

**ROBERT EMMET. THE  
MARTYR OF IRISH  
LIBERTY. A HISTORICAL  
DRAMA IN THREE ACTS**

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Robert Emmet. The Martyr of Irish Liberty. A Historical Drama in Three Acts by James Pilgrim & Charles Townsend

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**JAMES PILGRIM & CHARLES TOWNSEND**

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# ROBERT EMMET

THE MARTYR OF IRISH LIBERTY

A Historical Drama in Three Acts

By JAMES PILGRIM

REVISED BY

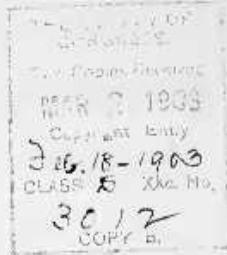
CHARLES TOWNSEND

Author of "Darkey Wood Dealer," "Man from Maine," "Shaun Aroon," "Woven Web," "Golden Gulch," "Miss Madcap," "Under a Cloud," "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

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# ROBERT EMMET.

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## CHARACTERS.

ROBERT EMMET (the Irish Patriot).  
DARBY O'GAFF (a Sprig of the Emerald Isle).  
O'LEARY (an old Soldier).  
DOWDALL (Friend to Emmet).  
KERNAN (a Traitor).  
SERGEANT TOPFALL.  
CORPORAL THOMAS.  
LORD NORBURY }  
BARON GEORGE } (the Judges).  
BARON DALY }  
MARIA (Emmet's Wife).  
JUDY O'DOUGHERTY.  
Peasants, Soldiers, Colleagues of Emmet's, Constables, Jury,  
etc.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION.—About two hours.

NOTE.—The original Drama required twelve scenes, some of which were entirely too elaborate to admit of ordinary representation.

This revision calls for only four scenes, two exteriors and two interiors, all within the resources of an ordinary stage.

## COSTUMES.

EMMET. *First Dress*.—Green, double-breasted body, patriot club coat, gilt buttons, collar and cuffs embroidered with small scrolls of shamrock in gold; green undress cap; black pantaloons and Hessian boots; light brown head of hair; white cravat, roquelaure; long overcoat and black "slouch" hat for first act. *Second Dress*.—Blue coat, gilt buttons; buff, double-breasted vest; black pantaloons; Hessian boots; white cravat; yeoman crowned hat.

DARBY. Gray frieze, long-tailed coat, white metal buttons; calf-skin waist-coat; sheep-skin breeches; gray stockings; red cravat; black high bow shoes, and brass buckles; black yeoman hat.

TOPFALL. Red double-breasted coat, blue turn backs, gold lace; chevrons; white kerseymere breeches; long black gaiters, with white buttons; white buck sword-belt, and curved sword; crimson sash; gold epaulet; yeoman crowned shako, trimmed with gold lace; red and white long straight feather; black shoes.

DOWDALL. *First Dress*.—Brown body coat, gilt buttons; white double-breasted vest; white cravat; gray pantaloons; Hessian boots. *Second Dress*.—Green double-breasted body coat, same as Emmet; gray pantaloons; Hessian boots; green undress cap; white cravat; brown head of hair; yeoman crowned hat.

KERNAN. Coat same as Dowdall; buckskin pantaloons; top boots, the top very deep, of a dark drab color, and worn low down upon the calf; roquelaure; dark wig; bell-crowned hat; white cravat.

O'LEARY. White flannel undress military jacket; red vest; white corduroy breeches; black stockings; short white gaiters; black shoes; yeoman crowned hat; blue birdseye handkerchief.

LORD NORBURY. *First Dress*.—Long cape overcoat, hat, gloves, top boots, riding whip. *Second Dress*.—Black cloth body coat, vest, and breeches; black silk stockings; black shoes, and small silver buckles; white cravat; long-flapped, white, full-curved, judge's wig; round black silk patch on crown of wig; scarlet robe, trimmed with ermine; black skull-cap for sentence.

BARON GEORGE. Same as Norbury; no black cap.

