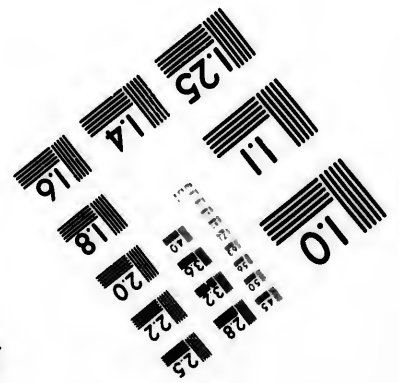
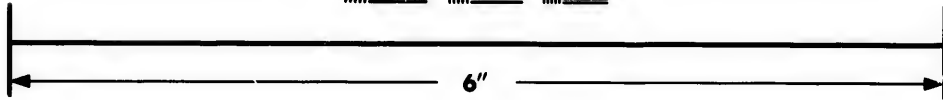
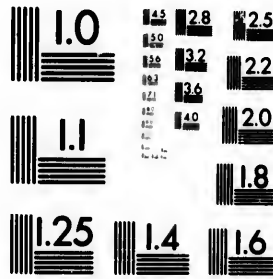


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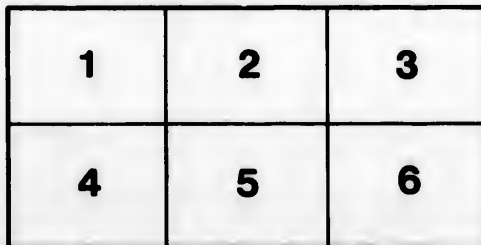
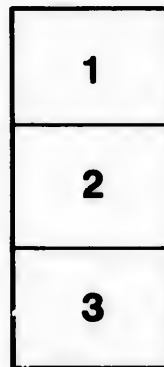
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LAMH DEARG ABOO

(The Red Band For Ever!)

Historical Irish Drama

IN FIVE ACTS.

SPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR THE

St. Ann's Young Men's Society.

BY JAMES MARTIN,

(A MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY.)

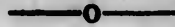


MONTREAL:

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S HALL, 157 OTTAWA STREET.

1893.

LAMH DEARG ABOO !



CHARACTERS.



- OWEN ROE O'NEILL**.....Commander of the Irish Forces.
- SIR PHELM O'NEILL**..... Irish Chieftain and Cousin of Owen Roe.
- TIRLOGH O'NEILL**.....Brother of Sir Phelim.
- LORD MAGUIRE**.....
- COSTELLO McMAHON**..... } Irish Chieftains.
- OWEN O'ROURKE**..... }
- ROGER O'MOORE**..... Irish Gentleman and Patriot.
- TEDDY O'HOOLAHAN**..... O'Moore's Servant, and a boy who likes a little "divarsion."
- SHAMUS O'HAGAN**..... An humble and simple follower of Sir Phelim O'Neill.
- FAILLA**.....An Irish Minstrel.
- SIR RICHARD NORCOTT**...English Baronet, and an ambitious unscrupulous apostate.
- CONNELLY**.....The tool of Norcott, and one who loves gold.
- LORD CASTLEHAVEN**.....Catholic Anglo-Norman Peer.
- SIR JOHN NETTERVILLE**...Catholic Anglo Norman Knight.
- SIR JOHN BORLASE**.....
- SIR WM. PARSONS**..... } Lords Chief Justices.
- SIR FRANCIS WILLOUGHBY**.English General, and Governor of Galway Fort.

Officers, Irish Soldiers, English Soldiers, Peasants, etc., etc., etc.

SCENE

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LAMH DEARG ABOO!

(THE RED HAND FOR EVER.)

ACT I.

SCENE I.—FAIR GROUNDS. (*Tents, booths, etc., in rear.* TEDDY discovered surrounded by peasants, etc. Irish Minstrel to the left.

TEDDY.—Now, sorra a word will ye hear till the dance is over. Our good friend Failla (the minstrel) beyant there, will give us some music, and afther the reel I'll tell ye the wondherful news that I've heard. (*Minstrel tunes up.*) Come on now, ye light-footed boys, and keep up the honor of the country. (*They dance an Irish reel, at the conclusion of whi h the minstrel speaks.*)

MINSTREL.—Brave and merry boys, ye have had your dance, listen now to the song of an old man, for 'twill tell ye a story ye will like to hear. (*Sings.*)

Our Isle is groaning 'neath the heel
Of tyrants base, and now to thee
She calls aloud to arm with steel,
And strike for liberty.

CHORUS:

Erin, dear, for thee
We will strive with heart and hand,
We will make thee free,
Our loved native land.

Lift high thine heart, Old Erin, dear,
For one comes o'er the ocean wave,
To chase the clouds of doubt and fear,
And thee, old land, to save.

CHORUS.

The great O'Neill! the mighty chief!
Will guide us for our country's weal,
And we will turn in glad relief
To Owen Roe O'Neill,

CHORUS.

TEDDY.—Yes, be the powers, we'll soon get the chance to clear out the murderin' Sassenach soldiers. Faith, an' I think Failla there can hear a body thinkin', for what his song has tould ye is the same news that I had to tell. Yes, begorra, the great chiefs are puttin' their heads together, an' its soon we'll be ordherd out to fight for our poor ould counthry (*looks to right*). Oh, faith, an' here comes Shamus O'Hagan. (*Enter Shamus R.*)

SHAMUS.—How are ye all, boys, and what in the world are ye doin'; indade, ye look as wise as paycocks.

TEDDY.—Faith we were only talkin' about a blackguard of a fairy that was seen by some o' the boys last night.

SHAMUS (*fearfully*).—Have a care what ye say, Teddy O'Hoolahan, about them same fairies. Maybe its into a pig ye'll be turned if ye offend thim.

TEDDY.—Oh, begorra! I knew I'd frighten the life out of ye, ye omadaun. Sure the very mention of the word fairy is enough to banish the few wits ye have. However, it's not them we were talkin' about at all, at all; I was spakin' to the boys here about the risin' that's to take place. Of course ye've heard all about it, Shamus?

SHAMUS.—Aye, faith I have, and the brave chief, Sir Phelim O'Neill is goin' to be at the head of it.

TEDDY.—Aye, it's thruè that he'll be at the head of the fightin' men, but it's the masher, Roger O'Moore that's at the bottom of it all, for it was himself that roused the chiefs in the first place. But I've heard talk of this great general that's now in foreign parts, an' I believe he'll soon come over to Ireland. His name is Owen Roe O'Neill, and they say he's as smart a general as the great Hugh O'Neill that used to thrash the Sassenach many years ago. (*Look to left.*) Oh, faith, I see that fellow Connelly comin' down the road. Listen to me, boys! I think that same Connelly is nothin' but a mane spy, judgin' from a bit of a talk I had with him the other day. Look here, boys, move off behind there, an' I'll have a quiet chat with the spalpeen, an' see if I'm right, (*They move to rear, and Connelly enters L.*)

CONNELLY.—Ah, how are ye, Teddy? I thought I'd meet ye around here. Aud how is everything goin'?

TEDDY (*subdued tone*).—Och, faith it's tired of me life I am, mixin' with such spalpeens as thim beyant there. Faith, I think I'll throw the whole thing up:

CONNELLY.—What do ye mane, Teddy? Throw what up?

TEDDY.—Beggorra I mane what I tould ye of the other day. Sure if I was found out they'd have me life. If thim boys beyant there knew that I got into the service of Roger O'Moore, just to find out what I could about the papists, me life would'nt be worth a farthin'!

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CONNELLY.—Ha! Then ye're the right sort, eh! I had me suspicions of ye before, but now I believe ye're after the same game as I am meself. Look ye here, Teddy, I know a man that'll fill our pockets if we can tell him about the doins' of these Irish papists. Will ye go into partners with me?

TEDDY.—I'd like to, but—I'm afraid.

CONNELLY.—Sure ye need'nt be. All around here think that we are like themselves, and before they find out the truth we can be miles away, aye and with full pockets. What d'ye say to it?

TEDDY.—But how do I know but ye'd tell some o' the boys about me treachery, if ye got mad with me for any rayson?

CONNELLY.—No fear of that, for I'd be in the same box.

TEDDY.—Thru enough for ye. Well, it's a bargain, and to start with I'll tell ye what I saw last night. I was out for a bit of a walk on the road bordherin' the wood, when suddenly I heard a quare noise like iron clashin' together, and when —

CONNELLY.—Ha, it was the rebels at their drillin'! Go on, Teddy, there's a fortune before us.

TEDDY.—Hould on, now; if ye spake so loud they'll hear us over there. Well, I heard the noise, and suspectin' the cause of it, I crept into the wood without turnin' a twig, an' wnat do ye think I saw?

CONNELLY (*exultingly*).—The rebelly papists! Did ye see who was drillin' them, Teddy?

TEDDY.—Faith an' I did. But I'm afraid to tell ye afther all, for maybe the man you expect to get the money out of is a secret frind of the rebels, an' then what would become of me. Do I know him, Connolly?

CONNELLY.—Indade an' ye don't, an' it's sorry I am that I must'nt tell ye his name, for I took an oath not to spake of it to mortal. But he's sure, Teddy, he's sure; go on now and tell me who the leader was.

TEDDY.—Well, all right, I will. Ye see the moon was full and givin' good light, so when I'd crept in about fifty feet I came to a little hill, and beyant that was a clearin', and right forninst me I saw —

CONNELLY.—Yes, yes; for heaven's sake go on!

TEDDY (*rising and extending his arms*).—Right forninst me I saw,—(*loudly and slowly*) two puckawns of goats fighten' like the divel and clashin' their horns together; yes, ye limb of Satan, that's what I saw (*springs forward and seizes Connelly*) Go and tell your masher, or whoever sent ye here to spy on your betthers, ye cold-blooded thief, of an informer, but not before I give ye a taste of what's in store for ye. Hi, there, boys, come an' help me to give this murtherin' thief some divarsion—(*peasants run up, carrying a rope, one end of which is thrown around Connelly's neck.*)

TEDDY.—That's it me hearties—(*aside*) We'll pretend to hang the scoundrel,—Along with him, boys, along with him. (*Shamus looks down road R, runs up to Teddy.*)

SHAMUS.—Teddy, look who's comin' up the road; run for your lives.

TEDDY.—Oh, thunder and turf, here's the Lord Maguire, an if he catches us at our sin we'll never hear the end of it. (*They drop rope and run out left exit the abused Connelly hides in tent.*) (*Enter Lord Maguire and Costelloe McMahon, R.E.*)

MCMAHON.—Ha! the fair grounds are deserted, which is somewhat strange, for our lads are fond of sport; but ere old Father Time hath added many more days to his record they will have sterner work before them than dancing to the tune of the pipes.

MAGUIRE.—I like not this haste, McMahon. What will it avail us to hurl our masses unprepared against the enemy; the scheme is too hare brained to suit my liking.

MCMAHON.—Ah! there speaks the over-cautious Fermanagh lord. By my sword, it ill becomes you, Connor Maguire, to speak in such manner.

MAGUIRE.—Ha, ha, McMahon, your hot blood takes fire too quickly; I swear that my heart is with ye, but my head follows it not just yet. Let me once see a proper leader, full equipments for an army, and officers to handle the men, and, by the Lakes of Fermanagh! Connor Maguire will not be the last to show his face to the enemy.

MCMAHON (*grasping Maguire's hand*).—Spoken like a true son of Erin, Connor; my words meant no reproach, and I know full well that your father's son will uphold the old name. (*Continue their walk to left exit, and when near it McMahon continues.*) You will be with us then to-night at O'Moore's, when the matter will be gone over, and perchance you may hear words to remove all lingering doubts. (*They go out, Connelly peeps out from tent, then advances to C.*)

CONNELLY (*Drops brogue, which has been assumed*).—Ha, ha, ye rebel plotters. Ye go to-night to the house of the arch-rebel, O'Moore, to hatch your plans, and it will repay me to be within hearing, aye will it. (*Feels his neck.*) That scoundrel Teddy O'Hoolahan played me a scurvy trick to day, but I will bring him to account for it. (*Shakes his fist after Maguire and McMahon.*) Go my Lord Maguire and Costelloe McMahon; make the most of your freedom while ye may, for prison bars will soon wreck your hopes, and your capture will fill my pockets with *bright, red gold.*)

SCENE II.—ROOM IN ROGER O'MOORE'S HOUSE. (*Chieftains seated at table.—Wine.—Present, Lord Maguire, McMahon, Tirlogh O'Neill, Owen O'Rourke, Roger O'Moore, host.*)

O'MOORE.—Why, gentlemen, the wine circulates but slowly to-

night, and the fact surprises me, as the quality is excellent, and such as should cheer the heart. How is it—are ye thinking to conform to Puritan ways of godliness?

MAGUIRE.—Nay, my good sir; if it be with our friends here as it is with me, their thoughts are too deep for much speech.

O'MOORE.—Ah, you have been thinking then, friends and noble gentlemen, of the matter concerning which I spoke to you severally as occasion offered heretofore, and I trust ye are resolved to lend what power in you lies to the relief of our suffering country.

MAGUIRE.—I assure you, Roger O'Moore, that no one feels more keenly than myself the galling yoke of the oppressor, but it would be worse than useless for us to make any show of resistance at the present time. We have neither arms, ammunition, money nor anything whatsoever to fit an army for the field.

O'ROURKE.—It is even so, friends. What, between confiscation and what not, the English have left us bare as whipping-posts.

TIRLOUGH O'NEILL.—Nothing! Call you nothing, Owen O'Rourke, the strong hands and stout hearts who follow the standard of our chiefs. Why, man, we could raise an army in a week fit to sweep the English into the sea (*pounds the table*.)

O'MOORE (*rising and grasping Tirlogh's hand*).—Spoken like a true son of the Hy-Nial.

