

not as yet taken part in the conversation; "his father's great deeds are in all men's minds, and his name will be enough of itself to stir up the northern clans."

"Owen Roe is worth a dozen of him!" said the rough-spoken Tirlogh; "fighting is no novelty to Owen—he's well used to it, and can teach us all we want to know!—Lamh dearg aboo!—there's not a man of the O'Neills but will follow Owen Roe!"

"You forget Sir Phelim, Tirlogh!" said Costelloe McMahon with a meaningsmile; "he has been so long now the first man in Tyr-owen that I fear me much he will not take bidding even from the hero of Arras or the belted Earl himself!"

"Oh! *that's* another story," said O'Neill somewhat more coolly; "there's no need for him to take bidding—they can pull together—and they will too, please God on high!"

"Never was more need," said O'Moor, fixing his thoughtful eye on each of his guests in turn, "there be news now to set us on if we ever mean to do anything!"

Maguire's anxious interrogatory was seconded by the startled look of the others. "What worse news can there be than those which daily come to our ears? Thank Heaven! matters cannot be worse with us than they are!"

"They *can* be worse, my lord, and they *will*, if we do not something before long. Have ye heard of this letter lately intercepted?"

"What letter?"

"Why, one from Scotland to a *planter* in the north, one Freeman by name, apprising him that the Scotch covenanting army is coming over anon in full strength to massacre every Papist in this unhappy country."

"It is true, then, what Parsons said at the banquet,"\* said Maguire with a quivering lip, "not content with taking all our substance, they must needs take our lives, too. Truly they treat us as wolves——"

attempt to free the country. Their connection was formed abroad, O'Neill being in exile.

\* A little before this Sir Wm. Parsons had declared at a public entertainment that the Irish Papists should and would be exterminated.