

"I'M NOT MESELF AT  
ALL"

*An Original Irish Stew.*

C. A, MALTBY,  
AUTHOR OF  
Borrowed Plumes, &c, &c, &c

THOMAS HAILES LACY,  
89. STRAND, LONDON.

*Produced at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, (under the management of Mr. F. B. Chatterton,) on 27th of Decemher, 1869.*

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*CHARACTERS.*

MR. BENJAMIN POOTLES.....Mr. H. Barrett.  
CAPTAIN DEBIT..... Mr. P. Charles.  
PHELM O'ROURKE (*alias Major O'Hogan*) Mr. J. Reynolds.  
LAURA (*Pootles' daughter*) ..... Miss Edith Stuart  
MARY (*Servant*).....Miss Seymour.

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Time in representation, twenty-eight minutes.

Place : Any Place.      Time : Any Time.

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*COSTUMES.*

MR. POOTLES.—Dressing-gown, hand and leg bound up, as if suffering from the gout.

CAPTAIN DEBIT.—Undress cavalry uniform, (neat).

PHELM.—*1st dress* : Irish peasant. *2nd dress* : Highland costume.

## I'M NOT MESELF AT ALL.

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SCENE.—*Breakfast-room in Mr. Pootles' villa, opening into garden at back—screen, L. c. B.—tables R. and L.—table R. c. B. with flowers in vase—doors R. and L.*

POOTLES *in chair at table, R., with an attack of gout.* LAURA *arranging flowers at back.*

POOTLES. Now, Laura, be good enough to leave those flowers and frailties alone, and attend to me. Where's the paper ?

LAURA. Oh ! bother the papers.

POOTLES. How dare you bother the papers ?

LAURA. I can't bear them, they are all alike.

POOTLES. One would think yon had been brought up on the plains of Carriboo. It is the duty of every English subject who has a pound a week to support two papers at least; and when he has thirty shillings to have them bound. Come, miss, the loading articles, and mind your stops.

LAURA. *(takes paper, sits R. of table and reads)* " Wanted, a healthy charwoman-----

POOTLES. What's that to do with her Majesty's ministers ? I should like to know.

LAURA. " Glass cases for sale."

POOTLES. Pooh ! pooh !

LAURA. " In all cases of rheumatism and gout."

POOTLES. Do you want to see me in a fie, miss ? Will you look at the leading article ?

LAURA. I thought hospitals might interest you.

POOTLES. Don't be impertinent. Give me the paper. *(takes paper)* Glass cases indeed. Girls of the present age

are like exotics, they never ought to be taken out of glass cases excepting to be bedded out.

CAPTAIN DEBIT *appears at back from R. smoking.*

LAURA. (*aside*) Here's the captain that's a comfort. (*aloud*) Entree Captain Debit by all means. (DEBIT *throws cigar away.*)

POOTLES. Yes, for goodness's sake, come in. (*aside*) However, much I dislike a man, their society is worth a dozen women for long together, (*aloud*) Be good enough, Debit, to run your eye over the paper, and see if there's anything fresh.

LAURA. (*mischievously*) Yes, there's a paragraph here, papa, would you like to read.

DEBIT. With pleasure, (*reads*) " To all old gentlemen afflicted with gout."

POOTLES. Do you want to see me have a fit, Laura ?

LAURA. A mistake—I pointed here.

DEBIT. Thanks, (*read!*) " The house of Mr. Pipp's was broken into on Tuesday last."

POOTLES. Goodness, gracious, great gooseberry, I know Pipp's well, go on.

DEBIT. (*reads*) " By a most determined ruffian about five feet high with red hair, and a short nose ; who, after completely ransacking four rooms, assaulting four female servants, and pitching Mr. Pipp's from his bed-room window on the second floor, escaped. We are glad to say Mr. Pipp's only received slight injuries as he fell in a sitting posture on a holly hedge." Householders are cautioned.

POOTLES. Goodness, gracious, great gooseberry, (*ring heard*) We must set a few spring guns, my dear.

DEBIT. There's no cause for fear. I will issue some instructions to my men to look after him, and from other precautions I have taken I have no doubt we shall secure the ruffian in the course of a day or two.

*Enter MARY, L. 2 E., with portmanteau, sword and bundle—the portmanteau she places R. c., saying, " Major Hogan's luggage, sir," then thrusting the bundle in POOTLES' face, says, " A letter for you, sir."*

POOTLES. Goodness, gra—, what's that ?

