

**WEDDING**  
 Teabari-asthur mioramail,  
 Tabarza cum an  
**TEANZA ZACDILSE**  
 a corhad azut a jaorcužad  
azut cum  
 Fein-mazla Cind nah-Emeanu.

721a<sup>o</sup> Rol. Ujm. 4.

ԽԱՅԾԱՇՏ ԻՆՔ ՉԻՋՏԱ.



Some of our subscribers complain from time to time that *an Gaobal* is limited in English reading matter. So as to give no reason for complaint in that respect, we made arrangements to send them *SUNSHINE* for twelve months, and we hope that they will in return try to add to the list of subscribers, and also pay up their own subscriptions.

In place of the usual style of lessons in *an Gaobal* this issue, we give a nearly literal translation of "THE WATER MILL," an excellent didactic poem which chance placed in our way the other day. *Sgeo*, the only dictionary word in the translation, means UNDERSTANDING. We do not pretend to be a poet, but we flatter ourselves that the translation is true to the original and to the idiomatic construction of the language. It will form an excellent exercise for the student, as the original English is in a parallel column. An answer to the subject matter of the poem, by a German, will appear in the next issue. Our German friend in the course of his argument says:

"Dot beom id vas peautiful to read; dot's so!  
But eef dot vater vasn't past how could dot mill  
vheel go?"

Let every subscriber of the Gael try and get a few others.

Friends of the language cause have every reason to be hopeful. On the old sod where the material exists in abundance they are utilizing it.

SENTIMENTS of our SUBSCRIBERS in our next.

Rev. Father Keegan of St. Louis, Mo., is hitting our lukewarm countrymen pretty hard in the *Tuam News* and *Chicago Citizen*.

If there was money in the language movement, Oh, what a scramble there would be to get at the head of it!

Considerable talk has been indulged in in relation to the murder of Dr. Cronin, of Chicago, and the Irish-American element. We fail to see any difference between the Irish-American element and other nationalities in that regard, nor are we going to apologize for the incident as being peculiarly Irish. What is the difference between the *Clan-na-Gaels* and the Freemasons in that respect? Only this—that the Freemasons did a clean job of it when they did away with Brother Morgan, where-

as the *Clan-na-Gaels* (if they did do away with Dr. Cronin) made a mess of it.

If the *Clan-na-Gaels* be the slayers of Dr. Cronin they are not fit to rob a henroost much less to free a nation. But what could be expected of a class of men who pretend to rebuild their nation and at the same time permit its foundation to slip from under their feet?

Patrick Egan's appointment as minister to Chili gives the lie directly to those who say that Americans do not sympathise with the Irish Home Rule movement.

Recent events point to some trouble between England and the United States in relation to the Behring Sea controversy; but Americans have reason to rest assured that Uncle Sam's interests are in good hands.

Mr. Cleveland is apt to be the national candidate of the Democratic party again in 1892. No other candidate will hardly come up to the Mugwump standard. What if they nominated a Protection candidate?

Our prohibitionist friends are busy just now preparing for the next mayoral contest. Prohibition does not take well here and we think the candidate representing it will run behind. The people of Brooklyn are too liberty-loving to submit to blue laws.

Our present Mayor is an excellent gentleman, and will, of course, be the nominee of the Free Trade party next Fall, but if the Protectionists nominate Mr. Timothy L. Woodruff, as seems at present probable, there will be a very tight race. Mr. Woodruff is very popular, and the high social standing of his family would bring him thousands of votes. Side issues will have no standing in the coming campaign lest their effects should be felt in '92, which is likely to be the most important campaign since the foundation of the Republic. It will be a life and death struggle between Protection and Free Trade.

Hence, the duty of the Republicans is to hold the Protectionists in hand, for, on a square issue between Protection and Free Trade, Brooklyn is a Protectionist city.

As we go to press we have received

*Graobshl 2lojbhnn's Leabap Sjeulaigeadta*, 260 pages, and containing—

*2llohaáar a5ur 2llohaáar, Na Tnif Ceirteanna, 3oillir na 5-Cor Dub, 2llo Pjohajne 7 an Púca, Ullham an Chraigh, Oé 3an 2lé 3lar, Taó3 O Catáin a5ur an Corpan, Njall O Ceardburc, Caslleac na Fjacla Fada 7 an 2lloac Rj3, Rjohne na Cleara, Colann 3an Ceann, Tobar Dejne-an-Doihajin, Cúirt an Chrohháin* etc. which we shall note at length again.



