

ROBERT EMMET.

HIS LIFE AND TIMES.

Cause and Effect in Irish History—The Great Revolution—Columbus, Garrison, Whittier—Emancipation and Emancipators.

I cannot remember the name of the street, but the house, with its green coat of ivy-foliage, rises before me as it did on that keen winter day when Mickie roused me from my dreams of an Irish Parliament, and, in a voice soft and sorrow-subdued, said: "Emmet once lived there." My heart beat faster, and a thrill of wild delight, like an electric spark, passed through me. I fondly gazed at the little window, and thought I saw that lovely boyish face, lit up by keen eyes, prest against the window frame, dreaming of Erin and love. The last time he meditated, so runs a story, with his elbow leaning against the little window-sill and his manly forehead studiously resting on the palm of his hand, he was listening to the matin song of that spirit-bird, an Irish lark. Away in that lovely gray Irish sky, above the fields of rustling yellow corn, in an atmosphere sunny and serene, it sang its song of freedom. What that lark was to the feathered songsters below was Emmet to the rest of Ireland. His song of freedom was a libation rich and juicy from the first pressing of the wine-press of liberty. In his day there were a few patriots. The magnificent work of Mr. Fitzpatrick makes the list grow less and less. These few were men that any country might well feel proud of. But Emmet is not only a patriot, but one of the few names of history that transports us from this world, with its strata of baseness and selfishness, to one of noble purpose and generous aim. In that world there would be no slavery, and the rule of guidance would be an earnest desire and work to make your fellow-man feel happy, to lighten his life burdens and soothe his cares.

BORN IN HAPPIER TIMES.

it should have been his lot to guide in every movement that had for its object the amelioration of man. The fairies who kept watch round his cradle had brought him all the gifts that the greatest statesman needs. Fancy and imagination, in their richest drapery, to captivate the listening throng; foresight to know when the iron was hot; force of character to strike when that moment had arrived. These gifts, and many more, were accorded to that brilliant youth, so often called a visionary by England's beardless writers. If Emmet is a crank or visionary, he is a star in a glorious constellation, if worth is to be measured by what it has achieved. If history be worth the time spent in its perusal, it will but forcibly show us that these so-called cranks and dreamers are the true reformers and world moulders. It was the footsore, weary, gaunt ill-clad dreamer that halted at the convent of La Rabida, begging a crust and a flagon of water, that gave us a new world. It was two dreamers,—one long after the midnight chimes had sang good night, bending over his little printing press with his stick in hand and his forms lying near; the other, amid bits of leather, hammers and awls, weaving rich snatches of song,—that gave the first impulse to Negro emancipation. To this band, by every right and title, Emmet belongs. It is true that Columbus, Garrison, Whittier, lived to see their dreams realized, while Emmet's life was cut short and his dream unrealized. But it is nevertheless true that his dream will be, sooner or later, realized, and the honor he craved—an inscription on his nameless grave—be, by Ireland a Nation.

ENGRAVEN ON HIS TOMB.

It is a curious fact, in regard to Irish history, that it seems incapable of recognizing cause and effect. What seems perfectly natural in other countries, and easy to explain, in Ireland wears the mask of mystery. To read the wearisome tomes of later-day historians is to be continually told that the troubles of Ireland sprung from Catholic discontent, and that a few hot-headed, ambitious Protestant youths fomented this discontent, until it was smothered in the rebellion of '98. There can be no greater mistake made than to link Catholic discontent and the short-lived outbreak of Emmet and his friends. That the Catholics were not a happy and contented people was certainly due to the tyranny of

those who pretended to govern them. The kind of this tyranny may be best gleaned from a description of it by Edmund Burke as that "machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man." That they had a lively horror for such a machine was at least natural. But that they had any thought of walking boldly into the monster's mouth by futile insurrection, no one, conversant with those times, will admit. How could they, men at most barely able to keep the prowling wolf of hunger from the doors, not only destitute of arms, and ammunition but the means of clothing? Their sires, the chieftains and their retainers, had fought for centuries a kind of guerilla warfare with England; but by their acceptance of a broken treaty, the surrender of the northern chieftains and the planting in Ulster of freebooters, the back-bone of the native Irish resistance was broken. Venal laws crushed the marrow and left an abject race with

