

DERMOT—Well ! He will see me !

CASS.—I—I don't know, but he gave me this for you.

(*Hands note*).

(*Aside*). Begorra, for ten pounds I would'nt tell the poor fellow what his ould curmudgeon of a father said !

(*CASSIDY busies himself about the room*).

DERMOT—He refuses to see me ! (*Reads note*). "*Do not attempt to come near me. It will be useless*" (*Drops note*). At last the chain which has bound our destinies to ether is broken ! To-morrow my father departs on his mission of vengeance upon those who never harmed him, and—oh God ! the thought is horrible. My own father to give me into the hands of those who thirst for the blood of every Irishman who is true to his country ! But no, they shall not find me ! I will live to save him who would destroy me. I will live to save my father from himself and from the devil that pursues him !

(*About to leave*).

CASS.—Masther Dermot, what is wrong ?

DERMOT—Cassidy, you have always been a faithful fellow and I will tell you. My father and I have quarreled and I am going away to-night. His intention is to discharge all his people with the exception of the butler and one or two others. I want you to stay here, for you may be of service to me in the future. Will you do this ?

CASS.—Will I ? Well such a question ! Sure ye know that I'd go to the end of the earth for you !

DERMOT—That is settled then. Good-bye till we meet again. (*Aside*). My father will not listen to me now, but, he *shall* hear my last appeal !

(*Exit DERMOT*).

CASSIDY—Well, upon my word, but things are lookin' bad. Masther Dermot is goin' away, but it's his ould sinner of a father that's sendin' him off, bad manners to him ! How will I get even with him for packin' us all about our business ? I have it ! I'll torment him through his new man—the Frenchman !

(*Enter TIM*).

TIM—Micky, me boy, it's all up with us !

CASS.—How do you mean, Tim ?

TIM—That long-legged, thick-headed ould divil of a butler has just told me that we're all goin' to be discharged except himself an' the new Frenchman.

CASS.—I know that already ; Masther Dermot told me, an' look here Tim, the masther's in an awful way. He told me to let no one go near him an' only this minute he refused to see his own son. Between you an' me I think he has driven Masther Dermot from the house.