

Fitz-Gerald when they met in the halls of Doonaa Castle, under the protection of Grania Waile."

"I know your truth, Eva," said Donald; "I know that the pledges of former days will with you be ever sacred; but is it true that the Knight Mac Moragh, your mother's kinsman, and, alas! your guardian, is resolved you should wed his sister's son the red-haired Gael of Ardnamenchán?"

"It is too true, Donald," replied Eva, sighing; "but he cannot compel me to contract with that beggarly Scot. He is expected ere long, but I shall be firm: and if any foul play is intended, I will escape to my good godmother and friend, the mighty Grace O'Malley."

"But how escape? What means have you, unaided, to effect this? Escape now, Eva, while I am near you, with means ready to conduct and an arm ready to protect you."

Alas! Donald, I cannot, replied she, casting down her eyes. It were not maidenly to commit myself thus to your charge; and besides," said she, starting, "there is danger in our being here. Know you who is in the boat? It is the knight's foster brother, O'Rouarke. He it was, I suspect, who betrayed our meeting here last year; and even now I fear some trap may be laid to detect us. Go, therefore, dear Donald, while the path is clear, and trust in my firmness for the future. I have promised."

Donald turned pale when he heard the name of O'Rouarke, for he was his deadly foe. He saw at once the danger to himself and Eva, and for her sake determined to retreat while opportunity afforded. He turned, but a warning shriek from Eva and a powerful grasp from behind too late convinced him that the trap was laid, and he had unwittingly fallen into it. Resistance was vain; in a moment he was bound hand and foot, and in an hour's space lodged in the deep dungeon of the old Tower of Templenaneve.

"He comes not forth thence," said the gloomy Knight of Inchagoil, "till Eva O'Connor and her broad lands are the property of Ivan Macrac."

Dermod, quick in intellect and ever ready in device, suspecting his brother's intent, had mounted a hill pony, and riding by a circuitous path over the intervening mountain, had witnessed the whole scene. Roderic was gone up the lake to the town of Cong. Dermod, therefore, though reluctantly, mentioned the facts to his mother, who was horror-struck at the news.

"If O'Rouarke were the man," exclaimed she in an agony, "Donald is surely lost. He will not forget how my poor son chastised him at the fair on the hill of Glann."

"Eva O'Connor, too, was at the holy well of St. Cuthbert's," said Dermod, musingly. "There is danger to Donald from more than O'Rouarke."

"I see it all," cried the distracted mother. "Oh, that Donald had never sojourned that year at Doonaa. He then might never have seen Eva, or crossed the black knight."

"True, replied Dermod, quietly; "but remember, dear mother, that Grania Waile is Donald's friend, and Eva's godmother. She will not suffer a hair of their heads to be touched."

"How can she help it, my son?" said the widow bitterly. "How can she know of all this, and she at her castle in the Island of Clare? And