

# **QWAD** Leabhar-aisthry mhoramh, Tabairta cum an **TEANZA Dae Dilse** a corrao a sur a raoncuza a sur cum **Feyn-mazla Cind na h-Eineann.**

92hato Rol. Uim. 7.

Dejc-2ij

1892.

AN BULLAN BREAC.

[Le P. O'L.]

Leanta.

Buio niojheairi zup ealijc an tarb mór bân---cóm mór le rlad--- i látair an bullán dirc. Seo cum a céile an deir; do niojheadar ball boz de'n dall cruaid. Irleán de'n árdán 7 árdán de an irleán, 7 dá d-tiocfao iocdar na h-Eineann le uádar na h-Eineann ir an an m-bullán breac a sur an an m-bullán bân baó ceairt 7 baó cóir. Fa deir do eirteadar arao le céile; ealijc Seá-ahac ahuar de 'n érair a sur d' jé ré croite a sur aot an tarb dâir 7 an- ran d' a heair féir a sur heair na tris tarb an

Dâir ré an reatâ de'n bullán breac, do éar tirméal air é 7 do éocail poll har éir ré an bullán breac zo tudaé, deórac 7 d'foluiz é le crion na coille. Trát d' an méir rin déanta aise reo

a3 zol zo fada fuidéac é 7 nioir rtao de' zol nó zo raib ré cóir eiréa ran zur eir ré ahuar an an uáiz zo eir- reat eiréte a sur d'fan in a éoclaó an rin ran tris lá a sur tris oiré.

An dúireat do, éirijl ré a fúile, d'éirij in a reatâir a sur d'feuc tirm- éoll air; nio feaca ré duir 'nâ beir- eac in aon áir. Uiré ran ó hac raib zio air bir aise fuidéac ran áir rin eir ré a dótar air. An d-teat na h- oiré duair fear uiré noó do éir cair air, a3 riaruiré de an tizeair a3 iarraió buacalla nó buacail a3 iar- aió tizeair é. "Tá ré deairé zur buacail a3 iarraió tizeair mé," an Seáahac. Tá zo maie a sur nio zo h- oiré," an an fear a duair uiré. "Táir a3 cuairé de buacail deo' fâiréir- re le fada 7 nio d-fuaréar é, aet tá ráil a3am ahoir zur duair an fear ceair liom a n-diu ionnad-ra má'r féiréir linn réiréac le céile." "Ir fupur zo leor



բէյտեա՛կ կոյմ-րա," ար Տեճճաղա՛հ, 7 ձօղ-  
 քի՛ն ըբ քսիլեա՛հ յի՛ս քօճար Յօ ճեղղ  
 Ելճեղա յօ շաճե՛ ամ շար ի՛նճե՛ Լե յի՛ս  
 շիճարի՛ս րճարաիւղի՛տ Լեյր.

"Եր Է ան շո՛ շո՛ Եճաղ Եւլը," ար ան  
 քի՛ն (քի՛ն յի՛ս Է-ճի՛տ Եճ Է), "Ելճե՛ Եճ քեյճի՛  
 Եճ; Եճ Ելճե՛նիւղի՛ն քաճե՛ յօղ Ե Յ-Եճի-  
 յիւղե՛ Եճ Ելոյ; յի՛ Ե-Եճաղ յիւղի-  
 յե՛ր Լե յօղ օլճե՛ Եճ; յի՛ Լեճի՛ն  
 յօ Եճ Ել յօղ Ե յիւղի՛ն Եճ յար Ե  
 րճիճաղ յիւղ, 7 յի՛ քեյճի՛ն Ե յիւղ յօղ  
 Ե Ե-Ելոյճի՛ն Եճ քի՛ն Եճ." "Ձի՛ն քեյ՛  
 քի՛ն յօ յիւղ-րա," ար Տեճճաղա՛հ, "քօ յօ  
 Լի՛ն Եւլը, 7 յեճաղ յիւղ քարքա՛ Լեճ  
 յօ Յօ քարքա՛ Եճ Եճ Եճ յիւղ յօ յիւ-  
 յի՛ս Ե-Ելոյճի՛ն Ելոյ քի՛ն Ե ճեղղի՛ն յօ  
 Յօ յարքա՛ յիւղի՛ն յիւղ." Ձի՛ն Ելոյ  
 քի՛ն Ելոյ յի՛ն Ելոյ ըբ քի՛ն Եճ յիւղ Եճ.

(Լե Ելճե՛ ար Լեճի՛ն).

The following address was received the latter  
 part of April last but got mislaid. We take great  
 pleasure in producing it now. It was delivered on  
 the occasion of the renovating of the monument  
 erected over the grave of Edward Walsh, the Irish  
 Poet, in Saint Joseph's Cemetery, Cork, by Mr.  
 Gleeson. We have not altered one word of the  
 address, so that the reader has it as we received it.

"Եճաղ յիւղի՛ն Եճ Ե-Ելոյ, Ելոյ  
 Եճ Եճ, օլ Ելոյ Ե յիւղ, Ելոյ Եճ Ե-  
 քի՛ն Ելոյ Եճաղ յիւղի՛ն Ելոյ, Եճ  
 օղղի՛ն Եճ Ելոյ. Օղղի՛ն Եճ Եճ  
 յիւղ քի՛ն 7 յիւղ յօ քի՛ն Եճաղ  
 Ե յիւղի՛ն քի՛ն, 7 Ելոյ Եճ յիւղ յիւղ 7  
 յեղ Ելոյ Ելոյ. Եճ քի՛ն ըբ Լեճի՛ն  
 Ելոյ յիւղի՛ն Ելոյ յիւղի՛ն, 7 յօ Ե-  
 Ելոյի՛ն ըբ յիւղ Յօ Տարքա՛. Օղ-  
 լի՛ն Եճ Եճ, յար Ե Յ-Եճաղ, յար  
 Ելոյի՛ն Ելոյի՛ն, յար յօղ յեճ. Եճ  
 Ե-քի՛ն յիւղի՛ն Ելոյ Ելոյ Եճաղ յիւղի՛ն  
 7 Եճ յիւղի՛ն Ե յիւղ յիւղ յիւղ, Եճ  
 Ելոյի՛ն Ելոյի՛ն քի՛ն Ելոյ Եճ. Եճ  
 Եճաղ Ելոյ 7 Եճ Ելոյ յիւղ յիւղ Ելոյ  
 յիւղի՛ն Ելոյի՛ն քի՛ն Եճ, Եճ Եճ  
 յիւղ օղղա յօղ քօճա՛ յիւղի՛ն Եճ  
 Լեճի՛ն, յօ Եճ յիւղի՛ն Ելոյ. 7 քի՛ն  
 Եճ Ելոյ. Եճ Ելոյի՛ն Ելոյ Ելոյ 7  
 Եճ յիւղ օղղա-քօ յիւղ Ելոյ Եճ  
 Ելոյ Եճաղ Ե Ե-Ելոյ քի՛ն, Եճ յի՛ Ե-քի՛ն  
 Լեճի՛ն Եճ Ելոյ, յար յի՛ յիւղ Եճ Եճ  
 Ե յիւղի՛ն. Ել ըբ յիւղ յիւղի՛ն  
 Ելոյի՛ն Եճ յիւղ յիւղ Ե յիւղի՛ն Ելոյ  
 Ե յիւղի՛ն Եճաղ. Ել յար քի՛ն յօ

