



Leabhar-aisthry mhoramhal,  
 tabartha cum an  
**TEANZA SAEDILSE**  
 a corhad azyr a faorcuadh  
 azyr cum  
**Feyn-mazla Cmid nah-Eineann.**

72h ad Rol. Ugh. 12. JUL, 1890.

COLUINN 3AN CEANNN.

(Leahca)

Cuaidh an deiridh go d-ti an teac mór, azyr buail an fear boct a3 an doruy, azyr o'forzail reardfóghanta é.

"Ceartuiseann uaim má3jireir an t3se reo d'feidhne," arsa Doimhall.

O'ime33 an reardfóghanta, azyr do tainne an má3jireir.

"Cá mé '3 iarru33 lóirde3 o3de, má 'ré do to3l é," arsa Doimhall.

Déanfa3d mé rin dáo3d má fahann r3d. Té333d ruar go d-ti an 3-ca3rleán, an3 rin ruar, azyr bé3d m3re an3 dur 3-333, azyr má fahann r3d an3 go mado33 dea3fa3d 3ac fear a3a3d é333 f333d p3ora de3c-b-3333ne, azyr bé3d hea3t le 3-3e azyr le 3-3l a3a3d, f3e3-r33, azyr leaba3d má3t le co3la3d an3."

"3r má3t an tain33333 é rin," ar r3a3-ran, "3acámu3d an3."

Cuaidh an deiridh 3e d-ti an 3-ca3rleán,

éuadap artea3 3 reomna, azyr é333ea-dap r3or te3ne. 333or d' fadoa go d-tainne an du3ne-uayal, a tado333e mado3-fé33l, ca333-fé33l, arán azyr he3te e3le

"Cap 333m ano33 go d-tainnebea3fa3d mé an ro3léap dáo3d; cá hea3t f3ona azyr lea3na an3 azyr t33 33d dur rá3t do tainne33."

Kuap do tainnebea33 ré an ro3léap d33d éuaid ré amac azyr do é333 33ar ap an doray 3a d3a33.

33 rin dudo333e Doimhall lé33 an d3eap boct,

"Cu33 3a he3te le 3-3e ap an m333o, azyr 3ac3fa3d m3re 3 3-co33ne an lea3-na"

33 rin ruap ré 3olar azyr é3333333 azyr éuaid r3or an33 an t-ro3léap.

33 éeud ba333le a d-tainne ré é333e do é33m ré r3or le tainne33 ar 3uap a dudo333e 3u3,

"Stop, 33 333-3a an ba333le rin."

O'feuc Doimhall ruar azyr é33333e ré fear bea3 3an éeann le 3a cá é333



“Tā aṇ leabujō fadjrjṇṣ zo leor to











IV.

an Maigdean Mānla.

'S níl fear 'ra dúitche do mheallrao cúileann

ná sup náine é<sup>"</sup> clú ná <sup>da cáil?</sup> a cáil an tshóm,

nān nānrae?

ó buo srágha an cúrra gabáilte bun or cionn léi,

'S í fá<sup>so?</sup>gáilte dúbae go bráit dā dnuim;

'Sé léig<sup>so</sup>ead ná h-úgdaín, go b-fuil rcamairle rmúideae

áin anam rúo cun go h-deihib leór-ghóm,

'S go s-caitpib gac trúra adainn rearaí, lá an cuntauir,

áis cátaoir an úr-mic, asur náir damantauir rínn! uan-mic?



Margaret Sullivan.

Manuscript says  
from Mrs. Kelly  
Kenmare, Co. Kerry.  
This may be her  
marriage name.  
D. J. M.



ADDRESS OF ANDROMACHE TO HECTOR,  
(From the original Greek of Homer's Iliad, Book 6,  
By Archbishop McHale).

