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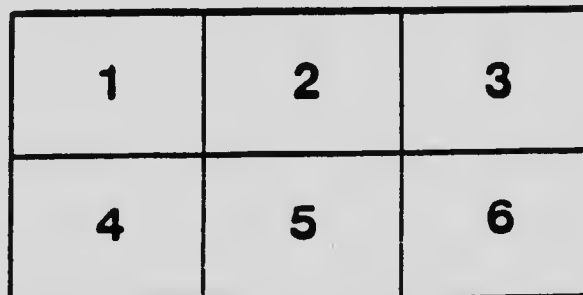
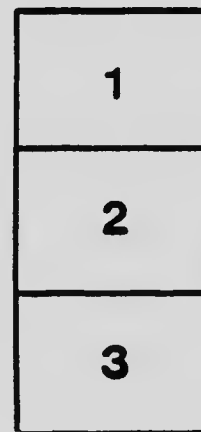
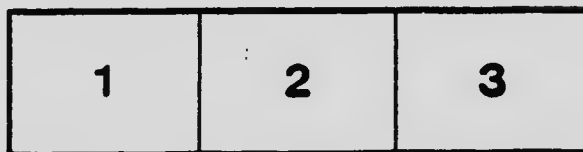
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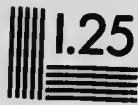
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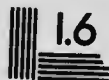
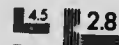
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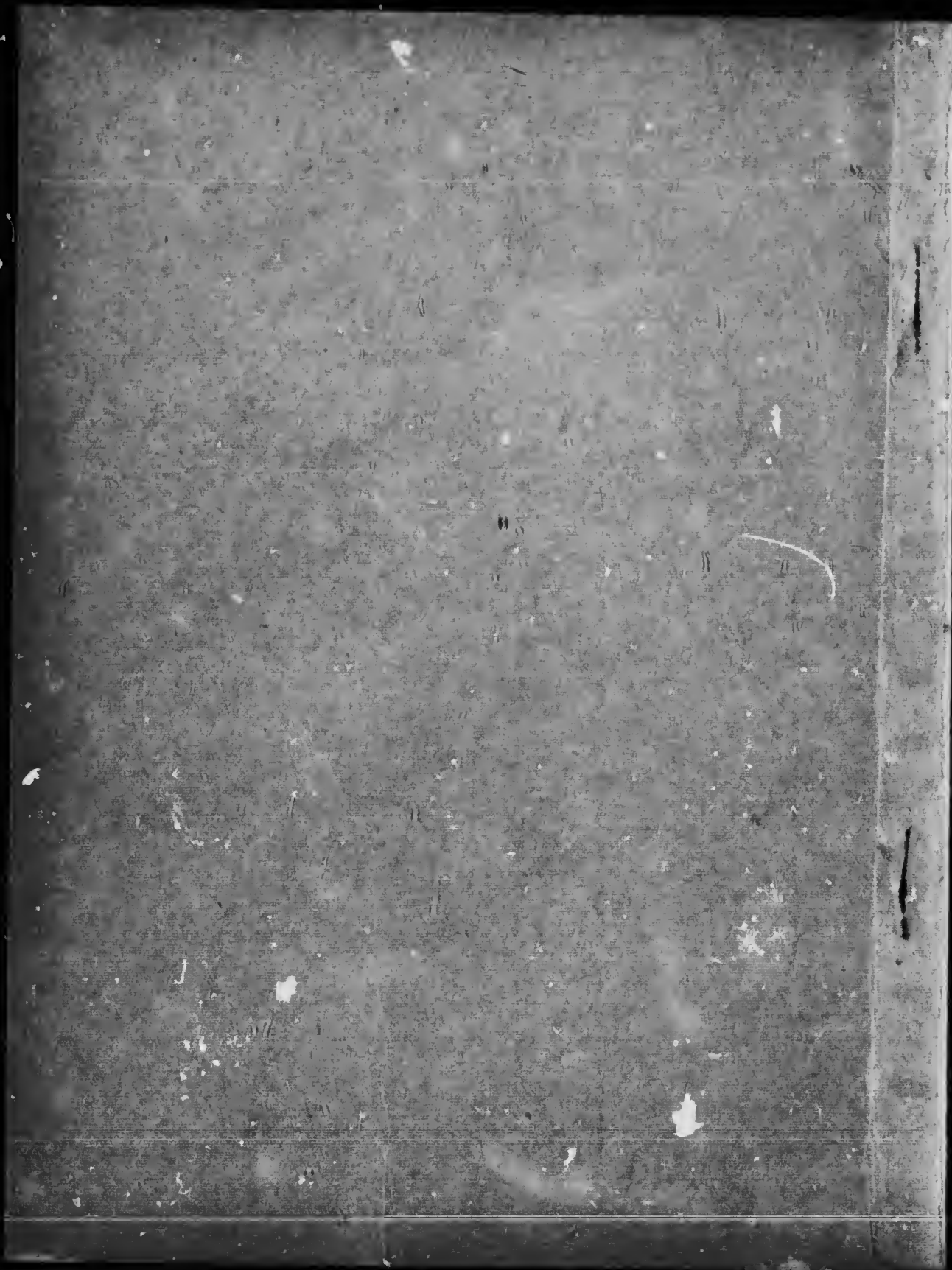
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GRAD BUACAILL EIRE

(An Irish Boy's Love)

AN IRISH DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS.

SPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR

St. Ann's Young Men's Society

By JAMES MARTIN.



St. Ann's Young Men's Hall

MONTREAL.

1909

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P***

LIST OF CHARACTERS.

BERNARD O'HALLORAN An Irish Gentleman
REDMOND His Son
PHELIM O'ROURKE A Friend of O'Halloran's
CLIFFORD MARLOW A Young American
TEDL O'NEILL A "Buacaill Eire."
LARRY O'HAGAN Teddy's Adviser
COL. WINDALE A Relentless Enemy
CAPT. DE LACEY Of the "King's Own."
LIEUT. DOUGLAS Windale's Protégé
CHAUNCEY ALGERNON GOODACRE A Tourist.
ISAAC BERNSTEIN A Lover of Money
TONY TUMKINS A News-boy.
SMUGGLERS, PEASANTS, ETC.

GRAD BUACAILL EIRE.

(AN IRISH BOY'S LOVE)

ACT I.

SCENE I.—THE CAVE OF DUNDALK BY MOONLIGHT.

Enter a SMUGGLER, R. (Looks around cautiously. R. L. and REAR; sees that coast is clear. Whistles.)

Enter—SMUGGLERS, R. (Carrying a large box.)

1st S.—The coast is clear, boys—run her into the cave.

2nd S.—Run yer gran'mother in, Tommy Dillon. Drop her boys—one two, three. (They drop the box.)

1st S. (to 2nd)—What's up with ye, Mickey?

2nd S.—Nothin', only I'm short o' breath. (Puffs.)

1st S.—Oh, well, take yer time; there's no one about, so there's no hurry.

3rd S.—How many o' these have we, Tommy?

1st S.—Twenty, I'm thinkin'.

3rd S.—Twinty! (Laughs.)

1st S.—What's the fun?

3rd S.—Twinty boxes o' the finest tobaccy in Ireland, and divil a penny 'of revenue paid on it!

1st S.—Thrue for ye, Mickey. But look here, boys: isn't it an awful shame to chate the Government? (With mock gravity. All laugh.)

2nd S.—Come, lads, up with her. (They lift the box.)

1st S.—Yes, it's a terrible shame! (All laugh and start for the cave.)

2nd S.—A dreadful shame: (All laugh.)

3rd S.—A frightful shame! (Loud laughter)

4th S.—It's a monsthrous shame!

(Laughter and exeunt into the cave.)

ENTER TONY TUMKINS, L. His clothes several sizes too large.
Age—10. He runs towards embankment and looks over.

1st S. (Behind):—The devil shoot the boat! Can't ye hold it steady?

2nd S.—So I aint. Tumble her in.

1st S.—There—that's right. Now, is she free?

2nd S.—All free—let her go.

1st S.—Head her straight for the schooner. Up with yer song, Mickey, we're an innocent pleasure party, ye see.

2nd S.—(Sings): "NORA CREINA."

(His voice dies away in the distance. TONY looks after them—then turns.)

TONY—Well, if they ain't the coolest lot of smugglers I've ever seen, then my name isn't Tony Timkins. (Looks L.). Hello—who have we here? Oh, gee—it's the Colonel and Captain De Lacey. Me for the disappearin' act? (Hides.)

(Enter COL. WINDALE and CAPTAIN DE LACEY, L.)

COL.—De Lacey, you must listen to reason. O'Halloran's capture would raise you high in the estimation of the Government; you have here a golden opportunity; seize it, for your own advantage, and let me tell you that, whether you will or not, this rebel shall die!

CAPT.—So will you and I, Colonel.

COL.—True; but would you not rather die rich and honored, than leave the world a mere captain, or—something worse?

CAPT.—I would rather leave this world clothed in rags but with a clear conscience, than die a king's favorite with a perjured heart!

COL.—Ha, ha, ha! And people say that sentiment has died out. Captain, may I ask what brings you to the water's edge to-night?

CAPT.—Yes—smugglers. They have broken the laws of the country, and therefore deserve arrest and punishment.

COL.—Good. I am glad to see that loyalty to the Government is not altogether dead within you.

CAPT.—Enough of this, Colonel Windale! Let me in turn ask a question: Is not the reason of your pursuit of O'Halloran entirely personal?

COL.—What do you mean?

CAPT.—Are you not aware that General Goodacre has learned of your attempted abduction of a young Irish heiress?

COL.—Well?

CAPT.—And was it not O'Halloran who rescued her, yes, and gave you ample reason to remember that you had encountered him?

COL.—Go on.

CAPT.—And is it not for this that you now hound him in the sacred name of loyalty?

COL.—Beautiful!

CAPT.—And do you not know that the General is considering the matter of your expulsion from the army?

COL.—What?

CAPT.—I know whereof I speak. Take my advice: hasten to headquarters; place your resignation in the proper hands, and thus save yourself a bitter humiliation.

COL.—You dare to speak thus to the Colonel of your regiment?

CAPT.—I am on a special mission and, therefore, not under your orders. (Moves R.) I speak to you as man to man, and fear not your authority.

(Exit R.)

COL.—(Looking after CAPT.) Curse you! (Turns.) Bah! He is like Pembroke, Stanton and a few more of the ultra-proper milksops who have fallen away from me.

Enter ISAAC BERNSTEIN, L.

ISAAC—Ah, goot evening, Col. Vindale. I vas on the way to the barracks in answer to your ferry kind invitation—oom.

COL.—Good. Follow me at some distance—I am going there now.

(About to go.)

ISAAC.—Vait, Colonel—I vill go along with you—oom.

COL.—Do as I tell you!

(Exit.)

ISAAC.—Ah, vell, the Colonel has a ferry fiery temper, so I must do as he tells me—oom. (TONY shows himself.) What does he vant, I vonder? Vell, vell, it's no use vondering. He doesn't vant me to help him vith his prayers, he, he, he.—oom.

TONY—Hello, Uncle Isaac!

ISAAC.—Ah, it vas you, Tony? Vere are you going?—oom.

TONY—I'm out in the wide world.

ISAAC—Vas all your papers sold?

TONY.—Yep—here's the coin. (Produces coins.)

ISAAC—It vas a goot poy. (Counts the money.) It vas all right—eleven shillings and five pence. He vas a penny for yourself, Tony—oom.

TONY.—But you'd gimme a shillin'.

ISAAC—Tony, the love of money vill be th. ruination of you, my poy. I'm all right vith you so, but it does you no goot—oom.

TONY—If you vas to gimme what you promised, I'm goin' on strike. I have spoken.

(Folds his arms melodramatically.)

ISAAC.—Oh, Tony, Tony, is this the vay you talk to me—me who has been a father and a mother to you? You vill go on sdrrike! Oh, Tony, Tony, you vas ungrat—oom.

TONY—(Tipping back his hat.) But you promised me a shillin' don't you see!

ISAAC—Tony, my poy, don't I feed you like a prince?

TONY—Yep—(aside)—on crusts.

ISAAC—And don't I give you plenty of clothes?

TONY—(Pulling at his trousers.) Yep—plenty—(aside)—his own.

ISAAC.—Then be a goot poy and I'll avays be a father and mother to you, Tony—oom.

TONY—And the shillin'?

