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REX HIBERNIA:

AN IRISH DRAMA

IN THREE ACTS.

WITH CAST OF CHARACTERS, STAGE BUSINESS, RELATIVE
POSITIONS, &C.

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Dublin

WASHINGTON, D. C.:
R. O. POLKINHORN & SON, PRINTERS.
1885.

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By James...

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REX HIBERNIA.

CAST:

JIM O'BYRNE DOWLING, STAR, SINGING JUVENILE AND CHARACTER WITH COMEDY, (BIDDY MAGEE.)
LAWRENCE O'TOOLE, JUVENILE.
JOHN CAVANAUGH, HEAVY OLD MAN.
JOHN SHEA, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, COMEDY.
CARROLL CAVANAUGH. SECOND HEAVY.
MICHAEL O'BYRNE, STRAIGHT OLD MAN.
LITTLE NED, CHARACTER, SMALL BOY.
ALICE O'BYRNE, LEADING.
KITTY CULLAN, SOUBRETTE.

REX HIBERNIA.

SCENE.

Village of Carnew, County Wicklow, (Leinster) Ireland.
Parlor in the house of Michael O'Byrne.

PROPS.

Table, Chairs, Pipe, Tobacco and Matches, Bunch of Flowers, Six Books on Table.

NOTES.

Note-Book and Pencil for Shea, Cards (Business) for Shea.

COSTUMES.

Jim. Full dress jockey suit. Jacket, antique green; buff colored breeches, top boots and blue cap. 2d. Dard green clothes.

Lawrence. Blue coat buttoned up; light knee breeches, top boots and hat, or cap. 2d. Modern style.

John Cavanaugh. Brown suit of clothes. 2d. Black cloth suit; silk hat,

John Shea. Dark coat, light waistcoat, black checked pants, light hat and red or yellow handkerchief.

Carroll Cavanaugh. Three button cut a-way coat, vest and pants to suit; Derby hat.

Michael O'Byrne. Dark green coat, corduroy vest and breeches.

Ned. Shabby grey jacket, pants, old cap and shoes.

Alice. Pink dress, white apron. 2d. De Lain dress and jacket trimmed in gold, &c.

Kitty. White muslin dress, straw hat, ribbons.

Exits and Entrances.

R. means Right; L. Left; R. D. Right Door; L. D. Left Door; C. D. Centre Door; R. 1 E. Right 1st Entrance; L. 1 E. Left 1st Entrance; R. U. E. Right Upper Entrance; L. U. E. Left Upper Entrance.

Relative Positions.

R. means Right; L. Left; C. Centre, &c.

REX HIBERNIA.

ACT I.

[*Music plaintive at rise of curtain.* Michael O'Byrne discovered seated at table. Alice busy about the room—ad. libitum.*]

Michael O'Byrne. Alice, my child, thou art cheerful, while I am sad. Come fill my pipe and mayhap I will feel better.

Alice O'Byrne. Yes, father: but why are you sad?

Michael. Hast forgotten, that it is just two years ago since thy mother died.

Alice. No, father, mother is in my mind all the time.

Michael. God rest her soul. It was a sad day for me when she closed her eyes in death. I have never been the same man since. But we should not mourn for her. It is best that she has gone, for she is where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. No one, but those who have had and lost such a precious jewel can know our loss.

Alice (filling pipe.) True, father; it is sad, indeed; but, as you say, mother is better off. Sometimes she seems to be with us in spirit; the same beautiful and loving mother. She would not have us grieve for her; I know she would not; and besides, father, you have Jamie and me with you to cheer you up.

Lights pipe Bus. Here's your pipe, and here's a light; now I don't want any more to see you sad and gloomy, for I have something I wish to say to you very particular, as I sit here by your side. (*Gets small stool and sets by his knee. Pause, hesitates to begin.*)

Michael (smoking.) Well, well, my child, what is it?

Alice. Well, are you sure you are feeling more comfortable?

Michael. Yes, I've my pipe and my lass, what more do I want?

Alice. Well, I want to say something; but I trust you will not get angry with me for telling you.

Michael. Oh, I hope not; go on, and let me know what it is.

Alice. Are you very sure you feel comfortable?

Michael. Ave course, illegant and asy.

Alice. Now don't get angry, for if I thought you would I wouldn't mention it at all.

Michael. Angry, my lass? Why should you be afraid to speak? I have never denied you anything in all your life, have I?

Alice. I know you have done everything for me that you could do; and now I wish to ask of you something for one who is dear to me, and at the same time it concerns myself; and now, if you'll not be put out about it and will listen, I'll tell you.

Michael. Proceed, my child, I promise to listen and not get angry with you.

Alice. Well, father, do you know Lawrence O'Toole?

Michael. Ave course I do; and I think him a clever young man.

Alice. Indeed he is, and as nice and good as a young man can be.

Michael. Is he? Well now, I don't know about that. I said he was clever, but I may not share your opinion of him altogether.

Alice. Father, I think Lawrence an excellent young man. He don't swear, nor drink, and is a gentleman in all respects.

Michael. Sure that is not what you were afraid to speak, was it?

Alice. No, not exactly, I wish to ask you something for Lawrence.

Michael. And I am waiting to hear what you have to say.

Alice. Well, father, you know I like Lawrence.

Michael. So do I; so do I.

Alice. Oh not like,—I mean—that is, Lawrence likes me too.

Michael. Aye, as a matter of course, go on.

Alice. Lawrence intends speaking to you about obtaining your consent to have my hand in marriage at some future day.

Michael. I thought something like that was coming. You took a long way round, didn't you—*pause*. Well, he is a clever youth, and I like him, and—

Alice. Then you'll consent?

Michael. Not so fast, my lass. We will consider first, you must remember, one important thing, and that is Lawrence is not able to support a wife.

Alice. But he will not always be so.

Michael. But he can't now, so I must reserve my answer until he can.

Alice. But, father, he is going to work in Baron Fitz William's office the first of the year, and he then will be able to support a wife if he obtains your consent for our marriage. You will say yes, won't you, father, for my sake;

Michael (rising.) For your sake, I will say no, at present; when he can come to me and say, I can support your daughter worthy of the family of O'Byrne, then my answer may be different; so no more on that subject now.

Alice (sorrowful.) Father, how can you be so cruel?

Michael. Cruel: only to be kind my child. I am going to my room to look over my accounts; if any one calls, let me know, as I expect some person here on business.

(*Exit Michael O'Byrne R.*)

Alice. Yes, father. Well, father knows best. It won't be long before Lawrence can come and ask his consent on his own terms; and then I shall be so happy; for I do love Lawrence with all my heart. When he is here I am all aglow with delight. His dear presence charms my every sense, and I experience the sweetest feelings of enjoyment. *Ave Maria!* Forgive, if it be a fault to love him so. The minutes seem hours while he is away. He is generally here before this time of day. I have a pleasant treat in store for him. (*Goes to piano, plays and sings.*)

"Sad is the heart when thou art away."

(*During singing*) enters Lawrence at back C. D. Stays up till song done, (then comes down.)

Lawrence (aside.) There she is, beautiful and bright as ever (*comes down.*) Alice! my darling. (*Bus, embrace, kiss hand.*)

Alice (in his arms.) Lawrence, I have been thinking of you all day.

Lawrence. And you are never out of my mind, night or day.

Alice. If my heart would let me, I would chide you for being late. I've been very lonely.

Lawrence (separate.) Oh, I've been here some time, but stopped outside listening to your sweet music. 'Twas heavenly, and you know where angels dwell mortals should not dare. What is the title of the piece you were singing?

Alice. "Sad is my heart when thou art away." The words and the music accorded so well with my feelings that I could not refrain from singing it.

Lawrence. You make me happy to think I am the cause of it; is it true, darling?

Alice. Oh, Lawrence. I have shown myself already, I fear, too fond of your society.

Lawrence. That would be impossible, dearest. (*Lawrence, standing over her.*)

(*Alice, seated at piano.*) But now you are here, tell me why you are so late?

Lawrence. I stopped to gather these flowers for you; there are primroses, cowslips, and violets, entwined with evergreen, you know they are love's emblems. (*Gives nosegay. Alice put it in bosom.*)

Alice. The sentiments of flowers, like their fragrance, is a dream of paradise.

Lawrence. I realize what you say. (*Sighs.*) And yet I find myself envying those flowers.

Alice. Indeed! Why?

Lawrence. Because you wear them so near your heart, and I could even wish that I were those flowers to be loved and cherished so fondly.

Alice. Wish not yourself these flowers, for they so soon fade and die, and their sweetness turns to mould.

Lawrence. The flowers do fade and die; yet from their mould spring plants, and buds, and such flowers as I have given you.

The sentiment they express is love, and that is fadeless and immortal, as the soul from whence it springs.

Alice. You charm away my sadness, so that I can strike a more cheerful note, for you know.—

"The heart is a music box, dearest,
With exquisite tunes at command,
Of melody, sweetest and clearest,
If touched by a delicate hand,
Its workmanship, love, is so fine,
At a single rude touch it would break."

Lawrence. "Then oh, be the magic key mine,
Its fairy like whispers to wake."

Could mortal man look on those bright eyes and sweet lips, and not tremble at the thought of losing them—to have his cup of earthly bliss dashed from his lips! what fate could be more cruel?

Alice. Why, Lawrence, why are you so suddenly cast down—what puts such gloomy thoughts in your head—you know I love you.

Lawrence. True darling; I don't doubt that; but I have had dreams of late that trouble me. I fear there is some calamity impending over us. Only last night I dreamed that I saw you struggling in a tempestuous sea, beyond rescue; bidding farewell to me, as wave after wave broke over you and carried you farther and farther from me, until at last, you sank out of my sight forever.

Alice. You know the old saying: "that dreams always go by contraries," so I shall expect something delightful.

Lawrence. I hope your expectations may be realized, for the bitter life of agony I lived in those few moments—in dreamland—makes me shudder even now to think of it.

Alice. Then think of it no more, for I'll tell you good news. You remember our conversation in regard to asking father's consent to our marriage.

Lawrence. I do, well.

Alice. I have had a talk with him about it.

Lawrence. Did he consent?

Alice. He didn't say yes—*Bus.*—and he didn't say No.—*Bus.*

Lawrence. Then what did he say?

Alice. He said he would reserve his answer until you could come to him—and say you could—I shan't tell you what he said.

Lawrence. Then I'll ask him myself to-morrow, for I am on the road to a fortune now, and will be able to take care of you like a lady, that you are.

Alice. Then I know he will consent.

Lawrence. It's my prayer, day and night, that he will, and when he does, I'll be the happiest man in all Ireland; but I must be off now to deliver a message, that will take me hard riding to get home to-night; so good-bye until to-morrow; then I shall call on your father on very important business relating to your own sweet self. (*Going.*)

Alice. Lawrence, you have forgotten something.

Lawrence. What is it?

Alice. Don't you know.

Lawrence. I can't think what I've forgotten.

Alice. Are you sure that there isn't something you generally leave behind before going.

Lawrence (thinking.) Yesterday, I left a letter for the gardner.

Alice. It isn't a letter.

Lawrence (studies) Oh, I know, it is the kissing you mean. Oh, never fear, I hadn't forgotten it; I was waiting for you to see me to the door; but it is all the same, I'll take it now.

Alice. No, you shan't; because you don't want to.

Lawrence. Don't want to! do I want to go to heaven?

Alice. Are you sure you are telling the truth?

Lawrence. I swear it. Did you ever know an Irishman that had to be asked when kissing time came.

Alice. Lawrence, don't you ever come so near forgetting again.

Lawrence. Oh, I'll pay double for it, now; there. (*Kiss, Bus*) Oh, the devil, who is this?

(*Enters Lawyer Shea, C. D. Lawyer, while they are kissing, AHEM!*)

Lawyer. Go on; go on; don't mind me. I din't see a thing, only in a professional way—here's my card: John Shea, lawyer; breach of promise, divorce, or anything in my line. I'm at your service. All business strictly confidential, and I'm silent as the grave.

Lawrence. What do you want here, sir.

Lawyer. What's that to you, sir. John Shea is silent as the grave, and only tells his business to the proper parties, sir.

Lawrence. Puppy!

Lawyer. Careful, sir, careful, that's slander; a clear case. I'll make a note of it.

Alice. Do you wish to see my father, sir?

Shea. If your father is Michael O'Byrne, I should say I did like to see him. Is he in, or is he out?

Alice. He is in, take a seat; I'll call him, sir.

Shea. Thanks; tell him it's Lawyer Shea on important business, and he is as silent as the grave—there's my card.

Alice. Very well, sir.

(*Exit with card R.*)

Lawrence (aside.) I know him now. I wonder what he can want here. He has the name of being a Shyster—

(*Aloud.*) By the way, Lawyer, there is a man that has been very impertinent to me, how far could I go with him without laying myself liable to the law.

Shea. Well, let me see—I think, yes, you might venture to pull his nose.

Lawrence. Can I do that with safety?

Shea. Oh, yes; no law against that.

(*Lawrence pulls Shea's nose. Re-enters Alice R.*)

Alice. One moment, and father will be here, sir.

Shea (watch out.) Time's money. I charge for this delay.

Lawrence (aside.) I waited to bid you good-bye. Keep a watch on this man. He is a bad character. Good-bye.

(*Exit C. D. Kiss her hand.*)

Alice. I'll see you to the door.

