

no day can be too early, no place, no time, no circumstance inopportune. For these things there is but one beacon light, the prospect of success. That is our lone star. When it sheds a propitious ray, all things else must fade—suffering, sacrifice, toil, death.

The day we celebrate seems to have none except religious associations. But it has its counsels of heroism, too—St. Patrick was brave as he was pious. Up to his time, a fire festival was observed in Ireland, every spring time. From this festival, the month of May is named, in the old tongue, *Beal-tinne*. During its observance, all other fires, save the sacred one at Tara, were extinguished; and a violation of this ordinance was severely punishable. St. Patrick was aware of the law, and the punishment of its violation. He was celebrating Easter, in the neighborhood of Tara, when the Fire Festival was held. He repaired to an adjacent hill, and there dared the penalty by lighting the forbidden fire. The Saint's courage, or what they may have deemed profanation, challenged first the astonishment, and then the respect, of the assembled princes, priests, and nobles. They questioned him on the subject of his audacity, and he answered that his authority was from God. Gariibaldi's descent upon Sicily was not more perilous, or more successful. Courage was the first high incentive to embrace the truths of Christianity. The nation could not be said to be converted, but subdued.

Thus has it ever been with faith and courage. Courage is indispensable to faith, and when they co-exist, they are equal to remove mountains, physically and literally, as well as morally and metaphorically. All human achievements depend on these two moral and mental agencies. The hand of a child, directed by science, and using the agencies and machinery science has subdued to its will, can exert more force, in piling mountains upon mountains, than the united might of all the Titans.

May this flag be to you a lesson and a warning; may it always remind you of the principles, knowledge, commands, and honor, approves of look you well to it, that it suffer no stain, and that your own hearts reflect its purity. You may not be afforded the opportunity of seeing it flutter over a field of victory; but it will be always in your power to preserve its inviolability, and never let it be unrolled, in an unworthy cause, or for selfish ends.

"A nation's flag, a nation's flag,
If wickedly unrolled,
May foes in adverse battle drag
Its every-fold from fold from fold."

THE PHOENIX.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1861.

PATRICK'S DAY.

IRELAND'S national festival has come and gone. It has been celebrated with more than usual pomp, parade, and show. Hearts have been high, old memories have shone out anew, dear old thoughts of old times and places, and old friends, have clustered affectionately round all our hearts, and made them lighter, and happier, and kinder, in many and many an instance, and sadder, and lonelier, and gloomier, let us hope, only in a very few. A holiday it has been, in the holiest sense of the word, and so racy of mirth and joyance, and abandon such as they used to be in the olden time, that the nature must be, indeed, a flinty one, which it could not warm into congenial sympathy and love.

For those who took part in the festivity the day was, of course, gladder and happier, more smiling than for those who were mere spectators. So it is, too, on the government of the world. The actors, alone, have real enjoyment; the lookers on come in when the principal feast is over, and partake only of the fragments.

But though these actors were all jubilant, and all showed a common sentiment, as far as love and reverence, to the fatherland, and all the dear memories of home and childhood, and friends far away. Yet there were other sentiments, which so impressed themselves on the faces of those who entertained them that they who ran might read them there. The 69th Regiment, in the van of the array, marched with that conscious self-reliance which discipline inspires. Steady! steady! firm and staunch, man by man, and rank on rank. You could see what they mean in their looks. Their first thought is the honor of that grand old sun-burst they bear so proudly; their next, the hope of serving the country of their adoption. Next follows the PHOENIX BRIGADE. How light it is!—how wiry!—how rapt in their collectedness!

They are entirely indifferent as to the lookers-on. They care not who see or who admire them—their thoughts are afar—they are, in fancy, treading lightly over their native heath. The next in order were the "Ancient Order of Hibernians." They too, were inspired by the same thoughts of home—the same living memories of the past. They have more in them of home manners, more about them of old associations than in or about the military. They yet preserve the thoughtful aspect, and knitted brow, that their position at home imposed on them. They have also their home associations, for they are an affiliation of a parent society

there, having the same views, objects, aspirations and hopes.

