An Lóchrann

Leabhar-aitheirg míosamhail,

Tabharta chun an

Teanga Gaedhilge

a choimhead agus a fhaoistughadh

agus chun

Fhéin-mhaighla Chinéadh na h-Éireann.

12ú Mhí Kol. Uimh. 10. Óg-Éireann. 1898

Goillís na g-Cos Dubh.

(Leanta)

amach, 7 d'fhorgail sé 'n dorus léithe, 7 gach sgread leis an dorus iarainn d'a fhorgailt thuit sé 'sa chroithe Goillís mar thonna cloch. Chuaidh siad uile arteach 7 tharraingh siad Goillís 7 an dean óg arteach leo 7 sgaoil siad iad.

Shear Goillís ar a choraidh arís, agus tearc sé 'na thimcheall, 7 buaidh leis dó 'sa an mball gus an áit chóimhuithe nobálaithe a dhí sé. Thug sé faoi ndeara ór 7 airgiod, sioda 7 sról, plátaidh luachmhara, cloca uaisle, agus mórán nuda breágha eile chuimhnigthe le céile no caith te ar an urlár 7 dhí fhior aige go radhsiad uile goidte leis na nobálaithe.

Nuair chonnairc an Caisdín é dearcadh 'na timcheall, dhuaisl sé dorn air agus dubairt sé, "An mearadh tú nach go macánta thainic na nuda sin in seo? Má chreideann tú nís'l tú ceart. Chuimhnigh mé féin 7 mo chomhádaidh iad, 7 thoigh ar an uaigh seo ní nachfaidh tusa nó 'n dean seo a tá leat go n-fhocaidh tú sior míle punt liom. Má ghnidh tú sin sgaoilfidh mé thusa, ach dar mo láimh mearaim go ndeunfaidh mé bean dam féin ded' mhaoi-se."

Dhí sé caint fóir nuair thainic duine aigh nit, agus glaodh sé ar an g-caisdín. Chuaidh an caisdín anonn chuige, 7 chosair an fear nuadh éigin inn a chuar. Leig an caisdín fead, 7 chruinnigh sé a fhir inn a timcheall 7 dhí sé dul amach ar an uaigh, nuair d'iontaigh sé go h-obann, 7 dubairt sé, "Dhí mé ag deunamh

dearmuid, caiṫfimíd an deirt feo do ḋeanzal zo maiṫ i dtoraḋ, ar eazla zo n-imṫeoḋaḋ riad.'

Ar an mómeud leaz riad Zoillír ar-ríir 7 ḋeanzail riad a láṁa 7 a ḋora zo dlúṫ le ḋéile, 7 rinne riad an rud ceudna leir an óz-ṁnaoi. D'ḟáz riad an uaiz in rin.

D'ḟan Goillír 7 inzean an riz 'na luiṫe ar an talaṁ, ceanzailte zo caol cruaiḋ 7 nír ḟeud riad conruzaḋ. Ṫoruiz rire az zol, 7 do rinne reirean ḋiṫḋioll le n-a rrreazaḋ ruar 7 meirneaḋ do ḋur innti, aḋ ní rad aon ṁaiṫ ṫó ann, 7 lean rí d'a claṁṡáin.

Rinne ré a ḋiṫḋioll féin le iearaṁ ruar 7 ḟaoi ṫeirte rinne ré rin le conznaṁ na h-óz-ṁná, aḋ nír ḟeud rire rearaṁ ar aon ḋor.

Ḋuir ré ḋruim in azaiḋ an balla, 7 ṫoirriz ré az rmuaineaḋ creud do buḋ ḋóir tó ḋeunaḋ 'ran z-cruaḋ-ḋár in a rad ré. Ní rad ré d-ḟad ar an zcuma rin zur ḋualaiḋ ré torann taod leir, mar do deiṫeaḋ rud éizin az rzríora.

Ḋearc ré 'na ḋiṁḋioll, 7 ṫuz ré ḟaoi ndearra péirte luḋóz ṁór do dí az teun aḋ a ndiṫḋill le dul ḋo ḟada le plátá ime do dí leazṫa ar ḋlár-ḋloiḋe inr an mballa, azur dí riad az rtrapaireaḋt ruar 7 az tuitim ar air arír, mar do dí an balla ro-ṫírneaḋ 7 ro-ṡleaṁain.

"Ḋreud ar a dṫuil tú dearcaḋ?" ar ran óiz dean.

"Dearcaḋ ar ṫá luḋóz," arra Zoillír.

"Cad tá riad az deunaṁ?" ar rí

"Az iarruiḋ ḋeaḋt ḋo ḟada leir an im rin atá ar an zclár cloiḋe inr an mballa," ar ré.

"Ionntuiz mo ḋeann," ar rire, "zo b-ḟeicfiḋ mé iad, ní ḋiz liom ḟéin corruzaḋ."

Ḋuir ré ríor a ṫá láiṁ do dí ceanzailte le ḋéile 7 ḋorruiz ré a ceann leo zur ionntuiz ré í ḋo maiṫ a'r d'ḟeud ré 7 ḋonnairc rí na luḋóza az obair.

"Tá nír mó ná ṫó ann," ar rí, "tá mórán acu ar an urlár 7 tá riad ḟanaṁuint zo dṫeicfiḋ riad cad é an ḋaoi n-éireoḋaiḋ 'n obair leir an tá ḋeann rin atá rtrapaireaḋt ruar. Dṫuil ḟior azad creud ḋainic in mo ḋeann anoir nuair tudairt tú liom zo rad na luḋóza ann, az iarruiḋ an ime."

"Ní'l ḟior," ar Zoillír.

"Saoil mé," ar rí, "tá zcuirḋeá im ar an zcórda ata ceanzailt do láṁa 7 iad a ríneaḋ amaḋ zo rocair, zo d-tiucfaḋ na luḋóza 7 zo mbeiḋeaḋ riad az cozaint an ḋórda 7 az iḋe an ime no zo nzeárrfaiḋír an trráz fa ḋeire. An dtiz leat an ṫ-im ḋuimilt leir an zcórda?"

"Feuḋfaiḋ mé leir," ar ra Zoillír, 7 ḋuaiḋ ré rtrapaireaḋt anonn do 'n im ḋo maiṫ 'r d'ḟeud ré, 7 ḋuir ré a ṫá láiṁ ruar, 7 ḋuimil ré 'n córda leir an im no zo rad ré bealuiżṫe zo maiṫ, 7 in rin ḋnom ré ríor 7 rín ré a ṫá láim amaḋ uaiḋ ar an urlár 7 d'ḟan ré zo rocair zan oireaḋ 7 cor do ḋur ar.

