

1889.

Ո՞րքա շնորհակալ եմ քեզ հանդէպ,
 որ ինչպէս միշտ, այնպէս նախ
 կ'ընենք զքեզ հետ յայնչեղ
 օրերս։

SECND BOOK,

Exercise I. v.

v broad sounds like w in wool, as
dur, (woor), your. Between two short
broad vowels it is sounded softly, much
like w in power, as 3abap [gower],
goat.

If the broad vowel preceding or fol-
lowing v, be long, it gets the sound ei-
ther of w or v. In Munster v is more
generally heard.

v slender sounds exactly like v, as
bv, vee, was. When final, v is usually
sounded v, as 3avb, rough, pronounced
gorv.

pronunciation.

43ab, at, or with, you,	augiv.
bv, was,	vee.
dur, your,	woor.
vub, black,	dhuv.
rfor-buan, steadfast,	feerwoon
3abap, a goat,	gowar,
buan, lasting,	boo-un.
capa, capa, a friend, kor-ah,	koradh.
3avb, rough,	gorv.
leabap, a book,	lhowur.
leavb, a child,	lhanuv.
lvb, with you,	liv.
rjb, you, ye,	shiv.
capb, bull.	thoruv.
rfor, true,	feer.

1 21n 3abap. 2 capb vub. 3 bv rjb
3avb. 4 bv ré vub. 5 bv an 3abap vub.
6 bv leabap 43ab. 7 ca an leabap 43-
ab. 8 dur leavb. 9 capa rfor-buan.
10 bv 3abap 43ab.

1 The goat. 2 a black bull. 3 ye
were rough. 4 he was black. 5 the
goat was black. 6 you had a book.
7 you have a book. 8 your child. 9
a steadfast friend. 10 you had a goat.

21N 2-JOLR21C 43ur an 3213e210.

(The Eagle and the Arrow.)

Vocabulary.

cloj3ean, head, kluigun.

clúmaç, feathers,	kloo-augh.
çonçajnc, did see,	chon.irk.
3éjre, com. of 3eur, sharp,	gay-re.
3nj3eamap, we make,	knee-mur.
1ap3an, groans of dying,	eergun.
1apraçt. aim, attempt,	eerucht.
jompuj3. to turn,	umpy.
1olpac, 1olar, eagle,	ulraugh.
lan, gen. pl. weapons,	lhann.
lotçta, wounds,	lhotha.
raj3eac, arrow, dart, etc.,	sigh-udh.
raj3eacójr, bowman,	sigh.dhoughir

Do tu3 Saj3eacójr 1apraçt ajr 1olpac
43ur buaj an a çrojçe e. 21ap 1 ç'
jompuj3 an 2-1olpac a cloj3ean 1 n-1ar-
3an báj, çonçajnc ré 3o pac r3jaççaj
ç'a clúmaç réjre ajr an Saj3eac. "Kac
3éjre 3o mór," a çejr ré, "lotçta na
lan a 3nj3eamap réjre!"

A Bowman took aim at an Eagle
and hit him in the heart. As the Ea-
gle turned his head in the agonies of
death, he saw that the arrow was win-
ged with his own feathers. "How much
more sharper," said he, "are the
wounds made by weapons which we
ourselves have supplied!"

The moral of this Fable comes home
directly to those Irishmen who supply
England with, and use, the weapon to
destroy their own Nationality. The I-
rishman who does nothing to preserve
his language, the life-blood of the Na-
tion, is a deeper-dyed traitor to his
country than a Corridon or a Car
The Careys would sacrifice a few indi-
vidual lives to secure their personal
freedom: he sacrifices the life of his
nation. This comes hard on our "pro-
minent Irish Nationalists" [?], but let
them, if they can, controvert the tru-
ism emphasized in the agonies of death
by the noble subject of the Fable!

In view of the fact that the Irish
leaders are smart, intelligent men,
their neglect of the foundation of their
nationality, their language, seems to
put them on a par with the ordinary
politician—self-seeking.

[illegible]

Եւ չեալ շայն ճի տրեւոյն թի յի-
մեծայն ճի բօշմայն, ճար զօրն յայն
ճայլ ճի բարեւ ճորն ճ խոյրճեւ, թի բե-
ճ' թօլնճ ճ ճ ճեւն 7 ճ յիւն ճ-
մայն, ճ յօրն ճ բօրն ճ ճեւն
ճեւն ճ ճ ճեւնճեւն ճ ճեւն
ճեւն ճեւն. թի ճ ճեւն---ճարն
ճայն ճեւն ճ ճ ճարն---բար-
ն ճ ճ ճարն ճեւն ճ ճ; ճար
ճ ճեւն ճ ճ ճեւն ճ ճեւն ճ ճ
ճեւն ճ ճ ճ ճ ճարն.

Ծօ Բ՛ ճի ճաօրեաճ, յի ճիլբեաճ լե դ-
 Կ իյաճ քէյի ճչսր ՅիսօԲԵԱ ճր Բալե օ
 իյալօյի ճչ քեալճալքեաճ ճի ճարի-քյալօ
 Կ քեարչ յա քլեյԲԵաԾ քրաօլճ. Ձլսր
 ճիօյր ճլլ ճի ճաօլԲ ճալ Ծե ճարլեան
 Ձիլլ Յաիյա, ճլօյրքեա ճլաօԾ քեար ճի
 ճաԾալլ ճչսր ճԾարլ յա քեալճալքիԾ ճչ
 Եաճճ Կ Բալե Յեար քյօլա լե յեաԿա ճի
 ճարլեան ճչ քեյԵաԾ ճլլ Կ յրաճԿլլ-
 Եօլլ, ճչսր յ յ-ճեալի ճաիյալլ, քեալլԵԱ
 ճիյաճ ճլչ քրլօրաԾ յա ի-օլԾԵ, քյլլԲալ քյ
 Յօ քեաճրանյաճ յ քօլսր օլլրա յա յեալալլլե.
 ճչսր ճլլ ի-ժսլ Կքեարյա ճի քէյլ ԲլաճԵ
 քյօր Ծօ'ի ճլեալի ճլլլի, քյլԾ քյ քյօր Յօ
 յեալիքլլքեալիյալ ճչ ճի ԿօԲալ.

Le cumar ȝa h-ojōce ȝaomta cjujne
rājine, oūpreaō jhete rinuajhte ajr an
am ȝeaiajcthōjce ȝeañ-hocēuajce le
teaēt, aȝur ȝah f̃jor oȝ f̃ējñ, to labajr
rj amjaē jatō.

