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**ROORBACH'S
AMERICAN
EDITION
OF ACTING PLAYS.**

THAT RASCAL

PAT.

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PRICE 15 CENTS

No. 33.

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NEW YORK.**

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THAT RASCAL PAT

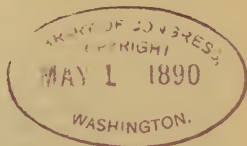
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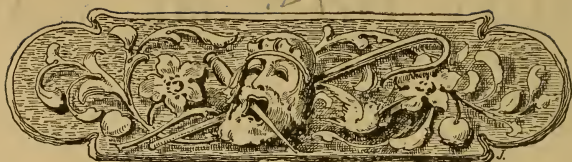
J. HOLMES GROVER

NEW AMERICAN EDITION, CORRECTLY REPRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL AUTHORIZED ACTING EDITION, WITH THE ORIGINAL CAST OF THE CHARACTERS, ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY, TIME OF REPRESENTATION, DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES, SCENE AND PROPERTY PLOTS, DIAGRAM OF THE STAGE SETTING, SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS, EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS, ETC., AND ALL OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

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NEW YORK
HAROLD ROORBACH
PUBLISHER



THAT RASCAL PAT.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

		<i>Brant's Opera House, Harrisburg, Pa. November, 1864.</i>
PAT MCNOGGERTY	(<i>a handy servant</i>)	Mr. J. Holmes Grover.
MAJOR PUFFJACKET	(<i>on half pay</i>)	Mr. J. M. Davenport.
CHARLES LIVINGSTONE	(<i>poor but ambitious</i>)	Mr. W. L. Jamison.
LAURA	{ <i>niece to Puffjacket and in love with Charles</i> }	Miss Lena Forest.
NANCY		{ <i>her maid, in love with Pat</i> }

TIME OF REPRESENTATION—FIFTY-MINUTES.

THE ARGUMENT.

MR. CHARLES LIVINGSTONE is in love with LAURA, who returns his affection but can not secure the consent of MAJOR PUFFJACKET, a crusty old bachelor, to their union. CHARLES leaves his servant, PAT MCNOGGERTY, a good-natured and blundering Irishman, at a fashionable watering place hotel, cautioning him not to leave the house until CHARLES' return. MAJOR PUFFJACKET and his niece happen to be staying in the same house, unknown to CHARLES, and the MAJOR offers to take PAT into his service; to which proposition PAT, thinking to turn a few honest dollars during his master's absence, assents. CHARLES returns unexpectedly, and PAT, in trying to serve two masters, accidentally changes a pocket-book in the MAJOR's coat for a picture-case in that of CHARLES, and to explain the mistake he tells the MAJOR that the picture-case was given him by his late master, on the latter's death-bed, much to the grief of LAURA, who recognizes it as the picture she had given to CHARLES. Then PAT explains the presence of the pocket-book to CHARLES by saying that a gentleman had given it to him to hold; and CHARLES, finding the pocket-book to contain his own letters to LAURA, supposes the MAJOR, whom he had never seen,

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a rival, grossly insults the latter and challenges him to mortal combat. After a comical series of complications all the parties meet and explanations ensue. LAURA, discovering that CHARLES is not dead, pleads for forgiveness which the MAJOR finally grants, together with his consent to their marriage. And though deeply incensed at PAT, he concludes that, as the latter is about to marry LAURA'S maid and can thereby easily serve both his old and his new master, the best thing he can do is to retain in his service THAT RASCAL PAT.

COSTUMES.

MCNOGGERTY.—Red wig and dress of a body servant. Gray frieze coat.

PUFFJACKET.—Military cap and dark blue undress military suit. Overcoat.

LIVINGSTONE.—Fashionable walking suit. Overcoat. Black silk hat.

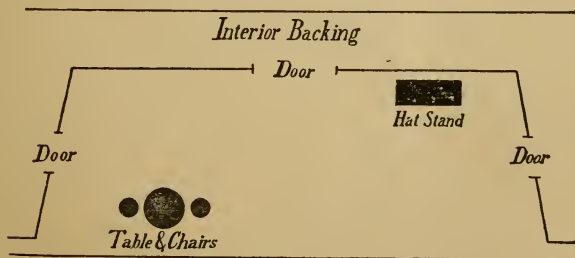
LAURA.—Lady's walking dress. Straw hat, with feather. Parasol.

NANCY.—Plain muslin dress looped up over red petticoat.

PROPERTIES.

Writing materials. Letter for NANCY. Pocket-book, containing a packet of letters, in PUFFJACKET'S overcoat pocket. Picture, in case, in CHARLES' overcoat pocket. Cane and money for PUFFJACKET. Visiting card for CHARLES. Money for LAURA. Dish of hot oysters, clothes brush and shillalah for PAT.

STAGE SETTING AND SCENE PLOT.



SCENE.—A large public room in a fashionable watering place hotel. Wide door C. in the flat, opening upon a hall or corridor. Practicable door R., with "No. 2" on it. Another door L., with "No. 1" on it. Both side doors to open on stage. Table and chairs down R. C. Hat-stand up L. C.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

Observing, the player is supposed to face the audience. R. means right; L., left; C., centre; R. H., right hand; L. H., left hand; R. C., right of centre; L. C., left of centre; C. D., centre door; UP STAGE, towards the back; DOWN STAGE, towards the footlights.

R.

R. C.

C.

L. C.

L.

NOTE.—The text of this play is correctly reprinted from the original authorized acting edition, without change. The introductory matter has been carefully prepared by an expert, and is the only part of this book protected by copyright.





THAT RASCAL PAT.

Scene.—A large public room in a fashionable watering place hotel. Table and chairs R., clothes-rack and hat-stand L. C., a practicable door opening R. with No. 2 upon it, also one L. with No. 1 upon it. Both doors to open on stage.

Enter, CHARLES LIVINGSTONE, C. D. from L.; coat and hat in hand.

