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THE PHENIX SOCIETIES

IN

IRELAND AND AMERICA.

A LETTER

ETC., ETC.

BY

ALEXANDER M. SULLIVAN,

EDITOR OF "THE NATION."

DUBLIN:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY ALEXANDER M. SULLIVAN,
6, LOWER ABBEY STREET.

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1858 AND 1862.

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PART I.

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1808 AND 1883.

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PART I.

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6 LOWER ABBEY STREET.

Houses of the Oireachtas

THE PHENIX SOCIETIES

IN IRELAND AND AMERICA, 1858 AND 1862.

This letter was originally addressed to the late Colonel Michael Doheny—a public announcement of its forthcoming appearance having been published in the *NATION*, of Saturday, 5th April, 1862; as well as in the subsequent issue of that journal, 12th April. After the letter had been printed off, but before the morning of publication, the startling and mournful news reached Dublin (on Friday, 18th April), that Colonel Doheny was no more!

There was not however, as may be seen, a word in the letter of which even such a sorrowful incident would demand the recal or modification; and so I have allowed every line and every sentence to stand, exactly as first written. Even at the moment when I believed Mr. Doheny in the full vigour of life, and a powerful (though unconscious) agent of grievous injustice to me, I did not utter, in reply to him, a hurtful word, or an angry epithet. On the contrary, I expressed my opinion that he would not have vended those unjust and false statements had he not been under the impression that they were just and true; and I addressed to him a demand for reparation as to “a gentleman and a man of honour, betrayed into a serious error.”

That demand he would have justified and complied with, had God spared him to learn how far apart from truth, manliness, gratitude, and honour, were the statements passed off on him and others, as facts. Had death but waited a few short days, my estimate of Colonel Doheny's manliness and honour, would, I feel confident, be fully vindicated. But we are parted now by the grave, and shall meet no more till we both stand before the Eternal Judge of all causes. Whatever wrong Colonel Doheny was made the instrument of doing me, I need scarcely say I heartily forgive. Above his bier there survives but a recollection of all he laboured, dared, and suffered, for his native land. And I pray that God may grant light and rest eternal to his soul.

In the Second Part of the following letter, I shall address myself to the reader, and thus complete a duty forced upon me through four years of silence; but destined—as I have already received reason to believe—to exercise a useful, a lasting, and a memorable influence on Irish National Opinion.

A. M. S.

Dublin, 19th April, 1862.

SIR—I have received through the post a pamphlet reprint from the *Boston Pilot* of certain proceedings at a meeting of “The Fenian Brotherhood,” held in Philadelphia on the 6th of February last.

As I did not see the report when it originally appeared, I have not had an opportunity earlier than this of perusing your speech on that occasion. In that speech you make certain statements with reference to me,* which I am willing to believe you considered to be true. But they were *not* true, as I shall exhibit to you; and I entertain a hope that you will accordingly act as becomes a gentleman and a man of honour betrayed into a serious error.

I was not, however, ignorant that those statements were in circulation. I had long been made aware that parties in this country, who could not but know their gross falsehood, were working at their dissemination with the activity of malice and the secrecy

* I mean the following:—“But while Mr O'Brien warns the people against this danger, does he not, at the same time, warn the government that its time has come (cheers). He ought to remember what was the consequence of his former warning (loud cheers). At that time he was entrapped. A very artless, ingenious, and frank gentleman, editor of the *Dublin Nation*, wrote to him, asking, in the simplicity of his heart, whether he belonged to a secret society. Now, you know that a London law has made secret societies a crime punishable with severe penalties, and you will at once see how modest it was to ask him if he belonged to one. Besides, if Mr O'Brien did belong to a secret society, the secrets of which he was pledged to keep, was it not very complimentary to his honour and good faith to ask him to divulge such secrets in a letter through the British post-office? Mr O'Brien answered his correspondent in the negative, and denounced secret societies, of the existence of which he warned the people. That warning was also a warning to the government; and immediately ‘the wolf was on the walk.’ You know what followed. That time I thought, and I yet think, he was betrayed. But that his betrayal, and the consequences which followed have not stayed his pen this time, is utterly inexplicable (cheers). I can regard his present course with no feelings but those of amazement. But the most amusing and

of cowardice. Never dared to be publicly put forward where the facts were known and the proofs were at hand, and where, if true, their truth must have been notorious; never manfully asserted in a manner to be grappled with—these calumnious inventions have been plied only in stealth and darkness. Times were in Ireland when the name of Nationality was identified with everything bold, open, and straightforward; when, face to face, in open day, men confronted their accusers or assailants; and charges against public men were made where they could be met, sifted, and decided. In the public life of those times, honourable men were not afraid to mix. The knave and the traitor were sure to be challenged; the honest and faithful were certain of fair trial. At least, the tribunal was open, public, and free. At least, the accused saw the face of his accuser, and heard the charges. The public heard the evidence and decided the case.

But how stand the facts now? Ask the foremost and highest amongst those who suffered and sacrificed in the struggle with which your own name is associated. Ask those who, here in Ireland, see and come in contact with the state of things that now exists. They will tell you that, as P. J. Smith described it the other day, “a system of moral assassination” is beginning to show itself amongst us. They will tell you that the fair fame of men who left Ireland in felon chains for Ireland's sake, has not escaped the gnawing reptiles

amazing part of the former affair was that the very man who first hounded on the government made the prosecutions that could not but follow the disclosures which he had so artlessly drawn from Mr O'Brien, a pretext for loud patriotic demonstration. The ‘fair trial fund,’ a most appropriate basis for agitation, was established. Mr O'Brien freely contributed to the fund which was to save the prisoners from the ruin he was made the unwary instrument of calling down upon them (loud cheers). The result of the fund was affording Mr Thomas O'Hagan a chance of becoming Attorney-General to the Queen. That end was attained, and that end only (cheers).”

that creep around. They will tell you that, as a consequence, men of honourable principles and sensitive natures are shrinking from active public part in our cause, day by day. In fine, that there prevails now in our politics that anarchy which ensues in the absence of a recognised tribunal, with authority to decide disputes and judge causes. That the gratification of private malice robes itself as a vindication of public justice; that men speed the work of denunciation, intolerance, and hatred, with the phrases "union," "love," and "brotherhood" on their lips; and characters who, in a better and purer state of political affairs would not venture to show their faces, now go about with all the boldness of bravos, threatening their wretched system of calumny against those who are too honest or too independent to be intimidated.

I have long been a mark for these vile tactics. I have kept silent for four years, out of considerations that have been abused. I have scorned to reproach ingratitude, though I knew that some of the hands engaged in stabbing me in the back, owed me the service almost of life; and though some of the tongues retained to work my defamation, had called Heaven itself to witness a thousand obligations to me. Silent so long, if I, at last, speak out to-day, I promise you it shall be effectively and finally, and that I shall not appeal in vain to the feeling, the justice, and the manhood of my country.

I will at last publicly expose conduct on the part of the Secret Society which will throw light on much that has probably been enigmatical to many in Ireland during the past four years. I will let the country see and judge for itself the tactics I have for this period silently scorned. It shall hear of the proposition of the Secret Society to me by one of its agents, which I indignantly repelled; and it shall see and read, and track from month to month and year to year—word for word, and line for line—the carrying out of the threats then and subsequently made to me; threats that now as then, and for all time, as now, I openly and utterly defy.

Let my word never be believed in Ireland—let my countrymen never trust me more—if I do not to-day unravel a thread of steady, persevering, systematic slander, running through these four years; if I do not show charges the most atrocious proved to be false, cowardly, and vindictive—proved to be false, not by any repelling allegations of mine—not by any argument or pleading, howsoever forcible—but by *documents, dates, witnesses, and facts* entirely beyond my control.

Before I call forth a line of those proofs, and before I state a word of the simple relation of facts with reference to them, I will first put upon the record the charges they rebut and confound. These charges

describe a villain, a perfidious wretch; a monster; and they declare I am that villain, wretch, and monster. These charges purport to be based not upon private circumstances, but upon public facts, which therefore, happily, any man who may read these lines can consult, interrogate, and judge for himself. If these charges be *true*, I am a person whom a man of honour would shun with loathing and detestation. If they be *false*, the men who originated and the men who spread them, must be "moral assassins," indeed.

I accept the issue, and by it let me and them be judged.

The first time I ever heard of the statements in question was when I read a letter addressed to me by Mr J. O'Mahoney, through the pages of the *Phoenix* newspaper (26th Aug., 1859,) of New York; the official organ of the Secret Society, edited by the "Head Centre" of that organisation, publishing its notifications, "general orders," cautions, warnings, lists of *suspects*—and other attempts at terrorism. That letter I shall quote in full in its proper place, when detailing the circumstances that ostensibly called it forth; but I may here state briefly that it alleged:—

Firstly—That I "sent a missive to Mr Smith O'Brien, inquiring whether he was a member of any "Secret Society."

Though this assertion will be found repeated frequently in the calumnies I shall have to quote, it will expedite matters a good deal if I here deal with it at once:—"It is false. I never made any such inquiry of Mr O'Brien. I never asked such a question of him or any other person. Mr O'Brien happily is within reference; and with a knowledge of that fact I here confidently and publicly brand the above assertion of Mr J. O'Mahony as a falsehood.

Secondly—That I, by an article in the *Nation*, was to all appearance "the first to accomplish the betrayal of the Phoenix prisoners."*

Thirdly—That I (thereby) "pointed out the prey" to the Government, and thereby "started the game."

Fourthly—That thereupon "Goulah was set upon the young men's track, and immediately after the "arrests began to be made."

* Though I shall, further on, deal at ample length with this allegation, upon which the whole superstructure of defamation is based, I may as well reveal the fact at once, that it is false; and the fact of its falsehood is a matter any man in Ireland can test for himself, by referring to the *Irish newspapers of that year*. The first notice, "exposure," "reprehension," or "denunciation" of any kind that appeared in an Irish paper referring to the Phoenix Societies, as far as I can trace or recollect, was in the *Irishman newspaper of 9th Oct., 1858*—several weeks before the *Nation's* first article, which was on the 30th October. In the interval, the government press (*Evening Mail, Cork Constitution, &c.*) had opened fire. Thus totters and crumbles to pieces the whole fabric of lying and slander, based on Mr O'Mahony's statement that the *Nation* article was "the first"—i.e., that October 30 came before October 9! "More anon."

Fifthly—That “after those very men” (the Phoenix prisoners) I was myself “the first to set the bloodhounds of Saxon law.”

Nothing, it will be seen, could be more clear and specific than these charges—how true or how false, we shall afterwards fully examine; but lest there should be any question of their accuracy, here are the passages in full from Mr J. O’Mahony’s letter:—

By some means or other you found out that there was some secret among the Irishmen of your native town which was not entrusted to you, and you forthwith sent a missive to Mr Smith O’Brien, inquiring whether he was a member of any secret society—you thought he was! and you innocently asked him whether he would tell you all about it? He gave a prompt answer to your letter, and denounced secret societies therein—assuring you that he was not a member of any such, and that he did not know of the existence of any. You, however, had a suspicion of their existence, and by thus publicly announcing it, you were, to all appearance, the first to accomplish the betrayal of those same prisoners you now champion. You pointed out the prey—you started the game—Goulah was set upon the young men’s track, and immediately after the arrests began to be made. And now, indeed, your solicitude for those very men, after whom you were yourself the first to set the bloodhounds of Saxon law, boils into indignation, and you insolently canvass the acts and motives of men of whom you know nothing, and who have nothing in common with you.

I think it will be agreed that the man of whom such charges are true, is a wretch, a perfidious villain, a monster—that is to say, A. M. Sullivan, if they be proved.

I think it will be agreed that the man who made such charges, if not true, is either a maniac or a moral assassin—that is to say, John O’Mahony, if those charges be false.

We shall see.

They were not the hasty utterances of an angry moment. No; the policy of the Secret Society, and its private threats to me, decreed otherwise. Repetition was to accustom the popular mind to an assertion, an isolated utterance of which would be laughed at as the raving of a bedlamite. There was time for inquiry—supposing the foolish idea that truth made any difference in “the system;” or supposing that the person who made those charges considered it (as most men would) an awful responsibility to God and man, to put such terrible accusations forward without solid certainty of their truth. One would think that (setting aside altogether whether he believed in such a thing as Conscience, God, or Hereafter), the mere worldly prudence to be expected from a Leader, General, “Head Centre,” and Guide of the Secret Societies, would suggest correct information on a matter so important. Yet here we have the Phoenix, once again—nine months afterwards—nine months, without a word of retort or recrimination from me—with ample opportunity for inquiring—repeating the same statements:—

That I “wrote to Mr. O’Brien inquiring whether “he (O’Brien) was a member of a Secret Society.”

That I “duped Mr. O’Brien.”

That mine was “the inception of that betrayal consummated by Goulah at Tralee.”

That “as soon as the prisoners were arrested” (I) their “setter became their champion.”

Once more I shall quote the passages *verbatim* from the “Official Journal (27th Oct., 1860)”:—

A short time before the arrest of the late Kerry and Cork state prisoners, the editor of the *Nation* wrote to Mr O’Brien, inquiring whether he (O’Brien) was a member of a Secret Society. We care not to inquire into the motives that dictated so preposterous and meaningless an inquiry; we think them inexplicable; but the question involved either of two very extraordinary alternatives: either the writer *knew* that the answer would be in the negative, or *expected* that Mr O’Brien would reveal a secret he was bound by oath or pledge to preserve inviolable. If the former, what then? What was the object to be gained? what the interest to be served? If the latter, what outrage, or insult possible to the vilest conception, so flagrant as the one the question involved? It must be based on the presumption that Mr O’Brien would betray his comrades and forswear himself. But the result was a reply from Mr O’Brien, denying that he was a member, expressing an apprehension that Secret Societies existed, and pronouncing on them the most unqualified condemnation. We thought then, and we think now, that Mr O’Brien was duped, and duped by his interrogator. What his intention was, we leave him to reconcile with his conscience: but the end gained was the inception of that betrayal, consummated by his namesake Goulah at Tralee. As soon as the prisoners were arrested their setter became their champion.

Time wore on, and so far from “suing for terms,” or “making my peace,” with the head, centre, or tail of the Secret Society, I was found obdurately defying their big threats, their mysterious “warnings,” and parroted slanders. Many an “overture” was made to me; many an intimation that “it was better to be on terms with them, as they would be able to melt away any man’s character.” I had but one answer for every overture, and every intimation—that I defied such weapons and such foes. Accordingly, betimes, to keep the flagging slanderers here in Ireland from forgetting their task, the organ in New York reminded them of the cry to be maintained. In December, 1860, in the same page with “general orders” issued by the “Committee of Public Safety” (so designating itself), officially directing surveillance of terror over men “who have striven to injure the organisation by word or deed”—memory is jogged with reference to myself (silent still) as follows:—

We told him he lied, and that he knew it. We told him, moreover, that he was the original Goulah, who hounded on the government against the Phoenixes, whom he championed as soon as he had betrayed.

Months again go by, and, no doubt, resolving to improve the opportunity of utter silence on my part, while evidencing the rancorous vexation my contempt aroused, the work is sped “bravely” (*Phoenix*, 20th April, 1861):—

We charged him with being in advance of Goulah, in hounding on the government against the Phoenix prisoners, and when they were arrested, seizing on the sensation created by their arrest, and converting it into capital for

his paper. His extreme anxiety for the prisoners, and his activity in the affair of the "trial fund," as if a fund could command a fair trial, diverted public attention from his first treachery, and won him a place on the National Petition Committee.*

The above several quotations, though including every reference to such charges made publicly that I am in anywise aware of, reveal only *glimpses*, here and there of the general scheme pursued. They are but the *published* utterances. I cannot bring into the record the ten thousand varying versions spread, orally, in stealth, by the society agents in Ireland; and spread most anxiously wherever it was found that no recollection of the facts, or access to them, threatened exposure of the concoction! I cannot deal with the myriad miserable accessories of defamation (the particulars of which I have never heard) whispered and hissed—dropped here and there—tentatively and cautiously—that is to say, sneakingly. Born of the great "Head Central" lie, these sickly offspring will not long survive its ignominious end. Let them creep on. I shall leave them to their fate.

So far, however, I have fully endeavoured to collect and set forth every one of the charges with reference to my public conduct and character from which you derived the statements hazarded in your speech at Philadelphia. I shall now enter upon the main object of this letter. I shall now quote from *other* documents, and fulfil the public undertaking with which I set out, invoking the full penalty and forfeiture if I fail.

Nor shall I rest there. I now add to that undertaking, another. I undertake not merely to prove Mr O'Mahony's reiterated allegations, *false*; but I undertake to prove—by evidence, witnesses, documents, and dates, over which I have no control—that *the very contrary* of his allegations is the truth. I undertake to show that mine is not simply the case of a man who did not act the deeds attributed to him, but that the mere charge is, in my case, an ingratitude most base, unequalled, and revolting.

*And the witnesses to prove this, shall be—*THE PHENIX PRISONERS THEMSELVES!

It will be useful if I here give a *consecutive narrative* of events, for the purpose of placing in their proper connexion and order of time, the documents I

* Surely, the "Head Centre" ought to be believed—he shows himself to be so accurately informed? Here he represents to his credulous readers in America that "the Editor of the *Nation*" won a place on the National Petition Committee, "by his extreme anxiety for the Phoenix prisoners, and his activity in the affair of the trial fund"—said "National Petition" being a document originated, composed, and published by the Editor of the *Nation*—said "National Petition Committee" being a body called together and constituted by the Editor of the *Nation* himself!—and hark you, Col. Doherty—upon that committee "the Editor of the *Nation*" (if I am meant) never placed himself—never was placed by any one—never had on it at all the place well-informed J. O Mahony says he "won"—or any other place whatsoever!"

shall subsequently quote. But since I mean to repose the case entirely on witnesses, documents, dates, and facts beyond my own influence—and will not claim as evidence any unsupported statement made by myself—I wish it distinctly to be understood that you are at liberty to attach no value to this explanatory narrative beyond what may be justified by the corroborating evidence of the documents or facts appealed to in it.

In the early part of the year 1853 I was waited upon, one day, by a man whom I long had reason to believe, from himself and others, was largely engaged in establishing Secret Societies throughout Ireland. Indeed, from myself he never concealed the general fact, and I know that a long time before ever the Phoenix Societies were formally introduced into Ireland, he had contemplated "getting hold of" the Ribbon organisation, and trying to turn it to his desperate purposes. There are reasons why, as an honourable man, I should now be silent on his faults, and say as little as is absolutely necessary of him at all. In what I am compelled to reveal, I shall be as rigidly exact as if I stood at the Judgment Seat, and I shall not reveal any more than is imperatively required in the present letter. He, in the course of a long conversation, proposed to me to join the Secret Society—the formal name of which was not referred to then. He, of course, approached the subject as prudently as he deemed necessary; and he, quite as naturally, avoided the revelation of particulars which would only be made known to me when I was sworn in.

I rejected the proposition—utterly, instantly, and vehemently. I need not go over here the grounds upon which I did so. They are very manifest and public through my writings in the *Nation*.

I rejected the proposition; I declined to take the oath "after which I would be told more "that might make me think better of it." I did not rest satisfied with refusing—and here comes the one crime of mine for which the Head Centre's vengeance will not sleep. I vehemently endeavoured to persuade him from such an enterprise. He argued at great length the advantages of a Secret Organisation—argued them better than I ever heard them urged before or since. *Many a time during the last year have some of his words, spoken to me then, been revealed to me as if written in fire.* I now tell you, and I tell the "Head Centre"—and all the other centres, segments, and circumferences—that the reason why they have failed to trick, surprise, or intimidate me any once during the four years' game between us here in Ireland, is, because *I know every card in their hand, and every trick they can play.* I know how much of their power is "make-believe" and how much is real. I know their reliance, their tactics, their resources; and I can tell nearly as well as the Head Centre himself, and nearly as soon as he, any spot

upon the population of which operations have been commenced!

Failing to obtain me as a "member," the agent—with a cleverness and wisdom that showed he had brains, and used them well—directed his attention to "covering his retreat"—preventing harm from accruing to his enterprise through the unsuccessful attempt just made. He sought to exact a promise from me that I would consider the interview as if it had never taken place—that I would not shape my course in the *Nation* by any knowledge I had gathered that day; but write just as if I were utterly ignorant as before. I saw that this meant that I should write "over the head" of the organisation, and give it an indirect support. I replied that this was impossible; that I felt bound to direct the journal conscientiously; but that I would most certainly and solemnly undertake not to reveal any of the projects or circumstances discussed, or (as long as it was a secret) publicly allude to the existence of the society, unless in one or the other of two cases; viz, unless, firstly, the information reached me from other sources with a demand for publication; or, secondly, unless I discovered that the society was using my name, or that of the *Nation*, to aid their propagandism, directly or indirectly. "You will not dare allude to us openly, in any case," said he, and he laughed sardonically. "If you say there are secret societies, we will contradict you, or persuade some one not in the secret to contradict you—and what will you do then? You must stand before the public having made a false charge, or else divulge facts which the Government can subpoena you to prove. You daren't. We'll defy you to it." I saw the difficulty, and frankly confessed it. "Pause and consider well, then," he continued, following up his advantage—"before you take your course. A secret organisation could crush a newspaper or destroy a man in your position, without the possibility of your making a single retort—for you daren't avow you knew them. They could do their ends against you, up to your teeth and before your eyes, and you be obliged to keep silent and blind about them all the while."

It was an interview I was sure to remember for ever; and I could depose to nearly the words in which I finally replied:—"God knows it should be a bad enterprise indeed I would blame, that promised better than any other to clear out anyhow the heartless and accursed system that grinds us into powder; and I do not wonder at men disgusted with the way the middle classes seem making their terms and giving in their adhesion to imperialisation (at the price of giving up the people to be sacrificed), turning in desperation and vengeance to a means like this. But for me, I am a Catholic; and if I am ever to die for Ireland it certainly shall not be with a conscience

"unassured that the means as well as the cause are just and honourable. Revolution is at best a terrible evil, though not always greater than submission. But you seek separation, while I would be content with legislative independence. If I were driven to the field, indeed, to strike at all, it would be for entire separation. But I hold that resorts to arms should be truly the last resource; and, if rashly made and without firm and virtuous guidance, are criminal in the last degree. My sentiments are well known; I shall not conceal nor conspire; though I know well, and you know too, that my life and my property would be the first to fall to-morrow, even for your acts, if your Society were to risk a conflict. As for the possibility of the Society injuring me vindictively, and its facilities for terrorism, that might do elsewhere, but it will not do here in Ireland. I am not a bit afraid of it. On the contrary, while I shall not court conflict with you, if it must come to that, I warn you to take care who will come off second best in the long run."