MAGUIRE.—All well so far as it goes. Men we have in plenty, but who will put arms in their hands, and find them wherewithal to live while they fight the country's battles. Would ye send them into the field to be butchered at will by the soldiers of the English parliament.

TIRLOUGH O'NEILL.—No need of that; there be iron and wood enough to make most excellent pikes, which will serve till better weapons come within reach, and I tell you, Connor Maguire, the smiths of Tyrone have not been idle this time back, and, moreover, I can answer for one chieftain, at least—

MAGUIRE.—Ah! and who may that be?

TIRLOUGH O'NEILL.—Phelim O'Neill! He at least is ready when his country calls him to the rescue. I tell you, noble gentlemen, you may reckon on my brother whensoever and howsoever you need his aid in this matter.

MAGUIRE.—I call you all to witness that Tirlogh took me up over quickly. I had no intention of lagging behind when others were of a mind to go forward. Right glad am I to hear that my good friend of Tyrone is pushing matters on. But I hope to see some other things than pikes in the hands of our men when they come to blows with an enemy so well armed and otherwise fitted out for war.

O'MOORE.—You are in the right, my good lord; much caution is needful in a matter of so great import, but all things have been well considered before now. There be those of our friends abroad,

as ye all know, who have much skill in these matters, and they wait but the signal to be with us with good store of all things needful, thanks to God's mercy and the royal charity of Catholic princes.

TIRLOGH O'NEILL.—(*Loudly*) LAMH DEARG ABOO! I knew it, Rory. I knew they wouldn't fail us.

O'MOORE—It is even so, Tirlogh. The Red Hand is working for us now, not only amongst the hills of Tyrone, but in the Courts of Europe and in the Councils of Kings. (*Connelly's face appears at window.*)

MCMAHON—There be others, I opine, on whom we may count. I refer to the lords of the Pale. Though not of our blood, they kneel at the same altars, and although they be English they are but waiting for us to strike a blow in defence of religion, when they will join us heart and soul. (*Shouts and noise heard without. and O'Moore, advancing to door, throws it open; in a few moments Teddy rushes in out of breath, stick in hand.*)

TEDDY.—I missed him, mather. The long-legged divel can run like the wind, but two of the boys are afther him.

O'MOORE.—After whom, Teddy? What mean you by this disturbance?

TEDDY.—Oh, sure it was that limb of Satan, Connelly. The murtherin' thief was up at the window there, lookin' in at ye when I spied and made him acquainted with this kippeen of a stick, but as soon as I sthruck him he took to his heels and sked-addled, an' I sint two o' the boys after him while I came to tell yer honor about the scoundhrel, bad luck to him!

O'MOORE.—Connelly? Connelly! I know him not. Who is this spying fellow, Teddy?

TEDDY.—Faith, he's an informer, your honor, if there ever was one. Sure, didn't he thry to pick somethin' out of me at the fair this mornin'; but, begorra, only for somebody we'd have given him a dose of sthick physic that would last him as long as he lives. (*Turns to go, getting excited.*) Oh, the blundherin', thundherin', murtherin' blackguard wait till we catch him (*runs out shutting door.*)

O'MOORE (*returning to his seat*).—You see, my friends, the hounds are after their quarry thus early. They must not run us to earth and thereby spoil our plans. Did they but know of our intentions, the chances for our country's freedom were gone, for we would die. Now, gentlemen, I have but a few words more to say. Ye all know full well that Sir Phelim O'Neill, gallant soldier of Ireland though he be, is lacking in the experience necessary to success in the field, and I have that to tell ye which will rejoice your hearts. (*Rising from his seat.*) Noble gentlemen, and gallant sons of Ireland, let us raise the banner of the Red Hand, unsheath the sword of glorious freedom, and OWEN ROE O'NEILL (*this name*

loudly and slowly) will be with us to lead us to victory! (*all spring to their feet—Tirlogh O'Neill grasps O'Moore's hand, and, agitatedly speaks.*)

TIRLOGH O'NEILL.—Rory O'Moore, have I heard you aight? Say those words again, man.

O'MOORE.—Yes, Tirlogh, 'tis true. Owen Roe O'Neill, your mighty cousin, the man who has won the highest honors on the fields of Spain and Flanders, will soon wear the sword of the great Hugh, and lead us in defence of religion and our country.

TIRLOGH.—God bless you for those words, Rory. With Owen Roe at the head we shall be invincible.

(*A loud summons at the door. Enter SIR PHELIM.*)

O'MOORE (*springing forward, grasps Sir P.'s hand*).—Sir Phelim O'Neill himself! Right glad am I to see you, Sir Phelim, and, thrice welcome are ye to our board this night.

SIR PHELIM (*bowing to Rory and the others*).—Thank you, Rory, but, gentlemen, (*still standing*) what mean ye by those joyful looks. Methinks ye are hatching some mischief for our well-beloved rulers. (*O'Moore places a seat for Sir P.*)

SIR PHELIM (*dropping his assumed gaiety*).—Good friend O'Moore and noble gentlemen, glad I am to find ye here assembled. News, aye horrible news have I for your ears. (*Turning to O'Moore.*) Rory, during our former conversations I may have appeared lukewarm in this matter of war with the English, but by the soul of Nial you will find me so no longer. My men of Tyrone are even now strapped and buckled for war, and ere a week goes o'er our heads Charlemont fort must be ours. (*Standing up, looks around fiercely*) Now for the news I have to tell ye. Last night the small Island Magee was peopled with living beings. Happy in their fancied security, the lads and lasses were enjoying themselves in their innocent fashion, when the cursed Scotch troopers swooped down upon them, and of the whole population but one escaped to bring the news to me. Aye, men, women and children have been butchered in cold blood! Chieftains of the Gael! is there a man among ye now who hesitates to strike a blow for our suffering country? Is there one among ye who refuses to unsheath his sword, and keep it unsheathed while one of those accursed tyrants tread our soil! Speak! (*All rise, McMahan advancing to Sir Phelim.*)

MCMAHON—Chieftain of the North. (*drawing his sword.*) This trusty weapon shall know not rest while those vipers infest our land. (*All lay their hands on their swords, as a token of agreement with McMahan's words. O'Moore steps forward to Sir Phelim.*)

O'MOORE.—Sir Phelim, the news of this horrible butchery will stir the hearts of the Catholic English of the Pale.

SIR PHELM.—What say you, O'Moore? The English of the Pale! Sdeath man, speak not of them! They be cowardly, weak-kneed, time-servers, who are too much attached to their fat lands to aid us in our treason, as they will call it.

O'MOORE.—Nay, Sir Phelim, I can speak for Lord Castlehaven and Sir John Netterville, who will join us heart and soul for the freedom of religion.

SIR PHELM.—Trust them not, Rory! I say if Ireland is to be freed it will be by her own sons and not by those canting knaves. I would as soon trust the English Lord Justice Parsons and Borlase as those Englishers of the Pale.

O'MOORE.—I know you like not those English Palesmen, but ere long I hope your opinion of them will be changed.

SIR PHELM.—I may be mistaken, but I warn you to keep an eye on those same nobles, and, above all, trust not Sir Richard Norcott, for he is as false as Satan himself.

O'MOORE.—Sir Richard Norcott has pledged me his aid—

SIR PHELM.—Trust him not, Rory, for I tell you he will but do the work of the English Parliament, and thereby enrich himself. He is but a smooth-tongued, scheming villain, and if able, would smother us all in English dungeons. (*speaking to the other chiefs.*) Now, brave chieftains, haste ye to your respective courties; gather your followers, and march to within a mile of Dungannon, (*draws his sword*) and, by this sword of the great Hugh, I swear that Dungannon, aye and Charlemont shall be ours before many days. Too long have we lain beneath the armed heel of the despoiler. Too long have we feared to worship God after the manner of our forefathers in the broad daylight. No longer shall our priests have to offer the Holy Sacrifice in hiding, for the time has come for freedom, and when Owen Roe O'Neill arrives from abroad, let us be able to show him that our own province, at least, is cleared of the tyrant. The banner of the Red Hand of Ulster will be raised to the breeze by the morrow, and then woe be to the enemies of our religion and our country.

SCENE III.—ROOM IN SIR RICHARD NORCOTT'S HOUSE, *Sir Richard standing soliloquising.*

SIR RICHARD.—Ah! through what dangers will not ambition lead a man. But, pshaw, there be but little danger to fear from these Irish papists. Their secret meetings savor strongly of rebellion, but their plottings will not reach me. Yet I must not show my hand to those nobles of the Pale, for, loyal though they appear to be, I know them to be rebels at heart, I must wear the mask until they openly side with the Irish, and I must also appear to favor such a step, and when they are fairly in rebellion against

English authority, *then* my reward will be at hand; a goodly portion of their rich lands shall be *mine* (*reflects a moment*). Ah! if my revered ancestors on the other side of the grave could know of my renunciation of the Catholic religion,—bah! away with such weakness,—riches, power, grandeur are the things I seek, and I shall have them though I compass the ruin of my fellows. (*sits himself*) My Lord Castlehaven is to visit me to-night, and, ha, ha, ha, I must honor him— He thinks me a most zealous Catholic, and by the King, I will have him think so still. Ha, he comes —

(*Enter Lord Castlehaven and Sir John Netterville.*)

SIR RICHARD.—Ha, gentlemen, I am glad to see ye. (*they take seats*) Your note apprising me of your intended visit gave me much pleasure, knowing as I did that your motive was to claim my poor help in the cause of our suffering religion.

LORD CASTLEHAVEN.—Yes, Richard, you are right; we have borne our troubles over-long, and we of the Pale are about to throw in our lot with the Irish. I like not their company, but we e'en must put up with it.

NETTERVILLE.—Nay, my Lord; speak not slightly of the Irish, for there be some amongst them who would be our equal in worldly eyes, were it not for the oppressors of our common religion.

CASTLEHAVEN.—That is true enough, Sir John, and we must be more circumspect in future, for I know you to be the friend of Roger O'Moore, and in truth I like him myself, for he hath many noble qualities. Now, Sir Richard, I am aware that you are not a man of war, but nevertheless you can do much to aid us in this matter, and it is to ask that aid that brings us here to-night. There be some of our lords and noble knights who refuse to join the proposed confederation. Each of us has his task to accomplish, and this has been assigned to you, namely, to win over those who are cold in the matter.

SIR RICHARD.—I fear, my lord, that you over-rate my abilities' but nevertheless I will undertake the work, and if I fail it will be due to their obstinacy and not to the good-will of Richard Norcott.

CASTLEHAVEN (*rising with Netterville*).—Thank you, Richard, I knew we could trust you in the matter of aiding our religion, and if our cause is won—as it must be—you will have done much in the winning of it. Good night, friend, and may success attend you. (*they go out and Sir Richard returns to his seat.*)

SIR RICHARD.—Ha, ha, they play into my hands, (*laughs*) if they but knew whom they were confiding in? Bah! they sicken me with their talk of religion. *That* is not their trouble, as I well know. The king is levyng tribute on them to aid him in his

foreign wars, and they tremble lest he should take it into his royal mind to have all instead of a portion of their wealth. *That* is the key to their anxiety. Ha, who comes now.

(Enter Connelly.)

SIR RICHARD.—Well, man, what have you discovered?

CONNELLY.—Plenty, Sir Richard. The rebels met at O'Moore's house, but when I reached the place and was about to overhear their plottings, O'Moore's servant saw me and gave chase, but I doubled on them and returned just as they were leaving the house. The fierce-looking O'Neill they call Sir Phelim was mounting his horse, and I heard him say, "God be with ye, gentlemen; to-morrow we'll rifle the nests of these Englishers," and when he had gone O'Moore told Lord Maguire and McMahon to meet him at the cross-roads at eleven o'clock to-night.

SIR RICHARD.—Good, you have done well, Connelly, and you shall be well rewarded for your trouble when these birds are caught. How many were there at O'Moore's house?

CONNELLY.—Phelim O'Neill's brother was there, and O'Rourke, but both rode off with O'Neill.

SIR RICHARD.—That will do; you may go now.

(Connelly lingers while Sir Richard writes.)

SIR RICHARD.—Did I not tell you to go, man?

CONNELLY.—Yes, your honor, but could'nt you give me something now on account?

(Sir Richard gives him some gold and Connelly turns to go.)

SIR RICHARD.—Hold! take this note to the house of Sir Wm. Parsons. It is now nine o'clock and you have little time to spare. Take one of my horses, and make all haste possible. Go.

(Connelly goes out, Sir Richard rises from seat.)

SIR RICHARD.—Fortune favors me, by all the heathen gods. O'Moore and his two brother conspirators will soon be in the toils. Ha, ha, my foot is on the first rung of the ladder that reaches to wealth and power, and, by the fiends, nothing shall stop me till I reach the top. If my conscience should upbraid me, I will stifle it; if my former friends loathe and hate me for my treachery, I will laugh at them; and those whom the world calls the lions of society will 'awn upon me and lick my hands, for *then* I will be the possessor of rich lands, a lordly title, and the power to give or take away.

SCENE IV.—*The cross-roads. Enter TEDDY, Left E.*

TEDDY.—Oh, be the powers, *(placing his hand on his side)* but me heart is nearly frightened and jolted out of me. Sure, it's

runnin' I've been for the last half hour looking for the masher. (*looks up and down the cross roads*) I wondher where he can be. Sure I met the murderin' sojers about a mile beyant, an' I had just time to jump behind a hedge, when up they came, an' I heard the villains speak of the masher, an' I'm sure they'll have his life if they find him. Och! where can he be. (*looks around wildly*) I have'nt seen him this hour, and oh! the Lord help me, I must find him (*runs out right E.*)

(*Enter LORD MAGUIRE and McMAHON, left E conversing.*)

MAGUIRE—Yes, I know you are right, McMahan, but try as I will, I cannot allay those dark forebodings.

