



Leabhar-aistíur míoraíal,
tabairtá cum an
Teanga Saedilse
a cōrñad a sūr a saorcužad
a sūr cum
Fenn-mazla Cuid na h-Éireann.

92úad Rol. Uim. 9.

FEBRU.

1893.

50 MOC AIR MADOIN.
Fonn—Sweet Innisfallen
(Leir an nSadar Donn)

Tá zlóir na maíone 'hoir 'r an rpeín,
Tá 'h' orúct a3 oméleat aír zác blát,
Tá a3ar aír zác n3ó 3o léir;
Z' i m3r3a3l ar do ruan, a 3rác.
Tá feo3éne c3ú3h a3 ré3deat 'hoir,
Tá é3h a3 re33h ceo3l 3o b33h,
Tairr hóm, r3ú3óla3ó r33h a3r3
Le h-a3r an t-r3rta 'r bé3c33ó 3333h
3r m33h an feur, 'hoir t33 l33h r3ú3al
Le cé3le real a3á an lón
A3 can3a3h ceo3l; 'r é reo mo óú3l —
Tú o'fe3er33t; a3t t3á3r bó3ar, o3óh!
'Fea3 uá3ne t3á3h fao3 o'f3u3h3eo33 á3o
A3 fe3é3a3h or3 a3h3á3h. mo r3ó3r.
O3é! m3r3a3l, tairr, taa3a3r p33 o3o' dá3o;
O3óh! nar é3o3a3l tú 3o le3ó3r?

a h-á3t do 3ló3r-re clu33h3h cá [é3o3é
A3 ca3é3a3h3t; o3é! o3o' feá3r lem'
Tú o'é3r3e3a3t 'la3a3r3t hóm fe3h 3o olu3t
Fao3 r3á3l na 3-erá3h le cé3le '3 r3u3é.
O3óh-fé3! 3r é333h o3am
A33r m'a3r o3om' é33 'hoir o3ul 3o t3e3é,
bu3 r3ú3l lem' é3o3é 3o m-bé3ó3eá hóm;
A3t 3r b3ó3a33e a' r 3r ea33ha33e mé.
N3 na3é3a3ó mé a3r ma3o3h n3o3
Tú m3r3a33t ar do é3o3la3ó r3á3h
A3t fan3a3ó mé am' leaba, o3é!
33ó m3ó3r mo n33a3h do dá3r3t le3' lá3h.
A3t 'huá3r a t33e3ar o3é3e é3ú3h
bé3ó mé le3' é3a33b, mo n33le 3rác
Co33e3ó3a3ó mé, bé3ó' h t-am r33h m'ua3h,
A3' é3ua3a33b-re 3o o-t3u3e3a3ó 'h lá.
O3óh! tá 'h o3é3e fa3a uá3m;
3r fa3a hóm an lá, mo3ua3r
3r lá3h ar333 mo é3o3é3e o3e 33ua3m;
Cá h-uá3r a b-fe3e3fe3o3 tú, mo r3ó3r.

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 béjč-ηηη, veyhinn, I might, or could be.
- 2 bejč-čēā, veyhaw, thōu mightest, or could be.
- 3 béjč-ēāč ré. veyhoo shay, he (or it) might or could be.

Plural.

- 1 béjč-ημη, veymush, we might, or could be.
- 2 béjč-čjč, veyhee, ye might, or could be.
- 3 béjč-čjč, 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 30 μāđ āč, go rowadh, that I may be
- 2 30 μāđ-āη, go rowirh, that thou mayest be.
- 3 30 μāđ ré. go row shay, that he [or it may be; 30 μāđ rj. go rowv shee, that she [or it] may be.

Plural.

- 1 30 μāđ-ημηč, go rowmudh, that we may be
- 2 30 μāđ-čājč, go rowhy, that you may be.
- 3 30 μāđ-ājč, go rowidh, that they may be

Imperative.

- 1
- 2 bj, bee, be thou.
- 3 bjč-ēāč ré, beeyoo shay, let him be.

Plural.

- 1 bjč-ημη, beemush, let us be.
- 2 bjč-jč, beeyee, be ye.
- 3 bj-čjč, beedish, let them be.

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

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

bejč, a being; čo bejč, to be;
le bejč, 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.

āη čj bejč [on the point of being] about to be.

