

PIKE O'CALLAGHAN;

OR,

THE IRISH PATRIOT.

An Original Drama,

IN TWO ACTS.

BT

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"Won at Last;" "Not to Bad after All;" "Match for a Mother-in-Law;" "Supper Gratis;" "Better Angel;" "Robinson Crusoe;" &c., &c.

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Programme of *Scenery, &c.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—ROMANTIC PASS in the COUNTY of WICKLOW

THE BRIDGE OF CARRSIE.

The Fugitive—A faithful Adherent—Red Rufus the Spy—A Place of Safety.

AN HONEST MAN'S REWARD!—THE HUNCHBACKS REVENGE!

SCENE II.—HOUSE OF SIR JAMES BLACKADDER.

The Royalist—Ambitious hopes and schemes—The Informer.—DEATH SHALL BE THE TRAITOR'S DOOM!

SCENE III.—COTTAGE OF PIKE O'CALLAGHAN.

Unruly Children—Honor's Troubles—Arrival of Neil O'Connor and Pike—Concealment—The Intruders—A Search for the Rebel, and its Difficulties—An Attack of Lunacy—Safe in the Chest—A true IRISH WELCOME and FAREWELL.

AN IRISH DANCE.

THE ALARM!—ARRIVAL OF THE MILITARY!—PIKE A PRISONER.

“I suffer in a good cause, for the Master and dear ould Ireland.”

ACT II.

SCENE I.—ROOM IN SIR JAMES BLACKADDER'S.

Honor on the watch—THE PARDON—Threat of Vengeance—Sir James out-generalled—Lady Broughton's Escape.—Honor Triumphant.

SCENE II.—LANDSCAPE.—Meeting of the Lovers.

SCENE III.—THE PRISON.

Pike down amongst the Rats—Neil to the Rescue—Rufus a Gaoler—CAUGHT IN A TRAP—THE BITER BIT.

ESCAPE OF PIKE!

SCENE IV.—LANDSCAPE.

Unexpected Meeting of Pike and Honor—Joyful News of the Pardons.

SCENE V.—HALL IN SIR JAMES BLACKADDER'S.

Neil O'Connor a Prisoner—Order of Execution—Intercession of Lady Broughton—THE DEFIANCE—Arrival of Pike—The Pardons—Sir James Defeated—Happiness of O'Connor.

PIKE O'CALLAGHAN.



ACT I.

SCENE. FIRST.—*A Romantic Pass in the County of Wicklow.
A rude bridge extending across waterfall and ravine from rock
to rock ; set slopes from L. on to stage ; a detached piece of
rock, u.*

Music.—NEIL O'CONNOR, *disguised as an old Irish beggar, crosses
in haste from R. to L., then descends apparently much exhausted.*

NEIL. They follow on my track like bloodhounds! Ireland!
thy cause is lost; and here am I, one of its defenders, compelled
to seek safety by an ignominious flight, in the garb of a beggar—
my lands forfeited, and now in possession of that villain Sir
James Blackadder, who not only denounced me, and received
as his reward the broad domain which my ancestors for centuries
have held, but he also dares to seek the hand of Lady Broughton,
my betrothed, and in his suit is favoured by her father. Should
he succeed ? even the doubt will drive me mad. (*PIKE is heard
singing without*) What is that ? (*goes up stage, and looks off up the
rocks, R.*) An Irish peasant coming this way; he cannot be
connected with the party I fell in with, for they were soldiers,
who, had I not fled, might have recognized me even in this
garb. My life is at stake. Even now caution were best. I'll
conceal myself behind the rock until he has passed.

*Music—conceals himself behind rock, R.—PIKE enters, and crosses
bridge, R. to L., then on to stage and advances, singing.*

PIKE. Bad luck to me ; it's heavy my heart is anyway. I
try to sing, but the words stick in my throat, as if I'd been
drinking a hogshead of whiskey punch. I wonder where the
masher is; they say he's gone to a furign country, but I don't
believe a word on it, lor he's in love with a sweet girl; and a
good girl she is, too. An' it's the girls as always makes a
fool of a man, anyway—I know they did o' me—for old
Belzeebub can't dhrive them out o' your head, when once ye

catch the wakeness. So Misther O'Connor will stick to her whereabouts—though the divil himself were at his elbow. (*sees O'CONNOR, who is endeavouring to escape up bridge*) Now, kape quiet, yer bla'guard; comp here, or I'll put an end to your life. (*dragging him forward*) You ought to think it an honour I condescend to lay my fingers on your dirty coat. If ye don't kape quiet, it's give you a rap over the lug. I will, wid this bit of a switch. Tell me the rason of yer wantin' to crape away like my grandmother's cat, when she gets a whoppin, afther lickin her lips at the canary birds.

NEIL. That voice !—it must be Pike O'Callaghan. (*aloud*) Pike, don't you know me ?

PIKE. Know yez; by my soul, if that isn't an insult to a respectable jintleman of my edecation; the possessor of an estate where babies, an' cabbages grow to perfection, an' a house wid as fine an' fat a pig as ever had a mother. Now I see yer licking yer lips at the thought o' the pig, but yer needn't trouble yourself, for the divil a smell of it will yer get, anyway : if I must kape company wid a beggar-man, by my soul it's not wid the likes o' you, is go prowlin' about like a thief in a gutter, or a cat on hot tiles.

NEIL. Pike!

PIKE. Misther Pike, yer dirty bla'guard; I'll teach yer manners wid this bit of a switch if yer lave the misther out agin when you address your supareors.

NEIL. Am I so disguised, that you cannot recognize Neil O'Connor?

PIKE. What! the masther? Oh, murther! look at that now; it's my own mother I wouldn't know afther that! It glads my heart to see yer honour; but don't be a thrilling wid me; are ye sure it's yerself an' not yer ghost ?

NEIL. It is, indeed, Pike.

PIKE. Then bad luck to my stupid head; but who would have thought of seeing you in them clothes. It's insult ye I did, an' sorry enough I am ; for it's born on your own lands I was, an' my father afore me ; Oh, masther, dear, do you respect me ?

NEIL. I do, Pike ; for I believe you to be an honest man, and even in old Ireland they are scarce.

PIKE. As praties in a bog; but ye do respect me ?

NEIL. I do.

PIKE. Then just give my skull a thwack, wid this bit of a twig, an' it will tache me better manners another time.

NEIL. No, no, Pike, I forgive you.

PIKE. But I don't forgive myself. Here, take it an' let it be a hard un, or the divil a bit will it make any impression.

NEIL. A truce to this ; tell me, have you any news?

PIKE. The pretty Lady Broughton takes on sadly, at yer honour's absence: it's weeping her bright eyes out she is. I met her this morning, an' says she to me. "Have you heard o'the masther?" "No, my'Lady," says I. "It's a pity," says she. "It is," says I. "I'm broken-hearted," says she. "Sure ye are, ma'am, thin take a pull at the whiskey bottle," says I, but she wouldn't. She axed me to come out on the mountains, and see if I could hear anything about yez; an', by my soul! it's glad she'll be that yer all right, and kickin'.

NEIL. She's a sweet girl, Pike!

PIKE. You may well say that! I don't wonder at your fallin' in love wid her! I'd marry her myself if I'd got the chance!—no offence to yer honour, because, yer know, I'm married already, an' so it would be burglary.

NEIL. Bigamy, you mean! What news of that villain, Sir James Blackadder?

PIKE. It's a villain yez call him—that's not sthrong enough; he sent for my rint the other day, but, bad luck to him, the divil a farthing would I pay—it would be robbin' yer honour; for I'll niver own another masther,—so I tould the impudent thief as axed me for the money; and says I, putting the end o' this twig to the tip of his nose, if yer don't get out o' the house I'll give you a thwack. I suppose it smelt rather sthrong, for he cut as if old Beelzebub was afther him.

NEIL. You are a brave fellow to cling to me in the hour of my distress—but now leave me.

PIKE. I'll be hanged if I do. What should I lave you for?

NEIL. I am a proscribed traitor, and if it is known you are friendly disposed towards me, they will imprison you.

