now. As I said before, I'll unfold my short but moving tale another time. So remember that I am still Jeremiah Jorum, Mr. Smuggins' head clerk—that you recommended me to him—and, above all——

*Smug.* (*Without*) A lady waiting for me?

*Bon.* Oh lud! *[Runs out at R. 2 E.]*

*Enter SMUGGINS, C., running.*

*Smug.* Where is she? My dear Miss Smirk—I mean Mrs



**Bonnycastle**—I'm delighted to see—in fact, such is my delight, that I—— [ *Out of breath.*

*Mrs. B.* That you can't find words to express it?

*Smug.* The fact is, I *am* rather out of breath—for such was my impatience to behold you again—that I actually ran every inch of the way from the other end of the passage!

*Mrs. B.* And very foolish of you, too, sir; recollect you're an old man.

*Smug.* (*Aside.*) That's a pleasant observation to start with! (*Aloud.*) Of course you know Mr. Bonnycastle's here? How agreeably surprised he'll be!

*Mrs. B.* Do you think so?

*Smug.* I'm sure of it; for I'm confident he doesn't expect you—at least he did't say so.

*Mrs. B.* No! I certainly think I shall rather astonish him. But where is he?

*Smug.* He's gone out to take a stroll with my niece Helen. Of course, being your husband, I saw no impropriety in it, though I rather think Jeremiah did't half like it.

*Mrs. B.* Jeremiah?

*Smug.* Yes—Jeremiah Jorum—my clerk, that you recommended to me.

*Mrs. B.* True—but why should *he* take any interest in Miss Helen's proceedings?

*Smug.* Why? For the best of all reasons, he's going to marry her!

*Mrs. B.* Marry her!

*Smug.* Yes, I very soon saw the poor fellow was over head and ears in love with her—usual symptoms—glances, tender sighs, and all that sort of thing—so I took compassion on him, and proposed the match myself.

*Mrs. B.* And he?

[ *Anxiously.*

*Smug.* Hummed and ha'ad a little at first—said he should be delighted; but there was a slight obstacle existing at present, which time would probably soon remove.

*Mrs. B.* (*Aside.*) That's me! I'm the slight obstacle! Oh, the perfidious wretch!

*Smug.* However, he soon thought better of it—jumped at my proposal—and all was settled!

*Mrs. B.* (*Aside.*) The monster! But I'll be revenged!

*Enter HELEN. C.*

*Smug.* Ah! here's Helen—Come here, my dear, and pay your respects to Mrs. Bonnycastle.

*Hel.* Mrs. Bonnycastle! (*Aside*) Oh lud! what's to be done now?

*Smug.* But where's Bonnycastle? What have you done with Bonnycastle?

*Hcl.* (*Confused.*) I—that is—I'll run and find him—(*Aside*) And put him on his guard.

*Smug.* (*Stopping her*) No, no, I'll find him myself! Ah! (*Seeing Johnson, who enters at c.*) here he is.

*Hcl.* (*Aside*) He's lost! (*Trying to attract Johnson's attention by signs, &c.*)

*Mrs. B.* (*Seeing him, aside*) Can it be? Yes! it is he! Johnson—the identical John James Johnson, that I once had some thoughts of accepting—only he never proposed!

*Smug.* Now, Bonnycastle, come along! Here's a lady wants you.

*John.* (*Advancing.*) A lady? (*Without seeing Mrs. Bonnycastle*) Who? (*Seeing Mrs. B. aside.*) Clotilda! the devil!

*Smug.* Hollo! Bonnycastle? (*Looking at Johnson who suddenly cocks his hat very much over his eyes*) Why, what's the matter with you, Bonnycastle? Oh! I see—it's the surprise—the sudden rapture.

*John.* Yes—exactly—as you say, the sudden rapture! (*Aside*) I've half a mind to take to my legs!

*Mrs. B.* (*Aside*) So this is the counterfeit husband, is it? Very well! Now then, to revenge myself on the perfidious Bonnycastle! (*Aloud and in a tender tone to Johnson*) Well, dear?

*Hcl.* (*Aside*) Dear!—she calls him dear!

