

# HANDY ANDY.

**Comic Hibernian Drama,**

IN ONE ACT.

*(Adapted from Mr. Samuel Lover's Novel)*

BY

HENRY WILLIAM MONTGOMERY.

THOMAS HAILES LACY

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HANDY ANDY.

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**Characters.**

Wallacks. N. Y., 1862.

ANDY ROONEY, <i>surnamed</i> HANDY ANDY .....	}	Mr. W. T. FLORENCE.
SQUIRE EGAN.....		
SQUIRE O'GRADY.....		Mr. G. F. BROWN.
EDWAED O'CONNOR.....		Mr. KING.
DICK DAWSON.....		Mr. PARKS.
MR. MURPHY .....		Mr. J. L. BARRATT.
MR. FURLONG.....		Mr. J. MARTIN.
SHAUN MORE } LARRY HOGAN } ... ( <i>Smugglers</i> ) ...	{	Mr. BENTHOTEN. Mr. WARD.
MORGAN..... ( <i>the Butler</i> ) ...		
DARBY..... ( <i>Servant to O'Grady</i> )..		
OONAH RILEY...( <i>Andy's Cousin</i> )..		Mrs.G. SKERITT.
FANNY DAWSON.....		Mrs. MYRON.
MRS. O'GRADY.....		
WIDOW ROONEY.....		
RAGGED NAN.....		
BRIDGET... ( <i>Shaun More's Sister</i> ) ...		
MRS. DAWSON.....		



[Mr. Lacy's Second List. ]

## HANDY ANDY.

SCENE FIRST.—*Apartment in Egan's House. Doors, R. and L.; table laid, C; small table, R., with white cloth; chairs for eight on; sideboard, L.; pair of boots, R.; window, L. u. E.*

EGAN. (*is heard calling, R.*) Andy ! Andy, I say !

*Enter SQUIRE EGAN, in dresing gown, with water jug, from door, R.*

Andy, I say! Confound the fellow, I've been ringing for the last half hour.

*Enter EDWARD O'CONNOR, L. 2 E.*

O'CONNOR. Save all here.

EGAN. Hallo! Ned, my boy, is that yourself? Give us your fist, for I'm glad to see you.

O'CON. Thank you kindly.

EGAN. You'll excuse me, Ned, won't you ? but, as you see, I haven't shaved yet.

O'CON. It's rather late for the operation, I must confess; nearly dinner time.

EGAN. Why, the fact is I have only just returned from a long run with the hounds. You must remain for dinner, Ned, my boy. I'll take no excuse—not a word now; besides, I think I can induce you to stay without much pressing when I tell you a secret; and that is, there's a certain young lady named, Miss Fanny Dawson, and her brother, to dine with me also, ah, ha, ha! I see you are smitten there, Ned, oh, oh! Hang it, I was just the same at your age. You'll excuse me a moment, won't you. Andy! Andy, I say !

ANDY. (*outside, L.*) Comin.

EGAN. Confound it! I shall be late for dinner if that fellow isn't sharp. I want some hot water, and that rascal is never out of it. Andy, I say !

ANDY. (*without*) I'm comin'.

O'CON. How did you happen to come by this new valet, squire ?

EGAN. Why, his mother came here the other day, and

begged of me to take him into my service; he was such a handy boy that he could do anything; the English of which was that he could do nothing without making a blunder—a most singularly ingenious knack of doing everything the wrong way.

O'CON. What is his name ?

EGAN. Why Andy Rooney, but every one about here calls him " Handy Andy," which name the boys have christened him in mockery of his blundering propensities, (*rings bell*) Confound him ! Andy, I say !

*Enter ANDY with a large can of hot water, L.*

ANDY. Ah, I'm comin'. Here!

EGAN. What are you doing with that tin can ?

ANDY. I'm houldin' it—houldin' it in my hand.

EGAN. What the devil are you holding it in your hand for?

ANDY. It's the wather!

EGAN. What water ?

ANDY. The hot wather—'ou sent me for hot wather to shave yourself wid.

EGAN. (*looking at can*) But I didn't want you to bring it in that huge vessel.

ANDY. Sure, it's not a vessel, sir—it's a can, a tin can—I got it below in the kitchen.

EGAN. You might as well have brought it in a stable bucket.

ANDY. Why didn't you say so, thin ? I'd a brought it in the stable bucket if oo'd tould me. (*aside—going*) Begorra, there's no satisfying them !

*Exit ANDY, L.*

O'CON. Ha, ha, ha! Well, 'squire, he certainly is a most original character, but his simplicity is so natural that I cannot help feeling amused with him.

EGAN. He is most intolerably stupid—but I must say he strives very hard to please me—a circumstance that makes me overlook a great many of his faults—although I fear in the long run the fellow will be the death of me.

ANDY. (*poking his head in*) Sure, the girls below—the girls in the kitchen—ses there isn't that much hot wather ready, sir.

EGAN. Didn't I see it a moment ago in your hand?

ANDY. That was only the full of the can—it wasn't half the full of the stable bucket.

EGAN. Go along, you stupid rascal, and bring me some hot water directly.

ANDY. Will the cart do—the tin can ?

EGAN. Yes, anything !

ANDY. You tould me the bucket.

EGAN. Well, no-matter.

ANDY. Will I bring it in the can?

EGAN. Yes; begone, confound you!

ANDY. Very well. There's no plasin' them. *Exit* ANDY, L.

O'CON. Well, he is a curiosity. Where did he come from—who's his father?

EGAN. He's "*filing nullius*," as the lawyers say—the son of nobody. Twenty years ago, he was picked up, a foundling, by the Widow Rooney, at that time, however, not a widow. Between the widow's daughter Oonah and Andy there's a love match going on, which affords us all considerable fun:

O'CON. He seems awfully stupid.

EGAN. True, but he means well enough, and his blunders are rather amusing than otherwise. In fact, I am surrounded by a set of blundering devils; but I have grown up amongst them—they are warmly attached to me, and I to them. They seem a portion of myself, and with all their faults, I'd rather be troubled with their blunders for ever than turn off *one* of those born under the shadow of my father's roof!

O'CON. Such sentiments, squire, do honour to your heart. But I will leave you to finish your toilet, and in the meantime take a stroll about the village. Perchance I may see Fanny. Good morning, squire, (*going, L.*)

EGAN. Good morning, Ned, my boy.

*Enter* ANDY, L., with tin pail—he runs against O'CONNOR.

O'CON. What are you about, you stupid fool? *Exit, L.*

ANDY. Ah, it was as much your fault as mine—running your belly agin me head, (*offering a kettle to* EGAN) Here!

EGAN. Well, what now?

ANDY. The wather!

EGAN. Why who on earth told you to bring it in a kettle?

ANDY. You did!

EGAN. Well, I daresay I must put up with it. Put it down!

ANDY. Where'll I put it?

EGAN. Anywhere—there! (*ANDY puts it on floor, and walks away*)

EGAN. What the devil have you put the Kettle there for?

ANDY. Well, if ever I saw such a—You told me to put it down, and I put it down.

EGAN. Place it on the table, sir?

ANDY. Very well, sir. (*blacks the cloth with kettle*)

EGAN. Why you scoundrel, why did you do that?

ANDY. Sure the kettle was dirty and I was only wipin' it clane, the way I wouldn't dirty the cloth.

EGAN. Why you scoundrel, you *have* done it.

ANDY. Oh, murther, so I have.

EGAN. (*seeing cloth*) You scoundrel, I'll be hung for you some of these days, (*takeg jug and gives it to* ANDY) Here, there's some dirty water in that, throw it out.

ANDY. Is it throw it out ?

EGAN. Yes, didn't you hear what I said ?—throw it out through the window.

ANDY. Mind you told ine to throw it out, an it's going—mind, it's going, *(throws jug and all out—crash outside)*

EGAN. What did you do that for ?

ANDY. Sure you towld me to throw it out, sir.

EGAN. I meant the water, villain, and not the jug.

ANDY. Well, why didn't you say the wather ? You said, " Throw this out."

EGAN. *(throws boot at ANDY)* You thick-headed villain, if I catch you I'll murder you. *Exit ANDY, howling, L.*

Come back here, you scoundrel!

ANDY. *(outside)* Ah, I know what you want.

EGAN. Do you come in here then !

ANDY. You only want to get another pink at me.

EGAN. Come here immediately !

*Enter ANDY, L, fearfully.*

ANDY. What do you want?

EGAN. Did you go to the post office as I told you?

ANDY. Is it the post offee, sir ?

EGAN. Yes, don't you hear what I say ? the post office !

ANDY. Yes, sir, I wint.

EGAN. Well, where's the letter ? *(ANDY gives him two-one large, with a seal—looking at superscription, aside)* One of these letters is not mine, *(reading)* " Gustavus O'Grady, Esq., Neck-or-nothing Hall." *(to ANDY)* Where did you get this, you vagabond?

ANDY. I tuck it, sir. I tuck it.

EGAN. You took it?

ANDY. Yis, sir, I tuck it below at the post-office ! I tuck it !

EGAN. What did you take it for ?

