

131

Gael

Leabhar-aistear móránach,
 tabairtá cum an
TEANGA GAELIGE
 a corrad ^{asur} a raon tuáid
 agus cum
 Fein-maíla Cinn na h-Eireann.


VOL. 4.— No. 3. JANUARY, 1885. Price, Five Cents.

The  Gael.

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

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

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

 The GAEL penetrates all sections of the country. its value as an advertising medium is therefore apparent,

Entered at the Brooklyn P. O. as second-class mail matter.

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

Fourth Year of Publication.

Philo-Celts.

The Brooklyn Philo-Celtic Society is getting along well, and the latest item of news in connection with it is the marriage of the Treasurer, Miss Fanny O'N. Murray, to Mr. Dunning, a brother member. The Gael wishes them all the happiness attainable in this world, and hopes they will not, under this new order of affairs, forget, as a good many of their predecessors, under similar circumstances, have done, the occasion of their acquaintance—the preservation and cultivation of their mother tongue.—And that they will still continue to give the movement that care and attention so necessary to its full development.

President Finn has not put in an appearance in quite a while,

Ex-President Gilgannon calls fairly regular,

Miss Dwyer paid the society a visit the other evening.

Brother Heany is about re-commencing his studies with energy—he is afraid brother Cassidy will out-flank him.

Miss Dunleavy is a fair attendant, we hope she will keep her class in hand.

Miss Donnelly is very attentive—she sung "Believe me if all" etc, the other evening with immense effect.

Miss Nelly Crowley spoke an elegant piece the other night. Speaking seems to be Miss Crowley's forte.

Miss Guerin is making excellent progress in her studies.

Where is Miss Costello? we have not seen her in the hall in a long time.

We had a visit from Miss Rose Brennan a few evenings ago.

Hail or snow Vice President Lacey is in his place.

Brother Graham is also on time and very attentive to the classes, in fact, the principal instructor. We hope others will follow his example and pay more attention to their classes.

Miss Kearney was absent for some time,—attending to the Ladies' Fair at St. Charles'.

Brother Morrissey runs in occasionally though he resides at a considerable distance: but where there is a will there is a way.

Brother Erley, now of the N. S. P. I. L., first treasurer of the B'lyn. S., and senior active member of all the societies, paid us a visit the other evening. Many a person has joined the society since the evening, eleven years ago, when Mr. Erley was present at and took part in its organization. Where are all those who joined the society since, men and women, who vowed lasting fealty to the cause of their country's language? What sham patriots those were! There were no Dollars in the Irish Language Movement, a fact, we admit, sufficiently grave to test the measure of latter-day Irish patriotism. We speak candidly, though it may not be pleasing to some. We don't care a fig whom it pleases or displeases, and whether Irishmen desire to maintain their own identity, or cast their lot with the prowling footpads, whose hands are reeking red with the innocent blood of the Southerners, as they were with the blood their forefathers, is no personal affair of ours. The more you lash the Dog the more it fawns on you.

Brother Walsh is absent quite often lately.

Sergeant-at Arms Flaherty also, does not attend very regular.

Brother O'Donnell, though a young member, is making excellent progress.

What is the matter with brother Costello and the other old members who are absenting themselves?

Mr. and Miss Mullanuy are regular attendants.

Brother Kinsella is also very attentive.

And Mrs. Donnelly, though having a very sore finger, is a regular attendant.

And, not forgetting our friend, Mr. Carden, who seldom misses a meeting.

We saw brother Kyne in Steinway Hall the other night at the Gaelic opera. He looked around and seeing a number of seats empty in the rear of the hall, he exclaimed, "Oh reh! if they had Sullivan and Ryan here they would fill the hall at a dollar a head." Quite a number of Brooklynites were present, including the Misses Dunleavy, Costello, Crowley, etc, and Messrs. Gilgannon, Morrissey, Deely, etc., and our old friend, Mr. P. C. Gray.

Rev. Father Lynch of Ky. has taken four chances for the drawing, Nos. 1003 to 1009, inclusive. Mr. Moore of Wis. four, from 1010 to 1013.

Counsellor John C. Maguire has not paid a visit to the society lately though he has taken chances in the drawing.

Mr. James M. Shanahan, President of the Orphan Asylum Ass'n. has had his hands full in looking after the interests of the orphans since the fatal fire of last month.

'Tis now a long time since we saw our friend, L. Slaven in the hall of the society, not since the reunion.

What has become of Mr. J. Byrne, we have not seen him in a long while?

Ought not Mr. O'Rourke, the direct descendant of Breffny, and our other wealthy Irish-American citizens erect a Gaelic hall in Brooklyn? The Germans have halls in both cities.

OBITUARY.

The friends of the Gaelic cause are so comparatively few that the demise of even one is to be looked upon as a National loss. It is, therefore, our painful duty to record in this issue of the Gael the demise of Mr. John Spillane, of Beach Pond Pa. Born in 1828 at Ightermurrow, barony of Imokileagh, Co. Cork, and died Nov. 23rd, 1884.

When the Gael was founded his heart leaped with joy at the prospect of having a newspaper in the language which he so dearly loved—the language of his unfortunate country, and when on his death bed, enjoined his wife to write to the Gael lest he should be aught in its debt, which injunction she has scrupulously obeyed.

Condoling with his family in their bereavement, we breathe, in the language of his affections,—

Suaimear ríorúde a'ur zlóir na
b-flaistéar 30 d-tuáilís oia 30 d' zik-
2121, a šeizáikn u' spolláikn.

21mēn.

ԱՆ ԵԱՐԾ 'ՅՍ ԱՆ ԲՕ (ԼԵՂԵԱԾ.)

NESSA—BANJA.

Nessa.

Եար աղղո Լեմ' Շաօ!

Տայ ըֆօր Լոյ Բաօ Բարձա դա Բեարնօյ՝.

Banja.

Եա աղ Եօ աղօր յղէլէ.

Nessa.

Բեւ աղ իրաղ Եար Եղօ Աւայն 'Յ Երլէ

Banja.

Նա՛ Լալի Եա 'դ Ե-Բարնօյ Այ Բար յղ

աղ Ե-Բալէ.

Nessa.

Աղ Եօյ լեա, Ե Եանյա, աղ Բալէար

Ա Ելէ Եանյա լեյ?

Banja.

Նյ Բեաօար;-- Նյ Բեաօար;--

Եւ՛ Եանյա Լոյ Եօ Ելէ աղ!

Nessa.

Այսր մե աղ լե Եօ Շաօ.

Banja.

Աղ 'մեարձ դա Բան!

Nessa.

Աղ Եանյա լեա Երալոյ մօ՛ Բ Բաօյա,

Նալ Ե Բրի Բաճա, Եւ 'Յսր մե Լի

Բի.

Ե Ե' Եյ Բոյի մե լեա յա՛ Բաօյա.

'Յսր Ե մօ լեա Եալ Եալ Եօ լեա?

Ար Եարմա՛ Եւ, մար Երլէ լե Երլէ

Եօ Ե-Բալէար,

Եօ Բանյա՛ մար Բլէ Ե Ե-Բալէ լե

Եօ,

'Յ մար Երլէ դա մար Երալոյ.

Եօ Երալոյ յա՛ Ե Ե-Բալէ Եօյ?

Եր յոյա՛ Եալ Եր Երա՛ Այ Ելէա,

Ար մար Բլէ Բրի Ելէա Բա՛նյ!

Եր միլ Բ Բրի մար Եալ լե Ելէ,

Եօ Բրալոյ դա Եօյ՝ Այ յղէա՛

Եալ!

Աղ Բր, Ե Ե-Բալ, մար Բր Եօ մար Բ

Եւ Լոյ Եօ Եալ, 'Յսր միլ լեա Եօ Եօ!

Նօ Աղ յօ Երա՛ Ե Բար Բալ

Եօ Երլէ Բրի՛ Աղ Ե' Երա՛ Եօր Եօ.

Banja.

Եր Եանյա Լոյ, յալ Եալ, մե Ելէ Երա՛

Ե;

THE BARD AND THE KNIGHT [Continued.]

NESSA—BANIA.

Nessa.

Come hither with me!

Sit we down in the shade of the elder.

Bania.

The mist hath a ready departed.

Nessa.

See the sunlight creep over Alwain's hill!

Bania.

How beautiful is the clover in the mea-

Nessa. [dow!

Think'st thou, O Bania? that heaven

Is like unto this?

Bania.

I know not,—I know not;—

Would that I were there!

Nessa.

And I too there by your side.

Bania.

There with the blest!

Nessa.

Dost thou remember in life's early morning,

When thou and I on earth were left alone,

I shared thy childhood's sorrow,

And mine to thee was as thine own?

Cans't thou forget how, heart with heart condoling,

We've trod the path of later, fond-

Till, as the sun the raindrops, (er years,

The light of love hath dried our tears.

How oft beside Ui Mealla's river, (er!

We've culled at morn the desert flow-

How oft we've sung our songs together

To spirits of the ebbing twilight hour!