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ՅԼԵԿ ԵՄ ԼԵՅՅԵԱՅ ԸՆԶԱԵ ՔԵՅՆ,  
 Ա ԵՐՈՅԵ ԶՐԱԺԱԸ, ՔՅՈՐ;  
 ԵՂԱ ԵԼՅԱԺԱՆԴԱ ՕՐԺԱ ՈՅԵ Զ-ԵՅՆ,  
 ԵՐ ՕՅԵ 'Յ յՄԵԱԸԵ ԴՅԱՐ.  
 ՔՕՅԼՍՅՄ ԼԵՐ՝ ԵԱԸԵԱ ԸՍՐ Ե Ե-ՔԵՅՈՅՄ---  
 ՈՂԱ ԸՅԼԼ ԸՈՅ ԼԱ ԸՈՂԱ!  
 ՈՅ ԸԱԺԱՐՔՅՈՒ ԸՈՅ ԸԱՐԵ ԸՈՅ ՈՅՄ  
 ԸՅԵՒՄՅԱՐ ԱՅՈՅՈՅ ԶՈ ԵՈՂԱ.  
 ՈՂԱ ՔՂՅ ԸՈՅ ՔՕԸՈՒ յՄԱՕԵ ԶԱՅ ՈՂԱԸ,---  
 ԶՐԱԺՍՅՈՒ ԸՅՐ ՔԵԱԸ ԵՈ ՈՅԵ:  
 "ՈՅ յՄԵԼԵՔԵՐԻ յՄՍԼՅՈՅՈՅ ԶՈ ԵՐԱԸ  
 ԼԵՅՐ ԸՈՅ ԱՅՐԶԵ ԸԱՅՈՒ ՔԱՕՅ."

Օյերթ զԱ ԲԱՅՈՒՆ Դ ՐՈՅԼԻՅԵԱՐ ՅԻՄԱՆ,  
 ՉԻ ԲԵԱՐԱՅԾ ԵՐՈՒԾԱ, ԾԵԱՊԻ՛!  
 ԻՅՈՐ ԻՊԻՏ ԱՐԿԱՅԻ ԱՆ ՐԱՄԵԱՆ,  
 ՉԽԱՆԱ ԼԵՅՐ ԱՆ ՄԱՍԼՈՂՈՂ.  
 ՌԱ ԲԱՆ ՅՕ ՐԵՍԼԵՐԻԾ ՅԻՄԱՆ ԱՆ ԻՆԱՐԱՅԻ  
 ՉԻ ՅԱԵԾԵ ԱՐԻ ԾՕ ԻՆՅԵ ՅՕ ԵՄՅԻ;  
 ՉԻ ՄԵՍԾ ԵՅ ԼԵԱԾ ԲԵՅՆ ԵԱՐԱՅԻԾ,  
 ԾԱ ԲԱՆ Ե.ԲՈՐԱԼ, "ԻՆ ՕՅԱԼ!"  
 ԸՄՈՒՄԱԾԵ, ԲԼԱՅԻՄԵ ԱՅԱՐ ԴՅԵԾ,  
 ԻՅ ԻՆԱՐԱՅԻՄՈՒ Ա ԵՐԵԾԵ՛;

# THE WATER-MILL

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

Listen to the water-mill,  
Through the livelong day;  
How the clicking of the wheel  
Wears the hours away.  
Languidly the autumn wind  
Stirs the withered leaves:  
On the field the reapers sing,  
Binding up the sheaves:  
And a proverb haunts my mind,  
And as a spell is cast,  
"The mill will never grind  
With the water that is past."

Summer winds revive no more,  
Leaves strewn o'er earth and main  
The sickle never more shall reap  
The yellow, garnered grain ;  
And the rippling stream flows on,  
Tranquill, deep and still,  
Never gliding back again  
To the water Mill.  
Truly speaks the proverb old,  
With a meaning vast :  
"The mill will never grind  
With the water that is past."

Take the lesson to thyself,  
Loving heart, and true;  
Golden years are fleeting by,  
Youth is passing, too.  
Learn to make the most of life,  
Lose no happy day!  
Time will ne'er return again  
Sweet chances thrown away.  
Leave no tender word unsaid —  
But love while love shall last;  
"The mill will never grind  
With the water that is past."

Work, while yet the sun does shine  
Men of strength and will,  
Never does the streamlet glide  
Unless by the mill.  
**W**ait not till to-morrow's sun,  
Beams brightly on thy way,  
All that thou canst call thine own  
Lies in this word, "To-day"  
Power, intellect and health  
**W**ill not always last,







Nj'l cuļdeac̃t' dıŝ adn mar bıdeac̃t' fā'n  
paññadıŝ ro ŝñāc̃t'.















# 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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In sending his annual donation to the Gael, some weeks ago, the Rev. E. D. Cleaver, of Dolgelly, North Wales, said:

"Maybe you could make some use of some remarks by Mr. Gladstone in his harangue on John Bright in the House of Commons: 'He (Mr. Gladstone) knew how the character of a nation is associated with its language.' This would back up your own true observations about the absolute necessity for preserving the Irish language, without which Ireland can never be again a nation—only a very shady West Britain."

