



Dialogue part: Dia. [between 1860-1890?]

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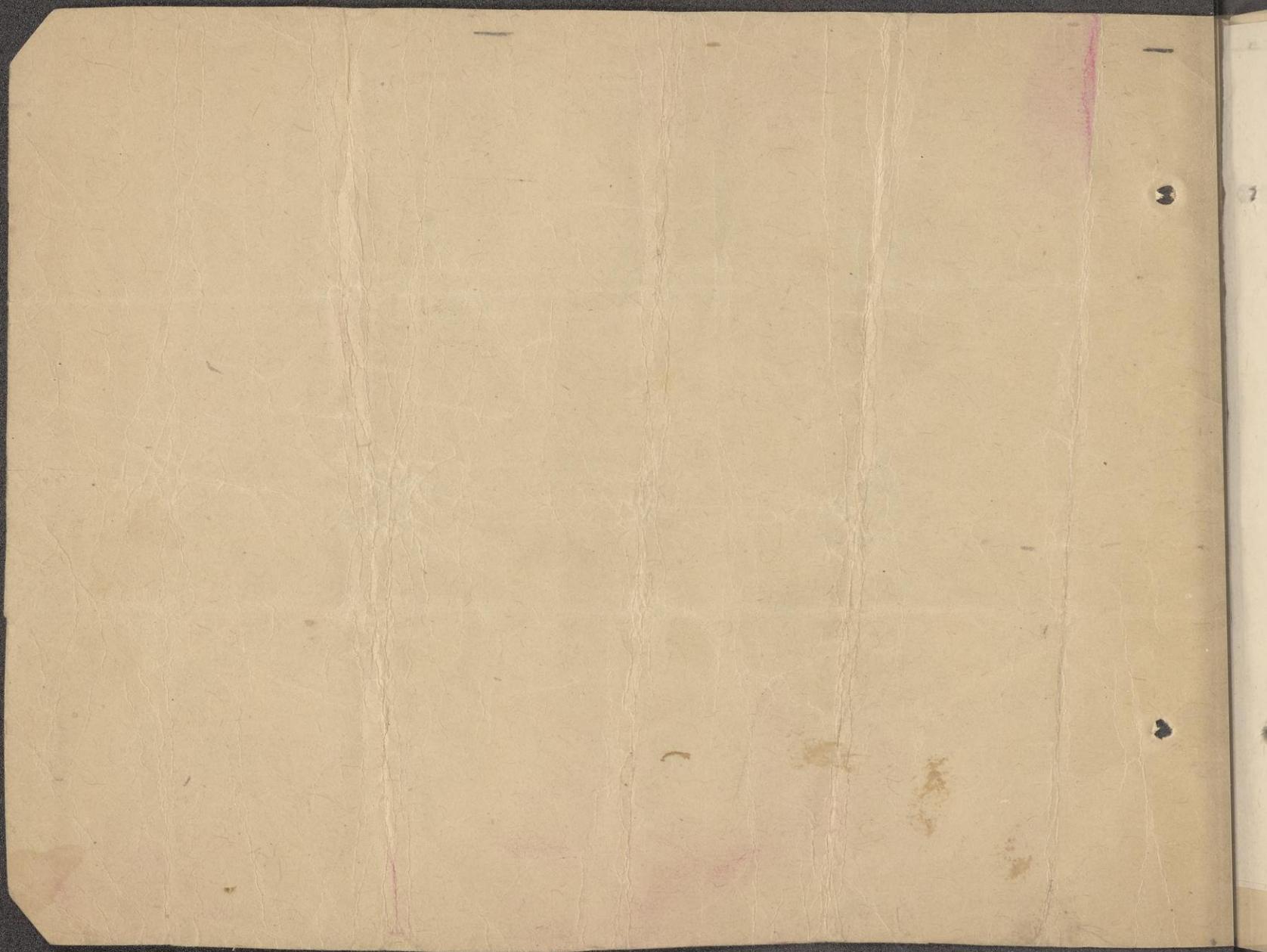
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IXION

DIA.

200.



D I A.

comes her dire dismay.

(Enter Dia.)

why this excitement.

(Greatly excited) Merely a trifle-- that husband of mine, Ixion, has murdered my father.

inconsiderate wretch.

