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Henry & Harriet Delf
6002 1814
KATHLEEN O'NEIL.

A GRAND NATIONAL

M E L O D R A M E,

IN THREE ACTS.

AS PERFORMED AT
THE BELFAST THEATRE.

*Written by Miss Walsby,
of Belfast.*

BELFAST:

PRINTED BY ARCHBOLD AND DUCAN,

24, HIGH-STREET.



TO
MONTAGUE TALBOT, ESQ.

SIR,

IN dedicating to you my first dramatic production, I pay you the only tribute of gratitude in my power, for your unwearied exertions in presenting it to the public. To your dignified performance of Phelim, the piece owes much of its success—to your liberality as a Manager, I must ever remain a grateful debtor. Were I to express how much I feel on this subject, I should far exceed the limits prescribed by custom to an address of this nature ; I must therefore rest satisfied with requesting you to accept this feeble testimony of esteem and respect, from,

Sir,

Your obliged

and faithful servant,

THE AUTHOR.

Belfast, April 9th, 1814.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

IRISH.

PHELIM, O'NEIL, PRINCE OF ULSTER,	<i>Mr. Talbot.</i>
CLAN COLMAN,	<i>Mr. Seymour.</i>
TURLOCH MORE,	<i>Mr. Williams.</i>
FERDARRA,	<i>Mr. Jones.</i>
O'CAGHAN,	<i>Mr. D'Clifford.</i>
CONOLLAN,	<i>Mr. Kilner.</i>
CORMAC,	<i>Mr. Maywood.</i>
CARRYL,	<i>Mr. Glandore.</i>
BARDS,	<div> <i>Mr. Gavan.</i> <i>Mr. Gough.</i> <i>&c. &c.</i> </div>

SCOTS.

M'DONNEL,	<i>Mr. Campbell.</i>
RONALD,	<i>Mr. Smith.</i>
KATHLEEN O'NEIL, (PRINCESS OF ULSTER,)	<i>Mrs. Clarke.</i>
MINONA,	<i>Miss Philips.</i>
MORNA,	<i>Mrs. M'Culloch.</i>
ELLEN,	<i>Mrs. Campbell.</i>
ATTENDANT LADIES, &c. &c.	

KATHLEEN O'NEIL.

ACT I.

SCENE 1.

A court yard before O'Neil's castle.....Music.....Enter CONOLLAN, CORMAC, and attendants, as from the chace.

Conol. The chace was long and ardent.

Corm. Yes faith, and the shafts of the Lady Kathleen told well; why she has slain more deer to-day than would feast the Augustine Monastery at Shrovetide.

Conol. Peace Cormac—speak reverently of sacred things.

Corm. I hope you call the appetites of forty hungry friars sacred things! Truly, I fear they may rather be called profane, they are so carnally set.

Conol. Cormac, Cormac, thy tongue runs before thy wits.

Corm. Better my tongue run away from my wits, than my wits run away from my tongue: but I can

tell you, my wits were never so near taking their departure as this morning, when we passed the cell of Ferdarra.

Conol. Ferdarra indeed, inspires awe—but his life is so sanctified.

Corm. Awe! it goes deeper than awe with me, for it has got the length of *dread*; there hangs a cloud of mystery on that man, which with all my ingenuity (and thank my stars, I have a tolerable stock,) I never have been able to penetrate. Then his dark scowling brow, peeping from under his monk's cowl, and his sudden appearance, where he is least expected—[*looks round fearfully.*] heaven knows but he may be at my elbow—no, safe for once.

Conol. I do not meddle with those things; but I remember well the time in which he first appeared among us, though whence he came, or why, no one could ever learn.

Corm. One thing is certain, that I have often seen him in the castle, when to obtain entrance he must have crept through the key hole.

1st. Atten. The doors would themselves unbar, at the approach of so holy a man: Oh, he is piety itself; his penances are edifying, his fasts the delight of the whole country.

Corm. A newly-invented species of delight, truly! and one in which I have no wish to participate, particularly as a principal.

1st. Atten. But see the reward of his pious abstinence, the very spirits of darkness are subject to his power, and he can foresee what will happen a hundred years hence, as plainly as I see your face.

Corm. I have no ambition to meddle with the spirits of darkness, in any shape or form; and as to the gift of prophecy, I am fully satisfied to take things as they come.

1st. Atten. I would not offend that man for all our Chief's spacious domain.

All the Atten. Nor I, nor I, nor I, &c.

Conol. I do not know whether all that is said concerning him may be true, but he is certainly an extraordinary man, and perhaps the less we speak of him the better—but who have we here?

Enter CLAN COLMAN, disguised as a Harper; he appears exhausted, as from fatigue.

Corm. Why minstrel, you seem to have travelled far?

Clan Col. Truly I have: from where the majestic Shannon mingles with the Western Ocean, have I wandered; sometimes lodging in the cottage of the peasant, sometimes in the castle of the chieftain; this day's journey has not been long, but tedious; a few miles hence I had the misfortune to lose my way, and have been straying amidst your glens, unable to get forward; at length the sound of your hunting horns, guided my steps to an opening glade, whence I had a distant view of your company, and a peasant just then coming up, directed me to the castle.

Corm. Oh Lord! Father if this is not the same Harper that diverted us all last Michaelmas, with his tales and songs; it was he too that saved Lady Kathleen from being drowned in the boating match.

Conol. I was then absent with the noble Phelim.

Corm. And the greater was your loss; he stretched my mouth two inches wider, I laughed so much.

Clan Col. Report speaks loudly of the Chieftain's virtues.

Corm. It does him but justice, though I must own his brow is now and then a little intimidating.

Conol. 'Tis his brave and lofty spirit that ever and anon breaks forth; but where will you find his equal? in war a lion, in peace a lamb; his ample board ever spread for the succour of the hungry wanderer, his sword never drawn but in defence of the oppressed,

his bosom the shrine of truth, and his word sacred as the oath that angels have registered.

Corm. Yes, we have all pretty good reason to be sensible of that, for if he should once, even by accident, happen to say "Cormac, you must remove this castle," as it would be rather cumbrous for one back load, he would make me carry it stone by stone, till I had lodged it in the bottom of the lake.

Conol. For shame, Cormac, the noble Phelim is firm, but his firmness is not the offspring of capricious obstinacy; the loss of his son, who fell on the glorious plains of Clontarf, has thrown a veil of melancholy on his brow, but where is perfection to be found, if not in Phelim?

Corm. In my mind, a great deal more likely to be met with in the Lady Kathleen: she is the softened image of her sire; she is in alabaster, what he is in marble, his firmness, without his inflexibility, his noble nature, without his pride; *he* is the oak of the forest, fitted to resist the wintry blast, *she* is the blossom of the apple, whose perfume breathes upon the vernal breeze: in short, if ever a double portion of celestial light was bestowed upon a mortal, it was surely sent to illuminate the bosom of Lady Kathleen. The Lady Minona is also a sweet creature; but then she is so melancholy since young Dermot's death, she chokes my breath, like a fog from the lake on a misty morning: Oh Kathleen for me.

Clan Col. You speak warmly on this subject, young man.

Conol. Minstrel, my son says true; she is like a beautiful temple, which the image of the Deity inhabits.

Clan Col. She has then, doubtless, many suitors?

Conol. She has.

Clan Col. And one is favoured?—

Conol. No.

Clan Col. Is her heart invulnerable?

Conol. Hitherto it should seem so, but it becomes not me to speak of my Chieftain's daughter.

Corm. I should be very sorry if it did not become me, for I am as eloquent on the subject, as Friar Lawrence, when he preached last lent, against the abomination of golden bodkins and red petticoats; but the truth is, though Lady Kathleen's eyes have set fire to many a heart, and the sweetness of her smile has fascinated more captives than ever her father took in battle, no hero has yet been fortunate enough to return the compliment,

Conol. Peace, Cormac, the Chief approaches.

(*From Castle.*) *Enter PHELM, KATHLEEN, and MORNA.....all bow.....KATHLEEN smiles benignly..... PHELM bows his head with kindness, but with dignity.....Music.....GUARDS.*

Phelim. So Conollan, how fares it?

Conol. Why, well, my Lord; the chace ever cheers me with the remembrance of my youthful days, the sound of the horn animates my old heart, and the fresh air of the morning pours a reviving cordial on my spirits—but here is a Harper who has just arrived, and who seeks from your Lordship the rights of hospitality.

Kath. [*Aside.*] Ha! 'tis the same—be still my beating heart!

Phelim. They are granted: conduct him to the castle; let him receive all the offices of social kindness, they are his by right, for he is a *stranger*.

Kath. Oh, sacred title!

Phelim. Ye, my Kathleen, it is the title which heaven has consecrated in the breasts of Irishmen—the wanderer's best assurance of safety and protection: but this minstrel has another claim—the hal-
lowed torch of genius has shed its light around him; and never, Oh never! may the son of song be denied.

shelter under the banner that is emblazoned with the Harp of Erin. [HARPER bows.]

Morna. Oh dear, my Lord, he's no stranger here; he visited the castle once before, and charmed every one's heart with his music.

Enter CARRYL.

