



Leabhar-aithne m'ioranaid,
Tabairta cum an
TEANSA SAEDILSE
a corrad ^{azur} a raon tuisad
azur cum
Fem-maizla Cuid na h-Eireann.

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The  Gael.

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Third year of Publication.

Philo-Celts.

The Philo Celtic movement is steadily gaining ground. We have its study now recommended by all our conventions. We are in daily receipt of letters from all parts of the country full of enthusiasm in its behalf.

Prest. Finn of the P. C. S. is a most efficient officer: He is at the hall always on time.

Brother Graham is very desirous to have the piano in order:

Expresident Gilgannon is in no way pleased with the reception tendered Messrs Sexton and Redmond by the N. L. Council. Instead of its being a brilliant reception Mr. G says the hall presented a funereal appearance until Mr. Sexton began to speak. This state of things would not exist only for the truckling starchamber conduct of the Council. Had they yielded to the Gaelic Classes' request the hall would be filled to overflowing, and the Irish envoys could enter amidst the soul-thrilling strains of O'Donnell Aboo, rendered by the united choirs of the societies, yes, it would be far different from the numby dumby manner in which they were ushered to the platform.

Brother Heaney we are pleased to see, is becoming himself again. That is a regular and enthusiastic student.

The Misses Dunlevy, Murray, Guiren, Kearney Moran, Hanney, Collins, Casey, Cassidy, Shields, and Rogers are very regular attendants.

Messrs. Walsh, Lennon, Sloan, Hyland, Dowd, and some other members should pay more attention to their Gaelic studies, as they will be left behind if they do not look sharp.

Brothers Cassidy and Dunning are devouring Bourke's Grammar. Others should follow their examples.

Miss Ellie Lonnelly and the Misses Crowley are getting along splendidly with their "dictation" lessons.

The Misses Costello, Brennan, etc. have not yet returned from the country.

Brother Morrissey has his Italian friend well up in the First Book.

Vice Prest. Lacey can chat nicely in his native language now, though he did not know a letter of the alphabet when he joined the society.

Our old brother T. Curden is always on hand when there is a pinch.

About 1500 Gaels attended the P. C. picnic on Aug. 13th.

Our Savannah acquaintance stated to us that he was highly delighted with the enthusiasm displayed by some of our Phila. Gaelic friends.

Brother McGrath of the N. Y. P. C. S. has the finest Gaelic library we have ever seen.

Mr. T Erly, the senior active member of all the societies, has sent a large number of subscribers lately,—the names with others will appear in the next issue.

We were pleased to see the progress which the lady members of the N. Y. S. P. I. L. are making in their music lessons, particularly our old friends the Misses Lynch, Logue Ryan, etc.

We called to the N. Y. P. C. S. the other day, and were pleased with the fine display of Irish books which may be seen there. Prest. Neeres was very attentive to the wants of the pupils and the veterans. Capt. Norris and Mr. McGrath were imparting their Gaelic lore to Messrs Cromien and McDermott who digested it with avidity.

Prest. Morrissey of the N. Y. S. P. I. L. is a first class Irish speaker.

Messrs T Cassin and S. P. Bodkin have returned from their European tour.

Couns. J. C. McGuire has not yet returned from the banks of the Shannon.

Mr. J. M. Shanahan did not take his usual European trip this year. He has contented himself with Saratoga and the Catskills.

ORGANISE YOUR SOCIETIES.

The N. Y. Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language, has issued in handsome pamphlet form, Prof. Røhrig's letter on the Irish Language, which will be forwarded on receipt of six two cent stamps, to any address in the U. S., Canada, Ireland, England, or Scotland. Address, Society Preservation Irish Language, 114 E. 13th st., N. Y. City, N. Y.

Those who desire to form in the locality in which they reside, classes for the study of Irish, will find the task both easy and agreeable, if they procure a few copies of this pamphlet for circulation among those whom they desire to interest. The man who after perusing it does not feel inclined to do his share to advance the cause of his national tongue, is not much use either to America or Ireland. Societies already existing should circulate it freely among their American friends, whose opinions on Irish subjects, need to be strengthened with reasons for the faith we profess.

Sound of the Vowels—long.--

á	sounds like a in war, as	bárr, top.
é	" " e " ere, "	cérr, wax.
í	" " ee " eel, "	mírr, fine.
ó	" " o " old, "	órr, gold.
ú	" " u " rule, "	úrr, fresh.

Short----

á	" " a in what, as,	zárr, near.
e	" " e " bet, "	bed, died.
í	" " i " ill; "	mírr, honey
o	" " o " got, "	lot, wound.
u	" " u " put, "	mu, thing.

SEՉՅԱՆ BEԱՅ CEՅՏՅԻՆՆ, Օ ՐԱՅՏԵՂՐԾ — Continued.

ՇԱՅԱՐ ԲՕԾԱ ԾՅ ԿԱՐԱՅ-ՊԱ-ԲԱՅԼԵ,
ԾՅ ԲԱՅԼԵ ՐՈՊԱՊ ԱՅ ԿՈՊԱՐԱՐԱՊԱՅԵ ԱՊ
ԾԱՅԼԵ;

ԾՅ ԲԵԱՊՊԱ ԾԱՊ ԱՊՊ ՅՕ ՅԼԵԱՐԾԱ,
Ա՛Ր ՕՏԾԵ ԲԵԱՊԵԱՐ ՅԱՊՊ Ա՛Ր ԲԵԱՐԾԱ.

ԾՕ ԾՕՅԼ ԼԵԱՏ ՅԱՐ ԱՐ ԱՊ ԱԵՐ
ԾՕ ԵԱՊԵԱՐ ԵԱՅԵԱ ԱՊՊ ՐԱԾ,
ԱՊԱՐ ԾՕ ԾԱՅԼՅԾԱՐ ՅՕ ԼԵՐԱ
ՇԱՊ ԼԱՊՊ ԾՕ ԵՐՕԵԱ ԼԻՈՊ.

ԾՅ ՏԵԱՅԱՊ ՏԵՕՐ Ծ՛Ա ՐԾՍՅԱ ԼԵ ՅԱՊՊԵ,
՛Օ ԿԱՕԾ ՊԵ Ծ՛ ԲԵՅԵՐՅՊԵ ԱՊՐ ԱՊ ԿԱՕԾ-ՐՕ
ԲԱՅԼԵ;

ԾՕ ՐԱՅ ՐԵ ՅՕ ՊԱՊՊԵԱՐԵԱ ԱՊՐ ԼԱՊՊ ՕՐՊ
Ա՛Ր ԵԱՊՐ ԼԵ ՐՈՊԱՊՊԱ ՊՏԼԵ ԲԱՅԼԵ.

ԾՅ ՐԱՅԾ Օ՛ՇՐՈՊԱԵԱՊ ՅՕ ԲԱԵՊԱՐ.
ԱՅԱՐ ԱՊ ՏԱՅԾՊԵԱԵ ԲԵՊ ՅՕ ՅՐԱՅՊԱՐ;
ԾՅ ԲԵՅ Ա՛Ր ԿԱՅԾ ԱՅԱՐ ԱՊԱՊՊԵ,
ՅԱԵ Ա ԼԵ ՐՅԱԵԱԾ Յ ՅՕԼ ՛Ր ԱՅ ՅԱՊՊԵ.

ՏԵՕ ՛ՐԵԱԵ ԱՊ ԲԱՕՐԱԵ. ԲԵՊՊԵԱՊՊ ԼԵ ԱՊՐ
ԼԱՊՊ ՕՐՊ,

"ՏԵ ԾՕ ԲԵԱԵԱ," ԾԱԾԱՊՊԵ ԼԵ, "ԿՈՊՊՐ ԿԱ
ԿԱ."

