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Leabhar-aithris m'ioraimh,  
tabairtá cum an  
TEANGA SAEDILSE  
a CORNAD aSUT a raon tušad  
aSUT cum

Féin-mašla Cuid na h-Eireann.

VOL. 4.— No. 5. April, 1885. Price, Five Cents.

The  Gael.

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

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Fourth Year of Publication.

## Philo-Celts.

GÆL GLAS CRITICISED.

Let every reader of the Gael residing in Brooklyn note the fact in their tablets that the P. C. reunion and ball will come off on Thursday April 23.

The annual election of officers took place on the 15th. with the following result:—

President, D. Gilganon, 1st. Vice P. F. Lacey, 2nd. Vice, Miss Irene Moran, Recording Secretary, P. Walsh, Financial Secretary, P. M. Cassidy, Cor. Sec. M. J. Logan, Treas. Miss Mary Guiren, Librarian, Miss Ellen Donnelly, Sergeant-at-arms, T. McGuire.

We have received a communication containing resolutions expressive of cordial sentiments towards T. O'N. Russell on his exit from Chicago City, from the Chicago Philo Celts. We thought we could publish the resolutions, but they were crowded out. We would direct attention to the encouraging letter of Mr. Nyham of the Co. Cork.

In reply to many inquiries, we would say that no better Irish reading matter for learners could be had than Gallagher's Sermons, as prepared by Canon Bourke. A literal translation is on the opposite page, with a vocabulary at the end of all the words used in the context.

Let the readers of the Gael not forget to circulate it among their friends, and we hope our Irish American editors will call the attention of their readers to it from time to time: by doing so they will be promoting the Gaelic cause, for, with their support, the movement could not fail of results.

It would appear as if the long talked of Colum-Cill's Prophecy was appearing on the political horizon, and who knows but the Gael will yet be the National Journal of a free Ireland. At the same time, let not our friends forget the Gaelic Journal.

Bourkes Lessons are reprinted, we have been notified that a parcel of them have been shipped to us so that those who ordered them will have them in a few days.

**M. CRANE**  
**ELECTROTYPING**  
**STEREOTYPING**  
53, 55, 57, PARK PLACE, N. Y.  
ENTRANCE 21 COLLEGE PL.  
FINE CUTS, BOOKS, MEDALLIONS, BOOKS, BINDERS, STAMPS, ETC.

"GÆL GLAS" may be a sincere enthusiast, and a firm believer in the fulfilment of his "dream," but, in this practical age, his plan of organization for the "freedom of Ireland, and annihilation of Protestantism," is not likely to obtain the requisite number of disciples to enable him to emulate "Peter the Hermit." Moreover, as the "autonomy of the Irish Nation"—the mission of the Gael, can scarcely be consistent with the "extirpation of Protestantism"—the promise held forth to *Gael Glas* by the old woman of his dream, you could not be expected to give his project serious consideration, however desirous you may be to humor him by giving it a place in your columns. While no sensible Irish Revolutionist can see anything practical in the programme, no sincere Catholic can but regret to see subjects which he must ever regard with reverence, exposed to ridicule by being associated with such visionary projects,—powerless for good but still capable of injuring the Irish cause, by exciting the disgust of its supporters of all religious denominations, and pandering to the bigotry of its prejudiced antagonists by affording them a plea for their politico religious argument against Irish independence, namely, that it would be followed by Catholic ascendancy and the persecution of all who held to different religious creeds.

Your's sincerely,

MICHAEL CAVANAGH.

The Gael is placed in a kind of a dilemma in regard to the construction to which *Gael Glas's* letter is susceptible. — First, because we would not take Ireland to-morrow as a gift under the conditions which Mr. Cavanagh's criticism would lead one to infer underlay *Gael Glas's modus operandi*. Secondly, because of our thorough belief in the efficacy of prayer, and that the power to work miracles is as strong to-day as it was two thousand years ago. We believed *Gael Glas's* idea of compassing the "annihilation and extirpation of Protestantism" was by prayer, as St. Patrick converted Ireland, and we believe so still, because any one who reads his letter will see that he condemns dynamite, secret societies, etc. and quotes ancient authors to show that the crimes of *one* man may cause the destruction of a nation. A man committing himself to these sentiments cannot mean aggressive action. England Catholic in the illegal possession of Ireland is as repulsive to us as England Protestant; and Protestant or Catholic, England would not wield the Irish sceptre for twenty hours if we had the power to wrest it from her eye, and would stop at no means to effect it,—including John Mitchell's.

бѣго ан ꙗеблзе фгој мѣар фог.

THE GAELIC ALPHABET.

Irish.	Roman.	Sound	Irish.	Roman.	Sound.
Δ	a	aw	η	m	emm
β	b	bay	η	n	enn
γ	c	kay	o	o	oh
δ	d	dhay	p	p	pay
ε	e	ay	ρ	r	arr
ϕ	f	eff	σ	s	ess
ζ	g	gay	τ	t	thay
ι	i	ee	υ	u	oo
κ	l	ell			

SECOND BOOK—Continued.

RULE 4.

PROPER NAMES,

When the latter of two nouns is a proper name in the genitive case it suffers aspiration, if the article be not expressed.

Exercise 8.

