SUPPLEMENT TO THE HERALD.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1865.

mensions. The Colonel is now some forty years of age, tall and still handsome, though angular, hollow-eyed, pale and much wasted with excessive vigils and labors. He has thick, brown curly hair, already growing slightly gray and worn rather long; dark gray eyes, a Grecian nose and square forehead, prominent cheek bones, a square strong chin, and a straight firm mouth almost hidden under the heavy brown mustache. Altogether no figure can be conceived giving more evidence of long protracted and severe mental labors and anxieties—the framework of his figure still showing that he was once a physical athlete of immense activity and power, while the pale cheeks and diminished tissues now speak of youth and health largely sacrificed to the cause he is serving.

Perhaps no better or more vivid picture of the intense personal devotion which O'Mahony has had the genius to excite in his clansmen of the Fenian Order can be given than by quoting the following lyric—intensely Irish both in its construction, spirit and the scenery it describes—which is widely sung in the innermost Fenian circles, and commonly attributed to the pen of an Irish private soldier formerly serving in the Forty-seventh regiment New York Volunteers, with the Tenth Army corps—the minstrel's name, if I happened to catch it rightly, being something like either Michael or Miles O'Reilly, or O'Ryan—we could not be certain which. For the benefit of non-Irish readers we may here remark that, in the name "O'Mahony," the accent is laid heavily on the syllable "Ma;" and that the word "Comeragh" is pronounced as if spelled "Ko-me-rah"—being the name of a lofty and wild mountain range in Tipperary. With this preface we now subjoin the song, the author calling it:—

O'MAHONY OF THE COMERAGHS.

AN IMITATION OF THE ANCIENT IRISH FROM THE WORKS OF THE FOUR MASTERS.

Give me your hand, O'Mahony,
Come to my heart, O'Mahony,
Friend of my soul, O'Mahony—
Chief of the Comeraghs!
Great have your toils been, O'Mahony,
Long has your watch been, O'Mahony,
Soon we will rest, O'Mahony—
Rest on the Comeraghs!

Let the dogs bark, O'Mahony,
Snarl at your heels, O'Mahony,
Snarling and barking, O'Mahony—
Chief of the Comeraghs!
This they can prove, O'Mahony,
All they can prove, O'Mahony—
They are not fit peers for O'Mahony,
Chief of the Comeraghs!

Black are the mountains, O'Mahony,
Swift are the streams, O'Mahony,
Fruitful and green are the valleys,
Far hid in the hushed Comeraghs;
Gray are the rocks, O'Mahony,
Golden the furzes, O'Mahony,
And purple and drooping the heather bells,
Clothing the Comeraghs.

Wildly the eagles, O'Mahony,
Scream o'er the peaks, O'Mahony,
Where the soft clouds of the morning
Stoop to the Comeraghs;
There we will rest, O'Mahony,
Rest on some ledge, O'Mahony,
Looking far down, O'Mahony,
Down from the Comeraghs.

Thousands of smoke wreaths, O'Mahony,
Curling up bluely, O'Mahony,
From the thatched roofs beneath us,
Couched in the Comeraghs.
These we will waken, O'Mahony,
Waken with bugles, O'Mahony,
When our old banner goes homeward,
And visits the Comeraghs!

High on that ledge, O'Mahony,
Soon the green banner, O'Mahony,
"Sunburst and Harp" far flashing,
We'll give to the Comeraghs;
While thick through the valleys, O'Mahony,
Swarm all the true men, O'Mahony,
Shouting and pushing to join us,
High up on the steep Comeraghs!

Oh, by the God of all battles!
Oh, by the great God of battles!
The spirits of Hugh and Tyrconnell,
Will smile on the Comeraghs!
By the ghosts of Kildare and of Lucan,
By the blood of O'Neil and Lord Edward,
By Emmet and Tone, our lost leaders,
We'll meet on the Comeraghs!

And then like a torrent, O'Mahony,
Bursting down headlong, O'Mahony,
With fair Tipperary before us,
Behind us the grim Comeraghs—
Our land shall be free, O'Mahony,
Free as the eagles, O'Mahony, free
Sweeping and screaming in circles,
Round the peaks of the great Comeraghs!

O'MAHONY AND STEPHENS STUDYING REVOLUTION IN PARIS—EACH TAKES HIS PART OF THE LABOR AND THEY SEPARATE—THE FENIANS ALREADY HALF ACKNOWLEDGED BY OUR GOVERNMENT.

