

THE
COLLEEN BAWN
SETTLED AT LAST.

A Farcical Extravaganza,

IN ONE ACT.

BY

WILLIAM BROUGH AND ANDREW HALLIDAY,

(Members of the Dramatic Authors' Society),

AUTHORS OF

A Shilling Day at the Great Exhibition; The Census; The Pretty Horsebreaker; &c., &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market,)

LONDON.

913776

COLLEEN BAWN SETTLED AT LAST.

*First performed at the Royal Lyceum Theatre,
July 5th, 1862.*

Characters.

HARDRESS CREGAN Mr. WARD.
 LORD DUNDREARY (*of the period—*
Ancestor of the present Lord) Mr. C. SELBY.
 MYLES-NA-COPALEEN Mr. GEORGE WESTON.
 FATHER TOM Mr. J. MORRIS.
 KYRLE DALY..... Mr. FLETCHER.
 MRS. HARDRESS CREGAN (*née Eily*
O' Connor, the Colleen Bawn) Miss LYDIA THOMPSON.
 MRS. KYRLE DALY (*née Anne Chute,*
the Colleen Ruadh) Miss LAIDLAW.
 SHELAH Mrs. MELVILLE.
 JOHN Mr. ROURKE.
 THOMAS Mr. SHAW.

Costumes.

The same as in the Drama of the "Colleen Bawn." LORD
 DUNDREARY, a Dandy of the same period.

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THE
COLLEEN BAWN SETTLED
AT LAST.

SCENE.—*A handsomely furnished drawing-room in an Irish country house—two magnificent FOOTMEN laying luncheon.*

JOHN. We needn't be too particular, Thomas. Missus is going to lunch alone, and she don't know how things ought to be done.

THOMAS. Of course she don't—she's a low person. Why, only yesterday she ordered cook to send up suety dumplings with the haunch of venison.

JOHN. What could you expect from a young 'oman brought up in an 'ovel—in an 'ovel, Thomas?

THOMAS. You're right, John, in a low 'ovel. I understand she was a Hirish peasant girl.

JOHN. For my part I shall look out for a new place at once.

THOMAS. And so shall I, and to prevent the recurrence of this haccident, I shall put at the bottom of the advertisement, "No Hirish need apply." (*door bell rings*)

JOHN. That's master!

THOMAS. He's come back hunexpectedly.

JOHN. Then we must put on the hepergne. (*puts epergne on table*)

Enter HARDRESS CREGAN, R. U. door.

HARD. Here, take that, (*giving hat to THOMAS*) and that. (*giving stick to JOHN*) And let your mistress know that luncheon is ready.

Exeunt SERVANTS R. U. door.

Poor little Eily, I musn't be too hard with her. When a dashing, handsome, well educated young fellow like me marries a girl so much beneath him in station as I have done, he must be prepared to bear with a little want of good breeding now and then. I left the house in a huff this morning, because she would insist upon saying "spake" instead of "speak;" and I intended staying out all day, but I can't be deaf to the voice of love, whether it "speaks" or "spakes;" and the voice of love said, "Go back, Hardress Cregan, and make it up with your own Colleen Bawn, as you've done already fifty times in the

short period you've been married." Dear Eily! she's a wife that any man might be proud of——

(EILY heard outside singing "the Cruiskeen Lawn")

At least she would be, if she wouldn't sing those confounded low songs.

Enter EILY in the original peasant's dress, c. door.

EILY. Ah, Hardress, mavourneen, an' is it come back to me ye have?

HARD. "Is it come back to me?"—is that the way for a lady to express herself? (*turning and seeing her dress*) Eh! what's this? is that the way for a lady to dress herself, too? Madam, in one word, what does this mean?

EILY. What does what mane?

HARD. Can't you say "mane?"

EILY. Sure I did say "mane."

HARD. Well, then, what do you mane by dressing in this low, ridiculous fashion?

EILY. Whist a minute, acushla, an' I'll tell ye.

