Robert Emmet, the martyr of Irish liberty. An historical drama in three acts

James Pilgrim

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FRENCH’S STANDARD DRAMA.

ROBERT EMMET,
THE MARTYR OF IRISH LIBERTY.

In Historical Drama,
IN THREE ACTS.

BY JAMES PILGRIM,
AUTHOR OF
PADDY THE PIPER; CHILDREN OF LOVE; HARRY BURNHAM;
SHANDY McGUIRE; IRISH ASSURANCE; RIGHTS OF WOMEN;
MABEL, THE CHILD OF THE BATTLEFIELD; MOSE IN
FRANCE; FEMALE HIGHWAYMAN; IRELAND AND
AMERICA; YANKEE JACK; BARNEY O’NEIL;
EVA, THE IRISH PRINCESS; PIRATE DOCTOR;
KENNETH, OR THE WEIRD WOMAN OF THE HIGHLANDS; PRINCESS
SWEETLIPS; EVELEEN WILSON; PAULEE CLIFFORDEE; SER-
VANTS BY LEGACY; YANKEE HOUSEMAID; LADY’S STRATA-
GEM; PHANTOM NEGRO; LORD OF THE ISLES;
CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE; ESTELLE GRANT;
ETC.

FROM
SAMPSON FRENCH
26 YARD ST.

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Containing Rouge, Pearl Powder, Whiting, Mongolian, Ruddy Rouge, Violet Powder,
Fix and Puff; Chrome, Blue, Burnt Cork, Pencils for the eyelids, Spirit Gum, India Ink,
Camel Hair Brushes, Hare’s Foot, Wool, Graped Hair, Cold Cream, Joining Paste, Min-
iture Puffs, Scissors and Looking Glass; packed neatly in Strong Fancy Card-board
boxes, $4.00; Elegant Tin Cases, $5.00.

THE ABOVE ARTICLES TO BE HAD SEPARATELY. FOR PRICES, SEE CATALOGUE.
With a view to obviate the great difficulty experienced by Amateurs (particularly in country houses) in obtaining Scenery, &c., to fix in a Drawing Room, and then only by considerable outlay for hire and great damage caused to walls, we have decided to keep a series of Scenes, &c., colored on strong paper, which can be joined together or pasted on canvas or wood, according to requirement. Full directions, with diagrams showing exact size of Back Scenes, Borders, and Wings, can be had free on application. The following four scenes consists each of thirty sheets of paper.

**GARDEN.**

The above is an illustration of this scene. It is kept in two sizes. The size of the back scene of the smaller one is 10 feet long and 6½ feet high, and extends, with the wings and borders, to 15 feet long and 8 feet high. The back scene of the large one is 16 feet long and 9 feet high, and extends, with the wings and border, to 20 feet long and 11½ feet high. It is not necessary to have the scene the height of the room, as blue paper to represent sky is usually hung at the top. Small size, with Wings and Border complete, $7.50; large size, do., $10.00.

**WOOD.**

This is similar in style to the above, only a wood scene is introduced in the centre. It is kept in two sizes, as the previous scene, and blue paper can be introduced as before indicated. Small size, with Wings and Borders complete, $7.50; large size, do., $10.00.

**FOLIAGE.**—This is a sheet of paper on which foliage is drawn, which can be repeated and cut in any shape required. Small size, 30 in. by 20 in., 25 cts. per sheet; large size, 40 in. by 30 in., 35 cts. per sheet.

**TREE TRUNK.**—This is to be used with the foliage sheets and placed at the bottom of the scene.—Price and size same as foliage.

**DRAWING ROOM.**

This scene is only kept in the large size. The back scene is 13 feet long and 9 feet high, and extends, with the wings and borders, to 20 feet long and 11½ feet high. In the centre is a French window, leading down to the ground, which could be made practicable if required. On the left wing is a fireplace with mirror above, and on the right wing is an oil painting. The whole scene is tastefully ornamented and beautifully colored, forming a most elegant picture. Should a box scene be required extra wings can be had, consisting of doors each side, which could be made practicable. Price, with Border and one set of Wings, $10.00; with Border and two sets of Wings, to form box scene, $12.50.

**COTTAGE INTERIOR.**

This scene is also kept in the large size only. In the centre is a door leading outside. On the left centre is a rustic fireplace, and the right centre is a window. On the wings are painted shelves, &c., to complete the scene. A box scene can be made by purchasing extra wings, as before described, and forming doors on each side. Price, with Border and one set of Wings, $10.00; with Border and two sets of Wings, to form box scene, $12.50.

The above Scenes, mounted, can be seen at 28 West 23d St., New York. Full directions accompany each Scene.
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THE MARTYR OF IRISH LIBERTY

An Historical Drama,

IN THREE ACTS.

By JAMES PILGRIM,

AUTHOR OF


NEW YORK
SAMUEL FRENCH
PUBLISHER
26 WEST 23D STREET

LONDON
SAMUEL FRENCH
PUBLISHER
89 STRAND
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ROBERT EMMET.

COSTUME.

Emmet—First Dress. Green, double-breasted body, patriot club coat, gilt buttons, collar and cuffs embroidered with small scrolls of shamrock in gold; green undress cap; black pantaloons and Hessian boots; light brown head of hair; white cravat; roquelaure.

Second Dress. Blue coat, gilt buttons; buff, double-breasted vest; lack pantaloons; Hessian boots; white cravat; yeoman crowned hat.

Darcy.—Gray frieze, long-tailed coat, white metal buttons; calf-skin waistcoat; sheep-skin breeches; gray stockings; red cravat; black high ow shoes, and brass buckles; black yeoman hat.

Topfall.—Red double-breasted coat, blue turn backs, gold lace; chevrons; white kerseymere breeches; long black gaiters, with white buttons; white buck sword-belt, and curved sword; crimson sash; gold epaulettes; yeoman crowned shako, trimmed with gold lace; red and white long straight feather; black shoes.

Dowdall.—First Dress. Brown body coat, gilt buttons; white double-breasted vest; white cravat; gray pantaloons; Hessian boots.

Second Dress. Green double-breasted body coat, same as Emmet; gray pantaloons; Hessian boots; green undress cap; white cravat; brown head of hair; yeoman crown hat.

Kerrn.—Coat same as Dowdall; buckskin pantaloons; top boots, the top very deep, of a dark drab color, and worn low down upon the calf; roquelaure; dark wig; bell-crowned hat; white cravat.

O'Leary.—White flannel undress military jacket; red vest; white corduroy breeches; black stockings; short white gaiters; black shoes; yeoman crowned hat; blue birdseye handkerchief.

Lord Norbury.—Black cloth body coat, vest, and breeches, black silk stockings; black shoes, and small silver buckles; white cravat; long flapped, white, full curled, judge's wig; round black silk patch on crown of wig; scarlet robe, trimmed with ermine; black chapeau bras for sentence.

Baron George.—Same as Norbury; no chapeau bras.

Baron Daly.—Same as Baron George.

Corporal Thomas.—Same as Topfall, only trimmed with worsted lace; white buck cross-belts; cartridge-box; white worsted chevrons; cap trimmed with white worsted lace.

Soldiers.—Same as Corporal Thomas.

Connor.—Black velveteen shooting coat; red plush vest; corduroy breeches; blue stockings; high low shoes; chocolate neckerchief; gray wig.

O'Daly.—Green baize coat; striped vest; corduroy breeches; gray stockings; black shoes; yellow neckerchief; countryman's hat.

Irish Peasants.—Same as O'Daly.

Maria—First Dress. Dark blue satin dress; black shoes.

Second Dress, (3d Act.) Black satin dress.

Judy.—Sky-blue petticoat, flowered; country girl's tuck-up gown; red stockings; black shoes, small crowned cap; gipsy hat, tied under the chin.

