

ԵՎ ԵՎՐԻՄԱԾ յՈՄԼԱՆ ԱՐ ՇԵՈՒ ՊԱ ԿՇԻ-
 ՌԵԱՊԻ, ՅԻՅ ԾՈ ԵՄԵՐՔԱԾ ԼԵՈ ՊՅՈՐ ՊՅՈ
 Ա ԺԵՍԻԱԾ, ԱՇՏ ԵՐ ՔԵԱՐՐ ԵԱԾՅԱՊ ՇԵՈՒ
 ՊԱ ԵՅԵ ԾԱՊ ԱՈՊ ՇԵՈՒ, 7 ԵՐ ՔԵԱՐՐ ԵԱԾՅ-
 ԱՊ ԵՄՐ ԾՇԵՈՒ ՔԵՊ ՊԱ ՇԵՈՒ ՊԱ ԾՇՈՊՈ-
 ԻԺԵԱԾ Ա ՇՈՐ ԾՈ ԵՐԱԾ, ԵԱ ԵՊՊ Է.

ԵՐ ՔՐԱՐ ԵՊՊՊ ՇԱՊԵ Ա ԵՄԵՐՔԱԾ ՊԱ
 ՊԵՇԵԱՊ ՐՈ, ԱՇՏ ՊՏԻ ՔԵՊՈՊ ԱՐ ԵՅԵ Ա Ծ-
 ՇԱՊԵ ՊՈՊԱ ԾՇԱՐԱՅԵԱՊ ՅՊՅՈՊ ԼԵՐ.
 ԵԱ ԱՊ յՈՄԱՐՇԱՅ ԵԱՊԵ ԱԾԱՊՊ ՊՊ ԷՐ-
 ՊՊՊ. ԵՐ ՊՅԵՐ ԵՊՊՊ ԱՊ ԵԱՊԵ ՐԵՈ Ա
 ԱՐԵՐԱՅԱԾ ԾՈ ՅՊՅՈՊ, 7 ՊՅՈ ԷՐՅՊ Ա ԺԵ-
 ՊԱԾ ԵՐ ՔՅՈՒՐԵՈՇԱԾ ԵՈ ՊՊ ԵՈՊԱՊ
 ԾՈ ԼԵՐ ԾՈ ԵՄԻ ԼՊՊ Ա ԺԵՍԻԱԾ ՊԱՐ
 ԵՐ ԱՐ ԼՊՊ. ՁՊԱՐ ՊՊԱՊ ԼՊՊ ՊՊ ՅԵՍԵԱԾ
 ՊՅՈ ԱՐ ԵՅԵ Ա ԵԱՊԵԱՐ ԼԵ ԵԱԾԱ ԱՐ ԵՄԻ-
 ՊԵ ԵԱՐ ԾՈ ԵՐԱԾ 7 ՅԱՅՈՊ ԱՐ ՅԱԾ Պ-ԱՈՊ
 ԵՅՈ ԱԵԱ ՐԱՊ ՐԵՈՊՐԱ ՐՈ ԱՐՇՏ Ա ԵՅԵ-
 ՇՅՈՒ Ա ԺԵՍԻԱԾ ԵՄ ՇԵՈՒ ԵՊՊ, ԵԱՐԵԱ,
 ԵՐՅՅՊԱՐ, ԵՅ ԱՐ ԵՄԻ Ա ԵՈՊՅԵԱՐ Օ
 ԵԱՐ, 7 Ա ԵՅԵՇՅՈՒ Ա ԺԵՍԻԱԾ ԱՊՅՐ 7 ԾՈ
 ԿԱՐԱ Ա ԵԱՐ ԱՐ ԵՄԵԱՊՅԱ ՊՊՊ, ՊՊԼԻ,
 ՊԱԾԱՐԵԱՐ ԱԵԱ ՐՅՐԵԱ ԼԵՐ, Ա ԵՈՊՅԵԱՐ
 Օ ԵԱՐ ՊԱՐ ԱՊ ԾՇԵՈՊԱ.