“Ա ծայրե ծանա քարաօյր տա արե տի,  
 Ծո Բարձր թէյն, չան յոյնի թաօյ Ծո ինձայ  
 ‘Յար թաօյ Ծո Լեան, Եյժ Յար Ծոյժ յր Բաօձալ,  
 Ա Եյթ չան Եոյմյու, Երէյժե ար ան Դաօձալ.  
 յր օր-Դա անձայ, Եա ան ղանձայ Եյլե, ‘Բրաժ,  
 յր Եւ-Դա անձայ յր մյան Լեօ Դյնեաժ ‘Յ-Եաժ;  
 Այա՛ր Լեաժ յ Եյլեյմ ‘Դ Երաձ, մար Դյն, չան մե,  
 Բոյն Եւ-Դա յոյնեաժ, Դյնե Դյօր թաօյ ‘ն Յ-Երե.  
 Այա Բյժոյմ Ծո Եյաձ մօ Բայրեյնձաժ, Բեյժ մօ Բյժ,  
 Այար Բյ օ Եւր, թաօյ Եւրոն ‘Յար թաօյ Եաօյ,  
 Չան Եաար, մաժար, Բրաժար, Լե մօ Լօ,  
 Այալաձաժ մօ Լեարոյ, ղօ, Ե Բոյնե Լյոյմ Դօձ.  
 Եյլե մ’ Եաար ինյնեաժ թաօյ Լան Աւել չարձ,  
 Երա Դյնյօր Ե Եաար Եաե, ան Եօձաժ Եարձ,  
 Աւժ Եյժ Յար Եյլե Դե անյր ան ար ղեան-Եօ,  
 Խյօր Եայրեան Աւել Եարձաժ Երաւյմ Եօ.  
 Այր Եարն արե, Լեաձե ար Ե Բար,  
 Ծ’ Բաձ ԵԼաժ Ե’ Դ արմ մ’ Եար ան Ե Լար,  
 ‘Յար Ծ’ Բար ‘ն Ե Եյմեյոլլ, Լեանայ ար չաժ Եաօ,  
 Եյրն օյժե օրաժ, Դյնյն’ Եւայն’ յօժ.  
 Այօրթեյրար Բրաժար, ԵաԵ ‘ն Ծ-Եյձ ‘Յար ԵԼաժ,  
 Եօյժեաժ Եայն Յօ Ե-Եյլե ան Եաօ Լա;  
 Ծօ Դյն յաժ Աւել մյլլեաժ Լե Ե-Ե Լան  
 Այր ինձ Ե ԴաԵաար ԵւնԵաժ Երեւա ան.  
 Այօ ինձար Բայրթօյն Երե’ ղա Յ-Եոյլե Եւժ’  
 Ծօ Եւձ Դե Լեյր, Ե’ Դ Եանե Երոյմ’ Լե Բրաժ,  
 Աւժ Եանյայձ Դյ Ե Դաօյրե օ’ն յեաԵալ ինօր  
 Այ Բրոյնաժ ղօրան մաօյն Եօ, Եյար օր.  
 Եւժ յեարն ան Ե-ամ ‘ն Եյր Դյլեաժ Եւմ Ե Երե’  
 Յար Բաձ չաժ Եյան յ չան Եաօ Եօ ‘ննա Լայժե.  
 Այր Դեաժ Ծօ ինարԵայն, Եյամ Բեյժոյն Յօ Բրաժ  
 Այար Եաար, ինձար, Բրաժար. Եյլե չրաժաժ.  
 Աւժ յԼաժ Եամ Երաձյե, Եյրայն Եւ ղա Բյ  
 Այար ԴյօԵար մյ Եաժ, Եյձ Ծօ ինաժ ‘Դ Ծօ ինձայ:  
 Այրե ղա Բաձ մօ Բայրեյնձաժ Լե մօ Երաժ  
 ‘Յար Ե ‘նն Ե Եյլեաժ չան Եաօ Եաժ’ ղօ Դյաժ.  
 Աւժ ան Դօ Դան, Դան Եյժ Ե Բ-Դյլ Երոյմ յեւձ  
 Ե Երան ղյօձա, ԵաԵար Ծօ ղա Յրեւձ,  
 Տյնե Լե Բալլա, Եայն մայժ Եյար ԴԼյե,  
 Լե Եաչան ԴաօԵար յոյնյայժ Դեաժ Դա Երոյժե.  
 Երյ Ե-Եայն Ծ’Դեւժ Լեյր Դյն յր ԵյրԵ ԵԼյ,  
 Ծյր ղա Այար Եւմարաժ Լե Լւժ.  
 ‘Յար յօԵմայն ‘Դ ԵւրԵ մյլլեաժ ար Ե Բ-Դայժ  
 ‘Տ մաժ Աւել. Այմոյ, Եանն ղա Դեաժնա ‘Դ Դյաժ  
 ‘Տ Բրաժար Այնլեաժ, ԴեոլԵա Լե յաժ’ Եաժ,  
 Խա Եր Ե ղեան Դեյն մայնյնեաժ, չան Դյաժ.”

Ծօ Դրեաչար Ե Եյլե: “Այամ Բեյժ Ե մեանար  
 Ծօ Եոմայն Եաօն, Եւմ ԵաԵար Եայն չաժ ԵաԵար;







Lionfar a crojōe le zāpdear aḡḡ a lāp."

Leir rjḡ do řeācājo ōj aḡ leaḡb ō5,  
Šḡḡ aḡḡ a brollāc ē. 'zur ēu5 ōō pō5,  
'Smj5. 'r ērjō a rḡj5. do bḡr ḡa deor' zo řrār  
Sjlc 'ḡuar a leacājb, ō a rūljḡb dear'.  
Ō a ře5crjḡc ōō-řaḡ, ēujḡjl le bor a lājḡ.  
21 ḡ-a5ājo tājr, aḡ ladaḡḡ le5 zo řājḡ:

"2ḡo cē5le aḡḡāc, žeaḡ ḡjo cḡojōe, cao řāc  
Ō-řujl zo ḡ-aḡḡāc, le žeur bḡōḡ do ō' cḡāc?  
Roḡḡ cēācḡ ḡjo lae 'zur ḡ' aḡ, ḡj' l oḡḡ bāo5al,  
21 5-cuḡar doḡḡ ḡeāc, ḡj' l ḡjo cḡḡ de ḡ. t-řao5al,  
2ḡ t-ōlc 'r aḡ ḡā5c, aḡ to5a 'zur aḡ ō5o5a,  
K5or řāpḡžeaō aḡ bār b5 'ḡ-ōāḡ ōōjb řōr a ḡ5oḡ.  
Uḡḡe rjḡ, řjl a ba5le 'r a5 aḡ t-řeol  
5ābā, ř5žeaō le rliḡ a5ur le řpōl,  
Kō 'rḡjāḡ le řeaḡḡājo, tḡeopḡžāō do cḡḡḡ ban  
2ḡḡ ḡ5le o5ḡḡe lājḡḡ 'r řcuāḡḡe, řaḡ;  
2lēt de ḡa Tḡojōe ḡ5le aḡḡ 5āc laōc,  
'zur oḡḡ zo ḡ-āḡḡe, tā aḡ caē a 5laōc."

