

Maurice
Mr. Stack
Beaver Meadow
Carbon Co. Pa.

GAEL

Leabhar-aistíur móránál,
tabaínta cum an
TEANGA SAEDILSE
a corrad ^{asur} a raonúisad
asur cum
Fem-maíla Cuid na h-Eimeann.


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The  Gael.

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Fourth Year of Publication.

Philo-Celts.

Let all remember the Philo-Celtic Picnic in Schutzen Park on Thursday afternoon, September **3rd.** We hope all will combine, both old and new members, to make it a success.

Եւ ընթացեալ աշարող 1 ղԾաւոյն զ'ն
ժն Կի Զօւօրն 7 աղ Տաղ ՁիւՇրալէ Լե
Կ-Աշարծ աղ Զաւոյն Ելե.

The pamphlet from MR HAGARTY
will be in the next.

5ael 5las has got ten recruits for the Order of the Cross. Might not the humiliation of England be brought about by their prayers? Foreign nations at enmity with England must, of necessity, be Ireland's allies. Hence, 5ael 5lar's idea is not so utopian as a casual observer would surmise. There is one thing certain---let 5ael 5lar's followers be large or small, the readers of the 5ael have got a synopsis of valuable historical information, and his promised disquisition on the Prophecies, it is safe to assume, will, also, be equally valuable and interesting.

OBITUARY.

It is with feelings of profound regret we record the death, at the early age of 27, of Thos. V. Kyne, for the last eight years the confidential business manager of our friend and associate, Mr John Kyne, to whom we offer our condolence in this his hour of affliction. Thos. V. was the son of Mr. P Kyne, parish of Ross, county Galway, and lately of Madison, N. J. He was a young man who, by his genial, winning, manly manners enlisted the friendship of all those who came within the circle of his acquaintance. He was a member of the Society of the Holy Name of the Star of the Sea, and also of the Montgomery Club. He died at the residence of his parents, in Madison after a couple of days' illness, on July 9th where had gone on a short vacation—

R. I. P.

As we are going to press we regret to learn of the demise of James Hagarty jr. age 21 years, of Burlington, Iowa. We tender our sincere condolence to his bereaved parents. The readers of the G&L will call to mind his father's sentiments in a recent issue.

R. I. P.

R. I. P.

The following is copied from the *Tuam News*,
and the translation is by T. O'N RUSSELL.

2111 7-SE2111 DE2111 BQCT.

(THE POOR OLD WOMAN.)

Τά ηα Φραντζαζε τεαάτ ται λέαρ,
 Δεπν αι τ-Σεαν θεαν βοάτ ;
 Τά ηα Φραντζαζε τεαάτ ται λέαρ,
 Δεπν αι τ-Σεαν θεαν βοάτ ;
 Τά ηα Φραντζαζε τεαάτ ται λέαρ,
 Β' ηη φαδ ζο η-βέρδ ςηηη φαοη,
 'S βέρδ αι Orange α ζυλ ζο ζευρ,
 Δεπν αι τ-Σεαν θεαν βοάτ.

Că m-bérò aḡ lonḡpòrte tpeuḡ ?
 Dejn aḡ t-Sean Dean Voct ;
 Că m-bérò aḡ lonḡpòrte tpeuḡ ?
 Dejn aḡ t-Sean Dean Voct ;
 Că m-bérò aḡ lonḡpòrte tpeuḡ ?
 Zìet a rean Cill-dájn aḡ Féjn,
 'S bérò ḡa zájṛṛḡe aḡḡ ṛaoḡ réjn,
 Dejn aḡ t-Sean Dean Voct.

Gja 'h tāt ā řejcreār leo ?
 Dejr āh t-Seāh Deāh Voct;
 Gja 'h tāt ā řejcreār leo ?
 Dejr āh t-Seāh Deāh Voct;
 Gja 'h tāt ā řejcreār leo ?
 'N ājt hār hār ā řjrrjor beo ?
 Zēt ā h-tjł Złār řejh zo deo,
 Dejr āh t-Seāh Deāh Voct.

21 η-βέρο άζάηηη έηηε ράοι ?
 Δεηη άη τ-Seάη θεάη वोот,
 21 η-βέρο άζάηηηη έηηε ράοι ?
 Δεηη άη τ-Seάη θεάη वोот?
 βέρο άζάηηηη έηηε ράοι,
 Ο λάη 30 τς άη léαη,
 Có ράοι ά'ρ τά άη ρρευη,
 Δεηη άη τ-Seάη θεάη वोот.
 Có ράοι ά'ρ τά άη ρρευη,
 Δεηη άη τ-Seάη θεάη वोот.

