

32

# GAEL

Leaban-aithyr m'ioramal,  
Tabaínta cum an  
**TEANGA GAEILGE**  
a c'orrad <sup>asur</sup> a raoncuíad  
asur cum  
**Fem-maíla Cúid na h-Eimeann.**

VOL. 3.— No. 8.

JUNE,

1884.

Price, Five Cents.

The




Gael.

*A monthly Journal, devoted to the Cultivation and Preservation of the Irish Language,  
and the autonomy of the Irish Nation.*

*Terms of Subscription*—Sixty Cents a year, in advance ; Five Cents a single copy.

*Terms of Advertising*—10 cents a line Agate ; 25 per cent discount to yearly advertisers.

 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.

Published at 814 Pacific st., Brooklyn, N. Y., by M. J. Logan, editor and proprietor.

Third Year of Publication.



Իր լոյսն մե ԾԾ ծայէ (Այր ըլ) չադ Եղե  
 րչայէ Այր Բոյ Դար Ել,  
 Չէ Ելս Դոյր Դ Բայոյոյ Բոյ ԶՕ Բայժ-  
 Բլն ԴԱ ԵՕԲՈՅԴԴ,  
 Չի Բլն ԵԱԲԵ Դ ԴլԵ ԴԱ ԵԱՅԻՇԵԱԾԵ  
 ԾՕ ԵԼԴԴԱ ՉԱՅԻՇԻ,  
 Լոյն ՉԼոյն Ելմէյոլլ Բն ԵլսԾ Այր ԴՕ  
 ԲՅԵԼ.

### PHILO-CELTS.

The principal topic among the Brooklyn Philo.Celts is the pic-nic which comes off at Schutzen Park on 24th of July.

We had a visit from our friend, F. J. Ward of New York, a few evenings' ago; he is as buoyant as ever. He thinks the appearance of the Gael should be improved; we coincide in the remark, and hope that he and our N. Y. friends will assist in effecting it.

J. J. Lyons, P. Connolly, and A. P. Ward, of Philadelphia, issue this notice.---For the accommodation of parties living above Market St., an up-town branch of the P. C. Schools is now established, and will meet henceforth at 7 o'clock every Sunday evening, at Lewers Hall, S. E. corner 9th and Spring Garden. Ladies and gentlemen having the welfare of the Irish language at heart, and all who wish to learn to speak, read and write the Irish language are cordially invited to attend.

Mr. J. McLaughlin, of Scammonville, Kansas, reports the formation of a Gaelic class in that city.

### THE IRISHAMERICAN "PATRIOTIC PRESS", P. J. Sheridan, and the *Irish World*.

The truly patriotic Irishman must feel pained at the avidity with which certain Irish-American "Patriotic" journals seize the opportunity presented by P. J. Sheridan's charges against Mr Ford to try to blacken his character.

From the enormous circulation of the *Irish World* these journalists know perfectly well that P. Ford's income is sufficient to meet all expenses and to save money also.

The Boston Pilot pays O'Reilly \$6,000 a year for editing it. The Pilot's circulation is about 40,000 a week. The *Irish World's* average circulation is 60,000 a week. If the Pilot can pay

O'Reilly \$6,000 a year, the *Irish World* should yield Mr. Ford, who is editor and proprietor such a sum as would place him beyond pecuniary straits. If Mr. Ford is not able to save money on a 60,000 circulation, how can the editors to which we refer, hold their heads above water on a circulation of less than 10,000? Except the *Irish World* and the Pilot, no other Irish-American paper exceeds 25,000 in circulation:

Having said so much of the editors, we shall say a word about Mr Sheridan—Shortly after his arrival here, we were told by a gentleman from Kilgallas, Co Mayo Ireland, to be aware of Mr Sheridan, and hinted that he was in the service of the British government. The information was conveyed to us under the assumption that we were a member of a secret patriotic society with a view of putting such society on its guard. Not being a member, and placing confidence in the gentleman from whom the caution proceeded; and to save people being duped by such characters, we waited on some personal friends who were members of the old Fenian society thinking they might still be in a position to convey the information to the proper quarter. Some of them did not think well of us for conveying the imputation, but we had such confidence in the purity of the source from which it came that we felt satisfied as to its truthfulness, and conveyed it with the same singleness of purpose. We shall now ask our friends who thought so "hard" of us for conveying it whether subsequent facts have not demonstrated its genuineness?

If Mr Sheridan was in the British service it would be his duty to act just as he has done, i. e. when he failed to worm himself into the confidence of those who were in a position to make reprisals, to try to destroy the medium of organization.

### IRISH BOOKS &

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, .....	\$5.00
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 .....	2.50
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 Grammar .....	.50
Dr. McHale's Irish Catechism .....	.25
First Irish Book .12, Second, .18, Third	.25
Irish Head-line Copy Book .....	.15
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 Songster .....	.25

Also, any other books desired by subscribers if to be had in New York or Dublin.



THE GAELIC ALPHABET.

Irish.	Roman.	S und	ris .	Rom. n.	S und.
À	a	aw	ṁ	m	emim
b	b	bay	ṇ	n	enn
c	c	kay	o	o	oh
ḁ	d	dhay	p	p	pay
e	e	ay	r	r	arr
f	f	eff	r	s	ess
ḡ	g	gay	t	t	thay
i	i	ee	u	u	oo
l	l	ell			

ḁ and ṁ sound like w when followed or preceded by a, o, u, as, a ḁáṁṁ, his bard, pronounced a wardh; a ṁḁṁṁ, his beef or ox, pronounced, a warth; and like v when preceded by e, i, as, a ḁeāṁ, his wife, pronounced, a van, a ṁḁeāṁ, his desire, pronounced, a vee-un ḁ and ḡ sound like y at the beginning of a word; they are almost silent in the middle and perfectly so at the end of words. Ḃ sounds like ch; ḃ, like f; ḃ and ḃ, like h; and ḃ is silent.

Sound of the Vowels—long.--

À	sounds like a in war, as ḁáṁṁ, top.
é	" " e " ere, " céṁṁ, wax.
í	" " ee " eel, " ṁḡṁ' fine.
ó	" " o " old, " óṁ, gold.
ú	" " u " rule, " úṁ, fresh.

Short.---

À	" " a in what, as, ḡṁṁ, near.
e	" " e " bet, " ḁeḁ, died.
i	" " i " ill, " ṁḡṁ, honey
o	" " o " got, " loṁ, wound.
u	" " u " put, " puṁ, thing.

SECOND BOOK (Continued).

D

1. 21ḡ é āḡ ḁó, ḡo āḡ ceāḁṁṁ, ḡo āḡ cūḡ?
2. Deḡḁ ṁḡḁ, ḁā eāḁ deūḡ āḡṁṁ ḡḡe caoṁṁ.
3. Bḡ ḡḡḡ ḡḡḡ eāḁ āḡḡḡṁṁ āḡṁṁ cūḡḡ ceūḁ laoc.
4. 21ḡ ḁṁṁ lā deūḡ ḡ āḡ ḡḡeāḁ ṁḡ.
5. Bḡ ḡaoḡ ṁḡḁ ḡ ḁā leāḡḁ deūḡ āḡḡ.
6. Bḡ āḡ deāḁḡḁḁ cloḁ āḡṁṁ.
7. Bḡ ceḡḡe ḁḡḡḡ āḡṁṁ.
8. 21ḁḡṁṁ loḁḁā āḡṁṁ uḁall ṁḡḡḁ.
9. Jṁ ṁḁḁṁ ḁḡḡḡ é ḡḡḡ.
10. Bḡ ḡḡḡe cḡḁḁ āḡṁṁ āḡḡḁ ḡeāṁ.