The following are Mr. Gladstone's remarks as clipped from the London Daily News:

Well sir, I will not dwell upon the gifts of Mr. Bright, which are as well known to the members of this House as myself except in one, and what may be thought a minor particular, which I cannot help allowing myself the gratification of recording. Mr. Bright was, and he knew himself to be, and he delighted in being, one of the chief guardians among us of the purity of the English tongue. He knew how the character of a nation was associated with its language, and, as he was in everything an Englishman, profoundly attached to the country in which he was born, so the tongue of his people was to him almost an object of worship. (Hear, hear.) And throughout the long course of his speeches it would be difficult—hardly possible—to find a single case in which that noble language, the language of Shakespeare and of Milton, did not receive worthy illustration from his Parliamentary speeches.

We do not know how to thank the Rev. Mr. Cleaver for sending us this clipping. He is an Irishman who has done more for the language of his country than any other individual Irishman we know.

His purse is always open to the cause, and the "Cleaver Prizes" have done more for the teaching of the language in the so-called National schools, than all other agencies. Hence the reason we do not know how to thank him for sending the clipping. It is the Irish Nation, at home and abroad, that should thank Mr. Cleaver,—he is above individual thanks.

But the example which Mr. Cleaver has placed before Irishmen gives us the opportunity of contrasting his actions in relation to Irish Nationality with those of other Irishmen who loudly boast of their patriotism, and who do really nothing to further the cause of Irish Nationality.

The language, as Mr. Gladstone says, should be, almost, worshipped by Irishmen, and the Irishman who would permit it to perish cares very little about Irish Nationality.

Who killed Cronin? That this plot is a deeply laid British scheme to try to injure the Irish element, both here and at home, is made evident by the avidity with which the pro-English press seeks to connect Patrick Egan with Alexander Sullivan's financial affairs, and thus seek to smirch his character in the eyes of the public. Elements are not wanting either to show the would-be fine, but clumsy, hand of the politician in trying to reflect on the Executive for appointing Mr. Egan—the greatest honor, under the circumstances, ever conferred on the Irish element by any government.

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## O'Curry's Lectures.

ON THE

MANUSCRIPT MATERIAL OF ANCIENT IRISH HISTORY.

### Lecture II.

(Continued)

And thus when Cormac came to the sovereignty of Erin, he found that Conor's regulations had been disregarded, and this was what induced the nobles to propose to him a new organization, in accordance with the advancement and progress of the people, from the former period. And this Cormac did, for he ordered a new code of laws and regulations to be drawn up, extending to all classes and professions. He also put the state or court regulations of the Teach Midhchuarta, or Great Banqueting House of Tara, on a new and permanent footing, and revived obsolete tests and ordeals, and instituted some important new ones, thus making the law of Testimony and Evidence as perfect and safe as it could be in such times.

If we take this, and various other descriptions of Cormac's character as a man, a king, a scholar, a judge and a warrior, into account, we shall see that he was no ordinary prince, and that if he had not impressed the nation with a full sense of his great superiority over his predecessors and those who came after him, there is no reason why he should have been specially selected from all the rest of the line of monarchs, to be made above all the possessor of such excellences.

Such a man could scarcely have carried out his various behests, and the numerous provisions of his comprehensive enactments, without some written medium. And it is no unwarrantable presumption to suppose that, either by his own hand, or, at least, in his own time, by his command, his laws were committed to writing, and when we possess very ancient testimony to this effect, I can see no reason for rejecting it, or even for casting a doubt upon the statement.

It is not probable that any laws or enactments forged at a later period, could be imposed on a people who possessed in such abundance the means of testing the genuineness of their origin, by recourse to other sources of information, and the same arguments which apply in the case of the Saltair of Tara, may be used in regard to another work assigned to Cormac, of which mention will be presently made. Nor is this all, but there is no reason whatever to deny that a book, such as the Saltair of Tara is represented to have been, was in existence at Tara a long time before Cormac's reign, and that Cormac only altered and enlarged it to meet the circumstances of his own times.

These bards and druids, of which our ancient records make such frequent mention, must have had some mode of perpetuating their arts, else it would have been impossible for those arts to have been transmitted so faithfully and fully as we know they were. It is true that the student in the learning of the File is said to have spent some twelve years in study, before he was pronounced an adept, and this may be supposed to imply that the instruction was verbal, but we have it from various writers, even as late as the 16th and 17th centuries, that it was customary with medical, law, and civil students of these times, to read the classics and study their profession for 20 years.

All this is indeed but presumptive evidence of the possession of writing by the Irish in the time of Cormac, but, from other sources we have reason to believe that the art existed here long antecedent to his reign, this subject is, however, of too great extent and importance to admit of its full discussion at present.

