

# THE SHAUGHRAUN

An original Irish drama in three acts

First performed at Wallack's Theatre, New York on 14 November 1874, with the following cast:

CAPTAIN MOLINEUX (a young English officer commanding a detachment at Ballyragget)	Mr. H. J. Montague
ROBERT FFOLIOTT (a young Irish gentleman, under sentence as a Fenian, in love with Arte O'Neal)	Mr. J. B. Polk
FATHER DOLAN (the parish priest of Suil-a-beg, his tutor and guardian)	Mr. John Gilbert
CORRY KINCHELA (a squireen)	Mr. Edward Arnott
HARVEY DUFF (a police agent in disguise of a peasant)	Mr. Harry Beckett
CONN (the shaughraun, the soul of every fair, the life of every funeral, the first fiddle at all weddings and patterns)	Mr. Dion Boucicault
SERGEANT JONES (of the 41st)	Mr. W. J. Leonard
MANGAN	Mr. J. F. Josephs
REILLY	Mr. E. M. Holland
SULLIVAN	Mr. C. E. Edwin
DOYLE	Mr. J. Peck
DONOVAN	Mr. G. Atkins
ARTE O'NEAL (in love with Robert)	Miss Jeffreys Lewis
CLAIRE FFOLIOTT (a Sligo lady)	Miss Ada Dyas
MOYA (Father Dolan's niece, in love with Conn)-	Mrs. Ione Burke
MRS. O'KELLY (Conn's mother)	Mme. Ponisi
BRIDGET MADIGAN (a keener)	Mrs. J., Sefton
NANCY MALONE (a keener)	Miss E. Blaisdell

The cast for the first London performance (Drury Lane, 4 September 1875) included Agnes Robertson as Moya, William Terriss as Captain Molineux, Henry Sinclair as Kinchela, Shiel Barry as Harvey Duff, Marie Dalton as Arte, and Rose Leclercq as Claire.

ACT I

*SCENE 1. Suil-a-beg. The cottage of ARTE O'NEAL. The stage is a yard in the rear of the cottage. The dairy window is seen facing the audience. Door in return<sup>1</sup> of cottage. The ruins of Suil-a-more Castle cover a bold detached headland in the half distance. The Atlantic bounds the picture. Sunset. CLAIRE FFOLLIOTT is at work at a churn.*

CLAIRE: Phoo! how my arms ache! (*Sings.*)

'Where are you going, my pretty maid?  
I'm going a milking, sir, she said.'

*(Enter MRS. O'KELLY with large pan of milk; she places it in the dairy as she speaks.)*

MRS. O'K: Sure, Miss, that is too hard work entirely for the likes of you.

CLAIRE: Go on, now, Mrs. O'Kelly, and mind your own business. D'ye think I'm not equal to making the butter come?

MRS. O'K: It's yourself can make the butter come. You have only got to look at the milk and the butter will rise. But oh! Miss, who's this coming up the cliff? It can't be a visitor.

CLAIRE: 'Tis one of the officers from Ballyragget.

MRS. O'K: Run in quick before he sees you, and I'll take the churn.

CLAIRE: Not I; I'll stop where I am. If he was the Lord Lieutenant himself I'd not stir, or take a tuck out of my gown. Go tell the mistress.

MRS. O'K: And is that the way you will recave the quality? (*Exit.*)

CLAIRE: (*Sings, working.*)

'Then what is your fortune, my pretty maid?'

He is stopping to reconnoitre.

'What is your fortune, my pretty maid?'

Here he comes.

'My face is my fortune, sir, she said.'

There's no lie in that anyway, and a mighty small income I've got.

*(Enter MOLINEUX, looking about.)*

MOLINEUX: My good girl.

CLAIRE: Sir to you. (*aside*) He takes me for the dairy maid.

MOLINEUX: Is this place called Swillabeg?

CLAIRE: No. It is called Shoolabeg.

MOLINEUX: Beg pardon; your Irish names are so unpronounceable. You see I am an Englishman.

CLAIRE: I remarked your misfortune; poor crature, you couldn't help it.

MOLINEUX: I do not regard it as a misfortune.

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<sup>1</sup> *return*: wing or side of a building.

CLAIRE: Got accustomed to it, I suppose. Were you born so?

MOLINEUX: Is your mistress at home?

CLAIRE: My mistress? Oh! 'tis Miss O'Neal you mane!

MOLINEUX: Delicious brogue - quite delicious! Will you take her my card?

CLAIRE: I'm afeard the butther would spoil if I lave it now.

MOLINEUX: What is your pretty name?

CLAIRE: Claire. What's yours?

MOLINEUX: Molineux - Captain Molineux. Now, Claire, I'll give you a crown if you will carry my name to your mistress.'

CLAIRE: Will you take my place at the churn while I go?

MOLINEUX: How do you work the infernal thing?

CLAIRE: Take hould beside me, an' I'll show you. (*He takes the handle of the churn beside her; they work together.*) There, so - that's it - beautiful - you were intended for a dairy-maid.

MOLINEUX: I know a dairy-maid that was intended for me.

CLAIRE: That speech only wanted a taste of the brogue to be worthy of an Irish-man.

MOLINEUX: (*kissing her*) Now I'm perfect.

CLAIRE: (*starting away*) What are you doing?

MOLINEUX: Testing the brogue! Stop, my dear; you forget the crown I promised you here it is. Don't hide your blushes. They become you.

CLAIRE: Never fear I'll be even wid yer honor yet. Don't let the butther spoil, now, while I'm gone. (*going*) What's your name again? (*looking at card*) Mulligrubs?

MOLINEUX: No! Molineux.

CLAIRE: I ax your pardon! You see I'm Irish, and them English names are so unpronounceable! (*Exit.*)

MOLINEUX: (*churning gravely*) She is as fresh and fragrant as one of her own pats of butter. If the mistress be as sweet as the maid, I shall not regret being stationed in the wilderness. Deuced hard work this milk pump! There is a strange refinement about that Irish girl. When I say strange, I am no judge; for I have never done the agricultural shows; I have never graduated in milkmaids; but this one must be the cream of the dairy. Confound this piston-rod. I feel like -a Chinese toy.

(*Enter ARTE O'NEAL, following CLAIRE.*)

ARTE: What can he want? Why, Claire! what is he doing?

CLAIRE: I have not the slightest idea. (*Crosses to behind.*)

ARTE: (*advancing*) Captain Molineux.

MOLINEUX: (*confused*) Oh, a thousand pardons! I just was a-amusing myself. I am - a - very fond of machinery, and so - (*Bows.*) Miss O'Neal, I presume. ARTE: (*introducing CLAIRE*) My cousin, Miss Claire Ffolliott.

MOLINEUX: Miss Ffolliott! really, I took her for a - (*aside*) Oh, Lord! what have I done?

ARTE: (*aside*) Claire has been at some mischief here.

CLAIRE: (*at churn, aside to MOLINEUX*) Don't hide your blushes, Captain, they become you.

MOLINEUX: (*aside*) Spare me!

ARTE: I hope you come to tell me how I can be of some service to you. MOLINEUX: I have just arrived with a detachment of our regiment at Ballyragget. The government received information that a schooner carrying a distinguished Fenian<sup>2</sup> hero was hovering around the coast, intending to land her passengers in this neighbourhood; so a gunboat has been sent round to these waters, and we are under orders to co-operate with her. Deuced bore, not to say ridiculous. There is no foundation for the scare; but we find ourselves quartered here without any resources.

ARTE: I regret I cannot extend to you the hospitalities of Suil-a-beg; an unmarried girl is unable to play the hostess.

CLAIRE: Even two unmarried girls couldn't play the hostess.

MOLINEUX: But you own the finest shooting in the west of Ireland - the mountains are full of grouse, and the streams about are alive with salmon.

CLAIRE: The Captain would beg leave to sport over your domain. Shall I spare you the humiliation of confessing that you are not mistress in your own house, much less lady of your own manor? Do you see that ruin yonder? Oh, 'tis the admiration of the traveller, and the favourite study of painters, who come from far and near to copy it. It was the home of my forefathers once, when they kept open house for the friend, the poor, or the stranger. The mortgagee has put up a gate now, so visitors pay sixpence a head to admire the place, and their guide points across to this cabin where the remains of the 'ould family', two lonely girls, live; God knows how! You ask her leave to kill game on Suil-a-more and Keim-an-Eigh. (*crossing to dairy window*) Do you see that salmon? It was snared last night in the Pool-a-Brikein, by Conn the Shaughraun. He killed those grouse at daylight on the side of Maumturk. That's our daily food, and we owe it to a poacher.

MOLINEUX: You have to suffer bitterly, indeed, for ages of family imprudence, and the Irish extravagance of your ancestors.

ARTE: Yes, sir; the extravagance of their love for their country, and the imprudence of their fidelity to their faith.

MOLINEUX: But surely you cannot be without some relatives?

CLAIRE: I have a brother, the heir to this estate.

MOLINEUX: Is he abroad?

CLAIRE: Yes; he is a convict, working out his sentence in Australia.

MOLINEUX: Oh, I beg pardon. I did not know. (*to ARTE*) Have you no relatives ARTE: Yes, I am the affianced wife of her brother.

MOLINEUX: (*confused*) Really, ladies, I have to offer you a thousand apologies. ARTE: I do not accept one; it carries insult to the man I love.

MOLINEUX: At least you will permit me to regret having aroused such distressing memories.

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<sup>2</sup> *Fenian*: the Fenian brotherhood, a revolutionary secret society active against the British in Ireland in the 1860s, had its escape route and its emotional headquarters in the U.S.A.

CLAIRE: Do you think they ever sleep?

MOLINEUX: No, naturally, of course not. I meant - (*aside*) I am astray on an Irish bog here, and every step I take gets me deeper in the mire.

CLAIRE: (*aside*) How confused he is! That's a good fellow, although he is an Englishman.

ARTE: I am very sorry we have not the power to grant you a privilege which you see we do not enjoy.

KINCHELA: (*outside*) Holloo! - is there nobody at home?

ARTE: Here comes a gentleman who can oblige you.

KINCHELA: (*outside*) Holloo - one of you! Don't ye hear me? Bridget, Conn, come and hould my pony.

MOLINEUX: Who is this stentorian gentleman?

CLAIRE: Mr. Corry Kinchela - one who has trimmed his fortunes with prudence, and his conscience with economy.

(*Enter CORRY KINCHELA.*)

KINCHELA: Where the divil is everybody; Oh, there yur are! I had to stable my own horse! Oh! my sarvice to you, sir - I believe I've the honour of addressing Captain Molineux. I'm just back from Dublin, and thought I'd stop on my road to tell you that the court has decreed the sale of this estate, undher foreclosure, and in two months you will have to turn out.

ARTE: In two months, then, even this poor shelter will be taken from us!

KINCHELA: I'm afeard the rightful owner will want to see the worth of his money! But, never fear, two handsome girls like yourselves will not be long wanting a shelter or a welcome. Eh, Captain - ho! ho! It will be pick and choose for them anywhere, I'm thinking.

MOLINEUX: (*aside*) This fellow is awfully offensive to me.

KINCHELA: I've been away for the last few weeks, so I've not been able to pay my respects to your officers, and to invite you all to sport over this property - you are right welcome, Captain. My name is Kinchela - Mr. Corry Kinchela - of Ballyragget House, where I'll be proud to see my table cloth undher your chin. I don't know why one of these girls did not introduce me.

MOLINEUX: They paid me the compliment of presuming I had no desire to form your acquaintance.

KINCHELA: What! Do you know, sir, you are talking to a person of position and character.

MOLINEUX: (*back turned to KINCHELA*) I don't care a straw for your position, and I don't like your character.

KINCHELA: Do you mane to insult me, sir?

MOLINEUX: (*turning to him*) I am incapable of it.

KINCHELA: Ah!

MOLINEUX: In the presence of ladies; but I believe I should be entitled to do so, for you insulted them in mine. (*turning to CLAIRE*) I ask your pardon for the liberty I took with you when I presented myself.

CLAIRE: (*offering her hand*) The liberty you took with him when he presented himself clears the account.

KINCHELA: We'll meet again, sir.

MOLINEUX: I hope not. (*to ARTE, shaking hands*) Good evening.

ARTE: I would detain you, Captain, but you have a long walk across the mountain, and the darkness is falling; the road is treacherous.

(*MOLINEUX shakes hands with CLAIRE again, and exits.*)

KINCHELA: The devil guide him to pass the night in a bog-hole up to his neck. Listen hither, you two. Sure, I don't want to be too hard upon you. To be sure, the sale of this place will never cover my mortgage on it. It will come to me, every acre of it. (*Turns to ARTE.*) Bedad, the law ought to throw your own sweet self in as a make-weight to square my account. (*She turns away; he turns to CLAIRE.*) See now, there's your brother, Robert Ffolliott, goin' to rot over there in Australia; and here, in a few weeks, you both will be without a roof itself over your heads. Now, isn't it a cruel thing entirely to let this go on; when, if that girl would only say the word, I'd make her Mrs. Kinchela? (*CLAIRE starts away, making a circle of the stage; stops at lower pillar of porch, leaning against it; KINCHELA follows and speaks to her over her shoulder.*) And I've got a houl't of the ear of our country member; shure, he'll get Robert the run o' the colony - as free as a fish in a pond he'll be over there. And stop now, (*to ARTE*) you shall send him a thousand pounds that I'll give you on our wedding day.

ARTE: I'd rather starve with Robert Ffolliott in a jail than I'd own the County Sligo, if I'd to carry you as a mortgage on it.

KINCHELA: D'ye think the boy cares what becomes of you, or who owns you? Not a hapoth!<sup>3</sup> How many letters have you had from him the last year past? ARTE: Alas! not one.

KINCHELA: Not one! (*aside*) I knew that, for I have them all safe under lock and kay at home. (*aloud*) See that! not one thought - not a sign from him! And here am I every day in the week like a dog at your door. It is too hard on me entirely - I've some sacret foe schaming behind my back to ruin me in your heart. (*Enter FATHER DOLAN.*) I know it is the same that is sending over to Robert Ffolliott the money, without which he'd starve outright beyant there! I'd like to find out who it is.

DOLAN: I am the man, Mr. Kinchela.

KINCHELA: Father Dolan. And may I ask, sir, on what grounds you dar to impache me in the good opinion of these girls?

DOLAN: Certainly. (*Turns to ARTE.*) Miss O'Neal - Claire, my dear - will you leave me awhile alone with Mr. Kinchela; he wants to know the truth about himself. (*Music.*)

CLAIRE: And you can't insult him in the presence of ladies!

(*ARTE crosses to door, turns, curtseys to KINCHELA, and exit.*  
*CLAIRE follows, with a look at him.*)

DOLAN: The father of young Ffolliott bequeathed to you and to me the care of his infant son. Heaven forgive me if I grew so fond of my darling charge I kept no watch over you, my partner in the trust. Year after year you dipped the estate, with your sham

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<sup>3</sup> *hapoth*: i.e. a halfpenceworth.

improvements and false accounts. You reduced the rents to impoverish the income, so it might not suffice to pay the interest on the mortgages.

KINCHELA: Go on, sir; this is mighty fine - go on. I wish I had a witness by, I'd make you pay for this - is there any more?

DOLAN: There is. You hope to buy the lad's inheritance for an old song when it is sold. Thus you fulfil the trust confided to you by your benefactor, his poor father, whose hand you held when he expired in my arms. Thus you have kept your oath to the dead.

KINCHELA: Would not every acre of it have escheated to the Crown as the estate of a convicted felon - only I saved it for his family by getting young Ffolliott to make it over before the sentence was pronounced upon him?

