

He instantly dismounted, and tried to conceal himself and his horse in a neighbouring wood; but there was no longer the thick summer foliage to conceal a fugitive. He was perceived by the advance guard, for the horsemen were indeed a troop of Cromwellian soldiery, under the command of Lord Broghill. The prisoner was seized and brought before the commander, who recognised him as the Bishop of Ross.

"Ha!" cried the officer, "wilt thou have life or death?"

attired the garrison will no doubt yield to the words of this old man, for these Irish fools will kiss the sod if their priests bid them."

The Bishop raised his head and answered almost in the same words with which a few weeks before he replied to Roger MacDonald's strange request—

"Take me thither."

"Chain his hands and feet," said Lord Broghill, to his men, "And bring him along with us." And placing him



—FOR GOD AND COUNTRY.

"Whichever will serve my Master best," answered the Bishop.

"Hearken," said Lord Broghill; "I offer thee life on easy conditions. Thou canst save thy own and the lives of many more of thy infatuated countrymen. Persuade the garrison of the Castle of Carrigadrohid to surrender, and you shalt save yourself and them."

The Bishop was silent, and an aid-de-camp which stood by exclaimed, "And by good luck we have along with us amidst our spoils all the senseless garments of a Popish Bishop, and thus

thus fettered on horseback, and cursing him as they went along, the soldiers proceeded for some miles on their journey. At last they reached the spot, and ranged themselves before the walls of Carrigadrohid.

Preparations were hastily made for placing the Bishop on an eminence, so that he might command the walls. The ramparts were crowded with the garrison, who perceived that something unusual was in hand.

During his forced journey the Bishop had made his preparation for death, for