

O'BRIEN AND HEALY.

TWO GREAT SPEECHES AT A "SUPPRESSED" MEETING.

We take pleasure in placing before our readers two brilliant orations delivered by Messrs. O'Brien and Healy, at the "suppressed" meeting held at Mitchelstown on Monday, April 27th.

MR. O'BRIEN'S SPEECH. Mr. O'Brien was received with a thunderous outburst of cheering which lasted for a couple of minutes. When it had subsided he said—My dear friends, I don't think I need tell you how glad I am to be at home once more among you—how grateful I am for the address I have just received, and for the glorious welcome home you have given me at Mitchelstown (cheers). I confess for a time when my eyes fell upon the splendid young bodyguard which surrounded my carriage to-day I thanked God that all the fine, manly traits and all the fighting manhood is not Ireland yet (loud cheers, and a voice—Nor never will either). He confessed it was rather a novel sensation now to be addressing his own constituents without exposing them and himself to the chance of being bludgeoned or shot down (hear, hear). It had really come to this in Ireland, that it was something to be thankful for when an Irish member of Parliament, a representative of the people, a man whose position, according to the theory of the British constitution, was as sacred as the person of the proudest Minister of the Queen, was now permitted to address a meeting of his constituents without being collared and bludgeoned by the nearest policeman. He dared say they were expected to sing a Te Deum to the local or whatever other potentate had abstained from breaking their heads upon this occasion (cheers). Well, we will sing them no Te Deum, and we will give them no thanks (hear, hear). It was not by singing Te Deums to our rulers that we saved the Kingston tenantry (hear, hear) last autumn, and if Mr. Balfour is more chary about interfering with the right of public meeting here today, I agree with Father O'Donoghue that it is because of the lesson in constitutional law that was taught at Youghal on Sunday week (hear, hear), and the lesson we taught Captain Plunkett.

THE CLOUD PASSED AWAY. Why, it is simply intolerable that an Irish member, that the Irish people and their representatives cannot now exercise the commonest rights of citizens without taking their lives in their hands and being at the mercy of every local policeman. They have actually got it into their heads that so low have the liberties of the Irish people sunk that any Castle potentate may annihilate them if he is able to spell properly a proclamation, and put a lion and unicorn at head.

A voice—A cheer for Dr. Ronayne, of Youghal (cheers). Mr. O'Brien—Ay, and three more for him (renewed cheer), and I can tell you that if every usurpation of these wretched hiring stipendiary magistrates were met as Mr. Redmond's proclamation was met by Charles Ronayne, and if the right of public meeting was asserted in every parish in Ireland with the same determination as at Youghal I believe that we would very soon cure them of the theory that they can gag a whole community upon the information of any unknown policeman at the instigation of a secret society of landlords (hear, hear). The last time that I and you met on this historic spot there was a dark cloud hanging over the Mitchelstown estate. Your homes were endangered, and the crowd that gathered at your doors. To-day, thank God, the cloud has gone and the danger has gone, and the sheriff will darken your home no more, and all this has been accomplished without costing a campaigner one pound of his money, ay, or an hour of his liberty, except our friend William Gould (cheers). Now, I want Mr. Balfour, whether we did or did not break the law last autumn—I want him to poll out to us by what other possible means could we have baffled that coercion campaign last autumn; by what possible means you could have escaped being evicted and plundered as they had intended to plunder you. I say, and I repeat it now again, that if you had laid down under the feet of the law at that time, the only thing the law would have done for you would have been to crush you and throw you out of your homes. As I told Captain Stokes and Mr. Eaton (groans), if it is necessary to break a bad law to save the people from injustice, then so much the worse for the law (cheers).