Ní fada d'ḟan ré ann zo dṫuair na luḋóza bolaḋ an ime, 7 ṫainic riad ó zaḋ corneul 7 clúid le feicrint cia 'n b' ar to dí 'n bolaḋ az teaḋt. Ḋuaiḋ riad ruar ḋuize zo mall 7 iad rzannruiżṫe i dtoraḋ, aḋ nuair ḟuair riad nać rad ré az cur aon cor ar féin d' éirriż riad tána 7 ḟear ḋeann acu ar a láiṁ 7 ṫoraiż ré az liżeaṁ an ime

Nuair a ḋonnairc na cinn eile rin, ṫainic riadran ruar le ḋéile 7 ṫoirriż riad az liżeaṁ 7 az iḋe 7 az cozaint zo rad croiceann a ṫá láiṁ trráḋṫa leo, mar dí 'n t-im ar a ḋroiceann ḋoṁ maiṫ a'r an an t-rraz.

Nuair dí 'n t-im zo h-uile iṫṫe o'n z-córda d'éirriż ré azur rinne ré an rud ceudna ar an nuaḋ, 7 buḋ in rin dí 'n obair 7 an ḋuiṁlint amearz na luḋóz, nuair rín ré amaḋ a láṁa an dár h-uair. Rit riad 7 ṫroid riad 7 ḋuit riad ar a ḋéile az iarruiḋ an t-im ḟáżail. Reub riad an córda 7 reub riad a láṁa leir, aḋ do dí 'n oireaḋ rin de an ḋórda iṫṫe ace ḟaoi ḋeirte zo ndeár nad ré iarraḋt láidir le n-a dṫireaḋ, 7 dṫir ré é. Ḋuir ré záir luḋżáirte ar, 7 nuair ḟuair ré a ḋa láiṁ raor, ḋrom ré 7 rzaoil ré a ḋora, 7 ḋuaiḋ ré nonn do 'n óz-ṁnaoi, azur rinne ré 'n rud ceudna léiṫe.

Ṡear riad ruar le ḋéile 7 léim riad

leis an meud lucháire dá orca. Dearc siad 'na dtimcioll ar an uaigh, 7 fuair siad go raibh sí deunta 'ran gcarraig chruaidh 7 go raibh an áit 'na áit-taisge le congbáil an t-raidhdhris do gheadhfadh na robálaidh ó am go h-am.

Ní raibh aon rud breágh nó raidhdhis d'a dhfágfadh súil duine 'n-iadh nach raibh cruinnighthe innsin, ag fanamhuinn no go dhfuighfeadh na robálaidhe uaim le n-a ndíol.

Dá 'n deirt ag gadail thart timcioll, 7 ag dearcadh ar gach h-uile rud do dá le feicsinn, nuair chualaidh siad coisceim, duine, 7 guth duine ag feadaoil teachta anaice leo.

Cait thú féin síos ar chúl an rolla mór síoda sin," ar Goillís, "7 b'féidir nach dhfeicfear thú."

Luidh siad síos le céile ar chúl an t-síoda, i nioch go raibh siad folughthe go maith, 7 d' fhan siad le feicsint cheud do thárlóchadh leo.

Níor fhan siad a dhfad nuair d'fhorgail fear mór láidir an dorus isteach le eochair, agus thainic sé ar teach. Chuaidh sé anonn go barraille do dá 'ran gcúinne, agus tharraing sé deoch dó féin ar. Dá am ag Goillís le bhreithnigh' air, nuair dá sé ag ól na dighe, 7 connairc nach raibh an fear ameasg na ndaoine eile nuair leag siad agus nuair chéangail siad é.

Connairc sé nach raibh aon t-slighe eile aige ach a leagan síos agus an eochair do bainte de, agus tearc sé 'na thimcioll ag iarraidh airm éigin, ach ní dhfuair sé aon rud ach barra láidir airgid do dá cuirtha dtaisge 'measg mórán rud luachmhar eile. Thóig sé e sin in a láma agus chuaidh sé go focair. Fáidh anonn do 'n fear dá 'g ól, 7 a ceann crom ar an dig 7 thug sé buille dó do sgoilteadh ceann taird. Chuir an robálaidhe corahuil le duine marb, gan focal, gan orna, agus leim Goillís air, 7 glac sé an eochair do dá in a póca 7 cuir sé in póca féin í.

"Tar leat, tar leat, deun deifir," ar sé le inghin an Rígh, "agus fágamuid an áit seo."

"Nár chóir duit," ar sise, "do póca líonadh leis an ór sin i dtosach."

Ní'l am agam," ar seisean, "ach béarfamuid beagán de linn."

Líon sé a póca le ór 7 le cloch luachmhara, líon an óigbean a n-aprúin agus d'imthigh siad amach le chéile, 7 chuir seisean an glas ar an doras mar dá sé, 7 ruith siad leo cho luath ar d'fheud siad

Dá 'n oidhche ag tuistim 'ran am so, 7 dá na speuntha ag dorchughadh 7 ní raibh 'r acu cad é 'n bealach buth chóir dóibh do thadhairt, ach buth chuma leo sin dá dhfuad faidhir an uaigh áidhdhéil sin fhágdhail 'nna ndiaigh.

Ruith siad 7 ruith siad no go raibh siad fáirruighthe, agus 'néir do deith a siúdal ar feadh trí no seachain de uairaibh chualaidh guth daoineadh 7 do luidh siad síos isin an dhfeur, ar eagla go bhfeicfidhe iad.

Ní raibh aon trolar anin, ach an meud do dá ar na neultaibh, ach chonnairc siad scáile seachd dhfear dul tharna 'n mhachaire, 7 d'aithnigh siad glór an chairtsin go maith 7 dá sé ag ráth,

"Béidh siad socair nuair thiucfamuid a daile 7 muna dhfuilid deunfamaoid an bata dóibh; ach damhnughadh uaim! ach go ndeunfadh mé bean dam féin de 'n chailín.

Thainic crith ar an óg-mhnaoi nuair a chualaidh siad an bhéaghnach ag ladairt, 7 b'éigin do Goillís a láma a chur ar a beul ar eagla go leigfeadh sí sgread no glór airti. D'fhan siad 'na luidhe ran dhfeur go raibh na fir uile imthighthe tart, 7 in sin d'éirigh siad, 7 dubairt Goillís.

"Tá siadsan dul adaile do 'n uaigh 7 má théidhmid ar ar n-agaidh isin an mbóthar ar a dtainic siadsan, béidhmid a fágdhail an áit gnánna so in ar ndiaigh"

Dubairt an bean ós guth d'fhior tó é 7 chuaidh siad ar a n-agaidh ran mbóthar sin 7 lean siad d'a siúdal ar feadh na h-oidhche, agus nuair d'éirigh an lá dubairt Goillís go rabadar cúig míle deug no fiche míle ó 'n áit in a rab na robálaidhe.

Nuair d'éirigh an grian, tearc siad

(Le deith leanta)

Captain Norris on our deceased Irish scholars. The gallant Captain's ontinued indisposition is a serious loss to the Gaelic movement here.

