

14

GAEL

Leaban-aiéir móránal,
tabanta cum an
TEANGA SAEDILSE
a corrad a sur a raonúad
a sur cum
Fem-maíla Cuid na h-Éireann.

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The Gael.

*A Monthly Journal, devoted to the Preservation and Cultivation of the Irish Language,
and the Autonomy of the Irish Nation.*

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THE GAELIC ALPHABET.

Irish.	Roman.	Sound.	Irish.	Roman.	Sound.
À	a	aw	À	m	emm
b	b	bay	À	n	enn
c	c	kay	o	o	oh
d	d	dhay	p	p	pay
e	e	ay	r	r	arr
f	f	eff	s	s	ess
g	g	gay	t	t	thay
i	i	ee	u	u	oo
l	l	ell			

FIFTEENTH LESSON,

(ADOPTED FROM BOURKE'S.)

	Pronounced.
À, whether,	are.
À, whom, which,	"
À, our, (poss. pronoun)	"
À, slaughter,	awr.
À, ploughing,	"
béil, poss. case of beul,	bale.
béil, will be,	b. eye.
beil, to be; a being,	beh.
buil, was; may be,	buh.
bial, food,	bee-yah.
buih, dat. case of bó, a cow, buin,	
céim, a step; grade, dignity, kame.	
dsneac, direct, straight,	dheeraugh.
duine, a person,	dhuin-eh.
ejc, poss. of eac, a horse,	ich.
ejle, another,	elleh.
feair, better,	fa-ur.
fóil, a while,	fow-ilh.
fa, for: as cao fa, for what,	fah.
faoi, under,	fhwee.
fat, cause, reason,	faw.
ganar, scarcity,	ghann-uss.
lón, a store, a luncheon,	lhone.
mad, was,	ruv.

1. mad a ceann eomh? 2. b. a ceann eomh. 3. mad a lán caol? 4. b. a lán caol a. b. a cor cam. 5. mad a žmuaz l. a. 6. b. a žmuaz l. a. 6. mad a. b. d. d. o. o. h. h. o. o. b. a. n. 7. b. r. r. d. d. o. o. h. h. o. o. 8. b. r. r. d. d. o. o. h. h. o. o. 9. mad m. o. c. a. r. d. z. o. r. m. 10. h. j. mad, a. c. t. b. j. r. e. b. u. j. d. e. 11. mad a. n. b. e. a. n. o. s. a. z. u. r. a. n. f. e. a. r. r. e. a. n. 12. b. j. a. n. b. e. a. n. o. s. a. z. u. r. b. j. r. j. f. a. o. j. m. e. a. r. a. z. u. r. f. a. o. j. ž. e. a. n. 13. b. j. d. o. f. e. a. r. r. e. a. n. a. z. u. r. b. e. j. d. o. m. a. c. m. o. r. m. a. r. b. j. a. d. e. a. j. r. 14. f. f. u. j. l. m. a. c. a. j. s. d. m. ž. e. a. n. z. o. f. o. j. l. 15. t. a. m. a. c. o. s. a. j. s. m. ž. e. a. n. t. a. j. r. t. j. r. ž. m. a. c. a. c. f. o. ž. l. u. j. m. ž. a. e. o. j. l. z. e.