NOW THE COSTS WERE PAID. I would like to ask the Countess of Kingston would her property be the ruin and the wreck that it is to-day if she had eight months ago approached her tenants and met them and trusted to their sense of justice and honesty instead of listening to the counsels of Mr. Standish O'Grady (groans), and trusting to Mr. Balfour and his Crimes Act to crush and exterminate the campaigners. It is all very well for Mr. O'Grady. As I prophesied he has managed to get a bill of costs not in hard cash, but he has got his price in the shape of the Clerkship of the Crown for the County. The Countess of Kings runs up a ruinous bill of costs with this man for plunging this whole community in misery and disturbance and bloodshed, and then when she is beaten and bankrupt she pays her debts to her attorney by quartering him upon the taxpayers for a snug berth which she obtained by a family compact from that most disinterested of patriots, Colonel King Harman (groans). It is all very well for Mr. O'Grady, who has managed to feather his nest, like the very dovish gentleman that he is (laughter). It is not quite such a good thing for the Countess of Kingston. No doubt, she imagined that this conflict was going to end as the fight of the tenants on this estate had terminated in 1881, when they capitulated the amount the sheriff made his appearance, and when they paid £2,000 law costs into the bargain. But the Plan of Campaign is a HORSE OF QUITE A DIFFERENT COLOUR from that. There is not a landlord in Ireland now who does not allow that when a body of tenants enter into combination under the Plan of Campaign that that landlord will not knock six-and-eightpence out of them if the sheriff was going to knock at their door as until his cowherd became as warm and as thin as a bullwhisk (cheers and laughter). Believe me, the Countess of Kingston is

now beginning to realize that to her cost and to her ruin. She trusted to Mr. O'Grady and Mr. Balfour; she plunged into an ocean of debt; she placed her hopes in the Coercion Act, and the result is that there is not a cabin on the Mitchelstown estate whose occupants need envy the occupants of Mitchelstown Castle, and another result is that the only consolation Mr. Balfour had to offer the Countess the other day in the House of Commons was that she and her class have fallen so low that when Mr. T. W. Russell abused the landlords Mr. Balfour reproached him piteously with pitching water upon a drowned rat (laughter). In point of fact before the Crimes Act came into force Irish landlordism had a headache, and Mr. Balfour has cured it of the headache by cutting off its head (laughter).

THE NEXT QUESTION STILL. Our work is not over yet. I am quite aware that the rent difficulty upon the Kingston estate is not over. I know well these wretched sub-committees have attempted to cheat you of the fruits of your victory, and Mr. Balfour blurted out the secret the other day in the House of Commons, when he confessed in the most shameless manner that the tenants on the campaign estates are not to receive the same justice as other tenants that they are to be dealt with as the mere Irish of long ago as outside the pale of the law. All I can say is that we were a match for them before, that as long as you have leaders like Tom Condon (cheers) and John Mandeville (cheers) so long we will be a match for them again (cheers). So far as arrears are concerned you have managed to get relief from them without Mr. Balfour, and in spite of Mr. Balfour (cheers). As to the rents for the future, if it should turn out that these rents fixed by the Tory Commissioners are oppressive and vindictive rents, you have now learned how to deal with them, and when you put down your foot it will take a stronger man than Mr. Balfour to make you take it up again. Here you are safe in your homes, and here please God, you and your children will remain until the game of Balfour is as harmless a nursery rhyme as the legend of "Puss in Boots"—puss in the jack-boots of Oliver Cromwell.

THE LEADY TAX. Now I should like to say a word, as we have the advantage of police listeners, about the thousand pounds which the grand jury of the county Cork are about to call upon the cesspayers of Mitchelstown to pay to present as a testimonial to the Mitchelstown murderers. It is to my mind one of the most astounding pieces of tyranny and of impudence that was ever practised in Ireland. The police commit three cruel and dastardly murders in this town.

A voice—And meant more. Mr. O'Brien—Murders as cruel as ever a man swung from the gallows for. The murderers are known—they are named by the coroner's jury. Has the Government of the country brought them to justice? On the contrary the Government have done all that a powerful Government could do to shelter the murderers from justice. They whitewashed them in the House of Commons; they browbeat the coroner here; they set aside the verdict of the coroner's jury; they refused to arrest these men; they refused to institute anything like an honest inquiry, and to this hour the blood of the three murdered men cries to Heaven in vain for vengeance; and the only policeman who up to this hour has suffered or is likely to suffer at the hands of the Government is the one police officer who aided public justice and helped to place the guilt upon the right shoulders—I mean District Inspector Irwin (hear, hear).

