

.atle O-olm P



*Leabhar-áitír móránach,*  
*tabanta cum an-*

**TEMSA SAEDÍSE**  
*a cornad asur a jaoptúisad*  
*asur cum*

**Féin-maistí Cuidh na h-Éireann.**

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and the autonomy of the Irish Nation.*

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Fourth Year of Publication.

## Philo-Celts.

Philo-Celts will remember that the annual election for officers takes place on Sunday, the 15<sup>th</sup> of March, and members should see to it that none is elected who is not willing to attend to the duties of office.

The anniversary of the late Archbishop McHale, the father of the Irish Language Movement, will be celebrated on Thursday evening, March the 5th. The drawing will, also, take place.

Ex-President Gilgannon spoke a few encouraging words, in Irish, to the members the other night.

The annual reunion and ball will come off at Uris's on April 23rd.

President Finn has been absent quite often lately.

Cassidy—A former member of the Society, brother to Brother Cassidy, was ordained a few weeks ago by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Loughlin for this diocese.

Crowley—Miss Nelly Crowley, the talented 2nd vice President, graduated from High School the other evening with high honors.

Costello—We are pleased to see Miss Nora T. Costello back again to charm the society with her rendition of Moore's Melodies.

Guiren—Miss Guiren takes the prize for selling the largest number of tickets—150.

Donnelly—Miss Donnelly still charms the society with her excellent melody.

Dunleavy—The Misses Dunleavy are improving in their attendance lately.

The Misses Kearney, Rogers, Moran and Brennan are also improving.

Ward—Miss Ward is an expert Gaelic scholar.

Heaney—Brother Heaney is to work again with a will.

O'Donnell—Brother O'Donnell is making excellent progress.

Brothers Lacey, Graham, Kinsella, Curden, Mahoney etc. attend regularly, as do, also, Brother and Miss Mullaney.

Martin—Brother Martin's speaking is not the least attractive feature of the Philo Celtic reunions.

Danning—We presume brother Dunning and his bride will attend better after the honeymoon.

Flaherty—Sergeant at arms Flaherty is absent quite often.

Kyne—Brother Kyne called the other night.

Casey—Brother Casey walks in and out.

Erley—Brother Erley, of N Y S P I L, called and paid a visit a few evenings ago.

Mr. Martin P. Ward and the Hon. Denis Burns of N Y are frequent visitors.

The Boston P C S had a very successful entertainment lately; we regret our space is too limited this issue to give the programme at length.

Mr. T O'N Russell carries on a Gaelic department in the Chicago Citizen. Irishmen should liberally support that patriotic journal.

Professor Roehrig's, and Sentiments in the next.

Let every subscriber resolve to get, *at least* one other to subscribe for the Gael. One each is apparently a small matter but it would double the circulation.

The *Irish World's* description of the Dr. Cahill demonstration is worth a year's subscription.

The drawing for the prizes did not take place on the 26th, as announced, the Democratic General Committee having, unwarrantably, taken possession of the hall to make preparations for president elect Cleveland's inauguration. It was the most unpatriotic proceeding by Irishmen imaginable. The Society rents this hall by the year for Thursdays and Sundays, and yet these took possession of it, as stated, without the common courtesy of "by your leave," disappointing some four or five hundred members and their friends who came to attend the reunion and prize-drawing. But the reader may think that the members of the Committee are not Irish. Two-thirds of them were born in Ireland, and their vulgar, ignorant actions, leaving patriotism out of the question, fully demonstrate the class from which they have sprung. With very few exceptions, the Irish American politician would not care if Ireland were under the sea provided he could get a fat office.

The conduct of this class of persons alienate the sympathy and co-operation of their selfrespecting countrymen. Hence the reason that, were it not for the ten thousand Republicans who voted for Mr. Cleveland in this city the Democratic majority of 16,000 in '78 would be changed to a telling minority last Fall. But we have wasted too much valuable space on these worthless creatures, who, bully-like, prevented the few patriotic ladies and gentlemen who are laboring to preserve the language of their unfortunate country from meeting in their hall for that purpose.

Mr. McFadden of the Phila. P. C. S. says,—The question that has been spoken of several times in the Gael of a National Convention of the friends of the Irish Language should be carried out this coming Summer or Fall; it would be productive of a great deal of good to the cause. If not asking too much, I would suggest publishing a directory of the time and place of meeting of the various schools for the benefit of travelling readers of the Gael while visiting distant cities or towns, that they may have an opportunity of meeting friends engaged in the same cause.—The Phila. S. meet at Philopatrian Hall, every Sunday; visiting friends are invited to call.

[We think this a good idea, and hope the heads of societies will furnish the desired information for said directory. The Brooklyn S. meets at Jefferson Hall, opposite the Court-house, Thursday and Sunday evenings throughout the year, hail or snow, from half past seven till half past nine. The New York S. P. I. Language at Clarendon Hall, 114 E. 13th. Sundays from 3 to 5 p. m., P. Morrissey President. N Y Philo Celtic Society, 295 Bowery, Sundays 3 to 5, Tuesdays 7 to 10. M Meeres President. We have no official notice of other meetings and, therefore cannot record.

We have been advised from Chicago that a Gaelic Society has been organized there which purports leaving all existing societies in the shade. We promise, on behalf of Brooklyn, that such is easier said than done; in the meantime we welcome the friendly rivalry.

ԱՆ ՎԱՐԾ ՀԱՅ ԱՆ ՔԾ.

(Լադու.)

ԸԱՄ-ՐԱԿԻՆ.

Ահօյ! Ահօյ! Ահօյ! Ահօյ!  
Ֆայր! Շալայր! Այ... Ահօյ!  
Հօ! ու բյօն եպայրտ!  
Հօ! տա-ալլա բրեազայրտ!  
Հօ! ու լադու զլիոյել  
Հօ! այ դամայծ ըրսոյիշէ!

Տար! տար! տա 'ն լա ա' բան'ած,  
Այ բյորոց կայծած,  
Տա 'ն որուշ յօ յալ այր բայլոց բյածայի;  
Կա եյօծ դօ բյոյլ,  
Բաօյ բառ ոյօր տօյլլէ,  
Աէտ էլլիյէ, էլլիյէ լեյր այ յըրէյի  
Տար! տար! ա ծօճայր Ելրեադոյ,  
Լե օնօյր 'ր բյույի!  
Տա բան-քորպանյիշէ օրտ ա' բահած.  
Կի լեատրա 'ն տրոյծէ  
Իր բարս ձլայծած  
Խայր տա Օյա 'ր դօ Յիլած ա' տաճայիտ ա  
Թկեանդած.  
Իր Տէ այ Սմիած բյօր  
Տա օյմեած օրտ յօ բյօր,  
Տա Ա լամ յի աճայծ Եպրայծ ջօյծէչ;  
Իր այշայլ յլեշայլ յ  
Տա օրտ ա' յայծ  
Ելրէ սայրի սայշանա՞ տսի՞ ու ի-օլծէ.  
Օ տար! տա 'ն լա ա' բան'ած,  
Այ բյորոց կայծած,  
Տա 'ն որուշ յօ յալ այր բայլոց բյածայի;  
Կա եյօծ դօ բյոյլ  
Բաօյ բառ ոյօր տօյլլէ,  
Ա՛շ էլլիյէ, էլլիյէ լեյր այ յըրէյի!  
Տար! լեատ! տար! լեատ! եյօծ օնօյր բասոյմար.  
Իր լեատրա տրոյծ՝ տա յօյմայշ՝ բասոյմար  
Խայր աճած տա սաճայր Օյ ՛ր դօ Յիլած  
Խայլիյր ճսոյ բաօյլրէ 'ր սեյր ու ի-էյ-  
րեադոյ.