Car. My Lord, I seek you: this moment a messenger from M'Donnel, Lord of the Isles, announces his speedy arrival—he must be near at hand; his courier says, that he demands an immediate audience of you and of the Lady Kathleen.

Phelim. This visit is most strange, but let him come.

Morna. For my part, I am very glad he is come, it will make some stir in the castle, and I always liked variety.

Kath. Oh my Father, I like not even the name of this bad man; report speaks loudly of his cruelties, his vassals tremble at his tyrant nod, and I could never clasp that hand in marriage, which cruelty had stained with human blood!

Clan Col. [*Aside.*] These are the sentiments of an uncorrupted heart: how lovely does woman look when she becomes the advocate of virtue!

Morna. I'm sure he is the only prince a proper match for the daughter of our Chief; the most of them that come are not fit to carry your sandals.

Phelim. My beloved child, hospitality demands that we should receive this Chief; but never shall my Kathleen's hand be given, where her heart does not sanctify the tie—never shall my Kathleen's head recline upon a bosom which rejects the noblest privilege of man—the right of pardoning his fellow mortal. But come, M'Donnel will soon be here, let us prepare to give him audience. Conollan, to your care I commit the minstrel, let him be your guest, and

when leisure permits, he shall exhibit his skill in our presence. Come, my Kathleen.

[*Exeunt into the Castle.*]

Corm. [*Aside.*]. Now would I give the left hand off my body, for permission to drub that Seot heartily with the right.—Oh, St. Bridget! that ever he should have power to vex the Lady Kathleen!

[*Exit into the Castle.*]

SCENE 2.

An ancient Hall in PHELM'S Castle.....Banners hung round to give a warlike appearance.....music..... enter PHELM, KATHLEEN, MINONA.....they sit..... CLAN COLMAN, CONOLLAN, CORMAC, MORNA, &c. who range themselves.....then, enter M'DONNEL and FOLLOWERS, to Scottish music.

M'Don. Hail to the great O'Neil!—hail to the Lady-Kathleen!

Phelim. Chieftain, welcome! welcome to Erin! welcome to the castle of O'Neil!

M'Don. Will not the Lady Kathleen repeat her father's welcome?—

Morna. Aye sure, if she were not too modest.

[*KATHLEEN motions her to be silent.*]

Kath. You are my father's guest, and therefore, welcome.

Morna. [*Aside to KATH.*] My dear child, if you indulge in these airs, you will never come to a right understanding.

Kath. Peace, good fosteress.

M'Don. Only therefore?—

Phelim. My Lord, hospitality, with us, is a dear and sacred virtue: and when my daughter bids you welcome, she gives you that reception, which it becomes the daughter of O'Neil to offer, the Lord of the Isles to receive.

M'Don. Chieftain, I like not this cold constrained civility: twice, by my ambassadors, have I sought your daughter's hand, and twice have been rejected; perhaps I even degrade myself, in coming to renew my offers personally.—

Morna. Oh, faith he's too saucy, we have a right to as good as he.

Phelim. No, Chieftain; no man can be degraded, who, by honourable means, courts the acceptance of a lovely and virtuous woman: nevertheless, ('tis with regret I speak it) my answer was decisive.

M'Don. Have you considered my power—my wealth—my extensive dominion?—

Phelim. I have, and with me they weigh not: power and wealth have little share in conjugal happiness—they may add dignity to the chieftain, but cannot recommend the man.

M'Don. I have offered a political, as well as a family alliance: the rovers, who from my islands have long infested these shores, shall be prohibited all future ravage.

Phelim. I thank you; but the sword of Phelim can protect his own possessions; and never shall the happiness of my child, be the sacrifice to a political union.

Morna. Well after all, I don't think just so much of him as I did at first; may-be we may do as well at home—nobody knows our luck.

M'Don. [To MIN.] Lady, wilt thou plead for me?

Min. Chieftain, I cannot: in the heart alone are seated those emotions—over our affections we have no power: they must be spontaneous, or they cannot flourish.

Phelim. True, Minona, love will not be controlled.

[MINONA sighs.]

M'Don. But you have no male issue—should death deprive her of you, who will then guard the inheritance of your daughter?

[*MIN. violently agitated, KATH. supports her.*

Phelim. [*With emotion.*] Chieftain, thou didst ill to remind me of my son; yet the remembrance, though sad, is not unpleasing:—he died bravely, fighting against the invaders of his country—the tears of that country have bedewed his ashes, the harp has consigned his name to immortal glory, and his memory, like the wild-rose that blooms upon his grave, sheds a fragrance that is grateful to the soul. Heaven, that devoted him to his country's service, will protect my Kathleen!

Min. [*Eurting into tears.*] Oh yes, it will! and may the virtues of the departed hover around her like guardian seraphs!

Kath. My loved Minona, calm thy agitated mind: even for my sake be tranquil.

Min. For thee, my Kathleen! what is there I would not do for thee?—

M'Don. Will not the lovely Kathleen herself declare her sentiments?

Kath. My Lord, the sentiments of my father are mine; deem me not ungrateful for your preference; respect for my father, who deigns to answer for me, has hitherto sealed my lips: but since you appeal to me—his will is mine.

M'Don. So haughty too!—proud girl you may repent.—

Morna. Not too proud for the race she springs from.

Min. Chieftain, for shame!

Kath. What! Chieftain, do you threaten me! am I denied the common privilege of my sex—the right of refusal?—Know then, what courtesy would have concealed—I would not to be empress of the world accept your hand; not though death awaited my re-

jection, would I be the wife of him who dares do violence to my inclinations!

M'Don. [*With a sarcastic smile.*] What spirit in the gentle Kathleen!

Kath. [*With conscious dignity.*] Chieftain, I am the daughter of O'Neil!

Phelim. And worthy of thy ancestors. My lord, you must desist.—

M'Don. O'Neil, I will not: I do not comprehend this romantic folly which you call delicacy; born amidst the storms of the northern ocean, my nature is too well accustomed to the tempest; to dread a girl's frowning brow.

Morna. I would I were a man to teach you manners:—this is not the way our Irish ladies are spoken to.

M'Don. [*Contemptuously.*] I parley not with thee.

Phelim. M'Donnel, you are my guest, or you should learn to dread the hero's sword; but none who have so grossly insulted my child, can remain under her father's roof; depart my lord, in peace—your progress to the coast shall not be interrupted: depart—and when next you assume the character of wooer, remember that the heart of a virtuous female is a prize which must be sued for, not demanded: for the woman has already tarnished her honour, who has forfeited her sex's dignity.

M'Don. Proud, contemptuous man, yes, I will depart; but do you remember, that none e'er yet offended M'Donnel with impunity; remember too, that a proud heart spurned, has but one path to follow—that of vengeance!

[*Exit with train.*]

Min. Thank heaven, he is departed.

Morna. Amen: what a saucy companion it is!

Kath. My Father, I tremble!—Wounded pride and female delicacy supported me while in his presence—that stimulus withdrawn, I sink into all the ti-

midity of my sex. Perhaps I was too lofty in my answer; I should have softened my refusal more. Oh! if my foolish pride involve my father!

Min. Kathleen, dear Kathleen, despise these empty threats!

Morna. Despise them! aye, from the bottom of your soul!—what of him? Faith, if he always woo in this fashion, I would rather be married to the drone of a Highland bagpipe, than to such a roaring, blustering sea-horse!

Phelim. Be still, my child; thou didst acquit thyself as became the daughter of thy illustrious forefathers: whate'er may happen, thou art guiltless. Insulting man! had he dared to breathe such language in any place but this, I would have written his confutation on his heart! but calm this agitation; banish the recollection of this turbulent chieftain: let the stranger minstrel approach, and strike the harp to the most enlivening air our native land can boast—and do thou, my Kathleeu, smile as thou art wont—as the sunbeam cheers the face of nature when the storm has departed.

The HARPER comes forward; he views KATHLEEN with a look of interest and respect.....enter CARRYL.

Car. My lord, a stranger demands admittance to your presence.

Kath. Oh my father! 'tis an emissary of the detested M'Donnel!

Phelim. My love, be not thus alarmed; none dares approach this castle with hostile intentions; besides, surrounded by our faithful vassals, no danger can be apprehended. Admit the stranger; and do you, my daughter, retire, least any new surprize overwhelm your exhausted spirits.

Kath. We go; but Oh! may heaven protect my father!

[*Exeunt KATH. and MIN.*

Enter O'CAGHAN.

O'Cagh. [*Kneeling.*] Chieftain, I come to demand your justice—chieftain, I come to claim your protection.—

Phelim. Rise, and declare your errand.

O'Cagh. My name is O'Caghan; I come from the side of the lofty Banbradan: while yet a boy, I went to fight the battles of my country; but lately have I returned; and, how shall I speak it!—I found my brother murdered—our lands bestowed upon another—and the dwelling of my mother burned to the ground!!!— [*He pauses from excessive emotion.*

Phelim. Why did you not apply to your immediate lord?

O'Cagh. Shall the dove seek redress from the devouring hawk? Shall the lamb fly to the wolf for protection?—He it is who has thus devastated what he should have shielded with his life.

