

14

GAEL

Leabhar-aistíur mioramháil,
Tabairtá cum an
TEANGA GAELIGE
a cónaí a sáorú a sáorú
a sáorú cum
Féin-maíla Cinní na h-Eireann.


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and the autonomy of the Irish Nation.*

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Fourth Year of Publication.

Philo-Celts.

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

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

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

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

President Finn has been absent quite often lately.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ward—Miss Ward is an expert Gaelic scholar.

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

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

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

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

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

Flaherty—Sergeant at arms Flaherty is absent quite often.

Kyne—Brother Kyne called the other night.

Casey—Brother Casey walks in and out.

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

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

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

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

Professor Röhrig's, and Sentiments in the next.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

AN BĀRD 'JUS AN FŌ.

λεητα.)

СѢТ - РА.КК.

Ձիոյ! Ձիոյ! Ձիոյ! Ձիոյ!
 Բայրե! Ծաւայրյ՜լ! Ձի--Ձիոյ!
 Իո! դա բօժա ծաճարւե!
 Իո! դա լաղիտ ջլորդե!
 Իո! դա լաղիտ ջլորդե!
 Իո! զի դարձայ շուրջդ՝ շե!

[illegible]

ΡΕΙΝΤ II.

ΠΑΙΔΙΝ.

Ծօ բայրօյժե շրճօժար՝ շօյնժատ.
 Զ Ծե, ար դ-ձեժար!
 Եղար դճ շ-շալլբար յատ,
 Շար Դւ՝դդ ա լճեժար!
 Տիդ Ծօ լճմ-րա ճարա,
 Ըմբօյժ! Բայր!

The Bard and the Knight.

[Continued.]

War Song.

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

Come forth the morn is breaking,
 The lark awaking,
 The dew drop glistens on the willow;
 No more let slumber,
 Thine eye encumber,
 The sun hath risen from his pillow.
 Come forth! thou hope of Erin,
 Our honor bearing!
 O come! thy comrades old attend thee.
 Not thine the heart
 That knoweth fearing
 While thy God and thy lady's love
 defend thee—

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

PART II.

PRAYER.

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

Կոյճայի՛ն յաճ յան ի՜շարեա
 Այր քայլե՛ս ան ձրի!
 Ա ի՜շխարհա!
 Անտ մա ի՜շանի՛ն ետձա օրեա
 'Տան ապր իր տրոյմե յեօ;
 Ո՞ր անհոգո՛ք! ի՛շո՛ք Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր
 Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր
 Ա ի՜շխարհա!

Երա.

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 Անտ կոյճայի՛ն Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր
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 Ար Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր

իր միայն Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր
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 Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր

ԱՅՐԱՆ Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր.

Nessa.

Տայի՛ն! Տայի՛ն! Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր
 Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր
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Եր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր

'Տան Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր
 Օր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր Ե՛ր

That in might they prove them
 On the battlefield,
 Lord!
 But should fear appall them
 In the hour of strife!
 Guard not! let the death befall them!
 Worthless they of life,
 Oh Lord!

Bania,

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

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

Song to a Bird.

Nessa.

Sing! Sing! sweet voice of the heart,
 That thy mate in her bower may
 hear thee!
 Sing! Sing! tho' dearest thou art,
 Every note but will doubly endear
 thee!
 Sing! Oh! thy song is her life,
 Whose life is the light of thy dwelling
 Time floweth,
 Youth goeth,
 In whose season Love glow'th at telling
 Yet if thy lady-love heed not thy strain
 Deem not thy quest is in vain.
 But sing on with music's true art, (ling
 From the birthland of Passion upwel-
 Young Love floweth,
 Young Heart groweth (ing.
 Like the rose in the sun at love's tell-
 Come hither! Come hither!
 Come rest in the greenwood tree,
 For thither, O thither

ա' րբօթած րա' օխմարած ա ճէլե. ի՛յ
 լէյճեանի աի օբճոյած օսիյե օօ լէյ-
 ճեօյիյծ յաօ; աի տե ա լէյճեար ի՛յ լ օե ճո-
 րած աիւ ա իաօթար աճտ իյօ-իօրած; աչար
 իյօր ի'յօյճադտաճ իյօյրա օա ի-էյրեօճած
 տայրե Օրրայիյե 7 իօյիյ օօյծ րեօ օօ
 իյնճած, աճա, Յօ օյաի, ա' տարւարիյեած
 իա ի-եաճ-լաիա սարալ ա ճւճ ճէյի օճ 7
 ա ճօյճեօճար ա աիյի 1 իեաճար աչար 1
 ի-սրարայի իա Յ-սիյիեօյծ Յօ արօճ աի տ-
 րաօճալ.

