

At the meeting of the National League, in Tuam, the other day the language was referred to thus—

The meeting was about to disperse when

Mr. Lyons said the National League should do something towards the preservation and cultivation of the Irish language. He would suggest that this branch of the League take the matter up and collect subscriptions for the purpose. Distributing prizes in the schools of the parish, to pupils learning Irish, would be a good way to encourage the study of the language.

The Rev. President said there was a column of Irish given weekly in the *Tuam News*, and very few read it.

Mr. Lyons—I am not certain whether that is so or not, but I would set little value on the patriotism of the Irishman who would not help to preserve his native language. Our language was the chief means under Providence, of preserving the Catholic faith in this country in the penal times.

The Rev. President, Father Canton, said that every person sitting around the room here had plenty of Irish.

Mr. Flatley—But what about the rising generation?

Rev. President—It is the Literary Society that ought to take up the matter, there is plenty of material for the purpose. You can hardly expect old people to do it and I would suggest that Mr. Lyon think over the matter till next meeting when something practical might be proposed.

The meeting then adjourned to 1st Sept.

—*Tuam News*.

With few exceptions the laity seem to take greater interest in the preservation of the language than the clergy, when it is the special duty of the latter. The Irish-American element in this country cannot be less than twenty millions, yet the Catholic population, including all nationalities, is given at seven or eight millions only. Nine tenths of the Irish who came to this country were Catholics, and, therefore, under ordinary circumstances, nine tenths of the Irish American element should be Catholics, but they are not, owing to the neglect to cultivate and preserve the language and literature of their country. An Irish name is no longer an indication of a man's religion in this country. The children of Irish parents who have amassed money in this country are no longer Irish in either sentiment or religion. Why? Because Irishism is to them the synonym of ignorance and scorn to be identified with it. Show such people that the Irish did have a language and a literature and there will be little detection. Hence, the Irish Catholic bishop or priest who makes no effort to cultivate and preserve the language is playing into the hands of protestantism and infidelity. If Father Canton, or any other priest takes exception to the above, let him account for the Irish-American defection to Catholicity, and the fact that very few of the Irish American poor are protestants.

Mr. Lyons struck the nail square on the head: it would take Lord Ross's telescope to discover the patriotism of him who neglects his language.)

The workers in the Gaelic cause need not be surprised to see *THE GAEL* weekly, as the representative of the Gaelic Race, in the near future. It is easier to run a weekly than a monthly paper.

We have for some time interesting Gaelic matter from Mr. Henebry, a student of Maynooth, which we shall commence in our next issue.

Balfour's latest scheme to denationalize Ireland is the endowing of a Catholic university.

The only way to conserve Irish Nationality is to cultivate and preserve the language, and the best way to do that is to circulate Gaelic literature.

We, then, beseech the readers of *THE GAEL* to do the latter. This can be effectually done in this way.—

Let each reader make a list of all the Irishmen and women in his or her neighborhood and collect from them the sum of *one penny* a week or 5 cents amonth, as subscription to *THE GAEL*, the *Irish Echo*, or the *Gaelic Journal*, whichever the subscriber elects (We mention the three journals lest objections should be made to *THE GAEL*, and because we have no private ends in view apart from the circulation of Gaelic literature.) Send the names to the office of the paper selected, that papers may be sent, and the subscriptions when they amount to a dollar or two, deducting all the expenses of stationery, postage etc.

If this be tried we shall pledge our life for a happy result. The sum of a penny or 5 cents is so small that no one would refuse to give it, if only to get shut of the collector's importunity.

Of course, this would entail considerable labor but labor in behalf of the preservation of the life of his nation should be a labor of love to every Irishman, and there is no doubt of the effectiveness of the mode suggested.

To protect collectors, all subscribers will be noted under

SENTIMENTS OF OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

The readers of *THE GAEL* will be pleased to learn that our former student contributors,—

M. P. Mahon, Mt St Mary's College, Md.
P. C. York, St Mary's Seminary, Bal Md.
P. H. O'Donnell, Villanova College, Pa. and
D. J. Murphy, St Charles's Seminary, Pa. are now in Holy Orders. We pray that their missions may be prosperous and happy.

Their more extended intercourse with the public now will increase their opportunities to propagate the language. And we hope they will get some of their respective neighbors to start the 5 cent subscriptions, as above recommended.

