8.

etween confiscave left us bare as the trade of war

mpatience; "call arms and stout Why, man, we orter time—fit to

O'Moore, reaching wherewith Tirlogh ery speech.

odrily, his dignity y forgetfulness of n great plenty, but es on their backs, ght the country's as droves of sheep tchered at will by

creasing warmth; purchase, to make oplne, till better nnor Maguire," he nave not been idle or one chiestain at

nsman with stern neighbor; "he at the rescue—he will Meere!—you may ever you need his

eill it might have uarrel, but happily the chieftain of Fermanagh was not of such choleric temperament, and with a somewhat higher degree of polish had a certain amount of caution which enabled him to control his feelings when he deemed it expedient.

The other guests were visibly alarmed for the effect of O'Neill's taunt, and O'Moore was about to interpose with his most winning smile, but Maguire set them all at rest by saying in a good humored way:

"I call ye all to witness that Tirlogh here took me up over quickly. If I did express some doubts concerning our present state of readiness, I had no thoughts of dallying behind when others were of a mind to go forward. Right glad am I to hear that my good friend of Tyr-owen is pushing matters on. Heaven knows there be no time for delay—but for me I do hope to see some other thing besides pikes in the hands of our men when they come to blows with an enemy so well armed and otherwise fitted out for war."

"You are in the right, my good lord," said O'Moore, glancing with evident relief at the restored good humor visible on Tirlogh's broad face; "much caution is needful in a matter of so great import, but the provision of all things requisite for the maintenance of warfare has been well considered before now. There be those of our friends beyond seas in divers countries, as ye all know, who have much skill in these matters, and they wait but the signal to be with us with good store of all things needful which, through God's mercy and the royal charity of Catholic princes, they have in speedy expectation."

"Lamh dearg aboo!" shouted he of Tys-owen, jumping to his feet with a suddenness that made the others start, "I knew it, Rory!—I knew they wouldn't fail us!"

"It is even so, Tirlogh," replied his host smiling at the other's capricole, "the Red Hand is working for us even now—not only amongst the hills of Tyr-owen, but in the courts of Europe and in the councils of kings."

"Tyrone\* will be a host in himself," observed O'Rielly, who had

\* The Tyrone here alluded to was the son of the great Hugh O'Neill. He was the friend and counseller of Roger O'Moore in his bold