

Philo-Celtic,

The Philo-Celtic Society meets in Jefferson Hall, opposite the CITIZEN office, every Sunday evening, at seven and a half o'clock, so that any Irishman residing in Brooklyn need not remain ignorant of his mother tongue.

X Six papers in the United States publish Gaelic Departments, namely, the X Monitor, San Francisco (which is edited by a genuine Irishman), the American Celt, St. Louis, the Citizen, Chicago, X the Irish Echo, Boston, the Irish-American, N Y., and, of course, your own X patronymic—**ΔΙΚ ΖΗΛΟΣΟΝ**.

Every Irish and Irish-American paper should publish a Gaelic department; and Irishmen, at home and abroad, should see that they do it.

ΟΙΡΓΗ and ΠΑΤΡΙΔΙΣ is held over, because of the long articles from our new contributors; but our friend, Griffin, we are sure, would be willing to keep it back for a year if it were required to make room for new hands, for he is a real enthusiast in the Gaelic cause.

The next election is the most momentous to the working element in this country of any which has taken place since the foundation of the Republic. The issue is squarely before the people, Protection against Free Trade.

We are pleased to see that Congress has passed a bill to protect American authors and publishers against cheap European literature.

We hope that Congress will also abolish the Internal Revenue, and not oblige the poor widow who keeps a little store to help to support her orphan children pay \$2.40 a year for a permit to sell a cigarette.

We give on the next column some words not in general use, because if an Irish speaker fail to give the Irish of certain things when asked such failure would be attributed to paucity in Gaelic verbiage: This vocabulary will be continued, thus making the Gael an indispensable book of reference to every

Irishman who would maintain the credit of his country,

If, after the elections are over, the Administration persist in putting the English Extradition Treaty through, and that the Pope insists on enforcing his Rescript, the Irish will be nicely fixed—having three powers to fight.

Vocabulary of words of infrequent use

ΔΙΡΑ, a speech,	pronounc'd, obrah.
ΔΩΔ, a flesh-hook	eyul.
ΔΩΔΗ, a cauldron,	eyun.
ΔΩΔΑΥ, garrison,	eywus
ΔΩΗΔΙΩ, an advocate, pleader,	eynhee.
ΔΩ, a tribe	av.
ΔΙΩΗ, nature,	ackneh.
ΔΙΩΗ, paving stones,	alkneh.
ΔΙΩΗΥ, a bridle bit,	aillayish.
ΔΙΩΕΩ, a swallow.	aill-oag.
ΔΙΩΗ, a flint stone,	ailliv
ΔΙΩΗ, a cancer,	aillsheh.
ΔΙΩΗΥ, a cupboard,	amry.
ΔΙΩΕΑΩ, an earnest penny,	airkudh.
ΔΙΩΗΕΑΩ, a synod,	ardract.
ΔΙΩΕΑΥ, the apple of the eye,	airask.
ΔΙΩΗ, a general	araiy.
ΔΙΩΕΑΩ, a skermish,	arlach.
ΔΙΩΗΛΑΗ, an armory,	armlan.
ΔΙΩΗΥ, a pebble.	arthin.
ΔΙΩΗΕΑΗ, a grindstone,	arthnuv
ΔΙΩΗΕΑΔΗ, sports, games,	ashdachan
ΔΙΩΗ, a present,	askeh.
ΔΙΩΗΕΩΗ, a jester,	ashthoair
ΔΙΩΗΕΑΩ, a petitioner,	ahcheemach
ΔΙΩΗ, ebbing of the sea,	aitfeh.
ΔΙΩΗ, a hat or cap,	athin.
ΔΙΩΗ, a store,	a'hneh.
ΔΙΩΗΕΑΩ, habitation,	aithray.
ΔΙΩΗΕΑΩ, a farmer	aibraugh
ΔΙΩΗΥ, a sharp point,	aighrinn
ΔΙΩΗ, a season,	ahulin.
ΔΙΩΗΕΑΩ, marching,	althra.
ΔΙΩΗ, curling,	omlach.
ΔΙΩΗ, the hilt of a sword,	ourah.
ΔΙΩΗΕΑΥ, ladle,	anhran.
ΔΙΩΗΥ, the eaves of a house,	an-im.
ΔΙΩΗΥ, an uncle,	aybrun.
ΔΙΩΗΕΩΗ, a plasterer,	ayuladhoir.

We are delighted to see our "Scotia Minor" kith and kin join in the noble cause of Freedom.

FIRST LESSONS in GAELIC—Continued

THE GAELIC ALPHABET.

Irish.	Roman.	Sound.	Irish.	Roman.	Sound.
À	a	aw	ṁ	m	emm
b	b	bay	ṅ	n	enn
c	c	kay	o	o	oh
ḁ	d	dhay	p	p	pay
e	e	ay	r	r	arr
f	f	eff	s	s	ess
g	g	gay	t	t	thay
h	h	ee	u	u	oo
l	l	ell			

TRANSLATION OF EXERCISE VI. IN LAST GAEL.

1. White, fresh and bad butter. 2. fresh clay and a soft stalk. 3 a white goose, a blind cow and a large hound. 4. the dowry is large and the son is young. 5. the loop is large and long. 6 I am, thou art, he is, we are 7. the poem is melodious. 8. the jamb (or prop) is long. 9, a large, bad, soft, and white swelling. 10 it is the thing this (this is the thing). 11 a long time and a bad day. 12. it is not a bad day. 13. fresh honey and a green stalk. 14. it is she, it is we. 15. the habit is fresh, and the rose is white. 16. this dowry and the cows. 17. with a large rose, and a bare fresh stalk. 18. a young goose and a cow. 19. the large and long lip. 20. the long back and the high prop. 21. thou art sick and he is bad. 22. a bare foot and a soft lip. 23. the hole is large, and this loop is long.

Exercise 7.

Sounds of the Long diphthongs.

ae	sounds like "a" in may.
ao	" a " fare.
eu	" " " "
eo	" eo " yeoman.
ja	" ea " fear.
ua	" ua " truant.

Vocabulary

ae, the air,
ceol, music,
fuair, cold,
aol, lime,
beul, mouth,

pronounced.
air.
keyol.
foo-ur
ayul.
bayul,

ḁaor, dear,
eun, a bird,
jaḁ, they, them,
jaṛṣ, a fish,
pjaṅ, pain,
reol, sail,
rjaḁ, they,
uaṅ, a lamb,
eolaṛ, knowledge,
raor, cheap; free,

dhayur.
ayun.
eedh.
eesg.
peeun.
shole.
sheedh.
oo-un.
o-lus.
sayur.

1 eun aṣur jaṛṣ. 2 eun ḁaor. 3
jaṛṣ raor. 4 aṅ beul fuair. 5 uaṅ.
jaṛṣ, aṣur eun. 6 tā uaṅ ḁaor. 7
eolaṛ aṣur ceol. 8 tā aep raor. 9
ir raor jaḁ. 10 reol aṣur jaṛṣ.

1 A bird and a fish. 2 a dear bird.
3 a cheap fish. 4 the cold mouth. 5
a lamb, a fish, and a bird 6 lamb is
dear. 7 knowledge and music. 8 air
is cheap. 9 they are cheap. 10 a
sail and a fish.

Exercise 8.

Sounds of the variable diphthongs.

aj	sounds like awi in sawing.
eá	" a " war.
éa	" ea " bear.
éi	" ei " reign.
jo	" ea " fear.
jú	" ew " few.
oi	" oi " going.
úi	" ui " ruin.

céim, a step, degree, dignity, kame.
cóir, just, right, ko-ir.
feáir, better, fawr.
fjoṅ, wine, fee-un.
fjú, worthy, worth, few.
zeáir, short; cut, gawr.
ir feáir, best, iss fawr.
léim, a leap, lhame.
rcájl, a shadow, skaw-il.
rújl, an eye; expectation, soo-il.

1 céim aṣur rcájl. 2 tā ré cóir.
3 ir feáir é. 4 ir fjú é. 5 aṅ léim
ir feáir. 6 tā aṅ léim zeáir. 7 rújl
aṣur rcájl. 8 ir fjoṅ é. 9 tā aṅ léim
áir. 10 céim aṣur léim.
1 A leap and a shadow. 2 it is just

Coláյրտե Ռաօն Շարօլլ,
 Բալ-էար-իւօծ, Քիլա.
 Յաժ լա Բէժէաժ Ժ'Ալբրեան. '88.