BARON DALY. Same as Baron George.

CORPORAL THOMAS. Same as Topfall, only trimmed with worsted lace; white buck cross-belts; cartridge-box; white worsted chevrons; cap trimmed with white worsted lace.

SOLDIERS. Same as Corporal Thomas.

IRISH PEASANTS. Green baize coat; striped vest; corduroy

breeches; gray stockings; black shoes; yellow neckerchief; countryman's hat.

MARIA. *First Dress*.—Dark blue satin dress; black shoes. *Second Dress (Act III)*.—Black satin dress.

JUDY. Sky-blue petticoat, flowered; country girl's tuck-up gown; red stockings; black shoes; small-crowned cap; gipsy hat, tied under the chin.

PEASANT GIRLS. Various colored peasant dresses; gipsy hats.

NOTE.—These costumes may be greatly simplified. The list is given according to the original dressing of the characters, and as a matter of historical accuracy.

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### PROPERTIES.

ACT I.—Pipes (clay) and tobacco; cudgel for DARBY; whiskey in flask; glasses or cups; walking-stick for Emmet; drums to sound; guns, etc., for soldiers; letter; rope; tray with bottles, bread, meat; gun to fire—*sure fire*.

ACT II.—Iron pot in fireplace; petticoat, cloak, bonnet and cap; glasses, jug, bowl, spoon, pan of flour, all on table; letter; letter for DARBY; pipe and tobacco; light in fireplace; cross for EMMET; long rope. *Scene III*.—Lighted candles on table, also pens, ink and paper; letter for DARBY; guns; swords; guns to fire—*sure fire*; green flag for JUDY.

ACT III.—Guns, etc., for SOLDIERS; staffs for CONSTABLES; papers, pens, ink, etc., at JUDGE'S table; box for PRISONER—a low railing.

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### STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right-hand of a performer facing the audience; L., left hand; C., centre of stage; R. C., right centre; L. C., left centre; U., up stage to the rear; D., down toward the footlights; E., entrance; U. E., upper entrance; R. E., right entrance; L. E., left entrance; G. 1, 2, 3, etc., first, second, third, etc., groove.



# ROBERT EMMET.



## ACT I.

SCENE.—*Landscape in fifth grooves. Wooden table and stools  
R. C. Lights all on. Time, afternoon.*

DISCOVER O'LEARY and KERNAN seated at table, smoking clay pipes.

KERNAN. Business seems to be rather quiet these days, Mr. O'Leary.

O'LEARY. Quiet, is it? Faith, Mr. Kernan, ye niver spake a truer word. Quiet? It's dead as a grave, worse luck.

KER. Poor old Ireland!

O'LEARY. Ye may well say that.

KER. Tyranny will destroy any land if it goes on unchecked.

O'LEARY. Right ye are, Mr. Kernan. I've lived here, man and boy, nearly seventy years, and I've seen this once happy and prosperous vale go down, down into the depths of sorrow and poverty.

KER. There is little happiness here now.

O'LEARY. True; but I mind in my boyhood that when the day's work was done the people would gather on the green and pass the evening with songs, dancing, and sometimes a bit of a shindy to kape things lively. Ireland did not object greatly to English rule in those days, for we did not feel the mailed hand. Then we were treated like men, not like savages.

KER. There has been a great change.

O'LEARY (*strikes table*). Change! They've made a wilderness of the land in their cursed greed and overbearing pride!

KER. Hush! Be careful.

O'LEARY. Ah, yes! One niver knows when there may be spies and traitors about.

KER. Mr. O'Leary!

O'LEARY. Eh? Why man, ye don't suppose I meant you? I'd as soon doubt Robert Emmet himself.

KER, (*aside*). Robert Emmet! Curse him! (*Aloud.*) I know you meant nothing. But, you know, I must be doubly cau-

tious. The English tyrants have faith in me, and thus I am able to learn their plans. Had I been selected for the leader instead of young Emmet—

O'LEARY. Ah, come now! Ye don't claim to be his equal, I hope?

