

THE
IRISH TIGER
A FARCE

IN
ONE ACT

BY

JOHN MADDISON MORTON, Esq.

AUTHOR OF

Lend Me Five Shillings—Three Cuckoos—My Precious Betsy—Where there's a will there's a way—John Dobbs—A most unwarrantable Intrusion—Going to the Derby—Your Life's in Danger—Midnight Watch—Box and Cox—Trumpeter's Wedding—Done on Both Sides—Poor Pillicoddy—Old Honesty—Young England—King and I—My Wife's Second Floor—Who do they take me for—Double Bedded Room—The Milliners' Holliday—Wedding Breakfast—Brother Ben—Attic Story—Who's the Composer—Who's my Husband—Sas her and Crasher—Prince for an Hour—Away with Melancholy—Waiting for an Omnibus—Betsy Baker—Who stole the pocket-book—Two Bonnycastles—From Village to Court—Grimshaw, Bagshaw, and Bradshaw—Rights and Wrongs of Women—Sent to the Tower—Our Wife &c. &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market.)

LONDON.

909782

THE IRISH TIGER.

*First Performed at the Royal Haymarket Theatre,
April, 1846.*

CHARACTERS.

Sir Charles Lavender	Mr. HOWE.
Alderman Marrowfat	Mr. TILBURY.
Mr. Bilberry	Mr. T. F. MATHEWS.
Paddy Ryan	Mr. HUDSON.
John	Mr. CLARK.
Miss Julia Marrowfat	Miss TELBIN.
Nancy	Mrs. CAULFIELD.

TIME IN REPRESENTATION—40 minutes.

COSTUMES.

SIR CHARLES LAVENDER.—Livery frock coat, blue and white striped livery waistcoat, white leather breeches.

ALDERMAN MARROWFAT.—Brown body coat, gilt buttons, grey trousers, and flowered double breasted waistcoat.

MR. BILBERRY.—Brown dress coat, double breasted green velvet waistcoat, black trousers.

PADDY RYAN.—Holland strapping jacket, black and white striped livery waistcoat, leather breeches, top boots and brown fur cap.

JOHN & other SERVANT.—Drab pigeon breasted livery coat and scarlet waistcoat, blue plush breeches.

JULIA.—White muslin dress.

NANCY.—Blue striped muslin dress and black silk apron.

✓ X 636724X

THE IRISH TIGER.

SCENE. — *A Handsomely Furnished Apartment at Alderman Marrowfat's. Large folding doors, c. which, when open, shows a dining room beyond, and table laid for dinner. Window, R. 2 E., door, R. 3 E., leading to a conservatory; door, L. 2 E.*

Enter MARROWFAT, followed by JULIA and NANCY, c. from R.

MARROW. Pooh—nonsense! I tell you it's nothing but prejudice, and I'm above it.

JULIA. Well, but my dear papa, you must confess—

MARROW. I tell you I won't confess anything, Yes, I will—I confess that when I take up a newspaper, and see an advertisement for a servant winding up with "No Irish need apply," I immediately find myself worked up into a state of indignation.

JULIA. But your own experience, papa—

NANCY. Yes, sir; your own experience, sir.

JULIA. Wasn't our last coachman an Irishman, and didn't he break the horses' knees?

NANCY. And nearly broke your neck into the bargain. And wasn't your last cook an Irishman? Did she ever send up a dinner that wasn't a shame to be seen? Wasn't there always sure to be some blunder or other? Didn't she, at your last birthday dinner party, actually boil the saddle of mutton and roast the pickled pork?

MARROW. Well, and pray, Mistress Nancy, are you immaculate?

NANCY. I don't exactly know what that means, but perhaps I'm not.

MARROW. I mean, do you never do anything wrong? Didn't you in my last batch of shirts—

NANCY. Oh, sir—(*hiding her face.*) what a dreadful habit you've got of calling things by their proper names, to be sure!

MARROW. Pshaw! I repeat—didn't you in my last new batch of—

NANCY. Under clothing, if you please, sir:

MARROW. Under clothing! didn't you forget all the buttonholes?

NANCY. Oh, but that was only a mistake, not a blunder.

MARROW. I tell you it was a blunder, and no mistake! However, it's no use arguing, the thing's done. The advertisement is in the paper, and I've no doubt before the day's over, I shall have my Irish tiger.

NANCY. And a pretty wild beast he'll be, I'll be bound!

Enter BILBERRY, R. door, with an open newspaper in his hand.

BILBER. (*walks up to MARROWFAT, and puts the newspaper close to his nose.*) Brother Marrowfat, is this your doing? "Marrowfat Villa. Wanted an Irish Tiger—"

MARROW. Yes, brother Bilberry, it is.

BILBER. Then, brother Marrowfat, you are an old simpleton.

MARROW. And you, brother Bilberry, are an old stupid, prejudiced blockhead!

BILBER. Steady, Marrowfat, steady. But perhaps you've had no experience of Irish servants!

JULIA. On the contrary; papa has had experience.

NANCY. Yes, Mr. Bilberry. Ask master who roasted the pickle pork!

MARROW. Silence, every one of you, and listen to me.

BILBER. Listen to me, first. I tell you, brother Marrowfat, you'll repent. I never had but one Paddy. I agreed to give him ten pounds a-year, but owing to his infernal blunders, I kicked him out of doors at the end of a fortnight, and I calculated that the young gentleman cost me rather more than twenty-three pounds, fifteen and eightpence halfpenny a day. D——n the fellow; it puts

me in a fever to talk about him, or even to think of him

MARROW. Then let's talk about something else.