Between O'Mahony and Stephens the relationship is not more close or confidential officially than it was from their earliest boyhood, socially and intellectually. Both were the friends and pupils of poor Michael Doheny—Stephens, however, being much the younger. Both were involved in the abortive insurrection of 1848, and both were distinguished for actually doing something successful therein, with the small means placed at their command. Both escaped to France in fishing smacks from the west coast of Ireland when all was lost; and both resided together in Paris in the one set of chambers for five years, sharing their pipes and studies together, sharing work and idleness—plenty and privations together; and continually aiming all their inquiries and studies in one direction—how to organize revolution in a country dominated by a hostile garrison and plague ridden by the spies of the police. They associated or corresponded during these five years with all the revolutionists of Europe; their researches were into the history of the Carbonari and all other secret popular conspiracies. It was their aim to devise a system that should be spy-proof and yet simple; powerful over the wills and consciences of its supporters, and yet presenting as little evidence as possible against any of its confessors, in case a traitor or "Jimmy O'Brien" should steal a march within their camp. At perfecting this plan they labored zealously and unremittingly during their whole period of exile in Paris; and it was not until its completion, and the assignment to each of his share in the work, that Stephens and O'Mahony shook hands and parted—the former returning to Ireland, there to perform his share of the allotted plan; while the latter came to the United States and at once commenced, with Colonel Doheny, Colonel Michael Corcoran and two other friends, the inauguration of an American branch to the movement for Irish liberty—this branch being at first called the Emmet Monument Association, which title, as the thing grew larger, was changed to the Fenian Brotherhood. The Fenians, we may here say, were the ancient militia of Ireland in its days of early pride and independence—a body of athletes of whom the severest physical tests of activity, bodily strength and courage were required before they could gain acceptance as recognized warriors or brothers of the Fenian Order. How the seed thus sown by these two individuals, O'Mahony and Stephens, has since grown and prospered, until to-day its spreading branches almost overshadow the immense but poorly-bolstered fabric of the British empire, we need not stop at present to describe. Certain it is that the two young dreamers and students of revolution in Paris learned their lesson well and even improved on all former masters. Already without a blow struck, the greatness of their enterprise and the developments of its material and numerical power, form a terror to the government of the British empire; and while thousands and hundreds of thousands, perhaps, of our American fellow citizens think it a mere affair of words and moonshine, "signifying nothing," the English authorities, better informed by their spies, labor under no such delusion. They know well enough that but for the embarrassments entailed on the American Fenian Executive by the action of the "malcontents" of the old Central Council in calling together the Fenian Congress which met in Philadelphia last October, and the present action of the same "malcontents" (who in that Congress procured themselves by a trick to be dubbed "senators"), blows would have been already struck which would have placed the Irish in the attitude of "belligerents" against England, and entitled to all the rights accorded by Great Britain to the Southern States during the early days of the late rebellion. Fenianism would ere this have had (we do not say where—whether on this side of the Atlantic or the other) a flag and an army in the field, a port of entry and a navy of privateers and armed vessels, a recognized seat of government and ministers accepted at Washington and Paris as the representatives of a *de facto* belligerent nationality. In making this assertion we speak with full information, and on points we are thoroughly conversant with; and let those who would question what we say, ask themselves how and why President Andrew Johnson came to receive in their official capacity a deputation or special committee from the late Fenian Congress held in Philadelphia; and how and why he came to liberate John Mitchel from Fortress Monroe, on the statement of the Fenian Executive and administration that the diplomatic services of Mr. Mitchel were required by them at Paris, with whose Emperor he has been and is familiarly acquainted, and where he is close enough to Ireland to exercise an almost immediate supervision over the fresh developments of the Brotherhood in that struggling and soon-to-be liberated island?

HOW THE FENIANS IN IRELAND REGARD THE "MALCONTENT SENATORS"—THE VIEWS OF CHIEF EXECUTIVE STEPHENS.