Ա ՇԱՌԱ ՕՏԼԻՐ:

Տեօ շայտ Բեան օծրան ելե զ Բիշիշ
 Բեաժար Բրեաժեաժ. Չիւարայի յօ Բիւլ
 զ Բիւլ զՅաժ-Դա յօ յայժ զՅար զՅ լէյ-
 ժեօյիժ զ Զաօժալ, շէ Կ-է Բեաժար.
 Չիար Բ-Բիւլ, Ելիիիիիիիի զիւրտ զիւր "օծ-
 րան զ Զիւլիւտի," զ Բիժ Դա' զԶաօժալ
 'ժիւիժոլլ 'Դ զիւր շէյրե Բիւլօնա Օ Դօյի.

Շէյր զա Բեան-ժաօյիի յիւր Բ'է Բեօ զ
 շէադի յի Բեար, շէ Բիւլ յիւր Ժ'Ա շէլի
 Բէյի զ Բիշեաժ Է, զՅար Բեյժեար ժաի
 Բէյի յօ Բ-Բիւլ Բէ Ելիժ զիւր Բեաժար զ
 զ Եաժիւաժ, զ Եիւլիշեաժ, զՅար զ Բեաժ-
 շաժ Բօյիի. Տիլի յօ Բ-Բիւլ Դաժ Բեօ
 Բիւր զ Եյօյի, զա յօ Բ-Բիւլ Եիւր շէ զա
 Լիօնա շէլի. Չիա շէլ Ե Եիւր զիւր Բիժ
 Ե Կ-Ա շէօյիաժ, յիւր զ Եիւր զիւր զ
 Եիւր շէար, Բէյժ յի Ե-Բիւլիւաժ ժժ,
 զՅար Բաժ Բէյի յիւր Բեար զ Եյօյի զ
 շէաժ շէօժաժ Ելե, Ե Եիւր զՅար յօյի
 Բեաժար զ Եիւրիւաժ.

Բիշիի յի Եյօ շէլիւլ զ Ե-օծրան զ
 Դիւլ յօ շիւաժ յար շաժ Լիւր Է, Բէ
 Դիւ, զ Զեաժի ղ Բեան Շիւ-Շօյալլ; զՅ-
 ար շա շիւլ զՅար զաժ յ-Եիւրիւաժ շա, Ե
 շօ շօյլ, զօյ զիւրիւաժ զիւր Բիժ զիւր, զ
 Եիւր Դա' զԶաօժալ յար շա Բէ. Օյի յի
 յար լիւր շաժիւի ժժ 'Կ շիւաժ Բեօ զ
 Բիժեար զ յ-Եիւրիւաժ զ Եիւր զա զ
 Եիւր զՅար զՅ Բաժ զա լաժարեար յի յար
 յի շօյի զիւր զօյ շիւար զ Կ-Եիւրիւ, զա
 Բ-Բիւլ զիւր զ յ-Եիւր զ Եաժիւաժ, զՅ-
 ար յիւր Բ'ի զ Զեաժի շէաժա զ լաժար-
 շար զ յ-Եիւրիւաժ, զ լաժարեար զ Ե-Եիւր-
 Շօյալլ.

Շիւաժ զ Եիւրիւաժ Բաժ շար յիւր
 Բաժ զա շիւր, զ Եիւր զՅար զ Եար-
 զաժ, զՅար լէյիւաժ Բէ զ յ-Եիւր շէ զա
 Բօժա,

Օ	Այի	Այ	Ա
Ա յեար	"	"	Օ յեար
էյ	"	"	յա
եա	"	"	յօ
այ	"	"	օյ
Ե Եալ	"	"	Յ Եալ
Ե Եալիւր	"	"	Ե Եիւր
Ե	"	"	Ե

Չիւ շիւ զիւր զ զՅար յար Բեօ, շիւ լէյր
 զ Եիւր Ելե զ Եիւրիւ յօ Կ-Ա-Բիւր.
 Եիւրիւաժ յի Բեալ յիւր Բիւր շիւ
 զիւր զ օծրան Բեօ յար զ Եիւր զ Ելե.
 Շիւր յօ Բիւր,

Շօյիալլ Օ'Չիւրիւաժ.

ԲԵԱՇԱՐ ԲՐԵԱՇԻԱՇ Բօ շա...

Շիւաժ յիւր Բեալ շալլ զ Եիւր,
 յօ Ե-Բիւր զիւր զ Բ-Բա յար զ Բիւր,
 Շար Բա զա Կ-օլեալ զ Բիւր,
 Չիար Ելիւ զ Ե Ե Ե Ե շէլ;
 'Տէ 'Շեարիւ զա շիւր Բա 'Կ Եիւր,
 Եիւր 'Շօյալ յի 'Եիւր զիւր զ Ե շէլ;
 'Դ Բիւր Լիւր զիւր զ Ե Ե Ե Ե յար,
 յիւր Բեար շիւ 'Բ-Բիւլ յար զ Ե շէլ.

Շար շա շիւր շար յի,
 'Տ յար շար զ Դ 'Լօյար յօ շէար;
 "Չիա 'Դ շիւր շիւ 'Լօյար յի յար յի,
 Կի յիւր յօ յիւր շօ շէար;
 Կա շօյալ յի Բեար զ Եիւր-Եիւր,
 Չի յիւր շիւ յի յիւր զ Ե-Ե,
 'Տէ 'Եիւրիւ յիւր շիւ 'Կ Բեար յի,
 Չի Բա ղ Դա' շօյի 'Կա շէլ.

Շիւր յի յի յի յի յի յի յի,
 Չիար յի յի յի յի յի յի;
 "Շա շօ շօ յի յի յի յի յի.
 Կի շիւր շօ յի յի յի յի յի;
 Չի յիւր շիւ 'Եիւր շօ յի յի յի,
 Չի յի յի յի յի յի յի յի,
 Կա ղ Եիւր յի 'Դ յի յի յի յի,
 Չի յի յի յի յի յի յի.

"Շիւր յի յի յի յի յի յի,
 Չի 'Դ յի յի յի յի յի յի;
 "Շէ 'Բ-Բիւլ յի յի յի յի յի,
 Չի շիւր յի յի յի յի յի.
 "Շա յի յի յի յի յի յի յի,
 Չի յի յի յի յի յի յի յի,
 Շիւ յի յի յի յի յի յի,
 Չի յի յի յի յի յի յի.

Եիւր 'Շիւաժ յի յի յի յի յի յի,
 Բ' Բիւր յի յի յի յի յի յի,
 Չի յի յի յի յի յի յի յի,
 'Տ յի յի յի յի յի յի յի.
 Եիւր 'Բիւր յի յի յի յի յի յի,
 'Տէ 'Եիւր յի յի յի յի յի յի;
 Չի յի յի յի յի յի յի յի,

'Տ իջ լեյքիցեար Ժայտ քեանքոյն 'յօս."

Որ լաճ միջե 'Բ-ԲԱԾ ԱՅ ՅՈՒԱՅԼ ՇԵՈՂ,
 Յար շրայից ՅՈ ԼԵՈՐ ԱՊՊ ԵՈՅՏ,
 'ՁԵ ԺԱՅՆ' Ա'Ր Ա ՅԼՈՅՆ' ԱՐ Ա ՇՈՒՅԱՅՐ,
 ԼԵ ԵՈՒԱՅԼԱԾ 'ՇՈՒԱՅՐ ԵՈ 'Պ ԵՄՐ;
 ԵՅ ԵՅՈՇԱՅԼԵ ՔԱՐՐՅՈՅ ՅՈ ԼԵՈՐ,
 Ձ'Ր ԵՅՈՇԱՅՆ ԵՂ ՕԼ ՔԱ' ԵՄՐ,
 'Տ ԵՂ Պ-ՇԼԲԱՅՈՅՆ-ՔԱ "ՃԱԼԱՅ ԱՅ ՇՈՒՅԱՅԼ"
 Ե' ԲԱՐԱՐ ՄՈ ՔԵՐԱ-ՔԱ 'ՇՅՈԼ.