BILBER. With all my heart. First and foremost, when am I likely to have a nephew—you a son-in-law—and you a husband? (*chucking JULIA under the chin.*)

JULIA. (*pushes BILBERRY.*) La, uncle!

NANCY. (*pushing him.*) La, Mr. Bilberry!

BILBER. In other words, I want to know whether the intended match between Julia Marrowfat, of Marrowfat Villa, Middlesex, spinster, and Sir Charles Lavender, of Lavender Park, Lincoln, baronet, still holds good, and when it is likely to come off?

MARROW. Of course the match holds good. What a ridiculous question.

JULIA. How very absurd!

NANCY. Foolish to a degree!

BILBER. Hold your tongue! (*to NANCY.*)

MARROW. You know as well as I do, brother Bilberry, that Sir Charles cheerfully consented to fulfil the last wish of his good old father and my good old friend, the late baronet—namely, to convert Julia Marrowfat into Lady Lavender.

BILBER. Yes; but that was some years ago: the young man may have changed his mind.

MARROW. Brother Bilberry, you are getting unpleasant.

JULIA. Very disagreeable!

NANCY. Quite disgusting!

BILBER. Hold your tongue. There would be nothing so very odd, after all, if he did change his mind. You forget he has never seen Julia; and he mayn't fancy her when he does see her.

MARROW. Not fancy my Julia? that's impossible!

JULIA. Oh, quite impossible!

NANCY. Utterly preposterous!

BILBER. Zounds, will you—(*threatens NANCY.*) Ha, ha! Well then, as I said before, when is the match likely to come off? I ordered a new blue coat and brass buttons for the occasion two months ago, and as I think it's rather becoming, I want to put it on.

MARROW. Of that you shall judge yourself; here's a

letter I received yesterday from Sir Charles Lavender's uncle, my old friend Omnium, the banker. Listen. (*reads.*) "Dear Marrowfat—I write in great haste to inform you that my nephew Sir Charles, has just returned from his long continental tour, as his presence is absolutely necessary at Lavender Park. It may possibly be a day or two before you see him arrive 'on the wings of love' at Marrowfat villa. Hoping soon to drink health and happiness to the bride and bridegroom. Believe me, &c. &c. Peter Omnium." There, brother Bilberry, you see we may expect our young baronet every hour.

BILBER. Well, when he does come, I hope he'll turn out a good sample; but recollect, brother Marrowfat, as I promised to provide half Julia's wedding portion, I won't have her marry the chap if she doesn't like him.

JULIA. But she will like the chap!

NANCY. She'll adore the chap!

MARROW. Of course; so let's join our good neighbours, in the drawing-room, whom I have invited for the express purpose of introducing them to my future son-in-law.

BILBER. Come along—(*going.*)

Enter JOHN, r. door with a letter.

JOHN. (*to MARROWFAT.*) Please, sir, one of Mr. Omnium's men, on one of Mr. Omnium's horses has just brought this letter from Mr. Omnium to Alderman Marrowfat. (*gives a letter.*)

MARROW. Then give Mr. Omnium's man, on Mr. Omnium's horse, a jug of Alderman Marrowfat's strong Omnium ale.

JOHN. Yes, sir.

Exit, r. door.

MARROW. What can have induced Omnium to write again so soon, I wonder? "Alderman Marrowfat. Immediate." Now for it. (*opens letter and reads.*) "Dear Marrowfat. I had scarcely dispatched my letter to you, yesterday, when my nephew, Sir Charles, drove up to my door, skipped up stairs three steps at a time, seized me in his arms, and hugged me till I was nearly smothered."

NANCY. (*aside.*) If that's his style, I'll take care to be in his way, quite by accident, when he arrives.

BILBER. Hugging ! ugh ! A parcel of foreign foolery. I hate hugging.

NANCY. It's a matter of taste, Mr. Bilberry—I don't.

MARROW. (*to BILBERRY and NANCY.*) Tell me when you have done. (*reads.*) "I have no hesitation in pronouncing Sir Charles to be a generous, high-minded, honourable young man, but, at the same time, I must confess he has his faults."

BILBER. I thought as much.

MARROW. (*reads.*) "In the first place, my dear Marrowfat, he is almost as obstinate as you are.

BILBER. (*to him.*) And you certainly are; by many degrees, the most pigheaded old man I ever met with.

MARROW. (*reads.*) "And when he has once made his mind up to anything, there is no moving him from his purpose."

JULIA. (*aside.*) Then I hope he's made up his mind to marry me.

MARROW. (*reads.*) "I therefore lose no time in communicating to you a most extraordinary project that he has formed—namely, of convincing himself whether your daughter Julia really possesses the qualities of mind and person with which her family and friends have endowed her. With this intention he will present himself to you for the situation of "Irish Tiger," which you have advertised as being vacant in your establishment—but under what name I know not. Hoping you will consider this in the light of a harmless lover's frolic, and recommending our romantic young Paddy to your indulgence—I am, &c."

JULIA. Oh, papa, was there ever anything so delightfully romantic ?

BILBER. Was there ever anything so audaciously impertinent? A conceited young puppy! to presume to come here under false colours, and make a fool of my niece !

MARROW. Pshaw! nonsense! For my part I see no harm in it!

JULIA. Nor I!

NANCY. Nor I!

