

THE
"GRIN" BUSHES!
OR, THE
"MRS." BROWN OF THE "MISSIS"-SIPPI.

A Burlesque Extravaganza,

IN ONE ACT.

Founded on the famous Adelphi Drama of "The Green Bushes."

BY
HENRY J. BYRON,

(Member of the Dramatic Authors' Society),

AUTHOR OF

Orpheus and Eurydice, Lady Belle Belle, The Old Story, Dundreary Married and Done For, Cinderella, Blue Beard from a New Point of Hue, Robinson Crusoe, Mazourka, The Maid and the Magpie; or, the Fatal Spoon, The Babes in the Wood, Bride of Abydos, Fra Diavolo, Jack the Giant Killer, Very Latest Edition of the Lady of Lyons, The Nymph of the Lurleyberg, Pilgrim of Love, The Garibaldi Excursionists, Aladdin, or the Wonderful Scamp, Esmeralda, or the Sensation Goat, Goldenhair the Good, Ivanhoe in accordance, etc., Beauty and the Beast, Rival Othellos, Whittington and his Cat, Puss in a New Pair of Boots, Miss Eily O'Connor, George de Barnwell, Our Sea-side Lodgings, Timothy to the Rescue, The Rosebud of Stinging-nettle Farm, The Sensation Fork, My Wife and I, Beautiful Haidee; or, the Sea Nymph and the Sallee Rovers, Ill Treated Il Trovatore, The Motto: "I am all there!" 1863, St. George and the Dragon, Princess Springtime, Lion and the Unicorn, Sensation Dramas for the Back Drawing Room, &c. &c.

PART AUTHOR OF

The Miller and his Men, Valentine and Orson, & Forty Thieves (Savage Club).



THOMAS HAILES LACY,
89, STRAND, LONDON.

First performed at the Royal Strand Theatre (under the management of Mrs. Swanborough),
on Monday, December 26, 1864.

“GRIFFIN’S BUSHMANS!”

OR, THE

“MRS.’ BROWN OF THE “MISSIS”-SIPPI.

The New Scenery by Mr. CHARLES FENTON. Overture and Incidental Music, by Mr. FRANK MUSGRAVE. Costumes by Mr. S. MAY, Mrs. RICHARDSON, and Assistants. Appointments by Mr. BROGDEN and Assistants. Machinery by Mr. DRUMMOND and Assistants. Perquiter, Mr. IMRIE.

The Burlesque produced under the Direction of Mr. PARSELLE and Mrs. SWANBOROUGH.

Characters.

CONNOR O’KENNEDY	... (the Davenport Brothers of their day, inasmuch as they despise all ties—family or otherwise) ...	Miss RAYNHAM
GEORGE O’KENNEDY	... (afterwards Brown)	Mr. D. JAMES.
PHIL MURTOGH (Piper, hoarse chaunter)	... (Lucky-bag Proprietor, Swindler, Commission Agent—a clear singer though a hoarse chaunter)	Miss MARIA SIMPSON.
CAPTAIN DARTOIS	... (of the Royal Horse Marines)	Mr. CHARLES FENTON.
PADDY KELLY Mr. EDOE.

GERALDINE (*first wife of Connor, though her false husband, like the shoemaker, sticks to his last*) Miss ADA SWANBOROUGH.
 NELLY O'NEIL (*who is left in charge of her foster niece, and is nearly given in charge for losing her*) Miss E. JOINSTONE.
 EVELEEN (*a very fine child for her years, who has grown up at a period when youths of her age haven't even grown down*) Miss WALLACE.
 MIAMI (the Mrs. Brown of the Mississippi) Mr. JAMES STOYLE.
Soldiers, Peasantry prepared for any kind of unpleasantry, and the usual reckless outlay in all branches.

"GRIN" BUSHES.

Programme of Secruery.

AN IRISH FAIR

At Donnynasloe or Ballybrook, or wherever you please. How the adage of "All's fair in love and war," is reversed, all being love and war in a fair; that is, an Irish one, George and Nelly filling the amatory, and everybody else the war department. *The Plot! The Pretty Girl! And the Scrimmage!*

APARTMENT AT CONNOR'S.

How that treason is dangerous, and Connor ought to fly for that reason. How the "skiff is by the door," and how, in order to catch Connor, Phil supplies the trap but is presented with the baiting. *The Escape!*

LOG HUT BY THE MISSISSIPPI.

How an officer tries to tempt Miami away, and how she refuses the offer, sir. How Connor has taken advantage of the change of scene to change his name, costume, and ad-dress, and how Miami exhibits her real nature, which is of a revengeful cast; and how Connor has a con o'er his letter from Mrs. O'Kennedy, who not only comes on, but goes on

when she finds her husband; who, thinking that "imitation is the sincerest flattery," loses no time in *taking his wife off*. How Miami is uncertain whether to go off herself, or allow her gun to do so. She decides in favour of the latter, with a result it would be wrong to anticipate. How, being thrown over by her husband, Miami thinks she may as well be thrown over by herself; and therefore takes a *Tremendous Header* into the river, leaving Mr. and Mrs. O'Kennedy side by side, like the babes in the wood, if we may be allowed the expression, and like anything else in nature, if we mayn't.

ROOM IN THE ANCESTRAL MANSION.

With a striking representation of a cupboard of the period. How Nelly "mourns for the loss of the girl she loves," *vide* street ballad, *not* of the period), and retires for safety into the cupboard; because George and Phil are indulging in "high" words, an anomalous phrase, as it really means "low" language. How Captain Dartois comes on for no particular reason beyond adding his pedal accomplishments to the collection of Terpsichorean talent already assembled.

The Break-up and the Break-down.

"GRIN" BUSHES.

THE SNOWY STREETS OF DUBLIN.

It will be observed by the sagacious that the weather is "seasonable; that is to say, detestable. The snow is on the house-top, and how stop its coming through in a crack, or ever so many cracks, nobody knows. How Nelly and Geraldine meet, by one of those strange accidents which will happen in the best regulated Metropolises and how they naturally consider it a fitting opportunity for a dust.

DRAWING ROOM AT MIAMI'S.

The peculiar construction of this scene, mechanically and dramatically, must be seen to be appreciated. It affords an excellent opportunity for the reconciliation of all parties; it points the moral, and also adorns the tail of the Piece; and it permits a generous British Public to express those kindly sentiments which are never more welcome than at Christmas, when everyone works his hardest to obtain

A VERDICT OF APPROVAL!

THE
"GRIN" BUSHES.

SCENE FIRST.—*An Irish Fair. Tents; over one, L., is written, "Paddy Kelly, Dealer in all Sorts of Liquors."*

IRISH PEASANTS, LADS *with shillelaghs discovered*; MURTOGH *enters, L. 2 E., the people " Hurroo;"* MURTOGH *cuts a caper, and bringing his shillelagh down on to the stage, stands in an attitude; he has a lucky bag in his hand, which he shakes.*

MURTOGH. Hurroo! bedad ! begorra! likewise faix !
Who'll try their fortune in a braee of shakes ?
Behold the lucky bag! (*the BOYS groan—aside*) The
lads—not plucky—
Give me the *bag* they do, and cut their *lucky*.
I fancy I shan't flourish much to-day. (*flourishes his
shillelagh, which hits GEORGE O'KENNEDY on
the nose, who has entered from L. U. E.*)

GEORGE. (L.) I wish you wouldn't flourish in that way:
You've grazed my nose.