Months rolled by, and, towards July, several of the letters received by me editorially from correspondents in the country, began to contain, in private postscripts, enigmatical sentences and vague allusions that bore but one interpretation. I disregarded the matter utterly for some time, but neither my colleagues nor myself could avoid coming to the painful conclusion that it was believed by parties in the provinces, apparently belonging to the secret organisation, that I was an initiated member of the Society. Meanings seemed to be put on our articles in the *Nation*, favourable to the movement, and incidents and phrases, in reality of the most ordinary character, in national writings, construed to a like intent. We did our best to afford no grounds for mistaking our principles and course of action without, however (as the pages of the *Nation* prove), making even the most remote allusion to the facts in my possession. Towards August, however, downright infatuation seemed to have seized on the Phoenix members; for (as was subsequently stated in the *Irishman* newspaper) they made no secret whatever of the existence of their organisation; and in that month I became possessed of the most positive proof that members had joined on the representation made to them that I was in the movement. I felt indignant; but I remembered the difficulty so artfully yet correctly taunted against me by "the agent." It had come to pass. What was I to do? I profess to have a conscience and to shape my course as a public man, not merely by legal lines, popular verdicts, or personal profits, but by defined principles and a sense of moral accountability. Would I, or would I not, be, to a large extent, accountable for every man who might become involved through use of my name, after I had once become aware my name was thus used, yet silently allowed such use of it to continue? I was per-

perplexed. I contented myself however, with giving privately, at every opportunity, to those who referred or alluded to the subject in my presence, such unqualified reprehension for my own part of any such mode of political action, as would, I hoped, record and define my course in the matter as unequivocal and consistent. Subsequently some friends, clergymen and others, in the south-west of Ireland (ignorant of such private repudiation on my part) made strong complaint to me on the subject, and (knowing me too well to doubt my real sentiments) they adjured me to remove, by an explicit declaration, publicly made, all possibility of my name being abused in such a manner. I replied to them, privately, *declining respectfully to assume the responsibility of dealing publicly with circumstances that would be new, startling, and almost incredible to most of my readers.* In the case of one respected correspondent this was deemed quite insufficient; and I then stated that in a few days I would be visiting the south of Ireland on a pleasure trip, when I could, without attracting any attention, make it my business personally to place my attitude towards the now almost public "secret" movement beyond doubt in the locality. Accordingly I left Dublin by the mid-day train for Cork on the 20th Aug.* I reached Bantry on the 21st of August, and spent altogether in the district three or four weeks; most of this time being occupied in cruising round the coast in a small pleasure yacht. It was my first holiday for some years, and I found that most of the Phoenix members were boys whom I had left in short clothes when I set out from home a few years before. So far from it being true that "there was some secret among the Irishmen of my native town which was not entrusted to me" (as Mr J. O'Mahony astutely alleges), I had not been in "my native town" forty-eight hours when a sworn member of the Secret Society (and as resolute, fearless, and inviolable a man as ever they owned), not merely "entrusted" it to me, but confidentially consulted with me for hours together on the whole subject! For a long time he was hurt with the idea that my disclaimers of membership proceeded from a mistrust of him; and I shall never forget the humorous winks, nods, and smiles that encountered my first remarks against the Society—as much as to say "Oh, yes; all right; we understand. It is necessary you should seem to deny it, &c., &c." As a matter of fact, I would have relied to any extent on his resolution; and I know he would have entrusted his life to my secrecy. I say

* I am thus particular because it happens that Goulah's brother, on the hint of the Crown officials, who pointed me out to him—regularly set me for him—in the Courthouse of Tralee, during the subsequent trials, swore an information against me, deposing that on that day, the 20th of August, 1, on the high road near Kenmare, swore him in a member of the Secret Society. The ruffian, it would seem, was aware that my name had been used, as above intimated; and, thinking I was a member, thought to strike me down by a chance perjury.

this man had been told stories the most cruelly false. He had been led to believe that John Mitchel, Smith O'Brien, myself, and numerous others—as well as several distinguished Generals in France and America—were all in the conspiracy. Mr. O'Brien had sometime previously, as you may remember, made an extensive tour through Ireland—presented, by the way, in several places with public addresses and other marks of popular affection and admiration—and this had been most successfully represented as *a tour of inspection of the branches!* Some of the most trivial incidents in his journey were ingeniously construed to corroborate this idea; though I knew from conversations with Mr. O'Brien himself—not to mind the refutation supplied by his whole life—that this was as dire perversion as that practised with reference towards myself. Scarcely any assurances of mine could remove the belief that Smith O'Brien was in the movement. Alas! thought I, Heaven only knows how many an honest and faithful-hearted young fellow is within this net, allured by the use of that potent name! I studiously avoided pushing inquiries. I never uttered an allusion to the Secret Societies to any one who did not introduce the subject to me; yet I found it one of the most public-private secrets ever recorded. I returned to Dublin sorely perplexed and grieved by the folly I knew to be on foot—grieved because I had not read in vain the history of such enterprises, and I was not more certain that next day's sun would rise, than that this public-private "conspiracy" would result in affording the Government a pretext for brutality, and spies a prospect of blood-money. While I was yet deliberating how best to consult on the subject with some of the leading Nationalists, a circumstance of the most grave and direct importance took place.

The Bishop of Kerry called at the *Nation* office one day, and, in manifest emotion, stated that *he had, within the past hour, heard one of the government officials narrate, with painful minuteness, a full history of the Phoenix movement in his lordship's diocese!* It was, I understand, the first the Bishop had heard of it; however this may be, his wonted calmness seemed quite overcome by troubled apprehensions of the fate before the "mad and brainless" youths thus proved to be actually *in the net*, though they refused to believe it at the time. The Bishop urged the strongest appeal that the *Nation* should, by a public expostulation on the subject, make a bold effort to save as many as possible from the meshes ensnaring them, and dissociate the national party from such schemes. *That the government was preparing for a swoop, we now had the proofs;* and his lordship put very forcibly the question how far I should be acting humanely, honourably, or conscientiously, in not trying my best—with such knowledge in my possession—to rescue or prevent from danger any hapless young men who might be, as yet, free, though on the brink of peril.

I felt in my soul the full force of all the Bishop had urged; yet, still, I paused. The emergency demanded deliberation; though, alas, it required promptitude also.

The government had the thing in hand. They were "nursing" it no doubt; *they were filling their net.* What was to be done? After much consideration I resolved to take the advice of the men best entitled to be consulted, and best qualified to advise, in such a case; and abide by their direction—I mean the leading Nationalists within my reach—Messrs. O'Brien, O'Doherty, Dillon, &c.

I am sure I resolved wisely. I rejoice that I did so.

I proceeded to Dalkey, and consulted one of the most trusted and honoured men of '48. He told me he was aware of it all, and that he understood his own name too had been used. We discussed the subject at some length. As to my request for advice, he said it was a difficult matter, and he should not like to undertake the responsibility of directing me, one way or another; that as I had intimated, my intention of consulting the others, I could hear what *they* might say; but that for *his* part he was of opinion the best course would be to make no public notice of the subject.

Suddenly, while I was thus anxiously guarding against an ill-considered course, the *Irishman* newspaper appeared one Saturday (9th October, 1858) with an editorial reprehension of the whole affair—with a guard-hypothetical as to its real existence!*

It would seem, from what the Editor of that paper stated, that the Catholic Clergyman in Kenmare had publicly denounced the Secret Society from the altar, in which act the Editor remarked that the Priest was quite right. *This was the first reference to the Secret Societies I had ever seen in any Irish newspaper.*

I beg you to note its date, and observe what follows. I half suspect that already you begin to see what a position Mr. John O'Mahony will be put in presently by those dates.

A week or so subsequently to the above, a simultaneous denunciation of the Secret Societies was made from the altars (at all the Masses, I believe) on a particular Sunday, by the Catholic Clergy, in Clonakilty, Skibbereen, Bantry, Kenmare and Killarney, &c. Do you know what that means? Do you know what sort of "secrecy" exists of a fact publicly proclaimed

* Here it is verbatim:—"We do not quite understand the letter of Kenmare. If there be any absurd Secret Society existing in his parish, the Priest is quite right in warning his people to shun it. These societies are most frequently organised by Castle spies, and by informers of the Jemmy O'Brien class, who make a trade in the blood of honest, simple, credulous men. We earnestly join our voice to that of the Priest, and implore the peasantry to shun those treacherous midnight associations. Believe us, that is not the way in which Irish independence is to be worked out. As for the reverend gentleman's talk about France and America that was harmless twaddle," &c.

from the altar in seven parishes in a district extending over sixty miles?

Supposing the government had *not* heard of it till then (and that they *had* heard it long previous, the sworn informations shew) how long were they likely to be in ignorance further? Did you yourself never observe what regular attendants at Mass the police officers are? Do you think they and the rest of a score congregations—men, women, and children—loyalists, stipendiary magistrates, and government officials—say fifty thousand persons in all—were going to keep confidentially private that a secret organisation had been denounced from the altar? Even if *Irishman, Nation, Mail,* and every paper in Dublin had come out after *that*, what was there for them to announce that the government had not reported to it from every parish, and its friends heard from every parish altar?

As a matter of fact, the simultaneous action of the Catholic clergy aroused great attention and excitement. That they did from the motives of sacred duty that which *I*, in *my* sphere, had been previously called upon to do, is what no Irishman here, in America, or elsewhere, dare gainsay. Some of these sermons were the first intimations had of the affair by 99 per cent of the hearers; and what with alarm, what with scepticism, what with indignation at the eulogies of "our blessed constitution" uttered by a few of the preachers, an outcry against those reverend gentlemen rose high and loud. This news, of course, rendered further hesitancy mere weakness, if not worse, on my part. I had, up to this, omitted to carry out my intention of consulting *Mr O'Brien.* I had reasons. I hesitated to send through the post-office any letter alluding to such a subject, especially in writing to a man whose letters might probably be grahamised. There was now, however, nothing for it but to write, taking the precaution, however, to frame my letter with a full regard to all the difficulties of the case. I accordingly wrote to Mr O'Brien a carefully considered letter. I recollect vividly the consciousness I had while writing it that I should guard against even the *semblance* of interrogation as to his membership. *I had no need to interrogate him at all on that point; for we had conversed on secret organisation not long before, and I knew his views—his strong views on the subject.* The point I *did* put for his answer—as for that of his honoured colleagues—was, *the advisability of any public repudiation.** I kept no copy of the letter I wrote to

* Mr O'Brien's reply to this, beginning, "In answer to your inquiry, I have no hesitation in *authorising you to say* that I do not belong to any Secret Society," probably caused Mr O'Mahony's blunder, as it did that of the *London Times.* The "inquiry" which he answers, it will, however, be seen is one as to whether any public repudiation should take place with reference to the imputed (and, as I *knew* from oral communications, *falsely* imputed) complicity of the national leaders with the Secret Society.

Mr O'Brien; but I hope, and believe, the document itself may be in his possession. I have avoided communicating directly or indirectly with Mr O'Brien on the subject, that I may—as I do now, without doubt as to its contents—boldly appeal to its terms or to Mr O'Brien's recollection of them, if the letter itself has been destroyed. I almost undertake to say it intimated that so anxious was I not to run the risk of sending through the post any reference to the subject, that I had meditated travelling to Cahirmoyle, or sending a special messenger with my letter. I adverted to the fact that his name, and the names of others, as well as my own name, were stated to have been used by a certain organisation purporting to aim at national objects; that I was fully conscious of the numerous reasons that might prevent him from sending through the post a letter on such a subject, but that I was anxious for his counsel as to what would be the best course, for the interests of the national cause, to be taken in the *Nation* in such an emergency. My letter was written on some day between the 20th and 24th of October. Mr O'Brien's reply was written on the 26th. It came too late; or rather I had delayed writing too long. *Before it had time to reach me the Government press was out in full cry!*

In full cry—in open chase. I say open chase; because from the date of the Bishop of Kerry's call upon me, I knew that the government was privately on the track, and had the victims in the toils marked out and ready for a battue whenever the "opportune moment" should arrive. The *Evening Mail* of Monday, 25th October, had a leader on the then momentarily expected visit of the 69th (New York) Regiment to Ireland—the American papers just to hand having published the programme of the "visit"—where the regiment would "encamp"—the provisions to be provided—how "furloughs" would be granted, &c, &c. In the next number of the *Mail* (Wednesday, 27 Oct.) there appeared in the editorial columns, prominently leaded under a startling heading, the following:—

The London *Times*, carelessly treating of the subject, fell into Mr O'Mahony's blunder (repeated by you in your speech), but I promptly pulled up the English editor by the following note, which was duly published in the *Times*, and quoted thence into the *Nation* and other papers:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

NATION Office, Dublin, 3rd Nov., 1858.

Sir—In the "Times" of Tuesday last you appear to assume that Mr. Smith O'Brien's letter to me—upon which you make some observations—was in reply to an inquiry if he belonged to "A RIBBON SOCIETY."

Such assumption is utterly erroneous, and is very unjust to Mr O'Brien.

I did not ask him such a question, because I considered, and am still of opinion, that to do so would be to offer him an insult.

I merely submitted to him the fact—for such I believed it to be—that a Secret Political Society, by no means of the character you seem to have had in view, was representing him to be one of its members.

His reply speaks for itself.

I have felt it due to Mr O'Brien to offer this correction.—I am, Sir, &c.,

ALEXANDER M. SULLIVAN.

THE AMERICAN INVASION.

We have received the following communication by this day's post from a valued correspondent:—

"Bantry, October 26.

I am glad to see that the *Evening Mail* has directed the attention of the government to the proposed landing in this country of a regiment of armed men from America, commanded by Colonel Ryan. There are just grounds for the exercise of caution in this matter, as I am sorry to inform you that seditious societies have been discovered in this neighbourhood, as well as in other places in the west of the county Cork. They are also creeping inland, and have made some progress in the neighbouring county of Kerry. A strange peculiarity pervades this movement. The members of the society bind themselves not to divulge their plans to the priests, and, where spoken against from the altar, they denounce the priests as despots as bad as the rest of their tyrants. They are supposed to derive inspirations from America, and money also. They declare their intention to rise in arms whenever there may be any difference with France or America. *The government is, I believe, aware of these facts.* At present the whole thing is very contemptible, but it affords fair grounds for preventing the gallant 69th from marching through this country in arms, and encamping in military fashion, to keep up the hopes of Irish rebels. The strange point in the matter is excluding the priests, and without them they can do nothing beyond producing another cabbage-garden campaign.—I am, yours,

"A SUBSCRIBER."

It was at this moment—after private expostulation—after months of refusal to deal publicly with the matter, lest publicity might injure where I meant to save—after requests made to me on all sides—after exhausting every consideration that could excuse silence—after becoming aware that the Government was familiar with the whole proceeding, and was stealthily drawing the net around the victims—after two counties had been alarmed and agitated by public denunciations from the altars—after (weeks after) the *Irishman* newspaper had first publicly noticed the affair, stating that the priests were right in warning their people to shun such "absurd Secret Societies," if they existed, and that such societies were "most frequently organised by Castle spies, &c"—after (several weeks after) the parish priest of Kenmare himself declares he had sent a copy of the oath to the Chief Secretary*—after (weeks after) the Government spy, Goulah, had sworn his first informations, as their dates prove—after the *Evening Mail* (and I believe the *Cork Constitution*) had opened publicly on the organisation—and after William Smith O'Brien had written to me that he "hoped I would lose no time" in publicly cautioning Irish Nationalists—at this moment, I say—it was, that the *Nation* (Saturday, 30th Oct., 1858) first uttered one single word or made a single allusion with reference to the subject! Consult—ransack—its columns, and see!

* Extract from an altar address of Archdeacon O'Sullivan, delivered on December 29, 1861, in the Parish Church of Kenmare:—"I warned you of the Phoenix movement early in October three years ago. I was laughed at by many, sneered at by some, credited scarcely by any. I denounced it at first Mass, and before second Mass I had the satisfaction of getting a copy of the oath from one of the members; and before night I noticed the first magistrate I met of the conspiracy; nay more, I the following day sent a copy of it to the Chief Secretary."

What think you, sir, *now*, of Mr O'Mahony's position? What think you now of his charges, that the *Nation* article was "the first to accomplish the betrayal of the Phoenix prisoners"—that it "pointed out the prey," and "started the game?" I said "*dates and documents entirely beyond my control*" would crush the lie. Did I err? But I am not done yet, as you shall presently see.

The article in the *Nation* (I reproduce it elsewhere) had an effect which astonished the directors of the Society—and this in reality was its crime in their eyes. Naturally enough, it would occur to any one reading what I have so far set forth, to say—"How, then, does it happen that though the *Nation* article was not 'the first'—though it does seem truly enough not to have been published till nearly a month after the *Irishman*, &c., had come out on the subject—yet this is, in a great measure, new to us? How did those facts escape us? How does it happen that so much noise occurred about the *Nation* article and so little about the other; thus possibly connecting the *Nation* in the public mind with the first article from a newspaper on the matter?"

If this be urged, I plainly answer, that it merely charges one paper with having influence, and the other with having none; that the utterance of one was never noticed, and the utterance of the other agitated the public mind. In truth, the real "offence" of the *Nation* is plainly seen to be, that its article stopped the enrolment—that its influence was found to be too strong. I have been told by members that from the day the *Nation* article appeared up to the trials at Tralee, not another man "joined" in Munster. Crime unpardonable! we have it found out. The *Nation* article, instead of "setting" the game, halloed to "the game" that the hunter was out, his nets spread, and his snares half full! Had nothing come of it amongst the members more than there did of the *Irishman* article of nearly a month previous—if the one was not found to be obstructing the Society, while the other was not a straw in its way—do you think the Head Centre would have been wroth with one, and silent on the other? Do you think he would say the article of October 30th was the *first*, and that of October 9th the *last*? If you, sir, have any better explanation, let us hear it. I shall let the public decide for itself.

But, perhaps, the *Nation* article called on the Government to interfere, and the other paper did not? Perhaps the *Nation* called the members miscreants, infidels, and assassins—and "hounded on" the bloodhounds, and so forth—while the other paper praised them and gave them encouragement? Read the articles. They are quoted elsewhere. In the *Nation* article the members of the Secret Society are but three times referred to, and here are the passages:—

"The honest-hearted but deluded men of those societies."

"The courageous but erring men who are being misled by false pretences."

"Whether wilfully or only erringly, the man who, &c."

Here, moreover, are specimens of the spirit in which I expostulated with the members:—

We caution our readers against these secret (so called) National or Ribbon Societies. Those with whom our words may have influence, shall never have it to say that we recommended or connived at their joining in any movement the duties and dangers of which we were not ready ourselves to share. We trust that no enterprise aimed at giving to our country the blessings of self-government—no matter how perilous the enterprise may be, no matter how large the stake and great the sacrifice—freedom, fortune, life—will ever be made in Ireland in our time, with honourable means of action and rational prospect of success, that will not find us in its ranks, claiming as much of duty in the post of danger as they who have gone before us here, shrank not from in time of trial. But there is one thing we will never do—become members of a secret society.

There remains for us but to point out to Irishmen that there are other duties for Irish Nationalists just now, far more wise, and far more effectual to serve the cause of Irish Freedom, than furnishing the enemy with flimsy pretences for "striking terror" with "Crime and Outrage Acts"—useless for Government purposes; but mischievous to the welfare of the district. Whether wilfully or only erringly, the man who helps in the government work of making a "raw-head-and-bloody-bones" scarecrow of National efforts—of connecting them with midnight plots for mid-day anarchy—is an enemy to his country and a deadly foe to the cause of Freedom. That cause is not the cause of anarchy, but of order: not of alarm, but of security. Within its organisation no crimes against individuals or against property shall be able to *hide* or *hatch*. It will raise its banner and strike, if it does strike, fairly, openly, manfully, as befits the just and holy struggle which it represents. Away, then, Irishmen, with this paltry, yet mischievous dabbling in plot, and take to fostering and spreading the rapidly growing spirit of the country. Events stride rapidly onward every moment; events full of certain assurance of hope to Ireland. . . . The government would give millions to have Ireland weak and prostrate in the coming hour. Be it our care that it shall find us strong and watchful: be it our duty to preserve and husband our strength, and "bide our time."

Do you call that "*hounding on the bloodhounds of Saxon law*?"

Let me, however, proceed with the narration of facts. The time for using them will come.

From all parts of Ireland and England communications poured in upon me; some being from sworn members of the society. I reprint elsewhere, for your perusal, one from as true a man as ever discharged a patriot's duty. He is well known by the Head Centre. He is trusted by all who know him. He signs himself "One qualified to speak;" and what does *he* say? What does *he*—this man "with the halter round his neck"—say of the article which Mr J O'Mahony (safe and sound, 3,000 miles away) declares was "the first to set the bloodhounds of Saxon law" after the members? Hear him:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION.

10th Nov., 1858.

DEAR SIR—I have read with pleasure your articles on

the "Secret Societies," particularly the first article (30th Oct). . . . I fully agree in every word you said against secret societies. I never liked this business, and I never will, and I always argued against it.

Even from Skibbereen—where the "members," ever since my "obstructive" remonstrances at Bantry, had made a house to house canvass against the Nation, acting as *colporteurs* for the sale of what they declared to be the Orthodox War Journal—letters came, acknowledging the friendliness of my remonstrance. But they were soon to have stronger cause to feel they had a friend in the man they had sought to injure.

More than a month rolled by—and already a few weak people "recovering breath" were beginning to hazard the assertion that there had been "no foundation whatsoever"* for either altar denunciations or newspaper expostulations—when, on the 3rd December, Dublin was startled by a Government proclamation offering a reward of £100 for information against the Secret Societies. Every one knew what this meant—that the Government had the information in their possession already, and were going to make the swoop. Soon it came. On the night of Tuesday, the 8th December, the arrests were made in Bantry; on the morning of the 9th the arrests were made in Skibbereen—in each case the most wanton brutality on the part of the police characterising the proceedings.

All Ireland was filled with excitement. The *Evening Mail* was promptly out on the subject, introducing another letter from its original correspondent, and claiming to be the first journal that had publicly noticed the Secret Society. I quote the introductory observations of the *Mail* (10th December, 1858), and a few passages from its correspondent's letter:—

"So long since as the 27th of October the government and the public were warned by communications through our columns of the existence throughout the country of a secret conspiracy, and were informed of particular manifestations of it in the county Cork;"—and so on, introducing letter from same correspondent:—"So long since as the 26th October, I informed you that the existence of seditious societies had been discovered in this neighbourhood, as well as in other portions of the west of the county Cork; and further, that those societies had made some progress in the county of Kerry. The government, I was aware, had been made acquainted with the fact, and that the parties suspected of belonging to those societies were narrowly watched. Since my last communication the conspiracy has extended its ramifications, but the government thought the time had not arrived for taking active steps to arrest the conspirators," &c, &c, &c.