* The plain *a* having "run out" we used the accented one to finish the piece; it being so appropriate just now we could not forego the pleasure of reproducing it. —E1.)



The writer of the following poem says,— * I composed a few verses at the time of the London explosions which I now inclose for your perusal. I am almost ashamed to send them, as they are written without much regard to grammar or orthography. I sacrificed both to rhyme, and even that is a dismal failure.

But tho ashamed of it as a literary composition I am by no means ashamed of the sentiments I have tried to express, extreme and dynamitish tho' they be, nor, to own the truth, do I consider them too extreme for the digestion of M. J. Logan as an Irishman, in his private capacity, however much he may discountenance such as they, as Editor of The Gael. You need not think I desire publication for them in your paper. * * And why should Irishmen be squeamish as to means when revenge for centuries of persecution is within reach? * * It is an up hill work trying to circulate THE GAEL. Our people will buy tickets and subscribe towards objects, be they ever so worthless, and contribute to the support of journals that openly or covertly sneer at everything Irish, but ask them to aid to establish on a firm basis a paper like THE GAEL, which would be an object of just pride, and which would cherish and defend them and theirs: and they smile at you and call you a crank or a visionary, etc.

[Our friend Mac W in his private communication pays a very doubtful compliment to M. J. Logan in his capacity as an Irishman and as Editor of the Gael. Why should M J Logan cease to be an Irishman or be afraid to express the sentiments of an *Irishman* in regard to the freedom of his native land from the foreign ghouls who fatten and make merry over the miseries they have wrought, and is he to be classed with the whining mendicants who hypocritically bemoan the sad state of their country and pooh, pooh the use of the only effectual means of relieving her? No, no. God forbid! Whatever M J Logan's shortcomings are, insincerity is not one of them, Mayor Grace of New York, who holds the most important position of any living Irishman, has publicly avowed the sentiments we hold. (And, right here, we must acknowledge doing his Honor an injustice in a former issue on the score of his Irishism, and hereby hasten to make the *amende honorable*

The following incident will show what kind of man Mayor Grace is,—When he lived in Our Lady of Victory parish, this city, he had a coachman who was very much given to drink. Mr. Grace frequently wanted the coachman to join Our Lady of Victory Temperance Society, but to no purpose. At last Mr Grace went very hard on him but he still refused, adding that none but "bums" joined the T A Bs, and that if he joined every one would look on him as a "bum". "If I join," said Mr. Grace, "will you"? "I will", said the coachman. "Well, come along", said Mr. Grace. He marched the coachman over to the Hall, then in session, both knelt down, took the pledge from Father Creighton and joined the Society. We were Recording Secretary of the Society.)

However, we regret all our readers are not able to fully understand Mac W's sentiments in their native force and purity,

With regard to the up-hill work of getting subscribers, the Gael has, on the whole, a large circle of supporters. The Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago. San Francisco, Binghamton, New Haven, Paterson, Burlington, Nashua, Syracuse, Newark, and the New York societies etc. with

individual patriotic Irishmen to no end. But the more the better, and let the friends of the cause push it, pointing the finger of scorn at those shoddy Irishmen who would gibe at the efforts which are being made in trying to elevate them to that social position of which they seem to have no conception, or the capacity to comprehend. —E G.]

Օ ԺԵՐԱՅԺ ԷՅՐԵԱՆՈՒ.

Air—Youghal Harbor.

1

Օ, ժեռայծ Էյրեանի? Եղ թաճար յ յ-
բալթեան

Ձիւ ժլորտի լար ըջոր' յ լսոյի ժալ:
Եւր ծան 'ր ըյժե' բայր եյժ ըթոյժ
բեւժեա

Լայր Եղ թւոյի 'ր ըթեյ, Եղ ըթ Եղ
Յալ:

Բա ղա ըյժե' ղղա ղ-Ժեռնաժ ղա ըյժե
ժեւրնաժ.

Բա ժարար լարնայր Եղ ծայր Յաղ
Երաճ:

Բա թրոյնի թաղա ծո բթո ըթոյժ Էյր-
եանի.

