

"ὅς τε αὖ," ἀπὸ τοῦ αὖ, "ἀλλὰ καὶ αὖτε," ἀπὸ τοῦ αὖτε.

bujóal uiríe a3am ar."

Óf 21r a3ur Neart lfonta le eud
a3ur éoirí3 a co3aríh43 le céile. "21h
le3f3m3o ah í3eacé co be3é a33 ah
m4c ír ó3e"? aríra 21r.

LESSONS IN GAELIC.

THE GAELIC ALPHABET.

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

IX. LESSON.—Continued

Translation of Exercise 1.

1. D-fuyl mear mór ort? 2. tá
meat mór ort. 3. d-fuyl ah lá flucé?
4. tá ah lá flucé. 5. d-fuyl fuyl ahh
co í3l éejr? 6. tá fuyl ahh mo í3l
éejr. 7. ah á3l leat a téacé (to come)
íom? 8. í3 á3l íom a éul (to go) leat.
9. d-fuyl ah e3ahí e3íom? 10. d-fuyl
fíom fíomí a3ur fíom éeap3 a3ao? 11
tá fíom fíomí a3ur fíom éeap3 a3am.
12. d-fuyl ah bó fíomí, ah 3é b4h,
ah 3ejr 3eal, ah eac íuaó, ah cú reah,
ah feap e3euh, ah éeah ó3í3? 13. tá,
í3 fíom 3o d-fuylí. 14. d-fuyl fíom
mór a3ao? 15. í3 fíom íac d-fuylí
3ah fíom. 16. d-fuyl fíom a3ao 3ur í3
feap ía3é e3om a3ur cá3l a3ur meat?

LESSON X.

Obs. 1.—The sound of e or í is, in
Irish, infused into all these diphthon-
al sounds, even though it cannot be
noted in English corresponding vowel
marks. All we can do is to give the
nearest possible English equivalent.
The reader should well note, then, the
fact, first, that each of the two vowels
is sounded, yet blended into one; and,
secondly, that the consonant after e or
í is liquid or slender. This he will ob-

serve on reading or speaking the first
sentence in Irish.

Irishmen, like the ancients of Athens
and Rome, enunciate, in pronouncing
a diphthong, the two vowels of which
it is composed, more fully and distinct-
ly than English-speaking people are
wont to do. The two vowels of the
diphthong, though united, should be
distinctly heard.

Obs. 2.—The diphthongs éa (marked
long) and eu are sometimes, in manu-
scripts and publications, written indif-
ferently one for the other, as; éa3, eu3,
death; réap, reup, grass; méap, meup,
a finger; 3éap, 3eup, sharp; éeao. ceuo
a string; e3éah, e3euh, brave.

Only one form of spelling shall, in
words in which this digraph occurs, be
followed in these Lessons. Instead of
éa we shall adopt, for uniformity, the
diphthong eu; as reup, grass; 3eup,
sharp, &c. Excepting, however, eao or
ea3, in or un (in composition): Exam-
ple, éao-e3om, unheavy, that is, light;
éa3-có3, in-justice; éeah, do; éeah-
íao, I shall say; words in which éa
is regarded as a settled form; or in
which this form of spelling has a diffe-
rent meaning from another of the same
sound. This unsettled spelling is not
unlike the yet unsettled form of ou in
English; as endeavour, honour, favour,
labour, which Webster has, "for the
sake of uniformity," endeavored to
correct.

Obs. 3.—There are a few words spell-
ed with the digraph ea short, and on-
ly a few, in which a, the second vow-
el, and not e, is marked with the
accent; as réap, better; 3éap, short;
réap, the alder-tree; merely to distin-
guish them from other words spelled
with the same short diphthong; as
reap, a man; 3eap, cut; reap, a shield

Obs. 4.—In Tipperary, Waterford,
and Kilkenny, the diphthongs ea, io,
and sometimes íu, on coming before í,
m, n, are incorrectly pronounced ow;
as, 3leah, a valley, is pronounced
glown; so fíomí, fair, is pronounced

fown. Their correct pronunciation is noted in the paradigm, p. 33.

Exercise 1.

Translate—

1. I am pleased. 2. It is a pleasure with me, i.e., am I pleased? 3. The cliff is high. 4. Is the cliff high? 5. A blessing from God on you, i.e., God bless you. 6. There is fame on you, i.e. you are famous. 7. (There) is leave with me, i.e. I have leave. 8. The wine is white, and the swan is white. 9. The man is just. 10. Help me. 11. I am withered. 12. He has a wife. 13. Has he a wife? 14. I have a question on you, i.e., I have a question put to you. 15. Have you a question (to put) to me? 16. I am worthy. 17. There is a hump on me, and I have a harp. 18. It is better with me you to have a harp than a hump, i.e., I wish rather you to have a *cruid* than on you. 19. There is knowledge with me. 20. Do you know—literally—is knowledge at you? 21. There is esteem on me, i.e., I am esteemed. 22. Are you esteemed? 23. Are you famed? 24. I am not. 25. Is want on you, i.e., are you in want? 26. Want is on me, i.e., I am suffering from want.

Exercise 2.

VOCABULARY.

óiréa, golden. uibé, uibeača, eggs.
áiríse, certain. ru3, laid, did lay.
mjo-fártač, dissatisfied. m3jñ, slow.
ceacč-arceacč, income.
rnuajneacč, thinking. cjrce, treasure.
do fázajl, to get. a 3-cujceacč, at once
mjarbujoč, killed. ruajñ, found.
3o o3neacč, just, exactly. mar, like.
be3ceacč, would be [pron, veyuch.]
aoñ, any. ran3uj3eajñ, covets
mórlañ, much. tujleacč, more; merits.
cajlleajñ, loses. jomlāñ, all.
ru3, or bpejč, did seize; did bring forth

Translate into Irish.—

The Goose with the Golden Eggs.

A certain man had the good fortune to possess a Goose which laid him a Golden Egg every day. But dissatisfied with so slow an income, and thinking to seize the whole treasure at once, he killed the Goose; and cutting her open, found her—just what any other goose would be!

Much wants more and loses all.

Hints.—*ác*, luck, is the same as fortune; and to have is equal to possess, and “at” one is possession. Also, what one has in the way of the “senses,” con-

tra-distinguished from the materiality, is “on” him, or her.

[~~See~~ Students please bear in mind that all languages have their innate (if the expression be permitted) peculiarities. See, for instance, the various sounds of *gh* in *though*, *rough*, *high*, *slough*, etc., and *ea* in *fear*, *heart*, *heavy*, etc. in the English language; and that if a German or other foreigner were to re-formulate that language he would have the plural of *man* formed by the addition of *s*, in the usual manner, and he could maintain that it was according to *rule*!

