

whose graceful form on a bank of an armlet of the Atlantic was, for two centuries yet, destined to fling its imposing shadow on the landlocked tide before Luttrell came on his mission of spoliation. Or a gallop over that hilly and winding road which led into Duthaidh Sheodhoigh (Joyce Country) and Connemara, giving glorious glimpses of the blue Atlantic on whose landward skirts hang the three islands of saintly Arran—the noblest breakwater in the world. Again in the light but taut corrack on the Corrib to visit “Royal Eng,” within the precincts of whose yet unruined abbey, the last monarch of his country—gallant Roderick O’Connor—had found a fitting grave. To youthful enthusiasms, the past with its storehouse of legend, tradition and heroic example, appealed with special force. For such receptive minds as those of Lynch and Gomez, springing from a common Celtic stock, Ireland’s early history, chequered but abounding in deeds of greatness, could furnish inspiring themes. And upon these the two friends would dilate as they visited one historic spot after another of a district rich in associations and suggestiveness.

And thus time sped happily. Those were halcyon days for native and foreigner—days, alas, too bright to endure, and fated to have a tragic close.

Unseen and unconscionably, the demon of jealousy took possession of the heart of the husband so soon to be. Attentions and kindnesses as innocent in their motive as in their character were misconstrued. At one of those social events which, as had become usual with her, the amiable and accomplished Agnes adorned by her presence, her accepted lover either saw or fancied he saw the eyes of his affianced

bride beam with rapture on the young Spaniard. The incident, to a mind already smitten with Othello’s madness, was as the setting of the lighted match to powder. For Walter Lynch the fairy spell was broken. His ardent nature took fire at the thought of being discarded for another; and its passions broke loose. Instead of asking his intended wife whether his doubts of her loyalty to their mutual pledge were the result of misapprehension or not, he seized the first opportunity to upbraid her for her inconstancy and in such terms as to render explanation fruitless, if not impossible. The not unnatural consequence was that she, astounded and hurt by the accusation, affected disdain and refused to deny a charge as groundless as it was wounding. What further passed between the suddenly estranged lovers bears out the belief that love turned to hate is the blindest of all hates. Though affection one for the other had in no sense slackened and both were faithful to their troth, the one became the slave of jealousy, the other of pride. They parted in anger, and, what was worse, in a misunderstanding destined not only to be hopeless but fatal.

While the forlorn Agnes, smarting from the insult thus received, retired to weep over her wrongs and the claims of a wounded self-esteem satisfied, to regret the pride that had prevented an explanation, her ill-starred lover, racked by the fiends and furies of the passion that had so completely possessed him, left her presence only to brood over his fancied grievances and revolve a project of revenge.

Accident rather than design soon enabled him to carry out his terrible purpose. The night after the stormy parting from his betrothed,