I shall not, at this moment, pause to quote the writings of other papers. I shall refer to them by-and-bye. Suffice it that the young men were fast bound, and the Government was savage and merciless. I believe I may say that from the instant I heard of the arrests, I flung myself into the work of befriending those young men, as if each one was my brother. I

* The *Irishman* newspaper (4th Dec., first leader, third column, last paragraph) declared—"As to the new clamour about secret societies, we believe there are no grounds whatsoever for it." Alas! Four days afterwards the government had the young men in its prisons!

did so, although, as I have already noticed, in their hour of safety some of them had laboured hard to disparage the Nation. I resolved they should, nevertheless, find the Nation their true friend in the hour of need. The pages of that journal attest that fact. The prisoners themselves, as you shall see, attest it too. In January, a correspondent of the *Nation*—a patriotic Irishman never backward in the hour of duty or danger—why should I not name him, Ralph Varian, of Cork—suggested the collection of a fund to defend the prisoners. I approved of and launched the project; styling it the "Fair Trial Fund." I saw the young men without means of legal defence; and though I well knew that a packed jury would be called in if requisite, I thought it was our duty at least to show the world that that infamous machine was necessary. I endeavoured to get a committee to act in Dublin. I found it difficult, and suggested that as Cork would be the "head-quarters" of the legal campaign, a committee should be formed there. It was so formed, and let me tell you, and the Head Centre, who now disparage its mission and endeavours, that it comprised as sterling Irishmen as you or he could hope to be accounted, while some, at least, of its members were men whom I should smile to hear you or him charge with stupidity, want of candour, or want of patriotism. Ralph Varian, James Dwyer, T.C., J. O'Carroll, George Sigerson, M.D., Edward O'Sullivan, and others (I name them from memory), were members of that committee. These are not men, sir, who would associate with, trust, and praise a perfidious villain—a wretch who had "set the bloodhounds of Saxon law" upon those unfortunate prisoners. Do you mean to say these men played the hypocrite, and lied? Do you mean to say they were not in a better way of knowing and judging occurrences here in Ireland—passing under their very eyes—than the "Head Centre" away in New York, whose accuracy of information I have already so well settled? These men had seen the article in the *Nation* which, according to Mr. J. O'Mahony, "set the bloodhounds of the law" at work. Do you think a man of them would touch my hand, for a pile of gold, if I had acted the part the Head Centre attributed to me? If you do, you know not the men. Here is their first letter announcing the formation of the Committee. It is written by a gentleman who differs a good deal from some of my political opinions; but he is a patriot, a scholar, and a man of honour:—

Cork, 2nd Feb., 1859.

MY DEAR FRIEND—I am commissioned by the Committee of the Southern Fair Trial Fund to convey to you the expression of their warmest thanks for your manly advocacy of the cause of justice with regard to the objects for which it has been established. At the first meeting, held yesterday evening, I was also requested to urge on you the necessity of establishing a committee in Dublin, the members of which should associate with themselves,

reliable men, members of the different wards or districts, and impress upon them the importance of exerting themselves to obtain subscriptions, each in his own locality, until the whole city would be drained. Also, you would oblige if you could appoint some men in Manchester or Liverpool (especially the first), who would collect and receive money from all lovers of justice dwelling there. Mr Edward O'Sullivan suggested Mr Power's name for Manchester, to whom it would be well to write, or, if you would prefer, send here his address, and I shall communicate with him. The secretary of this fund is, officially, Mr James Dwyer, Great George's street, Cork. You will please to state the fact of the formation of the committee in next *Nation* and *News*, with the secretary's address. I shall soon send you a copy of an address preparing for publication.—Very sincerely yours,—
G. SIGERSON.

I took the matter up warmly. I toiled at it daily and nightly—ably seconded by the *Cork Examiner*, *Dundalk Democrat*, *Mayo Telegraph*, and some other papers.

About this period there appeared in the *Examiner* a letter from the prisoners in Cork Jail, containing an allusion to "Journals professing national opinions," purporting to befriend them, but whose aid they did not wish for. "Ha!" you may exclaim; "this was it; they meant you—the *Nation*." *Did they?* You shall see.

I knew well what papers were meant, and I knew well the *Nation* was not meant; but I felt indignant and grossly insulted that, under the circumstances of all the *Nation* was doing for them at the moment, an ambiguity should be put forth which might, to an ordinary reader, seem to be levelled at that journal as well as at any other. I resented it as an ingratitude and an affront, and I wrote to Cork to say I could not, with any self-respect, continue to act the prominent part I had been acting on behalf of men who would thus express themselves.

Well was it for me that this incident occurred then; for I doubt not that, only for what it developed, you, the Head Centre, or some one else, might now pretend to find in that letter from the Cork prisoners some corroboration for the charges against the *Nation*. The following documents speak for themselves. I never published them at the time. I kept back the praise of myself and the censure on the *Irishman*, which I am now compelled to produce. The first is from the Hon. Sec. of the Skibbereen Local Committee of the Fair Trial Fund:—

North street, Skibbereen, Wednesday.

DEAR SIR—In consequence of absence from home I was unable to answer your letter before now, but I trust that it is not yet too late to induce you to forego your resolution relative to the Fair Trial Fund. I was speaking to Mr M'C Downing on this morning, and he told me he had sent you two letters upon the subject. I enclose you some resolutions passed at a special meeting held on last evening, and whilst I regret the careless construction of the prisoners' letter, which caused so much mischief, I beg to add my own earnest request, as one deeply concerned for the success of the fund, that you will continue to exert yourself on behalf of these poor fellows, whose interests would suffer a fearful loss by the withdrawal of your able advocacy. That the project of a Defence Fund originated with, and was always zealously maintained by, the *Nation*, nobody but a scoundrel

would deny, and none appreciate with so much gratitude as the poor prisoners. This, I as one, in constant correspondence with them, know, else would I not interfere; and you may be perfectly assured that the passage at which you have taken offence referred (or rather was intended to refer), solely to the *Irishman*, whose weathercock policy has given them such offence that they not only ceased subscribing, but exerted all their influence to prevent any person in the town from taking it. Trusting the enclosed resolutions, and the earnest request of so many friends, will induce you to forgive and forget the unintentional affront of the poor Phoenix—I remain, dear sir, yours truly,

A M Sullivan, Esq.

DANIEL O'CROWLEY, Sec.

"At a meeting held at Mr D. M'Cartie's, on the evening of Tuesday, the 16th February, Mr Morty Downing in the chair, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

"Resolved—That a letter be written by our Secretary, by to-morrow's post, to Alexander M. Sullivan, Esq., expressive of our sincere regret that he should consider an insult was intended for him in the letter of the Cork prisoners in last Saturday's *Examiner*, and assuring him that, in the passage which has given offence, those young men alluded not to the *Nation*—of whose services they are well aware, and for which they feel deeply grateful—but to the *Irishman*, with which they have for some time past been much incensed.

"Resolved—That the earnest request of this meeting, and the public in general here, be conveyed to the Editor of the *Nation* that he may continue as heretofore to advocate, with his characteristic energy and talent, the interests of a fund which owes its origin and chiefly its success to his exertions.

"Resolved—That, as the assizes are now so near at hand, A. M. Sullivan, Esq., be also requested to forward the funds in his hands to the Cork committee for disbursement.

"MORTY DOWNING, Chairman.

"Skibbereen, February 23, 1859."

Do you know who the Chairman is, who signs the above? He is Mr Downing, father of that same P J Downing whose name is advertised side by side with that of John O'Mahony as a colleague in the *Phoenix*—in the very same page containing the slander upon me!

Read the above, emanating from the parents brothers, relatives, and friends of the prisoners—and professing to speak therein, as Mr O'Crowley says, from knowledge of their sentiments and constant correspondence with them. Read it, with Mr Morty Downing's name to it, and then read the infamous libel on my character (for the conduct therein praised) published in the *Phoenix* of the 20th April, 1861, by Mr John O'Mahony—in the same page with an announcement that "P J Downing" was "business manager" of the paper—and then, sir, moralise on consistency and gratitude!

Since I am quoting documents, these, too, may as well see the light. Do you think they would be written to a man who "started the bloodhounds of "Saxon law" on the prisoners?—

Skibbereen, Feb. 2, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR—I am greatly oppressed with business, and particularly with the case of the Phoenix prisoners, and your letter has added considerably to my difficulties, for they have few indeed who are inclined to give them a thoroughly sincere helping hand in their difficulties, which are every day becoming more alarming; and if you were to act on your first impressions (i.e., withdraw from their aid), you would certainly effectuate their ruin, for you would destroy the

sympathy which you yourself have evoked—a result you would lament during your life. I, therefore, beg of you not to do as you have intended, but to act as you have hitherto done, manfully, zealously, and disinterestedly. Write me a line to say *you will*. I am sure the poor fellows will do anything they can to atone for what was at most a mistake.—Yours, very truly,

M^CCARTHY DOWNING.

A. M. Sullivan, Esq.

Cork, Sunday.

MY DEAR FRIEND—In my first and hasty glance over the prisoners' letter, in the Committee-Rooms, the paragraph you've cut out did not strike me, or only as applying to the Munster press. Taking it as applying to the Irish press, why, it is simply false. The only way I see of rectifying it, is the answer of the committee when you send them down the first instalment, and it meets to-morrow evening. I think that ought completely to clear off any of those imputations which may be attempted to be fastened on the *Nation* or on the committee. The first by any ill-judging or narrow-minded jackass, and the second the natural consequence of the falsity of the charge in the minds of any who may have thought the phrase to be intended for the whole press. The answer of the committee, I'm sure, will set all to rights. If a judge, who is well known for his attempts to prevent swindling, reside in Castletown-avenue, Rathmines, do you think the saying that all the inhabitants thereof were swindlers could affect him. But you are right; had I read more carefully that affair, I'd have cut it out.—Yours truly,

G. S.

Skibbereen, Feb. 24th, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR—Thanks for your note received. Any document that you would consider due to you and necessary to remove any such impression as appears to have existed amongst some of your acquaintances in Dublin, I will have procured, and I must be candid in saying that I am to some extent liable to blame for the publication of the letter; for, on my way to Dublin, two members of the committee met me in Cork and said that they thought that the publication of the letter would be likely to be of much service in the collection of the Fair Fund, and having hastily read the letter as to its legal consequences only, I said that I saw no objection to its publication. The fact is, I did not notice that portion of the letter which you complain of. Had I, I should certainly have struck it out, as no doubt it bears the interpretation which you have put upon it. At the same time that the *Nation* could not have been in their contemplation, having done as it has more to evoke public sympathy and indignation than all the other papers in Ireland. If, therefore, you think any document necessary, only send me a draft of it.—Yours very truly,

M^CCARTHY DOWNING.

A. M. Sullivan, Esq., 6 Lower Abbey

street, Dublin.

I sent no "draft," no suggestion whatsoever; but I complied with those requests and resumed my endeavours, such as they were—earnest, laborious, and honest, at least—for the Phoenix prisoners. I shall not occupy your time nor my own with disclosing the particulars of difficulties that beset the case; and that required from me daily effort and attention. I believe I state a fact that all concerned can verify when I mention that, but a few days previous to the arraignment of the men, they were within a hair's breadth of being without defence at all; their fearless, able, and indefatigable advocate, Mr Downing, having, owing to certain peculiar obstacles, intimated his intention of retiring from the case—while Mr O'Hagan, whom it was deemed of paramount importance to secure, had expressed his inability to act. I waited upon Mr O'Hagan again and again, and at length had the satisfaction of receiving a favourable answer from him.

Next day I travelled from Dublin to Skibbereen, and waited upon Mr Downing, who, most fortunately for the accused, kindly resolved to go through with the defence. I posted thence, *via* Bantry, Glengariff, Kenmare, and Killarney, to Tralee—nearly 100 miles of mountain road, in most inclement weather. The trials came on; and while they were proceeding, I (bravely assisted by a few friends) organised a collection in the town (Tralee), till then uncollected, for the Fair Trial Fund. The Crown officials were furious at this. The manuscript of a placard which I sent to be printed by a local printing office, was secretly given up to the Crown Solicitor; and a consultation was held upon it in the Crown Office, to determine how, if possible, I could be arrested and put out of the way, anyhow. A plan was resorted to, so infamous that scarcely do the records of '98 surpass it! One of the Goulahs was sent for—brought into court—I was pointed out to him, where I sat with the members of the Press—he was told who I was—he was asked was I not "in" the Society—could he not identify me, &c. &c.! Thus "set" for him in open court—as I listened to the trial unsuspecting, little imagining that my life was being sworn away at the very moment—the wretch instantly assented to the suggested perjury against me. He retired from the court to the Crown Office, and then and there made depositions that I, on the 20th August, 1858,* on the high road between Kenmare and Kilgarvan, swore him in a member of the Secret Society!

I believe some of the superior officials, on consultation that evening, thought this *too* revolting—too perilous, rather—to be tried on: but the depositions were not cancelled. They were kept at hand—possibly to be used in *extremis*. Certain it is that they were in existence—seen and read—three months afterwards in Dublin Castle!

The jury disagreed at Tralee. I came on to Cork, where I was met by most of the Cork prisoners out on bail; and greeted and thanked by them in a manner it would be impossible for me to forget. I will not particularise it here, but say, that if ever men vowed eternal gratitude to another, they did to me. I cannot bring myself to write what some of them exclaimed to me with reference to my entire conduct on their behalf. They little dreamed, sir, that a few months afterwards a man in New York, pretending to write as their sworn leader, would dare to invent and put forth the statement that I was "the first to accomplish their betrayal," that I "set the bloodhounds of Saxon law on their track." Do you think they did not know, better than the man 3,000 miles away, the events publicly occurring with reference to themselves, before their own eyes here at

* The records of the Magnetic Telegraph Office show that at 2 p.m. 20th August, 1858, "A. M. Sullivan, at Kildare Junction, passenger by down train," sent a message to "Dr Campion, John's Bridge, Kilkenny," referring to Dr. Cane's affairs.

home? Do you think they would be so weak or so base as—even for the purchase of life itself—to dissemble, and thus swear gratitude to a man who was “the first to accomplish their betrayal,” and “set the blood-hounds of Saxon law” upon their track? Do you think those young men would stoop to accept *life itself*, much less a few friendly services, from a perfidious villain, a wretch, a monster, such as John O’Mahony describes!

No, sir. They themselves and their own kindred proclaim that in the hour of their necessity and danger they found the man thus brutally libelled, a true, a faithful, and a steadfast friend; one who, in their hour of freedom, had the moral courage to brave their misunderstanding by candid condemnation of their course, and endeavours to dissuade them from it; one who, in their hour of fancied security and power, only smiled at their angry efforts to “crush the Nation,” believing, as he did, that they were hot in boyhood’s moods, but honest and true of heart; one who, the moment he found them in peril, rushed to their side, took their enemies openly by the throat, vindicated their character, silenced their slanderers, swept all Ireland for contributions in their aid, and, leaving his own occupations, gave up day and night for weeks together to the labour of securing their defence.

I am not saying this, sir. They and theirs have said it; and will say it again.

But perhaps I did no more than was done by other national journalists? Perhaps the Editor of the national paper that condemned the Secret Society nearly a month before the *Nation* did so—and whose paper was hawked by Fenian *colporteurs* “in opposition” to the “too moderate” *Nation*—did as much as this for the prisoners—if not more—when the poor fellows were in the grip of difficulty? Did he? Just inquire.

The trials in Cork were postponed. I returned to Dublin. The Cork Committee were in sore strait for money to meet the second trial; but I was not dismayed. I wrote, pointing out two or three resources of means yet untouched; and a few days after received the following:—

Sunday’s Well, March 25, 1859.

MY DEAR FRIEND—Enclosed is a communication requiring the speediest execution. The Committee wish that you should communicate with Tuam, as you (in the *Nation*) were the proposer for the delivery of the residue of the Conway Fund into his Grace’s hands, to be applied henceforth as occasion might arise in defending good principles. M.C. Downing and O’Riordan were present to-night, and the first named (M.C. D.) suggested this. Send down what funds you can at once; there is only about £15 on hand. There is more expected by collection in the city before Tuesday, but we are in debt to O’R. about £35 (printing brief, &c.). *No news of money from America*, but very conflicting rumours; and that express that came to you in Tralee, and said to have come from Mrs Donovan, was repudiated by her. I hope there may be more truth in it than the positive assertion of some person unknown taking upon himself to state such to you. It is intended to have the junior bar and Sullivan, and, if possible, Clarke. If the

jury be packed, they will act as was intended in Cork. I wish we had £50 now; it would surely be repaid by America, &c.—But excuse this hasty scrawl from yours sincerely,
G. SIGERSON.

Cork Fair Trial Fund Committee, March 25th, 1859.

Edward O’Sullivan in the chair,
It was resolved that Alexander M Sullivan, Esq. of the *Nation*, be respectfully requested by this committee to put himself into instant communication with his Grace the Archbishop of Tuam with reference to the fund for the defence of Civil and Religious Liberty of which he is a guardian; requesting of him to take the claims of our committee on behalf of the prisoners at the present moment into his kind consideration—we having, at considerable labour, raised a fund which we find now quite exhausted; and the protracted nature of the trials throwing us into unexpected difficulties, so that unless we receive some such help as that for which we now apply, the case of the prisoners, to commence on the 30th instant, must be altogether abandoned.—Signed by order,
JAMES DWYER, Sec.

In the letter last quoted some italicised lines allude to “money from America.” *We have here touched the point whence (ostensibly) sprung the whole of this controversy, as I shall now relate.*

Immediately on the news of the Phoenix arrests—and our exertions to raise a fund for their defence—reaching America, there appeared in the *Irish American*, *Meagher’s Irish News*, and other New York papers, a call for action in aid of the prisoners; and a fund was duly set on foot called the Phoenix Fund. We hailed it with delight; for there were many misgivings as to our realising here in Ireland sufficient means for defending the prisoners. We anxiously watched the progress of the New York fund, and read with pleasure the able articles in the *Irish-American* journals, advocating the necessity of subscribing. We entered into communication with Mr O’Mahony on the subject—at least I understand he was so communicated with on our behalf*—and not a man of us harboured a moment’s suspicion that we were not sure of at least £300 from the American fund. As the Tralee Assizes approached, we watched every mail for the American remittance—when, just on the eve of the trial, as I was about starting for Tralee, a message reached me announcing that £200 had been received in Cork, “by hand,” from America. I instantly communicated the cheering news to Mr Downing and others engaged in the defence; telling them not to be afraid that the sympathisers with the prisoners at home or abroad would desert them. To our amazement, however, when we returned to Cork from Tralee, we found that no one in Cork knew anything of the American remittance. I felt exceedingly annoyed. I named the party from whom the statement emanated; and, on a denial of it being attempted, I had the matter “brought to book” by the following letter. It is addressed to my father by D. M’Cartie,

* I accidentally heard a few months ago it was denied by Mr O’M, that any such communication reached him. I can only say that I was informed by the Cork Committee that my early suggestion to that effect had been carried out; and I even stated, on the faith of it, that we were in communication with him on the subject.

Esq, father of young Mr M'Cartie, one of the Fenian prisoners :—

Skibbereen, April 27th, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR—I received your favour in due course, and would have answered before now, only waiting to see Charles M'Carthy, who was at Ballydehob yesterday, on the subject of it. He states that he called at my shop with a letter from Mr J Hayes for your son, which he handed you ; that he then related what Mrs J. Donovan (*Rossa*), who returned from Cork the evening before, told him ; that a sum of £200 came by hand to the Committee in Cork, to defray the expenses of the trial. He says he was rejoiced at such good news, and glad to have it to tell, believing it perfectly true. This M'Carthy is a very proper man, and would not invent such a tale.

I don't know why your son should be annoyed at hearing the report more than others. I recollect having seen a note from Bantry conveying the same report, and about same time, so that I can't find out how it originated.—I remain, dear sir, with best regards to Mrs Sullivan and family, yours truly,
DAN. M' CARTIE.

"Tale or tidings" of the "American remittance" I never heard from that day to this. One pound, one penny, one farthing, the Fair Trial Committee never received from Mr J. O'Mahony for the legal defence of the prisoners, or for the friendly aid of those—or the suffering families of those—amongst them, whose means of subsistence were ruined by the arrests. If that "American £200" ever reached, it must have been in the manner of, and possibly for the same purpose as, that £100 balance of the M'Manus Burial Fund, which would not be sent to the Dublin Treasurer or Dublin Chairman the other day ; but to "the business man," to be used as he may think fit (or be privately instructed)—we all know what for !

Still, even when all the trials were over, we clung to the expectation that the money would come for the aid of the victims in some manner. I expressed this opinion to their friends when consulted on the subject by them. "Those men in America," I said, "consider it waste of money and of energy to go into law courts ; but depend on it, they are reserving the money to substantially befriend those of the prisoners who have been ruined in means by the arrests."

Was I to blame for these expectations ? If I was, so were the Editors of the *Irish American*, Meagher's *Irish News*, &c. ; who were actually on the spot in New York, and who publicly declared they believed the New York Fund was for the legal defence or other material aid of the prisoners. With those gentlemen I had no communication whatsoever on the subject, directly or indirectly, when lo ! one day, the newspapers received by the American mail disclosed that an open outcry and contest of a most violent kind had burst forth between Mr J. O'Mahony and those newspapers, with reference to the disposition of the fund. The *Irish American* and the *Irish News* (who had given their labours and their pages devotedly, generously, and energetically to the advocacy of the fund) solemnly asserted they had been led to understand that it was for the defence of the Phoenix prisoners, or for the assistance of themselves or their families ; and that it

was on this understanding they (the journalists) had acted, in writing up the collection as they had done. On the other hand, Mr J. O'Mahony, you, and others, as strongly asserted that no such disposition of the fund was ever intended. You notified that any man who had subscribed under such an impression, and preferred such disposition of his subscription to that which Mr O'Mahony contemplated, could "have his money back ;" and it seems to be the fact that but a very small minority took this latter course. Fierce and bitter was the language in which Mr O'Mahony assailed the *Irish American* and *Irish News*, for their protests against what they alleged was a deception upon them. Wild and extravagant denunciations were hurled. They were, of course, called "slanderers," and, I believe, called spies and pimps of the British Government. The "slander," I believe, consisted in the allegation or intimation that the *Phoenix* newspaper, the "official organ" of the Secret Society, had been got up as a means of support for its conductors ; and that it was ravenously eating up the monies being gathered for the Fenian Fund, &c.

Of all this war between you in New York, I knew absolutely nothing save what I read in your own newspapers. But I volunteer my opinion on it now—I now am convinced that neither Mr J. O'Mahony, you, or any of the Secret Society people, ever intended to apply the fund in the manner we, at the time, expected ; but I believe, and I know, you could have been at no loss to perceive that we did expect it would ; and you played off successfully on the *Irish News* and *Irish American* a trick the Secret Society has twice or thrice attempted here : you got national journals unsuspectingly to do your work, and advance your secret plans, by getting them to co-operate with you in some ostensibly open, excellent, and patriotic design ! Oh, it is a familiar trick now. The Irish public did not see through it in the M'Manus funeral ; but they see through it right well now. *They shall see through it better before I am done.*

Daniel O'Sullivan, Agreem, during this time lay in Mountjoy Prison. A dastardly vengeance was menacing his rifled home. His poor old mother and his little sister had no one now to fill his place ; and Mr Trench, Lord Lansdowne's agent, had noticed her to "clear out." A younger brother of the prisoner—a quiet, gentle, simple, intelligent, and promising boy—was in training as an agricultural teacher at the Model Farm, Glasnevin, where his steadiness and skill had advanced him some steps, and assured him good prospects. He found himself called home to take the eldest brother's place, and try to avert the ruin that impended—a workhouse fate for his poor mother ! He was a good boy. He knew he was giving up for ever the bright prospects before him here ; but he never wavered. I was the repository of his confidence. The kindly-hearted Mr E. F. M. Donnelly, of Kenmare,

had, through the *Nation*, started a fund to aid his mother; and between us we were endeavouring to make up as much as would pay the rent, and possibly appease the agent's vengeance. Other of the prisoners and their families were in scarcely less mournful circumstances; and altogether, I can tell you, it would be a hard heart that could have known unmoved the private history of all the poor fellows suffered without murmur or complaint. But to save the mother of Daniel O'Sullivan was our main anxiety; as he alone was fastbound, and all the others, though sore-pressed, were, at least, free. "Go home," said I to the young brother—"and God will assist the good son that sacrifices for his aged mother. Go home; because your presence will, at least, to some extent, console her for your poor brother's absence, and prevent her from spending the day as she does now, wailing without relief. Be a stout prop to her. We, here, will not lose thought of you or her." As I bade him good-bye with those words, it occurred to me that he might want money leaving the city, or might wish to bear some by his own hands to the mother. I had a trifling balance of the collection in my possession; finding it was but small, I added to it as much as I could spare from my own means—God knows, with a heart that would have given a hundred-fold could I afford it—"Good-bye, my young friend," said I; "be of good hope, and cheer the old mother's heart in the desolate cottage at Kenmare."