Do ladaḡḡ a' r ō' řāj5 a cābāp aḡḡ a cēaḡḡ,  
Ōō5 rjḡe aḡ t-řl5e a řjlleaō cḡḡ a laḡḡ  
21 deaḡcaō řjaḡ 'r a5 oḡḡā5jl zo tḡom, tḡu5.  
'S a5 řjlē ḡa ḡ-deora bo5a, ḡḡa lāḡ řḡuē.  
Teācḡ ōj a ba5le, žujl a' ř 5ājḡ ḡa ḡḡā,  
5laōcāō ḡojḡḡ ō' a dḡbḡōḡ 'zur ō' a cḡāc,  
215 caoḡḡeaō a cē5le, aḡḡā5l 'r aḡḡḡ zo ḡ-eu5  
Kāp ḡ-ōāḡ ōō cēācḡ, ō lāḡḡ 'r ō laḡḡ ḡa ḡ5ḡeu5.

As we consider the foregoing the most classical poem in the language we give an extended vocabulary or glossary so that all our students may be able to understand it. It is composed in the simplest language—no dictionary words being employed, for the translator was a dictionary in himself—a fact which some of our neighbors should bear in mind. And who would be so competent to write a dictionary or grammar of the language as he whose language it was from the cradle to the grave—a space of 90 years—and who had the talent to excel in the cultivation of the Classics. Is it he who did not know a word of the language a few years' ago? The Lion is now dead and the Asses would have a kick at him, but the countrymen of Erigena can still distinguish even the re-echo of the dead Lion's Roar from the Bray of the living Ass.

# Glossary.

21jaḡ. Ajax. aḡlāc, carcase.  
2lcujl, Achilles. a5ḡaḡḡ, I entreat.  
a5ā5c, the face. aḡḡe, death.  
aḡḡjaḡ, affliction. aḡcaḡ, calamity.  
aḡḡāc, beloved. aḡḡāc, untimely.  
aḡāḡeaō, spiteful. bāo5al, danger.  
baḡḡḡḡeū5āc, widow. bāḡ, laid waste.  
baḡcaō, perishing. bḡeā5āō, pacifying.  
bḡāc, to spy. bḡollāc, breast.

caoḡḡḡ, fondling. calḡāc, brave.  
cao5ō, lamentation. caoḡḡ, gentle.  
caḡcaḡḡ, slaughter. cē5le, wife or hus.  
cēaḡḡar, headship. cjaō, lock of hair.  
claōḡḡe, coward. cljū, fame.  
c'ō5āō, helmet. coḡāḡḡ, defending.  
coḡḡḡḡ, mercy. cḡāō, anguish.  
cuḡḡḡe, remembrance. cuḡḡ5, fetters.  
cḡōc, hang. cumḡarāc, powerful.  
cujḡjl, rub. cumḡar, power.  
ḡaḡḡācā, cruel. deaḡḡ, look, see.  
ḡēḡ, clean; last. deo, life; ever.  
ḡjaḡ, Diana. ḡ5leaōc, orphan.  
ḡ5r, two. ḡ5o5a, worst.  
ḡō55, supposition. ḡōlārāc, sad.  
ḡ5ol, end; sell. ḡūḡḡeōcājo, will awaken.  
ḡḡbḡōḡ, grief. ḡāḡ, fate; a poem.  
eḡḡḡ5e, foreign. řāj5, squeeze.  
řa5c, plain, field. řaḡaoḡḡ, alas.  
řeaōḡa, troops. ř5žeaō, weaving.  
ře5crjḡc, seeing. řjoraō, knowing.  
řolḡḡ5c, suffering. řoḡḡō5o, jeering.  
řrār, plentiful. 5āō, danger.



(See continuance of the glossary on inside of back page.)

Pope's Translation of the Dialogue Between  
Andromache and Hector.

Too daring prince, ah, whether dost thou run,  
Ah, too forgetful of thy wife and son,  
And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be,  
A widow I, an helpless orphan he!  
For sure such courage length of life denies;  
And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.  
Greece in her single heroes strove in vain,  
Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain!  
Oh grant me, Gods, ere Hector meets his doom,  
All I can ask of heaven, an early tomb.  
So shall my days in one sad tenor run,  
And end with sorrow as they first begun.  
No parents now remains my griefs to share.  
No father's aid, no mother's tender care.  
The fierce Achilles wrapp'd our walls in fire,  
Laid Thebe waste, and slew my warlike sire.  
His fate compassion in the victor bred;  
Stern as he was, he yet rever'd the dead,  
His radiant arms preserv'd from hostile spoil  
And laid him decent on the funeral pile:  
Then rais'd a mountain where his bones were burn'd  
The mountain nymphs the rural tomb adorn'd,  
Jove's sylvan daughters bade their elms bestow  
A barren shade, and in his honour grow.

