

(1)

GAEL

Leabhar-aithne m'ioranaí,
 tabairtá cum an
TEANGA GAELIGE
 a c'orrad ^{asur} a f'aoirteúad
 agus cum
Féin-maíla Cinní na h-Eireann.


VOL. 4.— No. 1. NOVEMBER, 1884. Price, Five Cents.

The  Gael.

*A monthly Journal, devoted to the Cultivation and Preservation of the Irish Language,
 and the autonomy of the Irish Nation.*

Terms of Subscription — Sixty Cents a year, in advance ; Five Cents a single copy.

Terms of Advertising — 10 cents a line Agate ; 25 per cent discount to yearly advertisers.

 The GAEL penetrates all sections of the country, its value as an advertising medium is therefore apparent,

Entered at the Brooklyn P. O. as second-class mail matter.

Published at 814 Pacific st., Brooklyn, N. Y., by M. J. LOGAN, editor and proprietor.

Fourth Year of Publication.

Philo-Celts.

Now that the elections are over and the excitement generated by them has subsided, Philo-Celts will go to work in earnest to pull up for the lost time caused by the occupation of the hall by the campaign Committee.

The first business on hand now is an effort to clear off the balance of the indebtedness caused by the purchase of the piano. To accomplish which the Society has undertaken to get up a bazaar or the drawing of prizes, at ten Cents a chance, to meet it. There are two prizes offered. The first prize will be a regular series of Gaelic Books, from the a b c to the lexicon, consisting of, O'Reilly's Irish-English Dictionary, Bourke's College Irish Grammar, Bourke's Easy Lessons, The Pursuit of Dermot & Graine, and Moore's Melodies translated into Irish by the late Archbishop McHale. The second prize will be a handsome copy of Father Nolan's St. Patrick's Prayer-book in Irish and English, and The Way of The Cross, rendered into Irish, from the "Stabat Mater," by Dr. McHale. Miss Guiren will present a handsome copy of Father Nolan's Prayerbook to the member who disposes of the largest number of tickets; and a handsome copy of Dr. Gallagher's (the renowned, and persecuted, Bishop of Raphoe), Irish Sermons, with a, nearly literal, translation on the opposite page by that prince of Irishmen, The Very Rev. Ulick J., Canon Bourke, will be presented to the next highest seller of tickets.

Now, any friend in the country who wishes to take a chance for these prizes can do so by sending us eleven penny postage stamps, or in proportion to the number of chances he wishes to take. We pay three per cent to get stamps changed. Those in the country taking chances will have the number of chances with their names published in the GAEL, also, the ticket number allotted to them. So that our Alaska friends will have the same chance as those in this city.

The object of this is a laudable one. It is to lend a greater eclat to the songs and music of our country, and to induce a greater number of our people, by free entertaining reunions, to take an interest in, and assist to further place before the public, the beauties of our ancient music and the antiquity and respectability of our language, and the moral rectitude of our people, and be thus enabled, without the necessity of having recourse to personalities, to give the lie direct to the assassins of our character—those hirelings of the British press, who cannot point beyond a half dozen centuries to either language or literature, and who have now the audacity to characterize us as the element of "ignorance and crime."

We understand that the Boston Philo-Celtic Society are about to start a Journal partly in Irish and English—We wish them every success, and we shall do all in our power to publish the fact. We won't be like the "Dog in the Manger." We have no interest in the Gael apart from the cultivation of the language. Our Boston friends did not communicate their intention to us, perhaps for the reason that we might not wish to see a journal in opposition to the Gael—If that be the cause, our Boston friends mistook their man. We would like to see such journals in every town and city, and would advertise them too, and that gratuitously. Perhaps they took us to be like the proprietors of other Irish-American journals who never mention the Gael unless in dispraise lest it should take a cent out of their pockets. No, no, friends, we shall take as much pride in your success in Boston as if you were a part and parcel of the Gael in Brooklyn. We saw the notice in the Irish World, with the election of a board of officers as follows—

Prest. P. J. Conlan, re-elected vice-Prests., M. T. Gullivan, Mary A. Mahoney: Rec. Sec. T. M. O'Sullivan, re-elected: Fin. Sec. W. M. Murphy, re-elected. Cor. Sec. P. J. O'Daly re-elected, Treas P. J. Sullivan, re-elected. Trustees, J. O'Neill, D. S. Hart and Mary Garvey, re-elected.

The N. Y. S. P. I. L. are going to have a great "let out" on Thanksgiving night. The efforts of this society should be generously and patriotically recognized.

Our Philadelphia friends are having their entertainment on the Twenty Seventh,

If the signs of the times be not deceptive, Mayor Low will be the next governor of New York State and the Protectionist Candidate for President, four years hence;

THE GAELIC ALPHABET.

| Irish. | Roman. | Sound. | Irish. | Roman. | Sound. |
|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|--------|
| À | a | aw | À | m | emm |
| b | b | bay | À | n | enn |
| c | c | kay | o | o | oh |
| À | d | dhay | p | p | pay |
| e | e | ay | À | r | arr |
| f | f | eff | r | s | ess |
| 5 | g | gay | À | t | thay |
| j | i | ee | u | u | oo |
| l | l | ell | | | |

À and À sound like w when followed or preceded by À, o, u, as, À ÀÀÀ, his bard, pronounced a wardh; À ÀÀÀ, his beef or ox, pronounced, a warth; and like v when preceded by e, j, as, À ÀÀÀ, his wife, pronounced, a van, À ÀÀÀ, his desire, pronounced, a vee-un À and 5 sound like y at the beginning of a word; they are almost silent in the middle, and perfectly so at the end of words. À sounds like ch; À, like f; À and À, like h; and À is silent.

SECOND BOOK—Continued.

RULE III, Exercise V.

ÀÀÀ-ÀÀÀ, bell.house, klog.haugh.
 ÀÀÀ-ÀÀÀ, a good person, dhaw-yuine
 ÀÀÀ-ÀÀ, the wolf-dog, fee-ul-choo.
 ÀÀÀ-ÀÀÀ, steadfast, fee-ur-woon.
 ÀÀÀ-ÀÀÀ, sincere, feer-yelish.
 ÀÀÀ-ÀÀÀ, calf's flesh, lhee-o-il.
 ÀÀÀ-ÀÀÀ, an old woman, shan-van.
 ÀÀÀ-ÀÀÀ, a monarch, awrdh-ree.
 ÀÀÀ-ÀÀÀ, a woman-king, ban-ree-un
 ÀÀÀ-ÀÀÀ, a lady, ban-teer-na
 ÀÀÀ-ÀÀÀ, long-lived, bun-seelagh
 ÀÀÀ-ÀÀÀ, persevering, bun-shass-waugh.