KER. I? Oh no; of course not, of course not. Hasn't he always bested me in everything—from our schooldays down to the leadership in the coming rebellion?

O'LEARY. That is nothing to grieve over. Sure, he is the best man in Ireland to-day.

KER. That may be, though I'm no stick, and you are a good man, too.

O'LEARY. I was in my young days; but I'm too old for action now—at least, as a leader.

*DARBY sings off R. U. E.*

KER. Hello! Here comes a merry blade, judging by his voice.

O'LEARY (*looks L.*). A stranger. We must be cautious.

KER. (*looks L., aside*). Confound him! It's that infernal Darby. I hope he won't know me. (*Rises. To O'LEARY*). Well, I must be off. (*Starts toward R. U. E.*)

ENTER DARBY, R. U. E. *He is singing, but stops short on meeting KERNAN. They stare at each other a moment, then KERNAN exits, R. U. E.*

DARBY (*looking after him*). Now, where in the divil's domain have I seen that mug before? Ye naden't mind lookin' back, mister, unless ye want to come back. An' av ye do, I'm yer man here, there, or anywhere.

O'LEARY. What's the matter, friend?

DARBY. Well, this: Ye have a pleasant restin'-place outdoors here, an' I've a mind to stop a bit, only I'd hate to breathe the air where the likes o' that fellow is.

O'LEARY. Do you know him?

DARBY. Not for sure. He looks, though, like a dirty informer I wance knew.

O'LEARY. You are mistaken this time, I'm sure, for Kernan is all right.

DARBY. He may be, though I wouldn't trust him as far as I could toss a cow by the tail.

O'LEARY (*strikes table*). I say he's all right!

DARBY (*same business*). I'm glad ye think so. Is your name O'Leary?

O'LEARY (*angrily*). That's my name, sir. Have you anything to say against it?

DARBY. Divil a word, man alive; so don't lose your temper. My name is Darby O'Gaff, an Irishman bred and born; and what's more, I don't care a damn who knows it.

O'LEARY. I have known many who professed the same principle, but regret to say, for the benefit of our country, how differently they have acted for its welfare.

DARBY. Bad luck to the likes of them. Well, it's an old saying and a true one, "There is always black sheep to be found in a flock;" and it's myself that would wish no better sport (*shaking his stick*) than to slader the conscious out of them; and by my soul, I'm the boy that would do it within an inch of their lives.

O'LEARY. You speak like a man after my own heart; yet I have paid dearly for my experience. Irishmen are too often led astray by placing confidence in strangers.

DARBY. Faith, that's true enough; it's a great failing with every Paddy lad, telling the divil too much of his mind; however, I have heard your character, Mr. O'Leary, and have no occasion to eat my words, so bring us a noggin of whiskey to sweep the cobwebs out of my throat.

O'LEARY. With pleasure. (EXIT R. 2 E.)

DARBY. It's mighty hard, so it is, that a man's obliged to keep his tongue between his teeth for fear of some blackguard swallowing that which don't belong to him. Sure, O'Leary's a man of learning, and understands the ways of the world. (*May introduce song.*)

REENTER O'LEARY, R. 2 E., *with whiskey—places it on table.*

That's right; a drop of the crater will stir me up like old cheese, for it's tired I am intirely. (*Drinks.*)

O'LEARY. Have you journeyed far to-day?

DARBY. I have that same, on the marrow-bone stage (*stamping his feet*) from Dunlary through Dublin.

O'LEARY. Indeed! What is the news in the great city?

DARBY. The news is it? Faith, there's all sorts of it. The redcoats are strutting about, and don't seem over easy about the affairs of the nation, and the people look at them wid a nod and a wink, which plainly shows that the Irish blood is in commotion and they will soon have to whistle for their taxes.

O'LEARY. Would to Heaven the hour had arrived. Old as I am, I'd grasp a sword in the cause of freedom.

DARBY. More power to ye. (*Grasping his hand.*) May ye never die till the green banner waves in the breeze on Dublin