What the course of Chief Executive Stephens and the Irish Republican Brotherhood will be in regard to the domestic insurrection of the "malcontent Senators" against the regular government of the Brotherhood on this side of the Atlantic, we have said enough to indicate; but not one-tenth so much as the recent despatches which we have seen would authorize us in saying. There may be shufflers, or self-seekers, or "sore-heads" here, intent only on using the Brotherhood as a means of personal aggrandizement, or intent on having revenge at any cost should the claims of their false self-importance be ignored; but none of such classes can receive sympathy or support from the brethren in Ireland, who struggle in very deadly earnest, and with ropes around their necks, for the liberation of their country and the humiliation of British power and the British flag wherever found. All Ireland looks to O'Mahony as the central figure and one competent leader of the support that is to be given by the Irishmen of North America to the common object of abating English power; and while we here may know that the "malcontent Senators" are probably only actuated by pique at information or power withheld, or from a desire to avoid pecuniary or other investigations that have been legitimately called for by the regular government of the Brotherhood, it seems to the more passionate and more earnest "men in the gap," who strain their eyes to us from afar that these "malcontents" can only be acting in the direct interest of England, and with a view to break up the Brotherhood—a feat for which England would doubtless be glad to pay to-day not less than a million pounds sterling, if no less sum would do it. To the men in Ireland—the men who have their lives and liberties, and all they possess or that makes life dear, at stake in this cause—no question of detail or petty grievance can seem admissible as a justification for such an outbreak as they now see raging in the Fenian ranks. "Who began it?" is their cry; not "Who is right—who wrong?" The men who began the quarrel they regard as traitors in the pay of England, for to no motive of less cogency could they attribute action so fatal to every object and interest of the Fenian and Irish cause. "Who threw the first stone in the affray?" will be the only demand of the Irish Republican Brothers before proceeding to condemnation; and we already have seen enough of written and other evidence to convince us that Chief Executive James Stephens will reply:—"It was not President O'Mahony, either directly or indirectly. He bore everything in silence for the sake of the cause; but the quarrel has been forced, not only upon him but upon the public press of the United States and elsewhere, by the action of a few new recruits, defaulting officers, and demagogues as brainless and noisy as they are false and worthless, who acquired the title of 'Senators' through a trick, and actually by trading on O'Mahony's popularity at the late Philadelphia Congress; and who now have set before themselves, for various selfish reasons of aggrandizement or escape from just responsibility, the task of overthrowing the present organization of the Brotherhood, preaching a new faith in its place, and themselves seizing all the pecuniary and other reins of control in the new movement." That Stephens will say all this in substance—has already said it in substance—we have proof beyond question, as also that he will say, and has already said, much more than we care to repeat (believing him in error), specially denouncing one of the most active of the "malcontent Senators" as a traitor who has already betrayed the secrets of the Order to the British government, thereby directly causing the late arrest of Mr. Stephens himself, and placing all the interests of the I. R. B. in jeopardy, so far as his power extended. That such is the view Mr. Stephens takes of the case we know; and that such must be the view of all the Irish brethren, who, in affairs of such a kind, can only see through his eyes. But the view is a wrong one, we hold, and therefore do not give it any further publicity—the gentleman it accuses being well known to us and sincerely respected; and our estimate of him being that he may have committed, and doubtless has committed, many bad mistakes of pique, anger and lack of judgment, but that he is just as incapable of "selling the pass" as either Stephens or O'Mahony themselves, and that he is as true and warm a patriot as breathes, although in his present course of rebellion against the regular government of the Order very grossly mistaken, in our judgment.

TRUE MOTIVES OF THE PRESENT FENIAN FRACAS—THE DISTURBERS MAY BE HALF TRAITORS, BUT ARE WHOLE FOOLS.

Is it not a rule accepted by the common sense and political experience of all Americans, that quarrels of organization shall be fought out, so long as any liberty of discussion and action shall be left, within the organization in which they started? And should not this more especially be the case in a vast secret conspiracy, which, though perfectly legitimate and peaceful here, has the lives and liberties of many thousands of true men depending on its successful execution in Ireland? Do not the men who rush into violent measures of subversion in such a movement, dragging all the dirty linen they can find in the Brotherhood out of its proper hucking basket, and insisting that it shall be washed in public by their own not over clean hands—do not these men by such a course give incontestible evidence that, if [illegible] pay of the British government, they richly [illegible] or; and that they are ready to sacrifice every interest of the cause they profess to have at heart to their own most miserable vanities, jealousies, and sick wishes—the ambition of some demagogues to obtain personal prominence at no matter what cost, or the skulking desire of some dishonest, ignorant and craven defaulter to escape the scrutiny of honest and intelligent officials? Such are the motives truly at bottom of this Fenian revolt, and not—we as yet trust and believe—the direct and British paid treachery which a large majority of the leading I. R. B. find themselves compelled to see or to suspect in it.

PERSONNEL OF THE "MALCONTENT SENATORS" AND THEIR PRIVATE CAUSES OF GRIEVANCE—LET THE TRUTH BE TOLD IF THE SKY FALLS.

