

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FAMILY NAMES.

JAMES TORPY, Montreal.—Your name is of Gaelic origin. It belonged to a subsection of the tribe called Corca Luighe, which, previous to the English invasion, possessed the west of the present county of Cork, and of which O'Driscoll, O'Leary, and O'Conor, or Coffey, were the most powerful and distinguished sept. In the *Genealogy of the Corca Luighe*, published by the Celtic Society, O'Torpa or Torpy was one of the clans or families of which O'Laeghairre, or O'Leary, was the immediate chief and head:—"Tuath Ruis i Tuath Indolach, o Loch an Bhricin go Fiaidh Ruis agus o Thraigh Long go Sidh na bh-Fear bh-Finn, O'Laeghairre a taiseach duclusa. Is iad oclaidh duclusa i O'Ruaidhri, agus O'Lonnain, agus O'Laiddh, agus O'Torpa, agus O'h-Urmoltagh, agus O'Mirin, agus O'Macdaireic, agus O'Tuairidhe, agus O'Trena, agus O'h-Uoinidhe, agus O'Ceardin." In English: The territory of Indolach extends from Loch-an-urrickeen to the Woodland of Ross, and from Traigh na Long to Shee-na-varvin (now Sheehill). O'Leary is its hereditary chieftain. These are its hereditary sub-chiefs: O'Rory (Rogers), O'Lonnain (Lennan), O'Liddy, O'Torpy, O'Tromulty (Hamilton), O'Mirreen, O'Macdaireic, O'Toorey, O'Trena, O'Hoooney (Green), O'Kerdin (Curdin). Hence it is obvious that the original habitat of the Torpies was somewhere in the neighborhood, as Roscarberry, county Cork. Several of the names mentioned in the above ancient extract are now extinct in their native district. Others have clung around it with extraordinary tenacity to the present day.

To avoid mistakes, the friends of THE PHOENIX in sending their favors to this office, will please state the Post Office, County, and State, where they wish their orders addressed.

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This journal circulates widely in the principal cities and towns of the South and West. It has devoted and intelligent correspondents in the cities and towns throughout the Union, who communicate regularly with the PHOENIX, and frequently with their fellow members of the Fenian Brotherhood throughout the United States. For these and numerous other reasons the PHOENIX possesses superior facilities for giving information to our countrymen of the various location of their relatives and friends. Advertisements of this character will appear four times in succession for one Dollar.

For any of our countrymen who may be unable to pay for such advertisements, the PHOENIX will cheerfully publish them free.

All communications on business to be addressed to Patrick J. Downing, Publisher

All letters for John O'Mahony, Director of this Journal, should henceforth be addressed, Box 5010, P. O., New York.

NOTICE TO CAPTAINS OF THE PHOENIX BRIGADE

The captains of the Phoenix Brigade in the different parts of the State, are hereby required to make weekly returns to the Head Centre, at No. 6 Centre street, New York. The members of the respective companies are also requested to call upon their captains at each meeting, for a receipt from the Head Centre, of each communication forwarded to him. In the case of replies not being received from the Head Centre in due course, he shall be communicated with by telegraph.

REMOVAL OF THE PHOENIX PUBLICATION OFFICE.

The PHOENIX Office will be located at No. 6 Centre street opposite the Superior Court, on and after the first day of May next. Our friends and correspondents will please recollect to direct their favors, in future, to that address. We wish it also to be distinctly understood and borne in mind, that any person who has been receiving the PHOENIX, shall not be served with it after the above date, unless subscribed to in advance.

MILITARY PICNIC.

The First Regiment of the Phoenix Brigade will have Picnic at Dudley's Grove on the 14th of August, when

the Regiment will be reviewed by Colonel Corcoran, and put through several field manoeuvres. Dudley's Grove is beautifully situated on the Hudson, near Hastings, and commands a fine view of some of the most magnificent scenery in the country. The splendid steamer "Hudson," and the commodious barges "Cedar Hill" and "Washington," have been chartered for the occasion; and, in short, everything has been done by the Committee of Arrangements to render the excursion one of the most agreeable of the season.

FENIAN BROTHERHOOD.

[General Order.]
The members of the Fenian Brotherhood are hereby forbidden to advise with or consult any person or persons whatever, who have not been themselves duly admitted, as Brothers upon the affairs of the aforesaid Organization.
The violation of this order subjects all parties guilty thereof to the penalty of being expelled from the Fenian Brotherhood as false and dishonored traitors.
By order of the Committee of Safety.
Dated at New York,
12th July, 1866.
P. J. DOWNING,
Provisional Secretary.

NEW YORK OSSIANIC SOCIETY.

The regular meeting of the New York Ossianic Society was held at No. 6 Centre Street, on Friday, the 20th inst. the President, Dr. O'Hanlon, in the chair. Mr. John O'Mahony was called upon to act as Secretary. Mr. O'Mahony read a communication from Mr. John O'Daly, of Dublin, calling for a complete list of the New York members up to the present date, so that their names may appear in the forthcoming volume of the Transactions of the Society. This, Mr. O'Mahony remarked, ought to be the business of the Secretary, of whose absence both he and the Society have again to complain.
The following letter was then read:—

WORCESTER, July 16, 1866.

