

MAC CARTHY MORE;

OR,

POSSESSION NINE POINTS OF THE LAW.

A Comic Drama,

IN TWO ACTS.

BY

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AUTHOR OF

Bory O'More; Happy Man; White Horse of the Peppers; Greek Boy; &c. &c.

THOMAS HAILES LACY,

89, STRAND,

(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market,)

LONDON.

913710

MAC CARTHY MORE.

*First performed at the Royal Lyceum Theatre,
on Monday, 1st April, 1861.*

Characters.

MAC CARTHY MORE (<i>a Captain in the Irish Brigade, returned from exile in France</i>)	Mr. H. NEVILLE.
SIR PEIGNORY PIP (<i>Judge and Warden of the District</i>)	Mr. JOHNSTON.
SOLOMON GRIPER (<i>Son of the unrightful possessor of the Mac Cartny More property, and law Pupil to the Judge</i>)	Mr. FORRESTER.
JOHN DEAN (<i>a Custom-house Officer—an alarmist in politics as well as against smugglers</i>)	Mr. ROUSE.
DARBY SULLIVAN (<i>formerly Private Soldier in the Irish Brigade, now a Public Servant at the "Black Bull," and devoted adherent of Mac Cartny More</i>)	Mr. JOHN DREW.
LORD AUBREY (<i>in love with Rose Lacy, and Mac Cartny's friend</i>)	Mr. R. MEDLIN.
LADY PIP (<i>Wife of Sir Peignory</i>)	MISS RAWLINGS.
MARY MAC CARTHY (<i>Cousin to Mac Cartny</i>)	MISS HUDSPETH.
ROSE LACY (<i>Ward of Sir Peignory</i>)	MISS STUART.
HOSTESS OF THE BLACK BULL	MISS WILLARD.
FISHERMEN.....	MESSRS. WOOD, FREDERICKS, & THOMPSON.
OFFICER	Mr. TOMLIN.

Soldiers, Fishermen, Peasants, &c.

Costumes.

PERIOD.—1700-8.

MC CARTHY MORE.—*First Dress*—A black velvet shape of the reign of Queen Anne, black stockings and shoes. *Second Dress*—Large black coat.

LORD AUBREY.—A handsome square cut military coat, boots, hat.

DARBY SULLIVAN.—A brown waistcoat with sleeves, cow-skin vest, breeches and shoes. *Second Dress*—A long military coat of the period.

SIR PEIGNORY PIP.—A handsome square-cut suit, shoes and buckles, lappet wig.

SOLOMON.—A drab square-cut suit, shoes and buckles.

JOHN DEAN.—A square-cut green suit, high boots, 3 cornered hat.

FISHERMEN.—Petticoat trousers, coloured shirts, high boots.

SERGEANT and SOLDIERS.—Square-cut military coats of the period, gaiters, and 3-cornered hats.

LADY PIP.—A deep blue satin dress, cap, &c., of the period.

MARY MCCARTHY.—*First Dress*—Green satin, hat, &c. *Second Dress*—A grey freize suit, cap, shoes and buckles.

ROSE LACY.—Brocaded suit.

HOSTESS.—A plain tuck-up suit of the period.

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and now hold new trials, we have our old ones; and if we find
a difficulty, we can always turn to the old ways of trial by
jury, or by the twelve men of the town.

MAC CARTHY MORE.

A C T I.

SCENE FIRST.—*A Bay on the Southern Coast of Ireland, of romantic aspect. A village skirts the shore—on a cliff above stands an old castle—a tolerably good inn, L. 2. E.—sign, “The Black Bull.”—a low practicable window and door.*

THREE FISHERMEN discovered drinking at table, L. C.

OMNES. (*knocking horns on table*) Ha, ha, ha! capital!

1ST FISHERMAN. (*rising*) Well, I must be off.

2ND FISH. (*laying hold of him*) It's not going you are and breaking up the party.

1ST FISH. I think the party is properly broken up when the drink is all gone.

2ND FISH. Can't we get more.

1ST FISH. My money is all out.

3RD FISH. And so is mine.

2ND FISH. And so is mine, but can't we have another jug on score?

1ST FISH. Oh! if the landlady's willing, so am I.

2ND FISH. (*calls*) House! Landlady!

Enter HOSTESS from inn, L. 2. E.

HOSTESS. What do you want?

2ND FISH. Another jug, if you will give it on score.

HOST. Oh, to be sure, we are no niggards here in our small house, though you couldn't say as much for the rich strangers in the castle up there. Darby, Darby!

DARBY. (*within house*) Yes, ma'am!

HOST. Another jug for the fishermen.

1ST FISH. As you say they are niggards in the big house yonder, oh murther, it was a bad day when Mc Carthy More, the right owner, left the place.

HOST. What ship was that sailed into the bay just now?

1ST FISH. A foreign ship, she looked like a Frenchman. A boat left her side and rowed for the shore.

HOST. I know that, for the stranger that was landed is now in the house within.

2ND FISH. I wonder if it's smuggling brandy they'd be after.

HOST. I can't tell that, but I'm sure the stranger within (*pointing to inn*) is no brandy merchant.

Enter DARBY with jug, from inn.

DARBY. Here's a full jug for you, boys. (*puts it on table*) What luck to-day with the nets?

1ST FISH. Not much; luck is leaving the place altogether.

DARBY. True for you. Luck left the place the day Mc Carthy More was driven from it; why, the very fishes—insensible creatures as they are, shows their feelings by laving the place.

1ST FISH. Yon're right Darby, the fish is scarcer every day.

DARBY. We'll soon be obleeged to eat mate on fast days, or fast on nothing.

HOST. Oh, we've got eggs still.

DARBY. But the hens are laving off layin' for fear their nests should be robbed by the strangers up there, (*points to castle*) that's robbin' all they can lay their hands on. Isn't that castle, once Mc Carthy More's, a bitter sight to us since the brave bird that owned it was driven away and obliged to fly.

1ST FISH. He went to France they say.

DARBY. Yes and joined the Irish brigade there.

2ND FISH. I wonder will he ever come back.

DARBY. Oh, that would be a happy day: if he did wouldn't ye rejoice, and if he had to strive for his own wouldn't you fight for him?

1ST FISH. Aye, if I had only a boathook!

DARBY. Well said, then I'll give you a toast. Here's luck to Mc Carthy More, wherever he is, and that he may be restored to his rights.

OMNES. (*drink and cheer*) Hurrah! &c.

2ND FISH. (*to LANDLADY*) And now, mistress, thanks for your score and good-bye.

FISHERMEN. Good-bye, Landlady, good-bye, Darby.

HOST. (*taking jugs*) Good-bye, boys. *Exit into inn.*

FISHERMEN *off*, R.

DARBY. (*collecting drinking horns*) How the hearts of the people cling to the brave Mac Carthy. The last time I saw him was in a place where it was time for a man to say his prayers; but it was not in church—no faith, but in the middle of a hot battle; but for all that I've a notion that he's not dead yet. I only caught a sight of the stranger within there as he walked down a dark passage, but I think it's himself. Keep a quiet tongue in your head, Darby Sullivan, until you're

called upon to speak, and when you *are* called upon to speake,
speake out like a man.

MC CAR. (*in house*) House! Waiter!

DARBY. Yes, sir.

MC CAR. (*entering from inn*) Here I say! Black Bull!

DARBY. That's me.

MC CAR. What! are you the Black Bull?

DARBY. Yes, sir, and here's my horns. (*showing drinking horns*) I like to give my friends a toss of them.

MC CAR. Ha! you merry rogue; doubtless those horns of yours have thrown many a man over; I will not provoke them for the present. (*turns away*)

DARBY. (*glancing at MC CARTHY, aside*) It is himself!

MC CAR. Can you recommend me an intelligent and trustworthy messenger?

DARBY. It would be sad if you couldn't find both intelligence and trust in ould Ireland.

MC CAR. I am glad to hear it.

DARBY. (*earnestly*) And if there was no other to be found, isn't it myself would be proud to do your honor's bidding.

MC CAR. (*struck by DARBY'S, manner and looking at him earnestly*) Whence all this extreme readiness to serve me?

DARBY. Oh, does your honor forget me, then? I remember you. Just think of parade, and the ould ould Irish brigade, and your own company in it, too.

MC CAR. Can it be Sullivan?

DARBY. Devil a doubt of it.

MC CAR. And alive, too? Why after one of our actions, you were returned killed.

DARBY. So I was, sir.

MC CAR. Killed?

DARBY. That is returned killed; but while I was returned killed in the French army, I returned myself alive to ould Ireland.

MC CAR. How did you contrive that?

DARBY. Don't you remember that day how our regiment while scrimmaging wid the inimy got jumbled up wid 'em, and all of a sudden I found myself cut off from my comrades, and I knew if I was found fighting under French colours, there was a halter at my service from the next English provost marshal, and I didn't like to put them to the expense of a rope, for hemp was dear at the time; so down I dropped and pretended to be dead, and when the hurry scurry was over, I changed the regimentals of the brigade with a poor English fellow who was killed beside me, and that kept me safe for a few days, till I found it conveynant to make my way home.

MC CAR. How could you manage that from a foreign country?

DARBY. Why, as I was kilt in the French army, I thought I had better be wounded in the English army; so I tied up my leg, and limped out of Flanders—got shipped home, and begged my way as a lame soldier, till I came to this very inn, and bedad, the landlady was so good-natured, I thought I might as well stay here and finish my campaigning.

MC CAR. Then you are married, I suppose?

DARBY. Privately, sir.

MC CAR. Oh, privately?

DARBY. Yes, sir. You see, the landlady has notions of etiquette, and she thought a private marriage was fittest for a private sojer.

MC CAR. A very nice distinction.

DARBY. Musha! Then, but I'm glad to see you again, Captain.