A Ó, tadaiṁ foiṁṡiṁ aiṁ mo ċroiḋe;
Táiṁ claoiḋḋe aiṡ an ṡaoġal:
Tá piaṁ gan faoṡaṁ anṁ mo ċlí,
'S ní'l iṁṁriṁt aiṁ mo ṡgeul,—
Mar tá mo ṫír doċt fóṡ 'ṁna luiḋe,
'S mo ṫorc ċó tuid le taol.

Buḋ ṁór mo ṫóṫċuṡ real ó ṙoiṁ,
Go mbeiṫeaḋ ar t-teanga féiṁ,
D'a ladairt arís go binn aguiṁ,
A n-Éiriṁ glas na b-Fiaṁ;
Mar dí fad ó, a n-gáir 'sa n-gleó,
Gan bac, gan coṡg, gan sriaṁ.

Do dí sí teaċt air aġaiḋ go beaċt,
Aimeaṡg na saoi 's na g-ciar;
A's áṫas ceart, í deiṫ gan smaċt,
Faoi ṁeas, orruiṁ go léir,—
Go dtaiṁig diaċair a's míoḋáġ,
Do ġoirtiġ siṁ, faraor!

A dáis! a dáis! to ṙlad na treoiṁ,
Ó ṫúis an doṁain go n-diu,—
Do ṫigeas ċúġainn go moċ, air neoiṁ,
'San oiḋċe ḋiaṁar, ṫud,—
Ná creaċ siṁ fóṡ as aoṁ d'ar n-duas
Tá 'cur na Gaoḋailge a g-cruṫ.

Do rinnis orraiṁ feall nó ṁór,—
'Nuair ṫóġais uaiṁ air d-túis,
Ar n-ollaṁ léiġeanta, c'allṁar, cóir,
MacCiabair, gan aoṁ ċúis;—
Cad rinn ar n-Gaoḋailge naoṁṫa ort?
Ó, cá b-fuil do ċoġuḋas?

Do buailis buille eile, trom,
Orraiṁ anṁas, mo leun!—
Do ċuirris dóláis croiḋe orm—
Mar ṙlaḋais leat, mar aoṁ,
Ar n-oide breáġ, Seáġan Pléimion,
Anns an n-Gaoḋailge do dí treun.

'Nuair ṫig an sgeula doild ċúġam,
Go raiḃ Seáġan Pléimion fuar,
Do díoḋra féiṁ go fann, gan luaim,
'S gan fios agam an uair,—

Go mbeidhinnte 's dreoigh, gan ruim i nzno
'S mo chorp 'nna luighe 'gan úir.

Nuair thainic tárc a dáir a leith,—
Dá m-beidhinnte ruar 'am fúithe;
'S mo flainte man bu chearr di deith,
Do chaoinfinn é ó'm chroithe;— [dfearr
An Gaodhalgeoir cearr, mo chúma 'gan
Cá d-fágam a mhacramhail choidh'?

Mífodhág gan greann 'ad cheann, a dáir,
Ná gtadann air do fligh, [grár;
A'r ruaimhnear beag do thadhairt dúinn
'Noir fágann tú gan drigh, [mhan,
An te grníd dúinn rzeluidheacht na Mhú-
O'Laodhaire, rsol na nsoigh.

Ní d-fuil tú fárta, a dáir, le rznior,
A n-Éirinn air na Gaodhail,
Acht leanann tú, man Sagra, ar rliocht
Le nimh, air fuaid an t-raoghail;—
Bu mhaith an rzeul dá m-beithtára
A'r ire aig an n-diadal.

Do nugair leat,— chreach a náth!—
Ar n-gnoithe fear álainn réimh;—
An t-ollamh fial, an Gaodhalgeoir bneágh,
Ar laoch, Dáidhí O'Caoimh;—
Ní feicfimíd a ramhuilt go bráth,
'S ní feacamair airiamh.

Ir teacair dúinn deith ramh anoir:
Ó tá ar n-dólár daor,
Do leag an bár ar laocha foir,
'S do lean ré rinne fiar:—
Bu cearr go m-beidhead a fáith aige
Tar rzíob ré leir Maignéar.

Tá Maignéar bocht air Neamh anoir,
Air láimh aig Righ na n-gnár:—
An te riaghlóchaidh a deacha a m-bith,
Ní d-fágaidh anam bár—
Do réir man deir an t-Aon Mhac linn,
Fuair peanaid anir an Fáir.

A Tighearna Dia, bí páirteach linn:
Tadair codair dúinn ann gach bearr,
Do réir do thola naomhtha grinn,
'S ná leig an Gaodhalge tarr,
Gan fuarghailt ó námhaid rior'
A'r téan a teagarg cearr.

Tomár D. de Norrad.

AIG TÚS AR G-CAIDREAD.

Fonn—A Ṗadraig teid uaim.

Aig tús ar gcaidreab 'r tú óg-bláth
Dídir do ḟial a n-gealltaid,
Ar doraṁuil dóid deid fíor gan ráth,
Nár ṁuaineas do deid meallta.
'N éis tú deid athuigthe, d'ḟan síor-deo,
Ajo ṁuinigin ayad gan faonad,
Dá d-feallfad ain an t-saogal go deo
Uaim féin nach n-déanfá claonad;
Acht imtigh leat, ḟir cáim na m-breug,
Is cóir an croidhe deid brisde,
Do chuirfead dóigh arís go h-eug
A g-cluaineaire do cliste.

Trá dí gach beul aig luath do daois,
D' olc liom an sgeul dub gráineaṁuil,
Nó tarngair mé go sgeitfead aois,
Glóir, ar an óige cáineaṁuil,
Duit dí searṁach, buan mo gráth,
'Nuair dí do cáirde gloinneṁar,
'S do chroidhe tá le do cluain' cráth
A ḟuil dóirtfead duit go foinneṁar
Acht imtigh leat, ḟir cluaineaigh, cáim,
'S ó 'n t-séis a d-fuilir báidhe,
Aig dúrachd, duitfir anns an am
—Geur aṁgar croidhe, cráidhe.

Ní feicfear leus na h-aois' sa trá
D-fuil aig bláth na h-óige tréigthe,
Deid an dream, aig a rad ort gráth,
'S tá ort gráin ó lucht do dreugad.
Mearg tráill, tá fleadh antráthach na h-oidhe
'Sa roinn gach téagar saoidheaṁuil,
'S man leus air uaiṁ, d-fuil bás ann faoi,
Tá 'smige fuar neaṁ-choidheaṁuil,
Imtigh: 'r dá m-beidhead air do láiṁ
Ór a's táinte 'n doṁain,
Ní dúdhrainn deor de gol glan fáiṁ,
Air do fáidhreas olc, man rógain.

