

GAEL
Leabhar-aithir mhoranach,
tabairtá cum an
TEANGA SAEDILE
a corrad a_{sur} a raoréu_{ad}
a_{sur} cum
Fem-maíla Cinní na h-Eireann.


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The  Gael.

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

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Fourth Year of Publication.

Philo-Celts.

The Gael wishes all its philo-Celtic friends a happy New Year.

We hope the members of the Brooklyn Philo-Celtic Society will exert themselves in making the prize drawing a success. Mr. McGovern, of N Y has taken 4 tickets through the Gael, nos. 1001 to 1004, and Mr. McCosker one, 1005.

President Finn is making strong efforts to have the drawing a success.

Dwyer. We had a visit from Miss Dwyer a few evenings ago.

Costello, Miss Nora T Costello is back from the country, so that our Gaelic friends will have the pleasure of some patriotic songs in their native purity.

Moran, Miss Moran is a very regular attendant.

Dunlevy. The Misses Dunlevy attend pretty well.

Donnelly. Mrs. and the Misses Donnelly pay excellent attention to the Society's affairs. Miss Ellie Donnelly has a beautiful voice.

Mullaney, Mr. and Miss Mullaney are very good attendants.

Hyland, Brother Hyland has gone on a visit to his native home. We wish him a safe return.

Cassidy, Brother Cassidy wants to swallow Irish all at once. He is a studious student and cannot fail, in time, to obtain his wish. However, as brother Cassidy has read the Elements of Euclid we would call his attention to that eminent geomatrician's reply to Ptolemy Philadelphus in relation to the study of mathematics.

Woods, The foregoing remarks apply, also, to brother Woods [The Society is attracting to itself the culture, intelligence, and patriotism of our Irish-American citizens.]

Guiren, Miss Guiren intends to win the prize offered to the member who sells the largest number of tickets for the bazaar; she has taken 100 tickets

Crowley, Miss Nellie Crowley spoke an excellent piece the other night with her usual brilliancy.

Ward, Since the Hon. Denis Burns ceased to pay his usual visits to the Society Mr. Martin P. Ward has taken his place.

Gilgannon, exPresident Gilgannon strolls into the hall occasionally, and succeeds in enlisting the active cooperation of other patriotic Irishmen. A few evenings ago he introduced Messrs. Crane and Rouse to the Society.

Graham. Brother Graham is always on time.

Lacey, Vice Prest. Locey is always at his post

Curden, Brother Curden takes great interest in the Irish Language Movement.

Kinsella, Brother Kinsella is also pretty regular.

Murray, We cannot praise the Treasurer, Miss Murray, for regular attendance lately. Why?

Dunning, Also brother Dunning.

Heeney, Brother Heeney does not appear as regular as usual. Neither does brother Walsh.

Brown, Capt. Brown pays an occasional visit.

Kyne, Brother Kyne comes as often as he can.

Casey, We shall have to reprimand brother Casey for his want of punctuality.

Morrissey, Brother Morrissey has not lost his enthusiasm, he has moved his grocery establishment to Canover street, where, we hope, his philo Celtic friends will patronize him.

The New York P. C. Society had a very successful entertainment a few evenings since, but that is no wonder under the direction of their energetic President, Mr. Meeres. The Hon. Denis Burns recited with great effect the dialogue between Andromache and Hector, in Irish.

The Germans of New York have proposed to reproduce the opera (the Gaelic Idyl) produced by The Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language. What a rebuke to the taste, not to say the patriotism, of our cultivated countrymen of New York City.

A large number of Gaelic matter from Messrs. Russell, O'Keeffe, Durnin, Coleman, Sheridan, &c is laid over until the next issue.

A good many desire the back numbers of the Gael, but, we regret to say that we have not a single copy to spare of the first seven numbers of Vol 1 or number 11 of Vol. 2. This we regret, as we sent thousand of these numbers through the country as advertisements at the time of publication. We did not then anticipate such a rush on the Gael as there has been of late. Well, this is not surprising, when the people see the hand writing on the wall announcing the immediately preparing stand of the New Zealand artist! when Irishmen may expect their own again. It is in the natural order of things that the power of England should cease, and the instrument employed by Providence to compass it, is not in the power of humanity to tell.

Messrs. Ward of Phila., McEniry, Capt. Egan and many others writing to us say we ought not have reduced the price of the Gael to 60 cents. Well, we did so that "lukewarmers" might not allege that the price was too high. That is why.

Now, let all our subscribers make a firm resolution to get one subscriber each, and the circulation will be doubled. Surely, the cause is patriotic and merits the cooperation of every Irishman; it is a national, not an individual one.

We would recommend Philo Celts to carry on as much correspondence in Gaelic as possible. Use postal cards, and you will help to advertise the movement. Critics are few. As we are closing we have received a lot of beautifully executed copy headlines from Mr. Marcus J. Ward, Belfast, which we shall notice more fully in our next.

Through an accident the Harp on the title page was inverted, and Mr. Ward did not fail notice it.

21N B2IRD '3US 21N FÓ.

A GAELIC IDYL,

Produced for the first time, in Steinway Hall, Thursday and Friday, 27th and 28th November, by the Chorus of The S. P. I. Language, and composed for the Society by Professor Paul Mc Swiney.

(We shall give both the original and translation of this opera in the GAEL.)

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

NESSA, - - - Miss Carrie Hun King
BANIA, - - - Miss Clara Stuttsman
EOCAIDH, A Bard, - - Mr. P. S. Munro
BEOTHACH, A Soldier, - - Mr. Wm. Long

CHORUS and ORCHESTRA.

S3EUL 310021L21C.

BROLL21C.

3an cu3inne t2a na b2aird do b3.
3an cu3inne a r3eulta 3r22d a 3o3b'e ;
3an cu3inne an cat-rann tpeun, 2rru33.
'3ur an c3on22n or c3on3 na m2arb ;
O3r 32nn3e faol-c22 an t-Saranu33.
21'r t2a clu3nte a u2all 3o 3arb.

b3 deora '3ur te3ne 'n3 an t-tean3an
bne23 ;
In 3ac focal bu2d fua3ne b3 abran 3r22d,
21 32a ! m2ar fa3r3'd 3ac c3o3b3e le c3r22d,
Nu2ar c2ala3b r3ad 3ul caon3teora !
21c 3 ! m2ar do 3leu3'd 3ac teu2d an t3r22
Do fe3nn3 r3 21r 33nn3 'r a 3l33ne !

21 b3 ceol 'ran tSean 33r 'ran an f2ad 3,
Nu2ar b3 3r22d 33c3o3b33b fe2ar n3or teo,
'3ur b3 deun3ac be2ar3a 33cat 'ra n3leo
Do b' 332 3ad abran3 f33e,
'3ur b3 ceol33nn3b3e b3nn3e an t3r22 r3n beo
Do n3ol3ad n3ar3t na t33e.

TRANSLATION.

PROLOGUE.

Forgotten are they, the Bards of Old,
Forgotten the tales of love they told :
Forgotten the war-song, stern and bold,
And the lullaby o'er the dead ;
For the Saxou wolf hath crept on the fold,
And his voice is heard instead.

There were tears and fire in that melting tongue,
Whose coldest word was a soulful song.
Ah God ! how iron hearts were wrung
By the wail of the Keener haunted !
But On ! how their chords again were strung
When the Might of the Dead he chanted !