	Pronunciation.
Δ1ΜΗΡΗ, time,	amshir.
ΑΡΧΙΕΡΕΥΟΣ, archbishop,	awurdhasbook
ΒΡΙΓΙΔ, Bridget,	bree-idh.
ΒΡΙΓΙΔΕ, of Bridget	bree-idheh.
ΚΑΤΗΛΗ, Catherine.	kathileen.
ΚΟΡΚΑΚ, Cork,	curcaugh.
ΚΟΡΚΑΚΕ, of Cork	curkeyeh.
ΝΗΘΕΑ, a daughter,	in-yan.
ΜΑΡΙΑ, Mary,	maw-ir-eh.
ΜΙΧΑΗΛ, Michael,	me-hall.
ΜΙΧΑΗΛ, of Michael,	me-ill.
ΠΛΗΘΗ, people,	muinthir.
ΠΑΤΡΙΚ, Patrick,	pawrick.
ΠΕΤΡΟ, Peter,	padhur.
ΠΕΤΡΟ, of Peter,	padhirh.
ΠΟΡΤΛΑΡΕ, Waterford,	porthlhawrge.
ΡΑΙ, an eye; expectation,	soo.il.
ΤΟΜΑΣ, Thomas,	thumawus.
ΤΟΜΑΣ, of Thomas,	thumawish.
ΤΥΑΜ, Tuam,	thoo.im.
ΤΥΑΜΑ, of Tuam.	thoom-ah.

Examples.

- 1 ΑΡΧΙΕΡΕΥΟΣ ΤΥΑΜΑ. 2 Δ1ΜΗΡΗ  
 ΠΑΤΡΙΚ. 3 ΝΗΘΕΑ ΤΟΜΑΣ. 4 ΒΕΑΝ  
 ΜΙΧΑΗΛ. 5 ΠΛΗΘΗ ΚΟΡΚΑΚΕ. 6 ΜΙΑΚ  
 ΜΑΡΙΑ. 7 ΤΕΑΚ ΚΑΤΗΛΗ. 8 ΣΑΙ ΒΡΙΓ-  
 ΙΔΕ. 9 ΚΑΚΑΡ ΠΟΡΤΛΑΡΕ. 10 ΚΑΡΑΙ  
 ΠΕΤΡΟ.

- 1 Archbishop of Tuam. 2 Time

- of Patrick. 3 Thomas's daughter. 4  
 Michael's wife. 5 People of Cork. 6  
 Mary's son. 7 Catherine's house. 8  
 Bridget's eye. 9 City of Waterford.  
 10 Peter's horse.

It will be observed from the examples just given that the Article is *not* used before the names of cities and towns.)

EXERCISE IX.

Exceptions.

Family names following "o" or "ua" and "mac", a son, though always in the genitive case, do not suffer aspiration, but after "η", daughter, they do.

ΒΡΙΑΝ, Brian,	bree-un,
ΒΡΙΑΝ, of Brian,	bree-in.
ΔΟΝΗΑΛ, Daniel,	dho-nuhl.
ΔΟΝΗΑΛ, of Daniel,	dho-nuill.
ΤΑΘΟΣ, Thaddeus,	Thigh-ug.
ΤΑΘΟΣ, of Thaddeus,	thigh-ig.

- 1 ΤΟΜΑΣ ΜΙΑΚ ΚΑΘΟΣ. 2 ΤΟΜΑΣ ΜΙΑΚ  
 ΚΑΘΟΣ. 3 ΠΑΤΡΙΚ Ο ΒΡΙΑΝ. 4 ΠΑΤ-  
 ΡΙΑΚ Ο ΒΡΙΑΝ. 5 ΔΟΝΗΑΛ Ο ΚΟΝΗΑΛ.  
 6 ΜΙΑΚ ΔΟΝΗΑΛ Η ΚΟΝΗΑΛ. 7 ΤΟ-  
 ΜΑΣ Ο ΓΟΡΜΑΝ. 8 ΒΕΑΝ ΤΟΜΑΣ Η  
 ΓΟΡΜΑΝ. 9 ΜΑΡΙΑ Η ΒΡΙΑΝ. 10 Η-  
 ΘΕΑΝ ΜΑΡΙΑ Η ΒΡΙΑΝ.

- 1 Thomas, son of Thaddeus. 2 Tho-  
 mas Mac Teig. 3 Patrick, grandson  
 of Brian. 4 Patrick O'Brian. 5 Dan-  
 iel O'Connell. 6 Son of Daniel O'Con-  
 nell. 7 Thomas O'Gorman. 8 Wife  
 of Thomas O'Gorman. 9 Mary O'Brian  
 10 Daughter of Mary O'Brian.

RULE V.

ADJECTIVES.

Adjectives beginning with mutable consonants and agreeing with the nouns which they qualify are aspirated in the following instances:

1st. In the nominative and accusative singular Feminine.

2nd. In the genitive singular Masculine.

3rd. In the vocative singular of both genders, and in the dative.

(To be continued)







Mr. M J LOGAN, Editor of the GAEL.

The following hymn, Salve Regina, was dictated to me by a pupil of our up-town Irish School.

J J LYONS.

211 P210JRKJN P21JRT21C.

*tuilleadh parluicé  
Vol VII. L. 996, 930.*

50 m-beannuighéar tuit-re, a naoimh bannuighéar 21Jne,  
'S 50 b-fuyl tú molta éar inéid na cruinne;  
510Jn a5ur moltao oo do inéin 5ac lá,  
21 inóir éiréaréac, inéin, tá lán de 'h t-rear lá!

Jr tú ár maic, jr tú ár m-yeacé, jr tú ár h-ócuir cruide;  
Jr oir a 5uicéarhuic, clainn Eada 5an b-icé,  
21 h5leann reo na h-ócuir, feuc oiréin le luar,  
No 5o le5eicé tú ár h-ócuir 'r ár h-ócuir' in do éluar.

