

Robert Emmet

Dion Boucicault Theatre Collection, 1843-1847

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January 1884

## Robert Emmet: a 4 act drama [Transcript]

Dion Boucicault

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**Robert Emmet, by Dion Boucicault, 1884.**

A Drama in Four Acts  
Entitled  
Robert Emmet

A faithful history of a young Irish gentleman who sought the fate of those enthusiasts destined to bear upward and onward "the banner with the strange device."

The first appearance of Robert Emmet before the world was on July 23<sup>rd</sup>, in the year 1803. He lived for 69 days. His career was completed within that period.

He died on September 20<sup>th</sup>, aged 26. We possess records of what took place during those sixty-nine days. His private correspondences, his adventures, his speeches, his conversations with friends, have been preserved. I have read them all.

This play is simply composed of the incidents that occurred during this brief but eventual period, nothing added, but what is necessary to shape the matter into a perspicuous and dramatic form. The characters are untouched photographs of the originals. The language, especially that of Emmet, has been as far as possible preserved, and the sentiments put into his mouth are ascribed to him by those who know him well. It all happened so recently that we seem to reach him with our lives.

My father, S. Boucicault, of Bachelor's Walk, Dublin, was one of his associates, and the house in which twenty years afterwards I was born, was amongst many others, searched for the fugitive rebel.

The severest judges of Robert Emmet, those who condemned his objects and abhorred his political aims and principles, have testified freely to the purity of his motives and to the heroic romance of his character. His life, as a piece of rhetoric, is the noblest utterance of the breath of God through Man. The Irish poet - his companion and friend, has pleaded that we should not breathe his name, but let it rest in the shade. It has not rested there. We were asked by the dying youth himself to wait "until other times and other men can do justice to his character. It is a privilege we live in those "other times" to find myself amidst those "other men," and to place as I do now an humble tribute upon the "uninscribed tomb" of Ireland's best-loved child.

DION BOUCICAULT

**ACT I. RATHFARNAM - near Dublin.**

**SCENE I.**— *A garden; night; on the RH is a house; the windows are lighted. A low wall; across stage at back. A door in it L. of C. Shrubs RH; up stage; spades, a scythe and garden tools; R against wall.*

**MUSIC.**— *Enter from the house, coming from the back; ANNE DEVLIN; she looks round with caution; then crosses to door on wall; listens; then recrosses to C towards house; calls:*

**ANN.** Miss Sarah! (*Enter SARAH CURRAN from the house.*) Spake low.

**SARA.** Is he there? (*Crosses to door L.C.*)

ANN. I don't know - rightly! I hear two voices whispering outside. (*at door*)

SAR. He always brings some trusted follower with him to stand on guard during our meeting. It may be Dwyer, or Quigley.

ANNE: No; it is a strange voice. (*Two knocks at door.*) Whist! that is not his signal. Go inside awhile until I see who is in it?

(*SARAH runs back into the house; Anne opens the door.*)

MUSIC ceases. - *Enter Major Sirr; his scarlet uniform is covered in a long cloak; his face is shaded by his hat.*

ANN. (*backing*) What do you want?

SIRR. I want a word with your master.

ANN. He is engaged entertaining a party of friends at dinner.

SIRR. His friends must excuse him. I bring this summons from the castle. (*Hands her a letter.*)

ANN. (*Taking it, reads superscriptions by the light from the hall.*) "To the Right Honorable John Philpot Curran, on his majesty's service."

SIRR. That business brooks no delay. See that it reaches him quickly. (*Exit ANN into house. SIRR watches her out, goes rapidly to door in wall. QUIGLEY and three men enter. SIRR goes up to them.*) You three fellows pass round to the porch of the house; don't show yourselves until you are called to act. (*Exeunt the three officers behind the shrubs and off R.L.E.*) You are certain the man we seek will present himself here tonight?

QUIGLEY. Never fear. Shure he's afther sendin' me ahead of himself to see the road is clear. He is hidin' now sumwhere widin' cast of my voice. He won't show up until he gets the offis from Miss Curran. Her maid, Anne Devlin, raps three times agin that dure in the wall. He will answer wid one rap; and she opens it.

SIRRS. (*Xs R.*) And lets our bird into the trap? Return to your post outside.

QUIGLEY. More power, Major. (*Exit door in wall. Looking away, Enter CURRAN from the house, with the letter opened in his hand; he is in full court dress.*)

CURRAN You are the bearer of this letter from the Lord Justices. Be good enough to precede me to them. I follow you at once. Tell their Lordships I am at your heels. It is mighty provoking to be called away at such an hour. (*Re-enter ANN; with his coat and hat; CURRAN takes them from her. To ANN*) Where is my daughter?

ANN. In her room, sir. (*He takes his hat and coat.*)

CURRAN. Explain to her the motive of my departure. She will see my guests cared for during my absence.

MUSIC. - (*Exit into house, followed by ANN.*)

SIRR. Your daughter, Mr. Curran, will entertain a guest here tonight that I'll take care of!  
*(He disappears behind the shrubs C.)*

*(Re-enter ANN from house.)*

ANN. *(Looking round.)* He is gone. *(She crosses to door, then knocks three times; a pause; one knock is heard; she opens it.)* Who is there?

QUIG. *(Appearing. Looks round furtively.)* Meself.

ANN. Quigley! Did you see a strange man lavin' this dure awhile ago?

QUIG. I did. Shure I was houlding his horse for him while he was in here. Who was he? *(down L.)*

ANN. A messenger from the castle!

*(Re-enter SARAH.)*

SARAH: Has he come?

*(Enter ROBERT EMMET; he wears a long blue coat)*

ROBT. Sara!

SARAH. Robert! *(Embrace and pass up to back R.C.)*

ANN. *(To QUIGLEY.)* Stand aside. *(Exit QUIGLEY, by door in wall. She locks the door after him. Robert and Sarah down C. behind them.)* I'll wait in the hall beyant, and watch over yez. I'm not aisy in me mind to-night. *(Exit behind them.)*

ROBT. You tremble in my arms. You should fear nothing when so sheltered! Or is it the chill night air? Let me protect my treasure. *(wraps his cloak around her)* So! It folds may retain the sweet warmth of your form. *(Places her in chair L.C. and kneels beside her.)* Sit there - let me hear your voice and look into your eyes. There are tears in them.

SARAH. They are for my father whom I deceive. They are for my love, that I hide away as if it were a shame! During your long absence in France, he constantly urged me to receive the addresses of lovers *(rises and turns away)* to whom I could offer no objection, excepting that there was another here in my heart; *(turning to her and taking her hands)* my old, old playfellow to whom I had given my life long, long ago. You came back at last, but in secret, concealing *(Robert Xs R.)* from everyone your presence in Ireland. What is this enterprise in which you are engaged?

ROBT. It is one in which the fortunes and lives of others associated with me are involved, all we possess is staked on an event which will be assured within the next few days. *(Xs to Sara)* Till then be patient, dear one!

SARAH. (*Sarah and Robert walking R.*) Be it as you will! But I feel it is all so gloomy around us. Oh! for the honest daylight when I can show the love of which I am so proud; you have placed a crown of jewels on my head---the emblem of a girl's nobility, (*leaving him and walking L.*) but I may not wear it openly!

ROBT. Oh, my love! what if we fail? What if I become broken in fortune? a fugitive from my home? an exile from my country?

SARAH. You have no fortune but my love; you cannot be bankrupt there; you have no home, but my heart; no country but my arms; how can you be a fugitive or an exile? (*They embrace.*)

(*Re-enter ANNE.*)

ANNE. Get him away quick for his life! Major Sirr with his following are searching the house.

ROBT. (*rising. Robert crosses L. Sarah faces Anne*) Major Sirr! here!

ANNE. 'Twas himself was in it a while ago! away wid ye! *The three men at back appear, ANNE seizes the scythe and as they try to intercept ROBERT'S escape by the door in the wall, she sweeps it round as if mowing at their legs. Stand back! or I'll make twins of any one of ye. They retreat. SARAH runs to the door and vainly tries to turn the key.*

SARAH: It's rusted in the lock. I cannot turn it.

(*Enter Major Sirr, R. at house, R.H. standing on step; he points a pistol at ROBERT.*)

SIRR. Robert Emmet. In the King's name I arrest you. (*Emmet retreats to L.*)

SARAH runs between SIRR and EMMET, and taking off the cloak holds it out so as to hide her lover.)

SARAH. Unlock the door. I can't.

SIRR. Stand aside, girl (*as he advances, she advances to meet him. He tries to pass her, but she swiftly throws the cloak over him and the pistol, while ROBERT succeeds in escaping by the door; SIRR disengages his arms, and replaces the pistol in his belt. SIRR advances on her. SARAH backs to door.*) The man you have aided to escape is the leader of a rebel movement that threatens this city with bloodshed and plunder. His confederates are watching his signal on the Wicklow Hills. The woods and bogs of Kildare are alive with them. You will have to answer for the blood that will flow from the streets of Dublin into the Liffey this night.

SARAH. Let there be oceans of it, rather than one drop of his. (*Sirr Xs L.*)

(*Enter NORMAN CLAVERHOUSE, his sword is drawn R.*)

NORM: I was seeking for you, Miss Curran! nae sooner your gude father had excused himself and left us, than a posse of black devils, savin' your respect, raided the hoose wi' whingers and pistols searchin' everywhere. Even your ain rooms wor no sacred from their conseedrations. (*Down R.*)

SIRR. (*Xs C.*) My men have their warrant, Captain Claverhouse, for what they did.

NORM. (*Sarah descends L.*) And I had mine, for dhivin' them before me from the premises.

SIRR. I shall report your interference in this matter to the authorities at the Castle. (*Beckons to his men. Men creep out and resume their positions 1-2-3.*) We tracked a leader of the rebel movement to this house, to which he comes nightly, and in secret. (*SIRR crosses to her.*) We found him at the feet of that lady. By her assistance he escaped. But within ninety days he will be at the foot of the gallows. (*SIRR dismisses the 3 men, who pass fearfully behind Anne and exit*) Good-night. (*At good-night - the three men go out slowly - 2 first - 3 following - 1 last*)

ANN. Bad-night to you, you prowlin' kite!

SIRR. (*In doorway.*) Never fear, Ann Devlin. I'll get you in my clutches some day, and then I'll make it hot for you, my beauty! *Exeunt officers at door.*

ANN. Never fear, Henry SIRR, the devil will get yer in his clutches some day, and then he will make it hotter for you, my dandy. (*Exit SIRR; he carries Robert's cloak on his arm. Anne locks the door after him. Goes R.C and picks up chair.*)

SARA. (*Xing to chair.*) Leave us, Ann. (*Exit Ann.*)

NORM. (*Advances to Sarah.*) Miss Curran, I have made no disguise of my feelings toward yourself; and your father encouraged me to hope that, one day, I might persuade you to share my name; for I have loved you vera - vera dearly!

SARAH. I - I know it.

NORM. Was it true what that man said about you?

SARAH. Yes!

NORM. (*Up C. back.*) You love this - other one?

SARAH. Ever since I knew how to love. I am sorry for you, Norman. I tried very hard to care for you, as my father wished me to do, but this other one returned - and then I knew I had no heart to give you.

NORM. You could na help it more than I can help loving you. (*Going to her and taking her hand.*) If I canno' reap the harvest of your life, I can assist in bringing it home. I can ha' some share in your happiness. (*Xs R.*) It seems your lover that meets you here is implicated in this rebellion?

SARAH. He told me that he was engaged in some secret enterprise, but until now I did not suspect its nature.

NORM. Before to-morrow it will be known in Dublin that, concealed in the house of the Right Honorable John Philpot Curran, His Majestys Attorney General and member of the Privy Council, the police discovered the rebel leader.

SARAH. (*Rises and Xs L. C.*) My father is innocent. He had no knowledge, no suspicion of his presence here. I---

NORM. (*Up to chair.*) To prove his innocence he must plead your guilt. Will he protect his honor behind his daughter's shame?

SARAH. What can I do? Oh, Norman! help me to shield him from the consequence of my guilty folly!

NORM. (*Xs to her.*) It is a cruel task you put upon me, Sarah. There is no way but one. You maun gae to this lover to-night. You must fly from your home. Seek him out.

SARAH. Go to him? - to Robert? - to Mr. Emmet?

NORM. Aye, if that be his name. Bribe him wi' yerself to abandon this cause. Take him away beyond the seas. Your flight will clear your father from any suspeecion and will explain the presence of Mr. Emmet in the house! 'Tis hard on me to say the words; it is vera bitter, dear. Before this night is past you must bear my rival's name. (*Xs R.C.*)

SARAH. (*Goes to him.*) Oh, Norman, Norman! You deserve a better woman than I am. (*Calls*) - Ann, Ann - my hat and shawl! (*up to porch*) She will accompany and protect me.

NORM. (*Xs up to her.*) No; I will! I will never quit your side until you are Robert Emmet's wife.

(*Enter ANNE.*)

NORM. Where does he lodge?

ANNE. In my father's cabin - Butterfield Lane. I'll meet you there, and bring with me what things she will need.

NORM. Come! (*Takes Sarah's hand and leads her out.*)

ANNE. (*Looking after them as they go out at garden door.*)

**Scene 2--**(*A street in Dublin. Enter QUIGLEY L. Looks back then Xs R.*)

QUIGLEY. (*Calls.*) Finerty - Pat. Finerty - Pat, ye divil, are ye there?

(*Enter Finerty R.*)

FINER. Is it yerself, Mike? Well, what luck?

QUIG. (*Turning.*) Is he here? Has he come back?

FINER. Who?

QUIG. Emmet.

FINER. Come back! D'ye mane to tell me he was not tuk?

QUIG. No; bad luck to it! - he escaped. (*Crosses R.*)

FIN: Did he show fight?

QUIG: No; but he showed two pair of heels. The thrap was all right, and baited wid the girl. The Major's following ten blackguards, not including him nor meself, wer in an' around the house when I led him along fair and aisy into the middle of them.