Then, the accepted grammars and dictionaries of languages are our guides, and it is by them we are bound; and if we ignore them, whatever our private conceptions may be, we place ourselves beyond the pale of common forbearance.

The Irish is freer from constructural irregularities than any other language. But howsoever direct and cogent the rules of a foreign language (and the Irish is as foreign to the English-speaking Irishman as the English is to the German) may be they become awkward, and we would fix them our own way. Hence the tendency of late of a certain class of *foreigners* to experiment on the Irish language their philological prowess, resting assured (apparently) that they were as safe in doing so as was the Ass in throwing his heels in the face of the dying Lion—He is not yet dead,—Ed.]

21K m-bajle ojl féjñ.

(Home, Sweet Home.)

3jč rjúblamao3o 'mea33 foññ a'r
'mea33 pálar aññreo,
Dá úñla ari m-bajle jr feáññ lññ é
3añ 3ó,
b3ceajñ beaññacč ó òja féjñ 'r añ ájč
rññ a čofč.
Noč ĩacč b-fu3l le fažajl a ĩ-ájč e3le
a3ñ b3č.

21r m-bajle č3l, č3l féjñ,

Dá úñla acá tū

'Stū 'ñ ájč jr feáññ fao3 'ñ ĩ3féjñ.

ĩ3 ĩ-ájł ĩoññ aoñ ĩ3č 'ñuajñ acájñ a3ñ
reacčrlañ,

21! tabajñ čam a3j3 o3ceajñ rálñ mo
bóčájñ,

21ñ t-euñ a r3ap ruajñcear 3o mññc
am' čno3č;

'S añ cañā f3oñ m'aññā buč o3jre a3ñ
b3č.

3ab3ar o3ññ.

[We have an excellent piece consisting of 64 lines from the Gabhar Donn for next issue. We hope trans-Atlantic friends will write plainly as they are too far away to receive “proof.” The Gabhar, Fr. Grownay and Mr. Henebry write plain script]

TOZHSANNN21.

6 e. 03.

[Leahta.]

Sjuro táll opt é,
Kj tjom leat é,
Kj aon ball de dallajb do čujp é,
21'r tã ré opt 'ha čajb rj.

T' aijm.

Čjčjm čuzam jnr aij ród,
Láj 63, 'r f rejtreac,
ball njnje j 3-clár a h-eudajj,
'S a leat čejjč čnj čejje.

3unja.

Čuapčjčear a'r fuajneaj,
'S ba fupar tam é fãžajl,
Ruó hač b-fuajj oja,
'S njár b'fejčojr lej fãžajl.

21ajjirčear.

We were agreeably surprised when we received the following matter having been assured that only one man of those now living was competent to digest those old books!—Ed.

Editor of the GAEL.

Dear Sir.—I send the following, taken from "Leabar ha 3-Cearc," with modern form or translation, which does not differ very much from the original Irish. Yours very truly,

THOMAS D. NORRIS.

"beaħħacť Pãtũj3," 7c.

beaħħacť Dė forajb uij
Feapajb ějneahj, ĩacajb, ĩhajb,
Sceo ĩħeahajb,—flajč beaħħacť,
bal beaħħacť, buah beaħħacť.
Slãh beaħħacť, Sap beaħħacť,
Sjř beaħħacť, beaħħacť njnje.
Nėl denacť, beaħħacť ĩapã,
Mjerc beaħħacť, beaħħacť ěřj.
Topã beaħħacť, beaħħacť opũcť,
beaħħacť ajćj, beaħħacť 3ajlj,
beaħħacť 3ajrcjč. beaħħacť 3oťã,
beaħħacť 3njnje, beaħħacť opťãh,
beaħħacť ajne forajb uij
Leacajb, clėjncjč, cej forconj3pajb
beaħħacť feap njnje,
Jř mo eberť 6ř bjč beaħħacť." . . .
beaħħacť.

Jorcatťã řacťã, ĩãřã cam',
ě a3 dėahacť a ĩopťã,
21'r 3ah řũlj 'ha čeahj.

21j Tũj3.

Teacť ĩjř, ĩjř ě,
Čojħleojr 6jř ě,
Čoħajř 3o čearť ě,
Nã lej3 čarť ě.

Flajčear Dė.

21mjče ĩacť lejbjčacť,
21 a3ajb řjap 'r ě a3 mej3ealacť.

3adap.

Do lea3ar uajm j aij dãř ĩãčťã,
21'r čujť řj aħuaj ľė řãħacť,
Dã čeuť ĩaj3 a'r bjčėacť řjãč aħj
Kj dėahřacť ařř jomľãh j.

Uđ do čujť a'r do bjřřacť.

Dã čojř aij talãħ, ĩřj čopã ĩh ajřčė,
Čeahj aij đeo j ĩ-beul aij ĩhajb.

Poťã aij čeahj čujje.

Čj3řjħj-re ĩh ĩo 3ľajč ě,
21'r ĩj čujřřacť aij řj3 3ãč aij.

3ajneahj.

[Such as the above and not the whimsical ideas of would-be professors give the proper idiomatic construction of the language—Ed. G.]

We have no spare time to throw away, so those who write as if on purpose to puzzle us will not see their productions in the Gael.—Ed. G.]

"The Benediction of St. Patrick."

The blessing of God upon you all,
Men of Eire, sons, women,
And daughters; prince blessing,
Good blessing, perpetual blessing.
Full blessing, superlative blessing,
Eternal blessing, The blessing of hea-
Cloud-blessing, sea-blessing, [ven,
Fruit-blessing, land-blessing,
Produce-blessing, dew-blessing,
Blessing of the elements, blessing of
prowess,
Blessing of chivalry, blessing of voice,
Blessing of deeds, blessing of magnifi-
cence,
Blessing of happiness, be upon you all
Laics, clerics, while I command
The blessing of the men of heaven,
It is my bequest, as it is a perpetual
blessing. - - - The Blessing.

21 ԵՂԻՅԻ ՏԻՆԵ ԱՅՐ ԾՈ ԵՍԱՅԻՅԱ

(From Edward Walsh—and one of his best.)