HARD. Mrs. Hardress Cregan, I'm not a cushla. And I beg you'll not call me by any of those ridiculous names again. Is this a costume fitted for my wife?

EILY. Well, Hardress, mavourneen——

HARD. Hardress Cregan is my name, if you please, madam.

EILY. Well, Hardress, dear, I've been trying ever so long to get used to them long clothes; but that thing like a big hen coop, barrin' it's made of wire like a rat trap, is always catching me about the ankles just as if I was a rat myself, or an otter—but I don't like it dear, indeed I don't. But I'll wear anything to please you, only you told me you had gone out for the day, and so I thought I would enjoy myself in the clothes I used to wear when you took a fancy to me, Hardress, mavour—— I mean, my dear.

HARD. I can't resist her coaxing ways. (*to her*) Well, well, don't let me see you in this dress again. So now let us go to lunch. (*HARDRESS sits at table, L. C.*)

EILY. Ah, sure an' that's like yourself now. (*sitting to table, L*) What will you take, Hardress, dear, some mate, or some poy?

HARD. "Mate!" "poy!"

EILY. Ah, sure, an' it isn't mate-poy; it's a beautiful damson-tart, that I made with my own hands.

HARD. Eily, I tell you I object to my wife making tarts with her own hands.

EILY. Ah, sure, an' I washed them first.

HARD. Washed them! Girl, you don't understand your position. Only yesterday you humiliated me before company by telling a story about your feeding the pigs.

EILY. It was no story at all, at all—it was the blessed truth, which father Tom told me always to tell. I *was* feeding the pigs!

HARD. And the other day I actually heard of your peeling the potatoes!

EILY. Oh, hark at that now—as if you didn't know that I did it to please you, Hardress dear; when, if I had consulted my own feelings, I would have had them with the jackets on.

HARD. Jackets! Let me tell you that potatoes don't wear jackets.

EILY. Well, sure they wear overcoats anyhow!

HARD. (*in a rage*) Eily, will you never learn to behave yourself? (*dashes down plate and breaks it*)

EILY. Oh, I'm willing to learn of you. Will I break my plate to begin with?

HARD. You'll break my heart! Your low-bred ignorance is disgracing me every day. But I see I must have patience with you, and undertake your education myself. There, take the newspaper and read to me.

EILY. (*taking paper*) Yes, dear; what will I read?

HARD. Oh, the first thing you come to. (*sits on stool*)

EILY. (*looking in a puzzled manner at the paper*) Oh, I can't make out any of this—the letters are so small, or they've put them in so queer. Oh, bedad! it's upside down that I've got the paper. (*turns it*) That's it; now I can read it, Hardress dear.

HARD. Well, go on.

EILY. (*reading*) “Awful (*spelling*) c-o-n, con, f-l-a-g, flag, r-a-t, rat, i-o-n, Con-flag—what's that, Hardress dear?”

HARD. Oh, conflagration—fire.

EILY. Foire, is it. Ah, now I see. (*reading*) “Awful conflagration in the metrolops.”

HARD. Metropolis, my dear, metropolis.

EILY. Ah, you're right. (*reading*) “Awful conflagration in the metropolus—the following houses were burned down, viz.” (*pronouncing viz. as spelt*)

HARD. Viz.! Don't you know what that stands for? It means “namely.”

EILY. Now, sure, who would have thought that v-i-z spelt “namely?”

HARD. Eily, I cannot stand your incorrigible ignorance any longer; (*gets up*) and I won't stand it. You make me repent every moment of my life that I was such a fool as to marry you. I—I shall go mad—I—I—shall do some dreadful deed—I—

EILY. Oh, don't Hardress, dear, don't kill me—at least not on dry land. If you want to get rid of me put me in the water butt, and I'm sure Myles will jump in after me.

HARD. Myles again—that low fellow! I tell you you'll drive me to distraction—to—to—oh, murder!

EILY. Oh, Hardress, dear—don't; I'll give up the marriage lines—there—there. (*stamps his foot*) (*taking paper from her bosom and offering it*)

HARD. (*opening paper carelessly*) What scrawl is this?