## ԲԱՅՐԾ II.

Բայօյր.

Օ բայրոյշ յիլածոյար՝ օյմեած,  
Ա Օյ, ար ո-աւեայր!  
Յոհայ ուած յ-օյլիքայր յած,  
Յան Տւ 'նի ա լաճայր!  
Տյի Օ լամ-րա չարդա,  
Սմիույշ! Բայր!

The Bard and the Knight.

[Continued.]

War Song.

Ahoi! Ahoi! Ahoi! Ahoi!  
Farah! Delcassian! Ai-Ahoi!  
Ho! the pibroch sounding!  
Ho! the hills rebounding!  
Ho! the javelin glancing!  
Ho! the foe advancing!

Come forth the morn is breaking,  
The lark awaking,  
The dew drop glistens on the willow;  
No more let slumber,  
Thine eye encumber.  
The sun hath risen from his pillow.  
Come forth! thou hope of Erin,  
Our honor bearing!  
O come! thy comrades old attend thee.  
Not thine the heart  
That knoweth fearing  
While thy God and thy lady's love  
defend thee—  
The righteous Power is He  
That watcheth over thee,  
Whose hand the might of error stayeth,  
An angel pure is she,  
That all for thee (eth.  
Athrough the weary night time pray-  
Then come! the morn is breaking  
The lark awaking,  
The dew drop glistens on the willow;  
No more let slumber,  
Thine eye encumber,  
The sun has risen from her pillow.  
Come forth! come forth! our honor  
bearing (fearing:—  
Not thine the heart that knoweth  
While God and woman's love defend  
thee of Erin.  
Thou wilt strike for the sacred rights

## PART II.

PRAYER.

Lord! thy children cheish,  
Them that fear thee!  
Lest, forlorn they perish,  
When not anear thee!  
Stretch thine arm above them,  
Watch and shield!

Σονζθμιδίας γαρ την οὐράνια  
Αγριόπαιπες δηλώνειν!  
Αὶ Τήτσεατηνα!  
Δέκτη μα τάξανη εαρία ουράνια  
Σαν παῖς μετ' αὐτούς τρομήσαντος;  
Να σύμμαχος! λειτούργος τοῦ θεοῦ τεατηνα  
Βούτσεατηνας γαρ γατείσθεο!

banja.

Νή' ι αζαν ρόζ, ηή' ι αζαν ρέος,  
Ο ζάηαις τέρεαη ηη μο ζόηαιη;  
Ιη ευηα αέταιη ηη μο ζροιόθε,  
Νο ρόη ε θαλι le τυηιτσθ δεοη.  
Αέτη λομηρα ρηοη 50 δ-ρηιη ρηοη-ζηιαδ  
Ο ηεαέ ζο ζηι le αηάλ Ζέ;  
Σαη ζηιαδ ζαη τευη, τά ρηοη 50 θηιάε,  
Αηι ταοζαη, 50 λοη, ηή' ζάηαιηό τέ.

ΙΓ τηνήσε σ' ήεις τέ ροιη 'ραη αει,  
Τούτ σ' εαζίνιζ τέ σαοη-θάη'αδ λαε;  
Ωληη τηλσηη θεαης τέ σεο 'ραη τρέηη,  
Αέτε έληησηη ήόηη α'ρ σ' ιητζήζ τέ.  
Μαηη τηη, ΙΓ ήειςηη θηρηη θηιηη,  
Μεαδοη-λαε ηο ήαοιζηζ λειετ τραοη ο  
έηάδ;  
Τούθ θηη Α ηειλτα, τηιοη Α ζηιαηη----  
Τά εποιθε ζηιαδηηη, άληηη, θηρεάζ.

## ABRÁM ČUŽI ÉJN.

Nerra.

Σειη ! Σειη ! Διηη-ζυέ δη έροιδε,  
Συη δο σέγλε ειγι τ' αθιάη γι τηλε!  
Σειη ! Σειη ! ιε ζλόγιε α έοιδε,  
· θέρδ ζαδ ηότα δοσ' θειη' δησογ ούλε!  
Σειη ! Ο ! ρέ α θεατα δο σέοι,  
Αι θεατα, ρέ τοινι το σόηημιδε.  
Τά αη γήγεαδ;  
Οίσε εριοηαδ; (ηηιδε.)  
Ιη α γεατηη θιδεαηη Ζηιάδ Ιηοηαδ ζ-σόηη  
Φόρ ηά τά 'ζ δο σέγλε ιηστηηη μη δο παηη  
Ηλι πηαρ δο γαοταη δειτ γαηη,  
Αέτ γεηη λεατ δο σέολα ζο γηοη  
Οη ταλαη θ-ρηι Αηηαηα 'ζ σόηημιδε,  
θιδεαηη Ζηιάδ ζη γήγεαδ,  
θιδεαηη Σηοιδε ζη Ιηοηαδ, (ηηιδε)  
Αηηη πορ, ιε γηει ούλεαετ' α ζσόηη

Тан чүзәм! тан чүзәм!

Ὥμη σόηησιδε αῃηρο ηαοι γαάε !  
Ωηι ειηαθ, Ο ειηαθ,

Qyr ēnzað, Q ēnzað,

That in might they prove them  
On the battlefield,  
Lord!

But should fear appall them  
In the hour of strife!  
Guard not! let the death befall them!  
Worthless they of life.  
Oh Lord!

I know not peace, I know not rest,  
Since I have felt his presence near;  
Or if that joy obscure my breast,  
Or only sorrow's blinding tear.  
But well I know the heart that loves,  
To life more dear than breath is born,  
And love unblest that faithful proves,  
**W**ill leave not all of life forlorn

How oft I've gazed upon the East,  
And feared the dawniug dim and gray  
How ott I've seen that morning mist  
    Before the noontide fade away.  
Ah! thus perchance my fears may fade  
    My mid-day life be void of care:  
For howso deep in clouds array'd,  
The heart that loves is fresh and fair.

### Song to a Bird.

Nessa.

Sing ! Sing ! sweet voice of the heart,  
That thy mate in her bower may  
hear thee !  
Sing ! Sing ! tho' dearest thou art,  
Every note but will doubly endear  
thee !

Sing ! Oh ! thy song is her life,  
Whose life is the light of thy dwelling  
Time floweth,

Youth goeth,  
In whose season Love glow'th at telling  
Yet if thy lady-love heed not thy strain  
Deem not thy quest is in vain.  
But sing on with music's true art, (ling  
From the birthland of Passion upwel-

Young Love floweth,  
Young Heart growtheth (ing.  
Like the rose in the sun at love's tell-  
Come hither! Come hither!  
Come rest in the greenwood tree,  
For thither O thither

Ní féidir liom dul go bhrád.  
Cá d-fhúil tú! Cá d-fhúil tú  
Ais eitíllas d'air áit 'raí aer?  
Tári éisíam! Tári éisíam!  
Uar reijne dám do ceol go raoir!

(Máirírla ná m-buaileóiseoiríde ais fíllí  
eas d'í g-Cat.

Eocaidh.