Ó! mar rín tuic, a naoimh bannuighéar 21Jne,  
Le do fúil éiréaréac, feuc oiréin le cruicé;  
'S tacaic éin 5uicéarhuic ár uair ar m-báir  
5ur b'é tacaic do b-ócuir, 5ora, o' f-ulaicé an páir.

Ó! a inóir éiréaréac, 'r a 21Jéicé f-áin,  
21 21Jéicé 5uicéarhuic, rín éin 5uicéarhuic do lán;  
21 naoimh 21Jne, a inéin 5uicéarhuic, na le5 rín a 5-caicéicé,  
21c raor rín ó oic. 21éin.

Phila. Pa., 21Jéicé an éaréaréac.

R2111 ÉJRE2111121C.

21Jne.

Tá caslín ár an m-baile ro, o' ár b'áin tu'ire 21Jne:  
Do éic me 5uicéarhuic 'r 5eicé o' reo, éar caslíné na h-áicé.  
Ní' óir a5am h-ócuir, h-ócuir tacaic ac mo f-áicé;  
'Smáir éin leicé folacé me, oar h-ócuir, tá me fáicé.

Do f-áicé me 5ur ba 5eicé f; 7 do f-áicé me 5ur ba 5uicé f;  
Do f-áicé me 5ur ló r-éicé o'a cáicé o' h t-r-éicé f,  
Jr do f-áicé me ár-icé 5ur buo f-áicé an reult eoláir,  
No blacé na r-éicé, ár 5ac tacaic de na boicéarhuic.

Do f-áicé me in mo éin, mar do b-áicé me 5an eoláir,  
5ur bannuighéar do lán éar, jr éin ár fáicé póicé.  
Tá doir h-ócuir éin 5uicéarhuic jr h-ócuir éar mo éicé o'cuir,  
5ur h-ócuir h-ócuir an ceo a5icé o'cuir éin a5ur mo éicé éin.

Translation.

MARY.

A maiden in the village dwells—her Christian name is "Mary "  
O'er all the girls in the place I give her love unchary;  
No gold or silver store have I,—my health is all my treasure,  
Contented in my coat of grey—I envy none their pleasure.

I thought her like the gentle moon,—or sun—of light the fountain :  
 I thought her like the virgin snow—wind-drifted off the mountain.—  
 Again I thought her like the star that ushers in the morning,  
 Or bloom of honey-suckle sweet—the way-side hedge adorning.

I thought, in my poor, simple head [for knowledge left no trace there],  
 That your right hand I'd take in mine,—the wedding-ring to place there;  
 There's one thing else, which more than all, my senses craze about you,  
 That gloomy cloud which shadows o'er my future life without you.  
 M. C.

ԵՐԱՅԻՇԱՆ ՈՒՆԱ ԼԱՅՈՅ.

*Patrick Mc  
Fadden's  
Favorite*

Եւծ ծրօնած մօ ճրօյծե ճիւսալ զ' քնն մե ճի Եայլե,  
 'Յար զնծայրտ մե իլան լեատ, ա զՏԼ-Ճիւսե մօ ինձօ!  
 Յիծ 'օքեւս մե Եեյտ ինչաճ, Եւծ ճեօրած մօ ինչլե,  
 Այ իշարած զ'ի զ-Տիւ ճիւս դաճ Ե-Իլլիլիլի Յօ Երձե;  
 Այ իշարած Յօ Երձե զ' Յաճ ճիւս Աշար լեւնա,  
 'Յար ճաճայր ճեար Շօրճայն դաճ Ե-Իլլիլիլիլի ա ճօյծ'ե;  
 Այն իշարած Յօ ճեօ զ' դա ճայրճօյն Եւծ ճիւսիւս,—  
 ՕՏԼ-ճայրճե ճե մ' զ'յՅե Այր Երուճայն դա Լաօյ!

Իր միսիւս ա ճ'ճիւսն ինչայ լօնիւս ճիւս դա ինչիւս,  
 Իր միսիւս ա ճօմ ինչ քաօյ արՅե դա ճ-ճօնի;  
 զ' ճ'քնն մե ճն 'ի լա ինչ, մօ ինչաճայր ճօճ---Ճիւս!  
 'Յար իւճ մե ճար ինչ ճօ 'ի ճիւս իւս ճիւսիւս.  
 Աճ իւճ, ինչ մօ ճրօյծե ճա ճօ ճիւսիւսե Այն լարած  
 Այր մայրօն, Այն իւճ, 'Յար լե ճիւսիւս դա ի-ճօյծ'ե;  
 'Յար ի ի-Արիլիլի, Արիլ, ճայն Յօ միսիւս ա իւսարած  
 'Այնարն ճարած իւճ մ' զ'յՅե, Այր Երուճայն դա Լաօյ.

Ա Շօրճայն ա իւճիւս! ա ճեւճ Շօնճաճ ճիւս ճ-ճիւս!  
 Աօն իւսաճօյր ինչ ճայնիւս Արիլիլի զ' ճօ ճիւսիւս;  
 Ա ճօնճաճ դա ինչ-Եայ ինչ-ճար լե ինչայնճաճ իւճ ինչիւս  
 'Ոճ ինչաճայր-ճիւս ճայնիւս ինչ-Իլլիլիլի ճօ ինչիւս!  
 Ա Շօրճայն ա ինչիւս! Եւծ ինչ ճօճօյր մօ ճեաճ,  
 Այն ճաճ ճաճիւսիւս ինչ ինչիւսիւս', 'Յար իւճ մօ ճրօյծե,  
 Յօ ինչ-Եայնիւս-իւս Այն ճիւսիւսաճ ինչ ճօնճաճ ճօ ճաճ,  
 'Տայ Երուս ինչ ճիւսիւս Այր Երուճայն դա Լաօյ!

