



Gaelic
Leabhar-aistíur míoramál,
tabairtá cum an
TEANGA GAELIGE
a cónad ^{a5ur} a raonú5ad
a5ur cum
Féin-ma5la Cuid na h-Éireann.

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The




Gael.

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

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Fourth Year of Publication.

Philo-Celts.

GÆL GLAS CRITICISED.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Your's sincerely,

MICHAEL CAVANAGH.

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

M. CRANE
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béir an Gaeilise faoi mear fóir.

THE GAELIC ALPHABET.

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

SECOND BOOK—Continued.

RULE 4.

PROPER NAMES,

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

Exercise 8.

	Pronunciation.
Δμρρη, time,	amshir.
Δρδεαρροζ, archbishop,	awurdhasbook
βρβζιο, Bridget,	bree-idh.
βρβζιοε, of Bridget	bree-idheh.
Γατελση, Catherine.	kathileen.
Γορεαδ, Cork,	curcaugh.
Γορεαδζε, of Cork	curkeyeh.
ηζεαν, a daughter,	in-yan.
2ηδρε, Mary,	maw-ir-eh.
2ηδεαλ, Michael,	me-hall.
2ηδελ, of Michael,	me-ill.
μυητηρη, people,	muinthir.
Ραδραγε, Patrick,	pawrick.
Ρεαδαρ, Peter,	padhur.
Ρεαδαρη, of Peter,	padhirh.
Ρορελαρηζε, Waterford,	porthlawrge.
ρυλ, an eye; expectation,	soo.il.
Τομαρ, Thomas,	thumawus.
Τομαρη, of Thomas,	thumawish.
Τυαμ, Tuam,	thoo.im.
Τυαμα, of Tuam.	thoom-ah.

Examples.

1 Δρδεαρροζ Τυαμα. 2 Δμρρη Ραδραγε. 3 ηζεαν Τομαρη. 4 βεαν 2ηδελ. 5 Δμρρη Γορεαδζε. 6 2ηδε 2ηδρε. 7 Γεαδ Γατελση. 8 Συλ βρβζιοε. 9 Γαδαρη Ρορελαρηζε. 10 Γαπαλ Ρεαδαρη.

1 Archbishop of Tuam. 2 Time

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

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

EXERCISE IX.

Exceptions.

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

βρηαν, Brian,	bree-un,
βρηαν, of Brian,	bree-in.
Δόμηαλλ, Daniel,	dho-nuhl.
Δόμηαλλ, of Daniel,	dho-nuill.
Ταδζ, Thaddeus,	Thigh-ug.
Ταδζ, of Thaddeus,	thigh-ig.

1 Τομαρ μαδ Ταδζ. 2 Τομαρ μαδ Ταδζ. 3 Ραδραγε υα βρηαν. 4 Ραδραγε Ο'βρηαν. 5 Δόμηαλλ Ο'Γομηαλλ. 6 2ηδε Δόμηαλλ υη Γομηαλλ. 7 Τομαρ Ο'Γομηαν. 8 βεαν Τομαρη υη Γομηαν. 9 2ηδρε ηη βρηαν. 10 ηη-βεαν 2ηδρε ηη βρηαν.

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

RULE V.

ADJECTIVES.

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

1st. In the nominative and accusative singular Feminine.

2nd. In the genitive singular Masculine.

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

(To be continued

As usual, the P. C. S. of Brooklyn commemorated the 96th anniversary of the late Dr. McHale, Archbishop of Tuam, at their rooms in Jefferson Hall on the evening of March 5th. The programme of the evening, which embraced speaking, relating and singing, was excellently rendered. President Gilgannon addressed the audience in Irish and in English, but the speaker of the evening was the Rev. Thomas J. Fitzgerald, who spoke in the Irish Language exclusively. The ease, precision and force with which the Rev. Father delivered his address plainly shows his perfect command of the language and his veneration and love for the subject of his discourse. He was repeatedly applauded by the vast audience, who understood him as thoroughly as if they were raised beside him. Father Fitzgerald spoke substantially as follows.—

ԸՃ. Խի ծօղ տրեյծ չաղ տեղի՞, 7 ի՞նչ ԲԽ
տրեյծ չաղ տեղի՞ ծ'Արեւմտի.

