

Gaelic
 Leaban-aisthry m'ioranjal,
 tabanta cum an
TEANGA SAEDHISE
 a corrad ^{azur} a raorcužad
 azur cum
Feyn-mazla Cuid na h-Eineann.

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The  **Gael.**

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 and the autonomy of the Irish Nation.*

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Third Year of Publication.

Philo-Celts.

The Brooklyn Philo Celtic Society had its fifth annual reunion and ball at Uris' Academy on Apr. 21st., and was in all respects the grandest success yet achieved by the society. Anticipating that the growing popularity of the society would cause a proportionate increase in the audience, the committee of arrangements procured some camp stools to supplement the seating capacity of the Academy but every available seat was occupied long before eight o'clock, and by half past eight, when the exercises of the evening commenced, fully one-third of the audience had to content themselves with standing room. Five years ago, when the society had its first public reunion the academy was not quarter filled. A gentleman who was present at that reunion remarked that before five years more passed, the Academy of Music would not be capacious enough to accomodate the patrons of the Philo-Celtic reunions. This is a grand outcome of the Society's efforts.

Taking this in connection with the splendid Festival of the N. Y. S. P. I. L. we are assured that our fellow-countrymen, throughout the states will be pleased at our exertions, and, though they cannot take an active part in the getting up of these patriotic demonstrations, still they can give us both moral and material support by disseminating the principles underlying the Gaelic movement, and by supporting Gaelic literature. Let each do all he can to circulate the Gael and Gaelic Journal. Publications of this kind are the life and blood of the movement, and our friends in the country can assist them as well as we in the cities. Little streams swell into large rivers. So it is with the Gaelic movement. Every subscriber to the Gael with his sixty cents will enable us to send as many copies through the country.

There is another way of serving the Gael and such journals, without the cost of a penny to the server—It is to patronize those who advertise their ware in the Gael, provided it be as good as that found elsewhere—this is merely giving the preference to those who aid the movement. This Irishmen should do, at the same time telling the vendors why. There is no use in mincing these matters, or talk about "exclusive dealing." All nationalities do it. Not only that, but religious sects do it. (See the account on another page regarding the Methodist sect, taken from the United Irishman). Hence, we exhort Irishmen to be true to each other and to themselves.

The following is the programme which the society offered to its patrons.

Address, In Irish, Mr. D. Gilgannon
Chorus, In Irish, "O'Donnell Aboo,"
Philo-Celtic Chorus
Solo, In Irish, "'Tis Gone and Forever,"

Mr. J. Cromien
Recitation—"The Celtic Tongue," Miss N. Crowley
Solo—"Kathleen Mavourneen," Miss Kate Walsh
Solo—"I'll Take you Home Again, Kathleen,"
Miss E. Donnelly
Solo, In Irish, "The Meeting of the Waters,"
Miss N. Costello
Cornet Solo, Selections (Child 7 years old)
E. Clarence Worrall
Accompanied on Piano by Miss Worrall.
Solo—"My Mary of the Curling Hair,"
Mrs. Green
Recitation—"The Bridge of Athlone,"
Master O'Shea
Solo—"Erin! Oh Erin" Mr. Robert Emmet Brown
Solo—"Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep,"
Mr. S. Lewis
Recitation—"Emmet's Last Night in Prison,"
Mr. Andrew Martin
Solo—"The Fisherman and his Child,"
Mr. W. B. Crawford
Solo—"Dermot Asthore,"
Miss Quinn
Solo, Mr. F. E. Clarke
Recitation, In Irish, "Archbishop MacHale,"
(Craoibin Aoibhinn), Hon. Denis Burns
Solo—"When He who Adores Thee,"

Mr. J. Keller
Recitation—"Love in a Balloon," Mr. John Glynn
Mr. Bourke, the celebrated Irish piper gave selections of Irish National airs at intervals during the evening.

All the talent acquitted themselves admirably, and all were encored several times. It would be out of place to make invidious distinction between either either of them. We do not print Mr O'Ilgannon's Gaelic address because we were too much engaged in attending to the accomodation of the guests during its delivery to take note of it. However, the plaudits which greeted him indicated the audience's sympathy with his theme. The concert was over about twelve o'clock, when dancing commenced and continued till four in the morning, all being well pleased with the entertainment.

Why don't Irishmen in all the large cities get up something similar to this? Is it not a grand thing to give Irishmen an opportunity of meeting other Irishmen in sympathetic movements of this kind?

These Gaelic demonstrations go further in raising the social standing of Irishmen than is ordinarily supposed. It reviews the ancient language and music of a cultivated people, and makes the Englishman bow his head in shame because he cannot look back on his language and literature beyond a few centuries. Hence, the opportunity within the reach of the Irish people to set themselves right before the world.

The following are the committees who had the reunion in charge.—Floor Manager, Michael Healey: Ass't Floor Manager, James E. Gubbin.

[Continued on page 356.]

Second Book (continued.)

EXERCISE 12.

The Numbers up to Ten.

Cardinal.	Ordinal.
աօղ, one.	ճւո, աօղիմաժ, first.
ոժ, ժա, two,	տարա, second.
տրի, three,	տրար, third.
ճատար, ճէրե, four.	ճատարիմաժ, fourth.
սիյ, five.	սիյեաժ, fifth.
րե, six.	րէրեաժ, sixth.
րեաժ, seven.	րեաժիմաժ, seventh.
օժ, eight,	օժիմաժ, eighth.
դաօլ, nine.	դաօլիմաժ, ninth.
ճէյ, ten.	ճէյիմաժ, tenth.
ԲԱ, cows	ԼԱ, a day.
ԲԵԱ, a woman.	ՄԻԱ, women.
ԲՕ, a cow.	ՔԱ, a spade,
ԲՐՕՅ, a shoe.	ՔԱՅ, (dat.)spade.
ԲՐՕՅԱ, shoes.	ՐԻ, that.
ԿՐ, a foot.	ԲԱՐԻ, milk.

1. աօղ ԼԱ. 2. ՐԻ է աօղ ոժ. 3. աօղ ժա
ՔԱՅ. 4. տրի ԲՐՕՅԱ. 5. ճատար 7 սիյ.
6. ճէրե ՄԻԱ. 7. դա սիյ ԲԱ. 8. աօղ
ճւո ԼԵԱԲԱՐ. 9. աօղ տարա ԿՐ. 10. աօղ
տրար ԼԱ.

1. One day. 2. That is the two. 3.
The two spades. 4. Three shoes. 5.
Four and five. 6. Four women. 7.
The five cows. 8. The first book. 9.
The second foot. 10. The third day.

աօղ-ճւոյ, eleven; աօղիմաժ-ճւո, el-
eventh, &c. and all the numbers up to
twenty are formed by adding the teen
ճւոյ to the simple numbers up to and
including nine. Բիյ, twenty; Բիյեաժ,
twentieth. Տրիօժ, thirty; ժա Բիյո
forty; Կաօյա, fifty; րարյա, sixty; րեա-
ժիոյա, seventy; օժիոյա, eighty;
դաժ, ninety; ճւո, a hundred.

