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GHAEL

Leaban-ajóyr m'ioraimal,
Tabairta cum an
TEANGA SAEDILSE
a corrad asur a raoróužad
a₅ur cum
Fem-maíla Cuid na h-Éimeann.

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The  Gael.

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

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therefore apparent.

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

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 third 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—Fin, 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 Down*.

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'Keefe.

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.

82/17000
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 4/1000
 250

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.

Ա ԵՊԱՐԱՅՐԵ ՇԼԼԵ-ՇՈՒՄԱՅԻ, ԶԱՐ ԾՕ
 'Ն Զ-ՇԼԱՐ, Ա Զ-ՇՈՒՄԱԵ ԱՅՈՒՅԵՕ, ԱՆ
 ԲՅՇԵԱԾ' ԼԱ ԾԵ ՇԵՄԾ ՈՒՅՐ ՊԱ
 ԵՂԱԾՈՂԱ 1883.

Ա ՏՏՈՅ ԾՏԼ.

ՇԱՐՅԱՅՈՒՅՐ ԵՅՅԱԾ ԱՆՆՐ ԱՆ ԼԵՅԵՐՈ ՐՕ (£1)
 ԲՈՒՂԵԱ ԱՐՅՅԾ, ՄԱՐ ԶԵԱԼ ԱՐՆ ԱՆ "ՇԱՕՇ-
 ԱԼ," Ա ԵՂ ԱՅ ԵԱԾԵ ԵՅՅԱՅ ԱՆՈՅՐ Օ ԵՒՐ
 ԱՆ ԱՄԱ ԾՕ ԵՐՈՒՅՅ ԵՒ 'Յ Ա ԵՍԻ Ա Զ-ՇԼՕ
 ԱՅՈՒՅ 'Յ Ա ԲՕՅԼԼՐՅԱՅՈՒՅՐ ԱՆՆ ՕՐ ԱՐԾ.

ԵՂԱ ԱՅԱՅ ԶՕ ԼԵՐԻ ԼԵ ՈՒԾ ԼԵԱԾ, ԱԵՒ
 ՆՏԼ ՈՒՅՐԱՆ ՄԱՅԵԱՐԱ 'Յ Ա ԵՇՏԱՅՈՒՅՐ Ա ԼԱ-
 ԵՂԱՐ. ԵՂԱ ՄԵ ԵՂՆՆԵ ԶՕ Ե-ԲՅԱԼ ԵՒ ԱՅ
 ԵՇՏԱՅՈՒՅՐ ՕՅԻՆԵ ՄԱՅԵ. ԾԱ ՆԵՍԾՐ ԲԵՅՐ-
 ՅՐ ԲԵ, ԵՍԾ ՈՂԱՅԵ ԱՆ ՆՏԾ ԾԱ Ն-ԵՅՐԵԱԾ
 ԵՒՐԱ ԱՅՈՒՅ ԱՆ ՐԱՅՐԵԱԼԱԾ, ԱՅՈՒՅ ԵՅՅԻԾ ՈՒ

ԵՐՅՐ ԵՂԵ ԶԱՐ Ծ' Ա ԵՇՏԵ, ԼԵ ՐՕՐՄԱՅՈՒՅՐ
 Ա ԵՍԻ ԱՐՆ ՐՕՇԼԱՅԻ ԱՐՅՅԵ ԱՅՈՒՅ ԲՅԱՐՅԱ
 ԵՂՆՆԵ, ԱԵՂ ԱՐՆ ՄԱՐԱՆ Ա ԼԱԵՂԱՐ, — ՄԱՐ
 ՊԱ ԵՂԱԵԱՐԱ ՐՕ ԱՐՆ Ա Ե-ԲՅԱԼ ՅՈՄԱՐԵԱ
 ԵՂՆՆԵ ՈՒՅՐԵ — "ԼԵԱԵԱՐ-ԱՅԵՐՅՐ ՈՒՅՐԱ-
 ՈՒՅՐ (ԵՅՅԵԱ ՈՒ) ԵԱԵԱՐԵԱ ԵՄՆ ԱՆ ԵՂՆ-
 ՅԱ ՇՏԵՇԼՅԵ Ա ԵՐՊԱԾ ԱՅՈՒՅ Ա ԲՕՐԵՍԵՅ-
 ԱԾ."