Charles. (*calling*) Pat! Pat! Confound that blundering Irishman. (*looks off C. D.*) Pat! Pat! I say, Pat!

Pat. (*without*) Comin' sur! Comin'.

Charles. (*putting overcoat and hat down*) Curse that stupid idiot. Here I'm half strangled with dust and no one to help me. What's the use of having a servant, I'd like to know? More trouble than they're worth. Pat! I say, Pat!

Pat. (*without*) Faix thin, I'm comin', sur.

Charles. Then why don't you come? Am I to wait here all day for that fellow? I've threatened half a dozen times to discharge him, but, somehow or other, he's hard to get rid of. The fact is, I owe the fellow so much, and he refuses to quit my service until I pay his back wages. Well, well, under the circumstances, I guess he'll remain a while, for I'm about as poor as a church mouse. Now if I'd only some crusty old uncle, willing to "kick the bucket" for my special accommodation, and leave me a snug little fortune—but there's no such luck in store for me, I suppose. Now there's Laura, when her Uncle Somebody dies, she'll have a cool hundred thousand—how I love that girl—and how convenient the hundred thousand would be! I think she loves me, her letters are so very affectionate. I've already proposed, and she seems perfectly willing, but that crusty old uncle of hers, it seems, must be consulted. Then he swears she must marry Fitznoodle, or Snoodle. Confound Fitznoodle, I say! Then again, Laura tells me in her last, that the old fool has heard of our attachment, and instead of feeling honored by my preference for his niece, says if she has anything to do with me, he'll cut her off with a shilling. Confound all crusty old uncles, I say. (*calling*) Pat! Pat! Why the devil don't you come?

Pat. (*singing without*)

If I had a patch o' praities,
 Wid two or three pigs an' a cow,
 Shure, I wouldn't call Stephens me uncle—

Enters, C. D. *from L.*

Here I am, sur!

Charles. Will you hold your tongue, sir?

Pat. (*taking hold of tongue with thumb and finger*) I have it, sur.

Charles. How dare you sing in a public place like this?
 (CHARLES *threatens* PAT)

Pat. Shure, an' it's in public I does the most o' me singin', sur.

Charles. Silence!

Pat. I'm covered wid blushes entirely, sur.

Charles. Pat, come here!

Pat. Yes, sur.

Charles. Were you ever in love?

Pat. In love, is it? Begorra, I was, thin. In Killibrallaghan, County Tip, I was in love so often, sur, that I'm able ter take it as aisy as a Frinchman 'd take a pinch o' snuff.

Charles. Pat, I'm serious—I'm in love—deeply in love—miserably in love—(*with excitement*) I'm crazy!

Pat. Faix, thin, I'm thinkin' ye's are, sur.

Charles. (*aside*) What shall I do? What shall I do? (*walking floor rapidly*—PAT *watches him*)

Pat. (*sings*) I fell in love wid an Irish girl,
 From County Downe, came she.

Charles. Silence! (*aside*) What am I saying, and to my servant! (*sternly*) Why the devil don't you stir yourself about? Don't you see I want to write a letter? Paper! Pen and ink! Come, envelopes!

Pat. (*aside, going R.*) What the devil's come over the master, I dunno? Shure thin it's astray he's goin'. Faix but he's afthur losin' his sober karakter, altogther, entirely. **Exit, R.**

Charles. (*sitting at table*) Why should Laura write me such infernal news? It's enough to set one crazy. If that bigoted old uncle of hers only knew how much I adored her—how I worshiped the very earth she treads, he wouldn't act so outrageously. The old fool has never seen me, yet he insists on Laura's cutting my acquaintaince, and upon her marrying that Fitznoodle, because he's rich—he has money. Why, Lord help his innocent old heart—she'll have plenty for the both of us! Isn't a hundred thousand enough? but, if he cuts her off with a shilling! Oh, Lord! How can we get along? He can't do it—the thing's utterly impossible! Curse old bachelor uncles—curse Fitznoodle—if I had him here, I'd—I'd—

Rushes R., and runs into PAT, who enters from No. 2 with writing materials, and knocks everything down. PAT falls.

Pat. (*getting up*) Oh, murther!

Charles. What the devil are you doing in my way?

Pat. Ye's have knocked th' paper an' th' pins all over the flure, an' th' ink's gone t' th' divil intirely—Th' way ye's ar' goin', sur, it's meself's tired o' bein' in yer sarvice, an' if ye's'll pay me my wages, I'll discharge meself immagitly!

Charles. (*kicking him*) Get out of the room, you rascal!

Pat. Don't ye's want t' write yer letter, sur?

Charles. (*business*) No! Go to the devil—get out of my sight!
(*PAT picks up things*) Stop! Bring me my portmanteau—I'm going away.

Pat. An' where ar' ye's goin' sur?

Charles. (*angrily*) Do you hear me?

Pat. (*starting quickly*) Yis, sur!

Exit, R.

Charles. Let me see—I'll go—where'll I go?

Pat. (*poking in his head*) Will ye have yer tooth brish, sur—an' ye're fine tooth comb?

Charles. Come here! Why don't you come when I call you?

Pat. (*entering from R. slowly*) I'm comin' sur.

Charles. Help me with my coat! (*business*) Easy, now, easy! There, that's it. Now, my hat. (*PAT hands him his hat—CHARLES walks floor nervously*) Pat, I'm going away for three weeks—remember, for three weeks. Don't go away, don't stir from this house. When I return your wages shall be paid in full—(*PAT seems very much surprised*) Don't leave the house! (*CHARLES rushes off, R.*)

Pat. Gone away for three weeks! I'm t' shtop here agin he comes back—oh, he' crazy. He's turned lunatic, altogether—begorrah, an' it's th' girrels that's turnin' him into a lunatic 'syleum wid their avil designs. Gone for three wakes! Be th' sole o' me fut, but I must get me hat and follow him. Exit, R.

