

(Lays the iron part on the anvil.) Just give it one sharp blow now. That's it. Hold on, I think it'll take another. That'll do. Now there you are me party darlin', (to the pike) an' may ye do yer share in spoillin' the appetites of Ireland's enemies. Dan, me boy, that's uncommon good wood. Where did ye get it?

DAN.—Down at Tom McGregor's, an' he keeps nothin' but the best.

BAR.—Faith I believe ye, for he's a mighty decent fellow, an' although he's not an Irishman, still, Ireland has a good friend in that same Tom McGregor.

DAN.—An' why should'n't he be, for he's a Scotchman, an' did'n't the Scotch, under the brave Dundee, batther the divil out of the same kind of fellows that's our enemies to-day?

BAR.—Yer right, Dan, an' I wish a few thousan' of his countrymen'd come over here an' give us a hand. But perhaps it's as well as it is, for I think every country should fight its own battles.

DAN.—Well then I know at least one country that wouldn't be of much account if it had to fight its own battles.

BAR.—That's true for ye Dan, an' I know what ye mean. We Irishmen are so good-natured that all that same country has to do is to slap us on the back, palaver us a little, an' up we jump, give him our hand, fight for him like tigers, instead of catchin' him by the collar an' kickin' him out of the house. Well, I don't think I'll do any more work to-day, for I've been at it since four o'clock this mornin'!

(Enter CASSIDY, TIM and a FEW PEASANTS).

CASS.—How are ye, how are ye, Barney? All alive an' kickin' I hope?

BAR.—Is it Micky Cassidy? And Tim Brannigan an' the rest of the boys? Where did ye come from?

CASS.—Ah, we were just havin' a look around an' we stumbled across ye. An' is it here ye've moved yer shop?

BAR.—Aye, faith, for the soldiers interfered with us too much in the town, an' it's out here we've come so as to be beyond their reach. Ye see, making pikes, at the present time, is a dangerous trade.

CASS.—Indeed an' it is, but sure that gives a relish to the work.

TIM.—Ah, Barney, have ye heard the news from Cork?

BAR.—No, Tim, but I hope it's good?

TIM.—Good! Begorra it's the best I've heard for a long time. Ould Breckenridge has been defeated and driven out of the city, an' in the whole place there's not a single King's soldier to be found!

BAR.—Bully for you, good old rebel Cork!

CASS.—Yes, an' I have more news for you. You know young Dermot O'Gorman that joined the Irish army about two weeks ago?

BAR.—Do I know him? Of course I do, an' a better lad never wore shoe-leather!

CASS.—Well, he was on the march to Limerick with the rest of his