FINER. How did he escape from thim all?

QUIG. Divil a know, I know! for, shure I could not shew in it. I was outside in the lane, houlding the Major's horse, stooping down wid my ear close agin the dure, when I heard Sirr's voice calling on him to surrender. The dure flew open. I felt a fut on me back, and before I could rise a cry Emmet was in the saddle, and out of sight. (*Xs L.*)

FINER. (*Xs R.*) Bad cess to the chance! Won't we lose the reward for his capture - a hundred pounds - that the Major promised should be paid to us to-night at the Castle?

QUIG. Why not? We led thim to the bird; we gave thim a fair shot; if they missed it we are not to blame. Whist! may I never - but is not this himself? (*looking off left.*)

(*Enter EMMET*)

ROB. Quigley, you saved my life! That horse you held ready for me at the door was a God send! (*QUIGLEY and FINERTY exchange glances.*) Without it, the men stationed in the lane to intercept me would have made me prisoner. How did you escape?

QUIG. While they were afther yer honor I made off, aisy enough.

Robert. I rode straight to our depot at the Bull Inn where I left the animal in charge of Andy Devlin. (*Go to C.*)

(*Enter ANDY. L.*)

ANDY. More power, sir. I've got him safe in the stables. Your honor was wantin' a purty baste to carry himself (*Looking off L.*)

ROB. What news of Michael Dwyer? Where is he?

ANDY. The Divil knows. He dar not shew his mug in Dublin where a reward of £500 is offered for it to stick on Newgate spikes. So he comes down from the hills in any shape but his own.

ROB. He comes to visit his sweetheart, your sister Anne.

ANDY. He comes to watch over yourself, sir! You are never out of his sight. Maybe that watchman there, asleep in his box, is Dwyer himself. Last night, while you were at the Bull Inn, I bought a pint of cockles from an ould fisherwoman that stood outside the dure. Be japers, I'm sure t'was Dwyer himself inside that ould petticoat.

QUIG. You're mistaken. I left him last night at Glendalough waiting orders to march his men to the Scalp.

ANDY. I was dodgin' off widout payin' for the cockles when that ould hag caught me by the scruff of the neck. Did ye ever feel Dwyer's grip?

QUIG. No, but I've heard of it.

ANDY. It's not the fist of a man, it's the paws of a bull-dog.

ROB. He must meet us tonight at the camp where we hold a council of war to decide on our plan of action. I have prepared the papers to submit to the staff, the manifesto to the people, the list of our forces and place of action. (*Xs R back to C.*) Surely, I placed them in my breast. I cannot have lost - no, no. Where can I have placed them? If lost, and they should fall into the hands of - Ah! my cloak! (QUIGLEY and FINERTY turn.) They were in a breast pocket. I left it with Miss Curran. Run, Andy - quick to Rathfarnham - for your life, find your sister Ann; get from her the cloak; bring it to Butterfield Lane, where you will find me.

ANDY. Will I take the Major's horse sir?

ROBT: No; the manner of my escape is known, and search is, doubtless, being made for the brute. He will be looked for and recognized.

ANDY: Owow! I left him wid Larry Fox and a pail of white paint. By this time the baste wud not know himself, for he's got three stockins and a bald face on him. Whoo, yer sow! The Major will want another mount. I'll sell him this one to-morrow if yer honor's afraid to back him.

ROB. Be off, you imp, and be careful of the papers.

(*Exit Andy.*)

ROB. (*Xs C.*) This thoughtless act of mine might undo us all. He who undertakes the business of a people should have none of his own. Quigley - Finerty - you will be present to-night at the camp. The hours are pregnant with our cause. We cannot tell at what moment it may spring into life.

(*Exit*)

QUIG: (*Looking after him.*) Pat, yer sow! Our fortune is made! It is not one hundred pounds, but a thousand pounds, I am goin' to claim for this night's work.

FINER. A thousand pounds, Mike? What for?

QUIG: For the list of our forces; for the plans of attack; for all the purtiklars of the whole business.

FINER. I see. You mane we should follow Andy Devlin and seize the papers on him?

QUIG. No. The cloak was tuk away by Major Sirr. He has it now! But we never dhramed what a prize lies hid in the pocket of it. Tare alive, Pat! - is not a thousand too little to ax for all this? The lists, Pat! (*Xs R.*) and all the names in Emmet's own hand writin' - ho, ho, big names! - men o' quality - that no one suspects. (*Back to C.*) Put them down at ten pounds a head! - tottle them up like onions on a sthring. Then the plans! (*Xs L.*)

FINER. It's little enough, indeed, to pay min like ourselves; for, afther all, when you think of it? sure it is the counthry itself that we have for sale.

QUIG. (*Quigley Xs in front of Finerty.*) Be jabbers, Pat, it is not everybody that has got a counthry to sell! (Exeunt R.)

**Scene 3** - *A Room in Dublin Castle.* LORD NORBURY and LORD KILWARDEN *seated at table, R.H., examining papers.*

(TINEY WOLFE looks in at door on flat at back.)

TINEY. May I come in?

KIL. Yes, if you will not stop very long.

NOR. I must overrule the objection. Stop as long as you please.

TINEY. (*To back of table.*) Lord Norbury, you deserve a kiss for that.

NOR. Offering bribes to the Bench is an awful offense!

TINEY. You know, papa, we promised to call at the Vice-Regal lodge to-night. Shall you be detained here very long?

KIL. No, Tiney. We have some important business to transact with Mr. Curran, we expect at any moment.

NOR. I think, Kilwarden, you may leave this matter to me to settle. Your daughter is weary.

TINEY. You are very kind to consider me.

NOR. Who would fail to consider you? Had I so sweet a loving and child beside me I should be, perhaps, as good a man as your father is, my dear.

(*Enter CURRAN L. U. E.*)

TINEY. (*Running to him.*) Oh, Mr. Curran, I am so glad you have come! How is Sarah?

CUR. Complaining, Tiney. Complaining very badly, indeed.

TINEY. Oh, I am so sorry! What is her complaint?

CUR. That she sees so little of you.

TINEY. (*Curran puts down hat and cloak on table L. C.*) There is very little to see. Papa, dear, (*Crosses to Kilwarden*) may I spend the evening tomorrow with Miss Curran?

KIL. Yes, dear; I'll lend you for a few hours.

TINEY. What will you charge for the loan?

KIL. A dozen big kisses which you will bring me back. Keep them fresh on your lips. There, run into the next room and amuse yourself while we despatch our business. (*Curran Xs to fireplace.*)

TINEY. (*To Curran as she goes out.*) Don't keep him very long. (*Exit.*)

CUR. (*Back to fireplace.*) The summons to attend your lordships found me at dinner with some friends. What has happened? Has a French expedition landed in Kerry? Has the British fleet broken into another mutiny?

KIL. The danger is much nearer home.

LORD NOR. These depositions sworn this afternoon contain disclosures of an alarming condition of affairs in the adjoining counties of Wicklow and Kildare.

KIL. Dublin is threatened; two thousand men are now under arms, and are marching on the city.

CURRAN. (*Back of table C.*) Two thousand jackasses! I don't believe a word of it. These government spies are purveyors of mares' nests, and make a market of your fears! (*Crosses down L.*) My Lords, the Revolutionary spirit of Ireland was broken in '98, and was buried three years ago, when the Act of Union swept our leading men cross the channel and into the British parliament. It was a crafty measure for it left the body of the people without a head. I have just passed through the streets, the city is asleep and not dreaming of disturbance.

LORD NOR. But these affidavits are very precise.

CURRAN. (*Walking back to fireplace.*) If the government supports a host of spies, the rogues are bound to encourage your fears, and keep them alive! Whom do they pretend is at the head of this new insurrection.

KIL. Robert Emmet.

CURRAN. What? Robert? the son of my old friend, the doctor? Why, the boy is in France, and has been there for months past. Had he been in this country mine is the first house he would have visited. (*Crosses to C.*)

(*Enter MAJOR SIRR L.*)

SIRR. He is here in Dublin. It is strange you should profess ignorance of his whereabouts, when he is a daily visitor at your house, where I found him in your daughter's company an hour ago.

CUR. You found him in my house?

SIRR. By virtue of a search warrant issued by the Privy Council! While you were entertaining your friends at dinner, she was entertaining her lover---

KIL. Silence, sir! You forget you are speaking to a father.

SIRR. When treason-felony is abroad, I forget everything but my duty.

CUR. What evidence do you bring to sustain this infamous charge?

SIRR. (*Turning and beckoning.*) Come forward, Mr. Quigley. Step this way, Mr. Finerty. (*Crosses to fireplace, leaves hat and whip on mantelpiece.*)

(*Enter QUIGLEY, followed by FINERTY, who carries ROBERT'S cloak.*)

(*Going to table.*) This man (*points to QUIGLEY*) is associated with Emmet, and is his trusted follower.

QUIG. 'Twas meself guided him to Mr. Curran's house awhile ago.

CURRAN. (*Xs to Quig.*) May I ask what office you hold besides that of traitor?

QUIG. (*Going down L.*) I'm Colonel in the army of the Irish Republic.

KIL. Your face is familiar to me. Were you not on your trial for murder before me last year?

QUIG. It was my brother, my lord you hanged that time. It wasn't me.

CURRAN. And on no better evidence than the croak of this jailbird. You violated my house? (*Curran Xs L.*)

QUIG. (*turning around L and up to table*) Never fear, if it is evidence you want, I hould a crop as fine as you ever handled. Here is Emmet's cloak (*Sirr starts and crosses rapidly to Quig.*) that he left behind him in your garden, and in the pocket we find these papers. Wait now! (*He takes some packets of paper from the pockets of the cloak, and hands them to SIRR.*)

SIRR. (*Examining it.*) Lists of the commanding officers and of the insurgent force in Kildare. (*Hands papers to NORBURY.*)

QUIG. You'll find my name among the first on the list. (*SIRR passes the paper to NORBURY; he and KILWARDEN examine it.*) Here's another one. (*SIRR takes it.*)

SIRR. Plan of attack! Points of check. Lines of defense. (*Xsback of table.*) This seems to be a well digested conspiracy to seize the city of Dublin. (*passes the paper.*)

QUIG. Divil a less! And it's short work we would make of you, Major, to begin with. You're the tit-bit our pikes are hungry for.

CURRAN. I must have some proof better than this, to satisfy me that the son of my old friend and schoolmate, Dr. Emmet, is associated with these ruffians.

FIN. May be this bit o' writing will open your eyes. (*hands a letter to Curran who reads it silently, walking down C.*)

(*Enter TINEY at back. She stops and listens.*)

CURRAN. My God! it is true!

QUIG. Aha!

CURRAN. This letter is written by my unhappy child to Mr. Emmet, and it confirms all you have stated. (*As Curran turns Tiney exits.*)

SIRR: (*Taking the letter from CURRAN. Curran Xs L. C.*) It will form an interesting episode in the case - let us see what she says. (*Behind table.*)

KIL. (*putting his hand upon the paper*) Major SIRR, have you a daughter?

SIRR. I have.

KIL. (*He tears the paper.*) So have I. (*Sirr walks to mantelpiece.*)

CURRAN. (*Xs up to table R.*) I ask your lordships to acquit me of all complicity in a knowledge of this business.

NOR. Be assured, we do so heartily.

KIL. We are convinced of your ignorance in the matter.

SIRR. (*Turning at mantelpiece.*) 'Tis more than I am.

CURRAN. I am glad to have secured your evil estimation, sir, it entitles any gentleman to the respect of this community. (*Crosses to table L. and takes up hat.*)

SIRR. I hold his Majesty's commission.

CURRAN. So does the hangman! Good-night, my Lords! (*Norbury and Kilwarden rise and bow.*) (*Exit. L*)

KIL. (*Xs L*) There can be no doubt that we stand in presence of a formidable conspiracy.

NOR. The country is in danger.

QUIG. And no lie in it.

NOR. What do these wretched men propose to do, to accomplish?

SIRR. (*Crosses to C then to L then C*) They propose to seize this Castle of Dublin where a guard of 17 men forms at present its sole defense, to carry off the Lord-Lieutenant to their camp on the mountains, there to hold the person of His Excellency as a hostage and proclaim the Irish Republic.

QUIG. One and indivisible.

NOR. What is to be done. (*Tiney re-appears*)

SIRR. (*Pointing to Quigley and Finerty*) These men hold offices of trust and command under Emmet - they are in our pay. The military must be called out promptly and secretly posted where their fire can sweep the streets of Dublin. Then Quigley and Finerty will give the people

Emmet's signal to rise, and before he can arrive with his troops to control the mob, the regulars will make short work of the crowd. (*Tiney Xs to fireplace, leans against it, back to audience.*)

KIL. You cannot proceed to use force until the people commit some breach of the peace.

QUIG. Oho! be aisy. We'll get the pikes to work. Maybe I'd redden one o' them myself in the blood of some man - a big one - whose death would rise a howl.

KIL. This is horrible!

NOR. Egad, Kilwarden, such means were successfully employed five years ago, in '98.

SIRR. (*Xs C.*) We must bring rebellion to a head.

QUIG. And save your own?

FINER: Thru for ye, Mike!---and we'd like to know the price of heads now.

QUIG: Yes. What's to be our reward for the crop we bring?

SIRR: What do you claim? (*Rises and crosses C*)

QUIG: That's the chat! We want a thousand pounds for Emmet's and fifty a piece for each other head we bring to the dock.

FIN: An' we'd like to see a little ready money down on account.

SIRR: (*Throwing them a roll of notes.*) Count that.

(*FINERTY and QUIGLEY eagerly bending over table. L.H. Counting money.*)

NOR: You expect the insurgents when they find the first outbreak is defeated will become discouraged, will desert and regain their homes?

SIRR: No! They will come here - ha! ha! 'Twill be a race among such men as those. (*Points to FINERTY and QUIGLEY*) who will get here first to betray their leaders.

