

ՄԵԼՈՐԱՆ



Եւան-Այծիյր մյօրամալ,
 Շաքաճա շման
ԵԱՆՅԱ ՃԱԵԾԻԼՅԵ
 և շօրնաճ ^{աշտ} և յաօրժնաճ
 աշտ շման

ԲԵՆ-ՄԱՅԼԱ ՇԻՄԺ ՆԱԿ-ԷՄԵԱՆՆ.

1024-ձ Բօլ. Միյն. 2. 3 ՏՐԵՇՏ-ՁԻՅ 1893.

Wheeling, W. Va., Sept. 1893.

Շօնօյնիյժե յր Շօյն յօ Ճաճ Էյրանիյաճ
և Շեւնաճ.

Բլաճա 7 ծաւալար աճա յաճժադաճ յօ
 Ճաճ հ-սլե Էյրեանիյաճ յօնա ծ-սլա շօյն
 յօ մեար ճլշե այր Էյրիյի յօ այր աղ
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 յօ յեյր և յաօյնե շման Ճաճժալ Բօյր
 լեաճնաճ. Ո՛հ յար յօմ յիյնի՛ յօյն
 Բաճ յ-ա լեյժ, մար տա Բյօր աճա Բեյն
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 ժար յեօճրաճ յիյն այր աղ Ե-րաճալ սլե
 Բարար յօ Ե-տշամար եաճան շիւթեճան
 լեյր աղ յՃաճժալ 7 աղ տեանՅա Ճաճժալ-
 շե շօնշճալ Օ՛հ մ-Բար. Շիւրեանի Բե
 յօնշանտար մօր օրի Բաճ յ Բար-Յրաճ
 աճա և յօնիյն յօ յա հ-Էյրեանիյաճ լե
 լալշեաճ և մեար՝ այր աղ տեանՅայն Ճաճ-
 լշե. Ուայր և լաճարար լե շիւթ աճ
 լեյր աղ յՃաճժալ և շօնշճալ, ՛Բե՛ յ լեյժ-
 րշեւ աճա աճ, "Օ, տա միւյն յօ Բեան" լե
 աղ Բայր և շօնշճալ և Ե-տաճ աղ Ճաճ-

լշե լեաճնաճ." Շիւրի և Յ-ճար յօ ծ
 Բսլ, աճ յի՛ և Յ-ճան, յօ ճան և Յ-
 ճօնիյն, յօ Բեան լեյր աղ տեանՅա ծեճ
 յիյն և լաճար Ուայն Բաճարար լեյր յա
 Երաճժեյն, 7 շիւթ յօմար յե լեյր աղ
 տեանՅայն ճիւրի յիյն յաճ Օ Բաճանիյժե
 յօ Շիւթարար, 7, մար աղ Յ-ճեւոնա,
 շիւթ լեյր աղ Ե-տեանՅայն Ճաճժալ շիւթ
 Բե յա յեանիյն 7 յա յաճժեաճ յիյն
 Բե Էյրիյն

Օ, և Շիւթարար! յաճ յիյն-իյն յա յաօյն
 շան յաճ 7 լալշեաճ աղ յաճ աճա յիյն
 սլա — աղ տեանՅա ճեաճժեա յիյն 7 յա
 հ-աճժեաճ յօնիյն Բար յիյն յօ աղ Երաճ
 1 լաճար. Աղ ծ-Բսլ յիյն յաճ և յիյն աղ
 ծար աղար այր յաճ եաճալ շօնշանտ
 շաճարար յօ յ-աղ Բեար աճա շաճաճ և
 Բաճիյն 7 և Բլանտե այր յօն աղ տեանՅա
 Ճաճժալ շօնշճալ Օ՛հ մ-Բար: ՛Տե՛ աղ
 Բար յիյն Ա. 1. Ա լաճար.

Աղար յիյն Է յօ ծ-Բսլ յե 1 յ-ճան յօ ծ
 Բսլ յօ Էյրե և Բլաճալ Բեյն Բար, շիւթ
 մ-Բաճ յօ մ-Բեյն յօնար աճ յօնիյն յօ

LESSONS IN GAELIC.

THE GAELIC ALPHABET.

Irish.	Roman.	Sound.	Irish.	Roman.	Sound.
À	a	aw	ḡ	m	emm
ḃ	b	bay	ḡ	n	enn
c	c	kay	o	o	oh
ḋ	d	dhay	p	p	pay
e	e	ay	r	r	arr
f	f	eff	s	s	ess
ḡ	g	gay	t	t	thay
ḡ	h	ee	u	u	oo
ḡ	l	ell			

XXVI. LESSON.—

The relative pronouns are—*a*, who, which, what; *ḡoc*, who, which; who not, which-not. These are all indeclinable; and *cause*, when nominative case, the initial aspirable consonant of the verb to be affected by aspiration.

The particle *do*, sign of the past tense, has the force of a relative pronoun; as, *ḋaoḡne tpeuḡa ḋo fuaḡr ḡor-ḋaḡl aḡḡr aḡ t-peaḡ-aḡḡrḡr*, brave men who obtained renown in the olden time. In this sentence there is apparently no relative nominative case to *fuaḡr*, and accordingly, *do*, which immediately precedes it, is regarded, in this and such cases, as a relative. But sentences of this form are really elliptical, and can be filled up, as in the present instance, thus: *ḋaoḡne tpeuḡa "ḡoc" ḋo fuaḡr ḡor-ḋaḡl aḡḡr aḡ t-peaḡ-aḡḡrḡr*.

The interrogative pronouns are—*cḡa*, who; *ḋa*, what, where; *ḋaḋ*, what, as, *ḋaḋ é?* what (is) it? *cpeuḋ*, what, what thing; compounded of *ḋaḋ*, what, and *ḡeuḋ*, thing.

OBS. 1.—Such English sentences as—"who am I? who is he? what is it? what is the matter? what was the matter? is it he? is it not he? it is not he;—this is the man"—are translated into Irish by omitting the verb, is, are, am, was—*cḡa ḡḡre?* *cḡa fé?* *ḋaḋ fé aḡ ḡḡ?* *aḡ fé?* (is it he)? *ḡaḋ fé?* *ḡḡ fé*, (it is) not he; *ro fé aḡ feaḡr*.

VOCABULARY.

