

S19

THEATRE-YARD

PADDY CAREY;

OR, THE

BOY OF CLOGHEEN.

A Farce,

IN ONE ACT.

BY

TYRONE POWER,

AUTHOR OF

"*O'Flannigan and the Fairies*," "*Born to Good Luck*," &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

WELLINGTON STREET, STRAND,
LONDON.

109657

PADDY CAREY.

*As Performed at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden,
Wednesday, May 29th, 1833.*

Characters.

Broadway, New York,
1856.

PADDY CAREY (<i>a rollicking boy</i>)	MR. POWER.	MR. B. WILLIAMS.
SERGEANT SNAP (<i>recruiting for Hussars</i>)	MR. COOKE.	MR. HODGES.
McCLURE (<i>a small Farmer</i>)	MR. HOWELL.	MR. HENRY.
PHIL TIMS (<i>a Lawyer</i>).....	MR. AYLiffe.	MR. SEYMOUR.
FITZROY (<i>an English Gardener</i>)	MR. BAKER.	MR. GROSVENOR.
CLERK	MR. HONNOR.	MR. RINGOLD.
CORPORAL CASEY	MR. YARNOLD.	MR. WRIGHT.
POTTS } (<i>Recruits</i>)	MR. TAYLEUR.	MR. VINCENT.
MIKEY } (<i>Recruits</i>)	MR. ROSS.	MR. CUTTER.
BAILIFFS		

Recruits, Peasants, &c.

WIDOW LEARY (<i>a Landlady</i>)	MRS. C. JONES.	MRS. HENRY.
MARY LEARY (<i>her Niece</i>) ...	MISS H. CAWSE.	MISS MANNERS.
KATE McCLURE	MISS FAUCIT.	MRS. WARREN.

Costumes.

CAREY.—Pepper and salt cloth coat, with bright buttons, red cloth waistcoat, corduroy breeches, worsted stockings, and highlows.

SOLDIERS.—Uniform of a Hussar regiment; jackets, pelisse, and trowsers.

SNAP.—Uniform of a Dragoon regiment.

TIMS.—Black suit.

McCLURE and PEASANTS.—Body coats, breeches, and worsted stockings.

MRS. LEARY.—Chintz dress, silk handkerchief, and widow's cap.

MARY and KATE.—Neat merino dresses.

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PADDY CAREY.

SCENE I.—*A Parlour in the St. Patrick Public House.*
Doors in flat, r. and l. c. Voices heard singing, r.,
as Curtain rises—

“Her mother was in bed,
Her father was afar—
So away the lady rode
With her gallant young Hussar.”

Enter WIDOW LEARY, r., and MARY from l. d. f.

WIDOW. Have you made Sergeant Snap the last punch he ordered?

MARY. I've just taken it to him.

WIDOW. Oh, that's right; and now, Mary, let me give you a bit of a hint—not to be quite so forward with these soldiers. It's not becoming in my niece.

MARY. I forward with the soldiers? There's not one amongst them I would give a dry lemon for.

WIDOW. May be not. I know where your cap is set, Miss Mary. Didn't I see Pat Carey last night, when he kissed you behind the kitchen door?

MARY. Well, and how was I to help myself I'd like to know?

WIDOW. How, indeed! I'd like to find him kissing me—and I'd help myself fast enough.

MARY. I dare say you would—nobody doubts you.

WIDOW. No more they ought—for if I chose to derogate any licentious liberties to the male sex, would I have remained a lone widow, summer and winter, two years come next Michaelmas?

MARY. That may be no fault of yours, aunt.

WIDOW. Really, Miss Pert! Whose fault is it, then? Was it the Belfast packman, Mr. Duncan McNab's fault,

whose proffer I dispelled in the most despicable manner, though he vowed my cruelty weighed heavier on his heart than the pack upon his shoulders! Was it Cornelius O'Donoghue's fault? Didn't he proffer himself and a drove of sixty fat Cork hogs for my espousal?—and did his pigs save his bacon? No—I sent him and them all to another market.

MARY. And when Pat Carey offers, what market will you send him to, eh?

WIDOW. Not yours, Miss Forward.

CHORUS. (*without*)

"And away she rode
With her gallant young Hussar."

(clamour)

SNAP. (*without, R. C.*) Hollo, Widow! More punch—hollo!

WIDOW. Do you hear the Sergeant? Go and mind your work. Don't disperse my character with any delusion to young Pat—he's for your betters;—and let me tell you for your comfort, if I'd been so minded, I might have been Mrs. Carey long ago.

