



Ե՛վ ինչպե՞ս եմ հասնում դրանք

[illegible]

Շրջոցօճարծոյ մէջո լէյլը ճըր եղև
 50 թագարդոյ ճոյնա. Բաղար 50 ժկը-
 եւծ ու թարծօճարծայ.

1. ၀ ၂၅၆ ၆

LESSONS IN GAELIC.
(BOURKE'S)

THE GAELIC ALPHABET.

Irish.	Roman.	Sound.	Irish.	Roman.	Sound.
A	a	aw	m	m	emm
b	b	bay	n	n	enn
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
h	h	ee	u	u	oo
l	l	ell			

XXIX LESSON.—

Exercise 1

Translate—

1. This is a very fine day (τὰ ἀγ-
 θηρὰ ἔστιν ἡμέρα). 2. It is indeed a very
 fine day. 3. Have we not had (ἡδὲ
 ἔτι πολλὰ ἀγαθὰ) very beautiful weather
 now for a long time (past)? 4. We
 have had, indeed, very good weather,
 as you observe (ὡς ἰδοὺ), this
 good while past. 5. Has not God been
 very good to us? 6. Yes, God has
 been very good to us. 7. Who is good
 but God alone? 8. Who is God?—
 you know so much (πολλὰ γὰρ οἴσθε
 περὶ τοῦ Θεοῦ), know this question
 (καλῶς) well. 9. He is the author and
 first source of all that are in (on, ἐν)
 heaven and on earth; He is the begin-
 ning and end of all that are, or that
 will be; it is He who created the sun,
 the moon, and all these stars that ill-
 luminate the firmament; He always is
 and abides for ever: Let every tongue
 sound his praises (praise him). 10.
 Who is he who praises the Lord al-
 ways? 11. It is the just man, who
 knows who God is—how great, how
 mighty; and who himself is—how poor
 and vile. 12. What is this world?
 (τί ἐστιν ἡ οὐρανὸς καὶ ἡ γῆ;) 13. It
 is only a vapour that lasts (is) for a lit-
 tle, and then is no more. 14. What is

heaven? 15. It is the kingdom in which God reigns in glory; and in which all the blessed praise for ever His blessed name. 16. Are you holy? 17. No; I am not holy. I do not praise myself (μη-ἐρέη) although I like to be good. 18. You know the saying, or the advice (κοιμήτε), of the old man, do not praise, and yet do not dispraise yourself; for much praise is bad. 19. What is pride? 20. Pride is vanity, pride is one of the seven deadly sins. 21. Do you know the seven deadly sins? 22. I do (know them)—they are pride, covetousness, lust (πορνεία), anger, gluttony, envy, and sloth. 23. Pride, I see, is the head and root of all—it was the sin of the angels, and the cause of the sin of our first parents, Adam and Eve. 24. I see you are a moralist. 25. Who is this coming (αἰστέατος)? 26. It is my dear and faithful friend, William. 27. Is it he that comes (αἰστέατος ἐστὶν ὁ ἀγαπῶν)? 28. It is he; here he is. You are welcome, my dear friend (καλὴν ἡμέραν ἔχῃς, καὶ εὖ ἔχεις); how are you to-day? 29. I am well, thank you (καλῶς ἔχω, εὐχαριστῶ). 30. Let us have a walk.

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IONS, OR,

Եկեալքս Եւ իմարեայնոյն զա ճօրծ-
 ւելե, յոյն և Բ-բայլ քրիստոնէե Եւ ճերա
 Շօյրեալծայն իմյ ՏԵՃԻՐԻ, յայլե ԼԵ
 Կ-Եւ ճերայն և Շօյրն ՁԿԵ; Երայն ճԵ
 Եւ ճօրծ Եւ ճԵՐԻ: Լօրծ ԼԵՅԵ Շօյ.
 ՁԿԵՐԻ Եր ՏԿԵԵ ՇօլԵ; Եւ ճԵՐԻ
 Եւ ճօրծ 7 Շօյն Եր Եր յօծ յոյն Եր
 Եւ ճԵ Եւ ճԵՐԻ.

The above is the title of a new Gaelic book just published by Mr. Patrick O'Brien, 46 Cuffe street, Dublin. It is dedicated to the Rev. Maxwell H. Close M. A., M. R. I. A. on account of the liberality with which he has supported Gaelic literature for many years. The language is modern and idiomatic and can be easily read by any person who

has made any considerable progress in Irish. There is a vocabulary at the end of each of the tales which explains the difficult words and passages. The Exploits of *Coirdealdac Mac Scáin* and his Three Sons, with which the book commences, is, perhaps, one of the longest texts of any story in modern Irish to be met with in manuscript. It was originally written about 150 years ago, the author of it being one Michael Comyn, of the Co. Clare. At that period, the Irish language was almost universally spoken throughout Ireland in its own inherent force and masterly style. This circumstance is evinced in nearly every sentence of this peculiar and interesting romance. There are interspersed here and there through the story, poems which could not be easily surpassed in pathos and appropriateness of expression in any language. The Enchanted Palace of *Eódaib Óis Óeipis* is another excellent tale in which *Fionn Mac Cumhail*, the Irish giant, *Connán Mac*, and the *Tuatha de Denans*, figure prominently. In this, as in nearly all the Fenian tales, *Connán Mac* fares badly and *Fionn Mac Cumhail* maintains superiority over his opponents. The Dialogue between St. Patrick and *Óisín* concerning *Cath Suibhne* is a charming production, and is not, perhaps, excelled by any other poem of its class in the Irish language. It is the only book devoted to Fenian Gaelic literature copied from MSS. which have been printed in Ireland for the past thirty years, since the volumes of the Ossianic Society were issued, although a vast number of such tales are to be found in the thousands of manuscripts which are mouldering on the shelves of the libraries in Dublin. In the introductory remarks, written in Irish, is given a letter in Scotch Gaelic from Lady Evelyn Stuart Murray, daughter of the Duke of Athole, the object being to show that the Gaelic is patronized by the aristocracy of Scotland though it has been despised and discouraged in every possible way

by the cockney-mongrel West-Britons, who are regarded as the aristocracy of Ireland. It is to be hoped that the publisher will meet with that encouragement which his energy and enterprise deserve.

