

Leaban-aithyr m'ioraigh, tabaínta cum an Teanga Saedilse a coinnad a'ur a raonúisad a'ur cum Fén-maíla Cinn na h-Éireann.

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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.*

Published at 814 Pacific st., Brooklyn, N. Y., by
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therefore apparent.

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Philo Celts.

The Philo Celtic picnic at Scheutzen park on September 6th should be patronized by all Irishmen. It represents a sentiment which is near and dear to the Irish race, namely, the cultivation and preservation of the language of their unfortunate country. It is time, in this civilized age, for the Irish people to emerge from the bondage in which tyranny has bound them for the last seven centuries. Though the chains of material bondage are yet gnawing the vitals of our kindred at home, let Irishmen show that in this free land they can be no longer bound in mental bondage. The cultivation of the language has been undertaken to break the latter chains, and all patriotic Irishmen will assist in its accomplishment. Then let all attend the Irish Language picnic on the 6th of September.

Dunlevy—Miss Dunlevy occupied the president's desk a few evenings since to the delight of her associates.

Gallagher—The Misses Gallagher attend the meetings, heat or cold.

The Misses Dwyer, Peyton, and Riley are on the absentee list.

Murray—Miss Fanny O'N. Murray has been much pleased because of the large number of young ladies and gents who have joined the society lately.

Kearney—Miss Kearney is an enthusiast student.

Costello—Miss Nora T. Costello P.C. Treasurer thinks the P.C. movement the most patriotic idea that engages the attention of Irishmen, because it generates a sentiment which, when ripened, cannot be subdued.

Gilgannon—Mr. D. Gilgannon ex-prest. of the P.C.S., has been too interestedly engaged in business matters to take his usual summer vacation. However he takes a run to Coney Island and Rockaway Beach now and again to enjoy the salubrious air of these resorts.

Finn—Prest. Finn summered at the Catskills.

Kyne—Our friend Mr. J. Kyne has enjoyed his vacation at New London, and through the adjacent resorts. He returns quite vigorous and

happy.

Morrissey—Mr. P. Morrissey and family summered at Stamford Conn. where he met a large number of Gaels able to converse in native tongue (How odd that all Gaels would not be able to do so.)

Graham—Mr. P.S. Graham contented himself with odd runs to Coney I. and Rockaway Beach.

Casey—Our friend Mr. Wm. Sarsfield Casey has buried himself in the mountains during the summer.

O'Rorke—We regret to have to announce the death of Miss O'Rorke, the daughter of Mr. E. O'Rorke, a firm friend of the Philo Celtic movement, and a lineal descendant of the regal house of Breffney.

PICNIC COMMITTEES.

FLOOR COM.—M. J. HEANY, CHAIRMAN.
LENNON, HYLAND, FLAHERTY,
McSKIMMING, DEELY, COSTELLO, LACY,
WALSH, SLOAN.

RECEPTION—

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GATE—MESSRS. GRAHAM, CURDEN,
LACEY, SLOAN, LOGAN.

MANAGEMENT—

MESSRS. GRAHAM, HEANY, HYLAND, P.F. LACEY, SLOAN.

We have received a large manuscript volume of Munster poetry from Mr. Thos. Fitzgerald of St. Mary's Ks. It was written in the latter part of the last and the early part of this century. Mr. Fitzgerald states that it has never appeared in print. As soon as we can master the numerous contractions which are employed by the writers, we shall publish it in the Gael from time to time. It will undoubtedly prove interesting to our Munster friends! We thank Mr. Fitzgerald for his kindness in placing it at our disposal.

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.



TRJD JNNJS FÉIJL.
[Through Erin's Isle]
Fonh—21b1h Cnócar.

Trjd Jhnyr-Fájl,
213 nyh'ò jh 'dáj
Trá žluajr žrác žur žajrže,
'žur rž 'h žny žéj
Sjudal leo 'ra b-feur
'Scejt žaete ó h-a žajrže;
21j feač ha ržže
Trj feur čny-člaojže
Faoj čnyčta dealha, řalužče,
'žur é čo žlar
Le řmáróž deař
Trjd řčátā čnyřčl calcužče.
21h t-reamjóž, čā žlar řjor-buan h
t-reamjóž!
De čujlleož řžajč,
213 řjle 'r řlajč
Fār Čjpe aňāj h t-reamjóž.

213 žajrže, 213 řác,
"S čam čā řaoj blāt,
Na řeožde mājōne čraođaňujl."
"Nj h-aňla čā,"
Do řreažajr žrác,
"Le m' řearāh-r' h ojl' aojbeaňujl."
21č deařč 'ra b-feur
Trj člaojž 'h t-ržž žeur,
žur' žajr āj feač ha řpéjpe:
"Na řžojčrč h blāt
Čā 'r čnyř mār řčāt,
žrác, žajrže 'r žreā h h-Čjpe!"
O h t-reamjóž, čā žlar, řjor-buan,
h t-reamjóž!
De čujlleož řžajč,
213 řjle 'r řlajč,
Fār Čjpe aňāj h t-reamjóž!

Co ořlyr řjor,
břčeač čeahj žo řjor
21h čujhž h lā ū čeahžājl,
'S āj eřč h žajč,
Na čujčeač čāt,
21h čomblajr h o řāňujl!
žlāhač žo h-euž
21h žrác čnyř bneuž,
O 'h hžorč čā řaoj 'h ā hāorřāčč,
'S hā čóž'č žo čeo,
21 bñat řa hžleo,
žajrže 'h āžajč ha řaořřāčč;

O an t-reamjóž, čā žlar, řjor-buan,
h t-reamjóž!
De čujlleož řžajč
213 řjle 'r řlajč,
Fār Čjpe aňāj h t-reamjóž!