Իր օօյճ, ա Տաօյ, Յօ իեարբարի աի րար-
 օյիյի րեօ օօ իեյճ իօ-լօյ աչար իօ-ճօր-
 ճա. Ձեճ տա իյիյիյ աչայի աիյր աի ի-
 Տաօճալ: ի՛յ ձիլ իյօյ աօյ ի՛յ ճ' օբճ-
 րիյօ աիյ ա իեարբարի օօ ճարիեած ճաճ
 աիւ, աչար ճ'յօյճարած աճճար իյօ ճար-
 այօ օօ րաօ ար Յօ "Յ-արօճիյիյեանի
 րօրտաճտ օօ իեյճ իա ճ'յօճալյե." ի՛յ րե
 իյօ իյայի ալյիյրեան օօ ճաճարտ իյօ իյօ-
 րաօճ ճար աիւ աօյիեաճ; աճտ րիլիյ իար
 ճօյր իյիյի օօ աօյիեաճ տա րեաճար րար-
 աճ 1 րօլար իա ճարի. 'Տ աիւ ճաօ իա
 ճարի օօ ի ճարտ ա ճարբարի-րե--"ի՛յ Յօ
 իյրաճալիյի յաճրան իյօր լիճաճ, աճտ Յօ
 իյրաճալիյի աի Տաեօլիյե իյօր իյօ."

Քեւօբար իյաօ րեօ, ճան աիյար օօ
 իեյճ իյօր օնրաճտայճ իաճ տայի-րե օ-տիյ-
 ճօլ իա ճարի; աճտ իաճ տա, ի՛յ րեյճեար
 ճաիյրա Յօ օ-տայրեաճիյի իյաօ է աիյր
 աի օօյճ իր ճօյր.

Լե արօճիյաճ, օբիյիյ լեաճ, ա Տաօյ,
 Օոյճայճ իրաճ աի Տաեօլ իար ճրաճաճ
 սաճիյե իյրե ար ի-օնճաճր, ճան րիալ, Յօ
 ի-ար օր ճօյիյ եւճա, իաօճ-ճլօյիյ իյօ
 աիյ-իյայա րիւ իյօ իյիյեաճ. Օօյրճօ յա-
 րօ աճա Յօ օյաի ա' լօճտաճ ա ճէլե աիյր
 ա իՏաօճալ. Օրիյ օօ ճարլեօճա օրճա.

Աչար իյրե, ա լէյճեօյիյծ, իյճիյե ճիյ-
 եալտա օա ճէլե աչար րիալ օօյ Տաօճալ.
 Եսլլեանի րե ար իյրաճ աչար ար ի-օբճ
 օյճեյօլլալծ. Օյօյիյ Յօ ճ-րար րե իյաճտ-
 աիաճ օօյ րօյլիյճեօյիւ, օ յարարճ աիւ
 ճաճ լէյճեօյիյծ, արար աչար արիւր. լիաճ
 ա ի-րարիւր օօ ճար ճարի. Յեյճեաճ րե.
 իաիյեաճ իար իե իաճ րեյօյի ճար իրլեաճտ
 իյիյիյ իյօ իյի-յօյրաճար իր ճ'յօճայ լեյր,
 ի՛յ րե աճտ րալիյիյ. Եաճ աիյիյ աչայիյ, ճե
 իյճ ար լօճտա, օօ իեյճ րիալ իյօր-ճ'յօյճեաճ.
 իաճ իրեւիյիյիյիյ աի օեաճ-աիյիյ րեօճ օյր
 իր րօլար իաճ ի-իյճեաճ օյրեաճ ճարիայի

իարայի օօ ճ'յօյճե աչ աի տե ա լէյճեաճ աի
 Տաօճալ րալ իյաճիյա ճան րօճ աիւ ա րօյ.