QUIG: Thirty-two - thirty-three! Divil a doubt about that. Thirty-five - hi! hi!

NORB. (*Commencing to write at table. R.H.*) Lord Kilwarden is now on his road to the Vice-Regal Lodge. He will submit to His Excellency the measures you propose to precipitate the outbreak by the help of our agents amongst the mob. I will draft your plan, Major, if you will repeat the particulars.

(*MISS WOLFE advances and stands beside LORD KILWARDEN.*)

SIRR. (*Turns and sees her.*) Miss Wolfe!

KIL. Tiney!

QUIG. (*Counting.*) Fifty-eight, fifty-nine!

TINEY. Go on; don't mind me.

NOR. (*Nor and Sirr exchange glances.*) Affairs of state cannot be discussed before you.

TINEY. I see that you hesitate and look at each other as though the affairs of State were guilty things to which a father could not listen in the presence of his child. You dare not unfold your thoughts before me. Is it not so?

NOR. You are not old enough to judge -

TINEY. My father is, and he said it was horrible. You see, papa, I overheard what those men proposed. Forgive me if my heart comes to your side and pleads to stand by yours. You taught me how to be worthy of your name and of your race. I was nursed on your breast. Let her now give you back the teachings of your love. Have no share in this infamy. Set your honest face against it.

SIRR. (*Xs to fireplace, takes hat and whip then down C.*) Are we come to this? that the Chief Justice of Ireland cannot share our councils without an appeal to a schoolgirl. (Signal.)

KIL. (*During Tiney's speech Kilwarden rises, Xs to fireplace and then back to table R.C.*) My daughter is right, my lord. I will take charge of these papers. They will explain, if they do not justify, my resignation of the office I hold under the crown. Come, Tiney, let us go. (*He embraces her.*)

ACT-DROP FALLS.

Act 2nd

SCENE. - *The Cottage at Butterfield Lane.*

*Enter ANNE DEVLIN. She carries a small valise; she looks around, advances, and feels for the table, on which she places the valise; then returns to the door.*

ANNE: Come in, Miss.

*Enter SARA and NORMAN.*

(*Behind table.*) Wait till I fetch a light from the kitchen; may be I'd find a sod o' turf alive in the fire there. (*Going out L.*) I must feel my way in the dark.

SARA. (*Hand on chair.*) So am I, Norman, feeling my way in the dark! - in doubt and in fear.

NORM. (*Xs R.*) There's no doubt between right and wrong - no fear where there is love.

SARA. Can you not see the position in which I place him?

NORM. I can. I wish I were in his place.

*Re-enter ANNE with light. Puts it on table.*

ANNE. I heard him moving overhead in his room. He is there. (*Behind table.*) My brother Andy will soon be here with the outside car, to take the master to the mountains; for the camp is moved to the Scalp, and the boys are hungry for himself. (*SARA sits at table.*)

NORM. The Scalp! - Why, that pass is within sight of Dublin. Is rebellion so close to us?

ANNE. (*Up to window. Shuts it.*) Close! It looks up out of every cellar and down from every garret windy in the city. It runs in the gutters, and sweeps like the blast through the alleys and the lanes! (*shuts door.*) You are breathing it - and you don't know it, nor feel it. Whist! I hear the master comin'. (*Down to Sara.*) Will I send for the priest, Miss, and bring him here?

SARA. No! (*Rises quickly.*) Is it not enough that I present myself in so unmaidenly a manner? What will he take me for?

ANNE. (*Sara s R.C.*) For better or for worse! The sooner the better; the later, the worse for you both. There's Father Donnelly lives at Cabinteely, convenient to the road from this to the Scalp. You can stop there and wake him up. The business is short and sweet, and no delay. When it is over the master must hurry to the boys in the mountains; he is expected there by midnight.

NORM. By that time he must be on the seas. Oh, that I were at the bottom of them, while you and he were passing over me to a happy life!

ANNE. He is here!

(*Enter EMMET. Sara turns to meet him. He is dressed in the Irish uniform*)

ROBT: Sara - in this place! Who - what - brought you here?

NORM: (*Xs C. to Robert.*) I did, Mr. Emmet. Permit me to present myself, that I may spare Miss Curran some embarrassment. I am Norman Claverhouse, Captain in His Majesty's Ninety- third Highlanders. I was a guest in Mr. Curran's house to-night, when Major Sirr arrived with a search warrant. (*Taking SARA's hand. Robert during speech in front of table.*) In the absence of our host - her father - I took the liberty of driving the Major and his posse from the place; and as her rejected lover I now bring her to the only man who can repair the injury this night's business may do to the name of a lady to whom we are equally devoted.

ROBT: Are you aware, sir, to whom you have rendered this service?

NORM: (*Dropping her hand.*) I have rendered this service to her who owns my life.

ROBT: Do you know I am one whose name men whisper fearfully; an outlaw, whom to see and not to betray is a crime; a rebel, whom to serve is a capital offense?

NORM: (*Back to audience.*) I only know that she loves you---that makes me at once your foe and your accomplice!

ROBT: Martyrs have died in the flames who had not in their breasts so brave a heart; for they

fell assured of paradise, while you suffer, renouncing your hopes of heaven. Let me feel your hand in mine; the other on my shoulders. So; I had rather be thus ennobled than feel the sword of a king there. (*Norman Xs up to window back to audience.*)

ANNE. (*Aside.*) Well! 'Tis mighty hard on women that one girl should have two such lovers, and waste one o' them like that.

SARA. (*Robert Xs to her.*) He brought me to your side; he bade me seek the refuge of your arms - it is all the home I have now. Hide me from myself, for I am ashamed of what I do.

ROBT. (*Takes her in his arms. Places her in chair. Standing beside her.*) We shall be married tonight; and if forthwith this gentleman will further extend his good offices, he will conduct you to my mother's house, where you will find the home I dare not enter.

NORM. Why not?

ROBT. Because I would not bring over it the cloud that now obscures my life! Because I would not make those I love the sharers of my fate!

NORM. (*Down R.*) You must quit that life for her sake. To-night, after your marriage, you will leave Ireland and take her with you.

SARA. Not for my sake, but for your mother's - for your own.

ROBT. (*After a pause.*) You ask me to abandon the cause into which my voice has drawn thousands of my fellow-countrymen; to desert them in the field on the brink of battle; to play the executioner, and leave them headless. Oh, it could be done so easily, for their trust in Robert Emmet is so blind! Bribed with your person, he can leave the fools in the fell-trap baited with his lies - to perish - (*Crosses to Norman.*) as you know, sir, they will perish - like helpless dogs flung into the lion's den. Eternal scorn would point its finger at the deed! - and say the hand that Emmet gave to Curran's daughter was full of Ireland's blood; in the breast on which she rested was the heart of a renegade; and the name she shared was blasted with dishonor! (*Back to Sara who throws her arms around him.*)

NORM. You are so occupied with the peril in which your honor stands that you overlook hers. What matters it if her name be scathed with shame, if yours shall live unblemished? You say that you would not make those you love sharers of your fate; yet you would make her so! You would not bring the cloud that obscures your life over theirs; yet you would have her live in its shadow! (*Norman up R. Sara rises towards Norman, then turns and kneels by Robert's side, in the chair.*)

ROBT. God, who knows my heart, have mercy on me, and direct me what to do!

SARA. (*At his feet.*) And *you*, who know my heart, have mercy on *me*! - and on us both! Have mercy on my love, that now pleads for itself at your feet. Oh! I am helpless to persuade him; I ask him to spare his life that is my own - my own - all I have in this world.

ROBT. Sir, have you no council to offer us?

NORM. (*Up and down R. to door.*) Yes; marry her! Follow your mad career; stop here, and I'll find myself within three months heir to your widow!

ANNE. (*Aside.*) Oh Michael Dwyer! If it wasn't for your ugly mug, that I'm so fond of, that fellow might make me a Scotchwoman any day that was plazin' to him. God bless him!

(*Knocking heard. Norman down R. Sara rises. Ann Xs to door unbars it. Enter ANDY.*)

AND. Where's the mather?

ROBT. Here!

ANNE. What makes you so pale, dear.

AND. Bad news. I put the Major's horse into a car; for it is not between shafts they would be on the look for him. (*Pointing to Norman*) Who's that?

ROBT. Never mind him.

ANDY: 'Tis the coat on him that bothers me.

ANNE: I'll go bail for what's behind it; go on, alanna!

AND. (*Xs to Sarah.*) Divil a sowl was in your house, miss, when I got there; so I turned back. As I drove past Portobello Barracks, two men came out and hailed me, axed me to take them quick to Island Bridge. Be jabers! me heart stud still as they climbed outside the car, for one o' thim was Major Sorr himself - jauntin' behind his own horse.

ROBT: (*Xs to Andy.*) You heard what they said?

ANDY: Maybe I didn't cock my ear! "We've got him now," ses he; "he's pounded! The papers - the whole bag of insurgent thricks is in my hand. There's the list of their members; the names of their leaders; the plans of attack - all in Emmet's own writin'," ses he, "not to spake of his man and pestol," ses he.

ANNE. His what?

AND. 'Tis what he said - his man and pestol to the people.

ROBT. Manifesto!

AND. It's all the same to me!

ROBT. But these papers were in the cloak I left with you.

SARA. SIRR carried it away with him.

ROBT: Betrayed! Betrayed!

ANDY: That's what the Major said. To-morrow them papers will be published in the Morning Journal, and the news that Emmet has betrayed his followin' and sowld out o' the business. The Government has his own handwritin' to show for it. That news will put down the risin' quicker

than all the horse, foot, and artillery in the country could do it, ses he.

NORM: Fortune stands your friend. By this mischance your cause is lost.

ROBT: (*Xs Stage.*) Aye! Is it so! - so! - so! I'm trapped and caught! Now, by Saint Patrick, they shall find my foot upon their necks, choking the lie in their throats, before their black hearts have time to give it flight. (*Up to Andy then down stage R.*) To-morrow, you said, they begin their work; to-night I shall begin mine. Before the sun rises on Dublin a thousand men, now camped at the Scalp, shall descend upon the city and seize the Castle. Our drums will call the people to arms, and then at their head I'll meet this calumny.

SARA. Robert, I beseech you -

ROBT. It is too late, Sara - too late! I have no choice but to vindicate my life; ask him. (*Xs to Norman.*)

NORM. (*As Robert Xs R. Norman Xs L.*) He is right.

ROBT. Andy Devlin!

AND. That's me.

ROBT. What men have we within call?

AND. Three, your honor, in the loft outside, and one howldin' the horse.

ROBT: Give them the signal.

(*ANDY goes out to the door and whistles.*)

I must ask you, sir, to pledge your honor that what has passed here in your presence will be held sacred by you.

NORM. When I leave this I shall make my way straight to the Castle, and report to his Excellency every word of it.

ROBT. (*Back to audience.*) I knew you would.

(*Four men appear at the door.*)

Reilly, you will stand guard with your men over this house until sunrise. Then, and not till then, you will liberate this gentleman. He is your prisoner for the night.

NORM. What a release! I am obliged to you.

ROBT. Anne Devlin, you will take Miss Curran to my mother's house in Stephen's Green; your brother Andy will drive you there. Farewell, my own one. I will bring you back a name you will be proud to wear (he holds her in his arms), or leave you a memory worthy of your love. (*Close in. He embraces her. Exit.*)

SARA. (*Falls on her knees as ROBERT leaves.*) God bless and guard my love! (*Scene closes in*)

**Scene 2.** - *A gorge in the mountains near the Scalp. Enter QUIGLEY, meeting BRANGAN; both in uniform.*

QUIGLEY. Well, how are things workin' in the camp?

BRANG. Finely; the boys are getting wild as muzzled dogs! There's no howldin' them.

QUIG. The sight of Dublin lyin' asleep beyond there is mate and dhrink to fellows starvin' for a fight! What news of Dwyer?

BRANG. He is lying still in the Devil's Glen, waitin' till he gets the offer to join us wid four hundred Wexford men.

QUIG. You must cross the hills to-night. Tell him that Emmet has sold us all, body and bones, to the Castle. They are goin' to make him a lord, an' rise him to a big place at coort - tell him.

BRANG. Stop that - enough! When I get as far as that in the lie, Dwyer will shut my mouth forever.

QUIG. There's no lie in it; look at them sheets; they are fresh and wet wid the ink from the Castle press. Rade them! (*He hands him a small hand-bill.*) There's our sacret plans, the roll-call of our leading min, and the divil an' all, printed from papers in Emmet's own handwritin', on show in Major Sirr's office.

BRANG. - Have you seen them?

QUIG. Sure, any one can see them. They will be cried for a hapenny to-morrow at every corner in the city, from Ring's End to Kilmainham. He has turned approver agin us.

BRANG. Tare alive! I did not think he would go do a thing like that! - taking the very bread out of our mouths. He's as bad as one of ourselves. The boys will go wild when they hear this. O wurra! is it for this we have been drillin' and marchin' and starvin' for weeks past! 'Tis mighty hard upon us, entirely so it is!

QUIG. Go amongst them; tell them so! Tell them the Bank of Ireland must pay for it. It is full wid the poor man's money - the rints he has paid to the landlords! Then there's the city itself. Let us have a hack at it. Them Dublin tradesmen are castle-fed pigs, rowlin' in goold.

BRANG. A bowld dash at them would fill our sacks, an' we could be off to the hills and bogs before them redcoats could fall in, or them dhragoons could saddle up.

QUIG. That's the work! Go you among the men; scatter them bills among them; I'll get a howlt of the officers. We will court-martial Emmet - break him. What do we want, anyhow, wid a general? Cock him up, and here's the end of it. Let aich county folly its own leaders, and divil take the hindmost!

BRANG: I'm wid ye, Quigley. I was light porther for awile at Goggins', the jewellers, in Dame Street; I know the place in the shop where a handful of diamonds is kept that would buy a barony in Roscommon.

