

118

GAELEN

Leabhar-aithne mhoramhail,
Tabairtá cum an
TEANGA GAELIGE
a corrad ^{azur} a raon tuáid
azur cum
Fem-maíla Cuid na h-Eimeann.


VOL. 5.— No. 6. August, 1886. Price, Five Cents.

The  Gael.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Fifth Year of Publication.

Philo-Celts.

The Brooklyn Philo-Celtic Society has taken a vacation until the middle of September. President Gilganon contents himself with attending to his business during the day and taking a trip to Coney Island in the evening. Miss Katie Ward with her sister Mrs. Larkin, is summering in Penn. Mr. L. M. Baldwin is ravenously digesting O'Curry's and other Gaelic works.

Vice President M. Crean has not put in an appearance for some time. Ten years ago there were only a few persons in either Brooklyn or New York who could teach the Gaelic classes; there are hundreds now.

Every Irish student, whether in Brooklyn Boston Chicago New York Philadelphia, San Francisco or elsewhere should endeavor to circulate the Gael—this should be easily done considering its cost is only 60 cents a year.

Brother Mullaney is one of the most dilligen members of the Society.

The Misses Dunlevy, Miss Nora T. Costello and Miss Guiren are the best Gaelic readers we know of.

Brother Heaney has gone into business on his own account.

Mrs. Sheehan, the Misses McGrath and Miss Dunne &c. are going to reorganize the P. C. Chorus in the Fall. All the old members are requested to be on hand. Where are all the old members of late? The Philo-Celtic movement has created a sentiment never before known in Irishmen, when success is in sight is not the time to relax:

THE EMMETT GUARDS—The above organization drill every Friday evening in Hibernian Hall, Gold St. near Myrtle Av., at 8 o'clock. Every patriotic young Irishman is invited to join this organization. A large number of the Emmett Guards were members of the Philo-Celtic Society, and we hope they will not neglect to cultivate the spirit which cannot fail to augment their ranks.

What is the matter with a large number of old members—are they keeping away for the lure of 25 cents a month? They ought to be ashamed of themselves.

A large number claim to be members of the Goidelo-Celtic Society. No one is a member who is in arrears.

Ireland will yet be mistress of the seas. The present fight between the Celt and Saxon will lead to it.

What must be said of a class of so-called Irishmen who spend dollars on excursions, etc., and would not give a cent to promote the cultivation of the language.

Messrs. John Kyne, O'Neill, Walsh, Flanagan, Mullery and Col Dempsey got three crates of Irish turf from Galway via Cork and had a splendid Irish bone-fire at the picnic of the Montgomery Club on St. John's Eve. Brother Kyne superintended the building of the fire, and when the blaze was at its full height the "greenbacks" could be seen in Jersey. "210 01A," said Anthony Walsh, "but that beats CRUCI PRIDONIC." The publication of the Irish bone-fire brought hundreds to the picnic, Brother Kyne wore a continued smile as he saw the greenbacks heaping for the Parnell Fund.

Any one who will discover a remedy whereby the millions of dollars referred to on page 619 of this issue may be turned into the coffers of Irishmen will get a valuable premium. If one's friend get a valuable situation (a political one if you will), there is great rejoicing, and the giver is lauded to the skies; how insignificant is such compared to the millions referred to?

If Gaelic literature were more generally diffused we think it would tend in a great measure to remedy the evil of which the trading portion of our people have reason to complain. Now, let this business portion of our people set the example of correcting this evil. Let each person say this to himself and act upon it.—“I will commence and do *my* part, let others do as they will.” If this be done there will be a very great change in our people in a short time.

One of the nicest and most elegantly conducted papers which we know of is the **SCRANTON TRUTH**. No parent need hide it from his child.

In sending for the Gael send either a postal order or postage stamps. Send no large stamps

ԴՏՈՅ ԵՐԲԱՆԻ ԶԱՇ ՄԱՕԱ 'Ր ԴՏՈՅ ՅՆԱԴՄ
ԶԱՇ ԵԱՆ.

ō and ū sound like w when followed
 or preceded by a, o, u, as, a bāro, his
 bard, pronounced a wardh; a ūaro,
 his beef or ox, pronounced, a warth;
 and like v when preceded by e, i, as,
 a deari, his wife, pronounced, a van, a
 ūiari, his desire, pronounced, a ve-un
 ȝ and ȝ sound like y at the beginning
 of a word; they are almost silent in
 the middle, and perfectly so at the end
 of words. Č sounds like ch; þ, like f;
 ƿ and ƿ, like h; and ƿ is silent.

Եթէ թէ կոյտ ռձ Բ-Բձձձ թէ յիշեալ
 Ծ'ձօղ Ծ' ձր յօրնայ յիլկնիօրնւ՛ լե թօր-
 Ըձ Ըձսր Յօ Ծ-ԾՅԲԱԵԸ Ը Շօրձ Ըր Ըղ յ-
 ԲՅՇԸր Ըրսւյձ յօ՛ յր յԸՇԾԱղԸՇ Ծօ ԲյնԸ-
 Ըլ Ըղօյր Ըսղ Ը Ըսղձ Ըրնղ լա՛ւ՛ւ՛ւ՛նլա
 Ծ' ԲձձԱլ, Յօ րօյրնօ՛ւ՛՛՛՛ թէ րօր 'ղձր
 յեարձ 'ղձ ծյձձ ռօ, յար լայ՛ւղիշեղղ
 ձր յ-Ըր լօյր ; Ըձսր, լայլր ըղ. ռձ յ-
 Բեյ՛ւ՛ւ՛՛՛՛ լղ րօղձր ռօղղրնայ՛ւ՛՛՛ Ը յ-ռղ
 ռօ, Յօ Ծ-ԾԸԸրԲձ թէ, Ըղղղղ, Ըղ յէյձ
 սղղ ռօ Բեյ՛ւ՛ւ՛՛՛՛ ԸլՅօ Յձ՛ Ըօղ լձ, Ըսղ
 Ըղ Յձօյ՛ւ՛լկ ռօ Ըսր Ըրն Ըձձձ ; թէ ըղ,

Այրօք դա դ-խար, Լե Բառայն Ընդունի Օ Ձիւսայնք ադ
 Բիւթ տաօքիւ ճախար Աւրա, Ե Յօղիտէ Օղիւսա, Ե Տաւ Կառ-
 եար, Ե իւր յիւստիւր դա Կառայն Կառայն Ե Ձիւսայնք
 Կառայն, Կառայն, Կառայն, Կառայն Ե Ձիւսայնք, Ե Ձիւսայնք,
 Ե Կառայնք Ե Ձիւսայնք Ե Ձիւսայնք Ե Ձիւսայնք Ե Ձիւսայնք.