We would wish to remind those pro-English *sho-nens* who turn up their noses and sneer at those who are laboring to preserve and cultivate the time honored language of Ireland that none but the lower order of the Irish people spoke English two hundred years ago. The princes and nobles of Ireland were well versed in their own language, the French Latin, and Spanish; the English being looked on at that time as a mere gibberish undeserving of cultivation. This was demonstrated in the article on Prince O'Rourke in another page.

It was the *low* Irish who were obliged to go to service to the stranger to earn their living that introduced the English language in Ireland, and it is the descendants of these same *low* Irish who are the greatest curse to Ireland today. Through dire necessity they lost their language and now they would fain belittle it. Apply to those renegades the fable of "The Fox Without a Tail", and you have their full measure. It is the descendants of these "Big House Scullions" who are glib with their English. Picture to yourself the class of Italians who come out here to earn their bread and who return home after a few years full of English and you have a parallel to the English speaking Irishman of a century ago. Of course, English tyranny and usurpation reduced Irish nobles to such a condition of serfdom that their descendants had to go earn their living to strangers, but the above were the introducers of the English language in Ireland.

Go into the Gaelic class-rooms and you cannot fail to observe the self-respecting demeanor of those who compose the classes. In their countenances may be read, "England, you may bind our limbs by brute force, but our tongue and mind, never!"

The Easy Lessons will be continued in the next issue of the Gael. The First Book is given in nos 7 and 8. The Second and Third will be given in the succeeding numbers.

We have been much disappointed in getting books from Dublin lately. We hope those ordering them will have a little patience. If books can't be had money will be returned.

The first copy of the New York Sun was published on Sept. 3d., 1833, by Ben. H. Day. The size of the paper was 18x10, and the "staff" consisted of "himself." The weekly circulation of it now is 1,000,000 copies.

May the GAEL thus increase?