MC CAR. (*laying his finger on his lip*) Hush! Not a word about "Captain," as yet. The discovery might be as much as my life is worth.

DARBY. Thru for you—faith, I forgot that—and so nigh the castle too.

MC CAR. Aye, and my *enemies* in it too! Yet I have one friend there.

DARBY. The young lady, is it?

MC CAR. Yes, Darby.

DARBY. Bow wow! How the sojers alway does make friends with the ladies.

MC CAR. Dangerous and difficult as the task is, with her I must endeavour to communicate.

DARBY. That will be hard, for they have nothing to do up there with the people about the place, but keep themselves as close as mice in cheese, and the house is barricaded like a gaol.

MC CAR. Even a letter, could I be certain it reached her own hand—

DARBY. By dad I think I could manage that.

MC CAR. How, think you?

DARBY. The judge's lady, you see, is fond of doctoring people, for there's only two things the stingy ould baggage will give—one's advice, and the other's physic—and they're both cheap and nasty. Now, I'll play my character of the lame sojer over again, and get into the castle that way—the ould coat is within there.

MC CAR. Well contrived, bold tactician of the brigade.

DARBY. (*imitating MC CARTHY's former signal of silence*) Whist! Not a word about the brigade. (*winking*) Haven't I a neck as well as yourself, captain?

MC CAR. (*laughing*) Quite true, Darby, and for better uses I hope than that of hemp. If you deliver my letter into safe

hands up there, you will do your old commander good service,— and not for the first time.

DARBY. (*giving military salute*) Thank your honor!

MC CAR. If fortune favour me, the lady I have already named will place in your hands the Queen's free pardon, and then all I shall have to do is to endeavour to get possession of the old halls of my fathers, and set my enemies at defiance.

DARBY. I thought the property was gone clean away from your honour entirely.

MC CAR. No, Darby; the possession taken by my enemies was illegal, and as soon as my throat can afford my tongue leave to speak, and avow my presence here, I can claim my own again.

DARBY. Hurrah! then what more do you want?

MC CAR. To claim, I must go to law while *they* hold possession; but if I could contrive to get the present tenants of my house *outside* the walls and get *in* myself—

DARBY. Then it would be your own without any trouble.

MC CAR. Exactly.

DARBY. Then by the fist of my father, they must lave the place if I was obliged to kick them out myself.

MC CAR. Pooh, pooh! Darby.

DARBY. Devil a much I'd think of it. There's not so many of them.

MC CAR. Not many?

DARBY. No. You see, ould Griper—the fellow that *purtends* the place is his—laves the ould judge in possession, and Griper's son, Soloman, the big fool, is larning law from the judge to help him to *keep* by roguery what his father *got* by roguery. Then there's Miss Rose, and the ould woman, and two sarvants.

MC CAR. Two servants! (*with surprise*)

DARBY. Not a one more, and in such a fine ould castle, too, the stingy ould thief. He doesn't deserve a better place to live in than four deal boards, that would fit him tight, and it's there he'll be living yet, when he's dead.

MC CAR. With so small a household as you tell me, our task is the easier. The enemy may the more readily be dislodged.

DARBY. Then into the house with you and write your first despatch, and I'll deliver it; so write at once, sir.

MC CAR. Write! Then, right about face. (*they both wheel round in military fashion*)

DARBY. Quick, march!

Exeunt into Inn, marching—stage cleared of table and stools by two men.

SCENE SECOND.—*A Room in the Castle. Doors, R. and L. 3 E.; a centre opening; table, with books, R. C.; writing materials; manuscript; chairs; small table and chairs, L. C.*

SIR PEIGNORY PIP discovered at table, R. C., immersed in study, and occasionally looks from his writing, &c., as invoking inspiration, and then resuming his writing. LADY PIP enters, L. 3 E., with basket containing bottle of liquid and a glass—she pauses; looks at SIR PEIGNORY PIP, shrugs her shoulders, and makes signs of disapproval, &c.

LADY P. Sir Peignory!—The man is demented! Sir Peignory!—He is deaf to all but what he calls the voice of the muse, and all the backs of letters which I want to cover my jam pots he wastes in that manner on his compositions, so inferior to mine. Sir Peignory! (goes to table and strikes on it) Sir Peignory, I say!

SIR P. (*looking up indignantly*) What in the name of pestilence brings you here?

LADY P. 'Tis time to take your cooling decoction. (*taking bottle and glass, is about to pour out*)

SIR P. Decoction! Distraction, you mean! The moment I catch a beautiful idea, you come with your diabolical drugs, and drive it out of my mind!

LADY P. This is the return you make me for the care I take of your health.

SIR P. I don't want your physic. (*rises, comes forward*) I only want quiet for my mind and body too—with this eternal interruption my romance will never be ready to shew my friend.

LADY P. Your friend! Dean Swift, forsooth. Oh, to invite that man here. I never knew you guilty of extravagance before.

SIR P. Lady Pip! Hospitality!

LADY P. Hospitality is only a convenient insinuating word to excuse extravagance.

SIR P. But I ask him *prudentially*. The Dean's influence in the republic of letters may be beneficially exercised in favor of my romance, and in this Augustan age of our good Queen Anne, a successful stroke in literature may be worth something.

LADY P. Not worth what it will cost. We shall be ruined. The Dean loves *good* things.

SIR P. And will therefore like my romance.

LADY P. And hates women.

SIR P. Then I suppose women are *not* good.

LADY P. And all this trouble and expense for a man you never saw.

SIR P. Which makes it quite natural I should wish to see him.

LADY P. I hope he may never come.

Enter ROSE LACY, c.—she pauses, takes off hat, &c., and seems amused at the squabble.

SIR P. On the contrary, I don't know the moment he may not arrive, so pray you to leave me to my quills, and I'll leave you to your squills. Why talk to me of wasting money, your physic must cost something?

LADY P. Not a penny, Sir Peignory—not a penny; I only concoct simples.

SIR P. Then they are all the fitter for the simpletons that take them.

LADY P. Sir Peignory, you are unjust to my merits—unfeeling for my care. You're insulting, Sir Peignory!—insulting. I leave you, Sir Peignory. (*going for her basket in a great huff*)

SIR P. Thank you, my lady.

LADY P. (*bouncing off, l. 3 E.*) Ungrateful man!

(ROSE LACY advances, l. c.—SIR PEIGNORY PIP looks at his watch)

SIR P. 'Tis past the hour Miss Mac Carthy should be here.

ROSE. Oh, Sir Peignory, don't be too strict.

SIR P. Miss Lacy—Miss Mac Carthy, as mere Irish and cousin to an outlaw, is bound to render an account of herself weekly to me the judge and warden of the district; and though she is your friend, that is no reason the law is to be infringed.

ROSE. I dare say she will be here presently, sir.

SIR P. When she arrives, let me be informed.

Exit, R. 3 E., door.

ROSE. Oh, you stingy old thing! As the ward of such a cross-grained old wretch, what a miserable three years I have passed. But 'twill soon be over! Next May I shall be of age, and then dear—dear Aubrey, no one can prevent me from being your's. (MARY MAC CARTHY heard singing off—enters, c.) Welcome, dear Mary.

MARY. Good morrow, dear girl! What a hateful task this periodical visit would be, but for your sweet face; it is the only pleasant thing in the house.

ROSE. It ought to look pleasanter to you now than ever, when you hear the good news I have for you.

MARY. What! is the judge dead?

ROSE. (*laughingly threatening with her finger*) Oh, you little "malice aforethought," compassing the death of one of Her Majesty's justices! No, my dear, the old nuisance is likely to live long enough to plague both of us. But my news is better. Aubrey has obtained, through the Duke of Marlborough, the Queen's pardon for your cousin Mc Carthy More. (*hands a paper, with seal appended*)

MARY. Thank heaven ! and thanks to you, dear girl, and to your generous Lord Aubrey, for obtaining this precious gift.
(*kisses the paper*)

ROSE. More news still. Your cousin will soon be here, I expect.

MARY. Indeed !

ROSE. Aye, and I think *some* one (*archly*) won't be sorry for that.

MARY. Dear Rose, 'tis true I rejoice in Mc Carthy's good fortune, and will welcome him to his paternal halls with pride. And will own that, once, I might have added affection ; but now—

ROSE. Wherefore not now ?

MARY. My dear, these soldiers are so *voltage*, and I have heard of a certain French countess—deuce take these French women, they are such flirts !

SOLOMAN GRIPER appears, c., reading a large folio volume.

ROSE. (*seeing SOLOMAN*) My dear, if you have a bit of scandal to tell me, come to my room for such a confidence—come along.

MARY. Heigho !

ROSE. Don't sigh, perhaps it's not so bad as you think. Come along.

Exeunt, L. 1 E.

SOL. (*advancing*) Oh ! this book of the penal statutes is one of the pleasantest books in the library—such fun. (*goes up, sits at table, L. C.*)

SIR PEIGNORY PIP re-enters, looks, and goes to SOLOMON.

SIR P. Good Master Solomon, I am glad to see you reading a law book.

SOL. Oh ! I'll read fast enough, if you always give me such diverting books as these are.

SIR P. (*aside*) Diverting ! The first time I ever heard a law book call diverting. (*looking over SOLOMON*) Oh ! the Penal Statutes !

SOL. (*laughing*) Oh, such a capital thing here ! A son may turn his father out of his property ! Ha, ha, ha !

SIR P. Aye, aye ! That is with certain provisions.

SOL. No, no ! not obliged to give him any provisions at all—that's the fun of it.

SIR P. (*advancing R., aside*) What a jumble he'll get into his head ; however, if his father will have it so, so be it ; the fee is worth the having, and if he can't make use of the knowledge I afford him I can't help it. Solemon, a word with you. (*SOLOMON advances*) 'Tis fit you study the law, which gave your father this property, in order that you may be enabled to

defend the same; but in case of a flaw in your title, it would be as well to intermarry with the next-of-kin. You should make yourself agreeable to Miss MacCarthy.