Tá mé dul éum Óigeajrit jn a riada m'é  
Iníorth éoír ná tirlach' do ríuailiúr mo laoijé;  
'Sáih áit jn i mhuailéanach air fead' n'lae  
Ná toinnta jn uaimh uaijnead' a cois'e.  
Aicf roilim 'súr ríanu a tár fósliúm bájrit  
Mhínd a m-bheideann aon ériofáid aic a ériofáid  
Se leir lán;

Má fáthair tū liom béis go ceol go h-  
Ais túnúchád óiút féin aitháin. (Áit  
Má fáthair tū liom béis reijne do h-  
Áit  
Má laoijé aic óiút féin aitháin.

Beochead.

Hó! m'leat éum tréanach-élaigh ná tuidí!  
Amearach tréanach do b's tóirach mo b'sc;  
Aic, mar óiglae do ériofáid m'é go cíuadó,  
'Sáih fionn Éire do ériall m'é éum caita.  
Ir hui dóscaír ari g-cíuofáid jomlán,  
'Súr ní féidir le talam a n-daoiríad;  
B's ríad cíuad do ríaoiríead' aitháin,  
'Súr le ghrádúch' jn féidir jad ríaoiríad.

Nerra-Banja-Eocaidh-Beochead.

Éirct! ré cloz ná nón' a cluinnim.  
Mári b'hí éoíltaidh nejm' a reijne,  
Éirct! tá aí leiní a ríshead,  
Mári ná guthaíd náomháda cadoinead.

Tári air ríubal! ré cloz baighre b'hí,  
Ais bualaod jn do cluair,  
Tá ré tead' le ríseultaidh ríar-ríuinn  
De b'sc a'í ghrád aghair.  
Tári air ríubal! óir cíuadh-adhráin nón'  
Aí cadoinead lá go duail,  
Ir ré tár-céoíl do ríaoíjil,  
Tári air ríubal! tári air ríubal!

Eocaidh-Beochead.

Éirct leir léimhí, léimhí,  
Léimhí tári ná mágaidh!

Nerra-Banja.

I never can fare to thee.

Whither? O whither?

Why wingest thy flight so free?

Come hither! Come hither!

Blithe birdling! and sing with me.

[March of Victory returning from the  
battle.]

Eocaidh,

I go to the Southland that birth to me  
gave; my song,

There by the sea-shore I learned  
There where the great ocean in dark-  
some cave

Panteth around me the whole day long  
But worthless and void is the Bardic  
love, (trell's own.

If it thrilleth no heart but the mins-  
Then dwell thou with me and my song  
Will waken for thee alone: (evermore  
Then dwell thou with me and for ev-  
My song will be thine alone. ermore,

Beothach.

Hie away to the clans of the North!  
In my childhood I tended the cattle;  
But a sapling, alone came I forth,  
And for Erin I fought in the battle.  
For our hearts and our hopes are our  
own, (them;

And the land not for ever shall bind  
They were fashioned for freedom alone,  
And in loving that freedom we find  
them.

Nessa—Banja—Eocaidh—Beothach.

Hark! the vesper chime is ringing,  
Like a heavenly chorus singing,  
Hearken! o'er the meadow stealing,  
Like a sacred voice appealing.

Come away! 'tis the wedding bell,  
A ringing in thine ear,

That a merry message bringeth  
Of life and love anear.

Come away! for the Even song  
That mourns the fading day,  
Is thy morn song of life,  
Come away! Come away!

Eocaidh—Beothach.

Hear it bounding, bounding,  
Bounding o'er the meadow.

Nessa—Banja,

Le eitil ȝaois'  
A' r cora r̄f̄.  
Ais' tul aji r̄f̄se na n-dul.

Eocaidh---beothach.

Éirt leir fuaimeij, fuaimeij,  
Fuaimeij t̄r̄s̄ na r̄f̄ádai.

Nessa---bania

Mair ȝucaidh ðiñne  
D' aijzlið ȝliñne  
Gusde ñum peacaidh ñimal.

Nessa---bania---Eocaidh---beothach,  
Tari aji r̄f̄bal! Tari aji r̄f̄bal!  
Tari aji r̄f̄bal! Tari aji r̄f̄bal!  
Oji tā 'n cloz, añ cloz a' bualað.  
O tari, tari aji r̄f̄bal!

### CÓIMHEASUÍ.

Nuaír ih Earras a gaoisjl tā ñá f̄sor-  
érojde mair aon;---  
O ñír na h-Éireann!  
A m-bláð dear añ t-Sainíraíð néjò f̄jor-  
a ji a rean;---  
O ȝihá na h-Éireann!  
Aéct 'raí b-Þózmaír bujde, nuaír tā 'n  
fálra faoi,  
Mair ñuillid cíosn na m-bláð;  
néjò r̄f̄atran t̄nean, zo r̄f̄tear jad  
'rión,  
'San Roilis fuaír zo bhláð.

CRÍOC.

**Gael Glas**—Quite a number of persons want to know who Gael Glas is. That information we cannot at present impart. Any one wishing to communicate directly with him can do so through the *Gael*. We must say that his present communication is a remarkable one, and one, too, which very few will have the nerve to antagonize; certainly, no Christian can. In this connection, it may not be out of place here to remind those who may imagine that the Gael is not the proper channel for such matters, that the mission of the Gael is the autonomy of the Irish Nation—the Language in which connection being of paramount importance, This the title page of the *Gael* clearly points out.

At the same time we express no opinion on the Order of the Cross except that, as its organizer fully and learnedly demonstrates, God has sometimes chosen the weak to accomplish stupendous ends.

The Gael thanks the San Francisco *SUN* and the Chicago *PILOT* for their kind notice; we hope Gaels will notify the fact.

With wing so fleet  
And fairy feet,  
A trip on a trackless way.

Eocaidh—beothach.  
Hear it sounding, sounding,  
Sounding through the shadow.

Nessa---bania.  
Like angels voicing,  
Heaven's rejoicing,  
When the erring pray.

Nessa---bania---Eocaidh---beothach.  
Come away! come away!  
Come away! come away!  
For the bell, the bell is ringing.  
O come, come away!

### Chorus.

When in life's budding Springtime two  
true hearts are one :---  
O Men of Erin!  
In the bloom of the Summer their  
worth will be known;---  
O Maids of Erin!  
And in the Autumn brown, when the  
false go down  
Like withered leaves in the blast,  
They will still fare on till they rest  
them, one,  
In their wintry home at last.

Finis.

Gaels should lose no opportunity to get reports of the Gaelic movement into the various papers in their several localities. And we cannot conceive how any news item, apart from the utter annihilation of the British power by the Mahdi, or some other *di*, should be read with greater avidity than that of recounting the exertions made, at home and abroad, to counteract the effects of the centuries of persecution to which, to use a figure of speech, the language had been subjected.

**GAELIC HEADLINES**.—Mr. Ward, of Belfast, has issued Gaelic headlines for slates, the price is only two shillings for two dozen. The writing is the neatest we have yet seen. They are so useful to the Gaelic school room that none should be without them. Mr. Ward deserves the gratitude of his fellow countrymen for the deep interest which he takes in the preservation of his native language and other matters connected with the honor of his country.

Αγρι αη ηδή, ηή ηα Νοδλας '84.

Do Föllirjčeojri aŋ Žaečjl.

Α Σάοι ... Αηγήρ αη λειτήρ γεο ζεοθ-  
αγό τύ dollari, πο θάοι-γεμήσοδα δο 'η  
ζάοδαλ αγι φεαδ ρα ιλγαδη γεο ειζ-  
αηηη

Συμπελαη η λεγέται ότι το θεός της είναι ο Απόλλωνας, η μητέρα της η Ζευς και η αδελφή της η Ήρα. Η πόλη έχει πάνω από 30.000 κατοίκους, στην περιοχή της έχει πάνω από 100.000 κατοίκους.