'S b' féidir go d-tiocfad, 'cluaineaigh, an lá,
'Aṁ-béidh na cuinge so féin 'sa m-brisead,
A m-béidhir aig blaodhach gan feidhm le cráth,
Air an té deidhead ort aig cliseadh.
Té deirfeas duit-se fuil a choidhe,
Trá, deid fágtha leunṁar.
Aig tairbeáint duit gur dull tú 'n gnaoi
Dí aici ort 'r tú seunṁar,
Uaim, uaim! mallacht duit ní fú,
D' imdeargad 'r nid cráidhe,
Fuat féin ní achuingeocad duitmí cliú
Do throm a'r táir ann báidhe.

WHEN FIRST I MET THEE.

Air—"O Patrick fly from me.

When first I met thee, warm and young,
There shone such truth about thee,
And on thy lip such promise hung,
I did not dare to doubt thee.
I saw thee change, yet still relied,
Still clung with hope the fonder,
And thought, tho' false to all beside,
From me thou couldst not wander.
But go, deceiver! go
The heart, whose hopes could make it
Trust one so false, so low,
Deserved that thou shouldst break it

When every tongue thy follies nam'd,
I fled th' unwelcome story;
Or found, in even the faults they blam'd
Some gleams of future glory.
I still was true, when nearer friends
Conspir'd to wrong, to slight thee:
The heart, that now thy falsehood rends,
Would then have bled to right thee.
But go, deceiver! go—
Some day, perhaps, thou'lt waken
From pleasure's dream, to know
The grief of hearts forsaken.

Even now, tho' youth its bloom has shed,
No lights of age adorn thee:
The few, who lov'd thee once, have fled,
And they who flatter scorn thee.
The midnight cup is pledg'd to slaves,
No genial ties enwreath it;
The smiling there, like light on graves,
Has rank cold hearts beneath it.
Go—go—tho' worlds were thine,
I would not now surrender
One taintless tear of mine
For all thy guilty splendor!

And days may come, thou false one! yet,
When even those ties shall sever;
When thou wilt call with vain regret
On her thou hast lost for ever;—
On her who, in thy fortune's fall,
With smiles had still received thee,
And gladly died to prove thee all
Her fancy first believed thee.
Go—go—'tis vain to curse;
'Tis weakness to upbraid thee:
Hate cannot wish thee worse
Than guilt and shame have made thee.

CONNRA GAODALCHE ÉIRE MÓIR.

As intmated in a late issue of the Gael, the Irish Language Society of Providence, R. I., issued to the various Irish Language societies in America the following circular:

96 Grove st, Providence, R. I.
February, 1898.

Dear Sirs.—

The Rhode Island Irish Language Society has requested the writer to communicate with the various other Irish Language Societies in the United States, inquiring as to their willingness to become members of a Central Council or League with headquarters in New York.

The object in view is the advancement of the Language, Literature and Arts of Ireland, and give such assistance as possible (material and otherwise) to those faithful workers in Ireland. The formation of such a council, it is thought, will bring about a co-operation of the many Societies that will enhance the objects we aim at, fully conscious that concerted action will be prolific of better results than individual efforts as now prevailing. Our aims are something like this, viz:

1. That this Central League or Council be composed of one or two of the officers of each Irish Language Society in the United States.

2. That these meet in person or by proxy at some place designed beforehand, once in one, two or three years.

3. These to elect officers, necessary, and transact and outline such business as they deem best for the Society and branches.

4. They to serve without remuneration.

5. The Secretary should be a resident of New York City.

6 No two officer to be chosen from the same State.

7. The headquarters to be located in New York City as being the most suitable place.

8. The members of this Council should speak the Irish language and transact their business in Irish.

9. The idea is advanced that a small room should be secured where books etc, can be procured by new branches.

10. A library of Irish books to be kept in this room; it should also be used as a bureau of information on local and Irish places and affairs, and a place of call for visitors to the metropolis, where they could get a "*ceudh mile failthe.*"

This is brief and in a crude form outlines our ideas and what we wish you to help us organize.

Surely you will concede that such is necessary at this time, and would result in much good. This Society, too, is intended as a means of intercommunication between the various Societies in this country, Ireland and elsewhere.

We are certain there are many faithful and zeal ous Irishmen, and Irishwomen, who would gladly join us if they got some encouragement or knew how to proceed.

Invi i g your co-operation, we trust you will take prompt action and advise as to results.

Let us, therefore, not only join hands, but send back to that dear old land we all love so well, that assistance and good cheer that cannot be mis taken, and thus show our friends and kindred that we are Irish not only in name but in language.

Faithfully yours,

Martin J. Henehan.

Nearly all of the societies responded favorably, and, on a call, a meeting was held on May 22nd in the rooms of the New York P. C. Society, at which 13 societies were represented, namely, Boston(2), Brooklyn Buffalo, Holyoke, New York (2), Philadelphia, Springfield, Providence, New Haven and Chi. ago and Yonkers, either personally or by proxy and, unanimously, adopted the Circular as their platform, and founded the League.

This League is just the very thing that is wanted to enlighten the people and check the evil tendency to which we have referred in our leading article.

The Gael hopes to see a branch of the League organized in every town and city in the United States, to meet monthly, or oftener as determined on

This arrangement would cause no inconvenience to the A O Hibernians, and its leading men must see its importance in these days of Anglo-Saxon impudent "claims."

Temporary secretaries were appointed by the meeting and those desiring to form branches in union with them, can address the secretaries, thus:

Mr. W. J. Balfe, care Gaelic League, 64 Madison Ave, or Mr. P. J. Boylan, 63 E. 49th St., New York.

"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

Terms of Subscription—$1 a year to students, 60 cents to the public, in advance; $1. in arrears.
Terms of Advertising—— 20 cents a line, Agate

Entered at the Brooklyn P. O. as 2nd-class matte

Seventeenth Year of Publication.

VOL 12. No. 10 JUNE 1898

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.

ENGLISH CRUELTY IN IRELAND.

Of all the cruelties to which the Irish have been subjected under British rule, none was so degrading, so damnable nor so far-reaching in its diabolical intent as the enforced illiteracy of the Irish people. The pitching of the infants from bayonet to bayonet in Drogheda by the English soldiery under Cromwell; the promiscuous slaughter of men, women and children, knelt in prayer before the Cross at Wexford, and the other unmentionable crimes perpetrated on Irish innocence and purity, could not hold a candle in their enormity to the enforced illiteracy of the people.

When one reads of Admiral Dewey's victory in Manila—destroying Ten Spanish war vessels with his Five, without losing a man, or an injury to one of his ships, he is almost tempted to look on it as one of the fable he reads in the Arabian Knights, and, in a few centuries, the readers of Dewey's victory will be look on it as such; it seems so incredible.

So with Cromwell's barbarities in Ireland. They were so montsrous so unnatural that the majority of Irishmen themselves, who are fed on English literature, or who have been swayed by England's evanescent greatness, treat them as such.

