



Leaban-aíthyr m'íorainní,

Tabairtá cúman

TEANZA SAEDÍLSE

a c'orrad ^{azur} a raorúizad
a ^{azur} cúman

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The  Gael.

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Third Year of Publication.

Philo-Celts.

The Brooklyn Philo Celtic Society had its fifth annual reunion and ball at Uris' Academy on Apr. 21st., and was in all respects the grandest success yet achieved by the society. Anticipating that the growing popularity of the society would cause a proportionate increase in the audience, the committee of arrangements procured some camp stools to supplement the seating capacity of the Academy but every available seat was occupied long before eight o'clock, and by half past eight, when the exercises of the evening commenced, fully one-third of the audience had to content themselves with standing room. Five years ago, when the society had its first public reunion the academy was not quarter filled. A gentleman who was present at that reunion remarked that before five years more passed, the Academy of Music would not be capacious enough to accomodate the patrons of the Philo-Celtic reunions. This is a grand outcome of the Society's efforts.

Taking this in connection with the splendid Festival of the N. Y. S. P. I. L. we are assured that our fellow-countrymen, throughout the states will be pleased at our exertions, and, though they cannot take an active part in the getting up of these patriotic demonstrations, still they can give us both moral and material support by disseminating the principles underlying the Gaelic movement, and by supporting Gaelic literature. Let each do all he can to circulate the Gael and Gaelic Journal. Publications of this kind are the life and blood of the movement, and our friends in the country can assist them as well as we in the cities. Little streams swell into large rivers. So it is with the Gaelic movement. Every subscriber to the Gael with his sixty cents will enable us to send as many copies through the country.

There is another way of serving the Gael and such journals, without the cost of a penny to the server—It is to patronize those who advertise their ware in the Gael, provided it be as good as that found elsewhere—this is merely giving the preference to those who aid the movement. This Irishmen should do, at the same time telling the vendors why. There is no use in mincing these matters, or talk about "exclusive dealing." All nationalities do it. Not only that, but religious sects do it. (See the account on another page regarding the Methodist sect, taken from the United Irishman). Hence, we exhort Irishmen to be true to each other and to themselves.

The following is the programme which the society offered to its patrons.

Address, In Irish, Mr. D. Gilgannon
 Chorus, In Irish, "O'Donnell Aboo,"
 Philo-Celtic Chorus
 Solo, In Irish, "Tis Gone and Forever,"

Mr. J. Cromien
 Recitation—"The Celtic Tongue," Miss N. Crowley
 Solo—"Kathleen Mavourneen," Miss Kate Walsh
 Solo—"I'll Take you Home Again, Kathleen,"
 Miss E. Donnelly
 Solo, In Irish, "The Meeting of the Waters,"
 Miss N. Costello
 Cornet Solo, Selections (Child 7 years old)
 E. Clarence Worrall
 Accompanied on Piano by Miss Worrall.
 Solo—"My Mary of the Curling Hair,"
 Mrs. Green
 Recitation—"The Bridge of Athlone,"
 Master O'Shea
 Solo—"Erin! Oh Erin" Mr. Robert Emmet Brown
 Solo—"Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep,"
 Mr. S. Lewis
 Recitation—"Emmet's Last Night in Prison,"
 Mr. Andrew Martin
 Solo—"The Fisherman and his Child,"
 Mr. W. B. Crawford
 Solo—"Dermot Asthore,"
 Miss Quinn
 Solo, Mr. F. E. Clarke
 Recitation, In Irish, "Archbishop MacHale,"
 (Craoibin Aoibhinn), Hon. Denis Burns
 Solo—"When He who Adores Thee,"

Mr. J. Keller
 Recitation—"Love in a Balloon," Mr. John Glynn
 Mr. Bourke, the celebrated Irish piper gave selections of Irish National airs at intervals during the evening.

All the talent acquitted themselves admirably, and all were encored several times. It would be out of place to make invidious distinction between either either of them. We do not print Mr Gilgannon's Gaelic address because we were too much engaged in attending to the accomodation of the guests during its delivery to take note of it. However, the plaudits which greeted him indicated the audience's sympathy with his theme. The concert was over about twelve o'clock, when dancing commenced and continued till four in the morning, all being well pleased with the entertainment.

Why don't Irishmen in all the large cities get up something similar to this? Is it not a grand thing to give Irishmen an opportunity of meeting other Irishmen in sympathetic movements of this kind?

These Gaelic demonstrations go further in raising the social standing of Irishmen than is ordinarily supposed. It reviews the ancient language and music of a cultivated people, and makes the Englishman bow his head in shame because he cannot look back on his language and literature beyond a few centuries. Hence, the opportunity within the reach of the Irish people to set themselves right before the world.

The following are the committees who had the reunion in charge.—Floor Manager, Michael Heaney; Ass't Floor Manager, James E. Gubbin.

[Continued on page 356.]

The N. Y. Sheanachus

The Gael extends its congratulations to the New York Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language on the success of its Musical Festival and Seanachas. Steinway Hall was crowded—Gilmore's orchestra furnished the accompaniment and professor McSweeney directed the musical exercises.

Hon Joseph F. Daly, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, presided and opened the proceedings with a short address, in which he said it was a pleasure to him to preside over so great a gathering, brought together for such purpose as perpetuating the Irish language, with its beautiful poetry (applause). The interest of such an occasion was increased by the reflection that the language, not of one, but of two nations, was being thus honored. Modern philologists had shown that Irish Gaelic and Scotch Gaelic were identical. The point used to be a matter of some dispute; it was now absolutely certain; the only differences that could be found were a few dialectic changes of inflection. In proof of the substantial similarity, Judge Daly narrated an anecdote of the Irish insurrection of 1798, which he said had been communicated to him by Mr. Thos O'Neill Russell, an excellent Gaelic scholar. One of the Wexford insurrectionists, named Byrne, after the suppression of the revolt, became an outlaw, with a price upon his head. He was chased over hill and moor until his strength was exhausted; at last he seized an opportunity to visit his brother's house in the neighborhood of Dublin. There he begged for shelter and was taken in. But in some way the news of his whereabouts reached the authorities of Dublin Castle, and a sergeant and six men of a Highland Scotch regiment were dispatched to capture him. When these men reached the house where the fugitive lay hidden, his brother received them with true Irish hospitality. They were given the best to eat and drink that the place afforded; and when they had had their fill, the sergeant speaking to his men in Highland Gaelic, to avoid being understood, as he thought, began to bewail his fate in having to arrest their entertainer's brother. "Why should I want to arrest this man," said the Sergeant, "for fighting in his country's cause, as my own father did in 1745? I would give much, if I had it, to be out of the whole business." The fugitive, lying in the garret, just above, overheard these words, and an idea struck him. He immediately presented himself to the sergeant, whom he addressed in Irish, telling him he was the man for whom he was searching. The sergeant understood him perfectly; the two fraternized, and the evening was passed in genuine conviviality. Next day the sergeant and his men marched back to the Castle, and reported that they could find no Irish rebel at the house to which they were sent,

but only a Highlander, who spoke excellent Highland Scotch (applause). Perhaps they had not felt so zealous in their quest the morning after their carouse as they did when they marched out of the Castle.