C210JKE K21 320021J5E.

Le Comar Ua Fionn.

Fionn—An Droisneán Donn.

Kjō fēadap fēin an fada beir mē
 3an cpaēāō am lāmā,
 Tā an t-aor a3 teāō fām' tēin,
 3o ppar 3ac lā
 An fad fēadap r3n3od ap aon cōp
 Ir b3n3 'rar breā3 [aj3e
 Cūp fēad bre3ēne na tean3an 3aōō.
 3o olu3ē am' cān.

Do lēp33on a Clanna Ébeip
 Ir donā ē dup r33e,
 Do lē3a3n3n an 3aōōaj3e do
 33ape ar an R3ō3āc;
 Tā na cēāōā de Clon3n 3aō3ēl-33ap
 O' fēap3d Ir de inā3d—
 An reu3āō do bre3ēne, Ir n3 nāp
 Leo j pāō.

An uap lē33m ap Dpnan 3lēā3al,
 Mōr tpeān bopojne—
 An a tpe33ē, ap a tpe3ne,
 An a neapc 'r ap a clū—
 An na tpe3n3 f3p leā3 tpaōōā
 Na Dapap 3an lujē.
 Ir mājē l3om 3up 3aōōaj3e
 Do labpāōap rāō.

An uap cān33 Naōm Pāōp3cc
 Ó 'n Rō3m ānall,
 Cpaō33aō3leāō ēpe3ēān 3ora
 'S cāp paōpāō ó'n nāmā3o;
 bo blapāō b3pō3māp do tēā3ap3 āōojne
 Ir bo cneapāō mōōān3l—
 An t-tean3a āō3b3n, reān 3aōōaj3e
 Bān bāp do'n cōmān.

Cēāō r3ān cūm na mēā māmā
 Dō 3pācū3 do r33e,
 Ir cūm na rāp fēap nāp cāneāc
 An lē3ēān nō n-cl3e;

Ծօ ծ'բեարի կոյ ծեյ լաի կծ
Ծ'ա ԵԱԿԻՑ ԵԱԿԻՐ
ԿԻ ԲԱԿԻՐ ԾՈՅ ԴԵԱՐ ԴՈ
՝ՏԵ ԾՈՅԱՅ ՏԱՅ ԵԿՈՐ.

ՏԱԿԻՑ ԵԱԿԻՐ, ԵԱԿԻՐ ԿԱԿԻՐ
ՏԵ ԵԱԿԻՐ ԵԱԿԻՐ,
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ԵԱԿԻՐ ԵԱԿԻՐ.

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՝ՏԵ ԵԱԿԻՐ ԵԱԿԻՐ ԵԱԿԻՐ,
ԿՐ ԵԱԿԻՐ ԵԱԿԻՐ ԵԱԿԻՐ ԵԱԿԻՐ
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ԾՈՐԸ ՏԱՅՈՇԱՆԻՅԵ.

ԵԱԿԻՐ ԵԱԿԻՐ,

ԵԱԿԻՐ ԵԱԿԻՐ ԵԱԿԻՐ —

“ԵԱԿԻՐ ԵԱԿԻՐ ԵԱԿԻՐ ԵԱԿԻՐ ԵԱԿԻՐ
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ԵԱԿԻՐ ԵԱԿԻՐ ԵԱԿԻՐ ԵԱԿԻՐ ԵԱԿԻՐ”?

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ԵԱԿԻՐ ԵԱԿԻՐ ԵԱԿԻՐ ԵԱԿԻՐ ԵԱԿԻՐ.”

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ԵԱԿԻՐ], ԵԱԿԻՐ ԵԱԿԻՐ ԵԱԿԻՐ ԵԱԿԻՐ.

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His Grace, Archbishop Walsh, Dublin, favors the use of Pitman's phonetic system in teaching the pronunciation of Irish; and a Gaelic textbook embodying the system is in course of preparation. We have prepared a table of sounds but it was crushed out of this issue. We exemplified this system on the blackboard before the Gaelic classes years ago. We read Pitman's system 36 years ago, and taught it in this city. Hence, we should know something about it; and it is our opinion that it is as easy to learn the Gaelic sounds as Pitman's.—Friends, “There is no royal road.” We have the grammars of seven languages before us, and Irish is the easiest.

For the Gaelic Journal send 60 cents to the Rev Eugene O'Growney, Maynooth co. Kildare, Ireland

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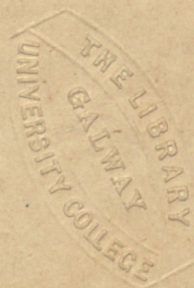
(We are indebted to Mr. Thomas Griffin, Lawrence, Mass. for the following poem. Mr. Griffin states that it is a true transcription of his MS. copy, and, to show how the language was written 174 years ago, we have made no alterations. Another version has appeared in the *Irish Echo*)

Vol. IV. X
Nos 7, 8, 9.

ԱՄԼՅԱՅԻ ԽԱՅԺ ՁԻՁԻ ԸՅԵՐ ԵՇ. ԱՐ ԵՃԻՏ ՏԵՂԱՅԻՅ
ՈՅ ՁԻՅ ԸՅԵՐ ԸՅ ԵՐԱՅԺ Ե Յ-ԸՅԵՐ, Ա. Ը. 1720.

