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# GAEL

Leaban-aigéir mioránal,  
 tabaínta cum an  
 TEANGA SAEDILSE  
 a corrad <sup>asur</sup> a raorcuíad  
 agus cum  
 Fein-maíla Cúid na h-Eireann.

VOL. 2. — No. 5.

FEBRUARY, 1883.

Price, Five Cents.

## The Gael.

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

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

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The GAEL penetrates all sections of the country, its value as an advertising medium is  
 therefore apparent.

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





ՔՐԵԱՅՔԱԾ ՁԻՆՈՐՋԱՅՏ ԱՅԻՇՐԱՅԻՇ

Այր  
Տեճճան Առ Կառա.

Բողոք--Տեան-Վեան Շրջող Ան Օրանգան.

Եր քայլե զն զյոլար կնի լա.  
Եւրդող յան ծիճ ԶԶԻ Եւրդ-Վան,  
Եր զայնար Եւ զայնար  
Ար արեւարձ զայնի,  
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ANDREW McGRATH'S REPLY TO JO O'TOUMY.

Air--The Growling old Woman.

O'Tuomy you boast yourself handy  
At selling good ale and bright brandy,  
But the fact that your liquor,  
Makes every one sicker,  
I tell you that, I, your friend Andy!

Again you affect to be witty,  
And your customers, more is the pity  
Give in to your folly,  
While you when your jolly  
Droll forth some ridiculous ditty. [vor

But your poems and pints by your fa-  
Are alike wholly wanting a flavor,  
Because its your pleasure,  
You give us short measure,  
And your ale has a ditch-water savor.  
Vile swash do you sell us for porter,  
And you draw the cask shorter and  
shorter,

Your guests then disdaining,  
To think of complaining,  
Go tiddle in some other quarter.

Very oft in your scant overfrothing  
Tin quarts we found little or nothing  
They could very ill follow  
The road who would swallow, [ing.  
Suchstuff for their inner man's cloth.

You sit gaily enough at the table,  
But in spite of your mirth you are able,  
To chalk down each tankard,  
And if a man drink hard,  
On tick oh! we'd have such a Babel.

You bow to the floors very level,  
When customers enter to revel,  
But if one in shy raiment,  
Takes drink without payment,  
You score it against the poor devil.

When quitting your house rather heady  
They'll get nought without more of the  
'ready,

You leave them to stumble,  
And stagger and tumble,  
Into dykes as folk will when unsteady.

Two vintners late went about killing,  
Men's fame by their vile Jack-and-Gil-  
ling,  
Now Tuomy I tell you,





SENTIMENTS OF OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

If we take more than ordinary pride in referring to the sentiments of our subscribers this month we think we are fully justified in doing so considering the warmth of the sentiments, and the source whence they come.

When the greatest Irish scholar today living declares, in the most positive and substantial manner, that the GAEL *is doing good work*, its ordinary readers may rest assured that their confidence in it has not been misplaced. When the Very Rev. U. J. Canon Bourke, D.D., P.P., late president of St. Jarlath's College, Tuam, the father of the Irish Language movement, author of the "College Irish Grammar", "Easy Irish Lessons", "Life of Dr. McHale". Translator of the "Bull Ineffabilis", in four languages, "Gallagher's Sermons", &c &c., declares in the most unmistakable manner his approbation of the GAEL it can well afford to ignore interested criticism.

We assure our readers that our pride in this connection is on their account, because a good many of them are not yet able to judge of the merits or demerits of the GAEL and had, therefore, to take things for granted and repose their confidence in the patriotism of the cause. Though the most of them may not be able to read Canon Bourke's letter through, yet they can read in the opening sentence the characters £1, and may be able to read the *thousand million* thanks in the closing sentence which he desires us to accept for our exertions in the Irish Language cause. This, then, will be an assurance to them that in taking the GAEL for granted, they did not err, as their actions have been endorsed by the highest living authority.

Without any further remarks we introduce

CANON BOURKE'S SENTIMENTS.

ՁԼ ԲՔԱՐԱՅՐԵ ՇԼԼԵ-ՇՈՒՄԱՅԻՆ, ՅԱՐ ԾՈ  
'Ն 5-ՇԼԱՐ, Ա 5-ՇՈՂԵԱՔ ՁԼԱՅԻՆ, ԱՆ  
ԲԵՇԱՅՈՒ ԼԱ ԾԵ ՇԵՄՈ ՄՅՈՐ ՆԱ  
ԵԼՅԱՇՆԱ 1883.

ՁԼ ՏՏՈՅ ՕՏԼ.

ՇԱՅՈՒՄ ԸՆՅԱՏ ԱՆՆՐ ԱՆ ԼԵՅՐԻՆ ՐՈ (£1)  
ՐԱՊԵՏԱ ԱՅԻՅՈՒ, ՄԱՐ ՅԵԱԼԼ ԱՆՆ ԱՆ "ՏՏՈՇ-  
ԱԼ," Ա ԵՂ ԱՅ ԵՂԱՇՏ ԸՆՅԱՄ ԱՆՈՐ Օ ԵՒՐ  
ԱՆ ԱՄԱ ԾՈ ՇՈՐԱՅ ԵՒ 'Յ Ա ԸՐԱ Ա 5-ՇԼՈ  
ԱՅՐ 'Յ Ա ՔՅՈՒՐԱՅԱՇ ԱՆՆ ՕՐ ԱՐՈ.