Երևէ 'ԲՈՐԱՅՏ ՄՈՅՈ ԵՈՒՇՐՈՄ Ա' ՔԵՐԱ,
 'ՏԵ 'Շ' ԲԻԱՐԱՅՏ 'Պ ՕՅՏ-ԵԱՅ ԵՈՅՄ;
 "ՇԵ 'Պ ԱՅ Ե Մ-ԵՅՇԵԱՅՆ ԵՐԱ 'ԵՈ ՇՈՒՅԱՅՏ,
 ՈՒԱ 'Յ-ԵՈՒՅԱՅՆ ԵՂ ԵՐՈ ԵՅՐ ԲԻԱՅ?"
 "Երևէ 'ՇԱՅՏՈՒՅԱ ՔԵԱԼ Ա Ե-ԵՈՅՏ 'Պ ՕԼ,
 ՈՒ ԵՅԱՅԱՅՄ ԱՅՆ ԼԱՅ ԵՂ 'Պ ԲԻՅՈՅՆ.
 "Տ Ա' ՄԵՅՈ ԵՈՅՏ 'ՇՐԱՅՈՅՏՄ ՔԱ' ԼԱ,
 "ՇԱՅՏՈՒՅՆ ԼԵ ՔԵՐԱ ՔԱ Պ-ՅՈՇ."

"ՁԱ 'Ր ԵՅՆԵ ԵՂ 'ԼԵԱՅԱՐ ԵՂ ՔԵՐԱ,
 ՈՒ ՄՈԼԱՅՄ ԵՅՐ ԼՈՒԱՅՐ ԼԵ ՄԵԱՅ,
 ՈՒ ԲՈՅՆԵԱՅՆ ՔԵ ԵՅՆԵ ԵՈ ՔԵՐԱ,
 ԵՅՐԱՅՏ' ԼԵ ԵՅԱՅՈՒԵԱԾ 'Պ Ե-ՔԱՅՈՅՏԼ;
 ԵՂ Ե-ԵՅՏՈ ՄՈՅՐ ԱՅ ԵՅՈՅՏԱՅԼ Ա' ԵՐՈ,
 ՈՒ Ե-ԵՅՏՈ ՄՈՅՐ ՅԱՅ ԵՅՏՈ ԼԵ 'Պ ՔԱՅՈՅԼ,
 ՅՐ ՔԵԱՐ ԵՅՈՅՆ ԲԱՐՇԵԱԾ ԵՈ ՔՅՈՒԼ,
 ՅՈ Պ-ԵԱՅԱՅՈՅՈ ԼԱՅ ԱՐ ԱՅՈ."

"ԵՂ Ե-ԲԱՅԱՅՈՅՆ ՅՈ Յ-ԵՅՈՅՈՅՏ ՄՈՅՐ ԼԱՅ,
 ՈՒ Ե-ԵԱՅՏՅՈՅ ԵՈ ԼԵՈՐ ԵՂ ՔԱՅՈՅԼ,
 ՅՐ ՔԵԱՐ ԵՅՈՅՆ ԵՅՐԱՅՏ' ՅՈ Ե-ՅՏ,
 'Տ ԵՅՏՈ ԵՅՈՒԵԱԾ ԵՂ Յ-ԵՅՈՅԱՅՐ ԱՐՅՐ;
 ՁԱ ԼԵԱՅԱՅՆ ԵՂ ՄՅՐ ԵՂ ՔԱ' ՔՅՈ,
 ՈՒ Ե-ԵՅՏՈ ԵՅՐ ԵՅԱՅՈՒԵԱԾ 'Պ Ե-ՔԱՅՈՅՏԼ.
 ՁԵ ՄՅՐ 'ԵՅՏ 'ՇՐԱՅՈՅՏ' Պ ԼԱՅ,
 "Ձ'Ր ՅԵՈՇԱՅՏ ԵՂ ԼԱՅՐՇՈՅ ՔԱՐ."

'ԵՂ ԼԵԱՅԱՅՈՅՆ-ՔԱ ԵՐԱ ՔԱ' ՔՅՈ,
 ԵՂ ՅՈՒԱՅՈ ԵՈ Ե-ԵՅՏԱ ԵՅՈՅՄ,
 ԵՂ Ե-ԵՅՏԱ ԵՅՏ ՄՅՐԱՅ 'Ր ԱՅ ՕԼ,
 ՈՒ 'Բ-ԲԱԾ Ա ԵՅՏՈ ԼԱՅ 'ՊԱ ՄՅԱՅՈՅ;
 ՁԵ ՔԱՅ ԱՐ Ա' ԵՅՏ 'Պ ՇՈՒԱՅՐ,
 Ձ'Ր ԵՅՏՈ ՄԵ 'Պ ՈՒԱՅ ԼԵԱՐ ԲԻԱՅ,
 Ձ'Ր ՅԵՈՇԱՅՏ ԵՂ ԵՂԱՅ ՅՈ ՔՅՈՒԼ,
 Ձ'Ր ՄՅՐ ԵՈ ԵՈ ՄԱՐ ՄՅԱՅ."

ՈՒ ԲԵԱԾԱՅՄ Ա ՄՈԼԱԾ ԼԵ 'ՔԵԱԾԱՐ,
 'ՏՅ 'ԼՅԱՅՏ ՅՈ ՄՈՐ ՄՈ ԵՅՈՅՏ
 'Տ ՈՒՒ ԵՅՆԵ ԵՂ ԵՅՏԱԾ Ա' Ե-ՔԵՈ,
 ՈՒ Ե-ԵՅՏԱԾ ԱՐ, ԵՅՈՅՆ ԵՂ ԵՅՏ;
 ՈՒ ԲԵԱԾԱՅՄ ՄԵ 'ԼԵՅՏՈ ՅՈ ՔՅՈՒԼ,
 ԱՅՆ Պ-ԵԱԾԱԾ ՔԱ' ՔՅՈՒԱ Մ-ԵՅՏՈՅՄ,

'Տ ԵՂ Ե-ԵՅՏԱԾ Յ 'Պ-ԵԱՅՏ-ՊԱ-ՄՈՐ,
 ԵՅՐ ԵՂԱՅՏՈՅՏ 'ՏՅ' ԱՐ ԲԻՅՈՅՆ.

16 ՏՐԱՅՈ ՅԼԱՅՐԵԱՐ, 10 ՄԱԾ ԼԱ
 ԱՅԱՐԵԱ, '88. ԵԱՅՏ ԱԵԱ ԵՂԱԾ-ԵՅՈՅՈՅՆ

We fear there are a lot of typographical errors in Mr O'Farrelly's letter. The writing being so small (the letter occupying less than two pages of small note paper) and the distance too far to send proof.]