ա շօր 30 Բ-ԲԱՅԼԱՅՈՒ ղԵԱՇ ԵՐ ՇԵՆԵՅ՝ ԴԱ ԵՄԻ
 ԴԵՐ ԵՐ 30 ՄԵՅԵԾԵԱԾ ԴԵ ՃԼԱԿԱԾ 7 ԱՅ ԼԵՅ-
 ՅԵԱԾ ԵՐ ՔԱՔԵՐԻ ԵՒ ԱՅՐԵ ԼԵ ՕՇԵ ՄՅՈՐԱ
 ԵՄՅ ՅԱՒ Ա ԼԱԿ Ա ԵՒՐ ԵՄՅԱԾ. ԲՐԵԱԼԼ
 ԱՅՐԲԱՒ 7 ԱՅԻ Ա ԼԵՅԵԾԵ. ԱԼԵ ՄՅՈ ԼՈՄ, ԵՂ
 Ա ԵՒՂԵԱԼ ԵՄՅԱԾԱՅԼ ԴԱ ԵՄԻ ԴԵՐ, ԴՄՅՐԵԾԵ
 ԲՐԵԱՅ ՅՐԵԱՅԱԾ, ԲՐԵՄՅԱԾ, ՅԼԵՄԻԾԱ, ԿԱԲ-
 ԱԾ, Ա Բ-ԲԱՅԼ ԱՒ ԵՐՄԱՒ ԼԵ ՔԱԾ ԱԵՒ ԵՐԵԱԾ
 ղԵԱՇ Ղ-ԵՄՅՐԲԱՅԵՐԻ ԱՒ ԴՅՒ ՄԱՅԵՐԻ Ա Ե-ԵՄ-
 ԴԵ 7 Ա Ե-ԵՄԱՅՅԱՒ, ԱԵ ԴՒՂ Ա Բ-ԲԱՅԼ ԱՒՂԵԱԼ:
 ԵՐԼՅԱՅՐԵԱԾԵ. ԵՂ ՄԵՅԵԾԵԱԾ ՄԱՅԵ ԵՄՂ
 Ա ՔԱԾ ԼԵԱԾ, ԵՄԱՅԲԱՅՒՂ ԵՂԱՅԻ ԵՒՐ՝ ԵՐ
 ղԱ ԴՐԵԱՅԲԱՅՒ ՐՈ ԲԱՒԱԾԵ ԱՅԵ 7 ԵՐՅՅԱՅ
 ԵՐ ՅԱՐԵԱԾ ԵՐՂ ղՄԱՅԵՐԻ Ա ԵՐԱՒ ԱՅԻ Ա
 ԴՅՒ, ՕՒՐ ԵՂ Ա Յ-ԵՒՐԲԵԱ ՕՐԵՐՈՒ ղԱ ԵՒՂԵ-
 ՂԵ ԱՐԵԱԾ ԵՒ Ա Յ-ԵՐՅՅՂԵ ԵՂ ԴՄՅՐԵԾԵ
 ԵՂ ղԱ ԵՂԱՅ ԴՒՂ ՅԱՒ ԵՂԱՅ ԱՅՒՐ ղՂ ԲՅՒ
 ԵՂ Ա ղՄԱՅԱԾ. ԵՒՐԱՅԻ Ա Ղ-ԵՄԴԵ ԵՐ
 ԼԵՅՐԵԱԾԵՒԱՅ ԱՒ ղՅՈ ԼԵՅԵՐԻ Ա Ե-ԵՂԱՐ ԵՂ
 ԴՅՈԼԱՅՒԾԵ.---"ԱԼԵ ԵՂ ԲԱՅԵԾԵՐ ՕՐԵԱ ԱՒ
 ՅԵԱՒՒՂԱԾԱԾ ԵՂԱՅՂԵ ԵՂ ԴՅՐԵ-ԴԱՒ." ԲԱՅԱՒ
 ԼՈՇԵ ԱՒ ԱՒ ՔԱԾ ԴՒՂ ԴԱՒ ԲԱՒ ԱՅԵ
 ԴՅՈ ԵՂ Ե-ԵՄԵԾԵԱՒ ԱՒ ԼԵԱՒ ԱՒ ԵՒՂԵ ղՅ
 30 Ղ-ԵՐԵԱՒ Ե- ԱՒԱՅԵԱԾ ղՅՐ ԵՒՂԱԾ
 ՅԵԱՒՒՂԱՅԱԾ ղՅ ԴՅՒՅԵՐ ԲՒԵ ԲԵՒ ղՅ ԴԱ
 ԵՐ ԴՅՈԼԱՅՒԾԵ ԴԱ Ղ-ՅԱՐԵԱԾ Օ ԵՒՐԵԱԾ
 ԱՒ ԵՒՂ Ե 7 ԵՒՂԵ ՄԱՒ ԴՒՂ Ա ՄԵՅԵԾԵԱԾ
 ԲԱՅԵԾԵՐ ՕՐԵԱ ԲԱԼ ԵՐ ԲԱՅԱՒԱԾ ԱԾԵԱՒ ?
 ՏԱՅԼՒՂ ՅԱՒ ԵՒՂԱՅՂԵ ԼԵ ՅԱԾ ԱՒ 30 Բ-
 ԱՒՂ ԵԱՐԵ ԱՒՂԵ. ԱՅՒՐ ԵԱԾ ԵՒ ՅԵԱ-
 ՂԱԾԱԾ?...sarcasm. ԵԱԾ ԵՒ sarcasm ?
 ՏԵՐ Օ Ա ԵՒՂԱԾ 7 Ա ղՄԱՅԱՅ.---sart, sarcos
 Gr., flesh, ԴԵՐԼ, 7 sciero, Gr., to tear
 or bite like a dog. ԵՐ ԴԵՐԵԱԾ ղՅ ԵՐ
 ԵՒՂԵԱԾ ՄԱՒ ՂԱԾԱԾ; sarcasm, Gr.,
 ridicule, irony, scorn taunt &c. ղՅՐ
 ԴՂ ղԵ ՅԱՒ ԵՒՂԱՒ ԵԱՐԱԾԵ ԱՒ ԱՒ ԴԵՐԼ-
 ԵՒՂԱ ԴԵՐ Ա ԵՂԱՒԱԾ ՕՐԵ ԲԵՒ ղՅ ԱՒ ԵՐ
 ԴԵՐԱՅՒԾԵ, ԱԵ ԵՒՐ Ե ԴՅՈ ԲԱՒ ԴՒՂ ԱՒԱՒ
 Ա ԴՐԵԱՅԱԾ 7 Ա ՅՐԵՐԱՅ ղՂՂՈՒ 30 Բ-ԴԵՅԵ-
 ԲՒՂ ԼԵԱՒԱՅ ղՅ ԵՒՂԱՒԱՅ ԵՒՂԵ ԱՒ ԱՒ Ղ-
 ՅԱՐԵԱԾ ղԵԱՇ Բ-ԲԱԿԱՒ ԲՅՐ ՕՐԵՂ, ՕՒ Դ
 ԵՐՅ 30 ԼԵՅԲԵՐ ԱՒ ՅՅԱՒ ՏԱՐ ԵՐ ՅԱՐ-
 ԵԱԾ Օ ԴԵՐ ԱՒԱԾ, 7 ղՂ ԵՒ ԱՒՐԵ ղՅ ԱՒ
 ԵԱԾԱԾ ԱԵ ԵՅԵՐ Ա ԼԱԿ ԵՒ ԵՐ ՔՅԱԾ ԲԱԼ
 ԵՂ ԵՒՐԵՐ ԴԵ ԴՅՈԼԱԾ ԵՂ. ղՂ ԼԵ ԴՅՒՂ ԴՒՂ
 Ա ղԱՒԱՅ ԱԵ ԱՒ ղ-ԵՐՈՒԾԱԾ Ա ԵՒՂ ղԵ
 ԱՅՂԵԱՒ ՕՐԱՅԾ. ԵՂ ԲՅՐ ԱՒԱՒ 30 ՔԱԾ ԵՒ
 ԲԵՒ 7 ԵԱԾՄՅՈՒՇ ԵՒՂԵ 30 ԼԵՐ ԵՒ ԵՒ
 Բ-ԲԱՅԻՐ ԲԵՒ Ա ԵՐՅԱՅԼ, 7 ԵՂ ԵՒՂԱԾ
 ՕՒՂ ԱՒ ԱՒՂ ղԵԱՇ Բ-ՅԱԿԱՒ ԱՒՂ ԵԱԾ-
 ղԱՒԱՒ ԵՒ ԵԱՒԱԾԵ ԼԵԱԾ.