It is reluctantly I allude to these things here; but it is only with sufficient provocation.

Young O'Sullivan went home. He sought the agent—alas! the agent was merciless, and all was hopeless; when suddenly there arrived from America, news—"glorious news" for Daniel O'Sullivan, of Agreement—that, I believe, it was J. O'Mahony said "*would cheer the heart of Daniel O'Sullivan in his cell!*"

The following extract from an article written by me in the *Nation* of 16th July, 1859, will set forth the "news"—detail the circumstances under which it occurred—and give my observations thereupon:—

Daniel O'Sullivan was brought manacled into Dublin; for himself he cared little, but an aged mother and unfriended sister he bequeathed to the aid and protection of his countrymen. A few days after the dungeon door closed upon him, the bailiff was at the door of the home he would have given his life to guard, and "notice to quit" was served upon that aged mother. A younger brother—a mere boy—was called home from a distant situation, by this warning of the fate falling upon the home of his childhood. His situation, though not lucrative, was one of promising prospects; he gave up all, however, and hastened to be at his mother's side, boy as he was, in that hour of adversity. He sought Mr Trench—poor young fellow—and prayed to that heart of stone for what it never felt—pity, compassion, reluctance. He asked to be let hold the farm, as the Parish Priest had kindly appointed him to teach his brother's school, and had successfully resisted in his favour a mean and tyrannical effort of the National Board to exercise against him a preventive interference, in clear violation of the rules of the system—a proceeding the story of which we will reveal at an early

day. The emoluments of the school in themselves were paltry in the extreme; but with these and the farm, the young O'Sullivan had manful hope of being that stay to the declining years of his mother so disastrously torn from her by the seizure of the elder son. He offered to pay any rent demanded; he pleaded his ignorance of any political acts or expressions of his brother; he produced what Mr Trench declared to be most satisfactory testimonials of high character for steadiness, education, ability, morality, and religion. In vain. Mr Trench declared that, though thoroughly satisfied of his non-complicity in the imputed offences of his brother, still "it would be setting a premium on rebellion" not to extirpate the whole family, and out they should go. Resistance none could be offered. Mr Trench was inexorable; "possession" was given to him, and the earliest day convenient to the bailiffs, the mother and sisters of Daniel O'Sullivan will be upon the wide world, shelterless, and the home he left he will never enter more!

While these incidents were passing, and while we and others were, in one way or another, doing our best for this sorely-stricken family, it was only natural that we should have strained our gaze on the western horizon for the long-looked-for aid from the American "Defence Fund." It seemed so probable that the custodians of the fund, in New York, had resolved, as they would say, not to "waste it in law," but to apply it to the succour of the sufferers by injustice, that we counted the days between each American packet. While thus expectant an American mail arrived, with what the New York Irish-American papers assured us was "Glorious News" for Daniel O'Sullivan; news, as one of those who sent it publicly informed his hearers, that would "*cheer the heart of Daniel O'Sullivan in his cell.*" "Welcome be that news," we cried, "for the heart of Daniel O'Sullivan truly needs cheering; bowed in despair at knowing that the grey hairs of his mother are being brought down in sorrow to the grave. Welcome be that news; it is the succour sent at last! ———." We eagerly perused the "glorious news"—the "grand news"—from New York, that was to "cheer the heart of Daniel O'Sullivan in his cell." Will our readers think we are cruelly jesting if we state what that "news" was? It was that "three cheers" were given for him opposite the St Nicholas hotel, where a crowd "serenaded" Mr Shook, who, we were told, had succeeded in safely reaching the St Nicholas, having left Daniel O'Sullivan and his companions fast bound in the grim cells of Irish prisons! Surely, that was glorious news, cheering news, grand news, for Daniel O'Sullivan. Surely it was as cheering as the news of a home for his homeless mother, a pillow under her unsheltered head, resources for her bleak and unfriended future. Perhaps so. We, for our own part, have an opinion on the point; but we are not in a position to state the views of Daniel O'Sullivan with reference to it; if indeed the "cheering" message has ever reached him "in his cell."

The accounts received from America by the last mail dissipate the last hope of any aid for the Fair Trial Fund from that quarter. The money has been collected, but those in whose custody it is refuse to advance any of it for the purposes for which we have been led to expect it. What other purpose they design it for we know not, and it matters little now; but it was well known that those engaged in protecting those young men from foul play were calculating upon its aid in their legal efforts; and if the New York Committee had from the outset resolved to apply the money to a different end, it would have been more ingenuous and less cruel to Daniel O'Sullivan and his companions to tell them plainly they were to rot in jail, and their parents, wives, and children to starve or beg, if less vaunting and bellicose friends nearer home were not found more practical in their way of "cheering their hearts."

We must tell our countrymen in New York, if they break forth into indignation at this statement, that we make it with regret, and have not hastened to speak what it has pained us so much to feel. We are disappointed—bitterly disappointed. We do not question the devotion which many of them, if not all of them, entertain towards the cause and

the country for which several amongst them have staked life and fortune; but we impeach their entire conduct towards those young men. They are accountable for the fate fallen upon them, and it is not calculated to foster that friendly confidence and union which we desire to see between the Irish in Ireland and the Irish in America—certain to meet fraternally sooner or later—that a feeling should pervade this country, as it does now, that transatlantic agents involved our enthusiastic and unreflecting young men in trouble, and, when the hour of danger came, fled, and abandoned them to their fate.

Right well do I remember the bitterness of heart in which I wrote that article, and the strong restraints I put on my natural indignation. Was it natural indignation? Was it a wonder that I, in the midst of my struggles for the Phoenix prisoners, should feel keenly and bitterly the way this heartless farce at the St. Nicholas showed the manner and amount of assistance we were to receive? Talk of asking for *bread* and being handed a *stone*! Here was poor O'Sullivan's mother in the direst strait of peasant life, and he fast in prison; and the men who refused to lend her the price of a crust of bread, or a shilling to keep the roof above her head, out of hundreds of pounds in their hands, spending more than would relieve her in "serenading" Mr Shook; and sending home to "cheer the heart" of her son—what? The news that *they gave three huzzas for him at Mr Shook's "serenade!"* God help us!

One sickens at the miserable sight—I don't care what fury your Head Centre may blow off at me for saying it—I sickened at it then, and I it sicken at still.

At that stage it was—when the *Nation* containing the above article reached New York—that Mr O'Mahony addressed to me through the *Phoenix* newspaper (I never saw it otherwise) the letter, passages from which I have quoted elsewhere, but the whole of which I now subjoin:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN NATION.

No. 6 Centre street, N. Y., August 8, 1859.

SIR—Although somewhat accustomed to such things of late, I have seen with no little surprise an article which appeared in your paper of the 15th ultimo.

I neither know nor care what motives urged you to write that article, or by what or by whom it was inspired. I shall only state that you did not write (or, at least, you did not publish it,) at the time when the announcement referred to therein was made in the *Phoenix*—allowing a sufficient time for it to have been seen by you—and that you never made any application to me on the subject thereof. In fact, it appears to me that your article was not written until certain slanders had been publicly and privately circulated here, under the pretence of sympathy for the Irish political prisoners, but really through jealousy, arising from the success (1) of a paper which has been started

(1) "The success of a paper," says Mr O'Mahony. That trick, too, we know in Ireland. When the least comment or censure is visited on certain papers, it is very convenient, though not very decent, to instantly impute "hop" motives. Let it suffice to say that "the paper" whose "success" Mr O'Mahony says vexed the *Irish American*, has long since gone down into the grave of failures, while the *Irish American* lives and flourishes. Here at home the imitators of that trick—in calling out, "This is what we pay for our success"—are now praiseworthy paying

in this city under my direction, for the advocacy of principles that found no utterance elsewhere, and partly from private malice towards myself. These slanders have been thoroughly silenced, and the slanderer completely arrested by the unanimous testimony of every man who contributed any money whatever to the fund under my management—under my sole management; for there neither is, nor has been, any committee or body of persons to participate in or to control my free action, since I accepted the position which I hold among my comrades here. This you might have seen by their resolutions, and letters of confidence and approval, as published in the columns of the *Phoenix*. All but one—and he is one of the slanderers, and has got back his money—have most distinctly agreed in the statement that the funds entrusted to me were not intended for the legal defence of any prisoners in Ireland. I made a similar statement once, and I shall never stoop to repeat it. I should take no notice of your article but for two reasons:—

Firstly—That article appears to me to be obviously intended for the purpose of discouraging the devoted and the true in Ireland, and to terrify those who are timid and wavering. Secondly—You endeavour to effect this by calumniating, not merely myself, but my friends, both at home and here. I shall answer your charges in the order in which you make them.

It is, in the first place, altogether an untrue and unfounded assertion (2) that the serenade at the St. Nicholas was intended as an assurance that any pecuniary aid whatever would be sent to the Irish prisoners. It was partly, though somewhat accidentally, made to serve as a recognition of the principles of Daniel O'Sullivan, and of the manhood and courage with which he maintained them. But it had yet another object—which, however, you shall not now know from me—and it would have taken place all the same had Daniel O'Sullivan never been arrested. This recognition was what we said and hoped would "cheer him"—and I should be greatly disappointed in the man if it did not "cheer him"—to find that so many of his armed and disciplined countrymen honoured his courage and vowed fidelity to his truth. Your striving to give a false interpretation to a single sentence, in itself void of ambiguity, in order to misrepresent the whole proceeding, is a mechanism of attack to which I forbear giving a name.

It is, secondly, palpably and unmistakably false that the gentleman you ignorantly call "Shook" was present at the serenade at the St. Nicholas. This you might have learned from your correspondents at this side (3). They must otherwise have either deceived you, or you must have wilfully and disingenuously overlooked a fact that would have spoiled what you no doubt intended as a very telling and very bitter reproach.

Thirdly—I brand it as a gross untruth to say that the man you so designate ever fled from any shape of danger, either in Ireland or elsewhere (4). This you may feel some day or other, should you ever have to meet the glance of that keen eye before which far other enemies than you have ere now trembled. But you know that his duties, as well as the watchfulness of his enemies, prevent him from calling you to account, and, very like a mean coward, think you can safely slander him and cast an imputation upon his courage, well knowing that English spies would soon free you from the necessity of meeting him honourably were he to come and demand of you that satisfaction which you owe him.

Fourthly—It is untrue that any emissary from this side of the Atlantic ever induced those young men in Cork and

(for their "success")—what they themselves well know we have never once alluded to, and what we shall, even now, forbear from naming.

(2) Beating the air. No such assertion was ever made.

(3) I had no correspondents! The first private letter ever received by me on the subject came by the mail that brought the *Phoenix* containing the above!

(4) I never made any assertion on the subject; unless it is meant I intimated that he escaped pursuit—which I do intimate. I intimate the same of Mr O'Mahony himself; and of you.

Kerry to do anything whatever (5), and, consequently, it is untrue that any such emissaries ran away, as you charge them.

Lastly—It is a falsehood to assert that any emissary, that we know of, from either side of the Atlantic, has run away from any danger of any kind whatever, or that if there were any such emissaries, that they ran away at all (6). This is not the first time you have made untrue charges in this regard. I put it to your manhood if it were not better that it should be the last.

You say you do not know the purpose for which we want those funds. Nor shall you know it. You discovered too much already. By some means or other you found out that there was some secret among the Irishmen of your native town which was not entrusted to you, and you forthwith sent a missive to Mr Smith O'Brien, inquiring whether he was a member of any secret society—you thought he was! and you innocently asked him whether he would tell you all about it? He gave a prompt answer to your letter, and denounced secret societies therein—assuring you that he was not a member of any such, and that he did not know of the existence of any. You, however, had a suspicion of their existence, and by thus publicly announcing it, you were, to all appearance, the first to accomplish the betrayal of those same prisoners you now champion. You pointed out the prey—you started the game—Goulah was set upon the young men's track, and immediately after the arrests began to be made. And now, indeed, your solicitude for those very men, after whom you were yourself the first to set the bloodhounds of Saxon law, boils into indignation, and you insolently canvass the acts and motives of men of whom you know nothing and who have nothing in common with you.—I am, sir, your very obedient servant,

JOHN O'MAHONY.

There were reasons, ample reasons [to be told presently], why I should treat those statements coming from the above gentleman with complete and studied silence. But I resolved to watch narrowly to see if any one else would dare to utter them. For four long years I have watched, Colonel; for four years, knowing all the time that the Secret Society had the *mot d'ordre* to spread

(5) I don't believe Mr O'Mahony's testimony on the point. I don't say he states a falsehood. I know what he means; but the above, read in its ordinary sense, is simply not true. I cannot be fooled, you know. I "know too much" as Mr. O'Mahony himself says.

(6) If it were a falsehood that they escaped pursuit, then Mr Shook would have been in the dock alongside the others; but he wasn't there, happily.

and enlarge upon these atrocious calumnies. Yet, never till I grasped gladly that little pamphlet with your speech, was I able to lay my hand upon a vendor of them.

Here I must pause abruptly. The space at my disposal to-day, compels me to break off for the present. Next week I shall let you see the testimony of the Kerry prisoners with reference to John O'Mahony's statements—"dates, documents, and facts, entirely "beyond my control"—in accordance with my undertaking.

I will unfold for the edification of the public the proceedings of the Society, from 1859 up to the present year and the present month.

I will deal with the attempts to do "terrorism" *ala* the French Revolution, and the Italian Carbonari. I will quote and refer to some of the "General Orders," &c, issued by the Secret "Committee of Public Safety" as it calls itself in the documents. I will let the public for the first time see the work cut out for the members here: the "treatment" or—if private threats are not "buncome"—the assassination of myself, "A. M. Sullivan"—the "lopping off" of "the rotten bough," as the official language has it—"the amputation" that "must not only be decisive but "quick."

I will for the first time let the light in upon the "behind-the-scenes" history of the M'Manus funeral—a history that will startle and instruct all Ireland.

Perhaps what I have already stated and proved to-day may show you that I speak "by book," and (as Mr. O'Mahony remarked) "know too much." Next week, however, you shall be better able to judge the whole case.

I am sir, &c,

ALEXANDER M. SULLIVAN.

HOUSHOOK

THE PHENIX SOCIETIES

IN IRELAND AND AMERICA, 1858 AND 1862.

PART II.

Dublin, 26th April, 1862.

What were those reasons for my refusing to deal with John O'Mahony? I have said already they were considerations that had been *abused*. For four years I have been silent rather than state them. If I state them even now, it is with reluctance and pain. They were these—that I had been repeatedly and most credibly warned, and because I believe the fact is undoubted, that that gentleman was, intermittingly, a sufferer from a mournful malady, which forbade the idea of accountability: because I was assured he had been at least once necessarily put under some kind of restraint in an asylum: and that on subjects that excited him deeply it was hard to determine between where mere anger ceased, and where the mind gave way. It was because I hoped time, calm thought, and returned sanity would bring him to publish in the same page the contrite atonement that no honourable man ever feels ashamed to make.

There remains unfulfilled a portion of my undertaking in the early part of this letter. I said I would prove that Mr J O'Mahony's statements were not merely untrue, but that *the very contrary* of them was the truth; that in my regard such charges were not merely calumnies, but outrages on gratitude, honesty, and good faith. I said my witnesses to this should be the Phoenix prisoners themselves. I have as yet only quoted the testimony of the *Cork* prisoners through their relatives, representatives, and friends. Up to this part of my letter it may be true, for aught I have shown save my own statements, that the *Kerry* prisoners entertained an idea of me compatible with the Head Centre's veracity. But my undertaking shall be carried out scrupulously in all respects; and so I call up the *Kerry* prisoners now. Firstly, here is a formal address* drawn up and signed in the Jail of Tralee:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION.

DEAR SIR—We, the political prisoners in this jail, most respectfully beg leave to tender you our most sincere thanks for your untiring exertions in bringing our case under the notice of the public, and for the setting on foot a fund to enable us to make a proper defence. But for the well-timed articles of the *Nation* and *Cork Examiner* our case would not only be hid from the public, but we most undoubtedly would be unable to employ the able counsel which are now secured for us, and who will, we are confident, gain for us an honourable acquittal from the crime with which we are charged—which, thanks be to God, is not

* It will be seen that this Address was written prior to the Trial.

such a one as will attach a stigma to our character in after life. We have also to tender our devoted thanks to J F Maguire, Esq, for his indefatigable exertions on our behalf. We are most happy to find that the people of Ireland are alive to the call of sympathy, and that they have so nobly and generously responded to the appeal which was made to them through the columns of the *Nation* and *Cork Examiner*. We return sincere thanks to all who have subscribed towards the "Fair Trial Fund," and especially to those noble hearted gentlemen who constituted themselves into a managing committee in Cork to receive subscriptions in aid of our defence. Although the *Cork Examiner* has done a great deal in our behalf, yet the call for a "Fair Trial Fund" would not have been heard through the whole of Ireland and Europe, as it has been, had it not entered into the columns of your patriotic and National journal.

We were much gratified to hear by letters from our friends outside that you have so well taken our part, and that there are hearts and hands at freedom devoted to the cause of liberty and justice. Neither papers or scraps of papers are admitted to us, so that we have no means, save correspondence, of knowing how we are attacked or defended by the press of the country. The *Kerry Post* has, we learn, actually assumed the part of an Indian yelling and dancing, tomahawk in hand, like an infuriate demon around the helpless victims tied to the fatal stake. The *Kerry Post* has only come out in his old style by attacking us in the unmerciful manner in which he has done; and which he would not, in all probability do, if the victims of attack were in a position to return the thrusts. Yet thank God, though we are ourselves deprived of the opportunity to defend ourselves against that assassin onslaught, we are not, thanks to your able hand, without a friend *in the hour of need*.

"Amicus certus in re incerta cernitur."

A friend who will defend us until we are in a position to do so ourselves, and then also if we would require it.

Though we shall, in a few days, have to confront a host of deadly enemies—who have left nothing undone to enable them to get a conviction, *fas aut nefas*—who have received able help from several V. hunters, and also from some of the grovelling press of this ill fated country—yet we are sure, confidently sure, that the intelligent jurors of the county Kerry—be they Whig or Tory, Catholic or Protestant—will see that ample justice be afforded us.

Again, before we conclude, we return you again, dear sir, our most sincere thanks for your able, faithful, and indefatigable exertions on our behalf; and also to all those generous and kindhearted friends who have enabled us to confront Goula and his vile accomplices.—We are, dear sir, yours sincerely,

JOHN D. SULLIVAN,
DANIEL O'SULLIVAN,
PATRICK C. HENNESSY,
F. R. O'SULLIVAN, Jud.
JOHN O'CONNOR.

County Jail, Tralee, 28th Feb., 1859.

Does that not look very well alongside the Head Centre's letter?

But, you may object, it is observable that *all* the prisoners' names do not appear to the above. True; some had, before it was written, been let out on bail, but *all* signed it who were in the prison at the time; and here is a letter from one of the others—as brave-

hearted an Irishman as ever won respect and praise by a stainless character :—

Killarney, Tuesday Evening, March 1st, 1859.

DEAR SIR—Just as I was leaving Kenmare for this place this day I was handed your kind letter of the 26th ultimo to the Governor of Tralee jail from the postman here. I also received the *cutting* on yesterday; but, until the receipt of your letter, I did not know how. For the kind sentiments, and I must say flattering to me, conveyed in that letter I have to return you my sincere thanks, and will only say here, that whatever my fate in life may be, that those sentiments can never be forgotten.

I perceive you were under the impression that I was still an inmate of Tralee jail; but I was fortunate enough at the "Inquisitorial Court," to be admitted to bail, and that, I am sure, for the want of evidence against me—whatever way a perjured prosecutor managed to plot evidence against other innocent young men. I expect I will see at least some of the prisoners still in custody on to-morrow, and I think they will have good reason to rejoice that they as well as I have such a powerful advocate as the honest editor of the *Nation* and of the *Evening News* to defend us, innocent men, from the deadly slanders of the base editor of the *Kerry Post*. I will convey your kind regards to Florence O'Sullivan, and the others if possible. All we ask of the country is "fair play," an honest and impartial jury—if we get that we will prove to the world that instead of being what our prosecutors and slanderers, who surely ought belong to the same class, would wish to make the country believe us to be, that we are the victims of the darkest conspiracy that could be formed against innocent men, and worse than any, to be recorded in the most penal times even in Ireland.

Again thanking you on behalf of my fellow-sufferers and self—I remain, sincerely yours,
A. M. Sullivan, Esq. D. S. SHEA.

The next following was written, as you may perceive, months after the Head Centre had told the Phoenixes what none of themselves could discover, viz. —that I was a villain, and that the *Nation* article "started the prey" and "set the bloodhounds of Saxon law on their track." Doesn't the writer of it seem very contumacious in not harking in with the Head Centre's cry? No doubt "the Committee of Public Safety" have their eye on him for the crime :—

Killarney, 9th November, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR—I cannot, in addressing you, the noble and patriotic editor of the *Nation* (you would rather dispense with these expressions, but I could not) withhold the earnest sentiments of my admiration of you, not only for the generous and disinterested manner in which you devoted your energies and talent (ever faithful to the one true cause) on behalf of fellow Phoenixes and myself; but also the unflinching advocacy of that same principle now more thoroughly diffused and better appreciated by the people. I entreat you will therefore forgive this too-presumptuous tone of my address.

In your article on the "broken faith" to Daniel O'Sullivan (now a "ticket-of-leave man"), you were not aware that the conditions on which John D. Sullivan and I offered to accept our liberation at the hands of the Crown officials, were on the special stipulation that *Daniel O'Sullivan* would be as much at liberty as ourselves. This was solemnly pledged to us through J. J. O'Riordan, Esq., and Mr Neligan; and since your article on the subject (though no fault of yours) attributes this solely to the Cork prisoners, I would feel grateful by your giving the fact publicity in the next *Nation*, if this reaches you in time for it.—I remain, dear sir, your faithful servant,

FLORENCE R. O'SULLIVAN, JUN.