*Mrs. B.* (*In the same tone to Johnson*) Isn't this an agreeable surprise? or ought I have given you notice of my arrival—eh, dear?

*John.* (*Aside*) She's laughing at me—that's quite clear!

*Mrs. B.* You're not angry with your "Clotty?" for where should "Clotty" be, but with her husband? (*Putting her arm affectionately in Johnson's.*)

*Hcl.* (*Aside*) Her husband? Then he's been making a fool of me?

*Smug* [To *Johnson*.] Come, come, Bonnycastle! kiss and be friends. I insist upon it!

*John*. (*Aside*.) I'm desperate! (*Aloud*.) With all my heart! [Throwing his arms round *Mrs. Bonnycastle*.]

Enter BONNYCASTLE, R 2 E.

*Bon*. (*Seeing them embrace*.) Ha, ha, ha! (*Laughing wildly and shouting*.) That's right!—go it!—keep it up!—don't mind me!—ha, ha, ha! (*Spinning round two or three times and dropping into Smuggins' arms*.)

*Smug*. Hollo! What's the matter? Zounds! rouse yourself! Jeremiah!

[Trying in vain to make *Bonnycastle* stand up.]

*Hcl*. (*Aside*.) Now for my turn. (*Showing an indignant look at Johnson and running to Bonnycastle*.) Yes, look up, Jeremiah, and lean on me.

*Smug*. (*In an agony at Bonnycastle's weight*.) Yes, lean on her.

*John*. No, no!

[About to interfere.]

*Smug*. Zounds! don't you interfere, Bonnycastle.

[Pushing him back.]

*Bon*. (*Suddenly jumping*.) That's right, Smuggins. (*Hitting him a violent slap on the back*.) Well said, Smuggins. (*Giving him another*.) Don't you interfere, Bonnycastle! embrace your Clotty! throw your arms round her queer little body! Smuggins, embrace your husband! Helen, embrace your nephew! (*Throwing his arms round SMUGGINS then HELEN*.) Again! No, not you. (*Pushing SMUGGINS violently away, then opens his arms and embraces Helen* *pu! scally*)

We'll be married to-morrow, Jeremiah! won't we, dear?

*Bon*. Yes, my beloved one! I say it again, my beloved one, we will be married to-morrow—and the next day too—and the day after that!

Enter PATTY, C. D., with lighted candles

*Pat*. (*to Johnson*.) Your room's quite ready, sir.

*Smug*. (*Taking candle from Patty*.) Egad, then, as it's getting late, suppose we all go to bed. Bye-the-bye Patty, which room is it?

*Pat.* The little front attic, sir.

*Smug.* Pooh, pooh—that won't do at all! I have it—Jorum, you'll turn out of your room to accomodate Mr. and Mrs. Bonnycastle—I'm sure you will.

*Bon* (*Shouting.*) Pooh! No, no.

*John.* (*Hastily.*) Certainly not—the front attic 'll do very well for me. (*Snatching candlestick from Smuggins' hand, and going towards c.*)

*Smug.* (*Pulling him back.*) Nonsense! (*Taking candlestick and giving it to Bonnycastle.*) There, run along, that's a good fellow—it's only for one night.

*Mrs. B.* It's only for one night. Ha, ha, ha!

*John.* Don't you hear it's only for one night? Ha, ha, ha!

*Smug.* Will you go along?

*John.*

*Mrs. B.*

*Pat.*

*Hel.*

} Yes, go along. [*Pushing him up stage.*]

*Bon.* Well, but — [*Turning round and round as he is pushed up, in spite of his struggling he is forced off at c., followed by Patty.*]

*Smug.* There now, Helen, wish Mr. and Mrs. Bonnycastle good night.

*John.* (*Hastily aside to Helen.*) I'll explain everything.

*Hel.* Silence, wretch! [*Goes out at door, L. 2 E.*]

*Mrs. B.* (*Hurriedly aside to Johnson*) Make some excuse for remaining here—get rid of Mr. Smuggins, and I'll return as soon as the coast is clear!