MURTOGH. (R., *touching his hat*) I didn't mean it, plaze yer.
I'm a poor simple farmer,

GEORGE. (*feeling his nose*) And a grazier.

MURTOGH. I turn my hand to anything I can,

GEORGE. Don't turn it any more to *me*, my man.
You know my brother Connor ?

MURTOGH. Coorse I do.

GEORGE. There'll be a most tremendous phililoo
Unless to-night we get him out to sea:
He's been committing treason.

MURTOGH. Has he ?

GEORGE. *Oui.*

MURTOGH. What! *both* on you?

GEORGE. No, stupid—brother Connor.
 Upon us all he's brought extreme dishonour;
 He's been and done things as he never should:
 We must get rid of him.

MURTOGH. What, *kill* him ? good !
I'll do it; Thursday's good a day as any,
 On Saturday I'm going to *Kil-Kenny*,
 But what's he done ?

GEORGE. Don't be a noodle, Phil!
 I didn't mean *to kill* ;

MURTOGH. Have him *took ill* ?

GEORGE. Certainly not, sir; I don't want him taken;
 I wan'  by a shave to save his bacon;
 To just get off before the soldiers come.

MURTOGH. Oh, bother! the reward !

GEORGE. You dolt, be dumb,
 You thieving half horse-chaunter, and half bandit!

MURTOGH. I say, you called me dolt, *dolt* understand it!

GEORGE. Betray my brother, wretch! with rage I'm
 Especially when the reward's so trifling. [stifling,
 Forbid it, human nature !

MURTOGH. Well, that's funny,
 Forbid it—you're for bidding for his money.
 I see your little game, and I say " snacks."
 When Connor's snugly settled 'mongst the *blacks*,
 You mean to seize upon his *browns*.

GEORGE. Phil Murtoogh,
 We'll not pursue this subject any *furter*.

MURTOGH. I shall pursue him till I catch him.

GEORGE. Now,
 I'm not at all inclined to have a row—
 So, Tar-tar—(*turns on his heels up stage, crosses to R.*)

MURTOGH. That for such a milksop spooney!
 (*Music—NELLY heard without, L. U. E.*)

NELLY. Be off, Pat Riley ! leave go, Dennis Rooney!

Enter NELLY O'NEIL, with IRISH BOYS bothering her.

NELLY. Dennis, how dare you, sir, attempt to kiss me !
 It's shameful!

DENNIS. Oh, now, Miss—

NELLY. Now, don't you *miss* me,

For if you *miss* me I shall *hit* you. I'm
Nelly O'Neil—that's at the present time;
Not having yet discovered any whereabouts
A party as I seem at all to care about.

MURTOGH. Now then, come try your luck.

NELLY. There, get away.

(*the BOYS surround MURTOGH, and go up*)

GEORGE. (R., *coming down to NELLY*) Nelly O'Neil, in
holiday array, (*putting arm round her*)

Keep still that fluttering little heart—be calmin' it.

NELLY. (*looking down and seeing coat-cuff*) Gracious, a
man's sleeve—well, there's not much *arm* in it.

GEORGE. It's only George's, Nelly, don't reprove it.

NELLY. I beg his pardon, by his *leave* I'll move it. (*un-
winds GEORGE'S arm*)

GEORGE. I'm sighing for you, Nelly, every day.

NELLY. Well, don't sigh here—*go on*—that's *sigh away!*

GEORGE. The long day do I pass, my sad fate grievin' in;

Sighs I keep heavin,' heven in the heven-in;

All night blow up the hour that I was born in.

NELLY. It seems to me your life is one long *mourning*.

Mrs. O'Kennedy has one sweet child?

GEORGE. She has, an only one, and rather spiled.

NELLY. She is my care—I'll never marry, no,

Until she's big enough to have a beau.

GEORGE. This cruel conduct, girl, will drive me crazy.

Make me your *beau*.

NELLY. My *bow!* *arrah*, be aisy!

She sings all sorts of music like a bird,

Takes up a tune instanter, 'pon my word.

From high-class music, when her teacher brings it,

Down to a Welsh air—oh! how *well she* sings it.

At dinner, she drums tunes by the old masters,

Upsetting gravity, likewise the castors.

And should you hum a Scotch tune, the dear thing

You'll see at once take up the *ile and fling*.

It's only yesterday I lost my pet,

Out in the fields—off after her I set,

Singing Green Bushes, well I knew the air

Would catch her *ear*, and I should catch her *there*,

(singing) My sweet little poppet, oh ! where can you be ?
Your father, likewise Mrs. O'Kennedee,
Are waiting your prisence, my precious, at tea.

(spoken) To which the highly intelligent, I may say,
gifted feminine infant replied, with the peculiar veracity
characteristic of unsophisticated cheeildhood,

(singing) I'm eating green gooseberries under a tree-e-e.
GEORGE *(joining in)* He! he ! he !

Enter MURTOGH *with* BOYS *and* GIRLS.

Concerted Piece.—Air, " Swindling Line."

MURTOGH. Boys, my old dad was a genus wid the lucky
bag,

Gave prizes in silver and in gold.

GEORGE. Oh ! go along, it's an illegal lottery,

And those who try their luck in it are always sold.

NELLY. Your ear-rings are gilt, though they sparkle and
shine,

On gulls you exist, breakfast, luncheon, and dine.

ALL. Your father and your mother,

They were one as bad as 'tother,

And they all got their living in the swindling line.

MURTOGH. Now, boys and girls, pop your digits in the
lucky bag.

Sure there is a pincushion elegant and nate.

(business of pincushion)

Bedad its bust, which is really most unfortinate;

They don't sew these articles so well of late.

GEORGE. Since these sewing machines have of late come in,
All your cheap and nasty needlework's not worth a
pin.

ALL. *(throwing their blanks at him)* Your father and your
mother, &c.

*(during this there is the fun of " All Blanks and
no Prizes," and, NELLY obtaining the empty
pincushion, finishing with general row and blowing
up of MURTOGH)*

Enter PADDY KELLY, L. (an enormously fat man with a stick)

PADDY. Be off, you cheating vagabond, I tell'ee.

MURTOGH. I'd recommend you to try Banting, Kelly.

PADDY. Banting be bothered, be off, cease your prating.

MURTOGH. Or drop the "N," my friend, and try a "bating" (*twirls shillelagh*).

GEORGE. Where's the police? the bold constabby-lary.

NELLY. There's generally one, sir, in our airey.

(Music—general fight, at the conclusion PADDY KELLY is knocked down, MURTOGH dances round him—on the general confusion the scene is closed.)

SCENE SECOND.—*Antique Room, in Connor O'Kennedy's House.*

Enter CONNOR, excitedly, L.—paces the stage to R.

CONNOR. Want me to leave my country! pooh; can't do it.
My constitution travelling don't suit.

Enter GERALDINE, L.

GERALD. List to your wife, and go away, dear, do.

CONNOR. Here I'm at home—abroad I'm not.

GERALD. Quite true.

(aside) Ah! what a brain he's got; then I'm so dense.
But treason, dear, 's a *capital* offence.