[ՇՐՅՈՇ]

What Our Western Friends Think of The Gael

The Official Messenger Of The Knights Of S John, Evansville, Ind., had the following notice of The Gael in a late issue :

A FRIEND has sent to our desk this week a copy of the "Gael," a bright and sparkling publication in the Celtic language, edited by M. J. Logan, Brooklyn, N. Y. It comes to us like the recalling of a sweet dream from the forgotten past. We cannot refrain from the pleasing retrospection of the days of long ago when first we learned to call forth the requisite sounds of twenty-six letters from the use of eighteen ; how we surreptitiously hid beneath our garments the forbidden copies of Irish text books issued by some society in Dublin, whose name we have long since forgotten, whose good intentions were doubted by the clergy, and therefore rendered illicit as a source of study, but time has brought about changed conditions, and the study of that most grand and rhythmic language is no longer forbidden. On the contrary it is being taught in many of the national schools throughout Ireland, and through the efforts of patriotic spirits like Logan and others, is being spread and fostered in America. Why should not the Ancient Order of Hibernians and kindred societies turn their attention in this direction and thus aid in raising a monument to Ireland more lasting than granite columns, a

monument forever telling the glories of Erin's past, and ever hoping for the dawn of the new era that is coming, oh, so slowly, but surely coming ?"

Considerable talk has been indulged in lately in connection with Mr. Cleveland's third term idea. We hope no man will ever sit in the Chair of Washington for a third term. We believe no patriotic American would suggest it. And we hope the coming Congress will settle, now and for aye, this dangerous question by passing a law making even the suggestion of a third term high treason punishable by death on the spot. The example set by Washington in relation to Presidential terms, like the Monroe Doctrine, is a sacred, though unwritten law of the United States, and, therefore, dangerous to meddle with.

The embryo mugwump sought a third term for Grant but was checkmated through the patriotism of the late lamented James G. Blaine. This is the very class (representatives of the Tory element of the Revolution) that seek it now for Mr. Cleveland. They jeopardize the life of the President, unless he be a party to it himself. From the tone of the public sentiment during the seven days' occupation of Colin by the British, we would not insure the life of Mr. Cleveland (though we are in the insurance business) for less than a 100 per cent on the policy. The Gael never minces words in announcing the public temper on any matter. Hence it would rather see Congress pass such law as we suggest than a repetition of the Lincoln and Garfield tragedies.

THE SENTIMENTS OF OUR SUBSCRIBERS

Mass Boston, John Riordan, P. Doody—Lawrence, Dr. McGuaran, P. Foley, T. Mann, J. McKenna, T. Griffin, per T. Griffin (plur na n-Eireannach)—Worcester, T. Heneberry, R. O'Flynn, per Mr. O'Flynn, J. Hearn—Springfield, Jno. R. Donoghue

Mont—Butte City, P. S. Harrington.

N. J.—Paterson, Counsellor Wm. B. Gourley (\$5)
 —Jersey City, Rev. Father Hennessy.

N. Y.—Brooklyn, Mrs. Rina F. Svensson, Thos. Jordan, Thos. Galligan—W. New Brighton, John Barry—City, J. Scanlan, Miss B. McDwyer.

R. I.—Providence, Irish Language Society, per Martin J. Henehan.

Ireland—

Donegal—Drumacross, J. McDwyer, per Miss B. McDwyer New York City.

Kerry—Lispol N. School—Dingle, Rev. Brothers, both per Thos. Griffin Lawrence, Mass.

Italy—Rome, Irish College. Rev. H. McDwyer, per Miss B. McDwyer N. Y. City.