Եճաղ յիւղի՛ն Ելոյ, յար յօ քի՛ն Ելոյ  
 Եճաղ յիւղի՛ն Ելոյ յիւղ յիւղ յիւղ յիւղ  
 Ելոյ, յօ Լեճի՛ն, 7 յօ քի՛ն, յար Եճ  
 Ելոյ յօ Լի՛ն Լեճի՛ն յօ քի՛ն Ելոյ. Եճ,  
 Ելոյ! Եճ Ելոյ Ելոյ Ելոյ Ելոյ Ելոյ  
 Ելոյ Ելոյ Ելոյ Ելոյ Ելոյ Ելոյ, յար  
 յի՛ յիւղ ըբ Եճ Ելոյ Ելոյ 7 Եճ-Ելոյ  
 յիւղ յիւղ Ելոյ, Ելոյ 7 Եճ-Ելոյ օ  
 Ելոյ. Եճ Եճաղ Ելոյ յիւղ յիւղ 7  
 Ե յիւղ Ելոյ Ելոյ Ելոյ Ելոյ, յօ Ելոյ-  
 Ելոյ յօ Ելոյ Ելոյ յիւղ յիւղ յիւղ յիւղ  
 յիւղ Եճ Ելոյ; Եճ Եճ Ելոյ յօ, Ելոյ  
 քօճի՛ն, յօ Ելոյի՛ն Ելոյ Ելոյ Ելոյ Ե,  
 յիւղ յիւղի՛ն Ելոյ Ելոյ Եճ Եճաղ յօ  
 Ելոյ Ելոյ Ելոյ Ելոյ Ելոյ (1891)

Եճ Ել յիւղի՛ն,  
 Ելոյի՛ն Ելոյ, Ելոյ-Ելոյ-Եճ,  
 Ելոյ Ելոյ.

#### Translation.

We are assembled in this place to-  
 day over the grave wherein lies the  
 body of Edward Walsh, honoring his  
 memory. We honor him as a Poet,  
 and as an Author, who wrote his coun-  
 try's language, and a man who had  
 love and respect for it. He wrote Irish  
 National Song Books, and translated  
 them into English. We honour him,  
 also, as a Patriot, as any man who has  
 affection for his country's tongue, and  
 who loves his country at the same time  
 is a real-good Nationalist. There are  
 people who say they are Nationalists,  
 but they are ashamed to speak a word  
 of Irish, or even acknowledge it, and  
 they knowing it. There are other  
 Irishmen who are ashamed that they  
 know not their country's language, but  
 they could not help it, as they had not  
 the opportunity of learning it. These  
 are better nationalists than those that  
 deny Irish. Not so with Edward  
 Walsh, for he was able to speak, to  
 read, and to write the beautiful sweet  
 tongue of the Gael, as I hold in my  
 hand books written by him. But, alas!  
 death took him away from this world  
 before he reached middle age, as he  
 was only forty-five when he died, for-  
 ty-one years ago. The Irish people  
 and his friends erected a Monumental























a learned person

- 13 beo, n. m any living person.  
 14 bronnar, v. inflicts or bestows.  
 15 mfeir, v. is concluded.  
 16 bfoctha, n m. a defendant, a criminal  
 17 breac meadha, judgment of the law  
 18 neor, n. f. a wound.  
 19 coirdear, v. I decide, I pronounce.  
 20 ortashead, v. was killed, from ortad, killing, slaughter.  
 21 corraighthead, v. it was ruled or decided  
 22 foirneir, n. f increased.  
 23 aitearad (airir), adv. again, at another time.

English Translation.

There was in the first law\* of the men of Erin  
 That which God has not vouchsafed in his new law.  
 The Trinity did not vouchsafe mercy,  
 Through heavenly strength to save Adam.  
 For it was perpetual existence  
 God gave him of his mercy,  
 Until otherwise he merited  
 By deserving death.  
 Let every one die who kills a human being ;  
 Even the king who seeks a wreath with hosts,  
 Who inflicts red wounds intentionally,  
 Of which any person dies ;  
 Every powerless, insignificant person,  
 Or noblest of the learned ;  
 Yea, every living person who inflicts death,  
 Whose misdeeds are judged, shall suffer death.  
 He who lets a criminal escape is himself a culprit ;  
 He shall suffer the death of a criminal.  
 In the judgment of the law which I, as a poet have  
 It is evil to kill by a foul deed ; received,  
 I pronounce the judgment of death,  
 Of death for his crime to every one who kills  
 Nuada is adjudged to Heaven,  
 And it is not to death he is adjudged.

It was thus the two laws were fulfilled ; the culprit was put to death for his crime, and his soul was pardoned and sent to heaven. What was agreed upon by the men of Erin was, that every one should be given up for his crime, that sin might not otherwise increase on the island.

\* *First law.* This is obscurely stated. It means that before Patrick's time the Irish had the law of nature and the law of Moses, which Cai Cainbheirach is said to have taught the ancestors of the Scoti in Egypt, which will hereafter appear.  
 (To be continued)

A HANDFULL OF EARTH.

1

I am bidding farewell to the land of my birth,  
 To wander far over the sea ;  
 I am parting from all I hold dear on this earth,  
 O ! its breaking my poor heart will be :  
 But this treasure I'll take for my dear mother's sake,  
 'Twill often bring tears to my eyes :  
 'Tis a handful of earth from the land of my birth,  
 From the grave where my dear mother lies.  
 'Tis a handful of earth from the land of my birth,

From the grave where my dear mother lies.