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

āη bejč, on being.

jāη η-bejč. after being, having been

VOCABULARY.

crāob, branch,	krayuv.
3eu3, bough,	gayug.
bruač, bank, border; as, āη bruač ηā	
ljηηe, on the border of the pond; āη	
bruač ηā lj-ājle, on the verge of the	
cliff; āη bruač ηā lj-ājðηe, on the	
bank of the river,	broo.agh.
μeāηηājη, comet, from μeāηη, a star,	
and ājη, beautiful, sparkling; μeulč,	
also means star, same as μeulčō3; or	
a star-measuring instrument, an as-	
trobe. Comet can well be called the	
μeulč 3μuā3āč also; or μeulč čηčeāč;	
μeāηηājη may be considered by many	
to be only merely the diminutive of	
μeāηη,	rhanneen.
3eāηη, cut; from 3eāηη, short; because	
whatever is cut is shortened ga-ur.	
čojηjη, deep,	dhow.in.
řājl, dike, sty; hiccough,	fahil.
čljāč, ditch,	kly.
lūājčre, dust, ashes [from lūāč, quick,	
and cré, earth] lūājčre čηāη, bone	
dust,	lhoo-ireh
ōjη, for, because,	oo.irh.

feilm, farm, fellim.
 741ēbim, fertile; rich, 741ēbim is derived from 76, ease; and āēbān, cause, cēān 741ēbim, fertilize, save-irh.
 mājnrēāc, granary, stall, mawnrach
 75job6l, barn, granary, skubole.
 cljāc-7uprca, a harrow, klee-fnrstha
 tuar, harbinger; a rainbow is called "the harbinger of a shower," "tuar cēācā."
 7ljucā, irrigated; from 7ljuc, to irrigate, to wet; 7ljuc, adj, moist, wet, flughtha
 loē, lake, luch.
 doīāc, manure, from doī, lime, eelacc.
 lēān, marsh, low meadow land, lhayun
 mār7, moore, marshy ground, ree-usk
 mār7āc, moory; moory land, tālāim
 mār7āc, ree-uscach
 ru7, nutriment, juice, soo.
 tāim, oak; hence the name Derry, from the grove planted there by Culumbkille, dhair.
 carn, pile, a heap of stones, karun
 clāj, pit, clāj 7āim, sand-pit, klaish.
 7āoī, philosopher; in Irish it means also a man of letters; any man of position in the world; a 7āoī, Sir, see.
 cēācā, plough, kayuchtha.
 7rēāb, to plough, thir-ow.
 7uprāc, harrowing; 7rēābāc ā7ur ā75 7uprāc, ploughing and harrowing
 cāim-cēācā, the plough; Charles's Wain
 āēbān, purpose; ān tāēbān 7im, that purpose; āim ān tāēbān 7im, therefore, for that purpose, aw-wur.
 carraic, rock, karik.
 āill, rock, aill.
 crē, ūim, soil, kir-ey, oo-irh.
 cur, sowing; from curim, to put, to sow, to set, kur.
 eāimāc Spring (time); eim7, spring up, arise, when mother earth rises, as it were, from the dormant state in which she lay during winter, arach
 cruāc, stack; from this word is derived Cruāc 7āōimic, the name of a mountain in Mayo, six miles from Westport, called cruāc, from its conical, reek-like shape; and 7āōimic, Patrick's; because the Saint, like another Moses, spent, while teaching the faith in Connaught, forty days

on its summit, in prayer and fasting.
 croo-uch.
 linn, sraih.
 thimchul.
 awrdhawin.
 skeilp.
 feyim.
 both employed only in composition, as ān-īmāc, very good; 7āim-īmāc, exceedingly good.
 ūim, very; as, ūim-7imol, very low; ūim-7imā-7im, very ugly; ūim-eārā, 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 ditch 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 sacāthe*) 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 rād.*

* 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.

Ὀλίγη μο ἡγάταρ βοϊέτ.
 Λε Ἀητοῖηε Ἰα Ἀμυλάα.

Ἀη τ ἀμ α βί μὲ ὄς, ὀστέλληζε,
 Ἰ ἡτ ἀζυρ ἀς λέμμηρό,
 Ὀς ἡγανρ ἀζαμ 'ζυρ πλέρρῦρ,
 Ὀςορ ραορ ὀ ἡλε οἰε;
 Οἷα 'η βίε ἀμ βυὸ ἡγαν ἡομ ἡανρῦε,
 Ὀς μὲ εἡηγε ζο τῆς βέητε,
 βυὸ ε ρῦδ Ὀλίγη μο ἡγάταρ βοϊέτ,
 Ἰα 'η λευρ τῆ μο λοέτ.