The American Printer, Susquehanna, Pa., is a new typographical production, a copy of which lies before us. It contains four large pages of interesting matter devoted to the interests of the printing and publishing trade. The American Printer Publishing Co., are its publishers, and its price is fifty cents a year.

MOTHERS! Don't Fail To Procure Mrs. Winlow's SOOTHING SYRUP For Your Children While Cutting Teeth.

It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS a BOTTLE.

Morgan Grace of New Zealand, brother of ex-Mayor Grace New York, has been raised to the dignity of Count of the Holy Roman Empire, by His Holiness, Leo XIII. Count Grace was born in Ireland.

Der Vater-Mill.

BY CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

I.

I reads aboutd dot vater mill dot runs
der life-long day,
Und how der vater don'd coom pack
vhen vonce id flows avay :
Und off der mill shtream dot glides on
so beacefully und shtill,
Budt don'd vas putting in more vork on
dot same vater mill.
Der boet says, 't vas beddher dot you
holdt dis broverb fast,
"Der mill id don'd would grind some
more mit vater dot vas past."

II.

dot boem id vas peautiful to read a-
boudt; dots so !
Budt eef dot vater vasn't past how
could dot mill veel go ?
Und vhy make drouble mit dot mill
vhen id vas been inclined
To dake each obbordunidy dot's gifen
id to grind ?
Und vhen der vater cooms along in
qvandidies so vast,
Id lets some oder mill dake oup der
vater dot vas past.

III.

phen der boet shange der subject,
und she dells us vonce again ;
"Der sickle neffer more shall reap der
yellow, garnered grain."
Vell ; vonce vas blendy, aind't id ? Id
wouldn't been so nice
To haf dot sickle reaping oup der same
grain ofer, twice !
Vhy, vot's der use off cutting oup der
grass alreaty mown ?
Id vas pest, mine moder dold me, to let
vell enough alone.

IV.

"Der summer vinds refise no more lea-
ves strewn o'er earth und main."
Vell : who vants to refise dhem? Dhere
vas blenty more again !
der summer vinds dhey sthep rightd
oup in goot time to brepere
dhose blants und trees for oder leaves ;
dhere soon vas creen vones dhere.
Shust bear dis adverb on your mindts,
mine frendts, und holdt id fast :
der new leaves don'd vas been aroundt
undil der oldt vas past.

21N 211110111N UJS5E.

Translation.

Լէջիմ այր աղ մայկոյն աւրջե ուստի
եար օ մայրոյն Յօ դօրէ՛.
Ա՛ր աղ ճաօյ դա՛ծ Եւրջեանն աղ Եւրջե՛ր
այր օ Եւրջի՛ն ըն Բաօյ ;
Այսր այր աղ բոստ-մայկոյն աւրջեար ճօ
այր ա՛ր ճօ Բրե՛ն.
Ան դա՛ծ Յւրջեանն ո՛րոյ օրբրե այր
աղ մայկոյն ճօն Լա.
Եւրն աղ Բարձ Կօ մ Բրե՛նն աղ Բրե՛ն-նա՛ծ
Բեօ ճօն ճալլալ այր Եւրջալէ :
"Ո՛ր մայկոյն աղ մայկոյն Յօ Կ-եւս Լեյր
աղ աւրջե Եւրջի՛ն աւրջե՛"
Բու՛ծ Բրե՛նն աղ Եւրջե՛ն Լե Լի՛ջեա՛ծ է Բրն, Եւր
Կօ Եւրնոյն !
Ան մայրա մ-Բրե՛նն աղ Եւրջե՛ն Եւրն Եւ
ճաօյ դ-Եւրնոյն՝ Բո՛ծ 'դ մայկոյն ?
Ա՛ր Եւր ճօն Եւրջե՛ն Եւրնոյն՝ Եւր ճօն
մայկոյն 'Բա Եւրն, Յաղ Եւրն.
Բրեյն այր ճա՛ծ աւրն աւ Եւրնոյն Եւր ճօն
Եւրն աւ մայկոյն ?
Ա՛ր դաւրն աւ Եւրջե՛ն աղ Եւրջե՛ն 'դա մայր-
մա՛ծա մօրն, Լե դեա՛ն,
Եւրջեանն մայկոյն Եւրն Եւր Բար աղ Եւ-
ւրջե՛ն Եւրն Եւրն
Աղ Բրն Եւրնոյն աղ Բրն աղ ճօն-նա՛ծ
Եւր յոյնոյն Եւրնոյն Յօ Բոյն,
"Ո՛ր ճօն-նա՛ծ Եւրնոյն Յօ Եւր ճօն-նա՛ծ
Եւրն 'դ ճօն-նա՛ծ."
Աղ-Եւրն, Եւր, Բալէ յա ճօն աւրն մայրն.
դա՛ծ Բա՛ծ ? յա Եւրն ըն ճօն Եւր
Եւրն Եւրնոյն Եւր Եւրն Եւրն աղ Եւրն
Եւրնոյն այր այր !
Եւր 'դ մայրն աւ Եւրն ճօն-նա՛ծ աղ Բրն աւ
Եւրն Եւրն աղ Եւրն ?
Բ'Բրն, Եւրնոյն մօ մայրն Եւրն, Լեյ-
նոյն Եւրն մայրն Յօ Լեւրն.
"Ո՛ր Եւրնոյն ճօն Եւրնոյն ո՛րոյ մօ
Եւրնոյն Եւրն Եւրն 'դ Բալլ."
Աղ-Եւրն ; Եւր յարնալ աւ Եւրնոյն ?
Եւրն դեա՛ն Եւրն Լե Բալլ !
Եւրն ճօն-նա՛ծ աղ Եւրնոյն մայրն Եւր
Եւրնոյն աւ Եւրն
Ա՛ր դա Եւրնոյն Եւրն Եւրնոյն Եւրն ;
Եւրն Եւրնոյն ճօն Յօ ճօն-նա՛ծ աղ
Եւրն այր աղ Եւրն-նա՛ծ Բեօ, յա Եւրն մայր-
նա՛ծ, աւ Եւրն, Լե դեա՛ն :
Ո՛ր Եւրնոյն դա Եւրնոյն մայրն Յօ Եւրն
Եւրն դա Եւրն Եւրնոյն Եւրն.