1. աօղ ԼԱ ճւոյ. 2. ժա ԼԱ ճւոյ. 3. աօղ
ճատար-ճւոյ. 4. աօղ սիյեաժ մի ճւոյ
5. Բիյ ԿՐ. 6. աօղ Բիյեաժ րար. 7. աօղ
ժա եւ աօղ աօղ տրար ձ. 8. աօղ սիյ-
եաժ ԼԱ ճւոյ աօղ աօղ Բիյեաժ մի. 9. ճէյ
ՄԻԱ աօղ Բիյ րար. 10. աօղ Բիյ րար.

1. Eleven days. 2. twelve days, 3
(the) Fourteen. 4. The fifteenth month
5. twenty feet. 6. The twentieth man.
7. The two birds and the third brood.
8. The fifteenth day and the twentieth

month. 9. ten women and twenty
men. 10. the twenty men.

The following sentences contain on-
ly words previously used, and will form
a useful and simple Exercise on the
mutable letters and their sounds, as
shown in the foregoing Exercises. A
translation is unnecessary. All the
words are given at the end of the les-
sons.

A

1. Բիյ աօղ ժաի աօղ աօղ Բիյաժ իւաժ.
2. Բիյ աօղ իւաժ իւաժ, աօղ աօղ ԼԱ ԼԵԱԲ.
3. Բիյ աօղ ժա եւ աօղ Բիյ 7 աօղ Բիյաժ ճւո.
4. Ժա Լաօյ աօղ Բիյ ճէր Գար-Բիյաժ.
5. Ճւոյ սիյիւր ճիւիւր աօղ Բիյ ճիւր ճւո.
6. Ճիւր աօղ իւր, ժաի աօղ տար.
7. Բիյ Կաօլ-ճիւր իւր-ճիւր աօղ իւր իւր
ճիւր աօլ.
8. Բիյ ճաժար աօլ իւր, 7 Լաօյ Բիյ.
9. Ճիւր Բիյեաժար ԼԵԱԲ, աօղ աօղ աօղ
րօյ օր.
10. Բիյ իւր Բիյեաժ ճիւր.

B

1. Կիւր աօղ իւաժ աօղ.
2. Բիյ Բիւր ԼԵԱԲ ԲԵԼԵ, 7 Բիյ իւր աօղ.
3. Բիյ դա Բիւրա ԲԵԼԵ ճիւր իւր.
4. Բիյ Բիւր, աօղ Բիյ իւր-Բիյ աօղ.
5. Բիյ աօղ Բիւր-Բիւր ԼԵԱԲ
6. Բիյ իւր-Բիւր օր 7 Բիյ իւր-Բիւր աօղ.
7. Բիյ աօղ Բիւր ճիւր, 7 Բիյ Կաժ-Բիւր աօղ.
8. Իր աօղ Բիյ Բիւր Բիւր, աօղ ժա Բիւր
Բիւր-Բիւր աօղ.
9. Իր Լիւր-ճիւր իւր-Բիւրեաժ է, աօղ իր
սիւր-ճիւր Բիւր է.
10. Բիյ Բիւր աօղ Լիւր-ճիւր աօղ.

C

1. Կիւր իւր աօղ ԼԵԱԲ ԿՕժ-Բիւր.
2. Ժա Բաօլա աօղ Բիւրա իւր իւր իւր
3. Բիւր իւր Բիւր աօղ, աօղ Բիւր Բիւր
Կաժ-Բիւր իւր.
4. Կար աօղ ճիւր 7 Բիւր իւր իւր իւր.
5. Բիւր աօղ աօղ դա Բիւրա աօղ Բիւր
Բիւր իւր.
6. Բիյ աօղ Լիւր Լիւր, աօղ Բիյ աօղ Բիւրա Բիւր
7. Բիյ աօղ ԼԵԱԲ դաժ, ԼԵԱԲ, աօղ
Բիւր-Բիւր աօղ.
8. Բիյ աօղ ԼԵԱԲ ճիւր, աօղ Բիյ աօղ աօղ
Բիւր ԼԵԱԲ.
9. Բիյ աօղ Կաժ Կաժ, աօղ աօղ Կաժ-
Բիւր ԼԵԱԲ-Բիւր.
10. Բիյ Բիւր աօղ ճիւր աօղ աօղ դա իւր.

The N. Y. Sheanachus

The Gael extends its congratulations to the New York Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language on the success of its Musical Festival and Seanachas. Steinway Hall was crowded—Gilmore's orchestra furnished the accompaniment and professor McSweeney directed the musical exercises.

Hon Joseph F. Daly, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, presided and opened the proceedings with a short address, in which he said it was a pleasure to him to preside over so great a gathering, brought together for such purpose as perpetuating the Irish language, with its beautiful poetry (applause). The interest of such an occasion was increased by the reflection that the language, not of one, but of two nations, was being thus honored. Modern philologists had shown that Irish Gaelic and Scotch Gaelic were identical. The point used to be a matter of some dispute; it was now absolutely certain; the only differences that could be found were a few dialectic changes of inflection. In proof of the substantial similarity, Judge Daly narrated an anecdote of the Irish insurrection of 1798, which he said had been communicated to him by Mr. Thos O'Neill Russell, an excellent Gaelic scholar. One of the Wexford insurrectionists, named Byrne, after the suppression of the revolt, became an outlaw, with a price upon his head. He was chased over hill and moor until his strength was exhausted; at last he seized an opportunity to visit his brother's house in the neighborhood of Dublin. There he begged for shelter and was taken in. But in some way the news of his whereabouts reached the authorities of Dublin Castle, and a sergeant and six men of a Highland Scotch regiment were dispatched to capture him. When these men reached the house where the fugitive lay hidden, his brother received them with true Irish hospitality. They were given the best to eat and drink that the place afforded; and when they had had their fill, the sergeant speaking to his men in Highland Gaelic, to avoid being understood, as he thought, began to bewail his fate in having to arrest their entertainer's brother. "Why should I want to arrest this man," said the Sergeant, "for fighting in his country's cause, as my own father did in 1745? I would give much, if I had it, to be out of the whole business." The fugitive, lying in the garret, just above, overheard these words, and an idea struck him. He immediately presented himself to the sergeant, whom he addressed in Irish, telling him he was the man for whom he was searching. The sergeant understood him perfectly; the two fraternized, and the evening was passed in genuine conviviality. Next day the sergeant and his men marched back to the Castle, and reported that they could find no Irish rebel at the house to which they were sent,

but only a Highlander, who spoke excellent Highland Scotch (applause). Perhaps they had not felt so zealous in their quest the morning after their carouse as they did when they marched out of the Castle.

Judge Daly announced the musical exercises, which opened with Moore's melody, *Has Sorrow Thy Young Days Shaded*, which was excellently rendered by the chorus of the Society.

