

SENTIMENTS OF OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Cal. Capt J Egan, J McGrath, P Cronin, per Mr McGrath, E R McCarthy, M O'Mahoney, J McGrath, per J. McGrath, San Francisco.—There are true Irishmen on the Pacific Slope.

Conn, T O'Regan, W Sweetman, per Mr O'Regan—a real veteran in the Gaelic cause,

Col. M Dolan—one of the old stock.

Ga. Rt Rev Bishop Becker.—We wish Irish-American bishops would follow the example of their German brother.

Kas, P. Fahey
Idaho P Moriarty

Ill. Rev P A Murphy S J, per M Coffey, Rev F Stack per J P Hook, Rev Father Welby, W Sullivan per J Crottie, Rev B Hasse, E Sweeney, P Hearn.—The clergy of Ill. don't want to let their language die.

Ind, T McMahan, T Shay—the old war-horse

Iowa J Hagerty, M Kilroy, J. Cranny, J. Langan, F. Bracelin, T. M. Power, per Mr. Power.

Mass T. Hayes, F McHugh, P Flynn, T Quirk, and 3 subscribers from Mr Griffin, whose names have been mislaid.—There are Irishmen in Mass.

Mich. J S Whelan, M Downey per Mr Downey

Minn. P H Barrett

Mo. Rev P J Cullen, Rev T O'Cleary, J Sullivan Counselor J W Fraher.—Watch the Gael from the start and you will find the names of Father O'Cleary, and Counselor Fraher always to the front.

Mont. P R Howley—Mr Howley never forgets his neighbors, reminding one of the old saying;

“**ՉԻ ԿՈՆԴԱՐՆԱՅԻՆԻ ԸՐԱՅԻՆ ԶԵՐԻՆԱՅԻՆԻ ԼՈՒՃ, ԳՅԱՐ ԲԱՆԱՅԻՆԻ ԼԵ ՅԱՅԼԵ Ա ՇԵՆԵ.**”

Neb. J Gorman, Mrs M Gorman per D A Coleman.

N J Rev Father Hennessey per Rev T J Fitzgerald, Brooklyn, J T Powell J Deasy. Father Hennessey is an *t-Eireannach uir ghradhach* who distributed the Gaelic catechism among his flock. If many of the clergy were like him and Father Fitzgerald of Brooklyn, the Gael would, in a short time be in the hands of every Irishman in America

N Y Rev T J Fitzgerald, Rev J H O'Rourke, Capt T D Norris, Hon D Burns, Miss Mary Needham per Hon Mr Burns, D Gilgannon, Mrs Fitzsimmons, N Heeney, W Foster Kelly, Miss B Dwyer, the Misses Dunlevy (2), J Dempsey, W A Flynn T Young, Dr O'Meagher, Counselor John C McGuire, J Kyne, T F Wynne, J L Hartnett per Rev Father Hennessey, Jersey City, J Mullany, Philo-Celtic Society per O. Manning (5 copies). P Crane, Mr. Rouse. Whocan despair of the success of the language movement in the face of this array of patriotic Irishmen and women of education and talent?

Ohio. Rev M L Murphy, P D'Arcy, P Fahey.

Pa. J McCoy P Reilly, J Foley, M Sweeney per C McCann, T Cantwell, P Connolly, D Connolly, per D Connolly, J J Lyons. There are good workers in Pa.

R I. J J Scanlan.

W. Va. Rev Robert Keleher.

Wyo. J Harrington.

Canada, Rev. Dr MacNish, E Blake. The learn-

ed Gaels of Canada are not unmindful of their speech. We hope the day is not far distant when the Irish and Scotch Gael will be one, as of yore, and that the altar they kneel at will be no barrier to their soocial brotherly love.

Ireland—Donegal, P McNillis per Miss Dunlevy Brooklyn, J Dwyer per Miss Dwyer N. Y. city.

Dublin, F O'Farrelly, R M S Gordon, E C Cumming per Mr Gordon.

Mayo, Drs E McGuire, and T D Kelly, J Conway M Murphy, T Connolan, M Concannon Esqs. and Mrs H Byrne per E Lynch Blake.

Sligo, M Sheridan, M Howley per P R Howley, Mont.

Waterford, W Fitzgerald per Rev T J Fitzgerald, Brooklyn. E. mulcahy per Rev. D. B. mulcahy M. R. I. A., Antrim: Ireland has good showing, we hope to see more Gaels going there for the future than has gone in the past. A Sister of Mercy who has a Gaelic class has written to us telling of how delighted the children are at the reception of the Gael.

Antrim, Rev. D. B. mulcahy. M. R. I. A:

Mr. E Lynch Blake has sent us seven subscribers from the neighborhood of Ballinrobe, Co Mayo. Also two excellent stories.