‘Σέ μο ούμαγιπλε-ρε θυήτ ζαη έγρτ-  
εαέτ ηα άιτ’ γαη ηζαοδαλ δο ζαθαιγιτ  
δοιδ ρεο Α ζηγρεαρ ζηάδαρ δο ζαφαη :  
7 Α ζόγρεαρ ημογάραδ 7 ημογραρ ειδηρ  
ζάγριτοδ. Ηζόηηη γιαδ ημράη ιηρέόηδ δο  
‘η ηζαοδαλ ’γ δο’η ζηήρ; ηζαοικό ιαητ  
ιαδ. Ζιά ατηιμζεαηη γιαδ θεατριδ 7  
γεκριθαδ δο ζειλιζε ητιαμα---ηά ζαθ-  
αηιαηη γιαδ Α η-θαηιαηη’ιασα ζαη θεαηι-  
ζαη ταηιειηηε 7 Α 5-ούμαγιπλε δο ημήη,  
τε, ηαηάητα, ηαι θαοηηε ιαηηε, έγρτ,  
γηη leo 7 leιζεηηι ιαδ δο ή-ηηηιαηας, plé,  
γηηια: αέτ ηαι η-θεηηηγαηδε γιαδ ρεο-  
Α Σαοj, ροj ησοj δο θηοη, θαιηηζεαη-  
ηηέτας οηέα, ηάη άηι leat αη Ζαοδαλ  
7 ζηήη ηα Ζαέθιζε θηι ζηηη ζηηη.

Ηյδο ειλε: 'Ις Ηλάθηρ α δημόσιαρ αη  
εγιε. Σομήτηλιό δο γειτνιάθηοιηδε ψηρ  
κεάπην 'η δηρ ταχιθιό γειτονάδη 1 δ.σομή-  
τηλιό... ηδοεδήλω τηλητ σομήτηρον, 'ηά 1  
η.τηριό δ.κεάπηρα. Σηεαδ δά ηαδ δ.κει-  
εαηη δηοηηη ηαδ κέτηρη δηοδη δάητα δο  
ευηαδ ηο γειτον? Αζηρ εαδ εδηο ηαδ  
ο.τηδηηη α δεάηηηδε σοζαιη δηοδη, ηηη  
τηηηηη Ηλάθηρ εγιεαδ δεηηηαδ δηοδη? ]

Τά γέ τα ουαλαέ οικτ, ζαη απήμαρ αε-  
ταέ 7 ειγιδεαό έόηιτ δο θάμιρδ δόζα, 7  
rljέσε δητιβ έοηιτ δοιθ α η-διγιλλεοζαγδ  
αη ζαεδήι, αέτ δ' φεαρ γιλιόδη 7 ceol  
ηα ή-Έγιεαηη, ηις ήαηηιγιζεαηη γέ ceapt  
ουιτ δο φάρεμη δο ίσοηαό ζαέ ιης le  
ιαμάραδ δαη θηαη, ζαη τοηηαη, ζαη  
έσαι, ζαη θηηηεαη, le θαοηηεαό, α' γισι.

Feudafajð rjāð reo, það aðillur do  
þeit þjór týraðstaðað 'ná tājum-re ð-tjum-  
çjoll ña cūjre; aðt þá tā, ní fzejðeðar  
ðaðrja 50 ð-tajrþeðaðajn rjāð eð aðjur  
að dojð ll' cōjri.

Λε πρίοσημαδό, τελιμη λεατ, α Σαοι,  
Σονζθαιδι βιατ αη ζαεδιη μαι βιατασ  
ιαστηε Ιηρε αη η-ουτέδαρ, ζαη γηάλ, ζο  
η-άριο ορ ειοη εισα, βαοε-ζόληε ηο  
αη-ηγαηα κηρ ηο νιγδεάη. Σοιρζιδιασ-  
ρο ατά ζο σιαη α' λοκτασ α σέλε αηηγ  
α ηδαοσαλ. Ομη δο θιγλλεοζα οιτα.

ხარაუ თი ციօნის აკ აუ თე ა ლექსაბ აუ  
გაობალ ყალ ხელაბზა გაუ ფი ა ტო.

Σεασήμικηστο αη ήλικιζε διάληγεαθησι  
τρο ό τρο γναρ. Συγρεασθείσας ασάς αοη α  
καιο-γεισόθα μαρτιό σο ταραχό: τά γνατ  
υπέ δ-φεαστησιό σο εμιαστό αηι αη δ-φοιλ-  
τριζεοηι. Ιη δεαζ υμήιηι ηα πυηητηρε  
ηας δ-ρυζι τρατόθηι σο λεοη λε δολλαρ  
'τα μη-βλιαδαηη το δύολ αηι ροη αη Ζαε-  
όη. Θειηκασθείσα “ηοθαηι σοική”  
ηγοη λιζα 'τα μη-βλιαδαηη γναρ αη στερηη  
το δας αοη αζαηηη. Ταριχαηη δ-φιζεασ  
ριζηηη, εύγ-έεισθ μαρι, σο δ-τη δά έεισθ  
δολλαρι. Ηι έριμητηεδάσθ αοη ηουηηε  
ηα ριζηηεασα 7 θυδ θεαη ηα βριηηαηαρ  
αη τά έεισθ tollari τοη Ζαοδα. Τά  
τιμηλε ειδό α δ-φεαστη: 7 έαηια σο  
δ-ρυζιηητο υπέ α' ποηητι δ-ταηηθε ηα ή-  
οηηρε πηαζε τά 'η Ζαοδα α' θειηασθ, θυδ  
έοηηι τηηηηη υπέ ποηητ 'τα έοηηαη-λάηη  
έμιτστό έοηηε το έοηηαη Ζαεδηζε  
θηηαηέληηηε---φόηηεασθ leo αη Ζαοδα το  
έοηηιδ' γναρ 1 ζ-εηηαηό ίηη, τε ειδό  
ηηασθ Ζαεδηζε, ά θηηη σο θαηη, 1 δ-τηήη  
ηα βλιασηηα τρο έμιαηηη.

An te nach feidir do an dollar do dhiol (agus fos an te a d' tig) faghadh se leightheoir ur den phaireur. Cuirheadh gach aon roimhe anois, ag tuis na bliadhna uire, maith eigin, da ladhad, do dheunadh do chuis ar d-teangan; agus ni feidir d'aoiúneach nidh air bith do dheunadh nios tairbhíodh don chuis seo 'na cuideadh le [fendaim de radh] aon teachtaire na teangan sin i b poibligh-eacht mhor na leitir.

Ma nídhmid seo agus do bheith cuideamhui,  
carthanach le cheile beidh deagh-thortha ar bh-  
feile 's ar ndeagh-iomcear'a, soileir, i nghearr, ann  
ar m-biseach fein & i bh fairnoamh na cuise ; &  
fós, cuirfimid an Gaodhal air a bhunnaibh go dain-  
gean, i ndealbh, cui's ar d-teangan do għreasadh  
ann tossaidh go briogħħar, & i bh-fuirm le  
sleagh do bħriseadħ go laoħradh le aon nduine,  
no le paippeur air bith ann aon teangain a feach-  
fair le tromchuis do chur orrainn no le ole no ur-  
choid do dheunadħ dhuinn.

ROSSANIC.