ISAAC.—Vell, here it is (Gives money, which TONY bites and pockets.) Oh, it vas a clever poy. Look, Tony: I may vant you on ferry particular bishness to-night. Go home and wait till I come back—oom.

TONY—(aside)—He wants to lose me. (Aloud.)—All right—I'm in'.

(Walks to L.)

ISAAC—Tony!

TONY—(Turning.) That's me.

ISAAC.—Here is sixpence for yourself. (Gives money.) Now, goot py, till ve meet agaln.

TONY—(Melodrammatically.) Farewell! Farewell! A fond farewell!

(Exit L. ISAAC walks across. Exit, R.)

(Re-enter Tony.—Walks stealthily to C., then hides.)

(Re-enter ISAAC.)

ISAAC—(Looking off L.) He is gone home. It's a goot poy, but I don't vant him to know all my bishness—oom.

(Exit R. TONY emerges from hiding place, and walks guardedly after ISAAC. Exit.)

Enter LARRY O'HAGAN and two PEASANTS, L.

LARRY—Oh, boys, how I wish that Teddy O'Neill was back from Dublin!

1st P.—When d'ye expect him, Larry?

LARRY—I dunno. He may be back to-night, an' agln, we may see him next week. The Dublin girls are very good-lookin', they say.

2nd P.—An' Teddy's the boy that likes the girls.

LARRY—Thru for ye. Sure, he's always fallin' in love—an' out of it agin. Perhaps at this very minute he's billin' an' cooin' with some Dublin colleen, when it's here he's wanted—What's that?

(TEDDY is heard singing as if approaching in a boat. All run toward embankment.)

TEDDY—

My love is like a red, red rose,
Like a red, red rose is she;— (breaks off)

Oh, the devil shoot the rock! Is that Larry O'Hagan up there?

LARRY—It's Teddy, be the powers—it's Teddy himself! Come on, boys, an' help him to land.

(All enter cave.)

Enter TONY R. (He runs to embankment and looks over.)

LARRY—(Behind.) That's it, Teddy, me boy—run her in here. Now, we've got her—jump out, me lad.

(Exit TONY R., running. Enter TEDDY and LARRY.)

LARRY—Oh, but it's glad I am to see ye back, Teddy aianna. Col. Windale—

TEDDY—Bad luck to him! What divvlement is he up to now?

LARRY—Faith he has sworn to have Mистер O'Halloran's life, an' there's the divli to pay.

TEDDY—Isn't he satisfied with takin' his lands from him! Oh, if I only had him here! An' Mистер O'Halloran—

LARRY—Bate 'he divli out of the Colonel, who was thryin' to kidnap Grace O'Mailey—one of the finest girls in Ireland.

TEDDY—Hurrah for the masher! But, Larry, that reminds me: Yesterday I met the most beautiful colleen ye ever saw, an' be the powers, I fell head over heels in love with her.

LARRY—That's nothin' new Teddy—yer never doin' anything else.

TEDDY—Oh, but this one, Larry! Ye never saw her aigual.

LARRY—What's her name, Teddy?

TEDDY—Her name? Faith I don't know.

LARRY—Just like ye. Upon me word, it's worse yer gettin'.

TEDDY—Oh, but Larry, if ye could see her! She's the purtiest darlin'—

Enter O'HALLORAN, L.

Masher, dear, Larry O'Hagan's just been tellin' me about Col. Windale—

O'H.—Not so loud, my lad; he has many spies in his service, and even here we might be overheard. I am now a fugitive, with a price upon my head, and must leave Ireland—

TEDDY—Leave Ireland, masher dear? Sure, there's talk of a risin' in Wexford, an' with a few thousand o' the boys—

O'H.—No, no, Teddy. Our oppressors are too strong, and every spark of rebellion has been trampled out. Come—and you, too, O'Hagan; I have much to say to both of you.

(They enter cave.)

Enter TONY R. (He runs to embankment, looks over and listens. Then to C. and signals R.)

Enter CAPT. DE LACEY and some soldiers, R.

TONY (To Capt.)—There's some of them in there. (Points to cave.
Knock four times—that's the signal.

(Exit L. CAPT. follows directions.)

(Enter O'HALLORAN.)

CAPT.—What—You here!

O'H.—Yes, De Lacey—(stops when he sees soldiers. Loud voices behind him.)

Enter TEDDY, LARRY and SMUGGLERS.

TEDDY—Boys, down with the soldiers!

CAPT.—Men—present!

O'H.—(Springing between the opposing forces.) Back, lads! Capt. De Lacey, for God's sake shed no blood!

Enter Col., R.

COL.—That's right, Captain! Men—fire!

CAPT.—Attention! (Soldiers throw back their rifles.) Col. Windale, what means this interference?

COL.—And pray, what means this insolence to your superior officer?

CAPT.—(producing envelope). My superior officer no longer! You are hereby ordered to appear at headquarters to answer for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman.

(Hands envelope—COL. reads.) Men, we are on the wrong track. Right about turn, quick march!

(Soldiers go off, L.)

COL.—(To Capt.)—And you mean that this rebel shall escape?

CAPT.—There is no rebel here!

COL.—I shall report you for breach of duty!

(Moves to R.)

CAPT.—I care little for the report of a disgraced officer.

COL.—Damn you!

(Exit R.)

O'H.—(Holding out his hand.) Capt. De Lacey—your hand!

TEDDY—Boys, three cheers for Capt. De Lacey! (Cheers.)

SCENE II.—A STREET. Enter ISAAC, R. (He looks around as if expecting some one. Enter COL., R.)

COL.—See here, Isaac, don't allow the grass to grow under your feet. You must act at once.

ISAAC—But, my dear Colonel, he will be on his guard—oom.

COL.—Whether or not, you must do as I tell you.

ISAAC.—But what would happen if I should be discovered? The risk is ferry great.

COL.—You hesitate, Jew?

ISAAC—No, no, Colonel; but I shouldn't like to be shunted on the cranium, and that's what would transpire, I'm afraid—oom.

COL.—Nonsense, man! A clever fellow like you will find a way of evading even the watchful eye of O'Halloran.

ISAAC—Vell, vell—all right; I'll do it.

COL.—Good. Come along, then.

(Exeunt, L. Enter the SMUGGLERS, R.)

1st S.—That was a narrow escape for O'Halloran.

2nd S.—Ditto here, Tommy.

1st S.—Yes, but 'twould mean only prison for us, whereas he might get the rope.

(Enter TONY, L.)

TONY—Papers, sir? All about the risin' in Wexford—Dublin Freeman, United Ireland.

1st S.—Here! (Takes paper and gives coins. Steps under gas-lamp and opens paper.)

TONY (to 2nd S.) Papers, sir. (Hands paper and receives coins. Walks to R.) Extra! United Ireland! Dublin Freeman! All about the risin' in Wexf-o-r-d!

(Exit R.)

1st S.—Listen to this, Mickey. (Reads.) The patriots in Gorey are evidently unaware of the fact that the rebellion has been crushed. A strong party attacked the barracks on Lisgar street, and after a sharp fight captured the building and a large stock of arms and ammunition

(Flourishes paper over his head.)

Well done, Gorey!

2nd S.—Hurrah for Gorey!

1st S.—Hurrah for Ireland! Hip, hip, hurrah!

(All cheer. 1st S. sings: "The Boys of Wexford." All join. Towards the end of song move to L. Go off singing.)

Re-enter TONY. (He moves stealthily across the stage. Exit L.)

Enter TEDDY and LARRY, R.)

TEDDY—I tell ye, Larry, Capt. De Lacey's the finest soldier in Ireland, an' I wish they were all like him. An' that reminds me: The little colleen I met in Dublin—look here, man: there isn't the like of her in the four Provinces. When she looks at ye with her beautiful blue eyes—

LARRY—Sure she couldn't look at ye with her nose.

TEDDY—The devil take ye, Larry O'Hagan! Were ye ever in love?

LARRY—Was I ever in love? What a question!

(Enter TONY, L.)

TONY—Extra! United Ireland, Dublin Freeman! All about the risin' in Wexf-o-r-d!

LARRY—The risin' in Wexford? Give me one.

TEDDY—Give me the whole o' them! Here's sixpence an' to the devil with the change! Come, Larry, an' let's go to Misther O'Rourke's as quick as we can. The risin' in Wexford! Hurrah for Wexford!

(TEDDY and LARRY run off, L., cheering. TONY bites the sixpence)

TONY—It's a good one—Hurrah for Tony Tumkins!

(Runs off L.)

SCENE III.—ROOM IN THE HOUSE OF PHELM O'ROURKE. (O'R. discovered reading a newspaper. He lays it on the table, removes and wipes his spectacles.)

O'R.—If I was twenty years younger I'd be off to Wexford myself! I declare to goodness I would! It's a great pity that all the young men of Ireland don't put their heads together. Ah, well—there's no use thinkin' of it.

(Rises. Puts on his hat and takes his cane; goes over to a table at R. Raises a cloth which covers it, disclosing a lunch set out. Replaces cloth.)

O'R.—Teddy O'Neill and his friend Larry are sure to come in on their way home, and there must be a bite for them. I wish I hadn't to go out, for the very sight of those gossoons does me good.

(Walks towards L. door.)

Well, well, I won't be long, and they know they're welcome to anything in the house of Phelim O'Rourke.

(Stops at C., and listens. Cheering outside.)

TEDDY—(outside). Hurrah for Wexford! Hip, hip, hurrah!

(O'R. walks to door.)

O'R.—That's Teddy! (Opens door.)

TEDDY—(Entering). Hurrah for Wex—Misther O'Rourke, here's a bundle of papers tellin' all about the risin' in Wexford.

O'R.—(Taking papers.)—I've just been reading something about it, Teddy. Make yourselves at home, my boys; make yourselves at home.

LARRY—An' was it out ye were goin', Misther O'Rourke?

O'R.—Just for a minute to see Pat Rafferty. Come over here, lads.

(Walks to the other table and removes cloth.)

Here's a mouthful that you can eat while I'm out, and it's sorry I am that I have to go. But I'll be back in a few minutes. (Moves to L. door.) Remember, now—eat and be merry till I get back.

(Exit.)

TEDDY—(Sitting at the table.) Come on, Larry—here's the milk.

LARRY—(Taking a chair.) Sure I can't ate anythong so soon afther me supper, Teddy.

TEDDY—(Eating with relish.) Arrah, shut up, an' ate something. Faith one 'ud think ye were in love.

LARRY—Begorra, it doesn't seem to spoil your appetite.

TEDDY—Oh, Larry, that reminds me: the darlin' little colleen that I met in Dublin—

LARRY—Oh, why did I shpake!

TEDDY—Ah, but if ye'd seen her, Larry! Eyes like heaven's own blue—the cutest little nose in the world—two cherries for lips—

LARRY—Oh, but isn't it an awful complaint!

TEDDY—Hould yer tongue an' have some milk. Well, I won't say any more about the colleen, but, Larry, love is a quare thing.

LARRY—I believe ye, Teddy.

TEDDY—I mane it, for I met a man in Dublin, an' I was told he wint out of his mind through love

LARRY—He lost his wits?

TEDDY.—He did.

LARRY—How did it show, Teddy?

TEDDY—He took to writin' poethry.

LARRY—Oh, God help him!

TEDDY—Larry, it's a terrible thing to be in love.

LARRY—It is.

TEDDY—An' it's worse to be out of it.

LARRY—It is indeed.

TEDDY—(Sadly.)—But, Larry, to be in love with a colleen that's forty-five miles away from ye!

LARRY—Oh, that's Purgatory!

TEDDY—It is.

LARRY—But sure ye'll be fallin' in love with another in twinty-four hours.

TEDDY—No, Larry, no. I'll be thru to her, for she's the most enthancin', the most captivatin', the most beautiful—

LARRY—Oh, why did I shpake!

TEDDY—It's thru, Larry. There isn't another like her undher the sun.

LARRY—Sure ye said that about all the others.

TEDDY—Me?

LARRY—Yes—you.

TEDDY—Larry O'Hagan, I'll be married to her before the ind o' the week.

LARRY—Ye said THAT about theothers, too.

TEDDY—Larry, yer no frind o' mine, or ye wouldn't talk that way. Ye know I'll be married to her.

LARRY—Well, well, I believe ye, Teddy. An' when'll ye ask her have ye?

TEDDY—Faith I'll write the words to her before I go to bed. La if ye saw the sparkle in her beautiful blue eyes—

LARRY—Oh, why did I shpake!