ԲՅՈՒՅՆԵ ԱՊ ԱՈՊ ԲՅՈՒՅ

cannot hold a candle to them. One is about four times as long as the piobaire. Their names are;

ՔԼՈՒՊ ԲԱՐՈՒՅԸ ԳՅԱՐ ԴԱ Կ-ՉԻՆԵԱՃԱ ՂԻՊԵ.

and

ՉԻԱՐՆՅ ԿԱՐԼԵԱՊ ԵՍԻՃԵ ՏԱՊՊԱՅՈՒ 7 ԵՃԱՊԻՏՅԱՊ ԵՍԻՃԵ ԵՍԻՃԵ ԱՊ ԵՍԻՃԵԱՊ.

We expect, in a short time, to get out a matrice to cast type such as is used in Father O'Sullivan's Imitation of Christ, so that we can print, at least, six solid Gaelic pages each issue of these interesting stories. Now let the readers do their share in drumming up new subscribers.

In the translation of Patraic's answer to the Celtic Tongue, by J Hagerty in last issue, the following lines were omitted after, Whose echo in the battle is the thunder in its might:

The tongue that in the chieftain's hall swell'd loud the minstrel's lay

In all its olden richness is our own again to day, Whose password's burst upon the foe at Coog and Mullaghmast.

The following Gaelic matter is held over—a poem from Mr D. Murphy, St. Charles' College, a poem from J. J. Lyons, Phila., a story from Mr. R. Hennebry, Maynooth College, and E Lynch Blake's stories. They will all appear in time.

Irishmen have cause for congratulation in the rejection, by the U. S. Senate, of the English extradition treaty. It was a nefarious scheme to entrap Irish-Americans, and singular to relate, some Irishmen who call themselves patriotic did all in their power to have the treaty become the law of the land. Should such men be permitted to have a voice in future Irish patriotic movements in America?

THE GAELIC ALPHABET.

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

δ and η sound like w when followed or preceded by Δ, o, u, as, Δ δάρω, his bard, pronounced a wardh; Δ ηάρτ, his beef or ox, pronounced, a warth; and like v when preceded by e, j, as, Δ βεαν, his wife, pronounced, a van, Δ ηηαν, his desire, pronounced, a vee-un
 3 and 3 sound like y at the beginning of a word; they are almost silent in the middle, and perfectly so at the end of words. 3 sounds like ch; p, like f; f and 3, like h; and f is silent.

Sound of the Vowels—long.—

Δ	a	in war,	as	δάρη,	top.
é	e	ere,	céjη,	wax.	
j	ee	eel,	ηηη	fine.	
ó	o	old,	óη,	gold.	
ú	u	rule,	úr,	fresh.	

Short.—

Δ	a	in what,	as,	3αρ,	near.
e	e	bet,	bed,	died,	
j	i	ill,	ηηη,	honey	
o	o	got,	lot,	wound	
u	u	put,	ηυτ,	thing	

SECOND BOOK.

Exercise II. 3.

3 broad has always a deep guttural sound, the word lo3, lough, as generally pronounced in Ireland, will afford an example. 3 slender has a smooth guttural sound, as in ηη3, a country.

3 slender, when final, is pronounced very faintly, as in ηε3, ten.

— These sounds are best learned by

ear, as they do not now exist in English.

Glossary,— pronunciation.

Δ3τ, but,	augh.
Δηα3, out,	amaugh.
Δητεα3, in.	ishteagh.
Δ3Δη. at, or with, me,	augum.
βεηη, bring, take,	bihir.
καο3, blind,	kayaugh.
clo3, a stone,	klugh.
clo3Δηηε, a stone-cutter,	klughaire.
3ε3Δη, to me, unto me,	chugum.
cuηη, put,	kuir,
ηε3, ten,	dhi-ich.
εα3. a steed,	augh.
η3α3, a raven,	fee-augh.
η3ε, twenty,	fic-he.
η3οη-3αηα, a true friend,	feer.chara.
λαο3, hero,	lhayaugh.
λο3, a lough, a lake,	lhogh.
λυ3, a mouse,	lhugh.
ηη, not; ηη, is,	nhee; iss.

1 λαο3 Δ3υη εα3. 2 ηε3 Δ3υη η3ε. 3 τΔ Δη η3α3 ουδ. 4 ηη εα3 ε Δ3τ η3α3. 5 τΔ Δη λο3 ουδ. 6 βη Δη λυ3 καο3 7 cuηη Δη λυ3 Δηα3. 8 βεηη clo3 Δητεα3 3ε3Δη. 9 ηη clo3Δηηε ε. 10 τΔ η3οη-3αηα Δ3Δη.