The Gael.

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

Entered at the Brooklyn P. O. as second-class mail matter.

Eighth Year of Publication.

Published at 814 Pacific st., Brooklyn, N. Y.
M. J. LOGAN, - - - Editor and Proprietor.

Terms of Subscription—Sixty Cents a year, in advance, \$1 in arrear; Five Cents a single copy.
Terms of Advertising—10 cents a line, Agate.

VOL 7, No. 5. SEPTEMBER. 1889.

R. F., Memphis, Tenn.—We have never belonged to the dynamite party. We know Rossa, and, though not agreeing with him in certain points, we believe him to be an honest, guileless man. We do not know John Devoy. 2d—We believe the Irish World has done more to elevate the Irish race, at home and abroad, than all the other agencies combined. The venomous darts aimed at it and its editor by the English interest at home and here, is a sufficient proof of its effectiveness. The Hon. Judge Rooney, a patriot of patriots, said to us the other day, "It is a pity every Irishman in America does not read the Irish World." It was through the Irish World the Irish language movement was organized.

The readers of the Irish World cannot but be enlightened, for, apart from politics, it is in itself an encyclopedia of general knowledge.

ENGLAND'S FINE WORK.

It is plain to the dullest comprehension that some of the warring factions of the Clan-na-Gaels are in the British service. England's object is to break up and disorganize that powerful patriotic society.

Those who have watched the progress of events in the public press cannot fail to form a tolerably correct idea of who the British agents are—The two men who made the ball, and set it in motion, and then slunk behind the ditch themselves.

The executive officers of a secret society who are the custodians of a considerable amount of money are placed in a painful position from the fact that

such secrecy bars them from defending themselves against the tongue of envy, malice or self-interest.

The revelations of the Cronin tragedy show that two men made charges of malfeasance against a former executive body; that the man who made the major charges declined to go forward to prove them; that the man who made the minor charges did go forward, and failed to prove his charges, and therefore, that there were no charges proven.

Now, the man who made the major charges, serious charges, and who refused to appear before the investigating tribunal to prove them; and who there after repeated the charges in substance in the public press, stands in a very peculiar light before an enlightened public—He stands a self-confessed moral assassin, whose company should be shunned by honest men.