Mr Patrick Condon of Ballymacody, county Cork, Ireland emigrated to this
 country and settled near Utica, in this state, and wrote the following letter home
 to his friend, Mr. Gleason. We are indebted to Mr. O'Driscoll of Cherry st.
 N Y City for the manuscript, which we take pleasure in publishing.

- 1 Ա Տօլն Բիւ Լիւսայնք, Բիւս, Եսօ Եսայնք,
 Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք;
 Այն ադ դիւստ Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք;
 Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք.
- 2 Կիւ Կառայն Կառայն, Կառայն Կառայն ադ,
 Աւս Կառայն Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք;
 Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք,
 Կառայն Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք.
- 3 Ասլ Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք,
 Աս Եսայնք, Եսայնք, Եսայնք Եսայնք ադ;
 Ասայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք,
 Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք.
- 4 Տօլն Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք,
 Աս Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք;
 Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք;
 Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք.
- 5 Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք,
 Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք;
 Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք,
 Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք.
- 6 Օ Լա Կառայն Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք,
 Տօլն Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք;
 Ա Յօղիտէ Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք,
 Ա Յօղիտէ Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք.
- 7 Տօլն Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք,
 Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք;
 Կիւ Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք,
 Աս Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք.
- 8 Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք,
 Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք;
 Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք,
 Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք.
- 9 Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք,
 Աս Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք;
 Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք,
 Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք.
- 10 Կիւ Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք,
 Աս Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք;
 Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք,
 Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք.
- 11 Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք,
 Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք;
 Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք Եսայնք,

- [illegible]

to be continued

Phila. Pa. 20th July, 1886.

The Editor of The Gael.

Sir,—n looking over the contents of Gael No. 5, for the present month, my attention was attracted by some criticism on the use of *óíéáó* for the Conditional Mood, instead of *ó'íéáó*; and from which I infer that the forms adopted do not meet with the general approval of your readers. For the past few days I have asked several persons from various parts of Ireland how they would translate to Irish the sentence, "He would drink," they all invariably rendered it *ó'íéáó ré* [pron. dhólhoo]; but at the same time admitting that they often heard the form, "*ó' óíéáó ré*," used. As far as my individual opinion is concerned, though not opposed to the use of *óéáó* &c., I would prefer, in conjugating the verbs referred to in the story, to use *éáó* &c.; simply because such forms were more commonly used among the people of the neighborhood I came from, and I hear still used by the majority of Irishspeaking persons with whom I happen to converse. Hence, I believe, both forms may be used with equal grammatical correctness, and that it is left to the option of the writer which form to use; for, undoubtedly, both forms are, to some extent, used by Irishspeaking persons—the termination *éáó* only with the third person of the verb. Have we not a similar discrepancy existing in the Subjunctive Mood of the English tongue? While some grammarians confine its use only to the Conditional Tense of the verb "To be," (i. e. if I were, etc.), others would dispense with it altogether. One person would write, If it "rain" to-morrow, I will not go to town; while another would write, if it "rains" etc. Consequently, it is just similar in Irish. A person from a particular part of Ireland may write *ó'óíéáó ré*, etc., while another from a different part probably would write *ó'íéáó*, etc. Hence, I believe, the indiscriminate use of either form involves no

error in grammar, until, at least, some competent authority decides whether the verbs in question belong to the First Conjugation or not.

I find, also, that Mr. P. McEniry has unintentionally made some misleading remarks by saying that, *deunócc'*, is written alike for the past and future tenses. Well, I beg to remind him that, in no single instance, is such a use made of the tense referred to. The June issue of the Gael plainly stated that the termination *óccad* was adopted in the Conditional mood in accordance with common usage instead of *facad*, therefore, I cannot conceive any reason why he or any other reader should be in doubt about the moods or tenses having the above termination. He says *deunóccad ré*, means, he used to do. It means no such thing. Whenever used, it is used in the Conditional Mood, in the third persons of the verb: Who would form a sentence using *deunóccad* in the Con-
suetudinal Past Tense, or in other words, who would say, *deunóccad ré ac-
pian an uair a tisead ré an a bairle*, for, he used to make a disturbance when he came to town. A person would be more apt to say, *deunóccad ré*, etc. or *bisead ré deunad acpian*, &c. The same remarks apply, also, to the other verbs he quotes. *Cad b-fuyl tú ó fionn*, Where are you since, and not, where are you ever since, as translated by Mr. McEniry, (which would be *Cad b-fuyl tú ariam ó fionn*) is very common expression, and is in daily use by the majority of persons speaking Irish. *Fad a coirad* is the more correct expression, but for the sake of euphony I used *fo*,

Yours,

P. J. CREAN.

Mr. Crean has handled his subject in a masterly manner, but it seems to us that the sound which he gives to the termination under consideration i. e., dhǫlhoo, is nearer to the sound of ὀλόεας than it is of ὀλέας remembering that the final ες of ὀλόεας is silent and that c aspirated has often the sound of h as in ἐϋζαμῃ, also that one of the verbs is a derivative verb—

because *ol* is a noun, and therefore, properly according to Burke's grammar, belongs to the second conjugation, *ol* as a verb means said, (O'Reilly) *deunoc* is the general Munster pronunciation of the other word under consideration, and we have a pile of letters from Munster men in which the word is spelled "*deunoc*." The very Rev. Canon Bourke, in his Colloge Irish Grammar, believes that the number of verbs in Irish belonging to the Second conjugation is much larger than those of the First conjugation. We hope all the Gaelic readers of the Gael will put such questions to their Gaelic acquaintances, and report the result. Our object is to bring the matter under general notice, so that it may be discussed impartially and with the view of having it settled one way or the other.