McMAHON.—Tut, man; shake them from you and look only on the bright side. There be black days ahead for us all, but they will come as the dark before the dawn; and the rising sun of freedom will scatter the mists of slavery.

(*Enter O'Moore, L.E.*)

O'MOORE.—Well, good friends, we have met again only to part. I intended going with ye, but a right trusty friend has brought me intelligence that compels me to take a trip into Leinster. The business is connected with the cause, and concerns a powerful friend of mine in that province, so God be with ye, and tell Sir Phelim the reason for my absence.

MAGUIRE AND McMAHON.—God keep you, Rory.

(*O'Moore goes out L.E., the others by R. After a few moments TEDDY runs in from Right, excited.*)

TEDDY (*stopping for a moment*).—Now, Teddy O'Hoolahan, ye must find yer masher, for the sojers will be down on ye in a moment, and then there will be no one to warn him. (*runs out left E.*) (*Shouts are heard, and at right E appear Maguire and McMahan walking backward, swords drawn, English soldiers following; Sergeant cries present—soldiers obey.*)

McMAHON.—(*in an undertone*). Let us submit, Connor; we may yet live to fight for Ireland. (*They are taken out left E. by four soldiers; four others and sergeant remain.*)

SERGEANT.—Where is the other rebel? there were three mentioned in our orders, and we have but two, we must find him. (*They go out left F., and immediately O'Moore appears with Teddy.*)

O'MOORE.—Maguire and McMahan,—where are they, Teddy?

TEDDY.—Faith, I don't know. They're all right, though, for I have'nt seen them at all, at all. But fly, masher, for the love of heaven, or the sojers will capture ye. (*Tugs at O'Moore's coat.*)

O'MOORE.—Yes, I will go. Imprisonment and my death would not help Ireland, and I will live to help crush the power of the oppressor.

(Loud footsteps are heard, soldiers are returning.)

TEDDY.—Fly! mather, for love of God, fly! the sojers are upon us. *(O'Moore runs out right E. Soldiers appear at left, Teddy remains, sergeant sees him, seizes him.)*

SERGEANT.—Who are you? what are you doing here?

TEDDY.—Divel a thing but standin' here, lookin' at ye fine boys; oh, but would'nt I like to be a bould sojer.

SERGEANT.—Here! none of your foolery. What are you doing out here this time of night; answer me?

TEDDY.—Faith, I'm returnin' from a little divarsion in the shape of a dance, an' when I saw ye brave boys, I had to stop to look at ye.

SERGEANT.—Have you seen any person around here? Tell the truth, or I'll crack your head for you.

TEDDY.—Troth that same head is the only one I have, and it would be a pity to make a crack in it. Yes, I saw a gintleman a few minutes ago, and what's more, he gave me a shillin' for houldin' his horse.

SERGEANT.—Ha! which way did he go?

TEDDY.—*(pointing to road opposite that taken by O'Moore.)* Down that way, sir, and if I'm not mistaken, the same gintleman was the one they call Rory O'Moore.

SERGEANT.—Ha! the very one we want. Men, attention! march! *(They go out left E. Teddy runs to right.)*

TEDDY.—*(excitedly, gazing down road.)* There he goes! I can see him gettin' into the bo'rt on the river; now I can see his paddles shinin' in the moonlight! Saved! the mather is saved! Thank God! *(Falls on his knees, with hands upraised.)*

END OF FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—(*Exterior of TEDDY'S Cottage, alongside of which is a bench, TEDDY is heard singing, and in a moment appears in the doorway, then seats himself on the bench; his RIGHT foot appears to be injured, as he has a decided limp. Has also a bandage around his head, he sings.*)

“The taunt and the sneer let the coward endure,
Our trust is in God and in Rory O'Moore.”

Aye, faith it is, an' with the help of God, whose holy religion that same Rory O'Moore is fightin' for, we'll soon be able to walk around without gettin' our feet and our heads shot off. Ouch! bad cess to the murdherin Sassenachs did'nt they thry to shoot me own head an' shoulders off me, but faith they did'nt afther all, bad luck to them.

(*Enter SHAMUS O'HAGAN, r. e., left arm in sling.*)

TEDDY (*rising*).—Shamus agra, an' is this yer own four bones (*they shake hands*) Come here alanna and sit down and tell all the news; sure yer all shot and kilt like meself. Is'nt it a great pity that there are any others in the world but Irishmen, and then there would be no fightin'; nothin' but peace, plenty and lots o'divarsion. And whats the matter with the arm Shamus?

SHAMUS.—Oh sure ye might know yerself; a bullet from the enemy, and Sir Phelim wouldn't hear of me fightin' any more till I'm well again, so off I was packed home.

TEDDY.—Faith an' somethin' the same happened to meself. Ye see, the night the masther escaped from the sojers—an' its over three weeks ago now—I ran to a neighbors' house, for I feared I'd be caught if I'd go to the masther's. Well I slept at me friend's all night and in the mornin' I was off to find the Irish Army, thinkin' that the masther would be there but divel a bit of him was but he turned up in a few days, as sound as a button. There was plenty of fightin' done—an' we always beat the English—but one day in a scrimmage I got a thump in the head, and another in the foot, this one (*touching his RIGHT foot*) and I was laid out for dead. I'll show ye now what I was doin' when I got wounded (*gets up, walks a few paces limping the LEFT foot, and is about to proceed with his narration, when Shamus speaks.*)

SHAMUS.—Teddy!

TEDDY.—What is it Shamus?

SHAMUS.—Did'nt ye tell me a moment ago that it was your *right* foot was struck?

TEDDY.—I did Shamus, an' what have ye got to say about it?

SHAMUS.—Oh nothin' in the world, only you limped on the *left* foot this blessed moment.

TEDDY (*staring at Shamus highly offended*)—Well, bad manners to you, you spalpeen! Is'nt it *me* that was struck, and dont *I* know the *right* foot to limp on ye graceless vagabone! Faith, ye'll hear nothin' at all about me now. (*walks back to seat and hums a tune.*)

SHAMUS.—Sure now Teddy, yer not goin' to be angry with me for makin' a mistake, for that's all it was me boy?

TEDDY.—Well if ye promise to make no more mistakes I'll go on.

SHAMUS.—Not another Teddy—I'll'ould me tongue.

TEDDY.—Very well then,—now where was I at—oh ye; I was standin' with lots of the other boys, fornist the English sogers when I got the thump in the head and went down like a log. When I come to me senses, I was in a hut, and Masther O Moore was there too, and the upshot of it was that I was sent home to get better. Bad luck to the fellow that struck me whoever he is, (*scratches his head and manages to loosen the bandage, which falls to the ground. Picks it up and fastens it around his NECK.*)

SHAMUS (*looking at Teddy, bewildered*).—"Teddy agra"?

TEDDY.—What is it Shamus?

SHAMUS.—Oh nothin' at all, I was only thinkin' with me mouth open.

TEDDY.—Faith then ye'll have to open it again, what was troublin' yer mind?

SHAMUS.—I promised ye to keep me mouth shut, and I'm goin' to do it Teddy.

TEDDY.—Troth yer not. If ye don't tell me what ye were goin' to say, I'll never look at you again

SHAMUS.—And ye'll not be angry?

TEDDY.—Sorra the bit. I promise ye.

SHAMUS.—Well Teddy, I was thinkin' it strange that the bit of linen that was on the top of your head a minute ago, is around your neck now.

TEDDY (*rising indignant*).—Well upon me honor; Of all the insultin' impudent scalawags, from here to Connaught and back, that I ever saw, you bate them all. If I—

SHAMUS.—Now Teddy acushla, you forced it out of me, and ye promised not to mind what I said.

TEDDY.—Well ye may bless that arm of yours for savin' ye from the greatest beatin' ye ever got in yer life. However I'll be ginerous and forgive ye.

SHAMUS.—Well then to show ye forgive me, go on with yer story.

TEDDY (*seating himself*).—Now ye see, perhaps the reason I gave ye, for me bein' sent home for repairs was'nt the right one after all. Whenever I got into a bit of a fight at home, I always used me shilelah, but them things they call a blunderbuss, are always blundering, and shootin' the wrong man. However, one day I was aimin' at the thievin sogers, when off me gun wint, and nearly kilt one of our own captains, and I'm thinkin' that had somethin' to do with me comin' home.

SHAMUS.—Very likely Teddy, very likely.

TEDDY.—Very likely? aye I'm sure of it. But I'm right glad to get home, for I've somethin' in me head, some scheme that ye'll hear of by and by. Now Shamus O'Hagan, listen to me with all yer eyes and ears. D'ye think I could talk like a Scotchman?

SHAMUS (*looking at Teddy scared*).—"Be the powers, he must have been struck in the head, for his wits are all gone. Teddy, me lad (*grasping his arm*) come into the house and have a sleep, for I'm thinkin, yer in need of it. Come alanna.

TEDDY (*Immoveable*).—Sarra the bit of it. I was never more wide awake in me life. Be quiet now, and I'll tell ye what I want. Shamus you're a scholar and can write like a haythen; now I want you to write a letter for me. Wait a miuute. (*Enters the house, returns with paper pen and ink.*)

TEDDY.—Now Shamus, if you love me, put down the words I ell ye, are ye ready ?

SHAMUS.—Yes Teddy, go on.

TEDDY.—All right now. Direct the letter to the gaoler of Kilburn prison. (*Shamus writes*), have ye that down ?

SHAMUS.—Aye, what's next ?

TEDDY.—Admit—Revd—Obidiah—Jenkins—to—Irish—Prisoners—cell—for—the—good—of—their—souls, and sign it "Willoughby" Governor of Galway Fort. Have ye finished it Shamus ?

SHAMUS.—Aye Teddy, but what in the world d'ye want with such a letter.

TEDDY.—Shamus O'Hagan ! yer duller than I took yer for (*standing up*) I'm Revd. Obodiah Jenkins ! D'ye understand me now. The Irish forces are not strong enough yet to cut their way into the iron prison, but the Revd. Obodiah Jenkins the Scotch parson can get there easy enough. *That's* the reason I asked you, if I could talk like the Scotch, and *that's* why I've been practisin' their speech whenever I got a chance, (and that's the three raisons why I got away from the army, and came home pretendin' to be wounded), and now with this bit of paper (*holding it aloft*) I'll get into the gaol, an' save our two brave chieftains Lord Maguire and Costelloe McMahan !

SCENE II.—*Room in the house of Sir John Borlase, (Present Sir John Borlase, and Sir William Parsons and sir Wm. Norcott).*

NORCOTT (*To Sir William Parsons*).—Now, Sir William, I have given you the information, so far as my knowledge of the treason goes, and you may rely upon additional intelligence within a few days, but now, I must leave you—(*exit*).

PARSONS (*to Borlase*).—Heard you the canting knave, good Borlase. By my faith, but I would count but little on his loyalty, were his interests averse to those of the King. What think you Sir John ?

BORLASE.—I think with you good friend. Hyprocite is stamped on the man's countenance. But little care we for his character, so that he serves our purpose. How soon do you expect our war-like friend, Willoughby ?

PARSONS.—By the Book ! he should have arrived ere now. My message to him was urgent, and should have brought him quickly.

BORLASE.—He will be welcome when he comes if he delay not too long. Those rebels are in force, and their first successes may spur them on to attack us in our stronghold in this town, and though we appear capable of resisting a stout seige, I fear me that we could not. Those daring rebels have already captured many engines of war from the royal troops, which would enable them to batter down our walls. As for those two caitiffs now in our power, methinks 'twould be a mercy to rid the earth of them.

PARSONS.—You are right my good friend. to end their days at once, would remove at least two enemies from our path and that of the King. (*A summons at the door and Sir Francis Willoughby is ushered in.*)

WILLOUGHBY.—In the foul fiend's name, what may all this mean? I am summoned to town with all dispatch, and when I arrive here, I find every gate locked against me !

PARSONS (*advancing*).—Not against you Sir Francis !—not against you.

WILLOUGHBY.—I tell you there was no admission for *anyone*, and after much parleying with your fellows, I learned that you were here, and betook myself hither with all speed. By my sword, I believe the town hath lost its wits, for I swear that from Galway hither, I have seen no signs of this rebellion whereof you speak.

PARSONS.—Be not wrath Sir Francis ! I pray you. The papists are in arms north of us here ! and, what is worse, the nobles of the Pale are affected, and ere now may have flung their banners to the breeze.

WILLOUGHBY.—Ha ! I knew naught of that.

PARSONS.—And, furthermore, we have, now in custody, two of the chief men of the papists who will appear before us presently.—Ha, I think they come now. (*Heavy footsteps are heard, and rattling of chains. Enter Maguire and McMahan, manacled and guarded.*)

PARSONS, (*to McMahan*).—Well, McMahan, have you considered our proposals, and are you prepared to agree to them ?

MCMAHAN (*with scorn*).—Your terms, Sir Wm. Parsons, are such, as only *you* would be base enough to propose, and I tell you

now, as I told you once before, that the rack, or the scourge cannot force me to accede to your hell-born request, and, had I a thousand lives, I would sacrifice e'en *all* of them, rather than lay a trap for my noble comrades in arms! *That*, base petty, tyrant, is my answer!

PARSONS.—It is well, very well. By your plain speech you have shown us that the law must take its course. Your treason to the King merits death, and death it shall be.

MCMAHON.—The King of England knows not of the scoundrelly acts perpetrated in this land of Ireland. 'Tis the English Parliament and such Knaves as *ye*, who goad us to schemes of vengeance, and the King may learn all too soon, that treason and rebellion lurk full often in the cowardly breasts of his liveried servants!

WILLOUGHBY (*stepping forward to Parsons.*)—I crave your pardon my Lord Justice, but I will not listen to such language. Have those rebels removed or I depart at once!

MCMAHON.—Ha! Willoughby, the thrust has touched a vital part eh!

WILLOUGHBY (*turning fiercely and half drawing his sword.*)—No more insolence, sirrah!

