

**THE
WHITE COCKADE**

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The White Cockade by Isabelle Augusta

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ISABELLE AUGUSTA

**THE
WHITE COCKADE**

**THE WHITE COCKADE. BY LADY
GREGORY.**

*"I saw a vision through my sleep last night."
Jacobite Ballad.*

**DUBLIN: MAUNSEL & CO., LTD.,
60, DAWSON STREET, 1905.**

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America.]*



TO R. G., SCENE-PAINTER.

PERSONS.

PATRICK SARSFIELD, Earl of Lucan.

KING JAMES II.

CARTER, Secretary to King James.

A POOR LADY.

MATT KELLEHER, Owner of an Inn at Duncannon.

MARY KELLEHER, his wife.

OWEN KELLEHER, his son.

FIRST SAILOR.

SECOND SAILOR.

FIRST WILLIAMITE.

SECOND WILLIAMITE.

A CAPTAIN AND OTHER WILLIAMITES.

THE WHITE COCKADE.

ACT I.

SCENE: *An Inn kitchen at Duncannon. Owen Kelleher lying on the hearth playing jackstones. Mrs. Kelleher rubbing a bit of meat. A barrel beside her.*

Owen. One—and one—and five—that's scatters.
Mrs. Kelleher. Leave playing jackstones, Owen, and give me a hand salting the meat.

Owen. Two—and two—and one—that's doubles. There is time enough. Sure it's not to-day it's wanted.

Mrs. Kelleher. What's put off till harvest is put off for ever. It's best to catch the pig by the leg when you get her. The French ship might be going before we have the barrels ready, and some other one might get the profit.

Owen. The ship didn't get orders yet from King James. The sailors were not sure was it to Dublin he would bid them go, or to some other place. It is time for us to be hearing news of him. I have a mind to go ask it—

Mrs. Kelleher. Come over and rub a bit of the meat, and leave thinking about King James. We hear enough talk of him, listening to poor Lady Dereen.

Owen. You have not enough of salt to pack the meat till my father will bring it back from Ross.

Mrs. Kelleher. The lamb teaching its mother to bleat! If I have not myself, I have what serves for rubbing it. (*She pushes back dresser from before a side door.*) Be moving now, and come down to the cellar till we bring up another leg of the pork.

Owen (going on playing). One—and one—and one—crow's nest.

Mrs. Kelleher (going through door to cellar). I give you my word it is as hard to make you stir as to make a hedgehog run.

[*Owen whistles "The White Cockade."*]

Mrs. Kelleher (coming back with another bit of meat). It is yourself finds the hob a good harbourage!

Owen. It is not worth my while to be bringing it up bit by bit—if it was to bring up the whole of it now—

Mrs. Kelleher. I suppose not! I wonder now what is worth your while if it is not to mind the place and the inn that will be coming to yourself some day. It is a poor hen that can't scratch for itself!

Owen. There might be something worth doing outside this place.

Mrs. Kelleher (scornfully). There might! It's the hills far off that are green!

Owen. It is beyond the hills I would like to be going. There is no stir at all in this place.

Mrs. Kelleher. What is it at all you are wanting or talking about?

Owen. There is fighting going on through the country.

Mrs. Kelleher. And for all the profit it will bring ourselves it might be the fighting of the hornless cows! It is best for us to be minding our own business.

Owen. There used to be great fighters in Ireland in the old times.

Mrs. Kelleher. If there were, they had no other trade! Every crane according to its thirst. Believe me, if they had found as good a way of living as what you have, they would not have asked to go rambling. I know well it is an excuse you are making, with your talk of fighting and your songs, not to be doing the work that is at your hand. You are as lazy as the tramp that will throw away his bag. You would have got the sluggard's prize from Aristotle of the books!

Owen. Well, it's good to be best at something.

Mrs. Kelleher. If you saw a car and horse coming at you, you would not stir out of the rut! You would spend your night on the floor sooner than go up a ladder to the loft! Stir! You would not stir yourself to turn the crispy side of a potato if you had but the one bite only!