

"Yet we submit as lambs to their bloody oppression," said O'Moore eagerly; "let us but turn on them with the strength that God gave us, and you shall see them wither as grass before our righteous anger!—make but a gallant show—rise in union and in strength—stand before them as men resolved—and they will not dare to smite ye! The first news of our rising will bring over supplies of all we want from the friendly courts of Europe—our exiled countrymen will rush to aid us with the skill they have gained in foreign wars, and before many months go by, if we but keep together as we ought, we may hunt from our shores the ferocious beasts who fatten on our spoils and on our blood, stand as free men on the soil that is ours by right, and worship God after the manner of our fathers in the way we deem safe for our soul's weal!—what say ye, friends and gentlemen? Chieftains of the north! shall we still lie motionless under the enemy's armed heel, and suffer him to sweep our race from the face of God's earth without striking even one blow for freedom or revenge? Which one of us is there whose father they have not robbed—ay, and *murdered*!"—his deep, impassioned voice sank to a thrilling whisper as he spoke the hideous word, and whether by accident or design he turned his eloquent eyes full on McMahon, whose immediate ancestor, McMahon of Dartrey, had actually been hung in front of his own door* in the stormy days, yet fresh in all men's minds, when Hugh O'Neill was waging his heroic but unequal war against the giant power of Elizabeth.

McMahon rose, and with flushed cheek and flashing eye gave his hand to O'Moore: "Such aid as I can give, Rory, you shall have—the cause is just, and the God of justice will bless our arms—we were no men, either you or I, could we forget Dartrey or Mullaghmast.†

* Could Philip O'Reilly have looked into the future but a few years, he would have seen a venerable chieftain of his own race hanging from a tree, within sight of his own castle windows, during the bloody Cromwellian period. Those horrible tragedies are, and will ever be, traditional in Ulster.

† Every reader of Irish history is familiar with the story of the treacherous murder of the O'Moores at the Rath of Mullaghmast. It is one of the blackest pages in the annals of British rule in Ireland.