

awoke in him once more. Did they, perhaps, think they could conquer him thus? Would they try to bend his resistance because they had not been able to break it?

And Nora, his beloved Nora, whom he had forsaken in so cruel a manner! He painted her anger to himself in darker colors even than the reality, for he did not know how many excuses a woman's heart can find for the conduct of the man she loves. And Dahnnow, too, who had been to see her, and to whom she had poured out her sorrows—for Dahnnow spoke about her sensitive nature. Would everything conspire against him? "Never mind," he thought, "and if the whole world were against me, I would not be conquered, provided Nora's heart be not changed. But what can I do to obtain her forgiveness? I must give her some undeniable proof that I regret my past conduct, and that she is as dear to me as ever."

Thus ran his thoughts, and he stamped his foot with impatience at the distance which separated them. What good was a letter now? And then, perhaps, she would not get it—for once taken in, he saw intrigue at every turn.

At last he sprang up with a sudden joy, and began a sort of triumphant march across his room, as if the battle were already won. He was young, he was in love—two good

reasons for many a wild determination—he was jealous into the bargain, and that spurred him on. He threw Dahnnow's letter on one side and took up a time-table and a map. Distances hardly exist in our century, and, in love as in war, many a thing is both allowed and possible. Would Dahnnow have been satisfied at last with this piece of logic?

The next morning, Degenthal's servant brought the ambassador a note containing the news that his master was ill, and would not be able to leave his bed for some days; the doctor having ordered complete repose.

"Dear! dear!" thought the old gentleman as he read the letter. "It's the old story! He will have committed some imprudence, as all our Germans do, who will not be careful in this climate. I shall have to look after the youth!"

A few days later, the sun was shining upon a castle which rose proudly amidst the villas surrounding it. This castle, of small dimensions it is true, was situated in the vicinity of a town in Central Germany. It was always pointed out to strangers as having been bought by a European celebrity, director Karsten. Guides expatiated upon the beauty of the castle and of its large park, and also mentioned the enormous sum the director had given for it.

(To be continued.)

## The Irish Revolution and How It Came About

(By William O'Brien)

CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

With the success of united action, as against Conscription, came the more and more insistent cry for an extended unity from the crowds that night and day surged around our closed doors at the Mansion House. They could guess but vaguely what was going on within, but Sinn Féin, Labor, and ourselves were in an accord that was on no occasion broken. The Labor delegates (two of whom have since become conspicuous figures in the formation of an Irish Labor Party in the Dail) were helpful in council and fearless in their preparations for resistance. One of our colleagues alone stood coldly aloof. Mr. Dillon did not like the Conference and was with reluctance drawn into it. He regarded every practical line of action suggested with suspicion and alarm. Mr. de Valera's own opinion that the young men would infinitely prefer open fight with guns in their hands to the small torments of passive resistance, he received with a long face which made it clear that the innumerable applications from the country for instructions could only be answered by the leaders of each action for themselves. His only active concern with our affairs was the determination to retain his hold on the administration of the vast funds contributed on our first appeal. He was apparently obsessed with the suspicion that they would be spent on armaments. Even were that not so, he always held to the control of funds as the control of the sinews of war. And as neither Mr. Healy nor I were able to devote the necessary time to the business of the Finance Committee he objected with energy to

any representative of the All-for-Ireland League being substituted in our place. Mr. Devlin, while more cautious, imitated the detachment of his principal, if he was, indeed, any longer his principal. Before the National Cabinet was long at work, Field Marshal French, who had by this time become Viceroy, struck a blow which was excessively unworthy of an honest soldier. On the pretence that he had discovered some new and blood-curdling "German Plot" he tore away Mr. de Valera and Mr. Griffith from our Conference table and shut them up with a hundred of their chief henchmen without any form of trial in English prisons. The "German Plot" was obviously, as it is now universally confessed to have been, a villainous fabrication. When at our next meeting, I proposed a resolution protesting to the world against the foul blow struck at our two colleagues, with the manifest object of breaking up the Mansion House Conference, Mr. Dillon protested hotly: "That is a monstrous Sinn Féin resolution; I will have nothing to do with it. What evidence have we before us?" The "evidence," one might suppose, was rather due from the official concoctors of the Plot. It was forthcoming only too promptly for them in the declaration of the retiring Lord Lieutenant, Lord Wimborne, that he had never heard of the famous "New German Plot," and flatly disbelieved the whole story. When long afterwards, Lord French was forced to disgorge his only "evidence," it turned out that "the New German Plot" was a stale rehash of certain communications with Ger-

many prior to the Easter Week Insurrection of more than two years before.

The *coup d'état* did not break up the National Cabinet. The places of the two abducted Sinn Féin leaders were quietly taken by two of their colleagues—Prof. Eoin MacNeill and Ald. Tom Kelly. But by this time there had occurred a new event which rendered the hopes of any larger National Unity darker and darker. A vacancy having occurred in East Cavan, Mr. Griffith had been put forward as a candidate, and Mr. Dillon started an obscure local Hibernian against him. He did something very much more discreditable: he refused to move the writ, and, under cover of his technical power of obstructing an immediate election, flooded the county with Hibernian organisers of the old truculent type, and proposed to carry on a campaign of bitter personal abuse and violence against Sinn Féin until such time as the organisers should report it safe to issue the writ. Mr. Griffith explained what was happening in a letter written to me a few days before his deportation to England by Field-Marshal French:

Nationality,

6 Harcourt Street, Dublin,

May 11, 1918.

Dear Mr. O'Brien,—As you will have seen from the press Mr. Dillon has refused my offer of a referendum of the people on the election for East Cavan. At the same time he refuses to have the writ moved, but he is pouring into East Cavan all the thugs connected with his organisation. As his speech last Sunday showed, he is determined to make this a bitter election and to prolong it indefinitely.

Such a prolongation will be disastrous to the constituency from the National viewpoint. If the election be fought now, there will be little bitterness left behind. If it be prolonged, as Dillon seeks to prolong it, there will be feud and faction.

I am advised, as by enclosed from lawyers on our side, that two M.P.'s certifying to the Speaker during the recess the death of a fellow member can force the issue of the writ. I would be obliged, therefore, if you would yourself or by two members of your party have the writ issued in this fashion.

I trust Mrs. O'Brien is better.

Yours sincerely,

ARTHUR GRIFFITH.

We, of course, promptly exercised our power of defeating the Hibernian manoeuvre to prevent an election and were in hopes that the foul play practised against Mr. Griffith by the inventors of the "New German Plot" would avert all danger of the scandal of a contested election at such a moment in Cavan. At the next meeting of the Mansion House Conference I pointed out what a mortal blow would be struck at the resistance to Conscription (as to which the Government was still anxiously calculating the chances) if a Nationalist Constituency were to reject a man who had just been gagged and deported by Dublin Castle for the very reason that he was one of the chief organisers of the resistance, and I appealed to Mr. Dillon in the most conciliatory terms at my command to

C. Rodgers

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