

(17)

WISDOM

Leaban-aiéiyr m'ioramál,
Tabar'ta cum an



TEANGA SAEDILSE



a cwi naó a3ur a raoréu3ad
a3ur cum

Fenn-mazla Cinió na h-Éineann.

112úad Ról. Uim. 5.

SREIHIUN.

1895.

bjód cu3úine a3 éjre ar n3a l3aet'3 do b3

Fonh.—An S3onhac Ruad.

b3óeac cu3úine a3 éjre ar na l3aet'3 do b3
Sul do b3a3t a clann f3é3 f le feall-dear't, [n33.
Nu33i b3 f3ó do '3 ór-bu3de ar b3á333o 23a33f3eacl333 an
Do bu33ó ó '3 ná33, b3 u33lleac ar all-3ea3t:
'Nu33i r3a33l a n33te b3a3t 33ar na Craob-ruad'
Tab333t a laó3na cum ca3a 3o clao333ar,
Sul do facar r3ó3de éj3ea333 a3 3ea333ó 3o nu33ó
23 3-cró33-f3ea33 an t-Sara3333 f3uacl33333.

T3á b3óea3 ar loé Néa333ó an t-3ar3a .e a3 r33bal
le 3333 ról333 lae be3t a3 fao33ó,
C3óea333 fea33 é333333 f333, nu33i b3óea3 3o h-ú33al
233 b3uacl na 3333 a3 clao33ó:
2333 r33ó t33é a33333 b33333 a3 f3á333l
La3-leu3 ar na laet333 t3a a 3-cr3a3ta,
'S 3o b3333ac a3 3ea333ó ar a 3-33333 fa33 r333l,
T3a b333te fa33 é3333-3333a b3333333.

—23333333 2333 é33

THE RE-OPENING of THE IRISH SCHOOL

Brooklyn, Sept. 1st., 1895.

[The following excellent stanzas have been sent us by the Society's gifted Poetess, "Killdara," on the re-opening of the Gaelic School

Oh, glad were the exiles of Green Innisfail
When they met to revive the sweet tongue of the Gael,
Oh, the "Ceudh mile failthe," and the clasp of the hand
That greeted each pilgrim from Erin's dear land—
Gave keenest delight to all as they came,
And blessed them a thousand fold over again.

Oh, the friendship renewed—the greetings exchanged
In the soft flowing Gaelic, our fond hearts inflamed;
And the love they set glowing will ever burn bright
For our own Mother Erin—our pride and delight.
Oh, the joy of these moments was a foretaste of heaven,
And braced our glad spirits with a purpose God-given.

Yet the one thought that thrilled every heart in the hall
Was the cause that inspired—the bond that linked all,
The hearts of the patriots who love Mother-land—
Her language—her song—her music, so grand.—
Her story—her lore,—the writings of sages,—
Her poet's sweet fancies,—the glory of ages,—

Will be hers once again—if each does his part
In this grand renaissance, with will, and with heart.
This is the holiest work that will nerve mind, and soul
To do, and to dare while the seasons will roll—
To lift up our language to its old niche of fame—
Then we'll see Mother Erin a Nation again!!

CILLDARA.

ՏԱՐԱՊԱՅՆ Ե ԲՐԵՄՅԱԾ Ի-ԴՆՅԵԱՆ — Ե A. LALLY.

"Շօլումբիձ, Ե ԴԵՐ, ԴԱՇ ԵՄ ԵՆ ԵԱԼԻՆ ԲՐԵՁՅ, ԴՅՐ
ՁԵՁ ԵԱՐԵԱԴԱՇ, ԼՁՁԱՇ Ե ԵՕ ԵՄ ԴՁՁԱՐԵՁ,
'Տ ԵՁ ՅՊՕ ԵՕՕ' ԴՁԱՊԱԻԾ Ե Յ-ԵՕԴԱՅԻԼԵ ԱՊԵԼԵ ՏԱՊՊՅ,
ՅՕ ԵՅԴԻՊՊ ԴՊՐ ԵՊ ԵՊ Ե ԵՁ ԼՁՁԱՊ.

ԵՁ ԲՁԵ ԼԵՊՐ ԵՊ ԵԱՅԵԱԾ Ե ԵՁ Ե ԲԱՅԼ ԵՊ Յ-ԵՊՊԵԱԾ,
ԴԱՇ ԴՅԵ ԵԱՅ ԵԱՅ ԿՊՁՐ ԵԼՅԵ ԵՅԴԵԵԱՊ ԵՐ ԵԵԱՊՅԱՊ
Ե Դ-Ե Ե ԲԱՅԼ ԵՄ ՅԱՇ ԼՁ ԵԱՊ ԵԱԼ ԵՊ ԵՁԱՅ,
'Տ ԴՅ 'Լ ԲԵԱՐ ԵՕԵԵ ԴՊ ԵՕ ԵՄ ԵՇ ԲԱԼԴՅՐ ԴՅ ԵԼՁԱՊԵ.