MARY. I know that, for Pat's father courted you thirty years ago.

(WIDOW screams—MARY runs off, R. C.)

WIDOW. Oh, what a vixen! That girl's veracity will kill me. If it wasn't for the promise Carey extorted from me with his coaxing tongue, I'd pack her off. But I must contrive to lead Pat to be a little more duplicit, and to come to the interesting point. I'll not endure his round-about way of doing nothing much longer, and so I'll let him know.

Exit, R. 1 E.—loud laughing heard.

Enter from R. D. F., SERGEANT SNAP, CORPORAL CASEY, two Recruits drunk (POTTS and MIKEY), and two SOLDIERS. POTTS has hold of the SERGEANT'S arm, and MIKEY of the CORPORAL.

SNAP. Come along, my hearts of steel, my sprouts of shamrock, my sprigs of shillelah! You're the right stuff to make bold Dragoons of—ha, ha, ha!

POTTS. (R.) The Fighting Fifth for ever! I'm a heavy Dragoon!—bother the lights!

MIKEY. Bother the heavies! I'm a Hussar—"a gallant young Hussar!" (*sings*)

SNAP. To be sure you are. Now, Casey, away with these brave boys to the Captain.

CASEY. Come along, pets.

MIKEY. Mind I wear mustarshers. (*sings*)

"And away the lady rode—

SNAP. (*sings*)

"With her gallant young Hussar."

That's you, my boy. Moustachios? to be sure; and tips and whiskers and lady-killers into the bargain.

POTTS. I say, Snap, my old boy, I'll wear no such grease traps about my mouth. My Peggy says she'd as soon be kissed by a scrubbing brush. I stand no mostarchers!

SNAP. No, to be sure! You don't mind the whiskers and a tip, eh?

POTTS. No—tips be d—d! I'll stand whiskers, but no tips; so come along, Casey. I'll be a general—a man of dissolute habits, and fit for a Dragoon—but no tips!

Exit POTTS, and two SOLDIERS, L. D. F.

CASEY. Come along, Mikey, my darling—come and be sworn in.

MIKEY. Swearing be d—d! I never swear—it's not decent. I'm considering. (*going towards L. C.*) Stop a bit—here's Paddy Carey. I'll ask Pat about the tips.

Enter PADDY CAREY, L. D. F.

CAREY. Ah, ha, Sergeant! at the ould trade. Is that Mike? Oh, by my soul, your wife's waitin' outside. I'd not wear your wig for all the pay you'll ever get, if she gets her ten fingers in your hair!

MIKE. Stop—I'll consider—tips!

CAREY. Be off, you slobeen! and don't be making a gander of yourself.

MIKE. Be aisy, Mr. Carey—I'm a Hussar! (*snaps his fingers*) That for my wife! (*sings*)

"And away the lady rode—

"With her gallant young Hussar."

Huzza! No tips—no tips! Huzza!

Exit MIKEY with CORPORAL CASEY, L. C.

SNAP. Well, Pat, you thief of the world! when do you mean to make up your mind?

CAREY. That's hard to guess, Sergeant dear; but when I do, I'll send you word.

SNAP. You're the very cut of the fellows we want.

CAREY. I know—you want to cut and come again.

SNAP. Why, Pat, it's heartbreakin' to see a fine fellow like you growing mouldy here, like an ould cheese on a damp dresser, when you might have a horse to ride, and a sword by your side, and have no end of fighting for your king and country.

CAREY. Snap, my friend, go aisly. I'm a weazel—and when you catch me asleep—I wish you luck, that's all. If I was to 'list, wouldn't I lose the purtiest girl in the country, whose mother, dying, swore her never to marry a soldier? and wouldn't I sooner marry Kate McClure than be a captain or a kurnel either? No offence to the army. As for the horse, to be sure, I love that; but when once I'm mounted, I've a great notion it's pleasantest to ride where I like; and I'm afeard if I heard the tongue of a hound, all the drillers in the army wouldn't keep me from following at the heel of the hunt: then, as for fighting, which to be sure, is fine divershun, a boy that has a taste after it can always find enough when his blood's too hot for his skin; besides, I've a notion powder spoils a fight entirely—you can't see who's up or down for the smoke, or hear a word for the noise and shootin'; but the black-thorn has such a tasty nat'r'nal twist wid it, and you fight on so quiet and asy, seein' the fun on all sides;—then the click of a stick has something so sociable and friendly in it—whack, crack!—smash, dash!—hurl, whurl! Och! that's the fightin'—it bates soldiering all to tathers.