Judge Daly announced the musical exercises, which opened with Moore's melody, *Has Sorrow Thy Young Days Shaded*, which was excellently rendered by the chorus of the Society.

Mr Joseph Cromien then sang Archbishop Mac-Hale's translation into Irish of Moore's, *'tis Gone And Forever*, (*Ta eulighthe go de*), being accompanied on the piano by his little son, a youth of about eleven years. The performance was heartily applauded, and Mr Cromien being recalled by continued plaudits, sang in response, in Irish, *She Is Far from the Land*, (*Is fad is o'n g erig*), which was equally well received.

Mr P S Monroe then sang Lady Dufferin's *Emigrant's Farewell*; which was followed by Miss Carrie Han-King's singing *The Bells of Shandon*, in a style that elicited a rapturous *encore*, to which she responded by singing, *They May Rail at This Lute*, from Moore's *Melodies*.

Miss Maud Morgan then played on the harp *The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls*, and being loudly encored played in response, the fine old Irish melody, *Were I a Clerk*.

"*The Green Hills of Holy Old Ireland*, (music by Prof. MacSwiney), was then excellently sung by Mr J R McDonald; after which Mrs Belle Cole was introduced, and was welcomed with the cordial applause that always greets this favorite vocalist. When silence was restored, Mrs Cole sang the beautiful old Irish Jacobite ballad, "*Siubhal a Run*," giving the Gaelic refrain with a pathos that elicited the loudest applause at the end of each verse. Being enthusiastically encored, Mrs Cole sang, in Irish, William's translation of John K Casey's *Rising of the Moon* (*Eirighe na Galatighe*), which called forth another rapturous *encore*, in response to which Mrs Cole sang *Kitty of Coleraine*. The chorus of the Society then closed this portion of the programme, by singing Stewart's "*Greeting from Ireland to America*."

The second part of the programme was next opened by Mr Peter O'Donnell, in the following address in the Irish language:—

21 Šaoj Uac̄oap̄ájh, a 2jha-uajrle a5ur
a Šaojte:

Šahamap jhreo ahoct le mhrušad
a5ur le žlrušad teah5a a5ur ceol ap
o-ťje. Šahamap jhreo map ah žceud-
ha le ťajrbeáhač o o' h toihah žo bhuil
teah5a a5ur ceol a5ahh čó h-áluh a5-
ur čó breáž le aoh teah5ahh 7 le aoh
čeol ačá a5 aoh čjhe ejle ajr ah ťalañ
o o b5 ajmjh ahh jh a mh-bejčeač hahre

surround the ship of the mariner he does not sing songs,—he only mutters prayers. When the sun shines out and the storm ceases, courage comes to his soul, and sounds of joy and lightheartedness burst from his lips. Long have storm and darkness brooded over the face of our country; long has she been under a cloud; and it was no wonder she prayed oftener than she sang. But now the clouds are breaking and the mist is rising; we see a gleam of the light that is coming; and we lift up our instruments and our voices in music and song.

There are Irishmen who think that it matters not what language we speak or what music we play, that we can be true Irishmen with the conqueror's language in our mouths, and the conqueror's music at our feasts. Never did there enter the mind of man an idea more false than this. It is this which made us laughing-stocks for the rest of humanity, with the words of liberty in our mouths and the ideas of slaves in our hearts. What will the nations say of us if we do not cultivate our own language and music when we call on them to save us from the Power which is persecuting and ruining us? Will they not say that we are the offspring of oppression and thralldom, and are only fitted to be in bondage forever?

Whence has come, on the Irish race, this carelessness and indifference about their language and music? Why do many of them despise the only things by which men may know that they are a distinct people, and have a God-given right to be free? The answer to these questions is to be found in one phrase,—namely, bad teachers. If ever there were men who did their utmost to murder a language, they were some of those under whose will and under whose leadership the people of Ireland have marched for a hundred years, and under whose will and leadership many of them march even to day. But, in spite of all they have done, the Irish language is still alive, and it will be alive when the very names of those who tried to kill it shall have vanished forever from the memories of men.

Let us not fail, then, in the great work we have undertaken. Let us have good courage, for it will surely succeed, and the time may not be far distant from us, when the people of Ireland at home and the Clan-na-Gael in every country where they are scattered, will be singing songs of liberty in the language of their country and their race.

Mr. O'Donnell's elocution and delivery of the address were excellent; and that his words were understood and appreciated by his audience was shown by the frequent and cordial applause they evoked.

The chorus of the Society then sang in Irish *D'eis fad-suibhal tre s'aoibh le cruaidh* (When Through Life Unblest We Rove); and after that, Mr T F Kerrigan, the celebrated Irish piper played a selection of Irish airs in beautiful style, and being loudly encored, responded by playing Brian

Boru's March, The Wearing of the Green, and a number of jigs and reels that almost set the audience dancing in their seats.

Miss Carrie Hun-King then sang, Oh, Erin, My Country! and as an encore sang, The Kerry Dance which was loudly applauded. This was followed by T D Sullivan's splendid song, All the World Around, which was rendered in excellent style by Mr P S Monroe, with full chorus by the Society.

Miss Maud Morgan then played on the harp a selection of Irish airs, including "Eibhlin a Run", "Kate Kearney, and "The Land of the West." In response to a general encore, Judge Daly produced the harp of Moore, the Irish Poet, which had been lent to the Society, for the occasion, by Mr. Childs, of Philadelphia, and on this little instrument (which, though a perfect harp, is only about fourteen inches high,) Miss Morgan played "Believe Me, if all those Endearing Young Charms," in a way that literally "brought down the house." The fullness and clearness of the tones of the tiny harp astonished all who heard them.

Mr Henry Magee then sang *B'ridheadh suan ort, sl'ruith, M'aoile* (Silent, oh, Moyle!), which was followed by the old ballad, *Mollie Ban a stor*, which was sung by Mr J R MacDonald; after which Mrs Belle Cole exquisitely rendered Gerald Griffin's beautiful romance, "Hy Brasail, The Isle of the Blest," which was vociferously applauded. Moore's Young May Moon, sung by the chorus of the Society, closed the musical exercises, which were, throughout, most creditable to all engaged in them, and particularly to Prof Paul MacSwiney, who conducted, and by whom the chorus singers had been drilled.

At the conclusion of the musical festival, the majority of the audience adjourned to Irving Hall, where the social exercises of the *Seanachas* were to take place. The reception opened with the *siubhal mor* or grand march, in which about two hundred couples took part. Dancing then followed, and, with a short intermission for refreshments, was kept up with spirit, till an advanced hour, when all present retired to their homes well pleased with the annual festival of the "Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language," and determined to take part in all future similar gatherings of so patriotic and meritorious a body.