ՁԵԵ ԵՁ ԴՅՊՊ ԵՕՕ' ՅԱՐԲՅՊՊ, ԵՅՐ ԴՂԱԾ, ԵՊ ԲԵԱԵՐԱՊ,
ԵՁ ԴՂԱԾ ԵՅ, ՕՅ—ԵՐԵԱԾ ԼԱԾ ԵՇԵ ԵԱԵՐԱՊ;
ԴՅՐ ԵՇ ԴՅՐԵ ԵՐԱՊ 'Դ ԴՅ ԵՇԵԲԵԱԾ ՅՕ ԵՕ,
ՅՕ ԴԱԾ ԵՐՅ ԴՕ ԵՁԱԵՕ Ե Ե-ԵԵՅԱՐՅ ՁՅՊՐՐՕ.

ՏԵՕ ԵՁ ԵՕԴԱՅԻԼԵ ՅԵԱՐԻ ԵՅՐՊՊ ՅՕ Դ' ԴՅՅՊ—
Ե Յ-ԵԵԱՊԲԱՅԻԵ ՅԼԵՕԵԱՇ ԴՁ ԵԱՊ ԵՅԻԵՕԵ ԵՕ ԴՅԱՊՊ,
ՕՊՐ ԵՊ ԵԵ ԵԱՅԼԵԱՊՊՐ ԵՊ ԵԱԵՁ ԵՂՅԵԱՊՊ ԵՊ ԼԵԱՊ,
'Տ ԵՊ ԵՊ ԵՕԵԱՐ ԴՊ ԵԱՊՐ ԵՕ ԵՕՐԱԵԱՊ ԲԵՊ.

ԵՕԵԱՅ Ե ԵԱՊԼԵ, ԵՐ ԵԵԱՊԱՅԾ ԵՄ ԵՕ ԼԵԱՐ
ՁՂԱ ԼՅԵԱՊ ԵՄ ԵԱՐԱԾ ՅՊՕԵԱՅ ԴԵ-ԴՅԵ Ե Դ-ԵԱՐ;
ԵՁ ԵԵԱՐ ԵԱԵԱՐ ԵՅԱՊ-ԲԱ, ՅԱՊ ՅԱՊԱՅԾ ԵԵԱ-ԵՐՐՐԱ
'ՅԱՐ ԴՅ ԴԱՅԱԾ ԵՅԵԵԱՐ ԴԵ ԼԵ ԵՄԻԾ ԼԱՅ ԵՕԱ.

ԵՁ ԵԱՊ ԴՊՊՐ ԵՂԵ ԵԱԵՐԱՊՊ ԲԵՊ ԼԵ ԲԵՅԵԵԱՇ,
ԴԱ ԴՅՊՏԵ ԵԵԱՐ ԵՅՊՊՊՊ ԵՁ ԲԱ ԴԱՊ ԵԱՊՊԵԱՇ.
ՁԵԵ ՅՕ Դ-ԵԱՅԻՐ ԲԵԱԼԱ ԵՊ ԴԱԼ-ԵՊՊ ԴԱ ԵԱՊՊՊԵ,
ԴՂ ԼՅԲԵԱԾ ԵՐԵԱՊՊ Ե ԵԱՐ ԵՊ ԵԱՊԵԱՅ ԴԱ ԴԱՊՐԵ."

Եւ իջոր մալկրիշե ո՞ր իջոր լիլլե ա շու-
մած Լե ռշորոյ րթորածալեա Բր Բնա-
դիւն դա դ-ժաօյեա՞ծ, ո՞ր դա Եւթրեա՞ծ
րշնրբա՞ծ ա Եւթրեա՞ծ Բր Բնի Լե Երեթ-
եան Եւթրիւնիշե Ռաօն Բձորայ Ե Բեւ
Բձ Բր Երթե՞ծ Երիւն դա դժաօ՞ծալ; Բեւ
Եւթրեա՞ծ Լե Ծյա 7 Լեյր Բն Ձիւթեա
Ձիւթր 7 Լե Երթիւնիշե Ռաօն Բձորայ.
Ի՞յ Ռաձ Բիւթիշե Իրիւն ո՞ր Տաքան յո-
Բնի Լեյր Բն Յ-Երթեա՞ն Եայր-
լեա՞ծ ա ԲեւԲձ օ Երթե՞ծ Երիւն դա դ-
Երթեա՞ն.

