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THE END OF EMMET'S INSURRECTION.

(From Dickens' All the Year Round.)

The savage, half-drunken pikemen, without commander,—for Emmet had no power over them, and they were now split up into parties by the soldiers,—murdered every suspicious and obnoxious person they met. A police-officer and John Hanlan, the tower-keeper, were two of the victims. Col. Brown, a man respected by all Dublin, was also brutally assassinated as, misled by the darkness, he was trying to join his regiment. Ignorant of the precise movement of the rebels, he got entangled in their chief masses, was struck down by a shot from a blunderbuss, and instantly chopped to pieces. All enemies and neutrals, of whatever rank, who were not murdered, had pikes thrust in their hands, and were compelled to follow the cruel madmen to face the English soldiers.

Emmet, an hour ago confident of success, now felt his utter powerlessness to tame the horrible Frankenstein which he had invoked. His men were scattered; an attack on the Castle was impossible. The people could not be rallied to it. They were only intent on murder in the street, and were beset by police and soldiers wherever they collected. A few brave fellows, staunch as bull-dogs, had flown at them, and were holding grimly on till the huntsmen could arrive. Mr. Edward Wilson, a police-magistrate, with only eleven constables, had the courage to push on to Thomas street, where three hundred pikemen instantly surrounded his small detachment. Undismayed, Mr. Wilson called to the rabble to lay down their arms, or he would fire. The rebels wavered and muttered together; but one villain, savage at the threat, advanced, and stabbed the magistrate with a pike. Mr. Wilson instantly shot him dead, and his men fired a volley. The undisciplined Celts are always the same,—furious at the onset, without fear and without thought; in the retreat impatient, fickle, and headlong. The rebels fell back confused over their dead, and opened right and left to let their men with

fire-arms advance to the attack. Mr. Wilson then thought it time to retreat slowly towards the Coombe.

Lieutenant Brady was soon after equally venturesome with forty men of his regiment, the 21st Fusiliers. He subdivided his small force, and placed them in positions useful for keeping up a cross-fire. The soldiers were tormented by bottles and stones from every window, and by random sharpshooters from the alleys, yards, and entries; but they kept up a rolling and incessant fire till the pikemen at last broke, shouted, and fled. Lieutenant Coltman, of the 9th Foot, with only four soldiers and twenty-four yeomanry from the barrack division in colored clothes, also helped to clear the streets and apprehend armed men or rebels seen firing. And now horses could be heard, sabres came waving down the street, bayonets moved fast and close, drums beat louder, and then the rebels were charged fiercely, and shot down wherever they resisted. Then they fled to the suburbs and to the mountains. Before twelve the insurrection was quelled.

Poor Emmet! so passed his dream away. The bright bubble of his life's hope had melted into drops of human blood. He and about fourteen other armed men fled to the Wicklow mountains, and skulked about from farm-house to farm-house, from glen to crag, from valley to village. As the pursuit grew hotter, and the troops began to come winding round the Scalp, and scattering along the blue rocky mountain-roads, the fugitives separated, each to look after himself. Emmet could, it was said, have escaped in a friendly fishing-boat to France, but a wild impulse of love and reckless despair seized him. He turned back from the sea, and set his face towards Dublin, once more to clasp Sarah Curran in his arms, and bid her farewell for ever. He regained the disturbed city safely, and took up his quarters again in his old place of refuge at Harold's Cross, in the house of a clerk, named Palmer. He was known