Աճ ինչ ինչ ինչ ճիւս ճ-ճաճալ ինչ ինչ քաճա մօ ճիւսաճայն,  
 Ինչ ճիւսիւս ճա մօ ճիւս; ինչ ինչ մօ ճեայն;  
 Ինչ ճեայր ինչ 'ի ճիւս ինչիւս ա ճօյծե Եայն ինչիւս,  
 Ե-ճաճ, Ե-ճաճ, զ' ճիւս ճիւսիւս մօ ինչաճ ա'ր մօ ինչիւս!  
 Աճ իւճ, ինչայն Ե-ճիւսաճայր ինչ Եայն ճն ինչ ճայնիւս,  
 Ինչ ճիւս-ճա Եայն միսիւս ճօ ինչիւսաճ Այն ինչիւս;  
 'Տ Եայն ինչիւսաճ ճօ ճեօնճայն ճօ ճիւսիւս ա' ինչաճ  
 Լե ինչիւսաճ դա ճօյրիւս Այր Երուճայն դա Լաօյ!

Ուսած Եաճիւս, "Քաճայն."  
 Այնար, 1885.

The Leavenworth Visitor has changed hands and is now published by Mr. John O'Flanagan, with title changed to *The Weekly Catholic*. It is a spirited little journal and merits liberal patronage. The address is Leavenworth Kan. Let all our Irish-American editors notice the GAEI.

Before election no exclamation was more potent with our hide-bound Democratic friends than "Turn the rascals out," with a [natural] view of getting "in" themselves. They did turn the head "rascal" out, but it seems that the one they put in is going to retain the minor "rascals." Then where is the boasted "overhauling of the books?"

The fact of the matter is our friends were badly "sold." As usual, they can stand on "tippy toes" and peep over the enclosures of the Federal crib and the good things inside. Our friends may see the whole plot revealed in the lying statement of Henry Ward Beecher in the *Boston Post*.

---

THE BANKS OF THE LEE.

Translated

By MICHAEL CAVANAGH.

---

My grief was intense when from home I departed,  
 And sobbed, with dim eyes, "Farewell *Eri mo stor!*"  
 Though cheerful I seemed, yet I felt heavy-hearted,  
 At leaving my land—to come back—nevermore,—  
 At leaving each dearly-loved meadow and highland,  
 And Cork's pleasant town---that I never may see;  
 At parting the stanch men who stand by their Island—  
 The friends of my youth---on the banks of the Lee.

Oft-times has the sun lit the high arch of heaven,  
 And oft, 'neath the wave, has he sank to his rest;  
 Since poor "Mother Eri" I parted, bereaven,  
 O'er ocean to sail to this "Land of the West:"  
 But thoughts of her, still, my sad heart is illuming,  
 From day-dawn till eve over-shadows the sea;  
 And often, in dreams, my old place I'm resuming  
 'Mong friends of my youth on the banks of the Lee

Oh! Dear "Rebel Cork!" Erin's premier city,  
 No traitor among your true children can dwell:  
 Your patriot daughters are beauteous and witty,  
 And sweeter than wild summer-flowers of the dell:  
 Brave Cork! my life's hope is to march in your vanguard  
 That long wished-for day, when you'll shout in your glee  
 To see your old clans muster 'neath the "Green Standard,"  
 For Liberty's fight on the banks of the Lee.

But now I'm grown old, fast my life's years are flying,  
 My form is bowed, and my head nearly grey.  
 Ere long, in the church-yard, for aye, I'll be lying,  
 From you---beauteous land of my love---far away:  
 But yet, from the Heavens, a blessing I'll send you,  
 My prayers, for your weal, ever offered will be;  
 The soul of the exile shall fondly attend you,  
 To light Freedom's shrine---on the banks of the Lee.

Mr. Blaine being elected but for a mere accident last Fall will be, naturally, run in '88. From the unprecedented dullness in business outlook, it is safe to say that if the election were to take place to-day the free trade dilly-dallies would not

be noticed in the field. Labor is in the agonies of starvation, and one word from Mr. Cleveland in favor of protection would set all the machinery in the country to work, but he has "sung dumb."



The Trefoil Club of Binghamton, N Y. had a Robert Emmet celebration on March 4th, which was followed by a banquet. Tickets to the banquet were \$6 a head, so that it must be a hightone affair. The "Bill-of Fare" was in the Irish Language, beautifully executed by Mr. Thos. F. McCarthy, Steel & Copper Plate Engraver, 181 William St, N Y. It is the finest specimen of the art we have seen in a long time. The credit of the noble and patriotic idea belongs to Mr. P. J. Mc Tighe of the Binghamton Philo-Celtic Society.

We print a copy of the card, with translation, as follows:

CLÁR-JNNSE bJc a3US OJc.

OJpupó aji leac-rluozán.

2hduuyc Fcapán 3lar.

FJON-SÉRES.

bpuoóan pñobpcoic, Fjuuacó jar3án.

Rollca pccajce, aji hór páuajr.

SU2IJ3LE.

bpuccalán uajpcc-3eola 3upocacó, le bocon.

Dápuajb lupu3acó.

Sua3 lac-3jadán, le olcajb.

Póju 3lar.

SU2IC-bJOTÁJLE CU2H2UKK J2S3-2JRE.