SOL. So I do. Oh, yes—she's nice—I'd like to marry her.

SIR P. Good! (*goes to R. table and peruses romance—SOLOMON goes to L. table, reads*) Ah! this passage I think good—so pathetic!

SOL. (*bursting into laughing*) Ha, ha, ha!

SIR P. (*with vexation*) Solomon, you had better go read your book elsewhere.

SOL. Yes, I'm going now—I'm going a shooting. By-the-bye, it says here you may shoot an Irishman, and only pay a fine of—

SIR P. Hillo! hillo! sir, I hope you're not going to shoot people? That law is repealed.

SOL. Oh no, I'm not going to shoot men—I'd rather shoot snipes. *Exit with book, L. 3 E.*

SIR P. (*referring to his romance*) Now, here the heroine must appear. What shall I make the heroine say?

Re-enter MARY MC CARTHY, L. 1 E.

MARY. Here I am, Sir Peignory, come to render evidence of my safe presence and goodly intentions.

SIR P. (*annoyed at interruption—rises—comes forward*) I will invert the phrase and say, your goodly presence and safe intentions.

MARY. You flatter, Sir Peignory; but for all your soft words, woe betide me if I dared to be absent to-day.

SIR P. Miss McCarthy, 'tis necessary to place you wild Irish under safe wardship. The Pretender and his agents are at work.

MARY. Well, sir, here I am to prove I have not gone off with a flying French regiment. You see I have no wooden shoes; neither have I brass money, nor silver either I am sorry to say; nor have I turned myself into a seventy-four to float the Pretender into Ireland, and you may search and satisfy yourself I have not a park of artillery in my pocket.

SIR P. For all this excellent raillery of yours we must watch you; that Pretender—that "king over the sea" you Jacobites are so fond of—you are altogether dangerous; we may well doubt you. (*MARY sings*)

Song—MARY.

Why should you doubt me, because in this bosom
Nature has sown with a generous hand
Feelings of love—and for worlds I'd not lose 'em:
Feelings that cling to my own native land.

Could I betray it, what vow e'er could bind me ?

They will keep more who keep one holy tie ;

See what a dangerous woman you find me—

Oh ! what a dangerous woman am I.

Long live the Queen ! and may Heaven defend her ;

I love not the King that is over the sea :

In truth, sir, I ne'er could abide a " pretender"—

They better be always in earnest with me.

'Twas not a traitor that nature designed me ;

The best of the loyal for freedom would die :

See what a dangerous woman you find me—

Oh ! what a dangerous woman am I.

SIR P. For all your singing and your speeches, you Mac Carthys are a sad set.

MARY. Sad ! 'tis the first time I've heard it; we might be accused of being merry, indeed.

SIR P. But not wise.

MARY. As for wisdom, Sir Peignory, that belongs so entirely to our ancestors, 'twould be impertinence in us to have anything to do with it.

SIR P. 'Tis a pity your ancestors never left you any.

MARY. 'Tis little of anything they'll have to leave us soon, thanks to the law, Sir Peignory ; a precious piece of injustice that which robbed my cousin of his estates.

SIR P. Robbed ! you are excited Miss Mc Carthy. Your cousin's estate we hold in right of legal decision.

MARY. The confiscation was never confirmed.

SIR P. But will be in three days, unless he returns and pleads in person.

MARY. I know it.

SIR P. And then we have possession, and you know the old saying " Possession is nine points of the law "

MARY. But suppose he does return in time, and that we get possession ?

SIR P. Pshaw, we can't suppose in law, we must have facts —to facts we must bow, for they are stubborn things.

MARY. (*curtseying*) Then I make my obeisance to Sir Peignory Pip.

SIR P. (*turning up*) She has a tongue of her own.

Enter SOLOMON, with gun ; going off c., SIR P., sees him and calls,
" Solomon!" SOLOMON goes to him, r. c., SIR P. whispers him,
points to MARY, signals and exit, r. 3. E.—MARY is l. c.,
humming a song.

SOL. (*tapping MARY on shoulder*) I could fine you if I liked.

MARY. Fine me.

SOL. Oh, I'm not going to fine you, though; I like you too well for that.

MARY. Thank you, sir.

SOL. But I could if I liked. By the statute against minstrels; any Irisher who plays or sings is liable to a fine.

MARY. In short, we were fined for being *re-fined*.

SOL. (*ogling her sheepishly*) What nice hair you've got; I could cut it all off if I liked.

MARY. The savage!

SOL. But don't be afraid. I won't. I love you too well.

MARY. Oh! You love me, do you?

SOL. (*sheepishly*) Yes!

MARY. Do you know what a goose once said to a fox? "Mr. Fox," says she, "I'm sure you're very fond of me, but you have a very queer way of shewing it."

SOL. I only said I could cut off your hair *if I liked*. That's the law of Henry the Eighth.

MARY. I never knew that Henry the Eighth favored us women so much in Ireland.

SOL. Do you call it a favor to cut off a woman's hair?

MARY. Certainly; for Henry's practice in England was to cut off their heads.

SERVANT enters, c., *knocks*, L. 3 E.—*exits*. Re-enter ROSE LACY, L.

SOL. Well, the King can do no wrong, that's law. Now I must go. Good-bye. (*going up, ogling, nodding, sighing, &c.*) Good bye. *Exit*, c.

Enter LADY PIP, L. 3 E., followed by SERVANT.

LADY P. A stranger asking for me?

SERVANT. Yes, my lady.

LADY P. It must be Dean Swift. Oh dear, oh dear! So he is come at last—well, it can't be helped! (*to SERVANT*) Shew him in. (LADY PIP goes to R. door, *knocks*) Sir Peignory! Sir Peignory!

SIR PEIGNORY PIP, *with manuscript and pen*.

Dean Swift has arrived.

SIR P. The Dean!

LADY P. (*pointing, c.*) He's coming up stairs.

SIR P. Let's meet him with all honors.

SERVANT enters, as preceding a visitor; all bow and curtsey.
Thrice welcome, very reverend!

Enter DARBY, c., disguised as a lame soldier. A general surprise.

SIR P. What mummery is this, my lady?

LADY P. I thought it was the Dean.

SIR P. You thought it was the Dean! You stupid old woman. Don't you know the difference between a dean and a wooden legged soldier? Again dragged from my studies! Everlastingly disturbed! 'Tis enough to provoke a saint.

Rushes into room, R., in a rage.

DARBY *limps forward, c.; he has a wooden leg, a patch over his eye, and one hand is substituted by an iron hook; he has a large protuberance on his back.*

LADY P. Who and what are you, fellow, and what brings you here?

DARBY. I'm a poor crippled sojer, my lady—wounded in the foreign wars—and hearing of your honorable ladyship's great skill in the doctoring line, I came to crave relief for the wounds and scars received in glorious war.

LADY P. You can get no money here, sirrah! and I must tell you, you are liable to be taken up as a vagrant.

DARBY. Oh, my lady, you mistake me entirely—as for money, I don't crave it—I scorn it; and as for being fragrant, it's the odour of glory that's about me; it's only your honorable ladyship's advice I crave for my wounds.

LADY P. Oh, that alters your case.

DARBY. And I hope your ladyship will alter my case still more, for it's a bad case as it stands—seeing that I'm lopp'd of a leg, short of an arm, blind of an eye, and five ribs gone.

LADY P. But full of glory, and of course full pay.

DARBY. No, my lady, only half pay; they think half pay is enough for the half of me that's left. (*turning his back to get the young ladies' attention, who are down R.*)

LADY P. (*feeling the lump on his back*) What's this?

DARBY. The doctor calls it a confusion, my lady.

LADY P. A contusion you mean; what a hard lump.

DARBY. No wonder it's hard, my lady; it's an eighteen pounder that's stuck in me, my lady.

LADY P. An eighteen pounder! surely that would have killed you.

DARBY. It would, my lady, only it was a spent ball, and I'm sorry they spent it on me; I'd like to pay it back to them again.

LADY P. Why wasn't it extracted?

DARBY. The doctors were afeard, my lady, if they thried to distract it, they'd pull me to pieces altogether.

LADY P. Poor man! let me feel your pulse. (*DARBY gives the iron hook—LADY P. screams*) Ha! what's this?

DARBY. It's my favourite hand, my lady—it's what I play blind hookey with.

LADY P. Gambling! for shame, it's a great vice.

DARBY. Part of the sojer's trade, my lady! for war has its chances, and every day the sojer plays at hazard.

LADY P. Alas! too true; where did you lose your leg?

DARBY. At Minden, my lady—and it wanted mindin' eversince.

LADY P. Your ribs?

DARBY. Four of them, my lady, at Ramillies; and though a man might spare *one* rib, four is more than he can afford to lose--barrin' he was a Turk.

LADY P. Where was your arm broken?

DARBY. My arm was broken—a—my arm was broken hereabouts. (*points to his elbow*)

LADY P. I mean, at what place was it broken?

DARBY. Oh! the place, my Lady?—oh, ay, the place—faith, it was broken in two places.

LADY P. You misunderstand me—I mean where was the battle fought where your arm was broken?

DARBY. It was at Elbow-cracken, in Jarmany, my lady.

LADY P. I don't remember a battle of that name.

DARBY. Oh! you see, my lady, it wasn't rightly a battle—a sort of a scrimmage.

LADY P. Oh, a skirmish—ah! and your eye?

DARBY. Was lost in making a demonstration. (*looks round at MARY and ROSE significantly*)

ROSE. What do you call a demonstration?

DARBY. To make a false appearance, miss—to pretend one thing while you want to do another thing. (*shows letter in his breast slyly*)

MARY. (*crosses, R. C., next him*) I understand you perfectly—in short, to deceive an enemy.