The following, sent us by a true Gael, was written on the death of the "Convict," Edward Duffy, in Millbank Prison, in January, 1878, by O'Donovan Rossa, who was, also, a Convict in the same prison.—

The world is growing darker to me—darker day by day ;
The stars that shone upon life's path are vanishing away,
Some settling and some shifting, only one that changes never —
'Tis the guiding star, the beacon-light that blazes bright as ever.
Liberty sits mountain high, and Slavery has birth
In the hovels, in the mansions, in the lowest dens of earth.
The tyrants of the world pitfalls dig the path between
And overshadow it with scaffolds, prison-blocks, and guillotine.

The gloomy way is brightening when we walk with those we love,
The heavy load is lightening when we hear and they approve.
The path of life grows darker to me as I journey on,
For the loving hearts that travelled it are falling one by one.
The news of death is saddening, even in the festive hall,
But when 'tis heard through prison bars, 'tis saddest then of all :
Where there's none to share the sorrow in the solitary cell—
In the prison within prison—a blacker hell in hell.

That whisper through the grating* has thrilled through all my veins :
"Duffy is dead !" A noble soul has slipped the tyrant's chains,
And whatever wounds they gave him, their living books will show
How they very kindly treated him, more like friend than foe.
For these are Christian Pharisees, hypocrites of creeds,
With the Bible on their lips and the Devil in their deeds—
Too merciful in public gaze to take our lives away,
Too anxious here to plant in us the seeds of life's decay.

Those Christians stand between us and the God above our head,
The sun and moon they prison, and withhold the daily bread,
Entomb, enchain, and starve us, that the mind they may control,
And quench the fire that burns in the ever living soul.
To lay your head upon the block for faith in freedom's God,
To fall in fight for Freedom in the land your fathers trod,
For Freedom on the scaffold high to draw your latest breath.
Or anywhere, 'gainst tyranny, 'tis well to die the death.

Still sad and lone was yours, Ned, 'mid the jailers of your race,
With none to press the cold white hand, with none to smooth the face ;
With none to take the dying wish to homeland, friend, or brother,
To kinered mind, to promised bride, or to the sorrowing mother.
I tried to get to speak to you before you passed away,†
As you were dying near to me, and far from Castlereagh
But the Bible-mongers spurned me off when at their office door,
I asked that month to see you—now I'll never see you more.

If spirits once released from earth could visit earth again,
You'd come to see me here, Ned ; but for these we look in vain.
In the Dead-house you are lying, and I'd "wake" you if I could,
But they'll wake you in Loughlin, Ned, in that cottage by the wood.
For the mother's instinct tells her that the dearest one is dead—
That the gifted mind, the noble soul, from earth to heaven hath fled.
As the girls rush towards the doors and look towards the trees,
To catch the sorrow-laden wail that's borne on the breeze.

Thus the path of life grows darker to me—darker day by day ;
The stars that flashed their light on it are vanishing away,
Some setting and some shifting, but that one which changes never—
The beacon light of liberty that blazes bright as ever.

* John Lynch, a fellow convict, whispered through the grating of Rossa's cell that Duffy was dead.

† Rossa was refused permission to see him by the governor.

ԿԻՂԻՆ ՔԱՐԱՅ ԶԻՏՈՒ ԵՂԵԱՆՆ,

Ո՞՞ ԵՂԵԱՆ ՔԵ ԲԵՇԵ, ԵԱՐԽԱՅ ԲԵՇԵ Ե Զ-ԵՂԵԱՆ ԵՂԵ
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ԵՂԵ

1 ԵՂԵԱՆ ՔԱՐԱՅ. 1 ՆԵՄ ԵՂԵ
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2 ՏԱՐԵ Ե ԵՂԵ ԵՂԵ ԵՂԵ:
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ԵՂԵ ԵՂԵԱՆ ԵՂԵԱՆ.