ՈՅ ԲԱԾԱ ԾՅ ԼԵ ԱՊՐԱԾ ԱՊ ԼԱԵԱՊ,
ՅԱՐ Ծ՛ ԲԱՐԱՐԱՅ ԼԵ ԾՅՈՊ ԿՈՊՊՐ ԾՅ Ա
ՊԱԵԱՊ.

ԱՊՐ Պ՛ ԲՕԿԱ ԾԱՊԵ ԱՅԱՐ ԱՊՐ ՊՅՕ ԼԱՊ,
ՅՕ Բ-ԲԱՅԼ ԿՕԼԵՐ ԾՅՕԾ ԱՊՐՕ ԿԱՕՐԱԵ ԲԱՊ;
ՇԱՅԾԱՐ Ա Ծ-ԿՅԵԱՐ Օ ԵԱՊՅԱԾԱՐ ԱՊԱԼ,
Ա՛Ր ԿԱ ԲԱԾ ՅՕ ԲԱՐԿԱ ԼԵ ՊՊԱ 7 ԵԼԱՊՊ.

ԾԱՅԼՅԾԱՐ ԵԱՅԱՊ ՊԱ ԿՈՊԱՐԱՐԱՊ՛ ԿՕԼԵՐԱ
ԱՊԱՐ ԲԵԱԵ ԲՅԱԿԱ ԵԱՊԼԱԵԱ ԱՊ ԱԵՐԱ;
ԾՅ ՅՐԵԱՊՊ ՕՐԵԱ ԿՕԼԵՐԱ ԱՅԱՐ ԱԵԱՐ,
ԱՊԵ Ծ՛ ԲԵՅԵՐՅՊԵ ԱՊՐ ԱՊ ԿԱՕԾՐԱ ԲԱՅԼԵ.

ԾԵԱՊԱՊԱՐ ԿՐՅ ԵՐԵԱՊԱ ԾԵ ՛Պ ՕՏԾԵ,
ԿՐՅԱՊ ԵԱՊ ԾՅԾԵ, ԵԱՊ ԲՅԵԱՅԼՅԵԱԵԿԱ Ա՛Ր
ԵԱՊ ԲԱՊԱՊ;

ԾՅԾՈՊԱՐ ՅՕ ՊԵՊՐԵԱԵ ԱՅ ԿԱԵԱԾ ԾՅԾԵ ԱՊՊ
ՅԱՊ ԲՐՈՊ ՊԱ ԾԱՊՊԵ, ՅԱՊ ՅԼԵՕ ՊԱ ՅՐԱՊԱՊ

ԾՕ ԵՐԱՊԱՊԱ ԼԵ ԱՊ ՕՏԾԵ ԼԵ ԵԱՊՊ ԲԵՊԼԵ
ԱՊԱՊԱՐ Ա ԾԱՅԼՅԾԱՐ Ա Ծ-ԿԵԱՊՊԿԱ ԵՅԼԵ;
Ծ՛ԲԱՊԱՊԱՐ ԲԱՐ ԾՅ ԿՐԵՐ ՛Պ ՊԵԱՊՓՅԾԵ,
ՈՅ ԾԱՅԼԵԱԵ ԿՕԾԼԱ ՊՕ ԲԱՊ ԵԱ ԿՕՏԾԵ.

ԾՅԾՈՊԱՐ ԱՅ ԿՐԱԵԿ ԱՊՐ ԱՊ ԲԵԱՊ-ԿՐԱ,
՛Տ ԱՊՐ Ա ԼԱԵԿ ԵՐԱՊՅՊՊ ԱՐ ՅԱԾ՛ԾԱՐ ԵՐՊՕ
ԱՅ ԿԵԱԵԿ ԱՊԱԼ ԾՅՅԾ ԵԱՐ Ծ-ԿԱՕՐԾԵ,
Ա՛Ր ՊԱՐ Ա Ծ՛ ԵՊՊՅ ԼԵՕ ԲԱ ԿՐԱ ԲԵՕ-

ԾՅ ԲՅԵԱՐ ԲԱՊԱՅԵԱԵԿԱ ՅԱՊՊ Օ՛Պ ԲՐԱՕ-
ՐԱԵ,

Ա՛Ր ԾԱԾԱՊՊԵ ԲՅՈՊՊ ԱՊԵՇԱՊԱՐ ԱԾՐԱՊ;
ՅԱԵ Պ-ԾԱՊՊԵ ԵԱՊ ԵՅՐԵ ՕՐՊ ԲԵՊՊԵԱԵ,
ԱՊԱՐ ՊՐ ՊԵ ՊՐ ԾԵՅՊԱՅԾԵ ԾԲԱՅ ՊՊՊՐ ԲԱՅԼ.

ԾՅ ՏԵԱՅԱՊ ՏԵՕՐ ԱՅԱՐ ԲԱԾՐԱՅ,
ԱՅԱՐ ԱՊ ԲԱՕՐԱԵ ԿԱՊԱԼ ԾԵ՛Պ ՕՏԾԵ
ԱՅ ԲԵԱՊԵԱՐ ԾԱՊՊԱ ԱՊՐ ԱՊ ՏԵԱԿ-ԲԱ,
Ա՛Ր ՊԱԾ ԿՕՐՐ ՊԱ ԿԵՊՊԵ Ա ԿԱԵԱ Ա ԲՐՅՕՐԱ

՛Տ ԱՅ ԵԱՊՐ ԲՅՐ ԾԱՊՊԱ ԱՊՐ ԱՊ ՊԵՅԾ ԿԱԲ.
ՐԱՊ

ԾՕ ԲԱՐԱԾԱՐ ՊԱՊՊ Օ ԲՅՈՇԱՊ;
՛ԿԱ ԲԱԾ ԱՊՊՐ ՅՕ ԲՕԿԱՐ ԲԱՐԿԱ.
Ա՛Ր ԲՅՈՇԱՊ ԼԵՕ, ՅՕ ՊՅՊ, ՊԱԵԱՊԿԱ

ՏՅԱԵԱՊ ՊԱՅԿ ԿՐԵՐ ԱՊ ՊԵԱԾՈՊ-ՕՏԾԵ,
ԾՕ ԵԱՅԾԱՐ ՅՕԼԵՐԱ Ա ԾԱՅԼԵ;
ՊՐ ԵԱՐԵԱ ԿԱՊՐԵԱԵ ԿՊԱՅԿԵ ԾՅՐ-ԲԱ,
ԱՅԱՐ ԵԱԾԱՐ ՅԱՊ ՊՅՈԼԼ ԱՊՐ Ա ԼԵԱԾԱԾ.

ՊՐ ԲԱԾԱ ԲԱՐՅՊՊ.Ե, ՏԵԱԿ ԾՅՐԿԱՊ,
ԱՅԱՐ ՊՐ ՅԼԵՕՅԿԵ ԱՊ ԱՅԿ Ե, ԿԱՐՅ-ՊԱ-
ԲԱՅԼԵ,

ԱՅԱՐ ԾԱ Պ-ԱՐԵՕՅՊՊ ՅԱԵ ԱՅԿ ԱՐ ՅԱԾԱՐ,
ՈՅ ՛Լ ԱՕՊ ԱՅԿ ԾՅՕԾ ՊԱՐ ԱՊ ԲԱՅԼԵ!

ԿԱԾԱՊՐ ՊՅՕ ԲԵԱՊՊԱԵԿ ԾԱՊ ՊՊԱՊՊԵՐ ԲԵՊ
ԱՅԱՐ ՊԱ ԾՅԱՅՐԱՊ ԾՅՐՊԱ ԿՈՊԱՐԱՐԱՊ՛ ՅՕ
ԼԵՐԱ;

ՕԼԱՊՊ ԱՊՊՐ ԾՕ ԲԼԱՊՊԵ ԵԱՊՐ ԲԱՅԼԵ,
ԼԵ ԲՐԱՕՊ ԲԵԱՅ ԱՐՅԵ ՛ՅԱՐ ԿՕՅԱ ԲՅՕԿԱՅԼԵ.