But Cromwell's butcheries and barbarities had not the far-reaching evil effects on the Irish people as had the edicts which forbade the education of the Irish people, unless they apostatized. Hence, then, the parent would sooner rear his child in ignorance than endanger his everlasting salvation. So that the childern of those parents who were not able to, surreptitiously, send their children to Belgium, France, Spain, or Italy to be educated, were brought up illiterate, and the statute making it a felony for an Irish Catholic to educate his children remained in full force until 1829 (ꝺꞃoꞇaꝺ Cé oꞃꞇa, agur aꞃꞇ gaċ caċ a ċaoꝺuiġeaꞃ leo).

And, behold how that devilish law was made to play so prominent a part in Irish affairs, even after its repeal, in 1829?

To cover the turpitude of Irish rule in Ireland (and to such damnable lies our Irish ecclesiastics seem to give the deaf ear), the soupers, their press, pamphlets, preaching, etc., used to try to impress it on the people "That the priests kept the people ignorant lest they should read the Bible and know

too much." And that same story has been rehashed in America today by the representatives of the self same soupers, and with much greater effect than it had in the Old Country; and hence the large number, distinctively Irish names, who are members and supporters of the various Protestant deno minations in this city; who are also rabid members of the A P A.

Some years ago the Gael made the assertion that the greatest enemies of the Irish element in America were the English-educated offsprings of well-to do illiterate Irish parentage—it repeats it to-day, and with much greater emphasis. Our assertion then was evoked by a young lawyer (whose parents were from the county Sligo) asking us if the Irish had an alphabet (implying that it was not a cultivated language). Now, this lawyer must have believed that he was the offspring of barbarism and, of course, logically, that the English lies were facts

About a month ago, a young man, a doctor, just graduated from the Pennsylvania college—was introduced to us, and his introducer requested of us to read some of the Gaelic matter in the Gael. We did. The doctor said he was not aware that the Irish had a written language. We told him of the lawyer referred to above (whom he knew) He said that he did not know either that the Irish had a written language. We asked if he had read the history of English Literature, that taught in the schools here in the city. He evaded a direct answer, and launched into the usual anti Irish strain that "The Irish did not know what they wanted—that they were never so well off as they are now."

The doctor's father was an humble, illiterate, steady man, who saved some money years ago and invested it in suburban lots, which have now become of considerable value, so that he was able to send his son to college to be educated and receive a medical diploma.

"The Old man" (as the son called him) made his little money in the comparatively humble, but respectable, calling of going through the city edging tools

Had that man (he died five or six months ago) kept Gaelic literature in his house for the perusal of his children when they were young and under his control, they would know that they were not descended from a barbarous ancestry and would not be in danger of forsaking every thing that was near and dear to him, and which would make him curse the day that he educated them in anti-Irish schools, could his spirit conceive their proximity to that terrible abyss,——.

The Irish-American press has it now in its power to do much greater service to its element than it ever had before by urging its readers to form branchs of the American Gaelic League in every town, city and hamlet in the Union Never before has the barefaced attempt been made to denationalize us, by characterizing us as Anglo-Saxons, that has been made to-day. and every Irishman should do all in his power to resent this ruffianly, malevolent, lying and blackguardish characterization. Newspaper men have now the opportunity to serve their element: actions and not words are necessary.

We had a letter from Mr James Carney, Aughleam, Belmullet, Co. Mayo, a few days ago, saying that much distress prevails in that locality. Mr Carney is N S Teacher there, and is well acquainted with the sad condition of the place.

Vocabulary.

(Continued.)

jackdaw, cocḋrán, cudóg
jack with the lantern, ṗóitín
jay, a, ṡcréacóg
jelly, laġġan
jeopardy, danger, ġuaiṡ
jest, ridicule, cláṁ
jobber, tuṙcaiṙeać
jet, gaiṁg
joints, aiṡle
joke, tide
joist, beam, ṡpar
jostling, tuitćaṫ
jug, pitcher, gann, uiḋre
June, Óġṁíor

k

keepsake, ṙiḃe, ṡḃeoġ
keeping up, supporting, ṙoćuġaṫ
kennel, dog, ṙáilćon
kettle, coire, tulán
kick, ṫraṁṫan, ṡreać
kindred, clan, tribe, maicne
kitchen, coicine, cúile
kite, cromán
knapsack, mealḃoġ
knob, cnaġ, mill
knocker of a door, caṡur
knot in wood, caiġ
knuckle, ucan

l

labyrinth, ṙaṫḋćaoi,
lace, biġín,
ladle, anṙran, liać
lair, a, ṡid
lamentation, ġuamnać, ġuḋa,
lament, I, tréanaim
lamp, a cruiṡcea
landlady, beantuaćać
landlord, ṙorb
lancet, cuiṡleoġ
lancing, rodaṫ, rodáil
lappet or skirt, ṡcod
lath, spar, earmaiġ.
latch of a door, tealan-dorruiṡ
laughingstock, ballṡgeiġ,
laughing eyes, mioġṙúile
law, toll, custom, tleaćt
lawn, plá
lazy, gianać
lean meat, cáirm
leading, aiceaćt
leaky, ṡcáġać
leadership, toiṡiġeaćt
lease, time, tac
lattices, gannail
league, imteal
leaf, clapóg
leak, guiṡ
leek, ṙoiltćiaḃ
leech, tallóg
legacy, tilb, cianṁaoin
legatee, tilbeać
leg, the, poi, uiaiṫ
legal, laġaṁuil
legend, uirġeul
leopard, onnćú
levity, iuṡan
leviathan, lobeatán.
library, baṙclann
license, bannṙaoraćt
lid, ṙailćeann
life, maireaṡail
linsey.wooley, ciotaṡ
lintel of a door, ioṁtorruiṡ
lime tree, teile
lines, kidneys, luain
linnet, ṙiaṙóg
lime-kiln, aoiṡorn, turnóg
link of gads, ṙućġaiṫ
lip, a, liḃar
lisping, mabać
litter, ṡrit, ṙortaṡ
little finger, cuiṡteoġ,
litigious, ṙádać
liver, the, ġruaićean
lively talk, broṡgal
lizard, laġairt
loadstone, cloć-iuil
lock of hair, urla
leech, a, gaoṫ
lodging, oiṫeaćt
lodger, oiġeaṫ
loft, loćtaṫ, ṙora
logic, ealaṫain
lopping off, tearġaṫ, iaṡc
lopped off, ṡcaiṫte

(To be continued)

St. Agnes' Hospital, Phila. Pa. M J Logan.—Dear Friend, I send you for publication another of Peter Walsh's songs. I have taken it mostly from the dictation of our old friend, Conn McNeilis, and made the corrections from the wording of others who often heard Peter sing it. There is no need for notes, since all the people from Peter's part of Donegal know all about it. Hoping it will amuse the readers of the Gael. Yours, Domhnall Ó'Muircadha.

STOCAIDH NA DÚNROIGHE.