Եյժ ըթթոյժ ըթալլա 'րա Յար' Ե
ղ-Ժալո?

2

Ո՞ր Բա 'ղ Յոլլ 'ղղա լայժեանի, յ Յրեարժ
նյժե.

'Տ լաժ ժեւրա ըյժեաժ ժեաժ յղղր
Բալ;

Երե Երոյնի 'ր Էյրնի, երե Եթեյ,--- 'ղ
նյժեան ժյ---

Յար երե ղա Ժ-Ժթոնի 'ր ղո լոյր Եղ
Յաժալ:

Ձոյ ղեաժ ղար Բեալ ըղղ, ղար լոյր, ղար
նյեալ ըղղ

Ոյ Ժ-Բալ, ղար Յեալ, լայժ 'րա Յ-
ոլլ ըո 'ղղի,

Ձեժ ղյժե Ժրնյրեանի', ըթթեաժ Երոյ-
եանի

'Տ Բր-Ժյժ Ե ըթն ըղղ, Յաղ ղեաժ,
Յաղ Ժա?

3

Ձիա ըա յ յ-Երաժար ըւ Եյժ ըեաժ Եղ
Երալ ըղղ---

Տիւժալ լեաժ Եղ ղաճ ըղղ ըթթ ըթար
Եր Ժ-Ժիլ'

'Յար ըղղր Բո ըթթ, Յո Ժ-Երնեանի
Երթեաժ,

4

5

6

7

8

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274217.

AUSTRIA,	2.000,000,000.
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THE BLACKTHORN STICK.

Written to the old air, for the GAEL,

By WILLIAM RUSSELL

NOTE—The *Eo-Rora* mentioned in one of the verses, is the famous Yew of Ross so highly extolled by the ancient poet Dailan-Forgaill, in his archaic description of the shield of King Hugh of Oir-giall. The *Cjncé* alluded to in another verse and which in Irish must be pronounced, *Sjncé*, is the same, mentioned in the *Odyssey*, and who by the virtue of her enchanting wand could metamorphose men into swine. The song is original except two lines of the first verse.

W. R.

Ejrcj5 lem' r3eul, a éj3re realao le
cpua5,

'S nj calaíh, 'há rpréj3, 'há béj3, 3o
3ejneahj dom ouao;

2ic majo 3maj3j---éjlle 3j faobpaa3,
nj3j3l3a cpua5,

3o 3oj3eao3 óm' 3ao3 'r me ajr aoja3
beul-2ic' Na Slua5.

ba 3ajnj3oj a 3ár le fájhje 3a h-a5ac
cpua3,

'S ah jall ahj 3ob' 3eárr le fá3ajl o
3opcaj5 3o 3ua3j;

3o 3j ré fa3apcahá3, 3áha, 3ahhapa3a,
puao,

'Kua3r r3j3ba3 óm' 3ájl mo 3pá3 a m-
beul-2ic' Na Slua5.

3o 3j ré rj3o 3j3eac3, nj3j3j, 'r mja
3upleanj a 3-cpuao3ar,

'S ba mja3j a 3j3eac3, a m-3puf3j, ajr
3a3ar ahua3;

3o 3euh3ao3 rla3-rj5 3o 3j3 3lar,
3paa3a ha 3-cua3,

3á 3-faj3eao3 le ha lj3 a 3ao3j3e 'h
3ahaba, uahj3.

2i 3-Conha33 a 3' fá3 mo cáha 3aj3hjo-
há3, puao,

2j3r 3a3a 3puao3ahj, 3eah 3j3p3oj3 3la-
3a ha m-bua3

2h 3-3ó-Rora cáj5, 3alláh 3o 3uh3eao3
a luao,

N3ojr 3-3eárr a r3éj3 2lo3, 'há é a m-
beul-2ic' Na Slua5.

2i3 Cjncé 3o 3j rla3 3pao33eac3a 3ej-
nj3 ha ruaj3,

2j3ur rla3 ajle a5 2h3ojr' a 3ej3j3c ha
3apa33e Ruao;

2ic 3j3j3 nj3oj 3á3r5 njáh, láh 3áj5,
3jle, 'há 3puao3',

2h3r 3ajllear 3e 3ár ha 3-cá3c a m-
beul-2ic' Na Slua5.