2

O Erin my home, tho' from thee I may roam,  
 My blessing be with thee, ashore ;  
 Your valleys and streams I will see in my dreams,  
 As bright and as green as of yore ;  
 And when I am dead O ! I hope, o'er my head,  
 They will lay this dear treasure I prize  
 'Tis a handful of earth from the land of my birth,  
 From the grave where my dear mother lies.  
 'Tis a handful of earth from the land of my birth,  
 From the grave where my dear mother lies.

TRANSLATION

LÁIN-DORR DE ÉRÉ.

1

Táim rlan leat a' rlad do éir mo zeh  
 eadhaigh  
 Le reacránat a d-fad ar an nua  
 Táim a' rgarad re n-a d-fuyl ofleat  
 air éruim na talhaigh  
 Oé a' bhuiread béir mo éroide boct,  
 faradair !  
 Ait ro tairz glacfar mé air rogh mo  
 óil mactar glé  
 A ceunfar mo zul tead o éroide  
 'Se lán-dorri de ére ó'gh o-éir 'nhar  
 zehnead mé—  
 O'gh uairigh mar tá mo mactair 'nha lufce.  
 'Se lán-dorri de ére ó'gh o-éir 'nhar  
 zehnead mé—  
 O'gh uairigh mar tá mo mactair 'nha lufce.

2

A éire, mo feóir, zóir ir fada uair mo  
 ró,  
 bfoir ort-ra mo beannaict zó deo,  
 Do zleaghta 'r do rruca reicir mé  
 'nha mo éorlad,  
 Co roillreac 'r co zlat mar fat ó :  
 'S 'nhaigh béirdeat j rfor-fuagh, O ! tá  
 rúil, or mo éroigh  
 Zo z-cuirfioir ro ionhuir mo éroide,  
 'Se lán-dorri de ére ó'gh o-éir 'nhar  
 zehnead mé—  
 O'gh uairigh mar tá mo mactair 'nha lufce.  
 'Se lán-dorri de ére ó'gh o-éir 'nhar  
 zehnead mé—  
 O'gh uairigh mar tá mo mactair 'nha lufce.  
 21 Ua C.

To the Editor of the GAEL.

The above song was composed by a certain Joseph Murphy in English, and set to music by him. I am told by those that heard him sing it in the play of *Seaghan Ruadh*, it brought tears from their eyes, it was so affecting.

—M. C.



"A nation which allows her language to go to ruin, is parting with the best half of her intellectual independence, and testifies to her willingness to cease to exist."—ARCHBISHOP LENOX.

"The Green Isle contained, for more centuries than one, more learning than could have been collected from the rest of Europe. \* \* \* It is not thus rash to say that the Irish possess contemporary histories of their country, written in the language of the people, from the fifth century. No other nation of modern Europe is able to make a similar boast"—SPALDING'S ENGLISH LITERATURE, APPLETON & Co., N Y.

## The Gael

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

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

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Twelfth Year of Publication.

VOL 9, No. 7. DECEMBER, 1892.

Remember that the First Irish Book is given free of charge to every new subscriber.

Subscribers will please remember that subscriptions are due in advance.

A large number of the Gael's subscribers are now in arrears. We hope these are not holding back thinking that the Gael would collapse and that in such contingency they would be freed from their obligation. The Gael was not founded on a mercenary basis. In its first issue, eleven years ago, we there declared that it should live while we lived. By the ordinary course of life of our family we have yet some twenty-five years more to run, and if we run that THE GAEL will run the same length. It may sometimes, from various causes, run irregular, but it will be there. Hence, our friends should pay up or notify us of their intentions to cease their support of the Gaelic cause that we may send the copies wasted on them to some, perhaps, more congenial clime. We shall fawn on no man; the Gael's life depends on no man's subscription. As Hector said, to Andromache, with a little variation,—

Cá fadó a' r' mairfear mairfear, níl a' r'  
baofaí,— (raofaí!)

'Sa 3-cumag éinnead níl a' cup de' n' t-  
But if Irishmen have the honor and the interest of their country, and of their offsprings, at heart they will extend its usefulness to the extent of their power.

Another thing, Gaels. One would think from your apathy that the Gaelic Movement was a personal matter. In ordinary associations the members are always on the alert to secure new accessions, otherwise they would die of inanition. What exert-

ions are you making to enlarge the membership of the Gaelic cause? And, friends, if you wish it done yourselves, like the Farmer and the Field of Corn, must do it. Providence helps those who try to help themselves. Read the song, "Oh, Blame Not The Bard," and if it does not excite in you feelings of genuine patriotism, then the apparent struggle for the attainment of Irish autonomy is a farce.

As the Gael's object is the dissemination of Irish literature to the extent of its limited ability, apart from financial considerations, it shall, henceforth, cease to be sent to those who are considerably in arrears and the copies wasted on them will be sent promiscuously to such Irish names as we find throughout the country. The Gael has never been sent for payment to any one who did not promise to, or actually did, subscribe for it; and those thus receiving it, without notifying us to discontinue it, are as legally indebted to us as if we lent them the sums due—and are collectable. *That is the law.*

We have our opinion of those who would belittle or, by their actions, circumscribe such efforts as ours in fighting for Irish rights by placing Ireland's ancient language and literature before the world, and in the hands of every man and woman of Irish birth and lineage so as to remove the National degradation conceived in the query by ignorant Irishmen, "Have the Irish a language?" and every person that receives the Gael (as above) without the intention to pay for it, belittles and circumscribes such efforts; and, moreover, commits the sin and crime of larceny.

Seeing her factories idle and the cry of distress proceeding from her population, and her commerce visibly decaying (for without trade she could not buy fuel for her ships), we cherished the hope that England's greatness was a thing of the past, that in less than a decade she would descend to the level of Holland in the family of nations, and that Ireland would then come by her own. Hence, in the late issues of THE GAEL, we felicitated ourselves on the prospect of immediate Home Rule for Ireland—that the language would be taught in all her schools, and that thus our tedious labors in that regard would be brought to a successful close.

But, alas! it was building "castles in the air," for Salisbury declares that if Gladstone should succeed in passing a Home Rule bill in the Commons he would have it rejected in the Lords.

And the result of the late election in this country, putting \$500,000,000 yearly into her pocket by opening our ports to the free ingress of her manufactures, re-invests her as "mistress of the seas," and enables her to continue to treat Ireland's prayer for justice



with her usual arrogant, heartless, disdainful sneer of contempt.