DOLAN: Yes, to make it over to you in trust for these two girls, his sister and his betrothed.

KINCHELA: To be sure, wasn't you by, and helped to persuade him? More betoken, you were a witness to the deed.

DOLAN: I was. I helped you to defraud the orphan boy, and since then I've been the witness to how you have robbed these helpless women. Oh beware, Kinchela. When these lands were torn from Owen Roe O'Neal in the old times, he laid his curse on the spoilers, for Suil-a-more was the dowry of his bride,-Grace Ffolliott. Since then many a strange family has tried to hold possession of the place; but every year one of that family would die; the land seemed to swallow them one by one - till the O'Neals and Ffolliotts returned, none other thrived upon it.

KINCHELA: Sure, that's the rason I want Arte O'Neal for my wife; won't that kape the ould blood to the fore? Ah, sir, why wouldn't you put in the good word . for me to the girl? Do I ask betther than to give back all I have to the family? Sure, there's nothing, sir, done that can't be mended that way.

DOLAN: I'd rather rade the service over her grave and hear the sods falling on her coffin than spake the holy words to make her your wife: Corry Kinchela, I know you, 'twas by your manes, and to serve this end, my darling boy, her lover - was denounced and convicted.

KINCHELA: 'Tis false!

DOLAN: It is true; but that truth is locked in my soul, and Heaven keeps the key. KINCHELA: (*aside*) Some white-hearted cur has confessed agin me. (*aloud*) Very well, sir - then out of the house these girls shall turn homeless; and beggars. DOLAN: Not homeless while I have a roof over me; not beggars, I thank God, who gives me the crust to share with them. (*Exit.*)

KINCHELA: How could he know I had any hand in bringing young Ffolliott to the dock? Who could have turned tail on me?

(*Enter HARVEY DUFF.*)

DUFF: Whisht, sir.

KINCHELA: Who's there - Harvey Duff?

DUFF: Yes, sir; I saw your coppaleen<sup>4</sup> beyant under the shed, and I knew yourself was in it; I've great news entirely for you, news enough to burst a budget!

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<sup>4</sup> *coppaleen*: pony.

KINCHELA: You are always findin' a mare's nest.

DUFF; I've found one now wid a divil's egg in it.

KINCHELA: Well, out with it.

DUFF: There was a fire on Rathgarron Head last night; you know what that manes?

KINCHELA: A signal to some smuggler at sea that the coast is clear and to run in to land his cargo.

DUFF: Divil a keg was landed from that ship, barrin' only one man that was put ashore; not a boy was on the strand to meet the boat, nor a car, nor a skip to hurry off the things; only one crature and that was Conn the Shaughraun; 'twas himself that lighted the signal; 'twas him that stud up to 'his middle in the salt to lift the man ashore. I seen it all as I lay flat on the edge of the cliff and looked down upon the pair of them below.

KINCHELA: Well, what's all this to me?

DUFF: Wait; sure I'm hatchin' the egg for you! Who's that, ses I to meself, that Conn would carry ashore in his two arrams as tindher as a mother would hould a child? Who's that stranger, ses I; he is capering round for all the world like a dog that's just onloosed. Who's-that he's houlding by the two hands of him, as if 'twas Moya Dolan herself he'd got before him instead of a ragged sailor joy?

KINCHELA: Well, did you find out who it was?

DUFF: Maybe I didn't get snug in behind the bushes beside the pathway up the cliff. They passed close to me, talkin' low; but I heard his voice and I saw the man as plain as I see you now.

KINCHELA: Saw whom?

DUFF: Robert Ffolliott.

KINCHELA: Robert Ffolliott!

DUFF: 'Twas himself, I tell ye.

KINCHELA: You are sure?

DUFF: Am I sure? D'ye think I can mistake tile face that turned upon me in the coort when they sentenced him on my evidence, or the voice that said: 'If there's justice in Heaven, you and I will meet again on this side of the grave; 'then,' ses he, 'have yer sowl ready.' And the look he fixed on me shrivelled up me sowl inside like a boiled cockle that ye might pick out with a pin. Am I sure? I wish I was as sure of Heaven!

KINCHELA: He has escaped from the penal settlement - ay, that's it - and where would he go to straight, but here into the trap baited wid the girl he loves? DUFF: There'll be a price offered for him, sir, and your honour will put it my way to airn an honest penny. Wouldn't they hang him this time? Egorra! I'd be peaceable if he was only out o' the way for good.

KINCHELA: Listen to me. D'ye know what took me to Dublin? I heard that the Queen had resolved to release the Fenian prisoners under sentence. DUFF: Murdher alive! I'm a corpse.

KINCHELA: I saw the Chief Secretary. He mistook my fear for hope. It is true, ses he, I'm expecting every day to get the despatch. I wish you joy.



DUFF: Be jabbers, but I'd like to have seen your face when you got that polthogue<sup>5</sup> in the gob.

KINCHELA: Robert Ffolliott returned! - a free man. He will throw the estate into 'Chancery.

DUFF: Where will he throw me?

KINCHELA: He is a fugitive convict still; can't we deal with him?

DUFF: If his own people round here get to know he's among them, why, a live coal in a keg of gunpowdher would not give you an idaya of the County Sligo.

KINCHELA: I know it. High and low they love him as much as they hate me – bad cess to them!

DUFF: Oh, niver fear; he will keep in the, dark for his own sake.

KINCHELA: Keep watch on the Shaughraun; (*music*) find out where the pair of them lie in hidin'. Bring me the news to Ballyragget House. Meanwhile, I'll . think what's best to be done. Be off, quick! (*Exit* DUFF.) Robert Ffolliott here - tare an' ages,<sup>6</sup> I'm ruined, horse and foot. I'll have all Connaught and the Coort o' Chancery on me back. Duff is right - 'tis life or death with me and him. Well, it shall be life with you, Arte O'Neal, and death to him that parts us. (*Exit.*)

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<sup>5</sup> *polthogue*: punch or slap.

<sup>6</sup> *tare an' ages*: derived from 'tears and aches' (of Christ).

*SCENE 2. The Devil's Jowl. A cleft on the rocks in the sea coast. Enter ROBERT FFOLIOTT.*

ROBERT: It must be past the hour when Conn promised to return. How often he and I have climbed these rocks together in search of the sea-birds' eggs, and waded for cockles in the strand below. Dear, faithful, ragged playfellow - many a cuff I've had for playing truant to ramble with you - how many a lecture from my dear old tutor, Father Dolan, who told me I ought to be ashamed of my love for the Shaughraun. Ah! my heart was not so much to blame, after all.

MOLINEUX: (*outside*) Hillo!

ROBERT: That is not his voice.

MOLINEUX: (*outside*) Hillo!

ROBERT: Why, 'tis a man in the uniform of an officer - he has seen me. (*Calls.*) Take care, sir, don't take that path - turn to the right - round that boulder - that's the road! Egad! another step and he would have gone over the cliff. He is some stranger who has lost his way.

(*Enter MOLINEUX.*)

MOLINEUX: What an infernal country! First I was nearly smothered in a bog, and then, thanks to you, my good fellow, I escaped breaking my neck. Do you know the way to Ballyragget? How far is it to the barracks?

ROBERT: Two miles.

MOLINEUX: Irish miles, of course.

ROBERT: I shall be happy to show you the road, but regret I cannot be your guide. The safest for a stranger is by the cliff to Suil-a-beg.

MOLINEUX: But I have just come from there.

ROBERT: From Suil-a-beg?

MOLINEUX: I shall not regret to revisit the place; charming spot. I have just passed there the sweetest hour of my life.

ROBERT: You saw the lady of the house, I presume.

MOLINEUX: Pardon me, sir; I mistook your yachting costume. I thought at first you were a common sailor. Perhaps you are acquainted with Miss Ffolliott?

ROBERT: Yes, but we have not met for some time. I thought you referred to Arte - I mean Miss O'Neal.

MOLINEUX: Oh! she is charming of course, but Miss Ffolliott is an angel. She has so occupied my thoughts that I lost my way; in fact, instead of going straight home, I have evidently been revolving in an orbit round that house, by a kind of centrifugal attraction of which she is the centre.

ROBERT: But surely you admired Miss O'Neal?

MOLINEUX: Oh, she is well enough; bright little thing! but beside Claire Ffolliott -

ROBERT: I prefer the beauty of Miss O'Neal.

MOLINEUX: I don't admire your taste.

ROBERT: Well, let us drink to each of them.

MOLINEUX: With pleasure, if you can supply the opportunity. (ROBERT *pulls ,out his flask, and fills the cup.*) Ah! I see you are provided. Allow me to pre-sent myself, Captain Molineux of the Forty-first. Here's to Miss Claire Ffolliott.

ROBERT: Here's to Miss Arte O'Neal. (*They drink.*)

MOLINEUX: I beg pardon; I did not catch your name.

ROBERT: I did not mention it - (*pause*)

MOLINEUX: This liquor is American Whisky, I perceive.

ROBERT: Do you find anything wrong about it?

MOLINEUX: Nothing whatever. (*He offers his cup to be filled again.*) But it reminds me of a duty I have to perform. We have orders to capture a very dangerous person who will be or has been landed on this coast lately, and as these rocks are just the place where he might find refuge -

ROBERT: Not at all unlikely. I'll keep a look out for him.

MOLINEUX: I propose to revisit this spot with a file of men tonight. Here's your health.

ROBERT: Sir, accept my regards. Here's good luck to you.

MOLINEUX: Good night. (*Music; a whistle heard outside.*) What is that?

ROBERT: It is -a ring at the bell. (*aside*) 'Tis Conn. A friend of mine is waiting for me on the cliff above us.

MOLINEUX: Oh. I beg pardon. Farewell. (*going*)

ROBERT: Stop. You might not fare well if you ascended that path alone. MOLINEUX: Why not?

ROBERT: Because my friend is at the top of it, and if he saw you coming out alone - (*aside*) He would think I had been caught, and, egad, the Shaughraun might poach the Captain.

MOLINEUX: Well, if he met me, what then? .

ROBERT: You see, the poor fellow is mad on one point. He can't bear the sight of one colour, and that's red. His mother was frightened by a mad bull, and the minute Conn sees a bit of scarlet, such, for example, as your coat there, the bull breaks out in him, and he might toss you over the cliff; so, by your leave -

MOLINEUX: This is the most extraordinary country I was ever in. (*Exeunt arm-in-arm.* )

SCENE 3. The exterior of FATHER DOLAN's cottage. Night. Lighted window. Enter MOYA with pail, which she puts down.

MOYA: There! Now I have spancelled<sup>7</sup> the cow and fed the pig, my uncle will be ready for his tay. Not a sign of Conn for the past three nights. What's come to him?

(Enter MRS. O'KELLY.)

MRS. O'K: Is that yourself. Moya? I've come to see if that vagabond of mine has been round this way.

MOYA: Why would he be here? Hasn't he got a home of his own?

MRS. O'K: The shebeen<sup>8</sup> is his home when he's not in jail. His father died o' dhrink, an' Conn will go the same way.

MOYA: I thought your husband was drowned at sea. ,

MRS. O'K: And bless him, so he was.

MOYA: (aside) Well! that's a quare way of dying o' drink.

MRS. O'K: The best of men he was when he was sober. A betther never dhraved the breath o' life.

MOYA: But you say he never was sober.

MRS. O'K: Never; and Conn takes afther him.

MOYA: Mother!

MRS. O'K: Well?

MOYA: I'm afeard I'll take afther Conn.

MRS. O'K: Heaven forbid and protect you agin him, for you are a good, dacent girl, and desarve the best of husbands.

MOYA: Them's the ones that get the worst. More betoken yourself, Mrs. O'Kelly. MRS. O'K: Conn never did an honest day's work in his life, but dhrinkin', and fishin', and shootin', and spoortin', and love makin'.

MOYA: Sure, that's how the quality pass their lives.

MRS. O'K: That 's it. A poor man that sports the soul of a gentleman is called a blackguard.

CONN: (entering) Somebody is spakin' about me.

MOYA: (running to embrace him) Conn!

CONN: My darlin', was the mother makin' little of me. Don't believe a word that comes out of her. She's jealous, divil a haperth else. She's chokin' wid it this minute, just bekase she sees my arms about ye. She's as proud of me as an ould hen that's got a duck for a chicken. Hould yer whisht now, wipe your mouth, and gi' me a kiss.

MRS. O'K: (embracing him) Oh, Conn, what have you been afther? The polis were in my cabin to-day about you. They say you stole Squire Foley's horse.

CONN: Stole his horse! Sure the baste is safe and sound in his paddock this minute!

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<sup>7</sup> *spancelled*: hobbled.

<sup>8</sup> *shebeen*: an unlicensed alehouse for the illegal sale of spirits.

MOYA: But he says you stole it for the day to go huntin'.

CONN: Well, now, here's a purty thing, for a horse to run away a man's carachter like this! Oh, wurra! may I never die in sin but here was the way of it. I was standing by ould Foley's gate, when I heard the cry of the hounds comin' across the tail end of the bog, and there they wor, my dear, spread out like the tail of a paycock, and the finest dog fox ye ever seen was sailin' ahead o' them up the boreen<sup>9</sup> and right across the church-yard. It was enough to rise the inhabitants. Well, as I looked, who should come up and put his head over the gate beside me but the Squire's brown mare? Small blame to her. Divil a thing I said to her, nor she to me, for the hounds had lost the scent, we knew by their yelp and whine, as they hunted among the gravestones, when - whish! - the fox went by us. I lept on the gate an' gave a shriek of a view halloo to the whip. In a minute the pack caught the scent agin, and the whole field came roarin' past. The mare lost her head and tore at the gate. Stop, ses I, ye divil, and I slipped a taste of a rope over her head and into her mouth. Now, mind the cunnin' of the baste; she was quiet in a minute. Come home asy now, ses I, and I threw my leg across her. Be jabers! no sooner was I on. her bare back than whoo! holy rocket! she was over the gate and tearin' like mad afther the hounds. Yoicks! ses I, come back the thief o' the world, where are you takin' me to? as she went through the huntin' field, and laid me beside the masther o' the hounds, Squire Foley himself. He turned the colour of his leather breeches. Mother o' Moses! ses he, is that Conn the Shaughraun on my brown mare? Bad luck to me, ses I, it's no one else. You stole-my horse, ses the Squire. That's a lie, ses I, it was your horse stole me! (MRS. O'KELLY *turns away to conceal her laughter.*)

MOYA: What did he say to that?

CONN: I couldn't stop to hear - for just then we took a stone wall and a double ditch together, and he stopped behind to keep an engagement he had in the ditch.

MRS. O'K: You'll get a month in jail for this.

CONN: Well! it was worth it.

MRS. O'K: And what brings you here? Don't you know Father Dolan has forbid-den you the house?

CONN: The Lord bless him - I know it well - but I've brought something wid me to-night that will get me absolution. I've left it wid the ladies at Suil-a-beg, but they will bring it up here to share fair wid his reverence.

MRS. O'K: What is it at all?

CONN: Go down, mother, and see, and when you see it, kape your tongue betune your teeth, if one o' your sex can.

MRS. O'K: Well, but you're the quare mortil. (*Exit.*)

MOYA: Oh, Conn, I'm afeard my uncle won't see you. (FATHER DOLAN, *inside, calls Moya.*) There, he's calling to me.

CONN: Go in, and tell him I'm sthravagin'<sup>10</sup> outside till he's soft; now, put on your sweetest lip, darlin'.

MOYA: Never fear; sure, he does be always tellin' me my heart is too near my mouth.

