

IN MEMORY OF ROBERT EMMET

MEMBERS OF PORTLAND WILL COMMEMORATE THE CENTENAL OF THE PATRIOT'S REBELLION WITH A MEETING IN FORBES' HALL TOMORROW.

Memorial Services Will Be Held Also in Most of the Cities of the Union—His Famous Speech From the Dock, Which Was Delivered Just 100 Years Ago Today—Sarah Curran, His Sweetheart, Not Forgotten.

One hundred years ago tomorrow Robert Emmet, the Irish patriot, was hanged as a traitor to Great Britain, at the close of his unsuccessful rebellion.

At 3 o'clock tomorrow afternoon in Forbes' hall, Sixth and Washington streets, a mass meeting of Irishmen, under direction of the two divisions of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of this city, will hold services in memory of Emmet. Dr. Andrew C. Smith, state senator, will preside, and P. H. D'Arcy of Salem will deliver the principal address. Wallace McCannan will read Emmet's speech from the dock, and Madeline Fagan will sing "She Is Far From the Land," and there will be a musical program. Capt. J. O. O'Hair, Patrick Smith, J. E. McGinn, Prof. O'Hara, P. Ryan, A. E. Moran and Edward Kilfeather, form the committee in charge of arrangements.

For years the anniversary of Emmet's death has been annually celebrated in most of the cities of America and some of the most brilliant speakers in the country have told again and again the thrilling story of the young patriot's hazardous life and ignoble death. But this year the celebrations are to be of still greater importance, some of the most notable of them to be held in this city, Columbus, Buffalo, Philadelphia, Chicago and elsewhere.

While, of course, interest naturally centers in Emmet, the Irish-American women have not forgotten his broken-hearted fiancée, Sarah Curran, whose devotion to the martyred patriot has never been forgotten by students of Irish history.

A Fellow of Thomas Moore.

Robert Emmet was born at Dublin, Ireland in 1778. He was the youngest son of Dr. Robert Emmet, at one time physician to the viceroy of Ireland. Young Emmet received his early education in the private schools of his birthplace and October 7, 1793, entered Trinity college. He was a fellow student of Thomas Moore, the poet, and much beloved by that celebrated Irishman.

In college Emmet was noted for his utterances in favor of Irish home rule and upon the visit to the institution in 1798 of Lord Clive and Dr. Duigenan, he was pointed out with 18 others as the ringleaders of the opposition to the government. Because of this incident Emmet withdrew from school and devoted the rest of his short career to the interests of the United Irish league.

What little fortune he had was devoted to the cause and he made a visit to the continent of Europe to secure outside aid in a revolt against England. He conferred with Napoleon and Talleyrand and the former agreed to assist the Irish. However, Emmet's plans have failed no faith in this promise and proceeded as if no aid had been offered.

His Famous Rebellion.

On July 23, 1802, at the head of a hundred wild followers Emmet began his march from Marshfield to Rathfarnham, which ended in disaster. Emmet was unable to restrain his men and their acts of violence caused him to fly in dismay from Rathfarnham to the Wicklow mountains where he went into hiding.

But love for an Irish lass proved the undoing of this young patriot and it was while attempting to pay a visit to his sweetheart, Miss Sarah Curran, that he was captured. His arrest occurred at Harold's Cross, August 23, 1802.

Before Lord Norbury and Honors George and Daly, Emmet was on September 18, convicted of treason and was hanged on the following day. The speech made by the doomed man in the dock is one of the noted utterances of history and there is scarcely an Irish schoolboy who has not felt his blood tingle with the reading of it.

The body of Emmet was interred at Bally's Acre, but it is said to have been removed to St. Michael's churchyard or to Glasnevin cemetery. At either place today a plain marble slab is pointed to the visitor as the resting place of Ireland's patriot.

Sarah Curran was the daughter of John Philip Curran, Ireland's most brilliant attorney. In a period conspicuous for its wit, Curran was the brightest of all. His was the most genial nature that flowed and sparkled at the social board. In a crowded school of orators, each one of whom was eminent and towering, he stood, if not the foremost, second only to the foremost.