MARY. Beg your pardon, sir, but I've had sich a turn—these are the gardener's Sunday things ; he's a going to a christening, sir, and the boy brought them and the letter together.

POOTLES. Hold your tongue, and give me the letter.

MARY. Yes, sir. (*puts down bundle on table confusedly, and searches for the letter*) It's marked imme'jit, sir.

POOTLES. Then why on earth don't you give it me ?

MARY. Yes, sir. (*fumbling*) Here it is. (*hands letter—whilst POOTLES reads, MARY goes to LAURA mysteriously*) Seen the papers, miss ?

LAURA. Now here's another paper mania!

MARY. Red hair and short nose! (*exit mysteriously, L.*)

POOTLES. What's this ? Gracious goodness ! here, Debit, read this, will you ?

DEBIT. (*reads*) "Dear Pootles,—I have but time to caution you, Major O'Hogan has left London for your part of the country. If possible, be out when he arrives, as he will stop with you six months. If you don't know him, distinguishing marks are red hair, short nose.—Yours, J. Trott."

LAURA. Well, what do you propose ? (*aside*) I propose to let him come.

POOTLES. Propose ? Why, this ? (*rings bell.*)

*Enter MARY, L.*

If anyone comes here, with red hair and a short nose, say we've gone to the Pyramids for a twelvemonth.

MARY. Oh, la! (*drops into a chair.*)

POOTLES. (*puts letter in his pocket*) Laura, assist me out of the room, and get the lotion. Gracious goodness! great gooseberry ! This will throw me back a month, at least.

DEBIT. Allow me, my dear sir. (*exit POOTLE, assisted by DEBIT, R. 1 E. ; as POOTLES exits, he pulls out his handkerchief and drops the letter.*)

LAURA. (*following*) I wonder if it's the Major O'Hogan we met in town last year ; if so, Captain Debit, I'll lead you a dance. (*exit LAURA, L.*)

MARY. (*recovering, makes a rush at the paper*) Red hair, and short nose ; if that man puts his head in at the door, I shall drop at his feet. Assaulted four female women servants, too. I believe them papers is wrote a purpose to scare country folk. I'll keep every door and window barred for the next six months, that I will. (*exit, L.*)

*Enter PHELIM O'ROURKE, back from R., whistling, with a stick and bundle, looks round—business.*

PHELIM. It's mighty refreshin' to enter a house like this and find ould English hospitality aquil to the free-hearted-

ness of ancient Ireland. The generosity of this garret on the ground flure of the universal globe affects the very water in me eyes. Faix, it puts a man in a pleasant humour wid an empty stomach to see the doors and chairs open for the stranger in distress. An' it's distressed I am, in rale down earnest, to be going widout the taste of dinner— barrin' the breakfast I had—for four days. Anyhow, it's a pleasant-looking place, barrin' the complate absence o' ateables. (*sees letter, R.*) What's this? the General Post Office broken open, and put on the carpet. (*reads*) "Major O'Hogan, &c, Ac, stop with ye six months." Six months, that's ilegant! I'll get a year out o' that. Phelim, ye divil! from this blessed moment "ye're not yerself at all." Ye are Major O'Hogan, sir. What's that? (*sees bundle on table*) A dacent suit o' clothes, as sure as my name is Phelim O'— I mean, Major O'Hogan. I'll put 'em on. Sure they wouldn't take me for a military man anyways in these things. Bedad, this is bether than all the manna that ever fell in the wilds of Tipperary. (*goes behind screen and changes, singing the while*)

Oh ! I'm not meself at all, Molly dear, Molly dear,  
 Till you my own I call.  
 Nothing caring, nothing knowing,  
 It's after you I'm going,  
 Faith, my shadow 'tis I'm growing, Molly dear, Molly dear,  
 Oh! I'm not meself at all.