āḡḡḡ āḡ āḡ laoc.

E

1. 21ḁṁṁ āḡṁṁ ṁḡḁḁṁ, deāṁḁ-ḡḡṁṁ āḡṁṁ deāṁḁḡḁḁṁ.
2. Deāṁḁḡḁḁṁ āḡṁṁ ḁḡḁḁṁ, deāṁḁ-ḡḡṁṁ āḡṁṁ ḡḡṁṁ.
3. Ceūḁ-ḡḡḡḡ āḡṁṁ ḡḡḡḡ āḡṁṁ ḡḡḡḡ.
4. Bḡ āḡ ḁalaḡ ṁḡḁḁ āḡṁṁ bḡ āḡ cḡḡḁḁ-āḡḡe ḡeūḡḡṁṁ.
5. Bḡ āḡ deāḁḁ-ḡḡḡ ḡeāḡ āḡṁṁ bḡ āḡ ḡḡḁḁ cḡḁḁ.
6. Ḃā ḁoḡ loḁ deūḡ āḡṁṁ ḡḡe ḡḡḁ ḁḡ-ṁṁ ceāḡḡḡḡe ḡḡḡḡ.
7. Ḃā ḡḡḡ-ḁṁṁ ḡeāḡḡḁ āḡṁṁ ḡḡḡḡ-ḁṁṁ āḡṁṁ.
8. ḡḡeūḡ-ḡeāṁ āḡṁṁ ḡaoṁ-ḁṁḡḡ.
9. 21ḡ ḁā ḡḡḡ-ḡḡḁ ḁḡḁḁ, ḡḡḡḡḡ ḡe-ḁḡḡe.
10. Éḡḡe ḡo ḁḡḁḁ.

RULES FOR ASPIRATION.

RULE I.

The Article, āḡ, the, causes aspiration of the initial consonant (if aspirable) of "feminine" nouns in the nominative and accusative cases.

Ex. 1.

Examples of Feminine Nouns as influenced by the Article.

āḡ ḁeāḡ, the woman,	Pronounced ahn vnn.
āḡ ḁṁḡḡ-ḡeḡḡ, the wedding,	vanish.
āḡ ḁeāḁ, the life,	vahah.
āḡ ḁḡḁḁṁṁ, the year,	vlee-an.
āḡ ḁó, the cow,	wo.
āḡ ḁāḁṁṁ, the city,	chaw h
āḡ ḁloḁ, the stone.	chlough.
āḡ ḁolaḡḡ, the body,	cholunh.
āḡ ḡṁḡḡḡ, the sea,	arge.
āḡ ḡṁḡḡḡeoḡ, the window,	uinhoug.
āḡ ḡaoḁ, the wind,	yay.
āḡ ḡḡṁḡḡ, the morning,	waidhin.
āḡ ḡḡḡḡdeāḡ, the maiden,	wydh.un.
āḡ ḡḡḁṁṁ, the mother,	wawhir.
āḡ ḡḡḡ, the meal,	vin.
āḡ ḡóḡ, the kiss,	foug.
āḡ ḡḡḡḡḡ, the dinner,	frinn.

A simpleton being handed a book to read on opening it, commenced,---

"Ṃṁṁ ḁeāḡṁ ḁḡeāḁ ḁṁṁ ḡḡḡṁ ḡḡḡṁ."







21 211é'fl Uf Ló3á11, cu11111, le 11ó1á11  
ra11111e,  
'21o 1á111éa11 31ea11111a. cea11111a bea3  
cá11111e.—

Sé 1111

Sea11cú11 11a 11-1éa11 co11 11a 11e11e,  
'Sa 11-1a11e '1é11. '1a 113 á31111e.

211 Sea11acú11 :

3o 11-1e11c11111o le 31ea111, a 113á11 a11 11-  
a11,

21311 1a11 a111 á11 11-1111 1é11 ;

2111a111 á3 1a03'1ó13 a11 ea31111 111111  
le 10111

211 cea113a 111111 11111 1111 11 11a1 11o  
3a03á11

1á01113 1a011.

11o 11ó11 a11 111a113 11o11 1é11, 3o 11á11,  
3111 1a01a11

3o 3-cu1111113e cu11a 3a11a a11 a11 cea11-  
3a 3a03á1a11.

Seá3a11 0'0á1a.

113 11-á11 11o11 1é11a11 3a03á113e 111111e,  
0'a 1ó311111 1111 1éa11a 113 11a1 113 1é11e  
c1111e.

É11o11 1a011.

'1á 113a11e 11a 11-éa11 a111 11a111a 3a03á1,  
1a11 '1a 1111 a111 11a11o a11 11-1a03á1.

1a01113 0'11o11a11.

11a11 1eal1 a11 11eul 11o 11a111a 11a 1131a11  
213 1é11 1é 3a311a11 le 11eá11 3-ceul  
111a1a11

01a11111o 0'1a0111.

11 11ó11 a11 11eal1a11 11o11, a11 11a11 á3  
é3111 a11 11ó111é11,

'1á '3-cla111 11a 11-a111111e 11eo, á311 a11  
31o111é11 ;

3a11 111a11 3a11 ea31a (o11a)0 á1a11 11a  
11á1a11,

'S 3a11 11111 a111 11o11a11 áco a11 1a3a11e  
11a 111á1a11.

Seá1111 11o 1a111a.

P. J. O'SHERIDAIN

Agus

An Saoi Padruic Cill-ar-n-ath.

Is le mor dhoilgheas croidhe do ch-  
onarcmar an la cheana leitir fhada i  
b-paipearaibh Seaghain Devoy agus in  
sa American Gaodhlach o P. J. O'She.  
ridain n-aghaidh an tSaoi Cillar-n-ath  
de'n Chruinne Gaodhlach. Ni feasach  
linn go fhacamuid ariamh aon leitir  
nios diabhaluighthe 'na i, agus budh  
choir a h-ughdar a chrocadh suas air  
ghreim cluaise mar an spiodoir is mo  
agus is aingaididhe de spiodoradh na  
h-aoise seo. Ni h-e sin amhain, ach  
cad a thig linn a radh leis na paipeir  
noch a d'foilsigh i? D'fhuagair an  
Saoi Cillar-n-ath go g-cruinnochadh  
se cisde teagmhuis. Thug se taisbean-  
adh nach m-beidheadh aonduine faoi  
chuntas air ach e fein; nior iarr se air  
aonduine teagarughadh dho muna rab  
se sasta leis an margadh sin: air an  
adhbhar sin, nior fhag se g-cumhacht  
duine cneasda air bith loc' d'fhaghail  
air, do bhrigh nach rabh ioghlach air  
aonduine pighinn a thabhairt dho mu-  
na mb'ail leis e. Cia 'n fath, mar sin,  
a bh-fuil an drong seo d'a gnothugh'dh  
fein na thimechioll? Ni aon phighinn  
as a b-poca e, 7 meireach troime agus  
suime na cuise ata faoi na bhun, bhei-  
dheadh adhbhar gaire aig duine faoi  
na sondacht a measgughad a mearadh  
a nait nach m-baineann leo. Ach ni  
fiu bearan an chuis seo eidir iad seo  
a ta n-acrann ainti bh-farras an dio-  
bhail dheanfeas se do shaoirseacht na  
h-Eireann. Le inntleacht agus mail-  
is an diabhail, agus a g-cumas go g-  
cuireochadh se gadhair-hfuile na Sac-  
sanach air bhonn na m-ban cho maith  
le bonn na bhfear, feuch cad a deir  
an spiodoir seo n-dheireadh a leitire:  
"Ceanna tu dha bhean le laithreach  
Naomh Phoil d'ollughadh faoi choir  
an New Zealander," aig innseacht do  
no na Sacsanaighe, cho soileir agus is  
feidir le caint a dheunadh, aire thabh-  
airt do na mnaibh! oir is triobhtha  
do bhi an obair d'a dheanadh.