τᾶ ἡ ρόρ βεο ἡ ἔμμη
 Ἀς ορῆσῖλ 'ζυρ ἀς ευζηόε,
 ζυρθε ἡαε ὀε ἡηε ὀορῆε,
 ζο ἡαλλ ἀζυρ ζο μοε;
 Ἀζυρ εε βέ, ραορρτοῖη ζῆη ἀ τευηαὸ,
 Ἀρ ζαν ρεαα 'η βίε ὀο ἡευηαὸ;
 Ὀςορ ὀδ ἡ-ἡοηαρ μο ζεαλλῆμῦρ τ τῆ
 Ἀηηρ ἀη ἀμ ἀ εἡαὸε ἔαρτ

Ἀέτ ἡᾶ ἡαζαηη Ρῖζ ἡα ἡζῆᾶρα
 Ἰεαρτ ἀζαμ ἀζυρ ἡῶητε.
 Οευρῆαὸ μὲ εἡηε λέηε
 'Σαν ἡ-βῆαὸαη ἡρ ἡεο τᾶ τεαὸ.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
 As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
 The sod with our bayonets turning,
 By the struggling moonbeams' misty light,
 And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclos'd his breast,
 Not in sheet or in shroud we bound him;
 But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
 With his martial cloak around him!

Few and short were the prayers we said,
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
 And smooth'd down his lonely pillow, he d,
 That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his
 And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,
 But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on—
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half our heavy task was done,
 When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
 And we heard by the distant and random gun—
 That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
 We carved not a line, we raised not a stone—
 But we left him alone with his glory!

The following are clippings from the *Irish World* on the subject of the song and its author, sent us by the translator.—

BATTLE OF CORUNNA and BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE, 1809.—On the scene of the memorable battle of Corunna on the Northwest coast of Spain stands a beautiful monument to commemorate the hero, Sir John Moore, who fell there on the 16th of January, 1809, while fighting at bay against the pursuing French, over whom he won a victory which permitted the safe embarkation of his army homeward. The expedition had been unfortunate from the beginning. Acting upon the representations of the English and Spanish Ministers they had made a bold advance toward Madrid, and they were forced to retreat to the coast in the depth of Winter. But the commander, Sir John Moore, more than redeemed himself any censure to which he was liable, by the skill and patience with which he conducted the troops on their withdrawal to the coast. The army was in great wretchedness, but the pursuing French were worse; and when the gallant Moore stood at bay at Corunna, he gave the pursuers a thorough repulse, though at the expense of his own life.

The handsome and regular features of Moore bear a melancholy expression in the monument, in harmony with his fate. He was in reality an admirable soldier. He had from boyhood devoted himself to his profession with extreme ardor, and his whole career was one in which duty was never lost sight of. He perished at the too early age of 47, survived by his mother, at the mention of whose name, on his death-bed he manifested the only symptom of emotion which escaped him in that trying hour.

The scene of the hasty burial of the fallen hero was immortalized by the Irish poet, the Rev.

CHARLES WOLFE,

A Protestant clergyman, who was born in Dublin, on the 14th of December, 1791. He was educated at the Dublin University and took orders in 1817. He was for some time curate of the parish of Donaghmore. Wolfe was careless of literary fame, and the poem, which by chance appeared in print, was attributed, among others, to Moore, Campbell, Wilson, Byron, and Barry Cornwall, and was claimed by more than one obscure writer. It was only after Wolfe's death that the chance discovery of a letter (now preserved in the Royal Irish Academy) in which the whole is given in his handwriting put the matter beyond doubt. Unremitting attention to his clerical duties and carelessness of himself hastened a tendency to consumption,—“He seldom thought of providing a regular meal. . . . A few straggling rush-bottom chairs, piled up with his books, a small ricketty table before the fireplace, covered with parish memoranda, and two trunks containing all his papers—serving at the same time to cover the broken parts of the floor—constituted all the furniture of his sitting-room. The mouldy walls of the closet in which he slept were hanging with loose folds of damp paper.” He was discovered by his friends in this miserable lodging, was tenderly cared by his sisters, visited England and France in the vain search of health, and died at Cove, now Queenstown, County Cork, February, 21, 1831, aged 31.