Enter, NANCY L., *from door No. 1.*

Nancy. Oh, deary me. What shall I do in this dreadful dreary place? My poor young nissus does nothing but fret from morning till night. Master says she must marry some rich young man, and she's in love with a poor young gentleman. I know what I'd do—uncle or no uncle, I'd just run away, and marry the one I loved best. If I could only see my young man—he's the flame of my affections—oh, he's such a nice young man! He's perfection, only his name's Pat! That would have to be changed. Oh, dear, I never could become Mrs. Pat. (*business—struts about with affected dignity*)

Enter, PAT, R. *seeing* NANCY, and unseen by her.

Pat. Oh, look at that! Who's this, I dunno?

Nancy. (*turning and seeing* PAT—*aside*) Ah! that's a nice young man—who can he be? How he's watching me. (*turns away indignantly*)

Pat. (*recognizes her*) What! No! Yes, that's Nancy! What th' divil brings her here, I wonder? Nancy! Nancy!—I say, Nancy! (*business*)

Nancy. (*turning to* PAT) Goodness gracious, if it isn't Pat! Why, Pat, where in the name of goodness did you come from? You put me all in a flurry. (*turns* PAT *around rapidly*) Turn around and let me see you, is it really you?

Pat. Av coorse it's me—shure, if ye's kape on in that way much longer, ye's 'll have me *turned* into somebody else! But, Nancy darlin', what ar' ye's doin' here? Ye's ought t' be ashamed o' yerself, so ye's ought, the way ye's have kilt me intirely, wid yer doin's. Faix, I thought ye's were gone from me for iver and iver altogether.

Nancy. Come, come, Pat—I'll tell you all about it. You must know, I'm a young lady's maid now, and—

Pat. Ar' ye's, now?

Nancy. Yes, and my young missus came down here to the seashore with her rich old uncle, and I'm her companion. (*business—struts about stage*)

Pat. Come here, Nancy—let me look at ye's. Ye's haven't gone and bruke me heart, since I saw ye's, by marryin' any other fellow, have ye's? Didn't I always love ye's bether nor a pig loved butter-milk? Didn't I tell ye's about forty hundred thousand times that ye's were th' swatest craythure in th' worrld?

Nancy. No nonsense, Pat! If you begin that, I'll run away. Listen to me. Do you see this letter?

Pat. I do thin, Nancy.

Nancy. Well then, it's to go to the post. It's for such a nice young man. My missus is in love with such a splendid young fellow! Oh, such eyes! such lips! And such an exquisite moustache—

Pat. Hould on, Nancy, hould on! Shure, but ye's have been t' boardin' schule since I saw ye's, wid yer big worreds!

Nancy. Pat, hold your tongue. This letter's to go to the post-office, and I want you to take it!

Pat. Faix, Nancy, but we're not married yet, an' ye's naden't commence yer—

Nancy. (*slaps his face*) Take that!

Pat. I have it. (*putting hand to face*)

Nancy. Now I'm going to look after my missus. You'll take the letter, won't you? There, that's a good, dear Pat.

Pat. Oh, sartainly—but ar' ye's shure it's not wantin' some-thin'?

Nancy. Why no—can't you read? Read the address.

Pat. (*business*) What letter is that, Nancy?

Nancy. That's "C"—Mr. Charles Livingstone, No. 27—(PAT *looks at NANCY in astonishment—business*)

Pat. Is that letter for him?

Nancy. Yes!

Pat. An' does yer missus love that man?

Nancy. Yes, but Pat, you're surely out of your head.

Pat. (*business—PAT catches NANCY up and begins dancing furiously*) Whooroo!

Nancy. Pat, Pat, you're crazy!

Pat. Nancy, Nancy, we'll be shtep-brothers, so we will. Charles Livingstone! Shure, he's me mather, an' he's here now. He's here in this very house, only he's gone t' th' divil—gone t' th' divil t' shtop away for three wakes!

Nancy. Pat, you've gone mad—

Pat. Am I thin? Sh!—Sh!—Come here, Nancy. Don't spake a word for th' worreld. (*leads her down*)

Nancy. Oh, I won't say a word. Won't it be nice? And he's here, in this very hotel! Oh, Pat—we'll see each other so often!

Pat. (*points off L. H.*) Sh!—What's that? (NANCY *looks off L. H.*)

Nancy. Where?

Pat. There! (PAT *steals kiss, and exit C. D. and L.*)

Nancy. (*running after him*) How dare you! Oh, he's gone. He's so nice. What splendid times we'll have these fine evenings, walking along the shore. (*looks off L.*) Oh, laws—here comes master, and in such a temper!

Enter, MAJOR PUFFJACKET, L.

Major. Nancy, Nancy, come here. What are you doing out here, when you know you are wanted inside? Get me my hat and cane!

Nancy. Yes, sir. (*aside*) The wretch! Exit, *indignantly* L. H.

Major. What a miserable place to be dragged into—I detest fashionable watering places. People have no business to be fashionable. Confound fashion! I like comfort—and what comfort can one find here, packed up in a seven-by-nine room, and crowded down to a table with a pack of hungry codfish aristocracy, who grab everything within their reach, and eat as though they never saw roast beef or chicken before. That niece 'll be the death of me yet. Women are all alike, young and old—I never loved but one woman in my life, and that was my mother! That niece of mine is crazy after that "Charles" Somebody—says he's so handsome! Handsome—umph—dollbaby face, and poor as a

church mouse. There's Fitznoodle, he has plenty of money—she won't look at him. What's beauty? Fitznoodle has the beauty—money, money—that's the beauty. Egad! she shan't have her handsome Charles Dollbaby face—I've procured all her letters—*(produces large pocket-book with letters from coat pocket)* Here they are, all safe, and they shall be burned as sure as my name's Puff-jacket. *(calls)* Nancy! Nancy!

