

our left is engaged with the enemy's flank. The Scotch centre is exposed, and Col. O'Farrel is retiring in the direction of the wood.

OWEN ROE.—Thank you McMahan, so I have seen from my position here. Tell Sir Phelim to advance with our main division, (*McMAHON goes out R., and in a few moments the Irish pipes are heard playing the air "Oh the sight entrancing," and SIR PHELM appears at R., accompanied by O'MOORE.*)

OWEN ROE.—Gallant chieftains the moment has come! The enemy's centre is exposed, their eyes are blinded by the rays of the sun, and the wind is turned in our favor. Phelim, give the order to halt (*SIR PHELM obeys, the music ceases, and OWEN ROE addresses the troops.*) *Troops supposed to be lined up out of sight of audience.*)

OWEN ROE (*loudly*).—Soldiers of Ireland, ye may now have your way! The enemy wavers already, Monroe is trying to rally them for another charge, but 'twill be useless. Strike! for the sacred cause ye love so well! strike for your homes and holy alters! remember your martyred priests,—your murdered children!! remember your desecrated homes,—your slaughtered brothers, and remember the massacre of Island Magee. Follow your general, for I myself will lead the way. (*Draws his sword*) on then comrades—brothers, on! to death or victory!

(runs out and drop curtain falls for a few moments, and when it rises, the old minstrel is seen looking out left.)

MINSTREL, (*with uplifted hands.*)—Oh Heaven! what a charge! Can our brave soldiers withstand it? The enemy opens a cannonade! Oh! oh! our lines break! No, no, they rally! the Irish cavalry, charge against the enemy. Ha, O'Neill! thou'rt a gallant leader. See! see! his sword whirls like the flash of the lightning, his plumes dance in the sun. On! on! to victory, thou gallant son of the Hy-Nial. Ha, our heavy guns open fire! Our cavalry rush like the hurricane! The enemy staggers! they reel and wither beneath the shock!

Ha! ha! ye are gaining! ye win! now still on them!
But *one* more bold rush, and th' oppressor mnst go;
They waver! they fly! Oh God, we are free men!
The Red Hand forever, and brave Owen Roe!

SCENE IV.—(SAME AS SCENE III. *Enter CASTLEHAVEN and NETTerville with McMAHON and MAGUIRE.*)

CASTLEHAVEN.—Yes, good friends, indeed we have reason to thank Heaven for this glorious victory of Benburb, and I would