MCMAHON (*fiercely.*)—Back in your teeth, I throw your scurvy sirrah! Ha, ha, it well becomes the gallant Sir Francis Willoughby to draw his sword against a defenceless man; but, manacled as I am, (*with rising voice*) to thy teeth, Willoughby, I defy thee!

PARSONS.—Guard! remove him! (*he is taken out.*)

PARSONS (*to Maguire.*)—Now my most noble Lord Maguire do you partake of the feelings of yonder low born varlet, or do you propose to save your neck?

MAGUIRE.—Without further parley, Sir Wm. Parson let it be understood that the noble McMahon's sentiments are also mine, and I swear by my honor, as a peer, to retain them to the end.

PARSONS.—Very well, very well, you have saved us much trouble. Guard! remove him (*MAGUIRE walks with guard to door, then turns.*)

MAGUIRE.—It is your turn now, Sir Wm. Parsons, but your hour of retribution will come, and if you meet not with punishment here on earth, you will, most assuredly, be dealt with as you deserve by that POWER who rules above (*raising his hands*).

SCENE III.—(*View of Prison. Sentry on duty. Teddy, disguised as a Scotch parson, is seen approaching, R. E. cautiously. Crouches down out of sight of the sentry.*)

TEDDY (*in an undertone*).—Oh! was I ever in such a dived of a fix, in all me born days. Here I am, with about a dozen words with the Scotch brogue sthuck on to them. And I can't pass that fellow over there without the countersign. Well I can only wait here awhile, and see if anything will turn up, (*listens, the relieving sentry marches up, and as the first gives up his post, he gives the countersign, the word, "Religion."*)

TEDDY.—Now the Lord be praised, I have it, "religion." Teddy me boy, just put on a bould face and the game is yours, (*rising partly he walks backwards a few paces; then struts solemnly forward; the sentry in turning sees him levels his piece.*)

SENTRY.—Wha gangs there!

TEDDY.—A friend.

SENTRY.—Advance friend and give the countersign?

TEDDY.—Religion.

SENTRY.—Pass friend (*thinks he recognizes in Teddy a well-known parson, salutes, continues*), Aw ma reverend friend, I didna ken ye at furst, an' I hope ye'll forgive me for dew'in' ma dooty.

TEDDY.—Dinna speak o'it. 'Twas yeer dooty. Take this fur yeer tribble (*gives him money.*)

SENTRY.—Thank'ee.

TEDDY (*in a whisper*).—Hae ye nothin' tae to dreenk, I'm nigh fashed wie drouth. (*Sentry grins, looks around carefully to guard against discovery, then produces a small flask, on top of which is a glass and into this he pours some of the liquor, and hands to Teddy, who drinks. He then refills it for himself. when Teddy says, "Hark." The soldier turns for a moment to listen, then Teddy drops a powder into the uplifted glass. SENTRY says, "Tis nothin' here's to yer honor, and driuks. Teddy slips inside the gate, and in a few seconds peeps out again. Sees sentry lying on his side.*)

TEDDY.—He's fixed be jabers, Faith he'll not wake up for a couple of hours; Now for this bit of paper, and the gaoler; (*Disappears and in short time reappears at L. E. followed by* MAGUIRE and McMAHON.

TEDDY.—Thank heaven ye are at liberty, me noble chiefs, for if that iron bar in yer cell had'nt been loose, I never could have got ye out so quick. I have three horses beyant there about half a mile. Let us hurry, and on the way we can cut them irons on yer wrists, (*excitedly.*) Hurry for the love of Heaven there's somebody comin'. (*All crouch down in hiding. Enter Sir Richard Norcott, R. E.*)

NORCOTT (*shouts.*)—Ho ! what have we here. The sentry asleep ! Ha ! soldier ! (*TEDDY springs upon him and with the aid of the others, gags and binds him.*)

TEDDY.—Lay there ye spalpeen, whoever ye are ; yer no friend of ours anyway, and sorra a bit of me cares if ye lay there forever, bad cess to ye ! Now for the horses !

(*They run off R. E., in a few moments a soldier appears ; he moves the gag from Sir Richard and unties him.*)

NORCOTT, (*rising while other soldiers run up.*)—Ye are too late ! ye good for nothing varlets, The birds have flown ! They have half an hours' start of ye, and 'tis useless to follow them. Curse ye all ! why did you not haste when I called. Now ye skulking knaves ye crawl along when it is too late ! too late ! (*Sentry awakes, and stands up looking bewildered.*)

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SIX MONTHS ARE SUPPOSED TO HAVE ELAPSED BETWEEN 2ND AND 3RD ACTS.

SCENE I.—(*Wood near Charlemont Castle. Glimpse of Castle in distance. Violent Thunderstorm in progress. Sir Richard Norcott discovered under a tree for shelter.*)

SIR RICHARD.—Confound the storm ! I should have arrived at Charlemont fort ere now, but for the elements, (*lightning flashes*), Good Heavens ! what a flash ! Little wonder that my good horse bolted and threw me ! By the gods ! tis enough to frighten reasoning man. The fiends take Connelly ! the fellow is over long in capturing my horse, but I must e'en wait here till the knave returns. Ah ! yonder lies Charlemont Castle. By the bones of

my ancestors ! I would that I were within its walls. 'Tis about the last step in my ambitious scheme, and, if successful—as it must be—the goal of my ambition will have been reached. Within the last few months, the rebel forces have met with many and serious reverses ; the lords of the Prié are fully committed to the cause of rebellion, and yet, neither the Irish nor the confederates look upon me as other than one of the best and most powerful friends. Yonder lies Charlemont ! 'Tis too strong to take by assault, but cunning shall open its gates to our Scotch soldiers ; The Irish leaders are within its walls, and ere another day goes over, the rebel shall be leaderless. Our Scotch troops are within ten hours march of yon castle, and I, Richard Norcott, a well-loved guest of the Irish, will open the gates in the still hours of the morning, and by the fiends ! not a man shall escape the sword, (*lightning and thunder.*) Aye, clouds of the air ! (*looking upward,*) flash forth your light to guide me on my way ! Roll out your thunders in unison with the tumult in my soul ! Ha ! ha ! the vision of future grandeur, that flits before my eyes, is brighter far than the lightning flash, that heralds the crash of the thunder. Ha ! who comes ?

(*Enter Connelly, R. E.*)

CONNELLY.—I have found your horse Sir Richard, and he is now tied to yonder tree. Will you proceed at once ?

SIR RICHARD.—Yes. Look you here Connelly ; your information with regard to the absence of Maguire and McMahan, is correct, is it not ?

CONNELLY.—I can swear to it Sir Richard, neither one nor the other is at the castle.

SIR RICHARD.—Ha ! 'tis well, for I dare not risk meeting them although they but know my face, and 'tis now six months since they saw me ; yet, I would rather not meet them, Connelly ; you will now return to my house and await the coming of the troops ; they are now on the way, (*producing a book, writes, tears out the leaf,*) give this to the commander, Sir Francis Willoughby ; He will arrive to night, and that note will tell him what to do, you may go now. (*Exit Connelly, R. E.*)

SIR RICHARD.—Now for the last act in the tragedy that will bring me fame and power ! Ha ! who is this ? I think I know the voice of that scoundrel ! (*springs behind a tree.*)

(Enter TEDDY, L. E., shouting.)

TEDDY.—Ouch, murther, but this is enough to frighten the wits out of a greater coward than myself; (*runs under a tree with his back to Norcott.*) Faith I wish it was that black-guard Shamus was here instead of Teddy. Begorra there wont be a bit of sinse left in me, by the time I get back.

(NORCOTT *moves up stealthily to TEDDY, TEDDY continues.*)—Oh ! be the powers but it's a terrible storm for a poor boy to be out in—

SIR RICHARD (*grasping TEDDY and drawing his sword.*)—So ! ho ! caitiff, caught at last ! and by the foul fiend, you shall not escape to carry on your pretty tricks. No by the Gods ! you die !

(*About to plunge his sword into the startled TEDDY when a chieftain ;—who is OWEN ROE O'NEILL, but who must remain unknown for the present,—springs from L. E. and with a dexterous movement of his sword disarms Sir R., who, startled, releases TEDDY and turns to his assailant. One glance at O'NEILL whom he recognizes, makes him cower.*)

OWEN ROE.—Ha ! assassin ! what manner of man be you to thus attempt the murder of a defenceless boy ? speak, scoundrel !

SIR RICHARD (*who is unknown to ONEILL, and now recovering somewhat.*)—“And who are you that dare to interfere with me in such a fashion”?

OWEN ROE.—Enough that I am one with the will, aye and the power, to protect an unarmed boy against the blade of a murderer?

SIR RICHARD.—You shall pay for this insult, I am one who never forgets—

OWEN ROE (*pointing to right.*)—Go, coward ! the snarling wolf showeth his teeth where he dare not bite. Go, ere I forget mine honor as a man, and treat you as you deserve !

(SIR RICHARD *slinks off, looking black as thunder, and TEDDY who has watched the scene open-mouthed, throws himself before O'NEILL and grasps his left hand.*)

TEDDY.—Glory and honor be to ye, brave man ; sure its me life I owe to ye this blessed day, and may the saints look down on ye for yer brave deed this minute, for only for ye I'd never have drawn another breath (*looking up*) An' who may ye be, that I may tell the masteher Roger O'Moore, who it was that saved his Teddy ?

OWEN ROE.—Only a soldier of Ireland my boy ; but rise, and tell me what this murderous attempt may mean.

TEDDY (*rising and resuming his usual cheerful manner*).—Faith an' I will. When the Lord Maguire and Costelloe McMahan were escapin' from prison, that spalpeen intherfered with us, and because I tied him neck and heels, and stuck a lump o' me coat into his mouth, to keep his tongue from screchin,' faith he has it in for me ever since.

OWEN ROE (*smiling*).—Ha ! ha ! he wished to repay you for your kind attentions, eh ! But tell me.—You mentioned the name of Roger O'Moore, where may I find him ?

TEDDY.—Faith he's over beyant there in the castle, an' its proud I'll be to show ye the way, an' tell the masher what ye've done for me.

OWEN ROE.—On then good Teddy ! I would have speech with Roger O'Moore. (*They go out left, NORCOTT appears at right, shaking his fist after O'Neill.*)

NORCOTT.—“ I know you my brave gallant, I know you, and by the infernal powers, I will be revenged or my name is not Richard Norcott.”

SCENE II.—(HALL IN CHARLEMONT CASTLE. PRESENT : O'MOORE, SIR PHELM, TIRLOGH O'NEILL, O'ROURKE, SIR JOHN NETTERVILLE AND CASTLEHAVEN. *All seated except SIR PHELM, who strides up and down.*)

O'MOORE.—“ In Heaven's name, gentlemen, let us keep together at least a little longer. The further help from abroad, so long delayed, will yet arrive, I assure ye——

SIR PHELM (*stopping opposite O'MOORE*).—“ What say you Roger O'Moore ! Help from abroad ! By my sword the words tire my ear ! “ Help from abroad ” ! (*disdainfully.*) In faith, if ye intend waiting for further help from that quarter, I move that we at once deliver our necks to the hangman, for 'twill surely come to that !

O'MOORE.—Nay Sir Phelim, 'tis not so bad as that !

SIR PHELM (*interrupting*).—Roger O'Moore ! know you the state of our resources ? Know you that our powder is all but gone ? Know you that our coffers are empty ? If you know all these things, tell us then, in the name of all that's wonderful how we are to carry on the war.

O'MOORE — I know it Phelim, and the knowledge sears my heart. But I know also that several ships, with cargoes of all things needful, sailed from Spain, some time ago and ere this should have arrived at our shores. I know not the cause of the delay, and heaven grant that they have not come to grief.

NETTERVILLE.—Aye, heaven grant it; but if they arrive not soon Roger, I know not what we are to do.

SIR PHELIM.—That's the question,—what are we to do? We have fought well since the beginning of this war. We have captured fort after fort, but such winnings were but a waste of powder, for, owing to our needful supplies having run out, we have again lost those places to the enemy; and by my faith; if the lords of the Pale had gone into this quarrel as whole hearted as we Irish, we might have had another story to tell.

NETTERVILLE (*springing to his feet*).—What mean you Sir Phelim? Think you that we of the Pale have been luke warm in this matter? I tell you Phelim O'Neill that although celtic blood runs not in my veins, there stands not a man on Irish soil, who hath the good of our religion more at heart than John Netterville!

SIR PHELIM (*advancing to Sir John*).—Forgive me Sir John, if I have so worded my speech as to throw a doubt upon you or our good Lord Castlehaven, (*bowing to Castlehaven*) for two better friends of the cause do not breathe, but, you must admit that some we know of, have not aided us as they might have done (*he holds out his hand which is grasped by Sir John, but ere he can reply the door is opened to admit Maguire and McMahan, to whom Sir Phelim turns.*)

SIR PHELIM (*to Maguire*).—How now, Connor! what news bring you from the West? Ill tidings, I swear, by your looks.

MAGUIRE.—You are right Sir Phelim. Our last stronghold has been stormed and taken but a week ago, by the English and Scotch under General Coote, but I am glad to say with little loss to our brave troops. (*Throws himself into a seat as likewise does McMahan who speaks.*)

MCMAHAN.—Upon my honor! no one threw himself into this struggle with more hope of success than I, but, gentlemen, if succor arrive not soon, we must e'en give up the ghost.

SIR PHELIM (*turning to O'Moore*).—What say you now Roger O'Moore? Will you still talk of "help from abroad" after this reverse?

