GRANT'S INSULT TO IRELAND

FEDERAL OFFICIALS INTERFERING WITH THE IRISH RECEPTION.

The Knights of St. Patrick Board the Cuba—The Patriots of 1848 Insulted by a Crowd of Custom-House Roughs—Collector Murphy's Prevarications—A High Old Scene in the Cabins of the Cuba—Collector Murphy to be Vaccinated.

On Thursday morning THE SUN warned the Knights of St. Patrick and the committees appointed by the Irish civic societies and the Tammany General Committee, that Gen. Grant's officials, in accordance with instructions received from Washington, would attempt to interfere with the arrangements for the reception of the Irish patriots. Full details of Gen. Grant's plan of operations were printed. THE SUN'S warning was not lost. The Hon. John Mullaly, the Knights of St. Patrick, and the representatives of the various Irish societies were quickly astir. Before 9 A. M. they were on their way to Staten Island, accompanied by a magnificent band and a good quantity of provisions. Reaching Quarantine they were warmly received by Dr. Carnochan, the Health Officer. After breakfasting with the good Doctor, the Andrew Fletcher, the Quarantine boat, was placed at the disposal of the Knights and their friends.

OFF FOR THE WEST BANK.

At noon the Hon. John Mullaly swept the horizon with a big spy-glass. He saw several oyster boats in the offing, but no steamer was in sight. A bright watch was kept for revenue cutters, but none appeared. Determined to be on the safe side, the Knights prepared to go to the West Bank in the lower bay, as at that point the lights of the Cuba could be seen as she passed the light-ship. The party reached the West Bank about 2 P. M., where Col. O'Rourke entertained them in a sumptuous manner. Seven old sailors were furnished with night glasses, and were stationed at various points to watch for the Cuba. Twilight swept over the sea, and still there were no signs of the ship. Sandy Hook light beamed like a fiery star to the south, but no Cuba appeared. At last, about 8 o'clock, Col. O'Rourke rushed into the dining-room, saying:

"Gentlemen, the lights of a steamer are seen below Sandy Hook. You had better start, for you can bet your lives that it's the Cuba."

The Knights and Mr. Mullaly embarked immediately, and the Fletcher flew off in the darkness with the grace of a sea-gull. Rockets were thrown up from the steamer. The Fletcher approached her. She was the Cuba. The Knights and Mr. Mullaly greeted their noble countrymen with loud cheers. The band struck up the Irish national airs, and the whole ocean seemed to roll with enthusiasm. The Cuba steamed up to Quarantine with the Fletcher under her quarter, the bands playing, and the Knights and Mr. Mullaly cheering. The Cuba fired a gun, and the Fletcher responded with three guns. This woke up Mr. O'Gorman and his party, who were dining with Dr. Carnochan. The Cuba swung round with the stream and anchored. In an instant the Fletcher was at her side.

"Cuba there!" yelled the Captain of the Fletcher, amid a blaze of fireworks.

"What is it," answered a British officer with two gold stripes on his sleeve.

"Heave us a line," shouted the Captain, amid another blaze of rockets.

"Well, we cawn't take a line, you know," said the British officer.

"Have you a Health Officer on board?" shouted Dr. Dwyer, who was on board the Fletcher.

"No," was the reply.

"Well, I'm an assistant Health Officer. Heave a line quick. If you've a clean bill of health you can run up to the city to-night."

The line was thrown.

THE MYSTERIOUS CUTTER.

While this conversation had been going on a revenue cutter had crawled out of the gloom of the Long Island shore and sneaked up under the port quarter of the Cuba. It was the Bronx. She had on board Gen. Grant's Collector and many other Federal officials.

"Steamer there!—what steamer is that?" shouted the Captain of the Bronx.

"Cuba," was the response.

"Stand by to take a line from us," roared the captain.

"Well, we cawn't take a line, you know," answered one of the Cuba's officers.

Here something appeared above the rail of the Bronx which resembled

A DUTCH CHEESE OR A FULL MOON.

"My hies, wot's that?" said the Cuba's officer, *sotto voce*.

"I'm the Collector of the Port of New York," said the full moon above the rail, "and I want to get aboard the Cuba."

A confused dialogue here ensued. The Collector, however, scrambled up the starboard side in company with Gen. Millen and two inspectors, and at once repaired to the grand saloon.

THE SCENE IN THE CABIN.

Three minutes afterward, the Knights of St. Patrick and Mr. Mullaly, with Dr. Dwyer and others, were admitted to the vessel. They were met by Mr. Wallace, the obliging purser of the Cuba, who led the way to the cabin, where they met three of the exiles. The greeting was an affecting one. Some of the friends of the prisoners threw their arms about them and warmly embraced them. Tears streamed down the cheeks of many who clasped their hands.

"Where is Mr. O'Donovan Rossa?" inquired Mr. Mullaly.

Mr. Wallace pointed to a sterboard stateroom. Dr. Dwyer stepped to the door of the room. He opened it. The murder was out. There stood Gen. Grant's Collector talking very earnestly to Mr. Rossa. The captain of the Cuba was also present. The Collector turned very red in the face as the Doctor entered.

