

He therefore always endeavored to make Landolfo more at home in his family circle, and he received him to-day with demonstrative marks of friendship.

Landolfo was quite the man to suit Mrs. Karsten. Was he not the very type of the set she had been brought up in? And what seemed coarseness to Nora, seemed piquancy to her. She was extremely amiable to him, thus bringing out in greater relief the coldness with which he was treated by Nora. To Nora he was inexpressibly antipathetic; and to natural antipathy, she added reasoned distrust, since he had surprised her meeting with Curt.

The director offered him to remain a few moments in the drawing-room, which offer was a signal for Nora to rise and move towards the door. Landolfo bit his lips angrily, for now he knew what kept him at so great a distance from his master's daughter, and he felt not only humiliated, but jealous.

Such beauty as hers could not leave him unimpressed, and since he had made such

strides in the director's confidence, he had allowed his imagination to build up the most splendid castles in the air with regard to the daughter. Landolfo had no mean idea of his own talents and charms; and, indeed, it is seldom that a man does not think himself irresistible. As for the director, Landolfo felt sure that he would be agreeable to him; and could thus conveniently go on with the management of affairs, as he had done hitherto.

He had been so accustomed to his attentions towards the fair sex being a case of *veni, vidi, vici*, that he had had no doubt of his success with Nora.

At first he had explained her coldness to him by the distance she had placed between herself and the rest of the troop. But since that memorable day, when he had surprised Count Degenthal and Nora sitting side by side in lover's fashion, he felt that he had found the real clue to the evident repulsion with which he inspired her.

(To be continued.)

—the largest and (perhaps not on that account alone) the most coveted in the country—re-elected me without an opposing voice.

In the summer of the same year followed the elections for the Co. Councils and the District Councils—that is to say a few weeks after the representatives of Ireland had by their votes accepted the Amending Bill for the separation of the Six Counties and the All-for-Ireland group had made the one solitary protest that was heard from Ireland. Anyone acquainted with all that the Irish people now know might suppose that it would be those who had just finally voted for Partition who would appear before their countrymen in sackcloth and ashes, and those whose protest had at least saved for the future Ireland's honor as a nation who would be greeted with the nation's gratitude. In the country's dire ignorance of what happened, it was the other way about. It was "The Party" red-handed from the crime of Partition who were acclaimed as the saviours of the country; it was on the strength of the diabolical lie that we had "voted against Home Rule" that some six hundred of our friends in the Co. Councils and District Councils of the South were arraigned as "factionists" and "traitors"; and to the shame of Irish gullibility it was this outrageous electoral fraud that carried the day. The cry was only raised at the last moment when it was too late to make the bewildered electors aware of the truth, and by a verdict which the universal Irish race would now remorsefully recant, it was the mutilators of Ireland who were held justified, and it was the candidates of the group who alone had lifted a voice against the infamy who were borne down as traitors. The success of the Hibernians was of the narrowest, and could not have been achieved at all without the countenance of some half-a-dozen powerful Catholic dignitaries who must have been sufficiently punished if they discovered the practices of the corrupt secret tyranny of which they made themselves the unconscious ministers.* But the mischief was done of persuading the rest of Ireland and the watchful politicians at Westminster that the last fortresses, hitherto immune from the power of the Board of Erin, had fallen. By no matter how narrow a majority, the local government of vast regions of the South was placed for the next seven years at the mercy of men who refused the smallest honor or office which their votes could deny to their brother Nationalists and more mischievously still, deprived the 30,000 Protestants of Cork of their solitary representative on the Co. Council—an All-for-Irelander of much local usefulness—who was

* One of our foremost candidates was tempted—in vain—by the offer of a Resident Magistracy. Another, who was rewarded with a Coronership, made this jaunty excuse for turning his coat: "Of course, O'Brien is right, but he has no jobs to give." A third—a prosperous merchant and one of the most upright of men—was sought to be intimidated by the awful threat (none the less shocking that it proved a *telum imbellis sine ictu*) that "the grass would be made to grow opposite the door of his shop."

The Irish Revolution and How It Came About

(By William O'Brien)

CHAPTER XXIV—WAS IT STILL POSSIBLE TO RECONSTRUCT THE PARLIAMENTARY MOVEMENT?

For six months before the Convention came into being, the question whether the Parliamentary Movement could be preserved or was worth preserving had been agitating the minds of my colleagues and myself.

When the constancy of Cork—unique, so far as I know, in the electoral history of any country—compelled me to return to public life, against all my natural cravings to be once for all free from those little villainies of politics which no party and no country can hope altogether to shake off, I pledged myself not to withdraw again so long as Cork might want me. Events now succeeded each other which might well seem to absolve me from the pledge, and to show that the suppression of free speech by physical violence and in the newspapers which had drowned my voice in the rest of the country was beginning to invade the free field still left to me within the broad boundaries of the county and city of Cork. The City Municipal elections, the Co. Council elections, even the Parliamentary elections were beginning to go against the All-for-Ireland League. These petty choppings and changings never disturbed in its depths the almost mystic bond between the masses of the people and myself, which indeed survives all permutations and revolutions to this hour, if a thousand tender indications are not deceptive. An unpopularity which had to be laboriously organised, and subsidised to make the slightest show and which in all these years did not succeed in seducing half a dozen renegades from our ranks whose names are worth recalling from oblivion was, for those who knew, a matter of infinitely small concern in itself. It, however, achieved two or three local successes sufficiently boisterous to enable malice, with some show of reason, to persuade the opportunists of Britain that the half-a-million of *pur sang* Na-

tionalists of the South who had hitherto stood fast by the policy of "Conference, Conciliation, and Consent" against a world of discouragements, were at long last deserting their standard.

How lying was the pretence, I took the first opportunity of putting to the test. Owing to intricacies of corrupt ward politics too scurvy for explanation here, the All-for-Ireland majority of the Corporation of Cork was displaced at the Municipal Elections in the beginning of 1914 and the victors in their intoxication boasted that Cork had gone over to the Hibernians and challenged me, in language of incredible scurrility to resign my seat and test at the polls whether the confidence of the people of Cork in me was not gone for ever. Under ordinary conditions, of course, the challenge would be dismissed with a smile. So effectual, however, had become for years the obstruction of the ordinary channels of public opinion that no means short of the figures at a contested election, or the verdict of a jury in an action for libel, were open to me to establish, in the eyes of the country at large, the falsehood of any specific accusation amongst the imputations and insinuations daily showered upon my head. My readiness to avail myself of the most Democratic of all tests—that of an appeal to my constituents, since no other was left to me—actually came to be imputed as the most heinous item in my table of sins. This time, however, their tipsy insolence betrayed my adversaries into being themselves the challengers, and there was but one answer. I resigned my seat and presented myself for re-election on a programme expressly reiterating in every particular our proposals for the appeasement of Ulster. The vaunting challengers of a week before crept abjectly back into their burrows and the great constituency of Cork