

WEDDING **Leaban-aiéhir m'ioraimh,** **Tabairta cum an** **TEANGA ÉIREILISE** **a corrad a f'aoiréuadh** **a f'aoiréuadh** **Fenn-maíla Cúid na h-Éireann.**

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1893.

30th MARCH 21st 1893.

Fenn—Sweet Innisfallen

(Leir an f'adair Donn)

Tá glóir na mairne 'hoir 'r an r'péir,
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The Bold Tipperary Fox,

By P. A. DOUGHER.

Ír ríonhac ruad zán fadéfor mé, ná'r ruajz roim' reo maora mé,
Níor fíor mé caora, ceapc i ó zé, zán dal lae' nó laojz,—
Sárta le mo zabalgar féin, 'meafz cómhara zrádmair, fearaíuyl treun'
Le fadajc a'r cfor 'r tadhajz foc, éo reamhara leir an níz,

Ríne mpre head, talamh breaz, eioir Shab-ua-ir-ban a'r Cnoc-ua-b-fead,
Zíne ar éomhuiz mé le cion a'r zrád mur tóize mé 'ran áic;
Zíet ahoir an reo le tamall zeáir, tá mé marluiz' an zán fadé,
Le zadoude ruarac, acrahaac, m-b'é dúil mo feib fázajc.

Fuar mé baráhtar fuazra cruajc ó' h tizearra zráhha, feallac ruatad'
Zíe tóiric ó mo éir a'r túicé, 'r na larzuinjz beic rómam;
Zíuar mé aize zo dáha, teahh, a'r zhead mé rárad ar a éeahh,
Scioir mé ríudal 'meafz na z-crahh----b' an t-reiz ajr mo éoir.

B' h-ub-a-bú ó h-tear zo tuajz, ó Ruiricé zo Cill-da-lú,
Tré chuic, ríad, a'r porrajz tuda, tré Naoha 'r beul-an-áic,
Clótaio ahoir na páiréir ríor duar mór ar mo íon foc,
beo nó marb ahoir a' c'íetíio ríad mé fázajc.

Éuarrajz ríad baíhííze nún 'ra náll a'r Teampull-mór ó dun zo báir,
I z-Cluaí-meala fear an zárta le mo éroac ruar zán ríar;
B' íor 'zám an íol zeab'íh an ríh dá m-beíreac na maora oim zreim,
Zíet caíleadar mé amearz na o-tum----éuz mé do 'h t-ráil.

Éuz ríad ruajz ar Éarraíj-an-t-ríur Raé-zormuic 'r Cnoc-beul-dúir,
baile-póiréir 'r Teampull-báir, arceac zo Carraíj-an-éuah;
Ní rad peeler, maora, cor i ó cú, ó eioic Zícluaíhe zo Loc-laor,
Nac rad feíteac ar an ríonhac ruad beic zadbé 'meafz na h-uah.

Éuarraio Zíurac íoir 'r ríar, 'r baile-mac-cruíh ríar 'ra h-íar,
Lírh Duilleah 'r Láiz-lead, 'r éorí zo Condae Cláir;
Níor fáz ríad báo nó lonz-crahh-reoí, cruac éorce nó rucán mór'
Ó Cíllruir zo Luíhheac íóir, a'r n' rad mé an le fázajc.

B' ríad ráruiz' amac 'ra 'mac, mo éuaréiz' éaric ó éeac zo teac,
Níor ríuahinjz ríad zo m-beic an marc i h-záilíh i h-uajzear éíh;
Níor fázajc cáir, eir nó cóiríe ó Óairí-Úí Driah zo Óráh-íóir,
Ná'r éuarrajz ríad ar mo éoir an oiré ríh zán t-ráim.

I z-Caríeall-zeáir íuic mé ríor le dúil zo h-deuifíah an mo íeicé,
Níor éualajz mé na zadbair az íeíeac, 'r baíh mé 'mac Zíahzeo,
Leah ríad mé zo baile-an-ríiz, éaric Loc Coiríh, Meaic, 'r Coill-íóir,
Zí ríh zo Con-a-mara, éuaríio h-áic nac b-fuííio ríad mé zo deo.

B' na maora coríac éaric ar mo lonz ajz Coillíe-maz,
Zí ríh éuarí mé zo teac áiríze íeac, n-áic i bfuair mé braid le h-ól,
B' an oiré breaz a'r an zírah faor, 'r an bealac íeic ar zác taob,
Táim ahoir ar a z-cuíhac íaor----níor zád ríad mé zo íóill.

^SThis song I send alludes to the miraculous escape of Mr. Hayes who was ill-treated by his landlord some years ago in Tipperary, which caused him to retaliate, an incident well established. A Cousin of the said Mr. Hayes was for some time a work-mate of mine and gave me the whole story. I have tried to follow the chase in rhyme. Yours, —P. A. DOUGHER.

LESSONS IN GAELIC.

THE GAELIC ALPHABET.

Irish.	Roman.	Sound.	Irish.	Roman.	Sound.
A	a	aw	η	m	emm
b	b	bay	η	n	enn
c	c	kay	o	c	oh
d	d	dhay	p	p	pay
e	e	ay	μ	r	arr
f	f	eff	γ	s	ess
g	g	gay	τ	t	thay
i	i	ee	u	u	oo
l	l	ell			

XXI. LESSON.—Continued

Conditional.

Singular.

- 1 béjō-ηη, veyhinn, I might, or could be.
- 2 bejō-ēēā, veyhaw, thōu mightest, or could be.
- 3 béjō-ēāō ré. veyhoo shay, he (or it) might or could be.

Plural.

- 1 béjō-μμr, veymush, we might, or could be.
- 2 béjō-ētō, veyhee, ye might, or could be.
- 3 béjō-ōōr, veyd sh, they might, or could be.

The first letter of the foregoing tense, like that of the imperfect, is aspirated, if it be one of the nine mutable consonants.

Optative Mood.

