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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE COLLEEN BAWN; OR, THE BRIDES OF GARRYOWEN ***

**THE COLLEEN BAWN;
OR, THE
BRIDES OF GARRYOWEN.**

A DOMESTIC DRAMA, IN THREE ACTS.

BY DION BOUCICAULT, ESQ.,
AUTHOR OF

The Pope of Rome, The Young Actress, The Poor of New York, The Dublin Boy, Pauvrette, Life of
an Actress, Jessie Brown, The Octoroon, Azael, Blue Belle, Dot. &c.

PRINTED BUT NOT PUBLISHED

CAST OF CHARACTERS.—[THE COLLEEN BAWN.]

MYLES NA COPPALEEN	Mr. Dion Boucicault.
HARDRESS CREGAN	Mr. H. F. Daly.
DANNY MANN	Mr. Charles Wheatleigh.
KYRLE DALY	Mr. Charles Fisher.
FATHER TOM	Mr. D. W. Leeson.
MR. CORRIGAN	Mr. J. G. Burnett.
BERTIE O'MOORE	Mr. Henry.
HYLAND CREAGH	Mr. Levick.
SERVANT	Mr. Goodrich.
CORPORAL	Mr. Clarke.
EILY O'CONNOR	Miss Agnes Robertson.
ANNE CHUTE	Miss Laura Keene.
MRS. CREGAN	Madam Ponisi.
SHEELAH	Miss Mary Wells.
KATHLEEN CREAGH	Miss Josephine Henry.
DUCIE BLENNERHASSET	Miss Hamilton.

COSTUMES.—PERIOD, 179—.

HARDRESS.—Green broad-skirted body coat of the time; double-breasted light silk waistcoat, leather pantaloons, top boots, hair rather long, steeple-crowned gold-laced hat, and white muslin cravat.

2nd Dress: Blue body coat, white waistcoat, white kerseymere breeches, silk stockings, and shoes.

DALY.—Brown coat, etc., same fashion as above. *2nd Dress:* Full dress.

CREAGH, O'MOORE, and GENTLEMEN.—Evening dress.

FATHER TOM.—Broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat, faded black suit, black riding boots, and white cravat.

DANNY. [*A hunchback.*] Blue frieze jacket, corduroy breeches, yellow waistcoat, gray stockings, shoes and buckles, and old seal-skin cap.

MYLES.—Drab great coat, with cape, red cloth waistcoat, old velveteen breeches, darned gray stockings, and shoes.

CORRIGAN.—Black suit, top boots, and brown wig.

MRS. CREGAN.—Puce silk dress of the time, white muslin neckerchief and powdered hair. *2nd Dress:* Handsome embroidered silk dress, jewels and fan.

ANNE.—Gold-laced riding habit, hat and veil. *2nd Dress:* White embroidered muslin dress, and colored sash.

EILY.—Blue merino petticoat, chintz tuck-up body and skirts, short sleeves, blue stockings, hair plain, with neat comb, red cloak, and hood.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—[*Night.*]—*Torc Cregan, the Residence of Mrs. Cregan, on the Banks of Killarney. House, L. 2 E.; window facing Audience—light behind—light to work in drop at back. Stage open at back. Music—seven bars before curtain.*

Enter HARDRESS CREGAN, from house, L.

Hard [*Going up c.*] Hist! Danny, are you there?

DANNY appearing from below, at back.

Danny Is it yourself, Masther Hardress?

Hard Is the boat ready?

Danny Snug under the blue rock, sir.

Hard Does Eily expect me to-night?

Danny Expict is it? Here is a lether she bade me give ye; sure the young thing is never aisy when you are away. Look, masther, dear, do ye see that light, no bigger than a star beyant on Muckcross Head?

Hard Yes, it is the signal which my dear Eily leaves burning in our chamber.

Danny All night long she sits beside that light, wid her face fixed on that lamp in your windy above.

Hard Dear, dear Eily! after all here's asleep, I will leap from my window, and we'll cross the lake.

Danny [*Searching.*] Where did I put that lether?

Enter KYRLE DALY from house, L.

Kyrle [L.] Hardress, who is that with you?

Hard [C.] Only Mann, my boatman.

Kyrle That fellow is like your shadow.

Danny [R.] Is it a cripple like me, that would be the shadow of an illegant gintleman like Mr. Hardress Cregan?

Kyrle [L.] Well, I mean that he never leaves your side.

Hard [C.] And he never *shall* leave me. Ten years ago he was a fine boy—we were foster-brothers, and playmates—in a moment of passion, while we were struggling, I flung him from the gap rock into the reeks below, and thus he was maimed for life.

Danny Arrah! whist aroon! wouldn't I die for yez? didn't the same mother foster us? Why, wouldn't ye break my back if it plazed ye, and welkim! Oh, Masther Kyrle, if ye'd seen him nursin' me for months, and cryin' over me, and keenin'! Sin' that time, sir, my body's been crimpin' up smaller and smaller every year, but my heart is gettin' bigger for him every day.

Hard Go along, Danny.

Danny Long life t'ye, sir! I'm off.

[*Runs up and descends rocks, c. to R.*

Kyrle Hardress, a word with you. Be honest with me—do you love Anne Chute?

Hard Why do you ask?

Kyrle Because we have been fellow-collegians and friends through life, and the five years that I have passed at sea have strengthened, but have not cooled, my feelings towards you.

Enter MRS. CREGAN, from house, L.

[*Offers hand.*

Hard [L.] Nor mine for you, Kyrle. You are the same noble fellow as ever. You ask me if I love my cousin Anne?

Mrs. C [C., *between them.*] And I will answer you, Mr. Daly.

Hard [R.] My mother!

Mrs. C [C.] My son and Miss Chute are engaged. Excuse me, Kyrle, for intruding on your secret, but I have observed your love for Anne with some regret. I hope your heart is not so far gone as to be beyond recovery.

Kyrle [L.] Forgive me, Mrs. Cregan, but are you certain that Miss Chute really is in love with Hardress?

Mrs. C Look at him! I'm sure no girl could do that and doubt it.

Kyrle But I'm not a girl, ma'am; and sure, if you are mistaken—

Hard My belief is that Anne does not care a token for me, and likes Kyrle better.

Mrs. C [c.] You are an old friend of my son, and I may confide to you a family secret. The extravagance of my husband left this estate deeply involved. By this marriage with Anne Chute we redeem every acre of our barony. My son and she have been brought up as children together, and don't know their true feelings yet.

Hard Stop, mother, I know this: I would not wed my cousin if she did not love me, not if she carried the whole county Kerry in her pocket, and the barony of Kenmare in the crown of her hat.

Mrs. C Do you hear the proud blood of the Cregans?

Hard Woo her, Kyrle, if you like, and win her if you can. I'll back you.

Enter ANNE CHUTE, from house, L.

Anne [L. c.] So will I—What's the bet?

Mrs. C Hush!

Anne I'd like to have bet on Kyrle.

Hard Well, Anne, I'll tell you what it was.

Mrs. C [c.] Hardress!

Anne [L. c.] Pull in one side aunt, and let the boy go on.

Hard [R.] Kyrle wanted to know if the dark brown colt, Hardress Cregan, was going to walk over the course for the Anne Chute Stakes, or whether it was a scrub-race open to all.

Anne I'm free-trade—coppleans, mules and biddys.

Mrs. C How can you trifle with a heart like Kyrle's?

Anne Trifle! his heart can be no trifle, if he's all in proportion.

Enter SERVANT, from house, L.

Servant Squire Corrigan, ma'am, begs to see you.

Mrs. C At this hour, what can the fellow want? Show Mr. Corrigan here. [*Exit SERVANT into house, L.*] I hate this man; he was my husband's agent, or what the people here call a middle-man—vulgarly polite, and impudently obsequious.

Hard [R.] Genus squireen—a half sir, and a whole scoundrel.

Anne I know—a potatoe on a silver plate: I'll leave you to peel him. Come, Mr. Daly, take me for a moonlight walk, and be funny.

Kyrle Funny, ma'am, I'm afraid I am—

Anne You are heavy, you mean; you roll through the world like a hogshead of whisky; but you only want tapping for pure spirits to flow out spontaneously. Give me your arm. [*Crossing, R.*] Hold that glove now. You are from Ballinasloe, I think?

Kyrle I'm Connaught to the core of my heart.

Anne To the roots of your hair, you mean. I bought a horse at Ballinasloe fair that deceived me; I hope you won't turn out to belong to the same family.

Kyrle [R. c.] What did he do?

Anne Oh! like you, he looked well enough—deep in the chest as a pool—a-dhiol, and broad in the back as the Gap of Dunloe—but after two days' warm work he came all to pieces, and Larry, my groom, said he'd been stuck together with glue.

Kyrle [R.] Really, Miss Chute!

[*Music.—Exeunt, R. 1 E.*

Hard [*Advancing, laughing.*] That girl is as wild as a copleen,—she won't leave him a hair on the head. [*Goes up.*

Enter SERVANT, showing in CORRIGAN, from house, L.

[*Exit SERVANT, L.*

Corrigan [L.] Your humble servant, Mrs. Cregan—my service t'ye, 'Squire—it's a fine night, entirely.

Mrs. C [c.] May I ask to what business, sir, we have the honor of your call?

Corrig [*Aside, L. c.*] Proud as a Lady Beelzebub, and as grand as a queen. [*Aloud.*] True for you, ma'am; I would not have, come, but for a divil of a pinch I'm in entirely. I've got to pay £8,000 to-morrow or lose the Knockmakilty farms.

Mrs. C Well, sir?

Corrig And I wouldn't throuble ye—

Mrs. C Trouble me, sir?

Corrig Iss, ma'am—ye'd be forgettin' now that mortgage I have on this property. It ran out last May, and by rights—

Mrs. C It will be paid next month.

Corrig Are you reckonin' on the marriage of Mister Hardress and Miss Anne Chute?

Hard [*Advancing, R.*] Mr. Corrigan, you forget yourself.

Mrs. C Leave us, Hardress, a while. [*HARDRESS retires, R.*] Now, Mr. Corrigan, state, in as few words as possible, what you demand.

Corrig Mrs. Cregan, ma'am, you depend on Miss Anne Chute's fortune to pay me the money, but your son does not love the lady, or, if he does, he has a mighty quare way of showing it. He has another girl on hand, and betune the two he'll come to the ground, and so bedad will I.

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Mrs. C That is false—it is a calumny, sir!

Corrig I wish it was, ma'am. D'ye see that light over the lake? your son's eyes are fixed on it. What would Anne Chute say if she knew that her husband, that is to be, had a mistress beyant—that he slips out every night after you're all in bed, and like Leandher, barrin' the wettin', he sails across to his sweetheart?

Mrs. C Is this the secret of his aversion to the marriage? Fool! fool! what madness, and at such a moment.

Corrig That's what I say, and no lie in it.

Mrs. C He shall give up this girl—he must!

Corrig I would like to have some security for that. I want, by to-morrow, Anne Chute's written promise to marry him, or my £8,000.

Mrs. C It is impossible, sir; you hold ruin over our heads.

Corrig Madam, it's got to hang over your head or mine.

Mrs. C Stay; you know that what you ask is out of our power—you know it—therefore this demand only covers the true object of your visit.

Corrig 'Pon my honor! and you are as 'cute, ma'am, as you are beautiful!

Mrs. C Go on, sir.

Corrig Mrs. Cregan, I'm goin' to do a foolish thing—now, by gorra I am! I'm richer than ye think, maybe, and if you'll give me your *personal* security, I'll take it.

Mrs. C What do you mean?

Corrig I meant that I'll take a lien for life on *you*, instead of the mortgage I hold on the Cregan property. [*Aside.*] That's nate, I'm thinkin'.

Mrs. C Are you mad?

Corrig I am—mad in love with yourself, and that's what I've been these fifteen years.

Mrs. C Insolent wretch! my son shall [*Music through dialogue, till ANNE CHUTE is off.*] answer and chastise you. [*Calls.*] Hardress!

Hard [*Advancing.*] Madam.

Enter ANNE CHUTE and KYRLE, R.

Corrig Miss Chute! }

Hard Well, mother? } [*Together.*]

Anne Well, sir? }

Mrs. C [*Aside.*] Scoundrel! he will tell her all and ruin us! [*Aloud.*] Nothing. [*Turns aside.*]

Corrig Your obedient.

Anne Oh! [*Crosses with KYRLE and exit, L. U. E.—Music ceases.*]

Corrig You are in my power, ma'am. See, now, not a sowl but myself knows of this secret love of Hardress Cregan, and I'll keep it as snug as a bug in a rug, if you'll only say the word.

Mrs. C Contemptible hound, I loathe and despise you!

Corrig I've known that fifteen years, but it hasn't cured my heart ache.

Mrs. C And you would buy my aversion and disgust!

Corrig Just as Anne Chute buys your son, if she knew but all. Can he love his girl beyant, widout haten this heiress he's obliged to swallow?—ain't you sthriven to sell him? But you didn't feel the hardship of being sold till you tried it on yourself.

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Mrs. C I beg you, sir, to leave me.

Corrig That's right, ma'am—think over it, sleep on it. To-morrow, I'll call for your answer. Good evenin' kindly.

[*Music.—Exit CORRIGAN, in house, L.*]

Mrs. C Hardress.

Hard What did he want?

Mrs. C He came to tell me the meaning of yonder light upon Muckcross Head.

Hard Ah! has it been discovered? Well, mother, now you know the cause of my coldness, my indifference for Anne.

Mrs. C Are you in your senses, Hardress? Who is this girl?

Hard She is known at every fair and pattern in Munster as the Colleen Bawn—her name is Eily O'Connor.

Mrs. C A peasant girl—a vulgar, barefooted beggar!

Hard Whatever she is, love has made her my equal, and when you set your foot upon her you tread upon my heart.

Mrs. C 'Tis well, Hardress. I feel that perhaps I have no right to dispose of your life and your happiness—no, my dear son—I would not wound you—heaven knows how well I love my darling boy, and you shall feel it. Corrigan has made me an offer by which you may regain the estate, and without selling yourself to Anne Chute.