QUIG. To work! Brangan - to work! (*Exeunt.*)

**Scene 3** - *The camp at the Scalp. Shed or ruined cabin R.H., which serves as headquarters; rude hovels are scattered over the hill-side; watch-fires, around which figures are lying and pikes are piled; Dublin and the Bay are seen below, in the distance; night; the city is sparkling with lights. FINERTY, DUGGAN, and MAHAFFEY are in this cabin; groups of men in green stuffs uniform are drinking, smoking, etc.; laughter.*

CHORUS. *Enter FINERTY from shed. Stands R.*

FIN. Ordher in the camp.

QUIG. I have come from Dublin where the people are lookin' out for ye.

(*Exeunt FINERTY, MAHA, DUGG into shed. They bring out sundry articles.*)

ALL. Hurroo for Dublin!

QUIG. Aisy, boys! You'll be there soon enough; I'll go bail. Here is a list of the officers of the Crown, the ministers, and all the big men. They will be on our hands. What's to be done wid them?

FIN. A few executions, to begin wid, might have a fine effect.

QUIG: It would make our cause respectable.

(*Enter a crowd of men, with BRANGAN; some of the men have the bills in their hands. BRANGAN hands papers to the officers and to QUIGLEY*)

BRANG: News from Dublin! Emmet has turned his green coat. It was lined with red all the while. He has sowld us.

ALL: Oo!

(*Takes the papers from BRANGAN.*)

QUIG: The proofs are plain enough. Robert Emmet is a traitor, or why is he not here?

EMMET *enters.*

ROBT. He is here! Why do you turn your faces from me? Speak, men! Who accuses me?

FINERTY. That print.

ROBT. (*After looking at them*) I scorn to fight with lies. That they are so needs no words, for I am here. Quigley was with me when the thieves robbed me of those papers, and now they charge me with selling to them what they stole.

QUIG. 'Tis all one how they got the information; we are betrayed. Now they are ready to meet and to crush us.

ROBT. (*Xs L. then back to C.*) No, the documents they stole shall serve to deceive them; they shall fall into the trap they set for me. To-night, before their troops can be moved, we shall swoop down upon Dublin. (*8 of the men advance a little to R.C. at back.*)

QUIG. To-night?

ROBT. Relying on this information, they will be unprepared.

QUIG. What can we do with a handful of men?

ROBT. (*Xs R.*) With a handful of men Bonaparte put an end to the Reign of Terror, and released France; with a handful of men Cortes conquered Mexico; with a corporal's guard Cromwell cleared the House of Commons, and founded the first English republic.

(*Back to audience C.*) What would these men have? Let those amongst ye that are of this mind assemble round him yonder, so let me count how many honest men there be here who will stand by our cause and by their country. (*The men go to the R.H., and stand behind QUIGLEY, FINERTY, and BRANGAN. The 8 men rejoin Quigley.*)

ROBT. (*After burying his face in his hands.*) God forgive me for having done this thing! I have been self-deceived by my love for this helpless people - children of misery - by my blind devotion they have been brought to this infamous extremity. Let the penalty be mine alone; let no blood but mine be shed; accept my young life in expiation of my foolish faith. My friends - my countrymen! I go hence - to Dublin - alone, and in this uniform - the badge of treason; I carry with me that flag - the emblem of rebellion; I go with my life to redeem yours; to offer my hands to the chains, my head to the executioner! (*Some of the men cross to EMMET'S side.*) There is yet time to retrieve your errors, and to make your submission. Put off those uniforms; bury them out of sight; and seek your homes quietly by unfrequented paths and by night!

ALL. (*Murmuring*) No! No! We'll stand by your honor to the death. (*Some more men join EMMET'S side.*)

ROBT. If you stand by me you must march as children of Erin, as united Irishmen, whose one hope is freedom; not as banditti, whose sole object is plunder. The green flag that led our countrymen at Fontenoy under Sarsfield has never been dishonored, and it shall not be so under Robert Emmet, so help me God! (*The rest of the men, uttering loud cries, join the crowd around him, some kneeling at his feet.*)

QUIG. This is mighty fine, but it comes too late; two hundred boys from Kildare left for Dublin an hour ago. The divil himself could not stop them now.

ROBT. No, but Michael Dwyer could! His men, five hundred strong, are posted at the foot of this hill, with orders to shut the road.

QUIG. Michael Dwyer is at Glendalagh!

DWY. You lie, Quigley! He is here. (DWY *striding across to R.*)

ALL. Hurroo!

ROBT. Hold, Dwyer! I'll have no fighting amongst you.

DWY. Divil a fear o' that! Is there, Quigley? Give me your hand. (*He takes QUIGLEY'S hand.*) By this and by that, by signs on your face that I never mistook yet, and by the pulse in our hearts that spake to one another in this grip, I know that I will die by your hand, or you will die by mine. (*Shakes his hand.*) Now, masther dear, I'm ready for your orders.

ROBT. Lead three hundred of your men by Enniskery and Rathmines; enter the city on the south by Harcourt Street; your point is Stephen's Green; be there by two o'clock. Who commands under you?

DWY. Phil. Maguire; he is howldin' the Kildare boys below there.

QUIG. Maguire! - the man is dumb.

DWY. Thru fur ye, so he can not turn informer. But he is mighty talkative wid his hands; don't get into any argument wid him.

ROBT. Let Maguire unite the Kildare men with the rest of your Wexford boys, and sweep around, entering the city by James's Gate; rouse the liberties, and occupy Thomas Street by St. Patrick's.

QUIG. The Kildare troops are under my command; they will not march without their officers.

DWY. Oh, be asy! You will be there at their head beside Maguire; he'll take care of you.

ROBT. My men will march by Sllorgan and Brunswick Street; our point is College Green. Thus our forces, eleven hundred strong, penetrating the city on three sides, will meet at the Castle. Before sunrise Dublin will be ours; the citizens will awake to find Ireland a republic, and our people numbered among the nations of the world.

ALL. Hurroo! To Dublin!

ROBT. Fall in! (*Repeat of the chorus, while the men fall into rank; the scene closes in as they march off.*)

**Scene 4 - A room in the house of MRS. EMMET.**

(*Enter CURRAN and LORD NORBURY, preceded by a servant L.*)

CURR. Be good enough to inform Miss Curran that her father is here and desires to see her. I believe she is in this house.

(*Enter ANNE DEVLIN R. Exit servant.*)

ANNE. She is here, sir; sitting by the bedside of Mrs. Emmet.

CUR. You were the companion of her flight.

ANNE. No; she had a guard of honor all the way, and with him she left her home.

CUR. Your master, doubtless?

ANNE. No; better still. It was the lover you gave her - Captain Claverhouse.

NORB. (*Xs to ANNE.*) My nephew! I can not believe it! Where is he?

ANNE. I left him asleep by the fireside of Robert Emmet, where he is passing the night. Your honors look surprised to find young people have hearts, and hearts will have their own way. Two years ago you gave your daughter to young Emmet. Then you took her from him, to give her to young Claverhouse. You see she knew her own mind, if you didn't know yours, and that's the way of it. (*Up to window C.*)

(*Enter SARA.*)

CUR. Are you aware what you have done?

SARA. Yes, father. I have become the bride of a rebel, and to rescue and protect your house from any suspicion I left it, when my presence there became a reproach.

NORB. (*Xs to Sarah.*) My dear child, the man for whom you have made this useless sacrifice, betrayed by his own followers, is already doomed to an inevitable and ignominious death.

SARAH. He knows it, and will face it if it comes to that.

CUR. Is it my gentle Sara, my daughter that speaks.

SARA. (*Xs to Curran.*) No, father, it is the outlaw's wife; forgive me if I have been true to myself. When your nephew, my Lord, discovered how it was with me, he told me how I should vindicate my failing honor and my own heart; he stood by my side while I obeyed his counsel. Do not mistake my misfortune for my fault, and believe me, it was for your dear sake I was moved, not for my own.

ANNE. (*Who has been looking from the window*) There is a carriage at the door.

NORB. (*Into R. corner.*) It is mine; it brought us here.

ANNE. There's a mighty big crowd gathering round it; I'll go see what they want. (*Exit.*)

NORB. (*Sarah up to window.*) The rogues want six months in Kilmainham, or a visit to Botany Bay.

SARA. Be advised, my Lord, and escape to your country house at Cloncilla. Emmet knows that Major Sirr has possession of the plans of the insurrection, and already he has changed them. (*Xs to Norbury. Cries outside.*)

NORB. (*Running to the window.*) The square below is full of the mob. What do they want?

SARA. Hark! (*Cries of "NORBURY!" "NORBURY!"*) Do you hear? They want you.  
(*Advancing to Norbury.*)

(*Re-enter ANNE R.*)

ANNE. Bar the door; make fast the shutters on the ground floor; let loose Master Robert's wolf hound and load the two blunderbusses in the hall.

CUR. What is the matter? What brings the people here?

ANNE. All Dublin is awake to-night, and on foot. The air is full of growl and the rumbling of a storm. It wanted little to make it burst. They saw your liveries standing at this dure, and that invited the lightning. (*Norbury Xs L. Blows heard below, and cries; smashing of glass.*)

CUR. (*Advances to window.*) They are attacking the house.

ANNE. Divil a doubt of it!

NORB. What do they want?

ANNE. Your life - no less.

CUR: Are they mad?

ANNE. Aye! wid joy; for they say Emmet is entering Dublin from King's End and Rathmines, while Michael Dwyer, wid five hundred men, is at James's Gate. (*Enter servant, who whispers to ANNE.*)

NORB. Before help can arrive they will wreck the house, and we shall perish.

ANNE. The girl says they have brought up a load of straw that they are piling agin the dures and windies below; there's no fightin' agin fire.

SARA. Leave me to defend you. (*She goes to the window; cries and shots; she advances on to the balcony, and raises her hand; silence.*) Men of Dublin - my name is Sara Curran, and I am the bride of Robert Emmet.

ALL. Hurroo! Long life to ye! God bless ye both!

SARA. This is my husband's house, his mother lies sick beside me; take that straw and lay it down carefully on the road, that her sleep may not be broken by the noises of the street. My father, John Philpot Curran, is here; he came in that carriage to see me; he will return home in it.

CRY. Three cheers for Curran!

SARA. No! Be silent, and respect the rest of Emmet's mother. Good night to you all. Begone!  
(*She closes the window.*) You are safe, my Lord. Anne and I will escort you by the back premises

and the stable lane to Dawson Street, where we shall find a car. Meanwhile my father will enter your carriage, in the presence of the crowd, and drive home. Come! (*Exit Curran, preceded by a servant, R. ANNE, SARAH and NORBURY L.*)

SCENE *changes to COLLEGE GREEN and the HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT. Crowds of people; sellers of fruit, ballads, etc.; college lads; coal porters; a blind fiddler.*

Here's yer hot pitaties! Cherries ripe, all ripe, a hapenny the stick!

*(Enter Andy)*

AND. Here's the last new song,

AND: *(Sings.)* "The Duke of York was a damned bad soldier, From Dunkerque he ran away!"

Here comes Counsellor Flood and Hussey de Burgh. Three cheers, boys, for them that stood up for the people!

*(Enter two gentlemen.)*

ALL: Long life to de Burgh. Hoo! Hurra!

*(The gentlemen bow and pass out.)*

ANDY: Here's Sirr. Three groans for the Major - the drum major.

*(Enter Sirr.)*

I wish I had the drummin' of him.

ALL: Yah! oo!

AND: *(Sings.)* Now Major Sirr  
He is a cur,  
And his kennel is the Castle, etc.

ALL: Ha! ha! ha! *(Exit Sirr.)*

ANDY: A groan for the Castle hack.

ALL: Yah! *(Song, Andy.)*

ANDY: Now, now here's for sale - a rare collection of unredeemed pledges, going to be disposed of for what they're worth - widout resarve. Lot No. 1 is the pledge of the British Parliament to maintain the independence of Ireland - nearly new - never used - only 21 years old wid the signature of King George the third - quite fresh - a fine example. What shall we say for it? A crown - who bids five shillings? For a crown, do I hear it--a shillin'- sixpence - a penny - a royal word goin' for a penny - d'ye mane to say it's not worth a rap - goin' for a penny, it must go, for

the owner swears he won't kape it - at any price.

ALL: Whoo! Ha! Ha! Ha! (*Andy song. Imitation of a Dublin street ballad 1803. air "The night before Larry was stretched"*)

When ould Esau came home tired and hot,  
 And for somethin' to ate he was lookin'  
 He caught a sweet smell from the pot,  
 That Jacob, his brother, was cookin'.  
 "I'm dyin wid hunger", he cried  
 No strength is left in me nor courage,  
 How much will ye take to divide,  
 Wid your brother a bowlful of porridge?  
 And give him a share of your prog?  
 To this stirabout here that you see  
 I'll add some sweet milk & fresh butther,  
 Now will ye hand over to me  
 Your birth-right for half of my supper.  
 So the birth-right of Ireland was sould  
 By the Parliament men of the nation  
 Whose hunger for titles and goold,  
 Could not stand agin' Jacob's temptation  
 So they've gone to live over the way!

Lot 2: Is mighty curious. here's a piece of Henry Grattan's mind given by him to Lord Castlereagh in the House of Lords, and in the same lot, here's Sir Jonah Barrington's pledge to kape sober for one consecutive day and Dick Martin's to pay his dibts.

ALL: Ha! ha! ha! Whoo!

(*Enter QUIGLEY, FINERTY, and BRANGAN.*)

QUIG. We gave Maguire the slip in Patrick Street. How many of our boys followed you?

FINERTY. A score maybe. They are close by.