- 1 Այօր աղ իրիլլ րօ չիծյոյ ԸՅ ԵՇ մէ,
Ըրիլլ ԸՅ ԵՄԱՅ ԶԵ ԵՄԱՅ աղ ԵՇյոյ,
Ըրիլլ ԸՅ ՅՐԱՅ աղ ՅՐԱՅ աղ ԸՅ ԸՅ ԸՅ,
Աղ Ըրիլլ ԸՅ Ե յ-ԵՐԱՅ ԸՅ ԸՅ ԸՅ աղ ԸՅ ԸՅ.
- 2 Ըրիլլ ԸՅ ԸՅյոյոյ յիծյոյ աղ ԸՅ ԸՅ ԸՅ,
Ըրիլլ ԸՅ ՅՐԱՅ ԸՅ ԸՅյոյ աղ ԸՅ ԸՅ ԸՅ,
Ըրիլլ ԸՅ յիծյոյ ԸՅ ԸՅ ԸՅ ԸՅ ԸՅ ԸՅ,
Աղ Ըրիլլ ԸՅ ԸՅյոյոյ ԸՅ յիծյոյ ԸՅ ԸՅ ԸՅ.
- 3 Ըրիլլ ԸՅ ԸՅյոյ աղ յիծյոյ ԸՅ ԸՅ ԸՅ,
Ըրիլլ ԸՅ ԸՅյոյոյ ԸՅ ԸՅ ԸՅ ԸՅ,
Ըրիլլ ԸՅ յիծյոյ ԸՅ ԸՅ ԸՅ ԸՅ ԸՅ ԸՅ,
Աղ Ըրիլլ ԸՅ աղ յիծյոյ ԸՅ ԸՅ ԸՅ ԸՅ ԸՅ ԸՅ.
- 4 Ըրիլլ ԸՅ ԸՅյոյ ԸՅ ԸՅյոյ աղ յիծյոյ,
Ըրիլլ ԸՅ յիծյոյ յիծյոյ աղ յիծյոյ.
Ըրիլլ "ԸՅյոյ" ԸՅ յիծյոյ աղ Quakers,
Աղ Ըրիլլ ԸՅ ԸՅյոյոյ ԸՅ ԸՅյոյոյ ԸՅ յիծյոյ.
- 5 Ըրիլլ ԸՅ ԸՅյոյոյ ԸՅյոյ աղ յիծյոյ,
Ըրիլլ յիծյոյ ԸՅյոյ ԸՅ ԸՅ ԸՅ ԸՅ,
Ըրիլլ ԸՅ ԸՅյոյ աղ յիծյոյ ԸՅ ԸՅ ԸՅ,
Աղ Ըրիլլ ԸՅյոյոյ աղ ԸՅյոյ ԸՅ ԸՅյոյ-ԸՅյոյ.
- 6 ԸՅյոյ ԸՅյոյ աղ ԸՅյոյ յիծյոյ ԸՅ ԸՅ ԸՅ,
ԸՅյոյոյ ԸՅյոյ աղ յիծյոյ ԸՅ յիծյոյ-ԸՅյոյ,
Աղ ԸՅյոյ ԸՅ ԸՅյոյ ԸՅյոյ ԸՅյոյ ԸՅ յիծյոյ,
Աղ ԸՅյոյ յիծյոյ ԸՅյոյ ԸՅ յիծյոյ աղ յիծյոյ.
- 7 Ա յիծյոյ աղ յիծյոյ յիծյոյ աղ յիծյոյ,
ԸՅ ԸՅ յիծյոյ ԸՅ յիծյոյ յիծյոյ ԸՅ ԸՅ ԸՅ,
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- 8 ԸՅ յիծյոյ յիծյոյ յիծյոյ աղ յիծյոյ,
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- 9 Ա յիծյոյ ԸՅ յիծյոյ յիծյոյ յիծյոյ,
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- 10 Ա յիծյոյ ԸՅ յիծյոյ յիծյոյ ԸՅ յիծյոյ,
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- 11 Ա յիծյոյ յիծյոյ ԸՅ յիծյոյ ԸՅ յիծյոյ,
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- 12 ԱՅ ՇԱԼԼԱՇԵ ՀԱՂ ԲԱՃԻՆՈՐ Օ՝ Ղ ԲՅՔԱԼ ԲԻՂ
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- 13 ԾԱ ԼՈՇԵ ԼԵՂԵՏԱ ՂԻ ԼԱՅՐԱՅԵ ԱՐ ԱՇՂ ՇՈՐ,
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- 14 ԲՈՐԾԱ ՂԱ ԼԱՅ ԻՐ ՇԵԱՐ ԼԵ ԵՐԵԱՂԱՅԺ,
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- 15 ԱՐ ՄՈ ՂԱ Ծ՝ՂԻՂԻՂ ԾՅԵ ԱՂ ԵԵ ԲԻՂ,
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- 16 ԲԵԱՐ ՂԱՇ ԲԱՅԼԻՅԱՇ ԲՈՂԱՐԵԱ Օ ԱՇՂ ՂԵԱՇ,
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- 17 ԲԵԱՐ ՂԱՐ ՇՐԱՐ Ա ՅԼԱՇ Օ ԵԱՇՈՂԱՇԵ,
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- 18 ԲԵԱՐ ՂԱՐ ԲԱՂԵԱՅ ՇԱՂ ՂԱ ԵՅՅԵԱՐԵ,
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- 18 ԲԵԱՐ ՂԱՐ ԲԻՂ Ա ՅԽԱՇ ՂԱ ԵԱՇՈՐԵԱՇ,
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- 20 ԵԵՅՈՂԵ ԵԱՅ ԱՇԱՐ ԵԱՅ ԵԵԱՇ ԾՅԵԱՂԱՅՈՂ,
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ԲՈՂԱՇ. ԲԱՇՈՂԱՇ, ԲԱՂՅԼԱՇ, ԲՇՇՈՂԱՇ,
ԲՅՈՂԱՇ, ԲԵԱՐԾԱՇ, ԲԵՂԵԱՇ, ԲՅՈՂԱՇ.
- 21 ՅՐՅՈՇԵԲԵԱՐ ՅՐԵԱՂԱՄԱՐ, ՅԱՐԾԱ, ԵԱՅՂՅՈՂԱՇ,
ՅՐԱՇՈՂԱՐ, ՅԼԱՂԱՅՈՂ, ՅԵԱՂԱՄԱՐ, ՅԱՇՇԱԼԱՇ;
ԼԱՇԱՐԻ, ԼՈՂԱՅԵԱՐ, ԼՈՂԱՅԵԱՐ, ԼՅՈՂԱՇ,
ԼՈՂԱՇ, ԼԱՂԱՄԱՐ, ԼԵԱՂԱՇ, ԼՅՅԵԱԼ.
- 22 ԱՂԼԵԱՇ ՂՈՐԾԱ ՂՅՅՈՂԱՐ ՂԻՂԵԱՐ,
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- 23 ԲՈԼԱ ԱՅԱՐ ԲՈՐԵԱ ՂԵ ԲՇՇՈՂ ղԲՅՈՂԱՇԵ,
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ԵԱՅ Օ ԼԵՈՂԱՅՈՂ
ԱՂ ԲԵՇ ԲՅՈՂ.