Եր ԿՈՒՊԱՐԵԱ ԲՅՈՐ ՄՈ ՇՐԵՇՈՅԻՆ Է ՅԱՆ ՅՈՒ
 'Տ ԱՆ ԵՐՏՈՒՅՈՒՄ ԻՊՈՐ Ե ՇՐԵՇՈՅԻՆ ԻՆՆ ԱՐԱՅՈՒ ;
 Եր ԿՈՒՊԱՐԵԱ ԲՅՈՐ ՄՈ ՇՐԵ Է ՊՈՇ ԵԱ
 'Ո Ա ՄԱՇԱՐԻ ԱՅԱՄ, 'Ի Դ ՄՈ ՅՐԱԾ ՅՈ ՎԵՈ ;
 Ո՛Ւ 'Լ ԵԼԱՇ ՊՈ ԵՐ ԵՐ ԱՅԻՆԵ ԼՅՈՄ ԲԱՕԻ 'Ն ՊՅՐԵՅԻՆ.
 ՏԵԱՆ-ԷՐԵ Ա՛Ր Ա ՏԵԱՄՈՅ ՎԵԱՅ ՅՈ ԵՐԱԺ.

ԵՐԱԵՐԱԾ ԻՆՆ Կ-ԷՐԵՅԻՆԻՆ.

[ԼԵՅՐ ԱՆ ՊՅԱԾԱՐ ՎՈՊՆ]

ՏՅՈՐԼԵԱՊՅԻՅ ԵՍԻ Մ-ԵՐԱԵԱԺ, Ա ԲԵԱՐԱ ՊԱ Կ-ԷՐԵԱՊՆ ;
 ՏՅՈՐԼԵԱՊՅԻՅ ՅՈ ՎԼՈՇ Է, ՅՈ ՎՏԼԵԱՐ, ՅՈ ՅՐՈՏԺԵ,
 ԲԵՍԻ ! ԲԵՍԻ ! ՕՐԻ ԱԵԱ 'ՊՅՐ ԵՐԵԱՅ-ԲՈԼՍՐ ԱՐ Ն-ՎԵ-ՊԵ
 ԱՅ ԲՅՈՒՐՅԱՅԱԾ ՅՈ ՅԵԱԼ ԱՅԻ, ՅԱՆ ՎԼՈՊԱԾ, ՅԱՆ ԲՅԱՐ.
 ԱՐ Ն-ՎՏԻ-ԵՐԱԵԱԺ ԱՅԻՆԵ ԼԵ ԵԱՅ-ՎԼԱՅՐԻՅ ՕՐԵԱ
 'Ո Ա ՇԵԱՐԵԼԱՐ ԱՅ ԼՈՊՊԱԾ ՅՈ ՅԼՈՐՊԱՐ ԱՐ ԱՐՈ ;
 Եր ԿՅՐԻ ԼՅՆ Է ՇՈՐՊԱՆ Օ ՊԱՐԼԱԾ Ա Յ-ԿՈՒՊՊԱՅԻԵ ;
 Եր ԿՅՐԻ ԼՅՆ Է Վ՝ ՅՈՄԵԱՐ ՅՈ Կ-ԱՅԻՐԵԱԺ 'Ի ԱՆ Յ-ՎԱԺ.

'ՏԵ ԵՐԱԵԱԺ ՎՏԻ ԷՐԵԱՊՆ, ՅԵԱԵՐԱԵԱԺ ԱՐ Վ-ՎՏԻՆԵ,
 ԲԱՕԻ ՅԼՈՐ ՊՈՐ ԿԱՅԻՐԵՅՄԵԱԺ ՅՈ Մ-ԵՍԾ ԲԵ ՅՈ ԲՅՈՐՊԱՅԻԵ.