*Smug* (*Returning with candle and giving it to Johnson.*) Now, Bonnycastle' —

*John.* Nonsense! we must have a glass of brandy and Smuggins, I should'nt get a wink of sleep without my brandy and water.

*Smug.* Eh! very well, with all my heart.

*Mrs. B.* Good night, Mr. Smuggins.

*Smug.* Good night, my dear Mrs. Bonnycastle, permit me. (*Handing her gallantly to D. L. 3 E, then kissing her hand, Mrs. BONNYCASTLE goes out after exchanging significant looks with JOHNSON, and closes door after her.*)

*Smug.* Now then I'll go and mix the grog—or egad, what say you to have punch, eh, Bonnycastle? I'm a famous hand at punch—we'll have it in my little snuggerly here, then we

shan't disturb the ladies. I'll call you when it's ready—shan't be long. [*Hurries out at door R. 2 E.*]

*John.* (*Watching him out.*) Now then, to let Mrs. Bonnycastle know that the coast is clear.

[*Crossing on tip-toe to door L. 3 2.*]

*Bon.* (*Suddenly appearing at window, R. 3 E.*) Stop, or you're a dead man! move another step towards that door and you're another dead man! [*Presenting a large pistol.*]

*John.* Zounds! what the deuce have you got there?

*Bon.* An ingenious species of fire-arms denominated a revolver—so called from its keeping continually going round and incessantly going off. [*Presenting pistol again.*]

*John.* Confound it! be quiet will you? I won't move from this spot—upon my soul I won't.

*Bon.* I won't trust you. There!

[*Flinging a coil of rope into the room.*]

*John.* What's this?

*Bon.* The clothes line! which you'll be good enough to tie several times round your leg as tight as you can conveniently bear it!

*John.* Zounds, sir! By what right?

*Bon.* By the right of my revolver! [*Presenting pistol.*]

*John.* Very well. (*Ties one end of the rope round his leg.*) There—now are you satisfied?

*Bon.* I'll tell you directly. (*Giving him a violent jerk.*) Yes, that'll do—and now, mind what you're about—recollect I'm under the window, with the clothes line in one hand and the revolver in the other. [*Disappears.*]

*John.* (*Watching him disappear.*; Now then, for Mrs Bonnycastle (*Moves quickly towards door and is suddenly pulled back again by the rope.*)

*Enter MRS. BONNYCASTLE, cautiously at door L. 3 E.*

*Mrs. B.* (*Looking in and in a low voice.*) Is Mr. Smuggins gone?—

*John.* Yes, but first let me close the door. (*Goes and shuts door R. 2 E*) Now, my dear madam. (*Hurriedly crossing towards MRS. BONNYCASTLE, is pulled back again by the rope.*)

*Mrs. B.* (*Advancing.*) And now, Mr. Johnson, perhaps you'll condescend to explain your extraordinary conduct, sir?

*John.* In as few words as possible! Passing through Can-

terbury, I accidentally saw Mr. Smuggins' charming niece, and hearing of your recent marriage, and not dreaming of the possibility of your arrival, I certainly did take the liberty of borrowing the respectable name of Bonnycastle, as the means of introducing myself under Smuggins' roof. It was wrong—dreadfully wrong—but you forgive me?—say you forgive me—— [Advancing towards her is pulled back again.]

Mrs. B. Well, since you plead love as an excuse, I suppose I must be inexorable—so there's my hand.

[Holding out her hand.]

John. A thousand thanks! (Advancing to take her hand is suddenly and violently pulled back again, aside) Oh, confound it! I'm not going to be tied by the leg in this sort of way! (Unfastens the rope from his leg and ties it to the leg of the arm chair which is standing near him)

Mrs. B. But now—what's to be done? Mr. Smuggins firmly believes us man and wife!

John. And Helen, in a fit of indignation against me, has consented to marry that odious, ill-looking head clerk of his!

Mrs. B. Ha, ha, ha! don't abuse poor Mr. Jorum; depend upon it he'll never marry Helen.

John. You make me the happiest of men! (Kissing her hand repeatedly and earnestly, immediately there's a violent tug at the arm chair.)