EXERCISE VI.

ÀÀÀ, ancient, awrsah.
 ÀÀÀÀÀ, genitive of ÀÀÀ, air.un.
 ÀÀÀ, noble; oosul.

1. À ÀÀ ÀÀÀ ÀÀ ÀÀÀ-ÀÀÀ. 2. ÀÀÀ-ÀÀÀ ÀÀÀ ÀÀÀ-ÀÀÀ. 3. ÀÀÀ-ÀÀÀ ÀÀÀÀÀ. 4. À ÀÀÀ-ÀÀ ÀÀÀ ÀÀ ÀÀÀ-ÀÀÀ. 5. ÀÀÀ-ÀÀÀ ÀÀÀÀÀ. 6. ÀÀÀ-ÀÀÀ ÀÀÀ-ÀÀÀ. 7. À ÀÀ ÀÀÀ ÀÀÀ-ÀÀÀ. 8. ÀÀÀ-ÀÀÀ ÀÀÀ. 9. À ÀÀ ÀÀÀ-ÀÀÀ ÀÀÀ. 10. À ÀÀ

ÀÀÀ-ÀÀÀ ÀÀÀÀÀ.

1. The king and the queen. 2. A monarch and a lady. 3. Queen of Ireland. 4. The wolf and the hare. 5. A holy good man. 6. Persevering patriotism. 7. The prince was long-lived. 8. An ancient bell-house. 9. The lady is noble. 10. The good man is rich.

EXERCISE VII

| | |
|------------------------|----------|
| ÀÀÀ, a cliff | ahill. |
| ÀÀÀ, high, loud, | awrdh. |
| ÀÀÀ, music, | keoghul. |
| ÀÀÀ, war, | kugah. |
| ÀÀÀ, brown, | dhonn. |
| ÀÀÀ, knowledge, | fiss. |
| ÀÀÀ, vapor, | ga.ill. |
| ÀÀÀ, wise, | glick. |
| ÀÀÀ, iron, | eerun. |
| ÀÀÀ, the sea or ocean. | muir. |
| ÀÀÀ, fire, | thin.eh. |
| ÀÀÀ, water, | isg.eh. |

| | |
|------------------------|---------------|
| ÀÀ-ÀÀÀ, a sea-dog, | coo.morrah. |
| ÀÀÀ-ÀÀÀ, a musician; | far.keoghil. |
| ÀÀÀ-ÀÀÀ, a seer,&c. | far.fassah. |
| ÀÀÀ-ÀÀÀ, a seal, | lhee.morah. |
| ÀÀÀ-ÀÀÀ, a war-ship, | lung-choga. |
| ÀÀÀ-ÀÀÀ, a steamboat, | lung-gul.eh. |
| ÀÀÀ-ÀÀÀ, fire-work, | ubir-thin-eh. |
| ÀÀÀ-ÀÀÀ, a rail-road, | bohar-eerin. |
| ÀÀÀ-ÀÀÀ, an echo, | mock-ahlah. |
| ÀÀÀ-ÀÀÀ, a water-work, | obir-isgeh. |

1. À ÀÀ ÀÀÀ-ÀÀÀ ÀÀ ÀÀ ÀÀÀ. 2. À ÀÀ ÀÀÀ-ÀÀÀ ÀÀ. 3. À ÀÀ ÀÀÀ-ÀÀÀ ÀÀÀ. 4. À ÀÀ ÀÀÀ-ÀÀÀ ÀÀÀ. 5. À ÀÀ ÀÀÀ-ÀÀÀ ÀÀ ÀÀ ÀÀÀ-ÀÀÀ. 6. ÀÀÀ-ÀÀÀ ÀÀ ÀÀ ÀÀÀ-ÀÀÀ. 7. À ÀÀ ÀÀÀ-ÀÀÀ ÀÀÀ. 8. À ÀÀ ÀÀÀ-ÀÀÀ ÀÀ ÀÀ ÀÀÀ-ÀÀÀ. 9. À ÀÀ ÀÀÀ-ÀÀÀ ÀÀÀ. 10. ÀÀÀ ÀÀÀ ÀÀÀ.

1. The rail-road is here now. 2. The steam-boat was full. 3. The man-of-war is empty. 4. The seer was wise. 5. The musician and the seer. 6. A fire-work and a water-work. 7. The seal was brown. 8. The man-of-war and the steamboat. 9. The echo was loud. 10. A black sea-dog.

SEAK RÄJÖTE.

Ծարծառախար Ծ՝ի թեթեան ան Ծօրան ;
 Ռաար Ծաթեար Ծօրից, լոյթեան 'ի Ծօրան,
 Բար լոյթ ի լոյթ, լոյթան,
 Այս ի Բար Ծառան
 Ծօր Ծօր Ծառա ի Ծ
 Օ Զայլի Ծօ ի Ծօրան.

GAELIC ADDRESSES.

On the occasion of the Democratic barbecue in Brooklyn, Capt. Thos. D. Norris of New York, presented an address in the Irish language, to President-elect Cleveland. On the occasion of Mr. Blaine's visit to the same city, the Blaine and Logan Irish Independent association presented the following address to Mr. Blaine—

ԾՕ՝Ն ԵՏԱՕՂ ՕՆՕՐԱՇ

SÉAMUS 5. BLAINE.

Ա Տօր:.... Եա լոյթի լոյթ օր.
 Բարից, Ծառ լոյթից Ծա լոյթ.
 Ա. Ծօրից Ծա լոյթ Ծա լոյթ.
 Ծօրից Ծա լոյթ Ծա լոյթ.
 Ծա լոյթ Ծա լոյթ Ծա լոյթ.
 Ծա լոյթ Ծա լոյթ Ծա լոյթ.
 Ծա լոյթ Ծա լոյթ Ծա լոյթ.
 Ծա լոյթ Ծա լոյթ Ծա լոյթ.