- 1 3o μāō āō, go rowadh, that I may be
- 2 3o μāō-āμ, go rowirh, that thou mayest be.
- 3 3o μāō ré. go row shay, that he [or it may be; 3o μāō rj. go rowv shee, that she [or it] may be.

Plural.

- 1 3o μāō-μμō, go rowmudh, that we may be
- 2 3o μāō-ēāō, go rowhy, that you may be.
- 3 3o μāō-āō, go rowidh, that they may be

Imperative.

- 1
- 2 bj, bee, be thou.
- 3 bjō-ēāō ré, beeyoo shay, let him be.

Plural.

- 1 bjō-μμr, beemush, let us be.
- 2 bjō-jō, beeyee, be ye.
- 3 bj-ōōr, beedish, let them be.

The second person plural, bjōjō, is commonly, in the spoken language, pronounced as if written, bjōjō, 'beegee'

The infinitive mood and participles are formed by putting certain prepositions before the verbal noun—bejt, being—as, in English, to; about to; in French, 'pour', is placed before the infinitive,

bejt, a being; to bejt, to be;
le bejt, in order to be

le, with; placed before the infinitive mood, gives, like 'pour', in French, the idea of intent, purpose, to perform what is expressed by the verb.

āμ rj bejt [on the point of being] about to be.

āō bejt [at] being; same as the old English form, a-being, a-walking, a-loving; for, being, walking, loving.

āμ bejt, on being.

āμ μ-bejt. after being, having been

VOCABULARY.

crāob, branch,	krayuv.
3euz, bough,	gayug.
bruač, bank, border; as, āμ bruač ηā	
lyηηe, on the border of the pond; āμ	
bruač ηā η-ājle, on the verge of the	
cliff; āμ bruač ηā η-ājōηe, on the	
bank of the river,	broo.agh.
μeāηηājη, comet, from μeāηη, a star,	
and ājη, beautiful, sparkling; μeulc,	
also means star, same as μeulcōō; or	
a star-measuring instrument, an as-	
trobe. Comet can well be called the	
μeulc 3μuāōāč also; or μeulc tηēēāč;	
μeāηηājη may be considered by many	
to be only merely the diminutive of	
μeāηη,	rhanneen.
3eāμr, cut; from 3eāμr, short; because	
whatever is cut is shortened	ga-ur.
ōōjηjη, deep,	dhow.in.
ēājl, dike, sty; hiccough,	fahil.
cljāč, ditch,	kly.
tuājēre, dust, ashes [from tuāč, quick,	
and crē, earth] tuājēre cnām, bone	
dust,	lhoo-ireh
ōjη, for, because,	oo.irh.

reilm, farm, fellim.
 rajēbim, fertile; rich, rajēbim is derived
 from rō, ease; and āōdāim, cause,
 oēah rajēbim, fertilize, save-irh.
 mājirēac, granary, stall, mawnrach
 rājōbōl, barn, granary, skubole.
 cliaē-ruprta, a harrow, klee-fnrstha
 tuar, harbinger; a rainbow is called
 "the harbinger of a shower," "tuar
 ceāēta."

rljuēta, irrigated; from rljuē, to irig-
 ate, to wet; rljuē, adj, moist, wet,

flughtha
 luch.

loē, lake.

āolac, manure, from āol, lime, eelacc.

lēah, marsh, low meadow land, lhayun

mār, moore, marshy ground, ree-usk

mār, moory; moory land, tālaim

mār, moory land, ree-uscach

ruē, nutriment, juice, soo.

ōāim, oak; hence the name Derry, from
 the grove planted there by Culumb-
 kille, dhair.

carim, pile, a heap of stones, karun

clair, pit, clair āāim, sand-pit, klaish.

raōi, philosopher; in Irish it means al-
 so a man of letters; any man of po-
 sition in the world; ā šāoi, Sir, see.

céāēta, plough, kayuchtha.

treab, to plough, thir-ow.

ruprta, harrowing; treabāō āāim āāim

ruprta, ploughing and harrowing

cam-cēāēta, the plough; Charles's Wain

āōdāim, purpose; āāim āōdāim rāim, that

purpose; āāim āāim āōdāim rāim, therefore,

for that purpose, aw-wur.

carim, rock, karik.

āill, rock, aill.

crē, āim, soil, kir-ey, oo-irh.

cup, sowing; from cup, to put, to sow,
 to set, kur.

earim, Spring (time); eāim, spring up,

arise, when mother earth rises, as it

were, from the dormant state in

which she lay during winter, arach

crim, stack; from this word is deriv-

ed Crim, the name of a

mountain in Mayo, six miles from

Westport, called crim, from its con-

ical, reek-like shape; and Crim, Patrick's;

because the Saint, like a-

nother Moses, spent, while teaching

the faith in Connaught, forty days

on its summit, in prayer and fast-
 ing.

liim, swamp, lhinn, sraih.

cup, to surround, thimchul.

āim, uplands, awrdhawin.

rceip, uplands, crags, skeilp.

reim, use, feyim.

āim, rāim, very, both employed only in
 composition, as āim-āim, very good;

rāim-āim, exceedingly good.

ūim, very; as, ūim-āim, very low; ūim-āim.

ūim, very ugly; ūim-āim, great want.

Exercise

Translate—

1. God bless your work (*bail o Dhia air d'ob-air*—literally, prosperity from G d on thy work).
 2. In what state is your sowing? 3. My sowing is exceedingly good. 4. Have you the farm cheap?
 5. I have the farm cheap; my father had it cheap?
 and my grandfather had it cheap; and may it never be dear. 6. Is the soil fertile? 7. It is fertile; for it is irrigated by the water of the lake, which is at the mearing, or border of the marsh.
 8. Have you got sand from the sea shore to put on the moory land? 9. No: for I have a sandpit on my own farm, the sand of which is of great use to me for that purpose. 10. Has the ploughshare overcome the stones and rocks of the craggy uplands which bound (are on the border of) your farm? 11. It has, and the harrow: there is not a rock nor a stone which I have not put into the pile; and I have surrounded (put around) the whole (with) a high dike and a deep dike. 12. What manure do you put on the land in the time of spring? 13. I put bone dust. 14. Is not bone-dust dry, and without nutriment to the earth? 15. No: It is possessed of a certain property (*brigh*) which fertilizes the soil. 16. Is there a large oak tree in your farm? 17. There is not, nor even a bush. I cut every bush from the root. 18. See (*feuch*) that field how green it is. 19. Was it not always green? 20. It is good to be here. 21. Have you all your corn in stack, and in granary? 22. I have not. This season was very wet. 23. Philosophers say (*deir saithe*) that a comet brings hot weather (that there is usually hot weather with a comet), but truly this blazing comet (*reultan*) which was lately with us* was the harbinger of rain and wet weather. 24. When will it be back again to us? 25. It is not easy to tell—*ni forus a radh*.

