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SPEECH

OF

ROBERT EMMET,

IN THE

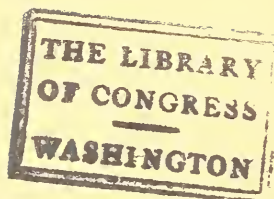
COURT-HOUSE, DUBLIN,

AFTER SENTENCE OF DEATH BEING PASSED ON HIM,
SEPTEMBER 19, 1803.

Gaelic & English
2. 1803



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NOTE BY THE TRANSLATOR.

THE following translation of EMMET'S world-famed speech was made somewhat under difficulties, as I had not all the books necessary for such an undertaking ; and there probably is not in the English language a more difficult piece to translate, *correctly*. into Gaelic. The first requisite of a translation is to have it as literal as possible. This translation is as literal as the genius of the Irish language would admit. The very tenses of the English verbs are in every case put into the corresponding Irish ones ; and every word that EMMET uttered has been translated as closely as possible. There are a few nouns the genders of which I have been unable to find out, as authorities do not agree with regard to them. One of these nouns is $\mu\lambda\alpha\zeta\alpha\lambda$. O'Reilly makes it masculine, and Foley makes it feminine ; but the use of a wrong gender in Irish does not make much change in the parts of speech qualifying the noun, and is not so grave a fault as it would be in some other languages.

T. O'N. R.

NEW YORK, March, 1879.

As an aid to readers of the Gaelic translation, the original of EMMET'S immortal speech, as delivered by him in the Court-House, Green street, Dublin, on the 19th of September, 1803, is reprinted on the opposite pages to the translation,—both being given as nearly as possible, line for line, in juxtaposition.

ԱՐԱՅՆՔԸ

ԻՅՅԵՆՈՒ ԵՄՊԵՇ,
ա ծ-Շիջե իրելեալիս, ա ի-ձե Շիւթ.

Շարիւր իրելե իսր իրելե սիւ,

9 Տեպտեմբ, 1803.

—:o:—

Արժույճե ո՛ր Տար-բարևա Յօ
Յաճիլջե.

le

Շ. Օ՛Ւ. ՐՍՏԵԼԼ,

Պարտ 4, 1879.

SPEECH
OF
ROBERT EMMET,
IN THE
COURT-HOUSE, DUBLIN,
AFTER SENTENCE OF DEATH BEING PASSED ON HIM,
SEPTEMBER 19, 1803.

—:O:—

TRANSLATED FROM ENGLISH INTO IRISH

BY

T. O'N. RUSSELL,

MARCH 4, 1879.

SPEECH OF ROBERT EMMET

IN THE COURTHOUSE, DUBLIN, AFTER SENTENCE OF DEATH BEING
PASSED ON HIM, SEPTEMBER 19, 1803.

“What have I to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law? I have nothing to say which can alter your predetermination, nor that it would become me to say, with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce, and by 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

lužad, azur heart cumacda or cionn na n-daoine atá tuaislligthe azur rmacctuisgthe leir, azur tuille f6r cnuad-car claonad dainzhiigthe. Fažann an fear bar, ac̄t mairean̄ a cūinne. To nac̄ n-euzfaid̄ mo cūinne, zo m-bad̄ fēid̄iu leir mairean̄ a mear mo cōm̄duēcarac̄ am̄ diaiḡ, zabaam̄ ari an̄ faill reo dom̄ faonad̄ ó cūid̄ de na coiriub̄ curēa am̄ leir. An̄ uair̄ a m-bearpar̄ m'anam̄ zo cuan̄ canadaim̄aiḡ éiz̄in, —an̄ uair̄ a m-beid̄ ré le rluazais̄ na laoc̄na mar̄traiḡthe a dóir̄e a b̄-fuil̄^o ari an̄ ržalan̄ azur ari an̄ m̄až-čacā cum̄ a d̄t̄ine azur r̄ub̄aiḡce do cōraire, ir̄ é ro mo dōcar; —ir̄ mian̄ lom̄ zo m-bior̄dočaid̄ mo cūinne azur m'an̄m̄ iad̄ ro a m̄air̄fear am̄ diaiḡ, azur m̄iri beir̄ az̄ am̄air̄c̄ anuar le r̄arad̄ ari ržiuor̄ an̄ mažais̄ mallaiḡthe r̄in̄ a cōm̄headar a heart le cāinead̄ an̄ma an̄ Té ir̄ áir̄de, —mažal a cōm̄headar a cūinac̄t or cionn na n-daoine mar̄ or cionn̄ arih̄in̄tead̄ an̄ farais̄; —mažal a cūinear̄ fear̄ an̄ažaid̄ a dearb̄nač̄ain̄ ari žrad̄ Dé, d'a m̄ar̄bad̄ de b̄riž zo ž-c̄n̄ēidean̄ ré h̄ior̄ mō no h̄ior̄ lūža 'na c̄n̄ēidean̄ an̄ mažais̄; —mažal cnuad̄ azur m̄ic̄n̄ócair̄-eac̄ mar̄ žeal ari žair̄e na n-d̄ileac̄d, azur deona na m-bair̄reabac̄ do rižnead̄ leir.

