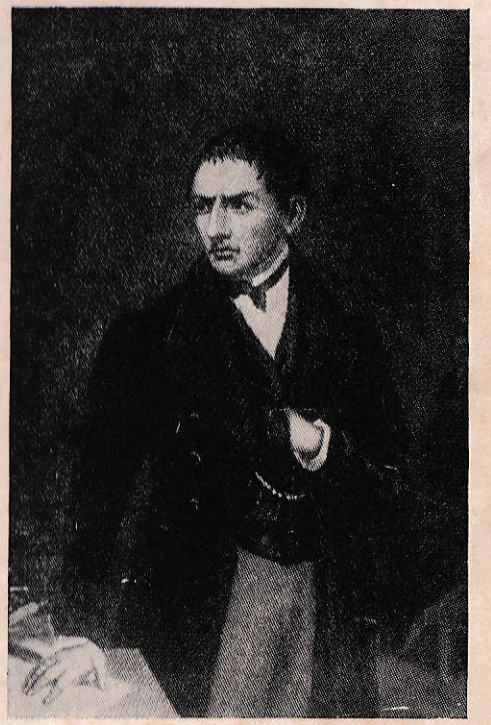
1803 IRIS TEOIN 1953

WOLFE TONE ANNUAL

ORR and EMMET

To mark the 150th anniversary of the death of Robert Emmet in 1803: to recall the earlier martyrdom of William Orr in 1796 and to show the links between the two sacrifices for the Republic of Ireland.



An unusual portrait of Robert Emmet

128 PAGES

Published by

BRIAN O'HIGGINS

38 UPPER O'CONNELL STREET

DUBLIN

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052

AN TÓSTAL

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The Electricity Supply Board announces that it has fixed a special low rate of 3.3d. per unit for display lighting for flat rate consumers during the period of An Tóstal from 5th to 26th April, 1953.

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•

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•

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Say

Jus

Fo

In

CLO

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DUBLIN

Orr agus Emmet
(Bailéad Sráide)

Liam Orr as Aontruim ṫug d'Éirinn gean is grá,
Do lean na Gaill go craosta é is do leagaḋ é ar lár.
Do masluiġeaḋ é go tarcuisneaċ an lá úd ins an bFoġmar.
Aċ labair sé leo gan eagla nuair do ṡeas sé os a gcoṁair:

'Ní tréigteoir mé ná ropaire, ní méirleaċ mé ná tráill,
Aċ fear ṫug grá d'á Ṁáṫair boċt agus í go mór faoi ċrá.
Ar son mo ṁuinntire is mo ṫíre táim ag dul ċun báis,
Aċ lasfaid m'ainm solus geal naċ múċfar é go bráṫ'

Liam Orr as Aontruim do ċuireaḋ é ċun báis
Go feallṫaċ is go faolċonda ar an sgalán duḃ go h-árd
Agus riṫ an scéal ó ḃéal go béal agus léim le brón gaċ croiḋe
Imeasc na bfear ḃí dílis fós, go geanúil is go groiḋe.

I mBaile Áṫa Cliaṫ ċuala buaċaill óg an scéal,
Agus ṗreab a ċroiḋe le carṫannaċt, le fearg is aiṫṁéal ;
Agus ṫug sé a ṁóid go h-aigeanta go leanfaḋ sé an treoir
Ṫug Liam Orr do Ġaeḋealaiḃ is d'á slioċt go deo na ndeor

Lean sé an treoir go calma 's nuair ṫáinig ċuige an bás
Ba ġlórṁar é an sgalán duḃ ansúd i Sráid Tomás
Don béal ḃí fuar 's don éadan geal ṫug a Ṁáṫair Éire póg.
Agus ṫáinig Orr le casaḋ leis ar an sliġe go Tír na nÓg.

Labrann siad go beannaċtaċ le saiġdiúirí na nGaoḋal
Nuair a léimeann siad go fearúil isteaċ sa mbeárnain baoġail ;
Agus siuḃlann siad i gcoṁnuí linn ar an mbóṫar mór tá róṁainn—
Liam Orr as Aontruim agus Riobárd Emmet óg.

BRIAN NA BANBAN

Mairfiḋ Emmet go Deo

I

Céad go leiṫ bliain ó ṡoin díreaċ do ċuir na Sasanaiġ Gaoḋal áiriṫe ċun báis—fear calma óg. Ní h-aṁáin gur ċuireadar ċun báis é, aċ do ṫugadar an bás ba náiriḋe agus dob'ísle ḋó d'féadfaidís a déanaṁ, bás gadaiḋe, bás ropaire. Do ċroċadar go poibliḋe é agus 'na diaiḋ sin do ḋiċeannadar é, os coṁair na ndaoine. Ḋeineadar

é sin d'aon ġnó i dtreo is go gcuirfidís 'na luiġe ar a raiḃ i láṫair i Sráid Tomás i mBaile Áṫa Cliaṫ an lá úd, agus ar muinntir na tíre go léir, go raiḃ gníoṁ feallṫaċ náireaċ déanta aige. Deineadar é, leis, ċun scannraḋ do ċur ar ḋaoine eile aiṫris a ḋéanaṁ air go deo deo arís. Ḃí deire leis anois dar leo agus ní cloisfiḋe a ṫuille tráċta air. Sin mar a ċeapadar aċ ní mar síltear bítear.

2

An fear óg so atá i gceist againn, cad a dein sé as an sliġe ? É seo a dein : iarraċt an gadaiḋe do ruagairt as a tír dúċċais. Dein sé an niḋ céadna a dein na mílte roiṁe is na mílte eile 'na ḋiaiḋ—dein sé iarraċt an ceangal le Sacsaiḃ do ḃriseaḋ agus Éire do ṡaoraḋ. Protastúnaċ do b'eaḋ an laoċ óg so. Do ḃí a muinntear go maiṫ as. Ḃí sé féin cliste, oilte. Ḃí an-ṡeans aige ar ṗost maiṫ do ḃaint amaċ, sa ḃaile nó i gcéin. Aċ ní in ór ná in airgead ná i maoin an tsaoil seo do ḃí a ċroiḋe. A ṁalairt ar fad. Ṫóg sé ar féin an ród aċrann—aċ, baolaċ, cruaiḋ do leanaṁaint, an ród do ṫreoruiġ ċun an ḃáis é sa deire. Ní h-aṁlaiḋ naċ raiḃ fios aige roiṁ ré cá raiḃ a triall agus cad a ġeoḃaḋ sé dá ḃárr. Do ḃí a fios go maiṫ aige, aċ sé an sagas duine a ḃí ann naċ scannróċaḋ aon niḋ é. Ḃí an meon céadna aige a ḃí ag an bPiarsaċ lenár linn féin agus d'féadfaḋ sé a ráḋ :

Do ṫugas mo ġnúis
Ar an ród so róṁam
Ar an ngníoṁ do-ċím
'S ar an mbás do-ġeoḃad.

Tá a fios agaiḃ um an dtaca so, is dóċa, cé h-é an laoċ calma so. Sé Riobárd Emmet, duine a ḃfuil cion ag gaċ Éireannaċ dílis air.

3

Ó aimsir a óige i leiṫ ní raiḃ aċ aon niḋ aṁáin ar an saol so ag Emmet—grád d'á tír dúċċais. Ṫug sé an suḃáilce seo ón gcliaḃán leis, mar ḃí cúis na hÉireann mar áḋḃar comráiḋ timċeall an teinteáin sa ḃaile aige riaṁ. Ḃí Tomás, driṫáir leis, páirteaċ i ngluaiseaċt na nGaeḋal Aontuiġṫe agus ḃíoḋ a ḋrifiúir, Máire Anna, a cabrú leo i gcomnuiḋe. Ṫagaḋ Tioḃóid Wolfe Teon ar ċuairt ċúċa. Ċuala Riobárd an scéal go léir uaiḋ agus ó ċáirdiḃ eile, agus ṡúġ sé an náisiúntaċt isteaċ mar adeirtear, ó lá go lá.

Cúpla bliain tar éis Ḃriseaḋ '98, agus Tomás is treoruiġṫe eile ar an deoruiḋeaċt ċuir Riobárd tús leis an obair a ḃí riaċtanaċ. Do noċt sé a scéim do laoċraiḃ mar Maolṁuire Ó Broin agus Tomás Ruiséal agus fir eile do ḋein troid is do ṫáinig slán agus tar éis tamaill ḃí an síol d'á ċur i naoi gcondaeṫe déag. Do ċuir sé féin a raiḃ sa tsaol aige isteaċ sa cúis, gaċ pinginn ruaḋ de, agus fuair roinnt eile airgid ar iasaċt ó ċáirdiḃ ċun lón cogaiḋ do ḃailiú le ċéile.

Do ḃí gaċ niḋ ag dul ċun cinn go maiṫ—anois nó riaṁ ! Ḃí pící go leor ullaṁ. Ḃí árus anso agus árus ansúd aige ar fuid Áṫa Cliaṫ, deiċ gcinn ar fad díoḃ, agus iad lán de ṗící is de ṗléasgáin is de gaċ sagas lón cogaiḋ. Ḃí an lá mór socair ; ḃí na pleananna ullaṁ ; ḃí gaċ niḋ 'na ċeart. Ḃí Caisleán Áṫa Cliaṫ le gaḃáil i dtosaċ ; annsoin ṫiocfaḋ cabair ó gaċ aird. Aċ nuair ṫáinig an lá ṫárla timpist i ndiaiḋ timpiste. Ṫréig duine anso agus duine ansúd é

ar leiṫ-scéal éigin go dtí naċ raiḃ fágṫa aċ scata beag, agus b'éigean do dul ar a ċimeád.

4

Níor ḃfada go raḃṫas ar a ṫóir agus gaċ spíodóir agus suaraċán agus fear meatta sa caṫair ag cabrú le luċt an Ċaisleáin. D'féadfaḋ sé éaló as an dtír aċ do ḋiúltuiġ sé é sin a ḋéanaṁ. Ṡeasfaḋ sé an fód. Ní ṫréigfeaḋ sé an cúis ná na daoine ḃí dílis agus b'féidir go dtiocfaḋ ón bFrainc an cabair ġeall Napoleon dó. Ṫáinig an naṁaid aniar aduaiḋ air lá aṁáin ag Crois an Araltaiġ, gaḃaḋ é agus cuireaḋ ar a triail é.

Daoraḋ ċun báis é. Níor ḃain sé sin geit as Riobárd Emmet cróga, óir ḃí súil aige leis. Tógaḋ go dtí Sráid Tomás é. Do ḃí an croċ ullaṁ. Ḃí sluag ag feiṫeaṁ ann—fear leis agus fear 'na ċoinniḃ mar ḃíonn i ngaċ áit mar sin ar fuid an domain. Nuair marḃuiġeaḋ é ḃí deire leis, sin mar a ċeap naṁaid na hÉireann. A ṁalairt ar fad do ṫárla, mar tá rud éigin ag baint le Riobárd Emmet, lena ṡaol is lena ṡaoṫar, agus ní feadar cad é féin, rud éigin a ḃogann do ċroiḋe, pé uair a deintear a ainm do luaḋaḋ i stair, i ndán nó in aṁrán. Ṫeip air, fé mar a féaċann an saol ar an scéal, aċ ar a son san is uile. tá draoiḋeaċt éigin agus uaisleaċt éigin ag gaḃáil lena ṡaol go léir, a ġreamuiġeann tú is a ṁeallan tú ċuige. Seaḋ, mairfiḋ Riobárd Emmet i gcion agus i gcroiḋṫiḃ Gaoḋal an faid is a ḃeiḋ féar ag fás nó uisge ag riṫ i nÉirinn.

"Cúm a' Spiora."

Emmet

"Ná greanntar leaċ dom is ná cantar m'feartlaoi
Go mbeiḋ saoirse ċeart ag mo ṁíle gráda ;
Ag an tír tá céasta 's go mór i ngéiḃeann
Ag Gallaiḃ bréagaċ' is ag Gaoḋalaiḃ tláṫ'."

Sin a' ċainnt dein Emmet ar lá a ḋaorṫa,
Agus fós tá Gaoḋala fé smaċt na nGall ;
Gan splannc 'n-a gcroiḋṫiḃ de spriḋ na saoirse—
Táid casta, claoiḋṫe ag an smisṫ' úd ṫall.

Comrádaiḋṫe Emmet, idir óg agus críonna,
Táid fós ag líonaḋ na gcarcar ngránna ' ;
Táid fós dá láṁaċ, ag tál na méirleaċ ;
Táid fós dá gcéasaḋ ar an sgalán árd !

Aċt laspar lóċrann do Ṗoblaċt Éireann,
Agus scappar néallta na mbrad 's na mbréag ;
Beiḋ a guiḋe ag Emmet agus críoċ le n-a ṡaoṫar,
Agus saoirse ag Gaoḋalaiḃ arís go héag !

Brian na Banban.

ORR AND EMMET

1

TWO names have been mentioned over and over in the pages of the WOLFE TONE ANNUAL during the past twenty-one years—the names William Orr and Robert Emmet—because they have been spoken with love and reverence by the best and truest of our people for a century and a half. They are the names of two young men who failed ignominiously in their efforts for Ireland's emancipation from slavery, who were convicted as traitors and put to death as common criminals, one on October 14, 1797, at Carrickfergus in Antrim, the other on September 20, 1803, in Thomas Street in the city of Dublin ; who were defamed, reviled and slandered unscrupulously by able and powerful enemies for long years after their departure from this world, but who shine with a special radiance among the hosts of martyrs whose lives have been given that Ireland might live. There is a reason why we have returned to their story and are about to repeat it without apology, that it may sink into the receptive minds of those who will be the men and women of to-morrow.

There are links between William Orr and Robert Emmet even though they never met and one was but a boy when the other—the first martyr of the Republic of Ireland—was falsely accused of treason to his country, convicted on the evidence of self-confessed perjurers, the verdict of a drunken jury and the sentence of partisan judges, and put to death as if he had been a menace to his kind, a malefactor, a felon and a criminal. They were both unselfishly patriotic, idealistic, high-minded, unambitious, exemplary, gallant, faithful, virtuous and unfearing, and their sacrifice has been an inspiration to the men of Ireland in every crisis of the past one hundred and fifty years. A tool of Dublin Castle who gave information about Emmet's activities in Trinity College before 1798 (McCartney) was concerned in the bringing of Orr to the gallows. A man who was killed in a Dublin street, but not by Emmet's followers, on the night of the frustrated insurrection (Lord Kilwarden) was Attorney-General in 1796 and in complete charge of the gang who made Orr a convicted criminal to the satisfaction of their masters. The Solicitor-General at the same time was John Toler, afterwards the notorious Lord Norbury who presided at the so-called trial of Emmet ; and the man who had posed as Orr's friend and an ardent patriot while he drew pay from Dublin Castle as a spy (Samuel Turner) took part seven years later in the hunting down of Emmet. In the year, therefore, that marks the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of Emmet's fruitful death it is fitting that along with his inspiring story should be retold the story of William Orr who, six years earlier, repudiated without bitterness the charge of treason brought falsely against him and declared with truth that he was about to die a persecuted man for a persecuted country, a martyr for justice and freedom.

2

ONE thing above all others needs to be kept constantly in mind by those who study the histories so far published of 1798 and 1803 ; it is, that almost all the writers of them, while admiring the unselfish patriotism of men like Tone, Emmet, Russell and some of their comrades, did not share their aims or approve of them, were in fact so thoroughly Anglicised as to declare in their prefaces that they were loyal subjects of the British crown. If this fact is kept in mind many of the conjectures, opinions and suspicions of such historians will lose the importance they were supposed to have, and further study will prove them worthless. Dr. R. R. Madden, who spent over twenty years collecting material for his *Lives and Times of the United Irishmen*, was a man of this type, but his *suspicion* that Robert Emmet was a dupe or victim of Pitt, Castlereagh, Wickham, Pollock, Marsden and the other tools of England who ran Dublin Castle at the time, has been treated with too much respect by people who should have known better. It is understandable that Raymond

W. Postgate, an Englishman, and Helen Landreth, an American, should have seen the dramatic possibilities of such a suggestion and worked it for all it was worth, and more than it was worth, but writers of Irish blood and background should not allow themselves to be carried away by it. The idea that the tools of England goaded Irish soldiers of freedom into war in 1798 and lured Robert Emmet home from Paris in 1802 to organise an abortive insurrection that could be thwarted and crushed at the last moment and lead to hanging and imprisonment and banishment that would utterly destroy the spirit of 'disaffection' in Ireland for all time, is an insult to Irish manhood, to Irish spirit, to Irish self-respect, to Irish love of freedom and independence. Foreigners cannot be expected to take this view, no matter how sympathetic they may be, how fond of Ireland in a sentimental, detached way, how anxious to set down the truth as they see it. To us it is cause for shame that young Irishmen of spirit should have to be tortured with pitch-caps and prodded with bayonets and buffeted about by armed ruffians before they could feel the urge to rise out and strike a blow for freedom ; but visitors to our shores evidently see nothing shameful in it and too many of our own people take the same view without thought or reflection and by so doing help to perpetuate the English falsehood that we are only a nation of skulkers and slaves who have to be terrorised and tortured into doing what the true patriots of any other invaded country would do through love of fatherland and bravery and determination.

We have mentioned particularly Miss Landreth and Mr. Postgate because they are the latest outsiders who have been attracted by the sacrifice of Robert Emmet and have written books about it. They are excellent books in their own way, and Miss Landreth's big volume, *The Pursuit of Robert Emmet*, was so lavishly documented as to have overawed some of our leading reviewers and caused them to regard it as almost the last word that could possibly be written on the subject. It is to be feared that the reviewers who have to read many books and write the result for the literary pages of newspapers seldom get sufficient time to do so with very great care. If they are necessarily hurried in their reading, the writing that follows should be circumspect and free from extravagant statements. Some reviewers hailed *The Pursuit of Robert Emmet* as a work of such historical accuracy that the most reckless could not question it ; but closer reading would have revealed to them that a great deal of it was conjecture, supposition, suspicion and surmise. It would seem that Miss Landreth became so obsessed with the desire to add more and more scalps to her collection of informers that she was prepared to go to all lengths to achieve her object. She finally began to see informers everywhere and although Robert Emmet emerged from the chase a shining figure of chivalry, purity, innocence, honesty and virtue, the reader was left with the impression that the young patriot was devoid of commonsense, was unpractical, foolish and over-credulous, and entirely unfitted for the task he was lured into taking up through the ingenuity of the clever tools of Pitt and Castlereagh! That seasoned veteran soldiers of distinction thought otherwise and said so had no effect on the able American lady who saw the outlines of a puzzle and was fired with desire to fill it in, even though the effort might blacken a whole nation and back up the sneering insult that if an Irishman were hung upon a spit in front of a torture fire there would be no lack of compatriots to take up the unholy task of keeping his body turned to the flames!

3

This book by a talented American writer might have been called *The Hunting Down of Irish Informers*, so anxious does its author show herself to be to convince her readers that men they have always looked upon as upright, honest, patriotic and sincere were double-dealers and intriguers who pretended to sympathise with and help Emmet, but were all the time supplying Dublin Castle with information concerning him and receiving payment for their services. She goes so far as to say that John Keogh, the Catholic leader who first brought Wolfe Tone into prominence in Irish public life and into touch with Ireland's persecuted people, was

a frequent recipient of secret service money as a degraded and treacherous informer. John Keogh was a very wealthy man and why he should have found it necessary to supplement his income by bringing himself down below the level of the lowest of God's creatures is something one finds it hard to understand.

A delver in public and secret records as capable as Miss Landreth and less eager to swell, by hook or by crook, the list of Irish informers of the 1798 and 1803 period, Rev. Francis Finegan, S.J., went slowly and carefnlly over the ground travelled by the American lady after *The Pursuit of Robert Emmet* had been published and in an article in *Studies* (March, 1950) gave the result of his examination of the sources upon which she had erected her mighty pile of suspicions, suppositions, guesses and surmises. Fr. Finegan could find nothing to justify or substantiate the charge made against John Keogh and nothing to prove that Robert Emmet was the unsuspecting and well-watched instrument made use of by Pitt and his ruffian gang at Dublin Castle for the promotion of an insurrection that would be crushed with such ferocity as to make future attempts at gaining Irish independence impossible for many a generation.

After quoting Miss Landreth's rather reckless accusation against John Keogh, Fr. Finegan in the article mentioned goes on to say that "the statement that 'Secret Service Money Payments include many entries of money paid to John Keogh' will be found to be baseless. In actual fact there are very few secret service receipts now preserved in the State Paper Office. The relevant destination number of these receipts is Second Series 533/233/12. In this collection a few unsavoury names like McGucken and Magan may still be read in their own handwriting. The name of John Keogh is not to be found amongst these receipts. While the indexes and calendars duly list the papers found in the package (533/233/12.) they do not include the name of John Keogh. A careful consultation of the various entries of John Keogh's name in the indexes and calendars will prove equally fruitless with regard to receipts mentioned in Miss Landreth's book. This capital blunder has been accepted as proved history in various reviews. The neglect to cite the relevant destination number of the secret service receipts should have put reviewers on their guard in this matter of the reputation of a revered if not well known historical character. As it is, John Keogh's name is unsullied so far as the State Paper Office documents are concerned. We must look elsewhere to trace the source of the blunder."

After looking elsewhere with great care and skill and showing that there were other men of the period bearing the same name as the friend of Wolfe Tone, and that some of these had come into contact with Dublin Castle, Fr. Finegan writes :—

'To summarise what the official sources tell us of Keogh 1791-1798. no document is forthcoming to incriminate his memory. There is no record to be found either that he gave information against his colleagues or that he received money for information given. The evidence to hand shows only that he was amply honoured by the distrust of the authorities. It is reasonable to ask what of his career in the years that followed, for the story of secret service money paid in 'a small Dublin hotel,' as told by Miss Landreth, belongs to 27 November, 1807. The only significance to be attached to the document is that it is the only paper to be found that bears the name of a Keogh who received £100.

My dear Sir

I have this moment received the enclosed from Sir A. Wellesley with a request that £100 may be put into it and that, after sealing it, you would have the goodness to deliver it as before.

Ever yours, my Dear Sir

Ja's Trail.

Wm. Taylor, Esq.

November 27, 1807. (Keogh, Munster Hotel).

The name Keogh and the address are in Taylor's handwriting. Again there is no evidence as to who Keogh may be. The weight of evidence, so far as the Castle correspondence is concerned, is sufficient to acquit John Keogh of any dishonourable work.'

And until John Keogh's name finally disappeared from the correspondence of Dublin Castle he was always mentioned as a potential if not an actual and active enemy of the English regime in Ireland and one whom it was desirable to keep under the eye of officialdom.

Although we are dealing only with Robert Emmet and his enterprise and his comrades, we have cited the case of John Keogh to show how unauthentic and unreliable is 'history' that is built upon a foundation of mere suspicion, supposition and wrong interpretation of recorded truth. There is an even more glaring blunder made by Miss Landreth, Mr. Postgate and even native historians in their eagerness to show that Robert Emmet's attempt at insurrection was really inaugurated and encouraged by the enemies of Ireland, and that blunder may as well be dealt with now rather than later in our story of 1803.

4

When Robert Emmet and his close comrades were living at Butterfield Lane, Rathfarnham, they were in the habit of walking home when work at the depots in the city was over for the day. One day the young leader, with Russell, Hamilton and Jemmy Hope, was returning to the house in this way and on the journey he began to question Hope as to the support that would be given in North East Ulster. Hope gave it as his considered opinion, grounded on intimate conversations he had had with Catholic friends among the Ulster peasantry, that if and when a general insurrection came about they would make a bid to regain the lands that had been robbed from them and eject the grabbers, as had been done by their forefathers under Phelim O Néill in 1641.

Emmet was shocked by this news. Such a rough-and-ready system of justice did not appeal to him and he believed it would bring about the loss of innocent lives. The people should win national independence first and then make out a reasoned claim for reinstatement in the lands that belonged to their forefathers. 'I would rather die,' he burst out agitatedly, 'than live to witness the calamities which that course would bring on helpless families. Let that be the work of others ; it shall never be mine. Corruption must exhaust its means before equity can establish even its most reasonable claims.'

Russell too was deeply stirred by Hope's disclosure of the determination of the dispossessed Catholics of the North. 'This conspiracy is the work of the enemy,' he exclaimed, and then went on : 'We are now in the vortex ; if we can swim ashore let it not be through innocent blood. If the people are true to themselves we have an overwhelming force ; if otherwise, we fall, and our lives will be a sufficient sacrifice.'

Then Emmet saw a bright side to the picture, still thinking of the poor dispossessed Gaels of planted Ulster. 'One grand point at least will be gained,' said he. 'No leading Catholic is committed—we are all Protestants—and their cause will not be compromised.'

Several of our expert and meticulous historians, including Miss Landreth and Mr. Postgate (both of whom can not be blamed overmuch since they were not familiar with Irish history) have quoted that exclamation of Russell's—'this conspiracy is the work of the enemy'—as if it applied to the whole project of the insurrection, whereas Russell only referred to the local Ulster matter that had been mentioned by Hope ; and it has been set down, sometimes in italics, sometimes in heavy type, as proof that Emmet was only a foolish tool in the hands of Ireland's enemies, that it was they who had planned an insurrection against themselves and called him home from France to lead it ! When such errors as this and the alleged treachery of John Keogh are set down in books that claim to be deadly accurate and are accepted and praised by reviewers, how can we accept as authentic history the scores of other suppositions and guesses and surmises with which such books are filled?

Incidentally, in his contribution to the foregoing conversation, Robert Emmet disposes of the claim made by some of the Castle spies that John Keogh was deep in Emmet's plan for the overthrow by armed force of British power in Ireland. 'No leading Catholic is committed ; we are all Protestants,' said Emmet, meaning all the leaders who were with him in the struggle. And John Keogh had been known to all Ireland and England as a leading Catholic from away back in 1791.

THE STORY OF WILLIAM ORR

1

SOME people who would like to be called hard-headed and practical and progressive have no use for sentiment or emotion and are inclined to look with pity or contempt on all who seek inspiration for the activities of the present in the great, useful deeds of the past, and who, for that purpose, would revive and keep green the memory of the men and women who put country before self, who left the quiet ways of ease and comfort, not at the call of ambition but of patriotism, to walk the hard road that would end either in success for their cause or in death or exile or imprisonment for themselves. But the so-called practical people live their little selfish day and are deservedly forgotten, while the great-hearted who hearken to the voice of the past, who do not 'let bygones be bygones,' but who honour the memory of the patriot dead by striving unselfishly to translate their teaching into practice are, like their teachers, remembered and loved and revered for ever. And only that it has been so in Ireland through all the generations there would be no Irish nation to-day rightly struggling to be free, but merely a conquered West British province of Empire inhabited by a few millions of hard-headed, practical slaves, its glorious past forgotten, its achievements ignored, its glories denied, and the sacrifices of its martyrs laughed at by the enemies to whom it had slavishly surrendered. If we are not in that unhappy position to-day, like other nations that once were great and free, it is not because of any merits we possess as a whole people, but because our martyrs have been so many, and their sacrifices so unselfish and so holy, that for very shame itself we have had to follow the road they pointed out to us, we have had to listen, even in small numbers, to their noble teaching, we have had to give in every generation a few, at least, of our best and our bravest to renew the age-old sacrifice and to fan the dying flicker of national consciousness into a leaping flame again.

2

The first known martyr of the Republic of Ireland was William Orr, a Presbyterian farmer of County Antrim, a famous athlete, a man of splendid physique and handsome appearance, but one who never courted publicity or had the least ambition to be a leader. Like Tone and Emmet and Russell and McCracken and Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and all the other unforgettable heroes of a gallant struggle for freedom, William Orr was drawn from the peace and quiet and comfort of his home by the sufferings of his fellow-countrymen, and in a close contemplation of their persecution he saw the crucifixion of all Ireland; he saw a brave and generous and faithful people being robbed of their birthright, trampled under the heel of a merciless and hypocritical tyranny, hunted and harried like wild beasts in their own country by invading hordes of robbers and plunderers. The spectacle of those gallant and cultured men, who were not of our religious faith, standing up fearlessly in our defence when we were trampled down and to all appearances hopelessly beaten, their brave step forward out of the ranks of the garrison and acceptance of the ancient Irish nation as their motherland, for whom they were proud and willing to endure poverty, persecution and martyrdom, is one of the most noble and inspiring sights in the history of any land on earth. And it is a striking as well as a humiliating testimony to the effectiveness of English propaganda and to the process of Anglicisation, that educated Irish Catholics should set themselves, after the lapse of 150 years, the dastardly task of attempting to besmirch the names and slander the memory and impugn the motives of men to whose unselfish sacrifices it is due, under God, that there is a living Irish nation to-day. They cannot do it; the most notable of them will be forgotten before the memory of even the least of our martyrs shall fade from the national mind, but their ignoble endeavours should not be suffered to go on without a protest from those whose duty it is to keep green the memory of Ireland's glorious dead.

3

The story of our resistance to the rule of the robber goes back to the day when the English first came here with greed in their hearts and the lying words of the hypocrite on their lips, but the history of the Republic of Ireland began about 150 years ago when the Society of United Irishmen rose up out of the failure and collapse of the Irish Volunteers who, in the very hour of their strength, when victory was within their reach, and when England was in sore straits, foolishly and weakly laid down their arms, and opened the way for the devilish scheming of Castlereagh and Pitt and their unscrupulous gang of tools and traitors. The sincere and determined men among the Irish Volunteers crowded into the ranks of the United Irishmen, but with them also went some who, because they were selfish place-hunters or arrant cowards, were later made use of by Castlereagh to send true men and brave men to the gallows or into banishment beyond the seas. Every movement of the kind the world over—especially a movement which of necessity had to be carried on in secret—has had to risk the presence in its ranks of the greedy Judas, and Ireland has not been abnormal in that respect, though cunning enemies, for their own advantage, would have us believe that this country is the most fertile breeding ground of traitors in the world. We should never allow ourselves to be deceived or disheartened by that hoary falsehood of the enemy propagandists.

We have distinguished from the main body of brave men who gave their lives for Irish independence, those who were put to death not in fair fight or even after an attempt at fair trial—though the invader and usurper never had the right to arraign an Irishman in Ireland—but who were sent before the firing squad or to the gallows tree by treachery, by perjury, or by naked tyranny. And to those we give the proud title of martyrs. We have had them in our own day—the four martyrs who were butchered callously on the 8th December, 1922, as well as many brave comrades who preceded and followed them—and a few generations earlier we accorded the crown of martyrdom to the Noble Three who were done to death at Manchester, the innocent victims of English fear and English tyranny and English hate. Our martyrs are the greatest of all who have died for us. It is to them our most loving thoughts should ever go; it is from their memory our most enduring inspiration should ever spring.

4

That William Orr was deliberately chosen as a victim by the tools of England in Dublin Castle has been proved beyond chance of doubt. He was a man of singular popularity and influence, who was loved as well as respected by all who had even the slightest knowledge of him, and the Castle gang figured it out that to kill such a man would inflame the whole United Movement, and precipitate an insurrection before proper preparation could be made for it, and before the arrival of the help in men and arms from France.

The English Chief Secretary here at the time was one Pelham, and he happened to have in his power already, for some reason or other, a man named Samuel Turner, LL.D., of Trinity College, a barrister-at-law, a member of the United Irishmen, and a friend and associate of William Orr. This wretched renegade was prevailed upon, by means of a lavish outlay of money, to find by fair means or foul sufficient evidence to have William Orr arrested on a charge of treason to the Crown. To procure witnesses who would support the charge, a jury to find him guilty and a judge to convict and pass sentence of death would be an easy matter for Dublin Castle. That was a business at which they were adepts. The difficulty in the case of an upright, God-fearing man who led a blameless life, was the successful initial move that would bring him into the meshes of the law. Turned earned his blood-money and received it in generous measure. Like the Sham Squire, Francis Higgins, and Leonard McNally and scores of others, his infamous association with the judicial murder

did not come to light for years afterwards. He was almost frantic in his appeals to Pelham for the suppression of his name. In all communications concerning the case of William Orr he was referred to under assumed names, and while he drew the wages of Judas, he wormed his way into the confidence of unsuspecting, open-hearted William Orr, discovered that he was a member of the Head Committee of the United Irishmen in the North, a contributor to the *Northern Star*, the splendid paper edited by William Sampson in Belfast, and a man whose name carried weight all over Antrim and Down.

Two secret service agents, Hugh Wheatley and John Lindsay, disguised as soldiers belonging to the Fifeshire Fencibles, were instructed to lay informations against William Orr, to the effect that he had administered to them the oath of the United Irishmen. That they were not genuine soldiers is fully proved by the fact that more than three years later they were still drawing secret service pay from Dublin Castle. Although challenged by Orr's counsel, at his trial, no military officer came forward to testify to the character of either Wheatley or Lindsay, although the Colonel of the Fifeshire Fencibles was in Belfast at the time, and several officers of the regiment were actually present in court.

5

William Orr was arrested and committed to Carrickfergus Jail on the 17th September, 1796. The man who signed the warrant for his arrest was a double-dyed scoundrel named Rev. George Macartney, vicar of Antrim, a man of whom it was said later by one of his own ilk, Lord Massereene, that he was "an infernal monster. . . . . A coward who ran away from the battle of Antrim. . . . . The vicar, not of Christ, but of Satan." This fellow had a plausible tongue, as had his son, who actually deceived the kindly and sympathetic historian of the United Irishmen, Dr. Madden, who had an interview with him some years after 1798, and who seems to have accepted him as a bluff, outspoken, honest man, and actually wrote of him: "Mr. Macartney is incapable of making any statement of the truth of which he is not fully persuaded."

Macartney, senior, was in reality a Castle hack in receipt of Government pay, and it was his son who guided the soldiers to the house of William Orr's father on that fateful 17th September, when he was arrested. It would seem that Orr had been on the run for some time, or at least keeping out of the way of the enemy, because the informations of the two bogus Fencibles were sworn against him in April and he was not arrested until September. His father was dying, a fact which young Macartney knew, and he shrewdly guessed that the son who was wanted would come home to say the last good-bye. So it happened, and so was William Orr arrested and held a prisoner for a whole year, while attempts were being made on the one hand to induce him to admit his guilt, plead for mercy, and implicate others, and on the other hand every precaution was being taken to make sure and certain that he would be convicted when at length the mock trial came to be staged.