“Օո՛հ ձևւոյն ք շնոր մօ յնձեւը,” ժօշ-
Այր լք, “Աջւր օօ հ-Այեթելէշէ՛հ հ-ձիլիեաժէ
Օ՛հ սյրջե շւտօհ լօ, սալլ. Ձիօյր շձ
մօ շնոր քէյն օ՛հ հ-Այեթելէշեաժ, աժ շլձ

Աղ քճյ՞? Այսր քսւճող աղ յեւաճ
 շյող աղսար չաղ աճրսճած քօր. Օ! տճ
 ծ-քսլիմի՛ր յարճւող չօ քօլ!”

“Ա յոյժոյ,” ծածալտ շտ՛ւ Լճիյ լէյժե,
 “Ծո լռչած է՛ս Լե ծէյ բօրալծ, ԲՅՄ շի՛
 ԼԵԼԵ ԲՅՈՂ ԴՂ Ե-ԲԲՈՐԱԿԵԺԵՐ ԲՂ Դ ՕՃԵՂ-
 ԺԾ ԲԵՄԻՂԱՐ ԴԾ ԼԵՄԻՂԱՐ.”

Do léim an iníon ruar na rearm.
 Aisur d' fheicfís le purais ríartha an
 an tuine oirdioineac do b' or a coirne.
 "O!" glaois fí, "is tura ceann de na
 Chriortuicéid fuaicte. Nac fearac é
 zup b'ar do b'ol má fadéar anro é?"

"Դր քարա՞ծ մե րի, և յո՞յժոյ," Ծ'Բրեա-
ջայր րե. "Ա՛լժ ԾՈ ճՈՅ ԵՐ ՏԼճԻՅԻՇԵՅՈՅ
ԵՐ յԱՌՈՅՐ ԾԱՅԻՇԱ ԵՐ ԲԵՂ ԵՅՐ Ե ԲՅՐ
ՁԻՅԵ ՅՈ յԾԵՒԲՅՈՅ ԵՐ ԵՐԵՒԵՐ ԲՅԼԵԱԾ
ՇԵ ; ԵՅՐ ԵԱԾ ԵՅՅԵ Ե Ծ 'ԵՅՅԱԼ ԼՅՈՅԻ
ՊՈ ԾԵԱԾ ԲՅԱՐԱԾ Ե ԵՐ Ե Յ-ԵՐԵՒԵՐԵՐ,
ԾԱ Ծ-ԲԵՐԵՐԵՐԵՐ ԵՐ ԵՐ ԵՐ ԵՐ ԵՐ ԵՐ
ԾԱԾԵՐ ԵՐ ԵՐԵՒԵՐ ԵՐ ԲԱՅԱՆԵՐԵՐ ?"

Աղորդի, բայց չափի տարեւած դա
շտաւայե, յ Ծառոյն սրբե շօտարայ զի Ե-
րան-տօայր, ոյնի ետեւ ճանորս ար
Տէնայի շօրս, զոր և ծար Եր-նի յօմեւ
և ճարտարաւոր Ծառոյն Ծառայր դա հ-նի
Բաշարայե.

“Օ, ի՛յ քեւո՛ւայմ ծեյժ ա՛յ թրժե՛սէ՛ս
լե՛ստ,” 4 ծիւր ի՛յ ամա՛ծ, “ ա՛սւր տ՛ւ յ
նա՛օձալ նա՛յր չա՛ծ սլե ի՛նձմե՛ստ։

Ի՛յ ի՛նքե՛ւայմ 4 ի՛-ծեյնիւր ի՛յոմ, յի՛ծ Յօ Յ-ժոռի-
ւի՛ճեան ի՛նչ չա՛ծ սլե ի՛նքիւր ծե՛մ ի՛նքի՛ծ։

Ձի՛ժ ի՛նձնա՛լա՛տ տ՛ւ մա՛յ քե՛ւոյն ի՛յոմ թ-
լե՛սն ի՛նչ։”

Տօ չէլլ աղ բօղոսիցե օճ, օրի շուա-
ւո՛ր ըն չլօր դա Լուճա բըլջե այժ տօճ
Ա ծայր այժ Բրբրօճ Ելլիյր դա Կ-օրծօ.

Ծո ճրծորայ՝ Բժօլա ամալլ Եաճար ըլլ
 Է Յօ րեաղ-Ծօճայ 1 ԼէյՅ, Բօլայճե ԷյՅ Դա
 ԸարրԱյճեճայ Էճար Դա րճեճայ Ծօ Եճ 1
 Ծ-ԵլլԵյճօլլ Էլլ.

“Լէյ յօ ռջի՛ ձորո, ձ քանայի,”
 Ըր ձ Եիօն. “Ոյ էյ Եոյ էն ճապր
 Յօ քարձօ յօր քան ձոր; քանձ ձ
 Ե-բէժ յ’ քարձօ օր ձ քօլձար ճի
 ձորո յօ ձ-քանայի յի ձր ձր էւյ
 յօ Եիյի քի.”

Տօ ԼԵՃ ԱՆ ԴԱՃԱՐԵ Ա ԼԱՆՅԱ ԱՅՐ Ա
ՇԵՂՊ, ՇՐՈՄ ՐԴ ԲԱՕԻ ԵԱՊՊԱԵՒ ԱՆ ՇՐԽՐ-
ԵՄԹԵ, ԱՅՐ ԾՈՊԵՅՅ ՐԴ ՇՈՄ ԲՅՍԴԱՅԼ.

Տեւելիչ րեաճողայն շարք, ասոր իյ

[illegible]