Տեաճիյիյիյ աի րալիյիյ ճ'յօյիյիյիյ
 րեօ օ րեօ րար. Օյրեաճ ճաճ աօյ ա
 րաօյ-րարօճա սաճ Յօ տարայճ: տա րիաճ
 սլե ճ-րեաճիյ Յօ արարճ աիւ ա ի-րօյլ-
 րիյճեօյիւ. իր ճեաճ սիյիւ իա իյիյիյիյ
 իաճ ճ-րար րարճիւ Յօ լեօր լե օոլար
 'րա ի-իյաճայի օօ ճ'յօլ աիւ րօյ աի Տաե-
 օլ. Օեւիյաճ ճարա "իյօյալ օոյլիյ"
 իյօր լիճա 'րա ի-իյաճայ րար աի օյճիւր
 օօ ճաճ աօյ աչայիյ. Եարարիյ ճ'իյճեաճ
 րիյիյ, ճարճ-ճեւճ սար, Յօ օ-տի ճաճ ճեւճ
 օոլար. ի՛յ արիյիյեօճաճ աօյ իյիյիյ
 իա րիյիյեաճ 7 իւճ օեար իա իրօյտար
 աի օաճ ճեւճ օոլար օօյ Տաօճալ. Եաճ
 տլլե ճլօճ ա ի-րեաճիյ: 7 ճարա Յօ
 ի-րարիյիյ սլե ա' իյիյ 1 օ-տայրե իա ի-
 օյիյ իարճե տա ի Տաօճալ ա' ճեւիյաճ, իւճ
 ճօյր օնիյի սլե իյիյ իա ճ'յօրտար--լալիյ
 ճարճ ճօյիյ օօ ճօյիյի Տաեօլիյե
 ճարալիյիյիյ--րօյրեաճ լեօ աի Տաօճալ օօ
 ճօյիւճ իւր 1 ճ-սարճ իւր, օե ճլօճ
 իաճ Տաեօլիյե, ա ճիւր Յօ իար, 1 օ-տիւր
 իա իյաճիյա րեօ ճարիյի.

An te nach feidir do an dollar do dhiol (agus fos
 an te a d tig) faghadh se leightheoir ur don phai-
 peur. Cuireadh gach aon roimhe anois, ag tuis
 na bliadhna uire, maith eigin, da ladhad, do
 dheunadh do chuis ar d-teangan; agus ni feidir
 d'aoineach nidh air bith do dheunadh nios tair-
 bhidh don chuis seo 'na cuideadh le (feudaim de
 radh] aon teachtaire na teangan sin i b poiblidh-
 each mhor na leitir.

Ma nidhmid seo agus do bheith cuideamhuil,
 carthanach le cheile beidh deagh-thortha ar bh-
 feile 's ar ndeagh-iomcear'a, soileir, i nghearr, ann
 ar m-biseach fein & i bh foirnoamh na cuise; &
 fos, cuirfidh an Gaodhal air a bhunnaibh go dain-
 gean, i ndealbh, cuis ar d-teangan do ghreasadh
 ann tossaidh go brioghmhar, & i bh-fuirm le
 sleagh do bhriseadh go laochradh le aon nduine,
 no le paieur air bith ann aon teangain a feach-
 fair le tromchuis do chur orrainn no le ole no ur-
 choid do dheunadh dhuinn.

ROSSANZIC.

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

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

Jacta Est Alea.

Ἰά Ἀν Δῖρλε Καίτε!

Feb. 2nd., 1885.

To the Editor of the Gael :

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

215ur fupl mo énoide teact 'na taomh,
'Sa róp, ce 'h t-jozhaó é, 1 n-olajó mo
3naó.

Oileán Éadomh, Anglicised Islanda-
dy, is one of the burying grounds of the
parish of that name near Castlebar, in
the county Mayo. The foregoing song
is the composition of Brian McHugh, a
local bard of that district, on the death
of his wife whom he lost in her youth-
ful prime. Her maiden name was Sal-
ly or Sarah O'Malley

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

The Gael is indebted to Mr. Martin
P. Ward, who wrote it from John
O'Boyle of Slab na 5-Cearc, for this
song. *Republ. Vol. XI. page 248.*

We have received No. 19 of the *Gaelic Journal*
and we thank its Editor, Mr. Fleming for his ver-
y flattering notice of the Gael. As we have re-
peatedly remarked, if any other people on the
face of the globe were situated as the Irish are,
the Gaelic Journal would have the largest circula-
tion of any journal in the world. Here we are ful-
ly 20,000,000 scattered all over the earth, emerg-
ing from a political bond, some of us well fixed in
worldly goods, and yet the *weeny* solitary little
journal, the first by the grace of our conquerors
permitted to be published on Irish soil, can hardly
live for the want of support—the mere trifle of ab-
out \$1,200 a year! What wonder that our ears
are often treated to the unpalatable sound, "The
mean Irish." The Gaelic Journal should be a
treat to every Irishman's family, yet how few
there are who support it. When Irishmen are in-
different as to their own social standing 'tis no
wonder the world has a kick at them—no wonder
that they are "The hewers of wood and the draw-
ers of water" to the other nationalities who res-
t themselves—no wonder that every scribbler
he Anglican press vilifies and defames them.

RAVENNA, O., Feb 4, '85.

Dear Sir,—

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

"Cá fáid ó b' tú a5 fadonjón";

nor the muttered blessings when I concluded with

"Oja a5ur 2hujne a5ac."

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

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

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

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

Very Respectfully,

JNO. T. CAHILL.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HISTORY OF IRELAND.

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

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

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

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

M. CRANE

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THE PHILA. P. C. Society.

Death of Brother Nairy,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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