Cia acu, an mhuintir seo no Carey,  
is measa?







Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y. April 21. 1884,

[From Professor F. L. O. REHRIG.]

Dear Sir,—Having recently had the pleasure of receiving from some prominent Irish gentlemen, residing in various parts of the States, letters wherein they requested me to publish, or send for circulation, a few words of encouragement for the benefit of such of their compatriots as feel inclined, but are perhaps not yet fully decided, to undertake the study of their beautiful native tongue,—I now most cheerfully and cordially comply with their desire, by making some general remarks on this highly interesting and important subject.

Last Summer I spent (as you will recollect part of my vacation in your city. Soon after my arrival there, I was so fortunate as to become acquainted with yourself, with Hon. D. Burns, Mr. T. O'Neill Russell, and several others of the most prominent Celtic scholars of New York. I met with you all from time to time, for exchange of ideas and mutual improvement; and was thus introduced at the Philo-Celtic headquarters, on the Bowery, and also at Clarendon Hall. Thus, it happened that, one evening, I presented a short synopsis of everything essential pertaining to the intricacies of *aspiration* and *eclipsis*. My remarks on these difficult subjects were so kindly received that I was requested to deliver an address on such topics, and repeat, with full illustrations, the points set forth in my extemporaneous essay. A day was appointed for such a lecture, which was to take place at Clarendon Hall. I happened to be called suddenly away from the city, and, therefore, could not redeem my promise. I may possibly do so, some day, in a more complete, thorough and acceptable manner, and shall then entertain you more fully on *Celtic Languages and Literature*, with frequent reference to the peculiarities and the linguistic as well as literary excellences of the ancient and modern Irish language.

What attracted my attention to the *Celtic* languages was, at first, the many conflicting theories afloat as regards their origin, antiquity, their nature and affinities. At the same time, I studied the history of Ireland and of the Irish nation. The great prejudice which prevails in England against everything Irish, and has, probably, through English influence, or at least by tradition, been,—in a measure,—transplanted to this free soil of America, soon vanished from my mind, and gave way to a feeling of the highest appreciation of the Irish character, of the noble-minded nature, the heightened sentiment and the admirable patriotic spirit of the sons of Erin.

As I already once mentioned before the assembled Irish classes at Clarendon Hall,—when I was in your city last Summer,—I happened to meet, many years ago, in New York, a most distinguished Irish gentleman, who is, unfortunately, no longer in the land of the living. It was John O'Mah-

ony. I met him at the Fenian Headquarters, and had a long and most interesting conversation with him on the revolutionary movement then just commenced. In conclusion, he said to me,—what is true to the fullest extent,—namely, that, to save the *Irish nationality*, the preservation and perpetuation of the *Irish language* will be the most certain and, in the end, perhaps the *only* real, practicable and essential means. He mentioned, in this connection, the Hungarians in Austria, and the Poles, in Russia,—with what extreme tenacity they cling to their own native language, and that, in spite of the most decided opposition of the governments to which they are subjected.

So was the Irish language forbidden in Ireland, under the heaviest penalties, and with the infliction of the most cruel and barbarous punishments; and its cultivation is, to a considerable extent, still disregarded and discouraged, even here in this free country,—and this even by people of Irish birth or Irish descent.

I have conversed on these deplorable facts with several well-informed, enlightened Irish gentlemen. They all said it could not be helped, as the young generation *will not* speak or use Irish, but English,—the same as, in the German families, in this country, the children speak *English* best, or even exclusively, not caring at all to remain Germans, but allowing themselves to become completely absorbed by the American nationality.

But here is another consideration. It is not so much for the Irish in *this* country that their language should, from an absolute necessity, be carefully kept up as a living tongue, to preserve their nationality;—but the great object should be to show to the people of the mother country,—of Ireland,—what is the next important thing to do that they may not cease to be a nation distinct from their conquerors and oppressors. For, in Ireland the people will look up to their countrymen in America to see what they will do when wholly unrestrained and free. And this should be to teach them to love, to cultivate, to preserve and perpetuate their venerable mother-tongue,—so superior to the greatest number of the languages spoken all around them on European soil, for its antiquity, its originality, its unmingled purity, its remarkably pleasing euphony and easy, harmonious flow, its poetical adaptation, musical nature and picturesque expressiveness; its vigorous vitality, freshness, energy and inherent power; its logical, systematic, regular and methodically constituted grammar; its philosophic structure and wonderful literary susceptibility.

But, now, the important question still remains, why should the Irish not be able fully to revive and cultivate, to extend and keep up their native tongue, also, here in America as well as that might be done in Ireland? Have we not the praiseworthy example of the French in Canada before our eyes to follow and imitate? There, good and correct



French is still spoken, with the genuine old Normandy accent, and with the same phraseological peculiarities and modes of expression as were used in the first half of the eighteenth century. In the flourishing Catholic Laval University of Quebec (with its high order of advanced studies, its 38 professors, 280 regular students, and an unlimited number of free attendants,) the instruction in the various branches is still given in French. The same applies also to many other Canadian schools of a lower grade. Before many of the Courts of Justice the Canadian lawyers plead in French; and in Notre Dame, the Cathedral of Montreal, you can hear preaching in French. A whole French literature has developed on Canadian soil, with excellent poets, such as Frechette, Cremazie, Lemay, Sulte, etc.; with fine novelists, such as Chauveau, Doutre, Gerin, Lajie, Gaspé, Boncherville, etc.; historians, such as Ferland, Garnau and others. There exist also quite a number of French periodicals and newspapers in Canada, of which I will only mention a few that are conducted, with consummate skill, in as pure and elegant language as may be found anywhere in France. Such is the *Canadien* (since 1806), the *Echo de Levis*, the *Evénement*, the *Journal de Quebec*, the *Courrier du Canada*, the *Journal de l'Instruction Publique*, etc. Even deep in the interior of British North America, at Winnipeg, an excellent, well-written newspaper, the *Metis*, is published and fairly supported by the French settlers and the people of French descent scattered over that remote part of the country. There, in the far North-West, we also find a French literature in process of development with its poems and ballads, of which such as the "*Battle of the Seven Oaks*," the "*Vicissitudes of an Unfortunate Man*," etc., are fair specimens; not to mention tales and stories in good French prose. Thus, we see, the French will remain French everywhere in America; and it is altogether by keeping up *their own native tongue* that they continue their *nationality*, their history as a distinct race, their venerable family traditions, and their patriotic love of the old home of their forefathers in the mother country. Why cannot the Irish in America do at least as much as the French have done, and are still doing, most successfully and without any effort?

Let us, then, now consider the Irish Language in some of its various aspects, and see whether it really deserves the careless indifference and neglect which it has for so long a time received; and that, too, at the hands of those who have it intimately interwoven, as part and parcel of themselves, with the very essence of their being, their nature and their soul.

[To be continued.]

Send the Gael to your friends in the Old Country; two copies for a year for One Dollar. Your friends will be glad to hear from you in that way.