Since the above was put in print we have met the Superior of the Franciscan Friars. Rev. Father White, Ennis county Clare, who is here collecting for his new church, and we asked him to translate the expressions, "he would drink, he would do," and he promptly replied, *D'óltaic ré, deuntaic ré*, adding "*duaitaic ré*," etc. And it may be seen that *ԱՌ ՔԱՐՔԱՐ* in his letter to *Եղմար Կաթ* in last Gael, page 598. 2nd line of 9th verse, has, "*Ծ'óltaic Եղմար*." *ԱՌ ՔԱՐՔԱՐ* is a Waterford man, and a scholar, and wrote, as he said, as the people speak there. Joyce nearly ignores these important matters in writing his Grammar, and therefore, in our opinion, is misleading. Let the grammar be made from the language and not the language from a so-called grammar.

We are again forced to say something about the "Irish American" and its anonymous friend. The Irish American at one time represented the sentiments of a considerable number of Irishmen, but since the Editor "lost" the Fenian documents in Dublin, and the paper came under the control of the Baudon Orangeman, it has become the pliant tool of Dublin Castle. Since that time it tries to throw the apple of discord into every Irish National movement. Witness its conduct towards the Irish National League, and its venomous editorial remarks on this journal a few weeks ago.

For a long time after "losing" the papers, the Editor was very careful of his health—so much so that he was very seldom seen out of doors—and kept his office approaches so firmly closed that it would require a search warrant to gain admittance. But he had plenty of money then and could afford to indulge in these luxuries. It is the common belief that too much indulgence breeds disease and that moderate living is conducive to good

health. So now that the Editor has to earn his living by working on the Irish American for his daily pay and, therefore, cannot indulge himself as he used, he is getting convalescent and we see his name once more in active warfare against the Irish National League. Perhaps he expects to become an envoy again so that he may "lose" another batch of papers, in which case he might be able to befriend his anonymous jackal. This anonymous creature says that we seek martyrdom.—A martyr to what? Oh, no. Mr. Anon, we are not going to let our bone go with the dog, let that dog be a spaniel or a bull. The proprietors of the Irish American sought to make capital out of the fact that they publish a Gaelic department. They do publish it but not for the love of the language, for not one of its staff knows a word of Irish, the type-setter excepted. The Editor does not know a word of Irish, though the Gaelic department was in the paper 25 years ago. The Irish American would not be alive to day only for the Gaelic department, for it got nearly run to the ground on account of Meehan's conduct towards the Fenians until the Gaelic movement revived it ten or twelve years ago. We well remember seeing a large number of the Gaelic scholars clipping the Gaelic matter out of the paper and consigning the remainder to the flames.

We regret having occupied so much of our space with this worthless subject, but it may do some service to place matters in their true light. There is no doubt but English money is being lavishly used in New York and elsewhere to create a split in National ranks. Who gets this money? Those of course who try to create such split, and every Irishman should resolve to frustrate their actions.

ԼՕԾՕՐԵՂԱ ԱՌ ՅԱՌԾԱՆ.

Եղմար օ ԼՕ ՅՕ ԼՕ ԵԺԱՅԻՐ ԲԱԶՅԱԾ ԵՕ ԼՅՅԵՕՅՈՒՅԺ ԱՌ ՅԱՌԾԱՆ ԴԱԸ Դ-ՅՈՒՆԵՐ ԸԱՄԱՅՐ ԴՅԻՏԻՈՅ Ե ՂԵԺՅԵՐԼՅՈ Ը ԸՈՆՇԱՅԻՐ, ՕՐԻ ԻՐ ԵՕՅՅ ԼԻՂԻ ՅՕ ԴՅԻՏԵԺԱՅԻՐ ՅԱԸ ԵՄԻՆ ԸՕ ՄԱՅԸ ԱՅԱՐ ԻՐ ԼՅԱՐ ԵՕ. ԵՒԺՐԱՄԱՐ ԸԵԱՊԱ ՅԱՐ ԸԱՅՆԵԱԾ ԱՌ ՅԱՌԾԱՆ ԱՐԻ ԲԱՅ ԸԱՄ ԱՌ ԵԵԱՊՅԱ ԼԵԱԾԻՅԱԾ, ԱՅԱՐ, ԼԵ ՄԵՅԻՐԵԱԸ Ա ԸԺԱՅԻՐ ԵՕ ԴԱ ԲԵՕԼԱՅԻՐԺ ԱՅԻՆՕԼՅԱԸԱ, ԵՒՅՈՒՐԼՅՅՄՅՐ Ա Դ-ԵԱՐԱԸԵԱ Օ ԱՌ ՅՕ Դ-ԱՄ ՅԱՌ ՄՅՐԱՆ ԸԵՐԱՅԱԾ ԸԵԱՊ-ԱԾ ԵՈՂԵԱ. ԻՂ ԱՅԻՐ Ա ԵՅԺԵԱՐ ԴԱ ԲԵՕԼ-ԱՅԻՐԸ ԴՂԱՅ ԴՅԻՏԵՐ ԱՅԱՐ ԼՅՅԵԱԾ ԵԱ ՅՐԱՄՄԵՅԻՐ ՅԱԸՅԼՅԵ ԲԱՐԱՅ ԅՕ ԼԵՐԻ ԼԵ ԴԱ Ե-ԵՐԵՐԱՅԱԾ. ԸՕԵԱՅԵԱՅԻՐ ԱՌ ԼԵԱՅԺ ԱՐԻ ԱԸՕ Ա ՄԱԸԱՐ ԲԱՐ ԵՕ ԸԱՅԵԱՅԻՐ ԲԵ ԵՂԱԾ ԴՅՐ ԵՐՅՅՅՅԱՅԻՐ: Ա Յ-ԸԱՅԵՐԺ ԼԵՂԻԺ ԴԱ ԴՅԱՌԾԱՆ ԵՕՅՈՅ ԱՅԱՐ ՄԱՅԻՐ-ԲԵՐԼ Ա ԲԼԱՅԱԾ ԲԱՐ ԵՕ ԸՐՅԱՅՐ Օ ԼԵԱՅԻՐԱԸՕ Ա ՄԱԸԱՐ? ՏԵԱՐԲԱՅՐ ՄԱՅՈՅԵ ԱՐԻ ԱՐ ԴՅԻՏԻՈՅ ԲԵՂ, ԱՅԱՐ ԴՅ ԵՅԺՅՄՅՐ "Ե ՂԵԱՐ ԴՕ Ե ՂԵՅԺՅՈՅՂ" ԱՐԻ ԲՈՅ ԵՂԵԱԸ ԵՐԼԵ. ՅԼԸ ԱՂԱՅԻՐ Ա ԵԱՐԵԱՅԻՐԱՅԵԱՐ ԸԱՅՅԻՐ ԼԵ ԴԱՅ-ԱԼԱՅԱԾ ԴԱ Դ-ԱՅԵԱՐ, ԴՕԸ ԱԸԱ ԱԸՅԱՅԵԱՅԵ Ա ԵՅԵՐ ԴԱ Դ-ԱՅԵԱՐ, ԴԱԸ Ե-ԲԱՅԼ ՄԱՅՐ