Phelim. Could Turloch More act thus?

O'Cagh. Even thus, my lord.

Phelim. Then, thou shalt have vengeance! Soon shall Banbradan's towers—

O'Cagh. My lord, even now he shelters beneath the roof of his infant nephew's castle; not many miles hence: in two hours we reach it.

Phelim. On then; and ere the sun sink in the dark heaving ocean, this sword shall expel the tyrant, and restore thy fortunes.

[*FERDARRA who has glided, unperceived, into the hall, during the foregoing conference, suddenly throwing off his hood, and rushing forward.*

All. FERDARRA!!!

Fer. Chieftain, beware! dearly wilt thou rue the act thou dost meditate: even now the thunder of heaven has begun to roll—the dark cloud bursts upon thy head—the lightning strikes thee to the ground—

lo! thy hand is bathed in blood! invisible indeed to every eye save mine—to me alone revealed in prophetic vision: desist, desist—dare not the wrath of heaven!

[During this speech, the countenances of the attendants express the various passions of fear, horror, and surprise; PHELIM alone, steadily gazes on his hand, still uplifted with his sword, as if anxious to examine whether it were really bleeding.]

Phelim. And if I should fall, to fall in the cause of oppressed innocence is worthy of an Irish heart.—Oh! how light and wavering must be the mind of that man, whom an idle tale of superstition could deter from an act of virtue.

Fer. Chieftain, beware! again I warn thee: slight not the indications of its will, which heaven vouchsafes thee.

Phelim. Heaven never yet declared against the unfortunate: to succour him whom the strong hand of power would crush, is the commission heaven delegates to its chosen ministers; and never did a purer offering grace its altar, than when the patriotic heart bleeds to defend the laws of its country. Haste then, assemble all my followers—prepare my war horse;—our coursers are fleet, our swords are sharp—soon shall the tyrant feel the power of his superior lord, and be forced to relinquish that dominion which he knows not how to use.—Follow.

[Flourish.] All exit, except FERDARRA.

Fer. *[After a pause.]* If he depart, I'm lost! my plans not ripe
For execution, in the bud destroyed,
Must die away.—Undaunted Phelim's mind
Is strong and powerful; nor heeds he aught

Which could subdue a less exalted soul.
 But I will after him—some chance may fall
 To speed me onward in my destined course.

[Exit.

Enter FOLLOWERS, armed.

1st. Fol. This is a sudden march.

2d. Fol. For my part, I would rather have remained quietly in my cottage.

1st. Fol. No matter what you would rather do, hasten to do your duty. [Exeunt.

Noise without....Re-enter PHELM and ATTENDANTS, &c. KATHLEEN, MINONA, and MORNA, hanging on him, watching his looks....countenances of the ATTENDANTS express consternation.

Min. My more than parent, speak!

Kath. My father, Oh! my father, are you hurt?

Phelim. No, my children, 'twas but a trifle.

Conol. I never saw that steed plunge before, and many a hot field he has borne your lordship through.

Phelim. Yes, Conollan, he has been long my faithful servant; for which cause, one fault shall not destroy the remembrance of his fidelity.

Morna. He made such a plunge, he almost kicked my brains out.

Corm. [Aside.] Gad, he had some merit; he came upon a mine nobody ever heard of before.

Conol. I pray you, my lord, at least do not use him now.

Phelim. Foolish boy, and wherefore not?—is he too leagued against the performance of my duty?—

[FERDARRA suddenly appears from behind.

Fer. Chief, art thou now convinced?

Phelim. Because my horse flung his heels: what childish superstition!

Fer. Thy reasonings are useless. Heaven has twice declared against thy purpose: again I warn thee, dread its avenging power!

Phelim. Ferdarra, I dread nothing but the failing in my duty. Heaven, that planted me here as a majestic oak upon a mountain, bade me shelter the plants that grew beneath my shade; shall I then expose them to the withering blast of the desert? shall I deprive them of that protection I was commanded to afford them?—Power was never delegated to man, but for the general good; and it is only to preserve the laws of social order, that one is made greater than another.—I will proceed.

Min. Sublime moralist! How like the honied dew, is the soft flow of thy eloquence!—Oh! thou art more than mortal!

Morna. He's very sublime to be sure, but it's just as good to sleep in a whole skin; your heroes' bones are as brittle as other people's, and I never heard that glory was of any use in stopping blood.

Fer. Will not even the solicitations of the Lady Kathleen avail?

Kath. Ferdarra, they will not be tried; my father's life is dear to me—heaven knows how dear! but even his life is less precious to me than his honour. Why does my affection for him thrill through every vein?—Oh! 'tis because in his virtues I behold the noblest transcript of the Deity! Shall then my weakness enfeeble his strength? shall I sully that fame which sheds its lustre even on me?—never: my heart I know will bleed at every pore, till his return; but at least I will endeavour to be worthy of my father.

Clan Col. [*Aside.*] Exalted woman!

Phelim. [*Embracing her.*] Thou dear and precious treasure! possessing thee, how poor does every object seem! Conollan, to you and Cormac, I commit the care of this sacred deposit: Carryl too, shall remain with you, and from your fidelity and care I

expect every thing. O'Caghan, come—come that I may fulfil my promise—that I may verify that word, which never yet was broken. Kathleen, farewell!—heaven will preserve me for thy sake; and may all the angels that guard the good and virtuous, descend and hover around thee! Farewell!—

[*Flourish.* Exit, with O'CAGHAN, &c.

[*As KATHLEEN is retiring pensively to the back of the stage, CORMAC approaches.*

Corm. [*Respectfully.*] Lady, will you permit the minstrel to exert his skill—he will divert your thoughts?

Kath. He may approach, Cormac; I would not hurt your feelings, by rejecting your kindness; but let him not attempt a lively strain—something that will soothe, best suits my present state.

Min. Let us not restrict his genius—let it soar through its own native ether, bold as the towering eagle when he challenges the noon-tide sun.

Clan Cloman. [*Coming forward.*] Lady, I wait the moment of inspiration—I wait to catch the voices of celestial spirits, as they float upon the trembling air around!—

Irish Music.

Kath. [*Aside.*] What magic does this unknown bard possess?—

What harmony inspires each melting strain!

Oh! I could listen, till my raptured soul

Had breathed away her senses. (*Aloud.*)

I thank thee, minstrel, thou hast indeed calmed my spirits: I will now retire, that I may pray for the safety of my father—for devotion alone, can soothe the filial sorrows of a daughter.

Min. I too will seek my chamber, for this strain has raised emotions in my troubled mind of sad remembrance!

Kath. Come with me, Minona.

Min. No, dearest Kathleen—my sorrows would but add to yours. Oh! could I but reveal!——

Kath. What, sweet Minona?

Min. Nothing!——

Kath. Something oppresses thee, which, still unknown, dwells in thy mind, and fain would vent itself.

Min. Question me no more: could I dissolve the secrets of my heart, thou only shouldst partake them; but in vain—my lips are sealed—I cannot, dare not speak! [Exeunt]

Clan Col. What a soul does that lady possess! No wonder she has had many suitors. Happy he on whom she will at length bestow her hand!

Corm. Bless my heart, when did you find that out? one would think you had been playing at riddle-me-ree. Yet I never saw her smile so beautifully on any of her lovers, as she did upon you while you played: man and boy I have served her these twenty years, and she never gave me such a glance!

Clan Col. I dared not look at her. [Aside.] I must retire, for on this subject I cannot trust myself.

[Exit.]

Corm. Now, since the chieftain has confided to us the care of his castle, I had better see that all is safe; or here, (calls at the door) Carryl, do you examine if the great gate is properly fastened; take a peep over the battlements, lest any stragglers should be abroad, and then return here and make your report. In the mean time, let us talk of our own concerns.—What think you of Ellen, father?

Conal. Ellen is a good girl.

Corm. And is not she a pretty girl?

Conal. Why, yes: but virtue is the gem—beauty is only the setting of it.

Corm. Well, I must own, it sets off virtue wonderfully: a fine speech is always finer from rosy lips; and even the hand of charity is improved by being white.

Conol. The eye of compassion is always brilliant; nor does age spoil the cheek that is flushed with good will to our neighbour.

Corm. Well father, I believe you are right; and to prove that I do, if you will give your consent, I will marry Ellen; and we shall live, I hope, to admire each other's wrinkles, and make mutual love verses on our grey hairs.

Conol. Thou hast it, boy: Ellen makes a good daughter, and therefore will make a good wife. But have you spoken to Ellen?

Corm. Why, I have not yet pronounced the formidable, "will you be mine?" but I have talked to her of the happiness of a cottage of one's own, of seeing one's own woodbine peep in at the window, one's own lambs gambol over the lawn, one's own fruits to regale one in the summer, one's own fire-side blazing with faggots, to cheer one in the winter; and she seemed to think all this very comfortable.

Conol. Well, my boy, speak to her as soon as you will. I will give you my blessing. But now to see that all's well.— [Exit.]

Corm. [Alone.] Well, the old boy consented more readily than I had expected:—these old folks are generally for reckoning up the flocks and the herds, and the—Oh plague take them! Gold never shone with the brightness of Ellen's eyes; and her smile is worth the dowry of a princess!