ԱԼԵ ղՄԱՒ Բ-ԲԱՅԼ ԵՒՂՈՒ ԱԲԱԼԿԱ ԴՐԵԱ-
 ՅՐԱ Ա ԵՂԱՒԱԾ ԱՒ ԱՒ Ղ-ՅՅԱՒ ԵՒ ԴՅՒՂ
 ԼՅՈՂ ղԵԱՇ Բ-ԲԱՅԼ ղՄԱՒ ԵՒ Ա ԼԵՅԵ, ՕՒՐ ԵՂ
 Օ՝ԵԱՅԻՂ ԵՒԼԵ ԱՒԱՒԱՒ ԴԱ ԵՄԻ ԴԵՐ, 7 30
 ղԵԱԾ ԵՒԱՒԱՅԱԾԱԾ, ԴԼԱՒ 7 ԴՅՈԱ Ե ԵՒ
 ԱՒ ղԵԱՒ; ԵՒՂԵ ղԱ ԲԵՒԼԵ 7 ԱՒ ԲՅՒՂ-
 ԵԱՒ. ԴԵԱՒ 7 ԱՒՂԱՒ ԵՂԱՒ ԵՒՐ ԵՒ ԴԱ Ղ-ԱՒ
 Ա ԵՒԱՒ ԵԱՒ: ԱՒ ԴԱՒ ԼԵՅԵԱՒԿԱ ԵՒԱՒ-
 ԴԱ, ԵԱՒԱՒ Օ՝ԵԱՅԻՂ. ԵՒ ԵՒԱՒ ԴԵԱՒ 7
 ԵԱՒԱՒ Ա ԵՒՂԱՒԱՒԱՒ ԱՒ Ա ԵՒՂԱՒԱՒԱՒ
 ՅՐԵԱՒԱՒԱՒԱՒ, Ա ԵՒԱՒԱՒ ԵԱՒԱՒԱՒԱՒ, 7
 Ա ղՂԱՒԱՒԱՒԱՒ ԵԱՒ Ա ԵՒՂ 7 Ա ԴԵՒԵՒԵՒ
 ԱՒՒՒ ԵՒ Ա ղԵԱՒ ղԱՒ 30 ԴԱԾԱԾ ԼԵՐ ԱՒ
 ԱՒ ԵՒ ԴԱ ղ-ԵՒԱՒԱՒ. ԱՒՂԱՒ ԲԱՒԱՒ ԵՒ
 ԼՈՇԵ ՕՒՂ ԲԱ ԵՒ ԵՒ ԵՒ ՔԱՔԵՐ ԵՒ ԵՒՂ
 ղԱՒ ԵՒԱՒ ղՅ ԵՒԱՒԱՒ ԲԵՒ ԵՒՂ ԼԵ ղՅ
 ԼԵՅԵՒ. ԵՂ ղ ԵՒ ԵՒ Ա ԲՂ ԱՒԱԾ ԼԵՒ ԴԵՐ ?
 ղՂ ղԵ ԱՒ ԵՒՐ ԵՒՂԵ Ա ԴՅՒՅԾ ԴՅ ԴՅԱԾ
 ԱՒՂԱՒ ԱԾԱԾ. ԵՂ ղՂ ԱԾԵԱՒ ԲԵՒ ԱՒԱՒ
 ԱՒՒ ԴԵՐ Ե- ԵՒՂԱՒ ԵՒԱԾ ԱՒ
 ԵՒԱՒԱՒ ԵՒՂ ղՅ ղՄԱՒԱՒԱՒ Ա ԼԱԿԱՒԱՒ ղՅ
 Ա ԴՅՒՅԾԱ ղԱՒ ԵՒՒ ղԱՒԱՒ ԼՅՈՂ ԱՒՒ ղԱՒ
 ԴՒՂ ղՂԼ ԲԱՒԱՒ ԱՒԱՒ Ա ԵՒ ԴՅՒ ԵՒ ԱՒ
 ԲՅԱՒ ԱՒ ԱՒՂ ղԵԱՇ Բ-ԲԱՒԱՒ. ԵԱՒ ԼՅՈՂ
 30 Յ-ԵՒԱՒԱՒ ԵՒ ՅԱ ՔԱԾ ղԵԱՇ Բ-ԲԱՒ ԱՒ
 ԴԵՐ ԱԵ ԼԵՅԵՒԱԾ. ԵՒԱԾ ԴԵ ղԱՒ ԴՒՂ,
 ԵՂ ԲՅՐ ղԵԱՒԱԾ ԲԵՒ ԱՒԱՒ ԵՒ ղԱՒ ԼԵ
 ԵՒՂԵ ԵՒԼ.

ԱՒ ՅՅԱՒ ՏԱՐ.

ՈՒՂԱԾ ԵՒԱՒԱԾ.

ԱՒ Ե-ԵՒԱՒԱԾ ԼԱ ԵՒՂ ԼԱՒԱՒԱ, '83.

ԵՒԱՒԱՒԱՒ ԱՒ ՅԱՐԵԱՒ.

Ա ՏԱՒ ՕՒՂԱՒ :

ԵՒ ԼԵՅԵԱՒ ղՒՒ ԱՒ ԱՒԱՒ ԵՒՂԱՒԱԾ ԵՒ
 ՅԱՒԱԾ ԵՒ ԵՒԱՒԱԾ ԵՒ ղԵՐԱՒԱՒԱՒ ԵՒ
 ՅԱԾԱՒԱՒ, ԱՒ ղԱՒԱՒԱՒ ՕՒՂԱ ԼԵՒԱԾԱ ԵՒ
 ԴԵՒԱԾԱԾ ԵՒ ղՅ ԲԱՒԱՒԱՒ. ԵՂ ԼԱԾԱՒԱՒ
 ՕՒՂ ԲԱՒ ԴՅ, 7 ղԵԱՒԱՒ ղԱՒ ԵՒԱՒԱՒ ԱՒ
 ղՅԱ ԵԱՒԱՒ ղՒՒ ԱՒ Յ-ԵՒԱՒԱԾ ԴՒՂ. ղԱՒԱՒ
 ԵՒ ԵՒԱՒԱՒ ԱՒ ԵՒ ղՅ ԲԱՒԱՒԱՒ ԱՒ Ե-ԵՒ
 ԵՒ ԲԱՒԱՒԱՒ 30 ղԵԱՒԱՒԱՒ ղՅՒԱՒ ԵՒ Լ.
 ԱՒ ՕՒ ղԱ Լ-ԵՒԱՒԱՒ ղՒՒ Ա ԵՒ ԴՅ, ԱՒ
 ԴՅՒԱԾԱԾ ԱՒՂ, ԱԵ ԴԵՒԱՒ ԱՒՂԱՒ ղԵԱՇ Բ-
 ԲԱՒ ԴԵ ղԱՒ ԴՒՂ, 7 30 Բ-ԲԱՒԱՒ ԱՒ-ԼԱԼ
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Phila., Pa, July 30, 1883.