Mr Joseph Cromien then sang Archbishop Mac-Hale's translation into Irish of Moore's, 'tis Gone And Forever, (*Ta eulighthe go de*), being accompanied on the piano by his little son, a youth of about eleven years. The performance was heartily applauded, and Mr Cromien being recalled by continued plaudits, sang in response, in Irish, *She Is Far from the Land*, (*Is fad is o'n g crig*), which was equally well received.

Mr P S Monroe then sang Lady Dufferin's Emigrant's Farewell; which was followed by Miss Carrie Han-King's singing *The Bells of Shandon*, in a style that elicited a rapturous *encore*, to which she responded by singing, *They May Rail at This Lie*, from Moore's Melodies.

Miss Maud Morgan then played on the harp *The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls*, and being loudly *encored* played in response, the fine old Irish melody, *Were I a Clerk*.

"The Green Hills of Holy Old Ireland, (music by Prof. MacSwiney), was then excellently sung by Mr J R McDonald; after which Mrs Belle Cole was introduced, and was welcomed with the cordial applause that always greets this favorite vocalist. When silence was restored, Mrs Cole sang the beautiful old Irish Jacobite ballad, "*Siubhal a Run*," giving the Gaelic refrain with a pathos that elicited the loudest applause at the end of each verse. Being enthusiastically *encored*, Mrs Cole sang, in Irish, William's translation of John K Casey's *Rising of the Moon* (*Eirighe na Galaighe*), which called forth another rapturous *encore*, in response to which Mrs Cole sang *Kitty of Coleraine*. The chorus of the Society then closed this portion of the programme, by singing Stewart's "*Greeting from Ireland to America*."

The second part of the programme was next opened by Mr Peter O'Donnell, in the following address in the Irish language:—

ՁԻ ՏՏՈՅ ԱՎՇՈՐԱՅԻՆ, Ե ՁԻՊԱ-ԱՅԻՐԵ ԱՅՍՐ
Ե ՏՏՈՅԵ:

ՇԱՆՅԱՄԱՐ յՈՐԵՕ ԱՊՈՇԵ ԼԵ յՈՐԱՅԱԾ
ԱՅՍՐ ԼԵ ՅԼՈՐԱՅԱԾ ԵԱՆՅԱ ԱՅՍՐ ՇԵՐ ԱՐ
ԾԵՂԻԵ. ՇԱՆՅԱՄԱՐ յՈՐԵՕ ՄԱՐ ԱՆ ՅՇԵՐԾ-
ՊԱ ԼԵ ԵԱՅՐԵԱՆԻՑ ԾՕ 'Պ ԾՈՒՊԱՆ ՅՕ ԾՐԱՅԼ
ԵԱՆՅԱ ԱՅՍՐ ՇԵՐ ԱՅԱՅԻՆ ՇՕ Լ-ԱՅԼՍԻՆ ԱՅ-
ՍՐ ՇՕ ԲՐԵԱՅ ԼԵ ԱՅՈՆ ԵԱՆՅԱՅԻՆ 7 ԼԵ ԱՅՈՆ
ՇԵՐ ԱՇԱ ԱՅ ԱՅՈՆ ՇՂԵ ԵՂԵ ԱՅԻ ԱՆ ԵԱԼԱՆՊ
ԾՕ ԾՅ ԱՅՄՂՂԻ ԱՅՈՆ յՈՆ Ա յԵՐԾԵԱԾ ՊԱՅՐԵ

surround the ship of the mariner he does not sing songs,—he only mutters prayers. When the sun shines out and the storm ceases, courage comes to his soul, and sounds of joy and lightheartedness burst from his lips. Long have storm and darkness brooded over the face of our country; long has she been under a cloud; and it was no wonder she prayed oftener than she sang. But now the clouds are breaking and the mist is rising; we see a gleam of the light that is coming; and we lift up our instruments and our voices in music and song.

There are Irishmen who think that it matters not what language we speak or what music we play, that we can be true Irishmen with the conqueror's language in our mouths, and the conqueror's music at our feasts. Never did there enter the mind of man an idea more false than this. It is this which made us laughing-stocks for the rest of humanity, with the words of liberty in our mouths and the ideas of slaves in our hearts. What will the nations say of us if we do not cultivate our own language and music when we call on them to save us from the Power which is persecuting and ruining us? Will they not say that we are the offspring of oppression and thralldom, and are only fitted to be in bondage forever?

Whence has come, on the Irish race, this carelessness and indifference about their language and music? Why do many of them despise the only things by which men may know that they are a distinct people, and have a God-given right to be free? The answer to these questions is to be found in one phrase,—namely, bad teachers. If ever there were men who did their utmost to murder a language, they were some of those under whose will and under whose leadership the people of Ireland have marched for a hundred years, and under whose will and leadership many of them march even to day. But, in spite of all they have done, the Irish language is still alive, and it will be alive when the very names of those who tried to kill it shall have vanished forever from the memories of men.

Let us not fail, then, in the great work we have undertaken. Let us have good courage, for it will surely succeed, and the time may not be far distant from us, when the people of Ireland at home and the Clan-na-Gael in every country where they are scattered, will be singing songs of liberty in the language of their country and their race.

Mr. O'Donnell's elocution and delivery of the address were excellent; and that his words were understood and appreciated by his audience was shown by the frequent and cordial applause they evoked.

The chorus of the Society then sang in Irish *D'eis fad-suibhal tre s'aoibh le cruaidh* (When Through Life Unblest We Rove); and after that, Mr T F Kerrigan, the celebrated Irish piper played a selection of Irish airs in beautiful style, and being loudly encored, responded by playing Brian

Born's March, The Wearing of the Green, and a number of jigs and reels that almost set the audience dancing in their seats.

Miss Carrie Hun-King then sang, Oh, Erin, My Country! and as an encore sang, The Kerry Dance which was loudly applauded. This was followed by T D Sullivan's splendid song, All the World Around, which was rendered in excellent style by Mr P S Monroe, with full chorus by the Society.

Miss Maud Morgan then played on the harp a selection of Irish airs, including "Eibhlin a Run", "Kate Kearney, and "The Land of the West." In response to a general encore, Judge Daly produced the harp of Moore, the Irish Poet, which had been lent to the Society, for the occasion, by Mr. Childs, of Philadelphia, and on this little instrument (which, though a perfect harp, is only about fourteen inches high,) Miss Morgan played "Believe Me, if all those Endearing Young Charms," in a way that literally "brought down the house." The fullness and clearness of the tones of the tiny harp astonished all who heard them.

Mr Henry Magee then sang *B'ridheadh suan ort, sl'ruith, M'aoile* (Silent, oh, Moyle!), which was followed by the old ballad, *Mollie Ban a stor*, which was sung by Mr J R MacDonald; after which Mrs Belle Cole exquisitely rendered Gerald Griffin's beautiful romance, "Hy Brasail, The Isle of the Blest," which was vociferously applauded. Moore's Young May Moon, sung by the chorus of the Society, closed the musical exercises, which were, throughout, most creditable to all engaged in them, and particularly to Prof Paul MacSwiney, who conducted, and by whom the chorus singers had been drilled.