(Do shileamar nach rabh an leitir seo cho fada suil  
do rinneamar usaide de'n chlo Gaodhalach. agus  
do bhi an roinn dheigeionach di cho taithneamh-  
ach do chrnidhe an fhoilsightheora is nach d-tig-  
eadh leis sgur gan a criochnughadh. F. G.)

The fact that the "Red headed" Irishmen have thrown aside the shillelah and have adopted a more effective weapon, causes the owls of the pro-British press to shriek venomously—A ducking in the E. River might cool these bloodhounds.

## Jacta Est Alea.

Tá an Óirle Caite!

Feb. 2nd., 1885.

To the Editor of the Gael:

Dear Sir,—In my last letter which you published, I hinted my intention of demonstrating in the next issue of the Gael the true and only method of effecting the rehabilitation of the Gaelic language, the elevation o' the Gadelian race, and the complete autonomy of the Irish nation. I now come to fulfill my intimated purpose: Forty years have now fully elapsed since a venerable aged lady wearing a dark mantle appeared to me in a vision of sleep, and spoke to me in English nine important words of the meaning of which the following Gaelic sentence affords an exact equivalent,—

*"Ír tura an fear do claochlócaí an Protectorumtacht fóir."*

From the ominous import of the foregoing prediction, I understood that after a long interval of time it should be my destiny to suggest the mode of bringing about the regeneration of my native land, and the triumph of the faith of its people. I think I cannot be fairly accused of ill-governed precipitate enthusiasm, or of being the dupe of a sudden visionary infatuation, when I have taken so long a time for deliberation upon the condition of the affairs of my country! and for witnessing the untoward culmination of the various projects which have emanated from the brains of leaders for the amelioration of her condition and for even procuring her independence itself. I have had many reasons for holding aloof from the turmoil of Irish agitation, some of which are; that I am a meek, diffident, unobtrusive person who did not desire to fling obstacles in the way of movements which profess to be in direct march towards the goal of freedom, or become a drag-chain to the scythed chariot of oratorical warfare: And besides this, I well knew that I could not expect to receive attention from the ear of beligerent Irish patriotism, or from the duped multitude who trusting in the efficacy of parliamentary petitions had their arms to the shoulders in Paudora's box blindly groping for the talisman of political hope, until after repeated failures and protracted disappointment that much despised preceptor, called common sense, had been for some time the national pedagogue. I had from my youth learned the propriety of holding my credence from dreams, in accordance with the teaching of my catechism, but when I came to understand that the disapproval of the church could only be partial, and could not be levelled at "Dreams that are from God," I began to look upon my own vision with more confidence. I was more inclined to do this when I discovered that Jacob had been promised an inheritance in the land of Canaan and Solomon had been gifted with wisdom only in dreams, and that

a pagan monarch had foretold the vicissitudes of the kingdom of God from the beginning of the fourth century to the end of the world; and that another unbelieving king had averted the ruin and death of millions perhaps by a belief in his dreams interpreted by his neglected prisoner. It is an apparently uncontrovertible truism judging from the circumstances and facts that were it not for the dreams of the first Joseph there could have been no immigration of the children of Israel into Egypt; no dividing the waters of the Red Sea; no promulgation of the Law from Mount Sinai; and consequently no Mosiac religion: Were it not for the dreams of the second Joseph and the wise men who came to Bethlehem, according to the most reasonable hypothesis of human judgment, there could have been no flight of the Holy Family into Egypt; no crucifixion, no resurrection from the dead and therefore perhaps no Christian dispensation. But the church of God very wisely places the ban of her condemnation upon the indiscriminate belief in dreams, the overwhelming bulk of which must be pregnant with the chaotic germs of vain delusion: But the remarkable dreams of St. Patrick, and those of the mother of St. Augustine who declared that her dreams were her title-deeds to the fulfillment of God's promises to her; as well as those mentioned in the seventeenth verse of the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles were never intended to be referred to such a category. But in this connection I must declare that for a long time the sombre hue of the other garment of her who appeared to me had filled me with sinister misgivings, but when I came to discover that the image of Our Lady of perpetual Help was arrayed in such a colored habiliment my prejudice altogether vanished. It may be a mystery to many why an humble individual like myself, of stunted talents, and *mediocre* abilities, who has not been privileged to drink deeply of the Pierian Spring of learning, and who has been scarcely permitted to peep over the first hill of the Alps of science should allow myself to engage in a stupendous undertaking worthy of the giants who made war upon the Olympian heaven: And why I should have chosen the little tiny, apparently inadequate Gael to be the sword and buckler of my incipient aggression: My answer to the incredulous and the doubting is that "All things are possible to him who hath faith," and that God chooseth the weak things of this world to confound the strong, and the foolish things of this world to confound the wise." It was in fulfillment of this attribute of his divine majesty that God declared that he had raised up Pharaoh to the eminence of unparalleled worldly grandeur that he might manifest his own almighty power in that tyrant's overthrow, and in order to effect which he only picked up a precarious waif from the bulrushes of the Nile. Ceasar, in his Commentaries, informs us that the

gods sometimes raised nations to a high pitch of worldly greatness in order that their downfall and humiliation should be the more grievous and insupportable to them; while St. John in the Apocalypse predicts that the inhabitants of a certain kingdom upon whose throne the vial of the male diction of God's wrath shall be poured, shall be so tortured with poignancy of national remorse that they shall absolutely gnaw their tongues with pain. The Almighty frequently uses the most unlikely means to bring about the greatest results, and has employed the feeble arm of woman to be the scourge and instrument of destruction to the haughtiest despots. It was thus by means of the prophetess Deborah that he overthrew the nine hundred chariots armed with scythes of the tyrant Jabin—that he inspired the faithful Esther to submit her body to the rigors of a long fast by which she brought about the hanging on a gallows fifty cubits high of the monster Haman who meditated the destruction of her kindred, and that he nerved the arm of the chivalrous Betulian widow, Judith, to deprive the drunken Holofernes of his head. Similar wonders he again accomplished when he aroused the generous enthusiasm of a noble heroine to assist in driving the infidel Moors out of Spain and employed the brilliant Joan of Arc to bring about the coronation of the lawful king and the discomfiture and overthrow of the British usurpation in France. In our beloved Erin the virgin daughter of King Malachy was made the worthy instrument to chastise the brutish tyrant Turgesius, whose beastly carcass was consigned to the cold depths of the waters of Lough Aunin, while his truculent Danish myrmidons were slaughtered by the swords of vengeful patriots, or were precipitately driven to take refuge in their piratical ships. The famous philosopher, Plato, assures us that it is possible for one man to free an oppressed country—but he assigns to him as necessary virtues or qualification justice, prudence, temperance and the favor of the gods—but on the contrary the Greek poet, Hesiod, asserts that it is possible for one wicked man to ruin and destroy his country, and thus he gives expression to his conviction on the subject,—

"When one man's crimes the wrath of Heaven provoke,  
Oft doth a nation feel th' avenging stroke;  
Then dire contagion flies at Jove's command,  
And wasteful famine desolates the land."