EILY. Oh, bedad! it's the wrong paper I've given you. That's the washing bill that I made out in my own handwriting this morning. (*trying to get it from him*)

HARD. And a pretty fist it is. Why you don't call this a washing bill! What's this? (*reading*) "William Cox." Who's he?

EILY. Ah, sure Hardress dear, and you make a mistake—it's "woollen socks."

HARD. Woollen socks! And she spells socks C-o-x. Oh, I can't stand this. (*looking again at paper*) "Dickiesies" too—what in the name of clean clothes, madam, do you mean by "dicksiesies?"

EILY. Sure it isn't dicksies I mane, Hardress, dear. It's your "dickies," mavourneen, that you wear on Thursdays when your shirt is getting dirty.

HARD. This is too much, madam; the "dicky" is a weakness that it is a wife's first duty to keep secret from the world, —even from her husband's washerwoman. Madam, farewell!

Exit HARDRESS, R. U. door.

EILY. Ah, sure an' it's the unhappy Colleen I am with all this grandeur—this fine house—

Enter THOMAS, R. U. door

And them tall futmen. What do you want now at all at all?

THOMAS. Please, mum, master says he'll not be back for the next three weeks, and perhaps not then. (*THOMAS takes away luncheon*) *Exit*, R. U. door.

EILY. And I'll go and break my heart. No I'll go and study my grammar, and learn to spake correctly by the time that he comes back. (*takes grammar and sits on ottoman*) Oh, dear, it's mighty hard to read them grammars. (*reading*) "Grammar is the art of speaking and writing the English language with——"

MYLES. (*heard singing outside*)

"Oh, Charley Mount is a pretty place

In the merry month of July," &c.

EILY. (*starting up and throwing down book*) Ah! there's Myles. (*runs to window R. C. and MYLES appears at it with a keg on his shoulder*) Ah! Myles dear, is that you?

MYLES. Faix an' it's myself entirely, my purty Colleen Bawn

—Mistress Hardress Cregan, I mane, and more's the pity for that same.

EILY. Well, come in, Myles.

MYLES. Is it come in, I will?

EILY. To be sure it is.

MYLES. Good luck to me, but I'll be wid ye in a minute. Here, take hold, Eily. (*gives keg in at window, and disappears, singing*)

EILY. (*putting down keg*) Oh, but it does me good to spake to some one who will not find fault wid me at all, at all. Ah! it's after chating the excise that boy's been again. I know this is whiskey by the wicked look of it. (*a noise outside*) What's that?

MYLES. (*without*) Let go, ye dirty spalpeens; didn't the mistress herself ax me in?

MYLES *appears, struggling with the* FOOTMEN, R. U. door.

EILY. There let him alone, that gentleman's a friend of mine.

MYLES. Didn't I tell ye so, ye blackguards? This gentleman's a friend of Mistress Hardress Cregan's.

JOHN. Well, mum, I must say that my position as servant in a respectable family—

THOMAS. Which it is my position likewise—

MYLES. (*running at them*) Get out of this, both of ye, or I'll show you what Garryowen is like. (*flourishes shillelagh and drives FOOTMEN off R. U. door*)

EILY. Myles, ma cushla, I'm glad to see you once more.

MYLES. Eily mavourneen—I mane Mrs. Hardress Cregan—it's myself that's right glad to see you. (*they shake hands extravagantly*) You're just as beautiful as ever. I see no difference in ye since the night I pulled you out of the water, only you're not so wet, ma cushla.

EILY. Ah! that was a dreadful night, Myles.

MYLES. Ye didn't think I was so near ye, did ye, my darlint? Ah, you should have seen that humpbacked ould blackguard Danny Mann roll over into the water when I put a bullet into him, taking him for an otter. And then when I went over the other side by my patent bridge, what should I see floating in the water but you, ma cushla. Then I offs with my coat just like this, (*takes off his coat, and gets on a chair*) Sings out at the top of my voice "Eily!" and in I goes a regular header, just like that. (*plunges head foremost over the arm of the sofa on to the squab, with his heels in the air, and then getting up*) Ah! sure that was a great sensation anyhow!

