



# **Am Faochán** Leabhar-aithne móránál, tabaínta cum an **Teanga Gaedilse** a corrad aur a raorcuíad a<sub>ur</sub> cum **Fen-maíla Cuid na h-Eireann.**

VOL. 2. — No. 10.

AUGUST,

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.*

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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.



## Philo Celts.

The Brooklyn Philo Celtic Society's picnic comes off at Schuetzen Park on Thursday, Sept. 6th. It is to be regretted that the Irish national League's demonstration comes off on the same day. The Philo Celts had the park and all arrangements made a week before they heard of the League's demonstration. We regret this condition of affairs, because Philo Celts are at all times anxious to promote the object of the League. However, there are Irishmen enough in Brooklyn to fill more than half a dozen such parks. If the league should have ten thousand on the grounds and the Philo Celts five, there should be general satisfaction. One thing is certain, that the Irish speaking portion of our countrymen will attend the Irish language picnic, where they can chatter LANA WALA of the pure ancient language of their infancy. It will be the language of the day, and any member who uses English to those who understand him or her in Irish will be fined. In addition to Prof. Walters' excellent orchestra, the famous *piobarie ban* Prof. Egen, of N Y. has been engaged to perform on the Irish bag-pipes. The proceeds of this picnic is to promote the Irish language movement. The society has purchased a beautiful piano for use in the hall. This is a large strain on the society's resources, but it is to be hoped that the tone which the society's exertions shall give to Irish public opinion will be met with a generous and patriotic response by self respecting Irishmen.

There is none to deplore the loss of the national language with greater sorrow and regret than those who cannot speak it. They see and feel the anomaly of their position but are powerless to alter it. "How can old men learn a language?" No, certainly not, it is most difficult. But they can assist in making the youth learn it by a kindly call to the hall of the society,

to show that they appreciate it, and a generous support to acquire the necessary furnishing to conduct the exercises. Remembering that not a single individual in connection with the society receives the slightest gratuity, all working on their turn gratis and paying their *prorata* of the incidental expenses. Let all then remember the 6th of September, at Schuetzen park!

The eloquent ex-president of the society, Mr. Gilgannon, will make a Gaelic address.

McSkimming—We are pleased to see our young associate brother McSkimming, enter the journalistic field. The Hornet, of which he is the senior partner, is a well gotten up four page weekly, full of very interesting and instructive reading. Seeing that there is a large field for such a journal in Brooklyn, there can be hardly a doubt of its perfect success. Philo Celts cannot fail to take a lively interest in the Hornet, it being produced by one of their associates; and, of course it will take care, for the same reason that the interest of the society will not be forgotten in its columns. We wish the Hornet good luck and success in its career. The publication office is at 76 Myrtle Ave.

## ANOTHER GERMAN ADDED TO THE LIST OF THOSE WHO ARE PUSHING THE IRISH LANGUAGE REVIVAL.

Roehrig— We had the pleasure of a visit lately from F. L. O. Roehrig Esq., Professor of Sanskrit in Cornell University. He is a German and a proficient student of the Irish Language, in which he can converse, if not fluently, very nicely. His pronunciation of the language is wonderful, seeing that he has only book knowledge of it, and it is to improve himself he has come to New York during his vacation.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—There was no issue in June. The No. of the Vol. is the criterion of consecutive order, not the date.

**ST. PATRICK'S**  
**SALVE**  
TRY IT USE IT  
It relieves at once Burns, Piles, Chapped Hands or Lips,  
Corns, Bunions, Scalds, Bruises, Soreness of feet, hands,  
eyes, etc., Itching from any cause. 25c. Ask your drug-  
gist, or send to 92 Fulton Street, N. Y.



# THE GAELIC ALPHABET.

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

## The Boy and the Nettle.

## Vocabulary.

այլ, near	ack-ke.
ԲԱՇԱՅԱ, a boy.	boo-chail.
Բայլ, home,	wail-eh.
ԲԱՅԻՇ, touched, right to,	bawinth.
ԵՅԻ, seize, grasp,	bihr.
Ե Բ' Է. whatsoever,	kay-b-ey.
ԾԵԱՐԻՃԻԾ, did do.	yaruny.
ԾԵՈՂԲԱՅԻԾ, will do,	dhayunfy.
ԾՕՇԱՐ, harm, injury,	duchur.
ՃԱԼԵ' did sting,	yaw-ih.
ՅՕՂԻՇ' fields,	guirth.
ՅՐԱՆՊԱ, ugly,	graw-nah.
ՅՂԻՅՐ, thou doest,	knee-ir.
ՅՕ ԾԵԱՂԻ' boldly,	go tha-uun.
ԽՊՊԻՇ, playing,	imuirth.
ԽՊՊՐԻՇ, telling,	inshint.
ԼԱՅԾ, a weed, an herb,	luhiv.
ՊԱՇԱՅԻ, mother,	mawhirh.
ՊԵԱՂԾՕՅ, nettle,	nhanthoug.
ՊԻԾ, a thing,	nhee.
ՐԵԼ' ran. imp. of run,	rih.
ՐԱՇԲԱՐ, wilt go,	raugh-iss.