(*Exit C. D.*)

Shea (gets out note book.) Seven minutes gone. Pretty lass that. She calls O'Byrne father. That scamp is her lover. I'll put his nose out of joint. Now, let's see how this is. (*Bus. arranges table with books to represent different persons.*) Now, that's John Cavanaugh (*book*), former partner of O'Byrne: that's O'Byrne (*book*). John Cavanaugh has returned from America, and has sent me here; that's me (*big book*), to talk with O'Byrne; Cavanaugh says he wants to help O'Byrne, as this property is to be sold to satisfy a debt due Cavanaugh. Cavanaugh's son Carroll, was in love with that girl that was in here; there they are (*two books*), and John Cavanaugh is willing to cancel the debt due him by O'Byrne, where's O'Byrne? that's him (*book*); if he consents to his daughter's marrying Cavanaugh's son. Now, John Cavanaugh don't give up a property like this and marry his son to a poor girl for nothing. There must be something behind all this. But where do I come in? there I am, over in the corner (*big book*), silent as the grave; but I'll keep my eye open, and take a hand in this game and come out on top, or my name is not Shea.

(*Piles up books, his on top. Enters Michael O'Byrne R.*)

O'Byrne. You wish to see me, I understand, on business.

Shea. Exactly. I am always on business, and silent as the grave. (*Takes notes from book.*) I have here, Mr. O'Byrne, some notes of yours; due sixmonths ago; due to one John Cavanaugh, who, I believe, was your former partner in business; is that correct?

O'Byrne. Yes. A partner that ruined me.

Shea. We won't discuss that. He has instructed me, as his attorney, to inform you that if the notes are not paid in thirty days from date, I shall have to force the sale of your property.

O'Byrne. I am aware the notes are over due. I would have paid them at maturity, but for some severe reverses in my busines. I fear I have lost all I have in this world's goods. This, I have kept from my child; but now, I fear, she will have to know all.

Shea. I am glad—I mean I am very sorry to hear this, Mr. O’Byrne: but perhaps if you were to apply to Mr. Cavanaugh himself, he would be willing to come to some arrangement with you.

O’Byrne. Sure, John Cavanaugh has left these parts a number of years ago, besides, he would do me no good, for the day we separated he said he would sing a song when he found I was a beggar.

Shea. But Cavanaugh is in Dublin, he came by the last mail steamer.

O’Byrne. What! Cavanaugh back in Ireland, then mark me, sir, he is here for no good purpose towards me.

Shea. Oh! the devil is not half so black as he is painted. I venture to say that if you send for him he will come to see you, and be only too glad to do so.

O’Byrne. Lawyer Shea, understand one thing, I would not send for John Cavanaugh to come to this house if I were dying and he could save me.

Shea. I admire your spirit, leave it to me, I’ll see him myself, and perhaps when he hears of your present embarrassment he will come of his own accord.

O’Byrne. You may do as you like; but mark me it will be of no use, a drowning man will grasp at a straw, but I’ll sink before I’ll ask help of him.

Shea. Well, we’ll see. I’ll wager I’ll have Cavanaugh here before you go to rest to-night.

Exit Shea C. D.

O’Byrne. Go ahead if you like. Ah, me, trouble comes thick and fast. I cannot, at this rate, long bear up. Oh what will become of my child Alice, I fear her future is dark and sad—(*going*;) all her prospects in life will be blighted, for the hand of fate lays heavily upon me.

Exit O’Byrne R. Enters Kitty Cullan L. in anger.

Kitty. I never saw such a lad as Jim O’Byrne in all my born days. Every time I speak to him he talks “horse” to me. I came by the clover field just now and heard him singing, stopped for a chat with him, and every blessed word he could utter was about that horse of his, that wonderful thoroughbred horse, and me standing looking as sweet as I could at him. I believe when he dies he will want to go to horse heaven—not that I’d be asking him to fall in love with me, but one likes to be appreciated better than an old race horse. Oh just to think of it, that I, a daughter of Mother Eve should be esteemed so lightly. If he speaks to me again I’ll not notice him.

Enter Jim O’Byrne C. D. Music Jockey.

O’Byrne. Kitty, darling, ye broke away from me and ran like a beautiful racer, so fleet of foot and lythe of limb, wid your ribbons flying behind you, that nothing could equal the sight of ye, barrin its my horse Rex wid myself on his back taken the hedges and ditches in our path as we go flying across the country with a hup la! hup la! Now over the stone wall, hup la! he is up and over like a fairy, now the ditch ahead, hup la, over we go, and the Devil himself couldn’t catch us on a straight road. Oh, Kitty, if you could only go like that. (*Walks up.*)

Kitty (aside.) There he goes again comparing me with his horse, bad luck to him.

Jim. Kitty, look at Rex Hibernia, in the field there; see what a fine head he's got, arching neck silken mane and skin, that glistens in the sunshine like buarnished mahogany, see how nobly proportioned in all his parts and with a tail that flows like a banner. Rex is a horse of sterling merit and rare quality.

Kitty. I shall not answer him.

Jim. Oh, look at her now, wid her pretty rosy complexion and sparkling eyes. Isn't she of true Milesian blood and spirit. Somebody has tread on her toes I guess. I say, my jewel, if you knew how lovely it made you look you would get angry every minute in the day.

Kitty. I won't speak to him.

Jim. Kitty, you ran away before I told you all the handsome parts of Rex Hibernia.

Kitty. I don't want to hear anything about Rex Hibernia or you either—there.

Jim. What's the matter, my lassie; a minute ago you was a smiling as a basket of jewels, and now you are all acid. Sure the lasses are queer creatures anyway you take them.

Kitty. I wish you would go away from me I— I— I— don't like you.

Jim. Sure I am sorry for that Kitty; for I like you better than anyone I know.

Kitty. Do you?

Jim. Except, perhaps, Rex Hibernia.

Kitty. I hate Rex Hibernia—go away and stop teasing me in this way.

Jim. Oh, well, of course if I'm not wanted, I'll go. I am sorry you are angry Kitty, and I don't believe you are. Say, wasn't you jokin' now?

Kitty. No, I'm not joking.

Jim. Well good-bye, till you get over your high dudgeon. (*Sings.*

“Oh, Kitty my darling, oh, Kitty my dear,
Sure if it wasn't for Kitty I wouldn't be here,”

(*going*) and as Kitty don't want me I'm off.

Kitty. Jim.

Jim (at door.) What is it?

Kitty. Where are you going?

Jim. To the end of the world, if I don't stop somewhere, or somewhere else.

Kitty. Are you going now?

Jim. Av course, didn't you tell me to go.

Kitty. You needn't hurry on my account.

Jim. I'm not, but I think I'll go all the same.

Kitty. I want to ask you one thing.

Jim. Two, if you like. I'm a listening.

Kitty. I would like to know why it is, you are always making such a fool of yourself about that horse?

Jim (laughing.) Why, because—You see, because.

Kitty. I don't like being treated this way. It is unkind of you.

Jim. You don't like it. Why, I mean no unkindness. The partiality I show for my horse, may make me a fool in your eyes. I cannot permit any one to care for my horse but myself. I feed and groom him, make his bed, and am more than repaid for all the attention I bestow on him: that horse shows his appreciation of me in his every

movement. When I ride him, he is brimful of tremulous elasticity, and yet he steps as gently as the wind; or if need be, can be as swift and as strong. It is his delight to own me his master; and as we go over the hills along the valleys and forests of old Shillalic, Rex Hibernia and I seem one.

Kitty. But there are other ways to amuse and enjoy one's self.

Jim. You mean besides making a fool of myself.

Kitty. Besides being so completely wrapped up in a horse.

Jim. Sure, I don't know of any that suits me as well.

Kitty. Did you never think it would be in much better good taste to have the companionship of some lass that loved you, than a horse?

Jim. I can't say, I ever thought of that, at all.

Kitty. If you loved some lass, you would want to have her by your side, wouldn't you?

Jim. But I don't know any lass that loves me, and I don't know what love is by experience.

Kitty. Why, don't you know what love is?

Jim. I am afraid not. I like Rex.

Kitty (getting angry.) Jim O'Byrne, do you think to make me believe that you are such a stupid thing as not to know what love is?

Jim (aside) By hokey, she is getting wrathful agin.

(Aloud.) Why, Kitty, be reasonable, and if you won't be reasonable, suppress thy anger.

Kitty. I am displeased with you, and never, never want to speak to you any more. It is unbearable to be trifled with by you in this way; you mean, despicable, good-for-nothing jockey.

Jim. Kitty, asy now.

Kitty. I hate you for your unkind treatment of me. *(Cries.)*

(Exit Kitty L.)

Jim. Sure, I never saw anything like that before—just because I wouldn't make love to her. I ought not perhaps to tease her so. Yet she deserves all she got for her complimentary remarks on the character of James O'Byrne, Esq. Sure, I must be an illegant looking fellow to win the affections of that pretty girl. However, I will be more considerate of her feelings next time, and if blarney will cure her, I will give it to her in sugar coated doses. But isn't it jolly. I niver had so much fun this many a day.

(Song here by Jim.)

(Exit L. I. E. Enter Michael O'Byrne R.)

O'Byrne (sits.) Its no use. I have things on my mind that would set an ordinary man crazy. My business in Dublin has declined so that it has become an expense instead of profit, and now I am to be sold out of house and home. What will my poor child, Alice, do? James can look out for himself; but Alice may not be able to maintain herself. Why did I act so contrary to my better judgment when I was on the slow and sure road to wealth, to venture into the whirlpool of speculation, and so lose all?

(Enter Lawyer Shea C. D.)

Shea (removes hat.) Beg pardon, beg pardon, its only me. I knew I was expected so I didn't ring—just came right in silent as the grave.

O'Byrne. Be seated, sir.

Shea. Thanks. I will; I'm back you see in no time; and have seen Cavanaugh, that's the way I attend to business. Strictly professional, and silent as the grave.

O'Byrne. I thought, you had given up the idea of calling again to-day.

Shea. John Shea never gives up anything.

O'Byrne. You saw Cavanaugh?

Shea. Yes; had a talk with him, and brought him to terms that I think will suit you. He promised to call here at 7 o'clock, and it's that time now. (*watch out.*)

O'Byrne. Is there any hope to be expected from him?

Shea. I told him how you were fixed. Appealed to him, brought my eloquence to bear on him. He couldn't resist that. Did you ever hear me address a jury? I'll show you how, I—. (*rises.*)

O'Byrne. Not now, please; did he say yes, or no?

Shea. He didn't say either: but I think when he comes if you just let him know how you stand, he will come to some kind of an arrangement with you. He said he would meet you half way. (*Bell rings.*) Ah! that's him now. I'll let him in. We will transact this affair satisfactorily, and silent as the grave.

(*Enter John Cavanaugh C. D.*)

I see you are on time, which speaks well for the business we have in hand—take this seat, I'll get another.

Cavanaugh. Thanks. Mr. O'Byrne, my attorney tells me that you are unable to meet these notes of your's.

O'Byrne. He spoke the truth. I am a ruined man. I have other debts besides your's pressing me.

Cavanaugh. I am very sorry to hear this, sir.

Shea. I told you he would be sorry. Why, he is overflowing with the milk of human kindness.

Cavanaugh. I am sure when we parted in business you were very comfortably fixed.

O'Byrne. Most true, but since then everything has turned against me.

Cavanaugh. How much is your indebtedness including those notes of mine?

O'Byrne. Five thousand pounds, and I have nothing like that amount.

Cavanaugh. You remember when we parted over three years ago we were not on the best of terms. You thought, at that time, I had wronged you. I am here to make reparation for the injury you sustained by me, to do you a kindness, to ask that you will, like me, let by-gones, be by-gones. You know that my son conceived a strong attachment for your daughter, and on my account you forbade him to visit your house. O'Byrne, my son Carroll has loved your daughter through all these years of enmity between us. On that matter I have returned from America, bringing Carroll with me, so you see there is a chance to pay your debts, and make my boy happy, and heal the breach between us.

O'Byrne. How can I do so?

Cavanaugh. Let your daughter become the wife of my son Carroll.

O'Byrne. I cannot if I would, for Alice loves another.

Shea. Remember Mr. O'Byrne, this is your only hope.

O'Byrne. But Alice, what is her hope.

Cavanaugh. She used to think kindly of Carroll when we were partners in business.

O'Byrne. True enough, but since then she has grown to womanhood, and loves another. Oh, Cavanaugh, ask anything else, and I'll gladly yield to your wishes.

Cavanaugh (to Shea.) I told you how it would be. I have proven myself this man's friend, and he has refused my offer.

O'Byrne. I cannot sacrifice my child.

Cavanaugh. Since you have scorned my offer of friendship, I return your hatred with tenfold fury, and now inform you that your property shall have the red flag up within thirty days, and be sold under the hammer.

Shea. Mr. O'Byrne, let me advise you, not professionally, but as a friend, that you had better accept this chance; it will be money out of my pocket if you do, but on that point I'll be silent as the grave.

O'Byrne. It's a hard thing you ask me to do.

Shea. Pshaw, you can't keep your pie, and eat your pie too. Your daughter will lose her home and all, if she sticks to her lover—Let me see you aside a moment, and we will talk this over quiet as the grave.

(*O'Byrne and Shea Exit R. talking.*)

Cavanaugh. He will consent, and then I'll have every thing my own way. She once Carroll's wife, I shall have all the money I want for life. Fools—little do they dream that I hold papers making her the heiress to an immense fortune. I have sworn to bring Michael O'Byrne to beggary, and I'll do it if I have to spend my life to accomplish it. Ah! here he comes, Shea seems to have talked him over already.

(*Enter Alice R. 1. E., Shea and O'Byrne R. 3 E.*)

O'Byrne. I am satisfied you are right, and will agree to it.

Cavanaugh. Then your answer is ——

O'Byrne. Yes! She shall marry him.

Alice. Father! Father! what is it you are saying?

O'Byrne. I have given my consent for Carroll Cavanaugh to have your hand in marriage.

Alice. Oh, Father! don't say that, or you will break my heart. (*Crying on his shoulder.*)

O'Byrne. You go to your room Alice, and quiet yourself—I'll join you in a few moments, and explain all to you—you don't understand yet.

Alice. No! No! Father, say no to this man, for you'll be sorry if you don't.

Cavanaugh. As it is settled, I'll be going O'Byrne.