2h3 malla33 3o 'h 3m3j3le cla3j 3o
3pao3aj5 é uahj,

2j3ur 3' fá5 me ap3j3, mo léuh, 3ah
3o3la3 3ah ruah;

3o 3aj3 ré 3ah 3éjll, 'ra 3la3r5 3ah
pu3e 3e 'h 3puaj5,

2h3ha 3-cuj3eao3 mo 3eud ah 3éj5 a m-
beul-2ic' Na Slua5.

Mr. Martin P. Ward's contribution to the next Gael will be *Ceá3caj5 2h-3oj3e 3uh3*.

3ael 3lar predicts the freedom of Ireland about the year 1889; we differ with him; we think it will be accomplished before two years. Hence, we would urge our co-workers in the Gaelic cause to renewed energy, so that when the time comes we may have increased strength to assist our friends in Dublin to have it taught in the national schools right away. We presume our Dublin friends will see to it that this will be one of the first acts of the Irish Parliament. We are well aware that business is very dull now but one glass of beer or one cigar in the month less will pay for the Gael. Irishmen should make that little sacrifice.

We hear a large number of Irishmen call Rossa a coward because he did not turn on his assailant on the spot. If Rossa be a coward he has a great many comrades in his countrymen, for they are being slaughtered and murdered for the last three hundred years yet very few are to be found to take that immediate and energetic action to avenge their wrongs for which they accuse Rossa, — *Fiat justitia ruat coelum*.

GAEL GLASS ON THE PROPHECIES.

July 4th 1885.

To the Editor of the Gael.

Dear Sir—In your independent, patriotic, and racy periodical you have, within the present year published for me, four articles on the subject of Irish nationality, for which kindness please accept my best thanks. I have been recently engaged in reading the Irish, French, Italian and Scriptural prophecies, and if you favor me with the like indulgence I shall, in a few succinct letters endeavor to gratify the readers of the Gael with a clear view of the result of my investigations. I may say that for many years I have been a diligent student of, and from a natural bias of my mind, a deep thinker on prophecy, and were it not that I have spoken from my childhood the despised, neglected Celtic vernacular of my country, and have become from early adolescence, acquainted with its printed books and with much of its accessible manuscript literature, I never could have attained to the conclusions which I have reached upon this profound and most important subject: for I would impress upon the minds of my countrymen who have by natural inheritance, or by personal exertion, come into possession of a lingual heirloom of the rarest excellence, that the deep knowledge of Gaelic philology, taken in connection with a good acquaintance with the Hebrew language, affords the best key on earth for the solution of prophetic mysteries: and it is by the use of this key that I mean to lay before the readers of the Gael and all concerned, certain hidden treasures of knowledge contained in the allegorical ark of the future which no man before my time has ever successfully unlocked; and this I will claim to do, not by any direct intuitive inspiration from God, but by means of the two prime, innate, or acquired gifts of Wisdom and Understanding. There is no subject which should be approached with more caution, or upon which it is easier to err than that of the prophecies, I would therefore humbly crave from those who may think me wrong, impunity from adverse criticism until such time as I have finished these letters, which is intended to be done in the next four or five numbers of the Gael. It is also certain that there is nothing more calculated to excite the ridicule of inane levity than to appear in the role of a prophet; and this fact is sufficiently illustrated in the person of Saul, of old, who, going in search of asses, —very easily discovered in the present age— happened to find the title-deeds to sovereignty, was on his way home jeered with the mocking interrogative “Is Saul also among the prophets:” yet this self same supposed eccentric individual was shortly afterwards vociferously greeted with the royal salutation, “God save the king”. The