Enter, NANCY, with coat, hat and cane, L.

Nancy. Here they are, sir. Shall I assist you?

Major. No! I want no petticoat assistance. I'm going out. Go to your mistress! *(exit, NANCY L., angrily)* Laura shall never meet that pauper. Egad, I'll soon put a stop to this business! *(going towards C. D., runs into PAT, who enters)*

Pat. I beg your pardon, sur! I—I—I——

Major. *(business with cane)* What do you mean, fellow? Do you see this cane?

Pat. Faix, I do. Meself'd rather see it nor fale th' like of it 'pon me head, anyhow. But ye's 'll forgive a poor boy, as wouldn't harm a hair o' yer head for th' worreld.

Major. Who are you, fellow?

Pat. I'm an Irishman, sur, long life t' me. Me mother was an Irishman before me. I was born in Killibrallaghan, County Tip. Me father was a Mullahawn, an' I've fourteen brothers and thirteen sisters, an' me mother died two years before I was born, sur——

Major. Stop! Stop! Stop! Enough of your pedigree. Do you want work?

Pat. Work? Did ye's say work, sur?

Major. Yes, work! None of your infernal gabble—Yes, or no! and quickly, too. I want a man servant; if you suit me, I'll pay you five dollars in advance. Say quickly. Will you enter my service, or not?

Pat. *(aside)* Five dollars! Many's the day I didn't see th' likes o' that.

Major. Come, what say you?

Pat. Hould on, sur. *(aside)* What'll I do if my masher comes back? Yes, sur——

Major. Enough! What's your rascally name? Mind, now—make it a short one—I hate long names. None of your Thomas Augustuses—or William Henrys for me—but something short.

Pat. Somethin' short! Yis, sur—somethin' short, that's what ivery Irishman likes—my name, yer honor, is Patrick McNoggerty, generally called Pat, for short.

Major. Pat, good.

Pat. No, sur. Not Pat Good, but Pat McNoggerty. But, it's all one in bog Irish.

Major. Now, Pat for short, bring me a plate of oysters—I'll eat them here. Stewed oysters. Mind they're hot—I'll not go out. I've changed my mind. In the meantime, I'll change my coat.

Exit, L. *in No. 1*—PAT *sings*.

SONG, "PADDY WHACK."

Air—PAT MALOY.

Come one an' all, both great an' small, an' listen t' me tale,
The story that I'm goin' t' tell, will make ye weep an' wail;
I'm not a rich man, but I has th' clos' upon me back,
An' Ireland is me country, an' me name is Paddy Whack.
Me father was a Mullahawn, me mother was a Fay,
An' I was born at home one night when she was gone away;
When she returned, she found me there, full flat upon me back,
A jug o' whisky in me hand, an' cryin' Paddy Whack.

But since that time, how things have changed, I've grown t' be a
man,

I've traveled over all th' airth, from Russia to Japan;
I've saved three fortunes, but they're spint, an' all gone t' th'
rack,

But Ireland is me country, an' me name is Paddy Whack.
I've crossed th'say, for Americkay, where as I understand,
Whoever pays his income tax, can be a congressman;
A congressman I'm sure t' be, bekase I have a knack
Of makin' this free country th' home of Paddy Whack.

Well, here's a comfortable situation. Two masthers an' an old
swateheart upon me hands at wanst. What'll I do if me other
masther comes back, I dunno? (*seats himself at table*) Five
dollars, an' Nancy in th' bargain. (*jumps up*) Oh, Musha, thin,
but I'm afther forgettin' them oysters, intirely. Exit, L. H.

Enter, LAURA R., *in walking dress and straw hat*.

Laura. I do wonder where Uncle can be? I've missed a whole
package of letters from my dressing-case. I was always afraid of
being robbed at these public places. And poor dear Charles'
letters, too. Perhaps Uncle is in the garden. Exit, C. D. and R.

Enter, PAT L. H., *with dish of hot oysters*.

Pat. (*business*) Oh, bad luck t' these divils, they're as hot as
love. What's that I hear? Mister Charles, an' he comin'—
shure an' he musn't see these. (*business*)

Enter, CHARLES C. D., *from L., hurriedly*.

Charles. Well, Pat, I'm back again. What are you doing?

Pat. Nothin', sur. (*business with oysters behind him—they burn his hands*) Bad manners t' th' slippery divils—

Charles. What have you in your hands?

Pat. (*holding dish in left hand and showing right hand*) Nothin', sur, but me fish!

Charles. The other hand! Why, you're squirming about like a skinned eel!

Pat. (*business ad. lib.*) Nothin' but th' other fishst, sur. (*aside*) Faix, I'm burned up, intirely.

Charles. (*business*) What's this, oysters! (*takes them*) Oh, I see. You saw me coming, and knowing the walk would sharpen my appetite, thought to surprise me. That's very kind of you, Patrick, very kind. (*eating*) These oysters are uncommonly nice. I do enjoy stewed oysters. These are capital!

Pat. (*greatly frightened*) How'll I get him away out o' this?

Charles. (*eating*) Pat, I've changed my mind. I'm not going away.

Pat. (*hands his hat—business*) Ye'd better go, sir. Ye'd better go!

Charles. (*choking*) No! Confound you—I say I'm not going.

Pat. (*looks off L.*) Murther, murther, here comes me mather from number 1.

Charles. (*rising and taking off coat*) Here, Pat, brush this coat, and bring it to me immediately. Exit in No. 2, R.

Pat. (*taking coat and seating himself*) Well, divil blow me, I'm diggin' me own grave, so I am. (*feels into pockets*) I niver can brish a coat when there does be anything in the pockets. (*takes out a large picture-case and lays it on chair*)

Enter, MAJOR PUFFJACKET—he takes off coat and hands it to PAT.

Major. Here, Pat, brush this coat. Make haste—I'm in a hurry. (*he throws coat to PAT, and exit in No. 1*)

Pat. (*with a coat in each hand*) Shure, Bedlam has comminded.