ԾՅ ՅԱԵ ԱՊ ԱՅ ՅԱՅԵ ԵԱՊ ԾԵ ԾԱՊ,
ԱՊՕ ԲԵԱԵԱ ԾՕ ԼԵԱՐԱՅ՛Ծ ԱՊՐ ԱՊ ԲԱՕՅԱԼ-ՐՕ
ՇԱՊ ՅՕ Պ-ԾԵԱՊՊՊՊ ԾՅԵՅՈԼԼ ԱՊՐ Պ՛ԱՊԱՊ
ԱՅ ԵԵԱՊԱԾ.

՛ՏԱ ԲԵՅԿ ԱՊԵԱՊԱՐ ԱՊԱՊՐ ԱՅ ԵԱՅԵՅ ԱՊ
ԲԱՐ ԱՊ Ծ՛ԵՊՅՕԾ.

՛ԿԱ ՊՏԼԵ ԲԼԱԾԱՊ ԱՅԱՐ ՕԵԿ Յ-ԵԵԱԾԵԱ,
ԵՅԿՐԵ ԲԼԱԾԱՊԱ Ա՛Ր ԵՅԿՐԵ ԲՅԵՅԾ ԼԵՕ Ա
Պ-ԵՊՊԵԱԵԿԿ,

Օ ԵԱՊՊՅ ԿՐՅՐՕ Ա Յ-ԿՕԼԱՊ ԾԱՕՊԱ,
ԱՊԱՐ ԱՊՐ ԱՊ ԿԱԼԱՊ-ԲԱ ԵԱՊ ՐՊՊ ԱՅ
ԲԱՕՐԱ.

R. CEՅՏՅԻՆՆ, Օ ՏԵԱԿ ԱՊԱՐ.

DR. MACNISH'S ADDRESS

Continued

Dr. Joyce, among others, has done much in his *Irish Names of Places* to excite the interest of Celtic scholars ; to show how the topographical names of Ireland were formed ; and to verify the motto which he has adopted, "*Triallam timcheall na Fodhla*, Let me travel round Ireland." His lectures leave no room to doubt, that those who gave their names to the various places in Ireland spoke pure Gaelic, and were accurate observers of the physical peculiarities of that country. So successful have the efforts of the Society for the preservation of Irish language already been, that Irish Gaelic is now taught in the Schools of Ireland, and that patriotic and enlightened members of that Society have gained for Ireland the commendation of Horace : "*Prima ferēs Ederae victricis praeemia*."

Thomas Stephens, the learned author of the *Literature of the Kymry*, states that Welsh or Walsch is not a proper name, but a Teutonic term signifying *Strangers*. The Welsh, or Kymry,—which he contends is the correct designation, are the last remnant of the *Kimneroi* of Homer and of the Kymry, the *Cimbri* of Germany. From the Cimbric Chersonesus, (Jutland, Stephens further avers, a portion of the Kymry landed on the shores of Northumberland, gave their own name to the County of Cumberland, and, in process of time followed the seaside to their present resting place where they still call themselves Kymry, and give their country a similar name. Regarding the obscure, though very important question, as to whether the Kymry preceded the Gaels in their occupation of Britain, it is possible to cite the authority of two very able Welshmen in favor of the theory, that the Gaels must have preceded the Kymry. The topographical names of Great Britain and Ireland go to prove, that Celts who spoke Gaelic must have occupied those countries for a sufficiently long time to give to the prominent head-lands and mountains, and bays and lochs, and rivers, the names that they still bear.

Edward Lhuyd, the famous author of the *Archaeologia Britannica*, who expended five years in travelling among those portions of Great Britain and Ireland where the Celtic languages were spoken ; who is justly regarded as the father of Welsh philology, and whose important services are thus commended by one of his Celtic admirers :

"*Unde ferēs tanto molimine grates,*

Val quae sint meri's dona paranda tuis !"

writes ; "Nor was it only North Britain that these Gwydhelians (Gael) have in the most ancient times inhabited, but also England and Wales ; *** and our ancestors did, from time to time, force them northward. From the *Kintyre* of Scotland where there are but four leagues of sea, and from the County of Galloway and the Isle of Man, they

passed over into Ireland, as they have returned backward and forward often since. Whoever takes notice of a great many of the names of the rivers and mountains throughout the Kingdom, will find no reason to doubt that the Irish must have been the inhabitants when those names were imposed."

Professor Rhys, of Oxford, himself a Welshman and a Celtic scholar of large attainments, thus writes (*Celtic Britain*, p. 212, 213,) with reference to inscriptions that are to be found in Wales ; "The Celts who spoke the language of the Celtic Epitaphs were *Goidels*, belonging to the first Celtic invasion of Britain, and of whom some passed over into Ireland and made that island also Celtic *** Some time later there arrived another Celtic people. These latter invaders called themselves Brittones and seized on the best portions of Britain, driving the Goidelic Celts before them to the west and north of the island.*** Their Goidelic speech which was driven out by the ever-encroaching dialect of the Brythones was practically the same language as that of the Celts of Ireland, of Man, and of Scotland." When Welsh scholars of the acumen and Scholarship of Lhuyd and Rhys concede, that the Gaels must have preceded the Kymry in the occupation of Britain ; and when the inference is quite natural that those writers always deferred to the spirit of the Welsh proverb ; *My cheri gy fofni gyvyeith*, "Thou wilt not delight to put one of the same language in fear ;" it may be maintained that honest argumentation can lead to no other conclusion than this,—that the evidence which is available points distinctly to an earlier occupation of Britain by Celts who spoke Gaelic. There is no likelihood, however, that scholars who hold a different theory respecting the arrival of the earliest Celts in Great Britain, will be content to acquiesce in the opinions of Lhuyd and Rhys, without making a further effort to substantiate their own views. The Welsh aphorism has manifold applications : *Kudvy keissyessyt keissyadon*, "As long as there will be things to seek for, there will be seekers." In the preface to his "*Grammatica Celtica*," Zeuss asserts that "it can by no means be established that there was a fellowship or an identity of language between the British and the Irish (*Brittannos et Hibernos*), in the 8th or 9th century ; nor even at a much older date, although it is abundantly manifest that both dialects or languages have begun from one fountain." The Welsh have a copious literature. As well in prose as in verse, they have many works of venerable antiquity, and, therefore, of great value and interest. To the Kymry justice is merely done, whenever it is said, that for faithfulness to their language and their traditions ; for a resolute determination to uphold their language and to cultivate it assiduously in these modern days ; for a liberal recognition of excellence in writing the Welsh language either in verse or prose ; for a refreshing absence

of everything that betokens a desire to ignore or forget their language ; for a well arranged system to make every Welshman proud of his language and his people and country—the palm has to be cheerfully awarded to them among the Celts of Great Britain and Ireland. The name of the Rev. Griffith Jones will be ever dear to every patriotic Welshman ; for he was the first who made any successful attempt to erect Schools for the instruction of the people in their own language. Mr. Jones began his patriotic work in 1730, and devoted himself for thirty years to that work, with the gratifying success of establishing 220 schools during that time. It may, roughly speaking, be said that from the departure of the Romans in 446, A. D., until Llywellyn, Ap Gruffudd, was killed in 1282, and with him the liberty and independence of Wales were lost ; the Welsh had to fight *pro aris et focis*. It is Taliessin who says ;

“*Ban gwir pan disgleir,
Bannach pan lefeir.*”

“High is truth when it shines,
Higher when it speaks.”

Frequently during the centuries that intervened between the departure of the Romans from Britain, and the overthrow of Welsh independence, the *Brythonic energy* arose. *Brythonic Ynwisdydyrcheffis*. The Welsh muse found congenial and continuous employment in celebrating the victories of the Kymric princes. Thus vast accessions to the poetical literature of Wales were made.