It was probably because of that interview with the candid and truthful Mr. Macartney that Dr. Madden, in one of his volumes of the Northern United Irishmen, dismisses William Orr with these few words of Macartney's, which were meant to be disparaging: "William Orr was looked upon as a person of singularly great and noble qualities, and as a martyr. The fact is, he was a man of very moderate abilities, athletic in his frame, active, and somewhat of a sporting character among his class." It is to be feared that Dr. Madden was imposed upon by others of the Macartney type, and we should be very slow to accept as authentic many of the opinions and supposed facts written down by him and others soon after 1798. The source of a good deal of their information, if traced home, might be found to be Dublin Castle itself or the office of the "Freeman's Journal," or of "Faulkner's Journal," both of which were subsidised out of Government funds.

For the true story of William Orr's so-called trial and of his heroic death on the scaffold we are indebted to the tireless efforts of the late

Francis Joseph Bigger, who spent many long years of a busy and useful life in searching out rare and inaccessible pamphlets, State papers, out-of-print publications, as well as interviewing the descendants of men who were the contemporaries and comrades of Orr, the result being a fully authenticated story which shows the British Government and its minions in their normal light—that of suborners of justice, persecutors of the defenceless, purchasers and sellers of perjury, murderers of the innocent and defamers of the dead—and which gives us a picture of one of our own, one of the first Irish Republicans, of which we may ever be justly proud, a picture to which the young men of Ireland may ever turn for inspiration when ignorant or malicious slanderers would wean them from their loyalty to the memory of the men who rose in dark and evil days to save a persecuted and despoiled people from extinction, to walk the hard way of sacrifice that others might eventually benefit by their deed, and who so utterly confounded their enemies by the nobility of their lives and their heroism in the hour of danger and death, that those enemies were forced to attempt to justify their own misdeeds by defamation of the blameless dead.

6

When everything was arranged to the satisfaction of his enemies, William Orr was brought to trial on the 18th September, 1797. His counsel were two gifted and brilliant Irishmen, John Philpot Curran and William Sampson, but the attorney who instructed them, a creature named James McGucken, was, like Leonard McNally at the trial of the Brothers Sheares and Robert Emmet, in the pay of Dublin Castle. For years afterwards his name appeared in the secret-service lists, opposite various sums of money that were doled out to him as payment for his treachery to a trusting client, and very likely to many others as well.

The sheriff who packed the jury was known as the Hon. Chichester Skeffington, afterwards Lord Massereene. He was a willing tool of the British Government, and was ready to do any dirty work for which payment in cash or in kind was forthcoming. And John Toler, afterwards the notorious Lord Norbury, came second in command as the Solicitor-General. He was working his way up to the bench, from which it is recorded he sent hundreds of innocent men to the gallows, and thought so lightly of it that he used to joke in the coarsest fashion with his victims, even while he sentenced them to death. He finally became such a disgrace and a scandal to even the bench of a British Court of law that he had to be removed from it to pass into obscurity and a dishonoured grave.

The Attorney-General was Arthur Wolfe, who became Lord Kilwarden, and was killed on the streets of Dublin the night of Emmet's Rising. It has often been said that he was just and humane, and better than most of his associates, but here is the record of him given by Francis Joseph Bigger—"He had been accustomed to think uniformly with the executive power. He was looking forward keenly to a seat on the bench—to gain it he must stick closely to his marching orders. . . . . He was considered the adviser of most, if not all, of the severe laws then enforced, which suspended the ordinary constitutional rights of the citizens. In doing so he was a willing instrument in carrying out the Government policy. The informer, McNally, played his part so adroitly that his house was once raided by the yeomen as that of a patriot, and a silver cup stolen. It was Kilwarden gave the order for its release, so he must have known the informer's true character, and no honourable man could have known that and associated with him in any way, public or private. He gained his promotion, being made Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench the succeeding year, on the death of Lord Clonmel. When Lord Chancellor Clare passed to his reward in 1802, and his funeral had wended its way from Ely Place to the cemetery, amidst the execrations of the Dublin people, we find Kilwarden calling upon Viceroy Hardwicke for the vacant post, on the plea of services rendered to the Government; his nephew in the Church getting ample preferment. In the year 1794 he advised and pressed the prosecution of the proprietors of the *Northern Star*, a most unfair proceeding, and one clearly undertaken to harry and destroy a paper not under Government influence."

The judges were Barry Yelverton and Tankerville Chamberlaine, one an ambitious and unscrupulous place-hunter, the other so weak and subservient that he would not question any decision or opinion of his colleagues. The smaller fry among the prosecuting counsel were all in keeping with these, and all were afterwards handsomely rewarded. "Such," says Bigger, "was the pure fountain of justice from which was to flow the cleansing flood that was to wipe away the stains of the life and character of William Orr. Truly it can well be said that honour, heroism, purity of motive and self-sacrifice were found only in the dock on that fateful 18th September, 1797, in the Courthouse of Carrickfergus town."

The court assembled, the hired informers gave their evidence, the place-hunters who knew the policy of those higher up and what they wanted, pressed with all their might for a conviction, the most passionate and persuasive eloquence of Curran rang through that den of thieves, but rang in vain, for a verdict of guilty and sentence of death had already been decided upon. Even so, further measures had to be taken, because the jury, carefully chosen though they had been by the Sheriff, numbered at least one honest man, poor old Archbold Thompson, who influenced two others and all three held out against a verdict of "guilty." Then they were locked up for the night, food and intoxicating drink were supplied in lavish quantities and, finally, the three unaccomodating jurors were threatened and bullied into submission, as they afterwards swore in three separate affidavits, and the desired verdict was at last handed to the presiding judge with a recommendation to mercy. Yelverton is said to have wept as he pronounced the sentence of death—perhaps for the days before he became a place-hunter, perhaps because he had been given a vision of the future, and was himself being driven by his masters from the bench to die the death of a pauper.

7

The people were silent and watchful. They made no demonstration, but there must have been a quick throb in many a heart as the calm, grave, unperturbed prisoner spoke from the dock: 'The jury have convicted me of being a felon; my own heart tells me that their conviction is a falsehood, and that I am not a felon. If they have found me so improperly, it is worse for them than for me—for I can forgive them, and am not afraid to die. I wish to say one word more, and that is, to declare upon this awful occasion, and in the presence of God, that the evidence against me was grossly and wickedly perjured.' A contemporary account of the trial contained this paragraph:—

'Through the whole of this trial not only the outside hall but the interior of the court was crowded with armed soldiers, to the exclusion of many of the freeholders; and these soldiers were appointed to act as bailiffs, with their bayonets fixed. But deeply as the public mind was affected, no disorder, not even a murmur, was heard from any quarter, and during the whole scene the prisoner alone seemed untouched with dismay.'

Following the disclosures made in the confession of Wheatley that he had committed perjury and in the affidavits of the three jurors already mentioned, there was a feeling among the people that William Orr would be reprieved. They did not know or could not believe that it was the deliberate policy of the British Government to murder this innocent man for their own devilish ends. But now that a hitch had occurred in their plans they must go further; they must, if at all possible, blast his character, as they tried later to blast Tone's and Emmet's and Mitchel's, and Rossa's and John Daly's and Casement's, and that of many another victim of their cruelty and hate. They sent two of their tools—Chichester Skeffington, the High Sheriff, and the Rev. William Bristow, of Belfast, into the condemned man's cell to endeavour to get a confession of guilt from him, under promise of a free pardon if he would admit that the evidence against him had been true and the sentence passed on him a just one. These two scoundrels actually published over their names what purported to be a verbatim account of their conversation with the prisoner, in the course of which he was supposed to have admitted his guilt and to

have acknowledged as genuine a forged document with his name attached, which the Sheriff had in his possession, in which William Orr was given as saying that a just and proper sentence had been passed on him, and warning all other misguided Irishmen to be careful lest they be led astray as he was by wicked and designing men. (And there are people to-day who hold up their hands in horror at happenings behind the Iron Curtain, people who think such things never happened anywhere before!)

8

The publication of this joint letter caused another to be written and published. It was from James Orr, the condemned patriot's brother, but one who had not William's qualities of unselfish patriotism and unflinching loyalty to right and truth and justice. He admitted many things. That he and his family were distracted at the approaching fate of the unfortunate prisoner. That he had gone to certain influential men in County Antrim to ask them to intercede for his brother and endeavour to secure a mitigation of his punishment. That he had been assured that this would be willingly done if he would obtain from his brother a signed confession of guilt. That he had drawn up a confession and had brought it to his brother in Carrickfergus Jail, and urged him to sign it for the sake of his grief-stricken wife and little children. That his brother had refused point blank, declaring that 'he never would consent to sign a paper acknowledging his guilt and the justice of his sentence, as he was not guilty of any crime.' That having failed to persuade his brother to sign he had written the name 'William Orr' at the foot of the document and had then delivered it to the gentleman who had urged him to procure it. That the gentleman mentioned had then asked his friends—members of the Grand Jury—to sign a memorial for the reprieve of William Orr, and that all had refused. The forged document was published by all the Castle journals, so was the joint letter of the two Belfast worthies, and the word was whispered everywhere that William Orr had admitted his guilt and had asked for pardon.

To refute the lying reports and to vindicate his character as a man and as a patriot, William Orr wrote a dying declaration which he delivered in a calm, clear voice when he stood under the swaying rope on the 14th October, the day finally fixed for his execution, after three respites, which were evidently decided upon for the purpose of torturing him still further, or in the hope that he might brand himself as a criminal as they had asked him to do. He had had copies of the declaration made in advance to guard against any attempt that mgiht have been made to prevent him speaking from the gallows. It was only to his immediate friends and to the immense gathering of armed English soldiers he spoke, because the entire population of Carrickfergus, to show their abhorrence of the outrage that was about to be committed that day, locked up their homes and withdrew from the town, nor did they return until they came reverently and in the silence of anger and sorrow, to walk in the funeral procession of a man who had been hanged as a felon, but whose name as a lover of Ireland and as a martyr was to live until the end of time.

One who resided in Carrickfergus at the time wrote a letter on the very day of the execution to a friend in Dublin. Here is an extract:—

'The inhabitants of this town, man, woman and child, quit the place this day, rather than be present at the execution of their hapless countryman, William Orr. Some removed to a distance of many miles, scarce a sentence was exchanged during the day, and every face presented a picture of the deepest melancholy, horror and indignation. The military who attended the execution consisted of several thousand men, horse and foot, with cannon, and a company of artillery—the whole forming a hollow square. To these William Orr read his dying declaration, in a clear, strong, manly tone of voice, and his deportment was firm, unshaken and impressive, to the last instant of his existence. He was a Dissenter, of exemplary morals, and of most industrious habits; and in the character of husband, father and neighbour, eminently amiable and respected. The love he bore his country was pure, ardent and disinterested, spurning all religious distinctions, and his last accents articulated the hope that Ireland would soon be emancipated.' That was not propaganda but an ordinary private letter which was never expected by its writer to go beyond the person to whom it was addressed.

9

'In the 31st year of my life,' said William Orr from the place of his murder, 'I have been sentenced to die upon the gallows, and this sentence has been in pursuance of the verdict of twelve men, who should have been indifferently and impartially chosen. How far they have been so, I leave to the country from which they have been chosen to determine; and how far they have discharged their duty I leave to their God and to themselves. . . . The judge who condemned me humanely shed tears in uttering my sentence; but whether he did wisely in so highly commending the wretched informer who swore away my life I leave to his own cool reflection, solemnly assuring him and all the world, with my dying breath, that the informer was forsworn. The law has branded me a felon, but my heart disdains the imputation. My comfortable lot and industrious course of life best refute the charge of being an adventurer for plunder. But if to have loved my country, to have known its wrongs, to have felt the injuries to the persecuted Catholics, and to have united with them and all other religious persuasions—if these be felonies, I am a felon, but not otherwise.

'A false and ungenerous publication having appeared in a newspaper, stating certain alleged confessions of guilt on my part, and thus striking at my reputation, which is dearer to me than life, I take this solemn method of contradicting that calumny. I was applied to by the High Sheriff and the Rev. William Bristow to make a confession of guilt, who used entreaties to that effect. This I peremptorily refused. Did I think myself guilty, I should be free to confess it, but, on the contrary, I glory in my innocence.

'I trust that all my virtuous countrymen will bear me in their kind remembrance, and continue true and faithful to each other, as I have been to all of them. With this last wish of my heart, nothing doubting of the success of the cause for which I suffer, and hoping for God's merciful forgiveness of such offences as my frail nature may have at any time betrayed me into, I die in peace and charity with all mankind.'

Surely no saint or martyr in the whole history of the human race has ever uttered nobler words than these, has ever more calmly or bravely or fearlessly laid down his life for the cause and the people he loved. And the people of Antrim knew it. They gave him such a burial as a king might long for, as the gold of all the world could not buy, for it was a spontaneous, silent expression of their gratitude to him, and of the undying love for him that was in their hearts.

At the last moment, before the rope was fastened about his neck, he called out in a calm, clear voice, as if answering some secret whisper passing through the minds of his murderers:

'I am no traitor. I die a persecuted man, for a persecuted country!'

When his enemies had done their savage worst, the lifeless body of the first martyr of the Republic of Ireland was placed reverently on a cart bedded with straw, and a start was made on the long journey to its last resting place. Then it was that the people—Catholic, Protestant, Presbyterian—began to gather, until as the procession went forward it became a mighty concourse of silent and weeping mourners, many of whom rushed forward and kissed the lifeless form on that humble bier.

10

The wake of William Orr, in the old meeting-house in Ballynure, was remembered and spoken about and sung of for many a long year in Antrim. Bigger says in his history: 'The people for miles around, many having come long distances, remained in Ballynure all night, watching and guarding the dead body with an almost idolatrous care. On the Sunday, the remainder of the journey was taken from Ballynure to Ballyclare, thence along the banks of the Six-Mile-Water, through Ballylinny and the Grange of Ballywalter, through Ballyhartfield and Ballycushan, crossing the Ballymartin burn, and so into Templepatrick. The attendance was so vast and the temper of the people such as could not have been hastily tampered with, and the military force not of such strength, otherwise the Viceroy's proclamation would have been enforced in regard to the funeral, as such

gatherings were quite illegal, and positive orders had been issued to the military to suppress them with their full force. . . . .

'The strangled corpse of William Orr was laid to rest in the family graveyard at Templepatrick, and,' continues Bigger, comparing the noble death and triumphant funeral of the martyr with that of his murderer, Castlereagh, who committed suicide a few years later, 'with the prophetic eye we see the self-mangled corpse of him who had helped to bring all this to pass hooted, jostled and jeered at as the purple pall that enshrouded the livid throat of Castlereagh was hurried through the portals of Westminster Abbey out of the gaze of the angry populace. Better, far better, the grassy grave beneath the dripping trees of Templepatrick, with a memory enshrined in a people's heart, than a marble-sheltered tomb built in dishonour and a memory redolent of blood and infamy.'

'Poor, innocent Orr, it would almost appear, thought he had been tried and convicted. Orr was never tried, the whole thing was a trumped-up, political pretence. The most that can be admitted is that some of those who took part in hounding him to death were perhaps acting unwittingly. How could it be deemed a 'trial' with such prosecutors, such witnesses, such judges, and such a jury? To give a fair trial the judges must be free men, above suspicion; the jury should be the tried one's peers, unpacked and unbiassed, and the evidence not suborned. Orr had no trial. He was judicially murdered to serve a political end, with the full connivance of Castlereagh and the personal approbation of Viceroy Camden, each of them knowing the full purport of his action. He was dubbed a 'traitor' for the same purpose. It was not enough to rob him of his life, his very character must be blackened, and at the very moment of his death, facing eternity, he rises to the full dignity of his manhood and defiantly hurls back into the teeth of his enemies that lying and infamous charge:—'I am no traitor. I die a persecuted man for a persecuted country.' Never were truer words spoken, nor with more honest vehemence or firmer conviction. There was no cringing to the approaching juggernaut that was to crush out life and everything dear to him, everything but his own proud honour, and that it could not even stain. Every device was used to tarnish it, but the foulness only clings to the memory of those who made the futile effort. The honour of William Orr was dearer to him than life itself. It came to him with no royal prerogative. Man did not give it, and man could not take it from him. It still clings to his memory and will do so whenever his name is mentioned while the world lasts.'

11

The sacrifice of William Orr did more to unite the people of Antrim and to inspire them to prepare for the coming fight than could have been accomplished by any other means. Everywhere he was mourned, everywhere his name was spoken, everywhere tears were shed for him and prayers breathed and vows made to avenge him. Songs were made in his honour, and at every gathering the men of Ireland were asked to remember him and band together for the cause whose first martyr he had been. Silk rosettes bearing the words, 'Remember Orr,' were worn everywhere, and memorial cards were circulated in thousands, although it was a crime punishable by death to be found in possession of any such token. The wording on one of these cards was a rallying call to the men of Ireland. Here it is:—

Sacred
To the Memory of
WILLIAM ORR
who was offered up at Carrickfergus,
on Saturday, the 14th October, 1797;
an awful sacrifice to
IRISH FREEDOM
on the Altar of British Tyranny,
by the hands of Perjury,
thro' the influence of Corruption,
and the connivance of
PARTIAL JUSTICE!
O Children of Erin! when ye forget him,

his wrongs, his death, his cause,
the injured rights of man ;
nor these revenge—
May ye be debarred that liberty he
sought,
and be forgotten in the history or
Nations ;
or, if remembered,
remembered with disgust and execration,
or named with scorn and horror !
No, Irishmen ! let us bear him in
steadfast memory ;
let his fate nerve the martial arm
to wreak the wrongs of
ERIN
and assert her undoubted claims.
Let 'ORR' be the watchword to
Liberty !

'Remember Orr !' was the battle-cry with which the Republicans of Ulster dashed into the fight at Antrim and Saintfield and Ballynahinch in the summer of 1798 when they made their gallant struggle for freedom, and left an inspiration behind them for all the generations that were to come. As the men from William Orr's own townland—the men he had taught and trained—hurried on to Antrim that sunny summer morning in groups of five and six, with their shining pikes on their shoulders and determination in their hearts, they ran to the door of his home and said a hurried word of encouragement to the sad widow who with her six young children—the youngest of whom was born six months after its father's noble death on the gallows—was praying that victory might be theirs that day. She heard the din of battle during the day, she saw with sinking heart the United Irishmen as they retreated slowly, fighting as they went, and when finally the red coats of the English soldiery came in view, she knew that she must flee with her young flock to the friendly shelter of the blossoming whins. From her hiding place she saw the home that had known so much happiness and sorrow—the home of William Orr—go up in flames after it had been plundered of all its belongings, and it was a heartbroken woman who came back from the hills several days later to take up life anew in an old house near by that was fitted up and furnished for her by kindly neighbours who ploughed and sowed and reaped for her, the whole countryside turning out at times to do her spring work or her harvesting and to make known to friend and foe that the men and women of Antrim were true to the memory of William Orr.

12

The men who acted for Orr at his trial were John Philpot Curran and William Sampson, the latter a member of the United Irishmen, an able lawyer, a brilliant journalist and a fearless, unselfish lover of Ireland. He was editor of the *Northern Star*, a courageous newspaper of the period, and it is to him we are indebted for the published records of the trial of Orr. William Sampson and his paper were hated by Dublin Castle. The paper was prosecuted over and over again and, finally, suppressed, its fearless editor being flung into prison, impoverished, persecuted in every mean way and at last driven out of the country.

He was a man of exceptional talents, and in the United States he won a foremost place at the Bar and the respect and affection of his colleagues and friends. His daughter married the son of Wolfe Tone. A public banquet was given in William Sampson's honour in Philadelphia in 1831, and on that occasion he spoke with great feeling and with first-hand knowledge of some of the incidents in the trial of William Orr. He had been a personal friend of the martyr and had loved him for his great qualities of mind and heart. He spoke as follows :—

'Divide and conquer is the tyrant's maxim ; unite and conquer is the patriot's creed. He who takes this great principle for his leading star, and follows its guidance through storm and peril will have done his duty,

and however adverse his destiny, his course has been the true one. If he has pursued it undauntedly and faithfully he may suffer shipwreck of his fortune or of his life, but never of his conscience or his honour. Such was that brave and honest man, who, without pretensions to splendid genius or to mighty talents, and of that station where virtue is most apt to fix its abode, and with whose honoured name I am most proud to be identified—such was William Orr. He was no boastful orator, no aspiring leader. His love was for his country and his sole ambition was for its deliverance. You, who have never seen him as I have, may figure to yourselves a plain and honest countryman, but one upon whose countenance nature had stamped the virtues that dwelt within his breast. And though it matters not what are the outward lineaments of him whose soul is pure and courage noble, yet, let me say, he was one in whose manly countenance, fine stature, and fair proportions were written—Man. And let me tell you now for what he died.

'Amongst the bloody enactments of a ferocious Parliament—scourges and traitors to their country, minions and sycophants of a foreign and a hostile Government—there was one to which they gave the name, the too just title, of the Insurrection Act. In this there was a clause which made it a felony to take unlawful oaths. To one not versed in Irish history it might appear that this enactment was to punish the exterminating oaths of those called Peep-o'-Day Boys, afterwards Orangemen. But no ; these were encouraged, rewarded and indemnified. It was at the great principle of union they aimed, for that they knew would lead to liberty. Listen, then, to the oath of the United Irishmen, for the alleged administering of which this patriot was condemned by drunken jurors, perjured witnesses, and a judge who shed vain tears of contrition and compunction in passing the horrible sentence of death. Here is the oath :

'In the presence of God, I do voluntarily declare that I will persevere in endeavouring to form a brotherhood of affection amongst Irishmen of every religious persuasion, and that I will also persevere in my endeavours to obtain an equal, full and adequate representation of all the people of Ireland.'

'You have not heard the whole story. The conscience-stricken jury who found him guilty recommended him to mercy. Some of them came forward and, in open court, made solemn oath that liquor had been introduced into the room where they had retired to deliberate upon the verdict, and the result had been almost general intoxication ; that one of the body had terrified them with denunciations of vengeance for their disloyalty ; that still these fearful menaces against their persons and their dwellings would not have been sufficient to seduce them to so criminal an act, but for the effects of the liquor they had taken and the deluding assertion that the life of William Orr was in no danger ; that in their minds the case was doubtful, and that they had so stated it in giving their verdict.

'Stay yet a little, there is more to follow. The principal witness made a solemn oath that he felt great compunction for his crimes committed against Orr, and many others, and that what he swore against William Orr was false. A respite of his execution was granted, and much interest was made, for he was much beloved. Was it through mercy that this was granted? It was not, nor for the sake of justice. It was that two murders might be committed—the one upon his person, the other upon his good name. It was published in certain newspapers that he had confessed his guilt. They went into his cell and found him in the act of prayer. Mercy was offered upon the sole condition that he would acknowledge himself to be a guilty man. His fortitude was assailed, through the affections of a brother, and the tears and prayers and lamentations of a beloved wife and five beloved children, by whatever could bind the affections of a fond husband and tender father to a sweet and happy home. Life was dear, for he was in the season of his best enjoyment ; children and wife were dear, and friends were dear, but dear as all these were, his honour and his truth were dearer still.

'The story of his last moments, as I have heard it told by those who witnessed them, was thus :—'Upon the scaffold, nearest to him, and by his side, stood a poor Catholic neighbour, faithful and attached to him. Manacled and pinioned he directed them to take from his pocket the watch which he had worn until now that time had ceased for him, and begged

his friend and neighbour to take it as a last gift. 'You, my friend, and I must part,' he said. 'Our stations in life have been a little different, and our modes of worshipping the Almighty Being Whom we both adore. Before His Presence we shall both stand equal. Farewell, remember Orr.'

'Here the scene closes, here let the curtain fall. I will not lead you through the tragic acts that followed on this murder, too hideous to be told, too foul to have a name. Let this serve as the epitome of Ireland's history ; a foreign Government that ruled by crime and cruelty ; a Government that whilst it dealt death and exile, torture and ruin to such men as this, allied itself with all that was corrupt and vile. And if I have any title to your favour, it is not from genius or talents which your partiality would impute to me, but that I have been, in my opposition to Ireland's enemies, sincere and resolute. And still may you remember me, when you remember Orr.'

13

So ends the story of the first martyr who gave his life for the Republic of Ireland. His noble example and unselfish sacrifice have drawn many another brave and fearless lover of Ireland along the same hard path, through all the generations down to this day in which we live. Little did the unassuming farmer of Farranshane think when he scorned the offer of mercy made to him by the tools of England that his deed would be praised and his memory honoured and his name revered after the lapse of 150 years, that the life he had lived and the death he was about to die would be an inspiration to the young men of Ireland for ever.

His murderers did not think it either. He was the victim chosen by them for a foul and shameful purpose—the degradation and extinction of a nation—and they probably considered that William Orr would be remembered for a little while only as a weakling who had begged for mercy, that the true story of their abominable plot against his character would never be gnown. But the passing of time has only added glory to his honoured name, and shown them to be what they have ever been and what they are and what they will ever be until their power for evil is destroyed—the most slimy hypocrites and the most callous murderers and the most unscrupulous thieves this world has ever known—thieves who are not content with robbing a brave, clean enemy of his liberty and his life, but who must also try to steal his honour and his good name when he is dead.

The British machine never changes. It can never be reformed or amended or adjusted so that it will carry out the honourable functions of justice in Ireland, in India, in Africa, in Egypt, in any country that has fallen under its curse. It must be utterly and completely destroyed before the enslaved nations that are its victims can breathe the air of freedom, before even the people of England can say that they are free. And the day of its destruction will be the day of Ireland's revenge for the martyrdom of William Orr.

Tone came after Orr, was slain by the same enemy and slandered when he was dead.

Emmet followed Tone in the procession of Ireland's fearless defenders and unselfish martyrs. Mitchel and the men of '48 took their inspiration from Orr and Tone and Emmet. The Fenians looked back to '48 and 1803 and 1798, back to that cruel gibbet in Carrickfergus town, where William Orr was murdered in 1797, and renewed the sacrifice that was to save the soul of Ireland. And the men of 1916, the brave small army of heroic men and women whom we honour with pride in our hearts that they were our comrades and friends, it was from William Orr and Wolfe Tone and Robert Emmet and Father Murphy, from Mitchel and Rossa and the Fenians they received the teaching that gave them courage beyond all telling, beyond all believing, when they went proudly to their death that Ireland might live. Remembering one we must remember all ; honouring one we must honour all the unconquered generations that neither persecution, torture, exile, death nor defamation could intimidate into acknowledgment of defeat. They are our exemplars, our comrades, our leaders for all time, and no teaching save theirs and no method save theirs will ever bring us to the goal of our dreams.

14

It is for the purpose of repeating that unassailable but easily forgotten truth each issue of the WOLFE TONE ANNUAL is published ; that above the dissension, confusion and compromise of to-day that undying truth may be set glowing as a guide in the darkness to the youth of Ireland. William Orr, Wolfe Tone, Robert Emmet, John Mitchel, O'Donovan Rossa, the Manchester Martyrs, the men of 1916, the brave and fearless Volunteers of the years that followed, until our advance was broken by weakness and treachery—they did not plan and teach and suffer and die that we might have unity for the reforming of English-made institutions, that we might posture as Republicans while accepting the connection with England, but that we might take their teaching as our own, that we might inherit their faith, their courage, their unselfishness, their determination, and go forward with the task of ridding Ireland for ever of the overlordship of Empire. To say they taught anything else is a lie ; to say they wanted unity for any purpose but the complete separation of all Ireland from England is an insult to their memory ; and they will never be truly honoured, we will never be truly worthy to claim kinship with the humblest of them, until all Ireland stands before the world an independent Irish Republic, separate and indivisable as when God made it, and fashioned as its frontier the encircling sea. It was for the unfettered freedom of this whole island of ours—this 'little world in itself'—that the men of 1916 fought and died, and the men of all the unyielding generations back to noble-hearted William Orr, the first martyr of the Republic of Ireland ; and until we unite again for that one purpose—the total separation *in mind and body* of Ireland from England—until we rally again to the living Republic proclaimed by the soldiers of 1916 and which the citizens of 1919 established, there will be no strength in our hands, no truth on our tongues, no honesty in our hearts, no peace or comradeship or loyalty or sincerity in our midst, no sign or token anywhere that we are worthy of that freedom for which our martyrs gave their lives.

THE STORY OF ROBERT EMMET

1

WHEN William Orr gave his life for the Republic of Ireland on a gibbet erected in front of Carrickfergus Jail in Antrim on October 14, 1797, he was thirty-one years of age. When Robert Emmet followed in his footsteps by way of the gibbet placed beside St. Catherine's Church in Thomas Street, Dublin, six years later—on September 20, 1803—he was not yet twenty-five. One was a countryman, the other a townsman, and in character, in spirit, in bearing, in outlook they represented truly and personified all the best and truest and finest and bravest and noblest of our people through the long generations since first our forefathers discovered that a greedy and unscrupulous enemy had entered the land posing as a solicitous, honest neighbour and as a guest, and the struggle began that is not ended yet, the struggle to get rid of the presence and influence of a hostile invader. It is because Orr and Emmet typify the noblest who have sacrificed themselves in that centuried struggle that their memory continues to be an inspiration to the best of our young people to-day, that it will continue to be an inspiration, a challenge, a rallying call and a war-cry until the blessed day comes—as come it will with God's help—when every sod of Irish soil is in the possession of the people of Ireland and every trace of England's evil influence has been banished from the Irish mind.

That such banishment is a dire necessity is brought home to us when Irish-born, Irish-speaking men who even call themselves Irish republicans declare openly and unashamedly that men like Orr and Emmet were failures, just because they did not achieve a physical victory over the enemies arrayed against them, and that it is utter futility and foolishness to keep on commemorating their sacrifice and looking to their leadership and teaching in the fight that must go on until Ireland is free. That declaration from the mouths or pens of men who claim knowledge of our country and its history is bitter and humiliating proof of the fact that English influence is the most powerful enemy we have to battle against to-day and to-morrow and through the future years until its grip is broken forever. Everyone who loves Ireland, who venerates chivalry and unselfishness, who cherishes faith and hope and charity, who regards patriotism as a virtue and sacrifice as a Christian attribute sanctified by the Saviour of mankind Himself, should never cease to point to William Orr and Robert Emmet and all of their gallant kin who preceded or followed them as victors in the truest and fullest sense of the word, as men who triumphed over frail human nature with all its shrinking fears and desire for self-preservation, who defeated the designs of unscrupulous, callous, calculating enemies, by gladly and proudly as well as humbly and thankfully accepting the Cross and bearing it for Ireland's weal, and who deserve to be crowned with the laurels of victory because the memory of their sacrifice has saved their country's cause from destruction and defeat.

Twelve years ago we told pretty fully in the pages of the WOLFE TONE ANNUAL the story of Robert Emmet and his great comrades, the humble, fearless, unknown men who died with him for the freedom and the honour of Ireland and whose names until then had scarcely ever been even mentioned by alleged historians who copied one from another and kept on telling the enemy's version of one more attempt to drive the invader out of a ransacked and desolated house. In this issue, then, it is not necessary to go into the whole story again as we mark the 150th anniversary of Emmet's death for love of Ireland, as it is well known to us that in thousands of homes all over the world each issue of this little publication is put carefully aside with its fellows when it is read and treasured in a way that would make publishers of more pretentious volumes open their eyes wide in surprise. For the benefit of readers who have grown from childhood to manhood and womanhood since 1941 we are giving just a brief glance at the true history of 1803, and concentrating on the structure of suspicion, surmise, guess-work, rumour, fable and fiction that has been built up by foreign and native hands in the attempt to prove that Robert Emmet did not plan the insurrection of 150 years ago, that it was planned

for him by cunning minds in Dublin Castle under the direction of William Pitt over in London for some reason that has not been made clear in many pages of 'documented history.' The writers of this stuff raise up Robert Emmet as high as their hands can reach as a generous-hearted, idealistic, patriotic and romantic youth, and then dash him to earth as one without practical knowledge of men or of the world or of the forces with which he had to contend, as a sentimental visionary without foresight or commonsense or experience or military skill or any of the accomplishments demanded of one who would organise and carry to success such a stupendous thing as an armed attack on British power in Ireland with all its strongholds and armaments and trained officers and legions of spies and all the other resources of an empire well used to the organisation and projection of armed conflict in all its terrible might and ruthlessness. As we have said already, Robert Emmet emerges from most of the 'friendly' books about 1803 as one deserving admiration for his virtues among ordinary men and scathing contempt for his ignorance and shortcomings among practical soldiers. The English of the time cared little how virtuous and high-minded and unselfish he appeared, so long as they could point to the utter hopelessness and silliness of the attempt he made to organise an insurrection.

His plans are there for all to see, they were praised by men like Miles Byrne who learned to be experienced soldiers the hard way, the revolutionaries of 1916 adopted them and proved how effective they could be, given man-power sufficient to carry them out; but our better informed historians swallow unquestioningly all the English intended they should swallow and keep on saying that Emmet had no plan, no military knowledge or ability, no practical ideas, no organisation, no resources, and no chance of success; that every single thing fell out exactly as the cunning plotters in Dublin Castle expected and provided for, and that it is truthful history to write Robert Emmet down as a failure. Some of them seem to suggest that it was a crime at any time during the past century-and-a-half to have praised Robert Emmet as a soldier or encouraged the young men of Ireland to put his plan into operation against the forces of England in this country. How they can imagine that they can honour Emmet the man while treating Emmet the soldier with contempt is something very difficult to understand. Soldiers who fought successfully against the English in Ireland in our own day have studied Emmet's plan deeply, carefully and in the light of their own experience and have expressed the same opinion of it as was expressed by the battle-scarred veteran Miles Byrne, viz., that it proved its author to have been a man of genius and a born soldier.

2

As Pearse said of him just before he and his immortal comrades set about putting the 1803 plan into operation:—

'Emmet has been accepted as the type of youthful enthusiasm. Rather he should be accepted as the type of virile thought. He has been remembered for a splendid gesture, for a splendid word. Rather he should be remembered for a large and statesmanlike national programme. He has been commemorated as the perfect hero, the man who turned his back on all sweetness and graciousness of life in order to die; and it is right that he should be so commemorated, for he did this heroic thing. But he should also be commemorated as a deep and far-seeing revolutionary, the man who deliberately adopted not only revolutionary aims but also revolutionary means to their attainment, in contradistinction to others who have sought to achieve revolution by the ordinary political means of the platform and the Press. Emmet sought what the Young Irelanders sought, but he sought it in a more direct and adequate manner. He failed in his immediate object, but not so disastrously as the Young Irelanders failed.'