Adam, *ḡiḋaḡḡ* (aw-oo). Alone, only, *aḡḡaḡḡ*; (solitary) *ḋoaḡaḡ*; from *ḋoaḡ*, one, and *feaḡr*, a man. Altho', *ce*, *ḡḡḋ* and *cḡḋ*; (as it were, the verb *cḡḋ*, seeing that Angel, *aḡḡḡeal*. Anger, *feaḡḡ*. Always, *rḡor*, *ḡo rḡor*; *ḡo rḡor* perpetually; *ḡo bḡaḋ*, ever, till the day of (*bḡaḋ*) judgment; *ḡo buaḡ*, lastingly; *ḡo h-euḡ*, till (*euḡ*) death; ever, *aḡḡaḡḡ*, ever, referring to time past; *a ḡ-coḡḡḡḡḡḡe*, (from *coḡḡḡḡḡḡ*, abide thou) always, abidingly; ever, *ḡo ḋeo*, till the last (*ḋeo*) breath, ever; *ḡo ḋeoḡḡ*, till the (*ḋeoḡḡ*) end, always, ever. Author, *uḡḋaḡr*. Beginning, *tḡr*, *tḡraḋ*, and *ḋoḡraḋ*; *tḡḡraḋ*, a leader or duke; *tḡḡḡḡḡ*, begin; *ḋoḡḡḡḡḋ* (the act of) commencing. Covetousness, *raḡḡḡ*. Create, *cḡuḋḡḡḡ*, from *cḡuḋ*, shape, form. Dispraise, *ḋo-ḡḡol*, from *ḋḡ* or *ḋḡḋ*, want of, and *ḡol*, praise; *cāḡḡ*, to dispraise; *ḋo-ḡḡol*, is to give negative praise; *cāḡḡ*, to give actual dispraise: "ḡā ḡol 7 ḡā cāḡḡ ḋḡ féḡḡ, do not praise and do not dispraise yourself. Envy, *teḡḡḋ*. Eve, *eḋa*. Gluttony, *cḡaor*; *cḡaorāḡ*, *cḡaorḡḡḡ*, and *cḡaorāḡaḋ*, a glutton; *cḡaor-ḋol*, drinking to excess; *cḡaor-ḡḡḡḡḋ*, (from *cḡaor*, and *ḡḡḡḡḋ*, to swallow) to eat greedily; *cḡoḡḡraḋ*, a spear which, as it were, eats up the flesh. Illumine, redden, blush, ignite, light, *laḡ*; light, *loḡḡaḋ*, *roḡḡḡḡḡḡḋ*, *ḋeaḡḡaḋ*. Kingdom, *ḡḡḡeaḋḋ*, from *ḡḡḡ* a king, and *eaḋḋ*, a state, condition, an achievement. Might, *cḡḡaḋḋ*; mighty, *cḡḡaḋḋaḋ*; Almighty, *uḡle-cḡḡaḋḋaḋ*. Moralist, *oḡḋe*; *ḋeaḡḡ-oḡḋe*. Parents, *aḋaḡḡ*, *ḡāḋaḡḡ*; first parents, *ceaḡ-ḡḡḡḡḡḡḡ*, from *ceaḡ*, head, chief, and *ḡḡḡḡḡḡḡ*, elder, progenitor (from *ḡḡḡḡḡ*, elder, and *feaḡr*, man). Pride, *uaḋaḡ* (as from *ua*, issue, and *bāḡḡ*, superiority, excellence); *cḡa aḡ ḡḡḋ uaḋaḡ*, what is pride? See, *ḡeuḋ*! I see, *ḡeḡcḡḡḡ*. Self, *féḡḡ*; myself, *ḡé-féḡḡ*; thyself, *tḡ-féḡḡ*. Seven, *ḡeaḋḋ*. Sin, *peaḋaḋ*. Sloth, *leḡḡḡ*. Source, *ḡḡḡoḡḡ-āḋḋaḡ*, *buḡ*, *ḋobaḡ*. Tongue, *ḋeaḡḡa*. Vanity, *ḋoḡḡḡḡḡḡḡ*, and *ḋoḡḡḡḡḡḡḡeaḡ* (from *ḋḡ*, wanting, and *ḡḡḡḡḡ*, substance), *baoḡḡe*; *baoḡḡ*, wan-

ton folly. Walk, *ΔΥΤΟΝ*, *ΥΔΑΙ* (pro. shoo.al, becuse *γ* follows *τ* bear in mind the Obs. that *τ* immediately before or after *e* and *γ* in the same word has the sound of sh). William, *ΥΙΤΤΙΑΜ* (the first syllable is pronounced short) *211* *ΥΙΤΤΙΑΜ*, Fitzwilliam; Williams, Williamson, MacWilliam—the Irish name assumed by the Bourkes of Connaught on the death of their chief, William De Bourg, third Earl of Ulster.

Exercise 1

Translate—

1. This is a very fine day (*la an-bhreagh e so*). 2. It is indeed a very fine day. 3. Have we not (*nach raibh againn*) very beautiful weather now for a long time (past)? 4. We had, indeed, very good weather, as you observe (*mar deir tu*), this good while past. 5. Has not God been good to us? 6. Yes, God has been very good to us. 7. Who is good but God alone? 8. Who is God?—you, who know so much (*aig a bh-fuill an oir-ead sin eoluis*), know this question (*ceist*) well. 9. He is the author and first source of all that are in (on, *air*) heaven and on earth; He is the beginning and end of all that are, or that will be; it is He who created the sun, the moon, and all these stars that illumine the firmament; He always is and abides for ever: Let every tongue sound his praises (praise him). 10. Who is he who praises the Lord always? 11. It is the just man, who knows who God is—how great, how mighty; and who himself is—how poor and vile. 12. What is this world? (*cad e an n-uidh an saoghal so?*). 13. It is only a vapour that lasts (is) for a little, and then is no more. 14. What is heaven? 15. It is the kingdom in which God reigns in glory; and in which all the blessed praise for ever his blessed name. 16. Aee you holy? 27. No; I am not holy. I do not praise myself (*me fein*) although I like to be good. 18. You know the saying, or the advice (*comhairle*) of the old man—do not praise or dispraise thyself; for much praise is bad. 19. What is praise? 20. Pride is sister to vanity—pride is one of the seven deadly sins. 21. Do you know the seven deadly sins? 22. I do (know them)—they are pride, covetousness, lust (*druis*) anger, gluttony, envy, and sloth. 23. Pride, I see, is the head and root of all—it was the sin of our first parents' Adam and Eve. 24. I see you are a moralist. 25. Who is this coming (*aig teacht*)? 26. It is my dear and faithful friend, William. 27. Is it he that comes (*an e a ta ann*)? 28. It is he; here he is, You are welcome, my dear friend (*ceud mile failte romhat, o charad mo chleibh*); how are you to-day? 29. I am well, thank you (*uidheachas duit*). 30. Let us have a walk.

NOTE—Being run short of Gaelic type, the translation of last exercise has been left over for next issue.

211 520221 2115210.

By A Lally.

(The reader will find Brother Lally's caricature of the "Sham Battle," very entertaining. By the

way, Is Wheeling about taking the away in Gaelic composition? —Ed.]