TEDDY—Ye'll not hear another word about her.

(Sits sideways and looks away from Larry.)

LARRY—Teddy, I hear that Mистер O'Halloran 'ill take his li boy with him to America.

(No response from Teddy.)

He'd be dhreadful lonesome without him.

(No response.)

Oh, well, if ye won't talk, ye won't.

(Turns away also. TEDDY steals a look at him, and produces a sheet paper from his pocket.)

TEDDY—Larry!

LARRY—(without turning.)—Hi, the ri, ti, ti; oh, the ri, ti, ti; the ri, ti, ti, ti, tee.

TEDDY—Larry!

LARRY—Oh, the ri, ti, ti tiddle, li, ti, ti; ti, the ree, too, ti tu tee.

TEDDY—Larry O'Hagan!

LARRY—(Turning)—Oh, did ye get yer voice back?

TEDDY—Whisht, Larry—I'm in great thronble

LARRY—About what, Teddy?

(TEDDY rises, takes a step or two then turns.)

TEDDY—Larry, d'ye think— (pauses.)

LARRY—Do I think? Oh, sometimes.

TEDDY—I mean, d'ye—d'ye—

LARRY—Out with it, Teddy—it'll do ye good.

TEDDY—Well, then, d'ye—d'ye think it's foolish to write poethry?

LARRY—To write poethry?

TEDDY—Yes.

LARRY—It's terrible—terrible! Worse than dhrink!

TEDDY—But just a few lines?

LARRY—No, no—it's a penitentiary offence.

(TEDDY takes a few steps. LARRY watches him.)

LARRY—Teddy!

TEDDY—(Turning)—Yes, Larry.

LARRY—(Smiling.)—I've done a little bit of it meself, though.

TEDDY—Have ye? Then I want to tell ye that I've written a f

lines about the little Dublin colleen—

LARRY— Oh, why did I shpake!

TEDDY— I'll read them for ye, an' ye can tell me

LARRY— Yer goin' to read them?

TEDDY— (Holding paper up to the light.) Yes, just a few o' them, an' ye can see if they go right.

(LARRY steals across the stage towards the L. door.)

TEDDY— (Reads; Having cleared his throat.) Me darlin', me darlin', me blue-eyed colleen,

(LARRY opens door, TEDDY turns.)

Well, the devil shoot ye, Larry O'Hagan!

LARRY— (In the doorway.)— Are ye goin' to read it!

TEDDY— Divil a word ye'll hear of it— What's that?

(The SMUGGLERS approach singing: "Oft in the Stilly Night.")

TEDDY joins LARRY at the door. (The Quartette come nearer.)

TEDDY— (At end of song.)— Come on, boys— come on.

(Enter the SMUGGLERS.)

Come in, Tommy, an' the rest o' ye, an' give us that song again, Here!

(Fixes chairs, LARRY draws 1st SMUGGLER aside.)

LARRY— Tommy, it's the greatest joke in the world.

1st S.— What, Larry?

LARRY— Teddy's in love agin!

1st S.— Agin!

LARRY— Yes, he met this one in Dublin, an' he's kilt entirely, Whisht!

TEDDY— Now, boys, up with the song.

(The SMUGGLERS sing. Introduce other songs here.)

1st S.— (After the singing.)— Teddy, I've heard that ye were in Dublin lately.

TEDDY— So I was, Tommy.

1st S.— There's some fine girls in Dublin, Teddy.

TEDDY— Faith, Tommy, there's a little colleen over there that a saint 'ud have to look at—

LARRY— (To Tommy.)— Oh, why did ye shpake!

TEDDY— Larry, ye divil, I'll bet ye anything that these boys 'ud listen if I was to read what a frind o' mine wrote about a colleen.

LARRY— I'm sure they would—they like poetry.

1st S.— What is it, Teddy? I'd like to hear it.

TEDDY— (To Larry.)— See that now, ye divil! Here it is, Tommy.

(Produces paper, clears his throat and gets at his poem, LARRY whis-

pers to 1st SMUGGLER. They laugh silently.)

TEDDY--(Reading.)--

O me darlin', me darlin', me blue-eyed colleen,
Yer aigual, acushla, can nowhere be seen;

(1st S. walks quietly to door and signals to others to follow.)

O bleak is the day, and O black is the night,
When yerself, me sweet darlin', are out o' me sight.

(Exit SMUGGLERS. LARRY falls into a chair and fans him-
self with his hat. TEDDY looks around.)

Where the divil are they? (Sees LARRY.)—Larry O'Hagan, ye
them up to it!

LARRY—I didn't have to, Teddy.

TEDDY—Ye did, ye villain!

(Runs to the door, which he locks.)

Now ye'll have to listen to the whole of it, for ye can't get out.

(Reads.)

Yer eyes, O mavourneen, are blue as the sky.

(LARRY steals towards window, which he opens.)

An' yer : mile is the light—

(Ceases and looks towards window, through which LARRY is dis-
appearing.)

Well, if there isn't manners for ye! Bad luck to it, I'll never let
one hear it except the purty little darlin' herself.

(A knock at the door.)

Here's the divil back again! Now I'll fix him.

(Picks up a cushion. Opens door cautiously, and only wide enough
to admit ISAAC'S head. TEDDY brings the cushion down to
the latter.)

(Enter ISAAC.)

TEDDY—The divil shoot it—it's an ould Jew!

ISAAC—That was a nice way to treat a man who is looking for
information.

TEDDY—An' what kind of information are ye lookin' for?

ISAAC—Does Mishtah Shomonensky live here?

TEDDY—Faith if ye take a good look at me, ye'll guess that
Shomonensky doesn't live here; an' if ye had any manners ye'd take
yer hat.

ISAAC—(Removing hat and looking at it.)—Oh, my hat is destro-
ed! (Looks at TEDDY.) You will have to pay for it!

TEDDY—If ye live till that time comes ye'll see the end o' the world.
ISAAC—I vill make you! (Shakes his fist.)

TEDDY—(Making a demonstration.)—Get out o' this!

ISAAC—(Backing towards door.)—I vill make you!

TEDDY—Vanish! Disappear!

(Exit **ISAAC**, shaking fist. **TEDDY** is overcome with a fit of laughter)
 An' I thought it was Larry! Oh, ho, ho, ho, ho! I thought he'd take a fit when he saw his caubeen! (Laughs heartily.)

(Enter **O'ROURKE**. Looks astonished and stands gazing at **TEDDY**)

O'R.—Well, well, well! What is it all about, Teddy? Where's Larry?

TEDDY—He flew out o' that windy— (Breaks down.)

O'R.—Teddy, my boy, are you gone crazy?

TEDDY—An' I thought it was him that was knockin' at the door—
 (breaks down.)

Ye must excuse me, Misther O'Rourke, but divil a word—
 (Breaks down and runs to door)

I'll come in to-morrow an' tell ye— (Breaks down and runs out.)

O'R.—(Hanging up hat and disposing of cane.)—I'm sorry I missed it. That boy Teddy is always in mischief, except when he's making love to the colleens; an' then he does no harm, for they all know him too well. (Yawns and stretches.) Well, I've had a pretty busy day, and now that Teddy is gone, I think I'll go off to bed.

(Locks door and closes window. Walks across to R Door. A loud knock at L. Door.)

Who can this be? (Opens door.)

(Enter **O'HALLORAN**, carrying a child five or six years old. **O'HALLORAN** is excited and out of breath.)

O'R.—In the name of heaven, Mr. O'Halloran, what's the matter?

O'H.—A glass of water, Phelim—I'm choking!

(Deposits child on sofa. **O'R.** runs to table and pours out glass of milk.)

O'G.—Here—drink this.

(**O'H.** drinks. **O'R.** receives back glass—lays it on the other table)
 My God, O'Halloran, what's wrong. Sit'down.

(Places chair: **O'H.** remains standing.)

O'H.—Phelim, I must leave here at once. My enemies are even now on my track. The coach leaves for Queenstown in half an hour—I must go—but I cannot take my boy—yet. That devil Windale is pursuing me. Will you keep Redmond for a few days—until I send for him?

O'R.—Will I?

O'H.—A thousand thanks, old friend. See—he sleeps. 'Tis better so.

O'R.—But you must not go alone—I'll put the child in bed—
O'H.—No, no, I shall be safer alone—escape will be easier.

(Exten's hand.)

Good-bye, and may God reward you!

(Kisses boy—rushes to door—turns—looks back. Exit. O'R. goes door, closes it, after looking out.)

O'R.—Good Lord—this seems like a dream!

(Moves to sofa.)

You poor little innocent! Little do you know the weight of trouble that's on your father's heart this night— But never mind. God is good, and He knows what's best,

(Takes boy in his arms. Exit R. Door.)

L. door opens slowly, admitting ISAAC.)

(Enter ISAAC. He closes door softly. Slight noise. ISAAC hides.)

(Re-enter O'R. Carries light—lays it on table. Locks L. Door; bolts window. Extinguishes table light—takes up the other. Exit R. door. ISAAC emerges; re-lights lamp, unlocks door and stealthily follows O'R. A noise as of a falling body, followed by a child's scream.)

(Re-enter ISAAC, carrying the child.)

(Re-enter O'R. He endeavors to regain possession of child. ISAAC strikes him—he falls. Exit ISAAC. O'R. rises slowly—appears dazed. Walks to R. Door. Stops—raises hands to head. Comes back to C.)

(Enter O'HALLORAN.)

O'H.—Phelim—I am too late—the soldiers are close upon me—give me the boy—quick, for God's sake!—

(O'R. stares at him.)

Quick, Phelim—in the name of heaven! The soldiers are near the house—
(noise outside.)

My boy, Phelim, my boy!

Enter COL. and SOLDIERS.

COL.--(To Soldiers.) There is the rebel—seize him!

(Lights out. All go out except O'R. He stands at C., his hands pressed to his head. Lights again.)

O'R.—(Letting hands fall; stares into vacancy.)—Redmond, ma bouchal, where are you? O, my God, where is the boy? O'Halloran, the child is gone! Gone!! Gone!!! Where are you, Redmond? Redmond! ma bouchal, where are you? Redmond! Redmond!!

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

15 YEARS ARE SUPPOSED TO ELAPSE BETWEEN ACTS I AND II.

SCENE I— LANDSCAPE—Enter TEDDY AND LARRY, R.

TEDDY—I tell ye I saw him.

LARRY—Ye didn't—ye dreamt it.

TEDDY—I didn't—I saw him.

LARRY—Ye didn't, I tell ye.

TEDDY—Well—perhaps 'twas his ghost. But if it was, it knew me.

LARRY—Ye mane to tell me that ye saw Phelim O'Rourke—a man that no one has heard tale or tidin's of for fifteen years?—Phelim O'Rourke?

TEDDY—Yes—Phelim—O—Rourke.

LARRY—Ye dreamt it.

TEDDY—I didn't dream it. I saw him as plain as I see you this minute; an' he spoke to me; an' I spoke to him; an' he shook hands with me; an' I shook hands with him; an' he asked me if I was married yet; an' I told him I wasn't married yet, but that I was goin' to be—

LARRY—Teddy, ye dreamt it.

(Turns away.)

TEDDY—that I was goin' to be; an' he had a great swell with him—what's this his name is?—oh, the devil shoot me if I don't forget it—

LARRY—Ye dreamt it.

TEDDY—I have it! Marlow—that's it; Mистер Clifford Marlow, his uncle, I think he said he was.

LARRY—Faith, if he's O'Rourke's uncle he must be a hundred years old.

TEDDY—No, he isn't a hundred years old; he isn't twenty years old let me tell ye, Larry O'Hagan.

LARRY—Then he isn't O'Rourke's uncle—ye dreamt it.

TEDDY—Oh, but yer the provokin' devil! I've tould ye that he came from America; an' that Mистер O'Rourke is his uncle; an' if he isn't his uncle he's something or other to him; an' although he's only a week in Ireland, he's already makin' eyes at Miss Kathleen O'Donnell—

LARRY—Who? Mистер O'Rourke?

TEDDY—Ye know very well who I mane; an' I'll bet ye anything he'll be married to her before the month's out—

LARRY—Ye dreamt it.

TEDDY—Faith I don't think he looks a day older than he did the night he disappeared off the face o' the earth; an' look here, Larry, ye ought to see him—one o' the finest young min I ever saw!

LARRY—Who? Mистер O'Rourke?