PIKE. Well, an' what if ye are a proscribed tater—do ver think I'd lave yer? Not a bit of it! Yer don't know Pike'O' Callaghan? Ye're my masther. I've eat of yer bread! It's my wife an' childers that have felt yer kindness. An' it's not an Irish peasant that will lave his friend and benefactor in the hour of disthress.

NEIL. You are a hero, Pike?

PIKE. No. I'm only an Irishman, yer honour.

(RED RUFUS, a deformed, lame, and red-haired fellow appears at back on bridge—on seeing PIKE O' CALLAGHAN and NEIL, he throws himself on bridge, and crawls into concealment, listening to the conversation)

NEIL. Of what avail is it, Pike, your sharing my dangers? It is enough that I should suffer. Go home, my good fellow, and bear to Lady Broughton this ring, as a renewed pledge of my constancy. All I will ask of you, is to meet me here at

sunset to-morrow; bring me back some token from her, an' then I will bid farewell to old Ireland.

PIKE. An' is it laving Ireland you'll be?

NEIL. It is!

PIKE. Then it's pack up myself—my wife—my childen, an' my pig—I will, and go wid yez, if it's to Botany Bay.

NEIL. Pike, you know not what you say!

PIKE. Yes I do, an' it's know what I mane, I do too—look ye, masther, if you like to come an' take slicker in my bit of a cabin, it's go to the lady for yez I will; ye'll be safe enough there any way—for my Honor, that's my wife, *she's* a match for any man—as I can spake from experience, when her passions riz—then there's myself an' this switch, an' that's two of us, are a match for half a dozen—an' then there's you an' yer sword, a match for another half dozen—an' that's six and six (*counting on fingers*), is eighteen, an' one's twenty, by a moderate calkelation.

NEIL. But I have no sword!

PIKE. I have a pitchfork, which is all the same, if yer only know how to use it—so come along, (*crosses, R.*)

NEIL. (*aside*) What shall I do? I fear to endanger this honest fellow, (*aloud*) Pike, are you sure they are not likely to search for me there?

PIKE. As sartin as I'm livin', they wouldn't think of it, after the smell that chap got o' my shillelagh.

NEIL. You will not seek the Lady Broughton, without----

PIKE. Divil a step will I move.

NEIL. Then I must accept your hospitality—what can reward you?

PIKE. I ask no reward, yer honour—but my own conscience, an' that's the best an honest man can have.

(*Music.— They are going—NEIL hesitates to follow PIKE induces him to do so, they exeunt R. to E.—RED RUFUS advances, watching them, and after they exit, speaks*)

RUFUS. Oh! oh! misther Pike, an' so it's concaling the rebels you'd be—now I'll pay you out for many a hard thwack you've given me—besides the Masther Blackadder will give me gowld—gowld—I like gowld, it shines so; an' I can howld it up afore the eyes of those who call me red hair—idiot—fool—spy, an' such like prutty names—then they'll want it, and they'd be friends wid the idiot—but I won't let 'em—I won't let 'em. I'd bite 'em all—I would, an' I should like to, ha! ha! ha! (*laughing and crossing, L.*) Misther Pike is one of 'em, but now I'll bring the soddiars about his ears—an' it's mad wid sorrow his wife will be—when she see's her masther dragged to prison,—it will pay her out for

throwing the saucepan at my head when I stole a bit o' pratee from her children. How she grinned to see me rub my head when it was hurt—but now's my time—I'll send her husband to gaol—maybe they'll transport him, or betther still, kill him like a dog, wring his neck—oh phillaloo—phillaloo—I'll make her grin the other side of her mouth, ha! ha! ha! I will—I will—I will.

(limps off quickly—up over bridge—repeating and chuckling with glee, R. u. E.—Music)

SCENE SECOND.—*A Room in the House of Sir James Blackadder ; table with bell on it; and writing materials are brought in, and chair. (2nd grooves).*

Enter SIR JAMES, R., and sits at table.

SIR J. My curses on that Neil O'Connor, how he eludes my grasp; three different parties have I sent out to scour the country in search of him, but in vain! That he still lingers in Ireland I am certain. In denouncing him to the Government, I not only aimed at his estate, as a reward for my exertions throughout the rebellion, but I hoped to gain the hand of Lady Broughton, despite her obstinate refusal to obey her father's command. Could I but hurl him from my path, *(rising and pacing stage)* I should no longer have a rival in her affections—once mine, her lands joined to these of the rebel, it will be the largest domain in Ireland! His friends are making the most strenuous exertions, to rescind the doom of a traitor—which has been pronounced against him, founding their plea upon the loyalty and services of his father, and his ancestors. S'death, if they should succeed!—the thought maddens me—when could I but lay hands on him, his immediate death, would render all their exertions fruitless, *(sits)*

Enter JAMES, a servant, L. 1 E.

SERVANT. Red Rufus desires to see you in private, Sir James.

SIR J. Let him enter.

SERVANT. I will, Sir James.

Exit, L. 1 E.

SIR J. What news does he bring, I wonder? Though a fool, he possesses more cunning than half a dozen sane men.

SERVANT *re-enters, followed by RED RUFUS.*

SIR J. *(who is seated at table, writing—to SERVANT)* That will do—leave us together.

RUFUS. *(to SERVANT, who stands looking at him with amaze-*

ment) Bad luck to yer manners! what are ye staring at? (*aside*) yer turnip-headed flunkey, don't yer hear the masther say yer to lave us gentlemens all alone to ourselves ?

SERVANT. Gentleman indeed—I should say he's of the hoorang-hootang breed. *Exit, L. 1 E,*

RUFUS. (*bowing very obsequiously*) Heaven bless yer honour, good luck to yer honour, may all the blessin's of all the blessed Saints attend yer honour's glory !

SIR J. That will do—stand still, and let me hear no more of that nonsense; why do you seek my presence ?

RUFUS. It's mighty big news I bring yez, anyway.

SIR J. What news ?

RUFUS. Ye'd like to know, yer honour ?

SIR J. Did I not ask you ?

RUFUS. Yes, yer honour axed me. (*scratching his head*)

SIR J. Then speak, and quickly too.

RUFUS. Sure it's half murdered I've been in yer sarvice, this day.

SIR J. I see your drift—money is the only thing, I suppose, can loosen your tongue ?

RUFUS. Heaven's blessin' on yer honour—yer never said a truer word than that, anyway.

SIR J. There, (*throwing purse, which RUFUS catches*) Now your news—and quickly.

RUFUS. (*dancing with pleasure*) Oh, be dad, I've got the gowld—philuloo ! Yer a gintleman, every inch of yez !

SIR J. Cease your accursed wriggling, or I'll send you to gaol.

RUFUS. Well, sur, I was a-looking about, to see what I could hear in yer honour's sarvice—like the honest boy I am—when, jist by the Bridge o' Carse, I see two men a-talking ; so I listened, and who should it be but the masther, O'Connor the rebel, and Pike O'Callaghan.

SIR J. (*rising*) Is this true?

RUFUS. As thrue as eggs is eggs ! an' that's no lie.

SIR J. Are you sure of the men?

RUFUS. Sartin as I'm a livm' sinner! an' it's Red Rufus as knows 'em both. The masther was dressed in rags, an' Pike invited the masther to his cabin, an' the masther wouldn't go ; but at last the masther did go, an' I ran oft' to tell yer honour's glory.

SIR J. You have done well. I have him now; the rebel, he shall die ! and as for Pike O'Callaghan-----

RUFUS. Blow him up wid a powder magazine too, yer honour. Oh, philaloo ! sure won't I dance at his wake !

SIR J. Silence ! Know you where you are ? (*rings bell on table*)

Enter SERVANT, L.

Tell Sergeant Snipes to come to me directly.

SERVANT. I will, Sir James, (*looking contemptuously at RUFUS as he exits, and aside*) The red-haired rhinoceros !

Exit, L. 1 E.

SIR J. (*to RUFUS*) You, sir, wait downstairs until the Sergeant comes to you.

RUFUS. Heaven's blessin's on yer honour's worship.