* Written in the end of October, 1858.

We learn from Sadler's Catholic Almanac that the Catholics in the United States number close on nine millions. Giving two millions of these to the Germans, French, and Italians etc., leave the Irish seven millions who acknowledge they are Catholics out of the twenty-five millions of the element in the country! Where are the other seventeen millions? They are in the great infidel army, where the posterity of the Irishman who would not permit his son to learn his native language will be if they come to America. With England's language, will the Island of Saints become the nurse of infidelity? Shade of McHale look down and pity her! The ghastly picture is not ours. Contradict it.

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Translation, by Պ. Ա. Շ., Allegheny, Pa.

- 1 Ո՛ր լաճ ծրառա լուրդե, դ՛հ դ՛ժա Բրժնա՛,
Այն ա՛ ծորք զ՛ն զ՛ն զ՛ն զ՛ն զ՛ն զ՛ն զ՛ն;
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ՏԵՃԻՇՈՒ—ԱՆ ԵՏԱՅՈՅ.

(Լե՛ր ա՛ն զ՛ն զ՛ն զ՛ն զ՛ն).

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"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 TRENCH.

"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., NEW YORK.

Who are the Scotch? A tribe of Irish Scots who crossed over in the 6th century, overcame the natives, and gave their name to the country.—J. CORNWELL, PH.D., F. R. S.'s Scotch History.

The Saxons Ruled in England from the 5th century and were so rude that they had no written language until the 14th, when the Franco-Normans formulated the English.—SPALDING.

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

We are run out of First Irish Books just now but will have them to send in a week or two.

Subscribers will please remember that subscriptions are due in advance.

Probably there is no other people in the world to-day whose literary education is so perverted as that of the Irish. Irishmen and Irish-Americans of tolerably good English education have not the slightest idea that the excerpts over the harp on this page are facts. On the contrary, they doubt their genuineness though we have given the authors, and where the works can be had. Hence our crop of Murphies who degrade and disgrace the Irish name, and who will continue to degrade and to disgrace it until they are properly instructed in their rights.

Had the antecedents of the defamers of the Irish people been placed before the populace they would very soon hide themselves from the public view. We make no war on Englishmen or "Scotch Irish", but when, in their ignorance (if it be ignorance, or, political bluster, or enmity) they make war on us, then we strike back by simply reminding them of who and what they are, and who and what we are, as told by their own historians.

Irish Americans are the greatest goss in the world to-day to allow themselves to be reviled by their nondescript enemies when they have only to circulate and point to the above extracts (and their language and literature) to silence them for ever.

Gaels, do you circulate these extracts and point

out your language and literature to the doubting Thomases, and then the number of the vilifiers of your race will become less, and your Murphies will vanish.

In this city there is a well-to-do family from the suburbs of Belfast who pose as "Scotch-Irish." The female head of the family was so overbearing that her "common Irish" neighbors could not stand her. But, in course of time, they got hold of her youthful history, and, on the first opportunity thereafter, a sturdy Mayo woman, whom she attacked, smilingly asked her, "Musha Mrs.—what about Mr. So and So"? The virago shut up as if struck by lightning, and in a few days moved to another part of the city. What is the moral of this—and we address ourselves to all Irishmen? It is that they can effectually shut up the vilifiers of their nation by showing up what they are. They have the proof plainly in the extracts from Spalding, etc., with the language as positive evidence: circulate it! Mrs. "Scotch-Irish" no doubt will continue her course in her new quarters; but let you act the part of the plucky Mayo woman, and have her character all over by scattering the Gael everywhere.

THE HERALD'S BLACKGUARDISM

Of all the caricatures which have come to our notice for some time, that on Mr Ed Murphy, the junior United States Senator from N. Y. in the New York Herald of Jan. 22nd, is the most villainous, for it is leveled not at Ed Murphy but at the element of which he forms a part.

In enumerating the former senators from this state, excepting the late senator Kernan and a few others, the Herald blackguard represents Ed. Murphy jr of Troy underneath them (the head being represented by a large potato) as

"Our New Senator!"

The senators enumerated are, Morris, Van Buren, Marcy, Fish, Fenton, Seward, Clinton, King, Dix, Conklin, and Ewarts.—We challenge the moral assassin of the Herald to point out **one** in the above list who is the superior of Ed Murphy in social National antecedents, and he will find the pedigree of all of them on the preceding column, furnished by their own bigoted, anti-Irish historians William Spalding, A. M., Prof. of Logic, Rhetoric & Metaphysics in the University of Saint Andrews, Scotland, in his English Literature, published by D. Appleton & Co. 346-8 Broadway, New York, 1856; and Dr. James Cornwell, F.R.G.S., in

his *Historical Geography*: London Hamilton & Co ; Edinburgh, Oliver & Boyd, a work so popular that the Thirty-seventh Edition, published in 1865, lies before us.

Look across, reader, and compare the eminence of the Irish, as a people, with the semi-barbarous condition of their would-be social assassins!

Every corner loafer who, by bluff and bluster, or shady means, accumulates wealth and through it attains to public prominence, never ceases to vilify the Irish and slap them in the face because centuries of enforced slavery have unmanned them, otherwise they would cover the dead walls of the country with the pedigrees of the lot of social thieves who seek their material and political ruin.

