

sword against your struggling Irish brothers ! No, no, you are jesting—you could not do it !

O'G.—I can and I will. Sit down, I have something more to tell you. Some years ago you learned of my hatred for religion and for the Irish, but I never told you my reasons, and before taking the final step, I wish to make them known to you.

DERMOT—Pardon me, father. Before you utter a word of explanation let me tell you; that the brightest intellect, the most logical reasoner on the face of this broad earth has never found, and never will find a cause sufficient to justify a man in becoming a traitor to his country or to his God !

O'G.—Wait, have patience ; hear me, and then judge me.

DERMOT—Pardon me again. I know your object—'tis the same which, for the past ten years, has upheld you in your determination to change me from what I am. It was my beloved mother who implanted in my soul a love for the Eternal. She, alas ! is dead, but her spirit lives within me. On the other hand my heart has ever throbbed in sympathy with my oppressed fellow-countrymen, and if I were offered riches, honors or titles in return for my treason, I would spurn them and tell the tempter that in my ears ring the bells of freedom, and their glorious sound shall not cease until my heart is cold in death !

O'G.—Rash boy, perhaps that hour approaches !

DERMOT—Father I would welcome it if within that hour I were sure of your return to the Almighty, for then evil would have lost a champion in Roger O'Gorman, and sorrowing, bleeding Ireland have gained a defender.

O'G.—Idle words, idle hopes, and I will tell you why. Many years ago I had a friend—a bosom friend. He wronged me. I swore vengeance. I was then a Catholic. In due time I went to confession. The priest ordered me to forgive my enemy. I refused. He denied me the Sacraments. This enraged me. He who had wronged me was an Irishman—I now saw an enemy in every one of his race. The priest offended my pride—I swore vengeance against the Church, and to-morrow I shall begin my work !

DERMOT—Begin your work, did you say ? Alas ! the beginning is now far in the past. Ever since I was a child your unreasoning hatred of every thing Irish has been a painful problem to me. You have been so tyrannical in your dealings with the common people that you have earned the title of "Crnel." Father, let me warn you. As you know, the Irish people, goaded to fury, have risen against their oppressive rulers. The tide of war is spreading ; those whom you have treated so harshly, are taking up arms. Beware, beware of the vengeance of an outraged people !

O'G.—What ! Do you think that I, Roger O'Gorman, should run from a handful of half-clad rebels whose threats are not worth that ? (*Cracks his fingers*).