Hard What is it? Of course you accepted it?

Mrs. C No, but I will accept, yes, for your sake—I—I will. He offers to cancel this mortgage if—if—I will consent to—become his wife.

Hard You—you, mother? Has he dared—

Mrs. C Hush! he is right. A sacrifice must be made—either you or I must suffer. Life is before you—my days are well nigh past—and for your sake, Hardress—for yours; my pride, my only one.—Oh! I would give you more than my life.

Hard Never—never! I will not—can not accept it. I'll tear that dog's tongue from his throat that dared insult you with the offer.

Mrs. C Foolish boy, before to-morrow night we shall be beggars—outcasts from this estate. Humiliation and poverty stand like specters at yonder door—to-morrow they will be realities. Can you tear out the tongues that will wag over our fallen fortunes? You are a child, you can not see beyond your happiness.

Hard Oh, mother, mother! what can be done? My marriage with Anne is impossible.

Enter DANNY MANN, up rock, at back.

Danny [R. c.] Whisht, if ye plaze—ye're talkin' so loud she'll hear ye say that—she's comin'.

Mrs. C Has this fellow overheard us?

Hard If he has, he is mine, body and soul. I'd rather trust him with a secret than keep it myself.

Mrs. C [L. c.] I can not remain to see Anne; excuse me to my friends. The night perhaps will bring counsel, or at least resolution to hear the worst! Good night, my son.

[Music.—Exit into house, L.

Danny [R. c.] Oh, mather! she doesn't know the worst! She doesn't know that you are married to the Colleen Bawn.

Hard Hush! what fiend prompts you to thrust that act of folly in my face?

Danny Thru for ye, mather! I'm a dirty mane scut to remind ye of it.

Hard What will my haughty, noble mother say, when she learns the truth! how can I ask her to receive Eily as a daughter?—Eily, with her awkward manners, her Kerry brogue, her ignorance of the usages of society. Oh, what have I done?

Danny Oh! vo—vo, has the ould family come to this! Is it the daughter of Mihil-na-Thradrucha, the old rope-maker of Garryowen, that 'ud take the flure as your wife?

Hard Be silent, scoundrel! How dare you speak thus of my love!—wretch that I am to blame her!—poor, beautiful, angel-hearted Eily.

Danny Beautiful is it! Och—wurra—wurra, deelish! The looking-glass was never made that could do her justice; and if St. Patrick wanted a wife, where would he find an angel that 'ud compare with the Colleen Bawn. As I row her on the lake, the little fishes come up to look at her; and the wind from heaven lifts up her hair to see what the divil brings her down here at all—at all.

Hard The fault is mine—mine alone—I alone will suffer!

Danny Why isn't it mine? Why can't I suffer for yez, mather dear? Wouldn't I swally every tear in your body, every bit of bad luck in your life, and then wid a stone round my neck, sink myself and your sorrows in the bottom of the lower lake.

Hard [*Placing hand on DANNY.*] Good Danny, away with you to the boat—be ready in a few moments; we will cross to Muckcross Head.

[Looks at light at back.

[Music.—Exit HARDNESS into house, L.

Danny Never fear, sir. Oh! it isn't that spalpeen, Corrigan, that shall bring ruin on that ould place. Lave Danny alone. Danny, the fox, will lade yez round and about, and cross the scint. [*Takes off his hat—sees letter.*] Bedad, here's the letter from the Colleen Bawn that I couldn't find a while ago—it's little use now. [*Goes to lower window, and reads by light from house.*] "Come to your own Eily, that has not seen you for two long days. Come, acushla agrah machree. I have forgotten how much you love me—Shule, shule agrah.—Colleen Bawn." Divil an address is on it.

Enter KYRLE and ANNE, L. U. E.

Anne [c.] Have they gone?

Kyrle [L. c.] It is nearly midnight.

Anne Before we go in, I insist on knowing who is this girl that possesses your heart. You confess that you are in love—deeply in love.

Kyrle I do confess it—but not even your power can extract that secret from me—do not ask me, for I could not be false, yet dare not be true. [Exit KYRLE into house, L.]

Anne [L. c.] He loves me—oh! he loves me—the little bird is making a nest in my heart. Oh! I'm faint with joy.

Danny [As if calling after him.] Sir, sir!

Anne Who is that?

Danny I'm the boatman below, an' I'm waitin for the gintleman.

Anne What gentleman?

Danny Him that's jist left me, ma'am—I'm waitin' on him.

Anne Does Mr. Kyrle Daly go out boating at this hour?

Danny It's not for me to say, ma'am, but every night at twelve o'clock I'm here wid my boat under the blue rock below, to put him across the lake to Muckcross Head. I beg your pardon, ma'am, but here's a paper ye dropped on the walk beyant—if it's no vally I'd like to light my pipe wid it.

Anne A paper I dropped! [Gives it.]
[Goes to window—reads.]

Danny [Aside.] Oh, Misther Corrigan, you'll ruin mather will ye? aisy now, and see how I'll put the cross on ye.

Anne A love-letter from some peasant girl to Kyrle Daly! Can this be the love of which he spoke? have I deceived myself?

Danny I must be off, ma'am; here comes the signal. [Music.]

Anne The signal?

Danny D'ye see yonder light upon Muckcross Head? It is in a cottage windy; that light goes in and out three times winkin' that way, as much as to say, "Are ye comin'?" Then if the light in that room there [points at house above,] answers by a wink, it manes No! but if it goes out entirely, his honor jumps from the parlor windy into the garden behind, and we're off. Look! [Light in cottage disappears.] That's one. [Light appears.] Now again. [Light disappears.] That's two. [Light appears.] What did I tell you? [Light disappears.] That's three, and here it comes again. [Light appears.] Wait now, and ye'll see the answer. [Light disappears from window, L.] That's my gentleman. [Music change.] You see he's goin'—good night, ma'am.

Anne Stay, here's money; do not tell Mr. Daly that I know of this.

Danny Divil a word—long life t'ye. [Goes up.]

Anne I was not deceived; he meant me to understand that he loved me! Hark! I hear the sound of some one who leaped heavily on the garden walk. [Goes to house L.—looking at back.]

Enter HARDRESS, wrapped in a boat cloak, L. U. E.

Danny [Going down, R. C.] All right, yer honor.

[HARDRESS crosses at back, and down rock, R. C.]

Anne [Hiding, L.] It is he, 'tis he.

[Mistaking HARDRESS for DALY—closed in.]

SCENE II.—*The Gap of Dunloe. [1st grooves.] Hour before sunrise.*

Enter CORRIGAN, R. 1 E.

Corrig From the rock above I saw the boat leave Torc Cregan. It is now crossing the lake to the cottage. Who is this girl? What is this mysterious mistress of young Cregan?—that I'll find out.

[MYLES sings outside, L.]

"Oh! Charley Mount is a pretty place,
In the month of July—"

Corrig Who's that?—'Tis that poaching scoundrel—that horse stealer, Myles na Coppaleen. Here he comes with a keg of illicit whisky, as bould as Nebuckadezzar.

Enter MYLES, singing, with keg on his shoulder, L.

Is that you, Myles?

Myles No! it's my brother.

Corrig I know ye, my man.

Myles Then why the divil did ye ax?

Corrig You may as well answer me kindly—civility costs nothing.

Myles [L. c.] Ow now! don't it? Civility to a lawyer manes six-and-eight-pence about.

Corrig [R. c.] What's that on your shoulder?

Myles What's that to you?

Corrig I am a magistrate, and can oblige you to answer.

Myles Well! it's a bolster, belongin' to my mother's feather bed.

Corrig Stuff'd with whisky!

Myles Bedad! how would I know what it's stuff'd wid? I'm not an upholsterer.

Corrig Come, Myles, I'm not so bad a fellow as ye may think.

Myles To think of that now!

Corrig I am not the mane creature you imagine!

Myles Ain't ye now, sir? You keep up appearances mighty well, indeed.

Corrig No, Myles! I am not that blackguard I've been represented.

Myles [*Sits on keg.*] See that now—how people take away a man's character. You are another sort of blackguard entirely.

Corrig You shall find me a gentleman—liberal, ready to protect you.

Myles Long life t'ye sir.

Corrig Myles, you have come down in the world lately; a year ago you were a thriving horse-dealer, now you are a lazy, ragged fellow.

Myles Ah, it's the bad luck, sir, that's in it.

Corrig No, it's the love of Eily O'Connor that's in it—it's the pride of Garryowen that took your heart away, and made ye what ye are—a smuggler and a poacher.

Myles Thim's hard words.

Corrig But they are true. You live like a wild beast in some cave or hole in the rocks above; by night your gun is heard shootin' the otter as they lie out on the stones, or you snare the salmon in your nets; on a cloudy night your whisky-still is going—you see, I know your life.

Myles Better than the priest, and devil a lie in it.

Corrig Now, if I put ye in a snug farm—stock ye with pigs and cattle, and rowl you up comfortable—d'ye think the Colleen Bawn wouldn't jump at ye?

Myles Bedad, she'd make a lape, I b'lieve—and what would I do for all this luck?

Corrig Find out for me who it is that lives at the cottage on Muckcross Head.

Myles That's aisy—it's Danny Mann—no less and his ould mother Sheelah.

Corrig Yes, Myles, but there's another—a girl who is hid there.

Myles Ah, now!

Corrig She only goes out at night.

Myles Like the owls.

Corrig She's the mistress of Hardress Cregan.

Myles [*Seizing CORRIGAN.*] Thurra mon dhiol, what's that?

Corrig Oh, lor! Myles—Myles—what's the matter—are you mad?

Myles No—that is—why—why did ye raise your hand at me in that way?

Corrig I didn't.

Myles I thought ye did—I'm mighty quick at takin' thim hints, bein' on me keepin' agin the gaugers—go on—I didn't hurt ye.

Corrig Not much.

Myles You want to find out who this girl is?

Corrig I'll give £20 for the information—there's ten on account.

[*Gives money.*]

Myles Long life t'ye; that's the first money I iver got from a lawyer, and bad luck to me, but there's a cure for the evil eye in thim pieces.

Corrig You will watch to-night?

Myles In five minutes I'll be inside the cottage itself.

Corrig That's the lad.

Myles [*Aside.*] I was goin' there.

Corrig And to-morrow you will step down to my office with the particulars?

Myles To-morrow you shall breakfast on them.

Corrig Good night, entirely.

[*Exit CORRIGAN, L.*]

Myles I'll give ye a cowstail to swally, and make ye think it's a chapter in St. Patrick, ye

spalpeen? When he called Eily the mistress of Hardress Cregan, I nearly stretched him—begorra, I was full of sudden death that minute! Oh, Eily! acushla agrah asthore machree! as the stars watch over Innisfallen, and as the wathers go round it and keep it, so I watch and keep round you, avourneen!

Song.—MYLES.

Oh, Limerick is beautiful, as everybody knows,
The river Shannon's full of fish, beside that city flows;
But it is not the river, nor the fish that preys upon my mind,
Nor with the town of Limerick have I any fault to find.
The girl I love is beautiful, she's fairer than the dawn;
She lives in Garryowen, and she's called the Colleen Bawn.
As the river, proud and bold, goes by that famed city,
So proud and cold, without a word, that Colleen goes by me!
Oh, hone! Oh, hone!

Oh, if I was the Emperor of Russia to command,
Or, Julius Cæsar, or the Lord Lieutenant of the land,
I'd give up all my wealth, my manes, I'd give up my army,
Both the horse, the fut, and the Royal Artillery;
I'd give the crown from off my head, the people on their knees,
I'd give my fleet of sailing ships upon the briny seas,
And a beggar I'd go to sleep, a happy man at dawn,
If by my side, fast for my bride, I'd the darlin' Colleen Bawn.
Oh, hone! Oh, hone!

I must reach the cottage before the masther arrives; Father Tom is there waitin' for this keg o' starlight—it's my tith; I call every tenth keg "his riverince." It's worth money to see the way it does the old man good, and brings the wather in his eyes, the only place I ever see any about him—heaven bless him!

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[*Sings.* Exit MYLES, R.—*Music.*]

SCENE III.—*Interior of Eily's Cottage on Muckcross Head; fire burning, R. 3 E.; table, R. C.; arm chair; two stools, R. of table; stool L. of table; basin, sugar spoon, two jugs, tobacco, plate, knife, and lemon on table.*

FATHER TOM *discovered smoking in arm chair, R. C.*—EILY *in balcony, watching over lake.*

Father Tom [*Sings.*] "Tobacco is an Injun weed." And every weed want's wathering to make it come up; but tobacco bein' an' Injun weed that is accustomed to a hot climate, water is entirely too cold for its warrum nature—it's whisky and water it wants. I wonder if Myles has come; I'll ask Eily. [*Calls.*] Eily, alanna! Eily, a suilish machree!

Eily [*Turning.*] Is it me, Father Tom?

Father T Has he come?

Eily No; his boat is half a mile off yet.

Father T Half a mile! I'll choke before he's here.

Eily Do you mean Hardress?

Father T No, dear! Myles na Coppaleen—cum spiritu Hiberneuse—which manes in Irish, wid a keg of poteen.

Enter MYLES, R. U. E., *down C.*

Myles Here I am, your riverince, never fear. I tould Sheelah to hurry up with the materials, knowin' ye be dhry and hasty.

Enter SHEELAH, *with kettle of water, R. U. E.*

Sheelah Here's the hot water.

Myles Lave it there till I brew Father Tom a pint of mother's milk.

Sheelah Well thin, ye'll do your share of the work, an not a ha'porth more.

Myles Didn't I bring the sperrits from two miles and more? and I deserve to have pref'rence to make the punch for his riverince.

Sheelah And didn't I watch the kettle all night, not to let it off the boil?—there now.

Myles [*Quarreling with SHEELAH.*] No, you didn't, etc.

Sheelah [*Quarreling.*] Yes, I did, etc.

Eily No, no; I'll make it, and nobody else.