A. M. Sullivan, Esq., *Nation* Office, 6 Lower Abbey street, Dublin.

The writer of the above is known to be a young

gentleman whose prospects in the learned profession he had entered, were for a time sacrificed; yet who quite as cheerfully and boldly volunteered as a member of the gallant band of Irishmen who ramparted Spoleto in defence of Liberty and Religion. The well-won medal of the Battalion of St Patrick now glitters on his breast.

I might multiply testimonies—*documents*, not assertions of mine, as I said at the outset. But I must be brief. A few more, and I shall be done with them. The first is a written message from one of the Phoenix prisoners long after J. O'Mahony's letter appeared :

As being at the *Nation*-Office, will you please tender the respectful regards of a grateful heart to the chivalrous and gentlemanly A. M. Sullivan, Esq, he who so warmly, in Tralee Courthouse, proffered his hand—that hand of integrity in the people's cause—to the incarcerated and indicted prisoners at the bar, of whom I was one.
J. S. O'CONNOR.

The next—the last but one I shall quote—is from one whose testimony may be deemed of some significance. It is from Daniel O'Sullivan, at length liberated, but broken in health and spirits. Finding himself once more beneath the old familiar rooftree at Droumanassig, he turns his thoughts gratefully to the man who, according to John O'Mahony, had publicly and notoriously "set the bloodhounds of Saxon law on his track!" :—

Droumanassig, October 18, 1859.

DEAR SIR—As I now enjoy, consequent on my recent liberation from Mountjoy Prison, the unrestricted use of writing materials, I hasten to avail myself of the advantage, and write to return you my sincere and heartfelt thanks for the kind interest you have evinced in my behalf from the moment of my arrest in December last up to the present.

You are already aware from my brother's letter that I have been confined to bed since my return home, which has retarded me from doing myself the gratification of communicating with you ere this. I had hoped, sir, that I would have been able to call upon and thank you in person ere I left Dublin, but unfortunately circumstances did not permit, as it was only on the previous night that my liberation was announced to me, and at an early hour next morning I was accompanied by one of the officials of Mountjoy to the railway terminus. I now beg leave to offer my most sincere thanks to yourself in the first place for your noble and generous exertions in behalf of me and my fellow-sufferers, and to fervently pray that you may long hold the honourable position which you now occupy, and long secure the world-wide fame which you have so deservedly established. I would say more were it not I am aware that you are opposed to giving insertion to letters lauding yourself, but my feelings would not permit me to say less.

To the Right Rev Dr Moriarty, the good Bishop of Kerry, and the other kind friends who memorialled the Lord Lieutenant in my behalf, to the Fair Trial Fund Committee (and, in particular, the treasurer, Mr Edward O'Sullivan), for their exertions in securing the services of the most distinguished counsel on the occasion of my first trial at the spring assizes; and to Mr Fitzmaurice Donnelly (Kenmare) for the kindness he has shown towards my brother and sister during my absence. I return my best thanks; in a word, to all my kind friends and sympathisers, both at home and in America, I feel deeply grateful. Never can I forget the kindness with which I was treated by a few ladies at the Limerick Junction on the occasion of my removal to, and return from, Mountjoy. Assuring you, sir

of my ever grateful feelings for your kindness, I subscribe myself yours most thankfully and obediently,

DANIEL O'SULLIVAN (Agreem),
of Droumanassig.

To Alexander M Sullivan, Esq, Nation Office.

Little did he imagine then, that the return I was to experience after all this was the most base, unequalled, and revolting ingratitude. Little did he dream then, that in the name of him and his comrades, for whom I had thus toiled and endeavoured, and who thus vowed—vowed in private and in public—the gratitude of lifetime to me, I was to be tracked by the sleuthhounds of slander, and stricken by the hidden hands of “moral assassination!”

It is not an encouraging lesson—this episode of Fenian morality. It is not likely to encourage generous sympathy for our fellow-men in difficulty, danger, or distress. It is not likely to encourage journalists to anxiety, exertion, or endeavour for victims of oppression. No; it is calculated to harden the heart, and destroy all kindly faith in the truthfulness, fair dealing, honour, and gratitude of our race!

One more letter—one more out of at least a dozen to the same effect—and I shall have done with this portion of the case. Daniel O'Sullivan, the Phoenix prisoner, once again raises his voice:—

Droumanassig, Friday Night, October 21, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR—I received your kind—your more than kind note, yesterday evening, for which I have again to give you thanks. But, *being unable to thank you as I ought, I shall not cease to pray for you.*

I know you rejoice at my liberation, for I know that, in one sentiment at least, we are in fraternity—that is, we have drunk from the same pure fountain, which gives to man the Divine love of country, the grandest, the purest of aspirations. Also, though I have yet read nought of your unequalled articles and writings about me, I have been told enough by my brother to believe that your sorrow for me was next to that which he and the rest of my poor family felt.

I was at once transported into an ecstasy of joy on reading that part of your note which stated that you vindicated my character; and you were not mistaken in believing “that that was dearest of all to me.” In return for that noble effort on your part, I promise you that, with God's assistance, your opinion of me shall be verified. At the same time, my conscience tells me that I did only that which an Irishman should do; and I have further to tell you, sir, that I still, and ever shall, hate England's power and despotic yoke. Would to God that our dear, dear country were free to-morrow at the sacrifice of my humble life!

I long to clasp your noble hand within my own; and as soon as I feel perfectly strong, I shall, please God, afford myself the pleasure of doing so. My mother, sister, and brother, tender you their heartfelt thanks; and I believe I may affirm that *my poor mother will always recollect you in her prayers.*—Wishing you every happiness, I have the honour to be, sir, your very obedient servant,

DANIEL O'SULLIVAN (Agreem).

A. M. Sullivan, Esq.

If in those orisons I have been remembered, little need I heed the threats of malice and the shafts of calumny. Dearer, far dearer to me than the applause of crowds would be the feeling that one humble prayer of that “poor mother” was offered up for me at the gates of heaven.

It will be a relief to me, and, I doubt not, to the reader,* to pass quickly away from this wretched spectacle of moral Thuggery, with Mr. John O'Mahony for its head centrepiece. I shall waste no words on it. It is not good for one even to contemplate. It is so revolting.

The extracts from the *Phoenix* newspaper given in Part I. of this letter, trace the written, the *published*, utterances of the Society down to the year just past, 1861; that is to say, down to the period at which the “official organ” died a miserable and lingering death. As may be supposed, however, those *published* utterances give only a remote idea of the unpublished productions privately being put forward, and circulated up to the present moment. To explain some of those emanations, stretching over a period of three or four years, it will be necessary to give a summary of concurrent events, which, however brief, must, I fear, be necessarily somewhat tedious to the general reader. With the summer of 1859, which witnessed the close of the *Phoenix* trials—the Cork prisoners pleading “guilty,”* and binding themselves to come up for sentence “if they renewed their former practices”—came the crash

* No one has ever heard me utter a word in blame of that plea. I believe it has been represented that I urged it on them. *Quite the contrary.* I even wrote to Cork and to Tralee my strong and formal protest against any plea of guilty being confessed to the indictment as it stood. Many weeks previously, in the course of numerous and persistent efforts (needless to detail) for the liberation of the prisoners, a distinguished and revered personage who was most kindly labouring in this behalf, informed me that the government officials had at last promised him the prisoners would be liberated on a mere formal plea of guilty; “but,” said he, “this they steadfastly refuse. What is to be done? Is ‘anything to be gained by their giving themselves up to rot in jail? Sure they now avow their aims, and why should they object to say in court what they say in letters to the press? They fear, however, that it would look like ‘backing down,’ or unworthy ‘surrender;’ and ‘I have reason to believe that if you advise them on the point, they will consider themselves quite safe in acting ‘accordingly.’” To this I at once replied, that to admit they had designs against the British government, was one thing; that to plead guilty to an indictment that directly or indirectly charged them with meditating atrocious crimes affecting their moral and social character, was quite another thing. I reminded him that those young men, who were, with scarcely an exception, of respectable parentage and stainless character, had been most foully traduced, and accused of meditating things revolting in the extreme; and said that until all imputations of this kind or of anything beyond mere political conspiracy were retracted, I would never ask or advise them to plead guilty. His Lordship most cordially assented to this view of the matter; said it was quite true, those young men's character should be honourably guarded; and finally intimated that he would urge this most reasonable view on the crown officers, and communicate the result to me. They refused to accede, and I never heard more till I heard that a plea of guilty was being arranged. I wrote to Mr O'Riordan in Tralee, and to Mr E O'Sullivan in Cork, stating that, while I did not mean to impute that the prisoners would adopt, or their counsel advise, any course not wise and well-considered, I wished distinctly to record my respectful protest against a plea of guilty as the indictment stood. This little history will, perhaps, show that I guarded the honour and consistency of the prisoners as jealously as I had strenuously endeavoured to secure their personal safety!

of war upon the Continent. For aught any man of us could have told, it might have been a glorious opportunity for a strong and united Ireland to demand the restoration of her rights. I had said nearly a year before, when expostulating against the *Phoenix* movement, that its result would be to "leave Ireland weak and prostrate in the coming hour." When the hour struck that seemed to herald a momentous opportunity, "weak and prostrate" Ireland was indeed. The *Phoenix* prisoners, who, I doubt not, would have defied the scaffold itself at such a moment, were Ireland organised, defiant, and hopeful, as in '43, were—standing at the bar and pleading guilty to the British Crown! Prostration—a reaction into apathy, as usual—ensued. Yet in the midst of this—yea, while the poor *Phoenixes* were struggling hard to find a means of livelihood on their return from prison, a supply of the following outrageous buncombe was kept up in the *Official Journal* (*published under the eye of the British Ambassador and his employes, who, no doubt, kept the English Government well informed on the whole affair*):—

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

PHENICIAN, Tralee—How can you demand such questions of us? We don't want you here. We neither have, nor desire to have, any interest here, political or other, whereby to procure situations for runaway Irish patriots. Under the circumstances of your case, of course, we cannot advise you to come out to this country. There are too many *Phœnicians* out here already. Vast numbers would much prefer to be at home than here at this present time—aye, even though we had to live on potatoes and salt. We would be so much the nearer to the throat of our enemies in the coming crisis of their fate. *'Tis a far cry from here to Ireland, and the thing might be all over before it could be heard across the Atlantic.* Stay at your post, *Phœnician*—at least stay there until it can be known a little more clearly what sort of a dish the French are cooking for John Bull. Don't be scared at a little hardship that must soon end. Make ready for any and every chance. Do it silently, steadfastly, and watch narrowly our enemies. Bide your time patiently, and have no excuse for not striking them home to the heart, when the crisis of their fate is upon them. We want no more runaway patriots in America.

There was the reception some poor fellow got from his Head Centre, of whom he sought friendly advice and aid! "The thing" was so near at hand—so terribly near—and was so sure of being short, sharp, and decisive—that the distance of a fortnight's journey was too much for a man who wished to be "in!" "Stay at home, *Phœnician*" says this self-dubbed "runaway patriot"—"*'Tis a far cry from here to Ireland; and the thing might be all over before it could be heard across the Atlantic!*" How could any poor Irishman in America, reading such an announcement, fail to believe that before another month Ireland would be up in arms—the Head Centre could not more plainly proclaim it. Alas! No doubt the poor fellows in America flocked gladly to the Fenian ranks, with such a prospect held out to them; and the dollars flowed in gaily!

Nothing could put to the blush a system of heart-

less deceit like this; practising thus grossly upon the generous emotions and self-sacrificing bravery of the poor Celts in distant America! 'Twas always the same story. "The thing" was just on the eve of coming. A few dollars more, and the British Lion would roll in the dust. Weeks go by; months go by; years go by. "The thing has not come; but still it is within a week or so of bursting out! The Veiled Prophet of Khorasan never tried the faith of his dupes more keenly. Harken:—

The News from Ireland is full of promise. There is every prospect of an *early and abundant harvest*.^{*} Providence and the industry and activity of those who lead the *modern improvement*, have brought things to a position in which care and caution alone will be henceforth needed.

Our Brothers, at this side, will receive this assurance in a becoming spirit, and *act accordingly*. This time is *most propitious*; and *the utmost despatch is needful*. There is nothing so dangerous to a great reform as a check. It is peculiarly dangerous in Ireland, and among Irishmen. With them a check is fatal, and delay nearly equally so. *Encouragement* and sympathy must be given them; and for this, enthusiasm and a generous emulation need to be kept active and untiring. *If the leaders keep the proper spirit alive, and exhibit no sign of lagging, there will be no failing or falling off among the followers.*—*Phoenix*, April 20, 1861.

The "thing"—"the modern improvement"—could not possibly be delayed now. It is coming instantly—but—the Brethren in America must "act in a becoming spirit—the utmost despatch is needful"—"encouragement" is wanted! It was not asked in vain, we warrant; the faithful hearted Celts were never appealed to vainly in the name of Ireland. Their last dollar and their last drop of blood would be given freely at such a call!

While this system was proceeding—the Fenians in Ireland being deceived by accounts of how things stood in America; and the Fenians in America deceived by accounts of how things stood in Ireland—true patriots at home and abroad were looking on in silence, and in sickness and sorrow of heart, at a spectacle which travestied Irish Nationality and patriotism for the ridicule or disgust of all lovers of truth and honesty. In the midst of this disheartening state of affairs, the Nation was not unmindful of its mission. Every means was used to keep alive and active a spirit of practical patriotism and Nationality. At a moment when there was not a trace of political action or organisation for National purposes to be seen in the land, it devised, originated, and launched that now memorable movement, "TAKING ENGLAND AT HER WORD." It may truly be termed, the awakening of Ireland; for it was the first demonstration of strength, or Census of National Opinions, attempted in this country since 1848. Nearly half a million of adult Irishmen enrolled themselves on that Protest known as the "National Petition." This success astonished friends, and startled foes. Here was a basis for National Organisation! Who could have

* These lines are italicised in the original.

dreamed that such unity of sentiment and earnestness of action pervaded the country? Without organisation, without officials, without agents, without officers, without money—but relying on the individual exertions of Irishmen all over the kingdom, this mighty demonstration of half a million of adult Irishmen had been evoked! It aroused European attention. It was heard of in France. It startled England. It was the shout of Ireland to the world that *she was not dead!* It was the cry of our Nationality arising to Christendom just at the moment to confound the hypocrisy and baseness of our oppressor! This movement was almost entirely the work of my brother, Mr. T. D. Sullivan. He first suggested it. He wrote the article publicly proposing it, and nearly all the articles subsequently advocating it in the *Nation*; and of that celebrated document itself, he is the author of all but the two concluding paragraphs, which were mine. To the conducting of the movement he gave, for nine months, as much time and toil as were devoted to his own proper avocations, besides incurring considerable pecuniary expense, before, on the call of the *Nation*, a committee took charge of the movement.

I have called it a basis for National Organization. It was intended as such.

The people of Ireland—the youth of Ireland, in particular—will never resign themselves to be rooted out by British domination. Would to God the middle classes, the hierarchy and the clergy, fully realised the fact! “Ameliorations” will not do; “liberal measures” will not do. Insurrection after insurrection may fail: party after party may be broken up, corrupted, or crushed—all to no avail. A few years may be passed in apathy and inactivity, but the rivers will cease to run, and the trees of the forest will cease to grow with returning spring, when the masses of the Irish population give up the passion for national existence. If there be at hand no open and legitimate channel for this passion—no channel directing it to useful, practical, and successful work—it will find for itself other channels, *secret*, and it may be unguided or illguided to mischievous and desperate ends. It has ever been so: it is so now: it will be so ever.

Conscious of this, the glorious intellect of Dr. Cane had just taken up the work of ‘National Organisation,’ when death—which has so often robbed Ireland of her best friends in the hour of her direst need—struck him down suddenly forever! I had been engaged with him in that noble effort thus wofully arrested. Alas! it was while I was a guest at his house in Kilkenny that his fatal illness set in; and the last time but one he stood at his own door, was grasping my hand in farewell! After his death, there seemed no hope of perfecting his unfinished task. Still, in private and in public I never desisted from urging it on the men to whom the country looked for guidance. In one of my articles on the Secret Societies (13th November, 1858),

before any arrests were made, the following passage will be found:—

But none of our correspondents exhibit anything to shake our objections against secret organisations in general, and theirs in particular, under the present circumstances of Ireland. We suggest to them an immediate dissolution of their society, and a reorganization on a new basis. If blameable, however, from a national point of view, we must confess they are far less culpable than those who ought to have taken up, yet did not take up and complete Dr Cane’s work of a National Organization, which would have given a wise and effective direction to feelings that have thus been suffered to lead honest men adrift amongst the rocks and quicksands of secret societies. It is not yet too late to take up this work, and we suggest to those who from their position are looked to for example in such matters, to consider how far they are indirectly responsible for the individual and general injury wrought by the lapse of such duty on their part.

I and my colleagues urged that duty frequently; but, until the National Petition awoke its mighty echo, men of position feared that we were asking them, as one of the most gifted amongst them pithily expressed it, to “become the fuglemen of an imaginary army.” There was now no longer, however, any doubt of the earnestness of the people or of their strength of numbers. The “National Petition” supplied, as we had intended it should, a basis for National organisation; and accordingly, in response to a hundred urgings on our part, the duty of devising and establishing such organisation was formally taken up by four men well known to the country—men trusted, tried, and beloved of the people. Two of them were of the most prominent and devoted leaders of ’48; the genius and patriotism of a third had led the only faithful band of Irishmen our generation has seen in the British Parliament; while the name of the fourth is potential to-day, as then, over Irish hearts as that of a young chieftain full of the courage, the chivalry, and the nationality of Ireland. The *Nation*, with their authority, announced that the work was in hand.

I believe the Phoenix Society regarded those efforts with great displeasure. For some reason best known to the chiefs, the idea of a public organisation of Irish Nationalists was received by them and their subordinates with undisguised hostility: Why was this? Was it because they feared that an organisation with men of high character for patriotism, courage, and intellect at its head, would marshal the whole strength of the country—and would not be led by, duped by, or controlled by Fenian hands? And was it that the Phoenix chiefs regard this as ruin and disaster to “the new improvement?” However this may be, their animosity to the *Nation* newspaper redoubled with its efforts to forward an open organisation; and I and others engaged in such efforts about this time became conscious of something very like a secretly organised and regularly directed course of action towards us in committees and councils, and at public meetings. Was it so? It will be for me, however, merely to record facts, and state in-

formation had by myself on credible authority, and fully believed by me; leaving the reader free to exercise his own judgment throughout the letter. I shall in the course of the following, of manifest necessity (dealing with acts and conduct of a Secret Society) be compelled to advert to many things communicated to myself by private information, and of which it were folly of me to demand written or published evidence. Desiring to avoid overstatement or exaggeration of facts, I shall, however, refer as little as possible to information of this nature; and I wish the reader to understand me as claiming for it no more credence than may be given to it by corroborating proofs of more undoubted force. He may trace for himself the mysterious Spectral Hand throughout the events and circumstances set forth.

In February, 1861, an intention was announced by some persons in Dublin to have a national dinner on St. Patrick's Day. Both the journals under my direction gave the undertaking (not, however, without certain misgivings) earnest and independent support, for it presented itself as a most commendable intention. The Committee did not reveal their names—the first appearance I can trace of this truly new and truly mischievous practice in connection with public movements of a national character in Ireland. They professed the most courteous and cordial sentiments towards the *Nation*, and besought of it co-operation, which was freely and heartily given on public grounds. At an early stage, however, it was evidenced that the *Nation* and *News* were to be used for the purpose of getting up the demonstration; while for the journals and their editors a deliberate affront was being planned. But the plan was spoiled. Two days before the banquet, The O'Donoghue and George Henry Moore (who had promised to attend) found out that at this "National" demonstration, the Editor of the *Nation* was designedly not to be invited to speak, nay, designedly not to be invited to be present at all. Immediately on discovering which both The O'Donoghue and George H. Moore resolved that this plan should be changed if they were to be guests at the banquet. The O'Donoghue himself (the whole proceeding being utterly unknown to me), bore this message to the Committee, who looked quite "found out," indeed; and who instantly sent an amiable request to me that I would attend and speak to a toast! The O'Donoghue urged on me not to be punctilious; but, even at such short notice and such ungracious invitation, to attend and speak at the Banquet. I did so. I was well aware that in the toast intrusted to me—"The men who in *Europe* and *America* signalise the "genius of our race"—the Committee refused to admit any allusion to our countrymen in *Australia*? Why? Why pointedly limit the toast to *Europe* and *America*? Why pointedly omit all reference to one of the most numerous, powerful, and patriotic sections of the Irish race, outside of Ireland? Ah;

the Fenian Brotherhood had not been established in *Australia*; and the toast was limited to the *locales* of the Fenian Society! This was the sort of "fraternity," "toleration," and "Union" that pervaded the Banquet Committee—under what secretly-guiding influence, I well knew, and if I had not known before I entered the hall, I would have known soon afterwards. Over the chairman's head was placed conspicuously a large figure of the *Phoenix* with outstretched wings. I knew all! A glance around showed me ample corroboration. Alas! here had hundreds of patriotic citizens, ignorant of paltry plotting or factiousness, assembled through national feeling and love of Ireland, many of them brought together by the call of the *Nation* and *News*; yet here were a handful of misguided men whose poisoned minds could feel no loftier sentiment than hateful intolerance of their brother Irishmen, whose opinions varied from theirs! This spectacle, that should have infused cheering patriotism and mutual toleration into every breast, seemed to them only so great an opportunity for displaying rancorous animosity! At that meeting the shameful sounds were heard of hisses (who directed them?) at the name of William Smith O'Brien! Sounds, however, instantly drowned in the cries of "shame" and the bursts of cheering that arose from the whole assemblage! The hissers stole to hide, emerging for a moment again only to be made feel as great chargin, when I was speaking of *America*! The chairman on the occasion was Mr Thomas N Underwood, a young gentleman studying for the law, and whose name sometimes appeared at the Tenant League meetings for "parliamentary agitation." To the utter surprise of guests and audience, with a few exceptions, he, in the course of his speech after dinner, announced and "put to the meeting" the programme and rules of a National Organisation, to be called the "Brotherhood of St Patrick." The Banquet Committee had given no notification of such a proceeding. The guests, whose presence seemed to indorse the organisation, knew nothing of it. Who devised or who authorised it, all was hidden from the public; but nearly every one present imagined it must be the organisation which had for some time previously been announced as I have already described. Was this intended by the unknown projectors? It was a *coup*; and it was thus—born of trick, surprise, and subterfuge, the National Brotherhood was ushered into the world to begin its life of dubious character and fortune. I did not object to, or censure the proposed Association, however; though I did object to and condemn the manner of its projection. In the *Morning News* of next day, and the *Nation* of the next Saturday, the impropriety of thus taking a whole meeting by surprise with such a proposition was pointed out; but I most carefully abstained from imputing to the proposed Organisation any objection whatsoever for the very sufficient reason

that we had had no opportunity of examining and judging it. "Let us," said the *News*, "have this or any other organisation for national aims; but let it be one which its promoters will not fear to previously submit to the cool deliberation of the people, instead of attempting to take them by surprise. Let us have this or any other, we say; but first let us see what it is, what are its aims, and who are the men to guide it." The *Nation* of the following Saturday was still more clear:—

"Here we desire to say that we are no opponents of the Society or Brotherhood of St. Patrick, which may be, or which may become a very proper organisation in its way. We do not at present know enough of its constitution to justify us in expressing either approval or disapproval of it. But we know that all our countrymen have for some time past been led to expect that a strong political organisation, designed for strong political action, would soon be formed in Ireland. We ourselves in this journal have been giving our readers to understand that such an organisation was contemplated by men in whom the people of Ireland have confidence. We know that the Brotherhood of St. Patrick is not that organisation; and we complain that, from the manner in which the Rotundo Banquet was availed of for the purpose of inaugurating that Brotherhood—from the observations of the Chairman on that occasion—and from the nature of the telegrams which, in accordance with the arrangements of the Committee, were received during the evening—an impression was likely to be created amongst the public that this society was the thing we had all been writing and hoping for and looking for during so long a time."