EILY. Ah, well, sit down, Myles, and let us have a chat; for I haven't seen you this long whiles.

MYLES. That I will, ma cushla. Ah, there's a fine chair, all goold and embroidery, I'm afraid I'll spile it——

EILY. Never mind the chair, Myles; sit down. (MYLES sits) Now, come tell me; but perhaps you'll be wanting something to drink first—stop till I ring the bell for wine. (rings bell)

MYLES. Is it wine ye'd have me drink, when I've got a keg of mother's milk here?

EILY. But ye want a glass, Myles?

MYLES. A glass is it? not a bit of it. (takes ornament from mantel shelf) Here catch hold of this. (gives her vase, and pours whisky into it from keg)

Enter THOMAS, R. U. door.

THOMAS. Sir, sir, what are you doing?

MYLES. What's that to you?

EILY. There's nothing wanted, Thomas.

THOMAS. Don't you want glasses, ma'am?

MYLES. Get out of this, I tell ye! and don't make me spill good liquor.

THOMAS. She's drinking sperrits out of a chimbley ornament!

Exit in disgust, R. U. door.

MYLES. Now, Eily dear—Mrs. Hardress Cregan I mean—if you'll just sweeten this by putting your lips to it.

EILY. No, Myles, ye must do my share for me.

MYLES. Faix an' I could do a harder job nor that if it was to oblige you. (drinks) Ah, that's the right stuff!

EILY. (drinks) But I'm afraid, Myles, it hasn't paid the lawful duty.

MYLES. Faix, an' you're right: it comes from my whiskey-still down in the rock yonder. But wait till I'm a gintleman, and it will be a sight for sore eyes to see the heap of conscience-money that will be sent to the Chancellor of the Exchequer by Myles-na-Coppaleen, Esquire. (drinks) Ah! wouldn't Father Tom like a drop of this!

EILY. Dear ould Father Tom, I should so like to see him. (abruptly) Myles—

MYLES. What's the matter? (interrupted in drinking)

EILY. Oh! such a thought! I am all alone to-day—you shall go and fetch Father Tom, and we'll have a quiet evening to ourselves.

MYLES. That's grand; and whist, Eily, will I bring ould Shelah?

EILY. Oh, do, Myles, and we'll have an evening in our ould style.

MYLES. Bedad, me will, and there's the materials, and ye'll get the cruskeen out and we'll make an evening of it.

EILY. (singing) "With the charming little Cruskeen Lawn."

MYLES. (*singing*) "With the charming little Cruiskeen Lawn."

Exit MYLES, R. U. door.

EILY. Oh! look at that now; when I was so miserable to think that Myles should drop in that way, and cheer me up. I feel as happy as if I had never been stuck up in a grand house with tall futmen, and fine acquaintances.

Enter THOMAS *announcing*, R. door, R. U. door.

THOMAS. My Lord Dundreary!

EILY. Oh, bedad! that's one of 'em—one of Hardress's grand friends. What will I do? I'll go and have five minutes with my grammar, and try and rub off the taste of the brogue that I may have caught in talking to Myles. *Exit*, R. U. door.

Enter LORD DUNDREARY, R. U. door.