We see that Mr. T. O'N. Russell and others are suggesting the necessity of holding a Gaelic Congress. We hope the suggestion will result in some practical work. The principal difficulty in this connection is that the majority of those who are taking an active part in the Gaelic movement reside so far apart. However, this could be overcome by those living at a distance sending their sentiments in writing, so that every state and city might be represented. The Gael's subscribers throughout the country, we believe, compose a majority of those actively engaged in promoting the movement, and we would suggest that one from each city and town act as delegate to such convention. To avoid invidious distinction in the list of names which follow, we give them according to seniority on the subscription list of the Gael. Some of these gentlemen, such as Messrs. Maher, McCosker, Feeney, McTigh, Duggan &c. have, through their individual exertion sent as many as one hundred subscribers to the Gael, so that by concerted action, such as would be the outcome of a general convention, the Irish Language movement could be made a grand success. In those cities where Gaelic Societies are in working order, such as Boston, Paterson, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Nashua, N. Y., &c. We make no suggestions as those societies are qualified to speak for themselves.

Ala. Mobile, McCosker.  
 Ark. Jonesboro, Scanlan.  
 Can. Guelph, Dr. Noonan. L'Epiphanie. Lynch  
 Montreal, Harrington.  
 Conn. New Haven, Major Maher, Fair Haven,  
 O'Regan. Poquonock, Treacey. Williamantic,  
 O'Regan. Hartford, Duggan.  
 Cal. Trinidad, Cross. South Pueblo, Hughes.  
 West Oakland, Kelleher.  
 Dak. Greenfield, O'Connor. Egan, McGuire.  
 Lead City, Clancey. Jackson, Murray.  
 Fla. Valusia, Mitchell.  
 Ia. Burlington, Sheedy. Cedar Rapids, O'Boyle.  
 Ill. Chicago, McDermott. Seneca, Cahill. Dekalb,  
 Gallagher. Amboy, Kinnane. Tremont, Veal.  
 Ind. Petersburg, Shay. Bloomfield, Neidhigh.  
 Monson, Nagle.  
 Kas. Laclede, O'Sullivan. St. Mary's, Fitzgerald.  
 Oneida, Sweeney. Homer, Lewis.  
 Ky. Flemingsburg, O'Brien.  
 La. Franklin, O'Neill. Tangipahoa, Duruin.  
 Centreville, Rielly.  
 Md. Baltimore, McDonough. Pekin, Sullivan.  
 Mass. Quincey, Collins. Randolph, O'Malley.  
 Worcester, Flynn. Holyoke, Geran. Fall River,  
 Power. Lynn, Donovan. Easthampton,  
 Flynn. Brookfield, Hodges. Lawrence, Griffin.  
 Andover Depot, Lahey. N. Brookfield, Keohone, Leeds, Kennedy. Spencer, Wheelan.  
 Mich. Hancock, Dr. Scallon. Detroit, Tindall.  
 Buchanan, Dolan.  
 Minn. Minneapolis, Howley.  
 Mo. Avalon, Rielly. Sedalia, Sullivan. St. Louis  
 Lyons. Liberty, O'Leary. Pierce City,  
 O'Brien. Fulton, Leach.



Mon. Dillon, Cosgrave.  
 Oregon. Harrisburg, Sullivan.  
 Ohio. Bellaire, Whelan. Berea, Donovan. Zaleski, O'Donnell. N. M. H., Collins. Columbus, Goldrick, Kelly's L., Stenton.  
 Neb. Lincoln, Hickey. Atkinson, Nightingale. Virginia City, Feeney. Gold Hill, Crowley.  
 N. C. Bushill, Cummings. St. Marys Br. Cassidy.  
 N. Y. Oswego, Kelly. Fredonia, Maloney. Cohoes, Barnes. Rordout, Fleming. Binghamton, McTighe. Buffalo, Murphy and Walsh. Albany, McCarthy.  
 Pa. Sharon, Duffy. Dunmore, Coleman. Plains, Mitchell. Oil City, Russell. Rap, Gallagher. Hazelton, O'Donnell. Beachpond Spillane. Beaver Meadow, Stack. Dubois Ward. Rew City, Weaver. Scranton, Walsh. Bradford, McKevitt.  
 Tenn. Memphis, Hally.  
 Texas. Fort Worth, Casey. Coleman, Noonan. Aquilla, Luby.  
 Utah T. Promontory, Delahunty. Park City, Lay.  
 Wis. Chippewa Falls, Counsellor Geough. Madison, O'Sheridan.  
 Wash T. Port Ludlow, Dunlevy.  
 Va. Franklin, Waters:  
 W. Va. Norfolk, Cummings.  
 Wyo. Ter. Rawlins, Moore.

This list of names supplementary to the various Gaelic organizations should make the Gaelic movement one of the institutions of the day. All that is required is United action, and the establishment of a weekly journal would serve as a record of the work of the movement, and a channel for the interchange of sentiment. We hope the societies will take the matter in hand, and lose no time in pushing it. They have a grand opening now if they only avail themselves of it.

### THE IRISH LANGUAGE MOVEMENT.

It is rumored that Professor RÖHRIG, of Cornell University, contemplates giving up, temporarily, if not even permanently, the prominent and highly lucrative public position he holds as Dean of the Asiatic Department and Professor of Sanskrit and Oriental philology in the great University of our Empire State. His sole object for doing so, is to make Ireland his new home, with a view of acquiring a *practical* and *conversational* routine of the Irish language, studying the country and the people of Ireland, and making himself thoroughly familiar with the Irish question in all its aspects, relations, and bearings. He then intends to return to America, or at least, to do so from time to time, periodically, for the special purpose of lecturing in English as well as in Irish, in all the large cities of the States, on the interests of Ireland, its people, its language, literature, antiquities, ancient laws and history. Such persistent efforts on so grand a scale, cannot fail to do their goodly share towards promoting the welfare of the Irish nation, marking the place of Ireland in history for ever and

transmitting the record of its ancient fame and glory to posterity for all ages to come.

Such a self-imposed task, such a courageous self-exile, such a heroic voluntary abandonment of every pleasantness and comfort of life, of ample emoluments and great resources of all kinds, of a large circle of devoted relatives, colleagues and friends, of a most brilliant and congenial sphere of social and official existence, of so many deep-rooted souvenirs habits of thought and life, of personal attachments and endearments,—will certainly be one of the most remarkable and forever memorable incidents connected with the present Irish language movement. We wish Prof. Röhrig every success in his noble undertaking, but we also wish that such an unparalleled, tremendous sacrifice may not pass unnoticed and unappreciated among our countrymen on the other side of the Ocean. An enthusiastic scholar like Prof. Röhrig, one so disinterested and full of the spirit of sacrifice in every particular of life,—is not presumed to be also a man of gathered wealth and hoarded treasures. a hero in the financial world; and we might almost apprehend a rainy day for him to come, that would cool his ardent sympathies, his glowing love for Ireland and the Irish people too soon and too suddenly: His non-calculating, improvident enthusiasm might, indeed, appear to us unwise, inconsiderate and rash, did we not at the same time entertain the hope that our people in the old mother-country will, even in their own interests and in the very interests of their cause, place the professor again in at least a somewhat equivalent position of life, as the one which he on his own accord is now so generously leaving behind him. The professor's life lies open before the entire world, and among the many biographies and eulogies concerning him that have been published both in America and in all countries of Europe, we need only refer to the "Dictionary of British and American Authors" (Vol. II. Article "Röhrig"), to the "American-German Conversations—Lexicon", the "Ausland", the "Journal Asiatique" (1852), the Reports of the "Smithsonian Institution", etc., etc., not to mention the daily press of Germany, France, England and America. Not only has he been for many years an honorary member of many of the first learned societies of Europe and America, but he has enjoyed also the favor and esteem of kings and princes, he has been knighted and ennobled and is in possession of brilliant orders, titles and decorations. He would be eminently qualified for many an important public position of trust and responsibility, besides his varied accomplishments as a scholar, having had ample experience during his memorable and eventful past life, not only as a University-professor, but also as public Librarian, Government Official, International Agent, State Translator, Diplomatic Interpreter, etc.