"Mr. Rossa," said Dr. Dwyer, slipping his arm through the arm of the exile, "some of your very dear friends are anxiously awaiting you in the cabin."

Mr. Rossa excused himself to the Collector, and stepped into the cabin arm in-arm with the Doctor. He shook hands warmly with Mr. Mullaly and other friends. At that moment the Hon. Richard O'Gorman, Mr John Mitchel, Dr. Carnochan, Col. Wm. R. Roberts, and several well-known sons of Ireland entered the cabin. As the two heroes of 1848 approached Mr. Rossa, the latter advanced to meet them, and shook them warmly by the hand. Meanwhile a rough looking crowd from the Collector's cutter poured into the cabin.

MR. O'GORMAN'S ADDRESS.

After a word of sympathy for each of the five exiles, Mr. O'Gorman said that he happened before them as the representative of the Tammany General Committee to extend to them a cordial invitation and welcome, and to place a vessel at their disposal to bring them to New York, where carriages would be ready and waiting to take them to the Metropolitan Hotel, where rooms had been engaged for them. It was proposed to have a grand demonstration in their honor on the following Monday, at which all the Irish benevolent, military, and civic societies would be represented, and the Tammany organization had already generously subscribed the sum of $25,000, which would be placed in their possession. Mr. O'Gorman then paid an eloquent tribute to the unflinching courage, bravery, and sufferings of the prisoners.

During the delivery of his speech, one of Gen. Grant's party applied to Mr. O'Gorman the most opprobrious and obscene epithets. This gross insult to the patriot of 1848 aroused the indignation of Mr. O'Gorman's friends. The offender was taken by the neck and was promptly kicked out of the cabin. Nor did his troubles end there. While on deck he again became abusive and foul-mouthed, upon which some gentleman put an elegant French roof upon him, with which he retired to the deck of the Bronx.

GRANT'S REPRESENTATIVE.

After Mr. O'Gorman's speech one Gen. Millen jumped upon a chair, and shouted:

"I am a representative of the United States. I am sent here to offer you on behalf of the Government of the United States, a reception. The revenue cutter Bronx is alongside of this steamer. She is here for your use. You can get right in her, and go up to the city, where the United States Government have made all arrangements for receiving you."

CREDENTIALS WANTED.

Mr. Mullaly—"Do you say that you represent the Government of the United States?"

Millen—Yes. I do. I am Gen. Millen, and I represent the Government of the United States.

Mr. Mullaly—I call upon this Gen. Millan, then, to present his credentials, and to state by what authority he presumes to say that he acts for the United States Government. [Cries of "Throw him overboard." Mr. Mullaly then said that this was a most unseemly discussion. It was evident that there was a sinister motive in the conduct of those who had come there with Mr. Murphy to interfere with the design to tender the exiles a hearty and respectable welcome. He (Mr. Mullaly) was here to tender them a reception on behalf of the Irish citizens of New York, who were acting in concert with Mr. O'Gorman's Committee. They were going into a city where there were over half a million of their own countrymen, and the Irish patriots of '48 upon the Tammany General Committee were present as representatives of the Municipal Government, and offered the exiles the hospitality of the city.

THE COLLECTOR'S AGONY.

All this time Gen. Grant's Collector stood near the door of a stateroom while speechless. Mr. O'Donovan Rossa seemed confused. All the exiles looked confused. Col. Roberts made a few eloquent remarks, after which Mr. Rossa thanked his friends for their offer, but on behalf of his fellow exiles begged leave to retire in a room by themselves, that they might serve upon some concrete form of action. They then withdrew to the inner cabin. Purser Wallace took his post at the door, and assured the exiles that no one should be allowed to disturb them.

During this scene the passengers of the Cuba opened their staterooms and viewed the proceedings with much interest. The cabin was filled with excited men. The steerage passengers, who did not understand what was going on, became fearfully excited over a report that the crew of the steamer had mutinied.

Mr. O'Donovan Rossa and his companions had not been in their room over five minutes before Gen. Grant's Collector endeavored to join them. Mr. Wallace told him he would not be allowed to enter. He said something about his rights as Collector of the Port, and was told that he had no right to break in upon the private deliberations of a party of gentlemen. The Collector then left, but soon afterward again attempted to slide into the room, but was again checkmated by a guard who had been placed at the door by Mr. Wallace. Mr. Murphy then approached Mr. O'Gorman, when the following conversation occurred:

Mr. O'Gorman (to Mr. Murphy)—By what authority do you come here, sir?

Mr. Murphy (rather perplexed)—Well, I suppose I'm here on the part of the United States.

Mr. O'Gorman—Am I to understand, sir, that you are here directly on the part of the United States Government?

Mr. Murphy (looking sheepish)—Well, you see, no, not directly, but indirectly.

A SMASHER FOR GRANT.

