

## **Suilamor, or Life in Galway by Dion Boucicault, 1882**

### **ACT I.**

A Room in the Temple. Doors **R.H.** 4. **E.** , and **L.H.U.E.** Fireplace **L.** Window **C.** Curtains drawn. Bookcase and engravings against the walls. A secretary bureau **R.H.1E.** Card-table with candles **R.H.** Table with remnants of repast **L.H.** , opposite fireplace. Decanters, bottles, glasses, cigar-boxes, photographs over mantelpiece amongst the ornaments. Several packs of cards lie on floor near table **R.H.**, as if thrown there in disorder. Shaded lamps on mantelpiece.

(Muldoon and Ossidew, Borrowmore and Talboys are preparing to leave. Mike at fireplace **L.H.**)

**MIKE:** Well, gentlemen, if I cannot persuade you to remain, let us take a parting glass, the stirrup cup, as you Englishmen have it—the deoch-an-durrrris, that is, the drink at the door, as we in Ireland call it.

**TAL:** (Coming down **C.**) Let me remind you that we are expected by my sister, Lady Rose Lawless, at her garden party at three o'clock this afternoon, it is now mid-day.

**MUL:** Walsingham gives such glorious entertainments.

**TAL:** And this is my last appearance here, for our regiment is ordered off to the West of Ireland, to mount guard over haystacks, collect the rents (Coming forward **R.**)

**BOR:** And camp out in a bog, and live on potatoes and buttermilk.

**OSSI:** (Crosses to **L.**, right of table) By Jove! I say Walsingham, your estates are somewhere over there, I believe. (Seated **R.** of him).

**MIKE:** (At fireplace). Yes, my family have some property in the West of Ireland.

**MUL:** Some property! D'ye hear the millionaire? Why the Walsinghams own half the county Roscommon. And old Sir Robert has ruined his neighbors by accepting half-rents, and in some cases none at all. At such a rate, sir, how are landlords to live if tenants don't pay their rents?

**MIKE:** How are tenants to live if they do?

**MUL:** Let the idle vagabonds emigrate, then we could import Coolies or Chinese from Asia.

**MIKE:** Would it not be more simple for the landlords to emigrate, and then we could import the Irish from the United States. (Up to **L.** of table).

TAL: I move to adjourn the debate (all the gentlemen jump up)

ALL: (Going C.) Hear! Hear! Good-bye, Walsingham.

MIKE: Stay gentlemen. This is indeed our last meeting, for in a few days I leave England for a tour round the world.

BOR: Leave London in the middle of the season?

OSSI: We protest.

MUL: We cannot spare you.

MIKE: Believe me, the loss is mine. (All coming back)

MUL: Gentlemen, allow me to speak in your names, and in the name of London society, which will share our regret when it is known the West End is about to lose not only one of the most wealthy, but the most distinguished of its members.

ALL: Hear! Hear!

MUL: Whose name as a poet stands at the head of the literature of the period.

ALL: Hear! Hear!

MUL: And when a gentleman can stand being a poet, he must be a gentleman of undisputed origin.

ALL: Hear!

MUL: When Mr. Percy Walsingham appeared amongst us two years ago, it was by his charming address that we recognized the form of the thoroughbred. We are sorry to lose you from the stud.

All: Hear! hear!

BOR: (Turning away R.) It is an infernal nuisance to lose you.

TAL: (who has opened the door R.H.L.E.) Who is this fellow, Michael O'Dowd, whose name is coupled with yours on the door here?

MIKE: These chambers belong to him, I am only his tenant.

MUL: He is Irish of course (Going towards door R.L.E.)

MIKE: I believe so, he is rarely in town.

MUL: We shall meet at the club tonight.

MIKE: Yes.

ALL: At the club then. (Exit all. Mike R.H.L.E.)

MIKE: So the end has come. This day I leave England forever. (Going to C.) I cannot go home and face my father, (Crosses to R.) with the confession of my folly—my ruin. Here is the picture of our old home, Suil-a-mor, dear old place, shall I never, never, see you again? I shall disappear, and in a few days I shall be forgotten by all except these, these (opens album) My mother, who will wipe away the tears she will shed over me. My sister, Kitty, so loving and gentle. And here is my father, brave old heart. (Lays it down) Farewell, I need take no portrait for your images are here in my breast (X and sit R. of table, taking album and placing it on L. of table).

TAL: (Re-enters R.L.E. Looks round, approaches him and lays his hand on his shoulders.) Percy!

MIKE: Eh! Oh! Bertie, what brings you back?

TAL: I have returned to share your trouble, whatever it might be.

MIKE: What do you mean?

TAL: You have met with some unexpected misfortune.

MIKE No.

TAL: Yes you have. (Takes chair and sits.)

MIKE: It was not unexpected.

TAL. I don't wish to extort your confidence, but you know, old man, if I can do anything to help you--

MIKE: You cannot. (Shaking hands with Talboy, rises and crosses to L.) In this case, I am hopelessly ruined.

TAL: (Pauses for a moment then shrugs shoulders.) With your youth, your name, and your abilities, there is no such word as ruin.

MIKE: You do not know the worst (Enter Leake and Chalker R.L.E.).

LEAKE: Mr. Percy Walsingham.

(Mike crosses to L.)

(Talboy turns round, surprised and goes a little when Chalker has entered)

MIKE: Here it comes.

LEAKE: You will pardon our intrusion.

MIKE: Well, sir.

LEAKE: Our house has advanced you a very large sum of money. (Going up a little C.)

MIKE: You hold my judgment bond for the entire of your claim.

LEAKE: Yes sir, we hold that security.

MIKE: What more do you require?

LEAKE: Your notes that you gave us are signed also by Mr. Michael O'Dowd. I see that name on your door. But the hall porter says that gentleman never comes here.

MIKE: Do you mean to insinuate there is no such person?

LEAKE: No. The hall porter who carries your letters to the post—says you write regular to Michael O'Dowd, Suil-a-mor, county Galway.

MIKE: Mr. Leake, I told you I was the son of an Irish gentleman of landed property—my inheritance is ample to cover your claim. I have executed a deed giving you the right to that estate. You will find it at the lawyer's office, he will deliver it to you. I leave England tomorrow—all I would ask of you is to conceal from my family the extent and the source of my ruin.

LEAKE: Going to leave England? Then you won't require all of these pictures, costly articles, furniture, plate and ornaments.

CHALK: Ornaments is the name for 'em.

LEAKE: You can't take these with you—how lucky—I took out execution on the payment bond you gave me—why I can just slip in and take hold, can't I—eh, Chalker? This is my clerk, Mr. Chalker—he won't mind stopping on the premises to take care of it all.

CHALK: Grabs the word for it, Guv'nor.

LEAKE: We might as well take the inventory of your claim, just so—we can begin with this room—Come, Chalker.

TAL: Do you mean that this person is placed here in possession.

CHALK: Possession is the word, sir. (Crosses to R.L.E. Mike leans on the mantelpiece dejected. Exit Chalker and Leake into room , **L.3.E.**)

TAL: What does it all mean? (crossing to r.c. )

MIKE: Read this letter.

TAL: (After reading) And this is signed by a name not yours.

MIKE: It is my name. (Pauses, goes to fireplace, then back to his chair X up behind table. Pause comes down C.) Two years ago I came from the West of Ireland, where I left in my humble home a father who advised me (sits C.) my mother, who worshipped her only son--I was the idol of these simple, faithful hearts, the wonder of their little world. I went as a student to Trinity College, Dublin. There I met young Percy Walsingham---we roomed together---he was, a poor, ailing fellow, whom I nursed during his last illness by his bedside I wrote my first poems and signed them with his name. Thus I became known by it in London long before I arrived here. (Sits R.)

TAL: Who and what are you, then?

MIKE: (Gets up and throwing open door and showing name on it.) There you may read it. Percy Walsingham and Michael O'Dowd are one and the same person. I am the son (Ready whistle R.H.) of a fish salesman in the Claddagh, county Galway. (Coming down R. of table)

TAL: But, my dear fellow, what on earth induced you to maintain this absurd masquerade?

MIKE: (coming to C.) I met your sister and loved her. By her side, to maintain a false position in society. I gambled on the stock exchange. From month to month I borrowed of that man Ramsey Leake the money to pay my losses. I have been digging ?? In less than two years I have squandered over a thity thousand ponds. I played a desperate game to win your sister. I staked my life and lost it. (Cross to L.)

TAL: Another visitor? ( goes to door R.L.E. disappears and returns with a card.) It is Lady Rose herself; she sends up this message on her card. (Reads) I am waiting in the carriage at the door. Will you and Percy drive with me to Riverside and spend the day?

MIKE: Ought I to go? (Kneeling with R. knee on the chair and looking at Bertie.)

TAL: (Pauses a moment before speaking. Taking cigar from table, lights it.) You have confided in me I will trust in you. (Comes down C.) Rose and I were poor as church mice, until Charley Lawless, a fellow officer in my regiment married her. He died leaving her a widow in her teens with a large fortune which she will forfeit when she marries again. She made me her trustee.

MIKE: Of course. I understand your position.

TAL: No! You don't. If she marries she forfeits her fortune and a large share of it comes to me, which places one in an infernal hole, don't you see, because I am confoundedly afraid she loves you. (Goes to C.)

MIKE: (R.C.) I shall not compromise your honor if she does not love me. (Coming to R.C.)

TAL: (L.C.) I only wish I had the means to square this for you. (A whistle heard.) This is my sister Rose; we established that signal long ago. Come, she is impatient. By Jove! If you leave England I have a good mind to cut the regiment and go with you, because I feel so mixed up in your misfortune, and Rose is so involved in it, and I am so concerned and can't help you Percy—don't you see I can't?

MIKE: You have helped me already. All is not lost while I preserve such a heart as yours. (Exit with Lal R.H.D.3.E.)

(Re-enter Romsey Leake. He goes to window and looks down. He has a deed in his hand. L.H.D.)

LEAKE: (as he enters) See here. What is the meaning of this here deed I found? They are gone (runs to window, looks out), there they go. Oh, dear! oh, dear! It can't be true; have I been deceived? (Enter Chalker L. 3. E.) I can't believe my eyes (looks at deed).

CHALK: There's no doubt about it. We are trespassing in this place, as sure as my name's Chalker. That paper is a lease of these rooms to Michael O'Dowd. All these goods here belong to him. We dare not touch a toothpick. (takes a glass of wine)

LEAKE: Oh, it is a plant. (Crosses R.) And this deed he spoke of. The residue of the Irish estate. What sort of estate is that?

CHALK: Moonshine is the word for it.

LEAKE: Oh how unprincipled. (Chalker takes urn.) Ain't it heartless; to rob a poor man like this here, taking the bread out of the mouth of his family.

