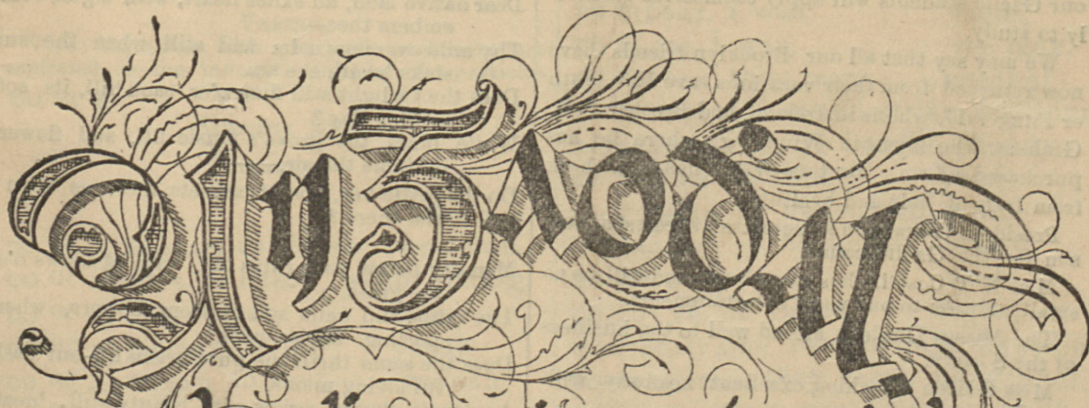


1101



Leabhar-aithne mioranach,

tabairtá cum an

TEANGA GAEDILGE

a corrad a h-*azur* a raonú, a h-*azur*

a h-*azur* cum

Féin-maíla Cuid na h-Eimeann.

VOL. 4.— No. 10.

October, 1885. Price, Five Cents.

The




Gael.

*A monthly Journal, devoted to the Cultivation and Preservation of the Irish Language, and the autonomy of the Irish Nation.*

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Published at 814 Pacific st., Brooklyn, N. Y., by M. J. LOGAN, editor and proprietor.

Fifth Year of Publication.



## Philo-Celts.

Now that the cool weather has set in we hope all our Gaelic students will apply themselves earnestly to study.

We may say that all our Brooklyn friends have now returned from their vacations save Rev. Father Fitzgerald, who is in Ireland, and Brother P. S. Graham, who is out in Winnipeg, where he has purchased a farm. Brother Walsh has come back from Ireland, hale and healthy.

President Gilgannon anticipates a successful season for the Gaelic cause.

Miss N T Costello has come home and will be no small addition to our vocal entertainments.

The Misses Dunlevy attend well to the business of the Society.

Miss Guiren is making excellent headway with the Gaelic.

Miss Rogers is also doing well

We miss the Misses Donnelly much lately

We shall in future take note of absentees so that they will have to look sharp.

Ex-President H C Finn calls now and again.

M J Heaney is losing ground. He wants to look out or lose his prestige

Brothers O' Donnell, Hyland, Kinsella and O' Leary attend very well

Vice-Prest, Lacey is always on time

The Society is under much obligation to Mr T P Lacey, who at all times presides at the piano during entertainments. Also, to Miss and Master Gilbert, the accomplished son and daughter of Professor Gilbert

We are glad to see Brother J Byrne back again.

Brother Baldwin's attention to study manifests itself. He gave us a gentle rebuke for classifying him as a foreigner. We gladly accept.

Brother and Miss Mullannev attend all the time Brother Morrissey and his Italian friend, Brother Fabrizio, call on time.

Miss Nelly Crowley, our accomplished elocutionist, is absent quite often.

Miss Moran, our talented poetess, takes a deep interest in the language.

Brother Martin delights in dealing heavy oratorical blows to the Sasannach.

We like to see M F Costello attending again

The first place visited by A M Deely after his return from the Old Sod was the Gaelic hall

Brother Flaherty will, he says, mend in his attendance

President McEiry and Sec. Murphy, of the Philadelphia Society, called a few days ago, they are full of hope in the cause

From the blowing of the New York Gael some time ago we trembled for the fate of our little Gael thinking that its puny columns would be left in the shade by the brilliant outcome of their publication, but we now find they resemble "The Mountain in Labor"—out pops—What? Whether you like it or not, N Y friends, you will have to take a seat behind Brooklyn in the Gaelic cause. The successful prosecution of that cause calls for items which you cannot, or are not disposed to, supply,

## THE EXILE OF ERIN.

Written for the Gael by John Coleman.

Dear native land, an exiles heart, with sighs, remembers thee—

Thy mild evenings calm and still when the sun sinks 'neath the sea.

Does the twilight still fling o'er each hill, its soft smiling day?

While birds the grove's music fill, and flowers perfume the air,—

Do the cattle low, and streamlets flow, as when I was there?

Memory paints your ruins old, with shadows o'er the grass,

The raths, and wells and blossom bowers, where sporting fairies pass.

Does the same thrill the pure hearts fill—our bashful loving maids,

Are their cheeks aglow with beauty still, 'neath dark flowing hair.

Are their steps light, and their souls as white, as when I was there?

Do the old tell of former times, of great soul'd men of might,

Of Ossian's fame, or Oscar's stroke or Fenian host in fight,

Are those tales told in our tongue of gold, while joys round it play

To make time fleet by, with laugh and sigh, while youths frowning stare,

With a crashing blow, for the foreign foe, as when I was there?

And as the day, at length does close and night unfolds his pall,

Do the Gael's dear tongue still breathe the prayer in cot, keel and hall,—

Do their dreams trace the lean brown face—the exile far away.

Do they crave his aid—his willing blade—to strike, rend and tear

The tyrant's rag from tower and crag, as when I was there?

Your rivers' winding course I see, your bays and sunny shore,

And in dreamy fold I now behold your flowery fields, asthore,

This heart for you is rent in two, while far away I sigh.

Like keen edged steel, death's chill I feel, which fills this brow with care

He'll tear apart this soul and heart, while I am far from there.