This element is but a very small minority of our citizens; but, having the power and money of England at their back, they control the press of the country and through its vilification of any or all who come in their way, they gather in the fat of the land—thus further enabling them to carry on their villainous conduct; and all this they do under the brazen pretense of their being "the better element."

This gang of moral assassins chose Grover Cleveland as their head. Who is he? His biographers tell us that his mother was Annie Neal (which is, simply, O'Neil), and that his father's name was Cleveland, which name people say was originally McClelland, and changed, as has been the names of O'Connell and O'Shaughnessy into Cornell, and Chauncey, respectively, in this city in our own day.

This gang charged Murphy with attending cock-fights and boxing matches and urged that fact as a further reason why he was not fit for the office of United States Senator; and here their animus forcibly presents itself, for, in these regards, Murphy could not hold a candle to their idol, the British crown prince, whose boots they would think an honor to blacken,—aye, and to at-

tend to other little wants of his not necessary to mention here but the nature of which the intelligent reader fully comprehends!

For Edward Murphy we care not a straw. He is merely the instrument through which his nationality has been attacked. We concede that he is a mean man, as are all the other Murphies who permit themselves to be trodden on by the gang of political skunks referred to. What are the Murphies afraid of? Decent men would not insult them and they should not permit blackguards to do it! The Murphy incident mantles the brow of every self-respecting man of Irish blood in the country with the blush of shame to-day. It is well for the Herald blackguard that the object of his blackguardism was not a Frenchman or he would have been cowhided up and down Broadway from the Battery to Harlem.

This is the way the Irish element has been lost, at home and abroad. They have the means (their ancient flattering, and to be proud of, history) to show and to silence their detractors, but they will not avail themselves of it. When they accumulate wealth they think its possession will guard them against the poisonous thrusts of the enemies of their race and nation, but the Murphy incident proves that it does not, and that manhood, proceeding from a sense of superiority, would be more effective.

Say; Is the owner of the Herald who hobnobs with that immaculate (?) quantity, called English "Society," any better than his old Scotch father who founded the 14x20 Herald in a basement in Fulton street? Is ex-Secretary Whitney any better than when he hunted for a fee to buy his dinner? Is ex-Mayor Grace any better than when he attended to his butcher shop? And is President-elect Cleveland any better than when he was sheriff of Erie county, a then petty office which only a hungry lawyer would accept? And so of the rest of them. The mechanic who

earns his day's wages is as good as they, and as trustworthy—a fact that he should always bear in mind. Respectability of conduct and not money constitute "the better element."

We extract the following from No. 43 of the *Dublin Gaelic Journal* (abbreviated).—

A society is formed in Dublin called the New National Literary Society of which *Cracibhin Aoibhinn* is president.

According to the last census 250,000 people in Scotland use the Gaelic as their only language, and 41,000 use no other language.

There are districts in Canada, Prince Edward's Island, Cape Breton, and Glengarry, where the population is, to a large extent, Gaelic-speaking.

In the *Highland Monthly* (Inverness), Mr. Mac Kenzie continues to publish his collection of old charms and incantations.

The *Celtic Monthly* is the latest literary venture of our Highland Gaelic friends. The yearly subscription is 3s., and the editor and manager Mr John Mackay, 17 Dundas St., Kingston, Glasgow.

641,968 speak Irish in Ireland, and 38,189 speak no other language.

The following colleges and Christian Brothers' Schools teach the language with zeal and success.

The College of Clongowes, Newry, Blackrock, Letterkenny, the Sacred Heart College of Limerick, and the Presentation College Birr. The Christian Brothers have brilliant records in their schools in Dublin (James's street, Richmond's street, Syge street, Westland's row), Dundalk, Cork, Tipperary, Clonmel, Waterford, Dingle Carrickson's Suir, Belfast, Omagh (!), Westport, Newry, Mullingar, Dungarvan, Middleton, Youghal, and last (but not least), Limerick. The College of Rockwell was also very successful.

But where is Tuam? Has the English wolf succeeded the Irish Lion there?

Many of the National Schools where Irish is being taught receive the Gael through Gaelic friends, we hope the above Colleges and Christian Brothers' Schools will not in future be forgotten—they are the Gaelic reservoirs of the future.

(Continued from p. 246).

Δύβλας ἰεῖς ἀνὴρ κόρυς ἡμῶν ἃ βλαρ-
 ρεαρ τὴν πόλιν ἡμῶν ;

Ἰς τεὰρ ἐ το θεᾶς κόμηται, τὰ ἀη γον-
 ἀρ ἀη 15-κόμηται,

Τὰ ἀγνῶστο ἀγῶν ὁρᾷ ἡν ῥτὰ ἀν ταλαίῃ
 τῶν τα ῥαοῖ,

Τὰ ἡδ' ἐπεὶ τε γένοιτα Διὶ μάστορι ἦ
τηδ' ἐπὶ δόμῳ,

Տիր լից ԼԵԱՏ Ե ՓՈՒ ԴՅ ՕՒ Օ ԵՅԷԵԱՐ ԴՊ
Ե-ԴՈՒԴԱՆ ՄԺՈՒՆ.

The foregoing is another of the good old songs sent us by Mr. Martin P. Ward, who has now become so large (48 inches chest measure) that he has grown careless of the world!

AN BULLÁIN BREAC.

[Le Páτρυις Q'ΛαοζΔ]πe]

(Ար լեզդճոյն.)

Τὰρ ἐστὶν ἡ ἀποστολή τοῦ ἀγγέλου καὶ τοῦ
ἐπισκόπου τοῦ Σαλαμίνος διὰ τὴν ἡμετέραν
ἐκκλησίαν καὶ τὴν ἐκκλησίαν τὴν ἐν Λαοῖς
ἐκείνῃ.