The Welsh *Eisteddfods* or *Eisteddfodau*, those sittings, or Sessions, or Congresses of Bards, or literati, which are now held almost every year, must have an immense power so far as inducing the Welsh people to love their language, and their literature, and the traditions of their country is concerned ; so far as determining to be faithful to their nationality is concerned ; so far as refusing on grounds of strict utilitarianism to forget their language, and to ignore or think lightly of their literature, is concerned. “When I see,” writes Matthew Arnold, “the enthusiasm these Eisteddfods can awaken in your whole people, and then think of the tastes, the literature, the amusements of our own lower and middle class, I am filled with admiration for you.” It is said that the Gorsedd or Assembly from which the Eisteddfod has sprung, is as old as the time of Prydain, the son of Edd the great, who lived many centuries before the Christian era. Several Eisteddfods were held in the remote part. It is said of Rhys ab Tewdwr who assumed the sovereignty of South Wales in 1077, that he brought from Brittany to Wales the system of the Round Table, and restored it with regard to minstrels and bards as it had been at Caerleon upon Usk, under the Emperor Arthur. The Welsh Eisteddfodau exercise a most healthful influence in stimulating the literary ambition of the more intelligent and thoughtful of the Kymry. Those annual gatherings and the prizes which are offered in connection with them, had much to do in indu-

cing Thomas Stephens, the Eugene O’Curry of Welsh literature, to give to the world the benefit of his extensive knowledge of the literature and traditions of his country. The Prince of Wales offered a prize in 1848, to be given at an Eisteddfod at Abergavenny, for the best essay on the literature of Wales during the twelfth and succeeding centuries. Stephens was successful in gaining the prize which was thus offered: His Essay, now known as the “Literature of the Kymry,” is regarded as one of the most important contributions that has ever been made to Welsh literature. After writing other works on various subjects, Stephens died in 1875.

It is affecting to learn, on the authority of his biographer, that when the Eisteddfod was held at which he gained the prize that the Prince of Wales offered, the bardic name which was attached to the Essay was read out, and the silence of expectation was most painful ; for Archdeacon Williams, of Cardigan, as he rose to make the award, declared “that a new star was to appear that day in the literature of Wales.” Again the name rang through the building ; and then a young man, with marks of severe study upon his face, rose and announced that he was Thomas Stephens, the author of the successful Essay.

A large number of Welsh MSS. exists. With the exception of the MSS. that are in the British Museum and in the libraries of Oxford and Cambridge, the Welsh MSS. that are extant are in private collections. There is the Hengwrt collection which bears that designation in consequence of its being made by Robert Vaughan of Hengwrt. Jones, another collection of MSS., and Vaughan agreed, that on the death of one of them, the survivor should become possessor of the whole collection of MSS.

To what is known as the “Myvyrian Archaeology of Wales,” a very interesting history attaches. Owen Jones, to whose patriotism and indomitable energy, the honor belongs of preparing and publishing the “Myvyrian Archaeology,” was a native of Myvyr. From his childhood he had a remarkable affection for the treasures of his country’s literature. He repaired, at an early age, to London, where he pursued the trade of furrier with such perseverance and success, that he amassed considerable wealth which he generously expended in the transcription of MSS. His Archaeology which bears the name of his native valley, and which is acknowledged to be the great repository of the literature of his nation, was published in 1801, and in 1803.

(To be continued.)

The Blind Asylum at Drumcondra, near Dublin Ireland, is the only Catholic institution in existence which prints books in English for the use of the blind. The inmates receive a good general education, are well instructed in their religion, and are trained to some useful trade, chosen according to each person’s capabilities, which will enable them hereafter to earn their livelihood. The place is managed by the Carmelites, the Superior being Father Nevin.

Ave Maria.

*See Petrie's
A.S.M.
No 1579 also
Gaelic Journal
No 171 p. 694
(2)
Apr Mac
Cubaird etc*

ՍՅՐ ՇՄԼԵ ՇՐԵԱՅԱՅՈՒՆ.

Այ յարժ.

Այ Սյր Շմլե Շրեայայի բաժնի մե թաօյր քաօյ ծրօն,
'S le հ-էյրյօ նա մայօնե շայնե ալիօյր քա մօ ծէյն le բօյ;
Եյ յրաւյօ յիյր-ձայե 'եյ, 'ր լայնօյր 'նա Եյաժ մար ծր.
Ե'է աօյնդար այ ռօմայն յեյժ աչ ալիարե այր այ թօշայն ծյ!

Այ Ե-Տյշեօյ.

Ա քլալ-քլր շարժանայժ նա Եայժար շրա և յ-չալիայժ Երօն,
Ա՛ն էյրյօ Յօ Եարայօ 'ր Եայր կօմ-րա րյար 'րա թօ;
Յօ Եյր ծար այ Յեալայօ նա՛ն Ե-բուայր Յայլ ալի Եաժ թէյմ Յօ բօյլ,
Յեաձայր աօյնդար այր հ-ալաօյօ ռօժ 'նեալա le րյալրա Եօյլ.

Այ յարժ.

Ա թօշայն նիլր, այ տւ հէլեյ բօ 'ր Երեաշօայն Տլօյժ,
Ոո 'ն ռօ նաօյ միա՛ ծարա քարիարքր տւ Եյ ծէալեա 'Յ-Ելօժ;
Յօ ծէ 'ն Եյր րա Յ-Երայնե ար հ-օյլեաժ տւ, և թուլե յալ Եօ,
Լե 'ր նիյալ լեաժ մօ քալիլ-րե յեյժ Եօշարայօ լեաժ րյար րա թօ?

Այ Ե-Տյշեօյ.

Ու քարիարժ ծօմ Եյր, ծր, նի շօլույմ այր այ Եաժրա ռօ'ն յԵօյնի,
Ա՛ն յր նաօյ Եաչ լեյնԵ մե և հ-օյլեաժ le Եաօյն Յրայնե ծյ;
Ա յ-Երայնի Եարե նա յ-օլլայն Եյմ Յօ րօլլր աչ ծւրչաժ այ Եօյլ,
Եյմ Երաժնօնա աչ Եեալայր 'ր այր մայօնի le Եաօյն Շյր Եօշայն.

Այ յարժ.

Ոյ ծյլեայն ռօ Եյրեաժ այր և Յ-Երայնեալ նա Ելօժ ռօ 'ն ծր,
Ա՛ն Յր Եաժարեա կօմ րչարիւյն ծր' Եարա Եա րա Եյր Յօ բօյլ;
Այ Եյլ' սօ և նեալար լեմ' Յեալայն Երա՛ Եյ րյ ծյ,
Օա ռ-ԵրեյՅրիյն ալիօյր յ նա'ր Ե-րյօրա՛ն ծայ Յօ յ-Եյժեաժ րյ 'ն-Երօն.

Այ Ե-Տյշեօյ.

'S է քաօլիյմ նա՛ն Եարայօ ծայր և մայրեալ ռօ օ' Յաօլեայն Եօ,
Եայր յալ էյժեալ յալ Եարայն ա՛ն արաօյժեա՛ն Եաօժ, յալ ռօյժ;
Ու՛ն յ-Եարր Եայր րեալ Եայնլ le հ-ալիօյր նա յ-օլաօյժ քօլե ծր,
Ոո 'ն Եյր և յեյժ քօնօնաժ բօ Յա՛ն րաժան և յ-Եյնի տւ Եօլ.

Այ յարժ.

'S է մօ Յար-Յօյն Եյրիյր Յր Եարժա սայնի Յաօյն Շյր-Եօշայն,
'S Յօ Ե-բուլ օյժրե քեաչա յալ րեաչար քաօյ կաչ ռ' ար Յ-Եօմայր;
Յեաչա յլալ ռայժե Ույլ քարայն նա՛ն ռ-ԵրեյՅաժ Եօլ,
Եր Եյրբեաժ էյժեալ քօ Ոոլլր այր նա հ-օլլայն յաժ և Յէլե ռօյն.