CHALK: You aint any.

LEAKE: Then as a ?? to have Chalker.

CHALK: Discredit is the word for it.

LEAKE: Oh, oh! here's a pretty how-d'ye-do! He's got away with £30,000 of my money. It is ruin! --ruin!

CHALK: Ruin is the word for it. (Drinking.)

LEAKE: But his name is good still. I might find some friend in our line to take the paper off my hands. I would sell it for eight or ten shillings in the pound. But who---who could give so much? Oh, dear! a drowning man catches at a floating straw---don't he?

CHALK: Straw is the name for it.

(Kitty looks in, reads name on the door R. 3. E.)

KITTY: Here's the place, Daddy.

DAD: (outside R.) Are you sure now?

KITTY: I am quite sure; for here is our Mike's name on the dure. Come and look.

DAD: (outside R.) I am coming.

KITTY: Will I read it to you? "Mr. Michael O'Dowd."

(Enter the O'Dowd , R. 3. E. , advances to C.)

DAD: Mr. Michael O'Dowd, av ye plaze!

LEAKE: There's no Michael O'Dowd here.

DAD: What did ye tell me, Kitty?

KITTY: There are two names on the dure! but his own is one o' them.

DAD: Show me that.

KITTY: (points to letters) There it is!

DAD: Which is it?

KITTY: That one below there.

DAD: (puts on his spectacles). You are sure, now?

KITTY: I am, dear.

DAD: Then I'd like to see Mr. Michael O'Dowd if he is convanient. (Advances with Kitty.)

LEAKE: I tell you he is not here---and so far as we can learn he has not been here for some months past.

DAD: Ah! go on. Sure, the boy writes to us every week of his life---

KITTY: And his letters come from this place.

DAD: Where's the one we got before starting from Galway?

KITTY: Here it is, Daddy. (She draws a letter from her breast.) The post-mark is London, three days ago.

DAD: (to LEAKE) D'ye see that? (to Kitty.) Which is the mark?

KITTY: There it is, July 21st, plain enough.

DAD: To be sure. Can't you rade, man alive! it's there plain enough. (Romsey examines the letter.)

KITTY: And here are all his things. There's the picture of our house. (sees it over the desk), and here, oh! Daddy, here is myself! (finds portrait below it), my own self; and see his writin' under it. (Reads) "Drawn from memory with the help of my heart.--- Michael." (she sits down overcome, half laughing, half crying).

DAD: Let me look at it. Well, to be sure. It is, so it is! (takes it from her.)

KITTY: And he all these miles away in London. (takes it from him, kisses it) To be thinking of the---the---likes of us! (Sobs.)

DAD: Come, come, darling, don't go on like that before company. Hould up! be a man, Kitty. (While they are engaged over the portrait, Leake stealthily opens the letter.)

LEAKE: Chalker, this letter, signed by Michael O'Dowd, is in the handwriting of Percy Walsingham. I'd swear to it! ain't this queer?

CHALK: Queer is the word for it, guv'nor.

LEAKE: May I ask your name? (Kitty draws out a portrait from her breast and looks at it.)

DAD: O'Dowd, sir, is my name, and I'm proud of it! The O'Dowd of Suil-a-more, at your sarvice; once a Galway pilot and a fish salesman! I am the father of my son, though you would not think it to look at me! D'ye know the boy, sir?

LEAKE: I can't see a likeness in you to anyone I am acquainted with.

DAD: Mike favours the mother, sir. She was a Bodkin; one o' the ould Connemara Bodkins of Bally Bodkin, divil a betther stock there is to the fore in the county Galway. Ye'll be wondherin' how one of their blood ever tuk up wid the likes of a poor an' ignorant boy that I was, but I had the good ould dhrop in me--- I was the O'Dowd. (Chalker examines a photograph-album on table, L. C. up)



KITTY: Wipe my eyes, Daddy, I'm puttin' my face against his own, but I---I---can't see him for the tears.

DAD: (Wiping her eyes.) May your eyes be always wet wid the sweet dew of your heart, my dear.

LEAKE: His portrait! Have you got it there?

DAD: There it is. (Draws back as Leake advances to her)

KITTY: No. (Pressing it to her breast.) I---I ax your pardon, sir, but---but---I never showed it to anybody.

CHALK: You will find his face in ~~this~~-that book.

DAD: (Overlooking it). That's the mother! That's my Bidy. D'ye see the grand sthain of the Bodkins in the way she carries her head? There's no lie in it, sir. The ould blood will tell.

LEAKE: Here is your own likeness.

DAD: Ah! never mind me. I'd be ashamed of meself if my Bidy wasn't to the fore to make me proud of the son that bears my name. (as Leake turns the page) Stop! There he is. (points to a photograph.)

LEAKE: That!---that is your son?

DAD: To be sure; my son Mike! (Takes the book.)

KITTY: Oh, let me see! (she and Daddy examine the book, while Leake and Chalker face each other.)

LEAKE: Chalker, the young fellow is a fraud!

CHALK: (aside). Fraud is the word for it. But these rooms are his own, after all, so we can seize the goods here.

LEAKE: (aside). There! (Points to Daddy.) There's the goods I mean to seize. There's my hope! There's, my security. D'ye see how vain the old fool is of his boy—how fond of him. I shall charge the young one with putting his father's name to the bills he gave me.

CHALK: But he put his own name.

LEAKE: I shall swear he told me it was the signature of the old man—and that I discounted it on the faith of the son's word. Don't you see, I shall indict him for forgery. The father will never allow his boy to figure in a police court.

CHALK: He don't look as if he could pay £30,000. (Drinking at back of table L.H.)

LEAKE: (aloud) Your trade in Galway must be prosperous to maintain your son so handsomely in London.

DAD: Four hundred pounds a year, sir. Divil a less! That's what he has to hould his head up high among the quality at Court.

LEAKE: I know you Irish farmers are not to be judged by the coat on your backs. You make a poor show for fear the landlord should raise the rent on you. Eh?

DAD: (sits L. of table R.) I'm my own landlord, sir. I wish every Irish farmer could say the same.

LEAKE: (aside.) He's a landed proprietor, Chalker.

DAD: It is long since I gave up the fish business. But our ould pilot-boat lies undther our windies still--- she's one of the family, sir---blessings on her! We owe to her the home over our heads---and the lands of Suil-a-more.

LEAKE: To a pilot-boat?

DAD: Yes, indeed. A finer hooker never lifted her cheek to the blast. It was one wild day ten years ago. I was called out to see a Swedish ship in throuble outside the Skelleys--- the rocks, sir, they are, right fornist our cabin. There she came, driftin' into the jaws of death firin' her guns of distress. But not a man would stir out in such a say as howled and cursed on that shore. "Daddy, " ses Mike to me, houldin' his hair on wid both his hands---for, sure, the wind blew his voice down his throat, "I can't stand and see it! Come---we'll go alone." An' we did. He leapt into the hooker, shook out her foresail--- and, as she cleared the surf and she faced the gale wid us two in her breast, she threw her head up, God bless her! for she was the proudest of us three that day.

LEAKE: You saved the ship, then?

DAD: The Lord saved it, and we did as we were bid! But they paid me six thousand pounds salvage for the cargo, and that's how we started a fortune---that has rowled up into thirty thousand in ten years' time.

LEAKE: (Rubbing his hands). £30,000, and in land, too, Eh?

DAD: You would not think it to look at me?

LEAKE: I thought you Irish were so poor.

DAD: So we are. God help us!---poor as milch cows, whose milk goes to market, and whose calves are took away.

LEAKE: But you are rich?

DAD: Because I was my own master, working wid all my heart for my own flesh and blood, so I never measured my labour by the hour, but by my hopes. When I saw before me a life, that was a life and no week's wages.

KITTY: (Coming down C.) Sure, Daddy, the gentleman does not care a thrawneen about all this. He told us he did not know our Mike .

LEAKE: (L. C.) Not by that name. He is better known here, in London, as Percy Walsingham, the poet.

DAD: Oh, to be sure! we forgot! The boy did not like to make a holy show of our ould name, wid the ballad-mongers and the likes of them.

KITTY: He's so proud!

DAD: So he put on any dirty English name that would not matther.

LEAKE: I know your son well. You will find him at the suburban villa of Lady Rose Lawless, not five miles from this place. There you will see him in his glory---the centre of hadmiration, surrounded by lords and ladies and dukes.

DAD: (Crosses to C.) Kitty, d'ye hear?

KITTY: I'd rather have him all alone to myself. (To R. and up stage)

DAD: (C.) Jooks! Does our Mike know a jook? Signs on it. (Rises) D'ye mind that, darlin'? Oh, if the ould mother at home could hear this! Where would the place be ye spake of, sir? How will we find it?

LEAKE: I'll put you both in an omnibus that will set you down at the door

DAD: We are behoulden t'ye, sir. Come along. Jooks and ladies! My heart is in my mouth! Where's my umbrella? We are going to see the quality coorting our Mike! Have you got your bundle safe now? Come! Wait! Wait. (He leans on a chair.) I ax your pardon, sir. It is only the happy pride that's chokin' me, and it turns my poor old head.

KITTY: You are thremblin' all over, Daddy!

DAD: It will go by---in---a minute. It is nothin'---but a weakness. There, that does me good! (wipes his eyes) It is two years and more since I laid these ould eyes on him, so you see they are wake wid hunger for the sight of him. So there! It is betther to have had it out now---than be makin' a Judy of meself---(rising and going toward door R. Leake crossing gets to door first) before the lords and ladies and---he! he!---the jooks---ha! ha! Are you sure, sir, there's a jook among the quality beyant there?

LEAKE: Half a dozen of them.

DAD: We will give him a surprise.

LEAKE: Indeed you will.

DAD: He! he! We'll see him.

LEAKE: He will.

DAD: Jooks and ladies! Oh, Kitty, this is a great day for the O'Dowd!

(Exit with Kitty.)

LEAKE: Pack up a change of clothes, Chalker.

CHALK: Got 'em on my back

LEAKE: I hold in my hand and in my power the title deeds of Suil-a-mor—I'm off to Ireland with a warrant to arrest his son.

CHALK: To Ireland.

LEAK: Yes, to Galway—Insure your life.

(Music, end of Scene first)

SCENE II (A Garden in 1<sup>st</sup> Groove) (Enter lady Rose L.l.E.)