SHOCKING INJUSTICE. That was bad enough. Three murdered men left unavenged; not a penny of compensation to their relatives; the murderers screened and petted by Dublin Castle. That is scandalous enough; but this is not enough for them. They must add insult to injury, and what happens? There is one man injured on the side of the police—I am sorry for it; but if there was any upon whom he had a claim it was upon the officials who ordered him to go to the head of the party who made an assault on a peaceful meeting in this spot and deliberately provoked a riot and the bloodshed here. But what happens? Is it Mr. Balfour who makes compensation to this man? No; but the grand jury of the county Cork have the audacity to grant this man twenty years' salary—£1,000—as compensation for his injuries, and they propose to levy it off the very community upon whom Leamy and his comrades perpetrated that murderous outrage that day (shame). In point of fact you are expected to be shot down like dogs, and then any of you who escape are to present a purse of sovereigns to your would-be murderers.

A PROTEST AGAINST PAYMENT. It is hard to talk upon the subject with common patience. I confess I don't like to speak very much upon the subject, and it is not necessary. In any other country in the world the thing would look like a diabolical joke. It was all grim earnest on the part of the grand jury of Cork, and it will all be grim earnest if you pay this tax without a protest (cries of "Never"). That will be repeated in every hill and cottage throughout this barony of Condons and Olongibon, until the whole world is ringing with this story. It will be a double advantage, and it shall be doubly useful to try this question out to the very utmost by way of constitutional means. It will be useful in the first place because it will concentrate attention upon the fact that the Mitchelstown murderers are still at large, and that the Tory Government, instead of surrendering them to justice, is shielding them and rewarding them, and is teaching every young policeman in Ireland by the example of Leamy that if he is injured in carrying out a massacre on unarmed men he will get twenty years' salary out of the pockets of the very people on whom he and his comrades discharged their murderous firearms.

THE INFAMOUS GRAND JURY SYSTEM. It will be useful in another sense. A protest against this tax will come in very handy during the discussion of the Local Government Bill in the House of Commons, as a proof of the sort of local government to which the Irish people are subject at the hands of this infamous grand jury system—taxation without representation in its vilest form. The grand jury of the county Cork is a grand

jury of landlords, simply the Cork Landlords' Association meeting in a bigger room and under a different name. Men alien to the people, hating the people, with no cess to pay out of their own pockets, and no representative, and no voice from the cesspayers who have to pay. This Grand Jury are able to inflict this tremendous penalty upon the baronies of Condons and Olongibon as a mere piece of landlord spite and vengeance because of the success and triumph of the Plan of Campaign in this locality (cheers). That is the secret of the wretched abatement of the Sub-Commissioners and this secret gift to Mr. O'Grady of this office of Clerk of the Crown and Peace. Mr. Balfour is annoyed. Having failed to conquer you in the open field he is resorting to every method that malignity can devise to try to persecute you, to impose penalties upon you, to cut your throats, to take this tremendous mass of wealth to a policeman, who, if public justice were done, would stand in the dock (hear, hear). You have one consolation, and that is, Mr. Balfour and the landlords would not be so angry with you, and would not be so spiteful against you only that you have won, and you will win, if they put you to it again and again, and again, until the last Tory in England learns that the day is gone when the Irish people can ever again be whipped back into the slavery of landlordism or can ever again be shut out from position and from the enjoyment and from the government of this bright and fertile land of ours (great cheering).

THE TRIP OF THE PAST. Looking around at this enormous meeting I cannot fail to see the snow flake. National League cards, that seem to have been falling so thickly in this neighbourhood to-day, in this suppressed and extinguished neighbourhood (laughter). Mr. Balfour told the House of Commons the other night that the National League in the suppressed counties in Ireland was a thing of the past (laughter). Well, when I read that statement I said, "The Lord hath delivered him into our hands." Remember that phrase, "The National League a thing of the past." We will fasten him to that phrase, I promise you, and I predict that it will yet be his epitaph as a statesman, and that the statesman—well, he calls himself a statesman (groans) will reason it out with the people according to the elements of logic, or whether he will reason it out with the women (cheers and laughter). One of the things that militated against the success of the Fenian movement was the fact that the women did not look upon his chances of success with confidence, but now there was not a woman in the land who was not quite firm in the triumphant success and efficacy of the Plan of Campaign (cheers).