Mr. O'Gorman—Well, sir, I am here directly on the part of the city of New York, and on the part of thousands of the fellow-countrymen of Mr. Rossa and his associates, and in the name of the city of New York I offer them hospitality; while you, Mr. Murphy, only tender to them an indirect invitation from this Gen. Millen, who, according to you, represents the United States of America. Mr. Rossa and his associates can judge of the matter for themselves.

Mr. Murphy—That is all very fine; but what has the Tammany party done toward the reception of these men?

Mr. O'Gorman—What has the Radical party done toward their reception? Nothing except, as appears in this morning's SUN, that they held a caucus at which they decided after advices from Washington that the Radical Collector of the Port of New York should anticipate, if possible, the action of the Tammany General Committee.

A COLLECTOR WHO CAN'T READ.

Mr. Murphy—How long has the Tammany Committee been acting in this matter? I had no knowledge of their movements until yesterday.

Mr. O'Gorman—The public press of New York since the 5th of January have published and republished notices and reports of meetings, and numerous civic societies have made known and advertised their proceedings in the matter. In a word, the whole subject was thoroughly ventilated, so that it seems very strange, to say the least of it, that the Collector of the Port should have known nothing about it until yesterday.

Mr. Murphy—I never saw it in any of the papers. [" Oh! oh!"] I tell you I didn't know it, but I do know that the United States Government paid first class cabin passage money for these exiles.

NAILING AN ADMINISTRATION FALSEHOOD.

Mr. O'Donovan Rossa (who had returned)—That is not so, sir; you are misinformed.

Mr. Wallace (purser of the Cuba)—The United States Government did nothing of the kind. I myself received the money in gold from the British officers to pay the passage of these men. Each prisoner also received five pounds to defray his expenses.

A voice—Oh, Murphy, where are you now?

Several voices—Nowhere.

Mr. Murphy (after scratching his head)—Is this a mob I see before me?

Mr. O'Gorman.—There is no mob sir, here except perhaps among your own crowd.

Gen. Millen, (frantically).—Do ye mane to call me a mob? It is the United States I represent, sirra. [Jeers.]

GRANT'S BOGUS FENIAN GENERAL.

Mr. O'Gorman (to Mr. Murphy)—By what authority is this General present, may I ask?

Mr. Murphy (proudly)—He came here in my company.

Mr. O'Gorman—And who is this *General?*

Mr. Murphy—He is Gen. Millen, and represents the Fenian Brotherhood. [Several voices, "He does not, thank God!" "Not by a d—d sight."]

Mr. Murphy—I only made his acquaintance a few days ago.

Mr. Cole (of the *Irish American*)—I have been connected with Irish American papers for many years, and consequently I am acquainted with the names of all the prominent men, especially the Generals, of the Fenian organization, and until now I never heard of *General* Millen.

Mr. Murphy—That is not very strange; for I knew nothing about you until this evening.

MURPHY'S CONVENIENT MEMORY.

Mr. Cole—Well, *that is* very strange; for I knew you and boarded in your boarding-house twenty years ago, in the lower part of the city. But I presume that now, since you have become great enough to represent the United States Government, you can't recognize so humble an individual as myself.

Mr. Murphy—Oh, I shall be happy to renew the acquaintance.

Mr. Cole—I most respectfully decline the honor, sir.

Mr. Murphy—Well, as to Gen. Millen, he is a gentleman whom I have only known for two days past, and I esteem and respect him very highly.

Mr. O'Gorman—It must be very a happy facility for making rapid friendships. [Laughter.]

THE RESPONSE OF THE EXILES.

Order having been restored, Mr. O'Donovan Rossa read the following:

ON BOARD STEAMER CUBA,
January 19, 1871.

To the gentlemen of the several deputations for receiving the Irish Exiles.

GENTLEMEN.—We thank you all for your invitations, and we will try to accept all, but we are only a few of us yet. We now board re-on the war hither, and we will take no public step until they arrive.

You look upon us as representing the cause of Ireland, for the interests of which came we desire all Irishmen should be united. It is painful for us to-night to see so much discussion among yourselves. For what your reception concerns us as individuals, we care but little compared to what we feel about it in connection with the interests of Irish independence; and as you have not united harmoniously to receive us, we will not decide upon anything till the arrival of our brothers. We will remain on board ship to-night, and go to a hotel to-morrow. We remain, &c.,

O'DONOVAN ROSSA,
JEREMIAH O'DONOVAN ROSSA,
HENRY S. MULLEDY,
JOHN DEVOY,
JOHN MCCLURE,

MURPHY WANTS VACCINATION.

After the reading of this letter the Collector ordered his officer to clear the vessel, and then went on board the Bronx. Thereupon Dr. Carnochan said that he had discovered two cases of small-pox on board the steamer, and he should be compelled to quarantine her. He ordered the police to guard the entrance to the vessel, and to allow nobody to leave or enter her. He then said that those on board would have to submit to vaccination, and remain at Lower Quarantine for ten days. This, of course, created great consternation. The police took charge of the ship, and guards were stationed in all parts of the vessel. The Collector remained in the cabin of the Bronx for some ten minutes. Finding that the Cuba had not been cleared according to his orders, he approached the gangway and was soon in his own boat. He was then stopped by one of Dr. Carnochan's police officers.