Ծօրից լոյթից Ծա լոյթից
 Ծօրից լոյթից Ծա լոյթից
 Ծօրից լոյթից Ծա լոյթից
 Ծօրից լոյթից Ծա լոյթից
 Ծօրից լոյթից Ծա լոյթից
 Ծօրից լոյթից Ծա լոյթից
 Ծօրից լոյթից Ծա լոյթից
 Ծօրից լոյթից Ծա լոյթից.

Ծօրից լոյթից Ծա լոյթից
 Ծօրից լոյթից Ծա լոյթից
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 Ծօրից լոյթից Ծա լոյթից
 Ծօրից լոյթից Ծա լոյթից
 Ծօրից լոյթից Ծա լոյթից
 Ծօրից լոյթից Ծա լոյթից.

Ծօրից լոյթից Ծա լոյթից
 Ծօրից լոյթից Ծա լոյթից
 Ծօրից լոյթից Ծա լոյթից
 Ծօրից լոյթից Ծա լոյթից
 Ծօրից լոյթից Ծա լոյթից
 Ծօրից լոյթից Ծա լոյթից
 Ծօրից լոյթից Ծա լոյթից
 Ծօրից լոյթից Ծա լոյթից.

Ան ի Ծօրից Ծա լոյթից
 Ծօրից լոյթից Ծա լոյթից
 Ծօրից լոյթից Ծա լոյթից
 Ծօրից լոյթից Ծա լոյթից
 Ծօրից լոյթից Ծա լոյթից
 Ծօրից լոյթից Ծա լոյթից
 Ծօրից լոյթից Ծա լոյթից.

Ծօրից լոյթից Ծա լոյթից
 Ծօրից լոյթից Ծա լոյթից
 Ծօրից լոյթից Ծա լոյթից
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 Ծօրից լոյթից Ծա լոյթից
 Ծօրից լոյթից Ծա լոյթից.

Ծօրից լոյթից Ծա լոյթից
 Ծօրից լոյթից Ծա լոյթից
 Ծօրից լոյթից Ծա լոյթից
 Ծօրից լոյթից Ծա լոյթից
 Ծօրից լոյթից Ծա լոյթից
 Ծօրից լոյթից Ծա լոյթից
 Ծօրից լոյթից Ծա լոյթից.

Ծօրից լոյթից Ծա լոյթից
 Ծօրից լոյթից Ծա լոյթից
 Ծօրից լոյթից Ծա լոյթից
 Ծօրից լոյթից Ծա լոյթից
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 Ծօրից լոյթից Ծա լոյթից
 Ծօրից լոյթից Ծա լոյթից.

Mr. Blaine listened to the reading of the address attentively, and warmly thanked the committee for their kind sentiments towards him. The address and the English translation were beautifully illuminated, and, as the distinguished recipient

observed, will be a cherished heirloom in his family.

This is the first occasion on the American Continent in which addresses in the Irish Language have been presented to prominent Americans. It shows the aggressiveness of the Irish language movement, and helps to bring the Irish element into favorable prominence; also that they are not the timid creatures of former days, when the Irishman this side the Atlantic was ashamed to own himself. Support the Irish Language movement Irish-Americans, and do not rest until it is on a firm basis, and until you have your Gaelic Hall in N. Y. City. You have the foundation of a National Journal in the Gael. Circulate and enlarge it, and make it a journal worthy of your own social aspirations and the cause which has given it birth.

Máire Ní Cárthaigh.

CE21RB21121K no can.

(Carolan did sing.)

Mho leun 'r mo éiríodh gan mé 'r mo shíodh,
 A ngléanighéan a luigh ríle;
 Gan héac d'ar s-cáirde, beir le fáil,
 'Náir ar b'it in ar n-aoibh ar n-áir.

Rídh na n-áir, an n-áir éiríodh ar n-áir,
 A cúlín deán n-áir, deán?
 'S gur b'it to shíodh-rá cáirde mo láir,
 Na n-áir ar n-áir éiríodh deán.

Jr moir ar n-áir to shíodh ar n-áir,
 A cúlín ar n-áir éiríodh;
 A n-áir ar n-áir, a n-áir ar n-áir,
 A' n-áir ar n-áir to shíodh le éiríodh.

A n-áir ar n-áir, a n-áir ar n-áir,
 A n-áir ar n-áir, a n-áir ar n-áir;
 Séirín a n-áir, a n-áir ar n-áir,
 A' n-áir a n-áir ar n-áir to shíodh.

Loirne ar n-áir, ar n-áir to shíodh,
 A n-áir ar n-áir, a n-áir ar n-áir;
 O'áir ar n-áir, a n-áir ar n-áir,
 A n-áir ar n-áir to shíodh.

A n-áir ar n-áir, a n-áir ar n-áir,
 A n-áir ar n-áir, a n-áir ar n-áir;
 'Náir ar n-áir, a n-áir ar n-áir,
 'S gur beir an n-áir to shíodh a n-áir.

We are indebted to Mr. P. F. Lacey for the foregoing translation; we presume he got a helping hand from Mr. David O'Keeffe.

See Hardiman Vol. I. p. 8

Nov. 11, 1884

Cum 2103 013.

1

A n-áir ar n-áir, a n-áir ar n-áir,
 Na n-áir ar n-áir, a n-áir ar n-áir;
 A n-áir ar n-áir, a n-áir ar n-áir,
 'S a n-áir ar n-áir to shíodh.

2

A n-áir ar n-áir, a n-áir ar n-áir,
 Na n-áir ar n-áir, a n-áir ar n-áir;
 'S a n-áir ar n-áir, a n-áir ar n-áir,
 A n-áir ar n-áir to shíodh.

A n-áir ar n-áir, a n-áir ar n-áir,
 Na n-áir ar n-áir, a n-áir ar n-áir;
 'S a n-áir ar n-áir, a n-áir ar n-áir,
 A n-áir ar n-áir to shíodh.

3

A n-áir ar n-áir, a n-áir ar n-áir,
 Na n-áir ar n-áir, a n-áir ar n-áir;
 'S a n-áir ar n-áir, a n-áir ar n-áir,
 A n-áir ar n-áir to shíodh.

A n-áir ar n-áir, a n-áir ar n-áir,
 Na n-áir ar n-áir, a n-áir ar n-áir;
 'S a n-áir ar n-áir, a n-áir ar n-áir,
 A n-áir ar n-áir to shíodh.