A Philadelphia "patriot" issued a lot of circulars in relation to the Cronin murder, even before the body was found! How did he know that Cronin was murdered before the body was found? and who paid him for the cost of the circulars, which must have been considerable? Again, who pays for the tons of printed matter in relation to the Cronin tragedy, and inimical to the Sullivan, so-called, faction, which is being mailed to Irishmen from Maine to California?

We have resided in this city nineteen years, yet we do not know one member (barring O'M. Condon) of the warring Clans. Therefore what we say in relation to them proceeds from a sincere desire to baffle the intrigues of the English spy. It would be humiliating to the intelligence of the Irish race were the English able to disorganize their patriotic societies by superior, though diabolical, political tactics.

Let the rank and file of the Clans expel the warriors, and reorganize, taking care, for the future, that the treasurer of their funds shall be known to all the members.

The treasurer being known to all

the book is 5s.

We have several of the stories in manuscript already from Mr. Blake, and we shall publish them from time to time as soon as opportunity offers, i. e., as soon as we can add to our stock of Gaelic type.

As may be seen by the foregoing dedication, the Rev. Mr. Cleaver has paid the expense of publishing this Gaelic story book. We have a large number of rich Irishmen in America. How many of them are coming forward to help to preserve the language of their forefathers? Apart from supporting those journals which publish the language, there are many other ways in which patriotic Irishmen could illumine the pages of history in connection with the language. A cheap Irish-English and English-Irish dictionary is a necessity. Is there an Irishman or woman in America who will undertake its production? O'Donovan and O'Curry were comparatively poor men in their time, but their memories will continue to shine in the pages of history when their millionaire countrymen will be forgotten. We appeal then, to our well-to-do countrymen to build a monument for themselves in Gaelic literature which shall live forever.

A Note by the Author.

It seems ridiculous that we cannot publish a book in our own language without introducing more or less of English into it. I had determined to publish these stories just as they are, without any commentary, such seeming to me unnecessary; but certain friends pointed out to me the advisability of adding some explanatory observations on the text, which should prove useful to any who may use this book to learn Irish.

I accordingly write—reluctantly enough—this and the following notes in English, seeing that some learners may find them useful; and as people are always asking, "What is the good of keeping up the language at all?" I determined that this first note should be a short answer to the question.

Perhaps I cannot do better than reproduce here part of an answer already published elsewhere, when those who wished to preserve our language were accused by an Irish magazine of aimlessness and foolishness. I then said—

"If we allow our living language to die out, it is almost certain that we condemn our literary records to remain in obscurity. All our great scholars, nearly all those who have done anything for the elucidation of our MSS.—O'Connor of Ballinagar, O'Donovan, O'Curry, Petrie, Hennessy—all these spoke the language naturally from their cradle, and had it not been so they would never have been able to accomplish the work they did, a work which first made it possible for a Jubianville or a Windisch to prosecute their Celtic studies with any success.

"There is no use in arguing the advantage of making Irish the language of our newspapers and clubs, because that is and ever will be an impossibility; but for several reasons we wish to arrest the language in its downward path, and if we cannot spread it (as I do not believe we very much can), we will at least prevent it from dying out, and make sure that those who speak it now shall also transmit it unmodified to their descendants. . . .

"To be told that the language which I spoke from my cradle, the language of my father and grandfather, and all my ancestors in an unbroken line leading up into the remote twilight of antiquity, have spoken; the language which has entwined itself with every fibre of my being, helped to mould my habits of conduct and forms of thought; to be calmly told by an Irish journal that the sooner I 'leave it to the universities' the better; that we will improve our English speaking by giving up our Irish; to be told this by a representative Irish journal is naturally and justly painful.

"I do not think the Saxon language has greater claims upon the western peasantry, or on myself, than the Irish language has, or that we should be told to give up the tongue of our fathers that we may better speak the language of strangers. . .

"I cannot conceive a more acute pain in the power of sentiment to inflict than that which I should feel if, after a life passed in England, or America, or the Colonies, I were to come back to my native mountains and find that the indifference or the actual discouragement of our leaders had succeeded in destroying the language of my childhood, and with it the tales, the traditions, the legends, the imaginations with which my cradle had been surrounded.

"I do not think it would be for the advantage of our race to let the language die. I affirm without hesitation that those who continue to speak their own language are in every way the intellectual and generally the moral, superiors of those who have allowed it to die out. When a locality has allowed Irish to die out the people lose nearly all those distinctive characteristics which make them so lovable and so courteous. I have verified this over and over again, and feel sure I am

asserting the truth. The reason of it is transparently obvious. When they lose the language they lose also the traditional unwritten literature which, inculcating and eulogising what is courteous, high-minded, and noble, supplied continuously an incentive to the practice of those qualities. . . .