And thus, to-day, and thus for ever

Be thou to me, and I to thee anear!

The hearts that Grief and Time make

Nor time nor Grief can sever (dear.

Bania.

I too have known my infant guardian taken;

(en;

Եւ զայնիս կոյն յի սայնդար մէ ծէր բայծ-
տէ;

Եւ զայնիս կոյն մօ իրօք լե քան ծէր
բայծտէ;

Լե օ՛ ծած տա քոյն.

Ա՛խ քեւտանի Օհ ծած օ՛յլ ա՛ն ծիւր սայն,
Օյր լե օ ծած ի՛նչ երկի աշամ ալի իրաւան,
Ալի քոյն օ իրա՛ն ծէր իրա՛ն ծած ելե սայն

Nessa.

Օ օյլ օյր քոյն?

Bania.

Օ օյլ օյր քոյն!

Nessa---Bania.

Այ զայնիս լատ ալի մայրիս մօ իր քաօշ-
ալ,

Խաւիս ի՛նչ քոյն բայծ, ծի՛ ծիւր մէ կոյն
քոյն,

Եւ օ՛յն քոյնիս մէ լատ ծած քաօշալ,

՛Ծիւր ի՛նչ մօ լեւր օյր մար օ լեւր?

Ալի քոյն, ա ի-օյն, մար քոյն օ մայրքոյն,

Ծի՛ կոյն օ քաւի, ՛Ծիւր մայր լատ օ օ

Խօ Այն իր Քրա՛ն ի՛նչ իշարքոյն

Օհ իրօք քոյնի՛ Այն ՛Ծիւր Քրա՛ն ի՛նչ
օ.

Eocaidh---Beothach.

Խա յեալտա յիշեանիս միա՛,

Խի՛ իշարքոյն քեւր, իր Այն, իր Քրա՛ն.

Nessa---Bania.

Քիա ի-յա՛ն տա լատ Օ քոյն լե՛ր օտած?

Օյր ի՛նչ աշանիս քոյն ալի օյն օյն.

Eocaidh---Beothach.

Քրտ կոյն քրա՛! Քրտ կոյն քրա՛!

Խի՛ քա՛ն քոյն իր քեւր օ՛ն իրա՛ն.

Chorus.

՛Ոյր օ իւայնիս իր քա՛ն քոյն օ քոյն
օ ծած քոյն;---

Օ քրա իր ի-Քրտանի!

Ա՛խ ի՛նչ յեալտա իր մայրիս քա՛ն օյն
քա՛ն քոյնիս քոյն;---

Օ Այն իր ի-Քրտանի!

Օյր օ իւայնիս իր քա՛ն. լե ի-ա ծիւր
քոյն, իրա՛ն,

Ալի-ալի ծիւր-քալիս իր միա՛;

Ա՛ն իր իշարքոյն քոյն, լե իրա՛ն քա՛ն

Օ օյն իր ի իւայն լե իրա՛ն.

Nessa---Beothach.

I too have known to solitude to wake-
I too have known life's dawn by joy

Till thou wert near. (forsaken

But, save of thee, of all my Fate ber-
eave me,

For by thy side no grief of life can
grieve me, (leave me.

And for thy love all other love may

Nessa.

To thee so dear?

Bania.

To me so dear!

Nessa---Bania.

Dost thou remember in life's early
morning,

When thou and I on earth were left
alone,

I shared thy childhood's sorrow,

And mine to thee was as thine own?

Ah thus, to-day, and thus for ever

Be thou to me, and I to thee anear!

Nor Time nor Grief can sever

The hearts that Grief and Time
make dear.

Eocaidh---Beothach.

The vows that vestals make, (break.
Nor Time, nor Grief nor Man may

Nessa---Bania.

Who are ye thus so free with your
greeting? [ting.

But of strangers we think is this mee-

Eocaidh---Beothach.

Who are we! who are we!

we shall rest us a space to tell.

Chorus:

So the wanderers they rested in leaf-
laden grot:---

O Men of Erin!

And the vows of the morn ere the
noon were forgot:

O Maids of Erin!

For the youthful Bard, with his min-
strelsy,

Woke the echo of sympathy's sigh:
but the soldier, he with his song so free,
Lit love in a laughing eye.

Nessa---Beothach.

Nessa.

Դիցի՛ր ծամ զձեռքս Ծո զճնայեմ, Ե
Տայծոյնք ?

Beothach.

Ե՛կ լատ բոյ Բր զճնայեմ Ե տրայծ-
ոյնք ?

Nessa.

Ա՛յ տոյ լատ Ե բոյ բն Ե զճայե
ծամ.

Beothach.

Ե՛կ լատ բոյ Բր զճնայեմ Ե տրայծ-
ոյնք ?

Ա յ-բոյեմ Ե զոյլ, Ե Բր յօր յլայ
յնայնայն,

Ա յ-կուայ Ե յ-բայն Ե լե զճո Ե
Ե-ճայն,

Բայն զճ յճ Ե զճ լե յոյլ Ե-բոյ-
նայն,

Անոյն զճ յայն Ե յայն յօ յայն.

Տայնոյն զճ յայն յայն յայն յայն,

Այն յայն լե զճո Ե-բոյ յայն յայն յայն ;

Ե զո Ե յայն Ե-բոյ յայն յայն յայն,

Այն Ե յայն յայն յայն յայն յայն,

Այն Ե յայն յայն յայն յայն յայն,

Ե-բոյն Ե յայն յայն.

Ա յ-կուայ Ե յ-բայն, Ե լե զճո Ե
Ե-ճայն,

Այն յօր Ե յայն Ե-բոյ յայն յայն յայն
Ե-բոյն,

Ե յայն Ե յայն յօ յայն.

Ա յ-բայն յայն յայն յայն, Ե յայն յայն,
Ե յայն յայն,

Ե յայն յայն յայն, Ե յայն յայն յայն
Ե-բոյն յայն,

Ե-բոյն Ե յայն յայն, Ե յայն յայն
Ե յայն,

Ա յայն յայն յայն յայն յայն յայն
Ե յայն.

Ե յայն յայն յայն յայն յայն յայն,
Ե-բոյն յայն յայն յայն յայն յայն յայն

Ե-բոյն,

Ե-բոյն յայն յայն Ե յայն.

Ե-բոյն—Ե-բոյն.

Ե-բոյն.

Ե յայն յայն յայն յայն յայն յայն,
Ե-բոյն.

Ա յայն յայն յայն յայն յայն յայն,
Ե-բոյն.

Ե-բոյն յայն յայն յայն յայն յայն յայն,
Ե-բոյն.

Nessa.

Tell me where thine abode is, Sir Sol-
dier.

Beothach.

Thou wouldst know where the war-
rior dwells ?

Nessa.

If, perchance, it may please thee to tell
me.

Beothach.

Thou wouldst know where the war-
rior's home is.

In the heart of the woodland, on the
sunlit mead.

In the forest dell by the rushing ri-
ver.

Where the motherland for his arm
hath need,

O there is the soldier's home for

He will rest in the gloom of the thun-
der-cloud,

On the cliffs by the eagle's eyrie :--

With the brineful mist for his slumber-
shroud,

On the sands where the billows foam

Where the roaring billows foam,

bold and wary !

In the forest dell by the rushing river,
In the field of strife where the heart

is tried,

O there is the soldier's home.

But that stock in the whirlwind, be it
oak, be it pine

Standeth strongest and longest round
which tendrils entwine,

And that heart in life's tempest, be it
soldier's or seer's,

best loving and loved, stoutest stands
mid its peers.

I look in thine eyes, and there I see,

When I fight for the land and liberty

I fight for love and thee.

Bania-----Eocaidh.

Bania.

Thy harp lieth idly beside thee.

Eocaidh.

Wilt thou sing ? I will follow thy voice
Bania.

I sing but with Nessa, my sister.

Eocaidh.

Do òeirdh'fuir ? Tà rí anghro!
banja.

Seadh, Nessa! O! tà rí m'èighe!
Uc tui. Nac reingheò tura rean rzeul?

Eocaidh.

Seinghean ac le beothach, mo bráthair.
banja.

Do bráthair? Tà ré anghro!
Eocaidh.

Seadh, beothach! O! tà ré m'èighe!

Tà a' samra rzeul de'n an a tà èart,
Ir rzeul é do cluair m'èighe' zlé,
Mhar èanajc ar r'inghean èar m'uir le
heart,
Mhà'r àrl leatra reinghean doirt é.

Inn an t'ir b' le bláthair nór zo l'ionnair,
Inn ar f'uarin'ghe an m'uir air an Sain-
ean' buite,
Inn an t'ir b' a z-cóinghean áluir z'ian-
nair,

2'ian air an b'air inn an do b'.
2'ir do m'òeighe ré luatháir zo m'inghe,
Mhar r'p'orair' b' eir' l'laò 'ran aer,
Uc anac ó n-a f'urair' n' èanajc
R'ian, n'ian, don m'òe raor.
Z'ò lán le luatháir tà an e'or'òe,
Z'ò b'jean' Saozál 'na m'air' b'neá,
N'f' a'zair' f'or na M'ian a èor'òe
Uc n'air èjean' Ceol ó Èr'ò.