210 քրեակ իրայե ֆադ րոման Ե
 րորտ Լեօօան դա Ելքե ԴՅադդ ին
 ար Ե-Եանձա իսր Դր Բր.

21) ար 'ր՛ շահոյճա դա իճՏե 7 դա Ե-Բայճ ի ի;
 շահոյճա դա Բէյդե ԳՅԱՐ դա ղՅԱՐՅԱՅՏԷ;
 շահոյճա դա դաօմ, դա դ-օլլաւմ, ԳՅԱՐ դա Ե-
 ԲէյլճԷ; ր՛ Ե դ շահոյճա ի ԼաԲԱՐԱՅ իյաւմ
 ԳՅԱՐ Ե Յ-ԸմմիյիճԷ Լէյր դա մյլԼԷ ԵԼԵԸ-
 Ե դ ղ-Էլլիյի ի, դօ ՅԱՐ ԸԱՐ Ե դ ՏԱՅՐԱՆ-
 ԸԸ ԸՕՐՅ ԱՐ Ի ԼաԲԱՐԷ ԳՅԱՐ ի մմիյե,
 մար ԲԼԵԱԸԱՐ դա ՏԱՅՐԱՆԱՅՏ ԱՐ Յ-ԸԲԵՅԸ-
 ԵԸԸ Ե մմճԱ, 7 Րյիյ ԳՅ Օ'յօմքօՅԱԸ ԼԵՕ
 Բէյդ. Օօ մԵԱՐԸԱՐ ԱՐ Օ-ԸՐ ճՅ ԸՕՅԱՐԷ
 ԳՅԱՐ Րյիյ ԳՅ Օ'ԲիյԷ ԱղԱԸ դօ ԸԱՐ ԲԵ
 ԸՕՐ, ԳՅԱՐ ԱՐ Օ-ՇԱՀՅԱ մյլիյ ԳՅ ԸԱՐ
 ԸԱՆ ԵԱՐ. ԱԸ, մօլլաԸ ԼԵ ՕԼԱ, դՅՐ ԸԱՅՏ
 ԼԵՕԸ ԱՐ ԲԱԸ: դ՛ ԵՅՐ ԵԱՆ ԸԸ Ե դ ՇԱՐԷ.
 ի Րմմ-Աղ-ԱՕՐ Ե դ շահոյճա ՅԱԸԸԼՅԵ ԼԵ դ
 շահոյճԱԸ' ի Րյե Ր. Ր. ԸԱԲԱՐ, ՅՐԵՅՅՐ, 7
 Ե դ շահոյճա ՏԵԱՆՆՐՅՐՅԸ ԱՆՆՐԵԱ Ե-ԼԵՕ-
 ԵԱԸԸ. ԱԸԱ ԲԵ իԱՅԸԸ ԱՅԵ ԱՅԸԱՐ մմՐ
 ՅԱՐ Ե՛ ի դ շահոյճա ի Րյե ՕՅՕ ՅՕ ԼԵՐ
 ի, ԳՅԱՐ ՅԱՐ Ե՛ ԳՅ ԼաԲԱՐԱՅ ԱՐ Օ-ԸԱՐ Ե
 Ե-ԲԱՐԸԱՐ. ԱԸ ԲԱՅԲԱՆՅՕ ԱՆ մմՅՕ Րյի ՐԵ
 դա Ե-ԱՅԸԱՐ ԼԵՅՇԱՆԷԱ ՇԱԲԱՐԷ (ՐՅԱՐԸ
 մմՐ ՅԱՐԸԱ. ՕԵՐ ՕՐԵԱՆ ԵՐԼԵ ՅԱՐ ՇԱՀ-
 ՅԱ ԸՐԱՅՏ, ՇԵՕԱՆՆԱՐ Օ-ԲՕՅԼԱՆԸԱ ի, 7
 դԱ ԲԱՅՅԱԸ Ե դ ՇԱԸԱՐԵՕՐ ԲԵյի ի Օ' ԲՕՅ-
 ԼԱՆՆ. ի՛ ԲՅՐ ՐԱՆ ՄԱՐ ի շահոյճա ԵՐԸԱՅ,
 ԵՕՅ մյլիյ ի 7 'ԲԵ ԸԱՐ դա Օ-ԸԱՅԸՆՅԵԱՆ
 Ր՛ ԼԵՐ Ե դ ԱՅԸԵՐԵՕՐ, մար 'ր՛ շահոյճա
 դա դաօմ ԳՅԱՐ դա դ-ԱՆՅԵԱԼ ի (ՐՅԱՐԸ
 ՅԱՐԸԱ 7 ԵԱԼԱ ԵԱՐ].