SNAP. Pooh, Carey—you'd tell another story if you once knew the difference; and as for what the girl Katty has sworn, let her only see you well set up, your swoord by your side, and a red jacket on your back—(*sings*)

“ She'd pack up her tathers, and follow the drum,
With her row de dow,” &c.

CAREY. Well, indeed, that's what I'd be glad to bring her to. And yours *is* a tasty jacket, only it takes a plaguey lot of cleanin', and I don't see but wid this bit

of Connaught freize, and the tail of a top coat tucked up under my arm, and the caubeen set over the right eye, and a white shirt, a blue barcelony, wid a slingin' bit of black-thorn in the hollow of one's fist, a boy has a gay, rollickin' look of his own : as a soger that says he's standing at ase, and all the while looks as if he'd swallowed a pitchfork. Be off wid ye !

Enter CORPORAL CASEY, L. D. F.

CASEY. Sergeant, here's some of our chickens want their wings clipt ; they refuse to be locked up till they get sober, and as we've to march to-night, you know—

SNAP. Why it's as well to have them sober enough to lie on their backs without holding. Show me to the tatterdemallions. I'll clap a soldier's kit on each of their backs, and stand them, faced to the gable end of the house for an hour or two. Good-bye, Carey. You must make up your mind to-day—to-night we march, and embark for Cork, when you'll lose a glorious chance of making your fortune.

Exeunt SNAP and CASEY, L. D. F.

CAREY. Oh, to be sure!—a glorious chance of being faced to the wall with a kit upon my back. Now, I'd rather face the turf fire, and Kitty by my side. To be sure, glory's a fine thing, but love bates the world ! Everybody has his taste. If I had purty Kate, and a farm, I'd have my fancy, I'm thinking ; and if I don't get it, I mane to be trying.

Song.

Some boys they love this, and some boys they love that ;
And others can't tell what the devil they're at.

Some follow the sea, and some follow a trade—

One shoulders a hod—t'other mounts a cockade ;
One goes a rollickin', courtin', and fighting for life ;
T'other vows to live daacent, and marries a wife.

Now I, too, have my fancy—there's no use denying, sir ;
And if I don't get it, I mean to be trying, sir.

I want to begin, just by trying my hand

Wid a farm, of at least forty acres of land ;

A house wid glass windows, and aisy-goin' door ;

And for dancing, one room, and a well-boarded floor.

A fiddle for playin' reels, hornpipes, jigs—
 A horse and five cows, and a handful of pigs ;
 A big pot for the praties—a saltbox and ladle ;
 And in case we might need it, a nate rockin' cradle.

I'd have for each winter, of turf a fine store,
 For the priest and the wife, tay and coffee galore ;
 And I'd like, when we christened the dear little joys,
 A gay galouge of whiskey to stir up the boys.
 Give me health and good luck, and these few other things,
 I'll envy no squires, nor bishops, nor kings.
 Now this is my fancy—there's no use denying, sir,
 And if I don't get it, I mean to be trying, sir.

Och ! only let purty Kate McClure be changed into
 Mrs. Carey, and—

MARY enters, R. D. F., during this speech, and advances, R.

MARY. And when she is, I'll be changed into the Lord
 Mayor of Cork.

CAREY. And devil a tighter leg than yours ever stepped
 into a Lord Mayor's breeches. So you've been listening
 to me building fairy castles ?

MARY. Fairy castles ! Fool's castles ! Pat, you know
 very well, since you've been away, Kate McClure has
 made a market of her own, widout axing her father's lave.

CAREY. Oh, lave that, jewel ! Don't be mulvatherin
 your head wid such stuff. You mane Master Fitzroy—
 and do you think the boy standing in that man's brogues
 would drive *me* out of the girl's heart, jewel ?

MARY. It doesn't take much to drive that out of the
 heart—that was never in it. Your wild ways never suited
 Kate, and I heard her say so before ever James Fitzroy
 came here at all. But that's the way wid all the men—
 they waste their thoughts on your fine flirts, that don't
 care a button about them, and lave hearts that truly love
 them to break, widout a kind word or a bit of consolation.

CAREY. And that's no cap for me to wear ; for married
 or single, if ever I refuse you a bit of consolation, may
 ould Nick invite himself to my first christening. (*kisses her*)

Enter McClure, L., door in R.

McCLURE. Hollo, Pat ! here's Mother Leary coming.

MARY screams and exit, R. 1 E.

MCCLURE. Lave the girl alone, Pat—and you, another woman's man, to be caught this way.