Major. (*putting his head in from No. 1*) Bring it here!

Charles. (*within No 2, R.*) Pat, my coat!

Pat. (*hastily takes large pocket-book from PUFFJACKET'S coat, puts it on chair beside CHARLES' picture-case, and commences brushing MAJOR'S coat*) Yis, sur!

Major. (*entering*) Come, come, Pat—my coat.

Pat. (*hastily puts CHARLES' picture-case in PUFFJACKET'S coat-pocket, and pocket-book in CHARLES', and tries to put CHARLES' coat on the MAJOR*) Here it is, sur. Oh, I'm kilt immagitly.

Major. (*business*) What the devil are you doing? That's not my coat!

Pat. (*aside*) Oh, murther an' turf—that's me other mather's! (*changes coats*)

Charles (*within No. 2, R.*) Pat, I say!

Major. Who's that calling?

Pat. (*having put MAJOR'S coat on, is trying to get him away—business*) Nobody, sur, nobody. That's only the hand-organ man outside, wid a monkey. (*PAT runs from place to place with fright; business*)

Charles. Pat!

Pat. Comin', sur, comin'!

Major. What the devil do you mean? Who's that calling you?

Pat. Yis, sur—yis, sur—that's a sick man, sur—he's very sick, sur. His grandfather ax'd me would I wait upon him, agin he wint furninst t' get some—

Charles. (*very loudly*) Pat, do you hear me?

Pat. I'm comin' amagitly, sur! (*going R., MAJOR stops him*)

Major. No, stay here. I'll go—

Pat. (*stopping him*) No! Sh!—Sh!—don't go near him for th' worreld. Shure, he's got th' Collywabbles in his diaphragmic Cholorium, an' th' doctor says nobody but an Irishman can live widin his prisence!

Enter, NANCY from No. 1—her business with PAT—they whisper aside from PUFFJACKET.

Nancy. Please, sir, my young missus wants to see you right away. She's in the garden, sir. (*PUFFJACKET walks C. towards C. D.*)

Major. Pat, you go and wait upon the sick man.—I'll return in a minute. Come, Nancy. (*business with PAT and NANCY*)

Exeunt C. D.

Pat. Iverything is gittin' topsey-turvey. Faix, but I'll be fallin' upwards for th' ground nixt.

Enter, CHARLES, angrily, from No. 2.

Charles. Confound you, Pat. Are you deaf? Didn't you hear me call?

Pat. (*putting his hand up to face, as if in pain*) Yis, sur, but I'm kilt intirely wid th' toothache! Look at me tooth, sur, how it's aching. Wow! Wow! Wow!

Charles. (*putting on his coat*) Don't stir from here. I shall return in a few moments. Remember, if I find you gone, I'll—

Exit, C. D. quickly.

Pat. All right, sur. (*song introduced with a music cue*)

Enter, MAJOR, L. H. puffing as if from rapid walking.

Major. Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! to call me all the way down to the shore to look at a shell. Pat, come here!

Pat. Yis, sur!

Major. Get me some—(*feeling in his coat pocket for pocket-book*) Where's my pocket-book? (*takes out picture-case*) What's this?

Enter, LAURA L., from No. 1.

Pat. (*aside*) Begorrah, I've changed th' contints o' their pockets.

Major. Picture! How came this in my pocket?

Laura. (*looking at picture anxiously, over PUFFJACKET'S shoulders*) Why, Uncle, where did you get that? (*aside*) It's the one I gave Charles.

Major. (*putting the picture at PAT*) Do you see that? Do you see that? Do you see that?

Pat. (*takes the picture and looks from it to MAJOR, and from MAJOR to it*) 'Pon me sowl, sur, nobody'd iver think o' takin' that for yerself.

Major. How came that in my pocket? Answer me, how came it there? Where's my pocket-book?

Pat. (*aside*) What'll I do at all, at all?

Major. Do you hear me? How came this in my pocket?

Pat. Hould on, sur, hould on! Shure, I'll tell ye's all about it. Ye's see, there's a gintleman here, sur, beyant, an' he came t' me, an' sis he, Pat, sis he. Sur, sis I—

Major. I want nothing to do with your "says I and says he"—tell me how this picture came in my pocket?

Pat. Well, thin—that's what I'm comin' to—brish me coat, sis he, I will, sis I—an' so, d' ye's mind, I—I beg yer pardon, sur, would ye's let me see that picture?

Major. There it is!

Pat. That picture, sir—(*looks at it comically*) Why, that picture belongs t' me!

Laura. (*with surprise*) To you!

Pat. Yis, miss—that picture was th' last gift of me poor, dead masher—(*cries comically*)

Laura. Dead!

Pat. Yis, miss—me poor dead masher loved that picture better nor he loved his grandmother—but, he died, ma'am, he died wid his lips upon the shaddy o' that beautiful lady—

Business—crying ad. lib.—LAURA gives him money, in order to solicit information.

Laura. Did he love her, then? (*very pitifully*)

Pat. Yis, ma'am—he loved her altogether—whin he was 'pon his death-bid, he sis Pat, sis he, take that. I will, sis I. Take that, sis he, an if ye's iver mate wid th' darlin' crayture, tell her, sis he, tell her I died wid me heart batin' 'pon th' lips o' th' swate face ov her. (*crying &c.*)

Major. (*giving him money*) What was your master's name?

Pat. (*nervously*) Charles Livingstone—(*looking off C. D. and L. aside*) An' I'm ixpictin' ivery minute t' see him risin' from th' dead. (*cries comically—ad. lib.*)

Major. (*giving him money*) Charles Livingstone, dead! (LAURA *is dreadfully pale*) Where did he die?

Pat. He died, sur, he died in th' house where he now lives, sur.

Laura. (*giving him money*) Did he seem attached to the original of this picture?