QUIG. That's enough! (*He addresses the crowd.*) You, Brangan, go by Grafton Street and raise the cry "To arms!" You, Finerty, by Dame Street; call on the people to turn out. Never fear; there's two regiments under arms, wid four pieces of artillery in the Castle yard, so look out for yourselves when you hear the rumbling of the guns. (*To the crowd.*) Min of Dublin, the hour has come! The boys from Wicklow, Wexford, and Kildare are amongst ye, well armed and ready to sthrike for Ireland! Down with the red flag, up wid the green!

ALL. Hurroo! hurroo! (*An attack is made on the shops, which are broken open. The carriage of Lord Kilwarden, in which Kilwarden and Miss Wolfe are seen, is driven on, preceded by link-boys and running footmen. The crowd surround it. Kilwarden is forced by them to descend.*)

LORD KIL. My good friends, you do not know me. I am Kilwarden, chief justice of the King's

bench.

QUIG: Then you are the man I want (*Thrusts a pike into Kilwarden*). That's for my brother that you hung! (*TINEY utters a cry and tries to intercept the blow.*)

(*Enter EMMET and DWYER.*)

FINERTY. Let the cub go wid the wolf.

AND. (*Wrenching the pike from FINERTY.*) Would you kill a girl?

ROBT. Who has done this? (*Raising TINEY, who has fallen on her father's body.*)

DWY. (*Seizing FINERTY.*) I have him.

ROBT. Tie him to the College rails, and let him be shot.

KIL. (*Raising himself.*) No, let no one suffer death, excepting by due process of the law. Where is my child - my child?

TIN. Oh, papa! my dear papa! (*He drops dead out of her arms; ROBERT holds her sobbing to his breast.*)

ROBT. The coward who struck this good man planted his steel in the bosom of his country. Ireland was murdered by that blow!

*Slow Curtain. End of Act.*

### ACT III.

**SCENE I.** - *A room in the Vice-Regal lodge, Phoenix Park - A large opening, C. curtained; large lattice window at back, C; the inner room is a bedroom - toilet R., bed L.; in front room - door R.H. of opening; door L.H.IE.; Candles burning on toilet table; small lamp on table next bed; Tiney in bed L.C.; music heard in distance; LADY KATHERINE YORKE enters door R.H., creeps toward bed; she is in ball dress.*

TINEY. I am not asleep, Katie.

LADY K. You naughty girl; the doctor said that sleep was the only medicine to restore your health.

TINEY. I have been listening to the music from the ballroom. Come sit by me and tell me all about it; who were there? with whom did you dance?

LADY K. (*Sitting on bed.*) Oh, if the Earl knew I steal in here every night to keep you awake

with my chatter.

TINEY. Tell your papa you are trying to make me forget mine. Oh, Katie, you have brothers, sisters, mother, father - but he, my darling, was all I had in the world.

LADY K. Is there no one who could teach you to forget him better than I can?

TINEY. What do you mean?

LADY K. You speak as you sleep; I can hear you from my bedroom, yonder. There is one name constantly on your lips.

TINEY. What name?

LADY K. Let me whisper it - "Robert."

TINEY. I don't know anyone of that name.

LADY K. Are you sure?

TINEY. Quite sure. (*After a pause*) - Oh, yes; I forgot.

LADY K. Aha!

TINEY. Our under coachman! It was he that drove the carriage on that horrid night.

LADY K. A coachman! Oh, you cruel Tiney, to crush all my hopes of a secret romance. (*Goes to toilet and begins to take flowers from her hair.*) Oh! here is my bouquet! Let the flowers be your bed-fellows!

TINEY. How sweet they are! Here is sweet briar, and here are violets. Oh, they bring the green fields and hedge rows to my bedside; who gave you this?

LADY K. Our new under-secretary - Sir Barry Clinton.

TINEY. Is he handsome?

LADY K. Very.

TINEY. How nice?

LADY K. Very! and so clever! He has only been here a week, and he has already made his mark.

TINEY. On your heart, Katie?

LADY K. Nonsense; papa says he will be a distinguished man.

TINEY. How often did he dance with you?

LADY K. Well, he undertook to teach me the new German dance that is becoming quite the rage in London---it is called the waltz.

TINEY. Is it as a dancing master that he has made his mark?

LADY K. No! it was while we were waltzing that Barry told me -

TINEY. It has come to "Barry" already, has it? and he has only been here a week---oh! Katie!

LADY K. Don't interrupt me.

TINEY. Go on; I'm shocked!

LADY K. It seems that my Barry has succeeded in a great affair in which the police and Major Sirr have failed. Everybody believed that the dreadful young man Emmet had escaped to France. Barry has discovered that he has never left Dublin; he has been here all the while, concealed in a cottage in Butterfield Lane. (*Tiney sits up in bed.*)

TINEY. Is - is he taken?

LADY K. Not yet; they will arrest him to-night. What have you done with the hairpins? - oh, here they are! It seems that Barry was out fishing this morning at Dunleary; the boatman he employed, a fellow named Rafferty, tempted by the reward of £800 offered for the capture of the rebel, told him where Mr. Emmet lay in hiding, and that his boat had been hired to take the fugitive across the channel to France. Rather shabby of Mr. Rafferty, but, it will make my Barry's fortune. There - now I'll slip on my dressing-gown, and come back to bid you good-night. (*Exit.*)

TINEY. To-night! She said "tonight he will be taken." They will kill him, and I am helpless to save him. Oh, what can I do? He would have saved papa - he would have killed the man who murdered my darling - and I can do nothing! - (*wrings her hands in despair*) - nothing! Oh, how tenderly he spoke to me. I felt the tears on my neck as he held me to his heart, and the eyes that shed them will be closed forever. His sweet face is ever present there - there - above mine. Oh, I know now whose name I spoke in my sleep.

(*Re-enter LADY KATHERINE, dressed in a wrapper.*)

LADY K. There, I come to bid you good-night. I will put out the lights. (*She extinguishes the candles. The moonlight falls through the window on the girl and over the bed.*) I declare, she is asleep already. Oh, what a weight off my conscience that is. Good-night, sweet angel! (*She takes the lamp, and draws the curtain so as to close in the recess, then goes out quietly; L.H. door; stage dark; after a pause, the face of Tiney appears between the curtains; she enters; she is dressed in a long peignoir; she tries to walk, but falls, kneeling near door R.H. in F.*) Oh, Merciful Father in Heaven, bear up my poor weak limbs! inspire my failing body with your will! grant me strength to reach him who saved my life! take it now, and let me die at his feet! (*She raises herself feebly, feels her way by the wall to the door---opens it---listens, and then creeps out.*)

(*Scene changes.*)

SCENE 2 - *Ann Devlin's Cottage in Butterfield Lane; Robert seated at table C.; Ann asleep by fireside; Andy lies across the door.*

ROBT. Betrayed by knaves! deserted by cowards! tracked and hounded like a wild beast! It is the inexorable fate of all the saviors of the people! Oh, ye spirits! you immortal band of heroes who suffered for your faith! Body-guard of Him who died for the human race! Accept into your ranks the humble life of one, who, loving his native land not wisely, but too well, followed in your footsteps upward to the Throne where sit the Eternal Trinity of Truth, Light, and Freedom! *(He rises.)* Men will call me visionary, a rash fool, and dupe. Ah! had those on whom Bonaparte relied failed him in the pinch! Had Washington misplaced his trust amongst traitors, these monarchs of men might have stood as I do now! An outcast! down-fallen the scoff of the world! The wood of which Fortune shapes a throne, is ready at need to build a gallows! My dearest - I have received your letter. God bless your faithful heart that keeps me worthy of such trustful love. Tonight at eleven I will be at Glenmalure at Father Donnelly's where we shall meet to part no more. *(Two knocks at door in F., followed by a whistle; then a third knock.)* It is the signal! *(He opens the door.)*

*(Enter DWYER, who steps over Andy.)*

DWY. Is that the way he kapes watch over yur honour while I am away? Wait till I wake him up - *(Raises his whip.)*

ROBT *(Staying him.)* - Don't be hard on the boy. For three nights, while they hunted us from garret to cellar, he has had no rest. Let him sleep! What news? *(Down R.C.)*

DWY. Wexford is ready and willing. Kildare, Carlow, Waterford and Kilkenny are waiting your word.

ROBT. Ay! So they told Lord Edward in '98! but what followed? - treachery in his camp - disconcerted plans - mutiny amongst the leaders - confusion - drunkenness and plunder amongst the men - havoc, panic, and despair. I will not give the signal for bloodshed!

DWY. It is for your honor to say. *(He puts a shawl over Ann.)*

ROBT. *(Going to him.)* Why should you continue the fight?

DWY. Maybe because it's all I am good for! Sure I'm only a dog at your heel, to watch for your bidding, and do it without axin' why.

ROBT. My brave Dwyer, had I only five hundred men like yourself, I'd bid the world stand by to see our people made a nation! But our enterprise is beset with pitfalls - we are walking on a bog- *(in to R. corner.)* the ground under our feet is rotten.

DWY. Then save yourself. If you go on hanging 'round this place, you will lave your life here. *(Sits and lights his pipe.)*

ROBT. I will leave Ireland to-morrow.

DWY. Why not tonight? Joe Rafferty's hooker is lying in Dunleary - she will fly wid your honor to the French coast like a saygull.

ROBT. Are you sure of Rafferty?

DWY. (*At table.*) Am I sure of my own sither's son?

ROBT: Miss Curran has written appointing me to meet her to-night at Father Donnelly's at Glenmalure. After the marriage which will then be celebrated, you will bring the boat to Bray.

ANDY. (*Who has risen, and listens at the door.*) Whist! there's a strange foot-fall in the lane! it stops at the gate! (*Dwyer puts down his pipe, brings out a pistol and a short iron bludgeon.*)

ANN. (*Waking.*) Did your honor call me?

DWY. Hould your prate.

ANDY. 'Tis mighty queer. I believe it is only a dog, for it has got no footsteps at all. (*Looks through keyhole.*) Hould your breath! It is here, close agin the dure.

DWY. Thro' it wide.

(*ANDY throws open the door. TINEY is leaning against the post.*)

ROBT. Miss Wolfe! (*Runs to her and brings her down. Ann goes to her Xs with Robert, helps her to chair.*)

ANNE. Here at this hour. She is perished with cold. We heard you were lying ill at the Lodge.

TINEY. So I was. 'Twas there, an hour ago, I learned that you were hiding here. They know it. They will come here to-night to arrest you.

ROBT. Who could have betrayed us?

TINEY. A man named Rafferty, whose boat you are to take at Dunleary.

DWY. Blood alive! My sither's son - my own flesh.

ANNE. (*To Dwyer then back to Tiney.*) Michael! For the Lord's sake, don't look so white.

DWY. 'Tis Joe's winding sheet you see in my face.

ROBT. (*Going to her.*) And you rose from your bed to come here?

TINEY. Yes.

ANNE. Not on foot? (*Kneels beside her. Slightly lifts her dress. Tiney rises.*)

TINEY: I dared not take a car. Look at my dress - I must look like a banshee. The carman would have driven me to Swift's hospital for the insane. (*She laughs.*)

ANNY. Without shoes on her feet.

TINEY: It is so.

ANNE. See how they bleed.

TINEY. I did not feel it. *(She faints. Robert and Ann catch her and place her in chair.)*

ROBT. She has fainted.

ANDY. *(At the door.)* A crowd of men have stopped at the fut of the lane. One is on horseback.

DWY. *(Blowing out the light.)* If they are on the sarch, a light in the house at this hour will guide them. *(Goes to the door. Looks out.)* It is the Major.

ROBT: *(Xs L.)* Sirr? *(ANDY runs to L.H. door. Looks out.)*

DWY. Quick, sir; you have ten minutes before they can reach us.

ANDY. I see lights on this side. They are all around us.

ROBT. Is there no escape?

ANNE. Yes; the ould well by the shed outside. Hide yourselves in it. Down with yez, all three. There's not a fut of wather there. They will only find me here, and this poor sick child. Never mind us.

DWY. She is right. Come, sir.

*(Exit ROBERT with DWYER.)*

ANNE. Don't lave that coat there. *(Points to Robert's overcoat.)*

ANDY. *(Taking it up.)* The Major will get his horse back afther all. Bad luck to the baste he'll tell on us, for he's stabled in the shed. Whoo! Wait a bit. *(Puts on the coat.)* I'll back him an' take a flier through the crowd o' them. I may as well be shot as hung. So here goes for which.

*(Exit L.H. door.)*

ANNE. Poor child. This night will kill her.

*(Two blows on the door.)*

SIRR. *(Outside.)* In the King's name open this door.

ANNE. *(Turning.)* In the devil's name - pull down the latch.

*(Enter SIRR, followed by SERGEANT and soldiers)*

SIRR. Who is the owner of this house?

ANNE. I am, for want of a fetther.

SIRR. A man calling himself Ellis lodges here.

ANNE. He does.

SIRR. (*Xs L.*) Where is he?

ANNE. There is his room - help yourself.

SIRR. (*Up to Serg. then to table.*) Go search the place. (*Exit SERGEANT and two soldiers.*) I told you that some day you would fall into my hands, and here you are.

ANNE: Here I am, sure enough.

SIRR. What girl is that? Stand aside! Miss Wolfe! (*Starting back.*) What brings her here?

ANNE. She brought a sportin' message that the hounds would meet here early in the mornin', and here you are.

(*Re-enter SERGEANT and soldiers. SIRR advances to Serg. Whispers then turns to table and sees letter.*)

SIRR. Not there - what is this - a letter in the handwriting of the man we want. The ink is still wet on the pen. He has been here within the last ten minutes. Will you tell us where your lodger is?

ANNE. How would I know? It is no business of mine where he goes. (*Sirr goes up to the door.*)

SIRR. (*Pauses up behind Anne to door.*) We'll sharpen your wits. Prepare a rope there. (*Speaks off at the door.*) Tilt back that car, with the shafts in the air. Hould it so, some of yez. That will sarve for an elegant gallows to suit this woman. (*She struggles with the soldiers who would sieze her; they present their bayonets so as to keep her prisoner against the wall.*) Will you confess now? I'll give you two minutes.