Ah ! music lived in the Old Land then,
When love made hearts, and hearts made men,
And men wrought deeds again and again
Were worthy a minstrel's song,
And minstrels there were whose immortal strain
Could no mortal prowess wrong.

P21JRT I.

C3on3fe3nn3 Or3an3te2c.

In 3ar3ac a rao3arl b3 32 33lac 'ran t-
O 33r na h-33neann ! [r333e
b3 aon aca r23ac 'ran 3ar2a 233 caon3 :-
O 33r na h-33neann !
O3r bu2d fe2ar 33ob m2ac de 3eol3ad b3nn3,
21'r do 32n3 r3 le r33on23b3 2e3r ;
21c an 3ar2a, do b3 r3 'na r23333r3 33nn3,
233ur d' 3om32ar r3 c3o3b3e b3 rao3.

In 3ar3ac a rao3arl f2u3 32 n2a33dean
O 23n2a na h-33neann ! ('ran t-r333e ;
b3 aon aca r23ac 'ran 3ar2a 233 3u3b3e ;
O 23n2a na h-33neann ! (t3r22,
O3r b3 be2ar 33ob r3nu2ar3'd 21r 32a 3ac
21'r b3 tala3n a h-21r3nn3 '3ar r333r ;
21c an 3ar2a, do 32ar r3 3an b3on3, 3an
le na c3o3b3e In a r233b3 ro3ll33r. (c3r22d,

C3on3fe3nn3.

3ar b2ar an t3l33b3e, or c3on3 an n223a,
3ar an 3-c3oc a'r 3ar b2ar na n-3leann,
3o m33n3e2c a' nu2ac2d 3nu2ar3m' a'r r322a
21mac 3 u2ar3n a'r cluan3 3o teann3.
3ar 3ala3n 33u2c 3o lu2c 233 n3te2c3t,
Seu2ab2c an t3r22c 3 'n ar2dar bu3b3e,
33on3nu3'd deora le te2ar a be2ar3ac3t
Ta3ann3 23a3on3 an 3ao3.

3ar, O 3ar In do 3l33ne !
3ar 3 do cluan3 a n2a33dean 3eann3a !
33r lom-3eo 21r 3l33b33b m3ora
3o3llr33 m2ar 333 a 3-cula3b a b2ar3e !
O3r t22n3 f2u3reoz '33nn3e 3ar n3ul 3u3ad
'3ur 23 23nar3e 21mac 3 na r3c22l 3u3ad,
T22n3 Lon2ub 'ran Sm3lac cur ceol 3u3'd
le abran3 de23-c3o3b3e a32a rao3.

23ar r3n b3d'3 b2ar3e fe3nn3 3o b3nn3 3u3'd
N3 fe3on3 32nn3 33nn3e 3o 33nn3 3u3ad,
21c m2ar r3cat22n a 3ar3e2ar 3o33nn3 3u3ad,
O' 23lln3e2c, 3eal3nn33e 3o r333r.

PART I,

INTRODUCTORY CHORUS.

In the Springtime of life met two youths by the
O Men of Erin ! [way :-

And the one was grave and the other was gay:—
O Men of Erin!
For the one was the son of minstrelsy,
And spoke with the spirits of air;
But the other, he was a soldier free,
And the heart of a soldier bare.

In the Springtime of life sat two maids by the way;
O Maids of Erin!
And the one was grave and the other was gay;—
O Maids of Erin!
For the one was the child of sanctity,
And her thoughts were over the skies;
But the other, she laughed joyously
With her heart in her diamond eyes.

CHORUS,—

Over the mountain, over the meadow,
Over the hill and over the dale,
Merrily hunting midnight shadow
Out from its cave and sheltering vale,
Over the moorland swiftly fleeting,
Brushing the dew from the golden corn,
Drying night's tears with a Seraph greeting
Cometh the Rosy Morn.

Come, O come in your glory!
Come from your bower, O blushing maid!
Thro' the mist dim and hoary
Shine like a virgin in her bridal veil array'd!
For the lark cleaveth up thro' the cloud to thee,
While looking out from their leafy shroud to
thee,
Ory the Merle and the Mavis aloud to thee
With the song of the heart without sin,
So may the soul of the Poet sing to thee,
While we content us that cannot wing to thee,
But, as a mirror afar, to fling to thee
Back, thy beauty reflected within.

ԵՕՇԱՅԾ—ԵՕՇԱԸ.

ԵՕՇԱԸ.

ԻՅՈՒ Ե ԸԵՕԼՇՈՅՐ! ՏԵ ԾՈ ԵՅԱԸ!

ԵՕՇԱՅԾ.

ԵՅԱԸ ԻՅՈՒՄԻԾԵ ԸՈՅԸ, Ե ԵՐԱԸԱՅՐ!

ԵՕՇԱԸ.

ՇԱ Ե-ԲՈՒՅԼ ԵՒ ԾՈՒԼ ԸՈ ՄՈՇ?

ԵՕՇԱՅԾ.

ԵՅՈՅՈՒ ոՄ ՊԱ ՇԱԸՄԱԸ.

ԵՕՇԱԸ.

ԱՊՐԵ ԲՕՐ, Պ ԸՈՊԸԱԸՇ ԼԵԱԸ.

ԵՕՇԱՅԾ.

ԵԱՅԱՊ ՇՒ Օ՝ Պ Ծ-ԵԱՅՐՇԵԱՐ?

ԵՕՇԱԸ.

ԵՅՅՈՒ; ԱՅՐ ԵՐԱ, Ե ԸԵՕԼՇՈՅՐ?

ԵՕՇԱՅԾ.

ԵՅՅՈՒ-ՐԵ Օ՝ Պ ՇԵՐՇԵԱՐ Պ Ե ՈՒՅՈՒ ՄԵ;
ՊՐՊ ՇՈՐ ՊԱ ԵՐԱՅ՝ ԾՈ ԲԱՅՐԵԱՐ ՄՈ
ԼԱՅՅ

'ՏԱՊ ԸՅԸ Պ Ե Մ-ԵԱՅԼԵԱՊ, ԱՅՐ ԲԵԱԾ. ԱՊ
ԼԱԵ,

ՈՒԱ ԵՈՊԵԸ Պ ՈՒՅՈՒ ՈՒՅՐԵԱԸ Ե ԸՈՅՈՒ'Ե.
ԾՈ ԲԱՅԼԵԱՐ Ե ԵՅԸ ՄԱՐ ԸՈՅՈՒԾ ԸԵՕԼՊԱՐ

ԱՊ ԵԱՅՐ

ՈՒԱՅՐ Ե ԲՐԵԱԵԱՊ ՐԵ ԼԵ ՊԱՅՈՒ-ԵՅՐԵ
ԵՅՐ-ՅՐԱԾ;

ԱՊԱՐ ԲՅԱՊ ՊԱՅՐ ՊՅ ԲԵՅՈՒՐ ԼԵ ԵԱԼԱԾԱՊ ԱՐՈ
ԱՊԱՊ ՊԱ Ե-ԱՊՊԱ ՅՈ ԲՅՈՐ Ե ՐԱԾ.

ԵՕՇԱԸ.

Ծ՝ ԲԱՐ ՄՅՐԵ Օ ԸԼԱՊՊԱԾ ՊԱ ԵԱՅՅ՝;
ԱՊԵԱՅՏ ԵՐԵՍ Ե ԵՅ ԵՐԱԸ ՄՈ ԵՅԱԸ.
ԱԸ, ՄԱՐ ՕՅԼԱԸ, ԾՈ ԸՐՈՅՈ ՄԵ ՅՈ ԸՐԱՅԾ.
'Տ ԱՅՐ ԵՐՈՊ ԸՅՐԵԱՊ ԾՈ ԸՐՅԱԼ ՄԵ ԸՄՊ
ԸԱԸ.