*Walsh is not
the author but
the collector*

21 ԵՂԻՅԻ ՐԻՏԵ ԱՅՐ ԾՈ ԵՍԱՅԻՅԱ,
Ա՛՛ր ԾՈ ԶԵԱԾԱՅԻ ԱՊԻ ԶՈ ՐԲՈՐ ՄԵ;
ԾԱ յ-ԵՅԾԵԱԾ ԵՂԻՅԻ ԾՈ ԾԱ ԼԱՊԻ 'ՅԱՊ,
ԿԻ ՐԶԱՐԲԱՅԻՆ ԼԵԱԾ ԵՅԾԵ,
21 ԱԾԱՅԻՆ ԱՅՐ ԱՊԻՐԱԾԵ,
ԵՐ ԱՊ ԾԱՊԻՐԱ ԼԱՅԵ ԼԵԱԾ,
ԾԱ ԵՂԻՅԻ ՐԱՐ ԵՐ ԵՂԻՅԻ ՕՐԻ,
ԾԱԾ ԵՐ ԶՐԵՅԻՆԵ 'Ր ԵՐ ԶԱՅԻՆԵ !

21 ԵՂԻՅԻ ԵՂԻՅԻ ՄՈ ԵՅԾԵՐԻ,
'ԾԱ ԼՅՈՂԵԱ ԼԵ ԶՐԱԾ ԵՂԻՅԻ,
ԼՅՈՂԵՐԱՅԻ ԱՅՐ ԵՂԻՅԻ ՐԲՈՐ ԾԵ
ԾՈՊ ԵՂԻՅԻ ԵՂԻՅԻ ԼԵ ԵՂԻՅԻ,
21 ԱԾԱՅԻՆ ԱՅՐ ԱՅՐ ԱՅՐ ԵՂԻՅԻ,
'Տ ԶՈ Զ-ԵՂԻՅԻՅԵԱԾ ԱՅ ԵՂԻՅԻ,
ԵՂԻՅԻՅԵԱԾ ԱՅ 'ՐԲՈՐ-ԶԱՅԻՆԵ,
ԼՅՈՂԵԱԾ ՐԲՈՐ ԱՅՐ ԵՐ ԵՂԻՅԻ !

ԵՂԻՅԻ ԵՂԻՅԻ ԼԵ ՄՈ ԵՂԻՅԻՅԻ
ԶՈ յ-ԵՂԻՅԻՅԵ ԱՅՐ ՄՈ ԼԵԱԾ ;
ԱՅՐ ԾՈ ԵՍԱՅԻՅԱ ՐԵԱԾ ԵՂԻՅԻ ՐԻՏԵ
Օ ՕՐԾԵ ԶՈ ՄԱՅԻՅԻ;
21 ԵՂԻՅԻ ՐԲՈՐ ՄՈ ԵՂԻՅԻՅԻ,
'Տ ԱՅ ԵՂԻՅԻ-ԶՈ ԶՈ ԵՂԻՅԻ,
ԵՂԻՅԻ ՄՈ ԵՂԻՅԻ ԵՂԻՅԻ, ՐԵԱԾ,
ԾՈ ԼԱԾԱԾ ԵՂԻՅԻ ԵՐ ԼԵԱԾ !

21 ԵՂԻՅԻ ԼԵԱԾ ԱՅ ՕՐԾԵ
ԾՈ ԵՂԻՅԻ 'ՅՐ ԵՂԻՅԻ,
ԵՂԻՅԻ ԱՅ ԵՂԻՅԻ ԵՂԻՅԻ,
'Տ ԱՅ ՕՐԾԵ ԱՅ ԵՂԻՅԻ;
ԵՂԻՅԻ ԼԵ ԵՂԻՅԻ
ԼԵԱԾ ԵՂԻՅԻՅԵԱԾ ԱՅ ՄԻԼԵԱԾ,
'Տ ԶՈ ԵՂԻՅԻ ԾՈ ԵՂԻՅԻ ՄԱՅԻՅԵԱԾ
ԼԵ ԵՂԻՅԻ ՐԲՈՐ ԱՅ ԾՈ ԵՂԻՅԻ !

ԾԱ ԵՐ ԵՂԻՅԻ 'Ր ԵՐ ԵՂԻՅԻ
ԶԱԾ ԼԱ ԵՂԻՅԻ Ա ԵՂԻՅԻ,
ԾՈ ԵՂԻՅԻ ԵՂԻՅԻ Ա ԵՂԻՅԻ ԼԵԱԾ,
Ա ՕՐԾԵ, ԵՂԻՅԻ ԵՂԻՅԻ;
ԵՂԻՅԻՅԵԱԾ ՐԲՈՐ ԱՅ ՄԱՅԻՅԵԱԾ
'Տ ԵՂԻՅԻ ԵՂԻՅԻ Օ 'Ր ԵՂԻՅԻ;
21 ԵՂԻՅԻ ԵՂԻՅԻ ԵՂԻՅԻ ՄՈ ԵՂԻՅԻ
ԵՂԻՅԻ ԵՂԻՅԻ ՐԲՈՐ ԱՅՐԱ ԵՂԻՅԻ !

ԵՂԻՅԻ ԾՈ ԵՂԻՅԻ ԾՈ 'Ր ԵՂԻՅԻ,
'Տ ԱՅՐԱՅԻՅԻ ԵՂԻՅԻ,

'Տ Ա ՄԱՅԻՅԻ ԾՈ 'ԵՂԻՅԻ
ԶՈ ԼԵՅԵԱԾ ԵՐ ԵՂԻՅԻ;
ԼԵԱԾ ԼԵՅ ԵՂԻՅԻ ԵՂԻՅԻ
'Տ ԵՂԻՅԻ 'ՅԱՊ ԱՅ ԵՂԻՅԻ,
21 ԵՂԻՅԻ ԵՂԻՅԻ ԵՂԻՅԻՅԵԱԾ ԵՂԻՅԻ ԵՂԻՅԻ ԼԵԱԾ,
ԵՂԻՅԻ ԼԵԱԾ-ԵՂԻՅԻ ԾՈ ԼԵԱԾ !

Translation.

I LIE ON THY TOMB.

From the cold sod that's o'er you
I never shall sever—
Were my hands twined in your's, love,
I'd hold them for ever—
My fondest, my fairest,
We may now sleep together,
I've the cold earth's damp odor,
And I'm worn from the weather !

This heart, fill'd with fondness,
Is wounded and weary ;
A dark gulf beneath it
Yawns jet-black and dreary—
When death comes, a victor,
In mercy to greet me,
On the wings of the whirlwind
In the wild wastes you'll meet me !

When the folk of my household
Suppose I am sleeping,
On your cold grave, till morning,
The lone watch I'm keeping ;
My grief to the night wind,
For the mild maid to render,
Who was my betrothed
Since infancy tender !