Sweet storied land of music soul, of scholar, bard, and sage,

Of Brehon, Druid, and sprid and fay, and saints of latter age,

Of lake and lee, and warrior Ree, and soldier Galaglass—

O! for a birth 'neath shamrock-earth, made light with pleading prayer,

And the heart's sigh, and tearful eye, O, happy sleeper there,

Counsellor J C McGuire, P Crean, P Cradack Hon. W H Marsha, and Judge Walsh have made full return for picnic tickets sent them by the Soc



SECOND BOOK (Continued from p. 463)

RULE VIII.

VERBS:

Verbs beginning with a mutable consonant are aspirated in the infinitive mood by the particles *do* or *a*.

EXERCISE XVII.

Examples.

	Sound
<i>do</i> or <i>a</i> , <i>bualad</i> , to strike,	woo-ulah.
<i>do</i> or <i>a</i> , <i>cor</i> , to check,	wean, chusg.
<i>do</i> or <i>a</i> , <i>cur</i> , to put,	chur.
<i>do</i> or <i>a</i> , <i>deunad</i> , to do,	yenah.
<i>do</i> or <i>a</i> , <i>duh</i> , to shut,	yoona.
<i>do</i> or <i>a</i> , <i>fo</i> , to warn,	oograh.
<i>do</i> or <i>a</i> , <i>fulaigh</i> , to suffer,	ulaing.
<i>do</i> or <i>a</i> , <i>gab</i> , to take,	yawail.
<i>do</i> or <i>a</i> , <i>gu</i> , to pray,	yuive.
<i>do</i> or <i>a</i> , <i>mar</i> , to live,	warhinn.
<i>do</i> or <i>a</i> , <i>por</i> , to marry,	fo-sah.
<i>do</i> or <i>a</i> , <i>reac</i> , to shun,	haughnah.
<i>do</i> or <i>a</i> , <i>ru</i> , to walk,	hewul.
<i>do</i> or <i>a</i> , <i>tabair</i> , to give,	how-airth.

EXERCISE XVIII.

<i>door</i> , a door,	dhurus.
<i>so</i> <i>magh</i> , well,	magh.
<i>so</i> <i>thom</i> , heavily,	thrum.
<i>peac</i> , sin,	paukah.
<i>ruior</i> , ravage,	skriss.
<i>toil</i> , will,	thuil.

1 *buid* *deac* *do* *tabair*. 2 *do* *toil* *a* *deunad*. 3 *rean* *rean* *do* *por*. 4 *an* *mad* *a* *cur* *magh*. 5 *an* *ti* *do* *ruior*. 6 *peac* *a* *reac*. 7 *an* *mad* *a* *gab*. 8 *an* *rean* *a* *bualad* *so* *thom*. 9 *rian* *a* *fulaigh*. 10 *an* *door* *duh*.

1 to give thanks. 2 thy will to do, 3 to marry an old man. 4 to put out the dog. 5 to ravage the country. 6 to shun sin. 7 to take the thief. 8 to strike the man heavily. 9 to suffer pain. 10 to shut the door.

RULE IX

Verbs beginning with a mutable consonant are aspirated in the perfect tense, indicative mood, active voice, and in the conditional mood of both voices. The particle *do* is generally placed before the verb in such instances: *ro* is also used chiefly in composition with other particles as in

*gu*, *magh* &c.

EXERCISE XIX.

Examples of *do*.

<i>do</i> <i>bidear</i> , I was,	veeus.
<i>do</i> <i>bi</i> <i>me</i> , I was,	vee may.
<i>do</i> <i>biodar</i> , they were,	veedhar.
<i>do</i> <i>bualair</i> , I would strike,	voollhinn
<i>do</i> <i>ceannuigh</i> <i>rib</i> , ye bought,	channy.
<i>do</i> <i>duh</i> <i>re</i> , he shut,	yoona.
<i>do</i> <i>fo</i> <i>re</i> , he learned,	o-lim.
<i>do</i> <i>fu</i> <i>re</i> , he loved,	yrawy.
<i>do</i> <i>magh</i> <i>re</i> ,	waih.
<i>do</i> <i>por</i> <i>re</i> , he kissed,	fogue.
<i>do</i> <i>ru</i> <i>re</i> , I would walk,	hewulinn
<i>do</i> <i>ceannuigh</i> , they came,	hangadhur.
<i>do</i> <i>ceannuigh</i> , thou wouldst come,	hukfaw
<i>do</i> <i>ceannuigh</i> <i>re</i> , He gave,	Hug

In trying to give the pronunciation by means of the English sound of the letters, the learner is requested to give the letters a broad, guttural sound. Pronounce the combination *nn* as if you were stop half way in pronouncing the particle *in* (*g*). We shall pay more attention to pronunciation in future.

SENTIMENTS of our SUBSCRIBERS

Ala., Per F. S. McCosker, J. Connolly, Mrs. Lazo, M. McSweeney Mrs. L-tady. (One of your old subscribers, Mr McNulty, has slipped down and has paid ten years' in advance)  
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## ԼԱՕՇՐԱ ԽԱ ԿԵՂԵԱՆՈՒՄ 'ՏԱՆ ԵՔԵՅ ՏԱՏԱՆԱԾ.

Եւ զի ահ ան իմ անհոգի ծառայիչ 'րա ընդ' ;

Եւ զի իմ անհոգի ծառայիչ 'րա ընդ' ;

Եւ զի իմ անհոգի ծառայիչ 'րա ընդ' ;

'Տ րա ընդ' ;

Եւ զի իմ անհոգի ծառայիչ 'րա ընդ' ;

'Տ րա ընդ' ;

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Եւ զի իմ անհոգի ծառայիչ 'րա ընդ' ;

'Տ րա ընդ' ;

## ԱՌ ՇԱՐԿԱՆ.

(Եւ զի իմ անհոգի ծառայիչ 'րա ընդ' ;)

Եւ զի իմ անհոգի ծառայիչ 'րա ընդ' ;

Եւ զի իմ անհոգի ծառայիչ 'րա ընդ' ;

'Տ րա ընդ' ;

Եւ զի իմ անհոգի ծառայիչ 'րա ընդ' ;

Եւ զի իմ անհոգի ծառայիչ 'րա ընդ' ;

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Եւ զի իմ անհոգի ծառայիչ 'րա ընդ' ;

Եւ զի իմ անհոգի ծառայիչ 'րա ընդ' ;



Ireland's Champions in the English Parliament.

