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NO. CCXCV.

CH'S MINOR DRAMA.

The Acting Edition.

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# KATTY O'SHEAL:

A Farce, in Two Acts,

BY

JAMES PILGRIM, ESQ.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—  
Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and  
the whole of the Stage Business.

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AS NOW PERFORMED AT THE PRINCIPAL ENGLISH  
AND AMERICAN THEATRES.

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NEW YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH, PUBLISHER,

122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

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FAREFOOT—PEARL OF SAVOY—KATTY O'SHEAL.

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= 1870? =

# CAST OF CHARACTERS.—KATTY O'SHEAL.

	<i>St. Louis, March.</i>	<i>Wheeling, Va.</i>	<i>Norfolk.</i>	<i>Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati.</i>
<i>Sir Patrick O'Connor</i> .....	Mr. Graver.....	Mr. Hartwell.....	Mr. Butler.....	Mr. Mehen.
<i>Duke St. Lorme</i> .....	Allen.....	Gregory.....	Griffith.....	Allen.
<i>Captain O'Lygn</i> .....	Gobey.....	Kelly.....	Ashmer.....	T. Radcliffe.
<i>Count St. Lorme</i> .....	A. A. Reed.....	Hunter.....	Clark.....	Duncan.
<i>Pierre Rosia</i> .....	Jones.....	Lewis.....	Coleman.....	Gross.
<i>Katty O'Sheal</i> .....	Miss Mitchell.....	Miss Mitchell.....	Miss Mitchell.....	Miss Mitchell.
<i>Florence O'Connor</i> .....	Mrs. Nagle.....	Mrs. Gregory.....	Mrs. Griffith.....	A. Radcliffe.
<i>Cordelia O'Connor</i> .....	McIntosh.....	Miss Dow.....	Butler.....	P. Cook.
<i>Lady O'Neil</i> .....	Dyke.....	Mrs. Hanchett.....	Cappell.....	Mrs. G. H. Gilbert.
		<i>Servants, &amp;c.</i>		

SCENE.—PARIS AND SUBURBS. COSTUME.—TIME OF GEORGE III.

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THE PROPERTY OF MISS MAGGIE MITCHELL.

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A.M. 15 Aug. 27.

# KATTY O'SHEAL.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A plain chamber in first groove ; carpet down.*

*Enter DUKE ST. LORME, R. H.*

*Duke.* Deuce take the valets of the present day—they are a compound mixture of impertinence and laziness ; the toilette is a perfect bore with their excessive awkwardness. Thank fortune I am again in Paris ;—it will enable me to procure servants to my taste. But what can detain Pierre ? the rascal has caught the infection of idleness from my other domestics.

*Enter PIERRE, L. H.*

By the Saints, Pierre, for the last half hour I have been fancying that you was either dead or left the country.

*Pierre.* Why so, my Lord ?

*Duke.* The excessive length of time you have taken to ascertain the information I required.

*Pierre.* Your lordship must consider the difficulty I had to accomplish—

*Duke.* Well, well, you have seen Sir Patrick, and announced my arrival in Paris—and my nephew—

*Pierre.* Your commands have been strictly obeyed.

*Duke.* Well, sir, and what have you learned concerning the O'Connor family ?

*Pierre.* Sir Patrick received me with great kindness, or—to use your lordship's words—overdone the thing, considerable.

*Duke.* Exactly ; full of vulgar city politeness. He was a merchant in Ireland, and King George of England knighted him, through some political service that he rendered the Government. But he is wealthy, Pierre, and it is necessary that Eugene marries his daughter.

*Pierre.* The family is very well to marry into, my lord, but would never do for your lordship to live with.

*Duke.* You're right, Pierre ; there is no washing colored persons white. But tell me of the other branches of the family.

*Pierre.* Lady O'Neil—Sir Patrick's sister—is rather a crusty old lady ; she appears to be the commander, or chief of the establishment.

*Duke.* I perceive : a small remnant of nobility, falling into decay.

*Pierre.* The eldest daughter, Ma'amselle Cordelia, very much resembles her aunt, and judging from the little I saw of her, is her favorite.

*Duke.* A slight touch of the old maid about her, eh, Pierre ? [*Laughing.*] Ha-ha-ha !

*Pierre.* Ma'amselle Florence, the youngest daughter, is a very amiable and beautiful young lady.

*Duke.* Pierre, you deserve credit for the description you give of the O'Connor's ; it is precisely the same account I was favored with at Brussels, by Count de Henri. But order my carriage, immediately ; I shall call for Eugene at his hotel.

*Pierre.* Directly, your lordship. [*Bows, and exits, L.*]

*Duke.* [*Rubbing his knees.*] What can I possibly do amongst these ladies, with this confounded rheumatism ? it is a most grievous enemy to gallantry and address. The description of Florence has absolutely inspired me. [*Lively.*] Young, amiable and beautiful. Egad ! I shall have the fidgets until I behold the little Venus ! Beauty is the devil amongst people of quality. Bright woman's eye ever beguiles, and sets me capering ! [*Dancing.*] Delicious anticipations fill my soul with rapturous ecstacy ! Egad ! I'll speed to Paradise ! [*Exit, L. 1 E.*]

SCENE II.—*A handsome apartment in Sir Patrick's house. C. D. used, and backed by garden. Set door R. 2d E. Set door L. 2d E. Tables R. and L., with books, flowers, &c. Chairs R. and L.*

*Enter FLORENCE, R. 1 E.*

*Florence.* The Duke St. Lorme and his nephew, the count, have arrived. I declare, their presence has sadly affected my nerves. My secret marriage with Charles makes me restless and uneasy, for fear of discovery. Well, well—but a few short days, and Cordelia will be the Countess St. Lorme, little thinking that I, her younger sister, has stolon a march in the ranks of matrimony before her. [*KATTY sings without, c.*] Ah ! here comes the madcap, Katty O'Sheal !

*Enter KATTY, with a bunch of flowers, C. D., and singing.*

*Katty.* Ah, Florence, darlint, is it here ye are, all alone by yourself, this bright sunshiny morning ?

*Florence.* Yes, Katty, moralizing on the past and the future.

*Katty.* Bother your thinking. [*Sings.*]

“ Sure, we'll kiss and drink, and never think ;  
For it's all the same to-morrow, oh ! ”

*Florence.* Be quiet, you scrapegrace, do. Where did you gather those flowers ?

*Katty.* Over the hills, and far away. [*Sings.*]

“ Where the trout and the salmon play at backgammon,  
But if you attempt to touch them, sure they'll all swim away. ”

*Florence.* Come, come, be serious, you wild creature, do.

*Katty.* Is it serious you would have me ? Me, Katty O'Sheal, whose ancestors were the followers of the family before the world began !