"Wherever Irish is the vernacular of the people there live enshrined in it memories and imaginations, deeds of daring, and tragic catastrophes, an heroic cycle of legend and poem, a vast and varied store of apothegms, sententious proverbs and weighty sentences, which contain the very best and truest thoughts, not of the rude forefathers of the hamlet, but of the kings, sages, bards, and shanachies of bygone ages. Such a stream of collected thought as is everywhere found where the Irish language remains spoken must exercise an influence on those who come into contact with it, and such an influence must be an advantageous one. . . .

"If by ceasing to speak Irish our peasantry could learn to appreciate Shakespeare and Milton to study Wordsworth and Tennyson, then, indeed, we might let it go without any very acute pang. But this is not the case. We lay aside a language which for all ordinary purposes of everyday life is more pointed and forcible than any with which I am acquainted, and we replace it by another which we learn badly, and speak with an atrocious accent, interlarding it with barbarisms and vulgarity.

"The language of the western Gael is the language best suited to his surroundings, it corresponds best to his topography, his nomenclature, his organs of speech, and the use of it guarantees the remembrance of his own wierd and beautiful traditions. Around the blazing bog-fire, of a winter's night, Dermot O'Duibhne of the Love Spot, Finn with the coat of hairy skin, Conan the Berserker of the Fenians, the old blind giant Esh-heen (Ossian), the speckled bull with the movable horn, the enchanted cat of Rathcroghan, and all the other wild and poetic offspring of the bardic imagination pass in review before us. Every hill, every *lie*, every crag and gnarled tree, and lonely valley has its own strange and graceful legend attached to it, the product of the Hibernian Celt in its truest and purest type, not to be improved on by change, and of infinite worth in moulding the race type, of immeasurable value in forming its character. But with the loss of the Irish language all this is lost.

"The native Irish deal in sententious proverbs perhaps more than any other nation in Europe; their repertoire of apothegms, is enormous. It is a characteristic which is lost with their change of language, and, consequently, has not been observed or noticed. Let their language die, and not

one of their proverbs will remain. Of the hundreds of stereotyped sayings and acute aphorisms which I have heard aptly introduced upon occasions where Irish was spoken, I cannot say that I have heard five survive in an English dress where the language has been lost. And if this is the case with aphorisms and sayings, much more does it hold good of the songs, the legends, and the heroic cycle of stories. I believe, for example, that the character of the people is no longer the same in the east of the county Leitrim and in the county Longford, where Irish died out a generation or two ago. There Dermot of the Love Spot is unknown, Finn Mac Cool is barely remembered as a 'giant,' Ossian is never heard of, the ancient memories have ceased to cling to the various objects of nature; the halo of romance, the exquisite and dreamy film which hangs over the Mayo mountains has been blown away by the blast of the most realistic materialism; and the people, when they gather into one another's houses in the evening for a *caí'ee* (*ceilidhe*—a night visit), can talk of nothing but the latest scandal, or the price Tim Rooney got for his calf, or the calving of Paddy Sweeney's cow. . . .

"I do not believe in resuscitating a great national language by twopenny-halfpenny bounties. If the Irish people are resolved to let the national language die, by all means let them. I believe the instinct of a nation is often juster than that of any individual. But this, at least, no one can deny, that hitherto the Irish nation has had no choice in the matter. What between the Anglo-Irish gentry, who came upon us in a flood after the confiscations of 1648, and again after 1691, whose great object it was to stamp out both the language and institutions of the nation, with their bards and shanachies, ollamhs and professors; and with the brutalized, sensual, unsympathetic gentry of the last century, the racing, blustering, drunken squires, who usurped the places of the O'Connors, the O'Briens, the O'Donnells, the O'Ca'hans, the MacCarthys, our old and truly cultured nobility, who cherished hereditary poets and historians: what with the purblind, cringing pedagogues of the present century, whose habit it was to beat and threaten their pupils for talking Irish; what with the high-handed action of the authorities, who, with cool contempt of existing circumstances, continued to appoint English speaking magistrates, petty-sessions clerks, and local officials among a people to whom they could not make themselves intelligible, what with the hostility of the Board of Education, who do not recognise the language of those baronies where no English is spoken, even to the extent of publishing school books in it, what with this, and our long slavery as a nation, we assert that the Irish language has had no chance of showing its capabilities, or those who speak it of

taking their own part, and making their voice heard.

