

simplicity of the man. f_4 , or f_4o , "is used after words denoting mockery." So in par III. $\text{m}_4\text{a}_4\text{g}_4\text{f}_4\text{u}_4\text{m}_4$, mocking me, making game of me ($\text{f}_4\text{u}_4\text{m}_4 = \text{f}_4\text{o}$ mé) $\text{d}_4\text{e}_4\text{m}_4\text{t}_4\text{u}_4\text{t}_4$ our happened to you. α , here, is another form of o , the sign of the inf. mood—but it is superfluous, as the 'o' after it is that sign. $\text{c}_4\text{a}_4\text{v}_4\text{e}_4\text{r}_4\text{u}_4\text{m}_4$, a gossip; $\text{a}_4\text{c}_4\text{a}_4\text{n}_4$, better, $\text{a}_4\text{s}_4\text{p}_4\text{a}_4\text{c}_4$, speaking of; $\text{g}_4\text{e}_4\text{s}_4\text{p}_4\text{a}_4\text{c}_4$, a boy in Connaught, as $\text{g}_4\text{e}_4\text{s}_4\text{p}_4\text{a}_4\text{c}_4$ is a girl in Munster. $\text{g}_4\text{e}_4\text{b}_4\text{a}_4\text{p}_4$, an English lock. $\text{a}_4\text{r}_4\text{g}_4\text{o}_4 = \text{a}_4\text{r}_4\text{g}_4\text{o}_4 = \text{t}_4\text{e}_4\text{r}_4\text{g}_4\text{o}_4$, at school.

as *ts'gorn*, at school.
An piád, by the deer, piád being used to denote the sacred name without profanity; *άεις αἴροντος οὐ πιάδον*, is a similar expression, "deer, or dear knows it"; *οὐ πηγή ἀν σάβαντι* is for *οὐ πηγή αν λεάβαντι*. This is extended to *οὐ πηγή οὐριντι τε σάβαντι μασταντι*, "by all the goats in Mothil." This Anglicized expression I heard in Carrick-on-Suir more than sixteen years ago. But *σάβαντι* is a horse as well as a goat. In Mothil there was a celebrated religious establishment, founded by *Βηρόγλων Σcripbe*, Brogan, the Scribe. St. Patrick had a nephew called *Βηρόγλων Σcripbe*, who was in all probability the founder of this establishment; and in the thousand years from its foundation to its suppression the library therein must have grown to such dimensions as to have formed a good, substantial material to found an oath upon.

Λειτρόε, a mistake for *λειτρό* (in Munster *Λειέρό*), such, the like; *λειτρό το* (*το* *θρόνο* *σεαργόραστα*), such a point of disputation (literally the like of a point of disputation). *Λειτέρῳ* *την* *εις* *απωλόν* *νηνε*, the like of him of a fool of a man, i.e., a foolish man such as he. Similarly above; a point of argument such as this no one ever fixed upon me. *Ἄρη* *ἀφον* *την* *φείν*, for all that; *ταῦθαν* *μον* *βεανάσσα* *τώδι*, give them my respects; *κατερνα* *να* *αρ* *άδ* *αγιν* *μ* *ε*, *να* *ενοι*, the people meet (literally, *are turned on to one another*), but not the hills. See Joyce's gr. p. 120, idiom 10. *βεανύριε*, it may happen, neut. pass. of *βενύω*, *να* *βενύω*, I can, I am able—*οοβ* *φέριον* would be better.

Ráim̄s arrived at; Spáis, a small manor, or a village; ἥπα, gen. of ἥπαρ, corn; and ο-τάμης cingē=εῦμ ο-τάμης, to which he came; οὐτέλλαι, the contrary to a welcome. O' Cleary plays upon the word, of which no English expression can convey an adequate meaning: a feeling of aversion and unwelcome for a person, and a fear that he may require something from us, or that he may be in our way.

DONEGAL IRISH.
J. C. WARD.

1as-sa-iné bheas bheul-ath-seann-aigh.
(Continued.)