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'S mar reo tã Sacranajš 'hojr le Éirne
 23 r3anað brej3e a3r
 Ólanh na h3aodal jhr 3ac u3le éar.
 2é tã' h 33onãhac 3o buah 'na élaðahne
 'Ma rca3le f3éj 'r leup 3ó 'h marð3eó'p
 3ac ceá3a 3ó a r3úblan h ré a3n a3a3ó
 Ó3eá3h r3ua33te le 33hamj3e 'p a 3ó3p
 3r 33neac ah bó3ar hac
 3-fu3l ah3 cor ho ca3a3ó,
 3r h3' lã 3ó a f3a3 hac
 3-33eá3h a 3e3neac3.
 23ã 33eá3h ah 3-33near a33r,
 É3neocá3ó f3p na me3r3h3
 f3á33ar com3ac3 Sacranajš
 3rú33e 333r3e
 Tá ré 33lé3ne m3h333e 3ú3h
 23h3r ah m-33obla
 3o 3a3 jhr ah á3o h 33p 3a3ó
 3ear 3ó h3a333a 3o 3u3 3o 33l h3u3l
 É f3éj mar 3333a3p3
 Óum na 333r33333e 3o 3e3
 2r a 33p 3o 3333p3,—
 3ah a3p 33h3a lã3h
 'S 3ah rú3l 33h3a 3eá3h,
 Š3úbal ré le3p na ceá3fu3p3333
 3o 3eampoll 3eá33h,
 Ó3p ré a 33a3ah le3p ah b-33leup
 3o 33ua3ó 7 3o 3eá3h,
 '3ur le3 ré 'huar ah 3eampoll
 23p f3éj 7 a 3a3 ah3.
 Tá m-3e33eac3 me3r3eac3 a33 f3p
 2333p mar 33 a33 Sam3on,
 Tá a3p m333eac3 ac3
 Ma3 3a3 a3p3 a3p 3ah h-am-3ah,
 23p 3o 3eud3a3 3á3á3p, lu33e3p3e
 233r 3ú33a 3a333eá3h,
 'S h3 3e33eac3 3om3a 3a33al ah33u
 3ah 33p a3 3om3ar
 Slab3a33e 3a3p33h 3 h3aba3h3a3
 2é tã f3p 33eá33a 3é3ó 3 Sacranajš
 Le é3p3 3o 3euh3a3 a33r a3333e,
 2é tã f3p e3le ah3 a 3e3p,
 "Eu3am33p mar h3a3p3eá3m33p."
 É3p3! a 3-333eá3h 333 ah f3ua3p
 3o 33eá3 ar ua3ll na 3-333p33? —
 3r 3a3a tã É3p3 a 33a3h3, 33333eac3,
 3 333e, 33333a3 7 3euh3a3 a3333e,
 3o f3a3 a' r tã Sacranajš a 33a3,
 Š3333a3, marð33 'r 3euh3a3 3eacá3e.
 2é 33oc3a3ó a3333a3 obah3, 3333
 2l é3ua33e33ar 33333e na h-3a333eac3
 f3á33ar 3333ah é3a333e, ua333eac3 f33r
 23ar 333a3p3 ah 333eá3p3a 233 2333a3ó

GREENFIELD, N. Y.,
 Sept. 12, '93.

Dear Friend, Editor of The Gael.—

Find in this private messenger one dollar, my subscription to the Gael, also payment for extra copies sent.

The remarks of Mr. M P Ward in last Gael I greatly appreciate, and his *Eire Aluinn Fial* I am very proud of. I hope he will live long and prosper well to give the Gaelic cause a helping hand as he has always done.

Now as my intended letter would be too long I will boil it down to a few poetic lines —

P. A. DOUGHER
 And his Missing Friends.

A letter of inquiry I am sending to the Gael,
 That sprightly Irish journal most worthy of the name,
 That shining star of beauty that has graced Columbus shore,
 And that sparkling stream of crystal where the Celtic ardor flows.

This letter of inquiry—simple in its cause,
 Does not touch upon the rights of man nor infringe upon the laws;
 It is the style prevailing, though, and fashion of my kin,
 To insert an advertisement for to find their missing friends.

The friends that I am looking for you could find them by the score,
 They left the shores of Erin twenty years ago
 And landed in America their fortunes for to seek,—
 Has any body seen them since, or have they gone to sleep?

Some went to the farms and others keeping store,
 Some to Sloo cum Hollow*, adjacent to Dunmore
 Some worked in the factories and in the rolling mill,
 Has the Lacawanna drowned them, or are all the mines caved in?

Some of the names I'll mention were McAndrews and McCoys,
 O'Connors and McCauleys, Flemings and Bill-boys,
 McHales and McNamaras, whom I hope are living still,
 Were among my near relations who once flocked round Nephin Hill.

I read the Irish journal these nine long years and more,
 Still watching through its columns for friends I did adore,
 Friends of learned honor who never would say fail,
 And the only thing surprising me their names don't grace the Gael.

I will cut my advertisement short for fear 'twould be too long,
 Or make a wrong impression, leading to a song;
 But all of you who notice this will kindly give heed,
 And your correspondence now, dear friends, will be thankfully received.

—P A DOUGHER.
 Irish-American papers please copy.

* The ancient name of Scranton, Pa.

The following matter was sent to the Irish-American for publication by Mr. O'Shea in March last in reply to T O'N Russell's unfriendly criticism on Standish O'Grady's book, and as that paper did not publish it (and for what reason we cannot understand), Mr. O'Shea sent a copy of it to us with a request to publish it, which we do with pleasure not only because of the excellence of the composition but because it is an act of justice to Mr. O'Grady.

Ծօ իյ ճշայն բաժնո քար լաճարէ Ճաօճայլէ ճօյն
 շէտ իյ քն երեւայլէ ճյ Տաճայն ճայն ճիւղն ճիւղն.
 Ծօ քն ճիւղն ճ'ր Ծօ լաճն ճիւղն ճիւղն ճ'ր ճայն ճաօճ.
 Ծի ճարն ճաօճ ճիւղն, ճիւղն ճիւղն ճ'ր ճիւղն ճիւղն ճ'ր ճաօճ.

Ե՛ր Դ իկէջե լիւծ տարւարդի տեղեղի եւծ ժիղի դարւ,
 Զի լիւծ ո՞ւ լաճարւ ո՞ւ լաճայծ դ ի-Յաճալ ճի լարւ,
 Շիւր յորժալ լարիճար Դ՛ր ճարճե Դր ճաճ լարճե ո՞ւ լաճ,
 Ձիւր յիլի Դ՛ր լարճի ո՞ւ լարիճ ճի ճաճիլ ճի լաճ

[illegible]

Ուսար ըրլալ թէ շնչայի եւո յողջօղա ալ Ե-րօշտլ կյոյ
 Չի լեթեյօ Ծ' քօծօրամ քօլլամ չան էրբաճէ,
 Չիր բւայօ դա տըրէ րշօփէե ալ էրբաճէ
 Չիյ րյուլլայրէ չօփէե ալր օֆէ օելշ-լեյշեադաճէ.

ՕՐ ԴՏՈՒՆԵԱՐ ԵԱՐՈՒ Է, ՈՒՆԵԱՐ ԾՈ Պ-Ե՝ ՔՅՈՒՆ
ԱՊ ԵՐՈՒՆԵԱԸ ԶԼԱԶԱՆ ԴԱ ԴԵՐՈՒՄ ՈՐՈՒՆԵԱԸ
ԾՈ Պ-ԵՐՈՒՆԵԱԸ ԴԱՐ ՈՐՈՒՆԵԱԸ ԴԱ Դ-ԵՐՈՒՆԵԱԸ,
Ա՛Ր ԾՈ Ե-ԵԱԸԱՐԵԱԸ ԴԵԱԸ Ե՛Ա Զ-ԵԱԸԵԱԸՆԾ ԶՈՒՆԵԱԸ.