CAREY. That's it—it's the bein' caught that troubles me : it plays the devil wid one's character. But mum—Father Dan, not a word about the pig. You look a little frustrated yourself—have you had the ill luck to be caught, or what the devil ails you?

MCCLURE. That's what I came here to know. My lord's steward has sent word for me to come and meet Phil Tims the agent, who had heard some news of my brother Mike, which it concerns me to know. Kathleen's all alone at my place, do you be off there, and wait till I bring you the news. If all has gone well with Mike at Bristol, and his ventures well sold, I'll have you for a son before nine days are over my head.

CAREY. A bargain to that ! and I'll promise you that you shall have a grandson before nine months are over my head, or as near as may decently be. Not a word to the widow about my whisperin' to little Mary, bekase you see, somehow or other, she had the accident to see me servin' ditto repated on those same lips an evening or two back : if she knew this, she might suspect the poor girl.

Exit, l. e. door in F.

MCCLURE. Now to see if Potts has come with his news of my brother : pray heaven it prove of the right colour ; for if this turns out badly, I'm not only ruined myself, but I've made a beggar of this honest lad here. But courage till the worst comes.

Exit, d. in F. L.

Enter WIDOW and PHIL TIMS, r. 1 E.

TIMS. The case is clear. I arrest old McClure instantly on this writ for £49. 17s. 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ d.—send down my men to seize the premises—I secure the body, they the goods and chattels—you appear like the goddess of plenty, and give bail for the goods. Pat will ask you for the money to release Kate's father—or he'll get drunk ; in either case he's sure, if you part with the money, he gives a bond for payment, as he's a purse which is as empty as my bag after Term, or his person, which you hold of value—if he gets drunk, Snap snaps him up, and he can't marry Kate McClure, who is sworn to marry no

soldier; no reason why you should not. You buy his discharge—pay old McClure's debts—issue is joined. You earn the gratitude of all parties, and you pay the money—you get a young husband, and I touch £20 from you *per con.*

WIDOW. But mind, Mr. Tims, I must not be supposed to have any knowledge or hand in this affair, for Carey would never make allowance for the confluence of love over a susceptible heart.

TIMS. Don't fear; I can carry all the disreputability of the transaction without breaking down. No man moves easier under disgrace—no matter how heavy the load—if the carriage be well paid.

WIDOW. But we must be quick, Mr. Tims, for if he hears of Mike's shipwreck, he may be off.

TIMS. I'm prompt as a *fieri facias*;—you be off with the news to Miss Kitty, and as soon as I have made the caption—whilst you are there, the officers shall appear.

WIDOW. I'll attend, Mr. Tims. *Exit Tims, R.*
I don't half like to have poor McClure arrested under my roof, though the debt's none of mine, but what am I to do? If I don't open his eyes, Pat will marry the daughter of a beggar, and that would be a sad job to happen to the son of my ould frind, Dan Carey, the first man that ever perspired for my hand; and raley this Pat is so like his father, that I can't help looking upon him as my own natural property. Och! but it is a sad thing it is to be a lone widow, with no man of one's own to stand by me, when in any little purliminary. *Exit, L.*

SCENE II.—*Inside of McClure's Cottage—neatly furnished, a window to open, c.*

Enter JAMES FITZROY and KATE McCLURE, R.

KATE. I've now explained to you how deeply my father is indebted to Carey. If my uncle's venture succeeds, and he sells his cattle well, Carey will be repaid, and I can with a stouter heart state my objections to my father.

FITZROY. True; and if the venture fails, you'll be handed to Carey to balance that part of the account.

CAREY *looks through window, listens, then pushes it open, and steps quietly in.*

FITZROY. Nay, never look angry, dear Kathleen; I know that loving me, you are too honest-hearted to marry another; but I don't like for ever sneaking out of the way when Carey is expected—it makes one feel like a coward—especially since I'm sure he has been told of my having been courting you during his absence.

KATE. If so, be sure he gives no ear to the report. You'll remember, we have been betrothed since we were children together, and poor Carey never doubts that the contract made by our parents will be at a proper time cheerfully fulfilled on my part, as indeed it might have been, but—*(CAREY covers his face with his hands, as if moved by this admission)*

FITZROY. But for me—eh? Well, Kate, I wooed and won your heart fairly, and all I desire is to bring matters to a fair footing. Every soul that knows him, declares Carey to have a sound heart.

KATE. Oh that he has, sound as Irish oak and soft and clear as the waters of Killarney.