ԵՂ ԱՅԱՄ ՅՈ ԼԵՐ ԼԵ ՐԱՇ ԼԵԱՏ, ԱՇՏ  
ՆՏԼ ՄՅՈՐԱՆ ՄԱՅԵԱՐԱ 'Յ Ա ԵՂԱՇԱՇ Ա ԼԱ-  
ՇԱՐ. ԵՂ ՄԵ ՇՈՂԵ 50 Բ-ՔԱՐ ԵՒ ԱՅ  
ԵՂԱՇԱՇ ՕՅՐԵ ՄԱՅԵ. ԾԱ ՄԵՐՈՒ ՔԵՅՐ-  
ՐԻ ՔԵ, ԵՐՈՒ ՄԱՅԵ ԱՆ ՆՏՈ ԾԱ Մ-ԵՅԵՇԱՇ  
ԵՐԱ ԱՅՐ ԱՆ ՔԱՐԵԱԼԱՇ, ԱՅՐ ԵՅՐԵ ՈՐ

ԵՐԱՐ ԵՂԵ ՅԱՐ Ծ' Ա ԵՂԼԵ, ԼԵ ՐՈՇԱՅԱՇ  
Ա ԸՐԱ ԱՆ ՐՈՇԱՅ ԱՆՆՈՇ ԱՅՐ ՔԱՅՈՒՄ  
ՇԱՊԵ, ԱՇԱ ԱՆ ՄԱՐԱՆ Ա ԼԱՇԱՐ, — ՄԱՐ  
ՆԱ ԵՐԱՇԱՐԱ ՐՈ ԱՆ Ա Բ-ՔԱՐ ԵՂԱՐԵԱ  
ՇԱՊԵ ՐԱՅԵՇՏ — "ԼԵԱԲԱՐ-ԱՅԵՐ ՄՅՈՐԱ-  
ՊԱՐ (ԵՂՏԵԱ ՈՐ) ԵԱԲԱՐԵԱ ԸՄՆ ԱՆ ԵՂԱ-  
ՅԱ ՏՏԵՇԼՅԵ Ա ԸՐԱՇԱՇ ԱՅՐ Ա ՔԱՐԵՇԱՅ-  
ԱՇ."

ԵՒ ՔԵԱՐ ԼՅՈՄ ՔԵՆ ԱՆ ԼԵՅՐԻ ՐՈՄԱՆ-  
ԱՇ ՊԱՇ 'ՆԱ ԱՆ Ե-ՔԵԱՆ-ԼԵՅՐԻ. ԵՐ Օ 'Ն  
ՐՈՄԱՆ ԾՈ ԵՂԱՊԵՇԱՐ ԼԵ ԵՂԼԵ ԱՆ Ե-ՔԵԱՆ-  
ԼԵՅՐԻ ԱՅՐ ԱՆ ԼԵՅՐԻ ՊԱՇ. ԱՅՐ ՄԱՐ  
ՐՆԱ ԾԵ, — Օ ԵՂԱՐԱ ՊԱՇ ԼՅՈՄ ՔԵՆ Օ ԵՒՐ  
ՔԱՇ, — ՊԱՇ Բ-ՔԱՐ ՔԵ ՄՅՈՐ ՔԵԱՐ ԱՆ ԼԵ-  
ՅՐԻ ՊԱՇ Ա ՅԼԱՇԱՇ? — ԵՂ Ա ԵՂԱՆՆ ՐՆԱ ԵՂ  
ՐՅ ՄՅՈՐ ԵՅՐԵ ԼԵ ԱՄԱՐԵ ԱՆՏ, ՄՅՈՐ ԵՐՅ-  
Ա ՔԱՐ 'Ն ԼԱՅՈՒ 'Յ Ա ՐՅՐՈՇ. ԵՂ ՐՅ ՄՅՈՐ  
ՇՅՐԵՅՈՒՄԵ ԾՈ ՅԱՇ ՊԵԱՇ, ԾՈ 'Ն ԵՂԱՆՆԱՇ,  
ՁԼԵԱՊԱՇ ԱՅՐ ՏԱՐԱՊԱՇ, ԱՇՏ ՄԱՐ ԵՅՐ  
Zeuss, — "morum priscorum tenaciss-  
imi sunt celtici populi," ՆՐ ՐՈՐԱՐ ՆԱ  
ՅԱՇԱՅԼ Ա ԵԱԲԱՐԵ Օ ՔԵԱՆ ԸԼԵԱՇՈՒ ԱՆ  
ԵՂԵ.