ANDY. OO sint me for oor letter, didn't oo ? Very well, I went below to the post-office, where they sell gunpowder, and I ses to the man behind the counter, " Give me a letter," ses I. "What do you want?" ses he. "Twant a letter," ses I, "give me wan." "Who do oo want it for?" ses he. " What's that to oo," ses I; " give me a letter this minit!" " Who do oo want it for?" again ses he, "For my master," ses I, gettin' vexed I "an'don't keep me stanin'." "What's your master's name ?" ses he-----

EGAN. Of course you told him ?

ANDY. No, sir, I did not! Sure, what right had he to be axin impidint questions! " Tell me oor master's name," ses he. "I'll see oo d-----d first!" ses I. "What's oor directions ?" ses he. " Me directions are that oor to give me a letther for my masher," ses I; " and give me it, and don't

keep me here chatterin'," ses I. " Oor a fool!" ses he (manin' me), " and oor master's another for sindin' oo," manin' you, sir! " Bad luck to oo," ses I, " oo dirty powder monkey !" — he sells gunpowder— " is it for the likes of oo to be calling Squire Aigan a fool ?" " Oho," ses he, " Squire Aigan's oor masther !" " No matther," ses I, " give me a letter for him I" " I'll not give oo any letter," ses he, " till I know who oo are," ses he, and wid that Mr. Duffy kem in, for to buy a letter, and he tould the post-office powder monkey that oo were my masther ; an' thin to see the ould divil alter his chune ! An' whin Mr. Duffy wint out he handed me out wan of thim. " I want 'levenpence," ses he. " What for do you want 'levenpence?" ses I. " For postage!" ses he. " I'd not give oo 'levenpence for it," ses I. He was sellin' thim for twopence before me face;—yes, sir, he sould wan to Mr. Duffy for fourpence, an' a bigger wan than that. " I'll not give oo 'levenpence," ses I, " I'll give oo but sixpence," ses I, " take or lave it." " I want 'levenpence," ses ne, " or oo don't have the letter." " Do you think I'm a fool?" ses I. " No," ses he, " but I know it!" Well, I had to pay the chatin' ould divil 'levenpence, because he wouldn't take less ; but, by the hokey, I got even wid him, for whin he turned his back for to change the half-sovereign I gev him, I stole the biggest letter I could lay me hands on!

EGAN. Well, you're a pretty fellow.

ANDY. Yis, sir, I am: that's what the girls do be tellin' me!

EGAN. Do you know you might be hanged for what you have done to-day?

ANDY. What did I do, sir ?

EGAN. You've robbed the post-office !

ANDY. Is it me ? Sure, I thought it was no harm to be takin' the worth of yer money !

EGAN. Will you hold your tongue, you stupid fellow. I hope you've not said a word about it.

ANDY. The divil a word, sir.

EGAN. You're sure ?

ANDY. Sartin!

EGAN. Take care that you never open your mouth to mortal about it, or you'll be hanged as sure as your name is Andy Rooney.

ANDY. Oh faix, at that rate I never will. But may be your honour thinks I ought to be hanged.

EGAN. No, because you did not intend to do wrong—but only I have pity on you, I could hang you to-morrow for what you have done,

ANDY. Thank you, sir.

EGAN. But I'll burn it. (*burns it*) So no one can know

anything about, the business unless you tell on yourself—so remember, not a word.

ANDY. Faith, I'll be dumb as a baste. Oh, sir, I forgot, I brought a gentleman and his portmantle here that I picked up on the road, out of a broken po'shay that was stuck in the mud; he said he wanted to see the squire, so I tuk him along wid me.

EGAN. And where is the gentleman all this time ?

ANDY. I don't know, sir, unless he's down stairs.

EGAN. Why, you rascal, show the gentleman up here this instant.

ANDY. Oh, very well, sir. (*exit—outside, L.*) Then the squire told me to show you up.

*Enter FURLONG, stumbling as if from a push, L.*

FURLONG. What the devil are you doing, sir ?

ANDY. (*outside*) Showin' you up.

*Enter ANDY, L.*

EGAN. Damn that fellow. The servants will look after your luggage. Andy get in Mr.—I beg your pardon, but I forgot your name.

FURL. Mr. Furlong.

EGAN. Chairs—and get in the luggage, Andy. You are just in time for dinner, sir.

(*ANDY places two chairs—as FURLONG attempts to sit down, ANDY draws away the chair to dust the seat—FURLONG falls—EGAN threatens ANDY, who runs off, and assists FURLONG to rise—they sit*)

Happy to see you, Mr. Furlong, you seem fatigued.

FURL. (*sits in chair*) Vewy.

EGAN. I shall order some wine.

FURL. I never dwink.

*Enter ANDY, L., with portmanteau, he sits on it, L. C.*

EGAN. A cool bottle wouldn't do a child harm, and, Mr. Furlong, what do you think of the country ?

ANDY. It's the finest country in the world, sir, and----

FURL. Hold your tongue, sir, and go to the devil!

ANDY. Yes, sir, when shall I tell him to expect you, sir?

EGAN. Andy ! Andy !

ANDY. All right—mum.

EGAN. Well, what do you think of the country, Mr. Furlong ?

FURL. Not much I protest!

EGAN. But the people?

FURL. I don't know, there are so many wags.

ANDY. You may say that, sir, they are the funniest divils in the world.

FURL. But I mean wags—tatters.

ANDY. Oh, rags is it —oh, yes; then you see they are comfortable and cool for summer wear, and when it rains you can have a shower both free gratis for nothing.

EGAN. (*to ANDY*) Howld yer tongue, sir.

FURL. I hear that these wagged wretches are freeholders.

EGAN. Yes, and stout voters too.

FURL. That's all we require; oh, wait till I explain to you our plans from head quarters, we will unseat him.

EGAN. Unseat who ?

FURL. Egan, I think you call him.,

EGAN. Egan!

FURL. The truth is, sir, I'm fatigued, and if you'll allow me, Mr. O'Grady, I should like to go to my room now; and talk on business after dinner.

EGAN. O, certainly! Andy, show Mr. Furlong to his room.

*Exit FURLONG into room, L. U. E.—ANDY'S business with portmanteau, hits FURLONG—EGAN drags ANDY down.*

Andy, come here ! What name did Mr. Furlong ask for, you vagabond ?

ANDY. Divil a name at all, sir. Sure, I was in the street, jist above, and apo'chay kem along, an' Tim Doolan, the post-boy that was ridin' upon the outside of the horse, fell off the horse's back because he was drunk—the boy, not the horse, poor baste—and the gintleman that was in the po'chay asked me could I drive him to the squire. I tould him I was the boy that could—the divil a betther! an' I brought him here ! Begorra, he's a queer-looking chap! he lucks for all the world like a sucking calf!

DICK. But are you quite sure this is not another of your stupid blunders ?

ANDY. The devil a blunder! no, sir! I med no blunder this time, anyway, Mr. Dick. He asked to be tuck " to the squire's"—that's what he said—" to the squire's." Oh, a divil a blunder's in it, at all—and I brought him to you.

EGAN. Ha! ha! ha! capital, so this is Furlong, the agent of Lord Scatterbrains, that they've sent down from the castle, and he's mistaken my house for O'Grady's. Andy, don't mention a word to that gentleman about his being in any house but O'Grady's. If you mention the word Egan, I'll have you hanged for those letters.

ANDY. I wouldn't say " pays" for the world. *Exit, L.*

EGAN. Unseat me, indeed! Gad, he nearly done it too, for I thought I'd have dropped off my chair in surprise when he said it.

*Enter DICK DAWSON, L. 1 E.*

DICK. Ah Egan, my dear boy, what news, how goes on the election ?

EGAN. Wait, Dick, till you hear all. I've news for you, read this letter. You'll wonder at old O'Grady's villany, and you'll wonder more, when I tell you Furlong, Scatterbrain's agent, is here too, in *this* house.

DICK. How—how the deuce did you manage that.

EGAN. One of Andy's blunders. It appears Furlong asked to be taken to " the squire's," and Andy, I suppose, thought there was no squire but me, so he brought him to my house. What shall we do with him, Dick ?

DICK. Pump him as dry as a lime kiln, and then send him to O'Grady's.

EGAN. Now, first of all, Dick, do you think it fair?

DICK. Fair! why who ever heard of any one questioning anything being fair in love or electioneering. To be sure it's fair; now let me alone, and I'll get all his plans out of him—turn him inside out like a glove, and squeeze him dry like a lemon.

EGAN. Egad, I believe you are right, Dick, if one only had Murphy here, he'd be worth his weight in gold.

DICK. Murphy here! why he is here, at least he arrived this morning from Dublin, and I expect him every minute here to dine with you.

*Enter ANDY, L.*

ANDY. Sir, here's Mr. Murphy, drivin' like the divil up the avenue.

EGAN. Well, Andy, order dinner immediately. *Exit ANDY.*

DICK. Now I'll go and tell O'Connor and Fanny all about it, and put every one about the house on their guard. Not to spoil sport by letting the cat out of the bag too soon, we'll shake her out ourselves in good time, and may be, we won't have fun in the hunt. *Exit DICK, L.—EGAN, R. door.*

*Enter ANDY and MORGAN with dinner things—ANDY sets things—business.*

ANDY. (*coming down with a silver fork*) Mr. Morrigan—Mr. Morrigan—if you plase, Mr. Morrigan!