In this very blue outlook for our native land, brother Gaels, we appeal to you to support your native literature and to scatter it broadcast that thereby we may assist our Gaelic brethren at home in their efforts to preserve it, so that when Providence may deign to inspire our people with that patriotic devotion to country which compassed the freedom of these United States, Emmet's epitaph may be inscribed in the language of the land for which he offered his young life as a sacrifice.

#### NEW GAELIC BOOKS.

WINTER PASTIMES (*Siamsa an Geimhre*). or by The Hearth in West Connacht; a collection of Stories, Poems, Songs, Riddles, &c. by Daniel O'Faherty, Connemara. Dublin, P. O'Brien, 46 Cuff Street, 1892

The material for this book was supplied by Mr. O'Faherty, and was revised and prepared for the press by the Rev. Eugene O'Growney, Professor of Celtic, Maynooth College. The letterpress portion of the work was by Mr. O'Brien, and the result is the handsome volume which forms the subject of our notice. The book reflects credit on all concerned. The stories are charming and graceful,—the simple tales by which the peasantry of the West of Ireland beguile the tedium of the long winter evenings. But what will give the book its greatest value in the eyes of Irish scholars is the stories are told in the living Irish tongue as it is spoken in the field and by the fireside to-day in Connacht. Mr. O'Faherty took down the stories, songs, riddles, games, charms, prayers, &c. just as he heard them. Most of the rustic *shanchies* are alive still, while some have gone "the way of the faithful," or as it is expressed in our own beautiful tongue, *tha siad anois air h-slighe na firinne*.

We often heard those or similar tales, and it is needless to say that the *daoine maíthe*, fairies, (literally, good people) figure largely in them. All the exploits of the *Shigheogaighe*,—abducting princesses, changing old hags to beautiful women, &c. are the principal features of Connacht tales, and O'Faherty does them full justice in the book under review. We anticipate a great popularity for the book, especially as its low price places it within the reach of all classes of Irish readers. The *Siamsa* can be had for 1s 6d (cloth, 2s) from the printer and publisher, Mr. Patrick O'Brien, 46 Cuffe St. Dublin.

The book consists of 144 pages, and in all probability no publication of its kind has yet appeared that so faithfully represents the amusements and pastimes of the country people in the remote part of Connacht.

The edition consist of 1,000 copies, the expenses of printing being defrayed (with his usual generosity on behalf of the Irish language) by the Rev. E. D. Cleaver, Dolgelly, North Wales, who, also, paid for the distribution of 500 copies *gratis* among the school children in the South, West, and North of Ireland, where the Gaelic language is still the ordinary medium of communication.

It appears from a note at the end of the book that Mr. O'Faherty intends to publish another volume of this interesting folklore should he meet with that encouragement his exertions so well deserve.

#### THE SCOTS.

Our Scottish kinsmen, like the Welsh, are leaving us, Irish, far in the rear in their fostering care of their language. In Oban, Highlands of Scotland, the other day the *elite* of Scotland gathered to take part in the *Feis Ceoil* of their Cúmaon Gaidhealach, and subscribed to and awarded prizes to those who produced the best Gaelic compositions. The following class of persons were present. Lord Archibald Campbell, president; Lord Ranald Gower, Col. Malcolm, C.B.; Col. O. Gardyne, Col. Gascoigne, Col. Lorne Stewart, with a large array of the gentry, clergy, and professional men of Scotland.

The proceedings of this highly interesting Gaelic gathering are given at length in the *Tuam News* of October 28, occupying two columns and a half. It is worth a year's subscription to the *News* to any one who would be informed on Gaelic matters.

Such hearty proceedings on the part of the Scots should shame us, Irish, if we have any shame left. We see that J. J. O'Donoghue gave \$500 the other day for the honor of being a national Elector; we never heard of him to give 5 cents in support of the Gaelic Movement which, were it not for it, notwithstanding his millions, would leave him where he was twenty years ago—on a level with the Nigger. His class are the greatest curse to Irish nationality. They, like the Fox, appropriate to themselves the fruits of other men's labors.

ÉABRAC NUAID

17 E. 105 SPÁJO,

8h12 lá de na 101 mh' 92.

Cum 2h. J. Ua Lócháin,

Fear eadair an Gaeil.

21 Cárta Dhl:

Seodfaió tú leir an ligh ro cúis dailleur, dailleur ó do fearbóis. Ahtá h3, dailleur ó mo fearb-draclair Seádhá. dailleur ó Seádhá Ua Conchubair. dailleur ó Sháirce hreacáe, 7 dailleur ó Séamur Ua Coda. Tá rúil aham 30 m-béir cuio eile 'na dail 30 aham le cuir éuad. Níl h3 a3 h3 hualó aham le cuir éuad, áct a3h3 an r3eul m3e, 30 d-fuilm3o 30 m3e a3ro.

Le mear mhóir,

Do fearbóis ahtair bea3.

Cairt3h 2h. N3 2h3meac

We hope those sending the Gael to the old country will pay punctually and not leave their friends to surmise that they owe its continuous reception to our good nature if the renewals be not noted in it.

During the late campaign the Irish soldier was in great demand on both sides, but Johnny Bull quietly decided the battle.



Mr. P. Barrett of Merriam Park St. Paul, says,  
Seo adrián beaz a éualab mé jny m' óz-  
ánajó az cojr na tejnecó a o-úeapmon-  
capac reacet m-bjacóna rjéto ó rojn —

ԱՆ ԵՋԼԵԱՆ ԲՆԱՆ.

Լá Ծ'ար էրիշեար ամաճ րա Բ-բóշմար,  
'S mé Եայրիշայր Եայ ԵóյրԵայ Եայ ԵոԼայ  
Եայն,

Արի՛ր Երáէոնոն Երá Եէյոյմ րá Եóմիւյշե  
ԵյԵայր Եննա օրմ 'րի՛յ Եáնայմ Երեայր;  
Ան րé րեո 'ի Ենրա Եյ ԵeallԵa Եáն-րա  
Եո Ե-ԵայրԵ Եննա օրմ 'ր Եար Լյաճ մո  
Եայն,

Աճ Եննայշ 'ի Եննայշ 'ր ԵeallԵար Եáնրա  
'S a յոյայշ մո մոյոճ րի՛ րáԵԵայր Եայն .