2'ir don lá do b' a èrom èor'òe b'irte,
Z'ur n'or f'euc ré n'or m'ò air a
Sainean' buite,

Uc a f'ura, do reinghe r'at zo e'irte
2'ir luatháir do b' in a è'or'òe.
O'ir le r'p'orair' b' e'uir b' ré reolta
T'ir z'lean'hean z'lar' Èjean', ar t'ir.
'S in a èuro an'ál f'uar ré na ceolta
2'ir èjean' ó Èr'ò zo f'or.

Z'ò lán le luatháir tà an e'or'òe,
Z'ò b'jean' Saozál 'na m'air' b'neá,
N'f' a'zair' f'or na M'ian a èor'òe
Uc n'air èjean' Ceol ó Èr'ò.

Le beir e'ir'òeighe 'ran m'f' reo èu'zair

A lot of Gaelic matter from Mr. A P Ward, M P Ward, and a very interesting Gaelic story from Mr. M. J. Collins of O. is held over. When the "Bard and the Knight" is concluded, with the additional Gaelic type which we expect, all our con-

Eocaidh.

Thy sister? Ah! she is here!
bania.

Yes, nessa! Oh! she is departed!
but thou, wilt thou not sing a legend?

Eocaidh.

I sing but with beothach, my brother.
bania.

Thy brother! Ah! he is here!
Eocaidh.

Yes, beothach! Oh! he is departed!

I remember a tale of the by-gone time,
'Tis a theme for a maiden's ear, (clime
How our fathers came from the distant
If perchance thou wouldst wish to hear

In a land where the roses never faded,
Where the sea slept in peace on the
Golden Shore,
where the sun by a cloud was never
shaded,

Dwelt the bard in the days of yore.
And such rapture he felt as immortals
May feel in their flight through the air:
Yet his voice thro' the lips' open por.
never, never, that rapture bare. (tals,
For though the heart know joy alone,
Tho' life be all one summer morn;
The Passions' depths are never shown,
Till Song is of Sorrow born.

Of a day he was waken'd from slumber
And no longer he looked on his Golden
Shore, numbers

but his lips as they parted---sang the
That they never had sung before.
For the Spirits of Music had brought
To the vales of Green Erin along him
And his first living breath there had
taught him,

How of sorrow they learn their song,
For tho' the heart know joy alone,
Tho' life be one summer morn,
The Passions' depths are never shown
Till Song is of Sorrow born.

[To be concluded in the next.

tributors will get a show. In the meantime, let
each try and circulate it as much as possible.
Also, all kinds of Gaelic literature. It is of vital
importance to the Gaelic cause to support the
home organization and the GAELIC JOURNAL.

We wish our readers would carefully read the following address of our New Haven friend, Mr. O'Callaghan, and impress on all within their reach the truths which it unfolds.

Ա ՇԱՅՐԵ, — ԻՐ ԾԵԱՅԱՐ ԴԱ ՐԵԱՆ ՔՕՒԼԱ Ե ԲԱՐԵԱՅՈՒՆ; ԴԵ ԲՆԻ, “ՕՒ ԲԱԾ Է՝ Դ ԵՒ ԴՐ ԶԱՐԵ ԻՐ ԾԵՅՆԵ ԵՕ.” Օ ԵՍԵ ԲԻ ԶՇԵՍԾ ԱԵՃԱՐ Ե ԴՇԱՐԵՍԻՆ ԲԱՐԵՃԱՐ ԴՆԼ ՄԻՆՆԱԾ ՊՕ ՄԻՔՕՐԵՄԻՆ ՕՐ ԸՈՒՅԱՐ ԴԱ ԴՇԱՅՆԵ ԴՅՐ ՄԵԱՐԱ ՊԱ ԴՇՈՄԱՐԿԱ ՕՂ. ՁԻԱՐԵԱՅՆԵԱՆ ԴԵ ԸՈՐԲ 7 ԱՊԱՆ ԱՆ ԵԼԵԱՆԱՆ ԾԵ. ԱՆ ԵԼ ԾԱԵԱՐԵ “ԵՐԾԵԱԾ ԲՕԼԱՐ ԱՆՆ,” ԾԱԵԱՐԵ ՄԱՐ ԱՆ ԶՇԵՍԾԱ ԴԱԵ ԲԵՅՈՐԻ ԼԵՅՐ ԱՆ ԾՐԱՊԵՅՆԵ ԵՒԼ ԱՐԵԱԾ ԵՐԻ ԶԵԱՍՅԵ ՕՐԾԱ ԴԱ ԵՒԼԱՅԵԱՐ. ԻՆՐ ԱՆ ԱՐԱՐ Ե ՄԵԵԾԵԱՆ ԵՅՕԵՂԵ ԻՐ ԵՅՈՐԻ, ԻՐ ԶԻՆՆԱԾ ԶՕ ՄԵԵԾԵԱՆ ԵՍԱՐԵ Ի ԵՐՈՒՆ ԱՆՆ. ՕՐ ՔԵՐԻ ԸՈՒՅԱՐԵԱՆ ՕՐԲՅՅԵ ԼԵՅՅԵԱՆԵԱ ԴԱ ԵՐԵ ԲԵՕ, ԲԼԱՅԵԱՐ ԲՅՐ ԵՐԻ ՄԻՆԼԵ ԲՕԵԱՐԵՅՈՒՆ ԶԱԵ ԵԼԱԾԱՆ. ՄԻՆ ԱԵ ԴԵՅԻՆՆ Ե ԾՇԻՆՆԵԱՐ, ԶԱԼԱՐ ՊՕ ԱՐԵՏՈ Ե ԶՇԱՐԱՐ ԼԵՅՐ ԱՆ ԼԵՐԻՐՅԱՐ Ե ԵՍՆԱՐ ԱՆ ԵՒԼ. ԵՍԵ ԱՆ ՐՕՂԻՆ 7 ԸԱՅԵՐԻ ԴԱ ԶԲԵՅՆԵ ԵՐԻ ԸԱՐ ԱՆ ՕՂ, 7 ՕՐ ՔԵՐԻ ԵԱՐԵԱՆԱԾ ՁԻՅ ԶԼԱՅՅ, ԵԱ ԵՍԵՆՆ ԶԱՆ ԵՐԻՅԵ ՈՐՂԻՆ ՏԱՐԱՆԱ, 7 ԲՆԻ ԶՕ ԼԱԵ. ԵԱ ԴԵ ԲՅԼԵՐԻ ԱՆ ԵԼ ԵՍՅԱՐ ԲԸԱՆՊԱԼ ԾԱ ԸՈՒՄԱՐԱ, ԻՐ ԶՕ ՄՕՐԻ ՄՕՐԻ ԾԱ ԸՐԱՆՆ ԲԵՆ, Ե՛ ԲԵԱՐԻ ԾՕ Դ ԵԼ ԲՆԻ ԸԼՕԵ ՄԱՐԼԻՆՆ Ե ԸՐԻ ԲԱ ԴԱ ՄԱՐՆԵՒԼ ԻՐ Ե ԵՅԼՅԵԱՆ ԱՄԱԵ ԻՐԱ ԵՒԲԱՐԵ. ԻՐ ՄԻՆՆԵ Ե ԾԵՐԵԱՆ ԾԱՅՆԵ ԾՅՇԵՐԵ ԶԱՐ ՄԱՅԵ ԱՆ ՄԱԾ ԵՐԱՅՆ ԵՅՕՂԵ ՄԱՅՈՐՆ ԶԵՐԵՅՅ ԸՍՄ ԱՆ ԲԱԵԾ ԸՈՒԾԱՅԼ ԱՄԱԵ; 7 ՄԱՐ ԱՆ ԶՇԵՍԾԱ, ԶՕ ԵՒԼ ԴԵ ԱՐԻ ԲԵԱԾԱՐ ԼԱ ԲԱՐԻՄԱՅՅ ԸՍՄ ԵԱՐ ԱՆ ԼԱԵ Ե ԸՐԻ ԲՅՐ. ՄԻՆ ԻՆՐ ԴԱ ԲՄԱՅԱՆԵԻԾ ԲՆԻ ԱԵ ԸԱԵԱՅԵ ԶԵՐԱ ԻՐ ՄԱՐԵԱՅԼ ԻՆՊԵՆՆԵ. ԵՐ ԾԵՐԻՆՆԵԱԾ ԶԱՐ ՄՕ Ե ԼՕԵԱՆ ԴԵ ՊԱ ԼԵՅՅԵԱՐԱՆ ԴԵ. ԵԱԾԱՐ ԲԱ ԴՇԵԱՐԱԾ ՕԱ ԼԱԾԱԾ Է ԱՆ ԸՊԱՅՅԻՆ ԶՕ ԾՇՐՈՐՄԱՅԵԱՆ ԴԵ ԱՆ ԵԱՐԵ. ԻՐ ԲԵԱՐԻ ԶՕ ՄՕՐ ԱՆ ԵԱՐԵԱԾ Ե ԸՐԻ ԻՆ ԱՐ ԵՒՕԱ ՊԱ Է ԲԸԱԾ ԶՕ ԲՅԱԼ. ԻՐ ԾԵԱՅԱՐ ԼԻՆՆ ԵՐԵԱԾԵ ԼԵ ԵՐԱԵՐԱՅԼ ԱՆ ԵՒԼԱՅԱՐԵ ԴԱՐԻ Ե ԾԵՐԵԱՆ ԴԵ ԼԻՆՆ ԸՈՐՅ Օ Դ ՕԼ, ԱԵ ԻՐ ԾԵԱՐԱԾ ԶՕ ՄՕՐԻ ԵՐԵԱԾԵ ԼԵ ԵՐԱԵՐԱՅԼ ԸՐՅՐՕՐԾԱ, ԴԵ ԲՆԻ: “ԻՄԵՅԵ ԱԱՅՄ, Ե ԾՐՈՆՅ ՄԱԼԼԱՅԵ, ԾՕ Դ ԵՆՆԵ ԲՅՐԱՅԵ ԵԱ ՕԼԻՄԱՅԵ ԾՕ Դ ԵՅՕԾԱԼ 7 ԾԱ ԱՆՅԼԻԾ. ԻՆՐ ԴԱ ԴԵՅԵԻԾ ԻՐ ՄՕ Ե ԵՐԵԱՐԱՅՅ ԻՆՐԵՕ, ԻՐ ԵՅՆԵԱ ԻՐ ՄՕ ԲՅԱՆԱՐ ԲՆԻՆ Ե ԾՇՐԵՍՆ ԵՆՆԵ ԴԱ ԵՒԱՆ; ԾԱ ԵՐԻՅ ԲՆԻ, ԻՐ ԲԵԱՐԻ ԱՐ ԲԵԱՆ ԼՕԵԱ Ե ԵՐԵՅԵԱԾ ԱՊՈՐ ՊԱ ԵԱԾ