*Florence.* Before the world began! [*Laughing.*] Ha ha-ha.

*Katty.* Faith, ye may laugh: but it's well known that my relations were the followers of your family time out of mind; and, bedad, that's before the deluge—and if nobody knows it, why, who's to find it out?

*Florence.* Well, never mind your ancestors, Katty; you know that I am in a very perplexing situation, through the fear of my clandestine union with Captain O'Lynn being discovered.

*Katty.* Sure, don't ye be spoilin' your blushes wid the blarney. Faith, I'd like to see the girl who wouldn't be afther jumping from a three-story window to stand in your two shoes, wid your sparkling eyes and your pouting lips, that rival the scarlet flowers I have here, and whispering to yourself, "Och, where the devil are you, Captain O'Lynn, to sip the dew from the two lips, and swallow the honey that's all your own?"

*Florence.* Don't talk such nonsense, Katty.

*Katty.* Faith, it's the honest truth I'm speaking. Sure, if I was your husband, I'd be the death of you.

*Florence.* Be the death of me, Katty? Ha-ha-ha!

*Katty.* That is, you know, to die the Irish way—"live a little longer."

*Florence.* Pray, stop your jesting, or I shall be angry.

*Katty.* Oh, you couldn't if you were to try ever so much. Sure, it's your sister Cordelia that's so well stocked with the article.

*Florence.* How can you run on with such nonsense? One would think you was born a simpleton!

*Katty.* Bedad, I wasu't, then; for I was born first a baby in long-clothes.

*Florence.* [*Laughing.*] Well, you certainly are a great creature, Katty.

*Katty.* Sure, I'm thinking that I'd be twice the child that I am, if your father hadn't transplanted me from my own native isle, to be smothered with the likes of macaroni and garlic. Faith, I long to see the old cronies again, and listen to them singing their good old Irish ditties: "A sailor courted a farmer's daughter that lived convenient to the Isle of Man."

*Florence.* I see there is no reason in you this morning, so I'll leave you to indulge in your wild flights of fancy. [*Going* R. H.]

*Katty.* Oh, don't you be after going yet. Sure, I've a small trifle of something to tell you.

*Florence.* Indeed!—has Captain O'Lynn returned from Marseilles?

*Katty.* Faith he has that same, and he'll be here, in a moment, to tell you so. [*Singing.*]

"For his waist is taper, none could be complater;  
And his breath as sweet as the flowers in May."

*Florence.* How can you be so tantalizing, Katty. Are you jesting, or have you seen Captain O'Lynn?

*Captain O'Lynn.* [*Without, c. p.*] Never mind, don't trouble yourself Monsieur.

*Katty.* Do you hear that? Now ask me if it's joking I am.

*Enter* CAPTAIN O'LYNN, C. D.

*Captain O' Lynn.* My dear Florence! [*Kissing her hands.*]

*Katty.* [*Seeing him kiss FLORENCE's hands.*] Sure, you needn't mind me.

*O' Lynn.* Oh no! Katty; you are our confidential friend, and the faithful follower of the family. You delivered my note to Florence?

*Katty.* Bedad, I forgot all about it. As you are here yourself, now, you can do that same. In Ireland, when a gentleman writes a letter to a young girl, he thinks the safest way is, to turn postmaster, and deliver it himself. [*Takes note from her bosom, and gives it to CAPTAIN.*]

*O' Lynn.* [*Smiling.*] You are really a droll creature.

*Katty.* Considering my youth! But I am too much accustomed to polite society to spoil sport, so smother the jewel of your soul wid kisses. [*He kisses FLORENCE.*] Och, strawberries and cream! butter-milk and good ould Irish whiskey! [*Exits L. 1 E.*]

*O' Lynn.* My dearest Florence, this note was to inform you that I had returned to Paris, but was compelled to see the Colonel before I could visit you.

*Florence.* And dear Charles, now that you have arrived, I am determined that our marriage shall be revealed this day.

*O' Lynn.* Nay, nay, Florence, have patience; do not let us disturb the joy of your sister's marriage with the tumult this matter may occasion. Count St. Lorme is my friend, and his uncle, the Duke, procured me my commission, and I can rely upon their joint influence with your father and aunt, after Cordelia's nuptials are celebrated.

*Enter* SIR PATRICK, L. II., 1 E.

*Sir Patrick.* Hey day! who have we got here?

*Florence.* [*Confused.*] Captain O' Lynn, sir. [*Exit Florence, C. D.*]

*Sir Patrick.* Ah, Captain—what!—always getting my foolish girl in a corner. Well, well, let me once see her eldest sister married to Count St. Lorme, I will soon provide a husband for Florence.

*O' Lynn.* Let it be one of my recommending, Sir Patrick. I flatter myself that I could point out the person that would not be altogether disagreeable to Mam'selle Florence.

*Sir Patrick.* What?—yourself. Eh, Captain?

*O' Lynn.* If I could but obtain your consent!

*Sir Patrick.* You marry Florence! No, no, that will never do. I esteem both you and your family. A soldier should never think of marriage, unless he has the chink—money—Captain O' Lynn.

*O' Lynn.* It is true my fortune is but moderate;—still sufficient to keep above want; and I hope, by diligence and perseverance, to increase it.

*Sir Patrick.* My good sir, add to your fortune before you think of a wife. I will do anything to serve you upon the footing of friendship, but—



*O' Lynn.* Be assured, sir, there is no instance that I should rate your friendship so highly.

*Sir Patrick.* Pshaw! that's another affair altogether. You know where money or interest is concerned, friendship is quite out of the question.

*O' Lynn.* But would you not sacrifice a trifle to secure your daughter's happiness?

*Sir Patrick.* Confound it! do you want to persuade me that the girl is in love with you!

*O' Lynn.* No, Sir Patrick; I cannot answer for Florence, but I am sure that the chief happiness or misery of my life depends entirely upon her.

*Sir Patrick.* Ridiculous!—a soldier should think of nothing but glory and promotion. The ladder of fame should be your motto. Come, come, now promise me that I shall hear no more of this.

*O' Lynn.* [*Hesitating.*] I fear, sir, I should not be able to keep my word with you.

*Sir Patrick.* The devil! you would not offer to marry her without my consent?

*O' Lynn.* Sir!—I—I beg, sir—pray excuse me on the subject at present!

*Sir Patrick.* Then promise me that you will carry this matter no further!

*O' Lynn.* That I promise you, Sir Patrick.

*Sir Patrick.* Enough. I shall depend on your words. Here comes my sister, and our honored guests.

*Enter DUKE ST. LORME, LADY O'NIEL, COUNT ST. LORME, CORDELIA, and FLORENCE, C. The LADIES each carry a bouquet.*

*Duke.* Great improvement indeed, your ladyship. I must confess you have wonderful taste.