"You can't come aboard this ship, sir," said the officer.

Gen. Grant's Collector looked thunderstruck.

"Do you know who I am, sir?" he gasped.

"No, I don't," replied the officer, "and what's more, I don't care who you are. You can't come aboard of this steamer."

"Well, sir, I am Mr. Murphy," said Gen. Grant's representative, with conscious dignity.

"Well, Mr. Murphy," answered the officer, "You can go to hell if you like, but you can't come aboard this ship."

Thomas gasped for breath. "My God, sir," said he, "I'll soon let you know who I am. I am Collector of the Port of New York."

"If you were the Collector of hell, you couldn't come aboard of this steamer. I've got my orders, and I have enough not to break 'em. This steamer's quarantined," replied the grim officer.

"Quarantined?" ejaculated Gen. Grant's Collector.

"Yes, quarantined," repeated the officer. "And you're a d——fool to want to go aboard of her, for if you got aboard you'd have to be vaccinated and sent to the lower hospital." Here the officer took a good look at Mr. Murphy, and added, "You look as though you wanted vaccination. I'm blowed if I wouldn't like to vaccinate you myself."

The Collector then retired to the cabin of the Bronx.

THE DEPARTURE.

After some time Dr. Carnochan was induced to a low both parties to depart. The tug Antelope was soon filled, and steamed away for the city. The exiles determined to remain on the Cuba until morning. Champagne flowed freely. When off Ellis's Island, Senator Bradley stepped to the the prow of the boat. She was running dead for Greenwood Cemetery. In another minute she was headed for Communipaw. Two minutes after she was striking a bee-line for Fort Lafayette. Mr. Bradley became alarmed. He looked up at the pilot house. He heard curses and imprecations intermingled with blows. He felt satisfied that some gentleman was again engaged in the laudable occupation of putting a French roof upon some companion.

Looking about him, the Senator found a small ladder which led to the pilot-house, and he went up that ladder in the darkness with the agility of a cat. He looked in the pilot-house. The wheel was deserted, and a most magnificent prize-fight was going on within the house.

"Here, here," shouted the manly Bradley, catching the combatants by their collars. "Who are you?" shaking the man on his right.

"Me?" ejaculated the shaken man. "I'm (hic) a sergeant of police (hic). D—n it, I'm in charge (hic) of this boat. Don'you know that (hic)?"

"Well, what are you interfering with the pilot for? Don't you know there are three hundred people on the boat, whose lives are dependent on the pilot? What's the matter with you?"

"Me? (hic)" squeaked the shaken man. "I'm a police serjeant, I'm in charge (hic) of the boat. Don'you know that-hic? This feller, he (hic) called me a duffer (hic). That's what's the matter."

"Well, get out of here," said Senator Bradley, kicking him out of the pilot house. "Get out."

The sergeant took a good look at Bradley, and then said: "Why, if I'd a known (hic) I was you, Mr. Mullaly, (hic) I'd a got out before. Don'-you, (hic) know-me-Mr. Mullaly? I'm one o' your old (hic) friends. You ought to know me (hic). I ain't no d— (hic) duffer."

Here the police Sergeant fell down the stairway, and Bradley's troubles were ended.

The party reached New York at 3 A. M.

The Trip of the Tammany General Committee—Big Judge Connolly's Sandwich—A Rip-Roaring Time Down the Bay.

At four o'clock on Thursday afternoon, a SUN reporter proceeded to the Castle Garden wharf, where the steamer Antelope lay with steam up, and in readiness to take the Tammany Committee of Reception and invited guests down the bay to welcome the released Fenians momentarily expected to arrive in the steamship Cuba. The reporter found a goodly number assembled on board anxiously awaiting the arrival of the Committee to cast off. At half-past 4 the Committee, consisting of the Hon. Richard O'Gorman, Col. William R. Roberts, Senator John J. Bradley, the Hon. John Mitchel, the great Irish exile, and Commissioners James S. Hennessy and James B. Nicholson, crossed the gang plank, and at once the word was given to cast off. Besides the Committee of Reception, there were on board the Antelope as invited guests: Dr. J. M. Carnochan, Health Officer of the Port, the Rev. Fathers Corrigan and Keenan, Col. Stephen J. Meany, editor of the *Irish Democrat*, Excise Commissioner James S. Williams, the Right Hon. Frank Duffy, the Hon. Tom Reilly of the Fifth Ward, Alderman Dimond, Alderman Terence Duffy, the Hon. Bernard Casserly, Commissioner of Emigration, Mr. McClure, brother of one of the expected Fenians, and about seventy-five others of greater or less note. Fifteen policemen were also on board, under command of a Sergeant from the First Precinct.

A LITTLE SCENE ON THE WHARF.

