

## THE PHOENIX PARK MURDERS

uneasy feeling, in spite of his gracious courtesy, of how like to a beautiful bird of prey this old man was: with the piercing, cruel eyes belying the tender, courteous smile, and how, relentless as an eagle, men like this had struck and torn their victims. But to me, personally, he always showed the marvellous charm of manner which sent me away feeling that I was at least a compelling force in the great game of politics and worthy of the place I held.

The political history of this time has been written many times, and from various points of view, and in this book I do not propose to repeat it, but only to record such point or detail as at the time affected my King in his home life.

END . . . I.