ROSE: (Pause.) When a lady desires to exhibit (pauses) that she prefers the society of a particular gentleman, is she permitted to measure her conduct according to the stupidity of the object of her affections? (Pause) Percy won't see that I love him, and I'm sure as we drove down here just now, that I made it plain enough (pause) I asked him to button my glove, eight buttons (pause) would anyone ask a better chance to press my hand? My arm? But he asked for no chance; he asked me for a hir pin, and while he was fiddling over the task he never raised his eyes, but behaved like a lady's maid, and returned my hand with an iron-clad bow, while that brute of a brother of mine saw through my little game, and enjoyed my humiliation. (pause) Oh, when they claim women's rights, they forget the most important privilege, that is an equal right between lovers to bring each other to book. Why should girls be taught to dodge around the rose bush, as if love were a sin and marriage a shame? (Taking R. and crossing to L. as Wilcox crossed to R.)

(Enter Wilcox with a tankard L. l. E. crosses to R.)

Oh, Wilcox, where are the ladies?

WIL: On the river bank my lady.

ROSE: (L.) Have they asked for me?

WIL: No, my lady.

ROSE: Oh, then I suppose the gentlemen have arrived.

WIL: Yes, my lady, Captain Chomley, Lord Ossidew and Mr. Loftus are with them.

ROSE: Prepare the lawn tennis. (Wilcox turns to go R.) Where is Mr. Walsingham?

WIL: Alone in the drawing room, I believe.

ROSE: Alone. (Aside.) I'll give him another chance. (Aloud.) What have you there?

WIL: (R.) Champagne-cup, my lady.

ROSE: Just what I wanted. (Takes it and going to drink)

(Enter Talboys smoking a pipe L.l.E.)

TAL: (L.) If you could see yourself at this moment. I wish you could be photographed as you stand, and serve for a figure in a society journal; title: Our fast families.

ROSE: Oh, dear. (Aside) Memorandum, another woman's rights. Happy thought; there, Wilcox, take it away. (returns tankard to Wilcox) How nice your pipe smells.

TAL: Yes, this is a mixture of my own. (Blows a cloud.)

ROSE: Delicious. Wilcox, bring me a cigarette.

TAL: Cigarette? Wouldn't you prefer a cigar or a pipe?

ROSE: I never tried either, but I will. (Aside.) Happy thought, another woman's rights. (Exit Wilcox R.l.E.) I say, Bertie, I wish you would not expose me before my servants as you do.

TAL: I wish you would not expose yourself before the world as you do. Smoking, driving, boating; women like you profane your sex. Why were you not a man?

ROSE: Jolly mistake I wasn't; what a plunger I would have been.

TAL: There is slang; that is nice language.

ROSE: You are always finding fault with me. I won't be bullied by you, though you are my brother. I know what will be the end of it. You will drive me into taking another header into matrimony, to get rid of you.

TAL: I shall take devilish good care you don't.

ROSE: Bertie, --I have an idea--of all the men that surround me, there is one along who loves me so well, that I think he would take me if I had not a shilling in the world.

TAL: You mean Percy?

ROSE: He is rich. If I marry him, my estate goes to you, and that will make it pleasant all round.

TAL: I shall not consent to any such arrangement.

ROSE: I shan't ask your permission.

TAL: But Percy has not offered to marry you, and I have taken care, that he shall not do so.

ROSE: I'll take care he shall.

TAL: He understands your position and will not accept the sacrifice.

ROSE: What? Do you mean that he will not take me without my fortune.

TAL: I did not say that. But you may not be aware that his own affairs are embarrassed.

ROSE: So are mine.

TAL: He is in debt.

ROSE: Most Irish Landlords are.

TAL: He will be obliged to leave England to-morrow.

ROSE: Not on that account.

TAL: Umph!

ROSE: So soon. Thank you, Bertie, for the hint. I have no time to lose. (going)

TAL: (Follows her). What are you going to do?

ROSE: Come along and see.

TAL: Rose, take care; look before you leap.

ROSE: Bertie this is leap year. (Exit R. 1. E.)

TAL: I do not believe she is capable of proposing to him. (Exit following her R. 1. E.)

SCENE III.

(A drawing room with windows looking out on a Lawn. Door R. looking into another room. Door L. into Hall. Luxurious furniture. Table R. Piano. Small table L. Ottomans. Chairs.

Mike discovered seated R. of R. table. Wilcox enters C. from L. with tankard crosses to R. 3. E.)

WIL: The ladies send me to beg you will join them on the lawn, sir.

MIKE: "Thank you." (There are more arrivals.)

(Gate bell heard R. H.)

WIL: (Looking off L. C.) Lord Borromore and Colonel Muldoon, sir.

(Enter servant preceding Borromore and Muldoon L. 3. E., taking their hats and gloves and putting them on table up L. H. and exit L. 3. E.)

MUL: I was detained in town by the most astounding news. You know my family has represented our native borough of Bally na Cuish in Parliament, ever since the Union. Well, sir, the constituency has revolted, and my seat is to be contested. What is the country coming to?

MIKE: Coming to its senses, perhaps.

MUL: (Crosses to L.) I hope the Government will bring it there. I'll evict every man Jack of the scoundrels who desert me, and put me to this expense.

MIKE: Who is the opposing candidate?

MUL: What is the fellow's name, Borromore?

BOR: I forget (Up C.)

MUL: So do I; but he is one of the mob--an old Galway fish salesman--who made a fortune, I believe by saving some vessel from wreck, and by selling haddock.

MIKE: (R. aside, rising). My father!

MUL: (C.) If that honourable member is returned to the House of Commons when he is called to the table to subscribe his oath, they say he will have to make his cross, for he can't write his own name.

(Ossidew appearing at window R.C. with Lady Maud.)

OSSI: Come, Walsingham, the ladies are waiting for you.

MIKE: My father a member of parliament. His honest, simple heart will serve as a butt for the derision of the brainless herd of fashion in London, where he must discover my folly and the ruin I have brought upon myself. (Crosses to L.)

(Enter Rose and Talboys C. from L.)

ROSE: (R.C.) Mr. Walsingham, my brother informs me that you are leaving England.

MIKE: (down L.) I am obliged to do so.

ROSE: For long?

MIKE: Perhaps for life. (Xes up to R. and stands at R. of C window looking out)

ROSE: Where are you going?

TAL: (coming down C) To the end of the world and I have almost made up my mind to go with him.

ROSE: You! Bertie, what are you going there for?

TAL: I am ashamed of the worthless life I am leading here in London. My pay is 140 pounds a year, and I spend a thousand in parading my imposture. I cannot pay my debts, yet I am going over to Ireland to squeeze poor devils who can't pay theirs. I live on the fat of the land, they on the refuse. I am a swell beggar. My business in life is one perpetual fraud. I am a fashionable tramp; that is what I am. (Cross to L corner)

ROSE: (Raising and following him). Will you hold your tongue?

TAL: No. You know it is true. I only get credit because I am your brother, so I live on the sufferance of a tailor, and the hopes of a money-lender, that some day the name our father left me, hitherto borne by a race of gentlemen, and the right to go to court and enter a score of noble drawing rooms, will serve as bait to catch some rich wife, who will pay my arrears of board, lodging and washing. (Crosses to L.)

ROSE: (Following him) Will you stop it?

TAL: No I won't. There are too many such "dead beats" of good family in this city. I'll cut it.

MIKE: (Crosses in front of Talboys to C.) So will I. I'll go where I shall not be ashamed to work, and take off my coat to do it--if I have one

ROSE: Oh! Oh!

TAL: And wash my only shirt--if we have one between us.

ROSE: You think this is very fine. You flatter yourself you are doing the big thing. Yes, at my expense! You talk of your feelings; has it occurred to you to consider mine.



TAL: Will you stop it! (Going down L.)

ROSE: (Rising.) No, I won't; you have made your lives indispensable to me, and now that I cannot live without you, you throw me over.

MIKE: (Going to Rose). You never confessed so much before. (Coming down L. of Rose--Bertie goes up and Xes to R. and down R. of Rose.)

ROSE: Confessed! confessed! What would Bertie had said of me if I had confessed. He would have told me not to expose myself.

MIKE: (L.C.) You do love me, then?

ROSE: (C.) If I said no, Bertie is brute enough to give me the lie.

MIKE: Say you do.

ROSE: I am a fool to let you see it.

TAL: (R.C.) (Coming down R.) Now, Rose, my dear old girl, be generous, give two poor devils a chance. Let us go away for a year or two--to one of those places where chaps make fortunes.

MIKE: Let me, at least, try to be worthy of you. I am not so now, am I Bertie?

TAL: No, you are not.

MIKE: There! You don't see it, but other fellow do. Give me two years. We are both very young.

ROSE: Two years---

MIKE: You are thinking that you cannot answer for yourself until I come back.

ROSE: No, quite the contrary. So I was thinking you might marry me before you go (pause) oh the quiet.

TAL: There! I knew she would do it. She has proposed to him. (Goes up to window and down R.)

MIKE: There is an obstacle you are not aware of. I am in debt.

ROSE: I know it.

TAL: You don't know how deeply.

ROSE: Yes I do; his lawyer told me.

MIKE: (Down R.) My lawyer?

TAL: (L.) What do you mean?

ROSE: (C.) Oh, don't be angry, but I--I saw you were in trouble--I did not mean to do wrong.

TAL: By Jove, she has been to your lawyer. Rose, are you mad?

MIKE: (Down R.) And he dared to betray my affairs to you.

ROSE: It was not his fault. I made him do it.

TAL: (Both of the men bring her down C.) Do what? (She clings to him.) Look me in the face. What did you make him do?

ROSE: I can't tell you if you look like that.

MIKE: You must.

ROSE: Promise me you won't be angry. He made me sign something, and then he--he sent me a lot of papers; they are in that desk

TAL: Here? (Opens the desk R.H.)

ROSE: I know it was wrong, but Bertie is so fond of you. I meant to ask him to shoulder it all.

TAL: (looking over papers which he takes out, coming to C. again.) Protested bills--judgments--here they are. (Rose goes up C.)

MIKE: By Jove!

TAL: By jingo. I say, Percy.

MIKE: This is a facer.

TAL: What is to be done?

MIKE: I am knocked out of time.

TAL: It floors me.

ROSE: Oh, dear! It seems I am in for it.

TAL: (Going to Rose, taking her by hand and brings her down C.) Rose, Rose, my darling sister, you have no idea what an angel you are. I'd like to find another.

ROSE: (To Mike.) And now you are not going to leave me.

MIKE: I must go now more than ever. I have tried very hard not to love you, but it is no use.

ROSE: Go on, who is stopping you?

MIKE: You have raised an impediment in buying up those papers.

ROSE: (Taking papers from Tal.) These--burn them.

MIKE: You have become my only creditor, to whom I owe a debt of honour.

ROSE: And who does not mean to lose sight of the security.

TAL: He must go now, Rose. (Percy turns up R. and stands above table R.)

ROSE: Oh, dear! (Looks at the papers.) If they had not abolished imprisonment for debt, I could have locked him up, couldn't I? (Goes up C.)

TAL: The largest debt, the worst of all, is not included in the list.