Այ Ե-Տյշեօյ.

Օ Երեաշօայն նա Երեաժա րյն ալի Ա՛նրայն 'ր քօրաօյր րա յ-Եօյնի,
Տլօյժ Այլեաժ նա Ե-բլայժ Եարրաժ քօրչաժ ռօ Յա՛ն ռայն յալ Յլեօ;
Ու՛ն մ' քարր Եայր 'ր նա կօրայն աչր մյրե լեժ 'էաժ Յա՛ն յօյն,
Ու րայժե Եայնի Եյլիչ յեյժ Եօլլայն քաօյն' Երօյնե Յօ ռօ?

Այ յարժ.

Ա թօշայն նիլր, մա'ր Երեալիւյն Եայր մե մար րօյն,
Եաձայր լեաչրա 'Յր Յեալաժ րլ բօ ռ-Եյժյն լեաժ րյար րա թօ;
Այն էաչայն բօ 'ն Ե-Տեալայնի, և ռ-Եյր Այլիյնի, յօ քա Ույնե նօյն,
Յրաժ Յ-Շլլ Եարրա՛ն այ Շրեայայն լեաչար մե և Յ-Երե քաօյ բօ.

We are indebted to Mr. H. Murray, Washington, for this poem.

*Pub. also in Transactions of Ossianic Soc. Vol. II
p. 87*

THE CLAY OF CREGGAN CHURCH.

The Bard.

As near the site of Creggan church, last night I slept in sorrow,
A maiden came and kissed me at the dawning of the morrow ;
Her cheeks were of the hue of flame, her hair like shining gold ;
Twas worth a monarch's wealth to me, that lady to behold.

The Fairy.

Free hearted friendly man, no more you wasting sorrow dree !
But rise in haste, and give consent to come along with me,
To fairy land of promise, where no Saxon holdeth sway,
Where sweet music shall surround you in a palace every day.

The Bard.

Art thou that lovely Grecian Queen that wrought the Trojan's woe,
Or nymph from high Parnassus, where eternal fountains flow ;
What land on earth did give thee birth, thou star without a stain,
That asked such a one as I, along with thee to reign.

The Fairy.

No question more,—my dwelling place beyond the Boyne doth lie,
In Grainne's fairy palaces a simple maid am I,—
In the true Eden of the Bards, I wake sweet music's tone,
At sunset in high Tara's Halls, at dawn in fair Tyrone.

The Bard.

I would not slight your offer for all the wealth of Spain,
But 'twere unkind to leave my friends who yet at home remain ;
And my sweet spouse, whose vows I won with promise fair,
It I should leave her, soon the grave would close on her despair.

The Fairy.

Thy kindred may be many, but thy friends I think are few,
Thou art ragged as a scarecrow, and as lean as a cuckoo ;
Were it not better dwell with me, a maiden young and fair,
Than with thy doggrel rhymes and rants make all the country stare.

The Bard.

Oh 'tis a death pang to my heart, the Gael have lost Tyrone,
And the heir of Teagh joyless lies below the churchyard stone ;
The fair sweet scion of O'Neill was still the minstrel's stay,
And rich his Christmas presents flowed to recompense the lay.

The Fairy.

Since they have fallen on Aughrim's plains, and by the bloody Boyne,
The royal race of Erin's kings—Queen Scotia's princely line ;
'Twere better in our forts to dwell, with me thy youthful bride,
Than stand the scorn of Billy's clan, or bear their cruel pride.

The Bard.

Sweet princess if it be my fate thy lover true to be,
Before I leave my home and friends, this promise make to me—
Where'er I draw my final breath----at home or far away,
My bones shall rest by Creggan's church, beneath its holy clay.

THE PATH TO FREEDOM.

BY O'CONNOR AIDH.

[From the *Sunday Democrat*]

Youth of Erin, on your shoulders
Rests your country's future fame;
In your bosoms rest the embers
That can blaze to Freedom's flame—
Rest the embers that, if nurtured
By your strong and steady hand,
Rest the embers that, if cultured,
Must redeem your motherland.

Not in speeches highfalutin
Can the work you need be done.
Not in pleading to the Briton
Can the victory e'er be won.
Not in "moral agitation"
For the people's rights to land
Robbed of them by despot nation,
With the tyrant's ruthless hand:

Not by "Irish Confederations,"
Not by "Clansmen's" secret aid,
Not by "County Organisations"
Can your sufferings be allayed:
Not by so-called "Dynamiters,
Not by "Ancient Orders" strong,
Not by foolish "Blatherskiters,"
With their brayings loud and long.

Not your money, poured like dew-drops,
Not addresses great and grand,
Not your "Leaguers" be they legion,
E'er will free your native land.
Not your "Five-Cent Spread Light" tactics,
Not your "Scares" will ever gain,
One iota of that freedom,
Which you labor to attain.

Not with sword-blade, musket, bayonet,
Can the Saxon be assailed—
These were tried, and tried too often,
And as often have they failed.
Not your "bombs of nitrate's thunder,
Not your cannon's mighty roar
Will restore the foeman's plunder,
Snatched from you in days of yore,

Not in war's fierce din and slaughter,
Not in streams of crimson blood,
Not in feats of Trojan valor,
Not of these will come the good;
Not assassin's keenest dagger,
Laying cruel tyrants low:
Not your death on martyr's scaffold
Ere will gain your freedom: No!

No! never will such means avail you
While like cravens, soulless, low,
You permit that tongue to perish
Which your fathers cherished so.
While you let your native music
Lie forgotten, lie unsung,
While you leave your harp neglected,
With its every chord unstrung.

While you leave your proud traditions
Lie untaught, unread, unknown,
Never can that spirit kindle
That will make your land your own.
While you lisp in foreign accents,
While your lips are taught to frame
Words and notes of Saxon foemen,
You are Irish but in name.

Then cease that alien speech forever,
Long enough its notes have rung
In your ears, while naught but falsehoods
Have its owners at you flung.
Cast their speech and cast their music
Back to those from whom it came:
Show at once, and show it plainly,
That you're Gaels in more than name.

That the spirit of your fathers,
Still undaunted, lives in you.
That you're true to their example—
As they did so will you do.
That the tongue which Miledh brought you,
That the tongue which Bryan spoke
To his men on Clontarf's meadows
When he burst the Danish yoke.

That the tongue of saints and sages,
O'lamh, Brehon, warrior, king,
Which in long-departed ages
Made your isle with glory ring.
That the music, sweet but mighty,
Which their bards were wont to play
When they roused men's warlike passions
Live among their sons to-day.

Lives as Lives the tender seedling,
Buried deep the Winter long,
Yet in Spring it buds to freshness,
And the Summer makes it strong.
It blooms, it blossoms, it increases,
Day by day it stronger grows,
And at last, with roots extended,
Offshoots many from it throws.

So in you remains the seedling,
Of your language, old and grand,
See 'tis nurtured in your bosoms,
See 'tis cultured by your hand,
See it buds, it grows, it blossoms:
See it flourish day by day.
See it strengthen, see it ripen,
Yours the fault if it decay.

Be it spoken, be it written,
Let its music sweet be known,
Wheresoever Ireland's children
In their exile may be thrown:
Then shall all dissensions perish,
All your factions low and mean.
Then shall blend the flag of orange
With your native flag of green.

Then, with Ireland thus united—
One in language, one in all,
One in spirit, each determined
To obey his country's call—
Then unroll your glorious Sunburst,
Draw your sword in FREEDOM'S name,
And no power of earth or heaven
Can withstand your righteous claim.

New York, July 4, 1883.

TÚJS.

Do éfóim éuzam érfó an hór,
Fear zán léine, fear zán cior,
Fear na corre caoile, cruajse:
'Sé mo éruajó é bejt zán rjt'.

Prof. Roehrig is recovered from the effects of his mishap in Dublin. He is now among the Welch studying their language.