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<sup>9</sup> *boreen*: narrow road.

<sup>10</sup> *sthravagin'*: loitering.

CONN: Ah! I hope nobody will ever measure the distance but me, my jewel. (*Kisses her. Music.*)

MOYA: Ah! Conn, do you see these flowers? I picked them by the wayside as I came along, and I put them in my breast. They are dead already; the life and fragrance have gone out of them, killed by the heat of my heart. So it may be with you if I pick you and put you there. (*pause*) Won't the life go out of your love? Hadn't I better lave you where you are?

CONN: For another girl to make a posy of me? Ah, but my darling Moya, sure if I were one of these flowers, and you were to pass me by like that, I do believe that I'd pluck myself and walk after you on my stalk. (*Exit MOYA: CONN sings a song.*<sup>11</sup>)

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<sup>11</sup> *sings a song*: that Conn was originally intended to sing a song here is clearly indicated in the Wallack's prompt copy, as well as by Father Dolan's reference in Scene 4. But the song is not named, and may have been omitted in performance.

*SCENE 4. A room in the house of FATHER DOLAN. Fireplace with a lighted fire. Window at back door. Lamp on table. FATHER DOLAN is seated by the fire in arm chair, reading, face to fire.*

DOLAN: What keeps Moya so long outside? Moya!

*(Enter MOYA with tea-things.)*

MOYA: Yes, uncle; here's your tay. I was waiting for the kettle to boil.

DOLAN: I thought I heard voices outside.

MOYA: It was the pig. *(Gives FATHER DOLAN cup of tea, then to fire with kettle.)*

DOLAN: And I heard somebody singing.

MOYA: It was the kettle, uncle.

DOLAN: Go tell that pig not to come here till he's cured, and if I hear any strange kettles singin' round here, my kettle will boil over.

MOYA: Sure, darlin' uncle, I never knew that happen but you put your own fire out. *(kneeling at fire)*

DOLAN: See now, Moya, that ragamuffin Conn will be your ruin - what makes you so fond of the rogue?

MOYA: All the batins I got for him when I was a child, an' the hard words you gave me since.

DOLAN: Has he one good quality undher Heaven? if he has, I'll forgive him.

MOYA: He has one.

DOLAN: What is it?

MOYA: He loves me.

DOLAN: Love! Oh, that word covers more sins than charity. I think I hear it rainin', Moya, and I would not keep a dog out in such a night.

MOYA: Oh! *(She laughs behind his back.)*

DOLAN: You may let him stand out o' the wet; *(MOYA beckons. Enter CONN.)* but don't let him open his mouth. Gi' me another cup o' tay, Moya; I hope it will be stronger than the last.

MOYA: Oh, what'll I do? Sure, he wants his tay stronger, and I've no more tay in the house.

*(Pause. CONN pours whisky into teapot. MOYA gives cup to FATHER DOLAN.)*

DOLAN: Well, haven't you a word to say for yourself?

CONN: Divil a one, your reverence.

DOLAN: You are goin' to ruin.

CONN: I am; bad luck to me.

DOLAN: And you want to take a dacent girl along with you.

CONN: I'm a vagabone entirely!

DOLAN: What sort of life do you lead? What is your occupation? Stealing the salmon out of the river of a night!

CONN: No, sir; I'm not so bad as tat, but I'll confess to a couple o' trout - sure the salmon is out o' sayson. *(Pulls out two trout from his bag, and gives them to MOYA.)*

DOLAN: And don't you go poaching the grouse on the hillside?

CONN: I do - divil a lie in it. *(Pulls out two grouse.)*

DOLAN: D'ye know where all this leads to?

CONN: Well, along wid the grouse, I'll go to pot. *(MOYA laughs and removes the game and fish.)*

DOLAN: Bless me, Moya, this tay is very strong, and has a curious taste.

CONN: Maybe the wather is to blame in regard o' bein' smoked.

DOLAN: And it smells of whisky!

CONN: It's not the tay ye smell, sir; it's me.

DOLAN: That reminds me; didn't you give me a promise last Aister - a blessed promise made on your two knees that you would lave off drink?

CONN: I did, barrin' only one thimbleful a day, just to take the cruelty out o' the wather.

DOLAN: One thimbleful! I allowed you that concession - no more.

CONN: God bless you, you did; and I kep me word.

DOLAN: Kept your word! How dare you say that? Didn't I find you ten days afther, stretched out as drunk as a fiddler at Tim O'Maley's wake?

CONN: Ye did - bad luck to me!

DOLAN: And you took only one thimbleful?

CONN: Divil a dhrop more, see this. Ah, will you listen to me, sir? I'll tell you how it was. When they axed me to the wake, I wint. Oh, I wouldn't decaive you - I wint. There was the Mulcaheys and the Malones and the -

DOLAN: I don't want to hear about that. Come to the drink.

CONN: Av coorse, egorra; I came to that soon enough. Well, sir, when, afther blessing the keeners and the rest o' them, I couldn't despise a dhrink out o' respect for the corpse - long life to it. But boys, ses I, I'm on a pinance, ses I. Is there a thimble in the house? ses I, for divil a dhrop more than the full av it will pass my lips this blessed day.

DOLAN: Ah!

CONN: Well, as the divil's luck would have it, there was only one thimble in the place, and that was a tailor's thimble, and they couldn't get it full; *(FATHER DOLAN, unable to conceal his laughter, goes to fire and pokes it - MOYA up to dresser with plate to her face.)* egorra, but they got me full first.

DOLAN: Ah, Conn, I'm afeard liquor is not the worst of your doings. We lost sight of you lately for more than six months. In what jail did you pass that time?

CONN: I was on me thravels.

DOLAN: On your travels? Where?

CONN: Round the world. See, sir, afther Masther Robert was tuck and they sint him away, the heart seemed to go out o' me intirely. I'd stand by the say and look over it an' see



the ships sailin' away to where he may be, till the longing grew too big for my body, an' one night I jumped into the coast-guard boat, stuck up the sail, and went to say.

DOLAN: Bless the boy!. You didn't think you could get to Australia in a skiff?

CONN: I didn't think at all - I wint. All night I tossed about, and next day, and that night, till at daylight I came across a big ship. Stop, ses I, and put me ashore, for the love of Heaven! I'm out o' my coorse. They whipped me on deck. Where d'ye come from? ses the Captain. Suil-a-beg, ses I. I'll be obleeged to you to lave me anywhere handy by there. You'll have to go to Melbourne first, ses he. Is that anywhere in the County Sligo? ses I, lookin' like a lamb. If ye'd heern the shout of laffin' I got for that. Why, ye omadhaun<sup>12</sup>, ses he, yell never see home for six months. Then I set up a wierasthru.<sup>13</sup> Poor divil, ses the Captain, I'm sorry for you; but you must cross the say. What sort o' work can you do best? I can play on the fiddle, ses I. Take him forrad and good care of him, ses he, and so they did. That's how I got my passage to Australia.

DOLAN: You rogue, you boarded that ship on purpose.

MOYA: Ay, to get nearer the young Masther - and did you find him, Conn?

CONN: I did; an' oh, sir, when he laid eyes on me, he put his two arums about me neck, an' sobbed an' clung to me like when we war childre together. What brings you here? ses he. To bring you back wid me, ses I. That's impossible, ses he, I'm watched. So is the salmon in Glenamoy, ses I, but I get 'em out. So's the grouse on Keim-an-Eigh, but I poach them; and now I've come to poach you, ses I; and I did it.

*(Music. Enter ROBERT FFOLLIOTT, with CLAIRE and ARTE.)*

DOLAN: Is this the truth you are telling me? You found him!

CONN: *(seizing MOYA and stopping her mouth as she was about to utter a cry on seeing ROBERT)* Safe, and in fine condition.

DOLAN: Escaped and free; tell me -

CONN: Oh, egorra! he must speak for himself now.

ROBERT: Father Dolan. *(Throws off disguise and embraces him.)*

DOLAN: Robert! my darling boy. Oh, blessed day! do I hold you to my heart again? *(Embraces him.)*

CONN: *(aside to MOYA)* There's nobody lookin'. *(Kisses her.)*

MOYA: Conn! behave!

ARTE: He has been hiding on the sea-shore among the rocks for a whole day and two nights.

CLAIRE: All alone, with sea-weed for his bed.

MOYA: Oh! if I'd only known that.

CONN: And nothing to eat but a piece of tobacco and a cockle.

ARTE: And he would not stop at Suil-a-beg to taste a morsel until he would come over here to see you.

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<sup>12</sup> *omadhaun*: fool.

<sup>13</sup> *wierasthru*: a contraction of an exclamation of lament, meaning 'Oh, Mary, what sorrow'.

DOLAN: Come near the fire. Moya, hurry now, and put food on the table. Sit ye down. Let me see you all around me once again. (*MOYA brings in food, then fetches tumblers.*) And to think I cannot offer you a glass of wine, nor warm your. welcome with a glass of liquor. I have not got a bottle in the house. (*CONN pulls out his bottle and puts it on table.*) The rogue! (*They form a group round the fire.*)

ROBERT: We may thank poor Conn, who contrived my escape. I made my way to America.

ARTE: What became of Conn?

ROBERT: I left him in my place.

CLAIRE: But how did you escape, Conn?

CONN: Oh! asy enough, miss - they turned me out.

ARTE: Turned you out?

CONN: As if I wor a stray cat. Very well, ses I, Ballymulligan is my parish; I'm a pauper; send me or gi' me board wages where I am. No, ses they, we've Irish enough here already. Then send me back to Sligo, ses I - and they did.

CLAIRE: They might well take you for a cat, for you seem always to fall on your legs.

DOLAN: I can't get over my surprise, to see my blessed child sitting there by my side. Now we'll all drink his health. (*Music.*)

CONN: Which thimble am I to drink out of?

DOLAN: The tailor's, you reprobate. Are you ready, girls? Now, then, (*The face of HARVEY DUFF appears at the window.*) here's his health, and long life to him - may Heaven keep watch over -

ROBERT: (*rising, glass in hand, and pointing to window*) Look! look there! (*DUFF disappears before they turn.*)

CLAIRE: What was it?

ARTE: How pale you are.

ROBERT: The face - I saw the face - there, at the window - the same I saw when I was in the dock.

CLAIRE: Ah, Robert, you dream!

ROBERT: The police spy - Harvey Duff - the man that denounced me. 'Twas his white face pressed against the glass, yonder - glaring at me. (*Exit CONN.*) Oh, can it be a vision?

ARTE: It was! you are weak, dear. Eat - recover your strength.

MOYA: It wasn't a face, but an empty stomach.

ROBERT: It gave my heart a turn. You must be right. It was a weakness - the disorder of my brain - it must have been so.

DOLAN: The night is very dark. (*Closes curtains. Re-enter CONN.*) Well?

CONN: Nothing.

DOLAN: I thought so. Come now - refresh yourself.

CONN: (*aside*) Moya, there was somebody there!

MOYA: How d'ye know? Did you see him?

CONN: No, but I left Tatters outside.

MOYA: Your dog! why didn't he bark?

CONN: He couldn't! I found this in his mouth.

MOYA: What's that?

CONN: The state of a man's breeches; whisht, he's growling now; he never talks till he wants me to help him. *(Exit.)*

ROBERT: *(eating)* My visit here must be a very short one. The vessel that landed me is now standing off and on the coast awaiting my signal to send in a boat ashore to take me away again.

ARTE: I am afraid your arrival was expected by the authorities; they are on the watch.

ROBERT: I know they are! I have had a chat with them on the subject - and a very nice fellow the authority seemed to be, and a great admirer of my rebel sister there!

CLAIRE: Captain Molineux.

ROBERT: He and I met this evening at the Coot's Nest.

CLAIRE: How dare the fellow talk about me!

ROBERT: Look at her! She's all ablaze! Her face is the colour of his coat.

CLAIRE: I never saw the creature but once.

ROBERT: Then you made good use of your time; I never saw a man in such a condition. He's not a man - he's a trophy! *(Music.)*

CLAIRE: Bob, you are worse than he is.

DOLAN: I could listen to him all night.

ARTE: So could I. .

CONN: *(dashing window open)* Sir - quick - away wid yees! Hide - the redcoats , are on us. *(Leaps in.)*

ARTE: Oh, Robert! fly!

MOYA: This way - by the kitchen, through the garden.

CONN: No, the back dure is watched - by a couple of them. Is it locked?

MOYA: Fast.

CONN: Give me your coat and hat; I'll make a dash out. Tatters will attend to one, I'll stretch the other, and the rest will give me chase, thinking it is yourself; then you can slip off onbekonst. *(three knocks at the door)*

DOLAN: It is too late.

MOYA: Hide yourself in the ould clock-case in the kitchen! There's just room for him in it.

ARTE: Quick, Robert, quick! Oh, save yourself if you can! *(Exeunt.)*

CLAIRE: Oh! I wish I was a man; I would not give him up without a fight. *(Exit.)*

CONN: Egorra, the blood o' the ould stock is in her. (*standing at door with bottle in his hand*)  
I'll stretch 'em as they come. (*two knocks at door*)

DOLAN: Conn, put that down and open the door.

(*MOYA takes bottle from CONN. He opens door. SERGEANT and two SOLDIERS enter. SOLDIERS stand each side of door. SERGEANT draws window-curtains and discovers two SOLDIERS - who remain there. MOLINEUX passes window. As he enters, SERGEANT salutes and exit.*)

MOLINEUX: I deeply regret to disturb your household at such an hour, but my duty sir, is imperative; a convict, escaped from penal servitude, has landed on this coast, and I am charged with his capture. (*Enter CLAIRE and ARTE.*) Miss Ffolliott, I am sorry to be obliged to perform so painful a duty in your presence - and in yours, Miss O'Neal.

CLAIRE: Especially, sir, when the man you seek is my brother.

ARTE: And my affianced husband.

MOLINEUX: Believe me, I would exchange places with him if I could. (*Enter SERGEANT.*)

SERGEANT: (*saluting*) Please, sir, there's a mad dog, sir, a-sittin' at the back door as has bit four of the men awful.

CONN: Tatters was obliged to perform a painful juty.

CLAIRE: Call off your dog, Conn; open the back-door, Moya.

(*Exit CONN and MOYA.*)

MOLINEUX: Your assurance gives me hope that we have been misled.

ARTE: The house is very small, sir. Here is a bedroom; let your men search it. (*Re-enter MOYA, CONN and two SOLDIERS.*)

MOYA: I suppose you have seen there's never a human bein' in my kitchen barrin' the cat; my bedroom is up them stairs, maybe you'd like to search that.

MOLINEUX: I shall be obliged, sir, to visit every room, sound every piece of furniture, from the roof to the cellar; but the indignity of the proceedings is more offensive to my feelings than it can be to yours. I will accept your simple assurance that the person we are in search of is not in your house. Give me that, and I will withdraw my men.

CLAIRE: (*offering her hand to MOLINEUX*) Thank you: ARTE: (*aside to FATHER DOLAN*) Save him, sir, oh save him! DOLAN: (*aside*) Oh, God, help me in this great temptation.

ARTE: (*aside*) You will not betray him! Speak; oh say he is not here.

MOLINEUX: I await your reply. CONN: (*aside*) I wish he would take my word.

DOLAN: The lad - the - person you seek - my poor boy - oh, sir, for mercy's sake, don't ask me! - he has been here - but -

MOLINEUX: He is gone? - he went before we arrived?,

ARTE: Yes - yes!

CONN: Yes, sir; he wint away before he came at all.

MOLINEUX: Have I your word as a priest, sir, that Robert Ffolliott is not under this roof?