Ո՞ր ֆայլե Քեանտո՞ճ Բաճճալլ և Բյ ԴյՅ  
յոյրու յոր դա Յոյրու. Ո՞ր բյե րե և Բայլե  
ՅՈ Ե-Եյ և Իճճճայր, 'Յ յոյրեաճճ Եյ դաճ դ-  
Եճայրդաճ րե Գճ Բաճայր Լեյր Դո Լայճ Յրճ-  
դդա, 7 Յար ֆայլե րյ Է. "Եր րԷ ԵՈ 'Բայրե'  
Լեյլեյ, ՅՈ Եյրեաճ," և Ելլր և Իճճճայր, "Դո  
Ե-ԳճԲար Դր ֆայլե րյ Էլլ"; Դո ճԵւԵ Դայր  
Եյլե և րաճճար Էլլ յո Դյլե Լե դեանտո՞ճ,  
Ելլր Խլլեյ ՅՈ Եճայր 7 դյ ԵԵւդդաճ րյ  
ԴՈյ Եճար Եւլլ.

Ծում յօ տեղի ցե Բ' է 'ի յիժ և յիժյր

A Boy playing in the fields got stung by a Nettle. He ran home to his mother, telling her that he had

but touched the nasty weed, and it had stung him. "It was your just touching it, mo boy," said the mother, "that caused it to sting you; the next time you meddle with a nettle, grasp it tightly, and it will do you no hurt."

Do boldly what you do at all.

AN ZOBZIN SICK.

[illegible]

Եր Գղ-ձայէ Գղ ըջմիճեօրն է. ի՛յ Քար-  
 Ըէ Լիղի Յօ Ե-Բայլ Ըօղ Լօճօ Ըմիճիղ յի Ը  
 Լէյլրն ՇէյՅօղԸ, Յիճ Յար Բայլօ Գ Յօ յօր  
 ղԸ 'ղ Շօւօ Լէյլրն.

[illegible]











*Vide Gaelic  
Journal No. 66.*

## ԱՌՏՅԱՆ 'ՏԱ ՉԻՄԻՇԱՅՐ.

(Collated by E. O'KEEFE, N. Y. P. C. S.)

## Glossary.

աճճայր, amend, repair ; աղայր, collecting, heap-  
ing ; ալսւր, dignity ; աւր, myrth, pastime ; բա-  
սաճ՝ beaush, giddy ; Բ-բուայ՝ ate ; Բօժ, life, world  
ժառ, digression ; ճօրր, a feast ; ճարա, tetter :  
ճարե, a hob ; ճօղայլ, perform ; ճօղլ՝ quarrel-  
ling ; ճիւղաճ, base, vile &c. Ժողոք, strange.  
foreign ; յողոքայր, righteous ; աղ, opulence ; Լա-  
այր, leprosy ; յօղ, war, battle ; յողոք, amassing,  
յիւղաճ, skillful ; յիւղայր, champions ; յարաճայր,  
wanton ; րեսաճ, pompous.

“Այր” Բար աղ յիւ.

Ծօ ճիւղ ճիւղայր ճիւղայր Ծ-ճիւղ յա յ-օղճե,  
Ծյ ճիւղայր ճիւղայր Ծ ճիւղայր յա ճիւղայր,  
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Ծա ճիւղայր ճիւղայր ճիւղայր ճիւղայր ճիւղայր ---

Այր ճիւ,

“Ծա Բ-բույր ճիւղայր ճիւղայր ճիւղայր ճիւղայր ?  
Ծա Բ-բույր ճիւղայր ճիւղայր ճիւղայր ճիւղայր ?  
Ծա Բ-բույր ճիւղայր ?---ճիւղայր ճիւղայր ճիւղայր ;  
Աճ ճիւղայր ճիւղայր ճիւղայր ճիւղայր ճիւղայր ---

Բար աղ յիւ.

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Այր ճիւ.

“Այր ճիւղայր ճիւղայր ճիւղայր ճիւղայր ճիւղայր ճիւղայր,  
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Տա ճիւղայր ճիւղայր ճիւղայր ճիւղայր ճիւղայր ---

Այ ճիւղայր :

“Լուս ճիւղայր ճիւղայր ճիւղայր ճիւղայր ճիւղայր,  
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Աճ ճիւղայր ճիւղայր ճիւղայր ճիւղայր ճիւղայր ---



Póra me bean jr nj b-pana me plae leat."