Some of the Jewish Rabbi in the tract on ethics compiled by them from the Talmud, Mishna, and Gemara affirm that the blood of murder will depopulate a country. The same inference may be drawn from the Old Testament where it is asserted that the land will vomit out the murderers, and this fact is more particularly established in reference to the Gabaonites whose massacre had been avenged by a famine. In like manner in ancient pagan Ireland when the Attacots or plebeians of

the country had assassinated the ruling chief and toparks of the Melisian dynasty their usurping chief, Carbery, surnamed the Feline, after having worn the regal crown for five years was compelled by a protracted famine to surrender the sceptre into the hands of the lawful heir of the murdered monarch. Taking these facts into consideration apart from theological teaching, it appears not to be expedient to do evil that good may come, lest the malignity of the wicked be avenged upon the innocent as well as the guilty. Forty years ago the Catholic population of Ireland numbered about eight million of souls, and now, after almost a steady parliamentary agitation and the sacrifice of many lives in vindication of national rights, that population has dwindled down to less than one half; and as like causes will produce like effects, a similar course of procedure and an occasional famine, it is fair to conclude that the whole Celtic population of Ireland will be wholly extirpated before the expiration of the next forty years. If the Irish Catholics by any force of circumstances could be induced to immigrate to foreign lands where they would be compelled to mix with peoples overwhelmingly more numerous than themselves, their doom would inevitably be, to become racially extinct and having lost the bond of their native vernacular, which De Tocqueville affirms, is the strongest tie that can bind a nation together: it would be impossible to again rehabilitate the race. It is to prevent this ruinous and lamentable consummation that I have resolved to step forth from the gloom of my wonted seclusion and obscurity to undertake a task, which I sincerely wish had fallen to the lot of abilities more competent, and a mind more gifted. The society which I hereby recommend to my Catholic co-religionists of Irish birth or origin, is a religious association possessing the latent germs of a future military organization, from which are expected to result the redemption of Ireland, and the supremacy of the Gadelian race. It shall be denominated the Order of the Cross; the men and youths belonging thereto shall be styled The Heroes of the Cross, and the ladies of every age joining it shall be designated The Heroines of the Cross. In this Order all the members are capable of being self enrolled and no record of membership will need to be kept until the institution assumes a more definite form of organization. Every one who is willing to procure an Agnus Dei and a Cross, and offer daily five patres to Almighty God for the freedom of Ireland, the conversion of England, and the universal triumph of the Catholic Church, is eligible to become a member thereof. The Agnus Dei is to be worn night and day in the usual way, next the person,—it is intended for protection. The cross may be of wood or any other suitable material: the little bog-oak crosses of the Knock Apparition are to be preferred; they are to be enveloped in red, or simply

tied round with a single strip of scarlet cloth or ribbon, to denote the approach of a sanguinary religious crisis out of which the church shall triumphantly emerge. The cross is to be worn unexposed on the left breast close to the shoulder, to signify that it is to regain possession of the North: It is an intended symbol of victory. The crosses however may be exposed in public procession on solemn occasions or crosses of scarlet cloth may be substituted for them. In cities, towns and other localities where the members are numerous, they may assume a more definite form of organization, not inconsistent with the principles herein laid down. But the flag of the society shall be plain and unostentatious - it is intended to become the standard of a free Ireland. Its color shall be olive-green and no device whatever shall appear upon it but a scarlet cross, wherein shall be inserted and hidden an Agnus Dei in the central part, where the lateral arms meet the perpendicular. Its Gaelic appellation shall be—

### VRUTAIC NIU BUAO.

in English the Flag of Victory. It is not to be unrolled in battle for Irish freedom until a coalition of foreign powers is formed favorable to the object of its institution. It is symbolical of worldly prosperity and Christian power: and is destined to become hereafter more renowned than the Dannebrog of the North, the Oriflamme of the South, the blessed banner of Joan of Arc, or the sacred standard of King Brian, under the shadow of whose cheering effulgence the heroic Dalcassians overthrew the mail-clad warriors of Denmark, upon the ensanguined battlefield of Clontarf. The institution whose plain, *facile* principles, I have above delineated contains no element of inequality and will afford no pecuniary pabulum for the aggrandizement of leaders. It may be spurned, despised, ridiculed by many, but still I am confident that if it be generally accepted, that it will redeem Ireland, liberate Poland and strike the shackles from the limbs of the vicar of Christ who, very much after the manner of Prometheus of old, is figuratively chained down upon the rock of Peter, while the infidel vultures of secret societies are virtually preying upon the vitals of Christianity. Yes, and I am further led to believe by my own positive convictions that this Order of the Cross is the Stone of Destiny that will fall upon the feet of the colossal image of tyranny that stands in the citadel of the third Babylon, and that will grind to dust and powder its iron and brass, its silver and gold to be scattered far and wide by the whirlwind of God's wrath. But having extended my remarks on this subject further than I at first intended, I now leave the matter to the consideration of my Gaelic compatriots and all others whom it may concern, and beg of God, from whom proceeds all wisdom and prudence, to guide their judgement in the premises.

In conclusion, believe me in the interest of national autonomy and the cherished vernacular of our sires, Yours most patriotically,

GÆL GLAS.

Ójleán Éaduij.

Úrlaith MacCuaioth ño éan.

Air, Youghal Harbor,--Slow & solemn. ?  
*Ceap a Caoin.*

1  
Ír 1 ñ-ojleán Éaduij atá mo éaduij ȝíráð,  
Aíj lejz mē léjte mo jún ȝo h-óð;  
A b-fuji tlujúr aíj aon céill a ȝul 'ñja  
djaðr oíjum, *ogam* [aíj].  
'Sgáin bean d'bhreáðað, mo éreac, le fáð-  
tá mjjre tlejt-laz- n'íl ȝari ða ȝeuñiað,  
Aíj n'íl mē aíj aon éor að ȝari ðejt-  
eað að ceo; [mē],  
'Sa rtoir mo éléib' Ír tū ð' fáð ȝiom fénj  
'Gur éuaðr tū ȝ-cré uajj jn do éaíj n'í.

2

A ñ-aorj a rédeuñ a ȝuaðr mē fénj j,  
'Sbu láðað að féljuij s' að ȝear le fáðaj;  
Búdear a beura, 'rbu cùmha a mējñ-ñajt  
'Sbu zeall le neultán s' aíj ñajtj ñreáð.  
Mo ȝíráð do ȝeijñ ȝári ȝum ȝá ȝreúðað,  
'Sdo ȝíuað ȝeal, ȝléjead ȝári að eala  
aíj tliá; *c-rnárr?*

Do óá ȝjé ȝórra le do leañj ȝ bneuñ'ð,  
Aíj, a rtoir, n'íjor ȝeit mē tñ ȝabairt ð  
'n' m-báj.

3

Óá b-rofájñ ȝláiñj te ȝaile ȝíráñha  
Do ȝóizfead lán oíj ȝeit ȝul ȝá ȝajð,  
Aíj að ȝjuñ bean ȝáñ ȝo að aíj ð-tuñ  
mē ȝíráð ȝi,

Ír ȝuri jn a pájrtæ do ȝuaðr mē j.  
B'feárr ȝiom ȝo ȝori ȝori mo ȝajð 'rañ  
jroð s

A bleáðan mo ȝo a ȝ-cíjñ mo ȝjé  
'Ná ȝajðþreag ȝeoñra 7 fáðajñ ȝá ðó é  
'Sgur ȝaoj ȝá ȝoðað do ȝuñj mē j.

4

Óá ȝ-bejðeas ȝjor aíj ȝá ðaojhe ȝo  
buaðaír ña 'r ȝjðjñ-ȝe  
Aíj tliá do ȝmuñjñ aíj mo ȝalos ȝuað,  
ȝjðeas jn aíj ȝiom aíj ȝeað ȝá h-ójðc,  
'S að cónáð caoñ ȝiom le h-éjñjé 'n' lae,  
N'íl ȝari ðam ȝmuñjñeað ȝo b-fujij mē  
cøjðc  
A ȝ-cíjñ mo ȝjé s, mo leañj ȝáñ,

Աշուր բայլ տօ ծրոյժե տեած՝ ին դառոյ,  
'Տա րտօն, ու ՚ ի տ-յօշոյած է, յ ի-օյայծ տօ  
ծրած.