"A nation which allows her language to go to ruin, is parting with the best half of her intellectual independence, and testifies to her willingness to cease to exist,"—ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

"The Green Isle contained for more centuries than one, more learning than could have been collected from the rest of Europe. It is not thus rash to say that the Irish possess contemporary histories of their country, written in the language of the people, from the fifth century. No other nation of modern Europe is able to make a similar boast."—SPALDING'S ENGLISH LITERATURE, APPLETON & CO., NEW YORK.

Who are the Scotch? A tribe of Irish Scots who crossed over in the 6th century, overcame the natives, and gave their name to the country.—J. CORNWELL, PH.D., F. R. S.'s Scotch History.

The Saxons Ruled in England from the 5th century and were so rude that they had no written language until the 14th, when the Franco-Normans formulated the English.—SPALDING.

The Gael.

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

Published at 247 Kosciusko st., Brooklyn, N. Y.
M. J. LOGAN, - - - Editor and Proprietor

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Thirteenth Year of Publication.

VOL 10, No. 6. FEBRUARY. 1894.

Remember that the First Irish Book is given free of charge to every new subscriber.

Subscribers will please remember that subscriptions are due in advance.


There is now no doubt of the widespread activity in Gaelic matters at home. You kept hammering at them Gaels, and your success demonstrates the value of Gaelic literature. The Freeman's Journal in a late issue gallantly acknowledges that THE GAEL has been the life of the movement—push it more still


PRACTICAL.—Hear what Mr. O'Brien of Hartford, Conn., has said and done.—

"As regards the club which you mentioned in your second last paper and seeing my name mentioned with Brothers Cross, and Buckley, I went to work immediately and took the names of some twenty men right in the street where I live. I notified them to meet in room 1, 36 S. Prospect St.—called the roll in Irish, and made a short speech (in Irish), disclosing to them our intentions, and the value of our National tongue, etc. We assembled at 34 S. Prospect Street every Saturday evening. I read those fine songs and stories in the Gael, at which they feel delighted."

Is comment necessary? That is the way, Gaels

No question can be brought before the public or bear fruit without being advertized, agitated, and written about; and you, degraded West-Britons, heed less of and ignoring that fact, behold

 the ancient civilization you would barter (it must be from ignoble causes, latent or in active force) for this

 condition, which is as true of this people to-day as ever.

A large number of those in arrears to the Gael are well-to-do persons who became subscribers through the solicitation of friends of the cause, and who now disclaim any obligation as they "did not order it direct from the office." One such, a clergyman, coolly wrote a few days ago.—

"Some friend, I presume, requested you to send me 'The Gael' and it is to be hoped paid for it. If you are not paid for it, please take my name off your subscription list."

Now, the "Sentiments" column tells by whom the subscription is paid. The LAW says that once a person consents to take a publication and receives it, is a subscriber, and continues to be until he notifies the publisher to stop it; and, more, that it is a penal offense for such persons to receive the paper once they determine to not pay for it—that is the law, and a just one.

THE GAEL was never in a better financial condition than it is to-day. Its existence demonstrates that its publisher does not wince at seeming difficulties; and being fully aware of the spirit animating the conduct of those referred to, we shall place the collection of their arrears (those over three volumes) in the hands of a public agency, publishing the names as news items.

We will not cease sending the Gael to any one affected by the hard times, if we never get a cent. Then our friends will divine the cause of our drastic proceedings with the West-Britons. The above writer owes for five volumes.

The Gael has no paid agents, and depends for its propagation and circulation on the patriotism of individual Irishmen.

Captain Norris writes.—

At a regular meeting of the Philo-Celtic Society of New York, held at its hall, 263 Bowery, on Sunday, Jan. 14, President John Casey in the chair, Captain Norris read the following letter which he had received from Timothy Gleason, Esqr. Lisquinlan, Co. Cork, Ireland, inclosing a donation of one dollar to our school association.—

LISQUINLAN, CASTLEMARTYR, Co. CORK.

Dec. 19, 1893.

My Dear Sir.—The August No. of the GAEL with two enclosures, reached me some weeks ago, but in consequence of the recent prosecution at Castlemartyr Petty Sessions, for using the Irish language (in which I was defendant), I am receiving so many letters on that subject, which have taken up all my time to reply to them, that I found it almost impossible to reply to your communication sooner. It now gives me great pleasure to forward you a post-office order for 4s. 2d.—equal to \$1 00, as my contribution to the Philo-Celtic Association, at the same time regretting that I could not conveniently subscribe more. Hoping that, under the circumstances, you will kindly excuse my delay, and wishing you all the compliments of the season, I remain my dear Sir, very truly yours,

TIMOTHY GLEASON.