ԵՒ ԲԵԱՐՈՒ ԼՅՈՄ ԲԵՅՆ ԱՆ ԼԵՅԵՐՈ ՐՕՄԱՆ-
 ԱԾ ՊԱԾ ՊԱ ԱՆ Ե-ԲԵԱՆ-ԼԵՅԵՐՈ. ԻՐ Օ 'Ն
 ՐՕՅՆ ԾՕ ԵՂՆՆԵԱԾԱՐ ԼԵ ԵՇՏԵ ԱՆ Ե-ԲԵԱՆ-
 ԼԵՅԵՐՈ ԱՅՈՒՅ ԱՆ ԼԵՅԵՐՈ ՊԱԾ. ԱՅՈՒՅ ՄԱՐ
 ԲՅՆ ԾԵ, — Օ ԵՂՈՒԱ ՊԱԾ ԼՅՆՆ ԲԵՅՆ Օ ԵՒՐ
 ԲՅՈՒՅ, — ՊԱԾ Ե-ԲՅԱԼ ՐԵ ՈՒՅՐ ԲԵԱՐՈՒ ԱՆ ԼԵՅ-
 ԵՐՈ ՊԱԾ Ա ԶԼԱԾՈՒ? — ԻՆ Ա ԵՇՏՆՆ ԲՅՆ ԵՂ
 ԲՅ ՈՒՅՐ ԵՅՐԵ ԼԵ ԱՄԱՐԵ ԱՐՅՅ, ՈՒՅՐ ԵՐՅՅ-
 Ա ԲՕՅ 'Ն ԼԱՅՆ 'Յ Ա ԲՅՐՅՈՒՅ. ԵՂԱ ԲՅ ՈՒՅՐ
 ԵՐՅԵՅՆՆԵ ԾՕ ԶԱԾ ՊԵԱԾ, ԾՕ 'Ն ԵՂՆԵԱՆՊԱԾ,
 ԱԼԵԱՆԱԾ ԱՅՈՒՅ ՏԱՐԱՊԱԾ, ԱԵՒ ՄԱՐ ԵՅՐՆ
 ՅԵՍՏ, — "morum priscorum tenaciss-
 imi sunt celtici populi," ՈՒՅ ՐՕՐՄԱՐ ՊԱ
 ՇԱՕՁԱՅԻ Ա ԵԱԵԱՐԵ Օ ԲԵԱՆ ԵԼԵԱԾՈՒ ԱՐՆ
 ԵՂԵ.

ԱԵՒ ԵՂԵԱԾ ՐԵ ՄԱՐ ԲՅՆ. ԵՂԱ ՈՒՅՐ Ա
 ԵՂՆՆ ԱՆՆ, 'ՊԱՅՐՈՒ Ա ԵՂԱ ԱՆՆ ՕՒՅՐԵԱԾ ԲՅՆ
 ԱՅ ԵԱԾԵՅՈՒՅՐ ԶՕ ԲՕՆՆՈՒՄԱՐ ԼԵՅՐ. ԱՄԱՐ ՊԱ
 ՇԵԱՐԱՄԱՅՆ, Ա ԵԼԵԱԾԵԱՐ ԱՆ ԲԵԱՆ ԲՅՐՅՈՒՅ-
 ԱՆ ԱՅՈՒՅ ԱՆ ԲՅՐՅՈՒՅԵԱՆ ՊԱԾ, ԵՅՐԵԱԾ ՐԵ
 ԵՕ ՄԱՅԵ ԵՂՆՆՆ-ՊԵ ԱՆ ԵՂԱ ԵՂԱՅ Ա ԵԼԵԱԾ-
 ԱԾ, — ԱՅՈՒՅ ԼԵՅՐ ԱՆ ՊԵԱԾԱՆ ՐՕ, ԵՅՐԵԱԾ
 ԵՂՅԼ ԱՅՈՒՅ ՈՒՅՐ ԶԱԾ: ԵՂՆՆԵ ԲԱՐԵԱ.