"So strong is the feeling in America in favour of an attempt to preserve, what many people there feel to be the purest and most seductive thing that Irish nationality can present them with, that even the *New York Herald*, the leading newspaper of America, opened its columns the other day to a portion of a speech spoken in Irish by some prominent patriot in New York, which it not only printed in Irish as delivered, but also in the native type. Have we lived to see it? Are they less materialistic over there beyond the seas than we are at home? Does the *New York Herald* actually do for us what *United Ireland* obstinately refuses to do?

"There is just one other objection to be noticed. We are told that in learning English we are learning a superior language to that we are invited to leave off. It is so, but unless we learn it in a superior way, we get no good by the change. For all the ordinary purposes of everyday peasant life, I believe Irish to be enormously superior to English—certainly to the English that is spoken in Ireland.

"In conclusion, we may say this, that while our social and commercial relations make it a necessity for every man, woman and child, in this kingdom, to learn English, sooner or later, reverence for our past history, regard for the memory of our ancestors, our national honour, as well as the fear of becoming materialised and losing our best and highest characteristics, call upon us imperatively to assist the Irish speaking population at the present crisis, and to establish for all time bi-lingual population in those parts of Ireland where Irish is now spoken, from which all those who, in the distant future, may wish to investigate the history or the antiquities of our nation, may draw, as from a fountain, the vernacular knowledge which for such purpose, is indispensably necessary."

I do not think there is much to add to what I have said here, except to observe that it is a national duty—I had almost said a moral one—for all those who speak Irish to speak it to their children also, and to take care that the growing generation shall know it as well as themselves, and on all possible occasions, except where it *will not run*. For, if we allow one of the finest and richest languages in Europe, which, fifty years ago was spoken by nearly four millions of Irishmen, to die out without a struggle, it will be an everlasting disgrace and a biting stigma upon our nationality.

(Gael. Read the foregoing Note carefully and endeavor to become possessed of its spirit. Read it also for your Irish friends, and then ask them to contribute *one penny* a week towards the circulation of *THE GAEL*, which has done so much to bring about what the patriotic and accomplished *Craoibhin* yearns for. Or why not organize societies for the purpose of raising funds for the distribution of prizes among the children learning Irish in the schools at home, as suggested by Mr. Lyons, of the Tuam National League? Here is the field for real Irish National work. The newspapers are chuck full of reports of this and that Irish (?) convention, but not a single convention to save *The Life of t'e Nation*! What a nation of hypocrites or intellectual imbeciles this state of affairs brands us,—Ed. G.)

O'Curry's Lectures.

ON THE
MANUSCRIPT MATERIAL OF ANCIENT IRISH HISTORY.

Lecture III.

Delivered March 20, 1855.

(Continued)

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 Uítonian dynasty.

And so Flann continues down to the time of the Emperor Leo, and Fergal Mac Maelduin, King of Erin, who was killed A. D. 718. That portion of the work which carries down the synchronisms to Julius Cæsar is next summed up in a poem of which there are two copies, one of 1096, and the other of 1220 lines, intended no doubt to assist the student in committing to memory the substance of the synchronisms.

There is another chronological piece of curious interest and of very considerable value, which was probably composed by Flann, or at least that portion of it which precedes A. D. 1056, the year of Flann's death. It comprises a list of the reigns of the monarchs of Ireland, with those of the contemporary provincial kings, and also of the kings of Scotland. This synchronological list commences with Laeghaire, who succeeded to the sovereignty in the year of our Lord 429, and it is carried down to the death of Muircheartach O'Brien, in 1119, sixty-five years after Flann's death. Who the continuator of Flann may have been we do not now know.

It may be interesting to give the following abstract as a specimen of Flann's synchronisms of the kings of Scotland, as it shows their connection with the royal lines of Erin.

