

THE REVIVAL OF THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

In the current number of the Nineteenth Century Lady Gregory has an article entitled, "Ireland Real and Ideal." She shows that she is thoroughly acquainted with the existing conditions of her native land, particularly in the field of agriculture; and she writes in a thoroughly sympathetic spirit. Having explained how the average Irish farmer appears in English eyes as a sort of "Sancho," in "Don Quixote," and proved the great progress which "real" and not the "ideal," Irish farmer has been making of late years, Lady Gregory deals as follows with the Irish language:

The Gaelic League, which has come into being during the lull in politics, is a popular movement for the revival of the Irish language. A society for its preservation had been in existence for some time, and had done good literary work. But as a spoken language Irish was dying away. England had tried to stamp it out in the penal days, and in our own days, after the famine, the people themselves grew so eager to learn the language that would fit them for bread-winning across the sea that they were ready to risk the loss of their own. Old people tell how they were forced to speak English in their school days. "I used to have a cord tied around my neck, an Aran man says: when I was going home from school and if I spoke a word of Irish there was to be put a mark on it, and I'd get a beating from the master next day. But often my father would not like to put it on to get me the beating, and anyway boys like to do what they're told not to do, and we talked Irish all the more." But what parents and hedge schoolmasters had failed in doing the "National" school system stepped in and did. There is no danger now of any child growing up ignorant of English, the people are too well aware of its value in the battle of life. But the child in learning it has too often lost his own language, and with it the keen edge of his intelligence. In Irish-speaking districts he begins his school days thinking in Irish. He is set to learn a comparatively strange language by symbols that to him have no meaning, and that are explained in that unfamiliar language. The author of "The Day Dreams of a Schoolmaster" tells us of his early trials in having to learn Latin. "The round shot of this Latin grammar," he says, "had been, I believe, tied to our legs to prevent our intellectual straying. The hour at length arrived in which it was considered wise to attach another round shot to our other leg. This was done in the shape of a Greek grammar written entirely in Latin. This extra weight answered the purpose effectually: we were all brought to an immediate standstill." And in the same way the Irish-speaking child set to learn English through Irish on his arrival at school, has round shot attached to him at once, with the inevitable result of dulling his power of learning anything at all. I have been on an island where with the exception of a few coast-guard, the only inhabitant who did know Irish was the National schoolmaster. He complained of the slowness of the children in learning, and said it was the result of intermarriage. On a neighboring island I found the master teaching in Irish out of humanity and common sense and with no encouragement from the National Board, and I did not hear any complaints of the children's want of intelligence from him. Under the system I have described, the native language began to die away rapidly. Dignity and power of expression were to a great extent lost with the tongue that, like all other tongues, expressed the spirit of the race. It went out of fashion. Priests ceased to preach in it and peasants to pray in it. It was not understood that the really uncultured Irishman is the man who has lost the Gaelic tradition and culture and has not yet gained the culture and tradition of England. Sometimes even emigrants affected to look down on the language of their childhood. A man who returned some time ago from Australia tells me how he once greeted two Clare men in Irish, and they professed not to understand him; but a servant girl who was standing by, turned on them and gave them a raling. She said: "You don't know your own language, and you don't know English, and then they went away ashamed." But the people soon began to regret that they were losing, though they did not know the true extent of their loss, in the loss of the widened horizon and intellectual training of a bilingual people.

But again the hour had come and the man came to blow the smouldering turf to a flame. Even in England the name of Dr. Douglas Hyde is known through his beautiful translations of "The Love Songs of Connacht," and on the Continent, it is well known as that of a scholar, a poet, a man of letters. He had devoted himself to finding and preserving what fragments of folklore, poetry and tradition might have remained among the people from the time of their literary greatness; for it must be remembered that we had a lyric poetry before Chaucer, and a literature that is now the mine at which the scholars in France and Ger-

many are eagerly working. Though he found much that had remained, he was shocked at the swiftness with which the language and its traditions were passing away. He saw that if it was to be saved it must be saved by the people themselves. The Gaelic League, founded in 1893, of which he is president, rests upon this basis. It aims, not at getting rid of English, but at "keeping Irish spoken where it is spoken still."