O'Byrne. I'll keep my promise, Cavanaugh; send your son to me. I wish to see him.

Cavanaugh. I'll send him on my return, without delay. Come Shea.

(*Exit Cavanaugh C. D.*)

Shea. I guess I've put that fellow's nose out of joint that pulled my nose, and done it silent as the grave.

(*Exit Shea, C. D.*)

O'Byrne. Come. Alice, my child—to my room—I have much to tell you of my affairs that will cause you to think less harshly of me.

Alice. Oh! Father you have broken my heart, and poor Lawrence, what will he do when he hears of this.

(Exit Alice and O'Byrne R.)

(Enter Jim O'Byrne D.)

Jim. Well, where is everybody. I thought I would find Kitty here. It don't take her long to get angry, but then, she gets pleased just as easy. They say that music charms the savage breast. I'll sing a song to see, what effect that will have and at the same time let her know my whereabouts, widout telling her I want her. *(Sings.)*

(Enter Kitty at back during singing. Comes down at finish.)

Jim. You're there?

Kitty. Yes.

Jim. Were you here a moment or two ago?

Kitty. Yes, listening to you sing. Where did you learn the art of singing?

Jim. Didn't learn it. It growed in me naturally, same as the birds, I learn the words and notes, but singing is natural with me. It ripples out I can't help it, Kitty, and wouldn't if I could. Don't let my singing disturb the serenity of your mind.

Kitty. It pleases me to hear you sing.

Jim. You are flattering me now, Kitty.

Kitty. No, I mean what I say.

Jim. How is it that you are pleased to hear me sing, and at the same time can be angry with me.

Kitty. I am not so.

Jim. I am glad to hear you say that. I meant no unkindness. *(Arm around her.)*

(Enter Carroll Cavanaugh C. D.)

Carroll. Oh! I beg pardon if I have disturbed you, or if I am intruding. But I have called to see Miss Alice O'Byrne.

Jim. Well, if you have called to see Miss Alice O'Byrne, you may as well go as you came, for she doesn't wish to see you.

Carroll. You do not know whom you are addressing, sir.

Jim. Now don't you fool yourself, Carroll Cavanaugh. I know you well enough to know there is no good in you, and I am wasting my breath talking to you.

Carroll. Look here, Jim. O'Byrne, do you mean to insult me?

Jim. Call it what you like. I know your room is better than your company any day.

Carroll. You shall pay dear for this, sir.

Jim. *(starts for him).* I'll break —— ——

Kitty. *(stops him.)* Come, Jim darling, come with me—leave that fellow to himself before you get into some trouble.

Jim. I'll go with you, Kitty, for if I stay here I'll be apt to fell him to the floor.

(Exit Jim and Kitty L.)

Carroll. This is a pretty mess I am getting myself into to marry a girl that I hate and despise, because she is to inherit a fortune. My father seeks to enrich himself by this means. This tampering with other people's property is going to breed evil to our side of the house. There is something in that Jim O'Byrne that gives me a dread of him.

The sooner we get out of this business, and get back to America, the better it will be.

(Enter Alice R.)

Alice. I understand that you have called to see me, Mr. Cavanaugh, pray what is your business?

Carroll. Yes, my dear Alice—

Alice. You will please to mind your manner of speech, sir.

Carroll. Mind my speech, eh? Why, what have I said? Have I called you amiss? I was accustomed to address you by endearing terms before I left Ireland.

Alice. True, you did, much to my regret, But you must never do so again.

Carroll. Miss Alice, permit me to say I love you with all my soul, but would have kept silent, only I was told your father desired my presence, and had consented to our marriage.

Alice. Fathers may agree in this matter to a very little purpose—for I shall never marry you—I would die first.

Carroll. Do you know the consequences of your refusal. You will be turned out of house and home. Take heed Alice in time. You may eat bitter fruit if you disobey your father, and turn him against you.

Alice. Carroll Cavanaugh, it is not for you to tell me my duty. I shall carry myself upright, though all the world turns against me. If the worst does come, I swear to never become your wife. THERE'S THE DOOR, Go!

Picture. (Enter Michael O'Byrne R.)

O'Byrne. Come! come! high words, where there should be loving ones. What does this mean?

Carroll. It means that I have loved Alice from boyhood, and love her still. Mr. O'Byrne, when I was last in your house you ordered me out of it. I obeyed you, and would not now have dared to cross your door, but my father told me you had freely consented to uniting Alice with me in wedlock, and that you desired to see me here.

O'Byrne. He told you true.

Alice. Father, I will never be this man's wife.

O'Byrne. Hush, Alice, my child; don't talk so rashly. His father has me in his power. If you refuse you will be sorry.

Alice. I can never regret doing right. My heart is given to Lawrence O'Toole and no other can possess it.

(Enter John Cavanaugh and Shea C. D.)

Cavanaugh. (aside.) Well, Carroll, all settled, eh?

Carroll. We have settled nothing. I have been refused and insulted by that infernal girl.

Cavanaugh. Mr. O'Byrne is this true that your daughter refuses my son his offer of marriage?

Enter Jim L.

Jim. Yes, she does refuse, and despises him too. I have overheard all, and told Alice how to act. Father, what do you mean by offering Alice to that rascal, and son of a scoundrel—who is your enemy—

Carroll breaks for Jim, restrained by Cavanaugh. I would rather see her eyes closed in death than see her become the wife of a Cavanaugh. Alice will stick to her first answer, *No*, and I shall stand by her through thick and thin.

O' Byrne. What do you mean, sir, by interfering in my affairs? I can attend to my own business without any assistance of yours.

Jim. Sure, father, I don't mean to interfere at all in your affairs. But Alice is my sister, and I shall stand by her as a brother should, even if a father forgets his duty. *Breaks for Jim (O' Byrne) Bus.* Aye, strike me if you like, and I'll take it like a man, but if even you bring harm on her head I would protect her.

O' Byrne. This from you, sir. Alice, leave him this moment. *To Jim.* As for you, sir, leave my house, and never let me see your face again.

Jim. (*Alice sobbing.*) Father, do you know what you are doing? You are giving your daughter to a person unworthy of her, and are breaking her heart. You have ordered me to leave the house—my home. Well, I'll go; but, mark my word, the day will not be distant when you will regret it.

O' Byrne. Leave, I say, at once, sir—go.

Jim. Father.

O' Byrne. Go, and take with you the knowledge that you are not my son.

Jim. Not your son—then who am I?

O' Byrne. Go, I say, go.

Jim. Then, for God's sake, tell me who is my father. This is the worst of all. Will you tell me, is Alice my sister—she who I am trying to shield from these men. And is that my mother that lays out there in the church-yard? Speak and answer me this.

Shea. He is silent as the grave.

Cavanaugh (aside.) This is working beautiful—the Devil couldn't plan it better.

(*Enter Lawrence O'Toole, C. D.*)

Lawrence. What's all this.

Alice. Oh, father! don't drive Jim away from me; let him stay for my sake; please, father, don't send him away?

(*Faints in Lawrence's arms.*)

Jim. Don't cry for me, Alice, dear. No matter where I may be I'll watch and protect you with an eye as bright as the stars above.

(*Positions at rehearsals. All in appropriate position for picture.*)

(*Curtain.*)

END OF ACT FIRST, R. N. E.

ACT SECOND.

FULL STAGE.

[Scene 1st.—Ivy covered church on R side; grave yard—green carpet down (picturesque as possible); grave stones and memorial monuments in centre of stage; large grave stone with inscription: In memory of Alice Dowling O'Byrne, born,—; died,—; age, 40 years.]

Kilcavan Church and church yard, with landscape, hills and oak forest of Shillalike.

(Jim changes dress to antique green or dark clothes.)

SCENE I.—ACT 2d.

(Music at rise of curtain from "Clod of Clay," piano.)

(Enter Jim slowly, with bundle and stick on his back.)

Jim. Sure, it is with a sad heart I leave my home, where I was born and bred, and where clusters the memories of all that has made life dear to me. But I could not go away without paying a last visit to my dear mother's grave. *(Kneels at grave.)* Good-bye mother; sister Alice will come where we used to come together, and bring flowers to deck your grave. I'll take with me, to the land of the stranger, a relic more precious than jewels—a small clod of clay. *(Takes clod of clay and wraps it in handkerchief.)*

(Song.)

'Tis a small clod of clay from my dear mother's grave,
And oh! what a treasure to me.
I shall keep it and love it in memory of her,
When I am far over the sea.
She died long ago, and her soul passed away
To join the angels above,
And my heart shall cling to this small clod of clay
In memory of the mother I love.

(Chorus.)

'Tis a small clod of clay, &c.

The night mother died her last words were to me,
As she bade me kneel down by her side,
Be good to your father and sister my lad,
Keep good company and shun all the bad.

(Chorus.)

These words I remember, and shall ever obey.
They were her last wishes to me she did crave,
So now I am going to leave her alone,
But shall keep this treasure from dear mother's grave.

(Chorus.)

(Enter little Ned, R. N. E.)

Ned. Ah, there you are, Jim O'Byrne; I knew if I catch you anywhere it would be at your mother's grave.

Jim. What do you want to catch me for, Ned?

Ned. Because—give a feller time to get his breath, and I'll tell yer I got lots er news you know.

Jim. No; I don't know at all.

Ned. Give me time to git my wind—will yer—I run all the way from town to catch yer.

Jim. Is it more bad news—have they taken Rex, my horse, or what is it—out with it, as I must be going.

Ned. You won't go when I tell you wot it is—I was afraid you had gone, and I would be too late to see you—but I hav'nt, aint I?

Jim. Well it looks like it. Now Ned what is it you have to say?

Ned. Well you see—

Jim. See what, Ned.

Ned. Don't nag a feller that way. I didn't say see anything. Wait till I tell you and you 'll find plenty to see.

Jim. Sure I thought you were going to show me something; but go on.

Ned. Well, I was outstde your house last night when you got turned out—only I wanted to hear the rest of it—don't you see.

Jim. Sure I see well enough, but I don't understand you at all.

Ned. So I let you pass. I was brought there by Lawyer Shea, and told to wait on the outside, and if any one came up to the house to say that the folks were out.

Jim. And what was that for Ned.

Ned. Dunno, but there is a big game on hand or my name aint Ned.

Jim. Is that all you know.

Ned. I aint told nothing yit. After you was drove out and gone and things got quiet, Lawyer Shea and two men came out and went straight to Shea's office.

Jim. And where did you go?

Ned. I followed em to the office; Lawyer Shea sent me in the back room and told me to go to bed; but I just listened to what they were saying.

Jim. That's bad, you should mind your own business.

Ned. Me! I havn't any to mind, but its a *good thing* I heard them or I couldn't tell you, could I?

Jim. Tell me—you havn't told me anything.

Ned. Well, I am going to—aint I.

Jim. I hope so, if you live long enough.

Ned. I heard them talking about your sister, and a rich aunt of her's who lived in America, but she is dead now—that had left seventeen million pounds.

Jim. How much Ned?

Ned. Seventeen million pounds.

Jim. Sure they said so much?

Ned. Well it is more than that; I can count anyway.

Jim. I guess you dreamed that, Ned.

Ned. Divil a drame, and that Carroll Cavanaugh was to marry her, so as to get the money.

Jim. That's the game, is it?

Ned. I was afraid you would leave before I could find ye and tell you about it, cause I heard you was going to leave Ireland.

Jim. Yes, Ned; I was on my way to Dublin to take the first ship that leaves for America.

Ned. I don't think you'll go when I tell you the rest.

Jim. Is there more to it?

Ned. That ain't half Old Cavanaugh said that he was afraid that the plan to marry your sister would'nt work, and they would give that up, and get a girl to pretend she was Alice and take her to America and git the fortin.

Jim. Have Carroll marry some one else, and call her Alice, is that it Ned?

Ned. I donno what they mean, but it seems to me that Alice, is got a fortune in America, and old Cavanaugh is after it.

Jim. Aha! You are a clever lad, Ned.

Ned. And lawyer Shea said he knew a man that would furnish a lass to pretend she was Alice, and no one would know the difference.

Jim. Did he mention his name, Ned?

Ned. Yes, it was old Larry Finnegan.

Jim. Are you sure of that?

Ned. I'll cross my breath, he said Larry Finnegan.

Jim. Ned, I can't pay you for this.

Ned. Ah, who wants you to.

Jim. But I'll never forget you me boy.

Ned. Are you going to leave Ireland now?

Jim. Lave. Well not at present. I'll stay around and wait a little yet. Don't say you've seen me, Ned.

Ned. What for? Why not?

Jim. Because I don't wish to be seen by anyone here. Now leave me, that's a good lad. I thought there was something behind this.

Ned. All right, I'm off like a flae to Lawyer Shea's office; but if I hear any more deviltry, where will I find you?

Jim. I'll let you hear from me.

(*Music, "Clod of Clay," Piano.*)

(*Exit Ned, R. N. E.*)

(*Jim kneels at grave.*)

Jim. Mother, when dying, you asked me to always love my sister, and I promised I would. I now swear on your grave to protect her, and punish the Cavanaugh's for the wrongs they have done us.

(*Jim at grave kneeling.*)

(*Close in with landscape or street.*)

END SCENE I.

SCENE II.—ACT 2d.

Landscape in 1st.

(*Enter Carroll Cavanaugh, R. 1 E.*)

Carroll. Well it's just as I expected—a devilish mess of affairs—to think that I should be refused by that girl. What would my chums in New York say if they heard of it. I shall wash my hands of the whole affair, and return to New York. If my father wishes to meddle further in this business he can do so alone. I shall drop it as a bad job.

(*Enter John Cavanaugh, R. 1 E.*)

Cavanaugh. Ah, Carroll, my son, I was seeking you. I am on my way to Shea's office. I have an appointment with him and would like you to be along.