*(FATHER DOLAN, after a passionate struggle with himself, turns from MOLINEUX, and buries his face in his hands. Enter ROBERT.)*

ROBERT: No, sir. Robert Ffolliott is here!

*(ARTE, with a suppressed cry, throws herself into CLAIRE'S arms.)*

MOLINEUX: I am very sorry for it. (ROBERT *embraces* FATHER DOLAN.) Secure your prisoner!

*(SERGEANT advances; ROBERT meets him, is handcuffed; SERGEANT retires two or three paces; FATHER DOLAN totters across and falls on his knees; ROBERT raises him and puts him in chair; SERGEANT touches ROBERT on shoulder, then moves to door; ROBERT is going when ARTE throws her arms round his neck.)*

DOLAN: Oh Robert, Robert, forgive Ale! what have I done? ,

CONN: Be asy, Father, sure he'd rather have the iron on his hands, than you the ) sin upon your sowl.

*(Tableau. Slow act drop.)*

ACT II

*SCENE 1. A room in Ballyragget House. Music. Enter KINCHELA and HARVEY DUFF.*

KINCHELA: Come in - how pale you are - did he resist?

DUFF: Gi' me a glass of sperrets!

KINCHELA: Recover yourself. Is he wounded?

DUFF: Divil a scratch, but I am!

KINCHELA: Where?

DUFF: Never mind.

KINCHELA: Come and sit down.

DUFF: No! I'm asier on my feet.

KINCHELA: How did it happen?

DUFF: While I was peepin' through the key-hole of the kitchen door.

KINCHELA: I mean how was he taken?

DUFF: I did not stop to see, for when he caught sight of my face agin the windy, his own turned as white as your shirt. I believe he knew me.

KINCHELA: Impossible! that black wig disguises you completely. You have shaved off your great red whiskers. Your own mother wouldn't know you.

DUFF: No, she wouldn't; the last time I went home she pelted me out wid the poker. But if the people round here suspected I was Harvey Duff, they would tear me to rags. There wouldn't survive a piece of me as big as the one I left in the mouth of that divil of a dog.

KINCHELA: Don't be afraid, my good fellow. I'll take care of you. (*Gets glass and bottle. DUFF drinks.*)

DUFF: And it is yourself you will be taking care of at the same time. There's a pair of us, Misther Kinchela, mind me now. We are harnessed to the same pole, and as I'm dhruv you must thtravel!

KINCHELA: What do you mean?

DUFF: I mane that I have been your partner in this game to chate young Ffolliott - out of his liberty first, then out of his estate, and now out of his wife! Where's my share?

KINCHELA: Your share! of what?

DUFF: Oh, not of the wife. Take her and welcome, but where's my share of the money?

KINCHELA: Were you not handsomely paid at the time for doing your duty?

DUFF: My jooty! was it 'my jooty to come down here amongst the people disguised as a Fenian delegate, and pass meself aff for a head centre so that I could swear them in and then denounce them? Who gave me the offis how to trap young Ffolliott? Who was it picked out Andy Donovan an' sent him in irons across the say, laving his young wife in a madhouse?

KINCHELA: Hush, not so loud!

DUFF: D'ye remember the curse of Bridget Madigan, when her only boy was found guilty on my evidence? Take your share of that! and give me some of what I've ained!

KINCHELA: You want a share of my fortune!

DUFF: A share of our fortune.

KINCHELA: Every penny I possess is invested in this estate. If Robert Ffolliott returns home a free man, I could not hold more of it than would stick to my brogues when I was kicked out. Listen to this letter that I found here to- night waiting for me. It is from London. (*Reads.*) 'On Her Majesty's Service. The Home Office. In reply to your enquiries concerning Robert Ffolliott, undergoing penal servitude, I am directed by his Lordship to inform you that Her Majesty has been pleased to extend a full pardon to the Fenian prisoners.'

DUFF: Pardon! I'm a corpse!

KINCHELA: (*Reads.*) 'But as Robert Ffolliott has effected his escape, the pardon will not extend to him, unless he should reconstitute himself a prisoner.'

DUFF: Oh Lord! sure that is exactly what he has done. He gave himself up.

KINCHELA: Was he not captured?

DUFF: No! bad luck to it! Our schame to catch him has only qualified him for that pardon.

KINCHELA: What! has an infernal fate played such a trick upon me?

DUFF: The divil will have his joke.

KINCHELA: His freedom and his return here is your death-warrant and my ruin.

DUFF: I'll take the next ship to furrin parts.

KINCHELLA: Stay - This news is only known to ourselves.

DUFF: In a couple of days it will be all over Ireland, and they will let him out! Tare alive, what'll I do at all? Where'll I go? I'll swear an information agin meself and get sent to jail - for purtection.

KINCHELA: Listen - I've a plan! Can I rely on your help?

DUFF: I'll do anything short o' murther - but I'll get somebody to do that for me. What's to be done?

KINCHELA: I'll visit him in prison, and offer him the means to escape. Now what more likely than he should be killed while making the attempt?

DUFF: Oh! Whew! The soldiers will not dhraw a trigger on him, barrin' a magistrate is by to give the ordher.

KINCHELA: But the police will. You will go at once to the police barracks at Sligo - pick your men, tell them we apprehend an attempt at rescue. The late attack on the police van at Manchester, and the explosion at Clerkenwell prison in London, will warrant extreme measures.<sup>14</sup>

DUFF: The police won't fire if he doesn't defend himself.

KINCHELA: But he will.

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<sup>14</sup> *Manchester and Clerkenwell*: the reference is to two actual Fenian raids - both ill-starred - which took place in 1867.

DUFF: Where will he get the arms?

KINCHELA: I'll provide them for him.

DUFF: Corry Kinchela - the devil must be proud of you.

KINCHELA: We must get some of our own people to help, and if the police hesitate - sure it's the duty of every loyal subject to, kill a fugitive convict. What men could we depend on at a pinch?

DUFF: There's Sullivan, and Doyle, and Mangan, and all their smugglin' crew.

KINCHELA: Where can you find them?

DUFF: At the Coot's Nest. They expect the lugger in at every tide.

KINCHELA: Have them ready and sober to-night. Come to me for instructions at midday.  
(*going - stops*) Ah! that will do - that will do - he will fall into that trap; (*Rubs his hands.*) it can't fail. (*Exit. Music.*)

DUFF: Harvey Duff, take a frind's advice, get out o' this place as quick as you can; take your little pickin's and your passage across the say, find some place where a rogue can live peaceable; have some show and a chance of makin' an honorable livin'. (*Exit.*)



*SCENE 2. The parlour at FATHER DOLAN's, as before. ARTE and FATHER DOLAN at the fireside; CLAIRE looking out of window.*

DOLAN: There, my darling, do not sob so bitterly; sure, that 'will do no good, and ' only spoil your blue eyes.

ARTE: What's the good of my eyes if I can't see him. Let me cry. God help me, what else can I do? Oh if I could only see him, speak to him for one minute. Do you think they would let me in?

DOLAN: I have sent a letter to the Captain; Moya has carried it to the barracks.

ARTE: If Claire had gone instead of Moya: had she pleaded for us, he would not refuse her.

CLAIRE: But I could not go.

DOLAN: Why not?

CLAIRE: I could not ask that Englishman a favour.

DOLAN: You speak unkindly, and unjustly. He acted with a gentle forbearance and a respect for my character and our sorrow I cannot forget.

CLAIRE: Nor can I.

DOLAN: It made a deep impression on my heart.

CLAIRE: Yes! A bitter curse on the day I ever laid eyes on him!

ARTE: Oh, Claire, you wrong him! Surely I have no cause to regard him as a friend, but you did not see the tears in his eyes when I appealed to his mercy.

CLAIRE: Didn't I?

DOLAN: Poor fellow, he suffered for what he was obliged to do; you should not hate the man.

CLAIRE: I don't; and that's what ails me.

ARTE: Are you mad?

CLAIRE: I am. I've tried to hate him and I can't. D'ye think I was blind to all you saw? I tried to shut my eyes, but I only shut him in; I could not shut him out. I hate his country and his people.

DOLAN: You were never there.

CLAIRE: Never; and I wish they had never been here; particularly this fellow, who has the impudence to upset all my principles with his chalky smile and his bloodless courtesy. I can't stand the ineffable resignation with which he makes a fool of himself and of me.

*(Enter MOYA.)*

Well, have you seen him? Can't you speak?

MOYA: I will when I get my breath. Yes, I saw him, and oh, how good and –

CLAIRE: Stop that! We know all about that! Where is his answer? Quick!

MOYA: He is bringing it himself.

CLAIRE: Oh! *(Turns away.)* We don't want him here.

ARTE: Did you see the young master?

MOYA: No, Miss nobody is let in to see him.

DOLAN: What kept you so long then?

MOYA: Conn came back wid me - and knowin' you did not want him round here, I was thryin' to get away from him, that's what kept me - but he was at my heels all the way, and Tatters at his heels - a nice sthree<sup>15</sup> we made along the road.

DOLAN: Where is he?

MOYA: They are both outside.

DOLAN: The pair of vagabonds - why does he not go home?

MOYA: He says the ould woman is no consolation.

CONN: (*Sings outside.*)

If I Was dead and in my grave,  
No other tombstone I would have,  
But I'd dig a grave both wide and deep,  
Wid a jug of punch at my head and feet.  
Ri-too-ral-loo.

DOLAN: Is that fellow so insensible to our sorrows that he sets it to the tune of a jug of punch?

CLAIRE: Don't blame poor Conn! the boy is so full of sport that I believe he would sing at his own funeral.

MOYA: Long life t'ye, Miss, for the good word.

(*Enter CONN.*)

CONN: (*speaking to his dog*) Lie down now, an' behave.

DOLAN: Where have you been all night?

CONN: Where would I be? I've been undher his prison windy, kapin' up his heart wid the songs and the divarshin.

ARTE: Diversion!

CONN: Sure, I had all the soldiers dancin' to my fiddle, and I put Tatters through all his thricks, and I had 'em all in fits o' laffin' when I made him dance to my tunes; that's the way the mather knew I was waitin' on him. He guessed what I was at, for when I struck up 'Where's the slave?', he answered inside wid 'My lodging is on the cowl'd ground'. Then, when I made Tatters dance to 'Tell me the sorrow in your heart' till I thought they'd a' died wid the fun, he sung back 'The girl I left behind me', manin' yourself, Miss Arte, God bless him! an' I pertended that the tears runnin' down my nose was wid the laffin'. (MOYA wipes *his eyes with apron.*)

DOLAN: (*crossing to CONN*) I did you great wrong. I ask your pardon.

ARTE: What is to be done?

CONN: I'd only have to whisper five words on the cross-roads, and I'd go bail I'd have him out o' that before night.

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<sup>15</sup> *sthree*: a word describing anything untidy or ungainly.

DOLAN: Yes. You would raise the country to attack the barracks and rescue him! I will not give countenance to violence.

CLAIRE: 'Tis the shortest way out.

ARTE: Oh, any way but that.

MOYA: (*aside to CONN*) Come into my kitchen; have you had nothing to ate since yesterda'?

CONN: Yes, my heart. I've had that in my mouth all night; I can't get it down at all; it stops my swally, but I find the dhrink slips by. (*Exit MOYA. He follows her.*)

CLAIRE: (who is watching at window) Here he comes. (Stands with back to door as MOLINEUX passes window and knocks at door.)

DOLAN: There's a knock at the door.

ARTE: 'Tis he.

CLAIRE: I know that.

DOLAN: Why did you not let him in? (*Crosses to door.*)

CLAIRE: (*aside*) Because I am trying to keep him out. (*Sits at fire, back to audience; as FATHER DOLAN admits MOLINEUX.*)

MOLINEUX: Good day, sir; I ventured to intrude in person, to bring you this order, necessary to obtain admission to see Mr: Ffolliott, and that I might entreat you to bear me no ill will for the painful duty I had to perform last night. (*Hands a paper to ARTE.*)

CLAIRE: Oh no, sir; you had to deprive us of a limb, and I suppose you performed the operation professionally well. Do you come for your fee in the form of our gratitude?

DOLAN: Forgive her, Sir: Claire, this is too bad!

MOLINEUX: (*awkward*) Oh not at all! Pray don't mention it, I assure you.

ARTE: This paper is signed by Mr. Kinchela! Are we indebted to him for this favour?

MOLINEUX: The prisoner is now in the custody of the civil power, and Mr. Kinchela is the magistrate of the district.

DOLAN: (*taking his hat from desk*) Come Arte. Come Claire.

ARTE: (*speaking pointedly to CLAIRE*) We are grateful, very grateful for your kindness in our affliction. (*aside to MOLINEUX*) Don't mind her. Heaven will reward you.

DOLAN: (*taking his hand*) A good action is its own reward. (*Exit with ARTE.*)

MOLINEUX: (*aside*) Don't mind her - I wish I did not. (*aloud*) May I be permitted to accompany you to -

CLAIRE: To the prison? Do you wish to make the people about here believe I am in custody? A fine figure I'd make hanging on the arm of the policeman who arrested my brother.

MOLINEUX: You cannot make me feel more acutely than I do the misery of my condition. I did not sleep a wink last night.

CLAIRE: And how many winks do you suppose I got?

MOLINEUX: I tried to act with as much tenderness as the nature of my duty would permit.

CLAIRE: That's the worst part of it.

MOLINEUX: Do you reproach me with my gentleness?

CLAIRE: I do! You have not left us even the luxury of complaint.

MOLINEUX: Really, I don't understand you.

CLAIRE: No wonder - I don't understand myself.

MOLINEUX: Well, if you don't understand yourself you shall understand me, Miss Ffolliott. You oblige me to take refuge from your cruelty, and to place myself under the protection of your generosity. You extort from me a confession that I feel is premature, for our acquaintance has been short.

CLAIRE: And not sweet.

MOLINEUX: I ask your pity for my position last night, when I found myself obliged to arrest the brother of the woman I love.

CLAIRE: Captain Molineux! do you mean to insult me? Oh sir, you know I am a friendless girl, alone in this house, my brother in jail. I have no protection. MOLINEUX: Miss Ffolliott - Claire!

*(Enter CONN, followed by MOYA.)*

CONN: Did you call, Miss?

CLAIRE: (after a pause) No.

CONN: I thought I heard a screech. *(Music.)*

CLAIRE: Go away; I don't want you.

MOYA: *(aside to CONN)* Don't ye see what's the matther?

CONN: No.

MOYA: *(still aside)* You're an omadhaun. Come out of that an' I'll tell you. *(Exit CONN and MOYA.)*

CLAIRE: There! what will those pair think of us? Do you see what you have ex-posed me to? Is it not enough to play the character of the executioner, of my brother, but you must add to your part this scene of outrage to me? *(Sits down and weeps passionately.)*

MOLINEUX: Forgive me. I ask it most humbly. If I said I would give my heart's blood to the last drop to spare you one of those tears, you might feel that avowal was an offence. What can I say? Miss Ffolliott, for mercy's sake don't cry so bitterly. Forget what I've done!

CLAIRE: I - I can't.

MOLINEUX: On my knees I implore your pardon. I'll go away; I'll never see you again. *(She suddenly and mechanically arrests his movement by catching his arm; he kisses her hand.)* Heaven bless you. *(She covers her face. He goes to the door, dejected.)*

CLAIRE: *(without removing her hands from her face)* Don't go.

MOLINEUX: Did I hear right? you bid me stay?

CLAIRE: Am I mad?

MOLINEUX: Miss Ffolliott, I am here.

CLAIRE: *(rising and going to fireplace)* I forgive you on one condition.