SIR J. (*writing*) Leave the room !

RUFUS. It's go through fire and wather I would to sarve yea.

SIR J. Go to the devil!----- (*stamping his foot with rage*)

RUFUS. (*Jumping off*) I'm gone, yer honour!

Exit quickly, L. 1 E.

SERGEANT SNIPES *enters*, L. 1. E.—*he salutes, a la militaire, very stiffly.*

SIR J. Sergeant, how far is it to the nearest military station?

SERG. Five miles, Sir James, (*saluting*)

SIR J. There is no time to be lost; the rebel, Neil O'Connor, is now in the house of a man called Pike O'Callaghan—send instantly with this dispatch (*giving one he has written*)—desire the messenger to make all speed, and deliver it into the hands of the Commandant. You, in the meanwhile, take Red Rufus with you, and search the cottage of this O'Callaghan. Keep a sharp look-out. If you arrest the traitor, twenty pounds shall be your reward. If you meet with opposition, a detachment will soon be there to assist you; so you have little cause to fear. Away at once-----

SERG. I'll do it—double-quick time, Sir James.

(*salutes, L. about face, and marches off*, L. 1 E.

SIR J. The dream of my ambition will yet be accomplished! Lady Broughton, you shall learn the power of the man you acorn; for death shall be the traitor's doom ! *Exit*, R. 1 E.

(*Music—clear stage—music changes for opening of scene to lively*)

SCENE THIRD.—*Interior of Pike O'Callaghan's Cottage—door in flat, L., bar to door—window, C, with shutters and bar; loft, R. c, or in set piece, R, U. E.; ladder to the same; a shelf on flat with whiskey bottle and three mugs—doors, L. 2 or 3 E. Old fashioned large fire-place, R. table with basin of treacle; broom standing against scene, R. 2 E.; two or three old stools or chairs about; large box capable of holding a man in it, C, at back.*

Pike's two CHILDREN are discovered in their night-dresses, sitting on chest—the eldest, JUDY, gets off, and dips her fingers into the

basin, takes out some treacle, she then gives some to her SISTER—HONOR O'CALLAGHAN runs in at the door, and aims a blow at the CHILD'S fingers, with a large spoon which she carries in her hand.

HONOR. Is it there ye are, ye young vagabones—an' so it's myself as can't run out to see the docther to his horse, but ye must be dippin yer fingers in the tracle pot; it's murthering ye I'll be one of these days, for putting yer dirty little fingers into the sweets, and then it's hanged I'll be for committin' manslaughter. Now look ye childers (*mixing some brimstone and treacle in basin*) it's going to medicine ye I am, for the docther says ye'll be dead, it' yer not livin' to-morrow, if ye don't take it—so open yer mouths, (*gives them some*) There now, wait awhile, an' I'll wash yer faces, (*as she puts the basin down, they wipe their mouths with their night-dresses—HONOR turning round, sees what they have done*) Och! murther alive, look at that now; all on them beautiful clane bed-gowns—it's a pruddy mess ye've made yerselves in—is it for this I pay a penny a week, for yer laming manners, ye young varmints, get out of that—be off to bed or I'll warm yer backs—be off wid yer—(*she chases them round stage, they run off, door in R.*) Them children take afther Pike, for they're the obstinatist young vagabones as ever lived.

Enter PIKE, followed by NEIL, L. C, door in flat.

PIKE. Well, Honor, my darling, where are the childers!

HONOR. Gone to bed, after smothering themselves in brimstone and tracle—but what for did ye bring that beggar man wid yer?

PIKE. It's no beggar man, honey!

HONOR. He's mighty like one, anyway.

PIKE. It's the masther, Honor!

HONOR. What, that beggar man the masther?

PIKE. Yes, darlin'.

HONOR. What, the masther, as is gone to furrin parts?

PIKE. How can he be gone to furrin parts, when he's here?

HONOR. That man the masther!—Neil O'Connor!—he's own self and nobody else?

NEIL. Yes, Honor, it is my own self—as you say.

HONOR. Ah, sure, that's his voice—I'd know it amongst a thousand others; my heart lapes with joy at the sound of it—but, ochone! ochone! there's a dhress for a gentleman, bred an' born. Oh, masther, it's the sup and the bit yer right welcome to—but it brings the tears, as big as kidney beans in my eyes, to see you in a beggar man's dhress.

NEIL. Never mind, Honor—circumstances sometimes render it necessary to assume strange disguises; it is for my country's sake, so I do not murmur.

HONOR. It's ruined yerself, ye have, for the country's sake, and may ould Ireland never forget her obligations to yer! But it's hungry ye must be—Pike, you lazy rascal, jump about, and get the masther something to eat.

PIKE. That will I! (*runs to shelf and gets whiskey bottle and tin mug*) Take a sup o' whiskey, masther; it's mate and dhrink to a hungry stomach.

NEIL. No, thank you; that is about the last thing I should wish for under the circumstances.

PIKE. By my soul, you and I are not of the same mind, anyway, for that's about the first thing I should wish for under any circumstances; so here's your honour's very good health.

NEIL retires up.

HONOR. (*stopping PIKE as he is going to drink*) No, ye don't, Pike. Is it gettin' dhrunk you'd be afore the masther?

PIKE. Och, blood and 'ouns! look at that, jist as my mouth was watering at the sight of it.

HONOR. Yer mouth's always watering when ye smell whiskey—bad luck to yez. (*HONOR puts bottle back on shelf*)

PIKE. But the divil a smell ye'd let me get then, anyway (*NEIL is seated at back*)

HONOR. Where did ye find the masther? Och, sure, it's plased the bright-eyed lady will be when she knows it.

PIKE. I met the masther near the Bridge o' Carse, an' the divil a bit did I know him?—for I took him for a snaking beggar-man.

HONOR. And did ye insult the gentleman in his throuble?

PIKE. It's insult him, I did; but I apologized for it afterwards; I axed him to give me a thwack over the skull, but he was afear'd, I suppose, of turning my brains top-side bottom, so he wouldn't. Ah, what's that, bedad? didn't ye hear a scrapin' like agin the door? Honor, get the masther up into the loft, while I see who it is. (*NEIL is assisted up to loft—the ladder is removed away—PIKE opens door—RED RUFUS falls in, as if in the act of listening—Music, ending with chord*) Och, murther!—look at that, ye red-haired ruffian! (*kicks RUFUS*) Come out o' that, ye dirty scoundrel! (*pulling him down stage by his nose*)

RUFUS. Murther—murther! Och, my nose—my nose!

PIKE. D'ye call that pimple a nose?—why I'd be ashamed to own sich a thing!

RUFUS. Misther Pike—Misther Pike, let me go.

PIKE. It's well ye said Misther, or I'd have knocked

ye into the middle of next week. I would, ye spalpeen, ye!
(*threatening him*)

RUFUS. (*calling*) Sergeant Snipes! Sergeant Snipes!

PIKE. Who the divil's Sergeant Swipes? How dare ye come listening to see what ye could hear at a gintlemin's door! Take that, ye vagabone and much good may it do yez! (*strikes RUFUS with stick—HONOR does the same with broom—they chase him round stage—as he gets to door, L. c., SERGEANT SNIPE enters and receives blow from broom, which knocks him down*)

SERG. (*getting up*) How dare you strike His Majesty's representative!

HONOR. I didn't sthrike yer; ye put yerself in the way o' the broom. An' so you're His Majesty's representative? A prutty pair o' ye, to represent His Majesty! 'As he got any more like yez?

SERG. (C.) What are you doing?

PIKE. (R. C.) Giving that chap a whoppin', that's what I'm doin'.

HONOR. (*down, R.*) Which same we'll give you, Misther Swipes, if ye don't clear out!

PIKE, (*aside to HONOR*) Howld yer whist! don't ye see he's a soddier? an' he'll bring the other soddiers about our ears if we're sarcy to him.

HONOR. Bad luck to him'. Why does he come pokin' his ugly nose into a respectable body's house then?