Paisant Girls.—Various colored peasant dresses; gipsy hats.

PERIOD, 1794.

SCENE.


Time of representation, two hours.
ROBERT EMMET.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Landscape, 7 G. Stone bridge across S. G. R. to L., practical, with return piece on L. H.; two rows set waters across ground piece in front; set church, L. H. S. E., with spire, cross on it, partly covered with ivy; set cottage, R. H. 2 E., with door and window practical; a board on which is printed “The Volunteer,” a table, L. H., and four stools; group of men and women discovered kneeling near church, L. C.; slow church music.

CHORUS.

Let Christian faith and hope dispel
The fears of guilt and woe!
There’s one above that is our Friend;
And who can prove a foe?

(All exeunt slowly, R. and L.)

Enter O’Leary from cottage, R. H. 2 E.

O’Leary. (Looking mournfully after the peasants.) Heaven protect the faithful. Ireland, my beloved country, when will thy sorrows cease? Sixty summers have passed since I helped to lay the foundation of the old bridge, and assisted my father in raising the cottage. Tyranny and oppression have done their work. This once happy neighborhood that welcomed the shades of evening with joyous faces both in song and dance, when the valley echoed with the sound of the merry pipes—alas! how changed! Year after year brings fresh sorrow and degradation to the land of my birth, whose ancient glory was the password to fame. (Darby sings without, R. H. U. E.) Ah, a stranger! I must be cautious! There are so many spies employed by the government, who prowl about disguised with the mask of friendship, ensnaring the honest man to suit their vile purposes. (Lively music.)

Enter Darby, R. H. U. E., crosses bridge, R. to L., comes down & O’Leary seats himself at table on L. H.

Darby. (To O’Leary.) How are you, old stock?
O’Leary. Quite well, I thank you, friend.
Is your name O'Leary?

O'Leary. (Angry.) That's my name, sir. Have you any thing to say against it?

Darby. Devil a word, man alive; so don't lose your temper. My name is Darby O'Gaff, an Irishman bred and born; and what's more, I don't care a damn who knows it.

O'Leary. I have known many who professed the same principle; but regret to say, for the benefit of our country, how different they have acted for its welfare.

Darby. Bad luck to the likes of them.—Well, it's an old saying n a true one. "There is always black sheep to be found in a flock," and it's myself that would wish no better sport, (shaking his stick,) than to slader the conscious out of them, and by my soul I'm the boy that would do it within an inch of their lives.

O'Leary. You speak like a man after my own heart; yet I have paid dearly for my experience. Irishmen are too often led astray by placing confidence in strangers.

Darby. Faith, that's true enough, it's a great failing with the Pats, telling the devil too much of his mind; however, I have heard your character, Mr. O'Leary, and have no occasion to eat my words, so bring us a noggin of whiskey to sweep the cobwebs out of my throat.

O'Leary. With pleasure. (Exit into cottage, r. h. 2 e.)

Darby. It's mighty hard, so it is, that a man's obliged to keep his tongue between his teeth for fear of some blackguard swallowing that which don't belong to him. Sure O'Leary's a man of learning, and understands the ways of the world.

Re-enter O'Leary, r. h. 2 e, with whiskey—places it on table, l. h.

That's right; a drop of the crater will stir me up like old cheese, for I've tired I am entirely. (Drinks.)

O'Leary. Have you journeyed far to-day?

Darby. I have that same, on the marrow-bone stage, (stamping his feet,) from Dunlary through Dublin.

O'Leary. Indeed! What is the news in the great city?

Darby. The news is it?—Faith, there's all sorts of it. The reedogs are strutting about, and don't seem over easy about the affairs of the nation, and the people look at them wid a nod and a wink, which lainsly shows that the Irish blood is in commotion and they will soon have to whistle for their taxes.

O'Leary. Would to Heaven the hour had arrived.—Old as I am, I'd grasp a sword in the cause of freedom.

Darby. More power to ye. (Grasping his hand.) May ye never die till the green banner waves in the breeze on Dublin Castle, and the boys of the sod knocks spots out of the British Lion, and be d—d to him.

O'Leary. Amen.—But the sons of the Emerald isle will have to drink deep of blood, before she can rise up in her ancient glory.

Darby. To the devil I pitch the glory—it's justice we want, and justice we will have. I've made up my mind to pay no more taxes and may I never hear of Vinegar Hill over a bottle of whiskey if
don’t play the drum on the heads of the tax gatherers with the patent drumsticks my father gave me. (Shaking his fists. Distant drum, R. H. u. E.) Eh! the spalpeens are coming this way. Faith, there’s mischief brewing. (Hurried music. Men and women hurry across bridge from R. H. to L. H.; comes forward in great fear.) What the devil’s the matter with ye all, that your legs are running away with your bodies so fast?

O’Mara. The soldiers are coming!

Darby. Bad luck to them, let them come; there’s enough of us at their jackets, any how — the more we submit to the blackguard the more we may.

O’Leary. Go into the house, friends.—I’m an old soldier who for years witnessed the cruelty of the men we have to deal with in a foreign land.

Darby. Devil a step I’ll move. (Flourishing stick.) Here’s a piece of blackthorn that belonged to my grandfather before he was born, and I’ll go bail that I’ll slaver the skulls of any man of them who dares to say black is the white of my eye.

O’Leary. Take my advice — I beg that you will all go into the house. (Military march piano.)

O’Mara. Yes, yes, let’s go into the house!

Darby. Well, well, I wouldn’t for the world offend you, Mr. O’Leary; but remember if the bog trotters come any of their nonsense, Darby O’Gaff’s at your elbow. (Exeunt peasants into cottage, R. H. 2 E. — (Aside.) Be d—d but I’d like to have a whack at some of them, any how! (Exeunt into cottage, R. H. 2 E. O’Leary sits at table, L. H. March, forte.)

Enter Sergeant Topfall with soldiers across bridge from R. H. to L. H., with Dowdall a prisoner, his arms pinioned behind him. Comes down, L. H.

Sergt. Halt, men—dismiss. (Soldiers stack guns, come down, sit at table, L. H.—To O’Leary.) Well, landlord, you’re taking it easy however, there’s nothing like it when you can do it on the square We have had a tolerable stiff march, and I must confess that you, Irish miles are plagued long ones, and I was dused glad to see the smoke curling through the trees from your tavern.—You don’t appear over courteous in welcoming us.—Are you a friend or foe?

O’Leary. (Rising.) A friend always to the oppressed, and a foe to the oppressor.

Serg. Come, come, mind what you say; my authority is not to be trifled with when I ask a question as a sergeant in the king’s service I demand a direct answer: are you a loyal subject—a friend to your country?

O’Leary. Look at this scar on my forehead—I received it in fighting for my country.

Serg. Be direct in your replies, or it may be worse for you!

O’Leary. Am I to be insulted without cause at the threshold of my own door? My gray hairs should, at least, command some respect, yeat from British soldiers!
Scene 1.] ROBERT EMMET.

Darby. (Peeping from window in cottage, r. h. 2 e.) The devil roast the lot of them, and it's myself that would like to be the cook. By St. Patrick I'd baste them well with the dripping!

Serg. Well, I don't want to annoy you; but we are hungry, and must have something to eat.—(To soldiers.) Come, boys, let's see what the old man's larder contains. (Advancing to cottage.)

O'Leary. (Stopping him.) Stop, friend; this cottage I inherited from my good old father, and the land we now stand on was his birthright, and, old as I am, I defy you or any other man entering its door without my consent!

Serg. O, very well, I see you want me to make use of my authority.—You may be a bold fellow—

O'Leary. I am an honest man.

Serg. Then why refuse to give hungry men something to eat?