Եո մոճ ԵյáԵԵայր a րուայր մé րԵeula,  
Եար րԵար յa րeulԵa 'րԵար յլան Եայ Եeո,  
Ոa ԵյշԵ ԵյԵայմ 7 յa Եallայո րլեւրԵáԵ,  
'S Եար Ե'é Եaլայր Եé Ե' Եóյշ մé a Լáն.  
Եá ԵննáԵԵ Եայ áրԵ-րի՛շ Եո րյóրԵá Լáյոյր  
'S յի՛ ԵյԵայր րé áշմայլ a Ե-ԵáԵայրԵ  
Եայն Ելիշե,

Աճ յարԵայր ԵԵննայշե Եար Եի՛շ յa յԵրáրա  
Այն Եé րԵար մ'áրար յáր Եáշ' րé րáՅáլ,

Տյար a Եóյր ԵայրԵe áԵá մո Station,  
Ó Եայր Լéյմե Եո ԱáԵԵար Երայրի,  
Եր օԼ Եո յիճԵայրԵ Եար a Եul a րáԵԵ-  
րáԵ րԼéյԵe, [Եայո,

Եար Եá մé ԵյրեáԵԵá Եար ԵáԵայլ Եար  
Եայրիճáյո մáԵal 7 Երօրեá րիáնլ Եայր  
ՈáԵ Ե-րայլ յայր Եայ áյԵ 7 յáԵ մ-Եéյո a  
ԵոյոճԵ, [ԵրԵԼáյրԵe,

ԵայրԵյո մé յայր a Ե-ԵայրԵայն Եú Լe միá  
Այն Եeւո Լá ԱյáրԵa մá ԵյոԵáմ-րա Եeո.

The other verses incomplete; and Mr. Barrett  
would be complimented if any of our readers could  
supply the remaining verse, and the songs of which  
the following lines are parts.—

Ա ԱյáրԵ, a րúյն, a ԵláԵ յa յ-áԵall,  
Եր Եú Եայ ԵրáՅ Եննրա, Եար Լյոյմ րéյն;  
ԵյáԵáյն յó Եó, մար a Ե-րայլ յյօր մó,  
Ó Եáշայշ Եո րóյշիյ յայ ԵրԵայր Եé.

Ոá'ր Ե'բéáր Լյոյմ a ԵեյԵ Եայ' Լeáշ  
ԵյáԵáյն յիճր ԵáԵa 'Եար մի,  
Այր ԼeáԵa ԵáօԼ Երայո յայ Եայ Եեար,  
Ոá Եո Լeայն a ԵեյԵ Եար մո Եյó.

Gaels cannot improve themselves better than by  
practicing Gaelic writing. Hence, they ought to  
write postal card, etc. to each other, as Germans  
do. Don't wait to be perfect. Publicity is the life  
of all legitimate public and patriotic movements.

ԱՆ ԵՋՐԵ ԵՈՆՆ

Բոյն—Այն Եայրիշ Եուá.

Doire Donn is a mound in Glenisland half par-  
ish of Islandady which constituted a small village,  
and Richard Joice was known as a poor man of  
that vicinity, and Frank Jennings of Banech pre-  
tendingly said that it was Richard Joice who com-  
posed the song while he himself was the real author  
of it, as well as of many other fine local pieces  
which are now unfortunately lost.

The Horan referred to was Martin Horan of Doi-  
re an Slanra, an abrupt but honest man whom the  
neighbors did not too well like. The O'Donnell  
referred to was his brother-in law, and got into pri-  
son through conspiring against the government in  
1798. The Smasher referred to was a specimen of  
a white haired cur the property of Martin Leyiston  
alias Marthan Lewun, of Doire Donn.

Yours, etc.

MARTIN P. WARD.

'Sé 'ր Եայր ԵայրԵյշե Եáն-րա ԵուáրԵ  
ՏeոյԵe,

'Եար Եá մո Եóմիւյշե 'ր Եայ ԵոյրԵ Եոյն,  
Եյ Եóմարա մáյԵ áշայ a ԵeւրԵáԵ óԵ-  
րáն,

Այար Եյ Երայր ԵյԵ Եóյնիյ áԵ մեյրեáԵ a  
Եայն; [Եeո մé

Աճ յի՛ րé րիյ a ԵարԵայշ յո Երáյո Եո  
Ոo Ե'áշ րáօյ Երոն մé Եո Ե-Եéյո մé յ  
Ելլ,

Աճ մար ԵuáԵար Եայ' ԵյԵáԵ րéյն Եայն  
Եայ յ-Óրáն, [Եայո.

'S a ԼյáԵԵայշե Եóմարա մáյԵ a Եյ Եայ'

Ե'յմեյշ մար Եայն Եայ յ-Óրáն,  
'Տիáր Ե' օԼ Եայ Եóյշ é Եայ ԵոԵáԵ Երeւն,  
Ոյ ԵeւրԵáԵ րáԵa Եայ, յիճ յáր Եóյր Եó  
'S Եար Եար a Եeօրայրիյ a ԵóյԵáԵ մé;  
ԵրeáԵայշ րé Եար օրմ մար ԵeւրԵáԵ  
ԵóրայԵe,

Այար մáԵ Այ Եóմիւյլլ, a ԵլáԵայր րéյն,  
'Sé ԵuԵայր ԵáԵa ԵարԵայրáԵ, Եայ ԵայԼe  
րáրáԵ, [é.]

"Sé մáԵ Եո Եóմարայն é 'ր յó ԵայԵայշ

Այար Ե'é րշայն Եար րշóրիáԵ Եայ ԵրáԵԵ  
Եայ Եeւո Լá [Եոյն,

Ե'á ԼéյԵո a ԵeւրáԵ Եար Եայ ԵոյրԵ  
Եայր Եéայր Եóյր áր, á'ր ԵրօրԵայշ  
Տeáշայն é, [Եայն;

Աճ մեյրեáԵ a ԵáրԵáլ ԵեյԵáԵ մարԵáԵ  
ԵեյԵáԵ րայլ Եո րեյրԵáԵ a Լáր յa  
րիáյԵ Եայն,

ԵյոԵ միá 'Եար րáյԵԵ a յáրԵáօլ Եայն,  
Այար րul Եո րշáրԵայրիյ-րe Լeմ' ԵóԵáն  
ԵláԵմար [մարԵáԵ Եայն.