O'MOORE.—God help us Sir Phelim; I know not what to counsel. We must still place our faith in HIM who never abandons those who trust in Him. I cannot account for the delay in the arrival of the Spanish ships, (*looking upward*) and oh! merciful Heaven grant that no harm hath befallen them, for not only do they carry the needful stores, but they bear *him* whom we have expected for weeks. (*rising and advancing to SIR PHELM*), Think not, my good Sir Phelim, that my great faith in the military skill of Owen Roe O'Neill, meaneth anything touching your zeal, or that of the noble gentlemen (*waving his hand around*) who have so nobly fought for the good of our poor country; but all here assembled have knowledge of our great lack of trained officers to lead our troops against those of the Parliament of England, for three of the most experienced English generals have been commissioned by our oppressors, to crush us in our fight for liberty, and, apart from our present company, we have but few capable leaders.

CASTLEHAVEN.—You speak truth good friend O'Moore, and, although my arm and head are at the service of this unhappy land, yet I will be happy to be among the first to accept the leadership of Owen Roe O'Neill.

SIR PHELM (*advancing to Castlehaven, extending his hand*).—Nobly spoken, noble Castlehaven! but I fear me that we shall never be called upon to fight by the side of Owen, for my heart sinks within me with the thought that he hath met disaster at sea, else he had been with us ere now; but if God spareth him, and he come to us safely, I, Phelim O'Neill will fight by his side while God spares me the breath of life!

O'MOORE (*grasping SIR PHELM'S hand*).—Gallant son of a gallant race! your words cheer my drooping spirits, and rouse my soul to greater effort in behalf of our country; and while our beloved Erin possesses such as you, her children will never be slaves, (*footsteps outside are heard approaching, and O'MOORE, dropping SIR PHELM'S hand, turns his face to the door and continues excitedly*.) Merciful Heaven! do mine ears deceive me. No! no! 'Tis he! he lives! he comes! and Ireland is saved! (*advances a pace or two in direction of door, which is thrown open to admit OWEN ROE O'NEILL. All spring forward and OWEN ROE removing his hat speaks*). (*Teddy is seen in the doorway in an attitude of wonder*.)

OWEN ROE.—Yes, noble and gallant gentlemen, O'NEILL *does* live, and has come to give what aid he can, to the brave defenders of our religion and country.

SCENE III.

COUNTRY ROAD.

(*Enter SIR RICHARD NORCOTT and CONNELLY.*)

NORCOTT.—Yes, Connelly; my plan for the capture of Charlemont is now useless and I have despatched a message, advising Sir Francis Willoughby to halt on the plain, ten miles south of Charlemont. When you left me in the wood to-day, I encountered that scoundrelly servant of O'Moore, and was about to chastise him after my own fashion, when a man, in the person of Owen Roe O'Neill, sprang from behind, and turned aside my sword, and so surprised was I at his sudden appearance, that I allowed him to escape with the young viper. I had thought the man away in Spain or Flanders, but he is now in the fort of Charlemont, and as you have done me such good service in the past, I am about to place you in the way of earning a fortune.

CONNELLY.—Ah! and how may that be done?

NORCOTT.—This way. If you render this O'Neill incapable of troubling our Government, I will see to it that you receive £5000, one thousand of which I will pay you myself when you have done your work to my satisfaction.

CONNELLY.—I see, Sir Richard. In plain words you wish me to *Kill* this O'Neill?

NORCOTT.—Well yes, that is my meaning. This man is a dangerous one, and his removal would make you rich for life. What say you?

CONNELLY.—I'm afraid I can't do it Sir Richard. The prize is rich, but the thought of murder, with my own hand, seems too much, *even* for me. I'll not stop at betraying a man, nor leading him into ambush, but I could'nt do the killing myself. No Sir Richard I could'nt do it.

NORCOTT.—By the foul fiend Connelly, the thing you call a heart is becoming over soft. What, man! Would you allow an opportunity such as this to pass you by, when the simple touch of a trigger will do the work for you. You would be willing to betray a man and lead him to his death, yet your conscience, for-

sooth, would withhold your hand in the actual killing. By the gods! yours is a sadly twisted conscience, ha, ha, ha.

CONNELLY.—(*looking fiercely at the other*) Laugh, yes laugh, so long as you don't have to put your own head into danger, but can get tools to do your dirty work!

NORCOTT.—(*laying his hand on his sword*) You dare to anger me, varlet! Have a care, or I may teach you that I am *master*, and can punish as well as reward.

CONNELLY.—I meant no insult Sir Richard, but you irritated me, and I dropped the words I said; give me a minute to think about what you proposed.

NORCOTT.—Well, make up your mind quickly, for we have no time to lose. To-night the work will have to be done.

CONNELLY.—The danger will be great. The place is too well guarded for such as I to reach near enough for my work. How would I have to go about it Sir Richard?

NORCOTT.—I will tell you. O'Neill arrived to-day—to-night the rebel papists will, most assuredly, rejoice and make merry, and, in such case, their vigilance will be somewhat relaxed. Tie your horse in the wood a short distance from the castle. The banquetting hall is on the ground floor, you can easily approach when the road is clear, and,—your pistol will do the rest. In a few moments you can reach your horse and, ere they recover from their shock you can be far enough off to defy pursuit. How now! are you willing?

CONNELLY (*rising*) Yes, I'll do it!

NORCOTT.—Ha! 'tis well; now you are acting wisely. When your work is finished, haste to the head-quarters of Sir Francis Willoughby; there I will meet you, and place in your hands the portion of the reward I promised, and the balance will follow shortly after. To horse! now my man, and earn your gold!
(*Connelly exit.*)

NORCOTT (*rubbing his hands*).—Ha! Owen Roe O'Neill, you knew not whom you insulted today, and by the fiends you shall never know, for Connelly will do my work, and I will have raised myself to the top of the ladder!

SCENE IV.—EXTERIOR OF CHARLEMONT CASTLE. *Time—Night. Castle illuminated within. TEDDY discovered on his hands and knees, with an eye applied to the muzzle of a cannon in the grounds. After a few moments he stands erect, and gazing at the gun, speaks.*)

TEDDY.--Be jabbers, its, the first time I ever got a chance of examinin' this thunderin' big blunderbuss ;--I suppose (*touching the muzzle*) this is where they get the powder in, but when they do get it in, how the devil do they get it out again ; be the powers it bates the life out of a body to see the inventions they have for murderin' each other with. Oh ! begorra, I sigh for the days when a kippeen of a stick was considered good enough to bring a man to your own way o' thinkin'. Now that omadhaun of a blunderbuss beyant there. (*pointing to his own weapon lying on the ground near by*) is bad enough, but what do they want with a murderin' big one like this, (*to the cannon*) Begorra, the world's gone clane out of its senses, and the only one left with any rayson at all is meself, Teddy O'Hoolhan. Faith an' I feel in great good humor this blessed night, an' I'm dyin' to play a thrick or two on somebody. Oh be the powers, here comes Shamus ; now for some divarsion !

(*Enter SHAMUS R. E.*)

TEDDY (*seating himself on the cannon*).--Come here, Shamus, me jewel, an, I'll tell ye about me adventure to-day in the woods ; take a sate here, beside me, Shamus agra. (*SHAMUS complies*). Now ye see, the masher sent me out on an errand, an' I was'nt more than twenty rods from the old castle, when I thought I heard some one callin' me by name, but sorra a one I could see. I listened for a minute, and as plain as I'm spakin' to ye now, I heard the same voice sayin :--"keep away from the woods this day, or ye'll be kilt"--Faith I felt me hair risin' on me head, for devil the one was around ; but when I looked up, there above me head, on a tree, was a blackguard of a crow, with his head to one side, lookin' straight down at me. Oh, troth I was scared in earnest now, for the thought came into me head that it was a fairy in the shape of a crow, that spoke to me, and--

SHAMUS (*frightened and grasping TEDDY'S arm*) a fairy, Teddy, a fairy ! an' do ye say anything to offend him ?

TEDDY.--Faith he did'nt give me the chance, for cockin' his head on the other side, he said, or at laste I thought he said, "Oh I took ye for Shamus O'Hagan," and with that he flew off as if the ould boy was afther him. Now bad cess to him for a fairy ; faith he'd warn *you* agin the danger, but sorra a word would I have heard of it, only he took *me* for *you*.

SHAMUS.--(*who has been awe stricken by the intelligence*) Teddy,

I'm a done man this night, och! what have I done to be mentioned by a fairy (*rocks himself to and fro.*)

TEDDY.—Shamus, me man, what harm can come to you because a fairy spoke yer name, tell me, alanna.

SHAMUS.—Faith an' it's this Teddy; whin a fairy mentions yer name, yer sure to resave a visit from him before twinty-four hours go over yer head, an' I'd rather meet the ould boy himself than thim same fairies.

TEDDY.—Narry a bit of him will ye see Shamus, don't be afeard now; sure the likes o' you should'nt believe in such things at all, at all.

SHAMUS.—Oh, but I know betther Teddy, he'll call on me as sure as I'm born, Oh what'll I do?

TEDDY.—An' if he *did* come, could he change himself into any shape he liked, Shamus? I've heard that they can do anything in the world.

SHAMUS.—Aye, indeed they can, for I know of one that crept into an ould chest, and nearly frightened the wits out of me own uncle. Oh, begorra I'll be afraid to move from the spot unless yer with me Teddy.

TEDDY.—Tut, tut, Shamus, sure I don't believe there's a rale fairy in the world, it's only that people think they see them. Be the powers, there's Ned Bralligan callin' me! Stay where ye are Shamus and don't stir a foot, an' I'll be back in a minute. (*Runs out, leaving the thoroughly scared SHAMUS, alone with his terror.*)

SHAMUS (*looking around fearfully*).—Oh, murdher, what have I done, to be picked out from among them all, and I'm the only one that knows the power of the fairies; sure the other boys only laugh at me when I tell them what I know, Oh! oh! what's this. (*He stands up and stares at an object coming towards him, which object is TEDDY moving forward on hands and knees, and enveloped in a cloak, in such a manner, as to appear like some unknown animal. SHAMUS is unable to stir, and TEDDY approaches to within a couple of yards of him; when he stops, and in an assumed voice, speaks.*)

TEDDY.—“Shamus O'Hagan.”

SHAMUS (*with an effort*).—Yes, good Misther Fairy, what is it?

TEDDY.—Ye'll have to lend me yer ears, for I've lost mine, from listenin' to that limb o' the divel Teddy O'Hoolahan. D'ye understand me?

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SHAMUS (*aside*.)— Oh be the powers, its kilt I'll be if I don't promise what he asks, Ouch ! wirra, wirra, what'll I do. (*Aloud*.) Yes, yes, ye'll have thim but let me go now, an' ye can have them to morrow. (*Aside*.) Oh, murdher, how will I escape. (*Looks around, frantically, and as TEDDY moves closer to him, he makes a bound, and disappears to the right, while TEDDY rises and gives chase. In a few moments TEDDY appears again, holding his sides, and laughing.*)

TEDDY.— Oh, Teddy O'Hoolahan, but yer a thunderin' black-guard to scare the poor gossoon out of his sines, but sure, afther all, I'll tell him that *I* was the fairy, and the whole thing from beginnin to end was a murdherin' story, an' faith it'll cure him of the nonsense about fairies entirely, and— what's that ! I thought I heard a noise beyant there in the woods. (*Listens*.) No ; it's nothin' at all. Faith, Teddy, me boy, it's frightenin' yerself ye'll be doin' before ye stop, and I'm thinkin' ye got enough of it this day in the woods, and only for General O'Neill ye'd have been kilt dead. Aye, the general, the darlin', did'nt take long to change that scoundrel's tune. Faith they're all havin' a grand time in the castle, welcomin' the brave O'Neill, and I'm thinkin' its time for me to be turnin' in. I'll go an' find Shamus and tell him about the fairy, begorra. (*Runs out R. E. and in a few moments CONNELLY enters L. E., pistol in hand, and advances stealthily to window of castle.*)

CONNELLY (*looking around*.)— Not a soul in sight ! the infernal powers are with me ! One pull at the trigger and the gold is earned ! (*Just as he reaches the window. TEDDY returns R. E. looking for something he appears to have lost. CONNELLY is too intent in his "work" to hear TEDDY, who, glancing round sees CONNELLY about to take aim through window, seizing the gun that lies near him, he rushes swiftly and noiselessly toward CONNELLY, and deals him a blow on the right arm, at the same time hollering with all his might. The pistol drops from CONNELLY'S hand, and that worthy, seeing several Irish soldiers running up, bounds off to the wood, TEDDY after him. Those in the castle run out, SIR PHELM among the foremost. TEDDY reappears running, but is stopped and questioned by SIR PHELM. TEDDY is much excited, and is holding gun by the end of the barrel.*)

SIR PHELM.— What may all this noise mean Teddy ? In faith I believe your head hath given way 'neath the strain of trick-plotting.

TEDDY.—Begorra your honor Sir Phelim, you would'nt say that if ye saw what I did. That tool o' the devil, Connelly was thryin' to murder ye all, shootin' through the window there, and only me could gun intherfered—ouch, sure I'm afraid to think of what might have come of it. —

SIR PHELM.—What say you? an attempt at murder? which road did the villian take? speak quickly!

TEDDY.—Straight thro' the wood. He has a horse and oh! the murdherin' scoundhrel will be gone if we don't hurry.

SIR PHELM.—Ho there, soldiers! To horse! seize the fleeing villain, and by the soul of Nial; he shall have but the proper treatment for such a dastardly trick. (*Soldiers rush out left followed by TEDDY; OWEN ROE O'NEILL addresses SIR PHELM.*)

OWEN ROE.—Ha! Phelim, methinks I know the reason for this coward action. To-day, in yonder wood, I encountered a fellow who was about to murder that brave young Teddy, but my presence prevented the foul deed, and the intended assassin has endeavored to repay me for my interference.

SIR PHELM.—Great heavens! had he but succeeded. But you know not the person you speak of Owen?

OWEN ROE.—Nay, I know him not. He wore the dress of a Knight, and would be a well-looking one but for his evil face.