THE PEOPLE'S PRIEST

or

The Eviction of Father M'Groarty.

Air—Wearing of the Green.

Ye kindly-hearted Irishmen, at home or o'er the sea,
List to a tale of tyranny, and sympathize with me.
The Rev. John M'Groarty, most dearly loved by all,
Has lately been evicted in the county Donegal.

What was his crime, the world may ask, that this
the case should be,
He was the champion of the poor, and fain would
have them free ;
He was the peasants' advocate, the landlord's
dreaded foe,
Nor feared their might while he had right upon
his side to show.

This noble priest of wide-spread fame, the anoint-
ed of the Lord,
Whose gallant deeds for church and home we can't
too well record—
Has fought the battles of the poor, from Carrick to
Glenveigh :
Search Ireland round, none can be found to equal
him today.

With pride look back to '65, when Bradley was in
jail,
With murder foul most falsely charged,—imprison-
ed without bail.

Our patriot-priest, right manfully, alone took up
the cause—
The battle fought and set him free despite their
English laws.

When artificial famine swept the homes of dark
Gweedore,
Brought on by landlord avarice,—the robbery of
the poor ;
Their wrongs and sufferings he proclaimed and
brought the world to tears,
They echoed through the House of Lords 'till
blanched the British Peers.

And still that latent strength of soul he wields at
his command—
No fear could paralyze his tongue, nor flattery
stay his hand ;
When voice and pen are needed to the peasant's
right protect—
The People's Tribune now as then—proud, fearless
and erect.

Dark are the hills of Donegal, but darker still the
deeds
Which landlord rapine there has wrought among
its moors and meads ;
But darkest this of all the rest—of all the ruffian
crimes,
That damn the Irish landlord to the scorn of fu-
ture times.

Dark was the day for Carrick when Tom Connolly's
estates
Were purchased by the Musgraves, manufacturers
of grates,
Of Orange castle from black Belfast, these perse-
cutors mean,
Use all their tact, by word and act to trample out
the green.

Tw'as on the 4th of April last.—and sad 'twas to
behold,
A faithful servant of his God, and shepherd of the
fold,
These blacksmiths' hearts were hard enough to

turn him from his home,
Because he was the people's friend, and priest of
of the Church of Rome.

Thank God, the time's approaching fast, when iron-
mongers all,
Must cease to persecute the poor, from Cork to
Donegal,
When alien might can't crush out right, and free-
dom's cause is won,
When floats old Erin's emerald flag in Heaven's
brightest sun.

The following communication from Mr McEniry
of the Philadelphia Philo-Celtic Society, was by
some accident overlooked. It should have appear-
ed two months ago, but, as the matter of which it
it treats is interesting to the Gaelic student, we
shall give it now, apologising to our Philadelphia
friends for the unintentional delay.—

School Rooms of the Philo-Celtic Society,
211 South 12th st., Philadelphia, Pa.

Editor Gael:

Dear Sir.

You will oblige every member of our Society
by allowing us to return our sincere thanks to Prof.
T O'Neill Russell and Mr Joseph Cromien of New
York, through your patriotic Journal, for the splen-
did services they rendered our society at our enter-
tainment on Jan. 17. They not only gave their
services gratis but also paid all expenses attending
their journey from N Y to here and back. The
readers of your paper everywhere, will be pleased
to hear that our first entertainment was a grand
success. The receipts clear all expenses am-
ounting to Three Hundred Dollars. The follow-
ing officers have been elected to serve until Jan.
1885. Miss Lotto Sheridan V President, Mr P F
Murphy Sec., Miss Lizzie McSorley Treas., Mrs L
Fox, Miss Ellie O'Leary and Messrs. McFadden,
Halvey, and McGowan Directors.

A splendid watch given the society by Mrs T F.
Halvey for presentation to the person making the
best financial returns for tickets was awarded to
Miss Lotto Sheridan. Master Willie Fox, Miss
O'Leary and Miss McSorley made very creditable
returns also. A splendid gold medal will be pre-
sented by Mr Doyle, a gentleman of this city, at the
first meeting after March 4, to the pupil who has
made the most progress in the Irish Language from
the time of his or her, as the case may be, becom-
ing a member of the Society until March 4th, when
the examination will be held.

Masters Willie Fox and Arthur McDermott have
challenged Miss Sheridan and myself for the hon-
or of raising the best club for the Gael from now
until June 15th, when the contest will be decided.
Miss Sheridan is hopeful for success but it is my
opinion that our youthful opponents will be victo-
rious.

Fraternally,

Thos. McEniry,
President.

Mr. WARD'S LETTER.

ՓԻՂԼԱ. ՔԱ-
Այ 20 յիստ ԹՕ 'ի 4 յիստ, 1884.

Ձ. J. ԼՕՅԱՆ.

Ձ Ընթաց... Ձիբ բոյն աղ Թոլար-Յօ-Լեյթ
Ք ՅօԹԲԲ ԵՒ ՔԱՕՅ 'ի ՔԵԹ ՔԵՕ, ԵՍԻՆ "Ձի
ՅԱՕԾԱԼ," ԱՅԻ ՔԵԹ ԵԼԱԾՈՂԱ, 'ՔԱՅԻ՞ ՏԵԹՅ-
ԱՅ ԵՐԱՅՈՂ, ԱՅ ԵՐՈՒԵՒ ԵՒ ՔԱՅՈՂ ՇՔԵԲԵ
ԱՅՍՐ ՁԻՅԵԾՈՂԱՅԻ, 'ՔԱ Յ-ԵԹԱՅԻ ՔԵՕ, 7
ԱՅՔԱՅԻ՞ ՔԱԾՐԱՅԵ ՁԱԵԾՂԱՅԻԾ, ԵԱԾՈՒԵ,
ԵԵՂԻՅԱՐԼՕԵ, ԵՅԻՅՈՂԱՅԻԼ, ԵՅԻՔԵ.