Ե ԵՐԵՅԵ ԼԻՆՆ Ե ԼԱԵԱՐԻ ԾԵ. ԲԱՐԱՅՐԻՆ! ԵԱ ԲՅՐ ԶՅԱՆՆ ԲԵՆ, ԵԱՐԵՐ ԵՐԾԵ ԲՅՅԱԵ, ԶՕ ԾՇԱՅԱՆ ՄԱՅՈՐՆ ԵՐՈՒՆ. Օ! ԵՒԾ ԸԱԼԻՆԱՐ Ե ԸՈՒՅԱՐԵ ԵՐԻՆՅՅ ՏԵՐԵՍՈՆ, ԴԱՐԻ Ե ԸՈՒՅԱՐԵ ԵՐԻՆՅՅ ՏԵՐԵՍՈՆ, ԴԱՐԻ Ե ԾԱԵԱՐԵ ԴԵ ԼԵ ԱՐԻՅԻ ԴԱ ԵՐԵԱՆՆ ՕԼ ԱՐԻ ՊՕՐ ԴԱ ԶՇԱՐԱԼ; Ե՛ ԲԵԱՐԻ ԶՕ ՄՕՐԻ ԱՆ ԸՈՒՅԱՐԵ ԲՆԻ ԸՐԻ Ե ԴՇՅՈՒՆ ՊԱ ԵՅԵ ԲԵՐԵԱԾ ԲԱՅՈՒՆԵՐ ԻՄԵՅԵԱՐ ԼԵ ԶԱՅԵ

ՁՈ ԸՆՅ ԸԵՍԾ ԲԼԱՆ ԼԵ ԼԱԵՅԻ ԴՅՅԵ, ԻՐ ԵՅԱԾ ԱՐԵՐԻ ԲԱԾԱ Ե ԲՆՆԵ ԱՆ ԵԱԵԱՐԻ ՁԻԱՐԵՅՅ ԲԱՆ ԱՐՄԱՐԻ ԲՆԻ ԵՐԻ ՕՂԵԱՆ ՅԼԱՐ ԴԱ ԵՐԵԱՆՆ, ԱՅ ԸՈՒՅԱՐԼՅՅ ԴԱ ԴՇԱՅՆԵԱԾ ԾՐԱՆՆ Ե ԼԱՆԱ Ե ԸՐԻ ԼԵ ՕԼ. ՕՐ ՔԵՐԻ ՄԱՐ ՄԵԱԼԼԱՆՆ ԾՆՆԵ ԾԱԼ ԾԱԼԱԾԱՆ ԵՂԵ, ԲՆԻ ՄԱՐ Ե ՄԵԱԼԼԱՐ ԴԱ ԲՕԵԱՐԵ Ե ԸԵՂԵ; ԵՐԵԱՆՆ ՄԻՆՆ 7 ՄԱՐԵՅ ՕՐԵԱ ԻՆՐԵՕ, ԻՐ ՄԱՆԱ ԴՇԵՍՆԵՐԾ ԲԱԾ ԱՅԵՐԵԾ ԼԱՐԱՅՈՒ ԲԵԱՐԵ ԾԵ Ե ԴԱՆՊԱ ԱՐԻ ԲԱԾ ԴԱ ԲՅՐԱՅԵԱԾԵԱ. ԻՐ Ե ԾԱԵԱՐԵ ԱՆ ԵԱԵԱՐԻ ԾՈՄԱՐ ԵՐԵԱ, ԱՅԻՆԵԱՐ ԲՅՐԱՅԵ ԶՕ ԾՇԱՅԱՅՈՒ ԾՅԱ ԾԱ ԱՆԱՆ, ԶՕ ԶՇԱՐԵԱՆՆ ԴԱ ԾԱԾԱՅԼ ԻՐ ՄԵՐԵՅ ԲԼԱՅԵԵ ԻՐ ԲՆՆՆ ԵՐԵ ԴԱ ԸԵՂԵ, ՄԻ ԲԱԾ ԲՈՆԱՐ ԱԵՒ ԻՆՐԵՕ, ՊՕ ՄԻ ԵՅԵՈ ԶՕ ԵՐԱԵ ԻՆ ԲՅՈՒ; 7 ՅԵՈ ԶՕ ԵՒԼ Դ ԵԱԵԱՐԻ ԼԱՐԱՐ ԵՐԵԱԾԱԵ ԱՊՈՐ ԶՕ ԸԱՆՆ ԲԱՅՈՒ Դ ԶՇԵ, ԻՐ ԲԵՅՈՐԻ Ե ԲԱԾ ԶԱՐ ԲՆՆԵ ԴԵ ԲԱՕԵԱՐ ՄՕՐԻ ԲԱՆ ՕԾԱՐ ԸԵՍԾԱ. ԻՐ ՄԻՆՆ Ե՛ ԱՐԵԱՅՅ ԴԵ Ե ԶԱԵ ԸԵՒՆԱՐ Ե ԵԱԼԱՅԵ ՄՕՐԱ ՏԱՐԱՆԱ-ՄԱԾ; ԵՐՈՐԾ ԴԵ ԶՕ ԲԵԱՐԱՆՅԱԼ Օ ԸՐ ԶՕ ԾԵՐԻՆՆ ԱՐԻ ԲՈՆ ԲԱՅՐԵԵԾ ԴԱ ԵՐԵԱՆՆ, ԱՅ ՕՐԵԱՅՅՈՒ, ԱՐԻ ԱՆ ԱՆ ԸԵՍԾԱ, ԾՕ ԶԱԵ ԱԵԱՐԻ 7 ՄԱԵԱՐԻ, ԶԱԵ ԲԱՅԱՐԵ 7 ԵՐԱԵԱՐԻ, Ե ԾՇՈՂ Ե ԸՐԻ ԼԵ ԾՈՂ Ե ԸԵՂԵ ԸՍՄ ՕՅ՛ Ի ԱՐԾԱ Ե ԲԵՐԱԾ ԲԱՆ ՄԵՕԵԱՐ ԾՅԵԱԾ; ԻՐ ԶՕ ՄՕՐԻ ՄՕՐԻ ԴԱ ԵԱՆՆ ԵԱՅԱ ԸՈՐԱՆԾ Օ ՅՐԵՆՆ ԴԱ ՄԱԵԵՐԵԱԾ.