16. b. j. d. o. m. a. c. f. a. o. j. c. l. u. a. z. u. r. f. a. o. j. ž. l. o. j. r. 17. b. j. d. e. a. n. h. u. b. d. a. n. a. j. s. c. e. a. r. c. t. u. b. 18. t. a. a. z. u. r. b. a. n. h. e. ž. e. a. l. a. j. s. b. u. j. h. d. o. n. h. 19. mad c. l. u. a. r. a. n. e. j. c. b. e. a. z. a. c. o. r. d. s. n. e. a. c. a. c. o. r. u. j. m. f. a. d. a. 20. b. j. a. c. l. u. a. r. b. e. a. z. a. c. o. r. u. j. m. f. a. d. a. a. c. o. r. d. s. n. e. a. c. a. z. u. r. mad r. e. f. a. o. j. c. a. r. a. h. a. e. d. u. l. r. u. a. r. a. n. e. h. o. j. c. 21. h. j. mad, a. c. t. b. j. r. e. a. n. t. e. a. c. m. a. c. a. r. 22. b. u. d. m. a. j. e. l. o. m. c. e. o. l. d. o. b. e. j. l. t. a. d. o. ž. u. t. c. o. b. h. j. h. a. z. u. r. d. o. ž. l. o. r. c. o. a. r. d. z. u. r. m. j. a. n. h. o. m. a. b. e. j. e. t. a. j. s. c. l. o. r. l. e. j. r. 23. a. n. t. e. b. j. d. e. a. r. r. u. a. r. b. j. d. e. a. n. h. r. e. f. a. o. j. c. e. j. m. a. z. u. r. c. l. u. ; a. z. u. r. a. n. t. e. b. j. d. e. a. r. r. f. o. r. b. j. d. e. a. n. h. r. e. f. a. o. j. c. a. j. l. a. z. u. r. f. a. o. j. ž. a. n. a. r. 24. c. r. e. u. d. r. e. d. o. m. j. a. n. 25. r. e. m. o. m. j. a. n. a. b. e. j. e. t. f. a. o. j. m. e. a. r. a. z. u. r. t. a. a. n. m. j. a. n. r. e. o. a. n. h. m. o. c. r. o. j. d. e. f. e. j. h. 26. h. j. mad r. o. s. a. z. a. m. 27. b. j. d. e. a. n. h. r. o. s. a. z. u. r. r. e. u. j. a. l. a. n. ž. a. c. d. e. j. n. e. ; o. j. r. j. r. r. o. s. a. b. e. j. e. t. z. o. m. a. j. e. l. e. ž. a. c. d. u. j. n. e. e. j. l. e. 28. b. u. d. d. e. a. r. d. o. c. o. r. c. l. e. a. z. u. r. b. u. d. z. o. r. m. d. o. r. u. j. l. d. e. j. r. b. u. d. m. j. h. a. z. u. r. ž. e. a. l. d. o. l. a. n. h. a. z. u. r. b. u. d. f. a. d. a. d. o. m. e. u. r. a. b. u. d. t. j. u. ž. f. a. j. n. e. a. c. d. o. ž. m. u. a. z. a. z. u. r. b. u. d. l. o. n. h. a. c. r. o. j. l. r. e. a. c. m. a. d. a. r. e. d. o. r. o. r. z. z. o. r. m.

1. Was his head bent? 2. His head was bent. 3. Was his hand slender? 4. His hand was slender, and his foot was crooked. 5. Was his hair grey? 6. His hair was grey. 7. Was the cow brown or white? 8. She was brown. 9. Was my bull blue? 10. He was not, but he was yellow. 11. Was the woman young and the man old? 12. The woman was young, and she was under esteem and affection. 13. Your husband was old, and your son will be tall as was his father. 14. Has your daughter a son yet? 15. My young daughter has a son since yesterday. 16. Thy son was under esteem and glory. 17. A black hen lays a white egg. 18. She does, and a brown cow has white milk. 19. Was the ear of the horse small, his foot straight, his back long? 20. His ear was small, his back long, his foot straight, and was he yesterday under a cart going up the hill? 21. He was not, but he was in my father's house. 22. The music of thy mouth was sweet with me, your voice is so melodious and your tone so high, that I have a desire to listen to it. 23. The person who is up is usually under dignity and reputation, and he who is down is usually under loss and want. 24. What is your wish? 25. It is my wish to be under esteem, and this wish is in my own heart. 26. I had not happiness. 27. His happiness and prosperity is commonly in the hand of each person, for it is a happiness to be good with every other person. 28. Thy left foot was pretty, and blue was thy right eye, smooth and white was thy hand, and long was thy fingers, thick, and in ringlets was thy hair, and resplendent and sparkling was the sight of your blue eyes.

Send sixty cents for the *Soadai*, 10-11 m. j. l. teach ž. o. u. l. u. r. h.

[illegible]

Եր միւր Ելիւ, ու հաճայի իրօնաճ,
 Ա ի տօնոյնի մօ իրօյժե,
 Աւա իլիւ դա դ-թօր 50 բարաճ,
 Բայ ծած-իւրօն աշար Բայ ճայ,
 Բեւճայիտ այի մօ թեճ 'Ի մօ թեալաճ,
 Այի աւօյո Բայ իճճ ալ թւի,
 Այօյր այճ լօրանայծ դա Տաքանաճ,
 Ա դ-թւր-իւրաճ աշար ա լւի."

[illegible]

Յա՛ն տլե քօճալ ա Բաճայր ըյ կոյ,
 Եյ՛ ա ինքնաճա՛ծ քօլլրեճ՛ Ծաղ,
 Յօ՛ լաճ մօ ճի՛ր քաօյ քլաճրաճ Ծաղոյ,
 Իր կաճ՛ քար ՕՅ՛ մար յայրե ճոյ,
 Յա՛ղ քաճաղեճ՛ ճաճայր ճալ ա Լեւոյ,
 Յի՛ծ Յօ՛ Բ-քալմայո՛ ճալմաճ, Երեւոյ,
 Իր լիճո՛ր ճոյ մոյ՛ծ քօ ճալ ա Բ-քալմա՛յրե---
 "Ձի՛ճ ճի՛ղ Եօ՛ Եի՛ծ ա քաօյրե՛ ճոյրե,"
 (Լե՛ Եի՛ծ Լեւոյալճ՛ե)

THE CELTIC TONGUE RESURGENT.

