

MAR.—At any rate, we'll get him an Irish wife.

CHAUN.—Aw! Then, by Jove, I shall do so!

(Shakes hands with MARLOW. Cheering outside.)

Enter PEASANTS, R.

LARRY—Boys, I have news for ye! Mistor O'Rourke's 'our new landlord! (PEASANTS stare for a moment or two, then cheer.) An' Mistor O'Halloran's lands are restored to him! (Cheers.)

An' Teddy O'Neill is going' to be married! (Cheers.)

Enter TEDDY, L.

TEDDY—I couldn't find the ould divil—he's hid somewhere—Hello! What's up?

LARRY—Boys—up with him! (They bounce TEDDY.)

CHAUN.—I'm delighted to hear it, Mr. O'Neill.

(Shakes hand.)

TEDDY—To hear what, Mistor Goodacre?

CHAUN.—About your coming wedding, and your new landlord, and Mr. O'Halloran, and—aw—and all that, ye know.

TEDDY—Me weddin'? (Looks at MARLOW, who smiles.) Ye've been tellin' them, I see, Mistor Marlow. Well, then, it's my turn. Larry, did he tell ye about Mistor O'Halloran gettin' back his lands?

LARRY—He did.

TEDDY—But he didn't tell ye who got them back?

LARRY—No.

TEDDY.—An' he didn't tell ye about his lovely present to me Eileen?

LARRY—No.

MAR.—Tut, tut, Teddy,—you must not—

TEDDY—Hould on! An' he didn't tell ye that the rints are to be reduced fifty per cent?

LARRY—No.

TEDDY—Nor did he say a word about the beautiful farm where me dear ould mother, an' sweet little Eileen an' meself are goin' to be as happy as the day is long?

MAR.—Teddy, I forbid you—

TEDDY—Forbid away! No, boys, he didn't tell ye who it was that managed it all, but I'll tell ye—it was himself!

LARRY—Boys—three cheers for Mistor Marlow! (Cheers.)

MAR.—You are all wrong, Teddy—it was Mr. O'Rourke—

TEDDY—It was YOU that put him up to it, for lovely Miss O'Donnell tould me all about it!

(CHAUNCEY shakes hands with MARLOW.)

CHAUN.—My deah Marlow, I shall relate this incident to my uncle—the General, ye know—and he'll be delighted, by Jove!