Օձ մ-բեյծեաժ ան զբոյժ և լձժարն ծեօժ  
 Ռձրն ինձրն ան բեաժնո մե զար ար մ'արար  
 'Տա լաժ յօ 'ի ձօ օրնն օ ձաժ մե անն,  
 'Տղար յարն մե քաջե օրէժ, ձէ և ծայրե  
 ար լձյէ,

Լե քաժնոյն՝ շնձնա ձար անն քոնն.  
 Ձէ տձ քնն լե Ձարն 'Տամ 'ի Լէ Լէ ղա  
 ղձարա,

Ձի ղ-ժարձ ձաժ շնձնա ղ'ձ լաժ մե անն,  
 Յարն զարն ղո Լեժ-Բրեյժեանն ձարն ձ' լաժ  
 յի քեժարն մե,

Օ'ղղղղղ Տեձձձձ 7 և լաժ ղօժ անն.

Ձի քար և ղօքարն մե 'ի ղ'ձնն մ'ղղղղղ  
 քարա, [մալլ;

Քձ և ծեյժեաժ շնձնա ձո ղոժ 'ի ձօ  
 Օձ ղ-ժեաժ և ծօ 'ի ղա ղօքարն օրնն ղօ լար  
 ղա քարաժե [ղղղղղ;

Ռձ ծեյժեաժ ղե շնն ղարն ձէ և ղօքարն  
 Ռձ ծայրեարն քօք և ծարն ղօ լալ ձար

Ռաժ մ-բեյծեաժ մե ղի ձարն ձո ղոժ  
 'ի ձօ մալլ, [լձ է,

'Տ ձօ Բարնն Տարնն ձօ ղ-ձնն 'ի  
 յի ղարն ղօքարն ան ղ-ձնն ձննն է շարն անն.

[We have a lot of these songs from friend Ward,  
 which will appear now-and-then. —Ed. G.]

### ՌՁ ԲՅՅ ՁԻՐ ՁԻՆ ԲՔԼԵ.

Քօղղղ— Կարննն ղարնն.

(Archbishop McHale's Translation.)

Ռձ ԲՅՅ ձարն ան Բքլե, ղձ եւլննն  
 քաժ 'ի ձ-լաժ,

'Ռ և մ-Բեյժեանն քօժ-լաժնն ձօ քօղղղ  
 քաժ արննն ձօ քօղղղ, [Լե քնն

Ռքօք ձարն ղի ղօժնն ղարնն 'ի Լե ղաժնն 'Տար  
 ձօ լաժննն, ղօ լաժննն ղօղղղ ձարնն

ձօ, ձի քնն; [ձարն ձօ քնն,  
 Ձի քնն, տձ 'ղղղղղ ղարնն ձի ձ-լաժ

Օժ քօղղղ և ձ-քօղղղ ան ղննն ան  
 Բար-ձաժ ձօ քօղղղ; [ղա ձ-լաժնն,

'Տ ան քօղղղ, ղաժ ղարննն ձէ ղարննն  
 Բարննն ղաժննն ձօ քօղղղննն ղարննն

քննն և Բքլանն.

Ձի ղարնն ղ'ձ էրն ձարնն! տձ և Կարնն  
 քննն 'ղղղ և ղարնն,

'Տ ան քօղղղ ղօժնն քննն, ղարնն Բքլնն  
 ղի և լաժննն;

Կարննն ձօժնն և քօղղղննն ծեյժ  
 քարննննն օ 'ի Բարննն,

Օրն ղ Բարննն և քօղղղ, 'ի ղի Բքլնն

և քօղղղնն ձի Բարնն.

Օձ և Կարնն ձի ան լաժնն, ղարնն  
 լաժնննն ղաժ քնն,

'Տ ղարնն ղ-քօղղղնն և ղարննն ձօ ղօղղղ  
 քօժնն Լե ձալլ;

'Տ ան ղարննն, տձ ձօ Լաժնն ղիժե  
 լաժնն, ձաժ Լձ, [ձարն 'Տաժնննն.

Ռաժ ղօղղղնն օ 'ի ձ-լաժնն է, ձարն Բքլնն

Ռձ ԲՅՅ ձարն ան Բքլե և ծեյժ ձօ քօղղղ  
 լաժննն ղարնն.

'Տ ան ղ-լաժ, ղաժ ղ-լաժնն ղիժեար, ղօ ղօղղղ  
 քննն Լե ղարնն: [քաժ ձօ քօ

քնննն ձօ ձէ Լարն ղօղղղ, ղի Լար  
 Ձի քօղղղ ղի քօղղղ ղարնն ան ղարնն

քննն ղարննն ղօ:  
 Լաժնննն ղօղղղննն ղօ ղարննն ղօ ղա

քարնն, և ղօղղղնն [լաժնն  
 'Տ քօղղղնն ղարնննն Լե քննն և

'Տ Լե ղօղղղնն ղա ձ-քօղղղնն ղարնն, և տձ քնն  
 ղօ ղարնն և լաժնն

Ձարն ան ղարնն, ձօ ղարնն ղօղղղննն,  
 քննննննն քնն և ղարնն.

Ձէժ ձօ ղարնն եւլննն ղօ ղօղղղնն, ղարնն  
 ղարննն և ղօղղղնն,

Բեյժնն 'Տ անն 'Տա Լաժնն ձօ ան Բքլե և  
 լաժնն, [քնն.

Ձի քնն ղի ղօ քօղղղննն ղարնն ձօղղղ Լե  
 Բեյժնն ձօ քննննն ձօ ղ-լաժննն ղօ Լաժ

քննն 'ի ղօ Լարն: [քնն,  
 Լարնննն ան ղօղղղնննն ղօ ղարննննն ղօ

Լաժննննն ղօ լաժննննն ղօ լաժննննն ղարնն  
 ղարննննննննննն.

'Տ ղօ ղօղղղննննն ձօ քօղղղննն և  
 քննննննննննննն,

Տիլննն ղօղղղ և ղարննննն Լե քօղղղ  
 քննննննննն.

### OH! BLAME NOT THE BARD.

Air—"Kitty Tyrrell."

Moore.