3 ԵՂԵ ԵՂԵԱՆ ԵՂԵ ԵՂԵԱՆ,
ԵՂԵԱՆ ԵՂԵ ԵՂԵ ԵՂԵ:
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5 Ո՞՞ ԵՂԵԱՆ ԵՂԵ ԵՂԵԱՆ,
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6 ԵՂԵ ԵՂԵԱՆ ԵՂԵԱՆ ԵՂԵԱՆ
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7 Ո՞՞ ԵՂԵ ԵՂԵԱՆ ԵՂԵԱՆ ԵՂԵԱՆ
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8 ՏՈ ՔՈ ԵՂԵԱՆ ԵՂԵԱՆ ԵՂԵԱՆ
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9 ԵՂԵԱՆ ԵՂԵԱՆ ԵՂԵԱՆ ԵՂԵԱՆ
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10 ԵՂԵԱՆ ԵՂԵԱՆ ԵՂԵԱՆ ԵՂԵԱՆ,
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ԵՂԵԱՆ

A HYMN OF PATRICK, APOSTLE of IRELAND.

Composed by Fiech, Bishop of Sletty, in the Queen's County, disciple, and a man contemporary of Patrick himself

N. B. This hymn is admitted by all learned Protestants to be the only authentic life of St. Patrick.

- 1 The birth of Patrick in Holy Tower
Is the meaning of what is recorded in stories,
A youth of sixteen years
At the time of his being carried into captivity.
- 2 Succat was his name at the well (baptism).
Who his father was this is the knowledge,
He was son of Calpurn, son of Otidus,
Who was son to the deacon Odissus.
- 3 He was six years in servitude :
The food of men he ate not.
There was beside him (Patrick) miserable,
Four of his family (tribe) in his slavery.
- 4 Victor made a covenant with the servant
Of Milcho, to go over the waves ;
He (Victor) placed his foot on the stone ;
There remain after him the impression.
- 5 He proceeded over all the mountains
To the sea ; prosperous was his flight :
He dwelled at the seas with German ;
Afterwards in the southern part of Letavia.
- 6 In the islands of the Tyrrhenean sea
He tarried in them for a time :
That he read the cannons with German,
Is what is recorded in lines.
- 7 Towards Ireland do proceed
Angels of God in an assembly ;
Often he saw in visions
That he should return (to Ireland) again.
- 8 A relief to Ireland was
The coming of Patrick to Foclat.
He heard the distant sound of the calling
Of the children of the wood of Foghlad.
- 9 They entreated of the Saint to come
Upon his leaving Letavia, [to return
For the purpose of commanding the people of Eire
From evil to eternal life.
- 10 The people of Eire, it was foretold,
Would see a spiritual new day
That would last to the end of time.
The country of Tara will be deserted

- 11 Ձ Ծրայօ քոյ Լօւջայն
Շիշտա Քիւտրայեց քի ճայլեց
Քօ քիւտօ յիւ ճիւրից
Եղի ա ղաժա ար եղբայր.
- 12 Եւ լէյր Քաւրայ քոյ-բեւ
Եւ քաժ յիւ արեւ լօւցի,
Եւ քօ լուսնայի ա Լու
Տար քօ քիւ Շիւթա քօւցի.
- 13 Եղբայր աշար Արօքայր,
Ու քիւ քօյքաժ ո՞ր քաղաժ
Քիւտիւթ, եղբայր քիւտիւթ,
Քօ մօլաժ Քօ քիւ աղաժ.
- 14 Ու քօյ յեղեժ աճէ քիւ,
Քօ քիւ ալօքի քիւ լիւցի;
Քօ քիւ քօյքաժ քիւ
Քիւտայր քիւ քօ յիւ քիւտայր.
- 15 Եւ Տիւն քալի եղիւ-քալի,
Ու քիւ յեղ քօ-քալ; քիւ ա քիւ
Քաղաժ քօ քիւ քիւ քիւ ալօք
Քօ Քիւ ալիւք յօ քիւ.
- 16 Քօյ քօյ լիւք քիւ յարա
Քօյ քիւ քիւ քիւ քիւ;
Եւ ա քօյքաժ ա քիւտայր
Ու լիւք ա քօյքաժ յիւ.
- 17 Քիւտայր Քօյքաժ քօ քիւ.
Քօ քիւ ո՞ր քօյքաժ յիւ
Քօյքաժ քիւ ա քիւ
Քիւտայր քօյ քիւտայր քօ քիւ.
- 18 Քաւրայ քիւտայր քօ Քօյքաժ
քօ քիւ ո՞ր քօյքաժ յիւ
Քիւ քօ քիւ քօ քիւ
Եւ քօ քօյ քիւ քիւ.
- 19 Քիւք քիւ, քիւք քիւ
Քօյքաժ քիւ ա քիւ,
Քօ քօյքաժ յիւ քօյքաժ
Եւ յիւ ո՞ր քօյքաժ քիւ.
- 20 Քօյ քօ քօյքաժ յիւ քօյքաժ
Քօ քօյքաժ, յիւ յիւ քօյքաժ
Քիւտայր քիւ քիւ քիւ,
Քօյքաժ քիւ քօ լուսնայի քիւ.
- 21 Քօյ քօյքաժ քիւ քիւ
Քօյքաժ քօյքաժ յիւ
Ու քօյքաժ յիւ քիւ
Եւ ա քիւ քիւ քիւ.
- 22 Եւ Արօքայր քիւ քիւ
Եւ քիւ քօ քօյքաժ քիւ