(Continued)

IV

[illegible][illegible]

Ծօ լիաճալ, և զի Էրիկոյի շլար, յօղժա
 քառա իկաճադա զ Իօրի,
 Տիօժէ լիճէ զձ ալճաճ յր իճ ԻՅՐ և զի
 և զօղիւն---
 Օ հ-Էսթար ՚ր հ-Երեմոյի Յօ Կաճարիճ,
 Իճօր ՚ր շլէ,
 Յար իճօյ և ի զիկա լիճաիւն և յ
 Կաճար-Սիճ-Կաճար և զի և յ-Երե,
 Տիճ զձձձձձ, Օ Օճիճիճիճ! իճիճիճ
 Երեւ իճ իճիճ!

Յի զօ ճօրժեան յօ ծագ' Լուսն ճլուծա՛ծ,
 Բար զ-քրեանդ ԶՅԱՐ ԲԻԶԵՐ,
 Քօր ԼՈՐՐԵ ԲԻ "ՖՁԾ-ՖՐԵՅԵ" յան ճօ
 ԲԻՉ 'ՊԴ ԸՈՊՈՂԱԾԷ, ԸՁԼ 'Ի ԸԼՈՒ,
 ԼԵ 'Պ ԲԱՅԻ զօ ԼԵՄՊ ԲԻ ԴԸՈՊՈՂ ԵՄԾՈՊԱՐ
 Օ ՊԵՈՊ 'ՊԴ ԼԱԴԱՐԻ ԵՅԾ,
 ԶԻՐ ԴԼԱԾ ԸՈՒ ԲԱՅԻ զօ ԴՅՈՒԾԱԼ ԸՄՊ յԱՊԱՅ
 ԵՐԵ ԸՐՊԱՐԷԱ Կ-ԵՅԼԵԲՐԵ ԲՊՊ Ֆ-ԸԵՅՊ,
 ԸՁԵ ՅՈՐ ԴԸԱԾ ՊԱ ԴՈՐԼԱՐ ՕՊՊԸՈՊՊԱ ԴՈ-
 ԸԱԼԱԾ ԶԵ ԴՈՊՊԵ ԼԵ ՊՅՐ ԲԻՉ-ԸԵՅՊ,
 Օ, Ը Բ-ԲԱԾ ԸԼՈՒԾԱԾ ԸՅԶՈՊՊՈՒՅԼ ՕՁՅՈՇՅՅ!
 ԲԱ ԲՐՈՐ 'Ի ՕՈՒԾԱԾ ԲՊ ԼՅ

Օ՞ ինչ լյա՛ծ այլ այլ չօ Եղեմ ին, Եղեմ-
լա թե ռ' ուրե լոմա՛ծ, լալի 'ր լիւ
'Տ լան լոմայ՛ն ռ' լիւր՛ն աղ լաղղ լիւ
աղ ռ-լիւ լե լիւր,
Ճ ռ' լոմա՛ծ Շրա՛ծաղ, աղղր աղ րիւր
լիւ՛ն լիւր՛ն չ-լիւր.

"Տօ յաջալ իյալլ, աղ տարաւօժ տըսի,
 Եւ ինոր ձ ձայտ-բնիյ լա ընն;
 Այսր Եօջայի Այնր, աղ Լօջաժ, այսր
 Բնիւթեամ' աղ Վօյնիյ-Վնիւ;
 Այսր Դեան Օլլան Բօժա, Բյօրաժ, աղ
 Տարօյ ինոր զ' ձ իրաժ,
 Ա ըսիւր այր Բնի աղ ի Վնիժէ ձրա Բրիւթ-
 Եան Լե Եօլար Բրեձ;
 Տօ իյօղալ աղ Բնիւր---Տեանիւր ինոր : լե
 ըստ Վնիւթիյ իյօր ինօժ,
 Տսլ Վօ իւժ Տրիօր ձ աւաժ ընօյր
 ըսիւր ընօ Շաւնօյիժ Բաժ---

THE GAEL—THE IRISH LANGUAGE—

Language and Land should be the war-cry of all true nationalists; without these there can be no nationality. Hence, it is the duty of every Irishman to keep these facts in view, to agitate them, and to make an individual exertion to preserve the one and to obtain the other. The GAEL has enlisted the warm and active sympathy of a large number of priests throughout the United States and Canada lately. We look upon this as a very wholesome sign that a true spirit of nationalism pervades our really educated countrymen. The cost of the GAEL is only sixty cents a year, will any one miss such a sum, and yet see what it will accomplish.

We have in this issue very interesting Gaelic matter—*Croidhin Treunwar* and the *Chase of Thieving John*, when these are concluded they will be worth twice the price of a years subscription to have them.