Շա Բ-բայլ աղ Բրայր, դո աղ ՇԵԱՐԺԱՅԵ
 Ա Ծ-ԵՂՅ ԵՅՐ ԲԵԵԵՅՈՒՆ Ո՞՞ ՇԻՔԻՆԵ ԱՅՐ ՊԵԱԾ-
 ԱՂ ԼԱԵ Ա ԾԱԵՒՅԱԾ Ո՞՞ ՁԻՂԻ ՐԻՂ ԵԱԾ Բ-ԲԱՅԼ
 ԱՂ ԾԱՊՆԵ Ա Ծ-ԵՂՅ ԵՅՐ ԿՈՄԻՂԱՐԵԱԾ ԱՂ Ե-
 ՏԼԱՊԱՅԺԵՕՐԱ ԱՅՐ ԱՂ ԼԱ ՐԵՕ ԸՄԱԾ. Ո՞՞
 ԾԵՅՐ ՆԱՕԻՂ ԼՈՒՇԱՐ ԱԵՏ ՅՕ ԼԱՅ ՔԱՕՂ ԱՂ
 ԱՅՐ Ա ԾԵՅՐ ՐԵ, "ԾԵՅԾ ԸՄԻՂԱԾՈ ԱՂ Բ-
 ՔԼԱՅԵՐ ԱԾՐԱՅԺԵ. ԱՅԱՐ ԱՂՂ ՐԻՂ ՔԵՅԸ-
 ՔԵԱՐ ՁԻՂԵ ԱՂ ԾԱՊՆԵ Ա ԵԱԵՏ ԱՂՂԱ ՐՔԵՅՐ
 ՂՂ Ա ՊՕՐԸՄԻՂԱԾՈ ԱՅԱՐ Ո՞՞ՅԱՄԼԱԾ." Ո՞՞
 ԵՂՅ ԼԵ ԵՂՊՊԵԱԾ ՔԱՕՅԼԵԱ ՂՊՂՐՂ ԵՂԱ 'Ղ Ե-
 ԱՂԱ Ա Ծ-ԵՂՕԲԱՅԾ ԼԱ ԱՂ ԲՐԵՅԺԵԱՄՂԱՅՐ
 ՅԵՊԵԱՐԼԱԵ. Ո՞՞Ն ԲՅՕՐ ԱՅ ԱՂ ԱՂՅԵԱԼ
 ՂՐ ԱՂԾԵ ՂՂ ՂԱ ՔԼԱՅԵՐ ԱՂ ; ԵՂ 'Ղ ՐԱՂ
 ՐԵՕ ԱՊԵԱՐՅ ՂԱ ՂՅԾԵԾ ԱԵԱ Բ-ՔՕԼԱԾ ՂՂ
 ՂԵԵՂՂ ՔԵՂ. ՂՐ ՅՂՅՈՂ Ե Ա ԾԵՊՔԱՐ ԸՄԻՂ-
 ԱԾՈ ՁԻ ԵՂՐ ՔԵՂ, ԱՅԱՐ ՂՔ ԵՂՅ ԼԵ ԵՐԵԱԾԱՐ
 ԱՂ ԲԵՏ ՂԵԵՂՂ ԾԵ Ա ՊՕԵԾԱԾ.

Լե ծել՝ ձր ԼԵՂԴՈՒՅԻՆՏ.

VOCABULARY.

abbess, βασιλ.
 advertisement, ὀρεδζαό.
 arch, σεληήριουθ.
 armor, σετθερι.
 association, σεοήτα.
 assembly, κλή.
 attack, ἀτήρι.
 aunt, ἀτη.
 aunt, by the father, ἀτάριος.
 aunt, by the mother, μητέρις.
 bachelor, εἰσδαί.
 bathing, ὀρηα.
 banker, σεβυρα.
 banquet, σερι.
 bark, of a tree, σε.
 battalion, σετα.
 beetle, an insect, σεραδαί.
 belt, σετα.
 bigotry, σεριμα.
 blister, σεταί.
 boarder, σεταλαί.
 bond, σερι.
 brazier, υήαοόρι, σερι-υήα.
 brewer, σεβρεο.
 Briton, εἰραήοις.
 broachpin, σερα.
 brook, ατα.
 buffoonery, σελορι.
 butcher, βροταρι.
 buzzard, σεαί.

cap, calla.
 captain of a ship, caparóin,
 carcase, capud, conáblaé.
 carriage, carud, caráirde, carbad.
 cart, cap.
 carver, caoistualac.
 cathedral-church, ceall-poré.
 cell, capud.
 celebration, cluáda.
 challenge, capteat.
 change, caocla.
 cheat, caláoir.
 chemise, capm.
 chessboard, ceáncaoir.

We shall go through the dictionary and pick out all the words that are not in common use and print them, so that the readers of 217 54021 will be able to give the Irish of all the words asked of them. This is worth a \$.

MISTRANSLATED IRISH NAMES.

London *Truth* has recently published a very interesting article about the way Irish and Scotch Gaelic names get mistranslated. The editor of *Truth* asked a Celtic savant how it came to pass that the Irish, who were not remarkable for scriptural reading, had so many scripture names among them, and above all, how they came to have so many Jerries and Jeremiahs. The Celtic savant said; "They are not Jeremiahs at all, they are Diarmuids or Dermots, called after the famous Diarmuid O'Duibhne, from whom half the families in Ireland and Scotland are supposed to be descended. But the 'slender D' of the Irish Grammarians—i. e. the 'D' before e or i—being sounded something like 'J,' Diarmuid has come to be considered the Irish for Jeremiah, and always so 'translated.'"

These so-called translations are as numerous as they are absurd in both the Gaelic-speaking countries. In Ireland "Domhnall" is invariably translated "Daniel", though in Scotland he usually is content to Anglicize himself "Donald." But on the other hand, the Scotch translate "Angus" into "Æneas," and "Eachan" (genitive Eachain) into "Hector." See Walter Scott who makes "Bas air son Eachain," into "Death for the sake of Hector." So "Alister" from the most ancient times has been "translated" "Alexander," which, corrupted to "Sandy and Saunders," has given a nick name to the whole Scotch race. "Una" (pron. Uona), which, in spite of its Latin look, is a genuine old Irish name, is now invariably translated "Winey" and "Winifred." "Sile" (pronounced Sheela) is

turned into "Julia and Judy." "Conor" as a Christian name, is always translated "Correlina." But the funniest translation is that of O'Sewell, who (from some fancied connection with the Irish verb siubhal, to walk) now calls himself Walker. These translations have arisen partly from ignorance, partly from snobbery, and the desire to appear English, partly from the difficulty of getting a Gaelic name pronounced by the Saxon, and partly from the desire of Catholic priests (not often Gaelic scholars or antiquarians) to place the child brought to them for baptism under the protection of some recognized saint. When the Irish-speaking god parent suggests "Domhnall," or "Diarmuid" or "Una," the priest translates the name into Daniel, Jeremiah, or Winifred, as the case may be.