BILBER. Very well—then as I'm in the minority, I've done. If you derive any particular gratification from

setting yourself up as a laughing stock, I don't, so I'll be off!

MARROW Nonsense! stay where you are, and help us to make a laughing stock of Sir Charles.

BILBER. I tell you I won't. I hate all such foolery, so, good bye. (*aside to JULIA.*) I say niece, if anything unpleasant happens, let me know directly—my place at Fulham, you know—ten minutes will do it. (*to MARROWFAT.*) Brother Marrowfat, when you want your Irish Tiger kicked out of the house—which will be in about a quarter of an hour after he comes into it—send for me. Ugh! stupid old creature!

Exit R. door.

MARROW. Sulky old brute! Now, then, to let our friends into the secret. Egad, thanks to old Omnium, we'll turn the tables on Sir Charles in grand style.

NANCY. Yes, we'll rather astonish the Irish Tiger.

JULIA. Nay, papa, if Sir Charles is to be teased and worried, as I'm to be his wife, the task clearly devolves upon me.

MARROW. No, no, It must be a general conspiracy. So come along, Julia (*loud ring at gate bell.*) There's a ring at the gate bell.

JULIA. Oh, papa, if it should be he!

Enter JOHN, R. door.

JOHN. Please, sir, here's a young man below, as has come about the situation.

JULIA. Oh, dear dear—how my heart beats.

MARROW. What's his name, John? At least, what does he call himself? (*winks aside to JULIA.*)

JOHN. Don't know exactly, sir—Paddy something or other.

MARROW. (*aside.*) Capital! ha, ha! And where is he, John?

JOHN. I've just left him in the kitchen, sir, sitting a-top of the dresser.

MARROW. Delicious!

JULIA. (*aside to JOHN.*) John, is the young man good looking!

JOHN. I'm not much of a judge, miss. He's got a

nose, and don't squint, and I must say I never seed a finer carrotty wig in all my life.

JULIA. (*aside.*) I hope it is a wig.

MARROW. Well, John, show him into the drawing room—I mean, send the young rascal in here.

JOHN. Yes, sir. (*calling.*) Here, you young Paddy,
come in !

Exit R. door.
MARROW. Now, Julia, as the enemy's in sight, egad, we've no time to lose, so let's join our friends up stairs, and prepare our plot against Sir Charles. Nancy, you stop here and receive him—but, remember, don't let him imagine we suspect anything.

NANCY. I won't let the cat out of the bag, depend on't.
(*a loud smash heard, R.*

MARROW. He's begun. Ha, ha ! Excellent—famous—come along.

Exeunt, L., pushing JULIA out, who tries to look off, to see who is coming.

JOHN. (*without.*) There—you've gone and done it, clumsy !

PADDY RYAN. (*without, R.*) Clumsey, is it ? why the devil didn't you tell me the tay things was there ?

Enter PADDY RYAN, R. door, with a large broken teapot in the right hand, and a stick with a bundle hanging on it, over the left shoulder.

(speaking off.) Ye needn't be afther making such a shillaballo about it ! the crockery's not yours, so hold your stupid old tongue, and pick up the bits. Here's the taypot ! (*flings it off, R. D.—looks about him, without seeing NANCY.*) Please your honour, the master's not here ! (*very loud.*) I hope you're not after changing your clothes on my account, sir—if ye are, take your time—don't hurry—I can make myself comfortable here till you can wait upon me. (*sits in large arm chair, and jumps up again immediately.*) What the devil's the matter with the chair ? there's something keeps bobbing up and down, inside the cushion.

NANCY. (*aside.*) How well he does it, to be sure ! What clever chaps these baronets are ! I declare it's as good as a play. That's an easy chair, young man.

PADDY. Is it? then for an aisy chair it's a mighty difficult one to sit down upon! (*aside.*) The young missus's young woman, I suppose. Come here, my beautiful darling! (*beckons her.*)

NANCY. (*aside.*) "My beautiful darling!" There's no mistaking a gentleman, though he is dressed up as a groom.

PADDY. Don't be shy—sit down—perhaps ye'd like the aisy chair.

NANCY. No, I thank you, Sir Cha—I mean Mr. Paddy.

PADDY. That's my name, sure enough, Paddy Ryan, Esq., of Killibrallaghan, County Tip. And what might be your name?

NANCY. Nancy.

PADDY. Well, then, Nancy, darling—I suppose you guess as how I'm come here for the situation as wants filling up.

NANCY. Oh, yes, Sir Cha—Mr. Paddy. You mean the Irish Tiger's place.

PADDY. Of course. Now tell me, Nancy, darling! what kind of an old boy is the master—is he particular about a mistake or two?

NANCY. Oh, dear no—and I'm sure he won't mind your blunders.

PADDY. Well, that's lucky—because mine are generally big ones. They've been the ruin of me, Nancy. It's always been my peculiar ill luck to take service with people as is particular about their property.

NANCY. You needn't be afraid on that point, Mr. Paddy—master won't mind such trifles.

PADDY. Then bless his old good-looking countenance, however ugly it may be, he's a real friend to Ireland.

NANCY. Indeed! I'm sure he has taken a fancy to you, already.

PADDY. Be aisy now; how can that be? he's never had the good fortune to look at me. Ah, I have it—maybe he was struck with my personal appearance as I came up the gravel walk.

NANCY. Yes; and as for Miss Julia, you'll be quite a favourite with her.