Remember the lone night
I last spent with you, love,
Beneath the dark sloe-tree,
When the icy wind blew, love—
High praise to the Saviour
No sin-stain had found you,
That your virginal glory
Shines brightly before you !

The priests and the friars
Are ceaselessly chiding,
That I love a young maiden
In life not abiding—
O ! I'd shelter and shield you,
If wild storms were swelling,
And O ! my wrecked hope,
That the cold earth's your dwelling !

Alas, for your father,
And also your mother,
And all your relations,
Your sister and brother,
Who gave to you sorrow,
And the grave 'neath the willow,
While I crav'd, as your portion,
But to share your chaste pilliw !

Let each subscriber secure one or two more and thus double the circulation of the Gael. Follow the Rt. Rev. Bishop Becker's example, noted on back.

The Gael.

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Gaels have another bit of good news coming on the New Year—the Gort Board of Guardians resolving to advertise their wants in the National Language. We have it now in the schools and public bodies ; let us push the agitation and we shall make it general. Remember that the patriotism of the comparatively few have saved nations. You, *ḡaoltaí*, have saved your Nation for though self-government has received an apparent set-back, there is no doubt of its ultimate success once the Nationality is preserved. Greece preserved her nationality for 2,200 years under the heel of the tyrant, and in spite of the treachery of some of her own degenerate children ; but, having preserved it, she is to-day the proudest little kingdom in Europe. Let us redouble our energies, *ḡaoltaí*, and try to bring our Anglicised countrymen to a sense of what they ought to be—co-workers in the grand effort to preserve the old Gael from being contaminated with the poisonous effluvia of the Gotho-Saxon.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE IRISH-AMERICAN PRESS

Gentlemen,—We sent you from time to time small circulars requesting of you to bring THE GAEL under the

notice of your readers and to urge them to assist the movement for the preservation of the National Language. Some of you patriotically performed that duty ; but others of you seemed to think that such notices should be paid for. Now, you who think that such notices should be paid for, please tell us by whom ? Is it by us ? If so, for what reason ? We have been in the real estate business over eighteen years. We organized the Gaelic movement with a view, if possible, of preserving our national language. As secretary of the P. C. Society we were induced to produce THE GAEL to publish its proceedings and to advance the movement in general. But we had no intention, nor have we now, to abandon our business for any publication—the real estate business being our forte.

But, having undertaken the production of THE GAEL (we may say the first Gaelic journal ever published), and it being the outcome of the movement which we organized, we resolved that it should never cease to be published whilst we lived in health if it did not have a single subscriber ; and its existence to-day after battling for the last nine years with the insidious assaults of the enemy is a proof that that resolution has been kept inviolate. We said, also, at the same time that the Irish people had had a journal in their own language and that it lay with them to enlarge it and make it effective.

Twelve months ago we sent you a circular announcing the commencement of a new series of Gaelic Lessons in THE GAEL. A large number of you published it and, as a result, we received over 300 letters and postal cards requesting membership, information, etc, and of that number 200 are now studying the language, and you, gentlemen, who published that notice, are entitled to the credit of that particular result. 45 of the inquirers, of whom 35 are now students, came through the notice of one paper. We would like to

name it, but as all the other papers that published the notice done their part as well, we shall make no invidious distinction.

Hence, if you took continued interest in the matter you would make the Irish language movement as complete a success as the Welsh people made of theirs. And, gentlemen, what would it cost you? Nothing, for the few inches of space devoted to it would be as interesting to your readers as any other matter you could print.

Now, gentlemen, we consider ourselves justified in saying that fully 95 per cent. of you feel a pang of regret that you were not taught your native language in your infancy. That is natural. Then, let future generations of your countrymen profit by your experience. It is in your power to make every child in the land of your sires to know their language before twenty years by a thorough, earnest endeavor to promote the movement in this greater Ireland of the West, because every parent at home will cause his children to learn their native language when he sees the solicitude of his brethren in distant lands to preserve it; remembering, too, and always keeping in view, the galling old saw, galling because it is true, that

The language of the conqueror in the mouth of
the conquered,
Is the language of the slave.

Fraternally, M. J. LOGAN.

To the Hibernian, Alliance, and Clann na-Gael
Societies.

Gentlemen,— We presume none of you has the hardihood to deny that the language of a nation is the essence of its nationality. This, then, being granted, we ask you, What have you done during your existence, with all your loud talk, and with all the money you have collected, to preserve *your* Nationality? Echo answers, using the algebraic symbol, —0!

Forty years' ago 3,000,000 of the people in Ireland spoke the National Language. Less than a million speak it to-day!—Are you proud of your stewardship?

The "weeny" Gaelic movement set on foot by a few patriotic men seventeen years' ago, with the "Land & Language" on its banner, has done some thing, in the face of your senile sneers. It has agitated the Land Question, and it has the children

learning the Language in a number of the National school, and it has influenced public bodies to employ it in addressing the public for their necessities; and, finally, it has been scattering the language and literature broadcast through the land.

You have the will, friends, to preserve your Nationality if you had the way. Help, then, those who have proven that they have the way.

THE GAELIC HISTORICAL ALBUM.

Let Gaels not forget to send their photographs for the Album so that they may not be disappointed by and by when they see the work published.

Every person who has subscribed for the Gael (whether living or dead—and we hope the friends of deceased subscribers will send their photos) is entitled to a place for his photo, whether he be a subscriber now or not, as well as every one who will be one at the time of publication.

The scope and plan of the work are now fully considered. They are,—First. The photo of Arch bishop McHale as frontispiece, followed by the photos of other prominent workers in the cause (and here we would request our Irish brethren to send theirs, particularly Messrs. John Fleming, J. Glynn, Mr. McPhilpion and Dr. Hyde, Revd. Frs. Mulcahy, Walsh and Gowney, and all our other Irish subscribers). Then will follow copious extracts from eminent writers on the early culture of the Irish people, with extracts also on the social status of contemporary peoples by way of comparison. The history of the Gaelic Movement will then follow interspersed with the photos and biographical sketches of those who took part in, and supported, it. Next will follow the matter contained in the First, Second and Third Irish Books, an epitome of O'Donovan's Irish Grammar, and poetical selections from McHale, Tadhag Gaolach, Craoibhin Aoibhinn, the Munster Poets, Hardiman, etc. Thus enabling its possessor to learn the rudiments of the language, and, if of Irish descent, to prove that which has been previously said of the remote civilization and culture of his forefathers by their language and literature. It is the most valuable book ever published in the interest of the Irish race, placing them in their proper light before the world, and especially before the millions of this Great Ireland of the West—It is a compendium of the choicest gems culled from the most eminent writers.