Darby. (At window, r. h. 2 e.) You lie, you ghost of a lobster, an Irishman never denies the bite and the sup either to friend or enemy. The old man only wants that which costs nothing—civility—and, by my soul, I'll batter your skull if you don't give it to him!

Serg. Insult to the king's troops.—Men, go in and bring that fellow out!

O'Leary. (Interposing.) No, no. He's but a poor country boy, and don't comprehend the meaning of our conversation. Such as my poor cottage affords is freely at your service.—Sit down, and I will bring you some refreshments.

Serg. Then quick, march; Mr. Landlord, I have no desire to have a row; but eating is the word. (Exit O'Leary into cottage, r. h. 2 e.) We must look after our stomachs.

Darby. (At window, aside.) Be d---d but I'll give you the fill of your stomachs before I'm done with you, and something on your backs in the bargain.

Serg. (Takes letter from his belt—glancing over it.) There's treason in every word of this letter, and signed Robert Emmet.—(To Dowdall.) Can you tell me, prisoner, who this Robert Emmet is?

Dow. A man.

Serg. Well, I didn't imagine that he was a woman. I distinctly asked you who is he?

Dow. An Irishman!

Serg. Say rather a traitor, who has been scattering the seeds of rebellion through the country.

Dow. He is no traitor, sir. I know him to be a just and honorable man, that loves his native soil—a true patriot, who has ventured his all to rescue a groaning people from the base English aristocracy!

Darby. (At window, aside.) Long life to ye, my bold fellow.—The devil may hoist me if I don't rescue you from them blackguards, any how!

Serg. I don't know any thing about the aristocracy.—Soldiers never pretend to know any thing but the orders issued by our superior officers.
Re-enter O'Leary, R. H. 2 E., with tray, bottles and bread, and meat. Places it on table, L. H.

O'Leary. There is the best my humble roof can afford. Shall I give something to your prisoner?

Serg. Don't trouble yourself. (Eating with soldiers.) Mr. Landord, self-preservation is the first law of nature: after we are done will be time enough. The prisoner has given me nothing but saucy answers since he has been in my charge: one good turn deserves another.

Darby. (At window, aside.) That's true; one good turn deserves another, and, by the hole in my coat, I'll do one for you before you're aware of it! (Leaves window.)

O'Leary. This may be the English way of treating the unfortunate: but, damn me—

Enter Darby from cottage, R. H. 2 E. Puts his hand over his mouth.

Darby. (Aside.) Easy—I'll show the spalpeens a trick!

O'Leary. (Pushing Darby away.) I will speak my mind, come what may; it's against the laws of nature and humanity for men who profess to be Christians to eat and drink, and not give a mouthful to a fellow-creature, although a prisoner. The food is mine, and was purchased by honest industry, and I insist the prisoner partakes of a share! (During the above Darby beckons on the peasants, R. H. 2 E. v. v., by his instructions, take possession of the soldiers' guns, and release Dowdall.)

Serg. O, if you're inclined to bluster, I must put a stopper on your mouth: don't go for to think that I'll put up with any nonsense. (Rising.) Men, seize that old rascal!

Darby. On to them, boys. Old Ireland forever! (Music. Soldiers start up, Sergeant seizes O'Leary, Darby knocks him down, soldiers rush up for guns, are met by Dowdall and peasants, fight, Darby knocks one down after the other, till soldiers are overpowered. Tableau. Scene closes.)


Enter Kernan, 1 E. L. H., cautiously.

Ker. I have despatched the letter to the authorities, and am sure of a large reward. The soldiers will enter by a secret door, and my name will not be known in the transaction. (Thunder.) A storm is coming on. (Knocks at door. 2 chords.)

Voice within. Who is there?

Ker. A friend.

Voice within. Your name.

Ker. Liberty.

Voice within. Enter.
Ker. (Looking at H.) Ah, who comes this way? ’tis Robert Emmet; of late his time has been mostly spent in the depot. I am acting a bad part in this affair; but since the explosion of our magazine there is little or no hope of success; even the attempt might cost me my neck. Emmet has ever been my opponent; when a boy at college he crossed my path; when I thought a prize within my grasp he stepped forth and became the victor. Manhood again brought the gang, the wrong; the only woman I ever loved he sought and won. Ah! we have a long account to settle. And at the moment when my colleagues were about to elect me as their leader, Robert Emmet joined the league and triumphed (Bitterly.) But that triumph shall be short—he comes! (Thunder. Exit, D. F. R. H.)

Enter Emmet in a cloak, I. H. 1 E. Thunder.

Em. A storm gathers fast; the busy hum of the motley populace is brushed to sleepy silence; the hour of reflection is come; night brings the calm season of thought, and I have thoughts to-night. Bright, waking dreams have floated before me of happier days for my beloved country; the struggle is at hand; the oath I have sworn to fulfil is hazardous one. What hath goaded me on? Ambition? No! By my dear father's memory, 'tis love of country and liberty alone I it draws near the hour! Mighty nation! may the goddess of Freedom, from her court above, guide thy sons to a glorious path, or bury our name forever! (Knocks at door, R. F.) Voice within. Who is there?

Em. A friend.

Voice within. Your name.

Em. Liberty. (Door opens; exit Emmet, D. F. R. H. Thunder, lightning, rain; cautious music.)

Enter Darby, R. H. 1 E., followed by Dowdall and O'Leary.

Darby. 'Tis myself that knows mighty well that I'm close to the place, any how; spake easy till I find the door; faith, I wish that I was a cat, for then I'd be able to see in the dark.

Low. (Feeling door.) This is the storehouse, or I'm much mistaken. (Storm. Knocks.)

O'Leary. If so, give the signal, for I long to see the man whose honor and integrity every Irishman may well be proud of.

Darby. It's the honest truth you're spaking; may your shadow never grow less (Knocks at door.) Voice within. Who is there?

Darby. A friend.

Voice within. Your name.

Darby. Liberty.

Voice within. Enter.

Darby Go in, boys. I'll step through the alley to the barracks, to see if any thing is going on in that quarter, and be back again here in less than no time at all. (Exit Dowdall and O'Leary, D. F. R. H.) I must run down to widow Finnigan's, for that bit of a shindy and the walking I've had has made me as hungry as a jackass; be gorry, we made soldiers fly, and well whacked them with their own weapons.
Divil a better sport I'd like than to fall in with that sergeant. I'd take
a small trifle more of his authority out of him.

Enter Sergeant Topfall, 1 E. L. H., without his coat or hat covered
with mud.

Serg. O dear, O dear! here's a pickle I'm in; and it's so precious
dark I can't find my way to the barracks. I only wish I was back in
England again. What a fool I was to enlist!
Darby. (Aside.) Inlist! easy, Darby; this fellow must be a soldi er—
perhaps a spy; if I was sure of it I'd throttle the vagabone.
Serg. I thought I heard somebody speak.
Darby. (Aside.) I must find out whether it's friend or enemy; if
't's the latter, I'll slatter him!
Serg. Speak, if there's any one here, for I have lost my way.
Darby. The divil you have; and you're trying to find it in the dark
What part of Dublin do you want?
Serg. The barracks.
Darby. (Aside.) What is he going there for, I wonder? I thought
every fool knew the road to the barracks.
Serg. I don't, for one, in the dark. If you'll take me there I'll
give you sixpence.
Darby. Och! I'll do that same without the sixpence; but what
are you going there for, at this time of night? Sure, they won't let
you in.
Serg. Yes, they will; I'm a soldier, and have been most shamefully
ill-treated.
Darby. Is that a fact? Who ill-treated you?
Serg. Some ruffians at a roadside tavern. I stopped to take some
refreshments; me and my comrades were treated in a most barbarous
manner.
Darby. Faith, it's a mighty big pity to meddle with the likes of you;
and what became of your comrades?
Serg. I haven't the remotest idea. They thrashed us most unmer-
cifully. Bless you! I haven't any coat or hat; I lost them in the
fight.
Darby. Upon my conscience I'm sorry for you. And what became
of the sergeant?
Serg. Here, that's me; I am that unfortunate Sergeant Topfall
ounded almost to a jelly.
Darby. You're that same blackguard, are you? I'll give you the
second edition. (Music. Beats him with stick; he shouts murder.
DARBY was off, R. H. 1 E. SERGEANT rolls about on stage in pain.)