MOLINEUX: I accept it, whatever it may be.

CLAIRE: Save my brother.

MOLINEUX: I'll do my best! Anything else?

CLAIRE: Never speak a word of love to me again.

MOLINEUX: Never, never; on my honour, I will never breathe a -

CLAIRE: Until he is free.

MOLINEUX: And then, may I, may I? *(Stands beside her at the fireplace; her head is bent down. Steals his arm round her waist.)*

CLAIRE: Not a word until then. *(Buries her head on his shoulder. )*

MOLINEUX: Not a word.

*(Scene closes in slowly.)*

*SCENE 3. A room in the barracks. Enter SERGEANT followed by KINCHELA. KINCHELA: I am Mr. Kinchela, the magistrate. I wish to see the prisoner. He must be removed to the police quarters.*

SERGEANT: We shall be glad to get rid of him. It is police business. Our men don't half like it. *(Exit.)*

KINCHELA: Now I'll know at once by his greeting if those girls have been speaking about me.

*(Enter ROBERT, followed by SERGEANT.)*

ROBERT: Kinchela! my dear friend. I knew you would not fail me. KINCHELA: *(aside)* 'Tis all right. *(Turns coldly, and with stiff manner.)* Pardon me, Mr. Ffolliott, you forget your position and mine. I bear Her Majesty's commission as justice of the peace - and whatever friendship once united us, it ceased when you became a rebel.

ROBERT: Do I hear aright? Your letters to me breathed the most devoted -

KINCHELA: *(to the SERGEANT)* You can leave us. *(Exit SERGEANT. KINCHELA suddenly changes his manner.)* My dear young master, forgive me. In the presence of that fellow, I was obliged to play the magistrate:

ROBERT: Egad - you took my breath away!

KINCHELA: Didn't I do it well? My devotion to you and to the precious charge you left in my care exposes me to suspicion., I'm watched - and to preserve my character for loyalty, I'm obliged to put on airs. Oh! I'm your mortal enemy - mind that.

ROBERT: You!

KINCHELA: Every man, woman and child in the County Sligo believes it and hates me. I've played my part so well that your sister and Miss O'Neal took offence at my performance.

ROBERT: No. Ha! ha!

KINCHELA: Yes. Ho! ho! They actually believe I am what I am obliged to appear, and they hate me cordially. I'm the biggest blackguard -

ROBERT: You! my best friend!

KINCHELA: Oh, I don't mind it. The truth is, I was afeard if I had betrayed my game to them - you know the wakeness of the sex! - they could not have kept my saret.

ROBERT: But surely Father Dolan -

KINCHELA: 'He is just as bad.

ROBERT: Forgive them.

KINCHELA: I do.

ROBERT: The time will come when they will repent their usage of you.

KINCHELA: Ay, by my soul, it will!

ROBERT: They will have no friend, no protector but you! For now my chains will be riveted more firmly than ever.

KINCHELA: Whisht, you must escape!

ROBERT: It is impossible! How? When?

KINCHELA: To-night! To-morrow when you are removed to Sligo jail it might not be so easy, but to-night I can help you.

ROBERT: To regain my freedom?

KINCHELA: Is the ship that landed you within reach?

ROBERT: Every night at eight o'clock she runs inshore and lies to off the coast. A bonfire lighted on Rathgarron Head is to be the signal for her to send her skiff under the ruins of St. Bridget's Abbey to take me on board.

KINCHELA: That signal will be fired to-night, and you shall be there to meet the boat.

ROBERT: Do you indeed mean this, Kinchela? Will you risk this for my sake?

KINCHELA: I will lay down my life, if you want it. (*They embrace.*)

ROBERT: What am I to do?

KINCHELA: Give me your promise that you will not breathe a word to mortal about the plan I'm going to propose; neither to your sister, nor to Miss O'Neal, nor, above all, to Father Dolan.

ROBERT: Must I play a part to deceive them?

KINCHELA: Recollect, my life and liberty are staked on the attempt, as well as yours.

ROBERT: I give you the promise.

KINCHELA: To-night your quarters will be changed to the Old Gate Tower; wait until dark, and then use this chisel to pick out the stones that form the back of the fireplace in your room; the wall there is only one course thick. (*Gives him chisel.*)

ROBERT: You are sure?

KINCHELA: Conn, the Shaughraun, was shut up in that cell last spring, and he picked his way through the wall with a two-pronged fork; he was creeping out of the hole he had made when they caught him. The wall has been rebuilt, but the place has not served as a prison since.

ROBERT: Where shall I find myself when I am outside?

KINCHELA: In a yard enclosed by four low walls. There's a door in one of them that's bolted on the inside. Open that and you are free.

ROBERT: Are there no sentinels posted there?

KINCHELA: No; but if there is, here's a double-barrelled pistol - that will clear your road. (*Hands him a pistol. ROBERT examines it. Aside.*) I'll put Duff outside that door - there will be an end to him.

ROBERT: (*returning the pistol*) Take it back! I will not buy my liberty at the price of any man's life. I will take my chance. But stay! the signal on Rathgarron Head! Who will light the bonfire. (*CONN plays fiddle outside.*) Hark! 'tis Conn. Do you hear? Poor fellow, he is playing 'I'm under your window, . darling'. Ha! I can employ him! He will do it. How will I send him word?

KINCHELA: You won't betray me?

ROBERT: No, no! (*Writes in his note-book - repeats as he writes.*) "Be at Rathgarron Head to-night, beside the tar barrel.' What signal can I give him, that he will be able to hear or see across the bay?

KINCHELA: (*dictating*) 'When you hear two gun-shots in St. Bridget's Abbey, light the fire.'  
(*Offers the pistol.*)

ROBERT: For that purpose I accept it. (*Takes it, puts it into his pocket, and writes.*) 'When you hear two shots -

KINCHELA: (*aside*) No matter for what purpose - he will use it to serve mine. If they'd hang him for murderin' Duff, I'd be after killing two birds with one stone.

ROBERT: Beg the sentry to come here.

KINCHELA: What are you going to do?

ROBERT: You will see. (*Takes out some coins.*)

KINCHELA: Here is the Sergeant.

(*Enter SERGEANT.*)

ROBERT: (*folding the money in the paper*) Will you give these few pence to that fiddler outside, and beg the fellow to move on? (*Hands the paper to SERGEANT.*)

SERGEANT: The men encourage him about the place. (*going*) There's Father Dolan and Miss O'Neal outside; they have got a pass to see you. ROBERT: Show them in. (*Exit SERGEANT.*)

KINCHELA: Now watch their manner towards me, but you won't mind a word they say against me.

ROBERT: Not I. I know you better. (*CONN plays fiddle outside.*) Hush! 'Tis Conn. Has he got the letter? Listen - 'I'll be faithful and true'. Ay, as the ragged dog at your heels is faithful and true to you, so you have been to me, my dear, devoted, loving playfellow, my wild companion.

(*Enter FATHER DOLAN and ARTE.*)

ARTE: Robert! (*embracing him*) Mr. Kinchela!

DOLAN: I am surprised to find you here, sir!

KINCHELA: (*aside to ROBERT*) D'ye hear?

ROBERT: (*aside to him*) All right!

ARTE: You do not know that man:

KINCHELA: Oh, yes he does - I have made a clane breast of it.

ROBERT: Yes, he has told me all.

KINCHELA: How I brought him and all of you to ruin, betrayed my trust, and grew rich and fat on my plunder. I defy you to make me out a bigger black-guard than I've painted myself; so my service to you. (*Exit.*)

DOLAN: When St. Patrick made a clean sweep of all the venomous reptiles in Ireland, some of the vermin must have found refuge in the bodies of such men as that.

ROBERT: That is the first uncharitable word I ever heard you utter.

DOLAN: Heaven forgive me for it, and, him; you are right - my vocation is to redeem and pray for sinners, not to revile them.

ARTE: And mine is to comfort you, and not to bring our complaints to add to your misfortune.



ROBERT: Hold up your hearts; mine is full of hope.

DOLAN: Hope! where do you find it?

ROBERT: In her eyes! You might as well ask me where I find love. I was in prison when I stood liberated on American soil. The chains were on my soul when I stretched it, longing, across the ocean towards my home; and now I'm here, in prison. But this narrow cell is Ireland; I breathe my native air and I'm free.

DOLAN: They will send you back again.

ARTE: Ah! sure the future belongs to Heaven, but the present is our own. DOLAN: I believe I was wrong to come here at all. I feel like a mourning band on a white hat. (*Music.*)

(*Enter SERGEANT.*)

SERGEANT: Sorry to disturb you, sir, but we are ordered to shift your quarters; you will occupy the room in the Old Gate Tower. The guard is waiting, sir, when you are ready.

ROBERT: I am prepared to accompany you.

ARTE: Must we leave you?

ROBERT: For the present: but we shall, soon meet again! Now, will you indulge a strange humour of mine? You know the ruins of St. Bridget's Abbey, where - we have so often sat together?

ARTE: Can I ever forget it? We go there often; the place is full of you.

ROBERT: Go there to-night at nine o'clock.

ARTE: I'll offer up a prayer at the old shrine.

ROBERT: Ay, with all your heart, for I may want it.

DOLAN: What do you mean? There's some mischief going on - I know it by his eye. He used to wear just the same look when he was going to give me the slip, and be off from his Latin grammar to play truant with Conn the Shaughraun.

ROBERT: Ask me nothing, for I can only answer you one word. Hope!

DOLAN: 'Tis the finest word in the Irish language.

ARTE: There's a finer - Faith! (*Embraces ROBERT.*)

DOLAN: And love is the mother of those heavenly twins. I declare my heart is lifted up between you, as if your young ones were its wings.

ROBERT: Good night, and not for the last time.

ARTE: Good night.

DOLAN: I leave my heart with you, Robert. God bless you.

ROBERT: Remember, to-night at the Abbey.

ARTE: At nine o'clock.

ROBERT: I shall be there. (*She utters an exclamation.*) Hush! (*Exit FATHER DOLAN and ARTE.*) You gave the money to the fiddler?

SERGEANT: Yes, sir.

ROBERT: (*aside*) Ah; I forgot! Conn can't read. What will he do to decipher my note? Bah! I must trust to his cunning to get at the contents. Now, sergeant, lead me to my new cell in the Gate Tower. (*Exeunt.*)

*SCENE 4. The exterior of MRS. O'KELLY's cabin. Evening. Enter CONN, with a paper in his hand.*

CONN: There's writin' upon it. Himself has sent me a letther. Well, this is the first I ever got, and well, to be sure, (*Looks at it, turns it over.*) I'd know more about it if there was nothing in it; but it's the writin' bothers me.

*(Enter MRS. O'KELLY.)*

MRS. O'K: Is that yourself, Conn?

CONN: (*aside*) I wish it was somebody else that had book larnin'.

MRS. O'K: What have ye there?

CONN: It's a letther, ma'am! the masther is after writin' to me.

MRS. O'K: What's in it?

CONN: Tuppence was in it for postage. (*aside*) And that's all I made out of it.

MRS. O'K: I mane what does he say in it?

CONN: Rade it!

MRS. O'K: You know I can't.

CONN: Ah, ye ignorant ould woman.

MRS. O'K: I am, Conn, but I tuk care to send you to school - though the sixpence a week you cost me was pinched out of my stomach and off my back.

CONN: The Lord be praised, mother, ye had it to spare anyway.

MRS. O'K: Go on now - is it making' fun of your ould mother you are? Tell me what the young masther says.

CONN: In the letter?

MRS. O'K: Yes.

CONN: (*aside*) Murdher, what'll I do? (*aloud*) Now mind, mother, it's a sacret. (*Reads.*) 'Collee Costhoon garaya, caravat - Sillibubu lukli kastuck pig' -

MRS. O'K: ,What's that, it's not in English?

CONN: No, it's in writin' - now kape that to yourself, here comes the missus! (*Enter CLAIRE.*)

CLAIRE: Conn, there is some project on foot to-night to rescue my brother. Don't deny it! He has almost confessed as much to Father Dolan. Tell me the truth.

CONN: I would not decave ye! Well, I promised not to say a word about it; but there it is, rade it for yureself!

CLAIRE: (*looking at the note*) Yes, 'tis his hand.

CONN: I knew it in a minute!

CLAIRE: It is in pencil.

CONN: (*turning to MRS. O'KELLY*) I tould ye it wasn't in English.

CLAIRE: (*Reads.*) 'Be at Rathgarron Head to-night beside the tar barrel. When you hear two gun-shots-in St. Bridget's Abbey, light the fire.'

CONN: The signal fire that's to tell the ship out at sea beyant there to send a boat' ashore to take him off.

MRS. O'K: Oh, blessed day, is it to escape from jail he'd be thrying?

CLAIRE: He has told my cousin Arte to be in the ruins to-night.

CONN: There's goin' to be a scrimmage, and I'm not to be in it. I'm to be sent away like this. It's too hard on me intirely. Oh, if I could find somebody to take my place, and fire the signal, I'd bring him out o' jail this night, if I had to tear a hole in the wall wid me five fingers.

CLAIRE: I'll take your place.

CONN: You will?

MRS. O'K: Oh Miss Claire, don't go - there's goin' to be gun-shots and bagginets.<sup>16</sup> This is one of Conn's divilments - and you will all be murdered. Oh! wierasthru! what'll I do?

CONN: Will you hould yer whisht?

MRS. O'K: No! I won't. I'll go inform agin ye before you get into throuble, and then may be they will let you off asy.

CLAIRE: Here comes the Captain. For Heaven's sake, pacify her. She will betray us.

CONN: Well, come inside mother darlin'. There, I'll stop wid you. Will that aise your mind? Come you onsensible ould woman!

MRS. O'K: Ah, Conn, don't lave me alone in the world. Sure I've nobody left but yourself, and if you are taken from me, I'll be a widdy.

CONN: Don't ye hear? Miss Claire is goin' to take my place!

MRS. O'K: Heaven bless and purtect every hair of your head, Miss. And will ye indeed spend one night by the mother's fire-side?

CONN: An' I'll play all the tunes you love best on my fiddle, till I warm the cockles of your ould heart. (*Sings.*)

Oh, then, Conn, my son, was a fine young man,  
And to every one cuish<sup>17</sup> he had one shin;  
Till he went to the wars of a bloody day,  
When a big cannon-ball whipped his two shins away,  
An' my rickety a -

(*Exeunt into cottage. Enter MOLINEUX and ARTE.*)

ARTE: I invited the Captain to pass the evening at Suil-a-beg, but he will not be persuaded.

MOLINEUX: I may not desert my post until the police arrive from Sligo to relieve . me of my charge.

ARTE: But your soldiers are there.

MOLINEUX: Soldiers will not move without orders; besides, my men have such a distaste for this business that, I believe, if left to defend their prisoner against an attempt to rescue him, they would disgrace themselves.

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<sup>16</sup> *bagginets*: bayonets.

<sup>17</sup> *cuish*: armoured thigh-piece.

ARTE: *(aside to CLAIRE)* Get him away! The attempt will be made to-night.

CLAIRE: *(aside to ARTE)* Leave us!

ARTE: Well, good day, Captain. Come, Claire. *(Exit.)*

CLAIRE: *(after a pause)* It is a lovely evening. *(going)*

MOLINEUX: You are going home?

CLAIRE: Not yet. I shall take' a stroll along the shore to Rathgarron Head.

MOLINEUX: Alone?

CLAIRE: Yes - I suppose so.

MOLINEUX: Is it far?

CLAIRE: No.

MOLINEUX: Not far - ahem - would you allow me to go part of the way beside you? *(Looks at his watch. Music.)*

CLAIRE: Pray, do not neglect your duty on my account; and besides, I want to consult my feelings in solitude - uninfluenced by your presence.