Thomas D Norris, Esqr.

After the reading of Mr Gleason's letter, the following resolutions were offered and unanimously adopted.—

Resolved, That we accept Mr Gleason's gift with thanks, and that we also tender him a vote of thanks for his genuine patriotism and love of the Irish language. And be it further

Resolved, That the Secretaries of the association be instructed to place Mr Gleason's name on the rolls of the association, and that it be hereafter carried on the books as an honorary member.

1894

The Philadelphia Philo-Celtic Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language held its annual meeting for the election of officers last month, at Philopatrian hall, 211 S. 12th St., when the following were unanimously elected.—

President, Mr Thomas McEniry ; vice prest. J. Mogan ; recording secretary, James Hunt. cor. secretary, Martin Welsh ; fin. secretary, M. Fahy ; treasurer, Miss Lizzie McSorley ; sergt-at-arms, J Owens ; librarian, Miss Mary Maloney, and Executive Committee, Messrs. P McFadden, D Gallagher, J J Lyons, J McCartney, P Lawless, James J Hughes. Misses Ellen O'Connor, Brigid Lynch, Mary Magee.

The Society is in a flourishing condition and hopes to increase its usefulness during the coming year.

Now that the Hierarchy of Ireland are taking such an interest in the restoration and study of the Irish language it behoves all her children in this country to stimulate their exertions by becoming members of and otherwise aiding the societies organized for this purpose. One of the oldest of these is the Phila. Philo-Celtic Society.

Respectfully yours,

James J Hughes, Acting Sec.

The St. Paul, Minn. Philo-Celtic Society elected the following board of officers last month.—

President, J Leyden ; vice prest. H McMann ; sec. P M McRoney ; treasurer and librarian, M Conroy. Messrs. J Costello, H McMann, and M Conroy were appointed instructors. This is a reorganization of the society. Messrs. R Vail and M F Mc Hale of the Minneapolis society were present.

Meetings will be held in A. O. H. hall every Sunday afternoon.

(We are of the opinion that our Western Philo-Celts are A. O. H. men—the Language movement is peculiarly theirs, and if they go into it it is a success. We would say to all.—Let those too old to learn be entertained as our Hartford Celts have been—Ed G).

GÆLIC HISTORY.

A word on the Irish in America, founded on the "Deserted Village." Some imagine that the great influx of the Irish to America commenced with the years of the famine ; but Goldsmith wrote the poem about the year 1770, and he says (referring to emigration,—

Not so the loss. This man of wealth and pride
Takes up space that many poor supply'd.

And, again, as to where they went, he says,—

Ah ! no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,

Hence, no wonder that half the Revolutionary army of 1776 were Irish, (as the records show) and not North of Ireland Presbyterians either, as our anti-Irish citizens would fain make them, but the Catholic neighbors of this gifted, patriotic Protestant Irishman. We consider this poem the most important and trustworthy document extant in relation to the strength of the Irish element in America, for Goldsmith wrote on and painted the actual condition of things as they then existed.

Fully one-half of the white population of these United States are Irish-American, a fact which the A P A's and others should remember

Newsdealers need not return unsold Gaels, but hand them in rotation to appreciating customers, sending occasionally 60 per cent of what they sell to us, their own honor being their only check.

The Philadelphia Hibernian, issued at first as a monthly, has shown its rapid progress in the public favor by becoming a bi-monthly. It is full of truly patriotic, well-chosen articles. The Gael wishes it good luck.

The Gael reciprocates the Irish Pennsylvanian's undoubted friendship for it. Pittsburg Gaels should second its efforts to form a Gaelic club.

J.P.B. 1894.

The Deserted Village!

(Continued)

In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thund'ring sound
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around,
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumph'd is forgot,
Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye.
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts
[inspir'd,

Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlor splendors of that festive place;
The whitewashed wall, the nicely-sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel gay,
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendors! could not all
Reprieve the tott'ring mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair,
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer can be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half-willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train.
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvy'd, unmolested, unconfined,
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain,
And e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joy increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products all the same.
Not so the loss. This man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supply'd;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds:
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken cloth
Has robbed the neighboring fields of half their
His seat, where solitary sports are seen, (growth;
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies.
While thus the land adorn'd, for pleasure, all
In barren splendor feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past, for charms are
When time advances and when lovers fail, [frail'
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.
Thus fares the land by luxury betray'd—
In nature's simplest charm at first array'd,
But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise,
While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band,
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

Where, then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And e'en the bare-worn common is deny'd.

If to the city sped—what waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
To pamper luxury and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade: [play,
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps dis-
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where Pleasure holds her midnight reign
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.

Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy !
 Sure these denote one universal joy !
 Are these thy serious thoughts ? Ah ! turn thine eyes
 Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies.
 She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
 Has wept at tales of innocence distressed ;
 Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
 Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn,
 Now lost to all ; her friends, her virtue fled,
 Near her betrayer's door she lays her head, (shower
 And, pinched with cold and shrinking from the
 With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour
 When idly first, ambitious of the town,
 She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest train :
 Do thy fair tribes participate her pain ?
 E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
 At proud men's doors they ask a little bread !