Երեսնամյո յօ Լէր ճր ձօղ շօլ ճիմայի 7
 Եւրոպայո թօմայի 50 բրաւսայի Եւ
 Գ զ' Բօնայի, յԼաճայի ԳՅՐ Գ իմայի Ծճ
 ճիւ, ԳՅՐ ի ԲԵԴԵ ԾԾԾ Բիի Գ
 ԾԵՆԻԱՅՈ յիիօի ԲԵՐԾ Ծճ, ԳՅՐ Ծճ
 Ծիճ Բի ԵՅՐԵԱՅԻԾԱՅՈ ճի ՅԻԾ Եճ
 Եւրոպայի Ծճ ԾԵՐ ԳՅՐ ճի ԵԾ Եճ 'Յիի
 Ե ի-ճ Ծ-ԵԵՆԻԳԾ. ԳՅՐ ԵՅՐ ԳՐԾ-ԵՅՐ-
 ԵՅ Եւմայ Ե ՅԵԱՅ Գ ՅԵԱՅԻ Գ
 ԵՐ ՕՐ ի ԲԼԵՅՐ ՕՐԱՅ ԳՅՐ Գ ՅԵՐ
 Եւ ԾԵ Ծիի Ե ԵՐԾԵ իՅՐ իճԵ. Գճ
 ԵՐ ԾԵ ԵՐԾԵ ի ԲԵ 7 իճ ի Ե-ԲԵՐ
 Ե---Ծ իԵՐԵԱՅԵ ՕՐԱ ԵԾ.

We are highly pleased at having the opportunity of placing the foregoing address before the public because of the erroneous idea which prevails regarding "The Connaught Irish, the Munster Irish"

etc. Father Fitzgerald is a Munster man, and the foregoing is what is call "Munster Irish." Now, we do not see that it is either Munster, Leins er, Ulster or Connaught, but, simply, that it is Irish? But, some people, either through ignorance or an endeavor to reflect on the language, try to make it appear, because of a slight difference in the pronunciation of certain words, that a radical difference exists between the provinces. No such thing. Hundreds of English-speaking persons do not understand the meaning of, perhaps, three-fourths of the words in the English Language, and so, of course, with Irish. Hence all this foolish talk.

The drawing for the prizes took place on the same occasion; ticket 231, purchased by Katie Kelly winning the first, and ticket 559, purchased by M. F. Costello, winning the second prize. Only one of the winners belongs to the Society.

Glossary.

ráraín 451ne, satisfaction of mind.

buala bara, applause.

Cearn t-Sáile, Kinsale.

Cloc-an-Stocáin, the Giant's Causeway
Sazraha-Kuad, New England—One of the names applied to America by the Irish-speaking people; "an t-Jolán úr" the 'new island,' is another name by which it was known; the word, "america," being rather harsh in sound to the sensitive Gaelic ear.

Seanna (rean) Sazraha, Old England.
Jhota, East Indies.

