

ROBERT EMMET

NATURE'S NOBLEMAN
By BRANDON TYNAN

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
The first chapter, published last Sunday, depicted a scene in the house of Emmet, where he and a few brother patriots had gathered to discuss the evening after Emmet's expulsion from Trinity for irreconcilable language. Major Sir breaks into the party on the pretense of searching for a fugitive patriot. Spy Noonan, posing as the fugitive Michael Dwyer, tells, without exaggeration, of the scandalous and brutal conduct of the soldiers in Wicklow, and Robert Emmet, before the gathering breaks up, vows his life and his fortune to the redress of his country's wrongs.

CHAPTER VI.

Villainy's Homage to Honor.

ON an evening three years later Richard Lacey was putting the finishing touches to his toilet before a large mirror in his house in Harold's Cross, when a servant knocked and announced that Noonan wished to see him.

"Let him come in," said the master of the house. "Show him into the parlor. I'll be there presently."

"I can't wait for that now, Mister Lacey!" cried the visitor, who had followed the servant to the door.

"What do you mean, sir, by this eaves-dropping?"

"Just manness, that gets to be second nature wit' the likes o' me and you."

"Class me with yourself? I'd scorn to touch the paltry blood money that satisfies you?"

"Oh, yes—you're the big raschal, sure enough. Indeed, it's me couldn't do what you're goin' to do this evenin'."

"What's that?"

"Coort Miss Curran."

"Ha, ha, ha! The idea of your going a-courting, with that face! But how did you find that out?"

"Oh, thrust me—"

"Trust you!"

"But, Mister Lacey, that's nayther here nor there, as the man said o' the willy-wisp—under—orders from Major Sir to get your opinion at once on everything that needs the gentleman's fine touch. I brought you this letter that Quigley took out o' Mister Emmet's pocket in the Marshalset Lane rebel depot this mornin'. It's addressed, I see, to T. A. Emmet, in Brussels—wherever that is—but this much I can tell ye if ye don't know it—T. A. is Thomas Addis, his brother, that I had transported to Scotland in '98, an' he's hand in glove wit' Napoleon since the government let him an' others go out o' the country."

Lacey tore open the envelope and read the letter. As he neared the end his eyes widened, he bent over the paper as if he would devour it, and trembled in his eagerness.

"Ha!" he cried, reading aloud: "In obedience to the instructions given by the committee in Paris, I am organizing and preparing, and by autumn Napoleon will be ready for the invasion. As you advise, I can join him with 100,000 armed Irishmen."

"Above all things let the committee persist now in keeping the First Consul to his agreement to insist on no other return for his services than the friendly alliance of a free Ireland. Your loving brother,
ROBERT EMMET."

"I can arrest him tonight," said Noonan. "That clinches it, as the priest said when the husband kissed the bride."

"Stupid!" cried Lacey. "Don't you see how one little word will add value to this. Let the committee not persist, then we have on our hands not a mere patriot—Ireland is full of them—but a tool of Napoleon betraying his country to France. Treason twice over!"

"That might be awful, when it makes one feel so mane to have one attack of it, like we have. I often wonder, Mister Lacey, how you seem to be this way. Yer people was decent, an' brought ye up right. Sure, I was never brought up; it's brought down I was, he kicks an' hard knocks—no wonder I'm a dirty, low, blackguard—"

"Stop, sir. Hold your vile tongue and listen. For more than this reason you must not suggest to Sir that Emmet be arrested until I give the word. If you take him now he's only worth £100. Always fatten your lambs for the slaughter. What will be bring when the conspiracy goes to the length of an armed attack on the Castle, with him at the head of it, and when murder and robbery have been done by his supposed followers? Eh?"

"O-o-o-oh! Whew! I don't know Sir if I see him this evenin'. I don't know Sir from Adam—"

"Sir from madam? What are you talking about?"

"Oh, I never had any manners—had manners to me!"

"Well, now," continued Lacey. "The lord lieutenant has sent Houlton to Belfast, fitted up with the most beautiful uniform of green and gold that could be designed. He is to organize the North, get all ready, but, of course, his men will never march. I have had letters placed on all such vessels as are bound for Carrickfergus Lough and Continental ports on the channel, showing how well prepared are the United Irishmen of Ulster. These vessels, or some of them, will be captured by the French, now that war with England has begun. The exiled Irish leaders will thus get the notion that it is time to act in Dublin. They will order Emmet to hasten. He will do so, for he is but their loyal soldier, and is exceedingly trustful. Why, I will get him this very night to receive me—even me—into the patriot councils, much as he suspects me at this moment, and I will see to it that the Wicklow men are not on hand to help him when he makes his attack."