When corruption was let loose he was unpurchasable and inviolate, and in a year of terror, faultless and inviolable. From the beginning to the end Curran clung to the fortunes of his country—gave to her his love, his labors, his sorrows, the inspiration of his courage, the exhilarating warmth of his genius—gave them all to her in the fullest measure.

Gentle and Noble.

Robert Emmet's fiancée was the daughter of this man. She was one of the gentlest, the most amiable, the simplest-minded, the sweetest from affection, the most patient, the most willful of womankind, and yet there was no sacrifice she was not capable of making for the man she loved.

Through her devotion for Emmet, Miss Curran had struck a bond between her father and herself, and in her home life the patience and self-sacrifice manifested by her were indeed self-sacrificing. Curran undoubtedly treated his daughter with harshness and severity, but it cannot be wondered at that willful to him must have been the arrest and execution of Emmet, who was engaged to his daughter, and which event left him at the mercy of the government and rendered it necessary for him to appear before the privy council in person, no longer of an unsuspected advocate for others, but of a suspected person, who had to enter into explanations of his own conduct. Curran had rendered himself obnoxious to the government by so many years' increasing opposition to every administration and by the part he had taken in the various state trials from 1784 to 1798.

Marriage of the royal staff corps and married him.

"SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND."

Tom Moore's Poem to the Sweetheart Emmet Left Behind.

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps, And loves are found her sighing; But coldly she turns from their gaze and weeps, For her heart in his grave is lying. She sings the wild song of her dear native plains, Embrace which he loved awaking— Ah! little they think who delight in her strains, How the heart of the minstrel is breaking.

He had lived for his love, for his country he died, They were all that to life had entwined him— Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried, Nor long will his love stay behind him. Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest, Where they promise a glorious morrow; They'll shine o'er her sleep like a smile from the West, From her own loved island of sorrow.

EMMET IN THE DOCK.

His Famous Speech to the Judges on the Eve of His Execution.

Standing in the dock 100 years ago today, Robert Emmet delivered his famous speech, known to every man and child of Celtic blood the world over. Facing his judges without a tremor he said: "What have I to say why the sentence of a law should be pronounced on me, according to law? I have nothing to say which can alter your pre-determination, nor that it would become me to say, with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce, and which I must abide. But I have that to say which interests me more than life, and which you have labored, as was necessarily your office in the present circumstances of this oppressed country to destroy. I have much to say why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it. I do not imagine that seated where you are your minds can be so free from impurity as to receive the least impression from what I am about to utter. I have no hope that I can anchor my character in the breast of a court constituted and trammelled as this is. I only wish, and it is the utmost I expect, that your lordships may suffer it to float down your memories untainted by the foul breath of prejudice, until it finds some more hospitable harbor to shelter it from the rude storm by which it is at present buffeted. Were I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur, but the sentence of the law which delivers my body to the executioner will, through the ministry of that law, labor in its own vindication to consign my character to obloquy; for there must be guilt somewhere, whether in the sentence of the court, or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine. A man in my situation, my lords, has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune, and the force of power over minds which it has corrupted by subjugated, but the difficulties of established prejudice. The man dies, but his memory lives. That mine may not perish, that it may live in the respect of my countrymen, I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port—when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field in defense of their country and of virtue, this is my hope—I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High—which displays its power over man, as over the beasts of the forests—which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow who believes or doubts a little more or a little less than the government standard—a government which is steered to barbarity by the cries of the orphan, and the tears of the widow which it has made.

"I appeal to the immaculate God—I swear by the Throns of Heaven, before which I must shortly appear—by the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before me—that my conduct has been, through all this peril and through all my purposes, governed only by the convictions which I have uttered, and by no other view than that of the emancipation of my country from the superhuman oppression under which she has so long and too patiently trampled; and I confidently and assuredly hope that, wild and chimerical as it may appear, there is still union and strength in the land to accomplish this noblest enterprise. Or this I, speak with the confidence of intimate knowledge, and with the consolation that appertains to that confidence. Think not, my lords, I say this for the petty gratification of giving you a transitory satisfaction. A man who never yet raised his voice to assert a lie will not hazard his character with posterity, by asserting a falsehood on a subject so important to this country, and on an occasion like this. Yes, my lords, a man who does not wish to have his epitaph written until his country is liberated, will not leave a weapon in the power of envy, nor a pretense to impeach the probity, which he means to preserve, even in the grave, to which tyranny consigns him.