*Sir Patrick.* My sister has been showing you the various alterations that I have made in the old mansion. I can assure your lordship that I spared neither pains or expense. In fact it is quite another place compared to what it was when I first purchased it. I made a green house out of the old shed; turned the wine brewery into a pinery, and the high octagon summer house you saw, is raised on a Portland block, given me by the steward of the Earl of Pembroke; you perceive it commands a view of the whole road to Paris.

*Duke.* [R. c.] It appeared to me, Sir Patrick, like some fairy castle in the air—a kind of depot for balloons to start from, when the wind is fair for excursions across the channel to England, or a coasting voyage to the Rhine.

*Lady O'Neil.* [L. c.] My brother is a little comical in his ideas, my lord, but you'll excuse him. I have a gothic grotto fitted up in my own taste, where nature and art are combined, that I must show you.

*Duke.* [*Bowing.*] I have every moment a fresh opportunity of admiring the elegance of Lady O'Neil;—the very flower of delicacy and cream of politeness.

*Lady O'Neil* [*Curtseying.*] Oh! my lord!

*Sir Patrick.* How do you like the walks, my lord?

*Duke.* Excellent! they form a perfect maze, and wind like a true lover's knot. [*To FLORENCE.*] Your bouquet is composed of very choice and beautiful flowers, Mademoiselle.

*Florence.* Yes, they are very miscellaneous, your lordship. Will you do me the honor of accepting them. [*Presenting bouquet.*]

*Duke.* With pleasure. I'll wear it next my heart, Mademoiselle. [*Aside.*] I have positively made an impression on the young creature.

*Cordelia.* Will your lordship permit me to present you with this rose? [*Presenting it.*]

*Duke.* The truest emblem of yourself, Mademoiselle—all sweetness and poignancy. [*Aside.*] A little jealous, by the gods.

[*Crosses to R. and back c.*]

*Sir Patrick.* Now, my lord, we have time sufficient before dinner to stroll though the orchard, where I will show you some very fine prospects.

*Lady O'Neil.* But brother, perhaps you will fatigue his lordship with over walking!

*Duke.* Not at all, madam; let us at once proceed to the Garden of Eden, in the regions of perpetual spring and youth. [*Leering at the ladies.*] I am ever gay when surrounded by a bevy of beauties.

*Lady O'Neil.* [*Aside.*] Here is real nobility.

*Duke.* [*To FLORENCE and CORDELIA.*] Ladies will you do me the honor. [*Offering his arm, which they take.*] Sir Patrick and Lady O'Neil will lead the way;—we young people will follow.

*Sir Patrick.* Certainly, your lordship! Come, sister, [*taking her arm,*] let's hob and bob together. [*Crossing R., 1 E.*]

*Lady O'Neil.* [*Aside to him.*] Don't be so vulgar, brother!  
[*Both exit, R. H., followed by DUKE ST. LORME, in ecstasy, with ELORENCE and CORDELIA.*]

KATTY enters C., and remains back.

*Count St. Lorme.* At length we are alone. I know that you are my friend, and will rejoice to serve me.

*O'Lynn.* Our friendship has never been doubted!

*Count St. Lorme.* This treaty of marriage between Mademoiselle Cordelia and myself, will come to nothing.

*O'Lynn.* You amaze me! But what's to prevent it?

*Count St. Lorme.* Well, plainly speaking, I do not like her.

*Katty.* [*Aside.*] Bedad, there's plenty like you, exactly.

*O'Lynn.* I never supposed that you were extremely devoted to her, from inclination, but thought you considered it as an affair of convenience, rather than true affection.

*Count St. Lorme.* Very true. You are aware that I was to receive the round sum of eighty thousand pounds with Cordelia. I looked upon love—serious, sober love—as a chimera, and marriage as a thing of course; but I who, until lately, was so great an infidel in love, am now one of its sincerest votaries. In a word, my defection from Cordelia proceeds from the violence of my attachment to another

*Katty.* [*Aside.*] Did you ever hear the likes of that?

*O' Lynn.* Rather an awkward affair, count. Sir Patrick is an obstinate old fellow, and Cordelia is Lady O'Neil's favorite neice. There will be fine work if you retract from your engagement. But, tell me, who is your charmer?

*Count St. Lorme.* Her sister—the lovely and angelic Florence!

*Katty.* [*Aside.*] Och, murther, in Frinch!

*O' Lynn.* [*Starting.*] Florence!—the devil! My dear count, you really must not think of such a thing.

*Katty.* [*Aside.*] That's my opinion of the matther.

*Count St. Lorme.* Not think of it! I can think of nothing else. Was it possible for me to be indulged in a daily intercourse with two such objects as Florence and her sister, and not find my heart led by insensible attraction towards her?

*Katty.* [*Aside.*] That's the honest truth he's speaking.

*Count St. Lorme.* You seem confounded. Why do you not answer?

*Katty.* [*Aside.*] It's a delicate question you're asking him, anyhow.

*O' Lynn.* Indeed, Count, this event gives me infinite concern. I foresee that it will produce the worst consequences. Let me persuade you to drop these thoughts in time.

*Count St. Lorme.* Never,—never!

*Katty.* [*Aside.*] Faith, I think you'd better, then.

*O' Lynn.* You have gone too far to recede. A negotiation so near concluded cannot be broken off with any grace. The preliminaries finally settled between the Duke St. Lorme and Sir Patrick, and Cordelia, ready herself to receive you as her husband.

*Katty.* [*Aside.*] And she's been waiting too long for a husband to be letting you off aisy.

*Count St. Lorme.* I grant you the banns have been published, but persons change their minds occasionally after entering the church.

*O' Lynn.* You think too lightly of this affair:—to carry your addresses so far and then desert her, and for her younger sister, too,—it will be such an affront to the family they can never countenance it.

*Katty.* [*Aside.*] The old lady will give you scratch, for the sake of her prodigy.

*Count St. Lorme.* I don't think so. Transferring my passion from one sister to the other is not like bestowing my affections out of the family.

*Katty.* [*Aside.*] You're a beauty, anyhow.

*O' Lynn.* Count, take my advice, and think better of it.

*Count St. Lorme.* I have thought already. Now, candidly, you cannot blame me. Is there any comparison between them?

*Katty.* [*Aside.*] Yes; one's like a beautiful canary-bird, and the other is like the ilegant bird they call the crow, wid plenty of caw! caw! caw! [*Imitates a crow.*]

*O' Lynn.* You should have thought of this before.

*Count St. Lorme.* [*Looking off* R. H.] Oh! I see her in the garden, I'll go to her immediately. [*Going* R. 1 E.]