Pat. Yis, ma'am, he—(*looks off C. D., aside*) Begorrah, here comes me other masher—

Major. Come, Laura, don't cry—let us go into the open air—don't cry, my dear—you ought to be very happy to get rid of such a worthless lover. Exeunt, L. H.

Pat. (*business*) Oh murther, murther, here comes me old masher—Now for th' divil, intirely.

Enter, CHARLES, C. D., from L., with pocket-book in hand.

Charles. You vagabond Irishman, what the devil is this you've put in my pocket?

Pat. That pocket-book, sir—There's a gintleman, sur, a gintleman as shtops here in th' house, an' he came t' me t'day, an' sis he, waiter, sis he—thinkin' I was one o' th' common waiters, sur—well, thin, thinkin' as how I might airn an honest penny, here I am, sur, sis I. Waiter, sis he, take this, an' kape it agin I comes back, sis he—I will, sis I. An' sur, t' make a long shtory short, he left th' pocket-book wid me, an' wint away, an'—

Charles. (*angrily*) Yes, yes, but how came it in my pocket?

Pat. Ye's see, sur—thinkin' as how I might be afther loosin' it, I put it int' ye're coat pocket, an' I forgot t' mention it t' ye's, sur.

Charles. (*seating himself at table and examining letters*) What's this? Letters! As I live, they're mine—The very ones I wrote

Laura. (*rises—business*) Pat, come here! Who gave you this? Answer, or I'll break every bone in your Irish body.

Pat. Th' gintleman, sur, th' gintleman—

Charles. Well, well, what's all this to do with it?

Pat. He tould me not t' part wid thim, sur—for t' kape th' likes o' thim agin he com'd back, 'kase he wouldn't part wid 'em for the whole worreld, tho' it might be lined wid praities, an' soaked wid butthermilk an' whisky.

Charles. Where is this man?

Pat. Shure he's—

Charles. (*aside*) I see it all—I'm duped! She loves me no longer. She's been amusing herself with our correspondence. And he too—curse him, he's been laughing over my letters—I'll be even with him yet. I'll meet him, and—but I love her. (*rises*) Oh, I shall go mad. Pat, come here!

Pat. Yis, sur.

Charles. (*furiously*) Go to the devil. (*business*—CHARLES *rushes about room ferociously*)

Pat. 'Pon th' sowl o' me fut, I think it's in that direction I'm goin'.

Charles. (*seating himself at table, and examining letters*) If I could only find his name—perhaps it may be here. Yes, here it is—Puffjacket, Major Timothy Puffjacket. Puffjacket! A pretty cognomen. I'll puff his jacket for him. I see it all—some officer, curse his ugly body. (*enter, MAJOR, L. H., not seeing CHARLES*) But I'll find him, young or old, he shall fight me! (*CHARLES slaps letters down ferociously on table*)

Major. (*who has been looking at letters*) I beg your pardon, sir, but that has much the appearance of my pocket-book.

Charles. (*rising*) Your pocket-book, sir, your pocket-book?

Major. Yes, sir. My servant, through some—

Charles. Your name is, then—

Major. Puffjacket, sir, Major Timothy Puffjacket.

Charles. (*rising*) I knew it! I knew it! Puffjacket, you're a villain!

Major. (*business with cane*) A villain, sir! A villain! What do you mean, sir? what do you mean? Do you know that I am an officer, sir—an officer in the army?

Charles. I repeat it, sir, I repeat it! Puffjacket—officer, or no officer, you're a villain and a coward, and, sir, you shall either fight me, or demme, I'll publish you.

Major. Young man—

Charles. Where the devil did you get these letters? Where did you get them—you infernal old villain, how did you get them?

Major. Letters! Infernal villain! Letters! Young man—

Charles. Yes, sir, letters! Where did you get them? How came they in your possession? (*business*) But I'll waste no more time in words with such an old ass. Here's my card. In five minutes I shall return—meet me here—I demand satisfaction, sir, satisfaction! Remember, in five minutes, you old fool, in five minutes.

Exit, CHARLES, C. D., *ferociously*.

Major. (*excitedly*) Villain—coward—knave—old fool. Who can this madman be? (*looks at card*) What's this? Livingstone! Charles Livingstone—the man for whom Laura has so often pleaded and not dead? This is very strange! Pat! Pat! Where th' devil is that servant of mine? A pretty mess I've got myself into! Livingstone not dead, and Laura crying her eyes out over that infernal Irishman's concocted story. Everything, everybody seems conspiring against me.

Pat. (*poking in his head from R. H.*) Wor ye's callin' me, sur?

Major. (*highly excited*) Pat, come here! (*aside*) I'll have this Irishman break every bone of his rascal body. Pat, can you fight?

Pat. (*business*) Is it fight? Whooroo!

Major. Listen to me! In five minutes a man will enter that door. Be ready for him—here, take my stick, and beat him well. As soon as the deed is accomplished you shall have twenty dollars. Do you understand?

Pat. Twenty dollars! Ar' ye's particular, sur, if I breaks a few bones?

Major. No, the more the better! Will you do it?

Pat. Do it! Begorrah, I'm an Irishman. Give me twenty dollars an' I'll wollop th' whole worreld, an' blacken th' two eyes o' me grandmother!

Major. Here's half the amount in advance. Be very cautious—take this stick and—

Pat. Niver fear, sur—oh, I'll give him th' worth o' th' money.

Major. Take this cane—

Pat. No, sur—shure I couldn't fight wid th' likes o' that—it's too shlender in th' waist, an' by far too long. Hould on, hould on, yer honor, an' I'll show ye's th' darlin' ould stick.

Exit, in door No. 2.

Major. I must get away, or that furious young man may return, and there's no knowing what the consequence may be. Ah!
(*looks off C. D. and L.*) I hear footsteps—it may be he.

Exit, quickly in door No. 1.