Mrs. B. What's that?

[Starting.]

John. Nothing! the wind I suppose! (Leaning on the arm chair and trying to keep it in its place in spite of the violent tugging)

Smug. (Without.) Now, Bonnycastle! it's all ready—come along.

Mrs. B. Mr. Smuggins' voice——

John. Where shall I go? ah, here! (About to run in room R. 3 E.)

Mrs. B. (Stopping him.) No—no! but I must make him believe you are there! leave that to me! by that door—make haste!

[JOHNSON opens c. d., and runs out. MRS. B. runs out L. 3 E.]

Enter SMUGGINS, carrying a tray on which is a bowl of punch and two glasses.

*Smug.* (As he enters.) Here it is, Bonnycastle—smoking hot! and if you don't say it's remarkable pleasant tipples—holloa! why, where the deuce is he? (*Placing the tray on table.*)

*Mrs. B.* (From within and as if addressing somebody.) Very well, my dear, I'll explain everything to Mr. Smuggins.

*Enter MRS. BONNYCASTLE, L. 3 E.*

*Smug.* Heyday, anything the matter with Bonnycastle?

*Mrs. B.* One of his sudden attacks of headache, poor fellow, so I persuaded him to go to bed!

*Smug.* Egad! then, my dear Mrs. Bonnycastle, you must help me drink the punch—you must indeed! just one glass—it'll do you a world of good—there! (*Making MRS. BONNYCASTLE sit down on L. side of table.*) Where the deuce is the chair? oh, there it is! (*Going towards window for arm chair, which he brings down to R. side of the table while he helps MRS. BONNYCASTLE to punch.*) There! (*Giving glass to MRS. BONNYCASTLE, and the moment he seats himself the chair is again pulled away and he falls on the stage, pulling the table cloth, candles, &c., down with him.*) Zounds! help! murder! (*MRS. BONNYCASTLE runs into room, R. 3 E., BONNYCASTLE jumps in from window.*)

*Bon.* Good gracious! I hope I hav'nt gone and done him a mischief! I know that last pull of mine was rather a powerful one. Oh, here he is! (*Lifting Smuggins up*) I didn't mean to hurt you—'pon my life I didn't! but if I have dislocated your leg say so, and I'll apologize—I can't say more! Holloa, it's Smuggins! Then, where is he?—where is he I say? [*Shaking SMUGGINS violently.*]

*Smug.* He! who? Bonnycastle?

*Bon.* No—yes—of course—Bonnycastle!

*Smug.* Oh, poor fellow, he's fast asleep by this time I hope

*Bon.* Fast asleep? where?

*Smug.* Where? why in bed of course! (*Pointing in the direction of door, L. 3 E.*)

*Bon.* Ah! (*Rushing to door, L. 3 E., and going on his knees, looks through the keyhole.*)

*Smug.* (*Following him and trying to pull him away.*) How dare you, sir? for shame of yourself, Jeremiah!

*Bon.* (*Shouting*) I'm not Jeremiah!



*Smug.* Don't make such a noise or you'll wake poor Bonny castle

*Bon.* He's not poor Bonnycastle—I'm poor Bonnycastle!

*Smug.* Pooh! how can that be when you're going to marry my niece Helen?

*Bon.* I'm not going to marry your niece, Helen! **That** for your niece Helen! (*Snapping his fingers close to SMUGGINS' nose.*) Marry your niece Helen yourself! Open the door! (*Shouting and banging at door, R. 2 E.*) Open it this moment or I'll get Hobbs to pick the lock! (*The door opens, and MRS BONNYCASTLE enters with candle; BONNYCASTLE rushes frantically into the room; at the same moment HELEN enters from L. 1 E., and JOHNSON from C.*)

*Mrs. B.* }

*Hel.* }

*John.* }

What's the matter?