211 Čajlleac:

'Madar le póra jr njóó tá daor é,  
Tá púnt óir ašur epóirij do éléjreac,  
Jlaófar zo h-ápo air cáirde 'h z-cúpla,  
Cum airjioo a fázajl bjóean pláta air rtiúir aca,  
21' r mar a o-aza tá látair táir do brútae.-

211 Sgota:

Zo njocfar an rajar, a Čajllj, nj léjsteair fódur  
jr daor é an njš té zo b-pórum,  
'S é ceapair-rj féij tar éir an njóó rjij,  
Zur matceir of péice té zo b-pórum.

211 Čajlleac:

Deardéa zo deirijij jr ládae é an póra,  
Ó túir an t-raoijl tá oljéijb 'r óir leir;  
Dajb 'zur Máoire, bjóeaó rjad pórtá,  
Ó uirze óij Čirjort, rjion do 'h z-cóirij:  
jr anah a bj Sé leir neah éorae.--

211 Sgota:

Há tráct, a Čajllaš, air póra ná z-cóirij,  
Mar nj pad ašur féij ceair de na fórt ran,  
21éit jomurca meahz 'r oioó-éóirijle,  
O' fáz anoir tú aš rjúdál na nj-bóirje.

211 Čajlleac:

Madar leir an njó rjij fáz ad óeoó é,  
Éirt zo roair 'r ná clujrfead njor mó tú,  
21šur haeó tuirje eile, óš 'r aoróa,  
Le 'h éijneahijij éeudha óij beair ba claoha.

211 Sgota:

Madar le claoj jr ré jr cóirij tuir,  
21 bejt rceala na déirje air éaob na nj-bóirje;  
21éit déardéa zo deirijij mar b-fázáo-ra fóirijte,  
Zo padfao 'r an zoill a njajš a njóóur.--

211 Čajlleac:

Seacuir an njó rjij éoiré, a cládaire,  
21irerijš o' ašje 'r rjreao air an majšdeah,  
Tá aice rtor zo leor ašur roirijrjš;  
Njor ceairmad rj rjajš epóide na fadóirje.--

211 Sgota:

Tá m' fadóirje-rj caice le realz mar atá mé!  
jr ruad é mo h-ata 'r jr folair mo hála!  
Tá mo bróza birje, nj'l rjufm air mo fála!  
21' cá b-fujl aonduirje éó airijr jr táir-rj?

211 Čajlleac:

21 šairrúij lojteó jhalluj o' m' éoirje arrijš,  
Do oljé na nj-abrcaijb b' féara túir rtióóá,  
Mar ré deir na fájair mar éeazaz do óaoirje,  
Zur dor na nj-boet do ceapaz na flajéir mar  
raoirjeaeó.

211 Sgota:

(Do bejt leahá.)

Send The GAEL to your friends in the Old Land.



DO CLÓDUIRE AN 3210021L-  
21 SAOI.---

1

21H77 AN 17B17 0ÉJ3107AC 0E'7 3A00AL,  
DO léj3 me lejt77 0 "30bÁ7 7A077,"  
21 3CÁ0Á77 77777777 7777 AN 3A0013E;  
21 070077 cl0b777777 3A0 777 377777.

2

7777 7A07 307377A 0777 A 0-0A00.  
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07 7777 77777777 3-0077777777 lejt77;  
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3

77 377777 le 3A077 [77 AN 0A07777777,  
21 0777 7777 3777-3777, 7777 77 077777;  
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4

777777 77 7007 le 21777777 7777 le77-77;  
777777 77 7007 le 21777777 7777 77777777;  
777777 77 7007 le 77777777 7777 77777777,  
"But we must humor the old man!"

5

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77 777777 AN 77777777 077777 7777 7A07 0077;  
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le777 DO 3770 07777777 0777777777,  
217777 0777 777777 777777 0A00AL.

E21210707 17 02107217.

#### EXECUTIONS IN MAY.

The hanging of Brady, Curley and Fagan, add others to the list of many notable executions that have taken place in the month of May. Among these Garnett, the Gun powder Plot conspirator, hanged in St. Paul's Churchyard on the 3rd. of May, 1606; Captain Kidd, the famous pirate, on the 23rd. of May, 1701; Vaughan, the first forger of Bank of England notes, on the 11th. May, 1758; Lord Ferrers, for the murder of his steward, at Tyburn, on the 5th. of May, 1760; Bellingham, for the murder of Mr. Perceval, at the Old Bailey on the 18th. of May 1812; the Cato street conspirators—Thistlewood, Brunt, Ings, Davidson and Tidd—at the Old Bailey, on the 1st. of May, 1820; and James Greenacre, for the murder of Hannah Brown, on the 2nd. of May, 1837. One of the most terrible executions on record took place in France on the 27th. of May, 1610, when Ravaillac was put to death with the most elaborate tortures for the murder of King Henry IV.

Cork Exam r.

Michael O'Kelly and the Emperor Joseph of Austria.