Enter Corporal and file of soldiers, L. H. 1 E.

Corp. Take that drunken fool to the guard house. (Soldiers take
hold of him.)
Serg. Stop, stop! don't you know me? I'm Sergeant Topfall.
Corp. Away with him! (Music. Soldiers carry SERGEANT off,
struggling and trying to explain, followed by CORPORAL, L. H. 1 E.)
SCENE III.—The Council Chamber of the Insurgents in the depo 3 a.
Door centre of flat, a bar across it. Table, c, on it lighted candles, papers, pen, ink. Emmet at the head of table; Dowdall, E. H., Kernan, L. H. O’Leary and a number of persons discovered seated upon chairs and benches on r. and l. c.

Dou. (r. H.) Is the door bolted without?
Ker. (l. H.) All as secure.
Em. (Writing, c) Have we all assembled?
Dou. All!
Ker. (Aside.) I gave the password in the letter; it must be near the time. Now, Robert Emmet, comes my triumph. (Sits.)

Emm. Fellow-countrymen: You have perused the letters from our friends, and understand the plans I have suggested; but weigh them well in the scales of your better judgment, and let discretion guide our counsels. The children of '98 paid dearly for their hasty movements. Then, as a boy, my blood rose indignant, and I longed to revenge them; the scenes of that period can never be erased from my memory. The blood-smeared soldier hanging up the poor defenceless peasantry, even in the streets of Dublin; wives lamenting their husbands—children their parents. Fellow-countrymen, look at our present condition; our soil uncultivated, our manufactures crushed, and we all subservient to the caprice of a foreign power. Upon the day the brave Fitzgerald died in his country’s cause—may every Irishman venerate his name—upon that day, boy as I was, I swore to devote my life and fortune to the relief of a suffering people; the vision of my childhood is never absent from my thoughts. I saw the pampered lords of another soil gormandizing upon the hard-earned labors of the poor peasant. I heard the merry song from the thatched cottage. But the tax gatherers came, and all was gloom; O that we had another Cincinnatus, or some godly Washington, to rise up, shake off our servitude, and hail the natal day of Irish liberty.

Dou. Have you decided to attack the Castle?

Emm. I have. Fellow-countrymen, to my home I’ll return no more till our object be accomplished, or I find beneath the laurel shades of death a soldier’s grave. Is there one in this assembly who dreads the approaching contest? the hour fraught with a nation’s fate—the hour that gives to Ireland liberty and fame, or guides us to the silent tomb? Who fears death in his country’s cause?

O’Leary. Our cause is just; we will not fail. As Irishmen we are bound together by oath too terrible to break. (Three knocks with ou!, D. F. C.; all start.)
BOB I. PRT. Ellllft. K w.  'Tis one of our party.

Em. (Goes to D. F. C.) Who is there?

Voice without. A friend.

Em. Your name.

Voice without. Liberty.

Em. Enter. (Unbars door. Soldiers rush on and down R. H.; Dowdall, O'Leary, and others go down L. H. Kernan crosses, R. H.

o soldiers.)

Ker. (r. H. to soldiers.) Why do you pause? Seize Robert Emmet and his rebellious gang.

Em. (c.) What! Kernan, have you betrayed us?

Ker. I have. Seize them!

Em. (c.) No, seize that traitor Kernan, whose name henceforth shall be a by-word through the land. (Soldiers seize Kernan.)

Wretch! what canst thou expect?

Ker. This is some mistake. Soldiers, do your duty. Robert Emmet is the conspirator.

Em. Villain, thy treachery is known; thy letters to the British officers fell into my hands. (Pointing to soldiers.) These are my followers disguised as English soldiers. O, mayst thou feel—but no, thou art no man. No Irish blood flows through thy veins. What must be his doom?

Omens. (On L. H.) Death, death!

Dow. No mercy to the traitor who would sell his country for a bribe.

O'Leary. Ah! instant death!

Em. Man, thou hast made me doubt an oath so sacred—a cause so glorious—a nation's liberty at stake. By all the ancient kings that once reigned over this fair isle, I would have expired on the rack, yea, died a thousand deaths, before I'd be guilty of so vile a crime.

Ker. O, spare my life!

Omens. Death to the traitor! (All are about to rush upon Kernan.)

Em. (Stopping them.) Hold! wrong should I be to shed blood; what did the great American say when the British Major Andre was convicted as a spy? his heart bled, but liberty condemned him; thy crime is of a deeper dye,—thou wouldst sacrifice the land that gave thee birth. But in older hands than mine I place thee, to their wiser judgment. For myself I forgive thee. (Music. Kernan falls at Emmet's feet.)

TABLEAU.

2 Soldiers. 2 Soldiers. Emmet. Patriots

2 Soldiers. Kernan, Dowdall, O'Leary.

2 Soldiers. kneeling.

Dowdall.

END OF ACT FIRST.
ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Chamber in Emmet’s House, 2 o. Table and two chairs on L. H. Maria enters, reading a letter.

Maria. Yes, dear Robert, whatever thy fate, I will share it with thee. (Reads. “Dearest love, business of an impressing nature calls me hencet but to-morrow, as there is truth in constancy, I will be with you.”) Alas! my heart tells me he is engaged in some desperate struggle; his countenance reveals to me that his soul is fraught with some great deed. Last night I had such dreams! (Rises.) Methought I heard him shouting freedom through the capital to weeping Ireland; then came a buzz of mingling sounds with the clash of arms; the green banner floated in the breeze; ten thousand tongues proclaimed aloud, “Robert Emmet, the champion! Ireland is free!” My heart beat with radiant hope in my proud bosom; I knelt in prayer. But the bright vision vanished; the scene was changed; a river of blood appeared; crimsoned waves lashed and foamed, and there upon the gory tide I saw a form as if mangled by savage beasts! ’Twas Emmet! (Buries her face in her hands.)

Enter Judy, running, 1 E. L. H.

Judy. (Joyfully.) Och, mistress dear, he’s come, he’s come! May he live forever, for the sake of my blessed old mother, for he’s going to marry the daughter, and that’s myself!

Maria. Who mean you?

Judy. Faith, it’s my own dear darling, Darby O’Gaff. Sure, I’ll never forget the day when your father’s carriage drove along, and saved poor Darby and myself from the soldiers, and took me into your service for nothing at all, and made me a lady’s maid.

Maria. Invite your friend in, Judy, and make him welcome.

Judy. Faith, and he’s rubbing his brogues at the door, like a real gentleman. (Calling.) Come in, Darby, jewel. (Goes up.)

Enter Darby, with a letter, 1 E. L. H.

Darby. (Bowing awkwardly.) Beg your pardon, ma’am; I’m here ma’am; Judy called me, ma’am.

Maria. I requested her to do so.

Darby. Thank’ee, ma’am; may the blessings of good living be wide and bad times never come within smelling distance of your ladyship, if you please, here’s a small trifle of a letter for your good-looking self. (Bowing, and gives letter.)

Maria. Ah! ’tis from Emmet. (Opens letter; reads: “I wish to see you at your brother’s house immediately.”) I come, my dear Robert. Yet why did he not return home? Some mystery.—(To Darby,) When did you see Mr. Emmet?

Darby. About a half an hour ago, ma’am. “Darby,” said he, “you’re a boy that I can trust; take this letter to my lady, and lose no time in delivering it.” Not another word did I hear him speak, for
ROBERT EMMET.