A prominent New York publisher to whom we have submitted the outline of the work has made us a paying offer for the right to publish it, and is willing to contract for the production of 10,000 copies, printed on the finest white paper, for the first edition. The book will be bound in green and gold; it will contain about 700 pages.

A good canvasser could sell the book to every Irish family who can spare its price.

We hope those in arrears will send their subscriptions and photos. Remember that a journal cannot be properly circulated if not properly assisted. We know personally a large number who are behind through sheer neglect. Gentlemen, we have to pay for the paper and we don't like to be asking all the time. Be thoughtful to your ward.

O'Curry's Lectures.

ON THE
MANUSCRIPT MATERIAL OF ANCIENT IRISH HISTORY.

LECTURE V.

[Delivered June 19, 1856.]

(Continued from page 36.)

And the best (or noblest) that were of that host were Conor the son of Tighernan O'Ruairc, King of the Ua Briuin and Conmaicne; Cathal O'Flaitbheartaigh [O'Flaherty], and Murchadh Finn O'Fergail; and Ruaidhri O'Floinn of the Wood; and Flann Mac Oireachtaigh; and Donn Og Mac Oireachtaigh; and a great body of the O'Kelly's; and Mac Dermot's three sons; and Dermot O'Flanagan and Cathal the son of Duarcán O'Heaghra (O'Hara); and the two sons of Tighernan O'Conor; and Giolla-na-Naomh O'Fadhg [O'Teige]. And numerous indeed were the warriors of Connacht there. And where the van of that host overtook the O'Reillys was at Soiltean-na-n-Gasan; and they pursued them to Alt Tighe Mhic Cuirín. Here the new recruits of the O'Reillys turned upon the united hosts, and three times drove them back. The main body of the hosts then came up, but not until some of their people had been killed, and among them Dermot O'Flannagan, and Coile O'Coile [Cokely O'Cokely], and many more.

"Both armies now marched to Ath-na-B-Eiltil, and to Dóirín Cranncha, between Ath-na-Beithigh and Bel an Bheallaigh, and Coill Eassa, and Coill Airthir, upon Sliabh an Iarainn. Here the O'Reillys turned firmly, ardently, furiously, wildly, un-governably, against the son of Feidhlim O'Conor, and all the men of Connacht who were with him, to avenge upon them their wrongs and oppression. And each party then urged their people against each other, that is the Ua Briuin and the Connacht forces. Then arose the Connacht men on the one side of the battle, bold, expert, precipitate, ever moving. And they drew up in a bright-flaming, quick-handed phalanx, valiant, firm, united in their ranks, under the command of their brave, strong-armed, youthful prince, Aedh [Hugh], the son of Feidhlim, son of Cathal the red-handed. And, certainly, the son of the high king had in him the fury of an inflamed chief, the valor of a champion, and the bravery of a hero during that day.

"And a bloody, heroic, and triumphant battle then was fought between them. Numbers were killed and wounded on both sides. And Conor, the son of Tighernan (O'Ruairc), king of Breisne, and Murchadh Finn O'Fergail [Murchadh Finn O'Farrell], and Aedh [Hugh] O'Farrell, and Maolruanaid Mac Donnogh, with many more, were left wounded on the field. And some of these died of accumulated wounds in their houses; among whom were Morrogh Finn O'Farrell; and Flann Mac Oireachtaigh was killed in the deadly strife of the battle, with many others. And now what those who had knowledge of this battle (who witnessed this battle) say, is, that neither the warriors on either side nor the champions of the great battle themselves, could gaze at the face of the chief the chief king; for there were two great royal, torch-like broad eyes, flaming and rolling in his forehead; and every one feared to address him at that time, for

he was beyond speaking distance in advance of his hosts, going to attack the battalions of the Ua Briuin. And he raised his battle-cry of a chief king, and his companion shout aloud in the middle of the great battle; and he halted not from his career until the force of the Ua Briuin utterly gave way.

"There were killed on this spot Cathal O'Reilly, King of Muintir Maolmordha, and of the clan of Aedh Finn, and his two sons along with him, namely, Donald Roe and Niall; and his brother Cnechonnacht; and Cathal Dubh O'Reilly's three sons, Geoffry, Fergal, and Donnell. And Annadh, the son of Donnell O'Reilly, was killed by Conor, the son of Tighernan O'Ruairc, and the Blind O'Reilly, that is, Niall; and Tighernan Mac Brady, and Giolla-Michael Mac Taichly, and Donogh O'Bibsaigh, Manus Mac Giolla Duibh, and over three score of the best of their people along with them. And there were sixteen men of the O'Reilly family killed there also.

"This was the Battle of Magh Slecht, on the brink of Ath Dearg (the Red Ford) at Alt na h-Eiltilti (the Hill of the Doe) over Bealach na Beit-highe (the Road of the Birch)."

The precision with which the scene of this domestic battle (which took place in the modern Co. Cavan) is laid down in this article, is a matter of singular interest, indeed of singular importance, to the Irish historian. Magh Slecht (that is, the plain of Adoration, or Genuflexions), the situation and bearings of which are so minutely set down here, was no other than that same plain of Magh Slecht in which stood Crom Cruach (called Ceann Cruach in the Tripartite Life), the great Idol of Milesian pagan worship, the Delphos of our Gadelian ancestors, from the time of their first coming to Erin until the destruction of the idol by Saint Patrick, in the early part of his apostleship among them. The precise situation of this historical locality has not been hitherto authoritatively ascertained by our antiquarian investigators; but it is pretty clear, that, if any man fairly acquainted with our ancient native documents, and practised in the examination of ruined monuments of antiquity, so thickly scattered over the face of our country,—if, I say, such a man, with this article in his hand, and an abstract from the Life St. Patrick, should go to any of the points here described in the route of the belligerent forces, he will have but little difficulty in reaching the actual scene of the battle, and will there stand, with certainty, in the veritable Magh Slecht; nay, even may, perhaps, discover the identical Crom Cruach himself, with his twelve buried satellites, where they fell and were interred when struck down by St. Patrick with his crozier, the Bachall Iosa, or Sacred Staff of Jesus.

Much could be said on the value of these and of others of our local and independent chronicles, concerning the vast amount they contain of cumulative additions to what is recorded in other books and of minor details, such as could never be found in any general compilation of national annals. Space will not, however, in lectures such as these permit us to dwell longer on the subject at present, and we shall, therefore, pass on at once from the Annals of Lech Ce to the consideration of those commonly called by the name of the Annals of Connacht.