M.J. Logan Esq:

Dear Sir: Enclosed find \$1.20 P. O. order, two year's subscription for your paper, *An Gaodhal*, beginning with the first number issued. I some time ago heard of, and endeavored, but failed to get your paper, as I thought it was published in N. York, and I did not know the name of its editor or, with certainty, its title. Yesterday, however, by accident I happened to lay hands on the copy now before me, No. 7, vol. 1, and I cannot tell you how glad I was to see for the first time a paper exclusively devoted to the cultivation of my mother tongue. My pleasure was, however, mixed with mortification and shame, that while you have been working so long and so patriotically in so good a cause I have till this late hour delayed the support you have a right to expect from every Irishman.

To make all amends in my power, I hasten to forward my subscription, and I trust it is in your power to send me a copy of every issue to date. You may put me down as a perpetual subscriber.

I regret my inability to address you this note in my mother tongue. I can speak it. I can also read it sufficiently well to understand the substance of the matter treated of, but there are many words I do not understand. My pronunciation is defective, as I learned the language in my native Donegal, and though I can form the letters and write, per copy, pretty well, still I cannot write in *Gaodhalic* as I cannot spell at all.

By studying the lessons in the *Gaodhal* I hope to become in time more proficient. Hoping to be excused for troubling you with so much matter personal to myself, I am

Yours truly and gratefully,
Anthony P. Ward.

[Patriotism, it seems, is a quality inherent in families. That the Wards possess that quality in a preeminent degree is demonstrated by the number of Donegal Wards who are warm supporters of the Gael. The Gael goes to Killybegs to that family. Ed. Gael.]

Hartford, Conn., Aug. 26, 1883.

Mr. M.J. Logan,

Dear Sir:

I have been in receipt of your valuable paper, the Gael, for the last few months, and am highly pleased with it, and also with the patriotic movement in which it is interested.

I should have sent you my subscription before, but I was in hopes that I would be able to induce a number of our Irishmen here, to take the Gael, but I must confess my abilities as a canvasser are not of the best quality. Still I have a few names, and they are some of the most representative Irish-

men in Hartford. I am in hopes that some of them may become interested in the movement, as they would be able to put some life into it, which cannot expect to do.

It is surprising what little interest is taken in the Irish language movement in Hartford. The Irish people seem to be dead to all feeling, when you speak to them on that subject. There are a great many people here that can speak it very fluently; but still, you speak to them about getting up a movement for the preservation thereof, and they will ridicule the idea of the Irish ever being spoken. In fact they are ashamed to speak it themselves. The only enthusiasm I have seen is among those that cannot speak a word of it; but they are in the best position to feel the loss of it. I am in hopes things will improve before long.

Enclosed please find \$3.60 and also the names of the six subscribers. I see by the last copy of the Gael that you have raised the subscription to one dollar; but I had solicited those subscriptions before I knew it was to be raised so you can send the paper for the number of months that this money will pay for.

Now I will conclude by wishing the Gael the greatest possible success. I feel quite interested in the little paper and I hope I may live to see it outgrow its present proportions and circulation.

I have never been able to speak a word of Irish but I shall continue to try and learn it even if I do not succeed I shall not become disheartened, as I consider it the duty of every patriotic Irishman to take an interest in the language of his country, and there is not a better way than by subscribing for the Gael and pushing along the circulation of the same.

Yours respectfully

Patrick J. Duggan.

Any friend of the Gaelic cause who has urged his friends to become subscribers to the Gael need pass no apology regarding the amount of the subscription. If he represented the subscription as being sixty cents let him accept it. It is only to perfectly new subscribers who have not been heretofore spoken to on the matter that the change has been made, or even to them, let the friends of the Irish Language movement use their own discretion in their regard and we shall endorse their actions. "Circumstances alter cases," and the friends of the Gael have full power to accommodate themselves to such circumstances.

The Gaelic Publication Company would appeal to their Patriotic countrymen to buy shares of their Capital Stock- The object of the company is to publish cheap literature in the Irish Language. The shares are Five Dollars each. Address the Secretary, M. J. Logan, at 814 Pacific St.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

SEAKRÁJÓTE.

Some time ago Mr. C. M. O'Keeffe sent us some Seakrájóte of which he desired to see the original, or some equally good versions. In our last we gave a translation by Mr. Collins. It must be remembered that Mr. Collins is only a student of recent date.

We have just received the following translation, with the compliments of the translator, V. Rev. U. J. Canon BOURKE, P. P., Claremorris, Co. Mayo, which, coming from such a source, cannot fail to be of interest to the Gaelic student, and satisfactory to our patriotic friend, O'K.

1. Not good ; ploughing by night.
Ní mājē tpeadaō rān oīōē.
2. Not good ; take from a drunkard.
Ní mājē nīō fāzājē ó fēar mējzē.
3. Not good ; reading without understanding.
Ní mājē leīēāō zān tūjzēn.
5. Not good ; a priest with one eye.
Ní mājē Sazāre leāē-rūle.
5. Not good , a sailor when old.
Ní mājē fēar māra ā tā rēan.
6. Not good ; to write without learning.
Ní mājē rēnēōb zān oīōēar.
7. Not good , a slattern.
Ní mājē rēnēōlleōz.
8. Dear is a kinsman ; but the pith of the heart is a foster-brother.
Dī fēar zāōl, āēē rēare nō ērōjōē dālā.
9. "I'll go to-morrow," said the king :
"you must wait for me," said the wind.
"Rāēfāō ā māraē," ājēr ān Rāj, "fān hōmra," ājēr ān zāōē.
10. Winter never comes till New Year's Day nor Spring till St. Patrick's.
Ní ēazān ān Zējēnāō, zō ē-ēazān ān ōlāōān ūr ; nī ēazān ān ē-ēarāē zō Lā Fēlē Pāōrūē.

