

EILY O'CONNOR

A Domestic Drama

IN

TWO ACTS

BY

THOMAS EGERTON WILKS

AUTHOR OF

*The King's Wager—The Dream Spectre—The Red Crow—Wenlock
of Wenlock—Death Token—Michael Erle—The Black Domino—The
Wren Boys—Rinaldo Rinaldini—Lord Darnley—The Crown Prince
—Roll of the Drum—Eily O'Connor—Ben the Boatswain—Lady
of Lambythe—Ruby Ring—Sixteen String Jack—Woman's Love—
Scarlet Mantle—Gaspard Hauser—Raffaelle the Reprobrate—Crich-
ton of Slunie—Captain's not a-miss—State Secrets—Jacket of Blue
—The Brothers—Sudden Thoughts—'Tis he—Bamboozling—Rail-
road Station—Serjeant's Wedding—My Wife's Dentist—My Valet
and I—Ambassador's Lady—A Mistaken Story—The Devil's in it
—Seven Clerks—The Miller of Whetstone—Raven's Nest,
&c. &c. &c.*

LONDON;

THOMAS HAILES LACY,
89, STRAND, W.C.,

Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market.

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EILY O'CONNOR.

CHARACTERS.

HARDRESS CREGAN	.	.	.	Mr. SERLE.
DANNY MANN, <i>the Deformed</i>	.	.	.	Mr. J. RUSSELL.
MR. DALY, <i>a Magistrate</i>	.	.	.	Mr. KING.
KYRLE DALY, <i>his Son</i>	.	.	.	Mr. HONNOR.
CAPTAIN HECTOR CREAGH	.	.	.	Mr. MORIMER.
LOWRY LOONEY	.	.	.	Mr. SMITH.
MIHIL O'CONNOR, <i>father of Eily</i>	.	.	.	Mr. ELLIOTT.
PHIL NAUGHTON, <i>keeper of a Shebeen</i>	.	.	.	Mr. HAMBLETON.
MRS. CREGAN, <i>mother of Hardress</i>	.	.	.	Miss WATSON.
EILY O'CONNOR, <i>the Victim</i>	.	.	.	Mrs. HARRISON.
ANNE CHUTE, <i>the Heiress</i>	.	.	.	Mrs. NORMAN.
MOLLY NAUGHTON	.	.	.	Mrs. WESTON.

SOLDIERS, VISITORS, SERVANTS, &c.

SCENE.—Garroyowen and its vicinity.

COSTUMES

HARDRESS CREGAN.	—Black frock coat, trowsers, and waistcoat; military cap.
DANNY MANN.	—Blue frieze jacket, coarse breeches, boots, and broad-brimmed seal-skin hat.
MR. DALY.	—Suit of black.
KYRLE DALY.	—Fashionable morning dress.
CAPTAIN CREAGH.	—Military undress.
LOWRY LOONEY.	—Fustian jacket, coloured waistcoat, corduroy breeches, boots.
MRS. CREGAN. ANNE CHUTE.	} Fashionable modern dresses.
EILY O'CONNOR.	—Slate coloured frock, with red cloak and gipsy bonnet.
MOLLY NAUGHTON.	—Coloured cotton gown, with handkerchief over head.

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This Drama is the Property of Thomas Hailes Lacy.

EILY O'CONNOR.

A C T F I R S T.

SCENE FIRST.—*The village of Garryowen, on the borders of the Lake of Killarney—sunset—fair time—public houses, R.—cottage L.*

PEASANTRY discovered as curtain rises—*Rustic Dance, they exeunt.*
Enter KYRLE DALY, followed by LOWRY LOONEY, R.

LOWRY. (*sings*)

Bryan O'Lynn had no breeches to wear,
So he cut up a sheep-skin to make him a pair ;
With the skinny side out, and the woolly side in,
“‘Tis cool and convenient,” says Bryan O'Lynn.

KYRLE. How merrily you travel, Lowry, while I—(*sighs*) but heaven forbid that all, both high and low, should be equally unhappy.

LOWRY. Take my plan, Master Kyrle, and sing while you walk. Oh, there's nothing like it at all! The louder a lark sings, the higher he mounts ; and so it's wid me, an I travelling, the lighter my heart, the faster the road slips from under me.

KYRLE. Peace, good Lowry, my spirits are ill attuned to merriment ; of late they have had enough to sadden them—see yonder, the merry dancers are choosing partners—away to them, Lowry ; at this cottage I will rest awhile.

LOWRY. Faith and I'll do it, Master Kyrle ; give me an Irish jig against all the dances in the world—that is, if you've got a pretty partner. (*sings*)

I'm noted for dancing a jig in good order,
A minuet I'd foot, and I'd march a good reel ;
In a country dance still I'd be the leading partner,
I ne'er faltered yet from a crick on the heel.

Exit LOWRY, R.—*Music—Kyrle clasps his hands dejectedly, and exit slowly into the cottage, R.*

A boat crosses the lake, and then appears on stage, r. with HARDRESS CREGAN and DANNY MANN—they come forward.

HARD. Danny, have you performed my orders—is all prepared for my bride at my sister's cottage?

DANNY. All is done—dear knows I'd work enough to make all comfortable.

HARD. 'Tis well—go to the boat; in a few minutes I will rejoin you. *DANNY returns to the boat, and goes off with it, r.* This night Eily flies with me from her father's house, but I dare not yet avow our nuptials; I am entirely in my mother's power, and must submit for the present to her authority; should she find out I am married, disinheritance is one of the least evils I should experience. Curses on the misplaced caution which for five-and-twenty years has placed me in leading strings! Eily, where art thou?

Music—EILY appears at cottage door, l.

Eily! (*they embrace*)

EILY. Oh, Mr. Hardress, if you knew what I have suffered! My father looks so kindly on me to-day; he told me just now I was his only joy, and I—I, his pet—his darling—am about to desert him, and break (*sobbing*) his heart!

HARD. My Eily, how is this? are we not married? you do not fly dishonourably, but shall speedily return, and bless your parent with wealth and happiness.

EILY. But indeed—indeed I am sad, for I was thinking how it would be with my poor father, if anybody should put it into his head that the case is worse than it is, and no more be wanting than a word or a scrap of paper. May heaven never give you the affliction of spending such hours as I have since our marriage.

HARD. My life, why will you speak so? What other course remained for our adoption? You know your father would have died sooner than sanction a private marriage, and so *must* ours continue for a time. It would be absolute ruin to me if my mother knew I had married without consulting her.

EILY. But then, Mr. Hardress, if we could but just let my father know I was *married*, without saying more?

HARD. Eily, if you wish it I will haste to John's Gate Chapel, and bid the priest there tell all who ask, that Eily O'Connor is married to Hardress Cregan, of the Hall. I have no object in seeking to avoid ruin, greater than that of preventing you from sharing it. Do you insist that I *should* do so?

EILY. Insist! Oh, Mr. Hardress, do not be angry with me.

HARD. Nay, prithee, dry those tears. I am *not* angry; but

come, the boat is waiting. I have secured a lodging for you across the lake, and then every instant that I can steal from my mother I will pass with you—come!

EILY. Hark! I hear my father's voice; one word more with him—it will be the last—a long, long while—I will join you again in an instant.

Exit into house, L.

HARD. Dear Eily, I would not deceive thee for the world. My mother's resentment once appeased, all the world shall know thou art Cregan's wife, and then should slander wag its stinging tongue, I will cut the venom from it with my sword! How—can I believe my eyes? Kyrle Daly here!

Enter KYRLE DALY from house, R.

KYRLE. The same, Hardress, and this meeting is the more welcome because unexpected.

HARD. Why, what in wonder's name has brought you here? are you come to meet the merry dancers af Garryowen fair? or have you forgot your books, and forsaken the midnight lamp to join the Patrick boys in their wild rioting?

KYRLE. For shame, Hardress; I have just now crossed the lake from Castle Chute, where your mother and a gay party are holding revels.

HARD. And why, my sober friend, did you forsake the festive scene?

KYRLE. Because I was not well—my head ached—my—

HARD. Your heart ached, you should have said. So, so—I see my fair cousin Anne has made one conquest. Well, Kyrle, I wish you joy; report speaks highly of her talents.

KYRLE. Torment me not; Anne Chute despises me. Yes, Hardress, this very day has she rejected my offered heart and hand—she loves another.