CONNOR. It is—*first-rate*.

GERALD. You know the doom of traitors?

CONNOR. At home, my foot's upon my native taters;

I am respected, and one's tradesmen here

Never suggest they should be paid, my dear.

One's servants live on buttermilk and murphies.

This is the land where not a single serf is.

Content domestics serve you for their keep,

Which shews their noble natures—and it's cheap.

GERALD. Cheap, dear? The mouths of some of them are
sights, dear;

You've got no notion of their appetites, dear.

Now, if you go abroad, you'll have to live

On what kind-hearted people choose to give.

'Stead of a roof you'll have the sky to look at,

And have to make your own wood fire to cook at.

Your pillow 'll be the hard flat turf you know;
 The sky *above* you and the earth *pil-low*.
 Whene'er it rains you'll get soaked to the skin:
 When you're laid up, no one will care a pin.
 For clothes you will be put to trouble vast;
 You'll have to make 'em *first*, then make 'em *last*.

CONNOR. I'll own the prospect warms me—Geraldine, I'll
 Make up my mind at once to leave this Green Isle.

Concerted Piece—"Come o'er the Sea" (Moore's Melody).

GERALD. (L. C.) Go o'er the sea—

Amerikee—
 There you will find what is true *libertee*.
 Happy you'll be
 In the prai-ree
 Dining on buffaloes general-lee.
 There none axes
 For rent or taxes.
 The sky's your roof in the forest free.

CONNOR. (L. C.) Fiddlededee!
 Don't talk to me;
 Buffalo's sure with me to disagree.
 Ireland must be
 The "Jim" of the sea.

BOTH. The Emerald Isle is the home of the free.

Enter NELLY, L., with torn bill in her hand.

Song.—Air, "Nigger's History."

NELLY. (*crosses to C.*) I was just a-going down the street,
 a little while ago,

When I saw a paper on the wall, about the Master.

CONNOR. (L.)

Oh!

NELLY. (C.) And I tore it off and brought it,
 And I've got it in my lap,
 Notwithstanding I was threatened
 By a military chap,
 With a musket and a sword;

It's something about treason, and a thousand pounds reward.
 Now oughtn't one to guard against that treasonable thing?
 Rebellion's not a dainty dish to set before a king.

ALL. (*repeat*) With a musket, &c.

Enter GEORGE, L.

Air—"Gipsy's Dance" (Flowers of the Forest).

GEORGE. Here's a pretty state of things, you're certain
to be nobbled, if
You don't pack up your carpet-bag and make a bolt to-day;
Soldiers are upon your track,
An overwhelming gang,
For if they catch a glimpse of you, they'll go bang! bang!

Enter MURTOGH, L.

MURTOGH. Oh, phililoo, et cetera—oh, faix—bedad—
begorra too,
The sogers is a coming, which I met 'em in the street;
I stopped to talk a bit to them,
And tried a neat harangue,
But sure they raised their guns—
I thought they'd go bang, bang.

ALL. (*piano*) Lum ti toodle,
Lum ti toodle,
Lum ti toodle day,
Lum ti toodle,
Lum ti toodle day.
Pray go away, and then come back,
Just like the boomerang,
Which flies away, then hits you such
A great bang! bang!
(*dance—all go up except* MURTOGH)

MURTOGH. (*to audience*) They little think I've got the sol-
diers here,
Concealed down in the cellar with the beer;
Under that most convenient little trap,
And like the beer, they're waiting for a *tap*.
Who could resist a thousand pounds reward?
Before he cuts his *stick*, and gets *aboard*,
I've settled that the soldiery shall come—
(*the trap is lifted by a bayonet—MURTOGH jumps on
to it—all turn*) Who-o !

GERALD. What's the matter!

MURTOGH. Matter! nothing, mum.

NELLY. A shilling there's the floor a big trap door in!

MURTOGH. Shilling!

NELLY. I saw *one bob* beneath the *floorin'*.

I'll keep my little eye on *you*—here goes.

MURTOGH. (*aside*) Her *little eye*, indeed, she *little nose*.

GERALD. You'll think of me, when in wild land remote—

CONNOR. Think of you!

GEORGE. You'll excuse me, here's the boat.

(*boat appears at back*)

GERALD. Connor, we *conna* part thus.

NELLY. (*half crying*) Oh! Oh, dear.

GEORGE. O'Kennedy, of all days in the year,

On this you should be firm.

CONNOR. Yes, yes, just so.

GEORGE. As oak.

NELLY. He's an *oak any day*, you know.

CONNOR. (*after a struggle*) Farewell! (*Music*)

GEORGE. The hounds are loose, a moment may

Be fatal, the most trifling slight delay

Spoil all, the least noise too will fatal be.

NELLY. Then as in operas we mostly see

In such a case, there's really nothing for us,

But a concerted piece with good loud chorus.

Concerted Piece.

GERALD. Oh, Connor, go away,

NELLY. Off to Americay,

CONNOR. To far Americay;

GEORGE. Come, Connor, no delay;

GERALD. Connor, go away.

MURTOGH. (*aside*) Him by the heels I'll lay.

GEORGE. The boat is at the door—

Yes, at the back door.

GERALD. Farewell, dear spousey—oh, farewell, good bye!

Farewell, oh, dear! some day you'll

Come back again.

Come back again.

Come back again.

(*during the above, CONNOR parts with GERALDINE—
MURTOGH raises the trap, and pulls out two SOL-*

DIERS, who rush to the back to fire at CONNOR, who has got into the boat—C. doors closed—GERALDINE seizes the gun, and pushes him over with it—MURTOGH is seized—the boat goes off—GEORGE running off, R., MURTOGH seizes him by the coat tails—they come off—MURTOGH falls C., looks up and sees the SOLDIERS at each side—NELLY assists CONNOR off, and on the picture the scene is shut in, leaving MURTOGH in front, between the two men who seized him; he looks at them in the manner of the hero in the " Streets of London " when taken off by the police, and observes, " Field Marshal, Generalissimo, take care on me," and exit arm-in-arm, L.)

SCENE THIRD.— *The Log Cabin in the Valley of the Mississippi.*

Music—CAPTAIN DARTOIS discovered looking through a large telescope.

DARTOIS. This is the hut to which I traced her flying Steps. She's a good shot, that there's no denying; She's always ran away when I've approached her; I've often watched her, but I've never cotched her. She kills her game, no matter where't may fly— In fact, she seems to much prefer it high. Like some renowned performers up in town She makes a " hit " and then she brings "'em down."

Music—Enter MIAMI across the gallery, with a rifle on her back, and holding a bunch of birds in her hand— she is out of breath.

MIAMI. Phew ! Miami, my girl, don't be a muff— Though you're a *hingian* you needn't " puff." My husband out ? That last shot of his wife'll Inform him probably of her *a-rifle*. I've bagged, at least, three dozen head—or forty, A very good day's sport. Who is this *porty* ? (*aside*) A gent, from furrin parts. I feel alarm, he Is military. Mind your eye, *My army*.

DARTOIS. Madame, I've often watched with curiosity, Your wondrous aim and marvellous velocity;

So often that I've felt most anxious to
 Drop in, you know, and just say how-de-do.