We would call the attention of our readers to the *Life of Archbishop Mc Hale* by the Rev. U. J. Canon Bourke. It is a beautiful work, every line breathes that true nationality which the subject personated, and which controls the sentiments of the author. The price of the book is one dollar.

Father Nolan's *Irish Prayer Book* is a handsome little book. There is not a word of English in it from cover to cover—Price one dollar.

Gaelic Union—We have received several reports from the Gaelic Union since last issue, all showing that the Union is energetically pushing the Irish Language movement.

Dublin S. P. I; L. The Dublin Society is also busy at work, but we guess the GAEL is a head of them all. It took the greyhound to make a good many springs to come up to the hare tho' only fifty springs ahead—the GAEL is that many hundreds before our Dublin friends now, so that they will have to treble their speed if they desire to come up to it. We like this friendly rivalry. Let our Irish-American friends work.

We have received communications from several honored correspondents within a week or two which we had no time to answer as yet, in a personal letter. We shall do so at an early date.

P. H. New York.—The gender of girl is feminine, and takes the feminine form of the pronoun. None but a philological crank would make it masculine. It would be as appropriate to say *he* is a good *girl* or *she* is a good *boy* as to put *girl* in the masculine gender. By a construction peculiar to the German language woman and girl are put in the neuter gender in that language.

Send sixty cents for the Gael

2 Nelson St. Dublin, Oct. 19, 1882.

To Editor GAEL:

Dear Sir—In your issue of September last appears what purports to be a list of the officers of the Dublin Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language:

Kindly allow me to say that that list is not correct. The Rev. Father Nolan is not the Honorary Sec. of the Society. He is not even a member of it and on more than one occasion he was scrupulously exact in disavowing his connection with it. I therefore wish to give him the full benefit of his disavowal.

The Honorary Secretaries to the Dublin Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language are Professor Brian O'Looney M. R. A. and the writer and the sole address of the Society is No 9 (nine) Kildare St., Dublin at which address thro' the kindness of Dr. Ryding, the meetings of the 1st Irish Language Congress were held last August.

I think it is well that it should be known once and for ever to the American friends of our work that the body known as the *Gaelic Union* and with which Father Nolan is connected, has no relations whatever with the Parent Society above referred to and which was founded in 1876.

When the Society at great expense and labor summoned the Congress to meet in Dublin, it was one of the first acts of the committee appointed to carry out the preliminaries, to invite thro' Father Nolan the co-operation of the Gaelic Union in the work of the Congress. Father Nolan did not vouchsafe to us the courtesy of a reply. Now however that the Congress has recommended to the Society the desirability of setting on foot a journal in the Irish Language, we find Father Nolan and his friends rushing into print to promise one by the 1st of November. Zeal sometimes outstrips good sense. The announcement comes from them to-day that a delay of 30 days more is necessary.

The Congress committee have felt their ground carefully and well and by the time this reaches you they will have definitely settled on the manner in which they will carry out the Congress resolution recommending the Journal.

With the success of their work before them for the past six years, they are confident that in this too, their efforts, to promote the good cause, shall not fail for want of support. The Society has the confidence of the Congress and the country.

I will therefore put it to those who love union and the Irish Language to send us their support and enable us to carry out our work in a worthy manner and place the language in its proper position "in the old country."

I have the honor to be your obedient servant,

Richard J. O'Duffy, Hon. Sec. Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language,
9 Kildare Street, Dublin.

Subscribers names to the new journal will be received immediately.

ENGLISH INFLUENCES

AS VIEWED BY AN IRISH AMERICAN.

"This education forms the tender mind;
Which way the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

For many years the works used in the educational institutions of this Republic have been written in the English interest:—by a class who ape English ideas of government and social life. Fabrications the most absurd, and falsehoods the most bare-faced, have been intentionally (malice *prepense*) injected among and even substituted for historical facts. The true character of the British Empire, as the Highway Robber of Nations, is studiously obscured. All reference to her robbery of weak and defenseless peoples is avoided; while great pains are taken to make England appear in a commendable manner on every possible occasion.

In "Harper's Intermediate School Geography," the twig is bent in the following fashion, in order to give the mind of Young America a pro-English twist:

"The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is one of the most important countries in the world. The title commonly given it is Great Britain. It includes England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland. The British are a very remarkable people. Once they owned only Great Britain and Ireland. Now they own nearly one half of North America; British Guiana, in South America; British India, with its millions of inhabitants (!) in Asia, several colonies on the coast of Africa, and the whole continent of Australia. In addition, they own a large number of valuable islands in different parts of the world. Great Britain and Ireland, together with these vast possessions, form the British Empire, which is the most extensive on the globe."