1 A warrior and a steed. 2 ten and twenty. 3 the raven is black. 4 it is not a steed but a raven. 5 the lake is black. 6 the mouse was blind. 7 put the mouse out. 8 bring in a stone to me. 9 he is a stone-cutter. 10 I have a true friend.

ΤΟΒ21R η21 η-η333ηε CÚL.βυ3δε,
 Le

Λ333ηε213,

(Continued)

Δηητε le κα3αδ ηα η-οη33ε. 3ε3 η3οηα Δηηαηc Δηη Δη τοηηη ηοη3αητε; βη 3αε-3ε λοηηηα3α ηα 3εαλα3ε βηηητε Δ3 εηαηη το βη ηαη η-βεαλα3, το κα3ε Δ η3α3ηε ηα3α Δηη 3οηηα3δ ουδα ηα η-οαοηηεα3 Δηη3 ηαη ηεοηηηα, Δ3υη το λυα3 Δ 3εη3α εη3οηα Δ3υη το η33ηε ημε3ε leo, 1 η-τοη3α3αη ηα η-οη33ε. 3 εηη3 Δη

CUYHA NY 2YHA 'SUN 5-COJL.

Τρέ κολλεῖς coll ζαν ρζῖ,
 βεῖθεαο-ρα φέην αζ αοο,
 Ὡο ο-τοοφαιὸ τυρα αρῖρ, α Σέαρλαρ.
 Τάο ααρ-κολλε αηη,
 αζ ουλ ὀ ἐραηη Ὡο εραηη;
 Καο φάτ 'η φάζ τῦ μηρε, α Σέαρλαρ ?
 Τά φέ αηορρ αη ορδὲ',
 Τάο ευηλα αζ ουλ φά ἐρῖε
 αὐε α η θεααῖο τυρα υαμηρε, α Σέαρ
 λαρ ?
 Μη φάζαμηρε φέην αοη ρζάε
 υαὸ αοη, μαρ ηρ τῦ μο ζηάο:
 'S αρ φάζ τυρα μέ, α Σέαρλουρ ?
 Τά μέ φολαῖη ζαν βλαὸ,
 Μηλ αοη ηηὸ αμη μο φηζε,
 Κα ηααῖο μέ αηορρ, υε. α Σέαρλουρ ?
 Μηλ ααηα αζαη, ηο ηεαε,
 α θεαρφαρ ἐζαηη φηῦ θεοε.
 Οηρ το ἐυζ μέ ηαο οηρ, α Σέαρλουρ.
 Τά αη ααηη α ηζαρ ααη,
 Κα ο-φουλ τῦ, α βλαε ηα ρῦδ' ?
 Ταρ αη' ἐοηζηαῖη αηορρ, α Σέαρλουρ.
 Τάο ηα οηρρ αη' λοτ,
 Τά μο ἐορα λοη-ηοετ,
 Οε, βειρρ αη αη ηζάαὸ μέ, α Σέαρλουρ
 Τά μηρε αη ρζάε ηα η-οορ,
 α'ρ φηληθεὸαὸ ζαε αοορ,
 αμηρ ζεαλλ αηρ μο δυααῖλλ, Σέαρλαρ,
 Ο'φάζ μέ η' αααηρ φέην
 'S leaba cluῖη ηα η-ευη
 αζυρ ἐυαῖο μηρε λεατρα, υε, Σέαρλουρ
 αηρ ρφειζ εηοε αη' λυζε
 φά ηευταῖο δυδα ηα η-οηδὲ'
 ηαε ααη-ρα ααηη αη ηηλεαὸ λεατ, α
 Σέαρλουρ.
 Ος αῦζ ὀζ ααρρ' ηηυη βρεάζα,
 αζαη λε μο ζλευραὸ,
 Ος μηρε μαρ ααηη-αηαε, α Σέαρλουρ.
 αη φέοηρρ λε μο αοο,
 ζέαηρ, τυρα το ἐλαοη ?
 ηη φέοηρρ, οηρ δ'ευλυζ μέ λε Σέαρλουρ
 υεηευτα δυδα ηα η-οηδὲ
 οοη' φολλαε φέην α ἐοηδὲ,
 Ο Sη Seοη μαρ ἐυαῖο μέ λε Σέαρλουρ.
 Τρέ ἐλλεῖς ολυτα δε ζηάε
 ζοφρε ο ἐοηδὲ α'ρ λα,
 α ο-φά ὀη' ἐηρ ο'φάζ τῦ μέ, α Σέαρ

λουρ.

Ὡο η-ουδαῖο αο αη τ-φέηε
 αη'εαρρῖαο α'ρ μο ρζευλα
 Ο Sηρ Seοη αη ὀη' αααηρ φα Σέαρλαρ.

LONGINGS !