Ա ԵԱՐԵԱՐԱԾԱՐ, ԲԵԱԵ ԲԱՐ ԱՐԻ ԱՐԱՐ ԾԵ 7 ԲՄԱՅԱՆՅՅ ԱՐԻ ԸԱՐԵ ԵՐԱ ԱՐԻ ԱՆ ԶՇՈՐԻ ԱՐԻ ԾՕ ԲՈՆԱՐ! ԸԱՆՆՅՅ ԶՕ ՄԻՆՆԵ ԱՐԻ ԼԱ ԴԱ ԲԵՂԵ ՄՕՆՆԵ 7 ԱՐԻ ՕՂԵԵ ԲԱԾԱ ԴԱ ԲՅՐԱՅԵԱԾԵԱ! ԱԵԱՐԻ ԼԵԱԵ ԲԵՆ ԶԱՐ ԲԲԱԾԱՆՆԵ ԼԵՐԵԱՆՅԱԼ ԱՆ ԵԼ ԲՆԻ ԴԱԵ ԴՇԵՍՆԱՆՆ ԲԱՕԵԱՐ ԼԵ ԲՕԼԱՐ ԱՆ ԼԱԵ 7 ԼԵ ԵԱՐ ԴԱ ԶՐԵՆՆ. ՄԻ ԱՅԼ ԼՈՄ ԼԱՆԱ ԵՐՈՄԱ Ե ԼԵԱՅԱՆԾ ԱՐԻ ՄՆԱ ԲՕՐԵԱ 7 ԸԱՅԼՆՅՈՒ ՕՅԱ ԴԱ ԵՐԵ ԲԵՕ; ԱԵ ՄԻ ԲԵՅՈՐԻ ԱՆ ԲՅՐԱՆՆԵ Ե ԸԵՂԵ; ԾՕ ՔԵՐԻ ԲԱԾԱՐԵ ՄՕ ԲԱԼ 7 ԸԼՐ ՄՕ ԸԼԱՐ, ԵԱ ԴԱ ՄԻԼԵ ԾՅՈԾ ԲՆԱ ԵԱՂԵ ՄՕՐԱ, 7 ԻՐ ՄՕՐ ԶՕ ՄԵԱՐԻ ԼԵՕ ԶՅՈՆՆԵ ԼԵԱՆՆԱ ՊԱ ԸԵՐԻ ՄԵԱԼ. ԻՐ ՄԻՆՆ Ե ԵՐ ՄՕ ԸԵԱՆՆ ԸՐՈՄ 7 ՄԵ ԼԱՐԱ ԼԵ ՊԱՆՆԵ ԱՅ

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TOUJIS O'CAUACUJN.

DELEND A EST CARTHAGO.

Jan. 1st. 1885.

To The Editor of the GAEL ;

I am one of those who in conjunction with millions of my co religionists in my native land, rejoiced when the shackles of penal legislation were struck from our limbs by the Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829 : but I now perceive, with great regret and sorrow, that the Celtic people of Ireland are rapidly hurrying towards the gulf of racial extinction. I have a proposition make to my countrymen, in the next number of the GAEL, having in view the elevation of the Gaelian race, the rehabilitation of the Gaelic language, and the complete autonomy of the Irish nation. I am well conversant with the history of the "Niobe of nations," both in the vernacular idiom and in the exotic dialect of the Saxon, and am fully cognizant of the efforts that have been fruitlessly made to redeem my native isle from the galling thralldom of foreign bondage. I am aware of the unlucky termination of the wars of Desmond and Thomond ; of the bootless chivalry of the O'Neills, O'Donnells and the other brave chieftains of Ulster. I have gloated over the historic victories of the "Yellow Ford" and Benburb, but have greatly grieved over the national disasters of Kinsale, the Boyne, and Aughrim, as well as over the violated treaty of Limerick and the voluntary exile of the so called "Wild geese" to foreign lands. The eminent bishops and less conspicuous ecclesiastics as well as others who rose and fell in defence of Ireland's rights have had my most unqualified sympathies ; but their efforts were of no avail. I have myself lived long enough to see the various projects of half a century tried and prove abortive. I remember the silly, stupid plottings and vain endeavors of the Terry Alts in Clare, and of the Ribbonmen and Molly Maguires in Ulster. I have witnessed the rise and fall of O'Connell's formidable Repeal Agitation. I have admired the spirit of the Young Ireland party, but not their wisdom. I once with great literary zest pored over the astute and learned editorials of Duffy and McGee, and refreshed my spirit at the Heliconian fountain, prepared by Speranza and the gifted songsters of the "Nation." I, in the exuberance of youthful credulity, was carried away by the profound essays and martial strains of Da-

vis ; by the disinterested patriotism of O'Brien ; the scathing, incisive rhetorical onslaughts of Mitchel, and the brilliant, irresistible oratorical periods of Meagher.—Yes, I have within the brief period of my life's observation seen the stars of genius fade from the zenith of Irish political aspiration, and the leaves fall from the tree of hope, and the expected fruit of liberty prematurely blighted in the figurative gardens of the Hesperideas by the breath of the British dragon : but still the deliverer was not forthcoming and men fail to discover as emerging from the crisis of national events the guiding day-cloud and the pillar of fire indicative of the presence of a Hibernian Moses. In like manner Fenianism and Home Rule have passed away from the arena of political struggle without developing the "Man of men ;" without producing a Machabens, or a modern Tell or a Hofer to burst the gyves of an oppressed people. The Land-Leaguers, the Skirmishers, the Invincibles, and the Dynamiters have also finally appeared on the scene ; but of the three last mentioned it is not my intention to take any special cognizance, but to merely remark in their regard, in the words of king David of old, that "Wickedness proceedeth from the wicked." But the Land League has at its head a gentleman of recognized ability, coolness, and probity, from the wisdom of whose tactics Irishmen are wont to expect great things ; but I am bound to say that the prophecies of the ancient sages of Ireland must be interpreted against his future success : which predict that Ireland will consistently deteriorate under the regime of British Power : and that no tangible amelioration of her condition can ever take place until the Gordian knot of her bondage be cut asunder by the keen sword of a strong friendly foreign coalition.

It is to give existence to the conditions necessary to the formation of this alliance of powers, and to create the longed for "opportunity" of Ireland that I have proposed to inaugurate my contemplated new movement, for I hold it as a logical truism that those who wait for opportunities and cannot create them will never break the yoke of slavery from the neck of enthralled Erin. The creation of opportunities is not always in the power of men ; they must be sometimes obtained from God by faith. Opportunities have frequently come and passed away from Ireland without leaving any beneficial results, because the time had not come which promised fruition ; they were found as void as the echoes of cliffs and as unsubstantial as the sunbeam that pass from the grasp of children. The votaries of the new organization to which I have above alluded, may have to encounter the apathy, the obloquy, the scepticism, and even the actual hostility of some, whose cooperation might be naturally expected, but, like the faithful army of Gideon of old who conquered his enemies by means of a small force, we shall, without their aid, under the

egis of the divine protection, proceed to the achievement of assured victory.

In conclusion,—Believe me in Ireland's cause and in the true interest of the Gaelic language,

Yours most patriotically,

GAELE GLAS.

Let Erin Remember the Days of Old.

Translated into Irish for the GAEL,

By WILLIAM RUSSELL.

Air,— "The Red Fox."

215 Éinne b'ádaí cuimhne na laete fadó,
Sul ar éirís a claoi-íneic feill í;
'Nuair do éirí Maelreáclai-íne a-íne do-íne
íne íne,

Do buaí-íne ó-íne ead-íne fadó;
'Nuair do léat a íne a-íne a-íne
íne íne

Or ceann cuimhne na buaí-íne fadó;
Sul do íne íne íne íne íne íne íne
215 do-íne a-íne íne íne íne íne íne.

211 b'íne íne íne íne íne íne íne íne íne
íne íne

21 íne íne íne íne íne íne íne íne íne
Seo íne íne íne íne íne íne íne íne íne
Sul do-íne íne íne íne íne íne íne íne íne
'S íne íne íne íne íne íne íne íne íne íne
íne íne íne íne íne íne íne íne íne íne

21 íne íne íne íne íne íne íne íne íne
íne íne

'S íne íne íne íne íne íne íne íne íne
íne íne íne íne íne íne íne íne íne íne

21 íne íne íne íne íne íne íne íne íne
íne íne íne íne íne íne íne íne íne íne

NOTE.—The word *íne íne íne* in the first line of the second verse of the above song signifies to promenade, ramble, or stray, and may be found in this sense in some of the compositions of the Gaelic bards of South Munster. *Íne íne* is also to be found with a like meaning in the poetic warrant composed by Eugene O'Curry when a teacher in his native County of Clare. But the term I find is omitted from the Irish dictionaries within my reach; and I frequently find myself the victim of such disappointment.

W. R.

BALLINTOY, Co. ANTRIM, IRELAND,
19 Nov, '84.

Dear Mr. Logan,—

Allow me to send you a postal order for Two and Sixpence for my subscription to "An Gaoth."

The last number of it did not arrive here till November the third, being about ten days later than usual, for it arrives here about the 24th of the month. Of the First Volume, Nos. 1, 2, 4 & 5, did not come at all. Of the Sec. Vol, Nos. 3 & 11 did not come. Of the Third Volume all have come. It is complete. If you could fill up any of the above gaps for me I should be more than thankful. Now that your great Presidential struggle is over, I trust the Gaelic movement will be largely advanced. Many thanks are, indeed, due to you, Sir, for your persevering and untiring efforts to sustain the Gaelic. I heartily rejoice to see that you have a clever and a noble band of lieutenants as contributors. Perfection comes by degrees. The dialectic difference of the provinces, and even the counties, have a deeper lore in them than what appears on the surface.