SIR PHELM.—Ha, a Knight, say you! In truth I am puzzled, for this Connelly is but a low varlet, a rascally spy, in the service of the enemy,—but here comes our men, and, by my faith, they are empty-handed. TEDDY *and the soldiers appear, the former holding in his hand the note given by NORCOTT to Connelly some hours previous; TEDDY advances to SIR PHELM.*)

TEDDY.—Sorra a sign of the murdherin' thief could we see Sir Phelim, but here's a bit o' somethin' I found where he mounted his horse, (*gives the paper to Sir Phelim who glances at it.*)

SIR PHELM.—Great Heavens! what a double-faced traitor! Gentlemen! (*loudly*) He whom we have trusted as a faithful ally; he, who has been with us in our councils, since the beginning of this war, is but a false-hearted, scheming knave, and the proof is here (*slapping the note*) Listen, noble gentlemen, (*reads*) "To Sir Francis Willoughby—march to within a mile of Charlemont, and there await till midnight; then, with a picked body of troops advance to the eastern gate of the castle. I shall be within,—a favored guest of the Irish. The gate will open to your touch, and the fort will be ours" signed "Richard Norcott."—Good heavens

was there ever such a base hound as this !

OWEN ROE.—Ha ! it was this Norcott then, whom I encountered in the wood. I thank GOD again, for the storm that compelled me to seek the shelter of the trees, now I understand why this man was so easily overcome ; he must have known me, and, aware that my presence at the castle would wreck his plan, the sudden blasting of his hope withdrew the blood from his craven heart. Now, gentlemen, we must recompense this brave youth (*meaning TEDDY*) to whose prompt and gallant action, at least one of us owes his life, (*unfastening a medal from his own breast*). Advance brave boy ; (*attaches it to TEDDY'S breast*), wear this in memory of what you have done this night. There beats a brave man's heart in your boyish bosom, and I will do that which will look to your advancement, and hasten the day when you will fight by the side of our chieftains for the honor and glory of our religion and old Ireland.

TEDDY.—(*overcome with emotion, placing one knee on the ground and grasping O'Neill's hand*) Great an' noble chieftain ; ye overcome me with words of praise for only doin' me duty, but ye have'nt spoke of the life ye saved to-day in the woods. Me heart is too full to spoke what I feel, but ye know what's there for ye, an' ye'll know too the feelin' that's in the heart of me poor ould mother, who'd have died if she had lost her Teddy. Her blessin' will follow ye wherever ye go, and evesy day I'll ask the blessin' of God on your noble head, and pray Him to shower His gifts upon ye, that ye may be able to save our poor ould land, and protect our holy religion.

END OF 3RD ACT.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—(A GLADE IN THE WOOD NEAR THE FORT OF CHARLEMONT, OWEN ROE *standing, communing with himself admiring nature's beauty.*)

OWEN ROE.—I have lived 'neath the cloudless skies of sunny Spain, and many times have I watched the gorgeous sunsets in wide-famed Italy, but the beauty of the one nor the grandeur of the other, hath ever stirred my heart with the same feelings of joyful emotion, as when mine eyes rest on the green carpet and rich-clad mountains of the Emerald Isle,—my own dear Erin. In my many years of martial life in the kingdom of Spain, my

head hath guarded the interests of its sovereign, but my heart hath ever been with the beautiful, though sorrowing land of my birth. (*lifts up hand*) Ireland, loved Ireland! My soul, my whole being, are for thee! (*pauses a moment*) Why should the sister isle have ever looked upon us with angry eyes, and sought to turn us from the holy faith that shall ever be cherished in this Isle of saints by the children of St. Patrick; but they have ever done so, and have used the sword to enforce their commands, and as naught else is left us, we must e'en use the same means to expel them. Ah, good morning Roger. (*to O'Moore who appears*) The beauty of the early morn has coaxed you abroad, I see.

O'MOORE.—Yes, Owen I always loved the early hours when all the world's asleep. But tell me, Owen, how our efforts are looked upon, abroad. Does Philip of Spain still cherish the same kindly feeling toward us?

OWEN ROE.—Indeed yes, Roger, the best proof of which is the goodly number of ships, laden with all things needful, with which he has supplied us; and the French monarch has not been behind with such good help, and I have now at my command over one hundred officers, Irish horn, who have gained distinction in one or the other country, as I informed you a few days ago. It now rests with ourselves whether we tamely submit to the oppression of the enemy, or deliver our fair land from his hated yoke.

O'MOORE.—It shall be the latter with God's help and that of OUR LADY! Let us take a walk down the stream Owen, and I will give you more fully than heretofore, an account of our actions for the past six months. (*They move off r. e., and TEDDY enters left, singing,*)

“ Says I to my Kitty, ye're purty and witty,
More illigant far than the bould Judy Carney;
An' faith an' I sigh for a glance of yer eye,
Says she, git away with yer blarney.

Says I now my jewel, ye mus'nt be cruel,
For to plaze ye I'd swallow the Lakes o'Killarney;
But thry as I may, faith she'd look up and say,
Now Teddy be off with yer blarney.

(*Dances a jig, and while so engaged SHAMUS enters Left and is about to speak.*)

TEDDY.—(*still dancing*) Don't spake a word Shamus, not a word till I finish this. (*In a few moments he ceases, and addressing SHAMUS, says.*)

TEDDY.—D'ye know me rayson for tellin' ye not to stop me, Shamus me honey?

SHAMUS.—Faith I don't Teddy, what is it?

TEDDY.—(*mournfully*) It's because it's the last jig I'll ever dance in Ireland.

SHAMUS.—What in the world d'ye mane Teddy. Is it lavin' Ireland ye are?

TEDDY.—(*same*) Not lavin' it of me own free will Shamus, but I'm goin' to be thransported!

SHAMUS.—Thransported! Well of all the quare men I ever met in me life ye're the quarest. What on earth has got into yer head now?

TEDDY.—(*troughly*) Not the fairies this time Shamus. Faith it's throe; thransported I'll be, or murdhered, or kilt entirely. Begorra its enough to make me grey before me time to think of it.

SHAMUS.—Me poor boy! tell me the cause of yer sorrow, an' perhaps it'll make it lighter for ye to bear. Out with it acushla.

TEDDY.—Well as yer an ould and thried friend of mine, I don't mind tellin' ye Shamus. Ye see it all came about that new-fangled dhrillin' of thim strange officers that our brave general, God bless him, brought over with him from 'across the sea. An' faith they have a quare way of dhrillin' the boys. Begorra I think the half o'them are Frinch or Italian, or Chinese maybe. However, they have a haythenish way of shoutin' that they never learned from christians. When one of thim roars out somethin' like this—"Hoo"—with five or six pair o' lungs, how the divel am I to know that I've to stand still. Well, the other day, I begged the ginerel to let me dhrill with some of the other boys, and he tould me I could, so off I wint to the common and joined in with the rest o' them.

SHAMUS.—Oh Teddy, Teddy, me poor boy, this is where the thransportin' comes in, I'll go bail.

TEDDY.—Faith, an' yer right, Shamus. I had me ould gun undher me arm, with the iron part stickin' out forninst me,—like the other boys,—when the foreign captain, bad cess to him, began shoutin' like thunder, an' off we started on a run; but we had only gone about tin yards, when the murdherin' blackguard began screechin' agin as if somebody was hammerin' the life out of him. Faith all I heard was that bastely "Hoo" and divel a one o' me

was goin' to stop for such a haythenish word, but begorra every one else did, and in a moment there was a murdherin' howl in front o'me, and down wint Paddy McCann, and down I went on top of him, and there we were, rollin' over and over like two frogs in a puddle of wather. Well over comes the captain lookin' as black as your face on a dark night, an' it was there and then he said he'd thransport me. But I've heard nothin' of it since, an' maybe, afther all he'll let me off.

SHAMUS (*laughing*) Oh, Teddy, Teddy, but yer the quare boy ; sure it's not *thransphort* he meant at all, but *sport*, that manes to tell the ginerall that he could make no hand of ye. Oh be the powers, but it's a great joke. (*Laughs again* TEDDY gazes at him as if not comprehendin', and, his mistake becoming apparent to him, he breaks out.)

TEDDY.—Well of all the desavin' sky-larkin ; murdherin' thievin' scoundrels under the sun, you're the worst of them all; Shamus O'Hagan ; are'nt ye ashamed of yourself to be laughin' like an omadhaum at the sorrows of a poor boy, when it's consolin' him ye ought to be. Oh begorra, (*jumping around*) if I could only tear up a tree or two, I'd have yer life on the spot,—(SHAMUS makes a spring and escapes by L. E., followed by TEDDY, who returns in a moment.)

TEDDY.—Well, well, to think of the blundher I made in pickin' up the wrong word. Teddy, me boy, for the future ye betther keep yer mouth closed, and then ye can't be makin' a laughin' stock of yerself, for that blackguard Shamus 'll tell the joke to every one he meets. Faith I'll run afther him and tell him to hould his tongue, or I'll tell all about the fairies, faith I will, (*runs out L. E.* CONNELLY appears at R., disguised by means of long whiskers and long coat ; his back stooped somewhat.)

CONNELLY.—I'll meet that villain yet, and repay him for the blow he dealt me, and by which he caused me to lose a fortune. I am safe in this disguise, and if met by any of the Irish, I can assume their brogue, and pass as a poor old man. I have'nt seen him since that night, but when we meet again, I will leave him dead, aye dead.

SCENE II.—COUNCIL HALL IN CHARLEMONT CASTLE. *At back of stage is a raised platform, on which are chairs in a semi circle, and are occupied by the various chieftains, OWEN ROE in the middle chair. That to the right by*

CASTLEHAVEN, left by SIR PHELM. *That one next SIR PHELM is vacant, being O'MOORE's, who stands a few feet back from the platform, and to the left. On the right, and nearly, or about opposite O'MOORE, sits a harper with long white hair and full beard; around the rest of the stage are seated the newly-arrived officers, in such a manner as not to obstruct the view. Placed over the platform are the flags of IRELAND, FLANDERS, SPAIN, FRANCE and the PAPAL colors. O'MOORE addresses OWEN ROE.)*

O'MOORE.—Noble and gifted son of the Hy-Nial, we, the chieftains of the different clans in this land of Ireland, together with our gallant allies, the English Catholic Lords, resident therein, are here assembled to tender you the proud position of commander-in-chief of the Catholic army of Ireland. Right well are we aware, that in every conceivable way, you are eminently entitled to the highest position in the land, and our hearts, our minds, aye, our very souls tell us, that the duties pertaining to your high office, will be discharged with the courage and ability which have so marked your career in foreign lands. You came to us when our country is groaning 'neath the load she carries. Her children are slaughtered by hundreds; the priests of our holy religion are hunted like wolves, and our first successes are as naught, for their fruits have been swept away by a stronger army than ours. I speak for the chieftains of our land; I speak for the Lord Castlehaven, Sir John Netterville, and the other English Catholic Lords who have lent us their aid, and who will still lend it, and I speak for my poor self when I say, that when you raise the banner of the Red Hand, there breathes not a man within the borders of this Emerald Isle, who would not brave a thousand deaths to follow you, for the glory of our religion and country. (O'MOORE now makes a sign to the harper who sings. O'MOORE then seats himself.)

Air—"O'Donnell Aboo."

O chief of the mountains! O Son of the Waters!
 Our hearts bleed within us, our tears flow unchecked:
 We weep for the fate of our sons and our daughters,
 We weep for our country, our homes that are wrecked.
 O haste noble chieftain! our chains to dis sever,
 O list to the voice of thy country in tears!
 She calls thee! thou answer! and now and forever
 Thy name shall ring proudly and great in her ears,

(The music ceases and O'NEILL replies.)

OWEN ROE.—Gallant sons of the chosen isle of St. Patrick, and ye, noble bearers of proud and honored names (*bowing to Lord C. and Sir John N.*) I am unable to find words adequate to express the depth of emotion that swayed my soul while listening to the burning words of our courtly friend, Roger O'Moore. The task ye impose upon me, is one to which my soul leaps with fervid joy, not for the sake of the fame its accomplishment would bring, but for the relief of our suffering countrymen, and that of the English race who dwell in our land, and worship the same God, after the manner of their fore fathers. We, of Irish blood, can never abandon the faith bequeathed to us by our beloved St. Patrick, and I know in my soul, that the noble English Catholic gentlemen present with us to-day, and who have fought so well for our cause, will ever cherish the holy faith practised by Edward the Confessor, in the good old days of Catholic England. (*Clasping his hands and looking upward*) Oh all ye martyred innocents, and all ye fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, who have suffered for your faith and country, look down upon us this day, and beseech that God in whose august presence ye now dwell, to guide us in the right, and direct our souls ; that our actions may tend to His greater honor and glory.

(SIR PHELM, *rising, advances a pace or two, bearing the sword of HUGH O'NEILL.*)

SIR PHELM.—Owen, I have a pleasing task to perform this day. He who takes his place at the head of our troops to battle for our country's rights should wear this insignia of power. (*Advances to OWEN ROE presenting the sword.*) This sword Owen, was worn by our great kinsman Hugh O'Neill. Take it ! refuse it not ! and use it as he did, and may God bless you, (*resumes his seat and the minstrel sings.*)

AIR :—" O'DONNELL ABOO ! "

The sword of the Gael in the sunlight is flashing,
The tear of each patriot is changed to a smile,
The cymbals of Erin in triumph are clashing,
While the war-flag is waved o'er our glorious Isle !
Stay every sigh and tear,
Crush every sign of fear,
Nerve every arm to dare and to do ;
List to our battle-cry,
Piercing the very sky—

The shout of the Northmen—" LAMH DEARG ABOO ! "

Up, up from the vales of Green Erin ascending
 The wild shouts of clansmen our triumph foretell,
 Of Norman and Gael both the banners are blending,
 And loud o'er the conflict is heard their fierce yell.
 The eagle sweeps boldly down,
 The foeman may darkly frown,
 The day of the conflict he deeply will rue—
 The raven must turn to flight,
 When, in their mail-clad might,
 Our warriors charge with their "LAMH DEARG ABOO!"