SONG.

AIR — "Hey, dance to the fiddle and tabor."

Dear Ellen! what gold or what treasure

To me could such moments of rapture convey,
As do thy smiles, when enlivened by pleasure,
At eve by the brook in the valley we stray!

Bright are thy eyes, each emotion expressing,
 As fondly we wander beneath the green shade.
 Life without thee is not worth the possessing :
 A wild, full of thorns, all the roses decayed.

Chorus, Da Capo.

White is her neck, as the lily fresh blowing,
 And dark are the ringlets that wave on her brow ;
 Lovely her cheeks as the rose newly glowing,
 When blushing she hears while I breathe the soft
 vow.

Then, let the miser his money-bags number,
 And o'er his possessions in apathy dream ;
 Mine be the waking, and mine be the slumber,
 Where love holds his revels, beside the clear
 stream.

CHORUS.—Dear Ellen, &c.

As he is going out, enter ELLEN.

Corm. My dear Ellen, I was just going to seek you.

Ellen. Well then, now you have found me, you have your errand :—here have been rare doings I am glad, however, you are not one of the party our chieftain has taken with him.

Corm. Oh, my dear, my services are only suspended, not dispensed with : I am to have the command of the detachment that is to march in reserve—a kind of forlorn hope, or so.

Ellen. Why, I thought your father and you were left with charge of the castle.

Corm. My father, to be sure, who is too old for active service, and only fit for the command of a fortress ; but for me, who am the bravest, the most enterprising follower the noble Phelim has, how do you

suppose he could proceed without me?—Where is the head to contrive, or hand to execute, when Cormac is absent?

Ellen. The chief.—

Corm. But the chief cannot be every where at once—he must have a deputy. Who then, except myself, could supply his place?

Ellen. Well Cormac, if your size were equal to your vanity, you would be at least seven feet high.

Corm. Oh, spirit does not depend on size; some very great conquerors have been mere hop-o'-my-thumb's—fellows that would never have been visible, but for the mischief they did to the world.

Ellen. You'll never be one of them. Do you remember the evening that Carryl tripped up your heels at football, and how much I laughed?

Corm. Yes, you were vastly agreeable that night: however he took me by surprise.

Ellen. And I made you agreeable too, in spite of yourself.

Corm. Egad you did; for you made me the laughing stock to the whole party.

Ellen. Dear Cormac, if you had only seen the sunnerset you made, and how the lead in your pate overbalanced the feathers in your heels.—By-the-bye, these same heels may be of some use to you, should the chief be defeated.—

Corm. Chief defeated!—that's impossible; for he commands the hearts no less than the swords of his followers: and as to an Irishman flying in battle, damme, if a son of the sod would not fight till he die!

Ellen. Well, don't take pet then.—

Corm. Perhaps you may take pet, when I tell you, you have a formidable rival, Ellen.—

Ellen. A rival! in whom?

Corm. Why, cannot you guess?

Ellen. No, faith; for I flatter myself—[surveying her person] or perhaps it is no flattery, so many

people join in the same story ; but be that as it may, it can't be Rosa, for she is only formidable when she scolds—it is not Bridget, for she is truly formidable in her ugliness.—Oh deuce take it! once for all, I know nothing about the matter.

Corm. What think you of Morna?

Ellen. Morna! Oh lord! Cormac, that's too ridiculous. Oh, no—no—no—be as vain as you please of my preference, but never imagine that the old lady has taken a fancy to you.

Corm. She doats upon me, I assure you.

Ellen. She doats, I'll swear, if you are telling the truth.

Corm. Let me tell you, I am not such a despicable conquest.—

Ellen. Why, to be sure, they say love is blind ; but I suspect the good old soul does not owe the loss of sight to that cause, solely : I question whether she could distinguish between a peach and a potato, unless she tasted them.

Corm. She has distinguished me, however.

Ellen. I am glad you told me, for the jest's sake ; and I shall quiz the sweet soul, till she shan't know whether to laugh or to cry ; and as to you, master Cormac, I shall teach you to come with your formidable rivals, and so forth. I have a good mind to marry the old bard, and then he may amuse the castle with the tale of poor Cormac, who hanged himself for the love of faithless Ellen!—

Corm. Dear Ellen, a truce.

Ellen. Yes, and afterwards you may come as a ghost, you know—a beautiful ghost you would be, if stretching your neck made you a little taller!

Corm. Well Ellen, say what you will, nothing but your being mine would make life worth enjoying

DUET.—Air....“Garryone.”

CORMAC.

With the heart of my Ellen enraptured and blest,
 In a cot of our own, like two doves in a nest,
 Delightful the summer of life will appear,
 While innocence cries, “I’ve a residence here.”

And when at last it’s genial glow,
 Shall yield to winter’s chilling snow,
 The hearts with fond affection warm,
 Shall kindle in spite of his snows and his storm.

BOTH.

Then let time shake his lead off, and brush up his
 wings,

Till he usher the day, when the harp’s merry strings
 Shall announce the glad tidings, that sighing is o’er,
 And Cormac and Ellen shall never part more.

ELLEN.

And will you still fond and affectionate prove?

CORMAC:

Can the turtle forget to be true to his love?

ELLEN.

Will you still these soft vows of attachment repeat?

CORMAC.

While Erin is verdant, and Ellen is sweet.

No lapse of years shall bring decay,
 To hearts so constant, blithe, and gay.

ELLEN.

Affection still our hearts shall warm,
 And kindle in spite of the snows and the storm.

BOTH.

Then let time shake his lead off, &c.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 3.

*A Forest near the castle of O'NEIL....Enter M'DON-
NEL and FOLLOWERS.*

M'Don. What! spurned, rejected, become the scorn of a woman! Tortures and death!—what are ye to my feelings! I ought to have continued at the castle—I should have dared Phelim to the combat—then had the lovely Kathleen been my prize.—Curse on my coward flight!

Roz. You did not fly, my lord, it was only a retreat; and that is what the greatest conquerors of the age are sometimes compelled to: but what do you now propose?

M'Don. Here will I lurk, amidst these winding glens: she cannot still remain secluded in the castle; let her once step beyond its precincts, and love, bliss, rapture—and dearer than all—revenge, will then be mine! [*Exeunt.*

Enter FERDARRA.

Fer. The die is cast—I must abide the chance.—Turloch is brave—nay, rash; he will fight boldly.

[*Re-enter M'DON. steps on perceiving FERDARRA.*
But, can I pardon Phelim's insults past?—
Three days imprisonment in dungeons drear;—
His daughter too, the sole impediment—

[*Pauses.*

I was not always thus:—there was a time
When I could feel compassion and regret—
But now——

[*M'DON. comes forward, FER. turns suddenly round.*

Fer. What wouldst thou, stranger?

M'Don. Just such a man as thou.

Fer. Stranger, thou knowst me not.—

M'Don. I have heard enough to convince me that you are discontented both with Phelim and his daughter—

ter. I too have powerful motives for wishing their destruction.—Assist me in carrying off the Lady Kathleen, and name your reward.—

Fer. The chief indeed, ere his departure—

M'Don. Departure! what, is Phelim absent! This is then the decisive moment:—my Scots shall storm the castle; and I, amidst the havoc, will bear away the lovely victim!

Fer. [*Contemptuously.*] Storm the castle! Man, how thou talkest! Guarded by chosen followers, it defies thy power!

M'Don. What then is to be done?—speak quickly. Should the Lady Kathleen walk this way, can we not seize her?

Fer. [*Coldly.*] She will not walk this way—she will not leave the castle.

M'Don. Death! how you torture me! How then shall we proceed?

Fer. That I alone can tell. There is a secret entrance to the castle, unknown to all except myself; accident once discovered it to me, and I have cautiously kept the secret; through this I will conduct you.—On our way we will talk further.

M'Don. Lead on—I follow: but first this signal must collect my people. [*Whistles.*]

[*Enter SCOTS; M'DONNEL motions them to follow.....Exit FERDARRA, M'DONNEL, &c.*]

S C E N E 4.

Hall as before, in the Castle.....Enter CORMAC.

Corm. Now am I the happiest mortal that ever a pair of bright eyes captivated! how I do long for the chief's return. I did not think any thing could have added to the anxiety I felt for his safety; but I do believe love is the most powerful, as well as the most delightful passion of our nature. Dear, dear Ellen! what a charmer you are! Lord, she's like a robin!

red-breast singing on the top of a bush, always a sign of good weather.

SONG.—*Air....No. 3.*

Oh! dear, what sadness, what grief, what madness,
Our wedding will cause to the neighbours around!
The lads all sighing, the girls all crying!—
A dozen, at least, in the lake will be drown'd!
But with Ellen my bride, at our own fire-side,
We will taste all the rapture good-humour imparts;
And whoe'er want a home to our cottage may come,
Where a madder of whiskey shall gladden their hearts.

CHORUS.

The bosom glowing, with Ennishowen,
Whate'er be its griefs, never yield to despair;
'Tis the cordial of life, the consoler of strife—
It brightens our pleasures, and lightens our care,
With loving glances, and sly advances,
The ladies attack me wherever I go;
"Such limbs, such eyes—he's a knight in disguise:"
"Dear madam, you flatter"—"I swear to you no."