"Again I say, that what I have spoken was not intended for your lordships, whose situation I commiserate rather than envy—my expressions were for my countrymen. If there is a true Irishman present, let my last words cheer him in the hour of his affliction.

"I have always understood it to be the duty of a judge, when a prisoner has been convicted, to pronounce the sentence of the law. I have also understood that judges sometimes think it their duty to hear with patience, and to speak with humanity; to exhort the victor to benignity; their opinions of the motives by which he was actuated in the crime of which he was adjudged guilty. That a judge has thought it his duty so to have done, I have no doubt; but where is the boasted clemency of your institutions—where is the vaunted impartiality, clemency and mildness of your courts of justice, if an unfortunate prisoner, whom your policy, and not pure justice, is about to deliver into the hands of the executioner, is not suffered to explain his motives sincerely and truly, and to vindicate the principles by which he was actuated? My lords, it may be a part of the system of angry justice to bow a man's mind by humiliation to the proposed ignominy of the scaffold; but worse to me than the proposed shame, or the scaffold's terrors, would be the shame of such foul and unfounded imputations, as have been laid against me. If I stand at the bar of a judge; I am the supposed culprit. I am a man; you are a man also. By a revolution of power we might change places, though we never could change characters. If I stand at the bar of this court, and dare not vindicate my character, what a farce is your justice! If I stand at this bar and



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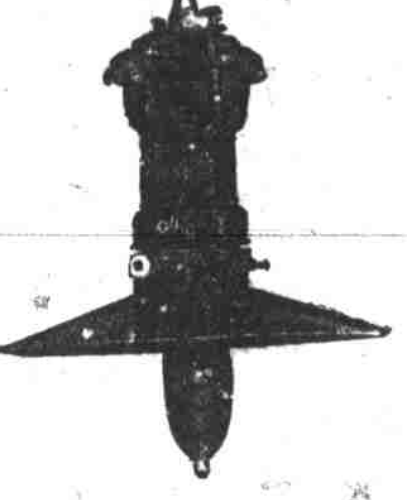
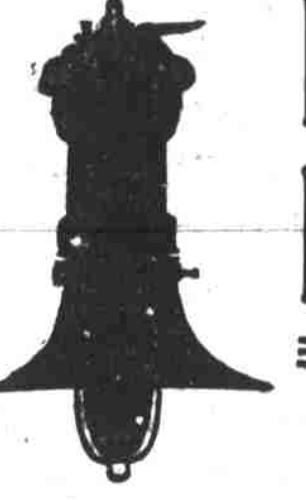
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dare not vindicate my character, how far you vilipend it? Does the sentence of death, which your unhallowed policy inflicts upon my body also condemn my tongue to silence and my reputation to reproach? Your executioner may abridge the period of my existence; but while I exist I shall not forbear to vindicate my character and motives from your aspersions; as a man, to whom fame is dearer than life, I will make the last use of that life in doing justice to that reputation which is to live after, and which is the only legacy I can leave to those I honor and love, and for whom I am proud to perish. As men, my lord, we must appear on the great day at one common tribunal; and it will then remain for the Searcher of all hearts to show a collective universe, who was engaged in the most virtuous actions or actuated by the purest motives—my country's oppressor, or—

"My lord, shall a dying man be denied the legal privilege of exculpating himself in the eyes of the community from an undeserved reproach, thrown upon him during his trial, by charging him with ambition, and attempting to cast away for a paltry consideration the liberties of his country? Why did your lordship insult me? Or rather, why in justice, in demanding of me why sentence of death should not be pronounced? I know, my lord, that form prescribes that you should ask the question. The form also presumes the right of answering. This, no doubt, may be dispensed with, and so might the whole ceremony of the trial, since sentence

was already pronounced at the castle before your jury was impanelled. Your lordships are but the priests of the oracle—I submit to the sacrifice. But I insist on the whole of the forms.