I run all the way here like a rooster. Faith, if I had a fell down, I don't think I'd a stopped to pick myself up again.

Maria. Heaven forbid aught should happen to mar our happiness! (Exit, L. H. 1 s.)

Darby. (L. H., leering at Judy.) Och, is it your darling self that I see in the corner, wid your head as big as a bushel of potatoes, and your mouth swimming wid tears of joy? Judy. (R. H., slowly advancing) It's little I expected to see the likes of ye this blessed morning, wid the hair of your head sticking up like a full-grown field of carrots!

Darby. (Grinning.) Judy, you're the divil, so you are! Ah! come here, and I'll smother ye. (Embraces and kisses her.) Och, what elegant amusement! Judy, if ever I die, I've a notion dis is the way I'd like to go off. (Embracing and kissing her.)

Judy. Sure, Darby, you haven't worked in the clover fields for nothing.

Darby. No, by St. Patrick; I'd wish you to smother me in it.

Judy. You're a broth of a boy, Darby. But what have you been doing so long, that I've not seen you at all at all?

Darby. What have I been doing? Faith, that would bother you entirely, if you knew it. Upon my soul, I hardly know myself. I'm a kind of a walking telegraph, that explains matters to the friends of old Ireland, and puts them on their guard by telling them things that I don't know any thing about myself. So if you 'Understand the business, you're a much better scholar than I took you to be.

Judy. Sure, it's all botheration from bottom to top. But what's the master stopping away from home for?

Darby. Judy, take a fool's advice; never trouble yourself about things that don't belong to ye.

Judy. Och, you needing to be so close all of a sudden. Sure, you wouldn't be so particular over a steaming hot jug of whisky punch if I was holding it under your nose.

Darby. (Grinning.) Judy, you soul, you're a Christian.

Judy. Or a lump of cold pudding wouldn't be after sooting your mouth up.

Darby. O, go along out of that.

Judy. (Coaxing.) Sure, I have the pair of them in the kitchen, Darby dear, and the three-legged stool close to the fire.

Darby. O, musha, hear that! Cold pudding, hot coddlekey, and a three-legged stool close to the fire! And do you mean to tell me that you have got them all for me?

Judy. Yes, Darby dear.

Darby. Erin-go-Bragh! take me down in the kitchen, and I'll swallow the lot of them.

Judy. This way, Darby dear. (Exeunt Judy and Darby, R. H. 1 s.)

Scene II.—A Chamber, 1 G. Enter Emmet and Maria, 1 N. L. A.

Maria. I knew it, Robert, I knew it all. You are connected with the rebellion. Do not let false hope lead you to destruction. Remember
ber but a few short years ago the innocent blood that was spilled, and the cruelties of those in power. Should the enterprise fail, and you fall into the hands of the enemy, they would award thee death.

Em. (With energy.) Better die in freedom's cause than live a tyrant's slave.

Maria. Robert, let us fly from the land, and seek for peace elsewhere. There is a clime yet new in song, a land where all are free; be that our adopted home. Let us cross the seas, and bid adieu to the sweet isle of our childhood, and find beneath the eagle's wings a refuge unstained by oppression's foot, where bright, glorious equality is every true man's boon.

Em. What! fly my country! fly from the suliming people. I have worn to defend! leave them a prey to the insatiate jaws of blood-thirsty tyranny! No, not for a kingdom would I taint the honor that should guide me untaurished to my death!

Maria. Robert, forgive me; woman's weakness prompted my tongue. I am an Irishman's daughter, and will aid thee, if possible, in the cause thou hast espoused.

Em. (Embracing her.) My own dear wife, how happy could I live with thee, even in a cottage, was my country but free to hear the ancient harp again as in the days of yore, when sceptred Brian in his Gothic hall felt inspiration from its thrilling sounds. Nay, weep not; this night we rise, and through the streets of Dublin display the proud banner of our country.

Maria. Great Heaven! this night, Robert! should you fail, your life will be sacrificed!

Em. Then we shall meet in heaven. Come, come, no tears; my heart tells me all will be well; thy husband will return to thee in triumph.

Maria. Yes, yes, and hear a thousand tongues proclaim thee deliverer of our country. Go now, dear Robert; I'll see thee through the garden, and when night comes on, and the stars shine forth in the arched vault of heaven, I'll lift my voice in prayer for thee and Ireland's liberty.

Em. Speak not to thy father of this night's work. (gives it) Hang it on thy bosom, and when thou hearest the shout of liberty and the rush of the multitude, press it to thy heart; it will be the hour of retribution to our enemies, and revenge for Ireland's wrongs.

(Exeunt Emmet and Maria, 1 E. R. H.)


Judy. Sure, I'm as good as a mother to you, Darby dear.

Darby. Yes, and twice as good as a father.
Serg. (Getting tipsy.) Come, young woman, you and your mother can drink that sen setment.

Judy. Sure, myself nor mother won't drink any thing just now.

Serg. (Rising, staggering.) Well, if you won't drink, give me a kiss. (Judy runs to Darby.)

Darby. Just keep your distance, Master Pudding-head, or I'll slap you across the jaw.

Serg. Don't give us any of your impudence, old woman; we are lords and masters here. (Staggering.) Come and give me a kiss Molly, or whatever your name is. (Music. Advancing, Darby takes up soul of flour, throws it into his face; he staggers again; table swaying; Darby very quickly takes rope, throws it over Sergeant and soldiers; it being in a loop, draws them all on to table; Darby lays on them with stick; Judy runs to fire and throws contents of pot over soldiers, who shout and struggle. Scene closes.)

SCENE IV.—A street in Dublin, 1 o. Lights down.

Enter Dowdall, R. H. 1 E.

Dow. So, so, thus far all goes well. Emmet's judicious arrange ment hath accomplished more than I thought it possible in so short a period. He is indeed a bold, determined man, and I will second his efforts this night, if I perish in the attempt. I was fortunate in making my escape from the soldiers, with the private documents for Swords intrusted to my care, thanks to Darby O'Gaff; he is a brave young man, and possesses a true Irish heart; his want of caution gets him into serious difficulties, which would cost many their lives. Still, his singular method and courage get him out of them with eclat; he invariably comes off victorious, although the odds ten to one are against him. (Enter O'Leary, 1 E. L. H.) Well met, O'Leary. How fare our friends in the eastern section?

O'Leary. All well, ah, and prepared for action; each heart beating with impatience for the hour; the bright spirit of hope is in every countenance, and whispering with confidence that to-morrow's sun will shine in triumph upon old Ireland's native shamrock.

Dow. Heaven grant that it may! For my own part, I have no doubt of success; unless, like Kernan, there should be traitors in the league.

O'Leary. That villain should have suffered death the moment his treachery was made known.

Dow. 'Twas Emmet's generosity that prevented us from killing him on the spot. However, he is safely secured in the vault below the depot.

O'Leary. True; and escape is impossible. (Noise without, R. H. 1 E.

Dow. Ah! there is some disturbance in that direction. Let us use discretion and return to the depot by the back streets.

O'Leary. Agreed. I am with you.

(Exeunt O'Leary and Dowdall, 1 E. L. F.)
Enter SERGEANT TOPFALL, R. H. 1 E., covered with four. His nose bleeding; rubbing himself.

Serg. O, what a quilting I've got! I must have been born under an unlucky planet. I'm always in some mess or the other, and gets he worst of it. Just as I thought myself so cosy with lots of eating and drinking, (rubbing himself,) that infernal she devil how she rid it on! all my comrades bolting off and leaving me to be pounded by the old woman and gal. Curse me, if I don't serve them out for it! I'll give them extra drill for deserting their sergeant.

Enter CORPORAL, L. H. 1 E.