PADDY. That won't so much surprise me, for, by the

powers, somehow or other Paddy Ryan was always a devil among the petticoats, och, bless 'em. (*kisses her.*)

NANCY. (*aside.*) As he's a baronet, I suppose I must put up with it. Ugh! how he smells of whiskey. Here comes master.

PADDY. (*looking off, L.*) What, that fine old gentleman in the cauliflower wig—and only an alderman—with such a—(*puts his hand to his stomach.*) Bad luck to 'em as didn't make him lord mayor.

NANCY. Hush—here he comes.

Enter MARROWFAT, L.

MARROW. (*aside to her.*) Well, Nancy?

NANCY. Oh, sir, he's so capitally disguised—brogue, whiskey, and all.

MARROW. Leave us!

Exit NANCY, L.
(*aside.*) Now, then, my good Sir Charles Lavender, of Lavender Park, Lincoln, baronet, I'll see if I can't punish you for your masquerading frolic. (*to PADDY, who ever since the Alderman's entrance, has kept up a continual succession of bows and scrapes.*) Now, you young Irish bogtrotter, come here! (*puts his hat in the arm chair.*)

PADDY. (*coming down.*) Here I am!

MARROW. (*looks at him, and then aside.*) If old Omnimn had been as dumb as an oyster on the subject, I should have known him at once from his likeness to his father, the late baronet. What's your rascally name?

PADDY. Paddy Ryan! (*aside.*) Rather familiar, I think, considering it's the first time he's had the honour of being introduced to me.

MARROW. You want to enter my service, eh?

PADDY. You may say that, sir, and not tell a lie either.

MARROW. (*aside.*) What a capital brogue he has got. Where could he have picked it up? Now, then, to business. What's your age?

PADDY. What's what?

MARROW. What's your age?

PADDY. I'm not particular.

MARROW. (*aside.*) Ha, ha! Do you know a horse when you see one?

PADDY. Don't I? I once had a jackass of my own.

MARROW. Did you ever drive a gig?

PADDY. A gig? no, sir, but I've drove a pig. Maybe you think it aisy—did you ever try it?

MARROW. (*aside.*) He's made a regular study of the Irish character, that's quite clear; but I'll make him throw off the mask before I've done with him. (*sits.*) Now I'll put our young baronet's pride to the test. Come, young fellow, let's see if you can curl my hair—bring the tongs—(*PADDY runs and brings down fire-tongs.*) Pshaw! get along—let's see if you can brush a coat—make haste, sir! (*very angrily.*)

PADDY. Yes, sir!

(*unties bundle, and takes out a currycomb, begins brushing MARROWFAT very hard, whistling as if rubbing down a horse.*)

MARROW. Holloa! what are you about, sir?

PADDY. Why, sir, you said you wanted to be brushed?

MARROW. Yes, but I don't want to be groomed. Do you take me for a horse? You'll find a brush in that table drawer. (*PADDY goes to table, R., and in opening the drawer, throws down a large vase of flowers.*) Holloa!

PADDY. Whist! be aisy. You know you don't mind it—of the two you rather like it—so say no more about it—there! (*seizes and shakes his hand.*)

MARROW. (*aside.*) Ha, ha! it's perfectly delicious. Now, Paddy, brush away!

PADDY. Yes, sir.

(*begins brushing the ALDERMAN very hard.*)

MARROW. Not so hard—(*PADDY brushes very softly.*) Harder! (*he seizes hold of the tail of Marrowfat's coat, and begins brushing very violently, pulling MARROWFAT after him.*) Zounds! leave off. (*pushes PADDY away, who falls into arm chair, upon Marrowfat's hat—aside.*) Hang me if I thought he'd have stood it so long. I see I must have recourse to more violent measures still. Where's my hat?

PADDY. I'd not be at all surprised if I was sitting on it! (*takes hat from under him, crushed flat.*)

MARROW. Come, here, you Irish vagabond!

PADDY. Irish vagabond! blood and ouns, but that's an ugly word.

MARROW. (*aside.*) Ha, ha ! I'm getting the baronet's blood up at last, am I ? Yes, take that, sir. (*pulls his ear.*)

PADDY. Murther ! By the blood of the Ryans, ye'd better not be afther doing that again.

MARROW. How, sir ! (*pulls his ear again.*)

PADDY. (*very quietly moves his stick up and down MARROWFAT's face.*) Perhaps you'll allow me to call your attention to this trifling article. I'd be sorry to give your respectable old noddle a taste of it.

MARROW. Impudent rascal ! I'll kick you out of the house.

PADDY. Kick ! is it kick you said ? Ha, ha ! that's enough. To the devil I pitch my manners. Come on, you old thief of the world. Whirroo !

(*gives MARROWFAT a punch in his stomach, then follows him round the stage, skipping round him, and flourishing his stick over his head.*)

MARROW. Holloa—that'll do—be quiet !

Enter JULIA and NANCY, L.

JULIA. } What's the matter ?
NANCY. }

MARROW. Nothing—nothing !

PADDY. (*seeing JULIA and NANCY looking at him, whispering, &c.—aside.*) I see—I've produced my usual effect. The poor cratures can't take their eyes off me. I've fascinated them. (*winking aside to JULIA, who indignantly turns away.*)

MARROW. (*aside.*) So, so, my good friend Sir Charles Lavender, I see bullying won't do. I must try another plan. I'll overwhelm you with civility and politeness. Mr. Patrick Ryan—

PADDY. (*aside.*) Mister Patrick Ryan ! Now them's manners.