FITZROY. Then let me disclose to him how matters have changed during his absence. *(CAREY comes forward L. KATE screams and rushes apprehensively between them)*

CAREY, You'd best not try that, Carey might not have patience to listen till the end of such a story from your tongue.

FITZROY. (R.) Carey, I'm glad to meet you here.

CAREY. Are you? that's a compliment I can't return unless I lie, which I'm not inclined to do just now, not being over full of compliment, but may I trouble you to put the thickness of the wall between us for five minutes or so?

FITZROY. And why should I leave the place?

CAREY. Oeh! bekase I ask you civilly—that's all.

KATE. Look not so fiercely, Carey; speak not in such a tone or look; and speak to me alone, since I only am to blame.

CAREY. Will he leave us?

KATE. Yes, yes! James, I entreat you, for my sake,

speak not a word but leave us, if you love me. (FITZROY presses her hand and exit, D. F.—CAREY walks up stage, bolts door, brings two chairs down, motions KATE to sit, then seats himself)

CAREY. Don't look downcast, you are not afraid, Kate, of poor Carey. Don't think I came here to be listenin' and eavesdropping at your back; 'tis little I waited to hear, Kate, but too much entirely, if my ears didn't deceive me. I'm not goin' to upbraid you, Kathleen, but have you forgotten how for many a long day I have loved you? when I was but a slip of a gossoon and you a little toddling fairy, some four years younger, maybe you recollect when you wouldn't sleep, until I was rockin' the cradle. When I was mad to 'list, didn't your mother swear you never to marry a soldier, and did I ever lend an ear to a drum from that day? When she was dyin', didn't she put your hand into mine and bade me be true to you that she left. At patthern or fair, did I iver quit you for the best that was there beside? True I would gosther and laugh about love and nonsinse to others, but for you only, had I a full heart and few words. Well, I lave you for seven months—and come back—and find you've given your ear and your heart to another, the stranger that has not known you for as many weeks, as I have loved you for years.

KATE. Don't speak so, Carey, the sound of your voice terrifies me.

CAREY. The sound of my voice terrifies you? well, that's news to me at any rate, but maybe I'm hasty widout cause after all, maybe the blarney of the Saxon hasn't sunk so deep in your soft heart, but that an honest boy may root out the impression; if so, only say the word and I'll rid you of him in the turn of your finger.

KATE. Don't think it, Carey; Fitzroy is as incapable of deceit as yourself.

CAREY. Indeed! Well, Kathleen, one honest answer and I've done.—Do you still love me?

KATE. I shall love you as I have ever done, Carey; I love and look upon you as a dear brother.

CAREY. (rises) That's words enough—and now, Kathleen, have no more thought for poor Pat, mine's a tough heart and won't break, never fear—I'll do all in my power to

bring ould Dan round, and make short of the agreement betune us, and lave you to the boy of your heart ; only one thing—bid *him* keep out of my way for a while, till I get used to the thought of him, for if I come across him full of drink, and divilment, I'd not answer for the hand by my side.

Enter MARY in haste, D. F., comes down, c.

MARY. Oh! Kitty, don't be frightened—but here's two of Tims's ugly bailiffs coming here directly.

CAREY. What—to look for old McClure?

MARY. Oh, dear, no! Tims has arrested him at our house, and he's off to prison.

KATE. My father in prison?—what has he done?

MARY. Nothing at all; only they say your uncle Mike's cast away, and so Tims has come on your father for all sorts o' debts, and has sent two men here, wid his clerk, to make infantry of everything in the house.

CAREY. I'll infantry them and cavalry them too. Where are you going, Kathleen?

KATE. (*who is going up*) To my poor father in prison.

As she is going, CLERK enters with two BAILIFFS, D. F.

CLERK. Beg pardon, Miss—don't stir—only come to make an inventory of the goods and chattels—won't harm a fly. Have you the keys of the other rooms?—beaufet, &c.?

KATE. There they are—take them, take everything, but do not keep me from my father.

Throws down keys, and exit, D. F.

CLERK. (L.) Bob, pick up the keys.

CAREY. (R.) Bob, lave them where they are. Who the divil made those kays yours?

CLERK. The will of the law.

CAREY. Oh! (*picks them up on the end of his stick*) Then let the arm of the law help you to them. Which of the three of you will take them off the end of my stick?

CLERK. Will you resist a sheriff's warrant?

CAREY. No! but I'll resist an attorney's dirty chap, and that's yourself. What, you won't touch them kays? then I'll pocket them;—and now, let the man that wants

his head comb'd, lay finger on stick or stone within these four walls.