Father T Aisy now, ye becauns, and whist; Myles shall put in the whisky, Sheelah shall put in the hot water, and Eily, my Colleen, shall put the sugar in the cruiskeen. A blessin' on ye all three that loves the ould man. [*MYLES takes off hat—WOMEN curtsey—they make punch.*] See now, my children, there's a moral in everthing, e'en in a jug of punch. There's the sperrit, which is the

sowl and strength of the man. [MYLES *pours spirit from keg.*] That's the whisky. There's the sugar, which is the smile of woman; [EILY *puts sugar.*] without that life is without taste or sweetness. Then there's the lemon, [EILY *puts lemon.*] which is love; a squeeze now and again does a boy no harm; but not too much. And the hot water [SHEELAH *pours water.*] which is adversity—as little as possible if ye plaze—that makes the good things better still.

Myles And it's complate, ye see, for it's a woman that gets into hot wather all the while.

Sheelah Myles, if I hadn't the kettle, I'd bate ye. [Pours from jug to jug.]

Myles Then, why didn't ye let me make the punch? There's a guinea for your riverince that's come t'ye—one in ten I got a while ago—it's your tithe—put a hole in it, and hang it on your watch chain, for it's a mighty great charm entirely.

[They sit, SHEELAH *near fire*, COLLEEN *on stool beside her*, FATHER TOM *in chair*, MYLES *on stool*, L. of table.]

Father T Eily, look at that boy, and tell me, haven't ye a dale to answer for?

Eily He isn't as bad about me as he used to be; he's getting over it.

Myles Yes, darlin', the storm has passed over, and I've got into settled bad weather.

Father T Maybe, afther all, ye'd have done better to have married Myles there, than be the wife of a man that's ashamed to own ye.

Eily He isn't—he's proud of me. It's only when I spake like the poor people, and say or do anything wrong, that he's hurt; but I'm gettin' clane of the brogue, and learnin' to do nothing—I'm to be changed entirely.

Myles Oh! if he'd lave me yer own self, and only take away wid him his improvements. Oh! murder—Eily, aroon, why wasn't ye twins, an' I could have one of ye, only nature couldn't make two like ye—it would be onreasonable to ax it.

Eily Poor Myles, do you love me still so much?

Myles Didn't I lave the world to folley ye, and since then there's been neither night nor day in my life—I lay down on Glenna Point above, where I see this cottage, and I lived on the sight of it. Oh! Eily, if tears were pison to the grass there wouldn't be a green blade on Glenna Hill this day.

Eily But you knew I was married, Myles.

Myles Not thin, aroon—Father Tom found me that way, and sat beside, and lifted up my soul. Then I confessed to him, and, sez he, "Myles, go to Eily, she has something to say to you—say I sent you." I came, and ye tould me ye were Hardress Cregan's wife, and that was a great comfort entirely. Since I knew that [*Drinks—voice in cup.*] I haven't been the blackguard I was.

Father T See the beauty of the priest, my darlin'—*videte et admire*—see and admire it. It was at confession that Eily tould me she loved Cregan, and what did I do?—sez I, "Where did you meet your sweetheart?" "At Garryowen," sez she. "Well," says I; "that's not the place." "Thru, your riverince, it's too public entirely," sez she. "Ye'll mate him only in one place," sez I; "and that's the stile that's behind my chapel," for, d'ye see, her mother's grave was forenint the spot, and there's a sperrit round the place, [MYLES *drinks,*] that kept her pure and strong. Myles, ye thafe, drink fair.

Sheelah Come now, Eily, couldn't ye cheer up his riverince wid the tail of a song?

Eily Hardress bid me not sing any ould Irish songs, he says the words are vulgar.

Sheelah Father Tom will give ye absolution.

Father T Put your lips to that jug; there's only the strippens left. Drink! and while that thru Irish liquor warms your heart, take this wid it. May the brogue of ould Ireland niver forsake your tongue—may her music niver lave yer voice—and may a true Irishwoman's virtue niver die in your heart!

Myles Come, Eily, it's my liquor—haven't ye a word to say for it?

Song, EILY—"Cruiskeen Lawn."

Let the farmer praise his grounds,
As the huntsman doth his hounds,
And the shepherd his fresh and dewy morn;
But I, more blest than they,
Spend each night and happy day.

With my smilin' little Crusikeen Lawn, Lawn, Lawn.

Chorus [*Repeat.*] Gramachree, mavourneen, slanta gal avourneen,
Gramachree ma Cruiskeen Lawn, Lawn, Lawn,
With my smiling little Cruiskeen Lawn.

[Chorused by MYLES, FATHER T., and SHEELAH.]

MYLES.

And when grim Death appears,
In long and happy years,
To tell me that my glass is run,
I'll say, begone you slave,
For great Bacchus gave me lave
To have another Cruiskeen Lawn—Lawn—Lawn.

Chorus.—Repeat.

Gramachree, &c., &c.

Hard [*Without*, L. U. E.] Ho! Sheelah—Sheelah!

Sheelah [*Rising*.] Whist! it's the master.

Eily [*Frightened*.] Hardress! oh, my! what will he say if he finds us here—run, Myles—quick, Sheelah—clear away the things.

Father T Hurry now, or we'll get Eily in throuble.

[*Takes keg—MYLES takes jugs—SHEELAH kettle.*

Hard Sheelah, I say!

[*Exeunt FATHER TOM and MYLES, R. U. E., quickly.*

Sheelah Comin', Sir, I'm puttin' on my petticoat.

[*Exit SHEELAH, R. U. E., quickly.*

Enter HARDRESS and DANNY, L. U. E. opening—DANNY immediately goes off, R. U. E.

Eily [C.] Oh, Hardress, asthore?

Hard [L. C.] Don't call me by those confounded Irish words—what's the matter? you're trembling like a bird caught in a trap.

Eily Am I, mavou—no I mean—is it tremblin' I am, dear?

Hard What a dreadful smell of tobacco there is here, and the fumes of whisky punch, too; the place smells like a shebeen. Who has been here?

Eily There was Father Tom, an' Myles dhropped in.

Hard Nice company for my wife—a vagabond.

Eily Ah! who made him so but me, dear? Before I saw you, Hardress, Myles coorted me, and I was kindly to the boy.

Hard Damn it, Eily, why will you remind me that my wife was ever in such a position?

Eily I won't see him again—if yer angry, dear, I'll tell him to go away, and he will, because the poor boy loves me.

Hard Yes, better than I do you mean?

Eily No, I don't—oh! why do you spake so to your poor Eily!

Hard Spake so! Can't you say speak?

Eily I'll thry, aroon—I'm sthrivin'—'tis mighty hard, but what wouldn't I undert-tee-ta—undergo for your sa-se—for your seek.

Hard Sake—sake!

Eily Sake—seek—oh, it is to bother people entirely they mixed 'em up! Why didn't they make them all one way?

Hard [*Aside*.] It is impossible! How can I present her as my wife? Oh! what an act of madness to tie myself to one so much beneath me—beautiful—good as she is—

Eily Hardress, you are pale—what has happened?

Hard Nothing—that is, nothing but what you will rejoice at.

Eily What d'ye mane?

Hard What do I mane! Mean—mean!

Eily I beg your pardon, dear.

Hard Well; I mean that after to-morrow there will be no necessity to hide our marriage, for I shall be a beggar, my mother will be an outcast, and amidst all the shame, who will care what wife a Cregan takes?

Eily And d'ye think I'd like to see you dhragged down to my side—ye don't know me—see now—never call me wife again—don't let on to mortal that we're married—I'll go as a servant in your mother's house—I'll work for the smile ye'll give me in passing, and I'll be happy, if ye'll only let me stand outside and hear your voice.

Hard You're a fool. I told you that I was bethrothed to the richest heiress in Kerry; her fortune alone can save us from ruin. To-night my mother discovered my visits here, and I told her who

you were.

Eily Oh! what did she say?

Hard It broke her heart.

Eily Hardress! is there no hope?

Hard None. That is none—that—that I can name.

Eily There is one—I see it.

Hard There is. We were children when we were married, and I could get no priest to join our hands but one, and he had been disgraced by his bishop. He is dead. There was no witness to the ceremony but Danny Mann—no proof but his word, and your certificate.

Eily [*Takes paper from her breast.*] This!

Hard Eily! if you doubt my eternal love, keep that security; it gives you the right to the shelter of my roof; but oh! if you would be content with the shelter of my heart.

Eily And will it save ye, Hardress? And will your mother forgive me?

Hard She will bless you—she will take you to her breast.

Eily But you—another will take you to her breast.

Hard Oh, Eily, darling, d'ye think I could forget you, machree—forget the sacrifice more than blood you give me?

Eily Oh! when you talk that way to me, ye might take my life, and heart, and all. Oh! Hardress, I love you—take the paper and tare it. [HARDRESS *takes paper.*

[16]

Enter MYLES C., *opening.*

Myles No. I'll be damned if he shall.

Hard Scoundrel! you have been listening?

Myles To every word. I saw Danny, wid his ear agin that dure, so as there was only one kay-hole, I adopted the windy. Eily, aroon, Mr. Cregan will giv' ye back that paper; you can't tare up an oath; will ye help him then to cheat this other girl, and to make her his mistress, for that's what she'll be if ye are his wife. An' after all, what is there agin' the crature? Only the money she's got. Will you stop lovin' him when his love belongs to another? No! I know it by myself; but if ye jine their hands together your love will be an adultery.

Eily Oh, no!

Hard Vagabond! outcast! jail bird! dare you prate of honor to me?

Myles [c.] I am an outlaw, Mr. Cregan—a felon, may be—but if you do this thing to that poor girl that loves you so much—had I my neck in the rope—or my fut on the deck of a convict ship—I'd turn round and say to ye, "Hardress Cregan, I make ye a present of the contimpt of a rogue."

Music till end Act.—*Enter* FATHER TOM, SHEELAH and DANNY, R. U. E.—HARDRESS [*Snaps fingers.*
throws down paper—goes to table—takes hat.

Hard Be it so, Eily, farewell! until my house is clear of these vermin—[DANNY *appears at back*]—you will see me no more.

[*Exit* HARDRESS, L. C., *followed by* DANNY.

Eily Hardress—Hardress! [*Going up.*] Don't leave me, Hardress!

Father T [*Intercepts her.*] Stop, Eily!

[DANNY *returns and listens.*

Eily He's gone—he's gone!

Father T Give me that paper, Myles. [MYLES *picks it up—gives it.*] Kneel down there, Eily, before me—put that paper in your breast.

Eily [*Kneeling.*] Oh, what will I do—what will I do?

Father T Put your hand upon it now.

Eily Oh, my heart—my heart!

Father T Be thee hush, and spake after me—by my mother that's in heaven.

Eily By my mother that's in heaven.

Father T By the light and the word.

Eily By the light and the word.

Father T Sleepin' or wakin'.

Eily Sleepin' or wakin'.

Father T This proof of my truth.

Eily This proof of my truth.

Father T Shall never again quit my breast.

Eily Shall never again quit my breast.

EILY *utters a cry and falls—Tableau.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—[*1st Grooves.*]—*Gap of Dunloe; same as 2d Scene, Act I.—Music.*

Enter HARDRESS and DANNY, L. 1 E.

Hard [R.] Oh, what a giddy fool I've been! What would I give to recall this fatal act which bars my fortune?

Danny [L.] There's something throublin' yez, Masther Hardress. Can't Danny do something to aise ye? Spake the word, and I'll die for ye.

Hard Danny, I *am* troubled. I was a fool when I refused to listen to you at the chapel of Castle Island.

Danny When I warned ye to have no call to Eily O'Connor?

Hard I was mad to marry her.

Danny I knew she was no wife for you. A poor thing widout any manners, or money, or book larnin', or a ha'porth o' fortin'. Oh, worra! I told ye that, but ye bate me off, and here now is the way of it.

Hard Well, it's done, and can't be undone.

Danny Bedad, I dun know that. Wouldn't she untie the knot herself—couldn't ye coax her?

Hard No.

Danny Is that her love for you? You that give up the divil an' all for her. What's *her* ruin to yours? Ruin—goredoutha—ruin is it? Don't I pluck a shamrock and wear it a day for the glory of St. Patrick, and then throw it away when it's gone by my likin's. What is *she* to be ruined by a gentleman? Whoo! Mighty good for the likes o' her.

Hard She would have yielded, but—

Danny Asy now, an' I'll tell ye. Pay her passage out to Quaybeck and put her aboard a three-master, widout sayin' a word. Lave it to me. Danny will clear the road foreinst ye.

Hard Fool, if she still possesses that certificate—the proof of my first marriage—how can I dare to wed another? Commit bigamy—disgrace my wife—bastardize my children?

Danny Den by the powers, I'd do by Eily as wid the glove there on yer hand; make it come off as it came on—an' if it fits too tight, take the knife to it.

Hard [Turning to him.] What do you mean?

Danny Only gi' me the word, an' I'll engage that the Colleen Bawn will never trouble ye any more; don't ax me any questions at all. Only—if you're agreeable, take off that glove from yer hand an' give it to me for a token—that's enough.

Hard [Throws off cloak; seizes him; throws him down.] Villain! Dare you utter a word or meditate a thought of violence towards that girl—

Danny Oh, murder! may I never die in sin, if—

Hard Begone! away, at once, and quit my sight. I have chosen my doom! I must learn to endure it—but blood!—and hers! Shall I make cold and still that heart that beats alone for me?—quench those eyes that look so tenderly in mine? Monster! am I so vile that you dare to whisper such a thought?

Danny Oh, masther! divil burn me if I meant any harm.

Hard Mark me well, now. Respect my wife as you would the queen of the land—whisper a word such as those you uttered to me, and it will be your last. I warn ye—remember and obey.

[Exit HARDRESS, R.]

Danny [Rises—picks up cloak.] Oh, the darlin' crature! would I harrum a hair of her blessed head?—no! Not unless you gave me that glove, and den I'd jump into the bottomless pit for ye.

[Exit DANNY, R. Music—change.]

SCENE II.—*Room in MRS. CREGAN'S house; window, R., in flat, backed by landscape; door, L., in flat; backed by interior. Lights up.*

Enter ANNE CHUTE, L. in flat.

Anne That fellow runs in my head. [Looking at window.] There he is in the garden, smoking like a chimney-pot. [Calls.] Mr. Daly!