Carroll. Father, I am about tired of this affair, and shall leave all in your hands. I complied with your wishes, and came here to offer my hand to the girl whom you know I have cause to dislike. With what results. I have been refused by her, insulted by her brother—whom I shall kill if I stay here. So you cannot blame me when I say that I shall return home in the first ship that leaves for America.

Cavanaugh. And so shall I, Carroll. The plan we are now working is a better one, and we can dispense with the marriage. If Shea secures a girl, as he says he can, to return with us, and who will swear she is Alice O'Byrne—niece to Mrs. Donnell—then I think it is much better than you marrying that O'Byrne girl, whose name and family I hate.

Carroll. Not more than I do.

Cavanaugh. Let's move on—its not safe to talk here. You never know who may be listening.

Carroll. I will accompany you, but understand I wash my hands of the whole business.

Cavanaugh. We will manage without you. Come to Shea's.

(*Exit Both, L. 1 E.*)

(*Enter Ned, R. 1 E., peeping after them.*)

Ned. You right my laddy bucks—you never know who is listening. Well, I aint anybody. I'm only Shea's errand boy, and I don't count for nothing, but if I was, I'd just like them two fellows to begin with: Oh, I'm just spiling for a fight. (*Boxing and swaggering around.*)

(*Enter Kitty Cullan, R. 1 E.*)

Kitty. Say, little boy—can you tell me—

Ned. (*sparring.*) Who you callin little boy. I'm big as you I'll bet yer. Stand in front of me and I'll knock you out in four rounds. (*Sparring at her.*)

Kitty. Behave yourself, you little scamp.

Ned. What! look out for your eye. (*Bucking.*)

Kitty. Please stop; that's a nice little boy.

Ned. (*sparring.*) Did'nt I tell you not to call me little boy.

Kitty. A nice little gentleman, then.

Ned. Now you're talking—that's me. Aint I a swell, eh?

Kitty. Now tell me do you know where I can find Mr. James O'Byrne.

Jim. No. I know Jim O'Byrne, the finest Jockey that ever mounted a horse, if its him you mean.

Kitty. That's him. Do you know where I can find him?

Ned. See anything green in my eye?

Kitty. I see a pretty bright eye.

Ned. Is that so.

Kitty. Yes; please tell me if you know where Jim is.

Ned. Indeed, Miss, I promised not to tell.

Kitty. Tell me, and I'll pay you something.

Ned. Kiss me then.

Kitty. You are a naughty boy.

Ned. Then find him yourself.

(*Runs off, L. 1 E.*)

Kitty. Oh, my, my, this is too bad. I've been looking everywhere for Jim, and can't find him. I want to tell him something which may prevent him going away.

(Exit crying.)

(Change to.)

SCENE III.—ACT 2d.

[SCENE.—*Shea's office. Tables, chairs, books, sofa, papers, &c., usually found in a lawyer's office. Pen and ink. Knife for Lawrence. Pistol for Carroll.*]

Lawyer Shea discovered. Well, that girl of O'Byrne has more mettle than I thought. So the fat's in the fire with that little scheme. O'Byrne was a fool to drive that lad of his away from home, if he only knew it; but if the lad had kept quiet as the grave everything would have worked like a charm. The other plan is better, though. I have sent up to Finnegan's to send me a lass to do the job, but I must be paid before she leaves these parts. I've got Cavanaugh in my power now, and I will hold him—it's my motto to keep all I can get, and be silent as the grave

(Enters Jim, disguised as an Irish girl.)

Jim. The top of the morning to your lordship.

Shea. Eh, who the devil is this?

Jim. May the Lord take a liken to ye, and the devil never fly away wid ye, yer honor.

Shea. Well, my good woman, what's your name?

Jim. Is't my name ye are axin for?

Shea. Exactly; what's your name?

Jim. And sure I thought that everybody knew that its Biddy Magee.

Shea. Biddy, eh? Well, Biddy, what's your business with me?

Jim. Oh! must I tell you my business, too?

Shea. Of course. I've no time to wait. What did you come here for?

Jim. Faith, that's more than I know.

Shea. What, don't know what you come for?

Jim. Divil a bit, I thought you was a lawyer and could tell me.

Shea. Tell you what?

Jim. I don't know what it is.

Shea. You had better get out, and don't come here again until you find out what you came for.

Jim. What, go again, after walking such a long way to get here? *(Sits,)* Indaed I won't.

Shea. Who the deuce sent you here?

Jim. Reddy.

Shea. And who is Reddy?

Jim. Every man knows Reddy.

Shea. Well, what Reddy?

Jim. Why, Reddy Finnegan, of course, who else?

Shea. Ah! now I understand. Did he tell you what you was wanted for?

Jim. He didn't breath a word, he said you would tell me when I got here.

Shea. Quite right, *(Aside. Finnegan is as silent as the grave.)* Why didn't you say who you were when you first came?

Jim. Because I was'nt sure I was in the right place, and I'm not sure now.

Shea. You say your name is what?

Jim. Biddy Magee, and I've come a long way to git here, I did. And me two legs is getting mighty wake, for I walked all the way.

Shea. Well, Biddy, I sent to Finnegan to furnish me a girl that would do as I say, and keep silent as the grave. Keep your mouth shut, can you do that?

Jim. Oh, I couldn't keep my mouth shut, because I couldn't eat, and then I'd die sure.

Shea. No, no : I mean that whatever is told you to keep it to yourself.

Jim. I can do that asy enough, and what is it that I am to do?

Shea. I want you to go to America with a friend of mine and pass off as some one else. If you can do that successfully you will be well paid, and can live like a lady. If you can't, there is the door, and I have no more to say.

Jim. Is it laving Ireland you want me, is it?

Shea. Yes, in a day or two. If you go, I'll have everything fixed up for you, so as to have no delay.

Jim. Go to America?

Shea. Exactly.

Jim. What will I get for my trouble?

Shea. Well, suppose we say 100 pounds.

Jim. Oh, my, that's a lot of money; ye are jokin wid me.

Shea. Not at all. One hundred pounds as soon as you are through with what you have to do.

Jim. Sure I'll take it thin, and who am I to pass off for?

Shea. I'll tell you that in good time, but mark me, in this business you will lose your head if you don't keep silent as the grave.

Jim, (aside.) I bet he looses his head first, *(aloud.)* Will I be away from Ireland long?

Shea. Only a few weeks at most; have you any place to stay about here.

Jim. Indade I hav'nt, and its tired I am too.

Shea. You can rest yourself there at present.

Jim. Its kind ye are. I'll t take a nap, by your leave, but you won't mind me, as I never snore.

Shea. Very well, I may want you soon.

(Jim pretends to sleep. (Snores.)

Shea. The very person to suit Cavanaugh. By the way, he is late. He promised to meet me here, and its after the hour. *(Snoring, looking around.)* What in the devil is that. Is that you Ned? Why bless me its that girl snoring. I thought some one had let a pig in the room.

(Enter John Cavanaugh, D. F.)

Shea. Ah, my worthy client, you are better late than never.

Cavanaugh. Excuse the hour. I have been to the office of Baron Fitz William who is the real owner of those notes secured by mortgage on O'Byrne's property. You see Fitz William and I have had business together in connection with his estate here. I find it is very desirable that in addition to selling the house of O'Byrne, we must get possession of a certain blooded horse named Rex Hibernia.

Shea. Hush—keep silent as the grave—you never know where that Ned of mine is. Besides there is some one asleep on the lounge.

Cavanaugh. Whom have you there?

Shea. The girl, Finnegan sent for our little affair.

Cavanaugh. Do yo think she can be trusted ?

Shea. Sure. I can rely on any one that Larry Finnegan sends me, we have done business before.

Cavanaugh. Not much resemblance to Alice O'Byrne, but she will answer if trustworthy. Here is a bottle of chloroform. We may have occasion to use it. (*Puts bottle down on table.*) But, Shea, she must have fine clothing, for the part she plays. We must give people no chance to talk even if they have never seen her. Moreover she must be instructed not to have much to say.

Shea. I have given her those orders, and the clothes can be had ready made.

Cavanaugh. Have you told her anything, Shea ?

Shea. Oh, no; I simply told her what she has to do, and she would receive one hundred pounds for doing it. That's correct, isn't it.

Cavanaugh. Yes; but you have not mentioned any names, have you ?

Shea. No; on that point, I'm as silent as the grave.

Cavanaugh. Good; then I'll go, and see after the clothing for the girl and get tickets for passage in steamer that leaves this week.

Shea. You had better take her with you to get right size.

Cavanaugh. That would never do. I'll go and make all arrangements and we will call there on our way to the steamer. (*Going.*)

Shea. Mr. Cavanaugh excuse me, but there is one very important particular that you have omitted.

Cavanaugh. No, my plans are well laid, I have forgotten nothing.

Shea. Oh, yes, you have, excuse me mentioning it, but you really have forgotten the most important part of the whole business.

Cavanaugh. I can't imagine anything. What is it ?

Shea. You have forgotten to settle with me.

Cavanaugh. True. That was part of my business at the noble Englishman's office that made me so late. I had some difficulty in getting the extra two thousand pounds, You see this part of the business was not in the original estimate, and it therefore had to be explained. It was advanced to me upon condition of our getting possession of the horse. Do you understand ?

Shea. I understand that you have agreed to capture Rex Hibernia, and the two-thousand pounds is the sum I am to receive as fee for my professional services. I see, you have a wonderful memory for figures.

Cavanaugh (*paying money.*) Here it is, write me a receipt for it.

Shea (*writes.*) Of course, but I had no idea you would sail so soon. Isn't it sudden ?

Cavanaugh. No, you see we have to time ourselves by the departure of the steamer, this one that is to leave, is commanded by an acquaintance of mine, and is owned by a company in which my noble friend Baron Fitz Williams is interested. And besides, the quicker this business is despatched the better ; or the news may reach the O'Byrnes, and that would be fatal to us, come to think; as you are accustomed to these things, you had better make all the arrangements, so there will be no sign of me in the matter. No one will suspect you.

Shea (*gives receipt.*) There is your receipt, now, that I'm paid for services rendered as your attorney; shall it be understood between us that I am to be retained by you in this other matter ?

Cavanaugh. Of course; but I thought the fee paid you would cover that.

Shea. Well, we will see about that. But who will attend to business while I am out? That reminds me, (*opens door suddenly, Ned who has been at key hole, falls in,*) you young rascal, what were you doing there?

Ned (cries.) Please sir, I was'nt doing nothing. I lost my jack-knife, and I was lookin for it, indeed, I was.

Shea. (has him by the ear.) You was'nt listening?

Ned. Deed and deed, I was'nt sir, so help me bob.

Shea. If I thought you was—I'd thrash you.

Ned. I just come to the door this blessed minute, sir.

Cavanaugh. Come along, he can mind the office. We won't be long away.

(*Exit Cavanaugh, D. F.*)

Shea. All right, I'll join you. Ned, you rascal.

Ned. Yes, sir; (*jumps*) comin', sir.

Shea. If any one calls while I am out, tell them to wait till I come back, (*going*).

Ned. Yes, sir.

Shea. (Head in door.) And Ned.

Ned. Yes, sir.

Shea. (Head in door.) Be silent as the grave.

(*Exit Shea, D F.*)

Ned. Yes, (*thumb to nose*) not if the court knows itself. I wonder where they are going. I'm off to find out, but who will mind the office, (*sees Jim, wakes him, yells*) she'il do—change cars, its daybreak, wake up, will yer.

Jim. What are you troublin' a poor girl for?

Ned. I say, old gal, I'm goin' out. If any one calls while I'm out tell 'em to wait till I return.

Jim. Sure, I will that.

Ned. (Same as Shea.) I say, old gal.

Jim. Well, what?

Ned. Be silent as the grave.

(*Exit Ned, D. F.*)

Jim. Sure they are gone off at last, and Ned following them; a deep laid scheme with Baron Fitz William in the back ground. This accounts for the audacity of those villains. Gone to buy me some new clothes, too. Ain't they kind. These I have on are about to fall off and expose me.

[Song here.]

(*At end of song.*)

(*Enter Kitty Cullan, D. F.*)

Jim. Oh, Holy Moses; here's Kitty.

Kitty. Is Lawyer Shea in?

Jim. Not at present. What is it ye wants wid him?

Kitty. I have come here to see if he knows anything of my Jimmy, if you please.

Jim. And maybe you'd tell me who your Jimmy is. Lawyers don't keep jimmies, that I know's of.

Kitty. Why, Jimmy O'Byrne.

Jim. Jimmy O'Byrne, is it. Why I am ashamed of ye, that you would have anything to do wid the likes of him—a jockey fellow—that loves horses better than pretty girls like ye.

Kitty. He likes me, though he pretends not to.

Jim, (aside.) How well she knows me. (*Aloud.*) Well, he won't like you anymore, for Lawyer Shea says he has gone to America.

Kitty. I heard he was going, but I know he won't if I see and speak to him again.

Jim, (aside.) Then ye won't see him. (*Aloud.*) And why not?

Kitty. Because there is no occasion for him to leave his home now, and besides I would'nt let him go away.

Jim. Oh, you'll not let him. See that now.

Kitty. And he wont want to when I tell him all; that his sister is worrying her life out about him, and that she is almost heart-broken.

Jim. And isn't your heart broken too—that's too bad.

Kitty. Yes, yes; he did. (*Cries.*)

Jim. That's a shame, for I heard him say this morning that he was laving the country widout saying good-bye to any of ye. But after he got away he would write to ye.

Kitty. Have you seen him then? Where is he? I want to see him before he goes. Please tell me where to find him.

Jim. Indade, Miss, all I can tell you is that he said he was goin' to America because his father had driven him away from home, and dis-owned him. It made my eyes water to see how hurt he was over it.

Kitty. But his father is sorry for it now. He said so.

Jim. Did he now—if Jim only knew that.

Kitty. Yes; you know besides, Mr. O'Byrne is not Jim's father.