ԿԱՅԻՐԵՅՄԵԱԺ ՎՈ ԵՅ ԲԵ ՅՈ ՄՅՆԵ Ա Ն-ԷՐԻՆՆ ;
 ԿԱՅԻՐԵՅՄԵԱԺ ՎՈ ԵՅ ԲԵ ՅՈ ՄՅՆԵ Ա Յ-ՎԵՆ ;
 ՅՅՈ ՎԼՈՅԻՇԵ Ա՛Ր ԲԵԱՐԵԱ ԱՐ Յ ԵՆԵ, ԲԱ ԵՅՐԵԱԾ
 ԵՅՅՈ ՎՏԻԵՐԱԵԱԺ ԷՐԵԱՊՆ ԱՐՅՐ ԲԱՕԻ ՎԱՅԻՐԵՅՄ.
 ԱՐՅՐ ԵՅՅՈ ԱՐ Մ-ԵՐԱԵԱԺ [ՅՈ Ն-ՎԵՅԻՐԻՅ ԱՆ ԼԱ ԲՅՆ],
 ԲԱՕԻ ՎԼԱ Ա՛Ր ՕՊՈՐ ՊԱՐ ԵՐ ԵՒԱԼ ՎՈ ՅԱՆ ԵՐԵՅՅ
 ՅՈ ԵՒԱԾԱԺ 'Ի ԱՆ Յ-ՎԱԺ, 'Ի ԱՅ ԲՈԼՍԱՄԱՊՆ ՅՈ ԵՐԱԺ, ԵՐԱԺ,
 Ա Ն-ԱԵՐ ԲԱՕՐ ՊԱ Կ ԷՐԵԱՊՆ ԲԱՕԻ ԵՐԱԵԱԺ ԵՒԱՆ ՎԵ.

air Petri's a. l. m. ՎՈՅՆԱՅԻՆԵ ՎՈ ՎՅԱԾ ՊՈ ՇՈՅՆԱՐՍԱՆ.

no 1487

Ա ՏԵԱՅԱՆ Ա իՆԵ ՄՈ ՎՈՒՊԱՐԱՅՆ ՄԱ ԵԱ ԵՒ ՎՈԼ Ա ԲՈՐԱԾ,
 ՏԵՈ ՊՅՈ ՊԱ՛Ր ԵՒԱՅՐԵ ՄԵ ԲՈՐ ԼԵԱԵ, ԵՅՅՈՆԵ ՅՈ ՏՅՏԵՐՅՆՆ ;
 ՅԵՕԵԱՐ ԱՐՅԵԱԾ Ա՛Ր ՕՐ ԱՆՆ 7 ՄԱՇՈՊԱՊԱՅԻԵ ՅՈ ԼԵՕՐ ԱՆՆ,
 ԵՍԾ իՆՆԵ ԿԱՅԻՆ ԿՅՐԻ ԱՆՆ ՊԱՇ ՊՎԵՍՆԲԱԺ ԵՐՈՅՈ ՊՈ ԵՐԱՅԻՆ.
 ԲԵԱՐՎԱ ԵՅ ԱՅԻ ՎՈ ՅԱՐՎԱ ԱՅՍՐ ՄՅՆ ԵԱՐԵ ՎՈ ՎԱՐՎԱ,
 ԱՅԱՐ Յ-ԿԱՐԲԱՅԻԵ ՕՐԵ ԱՇԵ ԲԱՅՐԵՅ ՎԵ ՎԱՅԻՆՅԵ 'ՊԱ ԲԱՅԵԱԺ,
 ԵՅ ԱՅ ՅՐԵԱՊՆ 'ԲԱՅ ԵՐԱՅՆԵԱՅԼ 'ԲԱ ԵՐԱՅ ԱՐԵԱԺ 'ԲԱ Յ-ՎԱՐՊԱՆ,
 'ՏՅՐ ՅԵԱՐԻ ՅՈ Մ-ԵՅՅՈ ԵՒ ԱՅ ԱՅՆԵԱՆ, ՊԱՇԲԱԾ ՄՅՐԵ ԲԱՕԻ.