Of this young man who has been written down unpractical, foolish, reckless and a failure, Pearse went on to say: 'It is because Emmet was a secret revolutionary, working by secret revolutionary methods, that we have no worthy expression of him. Like the Fenians, he remains silent, or almost silent, in political literature. The Meaghers and the

Duffys have said much more than he. In his speech from the dock we get a glimpse, but only a glimpse, of his soul ; in the Proclamation and draft Decrees of his Provisional Government we get a more satisfying glimpse of his mind. The Proclamation and the Decrees are documents of primary importance in the history of political ideas. With Tone's Autobiography they remain the chief texts which Irish revolutionaries have to study. *Their thought is mature ; the polity that they develop is sound ; their plans are practicable and adequate.'* We print this summing up of Emmet's mind and outlook in italics because it is a complete answer to those who say that he was immature, unpractical, foolish, and that he was the unwitting dupe and tool of Dublin Castle. When Pearse's words are being read, let the reader bear in mind that he of whom they were written had not reached his twenty-fifth year.

In the Proclamation, in the Decrees and also in the notes on his plan for the capture of Dublin written down by Emmet in prison for his brother, Thomas Addis, then in Paris, the brilliant, steady, well-balanced mind of the young patriot is revealed to us. Accidents such as have interfered with the plans of the greatest generals and admirals in the world in every age, caused failure to Emmet's plan, but our truth-loving, informer-hunting, traitor-seeking historians have to see treachery everywhere and to brush aside as purely imaginary and unreal all the accidents and chances of war. They want to prove that Emmet's plans and Emmet's aims originated in Dublin Castle, that from the first hour he came back from Paris to the moment of his arrest, every move he made, every person he spoke to, every letter he wrote, every word he uttered, was known to the enemy, that he was just a warm-hearted, light-headed young enthusiast playing with fire and incapable of seeing or comprehending the consequences of his wild project. Read again the documents we have mentioned and decide in your own mind whether Robert Emmet was a thoughtless dreamer or a man of genius, wise, practical and brilliant beyond his years.

The far-seeing English have for hundreds of years been writing and spreading and colouring the history of our long struggle against them for the purpose of disheartening those who came after the men of whom they wrote. They made it a big part of their policy to blast and destroy the character of men they had murdered, but the idea they wanted particularly to propagate was that the promotion of a successful revolution or insurrection in Ireland was an impossibility. The armed forces that England could bring into the field, they wanted to point out, were so overwhelmingly great in armament and in numbers that no combination of Irishmen could stand against them ; and their secret service was so widespread and effective (thanks to the money that could be spent on it) that the plans of those who stood for Ireland could always be known in advance. This latter idea is the one they have worked hardest to spread far and wide and implant deeply in Irish minds. That they have attained a large measure of success is proved when Irishmen who ought to have a good knowledge of Irish history and English tactics tell the young people who look to them for teaching that Wolfe Tone was an imperialist, that Robert Emmet was a failure, that the Young Irelanders were ambitious mischief makers, that the Fenians were un-Irish, and that the ' amateur gunmen ' of our own day who took teaching from all these were fools. This has been written and spoken by alleged Irish republicans in recent years and no organised body of Irishmen has repudiated such untruthful and harmful propaganda. The writers of such false history might as well have allowed some clever Englishman to hold the pen along with them and guide it over the paper and suggest the words it wrote. If the enemy could get firmly implanted in young Irish minds the conviction that England can always buy enough informers to render futile any attempt made to drive her forces and her influence out of Ireland, that conviction would be more valuable than an army or a navy, because it induces lack of confidence, promotes distrust and suspicion and cynicism and despair. The Irish writer who helps to spread the English suggestion that there have been more traitors and informers in Ireland than in any other country on earth is no friend of his native land or of her cause ; and that fact should be made known to him promptly and in very understandable terms.

3

Robert Emmet's father was a native of Tipperary who married a Miss Mason of Kerry and practised as a young doctor in Cork before coming to Dublin in 1771. They lived at 22 Molesworth Street (now Kilworth House) and later on the north side of St. Stephen's Green, and had a very large family, several members of which died in infancy ; young Robert Emmet was the fifth to bear his father's Christian name, and we are inclined to think that this is one reason why there has been so much controversy over the young patriot's birthplace. The elder Robert Emmet was a convinced republican and made no secret of the fact. In his home four languages were spoken, one of them being Irish. The elder son, Christopher Temple Emmet (referred to in terms of praise by the obnoxious Norbury on the day of Robert's alleged trial in 1803) became one of the most brilliant young lawyers of his day. When he took ill suddenly and died in 1798, Dr. Emmet persuaded the second son, Thomas Addis Emmet, to abandon medicine and take up the study of law. They both showed more promise of brilliance than young Robert who was deep-thinking, seemingly slow, not very assiduous and rather a disappointment to his father when compared with Christopher and Thomas Addis. Their sister, Mary Anne, who married a young patriot barrister, Robert Holmes (who lived to defend John Mitchel in 1848) had also the genius and patriotism of her brothers and wrote pamphlets for the Society of United Irishmen. Their father and mother wrote and spoke of all of them in terms of the highest praise and it may be taken as true that patriotism and a desire for Ireland's independence was common to them all.

This is borne out by the words written in later years by Thomas Moore who was a schoolfellow and intimate friend of Robert Emmet in Trinity College. Paying tribute to the high character and moral blamelessness of the young martyr, Moore wrote : ' Were I to number, indeed, the men among all I have ever known, who appeared to me to combine in the greatest degree pure moral worth with intellectual power, I should, among the highest of the few, place Robert Emmet. Wholly free from the follies and frailties of youth . . . . the pursuit of science, in which he eminently distinguished himself, seemed at this time the only subject that at all divided his thoughts with that enthusiasm for Irish freedom, *which in him was a hereditary as well as a national feeling.* Simple in all his habits, and with a repose of look and manner indicating but little movement within, it was only when the spring was touched that set his feelings, and through them his intellect in motion, that he at all rose above the level of ordinary men. On no occasion was this more particularly striking than in those displays of oratory with which, both in the Debating and Historical Society (of Trinity College) he so often enchained the attention and sympathy of his young audience. No two individuals, indeed, could be much more unlike to each other than was the same youth to himself before rising to speak and after—the brow that had appeared inanimate, and almost drooping, at once elevating itself to all the consciousness of power, and the whole countenance and figure of the speaker assuming a change as of one suddenly inspired.'

In the spring of 1798, knowing that he and others would be expelled following an inquisition into their activities, he sent in a formal note asking that his name be removed from the roll of Trinity College students. This action immediately brought him under the notice of the Castle and his name was written down among those honoured by being considered hostile to British rule in Ireland. We have no evidence that he took part in the Rising of 1798, but he was deep in the confidence and high in the esteem of his brother and the other leaders of the United Irishmen in Dublin and had frequently attended their meetings as a silent listener and a helpful comrade whenever his help was needed.

Thomas Addis Emmet and several of the other leaders were arrested some months before the date fixed for the Rising of 1798 and after a while they were imprisoned in the stronghold of Fort George in Scotland. In 1800 young Robert (who by his own ingenuity and resourcefulness had managed to keep out of the clutches of those who had often searched

for him) went across to Scotland to visit his brother. Then instead of returning home it is believed that he quietly slipped across to the Continent and commenced in real earnest the task which brought him by way of the gibbet steps to immortality three years later. He succeeded in reaching the presence of Napoleon and urged that great, ambitious, unreliable soldier to fit out one more expedition for the emancipation of this country. It will be well to remember that at all times Thomas Addis Emmet was an advocate of French aid. In his conversations with Napoleon Robert Emmet thought he saw signs of the change over to imperialism on the part of the First Consul, and though the great man was friendly and arranged consultations between this earnest young man from Ireland and his Ministers, it was fairly plain that we were not big enough to fit in with the conqueror's schemes for future conquest.

4

Here then was Robert Emmet in 1800, after consultation with his brother and the other imprisoned leaders, endeavouring to induce Napoleon and his Ministers to decide in favour of giving armed aid to Ireland in a further effort to drive out the English and gain her independence. And here on the shelves of our libraries and bookshops are imposing volumes 'documented' to the last page, trying to prove that the idea of a new Rising of the people was put before Robert Emmet in Paris by an emissary of Dublin Castle acting on orders received from the great William Pitt himself! These two things cannot be reconciled. Does any thinking person believe that Robert Emmet just went across to the Continent and travelled here and there in order to enjoy a holiday, that he and his brother and the other leaders did not decide that another attempt should be made for freedom with French assistance or without it, and that it was just a whim of his own to go and see Napoleon and urge him to strike at England and at the same time help Ireland to regain its independence? Does any thinking person believe that all this happened in a reckless, haphazard fashion, and that then, just as a coincidence or because William Marsden of Dublin Castle knew what was in Robert Emmet's mind, a spy (unnamed) was sent over to France to invite him home to lead an insurrection? Yet it is on the assumption, the surmise, the likelihood that the attempt of 1803 began so that *The Pursuit of Robert Emmet* was undertaken by an American writer knowing next to nothing about Ireland or its people, and the attempt made to show that almost every man grouped about Emmet was a renegade, a traitor or an informer! There is no historical evidence whatsoever to prove that William Pitt wrote a letter to Dublin Castle urging that a new 'rebellion' should be fomented (just when England wanted the world to believe that Ireland was contented and happy under the recent Union!) and that Robert Emmet should be placed at the head of it in order to bring about his destruction. When the grand-nephew of Robert Emmet, Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet of New York, came over to Ireland in the '80's of the last century to search for information concerning his martyred grand-uncle he was told *by a Dublin Castle official* named Sir Bernard Burke that the Pitt letter had really been written, that he himself had seen it among the State Papers, but that it had mysteriously disappeared. That is the only 'evidence' or 'proof' there is that Robert Emmet was the foolish dupe of Pitt and Dublin Castle and that every single step he took, every order he gave, every letter he wrote, every plan he made was known to them, and that the reason they took no adequuate precautions on the day fixed for the Rising was because they knew that the incompetence of treachery would cause it to fizzle out before it had well begun. It is all right to construct an exciting work of fiction from such materials, but it is dangerous and grossly unfair to try to build authentic history on a rotten foundation of the kind: it is humiliating and almost incredible that respected reviewers should hail such a 'history' as almost the last word on the events of 1803. The historians and reviewers very conveniently forgot to mention certain incidents of importance which make nonsense of their arguments that Emmet was the dupe of Pitt and that

Dublin Castle knew of every single move made by the young leader from first to last.

One of the clever arguments is that no man in his senses would promote a conflict with Ireland's enemy just when that enemy had made peace with her own continental enemies. The Peace of Amiens, as it was called, was signed on the one hand by France, Holland and Spain, and on the other hand by England, in March, 1802; but Robert Emmet and his brother and MacNeven and the other deep-thinking, observant Irishmen who were close to the heart and centre of things saw quite clearly that it was but a peace of convenience, that as soon as both sides had got a breathing space and time to collect war stores, they would be at each other's throats again. This opinion proved a shrewd one, for in less than fourteen months—in May, 1803, when Robert Emmet was hard at work preparing for the fight to come—France and England were at war again and once more England's difficulty was Ireland's opportunity. The English knew quite well that the so-called Peace of Amiens would not last, and yet alleged Irish historians, repeating what English minds wanted and still want them to repeat, keep on saying that it was not the patriotism of Robert Emmet and his comrades that caused them to plan the Rising of one hundred and fifty years ago, but the cunning of William Pitt and his unscrupulous tools in Dublin Castle. The other incidents which the advocates of the 'dupe' theory conveniently hide away will be brought to the attention of our readers when we come to recount some of the happenings of July 23, 1803.

In October, 1802, after his brother had been appointed the accredited agent in France of Republican Ireland (was this also done by order of William Pitt?) Robert Emmet arrived back in Ireland, ostensibly because of his father's failing health and the need there was of attention to family affairs, but in reality to set afoot the great game, the noble enterprise that was so nearly carried to victory nine months later when his own blameless and brave life was given as an earnest of the indestructible spirit that God has kept alive and glowing in Irish hearts through all the seeming defeats and failures of a cause that has never been abandoned, of a conflict that has never ceased throughout the sad and glorious generations of England's futile effort to completely subjugate us and bend us to her will.

5

IN spite of the fact that the English in Dublin Castle had to concoct a plausible explanation of how they were taken unawares on July 23, 1803, and very nearly taken into the custody of the Irish Republic as well, the tools of England could not conceal the whole truth, and Chief Secretary Wickham, in his confidential and secret report, was obliged to say that it was only after the attempted Rising they got information of Robert Emmet having gone from Fort George in Scotland to France as the accredited agent of the United Irishmen. His name, his antecedents, his record in Trinity College, the very fact that he was the brother of Thomas Addis Emmet, all these things were sufficient to bring him under suspicion; but the fact that he went into partnership with a relative on his return from France and became to all appearances absorbed in business seems to have deceived the spies and there was no attempt made then to execute the warrant made out against him in 1799.

So the young, quiet, harmless-looking man with the dreamy air pretended to be most deeply interested in the tanning business; he picked up the threads of social intercourse, visited his old friends in Dublin and its neighbourhood, and generally comported himself as one from whom the British invaders of his country had nought to fear. But from the very first hour of his return he had begun to plan and prepare for the great days that lay ahead, for the destruction of the shameful, humiliating Union accomplished by corruption and falsehood in 1800, and the building up in strength and beauty of the free Republic of Ireland. His idea was to avoid a big oath-bound organisation like that of 1798, and to have instead a small, compact, unsworn body of trusted men who had come unscathed through the earlier fight, with courage and determination

enough still in their hearts to make another effort for honour and freedom. Wherever such were to be found he sought them out, and proved his trust in them by letting them know almost immediately what he had in his mind. So earnest was he, so filled with the holy fervour of true patriotism, and at the same time so winning and persuasive, as well as being practical and aware of obstacles and difficulties, that few who were sincere were able to hold out against him when he asked their aid to bring his plan to fruition.

It is held against Robert Emmet that he was a bad judge of men and easily deceived, but see how he went almost at the very beginning of his work to seek the help of Miles Byrne, the young soldier of Wexford who later fought all over the continent of Europe and won high distinction in the armies of France. He was a man in a million, a practical soldier by instinct, a man of common sense as well as of ardent, unselfish patriotism, and he took to Emmet from the first moment, stood by him in every emergency of the crowded months that followed, worked selflessly, intelligently, unremittingly by day and by night for the cause he had at heart from his earliest years and all through his life, and was Emmet's chosen messenger to the exiles in France after the disaster in Dublin. Miles Byrne hoped to come back in triumph with the French forces promised by Napoleon, but he was destined never to see Ireland again. After all his experience of war and generalship in many hard campaigns, he still held the opinion that Robert Emmet's plan for the capture of Dublin and the beginning of a great Rising for freedom was the best and ablest that could be devised. He attained to the rank of Chef de Battalion and wore the Cross of the Legion of Honour and the Saint Helena Medal before he retired from the Army of France; but one might venture to say with accuracy that his proudest as well as his saddest memory was of that far-away tragic summer night in Dublin when he stood by Robert Emmet to the last and gladdened the young leader's heart by his constancy in the midst of desertion and failure.

6

In the year 1941 in the pages of the WOLFE TONE ANNUAL we wrote thus of the practical genius of the young martyr of 1803 :—

'In many minds Robert Emmet is pictured as a rash, lovable youth who tried to make soldiers out of a rabble that laughed at him; who gloried in a gay uniform and a shining sword; who foolishly thought he could take Dublin Castle and defeat the great English Army in Ireland with a few pikes and blunderbusses; who could have escaped after his failure but would not go until he had seen the girl he loved; who was captured and condemned to death and made a splendid speech from the dock, saying that his epitaph was not to be written in an unfree Ireland; and who died on a gibbet next day, poor, foolish lad!, with not a man to say a word of cheer to him or raise a hand to save him. They know the story of Sarah Curran and the songs that were made about the lovers, and that is all. The English have worked hard and well and long to discredit Robert Emmet, and they have failed. And they have worked harder still, with the aid of many well-meaning Irish men and women, to have him pitied for his youth and his love and his sad fate which should be a warning to all young Irishmen—and in that part of their work they have fairly well succeeded. For the thousand who pity Emmet and believe he was the dupe of designing scoundrels (the English do not mind being called scoundrels if they can attain their objective) there are not twenty who know him as a man of genius, as a gifted soldier, as an able statesman, as a credit and inspiration to Ireland and Irishmen in every way by which a true man is tested. It is high time for the young people of Ireland to know Robert Emmet in this way, but who is to teach them? If they are not taught in the schools of the country to truly honour the great men of Ireland, whence will the knowledge come to them? Portion of this country is supposed to be independent of all outside, enemy influences, but the school founded by Pearse in a storied spot sweet with memories of Emmet is closed, and the things Pearse taught about Emmet to his pupils are not mentioned in any school in Ireland except by some lone teacher here and there who has not parted with the dream

of Emmet in return for the *practical* benefits of connection with the Empire that killed him for being a true Irishman and a true Christian, and then tried to make the people for whom he died so bravely believe that he was a traitor to Ireland and a renegade to God.

'When it is remembered that at his death he was only twenty-five years of age and that he had worked within the shadows of espionage and terror, of bribery and avarice, of depression and despair thrown by the tragedy of 1798, the work accomplished by Robert Emmet in the space of a few months fills us with awe. When a careful study is made of his plans, his military inventions, his restoration of hope and confidence, his amazing gifts so modestly devoted to the service and emancipation of his people, the conviction is forced into our minds that here was a man of rare genius, of ripe talents, of giant stature, of glorious worth, and our love for him becomes blended with a reverence and veneration that can only be won by the noblest and best of the human race.

'He was an artist, a poet, a man of science and a man of action, a student who seemed to have learned all things, although the opportunity to complete any of his studies had been snatched from him when he was still but a boy. He designed the Seal of the United Irishmen and many other things that would have been no discredit to an artist of experience. His military plans were praised by the distinguished veteran soldier, Miles Byrne, at the end of all his campaigns, and were put into practice by the men of 1916, one hundred and thirteen years after his own so-called failure. His inventions for the greater security of the military stores in his depots and to replace the cannon and other heavy armaments that could not be secured, were proved to be valuable and effective by their adoption and development in after years by others with more time and wealth and resources at their disposal than were available to a young, hunted leader of a projected insurrection, working of necessity in secret and racing feverishly against the too quickly passing days, each one fraught with a thousand dangers to him and to his plan.

'With the foresight of genius he taught himself to write in several completely different hands which bore no resemblance to one another, with the result that important documents found in the depot in Marshalsea Lane and in the house where he had lived could not be produced in evidence against him after his arrest because, although they expressed his views and sentiments, they all appeared to have been written by different persons. Then he had a genius for settling bitter disputes among his friends and comrades, and for getting the very best out of those who worked under his direction, without apparent effort on his part. And yet he was so simple, so unassuming and modest and self-effacing that his wishes were carried out and the objects he aimed at achieved without arousing in any mind the slightest shade of resentment or feeling of inferiority or unworthiness. In fact, he made men feel that they were capable of great and worthy deeds, and inspired them to give of their very best to the cause they served in his company.'

7

After the lapse of twelve years and the flowing of much 'documented' ink to show that Robert Emmet was a foolish dupe, a stranger to the meaning of the word practical, a poor judge of his fellow-men and totally unfitted for the task he had taken up at the instigation of Ireland's enemies, we are content to let every word of that quotation stand. When writers raise Robert Emmet to the skies with praise of his lovable innocence, his exalted ideals, his chivalry, his purity of motive, and then drag him down again by representing him as over-credulous, unpractical, incapable of judging his fellow men, sanguine and optimistic to the point of foolishness, they do not or cannot see that they are doing the enemy's work and besmirching the national character of one of the greatest men our land has ever known. The very fact of his having centred his attention on Dublin Castle as the nerve-centre of British power in Ireland showed that he stood in the company of Séan Mór Ó Néill, and Eoghan Ruadh, and Edward Bruce, all three of whom believed that the first blow at the English invaders should be struck in Dublin; and his detailed

plan for the capture and holding of the city proved him a man of deep, practical thought. But because his plan failed and because his country's enemies and their Irish tail of placehunters belittled it, some of our very, very Republican writers class Robert Emmet as a failure and suggest that as well as being a dupe he was a fool.

As to his faulty judgment of men, as seen by the clever and discerning writers of to-day, both Irish and foreign, it need only be pointed out that men like Thomas Russell and Miles Byrne and Michael Dwyer and Jemmy Hope and Philip Long were among the first he called to his side, that Anne Devlin was his faithful comrade ready to serve him and Ireland unto death ; and that of the twenty men who died along with him for Ireland's freedom and Ireland's honour, not one would purchase his precious and valuable life at the price of even secret treachery to Emmet's cause. And it was he who had selected each and every one of them for the work they were proud to do ; it was he who rallied thousands more who would gladly have laid down their lives but to whom God left life and freedom. Because England's devilish system for the degradation of men found and worked upon weaklings in Emmet's army (there was a weakling among the Twelve Apostles) our able and avid historians, with no thought for the honour or dishonour of Ireland, condemn Robert Emmet for his foolish credulity and his childish lack of judgment in choosing his comrades. The writers in question never seem to realize or suspect that they are guided in their conclusions by the line laid down for them and their likes by Castlereagh and Marsden one hundred and fifty years ago when they essayed to save their own faces and cover up their own neglect by inviting all sensible, practical people of the future to believe that young Robert Emmet, although personally an estimable character and quite sincere, was a dunce, a dupe, a fool and a failure.

Thomas Cloney, one of the Wexford leaders in 1798, came back from banishment when Emmet's preparations were at their height, and being in Dublin for a few days, asked his friend, Miles Byrne, to arrange an interview with the young leader so that Cloney could point out to him the madness of his scheme and the hopelessness of any attempt at insurrection so soon after the '98 Rising, with its terrors still fresh in the minds of the people. Miles Byrne tells in his *Memoirs* the result of that interview. Cloney, far from turning the young enthusiast aside from his foolish project, was himself won over to Emmet's idea and convinced that an insurrection at that time was no vain hope or foolish dream. Said Thomas Cloney to Miles Byrne :—'I have heard a great deal about the young man's talents, but certainly he far surpasses anything one can imagine. His powers of reasoning and persuasion are such that an objection can scarcely be made to any of his plans ; which, indeed, if judiciously carried on, and put into execution by determined, honest and devoted patriots, must succeed as soon as a French army is landed in any part of the country. As soon as the English garrison is ordered off to meet the French, Dublin will be easily taken, if the citizens show bravery and do their duty, as it may be expected they will, from the organisation which Mr. Emmet tells me is in progress throughout the city.'

Miles Byrne, the seasoned veteran of a hundred campaigns all over the Continent of Europe, writing after he had risen to a high position in the Army of France, gave his considered opinion of Robert Emmet's plan and confounded the civilian armchair strategists of his and our own day :—'A few hours,' he wrote, 'would have sufficed to dislodge the English garrison of Dublin, which mustered weaker than at any other time, and by threatening to set fire to those quarters where resistance was made, the troops defending them would have been soon forced to capitulate. Not for centuries had Ireland so favourable an opportunity of getting rid of the cruel English yoke ; everyone in the country disaffected or discontented except the contemptible placehunters and the Orangemen ; and France, the most powerful military nation in the world, then at war with England, anxiously waiting for an occasion to attack her in her weak and must vulnerable part, Ireland. Under all these considerations, was it to be wondered at that the men of 1798, as well as Irish patriots in general, thought it both wise and prudent to be prepared with arms and ammunition for those events hourly expected, the landing of a French army on

the coast of Ireland? Notwithstanding all this (Miles Byrne continued) there are many who think it would be ridiculous for the Irish under any contingency to be looking for their independence. To such lukewarm patriots I would say, it would be more ridiculous and absurd to think that the inhabitants of Ireland will ever cease declaring that they have a right to govern themselves, and that they will ever be ready to embrace any favourable occasion to get rid of their taskmasters ; and more, *that the memory of the ever-to-be-lamented Robert Emmet will never cease to be revered, down to the latest posterity, and his plans will ever be considered and consulted by all those wishing for the independence of Ireland.*'

8

When Miles Byrne wrote these words far away from Ireland, he was dowered with the gift of prophecy. The fame of Emmet and the love of Ireland for him have gone on increasing through the generations ; and almost a hundred years after the veteran soldier wrote his appreciation of Emmet's plan that plan was taken up and studied and approved by his comrades of 1916 who nearly experienced failure similar to his without any alleged plotting and connivance by English schemers or their tools in Dublin Castle. The men of Kildare, it is said, were told to go back to their homes in 1803, that the Rising had been postponed. The men of a far wider area received a similar message in 1916, and but for the vision, determination and resolute courage of seven men, the tragedy of July 23, 1803, would have been repeated in that Easter Week when Ireland came to life again under the inspiration of Emmet, and though the plans had to be altered or abandoned and although men failed to man the posts for which they had volunteered, and though Dublin Castle was not taken from the English, no man says to-day that Pearse and Clarke and Connolly and their comrades were unpractical idealists and enthusiasts whose movements were known all along to the Castle spies, whose ranks were honeycombed with informers, and whose failure was the most abject in Ireland's long struggle against foreign rule.

The petty-minded who sneer at Emmet's failure, as they call it, taking their cue from the schemers in Dublin Castle who sought successfully to cover their own failure by throwing up a smoke-screen of ridicule and disclosure of alleged treachery, have not the true vision or understanding that would tell them no gesture such as Emmet's can ever fail in a land overrun by enemy invaders. Six weeks before his own noble sacrifice Pádraig Mac Piarais pointed out this aspect of Emmet's attempted Rising to an audience in Belfast. Speaking of the necessity for armed uprising in an unfree Ireland and comparing the generation in which he and those present lived with the generations gone before, he said :—'Every other generation had made its armed protest against England, and when England thought she had trampled them down in blood or had purchased them with bribes, some strong man arose and redeemed them by his sacrifice. Ireland's demand all through the centuries had been freedom, and there was only one sort of freedom, the definition of which was not to be found on the Statute Book of a nation's enemies, but in the books of the nation's Fathers. Irish freedom had been defined for them by the Fathers—first of all by Tone, who said : 'To break the connection with England—the never-failing source of all our political evils—and to assist the independence of my country ; these were my objects.' That definition was accepted and amplified by Emmet, Davis, Lalor and Mitchel, the last of whom looked through apocalyptic flame to the day when Ireland would take her place beneath her own immortal green and strike for sovereignty once more. We should never forget and never neglect to point out the significance which was attached to the Movement of 1803. One of the most disgraceful transactions in Irish history—with the possible exception of a more recent treachery—had just been completed. Irishmen had bargained with the enemy for the sale of the nation, and the people's rights had been bartered for gold. Emmet realised what acquiescence in such a bargain would mean for Ireland, and *his was the protest that redeemed the nation from eternal disgrace.*'

And we are now asked to believe that the armed protest against English perfidy and Irish greed and treachery, the protest that was to redeem Ireland from disgrace, was planned by William Pitt and promoted from start to finish by his henchmen in Dublin Castle! Those who write down Robert Emmet as the dupe of William Pitt and Castlereagh and Marsden and all the other inspired geniuses against whom the well-meaning, foolish, young enthusiast pitted his immature wits, are themselves more truly the dupes of Dublin Castle and the State Paper Office. They accept every official report, whether from a military officer, a policeman, a civil servant, a yeoman, or a spy, as reliable, dependable truth, weave it most industriously into the pattern of their history, and expect everyone to accept it as untainted veracity. The first offender in this regard was Dr. R. R. Madden, diligent and painstaking author of *Lives and Times of the United Irishmen*, and almost every other historian of the period has followed his bad example. The English and their apt pupils are adepts at the cooking of official documents, they will not hesitate to stoop to distortion and even to forgery in order to show themselves in the right and their opponents and enemies in the wrong; but an English writer like Mr. Postgate cannot be expected to believe this possible, and an American like Miss Landreth making her maiden trip into the realm of English officialdom in Ireland is not likely even to suspect it. That native-born Irish writers should be so credulous as to believe anything from such a source without sifting and examining it a hundred times over, shows how deeply Anglicisation has dug itself into Irish life and how successful it has been in dulling our senses and causing us to suspect our own before we suspect the enemy in our midst. There is a great deal of mystery and a great deal of silence surrounding the events of 1803, and to reach the conclusion, by guesswork, surmise, suspicion and credulous acceptance of official statements and reports, that Pitt and his pets were responsible for the return of Robert Emmet to Ireland and for his attempt at insurrection, shows contempt for the Irish character and lack of true understanding and appreciation of Robert Emmet and his immortal comrades of all the generations.

We cannot say with anything approaching absolute certainty, that Dublin Castle, with all its touts and spies and crawling creatures in every walk of life, was almost caught napping and literally taken unawares by a small gang of Irish rebels; but there is good reason to believe that the story set going by Marsden and his friends and accepted by so many historians as truth, was no more than clever and audacious bluff, backed up by heavily-roped and sealed trunks filled with documents marked 'SECRET' and 'NOT TO BE OPENED.' If anything was feared from the publication of them why were they left under the gaze of visitors to the Castle? Why were they not destroyed or taken across to England? And if the famous Pitt letter, in which that schemer ordered the use of Robert Emmet as a dupe, ever existed and was so precious, why was it not preserved in absolute safety? Why did no one go to the trouble of making a copy of it?

And if it is true that Marsden, a government employee, deceived his superiors, withheld from the military section of the English forces in Ireland the information given by him to the civil section, how can any thinking person be asked to believe that he and those who acted with him were prepared to sacrifice the lives of important men like Lord Kilwarden, Chief Justice and a member of the Privy Council, in order to make a fool and laughing-stick of a young, unknown Irishman, when the fooling and the mocking and the pillorying could have been done 'with an economy of English lives' and without the risk of leaving the Castle gates open and unguarded until an insurrection that it is claimed they themselves fomented, had actually begun? As we have said, such a plot would be excellent in historical fiction, but to ask for its acceptance as historical fact is trying intelligent human credulity too far.

The English themselves showed that Robert Emmet had returned to Ireland unknown to them. They stated over and over that he came back early in 1803, when as a matter of fact he arrived at his ailing father's house near Dundrum, Co. Dublin, in October, 1802. He pretended to settle down to a humdrum business life in partnership with his cousin, but almost immediately he had begun to get in touch with reliable men who had been in the war of 1798 and were known to love Ireland better than they loved themselves. The Castle slanderers and libellers gave out later, and were ably assisted by placehunters like John Philpot Curran, that Emmet led only a rabble of 'the lower orders,' but even a casual glance at a list of his most devoted comrades and friends will show what a falsehood this was. His own gifted sister, Mary Anne Emmet, and her husband, Robert Holmes, the advocate, who lived to defend John Mitchel in 1848 and to avow his own adherence to Mitchel's national faith; Thomas Russell, than whom no worthier, nobler, more gallant gentleman lived in all England's broad domain; Philip Long, the wealthy merchant whose generosity was more helpful to Emmet than a hundred flattering speeches; Sarah Curran, Anne Devlin, Rose Hope, Biddy Palmer and a score of equally intrepid women who were tireless in the service of the young Republic of Ireland; Miles Byrne, the young Wexfordman who was Emmet's right-hand man and who loved his name and revered his memory through a long life spent in exile; a host of other Wexford veterans who were in his confidence and faithful to him; Michael Dwyer of Wicklow, who held the English at bay for years in the fastnesses of his native hills; James Hope of Antrim, John McIntosh of Scotland, Owen Kirwan of Dublin, men whose nobility of character and bravery under every trial illumine the cause they served; and along with all these and hundreds more throughout the country there were his comrades in exile who were in his confidence and wholeheartedly in sympathy with his plan for the capture of Dublin and the rousing of the country: his brother, Thomas Addis Emmet, William James MacNeven, Surgeon Lawless, General Corbett and many others who were so dangerous to British power in Ireland that they were exiles forever. Emmet had the best in Ireland at his side and it was because the English knew this that they set out upon a deliberate campaign of slander against him and his cause. When Miles Byrne began to organise and drill and train the hundreds of young Wexfordmen who had to make their way to Dublin after '98 and seek a livelihood there, he formed a hurling club with the active assistance of Fr. Connolly, Parish Priest of Donnybrook, who became one of Robert Emmet's most intimate friends and who was believed to be the priest who gave the young martyr his blessing at the gate of Kilmainham Jail on his way to the scaffold in Thomas Street, and to whom Emmet gave as a token of love and gratitude his treasured seal. The young men of Wexford used to gather as if for a hurling match in a field at Booterstown, and under cover of this Miles Byrne prepared their bodies and their minds for the fight that was to come.

Some of the historians of 1803, with no previous knowledge of the crookedness, dishonesty and corruption of English rule in Ireland, have accepted as truth almost every statement made by Dublin Castle officials as well as accounts of happenings published in papers that were in the employment of the Castle. They seem to believe and want their readers to believe that Castlereagh, Wickham, Pollock, Marsden and Co., makers and breakers of spies, touts and informers, were fully acquainted with every single move made by Robert Emmet from the day he arrived in Dublin from France in October, 1802, until the day he was arrested at Harold's Cross in August, 1803, and that because of this intimate knowledge his plan for a Rising was hopeless and doomed to failure from the beginning; but the truth is that this quiet, resourceful young man outwitted all the human bloodhounds, including Leonard McNally, the most cunning, the most favourably placed and the least suspected of them all. The contacts were made with veterans of '98, the future soldiers of freedom were quietly mobilised, the depots for the manufacture of armaments

were established, the hope that has never been quenched in faithful Irish hearts spread out quietly over most of the country again without the knowledge of Dublin Castle or its army of crawling creatures whose trade was the betrayal of their fellow-men. The touts and spies and informers specially organised and trained a few years before as part of the machinery of British rule in Ireland, were still scattered here and there throughout the country. It was to their own advantage that every move and every opinion of the 'disaffected' should be reported to the Castle as a sign that the labourer was worthy of his hire, that the hounds had not lost the scent, and that the hunt was still in full cry. And so many imagined or invented 'rebel plots' were disclosed by the greedy hunters that Pollock and Marsden and their staff came to treat almost every report sent in with indifference and contempt.