HARD. Indeed I doubt it; my mother told me yesterday her heart was disengaged, and I would sooner take her word, and trust to *her* discernment, than to that of a disappointed lover. But cheer up, Daly, never be cast down because a fickle girl knows not her own mind.

KYRLE. Blame her not, Hardress, she is all perfection; she never encouraged my passion, but studiously avoided me. I ought to have anticipated this result.

HARD. Well, well, look not so sorrowful! to-morrow I shall be at the castle, and will intercede for you with my mother, who entirely sways her mind.

KYRLE. Dear Hardress, how can I thank you? Is she not beautiful?

HARD. Yes, but cold—cold as marble. I had not seen Anne Chute since we were children together till yesterday, and then

she greeted me—so old an acquaintance—as though I was a taxgatherer, or a travelling dancing master. It is the fault of her education. I hate your highly finished girls. Plain human nature for me. When I choose a companion for life, I should rather hope to cull the sweet flower of conjugal happiness in the wild orchard of nature, than from the bark-beds and hot-wells of society.

KYRLE. I advise you, however, not to make the choice until you have greater opportunity of judging, and observing both sides of the question. It would be too late, after you had linked yourself to—to—simplicity, I shall call it—to find that elegance was a good thing, after all.

HARD. (*aside*) He must not know that my choice for life is already made. Well, Kyrle, we will each of us pursue our own inclinations on this subject. Leave me to the indulgence of my theory, and I wish you joy of your Anne Chute; for yours she shall be, if I have any influence with my mother.

KYRLE. Thanks, Hardress, but I fear—

EILY appears at door of house.

HARD. (*hastily*) Forgive me, Kyrle, I must away; the sun sinks rapidly, and I have undertaken to ferry this damsel across the lake.

KYRLE. Farewell!

Music—HARDRESS throws cloak over EILY, and leads her to boat, which appears with DANNY, R. the latter helps her in—KYRLE watching them—beckons to HARDRESS, who comes forward.

KYRLE. Who are these people, Hardress?

HARD. (*confusedly*) That crooked fellow is my foster brother, Danny Mann, and my devoted slave. He loves me so fervently, that every sacrifice my caprice could exact, he would perform with pleasure.

KYRLE. And the girl?

HARD. The girl? Oh, some relation of his—a sister, I believe. Danny's attachment to me is somewhat strange; for I was the cause, however innocent, of his disfigurement.

KYRLE. You, Hardress?

HARD. Yes, some years ago he insulted my cousin, Anne. I heard of it, and in a momentary phrenzy of mad passion, I caught him in my arms, and forcibly dashed him from me—his deformity was the consequence. But I must away.

KYRLE. Remember your promise, Hardress!

Music.—They part—HARDRESS jumps into boat, which moves off R., and is afterwards seen crossing R. to L.

How fortunate is Hardress compared to me ; but it is absurd to murmur—it is my cruel destiny, and not Anne Chute, that renders my fate so different from that of Hardress.

Exit into house R.

Enter LOWRY LOONEY, R.

LOWRY. Thundering strong that same poteen, it makes me feel as though my head was twirling round a May-pole, and my body keeping time all the while to the piper's music. Ah, faith, there's some more I see, left on the table ! What a burning shame to leave good liquor—truth, and I se drink it for them. If a man feels tipsyish, the best thing in the world is to drink again—at least, so father O'Meil used to say. (*goes to table, R.*)

Confusion without—Enter MIHIL O'CONNOR from house, R.

O'C. She is gone, she is gone ! (*rushes up to LOWRY, and threatens him with stick*) Tell me, did you see her—tell me this moment, or I'll thrust my stick down your throat.

LOWRY. Blood and tunder ! what's the man talking about all this time. Mihil, what do you mane ? don't you know me ?

O'C. Ah, Lowry ! I knew you not. Heaven guide you, tell me do you know, or could you put me in a way of finding her ?

LOWRY. Find who ? man—agrah ?

O'C. Eily, my daughter ! Oh, Lowry, she is gone, and left her poor old father to shame and misery !

LOWRY. What ! run away wid nobody but herself ? It's not likely.

O'C. Yet it is so, I tell you—she is stolen or strayed. If she be stolen, may the powers above forgive them that took her from me ; but if she strayed willingly, may my curse—

LOWRY. Hold your tongue, an' don't be cursin' and swearin'—don't I know she wouldn't be the girl to do it for her apron full of gold.

O'C. You're a good boy, Looney—but she's gone. I had none but her—her mother has been dead three years ; and all her brothers and sisters died young. I reared her like a lady ; but she's gone from me !

Enter DALY from house, R.

DALY. How is this, Mahil O'Connor, in tears ?

O'C. Oh, Mr. Daly, my daughter is gone !

LOWRY. By the power ! havn't I got it now—the Mahons were down here this evening, and there's bad boys among them ; and wasn't it them I'm thinking—they're the spalpeens that would have aducted a pig, without making any bones of it, lave alone a purty girl of the O'Connor's.

O'C. If I thought it was—

KYRLE. Have you laid information before a magistrate?

O'C. Alas, no! I have but missed her within the hour; but for a long time past I saw her love for me was fast decaying—and now she's left me!

KYRLE. If force has been used, we cannot be too speedy in following her detainers. O'Connor, haste to my father—obtain a warrant—and I myself will assist in the search.

O'C. Heaven and an old man's blessing be upon you! *Exit R.*

KYRLE. Lowry!

LOWRY. Here I am, your honour.

KYRLE. Do you know Danny Mann, the favourite servant of Mr. Cregan?

LOWRY. Do I know him? don't I know him! wid his cunning eyes, and his hunch like a camel.

KYRLE. Do you know his sister?

LOWRY. His sister? faith, nobody better, consitering she was once goen to thrash me here in Garryowen. Oh, she's quite a darling, wid her drinking an' swearing. She'd think no more of bating you and I, sir, than if we we're two of her own brats!

KYRLE. Strange suspicions haunt me. It is evident it was not this woman that crossed the lake with Hardress. What if he has decoyed the girl away? But, no—I cannot believe it. Follow me, Lowry; the girl must be found, and my unjust suspicions of Hardress proved to be unfounded. *Exit, R.*

LOWRY. If Eily has run away wid some lad of the village, troth it'll shew great want of taste on her part, when she might have had a lad like Lowry Looney, by holden' up her finger an' sayen', "Come to me, my darlin'. *Exit R.*

SCENE SECOND.—*An apartment in Cregan Hall.*

Enter ANNE CHUTE and MRS. CREGAN, L.

MRS. C. Well, my dear Anne, have you seen Hardress to-day?

ANNE. No, madam—he either prefers the society of some other abode, or else dislikes me. We have scarcely spoke—

MRS. C. Scarcely spoke? and pray, how was that?

ANNE. Indeed I don't know—he seems changed since I last saw him; and I—I—was afraid to seem very glad to see him, as he was so reserved.

MRS. C. (*aside*) 'Tis plain she loves him—this is to my

dearest wish! Well, my love, Hardress will be here directly—and in the mean time, sing me that song which he wrote for you when he was here before, and which you set to the old air we love so much.

SONG.—ANNE.

Come wander forth with me, love,
 Come wander forth with me ;
 For the pale bright moon above
 Is shining o'er the sea—
 And her bright beams, like fairy pow'rs,
 Allowed on earth to rove,
 Are flinging beauty to the flow'rs,
 And lustre to the grove.
 Come, lady, to thine listening ear
 Such ardent vows I'll sing,
 That fairies, as they hover near,
 Shall pause upon the wing—
 Shall pause to hear the strain, love,
 Weep many a pearly gem,
 And wish, but all in vain, love,
 Such vows were breath'd to them.

During the song HARDRESS enters, l. and expresses admiration by gestures.

MRS. C. And now, my lady and gentleman, permit me to introduce you to each other; and now, do you think you shall be able to address each other?

HARD. We have spoken, madam, yesterday—

MRS. C. "We have spoken, madam, yesterday!" What a wonderful effort! Suppose you attempt to repeat it? Go, Anne, don your bonnet, and my gentleman here will escort you through a morning's walk.

Exit ANNE, r.
 Why, Hardress, how is this? I used to think you loved your cousin.

HARD. I, madam—that is—*(aside)* How beautifully she sung that song—and *my* song too! Poor Eily loses in that comparison.

MRS. C. Tell me, Hardress, what do you think of her?

HARD. Think of her mother?

MRS. C. "Think of her, mother?" Why, you echo me, like the ancient in the play; come, answer me!