LORD D. Ah, Hardress, my dear fellow—(*knocks against chair*) I beg your pardon, really. (*backs on to table*) Excuse me, I pray. (*knocks against music stool*) I hope I haven't trod upon your toes. (*seeing no one present*) Why, there's nobody here. Then, why the devil do they leave furniture about the room? Can't want chairs and things when there is nobody to sit down upon them. I—I—I knew a fellah who was a broker who had chairs and things about his room; but Hardress isn't a broker. I—I—I wan't to see Hardress. I—I've got a telegram I wan't him to read for me. I—I'm not much of a hand at reading telegrams myself. In fact, I—I never knew a fellah who could read telegrams. Wo-wonderful things those telegrams! They tell me they come along those wire things. I wo-wonder how they p-pass the p-posts. However, that's the telegraph's own look out. (*takes out letter and looks at it*) I—I know a fellah who gets his daughter to read all his telegrams for him. I—I had a daughter myself once—if she were here, I daresay she could read this telegram for me. No, that's all nonsense, of course she couldn't read telegrams; for she was only a little baby when she was stolen by an old Irish nurse—but then she can't be a little baby now—she—she must be big enough to—to read anything—that is, if the Irish nurses teach the children that they steal to read. Oh, that's all nonsense. Can't expect Irish nurses to go to the expense of teaching other people's children to read. What the devil do the Irish nurses do with all the children that they steal? Oh—oh that's one of the things that no fellah can make out. W-what's this? (*reading envelope*) "Delivered free." Very cheap; it beats the penny postage hollow. I wonder how they make it pay. Well, that's the telegraph fellah's own look out. (*reading envelope again*) "You are requested not to give any fee or gratuity to the messenger." What do they tell me that for? I—I never meant to—to give

any fee or gratuity to the fellah's messenger; I—I—I'd see him damned first. (*opening letter*) It's from Cork. I—I don't know any fellah in Cork; that is, I know there is a Cove at Cork, but I don't know him. I—I—I don't know why the Cove at Cork should telegraph to me—o-oh, he's mad. (*turning over telegram*) Why, one side of it is in print and the other side writing. H-how is a fellah to know which side he is to read?

Enter EILY, C.

Ah, Mrs. Cregan, how d'ye do? (*aside*) What an odd dress—she—she's forgot to put on her gown. (*aloud*) By the way, where's Hardress? Gone for a walk?

EILY. Yes, your lordship.

LORD D. Is he gone far?

EILY. I'm sure I don't know, but he said he wouldn't be back for three weeks.

LORD D. He—he'll be very tired. I—I knew a fellah once who kept on walking for a wager for three weeks; but he was a p-potman at a public house. By the bye, Mrs. Cregan, can you read telegrams?

EILY. (*aside*) Ah! bedad, here's another reading lesson for me. I'm not going to stand it from him, if I do from Hardress. (*to him*) No, your lordship, I can't.

LORD D. Oh, no, of course not. You'll excuse me asking, for if I hadn't asked you, I might have thought you could. I have it. (*laughing with delight at his notion and slapping his thigh—immediately after expressing pain*) That hurts, though. (*to her*) Look here. I'll tell you how I'll get the telegram read.

EILY. Yes, my lord.

LORD D. I'll go to Cork, and get the fellah who sent it to read it to me—he—he's sure to know what it's all about. Good morning—good morning. (*knocking against furniture right and left, and exit—returning and putting his head in at the door*) By the bye, I—I'll tell you what the telegram is about when I come back.

Exit, R. U. door.

EILY. I'm glad I've got rid of him.

Enter THOMAS, R. U. door, announcing.

THOMAS. Myles-na-Coppaleen, Esquire!

EILY. "Esquire," is it? (*laughing*)

THOMAS. Them's the terms in which he axed me to announce him; though, for my own part, I must say—

EILY. Leave the room, Thomas, and show the gentleman up.

THOMAS. Yes, mum; but there's another gentleman and another lady, if I might call them sich.

EILY. Then show them all up.

THOMAS. Oh, certainly mum.

Exit R. U. door in disgust.

MYLES. (*without*) Here, come along, Father Tom—come along, Shelah; never mind them flunkeys—I know the way.

Enter MYLES, FATHER TOM, and SHELAH, R. U. door.

Here they are, Eily—I mane Mrs. Hardress Cregan: here's Father Tom, and here's ould Shelah.

EILY. Father Tom! Oh, it does my heart good to see you; and Shelah too. (*general hand shaking*)

FATHER T. Oh, my Colleen; and it's glad I am to see you in your right position, as the head of your husband's house.