MOLINEUX: Dear Claire! that sweet confession gives me hope and courage.

CLAIRE: Good night. Leave me; light a meditative cigar and go back to your duty. *(He takes out his cigar case.)* Leave me to wander by the light of the rising moon, and sit down on the rocks beside the sea. *(Takes his box of matches, and lights one for him.)*

MOLINEUX: How good you are - an angel!

CLAIRE: Of light. There now, good night. *(She keeps the box.)*

MOLINEUX: Good night! *(She goes off, very slowly, He moves away - turns.)* Oh, if I had some excuse to - to follow her a little way! She has taken away my box of matches! I envy those lucifers. *(He brushes the light away from the end of his cigar, and calls.)* Miss Ffolliott, pardon me, but my cigar is out, and you - ha! ha! so sorry to trouble you. Oh, don't come back, I beg. *(Follows her out.)*

*(CONN leaps out of the window and fastens the shutters.)*

CONN: I've locked the dure and barred the shutters.

MRS. O'K: *(inside)* Conn, let me out.

CONN: Behave now, or I'll tell the neighbours you have been dhrinkin'. Good night, mother! *(He runs out.)*

*SCENE 5. The interior of prison. Large window. Old fire-place. Small window. Door. Through window is seen the exterior and courtyard. Night. ROBERT discovered listening at door.*

ROBERT: They are relieving guard. I shall not receive another visit for the night. Now to work. That must be the wall Kinchela spoke of. I see some new brick-work there, but where shall I land? Is there much of a drop into the yard below? (*Looks out at window.*) The wall hides the interior - can I reach this window? (*Climbs to small window as CONN is seen at large window.*)

CONN: Divil a sowl about this side of the tower. There's a light in his cell. I wondher, is he alone? No matter. Where's my iron pick? Now to make a hole in the wall. (*Disappears.*)

ROBERT: The yard seems to be on the level of this chamber. Where's my chisel? (*Begins to work.*) The mortar is as soft as butter. This was done by government contract. 'Tis an ill wind that blows nobody any - What's that? It sounds like something at work on the wall. Can it be a rat? (*Listens.*) No, it stops now. (*Works.*) There it goes again. (*Stops.*) Now it stops. It echoes me, as if there was someone on the other side. Oh, Lord! my heart sinks at the thought. I'll satisfy myself. (*Goes to small window.*)

CONN: (*appearing at large window*) There's a rat in the chimbley! Gorra! maybe I'm all wrong and himself is not in it at all. (*Looks in at large window as ROBERT looks out at small window.*)

ROBERT: I can't see round the corner, but there seems to be no one there. CONN: Divil a sowl is in it! I wish I could see crooked. Here goes again. (*Disappears.*)

ROBERT: The noise has ceased - it was a rat. (*Works.*) This brick is nearly loose enough to pull out, but if that-goes the rest seem shaky. They will fall together. (*A mass of brickwork falls and discovers CONN.*) Conn!

CONN: Whisht! Who the divil would it be? Asy for the love of Heaven now! Come asy! I've left Tatthers in the guard-room wid the men. Stop till I break another coorse of bricks away for ye.

*(The scene moves, pivots on a point at the back. The prison moves off and shows the exterior of the tower, with CONN clinging to the walls and ROBERT creeping through the orifice. The walls of the yard appear to occupy three-fourths of the stage. Enter KINCHELA, DUFF and four CONSTABULARY. CONN and ROBERT disappear into the yard.)*

KINCHELA: Whisht! there's a noise in the yard! This door is bolted on the inside, but there's a pile of rubbish shot against the back \*all there, we can see over. Harvey Duff, you will stand by there; the rest come wid me (*KINCHELA and the four CONSTABULARY disappear behind wall. DUFF, holding a short carbine ready, stands by door with his back to wall.*)

DUFF: Now, my fine fellow; now, Mr. Robert Ffolliott, you said we'd meet once again on this side o' the grave, and so we will - ho! ha! (*CONN's head appears over the wall.*) I don't think you will like this meeting any more than you did the last. (*CONN, after signing to ROBERT inside, gets sitting on the wall with his legs dangling just above DUFF'S head.*) You tould me to have me sowl ready; I wondher if yours is in good condition. Whisht! I hear the boulds moving inside. He is coming, he is com - (*CONN drops onto DUFF's shoulders, who falls forward with a cry, CONN over him. Door opens: ROBERT appears.*)

CONN: Run, sir, run - I've got him safe.

*(ROBERT leaps over DUFF'S body and runs off. At the same moment, the SERGEANT, with a light, appears at the breach in the wall of the prison.)*

SERGEANT: Where is he?

CONN: I've got him here he is, nivar fear! Hould him fast. Help! (CONSTABULARY enter by door in the wall and seize DUFF, who is lying on his face.) Don't let him go - hould him down. *(Runs off. They raise DUFF.)*

KINCHELA: (coming around the corner) Where is he? Harvey Duff! Bungling fools, he has escaped! (DUFF gesticulates faintly and falls back. Scene closes in quickly.)

SCENE 6. *The Coot's Nest. Night. Enter ROBERT.*

ROBERT: Escaped once more! and free. My disguise is secreted here in some nook of the rocks, in Conn's cupboard, as he calls it, but I Cannot find it in this darkness. I hope the poor fellow got clear away; I would not have him hurt for' my sake. (*A-whistle outside heard.*) Ah! there he is. (*Whistles.*) I thank you, kind providence, for protecting him! Here he comes, leaping from crag to rock like a goat.

CONN: (*entering*) Hurroo! Tare an' ages, mather jewel, but we did that well. But it goes agin my conscience I did not crack the skull of that thief when I had him fair and asy under my fut. I'll never get absolution for that!

ROBERT: We must not remain in this place; it is the first they will search. I must make my way at once to St. Bridget's Abbey; there, Arte is waiting for me. Where is my great coat, my hat and beard?

CONN: I have the bundle snug inside; but sure, the Captain knows you in that skin! Didn't he meet yourself here? It will be no cover for you now. Whisht! (*Music.*)

ROBERT: What! do you hear anything?

CONN: No, but Tatters does. I left the baste to watch on the cliff above. There again! d'ye hear him? He's givin' tongue; lie close, I'll go see what it is. (*Exit.*)

ROBERT: Yonder is the schooner, creeping in with the tide! I can reach the ruins by the seashore; the rocks will conceal me; then one brief moment with my darling girl.

(*Re-enter CONN with coat, hat and beard.*)

CONN: Spake low -they are close by.

ROBERT: The Constabulary?

CONN: Yes; and wid them those smugglin' thieves, Mangan, Sullivan and Reilly. They are guidin' the polls - the mongrel curs to go do that. They know every hole in these rocks.

ROBERT: But the signal! Who will set the match to the tar-barrel on Rathgarron Head?

CONN: Never fear, sir! Miss Claire is there by this time and waitin' beside it, lookin' and listenin', for the two gunshots your honour will fire in the ruins beyant.

ROBERT: Where is my pistol? (*Feels in his pockets.*) I cannot find it! Gone? No, it cannot be lost! By Heaven! it must have fallen from my pocket as I climbed the wall.

CONN: Murther alive! what will we do now?

ROBERT: I must swim out to the schooner.

CONN: It is a mile, and agin the tide! Stop, will ye lave it to me? and I'll 'go bail I'll find a way of gettin' them two shots fired for you! Ah, do sir! Only this once give me head and let me go.

ROBERT: What do you propose to do?

CONN, Don't you recollect one time when the Ballyragget hounds couldn't find a fox. Afther dhrawin' every cover in the counthry, damn the hair o' one could they smell, and the whole field lookin' blue blazes. You were mather o' the hunt. What'll we do at all? ses you. Ye shall have a fox, ses I, and I whipt a red herrin' into the tail o' me coat, and away I wint across the hills.



ROBERT: Ha! ha! I remember it well.

CONN: You hunted me, and divil a one on the whole field but yourself knew there was a two legg'd fox to the fore. Now I'll give them vagabones above another taste of the red herrin'. I will cut in and cross your scent; I'll lade them off, never fear, and be japers I'll show them the finest run of the hunting sayson.

ROBERT: How, Conn, how?

CONN: Asy. Look! they are comin' down the cliff! Slip out this way. Quick! before they catch sight of us. When we get round the Coot's Corner, we divide up. You go by the shore below! I'll take the cliff above. (*Exit* ROBERT.) Oh, begorra! it isn't the first time I've played fox. Oh! this is elegant! (*Exit.*)

SCENE 7. Rathgarron Head. Enter CLAIRE and MOLINEUX.

CLAIRE: Here we are at Rathgarron Head - are you not tired?

MOLINEUX: I don't know; if you asked me if I was dying, I should say I could not tell. I feel as if it was all a dream, in which I am not myself.

CLAIRE: Who are you then?

MOLINEUX: Somebody much happier than I can ever be! I wish I could describe the change that has taken place in me since we met.

CLAIRE: Oh, I can understand it, for I feel the very - (*stopping suddenly.*)

MOLINEUX: Eh! what do you feel?

CLAIRE: Do you see those ruins on yonder headland? That is St. Bridget's Abbey. A lovely ruin! How effective is that picture with the moon shining upon it.

MOLINEUX: Splendid, no doubt - but when I am beside you, I cannot admire ruins or moonshine. The most effective picture is on this headland, and I cannot detach my eyes from the loveliness before me.

CLAIRE: (*aside*) I cannot stand this! I never played so contemptible a part!

MOLINEUX: What is the matter?

CLAIRE: Go home! Go away! Why did you come here?

MOLINEUX: My dear Miss Ffolliott, I - I hope I have not been intruding on you. If I have, I pray you to forgive me. I will retrace my steps. (*going*)

CLAIRE: No - stop!

MOLINEUX: (*returning*) Yes.

CLAIRE: I encouraged you to follow me.

MOLINEUX: I fear I pressed myself upon you.

CLAIRE: (*aside*) Oh, why is he so willingly deceived? His gentleness and truth make me ashamed of the part I play.

MOLINEUX: I have said or done something to offend you? Tell me what it is! It will afford me much pleasure to plead for pardon.

CLAIRE: You want to know what ails me?

MOLINEUX: Yes.

CLAIRE: Do you see that tar barrel?

MOLINEUX: Good gracious! what has that tar barrel to do with my offence?

CLAIRE: Nothing, but it has everything to do with mine!

MOLINEUX: (*after a pause, aside*) I wonder if there is madness in the family.

CLAIRE: Do you see that tar barrel?

MOLINEUX: I see something like a tar barrel in a pile of brushwood.

CLAIRE: Will you oblige me with a match?

MOLINEUX: Certainly. (*aside*) Poor thing! there's no doubt about it; so lovely,

and yet so afflicted! Oh; I feel even more tenderly towards her than I did.

CLAIRE: If I were to ask you to light that bonfire, would you do it?

MOLINEUX: With pleasure. (*aside*) It is the moon that affects her; I wish I had an umbrella.

CLAIRE: Captain Molineux, my brother has escaped from the prison guarded by your soldiers; he is now in yonder ruins. This pile of fuel, when lighted, will be the signal for the schooner you see yonder to send a boat ashore to take off the fugitive. I have been a decoy to entice you away from your duty, so that I might deprive your men of the orders they await to pursue my brother, who has broken jail. Now do you understand my conduct?

MOLINEUX: Miss Ffolliott -

CLAIRE: Now do you understand why every tender word you have spoken has tortured me like poison? why every throb of your honest heart has been a knife in mine?

MOLINEUX: I thought you were mad; I fear 'tis I have been so.

CLAIRE: You can redeem your professional honour. You can repair the past. I have no means here of lighting that beacon; if the signal is not fired, my brother will be recaptured. But the blood that now revolts in my heart against what I am doing is the same that beats in his. He would disdain to owe his liberty to my duplicity and to Your infatuation. There's your road! Good night. (*Exit hastily. Music.*)

MOLINEUX: So I have been her dupe - no, she was not laughing at me! (*Looks off.*) She is not laughing as one who - see where she has thrown herself on the ground. I hear her sobs. I cannot leave her alone, and in this wild place; and yet what can I do to - to - poor thing! I - I don't know how to act. There again - oh! what a moan that was! I cannot let her lie there. (*Exit hastily.*)

*SCENE 8. The ruins of St. Bridget's Abbey. ARTE discovered kneeling before the broken shrine. MOYA is looking off, down the cliff.*

MOYA: There's not a sound to be heard barrin' the sheam o' the waves, as they lick the shore below.

ARTE: I was afraid to come here alone. Even with you beside me I tremble.

MOYA: There's something movin' in the strand below. Look, Miss! Is it a goat? There it is, - creeping along undher the shadow of the rocks.

ARTE: I see nothing.

MOYA: Whisht! I'll give him the, offis. *(She sings.)*

*(Enter DUFF, SULLIVAN, REILLY and MANGAN, SULLIVAN and MANGAN carrying carbines.)*

DUFF: There they are. There's a pair o' them -'tis Moya wid her. The Constabulary are givin' him chase. But here is where he will run to airth. Here's the thrap, and there's the bait.

ARTE: There! There he is! And see! Those men pursue him. Fly, Robert, fly! MOYA: They will catch him, Miss.

ARTE: No, he gains upon them. He has turned the point. He will scale the cliff on this side. *(Crosses as if to meet him.)*

DUFF: *(seizing MOYA)* Reilly, take hould of her, quick!

*(REILLY seizes ARTE, and drags her to front of shrine.)*

ARTE: Who are you, who dare to lay hands on me? Do you know who I am?

DUFF: Yes I do, well enough. You are the sweetheart of the man we want to catch.

ARTE: *(shouting)* Robert! Robert! Beware!

DUFF: Stop her screeching! She'll scare him off!

MOYA: Help! Murther! Thieves! Fire!

DUFF: Hould yur yelp, or I'll choke you! Gorra, she's bitin' me!

MOYA: Don't come here! Don't come! *(DUFF stifles her cries with her cloak.)*

KINCHELA: *(leaping over the parapet)* We have lost his track!

DUFF: Ay, but we have found it. Here he comes! Stand close, now, and head him off! *(KINCHELA disappears. The figure of ROBERT is seen emerging from one side of the ruins. He advances. SULLIVAN and MANGAN start out. ROBERT looks from side to side.)* Stand and surrender! *(ROBERT rushes up the ruins to window at back.)* Fire, Sullivan! Give it to him! Why don't you fire? *(SULLIVAN fires. The shot takes effect. ROBERT falls and rolls down to a lower platform.)* Ha! ha! that stopped him - he's got it! *(ROBERT raises himself and faintly tries to escape by a breach in the wall.)* Give it to him agin! *(MANGAN fires. Light Rathgarron fire instantly on second shot. ROBERT falls, and tumbling from one platform to another, rolls over on his face on the stage. REILLY releases ARTE, who falls fainting at the shrine.)*

KINCHELA: *(appearing)* What are you about? Those two shots are the signal; and see! the fire is lighted on Rathgarron Head.

DUFF: 'Tis lighted too late..

KINCHELA: No - for there comes the boat from the schooner; and see that man-in the water, swimming towards her! 'Tis Robert Ffolliott. escaped!

DUFF: Oho! if that's Robert Ffolliott, I'd like to know who's this?

CONN: *(raising himself slowly, and allowing his hat and beard to fall back; and facing DUFF with a smile on his bloodstained face)* The Shaughraun! *(He falls back.)*

*(MOYA, who has been released by DUFF in his astonishment, utters a faint cry, and throws herself upon the body. A ray of moonlight, striking through the ruined window, falls on the figure of the Saint on the shrine, whose extended arms seem to invoke protection over the prostrate group.)*

ALL: The Shaughraun!