It was, he says, in the year 498 that Fergus Mor and his brothers went into Scotland: They were the sons of Ere, the son of Eochaidh Muirneamhar, whose father was the renowned Colla Uais, who, with his brothers, overthrew the Ulster dynasty and destroyed the palace of Emania, Muirchertach Mac Eire, one of the brothers, was the ancestor of the MacDonnells, Lords of the Isles, and of other great families in Scotland. Our tract says that from the battle of Ocha, A. D. 478, to the death of the monarch, Diarmuid, son of Fergus Cerrbeoil, there was a space of eighty years. There were four monarchs of Erin within that time, namely, Lughaidh, son of Laeghaire, Muirchertach, son of Ere, Tuathal Mael Garbh, and Diarmuid. There were five kings of Scotland to correspond with these four of Erin, namely the above Fergus Mor, his brother Aengus Mor, Domangort, the son of Fergus, Comgrill, the son of Domangort, and Gabran, the son of Domangort.

The parallel provincial kings of Erin follow, but it is not necessary to enumerate them here.

The first part of the synchronisms ascribed to Flann is lost from the Book of Lecan, but it is preserved in the Book of Ballymote (fol. 6 a.) and as far as can be judged from their tenor in the lat-

ter book, they must have been those used by Tighernach, or they may possibly have been taken from an earlier work which was common both to Tighernach and to the compiler of this tract. It is, in fact, the synchronism of Flann, now imperfect, which we find at the commencement of Tighernach, but inserted there after having been first subjected to the critical examination and careful balancing of authorities which generally distinguish that learned annalist.

There is yet another important chronological composition in existence, to which I must here allude, I mean the Poem of Gilla Caemhain, who died A. D. 1072.

The writer begins by stating that he will give the annals of all time, from the beginning of the world to his own period. He computes the several periods from the Creation to the Deluge, from the Deluge to Abraham, from Abraham to David, and from David to the Babylonian Captivity, etc. From the Creation to the incarnation he counts 3952 years. (This is obviously the common Hebrew Computation.) He then goes on to synchronize the Eastern sovereigns with each other, and afterwards with the Fírbolgs and Tuatha De Danann of Erin, and subsequently with the Milesians.

He carries down the computation through several Eastern and Irish dynasties, giving the deaths of all the monarchs, and of several of the provincial kings of Erin, as well as of many remarkable persons, such as the death of Finn Mac Cumhaill, of St. Patrick, and of St. Brigid. He also notices the great mortality of the seventh century, the drowning of the Danish tyrant Turgesius, by King Mael-sechlainn (or Malachy), etc., continuing still he gives the intervening years, down to the death of Brian Boróimhe, in 1014, and so on to the "Saxon" battle in which the king of the Danes was killed, five years before the date of the composition of his poem.

The names of many other early writers on Irish history, and even, in some instances, fragments of their works, have come down to us, but the two of whose compositions I have given the foregoing brief sketch, are in many respects the most remarkable.

(To be continued.)

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

THE CURSE OF O'KELLY.

The "curse of O'Kelly" is often alluded to, yet very many, we think, have not read it. Cormac O'Kelly, the celebrated Irish harper, went to Doneraile, in the county of Cork, where his watch was pilfered from his fob. This so aroused his ire that he celebrated the people in the following "string of curses,"

Alas! how dismal is my tale;
I lost my watch in Doneraile—
My Dublin watch, my chain and seal
Pilfered at once in Doneraile.
May fire and brimstone never fail
To fall in shower on Doneraile,
As lightnings flash across the vale
So down to hell with Doneraile.
The fate of Pompeii at Pharsale