DARBY. Upon my word, miss, you've a very purty notion of tic-tacs.

LADY P. At what place was the demonstration made where you lost your eye?

DARBY. I'd be proud to tell you, my lady, only I lost my memory at the same time—and so I've forgot the name of the place.

LADY P. Quite natural, with a wound so near the brain. Where do you suffer most at present?

DARBY. Here, my lady, (*puts his hand in the breast of his coat*) and then what I have here flies round to my back with a sort of a flutter, (*shakes letter behind his back—MARY takes it, reads unperceived*) and then it goes away from me all of a sudden, and I feel hot and could like, and wondher what will come next.

LADY P. And does this extraordinary sensation come back again?

DARBY. Not the same pain, my lady, but another pain I expect will come back to the same place. (*MARY places the Queen's pardon in DARBY's hand*) Ah—I have it now. Oh! oh! how it shoots to my heart. (*thrusts pardon into the breast of his coat*)

LADY P. (*to ROSE*) Go for my soothing syrup, child, and the lotion.

Exit ROSE, L. 3 E.

They will relieve you.

DARBY. May angels make your bed, noble lady.

LADY P. And you, Miss Mc Carthy, have the kindness to copy from my tablets. (*producing tablets*) But perhaps (*to DARBY*) you can't read?

DARBY. But I can get them read for me. I'd like a few directions, my Lady. (*giving tablets—speaking significantly*)

MARY. (*with tablets*) I will write the directions for you.

DARBY. Long life to your ladyship!

Re-enter ROSE, with basket, bottle and glass.

LADY P. (*pouring from bottle into glass*) Take a portion of this at once. (*DARBY makes wry faces aside—MARY at table, R., writing*) You'll find it drive the pain away.

DARBY. I'm sure of it, my lady. (*after a few comic efforts, he drinks—gives back glass*) The pain would be a fool for its pains to stay in the same place with that bitter stuff.

MARY. (*R.—giving a paper she has been writing*) And here are the directions. (*taking tablets to LADY PIP*)

DARBY. Faith, miss, the draught found its way down without any directions at all; but I'll take the directions all the same, for the sake of your honourable ladyship.

LADY P. (*advancing, R. C.*) Let me see that she has made no mistake. (*MARY, in action behind LADY PIP's back, indicates "No"—DARBY demurs*) I must see them.

DARBY. (*affecting a fit*) Ow! ow!—there it is again—oh! the pain! the pain!

MARY. (*running for a chair*) Here—here—poor man! poor man!

DARBY. Oh, murther! my backbone! (*sits in chair, kicking, groaning, &c.*)

ROSE. { Oh, poor man! poor man!

MARY. } Oh, poor man! poor man!

LADY P. (*in great fuss*) Run for my cordial balm.

ROSE. 'Tis locked up in your wardrobe, ma'am; you must go for it yourself; no one else can find it.

LADY P. Slap his hands. I'll be back immediately.

Exit, hastily, L. 3 E.

DARBY. Ow! ow! (*starting up*) She's gone—and I'd better be gone too. Ladies, there's no time for compliments. (*runs to c. opening*)

ROSE. Remember you have friends in the castle.

MARY. (r.) The enemy is deceived.

DARBY. (*having pulled off his wooden leg, and waving it in triumph, c.*) And the watch-word is "Mac Carthy More for ever!" (*Act drop falls quick*)

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.—*Exterior of Inn; same as Scene First, Act I.*

Enter JOHN DEAN, with fowling-piece, r.

JOHN. A bad dinner to-day—I have neither fish nor flesh to depend on, and must put up with fowl. (*pulls a snipe out of his pocket*) A slender meal—I must only make it up in drink. Holloa, Darby! Darby!

Enter DARBY, from Inn.

DARBY. Yes, Misher Dean!

JOHN. Bring me some punch.

DARBY. You shall have it in less than no time.

Exit, into Inn.

JOHN. (*taking letter from his pocket*) Awful times these!—a deficiency in the Customs, and smuggling on the increase—Treason walking abroad in wooden shoes, with brass money in her pockets—and who would think it? Sir Peignory suspected! a Judge! Oh, that disaffection should nestle in ermine like vermin!

Re-enter DARBY, with tumbler of punch.

DARBY. Catch it, sir.

JOHN. (*drinks*) Good—you've a genius for making punch, Darby.

DARBY. Ah, but if you could see me *dhrynkyn' it!*

Exit into Inn.

JOHN. Sir Peignory is suspected of dipping his nose (*drinks*) into plots. He corresponds with Dean Swift, and everybody knows him. (*significantly.—Drinks up punch*) Oh where may we look for comfort. (*attempts to drink, but finds glass empty*) Well, such woful goings on is enough to make a man thirsty. Darby!

Enter DARBY.

DARBY. Well, Misther Dean?

JOHN. More punch.

Exit DARBY into Inn.

I'll keep this news snug in my own head, and watch the old miserly Judge. He has rapped me over the knuckles sometimes, and if I catch him tripping, won't I tread on his toes.

Re-enter DARBY, with punch.

Is your house full?

DARBY. It's full of emptiness—thrade's bad.

JOHN. Oh, dear! (*drinks*) I'll sit at this window and sip my beverage. (*sits on the window sill, kicking his heels*)

DARBY. Had you any sport to-day, Misther Dean?

JOHN. One miserable snipe.

DARBY. (*looking off, R.*) Here comes that *omadhawn* Misthur Solomon. The fellow is always talking of the laws that keep us down. There's one comfort left us, however, about these laws—that as fast as they make 'em, we can break 'em.

Enter SOLOMON with fowling-piece, R., a game net, &c.

DARBY. Good Morrow to your honour.

SOL. I didn't speak to you.

DARBY. I wished to save you the throuble, and spoke first.

SOL. Are you busy at the "Black Bull," now?

DARBY. Full of business.

SOL. Then why don't you go and mind it?

DARBY. I'm waiting to be called, sir: that's manners.

SOL. You may wait long enough, for I never saw your house busy yet.

DARBY. The house is crammed, sir.

SOL. I don't believe it.

DARBY. Why, look at that gentleman, there, (*pointing to JOHN DEAN*) the house is so full he's obleeged to sit with his legs out of window.

JOHN. Ha, ha, ha!

SOL. (*to DARBY*) None of your humbugging—I wouldn't think much before I'd shoot you.

DARBY. And I wouldn't think much afther.

SOL. You had better not provoke me. I could shoot you, if I liked, and only pay fourpence for it.

DARBY. Wouldn't it be cheaper to shoot yourself for nothing? And that would be about the value.

SOL. You had better take care. (*raising gun*)

DARBY. Sure you wouldn't shoot a poor *spalpeen* like me, while there's Dhriscolls to shoot, and the Dhriscolls cost eighteen pence. A gentleman never shoots anything under a Dhriscoll.

SOL. Oh ! I didn't know that.

DARBY. When you're a sportin', sure its not a crow you'd be shootin'.

SOL. Yes ; but I would though. (*takes crow from bag*)

DARBY. But you'd rather shoot a woodcock ?

SOL. I can shoot woodcocks too. (*shews woodcock*)

DARBY. Well, you wouldn't shoot me after that ? I'm but a crow, and the Dhriscolls is woodcocks.

JOHN. (*coming forward, c.*) Dear me, sir. What a remarkably small bird that is.

SOL. A very fine bird, you mean.

JOHN. (*taking woodcock from SOLOMON*) Would you allow me, sir. (*weighs the bird up and down in his hand*) Ah, sir ; this is one of the sort I was speaking about. I assure you, at this time of the year they are most deceptive—they give promise of something when you first knock them down, but they dwindle to nothing after.

SOL. Not a fine, full-plumed bird like that.

JOHN. Ah, sir ; fine feathers don't make fine birds. I speak of this particular time of the year. I have killed them myself at this time of year, to all appearances fine birds, and before I have got them home, they have dwindled to something so small, that they have dropt through the net of my game bag. (*during this dialogue he takes the snipe from his pocket, and slyly hands the woodcock to DARBY*)

DARBY. Oh, they're slippery as fishes.

SOL. No one is talking to you.

DARBY. I'm talkin' to myself, sir.

JOHN. You know, sir, the woodcock, like all birds of passage—

DARBY. Has a way of going from one place to another.

JOHN. (*handing the snipe to SOLOMON*) Your bird is a nice bird, sir, but I think rather small.

SOL. (*in consternation*) Why, la ! Eh ! Oh ! Why this is so little !

JOHN. I told you so, sir. I'm proud you admit the justice of my observation. *Exit into Inn.*

SOL. Hillo ! Sir ! Mister ! What has he done to my bird ?

DARBY. Shake it up, sir, and may be 'twill recover.

SOL. (*crossing stage and holding up snipe ; shaking it. DARBY holding woodcock behind SOLOMON's back, and getting it away as SOLOMON turns*) Oh ! it's ruined !—ruined ! My bird is ruined !

Exit L. 1 E.

DARBY. Heigh cock ! Heigh cock !

JOHN. (*looks through window, laughing*) Mark !

DARBY. Heigh cock ! Heigh cock !

Exit chuckling

SCENE SECOND.—*A Room in the Inn—a door in flat, L.—a screen, up R. C.—table, c., 2 chairs—a small table with writing materials and handbell, up L. C., chair and footstool.*

MAC CARTHY MORE discovered reading paper of Act II., and the Queen's pardon before him.—Enter DARBY, door in flat.

DARBY. Well, your honor, is it all right?

MC CAR. You have executed your commission to admiration, Darby.

DARBY. There's many a man worthy of a commission, sir, that, like myself, was never higher than the ranks.

MC CAR. Here's the Queen's free pardon which my cousin has sent me by your hands—her instructions also.