### ACT III

*SCENE 1. MRS. O'KELLY's Cottage. Music. Enter FATHER DOLAN and CLAIRE. DOLAN: Be patient, Claire.*

CLAIRE: Patient! My cousin has disappeared - no trace of Arte can be found. Moya also has been spirited away - perhaps murdered, as they murdered Conn!

DOLAN: (*knocking at door*) Mrs. O'Kelly. 'Tis I, Father Dolan.

(*Enter MRS. O'KELLY.*)

MRS. O'K: Blessings on your path - it always leads to the poor and to the sore-hearted.

DOLAN: This is a sad business. Did you hear why they killed your poor boy?

MRS' O'K: (*sobbing*) Because he'd got a fine shuite o' clothes on him. They shot at the man that wasn't in it - and they killed my poor boy.

CLAIRE: Did they bring him home insensible?

MRS. O'K: No, Miss, they brought him home on a shutter, and there now he lies, wid Tatters beside him. The crature won't let a hand go near the body.

CLAIRE: Poor fellow. He met his death while aiding my brother to escape. (*Enter MOLINEUX.*) You see what your men have done!

MRS. O'K: It was the polis, not the sodgers, murdered him. Don't blame the Captain, Miss. God bless him, sure, he was in my cabin before daylight. He never spoke a word, but he put five goolden pounds in my hand; and thanks to himself my Conn will have the finest wake this day! wid Nancy Malone and Biddy Madigan for keeners. And there will be atin' and dhrinkin', and six of the O'Kellys to carry him out as grand as a Mimer o' Parliament. Och-hone, my darlin' boy, it will be a proud day for you; but your poor ould mother will be left all alone in her cabin buried alive, while yourself is going to Glory. Och-o-o-hone! (*Exit crying.*)

MOLINEUX: In the name of Bedlam, does she propose to give a dance and a supper-party in honour of the melancholy occasion?

CLAIRE: They are only going to wake poor Conn.

DOLAN: And your five pounds will be spent in whisky and cakes and consolation and fiddlers and grief, with meat and drink for the poor.

MOLINEUX: What a compound! You Irish do mix up your -

CLAIRE: (*interrupting him*) Never mind what we mix. Have you discovered any traces of Arte and Moya? What have you done?

MOLINEUX: I have been thinking.

CLAIRE: Thinking! What's the good of thinking? My cousin has been stolen - where is she? The county is full of police and soldiers, yet two girls have been carried off under your noses - perhaps murdered for all you know or care! And there you stand like a goose - thinking!

MOLINEUX: Pray don't be so impetuous. You Irish -

CLAIRE: And I won't be called, 'you Irish'!

MOLINEUX: I beg pardon. You do make me so nervous.

CLAIRE: Oh, do I? My impetuosity didn't make you nervous last night, did it? No matter! Go on! A penny for your thoughts.

MOLINEUX: If Miss O'Neal and Moya were present in the ruins when Conn as shot, they must have been witnesses to the deed. Since then, they have disappeared. It struck me that those who killed the boy must have some reason for removing all evidence of the transaction.

DOLAN: He is right.

CLAIRE: Well?

MOLINEUX: I questioned the Constabulary, and find they had no hand in it. The deed was done by a posse of fellows assembled to assist in the pursuit by a police agent named Harvey Duff.

DOLAN and CLAIRE: Harvey 'Duff!

MOLINEUX: You know him?

CLAIRE: He has thought it out while we have been blundering. Blinded by our tears, we could not see. Deafened by our own complaints, we could not hear. (*Seizes both his hands.*) Forgive me!

MOLINEUX: There she goes again! I've done nothing to deserve all this.

CLAIRE: Nothing! You have unearthed the fox; you have drawn the badger. Now the rogue is in sight, our course is clear.

MOLINEUX: Is it? I confess I don't see it.

DOLAN: These two girls were the only witnesses of the deed!

CLAIRE: And that is why they have been carried off.

DOLAN: No one else was present to prove how Conn was killed.

CONN: (looking out at the window) Yes, I was there.

ALL: Conn! Alive!

CONN: Whisht! no, I'm dead!

DOLAN: Why, you provoking vagabond! Is this the way you play on our feelings? Are you hurt?

CONN: I've a crack over the lug an' a scratch across the small o' me back. Sure, Miss, unless I dhrowed them to shoot, you would never have had the signal.

MOLINEUX: Brave fellow! How did you escape?

CONN: I'll tell you sir; but whoo! gorra! they say dead men tell no tales, and here I am takin' away the carachter of the corporation. When the Masther got out o' the jail, there was Kinchela and his gang outside waitin' to murdher us. We ga' them the slip, and while the Masther got off, I led them away afther me to St. Bridget's. There, afther I got them two shots out o' them, I rouled down and lay as quiet as a sack o' pitates.

CLAIRE: Arte and Moya were in the ruins?

CONN: They were standin' by, and thryin' to screech blue murdher. Stop their mouths, ses a voice I knew was Kinchela. Reilly and Sullivan whipt them up and put them on a car that was waitin' outside. Afther that, sorra a thing I remember till I found myself laid out on a table wid candles all round me, and whisky bottles an' cakes an' sugar an' tobacco an' lemon an' bacon an' snuff and the devil an' all! I thought I was in Heaven!

DOLAN: And that's his idea of Heaven! And you let your poor old mother believe you dead? You did not relieve her sorrow?

CONN: Would you have me spile a wake? Afther invitin' all the neighbours!

MOLINEUX: Will you allow me, on this occasion, to say 'You Irish'?

CLAIRE: Yes, and you need not say any more.

CONN: Then I remembered the polis would be wantin' me for the share I had in helpin' the Masther to break jail. Ah, sir! don't let on to the mother; she'd never hould her whisht, and I want to be dead if yez plaze, to folly up the blackguards that have houl't of Moya and Miss O'Neal.

MOLINEUX: Do you know the place where these ruffians resort?

CONN: I'm concaited I do.

DOLAN: I'll answer for him; he knows every disreputable den in the county.

CONN: What would you do now if I didn't?

CLAIRE: Here comes your mother with the mourners.

CONN: Hoo! she'll find some of the whisky gone! (*Disappears at window.*)

CLAIRE: Now what is to be done?

MOLINEUX: I will proceed to Ballyragget House and see Mr. Kinchela. I'll con-front him with this evidence!

CLAIRE: You don't know him.

MOLINEUX: I think I do, but he does not know me.

CLAIRE: You will fight him?

MOLINEUX: Oh no! I looked in his eye - there's no fight there! Men who bully women have the courage of the cur; there's no pluck in them. I shall take a guard and arrest him for aiding your brother to escape that he might murder him safely during his flight.

CLAIRE: Who can prove it?

(*Enter ROBERT.*)

ROBERT: I can!

CLAIRE: Robert! (They embrace.)

DOLAN: Good gracious - what brings you back?

ROBERT: The news I heard on board the schooner. A pardon has, been granted to the Fenian prisoners.

CLAIRE: A pardon!



MOLINEUX: I congratulate you, sir. Oh, by Jove! Excuse my swearing, but alight breaks in upon me. Kinchela knew of this pardon. I'll go to Ballyragget House at once.

ROBERT: I have just come from there. I went there to tax him with his villainy. He has fled.

MOLINEUX: I thought there was no fight in him.

CLAIRE: But Arte is in his power.

ROBERT: Arte in his power! What do you mean?

CLAIRE: He loves her; he has carried her off!

ROBERT: My wife and my fortune! ha! he played for a high game.

MOLINEUX: And, on finding he could not win, he stole half the stakes.

DOLAN: This man is in league with a desperate crew, half ruffians, half smugglers; their dens, known only to themselves, are in the bogs and caves of the sea-shore.

ROBERT: I'll unearth him wherever he is. (Music.) hunt him with every honest lad in the County Sligo in the pack, and then kill him like a rat!

MOLINEUX: I'll send over to Sligo and get a warrant to arrest this fellow. I like to have the law on my side. If we are to hunt, let us have a licence. Where shall I find you?

DOLAN: At my house.

CLAIRE: (to ROBERT, who offers his arm to her) No; give your arm to Father Dolan.

DOLAN: Free, and at home. Heaven be praised!

ROBERT: Not free till Arte is so. (Exit with FATHER DOLAN.)

CLAIRE: (After watching them off, turns and advances rapidly to MOLINEUX.) What's your Christian name, or have you English such things amongst you? MOLINEUX: Yes; my Christian name is Harry.

CLAIRE: Harry! (They embrace. She runs off. He pulls down his tunic, puts his cap on one side, and goes off whistling The British Grenadiers'.) VOICES: (outside) Oh, ohone! Oh, hold up! Don't give way!

*(Enter several MEN and WOMEN. They enter cabin at once. Then MRS. O'KELLY, NANCY MALONE and BIDDY MADIGAN, smoking pipe.)*

MRS. O'K: You are kindly welcome. The dark cloud is over the house, but - NANCY: We come to share the sorrow that's in it this hour.

BIDDY: It will be a fine berryin', Mrs. O'Kelly! There will be a grand waste of victuals.

MRS. O'K: Step inside, ma'am.

*(They all enter the cabin. A woman enters and goes into the cabin. Then REILLY - very red and sandy - and SULLIVAN - very pale and dark. Music. The voices of the Keeners are heard inside, singing an Irish lament. Scene changes.)*

SCENE 2. Interior of MRS. O'KELLY's cabin. CONN is lying on a shutter, sup-ported on two ricketty chairs, a three-legged stool and a keg. Tables covered with food and drinking cups.

TABLEAU OF AN IRISH WAKE.

A group of women near CONN. MRS. O'KELLY seated, NANCY MALONE and REILLY near her. The women seated are rocking to and fro during the wail.

CHORUS: 'The Oolaghaun'.<sup>18</sup>

MALE VOICES: Och! Oolaghaun! Och! Oolaghaun!  
Make his bed both wide and deep;  
Och! Oolaghaun! Och! Oolaghaun!  
He's only gone to sleep.

FEMALE VOICES: Why did ye die? Oh, why did ye die?  
And lave us all alone to cry?

TOGETHER: Why did ye die? Why did ye die?  
Laving us to sigh och hone?  
Why did ye die? Why did ye die?  
Oolaghaun! oh, Oolaghaun!

*(During the following rhapsody, the music of the wail and the Chorus, subdued, recurs, as if to animate the keeners.)*

BIDDY: Oh, ho! oho! *(rocking herself)* Oh-oo, Oolaghaun! The widdy had a son - an only son - wail for the widdy!

ALL: Why did ye die? Why did ye die?

BIDDY: I seen her when she was a fair young girl - a fair girl wid a child at her breast.

ALL: Laving us to sigh och hone.

BIDDY: Then I see a proud woman wid a boy by her side - he was bould as a bull-calf that runs by the side of a cow.

ALL: Why did ye die? Why did ye die?

BIDDY: For the girl grew ould as the child grew big, and the woman grew wake as the boy grew strong. *(rising and flinging back her hair)* The boy grew strong, for she fed him wid her heart's blood. Ah, hogoola! Where is he now? Could in his bed. Oh, why did ye die? *(Sits.)*

ALL: Oolaghaun!

BIDDY: None was like him - none could compare - and *(aside)* good luck t'ye, gi' me a dhróp of somethin' to put the sperret in one, for the fire is gettin' low. *(SULLIVAN hands her his jug of punch:)*

MRS. O'K: Oh! oh! 'tis mighty consolín' to hear this. Mrs. Malone, you are not atin'?

NANCY: No, ma'am, I'm dhrinkin'. I dhrink now and agin by way of variety. Biddy is not up to herself.

REILLY: Oh, wait till she'll rise on the top of a noggin.

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<sup>18</sup> *Oolaghaun*: an act of lamentation - also a traditional keening refrain.

BIDDY: (*placing the jug beside her after drinking*) He was brave. He was open-handed. He had the heart of a lion and the legs of a fox. (*CONN takes the jug and empties it quietly, unobserved by the rest, then replaces it.*) His voice was softer than the cuckoo of an evenin', and sweeter than the blackbird afther a summer shower. Wail, ye colleens! you will never hear the voice of Conn again. (*Blows her nose.*)

CONN: (*aside*) It's a mighty pleasant thing to die like this, once in a way, and hear all the good things said about you afther you are dead and gone.

BIDDY: His name will be the pride of the O'Kellys for evermore.

CONN: (*aside*) I was a big blackguard when I was alive.

BIDDY: Noble and beautiful.

CONN: (*aside*) Ah, go on out o' that!

BIDDY: (*taking up her jug*) Oh, he was sweet and sthrong who the divil's been at my jug of punch?

(*Knock at door. Enter MOLINEUX. They all rise. MRS. O'KELLY wipes down chair for him.*)

MOLINEUX: I do not come to disturb this - a - melancholy - a - entertainment. I mean - a - this festive solemnity.

MRS. O'K: Heaven bless your honour for comin' to admire the last of him. (*leading him to CONN*) Here he is - ain't he beautiful?

MOLINEUX: (*aside*) The vagabond is winking at me!

MRS. O'K: Look at him! How often I put him to bed as a child and sung him to sleep. Now he will be put to bed wid a shovel, and oh! the song was never sung that will awaken him.

MOLINEUX: If any words could put life into him, I have come here to speak them. (*Music*), Robert Ffolliott has been pardoned, and has returned home a free man.

ALL: Hurroo! Hurroo!

MOLINEUX: But his home is desolate, for the girl he loved has been stolen away. The man who robbed him of his liberty first, then his estate, now has stolen his betrothed.

ALL: Who has done it? Who -

MOLINEUX: Mr. Corry Kinchela! The ruffians who shot the brave fellow who lies there were led by Kinchela's agent, Harvey Duff.

ALL: Harvey Duff!

(*BIDDY seizes axe. MRS. O'KELLY crosses to fire for poker. DONOVAN gets scythe and file. PEASANTS rush for various implements that are about the stage. MOLINEUX comes on BIDDY with axe, backs to MRS. O'KELLY with poker, turns to DONOVAN with scythe, whom he eyes with his glass.*)

BIDDY: Harvey Duff sent my only boy across the say!

DONOVAN: I've along reckoning agin him; but I've kept it warm in my heart. (*whetting scythe*)

MRS. O'K: I've a short one, and there it lies!

ALL: Where is he?

MOLINEUX: Kinchela and this man are hiding in some den where they hold Miss O'Neal and Moya prisoners.

ALL: Moya Dolan?

MOLINEUX: The niece of your minister; the sweetheart of poor Conn. My men shall aid you in the search, but you are familiar with every hole and corner in the county - you must direct it. Robert Ffolliott awaits you all at Suil-a-beg to lead the hunt - that is, after you have paid your melancholy respects to the Shaughraun.

MRS. O'K: No! You could not please him better than to go now. Bring back the news that you have revenged his murder, then he will go under the sod with a light heart.

ALL: Hurroo! To Suil-a-beg! To Suil-a-beg!

*(Exeunt. When the crowd is off REILLY watches at door, SULLIVAN at window. MOLINEUX gives CONN snuff; he sneezes. Seeing MOLINEUX, REILLY seizes pitcher and pretends to drink; SULLIVAN plays with his whiskers. They watch MOLINEUX off, then rush downstage.)*

REILLY: Sullivan, you must warn Kinchela. Quick! there's not an hour to lose. SULLIVAN: Where will I find him?