Jim. Are you sure of that?

Kitty. Of course; Jim's real name is Dowling.

Jim. And is his sisters name Dowling, too?

Kitty. No; she is O'Byrne. You see when Jim's mother married Mr. O'Byrne she was a widow, and had a little boy, and that was Jim, but the folks called him O'Byrne.

Jim. Why did'nt they call him Dowling then?

Kitty. The O'Byrnes' wanted it so, and Jim never knew the difference. It's aisy when you understand it.

Jim. How did you find all this out yourself?

Kitty. Miss Alice made her father tell her all about it, and so did the Lassie he has left behind him—breaking her heart.

Jim. And who is the Lassie that Jim has left?

Kitty. Her baptismal name is Kathaleen.

Jim. Kathaleen. Who is Kathaleen?

Kitty. Kathaleen Cullan, the daughter of an Irish patriot, who died for his country,

Jim. I have heard of a Kitty Cullan.

Kitty. That's her.

Jim. Why do they call her Kitty?

Kitty. Because she was so playful when a little girl.

Jim. Is she pretty?

Kitty. She has grown to be quite womanly.

Jim. And her name is Kathdleen?

Kitty. Yes; Kathaleen.

Jim. Jim O'Byrne must be a wilain to leave his Kathdleen so.

Kitty. I think it so hard that he should go away, and not bid me good-bye. (*Cries.*)

Jim. Arrah—now stop that—hulla balla, stop it now sweet Kathdleen.

Kitty. I can't help it, for he knows how much I love him. If I knew where he was I would go after him. (*Cries.*)

Jim. Stop crying, he don't want ye wid yer heart all broke up like that, now wipe your eyes, and when I get to America, I'll write ye a long letter about him, and I'll git him to write to you too, and I'll persuade him to come back to the sweet lassie that is dying for him.

Kitty. Oh thank you for that. Are you sure you will.

Jim. God bless ye, sweet Kathdleen.

Kitty. Why how did you know my name?

Jim. Didn't ye tell me sure.

Kitty. Did I. I didn't mean to. Well, good-bye.

Jim. Good-bye, my darlin.

Kitty. I like you, because you put me in mind of Jim. Now don't forget to get him to write.

(*Exit, D. E.*)

Jim. I'll not. Begorra if she had staid much longer the cat would have been out of the bag for I wanted to take her in my two arms, and kiss her. "Reminds her of Jim." It almost made me cry. I have such a tender heart.

(*Enter Carroll Cavanaugh, steps in doorway, D. F.*)

Jim. (*Aside.*) Here's that spalpeen again. Now the divil will cook his stew.

Carroll. A devilish pretty girl that just went out.

Jim. (*Aside.*) Too pretty for you to look at widout getting a headache my buck.

Carroll. Hello. Where is father? Ah, perhaps the servant can tell me. (*To Jim.*) Can you tell me if my father has been here.

Jim. Divil a bit do I know anything about your father.

Carroll. Well, where is Lawyer Shea?

Jim. He was here when I laid down there, but I fell asleep, and when I woke he was not here. He'll come back, though, like a bad penny.

Carroll. This is strange. Father said he would wait until I came. I wonder where he can be? (*to Jim.*) Did I understand you to say when you fell asleep there was no one here but lawyer Shea?

Jim. That's all, barrin' the furniture

Carroll. (*Seat'd.*) Well, I'll wait a few moments for him, he said he had an appointment here—bah, I'm sick of this whole business, and will not be made a cat's paw of, even by my own father.

(*Mnsic.*)

(*Enter Alice, C. D.*)

Jim. (*Aside.*) Oh, murder; I'm found out now.

Alice. (*At door*) Lawyer Shea, my father desires to engage your services to find my brother. He repents the words he spoke in anger last night, (*Carroll turns*) Carrol Cavanaugh! (*Chord.*)

Carroll. Yes, my proud beauty, Carroll Cavanaugh. Do you repent your words of last night, also?

Alice. No, sir; I do not. I despise you, sir, more than ever—if that were possible.

Carroll. Our opinion of each other is mutual, I assure you.

Alice. Then don't dare address me.

Carroll. I dare more than that, but think not to insult me with impunity now, we are alone, I'll take a kiss from your pretty lips simply because you don't wish me to.

Alice. Do not lay your hands on me, sir, or you will speedily repent it.

Carroll. We will see about that; I'll commit the sin and think of repentance afterwards. (*Seizes her.*)

Alice. (*Struggles.*) Release me, sir. Help!

Carroll. Your cry for help cannot avail you.

Jim. (*Throws him around.*) Oh, yes it will, me darling; the angels are gaedin' ye.

Carroll. How dare you interfere with a gentleman?

Jim. A gentleman, did you say? Are you an English nobleman? God save the mark, but where do you get the blackguard from?

Carroll. Confound you, I'll report you to lawyer Shea.

Jim. Will ye now. But be aisy, don't you see how jealous I am, and wanted to be kissed myself, sir.

Carroll. Bah, kiss you?

Jim. The lady was so frightened at it; but I'd not mind it a bit, sure (*To Alice*), now you run home, lassie, and don't come back here. Tell your father, the less he has to do with lawyer Shea the better.

Alice. Oh! thank you my good woman, thank you.

Jim. Don't thank me; but go. I'll make love to him for ye, wont I me darling, honey.

Carroll. I like your impudence.

Jim. Do ye now? ye see, he likes me already.

Alice. I'll go sir; but you will find that Alice O'Byrne is not without friends to chastise you for this wanton insult. Take care, that it does not cost you your miserable life.

(*Exit C. D.*)

Jim (*cross over, and sits R. of table R.*) I begs your pardon; but I always was of a kind of an interferer, and its just like us not I'd do it agin. I could'nt help it. It's a way I've got.

Bus. *Carroll* shows anger, threatens *Jim* with inkstand, grows violent, Shove table and upsets bottle of chloroform by accident. Goes to window and looks out. *Jim* becomes stupified, and sleeps.)

(*Enters Lawrence O'Toole.*)

Lawrence. So, sir; I have found you, have I? you have crossed the wrong man this time, sir.

Carroll. What do you mean?

Lawrence. I mean to chastise you for your language and conduct towards Miss Alice O'Byrne.

Carroll. Indeed! there never was a Cavanaugh that was intimidated by threats, and I shall not be the first to be so, sir; I'll meet you on your own ground.

Lawrence. I'll not waste words. There's my answer. (*Strikes, or slaps him in face.*)

Carroll. Enough. I challenge you to meet me, sir—without formality. Name your weapons, and place of meeting.

Lawrence. We fight here, and now. It was my intention to kill you like a dog. But I'll give you a chance for your life. Defend yourself as best you may.

Carroll. You are no gentleman, sir, to propose such a barbarous proceeding. I decline to fight.

Lawrence. (*Draws knife.*) Then I shall kill you. You have basely insulted the woman I love—my intended bride. (*Pause.*) You neither affirm nor deny the charge. Your silence stamps you the villain that you are. Be thankful for the chance given you to save your worthless life, for I'll kill you if I can.

Carroll. (*Down in corner.*) Stand off. Approach me at your peril.

Lawrence. Its your life or mine. (*Ned looks in at the window and disappears.*)

Carroll. (*Draws a small pocket pistol and fires.*) There let it be yours. (*Lawrence falls. Becomes stupified by chloroform and seems dead.*) Fool, he would have it so, now he is satisfied.

(*Enter Cavanaugh and Shea C. D.*)

Cavanaugh. My God! What does all this mean?

Carroll. I have killed that man in self defense. If I am hung for it, you can blame yourself for getting me into this scrape.

Cavanaugh. What's to be done. You have ruined all of us.

Shea. May be not. Was there any witnesses?

Carroll. Only that woman.

Shea. (*Observes Jim.*) She is chloroformed good. Bundle her in a carriage and off, before she comes too, 'tis your only chance.

Cavanaugh. Quick then. Carroll secure the door. (*Corks bottle chloroform.*) While I—. (*Jim's disguise discovered. Carroll goes up.*) My God, its a man. There's trickery here.

Shea. Jim O'Byrne himself. (*Whistles.*)

(*Music.*)

(*Enter Alice meets Carroll at door.*)

Alice. Oh, sir; I have returned to ask you to avoid Lawrence O'Toole. He seeks your life, and will kill you.

Carroll. He will never harm me in this world now. (*Carroll points to Lawrence.*)

Alice. What do you mean? Oh, my God! I'm too late. Lawrence speak to me. Oh! Dead.

Carroll. 'Twas done by that man there—Jim O'Byrne, your brother.

Cavanaugh. They both tried to murder my boy, and this one was shot in the scuffle by your brother. (*Aside.*) A lucky hit—it will save Carroll,

Alice. My brother and Lawrence—my heart—(*faints. Carroll catches her, eases her down to sofa.*)

Shea. Get the chloroform, and act quickly; you have her father's consent * * * take her to America, and this secret will keep her in your power. I will have Jim O'Byrne indicted for murder; and let him defend himself, if he can.

(*During this Carroll stupifies Alice with chloroform, and he and Cavanaugh start to take her off.*)

Jim. Oh, murder; how heavy me head is. Where am I, anyway.

Shea. In the hands of the law. (*Strikes him on shoulder.*)

Jim. (*Dazed.*) What for, sure?

Shea. (*Points to Lawrence.*) For the crime of murder.

Jim. Murder! when—where?

Shea. There.

(Situation at curtain. Caranagh and Carroll just carrying Alice out at C, or back door. Jim looking at Lawrence, dazed. Shea rubbing his hands and smiling; then seriously lays hands on Jim's shoulder. Tim peeping in unobserved from closet, or most convenient place.)

(Music at curtain same as at rise.)

Shea. There, Jim O'Byrne, is the man you have murdered.

Jim. Villain, you lie. That man is my friend. My hands are clean of this thing. I am innocent.

Shea. You must prove that in a court of justice.

Jim. I'll prove it better wid my hands not tied. Out of me way ye thief; and when ye see me agin look out that Jim O'Byrne don't hang you for the deed you are putting on an innocent man. *(Knocks Shea down and rushes out.)*

(Hurry music.)

(Curtain.)

ACT THIRD.

Cavanaugh's home in New York State, supposed to be a country residence on the Hudson River, near New York City.

SCENE.—*A handsome parlor—centre doors—with usual furniture—open window, with lace curtains, at R. side of stage.*

PROPS.—*Whip; Newspaper; Boquet of flowers, with an olive branch loosely attached; Warrant for Shea; Warrant for Jim; Small satchell; Card for Kitty; Coin for Shea: and sprig of Irish ivy for Jim.*

ACT THIRD.

(Music lively at rise—Kitty Discovered.)

Kitty. Sure this doesn't seem like lavin Ireland. We had a rough passage crossing the ocean. Alice wouldn't be contint till they sent for me to come and be with her—misery you know loves company—she is so sad all the time. Mr. Carroll has brought Jimmy's horse, Rex Hibernia. It belongs to Baron FitzWilliam, they say, and the Baron has entrusted the horse to the care of Mr. Cavanaugh, who is to enter him at the stakes for the steeple chase races, to come off soon. Now if Jimmy would come to America; I would have no wish to return to old Ireland.

(Enter Alice L. Music slow.)

Alice. God help me! I wish I were dead.

Kitty, (aside.) Poor Alice, she'll grieve herself to death. *(Aloud.)* Bear up Alice as best you can, do not give way so.

Alice. I am much better since you came, and somehow, I hope, but I find myself giving away every now and then.

Kitty. Here comes that unfeeling man.

(Exit L.)

Carroll. (Carroll outside.) Give Rex Hibernia a good rub-down. I may want him again this evening.

Alice. They say I'm a lady now, I live in a rich man's house, have servants to wait on me, but where's the happiness to be found in riches and splendor, when there's no love besides. I could have been happy in a cottage, on plainest fare with Lawrence, but now I find all this but gilded misery. How empty and hollow is all else besides the memory of my murdered love.

(Enter Carroll in riding costume and whip.)

Carroll (looking off.) Confound that horse, I'll either ride him or kill him. He resists all my attempts to mount him, they will say I'm no horseman. *(Discovers Alice)*—Well, Miss Alice, are your meditations so profound that you can't speak to me when I come in?

Alice. I didn't know you wanted me to speak.

Carroll. I should prefer you to make yourself agreeable—What's the matter with you? If you care nothing for me, I think you should show some appreciation of father's kindness to you, and not make our house a hell by your constant moping.

Alice. I am dull, weary and miserable.

Carroll. Its because — — you are unoccupied. Why don't you read, or play, or sing, and take exercise, to keep you in spirits?

Alice. I can't be always reading. I am not able to play or take exercise, and as for singing, how can I sing, when I feel as I do—the words would choke me.

Carroll. Haven't you everything you wish. You used to be of a very cheerful disposition once—Why can't you be so now?

Alice. I was so once, 'tis true, but I am broken in heart—Carroll, may you never know such sorrow as mine.

Carroll. Oh! I'm sick of this infernal complaining, (*rises.*) You have filled our home with an atmosphere of sighs. If you don't like your quarters here, you are at liberty to go, so far as I am concerned.

Alice. Where will I go? You say my father has disowned me; my brother is a murderer and my property is entrusted to the guardianship of your father, where can I go—I'd willingly go to my death—Oh, Lawrence, could I have died with thee.

Carroll. Then stop your whinnying. If you don't, I'll put a stop to it. I have important business on my mind, and you distract me. When I return I expect to find you absent.

(*Exit Carroll at window.*)

Alice. Oh, Jimmy! little do you know the bitter, bitter punishment you have inflicted on me by your rash crime. How could you have stricken Lawrence down, who did you no harm. Dear Lawrence. And Jimmy, where must he be by this time, a fugitive from justice and without a home. Oh, that I was in my grave.