ԵՒԾ յիստ ԼՅՈՂ ԹԱ Ե-ՔԵՒԾԲԱՅՈՂ ԵՍԻԼԼԵ
ԵՍԻՆ ԵՅՅԱԵ, յՅ՞Լ յԵԱՐԵ ԱՅԻ. ՈՅ՞Լ ԱՕՂ
ԵԱՅԼԵ ՔԱ ԵՅԻՐ ԵՐ յՅՕ Ե-ՔԱՅԻ ԵՅԻՔԵԱՅԵԱՅԵ ԱՅՈՂ
Ք Ե-ԵՅՅ ԼԵՕ ՅԱԵԾՅԼՅԵ ԼԱԵԱՅԻԵ, յԱ ԵԱ ՔԱ
Յ-ԵԹԱՅԻ ՔԵՕ, ԱԵ ՔԱՐԱՕՐ! ԵՐ ԵԵԱՅ Ե յ-
ԱՅՐՕ ԱՅԻ ԵՍԻՐ յԱ ՅԱԵԾՅԼՅԵ--- ԵՍԻՑ ԱԵՒ
ԵՐՈՅԵ-յԵԱՐԱՅԻ ԵՐԵԱ; ՔԱՅԻԵ ԵՅԼԵ, ՔԱԵՐ,
ՔԱՅԻԼՅԵԱԵ ԱՅԻԵՅ, ԱՅՍՐ Ա յ-ԵՍԻՅԱՅ ԵՕ Յ-
յՅԾԵԱԵ ԵՅՈՂ Ա ՔԵՅԼՅ յԱ ՔՅՅՈՂԵ 'Ք ՅՕ յ-
ԵՅԻՐ ՔԱԾ յԱԵ Ե-ՔԱՅԻ ԱՅՈՂ ԱԵՒ ԹՕ ՅԱԵ ԵՅԻ-
Ե.

ՁԵԵ յԱՐ Ե-ՔԱՅԻ ԱՅՈՂ ԱԵՒ ԹՕ ԵՍԻՐ յԱ
յԱ ՅԱԵԾՅԼՅԵ. ՔԱՅԱՅՈՂ ՔԱԾ ԱՅՈՂ ՅՕ ԼԵՕՐ ԼԵ
ԵԱՅԵԱԾ 1 Ե-ԵՅՅ ԱՅ ՕՅԼ, ԼԵ ԵՒԼ 'ՔԱՐ ԵՅԻՑ
ԵՕՅԼԵԱԵ յՕ յԱԾԱԾ, յՕ ՅՕ ԵՕյՈՂԱԵ "Slug-
gers," յՕ յՅԾԵՅԻ ԵՅԼԵ ԵԵ 'ի Ե-ՐՕՐԵ ՔԵՕ,
Ա ԵԱՐԱՅՈՂՅԵԱՐ ԵՐՈՅԵ-յԵԱՐ ԵՐԵՒ ՔԵՅՈՂ,
ԱՅՍՐ, ՔԱՐԱՕՐ! ԱՅԻ ԵՅԻՔԵ ԵՕԵԵ, ԱՐ ԵՂԱՅՈՂ
ԵՅ Ե-ՔԱԾ Օ, "ՕՅԼԵԱՅ յԱ յԱՕՈՂ 'Ք յԱ յ-ՕԼ-
ԼԱՅՈՂ."

ՁԵ ԵՐԵՅՈՂ ՅՕ Ե-ՔԱՅԻ ԵԱԵՐԱԵԱ ՅՕ ԼԵՕՐ
ԵՕ յ-ՕԼԵ ԼԵ ՔԻՂԱ. 1 Ե-ԵՅՅԵՅՈՂ յԱ ԵՍԻՐԵ
ՔԵՕ; յԱՐ ԵՅՈՂ ԵԵ յՅ՞Լ ԱԵ ԵԱՅՐ ԵԱՅ ԵՅԻԵ
ԵՍԻՐ ԵՂԱՂԱ յԱՅԱ 'յԱ ԵՅՅԵՅՈՂ.

ԵՅՈՂ, ԼԵ ԵՐՕՂ, ՅՕ Ե-ՔԱՅԻ ԱՅ Ե-ԵԱՐԵՕՅ
ՁԱԵԵԵՅԻԼ ԱՅ ԵՍԻ 1 յ-ԱՅԱՅԾ ԵԵԱՅԱՅՅ յԱ
ՅԱԵԾՅԼՅԵ 1 Յ-ԵՕԼԱՅԻԵ ԵՒՂԱ. ՔԱՐԱՕՐ
ՅԵՐ! ԵԱ ԵՐԵՐԱՅԻԵ ԱՅՍՐ ԵՐԱՅԾՅՈՂ յԱ
ՅԱԵԾՅԼՅԵ, ՏԵԱՅԱՅ ՁԱԵԻՅԼ, ՔԱՕՅ 'ի ՅԵՐԵ,
յՕ յՅ ԵԱՐՔԱՅԻԵ ԱՅ ԵՍԻՐ ՔԵՕ յԱՐ ԵԱ.
ԼԵ ՏԵԱՅԱՅ ՁԱԵԻՅԼ ԵՂԱՅՅ ԱՅՈՂ ԵՒՂԱ
ԵՍՈՂ ԱՅՐՈՒՅԵԱՐԱ ԱՅՍՐ ԱՐԱՂԱ ԵՐՅՕ ԱՅ
Յ-ԵՍԻՅՈՂԵ, ԱՅՍՐ ԼԵ յԱ ԵԱՐ, ԵՐ ԵՐԱՅՈՂԱՅԻ,
ՅՕ յԱԵՔԱՐ ԱՅՐԻ Ե.

Ձի ՅԱԵԾՅԼՅ ԼՕՅԵԱԾ 'ՔԱ Յ-ԵԼԱԵԱՅ Ա
ԵՕՂԱՅ ՔԼԱՐ ՈՂԱ Յ-ԵԼԵՅՐ ՅՕ ԵՐԱՂԱԵ.
ԵՍՈՂ ՅՕ յ-ԵՍԻՅԱՅԻԵ Ա յ-ՕՅԼԵԱՅՈՂԱՅՈՂ՞ ԱՅՈՂ
ԵՐՅՕ Ա ԵԱՐԱ յԱՕՅՈՂԵԱԵԵ! 'Տ ՅՈՂԱԾ ԱԵ-
ՐԱՅ՞Ծ ՔԱ Ե-ՔԱՕՅԱԼ, ԱՅՍՐ ՔԵՕ ԵԵՂԻՅ ԱԵՒ.