"Ա չյո՞ւմ աղ աղաբայի!" ար ըն, "եւ
հօր աղ մշ-նծ վէտ դա՛ բաճար բա
ճայե աղօյս տընծ վէտա՛ յի՜ նա Բրայնց
աղիք: Չաղ աղ աղիքս Ծ'Բայնթե՛ն լու՛ծ
բըյն երօ՛ջ սըլն:"

Το θεαρικ Σεάζαηαδ ε 7 κοηηαιρικ ρε
 5ηρ α5 ηηαιο θ1 ρε ραο1.

"Ἰρ cunjΔ ljom," Δρ ρέ, "ὁ ἡοὺ ρΔἰδ
Δη τ-Δὺ-ρΔη 1η-τΔῆ τΟμ."

Ամարսի Տեափարսի և Յիսայի
բնի և Կարտայի և Կարտե, ի և
Լուսի և Կարտայի և Կարտե և Կարտե
և Կարտայի և Կարտե և Կարտե
և Կարտայի և Կարտե և Կարտե
և Կարտայի և Կարտե և Կարտե

“Ելլո՞յձ ար լան,” ար լե՛ւ Տեճճաղձ,
 Դ՛ն ԲԱԼԺԺ ԲԱՂԼԵ ԵՐՈՂԷ ԵՐ Դ ԷՈՂ.

"Ո՜հ ծեւոյ-րձ է ըյն ճիւղ," ար Տեճճան-
 ան. ձէ Լարձօ Լե Բէյրութ:

“Օօ շարժայի,” ար ըն, ԷՅ ԲԱԼԼԵ
ԲԱԼԼԵ ԵՆԼ ԷՆԼ.

Օ՛րինչ Տեճաղած ար և Լեռ-Յնյոյ,
 Եւ իւշ ար օրծոյճ յօրը զի ան Լաօյճ 7
 Եւ ճայէ Եար ան Յ-Կարլեան է. Յի Տեճ-
 Կղած իօրիք ար ան Ե-Եաօծ քիւ իւլ ար
 Եճիյք ի՛նչ ճւմ Եալիան, 7 Եւ իւշ ար օր-
 Ծոյճ ար 7 Եւ ճայէ Եար ար արի՛ր է, 7 Եւ
 ինիք ան ճեար ինչ քի՛յ Կ-Կարլե.

"Չի դ-տեղիքս ձոյրն է?" ար Տեփան-
ակ լայր, չա ժամայու յ լատարի մի բլծ 7 աջ
բխարայից Ժե, "Շիւ իմարմայո՞ղ զա բաժայծ
7 ա ղաժարի?" "Կար," ար մի կաօ՛ւ, աջ
բրի՛ւ ե-հաշկա.

Seactmān jn a čjart ran to por
Seāžanac jnšjon aḡ nḡ 7 čuž lejr j zo
cajrlēān ḡa b-čatāc māp aḡ mājnjtear
arason zo ceanḡ bljātḡa ó'ḡ lā to ruarj
aḡ bullān vḡeac bār.

[illegible]

léi tuir ré irteac 7 do bátaó é.

Seacá lá in a d'iaid rann fuaire a bean é. Uí an t-rlaistín t'raoiteacáta in a uict aise; éóy-ríj 7 do buail é t'ri h-uair leíte. D'eiríy ré anhran ar an t-áin-geall in a raib ré; éuairé ré 30 h-uair an bhalláin dhic 7 do léim ré éair-rite éum c'inn 7 éum deirne t'ri h-uair. Leir rin d'eiríy anhor airte an fear ba deirne azur ba breááta do f'ubal anraín air féar no raicé. Éuadair a t-eríur a baile anhran 7 éairteadair an éur eile dá raóáal 3an buairéir 3an dhóan ar b'ic

Sin é mo rzeul-ra: in b-fuairar-ra dá in báir acé b'óta páiréir 7 bainghe reamair.

(Crisóe an dara rzeil.)

Mr. Gleeson, the Cork patriot's letter. Would there were more Gleesons in Ireland, if there were our Catholic population in America would be seventeen millions instead of seven.

Liorcaoirleán, baile-ghac-óta,

Condae Chorcaí,

Tac lá Fhuirne, 1893.

Cum fear eazair an 3aoáal.

ai 3aoi óil.

Ain deirneac an b'iaidáin 'tá a-noir éairt fuaire mé éiréne uirín do'n 3aoóal do'n iní deiré-ir 1892. ó duine iníirteairéa éirín. ná éur a ainm éuam leo. acé 'tá áinrair. orin eia h-é. Táim an-buicéac leir. iad do éur éuam, azur lea-ra mar an 3 ceurha, do mo leirir-rí do élóe-bualac. anhr an uirín céadha.

Le b'iaidáin nó éó, fuaire mé ó capad, anhor azur airir, uirín do "An 3aoáal," azur le éairbeáht buir-rí 30 b-fuail meair mór azam air, cuirín éuac leir an leirir-ro, éuá 3 r'illín, azur dá b'irín, airzead Sacrahaé, ro d'neir airzead na Stáitib Aloná, dailleur 7 ceáirnaia, [\$1.25]. Ain dailleur, éum an 3aoáal do éur éuam air fearó b'iaidáin, azur an éur ir báir, éum an 'poré' do éfol ar. Fanaim mo 3aoi óil.

Do Seiridreacé Uirail,

Tacó Ua 3iaráin

LORD THOMAS FITZGERALD.

(From *Gael's Melodies*).

Air—*Ribeard Ruadh*, Or, "Green Grows The Rushes O."

I sing a youth of noble soul—
The toast of faithful classes O,
A man, erstwhile, who took control,
Of warlike Galloglasses O:
And this was Tom. Fitzgerald O—
The son of Lord Fitzgerald O—
His love of clime to th' end of time,
May booming plaudits herald O!

To Ireland's cause his life was lent
Till martyrdom had crowned it O—
Hence fame his name doth represent
With glory's halo round it O:
And this was Tom. Fitzgerald O
Young, gallant Tom. Fitzgerald O—
His love of clime to th' end of time
May booming plaudits herald O!

