

When the banner of our country is again unfurled, the men of Uriel will be found in the right place and at the fitting time. O'Reilly, what say you?"

"I say this, Costelloe McMahon, that there beats not in Irish bosoms hearts more true than those of Breffny-O'Reilly. Let the clans of Ulster once raise the war-shout and the Red Hand point the way, the O'Reillys will not be hindmost, take my word!"

"Uriel and Breffny for ever!" shouted Tirlagh O'Neill; "I told you the truth was in them, Rory O'Moore!—now for Fermanagh!" and he turned his fierce eyes on Maguire, who appeared to take the matter rather coolly for his liking.

"Fermanagh is not an ass, to be driven at will," said Maguire haughtily and coldly. "If Roger O'Moore, or any other man, can show me any fair prospect of success, I am ready to join a cause which I know is just and righteous, but as yet, I have heard or seen nothing to change my opinion, namely, that as things stand now with us of the old faith it would be madness to make a show of fight. Idle boasting will do nothing, Roger O'Moore!"

O'Neill's hand was on his *skene* in an instant, and the other gentlemen, although habitually more self-possessed, could not conceal their surprise. O'Moore laid his hand on O'Neill's arm, and admonished him by a gentle pressure to listen patiently.

"Nay, Tirlagh," said Maguire with a calm smile, "if others' feathers were but as easily ruffled as yours, you should have hot work of it, let me tell you! By what I said, I meant no offence to any gentleman of this good company. What I want, Rory O'Moore, is this: Before we take any rash step in a matter which concerns all men of Irish blood, or professing the Catholic faith, let us see what the lords and gentlemen of that religion in other parts of the country have a mind to do. The chain is as heavy on them as it is on us—they have as many wrongs as we to rouse their ire—of a surety, then, they will lend a hand—let us do nothing till we acquaint them and make an agreement with them as to what share of the work they will take!"

"Your lordship must surely forget," said O'Moore, his hand still resting lightly on the arm of his refractory neighbor, "what