The quarrel confessedly originating on the side of the "malcontent Senators," and the first stone—the first dozen stones—having been thrown by their hands, it is next look at how, and with what weapons, they are fighting it. Even supposing their object to have been a pure and creditable one, and the quarrel necessary, are they conducting their side of the controversy in the manner calculated to do least or most injury to the future of the Brotherhood, and the hopes of their brethren in Ireland? To this we shall reply by proving that their weapons are poisoned arrows, shot in the dark, and that in their mad rage against the elected President of their Order, whom they find themselves unable to injure, their blows are now directed against the Brotherhood itself in an effort to ruin what they cannot rule, and to "smash" that power of far-seeing integrity and resolute prudence which they cannot bend to their will nor make subservient to their selfish schemes. They attack the regular government of the Brotherwood with bitter ridicule for its titles of "President," "Secretary of the Treasury," "Secretary of War," and so forth; as also for having its "headquarters in a palace on Union square." Let us see just how honest in the mouths of these "malcontent Senators" are the charges so made. All the titles created were forced upon the reluctant and protesting acceptance of Colonel O'Mahony at the Philadelphia Congress, under a constitution which a majority of these "malcontents," forming the old "Central Council," had specially prepared for their own benefit and that of their accomplices. O'Mahony was, as he has always been, beat on work, not show; and was well enough content with his title of "Head Centre," and a suite of small but sufficient offices on the top floors of a building in Duane street. It was Mr. Roberts, then a member of the Central Council, who wished the title of President for himself, and the constitution was so framed for his benefit that when O'Mahony should resign (as the malcontents expected and have since labored to drive him to do) Mr. Roberts should inherit both his position and the coveted title. All that part of the constitution relative to the "Secretary of the Treasury" was written by Mr. P. W. Dunn, a distiller, of Peoria, Ill., who arranged the terms of the office to suit his own views when he should fill it; and one of the grounds of quarrel on the part of the Senate is, that Colonel O'Mahony has persistently refused to place this person (who owes vast sums to the United States government) in control of the finances of the Brotherhood. So, too, the office of "Secretary of War" was prepared for the special comfort and to gratify the political and all other ambitions of a Mr. Michael Scanlan, who is a candy maker of Chicago; and it is with such men, together with one Gibbons, an old ward politician of Philadelphia, Fitzgerald, a green grocer, and ditto, ditto, of Cincinnati, and one O'Rourke, a simple and uneducated engineer in the *Tribune* office, and so forth, that this revolt of the "malcontent Senators" has originated. O'Rourke was treasurer under the old Central Council, and is in arms because he either cannot or will not account for several hundred thousand dollars intrusted to his care, and which he claims to have lodged with a member of the Tribune Association. Roberts was pressed on O'Mahony for Secretary of the Treasury, and wanted to issue notes and bonds without numbering them or any other system of check. Mr. Patrick J. Meehan, of the *Irish American*—the ablest man of the crowd, and the only one for whom we feel any respect, and our respect for him is sincere, though believing him to be mistaken—deserted, it is said, to have been made the agent of the Irish republic in America; while that Mr. E. L. Carey had some other object to gratify—though we forget precisely what it was—we are well assured. Mr. Roberts has belonged to the Order about nine months, and yet now is the bogus "President" set up by the malcontents against O'Mahony. "Senator" Carey has belonged to the Order some two or three months—not more, so far as we can learn. "Senator" Meehan joined the Brotherhood last February; and yet these are the men at whose bidding "the Irish at home and abroad" are requested—nay, imperatively ordered—to discard the trusted guidance and tried and unblemished faith of John O'Mahony of the Comeraghs, one of the two men who—James Stephens being the other—first set this snowball of hate to England rolling, and sped it forth until now it has become an avalanche of revolution, plunging and crushing forward on its resistless way.

THE "PALACE HEADQUARTERS" ON UNION SQUARE—A TRUE HISTORY OF THE MATTER—SOME WORDS ABOUT MR. KILLIAN—WHO HE IS AND WHAT.

As to the "palace" hired for headquarters in Union square and its having been taken for eighteen months, the answer is yet more crushing, if that were possible. These "malcontent Senators" protested against and ridiculed O'Mahony's humble but sufficient offices in Duane street. It was they, with Mr. Roberts and General Sweeny at their head, who first discovered the Moffat Mansion and pressed its availability on his attention, urging that its location was central, its rent cheaper than equal accommodations could anywhere else be had for, and that, as the proprietors did not want to lease it for a year, he should secure it for three years if that were necessary to his securing it. Thus pressed, Mr. Killian, on Col. O'Mahony's behalf, hired the present headquarters for eighteen months—just half the time that Mr. Roberts, General Sweeny and others of the "malcontents" were willing it should be engaged for; and as we have here mentioned Mr. Killian's name, and as he has been assailed by the "Senators" and their tools, a few words in regard to him (as he now holds the office of "Secretary of the Treasury") prepared by and for Mr. Dunn, of Peoria, may not be out of place. Mr. Killian is a remarkably fine specimen of physical and intellectual manhood, standing over six feet in height and powerful as the Farnese Hercules. He came to this country when twelve years of age, was highly and thoroughly educated in Central New York, has held the office of Deputy Comptroller of St. Louis, Mo., under three administrations, was Chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee of that State, and was several times made candidate for Congress by the wealth, intelligence and loyalty of the democrats of that city. Far from being a rebel and late member of General Sterling Price's staff, as charged by the "Senators," his only service during the war was under the loyal Governor Gamble; and instead of being the "adventurer" the malcontents and their scribes would make him out to be, he is, beyond any doubt, a gentleman of large education and very comprehensive views, and we have heard nothing in the details of his personal antecedents that should in any manner injure him. That when he was a mere lad he was associated with Thomas Darcy Magee is an absurd charge, unless it can be proved that he now sympathizes with Magee's recreancy. Mitchel, Meagher and O'Gorman were all Magee's associates previous to 1848, and yet no suspicion rests on them of holding sympathy with that maligner and recreant to-day.

THE FENIAN MOVEMENT AN AMERICAN ONE ESSENTIALLY—IT STRIKES ENGLAND WITHOUT COST TO OUR GOVERNMENT—WE MUST HAVE THE ST. LAWRENCE FROM THE LAKES TO THE SEA—WE NEED AND WILL WELCOME THE CANADIAN REPUBLICS.