SHELAH. Oh, an' it's the mighty fine house it is. (*staring about*)

MYLES. Hould yer tongue, ye ould——; isn't it the good manners to make believe that yer used to all them fine things; and isn't it the long walk Father Tom's had, and maybe he'll be wanting his drop of punch.

FATHER T. Aisy now, Myles; it's in the grand society we are now.

EILY. Oh, Father Tom, an' is it myself that would grudge ye the drop of liquor?

MYLES. What did I tell ye, Father Tom; it isn't the Colleen—I mane Mrs. Hardress Cregan—that would grudge you the drop of liquor.

SHELAH. And will I run down, ma'am, to the kitchen and get the hot water?

EILY. No; Shelah, acushla; it's the servants I've got to bring up them things now. (*rings bell*)

Enter THOMAS, R. U. door.

Hot water, Thomas, and the spirit bottles.

MYLES. Ah! whist a minute. (*aside*) It isn't the spirit bottles that we want at all, at all. (*pointing to the keg*)

EILY. Hot water only, Thomas. *Exit* THOMAS, R. U. door.

MYLES. No offence to Mr. Hardress Cregan's whisky merchant; but I think it's the raal stuff here that Father Tom would like.

FATHER T. Ah, Myles, Myles, if your character were as good as your whiskey——

MYLES. Ah, Father Tom, and it's the right sort, anyhow; and we'll just put the keg on the pianny here (*puts it on piano*) that we may admire its iligant proportions as we sit, and leave the bung loose that we may help ourselves as we require.

Enter THOMAS, R. U. door, with silver kettle, which he puts on table.

SHELAH. Is it cold you'd let it be getting? (*takes kettle and puts it on the fire*)

THOMAS. (*going to take it off*) I beg your pardon; but if I'm expected to keep that kettle bright——

SHELAH. (*threatening him with poker*) Let it alone, I tell ye. Don't you know if the water doesn't bile, you spile the punch. What's a kettle for but to put on the fire?

EILY. It's all right, Thomas; you can go.

THOMAS. Excuse me, ma'am, but it's not all right——

MYLES. Come out of this, I tell ye—and d'ye hear, bring up a pipe and some tobacco for his riverance.

THOMAS. A pipe! Tobacco! we don't keep such things.

EILY. Then go and buy them, Thomas.

THOMAS. I beg your pardon, ma'am, but I'm not aware where such low-lived harticles are sold.

MYLES. At the Blue Pig, first turning to the left, ye dirty blackguard, be off.

THOMAS. Sir, I——

EILY. Go, Thomas, go. *Exit THOMAS in disgust, R. U. door.*

MYLES. (*calling after him*) And d'ye hear—mind the pipe's a clane one. Now, Shelah, does the kettle bile? (*going to keg and pouring whiskey into jug*)

EILY. Oh! it's biling beautiful, it is, Myles.

MYLES. Well, then, here, come along. (*SHELAH pours water in*) What are ye doing at all at all; would ye drown it. Sure it's more whiskey I must put in, just to bring it to life again. (*puts in more whiskey*)

Enter THOMAS with pipe and tobacco on silver tray, R. U. door.

THOMAS. The pipe and tobacco. (*EILY takes them—THOMAS seeing MYLES at piano*) Sir, if you'll allow me, I'll take that down to its proper place.

MYLES. I'd like to see ye touch it. Ye'll have a taste of Garryowen before I've done wid ye.

THOMAS. Well, sir; but the piano.

EILY. You may go, Thomas.

MYLES. Bedad, I think he may (*running at him with shillelagh*) *Exit THOMAS, R. U. door.*

EILY. (*taking jug*) There you are, Father Tom; sure, this is like ould times. (*FATHER TOM lights his pipe and smokes.*)

MYLES. Yes, Eily; those happy times when we used to do the dance upon the floor; maybe you'd be above dancing, now, though?

EILY. Oh! is it I that would be above dancing wid an ould friend, I'll show you—Father Tom, move the tables—Shelah, take them chairs out of the way. Off we goes, entirely. Hurroo!