PIKE. Be quiet, will yez. He's a ginerel, I know it by his sthripes. (*aside to HONOR*)

SERG. (*who has been looking about, and speaking to RUFUS*) This is the dwelling of Pike O'Callaghan, isn't it?

HONOR. No; ye're out there any way—it's not the dwelling, it's the house-----

SERG. One and the same thing. You have a rebel concealed here, and it is my duty to search for him; if you resist it will be the worse for you. (*SERGEANT and RUFUS search in chest, and about room*)

PIKE. (*aside, R. C.*) Och! murther alive, the poor masther, what's to be done?

HONOR. (R.) Let's trate them respectfully, and kick 'em both out o' the house.

PIKE. (*aside*) Don't, I tell yez! he'll bring the Soddiers upon us.

SERG. Here, Rufus, let's search this room.

They exeunt at door, L., NEIL, looks from loft.

PIKE. Kape close, Masther Connor, we'll be a match for 'em yet. (*CONNOR disappears*) Here, Honor, quick. I'll make the

ruffians break their backs, and while I feed them with whiskey to mend 'em again, do you gat the masther into that chest: they've looked into it once, and won't want to agin. Here they come.

(PIKE *lays across door on floor, as SERGEANT SNIPES and RUFUS enter, they fall over him—PIKE jumps up and rubs his side as if hurt—the others rise—SERGEANT rubbing his leg, and RED RUFUS his head*)

SERG. (*advancing*) Oh my legs, my legs !

RUFUS. (*advancing*) Oh my head, my head !

PIKE. (*advancing*) Oh my back, my back—look at that now, can't you see where yer going, ye clumsy ruffians? You've broken my ribs. I was just a stoopin' to pick up a pin for Honor, and ye come a tumbling over me like two rhinoceroses.

SERG. (*enraged*) You Irish blag—

PIKE. Howld your whist now, ye have broken my back—I don't mind that; but if ye call me names, I'll hit ye a rap over the lug.

SERG. You have broken my leg, you did it on purpose.

RUFUS. And you've cracked my head, by gorrah, ye have.

PIKE. Then howld it tight, or ye'll lose what little brains ye've got; but you're jokin' now, I know ye are.

SERG. Joking be hanged!

PIKE. That's what you'll be, sure enough. Look here, Sergeant Swipes, and you, ye red-haired ourang-ontang—ye don't deserve it afther the way you've trated me ; but I'll do the liberal wid yer—I'll give ye a dhrop o' whisky to mend vour hurts, (*gets bottle and glasses and speaks, aside, to HONOR*) Now, Honor darlin', now. (*they sit on short bench in front*) Here, boys! here is some of the right sort, (*pours it out—they are about to drink—he stops them—HONOR assists NEIL O'CONNOR from loft*) Bad luck to yez ! where are yer manners ? liy my soul, my ould pig would have known better! Wait till I fill mine, then I'll give yez a toast, and we'll drink together—that's the way they do in ginteel society; jist remember that same the next time you're in the company of your supariors. " Here's good luck to ould Ireland, and ould Ireland's throe-hearted sons."

SERG. (*quickly*) That's treason !

PIKE. No, it isn't; it's whiskey. Drink, you divil!

(*they do so*)

SERG. (*smacking his lips*) Well, I like-----

PIKE. The whisky! I thought you did. by the colour on the tip of your nose ! (*during this, O'CONNOR is assisted into large box by HONOR*) Have another dhrop. (*fills SERGEANT'S cup—RUFUS holds his*) Come out o' that! Not a dhrop more, tor trying to see what you could hear at my door. Och,

look at that! It brings the tears into yer eyes to think you'll get no more, does it? Well, then take----

RUFUS. (*taking bottle off floor and putting it to mouth*) A dhrop.

PIKE. No! (*taking it away*) A smell—that's quite enough tor you!

(*HONOR signals to PIKE it's all right—PIKE, SERGEANT and RUFUS rise—the former puts bottle and glasses on shelf*)

SERG. Now what have you got in this loft?

HONOR. The skin of your first cousin, Mither Swipes.

SERG. Confound your impudence! My name is Snipes, not Swipes—mind that. Rufus, have another look about the room.

(*SERGEANT enters loft—RUFUS looks about—NEIL is heard to sneeze from the chest—RUFUS turns sharply round*)

HONOR. (*runs and sits on chest*) The masther's put his nose into the pepper box! (*pretending to hunt a cat*) Get out wid yez, ye dirty baste. That cat's always a shovin' his nose where he's not wanted, an' a sneezin' and spilin' the boards!

(*SERGEANT is descending from loft—PIKE pretends to be looking after the cat—RUFUS is just at the ladder, going to whisper to the SERGEANT, when he descends—PIKE knocks against him, which causes RUFUS to upset the ladder, leaving the SERGEANT hanging to the loft, who cries, "Help! help!"*)

PIKE. You've done it now, bedad—you've hung the General! (*the SERGEANT falls to the ground—gets up in great rage, and threatens RUFUS*)

SERG. I'll have you put in limbo for that, you rascal!

RUFUS. 'Twa'n't me, be gorrah; 'twas Pike, there.

PIKE. Me?—I'm as innocent as an unborn baby. Say it's we, an' I'll be the death of ye! (*goes to HONOR*)

SERG. There is no one in the loft. Are you sure this is the place? (*aside*)

RUFUS. Sartin sure, Sargent! Look in the chist ag'in. (*aside and pointing*)

PIKE. He's talking about the chest, (*aside to her*)

HONOR. Then the masther's lost!

PIKE. No, not till he's found! Have a pain in the back! (*SERGEANT and RUFUS advance to chest—they are just lifting the lid, when HONOR with a loud scream throws herself on the lid, pinching their fingers with it—they release themselves, and twirl their hands and dance with pain*) What jig do yer call that? Ye may well dunce; see what you've got by pokin' yer fingers into other people's property, (*runs to HONOR, who is screaming, &c.*) See what ye've done!—by my soul, ye have

given my wife the lumbago in the back, an' she's gone into a fit of compulsions ! (*aside to her*) Kick ! bad luck to yer—kick! (*she does so*) Ye've killed her—she's as dead as a herrin', for look how she's kickin'! Now if yer don't get out o' the house, bad manners to yez! Ye ought to be ashamed of yerselves, for it's put her into a tub o' cold wather I must, to bring her to life agin.

SERG. Curse her convulsions—she has broken my fingers! (*aside to RUFUS*) Come, Rufus, he has aided the rebel's escape, and we'll have him by the heels for this.

RUFUS. We will—we will, an' the neck, too. We'll hang the rebel!

They exeunt, door in flat.

(PIKE and HONOR laugh—after a short pause, RUFUS pokes his head in at the door)

PIKE. (*seeing door opening*) Kick, my jewel, kick! (HONOR screams—RUFUS disappears—a slight pause, during which PIKE takes off shoe—the door quietly opens and RUFUS puts in his head again—PIKE flings his shoe., or stands behind door and strikes it—RUFUS is heard calling, "Oh, I'm kilt—my head—my head!") Tak that, you limpin' vagabone ! (*looking out to see if they're gone*) If that Red Rufus isn't old Beelzebub's brother, he's a very near relation, (*pulling on shoe*) Upon my soul, Honor, you're a jewel; you had the lumbago in yer back, as if ye were used to it. Let's see agin if the coast is clear. (*looking out*) All right! There they go up the hill. Masther, come out, it's all right.

NEIL. (*gets out*) Pike, I can't find words to speak my thanks for your kindness.

PIKE. Then don't look for 'em. Some one has betrayed you in this disguise—don't wear it any longer; but go into that room, (*points to door, L.*) you'll find my Sunday clothes, put 'em on, an' then you'll look more yerself. (NEIL attempts to speak) Not a word; I won't hear it! In wid yez!

Exit NEIL, door L.

Now, Honor, run an' tell the lads and the girls that are thrue to come down an' give him a hearty farewell; it may be the last chance they'll have of seeing him, for he's going to furrin parts—to Botany Bay.

HONOR. Where's Botany Bay, Pike, dear?

PIKE. Where's what?

HONOR. Where's Botany Bay?