"But if money comes?"

"Emmet must be gone before the time set for that."

"How will you make him?"

"By an explosion in one of his workshops this very night—accidental, of course. How many pikas has he in the three of them?"

"Twelve thousand, an' a fearful lot o' powder, rockets an' things!"

"Forty men at work. How many of them ours?"

"Only twenty-one, sir."

Lacey laughed. "Well, that's all, now," said he. "By the way, where has Emmet been living since he returned from France last autumn?"

"Mostly in a house in Butterfield Lane, under the name o' Ellis. An' he has that scold; old Devlin's daughter, keepin' house for him. She knows me, an' so does he, too, since the night I got into the statue an' thought he was you. I went in there beggin' the other day an' she was goin' to scald me wit' billin' wather. Only for him she would. There was an ugly lad o' the name o' Dowdall there wit' him. The three could kill me an' no one 'ud be the wiser, but Mister Emmet saved me from the hot wather. We must only pity sich people, Anne, sez he. Washn't that noble o' him? Only that it's in me an' I cannot help it. I wouldn't spy on him aither that. But Lord Edward was the same way—"

Lacey reddened again, but nodded assent.

"Isn't it queer, Mister Lacey, that the noble ones is all on the other side?"

"Begone!" cried Lacey in flushed anger, opening the door. "You've got to the end o' your rope."

"You might fall into the hands o' Dwyer, an' then you'll be very close to the end o' yours," said Noonan with a grin, and drawing a finger across his own throat.

CHAPTER VII.

Three Gallants Come A-Wooing.

In the drawing room of the house of the renowned advocate, John Philpot Curran, Ormond-Quay, there sat that evening a handsome youth and a beautiful maid. He wore the uniform of a captain of British cavalry, and as he leaned toward her from the sofa on

her hand to him. He kissed it. That cavalier fashion had not yet gone out of date. He hurried from the house. Tears glistened in his eyes as he tramped up the street. Human nature was the same as ever in 1803.

"Sarah dear! Sarah, I'm going to be married—but what are you crying for, Sarah?" Thus cried Kathleen Allen, her dearest friend, who came skipping into the parlor just after the captain's departure.

Gentle Sarah Curran! Fit mate for the noble youth whom she loved! She smiled through her woe, and taking both hands of Kathleen kissed and congratulated her.

"Mr. Wyld—oh, I'll call him Tom aither this," chattered the radiant Kathleen, "begs me to say his good-by for him to you, for I told him you were entertaining the captain. Oh, wasn't it good of you to invite me here, giving Tom the chance to propose. That's what I call strategy. But how they do pursue us poor women, the wretches! They don't let us think of anything but marrying them. Isn't Tom lovely? I wonder if I'll look well in a white veil and orange blossoms!"

"When is the wedding, dear Kathleen?"

On the 25th of August, and I hope I will have you as bridesmaid, Sarah."

"Ah, my dear, I have a presentiment that I will not be in festive mood, by then."

"Foolish Sarah!" She kissed her. "I wonder how much I ought to cry just before I go to the altar? Isn't it trying to have to try to cry at such a time? That's the greatest misery we unfortunate women are doomed to by the curse of Eden."

"Oh, Kathleen—"

"And do you think it's right for a young widow to stay in mourning for a whole year?"

"Mister Lacey, miss!" announced a maid. Kathleen made a wry face and departed. Sarah hurriedly dried her eyes and nodded to the servant.

Lacey entered, very foppishly attired,

to the mantel, lifted a candle from the chandelier, and carried it past the window. Then she ran upstairs, put on her cloak and hat, and tripped down a back pair of stairs into the garden.

"Sarah!"

"Robert! Oh, I am so glad to see you! But you are looking pale."

"'Tis the moonlight. But it makes you look lovelier than ever."

"Captain Sturgeon says Irishmen don't mean what they say."

"And Englishmen can't say what they mean, so he can't mean that."

"If you were so witty in France you must have played havoc with hearts there. Perhaps you've lost your own?"