There still exists, I should state to you, a Law Tract, attributed to Cormac. It is called the Book of Acaill, and is always found annexed to a Law Treatise by Cennfaelad the learned, who died A. D. 677. The following preface always prefixed to this first work gives its history.

"The locus of the Book was Aicill (or Acaill, pron. Akill), near Teamair [Tara, and the time of it was the time of Cairbre Lifeachair (Cairbre of Liffey), son of Cormac, and the person [author of it was Cormac, and the cause of making it was, the blinding of Cormac's eye by Aengus Gabnaidoch (Aengus of the poisoned spear), after the abduction of the daughter of Sorar, son of Art Corb, by Cellach, the son of Cormac. This Aengus Gabnaidoch was an Aire Echte (an avenging chief), at this time, avenging the wrongs of his tribe, in the territories of Luighne (Leyney), and he went into the house of a woman there, and forcibly drank milk there. "It would be fitter for you," said the woman, "to avenge your brother's daughter on Cel lach, the son of Cormac, than to consume my food forcibly." And books do not record that he committed any evil upon the woman's person, but he went forward to Teamair, and it was after sunset he reached Teamair and it was prohibited at Teamair to take a champion's arms into it after sunset, but only the arms that happened to be in it. And Aengus took Cormac's Crimall (bloody spear) down off its rack (as he was passing in) and gave a thrust of it into Ceallach, son of Cormac, which killed him, and its angle struck Cormac's eye, so that he remained half blind, and its heel struck in back of the steward of Teamair, when drawing it out of Cellach, and killed him. And it was prohibited to a king with a blemish to be in Teamair, and Cormac was sent out to be cured to Aicill near Teamair, and Teamair could be seen from Aicill and Aicill could not be seen in Teamair, and the sovereignty of Erin was (then) given to Cairbre Lifeachair, the son of Cormac, and it was then this book was compiled, and that which is Cormac's share in it is every place where "*Blai*" (immunity) occurs, and "*A meic ara feiseir*" (my son would you know, and Cennfaelad's share is, everything from that out."

Such is the account of this curious tract, found prefixed to all the copies of it that we now know, and, though the composition of this preface must be of much later date than Cormac's time still it bears internal evidence of great antiquity.

Cormac's book is, as I have observed, always found prefixed to the laws compiled by Cennfaelad just mentioned. This Cennfaelad had been an Ulster warrior, but, happening to receive a fracture of the skull, at the battle of Magh Rath, fought A. D. 634, he was carried to be cured, to the house of Bricin of Tuaim Dreacain, where there were three schools, namely, a Literary (or Classical) school, a Fenechas, or Law School, and a school of Poetry. And, whilst there, and listening to the instructions given to the pupils, and the subtle discussions of the schools, his memory, which, before was not very good, became clear and retentive, so that whatever he heard in the day (it is recorded) he remembered at night, and thus, he finally came to be a master in the arts of the three schools, reducing what he



had heard in each to order, and committing it to verse, which he first wrote on slates and tablets, and afterwards in a White Book in verse. The Fenechas, or law part only, of this book, is that now found annexed to Cormac's treatise. These laws, however, are not in verse now. And, whether the laws at present known, in connection with Cennfaeladh's name, are of his own composition, or those he learned in the schools here mentioned is not certain. The explanation of the word Aicill as well as the circumstances just mentioned respecting Cennfaeladh, occurs in the following passage, in continuation of that last quoted.

"Aicill (is derived) from Uch Oll (the Great Lamentation), which Aicell, the daughter of Cairbre (Cairbre Niafear, monarch of Erin), made there, lamenting Ere, the son of Cairbre, her brother, and here is a proof of it—

"The daughter of Cairbre, that died,  
And of Feidelm, the ever blooming,  
Of grief for Ere, beautiful her part,  
Who was slain in revenge of Cuchulainn."

"Or, it was Aicell, the wife of Ere, son of Cairbre, that died of grief for her husband there, when he was killed by Connall Cearnach (in revenge of Cuchulainn), and this is a proof of it—

"Connall Cearnach, that brought Ere's head  
To the side of Temair, at the third hour,  
Sad the deed that of it came,  
The breaking of Aicill's noble heart,"

"If there was established law at the time of Eric (reparation) which was paid for this crime (against Cormac, etc.)—provided it was on free wages Magh Breg (Bregia) was held—was the same as if free wages had been given to half of them, and base wages to the other half, so that one half of them would be in free service, and the other half in base service.

"If free wages were not on them at all, the Eric which should be paid there was the same as if free wages had been given to the half of them and base wages to the other half, so that half of them would be in free service, and the other half in base service.

"If there was not established law there, every one's right would be according to his strength.

