

comical looks and gestures, either bombarded the public with them, or used them as adornment for their own ridiculous selves, to the discomfort of those who had offered them, and to the rejoicing of the general public. It was dreadful to think of all the mass of flowers and of money which had thus been uselessly thrown away for the prattish beauty. Some of the most daring had at last sent their bouquets directly to her house, and it had required all her step-mother's eloquence to prevent Nora returning them. It was only the thought that to make herself enemies might injure her father's career, which induced her to keep the flowery messages; but they bloomed away and at last withered without her casting one look upon them, or without her deigning to read one of the declarations which lay concealed amongst the blossoms. She never assisted at any of the suppers arranged by gentlemen, under the pretext of amusing her father, but in reality with a faint hope of enticing his daughter out of her retirement.

Her warmest admirers had only been able to steal a few short moments at the *manège*, or, when she was out walking; but always at her father's side.

It soon went from mouth to mouth that the

beautiful Amazon could be seen, early in the morning, attired in the darkest and most simple of garments, on her way to church at an hour when all the *beau monde* was still lying in profound sleep.

Her charms had induced some particularly energetic young men to try and effect a meeting there; but, as soon as she noticed this, she no longer went to the same church. Moreover, the fresh-morning air had somewhat cooled down the warmth of their feelings, and made them lose their taste for the object of these expeditions.

Such had been Nora's life until now, but last night had cruelly torn away the veil from her eyes, had extinguished the last ray of hope in her breast.

Despised! despised! excluded from the heart which had been all in all to her! So, he had found no extenuating circumstances; not a ray of sympathy or compassion had he bestowed upon her in the hours of her dark despair! For despair it was. She clutched her head convulsively and pressed her hands passionately upon her black hair, hiding her face amidst the cushions, as if she could not support even the faintest ray of light—fathomless was her shame, so deep her sorrow.

(To be continued.)

their raids for whisky and their quarrels—sometimes with revolvers as well as with fists—with the more clean-lived of the old Royal Irish Constabulary who were still condemned to keep their obscene company. They had turned against them the most timid man in the country, Unionist, as well as Nationalist, who was not within range of their rifles. As for the nation in general, who had smarted under the taunt that Irishmen fought bravely for every country except their own; who were humiliated to remember that for nearly a century they could only quote the three Manchester Martyrs and a very few others who had thought it worth while to offer up their lives for Ireland—who remembered with a certain self-reproach, how lately it was that the country seemed to be sunk in shameless political corruption and self-seeking—they were opened in wonder and delight to discover that a generation had arisen ready in thousands and in tens of thousands to die for Ireland with a mystic love-light in their eyes, and most wonderful of all that they were striking all the hosts of England with paralysis behind their fortresses and big guns. Every Irishman worth his salt the world over began to glow with pride in the young soldiers of his nation.

Sir Hamar Greenwood might go on undauntedly bragging and lying, but England was awakening to horrid glimpses of the truth. English men and women, who came over to see for themselves, were going back with stories that turned honest cheeks aflame; and Mr. Lloyd George, excellent opportunist that he was, was beginning to ask himself whether in place of "having Sinn Féin on the run" and "holding the murder-gang by the throat," it was not perhaps the murder-gang who were having the best of it and whether it was not about time for him to "go on the run himself."

CHAPTER XXIX—THE TRUCE OF JULY 11, 1921.

One of the worst consequences of Mr. Lloyd George's mistaking reasonableness in the Sinn Féin leaders for weakness was to accentuate the demand for a Republic. Up to that time, the talk of a Republic arose largely from the habit of putting demands higher than expectations, which the shiftiness of English party politicians had encouraged. In his interview with me in August 1922, Mr. de Valera made a statement which throws a flood of light upon the secret processes by which the Irish Revolution was turned from peaceful action to arms. "He said" (I quote from my own note of our conversation) "he had spent the last four years trying to keep the peace between Cathal Brugha, on what he might call the old Fenian side, and Arthur Griffith, representing the Constitutional Sinn Féiners. They were really two separate movements, and nothing except the pressure of the Black-and-Tan terror kept them together so long." That I believe to be probably the historic truth of the matter. Parnell had the same nearly superhuman task as between the two wings of his own movement; but not only did Parnell possess a supreme genius for com-

The Irish Revolution and How It Came About

(By William O'Brien)

(CHAPTER XXVIII—(Continued.)

The Black-and-Tans for their part, if they were less resourceful in wit, made up for their inferiority by a brutality run mad. Whatever atrocities the jack-booted Germans committed in the first weeks of their occupation of Belgium, the Black-and-Tans committed and improved upon for a year and a half during their Satanic reign in Ireland. They roamed through the country by night in their armored cars bellowing with drunken fury in search of vengeance for some successful ambush or captured barrick; set fire to defenceless villages or blew them up with bombs; flogged, tortured and murdered without ceremony the men whenever they could find them, under conditions too loathsome to be particularised; whenever the men were missing, they extorted their last penny from the terror of the women, outraged them with drunken obscenities more hateful than their flourished revolvers, and left with a whole generation of Irish children memories of their midnight devilries more horrible than any Dante could imagine for his *Inferno*. For the bare offence of being found in possession of revolvers men were hanged, and the statesmen who hanged them were shocked to find that the hangings were followed by vengeance no less drastic. A trick more cunning than crude barbarities like these was the systematic destruction of the people's means of living by the burning down or blowing up of the factories, like those at Balbriggan and Mallow, upon which half the working population depended for employment. Even the blameless rustic creameries to which many thousands of farmers trusted for a market for their milk were given wholesale to the flames; and the only comment of the Prime Minister upon this

pretty employment for the arms of England was his sneer at the influence of Sir Horace Plunkett as a peacemaker, that "he could no longer depend even upon the support of his creameries."

And the ineffectualness of all this gigantic apparatus of "frightfulness!" The only people at all terrorised were the old folks, the sick, the mothers and their babies trembling in their cabins, or driven to fly to the mountains or the graveyards for refuge from their midnight invaders. The young men who were the real quarry of the terrorists—even those who had hitherto kept aloof from the Revolution—were left no alternative but to swell the ranks of the Republican Army in their fastnesses in the hills, whence they swooped down in their own good time with a vengeance too often as savage as that of their antagonists and far more sure. The young women defied bullets and the courts-martial even more bravely than their brothers or sweethearts. After twelve months while this *ter latitans* was the only law of the land, the Irish Republican Army had so far got the better of the apparently irresistible forces opposed to them; that even in the cities no military lorry from which the muzzles of the rifles protruded could pass through the streets in open day without a bomb hurtling in the cars of its garrison, and in the country the railways were made impassable, the bridges blown up and the roads trenched and barricaded, and their most confidential despatches intercepted until their armored cars no longer ventured outside their garages and the Black-and-Tans found themselves cooped up in their guard-rooms, with no other resource left to relieve the tedium except the proceeds of