Tsorota Cear, Australasia.

oatmola, great applause.

Eadrair, Hebrew.

Seannrjyde Sanskrit.

i. r., that is.

Dear Sir: When I sent my first contribution to the Gael in the form of one of our old songs I did not expect to meet such cordial græting and congratulation from the friends of the old land tongue as I have. At the time I forgot to state that the songs which I was about to contribute never appeared in print save The Plains of Mayo, which appeared in the *Tuam News*. If space can permit this month, I send the companion song of Islandeady by the far-famed Bryan McHugh.

This is his farewell to his eldest son, Patrick McHugh, son of Sarah O'Mally, for whom he composed the last song, and at the time this son came to America, the Bard McHugh had lost the second wife, to which he refers, and I am free to say that the loss of his son Patrick, who was a youth beloved by all who knew him, hastened the hoary hairs of that venerable good father to the grave.

Now, sir, as the poet and his people were friends

of my people, especially my father, Peter Ward, I ask through your courtesy the readers of the Gael to let me know what they can of Patrick McHugh, the subject of the following song, or his brother Edward who married Catherine Burdish, and left Glenisland, near Castlebar Co Mayo in or about 1849, supposed to be in Pa. or Canada. Any information of them, dead or alive, will be thankfully received by their cousins in New York, and by the writer. I remain Sir, yours,

Martin P. Ward.

SZARUO BRONUIC BRJ21JN 21JC210JO

Le na Céad 21ac.

Fonh—"21 Spailpín Fánac."

21n trá do bheadhujjijh uajm aji t3je
mo inje,

21jur é bân, 3an beah no céile,

Dj cujtujað hóm ó dj ré bea3,

3an dor3éjl no t3t-céile;

Sé do dhijr mo cpojðe 'râ hâc mo céahh,

Sfor rmuajneað aji a tpejt-rj3,---

21c mo inje rlan le mo buacajljlh bân,

Kj fejcfjð mé aji3 3o h-eu3 é.

'S jomjað áðbar mór fuajr mjre

21ji a bejt claojtce, tpejt-lâ3,

21ar a dj bâr nâ m-bah 7 r3arhujh
leac.

Ko 3o r3hcear aji3 an 3-cré mé;

21c reo é 'h bujlle a bpeojð aji fad mé:

Dj lâ a3ur buð inór an r3eul é;

'S oâ b-fahcâ jh mo céahh 3o o-tej3ijh

j 3-cjl,

3o pojhfhjijh 3pejm mo bëjl leac.

Kâr buð fadâ no 3o 3-clujhfhjð mjre

21 lej3ji bejt ceac fad3 féala,

21â tâ ré hâh 3o h-ceacjð ré rlan,

'Sa 21erjceâ tâ mo ceuto inâc;

buð é 'h fear buð r3ám' é o'ar cpeutuj3
o3a,--

Jr buð dejre inéj nâ 'h mé3o rjh.—

'S oâ m-bejtceað ré lâcâji aji uajr mo
bâjr

21jo cojhujhâ clâji 3o h-ceuhócað.

'Kua3i éjpeocâ3 an ceo 7 3lanfâ3 nâ
cnojce,

Râcfajð mé 3o bâ3r éhoyc Kéfjijh,

Ko 3o m-bpeacfhjðe mé uajm ó tujâ3'r
ó ceâr,

21' 30 7-6p1aj3 7é 7a 7peup1aj3:
 77eó1aj3 777e 7777 3a7 7777,
 No 30 3-1ua7eó1aj3 7é 7a 7é3777,
 No 30 73eab1aj3 7é 1ua7773 7o 1uaó-
 a777 1a7,
 'S 777 1777e 3o 1-ó3777 1 1é777.