A Rígh, guidhé an t-áthnuadh a tiodhm anis an áit seo,
Ó stad muid de'n cháirdáil, de'n bhreith 'r de'n t-shíoghal!
Ní'l tháchán ná páirte a dh-fuil tógáil a láithe anois,
Nach dh-fuil gníomhadhán dhánroighe chroidhtheas air a dhaoi:
Air m'fhírinne b'fhéadh liom dhá mh-beidhinn mar na mná sin,
A deirt a bhíreadh 'r a cháirdáil ó mhaidin go faoi, [uadha
Ná an maoidheadh dhá aigh mháighdhir go gcoinnighdhear a' shádh
Agus aigh iarraidh a deirt dhá fhágadh a n-deireadh an saoghail

Tadhair scéala anis air mhac Pháidín agus mhínighidh an cás dhó,
Gan éladhadh, gan áidhdheil, ach mar dhá mé dhá éur síos,
Mar d-tugaidh sé páighe nís mó ar a' t-shnáth uadha,
Nach d-feicfidhear go bráth iad dul anis a fhighe:
Ní mór leis na sálta a fhágail éo daighean le Gáighín,
De fhompla dhá fhnáidhe gan éadach, gan bhríghe,
'S má tháchar dhár g-cáineadh air fhos na d-trí fhnáidhe.
Ní fhéinín a' dhánroighin lé seadach do 'n tír.

'Sé fhílim, a mháighnair, gur nidh é a dhá náireach,
A beidh loidhtugadh na mná seo anis a' cár nach d-fuil fíor,
Ná déanfaidhin mo láimh dhuit, ná doidhard mé a lán de,
Nach searanh sé an t-áirithugadh mar dhá dhura a maoidheadh.
Dá m-heidhead fíor aigh a' dhánroighin a' t-ánród fágar mná
Fríd fléidhe dhá g cánnadh le feardhainn 'r lé gaodh [bodh',
'Na ruidhe go d-tí an lá 'r iad a rír-éur a' t-shnáth sin,
'S ní órdughadhann a b-páighe dóidh codladh ná biadh.

Ir bréagach dhú, a dhaillíuir, nud ir doilighe liom fáidhdh leat,
Órdughadh a b-páighe dóidh codladh agus biadh,
Ná dí go leor de na mná sin a dí péidh anis a' mhála.
'S ó doirighe an dhánroighin dhá fhuil anis a nzíall:
Má dhó dhú air shnáidh iad dhá gúnnaidh 'gus réalta orthú,
Síor lé n-a fháldhadh, nár cleadhd siad arias,
Agus luach na mhin cáirde a dí idhí lé páighe,
Bud mhaidh acú an dhánroighin lé cuideadh a dhíol.

Ní chualar a thráchd iad air gaintanar shnáth,
Go d-tainic na préadaidh 'r gur stad a' mhin duidhe,
'S dá mairfeadh an cárdáil mar dí sí 'san áit seo,
Dí cairt air a g-cráma nár b'féidir a nighe:
Ní lúrdhach air lár a dí órdughadh do'n dhánroighin,
Mar cleadhd siad, a lán acú, a d-toireach a saoghail,
'S má fíleann sid gur áidhdheil a dhá mire a náth sid,
Bidheadh fíoghirid an cáir sin air Séamus Ó Duighill.

Peadar Breathnach, an táillúir.

Instruction in Irish can be had Free, at the Following Places.—

The Boston Philo-Celtic Society meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at 6 Whitmore St., and Thursday evenings from 8 to 10 P M. Mary J. O' Donovan, 52 Myrtle Street, Secretary.

The Brooklyn Philo-Celtic Society meets in Atlantic Hall, (entrance on Atlantic outside) corner Court and Atlantic streets, Sundays at 7 P. M.

The Buffalo Gaelic Society meets Sundays over Working Boys Home, Niagara Square.

The Chicago Gaelic League meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 p. m., in room 3, City Hall building, Chicago.

The Holyoke Philo-Celtic Society meets at 8 o'clock on Monday evenings in Emmett Hall, High street, Holyoke, Mass.

The O'Growney Philo-Celtic League meets in Frank's Hall, Chapel street, New Haven, Conn. on Wednesday evenings at 8 o'clock, and on Sunday afternoons at 3 o'clock.

The New York Philo-Celtic Society meets in 12 E. 8th street (near 3rd Av.), Sundays from 3 to 6 P. M. and Thursdays from 8 to 10.

The Pawtucket Irish Language Society meets in Sarsfield Hall, near the Postoffice, every Friday evening, at 8 o'clock.

The Philadelphia Philo-Celtic Society meets in Philopatrian Hall, 1612 Arch st, at 8 o'clock every Sunday evening.

The R I Irish Language Society meets every Thursday and Sunday evening at 8 o'clock, in Brownson's Lyceum Hall, 193 Westminster street, Providence, R. I.

The San Francisco Society meets Sunday afternoons at 2 p. m, in K R B Hall, Mason and O'Farrell streets, Wm. Desmond President.

New York Gaelic Society meets Wednesdays at 8 p. m., at 64 Madison Av.

Saint Paul Society, call on President Kelly, 410 Minnehaha street.

Kansas City, Mo. Society, call on President Mc Enirv, 1742 Allen av.

Springfield, Mass., Gaelic Society, President. John F. O'Donohue; vice president, Rev. John F Fagen: secretary, P. F. Hagerty; treasurer, John J. O'Meara; librarian, John A. Reidy, and instructor, T. T. Manning.—All old Gaels.

Williamsport, Pa. Society, call on President Gibbons, 1421 W 4th street.

Peru, Ind., Society, call on Counsellor John W O'Hara.

To get the Gaelic Journal. Send 4s to the Manager, Mr. John Hogan, 24 Upper Sackville St. Dublin, Ireland.

Tá ṡúil agaiṁ go n-ḟocfaiḋ 'n ṁuin tiṁ atá in iarṫáirte do 'n Gaoḋal a d-fiaċa ḋó, go beaċt. Ní cóir, ní ceart, 7 ní cneaṫa dóiḃ an Gaoḋal do ḡlacaḋ gan ḟoċ ar a ṙoṁ. Deir an Scriptúr Naoiṁta naċ raċfaiḋ aoinneaċ go Flaiṫeas "ṅó go n-ḟocfaiḋ sé an ḟeóirlinn ṫéiḡionaċ." Ní'r ḟior sin—7 muna d ḟior ní fiú 'n Scriptúr an páipeur ar a dtuil sé sgríoḃta—is iomḋa an Gaoḋal a déiṫeas i dtíor iaṫtais ifrinn ar feaḃ na sionnuiṫeaċta, 'g iarraiḡ deor uisge le bárr a ṫteanḡan a ḟliuċaḋ—Ní ṫéiṫeann muiṫne 'n bealaċ, dtiúdramuid dóiḃ é?—diabal deor!

CONNRAD GAODAILGE ÉIRE MÓIR.