Pojcpur3 ppuobpujce, aji auán ajcéjce, Fjuuacó cluu3ca.

Lea3h-3áj 33ojlce.

Fpa3caó uea3h-3há3acó, Clo3ajó 3eápu-3puce, Clo3ajó 3huu3acó.

SÁR-3JRW 3. h. 2HJ2H.

Tuprc3h Rj3eai3u3l, Tuprc3h ju3ap-3h3aj 3j.

Uacóap Reojce ápu-3acópuacó.

Seapla-Rupr, 2Huprc-bJOTÁJLE.

2ueapa, Cope-Fpa3caó.

Tobac-ca3ca.

Translation.

MENU.

Oysters on half shell.

Green turtle soup.

SHERRY.

Penobscot salmon, shrimp sauce.

Potatoe croquettes a la Parisienne.

SAUTERNE.

Roast Filet of beef with-mushrooms.

Asparagus Tips.

Salmi of wild duck, with Olives.

Green Peas.

FISHERMAN'S CLUB PUNCH.

Broiled Quail on Toast, game sauce.

Sliced Tomatoes.

Boned Turkey, chicken salad, lobster salad.

G. H. MUM'S EXTRA DRY.

Imperial Cake, white coconut cake.

Metropolitan Ice Cream.

Charlotte Russe. Rum Jelly.

Fruits, French coffee.

Cigars.

ΘΡΑΤΑC ΚΑ ΘΥΑC.

THE FLAG of VICTORY.

By GAEL CLAS.

March 17, 1885.

GAELS, upon your banners blazon,

As a pledge of victory :

Christ's lov'd cross, and spurn, with reason,

Th' emblems of frail vanity :

Wought mean all those false devices

Wolf dog, tower, and blazing sun,

But paganism that suffices

To get Erin's cause undone.

Your ancestors in olden ages,

Ere Patrick's feet their isle had trod,

As their palladium—say the sages—

A serpent bore, and Moses' rod .

So of the harp it would be heinous

Did Gadelians cease to brag,

But 'tis unsuited to the genius

Of your faith on naticn's flag.

See how Engalnd, though unrightly,

Flaunts the Christian sign, at large,

While her herald kills th' unsightly

Dragon, with the spear of George ,

See how her rampant lion knows a

Consciousness of strength, of course,

While her stout unicorn shows a

Power, of undivided force.

But all her wisdom, pomp and glory

Shall vanish, with her stores ;

Scattered by a crisis, gory,

Like the chaff of threshing floors :

For, St. Francis tells us truly,

As his plain prediction saith,

That crusading hosts shall duly

Sway the earth to Roman faith.

Saints ! embrace the Crucial Order,

All its ends are strictly pure ;

It aims, through God, without disorder—

If this can be,—with purpose sure:

Celtic lore to re-awaken,

Ireland's freedom to regain ;

Win back the sects to truth, forsaken,

And give to Christ the world's domain.

When Hibernia wisely places

A red cross, as ensign bold,

On an olive verdant basis,

She shall triumph sure unfold ;

An Agnus this "Labarum," gracing,

Men, and demon-foes to flog ;

But no wrong the cause disgracing,

GAELS ! behold your Danneberg, \*

\*The sacred standard of the Danneberg fell from heaven. Vide the Scandinavian Annals.

## THE GAELIC LETTER.

Mr. M. J. Collins says, among other matter,-- I inclose herewith a strip of paper that I have cut out of the Chicago Citizen. It is headed "Gaelic poetry," wherein Mr. T. O'N. Russell undertakes to give us a history of the Irish Alphabet, which, as you may plainly perceive, is erroneous and false. He moreover undertakes to dispraise the Irish letters, and says, forsooth, that they are not Irish but Roman letters which were brought over to Ireland by the Christian missionaries etc.

Mr. Collins says a good deal more, but the foregoing is sufficient as an introduction to the remarks which follow---

We cannot conceive how any one can have the hardihood to assert that the Irish language had no character of its own. Bishop O'Connell, in his Dirge of Ireland, asserts that four languages were formulated in the University of Shenaar, namely, Greek, Hebrew, Irish and Latin. This was about the year 2,200 B. C. Now, all admit that the Gadelians were the most powerful and enterprising tribe which came to the surface from the confusion of Babel until the rise of Rome, and how an inferior tribe could succeed in having a distinct letter of their own while the superior tribe had none, is a ridiculous assumption, for there is no warrant for it except the subsequent elevation of the inferior tribe to become masters of the world. The fact that the Roman Alphabet has eight letters more than the Irish is a strong proof that it is of a more recent formation. The Latin Alphabet has twenty-five letters, whereas the Irish has only seventeen. The German Alphabet, being of still more recent formation, has twenty-six letters; thus clearly showing that with each fancied improvement additions have been made to the alphabet. The Irish having another distinct character, the Ogham, is no proof against the general letter. We have in English to-day the Phonetic letter, but we have the sight of our eyes for another, and a different, character, the Roman. In centuries hence it might be argued with greater cogency that the English used no other but the phonetic as it is now that the Irish had only the ogham letter.

But, up to the foundation of Rome, let us take a note of the insignificance of this people to whom it is sought to accord the possession of our alphabet. What were the Latins from the foundation of the University of Shenaar, B. C. 2,200, until the foundation of Rome, 752 B. C., a space of 1448 years? We find that on the destruction of Troy, 1148 B. C., Aeneas fled to Italy accompanied by one hundred men, with their families we presume, and after settling there a short time that the Italian monarch, Latinus, aided by a neighboring prince, Rutulian, took up arms against them, which resulted in the complete overthrow of the allied Italians, the killing of the monarch, and the capture of his capital, Laurentum, by the victori-

ous Trojans. That a people so insignificant as to be conquered by a force of one hundred men were the formulants of our alphabet is so glaring an absurdity that we dismiss its consideration in toto: and this over 1100 years after the formulation of the languages by our immediate progenitor, Fenius. Gaelic being the ordinary language of Fenius and his people, the Gadelians, it is absurd to suppose that he would leave it without a character of its own to supply the language of the, then insignificant, Latins with one.