HARD. She is, indeed, a most accomplished girl.

MRS. C. A girl who is far too amiable to become the victim of disappointed feelings. If I should entrust you with a lady's secret, do you think you know how to venerate it?

HARD. Why so, madam ?

MRS. C. Ah ! I think I may trust you. Anne Chute has met with the fate common to ladies of her age—she has fallen in love !

HARD. (*confusedly*) You are jesting, mother ?

MRS. C. It is a sad jest for poor Anne ; for I never saw a girl more in love in my life.

HARD. (*aside*) This will be news for Kyrle Daly—if it be he she loves, how it will rejoice his heart !

MRS. C. Well, Hardress, what are you thinking of ?

HARD. I was guessing who the happy fellow was, that Anne Chute distinguishes with her regard—what is his name ?

MRS. C. Can you not guess ?

HARD. (*aside*) Why does my heart beat, and my cheek burn ? Is it because I am going to hear of my friend's felicity ? Is it Kyrle Daly ?

MRS. C. Kyrle Daly ! No, she has chosen better—do you not think the guess was below her worth ?

HARD. No, Kyrle Daly is a lover for a queen, and is my true friend.

MRS. C. That might be some recommendation.

HARD. (*aside*) What does my mother mean ? Can she insinuate that I—oh, impossible ! it must not—cannot be.

MRS. C. Hardress, listen to me ! I have but one object in view—that one your happiness. I have, therefore, a right to expect your full concurrence in my wishes ; and I must insist upon your obedience, at least in this one instance. Are you really so dull of comprehension as not to perceive that Anne Chute loves you ?

HARD. I—I—did you say, mother ?

MRS. C. It is true, indeed, Hardress ! this fascinating girl, for whom so many sigh, adores you.

HARD. Mother, mother—you are deceived in this !

MRS. C. I have good authority ; last night I wrung the reluctant confession from the lips of my darling Anne herself ; but come, Hardress, pass the day with us—watch closely—convince yourself ; and, realising all these fond hopes, be doubly blest.

Exit R.

HARE. Doubly blest ! Doubly curst, rather ! But this is mere conjecture. I will to-day observe Anne well ; if I discover my mother's words to be unfounded, I will name Kyrle Daly, and plead his cause ; if right, I have naught to do but to fly from the presence of the enchantress.

Exit R.

SCENE THIRD.—*Interior of Phil Naughton's hut among the Killarney mountains—casement, R. C. and D. in F. L. C., and another door, R., couch near window, chairs, and a table, L. C.*

Enter MOLLY, followed by PHIL NAUGHTON, L. C.

MOLLY. Phil, noo you're wanten yer brakfast, I'm thinken.

PHIL. Fait an' I just am.

MOLLY. Fait an' ye don't deserve it at all at all, considering what a mighty little ye do for your livin'.

PHIL. Why now, don't I work fourteen hours a day, Molly?

MOLLY. Och, ye spalpeen—an' what's that I'd like to know? See, now, what I do—don't I clean the house, and wash the childer, and dhrink the whisky, and make the beds—that is, if we had any—and faed the pig, and get the meals ready, an' ate them too, for matter o' that?

PHIL. Fait, an' ye do, Molly!

MOLLY. An' ain't I obliged to do everything for you—don't I wash for you, an' work for ye, an' fight for ye?

PHIL. Fait an' ye do.

MOLLY. Then be off wid yourself, an' have yer breakfast for dinner.

PHIL. What, widout any breakfast, Molly?

MOLLY. Yes, unless ye'd have a beating all to yourself.

PHIL. I wonder whether any one can tell me, now, why I married this woman at all at all? *Music.—Exit PHIL, L. C.*

Enter EILY, R.

EILY. All night long have I watched, but Mr. Hardress has never come; how lonely I am—it was not so in Garryowen; but those days are fled, never I fear to return.

MOLLY. Eily, dear, will ye have some breakfast.

EILY. No, thank you, Mrs. Naughton, I cannot eat!

MOLLY. (*aside*) Fait I'm glad to hear ye say so. One won't ate, and the other shan't ate—so I'll have it all to myself, an' no thanks to either of 'em.

Exit MOLLY, R.—Music—EILY goes dejectedly to couch, and sits.

Enter HARDRESS, wildly, D. C.

HARD. Anne Chute, the beautiful Anne Chute loves me; and I, bound by links of adamant to a simple cottage girl—may not mate with my equal in rank and fortune—curses on my fatal speed—I have ruined myself.

EILY. (*starts up, and runs to him*) Dear Hardress!

HARD. (*repulses her*) Well, Eily!

EILY. I won't let you go among those fine ladies any more.

HARD. Why not? (*moodily*)

EILY. Because, when you return, you are gloomy and thinking of those you have left behind. Hardress, do you know of a priest in this neighbourhood—I have something on my mind that I should like to confess to him.

HARD. Can you not confess it to a friend, Eily, as well as to a holier director?

EILY. I would, if I thought he would forgive me afterwards.

HARD. That must depend upon your sincere penitence.

EILY. Alas! (*sighs*) I am deeply penitent.

HARD. Well, well! now for the confession. (*he sits—she kneels*)

EILY. Well then, sir, I'll tell you what's troubling me. I got married about two months ago to one Mr. Hardress Cregan, a very nice gentleman, that I am very fond of.

HARD. Too fond, perhaps!

EILY. I'm afraid so, rightly speaking; but I hope he does not think so. And he told me, when we were married, that in a few days he should have the consent of his friends, and then he would proclaim our marriage; but he has not done so—and he has taken me away from my friends, and my father—and I fear it has broken his heart—and left me in a lone cottage, where he comes but seldom now, and then looks gloomily. Do you think, sir, I had better ask him what is the reason he does not take me to his home—for, perhaps, some fine lady has made him love Eily less?

HARD. (*bitterly*) I am rather at a loss—it is so difficult to advise a jealous person.

EILY. Jealous? Ah, now I am sorry I asked you; for I see you know nothing about me at all. What should I be jealous of?

HARD. Why, of the fine ladies you spoke of?

EILY. And if I was jealous, that isn't the way I'd shew it.

HARD. How then, Eily?

EILY. Why, first of all, I wouldn't so much as think of such a thing without the greatest reason in the world; and if I get that reason, nobody would ever know it—for I should only lie down and die.

HARD. That is what many a brutal husband, in such a case, would exactly desire.

EILY. So it is, so it is—I would not be long in his way.

HARD. (*rising and with assumed calmness*) Well, then, my advice to you is this.—As long as you live, never presume to question your husband's reasons; never affect an influence he will not admit; and never permit the slightest suspicion of his truth to appear—for men are stubborn creatures; and when suspected wrongfully, find the temptation to furnish them with a cause almost irresistible. (*rises and crosses to R.*)

EILY. Hardress, you are angry now—did you not say you would forgive me?

HARD. I do forgive you! (*sharply*) I spoke for your own good.

EILY. And would not Hardress allow his own Eily her little joke?

HARD. Joke? (*violently*) Am I to become, then, the subject of your mirth? Day after day my brain is verging nearer and nearer to madness, and you *jest* on that? A thousand horrid temptations are burning within me—are eating my flesh away by inches—the devil is laughing at me, and Eily joins him! (*crosses to L.*)

EILY. Oh, Hardress, Hardress!

HARD. Yes, you have the best right to laugh, you are the gainer. I hate, abhor, curse you! curse on your beauty—curse on my own folly—for I have been undone by both! (*EILY throws herself at his feet, clinging to his knees and hand*) Let go my knees—let go my arm! I hate you! Take the truth, I'll be poisoned by it no longer. If I seek other society, and drink, till my senses wander, it is in hopes of forgetting the iron chain that binds me to you.

EILY. Oh, Hardress, you are not in earnest now?

HARD. I am! *I do not joke!* Let go your hold! You may well laugh—you are sure enough of me—I am bound to you too firmly.

EILY. Oh, Hardress, Hardress—listen to me—hear your poor Eily for one moment! Oh, my poor father!

HARD. Ha!

EILY. Forgive me, I did not mean to speak of him. I know I am to blame—greatly to blame—but forgive me. I did it all for you! left home, friends, my father—all, all! Do not cast me off, Hardress—I will do anything to please you—think how far I am from my friends alone, unprotected—and pity me, oh, pity me!