11. Fionn never fought without first offering terms.

Nīōr tpejō fīōn ā nīān zān ēōē-
nōm ā ē-ēār ā ēēnāō.

12. Honor is nobler than gold.

Jr luāēnājē oīōjē 'hā ōr.

13. Neither seek nor shun the fight.

Nā h-ōb, jr hā h-jār ān cāē.

We have been frequently asked by correspondents which are the best, and how to obtain, text-books from which to learn a knowledge of the Irish Language.

We unhesitatingly recommend "BOURKE'S EASY LESSONS in IRISH," as the best text-book yet produced for the self-instructor. This text-book contains, along with graduated instruction, the pith of Irish Grammar. The fame of the author as an Irish Scholar is world-wide. From the time he wrote his celebrated COLLEGE Irish Grammar, when a student of Maynooth, till the present day, his thoughts are centered in and devoted to the cultivation of his mother tongue; coupling with this the opportunity which years in the Presidency of St. Jarlath's College afforded, Canon Bourke's Gaelic writing is the best guide for self-instruction; and, moreover, patriotic sentiments pervade all his writings, for, Father U J is not second to the lamented T N in his devotion to motherland.

The GAEL can now be had of all news-dealers at Eight cents a copy. If your news-agent makes any excuse, say he can get it through any of the news agencies; or send one dollar to us and it will be mailed to you one year

Tā dān āzānē ō'ē Sāōj ōuīnē āzūr ān Sāōj ō' Zējōnēā, āzūr lejēn ō'ē Sāōj ō' Cummājēn āē nī fējōnē hōn jād ā ēūr jē-clōē ān nīj rō dē dīfē zō ē-fūj ān ē-lōē Zāēōjēē ēōjēā ruār, zō h-ūlē, lejē ān mējō āēā ār dūr ē-cōmājē.

211 Sjōēā rā 21jāēār mān ān zēuō-
hā. hējōjō ānē zō h-ūlē ān ball.

JUSTICE AND JUDGEMENT.

[From *Songs For Freedom*, by *Father McHale*]

Once in the kingdom of Erin,
Justice had honor of men,
For truth's was the law of its living,
And right was its synonym then;
And the terrible scales of its balance
Were poised in the eye of the Lord,
And the equal, fair bench of His kingdom,
Men shaped from the judge's award!

If the word of his lips was a Gospel
Of mercy or might, as might be,
Men doubted not once of its fairness,
Or at least of a trial to be,
For the guide of his ways was his duty
To men, and he knew he should stand
Himself witness one day to their Maker,
And seeking award from His hand.

Then a judge was not one with a schemer,
Who wriggles to "place" as he can,
On the ruins of perjured pronouncements,
Unworthy a Christian and man;
Unworthy a Christian who signs him
With sacredest sign of the Cross,
And hopes by the death that it figures
To save himself lastly from loss.

Unworthy a man with a manhood,
Whose act with the word of his tongue
Is sure of a faithful fulfilment,
Though claims of a conscience be flung
Out of question, as was with the pagan,
Who never knew Christ for his God,
Nor the strictness of strictures He brought us
Nor of pool of His wrath and His rod!

Then eterne shadows were weaving
Their threads in the conduct of men,
And blissfully shading and showing
Tribunal and sentence and—then?
Tribunal of Him who hath judgement,
Sentence of Him who is just,
Retribution of Him who is mercy,
Who would spare even then if He durst!

The thought of his trust was minded,
The trust was faithfully kept,
The peer was one with the peasant,
The slave with one of his sept;
There was justice to all, and as even
As the adequate rays of the sun;
We had shade of the right up in heaven,
When justice and judge were one!

No more in the bounds of the island
Abides such implicit trust;
In its stead there is stern suspicion,

That a judge, by the fact, is not just;
The bench that should be for judgment
Was place for a heated harangue,
And the laws of the tablet of Sinai
Were sunk in the slander of slang!

Honor no more in the island,
But slings of shame and disgust
For the man who has spat on and trampled
Our noblemen's name in the dust,
Contempt for the man who has spurned
The steps from his feet, that he used
In his renegade race to the power
And the purse of the place he abused!

Men to the rescue! we want you
To mend us the rents that are left
In the garment of Irish nobility,
The spear of the slanderer cleft;
Men! we have little but honor,
That honor today is assailed;
Shall ye cravenly show in a crisis
Where man in your race never quailed?

Is the name for your prelates "conspirators"
Fitting, who feed as they fed
Your minds with the message of doctrine,
Your souls with the Sacrament Bread;
Who stand on the towers of Israel,
And speak evermore in your ears,
On the way to the fair Land of Promise,
That winds through the valley of tears?

Is he subject for sneer or for censure,
Our oldest, our truest, our best,
Our sleepless, our fearless, loved lion,
Who watches the fold of the West,
Guarding it from the foe and false friend,
Free of trickster, of traitor, and sneak,
Is he man for the menace of malice,
Oh, loved of his heart, will ye speak?

When his life from the day he was dowered
With ring, with mitre, with crosier in hand
Is a life of unswerving devotion
To the rights of a robber-ruled land;
Will ye say when the snows of his winter
Have whitened the ridge of his brow,
Is he still not your country's Apostle,
Is he still not your Patriarch now?

Are titles of "wretches" and "miscreants"
Meet for the pastors who trod
The sore path of thorns, unfearing,
By your side to the City of God;
Who drank, of their will, of your chalice,
If beaded and brimmed with your woe,
Bore stripes upon stripes in your service,
And will bear them forever, you know?

Their lot with your lot on the waters
Of sorrow, they cast in with pride,

And when ye struggled sore in the tempest,
 They breasted the surge by your side;
 They shared the sad mirk of your midnight,
 They sang in your solace of noon,
 In all change they were yours, yours only,
 Your brothers, your Soggarths Aroon!

