

trap, and bending down cheerfully to whisper the remainder. "At all events unless you're prepared to take up that little bill of his for £300 on the 24th. He's such an infernal old screw he wouldn't do it for me, unless I handed over to him that old decree for possession, you remember, as security. Of course, that does not matter to a man of your means. But that's old Humphrey's way; and that's what has brought him to be a Justice of the Peace—that and civility. I'm just driving up to see him take his seat—just to give him a neighborly leg-up, you know. Good-day, Rohan. I'm sorry I don't find you in such good health this morning."

"Handed over the decree for possession to old Dargan!" repeated the miller, stopping to watch the agent's half-blood mare cavorting and her master distributing salutes up the street. "They're up to mischief. They're infernal scoundrels, both!" said Myles Rohan, as he turned to his books and freight-notes with a heavy heart.

Mr. Hans Harman descended from his chariot of the sun at the side-door of the dog-hole called the magistrates' room, from which, through another door, the magisterial deities were wont to rise upon the Bench of the Petty Sessions Chamber, like rododaktulous morning. "Admiral, I'm so glad!" cried Mr. Harman, greeting with respectful enthusiasm a noble-looking, silvery-frosted old gentleman, who had not yet taken off his old-fashioned cloak and gloves.

"I hope that this isn't true, Harman?—at all events that we're not to expect his company here to-day?" said the Admiral, tranquilly.

The agent laughed, and shrugged his shoulders. "It's rather a trial, of course; but you won't be too hard on the old ass, Admiral—I don't think you could be hard upon anybody."

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF IRELAND

(By A. M. SULLIVAN.)

CHAPTER LXXXII.—(continued.)

Emmet's friends now urged him to escape, and several means of escape were offered to him. He, however, insisted on postponing his departure for a few days. He refused to disclose his reason for this perilous delay; but it was eventually discovered. Between himself and the young daughter of the illustrious Curran there existed the most tender and devoted attachment, and he was resolved not to quit Ireland without bidding her an eternal farewell. This resolve cost him his life. While awaiting an opportunity for an interview with Miss Curran, he was arrested on the 25th August, 1803, at a house on the east side of Harold's Cross Road, a few perches beyond the canal bridge. On the 19th of the following month he was tried at Green Street; upon which occasion, after conviction, he delivered that speech which has probably more than aught else tended to immortalise his name. Next morning, 20th September, 1803, he was led out to die. There is a story that Sarah Curran was admitted to a farewell interview with her hapless lover on the night preceding his execution, but it rests on slender authority, and is opposed to probabilities. But it is true that as he was being led to execution, a last farewell was exchanged between them. A carriage, containing Miss Curran and a friend, was drawn up on the roadside, near Kilmainham, and, evidently by preconcert, as the vehicle containing Emmet passed by on the way to the place of execution, the unhappy pair exchanged their last greeting on earth.

In Thomas Street, at the head of Bridgefoot Street, and directly opposite the Protestant Church of St. Catherine, the fatal beam and platform were erected. It is said that Emmet had been led to expect a rescue at the last, either by Russell (who was in town for that purpose), or by Michael Dwyer and his mountain band. He mounted the scaffold with firmness, and gazed about him long and wistfully, as if he expected to read the signal of hope from some familiar face in the crowd. He protracted all the arrangements as much as possible, and even when at length the fatal noose was placed upon his neck, he begged a

little pause. The executioner again and again asked him was he ready, and each time was answered: "Not yet, not yet." Again the same question, and, says one who was present, while the words "Not yet" were still being uttered by Emmet, the bolt was drawn, and he was launched into eternity. The head was severed from his body, and "according to law," held up to the public gaze by the executioner as the "head of a traitor." An hour afterwards, as an eyewitness tells us, the dogs of the street were lapping from the ground the blood of the pure and gentle Robert Emmet!

Moore was the fellow-student and companion of Emmet, and, like all who knew him, ever spoke in fervent admiration of the youthful patriot-martyr as the impersonation of all that was virtuous, generous, and exalted! More than once did the minstrel dedicate his strains to the memory of that friend whom he never ceased to mourn. The following verses are familiar to most Irish readers:

Oh! breathe not his name; let it sleep in the shade
Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid.
Sad, silent, and dark be the tear that is shed,
Like the night dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in secret it weeps,
Still freshens with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
So the tear that is shed, while in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls!

Soon afterwards the gallant and noble-hearted Russell was executed at Downpatrick, and for months subsequently the executioner was busy at his bloody work in Dublin. Michael Dwyer, however, the guerilla of the Wicklow hills, held his ground in the fastnesses of Luggielaw, Glendalough, and Glenmalure. In vain regiment after regiment was sent against him. Dwyer and his trusty band defeated every effort of their foes. The military detachments, one by one, were wearied and worn out by the privations of campaigning in that wild region of dense forest and trackless mountain. The guerilla chief was apparently ubiquitous, always invisible when wanted by his pursuers, but terribly visible when not expected by them. In the end some of the soldiers became nearly as friendly to him as the peasantry, frequently sending him word of any movement intended against him. More than a year passed by, and the powerful British Government, that could suppress the insurrection at large in a few months, found itself, so far, quite unable to subdue the indomitable Outlaw of Glenmalure. At length it was decided to "open up" the district which formed his stronghold, by a series of military roads and a chain of mountain forts, barracks, and outposts. The scheme was carried out, and the tourist who now seeks the beauties of Glencree, Luggielaw, and Glendalough, will travel by the "military roads," and pass the mountain forts or barracks, which the Government of England found it necessary to construct before it could wrench from Michael Dwyer the dominion of those romantic scenes.

The well authenticated stories of Dwyer's hairbreadth escapes by flood and field would fill a goodly volume. One of them reveals an instance of devoted heroism—of self-immolation—which deserves to be recorded in letters of gold.

One day the Outlaw Chief had been so closely pursued that his little band had to scatter, the more easily to escape, or to distract the pursuers, who, on this occasion, were out in tremendous force scouring hill and plain. Some hours after nightfall, Dwyer, accompanied by only four of his party (and fully believing that he had successfully eluded his foes), entered a peasant's cottage in the wild and picturesque solitude of Imall. He was, of course, joyously welcomed; and he and his tired companions soon tasted such humble hospitality as the poor mountaineer's hut could afford. Then they gave themselves to repose.

(To be continued.)

A manufacturer writes:—"We have not had a mechanical defect or trouble of any description with the "Dennis." The New Zealand Defence Department approves and has ordered the "Dennis." The New Zealand Express Co., Ltd., Agents.

E. S. Robson

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