MIAMI. Like a crack billiard player, prime's my aim,
 And I soon put a finish to the game.
 You see to shooting well the tribe did rear me.
 My name is Miami.

DARTOIS. Miami ! dear me.

MIAMI. (R.) So *you've called* in, but mind what you're about.
 Take care my husband doesn't *call you out!*

DARTOIS. Your husband, oh, then I presume that *you*
 Are married—do I guess aright ?

MIAMI. You do.
 Yes, I'm a squaw. Though not one of our tribe,
 He had a *jenny-say-squaw* one can't describe.
 The hopes of native rivals he demolished;
 You see he wasn't *painted*, he was *polished*.

DARTOIS. Of course, you shortly made him wear a ring
 Through his submissive *nose*.

MIAMI. *Nose ich* a thing;
 I am but half an Indian—don't you see ?
 My father was of foreign family;
 He died when I was young. I'd learnt at two
 To honour pa'—one *on a par* with you.

DARTOIS. Then, p'raps, we knew him.

MIAMI. (*crosses to L.*) I'm no *par-ve-nu*.
 There is his name; at the old-fashioned print
 I oft take what my husband calls a *squint*.

DARTOIS. Extremely slangy, and a trifle fast.
She take a squint! she's only a *half-caste*.
St. Aubert! You've got property, don't doubt it.
 You should have *sent ober* and seen about it.

MIAMI. What do I want with wealth ? I have my rifle ;
 Here we can live upon the merest trifle.

DARTOIS. You shoot your husband everything, then ?

MIAMI. *Oui*.

DARTOIS. She most decidedly would not *shoot me*.
 Don't you find so much game a little flat?
Toujours perdix-----

MIAMI. Don't make *too shoore* of that.
 Besides, we've oysters—they're a trifle large.

DARTOIS. Werry.

MIAMI. Not wherry—they're more like a *barge*.

Your husband should look after all that pelf.

MIAMI. Which here is Brown a coming in hisself.

*Music—Enter CONNOR, R. over bridge, in a hunter's dress ;
he is very gloomy and depressed.*

MIAMI. Lor', Brown, what wind has blowed you 'ome so soon?

CONNOR. I've got the mis'rables.

DARTOIS. (*crosses to C.*) Good afternoon. (*crosses to L.*)
(*CONNOR raises his gun to shoulder*)

Don't! I've been shot at once; to be 'taint nice
Thus *shot at twice*.

CONNOR. You take this *short advice* :

Be off!

MIAMI. Two's company and three is none.

DARTOIS. Why don't you both to Europe take a run ?

You are *Europian*. (*CONNOR starts*) No contradiction.
It strikes me too *you're opien* to conviction.

CONNOR. (*starts*) Conviction ! I'm not guilty.

MIAMI. Halloa, Brown !

DARTOIS. I've got a raft the river going down.

Pray join it, for there's room enough for two.

MIAMI. As for your raft, mind what you're *after*, do.

(*affectionately to CONNOR*) He couldn't tempt you
from your forest bride.

CONNOR. Well, dear, I think he could, p'raps, if he tried.

MIAMI. That is unkynd—this wild existence pleases him.

He's got a better half as never teases him.

For such a forest-home alone is he fit;

E'en in bare winter he's no wish to leaf it.

Here he'll remain, though often dull and hippy—

Here with his missis by the Mississippi. (*embracing
CONNOR*)

Trio—" Magic Wove Scarf."

MIAMI. This man he was calf enough, dear, to opine

That you want to escape,

And to go back again.

By power subdued he will ever be mine,

And never, no never,

Cause Miami pain.

"Roving Gardener."

MIAMI. For my name is Miami,
And a huntress I'm by trade,
Well-born, although so humble is my station.

DARTOIS. And shooting anything
That you see upon the wing
Seems to be with you an easy operation.

CONNOR. Oh—my—wife is Miami,
I say it without any hesitation—
For so wretched I have been
Since I left my Geraldine,
And Ireland, in a state of agitation.

MIAMI. Oh—I—am wife you see to he,
I say it without any hesitation;
But the rest he says is gibberish,
I don't know what he means,
But it puts me in a state of perspiration.

Exit DARTOIS—CONNOR sits gloomily—MIAMI turns and looks at him—he sighs heavily.

MIAMI. *(after a pause)* You're pretty company, you are !
all day
You keep on sighing in that silly way.
Out with it—what's the matter?

CONNOR. You should *not*
Thus watch my every frown.

MIAMI. You've such a lot;
You groan and mutter with an inward growl,
And when you've done with frowning, then you scowl.

CONNOR. We who have lived in busy cities—

MIAMI. Yes,
Are apt sometimes to get into a mess;
Bolt with a cash-box, sign another's name,
Or play some such suspicious little game.
I don't suppose you came out for your pleasure,
Although you married me, and found a treasure.

CONNOR. Why should you fancy that I wish to fly ?

MIAMI. Because I've very often seen you try.
But recollecting what an aim I've got
For trifles at the very longest shot—

Being a shot as is considered crack—

You have thought better of it, and come back.

CONNOR. You wouldn't shoot me if I took to flight.

MIAMI. Well, p'raps I mightn't—but then p'raps I might—
(*with intensity*) If I imagined you were leaving me
For any other gal's societee !

(*suddenly relapses into common-place*)

But as there's not, for fifty miles around,
A single female party to be found,
I don't feel jealous. (*fiercely*) If I *did*—oh, Brown !
You don't regret residing out of town,
Beyond the reach of cabs ? say so, dear hub—
You don't object to giving up your club
For the society of Mrs. B ?

(*taking his hand affectionately*)

CONNOR. Oh, this is *me-er* nonsense, *Mia-mi*.

MIAMI. I bother you. A hunting I will go.
(*staring hard at him*) I've got my eye upon a buffer low;
They're not so bad when made into a stew.
Dont you like buffalo humps, eh ? *humps*, you do.

CONNOR. Then go and kill it.

MIAMI. Well, I'll try my best.

CONNOR. Here is your rifle; (*hands rifle*) never mind the
rest.

MIAMI. (*clasping her rifle*) My trusty gun, my rifle staunch
and true,

I love you to distraction, that I do.
Our best friends fail us at a pinch, but *you*
Never ! (*kisses it*) Ber-less you!

CONNOR. That'll do—no more.
Really your rifle's somewhat of a bore.

Duet.—Air, Widow Machree.

MIAMI. On your Miami, you actually frown,

Oh! oh! Miami!
You're thinking, no doubt, of the pleasures of town;
Oh! oh! Miami!

Original.

CONNOR. Dearest Miami, you must not be so particular,
'Cos dear, don't you see you become a bore.

MIAMI. I was, as you know called the prairie flower,
 The prairie effelower,
 In the forest I passed ev'ry hour
 Out of the twenty-four. } *bis.*

CONNOR. Oh, Miami, actu-alley,
 You tell me that once more;
 That constant song, my dear is wrong,
 I didn't cry encore.

Exit MIAMI, across the gallery.

CONNOR. (*solus*) There's no one near; Ha! then I am
 alone!