In conclusion we would ask, has not the Fenian Brotherhood claims on the policy and sympathies of the American people, wholly apart from any sympathy with Ireland? In what manner, at once so efficacious and absolutely inexpensive to the American government, can England be brought to recognize the cruel and bloody villany of her course in fitting out "Alabamas" and "Shenandoahs" to prey upon our commerce during the late war, as by allowing the Fenians, whenever they shall have an army in the field and a port under their control, to do likewise? Can England object to their pouring arms and all the munitions of war into Ireland from this country while the history of the Southern blockade runners is yet scarcely dry on the ledgers of her merchants? And if a majority of the people of Ireland, or a majority of the people, Irish and French, of Lower Canada, or a majority of the people of Australia should suddenly rise up in an effort to throw off the British yoke, hoist a flag, launch or purchase ships-of-war, place an army in the field, issue bonds and declare the rule of England in that particular part of the earth dead and done with forever—who believes that either President Johnson or any of his Cabinet, or Louis Napoleon or any of his ministers, would grieve about the matter very deeply? Who but knows that the whole American people would shout "Well done!" from the very bottom of their hearts? Every nation, and more especially every nation after a civil war, must have a foreign policy as a safety valve for domestic feud and inflammatory recollections. All our traditions are friendly with France; she is no rival to our commerce; she is a large consumer of our goods; our people bear her no ill will, but distinctly the reverse; and the only false step she has ever taken, making an embroilment with us possible—that of the Mexican protectorate—is one she is now retracing as rapidly as pride and prudence will permit. With England all these conditions are reversed. She is our enemy by tradition and repeated acts of aggression; she is the rival of our commerce; she fanned abolition in the North before the war, only to aid slavery and rebellion at the South in breaking up the Union while the war was in progress; she launched pirates against our peaceful marine; poured arms and munitions for our destruction into Confederate ports; filled the rebel Treasury by her negotiations of the Cotton Loan; is a rival power close pressing on our northern frontier, and debarring us from the free navigation of the St. Lawrence to the lakes; all Irishmen execrate her flag; all Americans detest her hypocrisy; France would accept the capture of the Canadas on the north as an equivalent benefit for her retirement from Mexico on the south; there are but seven thousand five hundred British soldiers to-day in Canada, and more than one third of these were enrolled and sworn Fenians when we had last advices; the moment a lodgment is made and the flag raised, all the Irish Fenians and French Canadians will rally to the standard; and in less time than Secretary Seward first promised the late rebellion should be crushed, the new States of Canada and New Brunswick, with green and tri-color banners intertwined, will be knocking at the doors of our Congress for admission into the federal Union. "Goodby, Mr. Stanton," said a gentleman to the Secretary of War. "Goodby, I may not see you again." "Why not," asked the Secretary; "are you not coming back to Washington?" "Oh, you know, sir," was the reply, half laughing and half serious, "that I am Adjutant General of the great Fenian army, and can't say what hour we may sail for Ireland." "Then let me see you, my friend, before you go," said the Secretary, with a pleasant smile; "I'll fill your canteen and your cartridge-box, and give you the prettiest pair of silver-mounted pistols in the country." "Many thanks, Mr. Stanton, for your kindness," said the young Fenian about retiring; "but if you could only persuade Uncle Gideon Welles to lend or sell us a few iron-clads just to keep a port open for landing arms and bringing in prizes, that would be all we want." "Now, seriously," said the Secretary of War, his face and voice at once becoming grave, "until you are 'belligerents,' in the British sense of the term, we can do absolutely nothing for you here. The moment your people are 'belligerents,' however, either send to me, or come to me, and I shall have much to suggest and offer. England has taught us a lesson in regard to 'belligerent rights' which we have learned at a bitter cost and mean to profit by. We shall be as strictly neutral in your fight as she was, and perhaps a little more 'neutral,' it may be. Therefore, don't forget, sir," he added, bowing his visitor down the steps and rubbing his hands gently together, as if he enjoyed the idea greatly—"don't forget to tell your friends that while we official people here don't want them to become 'belligerents' against Great Britain, we can't give them any material help or recognition until they are." And with these wise and kindly words of our Secretary of War let this long chapter—only commencing to open up a true view of the Fenian movement and its importance—be now brought to a welcome close, winding up with the following stanza from the Charter Song of the Order:—

Oh, let us pray to God, boys,
To grant the day, to grant the day,
We may press our native sod, boys,
In linked array, in linked array!
Let them give us arms and ships, boys,
We ask no more, we ask no more,
And Ireland's long eclipse, boys,
Will soon be o'er, will soon be o'er!

"ERIN GO BRAGH" IN 1865.

Ireland's Condition in Another Point of View.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD.

SUNDAY, Dec. 17, 1865.

SIR:—Having read the statement of your Dublin correspondent in this day's paper I have been so much struck by what I know to be misstatements in it that I cannot refrain from writing to you on the subject. I know that there are many things that are not as I would wish to see them in poor Ireland, but I regret to say that I believe the greater part of them are caused by the people themselves, and not by the English government.