Be that the curse of Doneraile—
May beef or mutton, lamb or veal
Be never found in Doneraile.
But garlic soup and skurvy kale,
Be still the food of Doneraile—
And forward as the creeping snail
Industry be at Doneraile
May heaven a chosen curse entail
On ragged, rotten Doneraile
May sun and moon forever fail
To beam their light on Doneraile—
May every pestilential gale
Blast that cursed spot called Doneraile.
May no sweet cuckoo, thrush or quail
Be ever heard in Doneraile—
May patriots, kings and commonweal
Despise and harass Doneraile,
May every Post, Gazette and Mail
Sad tidings bring to Doneraile—
May vengeance fall on head and tail,
From north to south, of Doneraile.
May profit small and tardy sale
Still damp the sale of Doneraile,
May fame resound a dismal tale
Whene'er she lights on Doneraile—
May Egypt's plagues at once prevail
To thin the knaves at Doneraile,
May frost and snow and sleet and hail
Benumb each joint in Doneraile,
May wolves and blood-hounds race and trail
The cursed crew of Doneraile.
May Oscar with his fiery flail
To atoms thrash all Doneraile—
May every mischief fresh and stale
May all from Belfast to Kinsale,
Scoff, curse and dam you, Doneraile,
May neither flax nor oatmeal
Be found or known in Doneraile,
May want and woe each joy curtail
That e'er was known in Doneraile.
May no one coffin want a nail
That wraps a rogue in Doneraile—
May all the thieves who rob and steal,
The gallows meet in Doneraile.
May all the sons of Granuweal
Blush at the thieves at Doneraile,
May mischief big as a Norway whale
O'erwhelm the knaves of Doneraile—
May curses whole and by retail
Pour with full force on Doneraile,
May every transport wont to sail
A convict bring from Doneraile.
May every churn and milking pail
Fall dry to staves in Doneraile.
May cold and hunger still congeal
The stagnant blood of Doneraile—
May every hour new woe reveal
That hell reserves for Doneraile,
May every chosen ill prevail
O'er all the imps at Doneraile.
May th' Inquisition straight impale
The rapparees of Doneraile.
May curses of Sodom now prevail
And sink to ashes Doneraile—
May Charon's boat triumph sail
Completely manned from Doneraile,
Oh! may my couplet never fail
To find new curse for Doneraile;
And may Pluto's inner jail
Forever groan with Doneraile!

(To be continued.)

Robert Stewart, the notorious Lord Castlereagh, was born at Mount Stewart Co. Down. His descendant is the present Marquis of Londonderry;

SERGEANT JAMES HICKEY.

Death of a Brave American Soldier and Devoted
Irish Patriot,

(From the *Irish World* of Aug. 3.)

The announcement of the death of Sergeant Jas. Hickey, which the *Irish World* makes this week, will cause a pang of regret to many a friend who knew and admired him as a noble specimen of true manhood. Sergeant Hickey was born in Barna, Co. Galway, about 47 years ago, received a good education, and coming to America settled in Boston. When the war for the Union broke out, he, the picture of health and vigor, joined among the first in volunteering for duty. The "Irish Ninth" was formed and he entered Company A. Capt. James F. McGunnigle in command. No man in that famous regiment was better liked or did braver service. He was twice wounded. When the war was over and men were called upon to follow Gen. John O'Neill in the Fenian invasion of Canada, Sergeant Hickey (alias Burke) took his place under the Green Flag. He was in the battle of Ridgway, but later, when the failure to sustain its victors left them at the mercy of the enemy, he was one of those captured and sentenced to death. The late Archbishop Lynch prepared him for the scaffold, which, however, he escaped by a commutation of his sentence to twenty years' imprisonment. He spent 5 years and 8 months of this in jail near Toronto, and was reprieved about 16 years ago. Sergeant Hickey then returned to Ireland and took charge of his farming property. The Land League came and found in the brave American soldier as enthusiastic an advocate as there was in Ireland. He organized the tenants, fought the landlord candidates and succeeded in bettering the condition of his neighbors by calling attention to their condition. For all this, however, he had to pay dearly. A "marked" man, he was singled out for vengeance and made to feel the bitterest wrongs of the system against which he battled with Michael Davitt. Ruin stared him in the face and he again sailed for America, a year ago last November, leaving his wife and four children behind him, to begin the battle of life over. Those who met him could trace but little of the handsome regular features of the dashing soldier, whose courage was the boast of his comrades. Prematurely gray and almost broken down, he was hardly fitted for the struggle before him. After a short time in Boston, he came on to New York, and through the influence of a friend and comrade, he was given a position by Postmaster Van Cott, on the 10th of July, and he seemed to feel that fortune beamed upon him for good. He had made himself popular with every one in our great Federal building in the last three weeks, from the Postmaster down. On Sunday last, while preparing for Mass at the home of his cousin in Mr. Patrick Carrick, foreman of the *Irish World* composing room, in Washington Av., Brooklyn. Mr. Hickey was suddenly stricken down, and within fifteen minutes his earthly troubles were over. On Tuesday the sod was turned upon his remains in Holy Cross Cemetery, Flatbush, L. I., and the sorrow of those who knew and admired him for his devotion to liberty, both here and in Ireland was given vent to by most affectionate tributes. May God rest his soul and inspire others with equal zeal for the betterment of our kind and our race is the wish of the editor of *The Irish World*.

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