His father to the tow'r was sent
On treacherous suspicion O,
And hence the Green Flag upward went
By the fearless son's decision O:
For this was Tom. Fitzgerald O
Young, gallant Tom. Fitzgerald O—
His love of clime to th' end of time
May booming plaudits herald O!

Intent his native Inisfail,
From bondage to deliver O,
The Saxon minions of the Pale,
He caused to quail and quiver O:
For this was Tom. Fitzgerald O
Young, gallant Tom. Fitzgerald O,
His love of clime to th' end of time
May booming plaudits herald O!

Eblana—stronghold of the foe—
Through the Liffey passes O,
By a well-concentrated blow
He sought to lay in ashes O:
For this was Tom. Fitzgerald O
Young, gallant Tom. Fitzgerald O,
His love of clime to th' end of time
May booming plaudits herald O!

In London Town he lost his head—
To die for Ireland fated O—
His uncles—five—there likewise bled
By bloody Henry hated O:
For these were all Fitzgerald O
Of the brilliant Clan Fitzgerald O—
Their love of clime to th' end of time
May booming plaudits herald O.

Now that Father O'Growney has had time to think up Gaelic matters since his appointment to the Celtic Chair in Maynooth College. it is hoped he will pay attention to a much needed want of Gaelic students, namely, a cheap Irish-English and English-Irish dictionary. By a little revision of Coney's, the omission of the scriptural references, and the use of small type, the cost of its reproduction would be small, and we think that the College would gain by it. Also, we think the College authorities should take steps to have the *Gaelic Journal* published weekly. Some such means must be resorted to to protect the Irish people all over the world. It is a crying shame to leave our children exposed to the taunts leveled at them, and they believe them to be true because of our apathy.

O'Curry's Lectures.

ON THE
MANUSCRIPT MATERIAL OF ANCIENT IRISH HISTORY.

LECTURE VII.

[Delivered July 3, 1856.]

This last part of the Annals was evidently intended to be a history; but it is clear that the first, perhaps for the reason I have just stated, was not intended to be anything more than a skeleton, to be at some future time clothed with flesh and blood from the large stock of materials which might still remain, and which in fact has remained to the Successors of the Four Masters; and the exact value of these materials in reference to a complete history will be seen when, in a future lecture, we come to deal with the historical tales and other detailed compositions containing the minute occurrences of life, and the lesser and more unimportant but still most interesting facts of history in the early ages of the country.

You have already heard, in the quotations from Dr. O'Connor, the opinions of the learned but sceptical Pinkerton, on the antiquity of our monarchy and the general authenticity of our history; let me now read you the opinion of another Scotchman, in no way inferior to him in general literary knowledge, profound research, and accurate discrimination. I mean Sir James Mackintosh, who, having become acquainted with the character of these Annals from Dr. O'Connor's very inaccurate Latin translation of the early part of them down to 1170, accords his favorable opinion of them in the following words:—

"The Chronicles of Ireland, written in the Irish language from the second century to the landing of Henry Plantagenet, have been recently published with the fullest evidence of their genuineness. The Irish nation, though they are robbed of their legends by this authentic publication, are yet by it enabled to boast that they possess genuine history several centuries more ancient than any other European nation possesses in its present spoken language. They have exchanged their legendary antiquity for historical fame. Indeed no other nation possesses any monument of literature in its present spoken language, which goes back within several centuries of these Chronicles".—*History of England*, vol. i., chap. 2.

Moore, who was less profound as an historian, and, consequently, more sceptical, remarks on this passage,—“With the exception of the mistake in to which Sir Jas. Mackintosh has here, rather unaccountably, been led, in supposing that, among the written Irish Chronicles which have come down to us, there are any so early as the second century, the tribute paid by him to the authenticity and historical importance of these documents appears to me in the highest degree deserved, and comes with more authority from a writer, whose command over the wide domain of history enabled him fully to appreciate any genuine addition to it”—*History of Ireland*, vol. i., p. 168.

The poet, however, lived to doubt his own competence to offer such a criticism on the chronicles of his native country. The first volume of his history was published in the year 1835, and in the year 1839, during one of his last visits to the land

of his birth, he, in company with his old friend, Dr. Petrie, favoured me with quite an unexpected visit at the Royal Irish Academy, then in Grafton Street. I was at that time employed on the ordnance survey of Ireland; and, at the time of his visit, happened to have before me, on my desk, the Books of Ballymote and Lecain, the *Leabhar Breac*, the Annals of the Four Masters, and many other ancient books, for historical research and reference. I had never before seen Moore, and after a brief introduction and explanation of the nature of my occupation, by Dr. Petrie, and seeing the formidable array of so many dark and time-worn volumes by which I was surrounded, he looked a little disconcerted, but after a while plucked up courage to open the Book of Ballymote, and ask what it was. Dr. Petrie and myself then entered into a short explanation of the history and character of the books then present, as well as ancient Gaelic documents in general. Moore listened with great attention, alternately scanning the books and myself; and then asked me, in a serious tone, if I understood them, and how I learned to do so. Having satisfied him on these points, he turned to Dr. Petrie, and said: “Petrie, these huge tomes could not have been written by fools or for any foolish purpose. I never knew anything about them before, and I had no right to have undertaken the History of Ireland.” Three volumes of his history had been before this time published, and it is quite possible that it was the new light which appeared to have broken in upon him on this occasion, that had him from putting his fourth and last volume to press until after several years; it is believed he was only compelled to do so at last by his publishers in 1846.

I may be permitted here to observe that what Sir James Mackintosh and other great writers speak of so lightly, as the “legendary” history of Ireland, is capable of authentic elucidation to an extent far beyond what they believed or supposed them to be, as would both please and satisfy that distinguished writer and philosopher himself, as well as all other candid investigators.

Of the Annals of the Four Masters, no perfect copy of the autograph is now known to exist, tho’ the parts of them, so strangely scattered in different localities throughout Europe, would make one perfect copy, and another nearly perfect.