ՁԼՏ ԵՂԵԱՇ ՔԵ ՄԱՐ ՐՆԱ. ԵՂ ՐԱՇ Ա  
ՇԱՊԵ ԱՆՆ, 'ՆԱՅՐ Ա ԵՂ ԱՆՆ ՕՅՐԵԱՇ ՐՆԱ  
ԱՅ ԵԱՇԱՅԱՇ ՅՈ ՐՈՂԱՊԱՐ ԼԵՐ. ՁԼԱՐ ՆԱ  
ՅԵԱՐԱՄԱՅԻՆ, Ա ԸԼԵԱՇԵԱՐ ԱՆ ՔԵԱՆ ՐՅՐՈՇ-  
ԱՆ ԱՅՐ ԱՆ ՐՅՐՈՇԱՆ ՊԱՇ, ԵՂԵԱՇ ՔԵ  
ԸՈ ՄԱՅԵ ԵՂԱՆՆ-ՊԵ ԱՆ ԾԱ ԸԱՐ Ա ԸԼԵԱՇ-  
ԱՇ, — ԱՅՐ ԼԵՐ ԱՆ ՊԵԱՇԱՆ ՐՈ, ԵՂԵԱՇ  
ԵՒՐ ԱՅՐ ՐՈՅԱ ՅԱՇ ԵՂԱՆ ՔԱՐԵԱ.

ՁԼԱՐ ՐՆԱ ԾԵ ԱՐԱՅՈՒ ԱՆՈՐ ԼԵԱՏ, ԱՆՆ  
ԼԱՅՈՒ ՐՅՐՈՇՈՒՄԵ ԵՂԼԵ, "ՄԱՐ ՔՅ ՐՈ Ա ԵՂ ՕՐ  
ԾՈ ԸՈՄԱՐ, — 'ԵԱՇԱ ԱՆ ՁԼՐՈՇԵՐՈՅ  
ՏԵԱՅԱՆ ՁԼԱՇԵՐԼ," ՊՈՇ ԾՈ ՐՅՐՈՇ ՄՅՐԵ  
Ա ՅԼԱՇԱՇ ԱՐ Ա ԸՐԱ ԱՆՆ ԾՈ ԼԵԱԲԱՐ-ԱՅԵ-  
ՐԻ-ՔԵ. ԵՅՐԱՄ ԱՆ ԸԵԱՇ ՐՈ ԵՂԵ. ՔԵՅԵ-  
ԵԱՆՆ ԵՒ ԱՆ ԵԱՇԱ Ա 5-ՇԼՈ Ք. "ԵՂԱՐ-ԼԵԱԲ-  
ԱՆ ՆԱ ՏՏԵՇԼՅԵ." Ա ԵՂ ԱՅԱՆՆ Ա ԼԱՇԱՐ  
Ե Մ-ԵԱՅԼԵ ՁԼԵ-ՇԼԱՇ.

ՅԼԱՇԱՄ ԵՂԵԱՇԱՐ ՆԱ ՄՅՈՒՄՆ ԼԵԱՏ,  
ՔԱ ԱՆ ՊԵՐՈ ՊԵԱՐ ԱՅՐ ՊՈՇ ԾՈ ԵՂԱ-  
ԵԱՆ ԵՒ ԾԱՄ Օ ԸՈՐԱՅ ԵՒ ԱՅ ԸՐԱ ԱՆ  
"ՏՏՈՇԱԼ" Ա 5-ՇԼՈ, ԱՅՐ 'Յ Ա ԸՐԱ ԸՆՅԱՄ  
ՐԱՐ ՅՈ Ե-ՇԻ ԱՆ ԱՆ ՐՈ.

ՅԼԱՇ Մ' ՔՈՇԱԼ ՅՐ ՊԵ ԾՈ ՔՅՅԱՆ-  
ԵՇՈՐ ՔՅՈՐ-ԵԱՆ

ՍԼԼԵՈՅ ՏԵՈՏԵՔ ԾԵ ԵՐԸ.

ՇԱՆԱՊԱՇ ԱՅՐ ՏԱՅԱՐԵ ՔԱՐԱՅՐԵ.

\* ՁԼ ԼԵՅՐԻ ՐՈՄԱՆԱՇ ՊԱՇ.

## THE MIDNIGHT MASS.

From "*Songs For Freedom*", by *Father McHale*.

Here in the gloom of the grim December  
Let us ponder a little on Penal times;  
We do forgive, but we still remember  
Those fateful days, with their fearful crimes.

High upon the mountain's rim,  
When the midnight moon was shining,  
You might see like spectres dim  
People round the hillside twining,  
Having traversed miles of heather,  
In the wild December weather,  
Miles of moor and bleak morass,  
Flocking up to the midnight Mass!

Round range of rugged hills  
There were bound some memories bitter,  
Of Penal days and cruel ills  
Than men would suit the demons fitter;—  
Ills for Motherland and Faith,  
Borne steadfastly to death,  
When our fathers nobly stood  
And stained each mountain-pass with blood!

Through the mountain gorge a stream  
White as silver thread ran leaping,  
And the starlights' lonely gleam  
On the placid lake lay sleeping;  
You heard the boatman's muffled oar  
Splash the water on its shore,  
Land his people, heard him pray:—  
God would guard them till the day!