I quote those words here, because "the system"—the system of bold untruth—has not hesitated to represent that the Brotherhood organisation was "calumniated from the beginning." This has been a mere excuse—a false excuse—to account for the fate bad guides have brought upon it. I challenge them to point out a single word of calumny or condemnation on the Society! Well would it have been for that organisation had its promoters given ear to those warning words of sincere, truthful, and honest counsel, then. But no; they allowed themselves to be persuaded that candour and independence was attack and hostility. The *coup* at the banquet, however, opened the eyes of the gentlemen whom I have already referred to as having undertaken to bring forward a programme of National Organization; and within a few days from the Banquet several conferences were held on the subject, and a public notice inserted in the *News*. There was great deliberation; great promise; great genius; great procrastination; no work. The Secret Society, meantime, was watching with all its eyes, like a wild catamount of the woods. I do not profess to know more than a great many people know of the relations between the Secret Society and the Brotherhood, but I know enough. I believe it is a great mistake to charge the Brotherhood itself with being a Secret Society. The Secret Society does not regard the Brotherhood with confidence, by any means; but it has been able to make use of—has been allowed to make use of—the open organisation of the Brotherhood, as far as such use was necessary or convenient.

In this sense only, I believe, is it correct to say the Society has encouraged and used the Brotherhood; retiring from it when storms arose, or police surveillance grew too active; quietly resuming influence when all had become serene. But the organisations are by no means identical. In some places the Brotherhood know nothing whatever of the Society; and it is due to some of the men who worked hardest and lost most to establish the former, to say, that they steadfastly resisted the attempts of the latter to use the Brotherhood; and retired from active membership when their efforts were vain. It has well been said that a weak-minded man may do more harm than an intentionally wicked man; and the Brotherhood and their "leader" exemplify the proposition. They really proposed to themselves nothing but the most patriotic intentions; but they had not amongst them the experience, the capacity, or the firmness, for the serious undertaking of a political organisation; and mischief came of their playing with weights beyond their power. Not a single man known and trusted by the country joined the organisation. Smith O'Brien did not join; John Martin did not join; The O'Donoghue did not join; George H. Moore did not join; John B. Dillon did not join; P. J. Smyth did not join; out of two or three thousand Irish Priests, not five joined—could such an affair be a National Organisation? To compensate for all these, however, there remained Mr. Thomas N. Underwood, the amiable but unknown young gentleman from Strabane, who, on the night of the Banquet, publicly declared his appreciation of his own talents, and rejected, by anticipation, the "silk gown" and promotion which he knew he might obtain! No one divided the honours of leadership with him. Happily, however, there were a few to divide its financial responsibilities; for members being few, and funds low, hardship and embarrassment early beset the organisation.

About this time there appeared a very remarkable notification to Fenian members in the pages of the *New York Phoenix*. Catholics, it is well known, are almost sure to mention in the Confessional if they belong to an oath-bound Secret Society; and the Catholic clergy, it is also well known, counsel such persons to withdraw from any such Society. The consequent inveterate dislike of the Priests by Secret Society leaders is very easily understood; as is the reason why any man who trusts, or is trusted by the Catholic clergy, is disliked and denounced as "dangerous" by those parties. Of course, the ordinary oath of secrecy was plain enough in its prohibition against consultation with uninitiated persons on the subject, but it was evident that the Confessional was commonly exempt from this prohibition of consultation. What nature of private notification, caution, or censure, was issued on this head by the

chiefs to the members of the Society, it is not in my province to specify; but a public "General Order" on the subject was published in the pages of the *Phoenix* newspaper, prohibiting the members (on penalty of expulsion and its consequences) from mentioning their Fenian connection to, or consulting or advising about the Fenian Brotherhood with, any person whatsoever, on any pretence, or in any emergency whatsoever. *What did this mean? Was this only a public glimpse of a system long previously pursued in private—aimed at setting up between the penitent and the confessor, even at the awful moment of death, the prohibitory barrier of the Society's authority? Yes; the member was taught to "judge for himself"—that is, to be sure and decide in the particular way the Society wished—what to consult about, and what to conceal, even at the tribunal of penance! This was only one phase of the principles represented to the populace as "refusing to fawn and crouch, or "to enslave and trammel the reason God gave them." But was this shunning of the Catholic clergy—this "independence of the Priests"—in reality liberality of sentiment? Was it, in reality, "opposition to bigotry and intolerance?" Was it, in reality, through resistance of sectarianism and through fraternal feeling for Protestants?*

Toleration! The Fenian idea of toleration for Protestants was of another kind! In the *Phoenix* of Saturday, 1st December, 1860, the fate marked out for the Protestants of Ireland, if they do not "come in" to "the new improvement," is very clearly specified:—

If the "Protestants" be an element of society that cannot be reconciled with the well-being and liberty of the majority of the nation, *there is but one remedy to apply to them. No sane man would cherish a cancer while it eats into his vitals, if he could cut it out!*

So much for the Protestants. Here is an instruction touching landlords, whether they be Protestant or Catholic. We quote it from the *Phoenix* of May 18th, 1861:—

At home there is no bold voice raised from press or pulpit against the extermination of the people. There are complaints innumerable—there are remonstrances and arguments to show it is wrong, ruinous, inexpedient to shovel the people from their holdings into the poorhouse and ditches; but it is folly to argue the question, *more especially when the press designates as foul, atrocious murder the slaying of one of those arch exterminators, who is to the district he owns as a wild beast at large. It is only by retaliation and reprisal that the Irish landlord can be brought to a sense of justice. Everything else is unavailing.*

Instruction of this nature, in words even more clear and unequivocal, was again and again repeated in the official organ. And these were the principles sought to be propagated among our virtuous people by the Phoenix Society! "There was but one remedy" for the Protestant "Cancer"—to "cut it out." Alas! alas! This was the creed—the cancer and the knife—by which the earth has ever been reddened with the blood of massacre and

assassination! This was the creed of Cromwell. Catholicity was in his judgment a cancer—an element not to be reconciled with the well-being of the nation—and he had "but one remedy"—to cut it out; and bloodily he plied the knife to do it! This is the creed by which Nero and Domitian made the dust of the Coliseum drink Christian gore! This was the creed of William of Orange. The brave Clan MacDonald was, in his judgment, a "cancer"—not to be reconciled with the well-being of the nation—and he had "but one remedy," to "cut it out;" and he did, by the midnight massacre of Glencoe!

Such was the "liberality of sentiment"—such the "toleration for Protestants"—of the Phoenix leaders, as publicly preached! Were their private doctrines of "cutting out" less ferocious—or more? Was the knife and cancer doctrine to be applied only to "Protestants?" In Part I. of this letter I have given word for word, from their authentic and official documents, their infuriate denunciation of myself, as a perfidious villain, wretch, and monster—a "cancer" of the most deadly sort. Day by day the ignorant, passionate, and vengeful disciples of Fenianism, had addressed to them the most exciting incentives against me; and not a few were the real or pretended "friendly hints" and "mysterious warnings" I received in "explanation" thereof. Ultimately, in the public pages of the Secret Society official organ (*Phoenix*, 20th April, 1861) I was marked out plainly enough. After administering a maddening draught of wild denunciation of me—re-minding the members that I was "in advance of Goula" "in hounding on the Government against the Phoenix Prisoners, &c."—the Head Centre proceeds as follows:—

'Tis better *lop off the rotten bough*, if we would have the tree live. But how much more necessary is it when the taint is in the root. Then the *amputation must not only be decisive but quick*. Otherwise death is inevitable. The very touch of corruption in physical life is often death. Out in the hills in Pennsylvania there are yet lurking innumerable snakes. Their slightest sting is deadly. There is but one remedy—*instantly to cut out the bitten part*. We have heard of a boy, twelve years old, who not long since was bitten by a snake in the calf of the leg. He deliberately cut out of his leg with his penknife a half pound of flesh, and when the blood was gushing out he cried. He would have been a corpse in two hours, if he had waited for the aid of a surgeon. Thus it is with men who are engaged in a glorious undertaking when they find these snakes in close contact with sordidness and deception. *The operation may be unpleasant; it may be painful; but it is indispensable.*

The reader will not fail to remark the (accidental?) repetitions in the above article—from the Phoenix of 20th April, 1861, referring to me—of advices, phrases, and sentences, *verbatim et literatim*, in the Phoenix of 1st December, 1860, referring to the "Protestants." In each case the sworn members are told "there is but one remedy." In each case that remedy is the knife. Mere figures of speech—of course. Only a coincidence—perhaps. No danger of a "mistake"—whatever!

In the same page with the above (page 4, *Phoenix*,

20th April, 1861) may be seen a further specimen of "terrorism;" a regular department of the paper set forth as:—

ROCK'S HUE-AND-CRY.

THE BLACK LIST.

&c., &c.

This "Black list gives the names and descriptions of a number of persons denounced to vengeance: witnesses and approvers on the Phoenix trials; attorneys who pleaded against the prisoners; magistrates who took depositions against them, &c. With some of these descriptions, coarse and brutal libels are printed; with others of them superfluous threats—"Well might he thank his stars that he is not now a subject for "Rock's Black List"—"Rock no more forgets an honest turn than he does a traitorous one"—"He may depend on it, Rock has a long memory, and that his police are watchful of the movements of the spy," &c. The following is one of the lists extracted from the official organ:—

ROCK'S HUE-AND-CRY.

THE BLACK LIST.

CALLAGHAN, PAT, Callan, County Kilkenny.—Five feet six in height; stout, and squarely-built; 27 years of age—supposed to be in New Zealand.

CAROLAN, BALLYNAHINCH, County Down.—Five feet seven in height; 60 years of age; blue eyes, gray hair, and long, thin features—supposed to be prowling round Belfast.

DONOGHUE, DANIEL, Skibbereen, County Cork.—Five feet nine in height, and well-proportioned; 24 years of age, straight light brown hair, and scanty beard of the same colour on the chin only.

SULLIVAN DANIEL, "Goula," Bonane, Kenmare, County Kerry.—Five feet eight inches in height, and slightly stooped; 25 years of age, black hair, and slightly curled; regular and prepossessing features, with the exception of a low wrinkled forehead and large bushy brown whiskers—supposed to be in Australia.

NEWMAN, HENRY, Betsborough, Skibbereen, County Cork.—Five feet nine in height, with a stoop; 50 years of age; black hair, tinged with gray; dark complexion, with a peculiar sharp expression of countenance, and an active, bustling gait.

NOGHER, PATT, Braggan, Corlish, County Armagh.—Five feet nine in height, dark complexion, and wiry build.

WILLIAM EVERITT..... is about 45 years of age, five feet ten inches in height, with a lank body, apparently possessing the flexibility of a bamboo, and suggesting the idea that it was with reluctance Nature threw him on the earth as an incumbrance. . . . Poor wretch! Nature, at his birth, was niggard of her bounties. He may depend on it, Rock has a long memory, and that his police are watchful of the movements of the spy.

MICHAEL BURKE.—The fellow needs no further notice from Rock. He is mad, and lodged in a Dr Osborne's asylum. Number One—What a grim moral follows the history of his "information." Had he not sold himself for gold, he would have been to day in no lunatic asylum.

HENRY NEWMAN.—This craven wretch has disappeared—Rock struck terror in his soul. He was not at the root show—he was not at the cattle show—he was not at the coursing match—he was not at the union workhouse—and being the sneak that feigned most ostentatiously at those civilising exhibitions, people began to ask, "Is NEWMAN mad, too?"

Before I pass from these official documents of the

Phoenix Society, I shall quote just a few of the (*public*) "General Orders." It may be that the reader has already seen in the official documents something very like an attempt to ape the Continental Secret Society System—its doctrines and tactics. They may yet discover, however, an attempt to "do" the mystery and terror of the first French Revolution—to mimic its organisations and parody their names. A Secret Committee was appointed and sworn, with the most ample and summary powers, no doubt, if their own public decrees speak truly. This committee was called *The Committee of Public Safety*, a name, which, in itself, it was of course manifest, must suggest to any one who had read of Robespierre, Marat, and Danton, a salutary belief in the Fenian determination to "cut out" cancers, &c. Here are barely a few of the (*Public*) Decrees issued by this Secret Committee of Terror, faithfully and exactly copied from the Official Gazette:—

GENERAL ORDERS

To the officers and members of the Fenian Brotherhood.

No. 1.

The COMMITTEE OF SAFETY, being *specially charged with the investigation and correction of all matters affecting the well being of the Fenian Brotherhood*, hereby order that all communications intended for its consideration shall be enclosed in double envelope—inside marked private to John O'Mahony, Box 5010, P O, N Y.

No. 2.

The centres and sub-centres of every circle or sub-circle connected with the above organisation, are ordered to make full returns of the names, present residences, and native parishes of every man who has joined their respective commands since their formation, specifying the members who have deserted their ranks, and *making special note of all such of them as have striven to injure the organisation by word or deed.*

No. 3.

All detached members of the said Brotherhood who are now residing in New York, are ordered to enrol; their names, residences, and birthplaces without delay with the chief officer of some circle, company, or club connected with the aforesaid organisation.

By order of the Committee } The Secretary.
of Safety. }

What came of all this raw-head-and-bloody-bones work? What "cancers" were "cut out," what "rotten limbs" "lopped off"—what befel the doomed ones of "Rock's Hue and Cry" and "The Black List?" What came of all this blatant bosh and sickening buncombe? *Nothing.* Weak fools have, no doubt, been frightened; a thin air of bugaboo mystery has been raised around the terrible "Committee of Public Safety;" a few of the poor dupes in the country, it may be, are made to tremble at the "awful" fate before those "who strive to injure the organisation by word or deed"—but a more impotent, miserable, and contemptible imposture than the Fenian "Secret Committee" never played Falstaff in battle, or Jeremy Diddler at "raising the wind."

But would it have supplied any higher testimony of the valour and morality of the New York teachers, if

some unfortunate wretch here in Ireland had been driven by their incentives into an attempt at assassination? No; all they could do in their own cowardly and brutal way, to "set" me and others for assault and violence, they have done. I have not hidden from them; I have not avoided them; I have not flinched from them. I have pursued my course straight onward, whether they threatened to lie in wait, or not. I have deliberately attended the meetings, at which I was "warned" not to appear, and where I looked the Fenian fuglemen face to face. *Why?* Because I despise them.

In the month of May, 1861, active war between the Northern and Southern States suddenly set America in a blaze. Even men outside the Fenian ranks were able to predict the effect this would have on the organisation, its funds, and its "official organ"—predictions fully verified by what has happened. It was at this time the M'Manus funeral movement was started—a movement suggested and originated by the *Phoenix* newspaper.

I speak from authority when I state that nearly every man of M'Manus's "'48" companions and friends were averse to making a political resource of his bones, and expressed themselves to this effect. He had been buried; and no thought of disturbing his mouldering ashes had been known of until the time and by the paper referred to. He had himself expressed no wish of the kind; and it is almost certain he would have deprecated such a movement with his last breath. However this may be, certain it is that M'Manus's political colleagues—Mitchel, Martin, O'Brien, &c—were averse to it. *Not* that they did not perceive in such a spectacle, *as far as it was likely to meet the public eye*, a noble and a touching manifestation of national devotion. *Not* that they deemed any honour too great for the memory of their dead comrade. But they had not confidence that behind the *ostens'be* movement there would not be *some other*, guided and directed by certain hands; and whatever might be their approbation or disapprobation of such designs in themselves, those gentlemen revolted at the idea of using the bones of their brave companion as a mechanism of any sort.

However, the moment it was found that the body had actually been raised, they, and thousands beside them, saw that now, inasmuch as the remains inevitably were to be translated, and *as the general public would judge our reception of them as a test of Ireland's devotion to the spirit of nationality, there was but one duty before us all; viz:—to make that reception the greatest possible success; and show the world that nationality was not, as English tongues proclaimed, extinct in Ireland.*

In this sense the movement was taken up by the *Nation*, and by the national journals throughout the

provinces. In some time a "M'Manus Interment Committee" appeared in Dublin; but who the members of the committee were, the public was not allowed to know; and who really directed and controlled its affairs was still better guarded. It included, however, some men really attracted to it by true and genuine motives of patriotism; men utterly unaware of what was "behind the scenes or beneath their feet." Of course some uninitiated persons were put on for publication, as a colour. Mr James Plunkett, T.C., for instance, whose name it was known would command national confidence, was asked to allow himself to be publicly advertised as "Treasurer." But how many pounds, how many *pence* did the Committee pass through the *published* Treasurer's hands, of all the money received and disbursed? How much was he allowed to see or know of the affairs? His evidence on the point is instructive. Then there was an address published, to which was appended the name of another respectable and honourable gentleman, as "Chairman" of the "Interment Committee." Was he permitted to have authority? Was he permitted to have *knowledge*? His evidence, too, is instructive. His name, too, was used; 'twas all that was wanted. Yet there was a "Chairman" who *had* authority—somewhere.

In New York things did not go so smoothly; though a desire to hush up everything of those conflicts, and a sacred respect for the ashes of the dead, made everyone anxious to avoid disedifying exposures. The readers of the New York Irish papers nevertheless—not to refer to any less public evidence—know enough of how things went on for some time in that city; and the Irish public may remember a very curious burst of resolutions that suddenly and mysteriously began to be passed and published by the "Interment Committees" in the south of Ireland. These resolutions (strange, from men decrying "leadership"), without any cause that the uninitiated general public could see, went vehemently to declare that in "John O'Mahony," and John O'Mahony alone, had they "confidence;" that John O'Mahony, and John O'Mahony alone, was the man for their money; John O'Mahony, and John O'Mahony alone, could manage a funeral.

What was going on?

The respectable and independent men—the men of public character—on the New York Committee did not "lie quiet," and let their names merely be used—as was wished and intended. They began to look after how things were being done, and Fenian designs were being resisted in the committee.

What were those designs?

The Secret Chiefs know what they were. The "Californian Deputation," I suppose, knew what they were. Mr Jeremiah Kavanagh, Fenian Deputy, I suppose, knew what they were, when he spoke the fol-

lowing speech, on taking charge of the corpse—a speech published, with true Fenian wisdom, under the eye of the British Consul:—

Fellow members of the Fenian Brotherhood—It is now two years since you elected me to fill the position I now occupy as your president. During that time my official intercourse with you has been of the most agreeable character; and it is, in one point of view, painful to me to sever the connexion. But it is a pleasing duty I have been called upon to perform—a high and noble duty, and one which I shall proudly perform—viz: to accompany, as a representative of the Fenian Brotherhood and the Irishmen generally of California, the remains of our late beloved patriot to their final resting place in the land of his birth. No man, in civic or military life, has ever been honoured with a greater, a higher, a holier trust than this. That holy trust I gladly accept, and will faithfully accomplish to the best of my ability, to your satisfaction, and to the honour of the Irishmen of California. To do this I pledge my sacred word and honour (applause). I will leave nothing undone, so far as I have the ability, to represent you and your sentiments to the great but prostrate nation to which you send me: and when I return to you again, I hope and believe that I shall be the bearer, if not of that nation's independence, at least of her declaration of Independence! (Enthusiastic cheers.) In that case, I know you will receive the news, and how you will respond to the call upon you which will surely be made (applause). If you can, make such an appearance, and turn out in such numbers as you have to-day, in order to return the bones of the dead patriot to his home, to the land of his birth, of his early struggles with tyranny, and of his sufferings—how much more will you do so if I come back here to demand of you to volunteer for the liberation of the land of your Nationality from the galling chains of British slavery—to demand that you risk your lives, your fortune, your all, for your country's independence (loud applause). Yes, my brother Irishmen, I know that you will respond—not with slow hesitancy, but quickly, bravely, gloriously! The Fenian Brotherhood, M'Mahon Guard, Montgomery Guard, and hundreds of other Irishmen in this city and State will, when the trumpet proclamation of Eric's freedom is sounded in their ears, leap to their arms and rush to her deliverance (cheers). Brethren of the Fenian Brotherhood, having to leave you now, with even a higher and more grateful duty to perform than that of acting as President of your honourable body, I now resign that enviable position.

Three cheers and a tiger were then given with a will for the ex-President. Mr Reardon, Vice-President, then took the chair.

Did Mr Kavanagh say this for bombast? I don't believe it. Did he really believe that there was going to be an insurrectionary effort here in Ireland on the occasion of the M'Manus funeral—and that his return to America would be to demand volunteers for the struggle? I am sure he did, or he would not have said he did. *But who made those representations to him?* He has returned, and, alas, he has not been the bearer of our "Independence" or of our "Declaration of Independence." Did he draw on his imagination for all this? I don't believe it. Was there no foundation for it? Were there really no designs, "hopes," and "beliefs" of an armed attempt here, that the cold wand of stern facts has dissipated? Did he indulge in mere rhodomontade over the corpse before him? I don't believe he did.

It was not through love of British domination that prominent Irish patriots in New York and Ireland protested against those plans in connection with the M'Manus funeral; but because they knew how mad, vain,

disastrous, and criminal the attempt to carry them out, under such circumstances, would be. Was the British Government an inattentive reader of Mr Kavanagh's speech? Was the British Government at any loss to know all about the *private public* plans in connection with the funeral?

Of course, the "Interment Committees" here had not a vestige of knowledge or authority save what came from the Chiefs in America; and accordingly, while they were asking co-operation from every one for "the funeral," they were not able until "the eleventh hour" to show any programme of what it was people were to co-operate or be identified with. Public men—bound to guard themselves, and refusing to be used for unrevealed purposes—and who knew a little of the conflicts behind the scenes, said, "What is it we are asked to co-operate with? Show us the programme; satisfy us that you have the will or the authority to prevent it from being changed, and we shall then act." But the Fenians knew better than to show anything; and they put to every one the simple ultimatum of accepting with shut eyes—co-operating without inquiry—or else being denounced as offering insult to the remains of M'Manus!

A "deputation" waited on Mr Smith O'Brien. What plausible representations they made to him, I shall not say; but he himself has since said and written that he was trepanned. Ever noble, generous, frank, and unsuspecting—ever ready to co-operate in any work successfully represented to him as a work of patriotism or nationality, Mr O'Brien promised them to write a letter for publication; and he did. When the letter had been published, Mr O'Brien was allowed to see and know a little more. He expostulated—he protested. In vain—too late. They had got the letter—they used it—and they laughed at him.