Corp. (Seeing SERGEANT.) Ha, ha, ha! Why, you are in a pickle again! (Laughing heartily.) Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!

Serg. (In passion.) What do you mean by this behavior, sir? How dare you laugh at your superior officer?

Corp. Upon my soul, I can't help it, sergeant. Ha, ha, ha!

Serg. Silence, sir; I won't be laughed at. I'll report you to the commanding officer, and he will have you broke.

Corp. Ha, ha, ha! Take care that you don't get broke yourself.

Serg. That's an insult. Mind, I predict you lose your stripes.

Corp. You're a pretty fellow to predict! Why, the sergeant-major said you was the greatest fool in the regiment!

Serg. Did he really? And I suppose you're of the same opinion?

Corp. Of course I am. You never go out with a file of men without getting into trouble. The picket has just returned to the barracks, nearly all crippled, and told the officers of the watch that you took them into some kitchen, where two old women scalded them and pommelled you—

Serg. Damn that old woman! It's all true, corporal. I'm the most unfortunate devil alive. (Drums beat without, L. H.) Ah, that's the roll call. O, why did I ever come to Ireland?

(Scene V.—Wareroom in the Depot, 4 and 5 o. ; a door in flat, c.; a gallery across above the door from R. to L., backed with chamber; door in c., practical, under gallery; a bench, R. 2 E.; two men discovered making cartridges; a man at a furnace, L. H. 2 E., making bullets table, c., on it writing materials—pens, ink, and papers; forms guns, and pikes in various places, piled; a trap, C. L. 11., back per of the stage, practical; music; trap at back is raised; KERNAN comes up, replaces the trap cautiously, shakes his hand threateningly to men at work, and exits up into gallery.

Enter. D. F. C., under gallery, DOWDALL and O'LEARY with papers; place them on table.

'O'Leary. Ah, sir, I once had children; but alas! they all per- w 'm '98 the same day that Lord Fitzgerald was dragged wounded
Ser. (Getting tipsy.) Come, young woman, you and your mother can drink that sen iment.

Judy. Sure, myself nor mother won't drink any thing just now.

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"O'Leary. Ah, sir, I once had children; but alas! they all perished the same day that Lord Fitzgerald was dragged wounded.
to the jail. Shame to the government! They hanged poor Clinea
just by his own door; and his brother Henry was refused admittance.
0 sir, the bravest man of the day died crazy in prison. Ireland will
never forget her wrongs.

Dow. You have seen hard times, O'Leary.
O'Leary. I have, indeed. I was at the battle of Limerick Hill
We fought from daylight till dark; it was a terrible slaughter. The
raged populace were armed with pitchforks, pikes, knives, and ev-
every thing we could get hold of. The choicest troops of England flew
before the fury of the multitude; it was a fearful struggle for our
wives, and children. The enemy received reinforcements,
was carried wounded to Wexford. Thousands shed their blood, and
hundreds went to their long home. The English hurled
destruction upon the helpless peasantry as they returned to Dublin. They spared
neither church nor cottage. My hut was burnt—my wife slain by
the brutal soldiers. When I recovered from the effects of my wounds,
all seemed one vast blank of misery. Day after day my countrymen
were hanged; the rebellion was silenced, but not over; from that hour
it lived in this bosom. (Striking his breast.) Let me but have retri-
bution this night, and
I die content.

Dou. 'Twas a fearful period; but here come our friends with
Emmet.

Enter Emmet, R. H. 2 E., with gentlemen, all dressed in green uniforms;
Emmet crosses to c. behind table; Dowdall and O'Leary on L. H.
with gentlemen; other gentlemen on R. H.; all seated.

Em. (Rises.) Fellow-countrymen: We assemble for the last time
previous to our great enterprise; the hour is near that must lead us on
to victory or death. Let no man pause in the task; our secret work
is freedom. (Takes papers from table.) These papers contain dupli-
cate copies of our plan of attack which Dowdall and O'Leary have
delivered to all our friends. Gentlemen, I wish you to peruse them.
(Emmet sits. Dowdall takes papers, which he gives to the gentlemen,
who peruse them and express their opinion to each other. Emmet rises.)
You see, gentlemen, that the signal will be perfectly understood by
all. The attack will be made at four distinct quarters of the city.
Upon the first summons we march direct to the Castle, and plant the
ancient banner of our country, which for centuries hath lain beneath
the feet of the oppressor. My soul expands at the glorious thought
of the green isle soaring like the phoenix from the ashes of her
thraldom, regenerated in her great and former glory. (To O'Leary.)
See to Kernan; bring the traitor before us. (O'Leary goes to trap up
l. c., which he raises and descends; at the same time Kernan enters at
door, f., on gallery, with six soldiers. O'Leary comes hurriedly up
to ap.)

O'Leary. Kernan is not here. He has escaped! We are betrayed
Omnes. Betrayed!! (Three chords; all rise. Tableau.)

Ker. (Aloud.) Ah! behold who triumphs now!—Kernan or
Robert Emmet!

Em. Wretch, thou canst not escape! To arms, to arms! (Al-
prepare for action.)
**SCENE V.**

**ROBERT EMMET.**

Ker. Surrender! you are surrounded; the streets are filled with soldiers. (They descend from gallery to stage.)

Em. Never surrender! Ireland! Liberty or death! (Music. The door on the gallery opens. Enter Darby and Judy with green flag and skittle, and crowd of armed peasants; they descend; knocks down Kernan on L. H.; guns are discharged; six soldiers rush on from R and L. 3 E.; general battle; soldiers are defeated. O’Leary gives battle to Emmet.)

**TABLEAU.**

**Soldiers and Peasants on Gallery.**

**Soldiers.**

**Soldiers and Peasants.**

**Patriots.**

**Judy.**

**Two Soldiers.**

**O’Leary.**

**Patriots.**

**Dowdall. Peasant.**

**Emmet, with banner.**

**Darby.**

**Two Soldiers, down.**

**Kernan, down. Peasant.**

**R. H.**

**Quick drop.**

**L. H.**

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**ACT III.**


Em. Death! well, what is death? we see it daily; it is a sleep of mortality that never wakes; it is the parting of soul and body; the last gives up its tenement, and the last yields itself to the worms. But then the scaffold—to quit life with a stain, and that stain pressed there by the tools of power, backed by the policy of a base government! I am assured my doom will be death. No action in my life slogs my breast. I can meet my Maker, the King of kings, with a smile. Ah, Ireland, thy hour has not yet come. Groan on, weepin’ tation, till the day dawns upon the downfall of thy masters; for I will come, though my bones slumber in eternal silence! (Noise of chains without. Enter Conner, D. F. L. H., with Maria, dressed in black, a veil over her face. Connor bows respectfully to her, and exit t F. L. H.) What art thou?

Maria. (Throws aside her veil.) Robert, Robe t! (Falls on his bosom.)

Em. O woman, devoted woman! In the shepherd’s happy cot she is the creature of fancy, overcome by the breeze of twilight or the fragrance of a rose. But rouse her affections in the hour of adversity and she possesses more firmness than man can boast.
Maria. Nay, I am weak now, dear Robert, my mind has been sad. This is the day of your trial; my heart whispers a glorious close. The day is so lovely—I gazed from my casement this morning, where we have so often sat and watched the budding blossoms in that green bower, and the sky shooting to and fro like infant playfulness, with clouds of gold; the whole horizon blushed, and the god of day, his imperial ear, leaped from his eastern couch, and seemed like a messenger of peace. The crowds that throng the court, and even the stern Lord Norbury, whose hands are dyed in Irish blood, appeared unclouded by a frown. Robert, you will be acquitted, and the universal voice of Irishmen will hail the patriot's liberty.

Em. Thou hast a sanguine heart, and I would live for thee. Doest thou remember the conversation we had the day before that fatal night?

Maria. Yes, Robert; we spoke of another land.