Oh! for a breeze from the Western Sea
 To stiffen the idle sails
 Of ships that wait for the will of men
 To lean on the bulwark rails;
 Of the men who swore that they would come
 Whenever the days might be,
 To cheer us here in the poor old Land
 With their ships from the Western Sea.

Forth they sailed in their fateful ships
 Out from us, and their hearts were sore.
 And their tears tell fast, and they raised their
 hands,

And again, and again they swore,
 In the ears of God, that they would come,
 Whatever the time might be,
 And wipe the tears from their mother's eyes
 As they fall by the Western Sea.

Our land is rich, yet still we pine,
 Our masters take our gold,
 Oh, bring us gifts in your stately ships,
 Oh, bring us wealth untold.
 The light that lies in long-loved eyes,
 The strength we hope to see,
 In the manly breasts of all who come
 With their ships from the Western Sea.

Ah, do ye come? Ah, do ye come?
 Our longing eyes are sore.
 Our eager hands are here to grasp,
 Our hearts can bear the strain no more.
 We hold the lights upon our coast,
 Your welcome ships shall see
 When you sail again to the Holy Isle
 And your home in the Western Sea.

Ah, the time is long, and still they stay,
 The homeward air is dumb,
 The ships are there, the breeze blows fair,
 But still they stay, and do not come.
 We strain our ears, yet hear no cheer,
 No signal light we see,
 As we watch and wait in the dismal dark
 By the shores of the Western Sea.

Yet they will come, yet they will come,
 Whenever the days may be,
 Nor the homeward air will then be dumb
 As it blows from the Western Sea.
 And we shall cheer when we hear their cheer,
 And their signal lights we see,
 Hurrah! for the men who have kept their vow
 With their ships from the Western Sea.

The  Gael.

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

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“BICKERINGS.”

The readers of the *Gael*, the Dublin Gaelic Journal, the Irish-American and the Chicago Citizen are often served with a dish of the above sauce to the great detriment of the Gaelic movement.

Up to the foundation of the *Gael*, these bickerings were unknown.

The *Gael* was started for the purpose of advertising the movement and as an organ in which the students of the various *Gaelic* classes could, from time to time, publish the result of their exertions. In publishing such matter it was not considered prudent to check the enthusiasm of the contributing students by altering their compositions or by finding fault with them knowing that, in time, as they progressed in their studies, they would discover their faults themselves. Hence, in nearly every issue contributions from students were earnestly solicited, believing that nothing tends to stimulate a student in his studies so much as the seeing of his exertions in print. Many students availed themselves of the invitation. Now, no one could expect perfection in compositions such as these delineated,

and no lover of the language would discourage their authors by finding fault with them. The *Gael* at that time, recommended those who desired to see Irish in grammatical form to consult the grammars of the various authors, and the Dublin *Gaelic* Journal.

This, then, being the mission and policy of the *Gael* one would think that it would be encouraged by all Irishmen in its laudable efforts to spread a rudimentary knowledge of the language of their unfortunate country.

For a few months after the issuing of the *Gael* every thing looked smooth, calm and inspiring until the demon of discord, jealous of its promising prospects, aimed his poisonous arrow at its heart.

Then the bickerings commenced.

The bickerings commenced when T. O. Russell shot his venomous dart at the *Gael* without the slightest provocation, and would we, its founder, be so very a slave, as the immortal Emmett said, as not to strike back? No, and none but a thrall would expect us to do so. We have never criticised adversely any *Gaelic* writer or *Gaelic* journal until he and his drunken jackals attacked us. And yet people will ask, “Why keep up this bickering?” While England has money to employ the LeCarons and the Pigotts there will be bickerings in all Irish patriotic societies; and he is nothing but a fool who would expect any thing else. England and all conquering nations care more for the destruction of the language of the conquered than they would for the destruction of a thousand revolutionary societies, because a country is never subdued while its language remains intact.

To show the rascality of T. O’N. Russell’s conduct towards the *Gael* we print the following sentence taken from a letter of his in the Irish-American of January ’79:

“Ní fí fíalláim d’áobh só fí-cuimríb’ á n-
ceallá fí-déicíse á n-áobh n’ d’á n-áobh.”

he were an Irish scholar and an Irishman, he would do all in his power to scatter Gaelic literature in any form: but if he be what he is reputed to be, namely, an agent of England, then his conduct is intelligible. See what the straw shows: He has "condemned" Archbishop MacHale, Canon Bourke, O'Sullivan, O'Reilly, the veteran John Fleming—in fact all the real Irish authorities—while he laudates Bedel and Cony, the obscure employees of the Exeter Hall soupers. This is in parallel lines with the hireling writers of England these seven hundred years.