Oíapp pi air Óthomáill a bheit aig riubal éapt go m-burðeas ãm r̄tava ann agur go o-tioceas an-margairtis e féin annas noimh fin go b-urðeas feòr eao e marð euanor an obair ann (=cum) toruñg. Blaippaard ré burðeasap móp tout nuas a éitrið ré go b-pul o'obair laeg crioc-nuigðe agao áct na tabair aíra airn ñip cumfirré ré quard go leóp opt go fóil. Thaplax muv borbant an bean óg. Thamic an margairtir i o-tráe liride na gnéine agur o'frippaig de Óthomáill gab an boiseas captiuñg agur an leiréigin an fágðar. "Tá" apra Óthomáill agur fin ré enige an leiréigin. "Mait éu" apra an margairtir "ir tū an buacaill ir

peápp a fuaip me le fada agur iŋ vóitíče liom go n-deanpaird tú cúir."

Lá aip ar bhearcas bí Doimhneall nna fúnche go luat, aet
burd luasde 'ná rin t'oiríng an maigírtip, "Cao é
m'obair i nón?" appa Doimhneall, "Tá moar" ag
an maigírtip "ceann glóineacé (glass) a tá fiúr in rin
a bheal neasa aip a báis agus ceteáibh ubh inti;
ciseáidibh tú buil phuas go bárr an écrainn agus na h-
uibéada éabairt anuas" gán don éamain aca bhriseadh.
Ma níllteann tú nu a mhaigírtip an écrainn agus
muna lab (b-heul) na h-uibeáca agus dath báinipró me
an ceannn rioc anaoit.

Οι μετέπειτα δομινικανοί απόροι (το) αν άστι απόν την πατέντα
απόν αέτη πυράρη και ένας πέτρα παρά την πάτη σύνθησης
περιήρχεται απόν επάνω από την πατέντα από την πάτη σύνθησης.
Την πατέντα και την πάτη περιέχεται από την πατέντα πυράρη
απόν αέτη παρά την πάτη σύνθησης περιήρχεται από την πατέντα πυράρη

“O láirí mi ar fuithe sior agur go b-peucéad reise an t-iocfaidh Léite na h-ubheáca a fágáil. Inniú ag a dinnéar é tag éis ri tuaidh do Dhoimhneall agur turabhair leis go g-cáitreachad pí ceistre ceathairainnáda a óceanad ó agur a g-cup éaptar fa an éamain agur go n-eiríteadaí leis na h-ubheáca a thabhairt annaí. “B’fearán liom an ceann a ballaeadh ná rím a óceanad” oírr eisean. “Chó n’íl gá an g-cant” oírr eisean, “cárteáid tú an phoibse a deimh leas a óceanad nó mina n-deanáis ní éigil liom, ná leat-rafra na h-ubheáca a fágáil agur bampair an ceann viorára anochéasgur na éigil mipe ón báile éiu le do báir a éamhainnt opt; manfín ve, dean manr iarrasam opt. So buireadh ioc-fláinte agur cumhail daithí é minair a tiochair tú annaí agur beirid mipe córlán, fallain agur brócaip ariamh” Siúd gur mór a éanáid rí an eaglaíodh éolda Dhoimhneall a leirithe rím do phócas-buile (ill-useage) a éamhainntiunn, glac ré a cóncharaile agur o’línigéid lein a óul ríos agur an éamain. Minair a éamain ré annaí cumhail pí an ioc-fláinte do’n minair óig agur feartí rí ríos co mairt agur bí ariamh. Chup rí cuntas aipna na h-ubheáca agur ní b-párasaí pí ann aict tráiní agur o’fhiornáint rí do Dhoimhneall cao é o’neadh do’n éceanide elle nár bhrítear é. Duibhneán rí gur bhrí, kúis rí aip an tuaidh agur ghealdar pí an lárán beag ói féin agur níosige pí ub’de. “Bi aig riabal éapt go dtí an tráenáoná” ap rí “agur tiochairaí m’ascraí éinseas agur nuaíar a éiríofróthar go b-párla ná h-ubheáca agus do, bearcáidh rí buraideach móriont aict bi aip o’fáiscil (=faiscill) pomise nár cumhriofróthar go b-párla.” Tháinig an marúsgairt agur éisig Dhoimhneall na h-ubheáca ó. “If tá an buasaíll if feárr a bí agam ariamh” oírr pí.