ՊՐ ԼՊՊ ԵՕՇԱՅՐ ԱՐ Յ-ԸՐՈՅԸԸԵԱԾ ՅՈՄԼԱՊ,
'ՅՐ ՊՅ ԲԵՅՈՒՐ ԼԵ ՐՅՈՇԸԱՊ Ե ՊԾԱՐ՝Ծ;
ԵՅ ՐԵԱԾ ԸՄՊԸԱ ԾՈ ԲԱՅՐԵԱԸԸ ԱՊԱՊ,
'ՅՐ ԱՐ ՊԵԱՐԸԱԸ ԼԵ ՅԱԵՐԱՊ ԾՈ ԲԱՐ՝Ծ.

ԵՕՇԱԸ.

ԵԱՐ! ԾՈ ԸՐՄԵՐ ՕՐ ԵՅՈՊ ՈՇ ՅԱԼԱՊ ՇԱԸ.
ԵՅՈՒ ՄԵ ԸՈՅԸ ՄԱՐ ԲՈ.

ԵՕՇԱՅԾ.

ԵՒ ԱՐ ԾՈ ԼԱՊ

ԵՍՊԲԱԾ ՊԵԱՐԸՊԱՐ ՐԱՊ ՅԼԵՈ.

ԵՕՇԱՅԾ—ԵՕՇԱԸ.

ԵՐՈՐԾԱՅ՝! ԵՐՈՐԾԱՅ՝!

ԱՊ ԵԱՐՈ ՐԱՐ ԱՊ ԲՈ!

ԵՕՇԱԸ

ԱՊԱՐ ՐՊ ԵՒՈ ՊԱՅԸ ԼՊՊ ԵՅԸ ՅԱԸ ԼԱ!

ԵՕՇԱՅԾ.

ԱՅ ԵՐՈՅՈ ԼԱՊ ԱՐ ԼԱՊ,

ԱՅՐ ԵՐՈՊ ԸՅՐԵԱՊ ՅՈ ԵՕ!

ԵՕՇԱԸ.

Օ! ԸԱ ՄԵ ԼԵԱ ԲՈ ԸՄՐ ՅՈ ԵՐԱԸ.

ԵՕՇԱՅԾ—ԵՕՇԱԸ.

ԵՐՈՐԾԱՅ՝! ԵՐՈՐԾԱՅ՝!

ԱՊ ԵԱՐՈ ՐԱՐ ԱՊ ԲՈ.

Օ! ՐԵԱԾ Ե ԸՈՄԼԱՅԸ ԲՅՐ՝,

Ա Մ-ԵՅԸ ՊՈ Մ-ԵԱՐ ՅՈ ԲՅՐ,

Ա Յ-ԸԵՕԼԱՅՐԵԱԸԸ ՊՈ ՄԵՅՐ.

ՊՅ ԸՐԵՅՅԲՊՊՈ ԱՐ Ծ-ԵՅՐ.

ԱԸ, ԵԱՐ ԼԵ ԵԱՐ ՅՈ ԵՕ

Ա ՐՅՈՇԸԱՊ ՊՈ Ե Պ-ՅԼԵՈ,

ԵՅՈՒՄՊ ԼԵ ԸՅԼԵ ԵՕ

Պ ՈՐՈՒՐ ԵՐ ԼՈ.

ԵՕՇԱՅԾ.

ԱԸ Ե՝ ԲԵՅՈՒՐ ԼԵ ԸԱՐՊ-ՅՐԱԾ

ԾՈ ԸՐՈՅԸ ԸՐ ՐԱՅՈՅ ԸՐԱԾ?

ԵՕՇԱԸ.

ԼԵ ԸԼԱ ՊՈ ՕՐՊԱ ԱՊԱ,

Nj buajlfjð m' çpojðe.

Eoçajð—beoçac.

21c zeallfamyjð a çojð'e,
3aj fajaçc aηηraη ç-rljçe,
b-fujl baøjal rýjl' de ηηaøj
3o fçor a lujçe.

21ηη rjη a çómlujçe fçor',
21 m-bjç ηo bår 3o rçor,
21 3-ceolajneacç ηo mefçr.
Nj çnéj3fjmyjð aη ç-çjç.

Eoçajð.

Éjççjð! aη 3ájç çum 3lójne!
Clujηm-re féjç j.

beoçac.

Çójneacç! reaçajη aη 3lójne!
jç áððar léjç j

Eoçajð.

bjðð çmyç a'ç beaçç çjç ço h-Éjç-
jηη çojççe.

beoçac.

'3ur çpojðe a'ç ηeaçç çjç, bjðð
buaðmçar çojççe.

EOCHIDH—BEOTHACH.

Beothach.

Hæ! O minstr! Hæil to thee!
Eochaidh.

Eternal health to thee O brother!
Beothach.

Whither away?
Eochaidh.

To the city's shade I go.
Beothach.

On the journey I go with thee.
Eochaidh.

Down from the north art thou come?
Beothach.

Truly! and thou. O minstrel?
Eochaidh.

I came from the Southland that birth to me gave;
There by the sea-shore I learned my song,
There where the great ocean in darksome cave
Panted around me the whole day long.
It seemed unto me like the minstrel's heart
As it beats with the patriot's sacred fire;
Like the throb of pain when the tongue of art
Cannot voice the soul's desire.

Beothach.

I am sprung from the claus of the North,
In my childhood I tended the cattle,
But, a sapling, alone came I forth,
And for Erin I fought in the battle.
For our hearts and their hopes are our own,
And the shackles of peace shall not bind
They were fashioned for freedom alone, [them.
And our brawn but that freedom to flud them

Beothach.

Come; thy harp o'er thy mantle sling,
I will be thy knight.

Eochaidh.

Thee and thy sword,
I will nerve them in the fight.

Eochaidh—Beothach.

Onward. Onward,
The Bard and the Knight.

Beothach.

If thus we trod life's pathway o'er.

Eochaidh.

To toil hand in hand,
For Erin and the right.

Beothach.

I am thine for thy cause evermore.

Eochaidh—Beothach.

Onward, Onward,
The Bard and the Knight.
Ah, yes true comrades we
For life and death shall be,
In mirth and minstrelsy.
So side by side for aye
In peace or battle fray:—
Nor one from other stray
By night or by day.

Eochaidh.

Perchance some gentler love
May hap thy heart to prove?

Beothach.

Nor Fame my breast can move
Nor maiden sigh.

Eochaidh—Beothach:

Then swear we, thou and I,
The siren wiles to fl,
That e'er in woman's eye,
We know to lie.

And then true comrades we
For life and death shall be,
In mirth and minstrelsy,
For land and liberty.

Eochaidh.

Hark thou, the call to glory,
Methinks I hear it.

Beothach.

Mark thou, Avoid thou glory,
The bravest fear it.

Eochaidh.

Be harp and brand then from Erin never,
Beothach.

Nor heart and hand then, is graceless ever.

(To be Continued)

We see by HEALTH and HOME, a Washington journal largely devoted to medical science, that Tobacco is a sure cure for various diseases.

The Washington Monument, just completed, is the highest structure in the world. It is 570 feet high, the walls, at the base, are 15 feet thick, and at the top, 18 inches. The base is 55 feet square, and the apex 34 feet. The total cost of erection is \$1.103.721.00. It is built of white marble, and stands on the reservation, South of the Treasury Department. An iron stair case leads to the top.