Ní'l aon amṁuis naċ raċfaiḋ 'n Connrad Gaoḋailge a cuireaḋ ar ċoir in Eodraċ Nuaḋ an dara lá fiċeaḋ de ṁí na Bealtaine seo ċuaiḋ ṫart i roċar mór do ċúis na teanḡan 7 do ċinne na h-Éireann, i mbaile 'sa gcian. Béiḋ sé 'na ṫrilliseán ṡoluis in aḡaiḋ an doṁċadais a ṫall muintir na h-Éireann ó 'n lá mío-áṫmuil úd ar ċuir an Saranaċ fuaṫmar lonn a ċoise in ṫír álainn (gíḋ annóiṫeaċ) na h-Éireann. Deirid go dtuil go leor Roinnt de Ord Óirsa na h-Éireann le téaḡar a ṫabairt ḋó, 7 má láimṁisḡeann siadsan é, táman cinnte go mbéiḋiḋ naċ air.

Tuilleann Mártan i Ua h Éineaċáin a ċuir ar bun é buiṫeaċas gaċ Éireannaċ.

At the initiatory meeting of the GAELIC LEAGUE OF AMERICA, May 22nd, an Executive Committee, also to be a committee on Ways and Means, consisting of one officer of each society, was named to arrange the details for the election of permanent officers. The Committee has decided on having the regular election about November First.

Messrs. J J Lyons, P McFadden and F O'Kane of the Philadelphia delegation, made stirring addresses, Brother Lyons speaking in the Irish language, of which he is perfect master.

Tá neart Gaoidhilge le léigheadh ag Éireannaigh i bFáinne 'n Lae anois, ní h-ionann 7 an uair nach raibh acu ach an Teagasg Crísoiduighe, Doctúir Golcair 7 beagán leabhar eile nach fúi a n-aireamh 'rna laethibh seo. Nach mór an t-athrughadh é sin bhfaraor mar dhíoghmar oct mhliadhna deug ó shoin, nuair 'chuireadh an Gaodhal ar coir?

Ní l aon choraithlacht thágadh ar an gcogadh eidir na Státaibh Aontha 'gus an Spáin go fóill Ní h-air le na Spáinnibh cath do thabhairt do mháirneulaibh na Státa—tá'dh ag imirt "folach a'r tóinnigh."—cuir an "Dhúchtach" laidhe-chroidhe ortha i Mhanila, in Oileán na b-Filibín.

---

what hypocracy to suggest an offensive and defensive alliance be tween the United States and England! The United States, who are spending millions of dollars to free the Cubans from Spanish tyranny to form an alliance with England to keep the Irish in a more degrad ed state of slavery than the Cubans have ever been subjected to at the hands of Spain! No, no.

The Gael.

The late Archbishop McHale—"The Lion of The Fold"—believing that there could be no Irish nation without the national Language, insisted on its being taught in all the schools under his jurisdiction. These schools are continued to-day by his followers—and their organ is THE GAEL, which is printed in Irish and English, and gives easy lessons in Irish, commencing with the Irish alphabet, "ab" etc.

Are there Irish-born men in this country who do not know their native language or its alphabet? If there be, for their own credit and in justice to their children, they should not delay a moment without sending $1, for a year's subscription to the editor of THE GAEL, M. J. LOGAN, [illegible] Brooklyn, N. Y.

F M'Cosker,
Sanitary Plumber, Steam & Gas Fitter, Mobile, Ala.

LESSONS IN GÆLIC.

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
i	i	ee	u	u	oo
l	l	ell			

Sounds of the Aspirates.

bh and mh sound like w when preceded or followed by a, o, u; as, a bárd, his bard, a mhart, his ox, pron., a wardh warth, respectively; when preceded or followed by e, i, like v, as, a bean, his wife; a mhian, his desire, pron. a van, a vee-un; dh and gh sound like y at the beginning of a word; they are nearly silent in the middle, and wholly so at the end of words. Ch sounds like ch; ph, like f; th and th, like h; and fh is silent.

Sound of the Vowels—long.—

á	sounds like	a in war,	as	bárr,	top
é	,,	,, e ,, ere	,,	céir,	wax
í	,,	,, ee ,, eel	,,	mín,	fine
ó	,,	,, o ,, old	,,	ór,	gold
ú	,,	,, u ,, pure	,,	úr,	fresh

Short.—

a	,,	,, a ,, what,	as	gar,	near
e	,,	,, e ,, bet	,,	beb,	died
i	,,	,, i ,, ill	,,	mil,	honey
o	,,	,, o ,, got	,,	poll,	hole
u	,,	,, u ,, put	,,	rud,	thing

PHILO-CELTS

The Brooklyn Philo-Celtic Society takes its annual vacation, commencing June 26, to re-open on the first Sunday in September. The Society has ordered five dozen of the "'98" handkerchiefs, for the use of the members, through J. St Clair Boyd, Esqr., M. D., President of the Belfast Gaelic League.

THE SENTIMENTS OF OUR SUBSCRIBERS

Ala—Birmingham, Frank. P. O'Brien.

Ariz—Phoenix, Rev. E O'Growney.

Kan—Fort Dodge, M D Shea.

Ill—Chicago, P Ahearn.

Mass—Springfield, T T Manning.

N Y—City, W J Balfe, P. J Boylan—Cohoes, J Barnes

O—Berea, T Donovan.

Pa—Phila, Miss Ella O'Connor, Fras. O'Kane, P McFadden, Phila Celtic Society, per Mr Mc Fadden.

R I—Providence, Martin J Henehan

Ireland—Galway—Kilmiklin, Miss Katherine O'Malley—Maamgowna, Peter Walsh—Urean, M Henehan, W Gillan, all per Martin J Henehan, Providence, R I.

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

J F Conroy, 167 Main St. Hartford, Conn.
D P Dunne, Main St. Williamantic, do.
G F Connors, 404 Main St. Bridgeport, Conn.
Mrs Dillon, E Main St. Waterbury, Conn.
M McEvilly, Wilmington, Del.
W Hanrahan, 84 Weybasset, st. Providence R
J H J Reilley, 413 High st. do.
J N Palmer, P O Building, Tomah, Wis.
M J Geraghty, 432 West 12th st. Chicago, Ill.
J Dullaghan, 253 Wabash Av. do
H Radzinski, 283 N & 2863 Archer Av. do
H Connelly, Cohoes, N Y.
Mr. Ramy Springfield, Ill.
Mrs Woods, Jacksonville, do.
Mr Gorman, Joliet, do.
C. Schrank, 519 South 6th. St. Joseph Mo.
M H Wiltzius & Co. Milwaukee, Wis
G T Rowlee, 133 Market St. Paterson N J.
Catholic Publishing Co. St. Louis Mo.
E B Clark, 1609 Curtis St. Denver Colo.
John Murphy & Co. Publisher, Baltimore, Md
T N Chappell, 26 Court St. Boston, Mass
Ed. Dekum, 249 Washington st. do.

Send 60 cents for the Gael, for a year.

We would call the attention of the Gael's readers to the Song

"When First I Met Thee"

on another page. How prophetic of the present time? when the false "Deceiver" has not a friend in the whole world to-day, though he is reaching out his gold to purchase the alliance of those whom he deceived in his prosperity!.