MOEG. Well, Andy, what do you want ?

ANDY. Oh, it's marvellous ! If you plase, Mr. Morrigan, would you look at that?

MORG. Well, did you never see a fork before ?

ANDY. Sure I know what forks is very well, but the divil fly away wid me if I ever saw silver spoons sphlit up that way before.

*Enter* DICK DAWSON, O'CONNOR, and FANNY, L., *meeting*  
EGAN *who re-enters from R. door, having changed his morning*  
*gown for a dress coat.*

EGAN. Miss Dawson, I am delighted to see you.

ANDY. (*announcing*) Mr. Mc Murphy.

*Enter* MURPHY—*places his whip on table, L.*

MURPH. Ladies, your most obedient. Mr. Egan, you see, I have just arrived, nearly as soon as my letter.

EGAN. Yes, and your letter has annoyed me, I can tell you.

MURPH. I knew it would, so I brought you a splendid pair of pointers by way of a salve—the finest pair of dogs in the world (*giving hat and coat to* ANDY) Hang them up.

ANDY. What, *hang them up!* Oh, very well, I'll hang them, but tell me where will I hang them?

MURPH. In the hall of course, you wouldn't hang them here.

ANDY. Well of all—Oh, all right, I'll hang them up. *Exit, L.*

EGAN. Murphy, my boy! I intend to make old O'Grady suffer for his double dealings. I'll process him for that money he owes me at once, but I forgot to tell you that Furlong is here, and has mistaken my house for O'Grady's.

MURPH. That's ilegant.

EGAN. We intend to humbug him a little, and then send him off to O'Grady's.

MURPHY. Glorious! it will be a capital joke.

(*barking of dogs heard outside, very loud, L.—ANDY roars,*  
" Oh, murther I'm ate, I'm ate."

*Enter* ANDY, *his coat torn, L.*

ANDY. Am I much ate? bad luck to thim dogs!

MURPH. What's the matter? What the devil have you been doing to the dogs?

ANDY. Well, I'll tell you. You see I went to them to hang them up as you towld me.

MURPH. (*goes to beat* ANDY) You rascal! would you hang those fine dogs?

ANDY. Of coorse I would. I *was* hanging them—but, bad luck to them! they wouldn't let me, and they nearly ate me up.

MURPH. You infernal rascal! I'veagreatmind to murder you!

EGAN. Here's Furlong! Not a word!

*Enter* FURLONG, *dressed for dinner, L. u. E.*

Mr. Furlong, allow me to introduce you to my friends. Miss Dawson—Mr. Dawson—Mr. O'Connor—Mr. Murphy.

FURL. Vewy happy to have this honour.

EGAN. Andy, dinner. (*EGAN carves—ANDY helps every*

*one—business—when all are seated, then EG AN asks for wine)*  
 Andy, some wine, and pass up the other fowl.

ANDY. Yes, sir. (*ANDY'S business—he drinks, &c.*)

DICK. Mr. Furlong. A glass of wine with you. Here's confusion to Egan, and success to O'Grady.

FURL. Success to O'Grady. Had we not better talk over our election business, eh, Mr. O'Grady ?

EGAN. Oh, hang business! let's have some wine, Andy.

FURL. But the election is really of such consequence, I should think it will be a wemarkable sharp contest.

MURPH. We'll beat them hollow; our canvas has been prosperous; there's only one thing I am afraid of.

FURL. What's that ?

MURPH. Why Egan—he's money, and I'm afraid he'll bribe high.

FURL. Never mind that, we'll spend money too, for the Government is really anxious that Mr. Scatterbrain should come in.

EGAN. Then that's all right. Andy, some wine.

FURL. I can't drink any more. I want a little soda water.

EGAN. Andy, attend to Mr Furlong.

ANDY. Yes, sir. What is it?

FURL. A bottle of soda watar.

ANDY. Sir.

FURL. Soda watar.

ANDY. Mr. Morrigan, (*to MORGAN*) there's a gentleman-----

MORG. Well, attend to him. I'm busy.

ANDY. I don't know what he wants.

MORG. Ask him.

ANDY. (*to FURLONG*) I beg your pardon, sir.

FURL. Well.

ANDY. I beg your pardon, but what was it you axed for ?

FURL. Soda watar. But perhaps you have not any.

ANDY. There's plinty of it in the house. Would you like it hot or could, sir?

FURL. Stupid!

ANDY. I know you are, sir—Mr. Morrigan, there's a gentleman wants some *soap and wather*.

MORG. Some what ?

FANNY. EGAN. DAWSON.

MURPHY. O'CONNOR.

*Table.*

DICK. FURLONG.

R. L.

ANDY. Soap and wather.

MORG. Soda water you mean—you'll get it under the side-board.

ANDY. (*with ale bottle*) Is it this.

Motto. No, the little bottles.

ANDY. Is it the little bottles wid no bottoms?

MORG. Yes, there they are.

ANDY. Oh, them bottles that won't stand. Sure them's the ones I mean wid no bottoms. How will I open this, Mr. Morrigan ? It's tied down.

MORG. Cut the cord, you fool.

ANDY. (*cuts it—the soda water fizzes all on the company*) Oh, I'm kilt—howld me—it's bilin—its all biled out—(*he faints in MORGAN'S arms—Pause for picture*) What puzzles me is, how the devil did they put it in.

EGAN. You rascal! what are you doing?

ANDY. Getting a bottle of soap and wather for Mr. Furlong.

FURL. The fellow has drenched me.

MURPH. But how is it you don't eat potatoes, Mr. Furlong?

FURL. Potatoes ! I don't like potatoes.

MURPH. Finest things in the world for the intellect, Mr. Furlong. We attribute to the free use of potatoes the natural shrewdness of the Irish.

FURL. Singular theowy, vewy—astonishing!

MURPH. The cows fed on potatoes yield more milk than others ; and as for the pigs, sir—there's an independence about an Irish pig, down to the very curl of his tail, which is perfectly refreshing to a man of patriotic feelings.

FURL. Weally!

MURPH. Oh, that's nothing at all, sir—nothing at all. The wonders of this barony are beyond comprehension.

FURL. I should think so. You tell me that the Irish are shrewd, and I always thought them vewy stupid savages!

EGAN. Hark ye, sir; this affected scorn of Irishmen is very pat upon the tongues of many Englishmen. It would indeed be no wonder, sir, if a people, down-trodden as the Irish have been, became stupid ! It would be no matter of surprise; but they have at least the merit of savage hospitality—do not insult mine then, by slanders upon my countrymen.

FURL. I meant the—the common, low people.

EGAN. The common low people; those whom you affect to despise are the pillars of every nation's existence. A king may create a lord, and a people may make a king; but neither lords nor kings can create a people.

FURL. I didn't meau anything, I assure you.

EGAN. No, I suppose not. I was foolish to think you could mean anything ?

MURPH. Let us change the subject, Egan. Are you fond of sporting, Mr. Furlong ?

FURL. Oh, vewy.

MURPH. Then we'll give you some of the finest salmon fishing you ever saw.

FURL. Here, in the wivaw ?

MURPH. To be sure—we generally find *our* salmon in the water—the salmon are very thick here. I remember once the entire destruction of a man-of-war by them. You see, the salmon were coming up one morning before the tide was in—oh, such a crowd of them—a perfect shoal; and the English vessel, whose pilot didn't know the peculiarities of the river, struck on this shoal of salmon, and down she went.

FURL. Why, Mr. Muffy, you don't mean-----

MURPH. Yes, but I do though. On board the ship were a great many sacks of salt that they were carrying to the barracks above, for the soldiers. The salt dissolved in the river, and the people caught as many pickled salmon as they could carry for weeks after!

EGAN. Bring in the oysters.

ANDY. Yes, sir.

EGAN. You are sure the oysters are all good, because the last you know-----

ANDY. Oh, yes sir, they *was* bad because they had their mouths all open. I remember sir, but when I'm towld anything once I never forget it again ; and you told me that when they opened their mouths they were no good, so you see I'll never bring up bad oysters again in a hurry.

EGAN. Very well, bring them up at once.

ANDY. Oh, I'll bring them up, sir, their mouths won't be open this time, I'll take my oath. *Exit, L.*

FURL. I say, Mr. O'Grady, suppose before the opening of the poll, as we shall bribe pretty high.—Suppose we propose, to save time, that the bribery oath should not be administered on either side.

DICK. That's a splendid idea of yours—you're a genius, Mr. Furlong. You're worth your weight in gold to us.

FURL. Oh, you flatter me really!

EGAN. Here comes Andy and the oysters.

*Enter ANDY with a dish of oysters, L.—EVERYBODY smelling.*

EVERYBODY. Phew! oh dear.

EGAN. What a smell! Andy, what smells so ?

ANDY. I dunno. May be your nose does, sir.

EGAN. Don't you smell it, Mr. Furlong.

FURL. Oh, it's howid!