Yet hark ! the eagle in his cage has heard  
The cry of freedom ; look ! the captive sees  
The wing of freedom—'tis a brother bird !  
The eagle rends his bonds, and upward flees.  
And mark ! the beggar bard has heard a tune  
That makes him quick forget mad slavery's might ;  
And list ! his harp throws off its crazy swoon,  
And wakes a rebel-song of swords and fight !

Thus, when the eagle of the States arose—  
 When o'er the sea rang freedom's valiant strain—  
 Old Ireland roused amid her mighty woes  
 And almost broke the Saxon's iron chain.  
 And does that circling eagle's lofty wing  
 On Ireland's champions courage still bestow ?  
 It does—they rend their fetters harrowing,  
 And rise, at last, like vengeance, on the foe !

BRUČIJK, AŇ SEIČTŇIJAŇ LĚ AŇ FĚČEAD DE ŠEČT  
-ŇIĚ, 1885.

Ա ՏՈՂ: Դձյո՞ւմ է՞ր ընթրիքով շնորհակալ խոսքեր ասել ձեր համարձակ հայրիկի և մայրիկի հանդեպ: Դձյո՞ւմ է՞ր խոսել ձեր հարազատների հետ ձեր համարձակ հայրիկի և մայրիկի մասին: Դձյո՞ւմ է՞ր խոսել ձեր հարազատների հետ ձեր համարձակ հայրիկի և մայրիկի մասին: Դձյո՞ւմ է՞ր խոսել ձեր հարազատների հետ ձեր համարձակ հայրիկի և մայրիկի մասին:

1. 27. baldoune.

[illegible]

21 Իսայրիսի ա՛ր Է Էդդրաճ օօ ինձ Ե Ծ-տնր Ե՛ Եյօ,  
Է Ծ՝ ճւսդայթճճճ Եյդ ինձ Է Ե Եյս ինձ Ե Ե Եյս;  
22 Ե Եյս Եյս Եյս Եյս Եյս Եյս Եյս Եյս Եյս Եյս Եյս Եյս,  
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21η κυρίως λέει ότι οὐδὲν ἔστι τὸν ἀνὴρ ἡμεῖς  
 ἴσμεν ὅτι ἡ ἐκείνου καρδιά ἂν ἡ οὐδὲν ἔστι κύριον;  
 Ἐὰν μὲν οὖν ὁ ἡμεῖς ἀνὴρ ἡ οὐδὲν ὅτι ἡ ἐκείνου  
 λέει ὅτι ὁ ἀνὴρ ἡμεῖς ὁ ἡμεῖς ὁ ἀνὴρ ἡμεῖς.







PEURLA DEAS AN T-SLÉIB DÁIN.

Fonh---Loč Léin

*air Petrie's a 9 m.  
1113 & 1114*

Sé mo leun zeur zān mé 'hā mo lača deas dān ;  
Do račfān de léin a m-beul zāc rruē jr zāc rāān ;  
Mān fūl le Māc Dé zo réjōteoc' Māne mo cār,  
'Szo 5-carfāc oim fēin f Peurla Dear an t-Sléib Dān.

blāčān 'rān oīcē' réin do reub na capall an fāl,  
ba cūma lom fēin é nī me bī a b-fānāc na mīā ;  
Zo Slize na ržēine mā cējōm-re nī pīllējō me rīān,  
Ažur bīdeac a roža cēle a3 Peurla Dear an t-Sléib Dān

Tējōmjo a3 ol zo n-ōfāmjo cūde de 'h leān,  
'Sa b-fūl de mīā ō3a zān pōrāc tōjōjōr līn ;  
bīdeac corōn ān an oīr ažur focāc na fīr ān na mīā,  
'S bīdeac zīn oim fēin ažur ān Peurla Dear an t-Sléib Dān.

Cēfne lā cēu3 zān brēj3 a cāc mé ān an rīāb,  
A rjor ācōr ržēl do bēlīn ānējīr na 3-cjāb,  
Mō beul ān a beul jr f a3 ējzēac cāram a n-jār,  
Jr bī me d'a breu3ac žur ējū3 cāram an žīān  
A cūrle 'rā rōr na pōr an reanōu3e cōjōc'  
Aē pōr an fear ō3 mā brōn mān mānre rē ac mī ;  
O, tā me bo3 ō3 'rzo fōjll nāc d-tān3e mo cīall,  
'Szo b-fūl cūlle 'r lān bājō de mīā breā3' deara mo dīājō.

A žōjo mīā mā cējōn na cējō zān mīre de3c leac.  
O tā fōr a3 an rao3al žur leo cāll me mo rač ;  
'Sé dūbān ānējīr na 3-cjāb 'r me cāpē3r a breu3ac zo dear,  
Jr cū an buācāllīn ržējī' jr zo n-ējū3e an obān rīn leac.

I went to the fair one day jr mé 3-cualuādar mīā,  
They brought me up stairs rān āc ar cōm3u3ō mo žīāc.  
They placed me at table jr é lān de jē 'r de ōj,  
Jr fīleā lā 'r na mīāc na rač an oīcē cājōce zo fōjll.

D' jārār ān mājōn cīa rač me 3-cājōac na h-oīcē',  
'Sé dūbān na mīā ō3a zo rač me b-fānāc mo mīāoj,  
Jr nāc m-bejōn3e fearōa cōjōce mo réjō a3 mīteacē le fān,  
Ōjī pōrāc mé ānējī le Peurla Dear an t-Sléib Dān.

I send this fine old song for the Gael, I would like to see it in print as it is one of the many favorite songs which I often heard my father sing in his cheerful hours at the old fireside, and now I hand it down to coming generations, hoping the day is not far distant when such songs, and our mother tongue, will be appreciated Yours

MARTIN P WARD

Jr mā3c an t-adrān e reo. Deunfā-  
mū3c ar n-oīcējoll reān adrān na h-ēj.

reān a cūm3u3ū3āc arceac rān n3āo-  
dāl. Ahoj, buō cōjī do zāc h-ū3le ēj-  
reānāc an cūram ceu3na a bē3c ān  
fāoj an n3āo dāl a' r tā oimān3e. Ca  
b-fūl cājōce na teān3an ō fāte3on,  
Mā3rhuā, ažur ba3te mōra e3le nōc do  
cū3ī cūmān3e 3ācō33e ān bu3 ? S3ār  
an 3āo dāl ; nī' l an corōar mōr d'a m-  
b'ē33n do dū3e fēin é foc. Cūm3m3ō  
hārōmān rān n3āo dāl ō reo amāc.