ROSE: (coming down C). Stop! I have an idea. My estates lie chiefly in the West of Ireland.

TAL: Yes, worse luck. This year you made me accept less than half the rents, and from some tenants none at all.

ROSE: Let us go there, and Percy need only pay what he likes, and when he chooses.

TAL: Rose, my darling, you are talking like a fool.

ROSE: I am feeling like one. (Goes up and sits L. of R. table).

TAL: (crosses, and aside to Mike, R. above table R.) Bring her to her senses. I give her up.

MIKE: (aside). Leave us. (Exit Talboys R. 3. E.) (Back of table and speaking over her shoulder, crosses behind to C. at end of speech) Do you know why your brother accused himself of being a perpetual fraud, and called his life an imposition? It was to give me courage to confess that I have deceived you, and have gained you love under false pretenses.

ROSE: Cheating in love is fair play.

MIKE: You must hear me. I have to confess a fatal secret.

ROSE: I will hear only two words in answer to two questions. Are you free?

MIKE: Yes.

ROSE: Are you a married man?

MIKE: Good heavens, no.

ROSE: Are you true to me?

MIKE: Yes.

ROSE: (R.) I'll hear no more-- (Rises.) Yes, another little one. Did I tempt you to perdition? Did you fall for my sake?

MIKE: (C.) Yes.

ROSE: And you want me to find you guilty? I do, but, then, do I not furnish you extenuating circumstances?

MIKE: (Kissing her). You are adorable.

(Mrs. Fowler from R.C. and Lady Maud appear at window.)

MRS. FOW: Come, Lady Rose, we are waiting for you. (Rose runs out R.C.)

MIKE: (Alone) I cannot be the bad lot I thought I was if so good a woman as that can love me. Oh! that breathes hope into my breast. I will be worthy of her. (Sits L. of table)

(Enter Wilcox followed by the O'Dowd and Kitty L.3.E.)

WIL: I assure you there is no person of that name here. Try next door.

DAD: Ah! Go on out o' that, and let me see for meself. (To Mike) I ax your honor's pardon, but is there one Mike O'Dowd...

MIKE: (Turning) My father!

KITTY: Mike! (She drops her bundle.) Mike, darlin'. (Runs to him, he meets her and takes her in his arms.)

MIKE: My sister!

DAD: My boy--my own boy--himself--his own self. Oh! Kitty, dear, when you've done, wouldn't you give me a bit?

MIKE: My dear father. (He passes Kitty across, and Daddy embraces him)

DAD: Sure, my sowl is dry, and my ould eyes wants a long drink.

MIKE: You can leave us, Wilcox. (Sits L. of R. table, taking Kitty on R. knee)

DAD: Get out young man, if you plaze. You wanted to turn me out, and one good turn deserves another. Come here, now, there's not a dhrop of ill blood in the O'Dowd. Hould your hand—there—there's two pence. Them quality futmin always expect something. (Exit Wilcox R.3.)

KITTY: (Who is sitting on Mike's knee). You are looking a trifle pale, dear. Isn't he?

DAD: Sure, it's the delicacy of him. Would you have him as brown and common as yourself. Well, to be sure, my heart is in my mouth.

MIKE: How did you know that I was here?

DAD: Two friends of your own we met at your rooms.

KITTY: They told us where we could find you.

MIKE: (aside). It was Leake and Chalker.

KITTY: Mighty civil gentlemen—they put us in an omnibus. But how your heart is beating, Mike, aroon, and your cheeks are burning!

MIKE: It's only the surprise—the emotion your presence excites in me.

DAD: Sure, I'd like a dhrop of wather myself, to help to swallow my own heart that is chokin' me this minute. Would your grand friend, the lady here, what's her name? be angry if Kitty was to run down to the kitchen and dhraw me a jugful o' dhrink from the pump?

MIKE: No, I will find it here.

KITTY: No, let me wait on him. (Runs out door R.3.E.)

MIKE: (aside X to R.H. corner.) What shall I do? How to get them away before they are seen by the party here? They must return to town at once.

(Re-enter Kitty with the tankard of cup.)

KITTY: This is all the dhrink I can find.

MIKE: (taking tankard from Kitty and Xing to O'Dowd.) Drink father. Drink to the old mother in the far west at home.

DAD: Bidy, my blessin'. My heart turns toward ye—wishes you were here. (Drinks) (Mike embraces Kitty while Daddy drinks) Oh, murdher, tare alive-oo! Bidy, here's to you again! (Drinks.) What is it at all?

MIKE: It is a cup (X to R. laughing)

DAD: Cup! Well, may I never find the bottom of it. Will ye dhrink, Kitty? Do.

KITTY: No. I have all I want here.

DAD: Where's the bundle, dear? Open the bundle for the boy and show him the few things the ould mother put up for him. (Kitty kneels and unties the bundle). A pair of good warm stockings agin the cowld weather. (Mike takes them and puts them on table.)

KITTY: (opening a pair of coarse woolen stockings.) I am afeared, father, we forget that he is too fine to wear such things now.

DAD: Too fine; sure there is not a thread in them that has not been tenderly touched by the mother's fingers. The wool is spun from her heart, and the color is fast wid her proud and happy tears.

KITTY: And here is a comforter and mittens that she made for you. (Mike puts comforter and mittens on table.)

MIKE: God bless her!

KITTY: And here is a purse, from myself; but I'm a'most ashamed of it. (He kisses her)

DAD: But where is the crock of butther, our own, ye remember it is sweet with the breath of the cow. And have you the posey safe? It is from your own ould flower-bed you were so fond of, 'tis Kitty's now, and in the middle of it, look, I put a sod of shamrock that I gathered from our own hill-side. I put it into the heart of the posey, and see, it has kept the flowers alive. I knew the sight of it would warm your own.

MIKE: (rising)And so it does; but what brings you here to London so suddenly? (Xs to R. corner)

DAD: I come to fetch you home; the borough of Ballo-na-Cuish wants a member of parliament.

MIKE: (R) I have heard that they offered the seat to my father.

DAD: (C.) Divil a less! Ah go on! Says I. Don't be pokin' your fun at the likes of me. "Your name is enough" says they. There's not a man, woman or child that would not rally round the O'Dowd. Well, if I wasn't chokin' wid the pride when I heard that. Sure, says I, there's one who wears the name bettther than ever I did, or could, and that's my son. Tare alive! Such a shout as they gave! Didn't ye hear it over here?

MIKE: Well, what followed? (Laughs and comes to Daddy.)

DAD: What followed? Sure you know well enough.

MIKE: They left you to consult me.

DAD: Divil a bit! They left me at four in the morning, blind drunk.

MIKE: (Laughing.) True. I forgot. (Down R. Corner.)

DAD: (L.C.) Then I tucked Kitty under my arm, and we left the shores of Galway for the first time in our lives, and here we are.

KITTY: (L.) Sure, we are forgetting that Mike is not at home here. We are throubbling him, may be. When he can get away from his grand friends, he will come to see us.

MIKE: Do you think I could leave you? I shall return with you to London; share your lodging, wherever it may be. Remain here until I find you a conveyance. (Going up C. to window.) (aside) Thank Heaven, the crew are engaged in their lawn tennis.

(Enter Wilcox.)

MIKE: Wilcox, where shall I find a cab near here?

WIL: You will be sure to find one at the “Anglers”, sir. (Down L.) (Exit Mike.)

DAD: Let us take a good look at this grand place, Kitty, while we have the chance. Well, to be sure. Did you ever see the likes?

WIL. (Xs to R. aside.) Who can they be? They were very familiar with Mr. Walsingham. Poor relations, I suppose.

DAD: The tables are made out o’ gold itself, and there’s satin petticoats on the dures and windies, my dear. Well, well, and our Mike is let in to see all this grandeur, and bedad, sir, he thinks nothin’ of it. (A roll of thunder is heard.) What is that?

KITTY: It’s a thunder shower that is coming.

DAD: I’m so shut up here in London; upon my conscience, I can’t see what’s coming. (Kitty down L.)

(Enter Talboys, Mrs. Dudley Fowler, Col. Muldoon, Maud and Ossidew, quickly R.C.)

DAD: Here come the ladies and the jooks.

MAUD: Oh, dear, my hat will be ruined.

TAL: Who are these extraordinary people?

WIL: (aside to him) They are friends of Mr. Walsingham. Poor relations, I think, sir, come a beggin’. (Going up R. and X. L and exit.)

KITTY: (aside to Daddy) Come away, Daddy.

DAD: What for? Sure, them’s the quality. My service to you ladies. Lave my coat alone. What’s the matther with you?

KITTY: I’m afeared.

DAD: Where's your manners?

(Enter Lady Rose and Borromore R.C.)

MUL: What a queer pair!

ROSE: How came they here?

TAL: The rain-storm must have driven them to seek shelter in the hall.

BOR: May I offer you some refreshment. (Offers tankard of cup)

DAD: I'm behoulden to you; but I believe I've finished it.

BOR: (Looking into it) He has! that is cool.

DAD: True for ye, sir, it was, and pleasant.

MRS. FOW: (seeing things on table) What on earth have we here?

ROSE: Wilcox! What is this rubbish? Take it away.

KITTY: No! (Runs across) It is ours! I beg your pardon we do not mean to offend, or to intrude. (aside to O'Dowd.) Oh, Daddy, do come away.

DAD: Sure, them's the quality Mike spakes about, and if they are proud of him, would not they be glad to know us? I'll go bail now, ladies, you'd never be able to guess who is to the fore. He, he!

MUL: Is he drunk?

DAD: Well I may as well tell ye my name at onst. My name is Michael O'Dowd.

TAL: (aside.) The father of Percy!

DAD: Yes indeed, you would not think it to look at my son Mike! Him so grand, just like one of yourselves. It is blood that tells in the long run. Look at me. I'm proud to own I had no book larnin' when I begun life, a poor boy, betune the two shafts of a thruck, and drew fish to market. Did Mikey never tell yez about that?

ALL: Ha! Ha!

TAL: (aside). I'm on red-hot coals.

ROSE: It is a shame to ridicule the poor old man.

KITTY: Oh, do come away.

DAD: The boy is proud of it: and small blame to him; for he knows how hard his mother and myself worked, and sthrove, and slaved to put shillin' on shillin' for our only one, that he might



rise to be the gentleman he is. So we sent him to a quality school---£60 a year, if ye plaze!---an' afther that to Thrinity College, Dublin. 'Twas £300 a year he stud me in, divil a less! fur the Latin and furrin matchemattics, and a coorse of all the knowlegeables. And now he gets £400 a year---£100 every quarther-day---to kape up his head here amongst yerselves at Court---grandees, and lords, and ladies, and jooks. He! he!

ALL: Ha! ha! ha!