AN UNTOLD LEGACY OF SORROW

as a great heritage, and little hope of better things to cheer a lonely future. They were bathed in misery, and the bravest hearts could not attempt a resistance that could drown their country with that dire epidemic. In their midst were a body of men that had little in common with them. Of the beauties of their religion, or the consolation it brought, they were entirely ignorant and had no desire to investigate. From another philosophy they had drank deep of individual liberty and national independence. Without studying the premises of this bizarre philosophy, or rationally drawing out its logical issues, they swallowed it in its entirety, and clamored loudly for liberty and fraternity. Unbridled liberty should draw the chariot of the world, and whole-souled fraternity hold the reins. Dashing, witty Irish soldiers of fortune had brought this beacon-light from the gay, witty salons of Dublin's elite. From thence it was transported by apt Kerry butlers and smart Galway coachmen to the thatched cottages of the farmers and the huts of the peasantry. It must be confessed that this doctrine that sprung from the French Revolution was intensely captivating. It was like the nightingale's song after the weary awing of a rookery. After a dull, dreary, rainy winter day it came as a kind of Indian summer. Men fondly imagined that it was a real summer, threw off their overcoats, and, as usual, contracted a cold which ended in hasty consumption. It was eminently an enthusiastic time, and, as some unknown one wrote: "enthusiasm leads in the vanguard of the world's progress." The Old World was passing through a phase the most momentous in her history. Dynasties and thrones were being pounded up by the French armies like rotten bones in mortars. Our fair young land was battling for liberty. Washington had unsheathed his sword, and Patrick Henry's glorious words had been uttered. It were indeed strange if, amid these conflicts for liberty, Ireland should remain dumb. One figure here swims into ken. It is that of a beardless youth with a heart full of love for liberty and a mind of rare powers, sick of the dull cruelties of tyranny. He had drank from the overflowing cup of French sophistries, deeming them brilliant truths. Each and every one of them he would use as a kind of headlight for his locomotive progress. Enthusiasm was the atmosphere his people breathed, and in no more fitting one could he sow his seed. He would appeal to the latent love of the people for a free land and boldly reap the harvest. History might have warned him were it not that

DREAMERS DESPISE THE SURLY OLD DAME, and laugh at the sign board of prece-dence. This rare intelligence was Robert Emmet's. There are flaws in his character; there are spots on the sun. But take his youth, his talents and the noble use he attempted to make of them, his all and all, and you may not fear to put him against the best poet-sung heroes of Greece and Rome. If a youth speaks to the rabble burning words that lodge in the human heart, while at the same time he teaches his educated but servile friends to pity that brutalized rabble, is it not dramatic? Where shall we find that quality, that so many modern writers deem as the harm of history? Race prejudice

still survives and the youths, that wore togas carried on warfare against what they were pleased to call barbarians, drank deep dyed Falernian and spent their holidays and sesteritii in baths were heroes. Moderns may leave the noblest lessons of love and courage behind them, they lack the dramatic prose so sang the poetasters and hack historians of this victorious era. They dismiss Emmet as a crank, the outbreak as a lunacy that began and ended with him, and its effect of no importance. It cannot be conceded that this outbreak began with Emmet, he who will track it to its rising will find himself by the muddy waters of the Seine. Let it be candidly admitted that it was a failure in as much as it signally failed to achieve all it had so glibly promised. This admitted, we come to deal with the effect which to use a peasant's phrase "is a horse of another colour." The effect that Emmet desired was not emancipation of the Catholics, nor Home Rule in its ordinary acceptance, but

TOTAL SEPARATION FROM ENGLAND.

This was impossible to do with the means held in hand. Ireland was hopelessly divided, a peasantry sunk in ignorance and the direst poverty, a gentry lost in all sorts of villainies and dishonor. His, indeed, was a voice almost lost in that strange wilderness of Irish descent and treachery. The Jews did not rest until the head of one who was calling them to the better way, was served up to grace the convivial feasts of a heartless maiden. England was not content until the best blood of Emmet dyed the handkerchief of a Dublin mechanic. The blood of heroes but hastens effects. The death of this young Irishman by the most perverted means known to that farce Irish Justice, taught a hopeful lesson to the younger gentry, while to the striking peasantry, it had the same effect as the songs of Tyrtæus on the Graecian soldiers, a spurring on to nobler and better things. Wandering minstrelsy sang his hopes and "failures half divine" in every city, while itinerant ballad-singers, amid the heath-clad hills and wild moorlands of their native land found many a night's shelter and cheery meal for the song that told of Emmet. He was dead, that young hero, whose dying request was to be buried in his uniform of green, but his spirit lived and gave power to other men and other times. It gave force to the appeals of O'Connell, helped him to win emancipation, breathed on the lute of Davis, throbbled with the heart of Meagher, taught Mitchell a disregard of death, rescued liberty on many a bloody battle-field in the New World, made the long weary vigil nights of Parnell and Biggar feel as nought, and fired the heart of the first statesman in the Old World to a sense of duty and right to a long suffering people.

What if Emmet learned his ideas of liberty from the sophistical French school. In the purity and goodness of his own heart he cleansed them from every baseness. To such a man death was of small consequence, if his spirit survived. That it has survived we have amply proven. A few years after his death the wily place hunter, Philips, wrote: "In America his memory is that of a martyr." That it will survive until his sea-girt isle becomes another Atlanta will hardly be questioned by even his enemies.

"God works thro' man not hills or snows; In man, not men, is the Godlike power; The man, God's potentate, God foreknew; He sends him strength at the destined hour; His spirit He breathes into one deep heart; His cloud He bids from one life depart; A saint?—and a race is to God reborn? A man?—one man makes a nation's morn."