*O' Lynn* [*Detaining him.*] You are too precipitate!—consider what you are doing!

*Count St. Lorme.* I would not lose the opportunity for the universe. [*Breaking from him.*] Don't interrupt us, Captain O'Lynn, or I shall never forgive you. [*Runs off R. 1 E.*]

*Katty.* Och, hone! What will we do?

*O' Lynn.* I shall go mad. [*Walking about, greatly excited.*] This is the most unfortunate occurrence that could possibly happen.

*Katty.* [*Following him.*] It's bothered I am, entirely.

*O' Lynn.* [*Not noticing her.*] In love with my wife. D——n it, I can't bear this!

*Katty.* [*Following CAPTAIN.*] I don't know what to do wid the likes of it.

*O' Lynn.* I am the most unfortunate fellow in the world.

*Katty.* Sure, you have the devil's own luck, and your own, too.

*O' Lynn.* Acquaint me with his passion for her!—it is beyond forbearance.

*Katty.* To make love to your own lawful wife, the big blackguard.

*O' Lynn.* [*Turns and meets KATTY.*] What are you talking about?

*Katty.* Sure, I'm not talking at all, at all. I'm just thinking what a fix yer in.

*O' Lynn.* Fix! D——n me, I'm mad! Call fortune inconstant!

*Katty.* Bedad, she's constant enough to you, anyhow, and kicks you into all the gutters she can find.

*O' Lynn.* [*Going L.*] No matter! the die is cast! I'll go and inform Sir Patrick at once.

*Katty.* [*Detaining him.*] And have you're darling Florence's fortune cut off to a miserable shilling. Sure, that would never do, Captain.

*O' Lynn.* I can never submit to Count St. Lorme making love to Florence! S'death, I should break out and claim my right, were it the king himself.

*Katty.* Whisht! Don't you know that I'm the poor but faithful follower of the family, and now, that you're hitched to my young lady and the old family carriage, sure, it's meself that will do anything to serve you. Don't you know that I consider you one of the boys?

*O' Lynn.* Oh! nonsense! Pray what can you do, Katty?

*Katty.* More than you'll give me credit for, I'll go bail; but you trust to me for a screamer, and I'll have Lady O'Neil, together wid her pet, Cordelia, and your father-in-law, Sir Patrick—who don't know it—bedad, I'll have them all at loggerheads.

*O' Lynn.* But that will be of no use to me!

*Katty.* Och, you be aisy, and you'll see what a storm I'll have here in less than no time wid the ancient O'Connors and the inspiring St. Lormes. Faith, I'll have them all in a mighty big fustration, like a cow's tail in fly-time.

*O' Lynn.* Well, but I can't see the good of such mischief.

*Katty.* Mischief! You'll be calling it iletant amuement, when I accomplish my intentions.

*O' Lynn.* Curse me, if I can comprehend your meaning.

*Katty.* Whist! here comes the old duke. You be off, and you'll see how I'll snare the ould bird.

*O' Lynn.* Well, fire away, Katty, I'll trust to luck.

[Exit CAPTAIN O'LYNN, L. II.]

*Katty.* [Sings.] "Trust to luck."

Enter DUKE ST. LORME, R., 1 E.

*Duke.* Ah! what have we here!—a songstress from the Emerald Isle. Good morning, my dear!

*Katty.* [Curtseying.] Good morning to your honor. Sure, it's mighty glad to see you, so I am!

*Duke.* [Aside.] This must be the follower of the family, that I have heard so much about. [Aloud.] You are attached to the O'Connors, I presume.

*Katty.* Faith you may say that wid all the truth in life, for, according to the ancient and modern history, there's a long account to settle betwene us.

*Duke.* [Aside.] Egad! she's very pretty. [Aloud.] So, to keep up the ancient custom, you have left the land of your birth to follow your patron to sunny France.

*Katty.* Yes, your honor; sure, I left the land of the potatoes for the land of the frogs.

*Duke.* Frogs, when properly dressed, are a very delicious dish, I can assure you, my little queen.

*Katty.* Faith, I know that. Sure, all the soup in the country seems swimming alive with the lively little fellows.

*Duke.* [Aside.] Her simplicity charms me. [Aloud.] But you are aware that France is famed for her great skill and taste in cookery.

*Katty.* Bedad, I know that, for our cook makes lots of good things out of nothing. She roasts a great lump of butter as we would in Ireland a sucking-pig, and then makes ilegant broth out of the shavings.

*Duke.* [Laughing.] Ha-ha-ha! I perceive the arts and sciences in our French kitchens astonish you. They don't serve up such savory morsels in your country!

*Katty.* Faith, they don't, and if they did, they couldn't be afther getting anybody to ate thim.

*Duke.* Why not, my dear?

*Katty.* Oh, the Pats are pretty good at the vegetable productions, but you wouldn't be after getting thim to swallow anything that has the appearance of unhealthy hedgehogs.

*Duke.* [Laughing.] Ha-ha-ha! unhealthy hedgehogs. [Aside.] The girl is positively a connoisseur in droll sayings. [Aloud.] But, tell me, my little sprig of the shamrock, have you many colleges for education in the part of Ireland that you came from?

*Katty.* Colleges? Bedad, the country's full of thim. There's the "Amitoress," "Discriptive," and "Non-Discriptive," all full of beautiful music and poetry.

*Duke.* By my faith you have studied the classics.

*Katty.* Och, sure, I went to school to Judy McCree. She was a

whole history in herself. She was distantly related to Tim Moore and Will Shakespeare. Och, wouldn't I like to see her equal among the Pol-i-vous?

*Duke.* [*Aside.*] The girl is a complete composition of sayings—a rustic beauty. [*Aloud.*] Really, my dear, you interest me with your knowledge of the ancients;—your instructress must have been a wonderful woman!

*Katty.* She was that same! But your honor seemed fond of singing,—are you also fond of dancing?

*Duke.* My sweet little flower of the west, I shall idolize everything that you do.

*Katty.* Then, hurroo! for Barney O'Brallagan!

*Music.*—*She dances jig. The DUKE dances, and endeavors to keep pace with her;—during which SIR PATRICK, LADY O'NEIL, CORDELIA, COUNT ST. LORME and FLORENCE enter door C. CAPTAIN O'LYNN enters L., 1 E. All look on with astonishment. The DUKE continues to dance until exhausted.—Falls C. KATTY dances around him until drop down.*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*Same as last scene of Act I.*

*Enter SIR PATRICK and COUNT ST. LORME, L., 1 E.*

*Sir Patrick.* What the deuce is the meaning of all this? I don't understand a single syllable!

*Count St. Lorme.* [L.] It will be absolutely impossible for me to fulfil my engagement in regard to M'lle Cordelia.