By the same arm my seven brave brothers fell,  
In one sad day beheld the gates of hell:  
While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed;  
Amid their fields the hapless heroes bled.  
My mother liv'd to bear the victor's bands,  
The queen of Hippoplacia's sylvan lands:  
Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again  
Her pleasing empire and her native plain,  
When ah, oppress'd by life-consuming woe,  
She fell a victim to Diana's bow.

Yet, while my Hector survives, I see  
My father, mother, brethren, all, in thee—  
Alas! my parents, brothers, kindred, all  
Once more will perish, if my Hector fall.  
Thy wife, thy infant in thy danger share—  
Oh prove a husband's and a father's care.  
That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy,  
Where yon wild fig-trees join the walls of Troy;  
Thou from this tower defend th' important post;  
There Agamemnon points his dreadful host,  
That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain,  
And there the vengful Spartan fires his train.  
Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have given,  
Or led by hopes, or dictated from heaven,  
Let others in the field their arms employ,  
But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy.

The chief replied: That post shall be my care,  
Not that alone, but all the works of war.  
How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,  
And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep th'  
Attain the lustre of my former name, [ground  
Should Hector basely quit the field of fame.  
My early youth was bred to martial pains.  
My soul impels me to th' embattled plains,—  
Let me be foremost to defend the throne,  
And guard my father's glories, and my own.

Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates—  
(How my heart trembles while my tongue relates)  
The day when thou, imperial Troy, must bend,  
And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end,  
And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,

My mother's death, the ruin of my kind.  
Not Priam's hoary hairs defil'd with gore,  
Not all my brothers gasping on the shore;  
As thine, Andromache! thy griefs I dread—  
I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led,  
In Argive looms our battles to design,  
And woes, of which so large a part was thine.  
To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring  
The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.  
There, while you groan beneath the load of life,  
They cry, behold the mighty Hector's wife?  
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy woes to see,  
Embitters all thy woes, by naming me.  
The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,  
A thousand griefs shall waken at the name,  
May I lie cold before that dreadful day,  
Prest with a load of monumental clay.  
Thy Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep,  
Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep.

Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of Troy  
Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.  
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,  
Scar'd at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest,  
With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,  
And Hector hasten'd to relieve his child,  
The glittering terrors from his brows unbound,  
And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground.  
Then kiss'd the child, and, lifting high in air,  
Thus to the gods preferr'd a father's prayer.

Oh, thou! whose glory fills th' eternal throne,  
And all ye deathless powers! protect my son!  
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,  
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,  
Against his country's foes the war to wage,  
And rise the Hector of the future age!  
So when triumphant from successful toils  
Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,  
Whole hosts may hail him with deserv'd acclaim,  
And say, this chief transcends his father's fame,—  
While pleas'd, amidst the general shouts of Troy  
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy.

He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,  
Restor'd the pleasing burthen to her arms;  
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,  
Hush'd in repose, and with a smile survey'd.  
The troubled pleasure soon chas'd by fear,  
She mingled with a smile a tender tear.  
The soften'd chief with kind compassion view'd,  
And dry'd the falling drops, and thus pursu'd,—

Andromache! my soul's far better part,  
Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart?  
No hostile hand can antedate my doom,  
Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.  
Fix'd is the term to all the race of earth,  
And such the hard condition of our birth.  
No force can then resist, no flight can save—  
All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.  
No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home,  
There guide the spindle, and direct the loom—  
Me glory summons to the martial scene;  
The field of combat is the sphere for men.  
Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,  
The first in danger, as the first in fame.

Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes  
His towery helmet, black with shading plumes.  
His princess parts with a prophetic sigh,  
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,  
That stream'd at every look—then moving slow,  
Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe.  
There, while her tears deplor'd the godlike man,  
Through all her train the soft infection ran,  
The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,  
And mourn the living Hector as the dead.



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Gaels, with the next issue you commence the 8th volume of your National journal. A good many of you have not been cursed with a superabundance of worldly means, but you have been blessed with undying thirst for that learned lore which distinguished your forefathers in the far-back, Dark Ages when the peoples who now surround you were tattooing their bodies. In reviving the literature of your ancestry, you leave your children a treasure which gold cannot purchase.

Enlarge, then, the sphere of usefulness of your little Gael by increasing its circulation. Impress on the minds of your less informed countrymen the necessity of circulating Gaelic literature to wash away the mountains of filth flung at us by our social enemies.

Sixty cents will not be missed by any you, and if you fail in getting your neighbor to become a subscriber, why, make him a present of it.

Some time ago we referred to a young lawyer of this city, born of Irish parents, who asked us "Had the Irish an alphabet for their language?" and though thousands of others asked similar questions we emphasized the lawyer because he is supposed to be a man of education—one of the Learned Pro-

fessions. Now, because of the shortcomings of his parents and tutors and the continuous yell of "ignorant Irish" by the anti-Irish Gotho-Saxon element in the country, this young man honestly believed that his forefathers were no better than their enemies represented them; and if he were taxed by his Saxon associates with being descended from such ancestry, he could only hang his head in shame and try if possible to shun such associations as were aware of his parentage, and screen its identity from subsequent associations. How different would his demeanor be were he after reading the Extracts from Spalding's History of English Literature quoted in another column?

We cannot blame our Saxon neighbors for applying those terms to us as they believe that they are true, as do the uninformed portion of our own people, which is considerable.