ANNE. You are not the priest. I have nothing to confess. (*They sieze her.*) You may murder me, you cowards, but not one word about him will you get out of Ann Devlin. Now do your worst.

TINEY. (*Recovering*) Ann! Where are you?

ANNE. Good-bye, Miss. Merciful Lord! have mercy on my soul. (*Falls on her knees.*)

TINEY. (*Xs to Anne. Turn to SIRR. Advances on him then faints across table.*) Release that woman! If you hurt a hair of her head, I will denounce the infamous plot you planned in Dublin Castle in my presence. It was by the hands of your accomplices my father fell. Assassin! Assassin! (*Cries outside; shots; SIRR runs to the door.*)

SIRR: My horse! Stop him! Cut him down! 'Tis Emmet. shoot. (*Runs out followed by the soldiers, who release Ann.*)

(*Enter EMMET and DWYER.*)

(*Scene closes in.*)

Scene 3. (*GLENNMALURE. Enter QUIGLEY L.*)

QUIG. Mind how you step across that single bit of road. This way, Miss.

(*Enter SARA L.*)

SARA. Are we near to Father Donnelly's?

QUIG. You may see his chapel there beyant!

SARAH. (*Xs R.*) You are sure Mr. Emmet received my letter?

QUIG. Never fear, Miss.

SARA. Then I will ask you to leave me here, and return to the car at the foot of the hill, where we shall join you.

QUIG. More power, Miss! (*Exit L.*)

SARA. There was no way but this to save him. (*Exit R.*)

(*QUIGLEY returns.*)

QUIG. There she goes straight into the thrap! (*Enter SIRR.*) He! he! There will be a gay weddin' tonight at Father Donnelly's!

SIRR. Go to the Enniskerry road. See the men are posted there, so as to close his escape that way. I'll take with me twenty rank and file to surround the house.

QUIG: (*Going R.*) More power! be jabers we'll put the net securely over him this time. Whist! look there! d'ye see them two shadows creepin' down the side o' the hill?

SIRR. They are cattle, maybe!

QUIG. Cattle on two legs, Major! they are makin' straight for the priest's house!

SIRR. They must be two of our fellows that got astray.

QUIG. Divil a man you had that could foot the hillside like them two. Look now! the big one is in the moonlight! 'Tis Michael Dwyer! and his follower is Andy Devlin! Whoo! yer sowl! we'll bag the whole covey!

SIRR. Hark! I hear the hoofs of a horse!

QUIG. And so does Dwyer! Ye see - he stops to listen!

SIRR. (*Xs R.*) Yonder comes a man riding a piebald!

QUIG. 'Tis your own baste, Major! and Emmet himself is across him! 'Tis yourself is in luck, sir, this night!

SIRR. You are right; the two fellows have joined the horseman, and they are going together towards the house.

(CLAVERHOUSE, *outside, sings verse of Bonnie Dundee.*)

QUIG. What is that!

SIRR. (*Quig crosses L.*) The officer in command of the detachment, sent to assist me in this capture. Confound the fool, he will betray our presence.

QUIG. And scare the game.

(*Enter CLAVERHOUSE.*)

SIRR. Do you always sing, sir, when you are in sight of danger?

CLAV: No; sometimes I smoke.

SIRR. You are betraying our presence to the foe we are in pursuit of.

CLAV. British troops always betray their presence. D'ye want us to skulk?

SIRR. Captain Claverhouse, you see those three men yonder, standing before that house?

CLAV. I see two men and a half.

SIRR. Then you see Robert Emmet and Michael Dwyer.

QUIG. And the half is Andy Devlin; but he's a half that can tackle a whole one as big as yourself.

SIRR. You see your duty before you? it is to place your men so as to surround and command those premises, and to make prisoners of all we find there. Are you prepared, sir, to perform that duty?

CLAV. Needs must, sir, when the devil drives.

SIRR. Do you mean that for a joke, or an insult?

CLAV. Both; and I hope you mean to resent it. This is a convenient spot, and there's no time like the present. Are you agreeable?

SIRR. Duty before pleasure, captain. After we have lodged our prisoners in Kilmainham, I'll take a walk with you in the Phaynix, if you are so minded. (*Claverhouse aside as he goes out*)

CLAV. - How can I warn him of his danger? (*Exit L.*)

SIRR. Follow me! (*Exit R.*)

QUIG. (*Looks around*) - There will be hot work when they try to tackle Dwyer. Where will I find a safe hidin' place convanient to see it all? There's a clump of bushes that looks well out of harm's way. (*Goes R.; recoils.*) It is movin'! 'tare an 'ouns! there's somebody inside! maybe he's got his gun fixed on me! (*creeps off L.H.*)

(*Enter FINERTY very pale.*)

FIN. Stop!

QUIG. Don't shoot!

FIN. 'Tis meself, Finerty.

QUIG. I thought it was one of Dwyer's men; what brings you here?

FIN. I'm nearly dead. I dare not show in the streets of Dublin. I'd be killed. The people say I sould the life of Emmet. So I was hidin' here when Dwyer's men caught sight o' me, and have been huntin' me like a rat. I believe I know every hole in these hills.

QUIG. Are Dwyer's men about here?

FIN. An hour ago they were here as thick as flies, but they vanished over the hill towards Dernamuck.

QUIG. They were scared by the redcoats; but now himself is here there will be wigs on the green before sunrise. Pat, this is no place for us. I've got the car below here. I'll take ye back to Dublin where you will get safe lodgin' in Kilmainham, until we get the reward, and then we'll show Ireland our heels.

FIN: The sooner the better. (*Going*) - After we pocket our pay, I'll go to America and take some other name.

QUIG. Be jabbers, Pat, but that will be mighty hard on the man whose name you take. (*Exeunt.*)

**Scene 4.** - *The interior of Father Donnelly's - a small chapel is seen L.H. through an arch in the wall, facing audience; a large bay-window R.H.; door R.H.; fireplace L.H.; candles are lighted in the altar in chapel; door L.H.3E. at entrance to chapel.*

SARA. (*At bay-window.*) - I thought I heard the sound of a horse in the road.

FATHER D. You are listening with your heart.

SARA. Oh, Father! I can hear nothing else! Fear and hope possess me, that my being feels like one great pulse! Now, do you hear! my ears do not deceive me! (*Enter Robert*) - Thank Heaven!

ROBT. Do so, with all your heart on which I come to rest! for mine is well nigh sped! I have none for further struggle! I have slighted your love for a wanton infatuation! My other love has betrayed and deserted me; I come to you for forgiveness, for comfort, and for peace!

(*Enter DWYER through window.*)

DWY. Get to work, your reverence! there's something wrong! for I tould Maguire to meet me at Stony Cross beyant, but the hillside was as bare as a bog - not a sign of one of my people to the fore.

*(Exit FATHER DONNELLY.)*

SARA. What do you fear?

DWY. There's somebody in the mountains to-night besides ourselves and the grouse; as I came over Glenmalure I did not hear a cock crow, nor a plover cry.

*(Enter ANDY with gun.)*

ANDY. I found your gun in furze bush as you said, and this beside it - *(shows a pike broken in two pieces.)*

ROBT. What is it?

DWY. A letter to me from Phil. Maguire. Did you mind how them pieces lay?

ANDY. I did.

DWY. Which way did pike end point?

ANDY. To Tallaght.

DWY. There are readcoats there, and in power o' them, or Phil would not have shown his heels. How did the shaft lay?

ANDY. Pointing to Dernamuck.

DWY: He has gone there to join two hundred men in the Glen of Emall. How will I let on to him that I am here?

ANDY. I lighted the furze bush before I left.

DWY. Andy, me bouchal, asthure ye were - you are worth your weight in one-pound notes. Bar the dure! *(Andy looks out before closing the door)* - How did you get here, Miss?

SARA. On an outside car.

DWY. Who drove ye?

SARA. Quigley.

DWY. Ah! Did he know your business here, and that his honor was to meet you?

SARAH: Yes.

DWY. We are trapped! You guided the redcoats! You little knew you had their escort behind you all the way from Dublin.

ROBT. I cannot believe Quigley capable of such dastardly treason. *(A shot is fired outside.)*

ANDY. Ah! - *(pulls to the door)* - Quick, Mike! help me to pull down the bar! *(Dwyer runs up and bars the door.)*

DWY. *(Aside to hear.)* Were you hit?

ANDY. It is nothing.

DWY: *(To Robert)* - Do you believe it now? *(Re-enter Father Donnelly in his vestments)*  
Get into the chapel, your reverence, and take the lady; the walls are thick - you'll be snug then!  
Oh! if we can only hold out for an hour!

ROBT. We cannot hold it for a quarter. They will soon break in the door.

DWY. Not while I stand here - *(three shots.)* Andy, blow out the light there! it guides their fire!  
*(Andy blows out the light; Robert draws Sara into the chapel.)* Now, Andy, we'll take a hand in the game! Let us see how it lies - there's a crack in them shutters! *(Andy and Dwyer enter the bay-window behind the curtains.)*

*(The scene changes)*

*The R.H. flat revolves and comes down oblique, enclosing L.H. side of stage, showing a yard enclosed by a low stone wall; the R.H. flat serves as exterior of house with porch; the wall is lined with soldiers; Sirr amongst them.*

*(Enter CLAVERHOUSE.)*

CLAV. Stop firing! Who gave the order?

SIRR. I did.

CLAV. Mind your business, and don't presume to take my command. *(To drummer beside him)--*  
Roll! *(Drummer gives a sharp roll on drum.)* Father Donnelly - we are under orders to search your house, where we have information Mr. Emmet is concealed.

CLAV. We call on you in the King's name to open your doors that we may do our duty! if you refuse, we must employ force! and if resisted, our directions are to destroy your house and chapel and bring you prisoners to Dublin! *(The door opens: Father Donnelly appears in it, dressed in his vestments.)*

FATHER D. Strangers came to my door and claimed my ministry; I led them to the foot of the altar. God forbids I should violate that sanctuary as you would have me do! You will do your duty to your Master, as I shall do mine to Him whose commission I bear. *(He retires and closes the door.)*

SIRR. Now, captain, as we have no time to lose, pour a couple of volleys into the rat-trap, and

set fire to the stable beyant - that will fetch them out.

CLAV. There is a lady there.

SIRR. We do not regard the sex of a viper when we crush it - so with rebels.

DWY. Oh, Phil. Maguire! why arn't you widin call?

ANDY. Maybe he is, but is waitin' for your ordhers.

ROBT. Sara - I cannot sacrifice this noble old man. I cannot wreck his house and consign him to prison. I will surrender.

SARA. No! no! death here, with us together!--(*clings to him.*)

ANDY. (*Aside to Dwyer*)--Michael, listen hither, my arm is broke; that first shot did it. 'Tis no good. If we are tuk, it is a dog's death by the rope on the next tree.

DWY. That's it.

ANDY. Stand by me, while I show you o' thrick to draw their fire; and when they have emptied their guns, make a dash over the wall, and through their line gain the hills, and before they are through wid ourselves, you will be back wid Maguire and his men.

DWY. What are you going to do?

ANDY. Lave me alone. Kiss me, Mike, for Ann. Lend me your gun - be ready now for the rush! (*He throws open the door---entering the yard*) - Hurrah! Ireland forever! - (*he fires.*) Come on boys! (*A volley is fired at him; he staggers forward crying*) - Now, Mike, now! - (*falls*) - tare alive! off wid ye, before they can load agin!

DWY. Andy! Andy me boy! what have you done?

SIRR. Down with him! 'Tis Michael Dwyer!

ROBT. (*Entering*) - Hold! I surrender!

ANDY: No! no!---no surrender! I hear the thramp of the Wixford boys! (*Dwyer whistles from behind every rock, and up the valley appear crowds of insurgents. Dwyer and Robert raise Andy.*) Ha! they are comin'! (*Enter Sara and Father Donnelly.*) Ha! ha! ha! - the redcoats fell into the trap! I laid for them! I emptied their barrels, and the masher is safe! Sure, it is not for me you are crying, Miss? God bless you, I'm good for nothing. Don't waste a prayer over me, your riverence; I'm not worth it. I ax your pardon for dyin' like this, and thrubblin' you all. Kiss me, Mike! I believe I - am goin' now! 'Tis asier than I thought! - (*he dies.*)

(*Tableau curtains.*)

(*Very slow curtain*)

#### ACT IV.

**SCENE.**--*The Court House; Green Street; the Trial of Emmet; Norbury on the Bench; Jury; Barristers; Jailors; Officers; Public.*

LORD N. Prisoner at the Bar! You have heard the evidence brought against you by the Crown. You have been found guilty of a treasonable conspiracy to betray your country into the power of our common foe, the French. With this infamous object you provoke an insurrection, and became an accomplice in the most brutal murder of Lord Kilwarden, Chief Justice of the King's Bench. To these and divers other capital charges you have offered no defense. It is needless for me to impress on a man of your high attainments and position the baseness and infamy of such crimes. What have you now to say why judgment of death and execution should not be awarded against you?

ROBT. (*After a pause.*) My Lord; why judgment and execution should not be passed upon me, I have nothing to say. If I were condemned to suffer death only, I should bow in silence to my fate. A man dies - but his memory lives. Your sentence that delivers my body to the executioner shall not deliver my soul to the contempt of generations to come. You charge me with being the emissary of France. It is false! I would accept from France, for my country, the same assistance in our struggle for independence that Franklin obtained for America. But were the French, or any other foreign nation to come here as invaders, I would meet them on the shore, and if compelled to retire before superior discipline, I would dispute every inch of Irish soil, every blade of grass, and my last entrenchment should be my grave! (*Murmurs.*) I did not seek to free Ireland from the tyranny of one foreign power - Great Britain - to deliver her unto the bonds of another. Had I done so, I would have earned the execration of the country which gave me birth, and to which I would have given freedom.