(*Sinks in a chair.*)

(*Jim Sings on outside.*)

Alice. Oh, sure I must be dreaming. It's Jimmy's voice, or perhaps he is dead, and his spirit is watching over me. Heaven pardon me for forgetting—his love for me got him in all this trouble.

(*Goes off listening to singing, L.*)

(*Enters John Cavanaugh, back.*)

Cavanaugh. Confound it, just as everything is working nicely here Carroll gives me trouble. He informs me that he is compromised with some girl in New York City, whose family he fears. I have arranged everything for his marriage. Alice, owing to the belief that her brother killed Lawrence O'Toole, is perfectly obedient in my hands, to my every wish, for fear we may hang her brother. Ah, if she knew the truth about that affair.

(*Enter Carroll at window.*)

Carroll. Oh, it's you, I was afraid that girl would be here.

Cavanaugh. My son, have you come to my way of thinking yet?

Carroll. No. If you mean marry her, I will not do it. Father, I dare not. I have told you all.

Cavanaugh. She may slip through our fingers if this is postponed too long.

Carroll. I wish she would. It's your affair, not mine.

Cavanaugh. What do you mean, sir.

Carroll. Father I see no use in my marrying her—by suppressing her letters you have made her believe that she is disowned by her father, and that you are her rightful guardian so that she signs all papers. You are in possession of everything and besides she has executed her will in my favor. What more do you want?

Cavanaugh. But she'll find out the truth some day, and revoke everything, but if you were married to her—

Carroll. But I'm not, and never will be.

Cavanaugh. But I tell you, you must. I am on the brink of ruin. My property is mortgaged to the last dollar, and our only chance is to secure this girl's money to save me.

Carroll. Father, you think only of and for yourself. You would sacrifice me to accomplish any selfish end you have in view. I'll not marry her. I'll leave the house first.

Cavanaugh. You must do as I tell you. You may think I am not master here. But mind me, if you do not marry this girl at once I'll denounce you as a murderer, even though you are my son.

Carroll. Father, do you mean this?

Cavanaugh. Aye, every word I say, and will do it too.

Carroll. Give me time to think.

Cavanaugh. You have had ample time already, but I give you until to-morrow only; time is pressing. I'm in receipt of letters from John Shea threatening us, and this morning's paper contains the name of John Shea as one of the passengers by the last steamer. Suppose, Carroll, he should make common cause with O'Byrne, and its not unlikely, we are ruined. So, decide at short notice, and be sure you do as I direct,

Carroll. I'll answer to-morrow, finally, then.

(Exit Carroll at window.)

(Enter Kitty C. D., with card.)

Kitty. There is a man below, sir, in the hall; here's his card.

(Exit.)

Cavanaugh takes card. Show him up Kitty. Just as I expected. John Shea, Attorney-at-Law, Dublin, Ireland. I'll receive him cordially as possible, but something is wrong, sure.

(Exit L.)

(Enter Kitty with Shea C. D.)

Shea. Where's your master?

Kitty. Sir?

Shea. Mr. Cavanaugh, I mean.

Kitty. He'll be in, in a minute sir.

Shea. Why bless my soul, I've seen you before, have I not? Don't you remember me, eh?

Kitty. I was thinking I did; your name is Shea?

Shea. Right you are, miss; lawyer Shea. Got a good place here?

Kitty. Oh, yes; of its kind.

Shea. Do you know what that is? *(Shows money.)*

Kitty. It's money, ain't it, sir; or is it counterfeit?

Shea. That is an English sovereign, worth five dollars in American money. How would you like to have it?

Kitty. I never take money from any one, sir, except its mine. Is that mine, sir? (*Holding hand.*)

Shea. Eh! oh, yes, (*gives it*) there you are; its yours now.

Kitty. (*Takes coin.*) Thank you, sir.

Shea. Now how's things going on in this house.

Kitty. Oh, very badly, sir; everybody is just "as silent as the grave."

Shea. Eh! it seems to me I've heard that remark before. Any trouble, eh! any quarrels or things of that sort?

Kitty. Lots, sir; It takes two sovereigns to get a nice pair of ear rings, don't it, sir?

Shea. About ten dollars in American money.

Kitty. Don't you think I'd look very odd with only one ear ring, sir?

Shea. You are immense, I like your cheek. I think you would make a good lawyer. But, my lass, if you can't get your ear-rings for a sovereign you'll have to go lop-sided, that's all,

Kitty. (*Aside.*) He came a long way to bring me this coin. (*Aloud*) I'll not go lop-sided, but will save this to buy some one I know a horse whip, (*Aside.*) The knave trying to bribe me to tell him the secrets of this house.

(*Exit Kitty at back.*)

(*Re-enter John Cavanaugh.*)

Cavanaugh. Why, Lawyer Shea, I am delighted to see you. It is an unexpected pleasure to see you on this side of the water. Pray be seated. (*Rings.*)

(*Enters Kitty,*) take this gentleman's hat, and order dinner for him at once.

Shea (*aside.*) This is a different reception than I looked for. (*Aloud*) Never mind my hat, or the dinner. I prefer to hold my hat, and haven't time to dine.

Cavanaugh. Not time to dine? you surprise me. Business must be brisk, (*To Kitty,*) you may leave us. When did you arrive?

(*Exit Kitty at back.*)

Shea. Yesterday, after being out fourteen days.

Cavanaugh. Had a pleasant voyage, I hope.

Shea. Oh, yes; but I'm not on a pleasure trip, and must hurry back again.

Cavanaugh. Much business on hand now?

Shea. Well at present, I've got a little to settle with you.

Cavanaugh. What is the nature of it? I don't understand.

Shea. I'll enlighten you. I am informed that Alice O'Byrne has been properly identified as the heiress of Mrs. Donnell, and that you have obtained signature and consent to act as her guardian, and that in a week or two, you would have possession of her property—that was two months ago. I wrote you for a small share, and received—no reply.

Cavanaugh. I did not receive your letter; and besides have not yet come in possession of the property. But Shea, I do not owe you anything, I have your receipt in full for the work you did for me.

Shea. You forget, that one word from me will stop you from ever getting this property; I acknowledge the two thousand pounds. But

Cavanaugh, you will soon be a very rich man ; or a convict, one of the two.

Cavanaugh. In the matter of the convict, you would accompany me.

Shea. No, no; I got a girl, that turned out a boy. The abduction of Alice O'Byrne, and what has followed, is entirely your affair.

Cavanaugh. You were an accomplice in that too.

Shea. And for that very reason I demand my share.

Cavanaugh. What are your demands to keep secret then ?

Shea. Well, our risk was equal, but I'll let you off with five thousand pounds.

Cavanaugh. Five thousand devils. I'll not yield. Its infamous.

Shea. Just what I said about accusing Jim O'Byrne of murder, and letting your son off. But on that point I'm as silent as the grave.

Cavanaugh. (*Aside.*) He is dangerous. (*Aloud.*) Be reasonable. Say half the sum, and I'll accept your terms.

Shea. Mr. Cavanaugh, a lawyer never takes half, its unprofessional. Bid me down again, and the price is six thousand pounds.

Cavanaugh. Well, I suppose I must yield. Will you take my note payable in thirty days.

Shea. Oh, yes; as I happen to know you are bankrupt at present.

Cavanaugh. On payment of this sum, you promise to leave the United States ?

Shea. Exactly, and keep silent as the grave.

Cavanaugh. Very well remain here a few moments till I return.

(*Exit Cavanaugh, L.*)

Shea. Cavanaugh is a deep one; but John Shea is deeper. He is not aware that Jim O'Byrne escaped to this country, and is liable to turn up here at any time, and when he does I want to be out of the way. Let me get this money and I shall leave for parts unknown and Cavanaugh may look out for himself.

(*Enter Cavanaugh, L.*)

Cavanaugh. Here is the note for five thousand pounds payable in thirty days. Upon its payment you are to leave America. Perfectly satisfied ?

Shea. Yes, upon the payment of this note.

Cavanaugh. I'll depend upon you.

Shea. Couldn't do better.

Cavanaugh. Well, what time do you think of leaving.

Shea. By the terms of the note, I find, I'll have to remain awhile.

Cavanaugh. But you said you were in a hurry.

Shea. But don't you see I had to give you thirty days.

Cavanaugh. Do you mean that you intend to remain.

Shea. Until the note is paid. Exactly.

Cavanaugh. This is so unexpected, but no matter, we can accommodate you.

Shea. Don't put yourself out. I'll accommodate myself, without any trouble.

Cavanaugh. (*Aside.*) The devil. I can't get rid of him, but still if he's to remain he had better stay here where I can have my eye on him. (*Rings.*)

(*Enter Kitty.*)

Shea. Lassie, take my hat, &c., &c.

Cavanaugh. Come Mr. Shea. I'll show you—

Shea. To dinner, thank you, I don't care if you do.

(*Exit Cavanaugh and Shea.*)

Kitty. Lassie take my hat. Sure he's got cheek. I wonder who he'll attempt to bribe next to get at the secrets of the family. I've told Alice about him giving me that piece of money. I'd return it to the knave, but his meanness can be punished in no other way.

(*Enter Alice, L.*)

Alice. Kitty has there been any new servants engaged in the house lately.

Kitty. (*Aside.*) I am glad she takes an interest in something at last. (*Aloud.*) No, my dear, not that I'm aware of.

Alice. I thought I heard a voice singing in the garden to-day.

Kitty. Oh, there were some sporting men here, looking at Rex. I didn't see them, but I understood they were talking about the races to come off. One of them remained, and is about somewhere.

Alice. Have you seen him? What does he look like.

Kitty. Indade, Alice, to tell the truth I havn't, for I seldom have occasion to go out to the barn. It does not seem a proper place to visit. The stable news is talked of in the house, and in this way I heard of it, but paid little attention. It seems that Mr. Carroll has the horse that used to belong to Jimmy, and tried to ride him and couldn't do it. Something of that kind was said, and that one of those men who came could manage him. Mr. Carroll was rough and cruel to the horse. But this man controlled him so gently. He may be there now for all I know.

Alice. I must contrive in some way to see this man. Kitty find out what you can, and bring me word.

(*Exit Kitty at window.*)

(*Jim sings outside*):

“THE OAKS OF SHILLALLY.”

“Those grand old oaks I left in sadness,
To cross the hills and ocean foam,
Yet oft I'll turn with youthful gladness,
To monarch oaks, and native home.

No matter where my footsteps wander,
My soul in dreams will cross the sea,
And often midnight thoughts shall ponder,
On shades of youth through memory.

On foreign shore beneath freedom's light,
My throbbing heart, still beats in pain,
When thinking of my childhood's twilight,
That never more may shine again.

And yet, through every joy and sorrow,
My native oaks shall shine afar,
And brighten every coming morrow,
With sunlight and some rising star.”

Alice, (listens). Can it be my brother? Would he dare come here to this house. That voice, it must be his, the music thrills every fibre of my being. Its Jimmy, its Jimmy. He must not expose him-

self about here. I know too well how the Cavanaughs hate him. I wish I had gone into the yard. (*Going.*)

(*Enter Carroll at back.*)

Carroll. Stay Miss Alice, one moment please.

Alice. You surprise me with your unusual manner, sir.

Carroll. Do not be surprised at anything I may say or do. You are aware of the fact that we are expected to marry.

Alice. Such is the terms of your silence regarding my brother, but not yet, there is no occasion for hurry. I cannot escape; have mercy and wait. You know we do not love each other.

Carroll. My Father insists on our marriage to-morrow.

Alice. No! No! Not to-morrow. Let me weep a little longer for my love of whom I am so cruelly bereft. If you force me to it I am sure it will kill me

Carroll. You shall not be forced by me, I have done you a grievous wrong, far more than you ever dream, but I am sorry, and come now to crave your pardon.

Alice. Could I but believe you.

Carroll. You can implicitly—I have been made do what I have by my father, and still he is not satisfied, and now insists on forcing both of us, against our will, to marry. I shall assert my manhood, and resist him in this to the bitter end.

Alice. Then you will not press our marriage.

Carroll. No, Alice, you are free.

Alice. Thank Heaven—but my brother? You will inform against him.

Carroll. By no means—If he would let me, I would be proud to take him by the hand, and make common cause with him. Yes, if necessary, against my father, for his insatiable selfishness, has stung me to the quick.

Alice. Then you'll befriend my brother?

Carroll. Yes, but we must not let this be known; we must let the preparations go on, and we seemingly assent. I have a plan that will astonish and delight you.

Alice. Carroll Cavanaugh, I trust you in this, if you deceive me now, you are false indeed.

(*Exit at window—Carroll looking after her.*)

Carroll. Have I become the damned villain she thinks me. Well father has led me, but its never too late to repent. She said she would trust me, and she may, for I would freely give my life, if I could undo the wrong I have done her.

(*Exit L.*) *Enter Cavanaugh and Shea at back, who have become confidential over the wine.*

Shea (tipsy.) So Carroll won't marry Alice, eh?

Cavanaugh. Not willingly, but I'll make him. I'll show him who is master here.

Shea. Yes, we are the masters of the situation.

Cavanaugh. I said I, not we.

Shea. What's the matter with *we*. Don't I know as much about the fortune of Alice as you do. Don't I know as well who murdered Lawrence O'Toole as you do?

Cavanaugh. Hush, not so loud—well we then—We won't quarrel.

Shea. Damn me, if I don't think I'm the biggest partner in the firm.

Cavanaugh. Mr. Shea, you have had too much wine.

Shea. Too much, not at all sir, to prove it I'll make you a business pr-pr-position.

Cavanaugh. Not now, some other time.

Shea. Yes, now. Carroll won't marry this girl on account of his guilty conscience. Now I haven't any conscience, let me marry her, and I'll divide her money with you—Aint that a brilliant idea, eh?

Cavanaugh. I'll think over it.

Shea. Think over it if you like, but damn me if I don't do it anyhow. Where is she?

Cavanaugh. Mr. Shea, you had better go lie down.