MARROW. Mr. Patrick Ryan, I hope your noble, generous nature, will accept my humble apology.

(*bows low.*)

PADDY. Och, say no more—make yourself comfortable, I forgive me. (*slaps him on the shoulder.*)

MARROW. Generous creature !

PADDY. (*aside.*) I believe the old blackguard is laughing at me now.

MARROW. I am very sorry I hurt your feelings.

PADDY. Never mind my feelings—how is yours?

(*putting his hand on MARROWFAT's stomach.*)

MARROW. This is my daughter Julia. (*presenting her.*) Miss Julia Marrowfat, Sir Charles Lav—I mean Mr. Patrick Ryan—Mr. Patrick Ryan, Miss Julia Marrowfat.

PADDY. (*aside.*) What the devil does he mean by Sir Charles? I hope, miss, you will not be offended with a poor Irish boy, who can't help telling you that you are fresh and as fair as a morning in May.

MARROW. Exquisite idea! (*aside.*) Well, Julia, how do you like your masquerading lover, eh?

JULIA. Not at all, papa. He is not near so good-looking as I hoped—I mean, as I expected he would be.

MARROW. Pshaw—nonsense! Say something to him.

JULIA. (*hesitatingly.*) I'm sure—I hope—we shall be good friends, Sir Charles—I mean, Mr. Patrick Ryan. (*curtsies.*)

PADDY. (*aside.*) Sir Charles again! Perhaps I am a gentleman and don't know it. By the powers, Miss, I'd go through fire and water to serve you. Would you be kind enough to leave off bobbing up and down in that way, if you please? (*to JULIA, who has kept curtseying.*)

JULIA. (*after a long look at PADDY.*) No—I am sure I never could marry him—though he is a baronet—so I'll run to my room, and write to uncle Bilberry directly. (*is running off, L., stops at door, and makes PADDY a low curtsey.*) Come, Nancy. *Exit L. door.*

NANCY. Yes, miss.

(*running after JULIA, stops at door and makes PADDY a low curtsey, in imitation of JULIA.* *Exit L. door.*)

MARROW. (*to PADDY, who is scratching his head in astonishment.*) Now, Mr. Ryan, since you honour me so far as to wish to enter my service, consider yourself engaged—and as for your wages, perhaps you will leave it to me.

PADDY. If it's no odds to you, sir, I'd rather you leave it to me.

MARROW. Then suppose we say—(*aside.*) I'll give him

a hint as to Julia's fortune—suppose we say six hundred a year.

PADDY. Six hundred what?

MARROW. Pounds, of course.

PADDY. Pounds! (*suddenly.*) Och, murther! Paddy Ryan, bad luck to you, Paddy Ryan, you have been at your blunders again. You've come to the wrong house—you have come into a lunatic asylum. (*to MARROWFAT, who moves towards him.*) Keep where you are—there, there—(*moving his hands at MARROWFAT as if pacifying him.*) be quiet—I won't hurt you, you poor unfortunate, crazy old soul. Don't come near me, or I'll have your head shaved.

MARROW. (*aside.*) Ha, ha! egad, he keeps it up. Anything rather than confess. Here—here's a part of your wages in advance. (*throws him a large purse.*)

PADDY. A big purse full of money. Och, what'll I do—what'll I do? (*half crying and half laughing.*) The blessings of all the Ryans, male and female, increase and multiply on your venerable wig. (*hitting him on the head, and making the powder fly out.*) Ha, ha!

Enter JOHN, c.

JOHN. Please, sir, dinner's ready.

Exit L. door.

Enter GUESTS, R.

PADDY. The dinner ready? That's right; then I'll be able to do something for the big purse of money you have given me. Ye shall see how I'll wait on the ladies and gentlemen.

MARROW. (*aside to GUESTS, and pointing to PADDY.*) There's Sir Charles—only look at him—would anybody take him to be a baronet? isn't the disguise perfect? Now remember my instructions. Let us overwhelm him with civility. My good friends and neighbours, allow me the honour of presenting to you Mr. Patrick Ryan, the cream of Irish tigers, who has, in the handsomest manner, condescended to accept that humble situation in my establishment.

PADDY. (*nudging him.*) You funny devil, you. Ladies and gentlemen, I'll be proud to wait upon you.

MARROW. You wait upon us? Not you, indeed.

ALL. No, no—(*the GUESTS bow to PADDY.*)

Enter JOHN and SERVANT, L. D. with dishes, &c.

MARROW. John, tell Miss Julia, dinner's ready, and place a chair on my right for Mr. Ryan.

PADDY. Ah, now be aisy; if *you* don't know what manners is, *I* does.

MARROW. Zounds, sir—are you my servant, or are you not?

PADDY. Of course I am.

MARROW. Then do as I order you; and our first toast after dinner shall be the health and happiness of Sir Charles Lavender; of course *you* will drink that.

PADDY. Of course I will; I'll drink that, or anything else. Only give me liquor enough, and it'll be no fault of mine if there isn't plenty of health and happiness, too, for Sir Charles Lav—What's the gentleman's name?

MARROW. Ha, ha—that's capital. Now then, to dinner. Offer your arm to one of the ladies.

PADDY. Oh, now, be quiet, do.

MARROW. Zounds, sir, will you obey my orders?

