

my countrymen as to be considered the key-stone of the combination of Irishmen, or, as your lordship expresses it, 'the life and blood of the conspiracy.' You do me honor over-much: 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 computation of yourself, my lord; before the splendor of whose genius and virtues I shall bow with respectful deference, and who would think themselves disgraced to be called your friend, and who would not disgrace themselves by shaking your blood-stained hand.

[Again the judge interrupted him.]

"What, my lord! shall you tell me on the passage to that 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 and will be shed in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor; shall you tell me this, and shall 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? By you, too, who, 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 interfered.]

"If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who are dear to them in this transitory life,—O ever dear and venerable 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 that surround your victim, it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for nobler purposes, but which you are bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous that they cry to Heaven. Be ye patient! I have but a few words more to say. I am going 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 si-

lence! Let no man write my epitaph; for, as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudices or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, 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. I have done!"

The judge was remorseless and the government was stern. Emmet suffered the penalty for high treason in Thomas street, the very day after the trial. He ascended the scaffold with a calm resignation and an unswerving courage. He avowed himself a sceptic. To Dr. Dobbin, who importuned him as they rode together in a hackney-coach to the place of execution, he said:

"Sir, I appreciate your motives, and thank you for your kindness, but you merely disturb the last moments of a dying man unnecessarily. I am an infidel from conviction, and no reasoning can shake my unbelief."

Curran, when he defended Owen Kirwan, the tailor of Plunket street, derided the rebellion of Emmet as a mere riot; but there can be no doubt that if the first hundred pikemen had made a rush at the Castle they might have seized that stronghold, and drawn on themselves a later but an equally certain destruction, after much bloodshed and murder. The Fenians now talk of Emmet as "rash and soft," but Englishmen can only pity a young and enthusiastic genius, whose dirge Moore sung with such pathos,—

"She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,"

and lament that such a gallant spirit should have squandered itself on such mischievous chimeras.

MUSICAL INCAPACITY.

How many young persons we see who spend a vast amount of time in the practice of music, but who evince by their little progress that if they were to pass their entire mortal existence at their instrument they would never become good musicians. At best, they in the end can only succeed in the performance of a few pieces in a third-rate manner, just to put their hearers in mind how much better they have heard them played elsewhere by others who had real genius for the science of harmony. The conversation, too, of these misdirected ones is often a sad commentary upon misspent time. So great has been the sacrifice of their hours, that they have devoted but little time to reading, and the po-