O BLAME NOT THE BARD  
(DR. McHALE.)

Air—Cairtlinn Éirinnall.

1

Ná tójs aji an b-fle má eulujdean fad 'h z-cluan,  
'N a m-bidean rož-élaon ajs fohójo fá áro-tuad zo buan.  
Nfor éarj b' tójs rihirj 'r le uajj 'zur le trá  
Zo clútaimh, do deunfad zhoim zairzj, zai ržát;  
Zi teud, tá 'hojr rihite aji an z-ceol-éruj zo fanj,  
Do feolfad a z-ciojde an náimaj an bár-žat zo tean;  
'S an teanž, naé rlean aét mjl-írué na z-claon,  
buó tujtead f ajs bhoroužad žrāda tšje na b-fjan.

2

Žhoimáir d'a tšje áluhij! tá a cairtém 'hij a lujde,  
'S an ciojde ciroda bhirte, náir d' fėjorj a élaojdead;  
Cairtj éazéaoij a fhor-rhoét bejt falujžte ó'ij t-raožal,  
Óij jr bár-bhejt a éorajit, 'r h' l a cumahij zai baožal.  
Tá a clahij zai aon éeahar, mar h-deunfad rjad reall,  
'S mar t-truajlžj a rihrean ajs imhóžad le žall;  
'S an trilhrean, tá ajs laraó rliže céjme, žac lá,  
Naé ržjóbéar ó'ij z-cárij é, aji a b-fuyl Éjje 'ža cpiādaó.

3

Ná tójs aji an b-fle a bejt rfor deunad raij,  
'S an t-olc naé h-dāh lejžear, do óšbread le žreanij;  
bjead ajs aét leir dóéur, jr larfajó zo beo  
Zi rōrž tpe bpat cūija mar an žrijij tpe rliāh ceo:  
Deunfad joóðajit do Érijij de na beurajb a bšdeanij  
'Ža feolaó aji mearball le fánaó á élaon,  
'S le olaojž na z-craob žlar, a tá ržite aji a éeahij  
Žmar an žreuz, ajs imhite óšožaltajr, falóéajó ré a laij.

4

Ziét žij žur eulajž do imh-éjij, mar aijrijž na h-oižé,  
béjé d' aijij 'ža luaó ajs an b-fle a éojžé,  
Zi trā jr mō ruarcar aji ajsje le reuj,  
héjé ajs rejijijij zo h-áro-bijij do leat-tronij 'r do leuj:  
Clujijjé an coijrijžead do žārtā-ciojde rfor',  
Račfajó éazéaoij do élaijrijž éar imhij a'r éar tšje,  
'S do éjažrijajó, ajs teanjad na rladrijžte dōd' élaojó',  
Sijrjé deora na truajžje le teanij bhirte ciojde.

b' feáirij lrij bejt 'hij an t-adriāh rij a rejijijij 'hij rajó-  
brear Šeóijre. 'Sé an t-adriāh é jr breāžta j rejijead a  
rijāh. Zé jr an imh an oijrij a tá ejorj an aija reo ažiur  
an t-ah ari cumad an t-adriāh. O'feudócaó clāijreac na  
h-Éjreanij a bejt rejijijij a h-euzéaoijje zo hāčóé' a ceanij  
ažiur h' éorjódcaó ré rmuajite truajžde a z-ciojžéijb a tšj-  
rjead. Teanjadar na rladrijžte éo fat a'r o-feudadārij,  
ac tá 'hojr tjemjoll éijž imhlijij fjead Éjreanijad ržarēa  
aji fead an dōmārij, arijajžte éo majé le na Sarāhajž. 7  
jr le torārij ažiur éjreac an arijij reo a éjrtfear a t-čj-  
rijajžje ij ājt euzéaoij a clāijrijž. Zé rejijrijžear an t-ad-  
riāh j z-cujijje na rean-ajmrijje, a'r dāharaéč Š. Žijcéj.



GÆL GLAS ON THE PROPHECIES.

(Third Letter)

Sept, 4th. 1885.

To the Editor of the GÆL.

Dear Sir,— In my last letter I demonstrated, from the writings of that impartial Irish Protestant historian, Sir James Ware, that Ireland had in ancient times numerous prophetic sages who foretold the future destiny of their nation; and as he had in the compilation of his *Annals and Antiquities of Ireland*, the valuable assistance of that profound Celtic scholar, genealogist and antiquary, the erudite Dauid MacFirbis of Sligo, there may be no reasonable doubt of the veracity of the facts which these learned savants have recorded.

In my remarks upon the European prophecies, foreign to Ireland, I omitted two important facts which should not be overlooked, namely, that St. Elward the Confessor foretold the re-conversion of England, and that Blessed Bobola, a Polish saint, has prophesied that the liberation of Poland should take place during a great warlike crisis, when the armed hosts of Europe should be engaged in the strife of deadly warfare. I have not deemed it necessary to allude to the apocryphal portion of those predictions which, I am satisfied, will never be verified, but have dwelt more largely upon the promised advent of that great character, the Charlovingian monarch of the future. Concerning this remarkable personage, his identity, nationality and time of appearance, I may hazard a conjecture when, in my next letter I begin to give my interpretation of some of the unfulfilled scriptural prophecies; but in the present article I shall confine myself to giving my opinion upon the cause which primarily led to the national subjugation of Ireland: while at the same time showing what steps must necessarily be taken in order to bring about her ultimate redemption. According to my opinion it was the contentious, belligerent, rapacious dispositions of the chief monarchs, provincial kings, and ruling toparks, together with the general moral depravity of a great portion of the people, which took place during the 158 years which elapsed between the death of Brian Boru at the Battle of Clontarf in 1014 and the invasion by Henry the Second, which took place in the year 1172, which gradually led to, and was principally the incipient cause of, Irish bondage. It was during the afore-mentioned interval that, according to the *Annals of Boyle* and other authorities, the most reprehensible practise prevailed of cruelly putting out the eyes of royal captives in order to disqualify them for sovereignty; that the sacrilege of plundering churches and monasteries became notorious; and that the inhabitants of Breffay plundered the monastery of Clonfert in Connaught and, according to the *Annals of the Four Masters*, burned a monastery with its inmates in the same province. It was during this unsettled time that