ՇԵՐԻՒՆ, իրեօճանայտ յօ հ-նիմալ բաճոյ դա
րիմաճեայծ. Ե՛ւ ի Յաճճալ շիւ-շիւմաճ
7 բաճայի դաճ ի՛նչ ի՛նչ ալ ի՛նչ ի՛նչ ի՛նչ
րիստօճայի՛նչ դա հ-ճիւրաճի յաճ Լճճայաճ

BURKE'S POEMS

The late Michael Burke, whom we introduced to the readers of the Gael in the last number, was born at Esker, county Galway about the year 1803 (the same year that Gerald Griffin was born), of highly respectable Catholic parents—some of those Norman Nobles who accompanied Strongbow to Ireland in the 12th century, and who afterwards “became more Irish than the Irish themselves.” The marquis of Clanickard and a large number of the Irish gentry of the present day are of this de Burgo family. Some of our readers are aware that these Normen Aristocrats were very anxious to form alliances with the Irish chieftains, and that on no account would they marry with the English whom they looked upon as being of the lowest order of society. And we believe that the same sentiment obtains to-day throughout enlightened christendom. England being a strong power has a political prestige which forces, as it were, her people into temporary prominence, but let this power vanish—which will be the case in the near future—and the English will descend to a level with the Dutch of which they are the counterpart. Take the opinions of learned independent men on English society and what is the result—scorn and contempt.

Take Mr. Blaine's views on the shoddy English Aristocracy, as expressed towards one of its members—and Mr. Blaine's remarks were *general* and not particular, as some would seem to construe them.—Being conscious of his Irish lineage, Mr. Blaine's sneering reference to the bastard aristocracy of England is readily understood.

As before remarked, Mr. Burke has written a large volume of very interesting and instructive matter. He died in this city on the 6th of July, 1881.

IRISH REMINENCES.

On Learning the First Rudiments of Forgetting my Native Tongue, i. e., the Irish Language.

When first I sought the village school,
To learn my A, B, C,
I thought it grand but did not know
What then was said to me.
The master sat beside the fire,
One leg upon his knee,
And with a smile a something said
I knew he meant for me.
’Twas useless talk, I knew not what,—
I stood behind the door,
And stared around with vacant eyes,
And looked behind, before;

The tears at once began to fall,
My cheeks began to glow,
I roared so loud the master said,
“Come here my lad,” or so.
’Twas useless talk, I did not come,
Nor yet did I retire,
Nor stopt my notes so loud and shrill,
But stuck them something higher,
“So let’s a hunc,” said he at last,
“Kia b’feara’ oir faic’f’o’ b’f’o’;
Suj’ r’f’o’ le’m a’r. [come leave you that
And give him you, that stone),”
I slowly came, or rather stole,
And sat beside his knee,
And looked composed as then he said,
Some kindly words to me,
He said “A *mhic* you must hence learn,
The English, *bearta*, dear,
And spake no more that vulgar tongue,
The Irish Language here.”
He said then more than I can tell,
He talked an hour or so,
But what it was, or what it meant,
I never since could know.
He took his knife and cut a switch,
And made a little square,
And got a string, and tied it fast,
And said, I should it wear,
“Now this a *mic* to me shall tell,
If Irish you shall speak,
Within, without, at home or here,
At least indeed one week.”
’Ho’ ’bout my neck, my tongue it tied,—
How dismal was my woe,
For all the English I could speak
Was simple yes, or no.
Yet this did well for me at Home,
The Irish there was spoke,
My father said tho’ hard the task,
I bore then well my yoke,
My mother said, God rest her soul,
’Twas really hard indeed,
To now forget my Native Tongue,—
I might as well my creed.
Between them both the matter was,
With pros and cons then tried,
My father said he knew the laugh,
Himself of late supplied,
The game was lost my mother cried,
I cried with scalding tears,
’Tho’ tied my tongue—I knew these notes
I practiced all my years.
While yes or no my answer was,
To all my mother said,
Till plagued at last, and deafened near,
She put me then to bed.
The morning’s dawn no pleasure bore,
To me then nearly dead,
For half the night, I lay awake—
The other half had fled.
To school I went, I know not how,
But yet I found me there,
And there I saw the self same man,
But not at morning prayer,
“Come up my lad, and let me see,
How many words you spoke,”
When I alas did answer no,—
Believe it was no joke.
“Bring here that chap,” at once he said,
To one who stood me near,
No sooner said than there I stood,
Then trembling all with fear,
“Your tally sir—come show me quick,—

Your answer's not polite,
I'll teach you sir before we part,
To court'sey in my sight."

