

MICKY—It is, for one of the new fellows is down stairs. He's a fierce-lookin' Frenchman but the greatest coward ye ever saw in yer life, an' we've been frightenin' the divil out of him for the last half hour. Come down an' see him.

TIM—(Moving to door). Oh, if there's any fun goin' on I'm yer man.

(*Exeunt R. Enter ROGER O'GORMAN, L.*)

O'G.—(Looking around). What! He has not come yet! Well, I will wait. I know he will attend my summons. (*Sits himself at a desk*). And when he does come, will I do as I have always done—or will I once and forever crush the spirit within him and force him to obey my will? We shall see. The battle between us has been long and stubborn. He has thwarted me; he has refused to become what I am—a supporter of the King, and worse than all he clings with a dogged tenacity to the religion I hate. Bah! He takes after his mother—a fanatic. But he must obey me, he shall bow to my dictates. (*Opens a drawer and takes out some papers and in doing so allows a locket to fall to the floor. He picks it up*). What! How came this here? The picture of my wife—my wife when she became my bride! How sadly her eyes look into mine!—Good heaven, the thing is bewitched! The eyes seem to move—to rivet themselves upon mine! There, there is the look I saw upon her dying face as her voice wailed in my ears “Spare my son”! (*Enter DERMOT who stands looking at his father, in surprise. O'G. throws the locket into the drawer*). Away, phantom of the past! The echo of your last words must ever ring in my ears but your prayer shall be unheeded. Your son is also mine, and I shall bend him to my will. The Irish people must find in him a tyrant, and above all he shall and will turn his back upon his God!

DERMOT—Never, father, never while life is left to me!

O'G.—What! Eavesdropping?

DERMOT—No. I came here obedient to your call, and I entered just in time to hear your terrible language. (*Throws himself wearily into a chair*). But I am accustomed to it now, for I seldom hear your voice without being compelled to listen to denunciations of the unfortunate Irish people, and alas! blasphemous utterances against that God whom you once served.

O'G.—God! God! Ever the same word from your lips. Speak not of God to me for I have renounced him! The only God I acknowledge is that inward voice which urges me to uproot and destroy every thing connected with religion. And now the time has come, To-morrow I join the army of the King. True, he claims not to war against religion, but he wars against the Irish, and in the ranks of his army I will slake my thirst for revenge!

DERMOT—(Rising). What! You, an Irishman, would aid the enemies of your own country! You, the son of an Irishman turn your