DICK. I'll try my knife on one oyster (*all start up*)

ALL. Oh dear—oh—pew.

DICK. These oysters are all bad.

ANDY. Them's not bad.

EGAN. Have you a nose ?

ANDY. I dunno, sir, but I'll try. Yes, sir (*feels his nose*)

EGAN. And can't you smell them?

ANDY. Faix, I smelt them for the last three weeks.

EGAN. And how could you say they were good?

ANDY. Sure you told me, sir, if they didn't open their mouths they were good, and I'll take my oath them oysters never opened their mouths, for I laid them on the flat of their backs, and put the large flag stone over them, and four hundred weight also on them, a month ago.

ALL. (*laugh*) Ha, ha, ha!

EGAN. Take them away this instant.

ANDY. Very well, sir. (*take them up*) Will you try one, Mr. John Long?

EGAN. (*holding his nose—all do the same*) Take them away. Get out!

ANDY. I always do what they tell me, and they're never satisfied. But these fine strong oysters, I'll take them down stairs, and give the girls a blow out.

*Exit, L. 1 E. (crash, and noise outside, L.)*

EGAN. There he goes, over head and heels down stairs—the unlucky blundering ruffian.

DICK. Poor devil, but as we have lost our oysters, we must not lose our champagne. I sent over two dozen, and gave particular direction to Andy to have them iced. What do you say, shall we have it in ?

ALL. Certainly. (*FANNY retires with O'CONNOR, R. 1 E.*)

DICK. Andy, here !

*Enter ANDY, his nose bloody, L.*

ALL. Ha, ha, ha !

ANDY. You may laugh, the smell of them oysters made my nosebleed. What is it, sir? (to DICK)

DICK. Have you iced the champagne, as I directed ?

ANDY. Every dhrop as you towld me.

DICK. Very well then, bring it in.

ANDY. Yes, sir—here, sir—oh, very well. *Exit, L. 1 E.*

DICK. Mr. Furlong, will you do me the favour to drink a glass of champagne with me? Here, Andy.

*Enter ANDY, dragging in a tub with lumps of soda in it, and water, L.*

ANDY. Coming, sir. Well, this is the queerest thing I ever heard of, they're not content wid wine, but they must have ice

to eat wid it, and in a tub too, just like the pigs, how it fizzed, faith, it almost was as lively as the soap and water.

DICK. Andy, make haste with the champagne.

ANDY. I'm dragging it to you, sir.

DICK. Hand it round the table.

ANDY. (*tries to lift it, and can't, then whispers to DICK*) I can't get it up, sir!

DICK. Well, draw it then.

ANDY. I *was* drawing it when you stopped me.

DICK. Well, make haste with it then.

ANDY. Here it is, sir! (*drawing it to DICK'S chair*)

DICK. Where's the wine, sir!

ANDY. Then, sir, I put the wine in as you towld me.

DICK. There is not a single bottle there!

ANDY. To be sure there's no *bottle* there, sir; I left them out in the yard, but 'pon my sowl, there's every drop of the wine there, and there's the ice, put in your hand, and you'll feel it, sir! (*ANDY puts hand in and takes out ice*)

DICK. Why, you rascal! (*jumping up*)

EGAN. Why, you scoundrel I'll discharge you.

ANDY. He towld me to do it, 'pon my sowl, *Mr. Egan!*

FURL. (*in agony*) Mr. Egan! (*all in consternation*)

ANDY. Oh, murther, murther! I've let the cat out of the bag.

FURL. Pray Mr. O'Grady, that is if you are Mr. O'Grady, will you tell me if you are Mr. O'Grady?

EGAN. Sir, you have chosen to call me so since you came here, but my name is Egan.

FURL. What! The member for the county?

EGAN. Yes, sir, at your service.

ALL. (*laugh*) Ha, ha, ha, ha!

FURL. Mr. Wegan, I consider myself vewy ill used, you should not have allowed me to remain in your house, sar.

EGAN. That's a doctrine in which you will find it very difficult to make an Irish gentleman coincide.

FURL. But you must have known it was not my intention to come to your house.

EGAN. How could I know that, sir?

FURL. But, Mr. Wegan, you know I told you all about the electioneering tactics.

ALL. (*laugh*) Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

FURL. I pwotest! It's unfair. No consideration will make me wemain in this house another moment.

DICK. I tell you, Mr. Furlong, that all that has been done was your own doing, sir. We've only pumped you! Your electioneering bag of tricks, bribery and all, are exposed. And now go off to O'Grady and tell him how the poor Irish have done you. (*ALL laugh—FURLONG exits in a rage, L.*)

ANDY. Shall I give him a skelpend wid Mr. Murphy's whip.

EGAN. No, no! but I'm determined to have satisfaction from that villain O'Grady—so process him at once for his double dealing. I'll blister him, and that smart.

MURPH. Very well, squire, you shall have the process, or as you call it "the blither" as soon as it can be got ready. Send it on at once, and it will warm him.

DICK. But how do you intend to serve the process for debt on O'Grady?

MURPH. (*slightly tipsy*) Send it out by an officer, to be sure.

DICK. I'd like to see the officer bold enough to serve it. The last bailiff who went there had his head broken for his pains, and was laid up for a fortnight. Neck-or-nothing Hall is garrisoned like a fort—guarded on the outside by three bulldogs, inside by a lot of blunderbusses, with a *corps-de-reserve* of the finest tenantry you ever saw—fellows that'd make nothing of eating a bailiff, bones and all, to please O'Grady!

MURPH. I'll serve it, nevertheless, Dick.

EGAN. That's right, I'll send Andy for it. Away with you, and blister him well, Murphy, my boy.

*Exit MURPHY, L. 1 E.—SQUIRE and DICK, R.*

SCENE SECOND.—*Apothecary's Shop and Post-Office. House, and door, R. 2 E., with board, "Mc Garry, Apothecary."*

*Enter ANDY, L. 1 E., with number of small bundles and boxes.*

ANDY. Faith, I'll make no blunders this time, anyway. I think I have everything all right. I have a pound of tay here, and a pound of nails, and and three pounds of shugar, and I have the pepper and the salt, and a bottle of hair oil for the cook. The cook has red hair, and she wears hair oil, the way that it'll look brown! And I have the cook's hair oil here in my breeches pocket, with the needles and the hank of thread—and I have two pounds of coffee roasted and ground, and a pound of tay, and three pounds of shugar—and I have a pound of butther in me hat, and a pound of figs on top of it—in me hat I have the figs fur the childer, and the butther for the cook. And I have the cook's hair oil—and I have a pound of raisens for to put in the puddin'—and I'm to go in here to Mr. Mc Garry's for some physic—and thin I'm to goto Mr. Duffy's for a gander. And I am to go to Delany's for a ham, and to Duffy's for a gander—a *live* gander and a dead ham. And I have the cook's hair oil in me pocket—and I'm to get some physic here at Mr. Mc Garry's. And I'll carry the gander under this arm and the ham under this wan—and be me sowl, I think I'll be loaded down wid the gander and the ham, and the-----

*Enter MURPHY, R. 1 E.*

MURPH. (*slapping him on top of the head*) Well, Andy.

ANDY. Ah, Mr. Murphy!

MURPH. What's the matter?

ANDY. Ye knocked all the figs into the butther! The master 'll murder me and so'll the cook! My head's all grasy!

MURPH. Serve you right. What the devil do you carry the butter in your hat for?

ANDY. Sure, how did I know you wor comin' behind me to give me a polthogue on the head?

MURPH. Well, it's like you, Andy. Have you been doing anything very clever lately?

ANDY. I dunno, sir—I dunno.

MURPH. Have you shot any one with soda water since I saw you last?

ANDY. Oh, no, sir! (*laughs*) That soda wather is mighty quare stuff—goes off in a hurry like!

MURPH. Did you kill any more dogs?

ANDY. Ah! Mr. Murphy; sure, I never killed any dogs—only wan, and that was an accident.

MURPH. An accident! curse your impudence! Do you suppose, if we thought you did it on purpose, we wouldn't have skinned you with our dog whips?

ANDY. Divil doubt ye—yer very handy wid yer whips! How could I help the mare runnin' away, and tramplin' on the dogs?

MURPH. Why didn't you hold her?

ANDY. Hould her? how could I hould her, an' she runnin' away? You might as well strive to hould fire among flax.

MURPH. Well, never mind that now. Hand this package to your master—it's a law process.

ANDY. Is it now—a law process?

MURPH. It's the law process for O'Grady. Tell the squire that I can't get it served for love nor money.

ANDY. I will, sir.

MURPH. Where are you going now?

ANDY. I'm going to Duffy's for a gander.

MURPH. This isn't Michaelmas. What do you want a gander?

ANDY. Our gander's dead, and we're borryin' Duffy's, and I'm to go here to Mr. Me Garry's

MURPH. What for?

ANDY. For physic for wan o' the childer that's sick.

MURPH. What's the matter with the child?

ANDY. Sick!

MURPH. Well, I supposed the child was sick, or you

wouldn't be sent for medicine—but now I'll wager you'll make some blunder—going to the apothecary's and not knowing what you want.