"And they (Aengus's tribe) left the territory and they went to the south. They are the Deise (Deies or Deasys) of Port Laeghaire or Port Lairge (Waterford) from that time down.

"Its (the book's) locus at time, as regards Cormac so far.

"In regard to Cennfaeladh, however, the locus of [his part of] it was Doire Lurain, and the time of it was the time of (the Monarch) Aedh Mac Ainmirech, and its person [author] was Cennfaeladh, and the cause of compiling it, his brain of forgetfulness having been extracted from Cennfaeladh's head after having been cloven in the battle of Magh Rath. (A. D. 634.)

"The three victories of that battle were, the defeat of Congal Ollaen, in his falsehood, by Domhnall, in his truthfulness, and Suibhne, the maniac, to become a maniac, and it is not Suibhne's becoming a maniac that is (considered) a victory, but all the stories and all the poems which he left after him in Erin, and it was not a victory that his brain of forgetfulness was extracted from Cennfaeladh's head, but what he left of noble book works after him in Erin. He had been carried to be

cured the house of (St.) Bricin, of Tuaim Dreacain, and there were three schools in the town, a school of classics, and a school of Fenechas (laws), and a school of Filidecht, (philosophy, poetry, etc.), and everything that he used to hear of what the three schools spoke every day he used to have of clear memory (perfectly by rote) every night. And he put a clear thread of poetry to them (put them into verse), and he wrote them on stones and on tables, and he put them into a vellum-book.

The whole of this volume, comprising the parts ascribed to the King Cormac, and those said to be Cennfaeladh's form a very important section of our ancient national institutes, known as the Brehon Laws. But it does not, for the reason I before alluded to, fall within my province to deal with those laws farther on the present occasion.

### Lecture III.

Delivered March 20, 1855.

Of the synchronisms of Flann of Monasterboice.—  
Of the Chronological Poem of Gilla Caemhain.—  
Of Tighernach the Annalist.—Of the foundation of Clonmacnois.—The Annals, I.—The Annals of Tighernach.—Of the foundation of Emania, and of the Ultonian dynasty.

In shortly sketching for you some account of our lost books of history, and in endeavoring to suggest to you what must have been the general state of learning at and before the introduction of Christianity by our national Apostle, I have, in fact opened the whole subject of these lectures, the MS. materials existing in our ancient language for a real history of Erin. Let us now proceed at once to the consideration of the more important branches of those materials; and, first of the extent and character of our national annals, and their importance in the study of our history.

The principal Annals now remaining in the Gaelic language, and of which we have any knowledge, are known as—the Annals of Tighernach (pron. nearly Teernagh), the Annals of Sealtach Mac Manus (a compilation now better known as the Annals of Ulster), the Annals of Iunis Mac Nerinn in Loch Ce (erroneously called the Annals of Kilonan), the Annals of Iunisfallen, the Annals now known as the Annals of Boyle, the Annals now known as the Annals of Connacht, the Annals of Dun na n-Gall (Donegal), or those of the Four Masters, and lastly, the *Chronicum Scotorum*.

Besides these we have also the Annals of Clonmacnois, a compilation of the same class, which was translated into English in 1627, but of which the original is unfortunately not now accessible or known to exist.

With regard to annals in other languages relating to Ireland, I need only allude to the Latin Annals of Multifernan, of Grace, of Pembroke, Olyn etc., published by the Irish Archaeological society.

At the head of our list I have placed the Annals of Tighernach, a composition, as we shall presently see, of a very remarkable character, whether we take into account the early period at which these annals were written, namely, the close of the 11th century, or the amount of historical research, the judicious care, and the scholarlike determination, which distinguish the compiler. These annals have accordingly been considered by many to con-



stitute, if not our earliest, at least one of the most important of our historical records now extant.

How far the arrangement of events and the chronology observed in most of our annals are to be ascribed to Tighernach, is a matter that cannot now be clearly determined. It is certain, however that there were careful and industrious chroniclers and chronologists before his time, with whose works he was doubtless well acquainted.

From a very early period, we find notices of chroniclers and historical compilers. I have already mentioned the royal historian, Cormac Mac Art, and also the author of the *Cin Droma Sneachta*. From the 6th to the 8th century, we meet, amongst many others, the names of Amergin Mac Amalgaidh, author of *Dinn Senchas*, *Cennfaeladh*, and *Aengus Ceile De*. From the year 800 to the year 1000, we find *Maolmura* of Othan, *Cormac Mac Cuileannain*, *Flann Mac Lonan*, *Eochaidh O'Flinn*, and *Cineadh* or *Kenneth O'Hartigan*. In the 11th century the historical compilers are still more frequent the chief names in this period are—*Cuan O'Lochain*, *Colman O'Seasnan*, *Flann Mainistrech*, or of the Monastery, and *Gilla Caemhain*. The two latter lived in the same century with *Tighernach*, *Flann*, the professor of *St. Buithe's Monastery* (or *Monasterboice*), who died A. D. 1056, and *Gilla Caemhain* (a writer who died A. D. 1072, the translation into Gaelic of *Nenius' history of the Britons*). Of these, as they were contemporaries of *Tighernach*, it will be necessary to give some account, before we proceed to consider more particularly the *Annals* of that author.