DARBY. That pardon I seen her take from her own breast, sir, and in troth 'tis a wondher what a power o'pardon the women has there for the people they like.

MC CAR. But these instructions are not so easy to swallow.

DARBY. Faith, 'twas harder to swallow what I got along with them.

MC CAR. She says I am to assume the disguise of a clergyman.

DARBY. You won't be the first sojer that has done that. Many a one laves the army for the Church, and indeed it's a nice preparation for the clargy.

MC CAR. But how to manage the disguise?

DARBY. Oh, that's aisy enough. Just wait a minute.

Exit door in flat.

MC CAR. Fortune seems to smile on my adventure. The Queen's pardon! my life is safe. I may dare my enemies face to face. My friends in the castle are true, and Darby my ally here, has readiness and contrivance for anything. Up! up! Mac Carthy, we shall have our own again.

Re-enter DARBY, with cocked hat, long black coat, a pillow, and dredging box, door in flat.

DARBY. Here's an ould cocked hat. We can make an elegant slouch out of it. (*pulls down sides*) See that—and here's an ould jockey coat will do for us. Your own breeches are black, and your silk stockin's just the thing. Let us try the effect. (*he puts hat and coat on MAC CARTHY*) Iligant, faith! only your hair looks too roguish for a clargy. There's an uncanonical curl about it.

MC CAR. Could you get a wig?

DARBY. Oh, no: ah! but something that 'll do as well. We kill'd a sheep last week. Wait awhile. *Exit door in flat.*

MC CAR. What can this disguise mean? As the order is from a lady 'twere vain to ask, and I must yield compliance.

I hope, however, I am not expected to support the character long, for that would puzzle me.

Re-enter DARBY, with wool which he affects to stick in the hat he has taken off with him,

DARBY. Here's the thing.

MC CAR. Wool!

DARBY. Aye, sir. Wool. There's many a sheep's head under a broad-brimmed hat, and a bit of wool will be quite in character. (*having arranged the wool at the back part of the hat, and turned down the flaps, it represents a full flat-bottomed wig,—puts it on MC CARTHY*) That's the thing.

MC CAR. How do I look?

DARBY. Rather thin; you're too like a curate. Here, (*takes a pillow, and places it within MAC CARTHY's coat, buttoning it up*) you may remark the supayrior clergy is mostly full in the ribs. There! now you might pass for a bishop, and now for a thrife of powder. (*shakes flour from dredging box over MC CARTHY's collar of coat*) There! oh! long life to your reverence.

Enter MARY MC CARTHY, disguised as a harper; she has a harp suspended at her back, door in flat.

MARY. (*handing a letter*) A letter for your reverend worship, (*to DARBY*) and you may retire.

DARBY. May I? (*aside*) Bad luck to his impidence—the little puppy. I think fiddlers must be riz in the market lately.

Exit door in flat.

MC CAR. (*reading superscription of letter*) "To the Very Rev. Doctor Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's."

MARY, (*aside*) He seems puzzled.

MC CAR. There must be some mistake here.

MARY. No mistake—but some blundering.

MC CAR. (*aside*) The pert young rascal sees I'm puzzled. (*aloud*) Then this is for me.

MARY. Oh yes! I know you are Dean Swift.

MC CAR. You're a clever lad—take this. (*offers money*)

MARY. Now I know you are not Dean Swift. The Dean never gives a messenger money. (*shakes her head and looks archly*) Not in character, Captain.

MC CAR. Oh, you know all I see. Plague take the disguise, —I can make nothing of it. (*takes off coats, hats, &c., throws them on chair, R.*)

MARY. Ha, ha, ha! you are a bad hand at masquerading, Captain. Nevertheless, you must attempt further; for the present, however, you may "stand at ease," and read your letter.

MC CAR. (*opens letter and finds it a blank sheet*) There's nothing in it.

MARY. Not the first time, I dare say, you have had "*carte blanche*" from a lady.

MC CAR. What do you mean? (*aside*) The intriguing little villain.

MARY. The fame of gallant Captains travels far. *Bashfulness* is not the characteristic of *Irishmen*, nor *caution* of *Countesses*.

MC CAR. (*not understanding*) Countesses!

MARY. I have heard these French Countesses make no secret of their soft-heartedness, and 'tis said they are very winning.

MC CAR. Very winning—at cards—certainly. But as for love, believe it not, boy! Think not that foreign lands surpass your own. By heaven, there is more charm in the unconscious look of the soft eyes of our country than in all the studied glances of the south; more winning to the ear are the wild accents of our mountain homes than the set phrase and flippancy of courts.

MARY. You think all this?

MC CAR. (*energetically*) I feel it here, boy; here in my heart.

MARY (*with ecstacy*) And so do I.

MC CAR. Your harp proclaims you minstrel. Sing me some strain of my own land; 'tis long since I have heard one.

MARY. (*brings forward, L., the footstool, and takes her harp from her back*) Now, grave or gay? The wild measure of the Planxty, or the soothing fall of sweet melody?

MC CAR. Soft and sad. (*MACARTHY sits R. of table, while MARY is down L.C.; she runs her hands over the harp as if in a prelude, and affects to accompany herself throughout the song*)

Song.

The evening light was dying,

The boat row'd from the strand,

The exile deeply sighing,

To leave his native land:

But sighs were on the shore as well

As o'er the dark'ning bay,

Young Mary watched the fading sail

That bore her love away.

The exile reached a foreign shore,

In camp and court he shone;

With brave and fair renown he bore,

Yet still he felt alone:

A void was in the soldier's heart,

Amid the bold and gay;

He mourn'd the hour that bade him part

From Mary far away.

MC CAR. (*drawing his hand across his eyes, much affected*) How music sounds the depths of the fond heart, where many a thoughtful treasure of the past lies buried. Minstrel, you have moved me deeply; think me not weak. In exile, that very air did haunt my memory, and with it there was linked that soft, sweet name you sang which filled my heart when I was far away. (*apostrophizes*) Oh, Mary! have you remembered me as I have you, with fond fidelity? Do you still love? (*MARY, much affected by his words, has approached L. of table, up—she first exhibits joy, then faintness, totters, and is about falling, when he catches her in his arms—her cap drops off, and her ringlets escape.*)

MC CAR. What a woman! That face! Ah, Mary! my soul—my life—wake—wake! 'tis Redmond calls you. (*MARY revives—MACARTHY speaks soothingly*). Mary—

MARY. Oh, Redmond! (*throws her arms around him*)

MC CAR. Now, I am blest, indeed. (*scene closes*)

SCENE THIRD.—*Another Room in the Inn. Door R., and large closet, L. flats.*

Enter JOHN DEAN, r., DARBY, with a tray, napkin, &c.—he bustles across, not attending to JOHN DEAN.

JOHN. Darby, who is this person you are waiting on so attentively? I can't get you to do anything for me—who is it?

DARBY. (*going*) No one in particular, sir.

JOHN. I'm waiting for my woodcock all day. I'm famishing.

DARBY. I'll be back in a minute, Misther Dean, if you'll have a little patience. I'll be back immediantly.

Exit with tray, r. door.

JOHN. I'm sure that's a person of consequence by all this attention to him—perhaps some agent of the Pretender's. I wish I could find out. (*peeps through keyhole*)

DARBY. (*re-entering, runs against him*) Ah, then, is't spying into the door you are? fie for shame, Mr. Dean! you have no business to be prying and peepin' here; this is no custom house, sir.

JOHN. No: but it's the house I give my custom to, and I think I deserve some attention and civility; but I can get neither since this fellow, whoever he is, came into the house. Who is he, I say?

DARBY. How should I know who he is? I wish you'd lave me alone.

Exit, L.

JOHN. There's something mysterious here! Darby tells me everything on ordinary occasions, and he's crusty now. I wish I could find out. (*goes to keyhole again*)

DARBY. (*without*) This way, your honour, this way.

JOHN. (*coming from keyhole*) Why here is the Judge coming! He wouldn't come for nothing—that's a sure thing. I'll observe.

Retires, L. C.

Re-enter DARBY, bowing in SIR PEIGNORY PIP, L.

DARBY. (*seeing JOHN—annoyed*) That prying thief is here in the way—bad luck to him!

SIR P. (*pompously*) Tell the very reverend—

DARBY. (*bowing and marshalling the way for SIR PEIGNORY to proceed*) I will, sir.

SIR P. Tell the very reverend—

DARBY. (*still pointing way*) This way, your honour.

SIR P. Fellow, will you let me speak? Tell the very Reverend Doctor Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, that Sir Peignory Pip, Judge and Warden of the district, has done himself the honour to wait on him.

DARBY. I will, your honour's honour. (*makes signs of annoyance at JOHN DEAN's prying about, and exits, R. door in flat*)

SIR P. What an odd person that Dean is—instead of accepting my invitation to the Manor House, he prefers staying at an inn; and asks me to it. These men of genius will do such odd things.

Re-enter DARBY.

DARBY. Will your honour come this way?

Exeunt SIR PEIGNORY, bowed off by DARBY, door in flat.

JOHN (*coming forward*) So, so! my letter of this morning comes true. Dean Swift, forsooth! The Judge, instead of having him at the Castle, comes here, to a shabby inn, to meet him hugger-mugger fashion—my worst suspicions are confirmed. I'll be on the watch—softly and slyly, John Dean.

Exit cautiously in door flat, after DARBY and SIR PEIGNORY.

SCENE FOURTH.—*Same as Scene Second, Act II. Tables spread for dinner, plates, bottles, glasses, hand-bell, &c., Screen as before, up R. C.*

MC CARTHY discovered, buttoning up coat, adjusting his hat, &c.

MC CAR. I hope I shall enact the Dean better than I did with my fair cousin. But, with the aid of her subsequent instructions, I do hope to succeed.