PROF. RÖHRIG ON THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

Continued from page 391.

[So the German *wallfahrt*, meaning *pilgrimage*, expresses fundamentally the same ; as *vi grim* is the Latin *peregrinus*, a stranger.] The word *Ga lic* itself is of the same root and origin. So is *Cal edonia*=*Gaele doane*, foreign men,—land of *for eign* men or *strangers*. Indeed, *gal* points us likewise to our word *alien* (a *stranger*), connecting with the Latin *al-ius* and the Greek *all-os*. We have it in *Fingal* (*Fin gal*, Finn the stranger), in *Donega*, *Galoway*, *Galatia*, the suburb of *Galata*, on the Bosphorus; *Galliopolis*, at the Dardanelles; *Gallipoli* in Southern Italy ; we have it in *Galaez*, on the Danube ; in *Galicia*, in the Scotch towns *Galston*, *Galashiels*, the Irish *galoon*, *Galway*, etc; the name of the French town *Bordeaux*, which was *Burdigala* ; in *Portugal*, which bore the name of *Lusitania* in the time of the Romans, but received its new name from the city, *Oporto*, (literally the sea-port=le Havre) or, without the article *o*, simply *Porto*, when, in the first half of the Twelfth century, it became an independent Christian kingdom, after Ferdinand I., of Castile, Henry of Burgundy and his son, Alfonso I., had there gradually destroyed the power of the Moors. Then, that city was called *Portus Gallorum*, or *Portu Cale*,—which was made into *Portugal* to designate the whole land. Also in the Saint's name, *St. Gall*, the same root may have been originally implied : and even common nouns, such as *walnut* (German *wallnusz*) meaning *Welsh nut*, come under this head, perhaps also the German *gallapfel* (oak apples), *galls gallic acid*, etc. The *t* in *kel-t*, *gal-at* (which has in *gall* become assimilated to the *l*) seems to be an old sign of the plural, corresponding with the Welsh plural in *ed*, *od* (*et*, *ot*), and also with the Irish plural of the fourth declension, with *t* (*db*) *w*. *Gael* and *Gadhel* seem to be mere derivations from *gall* or *gal*, the *dh* (in *Gadhel*) being simply a phonetic strengthening of the root, so common in Celtic;—just as we have double forms in Irish, one with *dh*, another without. Such as *bi dh]im* and *bim* ; *bu dh]ir* and *bir* : *bi dh]id* and *bid* [Consecutinal Present] : and in the Preterit or Past, *i dh]eamer* and *bhiomar* : or in the plural of nouns such as *anro dh]a* and *anroa* (misfortunes) ; *iarg no dh]a* and *iargnoa* [plural of *iargno*, [anguish], where we know that *dh* is inserted to avoid the hiatus.]

The Gaelic has a just claim to a greater antiquity,—and to a far more original and unmixed state—than the Kymric : and, among the Gaelic tongues the Irish is, undoubtedly, the most primitive and the oldest member of that group. Its genuineness and purity appear to be owing especially to the circumstance of the peculiar insular condition of Ireland, whereby the Irish language has

remained isolated, and, as it were, cut off from the other cognate dialects. It is also owing to its not having passed through so many various transformations and violent changes,—caused by foreign elements,—as English has : and, finally, to its literary cultivation at a very early period. And thus, we see the Irish language generally considered as that portion of the Gaelic group which,—more than any other,—has preserved most of its primitive, genuine, original and antique forms. More than any other, it has transmitted to us the most original, grammatical and lexical condition of the Celtic languages. From its comprehensive extension, its literary treasures, and the antiquity of the written monuments in Irish, it is, certainly, by far the most important and interesting, not only of the Gaelic, but of all the Celtic languages.

The antiquity of the whole Celtic group is shown among many other things, especially, by such extraordinary phenomena as the transformation of the *initial* consonants, which directs us back, indeed, to a very distant past,—of which we shall have to say something more, as opportunity presents, in these lines.

The Irish language is, moreover, decidedly superior to the other Gaelic dialects, in extent, culture, and the antiquity of its literature. As we have said, Irish and the whole Gaelic group, actually, belong to the same great parent-stock of Indo-European languages, and the affinity of Celtic with Sanskrit and the entire Aryan family has been, in our time, established beyond any reasonable doubt,—so much so, that the Irish language cannot, possibly, be any longer discarded from linguistic studies and researches in this extensive domain of Indo-European philology. The Celtic tongues sustain, in fact, to Sanskrit quite as close and consistent a relation as any other of the Indo-European languages : and,—even where the Celtic seems most widely to diverge from Sanskrit and the Aryan languages,—the philologist will discover that the most genuine and remarkable Indo-European family-features still,—and that, too, in a pre-eminent degree,— exist under the surface : as is, for instance, the case in the aspirated and unaspirated forms of nouns, etc.

It may, however, be said that in the Celtic languages, the original and characteristic features of Aryan speech, often, lie deeper than elsewhere, and altogether concealed from the uninitiated eye, under the multitudinous aspects of phonetic decay, new growth, and other frequent, but accidental alterations. The Celts appear to have been the first of the Aryans to arrive in Europe ; and the Celtic tongues form the most western stem of the Indo-European languages.

To be continued

The Holy Father has raised Mr. P. V. Hickey, Editor of the Catholic Review,—already a Chevalier—to the rank of Commander of the Order of Saint Silvester. It is an honor well deserved.

Ave Maria;

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

On Wednesday Aug. 13th the second Irishman National Convention opened its proceedings in the historic Faenuil Hall of Boston. It was a memorable convention of Irish talent. The convention passed resolutions recommending the efforts which are being made towards the preservation of the Irish language. Will the members of the Convention do anything for it but a mere show of words? We fear not.

As soon as it became known that Messrs. Sexton and Redmond were to visit this country, the Gaelic Societies of New York and Brooklyn determined to avail themselves of the opportunity to do something substantial for the Gaelic cause. With this idea in view, they counselled with each other, and came to the conclusion of giving a reception to Mr. Sexton and of sending the proceeds to the Gaelic Journal in Dublin but, we are sorry to say, were sadly disappointed. When the Council of the National League discovered the intentions of the Philo-Celts, they barred them by announcing that Mr. Sexton was to lecture for them in Chickering Hall on Friday, Aug. 29th. So that is the manner in which the League has acted towards the language movement notwithstanding the recommendation in the platform. If the League permitted Mr. Sexton to lecture under the auspices of the Gaelic Societies it is possible that the Gaelic Union would be \$1,000 the better of it, and that Mr. Sexton would escape the mortification of seeing himself deliver his maiden lecture in America to the tune of 25 cts. a ticket. Under the circumstances, the Gaels could fill any hall in New York at 50 cents a ticket. The truth of the matter is, the majority of Irishmen ignorant of their language have no sympathy with the movement. They are too ignorant to be able to perceive the false position in which they are placed, shouting patriotism in the language of the slave—aye, slaves they are, and slaves they deserve to be,

Some of those will say, "Oh, it is only the low Irish who speak the language." Two hundred years ago no Irish person spoke English as a language. How then was it introduced into the country? In this manner—When the English took possession they introduced it in the law courts etc. The English officials employed Irish servants, and these servants learned the English language. When those Irish servants intermarried their masters put their children to the chartered schools and educated them, and to spite the native Irish aristocracy, they got them into the legal professions. So, nearly all our shoddy aristocracy of to-day are the descendants of the big-house menials and scullions. Why, a farmer's son or daughter seen speaking to one of these scullions would be shunned by their neighbors. But, course of time and the persecution which brought the farmers to poverty, changed matters and broke the pride

borne in the old residents:

Now the Irishman who says that his father and mother etc. did not know Irish—and some do say so with a kind of an implied boast of social superiority—proclaim to the world his own lowly origin, and, instead of being *high* Irish, is the offspring of the menials referred to, or of those traitors, who for personal gains, are to be found in all countries whenever a national crisis is at hand—the Benedict Arnolds of all lands. The patriot of no country will conform to the conqueror's sway. Let, then, our fellow-countrymen, who are imbued with real patriotic impulses, preserve their identity, which is the preservation of their language. Let them throw Gaelic literature broadcast among their countrymen, and though some of it may fall on barren ground yet a part will find congenial soil where it will root and fructify and spread itself, until the tares in its midst shall be overshadowed by the luxuriance of its foliage.