Behold in the van of our heroes advancing
 The sword flashes bright o'er the crest of the foe,
 The bugles are shrill and the white steed is prancing
 That carries to glory our brave OWEN ROE!
 Raise, then, the shout, O'Neill!
 Splintering of spears on steel
 Tells to the stranger what Erin can do:
 Cheer after cheer we raise,
 Victory's glad lights blaze
 The victors rejoice with a "LAMH DEARG ABOO!"

(Bows his head on the harp for a moment, then springing to his feet.)

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

(The last four lines to be recited, not sung; the minstrel looks into vacancy, as it were, while giving them, and when finished remains standing a few moments, his chin lowered to his chest, and then resumes his place. OWEN ROE rises.)

OWEN ROE.—Venerable minstrel of Ireland: your words and your voice, seem unto my ears like the blast of the trumpet, bidding the sons of this down-trodden land, to rise in their might, and, 'neath the banners of their chieftains, rush into war in defence of their country. Noble lords, chieftains, and ye, brave officers, I call upon ye to join in the struggle for liberty; to banish the enemy who hath oppressed us; I call upon ye to follow the banner of the RED HAND OF ULSTER, and let the clash of your swords be the token of fealty to the sacred cause of religion and Ireland.

(He draws his sword, and all do the same: the officers at each side of the lower part of stage advance to within two paces of each other, and, when OWEN ROE raises his sword with the point to the ceiling, the chieftains on the platform cross theirs, and the officers do likewise, all at the same moment; and let a strong light be thrown upon the scene.)

SCENE III.—(GROUNDS ADJOINING CHARLEMONT. OWEN ROE and all the chieftains present, CASTLEHAVEN AND NETTERTVILLE about to leave for the East of Ireland, to carry on the war in that part of the country. The two stand near each other with OWEN ROE before them.)

OWEN ROE.—Now, my good Lord Castlehaven, I am well acquainted with your knowledge and skill in war, and to you I entrust the execution of my plans, in the East of Ireland. I have learned that the enemy, to the number of 5,000, intends marching hither to join the forces already in the north, and such a junction must be prevented. I send with you fifty officers to aid you in carrying out your commands, and right well do I know that when the proper time arrives, your gallant men will give a good account of themselves.

CASTLEHAVEN.—Yes, indeed they will. Tried warriors are they; and ye, our friend of the North, shall hear the crash of our arms, ere the passing of another month. And now O'Neill, we must say adieu for a while, for we must e'en be on the march. Adieu, gentlemen, till we meet again :

OWEN ROE.—Adieu Castlehaven and you my gallant young friend (to NETTERTVILLE) may the God of battles watch over ye, and give ye victory ! (They depart R. E., all wishing them God-speed.)

OWEN ROE (to the chieftains) Ah ! would to God that all the English were like unto those gallant warriors. If they were, our people might live in peace, and this cruel game of war would be unknown in our land. Now gentlemen, to the castle to continue our preparations. (They go out left, SHAMUS appears at R. seats himself.)

SHAMUS.—Oh, faith this thing they call war is all very well at a distance, but when it comes right home to ye, there's nothin' enthancing about it. Oh dear, oh dear, but this is the wicked world we're livin' in. I think I'll indulge in a bit of a jig an' maybe it'll make me feel better. (Dances an Irish jig.)

(As soon as he ends the dance TEDDY with gun strapped on his back is heard approaching, singing, and he enters R. E.)

Oh if I was yerself, an' you were this Teddy,
And I was the son of Tim Dighby ;
And if you were me cousin, now say if yer ready
To tell who the divel would I be.

SHAMUS.—Faith I don't know what ye'd be, but I know what ye are, and that's enough. (*TEDDY takes a seat beside SHAMUS, and looks enquiringly at him a moment or two, then.*)

TEDDY.—Shamus, me jewel, what's wrong with ye. Begorra ye looks as if the fairies were botherin' ye again.

SHAMUS.—Indade an' that's not it at all. It's the war that's throublin' me Teddy.

TEDDY.—An' why does the war make yer conscience unaisy, me boy.

SHAMUS.—Faith its because I'm sure I'll be shot.

TEDDY.—Oh ye murdherin thief. Ye want to do all the killin' yerself, an' not give the enemy a chance at all at all. Faith in these hard times, ye ought to rejoice in bein' kilt in the war, for it would save ye the cost of a wake an' a funeral, ye omadhaum.

SHAMUS (*scornfully*).—But it's the quare consoler ye are Teddy O'Hoolahan, (*rising*) I'll not stay with ye any longer; for its up to some of yer thricks ye'll be, and I've a lot of work to do, an' I want me nerves to be steady, (*goes out R.*)

TEDDY.—Look at that now. See what it is, to have a little life in ye. If I had put on a face a couple o' feet long, and tould that spalpeen about the last will and tistament of me late laminted great-grandmother, faith its here he'd be with me now. Begorra he needn't be afraid of being kilt in the war, for whin he gets into the fight, faith he'll shiver and shake so, that sorra a one of the inemy 'll be able to hit him. I wondher if the ginerals' home yet, I think I'll—(*While TEDDY is speaking, CONNELLY, disguised as before, appears at the rear of the stage, at the left, and when TEDDY, who is facing the footlights, reaches the words "I think I'll," CONNELLY raises a pistol he holds in his hand and fires, TEDDY, who appears to be shot, instantly falls, face downward, and remains motionless and CONNELLY thinking he has hit the mark, says.*)

CONNELLY.—Ha, ha, I've winged my bird this time; he'll never again interfere with any of my plans. Now to escape from here; (*he disappears L. E. and TEDDY who has lain perfectly still, as if dead, raises his head slowly, looks about cautiously, then*)

TEDDY.—(*low voice.*) Is that murdherin' divel gone yet I wondher? (*pause*) Begorra he is! (*jumps up*) faith, Teddy me boy, ye've had a wondherful escape! (*Takes a back and front view of himself, and finds he is not at all damaged*) Oh thunder and lightnin' how did I escape bein' struck. Fire an' murdher! but

did'nt I act well that time ; I pretended I was kilt, so. if I did'nt, that scoundhrel Connelly would have taken another shot, and then it was all over with me. Begorra something tould me who fired, the moment I heard the shootin',—(*jumping around*) Och, where's me blundherbuss.—(*Runs out R. and returns in a moment with his shilelah, and starts in pursuit of CONNELLY.*)

(*Enter OWEN ROE and SIR PHELM, R.*)

SIR PHELM.—Surely I heard Teddy's voice ; what can it mean ! A spy perhaps ! Ha, here he comes !

(*Enter TEDDY with CONNELLY, who is limping.*)

TEDDY.—(*to Connelly.*) Oh begorra, only yer sufferin' enough with your sprained foot, I'd batther yer ugly face—

(*catches sight of OWEN ROE, who advances.*)

OWEN ROE.—What have we here master Teddy ? What old man is this ?

TEDDY.—Ould man, ginerall ! faith I'll tell ye the kind of an ould man this is—(*tears off CONNELLY'S wig and false whiskers and pointing at him says.*) There, ginerall, is the could-blooded scoundrel who thried to murdher ye the other night at the castle, an' he would have kilt me this minute, only for the ould blundherbuss, I sthrapped on me back this mornin' ! and—(*at this moment SHAMUS runs in from R. excited and out of breath.*)

SHAMUS.—(*to OWEN ROE.*) General,—for the love of Heaven—be quick !—Mr. O'Moore is captured !—

OWEN ROE.—Great Heavens, man ! what mean you ?

SHAMUS.—(*quickly.*) Mr. O'Moore was walking alone, when about a dozen Sassenachs leapt out from the bushes, and I heard one of them say "Ha, O'Neill, we have you now." I ran as quick as I could to tell it to one of ye.

SIR PHELM.—Great heavens Owen, they mistook him for you ! (*TEDDY had dropped his hold of CONNELLY, at the first mention of O'MOORE'S name, and is now standing horror stricken gazing at ONEILL.*)

OWEN ROE.—Teddy, my horse ! (*TEDDY bounds off L.*) which road have the Sassenachs gone, quick, man. (*to SHAMUS.*)

SHAMUS.—In the direction of the cross-roads, Ginerall.

OWEN ROE.—(*to SIR PHELM.*) Phelim ! bring twenty men with you to guard against surprises. Follow me to the cross roads by the short cut and we shall head off those rascals. And you Shamus, will guard the prisoner till our return. Now Phelim,

haste with your men, and by my sword! those fellows shall not hold the gallant O'Moore over long (*runs out L. SIR PHELM by the right. SHAMUS takes charge of CONNELLY.*)

SHAMUS.—(*to CONNELLY.*) Ha, ha, me fine murdherer! caught at last eh! Oh but its yerself that deserves hangin', ye mané ould scarecrow. What have ye to say for yerself? Spake ye murdherin' assassin!

CONNELLY.—(*glancing to R. and L.*) Hush! I'm no assassin. It was only a bit of a joke I was playing on O'Hoolahan. Look here Shamus O'Hagan, if ye let me go, I'll reward ye well. Will ye do it?

SHAMUS.—Let ye go d'ye say! Faith if I had a houl't of ould Nick, I'd let him go sooner than ye, ye lyin' scoundhrel! (*Looks to R. and L. in an undertone.*) Begorra, I wish the sogers would come. (*aloud.*) Look ye here, Connelly I think I'll tie ye here, for I'm gettin' very anxious about Misther O'Moore and the General, and I'd like—

CONNELLY.—(*raising his hand.*) Hush-h-h, what's that coming up the road? (*SHAMUS trembles, turns his head to look, and CONNELLY deals him a blow, felling him, and bounds off left. SHAMUS remains motionless a few moments then rises.*)

SHAMUS.—(*Putting his hands to his head.*) Oh murder what have I done? I've let that scoundrel escape, and I'll be kilt as sure as I'm a livin' man. (*looks to left.*) Oh, here's Teddy. Dear oh dear what'll I say to him? (*TEDDY runs in from L., looks around, and at SHAMUS.*)

TEDDY.—Oh ye blundherin' omadhaun what have ye done? Where is Connelly?

SHAMUS.—Teddy dear, don't be angry with me. The scoundhrel blinded me with a blow in the eyes, an' before I could think, he was gone. O Teddy, what'll be done to me for lettin' him go?

TEDDY.—Faith ye'll be hanged, dhrawn and quartered, an' have yer omadhaun of a head cut off. That's what'll happen to ye, and ye'd deserve it begorra. But I'm feelin' so good, now that the masher is safe, that I'll undertake to get ye off. Oh be the powers Shamus, ye ought to have seen the Sassenachs fallin' back, when the general leapt off his horse, and in a thunderin' voice commanded the whole pack to be off. Faith they nearly smashed themselves, bumpin' up agin each other in their hurry to get away. Now Shamus let us be off an' when the general comes

back, I'll spake to him about ye, and get him to forgive ye.
(*They go out R. and CONNELLY appears at left.*)

CONNELLY —(*shaking his fist*).—Ha, ha, Teddy O'Hoolahan! the pistol missed ye, but the next time the *steel* will find your heart, and I will be revenged.

END ACT IV.

ACT V.

(3 MONTHS ARE SUPPOSED TO HAVE ELAPSED BETWEEN ACTS 4 AND 5.)

SCENE I —(OUTSIDE THE ENGLISH ENCAMPMENT. SIR FRANCIS WILLOUGHBY *discovered in converse with SIR RICHARD NORCOTT.*)

WILLOUGHBY.—Yes, Sir Richard; everlasting fame is in store for the man who succeeds in removing this O'Neill. But in the name of the foul fiend how are we to reach him. You have tried it ere now, and more than once, yet this man lives, aye, and to our cost!

NORCOTT.—Alas! yes, what you say is too true, my last attempt was a miserable failure, as were the others, but for all that O'Neill shall die, for the good of my country demands it.

WILLOUGHBY.—Curse it, man, drop that cant. "The good of our country," fo' sooth; By the Gods, 'tis little you would care if England, and all her people were at the bottom of the infernal regions, provided that Richard Norcott's purse were well filled, and an extra handle affixed to his worshipful name. Ha, ha, ha! dear Richard, verily 'tis amusing and good for the stomach to listen to you. "The good of our country" (*he laughs loudly.*)

NORCOTT.—Ha, Sir Francis, you are in high spirits to-night; but ere many days elapse, the laugh may be turned into something else, for, if nothing occurs to stop him, O'Neill and you will come to blows, and mayhap he will not spare you, as he did a month since.

WILLOUGHBY.—What do you mean man by reminding me of that wretched defeat! Our men were worsted 'tis true, but by a superior force; and I would tell you my good Sir Richard, that it may not be good for your bodily welfare if you allow your tongue too much liberty. It ill bescemeth you, of all men, to taunt me

with the memory of my defeat, since your own head is never placed in danger, "even for the good of your country."

NORCOTT (*soothingly*).—Nay, my dear Sir Francis, be not angry with me for indulging in a little pleasantry; for that is all my words meant I assure you and believe me I have your.—

SIR WM. PARSONS (*entering from R.*).—How now, good people! rest you here in comfort, while the rebels are marching down upon us. By the king you seem to take it easy.

NORCOTT.—What mean you, Sir William? the rebels are close to us?

PARSONS.—Aye, within ten miles, and scattering all before them! my place, and the mansions, castles, strongholds and all other properties of the godly Protestants are in the hands of those accursed rebels. Verily, this O'Neill is a magician. Scarce three months have gone since his arrival, and Ireland bows down before him. By the Gods 'tis terrible!