PADDY. (*the LADIES advance to him, curteseying.*) Oh, now, don't be quarrelling about me—I will take you out one at the time. Here ma'am—you with the big yellow cap, come along. (*takes a LADY and is leading her off, c.—the gate bell heard.*) Coming—(*in coming back, recollects himself, and runs into room, c.—GUESTS follow.*)

Enter JOHN, R. D.

JOHN. Please, sir, here is another young Paddy come about the situation.

MARROW. Pshaw—tell him I am suited.

PADDY. (*at the head of the table, c. room.*) Yes, John—tell him we are both suited. (*MARROWFAT enters c. room, and closes c. d. after him.*)

Enter SIR CHARLES LAVENDER, R. D. in a groom's dress.

JOHN. Well, hang your impudence, don't I tell you master's got a t'ger? An Irish tiger. You had better be off, or hang me, if I won't have your Irish carcase drawn through the horse pond.

SIR C. Such language to me, sirrah—

JOHN. (*imitating.*) Such language to me, sirrah—ha, ha! well said, Paddy.

SIR C. (*aside.*) Zounds! I'm forgetting my assumed character. (*aside—assuming the brogue.*) I am a poor Irish boy out of place, with a twelvemonths' character; and I'd be sorry to go away without seeing the master.

JOHN. Well as you like. I have delivered my message, and if you find yourself chucked out of window, don't blame me—so your servant, master Paddy. *Exit R. D.*

SIR C. Confusion! Was there ever anything so unfortunate? To find myself defeated just at the moment when I thought my plan almost certain of success. Now if my good genius would only throw my successful competitor for the Irish tigership in my way, I might bribe him to leave the house. At any rate, here I am in it, and out of it I will not go till I have seen Miss Marrowfat, and convinced myself whether our projected union is likely to be productive of happiness. It is for her sake as well as my own that I have determined on this step, and though I may perhaps be laughed at for its romance, few I think would condemn the object for which it was undertaken. Who have we here? (*pretends to busy himself with the furniture.*)

JULIA peeps in at L. door, then advances cautiously, with a letter in her hand.

What a charming creature!

JULIA. Here's my letter to Uncle Bilberry. I am sure he will come to my assistance, and help me to break off this odious marriage—but how shall I get it conveyed to him?

SIR C. (*aside.*) It must be the Alderman's daughter! Report has not exaggerated her beauty, at all events; and if she is as good as she is fair, why the sooner Lavender Park welcomes its future mistress the better. Ahem—(*knocks down a chair.*)

JULIA. (*seeing him.*) A servant! I suppose he belongs to one of papa's friends. (*looking at her letter.*) I have half a mind to—I will. Young man—(*SIR CHARLES hastens to her side.*)—not so near, sir. Do you think your master could spare you to run on an errand for me?

SIR C. (*eagerly.*) I'd fly to the end of the world to serve you.

JULIA. Sir!

SIR C. I mean—(*aside.*) Confound the brogue; I'm always forgetting it. (*aloud, and assuming the brogue.*) I mean, so please you, ma'am, I've no master at all, worse luck to me. I came here after the situation, but I find that one of my countrymen has been here before me.

JULIA. (*aside.*) Poor young man, he takes it quite to heart. Don't despair, young man. I don't think that Sir Ch—I mean, your countryman as you call him, will keep the situation long. In the first place, I hate him!

SIR C. (*aside.*) Now, why should she hate the young man? Why should she trouble her head at all about the young man?

JULIA. And if you will render me a service, perhaps I shall be able to do you one in return.

SIR C. Speak; anything that is in the power of man to accomplish. (*recollects himself.*) I mean, anything that a poor simple Irish boy can do for your beautiful ladyship. (*aside.*) Curse the brogue!

JULIA. Well, then—but first of all, as this is a great secret, you must take care and not drop a hint to anybody about it.

SIR C. Except your worthy father. I mean, except the ould master.

JULIA. On the contrary, papa must be the very last person to suspect anything.

SIR C. (*aside.*) So, so, a dutiful daughter!

JULIA. Now, listen; this letter I wish you to deliver immediately, as it's addressed. I suppose you can read?

SIR C. Read? ha, ha! Why, I rather flatter myself—(*recollects himself.*) Is it read you said? I'm sure I don't know—I never tried.

JULIA. Then I'll read the address for you, and be sure you remember it. (*reads.*) "Benjamin Bilberry, Esquire, Bilberry Lodge, Fulham."

SIR C. (*aside.*) Now, who the devil is Benjamin Bilberry, of Bilberry Lodge, Fulham?

JULIA. Run with it directly—don't lose a moment. My happiness for life depends upon it.

SIR C. (*aside.*) Her happiness for life. Oh, it's a clear case. Bilberry's my rival. She loves Benjamin—Benjamin loves her. I'll cut Benjamin's throat.

JULIA. Well, why don't you go!

SIR C. Why don't I go? Ha, ha! No, madam; I'll not be the means of carrying on a love intrigue, unknown to your worthy father. (*aside.*) Bilberry dies.

JULIA. A love intrigue! You forget your station, sir. But, let me tell you, that there is nothing in the world should tempt me to deceive my father. No—rather than that, I would even consent to marry that most odious of all creatures, Sir Charles Lavender himself.

SIR C. (*aside.*) That's complimentary. Sir Charles Lavender?