ANDY. I do know what I want. I want physic for wan o' the childer thit's sick. That's what I want.

MURPH. Well go and get your physic, and mind you give that process to your master. *Exit, L. 1 E.*

ANDY. Mr. Murphy thinks himself very clever because he's a lawyer—the drunken divil. He do be always takin' a rise out of me because he thinks I'm simple and innocent. I know very well what I want. I want physic for a child that's sick. I have the paper here in me pocket—the paper the mistress gevme—the doctor wrote it—a scrap of paper with a lot of fly's legs on—fly's legs—that's the way they spell physic. I have it here in me pocket, under the cook's hair oil. I can't get at it. I must take all the things out and lay them on the counter to get at the fly's legs, *(opens door)* Good morning, Mr. Me Garry. *Exit into house.*

*Enter DARBY, O'Grady's servant, L. 1 E.*

DARB. So, I think, this is Mr. Mac Garry's, the apothecary's and I am to fetch the medicine, and a blister for my masther, Squire O'Grady. I must make haste back, for he was in a divil of a temper when I left him.

*(as he is going into house, R., he meets ANDY in the doorway, who bumps up against him)*

ANDY. *(shoving him)* Where are you pushin' to ? Bad luck to you.

DARB. I am not pushin'!

ANDY. *(putting stick to his nose)* Do you mane to say I am a liar? Go along now—get out! Go along out of that now. What do you want ?

DARB. Nothing.

ANDY. Then bad luck to ye, take it, an' hould yer tongue!

DARB. Is this Mr. Mac Garry's ?

ANDY. Can't ye read ?

DARB. No, I can't read.

ANDY. Look at that sign over the dure—" Mr. Mac Garry, Physic Seller!" Can't ye read that ?

DARB. No !

ANDY. See what a knowledgeable boy I am. I despise ignorance.

DARB. I want Squire O'Grady's medicine.

ANDY. What—are you one of O'Grady's gang?

DARB. Yes—Squire O'Grady is my master.

ANDY. Well, do you know what—your master's a dirty blackguard, an' you're no better for sarvin' him.

DARB. What's that? You call my master hard names, I'll— (raises his hand to strike)

ANDY. Do it now ! That's it—do it now. (puts his bundles down)

DARB. I haven't got time now.

DARBY enters shop, R., and closes door.

ANDY. The villin!

DARB. (opening the door and calling) Paddy from Cork! (shuts door quickly)

ANDY. What!

DARB. (same as before) Paddy from Cork !

ANDY. Now mind, I tell yer.

DARB. (same as before) Paddy from Cork !

ANDY. (flinging plate at him as he closes door) Bad luck to him ! he made me break a plate. I wish it ha broke his head, and his Paddy from Cork —I'll cork him. I'll wait here till he comes out, and I'll lambaste the devil out of him. (hides behind door R., and as DARBY re-enters, he seizes him by the neck, and saying) Now, who's Paddy from Cork! (ANDY throws magnesia in DARBY'S face, who drops the blister—ANDY drops the law process—DARB. runs, off L. 1 E.—ANDY picks up the blister and puts it in pocket—DARB. returns and hits ANDY on head, seizes the law process, and exits, L. 1 E.) Bad luck to him ! he has mixed the butter and the figs—the murderin' villin ! (hits leg) ah, I've broke the bottle of hair oil. I'll have my leg sprouting out. Exit ANDY, L. 1 E.

SCENE THIRD.—Back and Cut Wood. (Music bold)

Enter SHAUN MORE, and LARRY HOGAN, R.

HOGAN. Well, have vou made up your mind about Oonah Riley ?

SHAUN. She must be mine ! There's not such a girl in the country, and I've set my mind on her.

HOGAN. What a fool you are to lie in love !

SHAUN. Well, you fool, you like a pretty girl yourself. But as I was telling you, if I could only lay hold of her.

HOGAN. You'd carry her off. Well, then I'll stick to you through thick and thin.

SHAUN. Then I'll soon have her; but—come, let us go take a drop, and arrange a plan to carry her off.

They exit, L. U. E.

Enter ANDY, L. 1 E., singing.

ANDY. Well, begorra, it's a fine thing to be a gintleman, so it is, for whin a man's a gintleman, he can do what he like, an'

who say no? If a gintleman breaks a horse's nick, he's a bould rider, but a poor sarvint is a careless vagabone for only takin' the sweat out of him! If a gintleman drinks till he can't see a hole in a laddher, he's only fresh—fresh, mind ye's—but drunk as a baste is the word for a poor man ! An' if a gintleman kicks up a row, he's a fine spirited fellow, while a poor man is a disorderly blaggard for the same thing! The justice axes wan to dinner, the other he sends to jail! Och, faith, the law's a dainty lady—she takes people by the hand that can afford to wear gloves; but people wid brown fists must keep their distance. But divil a matter ! Sure ould Ireland bates creation and the haythcn mythology, for brave min and purty girls, (*sings*)

*Enter OONAH, R. 1 E.*

OONAH. Is it yourself, Andy, that's there ? and singing away like a bird, only not so sweet!

ANDY. What's the rayson I'm not so sweet ? What's the rayson ?—till me that now.

OONAH. Your voice is'nt so melodious !

ANDY. Is it me voice that's odious ? Arrah, don't be talkin' Where are ye goin' ?

OONAH. I'm goin beyant. (*attemptt to cross to L.—he stops her*)  
Let me pass, Andy.

ANDY. Why don't ye go? (*business*)

OONAH. Let me pass, an' don't be hinderiu' me.

ANDY. Who's touchin' ye ? Why don't ye go ? Let me see ye go ?

OONAH. Now, don't be hinderin' me, Andy, I till you.

ANDY. Sure, I'm not hinderin' ye. Will ye give me a kiss, Oonah ?

OONAH. Is it you? 'Deed I'll not! What would I be kissing you for?

ANDY. Bekase I'm fond of ye. Give me a kiss!

OONAH. Don't bother me, Andy, but let me pass.

ANDY. Arrah, now, don't be puttin' a frown on your purty face—for all the world like a cob-web on a rose-bush.

OONAH. Sure, ye know I can take me pick of all the boys in the parish.

ANDY. I know ye can, but ye won't.

OONAH. I don't know—there's Pat Me Glancy-----

ANDY. Pat Me Glancy—the black muzzled thief!

OONAH. And Tim Flannigan !

ANDY. The red-headed blackguard—I hate red hair.

OONAH. And Mike Mullahawn!

ANDY. Mike Mullahawn—the knock-kneed villain! one ov his legs like a stick ov sugar candy, and the other lickin' it.  
(*business*)

OONAH. And Dan Me Loughlin-----

ANDY. Dan Me Loughlin! sure he's bandy-legged, and walks that way. Arrah, Oonah, alanna, what are you talkin' to me about all thim fellars, an' me adorin' ye? Don't be vexin' the heart out of me. Sure weren't we gossoons together? Didn't your mother find me whin I was a—a what do you call a child that has no father nor mother?

OONAH. A foundling.

ANDY. Yis, didn't your mother find me whin I was a fondlin'? Didn't she find me in a ditch or under a cabbage stalk, and take me home?

OONAH. Yes.

ANDY. Very well, thin, what are ye talkin' about thim other fellars? Sure wasn't we little boys together? and didn't we use to rowl upon the flure together? an' didn't I use to carry you upon me back over the bogs an' mud puddles the way that ye wouldn't get dirty—didn't I?

OONAH. Yes.

ANDY. I let ye drop wan day, an' ye got all dirty.

OONAH. Yes, you did. I remember that.

ANDY. But didn't I take you to the brook an' wash ye clane agin? An' then didn't I lay you on a bank to dry in the sun— an' whin ye wor dry on wan side didn't I turn ye over on the Other?

OONAH. Yes.

ANDY. Very well, then. An' didn't I live at your mother's till I grew up large an big? How's your mother?

OONAH. She's very well, thank you.

ANDY. I'm axin for your mother becuse she was good to me, bless her. Sure didn't I ax you about fifty times to marry me, an' didn't you always say no?

OONAH. Yes, I did.

ANDY. Well, now, I'm goin' to ax ye agin, an' if ye think yer'e going to say no—don't say it, but if ye think ye're going to say yis, plump it right out. Now, thin—are ye ready—will ye? will ye?

OONAH. (*bashfully*) Well, thin, Andy, it's sure I am that I never cared for any other boy!

ANDY. Sure, an' will ye marry me?

OONAH. (*hesitating*) I will—if me mother '11 let me.

ANDY. Hurroo! (*business*) More broth! We'll be married—if the master will let me—an' I think he will, for the divil a blunder I med these three hours. We'll be married. Go tell your mother. I'll come down to your cabin to-night, if I can stale away. Come here—(*kisses her*)—keep that wan till I see ye agin.

*Exit ANDY, R. 3 E.*

OONAH. Now, I'll go home to my aunt's, (*going, L. 1 E., is met by SHAUN MORE and HOGAN, L.*)

SHAUN. Now, Oonah Riley, you are mine, and without much trouble either.

OONAH. Oh, for mercy's sake let me go home ! You wouldn't hinder me from going home ?