Well he knew such prayer was meet,  
In those days of desolation,  
To rise and plead around God's feet  
For an anguish-stricken nation,  
That held its life as wild beasts hold  
In fearful strife, in storm and cold,  
Hunted, maddened, shot at, slain,  
Through fiercest agonies of pain!

Well might prayers on high ascend  
For that people humbly kneeling,  
For on earth they had no friend,  
Save the Priest their souls anealing;  
And pleading for them at the Altar,  
With a love that ne'er did falter,  
In caverns lone, on altars rude,  
When others fled, he always sued  
God's mercy on the multitude!

There amid the mountains lone,  
With the angels round them soaring,  
Before the rude-cut altar-stone  
Knelt the people, God adoring;  
The heather was their altar-stair,  
Their beads their only book of prayer,  
Their canopy mountain air,  
Their cathedral mountains bare:

Yet, O Lord, Thy throne was there!

There amid the vapours gray,  
Round it in the darkness stealing,  
Rose the Cross, as on that day  
It stood Christ's power revealing,  
Unblessed by chant of psalm or hymn,  
Save unheard strains of cherubim,  
Smiting still far down beneath  
Infernal powers of sin and death!  
Ah! greatness of the Irish soil,  
Blessed by God above all others;  
Scourged and scarred by fierce turmoil  
Still you stood, oh, men, my brothers,  
Adamantine as the rock,  
Proof against the earthquake's shock;  
In storms of smoke, and shot, and blood;  
Still true to faith and land you stood.

O God! It was a sight to see  
Priest and people knelt together,  
In a land that should be free,  
In that bleak December weather,  
Praying up to Him Who saw  
All the curse of the Penal law,  
Praying from St. Patrick's sod  
As stealthy worshippers to God!

*Kyrie Eleison!* Lord, look down  
On a land so sorely stricken!  
*Christe Eleison!* Tyrants frown,  
And the spent, starved people sicken;  
Pleading for our daily meal,  
Here before Thy throne we kneel,  
Here we make our last appeal:  
Save the children Thou didst cherish,  
Save us, Lord, or else we perish!

*Gloria in Excelsis!* Hear  
Our strong cries to Thee ascending;  
Lend us all Thy Father's ear;  
Praise to Thee Thy poor befriending;  
Here upon this mountain slope  
In Thee is our only hope,  
Round Thy holiest throne we gather,  
Thou wilt spare us, God our Father?

*Sanctus! Sanctus!* Dearest Lord,  
When our lives were sore with weeping,  
When our blood made red the sward,  
Thou didst hold the Isle in keeping;  
If our martyrs nobly died  
Thou didst rank them sanctified;  
If so it be Thy sacred Will  
We will die and praise Thee still!

*Agnus Dei!* O Lord, once slain,  
Thou who knowest our direst needing  
Wild agonies of heart and brain—  
Prostrate here before Thee pleading;  
Thou knowest what Calvary really saw  
Judea's foulest Penal law!  
Except in Thee, no hope beside,  
Spare us, save us, CRUCIFIED!



*Non sum dignus Dominum !*

What, are we to ask Thy blessing ?  
Grant us on Thy Judgment Day,  
Crown and palm Thy love confessing ;  
Naught of love on earth we know,  
Our close companion is our woe,  
Yet we welcome any grave,  
If Thou wilt hear us, Lord, and save !

Hark ! across the midnight air  
The savage soldiers' shout came ringing,  
With guns and sabres flashing bare,  
Death and ruin with them bringing ;  
*Kyrie eleison !* How they blaze,  
Flames of fire, through midnight haze ;  
While the people, awe-struck, gaze,  
In those awful Penal days !

Crashed their guns through lurid smoke,  
Death and terror round them ringing,  
While the mountain echoes woke,  
And the angel hosts were singing ;  
England's hate her minions sent  
To fight great God's arbitrament ;  
*It shot the poor, defenceless men,  
And made them martyrs in that glen !*

It shot the Priest at midnight Mass,  
While he made his last thanksgiving ;  
It shot his people in that pass :  
Though they died, the Faith is living ;  
At mid of night they went to pray,  
At morning's hour where were they ?  
Stiff, and slain, and saved, they lay,  
As we shall see on the Judgment Day !

Blest be Mass, and cross, and beads,  
Blest be God's sublime ordaining ;  
The winds that sway'd the shaken reeds  
Still left the roots, intact, remaining ;  
Still the Faith and people stand,  
Here within this honour'd land,  
Defying with their martyr's gore,  
Tyrants demons evermore !

Ah ! venerated Motherland !  
Hapless, happy land of Erin—  
Hapless in thy slavery's bread—  
Happy in thy true God-fearing ;  
In thine hours of sorest loss  
Thou didst cling unto the Cross,  
There was strength, and life, and light,  
There was Calvary in thy sight !

Calvary, with thy Saviour there,  
Grasping thee with arms bleeding,  
Holding thee within His care  
Safest of His interceding ;  
Erin, mother, lift thine eyes,  
Fix them firm on God's great skies,  
There thy hope or refuge lies,  
There at last will be thy gain  
For thy martyred sons and slain !