To begin at home, the Royal Irish Academy holds, among its other treasures of ancient Irish literature, a perfect original—I might say, the original—autograph copy of the Second Part of these Annals, from the year 1170, imperfect, to the year 1616.

The library of Trinity College, Dublin, also contains a part of an autograph copy, beginning with the year 1335, and ending with the year 1603.

Of the part preceding 1171, there are also two different copies in existence, but unfortunately beyond the reach of collation or useful examination. Of these, one—which, a few years ago, and for some years previously, belonged to the great library of the Duke of Buckingham at Stowe—has passed by sale into the collection of Lord Ashburnham, where, with the other Irish manuscripts that accompanied it, it is very safely preserved from examination, lest an actual acquaintance with their contents should, in the opinion of the very noble-minded owner, decrease their value as mere matters of curiosity at some future transfer or sale.

How unfortunate and fatal that this volume, as

well as the other Irish manuscripts which accompany it, and the most part of which were but lent to the Stowe library, should have passed from the inaccessible shelves of that once princely establishment into another asylum equally secure and unapproachable to any scholar of the "mere Irish"!

At the time of the advertised sale of the Stowe library, in 1849, the British Museum made every effort to become the purchasers, with the consent and support of the Treasury, through Sir Robert Peel; but the trustees delayed so long on determining what should be done, that the sale took place privately, and the whole collection was carried off and incarcerated in a mansion some seventy miles from London.

The late Sir Robert Inglis and Lord Brougham were, I believe, most anxious to have this collection deposited in the British Museum; but Mr. (now Lord) Macaulay, the Essayist, having been among the Museum Trustees who examined it, declared that he saw nothing in the whole worth purchasing for the Museum, but the correspondence of Lord Melville, a Scotch, nobleman, on the American war!

The second original copy of this first part is, but owing only to its distance from us, as inaccessible as the one in Ashburnham House. It is in the Irish College of St. Isadore in Rome. The discovery of this volume there, and of the important collection of manuscripts, Gaedhlic and Latin, of which it forms a part, was made by the late learned and lamented Dean Lyons, of Belmullet, in the County of Mayo, in the years 1842 and 1843. This learned priest, having occasion to spend some considerable part of those years in Rome, was requested at his departure, by some friends of Irish literature in Dublin, to examine, should time permit him, the great literary repositories of the Eternal City, and to bring, or send home, tracings of any ancient Gaedhlic manuscripts which he might have the goodfortune to light upon. He accordingly, on the 1st of June, 1842, wrote home a letter to the Rev. Dr. Todd and to Dr. O'Donovan apprising them that he had discovered, in the College of St. Isadore, several ancient Gaedhlic and Latin manuscripts, which formerly belonged to Ireland and to Irishmen; and on the 1st of July in the ensuing year of 1843, he addressed a letter to the same parties on the same subject. These letters contained accurate descriptions of the condition and extent of the Gaedhlic MSS., together with tracings from their contents, sufficient to enable me to identify the chief part of them.

Among these MSS. at St. Isadore's, there was found an autograph of the first part of the Annals of the Four Masters, coming down to the year 1169, with the "Approbations" and all the prefatory matter. This is the only autograph of the first part now known, save that formerly at Stowe; and both being inaccessible at the time of the publication of the whole work a few years ago, the learned and able editor, Dr. O'Donovan, was obliged to use Dr. O'Conor's inaccurate version, only correcting it by modern copies here, as may be seen in his introduction.

The novel and important discovery of this collection excited so great a degree of interest in Dublin at the time, that a subscription for their purchase, should it be found practicable, was freely and warmly talked of.

Upon the return of Dr. Lyons to Ireland, Dr. Todd opened a correspondence with him as to his

views of the possibility of the authorities in Rome consenting to the sale of these MSS. Dr. Lyons's answer was encouraging, and in order to prepare him for bringing the matter before the proper parties, he requested that I should draw up a short paper upon their contents, the importance of having them here at home, and the intrinsic value of the whole according to the rate at which Gaedhlic manuscripts were estimated and sold in Dublin at the time.

This paper, or letter, was transmitted to Rome at the time by Dr. Lyons; but his own lamented death occurring shortly after, the correspondence through that channel was interrupted, and the fame having set in about the same time, the spirit of the country was checked, objects of more immediate importance pressed themselves on the minds of men and the subject was forgotten for a time. There are, however, in Dublin a few patriotic men, who, within the last two years, have offered a handsome sum of money from their private purses for those manuscripts for public purposes; but they seem not to have been able to convey their proposal through an eligible channel, and so no satisfactory result has followed their laudable endeavours.

I may perhaps be pardoned for adding here, that the short catalogue of the St. Isadore manuscripts which I drew up for Dean Lyons, and which he transmitted to Rome, was subsequently published without acknowledgment, by the Rev. J. Donovan in the third volume of his "Ancient and Modern Rome."

To resume. It will be remembered that in Michael O'Clery's address to Fergal O'Gara he pays him, along with many others, the following compliment:—

"For every good that will result from this book in giving light to the people in general, it is to you that thanks should be given, there should exist no wonder or surprise, jealousy, or envy at any good that you do, for you are of the race of Eber Mac Mileadh", etc., etc.

On this passage the editor, Dr. Donovan, comments unnecessarily, I think, in the following words,—

"If O'Donnell were in the country at the time, he ought to have felt great envy and jealousy that the Four Masters should have committed this work which treats of the O'Donnells more than of any family, to the world under the name and patronage of any of the rival race of Oilioll Olum, much less to so petty a chieftain of that race as O'Gara. This will appear from the Contention of the Bards."

Nothing, however, appears more obvious from the Contention of the Bards, than (as I have already shown and as is proved by *Ann-uain* Mac Aghan's acknowledgment) that the northern Bards were worsted in the contest; and nothing has been put forward to show O'Donnell's superior claims to the patronage of a historical work, but that his own family figures more conspicuously in it than any other of the nation. This argument, however, on inquiry, will scarcely be found to hold good, and before I pass on it may perhaps be worth while to answer it at once by referring to some few statistics of family names occurring in these Annals.