Donough, son of Brian Boru, having become very unacceptable to the ruling princes and nobility of the country, was deposed by them from the supreme authority as partially acknowledged monarch of the island; and that they decided in a general assembly to obey him no longer, but to bestow the whole island upon Pope Urban the Second, which was accordingly done, (See O'Conuor's *Keating*, page 211,) and the said Donough having gone on a pilgrimage to Rome he there, it is said, surrendered the crown of his nation into the hands of the Sovereign Pontiff. It was pursuant to these acts and in order to heal dissention that the popes of Rome, according to the same author, exercised for some sixty years a kind of quasi-regal superintendence over the government of Ireland. But it was during this papal regime that, according to the *Annals of the Four Masters*, the great battle of Moimmore in South Munster was fought, wherein seven thousand of the valorous Dalcassians were slain by the combined forces of Connaught, Ulster and Leinster. And that the wife of O'Rourke, Lord of Breffny, had been forcibly abducted during her husband's absence at Lough Dearth, by that licherous traitor Dermot MacMurrough, King of Leinster, which wicked crime notoriously led to the invasion and ultimate conquest of Ireland by the English.

Abbe MacGeoghegan has exhibited great weakness of mind in endeavoring to extenuate the guilt of Dermot by calling his crime an act of gallantry, because, as he says, the lady had sent for him to come and take her away. Dr. Keating too blames her for her want of fidelity to her husband. And Moore also, in his history of Ireland, following in the same strain, inculcates her; and in one of his melodies has, I think, the bad taste if not the impropriety of styling her, "Falsest of women," and also, "the young false one." The *Four Masters* tell us that she was not young, but that she was over forty years of age when she was carried away: while Keating admits that she uttered loud cries and made a great show of resistance at the time of her seizure. The historians have seemed to think that the absence of her husband at that time effords a plausibility of her guilt; but this is evidently wrong for the king of Leinster who suddenly rushed to her mansion with a troop of armed horsemen would have made no account of the presence of O'Rourke on that occasion. Bishop John O'Connell who wrote his *Dirge of Ireland* about 160 years ago bears testimony to the depravity of morals which prevailed in Ireland before and after the English invasion, and characterizes some of the excesses and irregularities committed as,—

"Soio ir bhuio, ir breic aji éisioi; a mha d'a malaricúad ear a céile, ir a mha féin aco d'a t-creisioi"

But the moral delinquency here alluded to could



not be predicated of the whole Irish nation at that time, nor even of a majority of it, but of the ruling potentates, the powerful classes, and of those warlike chiefs, who on account of the peculiar nature of the Irish governmental polity, always exercised an undue influence over the minds of their dependent clansmen. It was in order to check internecine feuds, put an end to sacrilege, to cause a more becoming observance of religious duty, and a more faithful regard to the marital obligation, that induced Pope Adrian the Fourth to hand over the Irish people to be scourged and lacerated by the torturing scorpions of British power. But this is not the first time that the many have been punished for the crimes of the few; for the poet Hesiod informs us that one man's crimes may bring ruin on a nation, and Homer in the beginning of the Iliad says that, "For the king's offence the people died." And in holy writ we find it stated that for two crimes of Saul and David many thousand in Israel suffered death by famine and pestilence. The celebrated cattle prey of Cooley, the redoubtable animal which Finn Mac Combail brought into Ireland after the great cattle murrain, and the celestial white Taurus whose faultless symmetry anciently charmed the beautiful Europa have never become as prominent in controversy as the literary bull of Pope Adrian the Fourth, which has often lent its doubtful horns to the confounding dilemmas of logic.

The authenticity of this document has been stoutly denied by many orators and writers who have been zealous to maintain the good name of the said pope. MacGeoghegan in the narrative portion of his history of Ireland gives currency to the validity of the document as others have done; but in a long special discourse upon the subject has endeavored to make it appear spurious. He further tries to prove that a subsequent bull issued by Pope Alexander the Third confirming the former is a forgery; but he admits that Pope Lucius the Third, who succeeded the two mentioned pontiffs, refused to grant a third bull sustaining the two former, although solicited thereto by the offer of a large sum of money by King Henry the Second. I think this should end the controversy, for if the two former instruments could have been with false impudence produced, it is not easy to perceive why a third one could not with equal facility be manipulated. The same author against his will tacitly admits the transference of the Irish sovereignty when he states that Pope John the XXII. remitted and forgave to the kings of England the payment of the Peter's pence which they were bound to pay to the popes of Rome as a stipulated tribute on account of every inhabited house in Ireland. He also might have admitted with other writers that no sovereign of England had even assumed the title of king of Ireland until after the apostasy of Henry the Eighth, for previously they governed the latter country as lords of Ire-

land, holding their titles as deputies or vassals of the popes of Rome. Some historic authors who have given their unqualified credence to the controverted commission of Adrian are Stowe and Dr Lingard in England and in Ireland Staniburst, Ware, Wright, Keating, Comerford, and I incline to believe to the best of my recollection that O' Halloran, Moore and McGee may perhaps be placed in the same category: while the only refractory author I have found is the one whose opinions I have endeavored to refute, and who wrote his history of Ireland in France, and it may be to suit the predilection of the French nation.