It can hardly be conceived what injury this English cry of "ignorant Irish" entails on Irish-Americans and what pertains to them. They lose in their social standing; and Catholicism and Irishism being synonymous terms with Americans, they actually believe that the Irish are Catholic because of their "ignorance." Now, the Irish were Catholic when they were the instructors of Europe, and the proof of that fact should find its way into every Catholic school-book and every Catholic newspaper in the land; the proof consists of such matters as the extracts which we have given, with the language and literature annexed.

## THE "SCOTCH IRISH."

The reader has seen by the public press that a convention of "Scotch Irish" had been held in Pittsburg Pa. a few weeks ago, and that the delegates who met there took considerable pains to convince the American public that they (those whom the Conventionists represented—the "Scotch Irish") were a totally distinct race from THE IRISH, and more than insinuated that they



were far superior to them in the social scale.

Now, if those assambl'd at that convention be really the descendants of Scotchmen, we exceedingly regret the untenable attitude which they have assumed. The genuine Scotchman and Irishman are of the same flesh and blood; and is it because they kneel at different altars to-day that the degenerate offspring of Scotia Minor would fain disavow the consanguineous bond?

Through the mouth of an Englishman—a most bitter foe of Irishism and Romanism—the Revd. William Spalding, A. M., Prof. of Logic etc. in the University of Saint Andrews, we shall let our “Scotch Irish” brothers know who and what they are.—We quote from his *History of English Literature*, D. Appleton & Co., 1856.

The admissions which history compels this bigotted author to make in relation to the Irish are by far more valuable than volumes of laudation from a friendly source. The foot notes are ours.—

#### “INTRODUCTION.

- I. Roman Period, B. C. 55—A. D. 449
- II. Anglo-Saxon—449—1066. (Dark Ages)
- III. Middle Ages—1066—1509.
- IV. Modern Times—1509, to present time.

A hasty glance over the Roman or Classical period teaches two facts which we ought to know.

In the first place the only native inhabitants of England, certainly with few exceptions, and perhaps without any, belonged to the great race of Celts (a). Another Celtic tribe occupied Ireland, and was spread extensively over Scotland.

Our Anglo-Saxon invaders were Goths of the Germanic or Teutonic stock (b).

We do not look with much hope for literary cultivation among the Anglo-Saxons (c).

(a) Where are the Celts gone to? and they must be numerous since the Romans were put to the necessity of employing 70,000 soldiers to guard them from the incursions of the Scots. If they did not emigrate (and we have not heard that they did), they must be more numerous than the Gotho-Saxon element.

(b) Why, then, assume a false name? Is it because the Goths were so barbarous that you took refuge under the mythical Angles?

(c) And then, in the name of common sense and decency, why compare yourselves to the cultivated Celts?

#### “CHAPTER I.

Anglo-Saxon Times, A. D. 449—1066. (1)

During the Anglo-Saxon times, four languages were used for literary communication in the British islands.

Latin was the organ of the church and of learning here, as elsewhere, throughout the Dark and Middle Ages. Accordingly, till we reach Modern Times, we cannot altogether overlook the literature which was expressed in it, if we would acquire a full idea of the progress of intellectual culture.

Of the other three languages, all of which were national and living, one was the Anglo-Saxon, the monuments of which, with its history, will soon call for close scrutiny. The second and third were Celtic tongues, spoken by the nations of that race who still possessed large parts of the country. These, with their scanty stock of literary remains, must receive some attention at present; although they will be left out of view when we pass to those latter periods, in which the Germanic population became decisively predominant in Great Britain.

The first of the Celtic tongues has oftenest been called Erse or Gaelic. It was common, with dialectic varieties only, to the Celts of Ireland and those of Scotland. Ireland was wholly occupied by tribes of this stock, except some small Norse settlements on the seacoast. Whether Scotland beyond the Forth and Clyde, was so likewise, is a question not to be answered, until it shall have been determined whether the Picts, the early inhabitants of the eastern Scottish counties, were Celts or Goths (2). It is certain, at least, that either before the Norman conquest, or soon after, the Celtic Scots were confined within limits corresponding nearly with those which now bound their descendants.

And here, while we are looking beyond the Anglo-Saxon frontier, it is to be noted that the Romans did not conquer *any* part of Ireland, and that their hold on the north and west of Scotland was so slight as to leave hardly any appreciable effect.

Of the two Celtic nations whose living tongue was the Erse, Ireland had immeasurably the advantage, in the success with which the vernacular speech was applied to uses which may be called literary.

To others must be left the task of estimating rightly the genuineness, as well as the poetical merit, of the ancient metrical relics still extant in the Irish language. They consist of many Bardic Songs and Historical Legends. Competent critics have admitted the great historical value of the *Prose Chronicles*, preserved to this day, which grew up, by the successive additions of many generations, in the monasteries of the ‘Island of Saints’. In the form in which these now exist, none of them seems to be so ancient as the *Annals* compiled by Tighearnach, who died in the close of the eleventh century; but it is believed, on good grounds, that, both in this work, in the *Annals of the Four Masters*, and in several such local records as the *Annals of Ulster* and *Inisfallen*, there are incorporated

(1) He ignores the Roman Period altogether and spins out the next periods until the fifteenth century, when he applies himself to the English language which was then in its infancy.

