

LARRY—Faith it wasn't much like a Quaker's meetin'.

(CHAUNCEY has a fit. MARLOW looks enquiringly at LARRY, then at CHAUNCEY.)

CHAUN.—Really, my deah Marlow, you must—aw—pawdon me, but it was so awfully funny, ye know.

(LARRY moves to L.)

MAR.—One of Teddy O'Neill's tricks, I suppose?

CHAUN.—Just so. Oh, I shall relate the incident to my uncle—the General, ye know—and he'll enjoy it immensely.

MAR.—Are you acquainted with Lord Norbury?

CHAUN.—Oh, yes; his eldest son—the Honorable Percy Fleetwood, ye know—is a great chum of mine.

MAR.—Yes? Well, His Lordship has disposed of his Irish estates to Mr. O'Rourke. (LARRY comes forward.) who has also acquired the old, historic Castle Blaney.

LARRY—Is it Misther O'Rourke?

MAR.—Yes, Larry, he is now your landlord.

LARRY—Hurrah!

MAR.—And Mr. O'Halloran has received back the lands of which he was so unjustly deprived about fifteen years ago.

LARRY—Hurrah!

MAR.—(Looking around.)—Where is Teddy O'Neill?

CHAUN.—He ran after—aw—the nawsty Hebrew.

MAR.—Well, in his absence I will let you hear his secret. He's going to be married.

LARRY—It's throe, then!

CHAUN.—Mr. O'Neill going to be married?

MAR.—Yes, and although I must not betray his confidence, I will say this: He is worthy of Eileen O'Connor, and she—well, she is a true daughter of Erin.

LARRY—Hurrah!

CHAUN.—(Extending hand to MARLOW.)—I shall give him a present—by Jove, I shall!

(Shakes hands with LARRY.)

And I shall relate the circumstances to my uncle—the General, ye know—and he shall give him a present, by Jove!

(Shakes hands with MARLOW.)

And I shall tell my counsin—Lord Roxborough, ye know—and he shall give him another, by Jove! (Shakes hands with LARRY.)

LARRY—Misther Goodacre, now that ye know us better than ye used to, why not come an' live among us altogether; an' if ye do, by St. Pathrick, we'll make an Irishman of ye!