Ah ! no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
 Where half the convex world intrudes between,
 Through torrid tracks with fainting steps they go,
 Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
 Far different there from all that charmed before,
 The various terrors of that horrid shore—
 Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray
 And fiercely shed intolerable day ;
 Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
 But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling ;
 Those pois'nous fields, with rank luxuriance crown'd
 Where the dark scorpion gathers death around ;
 Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
 The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake ;
 Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
 And savage men more murd'rous still than they ;
 While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
 Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
 Far different these from every former scene—
 The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
 The breezy covert of the warbling grove
 That only shelter'd theft of harmless love : [day
 Good heaven ! what sorrows gloom'd that parting
 That called them from their native walks away ;
 When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
 Hung round the bowers and fondly look'd their last,
 And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
 For seats like these beyond the western main ;
 And shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
 Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
 The good old sire, the first prepar'd to go
 To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe ;
 But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
 He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
 His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
 The fond companion of his helpless years,
 Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
 And left a lover's for her father's arms,
 With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
 And bless'd the cot where every pleasure rose,
 And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,

And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear ;
 While her fond husband strove to lend relief
 In all the silent manliness of grief,

O luxury ! thou curst by heaven's decree,
 How ill-exchang'd are things like those for thee !
 How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
 Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy !
 Kingdoms by thee to sickly greatness grown
 Boast of a florid vigor not their own.
 At every draught more large and large they grow,
 A bloated mass of rank, unwieldy woe,
 Till, sapp'd their strength and every part unsound,
 Down, down they sink and spread a ruin round.

E'en now the devastation is begun,
 And half the business of destruction done.
 E'en now, me thinks, as pond'ring here I stand,
 I see the rural virtues leave the land.
 Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads her sail
 That, idly waiting, flaps with every gale,
 Downward they move, a melancholy band,
 Pass from the shore and darken all the strand.
 Contented toil and hospitable care
 And kind connubial tenderness are there,
 And piety, with wishes plac'd above,
 And steady loyalty and faithful love.
 And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
 Still first to fly where sensual joys invade,
 Unfit in these degenerate times of shame
 To catch the heart or strike for honest fame ;
 Dear charming nymph, neglected and decry'd.
 My shame in crowds, my solitary pride,
 Thou source of all my bliss and all my woe,
 That found'st me poor at first and keep'st me so ;
 Thou guide by which the noble arts excel,
 Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well.
 Farewell, and O ! where'er thy voice be try'd,
 On Torno's cliffs or Pambamarca's side,
 Whether where equinoctial fervors glow
 Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
 Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
 Redress the rigors of th' inclement clime ;
 Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain ;
 Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain ;
 Teach him that states of native strength possess.
 Though very poor, may still be very blest ;
 That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
 As ocean sweeps the labor'd mole away,
 While self-dependent power can time defy,
 As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

(Conclusion)

The Irishmen of New York and vicinity can obtain gratuitous instruction in the language of Ireland by calling at the rooms of the P. C. Society, 263 Bowery, on Thursday evenings from 8 to 10, and on Sunday afternoons from 3 to 6, o'clock.

The Philadelphia Philo-Celtic Society meets at Philopatrian Hall, 211 S. 12th St., every Sunday evening, where it impart free instruction to all who desire to cultivate a knowledge of the Celtic tongue.

O'Curry's Lectures.

ON THE
MANUSCRIPT MATERIAL OF ANCIENT IRISH HISTORY.

LECTURE VIII.

[Delivered July 7, 1856.]

The other Irish works compiled or transcribed by Brother Michael O'Clery, and the existence of which we are aware, are the following, now in the Burgundian Library at Brussels.—

1. A volume of Lives of Irish Saints, compiled and written by him in the year 1628.

2. Another large volume of the lives of the Irish Saints, compiled and written in the year 1629.

3. A volume of Poems on the O'Donnells of Donegal [These three books I have never seen]*

4. A volume containing ancient and rare Irish Historical Poems, together with the important Tract known as the Wars with the Danes. This volume borrowed (with the liberal sanction of the Belgian government), a few years ago, by the Rev Dr. Todd, S. F. T. C. D., for whom I made a perfect copy of it.

5. The Skeleton Martyrology of Donegal [which I have seen].

6. The Perfect Martyrology of Donegal, full of important notes and additions. This volume was also borrowed by Dr Todd, and of this too I made for him a perfect copy.

7. A large volume containing, firstly, a collection of very curious and important ancient forms of prayer, and several religious poems. It contains also a good copy of the Felire, or Festology of Aengus Ceile De (or Culdee), as well as copies of the Martyrologies of Tamhlacht (Tallaght) and of Marianus Gorman. With the exception of the Festology or Martyrology of Aengus, no part of the contents of this important book was to be found in Ireland, until this also was obtained for a short time from the Belgian Government by the same distinguished gentleman, and I have made a copy of it for him.

And here, while on the one hand I feel bound to express the strong and grateful sense every Irish archaeologist and historian must feel of the enlightened liberality thus exhibited by the Belgian Government (affording so very marked a contrast to the English public authorities in such cases, as well as to that of English private owners of manuscript works of this kind), let me not omit to remark upon the example which Dr. Todd's

conduct suggests to all Irishmen, and particularly to those who are Catholics. For in this instance, as indeed in others too in which Dr. Todd was concerned, you have an example of a Protestant gentleman, a clergyman of the Protestant Church, and a Fellow of the Protestant University of Dublin, casting away from him all the unworthy prejudices of creed, caste, and position, with which, unfortunately, too many of his class are filled to overflowing, and, like a true scholar and a man of enlarged mind and understanding, endeavoring to recover for his native country as much of her long-lost and widely dispersed ancient literary remains as he can; and this too, I may add, at an expense of time and money which few, if any, in these very utilitarian times, are found disposed to incur.

To my excellent friend, Mr Laurence Waldron, M. P., of Ballybrack, County Dublin, is due the first discovery of the important collection of Irish MSS. at Brussels, about the year 1844. He was the first that examined (at my request) the Burgundian Library, and he brought me home tracings and descriptions of great accuracy and deep interest. These tracings I placed in the hands of Dr. Todd, with a request that he would take an opportunity to make a more minute examination of the MSS. Mr. Samuel Bindon, however, having heard of their existence, and having occasion to spend some time in Brussels in the year 1846, made an examination of them, and afterwards compiled a short catalogue of them, which he published on his return home, and which was read by the Rev. Dr. Todd before a meeting of the Royal Irish Academy on the 10th of May, 1847.