WALTER LECKY.

ABOUT ANNEXATION.

When dyspepsia invades your system and bad blood occupies a stronghold in your body the way out of the trouble is to annex a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, the best remedy for dyspepsia and bad blood, and the only one that cures to stay cured.

She: What did papa say, dear, when you told him you wished to marry me? He: I do not remember what he said, darling, but I know I felt hurt.

PREPARE FOR CHOLERA.

Cleanliness, care and courage are the resources of civilization against cholera. Keep the body scrupulously clean. Eat hot food. Take Burdock Blood Bitters to maintain regular digestion and ensure pure blood which is the very best safeguard against cholera or any other epidemic.

A fact—The discontented man finds up easy-chair.

Conquer Thyself.

In general refuse nature what it demands without need.

Compel nature to yield when it resists without reason.

Nature begs a few minutes indulgence, after the hour appointed for rising. Refuse even a second.

It suggests easy positions at all times.—Do not listen to the suggestion.

It prompts you to seek a comfortable position at a prayer.—Beware of yielding.

Perhaps it whispers to you to abridge the time of prayer.—Prolong it, if you can.

There is a choice morsel in the portion served you.—Make a sacrifice of it to Jesus, who immolated himself for you.

You have a good appetite; you are in haste to satisfy it. Wait awhile; eat slowly.

Are you sad? Do you feel inclined to weep? Then sing.

Are you in bad humor?—Laugh if possible.

Are you anxious to talk, to utter a witicism?—Offer as a holocaust to Jesus, your desire, and that you wish to say.

Are you tempted to anger?—For the love of Jesus be very meek and gentle.

The joints and muscles are so lubricated by Hood's Sarsaparilla that all rheumatism and stiffness soon disappear. Try it.

A FELLOW FEELING.—Indignant old lady: Guard, do you allow smoking in this compartment? Obliging guard: Aw, weel, if nane of the gentlemen object ye can tak' a bit draw o' the pipe.

Do not suffer from sick headache a moment longer. It is not necessary. Carter's Little Liver Pills will cure you. Dose, one little pill. Small price. Small dose. Small pill.

A COUNTERMAND.—(Extracted from a merchant's letter to a manufacturer)—"I was induced to-day by the importunity of your traveller to give him an order, but as I did it merely with the object of getting rid of him in a civil manner and without loss of time, I must ask you to cancel the same."

SOREL, 11th February 1892. I, the undersigned, have used *Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine* for bronchitis, from which I was suffering for over a year. This syrup not only cured me of bronchitis, but also of gravel and calculus of the kidneys, which had caused me intense suffering for over 3 years and from which I was very near dying 2 years ago. I am now in perfect health, all symptoms of those diseases having completely disappeared for over three months. J. B. ROULLARD, Inspector-General of Mines for the Province of Quebec.

MONTREAL, 18th February 1892. I, the undersigned, certify to my little boy, seven years old, having been cured by *Dr. Lavolette's Syrup of Turpentine*. He caught "la grippe" last winter, and took several remedies unavailable. His cough was most violent and very painful for us to hear. Towards the month of July last, when the cough was at its worst, he made use of this marvellous syrup and was completely cured by two bottles. He has never coughed since, and I consider his lungs much strengthened by this wonderful remedy. J. A. DESROSIERS, No. 111 St. Christophe Street. (Agent of Estate Skelly), 1595 Notre Dame Street.

"JENNIE," said he, "I shall go to your father and ask his consent at once." "Wait, George; don't be impatient," said Jennie; "wait until after the first, when my dressmaker's bill comes in. He will be more willing to part with me then."

EVERYBODY SUFFER PAINS.—It is the result of violation of nature's laws. Perry Davis has done much to allay the suffering of the people by giving them out of nature's store-house "a balm for every wound." Such is the Pain-Expeller; it stops pain almost instantly, is used both internally and externally, and is of all other pain-remedies the oldest and best. New size Big Bottle, 25c.

DAUGHTER: Yes, I know Mr. Staylate comes very often; but it isn't my fault. I do everything I can to drive him away. Old gentleman: Fudge! I haven't heard you sing to him once.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—All our Faculties.—Almost all disorders of the human body are distinctly to be traced to impure blood. The purification of that fluid is the first step towards health. Holloway's Pills recommend themselves to the attention of all sufferers; no injurious consequences can result from their use, no mistake can be made in their administration. In indigestion, confirmed dyspepsia, and chronic constipation the most beneficial effects have been, and always must be, obtained from the wholesome power exerted by these purifying Pills over the digestion. Persons whose lives have been restored to ease, strength and perfect health by Holloway's Pills, after fruitless trial of the whole Pharmacopoeia of Physic, attest this fact.

Customer who has ordered fish, and been given some leathery substance: What is this, waiter? Waiter: A sole, sir. Customer: I thought so. Whose boot did it come off?