[Do coiržead̄ an̄ ro zo hearī-d̄aona é leir an̄ t̄ižean̄na Noibun̄iž, noč̄ dubair̄c̄ leir̄ nar̄ b̄'fēid̄iu le baot̄-č̄n̄ēideac̄ais̄ laza olca mar̄ é a m̄ianā r̄iadaire do cōim̄lionad̄.]

Žlaor̄d̄im̄ ari Ōia žleir̄zeal, tabair̄im̄ Cač̄aoirī heir̄ihe mar̄ in̄ionna, azur da lač̄air̄ ir̄ éiz̄in̄ dam̄ dul zo žoir̄id̄, azur tabair̄im̄ mar̄ in̄ionna fuil̄ na d̄-t̄in̄-žn̄aduiḡtheoir̄i d̄un-m̄ar̄b̄č̄a do cūaid̄ noim̄am̄, zo r̄ais̄ mo beur̄ do r̄ēir̄ leir̄-fear̄a d̄'in̄ir̄ m̄é, ari fead̄ an̄ baožais̄ reo zo h̄-uile azur ari fead̄ mo mian̄ zo h̄-iomlan̄; azur nac̄ r̄ais̄ r̄ūil̄ ažam̄ do h̄id̄ eir̄le ac̄t mo t̄in̄ d̄'fuaržalad̄ ó'n̄ leat̄c̄n̄om̄ d̄'f̄ulaiḡ r̄f̄ c̄ó r̄oiž̄ideac̄ azur c̄ó r̄ad̄; azur tā dōcar̄ c̄in̄hte azur dearb̄č̄a ažam̄, žid̄ zo baot̄ azur zo bor̄ub̄ a'r̄ a feuc̄ann̄ ré, zo b̄-fuil̄ aca f6r̄ an̄ 'Eir̄in̄n̄ a r̄air̄t̄ aonac̄da azur heir̄c̄ cum̄ an̄ oir̄be ir̄ uarala ro do c̄n̄ioč̄nužad̄. Lab̄air̄im̄ ari an̄ h̄id̄ reo le m̄uir̄ižin̄ fear̄a c̄in̄hte, azur leir̄ an̄ r̄ól̄ar̄ a bean̄ar̄ dō. Na mear̄aid̄, a t̄ižear̄n̄air̄de, zo n-deir̄im̄ reo ari r̄on̄ r̄arad̄ beaž̄ m̄f̄-f̄uair̄m̄hear̄a žear̄ir̄i do cūir̄ oir̄r̄ais̄. N̄i beid̄ an̄ fear̄ nar̄ ar̄id̄uiḡ f6r̄ a ž̄c̄t̄ cum̄ b̄rieir̄e do lab̄air̄c̄, ullair̄ cum̄ a c̄l̄ú do baožaluzad̄ le na daoiriub̄ atá

the force of power over minds which it has corrupted or 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 alleged 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 defence 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 forest—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 steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans, and the tears of the widows which it has made.”

[Here he was brutally interrupted by Lord Norbury, and told that weak and wicked enthusiasts, who felt like him, were unequal to the accomplishment of their wild designs.]