Irish jig by MYLES and EILY during which FATHER TOM smokes his pipe, and SHELAH looks on approvingly: at the end of the dance, house-bell rings.

EILY (*running to window*) Oh, bedad, it's Hardress! What will I do, at all, at all? Here, Myles, get in here (*puts him in at door L.*) and Shelah, you get in yonder. (*SHELAH goes in at door R.*) And you, Father Tom—I shouldn't like you to be affronted; just take your jug of punch into the library, here.

Exit FATHER TOM, U.D.L., leaving his pipe on the mantel piece.

EILY. Bedad, it's a mighty short three weeks he's been away, after all his big talk. Oh, whist a minute—where's my grammar. (*takes up book, seats herself and begins to read*) "English grammar is the art of spaking and writing the English language with proper—iety. It is divided into four parts—Etymolog—" and it's mighty hard names them four parts are to begin wid

Enter HARDRESS and LORD DUNDREARY, R. U. door.

HARD. It's very strange, my lord—I'd just been to your house and heard you had come on here. It's very lucky I met you.

LORD D. Very odd thing—I—I—I've often noticed that when two fellahs are going along the same street in different directions they're very apt to meet. It is strange, you know, that they should meet when they're not going the same way. What a very odd smell!—it's like something that always makes me—(*going to sneeze*)

HARD. But, my lord—

LORD D. What a fellow you are, stopping a man just as he is about to sneeze.

HARD. Well, my lord, the fact is, that in spite of my large fortune, I've lately been spending it at such a rate that I'm deeply embarrassed.

LORD D. How very odd—I—I have often noticed that when fellahs have spent all their money, they're often deeply embarrassed. (*seeing barrel on the piano*) What a very odd place to keep their barrels! O—oh! they're mad!

HARD. I've applied to you, my lord, and though you may blame my extravagance, still, if not for my own sake, for my dear wife's—By the bye, where is she? Eily dear!

EILY. (*coming forward*) Oh, an' it's here I am, Hardress, dear; an' it's the proud and happy woman I am to hear you say that.

LORD D. She—she's a lunatic.

HARD. (*embracing her*) You see, my lord, how happy I am, though I can never tell you how much I love her.

EILY. (*aside*) Oh, it's the bit of grammar I've been learning that's done it.

LORD D. Well, it's a very good thing for a man to love his

wife, of course. I know lots of fellows who love their wives, and a good many fellows who don't love their wives. O—oh, he's mad.

HARD. Eily, my dear, I've asked his lordship to assist me with a temporary loan, and I'm sure he'll not refuse me if you ask him.

LORD D. I—I—don't lend money myself, but I know a fellow who does—charges sixty per cent., and you take half out in ivory frigates and Scotch terriers. (*taking up FATHER Tom's pipe*) What the devil's that? (*drops it suddenly*) Very odd—it's hot.

HARD. But, my lord—(*house bell rings*) Confound it—here's some one to interrupt us.

Enter THOMAS, R. U. door.

THOMAS. (*announcing*) Mr. and Mrs. Kyrle Daly.

Enter MR. and MRS. DALY R. U. door.

MRS. D. (*entering*) Don't talk to me, Mr. Daly, about having an appointment. I tell you I intend to stay here just as long as I think proper, and I expect you to stay with me.

KYRLE. Ann, you don't expect me always to be following at your heels like a spaniel.

MRS. D. Yes I do, Mr. Daly, and you ought to be very glad to follow me about like a spaniel, considering the money you got by marrying me. There sit down, sir, and behave yourself. (*KYRLE sits*)

LORD D. O—oh! they're all lunatics.

HARD. By Jove! what a purse-proud vixen she is.

MRS. D. Ah, Mr. Cregan, I beg your pardon really. (*shaking hands*) But this stupid husband of mine does so aggravate me, instead of being grateful for the fortune I brought him.