Óa 7-1e7eab3 7é 7-ó7 7 3o 1-7e7777
 7é---

77 77 7é 77 a7 1ó77ab3 17e73ac---
 21c 1'é77eó1aj7 13 7eal 17e a777,
 277 1é3777 7a7 17 7é a7 1e7o 1a;
 21c 3o 1-1a3aj3 a7 17uac 3o 1alla a77
 1ua77e,
 No a7 77a77e a777 3o 7-17777;
 21c 1e 1'é 7 1a7 1 7é7777 a7 3a7e,
 77 73a71aj3 17a7 1 7a 1e7o 77a.

REMEMBER THE GLORIES OF BRIAN THE BRAVE.

Translated for the GAEL, by WILLIAM RUSSELL.

Air—"177e 77 7e77777 1e 7-7."

NOTE---In the first line of the following song the word *calma*, brave, appears which although a word of two syllables is actually pronounced in three; there are many words in our language which possess a similar peculiarity; and one of these is *banba*, an ancient name of Ireland. The same thing frequently happens with regard to words of one syllable which are sometimes pronounced as if they were words of two syllables; such as *7a7b*, *7eapb*, *1eap7*, etc. This anomalous feature arises from the fact that in Irish as in Hebrew an understood "sheva" frequently exists between consonants; a peculiarity which in justice to Irish poetry should have been long since noticed by Gaelic grammarians. The next word upon which I wish to make remarks is *17a7a3*, found in the last verse: I find that Irish scholars improperly spell this word *17e7e1eap7* but the pronunciation in the spoken language is never in accordance with this orthography. The term is probably borrowed from the Hebrew for I remember to have seen it in the beginning of the Hebrew text of the book of Esther where it occurs in the form

of "krérag," and signifies scarlet. By the bye, fine linen which the Irish women call "doulas," is found in the same text represented by the noun "toulas." I may also remark that this translation favors the Mononian dialect of the Irish language. W. R.

1777777e a77 37ó777 17a77 1a77a 1o-
 777a,

1e 377 1e3 a7 77ó3-1a7 7a7 7a7' 1;
 1e 377 7a7a 1'7 2777a77 1e '377 7ua7
 777 1 ua3,

'S 3a7 1 1a7a 3o 1e777-1o7a77 777
 77.

Óa 7é77e777 7a7 7 1a7a 77 7777e 1o
 1a777

21 777e a77 77a7a777 a77 7e7o;
 21c 1a 1e77-177e 1'a 37ó77e 1 1-7a77ab
 3ac 1e7e777

177 a7 1a7a 3o 1a7-1777e 777.

21 2777a77 7ua77 1o 17eab3aj3 a7 7a-
 177 3o 7-177

1o 177e 77 1o 7777e777a 3a7 1a77,
 217 1'a7 1e3 3o 77e77eac 1o7 1777a7e
 a77

1'a77e 1e 1e7e-1o77e 73a77?

Seo 1eac 1 7a777e, 7a 17e77777 3o
 17ab.

277 a7e77 1o 1a77a77 a7 73eul,
 3o 77eap7 777e 7ula77 17e 1a777e ac
 1a77.

7a 1o7ab 1eac 77777e 1 73e77.

7a "1eap7a73" 177 3-177a773 17e7a
 7'a7 177e,

21 1a'7 17e7ab3aj7 a77e 1'7 177 1-1a7b;
 '7ua77 1a 17a7a3 1e 1a777e a7 77ab
 1e 7a 1-777.

777e 1e77-77ab, ac 177e-77ab 3o 7-1e3:
 1eap7 a7 377a7 7o, 1o 3eal77 a7 7-
 a777 1e 7a 1a77,

7a7 a3 17777 a77 1a77ab 177a7e;
 7a 1a7ac 7é 7e7e 7ua77 1 7a7ab 7é "7é"
 1'a 1a3a77e 1 7-1a7 377 7e7777e.

We thank the San Francisco Monitor for its kind notice of the GAEL.

The *Tuam News* is publishing very interesting Gaelic matter.

The Irish-American News, Wilksbarre, Pa., will be known henceforth as the CATHOLIC ADVOCATE.