Devil a button is there on 'em at all. (*comes from behind screen with the gardener's trousers on, and no coat, showing his waistcoat all torn up the back*) What'll I do now the blackguard's coat won't go on the top of me, and devil a button is there on the waistcoat ! I'm thinking I'll be mistaken for myself in this state, (*sees the Major's trunk*) What's this ? (*gives it a kick*) It's Barney O'Cullen's fiddle-case—that's what it is. (*gives it another kick, lid comes open*) Och, what have I done now? Murther! it's old O'Hogan regementles. (*pulling out coat*) What's that.' Anyway, I'll get inside of it—it's a purty sort of a thing. Bedad ! the gardener's trousers will think they've been and enlisted, (*pulls out kilt*) O'Hogan's mixed his wife's regementles wid his own—the ontidy blackguard ! (*puts it, lack and pulls out sporran*) Be the powers ! here a purty chest-preserver ! Anyhow that'll go somewhere, (*ties it round waist—pulls out scarf*) I wonder if this is O'Hogan's pocket handkerchief? He must have a dacent nose in the middle of his face ! (*ties it on over shoulder*) Och, here's

an iligant bat! (*pulls out Scotch honnet*) Be my soul, the thing's complate ! If O'Hogan ever puts these things on again, he'll feel like a gentleman for the rest of his life. Somebody's coming—what'll I do wid the regementle case ? (*puts it under table, R.*) I'll want a sword—never moind, I'll trust to my own beautiful twig, (*goes up back to look for stick—finds the sword*) Phelim, ye divil, if ye weren't such a pious boy, I'd be after saying the divil's yere first cousin, and is looking after ye comforts this blessed day. (*takes sword*) There a delicate skewer to tickle an alderman's ribs with, (*whilst he is fixing on the sword up the stage*)

*Enter MARY, L., looking about her.*

MARY. Where on earth have I laid that bundle ? I'm in that state of flustration, that I've put the blacking brushes into the saucepan instead of the batter pudding, and left the pudding on my bed. (*sees PHELM, screams, and falls into his arms, R. C.*)

PHELM. Who the divil *threw* the girl at me in that way ? Get up wid ye! (*shakes her*) Will ye get up ? If ye want to die, go and do it in yere own room—don't do it here. Will ye get up? The women are all the same; they're like stame engines—the moment they smell danger they either scream till they're out of it, or else they burst up at once. Will ye get up now ? Someone's coming, (*shakes her and puts her on her feet.*)

MARY. (*falls on her knees*) Spare me—spare me, sir ! (*business*)

PHELM. I wouldn't hurt a hair of ye delicate head! (*recognizing*) What, Mary me darlen ! don't ye know me! Yer own Phelim?

MARY. Don't I know me Sunday out ? (*they embrace on knees*) But what on earth are you dressed up like that for, Phelim ?

PHELM. Hish, darlen! not a whisper! I'm going to stop wid yer a bit. Me name's Major O'Hogan. Faix, Mary, darlen, the Major's left his appetite in the pocket of his coat, an it's got inside of me. Get me a bite and a swig, darlen, will you ?

MARY. That I will, Phelim, in one minute; the sherry's on the sideboard, dear—help yourself; master's having his leg dressed, he won't be here yet awhile.

*(exit MARY, L.*

*Enter POOTLES, R.*

POOTLES. Phew, I flatter myself that if Major O'Hogan

comes here he'll get a lively reception, (*sees PHELIM*)  
Hollo, who's that? (*business of dodging round the paper.*)

PHELIM. (*aside*) Sure it's the old boy ! (*presently PHELIM starts up, and nearly upsets POOTLES*) AX yer pardon, sir ; I didn't see ye—got the print in my eyes. How d'ye do, sirp I'm delighted to see you. (*shakes hands.*)

POOTLES. (*dumbfounded*) Sir, I—really, I—

PHELIM. Sir, yere face is bameing with health and generosity.

POOTLES. But, sir, this is very sudden.

PHELIM. Sudden is it, but, I'm none the less pleased to see ye, sir. Stand over there, sir. (*places POOTLES. R.*) I'll stand here; now, sir, we're not going to fight a jewil, I'm going to introduce ye to a real gentleman. Mr. Pootles, sir, Major O'Hogan of the 999th.

POOTLES. (*starting*) O'Hogan!

PHELIM. Major O'Hogan, sir, Mr. Pootles.

POOTLES. But sir, do you know ?-----

PHELIM. Sir, I do.

POOTLES. But, are you aware?-----

PHELIM. Perfectly, sir; perfectly aware of everything ; have a taste o' the sherry, sir, and let's talk it over, you're welcome.

POOTLES. Sir, I consider this conduct is—is-----

PHELIM. Sir, you're in a hurry, I know it's not the dacent thing to forget to inquire after the mistress.

POOTLES. Mrs. Pootles, sir, is defunct.