ԵԱ ՔԻՐ ԼԵՅԵԱՅՈՂԱ 1 ՔՕՅԼԱՅՈՂ ԼԱՅՈՂԵ,
ՅՐԵՅՅԻՐԵ, ՔԱՐԱՅԻՐԵ ԱՅՍՐ ՅԱԵ ԵԵՂԱՅԱՅՈՂ՞
ԵՅԼԵ ԹՕ ՕՅԼԱԵԱՅ ԵՅԻՔԵԱՅՈՂ, ԱՅՍՐ ԱՅ ՅԱԵ-
ԾՅԼՅԵ ՔԱ ԵԱՐԵԱՅՐԵ 1 Յ-ԵՕԼԱՅԻԵ ԵԱՅԵԼՅ-
ԵԱԵ ԵՒՂԱ. ԱՅ ՅԱԵԾՅԼՅ, Ա Ե-ՔՅՅ 1 ՔԵՅՈՂ,
ՅՕ ԵՅԻԵ, ԵՅՐԵԱՅԱԵԱԵ. ԹՕ 'ի ԵՐԵՅԵԱՅՈՂ ԵՐՅ
ԵՐԱՅՕ ԱՅՍՐ ԱՅՈՂ-ԵՅԵԱՐԱԵԵ յԱ ՔԵԱԵԵ Յ-
ԵՒԾ ԵԼԱԾԱՅ Ա ԵԱ ԵԱՐԱՅՈՂ--- ԱՅ ՅԱԵԾ-
ԾՅԼՅ, Ա ԵՂԱՅՅԱՅ ԵԱՕՅԱԼ ԱՅՍՐ ԵԱՐ, 1 ՅՕ
ՔՕՂԱՅԱՐ ԱՅԻ ՔՕՂ յԱ Յ-ԵԼԵՅՐ, յԱԱՅՐ Ա ԵՅ
ՔԱԾ "ՐԱԱՅԵԱ յԱՐ յԱ ԵԼԱՅՈՂ," ՅԱՅ ԵՅՕ-
ԵԱՅՈՂ, ՅԱՅ ԱՐԱՐ ԱՅՍՐ ԼԱԵԱ ԱՅՐ Ա Յ-ԵՍԻՅՈՂ-
ԱՅ ՔԵԱՅ ԵԱՐԱ ՔԵՕ, Ա ԵՅՅՈՂԱՅ, ՔԱ ԵԱՐԵԱՅՐ-
յԵ 1 Յ-ԵՕԼԱՅԻԵ ԵԱՅԵԼՅԵԱԵ 1 Յ-ԵՕՂԱԵԵԵ-
Ա, ԱՅՍՐ ԼԵ ՕՐԵԱԾ ԵԱՐԵՅՅԵ!

"ՅՐ ԵԼԵԱՐԱԵ ԱՅ ՐԱԾ ԱՅ ՔԱՕՅԱԼ; ԱՅՍՐ
ԵՐ յՅՕ-յԱԾԱՐԱ, յԵԱՅՈՂ-ԵՍՅԵԱԵ ԱՅ ԵԱՅՅ-
ԵԱԵ ԱՅ ԵՍՅՈՂԵ."

ԵՒԾ 1 ԱՅ ՅԱԵԾՅԼՅ ԱՅՈՂ ԱՐ ԼԱԵԱՅՐ ՔԱԾ-
ՐԱՅԵ, յԱԱՅՐ ԹՕ յՅՈՂ ՔԵ ԲՅՕՐ ԱՅ ԵՐԵՅՅԾԵ-
Ե ԵՂԱՐ յ-ԱՅԵՐԵԱԵԱԵԱՅ ԱՅՍՐ ԵԱՅՅԾ ՔԵ, ԼԵՅ-
ԵԵ, ԹՕ 'ի ԵՐԵՅԵԱՅՈՂ, ԱՅ Ե-ԱՕՂ ԵԱԵ ԱՅՈՂԱՅՈՂ
յԵԱՅՈՂ-ՔԱՅԼԵԱԵ 1 ՔԵԱՅՐ յԱ ԵՐԱՅՈՂԵ; ԵՒԾ
ԱՅՈՂ ՅԼԱՕՅԾ ՈՂԱՅՈՂ ԼԱՅՈՂԵՐ ԱԵ ԵԱԵԵ-
ԱՅԻԼ ԱՅԻ ՔԵԱՐԱՅԾ ԵՅՐԵԱՅՈՂ ԵՍՈՂ ԵԱԵԱ, ԱՅՐ
ՔՕՂ Ա յՕԵ 'ՅՍՐ Ա Ե-ԵՅՐԵ; ԱՅՍՐ, յՈ ԱՐ ԼԱ
ՔԵՅՈՂ, ԵԱՅ ԱՅՍՐ ԼԱԵԱՅՐ ԱՅՈՂ ՅՕ յՅԻՐ ԵՅ-
ՔԵԱԵԵԱԵ ՔՐՅՕՈՂՏԱ ԵԱՅՅԼԱՅԱԵՒՇ ՈՂԱ
Ե-ԵՅՐԵԱՅՈՂ, ՏԵԱՅԱՅ ՁԱԵԻՅԼ.

ԹՕ ԵԱՐԵՕՅ ՁԱԵԵՅԻԼԼ յՅ՞Լ ԱՅՈՂ ԱԵԵ
յԵԱՅՈՂ-յՅԾ--- ԱԵԵ ԵԱՅՈՂԱՅ ԵՍՈՂ ԵՐՅԵ. ՈՅ
ՔԵՅՅՈՂ ԹՕ ԵՅՐԵԱՅՈՂԱԵ Ա ՅՐԱԾՅՅԵԱՐ ԱՐ
Ե ԵԵՂԱՅԱ յՅԻՐ, ԱՐԱ, յՅՕՐԱՅ ԹՕ ՔՅՅՅՕԾ
1 Ե-ԵՅՅԵՅՈՂ ԵԱ ԵՍԻՐԵ ՔԵՕ ՅԱՅ Ա ԵՒԼ ԵԱՐ
ԱՅ ԵԵԱՐՅԵ.!

ԹՕ ԵԱՐԱՅՕ ԱՅՈՂ,

Ձ. Ք. ՁԱԵԻՅԱՅՐՕ.

^e 'ՏԱՅԻ--- ԱՅՔԱՅԻ. I use this word for
the first time, in writing, that I may
have your opinion as to the correctness
of an idiom in general use in Tyrconnell
to the total exclusion of ԵՍՈՂ. ԱՅՔԱՅԻ is
(in my opinion), strictly speaking, a
prepositional pronoun, compounded of
ԱՅ ՈՐ ԱՅՐ, in, and ԱՅԻ, on him---lit. "in
on him," to him. The feminine form
is ԱՅՐՅՈՂԵՅ, with the usual emphatic
terminations in both genders. ԱՅՔԱՅԻ
is, however, frequently used as a sim-
ple preposition, as in the above ins-
tance. Unlike compound prepositions

however it does not govern the genitive: it merely aspirates the initial of the governed word. Neither does it govern words in what is called in English the Neuter gender.

I was at first puzzled in thinking that ΔΗΡΑΝ governed nouns in both genders, as, for instance, ΔΗΡΑΝ ΠΑΤΡΥΣ, ΔΗΡΑΝ ΖΗΛΙΑΣ—Lit. "to him" Patrick --- "to him" Mary. I now think however that the latter should be written, ΔΗΡΟΝ ΖΗΛΙΑΣ--- the elipsis of the last syllable of ΔΗΡΟΤΙ causing the (almost) similarity in the pronunciation of both words.

O'Donovan and Joyce, both, ignore the word in all its forms: nor have I ever seen it in print, yet I do not want to discard a friend of thirty years' standing until assured of its incorrectness.

Δ Η-ΟΙΛΕΑΜΥΗ---the mode of expression I use in speaking; Ι ΟΙΛΕΑΜΥΗ may be more grammatical.

Δ ΤΟΙΟΝΤΟΥΤΟ ΒΑΘΥΑΙ ΑΣΥΡ ΗΔΥ... a figurative expression whose meaning is obvious to any student of Irish history.