SHAUN. Oonah Riley, you must be mine ! I mean to marry you ; so no more nonsense ! Oh come, Larry, seize her.

*(they both seize her—she screams)*

OONAH. Help ! help ! Is there no one at hand to help me ?

ANDY. *(entering)* To be sure there is. Bad luck to ye, take that !

*(he breaks a plate on LARRY HOGAN'S head, who is R., and throws SHALN L. C.—OONAH empties her pail of milk on LARRY, and ANDY dances on SHAUN—a regular scrimmage, and exeunt—clear stage)*

SCENE FOURTH.—*Apartment in O'Grady's House.*

O'GRADY *discovered at table, L. c.*—MRS. O'GRADY *attending on him.* FURLONG *seated R. C.*

O'GRADY. A pretty kettle of fish you've made of the matter, Mr. Furlong—blabbed about our affairs—affairs, heirs, stairs. Yes, you ought to be kicked down every pair of stairs in the country ! What the devil made you go to the wrong house ?

FURL. Why I told the man to drive to The Squire's, and he said that was the squire's, and-----

O'GRADY. DO you think there's but one squire in the country ? To the devil with your simplicity !

FURL. Why, dem it, I don't know how I got into the devilish mouse trap myself.

O'GRADY. Mouse trap ! you may well call it that. Mouse trap, steel trap, rat traps, rattle traps, rattlesnakes ! Pshaw ! So Egan diddled you ?

FURL. Diddled ?

O'GRADY. Yes, diddled you ! Diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle, the cow jumped over the moon ! Who was there ?

FURL. There was a man called Dawson.

O'GRADY. " Jolly Dick ? " Dick, quick, stick, thick—yes, thick enough your head is. Well, who else ?

FURL. A queer fellow they called Muffy.

O'GRADY. *(whistles)* Murphy ! Then I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Furlong, I wouldn't give you that for our cause, though we have the papers, sir ! But what did you hear ?

FURL. Oh, nothing. We were going a salmon fishing when I discovered my mistake.

O'GRADY. A what ?

FURL. Salmon fishing.

O'GRADY. Where ?

FURL. In the river, here!

O'GRADY. Oh, Lord! Why, there's no salmon within fifty miles of this ! (*rings bell*)

*Enter DARBY, R.*

Bring me some broiled bones! I want something to settle my stomach after that! It's enough to make a horse sick ! Broiled bones, and hot punch! Make haste, now, go to the cook—

DARB. Yes, sir. (*going, R.*)

O'GRADY. Stop! Curse you, can't you wait till you get your message ! Go to the devil, now ! Get some broiled bones, hot water and tumblers—don't forget the whisky—and pepper them well!—mind, hot, everything hot—screeching hot! Be off, now, and make haste !

DARB. Yes, sir ! (*aside, going*) He's in the devil's temper!

*Exit, R. 1 E.*

O'GRADY. Why the devil didn't you inquire before you went into Egan's den ?

FURL. If you had met me as I requested in my letter, it would have been all right.

O'GRADY. Letter! I received no letter from you!

FURL. Why, I sent two !

O'GRADY. There, there—that's three letters gone astray! I'm certain they miscarry on purpose!—there's a plot in the post-office against me ! I wish all the post-offices were blown up !—I do, by the 'ternal war! and all the mail coaches in the bargain! Devil a use in them but to carry bad news! All the good letters are lost, and if there is any money in them the mail is sure to be robbed ! Blow and sink the whole concern, I say! Now, I wish you'd leave me—I want to examine some papers! Go into the next room, or downstairs—or go to the devil!

FURL. Oh, I can take a hint—I'm off. *Exit, R. 1 E.*

*Enter DARBY with bottle, law process, and pill box.*

DARB. Here's the things for your honour.

O'GRADY. I wish the devil had you and them !

MRS. O. Gusty, dear, they'll do you good—here are the pills.

O'GRADY. Pills—pills — pills—kills—kills — make your wills; take them, shake them. When taken, to be well shaken—let me look at that bottle ?

MRS. O. Gusty, dear, handing it.

O'GRADY. Curse them all! A pretty thing to have a gentleman's body made a perfect sink, for these blackguard doctors and apothecaries to pour their dirty drugs into you—faugh—drugs—mugs—fugs, (*shaking bottle, and looking at it*)

MRS. O. I sent it, nice and pink, darling.

O'GRADY. Pink—pink—you old devil ! 'Suredly it's pink—  
pew—stink—

MRS. O. Now, my dear, there's a little blister to go on your chest.

O'GRADY. A what!

MRS. O. A warm plaster, I mean, my dear.

O'GRADY. A hlister you said, you old hag!

MRS. O. Well, it's something to relieve you.

O'GRADY. Hold your tongue, will you? How would you like it ? I wish you had it on your tongue.

MRS. O. There's a nice drop of gruel I have on the fire for you.

O'GRADY. Shew me that infernal thing !

MRS. O. What!

O'GRADY. You know well enough. That infernal blister.

MRS. O. Here it is, my dear. Now just open the breast of your shirt, and let me put it on.

O'GRADY. Give it into my hand, and let me see it!

MRS. O. Certainly, Gusty, my dear, but----

O'GRADY. Give it to me, I tell you ! (*roaring out—he opens it, and finds inside the law process*) What's this, a law process served on me in my own house, you old hag! You brought me this! (to DARBY) My blunderbuss. I'll shoot you all. Bring me my blunderbuss ! (*flings box and bottle at DARBY*)—MRS. O'GRADY *screams murder, and rushes off*, R.—O'GRADY, L.—DARBY *behind chair—business for DARBY*)

SCENE FIFTH.—*Chamber (front) in Egan's House.*

*Enter ANDY, L.*

ANDY. Well, I made a purty kittle of fish of that. What wid the oysters—oh ! and the champagne—and lettin' out the squire's name to Mr. Furlong. Faix, I'll get the bag; and I haven't a rap to crass myself wid. Then there's—(*puts hand in pocket, and takes out the process*) Oh ! now this here's the law progress Mr. Murphy give me, and I never gave it to the master. Oh, bad luck to it! What'll I do at all at all. Here comes the master and Mr. Dick.

*Enter EGAN and DICK, L., laughing.*

DICK. So Furlong is off; how O'Grady will swear, when he finds out how we fricked him. By the bye, I must have the law process served on him immediately.

ANDY. Oh, murther ! I'm in for it again. I must make a bould breast of it. Mr. Egan, sur!

EGAN. Oh, you unfortunate rascal.

ANDY. Yes, sir.

DICK. Well, I forgive him for bringing Furlong here.

ANDY. Didn't I do that handy, sir. (*all laugh, and ANDY joins in, but is checked by EGAN*)

EGAN. Did you call on Murphy for the law process?

ANDY. Yes, sir, I called.

EGAN. Did you get it?

ANDY. Yes, sir, I got it.

EGAN. And how dare you keep it all day without giving it to me?

ANDY. Sure I didn't keep it, sir, I put it down on your desk in your room, and when I went in now, there it was in the same place, formistme—and here it is, sir.

EGAN. How stupid of me not to see it. Dear, dear, I'm a fool!

ANDY. Troth then, you are, sir. The Lord forgive me for tellin' them lies.

EGAN. (*reads*) " My dear Squire,—I send you the blister for O'Grady, as you desired; but I think you won't find it easy to serve him with it.— Your obedient servant, Murtogh Murphy." I'll try and find means to serve it on O'Grady. (*he opens it and finds a real blister*) What's this, a real blister! Mr. Murphy, you think to cut your jokes on me. Dick, I'll ride flown this very night and horsewhip the rascal, then I'll make him fight me this very night.

ANDY. Oh, bad luck to me. but I'm in for it again! I've brought a real blister for the master.

DICK. Don't be too rash ; here's Murphy himself and he'll explain the matter, perhaps.

*Enter MURPHY, R. 1 E.*

EGAN. So, Mr. Murphy, you have grossly insulted me, and I demand satisfaction.

MURPH. How so, Mr Egan?

DICK. Why you sent him a blister instead of a law process.

MURPH. My dear Egan, I assure you there must be some mistake in this business for I never did the like.

EGAN. All I know is that I've got a real blister which Andy says you gave him.

MURPH. I would make an oath this instant I never did it. I gave Andy an enclosure of a law process. *Exit DICK, L.*

EGAN. Then it's some mistake that vagabond has made. Come here ! why don't you come here ? (*to ANDY who is up stage*) What did you do with the letter Mr. Murphy, gave you for me yesterday ?

ANDY. Oh yes, of course. Yes. That's it, and I brought it to your honour-----

MURPH. No you didn't, you made some mistake ! Did you go home with it when I gave it to you ?

ANDY. No sir. You see I went to Mr. Mac Garry's, the apothecary, to get some maganasia for the children. As I was there, who should come in but Darby Sullivan, the servant of Squire O'Grady, he wanted a blisther for his masther, and the maganasia for the children. Well, both got what we wanted, and thin we got into a row, and I hit him a puck, BO we came out and war takin' off our coats to fight—and we did fight—and I wollop'd him; and as he was running off, he picked up my parcel, and I picked up his; and I brought it home, and there it is.