Of late I've so extremely nervous grown
 I am of my own shadow quite afraid;
 Once I was *not* partic'lar to a shade. (*takes out a
 letter from his pocket*)

I like when'er alone I sit or wander,
 O'er Geraldine's last letter thus to ponder.
 (*reads*) "Respected Sir,"—that's to disarm suspicion,
 Of cunning, a decided exhibition;
 But though three thousand miles from where I'm at,
 She needn't be so *distant* as all *that*.
 " Respected Sir.—This probably will reach you
 As your companions are about to eat you:
 'Twill soothe your final moments then to know
 I'm doing pretty middling, as times go.
 Your child will not have to exist on charity;
 Her hair is auburn—some folks say it's carrotty;
 She's very reddy. If you come across,
 Amongst the Indians, any Indian sauce,
 You might send home a bottle or so, drat you!
 But, no; you wouldn't pay the carriage, catch you.
 Our child takes after you, and isn't clever:"
 (*kisses letter*) Warm-hearted and affectionate as ever.
 " Hoping you're well, as this leaves me at present;
 And so no more from Geraldine." How pleasant!
 What this? " P.S.—I've something else to say to you,
 And open this to say I'm on my way to you."
She come out here! ha! ha! indeed. *She'd* better,
 So says her only letter. *Only let her.*
 Suppose she came across the surging sea
 And found me married here to Miami;

The prairie wouldn't hold 'em. Connor! pooh ! it
Is too impossible; she couldn't do it.
My second spouse would soon her rival riddle.

(Music, sits R.)

Enter GERALDINE from R., across bridge, carrying an umbrella.

GERALD. At length I see a human indiwiddle.
I thought, like some, that I possessed the power,
To walk for ever at a mile an hour.
But, oh ! it is, can't be, and yet it ain't,
I've come five thousand miles, dear, and I'm faint,
Thank you!
(CONNOR places her a chair, on which she faints)

CONNOR. Why, Geraldine, it can't be you!
She's gone off—p'raps I'd better go off too. *(going sees the umbrella, seizes it affectionately)*
The family umbrella ! back ! weak tears !
Farewell! *(going, GERALDINE shrieks and sits up)*
Don't! don't! t'will reach the other's ears.

GERALD. I can't believe my eyes.

CONNOR. No doubt, 'taint me,
It's some one else ; I'm going out to tea.

GERALD. I'm going to scream again.

CONNOR. *(in in agony)* No! no! I'm Connor,
I didn't recognise you 'pon my honour.
Come to my arms. *(they embrace)*

GERALD. This is your home? Not stately;
You don't seem to have had it papered lately,
Upon the roof large sums you've not expended.

CONNOR. The fact is it's away, dear, getting mended.
Now that you've rested after your long journey.
Don't you think you would like to home return-eh ?

GERALD. Not if I know it. It's too long a way.
Excuse me, here I am, and here I stay.
What's in the house to eat, and where's the larder?
I cannot compliment you on your ardour—
In fact, you're *rader* rude; but it's the life
That you've been leading here without a wife.
Man wasn't born to live alone.

CONNOR. (*eagerly*) Just so!
 And consequently—
 GERALD. (*looking sharply at him*) Well, sir?
 CONNOR. Nothing—no.
 GERALD. Connor, you've never asked after your daughter ;
 She's such a darling.
 CONNOR. (*in alarm*) But you haven't brought her?
 GERALD. Oh, no! You've been so missed.
 CONNOR. I do not doubt you.
 GERALD. Your creditors have often asked about you;
 Sometimes with tears.
 CONNOR. (*overcome*) The honest, kindly souls —
 Bless them.
 GERALD. We're dreadfully in want of coals.
 CONNOR. Get them—be happy—have the best in town.

MIAMI *appears on the bridge, from R.*

GERALD. My ever gen'rous husband (*embrace*)
 MIAMI. Halloo, Brown !
 CONNOR. (*aside*) What can I do? oh, dear, where can I
 send her to;
 MIAMI. She *seems* a woman—of the female gender too.
 GERALD. You've not to any hussy love been making ?
 MIAMI. She *is* a woman, that there's no mistaking.
 CONNOR. How can you ask ? You are my wife, my only one.
 GERALD. My life without you has been such a lonely one.

(MIAMI *raises her gun*)

In fact, at times, I should have gone stark wild,
 Had it not been for the dear child.
 MIAMI. (*lowering gun*) Chee-ild!
 GERALD. There is her likeness (*takes out miniature*) taken
 in her pinny.
 CONNOR. A photograph!
 GERALD. Yes, twenty for the guinea.
 Oh, dear!
 CONNOR. What is the matter ?
 GERALD. I'm so weak,
 I can't stand.
 CONNOR. Then my forest home we'll seek.

It's only fourteen miles. Here, darling, see!

(hands her a flask)

GERALD. I know the odour.

CONNOR. Yes, it's *odour-vie*.

Come, now you're better, we'll no longer stop.

MIAMI. (*tearfully*) I never knew him let *me* have a drop.

Trio—Air, " Guards' Waltz."

CONNOR. Your pecker pray sustain;
We will my home regain.
You'll find that it's the sort of spot
Exactly suited to our lot.

GERALD. You're not, I will maintain,
A bad chap in the main;
Although a single letter home,
Write, Connor, you did not.

BOTH. My-dear I-am-de-light-ed-quite;
My-own-pet-lamb—oh! fu-ture bright.

Exeunt CONNOR and GERALD, R.

MIAMI. (*coming dovm*) Am I awake ? I *am*—wide, wide
awake,

And for this outrage, bitterly I'll slake
My dread revenge. He found me happy, free
As a tom-tit, a twittering on a tree,
Laughing at fools, who in a cage would fetter her,
Wobbling my native wood notes wild, et cetera.
We met—'twas in a crowd; as if in sport,
He threw his eye upon me—which I caught;
Love stamp'd upon my heart, as but love can—
His image—I thought *himage*-entleman.
He married me; for days—sometimes a week,
He'd sit still gloomily, and wouldn't speak;
But then he'd sigh so, when I gently shoved him;
Though he was not good company—I loved him.
But now my love has turned to hate most bitter.
If I met that young woman, I should hit her!

(crosses stage)

But as for Brown—oh! smiling hypocritical
Wretch, who came here, he said, for crimes political,
And having said he'd never loved—oh *jamais!*
Drops *poli-tics*, and takes to *poly-gammy* ;—

Don't let me meet him ! mischief's in my veins!
 It's lucky that he's got no window panes,
 For if he had I'd smash 'em great and small,
 " My great revenge has brick-bats for 'em all!"

(crosses stage)

But I'll be calm, calm! calm ! What's that I see?
 Brown walking with the other Mrs. B.
 Affectionately! see, he smiles upon her!
 I hear her mutter Connor, as I *con her!* *(begins
 loading rifle; her eye is fixed on the pair)*
 And now he speaks in whisper ! now, now louder;
 The vagabond! I'll blow him into—powder!
 This charge, I think, will make the wretch sing
 small;

In vain for help, poor thing, she'll cry and *ball*.
 Two weak confiding women to entrap,
 He thinks, no doubt, a feather in his *cap*.
 He kisses her! I'll shoot him through and through !
(fires—the gun only snaps)
Of course it don't go off, they never do. (to Orchestra)
 Would you oblige me ? *(loud note on the drum)*
 Thank you. *(MIAMI arranges her dress and
 falls)*

GERALDINE *shrieks and rushes on, R.*

GERALD. Help ! help! Police! there's nobody about,
 In vain for a policeman do I shout;
 There's not one on the beat—oh, sad quandary!
 For there is not an airey in the prairie.
 This rifle practising's so fraught with danger,
 Unless you very far beyond the range are.
 Somebody took dear Connor for a target,
 Just as he said we'd go next year to Margate.
 Police ! Inspector! Private! or Detective !
 A little screaming p'raps might be effective. *(about to
 MIAMI. Now then. [scream—MIAMI sits up)*
 GERALD. Come to my husband.
 MIAMI. Husband!
 GERALD. Come!
 Somebody's been and gone and shot him, mum.
 He's very bad.