CLERK. Mr. Carey, beware of a rescue: here's my warrant—can you resist this legal instrument?

CAREY. Faith, I can! Here's my warrant—and can you resist this legal instrument? (*showing stick*) How do you know, you dirty surmuchaun, but I'll put my hand in my pocket and pay you? How much is it?

CLERK. £49. 17s. 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ d.

MARY. (R.) Have you as much money, Pat?

CAREY. Is it me? The devil might dance a jig in my pockets, and niver break his shins against a penny. I haven't enough to buy a string to lead home a pig, or hang an attorney's clerk.

MARY. Now, Pat, I've got £17, besides a bed and blankets, and other combustibles of my poor mother's, all of which you may do what you like with.

CAREY. Blessings on you, (*kisses her*) and your feather bed, my darlin'! No—I'll not rob you of your little estate—I'll go to the widow after I've cleared the house of these robbers. Now, boys, will you walk out, or shall I lend you a hand? (*WIDOW appears passing window*) Oh! talk of the devil, here's the widow, as gay as a young kitten.

Enter WIDOW, D. F., advances, R.

WIDOW. Here's a pretty extermination of affairs: old McClure arrested for my lord's arrears, his brother Mike drownded, and all the money he sold his cattle for gone to the bottom of the say.

CAREY. That's money well taken care of;—the say's a bank it would take a hard run to break. I'm done out clane by the trick any way.

WIDOW. To think of cheating his creditors by getting drownded! but I have old McClure's bond, that's some security.

CAREY. Faith, the jail is good security for him. But, widow, darlint, I've a trifle to coax you out of. (*crossing to R. C.*)

MARY. Coax her to lend money to release McClure! That's all you want, I know.

WIDOW. Indeed, saucebox ! how do you know what he wants ? I fancy I can give him more than you can.

CAREY. Indeed, and that's what you can, widow. But I'm thinking you'll be axing for security, and sorrow the bond of mine would be worth having. I'll be arrested myself, I suppose, unless I can get made a member of parliament.

WIDOW. (R.) And who knows what may happen ? I'm in want of a member to represent me at the St. Patrick yonder, as good a freehold as any in Ireland.

MARY. (C.) Oh, fie for shame, aunt ! if I couldn't get a husband widout bribery and corruption, I'd do without one.

CAREY. Asy, my darlin' ! Would you make a close borough of yourself ? Well, come, widow, you'll lend me the money to let McClure see daylight again, and if I don't pay you before to-morrow, I'll give you my note of hand, with the priest for a witness.

WIDOW. A bargain. Come, Pat, you shall have the money, and as much more, if you want it.

MARY. And a shameful bargain it is to sell yourself to an old woman for £40 ! (cries)

CAREY. Oh, come, don't disparage me, Mary—£49. 17s. 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ d.—knock me down at my full vally.

MARY. Don't go, Pat ; I'll give you all I've got for nothing, rather than see you drudging all your life for that old cockatrice. I'll sell my mother's feather bed, I'll pledge my clothes to get McClure out, and never ask you for a kind look.

WIDOW. Cock—a—I'll give it her !—let me come at her ! (beats MARY—CAREY restrains her)

Enter TIMS, D. F.

TIMS. (L.) Widow, what's the matter ? A new case—Bellona *versus* Venus. Ladies, be placid ; calm your furor. Listen, oh, listen to the voice—not of love—but of law, more persuasive than Plato. Pat, how do ? Miss Kate not here ?—sorry for that—love to be the bearer of good news—sorry whenever my official duties interfere with my softer sentiments. Here, clerk, take this release, go to the jail, and get McClure liberated.

Exit CLERK, D. F.

CAREY. How!—a release! but how?—for what?

TIMS. The old reason, ready money. That Fitzroy's a fine young fellow—will make a good soldier—worth every shilling of the bounty.

CAREY. Bounty; what do you mane, you ould thief? (*crosses to him*)

TIMS. Don't you know how he raised the wind?—all for love. Love settles all scores—eh, Pat? Hem! Take the joke?—Widow does. Don't blush.

CAREY. Speak plain, you little leprachaun, and don't be puttin' your idle commether on any here; or, tatherine seize me, but I'll lend you a pat under your lug, that you'll think the devil is bating a tatoo there.

TIMS. Patience, Pat; all I mean is—in brief; the young fellow, Fitzroy, has 'listed; told the Captain a tough tale; first touched his heart, and then the money.

CAREY. What? the English gardener—

TIMS. The English gardener that was;—the Royal Irish Hussar that is.