Ա ՏԱՅՈ,

ԵՂ ՄԵ ԵՅՏԱԾ ԵՅՐ ԱՐ ՔՅՈ ԱՅ Յ-
 ԵՅՏԱԾԱՐ ԵՂ ԵԱՅՏԱԾԱՐ ԵՂ ԱՅ ԵՅՐ
 ՄՈ ԼԵՅՏԱԾ Պ ԵՅՐ ԼԵԱԾԱՐ-ԱՅՏԱՐ. Յ Ե-
 ԵՅՐ ՄՈՐ ՄԱՐ ՔՅՈ, Պ ԱՐ ԵՂԱՅՏ ԱՅ ՄՅՈՅՐ
 ԵՅՏԱՅՈՅՆԱՐ ԵՂ ՄԱՅՈՅՏԱՐ. ԱՅՐ ԵՅՐ
 ԵՂ ՄԱՅՈՅՏԱՐ ՅՐ ՔԵԱՐ ԱՅՐ ՅՐ ԲԵԱՅ-
 ԵԱՅՏԱ, ՔԱՅՈՅՈՅ ԱՅՐ ԱՅՐ ԵՅՐԱՅ-ՐԵ ՄՈ
 ՔՅԱՅՏԱՅՈՅ Յ Մ-ԵՅԱՅՏԱՅՈՅ, ԱՅՏԱՅՈՅ ԵՂ
 ՔՅՏԱՅՈՅ ՄԵ ՔՅՈՅՈՅ ԵՂ, ՅՐ ՄԱՅՏ ԱՅ ՕԼ-
 ԱՅՐ ԱՅՐ ՅՐԱԾ ԵՅՏԱ ՄՅՐԼԵԱԾԱՐ ՄՅԱՅ
 ՊՃԱԵՏԱՅՈՅ, . Յ ԱՅ ԵԱՅՏԱ ԵԱՅՏԱՐ ԼԵՐ ԱՅ
 Յ-ԵՅՏԱ ԵՅՏԱԾԱՅՈՅ ՊԱ ՊՃԱԵՏԱԾ ԵՂ ԵՅՏ
 ԵՂ ԱՅՐ ԱՅՐԱՅ ԱՅՏԱՅՈՅ. ՈՒՒ ՈՒՒ ԼԵԱԾ
 ԵՂ ԵՅՏԱՅ ՈՒ ԵՂ ԵԱՅՏԱԾ ԱՐ ՔՅՈ. ԵՅՐ-
 ԵԱՅՈՅ ՔԵ ՕՐ ԵՅՏԱՅՐ ՄԵԱՅՏԱՅՈՅ ՊԱ ՄԱՅՈՅ-
 ԵՅՐ ԱՅՏԱՅՐ ԵՂ, ԵՅՏԱՅՈՅ ԼԱՅ ՊԱ ԼԱՅՏԱԾ
 Պ ԱՐ ՔԱՅՏԱԾ ԱՅՐ Պ ԱՅՏ ԱՅ ԵԱՅ-
 ՏԱ ՊԱՅՈՅ ԱՅՐ Պ-ԵՅՏԱՅ Յ ՄԵԱՐ ԱՅՐ Յ
 ՊՃԱՅ ՄՈՐ. ՄՅԱՅ ԱՅ ՈՒ, ԵՂ ԵՅՐ ՔԱՐ
 ՕՊԱ ՊՃԱՅՏԱՅՈՅ ԱՅՐ ՕՊԱ ԵՅՐԼԵԱԾԱՅ
 ԵՂ ԵՅՐԱԾ Յ ՄԱՅՈՅ ՕՐԱՅՈՅ. ՈՒՒ ՄԵԱՐ-
 ԱԾ ԵՅՏԱԾ ԵՂ ՈՒԱՅՏԱԾ, ՈՒ ԵՅՏ ԱՐ Ե-
 ԵԱՅՏԱՅ Պ-ԵՅՏԱՅ ԱՅ ՊԱ ՏԱՅՐԱՅՈՅ, Ա-
 ՅՐ ԵՂ ԵՅՐԱՅՏՐ ՊԱ ԵՂԱԾ-ՔՅՈՅ ԵՂ Ե-
 ԵԱՅՏԱՅՈՅ, Ա Մ-ԵԱՅՏԱ ՔԵՅՈ. ԵՂ ՔՅՈ-
 ԵԱԾԱՐ Ա Պ-ԵՅՏԱՅՈՅ ՔՅՈ ԵՂ Ա Պ
 ՅՅՈՅՈՅ ՄԱՐ ՅՐ ՔՅՈՒԱ ՔԱՅ 'Պ ԵՅՏԱՅ ՈՒԼ.
 ԱԵՏ ՄԱՐ ՄԱՅՏԱՅՈՅ ԱՅՐ ՄԱՐ ՔԱՅՈՅ-
 ԵԱՅՈՅ ԱՅ ՅՅԱՅ ՊԵՏԱ ԵՅՏԱ ԱՐ ՊԱ ՔԵՅ-
 ՈՅ, ԵՅՏԱՅՈՅ ԱՅՐ ԱՅՐ ԵՅՐ ԵՅՏԱՅ ՊԱ
 ԵՅՐԱՅՈՅ ԱՅՐ ՊԱ ԵՅՏԱՅՏԱԾԱՅ ՊԱ Պ-
 ԵԱՅՏԱՅՈՅ Պ-ԵԱՅՈՅ ՔՅՈ ԵՂ ԼԱՅՏԱՅՈՅ ԱՅ
 ՅԱՅՏԱՅՈՅ ԵՂ ՈՒԱԾ. Յ ՔՅՈՒԱ ԱՐ Ե-
 ԵԱՅՏԱ Յ ՄԵՅՈՅ ԱՐ ՄԱՅՈՅՏԱՅ Ա ԵՅՏԱ-
 ՔԱՐ ՅԱ ԵՂ ԵՅՏԱԾ. Յ ԵՅՏԱՅՈՅ Յ ՄՅԱՅ
 ԵՅՏԱՅՈՅ ԵՂ Ա ՔՅՈՒԱՅԱՐ ՅԱ Յ ՔՅՏԱՅ
 ՄՅՈՅ, ՔԵՅՈՅ ՊԱ ՔՅՈՅՈՅ ԱՅՐ ԱՅ ԵՅՐ. ԵԱՐ-
 ՔԱՅՏԱՅՈՅ ՔՅՈ ԼԵ ԵՅՏԱ ՅԱ, ՈՒ ՅՐ ՔԱԾ-
 ԵԱՅՏԱՅ ԱՅՐ ՅՐ ԼԱՅՏԱՅՏԱԾ, ԱՅՐ ԵՅՐ-
 ՔԱՅՈՅ ԱՅՈՅ ՄԱՅՈՅՏԱՅ ԵՂ ՊԱ ԵՂ-ԵՅՏԱՅՈՅ
 ՅՏԱ ԵՂ ԱՅՈՅ ՊԱ Մ-ԵՅՏԱՅ. ԱՅՐ ՊԱԾ ՄՈՐ

'S ɲar b-ɲearr ɔɔɔb ɲɔɔɔɔɔɔɔɔ ɔ ɔɔɔɔɔɔɔ
Aɲr ɲɔɔɔɔɔ

'Ná aɲ ɔɔɔɔ ɔ ɲ-ɔɔɔɔɔɔɔ ɔ ɔ-ɔɔɔɔ ɔɲr
ɲuɔ ɔɲɔɔɔ ɔɲɔɔɔɔ.

ɔɲ ɔɔɔɔ ɔɲ ɔɔɔɔɔɔ ɔɲɔɔ ɔɲɔɔ ɔɲɔɔ ɲá
ɲéɔɔɔɔ,

Uɔ ɔɲɔɔ ɔɲɔɔ ɲuɔ ɲɔ ɲɔɔ ɲá,
ɔɲɔɔ ɔɲ ɲɔɔɔɔɔ ɔ ɲɔɔɔɔɔɔ ɲá ɔɲɔɔɔ
'S ɔɲɔ ɲé ɔɲɔ ɲéɲɔ ɲɲɔ ɲ ɲéɔɔ ɔɔ
ɔɲɔɔ ɲáɲ.

ɔɲɔɔɔɔɔɔ ɲɔ ɲɔɔɔɔɔɔɔɔ, ɔɲɔɔɔɔɔ, ɔɲ
ɔɲɔɔ

'ɔɲɔɔ ɔɲɔ ɲ ɲéɔɔ ɔɲ ɔɲɔɔ ɔɲɔɔɔɔ
'S ɔɲɔ ɔɲɔɔ ɲá ɔɲɔɔɔɔ ɲɔ ɲɔ ɲá ɔɲɔ
ɔɲɔɔɔ,

ɔɲɔɔ ɔɲ ɲɔ ɔɲɔ ɲɔɔ ɔɲɔɔɔɔ ɔɔ ɲɔɔ

ɔɲɔɔɔ ɲé ɲuɔ ɔɲɔ ɲɔɔɔɔ ɲá ɔɲɔɔɔ
ɔɲɔ ɔɲɔɔɔɔ ɔɲ ɲɔɔ ɲá ɔɲɔɔ ɔɲɔɔ,
ɲáɲ,

ɔɲɔɔɔɔ ɲé ɲá ɲɔɔɔɔɔ ɲ ɔ ɲɔɔɔ,
ɲuɔɔɔɔ

{ ɔɲɔ ɲɔɔɔ ɲá ɲáɲ ɔɲɔ ɔɲɔ ɔɲɔ ɔ ɔɲɔɔ

ɔɲɔɔɔɔ ɲé ɲáɲ ɔ ɔɔ ɲ-ɔɲɔɔɔɔɔ ɲé
uɔɔɔ

ɔɲɔ ɔ ɲ-ɔɲɔɔɔ ɔ ɲuɔ ɲɔ ɲɔɔ ɔ ɲáɲ;
'S ɔ ɔɲɔɔ ɔɲɔɔɔ ɲá ɲuɔɔɔɔɔɔ
ɲɔɲɔɔ

ɔɲɔɔɔ ɲá ɔɲɔɔ ɲá ɲá ɲáɔɔɔ ɔɲɔ ɲá-
ɔɲɔ.