But with Ellen my bride, I'll lay all this aside,
And enjoy the soft transports good-humour imparts;
And whoe'er want a home to our cottage may come,
Where a madder of whiskey shall gladden their hearts.

Enter MORNA.

Morna. Truly, Cormac, you might employ yourself better than in singing, while our lord is engaged in a dangerous expedition.

Corm. Why, pray now my good lady fosteress, would my silence add to his safety? or do you take my singing for the voice of the Banshi, screaming from the battlements?

Morna. Hush, Cormac; hold your licentious tongue.—Heaven keep us from all manner of mischief. But your idle prate is enough to draw down the vengeance of the spirits that guard the O'Neil race!—How dare you talk so lightly?

Corm. Patience, good madam, and have a little more indulgence for the follies of youth :—you know you were once young yourself.—

Morna. Once young ! you impertinent jackanapes, I am not old yet.—Once young !—

Corm. Why, to be sure, you are able to walk without a crutch, and—

Morna. Puppy ! I shall dance at my Lady Kathleen's wedding.—

Corm. And a precious figure you will cut. Why, there will be more people assembled to look at you, than came to see the great Danish standard, the day it was carried in procession to the abbey !

Morna. Very well, sir—very well ; the Lady Kathleen shall know of your insolence.—

Corm. Nay, now Morna, I did not mean to offend you ; forgive my flippancy : in good faith, I would be heartily sorry to make you angry.

Morna. Why—you have worse friends in the castle than I am. [*Smiles significantly.*]

Corm. [*Aside.*] Plague take her whims, she's at it again. [*Aloud.*] I am truly sensible of that ; and my heart's just like a bog-hole, you have only to pop in a little kindness, and down it sinks.

Morna. Ah ! Cormac, you have the loveliest comparisons !—

Corm. And what's more, I never have to seek them out—they skip from my mouth like an eel from a net, glad to be disentangled.

Morna. And I dreamed last night you had brought me a white sattin mantle.—

Corm. [*Aside.*] Heaven grant it may be her winding sheet. [*Aloud.*] I wish you had dreamed that the chief was safe at home again.—

Morna. The chief is too rash and obstinate ; he has not faith in things that ought to be feared by every reasonable creature : and notwithstanding all the pains

I have taken with the Lady Kathleen's mind, she is very little wiser than her father.

Corm. [*Aside.*] You are well fitted to instruct her mind, truly.

Enter ELLEN, behind.

Ellen. [*Aside.*] What the deuce is the whole castle moping about?—suppose the chief is absent, I'll warrant he's in no danger. That Ferdarra always frightens me when he appears, but whenever his back's turned, I can't help laughing; and I'm sure he knows no more of what's to come, than the man in the moon. But what's here?—Oh! now for some sport.— [*Advancing.*] Ungrateful Cormac! is this the reward of my constancy? I wifo have refused fifteen shield-bearers, two-and-twenty pages, and thirty-five squires for your sake?—

Corm. Ellen!—

Ellen. Monster of perfidy! how dare you pronounce my name? Not content with breaking my heart, you have thrown witchcraft over the eyes of this venerable matron, till she imagines herself young and handsome, and you a *fine tall knight* suing for her hand!—

Morna. None of your sneers, you impertinent baggage! I might have had knights in *dozens*, had I been as forward as you.

Ellen. [*Aside.*] Hem! that's a dream, I fancy; and like other dreams, goes by contraries. [*Aloud.*] If on only had offered every year, since you were my age, you might have had three dozen at least, by thistime

Morna. 'Tis false, you spiteful minx! it is the dignity of my character which makes me look older than I am. I'm none of your gossiping flirts, that think every man in love with them, who shews them common civility.

Ellen. [*Aside.*] No, that you are not. [*Aloud.*] Well, e'en to decide it, let's run three times round the great court, and whoever first reaches the armoury door, wins Cormac.

Morna. I scorn your taunts; though my feet are not so nimble as your tongue.

Corm. Stop, dear Ellen, you will go too far.

Ellen. What! do you take her part even before my face? Oh!—Oh!—Oh! [*pretends to cry*] I shall die!—I shall go mad!—I shall lose my senses!—

Corm. Ellen—Ellen!—

Morna. You will raise the castle with your noise, you jealous fool!

Ellen. Will I?—[*bursting into loud laughter*] then see, I am quite myself again; and believe me, I have too much confidence both in Cormac's constancy and my own attractions, to fear even *your* very superior beauty and agreeability.

Morna. Vain, idle coquette! I shall teach you—

Enter CARRYL.

Corm. Carryl, my brave boy, what news? Is all safe?

Car. Yes: the Lady Kathleen remains in her own apartment, your father keeps watch near the gate, and I have taken a survey of the lake, and found all still and peaceful.

Morna. Then I will go and wait the Lady Kathleen's leisure: she forbade my accompanying her to her apartment, but rather than remain where I am, I would fly to Scotland on a broom-stick. [*Exit.*]

Corm. I think I see you mounted!

Ellen. [*As she goes out.*] I like her taste. Heaven forbid I were doomed to your society!

Corm. Yet it is a good soul—faithful and affectionate; but the sun never shone upon a greater bundle of absurdity. Come however, to our duty.

Car. Why Cormac, you are quite commander here.

Corm. Little as you may think of me, I have had two ladies contending for the prize of my heart.

Car. And to which?—

Corm. Why, length of possession you know, gives a prescriptive right; and therefore, I think Ellen must have the preference. [*Exeunt.*

Ellen. [*Calling after him.*] What! you intend that as a compliment to me, I suppose, you little insignificant coxcomb, while I look down upon you, in every sense of the word.

S C E N E 5.

An apartment in the Castle.....KATHLEEN discovered kneeling in fervent devotion.....MORNA waiting; then rises and comes forward.

Kath. This sacred act of devotion has tranquillized my soul: I rest in peace: my beloved father will return in safety; and happiness will once more gladden the castle of O'Neil. But this minstrel, whence comes he? Is he indeed a youth of vulgar birth?—Oh! that M'Donnell wore a form so fair! Oh! that he boasted manners soft as his! Yet I must banish every thought of him, and only dwell upon my father's safety.

Morna. He is a comely youth, indeed; yet there are as fine lads in the world as he:—Cormac now—

Kath. Is a faithful creature; but he bears no parallel.—

Morna. Why, he is neither so handsome, nor so tall; but he can sing like a blackbird, and prattle like a magpie. [*Sighs affectedly.*] Oh! since poor Rory died, I never met his equal!

Kath. He seems to have made an impression—
Morna, take care of your heart.

Morna. Oh, that's in no great danger: not that if I were as ready to meet people half-way, as they are to advance—I know what I know.

Kath. Good Morna, if you will mean time summon your swain, there is something in which he might be useful.—

[*Exit MORNA.*]

[During this, FERDARRA appears at a secret door behind, stealing cautiously forward; he beckons to M'DONNEL and FOLLOWERS, who rush forward.....FERDARRA gets between her and the door of the apartment.]

Kath. [Shrieks, then recovering herself.] What violence is this! How dare you thus intrude?—

Fer. A less lofty deportment, lady, would become you better.

M'Don. [With an insulting air.] Will you accept me now, lady?

Kath. Never!

M'Don. You will change that resolution.—But why do we trifle?—bear her away.—

Kath. Oh! If you have the hearts of men, forbear!—

M'Don. Bear her away, I say.—Why am I not obeyed?—

Kath. Dare not approach me, monster! Thy very touch brings contamination!

M'Don. Bear her away, I say!—

[Music.....struggle.....she is borne through the secret entrance, which FERDARRA fastens after him.]

ACT II.

SCENE 1.

A Forest, with the cell of FERDARRA.....Music.....Enter M'DONNEL and FOLLOWERS, bearing in KATHLEEN, who seems almost lifeless.

Kath. [Reviving.] Hast thou the heart to execute thy purpose, and trample on an unprotected female?—

M'Don. Have I the heart! else, wherefore did I
risque detection in the castle for thy sake?

Kath. Oh! not for mine; 'twas for the savage
passion of dark revenge!—for sure it was not love?—
Love seeks the safety of it's darling object, and would
protect her even with life itself!

Fer. Bear her into the cell—we have no time to
lose.

Kath. One word—M'Donnel, if thou e'er didst
know a mother's fondness, or a sister's smile—if e'er
that sister claimed protection from thee!—Oh! think
that now thou seest her kneel to thee, and supplicate
thy mercy and thy justice!—

M'Don. I have no mother; and my sister's hand
was raised against my life!—I'll hear no more. Force
her to the cell.

[*They carry her into the cell, then re-enter.*]

M'Don. Now to prepare for flight:—when night
arrives I will return, and bear the lady hence.

Fer. Away then—lose no time; I must depart,
and you but hinder me.—Chieftain, begone.

M'Don. Farewell then—at night I shall return.