Send Sixty Cents for the Gael for one year.

ՔԼԱՆԵՐԾ ՁԻՉՈՅԵԾ.

(Air—Joe Mor McDonnell)

The following poem, the longing for home sentiments of Rafferty while sojourning in the coun'y Galway, will revive home thoughts in the minds of many of our readers. We are indebted to Mr. Martin P. Ward for it.

I

Անոյր տեւո՛ւտ աղ Եարայ՝ զ Եօրա 'ի Լա
րիւնա՛ծ,
Տեւո՛ւտ դա Բէյլե Երիճի՛ւտ տօյճեւո՛ւտ մո
ճեւո՛ւ;
'Տ զ Եւրի մե 'մո ճեւո՛ւտ է 'ի ղ րեւա մե
ճոյճե՛ւ,
Ոո Յո րեւա՛ծ մե 'ի՛յոյ յ Լաւ Ծոնոա՛ւ
Ձիւնաճե՛ւ.
Ա Յ-ԸԼաւ ԸԼայի Ձիւն-Ձիւնայր երճեւո՛ւտ
աղ ճեւո՛ւտ ոյճե՛ւ,
'Տա մեւա՛ւ, տա՛ծ 'ի՛յոյ տե, ճոյրեւո՛ւտ
աղ տ-ճե՛ւ;
Յո Ըոյլե-մաճ մաճեւո՛ւտ, Յո դեւոնա՛ծ
Եւայր մի՛յոյ,
Ա Ե-Յոյրեւա՛ծ ճա մի՛յոյ Յո Եւո-աղ-Եւ-
մոյր.

II

Եա 'ի՛յոյ ալ յ աղ յաճալ Յո դ-Երիւնաղ
մո ճոյճե՛ւ,
Ձիւն րիւնա՛ծ տե 'ի ճաճե՛ւ ոո մար րեւար
աղ ճեւո՛ւ,
Երա միւնայի մի Ըեւա, ոո ալ Յեւ-
աղ տա՛ծ 'ի՛յոյ տե,
Ձիւն րեւա՛ծա մի՛յոյ ոո ալ Քլաւա՛ծ
Ձիւնաճե՛ւ.
Ըլլաճաղի աղ եայլե ալ ա Ե-Բարա ճաճ
ի՛յոյ աղ,
Եա մեւա՛ծ րիւնա՛ծ աղ ալ մեւա՛ծ
ճաճ րեւո՛ւ;
'Տ ճա մեւո՛ւտ դե ոո րեւա՛ծ ա Յ-Եւար
Լա ոո դաճոյն,
Օ'մեւո՛ւտ աղ ալ յոյն, ալ Եւո՛ւտ ա-
մի՛յոյ ճե.

III

Եա Ըոյլե 'ի՛յոյ Ըրիւնա՛ծ, Բար Օրիւն ա-
լալի աղ,
Եա րեւա՛ծ ա Յ-Եւա՛ծ աղ, ալիւն քլալի ա-
լալի եւոյն;
Եա Լոճեւ արեւ-Եւա՛ծ յալ license ա յոյ

աղ,

Ալալ մոյն-ալալե դա Ըրիւն ալ յո 'ի ալ
ճե.

Եա Ըրիւն ալալա՛ծ աղ ալ Լեւալա՛ծ
ճալ ալալա՛ծ;

'Տ յոնա՛ծ րօրե ոյճ աղ դա 'ի Ըրա՛ծ մե
Յո րօրե;

Եա Ըրեւ 'ի՛յոյ միւլե ալ յոնալ ճալ րօրե
աղ,

Ոյլ Ըրա՛ծ ալալ քլալի Ըրիւն, ոո 'ի ոյճ
Ելե ճա րօրե.

IV

Եա 'ի Ը-արե 'ի Եա 'ի Լոճ աղ, ալ դա ի-
ալիւնա՛ծ Լիւնա.

Ոա Ըարա՛ծ Եւոնա՛ծ, 'ի դա Ըոճալ ալ
ճաճալ;

Եա 'ի Լիւն, աղ եւա՛ծ, 'ի աղ Ըարոնի դա
Լիւնա՛ծ աղ,

Աղ քոնա՛ծ 'ի աղ րիւնա՛ծ, աղ մալա՛ծ 'ի
աղ րօրե;

Եա 'ի երիւնա՛ծ 'ի աղ եւա՛ծ դա Յ-Ըոնիւ-
նա՛ծ ճեւո՛ւտ աղ,

Ոա Լիւնա՛ծ ալ Ըրալ աղ ճեւո՛ւտ 'ի Բարե
մոյր;

Եա Ըարա՛ծ ալ Եա Լոնա՛ծ յա քլա-
լի աղ Ըրիւնա՛ծ,

'Տ ճա Ըրա՛ծալ ալ Ըրիւն աղ ճեւո՛ւտ Բարալի
Լե մոյն.

V

Եա ճաճ ի-ալ րօրե Ըոնա՛ծ ճալ Ըրիւնա՛ծ
'ի ալ րօրե աղ;

Sycamore, beech, coll, Յիւնա՛ծ ալ
Բարիւնա՛ծ;

Box ալալ Ըրիւնա՛ծ, միւնա՛ծ ճալ Ըար-
ոն,

'Տալ ճալ ճալ ա ճեւոնա՛ծ եւո՛ւտ, Լոն
ալ Ըրալի-րեւո՛ւտ.

Եա log-wood, mahogany, յա ճաճ Ըոնա՛ծ
ճա ճալալ աղ,

'Տալ tear-wood ճա ճեւոնա՛ծ ճաճ ալ
ճեւո՛ւտ ճեւո՛ւտ;

Եա 'ի Ըոնա՛ծ 'ի աղ րեւա՛ծ ճա ճեւոնա՛ծ
'ի ճա րիւնա՛ծ,

'Տ ճա 'ի Ը-րալ աղ ա ճեւոնա՛ծ Ըրա՛ծ,
Ըր, ալալ Լոճ.

VI

Եա 'ի Ըրա՛ծ 'ի աղ րիւնա՛ծ ա Բարալալ ա
Ըրիւն,

Աղ Լոնա՛ծ 'ի աղ Ըրիւնա՛ծ ալ ճոյն ոյ ա
Յ-Ըոնալ;

Եա 'ի Ըրա՛ծ 'ի աղ Լիւն 'ի աղ goldfinch
ա Յ-cage աղ,

Na gaor3na6a léimnead, 'ran fúireos
ó 'h m6in.
Tá 'h t-jolna6 ar 2léim, 'ran fja6toub ó
'h 3-Céir ahh,
2h reada6 ar lo6 éimne a3ur ah ala ó
'h Róim,
2'r dá mbe36tea 3 Cillha6áim le h-éim-
ise na 3néimne,
Do éimnead 3a6 eim aca reimimim 'ran
3-grove.

VII

Tá 'h boc 'r tá 'h eile a'r tá 3a6 h-uile
f6it game ahh,
Tá 'h ma6a m6a6 3a3áil a3ur ah m-bruc
'ran m6ol bu36;
'S a3 celléim na h-3a6ar a3ur a6ar6a
ó'a ré36ea6
Le h-éimne na 3néimne, r 3o 6.663a6 6o
éimne.
Tá 6a6imne uarle 'h eacra3d ahh 'r mar-
ca3 6 léimnead,
2 fja6 6 b-plantations 3o 6-6a3a3h ah
666;
2'r r3h 3o 6-6 mar6im h36a3h reléim ó'
6 reubad,
Ól a3 na ceu66a a3ur leaba le luj6-
eaim.