CAREY. Then he's a fine fellow, and desarves Kathleen. Come, widow, lend me the money, and we'll see if an Irish boy is to outdone, when the word's to save a friend, or the girl he once loved. Come, my jewel, come along wid you.

WIDOW. Pat, you are so violent—take it asy.

CAREY. Yes, I know the women all like to go soft and asy;—but don't stand blathering—come along.

Exit CAREY, pulling WIDOW, D. F.

TIMS. Miss Mary, shall I escort you home?

MARY. I've got no home. I'll never go home any more.

TIMS. Ah, love gets over everything, and likewise over everybody; but St. Patrick be praised, he never got over me, and what's more, he's not likely. But Miss Mary is witness that I leave everything in order, or rather, in *statu quo*. I wish you an uncommon good day.

Exit TIMS with BAILIFFS, D. F.

MARY. I'll quit this town for Cork this very afternoon, My old aunt's a rogue, and Carey's a fool! I'm sure he always had a sneaking kindness after me, but he's a rogue, that Paddy Carey!

Song sometimes introduced.—Exit, D. F.

SCENE III.—*Outside of St. Patrick's Public House. Sunset.*

Enter FITZROY, McCLORE, and KATHLEEN, from house, R.

MCCLORE. Fitzroy, your generosity has proved you worthy of my child, and I regret from my heart that I cannot give her to you.

FITZROY. Never think of me. I have at least proved that mine was no selfish love. Cheer up, dear girl;—be happy once more with your restored father, and your early friends. I bequeath your heart back to the worthy fellow from whom I unconsciously stole it.

KATE. Ah, Fitzroy, were it not for the pledge I made my dying mother, I would partake your fatigues and dangers, and follow you through the world. Let my parting with you prove how firmly I keep the vow that is past, and be my pledge when I promise, that if this hand cannot be claimed by you, it shall never be given to another.

Enter TIMS and WIDOW, from house, R.

WIDOW. But where's the use of being in a rage, Mr. Tims? He's off, and there's an end. Be composed like me.

TIMS. I'll not—I'll raise the hue and cry! There's ground for criminal proceedings—to ride away with my grey mare worth £40. Horse stealing is hanging—no joke, widow.

WIDOW. He'll soon overtake the Captain; and a little gentle trot will do the mare good.

Enter SNAP and CASEY, from house, R.

TIMS. A gentle trot! Call a gallop of sixteen miles an hour a gentle trot, with twelve stone on her back! Widow, you don't know what it is to be over-weighted.

SNAP. Well, old Blue-bag, is the Captain off? Why, you're looking blue—what's the row?

TIMS. Felony—horse stealing!—that's all Sergeant. You've seen my mare;—well, just as I rode up to my own door a while ago, who should come up but Pat Carey, to enquire after your Captain, my lodger. "I've seen him off in my car for Cork not five minutes ago," civilly said I.

"The devil you have! Then come down out of that," said he; and before I could enter one word of protest, he whips me out of my saddle, jumps himself into it, digs the hard heels of his brogues into the mare's side, and away he scours over ducks, dogs, pigs, and poultry!

SNAP. After the Captain at a charging pace—eh, Mr. Tims?

TIMS. I'll charge him before a jury. Ah, McClure, how d'ye do? glad to see you, your own man again: painful practice proceeding against friends, but law has no likings. What Fitzroy? just off, and Miss Kate going to "follow the drum?"

SNAP. Come, Casey, turn out the party. (*crosses to WIDOW*) Widow, my jolly old lass, give us a stirrup cup for luck.

WIDOW. That will I, Sergeant, and of the best in the house, and luck go with you.

Exit WIDOW, to house.

SNAP. Spoke like an angel. Come, boys, fall in, and, drummer, strike up "The girl I left behind me."

During the symphony, RECRUITS, with FITZROY, and PARTY keep assembling, WOMEN and all the characters, with all the bustle of taking leave, at close of which CAREY and MARY rush down from L. U. E. in haste.

CAREY. Stop, stop; you must whip that bunch of ribbons out of that boy's caubeen, and let him stop where he is.

KATE. What say you, Carey?

SNAP. Let him stay?—for what?

CAREY. For fun, to be sure. The truth is, I've just come off a gosther with the Captain. "Captain," says I, "you want but one boy to be the tightest corps that ever cried 'Faugh a ballagh!' Whoo! and that chap's myself," sis I. Then, sis I, "you've got one Fitzroy instead, a poor gardener," sis I, "there he stands, a cabbage cuttin son of a foggy turnip, widout the heart of a beggar man's flea;—why he hasn't got a day's fighting in his breeches, besides being in love, and if he's marched off, he'll die on the way like a sick kitten," sis I.