To make up for the lack of artillery (none could be obtained unless brought in by allies like the French) Emmet's genius devised war machines that would most certainly have done both material and moral havoc to the enemy, had the Rising developed into war on a large and serious scale. One of these inventions, to be used as an obstacle to the advance of an enemy, is thus described by Miles Byrne :—'Mr. Emmet had several square beams, twelve feet long, sent to the depot at Thomas Street, which he intended to have got bored with a small pump auger, not in the centre but nearer one side, and the hole was to be perforated to within one foot of the end, and then filled with powder till it came to a foot from the mouth. The hole was then stopped with a plug a foot long, of the same diameter, well spiked to prevent it from coming out. A touch-hole was to be perforated in the middle of the beam on the side which the bore approached the nearest, and a pivot set on each end on which common car wheels were placed and turned. Two cases five feet long each, filled with small stones and combustibles, were to be placed at the top of the beam." This formidable machine, rolling on its wheels towards an advancing enemy, and suddenly exploding, would undoubtedly, as Miles Byrne calculated, have 'a terrific effect.'

With the help of an old soldier named Johnstone, Emmet devised another instrument which was the forerunner of the many rockets that have been perfected since then as instruments of war. 'At Mr. Emmet's request,' writes Miles Byrne, explaining the invention of the horizontal rocket, 'I called on Mr. M———, the gunsmith, and showed him a strong piece of paper shaped in a certain way, which was to serve as a model to have tubes twenty inches long, two and a half inches diameter, cut out of strong sheet iron. As soldering would be liable to melt with the fire, they were to be clasped and well hammered on the joints, which would render them quite solid. The sloped shape at one end formed a point like an arrow. The gunsmith soon brought me a tube made after the model with which both Mr. Emmet and Mr. Johnstone were well pleased. Consequently I had to tell him to have several hundreds of the same description made as soon as possible. . . . . Everything was done according to Mr. Emmet's instructions. An iron needle was placed in the centre of the tube around which the mortar was tempered,, and when the needle was drawn out, the hole was then filled with powder. Thus prepared, they were to be fastened with strong wire to a slight pole about eight feet long at one end ; and from the other end a card prepared as a fuse would convey the fire to the mouth of the tube. A small trestle four feet high was provided on which the pole was to rest to be poised and sent off in the direction of the enemy.'

Then one day a group of the men, with Emmet, went out into the quiet fields beyond Rathfarnham to try out the new rocket or flame-thrower. Writes Miles Byrne :—'The rocket was made fast to a pole with wire, and rested on a trestle ; the match being put to it, it went off like a thunderbolt, carrying the pole along with it, and throwing flames and fire behind, as it advanced ; and when it fell, it went on tearing up the ground till the last of the matter with which it was filled was completely consumed.'

This was the invention which in later years came to be known as the Congreve Rocket, and was famous the world over. These formidable machines of war were not the only inventions of the fertile, mature, steady brain of Robert Emmet. He had arranged for the spiking of Dublin's bridges in such a way that cavalry could not cross them. He had

a special kind of blunderbuss made and a short pocket pistol of a calibre to admit a musket cartridge. Another invention of his was the jointed pike, which is thus dscribed by Miles Byrne :—

'Mr. Emmet prayed me to get six hundred jointed pike handles prepared by a turner, one section to be three feet long, the other two and a half feet long. On the end of this last was to be placed a small carbine bayonet, or a small pikehead, not exceeding six inches in length. This handle, extended and stretched out, was six feet long ; when doubled up it was only three feet long, which made it easy to be carried and concealed under a great coat. These handles were on the principle of a parasol handle that doubled up, joined together by a small hinge. A tube six inches long covered the joint, pressed forward three inches and then was stopped by a pin. A small spring started up behind to keep it on the joint equal on both sides. Thus it became quite solid, and easier managed than a soldier's musket and bayonet. With this weapon and a blunderbuss slung with a belt from a man's shoulder, he had great advantage at close quarters over the enemy, as it was much easier to charge the blunderbuss than the musket.'

The author of *The Pursuit of Robert Emmet* dismisses the inventions of the young leader with just seven words, although the book contains over four hundred pages. The space was all too little, evidently, to deal with actual informers, probable informers, suspected informers and, of course, Robert Emmet being a simple dupe it would not do to reveal him as a man of genius.

11

In addition to the head depot at Marshalsea Lane, off Thomas Street (it was known locally as Mass Lane), there were ten other places where men gave their labour voluntarily in the hard, strenuous preparations that were carried on day and night for months when Emmet was racing against time ever since he had fixed upon July 23 as the date of the Rising. It was to the eleven depots Sarah Curran playfully alluded in one of her letters when she asked how Emmet's 'wife and ten small children' were faring. Indeed no man could be more devoted to his wife and family than was he who gave all his time and energy and fortune to the plan that he hoped so fondly and ardently would bring about at least the beginning of freedom for his native land. Marsden pretended, and the admirers of Marsden's cleverness, pretend to this day that every single thing connected with every one of the depots and with every person who worked in them and frequented them was known at the Castle, but no concrete proof has ever been advanced that would make the pretence a reality. The more thought that is given to the whole history, public and secret, of 1803, the clearer does the conviction grow that Marsden played a game of bluff, of nervous, apprehensive bluff, with his superiors after the event, and managed to stave off the searching enquiry that would have meant for him and Castlereagh exposure and ruin. A critical examination of their statements will show that they contradicted themselves and in a score of ways showed that they dreaded revelations in which successful plotters should glory and to which they should point with pride and pleasure as evidence of their consummate skill in causing stupid rebels and traitors to weave a web for their own imprisonment and undoing and defeat. The tragedy of the whole thing is that Irish historians are to be found who quite willingly and almost eagerly swallow the story that Robert Emmet was sent for to France by William Pitt, the English politician, and brought home to promote an insurrection so that it could be defeated before it ever began ; and that Pitt's tools in Dublin Castle, utterly callous of their duty to superiors, deliberately allowed a conspiracy to develop, allowed Lord Kilwarden and others to be killed, and ran the risk of letting Dublin Castle fall into the hands of Irish rebels for the sole purpose of inducing those same Irish rebels to go ahead with their rebellion !

12

No need to dwell too long on the tragic events of July 23, 1803. A week before, a serious explosion occurred in the Patrick Street depot

and one of the men who worked there at the making of explosives died of his injuries. He refused to give any information as to how the accident occurred or to disclose the names of those who worked along with him. Most of the stores were in specially-made hiding places and the rest of the war material was removed at once to other depots. Emmet and his comrades worked with feverish haste during the week that followed, and he fondly hoped that on the night of Saturday, July 23, Dublin Castle would be in his hands and the signal given that would bring all Ireland into the fight. We know what happened when the time came. He told the story in a few pathetic words in the letter written before his execution, to his brother, Thomas Addis Emmet, who was in France. That letter, with others, he entrusted to the infamous Dr. Trevor of Kilmainham Jail. Within an hour the scoundrel had sent them to the Castle. After detailing his plan for the capture of Dublin Castle, Robert Emmet wrote :—

'The whole of this plan was given up by me for the want of means except the Castle and lines of defence, for I expected three hundred Wexford, four hundred Kildare, and two hundred Wicklow men, all of whom had fought before, to begin the surprises at this (the South) side of the water (the Liffey) and by the preparations for defence, so as to give time to the town to assemble. The county of Dublin was also to act at the instant it began—the number of Dublin people acquainted with it, I understand to be three or four thousand. I expected two thousand to assemble at Costigan's Mills—the grand place of assembly. The evening before, the Wicklowmen failed, through their officer. The Kildaremen, who were to act particularly with me, came in, and at five o'clock went off again from the Canal Harbour, on the report from two of their officers that Dublin would not act. In Dublin itself it was given out by some treacherous or cowardly person that it was postponed till Wednesday. The time of assembly was from six till nine, and at nine, instead of two thousand, there were eighty men assembled. When we came to the Market House (Cornmarket) they were diminished to eighteen or twenty. The Wexfordmen did assemble, I believe, to the amount promised, on the Coal Quay ; but three hundred men, though they might be sufficient to begin on a sudden, were not so when Government had five hours' notice by express from Kildare.'

It would be interesting to know whether some clever hand at the Castle added the last ten words of that paragraph to what Robert Emmet had written. He could not have known it on the evening of July 23. It was told to him by someone connected with the Castle after his arrest, or the words were added in his manuscript by some forger at the headquarters of forgery in Ireland.

Nearly all the historians, beginning with Madden, applauded by nearly all the reviewers, have written of 1803 as if they were convinced that treachery and treachery alone was responsible for the collapse of Emmet's plan for the taking of Dublin. Those of us who know how near to a similar collapse was at one crucial moment the plan of the leaders of 1916 cannot accept that view. The leaders who failed to man their posts in Easter Week were not accused of treachery or cowardice, nor has it ever been said that even one of them was in the pay of Dublin Castle. Yet thousands of men in the ranks willing and eager to fight even with inadequate weapons, were told to return home from the mobilisation centres, and no historian, hostile or friendly to the cause of Irish independence, has ever hinted that Asquith or Birrell or Lloyd George or Churchill or any understrapper of theirs made a dupe of Pearse or Connolly or Clarke or any other one of the seven who signed the Proclamation of the Republic of Ireland thirty-seven years ago or that the ranks of the I.R.A. were 'honeycombed with informers.' If they had flinched after Eoin MacNéill issued his paralysing and confusing order, if they had postponed the Rising and been arrested and lightly sentenced and the whole movement subjected to ridicule, then probably Dublin Castle would have obtained circulation and a good deal of credence for the story that information had been supplied to them regularly by men prominent in the Irish Volunteers or in the Irish Republican Brotherhood or in the Irish Citizen Army, and we might have people saying even to-day that the leaders were

high-minded, unselfish men of high purpose and grand ideals, but utterly unfitted to lead an insurrection or pit their brains against the seasoned plotters of Dublin Castle.

The chances of war, the accidents that can never be foreseen, told against the Fenians just as they told against Emmet, and because neither in 1803 nor in 1867 was even a week's fight made as was made in 1916, we can be told that treachery within the Irish ranks was the sole cause of defeat and failure. And these questions spring into the mind : had Emmet sent a speedy message to Miles Byrne on the Coal Quay to say that the original plan had to be abandoned but that he was coming with twenty men to enter the Castle and that the Wexfordmen were to enter along with them ; had they succeeded in getting in and closing the gates and capturing that one post, what would have been the result? Would Dublin have rallied to Emmet's call? Would the rest of Ireland have followed Dublin's lead? Would Napoleon have changed his mind and decided for an attack on England and a friendly invasion of Ireland instead of following his dream to Egypt? Would Ireland have gained her freedom, and would the name of Robert Emmet be nearer and dearer to Irish hearts than it is to-day? No one can answer these questions, but one thing is certain—there would be no one to say, then or now, that Robert Emmet began his preparations for an insurrection at the behest of William Pitt and the henchmen of William Pitt in Dublin Castle !

A seemingly unimportant incident showed that the people of Dublin would have actively taken part in the Rising had the entire plan been carried out. The people had been asked to do all in their power to impede and demoralise enemy troops. An officer of the English army, in a statement made regarding the events of the night of July 23, in Dublin, said that while interrogating some men he met in a dark part of Thomas Street, windows opened suddenly overhead and missiles were thrown down upon the English soldiers. How many hundred incidents of a similar kind would there have been had the insurrection, as planned by Emmet, broken out all over the city?

13

There was a significant and eloquent aftermath to the incidents of July 23, 1803, and the recalling of it should help to shatter the case of those who contend or pretend that Marsden and his master, Castlereagh, and their master, William Pitt, organised the attempted insurrection for the purpose of making it a failure and used Robert Emmet as their unsuspecting dupe. Only a month after the collapse of this ineffective and harmless plot which Dublin Castle itself was supposed to have initiated, there was intensive activity by night and by day in Dublin strengthening its defences at all the points from which an attack on the Castle could be launched. 'The Old House in College Green' was converted into a barracks, as well as other buildings in the vicinity. 'The market house in Thomas Street,' says a report of the period, 'has been lately fitted up, with a view to impede the progress of an enemy from the west-end of the town, and to command the different avenues in that quarter ; the 93rd regiment has been appointed its garrison. The arches of the house are filled up, and a balcony is constructed on the first floor, upon which the soldiers can draw up, and fire with the best effect. The Royal Exchange has also been purchased by government for the purpose of barracks, and it is intended to place some cannon on that part of it which fronts Parliament Street, Essex Bridge, and also that which is opposite Castle Street. Barriers are to be erected at the entrances into Francis Street, Meath Street, James' Street, etc., the whole city to be surrounded by an oak paling of considerable height, and gates to be erected at all the principal entrances into town.'

Every single one of the places mentioned was connected with Robert Emmet's 'contemptible failure' and the feverish haste with which these defences were proceeded with gives the lie direct to the claim of Castlereagh and Marsden that they knew all about Emmet's plan from start to finish, that they encouraged the growth of this plot because they knew they could encompass its defeat at any moment they wished ; it bursts

the bubble blown out to such a great size by those who were carried away by Madden's mere suspicion of treachery and by the valueless information of a Castle official concerning Pitt's non-existent letter ordering that Robert Emmet be made the dupe of Dublin Castle and encouraged to promote an insurrection. The strengthening of Dublin's military defences after and not before the 'failure' tells more clearly than all the sealed boxes of documents in Dublin Castle the truth about the attempted insurrection of 1803.

14

A GREAT deal has been written in condemnation of the conduct of John Allen, William Dowdall and some other officers of the I.R.A. who dined at John Hevey's house on the evening of July 23, 1803, and, it is said, refused to come to Robert Emmet's side. Hevey's house was only at a very short distance from the depot in Marshalsea Lane and the men mentioned above were rather foolish to remain so near the danger zone if they had turned their backs on Emmet and left him to his fate. The fact that most of them disappeared and left the country very soon afterwards shows that they knew they were marked men and that the report of their having failed Emmet would not save them from arrest by the Castle forces. But did they fail Emmet? Did they refuse to act with him at the last moment? Did they ostentatiously arrange to have dinner together at that late hour right beside the spot where the Rising was to commence and make it known that if and when a successful start was made they would join up? On close examination, does that look at all likely or plausible? Is it not far more likely that their presence in John Hevey's house was part of the general plan, but that failure and abondonment of the whole project came before the time came when they could actively participate in it? We have no evidence that they refused to act with Emmet, and in the absence of that evidence they should not be condemned. In the after years all proved themselves brave and faithful men and when Robert Emmet did not condemn them they should not be condemned by us who are ignorant of the real reason why they were not in Marshalsea Lane on the evening of July 23, 1803. If they were deserters how did it come that John Hevey was one of those who were on the run in Emmet's company in the Dublin mountains?

When the Rising collapsed, Robert Emmet, accompanied by seven or eight of his officers, left Thomas Street and headed for the Dublin mountains. They were not long on their way when the armed forces of Dublin Castle swarmed all over the city, showing their bravery when there was no insurgent army to meet. Among the gallant forces that raided houses and searched them looking for Emmet and his comrades was The Lawyers' Corps of Loyal Yeomen, of which Daniel O'Connell was a zealous member. He has himself told us that so great was his zeal he did double the amount of duty demanded of him. When he had completed the three days' active service that each member was bound to give, Yeoman Daniel O'Connell volunteered for three further days as a loyal raider bringing rebelly Irishmen to justice. He never afterwards concealed his hostility to the men of 1803 and of 1798 who had struck a blow for the independence of Ireland.

How often have we not read that Robert Emmet intended to leave Ireland after the failure of the Rising and could have got safely away but for his determination to see and speak to his beloved Sarah Curran! There is not the slightest foundation for this statement, which is a pure invention. It is true that his comrades urged him to go to France and urge the French Government to send over an expeditionary force with all possible speed while the Republican forces were still intact. But he would not go. He had brought men into danger of death, hundreds were arrested immediately, warrants were out for hundreds of others, and he meant to stand by them and with them to the last. On page 284 of the *Memoirs of Miles Byrne* the reader will find the following paragraph :—

'Several days elapsed after the disasters of Thomas Street before Robert Emmet came back to his former lodgings at Mrs. Palmer's outside the canal at Harold's Cross. Both Mr. John Patten (Emmet's cousin) and

Mr. Phil Long endeavoured to persuade him of the urgent necessity of his going at once to France, to which he replied that it should never be said of him that he had abandoned the brave people implicated through his means. He wished much, however, that some fit person were sent immediately to Paris to communicate to the French Government, through his brother, the situation of things in Ireland.' It was, as a matter of fact, Miles Byrne himself who was eventually selected by Emmet to go to France and plead most earnestly for an expedition before the English again had time to fill Ireland with troops. The brave young Wexford soldier set out with high hopes of returning with a conquering army, but, *fairior*, he never saw Ireland again. As is told on other pages, he fought all over Europe, rose to distinction in the Army of France, was true to the old cause all his long life and true to Emmet's memory, but the chance never came his way to strike a blow against British imperialism on Irish soil.

It may as well be set down here—it is not to her discredit—that it was not from Emmet but from Sarah Curran herself that a plea came for a meeting after the sad events of July 23. She had heard that he was being urged to go to France, and she wrote :—'I must see you at all costs. You must not leave the country without seeing me.' He loved her very dearly and knew no greater happiness than to be near her, but his most constant, most insistent and most anxious thoughts were for the humble, heroic, faithful men, his comrades and friends who were in prison awaiting the mockery of a trial with which the Castle intended to make a pretence of justice ; nor did Sarah Curran wish that he should forget or neglect them for herself. It is to be hoped that the readers of these words, which have been proved to be true, will scotch whenever they hear it or see it again, the sentimental fable that Emmet would have escaped out of Ireland but for his desire to see and speak to Sarah Curran once more. It is romantic, but truth is more important than romance. And in this case there can hardly be any doubt that the truth was pushed aside to make way for the fable because the latter would still further confirm the enemy story that Emmet was just a light-headed, irresponsible boy, who did not care what became of the men who were foolish enough to follow him, so long as he and his sweetheart could meet and make love to each other.

Another proof that he was thinking more of the men in prison than of his own safety can be given. When he with some of his officers left the city after disbanding the few who stood by him in Thomas Street on July 23, he went straight to the house in which he had lived for some months at Butterfield Lane, Rathfarnham. From there he went up the mountains to make sure that Michael Dwyer and the Wicklowmen would not now go into Dublin. Some days later he came back, but decided not to stay at Butterfield Lane. He went instead to his old lodgings at Harold's Cross, and was there when the announcement was made that the Special Criminal Court, a Commission as it was called, set up to give an appearance of trial to the men who had been arrested, would sit for the first time on Aufust 31. It must have been because of a previous arrangement with him that his good and generous friend, Philip Long, the Crow Street merchant, saw to it that counsel would be engaged to defend all the prisoners ; but Emmet knew in his heart that the so-called trials would be followed by death for many of his comrades and he racked his brain for some means of saving them. He recalled that his brother and other leaders of 1798 had saved the lives of many by making an honourable bargain with the Castle. Knowing that that bargain had been broken by the English he had no desire to act along similar lines. Perhaps he could persuade those in power that to take the lives of a score of unknown men, several of whom had taken no part at all in the attempted Rising, would do the Government more harm than good. He sat down to write them a letter. Only the first paragraph was written when the notorious Major Sirr and his armed bodyguard burst into the house, arrested Emmet and conveyed him to Dublin Castle. The date was August 25, 1803.

15

He was committed to Kilmainham Jail where the scoundrel who ruled over it and all the other prisons, the notorious Dr. Trevor, instructed a tool of his, an Englishman named George Dunn, to pretend to be friendly and to suggest to Emmet that he would help him to escape. Through this pretence of friendliness it was that the Castle gang discovered how matters stood between Emmet and Sarah Curran. Sirr and some others raided The Priory in the absence of John Philpot Curran. The chief of the Castle police bore a letter addressed to the master of the house who was not at home. The bully strode into Sarah Curran's bedroom, vomiting oaths and threats, and gloating over the fate that was soon to befall Robert Emmet. The shock was too great for the sensitive and overwrought girl and she became hysterical and Sirr had a set-back. Sarah's sister took advantage of his temporary confusion to tear up and burn all of Emmet's letters to Sarah that she could find. Sirr saw what was being done and put a stop to it. He gathered up all the correspondence he could find and sent a message to the Chief Secretary who replied as follows :—

> 'I lament exceedingly the circumstances of Mr. Curran's absence from his house on your arrival, and am much distressed at hearing of the state of Miss Curran's mind, as described in your letter ; in every case I think you had better come away and leave Miss Sarah Curran to the care of her sisters.—W. WICKHAM.'

Soon the true character of the renowned John Philpot Curran revealed itself. He aspired to a high position in legal circles and the friendship of his youngest daughter for the arch-rebel, Robert Emmet, set him wild with rage for he saw in it the destruction of all his ambitious hopes. He did not wait until she had recovered from the mental illness that had prostrated her, but shouted into her face that she was no longer his daughter and that as soon as she was able to walk she must leave his house forever. She was still without reason, without consciousness of what was going on about her when Robert Emmet fought his last battle on the scaffold in Thomas Street, so that God spared her a great deal of torture and anguish. When the news of his sacrifice was broken to her later she bowed in resignation to receive her cross and carried it bravely on her frail shoulders through the few years of life that were left to her. Her callous father carried out his threat by sending her adrift upon the waves of the world, and but for the kindness of friends she would have been homeless. At the earnest request of all who loved her, she reluctantly consented some few years later to marry one who lavished kindness and affection on her, and whose love for her was none the less sincere because of the knowledge that the true love of her heart was in Robert Emmet's nameless grave. She lived but five years after her loved one's martyrdom and her death took place in England, of a rapid decline, on May 5, 1808. She was then but twenty-six years of age.

In one respect the English invaders of Ireland have been consistent and untiring through all the long years of their occupation of this country—they have always taken great care to slander the dead victims of their tyranny, as well as the living objects of their hatred. They tried a score of ways to blacken the character of Emmet, and in one way at least they endeavoured also to blast the name and fame of Sarah Curran. The means employed was the bundle of letters taken away from The Priory the morning it was raided by Sirr and his gang. The correspondence between Emmet and his love was found to be so innocent, so indicative of a pure and lofty affection, so expressive of high and noble sentiments and ideals, and so sharply in contrast with the lewdness and immorality of the period in 'society' circles in Ireland and England, that the far-seeing custodians of British honour in Dublin Castle decided to destroy the letters. And the plundering policeman, Sirr, who considered as fair perquisites all he could steal from any house he raided, was decorated with a halo in connection with the matter. A short memorandum, anonymously written, was left among the papers of the period, for the use and benefit of future seekers after the truth. It stated that the letters

of Robert Emmet and Sarah Curran were filled with such ferocious and diabolical sentiments that kind-hearted and refined Sirr had them all burned 'out of compassion to the family' of Curran!

This typical example of official English chivalry towards dead opponents of English imperialism, hurt Dr. R. R. Madden so much when he came across it in the course of his quest for historical material that it drew from him one of the best paragraphs in his *Lives and Times of the United Irishmen*. He wrote:—'A man of Emmet's character, who loved the name of honour more than he feared death, and in his sentiments with respect to the destiny and the noble qualities of women, was true and loyal in his chivalry as ever knight of old ; whose purity of life and morals, inflexibility of principles and purpose, have never been denied ; whose mind, moreover, was highly cultivated—stored not only with the ancient glories of Grecian and Roman erudition, but with the lighter graces of modern literature—was not likely to fix his affections lightly, or on one unworthy of them ; and where once fixed his passion was not destined to consume itself, whether in exile in a distant land or in a dungeon, while it had the recollection of the love of such a being as Sarah Curran to subsist on. The sentiments and conduct of Robert Emmet were in perfect conformity with opinions expressed by him, long previously to that attachment, with respect to the claims of woman to man's highest respect ; to a sort of reverential deference for qualities which he considered preserved more traces of their original purity and excellence than were manifested in those of the other sex. I speak of his opinions on this subject, and their influence on his actions, from the most authentic information, and especially from the statements of one gentleman, intimately and closely connected with him from the days of his boyhood to the day of his death.'

All who knew Sarah Curran, and especially all the women who knew her, from Anne Devlin to those who did not share her or Emmet's opinions or hopes regarding Ireland, but who came into close contact with her in later days, spoke and wrote of her in just the same fashion. She and her immortal lover were worthy of the holy cause they served, were noble and sweet and splendid in an age of corruption, and the vile attempts of their enemies to pollute their memory have only made it shine more brightly in the heart of Ireland.

16

We need not walk with Robert Emmet over all the rough and painful paths he had to travel before peace came to him on a gibbet and he found rest in the true hearts of Ireland here on earth and, we hope and trust, eternal rest in the Home of God. The cleverest legal minds in Ireland tried to trap him, day after day, into saying something that would tarnish his fame, but he foiled them at every fresh attempt. They slandered him openly, but in private they were obliged to admit that he was one in a million, a man whose integrity, nobility and fearlessness baffled them and won their grudging admiration. Instead of watching the traps they set for him and the quibbles to which they stooped in the hope that something helpful to them and harmful to him and to the cause he served so gallantly would be forced from his lips, let us get out into the fresh air of truth and patriotism and enthusiasm and listen to the voice of Pádraig Pearse as he speaks to a multitude of Irishmen about Emmet's cause and Emmet's hope and Emmet's plan and Emmet's memory and of the deed that would have to be done if the stranglehold of those who killed Emmet was to be loosened and broken and Emmet's land made free.

'I live,' said Pearse, 'in a place that is very full of heroic memories. In the room in which I work at St. Enda's College, Robert Emmet is said often to have sat ; in our garden is a vine which they call Emmet's Vine and from which he is said to have plucked grapes ; through our wood runs a path which is called Emmet's Walk—they say that he and Sarah Curran walked there ; at an angle of our boundary wall there is a little fortified lodge called Emmet's Fort. Across the road from us is a thatched cottage whose tenant in 1803 was in Green Street Courthouse all the long day that Emmet stood on trial, with a horse saddled without that he might bring

'The fathers and mothers of Ireland should often tell their children that story of Robert Emmet and that story of Anne Devlin. To the Irish mothers who hear me I would say that when at night you kiss your children and in your hearts call down a benediction, you could wish for your boys no higher thing than that, should the need come, they would be given the strength to make Emmet's sacrifice, and for your girls no greater gift from God than such fidelity as Anne Devlin's.'

When Pádraig Pearse spoke these words in March, 1914, he was but two years away from the day when he and his fearless few comrades would attempt to put Emmet's plan into execution and change forever the course of Irish history and the joy was to be his, before an English bullet found his heart, of knowing that young boys and young girls had shown the courage and constancy of Anne Devlin when Emmet's call came to them across the dark spaces of the sorrowful years that stretched between September 20, 1803, and April 24, 1916.

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As we have seen, Robert Emmet was arrested on August 25. He was brought to trial at Green Street Courthouse on September 19, 1803, with the notorious 'hanging judge,' John Toler, Lord Norbury, presiding. To save Sarah Curran the humiliation of having her name dragged through the polluted atmosphere of that den of infamy, Emmet refused to make any defence and allowed witness after witness to say what he wished. He knew that he was already sentenced and that a defence would be but a farce, so he enjoined silence on his alleged representatives, one of whom was the scoundrel McNally, whose habit it had long since become to reveal to the Castle the defence to be put forward by his clients. He was the real Judas who had the effrontery to lean forward and kiss Robert Emmet on the cheek as the young martyr, after sentence of death had been pronounced, went from the dock to pass his last night on earth in a prison cell. Emmet was known of old as a gifted orator when but a boy in Trinity College and it was apparent that Norbury had been instructed to interrupt him so as to make his speech ineffective or confuse and silence him entirely, but the boorish interruptions had the opposite effect, as Irishmen the world over know. In their anxiety to misrepresent Emmet and to kill the effect of his inspired utterance almost a score of different versions of the famous speech were published as broadsheets by the English. Whenever one or other of their cleverest inventors and liars thought of something new that would blacken Emmet's name and injure his cause it was added to the speech and the 'amended' version issued, but this trickery was soon understood and disregarded when the friends of the young martyr who had been present in court were able to come together, compare notes and put into printed words the most correct report of the speech that could be remembered. Soon it had gone through the length and breadth of the land, adding lustre to the already bright name of Robert Emmet. It is known everywhere to-day, while all the 'official' versions issued by the Castle have, like their authors, passed into oblivion.

We cannot recall any history which, previous to the publication of the Wolfe Tone Annual for 1941, gave a list of the names of those who were put to death before and after Robert Emmet in 1803. In all the books published there is minute information (not always authentic) about informers, traitors, deserters, and all who were even suspected of having failed Emmet, but of the brave men who stod loyally by him and by the Republic of Ireland while they drew the breath of life, there is scarcely a word; in some of the diffuse and verbose histories they are not even mentioned.

Special Courts were set up in true British fashion after the Rising to give a semblance of justice to the legal murders that were about to be committed as a warning and a threat to all who might be disposed to rebel against British invasion and British robbery and British rule in Ireland. Twenty-four men in all came before the special courts. One was acquitted. Another was respited, no reason being given, and nothing further was publicly known of him. Here are the names of twenty-two who were hanged between September 1 and October 26, 1803:—

Edward Kearney, hanged in Thomas Street, Dublin, September 1.
Owen Kirwan, hanged in Thomas Street, Dublin, September 1.
Maxwell Roach, hanged in Thomas Street, Dublin, September 2.
Denis Lambert Redmond, hanged at Coal Quay (now Wood Quay), Dublin, September 8.
John Killeen, hanged in Thomas Street, Dublin, September 10.
John McCann, hanged in Thomas Street, Dublin, September 10.
Felix Rourke, hanged outside his own home, Rathcoole, September 10.
Thomas Keenan, hanged in Thomas Street, Dublin, September 11.
John Hayes, hanged in Thomas Street, Dublin, September 17.
Michael Kelly, hanged in Thomas Street, Dublin, September 17.
James Byrne, hanged in Townsend Street, Dublin, September 17.
John Begg, hanged in Townsend Street, Dublin, September 17.
Thomas Donnelly, hanged at Palmerstown, Dublin, September 17.
Nicholas Tyrrell, hanged at Palmerstown, Dublin, September 17.
Robert Emmet, hanged at Thomas Street, Dublin, September 20.
Henry Howley, hanged in Kilmainham Jail, Dublin, September 28.
John McIntosh, hanged in Patrick Street, Dublin, October 3.
Thoms Russell, hanged at Downpatrick, Co. Down, October 21.
James Corry, hanged at Downpatrick, Co. Down, October 22.
James Drake, hanged at Downpatrick, Co. Down, October 22.
Andrew Hunter, hanged at Carrickfergus, Co. Antrim, October 26.
David Porter, hanged at Carrickfergus, Co. Antrim, October 26.

From the secret correspondence of Dublin Castle can be gleaned the fact that every inducement that couid be thought of was held out to most of the men in the foregoing list to save their lives at the sacrifice of their honour. John McIntosh deserves special mention. He was a Scottish patriot who had settled in Dublin and married an Irish Catholic girl. He was heart and soul with Emmet and it was in his name the Patrick Street depot was rented. While in prison awaiting trial he became a Catholic and bore himself so in the final ordeal that he was an example and inspiration to his comrades and a source of wonder to his enemies. The scoundrel Sirr let it be known that John McIntosh revealed certain things about the arms depot before he died, but the unscrupulous policeman is made a liar of in the secret correspondence of his superiors. In a 'private and confidental' letter written on October 5, 1803, the Lord Lieutenant (Hardwicke) told his brother in London that John McIntosh 'refused to give any information whatever, tho' he might have saved his life and returned to his own country in perfect safety.' Thomas Keenan, his brother-in-law, who worked with John McIntosh at the Patrick Street depot, was hanged on September 11. The Keenans were brave and faithful men. Another brother, John Keenan, was so badly injured when the explosion took place in the Patrick Street depot that he died of his wounds. In hospital every effort was made to extract information from him but he died like a true man. And every single man of those who died with Emmet for Ireland was the same. Some were denied the Sacraments before they went to the scaffold, all were persecuted and tormented by Trevor and his vile associates, but they met their death like true Christians and true soldiers of Ireland, and when we speak of Emmet and Russell we should name also with reverence and pride the twenty men who died with them for freedom.

THE PROCLAMATION OF 1803

UNTHINKING or renegade Irishmen as well as enemy propagandists have again and again tried to misrepresent and belittle Wolfe Tone and Lord Edward Fitzgerald because in their youth they were not avowed Irish Republicans and Separatists. They have also endeavoured to misrepresent Davis and Mitchel and all who came to a belief in and a declaration of the full Separatist faith by slow or swift stages. But Robert Emmet cannot be misrepresented in this way. He wrote very little, he spoke less, and so there are no early views of his to be pounced upon by defeat hunters. He was an Irish Republican always, an Irish Separatist who believed that the true interests and the lasting happiness of his country lay in full and complete severance from and independence of the British Empire. In his immortal speech from the dock that fact is made plain, and it is even more unequivocal in the Proclamation he wrote and had printed for distribution at the time of the Rising. In their raid on the depot in Marshalsea Lane, Thomas Street, Dublin, in the early hours of July 24, 1803, the British enemy found hundreds of copies of the Proclamation fresh from the press. It was produced as evidence against Edward Kearney, the first of Emmet's comrades to be 'tried' and hanged, and it was brought up again at all the other 'trials.' Some of our tame Irish historians have called it 'flamboyant' and the English, of course, ridiculed it to the best of their ability, but it is a noble document that stirs the hearts of all lovers of Irish freedom to-day with love for and pride in Emmet and all the splendid men who died for Ireland 150 years ago :—

'THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT TO THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND.

'You are now called upon to show the world that you are competent to take your place among nations ; that you have a right to claim their recognisance of you as an independent country, by the only satisfactory proof you can furnish of your capability of maintaining your independence, your wresting it from England with your own hands.

'In the development of this system, which has been organised within the last eight months at the close of internal defeat and without the hope of foreign assistance, which has been conducted with a tranquillity mistaken for obedience, which neither the failure of a similar attempt in England has retarded nor the renewal of hostilities has accelerated ; in the development of this system you will show to the people of England that there is a spirit of perseverance in this country beyond their power to calculate or repress ; you will show to them that as long as they think to hold unjust dominion over Ireland, under no change of circumstances can they count on its obedience, under no aspect of affairs can they judge of its intentions ; you will show to them that the question which it now behoves them to take into serious consideration, is not whether they will resist a separation, which it is our fixed determination to effect, but whether or not they will drive us beyond separation, whether they will by a sanguinary resistance create a deadly national antipathy between the two countries, or whether they take the only means still left of driving such a sentiment from our minds, by a prompt, manly, and sagacious acquiescence in our just and reasonable determination. If the secrecy with which the present effort has been conducted shall have led our enemies to suppose that its extent must have been partial, a few days will undeceive them. That confidence which was once lost by trusting to external support, and suffering our own means to be gradually undermined, has been again restored. We have been mutually pledged to each other to look only to our own strength, and that the first introduction of a system of terror, the first attempt to execute an individual in our country, should be the signal of insurrection in all. We have now without the loss of a man, with our means of communication untouched, brought our plans to the moment when they are ripe for execution, and in the promptitude with which nineteen counties will come forward at once to execute them, it will be found that neither confidence nor communication are wanting to the people of Ireland.