So long as the practice of translation is confined to Christian names it does not much matter, but when O'Mulligan (O'Maolagain), translates himself, as he does very frequently, into Baldwin, because Maol means bald, he obviously lays a very dangerous trap for the after coming ethnologist, who will certainly take this shame-faced Gael for a bluff Saxon. O'Mulligan, however, generally speaking makes a Frenchman of himself, as Molyneux. O'Birn and O'Brian of Roscommon and Wicklow, once content to misspell themselves as O'Beirne and O'Byrne, respectively, have now a great fancy for calling themselves Biron and Byron, and sometimes De Byron, and desire to be thought of Norman origin. Nearly all the O'Darceys, and McDarceys of Connaught, who used to be humbly anglicized Darkey (for the Gaelic c is hard), now have assumed the name and arms of D'Arcy from the well-known Meath family of that name whose Norman origin is undoubted. MacMullen, by the way, does not seem to know when to stop. He can not let his name alone. I remember when he modestly anglicized himself Mullins. Now he is Desmoulin or Moleyne, God forgive him.—Chicago Citizen.

JUBILEE ODE.

Some wag sent us the following stanzas and dared us publish them,—We do—with a tail! —

God grant a people's tribute prayer!	G
Each grateful heart whose homage rare	e
Rises to thy throne of grace,	r
Midst anthem'd joy that fills all space,	m
And swells the glorious jubilee,	a
Now ringing through all lands to thee.	n
Praise to Victoria, Empress, Queen,	P
As mother to great nations been,	a
Universal love thus shown	u
Pervades all hearts from hut to throne,	p
Each suppliant knee, each trembling voice,	e
Reflects from Earth to Heaven its choice.	r

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Poland—Ireland.

| The electric wires wafted the news across the Atlantic a few weeks ago that the Pope had acceded to the czar's request of adopting the Russian language in the Church services (excepting the liturgy) in Russian Poland. Why did the czar make this request? To destroy the Polish language and, therewith, Polish nationality! Why did the pope accede to the request? To conciliate the czar, and because, probably, he expects to bring the Russian Catholics to acknowledge his spiritual supremacy.

The nationality of a few million Poles would count as nought with His Holiness compared with the expectation of winning back to the Church the 80 millions of Greek Catholics who are separated from him by a very frail fence.

Irishmen err egregiously if they suppose that the pope would think more of the four million Irish Catholics than he would of the thirty millions prospective English Catholics.

Were an Irishman in the pope's shoes and that he could separate his Irish national sentiments from his office as the visible head of the Christian world, he would do just as Leo XIII. is doing, and it would be his duty to do

so. The Poles should be as dear to the Pope as the Irish, and no doubt they are. In lending his aid to the czar to undermine their nationality he sees a possible point of vantage to the Church.—And so with the Irish.

Possibly the pope reasons thus:—
“When the English Catholics are satisfied with English rule, what tangible objection can the Irish Catholics, who use the English language, and who have conformed to English manners, have to it?”

Do Irishmen bestow a passing thought on the czar's actions in relation to his efforts to destroy the nationality of a people similarly circumstanced as they are themselves? Then can Irishmen expect of others what they don't yield themselves? If Irishmen desire to preserve their nationality they must go to work and do it.

In regard to the language, the same condition of things exists in Ireland today as that which the czar seeks to establish in Poland.

What should the Poles do, think you, to counteract the action of the czar? Should they not combine to preserve their language? When banished from the public schools by the czar, should they not establish private schools to teach it? Should not every Polish editor continue to publish his paper in the national language? and should not every patriotic pole patronize such papers in preference to those published in the Russian language? In short, should not all patriotic Polanders unite to frustrate the czar's designs?

Hence, dear reader, what could be thought of the Polish editor who would refuse to print a word of his native language in his paper? and what could be thought of the Pole who would patronize Russian printed papers in preference to his own?

Would you call such men patriotic? If they called themselves patriotic, how would you characterize them? Are they not the only instruments in the

hands of the czar in strangling their own nationality to death? Are they not the virtual Executioners of their own Nationality?

Reverse the picture, dear reader, and the Irish editor and the average Irishman stand out before you in bold relief!

We would caution those learning the Irish language against the eccentricities of such novices in Gaelic as T O'N Russell. His assertion that *cum fear a póráb* means to marry men, and that *cum fear a póráb* means to marry a man, etc. places him beyond the pale of consideration in Gaelic matters. He was advanced in years when he commenced the study of the language, and deserves great credit for the progress he has made, if he be sincere. But he, with others, similarly circumstanced, confounds the genius of the language with what his own fancy suggests; just as the thick headed German thinks that when *s* added to the singular in English makes it plural he is fully justified, according to rule, to call men "mans" and women "womans," which he generally does.

Russell confounds the form, *bf an raáapc a póráb fear* and *bf an raáapc a póráb an fear* with the form, *áapic an raáapc le* (or *cum*) *fear a póráb* [to marry men] and *áapic an raáapc le*, or *cum, fear a póráb* [to marry a man]. But the crowning of the attempted fraud is the assertion that he heard Irish speakers use his form.—Never!

It would be insulting to the intelligent reader to institute a comparison between such men as Russell and the real professors of their own language—there is no room for it.

Think of an Englishman commencing to learn French at the age of fifty and, after a few years, presume to be a better judge of the construction of the French language than the native professors!

The noun, *fear*, is irregular in its inflections in Irish as it is in English.

O'Curry's Lectures.

ON THE

MANUSCRIPT MATERIAL OF ANCIENT IRISH HISTORY.

Lecture II.

LECTURE II.

Of the Cuilmenn.—Of the Tain bo Chuailgne,—
Of Cormac Mac Airt.—Of the Book of Acaill.

(Continued)

The courier set out with a company of nine subordinates, and in due time arrived in Cuailgne and delivered his message to Dare Mac Faahna.

Dare received him in a true spirit of hospitality, and on learning his errand, consented at once to accept the terms. He then sent the courier and his company into a separate part of his establishment, furnishing them abundantly with the best food and drink that his stores could supply.

In the course of the night, and when deep in their cups, one of the Connacht couriers said to another, It is a truth that the man of this house is a good man, and it is very good of him to grant to us, nine messengers, what it would be a great work for the other four great provinces of Erin, to take by force out of Ulster, namely the Donn Chuailgne. Then a third courier interposed and said that little thanks were due to Dare, because if he had not consented freely to give the Donn Chuailgne, he should be compelled to do so.

At this moment Dare's chief steward, accompanied by a man laden with food and another with drink, entered; and overhearing the vaunt of the third courier, flew into a passion and cast down their meat and drink before them without inviting them to partake of it; after which he repaired to his master and reported to him what he had heard. Dare swore by his gods that they should not have the Donn Chuailgne, either by consent or by force.