O'Kelly, who had been an officer in the Austrian service, took a fancy to the stage, and was assigned by Mozart the part of the stuttering judge in the production of "Nozze di Figaro" which he brought out in Vienna, and so well did he acquit himself that he got an invitation to join an opera engagement in London, and our hero, who desired nothing better than to try his fortune on the English stage, made up his mind to solicit leave of absence from the Emperor, who who was then at Schonbrunn. Having obtained an audience, he found Joseph surrounded by a half dozen General officers, among whom was his own compatriot, General Kavanagh, who addressed a few words to him in Irish, to which, not understanding them, he made no answer. "What, O'Kelly," said the Emperor, "don't you speak the language of your own country?" "Please your Majesty," replied Kelly "none but the lower orders of the people speak Irish." Joseph burst into a loud laugh, and the unfortunate speaker recollecting in whose presence he stood was ready "to bite his tongue off" for mortification. However, either the General did not or would not hear the unlucky phrase, and the desired leave was granted.—*Belgravia*.

#### GAS FORBIDDEN ON THE ALTAR

The "Acta Sanctae Sedis," just received, published the decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, given in answer to a question of the Right Rev. Bishop of Newark N. J., in reference to the use of gas on the altar. It forbids positively the use of gas on the altar either for the purpose of illumination or to add to the solemnity of divine ceremonies.

We invite Gaelic correspondence from all persons whether belonging to classes or otherwise. The essay of the most backward will be as welcome as the productions of the most learned. Remember students, whether backward or proficient, that the very best way to improve is to practise. We shall attend to all as far as our resources will permit, and we shall observe the following rules in regard to Gaelic correspondence,—ordinarily—we shall publish in the order of reception, giving preference only to new correspondents—learned or otherwise, also short communications will get preference, because we are limited in Gaelic type. Hence let not our students be backward; their communications will be appreciated as much as those of the greatest prominence in Gaelic matters.

Send One Dollar for the GAEL; it will teach you to speak and write Irish, please send one, two, or three cent stamps. or a postal order.



## JOHN OF TUAM.

By Esmeralda Doyle.

Why did you not assail the great *John of Tuam* himself? He would not have shrunk from your persecutions, but with his mitre on his head, and his crozier in his hand, he would have walked in his pontifical vestment into goal and smiled disdainfully upon you.—*From Irish State Trial.*

The following poem was suggested by these words found in the accounts given of the trial of O'Connell, the great Irish patriot, the liberator, the resplendent figure shining as though clad in supernatural armor, down the vista of years, of patriots, of martyrs! All who are familiar with Irish history during the past fifty years must necessarily know the name of "*John of Tuam*," "the Lion of the Fold of Judah," that grand old man, Bishop McHale of Ireland, whose story has lately been told in Irish and English by the pen of that gentleman distinguished in literary circles, the Very Reverend Canon Ulick J. Bourke, known in Europe and America as a profound scholar.

There was one who had striven in storm and in sun  
For the weal of his country, the love of his God,  
Whose feet trod the dust of the battle-field won  
Where patriot sleep under Erin's green sod.

As verdant as hills of his dear native home,  
Bright *O'len-an-oir* of the song and the sword,  
In the sun burst of Erin where'er he may roam,  
To the Irishman's heart, be he peasant or lord.

'Tis an emblem that tells of the land on the sea,  
Whose waves kiss the rocks and the shell-gilded shore;

Yet not as our banner that waves for the free,  
For liberty lives now in Erin no more.

There was one who had striven in storm and in sun  
For the weal of his country, the love of his God,  
Whose feet trod the dust of a battle-field won,  
Where patriots sleep under Erin's green sod.

His fame is the fame of that loyalist race,  
Who hold to the faith their forefathers taught,  
And never for title, for gold, or for place,  
Bent the knee unto idols that traitors have wrought.

He was brave as the lion that guardeth his fold,  
As strong as those chiefs that proud history owns  
Unscathed he went forth with his banner unrolled,  
Through a phalanx of foes to the throne of all thrones.

To the foot of that throne where the King of all kings

Is, was, and shall be, past days that we know,  
Where the green and gold banner as fair as earth's springs,

In the hands of the bishop grows whiter than snow.

For the emblem of Purity always is white;  
The emblem of chastity, sign of the blest;  
O, valiant in virtue, poor Ireland's knight,  
May the God of the faithful reward thee withrest.

Kansas Herald.

## IRISH PROVERBS.

Proverbs owe their origin to the sayings of wise men, allusions of ancient poets, the customs and manners of nations, they are adapted to common use as ornaments of speech, set rules of instruction, arguments of wisdom, to which time has given assent, and maxims of undeniable truth. The peculiar veneration which the Irish have for their ancient proverbs, has given rise to a well known assertion:

Ní réir le dhéanamh fadhb do fáilíocht.

John O'Donovan.

1. dhéanann sé do fáilíocht 'r í n-ádhmhaíocht.  
The rare jewel is the most beautiful

2. dhéanann sé do fáilíocht 'r í n-ádhmhaíocht.  
A blind man is no judge of colors.