'In calling on our countrymen to come forward, we feel ourselves bound at the same time to justify our claim to their confidence by a precise declaration of our views. We therefore solemnly declare that our object is to establish a free and independent Republic in Ireland ; that the pursuit of this object we will relinquish only with our lives ; that we will never, unless at the express call of our country, abandon our posts until the acknowledgment of its independence is obtained from England ; and that we will enter into no negotiations (but for exchange of prisoners) with the Government of that country while a British army remains in Ireland. Such is the declaration on which we call first on that part of Ireland which was once paralysed by the want of intelligence, to show that to that cause only was its inaction to be attributed ; on that part of Ireland which was once foremost in its fortitude in suffering ; on that part of Ireland which once offered to take the salvation of the country itself ; on that part of Ireland where the flame of liberty first glowed ; we call upon the North to stand up and shake off their slumber and their oppression.

'Men of Leinster ! stand to your arms ; to the courage which you have already displayed is your country indebted for the confidence which truth feels in its own strength, and for the dismay with which our enemies will be overcome when we find this effort to be universal. But, men of Leinster, you owe more to your country than the having animated it by your past example—you owe more to your own courage than the having obtained protection by it. If six years ago you rose without arms, without plan, without co-operation, with more troops against you alone than are now in the country at large, you were able to remain six weeks in open defiance of the Government and within a few miles of the capital—what will you now effect, with that capital and every other part of Ireland ready to support you? But it is not on this head we have need to address you. No ! we now speak to you, and through you to the rest of Ireland, on a subject dear to us, even as the success of our country—its honour. You are accused by your enemies of having violated that honour by excesses, which they themselves had in their fullest extent provoked, but which they have grossly exaggerated and which have been attributed to you. The opportunity for vindicating yourselves by action is now for the first time in your power, and we call upon you to give the lie to such assertions by carefully avoiding all appearance of intoxication, plunder, or revenge, recollecting that you lost Ireland before, not from want of courage, but from not having that courage rightly directed by discipline. But we trust that your past sufferings have taught you experience, and that you will respect the declaration we now make, which we are determined by every means in our power to enforce. The nation alone has the right and alone possesses the power of punishing individuals ; and whosoever shall put another to death, except in battle, without a fair trial by his country, is guilty of murder. The intention of the Provisional Government of Ireland is to claim from the English Government such Irishmen as have been sold or transported by it for their attachment to freedom ; and for this purpose it will retain as hostages, for their safe return, such adherents of that Government as shall fall into their hands. It therefore calls upon the people to respect such hostages, and to recollect that in spilling their blood, they would leave their own countrymen in the hands of their enemies.

'The intentions of the Provisional Government is to resign its functions as soon as the nation shall have chosen its delegates, but in the meantime it is determined to enforce the regulations hereunder subjoined ; it, in consequence, takes the property of the country under its protection, and will punish with the utmost rigour any person who shall violate that property, and thereby injure the resources and future prosperity of Ireland.

'Whosoever refuses to march to any part of the country he is ordered is guilty of disobedience to the Government, which alone is competent to decide in what place his service is necessary, and which desires him to recollect that in whatever part of Ireland he is fighting he is still fighting for its freedom. Whoever presumes, by acts or otherwise, to give countenance to the calumny propagated by our enemies that this is a religious contest is guilty of the grievous crime—that of belying the motives of

the country. Religious disqualifications are but one of the many grievances of which Ireland has to complain. Our intention is to remove not that only, but every other oppression under which we labour. We fight that all of us may have our country, and, that done, each of us shall have our religion.

'We are aware of the apprehension which you have expressed, that, on quitting your own counties, you leave your wives and your children in the hands of your enemies, but on this head have no uneasiness; if there are still men base enough to persecute those who are unable to resist, show them by your victories that you have the power to punish, and, by your obedience, that you have the power to protect, and we pledge ourselves to you that these men shall be made feel that the safety of everything they hold dear depends on the conduct they observe to you. Go forth then with confidence, conquer the foreign enemies of your country, and leave to us the care of preserving its internal tranquillity; recollect that not only the victory but also the honour of your country is placed in your hands. Give up your private resentments, and show to the world that the Irish are not only a brave but also a generous and forgiving people.

'Men of Munster and Connaught, you have your instructions; you will execute them. The example of the rest of your countrymen is now before you; your own strength is unbroken. Five months ago you were eager to act without any other assistance; we now call upon you to show what you then declared you only wanted, the opportunity of proving that you possess the same love of liberty and the same courage with which the rest of your countrymen are animated.

'We turn now to that portion of our countrymen whose prejudices we had rather overcome by a frank declaration of our intentions than conquer in the field; and, in making this declaration, we do not wish to dwell on events which, however they may bring tenfold odium on their authors, must still tend to keep alive in the minds, both of the instruments and the victims of them, a spirit of animosity which it is our wish to destroy. We will enter into no detail of the atrocities and oppressions which Ireland has laboured under during its connection with England, but we justify our determination to separate from that country on the broad historical statement that, during six hundred years, she has been unable to conciliate the affections of the people of Ireland; that during that time five rebellions were entered into to shake off the yoke; that she has been obliged to enter into a system of unprecedented torture in her defence; that she has broken every tie of voluntary connection by taking even the name of independence from Ireland, through the intervention of a Parliament notoriously bribed and not representing the will of the people; that in vindication of this measure she has herself given the justification of the views of the United Irishmen by declaring, in the words of her ministers, 'that Ireland never had, and never could enjoy, under the then circumstances the benefits of British connection; that it necessarily must happen, when one country is connected with another, that the interests of the lesser will be borne down by the greater. That England had supported and encouraged the English colonist in their oppression towards the natives of Ireland; that Ireland had been left in a state of ignorance, rudeness, and barbarism, worse in its effects and more degrading in its nature than that in which it was found six centuries before.'* Now to what cause are these things to be attributed? Did the curse of the Almighty keep alive a spirit of obstinacy in the minds of the Irish people for six hundred years? Did the doctrines of the French Revolution produce five rebellions? Could the misrepresentations of ambitious, designing men drive from the mind of a whole people the recollection of defeat, and raise the infant from the cradle with the same feelings with which his father sank to the grave? Will this gross avowal, which our enemies have made of their own views, remove none of the calumny that has been thrown upon ours? Will none of the credit which has been lavished on them be transferred to the solemn declaration which we now make in the face of God and our country?

* Lord Castlereagh's Speech.

'We war not against property—we war against no religious sect—we war not against past opinions or prejudices—we war against English dominion. We will not, however, deny that there are some men, who, not because they have supported the Government of our oppressors, but because they have violated the common laws of morality, which exist alike under all or under no Government, have put it beyond our power to give them the protection of a Government. We will not hazard the influence we may have with the people, and the power it may give us of preventing the excesses of revolution, by undertaking to place in tranquillity the man who has been guilty of torture, free-quarter, rape, and murder, by the side of the sufferer or their relations; but in the frankness with which we warn those men of their danger, let those who do not feel that they have passed this boundary of mediation count on their safety.

'We had hoped, for the sake of our enemies, to have taken them by surprise, and to have committed the cause of our country before they could have time to commit themselves against it. But, though we have not altogether been able to succeed, we are yet rejoiced to find that they have not come forward with promptitude on the side of those who have deceived them; and we now call upon them before it is yet too late not to commit themselves against a people which they are unable to resist, and in support of a Government which, by their own declaration, had forfeited its claim to their allegiance. To that Government, in whose hands, though not the issue, at least the features with which the present contest is marked or placed, we now turn. How is it to be decided? Is open and honourable force alone to be resorted to, or is it your intention to employ those laws which custom has placed in your hands, and to force us to employ the law of retaliation in our defence?

'Of the inefficacy of a system of terror in preventing the people of Ireland from coming forward to assert their freedom you have already had experience. Of the effect which such a system will have on our minds, in case of success, we have already forewarned you. We now address to you another consideration: if in the question which is now to receive a solemn and, we trust, final decision, we have been deceived, reflection would point out that conduct should be resorted to which was the best calculated to produce conviction on our minds.

'What would that conduct be?

'It would be to show us that the difference of strength between the two countries is such as to render it unnecessary for you to bring out all your forces; to show that you have something in reserve to crush hereafter, not only a greater exertion of the people, but one rendered still greater by foreign assistance. It would be to show us that what we vainly supposed to be a prosperity growing beyond your grasp, is only a partial exuberance, requiring but the pressure of your hand to reduce to form.

'But for your own sakes, do not resort to a system which, while it increases the acrimony of our minds, would leave us under the melancholy delusion that we had been forced to yield, not to the sound and temperate exertions of our superior strength, but to the frantic struggle of weakness, concealing itself under desperation. Consider thet the distinction of rebel and enemy is of a very fluctuating nature; that during the course of your own experience you have already been obliged to lay it aside; that, should you be obliged to abandon it towards Ireland, you cannot hope to do so as tranquilly as you have done towards America; for in the exasperated state to which you have roused the minds of the Irish people—a people whom you profess to have left in a state of barbarism and ignorance, with what confidence can you say to that people, 'While the advantage of cruelty lay upon our side, we slaughtered you without mercy, but the measure of your own blood is beginning to preponderate. It is no longer our interest that this bloody system should continue; show us then that forbearance which we never taught you by precept or example; lay aside your resentment; give quarter to us, and let us mutually forget we never gave quarter to you.' Cease then, we entreat you, uselessly to violate humanity, by resorting to a system inefficacious as a mode of defence; inefficacious as a mode of conviction, ruinous to the future

relations of the two countries in case of our success, and destructive of those instruments of defence which you will then find it doubly necessary to have preserved unimpaired. But if your determination be otherwise, hear ours. We will not imitate you in cruelty ; we will put no man to death in cold blood ; the prisoners which first fall into our hands shall be treated with the respect due to the unfortunate, but if the life of a single unfortunate Irish soldier is taken after the battle is over, the orders thenceforth to be delivered to the Irish army is, neither to give nor to take quarter. Countrymen, if a cruel necessity force us to retaliate, we will bury our resentment in the field of battle ; if we fail, we will fall where we fight for our country. Fully impressed with this determination, of the necessity of adhering to which past experience has but too fatally convinced us ; fully impressed with the justice of our cause, which we now put to issue, we make our last and solemn appeal to the sword, and to heaven ; and, as the cause of Ireland deserves to prosper, may God give us the victory.'

REPUBLICAN DECREES OF 1803

FOLLOWING the Proclamation of the Provisional Government of 1803, were set out thirty Decrees as the new Law of the Land until a Government could be elected by the people. The Proclamation and Decrees were printed on a single sheet, in five columns, and an original copy may be seen in the National Library, Dublin. When it is considered that both documents were written by one who was only in his twenty-fifth year it will be realised how mature was his mind, and how fitted he was to lead the people of his love out of bondage. Enemies have striven to show that the first Decree was a proof of Republican war on religion, but history confounds them, because it tells us out of their own mouths, that the so-called clergy of the alien Church which held the best and richest lands in Ireland, were just rapacious politicians who had qualified to become ministers of the Protestant Church for the sole and selfish purpose of coming into possession of fat livings in this country. The Church of the people, like the people themselves in Emmet's day, had no property nor any legal existence ; it had only recently been grudgingly allowed to pray to God without suffering persecution for so doing. The descendants of some of those clerical adventurers from whom Emmet desired to take back the confiscated land of the Irish Catholic people, have become the richest parasites in Ireland, and ground rents are still being paid to them in respect of land to which they have, and never have had, any right save the 'right' of the robber. Little wonder a mighty effort was made for 150 years to kill the good name and to blot out the memory of one who wanted to lift up the plundered people of Ireland and pull down their alien oppressors !

The Decrees of the Republic of Ireland followed immediately after the Proclamation and opened thus :—

" Conformably to the above Proclamation, the Provisional Government of Ireland decree that as follows :—

1. " From the date and promulgation hereof, tithes are for ever abolished, and Church lands are the property of the nation.

2. " From the same date, all transfers of landed property are prohibited, each person paying his rent until the National Government is established, the national will declared, and the courts of justice be organised.

3. " From the same date, all transfer of bonds, debentures, and all public securities are in like manner forbidden, and declared void for the same time, and for the same reason.

4. " The Irish Generals, commanding districts, shall seize such of the partisans of England as may serve as hostages, and shall apprise the English Commanders, opposed to them, that a strict retaliation shall take place, if any outrages contrary to the laws of war shall be committed by the troops under command of each, or by the partisans of England in the district which he occupies.

5. " That the Irish Generals are to treat (except where retaliation

makes it necessary) the English troops who may fall into their hands, or such Irish as serve in the regular forces of England, and who shall have acted conformably to the laws of war, shall be treated as prisoners of war ; but all Irish Militia, Yeomen, or Volunteer Corps, or bodies of Irish, or individuals, who, fourteen days after the promulgation and date hereof shall be found in arms, shall be considered as rebels, committed for trial, and their properties confiscated.

6. " The Generals are to assemble court-martials, who are to be sworn to administer justice : who are not to condemn without sufficient evidence, and before whom all military offenders are to be sent instantly for trial.

7. " No man is to suffer death by their sentence but for mutiny ; the sentences of such others as are judged worthy of death shall not be put into execution until the Provisional Government declares its will ; nor are court-martials on any pretence to sentence, nor is any officer to suffer punishment of flogging, or any species of torture to be inflicted.

8. " The Generals are to enforce the strictest discipline, and to send offenders immediately to the court-martial ; and are enjoined to chase away from the Irish armies all such as shall disgrace themselves by being drunk in presence of the enemy.

9. " The Generals are to apprise their respective armies that all military stores and ammunition belonging to the English Government be the property of the captors, and the value equally divided, without respect of rank, between them, except that the widows, orphans, parents, or other heirs of those who gloriously fall in the attack, shall be entitled to a double share.

10. " As the English nation has made war on Ireland, all English property in ships or otherwise is subject to the same rule, and all transfer of them forbidden, and declared void in like manner as is expressed in Nos. 2 and 3.

11. " The Generals of the different districts are hereby empowered to confer rank up to colonels inclusive on such as they conceive merit it from the nation, but are not to make more colonels than one for fifteen hundred men, nor more lieutenant-colonels than one for every thousand men.

12. " The Generals shall seize on all sums of public money in the custom houses in their districts, or in the hands of the different collectors, county treasurers, or other revenue officers, whom they shall render responsible for the sums in their hands. The Generals shall pass receipts for the amount, and account to the Provisional Government for the same.

13. " When the people elect their officers up to the colonels the General is bound to confirm it ; no officer can be broke but by sentence of a court-martial.

14. " The Generals shall correspond with the Provisional Government, to whom they shall give details of all their operations ; they are to correspond with the neighbouring Generals, to whom they are to transmit all necessary intelligence, and to co-operate with them.

15. " The General commanding in each county shall, as soon as it is cleared of the enemy, assemble the County Committee, who shall be elected conformably to the constitution of the United Irishmen. All the requisitions necessary for the army shall be made in writing, by the Generals to the Committee, who are hereby empowered and enjoined to pass receipts for each article to the owners, to the end that they may receive their full value from the nation.

16. " The County Committee is charged with the civil direction of the county, the care of the national property, and the preservation of order and justice in the county, for which purpose the County Committee are to appoint a high sheriff, and one or more sub-sheriffs, to execute their orders ; a sufficient number of Justices of the Peace for the county ; a high, and a sufficient number of petty constables in each barony, who are respectively charged with the duties now performed by those magistrates.

17. " The county of Cork, on account of its extent, is to be divided, conformably to the boundaries for raising militia, into the counties of North and South Cork ; for each of which a county constable, high sheriff, and all magistrates above directed are to be appointed.

18. " The County Committee are hereby empowered and enjoined to

issue warrants to apprehend such persons as it shall appear, on sufficient evidence, perpetrated murder, torture, and other breaches of the acknowledged articles of war and morality on the people, to the end that they may be tried for these offences so soon as the competent courts of justice are established by the nation.

19. "The County Committee shall cause the sheriff or his officers to seize on all the personal property of such, to put seals on their effects, to appoint proper persons to preserve all such property until the national courts of justice shall have decided on the fate of the proprietors.

20. "The County Committee shall act in like manner with all State and church lands, parochial estates, and all public lands and edifices.

21. "The County Committee shall, in the interim, receive all the rents and debts of such persons and estates, and give receipts for the same; shall transmit to the Government an exact account of their value, extent, and amount, and receive the directions of the Provisional Government thereon.

22. "They shall appoint some proper house in the counties where the sheriff is permanently to reside, and where the County Commitee shall assemble; they shall cause all the records and papers of the county to be there transmitted, arranged, and kept, and the orders of the Government to be there transmitted and received.

23. "The County Committee is hereby empowered to pay out of these effects, or by assessment, reasonable salaries for themselves, the sheriffs, justices, and other magistrates whom they shall appoint.

24. "They shall keep a written journal of all their proceedings, signed each day by members of the committee, or a sufficient number of them, for the inspection of Government.

25. "The County Committee shall correspond with Government on all subjects with which they are charged, and transmit to the General of the district such information as they shall conceive useful to the public.

26. "The County Committee shall take care that all State prisoners, however great their offences, shall be treated with humanity, and allow them sufficient support, to the end that all in the world may know that the Irish nation is not actuated by a spirit of revenge, but of justice.

27. "The Provisional Government, wishing to commit as soon as possible the sovereign authority to the people, direct that each county and city shall elect, agreeably to the constitution of United Irishmen, representatives to meet in Dublin, to whom, the moment they assemble, the Provisional Government will resign its functions; and without presuming to dictate to the people, they beg leave to suggest that for the important purpose to which those electors are called, integrity of character should be the first object.

28. "The number of representatives being arbitrary, the Provisional Government have adopted that of the late House of Commons, 300, and according to the best returns of the population of the cities and counties, the following are to be returned from each:—Antrim, 13; Armagh, 9; Belfast Town, 1; Carlow, 3; Cavan, 7; Clare, 8; Cork county, north, 14; Cork county, south, 14; Cork city, 6; Donegal, 10; Down, 16; Drogheda, 1; Dublin county, 4; Dublin city, 14; Fermanagh, 5; Galway, 10; Kerry, 9; Kildare, 14; Kilkenny, 7; King's county, 6; Leitrim, 5; Limerick county, 10; Limerick city, 3; Londonderry, 9; Longford, 4; Louth, 4; Mayo, 12; Meath, 9; Monaghan, 9; Queen's county, 6; Roscommon, 8; Sligo, 6; Tipperary, 13; Tyrone, 14; Waterford county, 6; Waterford city, 2; Westmeath, 5; Wicklow, 5.

29. "In the cities the same regulations as in the counties shall be adopted; the city committees shall appoint one or more sheriffs, as they think proper, and shall take possession of all the public and corporation properties in their jurisdiction, in like manner as is directed in counties.

30. "The Provisional Government strictly exhort and enjoin all magistrates, officers (civil and military), and the whole of the nation, to cause the law of morality to be enforced and respected, and to execute, as far as in them lies, justice with mercy, by which liberty alone can be established, and the blessings of Divine Providence secured."

The document you have just read must, in the minds of all truth-

loving men, give the lie to those who have said and written that Robert Emmet rushed rashly into preparations for an insurrection, that he was unpractical, unthinking, reckless and foolish, and utterly unsuitable as a leader of men. It also disposes of the lie that no thought was given to any place outside Dublin (the same has been said by Irishmen about the leaders of 1916) as well as to the other lie that no provision was made for the future; an insurrection was to be set going in Dublin and let whatever was to happen afterwards happen. Search the world over and all the pages of revolutionary history and you will not find a more thoughtful, humane or just body of Decrees than the thirty you have just read, which were thought out, with full consideration for friend and foe, in the deep, serious, mature mind of twenty-four year old Robert Emmet. They and the Proclamation and the Speech from the dock testify to his greatness as well as to his patriotism.

EMMET'S SPEECH FROM THE DOCK

THAT the English enemies of Ireland feared Robert Emmet dead as much as they feared him living is shown by the deliberate steps they took to misrepresent and defame him. The infamous hack, John Toler, Lord Norbury, who presided at the mock trial, was instructed to interrupt the prisoner as often as possible in the event of his making a speech before being sentenced to death, so that the course of his thoughts would be broken and the young man thrown into confusion. The boorish interruptions from the bench had an altogether different effect from the one expected, so the Castle gang sought to blacken Emmet's name and break his influence in another way. They issued spurious copies of his speech containing things he never said at all; and every time for days that some devilish idea occurred to them they inserted it in the bogus speech and had a new version selling as a broadsheet on the streets of Dublin as soon as possible. Because in his speech he had referred to France and said that if the French troops were to come *as enemies* he would rouse his countrymen to fight them to the death, the wily and unscrupulous tools of England saw a chance to attack the French more effectively than ever could be done by themselves, and a chance also to create ill-feeling between France and the Republic of Ireland, so they invented and inserted a long paragraph bitterly attacking Napoleon and the French army, calling them enemies of freedom in every land, an attack that was never made by Emmet, who had already sent Miles Byrne to Paris with an urgent request that an expeditionary force be sent to Ireland without delay. The more the Castle schemers tried to distort Emmet's last words the more they made them immortal, and now after 150 years they move and quicken Irish hearts as potently as they moved the friends of the young speaker who stood in Green Street Courthouse on September 19, 1803. Here is an authentic copy of the speech:—

'I am asked what I have to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law. I have nothing to say that can alter your predetermination, nor that it will become me to say, with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are to pronounce and I must abide by. But I have that to say which interests me more than life and which you have laboured to destroy. I have much to say why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been cast upon it. I do not imagine that, seated where you are, your minds can be so free from prejudice as to receive the least impression from what I am going to utter. I have no hope that I can anchor my character in the breast of a court constituted and trammelled as this is. I only wish, and that is the utmost that I can expect, that your lordships may suffer it to float down your memories untainted by the foul breath of prejudice, until it finds some more hospitable harbour to shelter it from the storms by which it is buffeted. Were I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur; but the sentence of the law which delivers my body to the executioner will,

—*Turn to page* 67

WAS EMMET THE DUPE OF DUBLIN CASTLE ?

ON other pages of this issue mention has been made several times of a book published a few years ago in America and in this country, a very able, well-written book from the pen of Helen Landreth, who had already written *Dear Dark Head*, a volume full of friendliness towards Ireland. In her second book, *The Pursuit of Robert Emmet*, Miss Landreth appeared to have set out to make certainty of Dr. R. R. Madden's surmise that Robert Emmet was the dupe of others and a victim of treachery. Seemingly accepting as true the statement of a Dublin Castle official that he had at one time seen a letter written by William Pitt in which the cunning Englishman ordered his menials at Dublin Castle to organise a new rebellion and put Robert Emmet at the head of it, the four hundred large pages of Miss Landreth's book are almost entirely devoted to showing that Alexander Marsden, Under Secretary at the Castle, became the most active agent in the sinister business, with Castlereagh to help him along, and the American lady proves to her own satisfaction that the Castle knew of every step taken by Emmet from the time he left Paris in the Autumn of 1802 until they brought him to the gallows and immortality a year later.

The author of *The Pursuit of Robert Emmet* pays such scrupulous care to the most minute details of her story that she describes a man who lived 150 years ago and over whom she was anxious to cast the shadow of suspicion, as having 'a foxy appearance' ; she mentions the most trivial matters and quotes conversations word for word, as if she had overheard them (which would be quite all right in a work of fiction) and also seemingly every scrap of 'evidence' that she could lay hands on. Had she more knowledge of English methods of propaganda in Ireland she would not be so ready to accept State papers as infallible truth and newspaper reports correct accounts of events that were said to have happened.

The fact that Castlereagh and Marsden contradicted themselves and each other when recriminations broke out between the military and civil heads of the English administration in Ireland after the events of 1803, and that Marsden stooped to absolute blackmail to prevent an official investigation being held, did not make Miss Landreth suspicious of the 'official' and 'authentic' reports which she scrutinised so eagerly and published so copiously to prove that almost every person connected with Robert Emmet was a traitor and an informer, and that the Castle knew every single thing about the Rising in advance. But certain things that would tend to water down or wipe away the plausibility of Miss Landreth's conclusions were most conveniently and completely ignored by her ; she did not even attempt to explain them away.

There was an officer of the British Army in Dublin in 1803 named Ross Lewin. He was attached to the 32nd Infantry, and

in a *Memoir* written by him some time later, we find the following:—

'I came off duty on the morning of the twenty-third of July, and in the evening had retired to rest at an unusually early hour —about half-past nine—when my servant came into my room, dressed in marching order, to my great surprise. He was not less astonished at finding me in bed, for he told me that the town was in open rebellion, and that he had heard my name called on the parade, and thought I had gone with a detachment, as the greater part of the regiment had marched off already. I quickly slipped on my uniform and hurried to the parade, whence I was sent with a party to Thomas Street, which the rebels had made their rendezvous.

'At this time Colonel Brown of the Twenty-first Fusiliers had been killed, while returning to his quarters, as were also Lord Kilwarden and one of his nephews ; their bodies lay in the watch-house, dreadfully mangled. His lordship was coming into town from his country seat to apprise the Government of a danger *of which they had so little expectation.* Miss Wolfe, who was in the carriage with him, was permitted to proceed unharmed by the rebels. She fled to the Castle, and made her way to the Secretary, to whom she gave *the first intimation of the breaking out of the insurrection that had been received there.* All who heard her laughed at the statement ; one said she was mad, another that she was in love ; but a sudden rush made through the gates by the 62nd Regiment put an end to their unseasonable jesting. That corps had luckily been quartered in the old custom-house, a building not far from the Castle, and, on hearing what was doing, hastened without loss of time to the defence of this most important post, and saved it. Had they neglected to do so, the rebels would have been masters of the Castle in a few minutes ; but such an unruly rabble acted too little in concert to have any chance in carrying it when defended by a regiment.'

Raymond W. Postgate, the English biographer of Robert Emmet, carries the story a step further. Writing of the scenes in Thomas Street and the failure of the Castle authorities to cope with the danger that threatened them, he says:—

'Only the police, ill armed and few, made any effort to cope with the crowd. General Fox, and the Viceroy's military secretary, Sir Edward Littlehales, still 'did not credit the rumour' (of a Rising).

'At last their serenity was suddenly shattered. Kilwarden's wretched daughter half dragged herself, was half led down to the Castle. She stumbled into the courtyard, which was still and silent. Long, steady bars of light lay across its dark flags. They came from the tall upper windows of the banqueting room where Sir Edward Littlehales was holding a dinner. The party was very drunk, the windows were wide open, and the candles and lamps flared in the draught. The last notes of a shouted chorus

came down to the courtyard. The song was loudly applauded, and the messenger had some difficulty in securing Sir Edward's ear. At last the military secretary comprehended that a lady wished to see him. He descended the stairs *as well as he could,* and when he saw Miss Wolfe and grasped her message, drink and fear overcame him. He fell into a sort of sobbing hysterics, and was incapable for minutes. At last he recovered, and was able to issue orders to call out the troops. *It was past ten when they acted,* but once they moved they swept everything before them.'

The two accounts we have quoted were in print for years when Helen Landreth wrote *The Pursuit of Robert Emmet,* but she did not even mention them once in her big book, seemingly put together with much care and much attention to detail. Why was no mention made of the statement by Ross Lewin or of the corroboration of Miles Byrne by Raymond W. Postgate? Was it because these accounts ran counter to Miss Landreth's argument that every single thing about Emmet and his preparations for an insurrection was known to Marsden and his fellow plotters at Dublin Castle? Here was a carouse being held by responsible officers in the headquarters of British power in Ireland at a time when it was threatened with attack and capture by Irish insurgents, its gates wide open when they should be closed and guarded, and those responsible for its defence drunk and still drinking in one of its upper rooms. Will any sensible, thinking person believe that Marsden, who was in the Castle at the time, would allow such a state of affairs to continue had he the accurate knowledge he is supposed by some of our historians to have had of every detail of Emmet's plan and preparations? The more carefully and closely the whole matter is examined by those who have some knowledge of English duplicity and cunning, the more convincing will grow the impression and belief that Dublin Castle was caught napping and that Marsden and his associates afterwards planned to make it appear that they knew all. Acceptance of their claim would cause more damage to Ireland's cause than all the coercion that could be devised against it.

through the ministry of the law, labour in its own vindication, to consign my character to obloquy ; for there must be guilt somewhere, whether in the sentence of the court or in the catastrophe, time must determine. A man in my situation has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune, and the force of power over minds which it has corrupted or subjugated, but the difficulties of established prejudice. The man dies, but his memory lives. That mine may not perish, that it may live in the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port, when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field in defence of their country and of virtue, this is my hope : I wish that my memory and my name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High ; which displays its power over man as over the beasts of the forest ; which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand in the Name of God, against the throat of his fellow who believes or doubts a little more or a little less than the government standard, a government which is steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows it has made.'

(Here Lord Norbury interrupted Emmet, saying that 'the mean and wicked enthusiasts who felt as he did, were not equal to the accomplishment of their wild designs.')

'I appeal to the immaculate God, I swear by the Throne of Heaven, before which I must shortly appear, by the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before me, that my conduct has been, through all this peril, and through all my purposes, governed only by the conviction which I have uttered, and by no other view than that of the emancipation of my country from the superinhuman oppression under which she has so long and too patiently travailed ; and I confidently hope that, wild and chimerical as it may appear, there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noblest of enterprises. Of this I speak with confidence, with intimate knowledge, and with the consolation that appertains to that confidence. Think not, my lords, I say this for the petty gratification of giving you a transitory uneasiness. A man who never yet raised his voice to assert a lie will not hazard his character with posterity by asserting a falsehood on a subject so important to his country, and on an occasion like this. Yes, my lords, a man who does not wish to have his epitaph written until his country is liberated, will not leave a weapon in the power of envy, or a pretence to impeach the probity which he means to preserve, even in the grave to which tyranny consigns him.'

(Here he was again interrupted by Norbury.)

'Again I say that what I have spoken was not intended for your lordship, whose situation I commiserate rather than envy—my expressions were for my countrymen. If there is a true Irishman present, let my last words cheer him in the hour of his affliction.'

(Here he was again interrupted. Lord Norbury said he did not sit there to hear treason.)

'I have always understood it to be the duty of a judge, when a prisoner has been convicted, to pronounce the sentence of the law. I have also understood that judges sometimes think it their duty to hear with patience, and to speak with humanity ; to exhort the victim of the laws, and to offer, with tender benignity, their opinions of the motives by which he was actuated in the crime of which he was adjudged guilty. That a judge has thought it his duty so to have done, I have no doubt ; but where is the boasted freedom of your institutions, where is the vaunted impartiality, clemency and mildness of your courts of justice if an unfortunate prisoner, whom your policy and not justice is about to deliver into the hands of the executioner, is not suffered to explain his motives sincerely and truly, and to vindicate the principles by which he was actuated? My lord, it may be a part of the system of angry justice to bow a man's mind

by humiliation to the purposed ignominy of the scaffold; but worse to me than the purposed shame or the scaffold's terrors would be the shame of such foul and unfounded imputations as have been laid against me in this court. You, my lord, are a judge; I am the supposed culprit. I am a man; you are a man also. By a revolution of power we might exchange places, though we never could change characters. If I stand at the bar of this court and dare not vindicate my character, what a farce is your justice! If I stand at this bar and dare not vindicate my character, how dare you calumniate it? Does the sentence of death, which your unhallowed policy inflicts on my body, condemn my tongue to silence and my reputation to reproach? Your executioner may abridge the period of my existence; but while I exist I shall not forbear to vindicate my character and motives from your aspersions; and as a man to whom fame is dearer than life, I will make the last use of that life in doing justice to that reputation which is to live after me, and which is the only legacy I can leave to those I honour and love and for whom I am proud to perish. As men, my lords, we must appear on the great day at one common tribunal; and it will then remain for the Searcher of all hearts to show a collective universe, who was engaged in the most virtuous actions or swayed by the purest motives—my country's oppressor, or——'

(Here he was interrupted and told to listen to the sentence of the court.)

'My lords, will a dying man be denied the legal privilege of exculpating himself in the eyes of the community from an undeserved reproach, thrown upon him during his trial, by charging him with ambition and attempting to cast away for a paltry consideration the liberties of his country? Why did your lordships insult me? Or rather, why insult justice, in demanding of me why sentence of death should not be pronounced against me? I know, my lords, that form prescribes that you should ask the question. The form also presents the right of answering. This, no doubt, may be dispensed with, and so might the whole ceremony of the trial, since sentence was already pronounced at the Castle before the jury was empanelled. Your lordships are but the priests of the oracle, and I insist on the whole of the forms.'

'I am charged with being an emissary of France. An emissary of France! And for what end? It is alleged that I wished to sell the independence of my country. And for what end? Was this the object of my ambition? And is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradiction? No, I am no emissary; and my ambition was to hold a place among the deliverers of my country, not in power nor in profit, but in the glory of the achievement. Sell my country's independence to France! And for what? Was it a change of masters? No, but for my ambition. O, my country, was it personal ambition that could influence me? Had it been the soul of my actions, could I not, by my education and fortune, by the rank and consideration of my family, have placed myself amongst the proudest of your oppressors? My country was my idol. To it I sacrificed every selfish, every endearing sentiment, and for it I now offer up myself, O God! No, my lords; I acted as an Irishman, determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny and the more galling yoke of a domestic faction, which is its joint partner and perpetrator in the patricide, from the ignominy existing with an exterior of splendour and a conscious depravity. It was the wish of my heart to extricate my country from this doubly rivetted despotism; I wished to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth. I wished to exalt her to that proud station in the world. Connection with France was, indeed, intended, but only as far as mutual interest would sanction or require. Were the French to assume any authority inconsistent with the purest independence, it would be the signal for their destruction. We sought their aid and we sought it as we had assurance we should obtain it—as auxiliaries in war and allies in peace. Were the French to come as invaders or enemies, uninvited by the wishes of the people, I should oppose them to the utmost of my strength. Yes, my countrymen, I should advise you to meet them upon the beach with a sword in one hand and a torch in the other. I would meet them with all the destructive fury of war. I would animate my countrymen to

immolate them in their boats, before they had contaminated the soul of my country. If they succeeded in landing, and if forced to retire before superior discipline, I would dispute every inch of the ground, burn every blade of grass, and the last entrenchment of liberty should be my grave. What I could not do myself, if I should fall, I should leave as a last charge to my countrymen to accomplish; because I should feel conscious that life, any more than death, is unprofitable when a foreign nation holds my country in subjection. But it was not as an enemy that the soldiers of France were to land. I looked, indeed, for the assistance of France; but I wished to prove to France and to the world that Irishmen deserved to be assisted; that they were indignant at slavery, and ready to assert the independence and liberty of their country. I wished to procure for my country the guarantee which Washington procured for America; to procure an aid which, by its example would be as important as its valour—disciplined, gallant, pregnant with science and experience, that of a people who would perceive the good and polish the rough points of our character. They would come to us as strangers and leave us as friends, after sharing in our perils and elevating our destiny. These were my objects; not to receive new taskmasters, but to expel old tyrants. It was for these ends I sought aid from France; because France, even as an enemy, could not be more implacable than the enemy already in the bosom of my country.'