*Flann* compiled very extensive historical synchronisms, which have been much respected by some of the most able modern writers on early Irish history, such as *Ussher*, *Ware*, *Father John Lynch* (better known as *Gratianus Lucius*, the author of *Cambrensis Eversus*), *O'Flaherty*, and *Charles O'Connor*.

The synchronisms of *Flann* go back to the most remote periods, and form an excellent abridgment of universal history. After synchronizing the chiefs of various lines of the children of *Adam* in the east, the author points out what monarchs of the Assyrians, Medes, Persians, and Greeks, and what emperors of the Romans, were contemporary with the kings of *Erinn* and the leaders of its various early colonists, beginning with *Ninus*, the son of *Belas*, and coming down to the first of the Roman emperors, *Julius Cæsar*, who was contemporary with *Eochaidh Feidhlech*, a monarch of *Erinn* who died more than half a century before the Incarnation of our Lord. The parallel lines are then continued from *Julius Cæsar* and his Irish contemporary *Eochaidh Feidhlech*, down to the Emperors *Theodosius the Third*, and *Leo the Third*, and their contemporary *Fergal*, son of *Maelduin*, monarch of *Erinn*, who was killed A. D. 718.

*Flann* makes use of the length and periods of of the reigns of the emperors to illustrate and show the consistency of the chronology of the Irish reigns, throughout this long list.

After this he throws the whole series, from *Julius Cæsar* down, into periods of 100 years each, grouping the emperors of *Rome* and the kings of *Erinn* in each century in the following manner. Thus, he takes 100 years, from the first year of *Julius Cæsar* to the twelfth year of *Claudius*. Five emperors will be found to have reigned within this time, namely, *Julius*, *Octavius*, *Tiberius*, *Caligula*, and *Claudius*. The Irish parallel period to this will be found in the 100 years from the

eight year of *Eochaidh Feidhlech* to the fifth year of the reign of *Lughaidh Riabh Derg*. Six monarchs ruled in *Erinn* during that term, namely *Eochaidh Feidhlech*, *Eochaidh Airemh*—his brother, *Edersgel mac Iar*, *Nuadha*, *Necht*, *Consire Mor* and *Lughaidh Riabh Derg*.

A second period of 100 years, in *Flann's* computations, extends from the second last year of *Claudius* to the 18th year of *Antonius Pius*. Thirteen emperors reigned within that time. There were also 100 years from the fifth year of *Lughaidh Riabh Derg*, monarch of *Erinn*, to the end of the reign of *Elim Mac Conrach*, and seven monarchs governed in that space of time, namely, *Concobar*, or *Conor*, *Crimthann*, *Cairbre*, *Fearadbach*, *Fia-tach*, *Fiacha* and *Elim MacConrach* himself.

(To be continued)

## THROUGH THE FIELDS IN THE HARVEST TIME.

(From the *Tuam News*.)

The sun was shining on mead and mere,  
The larks were ringing their matins clear  
In a mellow, musical chime,  
As I roamed along,  
Composing a song,  
Through the fields in the harvest time.

The reapers gay were singing a strain,  
While cutting adown the golden grain—  
Natu e was seem'g sublime,  
As over the corn  
The music was borne  
Through the fields in the harvest time.

The dew was falling on leaf and blade,  
When I stole away my pretty maid,  
Being in her youth and prime,  
Coy and debonair  
With her golden hair,  
Through the fields in the harvest time.

And oft on those scenes I now ponder,  
And of them e'er seem to grow fonder,  
As I mount *Parnassus* climb,  
And walks by my side  
A blushing young birde,  
Through the fields in the harvest time.

— REWBON.

*Tuam*, Oct. 3, 1888.

It is said that *Mr. Edison* is constructing a far-sight machine for the exhibition of 1892, by which a man in *New York* could see the features of his friend in *Boston* with as much ease as he could see a performance on the stage.

We have just received an excellent song entitled "*A Curl from the Baby's Head*," by *Edwin Harley*, from *J. C. Groene & Co.*, 30 and 46 *Ar-cade*, *Cincinnati, O.*



## A SERMON FOR THE DRONES.

(From the *Tuam News*.)