Enter DARBY and HOSTESS bowing on SIR PEIGNORY, door in flat.

DARBY. (R.) Sir Peignory Pip, please your reverence.

MC CAR. Worshipful Sir Peignory! (*SIR PEIGNORY bows.*)

MC CARTHY is about raising his hat—DARBY slapping it on his head again.

DARBY. (*aside*) Remember you have only half a wig!

MC CAR. Excuse my wearing my hat : I've a cold in my head.

SIR P. Don't mention it, I pray.

MC CAR. And do I see at length the profound Judge, and fanciful romancer?

SIR P. And have I the greater honour and pleasure to behold at once a mighty pillar of the Church and the most supple twig in the birch broom of sarcasm—who can, either under the surplice of sanctity, or the mantle of fiction, play the divine with his friends, or the Devil with his enemies.

MC CAR. A truce, Sir Peignory, a truce. I'm not afraid of any man at abuse, but I am easily beaten at compliments.

HOST. (*advancing, c., very fussy*) Would your honor, or your reverence, take a bit o' something—a bit of mutton, or a bit o' kid, or a bit of pig, or a bit of—

MC CAR. I would like a bit of something, but I'm afraid it is not to be found in your larder.

HOST. If it's not there, wouldn't I send all over the country for it—for your reverence?

MC CAR. I'm afraid it's not to be found in all Ireland.

HOST. What is it, sir?

MC CAR. A bit of quiet.

HOST. (*abashed*) Oh! *Exit door in flat.*

SIR P. (L.) Good! (*delighted*) If I had heard that anywhere all over the world, I should have said that was "the Dean."

MC CAR. And now, my right worshipful old buck!

SIR P. (*aside*) Old buck! Ha, ha, ha! How like him—what easy familiarity.

MC CAR. (*at table, R.*) Sir Peignory; I drink to you.

SIR P. (L.) I have the honor to return the compliment. (*drinks*) But why, instead of remaining here, would you not come to the manor house?

MC CAR. Pshaw! I hate manners and manor houses—I love the freedom of an inn. You know how many of my epigrams are written on their window panes.

SIR P. True.

MC CAR. And now, touching this romance of yours, is it finished yet?

SIR P. Not quite finished.

MC CAR. Not *quite*, of course; for a book is never quite finished until the critics have done with it. What I mean is—

Enter JOHN DEAN slyly door in flat, and gets behind screen, R.

Have you completed your plot? (JOHN starts.)

SIR P. Why, I sent you a sort of sketch of it.

MC CAR. (*a little disconcerted*) Oh, yes. So you did, but

—somewhat vague—no names. I should like to hear of the persons engaged in your plot.

JOHN. (*emphatically, aside*) So should I.

SIR P. Why, a plot, you know, is a ticklish thing to manage, and sometimes one's invention runs dry.

MC CAR. Talking of running dry, I am thirsty, and this is very bad stuff we are drinking—their cellar here is not of the best. Might I ask you for a little of your own?

SIR P. Certainly! Not that my cellar is very extensive, but if a bottle—

MC CAR. Say no more: we'll have one. (*rings a handbell; JOHN DEAN hides behind screen*) I hope they'll give us proper attention.

JOHN. (*peeping out, r.*) If they don't, I will—

Enter DARBY, door in flat.

DARBY. Is it me your honor wants?

MC CAR. No, we want something better.

DARBY. Oh, the mistress, you mean.

MC CAR. (*holding up bottle*) This is what we want.

DARBY. Faith—then it's not unlike the mistress, for it has a nice smooth neck, and is mostly full of spirits, and is an agreeable companion.

SIR P. Take this bottle to the manor house, and tell Lady Pip I desire it to be filled from my own cellar. Go!

DARBY. Sure your honor knows my lady would no more give it me than the eve out of her head.

SIR P. (*angrily*) What does the fellow mean?

DARBY. I mane that she's a careful lady, and wouldn't thrust a *spaldeen*, like me—why should she?—so write me an order, if your honor pleases.

SIR P. The fellow is right—an order is only reasonable. (*aside*) Safer too. No mistake can be made with a written order.

(DARBY places writing materials for SIR PEIGNORY)

DARBY. There, now your honour can say, just to fill the bottle for me.

SIR P. (*writing*) Fill the bottle for the bearer.

DARBY. That's me! now sign your name.

SIR P. From the hogshead!

DARBY. (*laughs*) Yis—from the hog's head. (*points at SIR PEIGNORY's head—SIR PEIGNORY looks round;—DARBY, quietly*) Yis, (*points to paper*) that's it—the hogshead; and now there can be no mistake about it. I know myself the hardship of being without drink, so I won't keep your honour waiting long.

Exit, with bottle.

SIR P. And now to return to our plot. The higher the titles the better, I think.

MC CAR. Certainly.

JOHN. (*aside, behind the screen*) The villains.

SIR P. Well; in the first place, the Duke.

JOHN. (*writing on tablets*) The Duke!

SIR P. He is to be disposed of by the sword.

MC CAR. Capital.

JOHN. (*aside*) The cut-throats!

SIR P. The Marquis and the Princess are confined to a dungeon.

MC CAR. In chains, I hope.

SIR P. Rusty chains, with large iron rings in the wall.

MC CAR. Admirable! nothing like striking terror.

SIR P. Then the Bishop.

MC CAR. Aye; I'm curious about the Bishop! what do you mean to do with him?

SIR P. Well: I think you'll say the mode of destruction is ingenious.

MC CAR. Smother him in his own canonicals?

SIR P. No: the Cathedral is to be fired, and the Bishop is to perish in the conflagration.

JOHN. (*aside*) The monsters!

SIR P. The Count arrives by night in a fire ship, which is to explode near the tower.

JOHN. (*writing*) The Tower!

SIR P. The rabble join the insurrection.

MC CAR. I beg your pardon. One word. What are the authorities supposed to be about all this time? Where are the magistrates—the constables—the guards?

SIR P. All poisoned. I mean to have an extensive poisoning of all the minor authorities.

MC CAR. Good!

JOHN. (*aside*) Diabolical!

SIR P. But the difficulty in the latter part is, how to dispose of the Queen.

JOHN. (*aside*) Horrible!

SIR P. Whether to put her into a dungeon for life—condemn her to perpetual banishment—or bring her to the scaffold at once. Now, what do you think, Mr. Dean?

JOHN. (*who has exhibited great excitement towards the latter part of SIR PEIGNORY's conversation, stands on a chair, thrusts his head over screen*) What do I think? What should any loyal man think of the ruin of the church—the murder of the Queen—the downfall of the empire? (*overbalances himself in his enthusiasm, and falls—upsets screen—SIR PEIGNORY and MC CARTHY start up in surprise—MC CARTHY rings hand-bell, and calls "House," "Waiter," &c.—JOHN gets up, scrambles off, and, amid the general surprise, the scene closes*)

SCENE FIFTH.—*Back part of the Castle,—with practicable Door in flat—knocker and bell for use.*

Enter DARBY, L., with a large hamper, containing carboy, a lid and apron to hamper, and cord.

DARBY. (*putting down hamper, and ringing bell, knocking, &c.*) By my conscience, this is a hard house to get into. (*knocks and rings*) One would think they were all dead—and devil a loss they'd be, if they were. (*rings and knocks again*) The ould lady won't like to hear I've come to storm the cellar. (*knocks and rings—noise—off chains—off bolts, &c.*)

Enter SERVANT, door in flat.

SERVANT. (*angrily*) Why are you knocking and ringing so hard?

DARBY. To get in. Is'n't that what bells and knockers is made for?

SERVANT. You have no right to make such a noise.

DARBY. If servants would come in time, I wouldn't make a noise; so hould your prate and tell my Lady.

SERVANT. I won't tell my Lady.

DARBY. You must.

SERVANT. Must?

DARBY. Aye, must. (*shows Judge's Order*) Look at that.

SERVANT. (*abashed*) Oh!

DARBY. Now, mightn't you as well have held your prate for them that wants it? I think it's little else you'd give to any poor man. That's from his honour the Judge to her Ladyship. You'd better shake your trotters at once, for his honour is waiting for an answer. (*SERVANT looks angrily at DARBY as he is going away*) You'd better look at me again, for fear you'd forget me. (*Exit SERVANT.*) What a sulky set the whole kit of them is at this house. Oh! if we can only set them *out of* it, and the *right owner* *into* it—won't we have a blazing fine feast, to purify the place after the stingy ould niggards that have been disgracing it? Whoo! won't we make the rafters shake.

Enter LADY PIP, SOLOMON, and SERVANT, door in flat.)

DARBY. Sarvant, ma'am! Sarvant, sir!

LADY P. The Judge has given you this order? (*shews paper*)

DARBY. Yes, my Lady.

LADY P. Have you brought a bottle?

DARBY. Yes, my Lady.

SOL. And a cork?

DARBY. Sure it's not stopping it you'd be?

LADY P. Where's the bottle?

DARBY. (*taking from hamper a carboy, or vitriol bottle, and placing it down stage, in front of LADY PIP.*) Here, my Lady.

LADY P. (*almost screaming at the sight of the bottle*) Do you call that a bottle?

DARBY. Indeed I do, my Lady: that's what may be called an honest bottle—may the man that blew it never have the asthma.

SOL. Oh, what a bottle!

LADY P. Oh! Sir Peignory how could you think of such extravagance.

DARBY. The Judge and the Clargy has a powerful thirst upon them.

LADY. I will only allow it to be half filled.

DARBY. I can't take less than the full of it, my Lady.

LADY P. Dare you dictate, fellow!

DARBY. No, my Lady: but the note does.

LADY P. Oh, Sir Peignory! what extravagance! "Wilful waste makes woful want." *Exit*

SOL. (*to SERVANT*) Take that bottle and follow me.