(Here he was interrupted by the court.)

'I have been charged with that importance in the emancipation of my country as to be considered the key-stone of the combination of Irishmen; or, as your lordships expressed it, 'the life and blood of the conspiracy.' You do me honour overmuch; you have given to the subaltern all the credit of a superior. There are men engaged in this conspiracy who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conceptions of yourself, my lord; men before the splendour of whose genius and virtues I should bow with respectful deference and who would think themselves disgraced by shaking your blood-stained hand.'

(Here he was interrupted.)

'What! my lord, shall you tell me, on the passage to the scaffold, which that tyranny (of which you are only the intermediary executioner) has erected for my murder, that I am accountable for all the blood that has been shed and will be shed in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor; shall you tell me this, and must I be so very a slave as not to repel it? I do not fear to approach the Omnipotent Judge to answer for the conduct of my whole life; and am I to be appalled and falsified by a mere remnant of mortality here? By you, too, although if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have shed in your unhallowed ministry in one great reservoir, your lordship might swim in it.'

(Here the judge interrupted.)

'Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonour; let no man attaint my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence; or that I could have become the pliant minion of power in the oppression of my country. The Proclamation of the Provisional Government speaks for our views; no inference can be tortured from it to countenance barbarity or debasement at home, or subiection, humiliation or treachery from abroad. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the foreign and domestic oppressor. In the dignity of freedom I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and its enemy would enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. And am I who lived but for my country, and have subiected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights, and my country her independence, am I to be loaded with calumny and not suffered to resent it? No; God forbid!'

(Here Norbury told the prisoner that his sentiments and language disgraced his family and education, but more particularly his father, Dr. Emmet, who was a man that would, if alive, discountenance such opinions. To which Emmet replied:—)

'If the spirit of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who were dear to them in this transitory life, O, ever dear

and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have, even for a moment, deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for which I am now about to offer up my life! My lords, you are impatient for the sacrifice. The blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim; it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are now bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous that they cry to heaven. Be yet patient! I have but a few more words to say. I am going to go to my cold and silent grave. My lamp of life is nearly extinguished. My race is run. The grave opens to receive me and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world. It is—the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me rest in obscurity and peace; and my tomb remain uninscribed and my memory in oblivion until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and *not till then,* let my epitaph be written.'

MILES BYRNE OF WEXFORD

MANY who have raked the mud-heaps of Dublin Castle in the effort to find more and more degenerates, informers, touts, and human blood-hounds, have hardly a single word to say of the heroic men and women who stood by Robert Emmet to the last and kept his name and memory for pride when unscrupulous, lying enemies were seeking to tarnish both in the minds of the Irish people. When we think of Thomas Russell, of Miles Byrne, of Jemmy Hope, of Owen Kirwan, of Anne Devlin, of Sarah Curran, of Biddy Palmer, of Rose Hope, and of scores of others lesser known but none the less loyal to Ireland and to Emmet, we can let the wielders of the muckrake have all they can find; the honour of Ireland was not besmirched, nor the cause of Ireland lost in the tragic failure of 1803.

There has never been a more loyal lover of Ireland than Miles Byrne, and when unthinking people say that Robert Emmet was a bad judge of men, let us remember that it was the simple, sincere, steadfast, unassuming Wexfordman the hunted leader chose to carry important tidings to France, and let us remember, too, that no more worthy, no more reliable man could have been chosen. The choice was a tribute to Emmet as a judge of men and to Miles Byrne as a faithful Irish soldier.

He went away full of hope that soon he would be returning in the midst of exiled Irishmen and of French allies coming in all the strength and panoply of war to drive the English from the land he loved, but that land he never saw again, though he lived to be an old, old man. He fought in the French Army all over Europe, rose to honour and distinction as a soldier, but the chance to lead a charge in Ireland never came. It is an interesting thought that this veteran of 1798 and of 1803, who was the comrade and friend of Father John Murphy and of Robert Emmet, lived to meet and speak to John Mitchel, the 'felon' and the exile of a half century later. They met in Paris in 1860, and here is Mitchel's unforgettable pen-picture of one who, like himself, loved Ireland with all the pure love of his heart:—

'Many a stately old *militaire* is to be seen in the streets of Paris, with white moustache and the small red rosette on his breast; but there is one amongst those war-worn ancients whom I wish I could bring vividly before the eyes of my readers, for a reason which will presently appear. Walking on some of these bright winter days along the avenue of the Champs Elysées, you may see a tall figure, the splendid ruin of a soldier *d'élite,* bearing himself still erect under the weight of eighty winters. Aged as he is, the impression which his aspect gives you is not that of feeble venerableness. The grey eye is keen and proud; the thin face bronzed and worn by war and weather, and the whole bearing of that antique Roman head, give the idea, not of decrepitude, but of a certain

dashing gallantry. The features are very fine and delicately cut, with the undefinable thoroughbred look, mobile and plastic to every impulse of feeling, of merriment, resentment, benignant kindliness, as they could have been even in the flush of his golden youth. For in truth he is of those rare beings who never grow old; and though he should fill up the century of years, he will not be venerable. You will perceive that he has the cross of an officer of the Legion of Honour, and twined with the rosette of that order is the chocolate-coloured ribbon of the Saint Helena medal —a decoration which our Anglo-Saxon brethren do not admire.

'An old officer, then, of Napoleon-le-Grand. His rank is that of *chef de bataillon,* equivalent to that of colonel in the British service, and for all present purposes it will do well enough to call him Colonel X———. He has marched over half Europe and stood full oft at the head of his regiment on the 'rough edge of battle'; served in Spain, in Germany, in Greece, and at Flushing, so that I suppose he has well won his decorations and appointments.

'In all this there is nothing extraordinary. Five hundred French officers, now living, have done all this; and walk, when they so incline, in the Champs Elysées, fine old heroes, too, with fire still glowing under the grey ashes that strew their heads, and a spirit of fight yet, in any stirring cause. Nevertheless, if you knew all, you would gaze still more earnestly on the face of Colonel X——— than on any of his compeers; for in truth he is the last link that connects our enlightened (but rather shabby) generation with yet older and more terrible scenes than those in which he won his crosses. Other and earlier memories cloud at times his clear grey eyes; and through and beyond the battle smoke and thunder of all Napoleon's fields he has a vision of the pikemen of New Ross, and hears the fierce hurrah on Oulart Hill. That is to say, this Colonel X———, before he served under Napoleon the First, served under Father John Murphy.'

. . . . 'Here then is one of the 'French colonels' who has something to add to the account they keep open. He, as well as they, has the debt of Waterloo to balance; the stain and sting of Saint Helena to wash out; and over and above, he throws into the debtor side of the book Vinegar Hill to be atoned. Not that there is the slightest shade of malignity in the noble old man, nor so much as a vindicative feeling—but there stands the account open. He knows that a just God reigneth on the earth; as a Frenchman and an Irishman he feels that the balance must be struck; and, whenever the shifting scenes of diplomacy appear to open a prospect that a kind Providence is about to bring the hour of final settlement, even now—even in this his day—a flush burns on the ancient warrior's thin cheek, and the hand that has swayed the sword for two generations trembles like a maiden's.'

It was for a Dublin paper John Mitchel wrote the pen-picture we have quoted. Probably because he had not Miles Byrne's permission he refrained from mentioning his name; but it is good to know that ninety odd years ago two lovers of Ireland met and linked the brave generations with an unforgettable memory.

THE KILLING OF KILWARDEN

SOME of our historians say that Lord Kilwarden was on his way to a meeting of the Privy Council at Dublin Castle, to which he had been summoned, when, in Thomas Street, his carriage was held up by a mob on July 23, 1803, after the collapse of Emmet's insurrection. The Chief Justice and his nephew, a clergyman, were dragged from the carriage and stabbed to death. Kilwarden's daughter, Miss Wolfe, was allowed to go free and she ran to the Castle with news of the tragedy. If, as is claimed, Marsden, the Under Secretary, knew that a Rising was to take place and that the chief rallying centre was Thomas Street, why did he allow the Chief Justice to come through that street from his residence at Newlands, Co. Kildare, without an armed escort? Ross Lewins, a British army officer stationed in Dublin at the time, wrote afterwards that Kilwarden was hurrying to the Castle with information he had received regarding the projected Rising, and this seems the more plausible of the

two accounts. If Marsden knew everything or knew anything worth while he should have been brought to trial charged with the murder of Kilwarden.

Of course it was sought to connect Robert Emmet with the Kilwarden tragedy, and to this day books edited by men who call themselves Irish Republicans give sentimental pen pictures of Emmet rescuing Miss Wolfe and carrying her to safety, thus helping to perpetuate the English lie that the young leader was present in Thomas Street when Kilwarden was killed. He had left the scene of disaster a good hour before and, with a few comrades, was on his way to the mountains, disappointment, anger and humiliation tugging at his heart.

On page 305 of *The Pursuit of Robert Emmet*, the author says, writing of the beginning of the trial farce that was to bring this noble young patriot to the gollows :—' By the day of the trial, Monday, September 19, 1803, Dublin was seething with excitement. Emmet was more than just another prisoner to stand in the dock and be sentenced, for all practical purposes, for the murder of Lord Kilwarden.' As a matter of cold, historical fact, Robert Emmet was not charged with having a part in the killing of Kilwarden and witnesses that were specially primed to appear against some of his comrades in this connection were not asked to give evidence against him. He was told that he stood

' indicted that, not having the fear of God in your heart, nor weighing the duty of your allegiance, but being moved and seduced by the instigation of the devil as a false traitor against our lord the king '—

and the charge went on to tell of his wicked rebellion, his supplies of armaments, his proclamations, and all the other mortal sins against British power and imperialism of which every Irish patriot soldier in history has been found guilty. There was no mention of Lord Kilwarden in the indictment of Robert Emmet.

A reward of £1,000 was offered for information that would help to convict the murderer or murderers of Lord Kilwarden, but we are not told that it was ever claimed. The putting to death of the Chief Justice in such cowardly and brutal fashion has been always cleverly linked up with Emmet's insurrection attempt, and this is most likely the reason why those who actually killed Kilwarden were never brought to trial. It was said at first that the ringleader of the mob was a soldier in British uniform named Bannon or Shannon, who had a grudge against the Chief Justice in connection with some case in which a young boy, a brother of the soldier, had been sentenced to death or banishment, and that the stabbing in Thomas Street was in the nature of crude revenge ; but this story faded out after some time and, although it must have been easy to trace him, Bannon (or Shannon) was never charged with the crime. It was made an excuse for the hanging of Felix O'Rourke and other followers of Robert Emmet.

Who was Kilwarden? You have read on earlier pages of the false charges brought against William Orr, of the perjury, calumny, treachery and falsehood brought into play by his enemies and the enemies of the Republic of Ireland in the building up of a case that would end in the destruction of the fine young Antrim patriot who loved Ireland with all his heart. The Attorney General was Arthur Wolfe and it was he who had cruelly and patiently and unscrupulously and callously and dishonestly and unjustly built up the case that brought William Orr to the gallows. Arthur Wolfe became Lord Kilwarden and by some means or other managed to gain for himself the reputation of being humane and merciful. He is praised for what is called his spirited action at the time a Writ of Habeas Corpus was applied for after Wolfe Tone had been sentenced to deah. When the Provost Marshal of the Royal Barracks refused to produce Tone in court on an order issued by Kilwarden the latter issued another for the arrest of the official in question, but he took no steps to see that his order was carried out. It is wrong to judge any man, dead or alive, rashly, but it could well be that an ambitious climber, as Arthur Wolfe was known to have been, played a double game, pretending to be liberal and humane and clement while all the time he carried out in essential things the commands and wishes of his masters at Dublln Castle. The man who treacherously took the life and sought to blast the character of William Orr could never have been good-hearted or humane.

Turn back these pages and read again the true story of how, under the direction of Arthur Wolfe (Lord Kilwarden) the lying case against William Orr was built up and you will have some knowledge of the character of Kilwarden.

THE EMMETS COME HOME

ROBERT EMMET was a reverent Christian as well as a faithful Irishman and it was the belief of those who knew him most intimately that he was as innocent of mortal sin as a child of six. He went to the scaffold in Thomas Street expressing his faith in God and asking His forgiveness for any sins he might have committed during his life. The English spread the falsehood that he was an infidel—because he did not publicly make confession of his sins against the British Empire ! His brother's grandson, Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, the famous physician, married a Catholic in 1854. He was nominally a Protestant, ' but,' he writes in his *Memoirs*, ' beyond the existence of a sincere belief in God the Creator, my faith had been at a standstill since I was a child.' After he had reached manhood he read ' everything I could obtain bearing on the subject,' and he goes on :—' I was forced to accept the belief that if there was any foundation whatever for Christianity, the authority could only rest with the teaching of the Catholic Church, as the representative on earth of Our Lord Jesus.' His wife never tried to influence him except by good example. Now and then he went to Mass wtih her, but never felt any stirring of faith until, some ten years after his marriage, he noticed crowds of men going to a Mission in the church near his home.

' The grace of God prompted me to enter that church filled with men,' wrote Dr. Emmet, ' and I was told they were attending a Mission given by a young priest of the Redemptorist Order, Rev. Fr. Gross, who was subsequently made Bishop of Savannah and afterwards Archbishop of Portland, Oregon, where he died a few years after, I suppose from overwork. The pulpit was within a few feet of the door I had entered, and Fr. Gross had begun a sermon. I did not know what his text was, but he was speaking of the mysteries of the Church in relation to faith, and stated that we were not expected to understand them ; that their acceptance without question was simply to test our faith as an acknowledgment of the authority of Almighty God, and of His right to exact obedience. That it was evident we should not comprehend them, as we would then be the equal of God Himself, and superior to the angels in heaven.' These few simple words let into the mind of Dr. Emmet the light for which he had been searching in books all his life.

' As soon as the clergyman left the pulpit I saw him in the sacristy, thanked him for his sermon, and asked him when he could give me conditional baptism, as I wished to enter the Catholic Church. He said the step must not be taken hastily, and that I had first to be instructed. I stated this was unnecessary, as I knew everything that would be required of me ; that I always decided and acted quickly in what I wished to do, and I again asked him when he would be at leisure. After asking me some questions he stated he would be at my service in an hour . . . . I was baptised, went to confession, to Communion next morning, and from that time to the present and after an interval of nearly fifty years, I have never had the slightest regret. I know what is required of me, and as it is easier to obey the law than to transgress, I have no trouble, so that my life is gliding on to the close while I am contented with my surroundings, and at peace with all men.'

When Dr. Emmet was an old, old man a simple, impressive ceremony took place at the residence of Archbishop Farley of New York. Pope Pius X (now Blessed Pius) had conferred the Order of St. Gregory the Great on this distinguished man because of his fearless defence and exposition of Catholic teaching during his long life as a leading physician in the city of New York, and the ceremony connected with this great honour was being carried out by the Archbishop in the presence of some 250 prelates, priests and laymen. Nor was the ' infidel ' of 1803 forgotten. At the close of a moving address Archbishop Farley said :—' May you wear this new honour as you have worn the honours that have already

come to you, and may this insignia go down to your posterity with the other marks you hold *in the nobility of the name of Emmet.*'

It is interesting to note that this fine old man (who came twice to Ireland seeking information about his grand-uncle Robert Emmet) had a grandson—Most Rev. Thomas Addis Emmet, S.J.—who became Bishop of Jamaica and ruled it wisely and well until, bowed down with the weight of years, he asked in 1950 to be relieved of his burden of responsibility.

Although it has no connection with the return of the Emmets to the spiritual home they left after the fall of Luther and the coming of Calvin, a story of another grandson of a grandnephew of Robert Emmet may not be out of place here as showing how potent is the power of the selfless martyr who gladly gives life and all that life holds dear for the honour and the inspiration and the freedom of his native land. In the year 1908 a section of the U.S.A. fleet paid a visit to New Zealand and was given a most hospitable welcome. At a banquet given to the officers it became known that the name of a midshipman present was Robert Emmet. At once all the Irish New Zealanders gathered about the shy young man ; for him the general welcome became like a homecoming ; and Sir Joseph Ward, the Premier, was the first to grasp his hand and say :—'I welcome you, Mr. Emmet, as an American officer and—for my mother was a Cork woman —I greet you heartily and warmly *for that other great reason of which you are aware !*'

THE BODY IN THE TREVOR VAULT

A GREAT deal of time and energy and money has been spent in the search for Robert Emmet's grave ; a great deal of ink has been used up in controversy and conjecture regarding it ; but up to the present its whereabouts remains a mystery. He was utterly alone at the time the final sacrifice was demanded of him. His mother died while he was in prison awaiting the tragic farce of trial ; he heard of her death only as he prepared to go to the scaffold. His only living brother was in exile. His brother-in-law, Robert Holmes, was a prisoner like himself, as were his cousins and other relatives. His sister, Robert Holmes' wife, was ill and grief-stricken. No comrade or friend who had escaped the Castle net dared come forward to claim the martyr's remains ; and so the human fiend, Trevor, superintendent of Kilmainham, and his masters at the Castle, and all their degraded instruments, were free to do as they wished with the poor body of him they had slain. Considering that immediately after the execution they had a broadsheet on the streets (a kind of Stop Press) giving a garbled and totally false version of his speech from the dock and a lying account of his last moments on earth, it would not be a matter for wonder did it become known that they deliberately hid away his body as part of their diabolical but futile plan to kill his reputation.

It appears the body was taken back to Kilmainham Jail from the scaffold in Thomas Street and was left for several hours in an outer room near the gate. While it was there the artist, James Petrie, asked and obtained permission to make a plaster cast of the face. It is said that, finding it difficult to do the work there, he took the severed head home with him ; but when he returned with it some time later, the body was gone ! It is said also that the body of Emmet was buried beside one of his young comrades, Felix Rourke, in Bully's Acre, the English name given to the fields about the 'Royal Hospital,' where chieftains and heroes were buried in olden times, but to which the British invaders consigned those whom they charged with being felons, criminals and murderers, no stone or mark of any kind being placed about the spot where they lay. Various accounts have stated that Emmet's body was later removed by friends to the family vault at St. Peter's Protestant Church in Aungier Street, but no trace of it has been found there, nor any entry regarding it in the register of interments. St. Catherine's, Thomas Street ; St. Ann's, Dawson Street ; St. Michan's, Church Street, and the old Protestant Church at Glasnevin have all been claimed as the last resting place of Robert Emmet, but excavations and minute searches carried out by his grandnephew, Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet of New York, in 1903, failed to throw any light on the mystery.

Soon after Dr. Emmet's return to America a strange discovery was made in the Trevor vault in St. Paul's Protestant Church, North King Street, Dublin. The vault contained several coffins. All but one were of ornamented, heavy oak ; expensive coffins. The exception was of cheap, unvarnished wood. One side had rotted and fallen away, revealing the skeleton within. The medical experts who examined it at Dr. Emmet's request pronounced it to be the skeleton of a man in the twenties. The head was missing, and it had been cleanly severed from the body with a very sharp knife such as was used by executioners in the days when beheading was part of the sentence on persons condemned to death by hanging. In the part of the coffin where the head should have been was a handful of bloodstained wood shavings.

It should have been mentioned that Petrie, when he found that the body was not where he had seen it, took away the head and kept it. Does this not give colour to the belief held by many that the poor deal coffin in the Trevor vault contains the dust of Robert Emmet? Trevor hated him, hated everything for which he had fought and died, and knew what would please Castlereagh, Wickham and Marsden and the rest of the Castle gang. It would be characteristic of him to hide away the body of the young patriot in his own vault, the very last place where anyone was likely to search for it. The deceiver of Emmet, the torturer of Anne Devlin, the murderer of her ailing little brother, the moral leper, the unscrupulous tool of tyranny would leer with devilsh satisfaction as he played that last trick upon the noble victim he had helped to slay. Tyrants and the tools of tyrants fear even the inanimate dust of those they have failed to conquer even in death. They hide it away in unconsecrated ground, in fields like Bully's Acre or the Croppies Hole, or the yards of prisons, dreading that in the burial places of its kindred it would be an accusation against themselves and an inspiration to Ireland forever.

And after all, does it really matter very much where lies the dust of Robert Emmet? Had half the energy given to the search for it been devoted to refuting the lies and misrepresentations so cleverly set in motion about him and his comrades, the result to the cause of Irish independence would be a thousand times more valuable. Besides, there is no real need to know. In spite of the defamation of clever enemies and the misrepresentation of unthinking friends, Emmet's fame is secure. His reputation was 'dearer to him than life' because he knew that it would be an inspiration to 'other men and other times,' and it is untarnished either by slander or false commiseration. No need to find his inanimate dust, because he lives in the hearts and minds of all who love Ireland unselfishly and desire to see her free.

EMMET'S TRUE FRIEND

THE majority of 'safe' and imitative historians who have patronised Robert Emmet, praised him as an idealist, a patriot and a lover, but disparaged him as a soldier, a judge of men and a practical man of affairs. He was certainly not a bad judge of men, else he would not have chosen Thomas Russell and Miles Byrne as his bosom friends and nearest comrades, not to speak of all the other true-hearted men and women sought out by him and drawn by the magic of his personality into the movement that is denounced as mad and foolish because circumstances defeated it for the time being. To have won the friendship and comradeship and active co-operation of Thomas Russell alone was something that set Robert Emmet apart and above his fellows ; it is a complete answer to-day to those who keep up the parrot-cry that the young leader was not a judge of men. He and Russell were surely worthy comrades ; their hearts were pure and noble, their minds were undimmed by ignoble or selfish thoughts ; their eyes were set upon the heights where men divest themselves of the world's pettiness and commune with God. They and William Orr, who died six years before them, are three of the very truest and noblest that have ever dedicated their lives to the service of Ireland unfree.

I have always loved the very name of Thomas Russell because Tone so loved him,' wrote Pearse, and the fact that both Wolfe Tone and Robert Emmet gave love and comradeship to Thoms Russell should be sufficient to let us know the kind of man he was. That Russell not only loved but reverenced Emmet is made known to us by his generous tribute in the dock on October 20, 1803, to the young friend and comrade and leader who had preceded him up the scaffold stair just one month before. Here is an extract from Russell's speech in reply to the formal question as to why sentence of death should not be passed on him :—

'From the time I could observe and reflect, I perceived that there were two kinds of laws—the laws of the state and the laws of God—frequently clashing with each other ; by the latter kind I have always endeavoured to regulate my conduct ; but that laws of the former kind do exist in Ireland I believe no one who hears me can deny. That such laws have existed in former times many and various examples clearly evince. The Saviour of the world suffered by the Roman laws ; by the same laws His Apostles were put to the torture and deprived of their lives in His cause. By my conduct I do not consider that I have incurred any moral guilt. I have committed no moral evil. I do not want the many and bright examples of those gone before me ; but did I want this encouragement, the recent example of a youthful hero—a martyr in the cause of liberty—who has just died for his country, would inspire me. I have descended into the vale of manhood. I have learned to estimate the reality and delusions of this world ; *he* was surrounded with everything which could endear this world to him—in the bloom of youth, with fond attachments, and with all the fascinating charms of health and innocence ; to his death I look back even in this moment with rapture.'

For the poor and oppressed of his native land Thomas Russell had an ardent love and from the dock he appealed even to his enemies—the men of power and property—to give thought to the lowly and relieve the hardship and distress that was their lot. 'I have travelled much,' he said, 'and seen various parts of the world and I think the Irish are the most virtuous nation on the face of the earth ; they are a good and brave people, and had I a thousand lives I would yield them in their service.' In letters from his prison cell he said the same thing to friends :—'As this may be my last letter, I shall only say that I did my best for my country and for mankind. I have no wish to die, but far from regretting the loss of my life in such a cause, had I a thousand lives I would willingly risk or lose them in it. Be assured, liberty will be established, and God will wipe the tears from all eyes' . . . 'I mean to make my trial and the last of my life, if it is to close now, as serviceable to the cause of liberty as I can. I trust my countrymen will ever adhere to it. I know it will soon prosper. . . . I have only to beg of my countrymen to remember that the cause of liberty is the cause of virtue, which I trust they will never abandon. May God bless and prosper them and when power comes into their hands I entreat them to use it with moderation. May God the Saviour bless them all."

Thomas Russell was born at Kilshanick, Co. Cork, and was thirty-six years of age when he died for the Republic of Ireland on a scaffold at Downpatrick, Co. Down, on October 21, 1803. He is the hero of Florence M. Wilson's grand ballad, *The Man from God-Knows-Where*. In the winter of 1795 he was organising Co. Down and the old man who remembers years afterwards tells in local dialect of the silent stranger who came into the kitchen of an inn one wild, snowy, winter night. He did not know he was among friends, the men present were unaware that he was a United Irishman, so all were on guard and said nothing or spoke only of trivial things. The old man refers to the stranger (Thomas Russell) as 'the man from God-Knows-Where' and tells when and under what circumstances he saw him again. 'A man in Dublin Town' is Robert Emmet, and 'young Warwick,' a young Presbyterian Minister hanged at Newtownards because he was true to his native land. Here is *The Man from God-Knows-Where* :—

INTO our townlan', on a night of snow,
Rode a man from God-knows-where.

None of us bade him stay or go,
Nor deemed him friend, nor damned him foe,
But we stabled his big roan mare :
For in our townlan' we're decent folk,
An' if he didn't speak, why none of us spoke,
An' we sat till the fire burned low.

We're a civil sort in our wee place,
So we made the circle wide
Round Andy Lemon's cheerful blaze,
An' wished the man his lenth o' days,
An' a good end to his ride.
He smiled in under his slouchy hat—
Says he, 'There's a bit of a joke in that,
For we ride different ways.'

The whiles we smoked we watched him stare
From his seat fornenst the glow.
I nudged Joe Moore : 'You wouldn't dare
To ask him who he's for meetin' there,
Or how far he has got to go? '
But Joe wouldn't dare, nor Wully Scott,
An' he took no drink—neither cold nor hot—
This man from God-knows-where.

It was closin' time, an' late forbye,
When us ones braved the air—
I never saw worse (may I live or die)
Than the sleet that night, an' I says, says I,
'You'll find he's for stoppin' there."
But at screek o' day, through the gable pane,
I watched him spur in the peltin' rain,
And I juked from his rovin' eye.

Two winters more, then the Trouble Year
When the best that a man could feel
Was the pike he kept in hidlin's near,
Till the blood o' hate an' the blood o' fear
Would be redder nor dust on the steel.
Us ones quet from mindin' the farms,
Let them take what we gave wi' the weight o' our arms,
From Saintfield to Kilkeel.

In the time o' the Hurry we had no lead—
We all of us fought with the rest—
An' if e'er a one shook like a tremblin' reed,
None of us gave neither hint nor heed,
Nor ever even'd we'd guessed.
We men of the North had a word to say,
An' we said it then, in our own dour way,
An' we spoke as we thought was best.

All Ulster over, the weemen cried
For the stan'in' crops on the lan'—
Many's the sweetheart an' many's the bride
Would liefer ha' gone till where he died,
And ha' murned her lone by her man.
But us ones weathered the thick of it,
And we used to dander along, and sit
In Andy's side by side.

What with discoorse goin' to and fro,
The night would be wearin' thin,
Yet never so late when we rose to go
But someone would say : 'Do ye min' thon snow,
An' the man what came wanderin' in? '

And we be to fall to the talk again,
If by any chance he was *one o' them*—
The man who went like the win'.

Well 'twas gettin' on past the heat o' the year
When I rode to Newtown fair :
I sold as I could (the dealers were near—
Only three-pound-eight for the Innish steer,
An' nothin' at all for the mare !)
I met McKee in the throng o' the street,
Says he, 'The grass has grown under our feet
Since they hanged young Warwick here.'

And he told that Boney had promised help
To a man in Dublin town,
Says he, 'If ye've laid the pike on the shelf,
Ye'd better go home hot-fut by yerself,
An' polish the old girl down.'
So by Comber road I trotted the gray,
And never cut corn until Killyleagh
Stood plain on the risin' ground.

For a wheen o' days we sat waitin' the word
To rise and go at it like men.
But no French ships sailed into Cloughey Bay,
And we heard the black news on a harvest day
That the cause was lost again ;
And Joey and me, and Wully Boy Scott,
We agreed to ourselves we'd as lief as not
Ha' been found in the thick o' the slain.

By Downpatrick gaol I was bound to fare
On a day I'll remember, feth ;
For when I came to the prison square
The people were waitin' in hundreds there,
An' you wouldn't hear stir nor breath !
For the sodgers were standing, grim an' tall,
Round a scaffold built there fornenst the wall,
An' a man stepped out for death !

I was brave an' near to the edge of the throng,
Yet I knowed the face again,
An' I knowed the set, an' I knowed the walk,
An' the sound of his strange up-country talk,
For he spoke out right an' plain.
Then he bowed his head to the swingin' rope,
Whiles I said 'Please God !' to his dyin' hope,
An' 'Amen' to his dyin' prayer
That the Wrong would cease an' the Right prevail—
For the man that they hanged at Downpatrick gaol
Was the Man from God-Knows-Where !

"SONGS OF GLEN NA MONA"

THIS collection of verse by Brian O'Higgins, long out of print, has been re-issued in a cheap edition, printed on thin, good quality paper, every page filled to capacity, with an artistic cover, the whole making an attractive volume that is great value nowadays at 2/6 ; by post, 2/8. It is on sale in the shops or can be had from Brian O'Higgins, 38 Upper O'Connell Street, Dublin.

SONGS AND BALLADS OF 1803

ROBERT EMMET was himself a poet and it was fitting that poets in every generation since his noble sacrifice was made so gladly for the Republic of Ireland should have hailed his name and his memory in song. Several tributes in verse were written immediately after the holocaust in Thomas Street, among them being Thomas Moore's lovely little songs, *O breathe not his name* and *She is far from the land*, in which the martyr and his love are commemorated. The authorship of *Robert a Rúin* is unknown. It was at first entitled *Miss Curran's Lament Over the Grave of Robert Emmet* and was written to the sweet old Irish air, *Eibhlín a Rúin*. Thomas Kennedy wrote *The Uninscribed Tomb* in 1835 and one of the women poets of Young Ireland, Marie M. Thompson, of Ravensdale in Louth, close friend of John Mitchel, known as *Ethne* in the columns of the *Nation*, wrote *The Martyr's Triumph* in the Forties of the last century.

When Brian na Banban wrote *The Death of Emmet* for the martyr's Centenary fifty years ago he was unjust to the people of Dublin in describing them as unfeeling slaves. Probably the Republicans of the city were not present at the execution at all ; any that were must have been dumb with grief and pride and overwhelming love as they saw that gallant young figure walking so firmly up the steps to the platform of the gallows, his love for Ireland and his faith in God sustaining him in that last dread moment of conflict with death. We may be certain that the Irish people of Dublin were praying that day as they had never prayed before and that their hearts were with Emmet on the gibbet as he fought his great fight for the land he loved and triumphed over his and Ireland's enemies. Several other songs and ballads were written in 1903 and a selection from them is given in the pages that follow.

Robert Emmet wrote several poems over the pen-name *Trebor* which is his own Christian name reversed. The two pieces given here were evidently written after the dreadful happenings of 1798. The first is descriptive of the place where the 1916 leaders are still imprisoned, hidden away under lock and key from the people for whom they gave their lives.

ARBOUR HILL

No rising column marks this spot
Where many a victim lies ;
But O ! the blood which here has streamed,
To heaven for justice cries.

It claims it on the oppressor's head
Who joys in human woe ;
Who drinks the tears by misery shed
And mocks them as they flow.

It claims it on the callous Judge
Whose hands with blood are dyed ;
Who arms injustice with the sword,
The balance throws aside.

It claims it for this ruined Isle ;
Her wretched children's grave ;
Where withered Freedom droops her head
And man exists—a slave.

O Sacred Justice ! free this land
From tyranny abhorred ;
Resume thy balance and thy seat,
Resume—but sheath—thy sword.

No retribution should we seek—
Too long has horror reigned.
By mercy marked may Freedom rise,
By cruelty unstained.

Nor shall a tyrant's ashes mix
With these our martyred dead;
This is the place where Erin's sons
In Erin's cause have bled.

And those who here are laid at rest,
O, hallowed be each name!
Their memory is for ever blest—
Consigned to endless fame.

Unconsecrated is this ground
Unblessed by holy hands;
No bell here tolls its solemn sound,
No monument here stands.

But here the patriot's tears are shed,
The poor man's blessing given;
These consecrate the virtuous dead;
These waft their fame to heaven!

ROBERT EMMET.

GENIUS OF ERIN

GENIUS of Erin, tune thy harp
To Freedom, let its sound awake
Thy prostrate sons, and nerve their hearts
Oppression's iron bonds to break.

Long and strong then strike the lyre,
Strike it with prophetic lays;
Bid it rouse the slumbering fire,
Bid the flame of freedom blaze.

Tell them glory waits their efforts,
Strongly wooed she will be won;
Freedom, show, by peace attended,
Waits to crown each gallant son.

Greatly daring, bid them gain her,
Conquerors, let them live or die.
Erin in her children triumphs,
Even where her martyrs lie.

But if her sons, too long opprest,
No spark of freedom's fire retain,
And with sad and servile breast
Basely wear the galling chain.

Vainly then you'd call to glory,
Vainly freedom's blessings praise;
Man debased to willing thraldom
Freedom's blessing cannot raise.