The couriers appeared before Dare early on the following morning and requested a fulfilment of his promise; but he made answer that if it had been a practice of his to punish couriers for their impertinence, not one of them should depart alive from him. The couriers returned to their mistress at Rath Cruachan, the royal palace of the kings of Connacht. On his arrival Mac Roth related to Meav the issue of his embassy and the cause of its failure; upon which Meav took up the words of her boastful messenger, and said that as Dare had not granted the request freely, he should be compelled to do so by force.

Meav accordingly immediately summoned her sons to her presence, as well as the seven sons of Magach, her relatives, with all their forces and followers. She also invited the men of Munster and Leinster to join her cause, and take vengeance on the Ulstermen for the many wrongs which they had of old inflicted on them. There was besides at this time a large body of exiled Ulstermen in Meav's service, namely, those who had abandoned Conor after his treachery to the sons of Uisneach. This body of brave men, amounting to 1500, was under the leadership of Fergus Mac Roigh and Conor's own son, Cormac Conloingeas or the Exile.

All these forces met at Cruachain; and after consulting her Druid, and a Bean sidhe (pron. nearly banshee), who appeared to her, Meav set out at the head of her troops, crossed the Shannon at Athlone, and marched through ancient Meath, till she had arrived at the place now called Kells (within a few miles of the borders of the modern county of Louth, in Ulster), where she encamped her army. Meav's consort, Ailill, and their daughter, Finnabhair (the Fairbrowed), accompanied the expedition. When they had encamped for the night, the queen invited all the leaders of the army to reast with her, and in the course of the evening contrived to enter into a private conversation with each of the most brave and powerful amongst them, exhorting them to valor and fidelity, in her cause, and secretly promising to each the hand of her beautiful daughter in marriage. So far the plot of the tale as regards Queen Meav's movements.

Although the Ulstermen had sufficient notice of the approach of such a formidable invasion, they exhibited no signs of defensive preparation. This singular inaction on their part is accounted for in another tale so often spoken of as the Ceasnaidhean Uladh, or Caid-birth-debility of the Ulsterians.

It happened that Meav's expedition into Louth occurred at the very time that Conor and all the warriors of Emania were suffering under the effect of the curse described in that tale, so that the border lay quite unguarded except by one youth. This youth was the renowned Cuchulainn, whose patrimony was the first part of Ulster that the hostile forces entered upon, and within it the owner of Donn Chualigne resided.

This part of the tale relates many wonderful and various stories of Cuchulainn's youthful achievements, which complicate it to no small extent, but on the other hand, make no small addition to its interest.

Cuchulainn confronts the invaders of his province, demands single combat, and conjures his opponents by the laws of Irish chivalry (the Fir comhlainn) not to advance farther until they conquered him. This demand, in accordance with the Irish laws of warfare, is granted, and then the whole contest is resolved into a succession of single combats, in each of which Cuchulainn was victorious.

Soon, however, Meav impatient of this slow mode of proceeding, broke through the compact with Cuchulainn, marched forward herself at the head of a section of her army, and burned and ravaged the province up to the very precincts of Conor's palace at Emania. She had by this time secured the Donn Chualigne, and she now marched her forces back into Meath and encamped at Clarth (pron. Clarha,—now Clare Castle in the modern county of Westmeath.)

In the meantime the Ulstermen having recovered from the temporary state of debility to which the curse above alluded to had subjected them, Conor summoned all the chiefs of his province to muster their forces and join his standard in pursuit of the army of Connacht. This done, they marched in separate bodies, under their respective chiefs, and took up a position in the immediate neighborhood of Meav's camp. The march and array of these troops, including Cuchulainn's—the distinguishing description of their horses, chariots, arms, ornaments and vesture,—even their size and complexion, and the color of their hair,—are described with great vividness and power. In the story the

description of all these details is delivered by Meav's courier, Mac Roth, to her and her husband; and the recognition of the various chiefs of Ulster as they arrived at Conor's camp is ascribed to Fergus Mac Roigh, the exiled prince already spoken of. I may quote the following short passages, merely as specimens of the kind of description thus given by Mac Roth to Meav and Ailill—

"There came another company there, said Mac Roth, no champion could be found more comely than he who leads them. His hair is of a deep red yellow, and bushy, his forehead broad and his face tapering, sparkling blue laughing eyes,—a man regularly formed, tall and tapering, thin red lips pearly, shiny teeth, a white, smooth body. A red and white cloak flutters about him, a golden brooch in that cloak at his breast, a shirt of white, kingly linen, with gold embroidery at his skin, a white shield, with gold fastenings at the shoulder a gold hilted long sword at his left side, a long, sharp, dark green spear, together with a short, sharp spear, with a rich band and carved silver rivets in his hand. Who is he, O Fergus, said Ailill? The man who has come there is in himself half a battle, the valor of combat, the fury of the slaughter hound. His is Beochaid Mac Fatheman (pron. Faheman) from Rigdoan [or Rachlann] in the north [said Fergus.] And again—

"Another company have come to the same hill at Sleamain of Meath, said Mac Roth, with a long, faced, dark-complexioned champion at their head. (a champion) with black hair and long limbs, i. e. long legs, wearing a red shaggy cloak wrapped round him, and a white silver brooch in his cloak over his heart, a linen shirt to his skin, a blood red shield with devices at his shoulder, a silver hilted sword at his left side, an elbowed gold-socketed spear to his shoulder. Who is he, O Fergus? said Ailill to Fergus. We know him well, indeed, said Fergus, he is Fergoa, the son of Finneona, chief of Burach, in Ulster.

And again—"Another company have come to the same hill in Sleamain of Meath, said Mac Roth. It is wild, and unlike the other companies. Some are with red cloaks, others with light blue cloaks, others with deep blue cloaks, others with green, or blay, or white, or yellow cloaks, bright and fluttering about them. There is a young red-freckled lad, with a crimson cloak, in their midst, a golden brooch in that cloak at his breast, a shirt of kingly linen, with fastenings of red gold at his skin, a white shield with hooks of red gold at his shoulder, faced with gold and with a golden rim, a small gold-hilted sword at his side, a light, sharp shining spear to his shoulder. Who is he, my dear Fergus? said Ailill. I don't remember indeed, said Fergus, having left any such personages as these in Ulster, when leaving it,—and I can only guess that they are the young princes and nobles of Tara, led by Erc the son of Conor's daughter Feidilim Nuachuthach, (or of the ever new form), and of Carbry Niafear (the king of Tara.)