Kyrle [Outside window.] Good morning!

Anne [Aside.] To think he'd smile that way, after going Leandering all night like a dissipated young owl. [Aloud.] Did you sleep well? [Aside.] Not a wink, you villain, and you know it.

Kyrle I slept like a top.

Anne [Aside.] I'd like to have the whipping of ye. [Aloud.] When did you get back?

Kyrle Get back! I've not been out.

Anne [*Aside.*] He's not been out! This is what men come to after a cruise at sea—they get sunburnt with love. Those foreign donnas teach them to make fire-places of their hearts, and chimney-pots of their mouths. [*Aloud.*] What are you doing down there? [*Aside.*] As if he was stretched out to dry.
[KYRLE *puts down pipe outside.*

Enter KYRLE *through window, R., in flat.*

Kyrle [R. c.] I have been watching Hardress coming over from Divil's Island in his boat—the wind was dead against him.

Anne [L. c.] It was fair for going to Divil's Island last night, I believe.

Kyrle Was it?

Anne You were up late, I think?

Kyrle I was. I watched by my window for hours, thinking of her I loved—slumber overtook me, and I dreamed of a happiness I never can hope for.

Anne Look me straight in the face.

Kyrle Oh! if some fairy could strike us into stone now—and leave us looking forever into each other's faces, like the blue lake below and the sky above it!

Anne Kyrle Daly! What would you say to a man who had two loves, one to whom he escaped at night, and the other to whom he devoted himself during the day—what would you say?

Kyrle I'd say he had no chance.

Anne Oh, Captain Cautious! Well answered. Isn't he fit to take care of anybody! his cradle was cut out of a witness-box.

Enter HARDRESS *through window, R., in flat.*

Kyrle [R.] Anne! I don't know what you mean, but that I know that I love you, and you are sporting with a wretchedness you can not console. I was wrong to remain here so long, but I thought my friendship for Hardress would protect me against your invasion—now I will go.

Hard [c.] No, Kyrle, you will stay. Anne, he loves you, and I more^[HARDRESS *advancing.*] than suspect you prefer him to me. From this moment you are free; I release you from all troth to me: in his presence I do this.

Anne [L.] Hardress!

Hard There is a bar between us which you should have known before, but I could not bring myself to confess. Forgive me, Anne—you deserve a better man than I am. [*Exit, L.*]

Anne A bar between us! What does he mean?

Kyrle He means that he is on the verge of ruin: he did not know how bad things were till last night. His generous noble heart recoils from receiving anything from you but love.

Anne And does he think I'd let him be ruined any way? Does he think I wouldn't sell the last rood of land—the gown off my back, and the hair off my head, before that boy that protected and loved me, the child, years ago, should come to a hap'orth of harrum?

[*Crosses to R.*]

Kyrle Miss Chute!

Anne Well, I can't help it. When I am angry the brogue comes out, and my Irish heart will burst through manners, and graces, and twenty stay-laces. [*Crosses to L.*] I'll give up my fortune—that I will!

Kyrle You can't—you've got a guardian who can not consent to such a sacrifice.

Anne Have I? then I'll find a husband that will.

Kyrle [*Aside.*] She means me—I see it in her eyes.

Anne [*Aside.*] He's trying to look unconscious. [*Aloud.*] Kyrle Daly, on your honor and word as a gentleman, do you love me and nobody else?

Kyrle Do you think me capable of contaminating your image by admitting a meaner passion into my breast?

Anne Yes, I do.

Kyrle Then you wrong me.

Anne I'll prove that in one word. Take care, now; it's coming.

Kyrle Go on.

Anne [*Aside.*] Now I'll astonish him. [*Aloud.*] Eily!

Kyrle What's that?

Anne "Shule, shule, agrah!"

Kyrle Where to?

Anne Three winks, as much as to say, "Are you coming?" and an extinguisher above here means "Yes." Now you see I know all about it.

Kyrle You have the advantage of me.

Anne Confess now, and I'll forgive you.

Kyrle I will; tell me what to confess, and I'll confess it—I don't care what it is.

Anne [*Aside.*] If I hadn't eye proof he'd brazen it out of me. Isn't he cunning? He's one of those that would get fat where a fox would starve.

Kyrle That was a little excursion into my past life—a sudden descent on my antecedents, to see if you could not surprise an infidelity—but I defy you.

Anne You do? I accept that defiance; and, mind me, *Kyrle*, if I find you true as I once thought, there's my hand; but if you are false in this, *Anne Chute* will never change her name for yours. [*He kisses her hand.*] Leave me now.

Kyrle Oh, the lightness you have given to my heart! The number of pipes I'll smoke this afternoon will make them think we've got a haystack on fire. [*Exit KYRLE, through window, R.*]

Anne [*Rings bell on table, R.*] Here, Pat, Barney, some one.

Enter SERVANT, L. door in flat.

Tell Larry Dolan, my groom, to saddle the black mare, Fireball, but not bring her round the house—I'll mount in the stables.

[*Exit SERVANT, L. door in flat.*]

I'll ride over to Muckcross Head, and draw that cottage; I'll know what's there. It mayn't be right, but I haven't a big brother to see after me—and self-protection is the first law of nature.

[*Exit ANNE, R. 1 E.*]

Music. Enter MRS. CREGAN and HARDRESS, L. door in flat.

Mrs. C [*R. c.*] What do you say, *Hardress*?

Hard [*L. c.*] I say, mother, that my heart and faith are both already pledged to another, and I can not break my engagement.

Mrs. C And this is the end of all our pride!

Hard Repining is useless—thought and contrivance are of no avail—the die is cast.

Mrs. C *Hardress*, I speak not for myself, but for you—and I would rather see you in your coffin than married to this poor, lowborn, silly, vulgar creature. I know you, my son; you will be miserable when the infatuation of first love is past; when you turn from her and face the world, as one day you must do, you will blush to say, "This is my wife." Every word from her mouth will be a pang to your pride. You will follow her movements with terror—the contempt and derision she excites will rouse you first to remorse, and then to hatred—and from the bed to which you go with a blessing, you will rise with a curse.

Hard Mother! mother!

[*Throws himself in chair.*]

Mrs. C To *Anne* you have acted a heartless and dishonorable part—her name is already coupled with yours at every fireside in Kerry.

Enter SERVANT, L. door in flat.

Serv Mr. Corrigan, ma'am.

Mrs. C He comes for his answer. Show him in.

[*Exit SERVANT, L. door in flat.*]

The hour has come, *Hardress*—what answer shall I give him?

Hard Refuse him—let him do his worst.

Mrs. C And face beggary! On what shall we live? I tell you the prison for debt is open before us. Can you work? No! Will you enlist as a soldier, and send your wife into service? We are ruined—d'ye hear?—ruined! I must accept this man only to give you and yours a shelter, and under *Corrigan's* roof I may not be ashamed, perhaps, to receive your wife.

Enter SERVANT, showing in MR. CORRIGAN, L. door in flat.

Corrig [*L.*] Good morning, ma'am; I am punctual, you perceive.

Mrs. C [*c.*] We have considered your offer, sir, and we see no alternative—but—but—

Corrig *Mrs. Cregan*, I'm proud, ma'am, to take your hand.

Hard [*Starting up.*] Begone—begone, I say; touch her, and I'll brain you!

Corrig Squire! Sir! Mr. *Hardress*!

Hard Must I hurl you from the house?

Enter two SERVANTS, door in flat.

Mrs. C *Hardress*, my darling boy, restrain yourself.

Corrig Good morning, ma'am. I have my answer. [*To SERVANT.*] Is Miss *Chute* within?

Serv No, sir; she's just galloped out of the stable yard.

Corrig Say I called to see her. I will wait upon her at this hour to-morrow. [*Looking at the Cregans.*] To-morrow! to-morrow!

[Exit, followed by SERVANTS, L. door in flat.

Mrs. C To-morrow will see us in Limerick Jail, and this house in the hands of the sheriff.

Hard Mother, heaven guide and defend me! let me rest for a while—you don't know all yet, and I have not the heart to tell you.

[Crosses L.

Mrs. C With you, Hardress, I can bear anything—anything—but your humiliation and your unhappiness—

Hard I know it, mother, I know it.

[Exit, L. 1 E. Music.

DANNY appears at window, R., in flat.

Danny Whisht—missiz—whisht.

Mrs. C [L. c.] Who's there?

Danny It's me, sure, Danny—that is—I know the throuble that's in it. I've been through it all wid him.

Mrs. C You know, then?

Danny Everything, ma'am; and, sure, I shtruv hard and long to impache him from doing it.

Mrs. C Is he, indeed, so involved with this girl that he will not give her up?

Danny No; he's got over the worst of it, but she holds him tight, and he feels kindly and soft-hearted for her, and daren't do what another would.

Mrs. C Dare not?

Danny Sure she might be packed off across the wather to Ameriky, or them parts beyant? Who'd ever ax a word afther her?—barrin' the masther, who'd murdher me if he knew I whispered such a thing.

Mrs. C But would she go?

Danny Ow, ma'am, wid a taste of persuasion, we'd mulvather her aboard. But there's another way again, and if ye'd only coax the masther to send me his glove, he'd know the manin' of that token, and so would I.

Mrs. C His glove?

Danny Sorra a ha'porth else. If he'll do that, I'll take my oath ye'll hear no more of the Colleen Bawn.

Mrs. C I'll see my son.

[Exit L. D. F.

Danny Tare an' 'ouns, that lively girl, Miss Chute, has gone the road to Muckcross Head; I've watched her—I've got my eye on all of them. If she sees Eily—ow, ow, she'll get the ring itself in that helpin' maybe, of kale-canon. By the piper, I'll run across the lake, and get there first; she's got a long round to go, and the wind rising—a purty blast entirely.

[Goes to window—Music.

Re-enter MRS. CREGAN, L. D. F., with glove.

Mrs. C [Aside.] I found his gloves in the hall, where he had thrown them in his hat.

Danny Did ye ax him, ma'am?

Mrs. C I did—and here is the reply.

[Holds out glove.

Danny He has changed his mind, then?

Mrs. C He has entirely.

Danny And—and—I am—to—do it?

Mrs. C That is the token.

Danny I know it—I'll keep my promise. I'm to make away with her?

Mrs. C Yes, yes—take her away—away with her!

[Exit MRS. CREGAN, L. door in flat.

Danny Never fear, ma'am. [Going to window.] He shall never see or hear again of the Colleen Bawn.

[Exit DANNY through window—change.

SCENE III.—Exterior of EILY'S Cottage; Cottage, R. 3 E.; set pieces, backed by Lake; table and two seats, R. C.

SHEELAH and EILY discovered, knitting.

Sheelah [R.] Don't cry, darlin'—don't, alanna!

Eily [L.] He'll never come back to me—I'll never see him again, Sheelah!

Sheelah Is it lave his own wife?

Eily I've sent him a letther by Myles, and Myles has never come back—I've got no answer—he

won't spake to me—I am standin' betune him and fortune—I'm in the way of his happiness. I wish I was dead!

Sheelah Whisht! be thee husht! what talk is that? when I'm tuk sad that way, I go down to the chapel and pray a turn—it lifts the cloud off my heart.

Eily I can't pray; I've tried, but unless I pray for him, I can't bring my mind to it.

Sheelah I never saw a colleen that loved as you love; sorra come to me, but I b'lieve you've got enough to supply all Munster, and more left over than would choke ye if you wern't azed of it.

Eily He'll come back—I'm sure he will; I was wicked to doubt. Oh! *Sheelah*! what becomes of the girls he doesn't love? Is there anything goin' on in the world where he isn't?

Sheelah There now—you're smilin' again.

Eily I'm like the first mornin' when he met me—there was dew on the young day's eye—a smile on the lips o' the lake. Hardress will come back—oh! yes; he'll never leave his poor *Eily* all alone by herself in this place. Whisht, now, an' I'll tell you. [*Music.*]

Song.—Air, "Pretty Girl Milking her Cow."

[23]

'Twas on a bright morning in summer,
I first heard his voice speaking low,
As he said to a colleen beside me,
"Who's that pretty girl milking her cow?"
And many times after he met me,
And vowed that I always should be
His own little darling alanna,
Mavourneen a sweelish machree.

I haven't the manners or graces
Of the girls in the world where ye move,
I haven't their beautiful faces,
But I have a heart that can love.
If it plase ye, I'll dress in satins,
And jewels I'll put on my brow,
But don't ye be after forgettin'
Your pretty girl milking her cow.

Sheelah Ah, the birds sit still on the boughs to listen to her, and the trees stop whisperin'; she leaves a mighty big silence behind her voice, that nothin' in nature wants to break. My blessin' on the path before her—there's an angel at the other end of it.

[*Exit SHEELAH in cottage, R.*]

Eily [*Repeats last line of song.*]

Enter ANNE CHUTE, L. U. E.

Anne There she is.

Eily [*Sings till facing Anne—stops—they examine each other.*]

Anne My name is Anne Chute.

Eily I am *Eily O'Connor*.

Anne You are the *Colleen Bawn*—the pretty girl.

Eily And you are the *Colleen Ruaidh*.

Anne [*Aside.*] She is beautiful.

Eily [*Aside.*] How lovely she is.

Anne We are rivals.

Eily I am sorry for it.

Anne So am I, for I feel that I could have loved you.

Eily That's always the way of it; everybody wants to love me, but there's something spoils them off.

Anne [*Showing letter.*] Do you know that writing?

Eily I do, ma'am, well, though I don't know how you came by it.

Anne I saw your signals last night—I saw his departure, and I have come here to convince myself of his falsehood to me. But now that I have seen you, you have no longer a rival in his love, for I despise him with all my heart, who could bring one so beautiful and simple as you are to ruin and shame!

Eily He didn't—no—I am his wife! Oh, what have I said!

Anne What?

Eily Oh, I didn't mane to confess it—no, I didn't! but you wrung it from me in defense of him.

Anne You his wife?

Danny [*At back—aside.*] The divil! they're at it—an' I'm too late!

Anne I can not believe this—show me your certificate.

Eily Here it is.

Danny [*Advances between them.*] Didn't you swear to the priest that it should niver lave your breast?