"I have, Sarah." He spoke very seriously. "Do you remember the old meadow where we used to play as children, plucking the daisies in the old game of 'He loves me, he loves me not?' All the time I have been away I heard nothing that was not to that tune. The wind in the ship's rigging whistled it. 'She loves me, she loves me not.' I counted it out on the very buttons of my coat."

"And what did the coat say?"

"It was a three-button coat."

"You tease!"

He fell on one knee beside her.

"Hear me, Sarah, in all seriousness. You know my plans and my peril. In addition know now that in all these years I have loved you. Bid me stop at this if the patriot soldier has not the right to ask love in return while the sword hangs over him."

She shyly and slowly gave him her hand.

"Oh, bless you, Sarah!" He sprang to his feet and kissed her.

"I want to warn you," she said, "against one man, John Lacey."

"John? you mean Richard?"

"No, you have wronged Richard. I think—"

"Ah, perhaps—the spy did not mention the Christian names," he said musingly. "And John Lacey was expelled from Trinity, too. Well, it was a sad and grave mistake, if mistake it was. Time will show."



EMMET DISCLOSES HIS AFFECTIONS.



A PRECIOUS PAIR OF RASCALS.

which he was seated his fine face, in the full light of the cluster of candles on the mantel wore the tense expression of the wretch in the dock when the jury foreman rises to speak the fateful verdict.

Turning away from him with a half sob, the small, lithe, white-clad, brown-eyed beauty on the armchair close by thus spoke a lover's doom:

"You honor me very highly, Captain Sturgeon, and to be as frank with you as your honest candor deserves, your proposal should most likely have a different answer were it not that my heart has pledged itself, and all unsought, to another—to one of my own countrymen. But now it is impossible."

"Miss Curran, never before did I regret my English birth or the color to the uniform I wear." He spoke sadly and bitterly.

"Repeat neither, Captain Sturgeon. He whom I love has nobly taught me that honor is the same beneath red coat and green—"

"And green?" He started.

She turned pale, but rising she added, in a ringing voice:

"Were it heard by any other than Captain Sturgeon I would think that I had said too much. But what Captain Sturgeon learns from the tripping tongue of a woman will never be used for the ruin of one dear to her."

He also stood. Eased he stood and soldierly, with the pride of an honorable line shining in his honest eye.

"I thank you for your good opinion, Miss Curran," he replied. "It may happen that some day I can prove it to be deserved. Whatever in honor I can ever do for any one dear to you will be done. Less I cannot offer; more you would not ask. Good-night; good-by!"

She could not answer, but reached

Miss Curran received him graciously. They conversed on commonplace topics for a few minutes, and then the young man fell suddenly into a state of confusion, preventing him from talking intelligently.

"Are you not well, Mr. Lacey?" inquired Miss Curran in some alarm.

"An affection of the heart, Miss Curran, the nature of which I have already revealed. You may have forgotten the declaration I made a week ago in the garden."

"Why bring up that unfortunate affair again, Mr. Lacey? As gently as I could I told you that my affections are pledged unalterably."

"It may be that an unfounded suspicion of my patriotic loyalty to Ireland—"

"No, no, no! With politics we women have nothing to do, except suffer its direst fruits."

"Because my wretched brother forgot our father's lessons of fealty to country—"

"Please do not mention a subject that must be so painful to you, Mr. Lacey."

"And this is your final answer? Can we not even be friends?"

"I am always your friend, Mr. Lacey." Oh, poor, trapped dove!

"Then, though looked upon with an unjust suspicion by him, that fortunate one, who holds your affection securely as his own, I will serve him faithfully, even unto my undoing and my death, for your sweet sake. So help me Heaven!"

He burst into a passion of tears, grasped her clasped hands in both of his, and rushed from the house.

"Oh, why do I bring so much misery to others?" she soliloquized, going to a window that looked out on the garden.

"Poor, dear Robert! He will soon be here. How sad that he is forbidden this house by my father's new zeal for the Union!"

As she peered out into the darkness a pebble struck the glass. She hurried

"Master Robert!" spoke a female's voice outside the garden wall. "Be gone quick!" It was the voice of faithful Anne, who, all unknown to him, had followed his footsteps to protect him to the best of her poor ability. He clasped Sarah Curran in his arms, leaped the garden wall into a neighboring lane, and was gone.