Check thy hand and change thy strain,
Change it to a sound of woe;
Ireland's blasted hopes proclaim,
Ireland's endless sufferings show.

Show her fields with blood ensanguined,
With her children's blood bedewed;
Show her desolated plains,
With their murdered bodies strewn.

Mark that hamlet how it blazes!
Hear the shrieks of horror rise.
See! the fiends prepare their tortures;
See! a tortured victim dies.

Ruin stalks his haggard round;
O'er the plains his banner waves,
Sweeping from her wasted land
All but tyrants and their slaves.

All but tyrants and their slaves!
Shall they live in Erin's Isle?
O'er her martyred patriots' graves
Shall oppression's minions smile?

Erin's sons, awake! awake!
O, too long, too long you sleep.
Awake! arise! your fetters break,
Nor let your country bleed and weep

ROBERT EMMET

ROBERT A RÚIN

(Sarah Curran's Lament)

THE joy of life lies here,
Robert a rúin,
All that my soul held dear,
Robert a rúin.
Spouse of my heart, this shrine,
This long-last home of thine,
Entombs each hope of mine,
Robert a rúin.

But tears must fall unseen,
Robert a rúin,
The turf is not yet green,
Robert a rúin.
No stone must bear thy name,
No lips thy wrongs proclaim,
This heart must shroud thy fame,
Robert a rúin.

The night is dark and chill,
Robert a rúin,
Yet day will brighten still,
Robert a rúin.
But sun will never shine
Can warm this heart of mine,
'Tis almost cold as thine,
Robert a rúin.

Still would I linger here,
Robert a rúin.
What home have I elsewhere,
Robert a rúin!
O, were I laid with thee.
How welcome death would be!
A bridal bed to me—
Robert a rúin.

My heart had but one hope,
Robert a rúin ;
It only bloomed to droop,
Robert a rúin.
It never can bloom more,
The blight has reached its core,
And all life's joys are o'er,
Robert a rúin.

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND

(Sarah Curran)

SHE is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing ;
But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking.
Ah ! little they think who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking.

He had lived for his love ; for his country he died—
They were all that to life had entwined him—
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

O, make her a grave where the sunbeams rest
When they promise a glorious morrow ;
They will shine o'er her sleep like a smile from the west,
For her own loved island of sorrow.

THOMAS MOORE.

EMMET'S DEATH

'HE dies to-day,' said the heartless judge,
Whilst he sat him down to the feast,
And a smile was upon his ashy lips
As he uttered a ribald jest;
For a demon dwelt where his heart should be
That lived upon blood and sin,
And oft as that vile judge gave him food
The demon throbbed within.

'He dies to-day,' said the gaoler grim,
Whilst a tear was in his eye,
But why should I feel so grieved for him ?
Sure I've seen many die.
Last night I went to his strong cell
With the scanty prison fare—
He was sitting at a table rude,
Plaiting a lock of hair ;
And he looked so mild, with his pale, pale face,
And he spoke in so kind a way
That my old breast heaved with a smothering feel,
And I knew not what to say !

'He dies to-day,' thought a fair, sweet girl—
She lacked the life to speak,
For sorrow had almost frozen her blood,
And white were her lip and cheek—
Despair had drunk up her last wild tear
And her brow was damp and chill,

And they often felt at her heart with fear,
For its ebb was all but still.

S. F. C.

THE UNINSCRIBED TOMB

(Written in 1835)

'Pray tell me,' I said, to an old man who strayed,
Drooping o'er the graves which his own hand had made,
'Pray tell me the name of the tenant who sleeps
Beneath yonder lone stone, where the sad willow weeps.
Every stone is engraved with the name of the dead,
But yon black slab declares not whose spirit is fled.'

In silence he bowed ; then he beckoned me nigh,
Till we stood o'er the grave, then he said with a sigh :—
'Yes, they dared not to trace e'en a word on this stone,
To the memory of him who sleeps coldly alone.
He told them—commanded—the lines o'er his grave
Should never be traced by the hand of a slave.

'He bade them to shade e'en his name in the gloom,
Till the morning of freedom should dawn on his tomb ;
'When the flag of my country for liberty flies,
Then, then let my name and my monument rise !
You see they obeyed him—'tis thirty-two years,
And they come still to moisten his grave with their tears.

'He was young, like yourself, and aspired to o'erthrow
The tyrants who filled his loved island with woe.
They killed his proud body ; this earth was confined ;
Too scant for the range of his luminous mind.'
He paused, and the old man went slowly away,
And I felt as he left me an impulse to pray.

Grant Heaven I may see, ere my own days are done,
A monument rise o'er my country's lost son.
And O, proudest task, be it mine to indite
The long delayed tribute a freeman must write.
Till then shall its theme in my heart deeply dwell,
So peace to thy slumber ; dear shade, fare thee well !

THOMAS KENNEDY.

O, BREATHE NOT HIS NAME

O, breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonoured his relics are laid ;
Sad, silent and dark be the tears that we shed
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps ;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

THOMAS MOORE.

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Óráid Emmet Lá a Ḋaorṫa

Cúig is seaċtú blian ó ṡoin d'aistrig Tadg Ó Murċaḋa as Corcaiġ (' Seandún ') Óráid Emmet os coṁair na cúirte an lá do daoraḋ ċun báis é—an 10ú lá de Ṁeadon Foġṁar, 1803—agus cuireaḋ i gcló í san Irish World a foillsiġeaḋ agus a fóillsiġtear go fóill i Nua Eabrac in Meirice. Ag seo í díreaċ mar scríoḃ ' Seandún ' í :—

" Fiafruiġtear díom, a Ṫiġearnaí, cad tá le ráḋ agam ionnus ná ṫabarfaiḋe breiṫ báis orm do réir na dliġe. Ní ḟuil aon niḋ agam le ráḋ d'aṫarróċaḋ ḃúr roiṁ-breiṫ, ná do ḃeaḋ oireaṁnaċ dam le ráḋ le haon intinn go mbainfiḋe ó ḋéine na breiṫe sin aṫáṫaoi-se le taḃ. airt ⁊ d'a gcaiṫfiḋ mise géilleaḋ. Aċt tá rud éigin agam le ráḋ is cúramaiġe go mór liom ná mo ḃeaṫa, timċeall arniḋ ar ar ṫugaḃair-se sib féin ċum a léir-sgriosta. Tá mórċuid agam le ráḋ i dtaoḃ gur coir go saorfaiḋe mo ċlú ó ualaċ feall saċta ⁊ riṫíomráiḋ do cruaċaḋ uirre. Ní measaim gur féidir dam aon niḋ do ċur 'n-a luiḋe ar ḃar n-aigne, agus sib-se suiḋte mar a' ḃfuiltí, le haon niḋ atá agam le ráḋ. Ní ḟuil aon tsúil agam go ḃfuiġbiḋ mo ċlú aon díon faoi ċliaṫaċ aib cúirte curṫa ar bun agus riaġaluiġṫe mar atá sí seo. Tá aon niḋ aṁáin ba ṁaiṫ liom, agus ní ḟuil braiṫ agam le níos mó, sé sin, go sgaoilfeaḋ sib ṫaraib mo ċlú, a Ṫiġearnaí, gan a ḃeiṫ truailiġṫe le h-anál bréan na claon-ṁéinne, go ḃfuiġbiḋ sí cuan éigin caoṁna agus fuṫanna ḋi ó na trom-an-faḋaib atá dá ṫuargain annso. Níor ċás liom é, muna mbeaḋ agam aċt bás d'ḟulang iar mbeiṫ daorṫa ḋam agaiḃ-se ; do ġlacfainn go ciúin agus gan osna an ċríoċ atá am' ċoṁair ; aċt, oibreoċaiḋ breiṫ na dliġe a ṫaḃarfaiḋ mo ċorp do'n ċroċaire go lán-ḋiċiollaċ ar í féin do ċosain, tré feiḋm na dliġe, ċum mo ċlú do ċur fá ḃuan-ṫarcuisne, mar ní fuláir ná go ḃfuil an ċoir in áit éigin, cia aca i mbreiṫ na cúirte no ins an mbárrṫain is le h-aimsir aṁáin a ḋeanfar amaċ é. Atá sé air ag ḋuine am' ionad-sa aġaiḋ do ṫaḃairt, ní h-é aṁáin ar ċruaḋtan a ċineaṁna agus ar neart cuṁaċta os cionn na n-intinn atá truailliġṫe no curṫa fá ċois aice, aċt, mar an gcéadna, ar ċruaḋas mí-ṁéinne a linne, a ṡeasann i n-a aġaiḋ. Imṫiġeann an ḋuine aċt lonuiġeann a ċuiṁne. Ionnus ná fuiġeaḋ mo ċuiṁne-se bás, aċt go mairfeaḋ sí faoi ṁeas ag mo ċoṁ-ḋuṫċaisḋiḃ, ní sgaoilfaiḋ mé ṫarm an faill seo gan mé féin do ċosain ar ċuid de na neiṫib atá curṫa am' aġaiḋ 'Sé mo ḋóṫċas agus is mian liom é, iarn-eitiollugaḋ ḋam spioraid go cuan níos féileaṁla, agus iar mbeiṫ suiḋte ḋi i gcoṁluadar glórṁar na laoċ mairṫíriġṫe do ṫug a gcuid fola ar an gcroiċ, agus ar ṁag-an-áir ag cosain a dtíre agus na suḃáilce, go mbrostóċaiḋ mo ċuiṁne agus m'ainm iad so a ṁairfiḋ am ḋiaiḋ, agus mise go mór-ḋálaċ ag féacain anuas an mion-ḃruġaḋ an Riaġaltais ṁalluiġṫe sin a ċoimeádas a réim lé cáineaḋ ainme Árd-Ríoġ Neiṁe, agus taisbeanas a ċuṁaċt os cionn an ḋuine aṁuil ⁊ os cionn na mbeaṫaḋaċ mbrúideaṁuil, a ċuireann fuaṫ neiṁneaċ idir na daoinnib, agus a ṫugann ar ḋuine aṁus marḃṫaċ do ṫaḃairt faoi n-a ċoṁarsain i n-ainm Dé, de ḃríġ ná creideann sé gaċ niḋ do réir tola an Riaġaltais. Riaġaltas go ḃfuil a ċroiḋe cruaḋ-ḋúraiġṫe le uaill-ċuṁa na ndíl-leaċt agus le deoraib na mbaintreaḃaċ do ċuir sé gan taise le fán."

(Do ċuir an Tiġearnaí Norbuirí cosg annso leis ag ráḋ ná raib na

baoṫáin táire luaiṫ-intinneaċa do bí ar aon aiġne leis cumasaċ ar a n-intinniḃ do ċur i n-ġníomh.)

" Fáġaim faoi Día na fírinne—Dearḃuiġim ar Árd-ċaṫaoir reiṁe, agus ġurab éiġean dam beiṫ in a fiadnuise ġan moill, as ar fuil na laoċ dúnmarḃuiġṫe do ċuaiḋ romaim, go raiḃ m'iomċur tríd an ngnáis seo go léir, agus tríd ġaċ ar ċuireas romain, roiṁdíriġṫe do réir an deiṁniġṫe úd do noċtas daoiḃ, agus ná raiḃ aṫarraċ aiġne orm aċt fuasġlaḋ mo ṫire ó'n ngéarḃroid faoi n-a raiḃ sí créaċta, agus ḋar fulaṁ sí go ró-foiġideaċ agus go ró-fada, agus tá lánḋoċċas agam, cé baoṫ luaiṫ-intioneaċ agus measṫar é, go bfuil imisneaċ agus aonḋaċt go leor le fáġḃáil fós i n-Éirinn ċum ná h-oibre is uaisle seo do ċur i gcrích. Adeirim é seo le muiniġin feasa ċinnte agus leis an eolás baineas leis. Ná beiriḋ liḃ a Ṫiġearnaí ġur mar olc orraiḃ adeirim é seo, ná ċum aon carraḃuaise biġ suaraċais do ċur orraiḃ. An té nár luaiġ riaṁ a béal ag innsin bréiġe, ní ċuirfiḋ sé a ċlú i mbaoġal leo so ná fuil fós beoṫa ag deiṁniuġaḋ éiṫiġ. Adeirim a Ṫiġearnaí, an té naċ mian leis a feartlaoi do beiṫ sgríoḃṫa go mbeiḋ saoirseaċt a ṫíre bainte amaċ ná faġfaḋ sé ġaṫ i láiṁ an tnúṫaiġ, ná leaṫsġeul i mbéalaiḃ aiċme a ċáinṫe ċum aċmusáin do ċasaḋ leis an ionnracas is mian leis do caisġiuġaḋ in uaiġneas na h-uaiġe féin, ní a ġcuirfear go foir-éiġneaċ é."

(Do ċuir an Ṫiġearna Norḃuiri cosg annso aris leis.)

" Adeirim aris leaṫ, a Ṫiġearna, naċ duiṫ-se do ċeapas an nid adubairt, mar ġur mó é mo ṫruaġ duiṫ ná m'formad leaṫ. Ba ḋom comh ḋuṫċaisiḋiḃ do ċeapas é. Má tá fíor-Éireannaċ ag ṫabairt cluaise ḋom, bíḋeaḋ focail mo báis mar ṫaca aiġe i ló a ċeasnuiġṫe."

(Do ċuir an Ṫiġearna Norḃuiri cosg aris leis.)

" Do ṫuigeas go ḋtí so ġur b'é ġnó breiṫeaṁun iar mbeiṫ daorta do'n bhaiġ, breiṫ na dliġe do ṫabairt. Do ṁeasas mar an ġcéadna ġur ṁeasadar breiṫeaṁuin ar uairiḃ, go raiḃ ceart aca éisteaċt go foiġdeaċ agus labairt go daonna, agus an té do bí fa ġreim na dliġe do ċeaġasg agus a mbaraṁla do ṫabairt ar na fáṫaiḃ faoi ndeara do an ċoir do déanaṁ ar as daoraḋ é ; ġur' ṁeas breiṫeaṁ ġur 'bé a ḋualgas déanaṁ aṁla sain agus ġur rinne, ní fuil d'a ṁearaiġe orm. Aċt ca bfuil fírinne ḃur muiḋiṁ a comhṫrom-roinn ḃur ndliġṫe ; cá bfuil fad ḃur mbladaṁainn a comhṫroime, a tróċaire, agus a tláṫċas ḃar ġcúrt mbreiṫeaṁnais muna bfuil sé ceaḋuiġṫe do bhaiġ atá le cur faoi láiṁ an bádaire, ní le ceart aċt le feall ḃur nġliocais, miniuġaḋ do ṫabairt go macánta agus go fíreannaċ ar a intinn agus na príoṁ addair ler corruiġeaḋ é do cosnaṁ. D'féidir a Ṫiġearnaiġe go mbaineann sé le cúiteaṁ fearġaċ, ceann fé do ṫabairt ar ḋuine ċum a aiġne do lúḃaḋ faoi aiṫis na croiċe atá ceapuiġṫe do. Aċt ba luġa é mo ḃeann-sa ar an aiṫis atá ceapuiġṫe ḋam, nó ar uaṫḃásaiḃ na croiċe, ná ar na corṫaiḃ bréana atá caiṫṫe go bréaġaċ is na súilib orm i láṫair na cúirte seo. Breiṫeaṁ is eaḋ ṫusa, a Ṫiġearna agus is mise an té measṫar a beiṫ cionnṫaċ ; aċt ní fuil ionnainn araon aċt fir, le aṫarruġaḋ cuṁaċta do feuḋamaois ar n-ionaid do ṁalartuġaḋ aċt, coiḋċe, ní beaḋ malairt méinne againn. Más éigean dam seasaṁ i láṫair na cúirte seo agus ġan é ceaḋuiġṫe ḋam mo ċlú do cosnaṁ, naċ cnáideaċ í bún nḋliġe ! Más éigean ḋam seasaṁ ar an láṫair seo, agus ġan é ceaḋuiġṫe ḋam mo ċlú cosnaṁ, cionnas atá sé d'éaḋan orraiḃ beiṫ d'a iṫiomráiḋ ?

The Wise Man's Wisdom

You could be a soldier and never fight a battle, sir ;

You could be a sailor and never go to sea ;

You could be a gambler and never deal a pack of cards ;

You could be a farmer and never plough the lea.

You could be an actor and never see a theatre ;

You could be a wool buyer and never buy a sheep ;

But one thing is certain as day and night and sun and moon :

You must have a Ticket if you want to win the Sweep !

Just at this juncture the Wise Man bows and reminds you the prize is Fifty Thousand.

TICKETS £1

IRISH HOSPITALS' SWEEPSTAKES, BALLSBRIDGE, DUBLIN

A ɡcuireann an breit báis sin a tuɡann bur nɡlíocas cealɡach ar mo corp, cosɡ lem' teanɡairt aɡus mo clú faoi buan-tarcuisne. Is féidir le bar mbásaire deire do cur le sɡatam mo rae, act tá fairt aɡus a mairfead ní sɡuirfead ɡan mo clú do cosnam ar bar ɡcáineadh, aɡus de bri ɡur b'inmuinne liom clú ná beata cuirfid mé críoch ar a bfuil fáɡta de'n mbeatairt sain aɡ ceartuɡad an clú úd a mairfid am' diaid, aɡus ɡán a malairt de oiɡreacht aɡam le fáɡbáil aca so ɡur ró-mór aɡam iad, aɡus ar a son ɡur átasach liom bás d'fáɡbáil. Mar com-créitiuirib, a Tiɡearna, ní fúláir dúinn lá na breite móiread dul i bfiadnuise breitim na mbreitheam, aɡus annsain beid sé faoi cuarduiɡteoir an uile croide, do nocrad os cómair cloinne Éabá cruimniɡte ar aon láthair, cia aca ba subáilicide saothair, nó ba réid-cuisde intinne, sɡriostóiri mo tire, nó—"

(Co cuiread cosɡ annso leis aɡus dubrad leis, éisteacht le breit na dliɡe.)

"A ɡceilfir ar duine, Tiɡearna, atá in udacht báis, cead dleaɡtach ar é féin do ɡlanad i súilib na coitcheanntacta ó náire nár tuill sé, do caitead san aɡairt air ar fead a teastála, aɡ cur ainméinne in a leit aɡus ɡo raib sé aɡ iarraid saoirse a tire do theilɡean uaid, ar son faɡbáltais fuaraiɡ. Cad fát daoib beit aɡ deanam fonamaide fúm nó ba córa dam a rád cad fát daoib beit aɡ maɡad faoi'n ɡceart aɡ fiafraide díom, cad fát ná tabarfaide breit báis orm. Atá a fios aɡam ɡur comacta póirid baineas leis an dliɡe an ceisd seo do cur. Tuɡann an cómarta sóird cead freaɡarta mar an ɡceudna. Ɡan mearball do feudfaide ɡan é seo do bac aɡus 'na-daoib sain ɡan tabairt amach na teastála so ɡo léir do bac, mar ɡo raib an breit tabarta ins an ɡcaisleán sul a raib an coiste suidte. Ní fuil ionnaib-se act saɡairt na h-oracla. Eiliɡim orraib-se leanmuin ɡo deire ar an ɡcnáid ɡo léir."

(De éist sé annso aɡus dubrad leis leanmuin air.)

"Tá sé curta am' leit ɡur teachtaire feallbeartach ó'n bfrainc mé. Teachtaire feallbeartach na fraimnce! aɡus cad cuiɡe? Tá sé curta síos ɡo raib dúil aɡam neamhspleádacas mo tire do díol, aɡus cad ar a son? An ins an nid so do cuireas dúil mó croide, nó an mar so réidtiɡeas cúirt córa le dá nid atá i n-aɡairt a céile. Ní h-aon teachtaire feallbeartach mé act is é an nid is mó do bí uaim ná ionad d'faɡbáil ameasɡ fuasɡaltóiri mo tire, ní i ɡcumact ná i socair act i nɡlóir a nɡniomarta. Saoirse mo tire de díol leis an bfraimnc! aɡus cad ar a son? An malairt smachtóiri do bí uaim? Ní h-ead act sásamh mo baot-ɡlóire féin. O! mo tír an féidir ɡur dam baot-ɡlóir féin do ɡéillfinn. Dá mba é seo bun mo nɡniomarta, cá raib bac orm dá mb'áil liom é lem' tabairt suas, lem' maoin aɡus le mór is fiú mo muinntire ionad do beit aɡam 'n-a measɡ so ba mó réim do d'ɡear smachtuiɡteoiribh. Do b' i mo tír cuid mo croide, do b' ar a son do ɡabas do cosaib in ɡach smuaineam mear-ɡradach aɡus dil-cumannach," aɡus is ar a son a Dé móir atáim anois cum báis d'faɡbáil. Do rinneas, a Tiɡearnaí mar ba dual d'Éireannach do bí lán-ceapuiɡte ar ar mo tír do saoradh ó cuinɡ anbroide ɡéir-neimnid coiɡcríche aɡus ó cuinɡ eile is ɡéire ná é, cuinɡ cuallachta easaontais atá in ár measɡ atá rann-fáirteach aɡus com-cionntach leis i sɡrios na tire, aɡus mo

tír do ṡaoraḋ ó aiṫis 'na truailliġeaċta is léirfiosaċ do ṁartain ann faoi gné deallraċ fóir-iomallaċ. Do b'é dúil mo ċroiḋe mo tír do réiḋteaċ ó'n dá ḋaoirre teann-fáistiġṫe seo. Ba ṁian liom a neaṁspleáḋċas do ċur os cionn aon díoġḃála faoi luiḋe na gréine, ba ṁian liom í a ċur inns an ionad onóraċ sain ameasg tíorṫa na cruinne. Is fíor go raiḃ páirtiġeaċt leis an ḃFrainnc ceapuiġṫe aċt gan a ḋul níos sia ná mar do ḃeaḋ coṁṫairḃeaċ dóiḃ agus le n-a dtoil araon. Dá ngaḃaḋ na Franncaiġ aon for-laṁas ná beaḋ coṁ-ṡeasṁaċ le lán neaṁspleáḋċas, níor ḃeag sain mar ċúis a sgriosta. Do iarramar a gcungnaiṁ de ḃríġ gur geallaḋ dúinn é, mar luċt cabarṫa i gcogaḋ agus mar ċáirdiḃ le linn síṫe. Dá dtigeaḋ na Franncaiġ 'n-a luċt gaḃálta, no 'n-a naṁadaiḃ, do ċuirfinn 'n-a gcoinne lem' ċuṁaċt go léir. Do ṫaḃarfainn mar ċoṁairle ḋaoiḃ, a ċoṁḋúṫċaisiġ iad d'aimsuġaḋ ar an dtráiġ, le claiḋeaṁ i láiṁ agus le troillseán i láiṁ eile do ṫaḃarfainn agaiḋ orra le dearg-ruaṫar cogaiḋ, do ḃrosdóċainn mo ċoṁ-ḋúṫċaisiġ eirleaċ do' ḋéanaṁ orra i n-a mbáḋaiḃ sul do ḃeaḋ sé ar a gcumas úir mo ṫíre do ṫruailliuġaḋ. Dá riṫeaḋ leo talaṁ do ġaḃáil agus go mbeaḋ orm dul ar gcúl le feaḃas a gclisteaċta, do ṫroidfinn gaċ órlaċ talṁan leo, do ċuirfinn trí ṫeine gaċ ruainne féir agus is i gclais déiġeanaċ na saoirseaċta do ḃeaḋ ionad mo ḃáis, agus an méid ná riṫfeaḋ liom féin a ḋéanaṁ, da gclaoiḋfiḋe mé, d'fágfainn le h-uḋaċt ag muinntir mo ṫíre é a ċroċnuġaḋ, mar ba ḋearḃaḋ liom nár bfeárr-beaṫa ná bás, an faid as do ḃeaḋ mo ṫír faoi ċois ag coigcríċiḃ. Aċt ní mar naṁadaiḃ do ḃí luċt cunganta na Frainnc le teaċt. Is fíor gur iarras cungnaṁ ar an ḃFrainnc, mar ba ṁian liom a ḋearḃuġaḋ do'n ḃFrainnc as do'n saoġal gur tuill na nÉireannaiġ cabruġaḋ leo agus gur ḃfuaṫ leo an daoirseaċt agus go rabadar ullaṁ ċum neaṁspleáḋċais a dtíre do ḃaint amaċ, ba ṁian liom an t-urraṁus céadna do ṡaoṫaruġaḋ ḋom' tír do ṡaoṫruiġ Uaisington d'Aimeiriocá, cungnaṁ go mbeaḋ a eisiompláir coṁ táḋḃaċtaċ dúinn as a laoċas féin, cungnaṁ deiġriarṫa, cróḋa, lán d'ealaḋan a's de ġnáiṫ-eolas, cungnaṁ daoine do breaṫnóċaḋ ár suḃáilceaċt agus do ṁíneoċaḋ gairḃeaċt ár méinne. Do ṫiocfadaois mar ċoigcríċiḃ aċt do sgarfadaois linn mar ċáirdiḃ tar éis a gcoda do ḃeiṫ aca in ár nguasaiḃ agus ar gcéime d'árduġaḋ. Do b'iad so na neiṫe do ċuireas roṁam agus ní ċum nuaḋ-smaċtóirí do ċur i gceannas, aċt ċum na sean-ċeann do ruagairt. Is ċum na neiṫeaḋ seo do ċur ċum cinn d'iarras caḃair ar an ḃFrainnc, mar dá mba naṁad an Ḟrainnc féin, ní ḟéadfaḋ sí ḃeiṫ níos míosgaisíḋe ná an naṁad atá le ciantaiḃ ag sgríos mo ṫíre."

(Do ċuir an Tiġearna Norbuiri cosg annso leis.)

"Meastar mé a ḃeiṫ coṁ taḋḃaċtaċ sain i ḃfuasglaḋ mo ṫíre go ḃfuil sé curṫa am' leiṫ gur mé cloċ-ċeangail connarṫa na nÉireannaċ, nó féiḋ mar aduḃairt do ṫiġearnas é, corp agus anam na ceannairce. Tugann tú an iomarca ónóra ar fad dam. Tá dualgas an uaċtaráin taḃarṫa agat do'n íoċtarán. Tá daoine ag a ḃfuil cuid innsan an gceannairc seo, agus ní h-é aṁáin go sáruiġid mise aċt go saruiġid do ṁeas mór-is-fiú ort féin a Ṫiġearna. Daoine go sleaċtfainn go h-urmaċ i ḃfiaḋnuise déallra a mór-intinne agus a suḃáilcí, daoine do ṁeasfaḋ iad féin do ḃeiṫ truailliġṫe dá ndéanfadaois aċt baint leo' láiṁ fuil-ṡaluiġṫe."

(Do ċuireaḋ cosg annso leis.)

" An mbeiḋ sé de mío-náire ort, a Tigearna, agus a ráḋ liom agus mé ag triall ar an gcroic, atá gleusta cum mo cuid fola do sgaoileaḋ le fánaig, go h-éagcóraċ ag an tcumaċt foiréigeantaċ úd ná fuil ionnat-sa aċt a ċroċaire eidirmeaḋónaċ, go bfuilim freagartaċ in ar dortaḋ agus in a ndórtpar d'fuil ins an gcomlainn seo ar caoḃ na ndaoine atá faoi géar-smaċt, in agaiḋ a smaċtóiri. A ndéarpar é seo liom agus a gcaiṫfeadsa beiṫ com beagánmannaċ sain agus gan mé féin d'imdíḋean air. Ni fuil eagla orm dul i bfiaḋnuise an breiṫim uile-cumaċtaiġ cum cúnntais do ṫabairt ar mo beaṫaiḋ ó aois go bás dam, agus a ndéanpar cionntaċ mé ag tár-fuigeal so-marḃaċta annso, agus agat sa leis, cé dá mb'féidir é, ar doirtis d'fuil neim-cionntaċ i riṫ do réime mío-ṫróċairiġ do ċur in aon linn amáin, nior beag mar ionad snáim doḋ' Tigearnas é."

(Do ċuir an breiṫeam cosg annso leis.)

"' Ná lámaiḋ aon duine, taréis báis dam, easónóir do ċur am' leiṫ. Ná cuiriḋ aon duine masla ar mo ċuimne ag taḃairt creideamuint go bféadfainn baint do beiṫ agam le h-aon ċúis aċt cúis saoirseaċta agus neam-spleáḋċais mo ṫíre, nó go bféadfaiḋe a ṫaḃairt orm beiṫ lúḃta go h-easgaiḋ ar ṫaoḃ na gcumaċtaċ ag cur mo ṫíre faoi ḋaoir-seaċt agus faoi léan. Cuireann furáileam ár Riaġaltais tamallaiġ ár n-intinni in iúl, agus dá géire agus sgrúdóċar é, ni féidir aon miniugaḋ do ḃaint as go gceadóċamaois mío-ḋaonnaċt nó táirḃeartaċt ag baile, nó daoirseaċt, nó tarcuisne, nó fealltaċt do ṫeaċt ṫar lear. Ni luigfinn faoi ċois an sgriostóra coig-ċríċe de briġ go dtroiḋfinn ar son na ċúise céadna in agaiḋ an sgriostóra coig-ċríċe agus an sgrios-tóra sa baile in árdġradam na saoirseaċta. Do beaḋ namaiḋ mo ṫíre aimsiġte agam ag béal an ċuain agus ni lámfaḋ sé dul nios sia aċt tar-éis fola mo ċroiḋe do sgaoileaḋ liom. Agus mise naċ raiḃ de cúram an tsaoġail orm aċt póirtin ar mo ṫír, agus ar a son gur cuireas mé féin i ngluaisiḃ éaḋa an sgriostóra geurairiġ agus daoirse na h-uaiġe, agus gan uaim aċt a gceart do ḃaint amaċ doṁ' coṁ-ḋuṫċaisiḃ, agus a neam-spleáḋċas doṁ' ṫír. A múċfar le h-iṫiomráiḋ mé agus gan é ceaḋuiġṫe dam mé féin do réiḋteaċ uaiḋ ? Nár leigiḋ Dia a leiṫéiḋ."

(Duḃairt an Tigearna Norḃuiri annso leis gur cuir a smuainte agus a urlabraḋ a muinntir agus a ṫaḃairt suas faoi ḋroċmeas, agus go mór-mór a aċair i Doċtúir Emmet, duine dá mbeaḋ sé 'n-a beaṫaiḋ na reiḋteoċaḋ sé le n-a leiṫéiḋiḋ suḋ de ċuairimiḃ ḋar ḋuġ Emmet freagra.)

Má tá curam ag spioraiḋiḃ na mórmarḃ i ngnóṫaiḃ na buiḋne do b'ionmuin leo san mbeaṫaiḋ so—gluaiste seo, O ! Anam m'aṫar ró-ḋilis, inṫiúċ anuas ar gniomarṫaiḃ do mic atá faoi géar-leanmuin, agus féaċ ar ṫréigeas riam teagasg na subailce agus na tír-ġráḋuiġ-ṫeoireaċta do ċuiris in a luiḋe go cúramaċ ar m'óig-intinn agus ar a son go bfuilim anois ar ti báis d'fagḃáil. Is ró-fada liḃ uaiḃ an iodḃairt, a Tigearnaí, aċt ni fuil an fuil atá com ḋaoriotaċ sain uaiḃ, imiġte i bfuaire fós ó na baoṫ-sgannraḋaiḃ atá casta agaiḃ timċeall an ṫé atá cuiḃriġṫe agaiḃ. Gluaisiġeann an fuil sain, go beo, agus go minréiḋ, tré na féiṫeaċaiḃ do ċruṫaiġ Dia do ċríċiḃ uaisle aċt go bfuiltí lán-ċeapuiġṫe ar a léir-sgrios ar intinniḃ com malluiġṫe sin go n-éiriḋ ar ḋiogaltas Dé. Biḋiḋ foiġdeaċ go fóil, ni mór eile na focail atá agam le ráḋ. Táim ag déanaṁ ar m'uaiġ fuair uaigniġ. Tá lóċrann mo beaṫaḋ naċ mór imtiġṫe in éag. Tá deire lem' rae.

Tá an uaiġ ar leaṫaḋ am' ċomair agus téiḋim go ciuin cum luiḋe n-a h-uċt. Ní fuil aċt aon aṫċuinġe amáin agam le h-iarraiḋ ar imṫeaċt ḋam as an saoġal so. Is í sin ĠAN TRÁĊT AR M'AINM. Ná sgríoḃaiḋ aon ḋuine m'fearṫ-laoi, mar ná lámann aon ḋuine, ḋarab léir m'intinni, iad do ċosnaṁ anois na cáinṫear tré claonṁéinn iad. Fáġtar iadsan agus mise i bfolaċ agus i síṫ agus leaċt m'uaiġe ġan fearṫ-laoi agus mo ċuimhne ar ceal go teaċt na h-aimsire agus na bfear a béas cumasaċ ar mo ċlú do ċeartuġaḋ. An trát beiḋ a h-ionaḋ ceart agam tír ameasg tíorṫa na cruinne, annsain sgríoḃtar m'fear-laoi, agus ní go dtí sain. Atá deire le n-a bfuil le ráḋ agam.

MICHAEL O'BRIEN

WHEN the first issue of the WOLFE TONE ANNUAL appeared twenty-one years ago it bore a striking cover design drawn by a gifted artist who had then been over six years designing the greeting cards and calendars published by Brian O'Higgins. The name of the artist was Michael O'Brien, but it did not appear on the cover design nor on any drawing that ever came from his gifted hand, for he was the most unobtrusive of men, the most devoted to his work for its own sake, the least anxious to gain publicity from it that we have ever known; indeed it was in defiance of his requests and protests that his name was published in the yearly catalogue of B. O'H. Christmas cards and in the pages of the ANNUAL. When he and Brian O'Higgins met as publisher and artist in 1925 he revealed the fact that although then unknown to each other they had stood shoulder to shoulder in O'Connell Street, Dublin, on the sad day of the surrender after the Rising of 1916 and had advanced together into the middle of the street to lay down their arms. For twenty-six years their combined work—the verses of the poet made lovely by the designs and scribework of the artist—have gone all over the world, bringing joy to Irish hearts and adding lustre to the name of Ireland.

For twenty-one years the genius of Michael O'Brien has enhanced the prestige of the WOLFE TONE ANNUAL, and even the cover design of this present issue was drawn by him a little while before death claimed him last autumn and left art and Ireland bereft of a loving and gifted son.