He came to this country eleven years ago, ostensibly for the purpose of giving "a course of lectures in the interest of the language." When he saw that the public knew that his lectures would not buy him salt for his porridge, it was then reported that he was a drummer for a French vintner and, later on, for a Turkish house. Yet no one having seen him transact any kind of business, though his railway and hotel expenses must be enormous as he traveled from city to city like a railroad king—especially those cities which were considered centers of Irish patriotic activity, inquiries were made among the liquor dealers of New York and Chicago, where he seemed to have his headquarters, but not one could be found in either city with whom he transacted any business, wholesale or retail.

The question, then, is, from what source did he derive his princely railway and hotel expenses? And the question is pertinent at the present time in view of the LeCaron and Pigott developments.

About six weeks ago he renewed his attack on the Gael in the Chicago Citizen, in company with a man named M. O'Gallagher, a recent importation from the Irish police, and in the issue of Mar. 2, over his own signature he attacks the Gaelic Journal and its editor, Mr. Fleming, and advises the people not to buy these journals (the Gael and the Gaelic Journal) because

their editors are "too proud" to be instructed by him.

Now, in the name of common sense and honesty, why do not he and his pals decide to publish a Gaelic journal, if they be so solicitous for the welfare of the language as they pretend to be, and manage it as they think proper? Oh, no, that would not serve his purpose.

Let Irishmen pin this in the bottom of their hats—There are scores of English detectives mixed up in Irish patriotic societies in this country—they have lots of money to spend, they assume all characters, from the peddler to the medical doctor and foment bickering wherever they can find a following in those societies. These bickerings are not the work of Irishmen, they are the work of the enemy. Had we submitted to T. O. R. all would be right with us, but that submission should necessitate the handing over the control of the Gael to him. We would see him in the bottom of —

Now, whether T. O. R. be an English spy, like LeCaron, or not, he is trying to do the work of LeCaron's employers; of course he will scorn to do anything of the kind—so would LeCaron.

Miss Walshe of St. Paul, Dead.

We take the following obituary notice from the United Irishman, and we sympathize with our brother Gael, Mr. J. Kyne, for the sorrow which it brings to his family and friends—

Miss Mary Louise Walshe, of St. Paul Minn., was buried in Calvary Cemetery, New York, some days ago. She was the daughter of William Walshe of Dublin, who died at St. Paul twelve years ago. Her mother's name was Annie McCarthy, of Leighlin Bridge, Carlow, the sister of Mrs. Gilmartin, wife of the dry goods merchant of 12 Lispenard st. New York. Miss Walshe was a cousin to Mrs. John Kyne, of Brooklyn, to Rev. Peter Vincent Byrne, President of St. Vincent's College Cape Girardeau Mo., and to the Rev. Wm. Delaney, of the Jesuit Order of Tullabeg, Dublin. Her funeral was largely attended; some twenty carriages being occupied by her immediate relatives—Mr. Byrne of Syracuse, the Moroneys and O'Connells, of New York, the Nolans of Weehawken, the families of John Murray and Michael Kilcoyne, of New York, Denis Dargan and Edward and William Mulrooney of New York City, and many others.

The funeral took place from the residence of James Gilmartin, where she died.

O'Curry's Lectures.

ON THE
MANUSCRIPT MATERIAL OF ANCIENT IRISH HIS-
TORY.

Lecture II.

Of the Cuilmenn.—Of the Tain bo Chnailgne,—
Of Cormac Mac Airt.—Of the Book of Acaill.

(Continued)

In the first lecture (to pass to the next of our oldest lost books), we partly considered the history of that very ancient record, now lost, known as the Saltair of Tara. It was stated that its composition is referred to the period of the reign of Cormac Mac Art (Cormac Mac Airt, or son of Art), and that this king was actually supposed to have been its author.

To give full value to all the evidence we possess as to the nature of this record, the time at which it was said to have been composed, and its reputed author, it will be necessary for us to enter into a brief historical account of the period, and to give some particulars about this celebrated prince; from which I conceive it will be fully evident, that to attribute the composition of the Saltair to the time of Cormac, or even to state that he was its author, would be to make no extravagant assumption.

The character and career of Cormac Mac Art, as a governor, a warrior, a philosopher and a judge deeply versed in the laws which he was called on to administer, have, if not from his own time, at least from a very remote period, formed a fruitful subject for panegyric to the poet, the historian, and the legislator.

Our oldest and most accredited annals record his victories and military glories; our historians dwell with rapture on his honor, his justice, and the native dignity of his character. Our writers of historical romance make him the hero of many a tale of curious adventure, and our poets find in his personal accomplishments, and in the regal splendour of his reign, inexhaustible themes for their choicest numbers.