AS AN INTERESTED PARTY. It seems to me there will be lively times in this district shortly. I must say of all the impudent things that I ever heard of it is to put this sum of a thousand pounds upon the head of this policeman. Why, his mother would sell a dozen sons like him for half the money (laughter). As long as he was sound of limb and wind he gets about £25 6s a week, but when his spine becomes damaged he stands at the rate of £1,000. That is an extraordinary price to place on the thing covered by that man's helmet. I have the utmost sympathy for his broken bones, and if I had a bit of sticking plaster I would put it on the spot (laughter). Well, truly, British laws are queer! If you kill a policeman you are not charged you one penny for it, but if you damage him they will mulct you £1,000 for it. When the agitation was first started these Grand Jurors were a very respectable body of men, very well dressed and very portly, and many of them could confine two or three bottles of port or a pint of whisky under their waistcoats (great laughter). Well, they can put the whisky by still when they get it, but that is not of our (laughter). Their condition was now entirely changed, so much so, that you ask in suspense is that Captain So-and-So, and you are told that his altered condition is the result of a touch of the Plan of Campaign (cheers and laughter). The grand jurors now pass their time in passing resolutions, and they impose this tax on the barony of Condons and Olongibon, as satisfaction for the injury the Plan of Campaign has worked to their class. Well, you who have fought and conquered in this fight won't be terrified at this proposed imposition of £1,000 for the body and bones of Constable Leamy, and all I say is that if he gets it I hope he will live long to enjoy it.

PURCHASE. Referring to the Land Purchase Act, he said there was only half a million of the five millions passed under the Land Purchase Act. I would advise you if you are asked to buy to take your time about it. There will be a great helter-skelter amongst the landlords to see who is going to get the last drops, and instead of offering twenty years' purchase they will come down to eighteen and seventeen, and sixteen years' purchase. For my part I am extremely anxious to see the land question settled, but I hope to see the landlords settled first (cheers and laughter). Mr. Balfour is going about like the boy passing the churchyard, whistling to keep his courage up. He tells the English people that the Irish National League in suppressed districts is a thing of the past. Let him come here to-day and see the thousands displaying their National League cards in their hats. Mr. Balfour's policy seems to be to say that black is white and white is black. While he is at it he may as well tell a good lie instead of saying that the Irish National League is a thing of the past. He will shortly say that the whole country is a thing of the past (laughter).

WHERE IS THE COUNTESS? How many days must there have been that you, like some of the captains during the war against slavery in South America, must have almost despaired of the great struggle in which you were engaged? (Cheers.) But you had brave and gallant captains (loud cheers), and you pushed the fight home, you drove the plough to the end of the furrow. What is the result? This may be represented in the words of the Countess of Kingston, "Oh," says she, "God be with the time that I was in my landlord home before these tramps of members of Par-

liament came around" (laughter). You are here to-day. Where is the Countess of Kingston? You are here and we are asked to sympathise with the sufferings of the Countess of Kingston. Many of you have sent sons and daughters to America, to Australia, or perhaps, to London, Birmingham, or some of the other great English towns, and did the Countess of Kingston weep because you were deprived of them? She knew that they had gone forth to earn the money which would pay her her rents. For my part, I have no ruth or sympathy in my heart with these people. I hate them just as they hate us, and if the Countess of Kingston will only say amen (cheers and laughter).

