

COL.—He, what?

BEAU.—He murder de cook for burn too much de meat!

COL.—(*Laughing and seating himself*.) Well, well, you are a droll fellow. However, you should not be afraid of Mr. O'Gorman even if he did kill a cook, or two.

BEAU.—Oh, he did kill more dan dat. He murder seventeen or eighteen peoples!

COL.—Dear, oh-dear! I never thought O'Gorman was such a blood-thirsty man! Where did you get all this information?

BEAU.—(*Puzzled*.) I have no information. I did not say dat.

COL.—I mean from whom did you get this rubbish?

BEAU.—(*Looking at his clothes*.) Ah, dat's not rubbish; dat's flour. I fall down stairs and dat spill over me.

COL.—(*Aside*.) This is a regular simpleton. (*Aloud*.) Look here; my dear fellow, run and tell Mr. O'Gorman that I am here. I shall not allow him to hurt you, I assure you.

BEAU.—All right, I will go, but if he run after me to kill me, you will will say "Hurrah for King Billy," ah?

COL.—What is that you say?

BEAU.—I say if he want to kill me you will say "Hurrah for King Billy!"

COL.—(*Rising*.) How dare you speak so diarespectfully of the King!

(TIM and CASSIDY appear at I door).

BEAU.—I not say any harm!

COL.—No harm! Do you consider it proper to apply the name of "Billy" to the King of England? Apologize! Apologize, sir! (*Lays hand on sword*).

BEAU.—(*Falling on his knees*.) Ah, forgive me! God save de King! Hurrah for King Billy!

COL.—You dare to repeat the insult?

BEAU.—God save de King! God save de King! Hurrah for King Billy!

COL.—(*About to draw sword*.) Another word and I shall—(*aside*) but pshaw! What am I doing? This is only a poor idiot who does not know what he is saying. (*Aloud*) Rise; I will not harm you.

BEAU.—(*Rising*.) Ah, le bon Dieu! Dat is twice dose words save my life! Ma foi, but Monsieur Brannigan and Monsieur Cassidy are very clever peoples!

COL.—Listen to me my dear fellow: I would advise you to drop the name of Billy when speaking of the King. "Hurrah for King Billy" suits the Irish very well, but "God save the King" better agrees with the ear of a soldier. Get along now and tell Mr. O'Gorman I wish to see him.

BEAU.—Ah, yes, I will go. (*Moves to door*.) Now I understand.