John O'Mahony, Esq.
My dear Sir—Through the columns of the PHOENIX, I have watched the organization and progress of the Ossianic Society of your city; and indeed I meant to become a member of it ere this, but some cause or other has prevented my doing so. Yet you see I have not been idle in the cause, though you may be certain I had to talk and explain the objects of the Society over and over. It seems to me, if the patrons of the PHOENIX in the different cities would exert themselves, they would, in a great measure, tend to rescue from oblivion that which neither tyranny, oppression, nor persecution, have been able to deprive us of, and the only last lingering trace of the glory and greatness of our ancestors—the Celtic tongue and the Celtic literature; and thus practically prove to our brethren in dear old Erin, that her cause, her memories, her sorrows, and her sufferings, are not forgotten by her exiled children in this republic. There is no patriotic man in this country, however limited his means, but can afford to encourage the Society; and for the credit of our race, I hope ere another year goes by, your Society will count its members by hundreds.

Some may urge the plea of not being capable of reading the Irish; this is a very poor excuse, for no man who has any knowledge of the Irish tongue, and a moderate amount of perseverance and energy, and the means of obtaining books of instruction, through your society, can fail to learn—nay, become a proficient—by a little industry and patience.

I enclose five dollars—the subscription of the following gentlemen, who would respectfully beg of you to propose their names at the meeting of the 20th inst. as candidates for membership:—T. D. O'Sullivan, 39 Shrewsbury St.; John G. Barry, 22 Temple Street; James Daly, 68 Mechanic Street; and Richard O'Flynn, 56 Mechanic Street. They wish vol. 4 of the Ossianic Transactions to be sent to each of their respective addresses, though they cannot very well read the Irish. After I procure a copy, I may be able to get some more subscribers; at least, I shall try. If you have one, I should like to have you mail along with mine O'Daly's "Munster Poets," 2d series, and I shall remit the price. I have the 1st, and intend to procure the remaining volumes soon.

Please to accept my warmest wishes for your welfare and for the cause in which you are engaged, and believe me to be your affectionate friend.

RICHARD O'FLYNN.

The gentlemen named in the foregoing letter were next proposed by Mr. O'Mahony and seconded by Dr. Shanahan, the Vice-President. Mr. John Spillane, No. 58 Madison Street, Newark, N. J., was also proposed by Mr. O'Mahony, and seconded by Mr. David O'Keefe.

\$1.25 each were handed in from T. D. O'Sullivan, John G. Barry, James Daly, Richard O'Flynn, J. D. Sullivan, and John Spillane.

The meeting then adjourned to Friday, Aug. 3, when business will commence at 8 o'clock, P. M.

NOTICE.

The members of the above Society are hereby informed that seven copies of the 4th volume of the transactions of the Dublin Ossianic Society, and three copies of the 3d have been lying in the PHOENIX office for the past three weeks. The gentlemen to whom they belong will please to call for them, or send some directions regarding their disposal, as early as possible. Many of the recently proposed members wish to get them, and if not called for very soon, they will be given to those that come first.

THE CONFEDERATE CHIEFTAINS. By Mrs. J. Sadlier. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co.—We have perused this historic novel with very great pleasure and interest. It is written with considerable ability and displays an intimate acquaintance with the history of the stormy period in which its scene is laid. It breathes a thoroughly Irish and patriotic spirit. It is just such a work as we would be glad to see patronized by our young countrymen and countrywomen, to all of whom we heartily recommend it. Our want of space to-day prevents us from giving it a more lengthy notice, but we shall return to it again at an early date.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—We have received the August No. of this periodical, devoted to literature, art and politics; and feel bound to state that it continues to well maintain the high position which it has acquired for intellect and ability. Quite a number of interesting subjects are treated in a popular and scholastic manner.

THE PHOENIX.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1866

PUBLIC OPINION.

While, in even despotic countries, as well as those that are, or think themselves, free, public opinion exercises potential influence, and while there is more vociferation, on the subject, in Ireland, than in any country in the world, yet, there, it either does not exist at all, or it exercises no influence whatever.

Indeed its existence is matter of no concern; its effect is a negative quantity. This is strange, arrange that so much should be said and written without any result; yet is it natural, nay inevitable. The reason is, there is no positive directness in what men say. They do not believe themselves, and it is not to be expected any one else would. And the source is deeper than the errors or mistakes of the present age, or the noise and insincerity of those who set themselves up for sale. The evil is chronic and natural. 'Tis the nett proceeds, so to say, of six centuries of lying law, which rested for nearly all that time on the supposition, not more atrocious than absurd, that there were no Irish people, and, down to our own day, that supposition, in one shape or other, infuses its spirit into even beneficent English legislation. In the act, commonly called the "Emancipation Act," the order of the Jesuits was legalised out of existence, and heavy penalties were provided for the punishment of any of the order, who, after a certain time, should be found in Ireland. Yet the Jesuits kept a most flourishing college in Clongowes, and were never molested, though, up to this present hour there is not one of them who is not under the "Emancipation Act," subject to two years imprisonment, and some of them are subject to transportation for life. Thus, what should be the fountain of right was converted into the source of falsehood, and it became an imperative necessity with the people to represent themselves as what they were not.