Your correspondent says the tradesmen of Dublin are, as a class, very poor, and that handicraft callings seem to be fast dying out; and he further states that the wages of a Dublin mechanic average about eighteen shillings per week. Now, sir, what are the facts in reference to the tradesmen of Dublin? A carpenter earns from twenty-six shillings to two pounds per week, a bricklayer twenty-eight shillings, a painter twenty-five shillings, a watchmaker from twenty-five shillings to seventy shillings, a smith from thirty shillings to two pounds ten shillings, a tabinet weaver from two pounds to three pounds per week; and a good workman at any trade can keep himself and family (if sober) in respectability and comfort, and put some money in the savings bank; and your correspondent, if he had been in Dublin at the time of the inauguration of the O'Connell monument last year, would have seen the respectable and intelligent tradesmen of Dublin turning out in thousands—a credit to any country by their appearance—and he would have found that the bank clerks and government officials were not the only well dressed persons in the country. He further states that the Dublin tradesmen have to live in rooms (how many tradesmen in New York have rooms of their own to live in?); but he would further lead you to infer that their wives have to keep pigs in them. I defy him to give an instance of any tradesmen's wives having to keep pigs in their rooms and yards for the support of themselves or families in Dublin. No, sir, it is only the old insult of "Paddy and the pig." He tells you that the Dublin tradesmen cannot burn coal during the winter; that they have to burn "peat fuel." How neat in his language your correspondent has gotten after sixteen years' residence in America; he could not call it turf. Every Irishman knows it by that name, and also knows that, though it can be bought for sixteen sods a penny, it is not as cheap to burn as English coal, which can be bought at sixteen shillings a ton, one ton of which will keep a good fire in a room for a week. With regard to the printers of Dublin, I know that his statement is not correct, as I have been well acquainted with many of them, and know from experience that they could not keep their families in the respectable way they do on the pittance mentioned by him; and as a body they are second to none in intelligence and respectability.

He says that the effect of the bad diet enfeebles the Dublin tradesmen and families so much that they are almost all suffering from diseases. Sir, from some years' experience as an unpaid Poor law guardian, I am enabled to say that your correspondent is wrong. Rarely will you find a tradesman in the poorhouse who has not been brought so by his own misconduct; and no tradesman need be for one hour without the best medical advice and medicine that can be found in any city. He has only to apply to the Dispensary at all times for it, day and night, and it must be given if required, free of charge; and there are also hundreds of first class medical men who, without fee or reward, see patients at their own houses every morning, and give them advice and assistance if required. He next has a fling at the Dublin carmen, and he tells you they have to work hard (I would like to know what tradesman or cartman in New York has not to work hard); but, sir, I have known many of those men to earn from six shillings to thirty shillings a day; and, taking a shilling as thirty cents, as stated by your correspondent, this comes to a good sum in the day for men who are badly off. He would also have you suppose that the only manufacturing establishment in Dublin is one by some enterprising Quakers, which is Messrs. Pim & Co.'s, and is larger than any house in New York, having over three hundred persons living in it; but he should have told you there are numbers of others, with hundreds of workmen and women in constant employment. I will name some for his information, via:—Messrs. Fry & Co., Westmoreland street and Keven street; Alderman Atkinson, College Green; Dunne & Co., College Green; Todd, Brown & Co., Henry street; Messrs. Sir John Arnott & White, Mary street; Messrs. Martin & Co., North Wall; Messrs. Goodbeean & Co., North Wall, &c., all having establishments surpassed by none in this city.

He also tells you that very little building has been undertaken of late years, and that a house you could get for thirty pounds you must now pay seventy pounds for. Now, sir, what is the fact? That thousands of houses have been built within the last few years in and about the city of Dublin. Whole townships have grown up where there were formerly only a few cottages—in Black Rock, Rathmines, Rathgar, Sandymount, Monkstown, Stillorgan townships; and the city has changed its appearance for the better so much within the past sixteen months that you would almost think you had got into another place. Whole streets have almost been rebuilt, and where formerly you saw miserable little shops you will now see magnificent buildings. Take, for instance, Grafton street—every house in it has been almost rebuilt, and splendid plate glass fronts put in the shops; Nassau street ditto; Sackville street, Second, Dame street, College Green and Westmoreland street have almost all changed their appearances within the last few years, and every house is found well filled with all the elegances in their several ways that money can purchase and nature desire, and yet your correspondent would have you believe that everything in it is wretched and miserable. But no doubt rent in this part is high, but it is situated like your Broadway, in the best part of the city, but in the outlets and other parts rents are not one shilling higher. But the taxes are not taxes put on by English misrule, but by the Irish corporations to pay their officials and for the improvement of the city.

But, sir, your correspondent seems to gloat over the possibility of the Irish Protestant church being further despoiled of its property. I do not believe (if it was possible to do it) that it would be as popular as he seems to think. Hundreds of the poor Roman Catholics of my native land know well that it was his Protestant Reverence that stood by them during the years of famine and disease—the donor of the food and comforts supplied to them from his slender means; and often when advice and assistance was wanted it was to him they came, and it has been found at his house. And I believe, if not worried and harassed by interested agitators and others who make a livelihood out of creating imaginary grievances, they would be a happy, contented and industrious people. I am, sir, your obedient servant, A DUBLIN TRADESMAN.