Oh! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers  
 Where Pleasure lies carelessly smiling at fame:  
 He was born for much more, and in happier hours  
 His soul might have burn'd with a holier flame;  
 The string that now languishes loose o'er the lyre,  
 Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart;  
 And the lip which now breathes but the song of  
 desire,

Might have pour'd the full tide of a patriot's heart

But, alas! for his country! her pride has gone by,  
 And the spirit is broken which never could bend;  
 O'er the ruin her children in secret must sigh,



For 'tis treason to love her, and death to defend.  
Unpriz'd are her sons till they've learn'd to betray,  
Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame not their  
sires;

And the torch, that would light them thro' digni-  
ty's way, [expires.  
Must be caught from the pile where their country

Then blame not the bard, if, in Pleasure's soft  
dream,

He should try to forget what he never can heal;  
Oh! give but a hope—let a vista but gleam  
Through the gloom of his country, and mark how  
he'll feel! down

That instant, his heart at her shrine would lay  
Every passion it nurs'd, every bliss it ador'd;  
While the myrtle, now idly entwin'd with his crown  
Like the wreath of Harmodius, should cover his  
sword.

But tho' glory be gone, and tho' hope fade away,  
Thy name, loved Erin, shall live in his songs:  
Not ev'n in the hour, when his heart is most gay,  
Can he lose the remembrance of thee and thy  
wrongs.

The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;  
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,  
Till thy masters themselves as they rivet thy chains  
Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep!

Shame on you, Gaelic Society of New York. A  
few boys start a social club and run a journal to  
advertise themselves. You know no such move-  
ment as yours can progress without being adverti-  
sed. You should be ashamed of yourselves not to  
have even a quarterly journal, which would not  
cost you \$5 a year each. Commence in earnest.

During the campaign just closed a party named  
John Byrne, of 47 Wall street, New York, made  
the assertion that Irishmen have no ill-feeling to  
England. That man knew that he lied when he  
made the assertion, or he takes the Irish (he says  
he was born in America of Irish parents) to be as  
low as the dog that licks the hand that smites him.  
Hence, we produce the above song as it shows  
plainly what this man is—an Irish-American lep-  
rous thrall who, for the perishable monetary con-  
sideration he may have received, and an entrance to  
polluted English society, would defame his kindred

The Fox never burrows for himself but when he  
wants a cover, he soils in the entrance to the Bad-  
ger's habitation, and he, being a very clean animal,  
thereafter shuns it, thus leaving the wily reynard  
in indisputed possession.

WHAT ELECTED CLEVELAND?—The Orange A-  
merican Mechanic element who heretofore sup-  
ported the Republican party voted for him "to down  
Tammany," and the English, to help their home  
manufactures. The purely Irish districts of this  
city, such as the 1, 2, 5, 6, 13, 14 and 26th polling  
districts of the 6th, and the 7, 8, 9, 10, 12 and 14th  
of the 9th ward gave Harrison an increase of 6 per  
cent. over Cleveland's, whereas Cleveland gained  
over 14 per cent. in the banner Republican wards,  
basing the calculation on last year's vote. But we  
think the contract to down the Tammany tiger an  
up hill one; and the Orange and English elements  
weak needs to rest upon when English interests are  
involved. We said this before; we say it again.

Every Englishman voted for Cleveland on the  
8th; one of them told us so. Hence the "land-  
slide." But, that is their privilege.

## O'Curry's Lectures.

ON THE  
MANUSCRIPT MATERIAL OF ANCIENT IRISH HIS-  
TORY.

### LECTURE VII.

[Delivered July 3, 1856.]

The Annals (continued). 10. The Annals of the  
Four Masters. The "Contention of the Bards."  
Of Michael O'Clery. Of the Chronology of the  
Four Masters.

Father John Colgan, in his preface to his *Acta  
Sanctorum Hiberniae*, published at Louvain in  
1645, after speaking of the labours of Fathers Fle-  
ming and Ward, in collecting and elucidating the  
Lives of the Irish Saints, and their subsequent  
martyrdom in 1632, writes as follows of their reli-  
gious Brother Michael O'Clery.

"That those whose pious pursuits he imitated,  
our third associate, Brother Michael O'Clery, also  
followed to the rewards of their merits, having died  
a few months ago, a man eminently versed in the  
antiquities of his country, to whose pious labours,  
through many years, both this and the other works  
which we labour at are in a great measure owing.  
For, when he was a layman, he was by profession  
an Antiquarian, and in that faculty esteemed am-  
ongst the first of his time; after he embraced our  
Seraphic Order, in this convent of Louvain, he was  
employed as coadjutor, and to this end, by obe-  
dience and with the permission of his superiors, he  
was sent back to his country to search out and ob-  
tain the lives of the saints and other sacred anti-  
quities of his country, which are, for the greater  
part, written in the language of his country, and  
very ancient.

"But, in the province entrusted to him, he la-  
boured with indefatigable industry about fifteen  
years; and in the meantime he copied many lives  
of saints from many very ancient documents in the  
language of the country, genealogies, three or four  
martyrologies, and many other monuments of great  
antiquity, which, copied anew, he transmitted hi-  
ther to P. Vardens. At length, by the charge of  
the superiors, deputed to this, he devoted his mind  
to clearing and arranging, in a better method and  
order, the other sacred as well as profane histories  
of his country, from which, with the assistance of  
three other distinguished antiquarians (whom, from  
the opportunity of the time and place, he employ-  
ed as colleagues, as seeming more fit for that duty)  
he compiled, or, with more truth, since they had  
been composed by ancient authors, he cleared up,  
digested, and composed, three tracts of remote an-  
tiquity, by comparing many ancient documents.  
The first is of the Kings of Erin, succinctly record-  
ing the kind of death of each, the years of their  
reign, the order of succession, the genealogy, and  
the year of the world, or of Christ, in which each  
departed, which tract, on account of its brevity,  
ought more properly be called a catalogue of those  
kings, than a history. The second of the genea-  
logy of the Saints of Erin, which he has divided  
into thirty-seven classes or chapters, bringing back  
each saint, in a long series, to the first author and  
progenitor of the family from which he descends,  
which, therefore, some have been pleased to call  
*Sanctilogium Genealogicum* (the genealogies of  
the saints), and others *Sancto-Genesis*. The third



treats of the first inhabitants of Erin, of their successive conquest from the Flood, through the different races, of their battles, of the kings reigning amongst them, of the wars and battles arising between those, and the other notable accidents and events of the island, from the year 278 after the Flood, up to the year of Christ 1171.