He worked in the true tradition of the monastic scribes of Ireland's Golden Age and was so tireless, so enthusiastically devoted to and in love with his art that he left hundreds of beautiful drawings that will keep his memory green for many a long year to come. He loved Ireland and served her cause faithfully, untiringly, unselfishly throughout his life without thought or expectation of distinction or reward and desired her freedom as passionately as any man who has lived and died for her sake. Among the lovers of her 'dear dark head,' among the brave soldiers of freedom who were his comrades, among the gentle and gifted ones of long ago who gave to the world her priceless Books and MSS, may his place be in Heaven to-day and forever!

THEY LOVE TO GET IT

If the readers could see the letters that reach this office from people of Irish birth or descent abroad who have come by chance on old copies of the ANNUAL, they would send a copy of the present issue to every friend or relative whose address overseas is known to them. The exiles who write to us say they love to get the ANNUAL—that it is like the voice of Ireland calling to them and giving them inspiration and pleasure. We are glad to get orders to send copies abroad. For 2/6 a copy of the present issue will be sent to any address overseas and a greeting card enclosed bearing the sender's name. Please write names and addresses clearly and send to Brian O'Higgins, 38 Upper O'Connell Street, Dublin.

THE STORY OF ANNE DEVLIN

1

DR. R. R. Madden, the chief historian of the United Irishmen, has introduced into his book opinions and theories that many Irish separatists dispute, but he has left Ireland under a lasting debt to him for his great and meritorious work. For one deed alone we must be forever grateful to him. He rescued Anne Devlin from oblivion, even though too late to give her the comfort and freedom from care that were her due even in this life. For forty long years, the full story of which God alone knows, she who had been reared in the midst of plenty, with sunshine and pure air and green fields for her delight, existed in the direst poverty in Dublin's poorest lanes and alleys, toiling unceasingly, very often sick and hungry, unheeded and unknown where, had Emmet succeeded, she would have received the highest honours a liberated people could give her. Dr. Madden was collecting materials for his memoir of Robert Emmet, and one day in 1842, he was directed to a poor old washer-woman, Mrs. Campbell, living in a miserable hovel in a stable-yard off John's Lane beside Thomas Street in Dublin. He did not know her maiden name until he had been for some time asking her questions about 1803 and the men who were so long dead or in exile. At the mention of Robert Emmet her poor, old, careworn, hardship-lined face became aglow as if with the long-quenched light of youth and, little by little, the kind and patient historian drew from the recesses of her mind an invaluable store of information about the young leader she loved and those associated with him in the attempt that failed but that was so very near to being the greatest success of centuries. He brought her out to the house in Butterfield Lane taken by Emmet solely for the purpose of privacy in the enterprise he had in hands, an ordinary house in a quiet locality where he and those nearest to him could live and where others could come unnoticed to confer with him. It was near the green acres held by Brian Devlin, a dairy farmer who had given loyal service to the Republic of Ireland in '98. That is how Anne Devlin came to be one of Emmet's helpers, one of his most loyal comrades and most devoted friends and his confidential messenger to Sarah Curran. Anne and Rosie Hope, the brave and fearless wife of Jemmy Hope, the Ulster patriot, ran the house in Butterfield Lane, and when the poor old woman from a Dublin stable-yard entered it again after forty years, it was as if young Anne Devlin had risen from the dead and revisited the scenes of her youth. The place was intended to be but a temporary residence during the months of preparation for the Rising, so only mattresses were provided for the sleeping rooms and as little furniture as possible. Writes Madden in his memoir, describing the visit he and Anne Devlin paid to Butterfield Lane in 1843 :—" The lady of the house, in whom I discovered an acquaintance, left us in no doubt on the subject of the locality—we were in the house that had been tenanted by Robert Emmet. The scene that ensued is one more easily conceived than described. We were conducted over the house —my aged companion at first in silence, and then as if slowly awakening from a dream, rubbing her dim eyes, and here and there pausing for some moments when she came to some recognised spot. On the ground floor she pointed out a small room, on the left-hand of the entrance. 'That's the room where Mr. Dowdall and Mr. Hamilton used to sleep.' . . . 'This,' she said, pointing again, 'was my room. I know it well. My mattress used to be in that corner.' There was one place, every corner and cranny of which she seemed to have a familiar acquaintance with, and that was the kitchen. On the upper floor, the principal bedroom at the present time attracted her particular attention. She stood for some time gazing into the room from the doorway. I asked her whose room it had been. It was a good while before I got an answer in words, but her trembling hands, and the few tears which came from a deep source, and spoke of sorrow of an old date, left no necessity to repeat that question. It was the room of Robert Emmet." She spoke then of Thomas Russell and of the others who used to stay and come there, but always her thoughts and her words came back to him she venerated, and her voice

trembled with an overpowering emotion when she spoke of him. "At the rear of the house, in the courtyard," continues Madden, "she pointed out the spot where she had undergone the punishment of half-hanging, and while she did so there was no appearance of emotion, such at least as one might expect recalled terror might produce, but there was very evident manifestations of another kind, of as lively a remembrance of the wrongs and outrages inflicted on her, as if they had been endured but the day before, and of as keen a sense of those indignities and cruelties, as if her cowardly assailants had been before her, and those withered hands of hers had power to grapple with them."

2

No wonder Anne Devlin had bitter as well as sad memories when she stood once more, after a lapse of forty years, in the spot where she had tasted the dregs of British humanity and chivalry. A few days after Emmet's Rising had failed, a swarm of redcoats surrounded Butterfield House. They burst in the doors and tramped through the rooms. They wanted "Mr. Ellis"—the name under which Emmet had become a tenant of the place. They found only one calm, fearless, unarmed girl—Anne Devlin herself. They surrounded her and with ribald words and shouted imprecations and bullying threats demanded information as to his whereabouts. To all their questions she made but one reply:—"I have nothing to tell; I'll tell nothing." Some say the notorious "Major" Sirr was in charge of the uniformed ruffians; others merely state that they were brought there by a magistrate. When threats and wheedling produced no result, the soldiers, if they can be given such a name, advanced their bayonets slowly until the points were at the brave girl's neck and shoulders and bosom. "Where has he gone?" asked the brute in command. "I'll tell nothing," came the calm, courageous answer. He made a motion. The bayonets were further advanced. They entered the girl's flesh. She was covered from head to foot with her own blood, but she still remained silent and apparently unconcerned, though her heart was bursting and her anguished, unspoken prayers sped to Heaven. "If you do not tell us where he has gone we will hang you." "I have nothing to tell," murmured poor Anne Devlin in her agony. "Tilt up that cart, men. We'll soon show her what happens to those who shelter traitors." They tilted back a common cart until the shafts were standing high in the air. Then they drew a rope across the chain or backband that stretched from shaft to shaft. On one end of the rope they made a noose which they slipped over the girl's head and tightened about her neck, while the blood from a dozen wounds still ran down her body. "Once more we ask you to tell us where the traitor is that we seek." "I will tell nothing," cried the choking Anne. "Up with her then!" They pulled the rope which became taut about her neck. "*A Thighearna Iosa, déan trócaire orm!*" gasped Anne Devlin as she went unconquered to her death; and the next moment she lost consciousness as her body was lifted off the ground and swung between the shafts of her father's cart. For a minute it swayed there, and then the ruffian in authority gave a sign and the rope was slackened. Her body fell to the ground and lay there as if dead. But Anne was still alive, and no word about Emmet had passed her lips. She was thrown across a horse's back and brought into Dublin. When she recovered consciousness and was able to speak she was interrogated by Sirr and then by Trevor, the immoral, unprincipled scoundrel who, as doctor and inspector of prisons, ruled over Kilmainham Jail, with complete and absolute authority over every other official. Threats and torture having failed to extract even one word from the heroic girl, they tried another of their methods and judging her by themselves and their ilk, were almost sure it would be successful. They offered her £500 (a big sum in those days) and a promise of absolute secrecy as to where they got the information, if she would only tell them what she knew about Emmet and where he went when he left Butterfield House. It was only then they began to realise the strength and fidelity, the dignity and might of Irish womanhood. They who were the vilest and most venal of the venal and the vile, and who had been trafficking for years with the scum of humanity, could not believe that one who seemed a poor, simple, untutored peasant

girl, would scorn their sordid bribe as she had scorned the coward's bayonet and the hangman's rope. In words that poured from her indignant heart like molten fire she let them know what she thought of them and their gold. She had told them nothing, she would tell them nothing, she scorned and defied their cowardly brutality and their insulting suggestion that she should sell the honour of her people for money; and her words were so biting that the hardened scoundrels fled from them in confusion, utterly discomfited and defeated. They had met and been overthrown by the spirit of unconquered Ireland, housed in the heart and mind of an Irish girl. But they had other tortures in store for her.

3

Her father and mother and all the members of her family, with the exception of one boy and one girl who happened to be staying with relatives, were arrested and flung into jail. Trevor of Kilmainham vented his spleen on all of them and actually caused the death of the youngest child, a little boy who was tortured by him for the purpose of torturing Anne. The little lad was with his father in Kilmainham at a time when Anne was in the old Newgate Jail at Cornmarket. He contracted fever and while in the worst stage of it Trevor ordered him out of his father's cell one night, on some pretext or other, and made him walk the whole mile in the cold and rain to the old prison. He died very soon after, and many of the prisoners accused Trevor of killing him. This "sleek old ruffian," as Anne Devlin called him, was able to produce affidavits and statements signed and sworn to by his creatures in both prisons to prove that he had done his best for the boy, and that it was the humane desire to have him near his sister that urged him to transfer the lad from one prison to the other. Anne had borne her own sufferings with calmness and fortitude, but this act of savage cruelty drove her almost insane, and she could not bear the sight of Trevor, whose slimy face provoked her to say things she would rather have left unsaid. Trevor pretended one day that he had begun to fear for her health and gave orders that she was to have exercise in the prison yard. When the door was opened, whom should she see walking rapidly up and down the yard but Robert Emmet himself! Her woman's intuition told her in a flash that they were to be purposely brought face to face so that there would be mutual recognition, while Trevor and his turnkeys and touts watched from the windows overlooking the yard. Up and down, over and back they went for some time, until at last Anne saw that they were about to meet. At the right moment she flashed a warning look to him, with a frown on her face and a finger on her lips. He took the hint and passed by as if they were perfect strangers; but she saw the flickering smile that came across his face, and the light that gleamed for a moment in his worried eyes, and she was glad for his sake that Trevor's plot had failed. She was at once ordered to her cell, and there was no more exercise or fresh air for her for many a long day.

It was not until Pitt died in 1806 and there was a change in the British Administration in Ireland that Anne Devlin and her people and the other prisoners were released from Kilmainham and Newgate. Brian Devlin's business was ruined and he and his family were thrown upon the world, with many a powerful hand raised against them, and those who would succour them if they could, as broken and impoverished as themselves. Never thinking for one moment that she was a heroine, the best and noblest in all the land, worthy of all consideration and all honour, Anne Devlin began her battle with hunger and want and poverty, which lasted for more than forty years. She was the same age as Emmet himself, so that when Dr. Madden discovered her and made known her story she must have been about sixty-six years of age, but made ten years older by hardship and hunger. Madden was a most kind and charitable man, and though he does not say so, he must have helped her out of his own modest store. He made an appeal for her in the papers of the time, but it seems to have fallen on deaf ears. Madden himself, Edward Kennedy (Miles Byrne's brother-in-law) and Father Meehan, the Young Ireland patriot and historian, appear to be the only ones who did anything

for her at any time, and what they did was little, because she died in extreme poverty. Madden was away out of Ireland from time to time, and in September, 1851, on his return from the Continent, he went to see how Anne Devlin was faring, but could find no trace of her for a long time. He kept on searching, and the result of his efforts is described thus in a letter to the *Nation* newspaper of September 27, 1851 :—

"Four years ago an appeal was made in the *Nation* on behalf of Anne Devlin, which was in some small degree responded to—very, very inadequately, however. Afterwards we lost sight of her entirely. So, it seems, did others of her friends, until it was too late. But last week, a gentleman who always took the warmest interest in this noble creature, was informed that she was still living in a miserable garret at No. 2 Little Elbow Lane, a squalid alley running from the Coombe to Pimlico. On this day week he sought that wretched abode ; but she had died two days previously, and had been buried in Glasnevin on the preceding day. A young woman, with an ill-fed infant in her arms, apparently steeped in poverty, but kindly and well-mannered, in whose room Anne Devlin had lodged, said :—'The poor creature, God rest her, it's well for her she's dead. There was a coffin got from the Society for her, and she was buried yesterday.' To the inquiry, what complaint she had died of, the answer was :—'She was old and weak, indeed, but *she died mostly of want.* She had a son, but he was not able to do much for her, except now and then to pay her lodging, which was fivepence a week. He lived away from her, and so did her daughter, who was a poor widow, and was hard enough set to get a living herself. About ten or twelve days ago a gentleman (she believed of the name of Meehan) called there and gave the old woman something. Only for this she would not have lived as long as she did. She was very badly off, not only for food, but for bed-clothes. Nearly all the rags she had to cover her went, at one time or another, to get a morsel of bread.'"

Think of it ! During the years before the Famine, while thousands of pounds were being squandered on Repeal banquets, while O'Connell was thundering forth his denunciation of Tone and Emmet and all who stood with them for Ireland's weal, while tens of thousands of pounds of "Repeal Rent" were being subscribed for the upkeep of the crowd of parasites who swarmed about O'Connell by the faithful, too-confiding poor who would gladly have come to Anne Devlin's aid had they been told her story, the noblest woman of our race was dying slowly of starvation in a Dublin slum ! She was buried in the pauper part of Glasnevin Cemetery, but Dr. Madden had her remains rescued from that unmarked spot and placed in a grave a little way beyond where the Republican Plot now is, and had a monument erected above her dust, bearing this inscription :—

TO THE MEMORY OF ANNE DEVLIN (CAMPBELL),
THE FAITHFUL SERVANT OF ROBERT EMMET,
WHO POSSESSED SOME RARE AND NOBLE QUALITIES ;
WHO LIVED IN OBSCURITY AND POVERTY, AND SO DIED,
THE 18TH DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1851,
AGED 70 YEARS.

The inscription erred on the side of modesty, but we must be grateful to the kind-hearted man who caused it to be erected, and who rescued Anne Devlin's name and deed from oblivion. But even he who saw and spoke to her and knew all her story, did not realise how great she was. In the midst of his praise of her he refers to her as "this poor creature of plebian origin" and "this low-born woman"—she, the niece of Michael Dwyer with the blood of proud Wicklow chieftains in her veins !—and other writers have shown their ignorance as well as their snobbishness by writing of her in similar terms. A well-known Irish-American writer, Louise Imogen Guiney, author of many books, including one on Robert Emmet, speaks of great Anne Devlin as "a peasant wench," and some who have gone deeply into the history of the period and wasted a lot of ink on ill-bred English tools in high places, hardly refer to her at all. Perhaps it is as well, for some of them could never understand the nobility of character and blood which preferred torture, imprisonment, life-long poverty and a pauper's death to wealth and dishonour.

THE MARTYR'S TRIUMPH

Oh haste, in mercy shroud it o'er, that so we may not see
The changes wrought on that young face by Death's last agony :
We, who in hope and pride and life, so lately saw it glow,
How could we bear to look upon those tortured features now ?
Hide, hide the pale and ghastly head from yonder weeping throng,
And let remembrance paint him yet, the beautiful, the strong.

But stay—is *this* what we would veil from friend's and country's sight ?
Why, 'tis a type of victory, and shines with prophet light !
No cloud upon the tranquil brow tells of the pangs he bore—
His lips yet wear the gentle smile that oft in life they wore—
Round the dark eyes no darker shade than their own fringe hath crept—
Well might we deem in peaceful sleep our slaughtered hero slept.

And yet it was a bitter death, a death of pain and strife
That stilled the voice we loved to hear, and quenched the brave young life:
And never more our hearts shall thrill, as pressing to his side
We listened when he traced our path of duty and of pride,
And, as the latent fire flashed out from those deep thoughtful eyes
Told of our Island's glories passed—her future destinies.

There lies the ' Traitor,'—saw ye e'er a traitor look so blest ?
Fierce was the ordeal he endured, yet he hath stood the test,
No sign of guilt to Earth or Heaven was stamped by death's rude shock.
Thus can a noble soul defy the scaffold and the block !
Draw near, ye people, freely gaze, and in this awful hour
Accept an omen, and behold how weak is tyrant power !

Success hath seldom crowned a cause however true and good
Until it hath been sanctified by martyr's holy blood,
And never from a purer source was that libation shed
Than from *his* heart who numbers now with Eire's sainted dead.
Oh Irishmen !—by that red stream that gushes where ye stand
Trust in the life-like oracle—hope for the martyr's land !

Ethne.

ANNE DEVLIN'S LAMENT FOR EMMET

My heart's blood was yours, my love was the same,
And would my soul had flown to God before the trouble came.
Ah, would 'twere mine to slumber within the narrow bed,
And you in youth and glory to be marching overhead !

A bhuachaill dheas, 'tis lonely and old now am I,
Around me the shadows all day darkly lie,
My weary nights are haunted by dreams—*'Mhuire's truagh !*
Of the sweet maid whose loving heart broke for love of you.

A LOVELY HOUSE BLESSING

In response to oft-repeated requests Brian O'Higgins has issued a very lovely House Blessing in verse, with Celtic border printed in five brilliant colours and mounted on a strong, stiff board with transparent covering of washable, unbreakable material. Price 3/6 ; by post 3/8 from Brian O'Higgins, 38 Upper O'Connell Street, Dublin.

On the brown hearthery hills no danger lurked I ween,
With Wicklowmen to guard you, and pikes bristling keen ;
But her eyes drew you forth from their sheltering care
For a kiss from her red lips, a curl from her hair.

The rose left her cheek, the brave eyes grew dim,
She drained the bitter cup of sorrow to the brim,
When that sad September noon saw your young head lie low.
And the dawn of Ireland shrouded in a dark cloud of woe.

I had died for you gladly, my courage never quailed
When their swords pierced my bosom, their wild threats assailed :
Nor did their prison torture win from me a single tear :
That memory of grief and pain would fade if you were here.

May Christ give you peace in your nameless biding-place ;
Sleep soft, my withered flower, nor weep for your disgrace.
The Mother bows beneath her chains, her harp-song is dumb,
She pines among her sighing reeds until the victor come.

O, had the cruel spoiler spared your young dark head,
The tramp of your United hosts had waked the very dead,
The shouts of your triumph had thundered to the sky ;
But alas ! and alas ! in the cold grave you lie.

ETHNA CARBERY.

THE DEATH OF EMMET

(Written for the Emmet Centenary, 1903)

SEE ! there within the heart of Dublin City
That silent throng of people waiting—why ?
Because a noble youth—O tale of pity !
Comes forth to-day a felon's death to die.

He saw his country scourged and bruised and beaten,
And trampled down, a butt for brutal scorn ;
Because he tried her sorrow-draught to sweeten,
In manhood's budding strength he dies this morn..

And gathered closely there with placid faces
And fireless, gaping eyes, to see him fall—
To see his bright hopes crushed in Death's embraces—
Are they the slaves he strove to free from thrall.

Hush ! here he comes, with step that does not falter,
With fearless gaze and proudly-arching brow,
A noble offering he for Freedom's altar !
But ye who watch ! where is your manhood now ?

Why tender not your hearts to anger's leading
And dash, like wind-lashed waves, upon that crew
Who back and forth like fiends accurst, are speeding
In joy, because they've hellish work to do ?

What matter tho' he's hedged around by foemen ?
A people's will is mightier than the sea.
What ! fear ye then those black-souled coward Yeomen ?
Ah ! sad his fate who dies for such as ye !

The hour has struck ! The kingly head is bending ;
The longing eyes look wistfully around ;
Great God ! and shall it come—the cruel ending,
And shall he die like this—in fetters bound ?

O, if 'twere where the battle-flame was sweeping,
Above the rush and roar and din of strife,
Where angry men, 'gainst lines of foemen leaping,
Avenged the wrongs of sire and maid and wife!

But here to die, 'mid foes exultant, jeering—
His work undone, his country still in chains.
Hark! hears he not the sound of distant cheering?
He feels the fire of Freedom in his veins!

Mo bhrón! mo bhrón! not so, 'tis fancy only—
Some woman's wail, perhaps some pitying moan
For him who faces death unarmed and lonely,
Who fights the last great fight of all—alone.

The hour has struck! His star of life is paling,
But still the hope-flush lives upon his cheeks,
He looks around, that eagle eye unquailing,
And as the Empire's blow would fall, he speaks—

"Not yet," he says, "Not yet; I am not ready."
His longing gaze is fixed upon the street,
His heart is throbbing now with beat unsteady,
He listens for the sound of rushing feet.

"Not yet, not yet," once more the words are spoken,
And while they come upon each gasping breath,
The blow is struck! The brave, proud heart is broken;
The noble spirit stilled in endless death.

A leering brute stoops down a moment later
And raises up the ghastly, bleeding head;
"Behold," he cries, "the fate of every traitor;
Ha! Ha! the dogs have wine that's rich and red!"

And ye who came with hasty footsteps thronging,
Who round the block in rageless silence stood,
Who knew his heart for Freedom's light was longing,
And saw him die—that dogs might lap his blood!

Go! hide your heads in guilty shame unending,
And see that blood-stained form before your eyes;
Nor time, nor change, nor storms the wide earth rending,
Shall stifle in your hearts his anguish cries.

But come it will—the patriot's vindication,
And men shall rise to blot out every stain,
To win back life and strength to Emmet's Nation,
To tear from off her limbs the thraldom chain.

Some day guilt receives its own red wages,
And if *we* fail to pay back every debt;
There's One Who rules o'er all, thro' all the ages,
And He remembers well—if we forget.

BRIAN NA BANBAN.

EMMET

A MAN was hanged in Thomas Street more than a hundred years ago,
Where then was stilled his young heart's beat our feet to-day pass to and fro;
They swung his severed head on high, his blood upon the stones was red,
And now, these hundred years gone by, we voice again the words he said.

A traitor to the British King—thank God, this hour, we're traitors too
Who've flung our challenge in the ring and dared what British might could do,
We dealt their armies blow for blow and fought them on our native sod,
And taught all subject lands to know and follow in the name of God.

They hanged a man in Thomas Street, a young man swept by high desire,
Who laid his life at Ireland's feet inflamed by Freedom's beckoning fire.
They killed his body but his soul, a living torch, flowed on to set
The drumbeats of the world aroll where thrall and tyrant since have met.

They laughed, the fools who thrust him down, for fools must laugh as fools they are
And knew not that in Ireland's sky they'd set a never dying star;
They knew not that in distant lands where brown backs shrank from British whips
There yet would be fierce battle brands inspired by Emmet's dying lips.

They laughed, the fools, but Easter Week flung back that laughter from the guns
That set all Ireland's sod areek with vengeance by her patriot sons,
And Aughrim's plain flashed into flame and Wicklow's mountains pealed again
When he who died in Thomas Street led on his wakened countrymen.

A man was hanged in Thomas Street, on Ireland's fruitful gallows tree,
And lo, we hear the marching feet of all men daring to be free.
We know not where his body lies, his epitaph is still unwrit,
But dawnlight flaming in our eyes points out in fire the road to it.

TERESA BRAYTON.

EMMET AND TONE

THE bravest heart that ever beat,
In sympathy for Ireland's Fate,
Was drained of life in Thomas Street,
Just five years after 'Ninety-Eight,

When despotism wanting room
To trample on a Nation's soul,
Sent Emmet to a bloody doom
Upon his march to Freedom's goal.

But Ireland still shall breathe a sigh—
To Emmet's love she lives in debt—
And some there are would learn to die
'Ere proud devotion we forget.

Oh; Tone and Emmet, guard you well
'The young Republic on its way.'
Preserve the Cause for which you fell,
And those who shield its hopes to-day.

For foes within and foes without
Would crush its true defenders still;
Pray then we live to see the rout
Of greed and hate by native will.

To see the men who toil and sweat
No matter what their creed may be,
The masters and real owners yet
In that fair land you died to free.

HILLSIDER.

THE UNWRITTEN EPITAPH

FAR more than death or any pain of dying
He feared degenerate days,
When men above the grave, where he is lying
Should come in throngs to gaze,
Heedless of Eire in her fetters sighing
And idly read his praise :

And reading say, 'Such love and valour blended
Availed for Ireland naught,
Then how can we by victory be attended
Where he in vain hath wrought ?
Nay, with this noblest victim strife hath ended,
Be Peace hereafter sought.'

But no ! whilst Ireland enslaved and fettered
In shameful bondage lies,
The voice that bade us leave that stone unlettered
Throughout the ages cries :
Till England's strongholds in the land are shattered,
Demanding sacrifice.

This his appeal whose heart was Ireland's solely :
Hear him ! he died for you,
Hear him ! he fell in Freedom's battle holy
When Freedom's friends were few.
His voice, oh, Irishmen ! ye high or lowly,
Is calling unto you !

To work—in bonds of brotherhood uniting,
Till Victory's certain year :
To wait the sunburst o'er the ocean smiting,
And oh ! the Dawn is near !
And in the dawn, by freemen's hands a writing
To have engraven here.

ALICE MILLIGAN.

ROBERT EMMET

WHEN the cold wind of Winter blew
Its biting way across the land,
Above the streets of Dublin town
I saw the shade of Emmet stand.

He marked the ruins of the place
Where, raised by the undaunted few
Who held involate his faith,
The 'rebel' flag of Easter flew.

He saw each well-remembered street,
Where 'rebel' rifles grandly gleamed,
And thrilled to know that once again
The soul of Ireland stood redeemed.

Aye, stood redeemed from foreign thrall,
From foreign smear and foreign stain ;
And Emmet smiled, because he saw
His sacrifice was not in vain.

PETER GOLDEN.

ROBERT EMMET

In Dublin City one Steptember day—
Ah me, how fast a hundred years will run!—
A dastard deed in Thomas Street was done,
A deed whose memory hath not passed away;
For there, begirt by troopers in array,
Upon a ghastly scaffold in the sun,
Young Emmet, Ireland's beloved one,
Went forth the forfeit of his life to pay!

Dead, aye, he's dead. A century of years
Have dropped their blossoms on his grave since then.
Have made the grasses green above his head.
And yet not dead. Let us forget our fears;
No martyr like to him *can* die while men
Have hearts to feel; or women tears to shed!

DENIS A. MACCARTHY.

THE CALL OF EMMET

THE enemies of Ireland thought they had quenched the fire of Irish Nationality when they spilled the blood of Robert Emmet and his splendid comrades in a Dublin street and killed Thomas Russell at Downpatrick a little time later, but instead they had only nurtured it and made it more enduring than ever. Day by day, and year by year, as a proper understanding of him grew in their minds the memory of Emmet became dearer and more inspiring to the people for whom he

nad gladly given his life, and less than fifty years later, under his inspiration and the inspiration of Wolfe Tone, the same old crime of trying to drive the foreign robber out of Ireland by force of arms was being committed again. It failed, and John Mitchel was carried away in chains out of Dublin that had allowed Robert Emmet to be killed in broad daylight in one of her streets, without even an attempt being made to save him. Again it was not the people who were to blame, but those whom they had chosen as their leaders and who would not strike the right blow at the right time. Then followed the usual slanders and dragooning and "pacification" and all the rest of England's stock-in-trade, but it was no use. It was wasted on the foolish, incurable people of Ireland, who all the time kept looking back to that gibbet in Thomas Street, and the brave, lonely figure standing so upright and so fearless upon it, and again they had their dreams of breaking out of bondage. And so in 1867 we find them making another attempt, but this time they went out of Dublin instead of staying in it, and what chance had they out there on the snow-covered hills, while the grinning head of the monster remained intact upon his shoulders here in the citadel of his power? They failed, and many went into exile, and Allen, Larkin and O'Brien joined Emmet and Russell and McCracken and Tone and Fitzgerald and all who walked the hard way of death because of the great love of Ireland that was in their hearts.

One of those who had thrown their lives at Ireland's feet in '67 was a young man named John Boyle O'Reilly, and England hated him so much and so feared his influence that she condemned him to perpetual exile from the shores of the country he so foolishly regarded as his Motherland, and whose liberation he had tried to purchase at the price of his life. England banished him as she banished and tortured O'Donovan Rossa and many another, but he carried the spirit and message of Emmet into a far country, and on March 4th, 1878, his voice went out across a great Continent as he stood beside an uncarved stone in a cemetery in Boston and spoke the message of Emmet in these golden words:

"Tear down the crepe from the column! Let the shaft stand white and fair!

Be silent the wailing music—there is no death in the air!
We come not in plaint or sorrow, no tears may dim our sight;
We dare not weep o'er the epitaph we have not dared to write.

Come hither with glowing faces, the sire, the youth and the child;
This grave is a shrine for reverent hearts and hands that are undefiled;
Its ashes are inspiration; it giveth us strength to bear,
And sweepeth away dissension, and nerveth the will to dare.

In the midst of the tombs a gravestone, and written thereon no word!
And behold! at the head of the grave, a gibbet, a torch and a sword!

And the people kneel by the gibbet, and pray by the nameless stone
For the torch to be lit, and the name to be writ, and the sword's red work to be done!

Richest of gifts to a nation! Death with the living crown!
Type of ideal manhood to the people's heart brought down!
Fount of the hopes we cherish, test of the things we do;
Gorgon's face for the traitor, talisman for the true!

Sweet is the love of a woman, and sweet is the kiss of a child;
Sweet is the tender strength and the bravery of the mild;
But sweeter than all, for embracing all, is the young life's peerless price—
The young heart laid on the altar, as a nation's sacrifice.

This was the gift he offered, the upright life he gave,
This is the silent sermon of the patriot's nameless grave,
Shrine of a nation's honour, stone left blank for a name,
Light on the dark horizon to guide us clear from shame;

Chord struck deep with the keynote, telling us what can save—
"A nation among the nations," or forever a nameless grave.
Such is the will of the martyr, the burden we still must bear;
But even from death he reaches the legacy to share.

He teaches the secret of manhood, the watchword of those who aspire,
That men must follow freedom though it lead through blood and fire;
That sacrifice is the bitter draught which freeman still must quaff,
That every patriotic life is the patriot's epitaph!"

In the squalour and shame and pettiness of thirty years of degenerate party politics the name of Robert Emmet was bandied about by one side and by the other, but his motives and his ideal and his methods were almost forgotten, and men who lay in jail because they had remembered all three were only thought of as pawns in a disgusting game for place and profit; but this could not last always, because the spirit of Emmet, which is the spirit of Irish Nationality, cannot be stifled for long, and it began to move in men's hearts once more. Some of those who had been cast into England's jails because they had dared to remember Emmet, came out as untamed as ever—men like Tom Clarke and John Daly and others—and they joined with younger men, like Pearse and Connolly and Plunkett and McDermott and McBride and Ceannt and MacDonagh and their comrades, and they thought and planned and dreamed and spoke soberly and calmly about taking up Robert Emmet's unfinished task and of carrying it to completion. The best hearts in Ireland gathered about them and began to train themselves in humility and unselfishness and discipline and a true understanding of all that Emmet strove and died for. It was Emmet's plan they studied, it was Emmet's message they carried from end to end of Ireland, it was to Tone and Emmet they turned

for guidance and inspiration, and it was to Emmet the glad heart of resurgent Ireland spoke at a mighty Commemoration in the Dublin Mansion House on March 4th, 1916 :

"Robert Emmet ! Robert Emmet !
In your lonely, nameless tomb,
Do you see the light of morning
Breaking through the long night's gloom?
Do you feel the heart of Eire
Throbbing high with hope and pride
That she thought were dead for ever
On the dreary day you died ?

Robert Emmet ! Robert Emmet !
When the tyrant struck you down
In the springtime of your manhood
In the heart of Dublin town ;
When she gave the dogs your life-blood,
When she mocked your dying moan,
Did she think the power of Emmet
Was for all time overthrown ?

Did she think the murdered patriot
Has no strength within the grave ?
That his spirit speeds no message
To the leal and strong and brave ?
That his voice can send no slogan
Through the dark and gloomy night ?
That his name can rouse no memories,
Set no vengeance fires alight ?

Robert Emmet ! Robert Emmet !
We have watched and waited long,
We have borne in slave-like patience
Many a wound and many a wrong ;
We have seen our hopes defeated,
We have seen our martyrs die,
But our Mother's Day is dawning,
England's hour of doom is nigh !

Robert Emmet ! Robert Emmet !
Soldiers soon shall chant your name,
As they drive the power of England
From our shores in fear and shame.
O, your eyes will glow with gladness
On that morn so soon to be,
When your epitaph is written
In a land for ever free ! "

Six weeks later the shame of Robert Emmet's lonely death was washed out in blood in Dublin City when a handful of men and women made a brave attempt to put his plan into execution and to realise his dream. The attempt did not succeed, although it went far further than his, and the same reasons were responsible for its failure. The conditions were almost the same as in Emmet's day. England was in the throes of a European war, her garrison in Ireland was small, and a bold attack on her strongholds in Dublin would have been followed by a Rising all over the country, had it not been prevented in the same way that the Kildare-men were kept from coming into Dublin in 1803. Men in responsible positions proved unfitted for them and unworthy of them then as in Emmet's day, and the result was material failure but spiritual triumph that lifted this country up to heights of exaltation that inspired every struggling people in the world. That fight lighted to a flame the spark of patriotism in thousands of Irish hearts and saved our nation from decay. Kevin Barry and his comrades followed Robert Emmet through the shadows of death, Terence MacSwiney and Erskine Childers and Cathal Brugha and Liam Mellows and their comrades trod the same hallowed way and lifted up again the mother's heart that had been almost broken by weakness and treachery and greed. And the end is not yet. From '98 to 1803, from 1803 to '48, from '48 to '67, from '67 to 1916, from 1916 to 1922, from 1922 to the present day, the torch has been handed on, undimmed and glowing, and some day, sooner or later, it will illumine all the land with its radiance, and light the soldiers of freedom to victory.

For that day we should pray and hope and prepare, trusting in the God of Battles and in the justice of our cause, keeping our lives and our actions worthy of the sacred heritage that has been handed down to us untarnished, from generation to generation, clinging steadfastly, stubbornly, uncompromisingly to the teaching of our unconquered dead, and refusing to be drawn aside from our purpose and ideal by the tempting voices of expediency or of present-day materialism. If we are faithful to the ideals of our holy dead, there is no power on earth or in hell that can hinder for ever the realisation of Robert Emmet's dream.

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