

of the north. Ardent and impetuous, Emmet had returned, eager to draw the sword, about the same time, and probably in conjunction with an Irish officer named Russell, who had been released from Fort George after the troubles of '98, on condition of his transporting himself out of his Majesty's dominions, and who had now returned with a secret French commission as general-in-chief.

This Russell was a religious enthusiast, a wild interpreter of prophecies. He was to head an insurrection in Down and Antrim contemporaneously with a landing of the French in Scotland, and with Emmet's seizure of Dublin Castle.

To other motives for ambition, Robert Emmet now (in 1803) added the strongest of any. He fell in love, with all the passion of his vehement nature; he had won the heart of a daughter of that great forensic orator, Curran. Mr. Curran was irresolute in the cause of the United Irishmen, and he did not share in the dreams of the handsome young enthusiast. The prairie was ready to light, but the fire had still to be put. The lives of thousands of rash men were dependent on the momentary caprice of this fugitive, who, led away by enthusiasm, would have seen ten thousand men fall dead by his side, nor have felt a moment's regret, if he could only have planted the green flag and "Sunburst" on the walls of Dublin Castle, and have filled its cells with English prisoners. The one idea had grown dominant, and he had now braced himself to make the Curtius' leap. On his first return, he had taken the name of Hewitt, and hidden himself in the house of a Mrs. Palmer, at Harold's Cross. There he corresponded with the leading conspirators, and sketched out his rough plans. On the 24th of March, 1803, he went with a Mr. Dowdall, who had been formerly secretary to the Whig Club, and contracted for a house at a place called Butterfield-lane, near Rathfarnham. But their mysterious and stealthy movements soon exciting suspicion, and the spot not being central enough, they soon left there. About the end of April, when Ireland's meadows began "the wearing of the green" more luxuriantly and rebelliously than ever, Emmet's friends took for their young leader a roomy malt-house in Marshal's alley, Thomas street, which had

been long unoccupied. It was a retired place the space was ample; above all, it was central and near the heart of the city, at which the first desperate blow was to be struck. There he lodged, while men were forging pike-heads, moulding cartridges, running bullets, stitching green and scarlet-faced uniforms, hemming green flags, and filling rocket-cases,—taking only a few hurried hours of sleep on a mattress, when, exhausted in mind and body, he sank back amid the clang of the hammers and the clatter and exultation of twenty hard-working associates. In one depot alone, this indefatigable conspirator had accumulated forty-five pounds of cannon-powder, eleven boxes of fine powder, one hundred bottles quilted with musket-balls and bound with canvas, two hundred and forty-six ink-bottles filled with powder and encircled with buck-shot, to be used as hand-grenades, sixty-two thousand rounds of ball-cartridges, three bushels of musket-balls, heaps of tow mixed with tar and gunpowder for burning houses, twenty thousand pikes, bundles of sky-rockets for signals, and many hollow beams filled with combustibles. The arms were stored in various depots through the city, but chiefly in Mass lane and Marshal's alley. The White Bull Inn, in Thomas street, was a haunt of the conspirators; and there tailors and other workmen were made drunk, decoyed to the depot, and forced to lend their aid. Spies and suspected persons found lurking near the depots were lured in and detained. The volcano would soon burst out: the hidden fires were already foaming upwards towards the surface.

When already the police agents were beginning to have glimpses of danger, and to patrol the bridges and quays of Dublin armed, an accident had almost betrayed Emmet's plans. An explosion took place at one of the depots in Patrick street during the manufacture of some gunpowder. Those who know the recklessness of the lower orders of Irish, especially under excitement, may easily guess the cause of the accident. Some of the workmen, in the absence of their foreman, would smoke over a barrel of gunpowder; or some rebel smiths would hammer at the red-hot pike-heads, and drive the sparks to where their comrades were filling rocket-cases. The half-drunken rebels were suddenly