When the bare sky above was their roof-tree
 And the damp heath of bogs was their bed,
 Did the threat of the thunder affright them,
 Or the lightnings that leaped overhead?
 Did the deadlier trump of the cannon,
 Or the fataller sheen of the spear,
 Ever wake in their heroic bosoms
 One partial pulsation of fear?

Did they not in your days of disasters
 Pray for you, plead for you, bleed for you, die
 With their face to the face of your foemen,
 With their eyes on the crown in the sky
 That should crown all their life-long endeavor
 That never knew care but your souls,
 And the fame of the faith of your fathers
 That was blazed to the opposite poles?

When your lean eyes were sore in their sockets
 And your mouths were a-hunger for bread
 And the merciless monster of famine
 Had worn you white as the dead:
 When the fire-tipped finger of fever
 Had branded its brand on your brow,
 Sure your priests were but less than the angels
 Are they lost to their ministering now?

And are ye "but cowards of despots?"
 "Mindless, brainless" helots are ye,
 Or men with the might of a tempest
 As terrible, fearless, and free?
 Now is the time for the lightning
 That lurks in the soul of a man,
 (That frights, and smites, and avenges,
 Since the march of the world began.

In storms of shot and of shell-rain,
 Your fathers stood to their guns,
 And died ere they dared to imperil
 The faith and the fame of their sons;
 Be not seen as a shame on your sires,
 Be not chivalry dead in your breast,
 Nor slink from the slur and the challenge
 Ye were flung in that town of the West!

But show to the world *your Judgment*;
 That truth and that justice must stand—
 If ye can give help to that issue—
 Once more in the bounds of the land;
 That ye know, heart deep, that your pastors
 Were your friends when your slanderers hammed
 As they will "to the end of the chapter."
 When the judge and his judgement are damned.

* This last line refers only to men's judgment.

ODE to BRYAN NA MURTHA O'ROURKE.

[From the *Tuam News*.]

This distinguished chieftain (surnamed na Murtha, i. e. "of the bulwarks,") was one of the most powerful and determined opponents of the English, during the reign of Elizabeth. His life was a continued scene of warfare, but he was finally obliged to fly for shelter to James VI of Scotland. That mean-spirited prince though he secretly fomented the troubles in Ireland, basely delivered up the unhappy exile to the vengeance of his enemies, and sent him a close prisoner to the murderers of his own mother, shortly after Mary's decapitation. On this occasion it is said that the "virgin queen" struck with the noble deportment and manly beauty of her captive, had apartments assigned to him in her own palace, and intimated to her council that she wished, herself, privately to examine him as to the affairs of Ireland. The particulars of their intercourse, as handed down by tradition, may be partly seen in Walker's *Memoirs of the Irish Bards*. After some time the royal inquisitor aware that "dead men tell no tales," transferred her victim to the care of the law. This occurred in 1592. The following account of his trial and death is taken from an unpublished manuscript history of Ireland, page 245, written about 1646* and preserved in the library of the Royal Irish Acadmey, Dublin:—"Bryan O'Rourke, the Irish potentate, being thus, by the King of Scots, sent in to England, was arraigned in Westminster-hall His indictments were, that he had stirred up Alexander Mac Connell and others to rebel; and scornfully dragged the Queen's picture at horse tail and disgracefully cut the same in pieces, giving the Spaniards entertainment against a proclamation; fir'd many houses, &c. This being told him by an interpreter (for he understood no English,) he said he would not submit himself to a tryall of twelve men, nor make answer, except the Queen satt in person to judge him." (This latter passage seems to corroborate the traditional story related by Walker.) "The lord chief justice made answer againe, by an interpreter, that whether he would submit himself or not to a tryall by a jury of twelve, he should be judged by law according to the particulars alledjed against him. Where to he reyl'd nothing but 'if it must be soe, let it be soe.' Being condemned to dye, he was shortly after carried unto Tyburne, to be executed as a traitor, whereat he seemed to be nothing moved, scorning the archbishop of Caishill, (Miler Magrath) who was there to counsell him for his soul's health, because he had broken his vow from a Franciscan turning Protestant."—*Orig MS.*

The Londoners exulted at his death. Even "the brightest, meanest of mankind," Bacon, for a moment forgot his bribes and philosophy, to be witty on the occasion. "He (O'Rourke) gravely peti-

TO OUR OLD SUBSCRIBERS.

Hereafter the GAEL will be a Dollar a year to *New* subscribers: to *Old* subscribers it will be Sixty cents, as heretofore. Our reason for making this distinction is obvious: old subscribers who may be anxious to preserve the numbers for the purpose of getting them bound and leaving them as an heirloom in their families might not be pleased at the advanced price, and to avoid any seeming imposition the price will be to them the same as when they became subscribers. We desire all our old friends who sent us subscribers to particularly note this announcement.

From experience we have learned that to make the Gael an aggressive medium for propagating the language its income must increase. To make the movement for the cultivation of the Irish language general, fresh ground must be constantly broken and the doing this is attended by expense. A passive action in regard to any movement would lead to inaction. This is true of the Irish Language as well as all others.

Now, to make it aggressive, it must be agitated in the public press and out of it. If possible, Gaelic literature should be put into the hands of every Irishman or woman. Some may fall on a barren rock, but, if thrown broadcast, some will alight on productive soil also. Persons through the states and Canada may be surprised at receiving gratuitous copies of the Gael from time to time. Well, since the first issue we have sent it, as far as the issues went, to wherever we could find an Irish name to send it to. We take up the public press and wherever we see an Irish name in connection with any Irish patriotic movement we send it a copy. As already remarked this is attended with some expense, and it is to meet it and to be able to supply a larger number of such names that we have increased the price to the figure announced in the initial number. The advance is of small consequence to the individual subscriber, not a cent a week; it would be of much importance to the Gael.