Dr. Todd himself, and the Rev. Dr. Graves, F. T. C. D., both visited Brussels shortly afterwards and each of them brought home yet more ample and accurate reports of those newly-discovered literary treasures. Still, however, no competent person has had time enough to make a detailed analysis of the collection. May I hope that it is reserved for the Catholic University to accomplish an object so desirable and so peculiarly congenial to a young institution which aims to be a truly national one?

To return from this digression. Besides the above important compilations of the learned and truly patriotic friar Michael O'Clery, he compiled in the Irish college in Louvain, and published in that city in the year 1643, a glossary of ancient and almost obsolete Irish words of great interest and value, not only at that period, but even still.

As no description of mine could be as accurate or satisfactory as that of the author himself, I shall, as before, give you a literal translation of the title page, and the valuable prefatory address to the Bishop of Elphinn, who belonged himself, it appears to the same Franciscan Order. The work is entitled,—

* Since the delivery of this lecture, Brehon Law Commissioners borrowed these three books, in the summer of 1856: and I have read and had several extracts made from them.

"A new Vocabulary or Glossary, in which are explained some part of the difficult words of the Gaedhlic, written in alphabetical order, by the poor rude friar Michael O'Clery, of the Order of Saint Francis, in the College of the Irish friars at Louvain, and printed by authority in the year 1643."

The Dedication is as follows.—

"To my honored Lord and friend, Baothghalach (Latinized Boetius) Mac Aegan, Bishop of Ailfinn (Elphinn)."

"Here is presented to you, my lord, a small gleanings of the hard words of our native tongue, collected out of many of the ancient books of our country, and explained according to the understanding and glosses of the chief authors of our country in the latter times, to whom the explanation of the ancient Gaedhlic peculiarly belonged."

"I know not in our country many to whom this should be first offered before yourself. And it is not alone because that our [conventual] habit is the same (a reason which otherwise would be sufficient to point our attention to you above all others), that has made us to make you the patron of this book, but along with that, and especially because of your own excellence, and the hereditary attachment of your family to this profession. And further that a man of your name and surname, Baothghalach Ruadh [Boetus the Red] Mac Aegan is one of the chief authorities whom we follow in the explanation of the words which are treated of in this book."

"We have not, however, desired more than to give a little knowledge to those who are not well versed in their mother tongue, and to excite the more learned to supply such another work as this, but on a better and larger scale."

After this Dedication follows the Preface, or Address to the reader.—

"Let the reader who desires to read this little work, know four things.—the first is, that we have not set down any word of explanation or gloss of the hard words of our mother tongue, but the words which we found with other persons, as explained by the most competent and learned masters in the knowledge of the difficult words of the Gaedhlic in our own days. Among these, more particularly, were Boetius Roe Mac Aegan, Torna O'Mulconry, Lughaidh O'Clery, and Maelseachlainn 'the moody' O'Mulconry. And though each of these was an accomplished adept, it is Boetius Roe that we have followed the most, because it was from him we ourselves received, and we have found written with others the explanations of the words of which we treat. And, besides, because he was an illustrious and accomplished scholar in this [the antiquarian] profession, as is manifest in the character which the other scholar before mentioned, Lughaidh O'Clery, gave of him after his

death, as may be found in the verses,—

"Athairne, father of learning.
Dallan Forgaill, the prime scholar, [unjust,
To compare with him in intelligence would be
Nor Neide, the profound in just laws.

"Obscure history, the laws of the ancients,
The occult language of the poets;
He, in a word, to our knowledge,
Had the power to explain and analyze, etc.

"We have known able professors of this science and even in the latter time, such as the late John O'Mulconry [of Ardechoill in the County of Clare] the chief teacher in history of those we have already named, and indeed of all the men of Erin likewise in his own time; and Flann, the son of Cairbrey Mac Aegan [of Lower Ormond in Tipperary], who still lives; and many more that we do not enumerate. But because we do not happen to have at this side of the sea, where we are in exile the ancient books which they glossed, except a few, we could not follow their explanation but to a small extent."

"In the second place, be it known to you, O reader! that the difficult ancient books, to which the ancient authors put glosses, and from which we have taken the following words, with the farther explanation of the parties mentioned above, who taught in these latter times, were; the Amhra [or Elegy] on the death of Saint Colum Cille; the Agallamh, or Dialogue of the two Sages; the Felire, Festology of the Saints; the Martyrology of Marianus O'Gorman; the Liber Hymnorum, or Book of Hymns; the Glossary of the (Tripartite) Life of Saint Patrick; an ancient Scripture on vellum, and a certain old paper book, in which many hard words were found, with their explanations; the glossary called Forus Focail (or, 'The True Knowledge of Words'); and the other glossary, called Deirshiur don Eagna an Eigse (or 'Poetry is the Sister of Wisdom'). And, for the greater part of the book from that out, we received the explanation from the before mentioned Boetus."

"Be it known to the reader, thirdly, that we have only desired, when proposing to write this little work, to give but a little light to the young and the ignorant, and to stimulate and excite the professors and men of knowledge to produce a work similar to this, but on a better and larger scale. And the reason why we have not followed at length many of the various meanings which poets and professors give to many of these words is because it is to the professors themselves it more particularly belongs, and the people in general are not in as great need of it, as they are in need of assistance to read and understand the ancient books."