He held it up before his eyes,—
He put it to his ears,—

"Aha, my lad, this tells a tale,—
A fig for all your tears."

I thought I might at first be wrong,
My simple yes, then said,

But just as bad it proved to be,—
I wished I were then dead.

That day I date as others can,
My Language to despise,
And tried all means to it forget—
Ah! what a sacrifice!

That step I do, and shall regret,
No matter what I be,

The English letters to prefer,
To the Irish A, B, C. M. BURKE.

The following was suggested on seeing the grand
panorama of Ireland now being exhibited at the
Brooklyn Museum.

Dear, lovely scene, my native home once more,
Methinks I see thee on the distant shore,
Where all that's dear, in earlier days than those,
On one sweet spot, found comfort and repose,
Where childhood's haunts, behind the shady trees,
Were then well known, the young and old to please,
Where circling crowds, our daring feats did scan,
Came there to see or give a better plan;
Where many a joke, the circling spot entwined,
And many a laugh came thrilling from behind,
As each lost space, or gained an inch before,
Or backward fell, or felled a dozen o'er.

The laugh, the cry, the loud huzzas were sure.
More zest to add, to pleasing toil endure,
No lazy drone, the trophied ring would dare,
But kept a distance with a gaping stare;
The day then spent, the circle squared anon,
And each sped homeward with the setting sun,
Such sports as these, our truant hours employed,
And more than these, we in boyhood age enjoyed.

Dear, lovely Isle, my native home, alas,
What dismal scenes thou'st doom'd of late to pass,
How sad the change, untold thy mass of woes,
How weak thy friends, how powerful thy foes?
Thy valiant sons, who sought to set thee free,
Are gone, alas! to mourn their fate and thee,
To spend their days in distant lands unknown,
And pine in grief, and weep for thee alone.

'Tis sad indeed, to see such men as these,
Cut off at once, and sent beyond the seas,
For what, no crime, but love of Father-land,
For naught but love, led on that worthy band,
Ah, shame, disgrace, the case now plainly shows,
Where lay the guilt. How nobly brave were those,
Their fate tho' sad, more precious is than gold,
'Twill tell their names, when others can't be told.

Dear, charming Isle, where saints and sages trod,
Thou'st lost thy all, save Faith, thy Hope and God,
Thy martyred sons, who reign in bliss on high,
Behold thy wreck and hear each moan and sigh:
Forbear! still hope, the time draws quickly near,
No winter lasts or holds thro' all the year,
The morning dawns, a symptom yon appears,
Hope more to arms than useless whining tears,
When comes the time, be ready each and all,
To wield the sword and use the musket ball,
Rush onward, rush and act your part as men,
Then Ireland shall be Ireland once again.—Burke.

When I Was A Boy, Long, Long, Ago.

O, when I was a boy,
And just a boy's size,
What pleasure and what joy,
I felt within me rise,
I did as other boys,
No matter what the game,
And helped to swell the noise,
And shifted round the blame,
Was foremost on the ground
To lead the fellows on,
And 'mong the latest found,
And last when all were gone.

Ah! many were the games,
We played on the green,
And many were the names,
That shifted thro' the scene,
How often in these days,
Amidst the fun and glee.

Did we loiter in the place?
To have an evening spree,
And many were the schemes
To bring the fellows out.

By calling them some names,
Or hauling them about,
Until at length they both
Did boldly then advance,
And off then went the coats,
And on then, went the hands

The claret freely flowed,
From noses pummeled well,
And each a mettle shewed,
And pummeled as they fell.
Nor did it there them fail,
While rolling in the mud,
But fought it tooth and nail
As well as then they could.

How often when at school
Instead of working sums
We pitched about the stools,
And all of us were mums.

How oft did we devise
A plan, to fight at eve,
Before the master's eyes
Before he gave us leave.

As soon as school was out,
And we as free as air,
We took another rout
To settle matters there.

We crossed the yonder moor,
As fast as we could run,
Full satisfied and sure
To have an evening's fun.

We cheered them on the while,
We slapped them on the backs,
And scarcely crossed the style,
When on went then the whacks.

They fought then like their sires,
They fought, and fought again,
Regardless of the briers
That scratched the nether skin.

These games were oft renewed,
On mountain, dale and glen,
As oft as chance ensued,
Not caring who would win,

Tho' long are past these days,
And years have rolled between—
I'm never since so pleased
As when upon that Green,

Mr. Blaine has up to this, it is said, realized
\$250,000 from the sale of his book—a neat little sum

SOCIETY OF THE FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PATRICK.

The famous Fishing Club, which is still in existence, was founded in the year 1732, under the appellation of "The Colony of Schuylkill." After the revolutionary war this colony, with mock solemnity, declared its independence under the name of "The Schuylkill Fishing Company of the State in Schuylkill." The new State proceeded to elect its governor, council, and other ministers of sovereign power; adopted a code of laws providing for military expeditions against the squirrels, rabbits, partridges and pheasants of the surrounding country; and having especial regard to the preservation and gradual increase of their navy and ordnance on the Schuylkill (namely, their fishing-boats and tackle), without neglecting their fortifications of their barrenial castle and seat of government, situated on the site now occupied by Mr. Borie's house on the Schuylkill, but after the construction of the Fairmount dam, transferred to its present location below Gray's Ferry. Among the members of this "Colony or State" are found the names of Tench Francis, at divers times counselor and treasurer of "the State", etc. Jas. Logan, Francis Johnston (the facetious secretary), John Donaldson and John Dickinson author of the *Farmers Letters*—all of whom were members of the Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. No doubt others of the society, whose names will occur hereafter, were drafted from that jovial and happy "colony."