TEDDY—Larry, ye'd provoke a saint! It's Mистер Marlow I'm

talkin' about, if ye want to know, an' I'm sure that Miss O'Donnell
him already, for I saw her—

LARRY—Teddy, ye dreamt it. I'm goin' home.

(Moves to L.)

TEDDY—(Looking after Larry)—Larry O'Hagan, I don't know
what's the matter with ye this blessed mornin', but yer worse
twinty ould bachelors rolled into one.

(Exit LARRY. TEDDY laughs.)

Perhaps Mrs. O'Hagan has been givin' him a blowin' up. Oh, he
help the married min!

Exit L.

Enter O'ROURKE and MARLOW, R.

O'R.—Yes, Clifford, my boy, much as I like America, Ireland, the
of my birth, holds the first place in my old heart; and now that my
presses her sacred soil, not a foot will I stir from it. And you would
be leaving me now—would you, Clifford?

MAR.—If Ireland holds you, I guess she'll have to find room for
also.

O'R.—(Slapping M's. shoulder.)—That's right, my lad, and
may be sure that we'll be finding you one of the finest wives in
world in this same old Ireland. (Moves to L.)

Enter LIEUT DOUGLAS, L.

LIEUT.—Ah, good morning, Mr. O'Rourke—how d'you do, Marlow
Out admiring the scenery?

(O'R. frowns and edges away a little.)

MAR.—Yes, and judging from what I have seen, I have arrived
the conclusion that Ireland is one of the most beautiful gardens in
crown of the world.

LIEUT.—Oh, the place is well enough, were it not for its inhabitants.

O'R.—(Turning quickly and frowning.)—Faith, Ireland would
well enough, were it not for some of her inhabitants, Lieut. Douglas.

(Turns away again.)

LIEUT.—I have reference to its agitating inhabitants, my dear
friend—

O'R.—I'm not your "dear old friend," Lieut. Douglas—nothing of that
kind! (Aside.)—I choose my friends.

LIEUT.—My dear Marlow, I suppose that you have been captivated
by the female portion of the population, and that you consider the
faultless in every respect?

MAR.—If the daughters of Ireland are like their exiled sisters in America, they are perfect types of true womanhood.

(O'R. taps the ground with his cane and smiles gleefully.)

LIEUT.—And her sons are paragons, I suppose?

MAR.—Ireland's sons have held, and still hold, positions of honor in every civilized country on earth. They control the destinies of some nations, and fight, and win, the just battles of others.

(O'R taps ground.)

LIEUT.—I had a fancy that you Americans were tired of the Irish.

(O'R. frowns.)

MAR.—On the contrary, we hail with joy at their coming, and when from our giant ships step maidens of Ireland with their rosy cheeks and soft Irish eyes, we thank God for giving our fair quota of Irish honor and Irish virtue.

(O'R taps ground.)

LIEUT.—Egad, you are quite a champion of the low Irish, but wait till you have been a year in Ireland, away from the land of Yankee Doodle, then you will change your tune.

MAR.—My dear fellow, I have already changed my tune from "Yankee Doodle" to "God Save Ireland."

(Raises his hat. O'R taps the ground, moves to L. and is followed by MARLOW.)

Good morning. (Exeunt.)

LIEUT.—Confound those Yankees. They are almost as quick with their tongues as the Irish. (Walks to R. Then to L.)

Re-enter O'R. (Bows ironically to Lieut.)

O'R.—Good morning, Lieut, Douglas!

(Exit. LIEUT. shows his resentment. Exit.)

SCENE II.—EXTERIOR OF LARRY O'HAGAN'S COTTAGE. TEDDY and LARRY discovered, face to face.

TEDDY—I won't.

LARRY—Ye will!

TEDDY—I won't, I tell ye!

LARRY—I'll make ye!

TEDDY—Ye won't.

LARRY—I'll tell Katie about ye!

TEDDY—She wouldn't believe ye!

LARRY—She would!

TEDDY—She wouldn't!

LARRY—Ye should have been married these fifteen years!

TEDDY—I shouldn't.

LARRY—Dan. Rafferty's younger than you, an' he's married these years.

TEDDY—He isn't!

LARRY—He is, I tell ye!

TEDDY—He isn't—it's only nine years.

LARRY—It isn't—it's ten!

TEDDY—It isn't—it's nine!

(Larry turns away.)

LARRY—Oh, don't bother me!

Enter MARLOW, L.

MAR.—Good morning, Mr. O'Neill. Would you kindly direct me to the Lismore Bridge?

TEDDY—To be sure I will, Misther Marlow. (Come this way.

(Takes him to REAR.)

Just keep to the road yer on, an' when ye come to a cross-road, take it; but ye'll see a stile to the right, leadin' into a little wood yond, but don't cross it—just keep right ahead till ye see a church—

LARRY—Arrah, Teddy, ye'll have the gintleman all mixed up.

MARLOW.)—Just stay on the road yer on, an' ye can't miss the bridge.

MAR.—(To both.)—Thank you. Good morning.

(Exit MARLOW.)

LARRY—Teddy, who is that swell?

TEDDY—(Disdainfully)—I dreamt it.

LARRY—Oh, is that the one that was with Misther O'Rourke?

TEDDY—! dreamt it, I tell ye!

LARRY—Faith, an' we've all been thinkin' that that same Misther O'Rourke was dead an' buried.

TEDDY—Larry—ye dreamt it.

LARRY—Well, the devil shoot ye, Teddy O'Neill!

TEDDY—"Sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," ye know.

LARRY—At last ye might answer me civil!

TEDDY—Ye dreamt it.

(Larry turns away.)

TEDDY—Larry!

LARRY—(Petulantly.)—Well, what is it?

TEDDY—I wanted to tell ye about Misther O'Rourke, an' I was n forgettin'.

LARRY—(Coming back.)—Go ahead, then.

TEDDY—I met him again, an' I began to speak about Misther O'Halloran—

LARRY—Yes, yes!

TEDDY—But d'ye know, Larry, I think there's something wrong with him.

LARRY—What d'ye mane?

TEDDY—(Tapping his forehead.)—Here!

LARRY—He's out of his mind?

TEDDY—Not exactly that, but he doesn't seem to know that Mистер O'Halloran has been far away from Ireland these fifteen years, for he said that he'd call to see him in the mornin'.

LARRY—He said that?

TEDDY—He did.

LARRY—An' why didn't ye put him right?

TEDDY—How the devil could I when Miss O'Donnell came along an' interrupted us?

LARRY—Ye dreamt it.

(Turns away, picks up axe, and begins to chop wood. TEDDY watches him for a moment or two.)

TEDDY—Larry!

LARRY—Don't bother me. (Chops.)

TEDDY—I want to tell ye something.

LARRY—This is me busy day. (Chops.)

TEDDY—Now who's most like an ould bachelor?

LARRY—Go to the devil! (Chops.)

TEDDY—Larry O'Hagan, I'm goin' to be married!

(LARRY throws axe away. Comes forward.)

LARRY—Teddy, is it throe?

TEDDY—May I never stir—

LARRY—(Extending hand.)—Blessin's on ye, me boy! So at last yer goin' to be married? (Shakes TEDDY'S hand.)

TEDDY—Yes—some day or other.

(LARRY drops his hand, goes to wood-pile and proceeds to fill his arms.)

TEDDY—Larry!

LARRY—Shut up!

TEDDY—(Mournfully.)—Larry, it's throe—I'm goin' to be married. Come here, an' I'll tell ye all about it. ...

(LARRY throws down wood. Comes back.)

LARRY—Well—go on.

TEDDY—Sit down, then. Ye know Kathleen O'Grady?

LARRY—(Holding hand a foot or so above floor.)—Since she was that high. She'll make ye a splendid wife, Teddy.

TEDDY—Listen; I called to see her the other evenin'. She was sittin'

on the veranda with her uncle, an' he was sound asleep. The night lovely; the stars were glitterin', an' the moon was sheddin' her light—

LARRY—Yes—yes!

TEDDY—The moon was glitterin', an' the stars were sheddin' pale light—

LARRY—Teddy, who the devil ever heard of the moon glitterin' (TEDDY gives him a reproachful look.)

TEDDY—Where was I at?—Oh, yes: As I was sayin', the moon sheddin' her pale light on the two of us, an' I was feelin' very much love.

LARRY—Yes—yes!

TEDDY—Well, we weren't talkin' very long when I thought I heard a sigh from Kathleen—just like this: (Sighs.)—An' that made me in love than ever. So says I: "Kathleen!" "What is it, Teddy?" she. "It's a fine evenin'," says I—

(LARRY jumps up. Shows impatience.)

Hold on—I'm comin' to it—sit down. Ye see, Larry, me courage wings, but it came back; so says I agin: "Kathleen!" "Yes, Ted, it's a fine evenin'," says she. "Kathleen, me darlin'!" says I. But a word she said to that, so says I: "How is yer uncle?"

(LARRY jumps up.)

Can't ye wait a minute? Sit down, man, an' listen. "Me uncle quite well," says she. Larry, by this time I was head over ears in love, so says I: "Kathleen, me darlin', I'm in love with a beautiful Kathleen," says I. "Indeed!" says she. "Yes," says I. Now, Larry, I not tellin' ye a word of a lie, but at that very moment me thoughts strayed to lovely Rosie O'Connell, an' says I: "Can't ye guess her name?" "How could I?" says she—"when there's so many of them an' I thought she'd break her heart laughin'. Larry, it was then I put me foot in it—I got all mixed up.

LARRY—What did ye say?

TEDDY—Says I: "Rosie, me darlin'!"

(LARRY jumps up.)

LARRY—Ye did?

TEDDY—I did—I'm not tellin' ye a word of a lie. Well, the we weren't out o' me mouth, when she burst out laughin' again, an' she says: "Teddy, it's a very fine evenin'," an' she runs into the house laughin' to break her heart. Larry, the next day I heard that she was engaged to Tim Donovan for over a week.

LARRY—An' is this the way yer goin' to be married?

TEDDY—No—no—I'm comin' to that. Sit down.

LARRY—Oh, heaven give me patience with ye! Well, who is it?

(Resumes seat.)

TEDDY—Mollie Malone.

LARRY—Faith, ye were aisily cured.

TEDDY—Oh, Larry, Mollie's a darlin'!

LARRY—So she's goin' to nave ye?

TEDDY—I dunno—I haven't asked her yet.

(LARRY jumps up and runs into the house. TEDDY has a fit of laughter.)

TEDDY—All lies—every word of it! An' he swallowed them as if they were throe. Faith he doesn't know that there's only one colleen in the world for me, an' that's sweet Eileen O'Connor. But her hard-hearted ould divil of a father won't let her look at me—because I'm poor. Well, well—I've waited for her for ten years, an' if necessary I'll wait a hundred.

Enter CHAUNCEY, L.

CHAUN.—Aw, good morning. Might I awsk you for a light?

TEDDY—Certainly—of course. (Hands matches.)

CHAUN.—Aw—thanks. (Yawns.)

Excuse me. (Strikes a light.)

TEDDY—Certainly.

CHAUN.—You have—aw—very fine scenery in this part of the country. (Lights pipe or cigar.)

TEDDY—We have indeed. (Aside.)—Where did it fall from?

CHAUN.—And the air—aw—is very fine, indeed, ye know.

(Yawns.)

Excuse me.

TEDDY—Certainly. (Aside.)—He's only half awake.

CHAUN.—Pawdon me, but—aw—are you an Irishman?

TEDDY—Do I look like a Rooshian?

CHAUN.—Not at all, but you don't look—aw—blood-thirsty in the slightest degree, ye know.

TEDDY—Blood-thirsty!

CHAUN.—Just so. My uncle—General Goodacre, ye know—seems to fawncy that the Irish are—well, a little wild, ye know.

(Yawns.)

Excuse me.

TEDDY—Certainly. Won't ye sit down. (Aside.)—He must be awfully tired.

CHAUN.—Aw—thanks.

TEDDY—Well, we used to be wild enough—once upon a time.

CHAUN.—Really! When?

TEDDY—About two thousand years ago.

CHAUN.—Aw!

TEDDY—Yes—we had growin' pains, then.

CHAUN.—Aw—I see. And do you mean to tell me that you are
—aw—just like other people?

TEDDY—Oh, no, we're like—ourselves.

CHAUN.—Aw—just so. But don't you—pawdon me—don't you
your landlords, ye know?

(TEDDY has a fit of laughter.)

See! you laugh at that!

TEDDY—No, no—I'm not laughin' at that!