At the conclusion of the musical festival, the majority of the audience adjourned to Irving Hall, where the social exercises of the *Seanachas* were to take place. The reception opened with the *siubhal mor* or grand march, in which about two hundred couples took part. Dancing then followed, and, with a short intermission for refreshments, was kept up with spirit, till an advanced hour, when all present retired to their homes well pleased with the annual festival of the "Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language," and determined to take part in all future similar gatherings of so patriotic and meritorious a body.

THE PEOPLE'S PRIEST

or

The Eviction of Father M'Groarty.

Air—Wearing of the Green.

Ye kindly-hearted Irishmen, at home or o'er the sea,
List to a tale of tyranny, and sympathize with me.
The Rev. John M'Groarty, most dearly loved by all,
Has lately been evicted in the county Donegal.

What was his crime, the world may ask, that this
the case should be,
He was the champion of the poor, and fain would
have them free ;
He was the peasants' advocate, the landlord's
dreaded foe,
Nor feared their might while he had right upon
his side to show.

This noble priest of wide-spread fame, the anoint-
ed of the Lord,
Whose gallant deeds for church and home we can't
too well record—
Has fought the battles of the poor, from Carrick to
Glenveigh :
Search Ireland round, none can be found to equal
him today.

With pride look back to '65, when Bradley was in
jail,
With murder foul most falsely charged,—imprison-
ed without bail.

Our patriot priest, right manfully, alone took up
the cause—
The battle fought and set him free despite their
English laws.

When artificial famine swept the homes of dark
Gweedore,
Brought on by landlord avarice,—the robbery of
the poor ;
Their wrongs and sufferings he proclaimed and
brought the world to tears,
They echoed through the House of Lords 'till
blanched the British Peers.

And still that latent strength of soul he wields at
his command—
No fear could paralyze his tongue, nor flattery
stay his hand ;
When voice and pen are needed to the peasant's
right protect—
The People's Tribune now as then—proud, fearless
and erect.

Dark are the hills of Donegal, but darker still the
deeds
Which landlord rapine there has wrought among
its moors and meads ;
But darkest this of all the rest—of all the ruffian
crimes,
That damn the Irish landlord to the scorn of fu-
ture times.

Dark was the day for Carrick when Tom Connolly's
estates
Were purchased by the Musgraves, manufacturers
of grates,
Of Orange castle from black Belfast, these perse-
cutors mean,
Use all their tact, by word and act to trample out
the green.

'Twas on the 4th of April last:—and sad 'twas to
behold,
A faithful servant of his God, and shepherd of the
fold,
These blacksmiths' hearts were hard enough to

turn him from his home,
Because he was the people's friend, and priest of
of the Church of Rome.

Thank God, the time's approaching fast, when iron-
mongers all,
Must cease to persecute the poor, from Cork to
Donegal,
When alien might can't crush out right, and free-
dom's cause is won,
When floats old Erin's emerald flag in Heaven's
brightest sun.

The following communication from Mr McEniry
of the Philadelphia Philo-Celtic Society, was by
some accident overlooked. It should have appear-
ed two months ago, but, as the matter of which it
it treats is interesting to the Gaelic student, we
shall give it now, apologising to our Philadelphia
friends for the unintentional delay.—

School Rooms of the Philo-Celtic Society,
211 South 12th st., Philadelphia, Pa.

Editor Gael:

Dear Sir.

You will oblige every member of our Society
by allowing us to return our sincere thanks to Prof.
T O'Neill Russell and Mr Joseph Cromien of New
York, through your patriotic Journal, for the splen-
did services they rendered our society at our enter-
tainment on Jan. 17. They not only gave their
services gratis but also paid all expenses attending
their journey from N Y to here and back. The
readers of your paper everywhere, will be pleased
to hear that our first entertainment was a grand
success. The receipts clear all expenses a-
mounting to Three Hundred Dollars. The follow-
ing officers have been elected to serve until Jan.
1885. Miss Lotto Sheridan V President, Mr P F
Murphy Sec., Miss Lizzie McSorley Treas., Mrs L
Fox, Miss Ellie O'Leary and Messrs. McFadden,
Halvey, and McGowan Directors.

A splendid watch given the society by Mrs T F.
Halvey for presentation to the person making the
best financial returns for tickets was awarded to
Miss Lotto Sheridan. Master Willie Fox, Miss
O'Leary and Miss McSorley made very creditable
returns also. A splendid gold medal will be pre-
sented by Mr Doyle, a gentleman of this city, at the
first meeting after March 4, to the pupil who has
made the most progress in the Irish Language from
the time of his or her, as the case may be, becom-
ing a member of the Society until March 4th, when
the examination will be held.

Masters Willie Fox and Arthur McDermott have
challenged Miss Sheridan and myself for the hon-
or of raising the best club for the Gael from now
until June 15th, when the contest will be decided.
Miss Sheridan is hopeful for success but it is my
opinion that our youthful opponents will be victo-
rious.

Fraternally,

Thos. McEniry,
President.

however it does not govern the genitive: it merely aspirates the initial of the governed word. Neither does it govern words in what is called in English the Neuter gender.

I was at first puzzled in thinking that *anrair* governed nouns in both genders, as, for instance, *anrair fáil*, *anrair ádháir*—Lit. "to him" Patrick --- "to him" Mary. I now think however that the latter should be written, *anrair' ádháir*—the elipsis of the last syllable of *anrair* causing the (almost) similarity in the pronunciation of both words.

O'Donovan and Joyce, both, ignore the word in all its forms: nor have I ever seen it in print, yet I do not want to discard a friend of thirty years' standing until assured of its incorrectness.

^f *Δ η-ογλαμυη*—the mode of expression I use in speaking; *γ ογλαμυη* may be more grammatical.

^j *ο' jοηηρυγ βαοζαλ αζυρ ηάρ*—a figurative expression whose meaning is obvious to any student of Irish history.

¹ *Έαρ αν έεαραγθε*, lit. beyond the path: beyond the bounds (of propriety)
21. P. 21c21j.

[We hope that some of our readers who can enlighten Mr. Ward on this head will do so. E. G.]

Moberly, Mo., Apr. 21, 1884.

M. J. Logan,

Editor An Gaodhal:

Dear Sir: It is time that I should write you again, and congratulate you on the progress of the grand movement which you have so ably and heroically inaugurated for the preservation, perpetuation and advancement of the grand old Irish language, through the medium of the Gael. Long may it live and prosper is my ardent and sincere wish for the superb little gem, the Gael.

O, friends of mine on whom the nine bestowed their magic powers,
Who culled the sweets the gifted meet in learnings fairy bowers,
Come lend your aid, with me to braid, of poesy's bright flowers,
A garland to commemorate the advent of the Gael.

My Dear Sir, you would hear from me more frequently but, my business is such, that I am away from my home a great portion of the time.