first predictions that come under my critical observation are those of the Irish saints and seers, and in regard to them I shall pay the greatest deference to the opinion of the late Professor O’Curry of Dublin who delivered a learned course of lectures on this subject; and who declared that after the so called Irish prophets he was unable to find any that he could consider genuine prophecies; as he could find no direct account of them nor even any allusion to them in the more ancient and authentic historical records of his country, in the knowledge of which it is well known that he had been a profound adept. And hence he concluded that the prophecies attributed to Saint Columbkille, and to other saints as well, were forgeries and fraudulent concoctions invented by kings, chieftains, or leaders who were engaged in wars, conspiracies, or in fomenting popular disturbances in order to attract followers to their respective standards: for he wonders why St. Columba who is supposed to detail very minutely many transactions of modern times, should altogether leave unnoticed many important events of Irish history which came to pass in the centuries immediately succeeding his own time. But if this enlightened savant who was extremely scrupulous in every matter pertaining to Celtic studies, could not find in all the manuscript materials for Irish history which he had examined any genuine records of Irish prophecies, it does not follow that no such had ever existed in Ireland, for he tells us himself that there were copies of Irish prophecies in Gaelic manuscripts in foreign countries which he had no opportunity of consulting. And although the Irish prophecies may not be found to be of very early origin it may be fairly surmised that God would during the Danish and English invasions, inspire some of his faithful Catholic people with the gift of foreknowledge in order to strengthen the nation with fortitude to be able to successfully resist the diabolical attacks which their enemies, with all the malice of persecuting malevolence, were sure to direct against them. Some of the continental prophecies are not four hundred years old and many have been uttered and written during the present century, and if not in all respects deserving absolute credence are at least, entitled to a certain degree of thoughtful consideration. As the space of the Gael is rather limited I do not intend to give, in the present number any extracts either written or traditional from those vaticinations— suffice it to say however that the Irish seers promise that the national redemption of oppressed Ireland shall proceed from the favor of God, and a friendly coalition of foreign powers.

It appears very remarkable to me that the Irish prophets did not seem to understand the actual cause why their country had been subjected to the scourge of foreign oppression and why they did not demonstrate the method that should be adopted

ed for her deliverance, while all the dates given by them as to the time of the achievement of their nations independence are extremely vague, or erroneous, but this defect may be in some measure attributed to the corruptions introduced by ignorant or careless transcribers. I am myself for some particular reasons which prevail in my mind decidedly of opinion that the national autonomy of Ireland shall be gained in the year 1889, or precisely about that period. If the Irish people pray for the freedom of their country, the conversion of their enemies, and the universal triumph of their faith, as I have heretofore recommended. But, on the contrary if they commit agrarian, or other murders, enter into political conspiracies, in opposition to the advice of their clergy, or engage in any of those feeble, and futile rebellious attempts which always leave the ruling prince stronger, and the subject weaker, they may certainly prolong the duration of their own bondage.

In conclusion, hoping that God may permit me to finish my proposed articles on this most interesting subject.

Believe me yours most patriotically

GÆL GLAS.

PROF. ROHRIG on THE IRISH LANGUAGE

(Continued from page 497.)

We find that in certain instances *i* is inserted in Celtic, to render masculine words feminine thereby transforming them, so to say from broad to slender words; as, for instance, in Irish *fasg*, masc., *fa'sg*, fem.; *dul*, masc., *duil*, fem., etc. This leads us to some further remarks on the influence and significance of the above-mentioned two distinct classes of vowel sounds. As in the Ural-Altaic family of languages referred to, we have couplets, or correlative forms of *suffixes* (one broad, the other slender), as circumstances may require the use of one or the other,—so we have there, in a similar manner often also, two such corresponding forms of *entire words*, but with this remarkable difference, that they then not only represent a mere external duality of form but express an *antagonism in form* as well as in *meaning*, according to the nature of their vowels. This I have shown, with more full developments, elsewhere, in various articles and essays published years ago, on philological points of interest: and I shall now almost literally recapitulate again, here, in this connection, so far, at least, as it may, without wearying the reader, serve to elucidate the traces we still find of it in Irish. These are few, it is true, but seem to have originally covered an incomparably larger ground and extended to a great many more essential, grammatical as well lexical, items in Irish and other Celtic tongues. We hope, therefore, that the following somewhat lengthy digression will not abate the readers interest