VIII

Tá 'h láim a3ur ah reana6 6 b-focaim 6
éile,
2h t-reimnead 'ran céa6ta, ah t-reab-
66im 'ran r6ol;
2'r r3h 3o 6-6 mar6im tá na h-uimimim 6
m6le,
Na ca6imim 'h 6-treua6 'r lea3b '3
m6a6.
N3l t3imnear ho a366, n3l 3ala3 ho eu3
a3h,
26 ra3a3im 'r cléimim 6 3u36 na h-a6im.
h36a3h m6imimim a3 3a6a3im 'r ba3im
a3 céir ahh,
2'r h36a3h na ba '3 3éimnead 6 t3iall
a3ur ah la63.

IX

Tá m6imim m6im ba3imimne fá3a3 cadaim
'r ré36tea6,
Sl36 h36 a3ur eu6a36 a3ur talaim 3ah
666;
Tá r3oláimim bo6ta fá3a3 r36il a3ur
leim ahh,
2'r lo6t jaimimim na 6éimne '3 taimimim
'ra t3iall.

Sáimim ré'h 66imim a3ur 3a6 h-uile éa3h
ré3663,
2'r éu3 Ra36imim ah sway 66 a3ur 6 b-
'faca3 ré m6im:
3im éu3a36 a66im 'h 36olim '6 f6imne
6a36,
3o flua3 Claim na h-3a66al é, 'r 3o m
bu6 bua3 é 6 fá66al.

NEW YORK Dec. 1st., 1884.

Dear Sir,—

I wish to treat my Gaelic friends, through your courtesy, in this issue of the Gael to RAFFERTY'S favorite (it is said) song. "The Plains of Mayo." It was dictated to me by Mr. John Ryan of Glan- island, near Castlebar. I know that the English words, such as the names of fishes, will appear as not well chosen, but the reader cannot fail to ob- serve that poets, ancient and modern, assume to themselves a license which would not be tolerated in prose. But, as I heretofore stated, I shall not dare to alter it as it was sung by better singers than I ever expect to be before I was born, and will be, no doubt, sung when I am in dust, but I ask through the Gael that if there exists a more correct or a more original version to have it inser- ted as soon as possible.

I am, dear Mr. Editor, yours most truly for the love of Ireland and her ancient language, For which I would fain do more than sing or write an old song, had I but a chance—a d-thigean thoo?

MARTIN P. WARD.

We forgot to give the air of "S3ar a6 ó na Ceu6 36a6," which appeared in our last. It is sung to the air of
"Youghal Harbor." ?"Ceap u Caom."

Navy Yard, Boston, Mass, Dec. 8. 8.

Editor Gael,—Sir;

I beg leave to state that the meeting of the two Connaught poets, mention- ed in your last number, requires a slight attention. O'Kelly was the poet who visited MacSweeney, the Connemara poet, and Clo6án (Clifton), not Kewwort, was the place of meeting, and the following was Sweeney's reply to O'Kelly.—

"Tá fear a3a3h ba6a6, a3ur ah fear
eile m6imnead, bu36,
23ur n3 fear6a ah ba3le 6 ma6a6 ah
cúpla éimne."

O'Kelly had a club foot, hence the ba6a6 alluded to. At one time he had an interview with the Prince of Wales,

3ac am. jr mór an reo ná baínean ciot-
arainn do na lán oíob mar bfo 'ra t-
rlíže dá céile 7 's mheact go meap le
raochar, ce go b-fuyl go leor daoine oí-
íhaoín an t-am ro bhaicáin.

Jr maic an coínzár fapnse 'tá 's New
York 7 a5 bhuacáínn. Cuah breá5.
fada, fapnín 7 é ró-mór na h-aimrínne
lín o'árcáste ó Sean-Sa5raha, ó 'h b-
fapnne, ó 'h Spáinn 7 ó 'r na h-íhóicéib
(East India) 7 ó 3ac tír fe lúide na
3néine. bfoín báio 'r árcáste 's rué a-
rceac 'r amac éar a céile a ló 'rar o-
oíóce 'ra trlíže ná beac aon uainanar
oíe da m-bainéac batalanín nfor mhn-
icéce de éuio oíob.

'Tá react ho h-oct de éallaste eioín
New York 7 bhuacáínn. 7 báio calla
3ah reol 3ah cínah 's rué ahoín 'ra h-
áll de ló 'r oíóce, aimrín 3arb ó maic
le aimrín éuín. bfoín capáil 7 cóir-
óce, trucúlaste 7 ualúide móra féin
7 tuíde aín na báio reo 7 rocraioíste
mar an 3-ceuoha. 'Sé mo éuainm go
b-fuyl a b-fad nfor mó árcáste 7 tráo-
áil a teact arceac go bhuacáínn. 'r 3ah
tráct aín New York, ná 'tá tríall go
lúimne, go Corca 7 go Porc-Láinnse a
o-teahíeta céile, 7 fór, níl nfor mó ná
leac an uíneao daoineao a m-bhuacáínn
ná 'tá 1 New York, ac jr mó an talain
'tá fe bhuacáínn ná fe New York.

'Tá 'h oíoiéao jr mó 7 jr breá5ta
an leazar mo fúil 1 maín aín ioín New
York 7 bhuacáínn. 'Tá lán an oíoié-
io reo ruar le ceuo-3o-lejé oíoi3 or
cíoín na h-abad 'h-uain 's bfoín rí lán
maínra ra trlíže 3ur féioín le árcáste
buala fe aon am. Tá or cíoín mfe aín
fáio ó éeainn de 'h oíoiéao oíoi 3-
ceainn eile. Níl fada maín fúil coín mór
le fúil an oíoiéio reo. Do leátao do ra-
oarc oíe feúcaíne a h-áinne go oí
báin cora an oíoiéio reo, mar 'tá ríao
or cíoín tá ceuo-3o-lejé oíoi3 aín
aoínne; íao deuheta de éloc íhojíte 7
íao a b-fad nfor aoínne 'há aon tí3
'ra dá éatáin reo.

bfoín na capáste 's rué ahoín 'ra h-
áll aín an oíoiéao do ló 'r oíóce 7
roíllre tesíneíneacá aín lara aín ó
éuicín na h-oíóce oí eíníže an lae.

'Tá Lá 'h-ólla5 aín cóir '3uín a-
aíoi3, a3ur go oíeuaí3 oíá 'h-óllaí3
maic oíe a3ur go mbo feáin a beí3míe
3oléin bhaicín o 'h tacara fe 3uárda
jr mó raoí beacáste jr lúíao fe 3neainn
Oé '3ur na h-aoíne.

Slán leat go fól,

SÉ2121US DO BU2121.

THE 32121C UNÍON.

19 Kildare Street, Dub'in, Dec. 10, '84.

Dear Sir,—

Your issue for November of the GAEL having
been laid on the table at our meeting of to day,
all the members of the Council present expressed
their gratification at the fact of your friendly and
excellent periodical entering on its fourth year of
existence and, it is hoped, of increased success.
Accordingly I have been instructed by our Coun-
cil to forward to you in its name a letter of con-
gratulation, and to express its ardent wish that
you may go on and prosper. The GAEL is
thoroughly Irish and not sectional, and is one of
the links to bind all our people together. You,
therefore, deserve all praise for your noble efforts
in a good cause.