Em. True. I would go now and seek a home there with thee. There many an outcast from Hibernia's shore enjoys the privilege their native land denied. How many noble spirits, friends of the brave Fitzgerald, dwell in that happy republic, that each day rises in her young might, a model for the world!

Enter Conner, D. F. L. H.

Con. (Bowing respectfully.) My lady, you must depart. 

Emmet is summoned for trial. The guards wait without.

Em. Go, my love; we shall soon know the worst.

Maria. (Weeps.) Hope deserts me now.

Em. Go, dearest; be firm, I beseech thee.

Maria. May the great Power above be thy defender. (Music. They embrace. Exit Maria with Conner, D. F. L. H. Enter Corporal with a file of soldiers, D. F. L. H. Emmet takes papers from table, R. H., and falls in between the soldiers, and all exeunt, D. F. L. H.)

Scene II.—A Street in Dublin, 16. Enter Darby, L. H. 1 e., his hands in his pockets, very melancholy.

Darby. Be my soul, I haven't had such a load of grief in this heart of my own this many a long day; it seems for all the world as if it would break through my side, and tear my waistcoat all to splinters. Bad luck to my escaping on the 23d of July; sure that day ought to have been a holiday for poor old Ireland. Ah, musta musha! Why the divil wasn't I kilt? Faith, I wish that I had a drink of water, with a little whiskey in it. I'd drink it if it was to chok me, be d-d but I would, for I'm low-spirited entirely.

Enter Judy, R. H. 1 e.

Judy. Och, Darby dear, is that you? own self?

Darby. Faith it is, cushla, all that's left of me. I have been crying the soul bolt out of me, and it is as weak as water gruel that I am.

Judy. Don't be down-hearted, Darby.
Darby. How can I help it, Judy? The brave Robert Emmet is in the court, and the trial is going on; sure there's been any quantity of law for the patriots, but justice is out of the question.

Judy. Sure it's a sorry time, Darby; but we must hope for the best.

Darby. I'm sick and tired of hoping; it's like looking at nothing in one hand, and then squinting into the other to find it.

Judy. Well, Darby, dear, it's no use meeting trouble half way. Most of the people think that the master will get clear, and the mistress thinks so too.

Darby. (Rubbing his hands.) If I was only sure of that, I'd tear every rag off of my back for joy.

Judy. Sure you wouldn't do that, Darby.

Darby (Excited.) Upon my soul I would. I'd be blind drunk to-night if I never was sober again.

Judy. For shame, Darby.

Darby. Divil a shame I'd think of it; if Robert Emmet was liberated this blessed moment I'd murder you for fun.

Judy. Don't think of such a thing.

Darby. (Excited.) I'd do it. By me soul I'd murder the whole world, and smother myself afterwards!

Judy. Don't be going out of your senses, Darby. I have a secret to tell you; when the trouble is over, the master and mistress are going to America.

Darby. Then bad luck to me if I don't go too, if I have to walk all the way there.

Judy. That's my way of thinking, Darby. America's the country for my money; and it's myself that has saved up nine pounds and three quarters all in gold.

Darby. Nine pounds and three quarters all in gold—my fortune's made. Judy, we'll go to America and buy a farm. You can dig potatoes, and I can milk the cows. We will have thousands of pigs and roosters. Are you quite sure that you have got all that money?

Judy. As sure as the nose on your face.

Darby. (Feeling his nose.) All right! I'll go home and burn the cabin; I won't sleep in it another night.

Judy. No, Darby, don't do that. Poor Mary O'Neal will be glad of it to shelter her fatherless children.

Darby. True for you, Judy; she's the woman I'll give it to. I promised Tim Lavey a whacking for sneaking about with the soldiers I'll go and lather him. (Going, R.)

Judy (Detaining him.) No, no, Daroy. Don't think of fighting now!

Darby. Well, I'd like to pay my debts, and leave the country with a good character.

Judy. Come with me to the house, Darby, and I'll show you the treasure in the chimney corner where I keeps my riches.

Darby. Is that the bank, darling?

Judy. Yes; I knocked a stone out with the poker.

Darby. Faith, Judy, you didn't go to school for nothing; it's your wif that got the learning.
Judy. Yes; and I have the knuckle end of a leg of mutton, and a sup of whiskey in the pantry for you Darby.

Darby. You have? whiskey and mutton—take me with you, jewel. I’ll pulverize one, and sink the other. Father McGinnison lives round the corner; we’ll hire him to transmogrify the pair of us into one. For by the rules of my relations we shall have a large creel of Darbys and Judys; and I’d wish to be a good father and mother to them all; so come along. Hurrah for America! (Exit with Judy)

SCENE III. — Interior of the New Session House, Dublin, 5 and 6 o'clock. Large c. doors open, backed with interior, through which soldiers are seen; the jury arranged, R. U. E.; the judges seated; Lord Norbury Mr. Baron George, and Baron Daly on R. H. 2 E.; Lord Norbury as presiding judge; Emmet, L. C., in prisoner’s box, so placed that he faces the audience; Corporal and spectators arranged L. and R. back; constables with staffs, ctc.

JURY. Officer.

Jury.

Soldiers. Officer.

Corporal.

Sheriff.

Spectators.

Baron Daly.

Sheriff.

NORBURY.

Spectators.

Baron George.

E Emmet.

Constables.

R. H.

Nor. (To jury.) If you are satisfied of this man’s guilt, you must discharge your duty to your king and to your country. I know the progress of every good mind begins with abhorrence for the crime, and ends with compassion for the criminal. Gentlemen of the jury, I shall not detain you long. You have already heard, on two occasions, the witnesses against him; nor has one appeared in his favor; and, if you believe the evidence,—the criminal conduct of the prisoner,—you, gentlemen of the jury, are bound to decide between the prisoner and justice due to your country, and, in that case, you should find him guilty. (Sits. Foreman whispers the jury. Norbury adresses jury.) Will you retire, or are your minds made up?

Foreman of jury. We, the jury, find the prisoner guilty!

Nor. Prisoner, what have you to say why judgment of death should not be awarded against you according to law?

Em. My lords, I have nothing to say that can alter your predetermination; but I have much to say why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusations and calumny which have been heaped upon it. I have no hope that I can anchor my character in
the breast of a court constituted and trammelled as this is. I only wish, and it is the utmost I expect, that your lordships may suffer it to float down your memories, untainted by the foul breath of prejudice, until it finds some more hospitable harbor to shelter it from the storm by which it is at present buffeted — when my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port — when my shade shall have joined the band of those martyred heroes, who have shed their blood on the scaffold, and in the field, in defence of their country and of virtue — this is my hope. I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government which upholds its dominions by blasphemy of the Most High, which displays its power over man and over the beast of the forest — a government steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows which it has made!

Nor. The mean and wicked enthusiasts who felt as you do were not equal to the accomplishments of their wild design!

Em. I appeal to the immaculate Maker — I swear by the throne of Heaven, before which I must shortly appear, — by the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before me, that my conduct, through all this peril, has been governed only by the conviction I have uttered; and I confidently and assuredly hope that there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noble enterprise!

Nor. I do not sit here to hear treason!

Em. I have always understood that judges think it their duty to hear with patience, and to speak with humanity. Where is the boasted freedom of your institutions — where is the vaunted impartiality, clemency, and mildness of your courts of justice, if an unfortunatet prisoner, whom your policy, and not your justice, is about to deliver into the hands of the executioner, is not suffered to explain his motives sincerely and truly, and to vindicate the principles by which he was actuated? You, my lord, are a judge — I am the supposed culprit. — I am a man — you are a man also. By a revolution of power we might change places, though we never could change characters. If I stand at the bar of this court, and dare not vindicate my character, how dare you calumniate it? Your executioner may abridge the period of my existence; but whilst I exist, I will make the best use of that life in doing justice to that reputation which is to live after me, and which is the only legacy I can leave to those I honor and love, and for whom I am proud to perish!