On the last great Judgment Day,  
Sons of thine the Lord confessing,  
Myriad-voiced shall sing and say :  
God ! to Thee be endless blessing ;  
We were slain, but we are saved ;  
In thy Book our names are graven,  
'Twas thy Will, and thus we bore it,  
'Twas thy Mercy—we adore it !

Still faithful we remain to God,  
Still we kneel, His grace imploring,  
Here, up from the shamrock sod,  
Our prayers before His throne are soaring.  
Priests and people, here are we,  
Branded still with slavery ;  
Yet, O Lord, Thou'lt make us free ;  
For ever thus we cry to Thee !

Years of black and bitter loss,  
Years of direst desolation,  
While we clung unto Thy cross,  
Have not slain this Martyr-Nation ;  
Thou wilt raise us up at length,  
Thou wilt build us in Thy strength—  
Slaves no more in lip or knee—  
Thou, O Lord, wilt make us free !

I look out through our darkest night  
And see the land in ruin blazing ;  
And straight before my startled sight,  
Steadfast there before my gazing,  
Stands the priest, with cross in hand—  
Foremost man in all the land—  
God's sole anointed man of power,  
With Host and Chalice for his dower !

Still he stands, and there he pleads  
For evermore in all our story :  
With holiest Mass, and cross, and beads,  
In days of fondest, fondest glory,  
His name shines out in lines of glory,  
And will until the world is hoary ;  
Faithful ever to man and God,  
Stainless, firm, and true he trod,  
Unbought, unswayed upon our sod,  
His blood was shed like rushing river  
To gain our soul to God the Giver—  
Let no man Land and Faith e'er sever,  
So be it for ever and ever !

#### BEDAL'S BIBLE.

We have been reminded by a respected correspondent of errors in the quotations from Bedal's Bible in Mr O. M. O'Keefe's letter in the last number; we cannot say whether it is we or Mr O'Keefe mis-quoted as his copy has been mislaid. In this connection we must candidly admit that we have never had Bedal's Bible, tho' we could get it to the asking of it, and tho' it has been frequently quoted in Gaelic Controversies lately, and for these reasons—we do not consider Bedal's Bible as an authority in Gaelic matters. Because we believe

it was gotten up regardless of lingual correctness and for the most ignoble ends which the depravity of human nature could devise or its ingenuity suggest, namely, to corrupt the morals of a starving, oppressed, plundered, and religious peasantry, and to destroy their language. Reader, this is strong language, but picture to yourself a starving family, without a bit or sup for days, nor the prospect of getting either in the near future, accosted by the ghoul of superism, with Bedel's Bible in one hand and the can of soup in the other; and the option being to sacrifice the most sacred sentiments of man on the one hand or a death from starvation on the other. Picture this to yourself, reader, and you will not blame us, who was raised in a locality where these diabolical tactics had been resorted to to corrupt a starving peasantry, and you will not blame us for our aversion to Bedel's Bible.

Why, dear reader, notwithstanding that the late Archbishop McHale established Irish schools so as to counteract this scheme of the enemy to corrupt the people and to destroy the language by applying the dog's hair to the wound as an antidote, people looked with suspicion on the Irish schools when first organized lest they should have any connection with that odious system.

That Bible was gotten up for the purposes above stated. Its projectors knew perfectly well that it would turn the people against the language, and so it would were it not for the fore-sight of Archbishop McHale who, to use a vulgar but applicable expression, took the bull by the horns and upset him by enforcing and encouraging Irish literature: for no child would be confirmed unless he or she knew the Irish Catechism, so that the first lesson recited in school every morning was the Irish Catechism.

Some may put us down as a bigot for the expression of the foregoing sentiments—we are not such, we never interfere with a man's religious belief nor permit others to interfere with ours.

Let our protestant readers, and we have some, picture to themselves a starving protestant family accosted by a catholic who promises immediate relief with an assurance of full and plenty afterwards if they only renounce their religious belief and conform to his and unless they do so are left to die of starvation, and we are assured that they will coincide with us in characterizing such action as cruel, inhuman and deserving the reprobation of all honorable men.

#### ANCIENT IRISH LITERATURE, CORMAC'S INSTRUCTIONS,

(By Jo n O'Donovan, L. L. D.)

(Continued.)

"I send you the enclosed abstract of the *Teagasg Flaitha* of Cormac O' Cuin, king of Ireland at the close of the third century. That monarch was a *Filea*, (philosopher,) and professed himself a

pious theist, in opposition to the pantheism of the Druids, whose, order he attempted to reform, not to abolish,

"The copy you gave me I have compared with the one now before me, transcribed in the year 1396. In both I find some variations and transpositions, all owing to ignorant transcribers: and the difficulties thrown in our way by bad copies are not greater than those occasioned by the complex terms and the mixed modes used in the third century. We want a Glossary for explaining those obsolete terms: and yet as I proceeded, I believe that my translation will be found just.

"This piece should not be considered as the composition of king Cormac, but as the epitome of some writer of an ulterior age. The cast of the phraseology shows that the work is very ancient."—*Stowe Catalogue*, p. 97.