As the last line was being cast off, a voice was heard issuing from the old building on the wharf:

"Hold on, I say! Hold on! Here's another passenger."

The door of the building opened, and the immense form of Big Judge Connolly appeared.

The Judge carried a new hickthorn, and was dressed in his usual elegant manner. He was puffing and blowing like a porpoise, and as he wiped his benevolent countenance with his red silk handkerchief, he was greeted with shouts of "Hold on that line!" "Wait for the Big Judge!" "Hurry up, Judge!"

"Oh, musha, worra!" exclaimed the Big Judge as he stepped on board, "I'm all in a shweat. Yoh see, I heard the boys was goin' down to meet the Fenians, and so I thought I'd just run down from Yorkville. I got a little belated, because the walkin' ain't very good, and I didn't make as good time today as I generally do."

THE BIG JUDGE'S SANDWICH.

The steamer then got clear, and proceeded toward Quarantine. Arriving there, it was learned that the Cuba had not been seen, and Mr. O'Gorman then proposed that the party should take a run down to the Hook and back, to kill time. On the trip refreshments were served, consisting of sandwiches, hot coffee, and crackers and cheese. All were served bountifully, it was thought; but just as the last sandwich disappeared from the salver the towering form of the Big Judge appeared in the cabin, and marched up to the table.

"Humph!" he remarked, as he looked at the remains of the feast. "Late, as usual. It seems to me that I'm always behind."

"Haven't you had anytaing to eat, Judge?" said the Hon. Tom Reilly.

"Here an' I haven't. I was just savin' that I'm always behind time."

"Well, Judge," said the Rt. Hon. Frank Duffy, "we knew that before; so Tom and myself looked out for you. Tom, where's them sandwiches you saved for the Judge?"

The Judge's broad countenance lighted up at once.

"Ah!" said he, "it's good boys yez are. Sure an' I'm much obliged to you," and the Judge settled himself with much effort upon a sofa to enjoy his feast. The sandwiches were given him. The Judge bit into one, but the bite was a miserable failure. The expression on the mild-natured countenance changed instantly From a look of absolute and perfect contentmeat, it became darkened and suspicious. He looked at the sandwich then at the Hon. Tom Reilly.

"Oh, musha! ye blackguards, an' is it insult me that yez would?" exclaimed the irate Judge, as he threw the sandwiches at the Right Hon. Frank. "I'll teach ye, ye spalpeens, to make fun of me. Givin' me leather sandwiches, are ye?" and as he spoke he raised his mighty hickthorn over the heads of Duffy and Reilly.

The crowd roared with laughter, and the Big Judge stalked out of the cabin in a towering rage. The SUN reporter picked up the discarded sandwiches, and found that they were made of boot leather, nicely plastered with mustard. The one upon which the giant Judge had exercised his dental organs exhibited the arc of a circle beautifully indented on either side. The Judge had certainly done his best to bite through the leather, as the marks of his teeth were well defined.

AT UPPER QUARENTINE.

After making the trip to Sandy Hook, during which no signs of the Cuba were seen, the Antelope made fast to the wharf at Upper Quarantine and awaited the signal from the telegraph office. The steamer Andrew Fletcher, with the Knights of St. Patrick on board, under command of Commissioner Mullaly, was stationed in the lower bay to watch for the Cuba.

The Knights had everything imaginable on board the Fletcher in the way of eatables and drinkables. There were also on board of her the officers of the Irish Brigade Association, with Col. John W. Byron as Captain, together with Major Horgan, Col. John Warren, and Gen. Sweeny. Commissioner Mulaly was assisted in the entertainment of Capt. James Mitchel, son of John Mitchel, John Burke, W. A. Rollins, Brian G. McSweeny, and others.

THE CUBA'S LIGHT

was signalled in the offing at half past 7 by the Andrew Fletcher, and instantly the telegraph announced to the Antelope party that a steamer was in sight, but gave no positive information as to whether it was the Cuba. Many of the party had gone ashore, but the whistle soon brought them scrambling on the boat. Dr. Carnochan was sent for, and got on board. In the mean time the approaching steamer had been made out, and it was learned that it was really the Cuba. With a stiff easterly wind and the tide running full flood, she came over the bar and up the lower bay like a racehorse, and in less than half an hour anchored off Quarantine. The Antelope put out for her, with the excited party on board yelling like screech-owls. Fireworks were set off, and skyrockets sent hissing in every direction. The band played all the Irish airs ever known to fame, but when the "Wearing of the Green" was struck up,

THE GIGANTIC JUDGE CONNOLLY

could contain himself no longer. Brandishing the mighty hickthorn above his head, he struck out in his wildest Irish jigs—

"Ah, musha! Bradley, my boy, welt the flure, ye beggar. An' sure it's a great day for ould Ireland. Come, shtrike up that jig again, ye wind-jammers up there!"

The handsome City Chamberlain caught the Big Judge's patriotic spirit and joined in the jig. The two danced until the voice of the Hon. Richard O'Gorman was heard from the hurricane deck:

"One word, gentlemen, one word."