*Bon.* (*From Within*) He's not here! (*Rushing on*) He's not there! but what of that?—here's his hat—no! it's a bonnet! (*Shewing bonnet.*) Oh! Clotilda, pardon my insane suspicions!—it was entirely the fault of that stupid old Smuggins. Say you forgive me! (*Clasping his hands together and crushing the bonnet; then embraces Mrs. B.*)

*Smug.* Hollo! Here, Bonnycastle! Don't you see! A fellow kissing your wife under your very nose! (*Turning and seeing JOHNSON, who, after a few hurried words of explanation to HELEN, is embracing her.*) Hollo! what does it all mean?

*Mrs. B.* It means, my dear Mr. Smuggins, that there have been a few slight mistakes, which, with your permission, I will explain. In the first place, that gentleman (*pointing to JOHNSON*) is not my husband—that's one great mistake!—This gentleman is my husband.

[*Taking BONNYCASTLE'S hand.*]

*Bon.* And that's another great mistake!

*Smug.* (*To JOHNSON.*) Then, since you're not Mr. Bonnycastle, perhaps you'll condescend to inform me who you are?

*John.* Mr. John James Johnson, at your service.

*Mrs. B.* A friend of mine, Mr. Smuggins, and so ardent an admirer of Miss Helen, that he could'nt resist the temptation of borrowing my husband's name, in order to—

*Smug.* Swindle me out of my niece, eh? Well, they say



all's fair in love ; so give me your hand, Bonnycastle—I mean Thompson—I should say Johnson ! And if Helen has no objection——

*Hel.* I must have ample time to consider, uncle—so, there's my hand, sir ! [Giving her hand to JOHNSON.]

*Smug.* This is all very well as far as it goes ; but (to BONNYCASTLE) if you are Bonnycastle, and this lady's husband—and I suppose she knows something about it—how is it that you come down here and perch yourself on that stool for three weeks as Jeremiah Jorum ?

*Mrs. B.* Yes, Mr. Bonnycastle ; I require that explanation, as well as Mr. Smuggins.

*Bon.* Then you shall have it. Come here, all of you. (They all surround him.) Of course we're friends—posom friends—and if I unfold my short but moving tale, you won't let it go any further?—I mean my tail. Then listen ! It has been remarked by no end of clever people, as well as myself, that man is the creature of circumstances. That's my case ! What drove me and my carpet bag from Hatton Garden—down Holborn Hill—up Snow Hill—down Cheapside—and over London Bridge to the South Eastern Railway Terminus ? What made me cease to be a Bonnycastle, and become a Jorum—a wretched clerk of a wretched lawyer ? A trifle—a mere trifle—and here it is ! [Drawing watch out of his pocket.]

*John.* Hollo ! (Recognizing watch.) How did you get that watch ?

*Mrs. B.* Yes ? it isn't your's, Benjamin, dear !

*John.* No ! it's mine, Benjamin, dear !

*Bon.* Your's ? Sav it agin' ?

*John.* Mine ; I lost it three weeks ago.

*Bon.* In St. James's Park ?

*John.* Yes.

*Bon.* Highway robbery ?

*John.* Yes.

*Bon.* Twenty pounds reward ?

*John.* Yes, for the apprehension of the ruffian. —

*Bon.* Ha, ha, ha ! capital ! it's all right —hurrah !

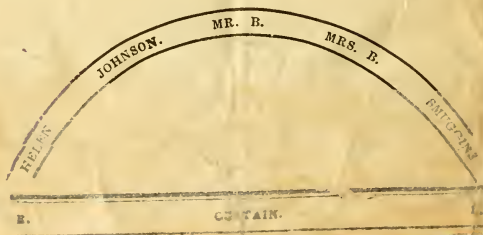
*John.* Zounds ! what do you mean ?

*Bon.* I mean that I'm the ruffian—I give myself up—so hand over the twenty pounds.

*Omnes.* You ? explain ?

*Bon.* I can't now!—all I say—and I say it emphatically—is that I am not a highway robber—I scorn the action—especially for such a trumpery old copper-gilt concern as this I've got a host of friends here to prove that the charge is utterly groundless, not that I mind it—I rather like it (*to audience.*) I think it's a thing to laugh at—don't you? In short, if you'll back me up, I'll let everybody know that this little affair of the Two Bonnycastles is capital good fun!—may I?—it's all right—burrah! [*Swings watch about.*]

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