3. dhéanann sé do fáilíocht 'r í n-ádhmhaíocht.  
When the cat, is out the mice dance

4. dhéanann sé do fáilíocht 'r í n-ádhmhaíocht.  
When the old hag is in danger she must run.

5. dhéanann sé do fáilíocht 'r í n-ádhmhaíocht.  
Even a fool has luck.

6. dhéanann sé do fáilíocht 'r í n-ádhmhaíocht.  
A mouth of ivy, a heart of holly.

7. dhéanann sé do fáilíocht 'r í n-ádhmhaíocht.  
The historian's food is truth.

8. dhéanann sé do fáilíocht 'r í n-ádhmhaíocht.  
Fierceness is often hidden under beauty.

9. dhéanann sé do fáilíocht 'r í n-ádhmhaíocht.  
There is often anger in a laugh.

10. dhéanann sé do fáilíocht 'r í n-ádhmhaíocht.  
A good dress often hides a deceiver

11. dhéanann sé do fáilíocht 'r í n-ádhmhaíocht.  
Fame is more lasting than life.

12. dhéanann sé do fáilíocht 'r í n-ádhmhaíocht.  
A foolish word is folly.

13. dhéanann sé do fáilíocht 'r í n-ádhmhaíocht.  
The church that has no music is poor indeed.

14. dhéanann sé do fáilíocht 'r í n-ádhmhaíocht.  
Lay up in time.

15. dhéanann sé do fáilíocht 'r í n-ádhmhaíocht.  
Mild to the meek.

(to be continued.)

Éilic Hardiman.



New York, July 14th, '83.

## IN UNITATE SALUS.

## I

Let the traitor stand aside  
     From our cause,  
 And the foolish bigot hide  
     From our cause  
 None but trusty men and tried,  
 By their manhood glorified,  
 Shall be with us, side by side,  
     For our cause

*Equal rights and Equal laws :*

Send this cry to the sky,  
 Till it circles round the world :  
*Irish lands for Irish hands,*  
 And dissension outward hurled  
 Raise it higher, day by day,  
 Let no timid fancies sway,  
 Let no thinking have its way,  
 By no slavish fear affrighted ;  
 And we'll see a better time,  
 Free of fraud, and force, and crime,  
 If our brothers in each clime  
 Are all lovingly united.

## II

Who were the men who fought and bled  
     For our cause  
 Who dyed our green field's shamrocks red  
     For our cause  
 Who faced our foes with fearless tread,  
 Showed no servile, drooping head,  
 Though their guns should shoot them dead  
 Never swerved and never fled.  
 But gave them blow for blow, and said :  
     For our cause ;

*We'll have equal rights and laws.*  
 Nor shall we within our sea  
 Bend a craven's supple knee  
 But we will struggle for our right  
 And obtain our liberty !  
 Men they were, in open day,  
 Who knelt at different shrines to pray,  
 Our proven, purest, best were they.  
 Their hopes and lives were plighted ;  
 Staunch to Ireland to the last,  
 Firm as oaks in winters blast,  
 With hers their fate freely cast,  
 They nailed their colours to the mast,  
 Flung contention to the past,  
 And lived and died united !

## III

Through the lives our heroes gave,  
     For our cause,  
 On the mountain-ridge and wave,  
     For our cause ;  
 Through the tortures of the slave,  
 Through the best blood of the brave,  
 Through each martyr's sacred grave  
     For our cause,

*We'll have equal rights and laws ;*  
 And have homes of our own,  
 And a Senate of our choice,  
 If we stand for our land  
 With united heart and voice !  
 O'er our memories, wild and strong,  
 Let eight hundred years of wrong  
 And their hatred sweep along,  
 And our peaceful prayers are slighted :  
 Now let us sue as men should do—  
 Fearless, firm, unwavering, true,  
 And show the world at last this view :  
 That Ireland's sons are all united !

Editor of the GAEL,

Dear Sir: At a recent uptown festive gathering of Irishmen in this city the subject of Irish books, journals, &c. was discussed first incidentally until at last it occupied the attention of the whole party. Among the papers whose contents were freely commented upon the "Gaelic Journal" of Dublin and "Gael" of Brooklyn received extended notice and comment. The party were up in sides for their favorite journals. One of them coolly asserted that the "Gaelic Journal" of Dublin has not redeemed its promise by enlarging on its Irish matter in its contents and that it does not come regularly to its subscribers, while another spoke in its praise and expected better things when that society settled down to work. One downright enthusiast said that the Gael of Brooklyn is the best Irish paper out yet, that it has lived longer, and was the first to lead the way and as it is now here among us it ought to be supported. This was the signal for the liveliest discussion yet; one of the party said that there was nothing in its contents deserving of support, neither did he think think there was anything bright about the editor. Here he was pushed to give his reasons for saying so, and also a strong pressure was brought to bear on him to show why he did not write something himself to that paper, since its present contents did not suit his taste; but he said he should not write any letter to that paper and if he did it would be such a one as its owner would not dare to print.