TEAĆ NA TRÓCAIRE,
Phoenicr, Arizona,
An ceaćtmaḋ lá de'n Dealtaine, '98.

A. J Ua Lóćáin:

A Ċaraid Ċóir: Táim ag cur dollair amáin ćugat le tíol ar mo "Gaodal." Níor mór liom céad dollar duit air, tá mbeiṫeaḋ an t-airgead i ngurtal agam. Tá súil agam go dṫuil tú féin 7 do ćúram go láidir, rona.

Nać mór atá ćúir na teangaḋ ag tul ćum cinn, agur ó ṫárla go dṫuil gać uile ruḋ ag bneaṫnuġaḋ go maiṫ anois. Is maiṫ an máire dúinn go léir a deiṫ buiḋeać de'n Gaoḋal 7 de na seanćáirdeid eile do ṫear leis an ngaeḋilge nuair dí cáirde gann.

Buaiḋ 7 beannaćt leat
sin gusṫe do ćarad,
e O'Grammna.

Where Is The Slave.

Ca dṫuil an trail is táire
A ngéideal cruaiḋ, tuar naire.
Dá mbeiṫeaḋ ann,
Nać dtarnóćaḋ a lann
'Náit meaṫ' faoi ćuing gan gáire?
Cia an croiṫe faoi éigeart claonta
A d'ṫanfaḋ le deiṫ aonta:
'S go mb'aoidinn ṫó
Dá mbeiṫeaḋ sior-beo
Ann ućt an áird nig sínte.
Slán leat, Éire—bíḋ slán,
A ćaoineas ar n-ár le deoraiḋ lán

Ní annsa an laidneal fáraḋ
Tá beo gan bainc, gan báruġaḋ,
'Ná an dlaoiġ gan bláṫ,
A ġnid fleasg a's sgáṫ
Do'n mbuaḋaḋ buḋ ḋual a ṫáruġaḋ
Tá ar gcoir air úr ar gcáirde;
Tá an glas,meirg, tóġṫa ann áirde
'S iad le n-ar dtaod,
Nár ćlis a siaṁ
'S a námaid nóṁa,nn 'g orard.
Slán leat Éire—bíḋ slán,
A ćaoineas ar n-ár le deoraiḋ lán

Real Estate.

FOR SALE, Or to trade for a small house within 70 miles of New York, a five-acre Orange Farm, with good dwelling and outhouses, situate in Winter Park, Orange County, Florida, 5 miles N. of Orlando (the capital of county), on the Florida Central & Peninsular Rds., price, $3,000.

Also, a nice Residence standing on a plot of ground one and eighty-five hundreth acres in the town of Holliston, Mass. price, $6,500.

Being in communication with the Railway Companies I am in a position to negotiate the Sale of Lands bordering on said railways in All the States of the Union. These lands are desirable because of their proximity to the Railways, and the title is perfect, coming directly from the Railway Companies. I can sell in lots or plots from 100 upwards

Also, a number of large plots in Brooklyn suitable for mill and factory purposes. Farms on Long Island for Sale or to Trade.

A BRICK MANSION, 3 story, 34x36, 18 rooms, ground—2 blocks square—occupied now by a physician; 60 fruit tress, 40 poplar trees surrround the house—on the main street—ten minutes walk from the Station; free and clear, Bourbon, Ind. Bourbon is on the Penn. Co's road, 53 miles from Fort Wayne, and 96 from Chicago: manufacturing city—population, 1,500. Will trade for New York property, price—$15,000.

Also, Larwell, Whiting co. Ind., in whichnatural gas was discovered a few years ago—a two-story and cellar frame house, ground 136x104, within one minute's walk of the Penn. R. R. Station, 8 rooms—Price, $2,500.

ALSO a good Hay and Grain Farm of 121 1-2 acres, in the town of Coxsackie, 3 miles west of the West Shore R R station, Green County, N Y. There are 200 good apple trees, in full bearing, on the farm, and a good substantial residence. It would be a good place for a boarding house.

RATES of COMMISSION.—

Letting and Collecting	5 per cent.
Sales—City Property—When the Consideration exceeds $2.500. ...	1 " "
Country Property	2.50 "
Southern & Western Property ...	5 " "

☞ No Sales negotiated at this office for less than $25.00.

Comr. of Deeds, M. J. Logan,
Third & Prospect Ave., Brooklyn N

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &c.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.
Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive *special notice*, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, **New York**
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

Gaelic Books.

Being frequently applied to for Irish books, we have made arrangements whereby we can supply the following publications, at the prices named, on short notice.—

Simple Lessons in Irish, giving the pronunciation of each word. By Rev. E O'Growney, M. R. I. A., Professor of Celtic Maynooth College, Part I.	$0.15
Simple Lessons in Irish, Part II.	.15
Irish Music and Song. A Collection of Songs in Irish, by P. W. Joyce, LL.D.,	.60
Irish Grammar. By the same,	.50
Love Songs of Connaught. Irish, with English Translation. Edited by Dr Hyde,	1.25
Cois na Teineadh. Folk-lore Irish Stories, by Dr. Hyde, LL.D.	.80
Compendium of Irish Grammar. Translated from Windisch's German by Rev Jas. P. Mcswiney, S. J.	3.00
The Pursuit of Diarmuid and Grainne, P. I,	.80
Ditto, Part II.	.80
The Youthful Exploits of Fionn, Modern, Irish, with maps, etc. by D. Comyn,	.75
Keating's History of Ireland, with Literal Translation, etc. Part I.,	.80
The Fate of the Children of Tuireann, with full Vocabulary.	1.00
The First Irish Book.	.12
The Second do. do.	.15
The Third do. do.	.20
Irish Head-Line Copy-Book,	.15
The Tribes of Ireland. A Satire by Æneghus O'Daly, with Translation,	.80
O'Reilly's Irish-English Dictionary,	4 50
Irish Catechism, Diocese of Raphoe,	.12
Imitation of Christ (Irish),	.80
An Irish Translation of the Holy Bible, Vol. I to Deuteronomy, by Archbishop McHale,	$5 00
The First Eight Books of Homer's Iliad, translated into Irish by Archbishop McHale,	$5.00
McHale's Moore's Irish Melodies, with English translation on opposite page, with portrait of the Archbishop,	$2.50

The Children of Tuireann (which has a full vocabulary), The Children of Lir; Leabhar Sgeulnighecht, and the Imitation of Christ, will meet the wants of all who desire advanced Gaelic reading matter. A large number of these books had run out some time ago, but we have been informed that there is a stock of them now.

We have a lot of old Gaels (but no complete set up to Vol. 10) containing very interesting Gaelic matter—Lessons Songs, Stories, Correspondence etc which we supply at five cents each in quantities of ten or more; from and including Vol. 10, we can supple the complete volumes up at $1 each.