ΕΑΡ ΔΗ ΕΕΑΡΑΙΘΕ, lit. beyond the path: beyond the bounds (of propriety) Δ. Ρ. ΔΙΕΔΙ.

[We hope that some of our readers who can enlighten Mr. Ward on this head will do so. E. G.]

Moberly, Mo., Apr. 21, 1884.

M. J. Logan,
Editor An Gaodhal :

Dear Sir: It is time that I should write you again, and congratulate you on the progress of the grand movement which you have so ably and heroically inaugurated for the preservation, perpetuation and advancement of the grand old Irish language, through the medium of the Gael. Long may it live and prosper is my ardent and sincere wish for the superb little gem, the Gael.

O, friends of mine on whom the nine bestowed their magic powers,
Who culled the sweets the gifted meet in learnings fairy bowers,
Come lend your aid, with me to braid, of poesy's bright flowers,
A garland to commemorate the advent of the Gael.

My Dear Sir, you would hear from me more frequently but, my business is such, that I am away from my home a great portion of the time.

I just returned home a few days ago, after seven or eight month's absence in the states of Arkansas

and Texas, consequently, I did not receive the Gael until I came home, when my little boy brought me all the numbers; you can better imagine than I can describe, the pleasure and satisfaction it gave me in perusing its columns and spicy letters of your correspondents, and am glad to see that so many students of the Gaelic language acted on the advice of Patrick.

Now, Sir I was quite young when I left Ireland and consequently, did not know anything about the Irish language; the teacher did not give us any instructions in the language. I have never seen an Irish book—or never saw the language set in Gaelic type. I heard it spoken amongst my countrymen but did not understand it, consequently I was entirely ignorant of the language until you sent me the Gael. Now, thanks to you and the Gael I can speak it tolerably well but cannot write it yet.

If my business would permit me to remain at home and give my attention to studying the Gael thoroughly, I flatter myself in saying that I would be able to read and write it pretty well by this time. My little boy is picking it up rapidly and now thoroughly understands the alphabet and can spell tolerably well from studying the Gael.

I send you another year's subscription to the Gael, hoping to see its circulation quadruple in the next year. I remain with many well wishes for the welfare and prosperity of the Gael,

Yours very truly

Wm. O'Leary.

Δ ΣΑΟΙ ΔΙΛΥ; ΒΥΘ ΗΜΑΙΣ ΗΥΟΜ ΔΗ ΛΕΥΤΗΡ ΡΕΟ Δ ΡΥΜΙΟΒ ΕΥΖΑΤ ΗΥΡ Δ ΤΕΑΗΖΑ ΖΑΕΤΙΣΕ ΔΙ ΤΟ ΒΥ ΕΑΖΛΑ ΟΥΗ ΗΑΕ ΜΒΕΥΤΕΑΘ ΡΕ ΕΕΑΡΕ, ΑΣΥΡ ΖΟ ΜΕΥΤΕΑΘ ΗΑ ΡΖΟΛΑΥΗΘΕ ΡΟΖΛΥΗΜΤΕ ΜΑΖΑΘ ΡΥΜ ΔΥΗ ΜΟ ΘΡΟΕ ΖΗΑΥΜΕΥΗΕ. ΔΙΕ ΜΑ ΕΥΗΥΕΘ ΤΥ ΔΗ ΛΕΥΤΗΡ ΡΕΟ ΗΥΡ ΔΗ ΤΕΑΗΖΑ ΖΑΕΤΙΣΕ ΤΟΜΗ ΤΑΒΑΥΗΥΕΘ ΜΕ ΜΟ ΒΥΠΘΕΑΕΑΥ ΤΟΥΤΟ Ο Ο ΕΑΡΑΙΟ, ΑΥΗΑΗ Ο'ΛΑΟΖΑΥΗΕ.

(ΣΥΜΦΟΒΑΗΗ ΤΥ ΖΟ ΜΑΙΕ, Δ ΑΥΗΑΗ,---ΗΥ'Ι ΑΤΘΒΑΡ ΗΑΥΗΕ ΔΥΗ ΒΥΕ ΑΖΑΟ.---ΡΟΥΤΡΕΟΥΗ]

Whenever the British lion in his freebooting expedition in the Soudan gained an apparent victory over the native "Rebels", his Jackalls of the American (more properly, anti-American) press, announced "The Great Victory", in double headed capital. But when he has left in ignominious disgrace they merely intimate the fact in small Brilliant—the smallest type made!

ΤΑ ΕΥΗΡ ΗΑ ΖΑΕΤΙΣΕ ΤΟΥ ΔΥΗ ΑΖΑΙΘ, ΡΕΑΡ ΔΗ ΖΑΟΘΑΙ ΡΟΥΗ Α'Ρ ΡΑΡ.

ԱՅՐ ԾԱՏ ԼԵՕՂԻԱՅԻՆ ՊԵ Կ-ԱՅՐԾԵ 1 Պ-ԱՅՐ
ՏԵԱՇԱՅԻՆ ԱՅԻՇ ԴԵՂ, ԱՅՐԾԵԱՏՅՈՅՅ ԷՄԱՊԱ.

ՏԵՄԻՏԻ, 1881.

ԼԵՅՐ ԱՊ 5-ՇՐԱՅԻՆԻ ԱՅԻՇԻՊԻ.

ԵՂ ԵՐՈՂ ԲԱՐԻ Ա՛Ր ՇԵՈ ԾԱԾ ԶՈ ՊՈ-ԷՄՅՅ ՚ՐՊԱ ՐՔԵՐԷՅԻՇ
ԵՂ ԾՈՊԱՐ ԱՅԻ ՐՇԼԱՐ Ա՛Ր ՐՈՊԱՐ ՅԵՂ ՔՈԵԲԱՐ :
ԲԱՅՐԵՕՅԱ ՚Ր ՐՔԻԾԵՕՅԱ ՅԱՊ ՇԵՂ 1Պ Ա Պ-ԵՄԼԱՅԻՇ ;
ԱՊ ԾՈ 1ՊՐ ԱՊ Պ-ԵՄԱՅԼԵ ՅԱՊ ԿԱՅՅ Ա՛Ր ՅԱՊ ՅԵՊՊՊՅ.

ԿՅ ԼԱՐՇԱՊՊ ՅԱԼ ՅԱՅԻՇԵ ԵԱՐՐ ԵՐԱՅԻԾԵ ՊՈ ԵՐԱՊՊԻ,
1Ր 1ՈՊՅԱՊԵՂԵՑ ԵՅՊՊԵԱՐ ՊԱ Ե-ՔԼԱՐ Ա՛Ր ՊԱ Ծ-ԾՈՊ
ԿԱ ՊԵՄԼԵՂԱ ՚Ր ՊԱ ՐՔԵՐԷՅԻՇ ԶՈ ԵԱՅԱՐԱԾ ԾՈՊՊ
՚Տ ԵՂ ԵՂԵՂԵՂ ԻՐԱՊ ԵՐԻ ԵՅՅ ԱԵՂ ԴԵ ԾՈ ԵՐՈՊ.