Music.—During her speech HARDRESS continues struggling to get away, she clinging to his knees—he forces himself away—rushes wildly off, R. C., EILY falls on stage.

SCENE FOURTH.—*Mountainous landscape—moonlight.*

Enter HARDRESS, R. wildly.

HARD. Fool that I am! What course is left for me to pursue? Wed to one, wooing another—which, which, shall be the victim?

Enter DANNY MANN, L.

DANNY. Fine weather dis for the wather, master !

HARD. And Kyrle, too ! He loves Ann Chute, and I promised to intercede for him.

DANNY. Der is something trubbling you, master Hardress, dat I see plain enough—an' 'tisn't now only, but for several days past dat I have seen it. If dere is any ting Danny Mann can do to serve you, say but de word dis moment, and I'll be bail he'll do it before long.

HARD. Danny, I am troubled ! I was a fool when I listened not to your advice on one occasion.

DANNY. An' dat was when I tould you not to marry Eily O'Connor ?

HARD. It was !

DANNY. I thought it would be dis way. I thought all along dat Eily O'Connor was no wife for you, master Hardress. It was not in nature she could be ; a poor man's daughter, widout money, or manners, or book larnin' ; but you wouldn't hear me be any manes—an' dis is de way of it now.

HARD. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis done. I was to blame, and am suffering for it.

DANNY. Does she know herself de trubble she is to you ?

HARD. I could not keep it from her. I did not know myself how utterly my dislike had prevailed, until the occasion came ; and then it burst forth like a torrent. I told her what I felt—that I hated her. I could not stop my tongue—my heart smote me for my base unkindness—and yet I could not stop. What is there to be done ? Have you only skill to prevent—none to remedy mischief ?

DANNY. Little trubble would I give myself—send her back to her father.

HARD. And with what face should I appear before my honourable friends, when the old rope-maker came to demand redress, and claim his daughter's husband's promise ?

DANNY. Och, dat is a horse of anoder colour. Well, den I'll tell you what I'd do—pay her passage out to Quaybee, and put her aboard a three-master, widout ever sayen a word to anybody. Or I'll tell you what it is, Master Hardress, do by her as you would by dat glove on your hand, make it come off as easy as it came on, and if it fits too tightly, *take de knife to it !*

HARD. (*sternly*) What do you mean ?

DANNY. Only give me the word, as I said before, and I'll engage Eily O'Connor will never trubble you any more. Don't ax me any questions at all ; only, if you're agreeable, take off

dat glove, and give it to me for a token ; dat'll be enough—lave the rest to Danny.

HARD. Villain ! dangerous villain and tempter— (*shakes him violently*) If you ever dare again to utter a word of such import, I will tear you limb from limb beneath my hands.

DANNY. Oh, murder, murder ! Master Hardress, dat de hands may stick to me, iv I thought de ha'porth of harm !

HARD. Do you mark me now, I am quite in earnest. Respect her as you would the highest lady in the land ; if I hear her say—and I will question her—that you have leered one glance of those blood-longing eyes upon her, it shall be their last look in this world !

DANNY. Oh vo ! dat I may never die in, master.

HARD. Away—quit my presence— *Forces him off, L.* My doom is chosen—I'll to my mother, she must be told of my marriage. Anne, dear Anne, must be resigned, and the rope-maker's daughter must take her place as my bride. Blood ! blood did he speak of—her's ? No, no—I am—I ever will be guiltless of such crimes as that. *Exit L.*

SCENE FIFTH.—*Apartment in Cregan Hall.*

Enter MRS. CREGAN, R.

MRS. C. Where can Hardress be ? Every moment that he passes from the side of his cousin, she esteems lost. This marriage must be hastened—it will make him the richest gentleman in the country ; I have heard rumours, too, of some vulgar attachment ; but that I care not for—I know my power, and will exert it—

Enter HARDRESS, L.

Well, Hardress, you are, methinks, but a tardy lover—you have been absent since early dawn. Where have you been ?

HARD. Ask me not, mother, but prithee tell me how you drew from Anne the secret of her love for me ?

MRS. C. By making it worth her while to tell me—by telling her what I know, from observation, that you love her as well and as deeply as she loves you.

HARD. Me ! me in love ! You could not—you would not, surely, speak with so much rashness ?

MRS. C. Why ? Do you *not* love her then ?

HARD. It must not be—I cannot, dare not love Anne Chute.

MRS. C. Dare not ! You have a strange vocabulary for a lover. Why *dare* you not love Anne ?

HARD. (*aside*) Courage, courage, one moment more and the

secret is disovered. Because by so doing I should break my faith to another.

MRS. C. How, what do you say, Hardress?

HARD. I say, mother, that my heart and faith are pledged to another, and I must not break my engagement.

MRS. C. And dare you tell me this? dare me not too far—you will not find it safe.

HARD. I dare tell the truth in all places, and at all hazards.

MRS. C. (aside) Let me repress my rage. Who is this other, Hardress? Is she superior to Anne Chute in fortune, rank, talent, or manners?

HARD. Far otherwise—in all theses she is far beneath my cousin.

MRS. C. In what, then, consists the preference? for I am at a loss.

HARD. It is in virtue alone, and in gentleness of disposition, that she can be compared. I once thought her lovelier, but I was prejudiced—I had pledged my faith to her before my cousin came. (aside) I dare not now tell her I am married.

MRS. C. Lowborn, silly, and vulgar! Hardress, you are jesting, this is not *your* choice.

HARD. I must summon my philosophy, mother, for there is no escaping it.

MRS. C. Hardress, listen to me: the faith you have pledged must be broken! The report of your marriage with Anne is spread through the country; it is spoken of at every fireside in Kerry and Limerick, and there must be no whispering about her. By wedding her you will have all the happiness that rank, and wealth, and honour, and domestic affection can secure you; if against my wish you rashly wed your other charmer, enjoy your vulgar taste, and add to it all the misery that extreme poverty can furnish—for whether I live or die, you shall never possess a shilling of your inheritance; if you do not wed Anne, you shall leave this house for ever! Hardress, Hardress, I would rather see you dead than wedded below your rank—break—break the pledge you spoke of; if a heart *must* be broken—if a sacrifice must be offered to your dishonourable baseness, that victim shall not be Anne Chute. In the solitude of her chamber she is weeping at your continued absence. Come, Hardress, rouse, and go to her—go—

HARD. Must I be dammed to all eternity? go to her? I will. I know it is merely courting my ruin—a hastening of my black destiny; and yet I will go and seek her! There is a demon leading, and a demon driving me on, and I know them—and see them plainly—and yet I go! Mother, mother, the time will come when you will wish a burning brand had seared those lips, ere they said—"Go to her!" (crosses to R.)

MRS. C. What mean you, Hardress?

HARD. Well, well, I am going! Do I not say I am going? May I not talk? (*half aside*) No, no, I am not damned yet. The sentence is above me; but not spoken—the scarlet sin is willed, but not recorded. Mother, have patience with me! I will not—dare not see Anne Chute now. (*crosses to L.*)

MRS. C. Stay you here till I return, and with me I will bring a prize that would animate the most inane. But, remember, Hardress, you are bound to Anne Chute! *Exit R.*

HARD. Ha, ha, ha! Bound to Anne Chute, and bound to Eily O'Connor. They are driving me to it—they are gathering around me and forcing me onward in my own despite. Why then, have at ye devils! I am among ye now. Which way must this be done? I shall weep one day for this—but they scourge me to it.

Enter DANNY MANN, L.

DANNY. Long life to yer honour, master Hardress.

HARD. Danny, I have changed my mind. Do you remember your saying something about Eily O'Connor?

DANNY. Och, and I do—and I ax pardon. Let me go down on my two knees—

HARD. Pish! bah! I have changed my mind. (*a pause*) You asked me for a token, (*draws off his glove very slowly, and gives it*) for a warrant, there is one; I am hampered in my will—I am burning with this thraldom. There is my glove—take her—to her father! No, the old man would babble of it—she could not keep the secret—she would speak of it in her dreams. I have heard her do it—she must not stay in Ireland—three thousand miles of roaring ocean may be better security for silence; and you go with her, watch her, mark all her words, her wishes; I will find you money enough—take this, (*gives purse*) and never let me see her more. Harm—oh, harm her not, Danny! but never let me see her again. Do you hear? do you agree?

DANNY. Oh, den, I'd do more den dat for your honour—away will I go dis same hour.