The poet Maelmura, of Othna, who died A. D. 844, styles him Cormac Ceolach, or the Musical, in allusion to his refined and happy mind and disposition. Cinaeth (or Kenneth) O'Hartigan (who died A. D. 973) gives a glowing description of the magnificence of Cormac and of his palace at Tara. And Cuan O'Lochain, quoted in the former lecture, and who died A. D. 1024, is no less eloquent on the subject of Cormac's mental and personal qualities and the glories of his reign. He also in his poem which has been already quoted, describes the condition and disposition of the ruins of the principal edifices at Tara, as they existed in his time, for even at this early period (1024) the royal Tara was but a ruin. Flann, of Saint Buithe's Monastery, who died A. D. 1056 (the greatest, perhaps, of the scholars, historians and poets of his time), is equally fluent in praise of Cormac, as a king, a warrior, a scholar and a judge.

Cormac's father, Art, chief monarch of Erin, was killed in the battle of Magh Mucruimhe, i. e. the Plain of Mucruimh (pron. Mucrivy), about A. D. 195, by Mac Con, who was the son of his sister. This Mac Con was a Munster prince, who had been banished out of Erin by Oilill Olum, king of Munster. After which passing into Britain and

Scotland, he returned in a few years at the head of a large army of foreign adventurers, commanded chiefly by Benne Brit, son of the king of Britain. They sailed round the south coast of Ireland, and landed in the Bay of Galway, and, being joined there by some of Mac Con's Irish adherents, they overran and ravaged the country of West Connaught. Art, the monarch immediately mustered all the forces that he could command and marched in to Connacht where he was joined by Mac Con's seven (or six) step-brothers, the sons of Oilill Olum, with the forces of Munster. A battle ensued, as stated above, on the Plain of Mucruimhe (between Athenree and Galway), in which Art was killed, leaving behind him an only son, Cormac, usually distinguished as Cormac Mac Airt, i. e. Cormac the son of Art.

On the death of his uncle Art, Mac Con assumed the monarchy of Erin, to the prejudice of the young prince Cormac, who was still in his boyhood and who was forced to lie concealed for the time among his mother's friends in Connacht.

Mac Con's usurpation, and his severe rule, disposed his subjects after some time to wish for his removal, and to that end young Cormac, at the solicitation of some powerful friends of his father, appeared suddenly at Tara, where his person had by this time ceased to be known. One day, we are told he entered the judgment hall of the palace at the moment that a case of royal privilege was brought before the king, Mac Con, for adjudication. For the king in ancient Erin was, in eastern fashion, believed to be gifted with peculiar wisdom as a judge among his people, and it was a part of his duty, as well as one of the chief privileges of his prerogative, to give judgment in any cases of difficulty brought before him, even though the litigants might be among the meanest of his subjects, and the subject of litigation of the smallest value. The case is thus related; Certain sheep, the property of a certain widow residing near Tara, had strayed into the queen's private lawn, and eaten of its grass: they were captured by some of the household officers, and the case was brought before the king for judgement. The king, on hearing the case condemned the sheep to be forfeited. Young Cormac, however, hearing this sentence, exclaimed that it was unjust, and declared that the sheep had eaten but the fleece of the land, the most that they ought to forfeit should be their own fleeces. This view of the law appeared so wise and reasonable to the people around, that a murmur of approbation ran through the hall. Mac Con started from his seat an exclaimed, "That is the judgment of a king," and immediately recognizing the youthful prince, ordered him to be seized, but Cormac succeeded in effecting his escape. The people, then having recognized their rightful chief, revolted against the monarch, upon which Mac Con was driven into Munster, and Cormac assumed government of Tara. And thus commenced one of the most brilliant and important reigns in Irish history.

The following description of Cormac, from the Book of Ballymote (142 b. b.), gives a very vivid picture of the person, manners and acts of this monarch, which it gives however on the authority of the older Book of Uachongbhair, and, even though the language is often high-colored, it is but a picturesque clothing for actual facts, as we know from other sources

"A noble and most illustrious king assumed the sovereignty and rule of Erin, namely, Cormac, the grandson of Conn of the Hundred Battles. The

world was full of all goodness in his time, there were fruit and fatness of the land, and abundant produce of the sea, with peace and ease and happiness in his time. There were no killings nor plunderings in his time, but everyone occupied his lands in happiness.

"The nobles of Erin assembled to drink the banquet of Tara, with Cormac, at a certain time. These were the kings who were assembled at the feast, Fergus Dubhleadach, (of the black teeth), and Eochaidh Gannat, the two kings of Ulster, Dunlang, son of Eanna Nis, king of Leinster, Cormac Cas, son of Ailill Olum,—and Fiacha Muilleathan, son of Eoghan Mor, the two kings of Munster, Nia Mor, the son of Lugaidh Fírbri, Cormac's brother, and Eochaidh, son of Connall, the two kings of Connacht, Oengus of the poisoned spear, king of Bregia (East Meath), and Feradhach son of Asal, son of Conor the champion, king of Meath.