Cardinal Baronius in the twelfth volume of his writings, according to Dr. Keating, has inserted a copy of the controverted diploma, but because it is without date some zealots have asserted that it can be of no valid authority; but they have not perceived that such an argument, if generally admitted, would render null, void and valueless the dateless Gospels and Epistles written by the apostles of Christ. In Pinnock's Goldsmith's England, (page 79) there occurs a very remarkable passage wherein it is shown that King John on his knees upon oath gave up to Pope Innocent the Third and his successors the kingdoms of England and Ireland and all the prerogatives of his crown and only received them back from the pope's legate on condition of paying into the papal exchequer yearly the sum of three hundred marks for Ireland and seven hundred marks for England. From this last transaction and from other facts which I have above exhibited, it will appear evident to any discerning, candid, faithful mind that the present pope of Rome has the power to bestow both the sovereignty of England and Ireland upon whomsoever he pleases. And this right or power according to the most deliberate conclusions of my mind, contains the secret of restoring to Ireland her lost autonomy; of overthrowing European heresy and Asiatic infidelity; of elevating the announced Charlovingian to the highest pinnacle of worldly renown, and of rendering Christ's church universally triumphant upon earth. In conclusion—while compelled to reserve many interesting views connected with my subject, and claiming indulgence for this prolonged trespass on your valuable space, and promising important prophetic interpretations in my next communication.

Believe me yours most patriotically,

GÆL GLAS.

So as to secure the continuance of old subscribers we hold back Prof. REHRIG's Essay for the next volume—An open confession!

The Gael being a little late this month it is dated October, The Number of the Volume always shows the consecutive order



## THE CATHOLIC CONVENTIONS.

During the last month Brooklyn has been the theatre of two remarkable events—remarkable in so far as to show the relative vitality and genuine patriotism of the two racial sections which predominate in this great Republic—the German and the Irish. The German Catholics had a convention and the Irish had another; and both aimed at the same object, i. e. benevolence and brotherly love. The Germans transacted their business in their native language; the Irish, in a foreign language—"The language of the slave." The Mayor of the City presided at and welcomed the delegates to the German Convention in the name of the citizens of Brooklyn. There was none to welcome the delegates to the Irish Convention!

Now, it cannot be religious bigotry on the part of Mayor Low that prevented him from welcoming the delegates to the Irish Convention, because both conventions were Catholic, of the same church, and imbued with the same principles. But this is the cause of the apparent invidious distinction---- The Germans demonstrate their individuality and self respect----the Irish, a swabian acquiescence in their degenerating autonomy. The absence of Mayor Low from the Irish Convention is a matter of indifference as far as its aims and objects are concerned, but the incident clearly points out the difference in the social standing of the nationalities as viewed by the general public, for Mayor Low spoke for and in the name of the 700,000 citizens of Brooklyn.

The German is a solid mass in the interests of his nationality and individuality; the Irishman, a weathercock, swayed by every wind that blows; without a language; without a nationality, and without the respect of his fellow citizens. The Irishman's actions in regard to his own self respect are inexplicable. There is no other creature which Nature has endowed with a larger share of intelligence and yet,

through some (to us mysterious) agency, he has to take a secondary stand in the body politic of nations. Here, then, as a distinct individual, he has no peer; as an aggregation, he is on the lowest rung of the social ladder. The cause of this paradox is, Irishmen have ignored the bond which cement a people together: That bond is their national speech. Were Irishmen to preserve their speech they could defy the world. How is it that Irishmen generally preserved their faith and let their language fall into decline, both being banned alike? The answer is plain: A well-trained army of faithful teachers whose director was beyond the enemy's reach, kept the light of the faith constantly burning, though most of the time in caves and caverns. This is why the faith was preserved. People wonder why the descendants of those Irishmen who apostatized during the persecution days do not return to the old faith now when the persecution has ceased; but those people do not wonder why they themselves do not return to the language, now that its persecution has ceased. The descendants of the apostatizers to the faith, with few exceptions, being educated in the new faith think the old one useless—So say also, those who have lost the language in its regard. We consider the apostatizers to the language second only to the apostatizers to the faith, just within one shade of being guilty of all the opprobrium which that epithet conveys in connection with the faith.

Through the loss of their national speech the Irish have lost their vitality as a nationality, and are looked upon as mere birds of passage. The incidents which transpired in connection with the afore said conventions fully demonstrate this view of the situation. And not only have they lost their social standing but they have also lost material advantages through their want of that manly independence which is born of National pride and national individuality. A gentleman said to us that Mayor Low presided at the German Catholic Convention because the German Catholics were politicians. Every voter in this country is a politician; the state bestows no higher privilege. But the Ger



man, impelled by that manliness which is grounded on his distinctly national individuality, uses his politics for the general good of his element—not for the enrichment of a boss who, when he amasses riches, kicks him from his door. The Irish is the the strongest individual element in this city, yet the German gets all the public privileges which he desires while the Irishman is ignored. An instance. A friend of ours a few months ago purchased a house and prepared it at considerable expense for the liquor business (being in the grocery himself). He went to the Excise Board for a licence and they told him he could not get it. He asked what the cause of the refusal was. One of the Commissioners replied, "NONE." There was only one liquor store in the neighborhood, and there is not a more respectable citizen in Brooklyn (including his Honor, the Mayor) than the applicant. If a German asked for the privilege he would get it on the spot for, in the German sections of the city, nearly every second store is a liquor saloon. And if a German owned the next store to our friend's, he could have a licence for it in twenty four hours. The cause of this state of affairs is,—In this City nearly all the heads of departments, judges, etc. are appointed by the mayor, and, consequently, placed beyond the control of the general public—a state of affairs which is open to the most gigantic frauds and rascalities—a state of affairs which could not exist in any community of intelligence or independence—a form of government which is a libel on Republicanism, and which is more autocratic and tyrannical than that of any city in the Russian Empire. But the German tolerates it as he gets all the public privileges he desires. This rascally conceived political plot was brought about by a few political swindlers who conceived the idea that if the power of absolute government were in the hands of one man they could concentrate their wealth on the election of that *one* man, and through him ruin and rob the citizens. This was conceived also to freeze out the Irishman notwithstanding his numerical strength; and he was frozen out, without a single word of protest from his bosses.

Here is where the individuality of the German manifests itself. No one dare impute to him that he is any boss's man. He is his own boss; and that is the reason that he gets all the public privileges he wants. Politicians know perfectly well that no boss can deliver him on election day—hence, instead of buying the boss and ignoring his following (as has been the case with the Irish), they buy the whole German element by special privileges and by inaugurating public measures in keeping with their ideas. Here is where the Irish lose for the want of their common, natural bond of unity, aye, their common bond of nationality—the language.