Forty-three branches have now been founded. A bilingual weekly paper, "Faoinn an Lae," (The Dawn of Day), is published, and has a large circulation. Sets of "Simple Lessons in Irish" are selling by the thousand. A yearly festival, the "Oireachtas," has been founded and is held in Dublin. This year Highland delegates attended it, and the first telegram in Gaelic crossed the Atlantic, bringing a greeting from America. For Ireland in America has come into the movement. New York has joined, Boston has joined, San Francisco, has joined, Washington has endowed a Celtic chair in its Catholic University with £10,000. No rich endowments have been made in Ireland, yet, the movement has rested upon those whose peace are precious. I notice in the report of the Galway Branch that it began with meetings of workmen only. Then the National Teachers were asked to join, and then the priests came in. The Bishop of Galway, the Bishop of Raphoe, Cardinal Logue, support the League strongly, and plead, "to have the tongue in which Columba and Adamnan spoke and preached and taught in our schools side by side with the language of Shakespeare and Newman." When a movement begins among the people and is then taken up by the priests, we may be sure the elements of success have been recognized in it. Little incidents mark the turn of the tide. An old Limerick farmer tells me that in his youth "all the farmers of Munster, the aristocracy of Ireland, were able to read and write Irish." Then came the generation that began to forget it, and now, he says, "my son is vexed that it was not taught to him, and is learning it himself in Limerick." Sometime ago in a village on the Galway coast, an old woman used to appear regularly every week at the dispensary, with a description of some new illness she was developing. It was found that this was her realistic way of interpreting for her neighbors, who "had no English," and so could not themselves explain their symptoms. The other day I noticed in a newspaper report that there had been a new doctor appointed to this dispensary district, and that the members of the Gaelic League had brought the weight of opinion to bear on the choice, and that an Irish-speaking doctor had been appointed.

The Christian Brothers now teach Irish in their schools, but the National Board is not yet awake to the strength of feeling in the matter, although, owing to the impulse given by the League, teachers of Irish have been appointed in two of the training colleges for teachers. And inspectors have been given leave if they wish to conduct examinations in Irish; but as all but two or three of these inspectors are ignorant of the language, this act of grace is not likely to be worn out by usage. Irish is now taught in about seventy National schools, as against seven in 1884; but as the Galway head inspector reports, "its teaching as an extra is so hampered by regulations that but little can be done while these regulations remain in force." And it may only be taught at all in the higher forms, so that children must be from three to five years at school with "the round shot" tied to the leg before they are allowed to learn at all. The Chief Commissioner of National Education has many anxious eyes upon him, and there is even a question of which policy would serve best, "to have a torchlight procession in his honor, or to break his windows. But I am not in favor of window breaking, for the Chief Commissioner is not only a Galway man, but is himself a scholar and a master of so many languages that he will not grudge his young fellow-countrymen the advantage of two.

I have heard that some years ago, owing to the spread of German, the Czech language had so nearly died out in Bohemia, that one of a small company of learned men gathered together to discuss the possibility of its revival glanced up and said: "If that ceiling were to fall, the Bohemian language would be at an end." But not only that language but its literature have now come to vigorous life again. Our Gaelic movement, which is being sympathetically watched by the countries bordering encroaching Germany, has not been born such a weakling, for Gaelic is still spoken as a living language by over half a million of our race. Nationalist M. P.'s in neglecting it, lost a great opportunity. Had they been able to carry on those stormy Home Rule debates in their native tongue in Westminster, they would soon not only have been allowed but implored to carry their oratory to College Green. It is still remembered in this country how Daniel O'Connell, himself, no advocate of Irish, battled the Government reporters at an open-air meeting by delivering his speech in that tongue. Even a few years ago a local board of guardians