In the year 1766 the Gloucester Fox Hunting Club was instituted, and continued in existence until the year 1818. Many of its members were also members of the Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick; for instance, John Dunlap, afterwards Captain of the First Troop of Philadelphia Cavalry, John Mease, Blair M'Clenaghan, James Caldwell, Samuel Caldwell, John Lardner, Alexander Nesbitt, John Boyle, Jas. Mease, John Mitchell, John Dickinson, Tench Francis, Robert Morris, John White, John Cadwalader, Thurbutt Francis, Richard Bache, Matthew Mease, James Moylan, Robert Glen, John Patton, Thomas Robinson, Sharp Delaney. In the memoirs of this club it is stated that "not less than *twenty-two* of the members associated and formed the First Troop of Philadelphia Cavalry."

The greater part of these twenty-two were Irishmen and members of the Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. That Society has better claims than the Fox Hunting Club to the formation of the First Troop, for, in addition to what has been already said, the names of thirty-five members of the society are found in its muster roll.

This celebrated troop of cavalry which still exists and whose exploits during the Revolution are so well known, was formed Nov. 17 1774, by a num-

ber of "gentlemen of fortune", as Gen. Washington calls them in his letter of Jan. 23 1777. Of the original members of this troop, ten were drafted from the ranks of the Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, namely; James Mease, John Dunlap, Henry Hill, John Mease, John Boyle, John Mitchell, George Campbell, Samuel Caldwell, Andrew Caldwell, and Blair M'Clenaghan. In 1775 and 1776 seven more of the Sons of St. Patrick joined the troops, namely; John Donaldson, John Lardner, Alexander Nesbitt, James Caldwell, George Fullerton, Francis Nichols, and Patrick Moore. In March 1777, John M. Nesbitt, James Crawford, George Henry, ——— Wilson (query, if Joseph Wilson of the "Sons of St. Patrick") and David H. Conyngham, joined, and at various times before the end of the war the following members of the society attached themselves to the troop, namely; George Hughes, John Murray, Michael Morgan O'Brien, John Barclay, John Patton, and Francis Johnston—making altogether twenty-nine members of the troop drafted during the war from the "Sons of St. Patrick." Others were afterward added from the same source.

Twenty-six members of the troop served in the campaigns of 1776 and 1777, were at the battles of Trenton and Princeton, took a number of prisoners, and distinguished themselves on every occasion when their services were called for. General Mercer and Washington both bear testimony to their efficiency in these campaigns. The latter in discharging them from duty, on Jan. 23d. 1777, "returns them his sincere thanks for the many essential services which they have rendered to their country and to himself personally during the course of that severe campaign." "Though composed" says he, "of gentlemen of fortune, they have shown a noble example of discipline and subordination, and in several actions have shown a spirit and bravery which will ever do honor to them and will ever be gratefully remembered by me."

In the campaign of 1799, or Northampton expedition, having received notice of a general order directing the cavalry to hold themselves in readiness to march in a few days, Captain Dunlap makes the following characteristic reply;

"WEDNESDAY EVENING, March 20th, 1799.

"Sir;

"About an hour ago I received through the general orders of the commander-in-chief, dated this day, with a letter directing me to report when the First Troop of Philadelphia Cavalry will be ready to march. With pleasure I tell you that *when the laws and government of this happy country require defence, The First Troop of Philadelphia Cavalry wants but on 'how's notice to march.*

"I have the honor to be, with esteem,

"Your obedient and humble servant,

"JOHN DUNLAP."

The troop joined the expedition and were absent

seventeen days.

In the list of Hon. Ms. of the troop found in pp. 28-30 of their by-laws, etc., thirty members of the Sons of St. Patrick are found. The close connection, or rather identity, of so many members of the society and the troop, will be a sufficient apology for noticing so fully the records of this distinguished body of patriots in an account of "The Friendly Sons of St. Patrick." We would not however, be justified in following them farther. Enough has been said to lay a fair claim for the members of the society to have had a large share in the honor of originating and long sustaining the troop. It may be added that the members of the troop fully equipped themselves with horses, etc., at the expense of the individual members.

After the Revolution the famous society of the "Cincinnati" was instituted. In this, too, we encounter the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick figuring among the most active and prominent members. Brigadiers General Hand, Irvine and Wayne, of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, were original members of the Cincinnati. So were the following; Stephen Moylan, Thomas Robinson and Walter Stewart, each of whom rose to the rank of brigadier-general: Richard Butler afterwards major-general; Colonels Johnston and Thomas L. Moore, Major James Moore, Capt. John Patterson, Capt. John Barclay, Capt. John Barry, of the navy (the commodore)—all of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. In like manner many other members of the society became honorary members of the Cincinnati: for instance, William Bingham, Sharp Delaney, John Dickinson, Blair M'Olenagan, Robert Morris, Colonel John Patton, Richard Peters, etc.

(To be continued)

PROF. ROEHRIG on the IRISH LANGUAGE.

(Continued from page 608.)