DAD: I ax your pardon---but would it be axin' too much to know which is the jook amongst yez?

MUL: The duke--oh, of course (Presenting Borromore). Let me present you to the Duke of Airshire.

DAD: Stop, now. We av only got one jook in Ireland, and maybe I'd never get a chance to see another. Well, to be sure! I'd never have tuk him for more than an or'nary man!

OSSI: This is the Duchess of Piccadilly; and that lady is the Countess of Covent Garden.

DAD: My respects to your ladyship. Oh, Kitty, isn't this grandeur?

(Enter Mike through the villa; he stops on seeing the group.)

OSSI: (aside to Muldoon) I will wager you that I kiss the girl under the old fellow's nose, and he will be proud of it!

MUL: (aside).Done! For a tenner!

DAD: And may I ax, sir, who you are yourself?

OSSI: I am the hereditary Prince of Temple Bar, entitled to wear my hat in the presence of Royalty, and to salute all the fair ones who are presented to me. Allow me to exercise my charming privilege. (advances to Kitty, who recoils).

MIKE: (advances. Takes Kitty's hand) This lady is my sister, my Lord.

ALL: Your sister!

(Mrs. D. Fowler sits R. H. of side and laughs.)

MIKE: And I allow no man to address her with his hat on. (Points to Ossidew's hat). Remove it, or will you compel me to do so? (Ossidew, after a pause, removes hat.)

ROSE: Mr. Walsingham, you forget yourself!

MIKE: No, Lady Rose; but I have forgotten myself until now. Let me present you to my father. (Exclamation and surprise by all).

DAD: My service to your ladyship. It is proud I am indeed to see so much beauty an' sweetness around me this minute and our Mike at home here amongst yez--takin to it all as if he wor born to it like a young duck to the wathur. (Enter Wilcox who speaks to Ossidew.)

MIKE: (aside) Father, for Heaven's sake, be quiet.

DAD: (aside to him.) Warn't you too hard on the Prince wid the hat?

TAL: (aside to Rose) How shall we rescue them from this painful scene?

WIL: The gentleman's cab is waiting.

OSSI: Mr. O'Dowd's four-wheeler stops the way.

ALL: He! He!

ROSE: (advancing.) Will you accept seats in my carriage? I shall feel pleased to take you back to town with me.

DAD: Is it me---me sit beside yourself?

ROSE: Bertie, will you give your arm to Miss O'Dowd. Ladies, I hope you will excuse me. Where do you reside in London?

DAD: Wid a relation of my own, my lady, that kapes a very dacent house in Spitalfields---the "Pig and Whistle, " by Owen O'Dowd. (laugh by all.)

ROSE: I hope that during your stay in London you will remain with me as my guests.

DAD: Is it live in your house and see your sunn face every day? Indeed, and I will, wid a heart and a-half!

ROSE: Won't you offer me your arm?

DAD: Oh! why can't I be outside and see myself going by?

(As Lady Rose, leaning on the arm of the O'Dowd, goes up the stage, the ladies and gentlemen separate and bow to them. Mrs. D. Fowler follows with Kitty and Mike.)

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

(The old hall at Suil-a-mor. Kitty is employed L. at a table maken wheaten-meal cakes;a large yellow bowl, meal tub, jug, and salt box on the table. Mollie is cleaning plates. Sheela is folding linen. Two farm girls cross, one bearing a ham on a dish, the other a turkey. A large table R. in F.)

(Enter Bridget O'Dowd R. 3. E.)

BRID: (R. N. E.) Hurry now, girls, I expect the masther home every minute; there is the hall inside as fine with bushes and with flowers, as our Chapel is at Easter. But it can't be too fine for my boy. What is keeping him so long on the road home? (Goes up C.)

KITTY: Sure there is not a creature he meets but stops him wid a blessing. Them that is born to be loved belongs to everybody.

BRID: That laves mighty little for me. Since Mike came home, three wekks ago, his father has not let mehave him to my own self, for a blessed hour together. One would think I had no call to my boy at all. It's mighty hard on me, so it is. (Sits down R.C.)

KITTY: He is so proud of his son. (Enter all the girls R.H.D.)

BRID: Proud! What right has him to be proud of him? That is taking the bread out of my mouth! Sure I bore him! I nursed him, and watched him. He was the love I had for the father put into flesh and blood. He was the best of me. Oh! Why did he not always remain a child by my side? They tuk away my white-headed boy, and they made a man of him.

(Enter Barney Toole, and Mat, and Dan L.3.E.)

BAR: God save all here; and our service to yourself, a-Vanthee!

KITTY: Has Mike carried the borough?

MAT: Bedad he has. (Ladies get around Bridget.)

BAR: And now the borough is carrying him; for the boys have tuk the wheels of a hay-cart, and, lifting him in on their shoulders, they are bringing himself, the O'Dowd, and the ladies upon it, like a blessed harvest home to Suil-a-mor.

BRID: Oh, Barney, the joy of this day will be my death.

(Rocks herself as Barney speaks.)

BAR: Ye deserve it all, ma'am, and the poor does not grudge ye the taste of it. We wor poor boys like your husband, and worked beside him. As he rose to what he is, the boatmen of the Claddagh looked up to him, and we were proud of his successes in life. Not one that does not thank Heaven this night for the joy it sends down on this house.

ALL THE GIRLS: (crowding around Bridget) Blessings be above you, all your days; may Heaven be your bed.

BRID: (crying) Ah, don't--whist! Don't you see I'm crying. (Shouts outside.)

(Enter the O'Dowd, L. H.)

DAD: God bless you, boys, and mind you don't forget that today is the birthday of my son. (Shouts) And I can't feel how proud I am unless I see you all, happy. Mrs. O'Dowd expects to have the whole country side here to help and clear her table, and afther that you will find Corney Finncane, the fiddler (shouts) in the long barn beyond, and the girls ready to provoke your feet to the flure.

ALL: Horroo! Blessings and you and yours; long life to you. The O'Dowd aboo! Hoo?

(Exeunt all, men go off L and girls R. O'Dowd, Bridget and Kitty remain.)

DAD: Blessings on me--yes! wid all the sorrow and trouble round and about us, there is a patch of sunshine over Suil-a-Mor, as big and as bright as my Biddy's face. The land is good to me, for there is no rot in the root, nor smut in the ear. Oh! Bridget what have I done to deserve such a wife as you have been to a poor boy, and that Heaven should bless me wid two such children?

BRID: So our Mike is a member of Parliament!

DAD: If you had heern him spake to the people, and they luken up at him, as if they'd ate him wid their eyes, and the reporters taken it all down, and the crowd cheerin' like mad. Oh, ses I, I want Biddy beside me now, to see and hear all this. Oh! it was fine!

KITTY: What did he say?

DAD: How the divil would I know? It was all above me! But it was grand! Wid his eyes lifted up--your eyes he has--God bless them! an' his proud head, that he gets from the Bodkins.

BRID: Tis neither his eyes nor his head that made him what they loved. it is his heart, and he gets that from the O'Dowd. (Xs to him)

KITTY: And if the people give him theirs, it is because he is my father's son.

DAD: You are not jealous of our love for him?

BRID: Thru for ye, Daddy, it is not fair for us to makes so much of Mike, and lave poor Kitty out in the cowld.

KITTY: D'ye think I am not equal to be proud of him? And what do I want more than to share your love for himself?

DAD: Kitty, you are the model of your mother; where will we find a man that's good enough for you?

KITTY: Lave me alone to do that same (X to L.)

(Enter Bertie Talboys, C., one leg of his trousers very black and muddy.)

DAD: It's the captain. Is Mike wid you, sir?

BER: He is following me, with my sister, Lady Rose. I think he is showing her round the old ruined castle below.

DAD: Ah, he is showing her round the ould place that will be his own one of these days.

BRID: Yes; you may show the boy your pride, if you will only lave me to show him my heart. (Back of arm chair.)

DAD: Go on now, you comedtherm ould schemer, you know you are as proud of Suil-a-Mor, as a paycock is of his tail.

BRID: I'm not.

DAD: You are! The first time you went to Chapel as Mrs. O'Dowd of Suil-a-Mor, the dure wasn't wide enough to let in your consequence.

BRID: I'll bate you if you go on. (They go out disputing R.3.E)

KITTY: (Coming down C.) Where have you been to get like that?

BER: (R.C.) I have been in a bog-hole. While trying a short cut across the hills I lost my way.

KITTY: (L.C.) Your countrymen often get into holes when they lose their ways in Ireland. never mind; when it is dry it will rub off, and there will be no sign of it.

BER: Like most Irish troubles.

KITTY: The Lord help us.

BER: Perhaps he will, if you help yourselves.

KITTY: He would, but you don't leave us alone. (Going up and back of table L.)

BER: (Going up to her, putting his arms around her waist) If England feels toward this country as I feel towards you, I don't wonder she can't leave you alone.

KITTY: Be asy now--it's not fair for you to kiss me, for I've got my hands in the tub, an' I can't defend meself.

BER: You are an angel! Oh, there is a pin; I ought to denounce you for keeping concealed arms.

KITTY: I wish you would conceal yours.

BER: Last night, when I explored your waist, I got wounded. You ought to know better, Kitty, you are not a girl, you are a porcupine. (Xes to C.)

KITTY: (Coming down L. of Bertie feeling her waist) I thought I had taken them all out. Did I hurt you much--let me see.

BER: Don't look there for the wound. Look up into my eyes, and then through them down into my heart--that is the pin-cushion.

KITTY: To how many girls have you said the same?

BER: How many men have said as much to you?

KITTY: No one till now. You are the first, and if you were to go and lave me this minute, you would be the last. An O'Dowd has only one word; one heart once given we never take 'em back.

BER: Do you think I would be any less faithful?

KITTY: I would not blame you if you were. I am not your equal anyway--not good enough, not fine enough to share your life. You are too grand to share mine. I'll plaze you for a while until you get back to the world where you belong. There you will forget me; but you will lave me something to love--my sorrow! You can't take that away, and I would not part with it for all the joy in the world.

BER: My darling, there is nothing in the world so pecious to me as yourself. You don't know what a worthless fellow I am. I am not much more than a suit of clothes, but I am resolved to put a man inside. So when I can honorably resign my commission I mean to leave the country and fight for fortune, and win the girl I love.

KITTY: Ah! Why lave the country. Do you win a fight by running away? They're all out now (He kisses her).

(Enter Lady Rose L.C.3.E.)

BER: Don't stir. I can see it, it is an eyelash. I can get it out.

ROSE: An eyelash! Where is it?

BER: In her eye.

ROSE: You were looking for it in her mouth. Don't blush, Kitty. Is he poaching? Or has he a right to sport over that rosy cover? You did not resist his advance.