MIAMI. (*with intensity*) He is.

GERALD. But, see, he's here.

Enter CONNOR, R.

CONNOR. (*aside*) I see a way of both now to get clear.

They each of them imagine that I'm shot;

It's p'raps superfluous to say I'm not

I dread their nails, and so, here goes! (*falls*) Tar! Tar!

GERALD. Help! Help! (*goes to back and waves her shawl*)

CONNOR. (*to MIAMI*) I've been a villain!

MIAMI. (*a la MRS. B.*) Right you are.

CONNOR. You shot me.

MIAMI. Why then did you com-mit bigamy?

CONNOR. Bigamy—jigger me—why did you *trigger me*?

Oh, dear! I'm faint!

GERALD. There's something coming, oh!

CONNOR. (*to MIAMI*) Don't hit her, she was innocent, you know,

MIAMI. You've acted, Brown, sir, as a downright ruffin!

CONNOR. I leave you everything.

MIAMI. You haven't nuffin.

GERALD. There's something coming.

MIAMI. On that point you're clear?

GERALD. Yes, and it will be very shortly here.

MIAMI. Quite sure?

GERALD. I'm certain; it's a boat, or something.

MIAMI. A raft?

GERALD. Or something of the sort, a rum thing.

MIAMI. Then if you're sure a boat's a coming by,

I'll throw myself from yonder bridge so high.

(*music—piano—sensation*)

GERALD. (*in an agony, clasping her hands*) They'll pick you up and save you.

MIAMI. Never mind,

Even to *that* fate am I quite resigned;

In such a state how can I linger here!

Farewell, bright world! You're sure they're pretty near?

Concerted Piece, "Lucrezia Borgia."

MIAMI. Into the Mississippi,

Like folks who're rather hippy,

CONNOR. In fogs of November
Drown themselves for grief.

GERALD. There was an In-di-ana
Who had a little gun-a;
His bullets were made of lead-a,
See what he's been and done.
Concerted Piece (Trovatore.)

MIAMI. Hate and rage, destruction and confusion,
Right into the water I will fling me,
For a raft is coming down the river,
And, of course, they'll pick me up and wring me.

CONNOR. To the pair I cannot be united,
So I think I'd better die.

MIAMI } He, his faith has sadly broken,
and } All my eye, all my eye;
CONNOR. } I, my faith have sadly broken,
Yes have I, yes have I.

Repeat. He, his faith, etc., etc.

GERALD. By the raft is swiftly gliding,
And the band is too-tootle tooting;
Oh, why did I come ! fool confiding!
Where my Connor's met with his ruin.
Here they're coming, just under the rock, there—
Yes, they're coming—they're just coming by,
Sure my heart will break with the shock—there—
Over she goes, in the Mississip-pi.
*(the drum and fife of the raft, which is supposed
to carry a military band, heard passing just
under the cliff—MIAMI throws herself off—a
tremendous crash is heard—GERALDINE exclaims
to the Music, " She's fallen through the drum."
The raft passes, exhibiting MIAMI in that painful
position as the scene changes — small FIFER
playing beside her)*

SCENE FOURTH.—*Room in George O'Kennedy's House;
cupboard door, R.*
Enter NELLY, L.

NELLY. Lost, stolen, strayed, prigged rightaway, purloined!
Oh! I shall go right clane out of my moind ;

I thought the child was safe, and did rely on her,
 As I was washing, why, I kept my *eye on her*;
 A blow came—I'd gone out for minutes two—
 A bitter blow—to buy a *bit o' blue*,
 To give a collar colour, I looked round,
 And found my lady wasn't to be found;
 I called aloud with shrieks that might appal,
 But the rude girl did not return my call;
 I searched the neighbourhood, and posted bills,
 But some one covered them with "Cockle's Pills;
 I advertised her in the local prints,
 But never have set eyes upon her since.

(GEORGE and MURTOGH heard quarrelling, L.)

Ah! here's a scrimmage! p'raps I'd better hide:
 A cupboard, nothing very much inside :
 As I've a cold this wintry time, it may
 Excuse what I am now about to say,
 Which is—that on this dang'rous occasion,
 This *cupboard* may afford *accupboard*-ation.

Exit into cupboard.

Enter MURTOGH, dressed grandly, with GEORGE following, L.

MURTOGH. Now, then, cheer up, or I shall have to go;
 Your wine's atrocious, and your friends are slow.
 I don't feel easy in these handsome clothes.
 (*squaring at GEORGE*) Would you allow me? just one
 on the nose ?

Whooh! What'll I do for a fight ?

GEORGE. I hoped that wealth
 Would have a good effect upon my health.
 Away, Phil Murtoogh ! I can't bear to *be* with you.

MURTOGH. You've been a scoundrel, and it don't agree
 with you.

GEORGE. You stole my brother's child away?

MURTOGH. I did.

GEORGE. (*close to him*) What did you with that interest-
 ing kid?

MURTOGH. That's my affair.

GEORGE. The child you didn't kill ?

Your heart of pity's not quite *empty*, Phil.

MURTOGH. The child was 'twixt you and the tin?

GEORGE. It were.

MURTOGH. Then that's enough for you.

GEORGE. I say, take care.

I *will* know what became of it, so speak !

(*seizing* MURTOGH *by the collar*)

MURTOGH.(*tucking up his sleeves*) Into the middle of the coming week,

Unless you take your fingers from my stock,

Your pudding-head I shall be forced to knock.

Which is the better man, we soon will see. (*shakes him off—squaring*)

GEORGE. Oh, don't, Phil Murtoogh! He *fill* murter me!

Police!

MURTOGH. Hurroo! Pooh! That for the O'Kennedy's!

When Murtoogh's roused, he's one of the Eumenides.

GEORGE. Here's language!

MURTOGH. Mind your evil eye. There's one.

Hurroo! (*knocks him down*)

NELLY *rushes in, R.*

NELLY. Gents, I'm ashamed of you; ha' done.

MURTOGH. (*seizes her wrist*) So, you've been listening.

GEORGE. Let the girl's wrist be.

MURTOGH. You hold your tongue, and leave the *wrist* to me

Come, you were hiding, miss, that's very clear.

What did you *there* ? likewise, what did you *hear* ?

NELLY. Nothing.

MURTOGH. Nothing can come of nothing.

NELLY. True.

Nothing I'm sure'll ever come of *you*.

MURTOGH. Bah! get along, Miss Nell! (*lets go her arm*)

NELLY. Oh, tell me plase,

What's come to her who's ma's across the says !