We anticipate for the learned Professor a warm reception on the other side of the Atlantic.



Translation of the poem by Mr. Michael Burke,  
 "On the Night of the Great Wind,"  
 By his Daughter.

Fearful now the retrospection,  
 As time brings the recollection  
 Through the vista of reflection  
 Shrouding Nature as a pall.  
 Night terrific dire confusion,  
 All pervades while no illusion  
 Calms the fearful, ills profusion  
 Sternest will and mind enthrall.

Ocean's surges madly raging  
 Fierce o'ersteps its limits waging  
 War o'er loftiest cliffs engaging  
 Nature's utmost in the strife.  
 Shuddering all, as cleft asunder  
 Stanchest links which challenge wonder,  
 Lightning's flash and deaf'ning thunder,  
 Terror, woe, and plaint are rife.

Multitudes their crimes forsaking,  
 From profoundest slumber waking,  
 Earth in wildest terror quaking,  
 Masked is Mercy's visage now.  
 This no time for suppliant pleading,  
 Clemency is o'er receding.  
 Far from reprobate unheeding  
 Wrath but claims high homage now.

From the west high rapid rushing  
 Crested foam in surges crushing  
 Madly in its progress brushing  
 All engulfing in its path.  
 Then aloft petitions wending,  
 Is another Deluge pending?  
 Scoffers cease their sneers, are bending  
 Can it be dire day of wrath?

Threatening dire annihilation,  
 Compassing all vast creation,  
 Where then find an Ark's salvation?  
 Who the Noah then to shield?  
 But 'tis stilled; a mild cessation  
 Calms wild turmoiled situation,  
 Comes o'er all a sweet elation  
 Gales subside o'er flood and field.

High wild Ocean's spray is flying:  
 High o'er hill and heath defying  
 Briney showers of crystal lying  
 Decking mountain, plain and hill:  
 Rarest vesture thus displaying,  
 Garb of Nature's own arraying,  
 With her artist hand portraying  
 Rarest most bewitching skill.

Day when direst gloom appalling!  
 Day when lurid planets falling!  
 Day when on the mounts are calling

Piteous mortals in despair.  
 Who then stem those ills terrific,  
 Who then quell sad sighs prolific,  
 Who shall then yield balm specific  
 Where the culprits Justice dare?

Ocean sends its horde of ages,  
 Names once blazoning History's pages,  
 In array seers, fools, and sages.  
 Side by side are friend and foe.  
 Plain and mound and tomb are rending  
 Bursting from their centre's sending  
 Mortals waiting sentence, pending  
 Fraught with veriest bliss or woe.

All from earliest creation,  
 All from clime and race and nation,  
 Deadliest foe and loved relation  
 Mortal form then reassume.  
 Gabriel's clarion loudly thrilling  
 Inmost heart with terror filling  
 Summons all, to hear unwilling  
 Merited, unwelcome doom.

Then the few, the pure, the lowly,  
 Whose one aim salvation solely  
 Shunned for this broad course unholy  
 Now celestial garb display,  
 Then the many who addicted  
 To base passions well depicted  
 In dark visage fierce afflicted  
 Truly do their guilt portray.

Such will be that day of wailing  
 Such when Heaven its vengeance hailing,  
 Naught now lustrous wretched quailing,  
 Once these thoughts provoked a jeer.  
 Hark! archangel's trump announces,  
 Lo! Majestic King denounces,  
 The great wrathful Judge pronounces,  
 Sentence terrible to hear.

How portray this separation,  
 Sundered wide fond loved relation,  
 Earth's most cruel deprivation  
 Held not aught resembling this.  
 One last mute and cold embracing  
 Kindred, closest links effacing,  
 Parted! every thought erasing  
 Here to woe and there to bliss.

Oh, the joy triumphant sealing  
 Strifes conflicting, ills congealing  
 Snares escaped base tempters dealing  
 Conquerors, the enfranchised throng,  
 Bright reward! worth earnest trying,  
 Champions brave for Heaven denying:  
 Now with hosts celestial vying  
 Joining in angelic song.

Lofty throned in regal splendor,  
 Saints, apostles, honor render,



For redeeming ransom tender  
 For sin's vileness cleansed away.  
 Hear they now with exultation  
 Rapturous glorious invitation !  
 "Come ye blessed" passed probation  
 "Come" now bask in Heavenly ray.

Stern decree, the vile receiving,  
 Spent their course of base deceiving,  
 Naught their deep remorse relieving.  
 Quailing in a mute dismay.  
 Doom alas ! too late desecrating,  
 Endless torments flames undying,  
 Where then go from vengeance flying ?  
 Go accursed ! away, away !

Comes that final parting tender,  
 Anguish that no words can render,  
 What can then from ill defend or  
 Combat high celestial sway.  
 Kindred links fond ties endearing,  
 Snapt asunder bonds so cheering,  
 Mute must then be scoffers jeering,  
 Heaven's dread fiat all obey.

Ponder Mortal, hastning nearing  
 To the hour when all appearing  
 Disenthralled from bond endearing  
 Lonely speed their flight away.  
 Herald Terror's king ne'er sending  
 Now perchance his arrow bending  
 Nigh may on your steps be tending  
 What shield keep his dart at bay ?

Humbly crave 'oft light essential  
 Be your service penitential  
 Mercy he. o is all potential,  
 For beyond 'tis Justice reigns.  
 Warning heed, e'er fleet arriving  
 Doomsday when of chance depriving  
 Naught of Hope's bright star surviving  
 Forfeiture of all your gains.

Scripture's sacred revelation  
 Christ's true church precise notation  
 Speak of havoc, decimation  
 Horrors crowding with dismay.  
 Diverse ill and sin abounding,  
 Ravages and strife confounding,  
 Signs and claims for aid resounding  
 Presaging the final day.

Thunder's harsh reverberations  
 Tempest's harrowing devastations,  
 Error's poisoned declarations  
 Madly would for credence sue.  
 Falsehood's glitter soul destroying,  
 Slakeless in its thirst uncloying,  
 Victims in its wake enjoying  
 Rendering words prophetic true.

Watch ! your safety lies in guarding,  
 Sluggards ne'er are worth rewarding,  
 Vigilance not e'er retarding,  
 Glory always valor's prize.  
 Truth must surely win its guerdon.  
 When relieved from earthly burden,  
 Live not fools to pleasure lured on,  
 For the better gifts be wise.

Turn to Mary, she is pleading,  
 As Heaven's queen e'er interceding,  
 For her suppliants hourly needing  
 Aid from dawn unto last knell.  
 Seek her gracious intercession,  
 Jesus grants her all concession,  
 Vile though be each soul's transgression,  
 She can free from ev'ry spell.

She is regal, yet maternal ;  
 She hath conquered hosts infernal,  
 Throned in sceptered might eternal,  
 She is e'er perdition's foe.  
 Each defect her love erases,  
 Flaws that record oft defaces,  
 Frees from all that stains debases,  
 Sends relief from every woe.

When he who penned those feeble numbers,  
 In death's embraces calmly slumbers,  
 His name perhaps no one remembers,  
 All, all are dead and gone.  
 Some one may question as he ponders,  
 This narrative of sights and wonders,  
 Rare night of flashing flames and thunders,  
 What year it fell upon ?

To eighteen times one hundred years,  
 Of sorrows, joys and hopes and fears,  
 Add thirty-nine—it then appears,  
 The year when this occurred.  
 Famed night when Eastern Kings of old,  
 Brought myrrh and frankincense and gold,  
 And homage, love and fealty told,  
 To Christ the Infant Word.