"O'Gorman!" shouted the crowd. "Whisht, ye beggars," said the Big Judge, "and listen to Mr. O'Gorman."

"Gentlemen," said the latter, "we are now about going alongside the Cuba to welcome the exiles. Mr. Mitchel and myself will go first, accompanied by two members of the Committee. I need hardly ask you to behave decorously, and, above all, do not make a rush for the steamer, for no one will be allowed on board until Dr. Carnochan first visits the ship."

RECONNOITRING.

The confusion and noise were now so great that it required the exercise of the SUN reporter's sharpest wits to make note of all passing around. As the Antelope approached the Cuba, it was seen that the Andrew Fletcher had already got alongside, but no one was allowed on board. The Antelope approached bow on, and soon touched the Fletcher, when a rush was made for the bow. The police pushed, swore, expostulated, but all seemed in vain. The crowd surged and yelled with patriotic joy; and this, combined with the hissing steam which was escaping from the three vessels, made a scene that was enough to make an Englishman crazy. As the boat was made fast, a SUN reporter, O'Gorman, Mitchel, Brady, and the Right Hon. Frank Duffy, followed the police officer, and passed through the lower deck, and disappeared up the Cuba's side. Positive orders were then given, and the order was enforced, too, that not another soul should board the Cuba.

The party were politely shown into the grand saloon of the Cuba, where they met O'Donovan Rossa, Henry S. Mulledy, John McClur, John Devoy, Chas. H. O'Connell, the five released prisoners; Mr. John Mullaly, of the Andrew Fletcher, in command of the Knights of St. Patrick; Collector Murphy, Gen. Millen, and others.

A Sun Reporter's Interview with Dr. Carnochan—What the Doctor Says—The Outrageous Action of Gen. Grant's Officials.

In the city yesterday there were various rumors about a wholesale arrest which had been made by the Health Officer, Dr. Carnochan. Gen. Grant's office-holders were positive that O'Gorman and the Knights of St. Patrick were safe under lock and key somewhere between Tompkinsville and the Atlantic Ocean. The friends of the patriots, on the other hand, had it on the best authority that Collector Murphy had been arrested for interfering with the Heath Office. As both these views were alarming, and were reiterated with much perseverance and abuse of the American language, a SUN reporter was sent to Staten Island to interview Dr. Carnochan and assistants, and ascertain the real facts. The reporter saw the Health Officer and his assistant, Dr. Reid, and obtained from them the following information:

DR. CARNOCHAN'S STORY.

Shortly after 8 o'clock on Thursday evening a large steamer was signalled at Quarantine harbor, and shortly after two guns were fired, and the vessel anchored immediately afterward in the stream. The Antelope immediately steamed toward her, having on board the Health Officer, his assistants' Mr. O'Gorman and the Tammany delegation. When they came close to the vessel, which proved to be the Cuba, they found fast alongside the Andrew Fletcher, which had on board Commissioner Mullaly and the Knights of St. Patrick, on the side nearest to Staten Island, and on the other side was the United States revenue cutter Bronx. Dr. Carnochan gave strict orders that no one should attempt to board the Cuba, save the Health officials, Mr. O'Gorman, President of the Board of Emigration, Mr. Casserly, Agent for the same, and a SUN reporter, stepped on to the Fletcher crossing over to the Cuba. Dr. Carnochan was prevented from boarding the Cunard steamer by two Custom House officials, who said they were ordered by Collector Murphy to allow no one to board except the Health Officers and his assistants.

"I'm very much obliged to him for his kind permission. I am Doctor Carnochan. Will you allow me to pass?"

The officials hurriedly made way, and the Doctor and his party made their way into the saloon, accompanied by O'Gorman and Casserly. Dr. Reid went back to fetch up the police sergeant and five men attached to the Health Office party. In the saloon they found the Collector welcoming O'Donovan Rossa and his companions in the name of the United States, which, he said, had placed the United States revenue cutter Bronx at their service.

OPENING THE BALL.

O'Gorman introduced himself, and formally welcomed the Fenians to New York in the name of the Association which, he said, had chartered for their accommodation the Antelope steamship, and had engaged rooms for them at the Metropolitan Hotel. While he was airing his eloquence, and Commissioner Mullaly was waiting for a chance to introduce the Knights, Dr. Reid returned with the police force, and was informed by the surgeon of the ship, Dr. Caldwell, that there were two cases of small-pox on board. He at once acquainted Dr. Carnochan with the fact, who ordered them to place the Quarantine policeman on sentry, and allow no one below save the passengers and officers of the ship.

When the sentries had been placed the compliments had about concluded, and O'Donovan Rossa asked permission to withdraw to his sleeping berth and consult with the others as to which invitation they should accept.

INSOLENCE OF GEN. GRANT'S COLLECTOR.

He had not left the saloon a minute before Collector Murphy came to the door, and wanted to pass. The sentry refused, as Mr. Wallace, the purser of the ship, pointed out that he was not a passenger.