LORD N. Mr. Emmet, you must confine yourself to showing cause why judgment should not pass upon you. Instead of doing so you are broaching treason the most abominable.

EMMET. I am showing cause, my lord, why the judgment of the world should not condemn me to a more shameful ignominy than the scaffold; why the calumnies you have uttered should not rest upon my name.

If I stand at the bar of this court and am forbidden to vindicate my motives, what a farce is your justice! If I stand at this bar before you, and dare not vindicate my character, how dare you assail it? (*Murmurs.*) Does the sentence of death condemn my tongue to silence, when it would defend that immortal part of me which must survive; and is the only thing - God help me! - I can leave to those I honor and love, and to the people for whose sake I am proud to suffer? You have charged me with the murder of Lord Kilwarden; I would he were sitting there to judge me now, to sweeten death as he deplored the sentence he was bound by law to pronounce. If I call on God to witness that I had no share in that foul deed - it is because I have no other witness to testify in my defense. (*TINEY rises, crosses over to the dock and gives him her hand.*) My sweet child, do you absolve me? - would I had died in your father's place!

LORD N. He who lets loose the storm is responsible for the havoc in its path.

ROBT. My enterprise failed; had it been otherwise, your lordship might have occupied my place here at this moment, and I, yours! (*Murmurs.*)

NOR. Have you done, sir?

ROBT. You are impatient for the sacrifice, my Lord! - bear with me awhile, I have but few more words to say, and these, not to you - but to my people. See! For your sake I am parting with all that is dear to me in this life - family - friends - but most of all with her - (*SARA rises with a cry.*) - the woman I have loved. (*She goes to him.*) My Love - Oh! My Love! It was not thus I had thought to have requited your affection! (*He kisses her.*) Farewell! (*Curran receives her as she faints*) Farewell! I pass away into the grave. I ask of the world only one favor at my departure. Let no man write my epitaph, for as no man who knows my motives dares now to vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them; let my tomb be un-inscribed until other men and other times can do justice to my character! When my country shall take her place amongst the nations of the earth - then - and not till then, let my epitaph be written! I have done. (*Murmurs in the Court.*)

THE CRIER: Silence in the Court - while his Lordship the judge passes sentence of death upon the prisoner at the bar.

(*As NORBURY assumes the black cap, the scene closes in.*)

**Scene 2.** A PRISON. - *Enter FINERTY - followed by QUIGLEY.*

QUIG. It is done at last. He is condemned.

FIN. When is he to die?

QUIG. To-morrow mornin'!

FIN. That's a short day.

QUIG. Long enough for Dwyer and his boys to pull down Newgate, to get him out.

FIN. It will be a hard nut to crack.

QUIG: And they will find it a blind one. They will draw it blank, for Emmet will lodge here tonight.

FIN. Here? in Kilmainham? Are you sure of the jailors here? One of them gave me the offer awhile ago. He is one of Dwyer's men - the place is full of them.

QUIG. Kilmainham will be held to-night by a company of redcoats; meanwhile, a special warden has been appointed to watch the prisoner and sleep with him in his cell.

FIN. I hope they have picked a sure man?

QUIG. They have. One I recommended. Yourself.

FIN. Me?

QUIG: That's to be your duty this night.

FIN. But sure I can't stay here. The vessel that was to take you and me across the says to America will sail at daybreak.

QUIG. You axed the government to put you in here for purtection. You could only be admitted as a prisoner, and a warrant for your release must be sent from the Castle before they can let you out. Be asy; I'll take care of you.

FIN. And they money - the reward - it is due.

QUIG. And will be paid to-night.

FIN. To you?

QUIG. To me! Who else?

FIN. Where will it be paid? Will Sirr bring it here?

QUIG. No; he will meet me at Brangan's wharf at Ring's End.

FIN. Furninst the spot where the ship lies moored and ready to sail! Quigley, you wouldn't go back on me? You would not lave me here, and run off wid my share of the reward?

QUIG. Pat, I'm sorry for you; but the polis have found out that you tuk a hand in the killin' of Crawford.

FIN. You were there, and helped.

QUIG. Then they say you were the man that murthered Kilwarden.

FIN. 'Twas yourself!

QUIG. They dar not let you go.

FIN. Not let me out? Do you main they are going to keep me here a prisoner?

QUIG. Until the next batch is transported to the penal settlement in Botany bay. You are in for life, Pat.

FIN. Quigley, you are jokin'.

QUIG. 'Tis a sorry joke. I brought the ordher from the Castle, and left it at the gate as I came in.

FIN. The ordher to kape me here? I won't believe it.

QUIG: You see that dure? I am goin' out of it, just try to lave this place along wid me, and you *will* believe it, maybe; good-bye, Pat. (As he goes out he meets a jailer - to whom he points out Finerty who is following him. The jailer enters turns and locks the door.)

FIN: It is true! (*Finding himself stopped he advances.*) Oh, the villain! the - the traitor! and to think while I am caged here, he will be sailin' away wid my money in his pocket, and a grin on his mug. (*He turns up stage and stops recognizing jailer.*) Oh! no! no! not so fast misther Quigley. Aha! two can play at your game. (*To the jailor*) --Come here; give me your hand. You know this Wexford grip? I am one of yourselves - don't be afeared - mind me now. I'll give you a bit o' writin' it is for Michael Dwyer, and must reach himself, say widin an hour. I can't lave this because I am the warden appointed to kape watch tonight in the condemned cell. There's my ticket (*Gives paper to jailer*) While you are radin' that lend me your back to write a line. (*He takes a pencil and note-book from his pocket and writes:*) "Quigley will meet Major Sirr to-night at Brangan's wharf, Ring's End - there to receive the price of Robert Emmet's head.

PATRICK FINERTY."

Sure this is the fellow who gave me the offis a while ago. Ho! Ho! There's ratsbane for you Michael Quigley! (*As Finerty writes his paper, resting his book on the jailer's back the jailer, stooping reads the order, then removes the disguise from his face. It is Dwyer.*) So, may I trust

you (*closing the letter*) that this letter will reach Dwyer? (*Dwyer turns and receives the letter - facing Finerty - who stands paralyzed with fear.*) The lord purtect me.

DWY. Amin! For you see the stone walls of Kilmainham could not do it if your death was plazin' to me—d'ye know it? Spake low—

FIN. I do.

DWY. I am here to release the masther.

FIN. (*Pointing to a file of soldiers that pass at back.*) A company of red-coats will guard Kilmainham to-night.

DWY: God help them - not one of them will lave it alive. Whist.

(*Enter CLAVERHOUSE L.C.*)

NOR. Which of you is the warden charged with the care of Mr. Emmet?

DWYER. (*R.*) I am. (*Shows ticket.*)

NORM. I am the officer in command of the men detailed to protect the jail. They are preparing the cell in which he will pass the night - he will remain here until it is ready. (*Enter Robert in chains.*)

NORM. Remove those chains. (*Dwyer hands Finerty a key*) If these walls are not responsible for the prisoner's safeguard I will be so. (*Finerty, coerced by Dwyer, kneels beside Robert, removes his chains, then sneaks out.*) See! They have cut into his wrists; they bleed.

ROBT. It is nothing! (*He binds his wrists with a handkerchief.*) Are you on duty here?

NORM. Yes.

ROBT. (*Xs to Norman and shaking his hand.*) So am I. We are prisoners both! You to watch and to guard; I to await my release. Yours is the more painful office.

NORM. Robert, can I do nothing to help – to comfort you?

ROBT. Yes, remain with me to the last.

NORM. (*Turning to Dwyer*) Mr. Emmet will not occupy his cell under your charge. He gives me his word he will not attempt to take advantage of the freedom he will enjoy in my quarters to-night.

ROBT. I pledge my honor!

DWY. Thorro mon diaoul! But I won't take his word.

ROBT. Do you doubt my keeping it?

DWY. No! That's the divil of it.

ROB. (*Recognizing him*) Dwyer!

DWY. Whist! Holy Fly! The walls will close upon me if they hear that name.

ROBT. My faithful friend - what brings you here?

DWY. To save you—Be asy! We howld Kilmainham - inside an' out. I've only to blow down the pipe of this kay, and in the turn of your hand 800 prisoners will be free and armed. My men under Phil Maguire are outside, and achin' for the offer.

NOR. And what do you suppose my fellows will do?

DWY. Die! As they would have done at Glencullen, but the masther there stud between mine and yours.

NOR. He is right! You must live for Sara's sake. (*To Dwyer*) Go on sir - give your signal and (*drawing his sword*) defend yourself. (*Dwyer pulls out his iron bludgeon and pistol.*)

ROB. You forget, I am his prisoner on parole. Ten thousand men could not release me from that pledge.

DWY. Not if I kill him?

ROBT. Would you have me buy my life with his?

NORM. Yes!

ROB. You have heard me, Dwyer?

DWY. Ay. Then you won't go wid me?

ROBT: No!

DWY. That's enough. I'll stop then, and I'll go wid you.

ROB. (*embracing him*) No! Ireland wants you - live, live for her sake and for mine. Live for the people for whose sake I die. Purge traitors from your councils; that is your work. Mine is done. God bless you, and bear my blessing to those who would have given their lives for mine. My death will serve my country as my life has never done. Farewell!

DWY. I'll do your will.

ROB. My bravest one - my truest.

DWY: (*Looking up in his face*) If you see Quigley to-morrow - beyant there - you will know I've begun my work! (*Robert and Norman exit together. Dwyer, seeing the handkerchief Robert has dropped, picks it up kisses it and puts it to his breast. Exit.*)

**SCENE 3**--*The Bull Inn, a low class public house of the period. It occupies a cellar, approached by a short flight of steps, R.H. in F., door leading to street. Doors R. and L. Secret door, L.H. in F. Tables R. and L., at which men are drinking, smoking clay pipes, and two are playing at cards. Two women & a man are making cartridges at table L.U.E. two bowls one with powder and the other with bullets. They are filling them with clay pipes.*

(*Enter DWYER. He goes to secret door, opens it, enter crowd.*)

DWYER. Boys! attention! There is brave work to be done this night; listen to this! (*Reads paper.*) "At eleven o'clock Quigley will be at Brangan's wharf, Rings End, to receive from Major Sirr the reward agreed wid the Government as the price of Robert Emmet's head - signed Patrick Finerty." What d'ye say should be this black traitor's reward?

ALL. Death!

DWYER: (*Down C.*) That's enough. Lave the payment of the debt to me.

(*Enter ANNE DEVLIN from door on stairs.*)

ANNE. Dwyer, are you there?

DWYER. Is it yourself, Anne? Did you see the Major?

ANNE. (*Coming down to R. C.*) Yes; and I followed your bidding. But oh, Mike, 'tis a terrible thing you axed me to do.

DWYER. What did he say?

ANNE. He is close behind me, wid a guard of soldiers at his heels.

ALL. (*Anne in to R. corner.*) Redcoats! comin' here? (*Tumult.*)

DWYER. Order! fall in! If there's any one of yez dares not thrust his life in the hands of Michael Dwyer let him fall out! (*Up to foot of stairs.*) The dure is open to him; the road is clear. This woman wid a man's heart in her breast, is worth a boat-load of your cowardly carcasses. Hark! I hear the thramp of the soldiers; they are comin' here to this place! There's time to escape by that dure to the house in Marshalsea Lane that backs on this; you can save your dirty skins that way! Be off still! Be quick! When a man has no heart left, and he loses his head, he takes to his legs. (*R. C.*)

ANNE. (*Up to stage C.*) Don't be so hard upon them, Mike. They mane to stand by you.

ALL. Ay! Ay! never fear!

DWYER. (*Xs to L. sits on keg facing Ann.*) Rowl me out here a couple of those kegs of

gunpowder—lave them handy there.

*(Enter MAJOR SIRR.)*

SIRR. *(Coming down R.)* This is the Bull Inn? *(To Anne.)* Beware, woman, how you trifle with us. You have laid information that this place is a depot of concealed arms, and the resort of rebels.

ANNE. Yes.

SIRR. The Bull Inn, though poor, bears a good name.

ANNE. *(With her eyes fixed on Dwyer.)* The pikes and guns are stored in the house in Marshalsea Lane that backs on this. There's a secret passage between the two. D'ye see that row of pegs? pull the third one. *(Points back to the secret panel)* Pull it down. *(Sirr starts back. A sergeant approaches the row of pegs, and pulls it down; the secret door opens.)*

SIRR. *(Advances to Serg. then to R. C.)* Sergeant, take your file of men in there and report what you find! *(Exit Sergeant with soldiers.)* So far good! Now you promised to deliver into my hands the person of a leader of the insurrection, for whose capture the government has already offered a reward of five hundred pounds; there are only three rebels worth that sum. I am here by your agreement to put the head of this man in my hands - to whom do you refer? where is he?

ANNE. Where is he? *(She struggles with her emotion.)* No! no! I - I can't do it - Oh Mike! it is more than my heart can bear! *(Anne falls into chair.)*

SIRR. *(Passing down into R. corner.)* You said "Mike" - you cannot mean Michael Dwyer?

DWYER. That's what she does mane! and I am he! *(Advances and faces SIRR.)*

SIRR. You - Michael Dwyer?

DWYER. Himself!

SIRR. If you are he, we met at Vinegue Hill when I put a bullet in your throat.

DWYER. I believe the compliment was returned at Bally Ellis, when I put a pike in your ribs.

SIRR. We are quits. *(Offers his hand.)*

*(Re-enter the SERGEANT with two men. SIRR up to SERGEANT..)*

SIRR. Lads, have you found the arms?

SERG. We have, sir; the place is full of them.

SIRR. (*Above Anne R. C. Xs to Anne.*) And this woman has betrayed you?

DWYER: This woman is my wife that was to be, and she obeyed me; I wanted to sell my life; she made the bargain. It was this - £500 and pardon for all my men now lying in jail and protection for the rest to seek their homes in peace. Was that not so?