CHAPTER VIII.

Three Types of Patriots.

The parliamentary debates in 1802-4 prove that the government unquestionably had a knowledge of the preparations of Emmet. In all probability the British ministry had much ampler information on that subject from their agents in Paris than Lord Hardwicke, at an early period, had in Ireland. The policy of the British minister seems to have been to allow the conspiracy to go on, of which he held the threads in his hand, and therefore could eventually count on its defeat, in order to derive the benefit which would accrue from the suppression of an abortive insurrection, and thus to deter the people from a future attempt at a time more unfavorable for England to cope with it, the moment so long apprehended, of an invasion of some part of the United Kingdom.

Emmet himself was conscious of the fact that there were spies about him. But he endeavored by various means to circumvent them. In his Patrick Street factory for spikes and ammunition he had several false doors filled with brick set into the walls, so that the weapons could be hidden in a hurry by certain trustees in case of a descent upon the factory by military. In his house in Butterfield Lane, where he was living

under the name of Ellis, there was a similar trapdoor filled with pulleys, by means of which he could escape through the cellar. He was in daily communication with the county chiefs of the United Irishmen, and on that very night on which he declared his love to Miss Curran he had received reports showing that nineteen counties were ready to rise and join him when he should give the signal. That signal he meant to withhold until the landing of the French, though every day of his preparations in the meantime was a day of peril for his life. It would not astonish him to be arrested at any time; hence he readily believed there was danger when Anne Devlin gave the alarm.

When at the end of the lane he strode out into the street and ran into a man who was walking fast, with bowed head and hands in pockets, as if in deep thought.

"Beg pardon—oh, good evening, Wyld!" he said. "What news?"

"Good evening, Mr. Em—Ellis," said Wyld. "I'm just going to meet McAllister in Burke's tavern in Thomas Street. He's just back from France and wants to see you."

"Good! I hope he has positive information as to where we are to expect our friends. Has he told you anything?"

"Not even a hint. When we met there were persons present whom he did not know, and so he just said that he was going to Burke's tonight to see Ellis. I went to Burke's lane and found no one at home, so I thought I'd come back here. I was at Mr. Curran's early this evening, and it's all settled between Miss Allen and myself."

Emmet shook his hand and smiled beamingly upon him.

Arrived at Burke's they found McAllister sitting alone in a back room. Porter was ordered for three, to give the meeting the appearance of a mere carousal, and when it had been served and the door was closed on them McAllister handed a paper to Emmet with the three words, "From your brother."

The patriot leader read it in a low voice with every possible manifestation of joy. It ran:

"Copy of the First Consul's answer to my Memoire of the 13th Nivose, delivered to me on the 27th Nivose."

The First Consul has read with the most particular attention the memorial addressed to him by Mr. Emmet of the 12th Nivose.

"He wishes that the United Irishmen should be fully convinced that it is his intention to insure the independence of Ireland, and to give full and effective protection to all of them that will take part in the expedition, or that will unite with the French forces."

"The French government can issue no proclamation until a landing shall have been made on the Irish territory. But the general who is to command the expedition will be furnished with sealed letters by which the First Consul will declare that he will make no peace with England without stipulating for the independence of Ireland, upon condition, however, that the army shall have been joined by a considerable body of United Irishmen."

"Ireland shall be treated in everything just as America was treated in the late war."

"Every person who will embark with the French army destined for the expedition will be commissioned as a Frenchman, and if he be arrested and not treated as a prisoner of war, reprisals will be made upon the English prisoners."

"Every corps formed in the name of the United Irishmen shall be considered as forming a part of the French army. In fine, should the expedition be unsuccessful and the Irish be obliged to return to France, France will maintain a certain number of Irish brigades, and will grant pensions to every person that shall have formed one of the government or authority of the country."

"The pensions shall be assimilated to those granted in France to titular officers of corresponding ranks or em-

ployments, who are not on active service."

"But when, oh, when?" asked the ardent Emmet, throwing his arms around the neck of McAllister, when he had perused it.

"Never!" groaned McAllister, flinging his arms upon the table and hiding his face between them.