CHAUN.—Aw! Well, you see, I've just come over from England
I had heard some strange stories about the Irish people, and I wis
judge for myself, you see. (Yawns.)

Excuse me.

TEDDY—Certainly. Well, I think ye've done right. There's no
like seein' for oneself.

CHAUN.—Just so. Aw, allow me. (Hands card.)

TEDDY—Well, it's glad I am to meet ye, Mистер Goodacre, and
welcome ye are to Ireland.

(Searches his pockets.)

Faith, I think I've left all me cards on the piano. However,
name is O'Neill—Terence O'Neill.

CHAUN.—(Rising and extending hand.)—Aw—I'm delighted to
the pleasure, Mr. O'Neill. (He resumes seat.)

Now, would you mind telling me whether or not it's true that ye
aw, pawdon me—blow up houses with dynamite, ye know.

(TEDDY has a fit.)

See? You laugh at that!

TEDDY—Oh, no—it's not at that I'm laughin'. (Aside)—I
Larry'd come out.

Enter LARRY, from house. (Chauncey's back is turned to house.)

LARRY stands near door—shows his surprise. TEDDY manoeuvres
so that he may beckon to LARRY. LARRY steals forward.)

TEDDY—Now, Mистер Goodacre, just take a look at the hill ye
over there. (Points to L.) Isn't it a fine one?

(Whispers to LARRY behind CHAUNCEY'S back. LARRY nods vigorously.)

CHAUN.—It is indeed, don't ye know.

TEDDY—Now take a good look at it.

(TEDDY whispers again to LARRY, who makes signs to show that

understands. They laugh silently. Exit LARRY into house.)
 CHAUN.—(Turning.)—I admire it very much, Mr. O'Neill. What do you call it!

TEDDY—That's the Hill o' Howth.

CHAUN.—Aw—just so.

TEDDY—Well, it was put there by an Irish giant—Phil McCool.

(CHAUNCEY stares his surprise.)

Yes—just so. Ye see, Phil McCool had a fight with another giant an' he threw that hill at him.

CHAUN.—Aw!

TEDDY—Yes, an' the other giant was crushed to death under it!

(TEDDY has a fit. CHAUNCEY looks horrified.)

CHAUN.—See! You lawgh at that!

Re-enter LARRY, (carrying a shot-gun.)

TEDDY—Larry, come here. This is a gentleman from the sister Island—Misther Goodacre—Misther Larry O'Hagan.

CHAUN.—Delighted to meet you, Mr. O'Hagan.

LARRY—Same to you, sir.

CHAUN.—Aw—Mr. O'Hagan, I have been speaking to your friend about many strange rumors I have heard concerning the Irish people, and when I mentioned the shooting of landlords—

(TEDDY has a fit.)

See! He lawghs at that!

TEDDY—No, no—I'm not laughin at that!

(TEDDY has a fit and bumps against LARRY.)

LARRY.—(Angrily, to TEDDY)—Who are ye shovin'?

TEDDY—None o' yer business!

LARRY—I'll show ye if it isn't.

(Points gun at TEDDY. The latter wrenches it from him. CHAUNCEY turns away his head—horrified. Fires a pistol in the wings. LARRY falls dead.)

TEDDY—What's that ye were sayin', Misther Goodacre?

CHAUN.—(Looking at LARRY.)—Oh! Oh!!! Oh!!!

(TEDDY sits on LARRY and proceeds to examine the gun.)

CHAUN.—Oh! Oh!!! Oh!!! This is dreadful!

(TEDDY looks up wonderingly.)

TEDDY—Have ye a pain, Misther Goodacre?

(CHAUNCEY collapses—falls into seat, his back to the others. TEDDY whispers to LARRY, then slips into house. LARRY rises.)

LARRY—Are ye sick, Misther Goodacre?

(CHAUNCEY rises slowly—shows fear.)

CHAUN.—Weren't you ki-killed?

LARRY—Killed!

CHAUN.—Ye—yes! I saw your friend shoo—shoot you!

LARRY—Shoot me?

CHAUN.—I saw him deliberately shoot you!

LARRY—Ye dreamt it.

Re-enter TEDDY.

TEDDY—Ye must excuse me, Misther Goodacre. I had to go a dhrink of wather.

CHAUN.—You—you didn't shoot your friend here, just now?

TEDDY—Shoot Larry?

CHAUN.—And sit on his body?

LARRY—Teddy, he dreamt it. (TEDDY and LARRY have a fit)

CHAUN.—See! You lawgh at that!

TEDDY—It was all in fun, Misther Goodacre—all pretince.

(Laughs.)

CHAUN.—And Mr. O'Hagan was merely acting?

TEDDY—Just so—it was an object lesson to show that ye should believe everything ye hear—or think ye see.

SHAUN.—Aw—just so. (Has a fit. All join.)

LARRY—I see that ye see the point, Misther Goodacre.

CHAUN.—Oh, yes, ye know! (Has another fit.) And I shall tell them when I go home; and I shall relate the circumstances, and I shall have them all lawghing, ye know. And I'm sure that General Goodacre will lawgh and enjoy it hugely. I must go now, but I shall come back.

LARRY—Come to dinner on Sunday.

CHAUN.—Aw—thanks; I shall be delighted. Good-bye, Mr. O'Hagan.

(Shakes hands. All move to L.)

TEDDY—Good-bye, Misther Goodacre.

LARRY—Good-bye, till Sunday.

(Exit CHAUNCEY. TEDDY and LARRY come back and have a fit)

TEDDY—He'll never believe his eyes again, Larry.

LARRY—It's the beginnin' of his education. (Another fit.)

Enter MARLOW, R.

MAR.—You seem to be enjoying yourself, Mr. O'Neill.

TEDDY—Oh, Misther Marlow, if ye'd only been here a few minutes ago— (Breathes down.)

LARRY—We had a gintleman from the sither Island—

(Breaks down.)

TEDDY—An' I pretinded to shoot Larry here, an' when Larry—

(Breaks down.)

LARRY—I stood up before him, afther he thought I was kilt, an' I declare to goodness— (Breaks down.)

MAR.—(Smilingly.)—Oh, I see,—you have been initiating some visit—

or—
TEDDY—No, no—we were educatin' him!

(LARRY looks to L.)

LARRY—Teddy—Teddy— look who's comin'!

(Pulls off his coat and throws it over shot-gun.)

Enter LIEUT and SOLDIERS, L.

LIEUT.—Halt! (To LARRY.)—Produce your concealed weapons!

LARRY—Me consaled weapons! Divil a weapon have I.

L.—Be quick, or I shall search the premises!

LARRY—Divil a weapon is there here! (Aside.)—Teddy, can he see the ould blundherbuss?

LIEUT.—Enough—I heard the report of a gun a few minutes since. Men, do your duty. (MARLOW comes forward.)

MAR.—Lieut. Douglas, where is your warrant for this search?

LIEUT.—A warrant? None is necessary, you meddling American!

MAR.—Then let me inform you that it is an absolute essential—even in Ireland.

LIEUT.—Fellow, you would defy me! Out of my way, or by heaven—

MAR.—Your bravado fails to terrify me, Lieut. Douglas, nor do your threats move me.

LIEUT.—You still defy me! (Hand on sword.) Curse you—I'll run you through!

MAR.—Petty and despicable tyrant! In the name of right and justice—in the name of the laws of your own country—yes, I defy you!

(Points L.)

Go! Procure your warrant, for without it, there shall be no search here.

LIEUT.—I am surprised that one of your evident culture should find enjoyment in the company of such people as these—

MAR.—Such people as these are as far above you as the stars are above the earth—there lies a gulf between you, and it's name is—vice!

LIEUT.—Ha, ha, ha! I shall take pains to let the dainty Miss O'Donnell know that her prospective lover is the associate and defender of a low, Irish rabble; but, being Irish herself, she can descend to depths which another—

MAR.—Stop, scoundrel, or you shall be compelled to eat your
 although you have your soldiers at your back! Yes, Miss O'Don
 Irish, and with millions of others she glories in the title.

Enter O'HALLORAN, L.

O'H.—(Extending hand.)—There speaks a man after my own he

TEDDY }
 LARRY } Mистер O'Halloran!

(They run towards O'H.)

Enter COL., L.

COL.—That's right, Lieutenant—play the game.

(O'H. wheels around.)

O'H.—At last!

COL.—Ho, ho! Back from jail!

O'H.—Yes, back from jail, to become, in the hands of heaven, th
 strument for your punishment!

COL.—MY punishment! Ha, ha, ha! O'Halloran, look at that

(Points to LIEUT.)

There stands one who is guilty of nearly every crime in the caler
 The people whom you loved so well, are hated and persecuted by
 Feared by the Irish, contemned by the English, he stands there, a
 on this green earth.

(LIEUT. lays hand on sword.)

Look well at him; then let your mind travel back fifteen years,
 call the night of your capture—then look once again. (Points
 LIEUT.) —and in the person of Lieut. Douglas recognize your
 son, Redmond O'Halloran.

(LIEUT. stares at COL. Shows surprise—incredulity—Looks at O'H.)
 O'H.—(His eyes on LIEUT.)—My God!

LIEUT.—This fellow—this return d convict—this prison-tainted I
 rebel, my father!

O'H.—(To COL.)—Devil in human form, have you done this? H
 you no dread of a father's terrible curse? Do you not fear that
 lightning of heaven may strike you as you stand there—the confessed
 stroyer of a human soul! Fiend! Heaven may forgive you, but I,
 heart-broken father, cannot!

(Attempts to spring at COL.; MARLOW, TEDDY and LARRY restr
 him.)

(CURTAIN.)

ACT III.

SCENE— A ROOM IN "THE HOLLY" INN.

Enter COL. and LIEUT.

COL.—'Tis the only thing left for you to do. (Aside.) Unless you throw yourself into the river. (Takes a seat.)

LIEUT.—(Tossing hat and coat on sofa.)—I have told you that I'll have nothing to do with him.

(Throws himself into chair at other side of table.)

COL.—But, my dear fellow, you are not your own master. In the eyes of the law you are still an infant, you see—ha, ha, ha!

LIEUT.—(Glaring at COL.)—An infant? I am half a devil, and—

COL.—I fancy that you had better quit brandy, my dear Redmond. It sours your naturally sweet temper. (Sarcastically.)

LIEUT.—(Looking away from COL.)—Redmond—my new name—ha, ha, ha! (Turns to COL.)—And you tell me that my father—my DEAR father—is coming here to-night?

COL.—You have his letter in your pocket.

LIEUT.—(Searching pocket)—Yes, yes, of course. Oh, yes, my dear father is coming to see his amiable son.

(Laughs—produces letter and looks it over.)

He calls me his "dear" boy. Curse it! Am I a convict's son? Do you here, Windale? Am I the offspring of a felon—an Irish rebel? He dares to write and call me his "dear" boy!

(Crumples letter and throws it into a corner.)

Curse it, man, why are you silent? You wanted to speak to me in private? Then why don't you begin? Talk, talk, talk as much as you like. Go on!

COL.—(Lighting cigar.)—You are in a pleasant mood, indeed, my dear O'Halloran. Have a cigar—(rolls one across the table.) It's good for the nerves.

(LIEUT. throws cigar on floor and crushes it under his heel.)

LIEUT.—I am ready to hear what you have to say. Go on.

COL.—As you will. Well, to begin with, I refuse to accede to your modest request.

LIEUT.—(Leaning forward.)—You won't give me the money that I have demanded?

COL.—No.

LIEUT.—And I am to remain here—the butt of my former friends and associates—the laughing-stock of the regiment?

COL.—You seem to forget that you have left the army.

LIEUT.—No, I have not forgotten. (Kicks and walks to R.)
do I fail to remember the reason for my resignation. But, I have
consolation.

COL.—And pray what may that be?

LIEUT.—I resigned. I was not kicked out!

(THE COL. winces.)

Ha! the thrust has gone home? Maynard told me all about it
night—at the club. That is one thing for which I have to thank
father. Yes, by heaven, he thrashed you, and you—deserved it!

COL.—(Rising.)—Yes, he thrashed me, but how light were his blows
when compared with mine! Fifteen of the best years of his life spent
amongst the vilest of outcasts—the refuse of humanity! Cut off from
all communication with his friends; and, on the eve of his departure
a penal settlement, assured of the consoling fact that his only son
in the hands of his deadly enemy; to hear that his idolized boy should
grow in wickedness and vice—should be steeped in guilt; to know that
after fifteen years of mental torture he should return and greet, in
person of his son, one of the greatest scoundrels living—a hater of
race—a reviler of Irish womanhood! Yes, your precious father did
betray me and my desires; he was the cause of my expulsion from
army, but, knowing what you are—you, his son—I am repaid.