When she comes back across the stormy water,

And asks me to bring in her only daughter

To have dessert—Oh, what am I to say ?

I can't say that she's gone outside to play,

Or that her pinafore's in such a state

That for a clean one she's obliged to wait;

Or that she's in disgrace and sent to bed;
 Or got a cold in her dear little head;
 Or that she's working at her little sums;
 Or that she's suffering from her little gums;
 Or that she's gone to have an early tea
 With the young gentleman at number three ;
 Or that—in vain; as each excuse I try,
 I see suspicion in the parent's eye,
 Until at length, with accents madly wild, [child!"
 I burst out with (*sings*) " I've lost, I've lost your

(MURTOGH and GEORGE have each been growing rapidly affected, and at the climax burst into tears: in midst of the general tears, enter DARTOIS, L.—he bows with extravagant politeness, but no one notices him, as the faces of the three are buried in their pocket-handkerchiefs—he looks on in surprise.)

DARTOIS. I've oft heard English folks are melan-choly:
 The Irish don't seem to be wildly jolly.
 As tears appear the fashion here to be,
 I don't myself mind dropping two or three.

(pulls out an enormous handkerchief and blows his nose, with the assistance of the trombone in the orchestra—the three others start violently at the note and revive)

DARTOIS. I'm the French officer; I've called about-----

MURTOGH. (*grasping his hand*) Hush! hush! I see you've called! you needn't shout.

We don't want that young lady here to hear;
 Hem! this is a French officer, my dear.

DARTOIS. Let me salute you, madame, on the spot. (*kisses her*)

NELLY. What pleasant manners foreigners have got.

*Concerted Piece—(Musgrave's " Breakdown Galop." *)*

ALL.

Oh!

GEORGE. Now, for a regular good breakdown, breakdown ;
 Walk round and beat it out according to the time,
 So that we actually wake town, wake town,
 Keeping to the time, to the time, and the rhyme.

28 "GRIN" BUSHES. [SC. 5.

NELLY. Enthusiastically—
Like dancers in the ballet,
A pantomimic rally
Will with the season chime.

ALL. Enthusiastically, etc., etc.
They walk round, dance, and exeunt severally.

SCENE FIFTH.—*A Street in Dublin. Snowy and miserable.*

Enter GERALDINE with a bandbox, L.

GERALD. Once more I tread upon my native land;
When my foot touched the old familiar strand
I felt a glow of satisfaction keen,
To think that I'd come back from where I'd been.
In seeing Eveleen I mustn't miss time.
How the dear infant must have grown by this time.
I shouldn't wonder if she'd learnt to spell,
Ay, and a thousand other things as well.
Girls now are taught accomplishments so rare,
That for housekeeping they've no time to care.
A man who makes an income small a year,
Still likes his wife to be a *little dear*;
Accomplished, too, although it may be found
She doesn't know the price of meat per pound.
But well I know dear Nelly will not fail.

(NELLY, L. *is heard giving an Irish wail*)

What's that? dear me, it's very like a *wail*.

NELLY *heard singing*—Air, "*Green Bushes*."

I'll buy you new bavers,

GERALD. (*changing to the air of "Kinloch of Kinloch"*)

Those tones are decaivers;
Oh, surely I know them, 'tis Nelly O'Neil.
Oh! what's this sensation—
This wild palpitation—
And every gradation
Of terror I feel.

NELLY. (*to the air of "Green Bushes"*) If you will prove
constant and loyal to me.

GERALD. (*again to the air of "Kinloch"*) It is Nelly,
yes Nelly—Nelly O'Neil.
How late to be out here,
A gadding about here—
A terrible doubt here
I must say I feel.

It's rather late for Nelly to be out;
Buying to-morrow's dinner, I've no doubt.

Enter NELLY, R.

What, Nelly ! don't you know me ?

NELLY. Geraldine!

(*aside*) Oh, gracious ! now there's sure to be a scene.
If some one would but tell me what to say.

GERALD. How have you been, dear, since I've been away ?
Why is it that about the streets you're humming,
Instead of minding Eveleen ?

NELLY. (*aside*) It's coming.

GERALD. You've put her in her crib ?

NELLY. Why, ma'am, you see,
She has been cribbed by some one else—not *me*.

GERALD. Don't make a joke of her, I will not brook it.

NELLY. She *is* a joke, and some sharp fellows *took it*—
Took it off miles, mum, from its foster ma.

GERALD. Miles! come, that's carrying a joke too far.

NELLY. It's true; I'd left the house for just a minute,
When I came back, the infant wasn't in it.

GERALD. What do I hear?—ha, ha! you've watched her
nicely;

Lost! stolen! prigged away! purloined!

NELLY. Precisely!

(*GERALDINE stands transfixed, with her hand in
her hair wildly*)

GERALD. Gone! when I left her in your tender care—

(*seizing NELLY by the hair*)

You bad young woman, you !

NELLY. Here—mind my hair !

GERALD. Gone ! oh ! (*falls on NELLY'S shoulder, crying*)

NELLY. Now, *she's* gone off right into a paroxysm !

Don't be afraid, they only the hystaricis's'm.

GERALD. Though she was lost, yet you are singing here!

NELLY. It was to find her, that I sing, my dear.

She'll hear me singing like a female Boreas,

And, like a good girl, she'll join in the choreus.

GERALD. In a nice way your task you did fulfil—

She join in chorus!

NELLY. Yes, *in chorus*, she will!

" Green Bushes " always would the darling bring—

That little song, when quite a little sing.

Let's hand in hand go through the streets together :

GERALD. My dear! it's such extremely snowy weather.

It's *no* joke—very damp we both shall get,

NELLY. No matter—we can join in a *du-wet*.

We'll sing " Green Bushes " through the streets—

GERALD. We will,

Regardless of the cold,

NELLY. And Bass's Bill.

*Duett, " Sleigh Bell Galop. " **

Come along, dear Geraldine,

And we'll sing the bushes green,

Though the night's not all serene,

Nor the streets, p'raps, over clean.

GERALD. Oh! my dear, what could you mean

By thus losing Eveleen ?

When across the sea I've been

A decided change of scene.

BOTH. Come along.

Very wrong—

'Tis to stop about;

Policemen may " Come, move on " say,

And explanations doubt.

Come along,

Very wrong, &c, &c.

Exeunt, R.

LAST SCENE.—*The scene changes suddenly, by a mechanical contrivance to the drawing-room of Madame St. Aubert.—The rich, splendid and brilliantly lighted room forming a sudden contrast to the cold, wretched exterior.— Window, L., backed by the street.*

Enter MIAMI, now MADAME ST. AUBERT, R.—She is dressed handsomely, her hair arranged in the last fashion, and she wears mittens.

MIAMI. I'm very happy now; his daughter, she's with me:
 Civilization, too, I'll own, agrees with me.
 To forest life I used to be inclined,
 But lately, I'll admit, I've changed my mind.
 I once talked of the "green sward," and all that,
 And for a couch, considered a small mat
 Quite a small matter for consideration ;
 But since, I've gone in for civilization,
 I've found, when drowsiness is o'er me creeping,
 As feather beds is very pretty sleeping.
 Compared to this, my late home was a rookery;
 And, if I have a weakness, it's good cookery—
 When people say they don't care what they eat,
 That they would just as soon dine off cold meat,
 As venison, turtle, and prefer to salmon
 A slice of bacon—take my word it's *gammon*.
 But where is Eveleen? his child that's clear.
 Eveleen, dear, come here ! Back, trait'rous tear!