since it is intended to afford us a broader foundation for a phenomenon of language which, though existing now only in a fragmentary manner in Irish, is exceedingly interesting and significant in itself, and connects what little remains of it, in Celtic, with a once (most probably) *universal law* extending, more or less, throughout the whole domain of human speech, and appearing to reach even the very confines of the mysteries of our mental constitution and the various modes of association of ideas in our mind by correlation and contrast. Such a subject must, on that account, be pre-eminently interesting to every philological inquirer and philosophic reader. Now, when one of such word-couplets as we may call them, contains broad or strong vowels, viz.: *a, o, u*,—it generally denotes *strength*, the *male sex*, *affirmation*, *distance* etc.;—while the other, with slender or weak vowels, viz., *e*, and *i* (the consonantal skeleton, frame, or ground-work of the word remaining the same as it was), expresses *weakness*, the *female sex*, *negation*, *proximity* and the whole series of corresponding ideas. Roots of an allied meaning in the Tartar-Finnish group are thus frequently distinguished from one another simply by a difference of vowel class; with slender or weak vowels meaning often the opposite of what the broad or strong vowels would express. The classification of the vowels into broad and slender must, therefore, have been adapted to the differentiation of meaning at an early period, as it is, certainly, a remarkable fact that the changes from broad to slender, or from slender to broad, that is the substitution of the other class of vowels, in the place of the other complemental class bring about another, in some respects more or less opposite meaning of the word. Here, then, in this change which substitutes within the articulate framework or body of the word, a vowel of the one class for a vowel of the other complemental class, some sort of *polarity* may be recognized,—a law which seems to indicate that, in primitive speech, every word had probably a dual form. As soon as, one may say, a sensuous idea had gained the material embodiment of a word, or, better, at the very moment of this act of crystallization if it may be so termed,—the electric flash of the intellect resolved the forming word into two parts, or rather into two aspects of one and the same unit, giving to it a positive and negative pole. With this process that fundamental law which necessitates the division of the vowel sounds into two classes (broad and slender) is in beautiful harmony. If we turn our attention to some Ural-Altaic languages,—to the Hungarian, Turkish, Mongolian and Tungusic of the present day we find this dualism traceable to a considerable extent. Thus,—to give a few instances from many; in the Mantchoo (a Tungusic tongue), occur such couplets of words as *ama* (father), with broad vowels; *eme* (mother),

with *slender* vowels; k'ak'a (male), keke (female): amk'a (father-in-law), emke (mother-in-law), etc. In these and similar instances, it will be seen at once, that those words which embody the *broad* (strong, deep, heavy) vowels, express the *strong* the *large*, the *masculine*: while those including the *slender* (weak, light) vowel-sounds, denote the *weaker*, the *diminutive*, the *feminine*. Sometimes, however, the reverse takes place, so that *e*, *i*, have the power of significance of *a*, *o*, *u*, and *vice-versa*. So we see in the Mantchoo exhibits still other traces of this law of polarity, at least in the roots of words; e. g., bime (to be), bump (to die), k'ank'an (a strong spirit), kenken (a weak spirit); vasime (to descend) vesime (to ascend); fusikhon (vile, abject, low, contemptible), vesikhon (high, elevated, precious) etc. This principle is so deeply felt that the Mantchoo interpretation of Chinese philosophy, expressly says; "Tumen jaka-i sekiyen, damu e a-ashshan ekisaka debi;" i. e., the origin of *all things* is founded merely on alternate movement and rest of the *two principles*; *e* and *a*.

THE COULIN,

The scene is beside where the Blackwater flows,
'Tis the spring of the year and the day's near its close:

An old woman sits with a boy on her knee,
She smiles like the evening but he like the bee,
Her hair is as white as flax ere its spun,
He's brown as yon tree that is shading the sun,
Beside the sweet river, the calm glassy river
That's smiling and gliding so peacefully on.

"Dear granny" the boy says "yon'll sing me I know
The beautiful Coulin so sweet and so low;
For I love its sweet notes more than blackbird or thrush,

And often the tears in a shower will gush
To my eyes when I hear it, dear granny, say why,
While my heart's full of pleasure I sob and I cry
To hear the sweet Coulin, the beautiful Coulin
An angel first sang it above in the sky."

She Sings and he listens, and many years pass,
And the old woman sleeps neath the Chapel-yard grass,

And the couple are seated upon the same stone
Where the boy sat and listened so oft to the crane,
'Tis the boy, tis the man, and he says while he sighs,

To the girl at his side with the love streaming eyes
Oh sing me dear Una, my beautiful Una,
Oh sing me the Coulin he says and he sighs.

"That air brings me back the bright days of my youth

Which flowed like a river there sunny and smooth.
And it brings back the old woman friendly and
If her spirit, dear Una, is hovering near, [dear
'Twill glad her to hear the old melody rise,

Warm, warm on the wings of our love and our sighs
Oh sing me the Coulin, the beautiful Coulin,"
Is't the dew or a tear-drop that's moistning his eye.