* * * * *

Mr. Thomas Flannery wrote to me about the
GAEL and I sent him a specimen number. He is
a good Irish scholar yet he had never seen the
GAEL. He was very much pleased with it. He
lives in London and is a prominent member of the
Southwark Literary Club. The club ought to get
several copies of the GAEL and probably will now.
You ought to write to the President, Mr. Fahy.

With my own best wishes as well as those of the
Council, I am,

dear Sir, Yours truly,

R. J. O'Mulrenin,

Hon. Secretary Gaelic Union.

We thank the Council of the Gaelic Union for
their warm sentiments, and wish them, in return,
strength and resources to pursue the noble work
in which they are engaged

Now, in connection with the Gaelic Union it
may not be out of place to say that all its mem-
bers are, like ourself, devoting their time gratuit-
ously to the Gaelic cause; and, like ourself, too,
have to earn their living in the pursuit of their or-
dinary occupations; so that the time they devote
to editing the GAELIC JOURNAL and the other bu-
siness of the Union is taken from needed hours of
repose or ordinary recreation.

There are matters involving considerable expense
in connection with the Journal which the mem-
bers of the Council cannot attend to, namely,
type-setting, wrapping, folding, cost of paper, etc.

Ample funds to meet those indispensable expenses should be supplied by the millions of Irishmen all over the world whose social position the Union seeks to elevate, and has, even now, considerably elevated. Millions of foreigners who met the Irish here and there; found them ignorant of their language, in fact of any language, looked upon the race as a tribe, with no antecedents, and dependent on England for that scanty measure of civilization which they accorded them. What is the result to-day through the exertions of the Gaelic Movement? It is that the scholars of Europe have rebuked the English Nation for trying to destroy the language of a learned, noble people for an ignoble purpose: and that Irishmen, becoming conscious of their own proper standing among the nations, are steeled to dare and do the liberation of their country from the profaning stranger.

Seeing those results, should not the Irish people everywhere assist their friends in Dublin in still furthering the good work? Let every reader of the Gael try to get his well-to-do friends to send contributions to the Gaelic Union, addressed to the Treasurer, 19 Kildare St.

Now that the Irish people are emerging from the darkness which enveloped them for centuries to the light which American freedom has shed over the nations, should not the Gaelic Journal have the largest circulation of any paper in the world? Could there be a more lasting monument erected by our wealthy Irishmen than the donation of a few thousand dollars to this noble purpose.

The Council congratulates the Gael on being thoroughly Irish and non-sectional. That is what it is. It claims Ireland for Irishmen, and for no body else, and it claims that an Irishman is the equal of any other man, and when either of these points is ignored, by action or innuendo, only is the Gael, apparently, sectional. When it sees Irishmen ignored because they are Irishmen, or because of their religious sentiments, or, of their subjection by an unscrupulous alien power, then, and only then, is the Gael sectional! That Irishmen are ostracised on account of these things only a fool or a knave would deny. And that this ostracism is, in a large measure, due to the actions of Irishmen themselves the Gael fully believes. Now, to support our remarks by facts, we must mention religion, though not in a sectional sense but merely to elucidate our argument. The population of Brooklyn is about 600,000, of this number fully one-third are Irish-American. Politically Brooklyn is Democratic by about 12,000, and the Irish-American element up to this belonged, almost exclusively, to that party and formed two-thirds of its members. Now, no Irish-American in sympathy with this majority ever got a nomination for mayor of the city, Englishmen and Ger-

mans generally being the recipients, and some of these so devoid of literary culture that they were not able to write their own messages, but had to employ *Irishmen* to do it. If this negation of Irishmen a mere accident! Is not this putting Burchardism into practice! Now, if Irishmen generally had the spunk to resent such sectionalism on their side by, for the time, going en masse, to the other side, they would force their proper recognition, for it is in the nature of party to seek alliances for self-interest, so that the Irish element could enforce respect by firm, independent action.

The Gael has no politics, but it looks on them as a copartnership concern in which *each* partner has an *equal* share, it would not be defrauded out of his share even at the cost of personal friendship or the impotent threats of defunct sectional reprisals. The vampire of sectionalism has for ever lost its sting in this country, and, if it occasionally hisses, it merely reminds one of by-gone days.

PROF. REHRIG ON THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

Continued from page 427.

It lived in people's minds, as an oral tradition, in fragmentary songs and tales. At last the Irish *Fileadh* brought together the legends and stories they could remember in relation to these incidents; and from all these fragments combined, they produced, —in the Seventh Century,— the well connected and admirably elaborated

TÁIN BÓ CUALRGE.

There Fergus, the hero, who had been dead for six hundred years, returns in an apparition and relates to one of the *Fileadh* the whole story which now constitutes one of the finest epopees in Irish literature.

We may further mention the

COFAD GAEDHIL NE GALLAIB

[the "War of the Gaedhil [or Irish] with the Danes." *Gall*, as we have seen, in the Irish means enemies, hostile strangers, foreigners. And such were these Scandinavian pirates who invaded Ireland, burned the convents, and drove the clergy from Armagh, which, under their chief and leader, Turgesius, had become their capital. We must not omit to say a word of another highly interesting piece of Irish literature, the

UCCALAM JH DÁ SUAD—

a dialogue between the two scholars, *Nede* and *Fercertne*. In its present form it seems not to date back any farther than the beginning of the Ninth Century, though its contents and peculiarities point us to events and customs of much older, and even to pagan times. *Adne*, the son of *Uthider*, of Connaught, who was chief of the poets of Ireland, had a son whose name was *Nede*. This

son went to Great Britain to acquire knowledge and poetic skill, under *Eochaidh Echtel*. He remained with his master until he became, himself, a great scholar and an accomplished poet. One day, while *Nede* was still in Great Britain, he took a walk on the shore of the sea. There he, all at once, heard mysterious sounds coming from the distance, and traveling over the waves till they reached his ear. They were deep sounds of distress and mournful lamentations,—so that they roused his soul and terrified him. Then *Nede* pronounced solemn words of incantation, whereby a charm was thrown over the waves. They spoke to *Nede* and revealed to him the death of his father, which had recently occurred, and had been the cause of their pitiful complaints and lamentable cries. His father's richly ornamented garment the poet's gown of three colors, made altogether of the plumage of the choicest birds, had become the inheritance of *Fercertne*, who had, meanwhile, been raised to the dignity and honor of an *Ollamh* in the place of *Adne*. *Nede* went to his master, *Eochaidh*, and told him all that he heard by the side of the sea. *Eochaidh* persuaded him to return to his home in Ireland. He went to *Emain Macha*, the capital of Ulster, where he entered the palace, took his seat in the "honor-chair" of the *Ollamh*, and put on the poet's gown, with all the insignia of the high office. *Fercertne*, however, having been informed before hand, was prepared for the occasion, and challenged *Nede* to a literary combat,—a scholarly competition—before King Conchobhar by a display of erudition, eloquence and science, to have it thereby decided to whom of the two the honor of succession to the lamented *Adne* should rightfully belong.

Other important literary works in Irish are the touching legend of the "Children of Usneach," their banishment, and their being carried off by Derdrin

(*Longer nac n-Urrijs*; *Asced Deroenen ne macasb Urrijs*), the *beata pattruic* ("Life of St. Patrick"), the "Book of Conquests," *Leabhar Gabhala* of the Eleventh Century, where, however, history seems to be mixed with fiction; imaginary names of rulers and wholly fictitious dynasties being introduced when needed. the "Book of Taliesin," which is of the Fourteenth Century,—and many others.