Shea. Lie down—no sir, do you know when I want to lie down, better than I do, eh?

Cavanaugh. I'll leave you, sir, you are disgusting.

(*Exit L.*)

Shea. He thinks he's smart, but he aint. He don't want me to marry her, because he is afraid of me—Egad I'll marry her, and keep all the money myself. Where's that bell. (*Bus. with bell.*) It won't keep still long enough to ring it. (*Rings.*)

(*Enter Kitty singing, laughing, &c.*)

Kitty, (*Comes dancing on.*) Tol de lol—de lol—de de, &c., &c., &c., &c.

Shea, (*imitates Kitty.*) tol de lol, &c. What are you tol de lol ling about, eh?

Kitty. I feel so jolly. (*Sings again.*)

Shea. I'm happy too! I'm going to get married.

Kitty. Well, you can't marry me. (*Singing again.*)

Shea. Who said I wanted to marry you? I am going to marry Miss Alice O'Byrne. Go and tell her that John Shea, at-attorney at law, wants to see her on important business.

(*Kitty dances off at R. 1, E., singing.*)

Shea, (*counts buttons on vest.*) Let's see what luck I'll have. Now she loves, now she don't, &c., &c., &c. Now she loves me—I got her, I got her. (*Falls over chair.*)

(*Enter Alice at window.*)

Alice. Did you wish to see me, sir?

Shea. Yes, I—that is. Take a seat.

Alice (*sits at table R.*) What is your business? I was told it was important.

(*Shea takes his chair over to extreme L. and ogles her.*)

Shea. Miss Alice; I am delighted to see you. How well you look since I last saw you.

Alice. You evidently mistake me for some one else.

Shea. No I don't. I told her I was going to marry you.

Alice. Sir, you mock me!

Shea. Not a bit of it. Not a bit of it. You shouldn't never have the —— I was about to ask if you ever had the blues.

Alice. Why do you speak so?

Shea. Your sun-ee -isposition and beautiful home and -appy condition make a man ——

Alice. Sir, you speak strangely.

Shea. Am I? What was I talking about?

Alice. The blues, I believe.

Shea. Oh, yes; that's it. I got em.

Alice. Indeed, I pity you.

Shea (*brings his chair over.*) Do you? I pity myself—then we are both sorry for me, ain't we?

Alice. It seems so.

Shea. When two are of the same mind, one, one thing then, of course, the same are——

Alice. Mr. Shea you appear to be in a maudlin condition; if you are capable of stating your business with me, please do so, and not detain me with unnecessary talk.

Shea. Now, you have broke me all up, and I'll have to begin over again, you see.

Alice. I will listen some other time, when I have more leisure.

Shea. (*Bus. turns over table, chair, and everything in his way to kneel at Alice's feet.*) Dor't leave me. I love you and want to marry you. Take this heart of mine, and give me—*all you got.* I wonder what's the rest of that? (*Stuck.*) Take this heart of mine, Er. Er. I know what I mean only—you know.

Alice. Mr. Shea, you are really making a fool of yourself.

(*Exit at back, laughing.*)

Shea (*Snaps handkerchief, blows violently in a rage.*)

Snubbed, snubbed, actually snubbed. John Shea, attorney at law, bamboozled and laughed at by a girl; but I'll have revenge. I'll watch my chance and keep as silent as the grave.

(*Exit Shea L., raging.*)

(*Music. Jim sings outside before entering.*)

(*Enter Jim, with bouquet at window.*)

Jim. Ah, sure, I hazard something in coming here. But, then, I'm on American soil, and if I should be recognized I'll dare these Cavanaugh's to do their worst. I wonder what effect my singing has had on the inmates of this house. It was intended for Alice alone. She knows my voice, and loved the songs I sing. Even these flowers will remind Alice of Ireland, and of our going to mother's grave.

(*Song here. Sings.*)

At end of song.

(*Enter Alice at back stays up.*)

Jim. Sure, I dread this meeting. Alice will know me by my voice, and we may be discovered. I will pretend to be the bearer of these flowers here—show that I am some one else, and get away unknown.

(*Bus. with flowers.*)

Alice. That voice, there can be no mistake. Oh, my heart. (*Comes down as Jim is going out of the window and tries to see his face.*) Are you the bearer of these flowers?

Jim. Yes, lady, I am. (*His face away from her.*)

Alice. Then, for whom are these flowers, and——

Jim. For the lady of the house (*trying to avoid looking at her.*)

Alice. Why do you avoid me in this way?

Jim. Oh, lady, don't mind me. I am—I am far below your station in life—without friends or home. I must be going now.

Alice. Can I not do something for you? Let me help you in some way.

Jim. No, lady; I only want your good wishes.

Alice. Don't go yet, I desire to receive these flowers at your hands, and to be informed who has been so kind as to send them to me.

Jim. (*Bus. with flowers.*)

Alice (violently.) Jim, why don't you call me sister? Don't you see my heart is breaking?

(*Jim goes to her embrace.*)

Alice. Did you think to disguise yourself so that a loving sister could not know you?

Jim. And Kitty has found me out too. If my secret becomes known I may be defeated in my purpose.

Alice. That is safe with me, and Kitty also.

Jim. Be very discreet, both of you. (*Embraces, then take seats.*)

(*Enter Shea at back—he does not come in.*)

Shea (aside). Ah, ha! I smell a mice; so that accounts for the milk in the cocoa-nut. Oh! oh! On this point I'll *not* be silent as the grave.

(*Exit at back, shaking his fist.*)

Alice. Oh, Jimmy, darling, you are in such danger here; how could you come to this place of all others in the world?

Jim. Because you and Kitty were here, and here also is Rex Hibernia. God bless you. All this world is a desert to me now but this spot, and I have come to stay.

Alice. But if the Cavanaugh's recognize you they will have you arrested for ——. Oh, Jim, how could you kill Lawrence, so noble, so true? What had he ever done to you?

Jim. Alice, I swear before God and man I am innocent of shooting Lawrence. I know nothing whatever about it.

Alice. Oh, prove that only, and I'll leave this house with you at once. 'Tis the threat of bringing you to justice that induces me to remain. Only prove your innocence.

Jim. I fell asleep, and when I awoke the deed was done. It was a mystery until lately, and I am now waiting for it to be ravelled out. I was indicted for the crime of murder, and escaped to this country. As for the Cavanaugh's, my accusers, give yourself no concern. I am on American soil, and will very soon show myself more than a match for the whole pack of them.

Alice. Try and avoid them; it's a load off my heart to know that you are so near me. If I dared, this house should be as free to you as to myself.

Jim. I know that, darling; but be of good cheer. A good angel attends you. (*Goes to window, meets Carroll coming in, and tries to avoid him.*)

Carroll. Stay, young man; I wish to speak to you. (*To Alice*) Do you think this is a proper thing to entertain that man with a *tete a tete* in the the parlor, miss?

Alice. He brought me these flowers.

Carroll. And remained half an hour, it seems.

Alice. Were you playing spy, sir.

Carroll. Accidentally, I started in, and heard talking and listened.

Alice. Then you know—

Carroll. That he is your brother Jim O'Byrne, with a price on his head.

Jim. Aye, I am her brother; but I am innocent of crime. You think you have me handicapped—I am a match for you, and defy you.

Carroll. There is no question of bravery on either side as the many who have fallen of our two families in their feuds for ages will attest—the question is, do you come here as friend or foe?

Jim. I am here as a foe; ye cannot be a friend of mine.

Alice. Carroll, remember your words to me not an hour ago.

Carroll (*pause—music.*) And I throw up the white flag, and ask to be friends (*holds up white handkerchief in one hand, holds out other to Jim, Jim walks away. Alice comes down, drags him to Carroll and joins their hands.*)

Alice. (*Takes green branch from bouquet (which must be there) and hands to Carroll then to Jim.*) The Olive branch of peace kiss, it, and you Jim. (*They drop on one knee and kiss branch.*)

Carroll. Now Jim, I can speak my mind as friend or foe I —— shall stand to you foot to foot, breast to breast, man to man, as your friend I stand to-day.

Alice. Thank Heaven.

Jim. Ye take my breath away. I can't speak.

Carroll. I've been led wrong by a bad —— no I'll not say that, but I am desirous to repair the wrong I have done this innocent, trusting girl. I am eager to put myself right before your eyes. If you will only let me. Will you give me that chance.

Jim. Sure I will. Convince me of what you say, and you will never find a better friend than Jim O'Byrne.

Carroll. Come then to the stable, and we will talk it over with Rex Hibernia for company.

Jim. I am wid you, but it bates my time entirely.

Alice. Go Jim, and God bless you both.

(*Exit Jim and Carrol at window arm in arm.*)

Alice. My heart hasn't been so light for many a day, and the happy days of old Carnew seem coming back again, or can this be only a trick to get both Jim and myself more completely in their power—God knows it all.

(*Exit L.*)

(*Enter Cavanaugh and Shea at back.*)

Shea. Well I've done my duty in telling you.

Cavanaugh. You say this, but are you sure of it?

Shea. Didn't I see them; he had his arm round her waist, and called her his darling.

Cavanaugh. I cannot think she would stoop so low as to be intimate with such a person. She is too high minded for that.

Shea. I am a judge of human nature, but I wouldn't like to say what a woman will not do and what she wont, they generally do just what you think they wont do.

Cavanaugh. It wont do to be mistaken in this.

Shea. I am not mistaken; he was making love to her, and she was meeting him half way; my eyes never deceiqe me.

Cavanaugh. I'm afraid you havn't gotten wholly over your debauch.

Shea. Me, debauched. No, sir; do you mean to insult me?

Cavanaugh. Oh, no, no! Only I thought awhile ago you had imbibed a little too freely.

Shea. Didn't do anything of the kind. I defy you to prove it?

Cavanaugh. Can't do that, and wouldn't if I could.

Shea. Then your case falls to the ground, and it isn't true.

Cavanaugh. Well, never mind that. Let it pass.

Shea. But I will mind it, sir; accuse a man of being debauched. Its a slander, sir, upon my character.

Cavanaugh. I beg pardon, Mr. Shea, and take it all back.

Shea. And hereafter I desire you on that point to keep as silent as the grave.

Cavanaugh. But you say Alice is in love with this mean looking fellow.

Shea. And I'll stick to what I said.

Cavanaugh. Suppose I question her, while you keep a sharp look-out after the young man, before we go further, and then compare notes.

Shea. A good idea, but my mind is made up as to her.

Cavanaugh. Then go interview the young man, while I summons Alice for the same purpose.

Shea. (*Going.*) All right. Keep what I told you silent as the grave.

(*Exit at window.*)

Cavanaugh. (*Rings.*)

(*Enter Kitty at back.*)

Tell Miss Alice, I wish to see her, please——

(*Exit Kitty, L.*)

She shall marry Carroll this very day, every moment's delay is dangerous, and even Carroll compels me to exert a strong hand to make him obey.

(*Enter Kitty and Alice, L.*)

(*To Kitty.*) You may go.

(*Kitty exits at back.*)

Alice. You wish to see me, Mr. Cavanaugh?

Cavanaugh. Yes; I have just heard something that has annoyed and surprised me very much.

Alice. (*Aside.*) Has heard of Jimmy. (*Aloud.*) No bad news I hope, sir.

Cavanaugh. If what I have heard is true, I shall punish you severely; you know what I mean, I shall give information that will bring that brother of yours to the gallows.

Alice. (*Aside.*) Has Carroll turned traitor again. (*Aloud.*) What have I done; have I not allowed myself to become your prisoner; have

I not signed away to you my fortune, and incurred the displeasure of my father in his old age, to have you save my brother from the gallows. And for all this you were to keep secret your knowledge of who committed the dreadful deed that has broken my heart. I have kept my part of the contract, and now I demand that you keep yours.

Cavanaugh. Oh, it is nothing so serious as that, my dear; but ever since your father has disowned you, I have begun to look upon you as my child, and take an interest in all that relates to your welfare.

Alice. Then why speak so unfeelingly of my brother.

Cavanaugh. That was uncalled for, I admit; I apologize. I am almost ashamed that he mention the cause of my annoyance to you.

Alice. Does it concern me personally, that you take me to task for it?

Cavanaugh. That is easily explained. I am displeased with that new comer.

Alice. What has he done?

Cavanaugh. He is making himself too familiar, that's all. Why I even heard that he had the impudence to address you familiarly, and make love to you.

Alice. I didn't mind it. Lawyer Shea was so much under the influence of strong drink that he could not be considered responsible. He made a foolish exhibit of himself in his attempts to make love to me. I am surprised and grieved that you should think me capable of such a thing.

Cavanaugh (aside.) There is some misunderstanding here. (*Aloud.*) So it is Mr Shea that has been making love to you, eh?

Alice. Yes, sir.

Cavanaugh (confused.) I am sorry I troubled you about it. Please excuse me, Miss Alice?

(*Exit Alice, L.*)

(*Enter Shea at window R. He goes over and looks after Alice.*)

Cavanaugh. Well, sir?

Shea. Well, and at the same time it's not well.

Cavanaugh. What did you learn?

Shea. Was you ever struck by an earthquake?

Cavanaugh. Of course not. Why, what is the matter with you Shea, anyhow?

Shea. A great deal. If you never was struck with an earthquake, you are liable to see a first-class one in this locality on short notice.

Cavanaugh. Shea stop making a fool of yourself and talk sense.

Shea. I am talking sense. Do you know who that new comer is?

Cavanaugh. I am waiting to hear very patiently.

Shea. It's Alice O'Byrne's brother Jim.

Cavanaugh (starts.) What?

Shea. Don't jump yet; that ain't the earthquake; it's only the preliminary symptoms.

Cavanaugh. Are you certain of this?

Shea. Sure—recognized him at once. I would know his face among a hundred.

Cavanaugh. You are not under the influence of liquor now?

Shea. No, sir; am sober as a judge.