I just returned home a few days ago, after seven or eight month's absence in the states of Arkansas

and Texas, consequently, I did not receive the Gael until I came home, when my little boy brought me all the numbers; you can better imagine than I can describe, the pleasure and satisfaction it gave me in perusing its columns and spicy letters of your correspondents, and am glad to see that so many students of the Gaelic language acted on the advice of Patrick.

Now, Sir I was quite young when I left Ireland and consequently, did not know anything about the Irish language; the teacher did not give us any instructions in the language. I have never seen an Irish book—or never saw the language set in Gaelic type. I heard it spoken amongst my countrymen but did not understand it, consequently I was entirely ignorant of the language until you sent me the Gael. Now, thanks to you and the Gael I can speak it tolerably well but cannot write it yet.

If my business would permit me to remain at home and give my attention to studying the Gael thoroughly, I flatter myself in saying that I would be able to read and write it pretty well by this time. My little boy is picking it up rapidly and now thoroughly understands the alphabet and can spell tolerably well from studying the Gael.

I send you another year's subscription to the Gael, hoping to see its circulation quadruple in the next year. I remain with many well wishes for the welfare and prosperity of the Gael,

Yours very truly

Wm. O'Leary.

21 Σαογ Όςλγ; buò ηαγέ ηομ αν λεγ-
την reo Δ γζγδ έυζατ ηγ Δ τεαηζα
ζαεόγζε Δ; το δγ εαζλα ογμ ηαέ η-
βεγέαó ré εαργ, αζυρ ζο ηεγέαó ηα
γζόλγγθε γόζλγγτε ηαζαó γύμ αγγ
ηο όροό ζγαγγέγνε. 21é ηα έυγγγó τύ
αν λεγτην reo ηγ αν τεαηζα ζαεόγζε
τομ ταδγγγγó ηέ ηο buòεαέαρ ουγ-
το έαργ, 21γγαν ό'λαόζγγνε.

(Σγγδανη τύ ζο ηαγέ, Δ 21γγαν,---ηγ'ι
άέδαγ ηαγνε αγγ βγέ αζαó.---φογγεογγ]

Whenever the British lion in his freebooting expedition in the Soudan gained an apparent victory over the native "Rebels", his Jackalls of the American (more properly, anti-American) press, announced "The Great Victory", in double headed capital. But when he has left in ignominious disgrace they merely intimate the fact in small Brilliant—the smallest type made!

Τά έγγ ηα ζαεόγζε ουλ αγγ αζαγó,
γεα αν ζαοόαλ γογγ α'γ γγαν.

ԱՅՐ ԾԱՏ ԼԵՕՂԻԱՅԻՆ ՊԱ Կ-ԱՅՐԾԵ 1 Պ-ԱՅՐ
ՏԵԱՇԱՅԻՆ ՁԻՇ ԴԵՂ, ԱՅՐԾԵԱՏՈՅ ԺԱՊԱ.

ՏԵԱՊԱՊ, 1881.

ԼԵՅՐ ԱՊ 5-ՇՐԱՅԻՆ ՁՈՅԻՆՊ.

ԵԱ ԽՐՈՂ ԲԱՐ ԴՐ ՇՈ ԾԱԾ ՅՈ ՊՈ-ԺԱՅՆ ՂՊԱ ԲՔԵՐԵՇԱՅ
ԵԱ ԾՈՊԱՐ ԱՊ ԲՈԼԱՐ ԴՐ ԲՈՊԱՐ ՅԵԱ ԲՈԵԽԱՐ :
ԲԱՅՐԵՕՅԱ Ղ ԲՐԻԾԵՕՅԱ ՅԱՊ ՇՈԼ յՊ Ա Պ-ԵԱԼԱՅԻՆ ;
ԱՊ ԾՈ յՊՐ ԱՊ Պ-ԲԱՊԼԵ ՅԱՊ ԿԱՅՆ ԴՐ ՅԱՊ ՅԵՊՊԱՅՆ.

ԿՅ ԼԱՐԿԱՊՊ ՅԱԼ ՅԱՅԻՇԵ ԲԱՐՊ ԵՐԱՅԻԾԵ ՊՈ ԵՐԱՊՊ,
ԵՐ յՈՊՅԱՊԿԱԾ ԵՐԱՊԵԱՐ ՊԱ Բ-ԲԼԱՐ ԴՐ ՊԱ Ծ-ԾՈՊ
ԿԱ ՊԵՒԼԵԱ Ղ ՊԱ ԲՔԵՐԵՇԱՅ ՅՈ ԲԱՅԱՐԱԾ ԾՈՊՊ
Ղ ԵԱ ԵԱԾԵԱԾ ՂՐԱՊ ԴԵՐ ԵՊԱՅ ԱԵԱ ԲԵ ԾՈ ԵՐՈՊ.

ԵՐ ՊԱՐԾ ԱՊ ԾՈՐԱՊՊ ԱՅՆ ԲՈԾԱՊ ԱՊ Ե-ԲԼԵՅԵ,
Ա Պ-ԾԵ ԾՅ ԱՅՆ ՊԵԿԱԾ ՅՈ Կ-ԱՅԻՆՊ Ղ ԵՈ Կ-ԴԵՐԱԾ,
ԿՅ Ղ ԲԱՅԻՆ ՂՐԱՊ ԱՅՐԵ ԱՅՆ ՊԱՊԵ ԴՐ ԱՅՆ ԼԵՊՊԱՅՆ
ԿՅ Ղ ԲԱՅԻՆ ԱՅՆ ԲՅԱՐԾՈՇ ՊԱ ԲԵԱԾՈՇ ՊՈ ԵՐԱՊ ԱՊ.

ԵԱ ՂՊ ՊԵԱՊԾՈՇ ՊԱԾ ԱՊ ԵՒԼ ԱՊ ԾԱԼԼԱ,
ԱՊ ԲՈԾԱՊԱՊ ԵՐԱՅԻՆ Ղ ԱՊ ԵՐԾՈՇ ՅՐԱՊԱ,
ԱՊ ԲԼԱՅ Ղ ԵԱԾ ԼԱՅ ԵԱ ՅՈ ԵՊԱՅ ԱՅ ԲԱՐ ԱՊ
ՅՈ ԲՈԿԱՊ, ԲՈԿԱՊ Ղ ԵՐԱՊԼԱԾԵ ԲԱՐ ԱՊ.

ՈՇ, ԵՐ ԲՈՐԱՐ ԾՂ ԱՅԻՇԵ ՅՈ Ծ-ԲԱՅԼ ԱՊ ԲԱՐ ԱՊ
ԵՐ ԲՈՐԱՐ ԾՂ ԱՅԻՇԵ ԱՊ ԼՈՊՊԾԱԾ ԿԱԾԱՊ,
ԱՊ ԵՐՈՊԵ ՊԱ ԲՔԵՐԵ ԾՅ ՅՈ Կ-ԱՅԻՆԵՒԼ
ՅՈ ՊԱԾ ԱԾԾԱՐ ՅԵՐ-ՅՈՅԼ ԱՊ ԲԵԱԾ ԱՊ ՊԱՐԱՊ.