We cannot here enumerate the other companies that took part in the procession. They are given in their order elsewhere. Here we propose only to consider the *morale* of the celebration. There is not a city in the States united, or disunited, in which there was not a celebration of some kind. Even where there were no celebration, hearts grew warmer and ties of love were drawn closer, and in their day-dreams the spirits of man and mind went back to the old hearth, the chapel where their childhood prayed, and the church-yard where it may be it wept. There was a universal gathering of the clans to the old standard of the Gael. Everywhere his nature was roused down its teeming depths, and kindness, and emotion, and love, and hope, swelled up there.

In all this outpouring of generous emotions, there is one predominant sentiment—it is this—it will be this for ever: For ties of love, snapped, for kindred scattered, for the long lone wanderings over the earth, of youth and beauty and strength, of decrepitude and of infancy, there is but one sole cause—the thrice accursed English Government. In this one sentiment all agree, except perhaps the old fogies and young trimmers who miscall themselves "The Friendly Sons of Saint Patrick," which being translated means, the degenerate sons of Ireland.

But let them go. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the Kennebec to the Rio Grande, no society, and no man, woman or child, drinks the health of the usurpation in Ireland, under the title of "The Queen," but those beggarly loyalists and traitors to manhood and nationality. Let them go.

In all the rest, there is sameness and soundness. The hatred of England is as unanimous as it is deep. The desire to have a hand in its overthrow is without an exception. This is precisely the state of feeling, aspiration and desire, that is anomalous and unintelligible. There are two such lines of Irishmen in the States, who would be prompt and proud to be the last red drop of their heart, to strike down England's felon flag; and there are as many more men and women who would give the last cent for the same holy purpose. Why this strength and eagerness cannot be used in the question awaiting its solution. Oh, that some strange will would mould and direct these waste powers, so that the sun of next Patrick's day may shine on the green flag fluttering in the liberated island.

PHOENIX BRIGADE.

THE First Regiment of this Brigade paraded on Monday, the 18th inst., in force, and were preceded by the company of Zouaves, in full uniform. This company, which has been lately organized, attracted much attention by their picturesque appearance and soldierly bearing. The new flag of the Regiment, with its green and gold, and ancient Sun-Burst, was for the first time unfurled over armed Irishmen in this country. The Regiment was frequently cheered along the line of march, and made a display alike creditable to both officers and men.

The military companies all turned out in great strength. There was on the streets of New York the raw material for an effective army—an army that could, in a week, sweep from the shores of Ireland the last vestige of foreign rule. They should join the Phoenix Brigade, get drilled, and enroll themselves under the flag which their ancestors bore triumphantly over many a red battle-field, and through many a shattered column of the enemy.

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF T. B. McMANUS.

T. F. MEAGHER will lecture on the above subject on Wednesday of Easter week, in Irving Hall. We expect to see a crowded audience. The address will be one of Mr. Meagher's most eloquent and brilliant efforts.

PHOENIX BUSINESS NOTICES.

Subscriptions of clubs and single subscribers will be promptly attended to by addressing Patrick J. Downing, at the Publication Office, No. 6 Centre street, New York. Any New York or Brooklyn subscriber who is served with a copy later than two o'clock on the following day will oblige us by reporting the same at this office.

The friends of Ireland in California will, we are confident, find Mr. Barrett reliable and faithful.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

PARAPHRASED FROM MOORE.

A BUMPER, old friends, to the Spirit of Freedom!
Now vailed in the war cloud o'er Europe that lowers;
Oh, there never were boys, if their "leaders" would lead them,
So fierce with the musket and pike as ours.
But cowards and knaves;
Have kept them slaves,
While chief after chief to the Saxon cowers;
And the beggarly brood
Have that drop of blood,
Which they hawk in the place-hunting market, by turns,
And daunt in the face of poor *Eire* each day.
No wonder the heart of the wanderer burns
With sorrow and shame on this Patrick's Day.
Contempt on the minion who says you are loyal
To *Sassanagh* ruler, or *Sassanagh* land,
When hell's work is done for a despot that's royal,
The God of our martyrs sees blood on her hand.
If fealty to thee,
Graidhe gal machree,
And courage to right all thy wrongs, be disloyal—
Oh, then by the light
Of the coming fight,
Which dawns on the grandeur of MITCHEL'S devotion,
And quickens the spirit of MEAGHER for the fray!
We Irish are rebels, on land and on ocean,
The wide world over this Patrick's Day!
O'MAHONY, DOHENY, ROCHE the unwearied,
And HALPIN, the patriot star of his clan;
These Papist and Protestant exiles of *Eire*,
With legions of volunteers, true to a man,
Have faith that the day,
For which we pray,
Will see the Green Flag of their love in the van!
And France, as of yore,
With aid *ga loer*,
Her squadrons in flank on that glorious morning,
To sweep the last "law-loving" landlord away!
The Sun-Burst and Eagles in triumph adorning,
Keep castle and seaport next Patrick's Day.
RICHARD O.