Pat. (*enters from No. 2, with shillalah*) Oh, begorrah, but there's as tight bit o' stick as iver doubled a boy's joys, or helped t' share his sorrows. It's many's th' bruken nose that's sint wid a rap out o' that. But where's me Brigadier Colonel? Be jabers, but he's a bould man—only he's away from home, an' he's bitter contint t' pay twinty dollars t' th' likes o' me, nor pay it t' th' doctor. What'd I do if me masther from No. 2 would come in now? For fear he'd come, I'll wollop this ganious here on th' shpot. The ould masther 'll think I'm at him, an' I'll kape up th' hubbaboo. Now for th' scrimmage.

PAT *changes his voice and pretends to carry on a conversation—he represents a conversation with a man entering C. D., and as PUFF-JACKET attempts to peep from door No. 1, PAT gets in front and keeps door shut.*

Voice. (*by PAT, placing hand to face*) Where's your master?
(*still retaining brogue, but speaking in hoarse voice*)

Pat. He's gone, so he is.

Voice. Did he leave any word?

Pat. Shure he did, thin. He said he expicted a bla'guard here, an' I'm t' ax him t' dirty one o' these chairs wid his dirty body—

Voice. What do you mean, fellow?

Pât. I mane that ye're paid for, an' by raison o' vartue invested in me, I'm t' wollop th' divil out o' ye's. (*during this conversation,*

PUFFJACKET frequently attempts to open door, but is prevented by PAT—at end of conversation, PAT pretends to be beating his adversary, and as PUFFJACKET attempts to peep out, PAT strikes door with his stick, all the while keeping up the talk) Take that, ye bla'guard etc. etc. (then running quickly to C. D., as if kicking him out) So ye's have enough! Be off out o' that, ye poor broken-nos'd divil ye's.

PUFFJACKET runs out quickly and attempts to look off C. D.—PAT gets before him—business.

Major. Where is he?

Pat. Oh, sur, I broke both his legs an' blacken'd his nose and two eyes—an' he's runnin' like th' divil, for fear o' bein' hurted—but—(standing before PUFFJACKET) Th' money, sur, th' money—

Major. There it is—(counts it out to him) One, three, eight, ten—ten dollars, and I don't begrudge it either. You're sure you gave it to him well?

Pat. (business with money) Faith, I gave th' bla'guard th' worth o' th' money.

Major. (gleefully) Very good, Patrick. (going toward No. 1.) If that vagabond should return—

Pat. Oh, niver fear. I'll dust his jacket for him.

Major. Remember—I shall return shortly. Exit, L. H. in No. 1.

Pat. (seats himself at table and begins counting money) Well, this thing can't kape on foriver. Oh, luk at th' money! What'll I do wid all this money? Shure, but I'll go back t' ould Ireland, an' I'll buy a horse an' jaunting-car, an' it's meself'll be a gintleman out an' out. Faix, I'll marry all th' purty gurrels in County Tipperary, an' build a shtone monument t' th' mimory o' ivery widdy and orphan. (rises and conceals money quickly) Murther, here comes me masther from No. 2. He thinks he's kilt intirely, an' I'll be afther lettin' him think so. Exit, R. H.

Enter, CHARLES, C. D. from L. hastily.

Charles. Now, sir! (looks about and misses PUFFJACKET) Gone! I might have known it. Why didn't I shoot him on the spot? Where the devil's that infernal servant of mine? Pat, I say, Pat!

Pat. (entering) Here I am, sir.

Charles. Why don't you come when I call you? Where's that old fool who gave you the pocket-book?

Pat. Yis, sur. 'Pon me sowl, he is an ould fool!

Charles. Where is he?

Pat. Gone t' dinner, sur. Gone t' dinner, and won't be back for a wake.

Major. (within No. 1. calling) Pat! Pat!

Pat. (business) Comin' sir, comin'—

Charles. Where are you going, do you hear me? Who's that calling you?

Major. (*without*) Pat, I say, Pat, you rascal!

Pat. (*running about*) Oh, I'll be kilt ammagitly.

Charles. (*business*) Stay here, I say. Who's that calling?

Pat. I'll go and see, sur—

Charles. No! stay here—do you understand me?

Pat. (*aside*) How th' divil 'll I get out o' this?

Charles. Pat, go bring my—

Pat. (*running quickly towards No. 2.*) Yis, sir! Yis, sur!

Exit, R.

Charles. Here, you infernal fool—you don't know what you are going after!

Enter, PUFFJACKET from No. 1, in a rage.

Major. Pat you villian—(*sees CHARLES, who stands with back toward him, and not recognizing him*) I beg your pardon, sir, I was under the impression that I heard my servant, and—

Charles. (*recognizing him*) So, sir, you've come, have you? Well, I'm ready. If you are a gentleman, you will not refuse me the satisfaction I demand! If you are a coward, you shall receive the punishment your black-hearted proceedings deserve.

Major. (*greatly astonished at recognizing CHARLES*) But—but—your legs are not broken! You are not—

Charles. So, sir—you think to escape me by jesting? but you shall not—(*catching hold of him*) You shall not!

Business ad lib.—PUFFJACKET screams—CHARLES beats him around room—LAURA and NANCY rush on from No. 1, PAT enters cautiously from No. 2, and hides under table.

Laura. Uncle! Uncle! What in the world does this all mean?

Charles. (*recognizing LAURA*) What, Laura here! (*runs and embraces her—PUFFJACKET separates them*) Can this be your uncle?

Laura. (*still clinging to CHARLES*) Where did you come from? I thought you dead.

Major. Laura, go in your room—this gentleman and myself have some private business to settle. Damme, I'll shoot him anyhow now!

Pat. (*under table*) I wish they'd blow out aich other's brains.

Charles. (*aside*) I see it all—this is her unc'e. A pretty ass I've made of myself.

Pat. (*under table*) Begorra, ye's may well say that!

Charles. I trust, sir, you will accept my humble apologies. Believe me, sir, I am ready and willing to make any atonement you may demand!