Mr. M J LOGAN, Editor of the GAEL.

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

J J LYONS.

ԱՄ ՔԱՅԾՐԻՅՈՒՆ ՔԱՅՐԵԱՅՈՒՆ.

Յօ մ-բաղնայճեար Եւր-րե, Ե դաօն ծաղկոյճայն Ձիւրնե,
'S Յօ Ե-բայլ Եւ մօլտ Եար նիւնճ ի Ե Երայնի;
Յլօյն Եւր մօլտօ Եօ Եօ նիւն Յաճ Լա,
Ձի նիւն Երօճայնեաճ, նիւն, Եա Լան Եօ 'ի Երար Լա!

Իր Եւ Եար մայճ, Իր Եւ Եար միւրեաճ, Իր Եւ Եար դոճուր Երօյճ;
Իր օր Ե Յիւրեարմայճ, Եար Եա Յա Յիւն,
Ձի դիւրայնի րեօ ի Ե-Եօր, րեւճ օրմայնի Ե Եար,
Ոճ Յօ Եիւրիճ Եւ Եար դ-օրմայճ 'ի Եար դ-Եօր' ի Եօ Եար.

Օ! մար րի Եւր, Ե դաօն ծաղկոյճայն Ձիւրնե,
Ե Եօ րիւն ծաղկայնեաճ, րեւճ օրմայնի Ե Եար;
'S Եաճար Եւրի Եիւրի Եար Եար Եար մ-Եար
Յար Ե' Եօր Եօ Երօյն, յօր, Ե' Եարիւն Եար Եար.

Օ! Ե նիւն Երօճայնեաճ, 'ի Ե Ձիւրիւն Եար,
Ձի Ձիւրիւն Յիւրմայն, րի Եարիւն Եօ Լան;
Ձի դաօն Ձիւրնե, Ե նիւն Եօ, ի Ե Եիւ րիւն Ե Յ-Եարիւն,
Ձի Եար րիւն օ օլ. Ձիւն.

Phila. Pa., Ձիւր Եար Եար.

ՐԱՄՈՒՆ ԵՐԵԱՄՈՒՆ.

Ձիւրնե.

Եա Եարի Եար Եար մ-Եար Եօ, Ե Եար Ե' Եար Եար Ձիւրնե:
Եօ Եիւ մե Յիւն 'ի Յար Ե րեօ, Եար Եարիւն ի Ե-Եար.
Ոճ Եար Եար ի Եարիւն, ի Ե Եարիւն Եօ մօ Եարիւն;
'Տար մօճայն Եիւն Եօլտ մե, Եար դօյնի, Եա մե Եար.

Եօ Եիւ մե Յար Եա Յար Ե; Ե Եօ Եիւ մե Յար Եա Յար Ե;
Եօ Եիւ մե Յար Եօ Եար Եօ Եա Յար Եօ 'ի Ե-Եար Ե,
Իր Եօ Եիւ մե Եարիւն Յար Եօ Եիւ Եար Եար Եար,
Ոճ Եա ի Եար, Եար Յա Եօ Եօ Եար Եար.

Եօ Եիւ միւն ի Եօ Եար, մար Եօ Եիւ մե Յար Եար,
Յար Եարիւն Եօ Եօ Եար Եար, Ե Եար Եար Եար Եար.
Եա Եար ի Եարիւն Եար ի Եօ Եար Եար մօ Եար Եօ,
Յար մօր նիւն Եար Եօ Եար Եօ մօ մօ Եար Եօ.

Translation.

MARY.

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

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

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

ԵՐԱՅԻՆԱԼ ՈՒՆԱԼ ԼԱՅՈՂ.

Բութ Բրօնիստ մօ իրօյն ճիւղայն Ե՛ր Քաջ մէ Եր Երկը,
 'Յար Երկայնիստ մէ Երկը Երկը, Ե՛ր Երկը մօ Յրկը!
 Յի՞ծ 'Յիւստ մէ Երկը Երկը, Երկը Երկը մօ Երկը,
 Այ Յրկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը;
 Այ Յրկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը,
 'Յար Երկայնիստ Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը;
 Այ Յրկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը,—
 Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը!