San Juan, Argentine Republic
July 13th, 1884.

M. J. Logan Esq.

814 Pacific St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Sir. You will find enclosed draft drawn in your favor by the London and River Platte Bank Buenos Ayres against the London and River Plate Bank 52 Morgate St. London, for one pound Stg., for which you will please send me one copy of the Gael for two years and out of the balance as far as it will reach, send copies to some deserving persons in Ireland whom you know will forward the movement for the cultivation of the dear tongue of Erin,—sending one to Limerick and one to Galway. I have been receiving your paper through a Buenos Ayres bookseller since the 7th No. of the 1st vol. I tried to have it from the beginning, but I suppose the previous numbers were out of print

My reason for taking it is because it is Gaelic, as I think any one who acknowledges himself to be Irish, should endeavor to preserve and cultivate the only thing national we have left, apart from our music. If we do not try to do all in our power to impede its decay and disappearance we deserve to be looked upon as one of the meanest races on the globe. I do not believe that in any other people among civilized nations you will find such a want of honest pride as among us. We talk about nationality—Why there's a thousand times more of it among the Welsh than our spouting politicians have any idea of. They have news papers published wholly in Welsh, not partly, as we still have in Gaelic for want of proper support. Even down in Patagonia, a few hundred members of a Welsh colony on the River Chupert have a paper in their own language called the *Breniad*. Match that if you can, even in Ireland, the home of the Gael—or the scanty help given to the Gaelic Journal cannot be compared to it. This state of things is enough to make every honest Irishman's cheeks tingle with shame.

I notice that most of your contributors send verse for publication. Would it not be easier to send prose or at least a larger share of it. The *Times* said in article quoted in the 1st No. of the Gaelic Journal, that "Gaelic does not express modern Irish wants and ideas." The translation and publication of newspaper articles in idiomatic Gaelic prose would perhaps prove that this is false.

Yours truly

John M. Tierney.

Now that the Gael is nearing its entrance to the fourth year of publication, buoyant and aggressive in spirit, and full of hope for the future. Will you not, Gaelic friends, make some extra exertion to circulate it among your neighbors. Tell your fellow-countrymen who claim Ireland as their place of birth, if they are not willing to sacrifice sixty cents a year to support a journal in their native language, and that the first journal published in it, that they should not be classed as men but as the second order of the mammalia in animated nature.

The spirit of Irish freedom was never so aggressive as it is at the present time.

The language is the essence of that aggressiveness—cultivate the language and literature and that spirit will grow so intense that the sodomitic power of England cannot withstand it.

Entering Ridgewood Park the other day, in company with President Finn of the P. O. Society, to visit the Clan-na Gael picnic grounds, we asked for an admission ticket in the language of the Gael but poor Mr. Goodman, the cashier, opened his eyes, shook his head and said, "I'd give a thousand dollars to have your tongue." Why, friend Goodman, you have never, to our knowledge tried to have such a tongue, nor do you aid in the slightest degree to help others to have it. What a shame for men like you to be ignorant of the language of your country. We were very much disappointed at the slimness and want of true patriotism of the gathering. Not a single iota could be seen to indicate that it was an Irish picnic as the only language in the programme apart from that of the slave was "good night", in the French language. Though disappointed at the English character of the picnic, we were compensated by meeting and chatting pleasantly in the language of the Gael with as fine a specimen of the real Irish gentleman as we have ever seen.—a police officer from Savannah, Ga. He stands about six feet six, made in proportion, handsome almost to effeminacy, an elegant conversationalist in his native language, and possessed that easy bearing characteristic of the man of parts.

The Happiest Day in the Life of Napoleon I.

On the occasion of an important victory, Napoleon was receiving in his tent the congratulations of his generals. One of them said to him. "Sire, it is the happiest day of your life!"

Napoleon replied, quickly; "No sir."

There was a silence, and each one mentioned what he thought must have been the Emperor's happiest day. Montenotte—the 18th Brumaire—Marengo—his coronation—Austerlitz—the birth of the King of Rome. Still there was silence, mingled with amazement. Finally Napoleon, grave recollected, and much moved, said, "it was the day of my First Communion."

As he looked about he saw that all were greatly surprised; but he perceived tears in the eyes of one of the bystanders. He approached him and pressing his hand, said, "you understand me."

This was General Drouot, called the philosopher of the army," who practised his Christian duties in the camp with the devotion of a member of the primitive Church. It was he who related this to his bishop, wishing that so touching an answer should not be lost to posterity.

A deep interest attaches to a prophecy attributed to St. Malachy, which Mabillon copied from an ancient MS. of Clairvaux and sent to St. Malachy's martyred successor, Oliver Plunkett. For a week of centuries [that is from the twelfth to the nineteenth, says the MS., Ireland was to be oppressed by England ever faithful to her God, her oppression is to end in the nineteenth century. Her seven ages of suffering over, she would be the means of bringing back to the Faith the nation of her oppressors, who would in the meantime have fallen out from the unity of the Church. Let us hope that the chastisements which, according to the prophetic writer, are to precede the return of our country to the Faith, may have been but conditionally foretold, as of old the destruction of Nineveh, or may be among those forebodings in which the human element has mingled with the supernatural.—*London Tablet*.

At a dinner recently given at the Sisters Hospital in Helena, Montana, in honor of the Bishop and visiting clergymen, the Reverend gentlemen indulged in the pleasantry of addressing him in toasts in twelve different languages, Rev. Father Lindesmith in English, Father Dols in Flemish, Father Cataldo in Italian, Father Barcello in Spanish, Father Fberville in German, Father Tremb'ey in French, Father Gudi in Latin, Father Imoda in Blackfoot, Father d'Aste in Flathead, Father Gudi in Nez Perces, Father Barcello in Crow; to which the Bishop responded in Chinook. —Ave Maria.

[Was there no Irishman present? Ed. Gael.]

Cromien--- We congratulate our Gaelic friends on the accession to their ranks of another Cromien, *CONNELL CEATARNAIC*, the infant son of Mr. Joseph Cromien,---an Irishman in every sense of the word.

CONNALL CEATARNAIC was a celebrated Knight of the *Craob Ruad* or Royal House of Ulster, and in selecting the name for his son, Mr. Cromien has selected one of the most illustrious in Irish History.

So. Boston. Sept. 7, '84.

Dear Sir,

Please send me the May number of the Gael for this year, which I have failed to receive, although once before requesting you to send it to me. I wish to get those numbers I have bound, and of course would like to have them as complete as possible, for in days to come this humble little worker will be highly prized, for even now I would be willing to give a year's subscription for each of the first 6 numbers of Vol. I. Thanking you for your earnest efforts in behalf of the Irish race, and wishing that you may live long to enjoy the fruit of your good work, I remain Very truly yours,

J. J. O'Brien.

Fort Trumbull, Conn., Aug. 23, 1884.

To the Editor of the Gael,

Dear Sir,—

Please find enclosed subscription for the Gael for one year. Although I cannot read the Gaelic part of it, still, I think it incumbent on me, as an Irishman, to contribute towards its support.

On the political questions of the day, I would like to say a word, particularly the presidential contest. I entirely agree with you in your preference for Mr. Blaine, and those who may differ from you have also a right to express their sentiments. But I, for one, am heartily in favor of your course, in supporting the candidate who favors protection for American industries, and the rights of American Citizens at home and abroad, and who, by his public actions, has excited the enmity of our avowed enemies. No better recommendation could he receive, than the foul-mouthed abuse of the pro-English journals of the country. Well may an Irishman investigate the facts of the case, when such journals as Harper's Weekly, New York Times, and Puck, and all the rest of their ilk, are in the opposition.