EGAN. That's it, he changed the enclosure for the blisther there, and the process has been served on O'Grady by his own servant.

MURPH. He did! then O'Grady has been served at last! Well, you blundering scoundrel, for that I'll forgive you.

*Enter DICK, with two pistols, and a whip, L.*

DICK. But I won't forgive him. What do you think he has done ? He has filled my duelling pistols with snails.

ANDY. Well, Mr. Dick, you towld me to load them with slugs, and I put all the slugs I could find in the garden in them.

DICK. You villain, I'll murder you if I catch you!

*Runs after ANDY over the stage, and finally exit after him, L. 1 E.*

EGAN. Hurra !—a race ! I'll bet on Andy.

MURPH. I'll bet on Dick the devil.

EGAN. There they go, across the lawn—let's after them and see the fun.

BOTH. Tally-ho!—ho!—ho!

*Exeunt, L. 1 E.*

SCENE SIXTH.—*Interior of Widow Rooney's Cabin; a bed, R., two stools ; a cupboard, with crockery to break; a birch broom with handle; window in flat; door, L. C.*

*Music. Enter ANDY, through loindom, exhausted.*

ANDY. Oh, murther, I'm nearly kilt ! What a run I had from Dick the devil; and he might have broke every bone in my body. Bad luck to him; I'm tired to death ; maybe he's after me still. Oh where'll I go, or what'll I do—there's the bed—I'll hide under it, and he'll never think of sarching for me there, (*hides under bed*)

*Enter WIDOW ROONEY, R 1 E.,—at the same time enter OONAH, with small basket on her arm, door, L. c.*

OONAH. Aunt, darlin,' are you frightened ? What kept me out so late! There's the threepence I got for the eggs.

WIDOW. Thank you, darlin'. (*WIDOW lights candle, puts it on table—OONAH hangs up her things*)

OONAH. As I was coming home, aunt, darlin', what should I see but a real ghost.

WIDOW. A ghost! ghosts never appear in the day.

OONAH. Faith, I don't know that! Besides, it was the place where the murther was committed the other day, long ago.

WIDOW. What murder was that, Oonah?

OONAH. The schoolmasther that was found dead on the road, wid his head full of fractions, all in gommetry.

WIDOW. Some said he fell off a horse.

OONAH. More said the horse fell on him.

WIDOW. Some said the horse kicked him on the head.

OONAH. And there was talk of shoe aside.

WIDOW. What's that, Oonah?

OONAH. It's laten for cutting your throat.

WIDOW. But he didn't cut his throat.

OONAH. But sure it's all one, whether he done it with a razor on his throat, or a hammer on his head, it's shoe aside all the same.

WIDOW. But there was no hammer found, was there?

OONAH. No, but some of the people thought he might have hid the hammer after he kilt himself, to take off the disgrace of the shoe aside.

WIDOW. But was there any life in him when he was found?

OONAH. Not a taste. The Coroner's Jury, they say all sot on him, and he never said a word agin' them, and if he was alive, he would have roared murder, if they sat on him.

WIDOW. And didn't they find anything?

OONAH. Oh! yes, they did!

WIDOW. What?

OONAH. The verdict.

WIDOW. And was it that that kilt him?

OONAH. No, it was the crack on the head that kilt him, and now his ghost walks about. (ANDY *snares loud*)

OONAH. What's that? Did you hear anything?

WIDOW. No, darlin'. (ANDY *snores*)

OONAH. There it is again! Oh, oh, oh! (ANDY *snores*)

BOTH. (*down, L.*) Oh dear! Oh Lord! (ANDY *shakes bed—they scream*)

OONAH. There's some one under the bed.

ANDY. Hould him! Hould him! Murther! murther! (*both scream loudly—ANDY kicks bed loudly*) Let me out, Mr. Dick! Where am I at all, at all!

WOMEN. Help, murther! (ANDY *kicks up bed in getting up, upsets table and candle—stage dark—the WOMEN scream, and rush to the door—ANDY catches them in his arms*)

OONAH. Take your hands off me!

ANDY. Who are you, at all?

WIDOW. I'm murthered.

ANDY. What's the matter? Don't you know your Andy?

WIDOW. Is it you that's there?

ANDY. To be sure it's me.

OONAH. You won't let us be murdered, Andy, will you ?

ANDY. Who'll murder you ?

OONAH. Them four chaps under the bed.

ANDY. Light the candle, and I'll see who it is. *(they do so)*

Now, then, who's there ? Come out this minute. Hurrah, it's only the pig.

OONAH. What brought you here ? What was it?

ANDY. I ran to save my life from master Dick.

WIDOW, *(L., hits him)* I'll Dick you !

OONAH. *(R.)* And so will I!

ANDY. *(C.)* Would you murder me ?

WIDOW. Take that.

OONAH. And that, *(both thump him—he rum round stage to avoid being beaten)*

*Enter RAGGED NANCE, door, L.C.*

NANCE. Lave off that!

ANDY. Yes, bad luck to you. Lave off that! I'm glad some one come, or I'd be murdered.

NANCE. I come to keep harm from that girl there—Oonah; there's a plan to carry her off to-night.

OONAH. *(clinging to ANDY)* Oh, Andy, don't let me go.

ANDY. Lave howld av me. While ago you were batin' me.

OONAH. What's to be done?

NANCE. Why, I'll tell you. Dress up Andy in women's clothes, and let them take him away instead of Oonah.

ANDY. I won't be a girl! They want to make a femenine gander of me.

OONAH. Oh, will you do it, Andy ?

ANDY. Is it after the batin' you gave me ?

OONAH. Sure it was only my love, dear.

ANDY. Then all I can say is, your love is mighty strong about the elbows. But they are sure to find me out.

NANCE. Oh, no, they won't! he won't come for you himself, and the fellows that he'll send will be drunk.

WIDOW. Oh, they'll murder my son, when they discover the chate.

ANDY. And suppose they do. I'd sooner die, than disgrace should come to Oonah.

OONAH. *(putting her arms around ANDY'S neck)* Heaven bless you, Andy, dear. I wouldn't for the world that hurt or harm should come to you.

ANDY; Oh, don't be afeard! so make a girl of me at wonst.

*(business, ad libitum—they dress him—he puts things and bonnet on wrong—they smooth his hair dawn, &c.)*

WIDOW. *(when ANDY'S dressed)* Now then ! What'll we do with Oonah ?

ANDY. Let Oonah take my coat and hat, and they'll take her for me. (*they dress OONAH*) You don't make half so purty a boy as I do a girl!

WIDOW. (*who has been to door*) Now, here they come! Oonah and Nance, you hide behind the bed. (*they do so*)

ANDY. Mother, darlin' ! I'm feeling very quare. (*Music—ANDY sits*)

*Enter LARRY HOGAN and two others, door, L. C.*

HOGAN. Your servant, ma'am !

WIDOW. Saveyouyouall, gentlemen? What's your business?

HOGAN. We want the loan of that young woman, ma'am. (*ANDY screams and also the WIDOW*) So come along, young woman, there's a fine fellow breaking his heart for you.

ANDY. (*screams*) Murther ! Oh, aunt, darlin'. (*throws himself into her arms*) Don't let them take me away!

HOGAN. Come along, young woman. (*ANDY struggles*) Here boys; take her away. Out with her.

(*Music—ANDY struggles with them—the WIDOW screams—*

*OONAH beats HOGAN with broom—the two men get ANDY up and carry him out screaming, as the scene closes in*)

SCENE SEVENTH.—*Apartment in Egan's House.*

*Enter EGAN and DICK DAWSON, L.*

EGAN. Impossible ! I cannot credit it !

DICK. I tell you it's true. Here is the letter proving the fact, which I have just received. I own, I never was more astonished in all my life, to find that that stupid fellow who spoiled your champagne—who put snails in my pistols—and whom I nearly killed—should come into the inheritance of a large property.

EGAN. What! Handy Andy?

DICK. Yes, he is now a man of title and property, and at this moment is no less a personage than Lord Scatterbrain, of Scatterbrain Castle. It appears that a letter was sent some time since to announce the fact, but it disappeared along with others to Squire O'Grady's, from the post office, in a most mysterious manner, and could never be found.

EGAN. I'll be hanged if that wasn't one of the letters Andy had, which I burned to save him from the consequences.

DICK. It seems that the old Lord married Andy's mother, when a young woman, under the name of Rooney, in a youthful frolic, and afterwards left her, as she thought, for America; Andy was the first of their union ; on his death-bed he gave orders that they should be found, and now, all he has to do is, to find out Andy, and wish him joy on his good fortune and title.

*Enter O'CONNOR, L. 1 E.*

EGAN. I have something extraordinary to tell you ! Our old

friend Andy is in another scrape; his mother and cousin have just been to my house in a dreadful state of excitement. It appears that some of Shaun More's accomplices have carried off Andy in a mistake for his cousin, and they fear when Shaun finds out the ruse that has been played on him, that Andy's life will pay the forfeit.

DICK. You don't mean that ? Ha! ha ! ha !

O'CON. I don't think you'll find it a laughing matter, for Shaun More is a desperate ruffian, and I shouldn't like any harm to befall poor Andy.