KITTY: Sure we are under martial law, and I've no right to carry arms (Tub in her arms, meeting Muldoon) (Enter Muldoon L.C.3.E.)

MUL: Lady Rose, your obedient. Miss O'Dowd, your servant.

ROSE: Why, Colonel, I hear you were defeated this morning in your own borough.

MUL: I got the finest beating a man could desire, and I have come over to congratulate my opponent. Short of winning a fight, the next honor is to lose it well. Where is he?

KITTY: I will tell him you are here, sir. (Puts armchair R. of L. table.) (Exit R.3.E.)

MUL: Last night, two men presented themselves at my house. I am a Magistrate for the County, and they required my signature to a warrant, issued in London, to arrest a person accused of obtaining money under false pretenses. The name of the accused party was Michael O'Dowd.

ROSE: Michael! (Falling into chair L.C.) It cannot be he.

MUL: It is no one else! For these men had the effrontery to propose to arrest him last night and remove him from the contest, if I would pay them a thousand pounds.

ROSE: They did not know you, Colonel.

BER: To make such a proposal to an Irish gentleman!

MUL: As if any one of us had a thousand pounds lying idle, and spoiling in the bank.

ROSE: What did they do when they left you?

MUL: They went to a brother magistrate and swore an information against me for throwing them down stairs and I have begun a cross-action for damages to the banisters, and the worth of a gold-headed cane of my father's that I broke over their backs. (going up C.)

ROSE: There must be some mistake.

MUL: (up at door C.L.) I fear not. One of the men is Ramsey Leake, and I saw the pair of scoundrels outside--they appear to be watching this house.

ROSE: Bertie, you look pale.

BER: I feel so. (Down L. from window) (Half aside) Ramsey Leake here? (X. R.)

ROSE: Are there no means to come to some arrangement with these men?

MUL: I have some of my followers within easy call, that would come to an arrangement with them mighty quick.

ROSE: But surely the O'Dowd people would protect their master's son. (Rising)

MUL: Protect! Did you ever see a cat in a corner protected by a score of terriers? If they smelled the scent of one of those men, why in ten minutes there would not be a piece of either of them big enough to hold an inquest over. What is the amount of their claim?

BER: Thirty thousand pounds.

MUL: Whew! They can't expect to collect that. There's not that much money in the county.

ROSE: They expect perhaps to extort it from the father.

MUL: That is their object, you are right! But to pay such a sum would ruin him.

ROSE: Worse than ruin--it would break his heart. Where is Percy? Oh, if I had the means to save him. (Exit L.C.)

BER: Surely he is incapable of committing any act like this of which you say he is now accused. (X to L.)

MUL: Begad, sir, the law is not to be relied on. Why, sir, I was put on the list of directors for some dirty bank, I took my fees, but I never attended one of their meetings, and when the bank broke they wanted to find me criminally responsible for the plunder, I never got a penny of. Fortunately I had vainly tried to persuade my fellow directors to discount my bills. They had refused unanimously to oblige me. I resigned, of course, and that saved me.

BER: Let us find these men and try to square them. Could we find none of the neighboring landlords here that would go security for him?

MUL: Sir, there is not a landlord of this county whose affairs I am acquainted with--whose name and title would not spoil the stamp. (Exeunt R.3.L.) (Enter Leake and Chalker L.C.)



LEAKE: Come along, Chalker, don't be afraid. This house is mine--all in it is mine. The fields are fat with cattle and with crops--they are all mine! I am the owner of the soil and all in it.

CHALK: If you stop here the soil will own you and you will be in it.

LEAKE: I never felt the sense of property before. Money don't bring the same satisfaction along with it. Ain't the air sweeter, ain't the sunshine brighter, aye, because it is my air, my sunshine.

CHALK: I'd rather have a belly full of London fog and half an acre of Bormondsey than own the fee simple of all Crunemara.

LEAKE: What have you got to be afraid of?

CHALK: Hevery-thing! If the people here knowed as I was carrying in my pocket a warrant to arrest the young O'Dowd.

LEAKE: I have got the police in readiness and within call. My papers are all regular.

CHALK: So they was when we called on that magistrate last night to perform his duty. He says, "you want my name to that, wait", says he, picking up a cane. "Wait till I rule your dirty backs in a large hand, and I'll write the word Muldoon there that every rogue may read", and he did.

LEAKE: We will make him smart for it, don't be afraid, the law will protect us.

CHALK: Yes, but who will protect the law?

(Enter O'Dowd R.3.E.)

DAD: Well to be sure. Is it yourselves that is to the fore?

LEAKE: You recollect us?

DAD: And grateful indeed I am you have not forgotten this day, the birthday of your friend, my son. You have come all the way from London across the say to see him—you are right welcome to Suil-a-Mor. He will be overjoyed to see you both. I'll call to him that you are here.

LEAKE: No! We would rather give him a surprise.

DAD: To be sure. I'll go bail he never expected to see you tumble in on him like this—ha! ha!

CHALK: Chimney pot is the word for it.

ALL: Ha!ha!ha!

DAD: Where are your boxes?

LEAKE: Our boxes!

DAD: Your bags and things. Of course, you come to stop.

LEAKE: Yes, we come to stop, but we left them at the inn.

DAD: Do you mean to tell me you disgraced Suil-a-Mor by goin' to an Inn. (calls) Here Sheelagh! Don't say another word. I know you are goin' to ax my pardon for this.(Enter Sheelah R.3.E.) Go tell Andy to take the car down to the Muldoon Arms and fetch up the boxes of these gentlemen. Tell Miss Kitty to get two of the best rooms ready for them. Hurry now. There, don't look so ashamed of yourselves. I forgive you, if you will promise to stop a month or two.

LEAKE: We will.

DAD: That's kind! Come this way, your place at the table will be beside myself and my wife--(re-enter Sheelah) Sheelah will show you the way. (He shows them into room prepared by Sheelah) Well to be sure. Are there any more blessings left in heaven to pour down on us this day. (Enter Bridget, Mike, Kitty, and all the party, and 12 peasants. Girls enter from room R.C.)

DAD: (R.C.) Now, my friends, you are welcome to our fireside.

MIKE: (L.C.) Neighbors and friends, you have placed me this day in the proud position to which I have been elected. But no position, no title could raise the name my father's spotless life has bequeathed to me as an inheritance.

ALL: The O'Dowd for ever! (Re-enter Lady Rose)

BRID: (Embraces Daddy.) Oh, my dear, my dear, why can't I die this minute? Take me out an' bury me dacent, and let them say, "The pride choked her, and she died of joy!"

ROSE: (aside to Mike) I must speak with you alone.

KITTY: The table is set.

DAD: I would beg your ladyship to take up my arm, as once in your own house you asked me to do that same. But Mike will sit at the head of the board this day. Now take your places, and a kindly welcome to you all.

(Music. They enter the inner rooms, all but Lady Rose, Mike, Chalker and Leake. As the crowd go out, Mike and Rose meet them. Shouts as all go off R.C.)

MIKE: What brings you here?

LEAKE: I come to get your father to sign this deed, or put his mark, as I believe he cannot write. (Hands a paper)

MIKE: What is its purport?

LEAKE: It is a conveyance of this estate to me. it will about cover what you owe me--principal, interest, costs.

MIKE: And you expect I shall permit my father to do this?

LEAKE: I expect you will, and you will put your name as witness to it. The right name this time, for if you refuse to do this, you will sleep tonight in a felon's cell in Galway jail.

MIKE: A felon's cell!

LEAKE: Here is the warrant! Oh it is all correct. I have had it endorsed by the Police Magistrate, and he sent with us a company of twenty men--that are waiting close by--but I'm sure they wont be wanted. (Music till end of act)

MIKE: Of what am I accused?

LEAKE: You are charged with forging your father's name to these titles and bonds.

MIKE: It is my own.

LEAKE: Whose then is this Percy Walsingham, whose signature is here?

MIKE: Rose, you cannot believe me guilty of this charge.

LEAKE: That is for the jury to decide, they may acquit you, but they can't dismiss the shame--your father is too proud to stand that, he will not allow you to go to jail--with such fine prospects as you have, oh, he could not afford it. (Barney re-appears at window with Dan, Mat, Morrissey--they enter by door at back.)

ROSE: (advancing and embracing Mike) And you mean the old man should buy you off with all that he has in the world.

LEAKE: Here is all he has in the world--his only son. Do be reasonable now, I've only got this chance to be paid. It must be ruin to me or ruin to him. It is hard on the Guv'nor, didn't I always say it was, Chalker?

CHALK: Nails was the word for it. (Barney and crowd enter.)

ROSE: Accept my security. I will sign anything--do anything.

LEAKE: No doubt, my lady, but after doing that you could not do less than marry him--and in that case, every penny you possess is forfeit--I know the terms of the will.

(Barney and peasant seize Ramsey Leake, Dan and Mat seize Chalker) (Mike jumps up and protects Rose)

BARNEY: Whisht, now, and say your prayers! The devil is waiting on ye both. Masther, dear! The police have surrounded the house, but our boys have surrounded the Polis.

(Enter the O'Dowd, followed by Bertie.)

DAD: What's all this? Barney, Mat and Dan--how dare yez to lift a hand against these gentlemen. Are ye mad? (advances) Stand back, I bid ye.

(Enter Col. Muldoon L.3.E)

MUL: (to Leake) The polis are disarmed--there's five hundred of the boys outside. Are you mad to throw away your lives by coming here!

DAD: Their lives are safe under my roof. You hear me, Barney, Dan, Mat, and Morrissey, go out and tell the boys what I have said. Now speak out, you are as safe as if you were in Dublin Castle--what does it mean--what brings the Polis to Suil-a-Mor?

(Exeunt Barney, Mat, Dan & Peasant)

LEAKE: We want to settle this in a friendly way.

DAD: All what--what's at the bottom of it?

LEAKE: Your son. (Mike in chair in front of table)

DAD: What of him?

LEAKE: Let us keep it quiet. Young men will be young, and when they get to London they run wild, eh, guv'nor, wild oats, ha, ha! they must be sown. The young ones sow, and we old ones are obliged to reap.

DAD: What does it mean?

MUL: This is a money-lender, and your son, it seems, is in his debt.

LEAKE: Over £ 30,000.

DAD: My son?

LEAKE: Mr. Percy Walsingham as he called himself. He was ashamed of your name, he tucked that in, and he imposed on everybody; ask the colonel there if he didn't. (MUL

turns up to Bertie and Rose) Nobody ever dreamed he was a sham till you turned up, but not till I was miked like a cow. Yes, I stood patient to be swindled.

DAD: Mike, d'ye hear, d'ye hear what he says?

MIKE: (looking up) Father it--it is true; can you forgive me?