An tríomhað Lá bí an maigírtip 'ma fúidé roinnt Dhoimhneall, mar buidh gnádaé, agus muair a d'fhearradh pé, "cao é tá le deanað agam intiu?" Éairíbean an maigírtip óroimh bán ó agus duibhseart leir go g-

cáitífeasth ré carplean agus eáite a ñeanaidh ann, le bealairíse móra agus ballardé, abhail (úball-góine) agus gárraibh a m-beirtheadh an uile éimeal chinn agus luirbh amháin o'ar fáil agnáin i n-gárraibh sunnaí searail agus muna m-bordh fín deanta agus roinnt an oirise bainfriú mheas an ceann siot," ár gá.

Thug Doimhnil Leir a chuid óigríoch agus éoiríodh aon an ágáin bán agus o'rbhuigéid círuair agus eáite leir, aonct i m-bordh éis agus eáite aonct i m-bordh cláirde. Lá ghléine 'ná bi glanta amach aige muair a éamhach ingean a thairisítear le n-a óinneag éinse. O'íarr ri aon fionn ríos agus a óinneag a ñeanaidh agus go b-fionneáfraítear eis éisiofraid leire a ñeanaidh. Tháighfaing rí ceapáin do fhnáid fióra ar a pórca agus tóníar ri éapta faoi agus leáeadh an carplean leire agus ní luaithe bi fín deanta 'ná oileáin fuaig carplean bhreáidh álainn a bi moití go leor agus mísceann. Mar a g-céadáin leir an abhail agus leir an uile juo o'ar iarr a h-ádhar a beirte ñeanta, leag rí an gráidh fióra éairítear agus oileáin ré fuaig péird, círóid-nuigéid, aon náidh naibh loéit no ghráit le fágairt oícheáda aon neadha faoi an tuimhán.

(Lé beirte ñeanta).

THE DAISY.

From the Irish of "PADRAIC" [G. J., No 35, p. 40].

By MICHAEL CAVANAGH.

The reader will easily recognise the ring of Shawn Gow's anvil, and the din of the Fair of Windgap.

Don't talk of the "Rose"—blushing bright in green bowers,
Don't talk of the "Lily"—so soft, white, and tall;
Don't talk of the "Primrose"—pale queen of field-flowers;
I'd rather one dear little "Daisy" than all.

Oh! give me the daisy!
I love the mild daisy.
I'd rather have one little daisy than all.

But yet, on the rose I would cast no reflection—

Its beautiful blush doth resemble, 'tis clear,
The bright bloom of health and the brilliant complexion
Kind Nature has given the cheeks of my dear.

But mine be the daisy,
I dote on the daisy,
No flower like the daisy blooms fresh through the year.

Again, I'm not blind to the lily's pure brightness,
In splendour revealed, the clear spring above;
It brings to my mind, in its softness and whiteness,
The gracefully-shaped snowy neck of my love.

But, I love the daisy,
I worship the daisy—
No flower like the daisy my nature can move.

The sweet-scented primrose—of flowers the most early
That bloom in the spring-time—I like to behold;
Its yellow leaves shine like those locks I prize dearly,
Which grace my love's forehead—a crown of pale gold.
But I'll sing the daisy,
I'll still praise the daisy;
With all my tongue's power its' claims I'll uphold.

When I see the daisy, that shy wayside pearl,
Smile kindly and sweetly as I'm passing by,
I see not the beauty superb of my girl,
But think on her true heart and love-beaming eye.
Oh! blessed be the daisy—
The dear Irish daisy!
That "gem of my country" I'll bless till I die!

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