ԵՐ ԲԱՐ ՊՅՈՐ ՊԵԱՐԱ ՂՊ ՊՅԼԵ ԲԱՐ Ե,
ԲԱՐ ԱՊ ԱԵԱՐ ԲԱԾ ԵՐԱՊ Ղ ԲԱԾ ՅՐԱԾԱԾ,
ԱԵԱՐ ԱՐԾ ՊԱ Յ-ԵԼԵՊ Ղ ՊԱ Պ-ԲԱԵԱՐ
ՈՇ, ԵՐ ԲԵ ԾՈ ԲԱՐ-ԲԱ ԾՈ ՊՅԼԼ ԱՊ ՊԱՐԱՊ.

ԱՅՐԾԵԱՐԾՈՅ ԾՅԼԻՐ, ՅՐԱԾ ՊԱ Յ-ԵԼԵՊ
ՅՐԱԾ ՊԱ Պ-ԾԱՅՊԵԱԾ, Ղ ԵՐՈՇԵ ՊԱ ԲԵՅԼԵ,
ԱՊՐԾԱՅԼ ԾՈՊԱԾԵ, ՊՐԾԱՅԼ ԵՐԵԱՊ
ԱՊ ՊՅԼԵ ԵՐԱՅ, Ա ՏԵԱՇԱՊ ԱՊԵ ԴԵՂ ԵՒ.

ԿՅ ԲԵԱԾԱՊ ԱՊ ԲՅԵՒ ԲՊ ԾՈ ԲԵԱՐԱԾ ՅԱՊ ԵԱՅՊԵԱԾ
ՂՏԵ ԱՊ ԲՅԵՒ Ե, ԼԵ ԵՐԵԱԾԵ, ԵՐ ՊԵԱՐԱ ԼԵՊՂ ԵՐՈՇԵ-ԲԵ,
ԾՂ ԲԱՅ ԵՐԵ ՅՈ ԵՐԵԱ, Յ ԲԵՊ ԴՐ Ա ԾԱՅՊԵ
ԾՂ ԲԱՅ ԾՈՊԱԾԵ ՅՈ ԾՈՊԱ ՅԱՊ ԲՈԼԱՐ ՂՊ ԵՐՈՇԵ ՂԵՅՆ.

ԵՐ ԵՐԱ ԾՅ ԵՐՅՈՊԱ, ԵՐԱՊԱՐ, ՅԱԾ ԱՊ.
ԱՅ ԲԵԼԱԾ ՊԱ Պ-ԾԱՅՊԵԱԾ ՂՐԱՊ Ե-ԲԼԱՅԵ ՊԱԾ ՊԱԾ ԵԱՊ,
ԵՐ ԵՐԱ ԾՈ ԲՅԱՐԾԱԾ ՊԱՐ ՊԱՅՊ ԼԵ ԲԵԱՊ
ԱՊԱՐ ԲԱՊԱ ԵՒ Ո ԾՊԱ ԾՈ ԵՐԱԼ Ղ ԾՈ ԵԵԱՊ

TRANSLATION

By MICHAEL CAVANAGH.

On The Death of The High Lion of The West, JOHN MACHALE,
Archbishop of TUAM.

November, 1881,

By CRAOIBHIN AOIBHINN.

Chill clouds of grief athwart the sky loom heavy, thick and dun,
Misfortune dims the pleasant light of Heaven's brilliant sun;
The lark's melodious voice is mute, the robin's notes are still,
The kine, in silence, ruminates on pasture-field and hill.

The gentle zephyrs cease to sway the branches of the trees,
The bloom clings strangely to the bush, unshaken by the breeze,
The stars within the firmament shine with a lurid glare,
It feels like choking now to breathe, the heavy, clammy air.

The mountain-streams come rushing down with sullen thunder-boom,
(But yesterday they lightly sang among the heath and broom :)
The little trout within the pool no longer sprightly bounds,
No lap-wing's call, no plover's cry, above the moor resounds.

The stinging nettle by the wall—wild, russet-hued, and rank,
The hateful thistle, hard and rough, the chick-weed thick and dank,
And all the herbs that spring from earth, their baneful shade beneath,
Seem in their still and ghastly gloom, similitudes of Death.

Oh! sure 'tis easy now to see that Death is 'round us here,
Well may we know why Nature wears that aspect dull and drear;
Well may we judge by those portents we witness in the sky—
All Ireland has sad cause to raise the loud death-wailing cry.

Oh! 'tis a death far worse to us than if a thousand died—
Our loving, gentle Father's death, our Ireland's love and pride;
The glory of our country's priests—the Father of them all,
Well may the Nation weep above the coffin's gloomy pall!

The faithful Irish priesthood's love, wert thou, Archbishop dear!--
THE PEOPLE'S LOVE—the heart and life of patriots sincere;
All Connaught's pride—all ERINN'S pride, the hope of Innisfail—
My thousand griefs, that thou art gone, our peerless JOHN MACHALE!

This woeful news I cannot stand, and keep my eye-lids dry.
No news more doleful to my heart I've heard grief's herald cry;
It left poor Erin sorrow-crushed—her people sad and lone,
It left poor Connaught steeped in woe—her heart's-light now is gone.

'Tis you that had the kindly heart---the wise and ruling head,
The people on the straight, right road, for evermore, you led,
You, like the prophet-seers of old- wrote with inspired pen,
The gifted thoughts derived from God, to guide your fellow-men,

Ալ ի քեանի 'նա ընդ հ-այլե, 'ր դա՛ք քրեւջ է Լե ընծ,
 Ո՛ր ի ճայլ լի արդա՛ն ԾՈ ընթեր ԴՅԱՐ ՅԻՆԻ
 ԾՈ ճանչա՛յն դա հ-ճրեանի լի ճառի-նիլի ԴԻՈ
 Տեան-տեան ընծալա՛ն դա ընծալա՛ն 'ր դա ընծալա՛ն.

Այ ընծ դա՛ք ընծ ընծ ԴԻՈ, ընծ ընծ ԴՅԱՐ, ընծ ընծ,
 Այ ընծալա՛ն ընծ-ընծալա՛ն ԾՈ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ,
 Եւծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ,
 ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ.

'Տ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ,
 ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ,
 Ծա ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ,
 Այ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ.

Այ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ,
 ԾՈ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ,
 Այ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ,
 Այ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ.

Այ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ,
 Եւծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ,
 'Նա ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ,
 ընծ ! ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ.

It is reported that Dr. Kiikenny, the President of St. Jarlath's College, Tuam, denies that the study of the Irish Language is *prohibited* in that College by Bishop McEvilly. But, where is the difference between prohibition and its discontinuance as a necessary study? Every one knows that boys studying for the priesthood will undertake no study that is not absolutely necessary in preparing for their examinations. It is just—

"Տեանի ընծ ընծ, ընծ ընծ ընծ ընծ-
 ընծ."

Moreover, it is unaccountable how the Bishop dispenses with a knowledge of the Irish language, in his clergy, when three-fourths of the people of his diocese cannot confess in the English language. Nay, there are thousands of Irish and Highland Scotch in this country today who cannot confess in the English language.