ԱՄԱՐ ԲՅՆ ԾԵ ԱԲՐԱՅՆ ԱՆՈՅՐ ԼԵԱԾ, ԱՆՆ
 ԼԱՅՆ ԲՅՐՅՈՒՅՆԵ ԵՂԵ, * ՄԱՐ ԲՅ ՐՕ Ա ԵՂԱ ՕՐ
 ԾՕ ԵՂՆՆՆ, — "ԵԱԾԱ ԱՆ ԱՐԾ-ԵՐՐՈՅՅ
 ՏԵԱՅՆ ԱՄԱԾԵՅԼ," ՈՒՅ ԾՕ ԲՅՐՅՈՒՅ ՈՒՅՐԵ
 Ա ԶԼԱԾՈՒ ԱՐ Ա ԵՍԻ ԱՆՆ ԾՕ ԼԵԱԵԱՐ-ԱՅԵ-
 ՐՅՐ-ՐԵ. ԵՅՐՅՆՆ ԱՆ ԵԱԾ ՐՕ ԵՂՆԵ. ԲԵՅԵ-
 ԵԱՆՆ ԵՒ ԱՆ ԵԱԾԱ Ա Զ-ՇԼՕ ԻՆ "ԻՐՅ-ԼԵԱԵ-
 ԱՐՆ ՊԱ ՇՏԵՇԼՅԵ." Ա ԵՂԱ ԱՅԱՆՆ Ա ԼԱԵՂԱՐ
 Ի Ն-ԵԱՅԼԵ ԱԵՒ-ԵՂԱԾ.

ՇԼԱԵԱՅՆ ԵՅՐԵԱԾԱՐ ՊԱ ՈՒՅԼՅԱՆ ԼԵԱԾ,
 ԲԱ ԱՆ ՊԵՄԾ ՊԵԱՐ ԱՅՈՒՅ ՈՒՅՐ ԾՕ ԵՂՆՆ-
 ԵԱՆ ԵՒ ԾԱՆ Օ ԵՐՈՒՅՅ ԵՒ ԱՅ ԵՍԻ ԱՆ
 "ՇԱՕՁԱԼ" Ա Զ-ՇԼՕ, ԱՅՈՒՅ 'Յ Ա ԵՍԻ ԵՅՅԱՅ
 ՐԱՐ ԶՕ Ե-ԵՂ ԱՆ ԱՆ ՐՕ.

ՇԼԱԾ ՈՒՅ ԲՕԾԱԼ ԶՐՆ ՊԵ ԾՕ ԲՕՅԱՆ-
 ԵՇՈՒՆ ԲՅՐՈՒ-ԵԱՆՆ

ԱՅԼԵՕՅ ՏԵՕՏԵՐ ԾԵ ԵՐԾ.

ԵԱՆԱՊԱԾ ԱՅՈՒՅ ՏԱՅԱՐԵ ԲԱՐԱՅՐԵ.

* ԱՆ ԼԵՅԵՐՈ ՐՕՄԱՆԱԾ ՊԱԾ.

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,
Lend 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 Domine !

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 flinging,
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 swayed the shaken reeds
Still left the roots, intact, remaining ;
Still the Faith and people stand
Here within this honoured land,
Defying with their martyr's gore,
Tyrants demons evermore !

Ah ! venerated Motherland !
Hapless, happy land of Erin—
Hapless in thy slavery's brand—
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 graved ;
'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 foulest, fellest deeds,
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, unawed 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 :

BEDEL'S BIBLE.

We have been reminded by a respected coerespondent of errors in the quotations from Bedel's Bible in Mr C. 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 Bedel'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 Bedel'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 John O'Donovan, L. L. D.)

(Continued.)

"I send you the enclosed abstract of the *Teagasg Flaith* 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.

"Չ աճ Շիյիյ Վ Շորմայր, օլ Շայրիբր
չո յր ղեճ ղօ յիջ? Քի յիյրան, օլ Շօր-
մայր. Չի ղեճ ղօ, եիյ, յիյիյիբր շի ղե-
ձիժ, քօրղօժ շի քերչ; քօ-ձջալլիյա շի
իժրօճժ; ղեճիժ քերչար; քիյիժքօլա քի-
րա; քիյ քօիքսլլեժ; քիժօճիյ քօիժօլուժ-
ձիժ քեճժ; քիժ ղօ քիաճայի; քիաժ եժ-
քայիա քիբժա քիյա; ձիյլլ յիյլարայժ; քի-
լօյ-
ձեժ քիյ ղեբեր; քիօրղօժ քօր քօյքիժ-
այի; յիժրօճ շեժ յիյիբր, յիյիյիբր քիյ;
ձօրօճ ղօ ձիյիյ."'