We shall give a few specimens of a composition ascribed to Ossian's maternal grandfather, for the consideration of the literati of Caledonia: and we hope that they will take the trouble of comparing them with the effusions of *their* immortal Ossian, and draw a logical conclusion as to the blundering forgeries of Macpherson. The original is in the Book of Lecain.

"21 ua Cuijij a Cormac, ol Cairbre cjo jr deč do ríj? Nj jhijrah, ol Cormac. 21r deč dó, eij, ajijijie cji deč-ajb, forad cji ferj; ro-azallma cji mhóac; dečje reñeura; fjiéfolá fji-ia; fji confujlled; trócaij conlué-žat recta; rje do tuataj; rača é-ramla breča fjiia; 3ejl jhijlajaj; rloj-žed fji deberc; tiorcač for cojchjé-ajb; mhóac ceč nejéč, ajijijie fjiie; ačmač dč 21ajia."

"O grandson of Con! O Cormac. said Cairbre, what is good for a king?

"That is plain, said Cormac. It is good for him to have patience without debate; self-government without anger; affability without haughtiness; diligent attention to history; strict observance of covenants and agreements, strictness mitigated by mercy in the execution of the laws; peace with his districts; lawful wages of vassalage; justice in decisions; performance of promises; hosting with justice; protection of his frontiers; honoring the *nemés*, (nobles): respect to the *fi eas*, adoration of the great God.

"21mhajia jle; mej for crahajaj; jajj jhijbera; calaj toréac; baje do točur; allmijie reč; ečac rjnečda; tiorj-clojčej bemječ fji cojméč ceč tuajč; forrah tar éjéč; tiorraha ludra; lepužat trijia; teacta fji; oijzeč 3oj; bjačac ceč jač; caiač fji-ijie; oijječ oijaj; uajčed rje; mjač mečda rceč fjiia; ačmač a mjač dč; ajijieč mejdreč; caiač ceč fji; aj jr tje fji flača do ber dja jh rji uij."



## THE DUBLIN POLITICAL PRISONERS.

If Cavendish and Burke were killed by Irish nationalists, is it murder? Were all the men killed by the Union soldiers, during the late Rebellion, murders? Were all the men killed during the war of the successful Rebellion of 1776 &c., murders? And, finally, were all the men killed by the English in the late invasion of Egypt, murders?

These interrogatories have been suggested by the tone of a certain newspaper published in this city towards the prisoners now charged with the killing of the English officials in Dublin. It is a fact that Ireland has been at war with England (tho for so far unsuccessful) since the latter invaded her shores. Is it unnatural? It is also a fact that Ireland has her army actively engaged in making preparations to strike an open blow when an opportunity presents itself—we have this information from the English themselves. It is also true that the Irish made a treaty of peace with England by what is known as "The Treaty of Limerick". It is equally true that the English violated that treaty and, therefore, by such violation, absolved the Irish from its observance. Then the interesting question arises, has that state of warfare continued to this day, and if it has and that these men were killed as one of the consequences, is it murder? If the army of Ireland be compelled by the power and numerical strength of her invaders to remain incognito, does that entitle it the less to belligerent rights or consideration? Is the Irish Nation justified in pursuing this state of warfare? And if not what war in the history of the world was justifiable?

We would like a reply to these interrogatories.

Hartington, an English official, declares that the Irish will get no Home Rule, and this is what another Englishman, Mr. Redpath, in his *Weekly*, says on that head.—

"Home Rule would never be permitted in Ireland!" What, never? If this is the final decision of England, palsied be the Irish tongue that ever again denounces *any*, even the reddest form of resistance to England. This statement of Hartington is a declaration of war. England has granted Home Rule to over thirty Colonies and Provinces, and if she refuse it to Ireland, the Irish would be justified in laying every English city to ashes."

The newspaper to which we refer above, and whose mildest epithet towards the prisoners *only* charged with the killing of Cavendish and Burke is, *brutal murderers*, is edited by an Irishman, and if we be rightly informed, owned principally by Irishmen. Now, if the public prints be credited these men hold high places in Irish social organizations, and have stepped from the gutter to wealth and opulence on the shoulders of Irishmen. But now that they are financially independent, and thinking that they cannot satiate their shoddy aspirations "till they learn to betray," they ponder to the pro-English prejudice of an effete oligar-

chy who presume to rule and to claim this country as their own.

These renegades will write so as to court the favor of the aforesaid coterie, as if the Irish element were allowed to live here on mere sufferance. The Irish-American element is the bone and sinew of this land. They have fought and won not only the battles of the country but their own freedom from civil and political ostracism. It is within the memory of men not yet old that in the city of Boston Irishmen had to fight for their lives against this fanatical coterie, and yet it has come to pass that an Irishman is the chief executive of the country, and that an Irishwoman, his sister, Mrs. McElroy, presides at, and graces the festivities of the executive mansion, and so sure as night gives place to day the English and their renegade allies are sowing the seed which will produce the crop of dragon's teeth destined to tear the British Lion to shreds, and that in the near future, and in spite of all their exertions to prevent it. In a recent issue of this same paper, commenting on the Bradlaugh Demonstration in London, it said that the crowd was mostly composed of *Italian organ grinders* and *Hibernian shoe-blacks*. This sneer at the Italians and Irish was interjected as a seasoning of the supper dish for the delectation of pro-English appetites. Why not particularize any other nationality?

