

The Jew! Isaac Bernstein!—Ah! . . . (Stares into vacancy.)
 The cave—little Redmond—I press the child to my heart—I flee—down the
 beach—to safety! A boat—with oars all ready . . . Oh, the Bay of
 Dundalk is wide—but row—row for life! Ah, we are safe—smoke pours
 from the ship's funnel—she moves, b't we are aboard—saved! . . .
 How the ocean rages—the billows toss and roll—lightning leaps from the
 clouds to the sea—the maddened waves rise up like moving mountains—
 but ah! our gallant ship rides safely through, like a thing of life! . . .
 The coast of America—our haven—our home—at last! at last!! . . .
 But who is this boy?—his little hand in mine! Is he my dead sister's
 child—little Clifford?

(Wheels around—fixes gaze on MARLOW—stretches arms towards him.)

No, no—it was Redmond—Redmond, *mon bouchal!*

(MARLOW steps over for a hand-clasp. Exit ISAAC unobserved.)

O'ROURKE flings arms upward—looks up.)

I thank Thee—I thank Thee, O my God!

(Turns to O'HALLORAN, who comes forward.)

O'Halloran—friend of my youth—I was true—true to my trust! Your
 boy—the child of your heart—is there! (Points to MARLOW.)

O'H.—Phelim, Phelim! O, my God, can this be true!

O'R.—There he stands—grown to a splendid manhood—as true to his
 race as you, man!

(O'HALLORAN and MARLOW are clasped in each other's arms.)

Enter LIEUT., R. (Hurriedly. Halts a step or two from entrance. Com-
 motion outside.)

Enter ISAAC, L. (In charge of TEDDY and LARRY. CHAUNCEY and
 PEASANTS follow. LIEUT. is about to spring at ISAAC. O'H.
 steps between.)

O'H.—“Vengeance is mine!” said the God of heaven.

(Looks at ISAAC. Points L.)

Go! (Exit ISAAC—through the crowd.)

O'H.—(To LIEUT.)—My boy, fate has been unkind to you—has dealt
 you many blows; you are not my son, but cannot you and Redmond
 be brothers?

(MARLOW extends hand to LIEUT. The latter hesitates, then, seeing
 the outstretched hand, grasps it.)

CURTAIN.