The most reasonable view is that when the Romans became powerful they sought to improve the Gadelian alphabet by adding letters necessary to fully enunciate the Latin sounds. The Gaelic alphabet could not be the Latin one because it fell short of representing the Latin sounds. This fact ought to be sufficient to any one of common sense to show that the Gaelic alphabet cannot belong to the Latins. It may be assumed that when the Romans became powerful they, like the English of the present time, sought to claim for themselves the honor of being the inventors of every thing tending to add to their prestige. This, we maintain is the proper and common-sense view of the matter. The Christian missionaries did not arrive in Ireland until the middle of the Fifth Century A D, and we are not going to suppose that the Irish Language was without its distinct letter or character for the space of 2,700 years, and we will not admit the absurdity, It is lamentable to find Irishmen using arguments opposed to circumstantial evidence and common sense to try to dim the brilliancy of their former brightness. You meet some Irishmen to-day who believe their forefathers had no cultivated speech; and if England had succeeded in destroying the language and records, it is reasonable to suppose that two hundred years from now you would get Irishmen to swear that it never existed. Now, those who assert that the Gaelic letter is merely Roman, have no proof but their mere assertion, and the circumstantial evidence above adduced, along with continued possession, is so strong that their assertions should not be entertained for a moment. Therefore, Irishmen should "sit down" on those who try to deprive them of their rights. Mr. T O'N. Russell is an enthusiast in the Gaelic cause and thinks the scarcity of the Gaelic type to be a barrier to its progress, and we believe other patriotic Irishmen entertain similar ideas. We maintain the genuineness of the letter and its perfect adaptability to the wants of the language. No combination of Roman characters is so pleasing to the eye nor so happy of enunciation as the genuine letter. When Irishmen come to view themselves aright--when they cease to "play tag" with an unscrupulous, unrelenting foe, the supplying of a sufficiency of Gaelic type will be no barrier. In the meantime, let the movement be pushed forward in any letter and those who acquire a knowledge of it will insist on the genuine letter to represent it.

KNUCKBUEE N. S. DRIMOLEAGUE,  
Co. CORK, IRELAND:

28. 2, '85.

Dear Sir,

Through the kindness of an unknown friend I have become acquainted with *An Gaodhal*, and I now hope you will grant me a corner of your journal to convey my heartfelt thanks to him for the favour; and also to assure the gentleman who has made me the recipient of his kindness that his spirit will remain green a long time in my memory. All honour to the true lovers and supporters of the Irish language. It cannot but flourish when there are to be found so many Cosmos to patronise it. Among many others, the name of the Rev. Mr. E. D. Cleaver deserves special mention. Every conceivable good may attend the noble gentleman. He has distributed prizes amounting to £50 to the Irish National Schools for superior attainments in Irish for the year 1884, and has notified his intention to give the same—at least to certain counties—for 1885. Nor is this all. He has also given a large number of other prizes besides. My own school has received £2 at his hands. But the truly great are content “to guide the springs in silence” and rejoice in secret at their good work—the worthless and the frivolous to prate and prattle. We must be a mysterious people when the acquirement of our mother’s tongue must be made a sort of “sugar-plum affair” before we consent to learn. I have heard it said that knowledge is its own reward. And I would not envy that Irishman at home or abroad, located in the valleys of the West, or beneath the light of the Southern Cross, whose heart vibrates not with joy at the success of the language of the Gael. Was it not the sole language of Erin when “learning’s lamp shone bright” and before Dane or Norman or Saxon set foot in Ireland. Dr. MacHale has appositely said that the National Schools were the grave yards of the Irish Language. The truth of this well known saying will become apparent by reflecting that there were only 12 passes in the National Schools for the year 1881, and 32 for 1880. But I doubt not if they are not also destined to be, in the near future, the instruments of its revival and perpetuation. It is now spreading in the schools like a prairie fire, if I may be permitted the expression. I myself passed 16 pupils, and I know a neighboring teacher who passed 23 in Irish at last examination. I may also remark that nine teachers hold Certificates of competency to teach Irish in the Co. Cork, for.—

By the shores of Munster like the Atlantic blast,  
The olden language lingers yet and binds us to  
the Past.

Judging from the foregoing what an immense number must have succeeded in all Ireland! The would be aristocrats who aped their superiors, like the frog in the fable, and who were ashamed to speak

the language of their forefathers have, thank God nearly all disappeared chiefly through the exertions of the members of “The Gaelic Union” and those of “The Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language.” These gentlemen have caught up a spark from the dying embers which soon kindled into a blaze, and which is still increasing in vigour, until ere long it will shed its refulgent brightness upon the whole *Clanna Gaodhal*. Antiquarians would labour more successfully in their researches after Irish antiquities, as well as in ascertaining the ancient manners, customs, games, and pastimes of the Irish, had they possessed a sound knowledge of their language. What an advantage this would be to Irish history! And as to point of antiquity, philologists assert that it is akin to the Hebrew, and Sanscrit, while poets sing that.—

When lovely Eve in beauty’s bloom,  
First met foud Adams view,  
The first words he spoke to her were.—  
*Caá e mar tha thu?*

Enclosed is a year’s subscription to *An Gaodhal*, and if you could supply all the past numbers beginning with the first, and up to October, 1884, I would gladly purchase them. Were your Journal known to the National teachers of Ireland, generally, I believe they would subscribe to a man. It has left nothing undone to draw into closer bonds of fellowship the Irish race, and may the friendships thus cemented be of such a lasting character that the vile breath of the enemies of our Language will fail to shake. With best wishes to you, Mr. Editor, for your great service to our Irish brethren.—a service which I am sure will ever be gratefully remembered by all true lovers of our

ἘΛΛΗΝΕΣ ἠγῆθη ἡμεῖς ἡμετέραν.