1Ր ՊԱՐԾ ԱՊ ԾՈՐՐԱՊՊ ԱՅՅ ՐՈՇԱՊ ԱՊ Ե-ՐԼԵՅԵ,
Ա Պ-ԾԵ ԵՅՅ ԱՅՅ ՊՅԷԱԾ ԶՈ Կ-ԱՅԻՇԻՊՊ ՚Ր ԶՈ Կ-ԵՐԱԾ,
ԿՅ ՚Լ ԵՅՅԻՇ ԻՐԱՊ ԱՅՐԵ ԱՅՅ ՊՊՊԵ ՚Ր ԱՅՅ ԼԵՊՊՊՅ
ԿՅ ՚Լ ԲՅԼԻՇ ԱՅՅ ԻՅՐԻՇՈՇ ՊԱ ԲԵԱԾՈՅ ՊՈ ԵՄՊ ԱՊՊ.

ԵՂ Պ ԴԵՊՊԵՇՅ ՊԱԾ ԱՅԻ ԵՄԼ ԱՊ ԵԱԼԼԱ,
ԱՊ ՐՇԵՂԱՊ ԵՐԱՅԻՇ ՚Ր ԱՊ ԵՐՈՅ ՅՐԱՊԱ,
ԱՊ ԲԼՅ ՚Ր ՅԱԾ ԼԱՅԻ ԵՂ ԶՈ ԵՄՅ ԱՅ ԲԱՐ ԱՊՊ
ԶՈ ՐՈՇԱՅԻ, ՐՈՇԱՅԻ ՚Ր ԵՐԱՊՊԼԱԾԵ ԵԱՐ ԱՊՊ.

ՈՇ, 1Ր ՐՈՐԱՐ Ծ՛ ԱՅԻՇԵ ԶՈ Ե-ԲԱՅԼ ԱՊ ԵԱՐ ԱՊՊ
1Ր ՐՈՐԱՐ Ծ՛ ԱՅԻՇԵ ԱՅԻ ԼՈՊՊՇԱԾ ԿԱԾԱՅԻ,
ԱՅԻ ԵՐՈՊՊԵ ՊԱ ՐՔԵՅԻՇ ԵՅՅ ԶՈ Կ-ԱՅԻՇԵՄԼ
ԶՈ ՊԱԾ ԱԾԵԱՐ ՅԵՐՐ-ՅՈՅԼ ԱՅԻ ԲԵԱԾ ԱՊ ՊԱՅՐԱՅԻ.

1Ր ԵԱՐ ՊՅՈՐ ՊԵԱՐԱ ՊԱ ՊՅԼԵ ԵԱՐ Ե,
ԵԱՐ ԱՊ ԱԵԱՐ ԵՄՈ ԵՅՅՊՊ ՚Ր ԵՄՈ ՅՐԱԾԱԾ,
ԱԵԱՅԻ ԱՐՈ ՊԱ Յ-ԵԼԵՅԻ ՚Ր ՊԱ Պ-ԵՐԱԵԱՐ
ՈՇ, 1Ր ԴԵ ԾՈ ԵԱՐ-ԻԱ ԾՈ ՊՊԼ ԱՊ ՊԱՅՐԱՅԻ.

ԱՅՐԾԵԱՐՅՈՅՅ ԵՅԼԻՐ, ՅՐԱԾ ՊԱ Յ-ԵԼԵՅԻՇ
ՅՐԱԾ ՊԱ Պ-ԾԱՅՊՊԵԱԾ, ՚Ր ԵՐՈՅԻՇԵ ՊԱ ԲԵՅԼԵ,
ԱՅՐԵՂԱՅԻ ԵՐՊՊԱԾԵ, ՊՅՐԵՂԱՅԻ ԵՅՐԵԱՊՊ
ԱՅՈ ՊՅԼԵ ԵՐԱՅՅ, Ա ՏԵՂԱՅԻ ԱՅԻՇ ԴԵՂ ԵՄ.

ԿՅ ԲԵՄԾԱՅԻ ԱՊ ԻՅԵՄ ԻՊՊ ԾՈ ԲԵԱՐԱԾ ՅԱՊ ԵԱՅՊՊԵԱԾ
՚ՏԵ ԱՊ ԻՅԵՄ Ե, ԼԵ ԵՅՐԵԱԾԵ, 1Ր ՊԵԱՐԱ ԼԵՊ՛ ԵՐՈՅԻՇԵ-ԻԵ,
Ծ՛ ԲԱՅ ԵՅՅ ԶՈ ԵՄՐԵՂԱ, 1 ԲԵՅՊ Ա՛Ր Ա ԾԱՅՊՊԵ
Ծ՛ ԲԱՅ ԵՐՊՊԱԾԵ ԶՈ ԾՈՊԱ ՅԱՊ ՐՇԼԱՐ ՊԱ ԵՐՈՅԻՇԵ ՚ՐԵՅՅ.

1Ր ԵՐԱ ԵՅՅ ԵՐՅՈՊՊԱ, ԵՂԱՊՊԱՐ, ՅԱԾ ԱՊ.
ԱՅ ՐԵՂԱԾ ՊԱ Պ-ԾԱՅՊՊԵԱԾ ՚ՐԱՊ Ե-ԲԼՅԵ ՊԱԾ ՊԱԾ ԵԱՊ,
1Ր ԵՐԱ ԾՈ ԻՅՐԻՇՈՇԲԱԾ ՊԱՐ ՊԱՅՊ ԼԵ ՐԵԱՊՊ
ԱՊԱՐ ԲԱՅՐԱ ԵՄ Ծ ԾՅԱ ԾՈ ԵՂԱԼ ՚Ր ԾՈ ԵԵԱՊՊ

TRANSLATION

By MICHAEL CAVANAGH.

On The Death of The High Lion of The West, JOHN MACHALE,
Archbishop of TUAM.

November, 1881,

By CRAOIBHIN AOIBHINN.

Chill clouds of grief athwart the sky loom heavy, thick and dun,
Misfortune dims the pleasant light of Heaven's brilliant sun;
The lark's melodious voice is mute, the robin's notes are still,
The kine, in silence, ruminates on pasture-field and hill.

The gentle zephyrs cease to sway the branches of the trees,
The bloom clings strangely to the bush, unshaken by the breeze,
The stars within the firmament shine with a lurid glare,
It feels like choking now to breathe, the heavy, clammy air.

The mountain-streams come rushing down with sullen thunder-boom,
(But yesterday they lightly sang among the heath and broom :)
The little trout within the pool no longer sprightly bounds,
No lap-wing's call, no plover's cry, above the moor resounds.