Ձի Եւթրեա՞ն Եւթրեա՞ն րշնրբա՞ծա Ի
Բձայ Եւթր 7 ԲրԲիլլեա՞ծ դա Ե Եւթրեա.
Ձի Բեյր Բն Եւթրեա Բեւ Եւթրեա՞ծ Երիւն
Բր դա Բաձայրե՞ծ Բնա՞ծ Բր Երի Ե Ե-Եր-
եա՞ն, 7 Եւ Բիլլեա՞ծ Բոյ ԲԵ Ծեւ,
Բի Բե Բաօյ Բեյթ Բեյթ Երթեա, Եարեա՞ն-
Ե 7 Յեարեա՞ն օ Եեյլե. Եյա 'դ Եւթր Բր
Եւթր դա Երթիւնիշե Բն Եւթրեա յալլիշե
Բն Ե Բ-Բոյր? Ձի Բեւ: Եւթր Բյա
Բթօ՞ծայրե՞ծ ԲՅ Եարեա՞ն 7 Բր Եոյր
դա Բաձայր; Իրիւն Բնա՞ն Ե Երթեա՞ն Բ-
նա՞ծ Եւ Ե-Երթեա՞ծ Եաօյն Բր Բիթ Բաօ-
Բեա Բյե, 'Բե Բն Լե Ռա՞ծ, Եալլ, Բօ Ռօ
Եաօն, Բի Բն Եաօյն Բն Լե Բեյթ Բոյնիշե
Երթր Բն Բթօ՞ծայր 7 Բն ԲյՅ ո՞ր Բն Բայ-
նիօ՞ն, 7 Եար Ե Ե-Երթեա՞ծ Երթ Բր Բիթ
Եյլե ԲՅ Բն Բաձայր, Բի Ե Եւթրեա՞ն Բյե
Բր Ե Լայթեա՞ծ, 7 Բր Բն Յ Եւթրեա՞ն Բն
Բեւ ո՞ր Եար, Երթեա՞ծ Բն Բթօ՞ծայր
Եւթր Բն, Բե Բն Եւթր Եոլլայր Բր Բիլլե,
Բն Լա՞ծ Եւթր Բի Բր Եւթրեա՞ն Բաօ-
ն ո՞ր Եարեյր Բաօ 'դ Եւթրեա՞ն յալ-
լիշե րշնրբայրե՞ծ Բն Եւ Ե Եարեա՞ծ
Ռաօն Բձորայ Ե Բեյր Ծե Ե-Երթր Բն
Բն Բյարր Բն Բիլլե Բն Յա՞ծ Բյա Ե
7 Յեա՞ծ Բն Բթօ՞ծայր Եւթր Բն Բր Ե
Եւթրեա՞ն Եարեա՞ն.

Ձի Բոմբա Բր Բն Երթեա՞ն Ե Եայ-
Եան դա Բօրայրե՞ծ Տաքանա՞ծ Ե Եար-
օ՞ն 7 Ե Բաձայրե՞ծ. Բեյր Բն Բն
Եարեա՞ծ Ե Եւթր Բր Եարեա՞ծ Ե Ե-Եր-
թեա՞ն, Բր Եարեա՞ծ Երթ-Եարեա՞ծ Եայ-
ր. Ձիւթ, Բր Ե-Եր, Բիլլեա՞ն Ե Ե-Եր
Եոյր Ե Բնիշե Բե? Բեա՞ն Բն Բն Բն
Երթ Ծե Ռա՞ծ Բե Երթեա՞ն Բն Յա՞ծ Եւթրեա՞ն
րշնրբայրե՞ծ Բր Բր Լա՞ն Ե Ե Եան;
Բեւ Ծե Ե-Երթեա՞ն Եար Եւթր Բայր Եար
Եո՞ն Ե Ե-Երթեա՞ն Բե Բոմբ Բն
Բա՞ն Եա՞ն Ե Ե Եար Բն Ե Եւթր.

could not invent fetters more galling
or more active for the spiritual des-
truction of the peoples' souls than the
scourging shackles which were forged
to wrest the holy religion of St. Pat-
rick from the hearts of the Gael; but
thanks be to God and to the Virgin
Mary, and to the intercession of Saint
Patrick, the hellish hordes of England
were not able to banish the Catholic
Faith from the faithful hearts of the
Irish.

The fourth scourging laws were
against the clergy and friars of the
Church. According to this law the
clergy were banished out of Ireland,
and should any of them return for ever
he was condemned to be hung, drawn
and quartered. In what manner did
the tyrants put this cursed law into
effect? Thiswise: They sent spies
to hunt up and capture the priest.
Then if it were discovered he possess-
ed any earthly means, that is to say,
if the priest possessed a horse, a cow
or a sheep—that means was to be divi-
ded among the informers and the
king or queen; and if the priest had
nothing else, he had his head, at least,
and on that head, dead or alive, the
informer got five pounds, that is, twen-
ty five dollars—the same price that
was on the head of a wolf. Under
that cursed, scourging law, if St. Pat-
rick himself sojourned in Ireland at
that time of tribulation they would
seize him and the informer would get
five pounds for his holy head.