Yours ever faithfully,

JOHN NYHAN.

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PROF. RÖHRIG ON THE RSH LANG-  
UAGE.

Continued from page 452,

The same is the case in Hungarian, where, "I have a house" —has to be expressed by *nekem van hazam*, literally "to me is my house;" also in Turkish, where the same phrase is "*ev m var*," literally, "my house exists." so in Arabic, where, for instance, "I have a book," would be "*andi kita*" "with me is a book."

Let us now, also, say something, in passing, about the material itself of the Irish language, that is, its words. A comparison of Celtic words with Sanskrit will, at once, throw a clearer light on this mode of relationship with the same and the Aryan languages. We shall take any few words in Irish, just as they happen to occur to our mind, and make without entering into any tedious and unnecessary details, simply a short allusion to their connection or affinity with the Sanskrit or with some of the of their several Indo-European languages. Thus, for instance, *cluas* (claus, the ear), connects with the Irish *clu* (clu, to hear), just as we find, in other languages, *ear* and *hearing* closely connected; e. g., the Turkish substantive *kul-ak* (ear) reappears in Finnish, as a verb, *cuulla* (to hear); Hungarian *hallani*. It is in Kymric *clust*, Anglo-Saxon *hlust*; in Celtic, it reappears in *clu* (clu, ramor) and *clotac* (clotach famous, renowned); Greek *klu-ō*, *klu too*, *k'eos*: Latin *clu-o*, *clu-eo*, *clien*, *cluentius*, in *clu-tus*; Gothic, *hliuma*; German, *clumurd*, *ver-leumund*; Old High German *hlut*, *laut*, English *loud*; Old High German the verb *hlosen*, now *laushen*; English *listen* (Anglo-Saxon *hlust*); in Sanskrit, the root is *sru* (to hear) this, too, connects with the German *huren*, the English to hear, &c. Let us take some other words in the same way. The Irish *lam* (lamb, hand); Kymric and Cornish, *lan*: Gothic—*lofa* (palm of the hand),—corresponds with the Sanskrit verb *labh* (to take, seize); Greek *lab* and *lamu*. In the same relation stand the Sanskrit verb *hri* (to take), with guna *har*, and the Greek substantive *hheir* (hand). So, too, we say in English to *hand*—to give, and the *hand*. The Irish *atair* (father,—originally *atar athor*—, stands for *patar* (*pathar*); Sanskrit *patar* [*pitri*], Latin *mater*, etc. The Irish *mathair* (mother) is the Sanskrit *matr* (*matrī*), Latin *mat-r*, German *mutter*, English *mother*, etc. The Irish *bratair* is the Sanskrit *bhratar* (*bhratri*), the Latin *frater*, Greek *frater* (a classman, member of a brotherhood), German *bruder*, English brother, &c. The verb to go is of the root *i*; in Irish, *eta* (*etha*), he went; Kymric *a-eth*; Sanskrit *emi*, *imas*; Latin *eo*, *imus*, *ire*; *iter* (journey); Greek *eimi*, *imer*; Lithuanian *eimi*; Sanskrit past participle *ita*, subs-

stantives *itis* (the going), *eman* (road).

The Irish *gamog* (*gamog*, a step), is related to the Sanskrit verb *gam*, (to go), and the Gothic *gu'ma*, *guam*: the German *kommen*, the English to come. The Irish *car-aigh* *carraig*, to go], connects with the Sanskrit *char* (= *car*) meaning to go; the Latin *curro*, and the Gothic *fara*—to move about. A related root to *char* is *chal*, and this stands to the German *fallen* and English to *fall* in the same relation as *char* to *fara*, the German *fahren* and the English *fare*. From the Sanskrit *char* derives *charana* (foot) which reappears in the Celtic *cara*. Another such verb in Sanskrit, *at* (to wander about, to ramble) occurs again in Celtic, where we have in the Welsh *ath-u* (to go). —The Irish *toch*, *toic*—to go, *toicheal*—*toiceal*, journey—, *tochar*—*tochar*, way—, is reducible to the Sanskrit *tau*—to go—. The Irish *cos*—*cos*, foot—, Kymric *coos*—hip, hip-joint, Latin *coxa*, French *cuisse* connect with the Sanskrit *kas*—to go: just as the Sanskrit *charaman*—foot—derived from *char*—to go—. In the same way *lui*—*lui*, leg,—is related to the Sanskrit *lvi*—to go—. So is the Irish *fir* *firb*,—rapidity, velocity,— closely allied to the Sanskrit *parb*—to go—. Let us take still another Sanskrit verb of the same meaning—to go,—*tag*. This stands as it seems, altogether unconnected and isolated, and no where in the Indo-European languages a cognate to it can be obtained. Only in Irish we meet it again in *tag* (*tag*, to approach,) and in *tigh* (*tig*, to come). Another such isolated and, according to all appearance, unrelated and unaccounted for verb in Sanskrit, is *am* (to pass).