At this point of the discussion he was told that if he had the courage of his convictions he ought to write at once to the Gael and wait the result. He did so, signing his name Gubane Sier. It is needless to say that the friends of the Gael are highly elated over the pluck of the editor who has the letter inserted word for word in the July number with a long commentary and an invitation to any others who keep such letters by them to send them on. This is highly satisfactory to nearly all of them, the only drawback to this gratification is the omission of Mr. Edmond O'Keefe's name in the letter, the gentleman mentioned with the Editor, and who was looked to as not only able to stand the brunt of a criticism but also capable of inditing an answer in as good and correct Irish as the Gubane Sier himself, and who has been a regular teacher of Irish classes at different schools for some years back. It is hoped however, that he will be heard from in this connection. The Gubane is taken aback by the promptness and push of the Editor, whom he took to be a different man; he is not dismayed however, but will be likely to write something else before long, from what I hear.

I regret that I cannot read the Irish of your journal thoroughly yet, but as you carry on an educational department for beginners, I would like you to send it to my address. I enclose one dollar.

Yours resp.

James O'Connor



## SONGS OF OUR LAND.

Sad as the wind through the mid-winter forest  
 When its glory of greenness is witnessed no  
 more,  
 And weird as the wail of a *caoine* on a mountain,  
 Or the lone midnight roll of the waves on the  
 shore;  
 And solemn and slow as the words that are spoken  
 When we take the loved dying at last by the hand  
 Ere the spirit is parted, the fillit is broken—  
 Is the spirit that saddens the Songs of our Land!

## II

Tender and sweet as the songs in mid-summer  
 That are swelling their chorus from Nature  
 to God;  
 And cheering and fresh as the hue of the sham-  
 rock  
 The emblem of Erin that springs from the sod;  
 And gentle as dew by a willow-fringed river,  
 That are dropped in its tide as it rolls to the  
 strand,  
 Is the spirit that sings through our music forever—  
 The spirit that mellows the Songs of our Land.

## III

Glad as the smile of the sun in the morning,  
 When its splendour of shining is shed on the  
 hills,  
 And sweeping and swift as the stream of a torrent  
 That is fed with the bounty of far-flashing rills;  
 And stern and strong as the voice of the thunder,  
 When the timid are quaking, the boldest un-  
 manned,  
 Is the tone of our music—the wide world, won-  
 der—  
 The undying soul of the Songs of our Land.

## IV

Shall they pine, shall they perish, those songs  
 of our nation,  
 Is there love from them yet in the Land of  
 their birth:  
 From those children of Genius, those orphans  
 of ages,  
 Those chords that are turned to our heart.  
 strings through earth?  
 Ah, perish the thought! let the doubt be for-  
 saken!  
 All tender, and solemn, and cheering, and  
 grand;  
 When from long nights of sorrow the isle shall  
 awaken,  
 They will live, they *must* live, those sweet  
 Songs of our Land!

*From Songs For Freedom, by Father McHale.*

Every Irishman should get a copy  
 of the Dublin Gaelic Journal, its price  
 is only six shillings a year. It and the  
 GAEL are the only papers published in  
 the Irish Language.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H.K. Bunkerhill Kas. writes—Please let me  
 know through the correspondence column of the  
 Gael if I can purchase an Irish song-book in the  
 Gaelic language or are Moore's poems translated?  
 You can get Moore's poems, translated by the  
 late Archbishop McHale at this office for fifty  
 cents.

[Your communication was mislaid or you should  
 have this answer before now. Ed. G.]

Dr. Hugo Schuchardt, professor of Romance  
 Philology, University of Gratz, Styria, Austria,  
 has been elected a member of the Council of the  
 Gaelic Union. Other German members of the  
 council are Abbe de Smedt, St. Michael's College,  
 Brussels, Drs. Zimmer, Deventer and Windish,  
 and Prof. Geisler.

We hope some of our American friends will  
 become members of the council. The cost is on-  
 ly \$5 a year, and includes a copy of the Gaelic  
 Journal, monthly for the same period.

W.B. Phil. Pa. We consider that N.Y. being  
 the accepted metropolis of the country, would be  
 the most desirable place to erect a Gaelic hall.  
 Should Brooklyn become a part of New York, as  
 now is being spoken of, a site could be purchased  
 there cheaply. The erection of one would be a  
 most patriotic idea, and our wealthy countrymen  
 could not have a more lasting monument to their  
 patriotism than such a hall. A nice hall could be  
 built for about \$100,000.