[*Exeunt M'DON. and FOLLOWERS.*]

Fer. Now will I hie me to the scene of action.—
If either chieftain fall, why well; if not, fortune may
favour me, or chance direct.—Oh, superstition! what
a chain art thou!—to bind the finest faculties of
man! Thy iron grasp can paralyze his soul, degrade
his nature, sully even his virtues, and sink him to a
state of brutal folly!

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E 2.

Hall of the Castle as before....Enter CONOLLAN, MORNA, CORMAC, and ATTENDANTS, confusedly; they by gestures, express consternation.

Conol. Distraction! gone!—but whither?—how—Oh! who shall tell the noble Phelim this!—

Morna. [*Clamourously.*] Oh! my child—my child—that I nursed with such tenderness!—

Conol. Peace, woman! your clamour is unnecessary:—we have confusion enough, heaven knows, without you!

Morna. I might clamour like a heath-cock at the break of day, before I could make one of you active. Oh! if my poor Rory was alive!—He was a wild cat in swiftness, and an owl in sagacity!

Corm. [*Aside.*] And you are a wild cat in crabbedness, and an owl in stupidity. [*Aloud.*] Why, what would you have us to do?

Morna. Drag the lake—burn the castle!—anything but I would find the Lady Kathleen!—I would go through fire and water, but I would succeed!—

Corm. That would be going through fire and water with a vengeance! It's well you don't insist upon our all taking wing to boot.

Enter CLAN COLMAN, MINONA, ELLEN, and others, severally.

Clan Col. What dreadful tale as this?

Corm. A dreadful tale, indeed! the Lady Kathleen has disappeared, as it should seem, by magic!—No creature was observed near the castle—she could not have passed the gate without my father's knowledge.—

Min. Oh! day of sorrow!

Ellen. There will never be happiness in this castle more!—

Corm. The agents of darkness must have carried her off—no human means were possible.

Clan Col. That it was done by demons, I doubt not; but they were demons that bear the human form.

Con. Why, minstrel, do you know aught?—

Clan Col. [*With dignified pride*] Do I know aught! old man!—

Min. Accuse him not; he sure is innocent.

Clan Col. [*Recovering himself.*] I only know, that the belief in supernatural means, is but an idle dream. And he who pretends to converse with the world of spirits, is either a knave or an enthusiast.

Min. True, minstrel; and sometimes in the same character are both united.

Corm. Ferdarra warned our chieftain of impending danger—he threatened him with the wrath of heaven!—

Clan Col. [*Starting.*] Then *he* is the villain!—

Min. No deeper treads the earth than is that wretch!

Corm. What, he! that holy man! Now heaven forgive your rash, unjust suspicions!

Morna. It all comes of her father's obstinacy:—they could not thrive after offending Ferdarra.

Conol. All the country knows his piety: he would not join in the most innocent pastime, he is so strict in penance.

Clan Col. That devotion never yet was sincere, which was obtruded on the public eye; nor those acts of mortification, aught but solemn mockery, which were performed in presence of the world. True religion dwells in the heart; and even when unseen, pours its beneficent effects around.—Away! away to the cell of Ferdarra!—there we will seize him, and force from his own mouth a confession of his treachery! [*Exit hastily.*]

Min. Heaven speed the minstrel!

Conol. He is a brave fellow : Cormac, you must follow him, and aid the search.

Min. Yes, Cormac, hasten.—Oh ! there's not a wretch so doubly bathed in guilt as is Ferdarra ! Oh ! hasten then—in mercy seek him out, and force him to confess what'er he knows. [Exit.

Conol. I cannot think Ferdarra would injure the Lady Kathleen ; nevertheless, his knowledge may assist our ignorance. Go then, my son—and let it never be said that the heart of an Irishman failed in the cause of virtue.

Corm. No, not in the cause of beauty ; so come away.—Heaven bless thee, Ellen !

Morna. You might have given me *one* kind look at parting.—Oh ! my poor, dear Rory ! no wonder I loved him so much—he would have cast me a glance!—

Corm. None, indeed ; for even when he walked straight forward, there was such a squint in his left eye, that he could see a mile behind him.—Farewell, Ellen ! On, my lads. [Exit.

Ellen. Dear Conollan, I fear for Cormac, should Ferdarra be displeased !—Though I sometimes laugh at him, I dread his anger !

Morna. Why should he, for being asked a civil question ?—Next to hearing a secret, there's nothing like telling.

Conol. There can be no danger ; so keep up your spirits.

Morna. Aye, keep up your spirits ; others feel as much as you, only they have too much *modesty* to let it be known. [Exit.

Ellen. If my love were not greater than your *modesty*, a small compass would contain it. But my dear father—Oh lud ! Conollan, that was a slip of the tongue.

Conol. No apologies, Ellen ; 'twas a kind of prophecy.

Ellen. I'll tell you what, Conollan, there is a sympathy between my heart and my tongue, that all my ingenuity (and I'm not the greatest fool in the world) never can prevent—It's like pulling the bow-string and off goes the arrow.

Conol. Few ladies have that imperfection; for most of their tongues 'as far from their hearts, as Kerry-point from the Giant's Causeway.

Ellen. And so—to say the truth—insignificant as this little Cormac is, he has somehow twisted himself into my good will; and you know—besides—one can't be ungrateful for kindness.—

Conol. Poor Ellen!—caught at last! Well, well, my good girl, never be ashamed of owning that you feel.—

Ellen. That I feel! I feel nothing, I assure you, but plain good-nature.

Conol. Ah! coquette to the last! You may as well be sincere, for dim as my eyes are, I'm not quite blind. But in the meantime we must part, for I have my duty to attend.—Good-bye, Ellen—farewell, daughter! [Exit.

Ellen. How foolishly I betrayed myself! but it's all one now—I may rattle away as I like; that little puppy lies next my heart—like—like—like—I declare like nothing in the world, but true affection and faithful love.

S O N G.

AIR.—“The summer is coming.”

My Cormac, could I softly tread,
Unseen by every mortal eye,
I'd watch around thy gallant head,
To shield thee from each danger nigh;

Thy guardian angel's form I'd wear,
 Till every rude alarm should cease ;
 Then, with affection's gentlest care,
 I'd lead thee back to love and peace.

[Exit.

S C E N E 3.

The front of TURLOCH's Castle.

Phel. [Without.] On, on—up to the walls—
 strike, for victory!

[*Music..... As he and followers rush on to storm the castle, the gates are thrown open.....* CONNOR, a bard, dressed in the habit of his order, enters, bearing a green branch, the symbol of peace, which he presents to PHELM.

Con. Chieftain, our lord apprized of thy approach, by me has sent this token of submission. He knows thou comest to restore this vassal, and yields to thy command. Yet do not think it fear which actuates him—(that base passion of ignoble minds)—no ; it is his brave and noble heart, that dares to own it's errors. The lofty soul of Turloch is sometimes the prey of passion, but he is ever prompt to deplore his faults, and to atone for them. Thy lands, young man, shall be restored to thee ; and he will prove himself more the object of pity than of blame, in all that concerned thy lamented brother : thou, Phelim, shalt witness the performance of this promise.—If thou agree, deign to partake his hospitality—deign to share with him the mantling cup of peace.—

Phel. O'Caghan, what sayst thou ?

O'Cagh. My lord, I wait your pleasure.—

Phel. Bard, I consent. [FOLLOWERS shout.] I came but to procure the terms he offers. Wherefore then should I draw the sword, when by accepting his submission, I can spare the effusion of human blood?

Oh! that all conquerors would learn this lesson!—
Then, never should the faulchion be unsheathed, but
to defend the land our sires bequeathed us, or save
the helpless from the oppressors' grasp.

[*Music.....Exeunt into the castle.*]

SCENE 6.

*A Hall in TURLOCH'S Castle.....A Grand Banquet.....
Music, TURLOCH discovered, &c....PHELM, O'CAGHAN,
&c. introduced by the BARD.....TURLOCH ad-
vances to receive them.*

Tur. Welcome, my chief—welcome, all your brave
followers!—Welcome, O'Caghan!

Phel. I thank you for us all—and I rejoice that
such is our meeting! The flame of civil discord once
lit up, is hard to be extinguished.

Tur. Approach the banquet, chief.

Phel. Not yet: thou didst propose to clear thy-
self from charge of murder, which this youth prefer-
red.—I cannot pledge thee in the friendly cup, till
thou hast proved thyself accused unjustly.

Tur. And I will prove it, even beyond a doubt:
O'Caghan's brother was my early friend—
And might have still been such—but for a villain!
Some trifling cause he had of discontent—
For many days he came not to the castle.
Urged by the vile inventions of a wretch
Then in my court, I sent an ample guard
To seize him—in the struggle he was slain!

[*Pauses, much affected.*]

Meanwhile, his murderer besought his lands—
I would not grant them, though I blamed him not.
But think what dread conviction flashed on me,
When this same miscreant assailed my life!
Too plainly, then, I saw O'Caghan's fate!—

The villain fled—nor could I trace him since,
Till lately it is rumoured that he lurks
Amidst your court, beneath a monkish cowl.

Phel. Can it be possible?

Tur. On this pursuit,
I left my castle; and am hither come
So far upon my way to seek him there.

O'Cagh. Chief, I am satisfied; and will renew to
thee my oath of fealty, in presence of our great
prince.