(To be continued)

As we are going to press we have received the Report for 1884 of the Dublin Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language. It is full of encouragement for the future of the language. We hope our countrymen all over the world will give their serious consideration to the cultivation of their language. It is the one thing which keeps a people intact. A large number remark that the Irish do not cling to one another like the peoples of other nations. The cause of this is, that the majority of them have no common bond of brotherhood, and are left to the mercy of every wind that blows—nondescripts, without a country, without a language—a butt for ridicule to the civilized world. The common bond of brotherhood is the language. Wellington is reported as saying "If a man be born in a stable that does not make a horse of him." Hence, the root of Nationality is the language, and Irishmen, deserving the name, should assist those who are endeavoring to preserve it.

Send Sixty Cents for the Gael for one year. It will teach you Irish.

THE MINSTREL BOY.  
(From Moore's Melodies)

Translated for the GAEL, by WILLIAM RUSSELL.  
Air—"Moreen."

21η κλάγγρονη δὲ ἐμῆς ἀη ἐοῦσαὶ ἕλιαι  
 21η κλάγγρονη δὲ ἐμῆς ἀη ἐοῦσαὶ ἕλιαι  
 Λαηη 'αἶταρ ἀῖς ἀη λαοὺ ἀη ἄ τὰοβ ἡα  
 τριαιλ',  
 'Σα φαοι-ἐριυτ ἐροῦτα ἴηαρ ἀη.  
 "21 ἔηη ἡα ἡ-οἶη," ἀη-ῖα ἡα ἐμιαὶ-δῆρο,  
 "21 ἀη ῖαοῖαλ ἐῖ ῖο δ-ῖυη τῆ ῖεηηα,  
 21η ἐλοῖδεαῖη ἀηῖαη βεῖο τριεη ἀο  
 ῖῖαιητ;  
 21η ἐριυτ ἀηῖαη ῖῖοηαοηηα.

Οο ἐιυτ ἀη οἶηη, λε ῖαδῖαῖοε ἡῖαηαο  
 ἡῖοη ἔηῖς ἀ ῖῖ'ηηο το ἐλαοῦλαο;  
 21 ἐῖηη ἡῖοη ἕῖοῖς ἀηῖη ῖο βῖαῖ,  
 Οο ῖῖοῖε ῖῖ ἀηαῖ ἀ τευδα;  
 21ηη ουδαηητ, "ἡῖ ῖῖοῖηηη ουητ ῖῖαδ-  
 ηαῖοε,  
 21 ἀηαη ἀη ἕηῖο ῖ ἀη ἕηηηηε ἕηῖαῖοε!  
 Τ' ἀβῖαηη το ἐμιαὶ το ῖῖαοη ῖ το ῖῖαοη,  
 ἡῖ ἐλοῖηηηαη ἀ ἡ-οαοη-δῖηηο ἀ ῖῖοη-  
 αῖοε."

Céir, an old name for the Irish harp;  
 vide O'Reilly's Supplement.

The word, ῖῖοηαῖοε, in the last line  
 signifies musical strains; as, τὰδαηη  
 οἶηηη ῖῖοηα, give us a strain.

ISLAND-EADY.

Translated from the Irish of BRIAN McHUGH,  
 By MICHAEL CAVANAGH

Air—"Youghal Harbor."

1

In "Island-Eady" my first love's sleeping,  
 There my young darling I've laid to rest;  
 And three bereaved ones are with me weeping,  
 Who nurture drew from her loving breast,  
 That I'm faint-hearted there's no denying,  
 My soul is shrouded in sorrow's gloom;  
 My "light of life!"—in your clay-bed lying—  
 You're gone from me in your youthful bloom.

2

When but sixteen I my fond bride made you,  
 No gift more precious could mortal prize;  
 By nature gifted—no art to aid you—  
 You shone, my day-star in azure skies;  
 Your lips were truthful, dear love, and graceful,  
 Your neck as swan's on the limpid wave;  
 Your white breasts pillowed your babies peaceful,  
 Oh! that from Death I my love could save!

3

If I had wed some repulsive creature,  
 I'd scarcely mourn her loss with tears;  
 But she—the peerless in mind and feature—  
 Whose love I won in her tender years:  
 Oh, I'd much rather my wife recover,  
 To milk my cows and to cheer my hearth,  
 Than George's riches if told twice over,  
 Could they her place take beneath the earth.

4

If people knew what I suffer thinking  
 Upon my bright-haired, lost, *Sallie Bawn!*  
 Whose liquid love-notes my soul kept drinking,  
 Through nights of rapture till morning, s dawn.  
 No use in dreaming that I shall meet her—  
 My household's queen, evermore in life;  
 Although my heart's-blood I'd give to greet her—  
 My treasured darling—my sweet child-wife.

It is said that Dan Manning is what they call a  
 "turn-coat," and after "turning" attempted to re-  
 move the remains of his father from the Catholic  
 to a protestant graveyard. If this be a fact Mr  
 CleveLand has highly complimented his Irish sup-  
 porters by placing Mr. Manning in the Treasury,  
 for, of all living animals, there is none so hateful  
 to the Irishman as a "turncoat," because there is  
 none so bitter against Irish National sentiment,

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ΤΡΥΣΖΙΝ ΑΣΥΡ ΛΕΒΙΒΙΟΝ

Βυαν-ἑαυτην

De zac h-uyte C'neal.

43 αη Δαμα Δεαρ Σπῆσο. Φηλα., Πα.

Translation.

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