P.K. Kansas City.—Having regard for the ad-  
 vancement of the Irish Language movement, we  
 have resolved to exclude from the columns of the  
 Gael all matters relating to politics, so that all who  
 desire to join in promoting that patriotic idea may  
 patronize the Gael without being subjected to per-  
 sonal annoyance by seeing matter in it which they  
 may not relish. There are various publications  
 exclusively devoted to such matters as you advert  
 to—The United Irishman, The Irish World, the  
 Democrat etc. and we have no doubt but your sen-  
 timents could be freely expressed through them.  
 Nevertheless, you may rest assured that while we  
 conduct it no anti national sentiment shall invade  
 the columns of the Gael.

The Dublin Gaelic Union is laboring energeti-  
 cally to have the education of the children in Ir-  
 ish speaking districts cultivated through the me-  
 dium of the mother tongue, and has produced  
 strong and conclusive arguments in support of the  
 necessity of adopting such course, if the children  
 are to be properly and efficiently instructed.

The president of the Gaelic Union, Right Hon.  
 the O'Connor Don, has waited on the secretary  
 of the Treasury in reference to the Ashburnham  
 MSS. and states that he has no doubt but the re-  
 sult will be satisfactory. This MSS. has been no-  
 ticed in a previous number of the Gael.



So. Boston,  
July 21, '83.

Dear Sir.

I am highly pleased with the Gael, and think it greatly to the discredit, and unseemingly apathy of Irishmen that there is not a journal of like character published in every large city in the country.

My neglect to communicate before was on account of severe illness.

Though not born on Irish soil, yet I am not unmindful of the land from which my ancestors sprang, fully believing with Tacitus that the language of the conqueror in the mouth of the conquered is ever the tongue of the slave and that the revival of the olden tongue is but a fitting prelude to the regeneration of Ireland, which through it must be accomplished. A free Ireland without the language for its fountain-head would be an anomaly, and those that think or suggest it are enemies of their country.

I remain yours truly,  
J.J. O'Brien.

In concluding a long communication Mr. F.O.D. Nightingale of Atkinson Neb. writes.—

In describing the appalling terrors of the famine of 1847, Maurice Richard Leyne (the peer of Meagher in eloquence) said in "Conciliation Hall Dublin" that the "frame of the strong man was bent from inanition", and that "the bloom of beauty was faded from the cheek of infancy", and now after 36 years more of cursed alien rule, the religious, virtuous, brave, and generous sons and daughters of Ireland, are allowed to

"Go down to the—dust  
From whence they sprung  
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

Mr. Nightingale also sends the following verses—

British Specimens of the Resources of Civilization.

About christianizing India,  
You make a wondrous noise,  
Your bloated bigots bibles send,  
To christianize Sepoys.  
But before you make a convert,  
Of whom you'll have no doubt,  
In shreds you'll have to blow him,  
From your Christian cannon's mouth.

The Sepoys blown from cannon's mouth,  
Are loyal to the core (?)  
Therefore they are not frightened by  
Your Royal Lion's roar.

Your Butchers in Afghanistan  
Have got their hands too full  
Annihilation stares them,  
Before they leave Cabul.

Written at the time of Gen. Butcher Robert's retreat from Cabul.

#### RIGORS OF THE PENAL CODE.

When the aged Countess of Salisbury, sister to the late Earl of Warwick, and mother of Cardinal Pole, was commanded to lay her head on the block at the age of seventy, "My head", said she with dignity, "never committed treason, so if you must have it, take it as you can."

It is said that the execution of Sir Thomas More, who succeeded Wolsey as chancellor of England, preyed more on Henry VIII.'s mind than that of any other incident which took place during that tyrant's unhallowed reign. More's only crime was that he would not acknowledge Henry as the head of the Church. It must be borne in mind that during Henry's reign very little change was made in the Articles of the "reformed" code, and were in bulk as follows,—

It admitted transubstantiation and the mass.

It enforced auricular confession and monastic vows.

It peremptorily required the celibacy of the clergy.

It did not altogether renounce the intercession of the saints, nor forbid respect to their relics.

It is asserted that this confession escaped Henry's lips at the hour of death—"I never scrupled to deprive any person I pleased of life or honor," "my friends," added he, "we have lost all; our kingdom, reputation, conscience, nay, heaven itself." No wonder he should become conscience smitten. Having divorced Catherine, his first and lawful wife, beheaded Anne Boleyn, his second, Jane Seymour, his third dying, divorced Anne of Cleves, his fourth, beheaded Catherine Howard, his fifth, and we presume a similar fate would have waited his sixth, Catherine Parr, had time remained to him. He died in his 59th year.

Rumors have lately been prevalent relative to the conversion to Catholicity of Duke Paul Mecklenburg Schwerin, married to the Princess Marie of Windischgraetz. These would seem somewhat confirmed by a telegram from Berlin dated May 15th., to the *Euganeo*, of Padua, announcing, that Duke Paul Frederic of Mecklenburg Schwerin has been banished from the Granducal Castle for having chosen, contrary to the orders of his brother the Grand Duke to have baptised with the Catholic rite in place of the Lutheran form, his second son in deference to the wishes of the mother of the infant, a Princess of Windischgaetz, who is at present in Nice. The Duke will become a Catholic, and will take up his residence in Vienna."