PHELIM. (*aside*) That's a blessin'. (*aloud*) Sure it was Miss Pootles I enquired after. I never inquire after the married ones first.

POOTLES. Sir, when a man in the character of a stranger visits my house, I invariably-----

PHELIM. Give him the best of everything, yere a broth of a boy ; and arn't I a stronger? (*aside*) Faix I'm stranger to myself, (*aloud*) That being so, Pootles, just run into the kitchen and wake that servant girl up.

POOTLES. How dare you—I say how dare you—damme—

PHELIM. That's the way, wake her up in that sort of way. (*pokes him in ribs.*)

POOTLES. Damme sir!

PHELIM. No, sir, don't swear at her. Talk to her in the quietest way in the world. See you directly, Pootles. (*bustles him to the door L., and pushes him out—business with gouty arm, leg, &c.*)

POOTLES. (*coming back*) But, sir, I demand-----

PHELIM. Be dad, that'll do, ye needn't rehearse here.

I'M NOT MESELF AT ALL.

(*treads on his gouty foot— POOTLES hops off*) Now, Phelim, take another glass of sherry, (*sits at table.*)

*Enter* LAURA, R.

Here's another, (*reads.*)

LAURA. (*not perceiving* PHELM) " I really wish the major would come down. I'm bored to death, Captain Debit is so quiet. (*PHELM rattles the paper violently*) Who on earth is that, I had no idea of anyone being in the room ? How careless of Mary not to have told me ; I think under the circumstances I ought to scream, but I don't feel sufficiently frightened.

PHELM. (*looking over the paper and winking*) There ye are, are ye ?

LAURA. Why he's winking at me.

PHELM. Don't be alarmed, me darlen', I'm a beautiful specimen of propriety.

LAURA. I must confess I was startled, seeing a stranger.

PHELM. A stranger, ye thought ye hadn't seen me before. Major introduce ye self, sir, to—to—I beg your pardin' I didn't quite catch the name.

LAURA. Laura.

PHELM. A mighty purty name too. I'm deloighted to introduce the name to Major O'Hogan of the 999th, a marvellously foine man and a distinguished soldier in the affair that took place between Bengal and Belfast.

LAURA. I've much pleasure in welcoming Major O'Hogan to our humble villa.

PHELM. Yere mighty pleasant, ma'am. Yere a splendid institution ; and no one knows it better than meself. (*gets close to her*) I've seen yere nate looking father and we embraced tenderly, (*puts his arm slyly round her waist.*)

LAURA. (*aside*) I see the Captain coming this way, I'll encourage the Major, and perhaps the Captain will take the hint. (*aloud*) Indeed, Major.

PHELM. Indeed it is me, darlin'.

*Enter* CAPTAIN DEBIT, L. C. *back.*

PHELM. (*aside*) It's a nate waist bedad, it's like putting your arm round a delicate whiskey bottle.

LAURA.. Let me go, major, you squeeze me.

PHELM. (*aside*) I'd like to taste the contents, suppose I just put me lips to the mouth of the bottle, (*kisses her suddenly.*)

LAURA. For shame, major, I won't stay another moment.  
(*exit* LAURA, *hastily*, R.)

DEBIT. (*aside*) So, so, young lady, this is what I have to expect.

PHELIM. O'Rourke, me buoy, ye were quite yeself that time, and it's a credit to the name of Major O'Hogan I'll take another taste o' the sherry, (*sits and takes paper.*)

DEBIT. (*coming down, R., in a rage*) So, sir, I've caught you nicely.

PHELIM. (*looking over the paver*) Top of the mornin' to ye, sir. Is it the sherry ye're afther? if so, ring the bell, order a bottle. I'll be happy to join you.

DEBIT. No, sir, I'm not after the sherry. Who the dickens are you, and what are you doing here?

PHELIM. Be aisey, sit ye down and be peaceful, be me life ye look as tho' ye'd escaped out o' some menagerie.

DEBIT. By Jove, sir! (*shouts*)

PHELIM. Thunder and lightning—don't swear here, sir! Be aisey now, I shan't hurt ye.

DEBIT. (*aside*) The man must be mad. (*aloud*) Are you aware, sir, to whom you are talking?

PHELIM. Make ye're moind aisey about that, sure, ye're known in iv'ry jail in the kingdom.

DEBIT. You low-bred ruffian.