SIRR. Ay.

DWYER. Have you the money there? (*Xs R.C.*)

SIRR. Here it is. (*Offers it to ANNE.*)

ANNE. (*Repelling it.*) No! No! (*Xs table to L.*)

DWYER. Give it to me. (*Sirr down R. Dwyer up C. He receives the money from Sirr.*) There, boys, divide that between yez. 'Tis what the Castle says Michael Dwyer is worth. They came here wid me to rescue Emmet. (*Down to Sirr.*) Those are keys to every gate in Kilmainham. You seventy redcoats there wouldn' be a mouthful amongst two thousand undher my command. The turnkeys are united Irishmen. There are eight hundred prisoners, like wild bastes, behind your bars, hungry for liberty and your death.

SIRR. Then why did you not attempt this release?

DWYER. Captain Claverhouse ordhered the irons off him and shared wid him his own quarters in the prison, taking only his word not to escape, and Emmet will kape it. That's why we failed. These arms are no good now. (*Taking pistols and throwing them on table R.*) I give them up and sell my life on condition no other shall be taken. (*Xs to C. then to Anne comforting her.*)

SIRR. (*Beckons to Sergeant who advances and takes the keys and then steps back.*) And if I refuse your terms?

DWYER. (*Sitting on keg.*) You won't do that.

SIRR. Why not - you are in my power. (*Up R.C.*)

DWYER. I'll show you why not! I am setting on a hundred weight of gunpowder. (*He strikes in the bung of the cask; the powder flows out.*) Patsey, lend me your pipe. (*The soldiers make a move for the steps. Some of the soldiers fly out.*)

SIRR. (*Runs up stairs.*) No, stop.

DWYER. We are not afraid of death, and this way will save law costs.

SIRR. I accept your terms - the men can go.

DWYER. You give your word not one of them will come to harm?

SIRR. (*Coming down R.*) Will you rely on it?

DWYER. (*Xs to Sirr.*) Yes. I know a man when I've fought wid him! You will kape your word. (*Turning to men.*) Go home boys, paceable, and tell the rest outside there's nothin' more to be done - this time. Good-bye, God bliss you. (*sits on table R.*)

(*Exeunt the men.*)

SIRR. (*Up C.*) Sergeant, march your men back to the castle. You can leave me here. (*DWYER leans over ANNE, who has been seated L., crying. Takes out papers throws them on table with his purse*) Michael Dwyer, here are two passes to America by the vessel that lies off the north wall and sails to-morrow at daybreak. Take Anne Devlin with you. You are free.

ANNE. (*Rises - goes down L. and turns.*) Oh, Major, do you main it? Mike, d'ye hear what he says?

DWYER. I do, Anne, but I want more than that, or nothing. Read that paper. (*SIRR reads it apart, handed to him by DWYER.*)

SIRR. It is true - we meet there in an hour.

DWYER. (*Rises and Xs to Sirr.*) The money will be paid in gold?

SIRR. Gold and silver.

DWYER. 'Twill be quite a weight.

SIRR. Yes, I'll take it on a car.

DWY. I'll dhrive yer honor. (*Takes papers from Anne.*) 'Twill be quite convanient for me and Anne to get aboard the ship, and I've a trifle to pay Quigley before I go. So when your business is done you can lave me wid him.

SIRR. I understand. (*Proceed to stairs.*) Bring the car to the castle yard, at once, I will be there to meet you. (*Exit.*)

ANNE. Michael, what are you going to do to Quigley?

DWY. As sure as God made us both, one of us will go to render his life account up there to-night. Come.

*(Scene closes in. Exeunt.)*

**TABLEAU** --*Brangan's wharf, Rings End, near Dublin; a rude shed; a flight of steps, L.H.; a door, L.C. in Flat, looking out on the river; a boat appears at door; Quigley looks around - strikes a light, and lights lamp on table, L.C.; Chair and keg*

QUIG. St. Patrick's is after strikin' eleven. It is time for the Major to come. This boat will save me to get aboard the ship! There she lies! 'Tis time I got away out o' this country. That's too hot to hould me. Whist! I heard the wheels of a car! Ay! it stops! *(Goes to door L.H. Stumbling up stairs.)* It is mighty dark; there comes a lanthorn! 'Tis himself! *(Retires to R., and closes door in flat. Enter SIRR with lantern, followed by DWYER carrying bag. DWYER has a huge carman's coat; a beard conceals his face.)* I thought you would come alone.

SIRR. And carry half a hundred weight of coin? Lave the bag then, my man, and go mind your horse. *(Exit DWYER with lantern.)* Now, sir, count out your money. *(QUIGLEY seizes the bag. Sits at table and counts. SIRR sits L. of table.)*

QUIG. *(Counting.)* He! he! oh, but there's nothing in life so sweet as that sound of coin. *(As he counts.)* Your honor promised me two free passages for myself and Finerty to New York.

SIRR. You will get them when you are done your count there, never fear.

QUIG. I knew you would be as good as your word, sir. There's three hundred - how they shine! *(Opens his vest, takes from his waist a belt, MAJOR SIRR rises and after walking up and down. Exit by door L.; QUIGLEY continues.)*

QUIG. There's two hundred more! Ho! ho! I'm in luck! *(He puts the money into the belt. Enter DWYER, without his beard or coat; he takes the seat recently occupied by MAJOR SIRR.)* Fifty - seventy - eighty - a hundred - six hundred - and I see there's two hundred more! *(He sweeps it all into the belt, and buckles it around his waist.)* There's no knowin' what kind of a crew I will find aboard that ship; and if they knew what cargo I had in my hold, it is a poor chance I'd have to land it. So *(buttons his coat)*, 'tis a heavy load; but it gives a lightness to my heart. Now for the passes, and good-bye Major! *(DWYER advances his hand as he takes QUIGLEY'S hand, QUIGLEY looks up; their faces meet; the candle between)* Mother o' mercy! It is a ghost!

DWYER. I tould you Quigley that some day I would die by your hand, or you would die by mine; that day has come.

QUIG. Would you murdher me, and rob me afther?

DWYER. It would be no murdher to kill a rat! It is not your money I want, it is your life! Keep the price of blood! There are the passes, and there *(throws two knives on the table before QUIGLEY)* choose one of these---they are alike! *(QUIGLEY takes the knives and examines them by the candle; suddenly he blows the candle out, and springs on DWYER, who, leaping to one side, avoids him.)*

DWYER. Egorra! I forgot the blackguard I was dalin' wid! (*As he dodges around the table, he meets the chair in which DWYER had been seated; he seizes it, and holds DWYER at bay; he calls:*) Anne - Anne avourneen! come! (*Anne appears at door L.H. with lantern.*)

ANNE. What's the matter?

DWYER. All right - stand there and give us a light!

ANNE. Kill him Mike! kill him!

DWYER. Never fear! (*Holds the light above her head.*)

ANNE. Will I help you?

DWYER. No; I'll be equal to the dirty work. Come on, Quigley! Are ye afeerd of an unarmed man? Don't be bashful! why a rat would make a better fight. (*As QUIGLEY makes a rush at him, he claps the chair over his head, which appears through the legs and rails, while his arms are pinioned to the back legs and side rails*) The rat is in the trap! (*He pins him against the wall; holding him then with one hand, he seizes his throat by the other*) D'ye remember the grip?

QUIG. Mer - mercy!

DWY: I don't hear what you are saying! Spake up, man! (*QUIGLEY drops the knives.*) That's right, be asy now; you are goin' into the liffey, where the price of blood will take you to the bottom. So, he's gone to where he will meet Masther Robert to-morrow - to where I must answer one day for what I have done to-night. (*Quig falls into wheelbarrow. Anne descends and leans over table, lantern in hand. She opens the door at back; he throws QUIGLEY out; they get into the boat and disappear; the shed is drawn off; the river appears; they are in the boat; a vessel with lights burning is seen about a quarter of a mile away*)

*(End of tableau. Scene closes in.)*

*Scene 6 - A corridor in Kilmainham jail. Enter Sergeant and four men with drum. Then Norman.*

NORM. Has the time come?

SERG. It is time, sir.

NORM. And no reprieve. Have the supplications of Miss Wolfe and of Miss Curran failed to move his excellency? Ah, there is Mr. Curran. Well, sir, what news.

CUR. The best. His worship will order the execution to be suspended—and send a reprieve—in incurring Emmet's humble supplication to the Crown for a commutation of his sentence.

*(Enter ROBERT.)*

SERG. He is here.

ROBT. Yes, here, sir. Oh, sir! I know I have done you a very severe injury - greater than I can atone for with my life. Let my love for your daughter plead for me. Do not turn away. Do not let

a man with the coldness of death upon him feel any other coldness.

CUR. Robert, my poor boy, I would hide my weakness from you. God forbid I should turn away from the son of my old friend - the child who has played about my knees!

NORM. We have no time for bletherin'. Why don't you tell the lad what has been done for his sake.

CUR. Miss Wolfe and my daughter have been with the lord-lieutenant pleading for a commutation of your sentence. I urged my own claim on the Government for many and valuable services. His Excellency was much moved by their prayers, and, at last, in consideration of your youth and your distraction, he yielded so far as to receive your petition to the crown for its mercy, to be forwarded to London. (*Hands Robert a paper.*)

NORM. I have seen my uncle, Norbury. He will back the prayer.

CUR. Meanwhile execution will be stayed.

ROBT. (*Reading to himself.*) "To the King's Most Excellent Majesty. The humble petition of Robert Emmet, a prisoner lying under sentence of death." (*Reads the rest in silence.*) Oh, sir! This is a beggar's petition for life! for life at any price! What shall I say? What answer can I make to those angels of love and pity. I see their pleading faces, their sweet eyes blinded with tears, lifted to mine. I see the sweet, childish mouth of Tiney trembling with her tender supplication! Yet between my kisses I would say I cannot crawl to the foot of the throne and sue for pardon. My country is my accomplice! Shall I indict her by confessing my penitence? Ah, sir, you may call me mad. It may be so. Call me rash. The fool of vain hopes. Tell his Excellency I am sensible of his goodness, but I cannot accept a few dishonorable years as the price of my life to come. (*Norman up back to door R.C.*)

CUR. You refuse the royal clemency?

ROBT. No! I will accept so much of it as His Majesty may grant to one so poor as I am. I ask to face the death of a soldier. Let me stand before a platoon of brave fellows, and wearing the uniform of my country let me fall like a man, and not die by the rope like a dog.

NORM: (*Comes doen and shakes Robert's hand not looking at him.*) Thankee, sir; thankee! I'm proud o' ye! 'Tis a shame to waste a mon like yersel'.

CUR. Must I take back this answer to his excellency?

ROBT. I have staked my life, and have lost the game. It is a debt of honor, and as such must be paid within twenty-four hours. (*Smiling, as he offers Curran his hand.*) You see, sir, it takes all I have in the world to meet the claim.

CUR. Give me some ground to plead upon. Will you not promise to forsake the cause that has betrayed you?

ROBT. Ask me to forsake your daughter, and be foresworn to my love. Bear with me, sir - and let me live out my life - what is left of it is full of her. Her dear image is before me. I have no other care - no other thought - this is the eve of my wedding-night. I lie down in my grave to

dream of her until I wake to meet my bride at the altar of heaven. Tell her I wait her there.

CUR. Farewell, Robert, my son.

ROBT. God bless you, sir; for that word. Do not be cast down, my friend. If I had fallen in the strife of battle, it would not have been a more glorious ending. I sought no other. You promised me to see my mother this morning, and bring to me her blessing. Have you seen her?

NORM. No, Robert, for you will receive your blessing from herself.

ROBT. She is coming to see me?

NORM. No; you are going to see her.

ROBT: She - she is dead?

NORM: She died last night.

ROBT: My sentence killed her! God forgive me! Well, I go to seek her pardon! (A bell tolls) Is that the signal? Ay, I see it is.

THE YARD AT KILMAINHAM – *Muffled drums are heard. Enter SERGEANT with a file of men, followed by NORMAN CLAVERHOUSE and EMMET. R. Norman Xs L.*

ROBT. *(To Norman.)* You promised to stand by me to end! Well! Let it come! Is this the place? Where shall I stand?

SERG. There! *(Points to L.H.)*

ROBT. *(Takes off his coat and cravat.)* Sergeant, accept this watch; let it remind you of this hour. *(Takes out his purse.)* You brave fellows will accept these few pieces - they are useless to me now. *(Gives purse to SERGEANT.)* Let me be buried in my uniform, and with this portrait, that has lain for years upon my heart; tell her it was pressed to my lips when I blessed her name with my last breath; tell her to be happy. *(Bell tolls; Norman falls in his arms weeping)* Come, come, do not let your tears unman me. Men! you have your duty to perform - do it bravely, as I have done mine! This death is a boon, not a penalty! It is an honor to fall before you! and I receive your salute over my grave! I am ready! *(Turns up stage)*

SERG. Right wheel, March! *(The file of men wheel round and exeunt R.)*

*(The SERGEANT re-enters and stands R. Robert embraces NORMAN tenderly)* This for Sara, and this for Tiney. *(Kisses him twice farewell. He goes up L.C. to the wall of the prison; stands a moment as if in prayer, then pressing the medallion to his lips, he extends his left arm in which he holds his cravat.)* God bless my country. *(He drops the cravat; a volley is heard; he falls on his knees, his face on his heart; the shots strike the wall, and show where they have scarred the masonry. Small clouds of dust fall to the ground. The black flag is raised. Bell tolls. Stage dark. NORMAN stands with his head averted. The wall behind EMMET slowly opens. A vista of pale blue clouds appears. The figure of Ireland clothed in palest green*

*and with a coronet of shamrocks in her hair descends slowly; and bending forward when she reaches the spot behind EMMET. She kneels. Two children at her feet, R. and L., draw slowly back the body of EMMET until his head lies looking up into her face. Tableau.)*

**THE END.**