"O grandson of Con! O Cormac. said Cairbrè, 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 *nemed*s, (nobles): respect to the *fi eas*, adoration of the great God.

"Չիյրանայ յի; յիյ քօր քիանիայի;
յարչ յի-իյիբր; քալայի քօրիճ; քար ղօ
ժօճի; Չիյիյիբր քեժ; եժօճ քիյեճժ;
քիօիյ-քիօյիբր քիյիբր քիյ քօիյիբր շեժ
քիայի; քօրիյան քար շիյիա; քօրիյանայ
լիւրա; քիւրչիժ շիյիյա; քեճժա քիյ;
օյիյեժ ձօյ; քիաճիժ շեժ յիա; քարօժ քիյ-
իյիբր; քիյիյիբր օիյան; յիայիբր քի; յիյաժ
իյեժա քեժ քիյա; ձօրօճ ձիյիյիբր ղօ; յիյ-
իյեժա յիյիբր; քանիժ շեժ քիյ; ձիյ յի
քի քիյ քիաճ ղօ շիյ ղիյ յիյ յիյ."'

“Boundless charity, fruit upon trees, fish in rivers, fertile land, to invite ships, to import valuable jewels across the sea, to purchase and bestow raiment, vigorous swordsmen for protecting his territories. war outside his own territories, to attend the sick, to discipline his soldiers, lawful possessions, let him suppress falsehood, let him suppress bad men, let him pass just judgments, let him criminate lying, let him support each person, let him love truth, let him enforce fear, let him perfect peace, much of metheglin and wine, let him pronounce just judgments of light, let him speak all truth, for it is through the truth of a king that God gives favourable seasons

Ա Ա Վ ՇՅՈՒ Ա ՇՈՐՄԱՅԵ, ՕԼ ՇԱՅԻՐԷ, ՇԱՅԺԵ ՇՈՐԻ ՈԵՇՏԱ ՔՅՅ? ՔԵՇ ՔԱԼԻՊԱՏԱՐ ՔՈՐ ՇԱԼՄԱՅԻՆ ՇԱՅԻՆ ԱՇԱՇԱՄ ԱՇ ՇԱՐ ՇԱՅԵ; ՄԱՐԻԱԾ ՄԱՐ ԱԼՇԱ; ՇՐՈՇՇԱԾ ՔՅՅ-ԼԱ, ՄՕՐԱԾ ՄԱՅՇԵՐԱ, ԱՐՅՅՈՐԵԾ ՅՅՅ; ՇՈՐ-ԱՅՇԱԾ ՇՈՅԻՐԵՐԱ; ՇՈՄՔԱՅՇԵԾ ՔՅԵ; ՇԱՆ-ԱՅՇԵԾ ՈՅՅԵ Շ; իՅ ՔԱԵՆ ԱՆՈՅՅԵԾ, ՇԱԵՐ-ԱԾ ԲՅՕԾԲԱԾԱ: ՔԱԵՐԱԾ ԱԵՆՆՅԱ, ԱՆՊԵԾ ՅՕՇՆԱ; ՇՈՅՊՐԵԾ ԱՆՅՕՇՆԱ, &c.

“O grandson of Con, O’Oormac!” said Cairbre, “what are the just laws of a King?”

“I shall relate to thee my knowledge of the law by which the world is governed. Suppression of great evils, destroying robbers, exaltation of goodness, prohibition of theft, reconciliation of neighbours, establishing peace, keeping the laws, not to suffer unjust law, condemning bad men, giving liberty to good men, protecting the just, restricting the unjust,” &c. &c.