(The reader will note, *en passant*, that the writer of the foregoing paragraph so expresses himself as to convey to the ill-informed the impression that Great Britain and Ireland were always under one government. "The title commonly given" to the "United Kingdom" is not "Great Britain." I have never heard it called anything but "Great Britain and Ireland." Even though England employed the most unutterably barbarous means to subjugate Ireland, I have never yet known an Englishman to assert that it was not so—that both countries were always under one government. Yet that is what is implied by this American snob, when he says, "Once they owned only Great Britain and Ireland." With people ignorant of Irish history, such equivocation will serve his purpose as well as a straight-out lie. So, its effect upon the minds of simple children may be imagined.)

Many other evidences of the sophistry inculcated in our Public Schools might be adduced, but this one will serve as a specimen.

In consequence of such teachings, there has sprung up a class who actually look upon the real, substantial greatness of the Republic—the legiti-

mate outcome of free institutions—as a mere reflex of the sham "greatness" of England! Of England! whose greatness consists in that she periodically slays millions of the natives of India by artificial famines! by which means she reduced the population of Ireland from nearly 9,000,000 in 1840, to about 5,000,000 in 1880! Yet educated Americans will stupidly accept such an absurdity. Therefore, it is no surprise that the same class should echo the vile falsehood of pro-English snobs, that there was nobody here at the time of the Revolution but "English colonists," and that we're "Saxons and Britishers true, after all."

Of this class was Edward Everett, a man of great literary ability and almost incredible precociousness, having graduated from Harvard College at 18. "In Harpers Sixth Reader," I find this extract from a speech in which he attempts to explain "Our obligations to England," as follows:—

What citizen of our Republic does not feel, what reflecting American does not acknowledge the incalculable advantages derived to this country out of the deep fountains of civil, intellectual and moral truth from which we have drawn in England? What American does not feel proud that his fathers were the countrymen of Bacon, of Newton, and of Locke?"

England—whose hands are to-day, as for centuries past, steeped in the blood of the innocent victims of her marauding "civilizers"—contains, according to Mr. Everett, "deep fountains of social, intellectual, and moral truth! To Irishmen who remember the "City of the Violated Treaty." that superabundance of all kinds of truth contained in England may not be very apparent. But then, of course, England was not bound to keep faith with barbarians, such as these "mere Irish" are represented to have been. It would have been beneath her dignity as a nation to open to them her "deep fountains of social, intellectual, and moral truth." Mr. Everett speaks of Bacon, Newton, and Locke as men whom Americans might feel proud to be descended from. Now, science will ever proudly cherish the name of Newton, as the discoverer of the principle or law of gravitation. But Mr. Everett, when he insinuated that the people of this country are the descendants of Englishmen, stated what he knew to be untrue. The effort is born of the know-nothing spirit, which endeavored to make it appear that the descendants of Englishmen are the American people, and that all others are here on sufferance. (And when I see American citizens allowed to remain in English dungeons for months, with no crime even charged against them, simply because they happen to be of Irish birth, I cannot agree with those who believe that the spirit of know-nothingism is extinct. he only "incalculable advantages" this country ever derived from England grew out of the resistance to her authority, and final successful rebellion against it, aroused by the attempt of Parliament to compel us to accept "taxation without repre-

sentation."

The Fathers of the Republic" freely expressed their detestation of England's hypocrisy. Thomas Jefferson said; "In spite of treaties, *England is still our enemy.*" That opinion might be impressed on the minds of our school-boys and girls, with much better result to the public welfare than the bombastic nonsense about "our mother country," and the "incalculable advantages" derived from her (through the *Alabama* in the late war, I presume.

In "Benjamin Franklin's Works," I find a letter from which I extract the following. His expressions are so explicit and so emphatic that he does not leave room for doubt as to 'just what he means:

"Accounts upon oath have been taken in America by order of Congress, of the British barbarity committed there. It is expected of me to make a school-book of them, and to have thirty-five prints designed by good artists and engraved, each expressing one or more of the different horrid facts, to be inserted in the book in order to impress the minds of children and posterity with a deep sense of England's bloody and insatiable malice and wickedness. Every fresh instance of her devilism makes me abominate the thought of a reunion with such a people."

Such was the high opinion of "our mother country," and "our English cousins," which was held by the man who penned the immortal declaration that "all men are created equal." such was the opinion of Benjamin Franklin, the philosopher, whose lofty mind fully appreciated the depth and intensity of English hypocrisy and malevolence.

Did he ever think that American manhood could descend so low as to boast of "the ties of blood" between us and the English nation, of whom he indignantly says, "every fresh instance of her devilism makes me abominate the thought of a reunion with such a people?"

Everywhere around us — in schools, in reading rooms, in the utterances of public men — we see but too plainly the evidence that that detestable reunion is closing in upon us.

A. MORGAN DEELY.

TREACHEROUS EFFORTS TO SEIZE THE O'DONNELL.