"Drinking largely sobers us again."

With the best of wishes to all who give a help, however little.

Allow me to remain faithfully yours,

D. B. MULCAHY, P. P.

P. S. Tell "Padraic" that his letter was mislaid, and his address, but that his clever compositions came all right.

[We wish a larger number of the clergy were like Father Mulcahy: if they were the language would be revived,—E. G.]

SHARON, PA. JAN. 9. 1885.

Dear Sir,—I send you enclosed \$1, for the Gael for the fourth year. I was much pleased with the side you took in the late campaign. There was about 150 Irishmen here who voted for Blaine and Logan, and they are not sorry for doing so, but those who voted on the other side are sick. If the times continue as they are at present much longer men will have to go some where else for work, and where will they go to?

Now, for the last twenty five years under Republican rule, every working man who was not a drunkard or a fool managed to buy for himself a home. The majority of Irishmen here own their own property, costing from one to two thousand dollars. What is to come of those men and their property under Democratic free trade? grass will grow on the steps of their doors! That's all. Still if a man said one word against the Democrats during the campaign he would be called a traitor and all the bad names you could think of; nevertheless some of us did stand our ground against the slanders and whiskey bummers the Democratic party had out. Wishing yourself and the Gael a prosperous career,

I am yours truly,

PATRICK DUFFY, Jr.

P. S. I would like to thank my townsman, Martin

P. Ward, for his contributions in the last two numbers of the Gael. P. D.

(We differ a little with our friend Duffy. Some of our friends are in the liquor business and, certainly, are no bums. They supported their Party candidate not once thinking that their success, in any way, would bring about the sad state of business which now prevails. We are a Democrat, but no free trader. The free trade scare has reduced the net receipts of our business by nearly a hundred dollars a month since election; we anticipated it, yet some persons blamed us for trying to prevent it. The reader will know that the Gael or the publication is not our business. The Gael is turned out in our spare moments, and in moments snatched from the ordinary hours of repose, for the purpose of promoting the cultivation of our native language, so as to remove the slur indelibly attached to the Irishman who neglects to do so, and its financial success or failure does not affect us in any way: the only difference in this regard is, that its circulation, but not its stability, will be largely influenced by its financial success. We mention this because some three or four found fault with our actions during the late campaign, and insinuated that we should suffer financially by the withdrawal of their support! Now, those persons who acted thus merely wanted an excuse to cease contributing even a paltry 60 cents a year to rescue the Language of the country, which they disgrace by calling it their own, from extinction. [Now, with due deliberation, we reassert that the Irishman who witnesses the Language of his country in the throes of death in the hands of the foreign executioner without lifting his hand or raising his voice in her defense, is a disgrace to his country, and if any three patriotic men of other nations, say, a Frenchman, a German, and an Austrian, do not coincide with us in this characterization, we shall make a forfeit.] Such men Mr. T. O'N. Russell compares with oysters; we differ with him; the oyster has no other pretension. Ed)

Mr. McCosker, of Mobile, Ala. among other matter, writes,—

In the matter of the operata lately put on the boards in N. Y., it is now patent before the world that the Irish there are not educated up to a proper appreciation of their own *honor* and *interests*, all the organizations and all the newspapers notwithstanding. That failure was a burning disgrace to our people both in and out of N. York.

In an educational point of view our people stand in a pitiable plight to-day, although they may know every othe body's tongue *but their own*. It was humiliating, as shown in the I. W. of last month, to see Sexton in the foreign legislature asking the foreigner who was appointed to the Secre-ship of Ireland to have the history of the country taught in the so-called National Schools, and if

not then to have that of the English enemy taught and both were promptly denied; though all know that to be a scholar history must be commenced early and no school is deserving the name without it. The English enemy's deeds being evil they cannot bear the light, the Irish are so debased with long slavery, 'tis hard for them to distinguish the difference. My own idea is that no education is better than a bad one. Their system now is with a view to educate them our people] to be good peelers and redecoats to go evicting, &c.

THE PHILO CELTIC SOCIETY of PHILA.

Philopatrian Hall, 211 S. 12th St.

Jan. 9th, 1885.

Dear Gaodhal,—

This society at its meeting on Sunday evening last elected the following named persons their officers for the ensuing year,—Thomas McEniry, President; Patrick McFadden, Vice President; Michael T. Roach, Treasurer; Peter F. Murphy, Rec. Secretary, Edward Meakin, Fin. Secretary; Denis Kennedy, Cor Secretary; Mrs. L. Fox, Librarian, and Maurice Pigott, Sergeant-at-arms. The following named persons were also elected members of the Council,—Rev. James A. Brehony, John O'Farrell, Joseph Murphy, Thomas McGowan, N. F. Glenn, Daniel Gallagher, Miss Lizzy McSorly, Miss Lotta Sheridan, Miss Ellen O'Connor, Miss Mary Mahoney, Miss Ellen O'Leary, and Mrs. Mary M. Powers.

14 months ago, dear Gael, this society was only a class of 10 or 12 persons. It is to-day a chartered society, having a membership of 150. Its classes are well attended and its prospects good. Within the last three months it has purchased of Gill & Son, Dublin, a splendid and varied collection of Irish publications, and other parties a rare and valuable number of Irish works, some of which were printed as far back as 208 years ago.

The society is now prepared to furnish their friends in Philadelphia any book published in Irish or English at publisher's price. Persons wishing to study the Irish Language will be made welcome in the class-rooms of the society where they will receive instruction free of all charge.

Ever, dear Gael, yours,

THOS. MCENIRY.

We are highly pleased at the progress of our Phila. friends. What is the matter with our other large cities, such as Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, etc.? Chicago should rank next to N. Y., yet it does not appear that the people there have the real mettle in them. We understand that Mr. T. O'N. Russell is there. There are also there Mr. Fitzgibbon, Mr. McDermott, and Mr. Hagarty and Miss Gallagher, etc. if these came together and organized they would be able to have a good society within a year. Those

who wait for a large number before organizing will wait a long while. Though small the ball set it in motion, it will enlarge by degrees.

God be good to Capt Powers: since he went Savannah, Ga, seems dead. We hope Mr. Killoughry will organize a Gaelic society there. St. Louis is a large city, and the Gael has as many readers there as would form a good society. We hope they will call on Mr. Finneran, 714 Olive St and perfect an organization. To guard the language from the perils which surround it, organization is necessary. If the language be permitted to perish there will be no *Irish* people, no *Irish* nation. Our Saxon "masters" would like that. Let those in the large cities where no Gaelic organization exists and who would be desirous of founding one, write to us and we shall give them the names of the Gael's readers in those cities, who will undoubtedly assist them. What about our Nashua friends? We expect to hear good results from N. Haven under the marshalship of the gallant Major Maher and the oratorical eloquence of Mr. O'Callahan: also, the Binghamton society. Hard, earnest work, friends; remembering that there is no "royal road to geometry:" and again, "that they who would be free must, themselves, strike the blow." We hope Mr. Hally, of Memphis, will get up a society. And Messrs. P. M. Walsh and M. J. Lovern, of Scranton, Pa. ought to be heard from, and we feel assured their proceedings would be seconded by the patriotic proprietors of that very excellent journal, the SCRANTON TRUTH. The gentlemen above named are excellent Gaelic scholars, so that they have no excuse. Also, our friend, Mr. P. C. Gray of Newark; Mr. T. Shay and Ed Brady of Ind. A man need not be a professor to form a class—any class with a tolerably good Irish speaker to give the pronunciation and idiom is all right. Bourke's Grammar and Lessons (which we expect are reprinted by this time) will give all the literary information necessary. Determination is the primary qualification.

GAELS, remember one thing—that it is through the spirit which your labor is evoking that your country will yet be freed. The English thought to kill the propelling force of that spirit, well knowing its worth, but you are restoring it, and with that restoration will come the dawn of your freedom

SENTIMENTS of our SUBSCRIBERS.

Ala. Mr. McCosker again, J. O'R. Barter, J. Toomy, E. A. Carlin, and Miss M. C. Mulikin, Conn. per Mr. Callahan, Rev. Father Mulcahy, Counselor Driscoll, J. Reilly, F. P. O'Brien, Cal, per E. R. McCarthy, J. McGrath, E. R. McCarthy.

Fla, D. O'Keefe.

Kau. per T. J. Fitzgerald, T. Vaughan, P. Mc Neive.

Ky, Rev. E. J. Lynch.

La, H. Durnin.

Mass, J. J. Murphy.

Mont. per T. S. Harrington, M. Hennessy.

Ind, T Shay and E. Brady, per T. Shay.