As sample of the mercy which the
English robbers extended to bishops
and priests, I relate the murder of
Dermott O'Herily, the esteemed arch-
bishop of Cashil. And, at first, let us
ask, What crime had he committed?
We answer in a manner that he was
guilty of every scourginglaw of which
I have already spoken, but particular-
ly, as a death penalty, that he would
not consent to give the obedience
due to the Pope to that woman called
queen Elizabeth, that is to say, Betty

[illegible]

(Le best leaητα)

The following pieces of poetry—"Will my soul pass through Ireland," and "The Top of the Morning," appeared in the Gael about ten years ago, but by request of many new subscribers, we reproduce them. *Vol. III. p. 325.*

Will My Soul Pass Through Ireland.

Oh, soggarth aroon ! sure I know life is fleeting ;
Soon, soon in the strange earth my poor bones
will lie,

I have said my last prayer, and received my last blessing,

And if the Lord is willing I am ready to die.

But, soggarth aroon! can I ever again see

The valleys and hills of my dear native land ?

When my soul takes its flight from this world of
sorrow,

Will my soul pass through old Ireland to join
the blest band?

Oh, soggarth aroon, sure I know that in heaven
The loved ones are waiting and watching for me,
And the Lord knows how anxious I am to be with
them.

In those realms of joy 'mid souls pure and free.
Yet, soggarth I pray, ere you leave me forever,
Relieve the last doubt of a poor dying soul,
Whose hope next to God, is to know that when
leaving.

It will pass through old Ireland on its way to its goal.

Oh, soggarth aroon ! I have through all chauges
The thrice blessed shamrock to lay e'er my clay ;
And, oh, it has 'minded me often and often
Of that bright shining valley so far, far away ;
Then tell me, I pray you, will I ever again see,
The place where it grew on my own native sod ?
When my body lies cold in the land of the stran-
ger.

Will my soul pass through Erin on its way to its
God ?

Ah, bless you, my child, sure I thought it was
heaven

You wanted to go to the moment you died;
And such is the place on the ticket I'm giving.

the Swine, the illegitimate daughter of Henry VIII., or in other words, she desired to be pope over the Holy Church which Saint Patrick had brought into Ireland.

(To be continued)

But a coupon for Ireland I'll stick by its side.
Your soul shall be free as the wind on the prairies
And I'll land you at Cork on the banks of the
Lee.

And two little angels I'll give you, like fairies,
To guide you all right over mountain and lea.

Arrah' soggarth aroon, can't you do any better ?
I know that my feelings may peril your grace ;
But, if you allowed me a voice in the matter,
I won't make a landing at any such place.
The spot that I long for is sweet County Derry,
Among its fair people I was born and bred—
The Corkies I never much fancied while living,
And don't want to visit them after I'm dead.

Let me fly to the hills where my soul can make
merry,

In the North where the shamrock more plentiful
rows—

In the counties of Cavan, Fermanagh and Derry
I'll linger till called to a better repose,

And the angels you give me will find it inviting.
To visit the shrines in the Island of Saints,
If they bring from St Patrick a small bit of writing
They'll never have reason for any complaints.

A soul, my dear child, that has pinions upon it,
Need not be confined to a province so small,
Thro' Ulster, Munster, Leinster, and Connaught
In less than a jiffy you are over it all .

Then visit sweet Cork where your soggarth was
born—

No doubt many new things have come into vogue
But one thing you'll find, both night, noon and
morn,—

As for centuries back, there's no change in the brogue.

Good mother assist me in this my last hour,
And, soggarth aroon, lay your hand on my head ;
Sure you're soggarth for all, and for all you have
power,

And I take it for penance for what I have said,
And now since you tell me through Ireland I'm
passing,

And finding the place so remarkably small,
I'll never let on to the angels in crossing
That we knew a distinction in counties at all.

THE TOP of *the* MORNING.

M' anam do Dia, but there it is,
The dawn on the hills of Ireland,
God's angels lifting the night's black veil—
From the fair sweet face of my sire-land—
Oh, Ireland, isn't it grand you look,
Like a bride in her rich adorning,—
And with all the pent up love of my heart,
I bid you the top of the morning.

Thus one short hour pays lavishly back
For many a year of mourning,
I'd almost venture another flight,
There's so much joy in returning—
Watching out from the hallowed shore,
All other attractions scorning—
Oh, Ireland, don't you hear me shout—
I bid you the top of the morning.

Ho ho! upon O'leena's shelving strand,
The surges are grandly beating.
And Kerry is pushing her headlands out
To give us the kindly greeting.
Into the shore the sea birds fly
On pinions that keep no stopping,
And out from the cliffs with welcomes charged,
A million of waves come trooping.

O, kindly, generous Irish land,
So real and fair and loving,
No wonder the wandering Celt should think
And dream of you in his roving—
The alien home may have gems and gold—
Shadows may never have gloomed it,
But the heart will sigh for the absent land,
Where the love-light first illumed it.