Եր միայն Ե՛ր Երկը Յրկը Երկը Երկը Երկը,
 Եր միայն Ե՛ր Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը;
 Օ Ե՛ր Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը!
 'Յար Երկը մէ Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը;
 Այ Յրկը, Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը;
 Այ Յրկը, Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը;
 'Յար Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը;
 'Յար Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը.

Ա Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը;
 Այ Յրկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը;
 Ա Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը;
 'Յար Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը;
 Ա Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը;
 Այ Յրկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը;
 'Յար Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը!

Այ Յրկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը;
 Եր Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը;
 Եր Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը;
 Երկը Երկը, Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը;
 Այ Յրկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը;
 Այ Յրկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը;
 'Յար Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը;
 Եր Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը Երկը!

Երկը Երկը,
 Երկը, 1885.

"Երկը."

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

*Patrick Mc
Fadden's
Favorite*

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

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

THE BANKS OF THE LEE.

Translated

By MICHAEL CAVANAGH.

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE GAELIC LETTER.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

28. 2, '85.

Dear Sir,

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

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

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

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

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

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

ἡμετέρας γλώσσης ἡμετέρας πατρίδος.

Yours ever faithfully,

JOHN NYHAN.

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PROF. REHRIG ON THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

Continued from page 452,

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

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

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

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

(To be continued)

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

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THE MINSTREL BOY.

(From Moore's Melodies)

Translated for the GAEL, by WILLIAM RUSSELL.

Air—"Moreen."

Ձի լճիրբօրի զՅ շիճ աղ շօճաժ ճիւսի
 Ձիւսիճ զա զի-բօժիճ զա զի-սիճ է:
 Լաղի 'ճար ճՅ աղ լաժ ճիճ ճ ճաժ զա
 շիւսի՛,
 'Տա ճաժ-ճիւսիճ ճիւսիճ ճիճ ճիճ.
 "Ձ ճիճ զա զ-ճիճ," ճի-ճա՛ զ ճիւսիճ-ճիճ,
 "ՁՅ աղ ճաժ ճ ճ ճ ճ ճիւսի՛ ճ ճիւսիճ,
 Ձիճ ճիւսիճ ճիճ ճիճ ճիճ ճիւսի՛ ճ ճ
 ճիճ;
 Ձիճ ճիւսիճ ճիճ ճիճ ճիւսիճ.

Օժ ճիւսիճ աղ ճիճ, լե ճիւսիճ ճիճ ճիճ
 ճիճ ճիճ ճ ճիճ ճ ճիճ ճ ճիճ ճ ճիճ;
 Ձ ճիճ ճիճ ճիճ ճիճ ճիճ ճ ճիճ,
 Օ ճիճ ճիճ ճ ճիճ ճ ճիճ;
 Ձիւսի՛ ճիւսիճ, "ճիճ ճիճ ճիճ ճիճ ճիճ
 ճիճ,
 Ձ ճիճ ճիճ ճիճ ճիճ ճ ճիճ ճիճ ճիճ!
 Օ՛ ճիճ ճիճ ճ ճիճ ճ ճիճ ճ ճիճ ճ ճիճ,
 ճիճ ճիճ ճիճ ճ ճիճ ճիճ ճ ճիճ ճ ճիճ.
 ճիճ."

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

The word, ճիւսիճ, in the last line
 signifies musical strains; as, ճիւսիճ
 ճիճ ճիճ ճիճ, give us a strain.

ISLAND-EADY.

Translated from the Irish of BRIAN McHUGH,

By MICHAEL CAVANAGH

Air—"Youghal Harbor."

1

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

2

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

3

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

4

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

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

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Translation.

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