Օլեան Եածոյ, Anglicised Islandandy, is one of the burying grounds of the parish of that name near Castlebar, in the county Mayo. The foregoing song is the composition of Brian McHugh, a local bard of that district, on the death of his wife whom he lost in her youthful prime. Her maiden name was Sally or Sarah O'Malley.

The island is in an arm of Lough Carra and obtained its name from a custom of the neighboring women going there to spread their եածած լին or աղայր (linen) on the green sward to bleach. It is a well known custom in Ireland with the people to spread their coarse pieces of linen near some stream where water is convenient in order to wet it occasionally for the purpose of bleaching it under the rays of the sun: loops of thread at the ends and sides with stakes driven in the ground are used to hold the pieces straight and firm during bleaching hours.

The Gael is indebted to Mr. Martin P. Ward, who wrote it from John O'Boyle of St. Job ին Հ-Հայր, for this song. *Republ. Vol. XI. page 248.*

We have received No. 19 of the *Gaeic Journal* and we thank its Editor, Mr. Fleming for his very flattering notice of the Gael. As we have repeatedly remarked, if any other people on the face of the globe were situated as the Irish are, the Gaelic Journal would have the largest circulation of any journal in the world. Here we are fully 20,000,000 scattered all over the earth, emerging from a political bond, some of us well fixed in worldly goods, and yet the *weeny* solitary little journal, the first by the grace of our conquerors permitted to be published on Irish soil, can hardly live for the want of support—the mere trifle of about \$1,200 a year! What wonder that our ears are often treated to the unpalatable sound, “The mean Irish.” The Gaelic Journal should be a treat to every Irishman's family, yet how few there are who support it. When Irishmen are indifferent as to their own social standing 'tis no wonder the world has a kick at them—no wonder that they are “The hewers of wood and the drawers of water” to the other nationalities who resent themselves—no wonder that every scribbler he Anglican press vilifies and defames them.

RAVENNA, O., Feb 4, '85.

Dear Sir,—

I have contemplated this letter for the past two years but, for one cause or another, never realized it until now. Let me briefly narrate to you the cause or reason prompting a request I intend making later on.—One morning, while stationed at Clyde, I received a telegram from a neighboring priest requesting me to come at once to hear the confession of an Irishman, who was *in extremis*. In my childhood, I learned my prayers in Irish of my parents but, so many years had elapsed, I had forgotten them all except the Hail Mary. Fortunately my house-keeper had learned the catechism from old Fr. Meehan o' Carregaholt, Cl., in Irish. I called her and putting the necessary questions to her she “Irished them” as she called it, for me. Well I went on the sick call and prepared the poor fellow for death. I'll never forget the look of that man when I asked,—

“*Cá քայծ օ ծի տն այ քաօյրյօյի*”;  
nor the muttered blessings when I concluded with

“*Ոյ աշուր միյր այստ*.”

Here is my request: Could you not print in your little “monthly” the Examen of Conscience in Irish—spelling the Irish phonetically, as you were accustomed to do in the vocabulary, in order to help those who do not understand the tongue to get a correct pronunciation? I am sure every Irish priest and many others of the nationality would become subscribers.

I would be willing to prepare the English Examination of Conscience for you. You could print the Irish word in Latin or English type and under each the pronunciation. You can have no idea how many poor souls will bless you for being the means of enabling them to confess in Irish.

O how often do we hear in the confessional, at the 40 Hrs.' devotion, “Father, do you speak Irish.” Is it not a hard thing for an Irish priest to be compelled to admit his ignorance of his father's and mother's tongue?

Well give this a serious thought, I beg of you, and in the meantime put me down as a subscriber.

Very Respectfully,

JNO. T. CAHILL.

[We shall do our part in carrying out Father Cahill's suggestion, and hope that all of the Gael's subscribers, who are in arrears, will pay up and, also, endeavor to get others to subscribe, that the coming issues may be increased in volume for the purpose of advertising this as well as the Order of the Cross; for the number of copies issued, beyond a prescribed number, depends on its income]

Germany has made England eat the leek; 'tis bitter, but then there is no choice. If Germany were a weak nation how her cities would be shelled by English gunboats, without waiting to learn if there were any women or children in the way!

SÁNGUINITE 211 t-SEAN-5AEÓIR, 21  
b-PÍRJOSÁN, 21 SÁCSANAIJÓ.

Ωη Σπλαθή Ωοιδήη το άλη.

Τά μῆλτε αὗμιρ μῆλτε  
Αὗ μῆλλεαδή ηα τέρη  
Αὗ τειηαδή α η-δοσέχηλ  
Αη Γαοδαλ δο όμηρ τέσοι,  
Βή μη α μ-θηηοηζλόρο οιδέσε  
Α η-αιγιληζ α πέμη  
Ταιρβεάηαδ θαη-γα ήέχε  
Α'ρ θιαθαη λήθειλ,  
Ο' ράζ δοσέαρ γάληη μο όποιδε-γε  
Ταιρβεάηαδ θαη εηάδ,  
Αὗμιρ θηρη le ή-αδηαδή ηα τέσηε  
Αὗμιρ θηρη, θηρη αθηάη.

(Translation)

By MICHAEL CAVANAGH.

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## AN IRISHMAN'S MUSINGS IN AN ENGLISH PRISON.

---

How pleasant 'tis, how pleasant,  
To one bowed down in woe,  
To wander forth at even,  
And see the sunset glow :  
To see the sun descending,  
Unto his ocean bed ;  
While sea and sky are glowing,  
With golden hues, and red.  
The great flood-tide rough music,  
Is making on the strand ;  
As it has done for ages,  
When beating on the land,  
There comes unto my heart then,  
That felt so nearly dead ;  
Some thoughts and recollections,  
I deemed for ever sped.  
Oh ! let them bide for ever,  
For ever, and for aye ,  
Until my soul is freed from  
Its prison house of clay,  
But when I'm coldly lying,  
Within my earth bed deep ;  
My people crowding o'er me,  
While bitterly they weep,  
Thus doth my vigor leave me,  
My strength and courage brave,  
I might as well be sleeping,  
Within my narrow grave.  
But, better far be lying,  
Secure from grief or pain;  
Than in this Isle of sorrow,  
A slave-bound wretch remain.  
What comfort or what pleasure,  
Awaits the poor and low ?  
None gets redress for evils  
Which all must undergo,  
But all for which I tender,  
My prayer to God on High,  
Ere I my land see tortured,  
He'd will that I should die,  
Tis this my senses crazes,  
By day-light and by night,  
As often as my thoughts dwell  
On Erin's watchful plight.  
As often as I'm thinking,  
Upon her cruel case ;  
I pray the Lord to banish,  
The tyrants of her race,  
There thousands upon thousands,  
Are preying on the land ;  
All bent on the destruction

Of our old Gaelic land.  
 Last night I had a vision,  
 A strange portentous dream,  
 In which some things were revealed,  
 Which wonderful did seem.  
 Then hope forsook my bosom,  
 And misery drew on;  
 And Grief the Island covered,  
 And Grief, Grief alone.