- 11 His druids on Leary
The coming of Patrick concealed not.
Most true were the prophecies
To their sovereign they declared.
- 12 Pious was Patrick till death,
He was powerful in expelling evil :
This is what spread his praise
Up to every nation of mankind.
- 13 Hymns, and the Apocalypse,
And the three fifties of psalms he habitually sung.
He preached, baptized, and prayed :
From the praising of God he ceased not.
- 14 The sharpness of the cold of the weather did not
He stood by night in the waters [stop him ;
For a watchful, heavenly, or clean conscience to keep ;
He preached by day on hills.
- 15 In converting the country of Benna Boirche
He did not take lukewarmness ; amidst its rocks
The singing of a hundred psalms each night
To the king of angels he performed.
- 16 He went on a bare stone afterwards,
And a wet coverlet about him.
It was his sins to banish
He did not allow his body get into heat.
- 17 In preaching the gospel to every one
He wrought more miracles in Letavia :
He healed the blind with fasting,
The dead he raised to life.
- 18 Patrick, during his preaching to the Scots [Irish]
Suffered greater hardships compared to Letavia,
That they might come to judgment
In holiness worthy of life.
- 19 The sons of Heber and the sons of Heremon
All followed the devil ;
Yet the host of the Devil rolled
In the great road of hell.
- 20 Until the Apostle arrived
He proceeded, though the winds were severe.
He preached three score of years
The cross of Christ to the people of Fenias.
- 21 Over the peoples of Eire was darkness ;
Peoples adoring idols :
They believed not in the true divinity—
In the true Trinity.
- 22 In Armagh is sovereignty,
And a head for the government of Emania,

Jr Cell moir Dun-leé-*Shuirre*.
Kijm ojl eíb oí-*tribud* *Teimair*.

23 *Pádraic* oia m-boi jl lodbra
Aló cobra dol do *Maíce*
Do *Lujó* *Alingel* ar a *ceadh*
For *reó* a *meadóh* laíte
(*Le deiré leahca*)

SLÁNHUJÍD OJA ÉIRE.

Alir *cuíste* leir an *Aléah* E. O *Shamha*

Al ar *Sh-croicé* a5 *crocaó* b5
Tijúr *mac* do b' *uairal* *croicé* ;
buairte rfor a5 oia-*hij* o5o5a5a5
'*lár* a m-*bláé* ;
Alét do *feah* ríad ór a *coimair*
Dáha 'n *hór* a ríhrehar *hór*—
Alur *cuadar* cum *dáir* le *croicé* *Sh*
r5áé.