As we have seen, the Irish epic literature is particularly important and full of interest. The authors of the epic literature of Ireland were a peculiar class of people, called *file*, who formed but a branch of a far-extending, well organized community of scholars, the other branches of the same being the Druids (poets and priests), and the Bards mere natural poets, of an inferior range,—songsters, and authors of the *bairne*—two persons, in contradistinction to the production of the *file*, the *amairin* of the *ollamh*, etc. The Irish language is rich in folk-lore, songs, legends and stories,

though different in style and contents from the Kymric *Mabinogion*. Arthur and his knights seem to have no great share in the Irish literature: and the *Aigideicht Artuir* ("Hospitality of Arthur," which appears to be lost, must have been either spurious, or was, perhaps, caused by some confusion or erroneous transcription of names.

Many of the Irish stories date very far back. They were mostly copied from older books, or gathered, as ancient oral traditions, from the mouths of the people, in long by-gone times. To the antiquarian, the oldest monuments,—such as the sepulchral inscriptions, and Irish glosses,—will prove of peculiar interest.

The Irish letters, variously modified in the course of time, were constantly used in the literary productions of Ireland. English type was not thought of to print Irish, before 1730 A. D., when a "Cathachism for the Island of Rathlin" was issued, in the English character. Although there are several dialects of the Irish, it is a fact that the written, and especially, the literary, language, has been, comparatively little affected by it, and has remained almost uniform and everywhere the same. Many works exist, but only in manuscript. The principal collections of Irish manuscripts are to be found in the Royal Irish Academy and in Trinity College, Dublin. The British Museum, the Bodleian Library, and several of the Continental libraries of Europe, also, contain numerous old and valuable Irish manuscripts. Others are the private property of scholars and antiquarians; but we know, in many instances, in whose hands they are or where, if necessary, they may be seen and consulted. There are very many Irish manuscripts—all of ancient date and, in most cases, thoroughly genuine,—that ought to be published, thus rendered accessible to scholars generally, as well as to the native Irish reader; and it has been ascertained that, for the elucidation of Irish history there are, without any comparison, a greater number of valuable ancient documents, extant manuscripts, than either English, or French, or any European nation can boast of. It is reported that some scholar in Germany made an estimate by calculation, showing that it would take about one thousand volumes, in octavo form, to publish the Irish literature alone which is contained in the extant manuscripts, from the Eleventh to the Sixteenth Century.

Now, if there remains so much to do to bring all the ancient literature of Ireland to light,—to sift it critically and make it the common property of the learned world,—there also remain, on the other hand,—if we pass from the literature to the Irish language itself,—a great many things in grammar to be explained,—forms, rules, constructions, idioms and other peculiarities to be rationally accounted for—and it seems to underlie no doubt that, with the advanced state of philological science, at the present day, this will be thoroughly, though perhaps gradually, accomplished. We know,—to

give but a few instances out of many,—all about *aspiration* and *eclipsis*, in Irish grammar ; that is to say, we know the *facts* ; but we do not know, always, the exact *reason why*, under certain conditions, they take place. Now, it is not saying too much that, even at present, we may, with more or less success, give an answer to such questions, as to why the *singular* of the possessive pronouns causes *aspiration*, while the *plural* requires *eclipsis* ; or why initial *s*, when it is to be eclipsed, is eclipsed by *t*, or why, after *budh* (*ba, b'*) of the verb "to be," the first letter of a following adjective is *aspirated* only when that letter happens to be a labial ; or why the masculine aspirates, after the article, in the Genitive Singular, and the feminine in the Nominative and Accusative ; or why such prepositions as *a, i, iar, ria* eclipse without being followed by the article, etc.

So, we see, for instance, that words beginning with a vowel, have, when they are to be eclipsed, *n* prefixed to them. Although this may seem, at first, to be simply for euphonic purposes—to avoid an unpleasant hiatus,—the real reason must be deeper, and is to be looked for elsewhere. For, we see that, also, words beginning with the consonants *d* or *g*, have this *n* prefixed to them, and that *b* likewise prefixes a nasal, namely the labial *m* ; (for *m* is the equivalent of *n*), before labials ; as in the Greek "sympathy," for *synpathy* ; *synphony*, for *synphony*, etc.) Hence, as a rule, the sonants *b, g, d*, (the technically so-called "Mediae" in Greek ("Beta, Gamma, Delta," have the nasal of their own class respectively, prefixed to them. Now, to take as an instance the *genitive plural*, in Sanskrit, Old Bactrian, Greek and Latin, it ends in a nasal [*m*, or *n*]. This, then, applied to the Irish Article would give *nam*, which, *m* being the labial nasal, remains before *b*, while before other letters it becomes *n*, as it also, generally, does in Greek, where—in case-endings, for instance,—it takes the place of the Latin *m*.

Before proceeding any farther, we may, at the same time, ask why the numerals 7, 8, 9, 10,

ῥεαττ, οὐττ ηαοι, τεјс,

cause eclipsis, and why the other numerals do not. We have to seek the reason in a former condition of the language,—that is in an earlier state of linguistic development ; as in Sanskrit where these same numerals end in *n*, viz., *saptan*, *ashtan*, *navan*, *dasan* : which *n* has remained in the English *seven*, also in *ten*, the German *sieben*, *neun*, *zehn* ; and which appears as a labial nasal [*m*] in the Latin *septem*, *novem*, *decem*. Now, this *original n* has been, in these numerals, as well as in the case of eclipsis above considered, carried[in writing merely, to the next following word, with which it connects, however, only by a dash or *hyphen*, and forms, therefore, not one body or unit. In Scotch, it still remains, in the article, as a final *nam* for *na m*— . Such erroneous disjoin-

ing of the nasal can, however, not to be altogether a matter of surprise, as something very similar (although rather inverse,) also occurs elsewhere in languages. Thus, for instance, in English, where "an apron" stands (erroneously) for "a napron," an *addr* for "a nadder" (German, *natter*, designating the same kind of reptile). So we find an analogous displacement of *l*, in Macbeth, Act I. sc. 7, where a *lembic* or *limbec* stands for *al-embic* [*a* and *l* belonging here together, as the Arabic Article *al*,—just as we have it in *alcoran*, *algebra*, *alcohol*, *almanic*, *alcove*, *alcaline*, *alchemy*, etc.] So, also, in French, where an original final *t* is euphonicly revived, but displaced, as in *a-t-il*, etc.

Now, this nasal will be of the labial class (*m*) before *b*, and it becomes, either completely or partially, assimilated to the class of letters to which the "Mediae," *b, g, d*, respectively, belong, when it comes to stand before them ; as something similar occurs in Sanskrit where certain finals are, or, under various conditions, may become assimilated to the initial consonant of the next following word.

If we now pass on to another question,—for instance, the prefixing, in certain cases, of *t* to a word beginning with *s*,—we shall find *s*, before another *s*, in Sanskrit, becoming *t*, in accordance with some euphonic law ; for example—*av-sam* becomes *avat sam* ; *vas syami* becomes *vat syami*, etc. So, in Irish, *an t-srothan* stands for *ant-srothan* this for *ans srothan* : as *an* stands for a more primitive form *ans*, which can be easily established on philological grounds.