A change in the scene, far far more grand, far less fair:

By the broad rolling Hudson are seated the pair,
The dark hemlock fir waves its branches above,
As they sigh for their land, as they murmur their love,

Hush, the heart hath been touched, and its musical strings

Vibrates into song, tis the Coulin she sings,
The deep flowing Coulin, the sorrowful Coulin,
The well of all memory's deep flowing spring.

They think of the bright stream they sat down beside,

When he was the bride groom and she was the bride,

The pulses of youth seem to throb in that strain,
Old faces long vanished look kindly again

Kind voices float round them and grand hills are near,

Their feet have not touched, at this many a long year,

And as ceases the Coulin, the beautiful Coulin,
Not the air but their native land melts on the ear.

Long in silence they meet and with hand clasped in hand,

To God send up prayers for the far off old land,
And while thankful to Him for the blessings He sent,

They know 'tis His hand that with-holdeth content,

For the exile and christain must evermore sigh,
For his home on the earth and his home in the sky
So they sing the sweet Coulin, the beautiful Coulin

lin
That murmurs of both homes they sing and they sigh:

Heaven bless the old bard, in whose bosom were nursed,

Emotions that into such melody burst,
Be thy grave ever green, may the softest of showers
And the coolest of leaves nurse its grass and its flowers,

Be it evermore moist with the tear-drops of love,
And may angels watch round thee and guard thee above;

Old Bard of the Coulin, the beautiful Coulin,
That's throbbing like Eire with sorrow and love.

M. C. Gallagher.

Beecher has come out in his true colors at last: He says there was no Fall of man, no Incarnation, Crucifixion, or resurrection, and, therefore, no Christian Dispensation.— a nice instructor for a "Christian Congregation"!

MISS CLEVELAND'S BOOK.—

Mr. Collins writes— Following is Miss Elizabeth Cleveland's idea of Christian Brothers, Sisters of Charity and other saintly people who unselfishly renounce the world and devote themselves to the education of the poor, and the comfort of the sick; "The mediaeval monastery has passed away. It will not return. But monachism remains and will remain while human nature bides its time. Over and over again will a wretched phantasy of conscience bid the conscience stricken turn his back on homely present duty in the battle-plain of world-life and make the same old experiment at self salvation in unhallowed renunciations spite of this mighty monument of its folly, the mediaeval monastery. Over and over again while the same stupendous sacrifice of energy be made, is making in manifold ways about us every day in vain".

Did ever the devil put anything more bigoted into the mind of a heretic to write or express than he has put into the mind of this insolent, ignorant, bigoted old maid? If she had a chance to make a hallowed renunciation of her old maidenhood half a score of years ago, she would have been better equipped to find fault with ladies and gentlemen who, with plenty of inducement to marry, felt called upon to sacrifice earthly pleasures and follow meekly in the foot-steps of their Savior.

CANT NAMES OF CITIES &c., (Continued)

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Queen of the Antilles, Cuba.
Queen of the West, Cincinnati.
Railroad City, Indianapolis.
Smoky City, Pittsburg.
Sucker State, Ill.
Turpentine State, N. C.
Wolvering State, Mich.

Our friend, The Catholic Examiner, thinks President Cleveland should not be held responsible for the bigotry of his sister: we think the same: Only for another bigoted crank Miss Cleveland and her book would be "Unknown to fame."

THE PHILADELPHIA GAELIC SOCIETY.—

Mr. LYONS writes—

The Gaelic Society which meets at 9th and Spring Garden Sts., is taking a vacation for two months. At our meeting held on last Sunday evening it was resolved that we use our influence to have an Irish scholar appointed as clerk in the Philadelphia Post Office. We propose to invite all the resident Irish scholars of Philadelphia to an examination to be held in our school by a committee consisting of three or five persons having a knowledge of Irish grammar. The applicant that is the best Irish scholar to be considered the most capable for the position.

Our class is doing well, it never failed in any of its undertakings and wont fail in this.

In order to please certain persons who found fault with us for using the name Philo Celtic this class will be known in future as the Gaelic Society of Phila.

Respectfully yours

J. J. Lyons.

We endorse the actions of our Phila. friends, and we hope the Gaels of New York will do something in the same line. It appears from a recent issue of the World, that one of their best Gaelic scholars is depending on a precarious day's work for a living for himself and large family. Now this is a crying shame for the Irish of New York city, and they should take immediate steps to secure to him one of the many offices at their disposal. If he applied his talents to politics as he has to the Gaelic cause he would now have a fat position. Then let the true Irish of New York see to it that his labors are appreciated.