With descriptions like these, more or less picturesque, the whole tale abounds. The most remarkable of these, but it is too long for insertion here, is that of Cuchulainn, his chariot, his horses, and his charioteer, at the battle of Ath Firdiadh, where he killed Ferdiadh in single combat, a circumstance from which the place derived its name of Ath Firdiadh, or Ferdiadh's Ford (pron. Ardee,) in the modern county of Louth.

The armies of Queen Meav and Conor, her former husband, met in battle at the hill of Gairech,

some distance south-east of Athlone, where the Ulstermen routed their enemies, and drove them in disorder over the Shannon into Connacht. Meav, however, had taken care to secure her prize, the Donn Chuaillgne, by dispatching him to her palace, at Cruachain, before the final battle, and thus, notwithstanding the loss of number of her best champions and warriors, she congratulated herself on having the two greatest objects of her expedition, namely, the possession of the Donn Chuaillgne, and the chastisement of Conor, her former husband, and his proud Ulstermen, at the very gates of the palace at Emania.

This wild tale does not, however, end here, for it gravely informs us that when the Donn Chuaillgne found himself in a strange country, and among strange herds, he raised such a loud bellowing as had never before been heard in the province of Connacht, that on hearing those unusual sounds, Ailill's bull, the Finnbheannach or White-horned, knew that some strange and formidable foe had entered his territory, and that he immediately advanced at full speed to the point from which they issued, where he soon arrived in presence of his noble enemy. The sight of each other was the signal of battle. In the poetic language of the tale, the province rang with the echoes of their roaring, the sky was darkened with the soods of the earth they threw up with their feet, and the foam that flew from their mouths. Faint-hearted men, women, and children hid themselves in caves, caverns, and clefts of the rocks, whilst even the most veteran warriors but dared to view the combat from the neighboring hills and eminences. The Finnbheannach, or White-horned, at length gave way, and retreated towards a certain pass which opened into the plain in which the battle raged, and where sixteen warriors, bolder than the rest had planted themselves, but so rapid was the retreat, and the pursuit, but not only were all these trampled to the ground, but they were buried several feet in it. The Donn Chuaillgne, at last, coming up with his opponent, raised him on his horns, ran off with him, passed the gates of Meav's palace, tossing and shaking him as he went, until at last he shattered him to pieces, dropping his disjointed members as he went along. And wherever a part fell, that place retained the name of that joint ever after. And thus it was (we are told) that Ath Luain, now Athlone, which was before called Ath Mor, or Great Ford, received its present name from the Finnbheannach's Luan, or loin, which was dropped there.

The Donn Chuaillgne, after having shaken his enemy in this manner from his horns, returned into his own country, but in such a frenzied state of excitement and fury, that all fled everywhere at his approach. He faced directly to his old home, but the people of the *baile* or hamlet fled, and hid themselves behind huge masses of rock, which his madness transformed into another bull, so that coming with all his force against it, he dashed out his brains and was killed.

I have dwelt, perhaps rather tediously, on the history of this strange tale; but one of the objects of this course of lectures is to give to the student of the Gaelic language an idea of the nature of some of the countless ancient compositions contained in it; notwithstanding the extreme wildness of the legend of the Bull, I am not acquainted with tale in the whole range of our literature, in which he will find more of valuable details concerning general and local history. More of description of the manners and customs of the people; of the Druidical and fairy influence sup-

posed to be exercised in the affairs of men. Of the laws of Irish chivalry and honor. Of the standards of beauty, morality, valor, truth, and fidelity, recognized by the people of old. Of the regal power and dignity of the monarch and the provincial kings, as well as much concerning the division of the country into its local dependencies; lists of its chieftains and chieftaincies. Many valuable topographical names. The names and kinds of articles of dress and ornament. Of military weapons. Of horses, chariots, and trappings. Of leechcraft, and of medicinal plants and springs, as well as instances of, perhaps, every occurrence that could be supposed to happen in ancient Irish life. All of these details of the utmost value to the student of history, even though mixed up with any amount of the marvelous or incredible in poetical traditions.

The chief actors in this warfare are all well-known and undoubted historical characters, and are to be met with not only in our ancient tales, but in our authentic annals also.

Tighernach (the most credited in our days of all our annalists) mentions the Tain Bo Chuaillgne, and gives the age of Cuchulainn as seventeen at the time he followed the Tain, which is calculated by O'Flaherty to have taken place about A. D. 39.

As I have already stated, this tale may be traced back to the first record to which we find the name of Cuilmenn attached, but of which we have now no means of fixing the precise date, any more than the nature and character of its other contents.

I have ventured to assign the compilation of the Cuilmenn or Great Book of Skins, to an earlier date than that of the Saltair of Tara, which was compiled about the middle of the third, and the Cin Droma Snechts, which has been traced to the close of the fourth or beginning of the fifth century, and for two reasons among many others. The first is, that the manner in which the Cuilmenn is spoken of, in the time of Senchann and St. Colum Cille, implies a belief on their part that the tale of the Tain had been written, in an authentic form, either in a separate volume, or into this book, at or immediately after the occurrence of the events so graphically related in it, and the fact, as related, of St. Ciaran writing the recovered version of it, to matter from what source it was obtained at the time, on the skin of his pet cow, shows that this was done with the clear intention of handing it down to posterity as nearly as possible in the form as that in which tradition had taught them to believe it had existed in the Cuilmenn.

The second reason is, that, from the part which is ascribed to Fergus in the conduct of the expedition, the frequent mention in the tale of his reading the Ogham writings, and using their characters himself, and the pretended revelation of it at his grave, to Senchann's pupil, in the one version, as well as the recovery of it, according to another account, at a great meeting of poets and ecclesiastics, said to have taken place at his grave, it appears, to me at least, that there is sufficient ground to warrant the conjecture, that in the times of Senchann and St. Colum Cille, it was generally believed that Fergus was the original writer of the tale, that it had been written by him, or by some person, of his time, into a great book, and that this book was at some subsequent period carried out of the country, and this as we have said before, probably, may have taken place in the early

Christian times. It is also not impossible that it was followed by the owner or keeper of it, who from his being called a Saoi, i. e., a Doctor or Professor in learning, was probably, it may be supposed, converted to Christianity, and went into Italy, as many certainly did in those times, carrying with him the only copy or copies then in existence. It would be curious to find this ancient book still existing in some neglected corner of the Vatican, or of one of the other great Libraries of Italy.

(To be continued.)

TRANSLATION OF
PATRAIG'S ANSWER TO THE CELTIC
TONGUE.