HARD. Away, away, then! and here is my ring as a token to her; tell her—tell her, I am waiting to see her—any, anything—away!

Exit DANNY, L.

Anne, Anne Chute! this—this for thee! *Exit HARDRESS, L.*

Enter ANNE CHUTE, R.

ANNE. My aunt assures me that Hardress loves me still—still regards me with as much affection as he did when in years gone by we roamed about so wildly. Oh, those were happy

days; but if such be the fact, and half unconsciously I whisper to myself it is so—how blest may yet be my destiny!

SONG—ANNE.

Gently o'er the murmur'ring lake,
Evening's breeze is sighing;
Echo from far Kerry's hills,
Softly is replying.
Voices from a vanish'd age,
They seem to bear this greeting;
Mortal, though in weal or woe,
Time is swiftly fleeting.
Thus when sorrow darkens all,
That once was bright and fair,
Hope, the gentle comforter,
Saves us from despair.

For still the voice upon the lake,
And echo bears this greeting;
Mortal, though in weal or woe,
Time is swiftly fleeting.

Enter HARDRESS, L.

ANNE. Dear Hardress, you are not well.

HARD. I am well, Anne, in being with you.

ANNE. Tell me, Hardress, what is it oppresses you? to see you look unhappy distresses me.

HARD. And is it possible—that so worthless a fellow as myself can excite sorrow in you? Believe me, Anne, I would sooner lie down and die at your feet than give you one moment's uneasiness. (they walk up the stage, L.)

Enter MRS. CREGAN, R.

MRS. C. (observing them) He loves her, I am certain—'tis but the remembrance of some boyish passion that has hitherto oppressed him.

Enter SERVANT, R.

SERVANT. A note, madam, for Mr. Cregan—it was left just now by a boy at the gate.

MRS. C. Give it to me—do not speak so him now, he is engaged. Exit SERVANT, R.

If I live to see him united to Anne Chute, I die contented. This note, is I suppose, from some of his boon companions—lie there for the present. (throws it carelessly on chair) Ah, he takes her hand—they must not be interrupted. Exit, R.

(ANNE and HARDRESS return down stage.)

ANNE. Dear Hardress, may I credit all these professions?

HARD. Anne, I am thine, wholly thine. (*they sit on garden chair*) HARDRESS takes up letter) Ha! what is this? (*reads*) "If Eily has done anything to offend you, come and tell her so; but remember she is now far away from every friend in the wide world; even if in the same temper as when you came before—come, and let me go back to my father's. Spare me, Hardress—spare me." Whence come this? how? when?

ANNE. Hardress, what is the matter? why do you tremble so?

HARD. I do not know, Anne. (*aside*) There's witchcraft here! How came the letter by me? (*to her*) I am doomed, I think, to lead a charmed life—I never yet imagined myself on the threshold of happiness, but some wild hurry, some darkening change swept across and made all black again. Even now I thought myself happy, and behold you yourself hath seen how it has vanished.

ANNE. Vanished?

HARD. Ay, vanished! I was mad, and dreamed a madman's dream; but a horrid voice hath wakened and called me to be gone. What ho! a horse! a horse!

Enter SERVANT, L. and then exit hastily.

HARD. Anne, dear Anne! pray pardon me—I am mad—no, no, not mad; but vainly wishing I was so—oh, leave, forgive and leave me. What says she?

ANNE. Gracious Heaven! what means this? I will hasten to my aunt, and consult with her respecting this sudden frenzy.

Exit R.

HARD. (*reading*) "Spare me! spare me!" Oh, there will be murder done. A horse! a horse! Eily must be saved!

Rushes out L.

SCENE SIXTH.—*Apartment in Mr. Daly's.*

Enter MR. DALY and KYRLE, followed by MIHIL O'CONNOR, L.

DALY. This is, indeed, a sad business, Mihil—have you heard no news of Eily?

O'C. None, your honour!

DALY. My men have searched around for miles, and yet no trace has been discovered. Had force been used, there surely would have been some outcry or noise.

O'C. Alas! your honour, I am now convinced she fled away willingly. I once thought she was a blessing; I now find she is a curse.

DALY. Be patient, old man ! things may not be so bad as you imagine ; our search shall be still continued.

O'C. Thanks, heart-felt thanks, your honour—all that a poor old man can offer you.

KYRLE. (*aside*) 'Tis strange, no trace of the girl can be discovered—my suspicions become stronger.

DALY. What say you, Kyrle ?

KYRLE. Have the police searched the country across the lake ?

DALY. No, it would have been useless, she went not that way—no boat but that of Mr. Cregan went that way ; but, come, night is closing in apace, and hark ! (*distant thunder*) A storm too is rising—a glass of wine will cheer us. *Exit R.*

KYRLE. Can it be possible that Hardress has acted the villain ? I must be satisfied ! Lowry !

Enter LOWRY, L.

LOWRY. Going, your honour !

KYRLE. Lowry, where does Danny Mann's sister live ?

LOWRY. Danny's sister ? Och ! its fighting Poll Naughton, yer honour manes—why across the lake and up the mountains.

KYRLE. Who lives with her ?

LOWRY. Not a man, but her husband any how !

KYRLE. Lowry, I want you to go there—make some excuse for going to them, and when there look closely about—see if any other person resides in the cottage—I suspect there is.

LOWRY. Faith, so do I now !

KYRLE. You do ?

LOWRY. I jist do ! I think there's thirteen children and a half.

KYRLE. Pshaw ! I mean some one very different !

LOWRY. And troth, yer honour, there is another to my certain knowledge.

KYRLE. And that is—

LOWRY. A fat pig, yer honour !

KYRLE. Cease your jokes, and obey me ; but be secret.

LOWRY. Your honour may rely upon me—if I couldn't keep a secret—faith I'd been ruined altogether among the girls. I'll be off directly ; but, oh, murther, if Poll should be in her airs, won't there be a dacent bit of a row ; but has your honour heard the news ?

KYRLE. What news ?

LOWRY. That Mr. Hardress and Miss Anne are to be married, and fling the stocking, and have babies, and all that.

KYRLE. How ? what ? It is false ! Hardress has too much honour, after having promised to plead his friend's cause, to act

so base a part—I will not believe it—go, Lowry! Anne, Anne! why were you sent to cross my path like an angel, only to blast for ever my destiny!

Exit R.

LOWRY. Good bye, master—it's a rough night, but I don't care as long as Moll donsn't give me a bating.

Exit L.

SCENE SEVENTH.—*Interior of Phil Naughton's Cottage—a before.*

EILY is reclining on couch, R., in a desolate attitude,—a table and three rough rude chairs L.—bottle on table—MOLLY and PHIL are seated at table eating supper—thunder and lightning, lamp on the table—Stage rather dark.

MOLLY. Avourneen! will you have a sup o' whisky?

EILY. No, thank ye, Molly! (*rises and advances*) Heavenly powers! Has Mr. Hardress then really deserted me? Am I indeed so lost a creature? My father, my father! why did I desert thee? (*knocking at door, L. C.*) 'Tis he, 'tis he! Hardress, my soul's idol!

MOLLY. (*rises*) Hush wid yourself, Miss Eily. Who's there? is it the master?

LOWRY. (*without*) Fait it's jist myself, Mrs. Naughton!

MOLLY. Oh, botheration! It's Lowry Looney—into your room, Eily! no one must see you, Mr. Hardress says.

(*Music—EILY goes dejectedly through door, R.—MOLLY opens door, L. C.*)

Enter LOWRY, door R. C.

LOWRY. How is yourself, Mrs. Naughton? (*aside*) Not a devil of a soul can I see any how!

MOLLY. Purty well, Mr. Lowry—and how's yourself? have you got over that beating I gave ye for love?

LOWRY. Och, curse her love! Fait an' it's well widout being purty, I am, Mrs. Naughton.

MOLLY. An' what brought you into this part o' the world, Mr. Lowry? It's long since we seen you here. Phil, Phil—eroo! come here—this is Looney Lowry, that you've heard me spake of. (*PHIL and LOWRY bow affectedly*)

LOWRY. I'm glad to see ye, Mr. Naughton. What an illigant bow Phil makes—I'm wonderin' who's his dancen master?

MOLLY. Will ye have some supper, Lowry?

LOWRY. Nothing I'd like better. (*they sit—thunder and lightning*)

Enter DANNY MANN, door R. C.

MOLLY. Danny, where's your master? is he coming?

DANNY. (*surlily*) He can't! He has something else do to. Where's the mistress?