“I appeal to the immaculate God—I swear by the throne 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 superinhuman oppression under which she has so long and patiently travailed; and I confidently and assuredly hope that, wild and chimerical as it may appear, there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noblest enterprise. Of 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 uneasiness. A man who never yet raised his voice to assert a lie, will not hazard his character with posterity by

le teacód, le rad híd nac fíor de cúir ód tromh d'a éfir mar atá an cúir reo az an am ro. A read, a éizearhaidé, ní fázfaid an fearn damab mjan zan a leac-lijé do rzmuobad noimí raoirre a éfiré, amh a z-cumar formhaid 'na leic-rzeul leir a z-coirzfeair an t-ionhriacur úd nóc ir mjan leir coimhead ran uaim féin anh a cúirear an foirneartuidé é.

[Anro do coirz an éizearha Noibuiriz arir é.]

A deirim arir nac m-beanah le do éizearhur na briačara a dubairt mé; tá hior mó truaiz 'na tnuč azam ort mar zeall air d'oiriz. Ba domh comduččairib do labair mé. Wa tá fíor 'Eimiohac anro zo meirhizid mo briačara déizeahaca é a h-uair a émuobloid!

[Anro do cúir an éizearha Noibuiriz corz arir air.]

Do faoil mé corde zupab é zho an breičearhah 'huair a b-fazčari cionhtac an briaize, breič an dlize do čabairt air. Do faoil mé mar an ceadhna zo mearahn na breičearhuir air uairib zupab óbir dóib do člor zo foizdeac azur do labairt zo daona; iodbairt na dlizead do cóihairlead; azur do čabairt a m-barairhuile le mih muhtearidar air na čallair le'ri corruizead é do deahah an peacuz dá m-breičhuizčear cionhtac é. Čričdeair zan ahmur zur faoil breičeah airize rúd a beič cóir dó; acč ca b-fuil raoirre móidalač bui h-dlizčead, ca b-fuil ceairt, tróčairé azur ceahracd maoidčeač bui z-cuir breičeahuir, muna b-fuil cead az briaize dona le mhmuzad a ionhrihde zo rlan azur zo fíor, azur le corhah foioidear le'ri corruizead é, azur zo móri mór an tan nac ceairt acč bui h-dian-zliocar a cúirear é faoilair an čiočairé? V'féidri zupab noimh breičeahuir fearzác é, a éizearhaidé, aizhe fir do člaohad čum hairé breuzac an rzalair; acč híd atá hior meara damra 'na 'h hairé rmuahce, ho 'na uáčbara an rzalah, do beičead hairé na milleh breuhac breuzac ro do cuirlead am azaid ir an z-cuir reo. Ir breičeah čura, a éizearha, azur ir mir an briaize do raolčear beič cionhtac. Ir mir fear; ir fear čura mar a z-ceudha. Feudahn rih an h-ajte malairuzad le ionpoz čuhacda zid nac b-réidri

asserting a falsehood on a subject so important to his 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 pretence to impeach the probity which he means to preserve, even in the grave, to which tyranny consigns him."

[Here Lord Norbury again interrupted him.]

"Again I say, that what I have spoken was not intended for your lordship, 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——"

[Lord Norbury again stopped the prisoner.]

"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 victim of the laws, and to offer, with tender 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 freedom of your institutions—where 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 supposed ignominy of the scaffold; but worse to me than the purposed shame, or the scaffold's terrors, would be the shame of such foul and unfounded imputations as have been laid against me in this court. You, my lord, are 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 dare not vindicate my character, how dare you calumniate 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 aspersion; 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 me, 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 oppressors, or——”

[Here he was again stopped.]