Ա Ա Վ ՇԱՅԺ Ա ՇՈՐՄԱՅԵ, ՕԼ ՇԱՅԻՐԷ, ՇՅՅ ՅՐ ՇԵՇ ԼԵՐՇՕ ՇԱՅՇԵ? ՈՅ ՅԻՆՔԱՆ, ՕԼ ՇՈՐՄԱՅ,--- ՇԱՐՇՈՐԱՇ ի-ՇԵԾ-ՇԱՅԻՐԵԾ ՇԱԼԱ ՄՅՆՇԱ; ՄԵԱՆՄԱ ԱՇՇՈՐՄԱՐՇ ՔՕՇՄ-ԱՐԵ ՇՕ ՅԱԵՇԱՅ ԱՅԻՐՅԲԱՇ ՇԵՇ ԱՅԼԵ; ՇՈՄ-ԱԼ ՇԵՇ ՄԱՅՇԵՐԱ; ՔԵՇՄ ՔԵՇՇԱՐԱ; ՔԵՆԱԾ ՔԵՇՏԱ; ՔԵՇՏԱ ԼԱ ՔԼԱՅՇԵ; ՇԱՅՐՅՅ ՔՅՐԵՆԱ ՇՆ ՔՈՐԲԱՅՐԵԾ ՇՐԱՅՅ; ՇՈՄԱԾ ՇԱՅՐՈՅԵ; ՇՐՕՇԱՅՆ ՔՅՆ ՇԵՅԻՐԱՅԵ; ՇԱԵՆՅԱԾ ՇՈՅԻ-ՆԵՐԱ: ՔՅԱՆԱ ՇՆ ՇՅՄԱՐ; իՆՇՅԵ ՔՅՆ իԱ-ՅՄՇԵ; ՅԻՆՊԱՇԱՐ ՔՅՆ ԲՐԱՅՇԻՅԵ; ՔԱՇԱ ՔՅԱ-ԼԱ, ԱՅՇԵ ՔԼԱՆԱ; ԲՐԵՇԱ ՔՅՐԱ, ՔՅԱԾՅՈՅ ՅԻՆ-ՔԱՇԱ; ՇԱՅՇԻՐԵ ՄՅՇԱՅԻ; ՄԵՐ ԱՅՆ ՇՅԼՄԱՅՆ, ՔՅՅԼԱՅՆ ՅԱՇ իՇՕՆԱ; ԵՕԼԱՐ ՇԵՇ իՆԵՐԼԱ; ՇԱՅՐԱ ՅՕ Բ-ՔԱՐԱՅՅԵԵ; ԲՐԵՇԵՆՄԱՐ ՇՕ ՈՐ-ՔՅԱ, ՇԱՇԱՅՐԵ ի-ԱԼՄՔԱՆ, ՇՐՕՇԱՅՆ ՔՅՆ ԲՕՇՇԱՅԵ; ՅԵՂԼ ՔՅՆ ԲՐԵՇՅԵ, իԱԾՄԱՆԱ ՅԻՆ-ՔԱՇԱ; ԵՅՐԵՇՇ ՔՅՆ ՏՐԱՅՇԵԵ, ԲԱՅՇՐԵ իՅ ՇԱԵՐՇԱՐ-ՔԼԱՅՅ; ԵՐԱՅԱԾ ՇՐԵՅ ԱՐ ՇԵՇ ի-ՕԼ, &c. &c. ՇԵՇ ՇՕ ԼԵՐ ՇԱՅՇԵ իՆՇ ՔՅՆ ԱՅԼ.

For Sixty Cents a year, what Irish family would be without a journal in the National Language?

ԷՅՐԵ.

BY MR. E. O’KEEFFE, N. Y. P. C. S.

ԲԱԾ ԼԱԵՇՅ ՔՕՅ ԲՅ ԱՅՅ ԷՅՐԵ, իԱՅՐ Ծ’ԱՐՇ-ԱՅՅ ՔԱՇՐԱՅՇ ՅԼԵ Ա ԼԱՅՆ

ՕՐ ՇՅՈՆՆ ԱՐ Շ-ՇԱԼՆԱՆ ՅՕ ԼԵՅՐ, ՇԱՄ Յ ԲԵԱՆՊԱՅՇՕ ՅՕ ՔԵՅՇ ՅԱՐ ՔԱՅՆ;