MOLLY. In that same room yonder, surely.

(*Music*.—DANNY MANN beckons MOLLY from table—LOWRY watching.)

DANNY. Take this ring, and tell her Mr. Hardress is wanten to see her. I have a car below at de gap, with a horse, an' she can get off to-night.

MOLLY. To-night, is it going she is? Danny, what's all this about?

DANNY. What business is that of yours, or mine either? It is de master's bidding; an' you can ax him why he done it when he comes, iv you want to know.

MOLLY. If it be the master's bidding, it's all right, no doubt—but it's a quare story, that's what it is.

DANNY. Let her wear your cloak when she comes out, Molly, an' den dat guzzling spaldeen at de table won't be after knownen' her.

(*Music*.—Exit MOLLY R. D.)

LOWRY. Your servant, master Danny! (*rises*) How does the world use you?

DANNY. As you see me, Lowry.

LOWRY. We'll have a storm to-night, I'm thinken.

DANNY. Likely enough. Moll, Moll, are you ready?

(DANNY crosses to PHIL, who rises) Phil, my man, be afther goen and holden the horse outside till I come—the mistress is goen wid me.

PHIL. But the night will rain—I heard tunder an' I come down the mountain.

DANNY. It is the master's orders.

PHIL. Well, well, Danny, he knows best.

(*Music*.—Exit PHIL through D. L. C.—DANNY goes to R. D.)

LOWRY. By the holy poker, there's something wrong, and not right here.

DANNY. Moll, Moll, are ye ready?

(Enter EILY from R. D., wrapped in cloak.)

EILY. (*aside*) Danny, where is Mr. Hardress—will he not come?

DANNY. Himself that's waiting for me, Miss Eily.

LOWRY. Moll going out—oh, then, it's only a wake.

DANNY. Come, this way!

LOWRY. Save us! Moll looks shorter by a head an' a half to what she did the day she whack'd me intirely.

EILY. (*aside*) Heaven preserve me! For what future trials am I reserved?

DANNY. Good bye, Lowry.

LOWRY. Good evening, Mr. Danny—won't you have any supper?

DANNY. No, but I'll drink a sup! (*drinks*)

Music—Exeunt DANNY and EILY, door L. C.—LOWRY looks suspiciously round—peeps through door, R., and then claps his hands.

LOWRY. I have it! I have found it out! By the powers I'll match master Danny now—it's pretty Eily O'Connor he's been taking away; for there's fighting Moll in the room all by herself, an' nobody with her; an' I'm thinkin' by his looks, he does not mean any good to her. I'll just follow, and see where they're goin to.

Music—LOWRY empties flask on table, then runs off, R. C.—thunder, lightning, and rain. Enter MOLL, R. and then PHIL D. L. C.

MOLLY. Where's Lowry?

PHIL. Gone down the mountain, and such a storm after him as I never saw.

MOLLY. Bad luck to him, he's emptied the flask!

Music—they sit at table—storm—noise without—HARDRESS rushes on wildly, door R. C.

HARD. I fear I am too late—is Danny here?

PHIL. No, sir; he's gone.

HARD. And Eily?

MOLLY. And Eily went with him; he gave her a ring that made her go.

HARD. (*comes down wildly, R.*) It is done, then! I would have saved her, but it is too late. Now, my good angel, be at peace with me—I obeyed your call. Amid the storm and the darkness I flew to execute your gentle bidding, but the devil had taken me at my word already, and found me a rapid minister. Why do you weep and cry? you must not—shall not be murdered—my glove, my glove! you used it against my meaning. I meant but banishment; we shall both be hanged—we shall both be hanged for this. Whose cry was that? whence comes that passing bell? who is that laughing? Ha, ha, ha! I can laugh too! The bell again—murder, murder, murder! (*Music—falls exhausted on the stage—PHIL and MOLLY go to him—tremendous storm.*

ACT SECOND.

SCENE FIRST.—*Landscape and distant view of Castle Chute—Morning.*

Enter KYRLE DALY, L.

KYRLE. After an absence of three weeks, do I return to Garryowen—for what? Alas, for nothing but continued misery; every day fresh rumours have reached my ears of the loves of Hardress and Anne Chute. Oh, for some kind friend to ease my doubts, which, spite of my well grounded opinion of my friend, begin to oppress me. Yonder comes Mr. Hector Creagh, the polished duellist; he, at least, who knows every particle of news stirring in the county, will be able to assist me.

Enter HECTOR CREAGH, L.

HECTOR. Ah, my good friend Kyrle; returned to Garryowen for the wedding, I suppose?

KYRLE. (*faintly*) What wedding?

HECTOR. Why, have you not heard of it? Miss Chute's wedding.

KYRLE. Miss Chute!

HECTOR. Yes; the ceremony is to take place this evening, at the castle yonder.

KYRLE. And a—a—of course you have heard who is to be the bridegroom?

HECTOR. Oh yes—I thought he was a friend of yours—Mr. Hardress Cregan.

KYRLE. Cregan! it is impossible—

HECTOR. Sir!

KYRLE. That is—I think you must have been misinformed. Hardress Cregan is, as you say, my friend, and he cannot be the man.

HECTOR. I seldom, sir, converse with any person who is capable of making false assertions, and in the present instance I should think the gentleman himself no indifferent authority.

KYRLE. Did Hardress tell you so?

HECTOR. I have said he did.

KYRLE. (*repressing his agitation*) It is very strange, notwithstanding. There are many impediments to such a marriage. He is her cousin.

HECTOR. Phoo, phoo, that's a name of courtesy, It is only a connection by affinity. Cousin ! hang them all—cousins—on a string, say I. They are the most dangerous rivals a man can have. Any other man, you can call out and shoot through the head, if he attempts to interfere with your prospects; but cousins must have a privilege. The lady may walk with her cousin, hang him, and she may dance with her cousin, and write to her cousin ; and it is only when she has run away with her cousin, that you feel you have been *cozened* with a vengeance!

KYRLE. I will be among the guests at the castle. I will horsewhip him—I will horsewhip him at the wedding feast! The cool, dark hypocrite! I suppose, sir, I may name you as my authority for this?

HECTOR. Oh, certainly—most certainly. I suppose, sir, you will adopt the course usual among men of honour? I am going to dine with your father; and as we go along, I will give you a few directions.

Exeunt R.

Music — Enter DANNY MANN, L.

DANNY. The officers are afther me—and is dis to be my reward? Have I done a plody deed, and a wicked deed, to be spurned and despised by him for whom I did it? What said he, hunchback ? an' who am I to tank for being hunchback ? What has made all my days wretched? Didn't they give me a nickname for it, and usint some laugh, and more start and shiver, when I'd come in sight of 'em? In place of being as I ought to be, fighting at the fair, drinking at the wake, or dancing at the jig-house, I am scorned and despised! If ony body vexed me, an' I'd even sthrike him, he wouldn't return the blow; who'd take notice of the little lord? If I sat down by a girl, you'd think by her looks dat she wasn't sure of her life until she got away. An' who have I to tank for this?

Mr. Hardress Cregan. 'Twas he done it, an' I a little boy; but he cried so bitter, an' he cared so much for me, that my heart warmed to him for my very loss itself. He's not the same man now—he met me just now, an' what did he do? he strhuck me first, dat I bear easy; but he caught me by the throat, an' he flung me agin the wall, just the same way as when he ga' me my hurt, and made me a cripple for life—dat has druv me wild. My heart has steeled against him; he feels not for me, an' I won't feel for him. He had his revenge, an' I'll have mine. To the magistrate, to the magistrate! every man in Garryowen shall know that Mr. Hardress Cregan murdered Eily O'Connor!

Exit R.

SCENE SECOND.—*Apartment in Chute Castle.**Enter ANNE CHUTE, l.*

ANNE. And this is my wedding day. This is the day which is to behold me united for ever to Hardress Cregan. Alas, alas! how often do we anticipate that circumstance with felicity, which we greet on its arrival with tears. Three weeks back was I blest in the contemplation of my union with Hardress, but now I view it with indifference at least. His sudden, alarming bursts of passion, his fits of raving frenzy, and then his gloomy melancholy, teach me to fear some direful secret, which when divulged will weigh down my soul. Often do I wish that Hardress had the calm, manly temper of Kyre Daly.

SONG.—ANNE.