Cavanaugh. Then there is no time to be lost; have him arrested for murder at once.

Shea. Bosh! that charge won't hold water; and you had better not stir it up, or the right man may get caught, and that wouldn't be pleasant.

Cavanaugh. Then Carroll must marry her at once. Shea, go immediately and engage the first priest you come across, and bring him here with you; there is not a moment to be lost.

Shea. Procrastination is the thief of time, and I'm off—silent as the grave.

(*Exit at back.*)

(*Enter Carroll, R. I. E.*)

Cavanaugh. Ah! my son, I was just going to look for you. A sudden emergency has arisen that makes it necessary that you shall marry Alice O'Byrne at once.

Carroll. But, father; I was to have until to-morrow.

Cavanaugh. I say at once. Do you hear? Dare to disobey me, and I'll turn you out a beggar.

Carroll. Will you listen to reason.

Cavanaugh. I'll listen to nothing. So if you have any preparations to make, make them immediately.

Carroll. The time is short; but I'll do my best to be prepared.

(*Exit Carroll at back.*)

Cavanaugh. These papers and valuables relating to her estate, had better be secured, in case of any failure to marry them. It will take months of the laws delay before they can get possession as long as these papers are safe in my hands—(*puts papers in small satchel near window. Jim being on the alert, carries them off. Cavanaugh goes to table and rings.*)

(*Enter Kitty at back.*)

Cavanaugh. Tell Miss Alice I want to see her—never mind. I'll go to her, and tell her my wishes. (*Picks up empty satchel, and Exit L.*)

Kitty. Oh! I can scarcely contain myself. I'm dying with joy to think that Jim is safe and sound, and right at my elbow. Sure he's a brave lad to come here, and face these men. I heard him say, that he would hang them some day.—(*Enter Alice L. crying.*) Now, she is crying, when she should be weeping for joy.

Alice. Oh! my heart will break. I must marry Carroll Cavanaugh, or my brother will be arrested, and tried for his life. Why did he come here, and put himself in their power so completely; and Carroll Cavanaugh with false words and speeches, has consented to let this mockery go on past undoing. Oh! Lawrence, why are you not here to save my life?

Kitty. Why are you crying so, when happiness is in such store for you.

Alice. There is no more happiness for me; this day seals my last hope of escape from a marriage that I shudder to think of.

(*Music, "Good News from Home."*)

Kitty. Dry your eyes. Suppose you was to hear good news. Now suppose I was to tell you something real good; suppose that ye was to hear that—well—suppose that Lawrence O'Toole didn't die when he was shot, but got well again, wouldn't that be good news, now.

Alice. It would, indeed; but it is vain to suppose such as that: poor Lawrence is dead—I see him now, as he lay dead.

Kitty (*Puts her arm around Alice.*) Suppose that, anyhow; and suppose that when he got well and strong he got on a ship and came to this country, wouldn't that be good news. It would not be more strange than that Jim should come here and not seem to fear anything.

Alice. If it could only be true, that would be good news indeed.

Kitty. And suppose that he found out where you lived, and that he was anxious and ready and willing to marry you, and he came to this house with your father on your wedding day.

Alice. (*Up.*) Kitty! What are you saying; you raise such a tumult of emotion in my breast that fire and ice is rushing through my veins in torrents. Speak: do you know anything of Lawrence?

Kitty. Truth is sometimes stranger than fiction; I was only supposing, that's all; but look out, something's going to turn up in the way of good news from home before you are married. I don't know all, but Jim has got lots of good things in store for us, so don't cry any more.

Alice. Oh, Kitty! could it be true—true—your words etherealize me; I feel some sweet influence pervade my whole being.

Kitty. And then suppose I was to meet Lawrence and arrange with him how he should meet you, and I should hide him, and tell him to wait until I told you he was coming, and then suppose he was (*enter Lawrence at window, bus to snit words*) to come in this room, while you were sitting here, and put his arms around and call you—

Lawrence. Darling.

Alice. Lawrence—(*embrace*) Thank God! Thank God!

(*Kitty dances, and is extremely happy.*)

Alice. And is it really you alive, and well.

Lawrence. Myself and no other, and well as ever in my life.

Alice. Oh, I'm so happy.

Lawrence. And I, to have found my love once more. Nothing shall ever part us again, dearest.

Alice. Mine, all mine. But oh, heaven. (*Faints.*)

Lawrence. What's the matter, dear; are you ill.

Alice. No, it's over now; but it cannot be now. Can it?

Lawrence. What cannot be? tell me.

Alice. To-day is my wedding day with Carroll Cavanaugh. Lawrence save me.

Lawrence. Your wedding day! Have you been false to me, then?

Alice. No! No! No! As heaven is my witness. But I thought you dead, and they forced me to it, to save my brother.

Lawrence. Save your brother!

Alice. Yes, they have accused him of murdering you.

Lawrence. 'Twas Carroll Cavanaugh himself that shot me.

Alice. Then, Jimmy —

Lawrence. Is innocent.

Alice. Oh, powers of mercy, I thank thee.

Lawrence. I'll teach these Cavanaughs a lesson.

Kitty. Hush; here, they come now.

Lawrence. Conceal me. I'll unmask them at the proper time.

Alice. In here quick. (*Pushes him, L. N. E.*)

(*Enter Carroll at back.*)

Alice. Well, sir; have you returned, to claim your bride with more deceitful speeches, and false words?

Carroll. Alice! doubting me again.

Alice. Did you not pretend to be sorry for the great wrong you had done me, and promise to repair it so far as laid in your power; and now you come again to deceive me into a marriage with yourself, with the strong power of your father behind you

Carroll. I do not merit this from you. I know that you have been deceived. Trust me for this day only, and I'll convince you that I am true to my word.

Alice. And marry you, sir?

Carroll. No, but let my father think so; I promise you a pleasant surprise. Ask Kitty, there.

Kitty. Alice, dear, Mr. Carroll and Jimmy have had a talk about it, and there is a perfect understanding and agreement between them. You can trust to what Mr. Carroll tells you, and there'll be no mistake.

Alice. Carroll, I'll trust you, and promise to give you a surprise also.

(Enter Cavanaugh at back with satchel.)

Cavanaugh. Well, are you two ready for the ceremony?

Carroll. You see, sir, that we are prepared.

Alice. You do not propose to officiate as priest, I hope.

Cavanaugh. The priest will soon be here. I am glad that you both have come around to my way of thinking, and I hope that this will be a happy day for you.

Alice. I am sure it will, sir; I am sure it will.

(Enter Shea at back with priest, Michael O'Byrne, disguised as priest.)

Shea. Here we are! Here is the priest. I met him in the road very fortunately. Are all ready? and Miss Kitty for bridesmaid, eh?

Cavanaugh. *(To Michael O'Byrne.)* Come, father, we may as well have this over as soon as possible. This is the lady, and this is the gentleman, at whose marriage you are to officiate, take your places my children. The father is waiting.

Carroll. Father let this farce cease for your own sake.

Cavanaugh. How, sir. Young man falter now at your peril. *(To O'Byrne.)* Proceed, sir, at once. Who dare say otherwise.

(Enter Jim at back.)

Jim. I dare. You have gone to where I say stop.

Cavanaugh. What, an escaped murderer! Young man for your sister's sake I would have spared you, but its too late now. Mr. Shea produce the warrant for Jim O'Byrne's arrest.

Shea. Sorry my boy, sorry, but I must arrest you for the murder of Lawrence O'Toole.

(Enter Lawrence, L. N. E.)

Lawrence. That's a mistake. gentlemen, I am alive.

Cavanaugh. The devil.

(Lawrence goes to Alice, they remain up.)

Shea. Its worse than the devil—its the itch.

Jim. Now John Cavanaugh, I can meet you on your own ground. You and your accomplices have lied, cheated, and robbed us long enough. I followed you across the sea, and tracked you to this place. I met your son who proved an honest man, and cleared his name of disgrace. (*Crosses over, shakes Carroll's hand.*)

Cavanaugh. My son! No, more. You have turned traitor. I disown, and despise you, execrable dog, that you are.

Carroll. I deserve this I suppose; but I am proud of it.

Jim. Never mind him Carroll. I'm your friend. His teeth are pulled out, he can't bite any more.

Cavanaugh. Don't be too sure. I am still the guardian of Alice O'Byrne. I hold the papers signed by her, giving me control of her, and her property.

Jim. I'll bet a horse ye don't control Alice O'Byrne either.

Cavanaugh. Who will prevent me.

Michael O'Byrne. (*Advancing, removes disguise.*) I will, sir.

All. Michael O'Byrne! Alice's father!

O'Byrne. Aye! Michael O'Byrne has come to claim his child, and all that ye have wrongfully held from her. Thanks to a letter from Carroll there. I am here in time.

Cavanaugh. (*Held back by Shea.*) You false hound, to turn against your own father. Oh, why didn't I strangle you at your birth.

O'Byrne. I now demand that you deliver up all papers and valuables, belonging to my child, and account for your wicked actions to me.

(*Cavanaugh about to give O'Byrne satchel. Shea interferes and stops him.*)

Shea. Not so fast. You mean well, Mr. O'Byrne, but you are headstrong. You may trick me as a priest, but you can't on law.

Jim. Father, shall I knock him down.

Shea. Alice O'Byrne is of age. She has signed papers making my friend her legal guardian of her and her property, and until she is released by the courts, her own father cannot control her, or one dollar of her money. That is the law.

O'Byrne. Do you mean that the law will not give me the custody of my own child? (*Goes to R. corner.*)

Shea. Exactly. Nor these papers of her estate either.

Jim. Well, enjoy yourself thinking that. But if ye will look inside that satchel you will find its empty, because I have the papers here. (*holds up package of papers. Others laugh.*)

(*Cavanaugh nervously looks and searches satchel. Shea sees it is empty and whistles.*)

Cavanaugh. Death and the devil, how did you get them. (*Throws down satchel.*)

Jim. How do you like it now? Here, father, you take these papers, and hold 'em tight. (*Tosses package to O'Byrne.*)

Shea. (*To Cavanaugh.*) My boy we are dished. Completely dished. We havn't a leg left to stand on.

Cavanaugh. (*Raging.*) This is my house, at least. So get out of here, the whole pack of you, and that ingrate with you. Leave this place where you have intruded too long already. Your presence is hateful to me. So go, and may the devil go with you.

Jim. The same to you, and welcome; but I forgot to make mention that I have here a warrant for the arrest of the pair of ye, for the abduction of Alice O'Byrne.

Shea. Oh, no; not me. You havn't any evidence against me.

Cavanaugh. Why not for thee. He (*Carroll*) is equally guilty, and must take his share of the consequences.

Carroll. It would have been so, but I turned States evidence. I found you was looking out for yourself and sinking me in a hole. So I resorted to this to save myself.

Cavanaugh. States evidence. I might have known it.

Shea. My young friend, your evidence alone won't convict any one, its all bosh and must be corroborated to be of any weight or value.

Jim. We will corroborate it for you easy enough.

Shea. You can't do it.

(*Enter Ned at back.*)

Ned. (*Well dressed.*) Oh, yes he can. I was watchin' ye, through the windy all the time.

Shea. Its the last straw that—makes me silent as the grave.

(*Jim and Kitty coquetting.*)

Jim. Before you leave, permit me to announce that Mr. Carroll Cavanaugh will occupy, in your absence, these premises, and further that your names, together with that of the Baron Fitz William will be presented for stealing one horse named Rex Hibernia, belonging to James O'Byrne Dowling, Esq., and upon conviction, be prepared the three of you, to hang by the neck as high as Haman. Now get out of here, to receive the benefit of what I tell ye.

Cavanaugh. Oh, if I could have my way with you.

Shea. But you can't, so you had best take it gracefully. Ladies and gents I could say a great deal, but I won't. I'll go out silent as the grave.

Ned. I'll show you the way out. Yer needn't stop for dinner.

(*Shea grabs for him. Ned dodges him*)

(*Exit Shea at back.*)

Cavanaugh. Curse you all. Michael O'Byrne I've hated you and all your breed, this many year, and if it ever comes my turn again I'll pay you off with interest.

O'Byrne. Stop! You see that envy and malice may triumph for a time. Yet honor and truth will live in the end. You now go forth a ruined man. Let it make your heart more merciful in the future. (*Going off.*)

Ned. This way, sir. When you come this way again, just keep on past the gate, and ye'll be all right.

(*Exit Cavanaugh at back.*)

Jim. (*Comes down. Sings song, "Irish Ivy," has sprig of ivy in hand, Bus.*)

"IRISH IVY."

"Whole ages have have fled and their works decayed,
And nations scattered been;
But the stout old ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green."

"The brave old plant in its lonely days,
Shall fatten upon the past;
For the stateliest building man can raise,
Is the ivy's food at last."

Jim. Sweet Kathaleen now those blackguards are gone. Will you love me, and love my horse.

Kathaleen. (Kitty.) Indeed, I will.

Jim. Well, then; when these two are married, we will make a double wedding.

Carroll. Lawrence O'Toole, I am no better or worse than other men. You attacked me, and I shot you in self defense. Under the circumstances I would do it again. What am I to expect at your hands?

Alice. (To Lawrence.) For my sake —

Lawrence. (Comes down) I have forgiven you long ago. It was my own seeking, and I cannot blame you.

Alice. (Taking his hand.) And he has redeemed his promise to befriend me.

Jim. And me too Lawrence. Shake his hand. He has proved himself a true man.

Lawrence. (Shakes his hand.) With all my heart, it would take more than a bullet to balance his good qualities.

O'Byrne. Well, my children, I've came a long way for ye, and when we get back to old Shillalee —

Jim. We'll invite you to our wedding.

Kathaleen. (Kitty.) Where we'll be happy to see you.

Jim. And not forgetting to take along with us, REX HIBERNIA.

Ned. And don't forget me.

(CURTAIN.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., 1885.

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