*Sir Patrick.* How, sir! Do you mean to put an affront upon the O'Connors?

*Count St. Lorme.* No, Sir Patrick; I neither intend to offend nor forsake your family. It is my most earnest desire to be connected in an alliance of the nearest and tenderest ties.

*Sir Patrick.* Why, you have this moment declared it was impossible for you to marry my daughter!

*Count St. Lorme.* True; but you have another daughter, sir!

*Sir Patrick.* I flatter myself that I have; but what has that to do with it?

*Count St. Lorme.* In a word, Sir Patrick, M'lle Florence has obtained the most absolute dominion over my heart.

*Sir Patrick.* The devil she has! Why, what do you take me for, Count St. Lorme!

*Count St. Lorme.* A gentleman, Sir Patrick, of the strictest honor and integrity.

*Sir Patrick.* And then, do you suppose that I will suffer you, or any man in the world, to come into my house, like the Grand Turk, and throw his handkerchief, first at one of my daughters, and then

the other! Zounds! sir, this is France, or the Grand Nation, as you Frenchmen term it, and not Turkey. You must imagine yourself in Constantinople—not the suburbs of Paris!

*Count St. Lorme.* A moment's patience, sir. Believe me, nothing but the excess of my passion for M'lle Florence should have induced me to take the step that had the least appearance of disrespect towards your family; and even now, I am desirous to atone for my transgression by making the most adequate compensation!

*Sir Patrick.* Absurd, sir! What compensation can you possibly make?

*Count St. Lorme.* Consent to cancel my engagement with M'lle Cordelia, and I will marry M'lle Florence with half the dowry agreed upon—forty thousand pounds instead of eighty.

*Sir Patrick.* Well, truly, there is some consideration in that. But then, my sister, Lady O'Neil, sir, must be consulted.

*Count St. Lorme.* That I have already obtained.

*Sir Patrick.* The deuce, you have!

*Count St. Lorme.* Yes, sir; I hinted my sentiments to her ladyship, and I have reason to believe that she is perfectly agreeable to my wishes!

*Sir Patrick.* Well, wonders will never cease. Egad! she is the last person that I should have thought would listen to anything of the kind.

*Count St. Lorme.* Then you do not object, Sir Patrick?

*Sir Patrick.* Oh, no! If my sister sanctions it, there is an end of the matter. If she is content with the slight offered to her favorite niece, I have nothing to say against it, considering the liberal compensation you grant.

*Count St. Lorme.* Thanks! thanks! Sir Patrick, you have made me happy. I'll hasten to her ladyship and [*crosses R.*] acquaint her with your approval. [*Exit* COUNT ST. LORME, R., l. E.]

*Sir Patrick.* Well, really, I must confess, the French nobility have a most singular way of doing things. Count St. Lorme first proposes for my eldest daughter;—comes post-haste from Brussels, and signs the marriage contract, and in less than twenty-four hours after solicits the hand of my youngest daughter at half the original dowry agreed upon. Then the old Duke fancies himself a young boy; flirts with the ladies; enters my mansion with all the pomp and stiffness of an emperor, and in two hours afterwards I find him dancing a jig with Katty O'Sheal!

*Katty.* Is it here ye are, Sir Patrick? Faith, its mighty glad I am that I've found you.

*Sir Patrick.* Well; and now that you have found me, perhaps you will be kind enough to inform me how you prevailed upon the Duke St. Lorme to dance an Irish jig, and also the nature of his conversation with you in the garden.

*Katty.* You don't see how the cat jumps.

*Sir Patrick.* Come, come! Miss Katty, none of your tantalizing evasions. I simply ask you a reasonable question.

*Katty.* Do you mean to say that you don't know what's going on in the house?

*Sir Patrick.* Well, yes—that is—not exactly—there is some slight change in the original agreement with the St. Lorne's.

*Katty.* Slight change? Bedad, I'm thinking there's a mighty big one, and it's yerself that'll get none the best of the bargain.

*Sir Patrick.* Oh, I see! You are, then, acquainted with the Count's inconstancy.

*Katty.* Inconstancy? Such transmogrification might be called an every-day occurrence in high life, or, as the French say, "Fashionable convenience," that Cupid has nothing at all to do wid.

*Sir Patrick.* You are right, Katty; matrimonial affairs, nine times out of ten, with the nobility, may very justly be termed mercenary speculations.

*Katty.* Faith, that's true for you. Now, then, I'll tell you something which I consider my duty to acquaint you wid.

*Sir Patrick.* Well, Katty, if it's any consequence, be brief and tell me.

*Katty.* [*Aside.*] Now, then, I'll tell bim a thumper. [*Aloud.*] If a gentleman was on the point of losing two hundred thousand pounds, wouldn't he consider it of consequence?

*Sir Patrick.* Well, really, I should think so. Two hundred thousand pounds! Zounds! it would make a man commit suicide!

*Katty.* Och, darlint, I'd be very sorry to see *you* do the likes of that.

*Sir Patrick.* [*Surprised.*] Me! What the deuce do you mean?

*Katty.* You know the world gives you credit for having a sister, and, bedd, that *sister's* a woman.

*Sir Patrick.* Well, it would be devilish strange if she was a man. Come, come, Miss Katty, none of your blarney; I'm not in the humor for joking.

*Katty.* Sure, if I am not to be listened to, I'll hold my tongue betwene my teeth, and never speak a word; but when the joke's found out, you'll be laughing the wrong side of yer mouth, or my name is not Katty O'Sheal.

*Sir Patrick.* Ah! then, it's something of importance. Explain.

*Katty.* [*Whispering.*] The Duke St. Lorne is paying his delicate attentions to Lady O'Neil!

*Sir Patrick.* Nonsense! I don't believe that.

*Katty.* Faith, I do, and what's more, sure, the old duke seems to be quite pleased wid that same.

*Sir Patrick.* [*Laughing.*] Ha-ha-ha! you misconstrue the thing, Katty. The French are celebrated for their politeness.

*Katty.* Oh, it's very polite, isn't it, to be smothering one another wid kisses, in the summer-house?

*Sir Patrick.* You don't mean to tell me that the Duke was kissing my sister?

*Katty.* Faith I do, and what's more, sure she was giving them back to the old fellow, into the bargain. Bedad, it was ilegant amusement for the two.

*Sir Patrick.* It appears very unreasonable to me. You must be mistaken, Katty!



*Katty.* Divil a mistake, at all, at all. Didn't I see it wid my own two eyes? and, to satisfy my natural feminine curiosity, I slipped behind the summer-house, and listened to all their tender discourse. She tould the duke all about her property: three per cents., ould Irish annuities, together with large concerns in the Dutch, Frinch, and English funds;—Do you mind that?