The only copies of the chronicle which bears this title now known to exist in Ireland are, a large folio paper copy, in two volumes, in the library of T.C.D. (class H. 1. 1. and H. 1. 2.); and

a large quarto paper copy, in the library of the Royal Irish Academy, No. 25.4; 25.5; both in the same hand writing. The writing is tolerably good but the orthography is often inaccurate, owing to the ignorance of the copyist, whose name appears at the end of the second volume in T.C.D., in the following entry.

"Written out of an anciant vellum book, and finished the 29th day of the month of October, in the year of the Lord, 1764. by Maurice O'Gorman

This Maurice O'Gorman, a well known though a very incompetent scribe, flourished in Dublin before and for some time after this year of 1764. The Trinity College copy was made by him for Dr. O'Sullivan, F.T.C.D., and Professor of Law in the University; the two volumes in the Royal Irish Academy, for the Chevalier Thomas O'Gorman, of the county Clare. in the year 1783, in the house of the venerable Charles O'Connor, of Balanagare, in the county of Roscommon, as appears from a notice in English prefixed to the first volume. The scribe's name does not appear in this copy. These annals in their present condition begin with the year of our Lord 1224, and end with the year 1562; but the years 1394, 5, 6 and 7, are missing; and this is the more to be regretted as the same years are also missing from the annals of Loch Ce. At what time, or by what authority this chronicle received the name of the Annals of Connacht, it is now, perhaps, impossible to ascertain.

Usher quotes from the Annals of Connacht, and from those of Boyle (*Primordia*, pp. 895, 966); but it is to be feared that Usher was his own authority, as we shall see presently.

Sir James Ware gives the name of Annals of Connacht to the chronicle now known as the Annals of Boyle, in these words: "An anonymous monk of the Cenobium Buelliensis, added an index to the Annals of the affairs of Connacht up to the year 1253, at which time he lived. The manuscript book exists in the Cottonian Library, the gift of Oliver late Viscount Grandison, of Limerick." (Ware's *Irish Writers*, 4to, 1839, p. 60). And in Ware's Catalogue of his own manuscripts, he says, "A copy of the Annals of Connacht, or of the Cenobium Buelliensis, to the year 1253. The autograph exists in the Cottonian Library of Westminster."

The book of which Ware makes mention in both these extracts, under the names of the index to the Annals of Connacht, and as the Annals of Connacht themselves, and the autograph of which, he says, was then in the Cottonian Library of Westminster, is certainly that now known as the Annals of Boyle. The autograph which was then in Westminster is now in the British Museum (under the library mark of Titus A. 25), and has been published by the Rev. Charles O'Connor, in his *Rem Hibernicarum Scriptores*.

When alluding to these Annals of Boyle in a former Lecture, I was reluctantly obliged to take the Rev. Charles O'Connor's very unsatisfactory account of them from the Stowe Catalogue; but since that time, and during the summer of the last year (1855), I had an opportunity of examining the original book itself in the British Museum. As there is much to correct in Dr. O'Connor's account, I am tempted shortly to state here the result of my own examination of the MS., but I shall do so only in the briefest manner.

The book (the pages of which measure about eight inches in length, by five and a half in

breadth) contains, as I find, about 130 leaves, or 260 pages, of good, strong, but somewhat discoloured vellum; the remainder of the book is written in the English language on paper, and has no concern with Ireland. It is written in a bold, but not elegant hand, chiefly in the old black letter of (as I should think) about the year 1300. The capital letters at the commencements of years and articles and sometimes proper names, are generally of the Gaedhlic alphabet, and so gracefully formed that it appears to me unaccountable how the same hand could have traced such chaste and graceful Gaedhlic and such rude and heavy black letter, in one and the same word.

The annals commence fourteen years before the birth of Lamech, the father of Noah; but those years are only marked by the letters "KL.", which stand for the kalends or first day of January of the year. They then give the years from Adam to Lamech as 974. These blank kalends contain the dates (almost uninterruptedly) down to Noah, then Abraham; Isaac; the Incarnation of our Lord, and so to the coming of St. Patrick into Ireland, in the fourth year of the monarch Laeghaire, A.D. 432. Even from this time down to their present termination at the year 1257, the record of events is very meagre, seldom exceeding a line or two, generally of Latin and Irish mixed, until they reach the year 1100; indeed even from that year down to the end of the annals, the entries are still very poor, and without any attempt at description.

The years throughout, to near the end, are distinguished by the initial kalends only, except at long intervals where the year of our Lord and the corresponding year of the world are inserted. In one instance the computation is from the Passion of our Lord, thus: "From the beginning of the world to the death of St. Martin, according to Dionisius, 5611 years; from the Passion of the true Lord, 415." The year of the world is always given according to Dionisius, but in one instance the Hebrew computation is followed, and this is where the chronology begins to agree with the common era; as thus at the year 939: "Here begin the wars of Brian, the son of Kennedy, son of Lorcán, the noble and great monarch of all Erin, and they extend as far as the year 1014 from the Incarnation of Jesus Christ. From the beginning of the world, according to Dionisius, 6000 years, but according to the Hebrew, 5218 years."

There is so much irregularity and confusion in the chronological progress and arrangement of these annals (a confusion which the Rev. Doctor O'Connor appears to me to have made more confused), that it would have been hopeless to attempt to reduce and correct them, without an expenditure of time, and a facility of collation with other annals, which a visit to London on other and weightier purposes would not admit of. Nor should I have deemed it necessary to revert to them a second time in the course of these Lectures, but that I feel bound to correct, as far as I can, any small errors into which such distinguished scholars as Usher, Ware, Nicholson, and O'Connor may have fallen for want of a closer examination of these annals.

In the first place we have seen Usher, Sir Jas. Ware, and his editor Walter Harris, Bishop Nicholson, and Dr. O'Connor, call them the Annals of Boyle; and it may, I think, be believed that Usher was the father of the name, and that his successors followed him implicitly.

(To be continued)

THE IRISH-AMERICAN'S SENSE OF JUSTICE?

In reply to libelious statements published in the Irish-American for the week ending Dec. 20th over the signature T. O'N. Russell, and the comments of the Editor, we sent the following letter to the editor, but he refused to publish it, alleging as his reasons for doing so that "He (us) most unwarrantably drags the names of two respectable ladies into his screed, in a manner that, at once, puts him beyond the pale of decent journalism."

The reader has the whole matter, substantially, subjoined and he can see if it contain *one* syllable of the indecency which the ghoulish soul of the editor desired to convey. But, in instances like the present, what else could be expected of the hero of the Dublin p——, of *Twenty-five* years' ago, since which time, he declares, he has a personal knowledge of his client!