Anne Oh! you're the boatman.

Danny Iss, ma'am!

Anne Eily, forgive me for doubting your goodness, and your purity. I believe you. Let me take your hand. [*Crosses to her.*] While the heart of Anne Chute beats, you have a friend that won't be spoiled off, but you have no longer a rival, mind that. All I ask of you is that you will never mention this visit to Mr. Daly—and for you [*To DANNY.*] this will purchase your silence. [*Gives money.*] Good-by!

[*Exit ANNE, L. U. E.*]

Danny Long life t'ye. [*Aside.*] What does it mane? Hasn't she found me out?

Eily Why did she ask me never to spake to Mr. Daly of her visit here? Sure I don't know any Mr. Daly.

Danny Didn't she spake of him before, dear?

Eily Never!

Danny Nor didn't she name Master Hardress?

Eily Well, I don't know; she spoke of him and of the letter I wrote to him, but I b'lieve she never named him intirely.

Danny [*Aside.*] The divil's in it for sport; she's got 'em mixed yet.

Enter SHEELAH from cottage, R.

Sheelah What brings you back, Danny?

Danny Nothing! but a word I have from the masther for the Colleen here.

Eily Is it the answer to the letter I sent by Myles?

Danny That's it, jewel, he sent me wid a message.

Sheelah [c.] Somethin' bad has happened. Danny, you are as pale as milk, and your eye is full of blood—yez been drinkin'.

Danny May be I have.

Sheelah You thrimble, and can't spake straight to me. Oh! Danny, what is it, avick?

Danny Go on now, an' stop yer keenin'.

Eily Faith, it isn't yourself that's in it, Danny; sure there's nothing happened to Hardress?

Danny Divil a word, good or bad, I'll say while the mother's there.

Sheelah I'm goin'. [*Aside.*] What's come to Danny this day, at all, at all; bedad, I don't know my own flesh and blood.

[*Runs into cottage.*]

Danny Sorro' and ruin has come on the Cregans; they're broke intirely.

Eily Oh, Danny.

Danny Whisht, now! You are to meet Masther Hardress this evenin', at a place on the Divil's Island, beyant. Ye'll niver breathe a word to a mortal where yer goin', d'ye mind, now; but slip down, unbeknown, to the landin' below, where I'll have the boat waitin' for yez.

Eily At what hour?

Danny Just after dark; there's no moon to-night, an' no one will see us crossin' the water.

Eily I will be there; I'll go down only to the little chapel by the shore, and pray there 'till ye come. [*Music till end of scene.*]

[*Exit EILY, into cottage, R.*]

Danny I'm wake and cowl'd! What's this come over me? Mother, mother, acushla.

Enter SHEELAH, R.

Sheelah What is it, Danny?

Danny [*Staggering to table.*] Give me a glass of spirits!

[*Falls in chair—Change quickly.*]

SCENE IV.—*The old Weir Bridge, or a Wood on the verge of the Lake—[1st grooves.]*

Enter ANNE CHUTE, R.

Anne Married! the wretch is married! and with that crime already on his conscience he was ready

for another and similar piece of villainy. It's the Navy that does it. It's my belief those sailors have a wife in every place they stop at.

Myles [*Sings outside*, R.]

“Oh! Eily astoir, my love is all crost,
Like a bud in the frost.”

Anne Here's a gentleman who has got my complaint—his love is all crost, like a bud in the frost.

Enter MYLES, R.

Myles “And there's no use at all in my goin' to bed,
For it's drames, and not sleep, that comes into my head,
And it's all about you,” etc., etc.

Anne My good friend, since you can't catch your love, d'ye think you could catch my horse?

Myles Is it a black mare wid a white stockin on the fore off leg? [*Distant thunder*.]

Anne I dismounted to unhook a gate—a peal of thunder frightened her, and she broke away.

Myles She's at Torc Cregan stables by this time—it was an admiration to watch her stride across the Phil Dolan's bit of plough.

Anne And how am I to get home?

Myles If I had four legs, I wouldn't ax better than to carry ye, and a proud baste I'd be.

Anne The storm is coming down to the mountain—is there no shelter [*Thunder—rain*.]
near?

Myles There may be a corner in this ould chapel. [*Rain*.] Here comes the rain—murdher! ye'll be wet through.

[*Music—pulls off coat*.] Put this round yez.

Anne What will you do? You'll catch your death of cold.

Myles [*Taking out bottle*.] Cowl'd it is? Here's a wardrobe of top coats. [*Thunder*.] Whoo! this is a fine time for the water—this way, ma'am.

[*Exeunt* MYLES and ANNE, L.]

Enter EILY, cloak and hood, R.

Eily Here's the place where Danny was to meet me with the boat. Oh! here he is.

Enter DANNY, L.

[26]

How pale you are!

Danny The thunder makes me sick.

Eily Shall we not wait till the storm is over?

Danny If it comes on bad we can put into the Divil's Island Cave.

Eily I feel so happy that I am going to see him, yet there is a weight about my heart that I can't account for.

Danny I can. [*Aside*.] Are you ready now?

Eily Yes; come—come.

Danny [*Staggering*.] I'm wake yet. My throat is dry—if I'd a draught of whisky now.

Eily Sheelah gave you a bottle.

Danny I forgot—it's in the boat.

[*Rain*.]

Eily Here comes the rain—we shall get wet.

Danny There's the masther's boat cloak below.

Eily Come, Danny, lean on me. I'm afraid you are not sober enough to sail the skiff.

Danny Sober! The dhrunker I am, the better I can do the work I've got to do.

Eily Come, Danny, come—come.

[*Exeunt* EILY and DANNY, R.—*Music ceases*.]

Re-enter ANNE CHUTE and MYLES, L.

Myles It was only a shower, I b'lieve—are ye wet, ma'am?

Anne Dry as a biscuit.

Myles Ah! then it's yerself is the brave and beautiful lady—as bould an' proud as a ship before the blast.
[*ANNE looks off*, R.]

Anne Why, there is my mare, and who comes with—[*Crosses to* R.]

Myles It's Mr. Hardress Cregan himself.

Anne Hardress here?

Myles Eily gave me a letter for him this morning.

Enter HARDRESS, R.

Hard Anne, what has happened? Your horse galloped wildly into the stable—we thought you had been thrown.

Myles Here is a lether Eily tould me to give him. [*To* HARDRESS.] I beg your pardon, sir, but here's the taste of a lether I was axed to give your honor. [*Gives letter.*]

Hard [*Aside.*] From Eily!

Anne Thanks, my good fellow, for your assistance.

Myles Not at all, ma'am. Sure, there isn't a boy in the County Kerry that would not give two thumbs off his hands to do a service to the Colleen Ruaidh, as you are called among us—iss indeed, ma'am. [*Going—aside.*] Ah! then it's the purty girl she is, in them long clothes.

Hard [*Reads, aside.*] "I am the cause of your ruin; I can't live with that"^{[*Exit* MYLES, R.} thought killin' me. If I do not see you before night you will never again be throubled with your poor Eily." Little simpleton! she is capable of doing herself an injury.

Anne Hardress! I have been very blind and very foolish, but today I have learned to know my own heart. There's my hand; I wish to seal my fate at once. I know the delicacy which prompted you to release me from my engagement to you. I don't accept that release; I am yours.

[27]

Hard Anne, you don't know all.

Anne I know more than I wanted, that's enough. I forbid you ever to speak on this subject.

Hard You don't know my past life.

Anne And I don't want to know. I've had enough of looking into past lives; don't tell me anything you wish to forget.

Hard Oh, Anne—my dear cousin; if I could forget—if silence could be oblivion.

[*Exeunt* HARDRESS and ANNE, L.]

SCENE V.—*Exterior of Myles' Hut. [1st grooves.]*

Enter MYLES, R., *singing* "Brian O'Linn."

"Brian O'Linn had no breeches to wear,
So he bought him a sheepskin to make him a pair;
The skinny side out, the woolly side in,
'They are cool and convanient,' said Brian O'Linn."

[*Locks door of cabin.*] Now I'll go down to my whisky-still. It is under my feet this minute, bein' in a hole in the rocks they call O'Donoghue's stables, a sort of water cave; the people around here think that the cave is haunted with bad spirits, and they say that of a dark stormy night strange unearthly noises is heard comin' out of it—it is me singing, "The night before Larry was stretched." Now I'll go down to that cave, and wid a sod of live turf under a kettle of worty, I'll invoke them sperrits—and what's more, they'll come.

[*Exit* MYLES, *singing*, R. *Music till* MYLES *begins to speak next scene.*]

SCENE VI.—*A Cave; through large opening at back is seen the Lake and the Moon; rocks* R. *and* L. *—flat rock*, R. C.; *gauge waters all over stage; rope hanging from* C., *hitched on wing*, R. U. E.

Enter MYLES, *singing*, *top of rock*, R. U. E.

Myles And this is a purty night for my work! The smoke of my whisky-still will not be seen; there's my distillery beyant in a snug hole up there, [*Unfastens rope*, L.] and here's my bridge to cross over to it. I think it would puzzle a gauger to folly me; this is a patent of my own—a tight-rope bridge. [*Swings across from* R. *to* L.] Now I tie up my drawbridge at this side till I want to go back—what's that—it was an otter I woke from a nap he was takin' on that bit of rock there—ow! ye divil! if I had my gun I'd give ye a leaden supper. I'll go up and load it, may be I'll get a shot; them stones is the place where they lie out of a night, and many a one I've shot of them.

[*Music.—Disappears up rock*, L. U. E.]

Eily What place is this you have brought me to?

Danny Never fear—I know where I'm goin'—step out on that rock—mind yer footin'; 'tis wet there.

Eily I don't like this place—it's like a tomb.

Danny Step out, I say; the boat is laking.

[*Eily steps on to rock*, R. C.]

Eily Why do you spake to me so rough and cruel?

Danny Eily, I have a word to say t'ye; listen now, and don't trimble that way.

Eily I won't, Danny—I won't.

[28]

Danny Wonst, Eily, I was a fine brave boy, the pride of my ould mother, her white haired-darlin'—you wouldn't think it to look at me now. D'ye know how I got changed to this?

Eily Yes, Hardress told me.

Danny He done it—but I loved him before it, an' I loved him after it—not a dhrop of blood I have, but I'd pour out like wather for the masther.

Eily I know what you mean—as he has deformed your body—ruined your life—made ye what ye are.

Danny Have you, a woman, less love for him than I, that you wouldn't give him what he wants of you, even if he broke your heart as he broke my back, both in a moment of passion? Did I ax him to ruin himself and his ould family, and all to mend my bones? No! I loved him, and I forgave him that.

Eily Danny, what do you want me to do?

[DANNY *steps out on to rock.*

Danny Give me that paper in your breast?

[*Boat floats off slowly, R.*

Eily I can't—I've sworn never to part with it! You know I have!

Danny Eily, that paper stands between Hardress Cregan and his fortune; that paper is the ruin of him. Give it, I tell yez.

Eily Take me to the priest; let him lift the oath off me. Oh, Danny, I swore a blessed oath on my two knees, and would ye ax me to break that?

Danny [*Seizes her hands.*] Give it up, and don't make me hurt ye.

Eily I swore by my mother's grave, Danny. Oh! Danny dear, don't. Don't, acushla, and I'll do anything. See now, what good would it be? sure, while I live I'm his wife. [*Music changes.*

Danny Then you've lived too long. Take your marriage lines wid ye to the bottom of the lake.

[*He throws her from rock backwards into the water, L. C., with a cry; she reappears, clinging to rock.*

Eily No! save me! Don't kill me! Don't, Danny, I'll do anything—only let me live.

Danny He wants ye dead.

[*Pushes her off.*

Eily Oh, heaven! help me! Danny—Dan—

[*Sinks.*

Danny [*Looking down.*] I've done it—she's gone.

[*Shot is fired, L. U. E.; he falls—rolls from the rock into the water, R. C.*

MYLES *appears with gun, on rock, L. U. E.*

Myles I hit one of them bastes that time. I could see well, though it was so dark. But there was somethin' moving on that stone. [*Swings across to R. U. E.*] Divil a sign of him. Stop! [*Looks down.*] What's this? It's a woman—there's something white there. [*Figure rises near rock, R. U. E.; kneels down; tries to take the hand of figure.*] Ah! that dress!—it's Eily. My own darlin' Eily.

[*Pulls off waistcoat—jumps off rock. EILY rises, R.; then MYLES and EILY rise up, C.; he turns, and seizes rock, R. C.; EILY across left arm.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Interior of an Irish hut; door and small opening, R. C. Door L. C. in flat.*

Truckle bed and bedding, R. C., on which DANNY MANN is discovered; table with jug of water; lighted candle stuck in bottle, L.; two stools—SHEELAH at table, L. Music.

Danny [*In his sleep.*] Gi' me the paper, thin—screeching won't save ye—down—down! [*Wakes.*] Oh, mother! darlin' mother!

Sheelah [*Waking.*] Eh! did ye call me, Danny?

Danny Gi' me a dhrop of wather—it's the thirst that's a killin' me.

Sheelah [*Takes jug.*] The fever's on ye mighty bad.

Danny [*Drinks, falls back, groans.*] Oh, the fire in me won't go out! How long have I been here?

Sheelah Ten days this night.

Danny Ten days dis night! Have I been all that time out of my mind?

Sheelah Iss, Danny. Ten days ago, that stormy night, ye crawled in at that dure, wake an' like a ghost.

Danny I remind me now.

Sheelah Ye tould me that ye'd been poachin' salmon, and had been shot by the keepers.

Danny Who said I hadn't?

Sheelah Divil a one! Why did ye make me promise not to say a word about it? Didn't ye refuse even to see a doctor itself?

Danny Has any one axed after me?

Sheelah No one but Mr. Hardress.

Danny Heaven bless him!

Sheelah I told him I hadn't seen ye, and here ye are this day groanin' when there's great doin's up at Castle Chute. To-morrow the masther will be married to Miss Anne.

Danny Married! but—the—his—

Sheelah Poor Eily, ye mane?

Danny Hide the candle from my eyes—it's painin' me; shade it off. Go on, mother.