The stinging nettle by the wall—wild, russet-hued, and rank,
The hateful thistle, hard and rough, the chick-weed thick and dank,
And all the herbs that spring from earth, their baneful shade beneath,
Seem in their still and ghastly gloom, similitudes of Death.

Oh! sure 'tis easy now to see that Death is 'round us here,
Well may we know why Nature wears that aspect dull and drear;
Well may we judge by those portents we witness in the sky—
All Ireland has sad cause to raise the loud death-wailing cry.

Oh! 'tis a death far worse to us than if a thousand died—
Our loving, gentle Father's death, our Ireland's love and pride;
The glory of our country's priests—the Father of them all,
Well may the Nation weep above the coffin's gloomy pall!

The faithful Irish priesthood's love, wert thou, Archbishop dear!--
THE PEOPLE'S LOVE—the heart and life of patriots sincere;
All Connaught's pride—all ERINN'S pride, the hope of Innisfail—
My thousand griefs, that thou art gone, our peerless JOHN MACHALE!

This woeful news I cannot stand, and keep my eye-lids dry.
No news more doleful to my heart I've heard grief's herald cry;
It left poor Erin sorrow-crushed---her people sad and lone,
It left poor Connaught steeped in woe----her heart's-light now is gone.

'Tis you that had the kindly heart---the wise and ruling head,
The people on the straight, right road, for evermore, you led,
You, like the prophet-seers of old- wrote with inspired pen,
The gifted thoughts derived from God, to guide your fellow-men,

But better still than all the rest---(how pleasant 'tis to tell);
 You never lost your love for that old tongue we love so well :--
 Old Erin's tongue, the sweet and bland---the tongue of Chief and Bard,
 Still kept its place within your heart and held your high regard.

A Bard you were when none were found to sound its praises high,
 Its tattered symbol you upraised against the Irish sky,
 You raised to life the grand old tongue and music of the Gael ;---
 Oh! long the day ere we shall see your like, brave JOHN MACHALE!

The living language of our sires can never hope to find
 A nobler advocate than you---a friend more real and kind ;
 The light that shone on its rough path is quenched through future years,
 And Erin's guiding-light is drowned beneath her mist of tears.

When listing to that news we heard Death's tidings in the air,
 There fell upon our inmost hearts a cry of wild despair,
 Oh! sorrowful are we this day! Oh! pitiful our case---
 Our happiness is fled for aye,---Misfortune grows apace.

The hour your blissful soul to God had winged its joyful flight,
 A crushing blow fell on our hearts and seared them like a blight,
 When, in your coffin, you were laid there rose a piercing wail
 From Erin's heart--her light and love went with you, JOHN MACHALE.

We see, by a report in the *Brooklyn Eagle*, that some members of the St. Patrick Society purpose erecting a monument to the late Mr. Thomas Kinsella in Prospect Park, basing such action on the fact of his being a representative Irishman.

We regarded Mr. Kinsella as a very clever worldly Irishman who, by his splendid talent and indomitable will power, raised himself from obscurity to a commanding position among his fellow-citizens. But in all other respects he did not possess a single trait characteristic of the Irish race.

Thomas Kinsella was extolled and feasted by a class of persons who invariably lionize any Irishman who deviates from that path of conduct and morality which distinguishes the representative Irishman.

We understand that at least three-fourths of the members of the society are opposed to the contemplated action, and we regret that they have not the moral courage to openly express their sentiments and thereby put an end to it.

This is not the first time that the Irish character has suffered through the timidity of Irishmen themselves to openly maintain their convictions. The St. Patrick Society has not been, these years past an organization representative of Irish sentiment. It is now cosmopolitan, and as an Irishman, we will not passively permit it to libel the Irish character by indorsing Mr. Kinsella's career as its representative.

We regret to be thus forced into the revival of matters which we would sooner see forgotten. But the best way to avoid being stung by a nettle is to grasp it. Should the handful of the members of the St. Patrick Society who originated this project persevere in their intentions, it is the duty of Irishmen to assemble and disclaim any sympathy with it, otherwise the actions of these few, supported and promulgated by a powerful anti-Irish press, would pass as that of the many, and would brand the representative Irishman as--- the prototype of Thos. Kinsella. The St. Patrick Society's actions are a libel on Irishmen, and the sooner it disbands the better.

The Truth Scranton, Pa. we are pleased to see is now being published daily, and conducted by Irishmen. Irishmen are at the head of every enterprise in the country requiring intelligence, and yet, the New York (English) Times tells us that Irishmen are not sufficiently intelligent to be entrusted with the management of their own affairs!

The Irish element in Brooklyn has now an able weekly newspaper---the *Catholic Examiner*, and should liberally support it. Irish fathers and mothers make a very great mistake when they neglect to supply their children with wholesome reading matter---the *Examiner* is such.

REAL ESTATE.

For Sale and to Trade.

The owner of this farm is engaged in business in N. Y. City, and anyone wishing to see it with a view to purchasing may communicate with us for his address and additional particulars. The whole extent of the farm is 540 A., with suitable mansion and outbuildings. An extended description of which, with a photographic view of buildings, may be seen at this office.

FENTON BROOK FARM.

With its convenient buildings, beauty of situation, healthfulness of location, pure air, never-failing spring water, convenience to railroad stations and public schools, is one of the loveliest and most desirable of places, either for a permanent home or a summer residence.

Situated on a higher elevation than the plain, and protected by the mountains which surround it, it escapes the early frosts of Fall and late frosts of Spring, which adds to its value for fruit-raising and for maintaining during a long season fine green pasture for the herd of cattle.

The soil is a deep dark loam, over four hundred acres of which are under cultivation, besides pasture and woodland. The fields are convenient to the road, which runs through the center of the farm and spring water in every pasture.

The town of Great Barrington, about four and a half miles away, is one of the most intelligent and enterprising in western Massachusetts. It contains good schools and splendid churches, one of which, the Congregationalist, has one of the best organs in the country, and a parsonage recently completed at a cost of \$100,000. The village of South Egremont, about a mile and a half distant, contains stores, church, post-office, grist-mill factory, etc.

Hillsdale, N. Y., which is not far away, is the third largest shipping station on the Harlem Railroad. Fenton Brook Farm has in its immediate neighborhood a number of delightful farms and homes.

My business here has increased to such an extent that it requires my entire attention, and I deem it advisable for purely business reasons to dispose of the farm.

The title is free and clear. The price asked is \$33,000—\$10,000 cash; the balance can remain on mortgage to run six years or longer.

The property being offered at less than its value (adjoining property having been sold for \$100 per acre, without improvements), no exchange will be entertained. Everything will be found equal to the following description. The place is unquestionably a great bargain.

I would direct special attention to 12 2 story & basement high stoop Brown Stone front Houses, on Prospect Heights, bet. 5th & 6th Aves. South Brooklyn. Five minutes' walk from the Third St Entrance to Prospect Park. The handsomest, and is destined to become the leading location of the City. Convenient to the cars, &c. Price, \$6,500

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