As a spoken language, the following statement in regard to Irish may be of interest. According to the census of 1851, it was spoken *exclusively* by 319,602 persons, especially in the provinces of Connaught and Munster: while English as well as Irish was spoken by 1,204,688: thus, for nearly *one-fourth* of the whole population of Ireland it was then still a living tongue. Twenty years later, according to the census of 1871, no less than 103,562 persons could speak Irish *only*, and 813,875 persons spoke Irish and English. Nowadays, it is especially among the rural classes and native land owners in Connaught, Munster, the remote parts of Ulster, the south of Leinster as well as in the islands off the western coast of Ireland that Irish is still retained as the everyday language in their families circles and their entire social relations at home. We have also seen it stated that "members of old Irish families, who distinguished themselves in the armies of the Continent, felt

proud of their Celtic mother-tongue, they continually used it in their intercourse, while it was also commonly spoken by Irish soldiers in France, and in the American army during the War of Independence. No Roman legions invaded Ireland, although for its commerce, resources, and advanced state of civilization, it was the most important of all the Celtic countries," as Tacitus informs us in his "Life of Agricola," saying "Melius Hiberniæ quam Britanniæ aditus portusque per commercia et negotiores cognita," "The Irish seaports are better known," he says "through commerce, and are more frequented, by merchants, than those of Britain." Historians also tell us that Ireland retained its Celtic institutions, laws and literature for more than 1,200 years, after all the other Celtic countries had been subjugated and transformed. Education, culture and learning gained more and more ground among the Irish ecclesiastics, and a school founded at Armagh became far famed and renowned throughout all Europe. In the earlier part of the Middle Ages, Ireland which was at that time spoken of as the "insula sanctorum" (Isle of Saints), became regarded as the center of light and intelligence, and there was a time when Ireland was the focus of a remarkable literary and Christian activity. Ireland soon enjoyed the fame of being *the most enlightened country* of Western Europe; it then had the best scholars and the most advanced condition of learning. More than in any country of Europe, it was particularly among the Irish that men of acute minds and extensive knowledge, real philosophers, were found, Scotus Erigena the author of that wonderful and comprehensive work "De divisione naturæ," in five books, is claimed as a native of Ireland, in spite of his being likewise claimed by Scotland, and even—as to nationality at least,—by England. It was also in Ireland that literature and philosophy of the highest order were taught; and then we see that the Saxons from all places flocked to Ireland as the great emporium of letters. I will also mention, on this occasion, that the Irish monks, more than any others, were especially esteemed for their extraordinary artistic skill. There is preserved, in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, the Book of Kells, which is written in Latin, and as some competent writers observe, is "the most exquisite example in the world of that minute and intricate style of illuminating" in which the Irish excelled and, foremost among all others. It is a well established fact that the Irish whenever favored by circumstances and opportunities, have also shown themselves to be a highly intellectual, industrious, steady, virtuous, upright and faithful people that ought to command universal respect. Indeed, the brilliant qualities of mind and heart of many of the cultivated class compel our esteem and admiration. Ireland has produced, it is well known, "some of the most successful statesmen, orators, poets and warriors of the Unit-

ed Kingdom,—as Burke, Sheridan, Castlereagh, Goldsmith, Moore and Wellington." And what shall we say of the *women* of Ireland? Not only are they generally surpassing in graceful form, in loveliness and external beauty those of most other countries of Europe,—but also the virtue, the goodness, devotion and piety of the Irish women are too well known to need any further praise. It is moreover, a fact that many of the most accomplished ladies who have ever adorned English society were Irish by birth. And who has not heard of the famous *poetess* Laitheog of the sixth century. Does this not show that *women*, likewise took an active share in the literary cultivation of that period.

Such, then, is the Irish people. And should so noble, good and great a nation not attract our enthusiastic admiration, our love, our warmest, heartiest sympathies! Should we allow it to have all its historical souvenirs stamped out of its existence, to become crippled and degraded by sore and endless oppression, and, at last, to lose, with their language, even their nationality and their name in the world's history forever! The preservation of the Irish language will be the preservation of the Irish nationality. Do not allow these melancholy words uttered by despondency ever to be a sad reality;—"it is to be feared that the life of the Irish language is almost at an end: that it will soon follow the fate of the Cornish, and that before a century or two, the air of Ireland will no more convey Gaedhilic tones, and her people no longer use the speech which for three thousand years expressed the thoughts of their ancestors." No, that shall never be! *Erin go ragh!* Let us, then sing with the poet:

"Sweet tongue of our Druids, and Bards of past ages—
Sweet tongue of our Monarchs, our Saints and our Sages,—
Sweet tongue of our heroes and free born sires,
When we CEASE TO PRESERVE THEE, OUR GLORY EXPIRES.

Let, then, everyone that has an *Irish heart*, thoroughly and passionately impress it with those golden words of truth, and echo them unceasingly in the depth of his soul:

"21 5-clúne r11 eu3ta, m4 rtaonam
de o' cor1am1."

Yours devotedly,

F. L. O. ROHRIG.

The table referred to in our last issue.]

Possessive Pronouns.

Aspiration

mo, mo

do, do

a, a (his)

Eclipsis.

ar, ar

bhur, bur

a. a. their,

Numerals

1, aon, aon	7, seacht, reacht
2, da, dá	8, ocht, ocht
1st, cead, cead	9, naoi, naoi
3rd, treas, treas	10, deich, deic
	2-3, dha d. trian, dá o-trian.

\$50,000,000

Are lost to the Irish element in this city of Brooklyn yearly through the loss of their language. That is our answer to those who say "what good is in the language." That sum of money is paid yearly to Dutch grocers by the Irish element.

The Dutchman, the Frenchman, the Italian, the Swede the Norwegian and the Englishman will go several blocks to deal with their countrymen—the Irish *stuaka* alone being the exception to the rule.

An Irishman kept a grocery store in this ward, in an almost exclusively Irish neighborhood, and, notwithstanding that he owned the house—a corner store—he could not make a living in it. He rented it to a Dutchman and he is making a fortune. If other cities be like Brooklyn in this respect, the Irish element are losing billions of dollars yearly. Now these Irish grocers will tell you that their countrymen will go and patronize the Dutchmen before they will patronize them (the Irish). This want of national cohesion cannot be attributed to the Irish or Celtic race. The French the Italian, the Swede and others are also of the Celtic race. Then to what must this state of things be attributed? Ah, to the want of the common National bond—the language. Let the objectors to the truth of this declaration, point out to us a single nationality, however insignificant, except the Irish alone which acts differently from the above, and we shall "shut up" for ever. Though we particularized grocers we could mention other lines of business similarly affected. What are these Irish grocers and the other pursuits similarly affected doing to remedy this extraordinary state of things? What are our Irish "patriots," who appear to be so solicitous for the welfare of the race, doing to remedy it, nothing? Oh no, they are too magnanimous to give a passing thought to such insignificant matter, and too meek to object to turn the right cheek when slapped on the left, which they daily do.