Sheelah The poor Colleen! Oh, no, Danny, I knew she'd die of the love that was chokin' her. He didn't know how tindher she was when he gave her the hard word. What was that message the masther sent to her, that he wouldn't let me hear? It was cruel, Danny, for it broke her heart entirely; she went away that night, and, two days after, a cloak was found floatin' in the reeds, under Brikeen Bridge; nobody knew it but me. I turned away, and never said—. The creature is drowned, Danny, and woe to them as dhruv her to it. She has no father, no mother to put a curse on him, but the Father above that niver spakes till the last day, and then—[*She turns and sees DANNY gasping, his eyes fixed on her, supporting himself on his arm.*] Danny! Danny! he's dyin'—he's dyin'!

[*Runs to him, R. of bed.*]

Danny Who said that? Ye lie! I never killed her—sure he sent me the glove—where is it?

Sheelah He's ravin' again.

Danny The glove—he sent it to me full of blood. Oh, master, dear, there's your token. I told ye I would clear the path foreninst ye.

Sheelah Danny, what d'ye mane?

Danny I'll tell ye how I did it, masther; 'twas dis way—but don't smile like dat—don't, sir! She wouldn't give me de marriage lines, so I sunk her and her proofs wid her. She's gone! she came up wonst, but I put her down agin. Never fear—she'll never throuble yer again—never—never!

[*Lies down; mutters. SHEELAH on her knees, in horror and prayer.*]

Sheelah 'Twas he! he!—my own son—he's murdered her, and he's dyin' now—dyin', wid blood on his hands! Danny! Danny! spake to me!

Danny A dochter! will they let me die like a baste, and never a dochter?

Sheelah I'll run for one that'll cure ye. Oh, weerasthru, Danny! Is it for this I've loved ye? No, forgive, acushla, it isn't your own mother that 'ud add to yer heart-breakin' and pain. I'll fetch the dochter, avick. [*Music—puts on cloak, and pulls hood over her head.*] Oh, hone! oh hone!

[*Exit SHEELAH, L. door in flat—a pause—knock—pause—knock.*]

Enter CORRIGAN, door in flat, L. C.

Corrig Sheelah! Sheelah! Nobody here? I'm bothered entirely. The cottage on Muckcross Head is empty—not a sowl in it but a cat. Myles has disappeared, and Danny gone—vanished, bedad, like a fog—Sheelah is the only one remaining. I called to see Miss Chute; I was kicked out. I sent her a letter; it was returned to me, unopened. Her lawyer has paid off the mortgage, and taxed my

bill of costs—the spalpeen! [DANNY *groans*.] What's that? Some one is asleep there. 'Tis Danny!

Danny A dochter!—gi' me a dochter!

Corrig Danny here—concealed, too! Oh, there's something going on that's worth peepin' into. Whist! there's footsteps comin'. If I could hide a bit. I'm a magistrate, an' I ought to know what's goin' on—here's a turf-hole, wid a windy in it.

[Exit CORRIGAN, *opening in flat*, R. C.]

Enter SHEELAH and FATHER TOM, L. C. *door*.

Sheelah [Goes to DANNY.] Danny!

Danny Is that you, mother?

Sheelah I've brought the dochter, asthore.

[DANNY *looks up*.

Danny The priest!

Sheelah [On her knees, R. of bed.] Oh, my darlin'! don't be angry wid me, but dis is the dochter you want; it isn't in your body where the hurt is; the wound is in your poor sowl—there's all the harrum.

Father T Danny, my son—[Sits L. of bed.]—it's sore-hearted I am to see you down this way.

Sheelah And so good a son he was to his ould mother.

Danny Don't say that—don't!

[Covering his face.

Sheelah I will say it—my blessin' on ye—see that, now, he's cryin'.

Father T Danny, the hand of death is on ye. Will ye lave your sins behind ye here below, or will ye take them with ye above, to show them on ye? Is there anything ye can do that'll mend a wrong? leave that legacy to your friend, and he'll do it. Do ye want pardon of any one down here? tell me, avick; I'll get it for ye and send it after you—may be ye'll want it.

[31]

Danny [Rising up an arm.] I killed Eily O'Connor.

Sheelah [Covers her face with her hands.] Oh! oh!

Father T What harrum had ye agin the poor Colleen Bawn?

[CORRIGAN *takes notes*.

Danny She stud in *his* way, and he had my heart and sowl in his keeping.

Father T Hardress?

Danny Hisself! I said I'd do it for him, if he'd give me the token.

Father T Did Hardress employ you to kill the girl?

Danny He sent me the glove; that was to be the token that I was to put her away, and I did—I—in the Pool a Dhiol. She would not gi' me the marriage lines; I threw her in and then I was kilt.

Father T Killed! by whose hand?

Danny I don't know, unless it was the hand of heaven.

Father T [Rising, goes down—*aside*.] Myles na Coppaleen is at the bottom of this; his whisky-still is in that cave, and he has not been seen for ten days past. [Aloud—*goes to DANNY*.] Danny, after ye fell, how did ye get home?

Danny I fell in the wather; the current carried me to a rock; how long I was there half drowned I don't know, but on wakin' I found my boat floatin' close by, an' it was still dark; I got in and crawled here.

Father T [Aside.] I'll go and see Myles—there's more in this than has come out.

Sheelah Won't yer riverince say a word of comfort to the poor boy? He's in great pain entirely.

Father T Keep him quiet, Sheelah. [Music.] I'll be back again with the comfort for him. Danny, your time is short; make the most of it. [Aside.] I'm off to Myles na Coppaleen. Oh, Hardress Cregan—[Going up.]—ye little think what a bridal day ye'll have!

[Exit door in flat, L. C.]

Corrig [Who has been writing in note-book, comes out at back.] I've got down every word of the confession. Now, Hardress Cregan, there will be guests at your weddin' to-night ye little dhrame of.

[Exit L. door in flat, L. C.]

Danny [Rising up.] Mother, mother! the pain is on me. Wather—quick—wather!

[SHEELAH runs to L. table; takes jug; gives it to DANNY; he drinks; SHEELAH takes jug; DANNY struggles—falls back on bed; close on picture.]

SCENE II.—Chamber in Castle Chute. [1st Grooves.]

Enter KYRLE DALY and SERVANT, R.

Kyrle Inform Mrs. Cregan that I am waiting upon her.

Enter MRS. CREGAN, L.

Mrs. C I am glad to see you, Kyrle.

[Exit SERVANT, L.]

Kyrle [R. c.] You sent for me, Mrs. Cregan. My ship sails from Liverpool to-morrow. I never thought I could be so anxious to quit my native land.

Mrs. C I want you to see Hardress. For ten days past he shuns the society of his bride. By night he creeps out alone in his boat on the lake—by day he wanders round the neighborhood, pale as death. He is heart-broken.

[32]

Kyrle Has ye asked to see me?

Mrs. C Yesterday he asked where you were.

Kyrle Did he forget that I left your house when Miss Chute, without a word of explanation, behaved so unkindly to me?

Mrs. C She is not the same girl since she accepted Hardress. She quarrels—weeps—complains, and has lost her spirits.

Kyrle She feels the neglect of Hardress.

Anne [Without, R.] Don't answer me! Obey, and hold your tongue!

Mrs. C Do you hear? she is rating one of the servants.

Anne [Without.] No words—I'll have no sulky looks, neither.

Enter ANNE, R., dressed as a bride, with a veil and wreath in her hand.

Anne Is that the veil and wreath I ordered? How dare you tell me that? [Throws it off, R.]

Mrs. C Anne!

[ANNE sees KYRLE—stands confused.]

Kyrle You are surprised to see me in your house, Miss Chute?

Anne You are welcome, sir.

Kyrle [Aside.] She looks pale! She's not happy—that's gratifying.

Anne [Aside.] He doesn't look well—that's some comfort.

Mrs. C I'll try to find Hardress.

[Exit MRS. CREGAN, L.]

Kyrle I hope you don't think I intrude—that is—I came to see Mrs. Cregan.

Anne [Sharply.] I don't flatter myself you wished to see me; why should you?

Kyrle Anne, I am sorry I offended you; I don't know what I did, but no matter.

Anne Not the slightest.

Kyrle I released your neighborhood of my presence.

Anne Yes, and you released the neighborhood of the presence of somebody else—she and you disappeared together.

Kyrle She!

Anne Never mind.

Kyrle But I do mind. I love Hardress Cregan as a brother, and I hope the time may come, Anne, when I can love you as a sister.

Anne Do you? I don't.

Kyrle I don't want the dislike of my friend's wife to part my friend and me.

Anne Why should it? I'm nobody.

Kyrle If you were my wife, and asked me to hate any one, I'd do it—I couldn't help it.

Anne I believed words like that once when you spoke them, but I have been taught how basely you can deceive.

Kyrle Who taught you?

Anne Who?—your wife.

Kyrle My what?

Anne Your wife—the girl you concealed in the cottage on Muckcross Head. Stop, now—don't speak—save a falsehood, however many ye may have to spare. I saw the girl—she confessed.

Kyrle Confessed that she was my wife?

Anne Made a clean breast of it in a minute, which is more than you could do with a sixteen-foot wagon and a team of ten, in a week.

Kyrle Anne, hear me; this is a frightful error—the girl will not repeat it.

[33]

Anne Bring her before me and let her speak.

Kyrle How do I know where she is?

Anne Well, bring your boatman then, who told me the same.

Kyrle I tell you it is false; I never saw—never knew the girl.

Anne You did not? [Shows EILY'S letter.] Do you know that? You dropped it, and I found it.

Kyrle [*Takes letter.*] This!

[*Reads.*

Enter HARDRESS, L.

Anne Hardress!

[*Turns aside.*

Kyrle Oh! [*Suddenly struck with the truth; glances towards ANNE; finding her looking away, places letter to HARDRESS.*] Do you know that?—you dropped it.

Hard [*Conceals letter.*] Eh? Oh!

Kyrle 'Twas he. [*Looks from one to the other.*] She thinks me guilty; but if I stir to exculpate myself, he is in for it.

Hard You look distressed, Kyrle. Anne, what is the matter?

Kyrle Nothing, Hardress. I was about to ask Miss Chute to forget a subject which was painful to her, and to beg of her never to mention it again—not even to you, Hardress.

Hard I am sure she will deny you nothing.

Anne I will forget, sir. [*Aside.*] But I will never forgive him—never.

Kyrle [*Aside.*] She loves me still, and he loves another, and I am the most miserable dog that ever was kicked. [*Crosses to L.*] Hardress, a word with you. [*Exeunt KYRLE and HARDRESS, L.*

Anne And this is my wedding day. There goes the only man I ever loved. When he's here near by me, I could give him the worst treatment a man could desire, and when he goes away he takes the heart and all of me off with him, and I feel like an unfurnished house. This is pretty feelings for a girl to have, and she in her regimentals. Oh! if he wasn't married—but he is, and he'd have married me as well—the malignant! Oh! if he had, how I'd have made him swing for it—it would have afforded me the happiest moment of my life. [*Exit ANNE, L. Music.*

SCENE III.—*Exterior of Myles's Hut, door R. in flat. [2nd grooves.]*

Enter FATHER TOM, L.

Father T Here's Myle's shanty. I'm nearly killed with climbin' the hill. I wonder is he at home? Yes, the door is locked inside. [*Knocks.*] Myles—Myles, are ye at home?

Myles [*Outside, R. 2 E.*] No—I'm out.

Enter MYLES, R. 2 E.

Arrah! is it yourself, Father Tom, that's in it?

Father T Let us go inside, Myles—I've a word to say t'ye.

Myles I—I've lost the key.

Father T Sure it's stickin' inside.

Myles I always lock the dure inside and lave it there when I go out, for fear on losin' it.

Father T Myles, come here to me. It's lyin' ye are. Look me in the face. What's come to ye these tin days past—three times I've been to your door and it was locked, but I heard ye stirrin' inside.

[34]

Myles It was the pig, yer riverince.

Father T Myles, why did yer shoot Danny Mann?

Myles Oh, murther, who tould you that?

Father T Himself.

Myles Oh, Father Tom! have ye' seen him?

Father T I've just left him.

Myles Is it down there ye've been?

Father T Down where?

Myles Below, where he's gone to—where would he be, afther murthering a poor crature?

Father T How d'ye know that?

Myles How! how did I!—whist, Father Tom, it was his ghost.

Father T He is not dead, but dyin' fast, from the wound ye gave him.

Myles I never knew 'twas himself 'till I was tould.

Father T Who tould you?

Myles Is it who?

Father T Who? who?—not Danny, for he doesn't know who killed him.

Myles Wait, an' I'll tell you. It was nigh twelve that night, I was comin' home—I know the time, betoken Murty Dwyer made me step in his shebeen, bein' the wake of the ould Callaghan, his wife's uncle—and a dacent man he was. "Murty," sez I—

Father T Myles, you're desavin' me.

Myles Is it afther desavin' yer riverence I'd be?

Father T I see the lie in yer mouth. Who tould ye it was Danny Mann ye killed?

Myles You said so a while ago.

Father T Who tould ye it was Danny Mann?

Myles I'm comin' to it. While I was at Murty's, yer riverince, as I was a-tellin' you—Dan Dayley was there—he had just kim'd in. "Good morrow,—good day"—ses he. "Good morrow, good Dan, ses I,"—jest that ways entirely—"it's an opening to the heart to see you." Well, yer riverence, as I ware sayin',—"long life an' good wife to ye, Masther Dan," ses I. "Thank ye, ses he, and the likes to ye, anyway." The moment I speck them words, Dan got heart, an' up an' tould Murty about his love for Murty's darter—the Colleen Rue. The moment he heard that, he puts elbows in himself, an' stood lookin' at him out on the flure. "You flog Europe, for boldness," ses he—"get out of my sight," ses he,—"*this moment*," ses he,—"*or I'll give yer a kick that will rise you from poverty to the highest pitch of affluence*," ses he—"away out 'o that, you notorious delinquent; single your freedom, and double your distance," ses he. Well, Dan was forced to cut an' run. Poor boy! I was sorry for his trouble; there isn't a better son nor brother this moment goin' the road than what he is—said—said—there was'nt better, an', an'—oh! Father Tom, don't ax me; I've got an oath on my lips. [*Music.*] Don't be hard on a poor boy.