“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 insult justice, in demanding of me why sentence of death should not be pronounced? I know, my lord, that the *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 were empanelled. 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 wished 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, not 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! Oh, 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 endearing 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 patricide, 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 doubly-rivettèd despotism. I wish to place her independence beyond the reach of any power on earth. I wish to exalt her to that proud station in the world which Providence has 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 assurances we should obtain it—as auxiliaries in war and allies in peace. Were the French to come, uninvited by the people, as invaders or enemies, 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 would 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

do ēnoīdēfīnē tan cionē žac onlāiž talīnā leo; do mīllēfīnē žac tīžē, do loīrēfīnē žac muibe feoīn, azur an deīne ball anē a d-ēreīžfīnē dōcār raoīre mē īr anē d'fānēfānē, azur do žēabānē uaiž a b-forlonēžpōre dēīžēanāc nā raoīre. An nīd nār b'fēīdīr līom fēīn a žēanān, aī mo ēuīcīm, d'fāzēfānē māī ōīndužād dēīžēanāc do m' cōmduēcārīb do ēīuōcēnužād, de bīuīž žo m-beīdeād fīor azām žo b-fuīl beača māī aon le bār, earoīnāc an uaiī cōīmeadar cīneād cōīzēuōc mo ēīr fēīn faoī a rīnācēt. Acēt nī māī nānāīdīb bā nīnā dūīnē laoēnā nā Fīnāncē do ēēacēt ēum tīne. Bī rūīl azām, tīnā, žo b-fāžānē cunēnān ō'ē b-Fīnāncē. Bā nīnā līom deārībužād do'ē Fīnāncē azur an doīnā žur ēuīll nā h'ēīuōnēnāiž cobāī; žur feārīžac īad le daoīrācēd, azur ullān ēum raoīre azur fūarēglāča a d-ēīne do cōrānē. Bā nīnā līom an uīnāc ceadnā d'fāžāīl aīr rōn mo ēīne a'r a fūaīr bhāīrīnēžcōn aīr rōn Amēīcā, eadōn, cunēnān 'a beīdeād cō tāīrībeac māī fāmplā a'r le n-a nēarē, cabārēcōīrīde mūīnē, calmā, lān d'ealādān azur d'eolar, a cūm dōcād an nāīcēar acā īonānē azur a nīnēdōcād nā nēīcē žarībā aī ž-cāīle. Do ēīocēfāīdīr ēūzānē māī cōīzēīuōcāīb azur do ržānēfāīdīr uaiīnē māī cāīrīdīb, tāī ēīr aī m-baožāla do rōīnē azur aī ž-cīnēnēamūīn d'ārīdužād. Būd īad rō mo nīnān; žān māīžīrīdīrīde nūādā d'fāžāīl acēt nā fean tīōnānā do dībīneād. Būd īad rō cīalla d'fīārīrūīžēar cūnēnān ō'ē b-Fīnāncē, de bīuīž nār b'fēīdīr lēīr an b-Fīnāncē beīc nīor nānācācā nā 'ē nānāīd do bī cēanā a lāī mo ēīne.

[Do cōīrēz an ēuīrē an bīnāīžē aīīr.]

Cūīcēar aī lēīc žob-fuīlīm cō tābācēdāc īr an īārīnācēd rō ēum mo ēīne do fāoīrāc žur rīmūāīnēarī mīrī do beīc aī cīōīc-ēēanēzāīl an bānā 'ēīuōnēnāc; nō māī a dubāīrē do ēīžēarīnūr, žur mīrī "beača azur fuīl nā cealžā." Dēānāīr īomāīcāīd ōnōīne dām. Tābāīrīrī d'ōn īōcēdārān mēar an uācēdārāīn. Tā daoīne až ōībīrīužād īr an cēalž rō acā nī amāīn nīor feārīn 'nā mīrī, acēt nīor feārīn 'nā a nīēarānē tū fēīn a beīc, a ēīžēarīnā,—daoīne ōr cōnāīr ōīrīdeārīcārā a ž-cāīleacēdā azur a rūbāīlce do ēīnomēfāīnē žo mēārāīnāīl, azur dā raoīrīfīdīr fēīn tīrūāīlīžcē le lūār-žād do lāīnē fōlāīnāīl.

superior discipline, I would dispute every inch of ground, raze 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, in 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 guarantee 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 preserve 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. Those 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 enemy, could not be more implacable than the enemy already in the bosom of my country.”

[The Court again interrupted the prisoner.]

“I have been charged with that importance in the effort to emancipate my country, as to be considered the key-stone 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 a superior. There are men engaged in this conspiracy who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conception 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 your blood-stained hand——”

[Tjæarna Norðurljó—Do þú ertú do dítjoll cum
þið mæla, fúllteac, uafneac do cum ari bun.]