(To be continued)

Will the reader please be particular in explaining the quotation from Archbishop Trench to Irish patriots, and to see how they will feel!

(Our Maynooth young friend's letter)

Արտրոյի Ուայի Քաթրայք,
Պաճ Քառձաւ,

Այլ թէրեւ լա քէյո Ե ՅիյոնԴայր, '93.

Ձ Տիւայ Արալ.

Եւ թէ անոյր թաճտիայի օ քաճի մէ
Ար Տաճալ. Եր մօր է մօ Եսթեաճար
օրէ Զօ Եայիյի, Եճ քարաօրի ոյ էյ իյոյ
Եար մայէ Ե Եսր Եր իւրի Տիւայիլէ
Զօ քօյլլ ղա Եր Եսթեաճար իյի Ե քօյլլ-
իյիլ Եճ Եր մօ իյիյի.

Եսթ մօր Եր քէյր Ե Եյ Եյ մօ Եայր-
Եյ Եր Եր Ե-քայթար իւ 7 Եր ղա Եճ-
Եար իյի, Եայաօյո Ե Եսր Ել Եսթ Եր
իոյ Եյ յ Եայի Եր թաճ ղա Եիւճալ.

Եւ իւլ Եսր միյիյի Եայիյի Զօ Ե-քայլ
Եր լա Եիյալ Եր քէյոյր իւր Եր Ե-Եր-
Եայիյի Ե քայթար Տաճալէ Ե իւթեաճ
Եօ Եայիյի Ե էյի Եսր Ե մ-Եայթ Տա-
Եարլա 'իյի Ե քօյլլիյի Եր իւթ, մար Եր
Եիւայիյի Եր Եր.

Եալա Զօ քիյիյիյի Եճ,

Ա. Օ'Ե.

Եիւյ Ձ. Ե. Օ'Լօճայի,

Եար Եայի Եր Տիւայիլ.

Another Cork patriot.

Տիւայիյի, Ե. Օրիւայի,
22իւ Եճ Եճ Տիւայի, 1893.

Ձ Տիւայ Օյլ,

Եւ Եայլ օրի ղա մայթիյի Եօյ Եայթ
Եօ իւրթալիլ Եճ Եր քաճի Եր Եօ
Եայի Եօ քաճար թէ ոյ թաճ Ե թաճ-
իյիյի օ քօյի 7 Եճ Տաճալ Եսթեաճար
Եալ Ե Եօ Եր Եայիլ. Եճ Եր Եօ Եայի-
իյի թաճ Ե-իւիյի. Եօ Եայթար մի ղա ի-
Օճալ Ե Եայլ; Եսր իյոյ Եճ-Եայթ մէ
քէյի Եիւ Տիւայիլ Զօ Եօ Եր Ե-թաճ-
իյիյի Եօ.

Եօ Եսթար Եր քայթար Եիւ Եիւ Եայթ
Եայթեալ Ե Տ-Եարիյի Ե իւլ Եր Զօ
քայթար թէ ղա Եիւ լալ Ե Եայթ
Եթ' օԵր լաճալիլ.

Աճ Եր Տիւայիլ մալ Եիւ մօ Եիւեալ
Եար քայթ, Եսր Եճ Եայթ Եսթեաճ-
Եր Եիւ Եալա,

Զօ իւ քայթար,

Բ. Օ'Տալալ.

Mr McCarthy, Cairo, says the following is his first attempt at writing Gaelic.

Եայր, իւր., Եր Եիւիլ Ել
մի ղա քէյի Եիւիլ, '93.

Ա. Ե. Օ'Լօճայի;

Ձ Տիւայ Օյլ.

Եսթիւ Եսթ Եր Եր իւր Եօ
Եիւ Եօլլի Եայթ Եր "Տաճալ," 7
մա Եւ Եսթ Եսթ օրի իյիյի Եայթ Եսթ
Եսթիլ մէ Եսթ է. Ասր Զօ Եսթ
Եիւ իւիյի Եսթ քաճալ քաճ Եսթ
քէյի, Եօ Եսթ Եսթ Եօ քայթար Եօ-
Եայիլ, իւ է Տիւայ Եօ Եայթ Եսթիլ,

Եօլլիլ Այալ Եար

We hardly know a dozen who could write so well twelve years ago—Ed].

Եայրիւյի Եայթ Ե Եսթալէ,

Ե Եիւիլ Ե Եիւիլ.

Եւ քէյեալ Եայթ Ե Եսթ մէ միլա

Ա իւթեալ Եայթ Եսթ

Ար թալ Եայթ Եիւ Ե' քալ,

Ա' Եալ մօ իյիյի

Եիւ քէյի իյոյ իյիյի քօլ

'Տալ Եայթ Տալ իյի.

Աճ Եր Եսթար մէ Եիւիլ մալ,

Ար Եր քալ Եր լալ 'ի Եայթ,

Ար քալ քայթար մէ

Ար Տալ Ե Եայթ

Ար իւթար իւ Եիւ իյոյ Ե Ե-Եիւ.

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As the Gael was ready to go to press our old (though young in years) friend, Mr T Lyons, Jersey City, paid us a friendly visit, and, before he left, paid his usual substantial subscription, and also, to have the Gael sent for a year to his old instructor in the rudiments of Gaelic literature, Mr. Luke Comer, Stonetown N. School, Glennamaddy, Co. Galway. Mr. Lyons, like his brother J J, of Philadelphia, is a good Gaelic writer. We hope others will follow Mr Lyons's example. Irishmen have in THE GAEL the opportunity of their lives to place themselves in their proper light before the world. The cost individually is light, and we promise them if they render it that we will not let their social bone go with the dogs—we have the proof and the back-bone to use it—sparing none and afraid of none in its pursuance.

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So luibhó agh úir so h'éadortom agh
ó'uáil!

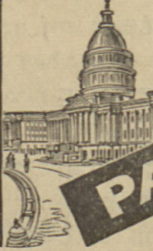
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