"Thomas Addis Emmet," he went on, "I have pledged myself to the cause of Ireland, and when the day of his letter indicates, when the diplomacy of Talleyrand foresaw a possibility of making peace with the English on the basis of their giving up the island of Malta, conformably to the violated treaty of Amiens, Napoleon has often said he would rather have the English in the Faubourg of St. Antoine than in Malta. There is suddenly a coolness to our committee at St. Cloud, and talk of reciprocity in repatriating exiles—"

"I foresee it that, and so they have a right to do," answered Emmet, rising. "But to save them from any obloquy that can arise from possible failure, I will now proceed upon the assumption that they wish me to act, and quickly."

"You will fight England without French aid?" asked McAllister, in wonder.

"Yes. But if I do I must act at once. I have been evading spies long enough for the sake of this French aid. Within three weeks I will raise the green flag and draw the sword!"

"Madness!" said Wyld. "I, for one, will not join in any such suicidal attempt. Life holds too much sweetness for me in the near future to throw it away wantonly. This very night, Jack, I became engaged to be married."

"Oh, Sarah—dear Sarah!" sighed Emmet, and stretching a hand to each of his companions, he said: "I blame you not, Wyld; and as for you, McAllister, I absolve you from participation in this venture. You are a Catholic, as are many of the refugees in France. Though my hopes of victory are high, I must prudently prepare for possible failure. My one plan against that event is not to compromise any leading Catholics and thus give the bigoted government a chance to visit shocking reprisals for many a long year upon their unfortunate co-religionists."

The tavern shook, there was a rumbling sound, and a strong light flashed through the window.

"Our depot in Patrick Street blown up!" groaned Emmet.

Suddenly gathering together his energies, he cried: "No matter. That but hastens action. It must hasten it or all is in vain. It'll surely take alarm now. Let me see, a week from tonight, July 23. That will do. Good-by, friends. I go to send out the glorious summons. Would that I had some trusty messenger to dispatch to Wicklow at once! I would consult with Dwyer."

"Leave here, Robert! One of your men was wounded in the explosion. They are taking him to the hospital. He mentioned this place as where you might be found!" cried Lacey.

"Why, how could that be? No one knew. I didn't know—"

"Go! Here comes the patrol."

"Lacey!" cried the warm-hearted Emmet, grasping his hand, "forgive—"

"For God's sake—"

"Here, go to Dwyer from me, give him the password, 'Sarsfield,' tell him to come at once to see me, and have his

lieutenants get ready for the signal of the 23d!"

He walked out. A gleam of red, the coats of marching men, shone under the lamps up the street. He sauntered down the sidewalk and away, his generous heart heavy with woe for the wrong he believed he had done a true man in suspecting Lacey.

CHAPTER IX.

The Blow for Freedom.

The Patrick Street arms factory and depot had not been badly injured by the explosion. The inopportune happening was considered an unavoidable accident. All the arms had been hidden in the secret closets before the arrival of Major Sir and his men to investigate. They found the wounded man, however, and took him to the hospital under guard, just as Lacey had said.

In the following week Emmet slept but little. Work went on day and night in his factories, and when the day of the rising arrived he felt himself prepared.

Early in the day he distributed to certain of his men his manifests for the provisional government, which was to be established at once upon the taking of the castle. Copies were to be posted upon the castle gate and at other prominent places, and others were to be struck off next day and sent out through the country.

Not even for a day did this great-souled patriot desire to hold the military dictatorship which his success would confer on him. All his efforts were sincerely bent to Ireland's freedom.

Some of the provisions of the document were as follows:

"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 they occupy."

"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, and consider them prisoners of war, but all Irish militia, Yeomen of 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."

"The generals are to assemble courts-martial, 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."

"No man is to suffer death by their sentence but for mutiny; the sentence of such others as are judged worthy of death shall not be put into execution until the provisional government declares its will; nor are courts-martial on any pretense to sentence, nor is any officer to suffer the punishment of flogging, or any species of torture to be inflicted."

"None of that day found Emmet and the leaders in whom he confided not of one mind; there was division in their councils, confusion in the depots, consternation among the citizens who were ignorant of what was going on, and treachery, tracking Robert Emmet's footsteps, dogging him from place to place, unseen, unsuspected, but perfidy nevertheless embodied in the form of patriotism, basely employed in deluding its victims, making the most of its foul means, of betraying its unwary victims, and counting already on the ultimate reward of its treachery."

Portion after portion of this plan of