We never said Russell was a British detective or spy (they are both the same) but we said and do say that he has done work like that for which spies have been engaged and paid. He has reviled and aspersed the leaders of the Gaelic movement, beginning with Archbishop McHale, Tadhg Gaolach, O'Donovan, O'Curry, Canon Bourke, O'Reilly, the veteran Irish scholar, John Fleming, Capt Norris, M. O'Shea, P J O'Daly (he called him an ignorant bosthoon), and, though last not least, Wm. Russell, thus seeking to beget a want of public confidence in them. Read Davitt's *Labor World* and you will see that Dublin Castle engaged, directed and paid Pigott for doing the same to the leaders of the Land League.

Had the Irish-American published our reply to the libelious attack which they made on us this matter would not appear in THE GAEL and, in the absence of aught to sue, we have published it in justice to ourselves.

We have no personal enmity to Russell though he seeks to make it appear that that is our reason for exposing him; "because," he says, he "ridiculed" us for not learning Irish from him. Was that his reason for "ridiculing" Archbishop McHale etc. & though he was only three years, he said, studying Irish. Were he competent to teach them or us he need not shift about for a living.

He will hardly challenge us again to prove that he was in Ireland, for, unless seen there, no stronger proof could be adduced than the unguarded testimony of his own household.—

Editors Irish-American.

Gents.—In your issue of this week appear excerpts from two letters of mine supplied by Mr. T O'N. Russell. One of these letters, that to the *Chicago Citizen*, was sent for publication but Mr. Finerty did not publish it [just as he done with

Capt. Norris's]; Why did Mr. Russell characterize it as a private letter? He states that he lectured twice for me. That is another falsehood—He never lectured for me; he spoke for the Philo-Celtic Society on the occasion of two of their entertainments and received \$5. from President Gilgan-non therefor, as did also the *Piobaire Ban*, who was engaged on the same occasion. I merely mention these facts to show that Mr. Russell is not particular as to what he states. Why does he not state the truth in even these small particulars?

Now to the main point.—Shortly after Mr. Russell's coming to this country in '78 on his "Lecturing tour" Mr. Sullivan of Boston in a column and a half article in a New York paper charged him with being a British Spy, and based that charge on the fact that he (Russell) was trying to disorganize the Gaelic Societies then in the country by sowing the seeds of discord amongst their members, and also on the fact that he had no visible means of earning his living, though he had plenty of money to travel about the country.

It was thereafter circulated that Mr. Russell was an agent for his brothers-in-law—two wealthy French Vintners, and that he represented them in this country. I, with others, believed that to be a fact and thought a good deal of Mr. Russell at the time. But some others wanted to sift the matter and with that view canvassed Boston, Chicago and New York (where he seemed to make his headquarters) to see if he made any sales of liquor in them. Not *one* could be found! P. Hancock Brady of Brooklyn, who was in the wholesale wine and liquor business, and who attended the Chicago markets, stated that he had seen Mr. Russell there but never saw him transact any business.

Taking these matters in connection with the fact that Mr. Russell has done all in his power to disorganize the Gaelic movement by libeling all those Irish scholars who were the life and blood of the movement and representing as models of perfection those who knew but very little about the Irish language, the idea got abroad that his object was the impairment of the Gaelic movement.

It being reported (as above stated) that his brothers-in-law were wealthy French vintners I was very anxious to know if that was a fact but had no means of ascertaining, thinking that they resided in *France*.

Last summer a gentleman from Mobile, Ala., in sending his subscription to THE GAEL, incidentally remarked that he expected to see T. O'N. Russell over there in a short time as he and wife were to pay a visit to his "brothers-in-law." This was a surprise to me, and I wrote back to my Mobile subscriber requesting him when next writing to tell me *what* Mr. Russell's brothers-in-law were, telling him that they were represented as being wealthy French vintners. Here is the reply to that query.—

"Mobile, Ala., Sept. 10th. 1890.

M. J. Logan.

A Shaoi,

I am in receipt of your favor of a few weeks ago * * * Regarding Mr. Russell, what I could glean of him is from the lady, an Irish-American (of Chicago), who is married to a brother of O'N R's wife. * * * Mrs. O'N. R. has two brothers * * they are painters & decorators, * * *

The sister-in-law says, "Though French R

and her met at Queenstown and married, s s s she accepted a professorship of modern languages in a female institute in Cleveland, O. On last vacation they left there at the same time, he going to Ireland and Europe as, she says, he is wont to do twice in the year, s s s I hear nothing about vintners nor vintage in the family at all.

Do Chara, * * "

Now, gentlemen, being put in possession of the above facts, was it not my duty to write to *Friend Ward* taking him to be a patriotic Irishman that he might make some inquiry concerning them? The truth of Mr. Russell's going to Ireland twice a year lies between his interested denial and the open, purposeless statement of his sister-in-law. I presume my informant or the sister-in-law never thought of his going to Ireland being more than the ordinary routine of business men. It was I that caught the point knowing that if he went to Ireland on an open mission he would call to the Dublin societies and have the fact published in the papers on his return.

Mr Russell defies me to prove that he was in Ireland last July. If he was there he went in disguise and *Friend Ward* has enabled him to cover his tracks and make further inquiry useless.

Gentlemen, introducing Mr. Russell's statement you say, "In reference to certain malignant accusations that have been secretly circulated against him, through the mails, in the most unwarrantable manner." You have erred here, gentlemen; the letter to the *Chicago Citizen* was sent for publication. Where, then, does the secrecy come in? My letter to Mr Ward was written as a private letter because I did not want Mr. Russell to be put on his guard until I should ascertain by what vessel he was in the habit of going to Ireland and Europe in, and, moreover, I have written and used stronger language against Mr. Russell in *THE GAEL* than is contained in either of them. Where then is the secrecy, or what is the object in characterizing it as such? Why did he not publish my letter to Mr. Ward in full? If he has an honest cause why resort to lies to prop it up? I have a letter from Chicago which says that Russell went to O'Gallagher's house and urged him to go to the *Citizen* office to sign the letter of January 19th. referred to in my letter to the *Citizen*. He talks of "criminal libel." Had he visible means *THE GAEL* could have sued him fifty times over for such since its foundation. I now charge him with doing all in his power to disorganize the Gaelic movement, and that if he be not a British detective, he is doing the work of one, or has done it (he is played out now). He went very near breaking up the Gaelic Union by his onslaught on Mr. Fleming, and he has succeeded in disorganizing the Boston Philo-Celtic Society. Ward having come to his rescue places some obstacles in the way, and it is no easy matter to find out if he be a British Spy, for Le Caron ran a rig of over twenty years.