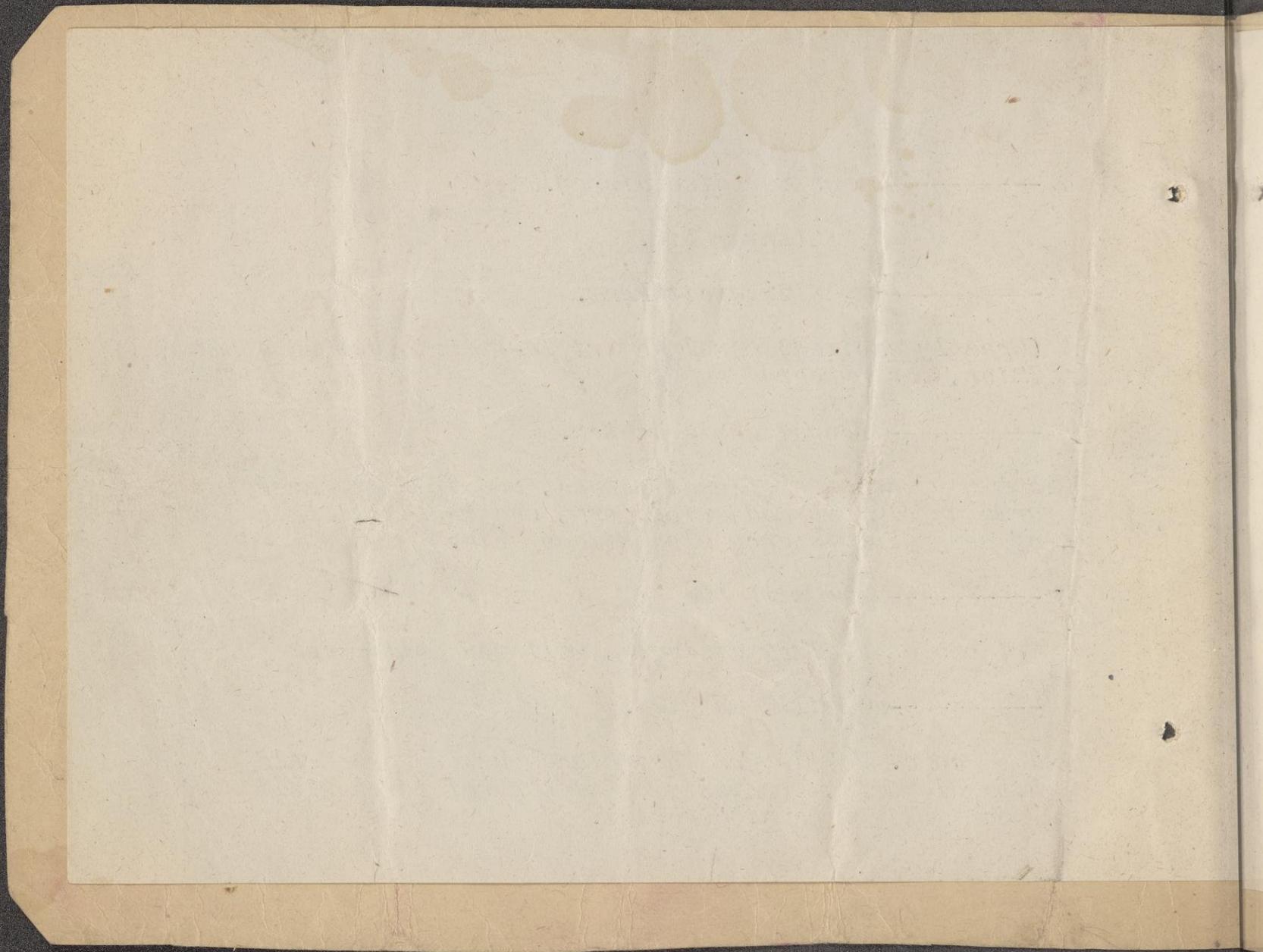
Let me grasp his offending head, and in these avenging arms enfold his maddening form, and hash will be a dish of tough consistency alongside of him.

down with the

Friends and fellow citizens, will you follow me?

we will, we will.

Then come. We'll burn the palace and the grand old Liberal party, the party of high moral ideas shall rise Phoenix like from it's ashes.



-----Dynamite! Dynamite!

Yes, Ixion in his fear and plight has summoned O'Donavan
Rossa and his Dynamite.

-----we will, we will.

Hast seen that husband of mine in this hubbub?