PIKE. (*scratching head*) Is it where it Botany Bay, ye want to know ?

HONOR. Yes, sure!

PIKE. Why it's—it's a top o' the North Pole !

HONOR. An' where's the North Pole?

PIKE. Is it where is the North Pole, ye want to know? Why the North Pole is somewhere near the South, it's in the

Sandwich Islands, my jewel—where the chaps go without clothes.

HONOR. That's a mighty quare place—well, I'll go ; it does my heart good to think the boys will give him an Irish cheer that shall ring in his ears, when he sits a thinking on the top o' the North Pole in Botany Bay, as ye call it, next to the Sandwich Islands. I'll be back in a pig's whisper.

Runs out of door in flat, L. C.

PIKE. That's a jewel of a woman, if she wasn't so strong when her passion's riz. It's lighter my heart is any way; after all, there's nothing like a clane conscience and an honest heart to make a boy slape easy, and have pleasant drames. Whilst the mather's dressin', I'll amuse him wid the song he taught me when we were boys together at the Manor House.

(introduced song—after which the PEASANTS enter, L. C, brought in by HONOR—at the same time NEIL O'CONNOR enters from door, L., in peasant's costume—he starts back on seeing them)

NEIL. Betrayed! Pike, what have you done?

PIKE. Nothing to do you harm ; they are all honest threue-hearted boys ; for not a mother's son on 'em has paid his rint to Mr. Blackadder! Boys and girls—here's the mather, our kind young mather, going from amongst us, an' ye'd sooner die than bethray him, wouldn't yez?

ALL. We would !—we would! We'd die for the mather!

PIKE. It's perhaps the last time as ye will see him, so give him an Irish cheer ! *(they do so, led by PIKE)*

NEIL. Heaven bless you all for that cheer! In a far distant land it will be stamped upon my heart as the dearest momento of old Ireland, and Ireland's true and noble-hearted sons!

PIKE. Och! d'ye hear that, boys ? There's a prutty speech ! A little one in for that, if ye love me! *(they cheer)* An' now let's have a dance. Boys and girls, take your partners, that he may leave us wid joy in his heart, *(they take partners—music commencing)* That's right! oft' ye go, ye divils!

(a jig by all the characters—CONNOR is solicited—he refuses, but at last joins in dance—at end of dance a PEASANT runs in quickly)

PEASANT. Take care of the mather, the soddiers are upon us !

(general confusion—the door and window is quickly barred by PIKE and HONOR, assisted by others—NEIL escapes into loft—the ladder is removed out of sight—a crash—both window and door are burst open—WOMEN scream—SOLDIERS are seen at window and door—others enter, headed by CAPTAIN WILSON, SERGEANT SNIPES and RUFUS—SOLDIERS range, L., male and female PEASANTS, R.—male PEASANTS all have sticks—PIKE is near c—HONOR, R.C.)

CAPT. W. Pike O'Callaghan, you have here concealed, or have aided in the escape of a rebel, called Neil O'Connor. If he is here, deliver him up to us.

PIKE. Do what ?

CAPT. W. Deliver up the rebel !

PIKE. He was my masther!

CAPT. W. Where is he ?

PIKE. Do you take me. for a finger-post?

CAPT. W. You refuse? Then I arrest you for aiding and abetting in the escape of a traitor and attainted rebel—your neck will answer for it. Seize him, and bring him away! *(two SOLDIERS and SERGEANT SNIPES advance—HONOR threatens them with hroom)*

HONOR. If ye do, I'll bate every mother's son of yez black and blue. Had luck to ye, yer cocked-hut rhinoceroses! I'll spile yer gold lace! Boys, would you see my darlin' Pike dragged away from me afore yer very eyes ?

ALL. No, no! *(PEASANTS threaten an advance)*

CAPT. W. Soldiers, make ready—present! *(SOLDIERS present from window, door and stage—PIKE puts HONOR over to the PEASANTS—he is seized at the same time)*

PIKE. Back, boys, back! Ye have no chance with these powder magazines presented agin you. Honor, make no resistance; howld her, boys—that's right! Bless ye, honey! An' the childers, be faithful, be throe; and remember, if they drag me to prison, I suffer in a good cause, for the masther and dear ould Ireland.

(a plaintive Irish melody is played, and tableau is formed by all the characters—NEIL O'CONNOR it seen looking from loft)

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.—*Room in the house of Sir James Blackadder in 2nd grooves; large window, c, with curtains, entirely covering it; table with papers, writing materials, &c. ; chairs. Stage dark.—Music.*

Enter HONOR, cautiously, from window.

HONOR. So far all right. I wonder which is Sir James's room—there's nobody here. Only to think that those powder-headed monkeys should deny a respectable woman like

me the privilege of spaking a word to their masther—an' turn me away from the door as if I was a beggarman ! Sure a cat may look at a king, an' though he has a tail at the end of his name, I'm as good a man as him, any day in the week. But faix, it wasn't the sarvants as could turn Honor O'Callaghan away from the door when she came to plade for her husband's relase from prison! So it's climb the wall I did, and seein' this winder open, it's in I came, widout axing any one's lave. (*looking off R. 1 E.*) There's somebody comin' along that passage! it's hide I will, till I see who they may be. (*conceals herself behind curtains*)

SERVANT *enters, L., bringing in candelabra with two lights, followed by SIR JAMES BLACKADDER and LADY BROUGHTON*
—SERVANT *crosses, places candelabra on table and exit,*
L. 1 E.

LADY B. You cannot alter my determination with respect to the object of my visit here—it is to beg of you to forego the malice of your persecution towards Neil O'Connor. You are now living upon his estate, which has been the home of his ancestors for centuries : he is an outcast—a fugitive—a beggar. Will not that satisfy you?

SIR J. Nothing will satisfy me, lady, but the possession of your hand.

LADY B. And that, as it is pledged to another, can never be yours.

SIR J. We shall see, Lady Broughton. Your father----

LADY R. Has no command over my feelings. As a child I have ever obeyed him ; but when he would eternally shipwreck all my future happiness, and bid his child break a vow-sacred as love and two human hearts can make it—he destroys the bonds which the laws of nature and heaven have given him. (*they both advance*)

SIR J. You speak boldly.

LADY B. And truly. I see it is useless—I do not plead to a man, but a stone. Mark me; Connor will escape you yet, and heaven will punish ; for wickedness like yours, sooner or later, meets with its deserts.

SIR J. A prophetess too ! No matter, until that time shall come, we are content to dare heaven's vengeance. Is this all—had you no other purpose in your visit ?

LADY B. No, it is not all. You have arrested, and sent to prison an honest Irish peasant, called Pike O'Callaghan, for aiding in Neil O'Connor's escape. I know this man to be faithful and harmless—I came to solicit his release.

HONOR. (*from behind curtains peeping out*) It's die for yer I will at'ther that!

SIR J. And does Lady Broughton's interest in this O'Connor extend so far that she must foster every malcontent, who happens to be cast in prison ?

LADY B. Sneer as you may, Sir James, it is in the cause of humanity I plead; your mocking lips cannot shake my constancy in so good a cause.

SIR J. Then let us try to effect a reconciliation, or I fear it will prove a losing one. Listen to my determination. Consent to become my wife, and my enmity to Neil O'Connor ceases; refuse, and ruin shall fall upon every soul who dares to extend him a friendly hand.

LADY B. (*indignantly*) Heartless coward, thus to crush the fallen!

SIR J. I have heard of a woman sacrificing her life for her lover. Let us see if you will forego your liberty. I had hoped to have obtained your hand, without the loss of this estate; but to possess you, I will relinquish even that; you may therefore perceive my love is not altogether selfish, (*taking paper out of his pocket*) You here behold the pardon of the king for the rebel O'Connor, obtained by the interest of his friends.

LADY B. His pardon—thank heaven!

SIR J. I have detained this—(LADY BROUGHTON *endeavours to take it*) Not so fast, (*placing it on table*) The life or death of Neil hangs upon your answer. My original instructions are " alive or dead," he is to be taken. The latter probably would be the most convenient. His pardon arrived too late. Do you understand? I have also further and damning evidence of his guilt. Unless you consent, I will dare all, and burn the pardon to ashes before your eyes.