"Fourthly. Be it known to the young people, and to the ignorant, who desire to read the old books (which is not difficult to be learned of our

country), that they (the old writers) seldom care to write 'the slender with the broad, and the broad with the slender.' [as required by an ancient orthographical rule]; and that they very rarely put the aspirate h upon the consonants, as in the cases of b, c, d, f, etc., and also that they seldom put the long dash (or accent) over the words (or vowel). Some of the consonants, too, are often written the one for the other, such as c for g, and t for d. The following are a few specimens of words by which this will be understood: 'clog' is the same as 'cloc'; agad is the same as agat; beag is the same as beac; codlad is the same as cotlad; 'ard' is the same as 'art,' etc. Very often, too, ae is written for ao; ai for aoi; and oi for aoi. As an example of this; aedh is often written for aodh, and cael is the same as caol; and baoid and boi are the same as bai. E is often written for a in the

(To be continued.)

SENTIMENTS OF OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Conn—East Berlin, Thos. Hosty—Hartford, O O'Brien, M Finn—Montville, D Finn; three last per Mr O'Brien.

Ill—Chicago, Rev. John J Carroll, P Ahearn—South Downs, L Burns, per D Burns, Guston, Col (this mistakenly credited to Col. in last Gael).

Ia—Burlington, P Sheehy.

Kan—Hartland, J Mulany—Lakin, M A Weber per Mr Weber.

Me—Portland, John A Egan (Friend Hanrahan had a hand in this. Why not copy O'Brien?)

Mich—Montague, John P Whelan.

Minn—St Paul, H MacMahon, Nicholas Walsh, per Mr MacMahon.

Mo—Pierce City, Rev. D Healy.

Pa—Tobyhanna, E T Monahan—Pittsburg, Thos J Madigan, C Murphy.

R I—Providence, Rev. T E Ryan, J Holland, J Sullivan, P O'Casey, per Mr O'Casey; Mortimer O'Donoghue, J Fleming, D Sugrue, M J O'Sullivan, per Mr O'Donoghue.

W Va—Wheeling, Attorney General the Hon. T D Reilly, Counsellor John J Coniff, Joseph Levy, M Donnelly, P D Carroll, District Attorney John A Howard, A Lally, per Mr Lally; Dillon J McCormick.

Ireland.

Cork—Knocknagown, D Herlihy, per Revd. D Healy, Pierce City, Mo.

Dublin—Joseph H Loyd, Esqr., per P O'Brien.

Galway—Seven Churches N School Arran Island Mrs. Waters, per Miss M J Walsh, St Paul, Minn

Mayo—Achill, Rev. P McLaughlin—Darlough, R McCarrick, per A Lally, Wheeling, W Va—Goulawn, Thomas Hunt, per J Hunt, Phila., Pa.

Scotland—Breachin Public Library, James Craigie, per G P Putnam's Sons, N Y City.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop McCormick presided at the League meeting in Galway at which Revd. Father O'Growney delivered the Gaelic address.

The Gael can now be bought off the news stand in the following places.—

J F Conroy, 167 Main St. Hartford, Conn.
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G F Connors, 404 Main St. Bridgeport, Conn.
Mrs Dillon, E Main St. Waterbury, Conn.
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Mr Calligan, 23 Park Row, N Y City.
W Hanrahan, 84 Weybasset, st. Providence R I
J H J Reilly, 413 High st. do.
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M J Geraghty, 432 West 12th st. Chicago, Ill.
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Mrs. Hoey, 247 First St. Portland, Or.
Ed. Dekum, 249 Washington st. do.

The Irish element of Brooklyn having ceased to permit itself to be ruled by the Eagle in city politics, that carnivorous filthy fowl halts at no means, howsoever diabolical, to blacken it. Although the chairmen of both political parties in the late national campaign were Irish American Catholics, it said in a late issue that the fact of Carter's being chairman of the Republican Committee tended to Harrison's defeat as it kept many Republicans from voting for him. Not at all, you know nothing viper, the Blaine candidacy of 1884 drove that b'gotted brood of rich thugs—the spawn of brutishness and ignorance, as pointed out on another page by their own historians—into the Democratic party to its dishonor, and the deplorable ruin of the country. Harrison was defeated because he catered to the thugs referred to. And had your owners been permitted to run the Democratic party, and continue to enrich themselves at the public expense, as they used to do, the Irish would be the white-headed boys, and States prison would not be staring your owners in the face to-day for robbing the widow and the orphan by their wreckage of the Commercial Bank. You, whose hands are steeped red in social and political gore, fain to ostracize the Irish, the most ancient and respectable people in Christendom. Nay, a few days ago, you suggested the use of the *Indian Club* (which means the dagger) to get shut of those of them in your way.

We would advise you, Republican friends, to be aware of that brood who seek to rehabilitate themselves on your ruins. Remember that the great majority of the people of the country, and particularly of this city, are democrats and that by demonstrating to them that your principles are the real American democratic principles only can you enlist their support and retain it. If you countenance the thimble-rigging tactics resorted to by the pliant tool of those who forced you, in your fright, to the verge of the precipice, for thirty years to come you will be passive spectators only of the affairs of your city. That reaction has already set in.

The Smile.



"Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he."

engravings can't be bought in any art store for less than \$1.50 each; but having contracted for a large quantity in the interest of the Gaelic movement, we will send the Gael for a year and one of the engravings upon the receipt of \$1.40, or the two engravings, and the Gael for two years for \$2.60. We will send both engravings free to all subscribers three or more years in arrears who send us \$3.00. To regularly paying subscribers we send both for \$1.20; to the public, \$3.00. To any one who sends us 4 new subscribers we send him 1 engraving free, and the two to any one who sends us 7.

The reader will form an idea of the size of the engraving when the postage on one, at even 2nd class rate, is 6 cents.

We hope the friends of the Gaelic movement will take advantage of the above propositions to circulate the Gael among their neighbors.

With a view of circulating THE GAEL and of promoting the object which gave it birth, we offer two elegantly executed Engravings after the world-famed painter, T. Webster, R. A., entitled, respectively,

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"Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd."

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