We believe there is not an Irishman or woman living today, who, if he or she fully realized the very important social principle underlying the movement for the preservation and cultivation of the National language, would begrudge to pay one dollar a year to promote it.

Pride is a sentiment ordinarily inherent in man, and no man is an exemplary member of society who does not possess it. This pride—laudable in itself—must be distinguished from vanity. Pride and vanity are often unthinkingly assumed to be one and the same thing. They are, by no means, parallel—pride makes us esteem ourselves; vanity causes us to desire the esteem of others. A man with self-esteem will regulate his conduct so as to avoid giving offence to others—he is too proud to be guilty of a wrong act, whereas the vain man

will try to assume a polished exterior, with a view of courting observation, and be at the same time interiorly corrupt.

It is the proud Irishman or woman who desires to preserve his or her national language, because he or she does not wish to be depending on the language of others. To do so would be a tacit acknowledgement of an inferiority in his or her social standing. Few, very few, would like to acknowledge to be socially inferior to their neighbors. Yet every Irishman and woman who neglects to cultivate the language of his or her country tacitly acknowledges the superiority of those whose language he or she adopts. It is not usual to prefer an inferior to a superior article, and no one would do it except under two conditions,—First, duress or compulsion, second, ignorance of the resulting value. Now, those Irishmen who ridicule the idea of cultivating the language of their country must do so from one or other of those two causes—They are not now physically compelled, but they certainly are mentally so; and this continuous mental imprisonment has destroyed their discerning or discriminating faculties.

How different with other nationalities. We see the Magyars, a handful of people asserting their social rights. Meet two Germans in the street or in a store and you will hear them chatter in their native language. Meet two Frenchmen and it is the same—Meet two of any nation but the Irish! and it is the same. Yet, insinuate that Doctor P.J. O'Brien is not an honorable, independent, educated Irishman and he will possibly knock you down. So also with Counsellor O'Connor, Judge O'Neill &c. &c. though they are daily furnishing material for their own ridicule to the surrounding nations, including the nation to which they pay mental obeisance. How many lawyers, Irish born, pleading at the bar and quoting the *Brehon Laws* through the Latin or the English and who do not know a word of the language in which they were codified; and that language the language of their ancestry, the language of their country!

English educated Irish gentlemen should ascertain what such foreigners as Professor Roehrig of Cornell University think of their patriotism! The educated of Continental Europe, excepting the Irish alone, are making exertions to preserve ancient Celtic literature for philological purposes. Should not even this shame Irishmen, whose language it should naturally be, into doing something in its regard?

The Gael will continue to strike hard at its English educated countrymen who ignore the National Language. We say "English educated" because we deny that any so called Irishman is educated, who is ignorant of his native language—a living language, used by the native princes and aristocracy of his country, two centuries ago, as demonstrated by a reference to the Prince O'Rourke, in another page, and written, read, and spoken by a

large portion of his countrymen today.

We have a lineal descendant of the said Prince O'Rorke here in Brooklyn, fully up to his illustrious kinsmen in *flathamlath*, and we are proud to be able to say that he can speak, though certainly not fluently, the language of his regal ancestry.

Where are the descendants of the O'Conors, O'Priens, O'Neills, O'Reillys and all the other Irish chieftains that they would not come to the rescue of their country's language? Shame! gentlemen, to permit the ancient splendor of your regal ancestors to be overshadowed by the fossil excrecence of yesterday.

The Gaelic Journal.

We learn from the Tuam News that the 8th. number of the Gaelic Journal is nearly ready for distribution—A word in that regard—Persons complain that the Gaelic Journal does not come out regularly—Gentlemen supply it with the sinews necessary for active work and there will be no disappointments. It takes some money to turn out the Gaelic Journal. Where is it to come from if the Journal is not supported as it ought to be? Father Nolan has no command of means to defray the expenses of the Journal. We believe he undertook to found it with the patriotic idea that Irishmen enough sufficiently intelligent to comprehend the anomaly of a Nation without a language existed, who would with alacrity support all efforts made to remove that anomaly. Has he been properly supported in his patriotic exertions? The GAEL is no criterion as regards the Gaelic Journal. The GAEL is gotten up cheaply—it is merely an effort, and Providence has placed us in a position to conduct it without much expense. It is now firmly fixed as a fact, though, as before said, small. Before we undertook it we carefully surveyed our ground and proceeded cautiously, yet with the determination that the word "failure" should not be found in our vocabulary.

Let all Irishmen support the Gaelic Journal. Let them not give it to say that the metropolis of their country should be without a national journal.

IRISH BOOKS &c.

We have made arrangements to supply the following publications in and concerning the Irish language, at the prices named, post paid, on receipt of price.—

O'Reilly's Irish-English Dictionary,	\$6.60
Bourke's Easy Lessons in Irish	1.00
" College Irish Grammar	1.00
... THE BULL "INEFFABILIS" in four Languages, Latin, Irish, &c.....	\$1.00
... GALLAGHER'S SERMONS	3.00
Foley's Eng. Irish Dictionary	
Bourke's Life of McHale	1.00
Molloy's Irish Grammar	1.50
Foras Feasa air Eirinn; Dr. Keating's History of Ireland in the original Irish, with New Translations, Notes, and Vocabulary, for the use of schools. Book I. Part I.60
Joyce's School Irish Grammar50
Dr. McHale's Irish Catechism25
First Irish Book .12, Second, .18, Third,25
Irish Head-line Copy Book15
Pursuit of Diarmuid and Grainne, Part I.45
Father Nolan's Irish Prayer Book	1.00
Life Dean Swift, by T. Clark Luby.....	.50
Vale of Avoca Songster25
Also, any other books desired by subscribers if to be had in New York or Dublin.	

There is considerable delay in getting these books from Dublin owing sometimes to their scarcity there and to the negligence of the Custom-house officials here.

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