

O'Flaherties, the Martyns, the O'Haras—all kindred of his. But the thought of home and of family ties only jarred upon him now and he shut it out as something he had forfeited and must never harbor more. Faces and scenes—those who would not know him or his guilty secret—must henceforth seek in the delusive hope of finding peace, or at least some anodyne for his pain.

Continuing his way, therefore, until the hour had called to their avocations the inmates of some cottage, he finally stopped at one, a little off the roadside and in the loneliest spot of a lonely district. From its chimney he had seen for some distance the thick peat-smoke curl into the clear atmosphere, and took it as evidence that people were astir. Knocking, he was invited to enter, and received with a “caed mille failthe”—the unfailing Connemara greeting to the visitor. Observing the fatigued and travel-stained appearance of the newcomer, that he was bare-headed (for he had lost his hat on the strand during the fatal struggle) and foot-sore, the occupants of the dwelling set about relieving his wants with that quick appreciation and silent sympathy which form so beautiful a characteristic of the Celt. The preparations for the frugal breakfast were at once revised for a more substantial repast. And what their unknown guest valued more, an instinctive delicacy on the part of the man of the house and his wife was manifested in the few questions they had addressed him as to his toilsome walk and the fatigue so visible in every line of his face. Neither by look nor enquiry was any curiosity exhibited as to the cause, and during his stay with this humble boatman and family the same reserve was maintained.

Here while we return to that city from whose gates crime had sent him forth a fugitive and an outlaw, shall we leave Walter Lynch, with the brand of Cain upon his brow and searing his conscience, trying to achieve the impossible—forgetfulness of the past.

II.

The fact that the two friends did not return to the Mayor's house on the fatal night, caused the other members of the household some concern—more especially as no message had come from either to say that they would spend the night elsewhere. An examination showed that their rooms had not been occupied since the previous evening. Before further enquiries could be instituted, a shout arose in the direction of the docks, followed by others in rapid succession, and these by the commotion incident to any public excitement. A servant was at once despatched to the quarter whence the noise proceeded, to learn its cause. On his return his white face and wild gesticulations warned the household that some calamity had happened. From his broken accents, they could gather that, at low water, a sailor had seen near the harbor bar, whither evidently the ground swell at the ebb had borne it, a dark object, and on going out to ascertain what it was, he found to his horror that it was the body of a drowned man lying wedged in between two huge boulders and partly covered with seaweed. He gave the alarm and soon a crowd was drawn to the strand. The sailor, assisted by some of the spectators, removed the body to dry land, where they reverently placed it in view of all. Several recognized it as the dead body of the young Spaniard—the Mayor's guest. A closer examination revealed