HARD. I'm glad to see you, Mrs. Daly—Kyrle, my dear fellow, how d'ye do? (*goes to KYRLE*)

MRS. D. Oh, never mind him, he's well enough; nothing ever ails him. (*to EILY*) And you, my child, how have you been? (*shaking her by the hand*)

EILY. Oh, bedad, ma'am, and I'm very grateful to ye for axing. I'm purty well, thank ye.

MRS. D. (*aside*) To think that Hardress Cregan should have married a thing like that.

LORD D. Remarkable kind of person that Mr. Daly.

MRS. D. Ah, my lord, how d'ye do? (*shakes hands*)

HARD. (*aside*) With all Eily's faults, I think I've got the better of the two.

(*KYRLE DALY has approached EILY, and is speaking to her, when MRS. DALY sees him and pulls him away*)

MRS. D. Kyrle Daly, I'm surprised at you. Didn't I tell you to sit still?

HARD. I'm *sure* I've got the better of the two—Eily, my dear, come and kiss me.

EILY. (*running to him*) Ah, that I will. (*kisses him*)

MRS. D. Good gracious—before company!

LORD D. Oh, they're all lunatics!

HARD. Yes, Mrs. Daly, before company. It is true that from time to time, I have found fault with Eily, but my eyes are opened, and I now see that in her I have a wife of whom the noblest in the land might well be proud. (*crash in cupboard—all start*)

LORD D. W-what the devil's that? Is it a—a rat? (*rushes to cupboard and MYLES comes out*).

MYLES. Faix, an' if it's a rat I was, I'd soon be caught—seeing the cat's let out of the bag, entirely.

HARD. That fellow here (*rushing at him*). Scoundrel!

MYLES. The same to you, Mr. Cregan, and many on 'em.

HARD. (*collaring MYLES*) What do you do here, sir?

SHELAH. (*running out*) Ah! don't be after hurting the poor boy.

HARD. What, another!

SHELAH. (*going on her knees*) Spare us, Mr. Cregan.

HARD. (*to EILY*) What does this mean, madam?

Enter FATHER TOM.

FATHER T. I'll tell you, Mr. Cregan.

HARD. Another!

LORD D. A-all lunatics!

FATHER T. It means, sir, that Mrs. Cregan debarred by her education—which, I must confess, is not first-rate—from mixing in the grand world you move in, has had a little party of her ould friends—and small blame to her for that same.

MYLES. Divil a ha'porth, Father Tom.

EILY. You're not angry, Hardress, dear? (*coaxing him*).

HARD. Angry? oh, dear, no, not at all. Degraded before all my friends; but, there, it does not matter, for since his lordship refuses to assist me, I'm utterly ruined, and so, instead of raising you to my level, I must come down to yours.

EILY. (*going to LORD DUNDREARY*) My lord!

LORD D. (*about to sneeze*) There, you've stopped a fellow sneezing again. (*takes out handkerchief and with it telegram, which drops on stage*) W-what the devil's that? (*picking it up*) It's that confounded telegram. By the bye, Hardress, can you read telegrams?

HARD. What is it? (*takes paper sulkily and reads*) What do I see? Can I believe my eyes? (*to LORD DUNDREARY*) My

lord! (to EILY) Eily! 'Tis she—behold your long lost daughter!
(throwing EILY across to LORD DUNDREARY)

LORD D. Eh, what?

EILY. My father! (going to embrace LORD DUNDREARY)

LORD D. Stop! (waves her off, sneezes, and then clasps her in his arms) My daughter!

HARD. Then Eily is an heiress after all, and I am a rich man again. (Music—symphony of Irish jig)

MYLES. (cutting a caper) Hurroo!

FATHER T. Hurroo!

SHELAH. Hurroo!

LORD D. Oh, hurroo! by all means, but they are all stark mad.

(all join in dance—EILY and MYLES, HARDRESS and MRS.

DALY, LORD DUNDREARY and SHELAH—at the end they form a Tableau—EILY standing on HARDRESS's knee like Columbine, and LORD DUNDREARY balancing himself on one leg to SHELAH)

Curtain.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

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