Եւ ձեռնը շար ածարձէ՛ց աշարի Եղմբէ-ւի
Աս Յօսիա Բարժա Յօ տաղշայի դա Կ-Շրիոյ,
Յօ Եզրիւս, Բարճայտէ, Իւլիսթէս ո' ձօն դեւ
Օօ Լաճար աղ տաղշա մար ճողայօ Լուօ Լիճիդ ի.

Ձիւսս ընդ ընդ ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն
 ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն
 ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն
 ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն ինքն

but beaz ah inat'ar to'h shet'n inas e'as'ah
 C'ohashile a le'ar to e'adashle to'h to'ol ro,
 sh'ah e'it re real'at, but sh'arash ah t're'mre e,
 t're'm' d'r sh'arash, re be'at ah Ruy're'alash.

Անոյր ի՞նչ ծախլ բարձրաբե ձիւն, յայն-լէ՛նջեաղժ
 յողի րա ճառձալե աբխիւեա՛ն, ժայնողմա՛ն, ձօրա՛ն
 'Ու ծըւլ դա տարալիջեաղ տրադա ձի Բարձալա՛ն
 Յօ տաօմա՛ն, տարւիւրեա՛ն, արալիւեա՛ն, ժաօմա՛ր.

Այլ բոլորիդե ձևայի Օ'Յրած, քննիչեաց ;
 Այլ Քննիչիդե բարբ, բարբ քաղաք, ձործ,
 Այլ քննիչե զօրինիյի ա ծիւղիյի քաղ-կննչիւնդեաց,
 Այսպիսի թէ բնական ա ծիւղիւն ա թափայի.

Քյօր Բ-բն իյօմ քրեհայր Ծօ'ի րաճայր Եթէյ
 Զօ Բ-բայրեար հաճ Բն լաճայր լէյր քէյի րեալ ;
 Ծօ իյնիյր Եարայն Ե Բն հաճ Բն Զաօճայլէ,
 Ա'ր Ծօ Եսրեար Եսմ րաճ' Ե Բ'ր լարայր Բն Եաօն.

Ասէ Ե՛՛՛ րօլ Ծ'եարհայր Բն րալճայր քրաօնար,
 Տնւյր Բ'ր րալն մեարհայր Բն ձօքրեաճ ;
 Եյա շնր Բարճա Բյօն ճեաճար Բն ձօնար,
 Իր շրճն Բն մեարհ, իյ ճեաճն լե Բ-ձօն քեաճ.

Լեաճ լճն Զալլճա հայր լեաճ քյօր Զաօճալճ,
 Ան րօլ Բն մեարհ Բն ճալն Բն Բ-Եյննոյն,—
 Եսր լճն Բ'ր Բրալ Բ Բ-Բարայր Բ Եյլե,
 Եյհեան Բաճա քրեաճայր, քեաճայր Բեյր Եաօ լէյր.

Պեարն Բ լէյթէյր, լե Բեաճ-Եյքրեաճ Եօր-Բնօլ,
 Զօ Բ-Բարայր Բն Զաօճ 'նայր Բ Եյնեան քեաճօլ—
 Զօ Զ-Եյնեան Բն րաօճալ մօր լե քէյն Բ Բնօն,
 Ա'ր Զօ Զ-Եյնեան Բն քրեաճա լե քրեյն Բ Եյնն.

Իր Երաճ Բն Բոճ-Եյննոյն Զն Եօլար Բն քաճ-Եյննեար,
 Այն Եսլ Բ Զ-Եյննեար լէյր Բն Օլան Օ'Շրճա Բնօյր.
 Ա Եաճայր Ծօ Եննայր Բն րօլալ իյօր Զ՛՛ Եօ,
 Բն Եյն Զօ մօր Եօ Բ Զնր քէյն Ծօ Բաճա.

Ա Եեան Եեանճալ Եյննեալ լե Բնօլ Ծօ'ի Ե-Բն,
 Բօրօյն Ծօ Ե'ր լսէ քյօր Բ քյօր քան Զն Եյննեաճ : [Ե
 Բն մայր Բն Ե-Եյնն քաննայր Ծ'՛՛ Զ-Եյննեաճ Բոճար Ենն.
 Ա Եեալ Եյնն-Եյննեաճ Բեյր քաննա Բն Բայր.

Պեարն Բն Եյն քեօ Զօ Բ-Բն լե լէյնոյն
 Զօ Բ-Բն քան Բ Բ-Եյննայր Զաօճայլէ,
 Ա քննն Եյննեան իյ Բ-Բն Եոնն Բն Եյն լե,
 Ա'ր Բ Ե-Եյն Բ Եյն քննեաճ Եյնն Բն Եյնն լե.

Ան Եայրն Բննայր իյ քննայր Ծօն իյնն
 Եաճարհայն Զայր Ծօ' Օ'Շրճա, րաօլն ;
 Ե՛՛ քյօր հայն Զաճ Եոն—Բն քա Զաօճայլէ Եյնն,
 Քաճ իոնն Եյննեաճ Ծօ քանն 'ր Ծօ Եյնն.

Ան Զաօճայլէն իյննայր Եաճարհայն Եոնն,
 Ա'ր Ծօ իյնն Եյնն Եյնն Ծ'՛՛ Բ-Եյնն Իր Եոնն,
 Ան Ե-Բն Օ'Քնն Բննեալ քննն
 Զն իոնն Բն քոլայր քեօ Եոնն Եյնն.

Ե՛՛ քո Եոնն-Եյնն Բ'ր Ե՛՛ Բն լեաճար Եոլա,
 Ա'ր Ե՛՛ քե Ե-Եյնն Եայրն Եյնն,
 Ե՛՛ քննն Բարճա Բն Բ-Եյննայր իոն Եյնն,
 Աճ Ե քեօ Բննայր Իր Զ՛՛ Ծօ իյնն Բն.

"Ծօ Բն քե քանն հայր Բեյր քոյն Եոնն,"
 Տն Եայր Ե՛՛ Եյնն Ծօ քոննայր Եոնն,
 Ան Բ-Եյնն Եյնն Եոնն Եոնն Եոնն,
 Եսր Եոնն Բ Բ-Եյնն քանն հայր քանն Բ Բ-Եյնն Եոնն.*

"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.

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

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Twelfth Year of Publication.

VOL 10, No. 3. SEPTEMBER. 1893.

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

Subscribers will please remember that subscriptions are due in advance.

Gaels will be glad to learn that, from whatsoever cause—maybe the rejection of the Home Rule Bill by the Lords, the Gael has received more new subscribers for the last three weeks than it has in the same space of time since its foundation. And a number of them being desirous that the Gael be kept clear of American politics; and we being now satisfied that it has become the journalistic representative of THE IRISH race in America, of all political shades, that desire will be strictly respected henceforth, however great the temptation of giving the politicians a scathing.

Friends, England has again thrown down the gauntlet; let us take it up defiantly by circulating our literature. Let each Gael work as if the success of the cause depended on himself alone.