Then it was that, in letters and interviews, the man on whose head lay the snows of years of suffering and sacrifice for Ireland—who had broken family ties and class traditions; who had staked fame, character, fortune, and life for his country—who had borne with a fortitude that won a world's admiration the anguish of a prisoner-exile's fate—gave forth in the bitterness of his heart complaints strong, vehement, and feeling, that "faith had been broken with him," and that the entire affair revealed such a mournful state of things that he would retire for ever from Irish politics. Right gladly the Secret Leaders wished he would. Men of independent character and of honourable, open, and conscientious conduct—especially if they be men whose public position gives them popular influence—are regarded as most dangerous obstructions by Secret Societies.

Long before any steps were taken in the matter here, the Fenians in America settled and publicly stated that they should have (amidst the other features of the movement) "A Grand Religious Ceremony"—or

rather several such ceremonies, according as might be finally decided by the unrevealed Funeral Authorities. Indeed, they publicly decreed "grand religious ceremonies" as confidently as if they were settling on a display of rockets and blue lights to be got from the pyrotechnist's. It was "fixed" that they were to be here, there, everywhere; as spectacular effect, or the secret designs known to Mr Kavanagh and others, and referred to in his public speech, might deem most convenient.

Now, it was one thing to be dealing with laymen, M'Manus's own political colleagues or sympathisers, who would put up with much and strain many points to conceal the way things were going behind the scenes; it was one thing to "come around" men like Smith O'Brien, and get them by smooth and plausible representations to publicly identify themselves with the affair, and then let them find out that they had been tricked; it was one thing to threaten and bully laymen and politicians with denunciation for "insulting M'Manus's remains" if they did not do whatever was demanded "with their eyes shut"—without further question, inquiry, or investigation—*But it was quite another thing to deal with the authorities of the Catholic Church.*

Long after it had been publicly stated as "settled" amongst the leaders in America, that they would have "a grand religious ceremonial" in Dublin, a letter signed "on behalf of" the unknown and unpublished "Interment Committee" was received by the Archbishop of Dublin, respectfully requesting he "would order a public funeral service in honour of" Terence Bellew M'Manus, &c., in the Metropolitan Cathedral. That eminent ecclesiastic I presume to be quite competent to explain his own motives and actions whenever he may think they require explanation. But every one knows that, even supposing Mr Kavanagh's speech had never reached Ireland, and even supposing the Archbishop of Dublin as great a '48-man as Meagher himself—even supposing him ignorant (but was he ignorant?) of the sort of hands that were secretly directing the whole affair—even supposing he did not consider religion insulted by being called in subversively as a feature in a political display—even supposing he did not consider his sacred office affronted by the matter-of-form "request" to do what had been publicly announced as "fixed" months before by the chiefs in America—even supposing the opposite of a great many more things that occur to any one acquainted with the subject—public funeral Offices are not usually given in the Irish Church, unless on the ground of some more than ordinary service to religion by the deceased—recognised as such extraordinary service to religion by the Catholic ecclesiastics directing such service. O'Connell's achievement of Catholic Emancipation—the religious devotion of men who from religious

zeal fell fighting in defence of the Holy See—obviously enough were of this character. Terence Bellew M'Manus never pretended—he was too honest to pretend—that his career was not of another sort, noble and self-sacrificing as it was. His was a purely political career, his were purely political motives, however, involving a consequence of service to religion, like every other political good.

There are Priests and Prelates, thank God, who think that the political good, aimed at by M'Manus, was so great and so likely of virtuous achievement—and its consequent benefit to religion, so important—that the sincere exercise of *their* judgment would conscientiously declare him a benefactor to Religion. That is to say, there are, thank God, Priests and Prelates who to a greater or lesser degree sympathise with M'Manus's opinions. But there are others who just as sincerely do *not*, and whose conscientious decision would be just the other way. In each case—as in all cases with the authorities of the Catholic Church—such free decision of conscience alone, and sense of accountability to God, and *not* "popular" opprobrium or popular laudations, would determine the course of Catholic Priests and Bishops.

The Secretary of the Archbishop of Dublin, it seems replied to the "Interment Committee" by asking upon what religious grounds were the extra-ordinary funeral ceremonies demanded for the deceased. Had the committee been well advised, or been free to act, and sincerely anxious for a religious service, they would have thereupon perceived their course; and sought what they knew, or ought to have known, would be as freely offered for the soul of M'Manus as for that of the most prominent and respected Catholic citizen daily borne to the grave—*viz.*, a Mass and Office in the Church. But this course was not taken, *unfortunately*. In an evil hour it was imagined that the Archbishop could be abused, bullied, and intimidated into compliance. The first response he received to his secretary's note was an anonymous letter, of the most gross and ruffianly kind. I believe he was regularly plied with such notes. The writers sent copies to me in two cases; and I was allowed to verify the copies. Threats of exciting popular execration against him—insinuations that he peculated the Papal Tribute—that he was a tool of the Castle—and other such choice means of persuasion, were those adopted by the Fenians to induce Dr Cullen to order a grand public ceremonial in honour of M'Manus!

Even with a Prelate sharing M'Manus's political opinions, such a course would lead—we all know where. But what hope was there of such a course succeeding with Dr. Cullen? Alas!

Meantime it was actively spread everywhere that "Dr. Cullen refused to let prayers be said for M'Manus." *I knew this to be false. I knew that*

no refusal of Prayer, Mass, or Office, had been given at the time; though in sad sooth I ventured no hope then that either was sincerely desired, or likely to be obtained, from the way matters were proceeding. But numerous gentlemen, whom all this grieved to the heart—men of National opinions and of deep Catholic feeling—complained that it was too bad that through the conduct of the “Interment Committee,” or of their secret superiors, M’Manus should be buried without the religious rites attendant on the interment of a Catholic public man. I was adjured to wait on the Archbishop and urge this view upon him. I was implored to do so by individual members of the “Interment Committee,”—men unaccountable for the evil that had been done and anxious for the sake of M’Manus’s memory that a further and greater evil should be averted if possible. I waited upon the Archbishop. I was received in his absence by his Grace’s Secretary; who, in the course of a long, a full, and complete discussion of the entire affair and the difficulties that surrounded it, at length, on my undertaking to obtain effective assurances that no proceedings of a certain objectionable nature would take place in the church; and *on conditions* (very proper and natural conditions under all the circumstances) that the Committee would publish the programme, of which the ceremony was asked to be a part; and that the programme was one in which a religious ceremony could edifyingly be a feature—promised me that the affair would be arranged in a manner happily satisfactory to all parties. I had been told I might undertake to say, and I accordingly did, that the programme would certainly be published on the next Wednesday or Thursday (it had been to my knowledge agreed to, and was ready for publication at the moment), and I made an appointment to meet him and the Chairman of the Committee at 2 p.m. the Saturday following.

I communicated this gratifying intelligence within an hour afterwards to the Chairman of the “Interment Committee”—*I refer to him for corroboration of the fact*—as well as to another member of the same body. Both expressed themselves delighted. Both agreed that a most disedifying and mischievous conflict had been averted, and undertook to bear the satisfactory intelligence to the Committee. Did they dream how the Committee would receive it?

The Committee refused to publish the programme. They refused to do anything but compel the Archbishop to succumb. Wednesday came, Thursday came, Saturday came; the Archbishop’s Secretary kept his appointment (as the Chairman of the Committee knows, and I refer to him for the fact)—but no programme would be shown

From that hour I “washed my hands of” the affair. I knew the collision was hopelessly inevitable. What

efforts further, if any, were made, I know not; but I believe efforts were fruitlessly made by parties whose interference at an earlier stage might have availed; but the Funeral authorities were resolved to “make” Dr. Cullen do their behests.* And the Archbishop, who evidently knew the Fenians well, was rigidly immovable. In this state of affairs it was not wonderful that the “Committee” were unable to obtain (*what they had not obtained anywhere*—a point sedulously concealed by them) a church for the purpose of holding a thronged public demonstration, or lying in state, *lasting six days*. I believe such a thing was almost unheard of, unless in the case of a Parish Priest, who is usually laid thus in his own church. However this may be in the present case, where undoubtedly (who is afraid to own it?) the lying in state of M’Manus was intended as a political demonstration of a very peculiar kind—and where, as was subsequently demonstrated, tens of thousands daily were sure to be attracted to the sight, no church would be given for such a purpose—even if the attitude of affairs between the Committee and Dr. Cullen were of the most edifying and assuring character.

But the thing afforded a magnificent swing of opprobrium—splendidly calculated to catch the popular ear and fire the popular fury; for (as it was said) “*the Church doors were closed against M’Manus, as if he were a dog or an infidel.*” The worthies who went about crying up this goading incentive carefully concealed the fact that in no place are churches ordinarily so used—(nay, they insinuated that they were)—that even in New York they were not allowed to keep the body of M’Manus in Church or Cathedral—that they had to deposit it quietly within the cemetery, some distance from the city, during the days it awaited shipment for Ireland—paying for so doing, I believe, the ordinary burial fees. But of all this the public were kept ignorant; whilst, seizing on the heartfelt emotion of the people—excited to the utmost pitch by a spectacle so solemn, so intensely sorrowful, and so full of wonderment, curiosity, and awe, as the coffin of the Dead Rebel, brought fifteen thousand miles over ocean, mountains, seas, and rivers—the most wild and maddening invectives were spread against “the Priests—*ah, the base Priests—and Cullen, the Castle slave, that closed the churches against poor M’Manus, and left him to be buried like a dog.*”

There were men in Dublin, and some elsewhere—national newspaper editors, and others—who knew all this—who knew *the facts*—who knew, what the public didn’t, the secrets behind the scenes—who

* The *Cork* “Interment Committee” acted differently; and readily obtained what might as easily, by the same course, have been obtained here, a Mass and Office in the Parish Church at Cove. It has over and over been stated—falsely stated—that “the Bishop of Cloyne gave his Cathedral, and officiated at the High Mass;” but this is merely a Fenian lie.

knew how the popular mind was being driven wild on a false track; but they cowered like cravens. They trimmed before the hurricane; they harked in (to save themselves), with a cry that they *knew* to be as frightful a lie as ever Satan sped. Such moral cowardice I never beheld. Popularity! Why, if popularity meant life, property, honours, wealth, a million times told over, I would not be one of the abject things I saw seeking safety and profit by "going with the stream"—humouring the popular will, and catering for the madness of the hour.

If I say for myself that I scorned such base barter of honour—such betrayal of my allegiance to truth, justice, and religion—it is not without being able to point for corroboration to the journals I control, and refer to the notoriety of the facts. I held firm. I defied misrepresentation, obloquy, falsehood, defamation. I saw the honest-hearted Irish people carried away as by a resistless flood. I saw even good and faithful Priests swept momentarily by its force. But I scorned to throw up my cap with the triumphant Fenians, and cry *A bas les Pretres*, or "down with Cullen, the Castle slave, that closed the Church doors against M'Manus." No. I resolved to await the hour of vindication that I knew would inevitably come ere a year rolled by—the hour when I would drag the veil from all this villany, and let the Irish public see the Fenian Mokhanna it had for a moment of frenzy obeyed and followed.

The night preceding the interment a strange scene took place at the "Committee Rooms." The "authorities" in America, besides the "grand religious ceremony in the Dublin Cathedral," had "fixed" that there was to be an "Oration" over the grave. Now, all Catholics know that though this custom obtains in France since a particular period, it is not strictly Catholic, and is not allowed by the Church here. The voice of prayer alone—the solemn rites of Christian sepulture—are heard in our grass grown aisles or cemeteries. The Committee were fully informed of this and here came the moment to test whether the movers of the "Funeral" set any value on religious rites or ceremonies, save as mere adjuncts to their Phœnician demonstration.

They were informed by the Cemetery Chaplain that if such an objectionable proceeding as an Oration (or political address by a layman) were to be attempted, it would be his painful duty to decline acting; but that if the body were to be interred in the Catholic manner, it would, of course, be his duty to see that it was accompanied by all the sacred offices prescribed for such an occasion by the Catholic Church.

Full of concern for the decision on such a point—*anxious* that M'Manus should be buried in a manner befitting his life and death as a practical Catholic—and *anxious* that the "Oration" should on this and other accounts be waived—The O'Donoghue, John Martin of Rostrevor, Father Lavelle, Father

Kenyon, and others, attended the Committee meeting on this eventful night. A painful scene ensued. The "Committee" would have an Oration, though it should exclude all Religious rites; The O'Donoghue, John Martin, Father Lavelle, and Father Kenyon were as vehemently for the Religious Service, and no "Oration." The proceedings of that night will not soon be forgotten by those who were present. The O'Donoghue very soon retired—not until the rudeness (to speak mildly) of language and demeanour there exhibited had reached a painful pitch. I wish to keep rather behind the facts of that scene, though I could give particulars of it calculated to astonish the public. John Mitchel, in one of his public letters, alludes to it mildly but suggestively, as a scene of "*painful altercation and even recrimination*," in which the gentlemen referred to were treated rudely. I shall, for brevity sake, draw a veil over that scene of "*painful altercation and recrimination*." Suffice it, that all Father Kenyon or Father Lavelle could say, could not shake the determined choice of the unpublished Committee.—An "Oration" from Captain Smith.

"Very well"—said one of the reverend gentlemen—"very well, but *take care*—take care—I have as much call to that body as any one of you; and *take care* will you have any corpse to *orate* over to-morrow."

What did he mean? Why ask the question? A perfect roar of passion burst from Committee members, with exclamations that they *would* indeed "take care" that the body should not be taken out of their custody.

All that night and next morning the body was well guarded, and it was not certain that there would not be a struggle for possession of it.

Alas, brave M'Manus! Alas, Ireland, that little knew, all the time!

The day dawned—wet, cold, and misty. Rain had fallen heavily. Yet from early morning Dublin streets saw the mustering thousands. That memorable and majestic spectacle has already been well described. The Nationalists of Ireland's metropolis and the faithful and true men of Kingstown—Old Irelanders and Young Irelanders—the merchant, the peasant, the trader, the artisan, the labourer—full twenty thousand strong, marched on foot with order, patience, and discipline, bearing the dead martyr to his grave; while sixty thousand spectators looked on! The unprecedented character of the whole proceeding, the emotions it aroused, the devotion it manifested, the cause it symbolised, in any case would have attracted tens of thousands. But added to this were the steady efforts of the entire National Press of Ireland, week by week, for months past; and the energetic endeavours of nearly every individual of any note in the National ranks. For it was felt—and the English Press had publicly put the issue upon us—that the M'Manus funeral was to show whether

the cause of Nationality, and the memory of the men who suffered for it, were still honoured and cherished by the Irish people. For this we had toiled; for this we had privately borne and forborne with much that I have to-day, for the first time, revealed; for this we had laboured—and successfully laboured—to make the demonstration a success, though we knew the Phoenix leaders would pretend it was a parade made at their call! For this—that “the Dead should feel no wrong.” That our departed countryman—his principles—his sacrifices—his devotion—should be memorably honoured in the land of his birth—the land for which he dared and suffered, and for which, it may be said, he died.

The M'Manus funeral took place on the 10th November. Before the last days of the month had passed, the news of the “Trent affair” burst like a thunder peal on England and Ireland. It is not necessary here to recapitulate at any length public events so recent. War—war between England and America the British press declared inevitable. War—war between England and America—what a momentous crisis for Ireland! The three kingdoms went into a panic of excitement. England was full of indignation meetings, war messages, and hostile threats. Ireland had different feelings, different interests. As was said in the *Nation*, “no war possible to conceive—not even ‘civil war’ itself—could be more revolting, more unnatural to Irishmen in Ireland, than one waged by their aid against America.” It was deemed by many that the next mail to America—the mail which would bear the news of indignation meetings and war threats from England—should, if possible, bear *Ireland's* message also. From all sides there were hurried urgings and conflicting advices as to the “duty of the hour.” On all hands it was agreed, however, that Ireland's duty, from every point of view, was, at least, to send a message of grateful friendship to America—the land that had given asylum to the banished millions of our race, and had sent its generous succour when famine desolated our shores.

From what body was this address to be sent so as to give it most weight as a demonstration of Irish feeling? There was not an hour to be lost. A circular from Mr. P. J. Smyth, Mr. James Plunkett, T.C., and myself, convened a Council or Committee, to determine what course ought to be pursued. In order to avoid any ground of objection—in order to avoid any aspect of sectionalism or exclusiveness, and to insure a strong and united rally and harmonious action on the part of Irish Nationalists—every anxiety was evidenced, and effort made that the short time for deliberation allowed, to include in this consultation men from every known section or party in the National ranks. Repealers, “Old Irelanders,” “Young Irelanders,” members of the National Brotherhood,

members of the “Interment Committee”—the Editor of the *Irishman*—Mr. Underwood, Vice-President of the Brotherhood—Dr. Waters, Chairman of the “Interment Committee”—Mr. Ambrose Keogh, late Secretary of the Brotherhood, and several other members of that body—several members of the National Petition Committee—and numerous gentlemen of National opinions, not identified in any way with either of those organisations. In fine, a studied effort was made to display a spirit of patriotic co-operation and unanimity. It was resolved to try whether, in the face of the supreme crisis that seemed at hand, Irish Nationalists would not fling by apathy and contention, “close up the ranks,” and present an united, bold, and powerful front; or whether they would reveal to the world that, like the Greeks who fought amongst themselves while the foe was thundering at the gates, Irishmen, even at such a moment, could not be got to stand together, but gave themselves up to internecine strife and factious feuds.

The Committee assembled: a deep and strong sense of the gravity and importance of the moment pervaded all. It was unanimously resolved to call a “Mass Meeting” in the Rotundo. Naturally the question arose, was the demonstration to be merely evanescent, or should it not initiate a movement to give the country guidance and organisation—that is, an organisation of commensurate influence, extent, and power; one around which, as a common centre, all divisions of the National party could rally. Hereupon a full and lengthened discussion arose. Mr. Underwood reminded the meeting that there was already in existence an organisation which he considered of ample merits. Mr. James Plunkett and several other gentlemen at once asked, “Did he mean the St. Patrick's Brotherhood? as if so, they should candidly express their refusal to join it; inasmuch as they considered it quite unequal to the requirements of the country, howsoever well intended.” Mr. Holland, of the *Irishman*, hereupon said, that he had had perhaps, most to do of any one in establishing the Brotherhood, and he felt bound to say most distinctly, it was never meant or intended to stand in the way of a large and comprehensive organisation; that it did not hold that position, nor assume to hold it. That until its formation there was no other society of the kind; that it had done much good, but was not more than it was meant to be—viz., a precursor, or help, to a really comprehensive organisation. In the course of a very able and animated discussion—in which Mr. P. J. Smyth, Mr. Plunkett, Mr. Holland, Mr. Keogh, Mr. Walsh, Mr. Underwood, Mr. M'Kenna, Mr. Geo. Hopper, and others, took part—the general question of organisation, and the Brotherhood and other forms of organisation in particular, was most fully argued, examined, and considered: and at length, by a unanimous vote, it was resolved that it was desirable and necessary to take steps at the forthcoming meet-

ing to establish a strong and comprehensive organisation, which should regard as friendly and co-operative all existing associations of kindred principles. Before Mr. Underwood voted, he, while strongly expressing his conviction in this direction, manifested much anxiety to wait till the Brotherhood should have been consulted; but, after first begging it to be clearly understood that he did not vote or act there in his official capacity as Vice-President of the Brotherhood, he not only adopted the resolution, but *pledged himself*, as an individual member, to do *all in his power* to advocate it with his society. Indeed, the very clear and full discussion that had taken place, seemed to have dissipated on all sides whatever doubts or differences of opinion had been expressed; and every one was enthusiastic in urging that the course decided on should be unitedly and heartily supported.

At the next meeting, the resolutions were drawn up and the speakers fixed. Amongst others, Mr. Underwood was assigned a resolution to propose; but he seemed very irresolute. His conduct led several members to think there might be behind his pledge of hearty co-operation, some unseen cross purpose; and Mr. James Plunkett, with that outspoken and straightforward dealing which distinguishes him, rose and addressed that gentleman in these words:—"Mr. Underwood, there is nothing like plain, above-board candour. It is thought by some gentlemen here you are not convinced that you ought to co-operate with this committee in the manner we are all pledged to each other to do—in good faith and unanimity. Now, let us not hold any public meeting at all, if we are not to be of one mind, or if there is to be any cross purposes whatever. Let us have whatever discussion is necessary *here*, at this council table; and if we find by such friendly discussion that we can't sincerely and consistently act thoroughly together, in God's name let there be an end of it."

Mr. Underwood interposed—"If there be any such impression of me in the breast of any gentleman here, I can only say it is entirely erroneous."

Mr. Plunkett rejoined—"Are we distinctly to understand that you pledge yourself, as each of us does, not to introduce at the meeting any question as to the disparagement of or recommendation of the Brotherhood; or encourage any other course or topic save what we may all agree upon, for the purpose of unanimity? Excuse my requiring such distinct pledge, because 'tis rumoured there is to be some discord or opposition; and if there is any such feeling, let us know, and I for one will propose to have no meeting at all if it can't be enthusiastically unanimous. Am I to understand you to give such pledge, Mr. Underwood?"

I refer to Mr. Plunkett himself and others for corroboration of the answer:—Mr. Underwood replied, *Most certainly, yes.*"

That same night there was a general meeting of the Brotherhood. I shall omit for the present all reference to its proceedings, or Mr. Underwood's part therein.

Two days before the date fixed for the Mass Meeting, the "rumours" referred to by Mr. Plunkett assumed a painful precision and consistency. It was vaguely rumoured that the "Fenian Society" leaders were resolved to prevent the meeting, or else "break it up." We knew what this meant. Ignorance was not left to prevail on the point. The most alarming accounts of what was to ensue got circulation; magnified, I doubt not, by the terrors of the timid, and the tactics of the "Fenian" agents. It would seem that it was *the intention of establishing a national organisation* that those parties, regarded with such dire animosity. The *other* resolutions were to be allowed to pass, but *this* was to be the signal for the storm. *Why was this?* No organisation was to be proposed at the meeting—no "programme" or "rules" to take the meeting by surprise; but a committee—not even to draw up any such programme, plan, or rules—but, as the words of the resolution expressed it, "*to summon a conference of Nationalists*, which should draw up a plan of national organisation to be subsequently submitted to a public meeting for approval." And who were the men to be entrusted, by the above resolution, with the duty of *summoning* such conference? Here they are:—The O'Donoghue, M P; John Charles Waters, M B, Chairman of the M'Manus Interment Committee; Mr P J Smyth; Mr T N Underwood, Vice President of the National Brotherhood; Mr A J M Kenna; Lieutenant Crean, of the Papal Brigade; Mr George Hopper; Mr T D Sullivan. It will be seen that—as was subsequently observed—"the spirit of clique or section was altogether absent—designedly excluded—from the arrangements." What was there in such a proceeding as this to excite the hostility of any body professing national opinions? If thousands of Irishmen, loving their country, wished to organise themselves legitimately in the manner of their choice, was *that* an intention which the Phoenix Society should denounce or prevent if it assumed to be a patriotic or national body? It was not, be it noted, a choice between two or more organisations, but a question of having any *at all*, that was raised by them. *Why was this?* Was it—as I have already observed last week—because the Chiefs of the Fenian Society "feared that an organisation with men of high character for patriotism, courage, and intellect at its head, would marshal the whole strength of the country—and would not be led by, duped by, or controlled by Fenian hands? And was it that the Phoenix Chiefs regarded this as ruin and disaster to the new improvement?" I leave the impartial reader to form his own conclusion on the subject.