EGAN. Egad, you needn't call him poor any longer, for Dick has just received a letter, that informs us that Andy is heir to a large estate, and noble title ! But, come, let us lose no time in rescuing him. We will call at the barracks as we pass along and get help. Come along, Dick !

DICK. With all my heart, Ned, for though I treated you to a hunt this morning, I should not like you to come in at the death to-day. *Exeunt, L. 1 E.*

SCENE EIGHTH.—*Shaun More's Den in the Hills. A rude cave, with steps for entrance, L. 3 E.—masked in by rock piece ; bed in one corner, sacks of malt, R.*

SHAUN MORE and BRIDGET, *discovered drinking.*

SHAUN. (*drunk*) I wonder, will Larry succeed in taking the girl off for me, for I'm all impatience till I have her in my arms. She was nearly in my power once, and, but for that rascal, Andy, might have been mine. I owe him something for this, and if ever he falls into my hands, he shall be paid with interest.

BRID. Hold your tongue, Shaun, and don't drink so much, or the girl will be disgusted with you when she comes.

SHAUN. (*drinks*) Don't talk to me. I'll drink as much as I like, whether she likes me or no. The couple beggar shall marry us this morning.

HOGAN. (*without, L. u. E.*) Hollo—hollo!

BRID. Here they are, I declare ! And successful, I think.

SHAUN. (*staggering*) More luck to you, Hogan. Bridget, go up to the darlin', help her down well. I'd go up myself, only the ground is slipping under me.

*Music—ANDY is brought on by HOGAN and two MEN, L. 3 E.*

HOGAN. There she is, for you, Shaun, and a fine lump of a girl she is.

SHAUN. Oh, my darling, come to my arms ! (*SHAUN rushes on ANDY, who screams and bobs under his arm, and SHAUN falls and remains there, till carried off, R. u. E.*)

ANDY. Oh, what a drunken blauguard of a husband I've got!

BRID. The poor creature is frightened out of her life. Lave her to me. (*crosses to ANDY*) There, dear, don't take on so

in that way. Don't be afraid; you are among friends. Jack is only drunk drinking your health; but he adores you ! (ANDY screams) But don't be afraid; he'll trate you tender, and marry you all right, like an honest woman ! (ANDY screams) But not to-night, jewel, don't be frightened.

ANDY. Oh, not to night !

BRID. No !

ANDY. By my soul, I'm glad of that !

BRID. Boys, will you lift up Jack, and carry him into the air, 'twill make him sober in a few minutes ; and the dacent girl will sleep with me to-night.

ANDY. Ha. ha, ha ! (*he screams*) Take that blauguard husband of mine, and hang him up to dry! (*they take SHAUN up in their arms*)

BRID. (*seeing ANDY screaming*) Oh, dear! the poor cratnre will go into 'sterics. Don't be so frightened, darlin. There now, they're taking Shaun away, and you'll be left alone with myself; and we'll go to bed, and have a nice little slape.

HOGAN and MEN take SHAUN off the c. opening, L. 3 E.

ANDY. Faix, this is a delicate situation, in earnest, if I go to bed, she'll find me out. What'll I do, at all. Oh, worra! worra ! ow, wow ! ow, wow ! Let me out of this !

BRID. You can't go, darling. Come to bed, it's the finest thing in the world for a young woman in distress of mind !

ANDY. Ow wow, it's not I I never can get a wink of sleep when my mind's oneagy,

BRID. I'll behave like a sister to you.

ANDY. Oh, mother! Oh, mother ! Oh, mother !

BRID. Come to bed, I tell you.

ANDY. Are the sheets aired ?

BRID. What?

ANDY. If you are not sure of the sheets being aired, I'm afraid of catchin' cowl.

BRID. Sheets, indeed! You're a dainty lady if you can't slape widout sheets.

ANDY. What! No sheets ?

BRID. Divil a sheet.

ANDY. Oh, mother, mother! What would you say to your innocent child being taken away to a place where there was no sheets ?

BRID. Well, I never heard the like!

ANDY. Oh, the villians ! To bring me where I wouldn't have a bit of clane linen to lie on.

BRID. Sure, there's blankets, I tell you.

ANDY. Oh, don't talk to me ! You know sheets is only the dacent thing.

BRID. Bother the girl! Isn't a nice woolly blanket a snug thing?

ANDY. Oh, don't break my heart that way. Sure there's

wool on any dirty sheep's back—but linen is dacency. Oh, mother, mother ! If you thought your poor girl was without sheets this night.

BRID. (*impatient*) Come to bed ! I tell you. Let me loosen your strings. (*going to do so*)

ANDY. Ow, now, don't touch me—I'm ticklish!

BRID. Then open the neck of your gown, yourself, dear.

ANDY. I've a cowld on my chest and daren't; but I think a drop of hot punch would do me good, if I had it.

BRID. We've plenty. I'll go and get it for you. *Exit*, R. 1.E.

ANDY. Oh, what wid I do if I had to slape wid her! My karakter wood be gone. Now's my time to be off.

(*Music—ANDY ascends ladder cautiously—Enter BRIDGET, R. 1 E., and seizes ANDY 'S leg on steps, L. U. E.*)

ANDY. Murther! What's that ?

BRID. Come down ! for if Dick comes it will be worse for you; and out of my arms you shan't go till morning.

ANDY. (*descends*) Oh, mother, mother! what'll become ov me? Your vartuous child will be ruined, I must make a bowld face of it and tell her all.

BRID. Come to bed, and no more nonsense, or I'll call Shaun.

ANDY. Don't call him, and I'll tell you a saycret, if you'll promise me not to scrame. (*she nods assent*) Well then, I'm not a girl!

BRID. What!

ANDY. No, I'm Oonah's cousin, by name's Andy Rooney, help me to get out of this, and I'll pray for you night and day.

(*throws off things*)

BRID. (*laughing loudly*) Here, Shaun. Come down here !

ANDY. Oh, murder ! I'm done. I'll be kilt, (*goes to L.—Music*)

*Enter SHAUN, from opening, L. 3 E.*

SHAUN. Now then! What's all the row about ?

BRID. Ha, ha! a purtty wife you got, Shaun. Why, it's not a woman at all, at all, but Handy Andy, in disguise.

SHAUN. (*in a rage*) What! foiled by him again! I'll have satisfaction for all this.

BRID. (*interposes*) You shall not harm him, Shaun.

ANDY. Oh, you thief! Would you murther a famale woman ?

SHAUN. Stand aside ! 'Tis the second time he has crossed me in my plans, and by my soul—he dies !

(*throws BRIDGET round to R. corner, and is rushing to shoot*

ANDY, when OONAH enters and matches pistol from him—Picture)

OONAH. Stir a step and you're dead for ever.

ANDY. Oonah, darlin', what brought you here ?

OONAH. To save you, Andy, darlin'. I fear'd they might murder you in revenge, and I would give my life to save yours.

SHAUN. What, ho boys ! Hogan, upon them ! *(Music)*

*Enter HOGAN and two MEN from, opening, L. 3 E.—they seize ANDY and OONAH—she drops pistol—SHAUN throws her round to R.—ANDY is secured, L.*

SHAUN. Now, Oonah Riley, this night you shall be mine !

ANDY. That's a lie, Shaun, for I'll take good care she shan't.  
*(he throws MEN off—seizes the pistol OONAH has dropped, and shoots SHAUN as he is forcing her up stage—SHAUN falls dead, R. 3 E.—at the same moment enter DICK, O'CONNOR, EGAN, and SOLDIERS, with Mr. MURPHY, and PEASANTS, L. 3 E.)*

EGAN. Who has been shot ?

ANDY. 'Tisn't me! ask Shaun More, and he'll spake if he can.

DICK. Shaun More is dead, but thank heaven, his lordship is safe.

ANDY. Whose lordship ?

DICK. Why you! I have just received these papers, informing me that you are heir to the Scatterbrain's estate, and lord by birth and title !

ANDY. I'm a lord, am I ! Lord Andy! Mr. Dick, I'm thinkin' you are jokin'.

DICK. You are a lord!

ANDY. Oonah, darlin', have I got a hump on my back ?

OONAH. The devil a hump, darlin' !

ANDY. Ah, yes! Ah, you are all drivin' me mad! Am I a lord?

EGAN. 'Tis true, I assure you. You are now Lord Scatterbrain, as those papers certify.

ANDY. Do you hear that, Oonah! I'm a lord! Do you know what you'll be when you marry me ?

OONAH. No, darlin'.

ANDY. You'll be a my lady! Now I'll buy a goold watch, *(to DICK)* Can I ?

DICK. You can have fifty, if you like.

ANDY. I will so ! so I will, and I'll wear them all at once.

Now we are all happy, we'll get married, and have lots of fun, that is, if you will let me marry Oonah—will you ? Now do—there, I thought you would.

Then all's settled. No more words we'll bandy,

But when you want a cure for sorrow, think of Handy Andy.

SHAUN MORE *(dead)*.

SOLDIERS.

DICK. MURPHY. ANDY. OONAH. EGAN. O'CONNOR.  
R. L.

*Curtain.*