HIBERNIANS,

You are the only organized body in America representing a nation that has not a journal in the language of that nation. What is the reason that you are the only exception? Is it because your language and your race are inferior to the others? The fact would lead a foreigner to suppose that such was the cause. Why have you not a representative paper of your own, and you pay more for advertising your business in foreign journals than would support it.

Though THE GÆL is small it is now firmly fixed as THE IRISH journal of America. By a united support of it you could enlarge it and make it a weekly or a daily, and advertise your business through it.

To make a commencement in this direction, we shall send the Gael to clubs of ten, or more, to separate addresses, for 40 cents a year per copy; and on these terms no Division of the A O in America ought to be without it, and thus remove the anomaly of a Hibernian being without a journal in the language of the nation of which he claims to be a representative.

TO THE IRISH IN AMERICA.

Brethren, for some time past we had hopes and misgivings regarding Mr Gladstone's ability to secure Home Rule for our native land. And we are now satisfied that he could not command a majority in the Commons only that some of those who voted with him were sure that the Lords would reject the bill, and that their support of it was merely to conciliate the Irish members in order to secure their support for the enactment of measures pertaining to Great Britain.

We did have hopes that the Lords might consider it more judicious to grant some concessions to the Irish people than run the risk of challenging them to renewed revolutionary efforts to free themselves in view of the terribly destructive agency of warfare which chemical science has recently placed within their reach. So that the actions of the English people prove that they look upon the Irish as a race too timid and too faint-hearted to resort to drastic measures to regain their rights. This conclusion is irresistible because it is only a few years since the English themselves bombarded the city of Alexandria, with dynamite, sparing neither age nor sex. And if they thought the Irish would act in a similar manner toward them (they could raze all their cities in spite of their teeth), they certainly would accord them the half measure of self-government embraced in the Gladstone bill.

What will the Irish do? Their first duty is the preservation of their nationality by preserving their language, and bide their time. Hence, all should work as one man in the Gaelic cause. Remember, friends, that a small but powerful section of the Irish people are opposed to Irish autonomy, and that though they do not on the whole speak openly against it they do otherwise all their power to frustrate its accomplishment.

The language holds the same position among the leaders in Ireland to-day that it did in Archbishop McHale's time. But (thanks to the spirit of enthusiasm which the Gaelic movement in America has infused into a large section of the people) a large number of the clergy and National Teachers take an active part in its preservation. Hence, it is of the first importance that we push the movement here so as to encourage them at home.

It is a shame for Irishmen, who have been endowed by Providence with, at least, an average share of natural intelligence, to remain passive, like a tobacco sign, to be sneered and jeered at by the progeny of ——— and concubines.

We were always opposed to the futile efforts made by Irishmen to regain their political freedom for we consider it the greatest folly to attempt to fight England in the open field. Hence we turned our mind to the preservation of Irish nationality by preserv-

ing the language, until, in the course of time, England should have run her race, as other conquering nations have done—sink out of sight, and that then Ireland would come by her own.

That is our idea still. But if other Irishmen are of the belief that modern inventions enable the weak to cope with the strong, and that they will make the attempt, we beg of them not to make fools of themselves by going about it in such clumsy, idiotic way as would bring destruction to themselves and the blush of shame to the brows of their countrymen.

We redden with indignation when we hear of petitions being made to England by Irishmen begging for the release of such prisoners as Dr Gallagher, because we think that no man should go on a mission such as that alleged except him who would be prepared to carry his life in his own hands—neither seeking for nor giving quarter.

We also blush with shame when we hear of the loose manner in which persons are admitted to membership in Irish revolutionary societies, whereas the antecedents of candidates from the time of their birth their place of birth, and where and in what manner since employed, should be strictly investigated, for all are aware of the tactics used by detectives to get into and disrupt such organizations. For instance, the Protestant Head Constable Talbot represented himself as a rabid Fenian, and a Catholic, and went so far to prove himself the latter that he knelt before the altar of God, in the chapel of Carrick-on-Suir, and sacrilegiously received the body of His Divine Son!

Again, Dr Gallagher was not fit for his alleged mission, for if he were no one would know the time or manner of his proceeding (not even those who sent him), nor his port of landing on the other side; and his profession indicating that his apparel and surroundings would be that of a gentleman, he should have assumed the role of chimney-sweep, ragman, tinker, or some other humble calling—disparage the Irish and be as much as possible the typical English man. A hundred men possessing these traits would quickly prick the lordly windbags, and cause England to sue for peace. But as we do not believe, in the present degenerated state of Irishmen, that such are forthcoming, we would urge them to preserve the language until, in the natural order of things, England reverts to her former state of imbecility. For Providence will cut short her unhallowed career when she least expects it as He did that of Talbot, hereinbefore referred to, who was shot dead in a crowded thoroughfare in the city of Dublin without any one seeing who fired the shot or whence it came. Ah, friends, who would have the temerity to say that Providence did not visit him for his diabolical crime at Carrick-on-Suir as He did the lying Ananias of the Bible?

THE LIAR AGAIN.

The Gael protests against the uncandid manner in which some New York people seek to injure it, namely, by alleging that it said what it never did say. One says,—

"The time that 'Logan' said Russell went to Ireland I was speaking with him (Russell) at such a place."

That is, simply, a lie. "Logan" never said that Russell went to Ireland, but he published extracts from a letter received from Mobile Ala., in which the writer quotes his (Russell's) sister-in-law as saying that it was his wont to go twice a year and that he left

Cleveland the early part of that July (1890) for that purpose (but she did not say what time he sailed—and he could go to and return from Ireland in 14 days). What made the sister-in-law say that in ordinary conversation? and our correspondent repeated it in alike off-hand, gossiping manner, without any idea that Russell's going to Ireland then was but his ordinary routine. We reported the matter and commented on it in the interest of the Irish cause; that's all. Were it our aim to vilify Russell we would have published the following matter, which we received from Mr O'Farrell, publisher of the *Irish Echo*, five months before (April 2, '90) the reception of the Mobile letter. Mr O'Farrell writes,—

"My old Friend O'Shea is not getting very good health and my knowledge of the Irish language* is not that which would enable me to run the *Echo* successfully, and you know that those who know least are the greatest fault finders, for instance see the audacity of that 'travelling rat' and impostor Russell, a man that an Irish speaking person cannot understand. I have given him the cold shoulder by consigning every piece of his MSS of an arrogant nature to the waste basket of late. And 'Dr' Norris treated his case carefully, it is to be hoped he will not venture into deep water again, but he is a cheeky adventurer without a particle of shame or gentlemanly principle. He is not in the liquor business, as a trade or business, no more than I am, that has entirely exploded here long ago, every one is suspicious of him, and what every body say must be true.† Chas. O'Farrell."

We hold all these letters, and they can be seen by any one. We have no spite against Russell; we believe he holds a certain office and that to the best of his ability (which is large) he endeavors to serve his employer. The "Mick" letter, which he thought would never see the light, reveals the inwardness of the man. No, we owe Russell no spite. Why should we if we believe him to be an English detective? an honorable calling. We call it spying, but were matters changed, we would call it as honorable as any other employment. We call Le Caron a spy, but whether was he or those whom he duped the more honorable, or served their respective countries the better? The Language being the Repository of Nationality a smart man should be employed to disorganize the Movement to preserve it. But he met a snag—he met steel where he expected matter!