Father T I lift the oath from ye. Tell me, avick, oh! tell me. Did ye search for the poor thing—the darlin' soft-eyed Colleen? Oh, Myles! could ye lave her to lie in the cowl'd lake all alone?

Enter EILY from door R. flat.

[35]

Myles No, I couldn't.

Father T [*Turns—sees EILY.*] Eily! Is it yourself, and alive—an' not—not—Oh! Eily, mavourneen. Come to my heart.

[*Embraces EILY.*]

Myles [*Crosses to L.*] D'ye think ye'd see me alive if she wasn't? I thought ye knew me better—it's at the bottom of the Pool a Dhiol I'd be this minute if she wasn't to the fore.

Father T [*c.*] Speak to me—let me hear your voice.

Eily Oh, father, father! won't ye take me far, far away from this place?

Father T Why did ye hide yourself this way?

Eily For fear *he'd* see me.

Father T Hardress? You knew then that he instigated Danny to get rid of ye?

Eily Why didn't I die—why am I alive now for him to hate me?

Father T D'ye know that in a few hours he is going to marry another?

Eily I know it. Myles tould me—that's why I'm hiding myself.

Father T What does she mean?

Myles [*L.*] She loves him still—that's what she manes.

Father T Love the wretch who sought your life!

Eily Isn't it his own? It isn't his fault if his love couldn't last as long as mine. I was a poor, mane creature—not up to him any way; but if he'd only said, "Eily, put the grave between us and make me happy," sure I'd lain down, wid a big heart, in the loch.

Father T And you are willing to pass a life of seclusion that he may live in his guilty joy?

Eily If I was alive wouldn't I be a shame to him an' a ruin—ain't I in his way? Heaven help me—why would I trouble him? Oh! he was in great pain o' mind entirely when he let them put a hand on me—the poor darlin'.

Father T And you mean to let him believe you dead?

Eily Dead an' gone: then, perhaps, his love for me will come back, and the thought of his poor, foolish little Eily that worshiped the ground he stood on, will fill his heart a while.

Father T And where will you go?

Eily I don't know. Anywhere. What matters?

Myles [*Against wing, L.*] Love makes all places alike.

Eily I am alone in the world now.

Father T The villain—the monster! He sent her to heaven because he wanted her there to blot out with her tears the record of his iniquity. Eily, ye have but one home, and that's my poor house. You are not alone in the world—there's one beside ye, your father, and that's myself.

Myles Two—bad luck to me, two. I am her mother; sure I brought her into the world a second time.

Father T [*Looking, R.*] Whisht! look down there, Myles—what's that on the road?

Myles [*Crosses R.*] It's the sogers—a company of red-coats. What brings the army out?—who's that wid them?—it is ould Corrigan, and they are going towards Castle Chute. There's mischief in the wind.

Father T In with you, an' keep close a while; I'll go down to the castle and see what's the matter.

Eily Promise me that you'll not betray me—that none but your self and Myles [*Crosses R.*] shall ever know I'm livin; promise me that before you go.

Father *T* I do, *Eily*; I'll never breathe a word of it—it is as sacred as an oath.

Eily [*Going to cottage.*] Shut me in, Myles, and take the key wid ye, this [*Exit L.—music.*]
time. [*Exit in cottage, R. C.*]

Myles [*Locks door.*] There ye are like a pearl in an oyster; now I'll go to my bed as usual on the mountain above—the bolster is stuffed wid rocks, and I'll have a cloud round me for a blanket.

[*Exit MYLES, R. 2 E.*]

SCENE IV.—*Outside of Castle Chute. [1st grooves.]*

Enter CORRIGAN and six SOLDIERS, R. 1 E.

Corrig Quietly, boys; sthrew yourselves round the wood—some of ye at the gate beyant—two more this way—watch the windies; if he's there to escape at all, he'll jump from a windy. The house is surrounded.

Quadrille music under stage.—Air, "The Boulanger."

Oh, oh! they're dancin'—dancin' and merry-making, while the net is closin' around 'em. Now Masther Hardress Cregan—I was kicked out, was I; but I'll come this time wid a call that ye'll answer wid your head instead of your foot. My letters were returned unopened; but here's a bit of writin' that ye'll not be able to hand back so easy.

Enter CORPORAL, R.

Corp All right, sir.

Corrig Did you find the woman, as I told ye?

Corp Here she is, sir.

Enter SHEELAH, guarded by two SOLDIERS, R.

Sheelah [*Crying.*] What's this? Why am I thrated this way—what have I done?

Corrig You are wanted a while—it's your testimony we require. Bring her this way. Follow me!

Sheelah [*Struggling.*] Let me go back to my boy. Ah! good luck t'ye, don't kape me [*Exit, L.*]
from my poor boy! [*Struggling.*] Oh! you dirty blackguards, let me go—let me go!

[*Exit SHEELAH and SOLDIERS, L.*]

SCENE V.—*Ball Room in Castle Chute. Steps, c.; platform—balustrade on top, backed by moonlight landscape—doors R. and L.; table L. C.; writing materials, books, papers, etc., on it; chairs; chair L. 2 E., chairs R.; chandeliers lighted. LADIES and GENTLEMEN, WEDDING GUESTS discovered, HYLAND CREAGH, BERTIE O'MOORE, DUCIE, KATHLEEN CREAGH, ADA CREAGH, PATSIE O'MOORE, BRIDESMAIDS and SERVANTS discovered.—Music going on under stage.*

Hyland *Ducie*, they are dancing the Boulanger, and they can't see the figure unless you lend them the light of your eyes.

Kathleen We have danced enough; it is nearly seven o'clock.

Ducie Mr. O'Moore; when is the ceremony to commence?

O'Moore The execution is fixed for seven—here's the scaffold, I presume. [*Points to table.*]

Hyland Hardress looks like a criminal. I've seen him fight three duels, and he never showed such a pale face as he exhibits to-night.

Ducie He looks as if he was frightened at being so happy.

Hyland And *Kyrle Daly* wears as gay an appearance.

Enter KYRLE DALY down steps, c.

Ducie Hush! here he is.

Kyrle That need not stop your speech, *Hyland*. I don't hide my love for *Anne Chute*, and it is my pride, and no fault of mine if she has found a better man.

Hyland He is not a better man.

Kyrle He is—she thinks so—what she says becomes the truth.

Enter MRS. CREGAN, L. 2 E.

Mrs. C Who says the days of chivalry are over? Come, gentlemen, the bridesmaids must attend the bride. The guests will assemble in the hall.

Enter SERVANT, R. 2 E., with letter and card on salver.

Serv Mr. Bertie O'Moore, if you plase. A gentlemen below asked me to hand you this card.

O'Moore A gentleman! what can he want? [*Reads card.*] Ah! indeed; this is a serious matter, and excuses the intrusion.

Hyland What's the matter?

O'Moore A murder has been committed.

All A murder?

O'Moore The perpetrator of the deed has been discovered, and the warrant for his arrest requires my signature.

Hyland Hang the rascal.

[Goes up with DUCIE.

O'Moore A magistrate, like a doctor, is called on at all hours.

Mrs. C We can excuse you for such a duty, Mr. O'Moore.

O'Moore [Crossing, R.] This is the result of some brawl at a fair, I suppose. Is Mr. Corrigan below?

Mrs. C [Starting.] Corrigan?

O'Moore Show me to him.

[Exit O'MOORE and SERVANT, R. 2 E.—GUESTS go up and off, L. U. E.

Mrs. C Corrigan here! What brings that man to this house?

[Exit MRS. CREGAN, R. 3 E.

Enter HARDRESS, down steps, C. from R., pale.

Hardress [Sits, L.] It is in vain—I can not repress the terror with which I approach these nuptials—yet, what have I to fear? Oh! my heart is bursting with its load of misery.

Enter ANNE, down steps, C. from R.

Anne Hardress! what is the matter with you?

Hard [Rising, L. C.] I will tell you—yes, it may take this horrible oppression from my heart. At one time I thought you knew my secret: I was mistaken. The girl you saw at Muckcross Head—

Anne [R. C.] Eily O'Connor?

Hard Was my wife!

Anne Your wife?

Hard Hush! Maddened with the miseries this act brought upon me, I treated her with cruelty—she committed suicide.

Anne Merciful powers!

Hard She wrote to me bidding me farewell forever, and the next day her cloak was found floating in the lake. [ANNE sinks in chair.] Since then I have neither slept nor waked—I have but one thought, one feeling; my love for her, wild and maddened, has come back upon my heart like a vengeance.

[Music—tumult heard, R.

Anne Heaven defend our hearts, what is that?

[Enter MRS. CREGAN, deadly pale. R. 3 E.—Locks door behind her.

Mrs. C Hardress! my child!

Hard Mother!

Anne Mother, he is here. Look on him—speak to him—do not gasp and stare on your son in that horrid way. Oh, mother! speak, or you will break my heart.

Mrs. C Fly—fly! [HARDRESS going, R.] Not that way. No—the doors are defended! there is a soldier placed at every entrance! You—are trapped and caught—what shall we do?—the window in my chamber—come—come—quick—quick!

Anne Of what is he accused!

Hard Of murder. I see it in her face.

[Noise, R.

Mrs. C Hush! they come—begone! Your boat is below that window. Don't speak! when oceans are between you and danger—write! Till then not a word. [Forcing him off, R. 3 E.—noise, R.

Anne Accused of murder! He is innocent!

Mrs. C Go to your room! Go quickly to your room, you will betray him—you can't command your features.

Anne Dear mother, I will.

Mrs. C Away, I say—you will drive me frantic, girl. My brain is stretched to cracking! Ha!

Anne There is a tumult in the drawing-room.

[Noise, R.

Mrs. C They come! You tremble! Go—take away your puny love; hide it where it will not injure him—leave me to face this danger!

Anne He is not guilty.

Mrs. C What's that to me, woman? I am his mother—the hunters are after my blood! Sit there—look away from this door. They come!

[Knocking loudly—crash—door R. 3 E. opened—enter CORPORAL and SOLDIERS, who

cross stage, facing up to charge—GENTLEMEN *with drawn swords on steps*, C.; LADIES *on at back*—O'MOORE, R. 3 E.—*enter* CORRIGAN, R. 3 E.—KYRLE *on steps*, C.

Corrig Gentlemen, put up your swords; the house is surrounded by a military force, and we are here in the king's name.

Anne [R.] Gentlemen, come on, there was a time in Ireland when neither king nor faction could call on Castle Chute without a bloody welcome.

Guests Clear them out!

Kyrle [*Interposing*.] *Anne*, are you mad? Put up your swords—stand back there—speak—O'Moore, what does this strange outrage mean?

[SOLDIERS *fall back*—GENTLEMEN *on steps*; KYRLE *comes forward*.]

O'Moore Mrs. Cregan, a fearful charge is made against your son; I know—I believe he is innocent; I suggest, then, that the matter be investigated here at once, amongst his friends, so that this scandal may be crushed in its birth. [39]

Kyrle Where is Hardress?

Corrig Where?—why, he's escaping while we are jabbering here. Search the house.

Mrs. C [L.] Must we submit to this, sir? Will you, a magistrate, [*Exit two* SOLDIERS, R. 3 E.] permit—

O'Moore I regret Mrs. Cregan, but as a form—

Mrs. C Go on, sir!

Corrig [*At door*, L. 3 E.] What room is this? 'tis locked—

Mrs. C That is my sleeping chamber.

Corrig My duty compels me—

Mrs. C [*Throws key down on ground*.] Be it so, sir.

Corrig [*Picks up key—unlocks door*.] She had the key—he's there.

[*Exit* CORPORAL *and two* SOLDIERS.]

Mrs. C He has escaped by this time.

O'Moore [*At L. table*.] I hope Miss Chute will pardon me for my share in this transaction—believe me, I regret—

Anne Don't talk to me of your regret, while you are doing your worst. It is hate, not justice, that brings this accusation against Hardress, and this disgrace upon me.

Kyrle *Anne*!

Anne Hold *your* tongue—his life's in danger, and if I can't love him, I'll fight for him, and that's more than any of you men can do. [*To* O'MOORE.] Go on with your dirty work. You have done the worst now—you have dismayed our guests, scattered terror amid our festival, and made the remembrance of this night, which should have been a happy one, a thought of gloom and shame.

Mrs. C Hark! I hear—I hear his voice. It can not be.

Re-enter CORRIGAN, L. 3 E.

Corrig The prisoner is here!

Mrs. C [C.] Ah, [*Utters a cry*.] is he? Dark bloodhound, have you found him? May the tongue that tells me so be withered from the roots, and the eye that first detected him be darkened in its socket!

Kyrle Oh, madam! for heaven's sake!

Anne Mother! mother!

Mrs. C What! shall it be for nothing he has stung the mother's heart, and set her brain on fire?

Enter HARDRESS, *handcuffed*, and *two* SOLDIERS, L. 3 E.

I tell you that my tongue may hold its peace, but there is not a vein in all my frame but curses him. [*Turns—sees* HARDRESS; *falls on his breast*.] My boy! my boy!

Hard [L.] Mother, I entreat you to be calm. [*Crosses to* C.] *Kyrle*, there are my hands, do you think there is blood upon them?

[KYRLE *seizes his hand*—GENTLEMEN *press round him, take his hand, and retire up*.]

Hard I thank you, gentlemen; your hands acquit me. Mother, be calm—sit there.

Anne Come here, Hardress; your place is here by me. [*Points to chair*, L.]

Hard [R. C.] Now, sir, I am ready.

Corrig [L. *of table*.] I will lay before you, sir, the deposition upon which the warrant issues against the prisoner. Here is the confession of Daniel or Danny Mann, a person in the service of the accused, taken on his death-bed—in articulo mortis, you'll observe. [40]

O'Moore But not witnessed.

Corrig [*Calling*.] Bring in that woman.

I have witnesses. Your worship will find the form of the law in perfect shape.

O'Moore Read the confession, sir.

