

if she knew, what power has she on these shores, and in the islands of Co. rib? The knight would laugh her to scorn."

"That is all we ought to wish," said Dermod; "for if the knight defies her power, his doom is sealed. We cannot do better, now that Roderic is away, than to go over to the island and claim liberty for Donald. Come, mother let us not waste time, for it is precious; and may God speed us well."

The widow was wont to look up to Dermod's counsel, and she was often heard to say, that what he wanted in body was amply made up in mind.

The boat, with two rowers, was soon ready, and in an hour they were in the small, smooth bay, which is sheltered to the north by the two istlets called Burre and Inishmagh. On the western and eastern extremities of Inchagoil the land rises abruptly, terminating in rocky slopes or broken cliffs, and in the centre, overlooking two small bays on the opposite sides of the island, stands the old tower of Templenavee, "whose birth tradition notes not." As the mother and her crippled son approached the portal, they were spied by the knight, who, expecting his Scotch kinsman that very day, was pacing the battlements above the great hall, casting his eyes ever and anon over the wide extent of waters around him.

"Sir Knight, I pray my son's deliverance," said the widow, not humbly, but proudly, throwing aside her veil and displaying a countenance yet comely, though pale with sorrow and trepidation.

"Your errand is a fruitless one," said the knight; "I know not your son."

"In the name of Grania Waile, release my brother," cried Dermod. "She will not see him injured, and her power is great."

"Grace O'Malley, replied the knight, "has no power here. If she would have the young man, let her dare to fetch him. Begone!"

The Widow Fitz-Gerald and her son made no further parley, but hastily regaining their boat, pushed off towards the house of Anaagh. It was the feast of St. Michael, and the festive board was spread in the Castle of Doonaa. Grace O'Malley (or as she was oftener called by her own countrymen, Grania Waile) was seated on a canopied chair of state, in the centre of the table that crossed the hall, on a raised dais. Her attendant maidens occupied the seats on her left, while her more powerful retainers and men of war graced her right, clad in glittering steel, and equally ready for the combat as the feast. She was in form tall and stately, without being graceful; her eye was restless, quick, and piercing; her face comely, but the expression somewhat fierce and decided. There was a bold license in all she said and did, which would ill become an ordinary personage, but she was of another class. Proud, irritable, and domineering, she could also be kind, generous, and even affectionate; her enemies hated and feared her; her friends seldom forsook her. When it suited her purpose she knew the way to win hearts, and, what is more difficult still, to keep them. Her morals, perhaps, were not unexceptionable, if, (which is not often the case,) report spoke truly; but all stood in awe of one who did not scruple at the means if the end could be gained. In fact, she was well suited both to the country and to the age in which she lived, and her name has been handed down with honor and respect. The feast was scarcely yet begun when the aged seneschal announced the arrival of a stranger, who earnestly entreated an audience.