Nancy. It's that Pat! I'm sure it's Pat! He's at the bottom of this.

Laura. Dear Uncle, if Charles has been guilty of any misbehavior, you may depend upon it, he has been, in some manner, misled.

Major. (*angrily*) Do you pretend to tell me, Miss, that I gave him cause? No! He called me an old fool, and now—I'll fight him anyhow. (*business*)

Charles. Really, sir—can I offer no apology?

Major. None, sir, none! Come, Laura, get in here! (*attempts to lead her in No. 1*)

Pat. (*under table*) All right! They'll have it out yet.

Laura. Uncle, I am totally unconscious of the cause of these strange proceedings, but I solemnly tell you, once for all, that I will never marry that detestable Fitznoodle! I love but one man in this wide world, and he stands before you. (*kneels*) Dear Uncle, for my sake, you will forgive him, won't you?

Major. But he called me an old fool!

Charles. Believe me, sir—had my servant not misinformed me—

Laura. But you will pardon him, dear Uncle!

Pat. Oh murther, murther!

Major. You apologize, then, for what you said?

Charles. I do, I do. Had I known to whom I was addressing those words of insult, sir, believe me—

Major. And you love my niece?

Charles. I do, sir. I love her more than life.

Major. (*aside*) What am I saying? I shall return to the city at once! Where's that rascal Pat? Pat! Pat! Pat! (*CHARLES and LAURA retire up, and converse*)

Pat. (*aside, creeping from table*) How th' divil 'll I get out o' this, I dunno?

Major. Pat! Pat! Where is that Pat? (*very nervously*)

Pat. (*aside, trying to get off*) Begorrah, I'll be afther getting out o' this shcrap.

Major. (*seeing PAT, and catching him by the ear, brings him down*) Where are you going? Did you hear me call?

Charles. (*seeing PAT and coming down*) Pat, you vagabond, where have you been? Did you hear me call you?

Major. Excuse me sir, this is my servant!

Charles. I beg your pardon—that man is in my employ—I brought him here from the city as my servant, and—

Major. Your servant!

PAT C. and between CHARLES and MAJOR, who look from one to the other in the greatest state of surprise.

Pat. (*striking a position*) Most potent, grave, an' riverent

sayniers—me very noble an' approved good masters; that I've—

Major. (*with anger*) Silence!

Pat. I'm black in the face wid shame.

Charles. Excuse me, sir, but how came this fellow in your service?

Pat. I begs yer pardon, sur. It's an optical delusion altogether. I'm me twin brother—we're very much alike, sur.

Laura. Oh, Uncle, let the poor fellow go.

Major. Is this the man you have sworn to love?

Laura. (*kneeling*) Yes dear Uncle.

Major. (*handing her over to CHARLES*) Take her, take her—I always swore she'd be the death of me—and it may as well be soon as late. Pat, come here. (*PAT approaches*) Pat, you're a—

Pat. No, sur—I'm not!

Major. I'll trouble you for that money, fellow!

Pat. Ye'd betther let me kape it, sur, 'kase Master Charles 'll be afther marryin' his swateheart, here, an' as I'm t' add another head t' me body, an' become th' father ov a family, (*leading NANCY down*) why, ye see, meself and me buttercup here 'll be livin' wid ye's, and thin, d'ye mind, I'll be able t' sarve both o' me masthers.

Major. Well, well, you shall remain.

Pat. Thank ye, ye're honor. An' now that iverything's settled wid me two masthers here, I'd beg t' throw meself upon th' kindness o' me patrons t' th' fore, an' airnestly hope they'll not forget—"THAT RASCAL PAT."

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

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MY LORD IN LIVERY. Four male and three female characters—light comedian, low comedian, old man, utility, lady comedian and two walking ladies. Parlor scene; modern costumes; time of playing, fifty minutes. An unusually bright piece brimming over with wit and humor. The three young ladies who permit a comic servant to meet them on terms of equality under the belief that he is a nobleman masquerading like themselves—the happy-go-lucky young nobleman who is mistaken for a burglar—the comical old butler—all have a vast deal of laughable by-play and business. This play was a pronounced success in New York, and has been presented to crowded houses in all the principal cities of this country. The ease with which it may be staged, and the invariable success which attends it, make **MY LORD IN LIVERY** peculiarly adapted to the use of amateurs.

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WHICH IS WHICH. Three male, three female characters—juvenile man, old man, utility, two juvenile ladies and old woman. Scene, a studio; costumes, modern; time of playing, fifty minutes. Excellent and much patronized by amateurs. The amusing perplexities of the poor artist, who can not tell which of his visitors is the heiress and which her penniless friend—who mistakes one for the other—who makes love to the rich girl, supposing that she is poor, and determines to marry her in spite of her supposed poverty—and who finally discovers that he has proposed to the heiress after all—combine to make this a delightful play.

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ACT III.—The angel child.—Tom and St. Clare.—Topsy's mischief.—Eva's request.—The promise.—pathetic scene.—Death of Eva.—St. Clare's grief.—“For thou art gone forever.”

ACT IV.—The lonely house.—Tom and St. Clare.—Topsy's keepsake.—Deacon Perry and Aunt Ophelia.—Cute on deck.—A distant relative.—The hungry visitor.—Chuck full of emptiness.—Cute and the Deacon.—A row.—A fight.—Topsy to the rescue.—St. Clare wounded.—Death of St. Clare.—“Eva—Eva—I am coming”

ACT V.—Legree's plantation on the Red River.—Home again.—Uncle Tom's noble heart.—“My soul ain't yours, Mas'r.”—Legree's cruel work.—Legree and Cassy.—The white slave.—A frightened brute.—Legree's fear.—A life of sin.—Marks and Cute.—A new scheme.—The dreadful whipping of Uncle Tom.—Legree punished at last.—Death of Uncle Tom.—Eva in Heaven.

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