WILLOUGBY (*rising*).—Fear not Sir William, O'Neill will not hold those places over long, for our Scotch auxilliary Monroe, has landed with an army of 8.000, and in a week, at most, ye Lord justices may return to your occupation of sending those rebelly papists to the gallows. Ha, ha, ha, an occupation that suits your natures. I warrant ye, (*goes out R.*)

PARSONS. By the book, yon soldier is a pleasant knave, Norcott. But if he had shown half the skill of O'Neill, he would not now be cooped up here, almost within hailing distance of the rebels he pretends to despise. By the fiend, Sir Richard, but we are in a bad fix. If Monroe be defeated by O'Neill, this land of Ireland, will be too hot for any of us. But surely he will not be, for his forces, with ours, far outnumber O'Neill's army, and Monroe is an old, experienced general, yet I will be uneasy until victory declares for us.

NORCOTT.—(*moving up close to PARSONS.*) This battle will not take place my good friend. O'Neill will *never* meet Monroe!

PARSONS.—And pray, Sir Richard, what good fortune will hinder O'Neill from so doing?

NORCOTT.—(*producing a dagger.*) This, Parsons, this! I have sworn to reach the heart of the arch rebel with this piece of steel, and by all the fiends of the infernal regions, I shall do it. He whom I had engaged for the work in the past has ever failed, but the hand of Richard Norcott shall not be thrown out in vain!

PARSONS.—I admire your resolve Richard, but how to reach him ; I'll swear that he is ever well attended. Surely you will not cut your way through his men ?

NORCOTT.—Ha, ha, ha, a brilliant idea by the God's ! No ; I have a less dangerous way of reaching him. It is his custom, as I have learned, to retire daily some distance from the Irish camp. He chooses the early morning, for quietude, no doubt to hatch his plans for our destruction. The one person who might be with-in hearing, is a sort of servant of the rebel O'Moore, but I shall take care to evade him. Once within striking distance of O'Neill, my stroke will be sure, for even were the weapon to but scratch him, he would die, (*again producing the dagger.*) Yes, neither heaven nor earth could save him, *for the blade is poisoned !*

SCENE II.—OUTSIDE O'NEILL'S HEADQUARTERS. OWEN ROE *pacing up and down. Enter SIR PHELM, R.*

OWEN ROE.—Pleasant news this, Phelim, is it not ?

SIR PHELM.—In faith it is, pleasure of a wrong sort Owen. I wish, with all my heart, that this Monroe had broken his neck ere he got a chance to come over here to do the dirty work of the English Parliament.

OWEN ROE.—Tut, tut, Phelim ; (*smiling*) would you deprive this Puritan General of the opportunity of teaching us the way of righteousness, from *his* standpoint ! Know you not that he claims to come in the name of the Lord and Gideon, to sweep us idolaters from the face of this benighted country ?

SIR PHELM.—I know that he is a canting knave, holding the Bible in one hand and the sword in the other. It was such human wolves as he commands, who perpetrated the horrible butchery in Island Magee less than a year ago, and as I live, he and his rascals shall be repaid tenfold, for that inhuman massacre.

OWEN ROE.—But, Phelim, his forces with those of the English commanders are far superior to ours, in point of numbers at least. We can boast of 6000 troops all told while the strength of the allied army will be fully 10,000. How, think you, can we stem such a tide ?

SIR PHELM.—Do you forget, Owen, how you, with a handful of men, thrashed Willoughby, and his 1500 braves but a month since, aye and compelled them to sue for quarter. How now, Fabians of your country ! do you forget that ?

OWEN ROE.—No, Phelim ; but the odds against us this time will be greater, and we must not call upon Castlehaven, for he is doing good work in the south. We must e'en meet this fanatic Monroe, as we are, and trust to Heaven for the rest (*moving off to R.*) I will see you later in the day Phelim, and speak with you of my plans (*goes out R.*) SIR PHELM looks after him a moment.)

SIR PHELM.—Owen ; Owen ; if I had that head of yours, I would be King of Ireland in a month, aye and of England too ; but *he!* why he would refuse the crown of either country were it offered him. Never has he a selfish thought, but is ever slaving away for the good of his country, God bless him !

(*goes out L.* TEDDY and SHAMUS enter R. arm in arm TEDDY wears a sword.)

SHAMUS.—But how comes it Teddy that yer not wearin' your fine dhress ; begorra I think ye ought to be proud of it ?

TEDDY.—An' sure an' I am, but faith when I have it on, I feel like a whale out of wather. And that reminds me Shamus, about this thundherin' big knife I have here, (*touching the sword*) and begorra, I can use it too, for I have been takin' lessons with it from one o' thim haythen officers, till me arm is nearly as thick as yer skull. Let me try it on ye Shamus agra. (*Draws it.*)

SHAMUS (*leaping back*).—What would ye be doin' Teddy ye blackguard ?

TEDDY.—Oh I just want to thry me *agility* with the baste, (*picks up a stone*) put this stone on the top o'yer head, an' see how nate I'll make two stones of it, without turnin' a hair, (*Shamus is horrified and about to run.*)

TEDDY.—Faith an' ye need'nt run, for I wont thry it at all on ye Begorra I might hit yer skull, and that would ruin me waypon, for I don't think I could get it sharpened again, (*replaces the sword*) Look ye here Shamus, I have something to tell ye,—(*looks to the right*) oh be the powers here comes Colonel McMahon, an faith the general's with him, let's be off Shamus.

(SHAMUS goes out L. followed by TEDDY, with martial stride. OWEN ROE and MCMAHON enter R.)

OWEN ROE.—Ha, ha, they have not been sleeping, then, since their arrival !

MCMAHON.—No,, indeed, Monroe with his advance guard is within two days march of us, and his main body is but little behind. The Scotch general has effected a junction with some of the English forces, and his total strength is upwards of 10,000.

OWEN ROE.—Ha! very well McMahon, he will find us prepared for him. Will you advise Col. O'Moore that I await him here, (*paces up and down, MCMAHON goes out R*)

OWEN ROE.—By my sword! they come like the wind. Over 10,000 against our six! Heavy odds, 'tis true, but with the help of God and Our Lady, victory will perch upon our banners?

(*Enter O'MOORE AND SIR PHELM, R.*)

OWEN ROE.—I have news that will set us a stirring, friends, Monroe and his legions are but fifty miles off. The crucial hour has all but come. They are two to one, but were they *ten* to one we shall defeat them! the enemy hath gathered all his strength in his last effort to crush us, and when Heaven hath blessed our arms and given us victory, Ireland will be once more glorious and free. Come, friends, and we will see to our preparations. (*They go out R., TEDDY enters left.*)

TEDDY (*looking around perplexed*) well, well, now that's very funny, for as sure as I'm a born gossoon, I saw someone around here, but there's not a sign of a livin' soul. Begorra I'll go an' get some of the boys, an' we'll search every hole an' corner of the place, an' if we find any pryin' scoundhrel, faith we'll hang him at once an' be done with him, (*exit R. CONNELLY enters L. carrying a cloak similar to that worn by OWEN ROE.*)

CONNELLY.—Not here yet! but he will come. Many a time I have seen him speaking to O'Neill in this spot. I risk my life in coming here, but what care I for the danger if I can have revenge on that scoundrel O'Hoolohan. Sir Richard Norcott has thrown me over, and but for this wretch I would now be wealthy. I'll kill him, and then fly to England. Here I have a cloak the same as O'Neill's (*puts it on*) In the dim light O'Hoolohan will not recognize me, and from this position I can see him as he approaches, and once he is within the grove and near enough, I can settle with him, (*paces up and down two or three times, and when he turns with his back to the left, SIR NORCOTT springs out from L. dagger in hand and strikes, and flees, CONNELLY staggers forward a step or two and falls.*)

(*SHAMUS enters R.*)

SHAMUS.—Where on earth can Teddy be? I'm sure I saw him comin' this way, but where he's gone to I don't know. (*About to proceed he sees the figure on the ground, and thinking it to be O'Neill by reason of the cloak he throws himself on his knees beside the figure*

exclaiming.) Great Heavens, the ginerals' murdhered, (*looks into the face and springs to his feet*) Oh merciful heaven its not him ! its Connelly, but this cloak ! what does it mane. Oh ye saints in heaven, what's this, (*runs out L. screaming "help" and in a few moments he,* OWEN ROE, SIR PHELIM, O'MOORE and TEDDY *runs in R. At this moment CONNELLY raises his head and SHAMUS runs to support him. He looks around till his eyes rest on TEDDY, and there fix themselves. TEDDY advances, bending over CONNELLY who speaks.*)

CONNELLY.—I meant to kill you,—I wore this cloak, that you might think —I was O'Neill, but Sir Richard Norcott—stabbed me, —I saw him as I fell. I am dying,—forgive me,—and you too O'Neill—I tried once to kill you,—forgive—as you hope for mercy.—

(TEDDY *throws himself on his knees.*)

TEDDY.—Forgive ye ! of course I will with all me heart, you poor sinful man ; an' may God forgive ye too for your sins.

OWEN ROE.—And I also forgive you for your attempt upon my life, and may God in His mercy forgive and pardon you

(*Curtain drops for a few moments, and when it rises the group is same as before, but SIR RICHARD NORCOTT is seen in the grasp of two soldiers.*)

SCENE III.—OWEN ROE'S *head-quarters at BENBURB, before the battle. OWEN ROE alone, gazing to the left, and in a few moments he speaks.*)

OWEN ROE.—Ha, they come ! Their pibroch rings but upon the air ! They come to crush, to annihilate us !! Heavens ! what a host. But let them come, our brave fellows are prepared to receive them ; and were their numbers *twice* as great, we shall conquer ! Defeat for us this day, would be the doom of our country ; but defeated we *cannot* be, I feel in my soul the assurance of victory, and she tells me that this days' sun, will see the chains of our country broken forever !

(*Enter SIR PHELIM, R., agitated.*)

SIR PHELIM.—For Heavens sake, Owen, tell me why you have left the fort at Kinard undefended ? The Scotch are crossing the river half a mile from here, and, by my sword if we check them not, they will be down upon us in a body !

OWEN ROE.—Nay, Phelim, they will not reach us for some time. My intention is to delay the battle till we have the sun at our

backs. He is now shining full in the faces of our troops, the wind will blow the smoke of the enemy's guns into our faces, and 'twould be madness for us to advance now.

SIR PHELM.—But what will prevent them charging upon our main body, which lies yonder ?

OWEN ROE.—I have taken care that they shall not, Phelim. A portion of our artillery under O'Rourke and Tirlogh, is stationed near the wood, in such a manner as to be unseen by the enemy, and when a part of his force has crossed the stream we shall open fire, and treat him to a charge of cavalry. Then, several of our regiments will cross the bridge lower down the river and attack the enemy's flank. Thus we will have them between two fires, and can hold them for a final charge of our main division.

SIR PHELM (*extending his hand which OWEN ROE grasps.*) Forgive me Owen, for doubting your wisdom for a moment. You have a longer head than all the rest of us put together, and you will be the victor to-day, or my name is not Phelim O'Neill.

OWEN ROE.—Yes Phelim, with God's help we will overcome those fanatics, and bring back the roses to the cheek of fair Erin. But, best cousin mine ! instruct the colonels in command of our centre to hold their men back at all hazards, until they hear from me and God be with you.

(*Exit SIR PHELM R. enter TEDDY same, he is dressed as a soldier.*)

OWEN ROE.—Well Teddy, I see a question in your face ; what may it be ?

TEDDY.—It's a favor I want to ask ye, gineral. Ye see I'm not arale soldier, an' I want to be near ye in the fight that's comin'. I know masther O'Moore 'll be with ye, and, somehow I'd like to be near ye. It would make me fight better.

OWEN ROE.—I grant your request with all my heart Teddy, but I think you have another reason apart from the one given, eh ?

TEDDY.—Well if you *must* have it gineral I'll tell ye. I want to be near enough to batther the faces of those ugly, murderin' divels, if they attempt to lay a hand an' ye, an' if one of them as much as looks at ye, there's not a bone in his body, but I'll break into powder ; LAMH DEARG ABOO ! let me at them *jumps out R.* O'NEILL *looks out left a few moments, starts suddenly, and is about to leave the spot, when MCMAHON runs in left.*)

MCMAHON.—General, the Scotch, to the number of two thousand have recovered from our several attacks and are reforming for another charge ; their right wing is about to open a cannonade, and

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

that we had arrived in time to aid ye. On our march hither the thunders of your cannon saluted our ears, and, though we pressed onward with all speed, we were in time for naught else than to witness the signal fires on the mountain tops, that proclaim to a joyful people, the glorious news of their emancipation. But what of O'Neill? Is he here? Ha; he comes! (*Enter OWEN ROE with all the chieftains.* OWEN ROE *advances to CASTLEHAVEN and NETTERVILLE.*)

OWEN ROE, (*extending his hands.*)—Welcome, thrice welcome to our camp, noble gentlemen! The news of your success in the South, reached us yesterday, and nerved us on to victory to-day. Verily our country owes ye a debt of gratitude, she can never repay.

CASTLEHAVEN.—Nay, say not so, good friend O'Neill; for the freedom of this land and our religion gained this day by your great victory, more than repays us for our poor services in behalf of long suffering Ireland.

(*Enter TEDDY AND SHAMUS.*)

TEDDY (*excitedly*).—General! the prisoner, Sir Richard Norcott, got hould of a pistol this minute, and has shot himself, an' he's now dead.

OWEN ROE.—Sir Richard Norcott dead, and by his own hand! ah! what a fate!

CASTLEHAVEN.—Aye, but a fitting one for the apostate, the traitor to God and to his fellow man. He is the last of our enemies, and the people of the old faith in this Emerald Isle may now live in peace and happiness.

OWEN ROE (*grasping Castlehaven's hand*) Yes, gallant Englishman, your noble efforts and our signal victory of to-day, have broken the power of the oppressor, and while this land of Erin holds within her borders, such gallant hearts as are now here assembled, her children can thank Heaven for the blessing of a happy and contended Ireland.