The following poetical effusion, locating "the night of the big wind" is the production of a blind piper named Connolly.---

Այլե, օժտ չ-սեւո, շի՛ ծեյժ ԳՅԱՐ ԲՅժե ի՞յ  
 Եւ ճեւիւն.  
 Օ ճայիւժ Այս Դե Գյիւ Եւ Երաժշտ ի՞յ Յար  
 իւն Եւ Յաժե ի՞յ Եւ Երաժշտ.

The income of Queen Victoria amounts to \$2,000,000 a year. A nice penny for an old lady of 60.



ԾԱՆՇՈՅԸ ԵՅՐԵ ՄԻՆ Օ !

ԼԵ ԾՈՆՆԵԱԾ (ՔԱԾ) ՁԻՅԵ ԿՈՆ-ՄԱՐԱ.

ԲՈՆՆ--- ԱՅԼԵԱԾԱՆ ԾԱԾ Օ !

ԵՅՐԵ ԵԱՆՆԱԾ Ծ Մ' ԵՐՈՅԾԵ ՅՕ ԵՏԻ ՊԱ Կ  
ԵՅՐԵԱՆՆ,

ԵԱՆ ԵՆՈՅԸ ԵՅՐԵԱՆՆ Օ !

'Տ ԵԱՄ Ա ՄԱՅՐՈՅՆ ԵԵ ԲՏԻՐԱԾ ԽԻ 'Ր ԵՅ-  
ԵԱՐ,

ԱՅՐԵ ԵԱՆ ԵՆՈՅԸ ԵՅՐԵԱՆՆ Օ !

ԱՊ ԱՅԻ ԱՅՈ 'ՊԱՐ Ե' ԴՈՅԻՆՆ ԵՏԻՆ-ՅԱԾ ԵԱՆ,  
ՄԱՐ ԲԱՆ-ԵՐԱՅԻ ԵԱՅՆ ԱՅ ԵԱՅՆԵ ՃԱՌԾԱԼ,  
Խ Ե ՄՈ ԵԱՐ Ա ԵՅԻ ՄՅԼԵ ՄՅԼԵ Ե Յ-ԵՅՆ,  
Օ ԵԱՆ ԵՆՈՅԸ ԵՅՐԵԱՆՆ Օ !

ԵՅԾԵԱՆՆ ԵԱՐԻ ԵՅՅ ԲԼԻՄ ԱՐ ԵԱՅՆ-ԵՆՈՅԸ  
ԵՅՐԵԱՆՆ,

ԵԱՆ-ԵՆՈՅԸ ԵՅՐԵԱՆՆ Օ !

'Տ ԱՐ ԲԵԱՐԻ 'ՊԱ 'Պ ԵՏԻ-ՐԻ ԵՏԻ ՅԱԾ ԲԼԵՅԾԵ  
ԱՊՊ,

ԵԱՆ ԵՆՈՅԸ ԵՅՐԵԱՆՆ Օ !

ԾՕ Ե' ԱՐՈ Ա ԵՐԼԼԵ 'Ր ԵԱ ԵՏԼԵԱԾ. ԲԵՅՅ,  
'Տ Ա Մ-ԵԼԱԾ ՄԱՐ ԴՈԼ ԱՅՐ ԴԱՅՐԻՆՆ ՅԵՅՅ,  
ԱԵԱ ՅՐԱԾ ԱՅ ՄՈ ԵՐՈՅԾԵ Ա Մ'ՊՊԵՐՆՆ ԲԵՅՅ  
ԾՕ ԵԱՆ ԵՆՈՅԸ ԵՅՐԵԱՆՆ Օ !

ԱԵԱ ՅԱՐԻԱԾ ԼՅՈՆՊԱՐ Ա Ե-ԵՏԻ ՊԱ Կ-ԵՅՐԵ-  
ԵԱՆՆ,

ԵԱՆ-ԵՆՈՅԸ ԵՅՐԵԱՆՆ Օ !

'Տ ԲԵԱՐ-ՈՅՆ ՅՐՈՅԾԵ ՊԱ ԵԼԱՅԾԲԵԱԾ ԵԱՅԾ-  
ԵԱ,

ԱՐԵ ԵԱՆ-ԵՆՈՅԸ ԵՅՐԵԱՆՆ Օ !

Մ'ԲԱԾ.ԵԱՐԵ ԵՐՈՅԾԵ ! 'Ր ՄՈ ԵԱՊՊԵ  
ԲՅԵԱԼ,

ԵԱՅ ԱՅ ՅԱԼ ԲՈՅԸ ԲՅՈՐ ԲԱ ՅՐԵՅԻՄ, ՄՈ  
ԼԵՍՊ,

'Տ Ա Մ-ԵԱՅԼԵ ԵԱ ԲՈՅՆՊ ԲԱ ԵՅՈՐ ՅՕ ԵԱՐԻ,  
ԵԱՆ-ԵՆՈՅԸ ԵՅՐԵԱՆՆ Օ !

Խ ԲԱՅՐԻՆՅ 'Ր ԱՐ ՄՈՐ ԵԱՅ ԵՐԱԵԱՅԻ ՊԱ  
Կ-ԵՅՐԵԱՆՆ,

ԵԱՆ-ԵՆՈՅԸ ԵՅՐԵԱՆՆ Օ !

Ա Յ-ԵԱՅ ՄԵԱԼ 'ՅԱՐ ԱԵԾԱՅՐ ԱՅ ՅԼԱՅՐ,  
ԵԱԾ ՊԱ ԲԼԱՌԱ,

ԱՐԵ ԵԱՆ-ԵՆՈՅԸ ԵՅՐԵԱՆՆ Օ !

ԲԱԵԱԾ-ԲԱ ԱՐ ԵԱՅՐԵ, ՊՕ Խ ԼԱԾ ԴՈ ԲԱՅ-  
ԱԼ,

ԾՕ 'Պ ԵԱԼԱՊ ՄՅՆ ԲԱՅՐԵ Խ ԵԱԼ ԾՕ  
ՃԱՌԾԱԼ,

'Տ ՅՕ Մ' ԲԵԱՐԻ ԼՅՈՄ 'ՊԱ ԵԱՅՐ. ԵԱ ԱՅՐ-  
ԼԵԱԾ Ե, ԵՅԻ,

ԱՐԵ ԵԱՆ-ԵՆՈՅԸ ԵՅՐԵԱՆՆ Օ !

ՏՅԱՐԵԱՆՆ ԱՊ ԵՐԱԾ ԱՐ ՅԵԱՊԱՐ 'Ր ԲԵԱՐ  
ԱՊՊ,

ԱՐԵ ԵԱՆ-ԵՆՈՅԸ ԵՅՐԵԱՆՆ Օ !

'Տ ԲԱՐԱՅԻ ԱԼԱԾ ԵՐԱՐԵԱ ԱՐ ՅԵԱՅԱ ԱՊՊ  
ԱՐԵ ԵԱՆ-ԵՆՈՅԸ ԵՅՐԵԱՆՆ Օ !

ԵՅԾԵԱՆՆ ԵՐԱՐ 'Ր ԲԱՊԱԾ ԱՊՊ Ե Պ-ՅԼԵԱՆՊ-  
ԵԱՅ ԵԵԾԱՅՅ,

'Տ ՊԱ ԲՐՈԾԱՅԻ ԲԱՊ Ե-ԲԱՊԱԾ ԱՅ ԼԱԾԱՅՐԵ  
ԱՊՊ ՊԵՐՊ,

ԱՐՅԵ ՊԱ ՏՅՐԵ ԱՅ ԵՐԱԾ ՊԱ ԲԼՅԱՅԻ,

ԿՈՅՐ ԵԱՆ-ԵՆՈՅԸ ԵՅՐԵԱՆՆ Օ !