It is growing and renewing like the leaves upon the trees,
All around us it is sighing like the western ocean breeze:
O'er our isle its voice is gladdening plain and mountain, grove and glen,
By the Barrow and the Erne, and round Lough Swilly's shores again.
And where the parting sunbeam kisses Corrib in the west,
And the ocean, like a mother, clasps the Shannon to her breast.
The dear melodious tongue of Erin's story and her name—
Of her Ollamhs and her monarchs—or her glory and her fame—
The sacred shrine where rested thro' her sunshine and her gloom.
The spirit of her Martyrs, like their bodies in the tomb—
The time wrought shell where rested, thro' centuries of wrong,
The secret voice of freedom in annal and in song—
Is surely, fastly rising in its olden strength at last,
To bring again to Erin all the treasures of her Past.
The olden tongue is rising like a monarch from his rest,
Whose *Faith* wrung from Irish shores to many a Tyrian guest,
Ere the Roman or the Saxon—ere the Norman or the Dane,
Had set a foot in Britain, or the Visigoth in Spain.
It saw the Saxon savage bowing down to Zernebock—
The Druids in the green wood at the sacrificial rock—
The glories of our fathers—then were MEN in Innisfail.
And heroes sang their war-songs round the warrior fire of Baal.
The tongues that Gaelic knew in youth, are buried with their dead,
And from their tombs have risen those now spoken in their stead.
Irish song and Irish music, brightest gems of Erin's crown!
While you're sung and heard among us—where's the chain can hold us down.
Manacles and Manitoba jails and scaffolds we defy,
While our mother tongue is spoken, motherland can never die.
And now again its thrilling tones are floating on the breeze,

Like songs of free and happy Irish birds upon the trees:
Again its music swells aloud in bower and cot and hall,
Where long the tongue of serfdom held our Irish minds in thrall.
The morning star of freedom gleams to light the patriot's way,
At length we see, in Erin's sky, the dawning of the day;
We voice our thoughts in Gaelic speech, our harps again are strung,
And we are Irishmen again, in mind, in heart, and tongue.
Our freeborn sires proclaim this truth from holy Irish graves.
That *Celts whose speech is Saxon are but England's mental slaves*:
We'll free our minds—then Motherland, from hateful Saxon thrall,
O'er Connaught wilds, o'er Leinster plains, Tyrone and Donegal,
And o'er the shores of Munster, where, like wild Atlantic's blast,
The olden language lingers like an echo from the Past.
The Celtic Tongue's returning like an exile to our And Teamor's halls shall echo to its mighty voice once more.
New Lawrence's will fire their clans henceforth in Atha Cliath,
And Shannon waft from Luimnach's towers their anthems to the sea.
The pleasant tongue whose accents are as music to the ear,
The magic tongue that round us weaves its spell so soft and dear:
The glorious tongue whose murmur can each Celtic heart enthrall,
The rushing tongue resounding like the mountain torrent's fall:
The tongue that in the senate is the lightening flashing bright,
Whose echo in the battle is the thunder in its might,
Like those who nobly perished there, shall live while time shall last.
No patriot neglects it now, none coldly standing by,
There's pride in every Irish heart, there's joy in every eye,
Our every pulse for freedom beats, we swear that tongue to save,
No longer we're compelled to speak the language of the slave.
Sons of Erin! vain your efforts, vain your prayer for freedom's crown,
While you craved it in the language of the foe who clove it down:
History tells that tyrants ever, with an art from darkness sprung,
Strive to make the conquered nation slave alike in limb and tongue;
The conquering Russ ne'er felt secure poor Poland's frame above,
Until he'd trample from her breast the language of her love.
O! Brothers, never part with it—your sweet and pleasant tongue—
That like Erin's native shamrock to her holy soil has clung.
O! cherish it in song and speech, nor basely bag your rights:
Assert them in the victor's tongue of twice ten thousand fights.

J. HAGERTY.

225 see below
Vol VIII. p. 46.

In 1871 the total population of Canada, officially stated, was 3,477,940, made up of the following elements—

French Canadians	1,082,940
Irish	850,000
English	700,000
Scotch	550,000
German & Dutch	230,000
Americans	65,000
Total	3,477,940

In 1881 the population was classed as—

Catholics	1,788,250
All other denominations	2,536,560
Total	4,324,810

Yet we are told that the Dominion is an Anglo-Saxon province, notwithstanding that the English element in it amounts to only one-fifth of the population.—In fact the Dominion is a Celtic province. The French, Scotch and Irish Celts forming three-fourths of the population.

THE MILESIA DYNASTY.

CONCLUDED.

161 Domhnall,	738
162 Niall Frassach	758
163 Doncha, 1, Donnacha	765
164 Aodh 6, Oirnish	792
In this monarch's reign the Danes came to Ireland.	
165 Connchubhar 2	817
166 Niall Caille	823
167 Malachi, 1	844
163 Aodh 7, Fionnliath	860
169 Flann Sionnach	876
170 Niall Glundubh	914
171 Doncha 2	917
172 Congall 5	942
173 Domhnall 4	954
174 Malachi 2	978
175 Brian Boromhe, Bowroiv-ve	1001
176 Doncha 3	1022
177 Diarmuid (no date assigned)	
178 Turloch 1, O'Brien	1074
179 Domhnall 5, MacLoghlin	1086
180 Muirheartach, 1 O'Brien	1098
181 Turloch 2 Mor, O'Connor	1136
182 Muirheartach 2, MacLaughlin	1156
183 Rudbraidhe, Rory O'Connor	1166

MOTHERS! Don't Fail To Procure Mrs. Winlow's SOOTHING SYRUP For Your Children While Cutting Teeth.

It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

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(Taken down from the dictation of Mrs. McGann, a native of Tubber Curry, co. Sligo—J. J. Lyons).

Dá b-fázhajh-ye f reolad na 3-ca-orac
le rjleat te cum na h-orche,
Is lejte do radfajh dh orche rjh
Agh na f-fajhce no agh na Spájh;
Agh fújl 3o b-fujjhagh mo mjan uiré,
Sé mo leuq hf b-fujhead na coirche!
A' r mar déirdeat 3at 3péjhe j h3ájhófh,
Agh rúto a b'cear mo 3pádh.

21 cújo dh t-faozhaj, 'r a h-éadhaj,
Aghar 3eall agh m3oagh na tréj3 mé,
'S a 3jonaect a' r déirdeat ré '3 euló3ad
b'jadajh deaz hó dó: [uajc,
Njl ehoc, hf'l 3leagh, hf'l árdágh;
Njl mójhagh, dhúct hó a3h3eagh,
Náir éajé mé real, mo éaojhagh, agh,
'S jf clatájhe mé do ójah3.