The following narrative of the measures adopted by the government to get possession of the young O'Donnell, prince of Tir Connell, and his after adventures, taken from "The Four Masters," are full of interest.—

"Red Hugh, the son of O'Donnell, was taken by the English. His capture was first effected thus: The English, with Justice and the Council in general, had contracted a great dislike to the Earl O'Neill, Hugh, the son of Ferdoragh (although he was obedient to them), in consequence of the accusations and complaints of Thurlough Luineach, the son of Niall Conallagh O'Neill, who was always in opposition to him, and because Joan,

the daughter of O'Donnell, was married to the Earl of Tir Owen. Moreover, the name and renown of the above named youth, Red Hugh, the son of Hugh, had spread throughout the five provinces of Erin, even before he had arrived at the age of manhood, for his wisdom, sagacity, goodly growth, and noble deeds; and the people in general were used to say that he was really the prophesied one; and the English feared that if he should be permitted to arrive at the age of maturity, that the disturbance of all the island of Erin would result through him and the Earl of Tir Owen; and that, should they unite in their exertions, they would win the goal, as they were allied to each other, as we have before mentioned. To deliberate on premises, a council was held by the Lord Justice and the English of Dublin; and to consider what manoeuvre they might adopt to prevent this thing which they feared; and the resolution which they came to was, to prepare a ship at Dublin, and send it, with its crew, laden with wine and beer, north-eastwards, keeping Erin to the left, until it should put into some harbor of the harbors of Tir Connell, as if it had gone for the purpose of traffic. The vessel sailed northward to Benmor, in the Route, and then turned westwards, with a favorable breeze of wind, without stopping or delaying, until it put in at the old harbor of Swilly, opposite Rathmullan, a castle erected on the margin of the sea, some time before, by Mac Sweeney Fanad, a family, the chief of which has been one of the generals of the lords of Tir Connell from a remote period. The ship being stationed at anchor, a party of the crew came on shore in a small boat, under the guise of merchants, in the semblance of peace and friendship; and they began to spy and explore the country, and to sell and bargain with those who came to them; and they told them they had ale and wine in their ship. When Mac Sweeney and his people heard of this, they began to buy the wine, and continued to drink of it until they were intoxicated. The Red Hugh before mentioned happened at this time to be in the neighborhood, on an excursion of thoughtless recreation, and youthful play and sports; and the vehement and fool-hardy people who were along with him requested him to go to the place. It was easy for them to prevail on him to do so, for at this time he was not quite fifteen years of age; and there were none of his advisers, tutors, or *ollaves*, along with him, to direct him or give him council. When the spies heard of his arrival in the town, they immediately went back to the ship. He was welcomed by Mac Sweeney and the other chieftains; and they sent their waiters and cup-bearers to the ship for wine for the guest who had arrived. The merchants said that they had no more wine unsold, except what the crew required for their own use, and that they were unwilling to give any more of it out for any one; but they added that if a small party of gen-

tle men would come to them into the ship, they should get all the wine and ale that was in their possession. When Mac Sweeney received this message, he felt ashamed at the circumstances and accordingly he decided upon inviting Hugh to the ship. They were welcomed, and conducted without delay or loitering into an apartment in the lower centre of the ship; and they were waited on and attentively served, until they were jolly and cheerful. When they were here making merry, the door of the hatch was closed after them, and their arms were stolen from them; and thus was the young son, Red Hugh, taken. The rumor of the capture spread throughout the country in general; and the inhabitants flocked from all quarters to the harbor, to see if they could bring any danger upon the machinators of the treachery. This was of no avail, for they were in the depth of the harbor, after, having hauled in their anchor, and the natives had no ships or boats to pursue or take revenge of them. Mac Sweeney of the Battle-axes, who was the foster-father of that Hugh, came, among the rest, to the harbor, and offered hostages and other pledges for him; but this was of no avail to him, because there was not in the province of Ulster a hostage that they would accept in his stead. As for the ship, and the crew which were in it, having secured the most desirable of the hostages of the territory, they sailed with the current of the tide until they reached the sea, and retraced their former course back again, until they landed in the harbor of Dublin. It was soon heard all over the city that he had thus arrived; and the Lord Justice and the Council were rejoiced at the arrival of Hugh, though indeed for not for love of him; and they ordered him to be brought before them, and he was brought accordingly; and they continued for a long time to converse with him, and to ask questions of him, to examine and criticise him, that they might explore his natural endowments. At last, however, they ordered him to be put into a strong stone castle which was in the city, where a great number of Milesian nobles were in chains and captivity, and also some of the old English. The only amusement and conversation by which these beguiled the time by day and night was, lamenting to each other their sufferings and troubles, and listening to the cruel sentences passed on the high-born nobles of Erin in general."