And does not the Cove look charming there,
Watching the waves in motion,
Leaning her back up against the hill,
And the tips of her toes in the ocean?
I wonder I don't hear Shandon's bells—
Ah! maybe their chiming's over,
For it's many a year since I began
The life of a western rover.

For thirty summers, a *shore mo chroidhe*,
Those hills I now feast my eyes on,
Ne'er met my vision, save when they rose
O'er memory's dim horizon.
Ev'n 'twas grand and fair they seemed
In the landscape spread before me,
But dreams are dreams and my eyes would open
To see Texas' sky still o'er me.

Ah, often on the Texan plains,
When the day and the chase were over,
My thoughts would fly o'er the weary wave,

And around this coast-line hover.
And a prayer would rise, that some future day,
All dangers and doubtings scorning,
I'd help to win for my native land
The light of young liberty's morning.

How fuller and truer the shore-line grows—
Was ever a scene so splendid?
I feel the breath of the Munster breeze—
Thank God that my exile's ended.
Old scenes, old songs, old friends again,
The vale and the cot I was born in,
Oh, Ireland, up from my heart of hearts,
I bid you the top of the mornin'.

CONNLAĆ GLAS AN FÓGHAIJN

Mrs. H. Cloonan, St. Louis, sent us this song.
Mrs. Cloonan is a keen critic of Gaelic literature.

Aj n connlać glar an fógaijn
A ríóirín, ir read do tearc mé tú,
but tear é do fearaín i m-bhóis,
Ajur but no tear do leađan rúl;
Do žruađt but deirge ná 'n póra,
Ajur do cúisín a b' fíete do olúe—
Ajo leuñ žan mé ajur tú pórtad
Nó ajr doirto luñge trjall ahoññ.

Cujr mé leirín ržrjodčad
Ajs mo inñan ajur caraoio žeur,
Cujr rí čužan arsr f
Ajur f ržrjodčad le fuil a cléjđ';
a cum but žile, mññe
Ná an rjota 'r ná clúñac na n-euñ,
Nac tróm an orna nñm-re
Añ trát rmuajññm ajr rcarad léj.

Jr cumā hñm-ra fěññ
Čad do bjčear rjad a luad hó náč,
Ač čearfađt mé cuajre ajur ceud
Añ an taob ađ a m-bjoññ mo žrād;
Jr rí cuajčín bārr na žcraob f
Ajur čěñreacčín an bñollađž bāññ—
'Sj rún ajur rearc mo cléjđ f,
A'r nñ řeunčad f an fear le řāđajl.

Nac mór an t-áčđar bñóñ dom—
Oč óñ! ajur bñreac čnoje!
Ajo čajlín čoññ o'a pórad
Le rčrjññre arčad čar čññ;
Cujrñññ rjodčājl bñóž onč—
A ríóirín ná'r řan mar bjójr,
'S čumřaiññ ajur řeññññññ ceol tuje
Lā fógaijn a'r tú bajñe an lññ.

"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 Scots? 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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FIFTEENTH YEAR

With this issue THE GAEL enters on its fifteenth year, and it avails itself of the occasion to thank all those Gaels who have helped to keep it afloat, and, also, the sympathising press for its kind references to it from time to time. The Gael solicits a continuance of these friendly relations in the interest of the object in view—the preservation of the language of Ireland and the renaissance of her autonomy.

Gaels will be pleased to learn that Father O'Growney's health has considerably improved lately.

Father O'Growney is now engaged writing the

Fourth Book of his series of Simple Lessons In Irish, and which he desires to publish in the Gael, afterwards they will be published in book form. We have received the copy for the first two chapters and shall commence their publication in our next issue.

The Irish National Alliance lately organized in Chicago is the first really Irish step taken in the proper direction. As all Irish movements should, the Alliance has placed the language on the top of its banner.—Men of the Alliance, no chickenheartedness—copy the warfare tactics of the enemy.—Let croaking hirelings, in whatsoever guise, be made hold their peace.—The longed for opportunity is in sight.—

30 3-241140 0ja aη τ-άδ aη aη 3Cοηη-
παδ Τςρεαηηυλ!

We hope the Dublin Gaelic League will apply its most serious exertions to urging the clergy in the Irish speaking districts to preach their Sunday sermons in Irish, though it is paradoxical that they should require it. We have heard many sermons in English for the last forty years—they made no impression on us, and we could not remember one word of them. But, forty-five years ago, we heard a sermon delivered by the parish priest of Milltown, the late Father Tom Flannery, and it contained a passage that we never can forget.—

"Jr fua 30 cāmull," a ceir ré,
"cúl éiré éiré ríátaíde ná to 'η fear
raibh, rahtaí a cúl 30 flaitéar."