If some of those Irish democrats who have clung so tenaciously to the tail of the Democratic kite, and who think it almost a disgrace to vote any other ticket, would fairly and impartially contrast the conduct of both parties, considering the uncompromising opposition which the majority of us, have offered to the Republican party, perhaps they might see things in a different light. They might (with benefit to themselves) contemplate the N. Y. election when Mayor Grace ran for office. Or more recently, the treatment that Mr. J. Kelly and those whom he was supposed to represent, received at the Chicago convention. There are many others of a similar nature, which our people would do well to consider. Such reflections are always very beneficial.

I am very respectfully yours,

John Heavey.

New London, Ct.

New York, Aug. 30. '84.

Mr. Logan, Dear Sir—

I was very much inclined to take sides with Mr Norris in the Gael's actions in the coming election but, as things go now I cannot do so. I have voted the Democratic ticket for the last 25 years, and I would vote it now if there was a clean man at its head. The Maria Halpin affair puts me from voting for Cleveland. If he is innocent why did he not take steps to punish those who circulated it as Blaine prosecuted his libeller. No moral upright men can vote for Cleveland under the circumstances, but only those of the same stamp as the English Trenches and Cornwalls of Dublin Castle notoriety.

Yours truly

Thos. Lahey.

Pre-election canards. Are those journalists, and others, who state that Mr. Blaine was a member of the Know-Nothing party aware that the constitution and by-laws of that party disqualified him from being a member, his mother being a Roman Catholic? If they get the constitution of that intolerant party they will know:

general Bragg bragged that it was a good thing to be rid of the rabble Democracy of New York. But this "rabble" have the consolation that they had no hand in nominating an immoral man to the chair of Washington. He was nominated by the same class as that which produced the Dublin Castle Sodomites.

A Singular Bed-fellow. We see that young Counsellor Bussing is a rabid Cleveland man. He does not like Blaine because he is the choice of the lower element. This is the Young Republican who some two years ago declared on the stump that whenever a gentleman entered a Democratic meeting he should have a bottle of "O-Dick-a-lone" with him.

A Free-Trade Problem. If there should be some thousands of hats in a hattery as an over-production and the hands were laid off for a few weeks in order to cut down the surplus stock. If our ports were thrown open to free trade and that millions of English made hats were added to this surplus stock, when could the hands resume work?

One of the most serious charges against Mr Blaine is that when in office he was in a position to get a lucrative situation for his nephew and did so. If there is a man in the United States to day who says he would not do the same thing, he is either a knave or a hypocrite.

Prest. Egan of the National League, being pressed for his views on the Presidential candidates declares in favor of Blaine, because, he says, all the anti-Irish elements both here and in England support Mr Cleveland.

Owing to being limited in Gaelic type considerable Gaelic matter lies over, and our contributors may rest assured that the fault is not ours.

THE GAELIC ALPHABET.

Irish.	Roman.	Sound.	ris .	Roman.	Sound.
A	a	aw	η	m	emn
b	b	bay	η	n	enn
c	c	kay	o	o	oh
o	d	dhay	p	p	pay
e	e	ay	π	r	arr
γ	f	eff	γ	s	ess
5	g	gay	τ	t	thay
l	i	ee	u	u	oo
l	l	ell			

CONTENTS of VOL. I.

POETRY. Anthony O'Daly. 51. Bolly Bose Daly. 119. Barney Avourneen. 95. Bridget Fergus 107. By that Lake 91. Fontenoy 42. For Ireland I'd Tell not Her Name 96. If the Cat had a Fortune 116. Iona 116. Last Glimpse of Erin 11. Little Hugh—Welcome 18. Little Hugh—Epitaph to Mc Hale 41. My Boat is on the Shore 81. O'Donnell Aboo 60. Oh! Blame not the Bard 72. Preserve the Language 52, 76. Rafferty and the Bush 84, 97, 108, 122. The Lady Brown 121. The Keltic Tongue 31, 39, 102. The Minstrel Boy 4, 118. The Lass of Gowry. 109. The Royal Blackbird 40. The Praise of the Provinces 118. Tom Moore 79. Tribute to T. O'N Ruseel 29. Virgil. From Tuan News 73. White's Daughter of the Glen 120. Youghal Harbor 95.

PROSE. A Nation's Language 88. A Mathematic- al Problem 104. Ancestors of the O's 115. Arch- bishop MacHale 18, 21, 31. A. O. H. and St. Pat- rick Alliance 49. Answers to Correspondents 53, 67, 92, 127. A Parallel 88. A Voice from the North 126. A word to Subscribers 54. Belfast Clan-na- Gael 103. Belfast Society 76. Catholic Education 127. Catholic population of N. Y. 115. Charles Kickham 123. Criticism by A. M. Deely 30. Cen- sus returns of Ireland 114. Decay of Irish Manli- ness 112. Divisions of the Earth with their popula- tion 67. Dublin Society 125. Dynamite 7. Edito- rial 5. English Criminal Code 115. Education of English Aristocracy 4. Emmett's Speech 63, 71, 120. Facts of History 7, 12. First Inning for the 101. Gallagher's Sermon's 12, 17, 26, 36, 48, 51. Gaelic Litterature in Chicago 100. Gaelic Union 113. Gael's success 21. Gaelic Speakers of Scot- land 89. Goldsmith 115. History of Animated Na- ture 112. Inauguration of the Kings of Ireland 113. Irish Language 32. Irish and Polish 32. Irish Nationalists 41. Irish Classes 76. Irish Prayer book. 114. Keating's Ireland 55. Labor—Editorial 13. Names of Ireland 124. Napoleon I. 127. News from the Old Country 20, 74. No Rent in Scotland 11. N. Y. P. C. Society 23. O'Brennan's Antiqui- ties 91. Old Sayings 46. Oscar of Sweden 7. Our History, by A. M. Deely 14. Money Kings. 38. Sentiments of our Subscribers 66, 75, 87, 99, 111. Report of Dublin Society 61 77. Royal families of Ireland 126. Personal Appeal 7. Philo Celts 29, 32. Progress of the Gael 50. Prospects of the Gael 37. Pursuit of Dermot and Grainne 36, 48. The Gael 123. The Chicago Convention 29. Termina- tions *an and ly* 16. The formation of Societies 50. The Irish not addicted division 37. The Lord's prayer 110. The Milesian Race 115. Then and not till Then 65, 78. To the Irish People 2. To our Readers 114. The old Woman's sayings 52. United Irishman 31. Why the Irish should preserve the Language 49. What they are doing at home 89.

FABLES. The Ass in office 116. The Bely and the Members 3. The Blind man and the whelp 39. The Oreaking Wheels 39. The Dog in the Man- ger 39. The Falconer and the Partridge 4. The Eagle and the Fox 3. The Lion and the Mouse 51.

LETTERS. M. J. Collins 110. S. Duggan 11. Rev. M. A. Harrigan 110. O'Donovan Rossa 26. C. D. Geran's 30. Loughrea 90 104. McCos- ker 11. M. McSweeney 83. J. A. O'Neill 22. C. M. O'Keefe 128. To J. O'Brien Pittsburg 118. T. O'N Russell, 10, 18, 28, 63, 82, 98. P. M. Trahey 24. P. M. Walsh 11. Dr. Zimmer's 13

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Υηβηη 116 Σπίαο Ζαδαηηα, ε5οηη ηηάο-
ηδ Λοόλαηηη α5υρ Σ5οόάηη, βΡΥΖΙΟΪΛη.
Ταηηζε 2ηόηη δε Εάοαζε βηεαζ το
φεαηηαηβ, βυαζοαηηηβ 7 ηηαηηαηβ.
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