(2) The Goths and Vandals, the forefathers of the Anglo-Saxons, were the most savage, ferocious and barbarous tribes of northern Europe.



the substance, and often the very words, of many chronicles composed much earlier. It is not too rash to say, that the Irish possess contemporary histories of their country, written in the language of the people, and authentic though meagre, from the fifth century or little later. No other nation of modern Europe is able to make a similar boast (3).

Nor does it appear that the Scotch Celts can point to literary monuments of any kind, having an antiquity at all comparable to this (4). Indeed their social position was, in all respects, far below that of their western kinsmen (5). All the earliest relics of their language are metrical. Such is the Albanic Duan, an historical poem, described as possessing a bardic and legendary character, and said to belong to the eleventh century. The poems which bear the name of Ossian are professedly celebrations, by an eye-witness, of events occurring in the third century. But, though we were to throw out of view the modern patchwork which disguises the original from the English reader, and though likewise we should hesitate to assert positively that the Fingalic tales were really borrowed from Ireland, it is still impossible to satisfy oneself that any pieces, now exhibited as the groundwork of the poems, have a just claim to so remote an origin (6).

**LATIN LITERATURE.**—Almost all who then cultivated Latin learning were ecclesiastics, and by far the larger number of those who became eminent in it were unquestionably Irishmen. Most of them are described by old writers as Scots; but this name was first applied to the Irish Celts, and was not transferred to the inhabitants of north Britain till after the Dark Ages (7). Indeed, amidst the bloodshed and wanderings which accompanied and followed the fall of the Roman Empire, Ireland was a place of rest and safety, both to fugitives from the continent, and to others from Eng-

(3) And yet your semi-savage countrymen have the audacity to call us "ignorant," and to tell us that we are not enlightened enough to govern ourselves!

(4) Because the Scotch and Irish, being the same people, their literature was common property, the Irish, being the head of the family, retained possession of it.

(5) Without any comment, we shall permit our "Scotch Irish" brethren to digest this.

(6) Yes, the Book of Drom Sneachta was written before St. Patrick's time. Ossian was an Irishman, a son of Finn Mac Cumhaill. The Oisins are very numerous about Tuam—its first bishop being one of them.

(7) Our "Scotch Irish" brethren have got into a nice mess. They no doubt calculated on American ignorance of Irish history to screen their actions in relation to Irish autonomy from the moral odium which is attached to them. They have exhibited themselves to the world as stupidly ignorant of their history or the meanest thralls of ancient or modern times! Fie! fie! brother Sawney, if your brother Pat kneel at a different altar is that a sufficient cause for prostituting your historical antiquity by an alliance with the barbarous freebooters who have ravaged your country and, like your brother Pat, have left you a homeless wanderer.

The cession of Heligoland to Germany is the first move in the disruption of the British Empire.

land (8). Among the latter is named Gildas the Wise, a brother of the British bard Aneurin, the supposed writer of a treatise 'on the Destruction of Britain,' which, if it were undoubtedly genuine, would be the oldest of our Latin histories. Thus adding the acquisition of other countries to its own, the Green Isle contained, for more centuries than one, a larger amount of learning than all that could have been collected from the rest of Europe (9), and its scholars often found other sanctuaries among the storm-defended rocks of the Hebrides."

(8) And a nice return they have received—a further evidence of the savage nature of their Gotho-Saxon beneficiaries.

(9) This leaves the Irish THE FIRST nation of Europe in civilization and learning, and the Irishman who neglects to provide his children with a record of such proof is their social enemy.

We often hear such expressions as, "Oh, the Irish this and the Irish that." Are they not of the same flesh, blood and sentiment to-day that they were in the Dark Ages when, as their enemies admit, they were the educators of Europe?

When Mr. Blaine, in his memorable Maine speech, suggested the possibility of Salisbury's ancestors being Danish or Norman PIRATES when the Irish were a learned, cultivated Nation, the British lion, and his jackals here, howled. Ah, friends! the Hon. gentleman read history; and in that speech he was "Guarding his fathers' glories and his own." Make Blaines of all Americans by bringing your history and literature to their notice. Every Irishman should have a copy of that speech, aye, preserved on Vellum!!

The following letter was not intended for publication by Father Brennan, but his remarks having covered the whole range of what constitutes the mission of THE GAEL, we wrote to him for his permission to publish it. Let the reader bring the truths expressed in the letter to the attention of his countrymen. The Gaelic Movement is not one of sentiment only, as superficial observers might suggest: It goes to the root of the material interests of the Irish race.

JAMESTOWN, N. DAK.  
June, 13, 1890.

My Dear Mr. Logan.—

I am in receipt of postal and copies of the Gael, and I gladly congratulate you on your marked success. But, after all, though you have faithfully worked, and succeeded within your own little sphere, how little does it count! The soulstirring mellifluous tongue of our sires alas is "fading like the leaves upon the trees!" No man knows and appreciates the virtues of Erin's fair sons and daughters better than I, yet I can not shut my eyes to their failings, and among those may be reckoned their fatal, criminal indifference to the



glorious old Tongue in which Patrick preached and Ossian chanted his matchless lays. Season after season gives us a *fine* crop of so-called patriots. How many of them endeavor, or ever attempted to show the Irish people the priceless value of their own Irish Language? How many of them have ever labored to show that one of the surest means to regain their lost heritage, their freedom and nationality, is to cultivate their native Tongue? And yet, where is the intelligent Irishman who in his heart does not know this to be so. Its chilling to witness their apathy.