GAELIC CLASSES.

Gaelic classes exist or have existed in the following cities and towns in the United States since the Gaelic movement was organized, and it is reasonable to assume that the germ is still alive, though dormant, in all of them. In several of these cities and towns it may be difficult for the organizers to maintain their classes in an organized form, but, surely, they could do something to disseminate Gaelic literature, a matter which is not second in importance to the organization of classes. Through the instrumentality of the Gael thousands have attained a literary knowledge of Irish; and this to be desired for state of things will extend in the ratio of its circulation. These are facts that require no extraordinary intelligence to grasp. Hence, we would urge on all those patriotic Irishmen who made a commencement in their several towns and cities to follow it up by re-organizing and by circulating the Dublin Gaelic Journal and the Gael.

Following are the cities which had or have classes in working order and to whom, in particular, the above remarks are directed.

Ala. Mobile, brother M'Cosker's young Gaelic friends should organize.

Cal. San Francisco has one of the best Irish societies in the country. We hope our Petaluma and Port Costa friends will re-organize; there is good material in both cities.

Colo. Brother Kennedy has good material in Guston for a nice class.

Conn. We hope Major Maher will put his forces into line in New Haven; the formation of two new societies in Fall River and New Bedford, respectively, has been reported. Hartford has an old society.

Del. There was a society in Wilmington; what about it now, brothers Mulrooney and Keville?

Ill. There is a good society in Chicago, and excellent food for one in Cairo, organize one, brothers Howley and Kelly. Can't you get up one in Apple River, brother Sweeney?

Ind. Counsellor O'Hara organized a society in Peru some time since, and there is the way if there were the will in Washington and Indianapolis.—'tis a shame for these places.

Ia. We think Burlington had a society.—Brother Hagerty, revive it. Should not Sioux City and Council Bluffs have societies?

Kan. Armourdale had a small society at one time.—Revive it, brother Higgins? Also, brothers Downey and Dillon should organize a society in Lincoln Centre—Say, a small one.

Ky. Can't you organize a society in Shelbyville, brother Casey?

La. New Orleans, What is brother Mulqueeny doing; there is room for a large society there.

Me. We expect to hear of the organization of a large society in Portland by brother Hanrahan.

Md. Is there any Irishman in Baltimore?

Mass. There are societies in Boston, Holyoke, and Lawrence and Worcester and Malden used to have them. Re-organize friends.

Mich. Brother Downey has his Paragon society in Montague, but Muskegon and Detroit should have them also.

Minn. There is a society in St. Paul's, brothers Kelly and Maroney take care of it. It was reported that a society was founded in Minneapolis a few years ago, but we have not heard of it lately.

Mo. A society has been organized in Kansas City lately, with brother McEniry as President. But what about St. Louis, St. Joseph and Pierce City?

Mont. Brother Harrington promises good work from Butte, and when he says so it shall be done.

N. H. Nashua had a large society when Father Higgins was there. Brothers Niland and Murphy, why don't you set the ball agoing and revive your society?

N. J. There were several societies in New Jersey some time ago. We hope brothers Gibson and Parcell will revive the Paterson, and brother McCann, the Newark society. Brother Jennings of Trenton reported that they were about organizing a society.

N. Y. The Brooklyn and New York societies are known to all. A society was organized in W. New Brighton by Mr Cowhig a few months ago. Binghamton had a society some time ago, we hope brother McLighe will revive it.

N. D. Brother Lamb formed a society in Michigan City some time ago.

Pa. Every one knows of the Phila. society. Mr Gibbons formed a society in Williamsport over a year ago, and Mr. McDermott of Avoca will have one in the near future in that town.

R. I. Providence has the banner society.

W. Va. Bros. Lally and McCormick need only call together all the subscribers which they have sent the Gael from Wheeling to have the strongest society in the United States.

There are several other large cities in the United States in which no effort has been made to form Gaelic societies. This speaks "bad" for the Irish element. Were Englishmen situated as the Irish are, they would have a society in every city containing twenty of their countrymen, and they would have the Gael a daily journal. We hear loud talk of Irish patriotism—yes, the Englishman would act—the barking dog is harmless.

Let every town and hamlet have its Gaelic society, for the language (as the German say) is the Nation. There was never better encouragement nor better facilities for the revival of the language than there is to-day if the Irish have only the patriotism to take advantage of it; and, also, for the freedom of Ireland—the big English balloon is about to burst.

The fall of the year being one of the busy seasons in real estate, the Gael is late because we did not have time to attend to it; but we hope the time is not distant when an *Irish* journal will be published in every large city in the United States.

It is with unfeigned regret the Gael has heard of the death of John P. Ryan of New York. Mr. Ryan was a member of the Brooklyn Society and one of the Committee appointed by it to organize New York, and the first president of the Gaelic Society then founded there—*Rip*.

