

low those seven awful centuries of torture, the national Calvary and the crucifixion of a race; the Penal laws with their makers and executors, names execrable in history—Cromwell, that sanctimonious vandal; Ireton, his son-in-law, called in history "the lieutenant of the devil" Carew, Garcia, and a horde of smell-priests and white-caps, who infested every corner of the unhappy country.

"Finding their efforts to kill the religion of the Irish by persecution unavailing, the government began an attack upon the language, appreciating to its fullest extent the now well known Irish aphorism "Anam tir an teanga" (the soul of a country is its language). Here they partially succeeded, but now, thanks to the work of the Gaelic League, their efforts promise to be as futile as in the first case.

This in brief is the Irish persecution. The marvel is not that Irish civilization after struggling manfully through three centuries of Danish barbarism should have been able to face seven centuries more of English savagery, but that a book, a man, or even a ruin of the race should survive to tell the tale, after ten centuries of unceasing battle for the bare life. Not only has the Irish race survived that black deluge, but it emerges from that long eclipse with youth renewed, with strength redoubled, with hope undimmed, and with all the mental and moral capacities of a great nation. This second youth and vigor more robust than the first, after so horrifying an abyss of years, is a phenomenon of which history gives us no other example. And this regeneration is in a large measure due to the effort of the Gaelic League, which as the parliamentarians and the agrarian agitators both admit, has reached the very soul of the people. This great organization teaches the Irishman to respect himself, to foster national industry, and to know, to love and to speak his native language with all its beautiful Catholic associations. It teaches him that there is no disgrace but, to the contrary honor and privilege, in yielding to the natural instinct which tells him that his heart throbs with holier and more tender emotions when the pulpit speaks the language of the saints, and that his winter fireside is all the purer and brighter when it is warmed with the play of the old Gaelic fancy."