*London Tablet.*

When Sir Thomas More, who succeeded Wolsey in the chancellorship of England, was in prison for refusing to acknowledge Henry VIII. as the head of the Church, he wrote with a coal, so that writing material must have been pretty scarce in England at that time.



That the cultivation and preservation of the language of a nation is the most patriotic cause in which its people could engage is admitted by all. It is the fountain, from which spring the thoughts and associations of infancy. With it are entwined sentiments which cannot be eradicated from the mind. The most lukewarm nationalist admits the singularly peculiar anomaly of a nation permitting its language to perish. The Irish people *en mass* would gladly practice and revive the language were it not for the trouble of learning it. Now, the trouble is not so much. About two years' of ordinary application would enable any one to obtain a fair knowledge of it. If every Irishman and woman resolved to give a little assistance to the work, and set the wheel in active motion, in a short time sensible progress would be made. The most effective mode of spreading the movement for the revival of the language is to multiply Gaelic literature. There are hundreds of thousands who would not go to the trouble of procuring dear books from which to acquire a knowledge of the language that would be very glad to know something about it if they got the material from which to learn within reasonable reach. It is then the duty of all to see that this material is at hand, and the support of Gaelic publications will supply it.

The fourth Biennial Convention of the Catholic Knights of America held in St. Louis during the month of May was a grand success. The election resulted as follows:

Supreme Spiritual Director, Rt. Rev. J. L. Spaulding, of Peori, Ill.

Supreme President, Hon. W.E. Russell, of Lebanon, Ky.

Supreme vice-president, R.A. Davis of B'klyn, N. Y.

Supreme Sect., John J. Thompson of St. Louis, Mo.

Supreme Treas., M.J. O'Brien, of Chattanooga, Tenn.

Supreme Medical Examiner, Dr. E. Miles Willett, of Memphis, Tenn.

Supreme Trustees, J.J. Duffey, of Memphis, Tenn.; P.J. O'Rourke, of Ft. Wayne, Ind.; B.H. Ereslage, of Cincin, Ohio,

It was decided to hold the next Supreme Convention in N.Y. in 1885.

#### Officers' Salaries.

Supreme President	\$600.00
Supreme Treasurer	800.00
Supreme Secretary	2000.00

This closed one more convention of importance. We trust that in the next convention, in 1885, the name of C. K. of A. will be a household word in every house in America.

Whatever befalls a woman she will use *her tongue*! How different from the *nature of woman* must be the majority of Irishmen!

#### The Old *versus* The Modern Letter.

Considerable discussion has been carried on for some time relative to the employment of the modern Roman letter in Gaelic composition. We do not believe the modern letter will ever be extensively employed because it looks so cumbersome when the h is used to denote aspiration. We have been reading Irish since we were able to read anything, yet we must pause considerably in reading the language in the modern letter. Mr. Gilganon, ex-prest. of the P.C.S. learned to read Irish in the modern letter—when he joined the society he strongly favored its adoption, but after some weeks, when he came in on the old letter, he would not have the modern at all, and so it would be with all. But, as Father Bourke observes, let those who want the Roman letter have it; anything to extend the movement.

If any of our correspondents write to us in the modern letter, and desire its insertion therein, provided it did not occupy too much space, we would be very far from ignoring it. Some of our Gaelic students have declared that they would rather not see Gaelic printed at all than to see it badly done; others might say that they would sooner be without it than to see it in the modern Roman letter. Now, although we are unalterably attached to the old letter, yet, we differ with both—we shall publish all efforts at composition—practice will improve—and in both letters, because we believe that all interested in the promotion of the movement should be conciliated, and we hope and trust that all who are sincerely desirous of popularizing the movement will put their foot on those dogmatic criticsers who air themselves as *the* solons of Irish literature. If no person wrote Irish until he became a perfect master of it, Gaelic correspondence would be very rare indeed. As this journal has been founded for the purpose of extending a knowledge of the language, it invites all efforts to that end. We would sooner see a communication in it from a pupil than from a professor. Practice will obtain perfection.

PROF. HUTCHINSON, in one of his lectures, mentioned a very interesting fact ascertained in Berlin. Among Roman Catholics who prohibit marriages between near relations, the proportion of deaf mutes is one in 3,000; among Protestants who look upon such marriages as permissible the proportion is one in 2,000: while among Jews, who encourage inter-marriage with blood relations the deaf mutes are as one in 400.

Please when sending postage stamps to send one, two, or three cent ones, as larger ones are inconvenient, being seldom used and the post-office officials not inclined to change them.

P.T. Neb. The office of Rossa's paper, the *United Irishman* is 12 Chambers st. N.Y. It is a dynamite journal.







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 ters relating to the West of Ireland  
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