

Duffy, the Last Fenian Convict.

to make the most noise attract the big-
Place a monkey show, consisting of
another monkey, a triangle and a bass
side of the market square, and place
other side, and the monkey and his
ve "a full house" while the philosopher
to empty benches. This homage to
by all nations, more or less, and we
n't offend our own people by saying
re not exempt from the general weak-

do we find men standing, in the pop-
on, on the topmost round of the ladder,
use they have some dash, and can make
the boys while they are being hoisted
macule of fame. Once on, those who
ace them there feel it their duty to pro-
om the assaults of heartless iconoclasts.
ade this man a god, and he is our god,
e must protect him from being dese-

o have taken an interest in the Fenian
n, and studied its workings, could not
e how worthless men were pushed into
men of merit were left in obscurity.

as the Brotherhood in Ireland believed
O'Mahony was the greatest revolutionist
n times, and, next to Stephens—the non-
was looked upon as the greatest man of our
n. On the other hand, the Brotherhood
ea looked upon the *great unknown*, called
ptain," as the man at whose bidding the
f Europe were to crumble before the march
lined millions, and we who found out, on
mination, that our god, Mahony, was but
f clay, into whose nostrils the Lord had
to blow the breath of rational *life*, turned
shrine in disgust to bend at another which
sted three thousand miles away.

certainly was some excuse for the men of
placing the name of the chief on their band-
d also for us in placing the name of "the
" on ours. There were two organizations
Ireland never before knew—one in Ireland,
er in America. We believed that Stephens
soul of that; they believed that O'Mahony
bright star of this. How could it be other-
No communications could be had with
of the organizations, unless through the
headed viper, John and James; and though
ated and distrusted each other, and were
y ever on speaking terms, yet, for their own
aggrandizement, they were *publicly* Broth-

men on this side who worked the organiza-
ed not be told how they had to push the
able John along, the while he hurled all
of protests against those who dragged him
his congenial black hole in Centre street out
ne sunlight, and made his little "*Molly Ma-*
conspiracy a National Brotherhood.

Ireland the same order of things was enacted,
men, the latches of whose shoes Stephens was
to tie, are comparatively unknown, while the
yed weasel who has been spitting his venom
onest men, received all the credit for the work
e by others.

he same thing may be enacted again, and flip-
flatterers, mounted on the people's (hobby)
e, Buncomb, may ride in at the lead, wearing a
n cap and feather, while the silent workers,
the deep thinkers, are forgotten in the crowd.
All these thoughts have been forced upon our
d in reading the speech of EDWARD DUFFY,
vious to sentence being pronounced.

Who is this EDWARD DUFFY? The Fenian
otherhood and the Irish people at large will
wer, EDWARD DUFFY is one of the convicts.
is a pale, consumptive young man, sentenced
fourteen years. Friends, EDWARD DUFFY did
re to organize the Fenian Brotherhood in Ire-
d in the last five years than James Stephens
ld do in fifty lifetimes. The dungeon bolts of

an Irish prison have never closed on a truer man
than this same EDWARD DUFFY. This is saying a
great deal, when we think of all the great souls
that have burst their prison bonds at the call of God
in Irish-English dungeons. There is not a county
in Ireland where this same restless, hoping spirit
has not sowed the seeds of liberty anew. Forever
on the move, regardless of consequences, he has
effected more real work than almost any single man
in Ireland. He felt that death had marked him for
an early call, and he was determined to make the
most of his years, in the work of leaving his coun-
try a nation when he should be no more. His hopes,
as he always expressed himself to his friends, were
that he would meet death half way by dying on an
Irish battle-field for liberty, instead of crawling
slowly into a consumptive grave. That his desires
have not been gratified is no fault of his.

The excitement of his late years, and his *hopes*
for Ireland have buoyed him up and kept him alive.
It was the triumph of spirit over matter, and now,
that he is

"Banished from the green hills, and the streams;
The fireside faces and the haunts of men;
To feel the breath of God upon his brow,
Or gaze upon the midnight stars no more.
Ah, God, to sit within his lampless grave,
And know the great world swings her merry gait;
And streams are laughing thro' the meadows green;
And birds are singing in the tall, green woods;
While he, whose soul is bursting with sweet songs,
Pines cheerless in his songless prison tomb!"

life will be no longer worth battling for, and the
angel of mercy will soon call at his dungeon doors
and cry "Open."

"There is a realm where souls are free,
And tyrants taint not nature's bliss;
If death the opening to that bright land be,
Why would you live enslaved in this?"

Burke is reported dying, and Duffy is expected
to die at any moment. What a strange coincidence
if two such souls should bust their bonds together.
Duffy's speech is, in many respects, superior to
Burke's; and in one respect the most valuable to
the Irish people, if they will listen to the warning
voice which he raised ere the prison doors closed
upon him forever. He has fixed the guilt of
treachery on Stephens so firmly that no power on
earth can wash him clean again. We expected
this as soon as we heard of Duffy's second arrest
and trial. We had seen a letter of his at the
Head Quarters of the Fenian Brotherhood, pre-
vious to his second arrest, wherein he accused
Stephens of complicity with the British Govern-
ment; and affirmed that he (Stephens) had
trapped all the leading men in Ireland, and had
them arrested and convicted. He also alleged that
Stephens dared not go to Ireland, for the organiza-
tion there would not suffer him to exist. This letter
could not have been published at the time as it
would involve Duffy; but now as the Government
has done its worst the parties who received this
letter should publish it.