O'Faherty's *Siamra an Éirinn*, reviewed in the *Gaol* recently, is for sale by Mr P. O'Brien, 46 Cuffe St. Dublin. The price in cloth is 2s: in wapper, 1s 6d.

ԱՅՐԱՆ ԱՆ ԻԾԻՐԵ,
(ԱՅՐԱՆ ԶԵՐՄԱՆԱԸ).
ԼԵՅՐ ԱՆ ՊԵՏԱԲԱՐԾՈՅՈՒՆ.

Ա շՅՐ ԱՆ ԼԱԵ ! Ա շՅՐ ԱՆ ԼԱԵ !
ԱՆ ՇԱՄ ԲԱՅՐ Ա ՇՅՐՅԵԱՐ ՄԵ ?
ՅՈՒՐԻՅՈՒՆ Դ ԴԵՈՇ ՅՈ ԼԱԵ ՇԱՄ ԸԱԾԱ,
ՇԱՄԻՅՈՒՆ ՄԵ Դ ԱՆ ՊԵՏԱԸ ՄՈ ԵԱԾԱ,
ԱՄԵ ԱՐ ԵՄԱԾ ՇԱՄԱՐԱԾ.

ՄՅՈՐ ՄԵԱՐԱՐ ՔԵՅՆ, ՄՅՈՐ ՄԵԱՐԱՐ ՔԵՅՆ
ՅՈ Յ ՇՐՈՇՈՇԱՅԵ ԱՆ ՐՕՅ Դ ԱՆ ՔԵՄ !
'ՈՇԵ ԱՐ ՇԱՐԱԼ ԲՐԵԱՅ ՄՄ' ՔԱՅԵՐԵ ;
'ՈՇՈՒ ԲԱՆՊ-ՅՈՒՆԵ ԵՐԵԱՐ ՄՈ ՇՐՈՇԵՐԵ ;
'ԱՄԱՐԱԸ ՄՅՐ ԱՆ ԱՅՅ ԱՄ ԼԱՅԵ !

ՕՇ ! ՊԱԸ ԼՒԷ, ՕՇ ! ՊԱԸ ԼՒԷ
ՇՐՈՇԱՐ ՇԵՅՐԵ ԱՅՍՐ ՇՐԱԸ
Շ-ՔԱՄ ԵՄ ԱՅԻՐԵԱԸ ԱՐ ՇՈ ՔՅ ԱՄԱԸ
ԽՊԵ ԸԱՐԱ ԱՐ ՔԵԱԸՇ Դ Ա ՔՅԵԱԸՇ
ՕՇ ! ՊԱ ՐՕՐԱՅԵ ՔԵՇԱՊՊ ՔԱԾ.

ԱԸՇ ՅՈ ՔԵՅՈՒ, ԱԸՇ ՅՈ ՔԵՅՈՒ
ՅԵՄԼՔՅՈՒ ՄԵ ՇՈ ՇՈՒ ՄՈ ՇԵ ;
ՇՐՈՇՔՅՈՒ ՄԵ ԱՊՅՐ ՇՈՒ ՇՐԵՄՊԱՐ
ՏՄԱՐ Դ ՊՇԱՊ ՇԱՊ ԲԱՐ ՔԱՐ ԼԵՄ ՄՅՐ
ԵՍՅԱՅՈՒ ՄԵ Դ ՄՄ ԼԱՈՇ ՔՅՈՐ-ՅՐՈՇԵ.

ՇԱԾԱՐ ՇԱՊԱՐ, ՏՐԱՅՈ ՂՅՈՐԱՐԱՅ,
ՅԻՇ ՇԵ Դ ՇԱՐԱ ՄՄ ՇՄ' ՔՕՅՄԱՐ '95.

ՇՈ ՂՅ. Դ. Ա. ԼՕՇԱՊ, Ք. Ե. Դ ՅԱՇՇԱՐ.

Ա ՅԱՐ ԽՊՊԱՊ. — ՔԱՅՐԵԱՐ ՊԱ ՅԱՇ-
ՇԱՐ Ա ՇԱՄՅՐ ՇԱՄ ԱՆ Շ-ՔԵԱԸՇՄԱՊ
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ԱԾԱ ՔՇՈՒ ՅԱՇՇԱՐԵ ՇՄ ՇԱՐ ԱՐ ԲԱՊ
ԱՅԱՊՊ ԱՊ ՔՈ, Դ ՇԱԾԱՐԲԱԾ ՇՈՐ ՊԱ
ՔՇՈԼԱՊՊԵ ԵԱԾ.