SERVANT *puts bottle into hamper, and exits after SOLOMON.*

DARBY. I'll follow to the cellar too, to see they do full justice to my little phial. *Exit into house.*

SCENE SIXTH.—*Same as Scene Third.—Room with door and closet.*

Enter JOHN DEAN and HOSTESS, wrangling, L.

JOHN. Don't talk to me in this manner, I drink more than anyone else in your house, and pay my score, therefore am the last man you ought to find fault with.

HOST. But, Mr. Dean, you have no right, sir, to disturb other people, sir, and break into their rooms, sir, and make worshipful people think my house disorderly, sir.

JOHN. Disorderly, quotha? How do you know what goes on in your house?—what intrigue?—what—

HOST. Oh, you base calumniator! I'd have you to know, sir, there never was a—

JOHN. My good soul, I only meant—

HOST. I know very well what you meant.

JOHN. I tell you I only spoke of the intrigues of politics, and misprision of treason.

HOST. I know nothing of Miss Prissy, or Miss Polly, or any such jades. (*bell rings off*) But there, I must go: and the sooner you go, the better, sir—the better. *Exit, in a rage.*

JOHN. What a towering rage she is in. The notice I have sent to the Fort will alarm the Commandant, and I hope he and the soldiers will be down on them soon. But they might escape in the mean time—I must try to watch them. *Exit, R.*

Enter DARBY, L., carrying hamper slung to his back.

DARBY. By the powers, I'd no idea it would be so heavy—gently while I land it. (*getting it carefully on to the ground, he sits to enable him to do so*) Ha! ha! ha! I've made a good haul of it anyhow—won't I have great fun out of this for the next fortnight. Now, I must pour a little drop out of it into a Christian-like looking bottle, and shut up my ould Haythen here in this closet. (*takes from cupboard, L. flat, a wine bottle and funnel—smells bottle*) Oh, it's bad turpentine—well, sure, it don't matter, it won't poison. (*pours from carboy into bottle*) That's enough for them, more wouldn't be good for them. (*smells funnel—grimaces*) They've been filling the lamps through that; never mind, it 'ill make an illigant mixture. (*shakes up the contents of the bottle*) And now to make sure, in case any one should discover my treasure, I'll write something on it that will make them let it alone. Here's a bit of chalk. (*takes chalk from his pocket, sits at back of hamper, and writes, and then, placing it in closet, so that the word "Pizen" is towards audience*) The divil a one will touch it after that. (*Shuts door.*) JOHN DEAN enters, R.—*slaps him on shoulder—DARBY, alarmed, takes up bottle*)

JOHN. (*mysteriously*) Darby!

DARBY. (*alarmed*) Well?

JOHN. I have discovered—

DARBY. You don't mean that?

JOHN. People may endeavour to hide, but villainy will come out. The Judge—

DARBY. Well, what about the Judge.

JOHN. Even he is not safe from the corrupt practices of these wicked times.

DARBY. (*supposing John alludes to the carboy*) Arrah, don't think so hard of it—what's the great harm after all?

JOHN. What's the harm? You astonish me—the authorities must make a seizure. (*going R.*)

DARBY. (*alarmed—drawing him back*) Oh, sure you wouldn't make such a great hubbub all for a trifle, and a man's character ruined and make him lose his place maybe.

JOHN. Place! I know the place he's fit for; and he shall be in it—a prison.

DARBY. Ah! see now. Wouldn't it be nicer for you to take a share of it yourself, and say nothing about it.

JOHN. Do you think I'd swallow such a bait?

DARBY. You've swallowed worse, I can tell you. (*bell rings off left*) There's the bell, I must run; but I'll be back in a minute. (*bell*) And for the tender mercy, don't go and tell any body about it till I come back. *Exit, L.*

JOHN. His manner is suspicious—he was alarmed at my sudden appearance—attempts to make light of the affair—and then asks me to share in it. I'm in the lion's den, and, if they think I suspect them, my life might be sacrificed.

HOST. (*without, L.*) Darby! Darby!

JOHN. Zooks, she's coming this way. I mustn't be seen. Where can I hide—this closet? (*opens closet and discovers carbony with poison*) Zounds, there's the poison all mixed and ready, and enough to murder the whole county. Oh, they're all in the plot then, and if they find me I am a lost man.

Exit hastily, R.

Enter MARY MC CARTHY and HOSTESS, L.

MARY. The message, you say, was delivered?

HOST. Yes, my lady. Lady Pip was told the judge had dropped down, and with that she screached out, and is running down as fast as she can with a power of physic.

MARY. Not forgetting the servants, I hope.

HOST. Oh no; they were told—the servants would be wanted to carry the master home.

MARY. That's all right.

LADY P. (*without*) Where is he? where is he?

(MARY retires up, R.—Enter L., LADY PIP, ROSE LACY, DARBY, 2 SERVANTS with basket containing bottles of liquid and herbs—ROSE goes to MARY.)

LADY P. Where is he? I have brought all my remedies.

DARBY. You can't see him for a minit or two, my lady; for the cow doctor happened to dhrop in, and he's playin' an experiment on him.

LADY P. Cow doctor, fellow?

DARBY. Oh, don't you be afeared of the cow doctor—he recovered a very big calf last summer, and who knows but he'd be lucky this time.

LADY P. Apoplexy, I'm told.

DARBY. Yes, my lady—he tumbled down all of a heap.

LADY P. No wonder if they drank all that big bottle full. Has anything happened to his boon companion—that dreadful Dean?

DARBY. Oh, the Dane is only speechless, my lady, and towld me to let no one disturb him—but I think your ladyship may go in and see the judge now.

Exeunt LADY PIP with HOSTESS shewing the way—SERVANTS following to flat.

DARBY. Follow your mistress, you spalpeen!

MARY. (*advancing with ROSE*) Where is Solomon?

ROSE. Oh! ruin to our plot! He will not leave the house—

he is cleaning his gun, and mending his fishing rods, and says he doesn't care whether the judge is alive or dead, and *thus* our plot must fail.

DARBY. It mustn't fail! If I was to climb into the window myself, and throw the big fool out of it.

MARY. No, no, Darby, that would be illegal, and foil our project.

DARBY. Suppose I killed him—couldn't we say it was an accident.

MARY. No violence—that would ruin all. Oh, the stubborn fool, how I hate him!

DARBY. Hate! Miss Mary—I have it! Love is more powerful than hate—then let love do what hatred can't. Run up to the house with me, and try to be sweet upon him, and coax him out.

MARY. Oh, if I could!

DARBY. Could! haven't you an eye that would melt the wax off a letter—and a voice that would coax a cat out of a dairy.

MARY. Then, I'll try your plan, and oh, Cupid, if ever you did assist a lady in distress, do it now—follow, Darby, follow.

Exeunt MARY and ROSE, L.

DARBY. Where's the man that wouldn't follow when a lady and Cupid lade the way! Let me get my firearms! (*runs to door in flat and gets a stick*) When a lady cries "Follow me," a man is bound to obey the ordher—barrin' she is going to the other world, like Mrs. Leary, in the song.

Song.

Lanty was in love, you see,
With lovely, lively, Rosie Carey,
But the father can't agree
To give the girl to Lanty Leary.
Up to fun, "away we'll run,"
Says she, "my father's so contrairy—
Won't you follow me?
Won't you follow me?"
"Faith I will!" says Lanty Leary.

But her father died one day,
(I hear t'was not by dhrinkin' wather)
House and land and cash, they say
He left, by will, to Rose his daughter.
Land and house and cash to saize,
Away she cut so light and airy,
"Won't you follow me?
Won't you follow me?"
"Faith I will!" says Lanty Leary.

Rose, herself, was taken bad,
 The fever worse each day was growin';
 "Lanty, dear," says she, "'tis sad,
 To th' other world I'm surely goin';"
 You'll ne'er survive my loss, I know,
 Nor long remain in Tipperary.
 Won't you follow me?
 Won't you follow me?"
 "Faith I won't," says Lanty Leary. *Exit, L.*

SCENE SEVENTH.—A handsome Castellated Building, blending the domestic with the defensive—a set piece, R. 3 E., with massive hall door—windows and shutters—a-made out practicable roof—the Castle extending beyond—L., a parapet wall and buttresses—Village on the slope below—extensive sea view—and a sunset effect.

SOLOMON discovered seated on chair close to hall door, which is open, repairing fishing rod, very awkwardly.

SOL. Ah, there's the hook stuck in my finger again. Oh, you nasty hook, stay there, Mr. Fishingrod. (*places it against R. 3 E., goes into hall, and returns with gun, which he is supposed to be cleaning*) I must go shoot some more woodcocks. How that impudent fellow ruined my bird this morning. Where's my turn screw? (*feels in pocket*) Where is my turn screw? I suppose I left it in the house. (*lays gun on chair, and re-enters hall*)

Enter DARBY, beckoning on MARY, FISHERMAN, &c., cautiously,
 I.. 5 E.—**DARBY** peeps in hall.

DARBY. He's there in the hall—hide yourselves—quick, my lads. (*they get behind buttresses, trees, and up, L. and L. C.*) Sing a bit of a song, Miss Mary, to wheedle him out, and I'll hide, and be ready to help you when you want me. (**DARBY** hides, L. C.—**MARY** sings a snatch, crossing towards R. C.—**SOLOMON** enters)

MARY. Oh, Mr. Solomon, I beg your pardon. I would not have sung if I had thought you were within hearing.

SOL. Oh, don't be afraid—'tis not disagreeable.

MARY. Now, you flatter me, Mister Solomon.

SOL. Oh! you know that I—that is you— (*looks lovingly at MARY*) You know what I mean.

MARY. (*giving SOLOMON an encouraging glance*) Heigho!

SOL. Oh, don't sigh.

MARY. I beg your pardon—is it illegal to sigh?