ՕՐ ՇՅՈՆՆ ՅԱՇ ՔՐԱՇՇ Ք ՇԱՅՐԵ, ԱՅՅ ՔԱՇՕԾ-ՇԱԾ ՇՐՅՕ ԱՆ Շ-ՇՅՐ,

ՕՐ ՇՅՈՆՆ Ա Ի-ԱՅԼԵ ՔԱՅՆՆՐՅՅ ՔԱ Ի-ԱՅԲՆԵ ԱՅՅ ՔՐԵԱՆԱ ՔԱՐԻ---

ԲՅ իԱ ՇՐԱ ԲՇ ՇՈՅԲՆԵ ՇԵ ՅԱՅՐՅԵ ՔՐ ԲՐՕՅՅ Ա իԱՅՐ ՔՆ իՆՐ ԱՆ Շ-ՇՐԵԱՆՆ,

ՕՅՐ իՐ ՇՈՆՇԱՅՅՇԵ իՆՆ Ա ՔԵԱԾՄԱ ՇԱՕՆՇ-ՇԱ, ԲՅ իԱ Ի-ԷՅՐԵԱՆՊԱՅՅԵ ՇԵԱՆՆ;

ԱՅՐ ԱՆ ՄՕՅ, ՇՕՇՐՈՆ ԱՆ ՔԼԱՅՇ Ք ՇԱՇ-Ա ՈՅՆՆ ԱՆ ԱԼՇՅՐ---

ՇՕ ՇՅՆ ՇՈՆ ՇԱՅՐ ՇՅՐՇԵՅՈՆՆ ԱՆՆԱՆ ՇԵ ՅԱՇ ՇՈՆ ԲՐԱՅՇՐԵԱՇՇ ՅՕ ՄՕՐ---

Օ ԻԱՇՇ ՇՐՅՇՇԵ, իՆ ՇՈՆ ԱՅՅԵ իՆՆԱՆ ՇՇ ԱՐՇԱՅՅ ԱՐՊԱՅՅՇԵ ՔԱՐ ՇԱՄ ՇԵ

ԼԵ ՅՐԱԾ ՈՆՕՅՐ, ՔՐ ՄՕՐ-իՆԵԱՐ, ԲՅ ՅԱՇ ՇՐՅՇԵ ԼՅՆՆԵԱ ՅՕ ՔԵՅՇ;

ՇՕ ՇՅՆ ՇՈՆ ՅՐԱԾ ՇՅՐՇԵՅՈՆՆ ԱՆՆԱՆ ՇՇՔ-ՐՅՆՆԵ, ՇԵԱՐՇ ՔՐ ՄԱՅՇՐԵՐԵԱՆՆ,

ԲԵԱՇԱ ՅԱՐ ՔՅՇ ՇՕ ԲԵԱՆՊԱՅՅ ԱՅՐ ՅԱՇ ՔԼԱԾ ԱՅԱՐ ՅԼԵԱՆՆ---

ՇՇ ԱՐՇՐԱՅՅ ՔՈՆԱՐ ԷՅՐԵ, ՇԱՅՇ ՇԱՅՐԵԱՐ ԱՅՐԱՅ ՔՐ ԲԵՅՆ,

ՈՒԱՅՐ Ա ՇՈՅՇ ՔԱ ՅԼԵԱՆՆԵԱ իԱ ԼՕՇԼԱՆ-ՊԱՅՅԵ ՇՕ ՇԵՅՆ,

ԼԵ ՔԱՐ ԱՅՅ ՇՕՐԵԱ իՆՆԱ ՇԵԱՇԱ ՄՕՐՇ ՇՕ ՔԼԱՇԱԾ Ա ՄԱՇԱՅՐԱՅՅԵ,

ՅԱՐ ՔԱՅՇ Ա Ի-ԱՅԲՆԵ ԼԵ ՇԱՇ-ՇՐԱՆ, ՅՅ ՅԱՐ ԲՐԱՅՅԼՅՈՆԵԱ ԲՅ ՔՅ---

ՅԼԱՇԱՐ ԱՆ ՔԱՅՐԵ ԱՆ ՇԱՐՔԱՅՆՇ ԼՅՈՆՆԱՐ, ԼԵ ԱՆՔԱԾ ՇԱՇԱ ՅՕ ՇԱՐՇՕՆԱՇ.