"THE SCOTCH-IRISH."—Under this heading the most villainous, malignant and slanderous article ever penned by man appeared in the Eagle of this city on Feb. 22. It paints the Ulster planters of James I, industrious, upright, truthful and moral, while he portrays the natives as being the very opposite. No wonder the planters were prosperous when they were planted in choice locations, while the legitimate owners of the soil were hunted to the rocks and, when, if they had a valuable horse or other property the said planters could take them for a mere trifle. But the cheek and effrontery of this moral assassin, in the face of statistics compiled by his own proteges, to compare the morality of the Irish with his own sodomitic abominations. Here is the morality of the four provinces last year, taken by English officials,—Drunk, Munster 24.432; Leinster, 24.183; Connaught, 10.663, and Ulster 28.219. Illegitimacy—Munster and Leinster including the cities of Cork and Dublin, less than 2 per cent; Connaught less than 1 per cent, and Ulster—moral "Scotch-Irish" Ulster, 4 per cent. This slimy mouthed defamer had these statistics before him, but truth would not serve the purpose he had in view, yet some men who call themselves Irishmen associate with this moral assassin!

This complimentary item appears in the same paper of Feb. 24.—

"Moreover there is a certain tradition that an English exploring party, during the first portion of the 16th Century, discovered in the Carolinas a people who seemed to be neither Indians nor Europeans. With true British sagacity the explorers put together the facts that this people had red hair, uttered a strange guttural speech, were armed with shillelahs and always appeared to be on the eve of a riot, and therefore concluded that they were Irishmen." We notice these things because this British sheet has been supported by Irishmen, and because its conductors pretended to sympathise with the wrongs of Ireland.

This is the expiring spasm of English domination. It is the last kick and is wild and reckless. It sees the power slipping from his grasp. It sees its kind, through immoral agencies, reduced to three per cent [vide official returns] in this city. It sees that the Irish element, which it seeks to defame multiplies, so that in less than twenty years it will be the governing element in the country.

Irishmen, you are a power which cannot be ignored if you have manliness to wield it. Respect yourselves. Respect your language and history, and place a visible sign of your condemnation on those who seek to defame you.

A Brooklyn Subscriber—We believe the proprietor of the Eagle is not an American Citizen [it is commonly said he is not] for this reason; that though he was chairman of the delegation of the King's County contingent to the Chicago convention which nominated Mr Cleveland for the presidency, and it was through his influence that Mr. Cleveland got the nomination, he did not vote for him on election day, nor for Gen. Hancock in '80. He did not register either years, because, we believe, for the above reason. We would sooner believe that he has no vote than that he would act a traitor to the man whom he helped to nominate by refusing to vote for him. But what must we think of the intelligence, manhood, and patriotism of a party which permits itself to be "run" by the representative of the Arnolds of notorious memory? This is the man who placed the coat-of-arms of England over the entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge, a standing insult to every patriotic citizen who crosses it. This is the influence in our American politics which has left our coasts and seaboard cities unprotected under the hypocritical cry of economy, but really to keep us under a cow, and enable English influence to predominate in the politics of the American Continent, as is made manifest by our cowardly actions in the Nicaragua-canal affair. This nefarious English policy supported by the subsidised English press, and by ex-rebel and tory legislators, is a disgrace to our intelligence and a menace to the stability of our republican institutions. This is the influence which makes the tail wag the dog in our municipal politics—that puts Burchardism into practice in their regard. The Irish element forms two-thirds of the democracy of Brooklyn, and what must be thought of their intelligence when they permit themselves to be bossed by a simon pure Englishman? Not one of this majority has ever received even the nomination for mayor of the city because the burchards of the party could not be got to support him, and yet the Irish will support these burchards if nominated! How degrading to the Irish element are these truths!

The Eagle is run purely in England's interest, and with characteristic British brutishness and savagery is now crying out for the innocent blood of the Soudanese. It is the headquarters of the English detective bureau in this city. It is here the notorious Jim McDermot graduated.

Irish revolutionist have now an opportunity to accomplish their end by helping the *El Maidhi*, and by sending a few thousand other *El Maidhis* to India to stir up the natives there. With intelligent tactics it would be impossible for England to hold her Indian empire for six months. In less than that time every Musselman soldier could be got to act as his kin did at Khartoum. Here is an opening now for intelligent operations.

## HISTORY OF IRELAND.

A school history of Ireland (Collier) published by Marcus Ward, of Belfast, has just been received by us. The columns of the Gael are too limited to do full justice to this excellent little volume. It contains 261 pages 12mo, in green cloth, and in paper, make up etc. in keeping with every thing turned out by Mr. Ward's establishment and its contents a reflex of genuine nationalism.

It goes back to the earliest ages and continues down to the present time—Gives the portraits of prominent Irishmen; the coat-of-arms of the provinces and principal cities, gives the names of men and places in the Gaelic letter with the phonetic sound in modern Roman, The work is strictly impartial, and invaluable to any one who desires to be well posted in Irish history without having to wade through a mass of matter which no ordinary memory could retain. This is its tone on the Penal Laws.—“Catholics were forbidden, under pain of outlawry and forfeiture, to employ Catholic teachers, or even to send their children abroad for education. \* \* If a Catholic owned a good horse, any protestant might demand it on payment of £5.” The *Tuam News* in a two-column review of this history, among other matter, says,—“The National Board ought to have the work, or some work like it in every school connected with the Board in Ireland. But the Commissioners will not do any such thing. They do not want the sons of Irishmen to know anything about Ireland in the past.”

No Irishman ought to be without this little volume. The fact that the work comes from a Protestant author makes it more valuable because our non-Catholic fellow citizen might doubt the extent of the barbarous treatment which Irishmen have received at the hands of “Benign Mother England” if recorded by a Catholic pen.

We enquired at Mr Ward's N. Y. house if the book would be for sale there, but the manager said he thought not unless to order, and if it was that the price would be about a \$1. Now, if any of our readers wish to get this interesting work, we shall send to Belfast to supply such order the first of each month—not oftener, because the sending of the smallest order to the Old Country costs 30 cents, including postage.

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## THE PHILA. P. C. Society.

### Death of Brother Nairy,

At the stated monthly meeting of the Philo-Celtic Society of Phila., held in the Class-rooms, in Philopatrian Hall, 211 South 12th St., on Sunday evening, Jan. 25th, the following resolutions were unanimously passed with reference to the death of Michael Nairy, which took place at his late residence, 2326 Alter St., Philadelphia, on Jan. 3rd. 1885, at the age of 38 years,—

Whereas, By the allwise decrees of Almighty God He has been pleased to call from our midst our late and esteemed Brother and fellow member, Michael Nairy, by the dread hand of death: and

Whereas, In his death, our society has lost an active and devoted member; our community a good and respected citizen; his bereaved and sorrowing family, a faithful, loving and devoted husband and father, and mother Ireland, a true and patriotic son: Therefore, be it

Resolved, That we tender our sincere sympathy to his family, and bid them to find consolation in and comfort in reflecting on the truly christian manner in which he prepared for and met his death.—

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for a period of sixty days, and that a copy of these resolutions be presented to the wife of the deceased and published in the next issue of the *Gael and Irish World*.

Peter F. Murphy,  
Patrick McFadden,  
Edward Meakin,  
Committee.

A member of the Council of the Gaelic Union offers a prize of 5 to the teacher of a national or other elementary school who shall pass the largest number of scholars in Irish in the county Galway at the examinations of 1885; also two guineas in prizes, to be divided between three or more of his pupils, at the discretion of the teacher. *Tuam News*

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