Red Hugh O'Donnell had now (1590) been in captivity in Dublin for the space of three years and three months. It was a cause of great distress of mind to him to be thus imprisoned; yet it was not for his own sake that he grieved, but for the sake of his country, his land, his friends, his kinsmen, who were in bondage throughout Erin. He was constantly revolving in his mind the manner in which he might make his escape. This was not an easy matter for him, for he was confined in a closely-secured apartment every night in the castle

until sunrise the next day. The castle was surrounded by a wide and very deep ditch, full of water, across which was a wooden bridge, directly opposite the door of the fortress; and within and without the door were stationed a stern party of Englishmen, closely guarding it, so that none might pass in or out without examination. There is, however, no guard whose vigilance may not some time or other be baffled. At the very end of winter, as Hugh and a party of his companions were together, in the beginning of the night, before they were put in the close cells in which they used to be every night, they took with them a very long rope, to a window which was near them and by means of the rope they let themselves down, and alighted upon the bridge that was outside the door of the fortress. There was a third iron chain fastened to this door, by which to close it when required: through this chain they drove a strong handful of a piece of timber, and thus fastened the door on the outside, so that they could not be immediately pursued from the fortress. There was a youth of Hugh's faithful people outside awaiting their escape, and he met them on coming out, with two well tempered swords concealed under his garments; these he gave into the hands of Hugh, who presented one of them to a certain renowned warrior of Leinster, Art Cavanagh by name, who was a champion in battle, and a commander in conflict. As for the guards, they did not perceive the escape for some time; but when they took notice of it they advanced immediately to the door of the castle, for they thought that they should instantly catch them. Upon coming to the gate, they could not open it; whereupon they called over to them those who happened to be in houses on the other side of the street, opposite the door of the castle. When these came at the call, and took the piece of timber out of the chain, and threw open the door for the people in the castle, who then set out, with a great number of the citizens, in pursuit of the youths who had escaped from them; but this was fruitless, for they (the fugitives) had passed beyond the walls of the city before they were missed, for the gates of the regal city had been wide open at the time; and they pursued their way across the face of the mountain which lay before them, namely, the Red Mountain, being afraid to venture at all upon the public road, and never halted in their course until, after a fatiguing journey and travelling until they had crossed the Red Mountain aforesaid, when weary and fatigued, they entered a thick wood which lay in their way, where they remained until morning. They then attempted to depart, for they did not deem it safe to remain in the wood, from fear of being pursued; but Hugh was not able to keep pace with his companions, for his white-skinned (and) thin feet had been pierced by the furze of the mountain, for his shoes had fallen off, their seams having been

loosened by the wet, which they did not till then receive. It was a great grief to his companions that they could not bring him any further; and so they bade him farewell, and left him their blessing. He sent his servant to a certain gentleman of the noble tribes of the province of Leinster, who lived in a castle in the neighborhood, to know whether he could afford them shelter or protection. His name was Felim O'Thuathal, and he was previously a friend to Hugh, as he thought, for he had gone to visit him on one occasion in his prison in Dublin, when they formed a mutual friendship with each other. The messenger proceeded to the place where Felim was, and stated to him the embassy on which he came. Felim was glad at his arrival, and promised that he would do all the good he could for Hugh; but his friends and kindred would not allow him to conceal him, from fear of the English government. These learned that he was in the wood, as we have said, and the people who had heard that he was in the wood went in search of him, and dispersed with their troops to track him. When it was clear to Felim that Hugh would be discovered, he and his kinsmen resolved to seize upon him themselves, and bring him back to the Council in the city. This was accordingly done: When Hugh arrived in Dublin, the Council was rejoiced at his return to them, for they made nothing or light of all the other prisoners and hostages that had escaped from them. He was again put into the same prison, and iron fetters were put on him as tightly as possible, and they watched and guarded him as well as they could. His escape, thus attempted, and his recapture became known throughout the land of Erin, at which (tidings) a great gloom came over the *Gaels*."

Traslation of "bláð brynjall" on
page 145.

THE FLOWER OF ALL MAIDENS.

O! flower of all maidens for beauty
Fair bosomed and rose-lipped and meek,
My heart is your slave and your booty,
And droops overpowered and weak.
Your clustering raven black tresses,
Curl richly and glossily round:
Blest he who shall win your caresses,
Sweet blossom all down to the ground.

I have loved you, oh mildest and fairest,
With love that could scarce be more warm;
I have loved you, oh brightest and rarest
Not less for your mind than your form;
I've adored you since ever I met you
O rose without briar or stain,
And if e'er I forsake or forget you,
Let love be ne'er trusted again.