## I.

Brother, if you love your brother,  
 (Scorning base and foul intrigue)  
 Hold along afflicted mother,  
 Join the banner of her League;  
 Tell her scoundrel tyrants ever  
 That the land is yours of right,  
 That the war you wage shall never,  
 Cease till victory crowns your fight.

## II.

Swear by all the sacred memories  
 Of your murdered martyred dead,  
 By the bones of sainted heroes,  
 By their blood in torrents shed,  
 Fitzgerald, Emmett, Wolf Tone.  
 Let these great names sanctify  
 The just oath you swear to Erin,  
 That her cause may never die.

## III.

See your brothers in the vanguard  
 How they throttle now the foe,  
 That for centuries triumphant,  
 Laughed to scorn your tale of woe,  
 They are bleeding, faint and weary,  
 Yet the foe they bravely face,  
 Forward, help your wounded comrades,  
 A retreat would mean disgrace.

## IV.

Yes, grim ruin and disaster  
 Will your portion ever be  
 If we prove not now the victors,  
 In this strife for liberty:  
 May the God of truth and justice  
 Bless our efforts in the fight  
 May He plunge the hated foeman  
 Into ruin black as night.

## V.

Brothers call up to your memories  
 Mitchelstown and Mullaghmast,  
 Ah, the ghosts of murdered heroes  
 Make the foeman stand aghast,  
 These are mem'ries, oh, my brothers,  
 That will nerve you in the fight,  
 To work deeds of noble daring,  
 In your struggle for the right.

## VI.

Therefore, falter not my brothers  
 When your work is nearly done,  
 Landlordism's last citadel,  
 Rocks from top to basement stone.  
 One assault and the whole fabric,  
 With a crash is overthrown.  
 Farewell brothers, to the onset,  
 Pull the grim old master down.

Following is one of some clippings sent us by the Rev. E. D. Cleaver from the *TUAM NEWS*.

An old man named Ridge appeared before the Tuam Board of Guardians to seek relief. He spoke Irish.

Chairman—C1a'p'o cá uajc?

Ridge—beazán cónhantá.

Chairman—An out-door relief cá uajc?

Ridge—Seab.

Chairman—C1a 'h aoir tú? Tá tú co reah leir na choic, raoslmh.

Ridge—Tá mé nfor reirhe na tura, ahr cumh ahr bje.

Chairman—D-fuyl teac no talamh azac?

Ridge—Tá bócaimh azur 3100áimh talamh azam.

Chairman—Nothing but Gaelic here any more, gentlemen.

Mr. Hughes—D-fuyl beah azac?

Ridge—Njl.

Mr. Hughes—Nfor pór cá amamh?

Ridge—2hagreat 30 deimh pórar, acit ir raba 'rah 3-cré mo beah.

Chairman—Téjs amac ahoir 30 t-310 rihh co éar

Ridge—2ho 3ajrmh cá.

The district relieving officer having stated the circumstances of the case, out-door relief was refused.

Fifty years ago there was only one Catholic diocese in all New England, that of Boston, with only a handful of Catholics, ministered to by a few missionary priests. There are now six Catholic dioceses in the New England States, with one million two hundred thousand Catholic worshippers, as follows:—

Boston, Mass. . . . .	400,000
Hartford, Conn. . . . .	200,000
Burlington, Vt. . . . .	200,000
Springfield, Mass. . . . .	150,000
Providence, R. I. . . . .	175,000
Manchester, N. H. . . . .	75,000

And nearly all these are Irish, or their immediate descendants. One-third of the population of Connecticut is Irish, and nearly one-half of the population of Massachusetts, and forty per cent. of the population of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont is Irish and Catholic, and one-half of the people of Rhode Island is Irish-American.

—Abridged from *Donahoe's Magazine*.



## CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

Considerable talk has been indulged in lately in relation to "the pernicious effects of the spoils system in our politics."

The ostensible object of the advocates of Civil Service Reform is to lessen the political activity of the government officials by making their tenure of office depend on good conduct, etc., no matter what change might take place in the head of the government.

This idea is very good were it not that it would tend to beget corruption in public life and be a source of danger to the stability of our republican form of government.

What is called the "Spoils system in our politics," is the salvation of our republican institutions because it creates in the mass of the people a keen idea of party politics and sets one party to watch the other and be thus alert to detect and expose any mismanagement in the government departments, whereas without such stimulus the people would become careless and inactive, so that a few designing politicians could run the government of the country in their own interest.

Now, to put a stop to the political activity of placeholders and to their shameless wire-pulling in getting bills to increase their salaries passed in the legislature, at the expense of the general public, we would arrange civil service in this way—We would confine the tenure of office of all appointive officials under the general government, high or low, to four years, and those under the city government to two years, excepting veterans of the late Civil War, and would have the appointees selected from the followers of the successful party, except the board of elections and its subordinates, who should, for obvious reasons, be equally balanced between the two parties.