They've braided jewels in my hair,
The brow they shade is rack'd with care ;
No charm hath costly robe for me,
Nor sparkling gem—like mockery
The joyous smiles, and accents gay,
That greet me on my bridal day.

These eyes are dimm'd with secret tears,
This heart, oppressed with gloomy fears !
The dread of some impending ill
With direful force pursues me still,
Where'er my listless footsteps stray,
And shades with grief my bridal day. (weeps)

Enter MRS. CREGAN, R.

MRS. C. My own Anne in tears! for mercy's sake, sully not this happy day with one mournful thought.

ANNE. And is not the strange conduct of Hardress, dear madam, sufficient to cause my tears? He never seems at ease when with me, but starts from the conversation suddenly, gazes wildly around, and he replies so coldly, I scarcely think he loves me.

MRS. C. Anne, Anne, chase away these phantasies; he does love you dearly—but see, he comes; go to the garden, Anne, there you will find many of your friends, and in a few minutes we will join you.

Exit ANNE, R.

Enter HARDRESS, l.—his dress in disorder—hair hanging about his face, wildly.

Why, Hardress, is this your bridal dress? you are a perfect fright!

HARD. I have not dressed, yet—I met one I know, just now.

MRS. C. Who was that?

HARD. Mihil O'Connor.

MRS. C. I know him not.

HARD. I do. He told me that one day he and the murderer of his daughter should stand confronted at the throne of justice.

MRS. C. Has Eily been murdered, then?

HARD. She has—her bonnet was found in the Flesh.

MRS. C. But, Hardress, what is all this to us?

HARD. Mother, I will tell you. I told you, when you urged me to marry Anne Chute, that my heart and faith were pledged to another—so they were—so they were; but I told you not that I was married.

MRS. C. Married! married! Why did you not tell me of that before? one word of such an engagement, and I had urged you no more.

HARD. I was mad! One word in your ear—I love not Anne. While I was mad, I did—now I am dearly suffering for that frantic treason. Kyrle—Kyrle Daly, too—you know how black and weak a part I played him. You told me Anne Chute adored me—proud of my conquest, I have plunged into sin to secure it. Ha, ha, ha! mother, look at me—I'm a murderer!

MRS. C. Away, away! I will not look upon you. (*weeps*) Oh, Hardress, we are a miserable pair. When did you do this deed of horror.

HARD. I did it not! I had a deputy.

MRS. C. You were not, then, the actor in this dreadful work?

HARD. Mother, torture not my conscious soul with that wretched subterfuge. I am the murderer of Eily. It matters not that my finger has not gripped her throat, nor my hand reddened with her blood—still, still I am Eily's murderer—that thought will ring upon my brain, awake or asleep, for ever more.

MRS. C. Hear me, Hardress, for one moment. Where is the man who did the deed?

HARD. I know not! I met him this evening, and then my brain was fired to madness, as the sudden thought that he had murdered my loved Eily flashed through my heated brain—I dashed him to the earth—he rose, threatened me with his hand—and fled.

MRS. C. There is one way still by which you might be saved; go boldly forward, and denounce this wretch—lay all the information in your power before the magistrate, and aid the officers of justice in bringing him to punishment.

HARD. No, mother, I am not innocent enough for that.

MRS. C. Hardress, dear Hardress, repress these feelings—give not the slightest cause for suspicion. Go to your chamber and attire yourself suitably—recollect that this evening gives you the rich and beautiful Anne Chute.

HARD. At what price? That I should scatter poison in the way of all who know me—a lost love for one—for another, falsehood, desertion, death—for a third, duplicity and ingratitude—and for you, mother, misery and despair—well, well, I'll obey you. Oh, Eily, my murdered Eily! for ever in my thoughts—ever haunting my wearied footsteps, surely thou art well avenged!

Exeunt R.

SCENE THIRD.—*Room in Mr. Daly's House.*

MR. DALY and HECTOR CREAGH, sitting at table, drinking punch.

MR. D. Ha, ha, ha! why captain, you grow wittier every hour—if Kyrle had but half your ready stock of jokes—

HECTOR. Stock of jokes, Mr. Daly! Really, sir, I don't understand—I—that is—I have heard that some people learn the jokes before going into company, which they mean afterwards to display—if I thought that you meant to insinuate that—

MR. D. Pooh, nonsense, captain—I insinuated nothing of the sort. (*aside*) I shall have this fiery headed fellow calling me out. Come, let us have a toast—I will give you the bride.

HECTOR. I shall drink it with all my heart—the bride! (*they drink*)

MR. D. And talking of the bride, though I rejoice at it on my account, as it gives me the pleasure of your company, yet it puzzles me to know, captain, why you are not at the wedding to-night.

HECTOR. For the best of all reasons—because I was not asked; for which affront I shall be under the painful necessity of pulling Mr. Hardress Cregan's nose.

MR. D. Nay, nay, captain, you may be certain there is some mistake in that, for they keep open house to-night.

HECTOR. It may be so, and as I never feel affronted with any man, unless he refuses to explain his conduct, why suppose we drink the bridegroom's health.

MR. D. I don't know—I had rather drink the lady.

HECTOR. Oh, so should I; but we have drank her.

MR. D. But, well, sir, I will drink the bridegroom, and allow me to add a sentiment. The bridegroom, and may he show himself worthy of his fortune. (*they drink*)

Enter SERVANT, L.

SERVANT. A stranger, sir, wishes to speak with you on judicial business.

MR. D. Pooh, some broken head, or sixpenny summons—let him come to me to-morrow morning.

SERVANT. He says his business is very pressing, sir, and that it will be more your own loss than his if you let him go.

MR. D. What! is that the ground he goes on? Then I suppose we must hear him—send in my clerk. Captain, I know all these examinations are amusing to you—shall I have him in here?

Exit SERVANT, L.

HECTOR. You could not do me a greater pleasure—these people are the only actors on earth.

Enter DANNY MANN, L., CLERK following with book.

MR. D. Well, my good man, who are you, and what is your business with me?

DANNY. I am not a good man, as my business with you will show. I am Danny the Lord, boatman to Mr. Hardress Cregan. Have you not heard dat Eily O'Connor was murdered?

MR. D. So it is rumoured.

DANNY. It is true. Put every sentence that I say in your book, for every word I have to say is goold to you and de counsellors. An' write down first, dat Eily was cruelly murdered, an' dat I, Danny Mann, was de one dat did the deed.

MR. D. I think it is my duty to warn you on one point—if you have been a principal in the murder, your confession will not entitle you to mercy as an approver.

DANNY. I don't want mercy; if I did, it isn't in your courts of law I'd come to look for it. If I valued my life, it was in my own hands already, and it isn't here you'd find me now. It was not the fear of death, nor the hope of pardon, that brought me hither, but because I was decaved and disappointed in one that I thought better of than my own life, a hundred times—write down Danny Mann for de murderer of Eily, an' write down Hardress Cregan for his adviser.

MR. D. What do I hear?

HECTOR. Can this be fact?

DANNY. Ye start! an' ye look at one another as if ye thought it a wonder a gen'leman should do the like; but there's the difference—a gentleman will have a longing to take life, an' he'll hide it for fear of shame. Shame is de portion of de poor man, an' he'll ease his longing when he can, for he has notten' to lose—a gentleman will buy the blood of his innemy for

goold, but he'll keep his own clane gloves and slender fingers out of it. A poor man does his own work with his own hands, an' is satisfied to damn his own soul only. All the difference I see is this—that a gentleman, besides his being a murderer, is a desaver and a coward!

MR. D. If you really mean to impeach Mr. Hardress Cregan with this crime, you do not strengthen your testimony by evincing so much vindictive feeling. His character stands high, and we know the highest have often had their steps beset by serpents who have no other motive for the sting they give, than private malice or revenge, such as you avow.

DANNY. If I could not afford to avow it, I had wit enough to hide it. I knew your laws of old. It isn't for nathen that we see the fathers of families, the pride and the strength of our villages, the young an' the old, the guilty an' the innocent, snatched away from their own cabins, and taken off for transportation an' the gallows. They teach us something of the law, we thank 'em. If I was trusting to my own confession, I knew enough to say little of what brought me here. But I have other witnesses ; Eily O'Connor was Hardress Cregan's wife. You start at that, too—here's the certificate of her marriage—I tore it from her bosom, poor thing, an' then threw her to the roaren Flesh, an' away she went to the bottom. She struv to the last for that paper, as if she thought it was to rob her of dat I wanted, little she mattered for her life, in comparison. De priest dat married 'em died the moment after ; a black sign for Eily—and dat's a good witness. Write dat down in your book, and den write down Phil Naughton an' his wife for having Eily in their house an'—but let them tell their own story ; and last of all, if you want a living witness, be yourself de first to lay a hand on Mr. Hardress—tell him you heard his doings, an' look into his face while you're speaking, an' if dat doesn't tell de whole story, come back and call me liar !