Something approaching a million of dollars has been collected for the Parnell Parliament Fund, and a good deal of noise has been made about it, but not a word about the billions going yearly into the coffers of the stranger, as above stated. How many of the grocers who complain of the unsympathetic actions of their countrymen are making the slightest exertion to remedy the evil. Have they not heretofore known the cause? They know it now, and will they help the Gael to remove it.

Let it not be understood that we personally are in favor of "exclusive dealing," but seeing that the other nationalists do it, then why not the Irish. Perhaps the Irishman is too noble to stoop to such a thing. If that be the cause his labors for centuries to enoble mankind have resulted in very small potatoes to himself.

The Irishman who would refuse to contribute a dollar or two a year to help to preserve and extend the language of his country and therewith preserve the evidence of the antiquity of his race and lineage, should not disgrace that country by claiming it as the place of his birth.

The Hedge Schools of Ireland, of the Last
And Early Part of the Present Century.

Methinks I see the village school
As formerly it stood
Behind the ditch, above the moor,
And sheltered by the wood.
'Twas built of sods, and roofed above,
With branches often peeled—
And thatched with heath or prickly furze,
Or stubbles from the field.
It had no door, yea, rather had
A door on every side,
That if the wind came from the North,
The South could one provide.
The floor was also covered o'er
With rushes from the fen,
And seats as well of dried peat,
To make it snug within.
The fire when winter chilled the air,
Was midway made to blaze,
And each was sure to have the heat
Then smiling in his face.
The seats were all of various stones,
Arranged in order too,
That if a spark then flew about,
It could no mischief do.
The chimney was a big round hole,
And plastered round with clay,
It served as well to give us light
As take the smoke away.
The master there, kind, simple soul,
Then sat upon a stool,
For chairs were scarce in feudal days,
To keep then one in school.
He felt no loss in such a want,
He sat as tho' a chair—
And taught his class, and heard our tasks,
And made us scholars there,
When winter past, and summer came,
And Nature clad the lea.
He came then forth and taught his class,
Beneath a shady tree.
We strolled about, or stretched along—
Like children of the wood,
Or sought the stream that rippled by,
From yonder neighborhood,
But yet withal we were at hand,
When lesson time was nigh,
For all knew well 'twas mighty hard,
To 'scape his watchful eye—
Such happy times are long since fled,
The Master, Wood, and Dell,
And other times take now their place
That can't the past excel.
Such blissful days I cannot forget.
Nor such again can see;
Tho' loud the boast of science, art,
The post is dear to me. M. BURKE.

One of the nicest articles touching Gaelic literature which we have seen in years appeared in a late issue of The Brooklyn Examiner, taken from the St. Louis Republican, and treats of the fight for mastery between Celt and Saxon, with a possibility of ultimate success for the former.

Counsellor John C. McGuire of this city who is summering in Europe, made a telling speech at the National League meeting in Dublin the other day.

The July number of the *Irish Echo* has very interesting English reading matter. What a pity that it is not the original sound. Boston friends, drop the *Echo* and give us *The Irish* in letter as well as in name.

Extradition—The Administration seems to lend his official aid to the brute Salisbury in inaugurating his twenty years coercion in Ireland, for Bayard and Phelps could not undertake to formulate so un-republican a proceedings without his sanction. Our only hope now lies in a republican Senate. No political candidate being now before the country, one may express his opinions freely without giving political offence. Our free opinion is that no Irishman will make a mistake by voting at all times against any candidate endorsed by England, whether he be a republican or a democrat.

Wanted to know why so many branch treasurers of the Parnell Parliamentary Fund Assn. send the money collected direct to Dublin instead of sending it through the regularly elected and recognized Treasurer of the Irish National League of America, the Rev. Dr. O'Reilly? Don't those who ignore Dr. O'Reilly offer an insult to Parnell, to the Rev. Dr. and to the cause which the people have at heart.

With this number of the Gael is concluded Professor Roehrig's Essay on the Irish Language and, as a personal favor, we would ask every one of our readers to peruse the letter part thereof carefully, and also to bring it under the notice of their friends and acquaintances. The summing up of that essay, coming from a foreigner, one of the most brilliant scholars of the day, should inflame the brow of every Irishman with a glow of pride, and should cause every Irishman who refuses or neglects to cultivate a knowledge of his native language or assist at its preservation to bow his head in shame—for that man is lost to all sense of self-respect.—This language may appear harsh—it is no such thing—because the Irishman who neglects to maintain or assist at the maintenance of the National respect, commits a crime against both the nation and the individual citizen.

We hope that subscribers who are in arrears will pay up.

THE GAELIC ALPHABET.

Irish.	Roman.	S and	ris.	Roman.	S and.
A	a	aw	u	m	emm
b	b	bay	u	n	enn
c	c	kay	o	o	oh
o	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			

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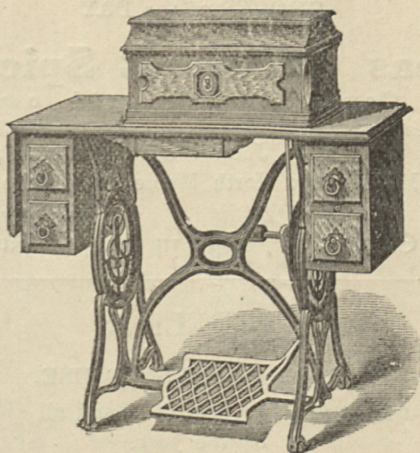
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