I enclose you p.o.o. for two dollars, it is but the widow's mite, but it is offered with at least a good heart. I can assure you, a poor priest in these frontier missions can do little with his *purse*. In the East it is not so, and it is surprising how careless the many good *Sagart* seem to be regarding this movement. I was happy to see by a copy of the *Gaodhal* that my old friend Tim Halvey is still in the ranks. God bless him and prosper him.

Wishing you and the good work in which you are engaged every success, I remain, my dear Mr. Logan,

Your sincere friend,

M. C. BRENNAN.

## O'Curry's Lectures.

ON THE  
MANUSCRIPT MATERIAL OF ANCIENT IRISH HISTORY.

LECTURE IV.  
[Delivered March 22, 1855]

(Continued)

I say probably by the O'Luinins, because the Dublin copy was transcribed by Ruaidhridhe, or Rory O'Luinin, as appears from two insertions which occur in that volume in a blank space, at the end of the year 1373. The first is written in a good hand, as old at least as the year 1600, in the following words: "Let every one who reads this little bit bestow a blessing on the man who wrote it." And this immediately followed by these words, "It is fitter to bestow it on the soul of Rory O'Luinin, who wrote the book well."

From another note which is written in this copy in the lower margin of folio 35, col. 3. a, it is evident that the writer of this latter note was engaged in making a transcript of the volume at the time, but have no means of knowing who he was.

The O'Luinins were physicians, historians, and genealogists, chiefly to the MacGuire of Fermanagh, from the fourteenth to the seventeenth century. One of that family, named Gillpatrick O'Luinin, of Ard Luinin, in the County of Fermanagh, chief chronicler to MacGuire, assisted the friar Michael O'Clery, the chief of the Four Masters, in the compilation of the *Leabhar Gabhala* (or Book of Invasions and Monarchical Successions of Erin), for Brian Ruadh MacGuire, first Baron of Inniskillen, in the year 1630 or 1631.

The Bodleian MS. (Rawlinson, 489) is called the original copy of those annals, says Dr. O'Conor, because, it is the matrix of all the copies now known to exist. But it is not meant that there were not older manuscripts, from which Cathal Maguire collected and transcribed, before the year 1498.

Nicolson says that the Ulster Annals begin at 444, and end, not at 1041, as the printed catalogues of our MSS. assert, but at 1541. Mr. Edward Lihwyd, the celebrated Welch antiquarian, mentions a copy of these annals which he calls *Senatenses*, which he had from Mr. John Conry, written on vellum in a fair character, but imperfect at the beginning and end, for it begins, says he, at the year 454, ten years later than the Duke of Chandos', and ends several years sooner, at 1492,

The truth is, as stated in the *Rerum Hibernicarum*, vol. I., that neither Maguire nor Cassidi was the author of these annals, but only the collector. Augustin Madriadan had preceded both in the same task, and continued to his own time, says Ware, the chronicle, which the monks of his monastery in the island of All Saints, in the Shannon, had commenced, and he died in 1405.

We have seen that MacGraidagh was in all probability the continuator of Tighernach, but I know of no reason for assigning to him any part in the compilation of the the Annals of Ulster.

In the Bodleian MS. (Rawlinson, 489), better known by the name of the Chandos MS, four folios are missing after the leaf paged 50. That leaf concludes with the seventh line of the year 1131, and the next leaf (numbered 55) begins with the conclusion of 1155, so that there is an hiatus of 24 years. The copy now before us concludes with the year 1131, where that hiatus occurs.

The first page of the Oxford MS. is nearly obliterated. By some unaccountable barbarity the engraved seal of the University is pasted over the written page, so as to efface all the writing underneath, the words which are illegible there are restored in this Stowe transcript, by aid of the copy in the British Museum, which is imperfect and interpolated. The folios of the original Bodleian are paged from 1 to 134, in modern Arabics, and they are rightly paged down to the year 1131, after which four leaves are missing down to the year 1156. The leaf containing the first part of 1131, is rightly paged 51, and the next is rightly paged 55. How the four intermediate leaves have been lost, it is impossible now to ascertain. Folio 66 is erroneously paged 67, as if one leaf were missing there, which is not the case. Folio 70 is paged 80, as if ten leaves were missing, whereas not one is lost. One folio is missing from the year 1303 to 1315 inclusive, and the paging is then incorrect to the end. In its present state the folios of this manuscript are precisely 126.

We must be cautious, continues Dr. O'Conor, in asserting that the whole of this MS. was written by one person, or at one time. Down to 952, the ink and characters are uniform, but then a finer style of writing follows down to 1001.

When the transcriber comes to 999, he states on the opposite margin, that this was really the year of our aera 1000, for that the Ulster Annals precede the common aera by one year—a clear proof that the transcriber was not the compiler or author for this note is in the same ink and characters with the text. He annexes the same remark frequently to the subsequent years, as at 1000, where he says alias 1001.