SOL. Oh, no: besides, I wouldn't enforce the law against you—I like you too well—I'd marry you if you liked.

MARY. Ah! but wouldn't that be bringing me under the law of marriage?

SOL. Ah! but that's a rosy chain.

MARY. With some thorns in it. Good-bye, Mister Solomon. (*goes towards L.*)

SOL. Where are you going?

MARY. To take a walk.

SOL. May I go with you?

MARY. You do me honour, Mr. Solomon. I'm going to the orchard.

SOL. Ah! I'll follow you there when I have fixed my flint. (*goes up, takes chair and fishing-rod into hall*)

MARY. (*down, L. 2 E., aside*) Oh! the flint must be fixed before the spark will follow. *Exit, L. 2 E.*

SOL. I'll go after her as soon as I can. She has grown quite agreeable. (*trying to fix flint to cock of gun*) I think I've touched her feelings. (*cuts himself with gun flint*) Oh, my fingers! Ah! you nasty turnscrew—now for my shot pouch and powder.

Re-enters Hall, R.—DARBY peeps out, c.—Re-enter MARY, L. 2 E.

MARY. He doesn't follow—and I see a crowd of people coming this way from the village. What's to be done?

DARBY. Set up a phillalew—say there's a fellow robbing the orchard, and that he was impudent to you; and tell him to go, shoot him. (*DARBY shouts—retires—MARY goes to wing and then runs to Hall—affecting terror.*)

Re-enter SOLOMON, R.

MARY. Oh, Mr. Solomon! Mr. Solomon!

SOL. (*at the door*) What's the matter?

MARY. There's a man robbing the orchard, and when I told him to go away, he was so insolent—he deserves to be shot.

SOL. I'll do that, if you like.

MARY. I should be so obliged to you!

SOL. Come along then, and see.

MARY. Oh, I should not like to see a man killed.

SOL. (*crossing to L. 2 E.*) Then don't come; for I never miss my mark. *Exit L. 2 E.*

MARY. And I have hit mine.

DARBY and FISHERMAN re-appear.

DARBY. Faith you have, Miss Mary.

MARY. There's no one in the house now.

DARBY. Then the ould saying's throue, that "an empty house is better than a bad tenant." Now boys—Come, Miss Mary, do you take possession, and I will keep it for you!

MARY enters Hall.

Now, boys, in with you! close the shutter, and make all tight.

The FISHERMEN and VILLAGERS enter Hall, r.

Hurra! it's right and tight now—it will be for Mac Carthy More. Bolt the doors! close the shutters; and so make all right.

Exit into Hall—noise of chains, bolts, &c.

*Enter OFFICER, SERGEANT, SIX SOLDIERS, and JOHN DEAN, L.
Soldiers range, C.*

OFFICER. Halt! Front!

JOHN. Now, sir, take care that none of them escape.

OFFICER. The traitors, you say, are at the inn.

JOHN. The principal ones—but I deem it prudent to besiege the house on our way to the inn, for I believe several thousand traitors, and barrels of gunpowder, may be concealed.

OFFICER. (to SERGEANT) Surround the house with your men, and lie in the woods till the trumpet calls you.

SERGEANT. (notions to MEN, who retire off, R. and L. U. E.

JOHN. Most ably manœuvred, sir. I'll mention you to the Queen, when Her Majesty sends for me. We had better retire, and lie in wait.

JOHN DEAN and OFFICER retire, L. 3 E.

Re-enter SOLOMON, L. 2 E.

SOL. I could see nobody—but I suppose he ran away when he saw me coming. Oh, they are all afraid of me (*goes to hall door, pushes, and finds it fast*) Why, 'tis fast! (*knocks*) and all the window-shutters closed. I suppose the old Judge is dead, and the house is put into mourning. (*knocks with the butt of his gun*)

DARBY. (on the roof of entrance Hall) What are you battherin there for, spilein' the hall door?

SOL. What brings you there?

DARBY. I'm keeping possession for the masther.

SOL. Why, that's me!

DARBY. Faith it's not!

SOL. Let me in!

DARBY. Faith I won't!

SOL. I'll shoot you if you don't. (presenting gun)

DARBY. (*quickly presenting his gun*) Two can play at that game.

(SOLOMON retreats—*his arms are seized at the back by a SOLDIER—SERGEANT snatches his gun—OFFICER and JOHN DEAN advance, c.*)

JOHN. Here's one of the traitors, taken with arms in his hands too—bear him away.

(SOLOMON is taken off by SERGEANT and SOLDIERS, L. 1 E.)

OFFICER. You are arrested in the Queen's name. (*Flourish of drum and trumpets—OFFICER goes up, L.*)

Enter SIR PIEGNORY and MC CARTHY MORE, each in the custody of SOLDIERS—LADY PIP and SERVANTS following.

JOHN. (*to SIR P.*) Ah! I've caught you at last. Oh, you grey-headed old sinner.

SIR P. What is your charge against me?

JOHN. Treason! Popery! Blasphemy! Brass money and wooden shoes—not forgetting poison.

SIR P. You most egregious ass!

JOHN. (*to MAC CARTHY, as the DEAN*) And you—a churchman! Oh! monster!

MAC. (*r.*) Ha! Ha! Ha!

JOHN. Ah—you won't laugh when you are going to be hanged. (*flourish off, L. U. E.*)

Enter LORD AUBREY and ROSE, attended by soldiers, L. U. E.

SIR P. (*surprised*) Lord Aubrey?

JOHN. (*delighted*) Lord Aubrey.

LORD A. Sir Piegnory, your servant.

SIR P. What means this indignity? (*pointing to SOLDIERS*)

LORD A. Pardon a slight mistake, Sir Peignory—this ardent friend of the government —

JOHN. (*exultingly*) Ardent friend of the government. (*aside*) My fortune's made.

LORD A. He has been somewhat mystified. This lady (*pointing to ROSE*) has explained the whole affair to me, and these gentlemen may now be set free, sir.

OFFICER signals the men to withdraw—they retire up range, L. U. E.

JOHN. (*amazed*) My Lord —

LORD A. Be silent, sir.

SIR P. I will resent this indignity. I will have compensation for my wounded feelings.

LADY P. I have an invaluable recipe for wounded feelings.

LORD A. (*to MAC CARTHY*) Mr. Dean?

JOHN. (*stepping in between*) Well, my Lord?

LORD A. Will you be silent, sir! (*again to Mac Carthy*)
Mr. Dean, I regret your cloth should have been so insulted.

MC CAR. My dear Lord Aubrey, our cloth is seldom insulted
with impunity (*throws off his disguise*)

LORD A. What, my friend Mac Carthy? (*turns to ROSE*)
You little rogue, you did not prepare me for this.

ROSE. (R. C.) I thought you would enjoy the surprise.

LORD A. And so I do. Welcome, Mac Carthy, to your
native land.

MC CAR. Where the exile has returned to claim his own.

SIR P. My lord, he is attainted, an outlaw.

MC CAR. (*showing pardon*) My gracious Queen has restored
me to my country and my rights, and now I come to claim
my home. (*DARBY and MARY MC CARTHY on roof of Hall*)

SIR P. Which we have possession of, and will hold.

DARBY. (*on roof of Hall*) That's the last lie *you* towld, for
we have possession.

SIR P. Who are you?

DARBY. You'll find out by-and-bye.

MC CAR. (*perceiving MARY*) What—my own Mary, too!
(*rushes off, R. U. E., and returns with MARY almost immediately on
stage—FISHERMEN and VILLAGERS appear at door and windows*)

LORD A. Why, here is plot within plot.

JOHN. Right, my lord—a frightful plot—I heard it with my
own ears.

SIR P. Such very long ears as yours are characteristic of
jackasses—you heard the plot of my romance.

MC CAR. The dearest romance on record, Sir Peignory; for
it has cost you the broad lands of Mac Carthy More.

LADY P. Then, you are *not* Dean Swift, sir.

MC CAR. No, my lady—but hearing Sir Peignory was de-
sirous of the Dean's company, we wished to gratify him.

LADY P. Oh, Sir Peignory, I warned you against the Dean
—fatal mistake.

SIR P. For which you have *no* remedy—so pray be silent.
(*goes up, L.*)

JOHN. (*to LORD AUBREY*) My lord, I saw the poison ready
mixed—an extensive bottle of poison. (*LORD AUBREY warns
him to silence*)

MC CAR. And now, Mary, that my ancestral halls are mine.

SIR P. (*advancing*) Hold, sir—not so fast; surely there must
be some one who holds possession for us. Where is Solomon?

Enter SOLOMON, L., between two SOLDIERS.

SOL. Here!

SIR P. Confusion! oh, you fool!

SOL. (*pointing to MARY*) 'Twas she; you yourself told me to make love to her.

SIR P. Couldn't you make love *in* the house.

SOL. She asked me to take a walk in the orchard.

MARY. Not the first time a woman betrayed with an apple.

SIR P. One word, Lord Aubery; give me possession of that house, and my ward shall be yours at once.

LORD A. Never, to the injury of my friend, sir.

SIR P. One word more, sir. (*turns to DARBY*) Fellow, I'll give you a thousand pounds if you answer my question *the right way*; for whom have you taken possession?

DARBY. You'll give me a thousand pounds? Wait till I come down to you, (*drops down from roof to stage*) a thousand pounds! for which did I take possession? (*glancing affectionately to McCARTHY flourishing his hat*) Why for—for MacCarthy More, for ever!

OMNES.—SOLDIERS, FISHERMEN, CHARACTERS. Hurrah! MacCarthy More for ever!

DARBY. (*to audience*) One cheer more for MacCarthy More!! (*shouts, flourish*)

Curtain.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R.	R. C	C.	L. C.	L.
Right.	Right Centre.	Centre.	Left Centre.	Left.