Hear what Duffy says, you who compose the
Fenian Brotherhood, for it is to you he speaks,
and not "why sentence of death should not be
pronounced."

Edward Duffy, who appears to be in the last stage of con-
sumption, spoke with much difficulty and in such a low tone
of voice that the greater part of his observations were un-
heard. He said—The Attorney General has made a wanton
attack on me, but I leave my countrymen to judge between us.
There is no particular act of mine that I regret. I have la-
bored earnestly and sincerely in my country's cause, and I have
acted throughout from a strong sense of duty. I believe that a
man's duty to his country is part of his duty to his God, for it
is He who implants the feeling of patriotism in the human
heart. The Great Searcher of Hearts knows that I have been
actuated by no mean or paltry ambition—that I have never
sought for any selfish end. For the late outbreak I declare
that I am not responsible. I did all in my power to check it,
knowing from the present circumstances which were in exist-
ence, that it would be a failure. *It has been stated in the course
of the trial that Stephens was for peace. That is a mistake, and it
may be well that it should not be left uncontradicted. It is but too
well known in Ireland that he sent over numbers of men here to
fight, promising to be with them when the time would come. The
time did come, but not Mr. Stephens. He remained in France to
visit the Paris Exhibition. Well, it may be a very pleasant sight,
but I would not be in his place now. He is a lost man—(here the
prisoner struck the bar in front of him forcibly)—lost to honor—
lost to country.*

Yes, this is the sentence pronounced by Edward

Duffy on the worst man Ireland has produced for
three hundred years, and would be the sentence
pronounced against him by all the other *betrayed*
and *trapped* men who are pining in the dungeons.
This is the sentence pronounced on Stephens by
the man who can go to the headman with the
following immortal sentiments on his lips—

The dream of my life has been to die fighting for Ireland.
The jury have doomed me to a more hideous, and painful, but
not a less glorious death. I now bid farewell to my friends
and to all who are dear to me—(here the prisoner spoke so
feebly as to be almost inaudible.) *I am proud to be considered
worthy to suffer for my country, and when in the solitude
of my lonely cell I'll not forget Ireland, and my con-
stant prayer will be that the God of Liberty may give her
strength to shake off her chains.* (the prisoner here sat down,
evidently completely exhausted by the effort he had made.)
After a pause, looking up towards the gallery, he said—I would
not wish it to be considered that it is because of my position
here that I am so prostrated. It is because I am not able to
speak from the state of my chest.

Oh great soul, to those who have known you
there was no necessity for assuring them that,
though your frame was prostrated, your spirit
looked unawed on death.

If there is anything that can convince the world
of the justness of the cause of Ireland it is the
sublimity of such men as LUBY, KICKHAM, DUFFY,
BURKE, O'LEARY and others. The history of the
world has produced no grander characters than
those, and a cause that has produced such men
cannot fail.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

W. C., of New Orleans, on the Only
Way to Free Ireland.

NEW ORLEANS, June 1, 1867.

To the Editors of the Irish Republic:

I am happy to inform you that THE IRISH RE-
PUBLIC has given full satisfaction to all the true
Irishmen in this city who have been fortunate
enough to read it. It is truly the best Irish na-
tional paper ever published in this country, and as
its columns contain general information, I have no
doubt that, ere long, it will find its way into the
houses of all true lovers of liberty.

THE IRISH REPUBLIC will prove powerful in unit-
ing our countrymen, and there is no place in the
world where it is more needed than in the Crescent
City, for there is no other place in the world where
Irishmen feel so much disposed to injure each oth-
er, and work against each other, in every possible
manner. There are no Irish societies here, though
several attempts have been made, from time to
time, by a few patriotic young men, to organize
them. Failure was invariably the result, owing to
a lack of unity, and want of confidence in each
other. If our countrymen were only united, what
a power they would be in this country; and how
short a time it would take them to free Ireland, and
drive forever from her shores the Saxon foe, whose
tyrannical acts have crushed her children to the
earth for nearly seven hundred years.

We have a certain class of Irishmen in this coun-
try, (and not a few in New Orleans,) who, whilst
they express a desire to see their native land free,
cannot think of reading THE IRISH REPUBLIC, be-
cause it promulgates the doctrine of freedom and
equal rights to all men.

The man who works for his own salvation, and
fights to enslave his fellow man, (be he black or
white,) is not worthy of his own freedom, and
should be allowed no voice in this country, nor in
the *Irish Republic*, which President Roberts is
about to establish. There is another class of Irish-
men here, who believe in the O'Connell doctrine,
and consider the Fenians perfect fools for attempt-
ing to liberate Ireland by the sword. They say
that England is too powerful, and that all our efforts
will surely prove futile.

I have no hesitation in saying, and I say it bold-
ly, that such men are more injurious to our holy
cause, than all the British spies and red-coats that
her gracious (or graceless) Majesty could hurl
against us. They are, in fact, worse than rattle-
snakes, trying to poison our best efforts towards the