

O'G.—What! Have you then been merely joking with me this morning! Have my years of patience and striving been crowned with success! You have entered the army!

DERMOT—Yes, I have enrolled myself in an army, but one vastly different from that of King William.

O'G.—There is none other. Explain yourself.

DERMOT—Yes, there is another and led by a man glorious in his achievements, grand in his aims; one whose mighty voice has awakened the echoes in our green isle, and before whose advance tyrants fall back, defeated and dismayed!

O'G.—And what army is this of which you seem to know so much? What do you call this valiant aggregation.

DERMOT—The army of Ireland!

O'G.—A rather high-sounding title for a mob of hungry peasants! And who commands this army!

DERMOT—One whose name is known and revered over all Ireland—loved by Erin's friends—feared by her foes.

O'G.—His name—his name!

DERMOT—Patrick Sarsfield!

O'G.—You are mistaken. Sarsfield has left Ireland, disgusted alike with the land and its people.

DERMOT—No; at the head of his troops he is driving his enemies before him, and under his flag, which is the green banner of Ireland, at least one O'Gorman shall be found!

O'G.—Then that one shall not be of my house! You have chosen to disobey and defy me, (*moves to door*) you have compelled me to act, and I shall act!

DERMOT—Father, stop and hear me. What will it avail you if your threat is carried out? My death would not affect the cause of my country, but in the future it would occasion you infinite remorse. Oh, my father, forget the past! Throw aside those terrible years of hatred of God and your country. Let the light from above enter your soul, let your own heart assert itself, and then The O'Gorman shall be true to his race!

O'G.—Stop! Your words are an insult to me. You have chosen your path and I will choose mine!

(*Exit O'GORMAN.*)

DERMOT—Stern and unyielding as ever! Non-success in his efforts to lead me away from every thing I hold dear has embittered him, until now he is capable of putting his threat into execution. But I shall not allow him to commit such a crime. I will save both myself and him.

(*A knock at the door. Enter HARRY NUGENT.*)

DERMOT—Harry Nugent! Why, my dear fellow, what is the matter!