

SMITH. Certainly not—you're quite mistaken—try next door. (*Aside.*) It's all up.

[*Sinks head on JONES's shoulder.*]

JONES. Don't you see the gentlemen are unwell?

McW. Ah! bedad! ye are a nice pair intirely, barring there's three of yez! and that only makes yez half as bad again as yez might be. Faith! it's little wonder if the gentlemen are unwell this morning! You passed a mighty plisant evening! But its I that know yez!

DEMI. You know us?—and you saw—

SMITH. You saw nothing?—Mum! mum!

[*DIMJOHN gets on one side of McW., SMITH on the other.*]

McW. Bedad! yer honors, but I did!

DEMI. What, everything? [*In a hourse whisper.*]

• McW. Sure! Why, I never lost sight of yez!

SMITH. [*Aside.*] A witness before and after the fact!

McW. Deloightful place the Glaciarum! Ha! Ha! ye poor little innocints!—Did'nt I see yez?

DEMI. Horror! What? [*Extravagant action of beating.*] Oh! no! no! (*Changing his manner.*) And if you did, you don't recollect it?

McW. Is it india-rubber then me conscience is to be made of? Is'nt this yer honor's coat? There's Dimmi-john wrote on the collar, and a'nt ye the gintleman as was dressed up as a Count last night?

DEMI. Count? eh? (*distractedly.*) Count at the Rink last night—Count in the indietment to-morrow!

McW. What the devil's the matter with them? (*Aside.*) Here's your illegant jacket, and I'll trouble ye for the coat off yer back, which belongs to Mister St. what's his name, poor darlint!—His last words were—