A n-áir ar n-áir, a n-áir ar n-áir,
 Na n-áir ar n-áir, a n-áir ar n-áir;
 'S a n-áir ar n-áir, a n-áir ar n-áir,
 A n-áir ar n-áir to shíodh.

4

A n-áir ar n-áir, a n-áir ar n-áir,
 Na n-áir ar n-áir, a n-áir ar n-áir;
 'S a n-áir ar n-áir, a n-áir ar n-áir,
 A n-áir ar n-áir to shíodh.

A n-áir ar n-áir, a n-áir ar n-áir,
 Na n-áir ar n-áir, a n-áir ar n-áir;
 'S a n-áir ar n-áir, a n-áir ar n-áir,
 A n-áir ar n-áir to shíodh.

A n-áir ar n-áir, a n-áir ar n-áir,
 Na n-áir ar n-áir, a n-áir ar n-áir;
 'S a n-áir ar n-áir, a n-áir ar n-áir,
 A n-áir ar n-áir to shíodh.

5

A n-áir ar n-áir, a n-áir ar n-áir,
 Na n-áir ar n-áir, a n-áir ar n-áir;
 'S a n-áir ar n-áir, a n-áir ar n-áir,
 A n-áir ar n-áir to shíodh.

A n-áir ar n-áir, a n-áir ar n-áir,
 Na n-áir ar n-áir, a n-áir ar n-áir;
 'S a n-áir ar n-áir, a n-áir ar n-áir,
 A n-áir ar n-áir to shíodh.

A n-áir ar n-áir, a n-áir ar n-áir,
 Na n-áir ar n-áir, a n-áir ar n-áir;
 'S a n-áir ar n-áir, a n-áir ar n-áir,
 A n-áir ar n-áir to shíodh.

CORRECTION.

f 2103. See page 383 in last August's issue of the Gael.

i 2103. j 2103. l See p. 406.

Send Sixty Cents for the Gael for one year.

The Gael.

With this number the Gael enters on its fourth year, buoyant and full of hope for the future. When the Gael made its first appearance many prophesied for it a short career. But those who thus prophesied did not stop to think the material change which has taken place in the Irishman these dozen years past. His actions at home today are revolutionizing the land system of continental Europe. He is to the land slaves what Wendell Phillips and his anti-slavery confreres were to African-American slavery, some thirty years ago—the pioneer of human freedom.

The election just past in this country is another instance of the Irishman's progress in independent aggressive action, and though some of our hide-bound Democratic friends may censure his actions in this regard, we tell them that he has achieved the greatest moral victory ever gained on this side of the Atlantic. The conventions of his party in the future dare not say, "Let the Irish go," nor their leading spokesmen send them to "Salt Lake." Never before was there such a moral victory gained by the Irish element in this or any other country. Fully 90,000 of them rebuked the "Let the Irish go" cry and were it not for a mere accident the rebuke would be decisive. Hence, no wonder that the Gael should flourish it being the personification of Irishism, and hence the reason that until the Irishman ceases to be Irish the principles underlying the foundation of the Gael shall never die—the preservation of the language of Erin and the autonomy of her nationhood. A bright day is dawning for Ireland. An enlightened, independent people cannot remain in slavery. We had been slaves in speech and limb, but, thank God, the speech is being rehabilitated and with it shall be the limb. Then, friends of the cause, redouble your energies, and let the Gael find its way into every corner. And you friends, of the Irish-American press, bring the existence of the Gael under the notice of your readers, for, in this wide country, there may be many desirous of promoting the cause, but are ignorant of the existence of any organized movement to compass it.

We would remind subscribers that the time for renewal has arrived, and we would request that those who do not feel disposed to continue it to notify us by a postal or otherwise, that we may send their copies elsewhere:

GOOD FOR PROF. ROHRIG.

Prof. Rohrig is back from the old country, and contemplates a course of *Celtic Philology* in Cornell University. Celtic study has already gained official recognition and permanent existence in the European Universities, such as Oxford, London, Paris, Berlin and Leipzig. Here is an opportunity to those wealthy Irish-Americans who can afford their children college education to teach them something of their parent language.

It would also be an encouragement to the supporters of the Gael who have, unaided borne the brunt of the battle.

"Ignorance and Crime."

In criticising Mr. Blaine's speech of Nov. 18, the Brooklyn Eagle on Nov. 20, editorially uses this language in speaking of the cities of New York and Brooklyn.—

"Let the returns be examined and it will be found that wherever ignorance and crime huddle there Mr. Blaine gains, while in every ward and district distinguished for the thrift and intelligence of its people, he had the seal of condemnation set upon his dishonorable career."

The fanatic Burchard in an excited moment blurted out "Rum, Romanism and rebellion", but the moral assassin of the Eagle in his cool, calm editorial sanctum, with pre-meditative malignity applies to the same element which Burchard had in his mind's eye,

"Ignorance and Crime."

Which of the two phrases is the more libellous and insulting? And the editor of this paper is an associate of Irishmen! Nay, but he is a member of the St. Patrick Society!!

What is the cause of the literary ignorance which prevailed in the "wherever" referred to? Is it not the result of the tyranny, robbery and murder perpetrated on those hapless people in their native land by the confreres of this canny Scotchman?

These freebooters would put the rope around the Irishman's neck if he dared to educate his children in letters or religion, and yet they have the effrontery to call us ignorant.

Ignorance and crime! What crime? Was there not more crime committed in the Eagle's own ward—the ward of "thrift and intelligence" for the last eight years than in the remainder of the city for twenty years? If all the petty thefts perpetrated in the city in that time were put together they would not amount to one half of the \$15,000,000 which the kid-gloved Ward stole. And is it not a fact that the principle owners of the Eagle are believed to have defrauded the city to the amount of \$250,000 in the Reservoir job. And by the showing of their own moral teacher (Beecher) they are as fully advanced in other more detestable crimes: A section of the people of the 10th, 14th, 12th, and 9th wards are not obliged to go to Europe or elsewhere for the good of their health. These are not the wards which support in opulence the thousands of misnamed medical practitioners which abound in both cities. Of course these are refined crimes by a refined "literary" people.

Why did not the Eagle apply ignorance and crime to the Irish-Americans before election?

The work is done now, and they are thrown aside.

It is a wonder the editor did not burst in trying to keep it in so long.