Cad é, a tjæarna, a ndærfari damra azur mri ari
an t-rjæ zur an rgalan anduizte dom dúnmarbad leir
an eazcöri darab tura ac t cnoçafne meaðonaç, zo
b-fuylm cjonhçac do 'n ule fuyl a döruteac azur a dörut-
fean ir an z-cozad ro eidiu foirneartuab azur tuallyb?
A ndærfari an nfd reo dam azur nac z-cajçfid mé bejt
am tually zo ffori zan a feunad? Wiri ari nac m-bejd
eazla dul a laçari an hrejtæamun Ule Curnacdaiz
cunçar do tabarur ari ron beura mo beata zo léri, an
m-bejd eazla oim, no an m-bejd me breuzhuzte le fuizteall
daonaçda anro; azur zo h-ariuzte leatra? Da m-ba
féidiu é an ule fuyl neam-çiontaç a döruteac ari fead do
ceanhar malluzte, do çruirhuizad an aon ar tairzte,
d'feadfad do tjæarnar rnarh ionte. Na larh-
izteari aon duine earonöri do cum am azaid 'huari aca
mé marb. Na tuallyteari aon duine mo çurhne le
rhuafnead zur b'féidiu lom hannuzad le cur ari bjç ac t
le raofure azur féin-çunhacd mo çfne; no zur b'féidiu
lom bejt am dalta ro-lubta de çunhacd a leat-çrom azur a
n-donar mo çmhduçcarac féin. Labranh foirfozmad an
Rjazarl Uafnariz mo bararharle. Nf çumarac biriz do çar-
marh ar, zo z-ceadöçarh boirbe no rrluzad ran m-barle,
no rmacd, umhuzad, no feall ó çneadaçarb eile. Nf
umhlocarh d' foirneartuide coizçfioç ari an çfall çadna
zo d-troirfirh anazaid airtizæarna ran m-barle. A n-and-
çerh na raofure do çmoirfirh ari çairreac mo çfne, azur
nf çioçfad a narhar arteac ac t öf çionh mo çorir marb.
Azur an m-bejd mri nar har ac t ari ron mo çfne, a çurh
mé féin a m-baozal ö'n b-foirneartuide eudhar ariac,
azur anoir a n-daoirre na h-uafze do cum zo d-tabar-
farh a z-çarur dom çmhduççarirb azur raofure dom çfne,
—an ualuzteari le marlad mé zan cead d'a çur d'fom é!
Nf h-eaç; nar leize Oja!

[Oubarur an Tjæarna Norðurljó anro leir an m-brarize
zo rarb a rhuarhuzte azur a labrad narreac d' a huarh-
çur azur d'a huarnead, ac t zo h-ariuzte d'a açari noç feur-
fad jad da m-bejdead beo.]

Lord Norbury—"You have endeavored to establish a wicked and bloody provisional government."

"What, my lord! shall you tell me, on the passage to the 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 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 repel 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 falsified by a mere remnant of mortality here?—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. Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor; let no man attaint 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 inference can be tortured from it to countenance 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 lifeless corpse. And am I, who have lived but for my country, who have subjected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and now to the bondage of the grave,—only to give my countrymen their rights, and my country her independence,—am I to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to resent it? No; God forbid!"

[Here Lord Norbury told the prisoner that his sentiments and language disgraced his family and his education, but more particularly his father, who, if alive, would not countenance such opinions.]

“If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who were dear to them in this transitory life, O ever dear and venerated 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 lord, you seem impatient for the sacrifice. The blood for which you thirst is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim; it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for nobler purposes, but which you are now bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous that they cry to Heaven. Be yet patient! I have but a few words 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 SILENCE. Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man who knows my motives dare *now* vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me rest 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.”

Handwritten signature or mark in the bottom right corner.

SPEECH
OF
ROBERT EMMET,

IN THE
COURT-HOUSE, DUBLIN,

AFTER SENTENCE OF DEATH BEING PASSED ON HIM,
SEPTEMBER 19, 1803.



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