My bright one you are till I perish,
O, might I but call you my wife,
My treasure my bliss whom I'll cherish
With love to the close of my life:
My secrets shall rest in your bosom,
And yours in my heart shall remain
And if e'er they be told, O sweet blossom,
May none be e'er whispered again.
O! loveliest do not desert me,
My earliest love was for you,
And if thousands of woes should beget me
To you would I prove myself true.
Through my life you have been my consoler,
My comforter—never in vain,
Had you failed to extinguish my dolor,
I should ever have languished in pain.
O fond one I pine in dejection,
My bosom is pierced to the core,
Deny me not love your affection,
And mine shall be yours evermore.
As I chose you from even the beginning
Look not on my love with disdain,
If you slight me as hardly worth winning,
May maid ne'er again have a swain.
O, you who have robbed me of pleasure,
Will you with your mind and your charms
Scorn one who has wit without measure,
And take a mere dolt to your arms.
Your beauty O damsel believe me
Is not for a clown to adore,
O if you desert or deceive me
May lover ne'er bow to you more.
Yours am I my loveliest wholly,
O heed not the blind and the base,
Who say that because of my folly
I'll never have wealth, luck or grace.
How much the poor creatures mistake me
I'll yet have green acres and gold,
But O if you coldly forsake me
I'll soon be laid under the mould.

"Strange that a noble, generous land,
Enabling others to withstand
The foreign warrior's fierce command,
Should not itself be free!
Strange that a warrior, bold and brave,
Should o'er the foe his banner wave,
Yet reap no fruit from victory!
No matter what the bar to fame,
Nor how disqualified the claim,—
Erin has sent her warriors bright
To win the laurels of the fight;
From him, the chief and champion bold,*
Down to the simple peasant name
Whose whole nobility is fame,
He who on Barossa's height
Stopped the eagle in its flight,
And spurned its crest of gold,
From that to bloody Waterloo,
Where Irishmen were plenty, too,
Not, not a trophy of the day
Which Erin did not bear away."

THE DYING CELT TO HIS AMERICAN SON.

My son, a darkness falleth,
 Not of night, upon my eyes,
 And in my ears there calleth
 A voice as from the skies.
 I feel that I am dying,
 I feel my day is done,
 Bid the women hush their crying
 And hear to me, my son.

When Time my garland gathers,
 O my son! I charge you hold
 By the standard of your fathers
 In the battle-fields of old!
 In blood they wrote their story
 Across its field, my boy;
 On earth it was their glory,
 In Heaven it is their joy.

By St. Patrick's hand 'twas planted
 On Erin's sea-beat shore,
 And it spread its folds, undaunted,
 Throug the drift and the uproar.
 Of all its vain assaulters,
 Who could ever say he saw
 The last of Ireland's altars,
 Or the last of Patrick's law?

Through the Western ocean driven,
 By the tyrant's scorpion whips,
 Behold! the hand of Heaven
 Bore our standard o'er the ships
 In the forest's far recesses,
 When the moon shines in at night,
 The Celtic cross now blesses
 The weary wanderer's sight!

My son, my son! there falleth
 Deeper darkness on my eyes;
 And the Guardian Angel calleth
 Me by name from out the skies.
 Dear, my son, I charge thee cherish
 Christ's holy cross o'er all;
 Let whatever else may perish,
 Let whatever else may fall!

McGee.

But, Erin, you never had mourned the sight,
 Had you brandished your spear in your own good
 fight!

Had you boldly stood on your mountain crag,
 And waved o'er the valley your own green flag,
 Soon, soon should the stranger have found his grave
 Beneath the wild foam of your ocean wave."

beir an fhaeilte faoi mear f6r

THE FORMATION OF SOCIETIES.

We are pleased to see that there is a wide-spread desire to organize Gaelic societies in several cities and towns in the United States. We have had several personal communications on the subject—a good many of them asking for information as to the best means of organizing, but we could not spare time to write to them personally—This is a good way to organize—Get as many of your friends as you can to meet at a specified place and time, don't wait to get a large crowd to organize—many important events had their origin in the energy of a few men—get a few first books, study yourself a lesson or so before your class; don't allow the members of the class, or anybody else to put questions beyond what they are after learning; don't be ashamed because you have not a thorough knowledge of the written language.

Meet once a week, once a month or, as often as you can; try to enlist the co-operation of your lady friends—from experience we have found the ladies far more plucky and patriotic than the men; plan a set of rules for the purpose of keeping order, allow no angry discussions at your meetings and allow no intoxicated persons to be present at them. We wish the Hibernians and Alliance would put it before them to have simple Gaelic lessons at their monthly meetings, and have their pass-words in the Irish language, then they could consistently claim to be patriotic Irishmen.

Those residing in the neighborhood of New York and Brooklyn will receive thorough instruction in the Irish Language by calling at either of the following places.—

Clarendon Hall, Nos. 114 & 116 13th St. N. Y. Wednesday and Sunday evenings; 295 Bowery, Thursday and Sunday evenings, at Jefferson Hall, junction of Adams, Willoughby and Fulton Sts., Thursday and Sunday evenings, at 8 o'clock.

Every family should have the *CELTIC MAGAZINE*, published by J. Haltigan, 117 John st., N. Y.

The *Tuam News* publishes weekly very interesting Gaelic matter.

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