Are there no patriotic Irishmen in Brooklyn to found a secular journal to defend their fair fame from those slimy mouthed reptiles of the pro-English press?

Dr. MacNISH'S ADDRESS.

(Concluded)

Let every Scottish Gael persist in believing on the strongest evidence, that Ossian was a Scottish and not an Irish Celt,—that his poems date from an unknown past,—that neither did Macpherson forge them nor did Ireland give them birth,—and that the venerable bard of Selma is richly entitled to warm commendations in consequence of his lofty moral teaching, and of the absence from his poems of every semblance of impurity, as well as owing to the magnanimous spirit that animated his heroes in peace and war :

“Lean gu dluth ri cliu do shinnsearan,
‘S na diobair a bhi mar bha iadsan.”

The Abbe Cesarotti of the University of Padua, who took particular pains to study Ossian and to bring his many beauties before the literary world, says among other things, “The works of the Celtic Homer, *Ossian*, do exist ; doubts may be entertained whether Fingal was his father, but no one will say that he was not the son of Apollo.” Matthew Arnold thus writes : “Woody Morven, and echoing Sora, and Selma with its silent halls, we all owe them a debt of gratitude, and when we are unjust enough to forget it, may the Muse forget us.” Dr. Clerk, in the Dissertation which is prefixed to his excellent edition of *Ossian*, utters a sentiment in which all the members of this Society will cheerfully acquiesce : “I hope that the time is not distant when the Scotch and Irish Gael will rejoice in all old Celtic literary treasures as common family property. Nay, the time should be at hand when every inhabitant of Britain will acknowledge the ancient productions of the Celtic muse as part of the national stock.”

Dr. Smith's *Sean Dana*, MacCallum's *Ossian*, and Campbell's *Leabhar na Feinne* contain a large quantity of poetry that belongs to the Ossianic era. Since the Reformation there has appeared a large number of talented poets and poetesses in the Highlands of Scotland. In Mackenzie's *Sar Oba r nam Bard Gaidhealach*, there is a fair representation of the poetry of the principal bards of the last three centuries,—of Mary McLeod and Ewen MacLachlan, of Alexander MacDonald and Duncan Ban MacIntyre, the talented author of *Coire Cheat-haib* and *Ben Dorain*. In our day, we have the poetess Mrs. Mary MacKellar, who can tune the Gaelic lyre with wonderful sweetness, and whose anapestic metres are worthy of all praise! We have Neil MacLeod, John Campbell, Evan MacColl, and the bard of our own Society. In his *Clarsach an Doire*, which was published a few months ago, Neil McLeod has a beautiful poem entitled : *Am Faigh a' Ghaidhlig Bas*.

“Duisg suas, a Ghaidhlig's tog do ghuth,
Na biodh ort geilt no sgaig :

Tha ciadan mile dileas duit
Nach diobair thu's a' bhlar ;
Cho fad's a shiubhlas uillt le sruth,
‘S a bhuaileas tuinn air traigh,
Cha 'n aontaich iad an cainnt no 'n cruth,
Gu 'n teid do chur gu bas.”

“Wake up ! O, Gaelic, raise thy voice,
Put doubts and fears away,
Ten thousand stalwart friends are thine
To shield thee in the fray.
While glides with murmur sweet the brook,
While beats on shore the wave ;
They'll not consent by word or look
To lay thee in the grave.”

Nor are the laborers in the field of Gaelic prose by any means idle. The hundred anniversary of the birth of Dr. Norman MacLeod, who has come to be known as *Caraid nan Gaidheal*, and whose Gaelic prose is the best in the language, was celebrated in the city of Glasgow a few weeks ago. His confidence in the perpetuation of Gaelic in Canada was so strong, that in the dedication of *Leabhar nan Cnoc*, which was published in 1834, he thus wrote : “Na creidibh iadsan tha 'g radh gu bheil a' Ghaelig air leabaidh a bais ; tha i co slan, laidir, urail, agus a cuisle co fallain 's a bha i riamh agus ged thachradh gun biodh i air a fogradh a h-Albainn am maireach, tha farsuingeachd agus fagadh a' 'feitheamh oirre taobh thall do'n chuan mhor, far am bheil cheana na miltean d' a muirich-inn fein a dh' fhaitlicheadh agus a dh' altrumaich-eadh i le solas.” Scottish Gaelic has many able friends who are expending diligent scholarship in the investigation and cultivation of it ; such are Dr. MacLachlan, Dr. Clerk, Cameron Masson, Nicholson, Skene, Ross, and many more. To the delight of versatile and energetic Professor Blackie, a Celtic chair has been established in the University of Edinburgh, and Professor Mackinnon has undertaken the duties of the chair with great courage and devotion.

To such an undue length have my remarks already extended, that I must bring my hasty review of Celtic literature as speedily as possible to a close. I must, however, make a brief allusion to Manx, which is the sister of Irish and Scottish Gaelic, and which is worthy of much attention, if for no other reason than this,—that it has lived over many generations and vicissitudes of political fortune. Owing to its geographical position, which finds fitting expression in its armorial bearing with the motto *Quocunque jeceris Stabo*, the Isle of Man was very much affected by the continual invasions and depredations which were common before and after the tenth century. Among the many explanations that have been given of the word “Man,” the interpretation is worthy of notice which bestows on Manannan Mac Leir the honor of giving its name to the Isle of Man. A Manx Ballad contains this allusion to the power which Manannan was

supposed to possess of enveloping the island in mist and thus preventing the foe from approaching it.

Cha'n e leis a chlaidheambr rinn e e raighail
 Cha'n e leis a shaighdean no leis a bhogha,
 Ach tra fhaicidh e luingeas triall
 Fholuicheadhe e mo cuairt leis ceo.