proposed and passed a resolution in Irish in favor of some Land League measure, which would never have been sanctioned by their chairman, a worthy Unionist peer, if he had any idea what it was all about. And in an Irish-speaking parish on the sea-coast, the priest, obliged to read the Pope's rescript against boycotting, read it in English, that it might not be understood by these of his congregation most in need of it. But the Irish tongue never reached Parliament. Mr. O'Brien would have none of it in those days, or spare it a corner in "United Ireland." But he afterwards learned it when in goal, and is now making up for his early errors by support of the League and the gift of a silver cup for competition. Mr. Healy is also said to have learned it in goal from another member of the Land League, teaching him French in return. "But," says his fellow-prisoner, "if he knows as little Irish now as I do French, there isn't much between us."

MRS. L. EMOND. Sick Fourteen Years—More Than Half the Time in Bed—Now She is Well Again, and Tells How Other Women May Regain Their Health.

The following story is truly pathetic. Fourteen years ago (in 1884) a woman was sick with womb trouble. The trouble went on from bad to worse. Such diseases never did and never will cure themselves. As the days pass the pains and weakness increase. Finally comes the collapse. The patient goes to bed. Here she still grows worse. Finally she drags herself from bed and totters around on her feet in an effort to forget her agonies. She reads in a newspaper about a marvelous medicine. She writes for advice to famous specialists. Then she recovers her health completely. Just think of those needless years of torture! She could have been cured in 1884 just as well as in 1898. But read her own words. Mrs. L. Emond, 2106 Joseph street, Brighton Park, Chicago, Ill., writes as follows: "I had womb trouble for fourteen years. My left side ached terribly, and so did my heart. More than half of the time I had to stay in bed, but especially for the last two years. My sickness was much worse toward the end, and I could not sleep and could not rest in bed. I spent my nights in walking the floor, trying to forget that I was suffering so much. I wrote your specialist, received a long letter in reply, followed his advice, and today I sincerely thank him. To him I owe my cure, for his good advice and special treatment he sent me, together with Dr. Codrere's Red Pills, completely cured me. I am also glad to give my testimony in order to help other sick women." (Signed) Mrs. L. Emond, 2106 Joseph street, Brighton Park, Chicago, Illinois.



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proposed and passed a resolution in Irish in favor of some Land League measure, which would never have been sanctioned by their chairman, a worthy Unionist peer, if he had any idea what it was all about. And in an Irish-speaking parish on the sea-coast, the priest, obliged to read the Pope's rescript against boycotting, read it in English, that it might not be understood by these of his congregation most in need of it. But the Irish tongue never reached Parliament. Mr. O'Brien would have none of it in those days, or spare it a corner in "United Ireland." But he afterwards learned it when in goal, and is now making up for his early errors by support of the League and the gift of a silver cup for competition. Mr. Healy is also said to have learned it in goal from another member of the Land League, teaching him French in return. "But," says his fellow-prisoner, "if he knows as little Irish now as I do French, there isn't much between us."

His Lordship Bishop O'Donnell, of Raphoe, speaking at a recent meeting held at the Letterkenny Literary Institute for the purpose of establishing a branch of the Gaelic League at that town recently, referred to the movement. During the course of an address he said: "He would regard it as his duty to help and spread and preserve the dear old Irish tongue, the tongue of the heroes of this land—Finn and Cuichulinn and Cormac M'Art, of Brian and Nial, and their own Hugh Roe O'Donnell. It should not die; it ought not to die; and, God willing, would not die. In Iniskeel, his native parish, more of the people could repeat the old tongue, and this was true, not only of the Catholic people, but of their Protestant neighbors. When a boy at school in Letterkenny one of his pleasantest recollections was how those kindly Protestant neighbors welcomed him when he returned home on vacation in the dear old Irish tongue. If zeal and earnestness were guarantees of success then the Gaelic movement could not fail. From what he understood of the aims of those guiding the movement they were chiefly directing their efforts towards securing the permanence of the language in those parts of the country where it was spoken in the homes of the people, but in aiming at this they might achieve far more. There was a legend with which some of the audience might be familiar concerning a man who coming to the shores of an island bargained with the inhabitants that he might have as his