ɔɲ' ɔɔɔɔ! ɲɲɔɔ ɔɲɔɔ, ɲ ɲ ɔuɔ ɔɲɔ ɲá
ɲ-ɔɲɔɔɔ.

ɲáɔ ɲɔɔɔɔ ɲ ɲáɔ ɔɲɔɔɔ ɲ ɲ-ɲɔɔɔɔ
ɲɔ ɲɔɔɔ;

ɔɔɔɔ ɲɔ ɔɲɔɔɔ ɲ ɔɲɔ ɲɔ ɲáɔɔ,
ɔ ɔuɔ ɲɔ ɲá ɲ-ɲɔɔ ɲ ɲáɔ ɔɲɔ ɔ ɲáɔ

'ɲɔɔ, ɲɲɔɔ ɔɲɔɔ, ɔ ɔɲɔɔ ɲá ɲáɔ-
ɲɔɔ ɲé,

ɲáɔɔɔ ɲɔ ɲɔɔɔ ɔ ɲáɔɔɔ ɲá ɔ-ɲé
ɔɔɔ ɲáɔɔɔ ɲɔ ɲáɔɔɔ ɲáɔɔɔɔ ɲ ɲáɔɔɔ

ɔɔ ɲáɔɔ ɔɲɔɔ ɲáɔɔɔ ɔ ɲáɔɔɔɔ ɲɔ
ɲáɔɔ.

Were it not for the degradation of the thing, it is laughable to see the champions of Orangeism in Ireland, the gallant (?) Col. Saunderson and Johnston, of Ballykilbeg, going to Rome "to kiss the Pope's toe," in order to keep themselves and their neighbors under the iron heel of the foreigner. Verily, verily, wonders will never cease. The benighted papists! The world may see now who are the benighted dolts.

THE GREEN FLAG.

By WILLIAM RUSSELL—For THE GÆL.

Air—"My Name is Freedom."

ɔɔ ɔɲɔɔ-ɔɲɔɔ! ɔ ɲáɔɔɔ, ɲáɔ,
ɔɔ ɲáɔɔɔɔɔɔ ɔuɔ ɲáɔɔɔ;

'Sá ɲáɔɔɔ ɔɲɔɔ ɲáɔɔɔ, ɲá ɲáɔɔ,
ɲ ɲáɔɔ ɲá ɲ-ɲáɔ ɲáɔɔɔ:

ɔɲɔɔ ɲáɔ ɔɲɔ-ɲáɔɔ ɲáɔ, ɲá ɲ-ɲáɔɔ,
ɔɔ ɲá ɲáɔɔ ɲá ɲáɔɔ;

ɲá ɲ-ɲáɔɔ ɲáɔɔ ɲáɔɔɔɔɔ ɲáɔ,
ɔɔ ɲáɔɔ, ɲáɔɔ ɲáɔɔɔ!

ɲá ɲáɔɔ ɲáɔɔɔ, ɲá ɔ-ɲáɔɔɔ ɲáɔ,
ɔ ɲáɔɔ ɲá ɲáɔ, ɔɔ ɲáɔɔɔ,

ɔɔ ɲá ɲá ɲáɔɔɔ-ɲáɔɔɔ ɲáɔ,
ɲá ɲáɔɔɔɔɔ ɲáɔɔɔɔ ɲáɔɔɔɔɔ:

ɔɲɔɔ ɲáɔ ɲá ɲáɔɔ ɲáɔɔɔ, ɲáɔɔ,
ɔ ɲáɔɔ ɲáɔɔ, ɲ ɲáɔ;

ɲáɔ ɲá ɲá ɲáɔɔɔ ɲáɔɔɔ ɲáɔ
ɲá ɲáɔɔɔ ɲ ɲáɔɔɔ.

ɔɔ ɲáɔ, ɔ ɲáɔɔɔ ɲá ɲáɔ, ɲáɔɔ,
ɲá ɲáɔɔ ɲáɔɔ, ɲáɔɔ,

ɔɲɔɔ ɲáɔ ɲá ɲáɔ, ɔɔ ɲáɔɔɔ, ɲáɔ,
ɔ ɲáɔɔɔ ɲáɔ ɲáɔɔ;

ɲáɔ ɲáɔɔ ɲáɔɔ, ɲáɔɔ ɲáɔɔ,
ɔɔ ɲáɔɔ ɲáɔɔ ɲáɔɔɔ,

ɲáɔɔɔɔ ɲá ɲáɔɔ ɲáɔɔɔ, ɲá,
ɔɔ ɲáɔɔ ɲá ɲáɔɔ.

ɔ ɲáɔɔɔ ɲáɔ ɲáɔ, ɲáɔɔɔ ɲá ɲáɔɔ
ɲá ɲáɔ ɲáɔ ɲáɔɔ;

ɔɲɔɔ ɲáɔɔɔ ɲáɔ ɲáɔ ɲáɔ ɲáɔ,
ɲáɔɔ ɲáɔɔ ɲáɔ,

ɲá ɲáɔɔ ɲáɔɔ ɲá ɲáɔ, ɲ ɲáɔɔ,—
ɲá ɲáɔɔɔ ɲáɔ ɲáɔ ɲáɔɔɔɔ;

ɔɲɔɔ ɲáɔɔɔɔ, ɲá ɲáɔ ɲáɔ,
ɔɔ ɲáɔ ɔɔ ɲáɔ ɲ ɲáɔɔ.

ɔɔ ɲáɔ ɲáɔ, ɔɔ ɲáɔ ɲáɔɔɔɔ,
ɲá ɲáɔɔɔɔ ɲáɔɔ, ɲáɔ.

ɔɲɔɔ ɲáɔɔɔ ɲáɔɔ, ɲ ɲáɔ ɲáɔ,
ɲ ɲáɔɔɔ ɲáɔ, ɲáɔ:

ɲá ɲá ɲá ɲáɔɔɔɔ ɲá ɲáɔɔ ɲáɔ,—
ɲá ɲáɔɔ ɲáɔɔɔ, ɲá ɲáɔ;

ɔɲɔɔ ɲáɔ-ɲáɔ, ɔɔ ɲáɔ ɲáɔɔ,
ɲáɔɔɔ ɲá ɲáɔɔɔɔ ɲáɔ!

So as to give turn about to Gaelic writers we hold over the conclusion of the sermon, Heaven, until next issue.

The Gael.

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

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

Seventh Year of Publication.

Published at 814 Pacific st., Brooklyn, N. Y.,
M. J. LOGAN, - - - Editor and Proprietor

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

Terms of Advertising—10 cents a line, Agate.

VOL 6, No. 10. MAY, 1888

(Translation of Mr. Russell's poem opposite.)

Now let us, Sons of Erin's isle !
With patriotic bearing,
Assume the martial, rank and file,
For Freedom's strife preparing.
And like the gorgeous Sunburst, dear,
Which Fenian hosts saw, beaming ;
Let our Green Flag aloft, appear,
In flaunting splendor, gleaming.

By night we trace our symbol, proud,
Among the stars of beauty—
By day, it is the pillar cloud
That leads our way to duty:
And like that Heaven-sent, standard bright,
Much famed in ancient story ;*
Ours is a sacred flag of light
And pledge of fadeless glory.

Soon, where the sulph'rous smoke of war
In dismal clouds is soaring
And ghastly Death's red-scythed car
Life's purple tide is pouring,
In brilliance, like a comet's sheen,—
Defeat to foes, divining,
Shall blaze our flashy banner, green,
Thro' the haze of battle, shining.

O let each Celt, beneath its folds,
Approve himself a hero;
While in each foeman he beholds
A Herod, or a Nero:
Let vengeance fire our very blood—
Our deeds, our wrath, declaring ;
And let us fight, till fame has stood,
Triumphantly, for Erin.