The Bishop knows well that while the Irish preserve their language they preserve their nationality and, as T. O'N. Russell says, they may not be able to regain their freedom in the near future, but they can retain their nationality. But without the language they have no nationality, and can never be anything but an appendage of England.

But what does Dr. Kiikenny's denial amount to? Straws show best how the wind blows. We have gone over the list of donors and subscribers to

the Gaelic Journal and not one name, lay or cleric from the town of Tuam could we discover among them, with the single exception of the patriotic proprietor of the *Tuam News*, Mr. McPhilpin ! to the utter disgrace of the faculty of the College and *shoneens* of the town. There is where the Bishop's influence and animus tell. Need there be further proof?

We see by the report for 1883, of the Dublin Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language, that it is financially in a flourishing condition, having a balance of some \$400 to its credit. The following is the total of Irish books sold by the society to date 1883). First Irish Book 37,404, Second Irish Book 17,101, Third Irish Book 4,474, Copy-book, 5,040. Pursuit of Dermott and Grainne Part I and II, 1,441, Children of Lir, published July last, 249 copies have been sold—making a total of 65,677.

We have received nos. 13 and 14 of the *Dublin Gaelic Journal*. Number 15 is promised at an early date. We are pleased to see that the Gaelic Union shows signs of real vigor in the face of so many discouraging circumstances, not the least of which is the apathy manifested by Irishmen generally in supporting that which is the very life of their Nationality.

But better still than all the rest---(how pleasant 'tis to tell);
You never lost your love for that old tongue we love so well :--
Old Erinn's tongue, the sweet and bland---the tongue of Chief and Bard,
Still kept its place within your heart and held your high regard.

A Bard you were when none were found to sound its praises high,
Its tattered symbol you upraised against the Irish sky,
You raised to life the grand old tongue and music of the Gael ;---
Oh! long the day ere we shall see your like, brave JOHN MACHALE!

The living language of our sires can never hope to find
A nobler advocate than you---a friend more real and kind ;
The light that shone on its rough path is quenched through future years,
And Erinn's guiding-light is drowned beneath her mist of tears.

When listing to that news we heard Death's tidings in the air,
There fell upon our inmost hearts a cry of wild despair,
Oh! sorrowful are we this day! Oh! pitiful our case---
Our happiness is fled for aye,---Misfortune grows apace.

The hour your blissful soul to God had winged its joyful flight,
A crushing blow fell on our hearts and seared them like a blight,
When, in your coffin, you were laid there rose a piercing wail
From Erin's heart--her light and love went with you, JOHN MACHALE.

We see, by a report in the *Brooklyn Eagle*, that some members of the St. Patrick Society purpose erecting a monument to the late Mr. Thomas Kinsella in Prospect Park, basing such action on the fact of his being a representative Irishman.

We regarded Mr. Kinsella as a very clever worldly Irishman who, by his splendid talent and indomitable will power, raised himself from obscurity to a commanding position among his fellow-citizens. But in all other respects he did not possess a single trait characteristic of the Irish race.

Thomas Kinsella was extolled and feasted by a class of persons who invariably lionize any Irishman who deviates from that path of conduct and morality which distinguishes the representative Irishman.

We understand that at least three-fourths of the members of the society are opposed to the contemplated action, and we regret that they have not the moral courage to openly express their sentiments and thereby put an end to it.

This is not the first time that the Irish character has suffered through the timidity of Irishmen themselves to openly maintain their convictions. The St. Patrick Society has not been, these years past an organization representative of Irish sentiment. It is now cosmopolitan, and as an Irishman, we will not passively permit it to libel the Irish character by indorsing Mr. Kinsella's career as its representative.

We regret to be thus forced into the revival of matters which we would sooner see forgotten. But the best way to avoid being stung by a nettle is to grasp it. Should the handful of the members of the St. Patrick Society who originated this project persevere in their intentions, it is the duty of Irishmen to assemble and disclaim any sympathy with it, otherwise the actions of these few, supported and promulgated by a powerful anti-Irish press, would pass as that of the many, and would brand the representative Irishman as--- the prototype of Thos. Kinsella. The St. Patrick Society's actions are a libel on Irishmen, and the sooner it disbands the better.

The Truth Scranton, Pa. we are pleased to see is now being published daily, and conducted by Irishmen. Irishmen are at the head of every enterprise in the country requiring intelligence, and yet, the New York (English) Times tells us that Irishmen are not sufficiently intelligent to be entrusted with the management of their own affairs!

The Irish element in Brooklyn has now an able weekly newspaper---the *Catholic Examiner*, and should liberally support it. Irish fathers and mothers make a very great mistake when they neglect to supply their children with wholesome reading matter---the *Examiner* is such.

Floor Committee, M. J. Hyland, W. J. Lennon, J. Sloan, C. Monahan, N. Kellog. Reception Committee, H. Finn, P. S. Graham, P. Morrissey, P. Curden, P. Cassidy, Arrangement Committee, Miss N. T. Costello, Miss N. Crowley, Miss F. O'N. Murray, Miss M. Guerin, M. J. Logan, P. Lacey, P. Walsh, D. Gilgannon, T. Flaherty.

The officers of the society are,—H. C. Finn, Pres., P. Lacey, 1st Vice-Pres., Miss V. Crowley, 2nd V.-Pres., M. J. Hyland, Fin. Sec., M. Heney, Rec. Sec., M. J. Logan Cor. Sec., Miss F. O'N. Murray Treas., Miss N. T. Costello Librarian, T. Flaherty S.-at-A.

The Society returns thanks individually and collectively to its patrons, and invites them all to be present at the picnic at Scheutzen Park, on Thursday, July 24th next—two months earlier than last year.

TANNER JOINS THE CHURCH.

Mayor Low, it seems, was displeased with Tax Collector Tanner because he was not a "Church Member." Tanner, to save his scalp, as the saying is, joined the M. E. Church, in which one condition of membership is "To buy of one another as the worldly will take care of each other." We permit the intelligent reader to form his own idea of Mayor Low and the Rules of Methodism. Could there be a stronger motive than this why freemen should insist on having *all* their servants elected through the ballot-box?

BLAINE—In '76 Mr. Blaine wrote to a friend in Pittsburg among other matter;—"I agree with you that the charge of my being a Catholic is very provoking, considering the motives that inspire it, ** First, because I abhor the introduction of anything that looks like a religious test or qualification for office in a republic, where perfect freedom of conscience is the birthright of every citizen; and second, because my mother was, as you well know, a devoted Catholic. I would not for a thousand Presidencies speak a disrespectful word of my mother's religion, and no pressure will draw me into any avowal of hostility or unfriendliness to Catholics, though I have never received and do not expect any political support from them" We I, Mr. Blaine, if you get the nomination, and we live, you will get one Catholic democratic vote)

Gaelic communications from Messrs. McSweeney, Mobile, Griffin, Lawrence, Durnin Tangipahoa, and O'Callaghan, New Haven, held over; also "The Sentiments of our Subscribers." All will appear in the next issue.