DAD: No--don't spake the words--it is not true--hold your whisht.

LEAKE: Well--are you satisfied?

DAD: Yes--he says it is a lie.

LEAKE: Let him read this warrant for his arrest--you ask what brings the police here. They come to lodge your son in jail for forgery on me.

MIKE: Forgery!

LEAKE: See here on this bond besides his own signature, Percy walsingham, is forged his father's name. Michael O' Dowd. What d'ye say to that?

DAD: I say you lie--he never did it.

LEAKE: Who did then?

DAD: I wrote it.

LEAKE: You?

MIKE: Father!

LEAKE: You forget,--you cannot write.

MUL: And so--he gave his son the power to sign for him--I was present at the time.

LEAKE: That is all we want! You hear Chalker, you are witness everybody! The Guv'nor shoulders the debt--Why then to save costs--let the son sign this conveyance to me at once.

MIKE: Never! Father, you shall not sign it--let him do his worst.

(Enter soldiers L.3.E.)

DAD: Whisht my boy--look there.

MIKE: So there was your reckoning--the fond old man at home will pay the bill. He is their only son he is so proud of. They will sell the bed from under them. The clothes off their backs to save their pride, and do you think I will strip them to cloak my shame.

DAD: I have given my word--I never broke it--what do you want.

LEAKE: We want you to put your name to this paper. (Crossing round to L.C. table) It is a conveyance of Suil-a-Mor and its lands to me. Nobody need know. His friends will keep it dark. There's the bills and bonds, see, I put them in your hands (putting them on table near Daddy and immediately taking them up and putting them out of his reach). Here's the warrant, only make your cross there, and you may tear up all the proofs against him.

DAD: Oh my home! My home!

MUL: (At door) They are leaving the table, his mother is coming here.

DAD: His mother? Kape her back, lock the dure! Give me the pen! Don't let her see! Mother O'Heaven, where is the place?

LEAKE: There, just there. (Guides the palsied hand of Daddy to the makemark). That's done. Now you can take the papers, they are yours. Destroy them, burn them. Why don't you take them?

(Enter Kitty.)

DAD: Oh—I can't—my arm feels dead. I—I cannot rise it—oh! The hand has not its strength, and life has gone from the half of me—take the papers, Mike—destroy them, bury them—before the mother knows—don't let her in—to see this—lock the dure.

KITTY: Oh, Daddy don't look so wild.

DAD: Send those men away—for the love of Heaven—send them away. The sight of them will kill her. Give me the pen, I will make the mark—before yez all. I'll do it, but kape the mother away. (Enter Bridget with girls, followed by servants. The peasants, Barney, Mat, Dan & Morrissey at back in door-way.)

ALL: What is the matter?

KITTY: We can't tell, his face is changed.

DAD: Where is my boy?

MIKE: Here, father, here.

DAD: Your voice sounds so far off. Where are you, Mike? Don't lave me.

MIKE: No.

BRID: What ails you, dear?

DAD: Don't let the mother know; gi'me the pen, kape her out. Mike!

MIKE: Father! Father! Do you not feel my arms around you?

DAD: Lock the dure.

MIKE: Oh, what have I done?

DAD: Whisht! Lock the dure!—(as O'Dowd's head drops—ring.)

## END OF ACT SECOND

## ACT IV.

Scene .--- The Claddagh. The Fish-market and Quays. A street in perspective. Fish-women with creels of fish. Busy scene. Music. Daly is buying fish at group. Two children on stage R.E.

MOLLY: (carrying fish on her head in flat basket) I'll sell ye a fine basket of haddock for seven shillings.

DALY: Seven shillings! What's the matter with the market this day? Fish was never so high.

MOLLY: There is a storm outside, and the boats can't put out. (A bell is heard outside.)

DALY: (Going towards R.)What is that?

MOLLY: 'Tis the bellman going before those men that turned the O'Dowd out of house and home. They are coming in town to buy their food.

(Enter Barney ringing a bell R.H. 4. E. followed by Chalker. Chalker carries a sack.)

DALY: Take care, Barney! It is against the law to do that.

BAR: (R.C.) Is it to ring a bell?

DALY: You know right well that you mane to warn the people not to sell food to those men.

BAR: Sorry one o' us knows what the people think or do. There's no law against ringing a bell, any way, is there? (Chalker is crossing to go off L. H. Berney hurries before him, and goes out ringing.)

(Enter Leake R. H. 4. E.)

SHEELA: Will ye take my fish at six shillings?

MOLLY: It will be ten I'll be axin to-morrow if the storm is good to me and makes a high market.

DALY: If you will sell at four shillings a basket I'll take the load.

MOLLY: Oh! musha, four shillings! Ah, go on!

DALY: My money will keep, but your fish will spoil. I can't go beyond four shillings all round! Will you take it?

LEAKE: I'll go five shillings.

MOLLY: (to Daly) Say four and six pence.

LEAKE: I'll give five and six pence.

DALY: I can't advance a penny.

LEAKE: Six shillings! I'll give you six shillings.

MOLLY: (turning) If ye made it five pounds a fish, I would not sell you the tail of one. Bad luck and the curse of Crommel on yerself and your following. There's not a begger in Galway would take a crust of bread from your hands.

LEAKE: I'll give yer seven shillings a creel. Eight shillings. Ten!

MOLLY: (To Daly) Well, sir, we must take your offer. Four shillings a creel all round.

DALY: Well, well, I'll make it four and six.

ALL: Heaven bless you sir; long life t'ye.

DALY: (Going out). I'll lose by it.



MOLLY: The Lord will put it down to your account with the poor. (Exit Daly R. 4. E.)

LEAKE: They will neither buy from me nor sell to me. The cabin-doors are shut in my face as I go by. No man will work in my fields; no girl will serve in my house. I read curses on every face.

(Re-enter Chalker--carries empty sack L. 1. E.)

Well, Chalker, well.

CHALK: It is of no use. There is not a shop will take our money for a pound of meat, or for a load of bread.

LEAKE: Could you not find a place where we are not known?

CHALK: How could I? That bell tolled before me. The people closed their doors as I went along; the curse went ahead and spread around me.

LEAKE: Of, if I could sell Suil-a-mor and get out of the county. All I have is in the place, and there I am in prison, with every man and woman in the county as my gaoler. (The two children rise and come to L. of Leake)

CHALK: Black hole is the word for it.

CHILD: One half penny, sir, we have not tasted bite or sup this blessed day.

(Enter Mat carrying a hod L. 1. E. He stops at back and listens)

LEAKE: Poor little starvelings, there is two pence! go buy yourself a loaf of bread.

MAT: (To children). Did ye ever hear tell how the O'Dowd were driven from Suil-a-mor, and turned out to die in a ditch?

CHILD: I did--yes.

MAT: (Points to Leake). That was the man that done it.

(Exit at back).

(Child looks to Leake, drops the money, and, taking the other child by the art, goes out L. 1. E.)

LEAKE: Even the beggar will not take charity at my hands. (Enter all the peasants slowly L. 2. And 3. E.)

MOLLY: (advancing) Listen hither, Mither Lake--you and your follower! You have no call here, take yourself off out of his before bad gets worse.

ALL: Ay, be off wid yez.

LEAKE: Do you mean to drive us away?

BAR: As you drove young O'Down across the say to die like a dog in furrin lands.

MOLLY: As you drove out his people from Suil-a-mor.

(Murmurs in the crowd)

LEAKE: I will restore it all. Let them come back to the place--that will mend everything.

BAR: Will it mend the old man's broken heart?

(Groans in the crowd)

MOLLY: Will it restore his dead boy?--you have evicted the life out of him.

CHALK: Come away Guv'nor, I don't like their looks.

ALL: Away wid ye both--put the little one in the bag--and over the wall wid them into the hay--Hurroo.

(Enter Col. Muldoon L. H. 1. E.)

MUL: What is the trouble?

LEAKE: They want to kill us.

MUL: Twenty against two! that is not fair, boys.

CHALK: Hear! hear!

MUL: Twenty terriers against two rats! Would you let them in say in England that was Irish odds?

LEAKE: We are saved.

MUL: I'll protect you--never fear. I'll see fair play and justice done you. I am on your side! See now--be off to Suil-a-mor as fast as your legs will carry ye both! Do you see the cross roads below there--I'll keep back this pack until you reach that place, then I'll slip them--and the divil take the hindmost of you two.

ALL: Hurroo! hoo! The Muldoon forever! Ha! Ha!

MUL: Are you ready--I', going to drop the flag.

LEAKE: No, colonel, we can't do it. We could not run a mile--better lie down and die here where we are! (Shouts till O'Dowd is on. )

(Enter Bridget and O'Dowd carrying a net and basket of fish R. L. E.)

ALL: The O'Dowd!

DAD: (To the crowd) Oh! Boys, what is all this? Is that the way you take my part? Stand back for shame. There! Take them. (Gives the basket to Leake) Barney--Molly Accushla--ye will take that man betune yez. See no harm comes to him and that he gets all he wants. (To Chalker) Come wid us, sir, you need never fear.

(Leake offers Bridget money for the fish.)

BRID: No. Keep your money--go your ways.

(Exit Leake R. Chalker follows. Daddy off L. 2. E. The crowd give way and exit L. 2. & 3.)

MUL: (looking after Daddy) Mrs. O'Dowd, your husband is a credit to the country ma'am.

BRID: We did not know your honor was to the fore.

MUL: I arrived an hour ago from Dublin--Have you no news of you son?

BRID: None, sir--since three months ago! He was startin' from Australia to return home along wid his friend the captain Talboys.

MUL: The ship in which Mike and Bertie sailed lost 3 men--washed overboard in a gale of wind.

BRID: Yes sir.

MUL: You heard that one of these three men was a passenger.

BRID: Thru for you, sir.

MUL: Your son and Bertie were the only passengers on board that ship--it must have been one of the two that perished.

BRID: We know it.

MUL: Can you bear to hear news from the sea?

BRID: Of him! Of our Mike!

MUL: Not exactly--but of the ship. It arrived yesterday at Glasgow.

BRID: And did you hear tell which of the two came home in her?

MUL: Yes.

BRID: Oh! It was not him? Our boy! It was the other one that was saved.

MUL: Yes.

BRID: The Lord's will be done. Are you sure?

MUL: Here is a telegram I received last night from Glasgow (reads) Mike and two sailors lost overboard in a storm off Cape Horn. Bertie Talboys.

BRID: Oh, is our darling gone, gone? How will I keep this from his father? What will I do? The hope of seeing his son once more in this world is all that he lives for. If he knew he was dead he would take to his last bed, and pull the sod over him.

MUL: Here he comes. (Music)

BRID: Oh, don't tell him, sir--not yet--let me give it to him asy--dhrop by dhrop.

(Bridget turns hastily away upstage.)