*(CONN rises and listens.)*

REILLY: At the Coot's Nest. The lugger came in last night. Tell him to get aboard, take the two women with him, for he will have to run for his life. SULLIVAN: Ay, bedad, and for ours too! If he's caught we're in for it.

*(CONN creeps to the door and locks it - very quietly.)*

REILLY: I feel the rope around my neck.

SULLIVAN: The other end of it is choking me.

REILLY: Away with ye then, while I go warn Harvey Duff.

*(As they turn to go, they face CONN. They stagger back and look at the shutter.)*

BOTH: Murderer alive!

CONN: That's it - murderer alive is what I am! Murderer that'll live to see you both hung for it. I'll be at your wake, and begorra. I'll give ye both a fine character. *(They rush for door.)* Asy boys, asy. The dure is fast, and here's the key. You are in a fine thrap - ho, ho! Ye've made a mistake last night. *(SULLIVAN whispers to REILLY.)* Take it asy now. *(They rush to table, and each seizes a knife.)*

REILLY: Did ye forget, ma bouchal,<sup>19</sup> that you are dead?

SULLIVAN: *(advancing slowly)* Sure, if we made a mistake last night, we can repair it now.

CONN: Oh! Tare an' ages - what'll I do? *(Retreats behind table.)*

REILLY: We'll just lay you out comfortable again where you were. Devil a soul will be any the wiser.

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<sup>19</sup> bouchal: boy.

CONN: Help! help!

*(REILLY advances and receives the contents of a jug; then SULLIVAN, who gets the snuff in his eyes.)*

REILLY: They are-all miles away by this time. Schreechin' won't save you.

CONN: *(running to the window and dashing it open)* Help!

*(REILLY and SULLIVAN drag him back and throw him down.)*

SULLIVAN: Shut the windy - I'll quiet him. *(As REILLY rushes up, MOLINEUX appears at window.)*

MOLINEUX: Drop those knives. *(a pause)* Do you hear what I said? Drop those knives. *(They let the knives fall.)* Now open this door.

CONN: There's the key. *(Hands it to REILLY, who doggedly unlocks door.)*

MOLINEUX: Now. *(REILLY makes a start as if he would escape. MOLINEUX presents pistol.)* If you put your head outside the cabin, I'll put a bullet in it. *(Appears at the door.)*

CONN: *(to SULLIVAN)* Help me up - the hangman will do as much for you one o' these days. *(SULLIVAN helps CONN to rise.)*

MOLINEUX: What men are these?

CONN: Two of Kinchela's chickens. They know the road we want to thraavel.

MOLINEUX: Take that. *(Hands CONN the revolver.)* Do you know how to use it?

CONN: I'll thry - *(Turns to SULLIVAN and points pistol.)*

MOLINEUX: *(drawing his sword and turning to REILLY.)* Attention, my friend. Now put your hands in your pockets. *(Repeats. REILLY obeys him doggedly.)* That's right. Now take me direct to where your employer, Mr. Kinchela, has imprisoned Miss O'Neal; and if, on our road, you take your hands out of your pockets and attempt to move beyond the reach of my sword, upon my honour as an officer and a gentleman, I shall cut you down. For-ward! *(Exeunt.)*

CONN: Attention - put your hand in my pocket. *(SULLIVAN obeys him.)* Now take me straight to where Moya Dolan is shut up; and if you stir a peg out o' that on the road, by the piper that played before Julius Caesar, I'll save the county six feet of rope. *(As they go out, the scene changes.)*

*SCENE 3. Hogan's Shanty. Enter ARTE and MOYA.*

ARTE: 'Tis getting dark. Will they keep us another night in this fearful place?

MOYA: I don't care what becomes of me. I wish they would kill me as they killed Conn. I've nothin' to live for.

ARTE: I have. I'll live to bring Kinchela to the dock where he brought my Robert. I'll live to tear the mask from his face.

MOYA: I'd like to put my ten commandments on the face of Harvey Duff, the murderin' villain! If I could only live to see him go up a ladder and spoil a market.

*(Enter KINCHELA.)*

KINCHELA: You look pale, but I see you kape a proud lip still, Miss O'Neal. Oh, you despise me now, but afther a month or two, never fear we'll get on finely together.

ARTE: Do you dream you can keep us here for a month? Why, before a week has passed there's not a sod in the County Sligo but will be turned over to search for us - and then we'll see who will look the paler, you or I.

KINCHELA: Before midnight, you will be safe on board a lugger that lies snug beside this shanty; and before daylight, we will be on our way to a delightful retirement, where you and I will pass our honeymoon together.

MOYA: And what's to become of me?

*(Music. Enter DUFF with MANGAN and DOYLE.)*

DUFF: I'll take care of you. The wind is fair, and the tide will serve in an hour. Come ladies, all aboard is the word if you plaze.

*(MANGAN and DOYLE seize ARTE and MOYA.)*

ARTE: Kinchela, I implore you not to add this cowardly act to your list of crimes. Release me and this girl, and on my honour I will bear no witness against you or against any concerned in last night's work.

DUFF: It is too late.

ARTE: *(struggling with DOYLE)* Kinchela, if you have any respect; any love for me, will you see me outraged thus?

DUFF: *(aside to KINCHELA)* Ffolliott has returned!

KINCHELA: Ha! Away with them.

*(DOYLE takes out ARTE.)*

MOYA: *(to MANGAN)* Lave your hould! I'll go asy. *(Drops her cloak struggling with MANGAN, tears herself free, boxes his ears, and runs off, chased, by MANGAN.)*

DUFF: Robert Ffolliott is pardoned, and he is hunting the bogs this minute with half the County Sligo at his back.

KINCHELA: Never fear; they can't discover this place until we are gone. No one ever knew of it but our own fellows.

DUFF: And Conn the Shaughraun.

KINCHELA: He is wiped out.

DUFF: We are safe.

KINCHELA: Go, keep watch on the cliff above, while I get these girls aboard.

DUFF: I'll be onaisy in my mind till we are clear out o' this. *(Exit.)*

KINCHELA: Robert Ffolliott pardoned, afther all the trouble I took to get him convicted! and this is the way a loyal man is thrated! I'm betrayed. No matther. If he can recover his estate, he can't recover his wife. She will be mine - mine! She hates me now - but I concait she will get over that. *(Exit.)*

*(After a pause, CONN and SULLIVAN enter.)*

CONN: Not a sowl in it. You deceived me.

SULLIVAN: No! They are here. *(Points to cloak.)* What's that?

CONN: Moya's cloak! *(Runs to pick it up, releasing SULLIVAN, who creeps off while CONN examines cloak.)* 'Tis hers - she's here! He's off - gone to rouse up the whole pack! What will I do? Where can I hide until the Captain and the masther come up? They can't be far behind. If I could get behind one of them big hogsheads, or inside one o' them. Whisht! There was a cry. 'Twas Miss O'Neal's voice. I'm only one agin twenty, but I'll make it lively for them while it lasts. *(Wait scene-change till CONN is in barrel.)*

*SCENE 4. A shed looking out upon a rocky cove. The top masts of a ship are seen over the edge of the precipice. Bales, kegs, hogsheads, naval gear lie about. Music. Enter DUFF rapidly. He looks round - he is very pale,*

DUFF: Kinchela, hurry - quick!

*(Enter KINCHELA.)*

KINCHELA: What's the matter?

DUFF: I was watching on the cliff above, where I could hear the shouts of the people in the glen as they hunted every hole in the rocks. I could see Robert Ffolliott and Miss Claire houndin' them on; when I turned my eyes down here, and on this very place where we are standing I saw -

KINCHELA: Who?

DUFF: Conn the Shaughraun!

KINCHELA: You are mad with fright!

DUFF: So would you be if you'd seen a dead man as plain as I saw him! *(Distant cries and shouts are heard.)* D'ye hear them? They are getting close to us.

KINCHELA: Go back to your post on the cliff, and keep watch while I get these women on board. We have no time to lose. Mangan! Doyle!

DUFF: *(looking round)* I'll be on my oath I saw him here.

*(Enter MOYA and MANGAN.)*

MOYA: Where do you want me to go?

KINCHELA: On board that ship below there.

MOYA: D'ye think I'm a fly or a saygull?

KINCHELLA: You see this ladder? By that road you can gain the ledge below. There we'll find a basket will send you down like a bucket in a well.

MOYA: And if I don't choose to go down?

KINCHELA: Then you'll be carried, my beauty!

MOYA: Stand off!

KINCHELA: Tie her hands! Mangan, go get me a taste of a rope. *(Seizes her as MANGAN exits.)*

MOYA: Help! Oh, is there never a man widin reach of my voice?

KINCHELA: Mangan, bring the rope, curse you!

MOYA: Help! Murdher! Fire!

*(A shot is fired from the bunghole of a hogshead. KINCHELA throws up his hands, staggers back, and falls. MOYA utters a cry, and falls on her knees, covering her face with her hands. The hogshead rises a little, advances to MOYA, and covers her like an extinguisher<sup>20</sup>. The legs of CONN have been seen under the barrel*

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<sup>20</sup> *extinguisher*: candle-snuffer.



*as it moves. Enter MANGAN with the rope, DOYLE with ARTE, and SULLIVAN, who kneels over KINCHELA.)*

MANGAN: Who fired that shot? Where's Moya?

DOYLE: She has killed him and escaped.

ARTE: Brave girl! She has avenged me.

SULLIVAN: He's not dead. See, he moves - there's life in him still.

*(Shouts outside heard.)*

DOYLE: They are coming! Away wid ye to the lugger - quick!

SULLIVAN: Must we lave him here?

DOYLE: We can't carry him down the ladder.

SULLIVAN: Every one for himself - the divil take the hindmost!

*(All three rush towards ladder.)*

ARTE: (who has crept up unseen during the foregoing and who is now lifting the ladder) Stop where you are! (Throws the ladder over.) I have been your prisoner; now you are mine.

*(Shouts outside nearer. The men look bewildered from side to side, and then rush off. CONN knocks off top of hogshead and looks out.)*

CONN: Is that you, Miss?

ARTE: Conn, where's Moya?

CONN: She's inside. (Raises hogshead, and they emerge from it.)

DUFF: *(outside)* Kinchela, away with you! Quick!

CONN: Stand aside! Here comes the flower of the flock. *(They hide.)*

DUFF: *(rushing on, very pale)* The crowd are upon us! We are betrayed! What's the matter, man? Up, I tell you! Are you drunk? or mad? Stop, then! I'm off! *(Runs to ladder.)* The ladder gone! Gone! *(Runs to KINCHELA.)* Shpake, man! What will we do? What does it mean?

*(ARTE appears from behind shed, MOYA from behind hogshead.)*

MOYA: It means that the wind has changed, and the tide doesn't serve. ARTE: It means that you are on your way to a delightful retirement, where you and he will pass your honeymoon together.

*(CONN appears.)*

DUFF: Conn! The murdher's out!

CONN: And you are in for it! *(shouts outside)* D'ye hear them cries? The hounds are on your track, Harvey Duff.

DUFF: Oh, what will I do? What will I do?

CONN: Say your prayers - if you ever knew any - for your time is come. Look! There they come, down the cliff-side! Ha! They've caught sight of you. *(DUFF rushes up to the edge of the precipice, looks over, wrings his hands in terror.)* D'ye see that wild ould woman wid the knife - that's Bridget Madigan whose son's life you swore away.

DUFF: Save me! You can! They will tear me to pieces. *(on his knees to ARTE)* CONN: D'ye know Andy Donovan? That's him wid the scythe. You sent his young brother across the say. *(shouts outside)* Egorra, he knows you! Look at him!

DUFF: *(on his knees to CONN)* Spare me! Pity me!

CONN: Ay, as you spared me! As you spared them at whose side you knelt before the altar! As you pitied them whose salt you ate, but whose blood you dhrank! There's death coming down on you from above - there's death waiting for you below. Mr. Harvey Duff, take your choice.

*(DUFF, bewildered with fright, and running alternately to the edge of the cliff and back to look at the approaching crowd, staggers like a drunken man, uttering inarticulate cries of fear. The crowd, headed by BIDDY MADIGAN and NANCY MALONE rush in. Uttering a scream of-terror, DUFF leaps over the cliff. The crowd pursue him to the edge and lean over. Enter CLAIRE, FATHER DOLAN and ROBERT.)*

ROBERT: *(embracing ARTE)* Arte!

CLAIRE: Has the villain escaped?

*(Enter MOLINEUX, followed by the SERGEANT and six SOLDIERS, with MANGAN, SULLIVAN, REILLY and DOYLE in custody. )*

MOLINEUX: I have bagged a few, but we missed the principal offender.

CONN: I didn't - there's my bird!

DOLAN: Is he dead?

MOLINEUX: *(approaching KINCHELA and examining him)* I fear not. The bullet has entered here, but it has struck something his breast. *(Draws out a pocket-book.)* This pocket-book has saved his life. *(Hands it to FATHER DOLAN, who opens it, draws out a letter and reads.)*

KINCHELA: *(reviving and rising)* Where am I?

MOLINEUX: You are in custody.

KINCHELA: What for?

MOLINEUX: For an attempt to assassinate this gentleman.

KINCHELA: He was a felon escaping from justice.

DOLAN: He was a free man, and ,you knew it - as this letter proves!

*(The crowd utter a cry of rage, and advance towards KINCHELA. FATHER DOLAN stands between them and him, while KINCHELA flies to the constabulary.)*

KINCHELA: Save me! Protect me!

DOLAN: *(facing crowd)* Stand back! D'ye hear me? Must I speak twice? *(The crowd retire, and lower their weapons.)*

MOLINEUX: Take him away!

KINCHELA: Yes, take me away! Quick! Don't you hear? or them divils won't give you the chance. *(Exit with CONSTABULARY.)*

MRS. O'K: *(outside)* Where's my boy? Where is he?

CONN: Och, murdher! Here's the ould mother. Hide me!

*(Enter MRS. O'KELLY.)*

MRS. O'K: Where is he? Where is my vagabone? *(FATHER DOLAN brings him forward by the ear.)* Oh, Conn, you thief o' the world! My boy, my darlin'. *(Falls on his neck - then whacks him.)*

CONN: Whisht, mother, don't cry! And see this, I'll never be kilt agin.

MOYA: Sure, if he hadn't been murdhered, he couldn't have saved us.

MRS. O'K: And afther lettin' me throw all the money away over the wake!

MOLINEUX: Turn the ceremony into a wedding. I really don't see that you Irish make much distinction.

CLAIRE: I believe that in England the wedding often turns out the more melancholy occasion of the two.

MOLINEUX: Will you try?

ROBERT: He has earned you, Claire. I give my consent.

ARTE: But what's to become of Conn? Father Dolan will never give his consent.

DOLAN: *(to CONN)* Come here, you vagabond. Will you reform?

CONN: I don't know what that is, but I will.

DOLAN: Will you mend your ways and your coat? No, you can't. How do I know but you will go poaching of a night?

CONN: Moya will go bail I won't.

DOLAN: And the dhrink?

MOYA: I will take care there is no hole in the thimble.

DOLAN: I won't trust either of you - you have decayed me so often. Can you find anyone to answer for you?

CONN: Oh murdher! What'll I do? Divil a friend I have in the world, barrin' Tatters! *(MOYA whispers in his ear.)* Oh, they won't.

MOYA: Thry!

CONN: *(to the audience)* She says you will go bail for me.

MOYA: I didn't.

CONN: You did.

MOYA: I didn't.

CONN: You are the only friend I have. Long life t'ye! Many a time you have looked over my faults. Will you be blind to them now, and hould out your hands once more to a poor Shaughraun?

ALL: Hurroo! Hurroo! *(till curtain)*