*Sir Pataick.* The devil!—this must be put a stop to if possible. The Duke lives above his income, and will do anything for money, and my old stupid sister will discover the error when it's too late. However, I'll not be out-generalled if I can help it. Zounds! I'll go and look after them immediately. [*Exit SIR PATRICK, R., 1 E.*]

*Katty.* Sure, I tickled that old fellow! Faith, he went off in a blaze!

*Enter CAPTAIN O'LYNN and FLORENCE, C. D.*

*O' Lynn.* Well, Katty, have you commenced operations?

*Florence.* [R.] What have you said to my father?

*Katty.* [C.] Bedad, I sent him off in a mighty big flusteration; but, tell me, have you been speaking wid the Duke, yet?

*Florence.* No; I saw him in the garden, but my courage failed me!

*O' Lynn.* [L.] I had better mention the affair to his lordship myself.

*Katty.* And spoil all my iligant contrivances? Retire, Captain; if you don't, I'll resign my commission.

*Florence.* Be ruled by Katty, Charles; remember she once saved my father from being plundered in Italy.

*Katty.* Faith, I did that same, Florence, darling, and faith, I'd do that same again, but I want you two to trust to me, and I'll play a game that will set you all right, and t'others all wrong? Will you do it?

*O' Lynn.* Yes, yes! whatever you say, Katty.

*Katty.* Then you be off, Captain, and wait until I send for you.

*O' Lynn.* But, Katty—

*Katty.* Be out of this; if you don't, I'll be after shooting you wid a wooden skewer.

*O' Lynn.* Well, I suppose I must go forward with the siege, Katty; but bring me into action as soon as possible. [*Exit O'LYNN, L. 1 E.*]

*Katty.* Now, Florence, darlint, you remain here, and I'll go in the garden, and send the old Duke. Then do you tell him you're married, and you can't help it, and that the Count St. Lorme, his nephew, is making love to you, and he must help that. Speak right out, Florence, darlint, for love's the devil, anyhow. Screw your courage to the sticking-plaster, and remember, there is no such word as fail!

[*Exit, C. D.*]

*Florence.* Fortune, thou fickle genius, I now crave thy aid, and assist me out of this quandary. Love has triumphed over duty; and, as Katty says, I'm in a most elegant fix;—should my father and aunt prove cruel, and hand me and my gallant Captain our walking papers to new quarters.

Enter DUKE ST. LORME, C. D.

*Duke.* [*Bowing.*] Mademoiselle, you wish to speak with me?

*Florence.* [*Aside.*] I'm all confusion. [*Aloud.*] I have a favor to ask, my lord.

*Duke.* To be honored with your commands is to me an inexpressible pleasure.

*Florence.* If your lordship could indulge me, I—I—[*Aside and confused.*] I am really at a loss what to say.

*Duke.* [*Aside.*] The girl's confused. Ah, here's something in the wind!

*Florence.* (R.) [*Confused.*] I beg your pardon, my lord, I—I—

*Duke.* [L.] My dear Mademoiselle, indeed I shall be most happy to receive your commands; and the satisfaction of confirming with my tongue what my eyes, perhaps, have too weakly expressed; that I am your very humble servant.

*Florence.* Believe me, I feel greatly honored by your condescension, my lord, but it distresses me to say that I am obliged, in my present situation, to apply to you for protection.

*Duke.* Really, Mademoiselle, I am happy in your distresses, because it gives me an opportunity to show my zeal. Beauty, to me, is a religion in which I would die a martyr. [*Aside.*] She's an interesting girl, by jove!

*Katty.* [*Peeping in c. d.*] [*Aside.*] Just listen to the ould rhinoceros!

*Florence.* Affection, duty, hope, despair, and other thoughts I am struggling with. Even the presence of your lordship adds to my perplexity.

*Duke.* Venus forbid! [*Aside.*] The devil's in me for perplexing the ladies. [*Smiling.*] Take courage, Mademoiselle, you have a powerful advocate in my breast; I am attached to you by all the laws of sympathy and delicacy. [KATTY, *peeping in c.*]

*Florence.* You are not aware, my lord, your nephew, by the most misplaced and ill-timed declaration of affection for me, has given me great annoyance.

*Duke.* Monstrous!—declaration of love to you!

*Florence.* Yes, my lord. But it is needless to say that my affection for my sister, and duty to my family, and the great respect I entertain for your lordship, have made me exceedingly unhappy.

*Duke.* Sweet girl! Proceed, Mademoiselle!

*Katty.* [*Peeping in c. d.*] She's walking into the ould duck's affections! Go it, my beauty.

*Florence.* What I have to disclose, my lord—my secret—I dread should it meet with your displeasure.

*Duke.* Impossible!—speak, I beseech you!

*Florence.* Pardon my confusion—I am devoted to another.

*Duke.* [*Aside.*] It's plain enough she loves me. [*Aloud.*] By the love of beauty, command my heart, for 'tis wholly yours.

[*Kneeling, and kissing her hand.*]

*Katty.* [*Peeping in c. d.*] What's the old devilskin doing?

*Florence.* [*Alarmed*] My lord! my lord!

*Duke.* Speak but your wishes, and enjoy them, amiable creature ; here at your feet I swear fidelity !

*Enter SIR PATRICK, R. II., 1 E.*

*Sir Patrick.* [Starting.] The devil !

*Florence* [Disengaging herself.] My father !

*Enter LADY O'NEIL, L., 1 E.*

*Lady O'Neil.* Amazement ! I am really shocked !

*Katty.* [Peeping out C. D.] Amusement for the million.

FLORENCE hurries off through door R., 3 E. ; DUKE hurries off through door L., 3 E.. and KATTY disappears at back.

*Sir Patrick.* Well, things are coming to a pretty pass, I must say !

*Lady O'Neil.* Yes, brother ; and you ought to be ashamed of yourself for such monstrous conduct !

*Sir Patrick.* Confound it, madam, can I be responsible for amorous old fops, and old women, together with giddy young girls, who don't know their own minds.

*Lady O'Neil.* Brother, your behavior and proceedings are infamous. You have no concern for the honor of our family.

*Sir Patrick.* My proceedings !

*Lady O'Neil.* It's abominable ! Can't that wise head of yours foresee the consequences ?

*Sir Patrick.* Well, madam, you have had all your own way in this affair.

*Lady O'Neil.* [L.] And all would have been arranged satisfactorily, and to the honor of our family, had you not consented to the CONET's scandalous proposals.

*Sir Patrick.* [E.] Zounds ! madam, it was yourself that sanctioned his request with regard to exchanging Cordelia for Florence ;—a circumstance I should never have thought of. But you cannot deceive me. I know you wish to quarrel with me, and I am acquainted with the reason why.