Corrig [Reads.] "The deponent being on his death-bed, in the presence of Sheelah Mann and Thomas O'Brien, parish priest of Kinmare, deposed and said"—

Enter FATHER TOM, R. 3 E.

Oh, you are come in time, sir.

Father T I hope I am.

Corrig We may have to call your evidence.

Father T [c.] I have brought it with me.

Corrig "Deposed and said, that he, deponent, killed Eily O'Connor; that said Eily was the wife of Hardress Cregan, and stood in the way of his marriage with Miss Anne Chute; deponent offered to put away the girl, and his master employed him to do so."

O'Moore Sheelah, did Danny confess this crime?

Sheelah [L. c.] Divil a word—it's a lie from end to end; that ould thief was niver in my cabin—he invented the whole of it—sure you're the divil's own parverter of the truth.

Corrig Am I? Oh, oh! Father Tom will scarcely say as much? [To him.] Did Danny Mann confess this in your presence?

Father T I decline to answer that question!

Corrig Aha! you must—the law will compel you!

Father T I'd like to see the law that can unseal the lips of the priest, and make him reveal the secrets of heaven.

Anne So much for your two witnesses. Ladies, stand close. Gentlemen, give us room here.

[BRIDESMAIDS down, R. Exit FATHER TOM, R. 3 E.]

Corrig We have abundant proof, your worship—enough to hang a whole country. Danny isn't dead yet. Deponent agreed with Cregan that if the deed was to be done, that he, Cregan, should give his glove as a token.

Mrs. C Ah!

Hard Hold! I confess that what he has read is true. Danny did make the offer, and I repelled his horrible proposition.

Corrig Aha! but you gave him the glove.

Hard Never, by my immortal soul—never!

Mrs. C [Advancing.] But I—I did! [Movement of surprise.] I your wretched mother—I gave it to him—I am guilty! thank heaven for that! remove those bonds from his hands and put them here on mine.

Hard 'Tis false, mother, you did not know his purpose—you could not know it.

Mrs. C I will not say anything that takes the welcome guilt^[CORPORAL takes off handcuffs.] from off me.

Enter MYLES from steps, c. from R.

[41]

Myles Won't ye, ma'am? Well, if ye won't, I will.

All Myles!

Myles Save all here. If you plaze, I'd like to say a word; there's been a murder done, and I done it.

All You!

Myles Myself. Danny was killed by my hand. [To CORRIG.] Were yez any way nigh that time?

Corrig [Quickly.] No.

Myles [Quickly.] That's lucky; then take down what I'm sayin'. I shot the poor boy—but widout manin' to hurt him. It's lucky I killed him that time, for it's lifted a mighty sin off the sowl of the crature.

O'Moore What does he mean?

Myles I mane, that if you found one witness to Eily O'Connor's death, I found another that knows a little more about it, and here she is.

Enter EILY and FATHER TOM down steps, c. from R.

All Eily!

Myles The Colleen Bawn herself!

Eily Hardress! }

Hard My wife—my own Eily. }

Eily Here, darlin', take the paper, and tear it if you like.

[Offers him the certificate.]

Hard Eily, I could not live without you.

Mrs. C If ever he blamed you, it was my foolish pride spoke in his hard words—he loves you with all his heart. Forgive me, Eily.

Eily Forgive!

Mrs. C Forgive your mother, Eily.

Eily [Embracing her.] Mother!

[MRS. CREGAN, HARDRESS, EILY, FATHER TOM, group together—ANNE, KYRLE, and GENTLEMEN—LADIES together—their backs to CORRIGAN—CORRIGAN takes bag, puts in papers, looks about, puts on hat, buttons coat, slinks up stage, runs up stairs, and off R.—MYLES points off after him—several GENTLEMEN run after CORRIGAN.]

Anne But what's to become of me? is all my emotion to be summoned for nothing? Is my wedding dress to go to waste, and here's all my blushes ready? I must have a husband.

Hyland and Gentlemen Take me.

O'Moore Take me.

Anne Don't all speak at once! Where's Mr. Daly?

Kyrle [R.] Here I am, Anne!

Anne [R. c.] Kyrle, come here! You said you loved me, and I think you do.

Kyrle Oh!

Anne Behave yourself now. If you'll ask me, I'll have you.

Kyrle [Embracing ANNE.] Anne!

[Shouts outside, L. U. E.]

All What's that?

Myles [Looking off out at back.] Don't be uneasy! it's only the boys outside that's caught ould Corrigan thryin' to get off, and they've got him in the horse-pond.

Kyrle They'll drown him.

Myles Niver fear, he wasn't born to be drowned—he won't sink—he'll rise out of the world, and divil a fut nearer heaven he'll get than the top o' the gallows.

[42]

Eily [To HARD.] And ye won't be ashamed of me?

Anne I'll be ashamed of him if he does.

Eily And when I spake—no—speak—

Anne Spake is the right sound. Kyrle Daly, pronounce that word.

Kyrle That's right; if you ever spake it any other way I'll divorce ye—mind that.

Father T Eily, darlin', in the middle of your joy, sure you would not forget one who never forsook you in your sorrow.

Eily Oh, Father Tom!

Father T Oh, it's not myself I mane.

Anne No, it's that marauder there, that lent me his top coat in the thunder storm.

Myles Bedad, ma'am, your beauty left a linin' in it that has kept me [Pointing to MYLES.] warm ever since.

Eily Myles, you saved my life—it belongs to you. There's my hand—what will you do with it?

Myles [Takes her hand and HARDRESS'S.] Take her, wid all my heart. I may say that, for ye can't take her without. I am like the boy who had a penny to put in the poor-box—I'd rather keep it for myself. It's a shamrock itself ye have got, sir; and like that flower she'll come up every year fresh and green foreninst ye. When ye cease to love her may dyin' become ye, and when ye do die, lave yer money to the poor, your widdy to me, and we'll both forgive ye.

[Joins hands.]

Eily I'm only a poor simple girl, and it's frightened I am to be surrounded by so many—

Anne Friends, Eily, friends.

Eily Oh, if I could think so—if I could hope that I had established myself in a little corner of their hearts, there wouldn't be a happier girl alive than THE COLLEEN BAWN.

SOLDIERS.

SOLDIERS.

GUESTS.

GUESTS.

HYLAND.

O'MOORE. SHEELAH.

KYRLE. ANNE. MYLES. HARDRESS. EILY. FATHER TOM. MRS. CREGAN.

R.

L.

THE END.

Beautiful Woman.

"The world was sad—the garden was a wild;
"And Man the Hermit sighed, till Woman smiled."

Who would not be Beautiful? Those who are beautiful by nature, can make themselves more bewitching with

Hagan's Magnolia Balm.

Those who are not thus gifted can add greatly to their attractions by its use.

Madame de Stael said she would gladly give up the power conferred by her intellectual position, if she could thereby purchase beauty. Throughout all time MAN has done homage to Beauty, and bestowed upon *Beautiful Woman* his life's devotion and adoration.

Nature has not been so lavish of her gifts in this direction, as some of the fair Daughters of Eve may desire. Many lack the first great essential of loveliness, a **Fresh and Blooming Complexion**.

Without it, all other beauties are marred; with it, the plainest features soften into refinement and glow with loveliness. *Hagan's Magnolia Balm* produces this effect and gives to the Complexion the

FRESHNESS OF YOUTH.

If you wish to get rid of **Redness, Blotches, Pimples, etc.**, you should use this delightful article.

It is what Actresses, Opera Singers and Ladies of fashions use to create that *distingue* appearance so much admired by every one.

By its use the roughest skin is made to rival the pure radiant texture of **Youthful Beauty**.

Hagan's Magnolia Balm overcomes the flushed appearance caused by **heat, fatigue and excitement**, makes the eye look clear, full and bright, and imparts a genial, lively expression to the countenance, indicating intellectual power and natural grace.

Ladies exposed to the summer sun, or spring winds, causing **Tan, Sunburn and Freckles**, will find this Balm of great value, as it removes these defects by a few applications. In fact this article is the great **Secret of Beauty**; no Lady who values a **Youthful** appearance can do without it.

It makes a **Lady of Thirty appear but Twenty**; and so natural, gradual and perfect are its effects, that no person can detect its application.

The Magnolia Balm transforms the Rustic Country Girl into a City Belle, more rapidly than any other one thing.

Applied to the **Neck, Arms and Hands**, it imparts an appearance of **graceful rotundity and engaging plumpness**, as well as a **pearly blooming purity**, which is ever the admiration of the opposite sex. When used upon the person it exhales a subdued fragrance, suggesting pure habits and a cultivated taste.

The Magnolia Balm contains nothing in the least injurious to the skin.

The patronage awarded the Magnolia Balm by fashionable ladies of New York, Opera Singers and Actresses, and its rapidly growing demand, induces us to recommend it with unbounded confidence. It costs but **75 Cents per bottle**, and is sold by all Druggists, Perfumers and General Stores. Originally prepared by WM. E. HAGAN, TROY, N. Y.

LYON MANUFACTURING CO.,
53 Broadway, New York.

Lyon's Kathairon.

For Preserving and Beautifying the Human Hair. To Prevent its Falling Out and Turning Gray.

A well preserved Head of Hair, in a person of middle age, at once bespeaks refinement, elegance, health and beauty. It may truly be called Woman's Crowning Glory, while men are not insensible to its advantages and charms. Few things are more disgusting than thin, frizzly, harsh, untamed Hair, with head and coat covered with Dandruff. Visit a barber and you feel and look like a new man. This is what **LYON'S KATHAIRON** will do all the time. The charm which lies in well placed Hair, Glossy Curls, Luxuriant Tresses, and a Clean Head, is noticeable and irresistible.

The Ladies, (who are the best judges of what pertains to beauty and adornment,) are getting to understand the value and importance of a fine Head of Hair. Thus, we see that more and more attention is paid to the Culture, Growth and Preservation of the Hair by both sexes. Women are not alone in the desire to improve their Tresses.

Barber shops and hair dressing saloons multiply in number, and Ladies' hair dressing is fast becoming a fine art.

And thus the demand for LYON'S KATHAIRON constantly increases, and every day adds new testimony to its very great value.

Do you ask why? For the following reasons: (More could be given, but these ought to be satisfactory to start with.)

- Because it increases the Growth and Beauty of the Hair.**
- Because it is a Delightful Dressing.**
- Because it Eradicates Dandruff.**
- Because it Prevents the Hair from Falling Out.**
- Because it Prevents the Hair from Turning Gray.**
- Because it Keeps the Head Cool and heals Pimples.**
- Because it gives the Hair a rich, soft, glossy appearance.**

The now widely celebrated Kathairon, was first discovered and introduced to the public in 1848, by Prof. E. Thomas Lyon, a graduate of Princeton College, N. J. The name is derived from the Greek, "*Kathro*," or "*Kathairo*," signifying to cleanse, purify, rejuvenate, or restore. The favor it has received and the popularity it has obtained, is unprecedented and incredible. It was found to be not only a beautiful Dressing for the Hair, but to act medicinally upon the head in cleansing it of Scurf and Dandruff, and restoring Hair upon Bald Heads.

Baldness is an American peculiarity so often witnessed, that many candidly suppose it *constitutional, hereditary, or a natural exhaustion of the powers of nature*. It is frequently caused by wearing a too thick covering upon the Head; by straining the Hair too hard in parting, and by neglecting to clean the Scalp from Dandruff and other impurities. A free use of Kathairon will entirely obviate this difficulty, as its cleansing and purifying properties immediately remove all these impurities. We are confident in saying that *in every case* (except where the Hair is entirely dead, *which very seldom exists*,) a continued application of the KATHAIRON *will restore the Hair to its former Strength and Vigor*.

To Prevent the Hair from coming out, USE LYON'S KATHAIRON.

- It is a most delightful Hair Dressing.
- It eradicates scurf and dandruff.
- It keeps the head cool and clean.
- It makes the hair rich, soft and glossy.
- It prevents hair from turning gray and falling off.
- It restores hair upon premature bald heads.

The above is just what Lyon's Kathairon will do. It is pretty—it is cheap—durable. It is literally sold by the car-load, and yet the almost incredible demand is daily increasing, until there is hardly a country store that does not keep it, or a family that does not use it. All Druggists sell it. Price, in large bottles, 50 cents.

Lyon Manufacturing Co., New York.

Transcriber's Note

The following apparent errors have been corrected:

- p. 5 "vulgularly" changed to "vulgarly"
- p. 10 "*Miles*" changed to "*Myles*"
- p. 10 "*Myles.*" changed to "*Myles*"
- p. 19 "it her" changed to "it in her"
- p. 19 "he brazen" changed to "he'd brazen"
- p. 22 "[*Aside*]" changed to "[*Aside.*]"
- p. 24 "DANNY" changed to "DANNY."
- p. 25 "*Danny.*" changed to "*Danny*"
- p. 25 "*Eily.*" changed to "*Eily*"
- p. 26 "*Staggering*" changed to "*Staggering.*"
- p. 26 "*Anne.*" changed to "*Anne*"
- p. 30 "dyin,'" changed to "dyin',"
- p. 31 "*Going up*" changed to "*Going up.*"
- p. 31 "SHEELAH" changed to "SHEELAH"
- p. 32 "Muckrose" changed to "Muckross"
- p. 32 "Make" changed to "Made"
- p. 33 "Conccals" changed to "Conceals"
- p. 33 "*Annie*" changed to "*Anne*"
- p. 35 "matter" changed to "matter."
- p. 36 "t'ye. don't" changed to "t'ye, don't"
- p. 36 "DUCIA" changed to "DUCIE"
- p. 37 "commence" changed to "commence?"
- p. 37 "*Ducia*" changed to "*Ducie*"
- p. 37 "O'Conner" changed to "O'Connor"
- p. 38 "*Hard.*" changed to "*Hard*"
- p. 39 "3 E" changed to "3 E."
- p. 40 "3" changed to "3 E."
- p. 40 "do so." changed to "do so."

Inconsistent spelling and punctuation have otherwise been left as printed.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE COLLEEN BAWN; OR, THE BRIDES OF GARRYOWEN ***

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