Եր ՎԵԱՐ ԱՆ ՊՍՎ ՎԵԱՅՆՊԱՅՆՆ Ա ԵՅՅՈ ԱՅ ԵԱՆ ՅՈ ԵՆՆԵ,
 ՏՅՆ ԱՅՍՐ ՊԱ ԲՅՆՊԱՅԻՇԵ Ա ԵՅՅՈ ՅՈ ՄԱՅԺ 'ԲԱՆ Ե-ԲԱՕՅԱԼ ;
 ԱՇ Ե Յ-ՎԱՐԱ ԱՐՎԵՅՅ ՊՅՆՆՅ ՊԱՇ ՎՏՅՐԲԱ ԵՍՅԵ ԲԱՅԻ ԲՅՆՆՅՐ
 Եր ՎԵԱՅՐԻ ՎՈՊՈՐ ՅՆՆՆԵ ՄԱ ՅՐԵԱՊՅՅՆՆ ԵՒ ՎՈ՛Ն ԵՐՐԵԱՕՅԼԼ.
 ԱՅԱ ԲՈՐԱՊՆ ԵՐԱ 'Ն ԵԱՅՐԵԱԺ ԵՅՅՈ ԱՅԵՍԵՒԼ ՎՈ ԲԱՅԻ ՕՐԵ,
 ԵՅՅՈ ՎՈ իՆԱԼԱՅԻՇԵ ՅԵԱՐԵԱ 'ՅՍՐ ՎՈ ՇՆԵԱԺ Ա ՎԵՍՆԱԾ ԵՐԱՅՆ,
 ԱՇ ԿՈՅՅՎԱ ԵՐԱ 'Ն ԵՐԱՅՐՍ ԵՐԵ 'ԲՆԱ ԵԱԺՐ 'Ն ՔԵՅՐ 'Ի ԲԵԱՐԻ ՎՅ
 ՈՆՈ ԵԱՐԲԱՅՈ ԲԱՕՅԱԼ ՅԵԱՐԻ ՕՐԵ, ՊԱՇԲԱՅԻ ՄՅՐԵ ԲԱՕԻ.

ԱՅԱ ԵՅՅԵԱՊՆ ԵՒ ՅՈ ԵՅՅ ԱՆ ՕՐԵԱ ԵԱԾԱՐ ԱՐԵԱԺ ԱՅ ՕԼ Ե,
 ԵՍՅՐ 'ՆԱ ԲԱՅԵԱՅՐ ԲՎՈԼ Ե 'ՅՍՐ ՎՈ ԼԱՆՆ ԲԱՕԻ ՊԱ ԵՍՆ ;
 ԱՅԱ ԵՅՅԵԱՊՆ ԵՒ ԲԵԱԼ ՎՈ՛Ն ԵՐԵՐԱՅՅ ԵԱՐԵ ԼԵ ՎԼԱԾ ՊԱ ԵՐՈՐԱՊՆ

(Continued on p. 249)

"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.



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 goms 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 *Craoibhin Aoi bhinn* 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 Olongowes, Newry, Blacrock, 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-street, Syrige street, Westlands-row), Dundalk, Cork, Tipperary, Clonmel, Waterford, Dingle Carrickson-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).

Dúblaigh léite an cónair nuair a bliar-fear tús do'n bhraon;

Jr ceas é do teac cóniúite, tá an rogha ar an j3-cóniúite,

Tá aghzeas agus ór an rí tá an talainn cfolta raor,

Tá na beiteite reolta ari maionn jr tráctiána,

Sir tís leat a tús as ól ó beitear an t-ardar raor.

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!

211 BULLÁIN BREAC,

[Le Pátrúis Ó'Laoghair]

(Ar leahainn.)

Tar éir na m-bó éiomáire a bairle um tráctiána do Seázhac b'f ré in a rúite le coir na ceire 'nuair a labair an laoc éirte,

"A zjolla an amairin!" ar ré, "ba inór an m-áó b'f leat nac rabair ra bairle anoir trác b'f mac n'z na f'raire aneoro: zai an aneaur t'faijctea luac péire bróz uairt."

Do ceare Seázhac é 7 cóniáire ré zur as enáio b'f ré raor.

"Jr cumá hóm," ar ré, "ó noó raib an t-áó-rai in-dán tom."

Aimárac b'f Seázhac as a zriaracó féin le h-air toruir na cúire, b'f an laoc as rjudal raob leir 7 ba tóite leat nac m-buirfeac ud raor le méio a inóct-inaracra 7 a inóctálarca.

"Eiriz ar rai," ar ré le Seázhac, as bualaó buille bróize ar a tóin.

"Ná ceure-ra é rin air," ar Seázhac an, as laaac le feirz.

"Do ceureairin," ar ré, as bualaó buille eirle air.