"Don't you know who I am?" bellowed the Collector, "I am Collector Murphy, and I will pass."

"No you don't," responded the policeman coolly, "unless this gentleman says so," pointing to Mr. Wallace.

Wallace refused point blank.

"Do you dispute my authority?" foamed Murphy, "do you dare dispute the authority of the Collector of Customs?"

"It's nothing to me, sir; I have my orders from Dr. Carnochan," calmly replied the policeman.

"We'll see about this," Gen. Grant's collector muttered, retiring in disorder.

Summoning his two revenue officials, he ordered them to clear the vessel. Dr. Reid, Carnochan's assistant, a capital fellow, but an inveterate stutterer, tried to give an order to the sergeant, but finding that his excitement prevented him from uttering a syllable, pulled out a pencil and paper and gave him a written order to place men at the gangways, and not allow a soul to leave the vessel on any pretext. Having thus counter-checked the President's emissary, he retired to the officers' mess room, where the chiefs were having a polite but fierce battle. Mr. O'Donovan Rossa had returned to convey the the thanks and the refusals of the entire party to the invitations, and was a pained listener to the unseemly strife.

NO SHAME IN THE PRESIDENTIAL PARTY.

O'Gorman addressed himself to Murphy in measured, icy tones:

"If you had invited a party of friends to dine at your house at six o'clock to-morrow, and I should rush in at half past five, and take them off by main force to dine at mine, would you not think my conduct peculiar, Mr. Murphy?"

"I see what you're driving at, Counsellor, but the cases are not parallel."

"Yes they are," from an excited patriot.

"I must maintain, Mr. Murphy, that they are parallel. We commenced this thing on the 5th of January. The association passed resolutions, and subscribed $50,000, chartered the Antelope, and engaged rooms for the Metropolitan. All this was done in the light of day and published in the papers. At the eleventh hour, you step in and try to smuggle our guests away by dexterity."

"Smuggling is good," from Mr. Wallace. Here there was a great laugh and Murphy's face flashed up.

"I represent the United States," said he, "and came to offer a United States cutter to these gentlemen to convey them to the landing, as an expression of American feeling with regard to them."

"It was a cheap compliment," replied O'Gorman, "which didn't cost you a red cent, and I don't see that you represent any one but yourself, or that you are acting for the Government in any particular."

A FEDERAL OFFICIAL CAUGHT LYING.

"I am, Counsellor. The United States paid the difference between a steerage passage and first-class cabins for these gentlemen," said the Collector.

"That's a lie, if Gen. Grant said it," chimed in Mr. Wallace, the purser of the Cuba. "The British Government paid for first-class cabins for them."

Murphy was greatly perturbed, and he stumbled something about being misinformed. At this juncture there was a lively succession of raps at the door, and requests from various members of the press to speak with Dr. Carnochan. He went on deck and found the crowd pacing disconsolately up and down. He was then turned out of the saloon by the ship officers, and they were not permitted to leave by Dr. Carnochan's sentries. It was past twelve, and a frosty night, and they were perfectly miserable. The press men were alarmed about their copy, and were rejoiced to see the stalwart form of Col. Wardell appear, and permission was given to return, and the Knights, and the Tammanyites, and Grant party all echoed the cry, "Please let us go home."

THAT TERRIBLE SCOURGE, THE SMALL-POX.

Dr. Carnochan smiled. "Gentlemen," he said, "I am sorry to inform you that there are two cases of varioloid on board, and I fear it will be my painful duty to send you to West Bank Hospital for ten days—[groans]—and to inflict upon you the unpleasant but absolutely necessary formula of vaccination. [Yells of anguish from the Grant party.]

One old Custom House barnacle turned to a comrade and said, tearfully, "Taxe my handkercher, George, to Mary. I'm a goner. I can never stand it."

"Oh, blow your handkercher!" was the consoling reply. "Who the blazes cares if you do die. You're only living on sufferance anyhow."

The press men pleaded hard to be permitted to return, and the Doctor relenting, said that Grant Havanas were ordered and he was having it sufficiently isolated from the cabins and saloons, he would not quarantine the party. But this would be a lesson to them for the future not to board a steamer before the Health Officer, even if a Collector of Customs did lead the way.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

Shortly afterward word was brought that all who desired to leave might go on the Fletcher, and with intense relief the Knights, the reporters, and the Patriots disappeared. The Grant party were also requested to avail themselves of the permission to leave, and they departed. Dr. Carnochan and his staff left in triumph in the Antelope, and the Cuba, O'Gorman.

THE END OF DR. CARNOCHAN'S STORY.

At 4 o'clock in the morning the Bronx returned, and Mr. Murphy sent a message from Mr. O'Gorman to renew the invitation of last night; but Mr. Rossa refused for himself and friends, preferring to go up with the passengers and take up their quarters at Sweeny's Hotel, a place more suited to their resources and position than the Metropolitan.

The Exiles at their Hotel—$1,000 in Greenbacks Presented to them—3,000 People in Chatham Square.