The Wolfe Tone Circle, of Hudson City.

SATURDAY, Dec. 16, 1865.

At a regular meeting of the Wolfe Tone Circle, of Hudson City, N. J., held in Mr. Leighty's Hall, Beacon avenue, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, That we recognize in John O'Mahony the only legal President of the Fenian Brotherhood, and the proper person to superintend the finances of of our body.

Resolved, That our fullest confidence is approved in the integrity and honor of B. Doran Killian, as the Secretary of the Treasury and Senator of the Fenian Brotherhood.

Resolved, That we hail the liberation of James Stephens as a glorious forwarner of success of our Brotherhood, in spite of knavery and falsehood.

Resolved, That we will renew our efforts to obtain a glorious victory for Ireland under the gallant O'Mahony; and we call upon our brothers everywhere to do the same.

Signed on behalf of the circle. P. LONG, Centre.
P. HARRINGTON, Centre elect, 1866.

A New England Voice for the Senate.

DANBURY, Conn., Dec. 16, 1865.

WM. R. ROBERTS, President Fenian Brotherhood:—

SIR—I see by the press that you have not got the address of all the circles of the Brotherhood, owing to the conduct of our former President, John O'Mahony, who would fain set himself up as sole dictator of the Brotherhood in defiance of the constitution which our delegates adopted at Philadelphia. At the regular weekly meeting of the Danbury Circle Fenian Brotherhood, which was held this evening, the noble stand which the Senate has taken was unanimously endorsed by every member present. Go on, then, brothers, in your present constitutional, patriotic course, and I can assure you you will have the support of every patriotic, true Irishman in the land. The following resolutions were adopted at the above meeting:—

Whereas the Senate of the Fenian Brotherhood have by their authority impeached John O'Mahony, late President of the F. B., and having notified him of such impeachment, and he failing to appear and defend himself, and whereas the said John O'Mahony refuses to recognize the authority of the Senate which was elected by the Brotherhood for the purpose of protecting their interests, therefore be it

Resolved, That we denounce the conduct of the said John O'Mahony as injurious to the best interests of the cause.

Resolved, That in the men who constitute the Senate we place full confidence, and call upon all true Fenians to sustain them.

Resolved, That we tender our sincere thanks to the Senate and our newly elected President, William Roberts, for their prompt and manly action in displacing those who would dare arrogate to themselves power not duly conferred on them.

TIMOTHY HIGGINS, Centre.
ROBERT MULLEN, Secretary.

VIRGINIA.

Intriguing for the United States Senatorship—R. M. T. Hunter and Other Rebel Virginians Talked of for the Senatorship, &c.

OUR RICHMOND CORRESPONDENCE.

RICHMOND, Va., Dec. 18, 1865.

INSIDE VIEWS OF THE PROBABLE VIRGINIA SENATORIAL CONTEST.

There is a decidedly strong feeling among the pure Virginians in the Legislature of this State in favor of going into a new election of United States Senators, and there is not the slightest doubt that a majority of both houses would openly pursue this course could they see their way clear at Washington. The great and only effort now is to study moral effect in the legislation—*id est*, to do as much Confederate legislation as possible without incurring the direct or implied censure of the President and Congress.

THE VARIOUS CANDIDATES.

All the factions have each a full set of candidates representing the various shades of loyal and Confederate opinion, and their respective merits have warm and earnest canvassers in the two halls, the hotels and the less visible arena, the party caucus. All that prevents an attempted election is, as intimated, the mortal fear of the national authorities.

THE CONFEDERATE CANDIDATES.

In the event of an election it is certainly beyond a contingency that John Randolph Tucker, late Confederate Attorney General of Virginia, under Governor Extra Billy Smith, and Robert M. T. Hunter, of Essex, both representing that phase of Virginia politics—the prevailing one really—that desires as little reconstruction as can possibly be got along with, would be the successful candidates. The so-called pride of the State looks forward to the successful re-elevation, sooner or later, of this class of men to the national councils, and is fully determined to be content with nothing less. About the time the probabilities of a new election were strongest a resolution was introduced inviting the President to pardon Mr. Hunter, the object being to compliment and carry out these Senatorial aspirations in his particular case. These views grow wholly out of the baleful influence of the public press of Virginia, with one apparently honorable exception. The gist of their teachings is that at all hazards Virginians must rule Virginia, and that in their own way. The future history of the State, when it shall have again won power to itself, will assuredly justify these conclusions.

THE LOYAL CANDIDATES.