property so much of the land as his handkerchief could cover. This was granted, and what was the surprise of the islanders to see that the handkerchief was one which had magic qualities, and spread itself out till it covered all the island. Thus would the Irish language, nurtured and strengthened in the Gaelic-speaking districts, spread throughout the country, and realize the dream of those who longed to see Irish the tongue of all our people, and spoken in Ireland from the centre to the sea. He was not recommending that English should not be cultivated. It had been the vehicle for the thoughts of master minds, embracing some of the masterpieces of the world's literature, and yet he agreed with those who claimed that the Irish language was necessary to draw out the peculiar genius of the Irish race. Nor were the prospects of the Gaelic movement by any means gloomy. Strongly at its back was an array of the clergy of Ireland, not of one denomination alone. They had too the national teachers of Ireland who have in their hands the educational training of the rising generation, and as the four masters rescued from ruin the history of the nation, the national teachers of Ireland might be destined to be the survivors of the language of the Gael. They had the press of the country, even the daily press strong on their side. In conclusion, he expressed the hope that the branch they were establishing that evening would become one of the most flourishing in the country, and would grow like a fair green tree capable of bearing beautiful flowers and the richest of fruits. All forms of scrofula, sores, boils, pimples and eruptions are quickly and permanently cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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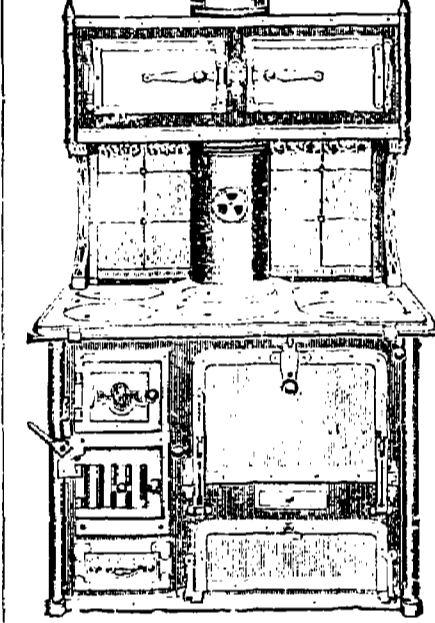
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A Dividend of Three Per Cent. (3 p. c.) for the current half-year has been declared upon the capital stock of this Institution, and that the same will be paid at its Banking House, in this city, on and after Thursday, the First Day of December next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th of November, both days inclusive. By order of the Board, TANCREDE BIENVENU, General Manager, Montreal, 18th October, 1898.

BANQUE VILLE MARIE.

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of three per cent. (3 per cent.) for the current half year, equal to six per cent. per annum on the paid-up capital stock of this Institution has been declared, and that the same will be payable at the head office, or at its branches, on or after Thursday, the 1st day of December next. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th November, both days inclusive. By order of the Board, W. WEIR, President and General Manager, Montreal, Oct. 29th, 1898.

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CANADA: PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, No. 1570. SUPERIOR COURT.

DAME MARGARET JANE TAYLOR, of the City of Montreal, wife of DANIEL JAMES CLARKE, heretofore of the same place, traveler, now of parts unknown, Plaintiff;

vs. The said DANIEL JAMES CLARKE, Defendant.

An action for separation from bed and board has been this day instituted in the above cause. Montreal, 4th November, 1898. JOHN B. ABBOTT, Attorney for Plaintiff. The Defendant is ordered to appear within one month. L. D. GAREAU, Deputy Prothonotary, Montreal, 5th November, 1898.

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DAME ADELE BROSSARD, of the City and District of Montreal, wife common as to property of EDMOND LEBEVRE, agent, of the same place, duly authorized a ceter in justice, has taken an act in separation as to property from her said husband.

Montreal, November 3rd, 1898. BEAUDIN, CARDINAL, LORANGER & ST. GERMAIN, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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