Nor. Silence, and hear the sentence of the law.

Em. My lords, will a dying man be denied this legal privilege? Why did your lordship insult me, or rather why insult justice in demanding of me why sentence of death should not be pronounced against me? I know, my lord, that form prescribes that you should ask the question — The form also implies the right of answering; this, no doubt, may be dispensed with; so might the whole ceremony of the trial, since sentence was already pronounced at the Castle before your jury was empanelled — but I insist on the whole of the form!

Nor. Go on sir!
Em. It is alleged that I wished to sell the independence of my country. I am charged with being an emissary of France. I am no emissary; my ambition was to hold a place among the deliverers of my country, not in power nor in profit, but in the glory of the achievements. Were the French to come as invaders or enemies, uninvited by the wishes of the people, I should oppose them to the utmost of my strength—I would meet them on the beach with a sword in one hand and a torch in the other—I would oppose their with all the destructive fury of war—I would dispute every inch of ground, burn every blade of grass before them, and the last intrenchment of liberty should be my grave.—My country was my idol; to sacrifice every selfish, every daring sentiment, and for it I now offer up my life. I see you are impatient for the sacrifice. The blood you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim; it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which the mighty Maker created for nobler purposes, but which you are bent to destroy. I have but a few more words to say.—I am going to my cold and silent home; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished; the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I have one request to ask at my departure from this world—it is the charity of its silence.—Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man knows my motives, nor dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them.—Let them and me repose in peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed until other times and other men can do justice to my character, when my country takes her place among the nations of the earth; then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written.—I have done!

Nor. I must perform the painful duty that devolves upon me. You have been convicted of treason. But let me exhort you not to depart this life with such sentiments of rooted hostility to your king!

Em. (Pointing upwards.) My King is there!

Tableau.

Scene IV.—A Landscape, i. o. Music, "Exile of Erin."

Peter Darby, 1 E. L. H., a large bundle fastened to his back—stick—followed by Judy, bundle on her arm.

Darby. Come along, darling—never say die. I know it's hear ing to part from the place where we first drew the breath of life but, upon my soul, a fellow can't call his life his own in these times.—Be dad! the Green Isle used to be renowned for hurling matches and amusements that did a fellow's heart good to see them; but the greatest sport going now is to hang poor devils for nothing at all but t. please the government.—The devil ram and hammer them, say I (Threw down bundle.)

Judy. Sure I can't help thinking about the poor master that they are going to murder. I'm afraid that my lady went to reside with her father, for the news, I'm afraid, will kill her

Darby. (Takes small flask from pocket.) Sit down, cushion, and take a drop of comfort—the spirit's not in me. (Both sit.) Here,
wet your whistle, Judy; it will cheer you up a bit; we have three long miles to trudge before we reach the sea shore. (Gives Judy flask; she tastes it and returns it.) I hope we'll have the luck to find a ship ready to sail for America. Faith, I long to be there. (Sings.)

They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there;
But I'll not forget Old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair. (Drinks.)

Well, a drop of good whiskey cheers a fellow up, any how. (Rising. Come Judy, it's no use thinking, as my father used to say: grieving is folly, so let us be jolly. (Drinks.) Sing me that little ditty, Judy, that fills the soul of every Irishman with joy and sorrow.
Judy. I'm sad at heart, Darby; but I'll try to sing it.

Song.

"The harp that once through Tara's halls"—

(Exeunt Darby and Judy, 1 E. R. H.)

SCENE V.—Thomas Street, Dublin, 5 g. The populace, male and female, discovered. Music; dead march.


Corp. Have you any thing to say?
Em. (Takes papers from bosom.) Here are several letters I wish conveyed to my friends. (Gives them.) In the small desk, now in possession of the sheriff, you will find a few trinkets; you would oblige me by conveying them also to my friends; and this is my last request, that my body should not be mutilated.
Corp. Your commands shall be faithfully attended to, sir.
Em. Thanks. There is one I would have given more than life, to have seen before I leave this stage of action.—For the public service I abandoned the worship of another idol I adored in my heart. (A scream without, U. E. R. H. Maria rushes in, falls into Emmet's arms.) Angelic woman—fit consort for the noblest soul that ever inhabited mortality—how pale this alabaster brow!—Sorrow claims thee for her own!—Nay, weep not for me: I have a hope worth all the world.

Maria. (Pointing off, R. H.) There—there.—O, horrible!
Em. What dost thou see to cause this terror?
Maria. (Shuddering.) That awful preparation!
Em. 'Tis nothing.—Alas! poor Ireland is familiar with such scenes!

Maria. Mark how the rope waves to and fro in the clear wind.—See the hangman, the coffin, and the throng of gasping multitudes.
another laughing at his fellow, just as though it were a holiday. Horror! horror!

Em. I do implore thee, be calm.—These sights suit not a woman's eye; yet hear my parting words. Take this dear image of thyself, (gives her miniature,) and treasure it as I have done. — Forget this awful hour, and think only of the halcyon days we have enjoyed together; but if hereafter my name should be used as a ribald jest by those in power, say, he died in transport in his country's cause.

Corp. (Advances.) Mr. Emmet, your time has expired.

Mar. (Wildly.) My brain burns—the clouds gather fast. (Bell tolls.) O, Robert! Robert! (Falls upon his bosom.)

Em. (To soldiers.) Bear her gently hence. (Places her in soldiers' arms.) May Heaven shield thee—Farewell! (Bell.)

Maria. (Revives—screams.) No, no, they shall not part us—we will die together.—Robert—husband! (Bell; she falls at his feet; solemn music; Emmet kneels—kisses her; Corporal taps him on his shoulder, and points off, r. h.; Emmet rises, looking affectionately at Maria, turns to r. h., places his hand upon his heart with great firmness, signifies that he is ready; the procession about to proceed; bell tolls; drums beat.)

SITUATIONS.

OFFICER.

POPULACE.

2 SOLDIERS.

POPULACE.

2 SOLDIERS.

POPULACE.

2 SOLDIERS.

OFFICER.

2 SOLDIERS.

CORPORAL.

EMMET. in arms of an officer.

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Danickeifs
Dimitry's Dilemma
Dreams
Duchess of Bayswater & Co
Duty
Engaged
Equals
False Shame
Fennel
First Mate
For the Old Love's Sake
Garden Party
Garrick (Muskerry)
George Geith
Gentle Gertrude Bull
Girl Graduate
Girls (The)
Glimpse of Paradise

Gretchen
Harvest Home
His Own Guest
Hook and Eye
In Honor Bound
Iron Mask (The)
Lady Fortune
Linked by Love
Long Odds
Love Game
Lyrical Lover
Major and Minor
Man Proposes (Grundy)
Marble Arch
Melting Moments
Merry Meeting
Mariner's Return
Miser
Month After Date
My Friend Jarlet
My Little Girl
My Lord in Livery
Nearly Seven
Nearly Severed
Nettle
Not Such a Fool, etc.
Obliging His Landlady
Off Duty
Old Cronies
On the Drink
Once Again
Once a Week
Open Gate
Overland Route
Palmistry
Petticoat Perfidy
Pity

Playmates
Prompter's Box
Postscript
Progress
Punch
Burned by Drink
Railway Adventure
Row in the House
Sample vs. Pattern
Saved
Second Thoughts
Senior Wrangles
Sins of the Fathers
Sixpenny Telegram
Sour Grapes
Spur of the Moment
Steeple Jack
Step Sister
Sunny Side
Sunset
Sunshine
Taken by Storm
Tears; Idle Tears
That Dreadful Doctor
The Nightingale
Thorough Base
Through the Fire
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Which
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