Intimidated or disgusted by these rumours of "bad work," "awful scene," &c., &c., several members of the preliminary committee, on the morn-

ing of the day for holding the meeting, suggested its abandonment; but more wise, firm, and dignified counsels prevailed. We knew such a step would work double mischief. The general public would attribute it to inability to obtain an attendance; and, on the other hand, we felt that the moment a rowdy threat of provoking disturbance was found potential to prevent a public meeting from being held, *there was an end of all public life in Ireland*. It was resolved to hold the meeting; but to do everything consistent with dignity, firmness, and self-respect, to conciliate dissent, and disarm hostility.

I state a fact capable of ample verification if required, when I say that a circular of secret instructions was sent round by certain "authorities," detailing the tactics to be carried out at the meeting, and naming—yes, *specifying by name—whom to groan or hiss and howl down, and whom to approve and cheer!*

The purport of the "amendment" to be moved by the Fenian Deputy was, that instead of designating a committee to summon a conference of Nationalists, a committee should be named to "take into consideration" whether *any organisation at all* was required. To this end "a chairman, two secretaries, and a committee of twenty-one members—each having been duly and *separately* proposed and seconded"—were "to be chosen by a majority of voices" at the Mass Meeting—the list of names having been made out and selected by the *right* authorities beforehand. Even if we had not the words of the secret circular to explain the above, the reader, I feel confident, would at once perceive the drift of it.

The list of "21" was to make sure of a safe majority of "right" sentiments; with a minority of unsuspecting and unobstructive men, including *a few names of men likely to have weight with the country, but who would almost certainly never attend*. The proposing and seconding of 21 names separately would occupy some time—the meeting, not in the secret, might wonder if they did not find the names of certain well known and trusted Nationalists amongst the first on the list—some honest man might start up to supply the omission, and the "uninitiated" portion of the meeting would, of course, express their approval of the nomination. This was a case against which the Fenian party had taken ample precaution—their circular expressly specified how it was to be met—should such and such names be proposed, quoth the circular, "*let an instantaneous NO resound through the room like the crack of doom.*" How the order was to be carried out was simple enough. A certain number of duly instructed persons were to be distributed through the room, and placed on the platform, and these were to storm the meeting by their groans or shouts, as they had been directed.

The night of meeting arrived. At the door of the building I was met by counsels which it will suffice for me to say I deemed it my duty to disregard by

attending the meeting; though I was informed, and I subsequently found the fact to be, that some other members of the preparatory committee had, acting on like advice, remained away.

I found The O'Donoghue in the ante-room, surrounded by several members of the committee and other friends, engaged in anxious consultation. Verifying the current "rumours," Mr Jeremiah Kavanagh, of California, accompanied by a party, had taken their posts on the platform with the intention of moving an amendment, as already indicated. One of the committee was sent by The O'Donoghue and the committee to request a conference of a few moments with those parties, for the purpose of ascertaining whether unseemly conflict and discord might not be avoided, and any amendment be rendered unnecessary.

This was refused.

A second messenger from The O'Donoghue and the committee requested that they might be shown the amendment intended to be proposed; as, on seeing its terms, it might prove to be one they could consistently adopt in place of their own Fourth Resolution, and thus avert a public conflict certain to eventuate in confusion, disturbance, and probably riot—a spectacle of shame and regret to all friends of Ireland, and of joy to all enemies of Nationality.

This, too, was refused. The amendment would not be shown; its terms would not be revealed; its projectors would not consent even to confer for a few seconds with The O'Donoghue, P. J. Smyth, and the other members of the preparatory committee who were anxious to have union, harmony, order, and patriotism, instead of a public spectacle of discord, hatred, and strife.

If there were no other act to stamp its true character on the conduct of the Fenian Deputy and his friends, what would Ireland say to this? Here was *their* anxiety for union, toleration, and brotherhood! Here was *their* respect for the national name! Here they came to a public meeting of their fellow-Nationalists, bent on open disturbance, and apparently determined to persevere in disturbance, no matter what might ensue. Is any one at a loss to guess what such disturbance involved at such a meeting—four or five thousand excited people pent up, crushed, and packed, in that hall! Moving an amendment in itself is no disturbance; though even the least hostile amendment, moved at a meeting of large dimensions, has rarely been known to result in an orderly or friendly division. But moving an amendment in avowed and bitter hostility, at so dense and excited a meeting; attempting to "upset" the programme; declining all proffers of mutual arrangement or adjustment—what did this mean? Is any one at a loss to tell what must inevitably have happened, in the event of a conflict or trial of strength that night? Men intolerant and unscrupulous enough to "play" for such an event, were certainly not the men

to let themselves be outpolled for the sake of resorting to a little violence, terrorism, and intimidation; or for want of a sufficient number of retained braves to carry out the plan.

The O'Donoghue and the committee members, having done all that they consistently could to avert discord and disgrace, entered the hall, and the meeting proceeded. Soon after the chairman's speech it was urged by some members of the committee that, as we had called the meeting, and as our names were responsible to the public for its conduct and character, it was better, for the sake of averting confusion, to abstain from putting the fourth resolution, and trust to a public explanation of the circumstances afterwards to obtain for our course the approbation of the country. This course was adopted on the moment, despite the protests of several other members of the committee in the vicinity of the chair. The intention to withdraw the fourth resolution for the reasons specified was stated to the party of the Fenian Deputy, so that they might desist from their intended course; but their response was to declare they would nevertheless put their motion to the meeting, whether in the form of an amendment or as a substantive resolution. We then saw that we were dealing with men who were bent on a bad purpose; and that the best way of frustrating them was not by gratifying them with the opportunity of a riot, but by avoiding contact with them until a day would come when Ireland—then in utter ignorance of all this shameful trickery—would be enabled to comprehend the whole plot. *That day has come at last* Fenian agents, or "instructed" *clacquers*, may now attend as many meetings as they please; they may interrupt, howl, hiss, or groan, brawl, bawl, or riot to their hearts' content. *But they will be known; they are found out.* No one will be deceived *now*; and the more illustrations of their tactics they favour us with, the better will the public have corroborated the plot revealed to day.

Mr Jeremiah Kavanagh, the Fenian Deputy from California, came forward to propose the "Amendment-resolution," and when he sat down, there rose to second it—*Mr Underwood*, the identical young gentleman whom Mr James Plunkett had questioned so closely, and who had promised so distinctly to raise no cause of difference or disunion at the meeting, and who, in presence of a numerous committee, had pledged himself not to as much as mention the Brotherhood of St. Patrick on that occasion!

Comment on *his* conduct would be superfluous indeed.

The "intruded resolution," as Mr Martin subsequently called it, was placed in the Chairman's hand. I walked over to him and formally protested against his receiving it or putting it to the meeting as a *substantive resolution*. Mr Ryan, of Thomas street; Lieutenant Crean, Mr Walsh, Mr Bradfield, Mr M'Kenna,

and other gentlemen of the preparatory committee boldly and formally protested also; certain parties on the other side crowded around him, gesticulating, urging violently. He seemed sorely perplexed, but at length decided on putting the motion, which he did. Of course the meeting at large knew nothing whatever of the history of this "amendment resolution." They thought it emanated, like the previous resolutions, from the preparatory committee, and seeing The O'Donoghue put the motion—which, of course, was not publicly resisted in any manner the meeting could have just then perceived—it was received like all the others by the meeting. Then the Fenian Deputy proposed The O'Donoghue as Chairman of the Committee of Twenty-one. This, of course, seemed to mark the affair as quite legitimate; and the meeting greeted the motion, as might have been expected, most enthusiastically.

Now came the proposing of the twenty-one members; who, according to the terms of the Fenian Deputy's resolution, were to have been each separately proposed and seconded, and each separately adopted by a majority of voices at the meeting.

Up jumped a person (unnecessary to name) who had all the night kept close by the Fenian Deputy; and, pulling forth a *prepared slip* or list of names, began to prompt to a few parties near him, acting at his beck, names to propose and second. But before more than three or four had been thus read out, the farce became so transparent that the terms of Mr Jeremiah Kavanagh's resolution were cast to the winds, and in place of proposing and seconding each name "separately" for election "by a majority of voices," the list-holder read out the entire string of names *at once*, and had them thus "put" *in globo* to the meeting by some one of his confreres in his neighbourhood.

Here is the Fenian Deputy's "Chairman and list of twenty-one members," as prepared beforehand. I mark in italics the names of gentlemen put on without their permission and against their feelings, and those who, subsequently, refused to act on, or *repudiated* the Fenian Deputy's Committee:—

The O'Donoghue (off); *P. J. Smyth* (off); *James Plunkett*, *T. C.* (off); Thomas Clarke Luby, E. J. Ryan, Joseph Denuiffe, Denis Cromeyn, T. N. Underwood, Denis Hayes, John Clohissy, Hugh Brophy, Andrew Nolan, Maurice Donohoe, James Shields, Bernard O'Connor, N. Walsh, Daniel Hayes, John Healy, Isaac Varian, *Dr John Charles Waters* (off), *George H. Moore* (off).

What was all this for? What kind of a transaction was it?—what was its motive?—what was its drift? Who were its authors? The Fenian Brotherhood Deputy proposed, and the St. Patrick's Brotherhood Vice-President seconded the trick. The Fenian Deputy and his party had ample confidence in the officers of the St. Patrick's Brotherhood; they were put on amongst the celebrated

“Twenty-one;” and the officers of the St. Patrick’s Brotherhood knew better than to decline. Sure they could be St. Patrick’s Brotherhood Committee men and Fenian Deputy’s Committee men, and be distinct all the while? There is no connection between the two organisations, at all; only Californian Fenians somehow seem to show they have confidence that men may play the thimble and the pea between them!

This—let me tell well-meaning and unsuspecting members of the National Brotherhood—is the sort of work, on the part of their guides, that has made good men distrust the organisation, and shun it as suspected, tainted, and dangerous. *This* is the sort of work that has fastened on the Brotherhood the repute of complicity with the Fenian Society.

The meeting separated—the committee of management feeling they had achieved a double triumph. They had prevented a scene of uproar, discord, strife, and disgrace; and they had, by merely giving “rope enough,” allowed the “Fenians” and their allies to reveal their true character, and supply to the country, by overt acts, tangible *proofs* of their real nature, aims, feelings, and designs, such as otherwise it would be difficult to get at.

And all this, however, had not dawned just then on the friends and allies of the Fenian Deputy. On the contrary, they thought they had had a grand, glorious, and triumphant victory. They danced with joy. They “embraced” each other publicly as they left the meeting in ecstasies of exultation. They marched defiantly to “the rooms” at No. 2 Marlborough street, as if they had just captured Dublin Castle and locked up Lord Carlisle and his Privy Council in the Bermingham Tower.

And all this time, what had happened—what had they really done? That which rejoiced the hearts of Lord Carlisle and his Privy Council. That which helped to give a renewal lease of the Irish “grass farm” to our paternal masters. That which caused the Government still more comfort and equanimity; and caused our amiable Viceroy delectably to soliloquise—“All right—all right. As long as these people are so beautifully ready “to fly at one another’s throats—as long as they so admirably hate one another and oppose one another—we need not trouble ourselves about discontent or complaints of injustice and oppression. These men “hold one another in check, and do our work for us “splendidly!”

Yes; this was the work Mr Jeremiah Kavanagh and Mr T N Underwood—the Fenian Brotherhood Deputy and the St Patrick’s Brotherhood Vice-President—confederated to accomplish at the Rotundo meeting.

But “when things are at the worst they mend;” and it was, after all, perhaps, necessary things should come to this pass, before the Irish people, of every degree, could be awakened to a knowledge of what was happening through their listlessness and apathy.

Men in this city of Dublin—long-trying Nationalists, but inactive for years—who, but for the *knowledge* of things they obtained by this episode, would have deemed it sheer romancing to declare how facts really stood—were enlightened in an instant! In one brief moment they saw explained and solved a thousand things that they had either mis-judged or utterly failed to understand, in certain proceedings for a long time past! All was clear as daylight to them *now*—one short glimpse behind the scenes had sufficed them.

Events so recent and so explanatory of themselves, as the recent controversy between Dr O’Brien and the St. Patrick’s Brotherhood, do not come within the scope of this letter. It happens that even in the interval between the receipt and the publication of Dr O’Brien’s first letter, I addressed to that able and respected Divine a note rather strongly expressing my dissent from, and opinion against, the manner in which he was about to open the question; and I have already, in print, expressed my regret that some of his statements took a range which, howsoever logically accurate, bore an air of harshness and injustice with ordinary readers. But this I know, and this is clear—that whoever has been idle and apathetic in labouring to serve Ireland, Dr O’Brien has not; that whoever is accountable for the fearful disorganisation of our political life, Dr O’Brien is not; and that whoever is opposed to a national organisation that would truly represent our national aspirations—that would exhibit at its head men of high character, men of tried worth, wisdom, and intellect—and that would boldly, firmly, and virtuously lead our people to the certain attainment of our national rights—*Dr O’Brien, to my own certain knowledge, is not.* At a time when the country seemed dead and gone, and our youth likely to grow up in forgetfulness of the value of organised association, in spreading a love of patriotism, intelligence, and virtue, he began a work for which Ireland will ever honour his name. Dr O’Brien did not raise his voice against the Brotherhood until he could not be silent without lapse of duty. We may be pretty sure the Catholic Clergy never speak in *ignorance* when they speak in Pastorals, altar discourses, or otherwise, so clearly and strongly as we have recently heard them in Ireland. It was not in the absence of sufficient grounds for their course of action that the Irish Prelates and Priests recently uttered certain words of warning. Those Prelates and Priests have knowledge that *nearly six months ago the Government was preparing to make arrests.* Experience taught them to calculate that informers and spies would not be wanting to manufacture plots, oaths, and conspiracies; and not without motives of sincerest duty, we may be sure, did they, thereupon, cry aloud to their flocks to beware!

During all these public warnings and expostulations against Secret Societies—pastorals, sermons, and

letters—I have remained silent, until this letter was called forth. Nearly every newspaper in Ireland has had articles on the subject:—the *Irishman*, the *Telegraph*, the *Freeman*, the *Examiner*, the *Democrat*, the *Kerry Star*—all have reprehended them with praiseworthy vehemence; but beyond a simple, yet emphatic notification (when printing a letter from Mr S. O'Brien on the subject) that “our views with reference to Secret Societies had already been publicly expressed, were well known, and remained unchanged”—not a word have I written on the subject. I have dearly bought my experience of trying to save and befriend men menaced by such danger. Ireland knows now how I have been requited, and why I shall not try again.

I must now bring this letter to a close. It has almost unavoidably been extended beyond the length I contemplated when I commenced it. From a mere personal vindication, it has risen to what good men and true men have already designated a great act of national duty. I have found myself, I may say, chronicling the political history of Ireland for the past four years—a period during which some of the ablest politicians and profoundest observers have declared themselves utterly unable to interpret or unravel what they saw before them. They can interpret it now. True patriots have, over and over again, declined to enter public life as long as they were menaced with the secret mines and hidden pitfalls of Fenianism; and were obliged to work against its rancorous obstructions unknown to the country at large. All, intensely feeling and loudly professing that while this state of affairs lasted nothing useful could be done—man by man, they have declined the onerous, painful, and disagreeable, though important task I have at length undertaken, in connection with the crushing of the foul “slander system” against myself. It could scarcely cost me more revolting repugnance if I undertook to enter some dark and narrow passage infested with hooded snakes.

As for what is personal to myself in all this, I need say little now, beyond briefly summing up what has been charged and proved already in the course of my letter. The parties whose machinations throughout the past four years I have now enabled the reader to trace for himself, step by step and act by act, have used, as a potential agency in their plans, the most extravagant calumnies against me. As I have already said, *repetition* was to accustom the popular mind to allegations so absurdly outrageous that an isolated utterance of them would be laughed at as the ravings of a bedlamite. They calculate that, as “constant dripping will wear away stone,” so a due course of steady *repetition* will make a little of the most outrageous slander stick. But, great as my forbearance may have been through four years of silence, *moral assassination is dangerous work to have a hand in, nevertheless.* Why have I been thus pursued? Let the unprejudiced reader study the facts I have traced—rejecting, if he chooses, everything not corroborated by dates, docu-

ments, and witnesses entirely beyond my control—and he will find my one unforgiveable sin to be, that I am deemed an obstruction by the Fenian Society. To break down an influence which the Secret Chiefs deem irremediably obstructive, this wretched *system* of defamation has been resorted to; for if they could only poison the fair fame and wound the character of its Editor, the *Nation* newspaper would not long wield the power they feel and fear. At the outset, I said I would rest the refutation of Mr John O'Mahony's false and libellous charges altogether on “*dates, documents, and facts entirely beyond my control.*” I repeat that declaration now, and, having fully indicated and set forth those “*dates, documents, and facts,*” am ready to abide, as must my traducers, the testimony they exhibit.

Mr O'Mahony stated that I sent a letter inquiring of Mr Smith O'Brien if he belonged to a Secret Society, and upon that statement, amongst the more serious imputations, quite a number of offensive remarks on my “*ingenuousness,*” good sense, and good manners, were made to hinge. I have answered that I never made any such inquiry; and have appealed to the document itself, or Mr O'Brien's recollection of it.

Mr O'Mahony stated that I, by “*an article in the Nation*” on the 30th October, 1858, was to all appearance the first to accomplish the betrayal of the Phoenix prisoners and set the bloodhounds of Saxon law on their track. I have struck this lie dead by the following “*dates, documents, and facts, entirely beyond my control*” :—

That on the 3rd October, *twenty seven* days before my article, the Parish Priest of Kenmare publicly denounced the Secret Society from the altar of the parish church.

That on the same day (as he himself has publicly stated) he received a copy of the oath, shewed it to a magistrate, and forwarded it to Dublin Castle.

That on the very next Saturday—viz., 9th October (or *twenty-one days* before the *Nation* article)—the *Irishman* newspaper had a public and editorial (hypothetical) reprehension of the society in its leading page.

That within little more than a week afterwards—viz., “*between the 17th and 20th October,*” (or *twelve days* before the *Nation* article), as sworn on direct and cross-examination by the approver at Tralee, and quoted in published reports of the trial—Sullivan Goula gave information to Holland, the policeman, in Kenmare.

That on the next Sunday—viz., on the 24th October (or *six days* before the *Nation* article)—the Catholic clergy in Clonakilty, Skibbereen, Bantry, Kenmare, and other places, publicly denounced the said society from the altar in each one of those places.

That on the 26th of October, (or *four days* before the *Nation* article), a correspondent of the *Evening Mail* wrote a letter, which was prominently pub-

lished, with a striking heading, in the leading page of that journal, on the 27th of October, said letter stating full particulars of the Society, and announcing that the Government had full information of its members and their designs.

From which it follows: that if the 3rd of October, 9th of October, 17th of October, 24th of October, and 27th of October, each and all, can be said to have come *after* the *thirtieth* of October, in the same year—then John O'Mahony has spoken *truly* in saying my article of the 30th of October, 1858, was to all appearance the first to accomplish the betrayal of the Phoenix prisoners, and start the bloodhounds of Saxon law on their track.

But—if the 3rd of October, 9th of October, 17th of October, 24th of October, and 27th of October, do *not* come *after* the *thirtieth* of October, in the same year, but *before* it—then John O'Mahony stands publicly convicted of false, villanous, and calumnious statements.

It will be admitted those were dates and facts “beyond my control.” I quoted *documents*, too. I quoted documents which prove that either the *Phoenix prisoners* themselves never dreamed of such atrocious calumnies against me until John O'Mahony *invented* them, or else that the said prisoners hypocritically concealed their sentiments, and never once manfully and openly stated them at the time; though they knew I was toiling day and night for them, and being publicly and privately thanked on their behalf as their benefactor and best friend.

I quoted documents which prove that either the *Fair Trial Fund Committee*, the *parents, relatives, and friends* of the prisoners, and the *legal advisers* of the prisoners, each and all, must have played a similar game of concealment, or else, with a full knowledge of all the facts, regarded me as a consistent benefactor and true friend to the Phoenix prisoners.

I quoted documents which prove that the Cork prisoners must have grossly deceived their own parents, relatives, and friends, and their legal advisers, with reference to their feelings towards the *Nation*; or else those parents, relatives, and friends, and those legal advisers, were guilty of deliberately deceitful testimony, if the said Cork prisoners were not then “most *deeply grateful* to me and to the *Nation*.”

I quoted documents from the *Kerry prisoners* (their own letters to me) placing *their* evidence completely beyond cavil or question.

Until the validity of all those proofs, dates, facts, witnesses, and documents (quite independent of my influence), can be impeached or destroyed, I submit that it is not possible for any man to reiterate the gross charges they rebut, unless at the penalty of abiding all the consequences.

And, now this vindication is finished, let me say that my purpose will be but half achieved if it does not cause the good, the virtuous, the tried and trusted men of the National Party to come forward promptly and boldly, to save, and guide, and counsel the people, so sadly in need of guidance in their political efforts. A policy of simple negation will never do with a people like ours. To assist and further some healthy action in popular politics, has been my chief aim in the latter half of my present task. My own vindication would have been completed triumphantly by a much shorter statement. It was with deep pain and intense reluctance I set about this duty—and solely because in my soul I solemnly believed it to be a duty. My honour is dearer to me than life itself. I fill a position never tarnished by those who have gone before me in it; a position which renders a charge against me, such as those repelled to-day, more fatal than bullet or poignard, and more horrible to me than the dungeon or the scaffold. I owed it to all I hold dear in this life—to myself, to my position, and to my countrymen, who love and trust me, to render it perilous for any man who is morally accountable for his words and acts to assail the fair fame I hold and cherish. Few public men in Ireland, of thrice my years in the public service, and tenfold my ability, have ever been honoured with such testimonies of respect and confidence as it has been my high pride and bright fortune to receive even within the last six months. The highest and the best, the holiest and the purest, in Ireland, with an unanimity I believe rarely paralleled in this century, have cheered me in a moment of perilous duty by such words as I shall never forget; while the friendship, respect, and confidence of the men most prominently identified with Ireland's last armed attempt at independence, forbid complaint on my part if, like men far above me in every respect, I too experience some of what Thomas Francis Meagher has aptly termed “*The Penalties of Public Life*.”

But neither these nor any other penalties, dangers, or perils can weigh with me against my duty. Ireland is in a plight to-day that ought but to “make her more painfully dear to her sons,” and attract still more powerfully to her side all who can serve or aid her. The distraction, division, disorganisation, and despair of her own children have brought her lower than the most galling chains of oppression; but we need only a little patriotic courage, firmness, and resolution to change the desolate spectacle into one of hopeful, healthful life and activity. May God give us the virtues we require and the freedom we hope for!

I am, &c,

ALEXANDER M. SULLIVAN.