Do eiriz Seázhac ar a leac-zlúin, do ruiz ar óróiz coire cli an laoc 7 do éairt tar an z-cairleán é. B'f Seázhac roime ar an t-raob eirle rui ar éairte ré cum talian, 7 do ruiz ar óróiz air 7 co éairt tar air air é, 7 do rinne an élar rai tr'f h-uairte.

"An n-ceaire aneoir é?" ar Seázhac leir, za tabairt j láair an n'z 7 as f'rairize ce, "Cia marbuid na raairz 7 a marair?" "Turá," ar an laoc, as eirte le h-eazla.

Seactiáin in a éairt rai do for Seázhac in'zoin an n'z 7 euz leir j zo cairleán na b-raac mar ar inairtear araon zo ceann bliacra ó'hlá do ruair an bullán breac bair.

Lá dá'r éairt ré as raacac zai ré j n-airce uairte an Bullán Buir 7 n'for léim ré éairt cum eirte 7 cum ceirte eir h-uairte. Aiz léimeac éar rruic b'f raob

léj tujt ré jrteac 7 do bátaó é.

Seacó lá n a óiajó ran fuajr a beaj é. Új an t-rlajóin óraoideacóta n a uct aise; éóó-rj j 7 do buaj é trj h-uajre léjte. D'eirj ré anhran ar an táin-geall n a rajó ré; éuajé ré óo h-uajó an buállan ónre 7 do léim ré éair- rre éum óin 7 éum deire trj h-uajre. Leir rin d'eirj anhor airte an fear ba deire azur ba breáóta do f'ubal anraín air féar no fajóce. Cuadair a t-óirjir a bajle anhran 7 éairteadar an éuit eile dá raóóal óan buajéirre óan óróan ar bjé

Sin é mo rzeul-ra: nj b-fuadair-ra dá n bárr acó b'óta páiréir 7 bajnne reamair.

(Órjó an dara rjéil.)

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.

Ljorcaoigleán, bajle-óac-óta,
Condae Órcajó,
Tac lá Fjunuine, 1893.

Éum fear eazair an óaoóal.
a óaoj óil.

Air deireacó an b'iaóan 'tá a- noir éart fuajr mé éejeire uimjir do'n óaoóal do'n njs deie-njsr 1892, ó duine imjirtearóa éóin. ná éuir a ajnne éuóam leo. acó 'tá áinrar. orin éia h-é. Táim an-buóteac leir. íad do éuir éuó- am, azur leaa-ra mar an ó ceoóna, do mo leirre-rj do élóe-bualac. anhr an uimjir céoóna.

Le b'iaóan nó éó, fuajr mé ó car- ad, anoir azur airj, uimjir do "An óaoóal," azur le éairbeáht óur-rj óo b-fuaj mear mór azam air, cuimjir éuó- ac leir an leirre-ro, éúj rjóllin, azur dá óinóin, airzeacó Sacraóac, ro d'neir airzeacó na Stáiróó Óonóa, óajlleur 7 ceátráin, [\$1.25]. An óajlleur, éum an óaoóal do cuir éuóam air feacó Ujáóna, azur an cuir jr bárr, éum an 'poró' do éfol ar. Fanair mo óaoj óil.

Do Seiróirreacó Uimajl,
Tadó Ua óiaráin

LORD THOMAS FITZGERALD.

(From Gael's Melodies).

Air—*Ribeard Ruadh*, Or, "Green Grows The
Rushe 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 HIS-
TORY.

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'Connor'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 Oluim, 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 A'gan'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!

R I—Olneyville, Mrs Adele M Foley—Providence, J Dickin, both per Martin J Henehan.

Tenn—Memphies, H McMahon, per M J Walsh St. Paul, Minn.

Utah—Salt Lake City, M D Shea (who commences, he says, to make one of the "million" readers.

Wis—Oshkosh, Dr P A Griffiths,

W Va—Wheeling, Dillon J McCormick. D Mc Donough, Wm O'Neal, all per A Lally.

Canada—Cornwall, Rev. Dr MacNish, Ireland.

Cork—Lisquinlan Timothy Gleeson—Glengarriff (The Schools), P O'Shea.

Kildare—Maynooth College, Junior Division, Master Wm O'Byrne sends £1 for himself and four other junior students.

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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 luibíó a h úir so h éadóiríom a h
o'uaib!

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of The Irish Race

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V. Rev. U. J. CANON BOURKE, P. P.

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