In Celtic, we meet with regular changes occurring in words placed in combination, one with the other, very much like those alterations which, in Sanskrit, bear the technical name "Sandhi." The difference, however, consists, generally speaking, in their being, in Celtic, *initial* modifications or consonant changes, while they are terminal alterations in Sanskrit. In regard to such changes of *initial* consonants, the entire Celtic group has developed itself altogether independently of the other Indo-European languages ; in fact such a constant transformation of the *initial* consonants is peculiar to the Celtic tongues, where the final letters of one word, on certain grammatical conditions, influence the *initial* characteristics of the word next in succession. We have here something analogous to "Notker's" law, according to which, the *initial* consonant has to agree in nature with the preceding letter ; so that, for instance, *p, c, t*, become, respectively *b, g, d* ; that is, the *tenues* become *mediae*, or the unaspirated *surd*s turn into their corresponding *sonants*.

(To be continued)

We have not received Bourke's Lessons yet. The last account received said they were re-printing.

J Heally.

Neb. J. M. Hickey,

N. C. Brother P Cassidy.

N J, J O'Donovan, per P C Gray. J Coleman
H O'Callaghan, D Coleman, per J Coleman.

N Y. F L O'Rohrig, J J Burke, M J Sullivan,
J Clyne, J Carroll, T O'Driscoll, J Magovern,
T Young, P Fleming, P Fahey, J Walsh
J Sheridan, [and many others per E O'Keefe, but
cannot at present lay our hands on the list] P M
Cassidy, P S Graham, T Curden, Miss Guiren
D Gilgannon, P K O'Mahoney, P O'Mahoney,
J Kyne, T F Wynne, J V Mahedy, M Crane,
Mr. Bouse, J Gallagher, Father O'Callaghan, F
Gallagher, Mr. Dougherty, P Leydon J Byrnes,
Mr. Crane

Ohio M J Collins, Wm. Sheehan, per M J
Collins, J Goldrick.

Pa. Miss Sheridan, Miss McSorley. Rev. M A
Bunce, J Manahan, T McEairy, P F Murphy,
Miss O'Leary and Miss O'Connor per Mr. Mc
Eairy, M A Weaver, T J Madigan, P M Walsh

Tex P Noonan.

Va T Kelly.

Vt E Ryan.

Wis D O'Sheridan,

Wyo Ter. P Cronin.

Ireland—Father Mulcahy, Antrim, T Lynch,
M Darcy, Tip., A McCann, Antrim, F D Mc
Cann, Mobile, Ala. Mr. Manihan from board the
ship, U S S, Queenberry, has sent for.—M Got-
ter, W Mahoney, J Sherwin, J Leahey, and J
Nyhan. He says they have formed a Gaelic class
there, and called it "The Thomas Davis Irish-A-
merican Philo-Celtic Society." Our friend, Con.
desires to be remembered to all his old asso-
ciates of the Brooklyn Philo-Celtic Society.

Mr. Ward, of Belast, sent two American Green-
backs for himself and the Rev. Mr. Gordon.

The Sons of St. Nicholas, a *bon ton* German-A-
merican society which counts among its members
the *elite* of all nationalities, had its annual dinner
a few evenings ago. Ex-Mayor Hunter, the presi-
dent, remarked that, as he was not able to speak
Dutch, he could not respond to the toast of the ev-
ening, and called on Tunis G. Bergen to do so.
Mr. Bergen having, as was customary, responded
in *ancient* Dutch, said—"In deference to the Yan-
kees present—who never understand any language
except their own—but not the *Irishmen*—who un-
derstand *every* language *except their own*—I trans-
late what I have said as follows," &c.

Is comment necessary?

The Irishman who attended that banquet and
who is ignorant of his native language should not
be present at any similar gathering until he ac-
quires some knowledge of it. The Irishman, igno-
rant of his language and presumptuously mis-rep-
resenting his element, is a National fraud. We
tell Mr. Bergen that there are many honorable ex-
ceptions to his cutting rebuke, and that all Irish-
men cannot be put on a par with those *manly* ban-
queters who sat beside him and allowed them-
selves to be slured without even the flimsy excuse
of, "*I was not taught it.*" Mr. James M. Shana-
han, Drs. Bodkin and Griffin, Mr. E. O'Rorke,

Mr. Daniel Gilgannon, and scores of other repres-
entative (the only representative) Irishmen culti-
vate their language,

We are sure the Irishmen present understood
the full force of the *compliment* paid to them.
Will they join their brethren who are now trying
to put it out of any burly Dutchman's power to
sneer at them for their want of patriotism, or will
they prefer to remain the butt of wit, humor and
sarcasm, and theatrical buffoonery?

There is no sneer so galling as that which is
founded on fact. The Dutchman "Hit the nail
square on the head," and our witty countrymen of
the legal profession present sung dumb, though we
often knew them to crack a joke at the expense of
some *other* Dutchman. As the saying is, He shut
them up.

Irishmen, view yourselves as other peoples see
you—and you have a keen specimen now before
you. Study your language; cultivate its literature
and do not leave it in any man's power to point
the finger of scorn at you. And you, members of
the Society of Ireland's National Saint—Patrick,
will you be taught a lesson by your Teutonic neigh-
bors? And you, *aggressively* patriotic Irishmen,
can you comprehend how the men of other nations
view you? Ask Mr. Tunis G. Bergen, the Dutch-
man. You, readers, circulate the *Gael* and there-
by show up those who are a disgrace to your na-
tionality.

As may be seen elsewhere in the Gael, we have
devoted considerable space to the Gaelic idyl, or
operatta, composed and brought out by our New
York friends of The Society for the Preservation
of the Irish Language. It is one of the best of its
kind ever produced on any stage, or before any
audience: pure, chaste, and patriotic; and, being
in the language of Erin, one would think that
mere curiosity in the Irish element should ensure
a crowded house! No such thing. However, we
think our friends made a big mistake in prepar-
ing, at considerable expense, an opera, which is
fit to be produced before royalty, until they had
educated their countrymen in the principles of
self-respect. But, our friends have done *their* duty,
though it was "Throwing peral after swine."

The operatta is one of the best-written Gaelic
pieces which has come under our notice in a long
time. It is in the natural language of the day—
an excellent reading matter for our Gaelic stud-
ents.

Twelve years' ago the Irish Language seemed
to be a relic of the past, yet, through the exertion
of a small number of persons, it has, the first time
in three centuries, been presented to the public
in its pristine purity, in operative form, in the City
of New York. So much for the Movement for the
Preservation of the Irish Language.

We, being the initiator of that movement in
this country, feel some pride in the result. Will
not the friends of the Gaelic Cause throughout the

country render some assistance by circulating the Gael in their various localities? Is there an Irishman in this country to-day who would miss Sixty Cents a year, or one, deserving the name, who would grudge to give it towards rescuing the language his country from the dangers which beset it? Is there an Irishman living to day so lost to all patriotic emotions as not to desire the preservation of his national autonomy? Nay, is there an Irishman living to day who does not yearn to speak and converse in his native language? We believe there is not one. Having, then, realized the anomaly of a man proclaiming to belong to a nation, of whose language he is totally ignorant, should he not endeavor to make amends by disseminating Gaelic literature among his neighbors to let them see that such a thing existed, and to encourage the youth to study it. The Gael costs only Sixty Cents a year: Is there an Irishman who should have his library without it?

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c	c	kay	o	o	oh
d	d	dhay	p	p	pay
e	e	ay	r	r	arr
f	f	eff	s	s	ess
g	g	gay	t	t	thay
i	i	ee	u	u	oo
l	l	ell			

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