Let not the intelligent reader forget the information unconsciously supplied by his sister-in-law; and though his going to Ireland would not prove him to be a British detective, yet his going *incog*, under the circumstances, would be a strong presumption that he was. Respectfully, M. J. Logan.

814 Pacific st. Brooklyn, Dec. 15. 1890.

Friends would say to us, "Why lose space with Russell?" But, as above stated, he has libeled

every true worker in the Gaelic cause for the last hundred years; and behold his villainous statement in the paper referred to concerning us, as a specimen of his conduct to others,—

"I lectured for him twice—once in 1879, and once in 1881,"

trying to leave the impression that we were needy and that it was for our personal benefit. He has circulated that libel by word of mouth also.

No people should surrender their rights to unscrupulous defamers—a people who should would have no rights to surrender. He being endowed with a considerable share of natural smartness, unbounded cheek, and the absence of manly honor, timid Irishmen did not desire to draw his scurrilous, libelous tongue on them. This is what he wanted. By representing himself and his connections as a superior class, he thought he could bully the Gaelic workers, through the medium of shady newspapers, into silence and thus have an open field to pursue his private ends. He has been exposed long since, and the result is that the Gaelic movement was never so hopeful as it is to-day.

A CONTEST PRIZE.

Our old friend, Mr. James Hagerty, Burlington Io., has won the First Prize in the Poem Prize contest started some time ago by the Burlington *Hawk-Eye*. Mr. Hagerty deserves great credit for his pluck and Gaels should congratulate him for placing his mother tongue on the highest pinnacle.

Here follow the Poem and the English translation as taken from the *Hawk-eye*,—

"ḂIN SNEAÚT."

ḂuaḂn beḂḂ ḂḂḂḂ ḂḂ-ḂḂḂḂ ḂḂ ḂḂ ḂḂḂḂ
ḂḂḂḂ ḂḂḂḂ,

ḂḂḂḂḂḂ ḂḂḂ ḂḂḂḂ ḂḂḂḂ ḂḂ ḂḂ
ḂḂḂḂ;

ḂḂḂ ḂḂḂḂ ḂḂḂḂ ḂḂ ḂḂḂ ḂḂḂ,
ḂḂḂḂ ḂḂḂḂ ḂḂ ḂḂḂḂḂḂ ḂḂ ḂḂḂḂḂḂ

ḂḂḂ ḂḂḂḂ ḂḂḂ ḂḂ ḂḂ ḂḂ ḂḂḂḂ
ḂḂ ḂḂḂḂ ḂḂḂḂ ḂḂḂḂ ḂḂḂḂ;
ḂḂ ḂḂḂḂḂ ḂḂḂ Ḃ ḂḂḂ ḂḂ ḂḂḂḂ,
ḂḂḂḂ ḂḂ ḂḂ ḂḂḂḂḂ ḂḂḂḂ ḂḂḂḂ.

Translation.

"THE SNOW."

When the moon blushes red and the sun is unseen
The smith sees visions of silver showers,
For Nature is drawing, o'er her brown and green,
Veils of daisies and hawthorn flowers.

And, listen to the music! and gaze on the glow!
While out rings the melody, peal after peal,
'Tis the merry voiced anvil where, blow after blow,
The jolly young smiths are pounding steel."

THE SENTIMENTS of our SUBSCRIBERS.

Ala—Mobile, Mrs. Capt. Finnegan, R Lee Ayers per F S M'Cosker. Mr M'Cosker wishes all Gaels a happy New Year.

Cal—San Andreas, Rev. B McFeely, and wishes the Gaelic movement every success—Petaluma, J McGrath, P Cronin, per Mr McGrath—Trinity Centre, P Holland.

Col—Denver City, P J Keena, per C C Coll Coal Creek—Coal Creek, Charles C Coll.

Ga—Savannah, Rt. Rev. Bishop Becker. His Lordship remarks,—

Please find within \$5. for the very useful and patriotic work you are engaged in, viz: teaching Celts not to let strangers shame them in a knowledge of the Irish language and literature. Send me, as usual, the paper, and may God bless you. Yours,

✱ T. A. Becker.

Ind—Notre Dame Holy Cross Seminary, Rev. J. J. French, C.S.C., per Martin J Henahan, Providence, R I.

Kas—Lincoln Center, Godfrey Downey.

La—Mayer, Henry Durnin.

Mich—Montague, T Hayes, per M Downey.

Mo—St Louis, J Reilly sends \$5, to help the cause.

Mont—Butte City, Denis Fitzgerald. P S Harrington has some good Gaels about him in Butte.

Neb—Sutton, J Daly, per D A Coleman, Clay Centre. Mr Coleman is a worker.

N Y—Brooklyn, Miss M Fox, S Dunne, P Daly, P Donohue, Wm Grady, P Leonard. M Lynch, M J Walsh—City, T Nulty, B Heffron, J Doyle, per P Keane, Miss Nora Hennessey, H McGuire, per J Mullen,—Youngstown, Wm O'Gorman, jr.

O—Springfield, Rev Martin L Murphy, sends \$5. for the Gaelic cause, and an excellent portrait for the Gaelic Album.

R I—Providence, Rev J C Walsh, P F O'Connor, per Martin J Henahan. Gaels, watch this column for Mr Henahan.

Pa—Centralia, P Ruddy—Phila. (the good old city), the Misses E O'Connor, E O'Leary, Bessie Roclofs, Mrs Hennon, T McEniry, per an excellent Gael, Mr McEniry; M Sweeney, per C McCann, J J Lyons.—Pittsburg, Thos. J Madigan.

Ireland.—

Antrim—Ballintoy, Rev D B Mulcahy, P P., M R I A.

Donegal—Mr J Kennedy Red Mountain, Col. to promote the cause \$5., and we send two copies of the Gael to each of Messrs. J C Ward. Killybegs, D Heraghty, Churchill, and A Doherty, Cruit Island, to be given as premiums to two of their most deserving Gaelic pupils.

Limerick—Ballinamona, M Gleeson, per T McEniry, Phila. Pa.

Mayo—Mr J Howley, Cairo, Ill., sends \$5. to send the Gael to Messrs. J Loftus, and P Walsh of the Bunnacoonlan Schools for themselves and pupils.

Waterford—Killkeaney, Edmond Mulcahy, per Rev D B Mulcahy, Ballintoy, Antrim.

As usual, we receive the TUAM NEWS full of interesting matter to the true Gael,

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
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