That our cousins, the Manksmen, were able to preserve the semblance of their distinctive nationality, and to continue faithful amid all their harassing fortunes to the language and traditions of their fathers, beautifully indicates that their love for their Gaelic lineage and Gaelic language must have been deep and strong. That the Manksmen could and can, speak their own Gaelic after bearing the yoke of their Welsh neighbors for 400 years, and the yoke of the Danes for 153 years, and the yoke of the Norwegians for 200 years; and after owning the sway of England and Scotland for 139 years, before the Isle of Man was given to the Stanleys, with whom it remained for 330 years, when it passed into the possession of the Dukes of Athole, who surrendered every claim to it in 1829, —goes very far to show how strong the life of a language is, and how its vitality can continue to be vigorous even when unfriendly forces of a powerful kind are bent on destroying it. The Manx resembles the Scottish Gaelic so closely that a Manksman and a Scottish Gael can converse easily together in their respective dialects: To Bishop Bedel the honor belongs of translating the Bible into Irish Gaelic; to the Stewarts, father and son, and to Dr. John Smith, the honor belongs of translating the Holy Scriptures into Scottish Gaelic; to Bishop Morgan his Welsh countrymen are grateful for his excellent version of the Holy Scriptures into Welsh. The names of Bishop Wilson, and especially of Bishop Hildesely, with his coadjutors Dr. Kelly and Mr. Philip Moore, ought to be, as they doubtless are, dear to every patriotic Manksman for the excellent translation which they made of the Holy Scriptures into Manx. Manx is written phonetically. No regard is paid to the etymological history or value of its words. The translators of the Bible openly avowed that their desire was to spell their language, as to adapt it in its written form to the manner in which it was spoken, that thus the Holy Scriptures could be easily read and understood by every Mankeman. No small ingenuity is required in many cases to discover the exact value of certain words and sounds. Irish Gaelic, Scottish Gaelic, and Welsh have been immensely benefitted, in a literary point of view, by the idiomatic and copious phraseology which occurs in the translations that were made of the Holy Scriptures into those languages. The Manx version of the Bible forms the principal portion of the literature of the Isle of Man. It redounds to the credit of Manxmen that in 1858 a Society was formed for the publication of National Documents in the interests of Chengey ny Mayrey; and that

already twenty-eight volumes at least have been published by that Society.

From the very imperfect sketch which has now been given of the Celtic literature of Ireland and Scotland and Wales and the Isle of Man, it will be manifest, I hope, that we—the Celts of to-day—have a rich literary inheritance; and that we owe it to ourselves,—to the honorable demands of a generous patriotism, and to the affection which we ought to cherish for the homes and writings and traditions of our venerable Celtic fathers and mothers in the far off centuries,—to appreciate our literary treasures very highly; to take an affectionate interest in them; and, so far as we may have leisure or opportunity, to gain an accurate knowledge of them; for, what true-hearted Celt can deny that to the literature of his race these words of Cicero are applicable in all their force; *Oujus studium qui vituperat hand sane intelligo quidnam sit quod laudandum putet?* Nor is the statement of Burns otherwise than appropriate where ever Celts do not care for Celtic literature;

"She honest woman may think shame,
 That ye're connected wi' her."

The Celts on the Continent of America have earned for themselves a distinguished place in every avenue of toil and enterprise; and have repeatedly risen to the loftiest positions in the learned professions, in commercial pursuits, and in the administration of Government. It is not only by their sturdy and manful application to ten thousand forms of industry, but also by their cultivation of the Celtic muse, that our Celtic brethren in our own Dominion verify the words of Horace;

Coelum non animam mutant qui trans mare currunt. Breathing as we do with too much frequency in Canada, a literary atmosphere that is impregnated with utilitarianism, the question may be asked by some persons, "What practical benefits can result from the labors of our Society? Will it not be sufficient for us to avail ourselves of the labors which Celtic scholars are performing across the Atlantic in the field of our common literature, and to utter sentimental ejaculations of admiration and affection while we ourselves are studiously idle?" Apart from the certainty that we must all agree with Juvenal who says, *Miserum est aliorum incumbere famae*, it becomes us to act as the Manx saying admonishes us, *Shass er dty ch one hene*, "rely on your own understanding," and to draw together more strongly and sincerely the bonds of literary consanguinity which unite the Celts of Canada. If we are successful in deserving and obtaining the co-operation of the Celtic scholars of Canada; we can in all fairness hope to do something towards ornamenting, at least, the trees and fences of our common inheritance; and, if our labors be unimportant in the general forthputting of Celtic ardor for Celtic learning, we can console ourselves by believing with Cicero that *primo sequent in putchrum est in secundis ter. lisque concist*

ere. We can prevent our zeal from growing lukewarm or listless, by applying to ourselves the answer of the brave Spartan at Thermopylae, when his attention was drawn in a forcible manner to the overwhelming strength of the foe; *pugnabimus umbra*. Nor if fortune attends us, can we be at a loss to determine the particular manner in which we can be of service to Celtic literature. Our Manks cousins tell us, "when comes the day will come its counsel with it; *Tra hig yn laa, hig yn coyrle lesh*."

We are as a Society in our infancy: let us for the moment abandon the lofty indifference which animated many of our ancestors when material interests were at stake. Let us believe that even to Celtic Societies these well-known words apply;

Haud facile emergunt quorum virtutibus obstat Res angusta domi.

Sidney Smith, when the Edinburgh Review was established, proposed as a motto "*Tenui musam meditamur avena*," words which he translated with characteristic originality; "*We cultivate literature upon a little oatmeal*." Our faith, however, is strong even in our oatmeal days as a Society, that our Celtic friends will befriend us liberally; and that out of the material treasures which their industry and their sagacity have enabled them to accumulate in Canada, they will so aid us that we can procure for ourselves copies of the literary treasures of our common race.

We want all the German and French books that deal with Celtic literature and philology. We want, as speedily as possible, copies of all the principal Irish, Scottish, and Welsh MSS. We ought to have the valuable works which perpetuate for the instruction and benefit of the Celts of our own day and of the days that are yet to be, the scholarship, the opinions and investigations of the ablest, most patriotic and industrious Celts who have ever graced the literary annals of Ireland and Wales, of Scotland and the Isle of Man.

Let us defer to the Ossianic advice, and infuse all the vigor and vitality that we can into our youthful Society.

"Bithibh treun an tus na teughboil"

"Se cliu gach neach a cheud iamradh."

We begin our career earnestly and hopefully, — with the determination to honor all our Celtic brethren alike, — to welcome with equal cordiality the aid and sympathy of the Celts of Cape Breton and Manitoba, — to remember with catholic faithfulness that the same blood warms our veins, and that our only recognition of superior worth will be in proportion to the services which, as Celts of the Dominion of Canada, we can render to the common cause of Celtic literature and Celtic philology, — to the common cause of the noble, and the true, and the useful, and the patriotic among the races of the earth:

Our appeal to the Celts of Canada is in the words of the Irish Epigram:

"Mas ionmhuinn leat na braithre,
Bi leo gu sasta socair."