N. Y. Prof. F. L. O. Røhrig, Miss Dwyer, J. Barnes, J. H. Donly, P. T. Gavin, Mr. Donohue per T. Butler, J. McFarland, P. Fahey, J. Sullivan, and Mr. Walsh (Greenpoint), per Ed. O'Keefe, P. Maher and — per J. Carroll, D. Dodd, M. Flaherty, M. Doyle, W. Barry per Mr. Doyle, M. P. Ward, F. Kelly, per M. P. Ward, and M. Meeres per Hon. D. Burns, M. F. Costello

Pa. P. Duffy, J. McKeon and Miss Mahney, per Mr. McEniry, J. Godwin, A. P. Ward, and T. Clynes T. Connolly, P. Connolly, D. Connolly, J. J. Lyons per Mr. Lyons.

Tenn, T. Hally, Miss S. Meally, Mrs. Corry, E. Hally, M. Fitzgerald, J. Gallivan, J. Smith, per T. Hally.

Wis. M. Moore.

Ireland, Father Mulcahy, Antrim: Mr. Lowyer, Donegal, per Miss Dwyer. Mr. Durnin, Louth, per H. Durnin.

REPENTANCE.

(Translated from the Irish.)

No use in thinking with spirits sinking,
On days that sped like the wind away,
No use in fretting, or now regretting,
Youth's wasted hours that are gone for aye:
Unless faith-gifted by hope uplifted,
Our souls inflamed by devotion's fire,
With hearts aspiring resolve untiring,—
We fix on Heaven our fond desire.

On mill-wheel dashing, the water flashing,
Revolves it once, but comes back no more.
Our lives thus rushing, with bright hopes flushing,
We lightly pass the receding shore;
With hope full freighted; but now belated,
We sagely scan things we thought so fair,
While they misled us, they quickly fled us,
And only left us a load of care.

The hours now flying find sisters sighing,
And brothers heart-wrung with heavy fears.
For many dangers beset poor rangers,
On Life's dark high-way, evoking tears:
But if to heaven the years be given
Which God vouchsafes to redeem from sin—
Our lives amending—joys never-ending,
The hearts devoted to Him will win.

Let me and you dear, resolve this New Year,
To do no deed that we may deplore,—
That shame may bring us, or base words sting us
But live uprightly for evermore,
In Heaven glorious, the Saviour o'er us
Is ever watching for sinners weak,
And kind the greeting He'll give when meeting
Those who, repentant, His mercy seek,

M. C.

The above is a translation of "Padruic's" poem "Repentance," which appeared in the last issue. The readers of the Gael will hardly fail to recognize the initials "M. C."

PROF. RÖHRIG ON THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

Continued from page 438,

In Irish, particularly, the *initial* letters undergo certain changes according to the *grammatical* position of the words, and their use in composition. The relation which words sustain to others in a phrase or sentence, is thus indicated by mutations in their initial parts, and those changes are phonetically adapted to the final letters which precede them. Such a peculiar modification of the *initial* characteristic seems to point far back to antiquity,—perhaps to a state of speech, a condition of language, prior even to that of Sanskrit. The *direction* taken by these changes, in the Celtic group is just the reverse of that which occurs in the other Indo-European languages. On the whole, however, the phonetic system in Celtic resembles, generally speaking, that of Sanskrit. Vowels undergo changes according to certain rules. The euphonic laws in Sanskrit are, moreover, so plainly recognized in the Celtic languages, that we are obliged to conclude that these languages were already much developed when the two forms of speech separated. The Sanskrit phonetic changes called *guna* and *vriddhi* (by prefixing *a* to certain vowels, and producing, by fusion, *e* and *o* in one case, and *ai* and *au* in the other), can be shown to exist in the Celtic tongues, where it is sometimes to be clearly recognized, and, at other times, seen, more or less modified, altered or obscured, but remains, nevertheless, discernible for the practised eye of the philological observer. So we can also, in Greek and other Aryan languages, discover such *guna* and *vriddhi* changes, though, perhaps, somewhat distorted in the vocalic elements; e. g., *i* (as in *imen* and *eimi*; *fug* (as in *efugon*) and *feugo*; *lip* (as in *elipon*) and *leloipa* etc. *Guna* of *u*, viz., *o* (—*a x u*) which is characteristic of the genitive singular in the Sanskrit declension of stems ending in short *u*, as, for instance, *bhanu*, *dhenu*, where it affects, however, only the end-vowel (*u*) of the stem or base,—e. g., *bhanos*, *dhenos*.—occurs also in Irish, but bears on the root-vowel itself as, for instance,—

ꝛꝛꝛꝛ (ꝛꝛꝛꝛ), gen. sin. ꝛꝛꝛꝛꝛ (ꝛꝛꝛꝛꝛ),
ꝛꝛꝛꝛ (ꝛꝛꝛꝛ), ꝛꝛꝛꝛꝛ (ꝛꝛꝛꝛꝛ); *lur* (*lus*),
lor (*losa*); ꝛꝛꝛꝛ ꝛꝛꝛꝛ, ꝛꝛꝛꝛ (ꝛꝛꝛꝛꝛ);
ꝛꝛ (*gul*), *ꝛꝛꝛ* (*gola*); ꝛꝛꝛ (ꝛꝛꝛ), ꝛꝛꝛꝛ
(ꝛꝛꝛꝛ), &c.

A great many Celtic roots are identical with those of Sanskrit; and the Irish language possesses, also, very many words that are to be derived from, or connected with, such as Sanskrit roots as have been, hitherto, standing isolated, and in no wise be analyzed, classified, or accounted for in our dictionaries. The Celtic roots are, moreover, for the greatest part, monosyllabic, like those

of Sanskrit and the Indo-European languages. These roots are, in Irish, as well as Sanskrit, always (at least in their original or primitive condition) of the nature of a verb. Also many *substantives* in Celtic (Gaelic and Kymric) are closely allied to Sanskrit roots. The system of derivation and composition of words is analogous, and often the same in both Celtic and Sanskrit—mostly by prefixes and suffixes, simple or compound, and which are often, in both forms of speech, identical. A large number of Celtic compounds are such as can be explained only by Sanskrit, and must have existed already before these languages branched off from the common parent-stock. The whole system of grammatical forms in Celtic is closely connected with Sanskrit [notwithstanding some mutilations which have occurred in the long process of time]. The anomalies in Celtic can, often, find their full explanation only through Sanskrit, and also their elements can be derived, in the last analysis, only from Sanskrit. In the system of conjugation, the affinity between Irish and Sanskrit becomes particularly apparent. The power and facility of forming compounds is very great in Irish, and may fairly be compared with the Greek, German and Sanskrit. These compounds display the richness, elegance, and flexibility of the Irish language and it is especially in poetical productions that we meet in Irish with combinations of nouns, which come very near the much admired Sanskrit compounds. Thus, to give an instance or two out of many, night has sometimes received the epithet *glan-realt shoilseach*, a *Buhuvrihi* compound, meaning *'aving stars with pure, or bright, effulgence*. Thus, of a certain young man it may be said [to write it all in one word, as is done in Sanskrit, and make the resemblance more conspicuous in external appearance], *oighfheargruaighfhuinshiodfhaindgualscaineogach* viz., a young man, whose beautiful, silken hair falls, scattered, in ringlets [down over his shoulders]. Such compounds have nothing analogous, except in Sanskrit, not even in Greek, not, at least to the same extent. It is also worthy of remark that the other Celtic languages [here and there Welsh excepted] possess nothing of this, compared with Irish. As already stated, the whole phonetic system of the Celtic group is intimately related with that of Sanskrit. The consonantal arrangement corresponds accurately with the Sanskrit or Zend, Greek or Latin; and Grimm's law is, generally speaking, not strictly applicable in Celtic. Vowel changes remain within the limits of analogy. Sanskrit euphonic laws have left an unmistakable impress on the Celtic languages. The intimate relation of the Celtic tongues to Sanskrit extends, in fact, to all the parts of grammar. The final vowel of the oblique cases becomes, often, affected by attenuation, just as we find is the case in Zend or Old Bactrian, where an *i* is introduced into the preceding syllable, and this *i* of the attenuation

is often the result, or retro active effect, of the ending *e*.

The Irish article *an* leads us back to the pronominal stem *ana* in Sanskrit; in Lithuanian, also *ana*; Slavonian *ona*. Also, *na* in Irish, stands in the same relation to *ana*. Thus, the first part, viz., *an*, of *ana*, as well as the second part, viz., *na*, of *ana*, performs the functions of the definite article in Irish. Exactly the same takes place in regard to the Latin *ille*—the first of it, viz., *il* is the definite article in Italian, but remains a [conjunct] pronoun in French. The second part of *ille*, feminine *illa*, viz., *le*, feminine *la*, is the definite article in French.