PHELIM. (*rising with slow dignity*) Sur, the language you've dressed yerself in cannot be passed over by an officer and a gintleman.

DEBIT. An officer! (*walks front.*)

PHELIM. Sure, isn't the face o' Major O'Hogan known to every man in the army.

DEBIT. Major O'Hogan! (*aside*) This is an impostor. (*aloud*) So, you are the major, eh?

PHELIM. I am that.

DEBIT. Ah! then, of course you've seen service?

PHELIM. (*aside*) In livery, (*aloud*) Seen service, is it ye mane?

DEBIT. I do.

PHELIM. Of course, I've seen service, sir.

DEBIT. Then may I ask to what regiment you belong?

PHELIM. I belong to me *own regiment*, sur. (*aside*) The Bengal and Belfast war won't do here.

DEBIT. Where was your regiment stationed last?

PHELIM. The regiment, sir, was stationed *with me*.

DEBIT. Then, sir, where were you stationed?

PHELIM. Och, ye want to know where I was stationed? Well, sir, I was stationed *with me* regiment.

DEBIT. (*confidantly*) Oh, indeed, ah! Then where were you both stationed?

PHELIM. *Together*, sir!

DEBIT. *(aside)* Confound his assurance—I'll try another tack, *(aloud)* You understand what I mean when I demand satisfaction, I suppose ?

PHELIM. Satisfaction ! Certainly, sir, when you demand satisfaction you mane that nothing less than a thousand a year would satisfy you.

DEBIT. No, sir, you will have to fight me.

PHELIM. *(aside)* I never fights with any other swords but shillalys. *(aloud)* Fight, is it ? Oh, ye want to supply me with a little divarsion ?

DEBIT. Now, sir, will you fight me ?

PHELIM. Sir, ye've no right in the world at all to question your superior officer.

DEBIT. Superior officer!

PHELIM. Silence, sir.

DEBIT. I will not be silent, sir. How dare you attempt to kiss my affianced bride ?

PHLEIM. Is it your bride I was going to kiss ? Then, sir, ye ought to know the family connections better than ye do. I'm that young lady's uncle.

DEBIT. Her uncle ?

PHELIM. Certainly, sir ; an' ye behave yerself properly, I'll hand ye over a dacent sum o' money, when ye get spliced, *(aside)* St. Pathrick forgive me.

DEBIT. Well, upon my honour, this is the most-----

*Enter MARY, L.*

MARY. Please, sir, would you step round to the front door ? master wants you ; there's two of your men-----

DEBIT. Very good, *(to PHELIM)* I'll talk to you on my return. *(exit, door in flat.)*

PHELIM. I'd be bether plased, sir, if ye'd do all the talkin' while ye're away, and be silent when ye come back. *(to MARY)* Well, darlin', ye forgot the ateables entirely.

MARY. No, sir, I didn't, but master told me not to bring them in.

PHELIM. But didn't *I* tell ye to bring them ? sure I'd soon put them out of the master's way.

MARY. But the gardener wants his clothes. He's coming in here to speak to the master.

PHELIM. *(aside)* Coming in here without his clothes! that's nasty, anyhow. Tell the gardener, me darlin', that after I've had me dinner, I'll mate him behind the pigsty, and talk it over. But how about the ateables, eh ?

MARY, (*aside*) Poor fellow, he's quite hungry, (*aloud*) Would you mind coming into the kitchen P

PHELIM. Will I mind coming into Paradise ? come along. Sure I'll just take the table-cloth to put round me in case of meetin' your friend, the gardener, (*going*) After you, darlin', by dacent breedin'. Give us a kiss, be way of dessert, darlin', afore me dinner—just to make the vittles proud o' goin' the same way. (*kiss*) I'll get a taste of the dinner at last. (*exit* PHELIM and MARY, L.

*Enter* POOTLES, in a rage, followed by LAURA, R.

POOTLES. Not another word, the villain shall leave the house instantly.

LAURA. He may be simply an eccentric man after all.

POOTLES. Goodness gracious! great gooseberry! he needn't lie, if he *is* eccentric.

LAURA. See him, and speak to him quietly.

POOTLES. Quietly be hanged ! Didn't he hustle me out of the room, and give me enough pain to last me a twelve-month ? And now he calls himself your uncle!

*Enter* CAPTAIN DEBIT, hurriedly, back

DEBIT. Where is he ? (*snatches up paper—reads*) About five feet high, short hair, red nose—I mean, short nose, red hair, it, agrees precisely.