HONOR. (*aside*) Will yer ? Not with Honor O' Callaghan at your elbow, (*having stealthily reached the table, she secures the pardon, &c, and hastily folding a counterpart, places it in the same position, then conceals herself behind table*)

LADY B. He will escape!

SIR J. He cannot. He was at this man's, O'Callaghan's cottage, and is now almost in my toils; before another day is past, I will have him. Quick ! Your choice !

LADY B. (*aside*) What shall I do ? Oh, heaven help me! (*aloud*) You would not dare?

SIR J. Not dare! When the gamester is driven to his last throw, what will he not dare ? This pardon placed in the hands of Neil, he is once more the possessor of these lands; and a paltry recompense is offered me by the king in their

stead; but marrying you, I shall still be the possessor of that, which in itself would be to me a treasure of inestimable value. Make your choice, refuse me, and I burn this pardon, and consign him to death, (*holding paper to candle*)

LADY B. Hold!

SIR J. Will you be mine?

LADY B. No, never!

SIR J. Then his blood be upon your head ! So do I crush my enemies! (*burnt paper, and then tramples on it*)

HONOR. (*aside, showing the real pardon*) But ye've got the wrong pig by the ear this time, Misther Blackadder.

LADY B. Infamous trickster! you have burnt the pardon ; but I defy you to destroy his life. Think you I will be made the dupe of a beggarly adventurer? No ; I will at once proclaim your villany to the world ! (*going. L.*)

SIR J. (*seizing her*) Stay !—who will believe you ? You are in my power; dare to carry out your threat, and by force I will possess you.

LADY B. (*struggling*) Help! Help!

(HONOR quickly extinguishes the lights, and LADY BROUGHTON breaks from SIR JAMES—lights down very low)

HONOR. (*to LADY BROUGHTON*) Not a word! Run ! Here, this way!

LADY BROUGHTON escapes by window, and HONOR is seized by SIR JAMES in her place.

SIR J. You shall not escape me. Curses on the lights! How could they be extinguished! Be silent, or I'll summon my servants!

HONOR. I'll save ye the throuble. Here—house ! Murder!—thieves !—fire!—robbery !

JAMES and SERVANT enter quickly, L., holding candles—lights up instantly —Sir. JAMES still has hold of HONOR.

SIR J. (*with the utmost surprise*) How the devil came you here ? (*releasing her*)

HONOR. Through the winder—an' I'd advise ye to kape it fastened the next time ye want to take liberties wid a lady—ye cowardly vagabone, yes!

SIR J. What fiend sent you here?

HONOR. A relation o'yours, Misther Sir James.

SIR J. Who?

HONOR. Ould Beelzebub.

SIR J. Thrust her out of the house ! (*JAMES and the other SERVANT lay hands on her*)

HONOR. (*shaking them off*) Take your hands off, ye cauliflower-headed ruffians!

JAMES. I was a turnip-head—now I'm a cauliflower—'spose I shall be a mangold-wursel next. I shall give warning! (*aside*)

HONOR. Good night, Mither Blackander; may be you'll drame to-night; next time ye have a lady wid yer, take care the candles don't go out.

SIR J. Begone! (*stamping his foot with rage and going to table*)

HONOR. You'll be afther hurtin yer corns if ye stamp like that! (*JAMES is showing her out*) Here, come back wid yez! (*pulling JAMES round who very nearly knocks down the other SERVANT—both look very indignant*) I am an honest woman, and yer a couple of vagabones to sarve sich a masther—so walk behind your superaors. (*folds her arms and struts out, L.—SERVANTS indignantly following*)

SIR J. Who can that woman be? How came she here, or how did Lady Broughton escape? What internal magic is at work? I have now gone too far to recede a single step, it is ruin and disgrace if I fail. I'll set Red Rufus and every spy at work, I'll scour the country but I'll secure him; I'm not to be scared from the pursuit of fortune, and of passion, by a woman's schemes! *Music—Exit, R. 1 E.*

SCENE SECOND.—*Front Landscape.—Music; lights down.*

Enter NEIL, he is still in a peasant's costume, but wears a black cloak ami slouched hat; he enters cautiously, L. 1 E.

NEIL. I cannot leave this spot until I have seen Alice once more; so here I linger, with danger surrounding me on every side. Alas! how near am I to that estate where, for centuries, my ancestors have dwelt in peace and happiness, but which I have lost for ever! Fortune seems against me and the cause. Even the innocent must suffer—poor Pike is now a prisoner. If I can, I will save him this night, at the risk of my life; for it never shall be said an O'Connor left a countryman to perish, whose only fault was that of being too faithful, (*looking off, L.*) What is that? A female form! I will conceal myself.

(*retires, R.*)

Enter LADY BROUGHTON hastily, L. 1 E.

LADY B. How dark the evening! Would I had a protector with me. I have escaped that villain's grasp, perhaps only to encounter some other danger. (*NEIL advances LADY BROUGHTON starts*) All, a man so near!

NEIL. Fear not! (*showing his face*) Alice! Alice!

LADY B. (*going to him*) Neil, my own Neil! thank heaven we meet again.

NEIL. Yes, once again—perchance for the last time.

LADY B. No, no! I will not believe heaven or man so cruel. How have you escaped? I was told just now you were in the toils of that bad man.

NEIL. By whom?

LADY B. Sir James Blackadder himself.

NEIL. A falsehood—a cruel falsehood! It was said only to aid some base design.

LADY B. I fear so, for I have just escaped from the ruffian, who offered me your life—your pardon!

NEIL. Upon what conditions?

LADY B. My becoming his wife.

NEIL. And you consented?

LADY B. Consented! Wrong not a woman's heart so much as to think it capable of such a crime! I knew your noble nature far too well, not to feel death would have been welcome a thousand times—rather than life purchased by so base a sacrifice. Deeply as I love you, I would sooner have fallen dead at the traitor's feet, or seen you there, than yield my honour at a coward's bidding!

NEIL. My own brave girl! Oh, for a thousand hearts like thine, and Ireland, with a giant hand, would enforce the justice her conquerors are so loath to yield her!

LADY B. Your friends have secured your pardon; he burnt it to ashes before my face.

NEIL. And can such sins pass unrequited? No, it cannot—it shall not be. I will see you on the road and return, for I have a task to-night I must at all hazards accomplish.

LADY B. And that is?

NEIL. To set Pike O'Callaghan free.

LADY B. But think of the danger.

NEIL. Should that stop me? Am I to pause whilst another suffers in my place?

LADY B. You are right; I had forgot. Let us have faith, and right and justice will one day triumph over fraud and oppression. If I am to lose you, I shall at least have the consolation of knowing my love—strong as it is—never urged you to leave the path of duty. Come, let us go!

NEIL. You are right, dear Alice. True and pure as the cause for which we suffer, may our hearts remain in life or death.

Music.—He throws cloak over her shoulders, protecting her, and they exeunt, R. 1 E.

SCENE THIRD.—*Interior of a Prison; door, R., opening on slugs, lock and key to it; a window, with iron burn across (about 8 feet from the ground), through which the moon is shining, in flat.*

PIKE discovered lying on some straw—chains on arms and legs—near him a small loaf and jug.

PIKE. Get out wid yer, ye hungry varmint! All this blessed evening them rats have been making their supper oft the calves of my legs—bad manners to the ugly blackguards! They're mighty fond of a shin-bone of beef; but it's not myself as likes to supply the male, bedad! It's uncomfortable I am any way; an' they've chained me as if I'd been committin' murder. What 'll they do wid me, I wondher—hang me? If they do, what'll become of Honor and the childers? Och, sure ! I won't trouble myself wid sich thoughts, for it's no use. Sure there's a gintleman a-grinnin' at me! I'll spile his fatures—take that, ye hungry divil! (*throws jug at supposed rat—jug breaks*) Bad luck to me ! there's a smash—an' it's the wather I've thrown! Niver mind, for the mane vagabones wouldn't let me have any whiskey ; when I axed them they said, "Don't you wish you may get it!" an', by my soul, that's jist what I did. There's another blackguard a-crossin' up to me! I'll hit him in the eye wid this, (*throws loaf*) Well, that's a nate shot any way, for there he is a-rollin' over. This coal-hole swarms wid 'em; and now they've got a rale Irishman to nibble at, they don't know when they've had enough.