May Victory, forever twine
Around our flag, of ages,
And Irish valor, matchless, shine
On time's enduring pages—
May our war-prestige be most grand—
Our cannon, thunderloudest,
And Erin's isle, unshackled, stand
'Mong happy lands, the proudest!

* According to the Scandinavian annals the sacred standard of the Danneborg fell from Heaven.

The force of circumstances often compels the GAELE to shape its remarks in such form as would lead those who do not thoroughly know it to think that it is bigoted. The GAELE is not bigoted, as fully set forth in a former issue. It never inquires what a man's religion is, nor does it care whether he have any—that is the man's own private affair. But every one is well aware that when an Irish Catholic become protestant, he also becomes the enemy of Irish Nationality, as if he would consider Catholicity and Irish Nationality to be synonymous terms. It is against the latter phase that the GAELE levels its remarks.

The Papal Rescript.

The GAELE being characteristically Irish is the reason, we presume, that so many of its readers have written to us privately to ascertain our views on the Papal rescript. As it would take more time than we can conveniently spare to answer our correspondents by personal letter, we shall state our views here, which we beg of them to accept as if personally addressed. Firstly, we think that His Holiness has been imposed upon. Secondly, we do not consider the Plan of Campaign or Boycotting an immoral or a criminal agency, because that which constitutes either, namely, malice *pro pre*, is absent. If a man take a farm from which a tenant is evicted, he knows that the public sense is against him and, therefore, is the author of the boycott himself. The landlords so-called have no valid claim on the land, it being stolen property—It matters not whether the theft was committed a year or seven hundred years ago. If a thief steal your coat and sell it to another party, the party who buys it, if discovered, loses not only the coat but the money which he paid the thief for it. That is the general law of all countries—it is the law of England. Hence, Boycotting and the Plan of Campaign are not immoral, and therefore, His Holiness, we think, made a *faux pas* and, therefore is not entitled to obedience in that particular respect. Again, His Holiness should remember, *vox populi vox Dei*: and, in the face of the overwhelmingly large majority of the Home Rule representatives, no one dare say that the Plan of Campaign is not directed by the *vox populi* and, therefore, by the *vox Dei*. Plainly—No Pope in politics.

The Gaelic movement is a success. More Irish people read and write Irish now than there did at any time within the last 300 years. Over 2500 of the children in Ireland (including those examined as well as those who passed) read and write it. So that the language is now safe. THE GAELE has accomplished this; therefore, is there further argument necessary to induce Irishmen to support and extend its usefulness?

The N. Y. Gaelic Society at its recent election of officers elected T. O. Russell Editor—Of what?

Այս րեւոյթ, յօ իւրեւայն Օյա օրայի, իյն
է աղ Եւոյտօրիկի և ժողով ամսյն !

The members of the Gaelic Society are too penurious, too selfish (with a few honorable exceptions) to do aught but to collect money. They have not as much as a quarterly sheet to record their proceedings, and the pretenseless Brooklyn Society have their monthly Journal through which thousands are educated in the National Language.

O'Curry's Lectures.

ON THE
MANUSCRIPT MATERIAL OF ANCIENT IRISH HISTORY.

Lecture 1.

(Continued)

It follows, then, beyond all reasonable doubt, that whether or not the name Saltair or Psalter was originally given to this compilation, such a compilation existed, and that in the beginning of the 11th century it was in existence, under the name of Saltair of Tara, and believed to have been collected under the patronage of Cormac Mac Art, who died in the year 266.

Before I leave the subject of Saltair, I cannot but observe that the Rev. Dr. Keating also, a most learned Gaelic scholar, gives an explanation of the word quite in consonance with the preceding remarks. In the Preface to his History of Ireland he tells us that History in ancient times was all written in verse, for its better security, and for the greater facility of committing it to memory; and he goes on to refer to the Saltair of Tara in the following words.

"And it is because of its having been written in poetic metre, that the chief book which was in the custody of the Ollamh of the King of Erin, was called the Saltair of Temair; and the Chronicle of holy Cormac Mac Cullinan, Saltair of Cashel, and the Chronicle of Aengus Ceile De [or the Culd-ee], Saltair-na-Rann, (that is, Saltair of the Poems or Verses), because a Salm (Psalm) and a Poem are the same, and therefore a Salterium and a Duanaire (book of poems) are the same.

Of the next in order of the lost books, the Book of the UACHONGHAIL, (pron. ooa cong-wall), almost nothing is known beyond the bare name. The passage just quoted from the Book of Ballymote, and from the Yellow Book of Lecan, was copied into those MSS. from the lost book itself, according to the entry; but what was the age of the book at that time it is now impossible to determine. The O'Clerys, however, mention that they had access to it when compiling their Book of the Invasions of Erin, that is in the year 1630 or 1631. And Keating, in the Second Book of his History, mentions the Book of the Uachongbhail among the very ancient books which were still extant in his own time, and of which he had made use. It was probably of the age of the Book of Leinster, and kept at Kildare in 1625.

The next book of considerable antiquity that we find reference to is that called the CIN DROMA SNECHTA, or Cin of Droma Snechta. The word Cin (pron. in Eng. Kin) is explained in our ancient Glossaries as signifying a stave of five sheets of vellum, and the name of this would signify, therefore, the Vellum-stave Book of Drom Snechta. The words Drom Snechta signify the snow-capped hill, or mountain ridge, and it is believed to have been the name of a mountain situated in the present county of Monaghan.

The Cin of Drom Snechta is quoted in the Book of Ballymote (fol. 12 a) in support of the ancient legend of the antediluvian occupation of Erin by the Lady Banbha, who is however in other Books called Cesair (pron. Kesar). There are two references to it in the Book of Lecan. The first of these

(fol. 271 b.) is in the same words preserved in the Book of Ballymote—"From the Cin of Drom Snechta is (taken) this little (bit) as far as Cesair." The second is (fol. 77 b col. 2) where the writer says in summing up the genealogies of some of the families of Connacht, that he compiled them from the Chronicles of the Gaedhil—

"We have collected now this genealogy of the Ui-Diarmada out of the Chronicles of the Gaedhil, and out of Cormac's Saltair at Cashel, and out of the Book of Dundaleathghlas (Downpatrick), and out of the Books of Flann Mainistrech (Flann of Monasterboice), and out of the Cin of Drom Snechta, and out of the annals and historical books (of Erin), until we have brought it all together here."

The same valuable book quotes the Cin Droma Snechta again by direct transcript (at folio 123 a.), where it gives, first, the genealogies of the chieftains of the ancient Rudrician race of Ulster, in the ordinary way in which they are found in other books or the same and of a previous period, and it then gives a different version, saying,—“The Cin Drom Snechta says that it is (as follows) it ought to be.” This has reference to the pedigrees of the Irian race of Ulster, and immediately to that of the celebrated Knight of the *Craebh Ruath*, or Royal Branch, Conall Cearnach.

A short account of the Destruction of Bruighean Da Derga (The Court of Da Derga), and the death of the monarch Conaire Mor, is quoted from the Cin of Drom Snechta in *Leabhar na h-Uidhre* (fol. 67 a.), and again, the Account of the birth of Uchulainn, (at fol. 80 b.) from the same book.

Doctor Keating, in his History, when introducing the Milesian colonists, gives their descent from Magog, the son of Japhet, on the authority of the Cin of Drom Snechta, which he states, was compiled before St. Patrick's mission to Erin. His words are—"We will set down here the branching off of the race of Magog, according to the Book of Invasions (of Ireland), which was called the Cin of Drom Snechta, and it was before the coming of (St) Patrick to Ireland the author of that book existed." What authority Dr. Keating has for this we know not, as unfortunately he has not given it, and the only reference to the author's name that I have myself ever found is in a partially effaced memorandum in the Book of Leinster. This memorandum is written in the lower margin of a page (fol. 230 b.), which contains genealogies of several of the chieftain lines of Ireland and Scotland.

There is apparently but one word—the name of the writer—illegible at the beginning of this memorandum, and with this word provisionally restored, the note would read thus,—

"(Erin son of) Duach (that is), son of the King of Connacht, an Ollamh, and a prophet, and a professor in history, and a professor in wisdom, it was he that collected the Genealogies and Histories of the men of Erin in one book, that is, the Cin Droma Snechta."