Խ ՈՐՅԱՅԼԵԱԾ, ԲԱՅԼԵԱԾ, ԱՊ ԱՅԻ ԲՅՊ ԵՅՐԵ  
ԵԱՆ-ԵՆՈՅԸ ԵՅՐԵԱՆՆ Օ !

ԵՅԾԵԱՆՆ "ԵՐԱԾ ՊԱ ՏԼԱՊԵ" Ա Մ-ԵԱՐԻ  
ՊԱ ԵՅՐԵ,

Ա Մ-ԵԱՆ-ԵՆՈՅԸ ԵՅՐԵԱՆՆ Օ !

ԵԱ ԵՊՊԵ ԼՅՈՄ ՊԱ ՄԵԱՐԱՅԻ ԱՐ ԵԵԱԾԱՅԻ  
ԵՐԼ,

ՏԵՊՊՊ 'Ր ՅԵՊՊԵԱԾ Ա ԼԱՅՅ, 'Ր Ա Մ-ԵՅ,

ԵԱՅԵՊՊՊ ՊԱ ՅՐԵՊԵ ՈՐԱ ԴՈՐԱ 'Ր ՅՅ,

ԱՐԵ ԵԱՆ-ԵՆՈՅԸ ԵՅՐԵԱՆՆ Օ !

[Translation.]

THE FAIR HILLS OF EIRE O !

BY DONAGH [THE RED ] MAC CON-MARA.

AIR —Uaileacan Dubh O.

Take a blessing from my heart to the land of my  
birth,

And the fair Hills of Eire, O,

And to all that yet survive of Eibher's tribe on  
earth,

On the fair Hills of Eire O,

In that land so delightful the wild thrush's lay  
Seems to pour a lament forth for Eire's decay—

Alas, alas, why pine I a thousand miles away  
From the fair Hills of Eire O.

The soil is rich and soft—the air is mild and bland  
Of the fair Hills of Eire O,

Her barest rock is greener to Me than this rude  
land—

O, the fair Hills of Eire O,

Her woods are tall and straight. grove rising over  
grove;

Trees flourish in her glens below, and on her  
heights above,

O, in heart and soul, I shall ever, ever love

The fair Hills of Eire O,

A noble tribe, moreover, are the now hapless Gael  
On the fair Hills of Eire, O,

A tribe in Battle's hour unused to shrink or fail,

On the fair Hills of Eire, O,

For this is my lament in bitterness outpoured,  
To see them slain or scattered by the Saxon sword



O, woe of woes, to see a foreign spoiler horde  
On the fair Hills of Eire, O,

Broad and tall are the Cruachs in the golden mor-  
ning's glow,

On the fair Hills of Eire, O,

O'er her smooth grass for ever sweet cream and  
honey flow

On the fair Hills of Eire, O,

O, I long, I am pining again to behold

The land that belongs to the brave Gael of old,  
Far dearer to my heart than a gift of gems or gold

Are the fair Hills of Eire, O,

The dew-drops lie bright 'mid the grass and yel-  
low corn,

On the fair Hills of Eire, O,

The sweet scented apples blush redly in the morn  
On the fair Hills of Eire, O.

The water-cress and sorrel fill the vales below;  
The streamlets are hushed, till the evening's  
breezes blow.

While the waves on the Suir, noble river ever flow  
Near the fair Hills of Eire, O,

A fruitful clime is Eire's through meadow, valley  
plain,

And the fair land of Eire, O,

That very "Bread of Life" is in the yellow grain  
On the fair Hills of Eire, O,

Far dearer to me than the tones music yields.  
Is the lowing of the kine and the calves in her  
fields

And the sunlight that shone long ago on the  
shields

Of the Gaels, on the fair Hills of Eire, O.

We are indebted to Mr. Griffin Lawrence, Mass.  
for the following.—

señžun LOYD cē. j be21N an le21-  
S21.

Coyr leay 0am žo h-uajžneac ajr uajr  
na majohe am aonar,

Re ajr fjoŋha a mbruac 0nuj0 bž rnuac0  
žlajre ržajl,

Do 0earcar ajnhejr uajbneac bž ruajŋ-  
neac, bž rcaŋhejr,

žo rejžlŋeacac aežarac až 0earhaŋ  
am 0ajl,

21 0laoj0fole 0ajžte až ŋeac0 fjojr žo  
c0r0a car0a,

Cra0ac rjojr žo rlymneac rha0ac, rhar-  
0a fjojr žo rla00ac žo ŋeojr,

21 rla0žajle 0earca rla0žlar' j ŋe00an  
žan car žan crjoŋ,

21ž ž-car0aj0oŋ ža00ajb a ž-cej0b žac  
0reoj.

bo žeanŋar žeal a h-ea0an žan ealuŋž  
ac0 0žje,

'Sa m0a žar0a ce00ear bž ceaprruaj-  
e c0jr.

Na leacajŋ lea0ajr a000a bž 0reanŋar  
an r0r-bruaj,

Sa beultana beoblar0a c0ra0 žan c0ŋ  
Do ljoŋ me ajr ŋa0 le racta cl0b0 0o  
bjožur mear mar eal0uŋ euŋ,

Do bjojr 0ar ceal am r0a0 žo l0jr a ž-  
clejr 0earc' a cl00.

Do ŋa0ljr žur rjžbean 0o ŋŋolrujž 0ar  
leap j ž-cejŋ.

Mo an 0a0jŋ bean ar cpoj0e 'ŋ leare bž  
0eac0 am 0ajl.

0a brjž žur beap ŋar lejr 0am ce 'ŋ  
žac0 cužam 0o ŋeol j.

žjoarajŋ anj rjŋ 0j 0j0 an 0rej0 0 ŋar  
0earrujž a por,

Mo rjojr žurab jre an rpejrbean cujr  
0rojže rjŋ ŋa ce00bruaj-

Mo an 0ejr0re leap žejljož 0rean-ŋjŋ  
žan 0reojr,

Mo an bean 0ejhejl 2ŋac Ljŋ le 0roj0-  
eac0.

Mo an bean 0o leonujž ŋa'ŋa ŋjŋ

Mo an bean 0 'ŋ mbyŋ 0o 0ljžž an 0o-  
ŋall 0rjall ŋeal ŋa 0eojž.

Mo an ceaprraj0 0ob ajlle ŋo an ŋlan-  
uj0 bu žjle žŋa0j,

Mo an žrjajŋ brujŋjoll 0' ŋaž jŋjŋr ŋajl-  
be ŋa br0ŋ.

0' ŋreazajr 0am an rpejrbean e0a ŋa  
mumajr0rž.

ŋj bean žan aj0me jŋ lejr 0uj0 ajr a0ŋ  
c0r mo ŋ0r,

210 bean ŋe ŋa0a abpejŋ me žan 0ejlle  
0am cuŋha0ac,

21m 0luj0 0rjme ajž bužarjadb 0am ŋuj0  
jŋ 0am 0eal,

21r me 0jŋe ŋean ajž 0eac0 a0 ljoŋ le  
ržeala žarj0 žeallajŋ 0j0,

žo 0-0earŋoj0 m00aj0 Clanŋa ža0j0j  
0am ejljoŋ jŋ 0am 0ajl;

Sa 0a0jŋ bjle bo a0j0e 0e ŋrjoŋ ŋlj00-  
0a 0ajrjŋ 0a0jŋ,

žo lea0maj0 ŋe la00ra žo lejŋjž mo  
leožan.

jŋ aj0ŋj0 0am žur 0j an bean ŋuar clj  
jŋ rej0j0r,

21ŋ ŋeac0 0o ža0ajr clj0 ŋe 0rej0 0ož-  
ajŋ 2j0jŋ,

0ob ŋa0a leat žur cujŋlujžjŋ 0rj0 0u-  
ract le m0jrljž,

Do lejr cujr0a 0eazmujŋ 0o la00ra jŋ  
leožan,

(Continued on inside front cover.)