NEIL. (*at grated window, trying to move the iron bars*) Pike, where are you ?

PIKE. Down here, amongst the rats. Who's he that axes?

NEIL. Neil O'Connor.

PIKE. What! the masther? Go away; if you're seen you'll be taken.

NEIL. I care not for that; I have come to effect your escape, and I will not leave you until I have succeeded.

PIKE. It's a kind thing, your honour, to think of poor Pike, but it's runnin' yerself in danger ye are.

NEIL. Do not fear—the bars are giving way—then for liberty, Pike ! (*succeeds in removing sufficient to admit his body*) That's well; can you reach the window ?

PIKE. The divil a bit, I can't scratch my head, for they've chained me here like a mad bull.

NEIL. Never mind, I will come to you. (*throws down stick and bundle and then descends by a rope which he has fastened to window.*)

PIKE. An' it's my stick ye've got! Let me touch my bit of a twig again an' I shall go mad wid joy! (*takes it*) When

I get these wristbands off, it's a row I'll be in afore the night's gone, if it's only to keep my hand in exercise.

NEIL. *(after trying to remove chains)* I cannot release these manacles; they are fastened on too firmly; what is to be done?

PIKE. Bedad! I don't know. *(bolt heard)*

NEIL. What's that?

PIKE. The gaoler comin' to see if my bed's well aired.

NEIL. Here take this pistol, *(offering one)*

PIKE. To the devil wid that explodin' magazine; give me my shillelagh, that never misses fire!

NEIL. Nonsense! Frighten the fellow with this.

PIKE. So I will, *(takes it—key heard turning in lock)* look out! he's here.

(NEIL stands L. of doorway—the door opening, conceals him—RED RUFUS limps in, with jug of water and piece of bread—he leaves the key in the door)

RUFUS. There is your bread and wather—*(putting it down)*

PIKE. Thank'ee for nothing—where's the whiskey?

RUFUS. You'd like to git it, wouldn't yer, but I'm made gaoler now—ye don't git a smell in this place.

PIKE. No, an' I'll tell ye something else ye don't get!

KLFUS. What's that?

PIKE. Manners, ye red-haired monkey!

RUFUS. It'll be the worse for yez, if yer not civil, and call me names. Ye pinch'd my nose, Mither Pike, and yer missus give me a wallop in wid the broom! Now, I'll sarve ye out, bedad! I will. Good night to yez. Pleasant drames; ye'll be nice company for the rats, *(going)*

PIKE. Here, come back. I want to ax ye something.

RUFUS. *(returning)* Well, what is it?

PIKE. How is Mithress Red Rufus?

RUFUS. *(going)* I'll sarve ye out. I will.

PIKE. Here, come back. It's sorry ye'll be if yez don't hear what I've got to say now any way.

RUFUS. Well, what is it then?

PIKE. How's all the little Red Rufuses?

RUFUS. To the devil wid yez. *(enraged)* I'll see ye on the scaffold, wid the rope round yer nick; that'll make yer grin! An' so will I—I'll grin to see yer kickin'. Oh, phillaloo! That's the sight'll plaze me better nor a jug o' whiskey punch.

(dancing with glee, rubbing his hands, and getting to door—NEIL during the previous conversation has secured the keys and locked it on the inside—RED RUFUS knocks against door, finding it closed)

RUFUS. her and thieves! The door's shut—who's done it?

PIKE. The wind, Misther Red Rufus, an' now there's a pair of us nice company for the rats.

RUFUS. The key is on the other side. I'm locked in. You thunderin' villain.

PIKE. The pot callin' the kettle. I've taken a fancy to have a walk this moonlight night; will yez come and take off these wristbands.

RUFUS. An' get my head broke. No, I won't!

PIKE. Yer won't?

RUFUS. I won't!

PIKE. (*looking at pistol*) Upon my soul you'd better now, Misther Red Rufus.

RUFUS. I'm not such a fool—ye'd like me to change places wid yer—

PIKE. You've hit it exactly; that's what I should like.

RUFUS. But I shouldn't. You're a rum fellow, Pike.

PIKE. Yes, and you'll find me a rummer afore I've done wid yer. Do 'ye want half-a-crown?

RUFUS. I jist do, an' I've no objection to take it.

PIKE. I knew you hadn't. Now, if you'll carry a message for me to Mistress Pike O'Callaghan in the morning, I'll give yer one.

RUFUS. I will, if she'll not break my head with the broomstick—but let's look at it fust.

PIKE. To be sure ye shall—I think yer honest, though, bad luck to yez, ye've got a face as would hang an ourang-outang here, come and take it.

RUFUS. (*eagerly going to him*) Where is it?

PIKE. (*seizing him—pistol to his head*) Hero, you dirtyth bla'guard you!

RUFUS. A powdher magazine! Oh, murther, murther! (*shouting*)

NEIL. (*holding pistol to his head on the other side*) And here's another!

RUFUS. Oh, murther I I'm kilt entirely! (*calling*) Murther!

PIKE. Hould yer mouth, or by my soul there will be murder. Undo these wristbands.

RUFUS. But, Misther Pike-----

PIKE. Now, if yer don't do it afore I count ten—yer a dead man—one, two, three, four.

RUFUS. (*unfastening irons*) I'm a dead man already, (*pausing*)

PIKE. Five, six, seven, (*quickly*)

RUFUS. Oh, Misther Pike, they'll hang me!

PIKE. I hope so, an' I'll grin to see yer kicken. Eight, nine.

RUFUS. Misther Pike!

PIKE. I'm done—ten. (*irons full off*) Here's a trate, dance, ye divil, or I'll be the death of yet. (*making RUFUS dance*)

NEIL. Enough of this, no time is to be lost.

PIKE. Whist, stop yer mouth. Hould him down, masther.

RUFUS. (*calling*) Murther! theives! robbers!

PIKE. Take that, (*hitting him*) That's jlist a lick of what you'll get if yer not quiet. Give us the keys of these wristbands. Ye won't ? Then I must give ye another smell iif my powder magazine, (*about to strike him—RUFUS gives up the keys—they place the irons on him and gag him, he struggling all the time—NEIL unties bundle and brings out a woman's dress*) What's that for?

NEIL. You. Be quick—put them on.

(*Music—PIKE does so very awkwardly—as they are about to escape, RUFUS tries to release himself*)

PIKE. It's no use yer kicking, you'll only wear out yer breeches. (*NEIL has got up to window—PIKE is ascending*) Good night to yer, Mister Red Rufus, an' pleasant drames. You'll be nice company for the rats, (*Music, forte—RUFUS is struggling—close in on picture*)

SCENE FOURTH.—*Front Landscape.*

HONOR *runs on hastily*, L. 1 E.

HONOR. I've run every bit of breath out of my body, to reach the Lady Broughton's house, an' tell her I've got the pardon; but I've lost my way among the mountains, an' here I am a wanderin' about, when every honest woman ought to be at home in her cabin. I'm not afraid of a livin' man, but faix, I am of a dead one; an' all them ghostessus as can't rest quiet in their graves, like respectablo folk, but go wanderin' about wid their nightgowns on. They say there is a lot on 'em hereabouts. Oh, Pike ! ochone ! where are ye, honey, I wonder? in prison I suppose, a slapin' on the cold sthones; an' all through that man wid the tail to his name. It's not always the like o' that, or the gowld and silver that makes the gintleman; Pike's worth twenty o' sich, for he's an honest boy!

PIKE *runs on—his bonnet is torn and hanging about his head, and dress disordered—he, not seeing HONOR, runs up against her.*

PIKE. Murther alive ! What's that?

HONOR. (*very frightened, sinking on her knees*) It's a ghost! Mercy, Misther Ghost! mercy!