But long after the absurd had parted company with the atrocious, the law retained all the spirit of the latter. The Convention Act is the best illustration of this. The Convention Act prohibited all representative meetings, held on the pretence of petitioning or otherwise. It contains an exceptional clause to the effect that the right of meeting for the purpose of petitioning for, or redress of grievances, was not taken away. But not long after the act went into operation, the Court of Kings Bench decided that pretence meant purpose and purpose meant pretence, so that, in fact, no meeting could possibly be held if the Government choose to prosecute.

Few prosecutions, however, were instituted. But the act bore other fruit, no less fatal, than chains or the prison-house. Every meeting, whatever the real object of it, petitioned. Six people would not come together without having recourse to this pretence. Everything, in process of time, became pretence. The loyalty of the loyalists was pretence. The voice of saleable patriots was pretence. The moderation of the real patriots was pretence. The whole machinery of political management,—acts, speeches, declarations—were one mass of pretence. Hence men listened to speeches that took hours in their delivery, believing that in some stray word or significant shrug they discovered the key-note of the speaker's meaning. By a strange confusion of ideas, deception and delusion were set down not alone as the highest virtues but the greatest wisdom; and knaves and fools began to trade upon a pernicious system, inaugurated as national.

A curious illustration of miserable, make-believe, we observed in a late *National Irish Journal*. This paper makes loud pretensions to exclusive nationality. It undertook of late to become organ of the Pope's Irish brigade. The brigade, curious enough, has given rise to a vague and sickly hope that out of it may grow the redemption of Ireland. A maker of verse, who signs his productions "A Kilkenny Man," has elaborated the idea until he deduces from it the restoration of the soil to the Irish people.

This idea is "public opinion," the only fixed opinion in Ireland. The paper in question publishes but does not dare enforce or illustrate the idea. It is public opinion the most deeply fixed al-

though it has no utterance. Is the publication of the song a pretence to gall men into the payment of money? or is it the skulking avowal of the sentiment by the editor? In either case it is equally a pretence, the difference being that one is more cowardly than the other.

Another journal, the *Irishman*, although it boldly drags the cowl from many a prejudice, stops exactly where sentiment should ripen into acts and principles become facts. It appeals to the principles of truth, justice, honor, and morality of all which the government of England and Ireland has been one continuous violation, and prays them in aid for that governments overthrow.

In our estimate the *Irishman* is neither true to its mission, as an Irish expositor of opinions or purpose, or the means, by which and for which, liberation should be attempted. Let our good brother and co-worker not misunderstand us. He has done well indeed as compared with all other Irish journals. It may be too that a cautious silence on this first cause and great end, and guerdon of revolution in Ireland is deemed by the *Irishman* as useful and even indispensable.

But men are not now-a-days governed by principle, especially men to brutalize whose minds six centuries of cunning tyranny have been expended. In Italy sentiment is the great motive power, but this is because the higher classes in Italy are the most revolutionary. In Ireland it is totally different. There the "higher classes" are the dependants, expectants, or stipendiaries of the garrison. It is only the people who have an interest in the great guage and guerdon of battle, and they, for the most part, are absolutely at sea on the subject.

To teach them the true doctrine is, we think, the imperative duty of a national journal: and it is a duty which the *Irishman* has not hitherto fulfilled.

Let us hope it will do better for the future.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

Why thrills, my bosom, when I hear
This wild outburst of joy, to-day?
Why sound its peans, in my ear,
So like the voices of decay?
Is it that grudging souls disown
The triumphs, that are not their own?

Am I then of that heartless class,
That finds, in other's pleasures, pain.
Not so; but every shout, alas!
Revives the clanking of the chain,
Which, wheresoe'er my footsteps stray,
Still coils around my exiled way.

I hear men say, methinks with scorn,
"In this free country all are free."
False words, that falser hopes adorn;
The slave finds, nowhere, liberty,
Who fails, in council, or with brand,
To win it, for his native land.

The cheer, the song, the grand parade,
The interminable flash and flame,
Of fireworks, in all forms arrayed
The endless chorus of acclaim—
Why jar they on my sated ear
Like something I should hate or fear.

And 'mong the children of the clime,
I've many a thrifty creature met
Who, higgles, o'er "such waste" as crime
To be regarded with regret,
And hobbles out among the trees
To shun such sinful revelries.

Ho! there's the cannon roaring out,
Amain, its culminating roar.
Ho! there's again the thundering shout
Reverberating by the shore,
Where winds and waves such echoes catch
As hurricanes, could scarcely match.

Look how the azure firmament
Is blackened by the sulphurous smoke,
Into its depths abysmal, sent,
With tidings of a broken yoke;
And broken now so long ago,
As scarce to need memorial show.

Not so my spirit! ages can
Such golden memories never wear
They are the title deeds of man
To manhoods guerdon everywhere,
'Tis well to read them proud and high
And letter them on earth and sky.

GADMEU.