The Duach here referred to (who was probably still alive at the time of St. Patrick's coming) was the son of Brian, son of the Monarch Eochaid Muighmhedhoin, who died A. D. 365. (This Eochaid was also the father of Niall of the Nine Hostages, who was the father of Laeghaire, the Monarch of Erin at the time when St. Patrick came on his mission in the year 432). Duach had two sons—Eoghan Srem, who succeeded him as King

Russell this time. He has addressed to me in the Irish-American, an open letter finding fault with an expression in the Irish sermons now being published in the Gaelic Journal, and this open letter, for more than a week ere I saw it, was being exhibited in a certain literary institution in Dublin by one of the officials there—an official who has for a long time been holding forth that nobody but fish women now speak Irish. This doctrine is being preached for a purpose, and Mr. Russell's letter has been gladly laid hold on to help this purpose; whether Mr. Russell so intended it, I will not take upon myself to say.

A person may say in English, "this is the man whom I got the book from," or "this is the man from whom I got the book." Writers as a rule prefer the first form of expression, and employ it, and, on the other hand, grammarians condemn it. Similarly there are two ways of saying in Irish. "She went to sell honey," *chruidh si chum mil do dhiol*, or *chruidh si chum meala do dhiol*. Four years ago, in November, 1883, Mr. Russell attacked the Gaelic Journal on this point, asserting that the former expression was wrong. I was about taking the editorship in hands at that time, and I showed him that there were equally good authorities for both expressions; for instance, Mr. Williams, of Dungarvan, for one, and Father Donlevy for the other: I pointed out that one of the expressions was ungrammatical, and quoted O'Donovan's grammar to this effect: but O'Donovan added as I had done, that either form might be used. This reply I gave in the Journal at p. 141, No. 17: and as Mr. Russell had been always saying how thankful he would be to any person that would point out any corrections required in his writings, I thought he was in earnest, and drew his attention to some ten places or so in his last letter that would be the better of a little looking after. The note in which I pointed out his errors, I will give by-and-by, and you will see that it was impossible to point out errors in milder language. The other blunders in his letter Mr. Russell passed over, and during the four years that have since elapsed, he has devoted all his attention to reading the Irish Bible, Donlevy's Catechism, the Lucerna Fidelium &c., &c., looking out for authorities to show that *chum meala do dhiol* and kindred expressions are the only correct ones. In this, of course, he was justified, if he believed himself right; but he was not justified in stepping outside the truth. For instance, he makes O'Donovan say that this form of expression is the correct one, whereas, as was said, O'Donovan laid down as a rule quite the contrary. Mr. Russell, no doubt, fenced very cleverly, to throw dust into the eyes of people who are not Irish scholars, and, unfortunately Irish scholars are very few. But, after all it is a wonder how he had the courage to write the following,—

"Most writers of Irish grammars have laid it down as a rule that *chum* governs the genitive. O'Donovan, Joyce and Windisch (and they are considered the best), certainly say so; they say nothing about exceptions to this rule, and it is to be presumed there are no exceptions." And in another place he says of the rule, "that no one but some one of little learning and great 'braes' has ever dared to dispute it.

On the other hand I assert, in the first place, that no writer on Irish grammar ever implied, directly or indirectly, that *chum* governs the genitive case of a noun which goes before the transitive verb in the infinitive mood, as in the phrase

given above, *chum meala do dhiol*; and all the contention, be it remembered, is about such expressions only—though Mr. Russell so expressed himself as to put this distinction out of sight.

In the next place, I assert that Mr. O'Donovan, says quite the contrary of what Mr. Russell would have us believe. At p. 385 of his Irish Grammar O'Donovan says, "Sometimes when the prefixed object of the infinitive mood is preceded by a preposition, some writers make it the dative or ablative governed by the preposition, as *Gan fheirg do dheanamh*, not to be angry,"—Keating Hist. p. 75; *re faisneis firinnigh do dheanamh*, to make a true narration—Id. *Ag iarraidh lochta agus toibheime do thabhairt do Sean-Ghalluibh*, attempting to heap disgrace and dishonor upon the Old English,—Id. (Observe that *locuta* and *toibheime* are genitives.—Ed. "Gaelic Journal.")

(This letter from Mr. Fleming is too long for one issue. It will be continued in our next.)

Lincoln, Kas., Apr. 30 1888

M. J. Logan, Dear Sir—Please find enclosed a poor effort of mine under the title "The Shamrock of Tara." The piece was suggested by my accidentally coming across a piece of "Bloody Shamrock" brought from the "Royal Hill."

Should you find sufficient merit in the verses, please give them a spot in your "GAEL," feeling sure when you do so that the "Old Land" is dear to the writer as when 7 years ago, he quit her sacred soil.

May every blessing follow your endeavors to maintain our race in their exile, as Irishmen, pure and true.

Sincerely your countryman,

Francis C. Downey.

THE SHAMROCK OF TARA.

Once beneath the wooing beam
Of the sun, and moonlight's gleam,
Naught on Erin's breast was seen,
But our heaven-chosen green.
Green the leaves on every side,
Emerald Shamrocks. Erin's pride,
Through the verdure radiant show
In the sunset's crimson glow.

Since on Tara's regal breast,
Slaughtered thousands sank to rest,
Mid the battle struggling grim
War cries fierce, their requiem hymn,
Since that dread and fatal day,
When the fallen Celts lay,
As the autumn leaves around,
On the torn and trampled ground.

Is't the blushing tide of eve,
Ling'ring strays, nor cares to leave
Where in shock of battle rent,
Celtic hearts their life stream spent,
Now the Shamrock's drooping head
Darkly shows a crimson red?
In the blood of hero's dyed
It mourning weeps their fallen pride.

Years on years have come and flown,
Decades into centuries grown,
Great and wondrous beings gone
To th' oblivion of the tomb.
Yet that day on Tara's breast
In the past shall never rest,
Time his page of history weaves
'Midst the shamrock's crimson leaves,

MALEDICTA!

Fair and sad beside the seas
Sits our mother evermore,
And the surge's sullen roar,
Breaking round her aged knees.
Seems to mutter: Nevermore
Shall resurrection dawn on thee,
Or peace or plenty bless thy shore!

Nevermore—when silence reigns,
And the stars are in the sky,
And the night-bird's dismal cry
Haunts the stillness of the plains—
Never—when the sun is high—
Shall she snap her clanking chains,
Say the breakers roaring by!

And she thinketh through the years—
There is truth in what we say—
Night-time brightens into day,
But the current of her tears
Through their spaces run away,
And the curses in her ears
Mar the prayers she would pray.

Curses if she raise her eye,
For a moment from earth's sod
And its sinfulness to God,
And implore Him to chastise
Her, in mercy with His rod,
And the thunders of the skies
And the scourges at his nod!

Curses if she call her sons
Round about her in her dread—
They will shoot them stark and dead
With the lightning of their guns,
As their shafts of battle, sped,
Often laid her warrior ones
In ghastly grave-pits, gashed and red!

Curses if she chance to wail
All the worthful years of yore,
When Europe's southern lands and more
Felt the fame of fairs and
Felt her saintliness and lore,
And were fain to cry; All Hail
For the peerless crown she wore!

Curses if she cry upon
All the dead years at her breast
When her bravest and her best
To the battle's charge swept on,
And her wrongs were well redressed
By her monarchs, who are gone
With a glory to their rest!

What can dead things do men say,
Save to shame and shock the sight,
They are fetid, foul the light
And bounteous benison of day—
So her masters in affright
Would feign blot and quench away
All the star-gleams left her night.

Of their words she takes no heed,
For she thinks her deed the best
Martyred, honored, crowned and blest,
Who will pray and who will plead,
Without grudge and without rest,
For her in all hours of need.
Till she gains her own behest.

So she sitteth patiently
Watching with a tearful eye
Freedom's children marching by
To the gurdons of the free,

For a signal from on high
To point across her walled Red Sea,
Where her Promise Land doth lie.