MR. D. It is clear. Captain, I need make no excuse to you for stirring. Without there ; see this man safely confined. You, sir, (*to CLERK*) lead him out. Captain, as the service is difficult, and may be dangerous, we will call at your quarters first, for a guard, and then to apprehend this gentle bridegroom. Come, sir—

Exeunt MR. DALY and HECTOR, R.

DANNY. Dat I should ever do dis for Mr. Hardress ! But no matter, it is his own fault—an' we shall die together—lead me to prison—I can meet your terrible laws firmly.

Exit DANNY MANN and CLERK, L.

SCENE FOURTH.—*Pleasure grounds of Castle Chute, laid out for a Festival—Extensive view of the lake Killarney, at back—Sunset—Company promenading.—Ballet—The Company disperse.*

Enter LOWRY, R.

LOWRY. Now, whöd a been a thinkin that my masther would come up here—where by the powers I've an idea he wasn't wanted by no means. If Miss Chute wouldn't have him, but somebody else instead, why let her for me. I must try and find Mr. Hardress if I can, and give him my message.

Enter ANNE CHUTE, L.

ANNE. What Lowry, is your master here, then?

LOWRY. Indeed, and he is, madam; and it's he that wishes to see you.

ANNE. To see me?

LOWRY. Indeed, yes, miss. An' I want to see Mr. Hardress, and that as soon as is quite convenient. *Exit L.*

ANNE. Gracious Heavens! what means this agitation? Do I not love Hardress as well as I imagine? At least, I need not shun poor Kyrle.

Enter KYRLE DALY, L.

DALY. Miss Chute, I have presented myself at this festival an unbidden guest; but it was with the intention of telling you how sincerely I have prayed—do pray for your happiness. I confess a short time since, I was very angry with Hardress—I believe, unjustifiably so. I saw him in a crowd a few seconds back; he looks so pale and ill, I could not but pity him—the sting of self-reproach has wounded him. Does not his health fail?

ANNE. Daily and hourly.

DALY. Without a cause?

ANNE. The physicians can find none.

DALY. It is a disorder they know not—it is the burning of a honourable mind under an undeserved imputation.

ANNE. It must be so—and he his, indeed, all I once thought him; still fine minded, sensitive as—as yourself, my excellent friend. (*KYRLE kisses her hand*)

Enter HARDRESS, L. coldly.

HARD. I have been looking for you, Anne—my mother wishes to speak with you respecting your travelling preparations.

DALY. Do you then leave Ireland so soon?

ANNE. To-morrow evening.

DALY. Then farewell, Anne Chute; remember me as once the warmest of your admirers—now but as only your true friend.

ANNE. Mr. Daly, I shall always study to merit friendship so valuable as yours.

Exit L.

DALY. Hardress, confess the truth—you did not expect to see me here to-day? (*HARDRESS looks at him coldly*) I am come to do justice to you and myself. That I have something to complain of, you will admit; but no matter, I forgive you. May all the happiness I had contemplated with Anne be your more favoured lot. (*takes his hand and shakes it*) Farewell! a word with your kind mother, and then a long farewell to Castle Chute.

Exit L.

HARD. In that world which lies beyond yon glowing atmosphere—is it possible that this man and I should ever fill a place in the same region! Oh! Eily, my lost, my deceived, and murdered Eily! Oh, tell me not that the things done in these hideous days are wholly without recal! Come back, come back, my own abused and gentle love! If tears and groans, and years of self-inflicted penitence can wash away that one accursed thought, you shall be satisfied. (*noise without*) Ah! what is this?

Enter ANNE, L,

ANNE. Oh, Hardress! what means this—there are soldiers seeking you?

HARD. (*coldly*) Indeed! My fancies shall be changed then for gloomier realities; for ghastly fears, a ghastlier certainty.

Enter MRS. CREGAN, L.

MRS. C. Hardress, my child!

HARD. Well, mother?

MRS. C. Hardress, my child!

HARD. Mother, I am here! look on me! speak to me! don't gasp and stare on your son in such a horrid way.

MRS. C. Fly, fly! my child. Not that way—no, the gates are all guarded—there is a soldier set on every entrance. The lake! the lake! there is a boat—to the lake! there is one hope yet.

HARD. Mother, I will not go.

MRS. C. You must—shall—I shall die if they take you.

Forces him off R.

ANNE. Dear aunt, what means this?

MRS. C. Go to your chamber, stop not to question me. Oh, my wretched Hardress!

Enter KYRLE DALY, L.

DALY. Anne, where is Anne? oh, fearful night!

MRS. C. Take her away, good Kyrle.

ANNE. There is some danger threatens Hardress—I will not move. (*Music—Confusion without*)

Enter MR. DALY, SOLDIERS, VISITORS, &c, L. U. E.

MR. D. It is, madam, with regret and reluctance—

MRS. C. Talk not to me, sir, of your regret and reluctance, you have done the worst of evil in your power—you have made this night, which should have been one of joy, a night of gloom and shame; but your wishes are deceived—your victim is not here!

MR. D. My duty, madam, obliges me to sacrifice my feelings—we must search the gardens.

MRS. C. If I could but delay them for a few minutes. Ah, my son! shield and hide us earth!

Enter CAPTAIN HECTOR CREAGH, R., with HARDRESS, guarded.

HECTOR. The prisoner is here.

MRS. C. Is he? Dark blood-hound, have you found him? My child! (*rushes to him, and falls at his feet*) My child, forgive me!

HARD. (*raising her*) Forgive you, mother? 'Tis I have destroyed you all!

MRS. C. The crime was mine—I urged you on—I threatened you with poverty.

HARD. Dear mother!

MRS. C. I bade you leave the house, or do my pleasure.

HARD. Why will you vex my soul so at such an hour as this?

MRS. C. My son! my son! (*she is supported*)

HARD. Kyrle Daly—Anne Chute! (Heaven be praised you yet bear that name!) one act of justice ere I go. Anne, Kyrle loves you dearly—he is far more deserving of you than I ever was. Endeavour to love him, and forget the wretched, wretched Hardress. (*joins their hands*) Eily, Eily, my love—my wife—thou art revenged. Gentlemen, I am ready to accompany you.

Enter LOONEY LOWRY, L.

LOWRY. Hubbubboo! What's the maning of all this? Ah, ha! Mr. Hardress, its yourself I'm wanten to see. I've got a message for you.

MR. D. You connot speak to him now—he is accused of murder, and must be conveyed to prison.

LOWRY. Murther? murther in Irish! Of whose murther?

MR. D. Of Eily O'Connor's.

LOWRY. Eily O'Connor? murther be damned! You're a stupid ould magistrate! go to the henroost, and read the riot act to the ducks! Eily's alive an' well.

HARD. What do I hear? (*rushes to him*) Say but those words again, and I will kneel and kiss the ground beneath you.

LOWRY. Say them agin? I'll say them fifty times, for nothing! When that spaldeen, Danny Mann, flung her into the river, didn't I jump in after her and bring her out all wet as she was; and didn't I hang her up to dry—and didn't I bring her here to-day, to say farewell to you for ever?

Exit LOWRY, L.

HARD. Never! if Eily lives we part no more! Mother, revive—look up, I am innocent, I am free! Eily, Eily, my adored one where art thou?

Music.—LOWRY brings EILY on—HARDRESS kneels before her, she falls upon his neck—General shout.—Tableau.

SOLDIERS.

COMPANY.

SOLDIERS.

MR. D.

ANNE.

CAPTAIN. MRS. C. HARD. EILY. LOWRY. KYRLE.

R.

CURTAIN.

L.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means Right of the Stage, facing the Audience; L. Left; C. Centre; R.C. Right of Centre; L.C. Left of Centre; D.F. Door in the Flat; or Scene running across the Stage; C.D.F. Centre Door in the Flat; D.R.C. Right Door in the Flat; D.L.C. Left Door in the Flat; R.D. Right Door; L.D. Left Door; 2 E. Second Entrance; U.E. Upper Entrance.