LAURA. What?

DEBIT. The description of that housebreaker, O'Flanagan with this psuedo major.

POOTLES. Goodness gracious! great gooseberry ! I dare say he's upstairs at my cashbox now.

LAURA. Or my dressing-case.

DEBIT. (*to* LAURA) Should I rid you of this man, Laura, will you think of me more favourably ? (*LAURA offers hand—DEBIT kisses it*) I will immediately issue orders to have the house surrounded, (*aside*) I have laid a nice trap for this major, (*rings bell.*)

PHELIM *rushes in from* L, *knocks against* CAPTAIN DEBIT, *and bolts behind screen and looks at them over the top.*

PHELIM. There ye all are, then ? Sure ye're ringin' for M—well, as I've complately done with Mary and the eaves, she's at your service. I met the gardener, an' I trated him to the kindest and gentlest tap on the head with me stick possible. Mary's a touchin' specimen of a prodigal son ; sure she was just goin' to waste the most elegant dhrop of spirits in the warld on a pudding,

when says I, " Me jewel, don't put it in the puddin' put it into me, it'll inflame the puddin', and do it no good at all, at all!

DEBIT. (*rushing at him, with paper, L. C.*) Do you see that?

POOTLES. Stop a minute. What are you doing with my table-cover !

PHELIM. Ye're table-cover, is it, sir? Well, I've got the greatest pain in the world in the small of my back.

POOTLES. (R. c.) Pooh, pooh, sir!

PHELIM. Pooh, pooh! is it? Ye've got the drafts laid on all over the house like the water, sir! Oh !

DEBIT. (L. C.) Shallow artifice ! Do you see that ?

PHELIM. How can I see anything?

DEBIT. Red hair and short nose, sir !

PHELIM. How dare ye insult ye're superior officer !

DEBIT. Bosh ! I arrest you, Patrick O'Flannagan for housebreaking with violence.

PHELIM. (*surprised*) Patrick O'Flannagan. (*aside*) I'll be getting mixed up here—stop a minute, (*counting on his fingers*) Phelim O'Rourke, Major O'Hogan, Patrick O'Fannagan. Phelim O'Rourke's not himself at all, Patrick O'Flannagan is a thief, sure, I'll stick to the Major he's the most respectable blackguard of the lot.

POOTLES. Now sir, how dare you come here representing yourself as Major O'Hogan, and how dare you say that you are that young lady's uncle.

PHELIM. Sure ye wouldn't have me go tell a lie ? Anyhow I am the young lady's uncle. Are ye a man ?

(*to* POOTLES.

POOTLES. I believe I am.

PHELIM. And am I not a man ?

POOTLES. I don't know, I suppose you are.

PHELIM. And arn't all men brothers ? very well then, of course, I'm the young lady's uncle.

LAURA. That's one way out of it.

*Enter* MARY, with a letter, L.

MARY. A letter for you, sir. (*gives* DEBIT *letter*) and please, sir, (*to* POOTLES) Major O'Hogan's arrived.

PHELIM. (*aside*) Philliloo ! here's the devil's own game. What will I do now ?

DEBIT. So, sir, you're not O'Flannagan he's caught, I see the Major has come (*aside*) forgive the girl for lying. (*aloud*) Come, sir, the game's up.

PHELIM. (*crossing*) The game's up, is it ? Well, anyhow I've won.

ALL. Won!

PHELIM. Phelim O'Rourke, sir, was so entirely disgusted wid his bad luck, he laid himself a wager that if he wasn't himself at all he'd get a dinner and a situation, for that's what he's wanting. I've got the dinner.

DEBIT. (*aside*) 'Pon my life I like the fellow (*aloud*) and now you want the situation ? Where shall you get that ?

PHELIM. (*putting his arm round MARY*) This is the situation to suit me.

LAURA. From what I understand, the gardener would not give you a very good character.

PHELIM. Tell the gardener I've got all the character I want out of his clothes, (*aside to MARY*) and, Mary, darlen' has the major really come?

MARY. No, only the captain told me to say so.

PHELIM. Then it is all right, darlen', and I've now only to ask your forgiveness (*to audience*) for the little story I've just told in saying, " I'M NOT MESELF AT ALL "

R. DEBIT. LAURA. PHELIM. MARY. POOTLES. L.

*CURTAIN.*