When will Irishmen come to realize the nature and intentions of these insulting insinuations! "Italian organ grinder, and Hibernian shoe-black." Ireland may well despair of attaining her autonomy when a large portion of her sons are dead to all sense of manliness, and only laugh at the degrading remarks applied to them instead of resenting them, and that in a sensible, telling manner.

Now, we would go as far as they in reprobating crime—we abhor crime—but we cannot act the bully who strikes a helpless antagonist. However, there is one consolation to be derived from the sad reflection that Irishmen would be found to prostitute the talents proverbial of their country (the insinuation that they are only fitted to blacken shoes to the contrary notwithstanding) in the service of its enemies, that those who do so are of the McMorrough standard.

Considerable typographical errors appear in the *Gazette* from time to time owing to hurry in getting it out. For instance, in the heading of a letter some time ago we made Mr Walsh say

211st oct 5-cent 'deus' dō 45ur cejn-e fjcjo instead of 11st oct 5-cent dō 45ur cejn-e fjcjo. We made "Pātrajc" say in his last letter ruap for ruap &c.

Also in Mr McCosker's letter there were some typographical errors.

The reader will see that such instances, especially in simple well known words and expressions, must be the printer's fault, not otherwise. But



we are reminded by a communication in the Gaelic Journal that "errors in a monthly journal cannot be excusable as there is plenty of time for supervision."

We admit that there is plenty of time for supervision if the supervisor had nothing else to do and could devote sufficient time to it.

The writer of the communication did not suggest a means to pay for such supervision, and he must know that no newspaper will be self-supporting until it is at least one or two years in circulation. The GAEL has now in round numbers, 1,400 of a circulation, its income is, therefore, about \$70 a month—the cost of composition paper and press work. What about writing, folding, wrapping, correspondence, and the other expenses incidental to the production of a journal.

The GAEL was issued at \$1.00 a year, it was then too small for the price, being only eight pages, and on that account, we reduced it to 60 cents.— The circulation of a cheap monthly journal must be very large to pay expenses.

When the Gael's subscription list comes up to three thousand it can afford to appear better than it is now. It is our intention by next year to effect considerable improvement in it, and to raise the price to its original figure, one Dollar.

Our readers may think that the Gael is a pecuniary speculation. It is no such thing. If we were to put any value on our time we have lost a dollar by the Gael to the cent of our largest subscriber, and were it not that the nature of our private business enables us to devote a considerable portion of our time to it, it would never have an existence. So that those who think well of the preservation of the Irish Language should give the Gael a generous support, for its circulation must depend on external aid. We do all we can to circulate it, which fact can be testified to by the thousands who have received gratuitous copies of it throughout the States for the last sixteen months.

Some may have withheld their support from the GAEL up to this not knowing what its merits or demerits were. This excuse can exist no longer, for it has been endorsed—and that in the most positive and substantial manner—by the highest living authority in Gaelic matter, the Very Rev. Canon Bourke.

If the proper spirit were abroad the GAEL's circulation would be 14,000 instead of 1,400.

We hope Canon Bourke's endorsement of it will have this effect, and we promise that it shall be conducted in the interest of a regenerated nation, in the fullest sense of the expression, as far as we know how.

A "CONVENTION" IN THE INTEREST OF THE IRISH LANGUAGE  
Suggested.

EDITOR GAEL.

At a recent meeting the Philo-Celtic

Society of Boston, Mass., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted: Whereas, We, the members of the Philo-Celtic Society of Boston, deem it advisable to suggest a UNION of all societies in this country, instituted for the cultivation of the Irish Language, for purpose of carrying into effect the objects for which they were instituted:

Resolved, That we suggest a "Convention" of delegates from all existing societies or classes in the country established for the study of the Irish Language as well as individuals interested in the movement; from localities, where no such society or class exists, in order to discuss "ways and means" whereby the movement could be advanced, and to effect a UNION for the better furtherance thereof.

Resolved, That we suggest to all those interested to agitate the matter in the Press, in course of which agitation, "a time and place" for holding the "Convention," may be decided upon:

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the 5210211, IRISH-AMERICAN, CELTIC MAGAZINE, and UNITED IRISHMAN, publications in whose columns Irish matter generally appears, also, to other papers favorable to the movement.

JOHN P. LANE Prest., J. E. BARRETT  
1st. Vice Prest., BRIDGET A. DOWNING  
2nd. Vice Prest., John Hearn Record.  
ing Secy., P. J. O'Daly Cor. Secy., P.  
M. Doran Fin. Secy., P. J. Sullivan  
Treasurer.

[We are pleased to see our Boston friends renewing their exertions in behalf of Mother tongue. Boston is peculiarly fitted to lead in suggesting the holding of a convention of those taking an interest in the cultivation of the Language, as it is the oldest society.