Were the Hibernians and the Claus to die tomorrow what would they leave behind them? The former a few flags and banners. The latter—not even as much. But, the Gaels?—The Nationality, perpetuated in the thousands of the rising generation, who, in turn, will hand it down to their children. Hence we have no personal animosity to Russell; the battle was long, fierce and bitter; we sent him home with his tail between his legs, and we are too gallant to mutilate the corpse of a foe who, because of his inexhaustible resources to buy aid, with our limited means, was worthy of our steel, but we deplore the gommishness of our countrymen in permitting themselves to be duped by every one who shouts "harroo" for Ireland.

* Mr O'Farrell has had ample time since to be a good Irish scholar.

† Mr O'Sullivan of the Boston Philo-Celtic Society in a column and a half article in the *Irish World* in October, 1878, charged Russell with being a British detective because of his efforts to burst the Gae

lic movement, of his having no visible means of support though he spent money like a prince running from city to city, especially those in which Irish revolutionists abounded. Why, then, do his backers say that the Gael originated the charge? Ought not the "exploded" false pretense of his being the representative of his brothers-in-law, the fabled rich French vintners (who turned out to be poor struggling painters in Alabama) open the eyes of the gulls who backed him? What was his purpose in strutting about under these false pretenses, walking into the societies' halls with such air of consequence as intimated that it was an unusual condescension on his part to mix with such class of people? Why did he not make Cleveland, where his wife was employed, a central location, and not New York and Chicago, his headquarters? But why bring family affairs into the matter? Russell by his avowed purpose of injuring the Gaelic movement challenges inquiry into all his surroundings; and the fact that he made his home in New York and Chicago (where he done no visible business) instead of Cleveland, where his wife lived (and they on friendly terms, he calling on her occasionally, as is asserted his sister-in-law) has a very tangible bearing on Mr O'Sullivan's allegation.

We have a letter from Chicago in which the writer states that Russell said he was a native of a certain part of the County Westmeath, and that another party present, who lived there, contradicted him (Russell) as to certain names, etc., which he mentioned, and told him to his face that he knew nothing at all about the place. It would be fitter for his backers to explain all these things and why Russell blackguarded all our Irish scholars (when he did not know the difference between the past and future forms of the language himself), and sought to "sit" on the Gael, the only Irish paper then published, than expose their gommishness by leaping before they looked.

THE SENTIMENTS of our SUBSCRIBERS

Ala—Birmingham, J Kelly, P Lynam, M Daly per Mr Kelly.

Ariz—Phoenix, P Hughes, D Sullivan.

Cal—San Francisco, Ed Myles, P Dougherty.

Col—Denver, M O'Brien, P Levell, P Dolan, Mr Dolan.

Conn—New Haven, Rev. B W Bray, P Murphy, T Callaghan, Major Maher, Capt L O'Brien, J Reynolds, J C Donovan, all per Major Maher, who insinuates that he has partly silenced the guns of his old enemies, M'Cosker, Feeny, Murphy (Port Costa), McTighe (Binghamton), Lovern (Scranton), etc., and preparing to give an unrelenting battle to McEniry, Lally, Henahan, Mc Cormick, McEniry (Phila.), Griffin (Lawrence) Lane (St. Louis) etc., including his Montagne opponent, Downey, whose ability as a skirmisher gives an uneasy feeling—Stamford, P F Duggan, J Ryan, L Kelly, per Mr Duggan—Fall River, H McCann.

Del—Willmington, M McEvily, M Dunne, M J Walsh.

Ill—Chicago, J Brennan, Wm Raleigh, D Sullivan, T McCabe—Monmuth, P Daly.

Ind—Union City, T McMahon—Indianapolis, J Moran, P Dwyer, W Kirk, D Leahy, Mr Leahy.

Mass—Boston, D Sullivan, J O'Sullivan, per D

Sullivan; D O'Connell, P Trainor, M M Walsh—Marlboro, J Shaughnessy—Lawrence, D O'Connell, per T Griffin—Holyoke, P Smith, J Lehan, per Mr Smith—Springfield, J O'Brien, P Fahy.

Mich—Grand Rapids, D Noonan, S Malone, M Lydon—Lansing, O Tully, P Nesbitt.

Minn—Minneapolis, N Dunn, M Tully, J Daly, per Mr Dunn; J O'Neill, C Murphy, M Monahan per Mr O'Neill—St Paul, C Connor, J Loftus, H O'Connor, per Mr Loftus; M Dempsey.

Mo—St Joseph, J O'Shaughnessy—St Louis, M Hagarty, M Murphy, Jere O'Brien.

Nev—Gold Hill, M Tierney.—The Irish spirit was rampant about Virginia, Gold Hill and Varga formerly: Has the silver run out? Send it along

N J—Jersey City, H Butler, J Hogan, T Malley, J Ryan, M Danne, per Mr Dunne—Newark, P Flynn, P Grehan—Paterson, T O'Brien, P W Murphy—Trenton, M Duffy, P Daly, p. Mr Daly

N Y—Brooklyn, Miss Mary J Hynes, Miss Nora Riordan, T Brophy, J Cooney, S Ruddy, P Walsh—Greenfield, P A Dougher, who regrets that he lives in a rural district or he would knock the gas out of Lally and all the other big guns—Herkimer T Cox—City, Counsellor John L Brower; Capt. T D Norris, Miss Mary O'Mahoney, per Capt. Norris; P Morrissey, per T Erley; P Foley, W J Sweeney, D M Murphy, T Higgins—Rondout, P Fleming—Rochester, O McCue, J Moore.

O—London, Dr J C MacAuliff—Cin., P Rowan—Cleveland, T Hackett, J Grady, H Mackin B V Nulty, per Mr Hackett—Columbus, H Neil, P M Lowrey, Miss Nelly Doherty, per Mr Neil.

Pa—Phila., P McCann, J Murphy, J P Markey per Mr McCann; P O'Neill, M Savage—Pittsburg P Cleary, J Redmond, A Fallon, per Mr Fallon,

Wash—Port Ludlow, F Dunlevy, who paid the The Gael a friendly visit after seeing the World's Fair—Spokane, T Devine.

W Va—Wheeling, T Dougherty, T Barrett, J Joice, M Dolan (Benwood), P Haskins (Benwood) P McCabe, all per A Lally.

Wis—Eau Claire, M McLaughlin—La Cross, J Canavan.

Ireland—

Cork—Carriginima, P Lehan—Masterguibhy, P Sugrue—Cork Model School, T Cronin.

Kerry—Killarney, P O'Connell—Kilgarvan, P Buckley. All the above are sent by Capt T D Norris, 40 Weter Street, New York City. All the recipients are National Teachers.—Should not other Irishmen follow the gallant Captain's example?