DAD: Colonel, dear, whisper--They say in the town here that Mike and the ship have come home.

MUL: Yes--she arrived two days ago. I was telling your wife so.

DAD: But she does not know that our boy is not aboard--whisht. (crossing and aloud to Bridget) So you have heard the good news my jewel! Aha! Did I not tell you to hould up your heart--he is coming home to us wid a great fortune.

BRID: Yes, dear--we will see--we will see him again.

DAD: I knew the say that has always been so good to us would never dhrown our boy.

BRID: Sure, the Colonel has a message from the ship to say he is abord and alive and well.

DAD: Did you tell her that? (Xes behind Mul. down L)

MUL: Yes--here it is.

DAD: (aside.) The Lord forgive him, for he manes well.

BRID: (aside to Muldoon) Show it to him, he cannot read it. (Goes up)

DAD: (taking telegram) See that dear--alive and well, alive and well.

BRID: Come our cart is standing below there--let us get home and share the good news with Kitty (aside to Muldoon) Forgive me for axin you to desave him. (goes toward L. and E.)

DAD: (aide to Muldoon) Was that a lie you tould her about this? (Holds out the telegram)

MUL: It was.

DAD: God bless you. (Exeunt with Bridget)

MUL: I would give one-half of all I posses in the world and that is nothing at all, if I could restore their boy to their arms. (Exit R. l E)

(Music--enter Mike R.L.E.)

MIKE: My home! Am I so changed that old friends pass by me? I would have asked them where my father lived, but the words stuck in my throat---and my mother too--and Kitty. What has become of them?

(Lying on stage R)

(Enter 2 children L.2.E.)

MIKE: Come here, little ones, don't be afraid of me. I am only a poor sailor, and I would not harm you. Tell me, is there an old man in this place called O'Dowd?

CHILD: Is it daddy you mane?

MIKE: Daddy? Yes, how the sound of that childish name breaks my heart. Yes. (Buries his face in his hands) That is his name.

CHILD: And what are you crying for?

MIKE: Never mind. But tell me, where does he live now?

CHILD: Why, there he comes now.

MIKE: Where? Where?

CHILD: There. (Exeunt children R.H.4.E)

(Enter Daddy with Bridget L.3.E. drawing a hand cart)

MIKE: My father! My mother! Oh!

BRID: Asy now, stop, and take a breath of rest.

DAD: Twas that bit of a hill that bothered me. I am afear'd, darling, that I am not so young as I used to be.

BRID: Let us wait here a while. Sure a car will be coming along bye and bye, and we will ax leave to hold on to the tail of it.

DAD: I'm rested now. I am aquil to the road. Come, dear.

BRID: Here is a poor creature that looks as if a meal of victuals and a corner of the fire would be welkim to him. (Mike rises.) Maybe he would help us home wid the cart.

DAD: It's only a poor cabin, sir,. There is an empty sate there, and a plate at the boord that we set every day for our boy, but while he is far away we give it to the stranger for his sake. Will you take his place and God bless you? (Mike draws off the cart followed by daddy and Bridget) (Close in as Daddy and Bridget get C.)

SCENE 2<sup>nd</sup> (Green foots. The exterior of a cabin. Night.)

(Enter Leake R.1.E)

LEAKE: This way, my lady. It is a poor road, take care. Here is the cabin! (Enter Lady Rose R. in morning travelling dress)

ROSE: What a dreadful place!

LEAKE: Yes, but no wretched as Suil-a-Mor has been to me. I brought them down to this, but I will not lie another day under that reproach. The old couple shall rest tonight in their own home. I've had enough of it.

ROSE: Has their son arrived at home? Is he here?

LEAKE: Their son?

ROSE: He landed two days ago at Queenstown.

LEAKE: The young O'Dowd! Are you sure?

ROSE: The news I received of his safety brings me here from London to meet him. What is the matter?

LEAKE: Nothing. We heard he was drowned at sea, and I thought you were in mourning for him. I believed his death lay at my door--and I beg pardon--this news rises

something here in my throat that chokes me. It feels like my heart. Thank God he is alive. I--I don't deserve it.

ROSE: I believe there is some good in you after all.

LEAKE: I begin--to--think so myself (Exit R.1.E.)

ROSE: Poor Kitty! How will she hear the news that my brother is lost--poor dear Bertie. (Listens at door) Is there anyone at home? Yes, there is a light in the cabin--and I hear voices. Tis Kitty who speaks. What does she say? My darling, oh, my darling! And oh! The sound of a kiss! What kind of darling is this? (Knocks at the door in flat R.)

KITTY: (Inside) Who is there? (She opens the half-latch and puts her head out)

ROSE: Tis I, Rose.

KITTY: Oh! (Shuts door quickly in Rose's face.)

ROSE: Oh!! --Can I believe my eyes? I saw the figure of a man! It was a stranger to me. (Listens) I hear them laugh and whisper. What does it all mean?

KITTY: (Enters) I beg your pardon. (Closing door behind her) You did not send word to say you were coming--you took me by surprise.

ROSE: So I saw. (Aside) She does not ask me in (Aloud) I fear I interrupted--intruded on you--you have company.

KITTY: Yes.

ROSE: I brought you sad news of Bertie.

KITTY: Oh! Indeed.

ROSE: (Aside) She does not seem to care. (aloud) I came to condole with you upon his loss, but I see you are provided with consolation.

KITTY: What did you see?

ROSE: I saw a young man in there--and oh! Kitty, I could not mistake the expression of that same.

KITTY: Oh!

ROSE: I heard you call him your darling, and he kissed you.

KITTY: Yes. (Bertie appears at the door.)

ROSE: He is your lover then?

KITTY: He is.

ROSE: He has taken my poor Bertie's place.

KITTY: And fills it just as well.

ROSE: Are you not ashamed to confess it? (Bertie takes her in his arms and kisses her, she struggles) How dare you sir! Is it madness possesses you? Help! Oh--(recognizes him) Bertie--my brother--oh, let me look at you--can I believe my senses--do I find you here?

BERT: Yes--I landed at Glasgow, and wishing to make a short cut to London.

ROSE: You came by way of Galway. I see--stand off and let me admire you. How rough and brown you have grown. (Both ladies go round him)

BERT: Yes I weigh £80,000 heavier than I did three years ago when Mike and I left for Australia. We were sheep farming in the bush, when some engineers, while laying down a railroad through our land, came across a valuable seam of coal--we sold out to this company, and were returning home with the plunder when poor Mike was lost.

KITTY: I suppose you are in mourning for him.

ROSE: No--I am in mourning for you. I brought the news of your death.

BERT: Mine!

ROSE: (Crosses to Kitty.) You deserve I should repay you both in your own coin, but I have not the heart to wound you. Your brother lives--he arrived at Queenstown two days ago--but he did not take a short cut to Galway by way of London.

KITTY: (Cross to Bertie) Mike alive. Oh, Bertie. (Crosses to Bertie and embracing)

ROSE: It feels almost too good to be true. I came here to meet him and learn the particulars of your death.

KITTY: He was giving them to me when you knocked. See here come (Crosses to L.H. looking off L.) my father and mother--let the good news reach them at their own fireside. Step in. (Bertie Exit through the door)

ROSE: Poor as it is, there will not be a happier home in Ireland this night. (Follows Bertie and Kitty into cabin).

(Scene draws off and discovers.)



SCENE 3<sup>rd</sup>: The interior of the cabin--door in F.R. fireplace R.--doors R&L, window in F.L. Table set for supper C. Fire alight.

KITTY: (Discovered looking out of door in F.) Sit there beside the fire. (Bertie goes to fireplace.) Here they come.

(Enter Daddy and Bridget door in R.F.)

DAD: (Speaking to Mike outside) Lave it there. (Turns and advances) We have brought home a guest, go out and bring him in Kitty, and say a kind word to him. I'm afear'd the creature is in sore trouble for he could not spake a word to us as we came along.

(Lady Rose and Bertie concealed, remain unobserved.)

KITTY: I have brought a guest also--two guests who bring us news from the sea.

DAD: Oh, you have heard that Mike's ship has come home.

KITTY: Ay. And with our hopes on board, see!

(Exit Kitty R.D. in flat.)

DAD: Mother, mother. I decaved you. Now you know the worse--our son is gone.

BRID: I knew it all the while--Oh, Mike--my son, my son.

ROSE: (aside.) They do not know he lives.

(Bridget overcome sits in a chair with her apron over her face.)

DAD: You will forgive the weakness of the poor soul. She can't help showing her sorrow at the sight of yourselves. She is only a mother--God help her. She is only a mother. (Kitty reappears at the door leading Mike.) Come, dear, don't let our sorrow drown poor Kitty's joy, nor need we be makin' the darlin' lady he loved so well feel her loss. (Bertie, who has recognized Mike, turned Rose. She with a light stifled cry embraces him.) There now--you have sent her off--the poor creature--dhry your eyes Accushla and take your place at the boord. (He leads her to the table) So (He takes his place facing the audience) It is only poor fare we have to offer you--and it is only in butther milk we can drink his honor's health and welkim him back. (Kitty and Rose place Mike in the chair R. of table) Poor as it is, let us thank God for it. For what he has provided this night, let his Mercy be praised. (As he raises the jug he sees Mike by the light of the candle on the table--his face becomes changed--his eyes looking aghast--his hand falls replacing the jug before him--with his left he touches his wife--and with his right he points to Mike) Wife! Look--look there.

BRID: Oh! Heavens mercy, it looks like our boy. (They recoil their eyes fixed on Mike)

ROSE: It is! It is!

DAD: My—my son—alive.

MIKE: Father!

(With a wild choking cry of joy and wonder Daddy staggers to his son and falls into his arms—Bridget falls into chair helped by Bertie and Kitty. Daddy guides Mike to his mother's feet—where he kneels.

(Shouts outside)

(Bertie runs to the window and opens it—Muldoon throws open the door and enters.)

MULK: The boys are bringing Leake and Chalker here in a triumph, for they have given up the farm and the whole country is coming to escort the O'Dowd back to Suil-a-Mor. Here they are. (Shouts—the crowd outside—some carrying torches, and all the girls enter shouting) (The crowd as seen through window at the back carrying Leake on their shoulders in triumph. As they try to enter the door, forgetting the elevation of Leake, his head and shoulders remain outside and they stick in the door. The crowd outside, unable to get forward, appear at the window, tilt him in. Leake, after a struggle is pulled in and set on his feet. His clothes are torn. Muldoon congratulates him.)

MUL: This is a great day for Ireland.

LEAKE: I hope I may never provoke another.

DAD: Here is our home (Tag) we have never left it. Sorrow could not bear it down, for it is not built with cowld stone, but wid warm and loving hearts.

TABLEAU.