We hope the matter will be warmly taken up, and that results may follow which will place the Language of Erin in its rightful position among the people. We shall do all in our power to forward it.— Ed. 211 5210211.)



## PHILO-CELTS.

The Philo-Celtic society meet at their rooms in Jefferson Hall every Thursday and Sunday evening at half past seven o'clock where they invite with a *ceadh mille failthe* all who desire to participate in the movement for the preservation of the Irish Language. The expense of membership is 25 cents a month, but those who are not, nor do intend to become members will be instructed gratuitously. The only object of the society is to preserve and cultivate the language of their country, and we believe the Irishman or woman who would not succor this laudable and patriotic undertaking is indeed cold-hearted; seeing there is no people under the sun today claiming a distinct nationality that do not know their national language, but the Irish alone. Irishmen, are you not by this very fact demonstrating to the world that your desire for self-government is not patriotism, that it is selfish and therefore deserves no sympathy from other independent nations? When we talk to other people on the subject of Irish national independence they laugh until we show them the *Gael*, and explain to them that the Irish had their own language and literature until it was made a felony to cultivate either, but that notwithstanding the tyranny of the government, at least one-tenth of the people have a knowledge of it still. They give in at once that the Irish ought to have their own government, and express their surprise that the Irish people were now so careless about the cultivation of the language when the enactment against its use exists no longer.

Gilgannon—Mr. D. Gilgannon has been president of the Philo-Celtic Society for the last four years, and there is not a man in the state who is better able to discharge its duties. He is a fluent speaker in Irish and English.

Morrissey—Vice president Morrissey is a little earlier in attendance since our last issue.

Finn—Secretary H. C. Finn is quite accomplished, knows different languages, music, and the sciences.

Heany—The secretary Heany is always on time; he never misses a meeting.

Miss—Nora T. Costello is rehearsing some new Irish songs, in addition to her already select stock, with which to charm the lovers of Irish Music.

O'Brien—we had a visit from the late Fin. secretary, J. F. O'Brien lately. He says he is going to be more punctual in his attendance for the future.

Russell—we are pleased to see our old friend Mr. M. Russell, back again.

Lennon—Mr. Wm. Lennon, a late addition to the Orchestral Union, promises to be an important auxiliary thereto.

Cassidy—P. M. Cassidy is being marked absent quite frequently lately.

Dunleavy—The Misses Dunleavy, though new

members, have been quite proficient in their studies. They are under the tuition of the Hon. D. Burns.

Dowling—It is very pleasing to see Mr. Wm. L. Dowling, though an American born, leading his three daughters, ranging from seven to twelve years of age, into the Hall every meeting evening. His example should be followed by Irish-Americans.

Graham—Mr. P. S. Graham is, marked late of late.

Peyton—Miss Peyton is also marked absent.

Rielly—Miss Kate Rielly, the Misses Gallagher, Miss Dwyer and Miss Brennan, though new members, are making good progress.

Murray—The Misses Murray, are accomplished singers.

Deely—A. Morgan Deely, is at home when reciting Irish patriotic pieces.

O'Shea—Philo-Celts are always delighted to see Mr. J. O'Shea ascend the platform. He can do full justice to *Domhnall Donn*.

Kyne—we are pleased to see our friend Mr. J. Kyne quite recovered from his recent indisposition.

Casy—W. Sarsfield Casy is still marked absent.

Languages—quite a number of our lady members can converse freely in four different languages—Irish, French, English, and German.

Costello—Mr. M. Costello, the Musical Director, is sometimes late.

Lacy, Curden—Mr. Lacy and Mr. Curden, are always in time.

New York—The New York Societies meet at 114 & 116 E. 13th. street and 295 Bowery.

Ward—Frank Ward is still busy in pushing the Irish Language movement.

Ryan—John P. Ryan, sec. S. P. I. L. graduated from Brooklyn. As did also Egan, Hogan, Gorden, McGovern and O'Keeffe.

Masterson—Mrs. Masterson (nee Miss Fanny Slattery, has got the best conversational knowledge of the language of any one we know, of those who did not speak it from infancy—However she had an excellent preceptor in Miss Annie Fitzgerald. Both are the senior lady members of the 13th. street society.

O'Neill—Miss O'Neill is the senior lady member of N.Y.P.C. society.

Magnier—President Magnier of the N.Y.P.C.S. bids fair to leave his mark deep in the field of Gaelic literature.

Meeres—Mr. Meeres of the N.Y.P.C.S. can write a Gaelic story—a fairy tale—as well as anyone we know.

O'Brien—Mr. E. O'Brien of the N.Y.S.P.I.L. studies studiously so as to be able to write in the language of his illustrious sire.

McCosker—F. McCosker of Mobile Ala. would not be satisfied until he sent his son to St. Jarlath's College, Tuam, to drink of the pure water at the fountain head.

Maher—It is a "who shall" with Major Maher of New Haven, Conn. and Mr. McCosker, to see who gets the most subscribers for the *Gael*.

As we are going to press seven additional subscribers are sent in by Mr. McCosker.

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