Now, to pass on to a few more points in Irish grammar, we will remark that *n* stems drop frequently the final nasal in the nominative singular which then ends in a mere vowel. The same occurs in Sanskrit, in Zend, in Latin and Gothic: e. g., Sanskrit, *rajan* (stem ending in *n*): Nominative Singular, *raja*, (ending in a vowel). Similarly, we find, in Gothic, *ahman*, [*n* stem. Nom. Sing. *ahma*. In Latin, we have, for instance, *sermon* [*n* stem], Nom. Sing. *sermo*, etc. So we have in Irish, e. g., *ceathramhan*, *ceathramha*; *naoidhean*, *naoidhe*, etc. The Sanskrit ending *man* (neuter gender), which also appears in the Latin *men*, neuter gender, e. g., *crimen*, *nomen*, *lumen*, *carmen* is in Irish, which, however has lost its neuter, *amhain*, *mhuin*, *mhin*. The Dative Plural *ibh*, in Irish, corresponds with the Sanskrit Instrumental and Dative (Ablative as well), *bhis* and *bhyas*; the Latin *bis* in *nobis*, *vobis*; the Greek *fi(n)*, etc.; also with the Latin *bus* [*filibus*, *patribus*, *diebus*]; the *bh*—Sanskrit *bh*—Greek *f*—Latin *b*), being the essential part of these terminations.

But it not so much in the Irish of the present day that all the resemblance, analogy and relationship with Sanskrit, Zend, and the classic languages is most clearly to be seen. We have, often, to resort to the old Irish, to obtain a full view of these manifold connections. Thus, we find there a complete declension,—in many respects more so than in Latin; with five cases in the Singular, four in the Plural, and two in the Dual. The comparative degree of Adjectives is formed by adding *ther*, *thir*, to the Positive. This connects with the Sanskrit *tarx*, the Persian *ter*, Greek *teros*, etc. Interrogative pronouns begin with a guttural in Irish, as in Sanskrit and the Indo-European language generally. Thus, for instance, the interrogative *cred*, stands for *cia red*, meaning *what thing*, like the Italian *che cosa*. The Irish Conjugation connects with the first and sixth classes in Sanskrit; Irish e. g., *dahhmar*; Sanskrit, *dahamas*—*h* and *g*, *gh* being related to one another, as we have in the Sanskrit verb *dah*, to burn; also some forms with *g* [*axj*] instead of *h*, and in regard to the final *s* in Sanskrit, and *r* in Irish, we refer to the very common interchange of *s* and *r* in languages gene-

rally—as for instance, in Latin, where we have such double forms as *arbor* and *arbos*: *labor* and *labos*: *robur* and *robos*, etc.; in the Greek dialectic difference of Doric *tair*, and Attic *tais*, etc.: the English *hare*, German *hase*: Ger. [*Ich*] *war*, Eng. *I was*, etc.: also to the Visarga rules in Sanskrit, and among others, also, to the fact that, in the Arabic alphabet, *s* and *z*, soft *s*, are nearly expressed by one and the same letter, differing merely by a diacritical dot. Again, the second person Plural of the Present tense in Sanskrit, for instance of *dah*, to burn, is *dahatha*: in Irish, *daghthaoi*, etc. The ending of the first person *mao'id*, in Irish, which corresponds to the Scotch *maid*, connects with the Zend or Old Bactrian *maiae*, the Sanskrit *mahe*—for *madhe*,—Greek *metha*, etc. The Conjugation is in Irish more organic, that is, more like Sanskrit or Latin, especially in old Irish,—while now much use is made of auxiliaries. The Infinitive endings are *tinn*, *sinn*, and the mutilated form is *t*, *dh*. They are, all, reducible to the Sanskrit Infinitive, which ends in *tum*,—the Latin supine in *tum*. The Irish assertive *is*, *is*, is the same as the Sanskrit *asti*, Greek *esti*, Latin *est*, Persian *est*, German *ist*, and English *is*. Like the latter, it has lost its original *t*. In the ending of the third person Plural, *at* or *sat*, in Irish, appears the Sanskrit *sata* or *santa*, Greek *santo*. The two roots for expressing to *be*, which are in Sanskrit *as* and *bhu*, in Latin *es* and *tu*,—which latter also in *fu-i fu*, turns, *fore*,—in the Greek, *fuo*, *fusis*,—the Persian, *buden*,—the Slavonic, *byt*,—the German, *bi n*, *bist*,—English, to *be*, *been*, etc.—exist also in Irish.

The Irish language is, moreover, very regular in its grammar. The exceptions to rules, constitute by themselves, as such, no irregularity. If we take the right view of rules and exceptions, we will find that by the term *rules*, we have to understand *laws* of language, and not the more or less arbitrary framework established by grammarians. It is comparatively easy to make rules and call exceptions whatever cannot be so arranged as to fit those rules. The so-called *exceptions*, however, are rules, for which the principles have to be sought. The Irish language has only such grammatical forms as are indispensable for definiteness and perspicuity. It is not burdened with a multiplicity of meaningless, redundant forms and modes of expression. Thus, it has no *indefinite Article*. A number of other languages dispense with it, likewise. So do Sanskrit, Arabic, Latin, Hungarian, Turkish, etc. Irish has but one mean past tense and one future. The same is the case with Hebrew and Arabic. An interesting peculiarity are the consuetudinal present and past tenses in Irish, and also the double form of the verbs, synthetic and analytical, give to the language a great variety and flexibility. The verb “to have,” strictly speaking, does not exist in Irish.

To be continued.

REFLECTIONS.

He who reads English literature is, though perhaps, insensibly, cultivating English sentiment. This is a fact, be the reader a Frenchman, a German, a Russian, or an Irishman. How, then is it to be expected that those Irishmen who read no other but English can be imbued with *really* national sentiments? They are not, and fools only that would expect it. They may have the desire [and we freely admit that a large number of Irishmen have] to promote Irish national sentiment, but how are they working to that end? Going down Atlantic Av. the other day, and when passing Mr. Richardson's stables, we saw, as we thought, a horse in the act of walking up stairs. Having never seen a horse walk up stairs before, we were curious enough to come to a halt to see how it succeeded. But, to our surprise, we saw, though the horse's feet continued to make what we considered an ascending motion, that his body made no upward progress. On a closer inspection, however, we saw that what we took for stairs was but the wheel of a machine for grinding corn and cutting hay,—the wheel being sheeted on either sides with boards in the form of bannisters, and having steps exactly like and in the form of stairs, led us into our error. Now, this simple, and we presume ordinary, incident generated in us a train of serious thought: and in that train of thought we could not help comparing and drawing a parallel between the horse's actions on this treadmill and that of Irishmen in regard to their plodding motion towards national autonomy. Like the horse, which turned the wheel towards him with every ascending step, and, therefore, prevented his upward progress, the Irishman is retarded in his treading toward the goal of national autonomy by his English education. It is as impossible for a man who is constantly sipping intoxicating liquor from becoming drunk as it is for a man who is constantly imbibing the literature of any country from cultivating the sentiments of that country, and of entertaining a kindly regard for it. Hence the reason that the Irish make no *really* aggressive or combined movement towards their freedom.

In war, he would be a foolish, nay, an incompetent, general who would adopt the tactics suggested to him by the enemy: yet, this is the very thing the Irish *generals* are doing! The English did all in their power to kill the language and our "Irish generals" raise not an arm or a voice in its defense! If Ireland is not freed until it is compassed by "generals" who are too lazy to adopt tactics repugnant to the enemy because it is attended with some mental labor, or too stupid to utilize them, it will *never* be freed!

Since closing our "Sentiments" Mr. Feeney of Nev. has sent for P. C. O'Brien, Thos. O'Brien, D. O'Leary, D. J. Mahoney and P. Conway. Also,

J. J. Lyons, Pa. for A. M. Andrew Mr. J. J. O'Brien, Boston, and Mr. Murphy, Derry, Ireland and Wm. A. Flynn, N. Y. have communicated.

At a Confirmation in Donegal last month, Seven Hundred and fifty out of the Eight Hundred children who presented themselves answered the catechism questions in the Irish Language! Yet some people tell us that the language is dead—yes, to those.—a —hem!

The English Hussars buried 60 of their comrades where the square was broken at the battle of Abu Klea, how many others fell? and how many of the unfortunate creatures, who are fighting for their very existence, in their own homes, fell by the dynamite bullets of this marauding British expedition? Perhaps Rossa is getting too much credit for the London explosions. Might not these explosions be the work of some humane European or Asiatic enthusiasts desirous of putting an end to this British plunder and wholesale murder!

DO YOU KNOW THAT LORILLARD'S CLIMAX Plus Tobacco

with Red Tin Tag, Rose Leaf Fine Cut Chewing, Navy Clippings, and Black, Brown and Yellow SNUFFS are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

IRISH BOOKS &

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

O'Reilly's Irish-English Dictionary,	\$5.00
Bourke's Easy Lessons in Irish	1.00
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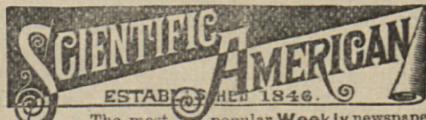
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