LIEUT.—(Getting closer to COL.)—And you—you exult in your filthy
work! You gloat over the ruin you have accomplished! Devil
will kill you!

(Springs at COL. The latter easily overpowers him and he is forced
to his knees.)

COL.—You would measure your strength with mine!

(Throws LIEUT. away from him. LIEUT. falls—raises body with hands
on floor.)

Puppet! I have used you as a means to an end,—that end has been
reached, and now you can go to the devil!

(Exit L. Door, leaving it open. LIEUT. rises—presses hands to his head,
walks slowly up and down—once or twice. Stops—again holds
hands to his head; takes a few steps—stops—appears to consider
then, as tho' his mind were made up, walks to back of stage. Comes
forward to table holding a pistol in his hand; looks at it a few
moments, lays it on the table, walks to R., turns and takes a step
two towards table. Stops a pace or two from the latter; fixes
gaze on the pistol—appears to be fascinated by it; comes closer—stands
again, presses hands to head, his eyes ever on the weapon. Reaches
table, grasps the pistol, raises it to his head. The Angelus bell
rings as if at some distance. Lowers pistol, but still holds it—listens

to bell, which rings thrice and then again—as is the custom. The pistol falls from his hand, and he throws himself into chair, with head on arms on table.)

Enter O'HALLORAN. (He takes a step or two into room—stops—looks at LIEUT.)

O'H.—(Low.)—Redmond — my boy!

(LIEUT. pays no attention. O'H. moves forward a few steps—sees pistol. A swift glance at LIEUT.)

Redmond! Redmond!

(Forward quickly; places hand on LIEUT'S shoulder. LIEUT. looks up slowly—pushes O'H. away. Rises.)

LIEUT.—No, no—not you! Go! Leave me! I want no one—nothing but death—or revenge!

O'H.—Redmond—Redmond, for fifteen years there has been a demon by your side, but, thank God! he is gone; and in his stead (moves closer to LIEUT.) is your father—your heart-broken father!

LIEUT.—(Aside.)—My father! This returned convict! (Aloud.)—No, no, it cannot—it shall not be! I—the enemy of everything you hold dear—your son? I—the protégé—the friend—the pupil of ex-Col. Windale—your son? I, with a thousand devils warring in my heart—with thoughts of murder overflowing my soul—I, your son? You tell me that you are my father, yet you allow Col. Windale to live! That man was with me but a moment since, yet you were not here to strangle him! Twenty-four hours have gone since your return from prison, yet he lives to gloat over the ruin he has accomplished! You, my father? No!—it is a damnable lie!

O'H.—Redmond, for one mad moment, I, too, had felt as you do now, but I thank God that I did not succeed! Col. Windale's punishment rests not with you or me, but with heaven.

LIEUT.—Heaven! heaven! Ha, ha, ha! Did heaven intervene when you were sent to Van Dieman's Land! Did heaven interfere while Col. Windale was bending every nerve to make me what I am? Where was your heaven while that man's soul was black with plottings which even I would shrink from? No, no! Your heaven is too weak to deal with men like Windale; your spirit is too broken to wreak vengeance on that devil! Away with your heaven—I want none of it!

(Taps forehead.)

Here is my heaven—my Hell!—Astré, vigorous Hell which prompts me to tear that man's soul as mine is now torn!

O'H.—(Aside.)—And this is Redmond—my once innocent little boy! O, my God!

LIEUT.—(Turning quickly to O'H.)—Look—you say that you are my father—that that man has broken your heart! Then let us go—he is not far from here. We shall seize him—torture him—wring his heart

with agony! Come—if you are a man with a man's heart, come with me! We shall find him—the cunning devil shall not escape us! Come!

O'H.—Cease, boy, cease! This is madness—delirium—

LIEUT.—(Pressing hands to head.)—Madness? Yes, my brain is on fire! It burns, and nothing save revenge will cool it! Give me revenge—revenge!

(Looks at table and around the room.)

Where is my pistol? My pistol, I say!

(O'H. kicks pistol out of the way.)

Curse you—you would cheat me! You, my father! You, with your milk-and-water blood, the father of Lieutenant Douglas!

(Moves to R., turns.)

The tiger claims not kinship with the lamb!

(Exit R. Door. O'H. looks after him.)

O'H.—Oh, my boy—my lost boy! Can this be my son—the little child that was torn from me—his kisses still felt upon my lips, even after those terrible years! And his lips now giving utterance to awful blasphemies! O, my God!

Enter O'Rourke, L. Door. (He enters hurriedly. Sound of rain without. Door is opened.)

O'R.—It's a terrible night—a terrible night! I never saw such rain!

(Sees O'H.)

Oh, you must excuse me—I thought I was entering the public park!

O'H.—Phelim!

O'R.—Yes, that's my name, and I'm sorry that I haven't the pleasure—

O'H.—Phelim, don't you know me?

O'R.—(Looking closely at O'H., extends his hand.)—Why, it's your O'Halloran! I declare I'd pass you by in the street if I had met you! You're greatly changed, man. Where have you been?

O'H.—Where have I been? Phelim, Phelim, why do you ask that question?

O'R.—Why? Because I want to know, of course. We were always great friends—you and I.

O'H.—Phelim, what is wrong with you?

O'R.—Nothing, O'Halloran, nothing at all. I have good health—thank God, and you?—have you been away—

O'H.—O'Rourke—my God, O'Rourke! Why do you speak like this? Have you forgotten?

O'R.—Forgotten! Forgotten what?

O'H.—Man—man! Can you have forgotten that terrible night

teen years ago? Are you Phelim O'Rourke?

O'R.—I am indeed, and I remember you perfectly. But what terrible night are you talking about?

O'H.—What has happened to you, Phelim? Don't you remember the night of my capture—my little boy—

O'R.—Your little boy! (Passes hand over forehead.)

O'H.—Yes—yes! I brought him to you for safe-keeping—my enemy was pursuing me—I placed the boy in your hands—

O'R.—You placed him in my hands? (Wonderingly.)

O'H.—My God, O'Rourke, what is wrong?

O'R.—Your boy? I don't remember any little boy.

O'H.—Do you not remember little Redmond—the child you loved even as I loved him? You don't remember the night he was torn from you—

O'R.—Torn from me! O'Halloran, you are raving!

(O'HALLORAN turns away in despair. Then:)

O'H.—The child I loved was placed with you—with you, Phelim, fifteen years ago—my little Redmond, innocent and pure as an angel, and now—O, my God! (Turns away.)

O'R.—O'Halloran, are you mad? What child are you talking about? Who is little Redmond?

O'H.—My only son—the last of my race—once my pride and joy, but now, vile, degraded—lost in the depths of infamy!

(O'ROURKE seats himself at the table, supporting his head with his hand.)

Phelim—Phelim, what is wrong with you? You knew him in the old days. Little Redmond, man!—the boy you used to dance on your knee—who used to ride on your back! Good heaven, man, do you not remember him?

(O'R. passes hand over forehead. Thunder.)

O'R.—(Shaking his head slowly.)—No, I know nothing about him.

O'H.—Have you been ill?

O'R.—No, not for a day.

O'H.—Then what has come over you? Can you not tell me the name on which I carried Redmond to your house? Col. Windale was seeing my capture. I brought the boy to you—you promised to keep him, but he was taken from you. My God, Phelim, can you not remember?

(O'R bows his head on his hand—tries to remember. Thunder.)

O'R.—(Letting his hand fall on table.)—No, no, O'Halloran, you are mistaken. I have been in America for nearly fifteen years. Surely—

O'H.—And do you not know that I have been a prisoner for fifteen years?

O'R.—You—a prisoner?

O'H.—Phelim, I understand—I see it all now! The memory of that

terrible night has been blotted from your mind—the blow was too
for you!

(Pauses a moment, then a violent start.)

O my God, is it possible!—O'Rourke, O'Rourke—try to think—try
remember—that awful night—Col. Windale—

O'R.—(Head to one side, looking into vacancy.)—Col. Windale—

O'H.—Yes—yes,—and a Jew—

O'R.—(Leaning forward in chair.)—A Jew, you say?

O'H.—Yes—a confederate of Windale's—

(O'R. rises, hand on forehead.)

O'R.—Wait! . . . The Jew—O, my God!—the Jew, Isaac
stein—the child—your boy—was in my arms—yes, yes—but wait—(Hand
forehead.) The Jew . . . Oh, why won't it stay with me! . . .
Yes, yes—I was carrying the child upstairs when the Jew struck me,
snatched the boy from my arms! Wait—wait—it flees from me . . .

(Thunder.)

I have it! I followed him into the kitchen—I tried to regain pos-
sion of the boy—once more the Jew struck me and I fell—I fell . . .

O'H.—Phelim, Phelim, try to remember! O God, Phelim, try to
remember!

O'R.—I fell—the room seemed to turn around me—but what—w-
happened afterwards? . . . Yes, yes—when I recovered I ran from
house, pursuing—pursuing—

O'H.—Phelim, for God's sake, go on! Try—try!

(Thunder, O'R. holds hands to head.)

O'R.—What followed—what followed? O heaven! I can remember
more! Did I find him? Did I see him again?

Enter LIEUT. (R. Door. He stands near door and stares at O'R.)

O'R.—(With despairing gesture.)—No, no—I cannot remember!
merciful heaven, help me! I know there's something else, but what
it?—What is it?

O'H.—Phelim, in the name of God—

O'R.—Hold! Yes, I saw him again—wait! The boy and the
were together in the Smugglers' Cave. I watched and waited—
Jew went outside—O God! O God!—it goes from me—I cannot remem-
ber—the rest is a blank—I—I—no, no,—O my God, I cannot remember

(Falls into chair, head on arms on table.)

CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

SCENE—A GLEN. — TEDDY and LARRY discovered. (TEDDY is whirling LARRY around—lets him go.)

LARRY—What the divil's the matter with ye Teddy? Faith, on'd 'ud think ye were crazy.

TEDDY—Larry, I feel me feet goin' off the ground—just like that! (Waves his hands upward. Makes as tho' he would catch LARRY.)

LARRY—Here, here! No more o' yer capers! (Aside.)—I think the bouchal's lost his wits.

TEDDY—Oh, Larry, just to think of it—to think of it, Larry!

LARRY—I never thought ye were much given to thinkin'.

TEDDY—Larry, I'll go crazy if I don't tell ye! Sit down *there*.

LARRY—Anything for peace and quietness. Well, Teddy?

TEDDY—I don't know how the divil he found it out, for I never told a livin' man, Larry. But he found it out, an' now—

(Breaks off and dances.)

LARRY—Found out what?

TEDDY—But I never told a livin' soul, I tell ye; an' now it's ten years since I first met the purty little darlin', an' no one knew a word about it, an' the first thing I hear is that he knows ALL about it, an'—

LARRY—Oh, go to the divil!

TEDDY—Ann't I tellin' ye that Eileen O'Connor an' meself are the only people on earth that ever dreamt of what we were thinkin' about—that is to say if I lave out Eileen's father, for of course he found it out when I asked him for Eileen ten long years ago.

LARRY—What the divil are ye talkin' about?

TEDDY—Sure I'm tellin' ye! An' ye know me little bit of a farm—only big enough to keep me poor ould mother an' meself. Well, about ten years ago I fell in love with Eileen, an' sure then I forgot all about me little bit of a farm, an' when I asked her to marry me—

LARRY—Teddy O'Neill!

TEDDY—What, Larry?

LARRY—Ye mane to say that ye ever raly asked a colleen to marry ye?

TEDDY—Ten long years ago, Larry, but her hard-hearted ould divil of a father wouldn't let us—

LARRY—Ten years ago! An' ye've been makin' love to all the girls—

TEDDY—No, no—I used to tell ye that just to taze ye, Larry, it's thrue that I love all the dear colleens in Ireland, but there's one that I'd lay down me life for.

LARRY—An' Mистер O'Connor wouldn't let her have ye—is that it?

TEDDY—That's it—because I was poor.

LARRY—But couldn't ye have gone to America where others made fortunes—

TEDDY—Ah, but me mot er—the poor ould mother couldn't go. know **why**.

LARRY—Yes, yes—God help her!—of course she couldn't. I understand, Teddy.