For she hoped when Hope was wild,
And days were dark saw no sun,
And Faith was dry and Goodness none—
Yet amid her tears she smiled,
Leaned on God—the Faithful One,
And firm, enduring, undefiled,
Yet her freedom shall be won.

—Songs for Freedom, By Father McHale.

All those wishing to help the GAEL, and thereby the Gaelic movement, can send their subscriptions in one or two cent postage stamps, or by postal note, money order, registered letter—any way at all.

Our respected contemporary, the IRISH ECHO, publishes a letter over the signature of John P. Lane giving a history of the Philo-Celtic movement. Not wishing to see any statement in the Echo which conflicts with recorded facts, we would call its attention to the columns of the IRISH WORLD of the Fall of 1872, wherein *Gael*, of Brooklyn, reports the formation of an Irish Class, which was the initiatory step in the formation of the Brooklyn Philo-Celtic Society. So that the statement in the Echo that it was the proceedings of the Boston Gaels which stirred up the Brooklyn people to action does not bear investigation in presence of these facts.

Hundreds of Irishmen ask the question "Have the Irish an alphabet for their language?" Now if the children of such men are fairly versed in English literature, what must they think of the social standing of their ancestry? Why, they will naturally think (what else can they think?), that they were a lowly, ignorant race: Man is ambitious; and when such children grow up to man's estate, and become well-off in the world, they will join some fashionable church, spurn all connection with Irish "lowliness," and become the deadly enemies of Irish Nationality. Hence the reason that of the 25,000,000 or more of the Irish element in this country not more than ten millions are Irish in sentiment.

(Since the above was written Mr N Heaney, a member of the P C S, informs us that a tolerably well English-educated son of an Irishman insisted that the Irish had no language except mere gibberish like the Indians. All we say in this connection is, God help the Irish parent who rears such son, and his name is legion.)

Some may think that we exaggerate when we claim 25,000,000 of the citizens of this country as of Irish descent. No, no. Read our article on Knownothingism in last GAEL. For instance, Mrs. Gen. Logan's maiden name is Flanagan, and, of course, of Irish descent, and so with millions of others. But because they are protestant they are not looked upon as Irish. Had the ancient civilization and learning of the Irish been kept prominently before the people by means of the language and literature, all such persons would claim their direct lineage—would be Irish in sentiment and, probably, Catholic in religion.

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SENTIMENTS OF OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Ala. P. McGrath, Mrs W H Obing F. S. McCosker per Mr McCosker, who is always on the watch to catch a recruit for the Gaelic cause. A large number of our Mobile friends are behind, and we hope they will show up.

Cal. J King, O Quizley

Conn. J Daly. Major Maher P. Murphy. J. A. Donovan per the gallant Major.

Col. J Ccmer, J Kennedy, M F O'Carroll J Harrigan per Mr Comer.

Ill. J Howley R Smvth D McCarthy per Mr. McCarthy, J B Crowley G White per Mr Leonard—a genuine Irishman, M Doyle, R Finn.

Iowa W E Cullen. J. Casey per Mr. Hagerty, who reports the formation of an Irish class in Burlington. This is the Irishman who would not insult Heaven by praying in English. (Friend Hagerty, as you say, the Gaelic movement is a success, and we are prouder of the fact than Vanderbilt can be of his millions.—Ed. G.)

Idaho. D Harrington, P Moriarty

Kas. W Swift, F C Downey, M Hogan per G Downey.

La. Rev. J E Hennelly, C M, per J Kyne, Brooklyn.

Md. J F Sullivan Prof Legarde per M P. Mahon Mich. J. Macauley D. Macauley, per J Macauley, J. E Macauley.

Minn. Rev J J Hand Rev M E Murphy per E A O'Brien P Daly J White T A Leonard per Mr. Leonard, T Rush, T Kelly per Mr. Rush. Wm. Gormly per Thomas Kelly.

Mass. J Riordan, F R Kent, P F Morley T Donovan. J Kelly.

Mont. D Fitzgerald, J C Crowley per P S Harrington. Mr Harrington is a worker in the Gaelic cause, T Strappe.

Mo. Rt Rev. J J Hogan. J Hayes. J Henaghan N. H. P F Niland. Our other Nashua friends should show up.

Neb. M Fitzmaurice per T J Fitzmaurice

N. J. Rev Father Hennessey per Rev T J Fitzgerald, Brooklyn, T J Lyons, J Deasy

Nev. Rev M Kelly. P Molloy, J Ashe P S Flanagan D. Hurley per Mr Hurley, who is doing good work for the Gaelic cause.

N. Y. Rev T J Fitzgerald A Walsh J Kyne, J H S McCarthy P Fleming J McGovern J J Burke, M P Harrington, T S Hartford C Hallaban T Erley Miss M A Lavin per Mr Erley. J L Hartnett per Rev Father Hennessey, Jersey City, P O'Driscoll C Manahan per Mr. Manahan, Counselor J C McGuire, J O'Donnell Miss M Fleming. T F Wynn M. Doyle. William Barry. Mrs. Geraghty.

Ohio M O'Byrne M J Brennan, P H Maher T M White J Toole, Miss M Grogan, Miss M Kelly, Miss B A B Nolan per Miss Nolan.

Pa. M Ward T McEniry Miss E O'Connor Miss L McSorley Miss E O Leary J Robinson P C S per Mr. McEniry. J Gallagher D Gallagher, a patriotic son of Tir Connail, J Monahan C McCann F Coughlan, J Connolly, P F May, per Mr. May. T J Clinton. T Cantwell, F R McCarthy, J J Lyons C Carlin C Toner A P Ward per Mr Ward another Tir Connail genuine Gael. T J Madigan, Miss O'Donnell per D Gallagher. We would direct the attention of other states to Pa;

R. I. J Kelly E Cummins per M Kelly

Tenn. M Givley

Vt. E Ryan

W. Va. Rev R Keleher

Wash. Ter. T J Lynch

Wis M McLaughlin E A O'Brien

Ireland—Donegal Rev C McGlynn per D Gallagher, Phil Pa, P Ward and J Ward per A P Ward Phila, Pa,

Dublin J J O'Farrelly, of the Gaelic Union.

Kildare, Rev E Growney,

Limerick, M Gleason per T McEniry Phila Pa.

Waterford W Fitzgerald per Rev T J Fitzgerald Brooklyn, M Crottie per J Crottie Citizen Office Chicago, Ill.

England—Birkenhead Rev M T Hogan per Rev E Growney Kildare.

P. E. Island D. Morrison.

The friends of the Gaelic cause in America should send as many GAELS as possible to their friends at home. It would be a nice monthly memento.

The following papers have kindly noticed the Gael since last issue, and it hereby begs to tender its grateful acknowledgments to each, individually and collectively:

Arkansas. Augusta, the Woodruff County *Vidette*.

California. San Francisco, the *Weekly Sun*.

San Bernardino, the *Daily Index*.

Santa Barbara, the *Daily Independent*.

Idaho. Hailey, the *Daily Inter-Idaho*.

Illinois. Chicago, the *Citizen*.

Fulton, the *Journal*.

Galena, the *Press*.

Marengo, the *Republican*.

Quincy, the *Sunday Optic*.

Kansas. Garnett, the *Weekly Journal*

Protection, the *Leader*.

Herington, the *Tribune*.

Missouri. St. Joseph the *Catholic Tribune*.

New Jersey. Freehold, the *Monmouth Democrat*.

Ohio. Columbus the *Sunday Capital*.

If now, after the highest Gaelic authority having pronounced the title page of the GAEL as properly constructed, (it being the very construction discussed in our contemporaries, the Gaelic Journal and Irish-American.) Mr. T. O. Russell do not write to all those to whom he vilified the GAEL, and apologize to them for trying to mislead them, the world will endorse the Boston Gaels' opinion of him and brand him as a lying coward, or a wolf in sheep's clothing. The Editor of the GAEL has no animosity towards him for his personal abuse, but he has for his villainous conduct in trying to injure the Gaelic movement, which his disingenuous shuffling now, that he is cornered, demonstrates.

Reader, get your friends to send 60 cents for the Gael, for a year. Where is there so valuable work to be found, for any money? Nowhere!

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

(The cost per line in this Directory is 10 Cents, or \$1.20 a year; This, also, pays for a copy of the G&L, monthly, during that time.)

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
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