Aghle bujheacáir le Rj3 na h3párta,
Agh éajl mé leat mo flájhce,
'S naé b-fujheagh dh t3 lá 'r na h3páct
le ceaghad le mó éroirde;
21 éújlhagh cagta, fájheac,
'S a 3pua33 mar na póra j h3ájhófh
'S a r3óir mhá f3eaghagh dh agh b3ar oim,
Cuir do óá lájh f3o3 mo éeagh.

Dá b-f3e3hagh-ye mo r3óirhagh,
leaghfajhagh éir3o dh h3óirhagh f,
21 3-cu3deacta bláé na h-ó33e
Sé h3arf3ad mo éroirde;
Sé tuda3h3e b3h3h3ó3agh dh 33 na 3péjhe,
Tráé dh3h3 rj ar mo heul mé,
"Agh 'r co3lad é," agh dh r3éj3-deagh,
"beiré mé leat 3agh h3ojl."

3ad3aj3 mé 3o flanh3er
A3ur tréj3h3 mé mo h3u3h3h,
Nó agh dh agh agh 3all3a,
Agh á3e a 3-ca3f3eac t3r mo f3aozhaj;
Nj é3o3aj3 mé 3agh agh agh
3o h3ojh3 dh éuac 'ra r3h3h3ad,
'S 3o r3aj3 r3e3r e3le pó3ta
A33 mo r3óir ac3a mo ójah3.

It would be an excellent thing for those studying Irish to carry on a correspondence with one another in Gaelic by postal cards. It would also be a means of advertising the Gaelic Movement.

CHANGES IN THE LANGUAGE.

SOME INSTANCES OF THE PROGRESS MADE BY THE ENGLISH TONGUE.

Few, scholars even, are aware of the great changes through which the English language has passed in successive centuries. Following are specimens of the Lord's Prayer as used at various periods in English history—

A. D. 1158—Fader ur heune, haleweide beith thi neune, cumin thi kuneriche, thi wille beoth idon in heune and in erthe. The euryeu dawebriend, gif ous thilk dawe. And vorzif ner detters as vi yorsifen ure dettours. And lone us nought into temptation, bot delyvor ous of evel, Amen.

A. D. 1300—Fader ur in heune. Halewyn be thi name, thi kingdom come, thi wille be done as in hevene and earthe—Our urch days bred give us to-daye. And forgive oure detters as we forgive oure dettours. And lead us not in temptation, bote delyveor us of yvel. Amen

A. D. 1370—Our fadir that art in heunes halowid be thi name, thi kingdom come to, be thi wille done in erthe as in heune, geve to this day our breed oure other substance, forgene to us our dettis as we forgauen to our dettouris, lede us not into temptation, but delyeur us yvel. Amen.

A. D. 1524—O oure father which art in heven, hallowed be thy name. Let thy kingdom come. Thy wyoll be fulfilled as well on earth as it is in heven. Give us this day our dayly brede. And forgive us our trespasses even as we forgive our trespassers: And lead us not into temptation, but delyver us from vell. Fyr thyne is the kingdome and the power and the glory. Amen.

A. D. 1561—Our father which arte in heauen sanctified be thy name. Let thy kingdom come Thy will be done, as in heauen, in earth also. Give us to-day our superstantial bread. And forgive us our dettes as we forgive our detters. And lead us not into temptation, But deliver us from evil. Amen.

A. D. 1711—Our father which art in heauen, hallowed be thy name. Let thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heauen. Give us this day our dayley bread. And forgive us our debts as ws forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thyne is the kingdome, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.—*Academy*.

The *Pilot Review*, Wausau, Wis., had a very flattering notice of the GAEL the other day. Thanks.

The *Post*, Appleton Wis., should by read by those intnedng going West.

15 Stone st. N. Y. Jan. 29, 1899.

Dear Sir.—At a meeting of the Philo-Celtic School of New York, 263 Bowery, held after school hours on Sunday, 27th, inst. it was on motion resolved that the thanks of our association are due to all journals and newspapers that give aid and encouragement to those who are engaged in the resuscitation of our dear Irish language, and moreover, to those who have it printed in their columns. It was also moved and unanimously carried that our treasurer be and he is hereby authorized to subscribe for four copies of the "Irish Echo," of Boston, and for five copies of the "Gaodhal" of Brooklyn, for the use of our school. Yours truly,

THOMAS. D. NORRIS, Cor. Sec.

The Philo-Celtic Society meets as usual at Jefferson Hall, Adams and Willoughby Sts., every Sunday evening at 7.30 o'clock.

The Gaelic movement is progressing surely though slowly.

All the readers of the GAEL should try to extend its usefulness by getting it new subscribers, and every Irishman should take pride in it.

Dakota is destined to be the most productive state of the Union, and those who read the Valley Springs *Enterprise* will be well posted as to the most desirable points to locate in.

We thank the *Times-Record*, Valley City, Dak. for its flattering notice of the GAEL. We hope that Gaels will support those journals that support the Gaelic movement in their several localities.

A man signing himself "M. O'Gallagher," made an onslaught on us in a recent issue of the *Chicago Citizen*, for the "bad Irish" which appeared on the front page of the December number of the GAEL.

The only "bad Irish" on that page is the absence of the accented *a*, which we did not have, and the omission of *bha* in the verb *tiut-harfaidh*, which any one, not instigated by malice, could see was a typographical error.

Some of the others which he (M O'G) condemned are—gidheadh, soilseacht, Eireannaigh, etc. Now, Archbishop McHale and Canon Bourke used these words as we have them, (see Moore's Melodies, and the Declension of Marcach in Bourke's Lessons).

The sound of *ll* is never heard in soilseacht. Neither McHale or Bourke uses them, (and M O'G's double declared not long ago that Canon Bourke was "The Best Living Irish Scholar"). O'Reilly does not double the *l* in solasughadh.

Rimeud (gladness) is another word which our bogus critic never heard! Then he has a cheek to attempt criticism.

Those of our readers who are in business should advertise in the Gael. It would bring them prominently under the notice of their Gaelic friends, and serve the Gael. The cost for advertising is Ten Cents a line per month. And as the circulation of the Gael is now largely increased, we will not in future publish display ads, only as reading matter.

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
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interest in THE GEL apart from the language. This we emphasize notwithstanding what others may say to the contrary. Then, if its readers take the same interest in the language that we do, its circulation will reach twenty thousand by the end of the year 1889.

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