Irishmen, we appeal to you again to make more strenuous exertions to scatter your literature. As your gifted and patriotic poet has truly said on the next page, your language is all that has escaped the wreck, and thanks to the mountains of Munster, Connaught, and Donegal that what has been left is the primeval ingredient. Genuine Irish patriotism is to the man ignorant of the language as the choicest viands are to him who has lost the sense of taste and smell.—We appeal to the old workers to try to restore that sense to their countrymen: and we leave to them to say whether the existence of The Gael to-day after twelve years of hard struggle under the unceasing fire of the enemy, is not a tangible proof that we have done our part: will you do yours, friends of Ireland?

Do, then, your part and no power on earth can destroy the Irish Nation.

The following beautifully pathetic Gaelic lamentation was sent to us, among others, by Miss Jessie McIntyre of Grove Park, Kent, England. It is a question if there be a more beautiful or a more sentimental song in the language, Scotch or Irish.

Miss McIntyre is a lady of excellent parts, and an enthusiastic Highland Gaidheal. Miss McIntyre took a prominent part in the exercises at the reunion of the Comann Gaidhealach, at Oban, last September.

An Gaidheal air Leaba Bais.

Fad air faebh bho thir nan ard-bheann
Tha mi m fhograch an tir chein, [dian,
Am measg choigreach s fad o m chair-
Tha mi m laidhe an so leam fein;
Tha mo chridhe briste, bruite—
Saighead bais a nis am chom;
An uine gearr mo shuil bidh duinte,
S aig a bhas mi m chadal trom.

S tric ag eirigh suas am chuimhne,
Albainn aillidh, tir nam beann;
Chi mi sud an leanag uaine—
A 's am botham anns a ghleann;
Tha gach ni fo bhlath gu h-uraidh—
Aig an allt tha cronan fann,
Air a ghaoith tha faile cubhraidh,
Tighinn bho fhlurain nach eil gann.

S ann a sud a fhuair mi m arach,
S mi neolochdach mar na h-uain,
Ach s lom a dh fhagadh nis an larach,
Bho n a sheol mi thar a chuain; [rach
Thar leam gun cluinn mi guth na smeo-
Seinn gu ceolar feadh nan crann,
S oran binn nan uiseag boidheach,
Ard s na speuran os mo cheann.

Chi mi chill aig bun a bhruthaich,
Taobh an uillt tha ruith gu lughr,
S tric a bha mi sud gu dubhach,
Caoidh na cairdean tha fo n uir; [iadh
Mo mbathair s m' athair tha n an sin-
N cadal siorruidh anns an uaigh,
S chaidh mo chopan searbh a lionadh,
N uair a d fhaig mi n sin mo luaidh.

Nis cha leir dhomh tir nam ard-bheann,
Air mo shuil tha ceo air fas, [dian,
Am measg choigreach s fad o m chair-
Tha mi feitheamh air a bhas;
Thu-sa, spioraid bhoichd, than daor-sa,
Ach cha-n fhada bhios tu ann—
Thig, a bhais, as thoir dhomh saorsa—
Beannachd leat, a thir nam beann!

A few friends have suggested to us that the placing of the Scotch Gaelic in a parallel column with the Irish would be a great help to those who desire to read both. We do so here; and the reader will see that there is not much greater difference between them than there is between the oral speech of the various provinces.

Le 21. Ua C.

21. Gaidheal air Leaba Bais.

Fad air fàh ó éirí na h-áirde-beann
Táim am' fógarach a t-éirí éirí,
Amearg choigreach 'r fad óm' cáirde,
Táim am' lúite 'n ro lóm féirí;
Tá mo chridhe briste, brúite—
Saighead báir ahoir am' éom;
An uine gearr mo fúil beir dúirte,
'S aig an m-báir am' éolach éom.

'S tric ag éirí suas am' chuimhne
Alba áluigh, tír na m-beann;
Óró mé 'n rúid an léana uairte,
A' r an bóthar ahoir an h-áirde;
Tá gach níos fad bláthar úra—
Aig an alt tá cróghán fann;
Air an h-áirde tá bolach cúirte,
Táirde ó bláthar na d-fúil gearr.

Jr an rúid a fuair mé m' arach,
'S mé neolochdach mar na h-uain,
Ach 'r lóm a d' fágadh 'hoir an láirach
Bo do feol mé éirí a cuair;
Dair lóm gair cluigh mé gair na rmeorach
Seirg go ceolmair fead na g-crann,
'S adhrán bhí na d-fuirreóg duairdeach
Áirde 'n na rpeirí or mo éirí.

Óró mé 'n éirí ag bun an bhruthaich,
Taobh an áirde tá níos go luaidh;
'S tric a d' mé 'n rúid go dubhach,
Cairde na g-crann 'tá fad 'n úir—
Ahoir m'athair 'r m'áirde tá 'n ríneach,
'Ná g-crólach ríonmair ahoir an uair;
'S éirí mo éirí fead na lónach
'Náir a d' fág mé 'n ríon mo luaidh.

'Nóir nís leir domh tír na h-áirde-beann,
Air mo fúil tá ceo air fas—
Amearg choigreach 'r fad óm' cáirde,
Tá mé feitheamh air an m-báir;
Thu-sa, spioraid boichd, tá 'n daor-sa,
Ach nís fada bhios tu ann—
Thig, a báir, a' r eadair domh fadair—
Beannachd leat, a tír na m-beann!

21n Ćearc 7 an Tjĉearna Talĉan.

(The Hen and the Landlord.)

By P. McDermott, Wheeling, W. Va.

Jr beaĉ le rĉĉ 'n. ĉearc 1 t-tjĉ ar
bĉt le bĉeaĉnĉĉ' uĉrre, aĉ j n-ĉjĉnĉĉ 'r
ĉjĉnĉ tĉ to beĉt amĉjĉ mĉĉ 7 mall aĉ
cuarĉuĉĉ' 7 aĉ rĉjĉobaĉ nĉ ĉrĉaĉ, pĉoc-
aĉ pĉjĉt 7 ĉnĉjĉmĉĉĉ 7 ĉeapĉĉ cuĉleĉĉ
t'a beaĉuĉĉ' rĉjĉ aĉ tĉuĉnĉĉ ud le tĉĉol,
ĉaĉaĉrĉ ĉaĉ ĉ-uĉle ĉnĉĉnĉĉĉ to 'n ĉala-
ĉĉuĉĉĉĉĉĉ beĉt leĉr an ĉ-ĉĉĉ t' ĉoc leĉr an
tjĉearna, ĉuĉ ĉo t-ĉjĉĉarĉĉĉ 'n tĉuĉne
uĉrĉal ĉeĉ tĉĉ a beĉt blĉaĉĉanĉ eĉle, aĉr
a laĉĉeĉĉ beo ĉonĉĉ a ĉĉr rĉjĉ, rĉoĉ-
rĉuĉĉ' pĉjĉtĉe talĉanĉ ĉarĉ 'mĉearĉ nĉ ĉ-
ĉarĉĉaĉĉ rĉuĉr aĉr ĉnullĉĉ an ĉĉuĉĉ; 7
mĉar rĉeo, tĉĉĉĉĉĉ beĉn 7 ĉlanĉ, nĉ mĉar
tĉearĉĉ, aĉ ĉonĉĉĉĉĉĉ ĉorĉ 7 anĉmĉ j ĉ-
ĉeĉnĉ a ĉĉjle. 2ĉur anĉuĉr j bĉĉear
rĉ rĉjĉ [an ĉearc] rĉĉanĉ tĉĉolĉar j, 7
anĉuĉr j baĉĉĉear an ĉeĉnĉ tĉ 7 ĉleuĉ-
ĉar a ĉorĉ oĉ ĉĉonĉĉ ĉĉĉr, jĉ rĉĉ uĉĉĉ-
uĉl ĉur b'ĉ 'n tjĉearna 7 a luĉt leĉn-
ĉĉanĉ [an rĉĉjĉĉeĉmĉ, nĉ pĉeĉerĉ 7 an
bĉĉlle] a ĉĉĉear 7 a ĉurĉear a ĉ-ĉĉl le
balla ĉo b-pĉocĉĉ rĉaĉ an rĉeoĉl t'a
ĉĉĉĉĉ. Jr tĉnĉ an ĉrĉĉĉ a ĉĉĉear ar
an ĉ-ĉĉrĉ, 7 jĉ tĉblĉĉĉ 'n t-aĉĉlacĉĉ to
rĉuĉr rĉ aĉr rĉn an mĉĉĉ oĉbĉe ĉĉear-
ĉa to rĉĉne rĉ ĉĉ ĉaĉĉ a'r bĉ rĉ beo.