"The manner in which fairs and great assemblies were attended by the men of Erin, at this time, was, each king wore his kingly robe upon him, and his golden helmet on his head, for they never put their kingly diadems on, but in the field of battle.

"Magnificently did Cormac come to this assembly, for no man, his equal in beauty, had preceded him excepting Conaire Mor, son of Edersgel, or Conor, son of Cathbadh (pron. nearly Caa-fah), or Aengus, son of Daghda. Splendid, indeed was Cormac's appearance at that assembly. His hair was slightly curled, and of golden color, a scarlet shield with engraved devices, and golden hooks and clasps of silver, a wide-folding cloak on him, with a gem-set gold brooch over his breast, a gold torque around his neck, a white-collared shirt embroidered with gold upon him, a girdle with golden buckles and studded with precious stones, around him, two spears with golden sockets, and many red bronze rivets, in his hand, while he stood in the full glow of beauty, without defect or blemish. You would think that it was a shower of pearls that was set in his mouth, his lips were rubies, his symmetrical body was as white as snow, his cheek was like the mountain-ash berry, his eyes were like the sloe, his brows and eyelashes were like the sheen of a blue-black lance.

"This then, was the shape and form in which Cormac went to this great assembly of the men of Eriann. And authors say that this was the noblest convocation ever held in Erin before the Christian Faith. For, the laws and enactments instituted in that meeting are those which shall prevail in Erin for ever.

"The nobles of Erin proposed to make a new classification of the people, according to their various mental and material qualifications, both kings and ollamhs (or chiefs of profession), and druids, and farmers, and soldiers, and all different classes likewise, because they were certain, that, whatever regulations should be ordered for Erin in that assembly by the men of Erin, would be those which would live in it forever. For, from the time that Amergen Gluingeal (or of the White Knee), the File (or Poet), and one of the chiefs of the Milesian colonists, delivered the first judgment in Erin, it was to the Files alone that belonged the right of pronouncing judgments, until the disputation of the Two Sages, Ferceirtne, the File, and Neidhe, son of Adhna, at Emania, about the beautiful mantle of the chief File, Adhna who had lately died. More and more obscure to the people

were the words in which these two Files discussed and decided their dispute, nor could the kings or the other Files understand them. Concoobar (or Conor), and the other princes, at that time present at Emania, said that the disputation and decision could be understood only by the two parties themselves, for that they did not understand them. It is manifest, said Concoobar, all men shall have share in it from this day out forever, but they (the Files shall have their hereditary judgement out of it, of what all others require, every man may take his share of it. Judgment was then taken from the Files, except their inheritance of it, and several of the men of Erin took their part of the judgement such as the judgements of Eochaidh, son of Luchta, and the judgements of Fachtna, the son of Senchadh, and the (apparently) false judgements of Caradniadh Teirethe, and the judgements of Morann, the son of Mean, and the judgments of Eoghan, the son of Durrthacht [king of Farney], and the judgements of Doet of Neimtheun, and the judgements of Brigh Ambui daughter of Senchadh. and the judgments of Diancecht [the Tuath De Danann Doctor] in matters relating to medical doctors. Although these were thus first ordered at this time, the nobles of the men of Erin (subsequently) insisted on judgement and eloquence (advocacy) being allowed to persons according to rank in the Bretha Nemheadh (laws of ranks), and so each man usurped the profession of another again, until this great meeting assembled around Cormac. They then again separated the professors of every art from each other in that great meeting, and each of them was ordained to his legitimate profession.

(To be continued)

There are a few points relating to accent to which the GAEL would wish to direct attention, they are, the accenting of the *o* in the long diphthong *eo*, the *a* in the pronoun *ar* (our), and the *i* before the aspirated *g* and *d* in the middle of words Bourke's Easy Lessons does not accent the *a* in *ar* (our), and says that the proper pronunciation of the word is *ar* (*a* short). We never heard the word pronounced in any other way, and we cannot account for the use of the accented *a* in it.

The *eo* is classed as one of the six long diphthongs, and therefore should never be accented.

There are only five words in the language in which it has a short sound. They are—*ecair* (a key), *deoch* (a drink), *Eocaidh* (a man's name), *seo* (this), and *seoch* (apart), (see Bourke's Easy Lessons). Hence the diphthong should be long or mutable. If mutable it should be accented in all the other words in the language in which it occurs, or it should not be accented at all. It is easy to think of the five words in which the sound of *eo* is short.

As *g* and *d* aspirated lengthen the sound of *i* in the middle, and at the end of words when followed by another vowel, using the accented *i* is superfluous.