At 1 o'clock the Fenian party was driven to Sweeny's Hotel, in front of which several hundred persons were assembled, who greeted the exiles with hearty cheers. O'Donovan Rossa and his companions were met by Col. Timothy Hanley, Richard McCloud, Capt. Michael O'Rourke, Major Downey of Washington, and Major Millen, and escorted to the parlor of the hotel. Approaching O'Donovan Rossa, Mr. McCloud, Central Treasurer of the United Irishmen, handed him $1,000 in greenbacks, with the following

ADDRESS:

GENTS: The Directors of the United Irishmen, desirous of showing their appreciation of your labors and sufferings on behalf of Ireland, hereby present to you one thousand dollars as their mite. This, coming as it does from an organization composed mostly of your personal friends who are not much worldly goods, will, we believe, be as duly appreciated by you as the more sufficient sum about to be presented to you by some of the wealthy gentlemen of this Metropolis. We heartily concur in the sentiments of the address presented to you by the sections of the district of New York, and hoping that that good God who has preserved you for the past few years may preserve and protect you for many years to come, to enable you to enjoy your native land, not as pardoned exiles, but as free citizens of an Irish nation.

Hon. J. W. FITZGERALD,
Cincinnati, Ohio, Chairman.
RICHARD MCCLOUD, New York City,
Central Treasurer.
W. J. NICHOLSON, Troy, N. Y., Secretary.
JOHN BRENNAN, Philadelphia, Penn.
FRANCIS ARNEW, Chicago, Ill.
MICHAEL ROLAND, Louisville, Ky.
PATRICK WALSH, Cleveland, Ohio.

THE REPLY.

O'Donovan Rossa expressed his sincere thanks for the hearty welcome and kind reception, and thought he might speak for his fellow-countrymen. He said that he strongly objected to any public demonstration until the arrival of the remainder of the prisoners, who had taken passage on the steamers Russia and Batavia.

At the close of O'Donovan's remarks, Col. Hawley presented him and his compatriots with a copy of the printed address of welcome of the Irishmen of New York.

During the presentation the crowd on Chatham and Duane streets had increased to about 3,000, and in response to oft-repeated calls, O'Donovan and his companions presented themselves at the parlor windows, and were greeted with deafening cheers. Bowing an acknowledgment to this hearty greeting, they retired. O'Donovan declines at present to make any public speeches. He sent special messages to P. J. Meehan, Michael Scanlan, and other friends.

THE LEVEE.

During the afternoon the Fenians held a levee, and received a number of their particular friends. The exiles are all in good health, except John Devoy, whose eyes are so affected by his confinement as to be hardly able to read print. O'Donovan and his party were released from Chatham prison. Halpine was confined in the same prison, but refused to accept the terms of liberation, desiring to remain in the country and prosecute the witnesses who had appeared against him for perjury.

Deep-seated Feeling of the Irish Masses against the Administration.

At a meeting of the St. Patrick's Mutual Benevolent Society last night the subjoined resolutions were passed:

Whereas, The efforts of the friends and sympathizers with the exiled patriots of our native land have been frustrated by unwarranted interference on the part of certain persons acting without authority from any Irish organizations, thereby preventing the expression of the feelings of adopted citizens, and of the friends of Irish freedom, intended to be conveyed through a grand demonstration in the city of New York; therefore,

Resolved, That the parties by whose interference the arrangements for their reception were frustrated are deserving of the reprobation and condemnation of every true Irishman.

Resolved, That, as the evidence points to Thomas Murphy, and others acting with him, as the primary and sole cause of the disorders which occurred on board the steamer Cuba, we hold him up to the censure and condemnation of all the friends of our gallant compatriots.

Resolved, That to this unfortunate occurrence we are indebted for the postponement of its public demonstration, wherewith the great city of New York intended to honor their arrival.

Resolved, That we particularly and emphatically condemn the insults and disgraceful conduct to which Mr John Mitchel and Hon. Richard O'Gorman, representing the exiles of 1848, were subjected by the gang of Federal officials and instruments under the direction and control of Thomas Murphy.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to every Irish patriotic society in the city, so that they may join with us in this expression of just indignation.

Similar resolutions were passed at Hibernia Hall in Prince street, and by a dozen other Irish societies in this city.

Why Burke did not Come in the Cuba.

From the London Times, Jan. 6.

The friends of the Fenian convict Col. Richard Burke, who has been for some time past confined in the Broadmoor Asylum as an insane convict, have lately applied to the Home Office for his release under the Queen's amnesty, the application being made through the solicitor who defended him. The answer from the Home Office in reply, after reminding his friends that the Fenian prisoners were pardoned on "certain conditions," goes on to say: "The state of mind of Ricard Burke is reported to the Secretary of State to be at the present time such as to render him incapable of such acceptance and performance of the conditions. The conditional pardon, therefore, cannot be granted to Ricard Burke. The mode of dealing with the case is under the consideration of the Government, and is not yet decided." The letter is signed by Mr. Bruce's secretary, Mr. Liddell.