*Lady O'Neil.* Brother ! brother ! you will compel me to speak in a moment !

*Sir Patrick.* Say on, madam ; I am acquainted with your billing and cooing, and kissing the humorous old Duke in the summer-house.

*Lady O'Neil.* Have you taken leave of your senses, brother ?

*Sir Patrick.* No, sister, but my eyes are now open to your intrigues ; and I wish you much joy with the conceited old fop. [Laughing.] Ha-ha-ha ! I'll send a despatch to Ireland forthwith, to prepare our friends there with the interesting event. Ha-ha-ha ! the O'Neil's and the O'Rafferty's will break each other's heads with the joyful intelligence. Ha-ha-ha !

[Exit L., 1 E.]

*Lady O'Neil.* [Walking about in great passion.] I never was so insulted in the whole course of my life. The brute ! to make such insinuations about me with the Duke !

*Enter CORDELIA, R., 1 E.*

*Cordelia.* My dear aunt! what is the matter with you?

*Lady O'Neil.* My dear child, that father of your's will cause me to end my days in a lunatic asylum.

*Cordelia.* My father, aunt?

*Lady O'Neil.* Yes, he has the audacity to say that I flirt with the Duke St. Lorme!

*Cordelia.* You flirt with the Duke, aunt!—impossible!

*Lady O'Neil.* Ah! and positively asserts that we contemplate marriage.

*Cordelia.* Good gracious! he must be crazy!

*Lady O'Neil.* My dear Cordelia, I'll not suffer it. Go, child, instantly, and tell your father that I demand an immediate explanation of his outrageous conduct.

*Cordelia.* Yes, dear aunt. [*Going. Aside.*] Really, everything seems to go contrary. [*Exit L., 1 E.*]

*Enter COUNT ST. LORME, C. D.*

*Count St. Lorme.* [R.] Your ladyship, I beg, will grant me a few moments' conversation!

*Lady O'Neil.* [L.] To be brief, my lord, I must decline renewing the subject you suggested this morning!

*Count St. Lorme.* It has ever been my desire to merit the good opinion of your ladyship, and if you will but consider the circumstances, I flatter myself—

*Lady O'Neil.* You do flatter yourself if you fancy for a moment that I can approve of your behavior to my niece.

*Count St. Lorme.* I would not offend your ladyship for the world, and I hope your discretion and good sense will think it rather a point of honor to break engagements which I could not fulfill so strictly as I ought.

*Lady O'Neil.* Really, Count, I am so perplexed with my own affairs at the present moment—

*Count St. Lorme.* [*Kneeling.*] My dear lady, on my knees I implore you to listen—

*Re-enter SIR PATRICK and CORDELIA, L., 1 E. Both start;—Count rises confused.*

*Sir Patrick.* My dear Count, don't let me interrupt you at your devotions. Sister, I beg ten thousand pardons. Really, Cupid seems to be hard at work here. Love reigns predominant both in the house and out of it; the infection is certainly contagious. D—n me but I'll have a turn at the tender passion myself with the first woman that comes in my way. [*Exit C. D.*]

*Lady O'Neil.* Now, Sir Count, you see what my brother thinks.

*Count St. Lorme.* [*Confused.*] Really, madam, I regret I—

*Lady O'Neil.* Don't talk to me of regrets! Come, Cordelia, I'll end this farce at once. [*Exit with CORDELIA, C.*]

*Count St. Lorme.* Confusion! What am I to do? I'll ask my

uncle, the Duke. His influence will have more weight with the old lady, if I can prevail upon him to lend me his assistance.

*Enter* CAPTAIN O'LYNN, L., 1 E.

*O' Lynn.* Well met, my friend ; I have something of the greatest importance to communicate.

*Count St Lorme.* You have, no doubt, heard of my interview with Lady O'Neil, respecting Florence ?

*O' Lynn.* Yes ; and it is on that account I must disclose a secret in which I am seriously involved, and likewise to prevent you pursuing an object that must end in failure.

*Count St. Lorme.* You allude to the opposition of the family ?

*O' Lynn.* We may be interrupted here. Come with me to the garden, and there I will unbosom myself, and explain all to you.

*Count St. Lorme.* [*Crosses to R.*] I am with you, Captain. But all you can say or do, cannot alter my determination. If the family will persist in thwarting my honorable intentions, I'll run away with the girl, or I'm no Frenchman.

*O' Lynn.* Your lordship will never accomplish that

*Count St. Lorme.* We shall see ! we shall see !

[*Exit with* CAPTAIN O'LYNN, R. 1 E.

*Enter* DUKE ST. LORME, L. 3 E.

*Duke.* It was really unfortunate to be interrupted in the most critical moment that ever love and beauty honored me with,—a declaration of love from the lips of beauty. Florence is, indeed, an angel. How blind I have been to the desolation I have made ? Yet how could I possibly imagine that a little partial attention and tender civilities should win her affections. No matter, the murder's out, and I'll sacrifice the whole sex for her sake.

*Enter* KATTY, C.

*Katty.* [*R. C.*] Is yer honor all alone ?

*Duke.* [*L.*] No, my little sweet-briar. I was never in such exquisite company since my heart first conceived or my senses tasted pleasure.

*Katty.* Sure, you're indulged wid invisible companions. Sure, a blind man couldn't see any one here but yourself.

*Duke.* Delightful imaginations, Katty. My own idea's a delirium of ecstasy.

*Katty.* I understand ; it's a conflagration of wit, wine, sweet cider and good ould Irish whiskey punch.

*Duke.* Mortal shadows of felicity !

*Katty.* Like castles in the air,—never to be realized. [*Aside.*] I'll tickle this ould fellow ! [*Aloud*] Sure, it's mighty glad I am to see you so happy.

*Duke.* You shall partake of it, my dear. My felicity shall not be confined to myself alone, but shall spread its influence to the whole circle of friends. You, Katty, are a confidant of M'le. Florence's, who has, no doubt, informed you of—

*Katty.* Don't be aafter speaking a word. Sure, she's reached the staircase of her wishes, and you pardon her folly?

*Duke.* Yes; how could she help it? And I confess that I am devoted to her.

*Katty.* Sure, your kindness distracts me.

*Duke.* Which was positively the case with Mademoiselle Florence.

*Katty.* She trembled to disclose the secret.

*Duke.* Yes, Katty, it was a moment of bliss; and as I never do things by halves, I have resolved to plunge into matrimony.

*Katty.* Who could look at that inspiring figure, widout being struck all of a lump, like mud in a gutter!

*Duke.* [*Aside*] Another conquest, by the gods!

*Katty.* Och, hone! my poor heart. [*Attempts to fall in his arms. He avoids her.*]

*Duke.* Why, what's the matter, Katty? you appear faint.