TEDDY—An' I couldn't lave her, for I'm all she has in the world, Eileen—God love her!—wouldn't let me. So these ten years we've thrue to each other, an' now, Larry—

(Lilts and dances.)

LARRY—But what was it ye were sayin' about someone findin' out

TEDDY—Oh, yes, I was comin' to that. Ye see, I never even told mother about Eileen, for the poor crathur 'ud be frettin' her heart about us; so how the devil HE found it out I don't know, but yesterday mornin' he told me about the farm an' look here, Larry, I never guess who put him up to it—an' I'd like to find out how it was that HE found out—

LARRY—An' I'd like to find out who the devil yer talkin' about now!

TEDDY—Misther Marlow, of course! It was him that found how it was that Eileen an' meself couldn't get married, an' Larry—know the Greenwood farm?

LARRY—One o' the best in the County Dublin.

TEDDY—Larry, it's mine—it's mine. Larry O'Hagan!

(LARRY jumps up.)

LARRY—An' Eileen O'Connor's goin' to have ye?

(Shakes TEDDY'S hand.)

TEDDY—Yes.

LARRY—Yer the luckiest man in Ireland! But—are ye sure ye haven't dreamt it?

TEDDY—No, no—I'm done tazin' ye.

LARRY—Then come with me. (Moves to R.)

TEDDY—Where to, Larry?

LARRY—I want to startle me missus out of a year's growth—come

(Exeunt.)

Enter ISAAC, L.

ISAAC—I've seen him here with the Lieutenant two or three times but perhaps he vill come alone this morning. I hope he vill, for I va to see him alone—oom!

Re-enter TEDDY.)

thers have
't go. Ye
I undher-
world, an'
we've been

TEDDY—(Looking around on ground.)—Where the divil did I hang up me hat? Oh, here it is.

(Picks up hat—sees ISAAC.)

Well, upon me word!

ISAAC—Vell, upon my vord!

teddy--(Looking off, R.)—Larry, come back! (Has a fit.)

Re-enter LARRY.

LARRY—(At entrance.)—Teddy, what is it?

TEDDY—Ask me something easy.

(ISAAC moves a step or two,)

LARRY—Teddy, it moved!

TEDDY—An' it's eyes can open an' shut!

ISAAC—Go avay!

LARRY—Teddy, it can talk!

ISAAC—I'm going home to my wife.

TEDDY—His wife! How did she get him?

LARRY—She must have won him at a raffle.

TEDDY—No, Larry, she got him with a pound o' tay.

LARRY—Isn't he an ould money-lender, Teddy?

TEDDY—He's nothin' else.

ISAAC—No, no—so help me, Abraham!

Enter CHAUNCEY, L.

CHAUN.—Aw!

ISAAC—(To CHAUNCEY)—Oh, Mishtah, Mishtah, these men vas highvay robbers!

CHAUN.—Not at all, my deah fellow. They are personal friends of mine, ye know. (ISAAC collapses.)

teddy—(Aside.)—Larry, we must have some fun. (Aloud.)—Misther Goodacre, in this illigant gintleman ye see a friend o' Shakespeare's.

CHAUN.—Aw—a friend of Shakespeare's!

TEDDY—Yes—Misther Shylock.

LARRY—Faith I think his name is Dinnis.

TEDDY—Misther Goodacre, he's a money-lendher.

ISAAC—No, no—so help me!

LARRY—An' he charges a millio per cint.

ISAAC—Holy Abraham!

TEDDY—(Nudging LARRY.)—Larry, what'll we do with him?

LARRY—Do you want to give him some terrible punishment?

TEDDY—Oh, yes!

LARRY—Worse than dhrownin'?

TEDDY—Oh, yes! (CHAUNCEY starts.)

LARRY—Worse than hangin'? (CHAUNCEY starts.)

TEDDY—Oh, yes!

LARRY—Worse than—worse than shootin'?

TEDDY—Oh, yes!

LARRY—Then separate him from his money

(Has a fit. ISAAC trembles.)

TEDDY—Ye've sthruck it! Shylock, ye'll have to go undher an operation.

ISAAC—But I don't vant an operations—I vant to go home.

TEDDY—We know what's best for yer constitution. Hand over half million pounds.

ISAAC—Holy Abraham!

LARRY—I think ye'll have to dhrown him first.

CHAUN.—(To LARRY.)—You don't mean it—do you?

LARRY—No, no!

TEDDY—Shylock, would ye like to be dhrowned?

ISAAC—Oh, Isaac and Jacob! (CHAUNCEY has a fit.)

LARRY—He'd rather be shot, Teddy.

ISAAC—Holy Abraham! (CHAUNCEY has a fit.)

TEDDY—Come, now—make yer choice.

CHAUN.—(To LARRY.)—He doesn't mean it, ye know.

TEDDY—Well, what is it? (ISAAC drops on knees.)

ISAAC—Oh, my money, my money—don't take my money! I have only a few pounds in this world. Oh, my money, my money!

TEDDY—Then get ready for dhrownin'.

CHAUN.—(To LARRY.)—He doesn't mean it, ye know.

ISAAC—Oh, my money—my money!

TEDDY—Larry, we'll not dhrown the poor divil.

LARRY—No, don't, Teddy.

TEDDY—Shylock, we're not goin' to drown ye. (ISAAC rises.)

We'll shoot ye, (ISAAC drops to knees.)

CHAUN.—(To Larry.)—He doesn't mean it, ye know.

ISAAC—Oh, my money, my money—spare my money!

TEDDY—Well, get up. (ISAAC rises.)

ISAAC—Oh, my money—my money!

(Looks stealthily to L. Sees that CHAUNCEY is the only barrier to freedom. Makes a dash—upsets CHAUNCEY and runs off L. He is followed by TEDDY. CHAUNCEY rises, assisted by LARRY.)

CHAUN.—(Brushing clothes.)—He's a nawsty, rude fellow!

LARRY—Did he hurt ye, Mистер Goodacre?

CHAUN.—(Fixing in eye-glass.)—No, but he knocked my glawss off, ye know.

Enter MARLOW, R.

CHAUN.—Aw, my deah Marlow, how d'ye do? Oh, you should have been here a minute ago—we had great fun,—hadn't we, Mr. O'Hagan?

LARRY—Faith it wasn't much like a Quaker's meetin'.

(CHAUNCEY has a fit. MARLOW looks enquiringly at LARRY, then at CHAUNCEY.)

CHAUN.—Really, my deah Marlow, you must—aw—pawdon me, but it was so awfully funny, ye know.

(LARRY moves to L.)

MAR.—One of Teddy O'Neill's tricks, I suppose?

CHAUN.—Just so. Oh, I shall relate the incident to my uncle—the General, ye know—and he'll enjoy it immensely.

MAR.—Are you acquainted with Lord Norbury?

CHAUN.—Oh, yes; his eldest son—the Honorable Percy Fleetwood, ye know—is a great chum of mine.

MAR.—Yes? Well, His Lordship has disposed of his Irish estates to Mr. O'Rourke. (LARRY comes forward.) who has also acquired the old, historic Castle Blaney.

LARRY—Is it Mistor O'Rourke?

MAR.—Yes, Larry, he is now your landlord.

LARRY—Hurrah!

MAR.—And Mr. O'Halloran has received back the lands of which he was so unjustly deprived about fifteen years ago.

LARRY—Hurrah!

MAR.—(Looking around.)—Where is Teddy O'Neill?

CHAUN.—He ran after—aw—the nawsty Hebrew.

MAR.—Well, in his absence I will let you hear his secret. He's going to be married.

LARRY—It's throe, then!

CHAUN.—Mr. O'Neill going to be married?

MAR.—Yes, and although I must not betray his confidence, I will say this: He is worthy of Eileen O'Connor, and she—well, she is a true daughter of Erin.

LARRY—Hurrah!

CHAUN.—(Extending hand to MARLOW.)—I shall give him a present—by Jove, I shall!

(Shakes hands with LARRY.)

And I shall relate the circumstances to my uncle—the General, ye know—and he shall give him a present, by Jove!

(Shakes hands with MARLOW.)

And I shall tell my counsin—Lord Roxborough, ye know—and he shall give him another, by Jove! (Shakes hands with LARRY.)

LARRY—Mistor Goodacre, now that ye know us better than ye used to, why not come an' live among us altogether; an' if ye do, by St. Patrick, we'll make an Irishman of ye!

MAR.—At any rate, we'll get him an Irish wife.

CHAUN.—Aw! Then, by Jove, I shall do so!

(Shakes hands with MARLOW. Cheering outside.)

Enter PEASANTS, R.

LARRY—Boys, I have news for ye! Mistor O'Rourke's 'our new landlord! (PEASANTS stare for a moment or two, then cheer.) An' Mistor O'Halloran's lands are restored to him! (Cheers.)

An' Teddy O'Neill is going' to be married! (Cheers.)

Enter TEDDY, L.

TEDDY—I couldn't find the ould divil—he's hid somewhere—Hello! What's up?

LARRY—Boys—up with him! (They bounce TEDDY.)

CHAUN.—I'm delighted to hear it, Mr. O'Neill.

(Shakes hand.)

TEDDY—To hear what, Mistor Goodacre?

CHAUN.—About your coming wedding, and your new landlord, and Mr. O'Halloran, and—aw—and all that, ye know.

TEDDY—Me weddin'? (Looks at MARLOW, who smiles.) Ye've been tellin' them, I see, Mistor Marlow. Well, then, it's my turn. Larry, did he tell ye about Mistor O'Halloran gettin' back his lands?

LARRY—He did.

TEDDY—But he didn't tell ye who got them back?

LARRY—No.

TEDDY.—An' he didn't tell ye about his lovely present to me Eileen?

LARRY—No.

MAR.—Tut, tut, Teddy,—you must not—

TEDDY—Hould on! An' he didn't tell ye that the rints are to be reduced fifty per cent?

LARRY—No.

TEDDY—Nor did he say a word about the beautiful farm where me dear ould mother, an' sweet little Eileen an' meself are goin' to be as happy as the day is long?

MAR.—Teddy, I forbid you—

TEDDY—Forbid away! No, boys, he didn't tell ye who it was that managed it all, but I'll tell ye—it was himself!

LARRY—Boys—three cheers for Mistor Marlow! (Cheers.)

MAR.—You are all wrong, Teddy—it was Mr. O'Rourke—

TEDDY—It was YOU that put him up to it, for lovely Miss O'Donnell tould me all about it!

(CHAUNCEY shakes hands with MARLOW.)

CHAUN.—My deah Marlow, I shall relate this incident to my uncle—the General, ye know—and he'll be delighted, by Jove!

TEDDY—Lads—the “Kerry Dance”—as we had it the other evenin’.
Where’s Patsy?

(**PATSY** is produced, and sings:)

“Oh, the days of the Kerry dancing,
Oh, the ring of the piper’s tune;
Oh, for one of those hours of gladness,
Gone, alas, like our yoth, too soon!”

When the boys began to gather
In the glen of a summer night.
And the Kerry pipers tuning,
Made us long with a wild delight.

Oh, to think of it, oh, to dream of it,
Fills my heart with tears.
Oh, the days of the Kerry dancing,
Oh, the ring of the piper’s tune;
Oh, for one of those hours of gladness,
Gone, alas, like our youth, too soon!

(Lights out, excepting a faint green one. All, save the singer, go off
in the semi-darkness. He continues:)

“Time goes on, and the happy years are dead,
And one by one the merry hearts are fled;
Silent now is the wild and lonely glen,
Where the bright, glad laugh will echo ne’er again.
Only dreaming of days gone by,
In my heart I hear,
Loving voices of old companions
Stealing out of the past once more—”

(He ceases. Voices heard singing, soft and low)

“Come back to Erin, mavourneen, mavourneen,
Come back, aroon, to the land of thy birth;
Come with the Shamrock in springtime, mavourneen,
And it’s Killarney shall ring with thy mirth.”

(They cease. The Singer continues:)

“And the sound of the dear old music,
Soft and sweet as in days of yore.”

(A few bars of soft music, at the beginning of which the Singer takes
a position quite close to L entrance.)

Enter **FOUR BOYS** and **FOUR PEASANTS**, R. (The boys in female
dress. Come in noiselessly. A **BOY** and a **PEASANT** stand out
prominently. The Singer continues:)

“Was there ever a sweeter colleen,
 In the dance than Eilie More—
 Or a braver lad than Thady,
 As he boldly took the floor?”