Phel. And if my lands or court contain that
wretch, he shall be yielded to just punishment.

[*PHELIM standing at some distance.... FOLLOWERS
range themselves round.... All draw their swords,
and hold them in an elevated position.... O'CAGH-
AN kneels; puts his hands between those of TUR-
LOCH.*

O'Cagh. [*Bending forward.*] To be true to thy
interests in peace and war—to fight thy battles when
lawfully summoned—and to bear thee true allegiance,
saving the rights of my superior lord—all this to per-
form, I swear by the order of knighthood. Thou
didst once confer—

[*Music.... Kisses the hilt of TURLOCH's sword;
then rises.... All sheath their swords, and range
themselves round the table.*

Tur. My lord, I pray you to partake our cheer.

Phel. Chieftain, I shall, and gladly.

Tur. O'Caghan, you must pledge me in a cup
of reconciliation.

O'Cagh. You do me honour, chieftain.

Tur. Then, from the bowl, crowned with our na-
tive shamrocks, let us drink the draught of renewed
friendship; and may the bosom of our mother Erin,
never be lacerated by the strife of her sors!

[*They drink.*

Phel. 'Tis a sentiment worthy of an Irish heart ;
and may it be followed by eternal harmony and peace.

Tur. Bid the Bard attend ;—let him raise the
song of fame, and celebrate the glories of our illustrious guest.

CONNOR comes forward ; he sits.....Other BARDS attend.....FERDARRA disguised as a Bard, mingles with them.

S O N G.

AIR.—“ Bumper Squire Jones.”

The banquet is crowned,
The wine sparkles high in the generous bowl,
Now pass it around ;
And let its full measure,
Enliven with pleasure
The feast of the soul ;
Then lend your regards
To the songs of the bards,
While over your senses our music shall steal ;
And honour and glory
Shall swell every story
That fame shall relate in the praise of O'Neil,
In loftier verse
Now wake the loud strain, let your voices arise ;
The praises rehearse,
Of Phelim victorious,
The valiant and glorious,
The brave and the wise ;
Remember the field,
Where he won the proud shield,
The prize of his valour, his fame's brilliant seal ;
Till the harp's lofty strain
Over mountain and plain,
Shall resound with the praise of the gallant O'Neil.

Now soft be the note,
 Still sweeter and sweeter each murmuring close;
 Around let it float.
 The praises of beauty
 Shall now be its duty,
 As trembling it flows;
 The rose-bud at eve,
 Might new lustre receive,
 Would the cheeks of young Kathleen their blushes
 conceal.
 Then pour the libation,
 And may the whole nation
 Unite for the success of Kathleen O'Neil.

Phel. Bard, thou hast well acquitted thee of thy task. I would my daughter were here—she would admire thy skill, and thank thee.

[*At the banquet.*]

Tur. Her thanks were worth a kingdom.

Phel. Chief, thou art gallant. When thou visitest my castle, she shall present thee with a cup of mead, to drink the health of thy favourite lady.

Fer. [*Rises among the Bards.*] The gale of inspiration breathes upon me—the fox Has stolen into the den of the lion!

Tur. What meanest thou, Bard?

Fer. Chieftain, impede me not: the spirits of other worlds whisper to me—the rose-bud withers on the stem—the seedling dies, while the lifeless trunk remains!

Phel. Explain thyself.

Fer. Better for thee my lips were not yet unsealed.—She melts—she vanishes!—Never more shall the hand of thy Kathleen fill the mantling cup—never more shall her presence gladden thy banquet! [*Gesticulates wildly.*] I come—I come—my task is performed!—It beckons me—I must begone!—Beware who follow me!

[*Music.....Exit.*]

[*PHELIM seems for a moment struck, while FERDARRA delivers his rhapsody.*]

Phel. 'Tis some poor wretch, who thinks himself inspired.

Tur. Shall we pursue him?

Phel. No; his enthusiasm seems harmless, though 'tis wild.

Tur. Then let him pass. Now lead the mazy dance; let nought be wanting to amuse our prince.

[Dance.]

Enter CARRYL hastily.

Car. My lord—my chief—your hall—the Lady Kathleen!—

[Sinks down as if overcome by fatigue.... All rise and surround him, by their gestures expressing anxiety and amazement.]

Phel. Speak, speak!—Oh! what of Kathleen?—of my daughter?—

Car. [With difficulty.] I cannot speak—fly swiftly to the castle—the Lady Kathleen!—Heed not me, but fly!

Phel. His terrors have overcome him—but my Kathleen, sure heaven would guard her: yet, whatever befall, we cannot lose a moment.—Haste away.

Tur. My chieftain, would you but accept my aid?

Phel. Yes, Turloch; come; but haste, the time is precious.—Let some take care of Caryl. Haste, my friends, my mind is all distraction, and to give strict orders is impossible; but now if ere you loved me prove it by your speed—all that I hold most precious is at stake! and he who first shall reach the castle, gains the richest gift my fortune can bestow.

[Music.... They all exeunt in bustle and confusion, except CARRYL, who is borne off.]

ACT III.

SCENE 1.

The inside of FERDARRA'S Cell; a heathy couch, &c. as in the cave of a hermit.... Music.....Enter CLAN COL-MAN.

Clan Col. [*As he enters.*] I have reached the spot—the vile abode of hypocrisy.—If he resist, this sword makes good my purpose! Let me but find thee, Kathleen, then welcome death—I shall have died for thee! [*He searches carefully round, turns up the heath, examines the apertures in the cell.*] (*Music.*) Alas! I fear he has conveyed her hence. [*A deep sigh heard.*] Ha! what was that? I will renew the search. [*Search again.*] (*Music.*) 'Tis still in vain—my fancy but deceived me. I will depart, and—(*Music.*) [*Going, he suddenly stops, picks up a bracelet.*] She must be here—this bracelet graced her arm even when I saw her last. [*He stamps violently, shouting at same time,*] Lady, list, Lady! [*Sigh from below deeper than the former.*]

Kath. [*Faintly.*] Is aught of human near?

Clan Col. By all my hopes 'tis she!

[*He searches still closer, perceives a trap-door, which he raises with much difficulty; descends, and brings up KATHLEEN....Music.*]

Kath. Minstrel, I know not how to speak my thanks!

Clan Col. Lady, your safety is my best reward.

Kath. Oh! it was providence that sent you hither. but we must haste—M'Donnell will return.

Clan Col. M'Donnell! was it he? I thought Ferdarra—

Kath. Both—both were leagued against my peace and honour.

Clan Col. Oh, villains! villains! Hell has not a torture severe enough to punish such a crime!

Kath. Minstrel, I pray you lead me to the castle—there shall my father's bounty faintly prove how highly he will rate the obligation.

Clan Col. Lady, I know his noble nature well.

Kath. For me, no language can express my feelings, or the vast debt of gratitude I owe you! Teach me but how I can reward you best, and life itself is not too rich a ransom!

Clan Col. Lady, there is one way——

Kath. Oh, name it—name it!

Clan Col. Lady, I dare not—'tis too bold a suit.

Kath. Be it what it may, speak, and thy boon is granted.—Thou canst not ask for more than that I owe thee.

Clan Col. [*Kneeling.*] Lady—I love thee!—

Kath. Too bold a suit, indeed! I do not wonder thou didst reluctantly declare such feelings. [*With great dignity.*] Minstrel, I owe thee much, and would not wound thee with harsh remembrance of our different stations; but since thou hast presumed upon thy service, I must remind thee, I am Phelim's daughter, the heiress of his fortunes, and his name—that name no act of mine shall ever tarnish—unsullied it descends from him to me, and I will still preserve it free from stain, even as the hallowed relic of my sire.

Clan Col. [*Aside.*] Oh! first of Erin's daughters! how each word adds to my love, respect and conscious awe!

Kath. Yet let me still be just—were such thy birth as would not raise the blush upon my cheek—I care not for possessions, but would share whate'er my father could bestow with thee.—But 'tis enough; we'll mention it no more. Now to the castle, minstrel—there my father shall think of somewhat to reward thy service.

Clan Col. [*Throwing off his minstrel's habit.*] One moment, lady—view me as I am—no wandering minstrel, but Clan Colman's heir—the ally and the kinsman of O'Neil. Long in my hall, that crowns the Shannon's banks, renown had sung the praises of Lady Kathleen—had called her virtuous, fair, and wise as lovely—the softer model of her noble sire. That I might see thee in thy native lustre, see thee unshackled by a court's disguise, I took this minstrel's habit, sought thy presence, and found thee far above what fame had called thee. [*Kneeling.*] Lady, again I will not urge my suit, till it be sactioned by thy father's smile.

Kath. Surprise had struck me dumb! Clan Colman, rise. When the full heart cannot express its feelings, silence assumes the power of eloquence.

Clan Col. Now Lady, to the castle: on our way should aught impede our steps, this trusty sword shall smooth our passage, and ensure thy safety. [*Exeunt:*

SCENE 2.