*Katty.* Och, hone! och, hone! I'm kilt intirely!

*Duke.* Dear me! what is it ails you?

*Katty.* Och, hone! och, hone!

*Duke.* [*Aside*.] Poor creature, this is distressing. [*Aloud*.] But, my dear Katty, you must consider our stations!

*Katty.* I do, and it's that's what's killing me intirely! [*Tries to fall into Duke's arms.*] Oh, mercy for the girls, but never mind the gintlemen! [*Pretends to faint.*]

*Duke.* By heavens! I feel quite alarmed; she's certainly crazy, and may bite me; I'll run and call some assistance. [*Going*.]

*Katty.* Oh, don't! don't be aafter leaving me. Sure, the wild tortured cat, that flies across the mountain, loves, and why not—why not Katty O'Sheal?

*Duke.* My dear, good young lady compose yourself and I'll be your friend.

*Katty.* Who could look at that beautiful face, that chiselled forehead, those sparkling eyes? Och, hone! that beautiful mouth. Och, hone! och, hone! [*Aside*.] Bedad, it's all over his face! [*Aloud*.] Och, hone! och, hone! And your delicate white hands! [*Aside*.] They're just as yellow as a duck's foot! [*Aloud*.] Och, hone! och, hone! I'm kilt intirely; I can stand it no longer! Catch me, your honor! I am going to faint. [*Falls into Duke's arms.*] The poor, broken-hearted Katty O'Sheal! Ho-ho-ho!

*Duke.* [*Holding her*.] Bless me! what shall I do;—she's really so heavy I cannot carry her to a chair. Katty! Katty! arouse yourself. My rheumatics has taken all my strength away. I'll give a thousand pounds for a chair to sit her upon—I certainly shall let her fall.

*Enter SIR PATRICK, c.*;—starts on seeing DUKE.

*Sir Patrick.* [R.] Well, I declare, your lordship is in a very interesting situation.

*Duke.* My dear Sir Patrick, the girl has swooned; pray take hold of her, for my strength is entirely gone.

*Sir Patrick.* I beg pardon for intruding!

*Duke.* D—n it, sir, assist me, or I shall drop her.

*Sir Patrick.* Well, I must not have her injured. [*Takes her.*] But remember, sir, if you have insulted Katty, I shall demand satisfaction.

*Duke.* I pledge you my honor that I have not; I will seek one of the servants to procure her a glass of water, and when recovered, she will vouch for me, I am certain. [*Exit R., 1 E.*]

*Sir Patrick.* This is strange;—Katty is not one of the fainting kind. [*As he is carrying her to a chair, LADY O'NEIL enters C. D.*]

*Lady O'Neil.* [*Starting.*] Can it be possible! Ah! ah! my virtuous brother, this is very pretty, indeed! Now, sir, I will be even with you, and I'll inform everybody, as you did about the Count. [*Runs off C.*]

*Sir Patrick.* Zounds! woman, I am innocent of anything wrong. [*Places KATTY in chair.* D—n that stupid old Duke, he is getting everybody into trouble in the house. I must stop my sister's mouth, if possible! [*Runs off C. D.*]

*Katty.* [*Jumps up, and laughs heartily.*] Bedad, didn't I know it only wanted a fight to cap the climax! [*Pistols.*] What's that? It sounded very much like a young gun exploding. Faith, I'll run and see fair-play, anyhow. [*Runs off, R. 1 E.*]

*Enter SIR PATRICK and LADY O'NEIL, C. D.*

*Lady O'Neil.* I say that you are to blame, brother,

*Sir Patrick.* I deny it, sister. From the moment the Duke and his nephew entered the place, there has been nothing but unpleasantness; no doubt, the report of fire-arms is some of their mischief in the garden.

*Enter CORDELIA, hastily, R., 1 E.*

*Cordelia.* The Count St. Lorme and Captain O'Lynn have fought a duel in the garden.

*Sir Patrick and Lady O'Neil.* A duel?

*Cordelia.* Yes, sir; and the Count is wounded. They are bringing him into the house.

*Duke.* [*Without.*] This way—this way. Be careful.

*Enter DUKE, supporting the COUNT ST. LORME, with his arm bound up, and in a sling. Enter CAPTAIN O'LYNN, R., 1 E. At the same time, FLORENCE enters, from D., R. 3 E.*

*Sir Patrick.* [*L. C.*] Captain O'Lynn, will you favor me with the cause of this quarrel, and why you took the liberty of using my garden for your duelling-ground?

*Count St. Lorme.* Sir Patrick, I alone am to blame in this affair. I compelled Captain O'Lynn to fight. I insulted him as a man of honor, by disbelieving his word.

*Duke.* To be candid in the matter, there has been a confounded mistake here altogether. Captain O'Lynn and Florence are husband and wife

*Lady O'Neil and Cordelia.* Married!

*Sir Patrick.* Is this so, Captain O'Lynn?

*O'Lynn.* It is the truth, sir.

*Lady O'Neil.* I am thunderstruck! positively shocked! Brother, they shall both leave this house immediately, or I will.

*Sir Patrick.* Well, you must do as you please—use your own discretion, sister, whether you remain or go. Florence is my daughter, and this is her first fault, and I should ill deserve the name of father to crush her young heart by driving her and the man of her choice and affections from my door.

*KATTY enters, running from R., l e.*

*Katty.* Sure, Sir Patrick, didn't I tell you "I'll follow you all over the world?" and, bedad, will I, afther that?

*Duke.* [To KATTY.] I'm inclined to think that you were in possession of this secret.

*Katty.* Sure I was, and I had the sinse to keep the saret to myself, too; but sure, now, your ladyship will forget and forgive.

*Lady O'Neil.* No; I can never pardon such indiscretion.

*Katty.* Remember, it is Katty O'Sheal pleads for the darlints.

*Duke.* And I second the motion. Come, come, Lady O'Neil, follow your brother's bright example; forgiveness is a boon we all hope for from heaven. I have influence at court, and will exert it for the benefit of Captain O'Lynn.

*Katty.* Faith I know that she will. Don't I see the milk of human kindness spreading all over her face. She says, "Florence, if you will be a good girl for the future, she'll make a man of ye!"

*Lady O'Neil.* Well, what is done cannot be undone, so I forgive them.

*Katty.* Then my work's accomplished. Success has crowned my aim; now, then, I've nothing more to gain. Yet, hold! one word I forgot to say. [To Audience.] Ladies and gentlemen, how like you the play? Speak from your hearts:—do you think I acted right? I'm glad you're pleased, and hope to see you all again to-morrow night.

THE END.







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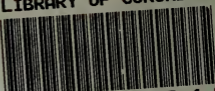
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