ԱՐ Օ ԷՅՐԵ ԲԵՅՐԵԱՐ ԱՆ ՔՅԵԱԼ ՄՅՕՔՈՐ-ՇԱՆԱՇ ՅՕ Ի-ՅՈՄՇՕԱ ՇՅՅԵՐՅՕՇ:

ՇԱՅՇ իԱ ՅԱԵՇԵ ՇԵԱՐՅ, ԱՆՕՐ իԱ ՔՐԵՅՐԵ ՅԱՇԱՐՔԱՐՔԱՆ Շ-ՔԱՆՆԱ ՅՇ ՇԱԼ ՔԱՅՅՅՐԵՅՆ,

ԱՐ ԲԵՅՐԵԱՐ իԱ ՇԵՐԱ ՔԵԱՐԲ ԼԵՕ ՔԱՐ ՅՕ ՔԱՐԱՐ ՇՕ ՔԱԾԱ Յ-ՇԵՅՆ.

ԱՇՇ ՔՅՅՅԵԱՐ իԱ ՇՆՆԵԱԾ ԼԵ ՇՅՆԵԱՐ ՔԵԱՐԲ, ՔՐ ԼԵ ԲՐՕԾ իՆՕՐ ՇՕ իՆՅՐԵԱՐ,

ՅՕ Բ-ՔԱՅՐԵԱՅ ՔԱՅՐԵԱՇՇ ՔԱՆ Շ-ՇՅՐ ԲՅ ՇՈՆՇԱՅՅՇԵ ՔՐ ՅԱՅՐՅՅԵԱՇՇ ԱՅՐ ՔԵԱԾԱՐ;

ԱՐ ՇՕ ՇԱՅՆԵ ԼԵՅՐ Օ ՔԱՐԱՐ ԱՅՐ ԱՅՐ, ԼԵ ՅԱՇ ԱՐՇ-ՔՕԼԼԱՐ, ՅԼԱՆ, ԱՆ ՔՐԵԱՅՐԱ ՔՕ,

ՇՅՆԱՐ ԼԵ ՔԼԱԾԱՐԱՅՅԵ ՇԵԱՆՅԱՅԼԵ ՇԱՇ ԷՅ-ՐԵ իՆՇՅԱ, ՇՕ ԼՅՅ ՔՅ Յ ՔԵՅՆ ՇՕ ԲԵՅՇ---

(ՇՕ ԲԵՅՇ ԼԵԱՆՊԱՅՅՇԵ)

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 by 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 pandor 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 organgrinder, and Hibernian shoeblack." 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 GAEL 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

ἡμεῖς οὐκ ἐστε 'σευ' τὸ ἀγαθὸν εἶπε
εἰς τὸ εἶπε ἡμεῖς οὐκ ἐστε τὸ ἀ-
γαθὸν εἶπε εἰς τὸ. We made "πάτρις"
say in his last letter πατρὶς for πατρὶς &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 32021, 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 Recording 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 32021.)

NUAÐAÐT NA 21J0S21 SE0.

TÁ Tpeap cójb 0' Jnyr-leadau na 5aeð-
j3e a5a111 a7 21c-é1aé; buð cójru con5-
na11 a éada111c ó0 le 5ac éj11e111aé.

Tá, ma11 a11 5-ceu11a o7 a11 5-co11a11
ceaz11aó a11 21c11 u, j. 0ebú11c a11 real-
ba0ó11110 05t11ealbu113é0e Con11ae 211a113-
eo 0o '11c-Sa01 51a070e. 21o110111e a
léj311eap é bej0 éj07 a113e a111 7cá110
11j0f07c1111aé 11a 11-0a0111eao c11á1100e 70.
50 b-711eú11a0 01a o7cá, a5117 ma11 711, a11
a11 5-c1110 117 110 0e 1111111c11 11a 11-éj11e1111.
117 co7a11111 50 b-7111 1á11 0é 1eaz3cá0 50
c11o11 o7cá a 11-011. 21c0, a éa111c0e, 11aé
11-0e11e1111 a11 So1173eul 1111 50 5-éa11c110
0a011e cu110113a0 1e00cá 7é11. b' 7éj011
511 11'é a11 7á3 a b-7111 1á11 0é 1eaz3cá0 é0
c11o11 o7cá, 0e b113 11aé 11-0e11a111 71a0
a011 1a111aé0---1a111aé0 ceap7-le 1a0 7é11
a é0711a0 11 a5a110 a 11á11a110e. Tá cl11
11a 11-éj11e1111 a11o117 1o11á0a11111 é11f0 5ac
ceap0a 7a11 5-c1111111e, a5117 a11 11éj0 a0á
a7 113eac0 11a 11á11a110e, buð cójru 0j00cá
511 7313 110 7cá0 a 0e111a0 110 11a113707
a11 7a0l-éú a7 b110llaé (ma11 0uáa111c é11-
11e0) a 0-c111e. Tá '11 11aé110j0 711a7 '11o117
a5117 11j07 cójru ceao c01111110e a éada111c
07 110 50 11-bej0 a11-bá111e 511000e. 113 7éj-
011 é1110 0e111a0 5a11 a117110. 0a 5-c1111-
7110e ceá é11a111a, 0e '11 11éj0 a117110 a éa11c-
0eap a0-c113e '11 o7cá a 5-Caé-0117c0e, bej0-
eao éj11e7a07 7ul éú113 b11a0a11 o a 11-011