JULIA. Yes, sir. I hate him—I abominate him—and this letter, which you have refused to deliver for me, would have been the means of preventing a marriage, I am sure—will break—my heart! Oh, oh! *Exit R. D., crying.*

SIR C. Well, all things considered, it strikes me, I might just as well have remained in Lincolnshire. And is it for this, that I, Sir Charles Lavender, have condescended to disguise myself as an ignoble groom? Is it for this that I've smuggled myself, under false colours, and at the risk of being a laughing stock to all my acquaintance, into the presence of Lady Lavender, that was to be, to hear from her own lips that she hates me—abominates me! —that was the word—abominates me! And why? Because she loves another—and that other a Mulberry—I mean, a Bilberry. The best thing I can do is to beat a retreat. Luckily, I've brought a change of dress with me, so that I can appear again in propria personæ, shake old Marrowfat by the hand, resign my pretensions to his daughter, in favour of Mr. Blackberry—I mean, Bilberry—and inwardly forswear masquerading in any shape for the rest of my life. (*going, sees PADDY RYAN, who enters, c. d.—loud laugh within, c.*) Heyday! Oh! this, I suppose is the fortunate Irish tiger, who, luckily for me, has been the means of preventing my making a greater ass of myself than I have already. (*retires.*)

PADDY slightly intoxicated, advances slowly.

PADDY. I don't exactly know how the end of this will

turn out, but I've no hesitation in saying that the beginning is sufficiently agreeable. In short, at this present moment, I take the earliest opportunity of stating publicly that I'm at peace with all mankind, and to prove it, I'll knock anybody down who says I'm not. Six hundred pounds a year—a purse full of money—a skin full of claret —ha, ha! People may talk about being born with silver spoons in their mouths, by my soul, mine must have been a ladle!

Enter NANCY, R. D. and goes to C. D.

NANCY. Sir—sir—

Enter MARROWFAT, C. D.

MARROW. Well?

NANCY. Mr. Transfer, the lawyer's, come, sir.

MARROW. That's right; have you shown him into the library?

NANCY. Yes, sir.

MARROW. Has he brought the marriage contract with him?

NANCY. (*rubbing her hand.*) Oh, yes, sir.

SIR C. (*behind—aside.*) What's that? Marriage contract!

MARROW. (*aside, and looking at PADDY.*) I think we've roasted Sir Charles pretty well, already; but I've another little plot to play off against him yet. (*to PADDY.*) Now, will you do me the honour to accompany me to the library?

PADDY. It's not much use my going there, sir; the devil a bit can I read.

MARROW. No—but the lawyer is waiting. He mustn't lose his time.

PADDY. No fear of that. I never heard of a lawyer losing anything yet.

MARROW. In a word, what do you think of my daughter Julia? Pretty girl, eh? (*nudges him.*)

PADDY. You may say that. (*nudges him.*)

MARROW. She's generally thought like me.

PADDY. By my soul, it must be a mighty handsome likeness, then.

MARROW. Then, since you like her, you'd better take her.

PADDY. Take her ! where'll I take her to ?

MARROW. Why to church. Ha, ha ! Yes—she's yours.

PADDY. Mine ! Och, murder ! hold your silly old tongue do—don't trifle with my feelings. I'd advise you not—they're Irish. Oh, I see how it is ; you've been drinking. You're in a deplorable state of intoxication. Fie, for shame of yourself, you tipsey old man, you.

MARROW. Ha, ha ! I tell you I'm serious. I had intended Julia should marry Sir Charles Lavender—

SIR C. (*aside.*) So, so !

MARROW. But the moment I saw you, I altered my mind. (PADDY is about to expostulate.) Not a word—I'm resolved, so hey for the lawyer, and the marriage contract. (*going.*) Now, my young baronet, I think that's a settler for you—ha, ha !

Exit L. D.

SIR C. (*buttoning up his coat.*) Now, then, to settle matters with you, my young friend. (*looks threateningly at PADDY, and about to go towards him.*)

NANCY. (*holding him.*) Take care what you're about, young man. He's not whan he seems to be ; he's a baronet in disguise.

Exit L. D.

SIR C. (*aside.*) A baronet in disguise ? Can it be possible, that another can have imagined the same project as myself ? But I'll soon unravel the mystery.

PADDY. (*quite bothered.*) It must be a dream. It's my private opinion that I'm fast asleep and snooring.

SIR C. Sir—(*advancing close to him.*)

PADDY. Coming. (*turus round and comes face to face—aside.*) Oh, I suppose this is the poor devil as wanted the situation. I'm sorry for you, brother Paddy ; you're a trifle too late ; but never mind that—better luck another time. (*pats SIR CHARLES familiarly on the back.*)

SIR C. Pshaw ! Sir, it's useless to attempt to deceive me. (*with great emphasis.*) I know who you are.

PADDY. So do I. So I'm as just as clever as you. I'm Paddy Ryan.

SIR C. You're no such thing, sir.

PADDY. Of course you know best. But who the devil am I ?

SIR C. I tell you again, sir, that this pleasantry is ill-

timed. In a word, sir—we are rivals. Now do you understand me?

PADDY. Of course I do. (*aside.*) He thinks I am courting Nancy. Make yourself aisy—I give the young woman up—there, take her, and my blessing into the bargain.

(lays his hand on SIR CHARLES's head.)

SIR C. Give the young woman up? Zounds, sir, is this the way you dare to speak of Miss Marrowfat?

PADDY. Miss Marrowfat—the master's daughter—

SIR C. It seems, by some extraordinary chance, that you and I have hit upon the same idea, but I beg to inform you, that I not only love Miss Marrowfat, but that her father had actually accepted me for a son-in-law.