To James Roche, Esq., Editor of the Phoenix.

MY DEAR FRIEND will excuse the freedom I take in addressing him and in dedicating to him the following simple yet heartfelt lines. I know that there lives no man in either hemisphere whose devotion to the freedom of his native land is more securely planted nor more sincerely felt than that of James Roche, for the liberation and regeneration of Ireland. My only regret is, that I cannot contribute to that devotion and that sincerity in a more deserving and meritorious manner:—

THE MAIGUE AND DEEL.

To see the Maigue and Deel
I wish I now could steal,
And move among
The joyous throng,
In minuet or in reel,
To hear the skylark bring
Glad tidings of the spring,
When at the dawn
From lea and lawn,
He soars aloft to sing.
To see the bound of deer,
To hear the huntsman's cheer,
To guide the steed
When at full speed,
Nor flood nor field to fear.
To see the young lambs play
On the daisied field in May,
And in the prime
Of harvest time,
To smell the new-mown hay,
To hear the thrilling thrush,
From the blossomed thorn bush,
When forth from home
I chose to roam,
At morning's beaming blush.
And where those waters glide,
Along to Shannon's tide,
May brave and bold,
Ere long, unfold
A standard on hill side.
More pleased than all I'd feel
To see the foeman reel,
Before the crash
And onward dash
Of Fenians' flashing steel.
God send the happy day!
And speed it soon, I pray,
When Saxon foe
Away shall go,
And scatter as the spray.

SPAILPEEN FANACH.

GENERAL ORDERS.

To the officers and members of the Fenian Brotherhood No. 1.

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

No. 2.

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

No. 3.

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

By order of the Committee of Safety. The Secretary

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.

Subscribers in all cases when forwarding money would do well to register their letters.

TERMS.

Yearly subscriptions, payable half yearly in advance. \$2 00
Single copies, Four Cents.

CLUB TERMS.

For a club of Ten to Twenty members, \$1.50 each, for 12 months, or 75 cents each, for 6 months.
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First Insertion. . . . \$1 00 | Six months. . . . \$14 00
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In editorial columns, 25 cents a line.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

All money orders for this journal should be drawn in favor of Patrick J. Downing; and all letters containing money addressed to him.

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

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.

LOCATION OF THE PHOENIX PUBLICATION OFFICE.

The PHOENIX Office is located at No. 6 Centre street, opposite the Superior Court. Our friends and correspondents will please recollect to direct their favors, in future, to that address. We wish it also to be understood that any person who has been receiving the PHOENIX, shall not be served with it after the date on which his subscription shall expire.

WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR THE SALE OF THE PHOENIX.

H. DEXTER & Co., 113 Nassau street, N. Y.
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JOHN MORAN, Biddeford, Maine.
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ROCK'S HUE AND CRY.

THE BLACK LIST.

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

CAROLAN, Ballynahinch, County Down.—Five feet seven in height, sixty years of age, blue eyes, gray hair, and long thin features. Supposed to be prowling round Belfast.

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

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

* *Maigue*—pronounced *Maig*. The Maig and Deel are two rivers which have their sources within a few miles of each other in the county of Cork, not far from the co. of Limerick. These beautiful streams receive considerable accessories in their devious courses through many of the fertile plains of the latter county, and finally mingle their waters with those of the limpid Shannon, not far from Limerick city. The Maigue and Deel are justly famous for trout-fishing; nor is the "Monarch of the Tide" a stranger to their waters. When shall we bait a hook for those prolific floods again?