"I am charged with being an emissary of France. An emissary of France! and for what end? It is alleged that I wish to sell the independence of my country; and for what end? Was this the object of my ambition? And is this the mode by which a tribunal of justice reconciles contradictions? No, I am no emissary; my ambition was to hold a place among the deliverers of my country—not in power, nor in profit, but in the glory of the achievement. Sell my country's independence to France! and for what? A change of masters? No, but for my ambition. O my country! was it personal ambition that influenced me? Had it been the soul of my actions, could I not by my education and fortune, by the rank and consideration of my family have placed myself amongst the proudest of your oppressors? My country was my idol. To it I sacrificed every selfish, every endeavoring sentiment, and for it I now offer myself, O God! No, my lords; I acted as an Irishman determined on delivering my country from the yoke of a foreign and unrelenting tyranny, and from the more galling yoke of a domestic faction, its joint partner and perpetrator in the patrie, whose reward is the ignominy of existing with an exterior of splendor and a consciousness of depravity. It was the wish of my heart to extricate my country from this double riveted despotism—I wish to place her inde-

pendence beyond the reach of any power on earth—I wish to exalt her to that proud station in the world which Providence had destined her to fill—Connection with France was, indeed, intended, but only so far as mutual interest would sanction or require. Were the French to assume any authority inconsistent with the purest independence, it would be the signal for their destruction. We sought their aid—and we sought it as we had assurance we should obtain it—as auxiliaries in war, and allies in peace. Were the French to come as invaders or enemies uninvited by the wishes of the people, I should oppose them to the utmost of my strength. Yes, my countrymen! I should advise you to meet them on the beach with a sword in one hand, and a torch in the other. I would meet them with all the destructive fury of war; and I should animate my countrymen to immolate them in their boats, before they had contaminated the soil of my country. If they succeeded in landing, and if forced to retire before superior discipline, I would dispute every inch of ground, raise every house, burn every blade of grass; the last spot on which the hope of freedom should desert me, there would I hold, and the last entrenchment of liberty should be my grave. What I could not do myself, my fall I should leave as a last charge to my countrymen to accomplish; because I should feel conscious that life, any more than death, is dishonorable when a foreign nation holds my country in subjection. But it was not as an enemy that the succors of France were to land. I looked, indeed, for the assistance of France; I wished to prove

to France and to the world that Irishmen deserved to be assisted—that they were indignant at slavery, and ready to assert the independence and liberty of their country; I wished to procure for my country the quantity which Washington procured for America—to procure an aid which, by its example, would be as important as its valor; disciplined, gallant, pregnant with science and experience; that of allies who would perceive the good, and polish the rough points of our character. They would come to us as strangers, and leave us as friends, after sharing in our perils and elevating our destiny. These were my objects, not to receive new taskmasters, but to expel old tyrants. And it was for these ends I sought aid from France; because France, even as an enemy, could not be more implacable than the enemy already in the bosom of my country.

"I have been charged with that importance in the efforts to emancipate my country, as to be considered the keystone of the combination of Irishmen, or as your lordship expressed it, 'the life and blood of the conspiracy.' You do me honor over much; you have given to the subaltern all the credit of the superior. There are men engaged in this conspiracy who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conceptions of yourself, my lord; men before the splendor of whose genius and virtues I should bow with respectful deference, and who would think themselves disgraced by shaking my bloodstained hand—

the passage to the scaffold, which the tyranny of which you are only the intermediary executioner, has erected for my murder, that I am accountable for all the blood that has been and will be shed in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor? Shall you tell me this, and must I be so very a slave as not to rebel it?"

"I, who fear not to approach the Omnipotent Judge to answer for the conduct of my whole life—am I to be appalled and fainting by a mere remnant of blood that you have shed in your unhallowed ministry in one great reservoir, your lordship might wish in it.

"Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor; let no man attain my memory, by believing that I could have engaged, in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence, or that I could have become the pliant minion of power, in the oppression and misery of my countrymen. The proclamation of the provisional government speaks for my views; no instance can be tortured from it to constitute barbarity or debasement at home, or subjection, humiliation or treachery from abroad. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the domestic tyrant: in the dignity of freedom, I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and its enemy should only enter by passing over my blood.

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