"Also, when in the same college, to which subsequently, at one time, he added two other works from the more ancient and approved chronicles and annals of the country, and particularly from those of Cluane, Insula, and Senat, he collected the sacred and profane Annals of Ireland, a work thoroughly noble, useful, and honorable to the country, and far surpassing in importance its own proper extent, by the fruitful variety of ancient affairs and the minute relation of them. For, he places before his eyes, not only the state of society and the various changes during upwards of three thousand years, for which that most ancient kingdom stood, by recording the exploits, the dissensions, conflicts, battles, and the year of the death of each of the kings, princes, and heroes; but also, (what is more pleasing and desirable for pious minds) the condition of Catholicity and ecclesiastical affairs, from the first introduction of the faith, twelve hundred years before, up to modern times, most flourishing at many periods, disturbed at others, and subsequently mournful, whilst hardly any year occurs in the meantime in which he does not record the death of one or many saints, bishops, abbots, and other men, illustrious through piety and learning; and also the building of churches, and their burnings, pillage, and devastation, in great part committed by the pagans, and afterwards by the heretical soldiers. His colleagues were pious men.

As in the three before mentioned, so also in this fourth work, which far surpasses the others, three are eminently to be praised, namely, Ferfesius O'Maelchonaire, Peregrine (Cucogry) O'Clery, Peregrine (Cucogry) O'Dubhghennain, men of consummate learning in the antiquities of the country and of approved faith. And to these subsequently was added the co-operation of other distinguished antiquarians. Mauritius O'Maelchonaire who, for one month, as Conary Clery during many months, laboured in its promotion. But, since those annals which we in this volume, and in others following, so frequently quote, have been collected and compiled by the assistance and separate study of many authors, neither the desire of brevity would always permit us to cite them individually by expressing the name, nor would justice allow us to attribute the labour of many to one; hence it sometimes seemed proper that those were called the Annals of Donegal, for they were commenced and completed in our convent of Donegal. But, afterwards, on account of many reasons, chiefly from the compilers themselves, who were four eminent masters in antiquarian lore, we have been led to call them the Annals Of The Four Masters. Yet it is also said even now that more than four assisted in their preparation; however, as their meeting was irregular, and but two of them, during a short time, laboured in the unimportant and latter part of the work, but the other four were engaged in the entire production, at least, up to the year 1267 (from which the first, and most important and necessary part for us is closed), hence we quote it under their name; since, hardly ever, or very rarely, anything which happened after that year comes to be related by us."

We know not if it was while engaged in collect-

ing the materials for publication the Lives of the Saints that Father O'Clery conceived the idea of collecting, digesting, and compiling the Annals of the kingdom of Erin; and what fruitless essays for a patron he may have made among the broken-spirited representatives of the old native chiefs, we are not in a condition to say; but that he succeeded in obtaining distinguished patronage from Fearghal (Farral) O'Gara, hereditary Lord of Magh Uí Gadhra (Magh O'Gara), and Cuil O'bh-Finn (Cuil O'Finn, or "Coolavin") (better known as the Prince of Coolovin, in the county Sligo), is testified in Father O'Clery's simple and beautiful dedication of the work to that nobleman, of which address the following is a literal translation.—

"I beseech God to bestow every happiness that may conduce to the welfare of his body and soul upon Fearghal O'Gadhra, Lord of Magh Uí Gadhra, and Cuil O'bh-Finn, one of the two knights of Parliament who were elected (and sent) from the County of Sligeach [Sligo] to Ath-cliaith [Dublin], this year of the age of Christ 1634.

"It is a thing general and plain throughout the whole world, in every place where nobility or honour has prevailed, in each successive period, that nothing is more glorious, more respectable, or more honourable (for many reasons), than to bring to light the knowledge of the antiquity of ancient authors, and a knowledge of the chieftains and nobles that existed in former times, in order that each successive generation might know how their ancestors spent their time and their lives, how long they lived in succession in the lordship of their countries, in dignity or in honour, and what sort of death they met.

"I, Michael O'Clerigh, a poor friar of the Order of St. Francis (after having been for ten years transcribing every old material which I found concerning the saints of Ireland, observing obedience to each provincial that was in Ireland successively) have come before you, O noble Fearghal O'Gara. I have calculated on your honour that it seemed to you a cause of pity and regret, grief and sorrow (for the glory of God and the honour of Ireland), how much the race of Gaedhil the son of Niul have passed under a cloud and darkness, without a knowledge or record of the death or obit of saint or virgin, archbishop, bishop, abbot, or other noble dignitary of the Church, of king or of prince, of lord or of chieftain, [or] of the synchronism or the connection of one with the other. I explained to you that I thought I could get the assistance of chroniclers for whom I had most esteem, in writing a book of Annals in which these matters might be put on record; and that, should the writing of them be neglected at present, they would not again be found to be put on record or commemorated, even to the end of the world. There were collected by me all the best and most copious books of annals that I could find throughout all Ireland (though it was difficult for me to collect them to one place), to write this book in your name, and to your honour, for it was you that gave the reward of their labour to the chroniclers, by whom it was written; and it was the friars of the convent of Donegal that supplied them with food and attendance, in like manner. For every good that will result from this book, in giving light to all in general, it is to you that thanks should be given, and there should exist no wonder or surprise, jealousy or envy, at [any] good that you do; for you are of the race of Eiber Mac Mileadh [Heber the son of Milesius], from whom descended thirty of the kings of Ireland



Conn—Bridgeport, T Coughlan, per J Healy.  
Ia—Elkport, Rev M Sheehan—Burlington, W  
A McKnight (*Sunday Evening Post*), p J Hagerty  
Ill—Chicago, Rev. M C Brennan, Rev J Green  
per Father Brennan—Cairo, J Howley.  
Kan—Laclede, Jeremiah O'Sullivan.  
Mass—Collinsville, B Cullinane—Worcester, J  
Hearn.  
Mich—Detroit, D Tindall—Montague, John P  
Whelan—St James, John N McCauley.  
Mo—Avalon, Manus Gallaher, per P O'Rielly  
—St Louis, Mrs H Cloonan.  
Minn—St Patrick, Rev T F O'Brien.  
Neb—South Omaha, Ed Carey.  
N J—Newark, Miss Katie Corcoran, per Capt.  
T D Norris, New York.  
N Y—Brooklyn, the Misses B. and R Dunlevy  
J Kyne, P Carrick, J J Kennedy—Greenfield, P  
A Dougher—Herkimer, T Cox—City, Counsellor  
John L Brower; Miss Kathleen M Hanbury, John



Որովայն ինչպէս ձայն Ելածայի Քառն  
 խոստանար, ընկողնէ ձայն բառալ բառ,  
 իսկ ձայն իսկանար 30 իսկ ձայն զայն  
 ձայն լինէր զայն 30 ձայն.— Չմոյն.