(*Lujhheo5*)

"*Slánhuíjíd Oja Éire*," ar *ha* *Shairjíd*,
"*Slánhuíjíd Oja Éire*," a *h-aoh* *ráó*,
'*S cuma* *lujh* cá *o-tuicfijmjo*,
Al ar *Sh-croicé*, *hó* *hij* ar *croicé*,
Ó *hac* *cuma* ! *acé* *bár* *féahajl* o' *Éirijh*,
t5r ar *h5rāá*.

Alir *Shac* *taoib* b5 *hāijde* *oír*,
Alét *Sh* *dāha* *feah* ar *hijúr*,
Óir *ba* *cujhhaec* *leo* *oíl-croicé* *h5ar*
'*r* *Sh-céij* ;
Aljste *croicéacá*, *croá*. *rfor*,
Tar ar *o-rāijle* *tohetae* *h5ar*,
Al' *ha* *cāijde* *oíl* ' *h* *Éirijh* *Kaoíhēa*
rēij.

(*Lujhheo5*)

"*Slánhuíjíd Oja Éire*," ' *h* *Shāij* *hroáac*,
"*Slánhuíjíd Oja Éire*," a *h-aoh* *ráó*,
'*S cuma* *lujh* cá *o-tuicfijmjo*,
Al ar *Sh-croicé*, *hó* *hij* ar *croicé*,
Ó *hac* *cuma* ! *acé* *bár* *féahajl* o' *Éirijh*
t5r ar *h5rāá*

Cuadar *fuah* ar *reahjre* *cam*,
Shaoáadar ar *Oja* ' *n* ar *am*,

And the great church of Dundal-
ethglass [Down].

It is not pleasant that tribeless
be Teamar.

23 Patrick, after he was in sickness,
For comfort, was going to Armagh ;
But there sat an angel on his head
On the way, in the middle of the
day.

Al' *ahijh*, al' *teuo* *ha* *Sacrah* *Shur*-
ta *leo*—

Shóadar *le* *Sháó* ar *Shó*,
Al *hór* *deahbrácar* *oílir*, *ó5*,
O'a *o-t5r* *rēij*, o'a *hOja*, ' *r* *do* ' *h* *o*-
raohjre, *rfor* *Sh* *deo*—

(*Lujhheo5*)

"*Slánhuíjíd Oja Éire*," a' *hShāij* *hroáac*
"*Slánhuíjíd Oja Éire*," a *h-aoh* *ráó*,
'*S cuma* *lujh* cá *o-tuicfijmjo*,
Al ar *Sh-croicé*, *hó* *hij* ar *croicé*,
Ó *hac* *cuma* ! *acé* *bár* *féahajl* o' *Éirijh*
t5r ar *h5rāá*.

Al' *h5* *léijfijmjo* *Sh* *deo*
Al ar *h-hijhijh* *cujhhe* *deo*
Al ar *hijúr* a *éu5* a *h-ahmahha* o' ar
o-t5r ;
Alét ar *Shāij* a5 *oíl* *Sh* *híáé*
'*S cuma* *lujh* *reuh*, *ro5*, al' *híáé*,
hó *Sh* *h-béij* ar o-t5r ' *ha* *oújéce* *hóij*
al' *raohjre*.

(*Lujhheo5*)

"*Slánhuíjíd Oja Éire*," ar *hShāij* *hroáac*,
"*Slánhuíjíd Oja Éire*," ar *h-aoh* *ráó*,
'*S cuma* *lujh* cá *o-tuicfijmjo*,
Al ar *Sh-croicé*, *hó* *hij* ar *croicé*,
Ó *hac* *cuma* ! *acé* *bár* *féahajl* o' *Éirijh*,
t5r ar *h5rāá*.

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d	d	dhay	p	p	pay
e	e	ay	r	r	arr
f	f	eff	s	s	ess
g	g	gay	t	t	thay
h	h	ee	u	u	oo
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