("An la' chi's nach fhaic")

*Tatam doibh gac nio rannad
'S na h-rann aon nio oppia.*

Hardiman vol. I. p. 113.

PROF. ROHRIG ON THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

Continued from page 413.

We may add to these the Irish Annals of Tighernach, the histories of Eochaidh O'Flinn, Gilla Caomhain, Flan, of Monasterboice, &c., the *Amra Choluimb Chille*, of the Sixth Century, which contains the life of St. Colum Cille (who died 597 A. D.), written by Dallan, son of Forgall, an *Ollamh* or chief of the Irish file towards the end of the Sixth Century; the "Felire" of Aengus (*Fei ire Aonguis*) which is a poem of great interest; its object is to determine and bring to remembrance the festivals of the Saints. A verse is devoted to every one of three hundred and sixty-five, mostly Irish saints. The whole, including the preface, contains six hundred stanzas. It is a very long poem, and one of the most ancient literary monuments of the Irish language. It is rich in valuable historic and topographical information, in glowing descriptions and beautiful imagery. It is full of pure and holy sentiment, of noble, elevated thoughts, sublime aspirations and genuine piety and devotion.

Let us mention the "Book of Aichill," which is one of the principal monuments of Irish jurisprudence. A part of the regulations and laws contained in this book are attributed to Cormac Mac Airt, a famous king, who reigned in the Third Century of our era. The *Senachus Mor* ("Great Treasure of Antiquities"), better known, perhaps, under the name of the "Brehon Laws" (from *breith-eamh*, a judge; originally from the root *ber*, Sanskrit *bhar*, Greek *fer*, Latin *fero*, English to bear, which subsequently took in Irish the meaning of judging, by transposal of *r*, *breth*, *breta*, judgment.) This Brehon Code seems to be only an embodiment and collection of very ancient oral traditions and customs relating to law; and, what increases its interest and importance is the fact that it is in no wise influenced by the Roman system. Its language is of a very archaic type, the oldest form of Irish, or the so-called *Bearla Feini*. It has been said that, "had there come nothing down to us but this collection of laws, it would have been amply sufficient to testify to the antiquity of the Irish civilization and literary culture." The original text of the Brehon Laws is of high antiquity. They were elaborated and committed to writing in the time of King Laeghaire II., son of Niall of the Nine Hostages. This was done mostly at Teamhair (Tara). The judgments of the pagan "Brehons" are said to have been subsequently revised, remodelled, purified and changed on the conversion of the Irish to Christianity. These modifications are attributed to the influence of St. Patrick, under the guidance and with the co-operation of the Arch-Druid *Dubhthaich Mac ua lugair*. Thus, these laws were also called *Cain Patraich* (Patrick's Law). The inspired poet,

Dubhthach, of whom it is said that he was "*lestan lan do rath in Spirita Naomh inrin*," pronounced before St. Patrick, who had blessed his mouth, and under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, *bénhacáir pátráic iarum a zhiurum, ásur do luyó naé, in Spriyca Naomh, fór a enabpa.*

that most beautiful poem which stands at the head of the introduction to the *Senchus Mor*. *Dubhthach* speaks with authority, and with the high dignity of a lawgiver, when he expresses himself thus "*breath reachta aomruidreir meicri*," &c., and again he says, "*Concertaim breithemnaet bhais*," &c., "*I pronounce the judgment of death*," &c.

The Brehon Code seems to have maintained its authority among the native Irish for a period of twelve hundred years. As to the authors who were directly concerned with the elaboration of these laws, they were nine in number (*Naofis* knowledge of nine persons, is the name given to it on that account); they were the nine pillars of the *Senchus Mor*, as the text says, "*Naei sailgi sin t-Senchus Moir*." At another place we read—*Nonbur tra do erglas do ordughadh in liubair so*; ("nine men were ordered to compose this book.") Then follows an enumeration of the nine authors, among whom were specified "*tri Epscuib, tri righ, i bearla 'si Filedh*—three Bishops, three Kings, also an expert in the old language, and a poet. And thus the work itself received the name *Naofis* from this circumstance; "*Naofis, din, ainm in liubair so ro ordaigse, —fis nonbur.*"

The Brehon Code must impress us favorably by the refinement of its morals, as well as by the skill and ingenuity which are evinced in the discussion of the cases, the nicety of distinction, and the accuracy of definition and classification. Its judgments and penalties are, to a great extent, mild and humane; and in regard to various points a somewhat considerable latitude seems to be allowed. Some laws relating to damages done to or by animals, &c., remind us of some more or less analogous regulations in the Jewish "*Mishna*." There exists also a remarkable analogy with the Laws of Manu and the legal customs of the Hindoos: not only in regard to fines, but particularly to the "*fasting*," in certain cases, where the contending parties would go before the residence of the defendant and wait there without food for some time. This corresponds, in a measure, to the *dharna*, which was commonly resorted to by the creditors in Hindustan, when they went to sit at the door of the debtor, rigorously abstaining from all food, and threatening to commit suicide by starvation; intending thereby, to compel the debtor to return a loan or fulfil his obligations towards the claimant. We now have also to say a word of the "*Tain bo Cualnge*," (the carrying off of the bull of Cualnge which is at the present day called *Cooley*, in the county of Louth). This is one of the most important and interesting literary productions of Ireland. It treats of a contention about a beautiful white bull, on account of which the heroes of Connaught invaded Ulster, in Homeric fashion. It tells us of many startling incidents of this war of Queen *Medb* of Connaught, who is the divorced wife of *Conchobhar*, the King of Ulster, but was afterwards married to *Ailill*. One hero comes forth and bids defiance to all the many enemies assembled. This is *Cuchulainn*. He triumphs in single combat over every one of his opponents, though being him-

self dangerously wounded. The story tells of the combat of *Ferdiad* with *Cachulainn* for the daughter of Queen *Medb*, and of the many wonderful feats of the great champion of Ulster in the First Century of our era. The story ends with the bull rushing against a rock and dashing out its brains. This great Irish epic poem is very famous, and of high literary interest, combining real history with fiction in all its parts.

[To be continued.]