It is remarkable that these are uniform in antedating the Christian aera by one year only, down to the folio numbered 68, year 1263, and that there instead of preceding our aera by only one year, they precede by two, so that the year 1265 is really 1264, as stated on the margin in Ware's hand—







Բյոր-եօլաճ մօ ծալա ձր չարա դար  
ձաղի քէլե

Օօ էրարչարած ըջաճ 1 Բ-բարրած  
դա Ե-տեղի-ճէմյօղ,

'Տ ձր չաճ Երօղի ծա դ-տեճճոճ Եար  
ճալած ձղալ յլարճա

Շւղ քէլմ Դ'ր րաճմար 1 Բ-բլաճեար  
օր ճաղի էրեղի.

Տալ շւղ ԴՅ քալե Եր ձաղիւ ձա դ-  
Յալ դէլեճ

Ձմար ձր ձա Բ-բլաճե քալ ըջարճալ  
ձր ճաղի մալ-ճոլ,

Յաղ Դար շւղ Լաղաղ Դճ Եարճալ 1  
դլաղի քէլե

Ձո' քաղօղի Եճճ Ելեճ ձաղ քարճա  
Յօ քաղի Երեճ-Լալ.

Ձղ Եաղալ.

Յւլեճ-քա Ձմար ձալ մաճաղ ձա ձօղ  
դիլ

Օօճ' էլօղ' Դ'ր ճօղալ Եճճ Երճեղի  
Դ'ր ճաղիլ.

Ձ'ր յօղա ճօղալ ձա ձար Ելալ  
Երիղ-դիլ

Օօճ' ճիլալ ճալալ ճօղ Երճ 1 դ Դ  
դիլաճճ Լալ.

Ձղ Եւղիղաղ Ձօղալ.

Ելաղալ ճարաղի, Ciaran's Well, the hamlet of Tubrid in the barony of Iffa and Offa (*Uibh Fatha*), in the south of co. Tipperary. Here at the well, embowered in sycamore trees, that springs from the side of the church-yard mound St. Declan baptized a youth that afterwards became the great St. Ciaran. Local tradition still identifies this spring with the incident. The little chapel in ruins on the hill top was the parish church of Dr. Keatinge; and a contemporary memorial slab over the low door-way bears an inscription in Latin bespeaking the prayers of the charitable wayfarer in behalf of all both clergy and laity that rest within and particularly the founders, P. Eugenius Duby and Dr. Geof. Keatinge. The date appended is 1644.

Տլաճ Յ-Շա, The ancient name of the present Երօղ-մալ-ճօղ mountains in the co. Waterford. The name still survives but its application is limited to a much smaller territory towards the South East.

Տլաճ Յ-Շոթ, The ancient name of the Galtee mountains in Tipperary.

1 Բ-բլե ճօղ-ճաճ-ճո-քալ. Dr. Keatinge had the nobility that belonged to his family and race. The Keatings were Old English of that generous Norman blood that mixed so freely with ours and became the thorough Irish in habit and eling that the life and labours of our learned his an exemplify in a particular case.

Ռյօղ Դ'րյօղ Դ մալե, He was renowned as a preacher. An old priest-registration return speaks of him as "a great preacher who goes up and down the Diocese."

Բյօղ-եօլաճ, 7c. He received a technical training in the ancient lore of the shanachies and was learned in all the old time modes. Evidence of this is supplied from tradition and is clearly evinced by the style and matter of his

Բօղալ քալա ձր Երիղի.

Տալ շւղ ԴՅ քալե, 7c. Having incurred the personal enmity of the prefect of Munster of his day by the upright discharge of his duties as priest he was forced to fly into the fastnesses of the Galtees for safety. While there he collected materials and wrote his History. He never returned, and is supposed to have died at an old age a houseless wanderer on the mountain side.

Ձղ Ե. Ձ.

A prayer to be said by a person supposed to be overlooked, or as they say, a bad eye made of. I took it down from Mrs Mulhearn of Cloughaneely co. Donegal. J. J. Lyons.

Օրճա դ-Ձալ ճօղ-ճալալ.

Օրճա ճար Ձալ Դճ ձալ Եճ դաճ  
քալալ դա Բ-բարճ ձալ Դ ճալ ճլղ,  
Տլաճ քալա Դր Դ ճալաճ

Ձ Ձիլ ձաղ Լօճ, 1ր մալ ճօղ քալ.

'Ռալալ Դ ճօղալ Ձիլալ Դ Ձալ քէլ  
Ձալ Դ' ճօղ ճօղ դ-Դ ճալ քալ,  
Տլ ըլ Եր քալալ քալ  
Ձալ ըլ քալ Դ-Դ ճօղ ձաղ Դ ճալ դ-ճալ.

Ձ քալ ճալալ. Դ 1ր դիլ մօ Լօճ.

Ձ ճալ ճօղ մօ ճալալ 'ր մօ քալալ,  
Յւլեճ-քա Ձիլալ ճալ Դ Ձալ  
Ձալ ձալ Դ ճօղ Դ-բլաճե Դ ճօղալ ճալալ.

MOTHERS! Don't Fail To Procure Mrs. Winlow's SOOTHING SYRUP For Your Children While Cutting Teeth.

It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

We don't want the Irishman to trail his coat along the streets and shout, "Who'll tread on it," but we want him to keep aloft such evidence of his social standing as is contained in the extracts which we publish in another column, and not (metaphorically) stand like the Indian at a cigar store and permit every passer-by to have a puck at him.

#### MAGAZINES

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, Devoted to the Irish Race at Home and Abroad.—Address, Patrick Donohue, Boston, Mass.