## 21BR21K.

21η "Craoibhín Aoihbhinn" no éan.

Óé! óé óh, tá saot' d'a réisead,  
Óé! óé óh, tá agha d'a neubad,  
'S me, mo leu, agh eardad céile,  
Fásta agh an t-gha;  
Tamaid ríad' ó na céile  
Agh réin agh mo ghra!

D'íméid re so feallad breuad,  
Na éir' a saot, a agha d'a éir' leir,  
Leagad é, d'a buala d'neubad,  
Leagad é so brad;  
So c-ghaigh ré an té do éiré ré,  
Do éiré ré agh an t-ghaigh.

Ó! a óé, na tógha borbha!  
Spread fíad' agh na saot' ghairde!  
Buala d'a t-ghaigh 'r na faghie,  
Bhíre d'agh an t-ghaigh!  
Coijs, a óé, ó coijs na ríoghie,  
Buad é, buad é mo ghra!

Óé! óé óh, a nín, mo nín-ra  
D'fag tú mé agh sol so ghraigh,  
D'fag uí mé so bhíad' buad'ghaigh  
Uaighad' ghac la;  
Agh, a óé, ó c-ghaigh c-ghaigh  
Agh nín 'r a b-fuig mo ghra!

Tadair ód' tairdeal ríagh ríad'la  
Tíogh'ghaigh uile ghac c-ghaigh,  
C-ghaigh uile ghac ríad'la,  
Seol le ríogh breuad,  
So h-úe a nín'ghaigh é tair ríagh,  
---C'gha b' é agh bhí a ghra.

## Sentiments of our Subscribers.—

Ala. Per. Mr. McCosker, Mrs. Letady and T. Dolan.

Cal. Per. Mr. McGreal, J. McGrath, L. Fitzpatrick Rev. J. Kemmy, C. O'Shea, J. McGilcuddy, P. J. Haly, T. O'Neill, M. Kerr, and T. Dennehy.

Canada Rev. Dr. MacNish, E. Lynch. (Mr. Lynch L'Ephanie is working well for the Gael.)

Coun. Per J. J. Duggan, J. Kennelly, A. D. Ring J. Dunn, P. J. Darcy, C. Crowley, P. Stephens, and Messrs A and H. Myers.

Ks. Per J. McLoughlin, E. Crowe, J. Earl, J. McLoughlin.

La. Per J. A. O'Neill, J. W. Rielly, W. A. O'Neill and J. A. O'Neill. (Mr. O'Neill was one of the very first subscribers to the Gael.)

Mass. Per J. Mitchell, J. Riordan, M. Dinneen J. Kelly, T. Griffin and J. Mitchell.

Md. J. O'Kelley and T. Sullivan.

Me. Rev. C. O'Sullivan.

TRANSLATION BY MICHAEL CAVANAGH.

## SONG.

BY CRAOIBHIN AOIBHINN.

Alas! alas! the wind is blowing,  
Alas! the gale is fiercer growing,  
And, Oh! my grief, my love is going,  
To a foreign land:

We parted where the tide is flowing--  
Parted on the strand.

She left me for a false deceiver, her)  
(List not fierce gale, I would not grieve  
Winds pursue her---never leave her---  
Keep her thoughts on me---  
Me whom she left--her fond believer--  
By the sounding sea.

Alas! Oh God! the angry ocean,  
The savage tempest sits in motion,  
Still; Oh still, their fierce commotion.  
Bursting on the shore!  
I loved her with a true devotion,  
In my bosom's core.

Alas! for you, in grief I moan, love,  
You left me weeping here alone, love,  
My hope, on earth, with you has flown  
Sadly I repine.— [love,  
But Oh! good God! she was my own  
Calm the raging brine! [love,

On her journey safely lead her,  
Let no adverse winds impede her,  
Pleasant weather still precede her,  
To the happy West.  
For her sake I am a pleader—  
Her I loved the best.

Mo. Rev. T. Cleary, Counsellor J. W. Fraher, Shaughnessy and W. O'Leary.

Neb. J. O'D. Nightingale, J. Hickey.

N. J. J. Horrigan Per Fr. Horrigan,

N. Y. Counsellor J. C. McGuire (also a substantial supporter of the P. C. Society.) Per P. J. McTighe, J. Fahey, M. Sexton, T. Loneyan.

Ohio Rev. Fr. Horrigan:

Pa. Per D. Gallagher, T. Callahan J. Gallagher, W. Cavanagh T. Farrell P. O'Donnell F. McDonald. Per J. J. Wall T. Walsh J. J. Wall. Per M. J. Lovern, Rev. P. A. O'Rourke J. O'Malley P. M. Barrett, and M. J. Lovern. J. H. Murphy, P. Duffy, E. Burns, F. R. McCarthy. J. Hogan, per D. Gallagher.

Texas M. Casey Per P. Halley Memphis Tenn.

Ireland P. Harrington J. Harrington, Berehaven per J. O'Sullivan Laclede Tex. P. McNellis Co. Donegal per Miss Dunlevy, P. Ward Co. Donegal Per A. P. Ward, Phila. Pa.



## REAL ESTATE.

### For Sale and to Trade.

#### 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 or 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.

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 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.

Also, other equally desirable, improved and unimproved property in various parts of city. Farms for Sale and to Trade. A handsome 15 acre Farm with a fine orchard and a 7 roomed cottage, barn, &c. at Rockaway L. I. an hour's drive from the city, cheap. This farm is to trade for City property. It is free and clear.

Bergen st. n Underhill av. 3 s brick,	\$4.000
" " Troy av 2 s f 11 rooms	1.600
Oleson av n Pacific st 2 s f 11 room	18.00
Carlton n Myrtle av 4 s b 16 rooms	9.000
Decatur st n Patchen av, a neat 2 story 7 roomed cottage	1.400

#### RATES of COMMISSION.—

Letting & Collecting	5	per cent.
Sales—City Property.—When the Consideration exceeds \$2,500,	1	" "
Country Property	2.50	" "
Southern & Western Property	5	" "

No Sales negotiated at this office under \$25. In small sales where the consideration does not amount to two thousand (2,000) dollars the papers will be furnished gratis by the office.

M. J. Logan,

### Real Estate & Insurance Broker,

814 Pacific st. Brooklyn.

NOTARY PUBLIC and Commissioner of DEEDS.



Loans Negotiated.

M. DEELY

### MERCHANT TAILOR,

335 Gold St.

Cleaning, Altering and Repairing promptly done.

JOSEPH O'CONNOR,

STAIRBUILDER,

27 Conti St.

Mobile, Ala.

Stairs with Rail, Newal Bannister, everything Ready for putting up or for Shipping Accord ing to any Design or Plan.

Give me a Chance.

#### WANTED

The following Back numbers of

### The Gael,

Nos. 1 to 7 inclusive of Vol. 1. and No. 11. of Vol. 2. Full Prices paid for same on application to

### The Brooklyn Library,

Montague St.

Brooklyn.

## PATENTS

MUNN & CO., of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, continue to act as Solicitors for Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, for the United States, Canada, England, France, Germany, etc. Hand Book about Patents sent free. Thirty-seven years' experience. Patents obtained through MUNN & CO. are noticed in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, the largest, best, and most widely circulated scientific paper. \$3.20 a year. Weekly. Splendid engravings and interesting information. Specimen copy of the Scientific American sent free. Address MUNN & CO., SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN Office, 261 Broadway, New York.