The accented *i* is not used in the word *croidhe*, heart, yet the sound is the same as if it were written with the accented *i*. We make these remarks because we consider that unnecessary departure from the regular, plain letter should not be encouraged, and also, because it is attended with considerable trouble to the compositor.

WILLIAM O'BRIEN.

FEBRUARY 1889.

"Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise."

—Longfellow.

Lift up your hearts! For here is one, my brothers
Whose very life is wrought
Of noble deeds and noble toil for others,
Of noble word and thought.

Amid the brave heroic band who trample
On wrong, and greed, and crime, [ple,"
His name stands forth, and shines. "a fair ensam-
To all ensuing time.

Out of the darkness of her desolation,
Out of the night and gloom, [tion,
Her own true sons have raised their drooping na-
As from a living tomb.

The night is almost spent, the dawn is breaking
Along the murky sky;
And Hope's glad sunshine, in our hearts awaking,
Tells us that the day is nigh.

But in the path of the approaching splendour,
Fiercely the storm-clouds lower,
And on our bravest, on the true and tender,
Bursts their remorseless shower.

Reviled, abused, with brutal insult scouted,
Tracked down with hellish spite,
With empty show of justice mocked and flouted,
He yet defies their might.

What is his crime? What black abomination,
What foul and fearful stain,
Has turned the outraged rulers of our nation
Upon his track again?

Whene'er oppression had grown fat, and thriven
Upon the poor man's gold,
Whene'er the helpless and the weak were driven
Homeless, into the cold.

His hand was raised to smite the cowardly spoiler,
His voice rang high and clear,
Bringing, to many a broken-hearted toiler,
New hope and lofty cheer.

Because he could not brook to see his brothers
Crushed 'neath the tyrant's heel,
Because the wrongs and cruel shame of others
His heart was quick to feel—

For this they dragged him to their dreary prison,
And, in the light of day, [ture
For this, unstayed, unchecked, they goad and tor-
His gallant life away.

Strong in his righteous cause, his high endeavour
His country's love and faith,
He meets their scorn with deeper scorn, and ever
Smiles in the face of Death.

And must it be? For all our protestations
Must history's record tell,
"Revered, adored,—loved by two sister nations—
Killed in a prison cell?"

It *must* not be! O great and mighty nation,
Will you endure this shame?
Will you look on, while this abomination
Is acted in your name?

For us, your laws have bound us and impaled us:
With *us* no freedom lies,
We must stand by, and see our best and dearest
Murdered before our eyes.

For Justice' sake, for Freedom's sake, I call you—
For your own honour's sake,
Let not this awful stain of guilt befall you,
Awake, O friends, awake.

Awake, for in *your* hands his fate is resting,
Your voice must speak his fate,
And even now, our pleading and protesting
May reach your hearts too late.

Look where he lies upon his bed of anguish,
Fainting, and weak, and worn: [uish,
Look where your late loved guest is left to lang-
From your own plaudits torn.

And is it thus they honour noble natures,
These blind and cruel men?
And is it thus they act, in all its features,
Judea's scene again.

This stainless soul, this brave and gentle spirit,
Who gives his life away,
That we a fairer future may inherit,
They crucify to-day.

And are not they, whose brutal deeds have made
them
Their country's deep disgrace, [them,
Whose coward zeal outruns the coward's who paid
His kin in faith and race?

And, like his gentle Lord he will not give them
The scorn and hate their due,
For, in his direst strait he cries, "Forgive them
They know not what they do!"*

From them the deepest waves of Time can never
Wipe out the guilt and shame;
But Irish hearts forever and forever
Will bless O'BRIEN'S name.

HANNAH L. HARVEY.

* "You know I have never joined in denounc-
ing the police as a body; and I have experienced
many touching proofs of how kindly an Irish
heart can beat under a constable's jacket; but
they are being handled diabolically now, and they
are becoming demoralized in many ways."—
Words used by Mr. O'Brien a few days ago, quot-
ed in *United Ireland* for February 2, 1889.

The above poem is by the sister of Edward Har-
vey of Waterford, a member of the S. of Friends and
an ardent Nationalist.

MOTHERS! Don't Fail To Procure Mrs.
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dren While Cutting Teeth.

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for diarrhoea.

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Poor John Boyle O'Reilly is eating the leek!

During the Christmas holidays we sent about three hundred postal cards to the readers of the GAEL wishing them the compliments of the season in the old Language. Up to date we have received 147 postals and 39 letters, in the same language, returning the compliments. We thought there were not so many competent to write Irish: and it is those whom we know to be well able to write Gaelic that did not make a return. We presume that those who did write wanted to let us know that they knew how. This state of things is encouraging.—We appreciate it.

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