Enter EVELEEN, R.

Sweet child ! (*aside*) Her features bring him back;
 she's grown

A good deal, as her parient would own.

EVELEEN. Where's pa ?

MIAMI. It's no use calling pa-----

EVELEEN. Well, ma.

MIAMI. Which she's at present in Americar.

(*EVELEEN begins boo-ooing*)

Quite right's the gallant sailor when confessing
 Beauty in tears is really sight distressing;

Especially when beauty is so rash
As to wipe both her eyes with her new sash.
Drop it!

EVELEEN. I hate you!

MIAMI. This is retribution. (*a knock*)

What's that ?

EVELEEN. Don't know—hope it's an execution.

MIAMI. (*aside*) Just her pa's winning way. How do I look?

EVELEEN. Something like Jane, the housemaid—more
like cook!

MIAMI. (*aside*) Hem ! and our cook's a plain cook too!

Tell me, sweet child, is my costume *de rigueur* ?

EVELEEN. Oh, yes! it's not your fault you've got no
figure! *Exit, R.*

MIAMI. That child's affection for me strange though true,
Assures there's a---

Enter GEORGE, C.

GEORGE. (*bows*) Madam!

MIAMI. The brother! How de do?

MURTOGH *rushes in, C.*

MURTOGH. You'll excuse me----

MIAMI. Who are you ?

MURTOGH. It's all U P with us.

GEORGE. You scoundrel—why?

MURTOGH. They're after you and me—the hue and cry.

GEORGE. Will you shut up ?

MURTOGH. I *shall* be shut up soon !

GEORGE. I'm on the rack !

MURTOGH. And I'm a gone *rac-coon*!

I say, you wouldn't leave me on the shelf—

You'll get me out of it ?

GEORGE. Get out yourself!

MURTOGH. I'll give you, George----

GEORGE. No tempting offers forge ;

Though you *sold Connor*, you will not *buy George* !

So be off !

MIAMI. There's the door.

MURTOGH. Pooh ! (*snaps his fingers*) I shall stay---

MIAMI. Until-----

MURTOGH. Until I choose to go away.

Them is my sentiments.

MIAMI. (*tucking up her sleeves*) Insulting booby!
I'm very much put out, and so shall you be.

(NELLY is heard singing "Green Bushes"—EVELEEN
rushes out of the door, R. knocking against
GEORGE, and runs off, C.—all rush down to the
front.

March in "Faust."

MURTOGH. She's-gone right out on the snow in the street.

GEORGE. In-to the snow and the slosh and the sleet.

MIAMI. Re-gardless of her poor feet—her poor feet—
Of her poor feet—of her poor feet.

Her impoverished feet.

MURTOGH. I'd have put on a golosh.

MIAMI. On a golosh, 'cos of the slosh.

GEORGE. I think goloshes are bosh,
Loshes are bosh.

MURTOGH. Won't her things wash ?

She's gone, &c, &c.

Her impecunious feet.

MIAMI. Oh, if she'd stopped I'd have lent her
My expensive umberella,
I would have lent,
I would have lent
Her my expensive paraplueie.

Harum Scarum Galop.

MIAMI. Shivery shakery, oh, oh, oh !

Something's going to happen—

Something very horrible, terrible, horrible, terrible, oh!

MURTOGH. Quivery quakery, oh, oh, oh!

Upon my shoulder a-tapping

I feel a bailiff or policeman's follering, collaring so.

GEORGE. Follaring, collaring—horrible, terrible, horrible,
hullabaloo!

MIAMI. What is a female who's quite unprotected

In such a quandary to do

But-----

ALL. Shivery shakery, &c.

GERALDINE, NELLY, *and* EVELEEN *enter C, hand in hand, to music from Semiramide.*

GERALD. The young party who was missing
You'll perceive—you will perceive has come to hand.

ALL. Oh!

NELLY. I was right when I imagined, I
Imagined her trepanned.

ALL. Oh!
In the docks for stealing infants some
One here will shortly stand.

ALL. Oh!

Air, "Organ Grinder."

NELLY. (R. C.) You see before you a young person
Who mourned both night and day,
For the loss of a pretty girl, Eveleen,
Who was stolen quite out of the way.

GERALD. You said you'd mind her faithfully,
And vowed you'd never part,
But nicely you kept your bargain, ma'am
She's gone and broke my heart.

MURTOGH. Heart.

GEORGE. Heart

MIAMI. A, R, T.

GERALD. How I mourned the loss of the girl I loved,
But I didn't know where to find her.
And "on" all the p'licemen they made me "muv"
As if I'd been an organ grinder.

ALL. How she mourned, &c.

MIAMI. Mother and child are doing well; but he,
The party, as deceived poor Miami,
Under the name of Brown—his being shot
Makes me that wretched----

CONNOR *appears suddenly at the C. door in travelling costume, with carpet bag, railway rug, &c.*

GEORGE. How !

NELLY. Why!

GERALD. Which!

MURTOGH. When!

MIAMI. What!

GERALD. Alive!

CONNOR. Of course.

MIAMI. You're dead, you know.

CONNOR. I'm not.

Some recollection of the shot remains
Exhibited by slightly shooting pains;
But here I am midst Erin's brightest daughters,
Safe with my better *half* at my old *quarters*.

MIAMI. Catch me!

*(falls into GEORGE'S arms—GERALDINE and
CONNOR embrace)*

My claims on him are visionary.
We have no marriage *stiff-kits* in the prairie.

CONNOR. Come, supper! which meal's absent been with
me

During the time I've been an absent-tea,
My dear wife.

MIAMI. Wife ! He don't remember me;

P'raps it'll be as well to let him be.

Sir, you are welcome. *(curtseys profoundly to CONNOR,
who bows)*

CONNOR. Sure I've seen that face.

NELLY. You'll want a servant—might I ask the place ?

CONNOR. Servant! no, friend! my Nelly staunch and true.

Come to my arms. *(embraces her)*

GERALD. Excuse me, that'll do.

MURTOGH. *(to GEORGE)* What's to become, my friend, of
me and you ?

GERALD. *(to Audience)* What's to become of all of us?

Oh, say
You won't look frowningly upon our play.
Our fluttering hearts with glad emotions fill
By saying you'll accept our " little bill."
We've drawn it at a long date, for it's one
We hope and trust may have a lengthened run ;
And if you'll take it up—oh, say you will—
We shall be much more honoured than the bill.
'Tis an "old fashioned" winter, so they say,
Then say you will, in your old-fashioned way.

Finale—" Breakdown Galop."

CONNOR. Fun, pun, parody, and frisky breakdown,
We have attempted altogether here to string,
MIAMI. Let your kindly plaudits nightly wake town,
Christmas is the time to do the generous thing,
MURTOGH. Enthusiastically,
Each night around us rally,
GEORGE. And say your notions tally
With ours this wintry night,
NELLY. And not at all form-ally,
Or shewing shilly shally,
MIAMI. With cheers which we so walley
Oh, make each bosom light.
CHORUS. Fun, pun, &c.

Curtain.