Now that Dr. MacNish's address has been concluded we shall devote three or four pages to Prof. Røhrig's essay until it is finished. Any Irishman who prides himself of an honored learned lineage should preserve these papers. There is not so much credit due to Dr. MacNish for his learned remarks as there is to Prof. Røhrig, because the learned Dr. is treating of a matter which interests himself, as a Gael, as much as anyone else. But the value of a foreign linguist and philologist's complimentary tribute should be highly esteemed by the Irish Gael, for very few in latter years had the honesty or courage to proclaim it.

OUR NEWSPAPER.

According to Edwin Alden & Bro.'s (Cincinnati, O.) American Newspaper Catalogue for 1884, there are 14,867 newspapers and magazines published in the United States and the British Provinces. Total in the United States, 14,176; in the British Provinces, 691; divided as follows: Dailies, 1,357 Tri-Weeklies, 71, Semi-Weeklies, 168, Sundays 295 Weeklies, 10,975, Bi-Weeklies, 39; Monthlies 1,502 Bi Monthlies 26, Quarterlies, 83; showing an increase over the publications of 1883 of 1,594. The greatest increase has been among the Weekly Newspapers of a political (?) while it has been least among the class publications. The book is very handsomely gotten up and contains some 850 pages, printed on heavy book paper, elegantly bound in cloth. It will be sent to any address, prepaid, on receipt of \$1.50:

The Gaelic Journal has translated and copied "*Richard's*" poetical letter to "*Little John Keating*," which appeared in a late issue of the Gael. Mr. Flemming, the Editor, has, in copious notes, explained the Munster idioms which abound in the poem. It is a pity that the Irish people everywhere would not give a more substantial support to the Journal. It would be a grand heirloom in any Irishman's family. We have received the 18 numbers published, and no consideration would make us part with them.—Here are the Journal's remarks on "*Little John Keating*"—

The lines below have been extracted from the Gael of August last, chiefly for the preservation of the many Munster idioms and peculiarities of speech they contain. The idioms and other peculiarities have been explained in foot notes, and a translation, very nearly literal, has been given. Professor Windisch, in a letter to the Gaelic Journal, some months since, expressed a wish for less book Irish and more of the living speech. Transferring these lines to our columns is the first response to the learned Professor's suggestion,

Déiread pays 2100 be3 a nice compliment on account of his good advice in the last issue of the Gael.

Nov. 10. 1884.

Čun 210j0 b3.

bo breá3 hóm tuam e3le d'fá3a3le u3e
fé3h,

214p 'ta blar3a3t a3' čá3e3t a'3 m3l-
re3t a3' m3e3h ;

213ur 'ta b3j3 23ur é3re3t 23ur č3all,
21e3 3a3 f3cal a3 č3a3e3h ó a3 b3al.

Do lé33ar a3 ó3e3 le m3ó3e3 3a3e3t
'S 'ta olla e3 č3e3e3e3t, 3o f3or, a3
č3e3e3t ;

Slá3e3e3 č33a3 23ur f3a3a3e3 a3 f3a33al,
'S č3a3a3e3 č3e3e3e3e3 e3le ó3e3e3 m3e3
33ó3 '3a e33a3ó3al.

dé3se3č.

Mr. Beecher declared that 66 per cent of the adult population of the state of New York were immoral libertines. The returns show that he erred, but we presume that he based his assertion on the circle in which he himself moves, forgetting that a considerable percentage of the people is composed of that element whose morality and virtue the poet portrays in the following song ;

"Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore.
But oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand.

"Lady! dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and so lovely along this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

"Sir Knight! I feel not the least alarm:
No son of Erin will offer me harm,—
For though they love woman and golden store,
Sir Knight! they love honor and virtue more."

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the Green Isle.
And blest forever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honor and Erin's pride.

We announced that all the Dollar subscribers to the Gael would get a copy of Father Nolan's prayer-book. We have ordered a copy for every such subscriber,—and if we cannot get them we shall send to such subscribers some other Gaelic book of equal value, or at the option of the subscriber, let the price stand to his credit on his subscription to this volume. We expect the prayer books in a few days, also, all the other books which have been ordered.

"BOODLE."

The newspaper reader must have observed frequent use made of the word "boodle" during the late campaign.

What is a *boodle*? Our idea of a "boodle" is a cash consideration for services rendered or believed to be rendered to a certain party. For instance, the editor of a newspaper will declare that his opposite fellow-member of the quill is receiving a "boodle for advoting the claims of his party. The party accused strikes back with similar weapons. But the reader may as well understand in time that *nearly* all these newspaper men get a "boodle" from their respective parties. In the late campaign the only daily papers in New York which did not get a "boodle are the Tribune, the Sun and the Star.

The boodle is given in this way—The party whose candidate a certain newspaper supports will order so many copies at full price, and these copies are generally distributed by mail or otherwise, the local "workers" supplying a list of the names of those, who, in their opinion, might be influenced by them. Some of our correspondents say they got the Irish World without ordering it. We have no doubt but the Blaine Campaign Committee bought and distributed it among the Irish voters as the Cleveland Committee bought the Irish American and the United Irishman for a similar purpose, and though our friends of these papers may not acknowledge that they got a *boodle*, we can assure the reader that we saw bags full of them in the Cleveland headquarters in Jefferson Hall. But one thing is certain—no one saw the Gael used as a campaign document, because the presidency could not induce it to curb the freedom of its actions. The Herald, The Times &c. at such times make a fortune. When the reader sees a paper "standing on the ditch" and then make a sudden plunge he may rest assured that it has secured the "boodle.

We would direct special attention to the Record of the Catholic Benevolent Legion, published and edited by Counsellor J. R. Kuhn, 26 Court St. Brooklyn. It is the organ of the Benevolent Legion, a mutual benevolent association to which every man with a family should attach himself. From his precarious wages the mechanic can hardly make a provision for his family, and by paying a little into this benevolent association while he is in health and strength, in case of his death, he would have secured for his family something to enable them to start in the world.

Those who do not already belong to the Legion should lose no time in communicating with Mr. Kuhn, or the President, Counsellor John C. McGuire.

We have quite a number of subscribers in the vicinity of Hartford Conn., one of whom tells us that our friend Richard D. Norris contributed in no small degree to the success of the Democratic candidate in that city. We presume our friend Norris is satisfied.

See above
page 416.

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5haol?"

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