We hope our old subscribers who have not renewed will do so. We know it is not the cost that prevents them—mere negligence. The Gael would like to have more Gaelic type to enlarge that department, and we certainly think the Irish people should supply it. The splendid demonstrations in N. Y. and Brooklyn the other day should be an incentive to friends elsewhere to renewed energy. Having no personal interest in the Gael apart from the language, we would urge a general support of it. No movement can get ahead without an organ to keep it before the public. We claim some measure of credit for the success of the Gael. You, friends of the movement, do your part likewise. Let every subscriber, on reading this go and get a new subscriber. 60 cents is not much. We are pleased to see that a large number is ordering the Gael for friends in the Old Country. Two copies for a year cost only One Dollar,

THE GAELIC UNION.

The Gaelic Union issues the following address and we hope the readers of the Gael will exert in behalf of the object in view.

19 Kildare st. Dublin.

As the Commissioners of National Education have dared on taking no further steps towards the cultivation of Irish in the National Schools, and as such decision virtually amounts to the death sentence of the National Tongue, we the Council of the Gaelic Union are determined as far as in us lies, not to allow the sentence to have effect. We mean to contest the action of the Board both in and out of parliament not only on account of the value of the Language itself but because it is one of the only too few signs of a distinct nationality left our country. Our course necessarily involves the creating of still more public opinion in favor of our object, which cannot be done without considerable money outlay. Public opinion and pecuniary support we consider only as means to the object of preserving the Irish Language, and we trust that you will contribute, and, as circumstances permit, will induce others to contribute towards securing this end, if you deem it a desirable one.

Yours very sincerely,

J. E. Nolan, O D C, Hon. Sec.

An annual subscription of ten shillings entitles one to membership in the Gaelic Union, and the Gaelic Journal, post free. \$1 ordinary membership with a membership Card.

Subscribers sending money orders, please send them on the Brooklyn P. O. Some few must think that Brooklyn is only a village, whereas it is the 3rd largest city in the Union. It covers a larger extent of ground than N. Y. city, being 14 miles long from Greenpoint to Ft. Hamilton, and about 4 miles in average width, and a population of 600,000. It is true that this office is nearer to the City Hall, N. Y. than the residences of several New Yorkers, but our P. O. is near still.

When writing to the Gael please address the office not the Philo-Celtic Society, as communications may be mislaid.

A correspondent offers 50 cents for Nos. 4 and 6 of Vol. I. of the Gael. Any one who has them and does not wish to continue the Gael would oblige by sending them.

John Bull went into the Soudan with his tail cocked in a flourish of bravado. He is returning now with only a "gutty." It reminds one of the old story of the Billy-goat in the ranting season.—

"21 pocáin, ca d-fuyl tú i dul? Ué ir cumja hóm cja pacáin mé, ir cumja hóm cja pacáin mé! Dejn an Pocáin. After the ranting season was over the same party asked him.— 21 Pocáin, ca d-fuyl tú i dul anoir? Ué, tá mé dul i baile, mja feudaim! A dejn ré.

REAL ESTATE.

For Sale and to Trade.

The owner of this farm is engaged in business in N. Y. City, and anyone wishing to see it with a view to purchasing may communicate with us for his address and additional particulars. The whole extent of the farm is 540 A., with suitable mansion and outbuildings. An extended description of which, with a photographic view of buildings, may be seen at this office.

FENTON BROOK FARM.

With its convenient buildings, beauty of situation, healthfulness of location, pure air, never-failing spring water, convenience to railroad stations and public schools, is one of the loveliest and most desirable of places, either for a permanent home or a summer residence.

Situated on a higher elevation than the plain, and protected by the mountains which surround it, it escapes the early frosts of Fall and late frosts of Spring, which adds to its value for fruit-raising and for maintaining during a long season fine green pasture for the herd of cattle.

The soil is a deep dark loam, over four hundred acres of which are under cultivation, besides pasture and woodland. The fields are convenient to the road, which runs through the center of the farm and spring water in every pasture.

The town of Great Barrington, about four and a half miles away, is one of the most intelligent and enterprising in western Massachusetts. It contains good schools and splendid churches, one of which, the Congregationalist, has one of the best organs in the country, and a parsonage recently completed at a cost of \$100,000. The village of South Egremont, about a mile and a half distant, contains stores, church, post-office, grist-mill factory, etc.

Hillsdale, N. Y., which is not far away, is the third largest shipping station on the Harlem Railroad. Fenton Brook Farm has in its immediate neighborhood a number of delightful farms and homes.

My business here has increased to such an extent that it requires my entire attention, and I deem it advisable for purely business reasons to dispose of the farm.

The title is free and clear. The price asked is \$33,000—\$10,000 cash; the balance can remain on mortgage to run six years or longer.

The property being offered at less than its value (adjoining property having been sold for \$100 per acre, without improvements), no exchange will be entertained. Everything will be found equal to the following description. The place is unquestionably a great bargain.

I would direct special attention to 12 2 story & basement high stoop Brown Stone front Houses, on Prospect Heights, bet. 5th & 6th Aves. South Brooklyn. Five minutes' walk from the Third St Entrance to Prospect Park. The handsomest, and is destined to become the leading location of the City. Convenient to the cars, &c. Price, \$6,500

Also, other equally desirable, improved and unimproved property in various parts of city. Farms for Sale and to Trade. A handsome 15 acre Farm with a fine orchard and a 7 roomed cottage, barn, &c. at Rockaway L. I. an hour's drive from the city, cheap. This farm is to trade for City property. It is free and clear.

Bergen st. n Underhill av. 3 s brick,	\$4.000
" " Troy av 2 s f 11 rooms	1.600
Olsson av n Pacific st 2 s f 11 room	18.00
Carlton n Myrtle av 4 s b 16 rooms	9.000
Decatur st n Patchen av, a neat 2 story 7 roomed cottage	1.400

RATES of COMMISSION.—

Letting & Collecting	5	per cent.
Sales—City Property.—When the Consideration exceeds \$2,500,	1	" "
Country Property	2.50	" "
Southern & Western Property	5	" "

~~No~~ No Sales negotiated at this office under \$25. In small sales where the consideration does not amount to two thousand (2,000) dollars the papers will be furnished gratis by the office.

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Loans Negotiated.

IRISH BOOKS &

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

O'Reilly's Irish-English Dictionary,	\$5.00
Bourke's Easy Lessons in Irish,	1.00
" College Irish Grammar	1.00
... THE BULL "INEFFABILIS" in four Languages, Latin, Irish, &c	\$1.00
... GALLAGHER'S SERMONS	2.50
Bourke's Life of McHale	1.00
Molloy's Irish Grammar	1.50
Foras Feasa air Eirinn; Dr. Keating's History of Ireland in the original Irish, with New Translations, Notes, and Vocabulary, for the use of schools. Book I. Part I60
Joyce's School Irish Grammar50
Dr. McHale's Irish Catechism25
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