Were there any hopes of the success of loyal men, in the event of an election, the trusted candidates would be Governor F. H. Pierpoint, General D. H. Strother (Porte Crayon), who suffered largely by the war, in addition to serving gallantly; John Minor Botts, and Colonel Charles H. Lewis, the present Secretary of State. Either of these gentlemen may be said to faithfully reflect the out and out Union sentiment, though in some quarters the most prominent one of them is charged with comprehensive intimacy with the most conservative faction and its representatives. The reasons for this do not affect the honesty of his loyalty, and if the stat ment be true it must be referred to the workings of his ambition, which, in aspiring to be a Senator of the United States, is really a laudable one.

OTHER CANDIDATES.

Mr. A. H. H. Stuart, formerly Secretary of the Interior in the Cabinet of President Fillmore, an old member of Congress, and recently elected to the present national House, and a bitter Virginian, who threatened in a public speech to take a seat in spite of the test oath, is a candidate, representing the old line whigs on a ticket with Hon. John B. Baldwin, now Speaker of the House of Delegates. Mr. Baldwin being a brother-in-law of Mr. Stuart, it is inferred that there are those who desire to see the day when the national Senatorship of Virginia shall be family property, and descend as political family hereditaments from sire to son, from nepos to nephew.

MR. COWPER A CANDIDATE.

Senator Cowper, of Portsmouth (L. C. P.), is likewise a candidate for the Senatorial toga, and has the earnest support, unwavering, always vigilant and heavy, of the Lieutenant Governor of the State. In any event, his chances, though a very amiable gentleman, are slim, owing to the limited character of his support.

WHO SUPPORT THE SEVERAL CANDIDATES.

The personnel of those who support the pretensions of the several candidates is suggestive proof of the character of the pretensions themselves. Mr. Muscoe Garnett, who sustains the claims of Tucker and Hunter, is a pure Virginian, uncompromising, zealous, able and active. The same may be said of his faithful counsellor and friend, Peachy R. Grattan, the leader of the House of Delegates. The views of these gentlemen are also concurred in by John T. Jewell, representing tidewater Virginia, so called, backed by the powerful outside influence of Judge Gregory, a double barrelled secessionist and nullifier of 1832, whose head is gray and body enfeebled with ponderous service in the detested cause of Calhounism.

THE PIERPONT-BOTTS CANDIDACY,

and all germane to it, is ably sustained by Senator Mercier and Franklin Stearns and Mr. Lemoey, of the House of Delegates. Senator John H. Gilmer, representing the Richmond district, is silently, though industriously and ably, supporting Governor Pierpoint.

THE SENATORS ELECT.

Messrs. Segar and Underwood do not seem to have any friends in either house, though they deserve many. The great object is to overthrow their election. It may finally be accomplished. It is asserted that at the time of their election in Alexandria a quorum of the Senate did not participate in the choice. This point is being largely ventilated.

IMPORTANT GATHERING OF THE NEGROES IN RICHMOND.

A very important meeting of the several freedmen societies of this region, quite forty in number, is to be held in this city this evening, commencing at eight o'clock, in the African church. An impressive series of resolutions will be introduced and adopted. The meeting is called in consequence of the prevailing impression among those most entitled to fear such a result, that the freedmen contemplate an insurrection about or during the approaching holidays.

The resolutions will affirm that no insurrection is contemplated, and that the societies of which the convention of to-night will be composed have existed for years for the purpose of taking care of the sick and dying, and giving Christian burial to the dead of their race. There will be at no time any armed or other revolt against the laws. These meetings were secret until the close of the late war, since when they have been openly attended, and the resolutions hold that this event has brought freedom to the African race, and ultimately rights of full citizenship, for which glorious results they thank God. The prohibition against these people of making depositions and giving evidence in courts of justice is earnestly protested against. They will stoutly denounce all attempts to defraud them of any of their rights, and compliment the Freedmen's Bureau, and complain of the tardiness of the State Legislatures to accord justice, and the disposition to enact oppressive laws against the people is strongly dealt with in the resolutions. The meeting will be both large and enthusiastic.

NEW BUILDINGS.

Fourth District Police Court House—A Fine Edifice—Its Cost, Construction and Dimensions, &c.

On Fifty-seventh street, near Third avenue, stands one of the most beautifully designed and commodious court houses and primary jails in the United States. It is the Police Court building of the Fourth district, presided over by Justices Connolly and Kelly. Situated in the upper portion of New York, it has up to the present time escaped the attention and admiration which its superior merits so well deserve. Costing but a mere fraction of the money that the City Hall edifice will cost, and of course not as showy or extensive, it is nevertheless true that it has many features of use and comfort which ex-Mayor Gunther's favorite sanctuary will not possess.

In constructing the Court House this district deemed it advantageous to pay special attention, not to mere display, but to system and convenience in the interior. To obtain precise knowledge of the most thorough modern plans and appliances, James H. Welsh, then Justice presiding, visited Europe, examining the model establishments in France, England and Ireland. His experience in the Old World dictated many features of the plan upon which the new building was constructed. The work was put into the hands of John W. Rich, the chief architect in the construction of the new Emigrant Hospital on Ward's Island, the laying of the corner stone of which last fall was the occasion for interesting proceedings, a public banquet and speeches from Thurlow Weed and other public characters.

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