2ĉt tĉĉ m-beĉĉeĉĉ tĉĉĉeĉĉ ĉearĉ j
ĉjĉnĉĉ mĉar aĉĉ j t-tjĉ ar bĉt eĉle, a-
nĉjĉ 7 anĉr, rĉuĉĉĉeĉĉ rĉn oĉbĉe rĉjĉĉ-
anĉaĉ ĉĉmĉĉĉl an ĉĉĉr a m-beĉĉeĉĉ
'n ĉearc ĉleuĉĉaĉĉ aĉr, bĉarĉĉĉ rĉaĉ
buĉĉeĉĉar to tĉĉ rĉoĉ 'n rĉuĉrĉur
mĉĉt to rĉĉne rĉ. 2ĉur tĉarĉĉĉĉ rĉar
an tĉĉe, "jĉ ĉonĉĉĉ nĉĉ ĉanĉ anĉmĉ ĉanĉ anĉ-
eĉĉ to ĉrĉuĉuĉĉ tĉĉ le rĉĉĉr 7 rĉuĉĉĉle
ĉaĉaĉrĉ ĉo tĉoĉnĉĉ bĉĉĉa 'n t-rĉoĉĉjĉ
rĉeo tĉĉ m-b'ĉĉĉĉĉ leo ĉ ĉonĉĉĉĉĉ tĉĉĉ
rĉjĉ. 2ĉur jĉ ĉĉnĉte ĉur b'ĉĉ ĉĉeĉĉ
ĉanĉte nĉĉ ĉ-cuĉrĉeĉnĉ ĉrĉobĉĉĉĉ ĉĉĉr
aĉr an ĉ-ĉeĉt-tĉonĉĉ a ĉuĉar tĉoĉ-bĉĉl
aĉr an ĉ-ĉĉrĉ rĉĉa laĉĉĉĉ tĉĉĉeĉanĉĉĉ rĉo.

2ĉt oĉm-rĉ nĉĉl aĉn ĉonĉĉĉĉĉ, oĉr an
te ĉĉear beaĉĉ ĉĉĉĉ ĉanĉ t-rĉoĉĉrĉuĉĉ
nĉ mĉan leĉr oĉrĉeĉ to tĉuĉnĉĉ 'r ĉ al-
tĉĉĉ'. 2ĉur jĉ mĉar rĉn 'tĉĉ 'n buĉĉa
tĉoĉnĉeĉĉ j n-ĉjĉnĉĉ a b-fuĉl rĉjĉb nĉ
talĉanĉ aĉu.

IRELAND FOOLED AGAIN.

Written for The Gael, by

P A DOUGHER.

Oh Erin's sons and daughters brave you're fooled
again to-day,
Your Home Rule is a fizzle and a failure, I may
say;
And the chains that's bound you ever so long
these seven hundred years,
Are forged again with another link in the British
House of Peers.

Once Columkille wrote his will and his prophecies
made known
That Ireland's liberator would be from another
shore;
We were then confused and still amused and oft
recite the stanza'
*Go mbeith Eire saor gus air bhur mian gan buille
scein no claidheamh.*

Have Irishmen come down so low to think or un-
derstand
That the tyrants of creation would lend a helping
hand:
The mockers of all justice, and persecuting band,
Would give you a Moses to restore your promised
land?

Oh no, you are deluded, though your arguments
are strong,
Your oppressors, without conscience, they glory
in their wrong;
But keep your hold and be consoled, your cause
is from above,
For King of kings and Lord of lords chastiseth
whom he love.

My dear and loving brothers I fear you are going
astray,
In parleying with your enemy to help you in a
fray;
For the like of that is never been known that his-
tory can show clear,
Where a battle's won without a gun, without a
sword or spear.

You must resort to elements and guidings you left
off,
And modes of civilization your enemy wont scoff;
For parliament's a mockery the world does record
With that worthless institution called the British
House of Lords.

A word of warning now my friends, before it is
too late,
There is one thing still you do possess that is both
grand and great;
Your enemy is after that, then all to them is won,
That is Erin's pride in days gone by, your loving
Celtic tongue.

Now beware of Saxon's flattering gibes his schools
are a decoy
The last of Ireland's glory, her language, to des-
troy;
Do not coincide with his nasty pride or you're
certain to bemoan,
But when he rattles off his English tongue you
answer with your own.

Greenfield, N Y, Sept. 26 '93.

It is our sad duty to record the death of Mrs Charlotte Slavin (nee Graham), (the beloved wife of Mr Lawrence Slavin of this city), at Saratoga, where she had been spending the Summer, on the 27 of August. Though Mrs Slavin had been ailing slightly for some time her death was a painful surprise to her friends, who were many, in fact all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance. But all the money, medical skill, and tender care of a loving husband could contribute to prolong her days were of no avail when her Master signified His intention to call her to Himself. So much respected were Mrs and Mr Slavin in the hotel where they were stopping that (contrary to the usual custom in such places) the proprietor would not permit the removal of the corpse to an undertaker's, but insisted on its being prepared and waked there until the arrangements for shipping it direct to its late home were completed. And that arrangement was superb—the best that Saratoga could afford, regardless of cost. The body was laid in a heavily draped, silver mounted, casket, which, in transit (and in the grave), was enclosed in a polished oaken case. The funeral was from St Joseph's Church where a solemn high mass of requiem was offered for the repose of her soul, and thence to Holy Cross Cemetery, where she is interred. The crowded church and the long line of carriages which accompanied the remains to the grave show the estimation in which Mr and Mrs Slavin had been held. Mrs Slavin was born in St. Cieran's parish, Birr, Kings Co. but spent the greater part of her girlhood with her uncle in Carraroe, County Galway; hence she knew some Irish.

The GAEL, Ireland, and humanity have lost a friend in Mrs Slavin, and her demise has crushed the heart in another. —May she rest in peace.

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