113 a111e0cá0 a011-0111e con511a11 beaz
a éada111c 11a110, a5117 11j07 11j07 cójru 11o1-
11eud a éa111eao 0' a 0e111a0, 011, 11á 1e11
0eap 0o '11 o0a11 11a11c a0á 0o7113é0e '11o117
a 0ul a11 5-cú1, b' 7éj011 511 7a0 a1177 50
11-bej0eao a11 11a11 éeud11a a5a1111.

113 7117a7 51100cá ma11 a0á 0e111cá a0-
0e111a0, a5117 o éá111a 50 b-7111 7é 0e11-
a0 o0a11 11a11c buð cójru cu110113a0 1e117.

Tá co5a0 11a 11éj11e1111 é0 70j117eac o7
c011a111 a11 0o11a11 a7 b11 a011 é05a0 11a11,
a5117 11j0 0ú11ba11ba0 a0110111e a é117ceap
a111 11j07 110 11á 1a07a11 a é117ceap a 5-co5-
a0 a11 b11c e11e; ma11 0e11-co11a111e 0o7-
11a11c, a 11-0ul0a0b e11e 0o '11 5a00á1, buð
cójru a11 co5a0 711 a con5bá1 711a7 5ceap7
1á11 11a 11á11a0. 211á éj3e1111 Sa07a11a113e
7a110011, b1100a1111 50 éj11111 le éj11e1111
a11a a con5bá1 a 751ábu113eac0 11a5a110 a 0.

0o1a, 7é '11 ceap7 léj3e1111 a éada111c 00j0
1131 a0110111e cu11 7j07 o7cá, a5117 11á
7a11a111 71a0 7a 11-ba11e 11j ba11170 a011-
0111e 1e0, a5117 1111a 11-0e1117a110 71a0 é
711, b110eao a 705a11 a0u, a5117 euz7a11077
7a 5-con50a0a111c.

S11 é a11 c11e70e111, a5117 11 cu11a 1111
c0 é0j077eap é, a7 11á '7 711 éj11e1111a113e
á117 7eap7a0 a11 a11 0a1a11 11j bej00 11j07
7a110e 7a01 51111 a5117 7a01 511a111 11a Sa-
7a11aé.

SOUND OF THE ASPIRATES

b and 11 sound like w when prece-
ded or followed in the same word by
either of the three broad vowels, a, o, u,
and like v if preceded or followed by
either of the slender vowels e, j; as,---
11j0 0o70, my table, pron'ed, mo wordh.
11j0 11a7c, my ox, " warth.
a 0eap, his wife, " a vann.
a 111a11, his desire, " vee.un.
0 and 5 sound like y; as,---
a 0á11, his poem, " a yaun.
a 5eap, his affection, " yon.
7 and é sound like h; as,---
a 711a11, his bridle, " a hree.un
a éala11, his land, " a halav.
é sounds like gh in lough; p, like f,
and 7 is silent. All the aspirates ex-
cept b and 11 are mute in the middle
and at the end of words, these sound
in that position like v. 7 is silent in
the future tense of verbs; as, bua117eap0
I shall strike, pronouced, booilhadh.

"Competitive translations, a comm-
unication from Mr. O'Keeffe, extended
report of the "sentiments of our subscri-
bers" are unavoidably held back this is-
sue; all will appear in our next.

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