THE WAY TO WIN. But now you have triumphed. You have every one of you, a great mission to perform. You have to justify your triumph, and you have to teach the means of victory to tenants of other districts and of other counties. I have asked you to cast your mind back to the terrible twelve months during portion of which time the blood of your citizens was spilled upon the Square (groans). Ask you to cast your minds back—not for one year but for seven—when after a sham battle was fought and after your cows and horses had been seized, and after the sheriff's sale all the costs were paid to Mr. Standish O'Grady. That day, as Mr. O'Brien has said, is gone, and may all our ill-luck go with it (cheers). You have shown the people of the rest of Ireland that it is not by submission that success shall be achieved (cheers).

A LEGAL SUGGESTION. But if Mr. O'Brien took my advice, as his legal adviser, now that it has been announced from the highest court of justice in the land that the Plan of Campaign is illegal—and, in fact, that it is troubling him nightly—my advice would be, in order to put it on a legal footing, to convert it into a limited liability company, with promoters Wm. O'Brien and John Dillon, capital unlimited—objects, to defend the Irish tenants' homes and guarantee them against eviction, and I venture to think that the judges and the majority of the courts would find some difficulty in dealing with this unlawful combination. We are tired of being told that everything we do is illegal. There was a time when the Catholic religion was an illegal association, and when the schoolmaster was an illegal institution, and when everything that was intended to elevate and uplift Irishmen and Irishwomen was illegal in the eyes of the British Government. Their forefathers did not hesitate to drive a coach and four through unjust laws, and let us do the same thing but they spat upon them as they were going through them.

A FAMILY AFFAIR. The present movement is a family and a social movement as well as a political movement. We must have all united in family life and family combination. We must have the women as well as the men, for next to the clergy, the best allies we can have are the women (cheers and laughter). One of the things that militated against the success of the Fenian movement was the fact that the women did not look upon his chances of success with confidence, but now there was not a woman in the land who was not quite firm in the triumphant success and efficacy of the Plan of Campaign (cheers).

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THE BLOOD TAX. Mr. Condon said the meeting of the Mitchelstown suppressed League would be held (cheers). They had heard from Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Healy that a tax of £1,000 was to be levied off the people of that barony as compensation for the injuries of Constable Leamy. He hoped that the men of the barony would do in the future, he had done in the past, namely, to organize themselves to make the collection of this tax as difficult and as troublesome as possible, and with as little fruit to the tax-gatherer as the collection of rent to the Countess of Kingston (cheers). It was the most infamous act that ever was perpetrated by any Grand Jury—Rev. Father Buckley, C. C. Buttervant, also addressed the meeting.

Mr. Byles, Bradford Observer, said he had come over from England to bring a message of sympathy from the English people to the people of Ireland, and he might tell them that there were thousands of English people ready to grant to the people of Ireland that which they had been so justly asking for. The people of England were opposed to the hateful system of Mr. Balfour, and were determined, once more they had an opportunity of going to the poll, to drive the present Administration from office.

Mr. John Mandeville having moved a vote of thanks to the chairman, Mr. O'Brien, in seconding the motion, eulogized Father O'Donoghue's character—peace a little better than Captain Plunkett and his army, and let me tell you this: I have thought the matter well over, and I have never told you anything that I was not fairly confident of, and I tell you there was never a moment when you have less to fear in facing the future than you have to-day. Don't be in the least alarmed or in the least nervous about what may happen. As I told you here before upon this Square, that you and I might have to go to jail, and that better men than you and I had gone there. Well, we have gone there, and we have come out of it. We will probably go into it again. But we have managed to pull through. I venture to think that the Gaelic athletes around us need have very much terror of the prison. And one thing more I can tell you, and it is this, that the day will come, and it is coming soon, when these wretched jail walls will fall before us like the walls of Jericho, and in these days to come I may tell you that you will boast of your imprisonment as Crimean heroes; show your medals on your breasts. You have, he said, managed to keep the peace a little better than Captain Plunkett and his army, and let me tell you this: I have thought the matter well over, and I have never told you anything that I was not fairly confident of, and I tell you there was never a moment when you have less to fear in facing the future than you have to-day. Don't be in the least alarmed or in the least nervous about what may happen. As I told you here before upon this Square, that you and I might have to go to jail, and that better men than you and I had gone there. Well, we have gone there, and we have come out of it. We will probably go into it again. But we have managed to pull through. 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