ԲԱԾ ՄԱՅԵ ԼՅՈՄ ՇԱՊԱՐ ՅԵԱՐ Ա ՇԱԾ-
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Շ., ԱՐ Ա ՇԵԱԸՇ Ա ԵԱՅԵ Օ ԵՊՊՊ. ՅՅ
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ՔԼԱՊՇԵ. Դ ՔԱՅԱՐ ՔԵ Դ ՄԱՐ ՔԵՅԵԱՊՊ ՔԵ
ՄՅՐԱՊ ՄՅՐ ՕՅՅ ԱՊՊ ՊԱ ՇՔԵԱԸ ՔԵ
ԱՐ Ա ՄՅԵԱԸՇ.

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ՇԱԾԱՊՇ ՇՈ. ԱԾԱ ՔԵԱԸՇ Բ-ՔԱՐԱՐՇՈ

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ՇՅՈ ԱՅԼԵ.

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ԵԱՅ Ա ՇԵԱԾԱՐ ԱՐ.

ՏԵԱՄՐ Շ. Ա. ՇԱՐԼԵ, ԱՆ ՔԵԱՐ ՕՅ Ա
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ԵԱՐԲՈՅ.

ԿԻՂԻՄ ԲԱՐԱՅ ԶԻՏՈԼ ԵՂԵԱՌՈՒ

Ծօ Եւմած ըն Բիւս, Երբայ ընկեալ Ե Յ-Երեմի Ե
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- 24 Ծօ Բայ Ե Երբ Ծ' Արեւ,
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- 25 Երբ Երբ Երբ Ծօ Երբ,
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- 29 Երբ Երբ Երբ Ե Երբ
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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.

- 24 He went southward to Victor,
He was the guardian of his safe keeping.
Blaze did about him where he was,
And out of the blaze he spoke :
- 25 "There is given rule to Armagh
To Christ give thanks,
For to the great heaven to reach,
Happy for you was your petition."
- 26 A hymn which you sang
Will be a protecting coat of mail to all:
In the day of judgment with thee
Will go the men of Eire to be judged."
- 27 Tasach remained after him
When he gave communion to him,
And said, Patrick would not come back.
The words of Tasach were not false.
- 28 Brighten did the end with the night,
On the being spent of the lights with them:
To the end of a year there were lights—
It was the happy, long days.
- 29 In the battle fought in Bethoran
With the tribes of Canaan by the son of Nun,
Stood the sun over Gaboan,
Is what sacred letters tell us.
- 30 Whereas stood for Joshua,
The sun for the death at the wicked,
Threefold cause her being
Giving light on the birth of the Saint.
- 31 The clergy of Eire went
To wake Patrick from every way:
The sound of the singing even drowned
The singing of each of them on his seat.
- 32 The soul of Patrick with his body
Was, after his labors, separated.
Angels of God on the first night
Watched him, in an assembly, incessantly.
- 33 When Patrick died
Did swoon the other Patrick,
And together went their spirits

Do éum h-íra mac Máire.
 34 PATRÍAC CEH AIRTÉ H-UADAIR,
 BA ÍÓR DE ÍMAÍE RO MEATHAIR,
 BÍE IN ZELLIME ÍNEIC MÁIRE
 BA REN ZÁIRE IN ZEHAIR.
 (217 Críoc.)

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To Jesus, the Son of Mary.
 34 Patrick, void of the height of pride,
 Great were the benefits he devised.
 He lived in friendship of Mary's
 Cause of joy was the birth. [son ;
 (The end.)

The Brooklyn Philo-Celtic Society is doing nicely since its reorganization—some new members being enrolled at each meeting. We have lots of teachers now, the president, Brothers Mullany, Gray, Jordan and Logan being always on hand to give instruction. Secretary Galligan is tireless in his exertions drumming up new members.

Our lady members, too, are very regular in their attendance, particularly Mrs. Svensson (our gifted poet), and the Misses Guiren and McDonald, who are well advanced in their Gaelic studies. Quite a number of the members correspond with each other in Irish by means of postal cards. This mode of correspondence should become common among Gaels as there is nothing that improves a student so much as practice of that kind.

The Irish (which is not in general use) of several English words has been asked of us from time to time; in the next Gael we shall commence an extensive dictionary of such words in English-Irish text.

The Irishmen of New York and vicinity can obtain gratuitous instruction in the language of Ireland by calling at the rooms of the P. C. Society, 12 E. 8th St, on Thursday evenings from 8 to 10, and on Sunday afternoons from 3 to 6, o'clock.

The Philadelphia Philo-Celtic Society meets at Philopatrian Hall, 211 S. 12th St., every Sunday evening, where it imparts free instruction to all who desire to cultivate a knowledge of the Celtic tongue.

The Brooklyn Philo-Celtic Society meets every Sunday evening in Atlantic Hall, corner of Court and Atlantic streets, at 7 o'clock.

To get the Gaelic Journal. Send 6s to the Manager, Dollard's Printinghouse, Wellington-quay Dublin, Ireland.

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Being frequently applied to for Irish books, we have made arrangements whereby we can supply the following publications, at the prices named, on short notice.—

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