We were in a German store a few days ago when a newsboy threw two morning papers on the counter, one in German and the other in English. To a passing remark of ours our German friend said

that he got the two papers daily, the English paper to read the general news of the day, and the other merely to support it, being in the language of 'Vaterland.'

Four years ago this month the Brooklyn PhiloCeltic Society founded this GÆL, the first journal ever published having the Irish Language for its motto, so as to originate a centre from which Gaelic literature might radiate, or, in other words, to give the Irish people an opportunity to revive and cultivate their neglected language and literature.

Considering the unspeakable means resorted to by the enemies of Ireland for the destruction of her faith and language, one would suppose that Irishmen would hail with joy the opportunity thus afforded them, and jump to rescue that language from the imminent dangers which still surrounded it. Oh, no. After four years' of publication that little IRISH JOURNAL, notwithstanding the millions of Irishmen in the country, has a circulation of less than 5,000 copies a month! It is no wonder that the Irishman is ignored—he ignores himself. His neighbors of other nationalities set him the example of true patriotism and national self respect, and, notwithstanding that Nature has most bountifully bestowed upon him all the gifts which enoble the mind and which prepare it for great ends, yet in relation to his national autonomy, he seems to be beset by that *foidin mearwail* (erring sod) which is said to bewilder, and make oblivious of his whereabouts, the belated traveller who chances to tread upon it.

The Gael forms the nucleus of an Irish literature. Let then every Irishman do his part in extending it, that in course of time we shall not be behind our German neighbors in national literature. Let every reader get one or more subscribers, and let our Irish-American editors give Gaelic departments in their journals. We are surprised that the superior intelligence of our fellow countrymen of the press has not before now been aroused to a proper conception, in a national point of view, of the preservation of the language.

### notice

Quite a number of Gaelic friends through the States report that a large number of those whom they canvass for the GÆL say that it is too small. Well, we cannot make it larger at present, but we have made arrangements with the publishers of the New York WEEKLY WORLD whereby we can send it weekly and the Gael monthly (as usual) for a year for \$1.40, or the Gael for a year and THE WORLD for six months for \$1. THE WORLD is an Eight page Democratic National journal with (as its name indicates) the news of the World.

We hope the supporters of the Gael will submit this proposition to those who think the Gael too small. And we assure those who may thus subscribe that what THE WORLD lacks in matters relating to Irish patriotism will be made up in the Gael.



LINES written at Rome, in December, 1854, on the occasion of the dogmatic promulgation of the doctrine of the IMMACULATE CONCEPTION of the BLESSED VIRGIN, by His GRACE JOHN MACHALE, Archbishop of Tuam.

(The Gaelic original is in last month's issue)

I

A pilgrim from the sainted isle,  
On which, amidst the darkest storm.  
The "Ocean's Star" ne'er ceased to smile,  
And guard its ancient faith from harm.  
'Twould ill become no voice to raise,  
To sound the sinless Virgin's praise.

II

Nor need our harp be here unstrung  
On willows hanging, from sad fears  
That, should it breathe our native tongue,  
Its tones should melt us into tears.  
On Tiber's banks no tongue is strange,  
Rome's faith and tongue embrace earth's range.

III

Let's hail, through distant time, the star,  
Whose feeble yet auspicious ray,  
Announced our recent feast afar,  
Like morning kindling into day;  
Of which the heaven-taught seers of old,  
Have in prophetic glimpses told.

IV

Let each one raise his choral voice,  
Gushing from the heart's deep well,  
And whilst in concord we rejoice,  
Let that concord be the swell  
Of mingling streams, that bear along  
The precious faith of sacred song.

V

That sacred song, whose spring we trace,  
Back to the dawning of the world,  
When, ere the parents of our race  
Were from their blissful Eden hurled  
Th' Almighty Father cheer'd the gloom  
Which sin cast o'er their future doom.

VI

From out the darkness of the shroud  
Which veil'd the World's eternal birth  
Came forth a voice that pierc'd the cloud,  
Shadowing his descent on earth,  
Of woman born, doom'd to tread  
And crush the wily serpent's head.

VII

The bush that fixed the prophet's gaze,  
When in Egypt Israel groan'd  
Remained intact amid the blaze,  
Nor its fierceness felt or own'd.  
Bright types of her, whose spotless soul  
Had never known the fiend's control.

VIII

The garden closed, the secret bowers,  
Impervious all to mortal eye,  
The fountain sealed, the lovely flower,  
Of richest fragrance, fairest dye—  
All but emblems, yet how faint!  
Of her whom sin could never taint.

IX

Since th' Epnesian trumpets roll'd  
God's mother's glories through each clime,  
No bell from church's roof e'er toll'd,  
To waft o'er earth a sweeter chime,  
Than that to hear on this day given,  
Lifting up the soul to heaven.

X

Hail thou, to whom God's angel bright  
Brought down the tidings from the skies,  
That, full of grace and heavenly light  
Thou wert all lovely in his eyes!  
Hail thou, of all God made, the best,  
His virgin mother, ever bless'd.

XI

When in this darksome vale of tears,  
Our weary pilgrim days are run,  
When death's approach awakes our fears,  
Do thou, sweet Virgin, with thy Son,  
Plead and show forth thy gracious power  
And light our passage at that hour.

THE GAELIC UNION.

The following is a copy of a letter received by the Rev. M. A. Harrigan, O. P. from the secret- of the Gaelic Union. We publish it in the interest of the language and hope the readers of the Gael will go to the rescue of the Gaelic Journal.