In a republican government like ours it is unjust and impolitic to give any citizen a life-tenure of an office to which others as well as he are entitled; and under the test of a competitive examination more than a sufficiency of fully qualified men could be had to fill such offices.

The foregoing plan would put a stop to "the pernicious activity" of placeholders. It would also cause party officials to properly conduct their departments so as to have them in proper shape to hand to their successors, because no matter what party won the day, the official should vacate at the end of his term.

This plan, too, would lessen bribery at elections because the source from which the bribe comes, (the officials) would be dried up.

We would put the laws concerning the above into effect after the next national election, in the nation, and after the next mayoral election, in the city.

The *Mercury*, San Jose, Cal., is a very sprightly daily, containing all the news, near and far. Its able editor, Mr. Shortbridge, gave the *Gael* a very flattering notice the other day, for which we return our sincere thanks.

The *Independent*, Shingle Springs, El Dorado Co., Cal., lies before us. It is well stocked with the news of the day, and contains many short stories, etc. It is edited by M. A. Hunter, and promises success.

The most lamentable sight which an Irishman could witness was presented to his view on last St. Patrick's day. It was the parading through the streets of the city, in two bitterly hostile columns, of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. We find no fault with the leaders of the Hibernians, (who, it is said, are in the pay of Scotland yard) but we do with the thousands of patriotic men who permitted themselves to be made cat's paws of by them.

Had his Honor, the mayor, the presence of mind to refuse a permit to march to the leaders of the warring Hibernians until they could agree to march in one body, he would have earned the gratitude of every self-respecting Irish-American in Kings county.

We hope the rank and file of the A. O. H. in future will see to it that if the leaders cannot agree they will be permitted to march by themselves.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS—

The *Voice*, San Francisco, California is the best and most newsy paper published on the Pacific Slope. Its able editors are Capt. A. D. Wood and Rev. Geo. Morris. It is in its fourth year.

The *Democrat*, Redwood City, Cal., contains all the news of the day, besides many short stories, sketches, etc. It is in its fourth year, and promises success. The other day it contained a very flattering notice of the *Gael*. Thanks.

It is with sincere regret we have to record the death of Mr. Terrence McCahill of this city, a native of Belturbet, Co. Cavan. He was a true Irishman.  
R. I. P.

P. J. O'Daly has severed his connection with the Boston Irish Echo, and the veteran Irish scholar, M. C. O'Shea, assumes its editorial control. Thomas Rice Kent & co. are its publishers and Mr. James its manager. It is hoped that all Gaels will accord it generous support. It does not reflect much credit on the Irish element to see the few Irish journals of which they can boast struggling for the want of support, and yet they have the audacity to pose as "Irish patriots." Yes, patriots for swag. You, genuine Gaels, are numerous enough to push the language. Let us have the language, and the lip patriots the swag.



If a people have a right to be free they have a right to organize and to use the most effective means to that end. If a man enter such organization for the purpose of betraying it he merits no sympathy for whatever fate awaits him. So the Patriots of the Revolution thought and so they acted, the cackling of the pro-British press to the contrary notwithstanding.

England is responsible for all the blood which has been and which shall be shed in the struggle for Irish freedom as truly as the burglar is responsible for the murders committed in the course of his nefarious operations. All the same.

The world knows now who the heads of the Clan na Gael are, i. e. J. J. Bradley, Phila. Pa., Chairman; Thomas H. Ronayne, New York, Secretary; Thomas Tierney, Brooklyn, treasurer. Patrick Egan, Lincoln, Neb., Luke Dillon, Phila., Pa., John M. Leonard, Fall River, Mass., E. O'Meara, Condon, Washington, L. R. Buckley and Mortimer Scanlan, Chicago. Here are nine men, composing the Executive. Who gave the names of these men to the public? One of the nine must surely be a traitor. Who is he?

Let the Clann-na-Gael call a convention and elect a board of officers who will be known to all the members

The Clan na-Gael is credited with being a powerful secret organization, and hence the pro-British cry for its suppression. If there be nothing in its constitution to conflict with the duty of citizenship, it has as good a right to exist as Free masonry and the other secret organizations which abound in the country—no more and no less:

It seems the heaviest punishment which the constitution inflicts is expulsion. How then can it be such a fearful combination as its enemies would picture it?

From the developments in the Cronin tragedy no one outside the British government could have derived any benefit from his murder; hence (if he be murdered) it is by the paid minions of that government in "camp 20."

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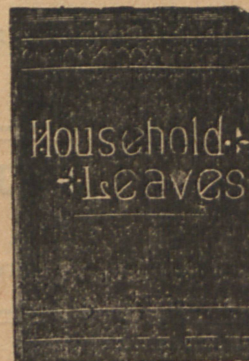


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