PIKE. It's a woman's voice, an' she takes me for a ghost. (*disguising his voice*) I'm the ghost of your great grandmother Biddy O'Brian. (*kneeling*)

HONOR. Faix! it's no ghost, for he talks Irish. He's a woman. (PIKE *turns away his face, laughing*) What d'ye mane by frightening a dacent married woman, an' the mother of a family? Take that, wit' yer! (*is about to strike — PIKE turns his face and she recognizes it*) Pike, my darlin!

PIKE. Honor! come to my arms, my jewel! (*they embrace, then both rise*)

HONOR. An' is it yerself?—yer rale self? (*looking at him*) It is, I know ye by yer nose. Come to my arms agin! (*they embrace again*)

PIKE. What brought ye all this way from home, Honor?

HONOR. Sure, Pike, I was at Sir James Blackmuzzle's this evening, to thry and beg for ye out o' prison. Why are ye dressed as a woman?

PIKE. I escaped from the prison in this dhress; the masther brought it me; an' its a good job he did, else by the morn-
ing the hungry divils o' rats would have eat me all up.

HONOR. An' where is the masther?

PIKE. Honor darlin', its sorry I am—they've taken him prisoner! Ye see, we wer' goin' as nice as we could along nie road towards you and the childers, when who should we fall in with, but a party of soddiers, an' most of the bla'guards wer' drunk. They wer' upon us jist in the turn of the road, afore we could get away; so they stops us, an' seeing I was a woman—had luck to 'em!—they wanted to take liberties wid me, an' one dirty rascal wanted to kiss me; so I gave him a crack wid my switch, that made him think he was kicked by a helephant. Just then one o' the soddiers shouts, "It's Neil O'Connor an' Pike O'Callaghan! Upon them, boys!" an there was a reg'lar row; they surrounded the masther an' dragged him away, whilst some more got hold of me. I tried to git to him—'twas no use; for I'd enough to do to defend myself. "Och, murther!" says he, as I hit him. "Lave go yer hold!" says I, "and respect my petticoats." "We won't!" says they. "You'd better," says I; and wid that I knocked two on 'em down as dead as herrin's, an' bolted.

HONOR. Well, niver mind, Pike dear, I've got the masther's pardon.

PIKE. You've got what?

HONOR. The masther's pardon.

PIKE. You have—from whom?

HONOR. The King of England.

PIKE. What has he been to see yez?

HONOR. No, but he sint it to Sir James—who thinks he's burnt it—but he hasn't, for I was at his elbow.

PIKE. Let's look at it.

HONOR. (*giving it*) There 'tis, Pike

PIKE. Bad luck to me! which is the way to read it? I went to school, and larnt everything but readin' and writin', and them the schoolmaster said was unnecessary accomplishments. But are ye sure it's the pardon ?

HONOR. Sartin sure—but it's dark, ye can't see it.

PIKE. An' that's the rason, may be, I can't rade it too.

HONOR. Come along, Pike, an' I'll tell ye all about it as we go along, then we'll go and astonish old Blackmuzzle, an' release the mather.

PIKE. So we will, an' we shall have him restored to us agin. Oh. yer a jewel, Honor dear—yer a magician, as they called that feller as tould me Barney the pig, as was christened afther your fust child, would die,—an' sure the bla'guard pisoned him, stole him, an' swore he was spirited away. It's a jig we'll dance all the way home, for the blessin' of having a mather restored to us, who won't accept the rint, if ye havn't got the money to pay him wid. Come along, my jewel.

Music—dance off, R.

SCENE FIFTH.—*Room in Sir James Blackadder's House; large window or c. doors at back; walls dark oak, with antiques and pictures; table, L. C.; doors, R. and L.; fireplace, &c, SOLDIERS ranged, R.. and L.; NEIL O'CONNOR, a prisoner, R.; CAPTAIN WILSON near him; SIR JAMES BLACKADDER seated L. of table; a CLERK writing, R , &c.*

SIR J. Not content with being yourself a rebel, you must also assist in the escape of a low-born peasant—who was taken prisoner by my orders.

NEIL. Yes—for his being a faithful adherent to his true master.

SIR J. You his master!—you appear to forget this estate is now mine, mine by grant of the King—and this Pike O'Callaghan is my sort?

NEIL. We have no serfs in Ireland, Sir James—he was an honest Irish peasant—would you were his equal.

SIR J. You are grandiloquent in his behalf, but it matters little—as you have but a short time to live—you can afford to be so.

NEIL. What mean you?

SIR J. Is it so difficult to fathom? (*shewing paper*) I here hold the warrant for your execution on arrest: it is my duty to see it done. Captain Wilson, lead him forth !

NEIL. False villain, you would not dare—you know my pardon from the King has been obtained, it was destroyed by your hand, in the presence of Lady Alice.

SIR J. (*Aside*) So, so—they have met. (*aloud*) This is some frantic tale of the Lady Broughton, supposing it true—After your execution do not fear but that I would bring sufficient proof to justify your death: it is useless talking, lead him forth!

Enter LADY BROUGHTON *suddenly* C.

LADY B. Stay!—before you commit so great a crime, remember it is not an execution—it is a murder! Oh, Connor, Connor! (*embracing him*) will nothing soften this man's heart, and induce him to do you justice?

SIR J. Yes, it lays in your hands; I have told you so before. You have made your choice.

LADY B. I have ; and it is beyond your power to change it, for my heart would revolt at the sacrifice, and my hand be polluted at your touch.

NEIL. Bravely spoken, my own dear Alice. Life to me would be a lasting torture if purchased by such means. For a noble cause—for my country and her children—have I fought! Had I been successful, the world might have called me Patriot! Hero! We have lost! Ill fortune makes us traitors ! Be it so—I am not afraid to die.

LADY B. "To die!" Oh, terrible words! Captain Wilson—soldiers—hear me! Will you execute this deed of blood? Neil O'Connor is pardoned by the king! I have seen the pardon!

SIR J. (*rising, and advancing*) It is false ! She raves—she was but deceived ! There was no pardon!

Enter PIKE *quickly, c, followed by* HONOR *and* PEASANTRY.

PIKE. You lie, you vagabone, here it is! (*flourishing paper— a general cheer*)

NEIL. Pike, is it possible?

PIKE. Quite possible, an'a fact, (*to* SIR JAMES) Ye thought ye burnt it, but ye didn't.

HONOR. Not a bit of it, Mither Black Muzzle. I was at yer elbow.

PIKE. Take it, it'll make both o' ye happy, (*giving it to CONNOR*)

NEIL. It will indeed—(*embracing* LADY BROUGHTON)

PIKE. (*pointing to them*) Look at that. Doesn't it make yer mouth wather?

SIR J. Foiled. My curses-----

PIKE. Now don't throuble yourself to curse. It's no use; a bad man's curses only reach half-way to heaven; but it's quit the premises ye must as quick as possible, for be hang'd if we take ye as one of the fixtures.

SIR J. I'll be revenged yet. Beware of me. You have yet to learn my power.

Exit, L. c.

PIKE. That's right; stick to it! There's a thorough bla'guard for yez. Soddiers, look at him -ain't ye ashamed of yerselves to follow sich a leader? Ye desERVE to starve on a farthing a day, and find yer own pipe-clay ; it's niver too late to repent, so give a cheer for the masther. (ALL do so) Now we're all happy, an' nothings more to be said.

HONOR. (*pointing to audience*) Yes, Pike, yer forget tin'-----

PIKE. Bad manners to me, so I was. Ladies and Gentlemen-----(*stops and looks about*) Now don't do that; look at 'em how they're laughin' at me, and there's so many purty girls amongst 'em—bedad, it takes away my breath!

HONOR. Howld yer whist, Pike! yer a married man, an' the father of a family, an' ought to know better; but I forgive yez—it's a weakness ye've got; an' the surest proof that the kind friends before us forgive yez, will be in the approbation they bestow upon Pike O'Callaghan.

PIKE. Who, though but peasant, has a heart that's thrue
To dear ould Ireland and her patrio's too!

(lively Irish music)

Curtain.