*A view of Shane's Castle, and Lake Sunset.... Music—
Enter FÉRDARRA.*

Fér. All now is lost, and flight alone remains.—
To seek a shelter in M'Donnel's isle.—
Could I but seize Minona—but 'tis vain.—
Even at the banquet, when in bardic guise
I mingled with the rest, I could but stop
For one short moment their accustomed mirth.
What have I gained by all my countless crimes?
Gained!—death and madness hover in the thought!
Now to my cave—until the midnight watch—
[*Going.*]
Confusion! Kathleen safe!—the minstrel here!—
Demons are leagued to frustrate every plan!

Enter CLAN COLMAN and KATHLEEN.

Kath. Oh! 'tis Ferdarra! Save me from his power!—

Clan Col. Fear not, my love, I will ensure thy safety.

Fer. [*Aside.*] One glorious effort, and the prize is mine! [*Aloud.*] Resign the lady!—

Clan Col. Only with my life!

[FERDARRA rushes on him.....Struggle...-Music.....

CLAN COLMAN is nearly overpowered, when enter CORMAC and FOLLOWERS.....FER. is seized by CLAN COL. with the assistance of CORMAC.

Clan Col. Villain, we have thee now—thou shalt abide the noble Phelim's judgment!

Corm. Surely the devil has taken your shape—but I have one infallible way of knowing him, and that is by his cloven foot and branching horns!

[*Eying him.*

Enter PHELM, O'CAGHAN, TURLOCH, &c.

[*KATH. rushes into her father's arms.*

Phel. My love, my Kathleen! what has since befallen?—what strange occurrence?—

Kath. I have suffered much—but all is banished in thy safe return.

Enter MINONA, ELLEN, CONOLLAN, &c.

Min. My Kathleen safe! thrice welcome!

[*They embrace.*

Ellen. Dear Lady, we flew to meet you as soon as we heard of your rescue.

Conol. My chief returned, and the Lady Kathleen safe! Oh, it is enough to overpower my old heart with delight!

Phel. What means all this? Why is Ferdarra guarded?—Speak; and unravel all this mystery?

Kath. That best can I:—this base, insidious wretch, leagued with M'Donnel—stole me from the castle!

Phel. And did my lands contain so foul a villain?

Min. Alas! as yet you know not half his crimes?

Kath. How I escaped, I need not now relate: Enough—this gallant youth achieved my rescue.

Phel. This youth!

Kath. The prince of Erin!—great Clan Colman's heir!

Clan Col. My lord, I pray you pardon my disguise. Fame had declared the Lady Kathleen's virtues—I loved those virtues; yet I wished to prove if fame had overstepped the bounds of truth.—I came—I saw—she conquered.—From my heart her loved idea cannot be effaced. Oh! then permit me to declare my passion, and supplicate the Lady Kathleen's hand.

Phel. She shall be thine: this ~~only~~ could repay the mighty debt of gratitude we owe thee. [To FER.] But now, stand forth, thou base ungrateful man, whom I have fostered with a guardian's care; and ye brave chiefs and followers around, bear witness to the justice of O'Neil.

[FER. is led forth; TUR. starts on seeing him.]

Tur. Monster! and is it thou? Oh, noble Phelim, there stands the wretch that has destroyed my peace!

All. Oh, monstrous villain!

Phel. Who then can wonder at this last attempt?

Fer. Thou needst not wonder, for my soul disdains to hide one act.—'Twas I that slew O'Caghan, to gain the lands he held—the maid he loved. Foiled in these hopes, I would have slain the chieftain—part in revenge, because he spurned my suit—but more because I would be chief myself! Start not—'twas noble to conceive the thought.—That I had talents

I was proudly conscious ; and seated in the castle of O'Caghan, who should have dared to say, " what placed thee there ? "

Tur. Oh ! what a noble mind thou hast destroyed ! Hadst thou been virtuous, thou hadst been immortal !

Min. Thou dost not tell of all the hellish arts by which thou didst endeavour to ensnare my youthful mind, and lead me into vice.

Fer. I dare avow whate'er I dare conceive. True, I did woo thee with the softest vows—true, I did swear thee never to reveal the declarations I had dared to make ; and hadst thou yielded, thou hadst been a step to raise me, even to Phelim's dignity—'twas there my talents would have shone ;—all else I trample, as unworthy such a soul.

Corm. I believe it is the old one after all, though he has neither the horns nor hoofs, but I smell the sulphur !

Fer. Phelim, you wronged me once—I swore revenge : this was my motive to assist M'Donnel. And when O'Caghan sought your aid, I used my utmost arts lest Turloch's tale should reach you. 'Twas I that urged your gallant steed to plunge—'twas I that, 'midst the castle's festive scene, chaunted a strain that all but awed the chief. Now, driven from every hold, but still myself, at least you shall not awe me into silence, nor force my tongue to disavow my deeds.

Phel. His life has been a tissue of crimes, each deeper in the shade than was its fellow ; and it is meet he die, to cleanse these stains.

Kath. My father, in thy wrath, remember mercy.

Phel. He shewed thee none, my child ; and he deserves none.

[*The ancient BARD of O'NEIL steps forward.*

Bard. Because the wolf devours the helpless kid, must the proud eagle dip his beak in gore ? Why therefore does our ancient Brehon laws forbid the shedding of Milesian blood ? The laws our country

boasts protect her sons. Whatever human wisdom could devise, our ancestors have treasured in their page; and when they fail, not he who made them err, but he who dares for selfish views pervert them.

Phel. Hear then our sentence:—bear him hence to prison, there let a pious priest attend him daily; and if his prayers shall lead him to repent, release him; but till then securely guard him.

Fer. Spite of your vengeance I will still be great: my body you can bind, but not my soul. Oh, how I scorn thy power! I could elude its utmost boundaries—for I could die: but I will *live* to mock thy punishments, and shew thee that Ferdarra's mind shall rise great in gigantic strength, and stern contempt!

[*As they lead him off.*]

Enter M'DONNEL and SCOTS.

Phel. Chieftain, was this a noble act?

M'Don. Cease your upbraidings: were I but revenged on one vile slave, I care not for the rest.—
Ha! art thou there?—

Fer. Yes; and prepared to answer whatever thou canst urge.

M'Don. Thou hast betrayed me—

Fer. Chieftain, 'tis false!

[*M'DON. seizes him furiously; in the struggle he stabs FER. who falls, and dies.*]

Clan Col. Thou wrongedst him much—he served thee but too well.

M'Don. I did not mean his death; but he provoked me beyond my patience's utmost power to bear.

Phel. Heaven, by thy hand, has punished all his crimes,

And proved its justice:—he deserves his fate.

But thou, M'Donnel, instantly depart:—

Thou didst infringe the laws which should have bound

Thy hand from every act of hostile terror.
Go to thy ships—no warrior shall impede
Thy progress hence.

M'Don. Yes, I will depart; but beware—the time
may come, when, with my warlike hosts I shall return,
to make thee rue this day!

[*Exeunt M'DON. and FOL.*]

Min. My Kathleen, though my heart is dead to
love,
And cold as is the senseless clay that wraps
My Dermid's grave, I still can feel thy bliss.—
Oh! be it long untarnished by a sigh,
And only tears of bliss be shed by you.

Enter MORNA.

Kath. [*Embracing her.*] Welcome, good Morna.

Morna. Dear, how fast I have run—I am quite
out of breath.—Welcome, my darling!—welcome,
a thousand times! And there is the whole country
coming to welcome you back.—There's the fat friar,
Roderick, and all his brethren; and there's Thady
the piper, playing his best tune—old Norah, in her
new red petticoat—and Philemy Rourke, capering like
a goat on the mountains of Mourne.

Phel. For you, my faithful followers and friends,
I thank you all, and will reward your love.

Conol. My lord, there is one favour, would you
grant it?—

Phel. Name it—you need but ask—

Conol. My lord, my Cormac loves the youthful
Ellen—would you but sanction—

Phel. 'Tis granted; and of faithful Cormac's for-
tune I will take ample care.

Morna. Why, Cormac, and is it Ellen after all?

Corm. My dear Morna, I never meant to—

Morna. Silence, you puppy! don't prate to me
after such a fashion.—There are as good fish in the sea,

as ever were caught ; and though I could not seize a gudgeon, I may meet with a *plaice*.

Phel. Now let us to the castle, and conclude this night with festive mirth ; and may we learn one awful lesson from the scenes just past—that never yet did guilt escape detection, though demons leagued to hide it from the world !

GLEE.—Finale.

AIR.—"Paddy Carey."

Peace and joy their gifts bestowing,
Ev'ry breast with rapture glowing,
Ev'ry cheek suffused with pleasure,
Wake the harp's enlivening measure.

Discord now, no more dividing,
Shamrock wreaths our hearts entwine ;
Temp'rance o'er the feast presiding,
Fill the bowl with rosy wine.

CHORUS.—Peace and joy, &c.

CORMAC.

In my Ellen's love, possessing
Ev'ry joy and ev'ry blessing ;
Love his pinions widely spreading,
Soon shall crown our happy wedding.

Rich in ev'ry sweet enjoyment,
Which our kind protectors give ;
Be it hence our sole employment,
Pleasing those by whom we live.

CHORUS.—Peace and joy, &c.

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THE END.

