17 Carlisle St. S. O. R.  
Dublin Sept. 12th. 1885.

Dear Sir:

We are always glad to receive subscriptions to the Journal from America. As they show that interest in the old language has not entirely vanished from the Irish in that country. But the fact is that neither in Ireland itself, nor in America is there much interest felt in the preservation of our native tongue. In Ireland the people have a desperate struggle for very existence and this absorbs all their thoughts, while in America the Irish there have no enthusiasm for anything but politics. They don't care about their old language. As the Gaelic Union is deeply in debt to the printer for want of subscribers to the Journal. I am in great doubt whether we shall be able to continue beyond No. 24:

This is much to be regretted. I am afraid the Irish Language is doomed all through the fault of the Irish people themselves, for we cannot be surprised at the enmity of the English government to it. The principle Irish scholars in this country are members of the Council of the Gaelic Union and all that energy, knowledge and disinterested patriotism could do has been done by them, but the Irish people themselves are helplessly apathetic on the subject. They may perhaps awake to their irreparable loss when their beautiful language has disappeared for ever.

The so called national press of Dublin is inimical to the language and consequently to the Gaelic Union, the only body really representing it.

I remain, dear Sir. Yours truly,  
R. O'Mulrenin,  
Hon. Sec. G. Union.

[Mr. Mulrenin strikes the nail straight on the head when he says that the Irish in America have no enthusiasm for anything but politics. Yes, the mighty dollar. If there was patronage connected with the language movement half dozen halls in the various wards throughout the cities of America would not be sufficient to hold the applicants for employment.

Gaels should Boycott every Irishman looking for office who does not make some effort to preserve the language. And this should be made so plain that they could not ignore it.]



**MEN of IRISH BLOOD and DESCENT**  
in the States of Georgia and S. Carolina.  
(Second Letter)

Sir.—Here comes my second Letter, as I told you I shall commence now with Georgia and take a survey of that great "Empire State of the Sunny South." I will commence with N. Georgia and pass on by Cash Co. to Savannah. In Rome, Ga. are numerous families of the Murphys, Mac Gubbins, McDevitts, Logans Neils and McNeils, Shanahans, Shehans, MacBride, MacWilliams, Burks and Harts, Chanseys, and MacChanes. In Northern Georgia joining the State of Alabama, there are numerous families of Irish descent.

Now, the ancestors of these people formerly came from the West and South of Ireland and most of them retain their Irish names to the present day. The Harveys\* of Bryan Co. and Thomasville Co. and of Rome Ga. are of Irish blood and descent. The Kennedys of both Richmond, Bryan and Bolough Counties Ga. are, of course, of Irish parentage. Mr. William Kennedy of Bryan Co. had been a member of the Georgia Legislature in '81 and '82. Then the Neils and MacNeils of Emanuel and Bryan Counties, and the Moores of Emanuel, Jefferson and Balloch Counties are also of pure Irish extraction. The Logans and MacLogans of Augusta Tellfaire Counties are pure old Melisian Irish. Then the Murphys of Northern Georgia, as well as the Connors of South and West Georgia, are pure Irish blood and descent. In both Bryan and Balloch Counties Ga. is another numerous family named Lenners. I met with many of the Lenners in Northeast Georgia, and in Edgefield and Abbeville Counties South Carolina; but the Gael will have to make out whether the family of Lenners are of Irish descent or not. Unfortunately, I lost several great works on Irish family names and biographies when the greatest part of my father's library got burned with our house at the time of the great fire of July '73 in Baltimore City. In this destructive fire over 1300 volumes got burned, including the complete works of Donald MacFirbis, his entire Irish biographies, the seven volumes of the Four Masters, with a large 4to volume on the Anglo-Irish families. With some of the million Irish families also in this work was a completed history of the Harvey family, treated of from father to son from Hon Bignal Harvey who was executed at Wexford in 1798, up to now. The work was in our family for fully five generations. So by the loss of these invaluable works I am unable to trace up all the families of Irish descent I met with in my tours through Georgia and South Carolina, so that the Brooklyn Gael must take upon itself the task of doing so. Now whether the family of Lenners is of Irish origin or descent I cannot well prove. I think they were formerly Lenahins or

\* In the last Gael this name was by mistake spelled *Harrey*.—Ed.)

Lenahans. If so they are of Irish descent.

Another great and numerous family in South-east Georgia is the Parish family, and a few I am acquainted with here in Florida. The family of Sherdons are numerous in nearly every county in south and west Savannah, Georgia, and in all parts of East and Middle Florida, as in southern So. Carolina. Then the MacKenys of Brunswick, and of East and S. Florida are of pure Irish blood and parentage. Then in Northwest and middle Georgia, as well as in Southeast Georgia (Bryan, Boloch and Effingham counties Ga.) is the family of Newmans. These undoubtedly were or are descended from the great Melisian Irish family of O'Nonans. There too, in South Georgia and in all parts of So. Carolina are to be found the family of Lees; the O'Lees of ancient Munster (S. of Ireland, so called) were the ancestors of these people. In my tours through Chesterfield Co., S. Carolina I met with another family quite numerous in that section of the name of Horppys which I know to be a corruption of the family name of Harvey, who are no doubt the lineal descendants of the ancient noble family of O'Hart.

(To be continued)

13-Coláirte Naomh Séarladh, an 4úad  
lá deug de mhí-íneádaigh an Fódhaidh '85

Do 21. 1 úl Lócaigh, Ceannfaisc an  
Gaothail.

21 Dúine Cór: Gabfaid tú aghr an  
leictir reo hille don dolair aghr le foc  
a deunad aghr rogh an Gaothail or cóir-  
aigh an ínéid a tá fásta de'n m-bliadhaigh  
reo. Agus or cóiraidh ionlán na bliadhaigh  
reo éirídh. Tairne an reo páipeir na  
míora reo a éirídh éirídh, ac níl éirídh me  
30 fóill an ceann rogh. 're rídh an t-óir-  
íneádh nílídh. Tá faistíor oimídh cail-  
eadh aghr a m-bealaí ré, agus beidh buid-  
eadh dúit má éirídh tú éirídh ré, má'r  
féirídh leat rídh a deunad aghr.

Jr mian hóm gac uile páipeir de'n  
Gaothail a éirídh réir tú éirídh a cóirídh.  
30 3-cuirtí Dja leat an ceann Gaoth-  
alaí buan-fearídh a deunad a meirídh  
reirídh a tá ro-rídhídh le gac uile ceann-  
3a eile fódhídh agus mall-rídhídh 1  
o-taod a o-ceannídh réir.

Dúití 30 meirídhídh.

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
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