(BOY and PEASANT dance an Irish jig, after which the EIGHT form up and dance a reel—all without noise or sound whatever. At the end of reel the Singer finishes the song. The EIGHT go off, R.; the Singer, L. Lights on.

Enter O'ROURKE and O'HALLORAN, R.

O'R.—O'Halloran, I'd give all my wealth, and, if it were God's will, I'd lay down my life, if I could undo what has been done. But, I cannot—I cannot.

O'H.—You must cease this bitter grieving, old friend, and try, as I am doing, to look on the bright side. Phelim, we'll win him back—you and I.

O'R.—Yes, yes—of course. And we must remember that it wasn't the boy's fault—the angels themselves fell when led into sin. But, oh! an arrow pierces my heart when I think of how your trust has been betrayed.

O'H.—Come, come, Phelim; there was no betrayal of trust. You did your part like a man of honor, but the enemy was too strong.

O'R.—I know, I know, but why didn't I guard him more closely! I knew that devil, Windale. Even you, man, had warned me against him. Oh, the pain of it—the pity of it!

(Faint cheering as if at some distance.)

O'H.—What is that?

(Both listen a few moments. Cheering repeated.)

It's the boys making merry at the races on the beach. (Aside.) —'Tis ever thus: some hearts bounding with gladness, whilst others are breaking.

O'R.—O'Halloran, sometimes I think that I shall go mad if this weight is not lifted from my brain. In the solemn silence of the night, and under the stars of heaven, I pray to God for light—for light that would illumine the darkness of my mind, for, oh! there is something ever struggling with memory—which comes, comes,—and is gone like the lightning's flash.

O'H.—Phelim, it has often occurred to me that if we could find Bernstein, the Jew—

O'R.—Bernstein, the Jew! . . . (Hand to forehead.) O God, it comes—the cave—little Redmond is crying—he is alone.—A noise, like the roar of a thousand oceans, is in my ears! I spring madly forward—the child's tears cease—above the surging roar I can hear his cry of delight—his little arms go 'round my neck! The Jew—the Jew comes in

—I can read murder in his eyes—he rushes towards me—something bright flashes in the moonlight! The child screams—the Jew halts—he is about to spring upon me—I hold the child—my right hand is free—

(He pauses a few moments. O'HALLORAN clasps hands, and looks upward as if in prayer)

The Jew leaps forward—he strikes—I spring aside—he falls
he falls—

(Lets his hands drop, and assumes an attitude of deep dejection.)

'Tis gone!—gone!!

(O'HALLORAN allows his disappointment to be apparent, but only for a moment. Goes over to O'ROURKE and places his arm over the latter's shoulders.)

O'H.—Dear old friend, 'tis God's will, and, perhaps in His own good time, He will give you the light you seek.

O'R.—Oh, man, man—the pain of it, the pain of it! Like a cup of cold water held to the lips of a man who is dying of thirst—he feels its cooling, saving touch—only a touch, and then—'tis dashed to the ground!

(MARLOW sings outside as if approaching—his voice becoming more audible as he draws near.)

MAR—

“There is not in this wide world,
A valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom
The bright waters meet—”

(O'HALLORAN steps away from O'ROURKE, and both throw off the appearance of grief.)

Enter MARLOW, R.

MAR.—Just the people I've been looking for! Everyone's gone down to the races on the beach and,—listen!

(Faint cheering heard.)

Come—we must not miss that.

O'H.—Not now—another time, my lad.

(MARLOW looks sharply at both.)

MAR.—(Aside.)—Grief is written there, although both are trying to hide it. (Aloud.)—No, no—NOW is the time—you must not refuse—come. (Takes an arm of each, and walks them off L., continuing as they go out:)

Goodacre has just gone down by the other road, and I shouldn't be surprised if he— (His voice dies away.)

Enter ISAAC and LIEUT., REAR.

ISAAC—Yes, I've been away on my second honeymoon, but I cut it short, for I wanted to do a ferry particular bit of bishness, now that Col. Vindale lies with his toes turned up to the daisies—

LIEUT.—Is Windale dead?

ISAAC—His horse threw him, and rolled on him, and it was worse than if he had been smited on the cranium—oom.

LIEUT.—Windale dead!

ISAAC—As dead as he'll ever be, and as he deserves to be, for he was a great rascal.

LIEUT.—And you, Jew, are second only to him!

ISAAC—Holy Abraham! That was a nice way for YOU to talk. That was Satan reproving sin, with a vengeance!

LIEUT.—Hold your taunts, you dog!

(Assumes a menacing attitude.)

ISAAC—Oh, I'm not afraid of you—not a bit afraid of you!

LIEUT.—Say what you have to say, and be done with it.

ISAAC—No, I won't—I've changed my mind: I have nothing to say to you—except this: You think you are the son of the now wealthy Mishtah O'Halloran, don't you?

LIEUT.—What do you mean?

ISAAC—That I have fooled the Colonel, and Mishtah O'Halloran, and the whole crowd of you—

(LIEUT. makes as if about to spring. ISAAC puts hand in pocket.)
—and if you come near me I will blow your head off.

(Aims pistol. LIEUT. steps back.)

Ah, ha! You wasn't so courageous now, ah? The ex-Lieutenant lost his courage when he laid aside his soldier's coat, ah? Nobody knows who you are; I don't know who you are; but I know this: When I picked you up off the streets of Dundalk, there were no enquiries made about you—

(Begins to back towards REAR.)

There were no salt tears shed over your disappearance—no von to say: "Oh, where's my losht boy!" (Reaches exit.)

Good-bye—good-day—Mishtah Nobody. Good-day, Mishtah Nobody—oom.

(Bows ironically. Exit. LIEUT. stands irresolute, a moment or two, then turns to R, and goes off quickly.) Re-enter ISAAC.

ISAAC—(Looking R.)—He can run pretty fast, and he'll come back soon, but what do I care—I'm not afraid of him. (Looks L.) Ah! Here is the von I want to see. (Steps to REAR.)

Enter O'HALLORAN, L. (Faint heering heard. O'HALLORAN looks

back. Stands listening.)

O'H.—They don't miss me, and I hope they will not. My heart is too heavy for such things.

(Walks towards R. Stops suddenly—starts.)

Again—again that thought, like a ray of hope from heaven, floods my soul!

(Faint cheers again. ISAAC comes forward.)

ISAAC—Hi! (O'HALLORAN urns.) Are you Mishtah O'Halloran?
(O'HALLORAN is mute, but stares.)

I say, are you Mishtah O'Halloran?

O'H.—Who are you?

ISAAC—Only a poor Jew. Did you know Colonel Vindale?

O'H.—Yes—yes!

ISAAC—He vas a great rascal! Did you know Isaac Bernstein?

(Puts hand in pocket. O'H takes a step or two.)

O'H.—Bernstein, the Jew!

ISAAC—He vas a damn rascal.

O'H.—Are not YOU Bernstein?

ISAAC—Holy Abraham! I wouldn't be in his boots for fifty shillings!

O'H.—Do you know where he can be found?

ISAAC—Oh, no—he runned away from his creditors, but I bought something from him—something that you'd like to have—a confessions.

O'H.—A confession—touching my son?

ISAAC—That vas it.

O'H.—A written one?

ISAAC—Oh, no—He vas too clever a rascal to leave a written confessions. How much vill you give for it?

O'H.—Anything—everything!

ISAAC.—Vell, I vill give you a little informations—on the instalment plan—just to show that I know something vorth while—oom—

(Make the "oom" pronounced. O'HALLORAN starts.)

O'H.—Villain. YOU are Isaac Bernstein!

(Makes as if to grasp ISAAC. The latter steps back, draws and aims pistol. O'HALLORAN knocks it from his hand. Have it to fall on ISAAC'S side of stage and not too far away. O'HALLORAN seizes ISAAC and forces him to his knees.)

Answer me,—what did you do with my son?

ISAAC—Yes, yes—I vill tell you! (O'H releases him. He rises.)

O'H.—The truth—nothing but the truth!

ISAAC—It shall be the truth. When your son was taken he was brought to the Colonel's house, and was kept there four or five days.

O'H.—Go on!

ISAAC—Then he was taken to England, where he was educated; and after that he went into the army. That was all.

O'H.—Jew, you lie! When you had torn the child from the arms that held him you did not flee to Colonel Windale's. The truth—the truth, accursed villain! (Menaces him.)

ISAAC—As I hope for heaven, this is true! I swear that I have spoken the truth!

O'H.—Perjurer! You carried the boy to the Cave of Dundalk, where, in fancied security, you left him. (ISAAC starts.) When your boat was ready you returned. (Steps closer.)—Only a few minutes had passed, yet the boy was gone! Do you hear, Jew? The boy was gone! Look at me—raise your coward's eyes to mine—

(ISAAC looks up slowly.)

Now raise them to the vault of heaven and dare to deny that I speak the truth!

ISAAC—No, no—I have spoken what is true!

O'H.—Base schemer, dare you thus to perjure yourself—to call down upon your soul the wrath of the offended Jehovah whom you worship!

ISAAC—No, no—I have spoken true.—

(Raises hand to collar, at which he fumbles.)

It is true—true!

(at collar as if suffocating. His utterance becomes thick.)

I swear—no, no—the boy was not taken—I came back—Ah! I choke—I choke—

(Throws head from side to side, flings out his arms and falls. O'HALLORAN, startled, steps back a pace. Suddenly, with a swift movement, ISAAC projects his body forward in the direction of the pistol and, grasping it, rises—steps back a couple of paces.)

ISAAC—(Strongly.)—Now the despised Jew is your master! He, not you, will choose the road he shall travel, and dictate orders which you must obey. Dog of a Christian! Do you want to know what became of your son? You don't know all, or you wouldn't have tried to drag it from me. Well, it is this: Ven I got back to the cave your boy was there, but not alone. What did I do? You would like to know, wouldn't you? Then I von't tell you—no, no, no!—unless you pay me vell—oom.

(A slight pause.)

Ah, you was silent! The Christian is as fond of his gold as the Jew, ah? You would like to know what became of your son, but when it

costs money you would like a bargain, ah? Vell, you vill get none—
Isaac Bernstein isn't dealing in bargains to-day. Still silent?—

(A pause.)

Vell, I vill give you a little informations and see what it vill do.
(O'H makes a slight movement forward. ISAAC levels pistol.)

But if you attempt to attack me I vill kill you—(A pause). other-
wise I von't harm you, but vill go about my bishness—oom.

(Faint cheers heard. O'H. starts.)

Ah, you vas afraid? You needn't be—if you stay vhere you are.

O'H.—Bernstein, whatever be your price, you shall have it.

ISAAC—Oh, ho, I vas Bernstein now, ah? I vasn't a schemer any
more—nor a perjurer, ah? It's a vonder you didn't say Mishtah Bern-
stein. Perhaps you vill be so kind as to do so—oom.

O'H.—I shall satisfy your demand, wretched Jew, in exchange for
your information—that is all.

ISAAC—That vas all, ah? Vell, you are rich now: you have got
back all your property—you can be generous to the poor Jew that has
the informations. Vell, it vill cost you two thousand pounds—oom.

(Cheers again: somewhat stronger than hitherto. O'H remains silent.)

Ah, that vas too high? Vell, I don't deal in bargains, you see.

O'H.—I will pay it.

ISAAC—Ah, you vill pay it! Vell, since you are villing, I vill give
you the second instalment right avay—without pay, and perhaps it vill put
up the value of the rest. Vell, the young fellow who vas known as
Lieut. Douglas is not your son!

O'H.—My God!

ISAAC—No, he v sn't, and—vell, it suited me to make a substitu-
tion: in other vords, I found another youngster to fool the Colonel with
—oom.

O'H.—And my boy?

ISAAC—Ah, that is vhere the two thousand pounds comes in!

O'H.—I shall give it—more—ten thousand pounds—if you tell me that
my boy lives!

(Takes a step forward. ISAAC raises pistol.)

ISAAC—Back, or I vill fire!

Enter MARLOW, L. (He advances on ISAAC, noiselessly but swiftly,
and pinions his arms to sides. The pistol falls.)

(Enter O'ROURKE, L. (Excitedly. ISAAC cowers.)

O'R.—O'Halloran, has this fellow attacked you—are you hurt?

O'H.—Phelim, this Jew knows all—all!

O'R.—What!—this man?

(Gets closer view of ISAAC—throws out his arms—steps backward.)

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.)

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