PADDY. Then it is quite clear that the old gentleman has a mighty strong partiality to livery servants. Suppose we toss up?

SIR C. I see you are determined to carry on this worthy jest to the utmost. But it shan't avail you, sir. No; there is but one course for us to pursue—we are equal in rank.

PADDY. I don't know that. What's your wages?

SIR C. Pshaw! At any rate, we both move in the same station?

PADDY. Oh, yes; we both wear the same uniform.

SIR C. (*aside.*) An officer! so much the better. Then there is only one thing to be done.

PADDY. Then let us do it at once, and have done with it. What is it?

SIR C. What is it? Why, we must fight, sir.

PADDY. Fight! Is it fight? I'm agreeable. Why the devil didn't you say so at once? (*takes off his coat.*) Now for it—come on—ha, ha! ould Ireland for ever! (*squaring and skipping round him—SIR CHARLES looks at him astonished.*)

Enter MARROWFAT, L. D.

MARROW. Holloa! (*rushes and seizes PADDY.*)

PADDY. (*struggling.*) Let go your grip, it's only a fight. You wouldn't have me disgrace my family.

MARROW. (*seriously.*) Haven't you disgraced it quite enough already, sir? (*to SIR CHARLES.*) As for you, you impudent young scoundrel, get out of my house.

SIR C. Excuse me, sir, I shall not stir from here till I have seen your charming daughter.

MARROW. My charming daughter? Ha, ha! (*aside.*) Curse his impudence!

BILBERRY. (*without, R.*) Come along, Julia, don't be afraid—I'll soon settle this matter.

PADDY. (*listening and giving a long whistle.*) Och, bad luck to me—may I never taste whiskey again, if that isn't my old master's voice.

Enter BILBERRY, JULIA, and NANCY, R. D.

(*sees BILBERRY.*) Och, murder! it's old Bilberry, the sugar baker. (*cocks his hat very much over his face, and trying to avoid BILBERRY's eye.*)

BILBER. Marrowfat, I have only two words to say—dare say you won't like 'em—don't care if you don't, but Julia shan't marry Sir Charles Lavender. If ever I give my consent, my name's not Bilberry.

SIR C. (*aside.*) Oh, this is Bilberry, eh? (*aloud, and crossing to BILBERRY.*) Sir, that you should refuse your consent to Sir Charles Lavender's marrying this young lady is very natural, although quite unnecessary; for as Sir Charles is perfectly aware of the state of Miss Marrowfat's feelings, he at once withdraws his attentions; there—(*putting JULIA's hand into BILBERRY's.*) take her and be happy.

BILBEB. The fellow's mad.

JUDIA. Marry uncle Bilberry!

SIR C. Uncle—uncle!

MARROW. (*to SIR CHARLES.*) And pray, young'fellow, who authorises you to say that Sir Charles resigns my daughter's hand? Here, Sir Charles—where's Sir Charles?

BILBER. }
JULIA. } Yes; where is Sir Charles? (*turn and see*
NANCY. } PADDY, who is trying to escape, R.)

MARROW. Oh, there is. Come back!

SIR C. Oh, that is Sir Charles, is it? (*brings PADDY back.*) Permit me the honour—(*hands PADDY forward, R., and takes off his hat.*)

BILBER. Sir Charles Lav—(*looks at PADDY, then recognises him.*) Oh? it's that infernal Paddy of mine!

(*makes a rush at him, he escapes behind NANCY.*)

MARROW. (*to BILBERRY.*) Your Paddy? Then he's no baronet after all.

PADDY. A baronet? Me, Sir Paddy Ryan—ha, ha! What the devil put that into your poor old noddle?

SIR C. I am afraid that *I* am answerable to my father's old friend for this mistake. (*takes MARROWFAT's hand.*)

MARROW. Sir Charles Lavender!

SIR C. Yes, sir—and with this lady's consent—(*takes JULIA's hand.*) her most affectionate husband and your most dutiful son-in-law.

MARROW. Take her, Sir Charles, take her; and my blessing in the bargain.

BILBER. (*R.*) I am not much of a hand at giving a blessing, so perhaps you will take ten thousand pounds instead.

MARROW. (*C.*) Well, a pretty considerable ass I have made of myself.

PADDY! You may say that, sir.

MARROW. (*to PADDY.*) Come here, sir. I'll trouble you for that said big purse I gave you.

PADDY. (*L.*) The purse? Oh, you shall have the purse. I only want what is in it. (*about to take the money out.*)

NANCY. (*to MARROWFAT.*) Suppose I take care of it, sir.

PADDY. Do, darling. (*gives her the purse.*) We'll get married, and share it together. You shall have the purse and I'll have the money, and I hope that will be the only division betwixt us.

MARROW. You don't expect you are going to remain in this house, do you?

PADDY. Indeed, but I do; for, somehow or other—(*to AUDRENCE.*) I feel quite at home in this house; and no wonder either, for when I came here from my last place you kindly welcomed me, and that is why I now make bold to express a hope that the same indulgent masters and mistresses will not refuse to speak a word in favour of THE IRISH TIGER.

BILBERRY. JULIA. SIR C. PADDY. NANCY. MARROW,
R.

L.

CURTAIN.



The Irish Tiger.

BILBERRY Sir Charles Lav—(Looks at Paddy, and recognises him) Eh? Its
that damned Paddy of mine!
MARROWEAT Your Paddy! Then he's no baronet after all

Act 1. Scene the last.