Miss Gallagher reminds us that we have not noticed the success of the Gaelic movement in Chicago, we were under the impression that we did, however, we are pleased to see that the workers in the cause do not propose to lie in the shade, we shall be glad at all times to report their proceedings, Miss Gallagher reports that they had a very successful entertainment there lately. There is excellent material in Chicago.

The few squibs of dynamite thrown at the House of Commons and White Tower did more to hasten self government for Ireland than all the speeches Parnell could make if he had a wind-bag as big as St. John's --- This, however, without intending to belittle the splendid tact and shrewdness of Mr. Parnell,

FATHER MACKEY AND HIS CRITICS

It seems that the CONNECTICUT CATHOLIC (?) rebuked Father Mackey of Cincinnati for "Wasting valuable time in teaching an Irish Class," in which rebuke the CATHOLIC VISITOR chimes in. The I. C. B. U. JOURNAL makes a vigorous defense of the Irish Language Movement, and, in turn, castigates those journals for their want of patriotism. In reviewing the actions of the two Catholic (?) journals the Editors of the HIBERNIAN RECORD declare their regret and mortification at not being able to speak the language of their country when among Irishmen. The GÆL tenders its grateful acknowledgments to these gentlemen for their defense of the Gaelic cause. The CONNECTICUT CATHOLIC and the CATHOLIC VISITOR are published ostensibly for the use of Irish-American Catholics, and for the promotion of Catholic principles, but we deny that they tend to promote any such end: Their tendency is to promote Anglicanism.

Examine the records of the protestant churches in this country and it will be found that an unusually large number of characteristically Irish names will be found among them. In the county Galway where Irish is the living language of the day, protestantism is less than five per cent of the population. It is a notorious fact that the proportion of Protestants to Catholics in Ireland is greatest in the English-speaking districts. Now, the cause of this is evident: the English influence tries to picture the native Irish as lowly and mean and that the use of the language is an evidence of such lowliness. Weak-kneed ignorant Irishmen jump at this conclusion, never halting to consider that two hundred years ago no other language but Irish was spoken in Ireland, and if the enemy's charges be founded on fact the Irish as a nation were lowly and mean, notwithstanding being accorded the title of *Saints* and *Scholars*.

Now, believing to be descended from a lowly, barbarous ancestry, a large number of the above class of Irishmen, in this country, when they get wealthy, add to, or drop letters from, their names to give them an Anglican complexion. They do not want to be identified with anything Irish, and become protestant or atheistical (Beecher has some of them). It is well known that no Catholic ever changed his religion from conviction,—it is always through worldly gain or a sentiment that the Irish are a lowly race. Now the Irish *must* be lowly if they had no learned literature, but we have evidence that they had and if our Catholic (?) cotemporaries exerted themselves in placing that evidence before the world, they would be doing something in the interest of Catholicity.—The Language is that evidence!

THE GÆLIC JOURNAL.

We have heard persons say that they have not seen the Gaelic Journal in a long while. The Gaelic Journal like other Gaelic publications can be seen regularly if it is supported and paid for.

We venture a wager that a larger section of Irish-Americans will read Miss Cleveland's bigoted book than have read the Gaelic Journal.—Is there any one prepared to accept our offer? We guess not! This is the result of the Anglican education which our 'Catholic' journals instill into the rising generation. It is a "waste of valuable time" with these journals to cultivate the speech of Saints and Scholars.—They prefer the

language and manners of the harlot of nations, whose model, unfortunately, is being copied, tho' slowly, yet surely, by a considerable portion of our country people. These journals are literally pursuing the policy sketched out by the late Anglican bishop, Trench, to Anglicise the Irish people.

Irish people, if you want a pure National literature you must support it. This is the declaration of the greatest Irish patriot that ever lived,—the late Archbishop McHale.

Support the Gaelic journal and you can have it. The Journal, like the Gael, is no private business enterprise: it is a National enterprise in the interest of which every Irishman should join. Can it be expected that the producers of the Gaelic Journal would expend their substance (even had they it to spare) to benefit others? or would the Irish people be so mean as to expect them to do it? Let no one be so mean as to skulk or spunge on his neighbor in this grand National undertaking, but let all join in heart and hand to advance the cause of their country, of morality and of virtue.

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