

I told you a few days since when I saw you at your lodgings, to wit, that I have journeyed much of late through several parts of the Irish country, and have talked the matter over with many of the first men as to name and standing—they are all well affected towards this thing, as far as I could see, and, with God's blessing, are determined to join us. There is not a man of the ancient race, I do think, in Ulster, Connaught, or Munster that will not rise at the first news of an attack on the government forces. Nay more, my good Lord, there be those of English blood—ay! within the borders of the Pale itself, who are only waiting for us to strike a blow in defence of religion, when they will join us heart and soul!"

"Well, there is some encouragement in that," said Maguire, "especially as regards the Connaught and Munster tribes—as for the Palemen, it will go hard with them when they strike a blow on the same side with us Irishry, as they choose to style us. However, Roger, I will not be the man to stand by and see others fighting my battle—it would ill become one of my name—so, in due time—nay, nay, no fierce looks, Tirlagh O'Neill!—I say in due time—that is, when fitting preparation be made here at home and our countrymen abroad are in the way of joining us with their well-tryed swords—then, I and mine will not be found wanting!" He had spoken all along with a sort of nervous trepidation, that was but too visible, but as he reached the close, his voice gathered strength and firmness, and he spoke the last words in a tone as firm as even O'Moore himself could wish, though he relished not the qualified consent which ought to have come, he thought, without reserve or exception.

But O'Neill in his thoughtless, headlong generosity felt none of this, and he was the first to grasp the young nobleman's hand, which the others all did in their turn.

"Nobly said, Connor Maguire," said the warm-hearted son of the O'Neills, and his voice quivered with emotion; "I shamed to see the Chieftain of Fermanagh throwing cold water on so good a cause. Now you speak like a Maguire!—Let's have a bumper, most sage Rory, to drink Maguire's health!"

"And success to the cause in which we are all embarked!"