FITZROY. I'm obliged for the character you gave of me.

CAREY. Och, asy ! you haven't heard the half that I said to recommend you. "Let him stick to his shovel and spinnage," sis I; "list a boy that's worth ten such tailors," sis I, "and that's myself." "Done," sis the Captain—"done," sis I; "and here's the discharge," sis he; "and by my sowl, Captain," sis I, "I'm the boy that will pray, fast, and fight for you, while there's life in Pat Carey," sis I.

SNAP. Then I'm to take you for a substitute?

CAREY. Devil a bit ! you're to take me for a soger—a real Irish Hussar. Here, take a squint at that order, and give me that hat, (*exchanges hats with FITZROY*) it doesn't set well on you. There, Snap, my jewel, you've got something worth looking at for your money.

SNAP. This order is all right: where's the discharge—give it to me.

CAREY. No, thank you, Sergeant, I'll give that here. (*gives it to KATE*) Kathleen mavourneen ! I promised your poor mother to make you happy. There—be witness I've kept my word. (*places her hand in FITZROY's*)

KATE. Dear, kind Carey; you have indeed made me happy.

FITZROY. And sacrifice yourself to do so—generous hearted fellow ! I envy your feelings; give me your honest hand and say you forgive me.

CAREY. Take it and welcome, but make her a good husband, or divil fetch me if I don't come back and make her a widow.

MARY. (R.) Oh, Pat, for shame to talk so already !

TIMS. What ! you've come back, Miss Leary ?

MARY. No, I've not, Mr. Tims; I've come back Mrs. Carey.

TIMS. Mrs. what ? Here's news for the widow !

McCLURE. (L.) Why, Pat, is this true ?

CAREY. Why the truth is this : when I stopped wid the Captain at Father Carney's, to borrow the use of pen, ink, and paper, I found the little colleen there crying the two eyes out of her head ; so while the Captain was busy drawing up the discharge, we got gostherin and talking of one thing and another, and by the time we had got to the foot of the third tumbler, I axed the priest, to marry us

for fun, and devil take me if he didn't do it ; before I could cry "stop !" he'd sowed us up as tight as pitch.

TIMS. And may I ask where you left my mare ?

CAREY. Taking a rowl in the priest's straw—it wasn't convenient to bring her back, by reason of a tumble she got clearing the last wall in the road out of a short cut, I took across the field. But I'm able and willin' to pay all damages by the good luck that's coming, for Father Carney, had a letter from a clergyman at Youghal, to say that though Mikey's ship went to the bottom, Mike staid at the top wid his money in the leg of his stocking, and that he is now on the broad of his back safe and sound in that town, only a little sick owin' to his stomach not being able to bear water without mixing.

KATE. Then my father will be able to pay his debt, but who will pay you all I owe you ?

Enter WIDOW from house, R.

WIDOW. Oh Pat I've heard all; you're a wicked, false, good-for-nothing fellow.

CAREY. I'm all that and a dale worse, widow, and I don't wonder you're glad to get rid of me—why, my darlin', you're good enough for my lord, if he wasn't so ould.

WIDOW. Well, Pat, I believe, after all, it's better to have a kind nephew than an indifferent husband. Mary, you're a forward hussey, but that's Pat's affair, however I forgive you, and here—here's the money that Pat owed me, for your fortune.

CAREY. Spoke like your father's son, and now bring out the punch, and call the piper. Most men are thought lucky if they make one honest woman happy—now I've comforted three—may I then hope for the influence of the ladies to ensure long life, and quick promotion, to Paddy Carey.

Finale—CAREY and CHORUS.

Come, cheer, girls, cheer, dry up each tear,

Why should we part in sorrow ?

We're off 'tis true, but as smart a crew,

Will march in town to-morrow.

Our time is come, strike up the drum,
To our duty true you'll find us;
As true each heart, altho' we part,
To the girls we left behind us.

Chorus. Our time is come, &c.

Good bye, good bye; one kiss to dry—
The tear that in each eye's starting;
To drill the foe, the soldiers you know,
Must march without repining.
'Tis hard to move from those we love,
Our oaths to our colours bind us;
But true each heart, altho' we part,
To the girls we left behind us.

Chorus. Our time is come, &c.

(drum at end of chorus—shouts, Huzza! huzza!)

PEASANTS.	SOLDIERS.	RECRUITS.
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