

Continued From "True Witness" of April 22.

A knowledge of philology as a science supports the truth of history. This branch of study is therefore especially useful, at the present time, to every intelligent believer of the Christian religion, and to Catholic clergymen, who in an age of growing infidelity must necessarily meet from time to time those who will oppose not alone Catholic teaching, but Christian truth, and who therefore will be called upon to show that the words of the mosaic narrative are truthful, and to point out from scientific data that man, in Pagan times, had not been progressive, but that on the contrary he had been in mental power and in knowledge retrogressive, until the coming of Christ, who, as God-man, not alone redeemed mankind, but ennobled them, and raised human nature in dignity above the angelic.

The words of the lamented Thomas Davis on the language of our fathers must not be forgotten. "The language of a nation's youth," he says, "is the only easy and full speech, for its manhood and for its age. What business has a Russian for the rippling language of Italy and India? How could a Greek desert his organs or his soul to speak Dutch upon the sides of Hymettus, or the beach of Salamis, or on the waste where once was Sparata? And is it befitting the fiery delicate-organed Kelt to abandon his beautiful tongue, docile and spirited as an Arab, sweet as music, strong as the wave, Irishmen glory in their Keltic names and origin, and why not hold the language dear, wound up as it is with the past glories of the race? The language of a nation is the exponent of people's antiquity, the index of their refinement, the mouthpiece of their history, the type of their freedom, the echo of their greatness and fame. Shall Irishmen, let Irish fade and perish? No, a thousand times, no!"

A Maynooth student writes in 1862: "The Keltic tongue, then must it die? Say shall our language go? No! by Ulfadha's kindly soul; by sainted Lawrence, No! by the shades of saints and chiefs of holy name on high, Whose deeds, as they have lived with it, must die when it shall die. No! by the memories of the past, that round our ruins twine, No! by our evening hope of suns in coming days to shine, It shall not go, it must not die, the language of our sires, While Erin's glory glads our souls, or freedom's name inspires, That lingering ray, from stars gone down, oh! let its light remain, That last bright link with splendours flown, oh! snap it not in twain! Ay, build ye up the Keltic tongue, above O'Curry's grave, Speed ye the good work, ye patriot souls, who long your land to save, Who long to light the flame again on freedom's altar dead, Who long to call the glories back, from hapless Erin dead, Who long to gain her saddened brow with queenly wreath again, And raise a warrior people up, a nation in her train."

To build up the edifice of the nation's language much is required. The people must be taught to revere it. The scholar must bestow his loving care on it. All must be in earnest. The causes which have led to its decay must be removed, and adequate means adopted for its restoration. If Government fail, as it will, to effect any permanent benefit for the living speech, it devolves on the great men of the Irish people to come to the rescue.

Now let us see what Dr. Sigerson, of Dublin, the eminent Irish scholar, says on the subject in his "Irish Literature":

"It is certain that intellectual cultivation existed in Ireland long before the coming of St. Patrick. We have the laws at the revising of which he assisted, and I assert that, speaking biologically, such laws could not emanate from any race whose brains had not been subject to the quickening influences of education for many generations. Granting that even Christianity came before his day, there are yet abounding proofs that our ancient literature arose in pre-Christian days, so closely do its antique characters cling to it. Unquestionably no nation ever so revered its men of learning. With roots deep struck in the soil, the literature of the Irish Gael and commingled races grew vigorously from its own stock and threw on luxuriant branches and fair blooms. From the first, it exhibited characters peculiarly its own."

There is an entire absence of rhyme from the classic compositions, in the early ages, and therefore we must infer that the producers were deaf to the nice distinctions of chiming sounds. In other words they were rhyme-deaf. Whence, then, came this new faculty with which mankind has been endowed? There can be no doubt that all the European races, spread as they now are over the world, are indebted for this great gift, which has quickened, delighted, elevated, and ennobled them for ages, to the Celts,

# MR. FELIX CARBRAY'S SCHOLARLY LECTURE,

BEFORE THE ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS, AT QUEBEC.

demonstrably to the ancient Irish. That seems a great claim to make—so great that when an Irishman makes it, one might suppose exaggeration; but foreign scholarship confesses it in part, and the facts render its acceptance imperative. In our most ancient poems, such as that assigned to Togad, son of Ith (who flourished long before the Christian era), where the language is archaic, full end-rhymes (of consonants and of vowels) are found amongst other examples of perfect correspondence.

Christianity gave the Irish that cohesive organization which their political system lacked, and the great schools took new vigor and vitality. Their rapid and wide-extended reputation shows that this must have been a pre-cultured people, who could thus throw themselves so alertly into new study and so quickly conquer fame. The island became the university of Europe, whether students came from many foreign lands, and where they were warmly welcomed, supplied with food and books, and all gratuitously. But never in any land had learning such an explosive power upon the people as upon the Irish. Elsewhere it only gave limited impulses. Here, no sooner had scholars trained themselves in academic studies than all the old adventurous spirit of the nation revived, and, ignoring minor ambitions, they swarmed off, like bees from a full hive, carrying with them the honey of knowledge and the ability to create other centres that should be celebrated for all times. They are known to have been the first settlers in Iceland. They penetrated to Athens, and helped potently to revive or establish the study of Greek in Europe. Some lines of their influence only may be noticed here, but these are remarkable.

The influence of St. Brendan was not less vast. If the tale of his voyage to the west, and his arrival in a land of fair birds and great rivers be true, he discovered America a thousand years before Columbus. In any case this voyage to the Land of the Blessed stimulated the imagination of generations. It has been termed a prelude to the "Divina Commedia," and, taken with other mystical visions, which, starting from Ireland, circulated over the Continent, it doubtless helped to direct the great genius of Dante. In a similar manner an Irish visionary tale of St. Patrick's Purgatory, transferred into the Continental languages, gave origin to one of Calderon's Spanish dramas. This voyage of Brendan was influential in another direction—in the discovery of America. Columbus studied the narrative. Hrafn, of Limerick, the Norse voyager, thoroughly knew it, as did others of his nation, such as Leif and his friends. But there is direct proof of its coercive power. As you sail into Bristol, you must pass under a high hill, which is known to this day as St. Brendan's Hill. There was a little chapel to St. Brendan on its summit, because of the reverence which all seamen, whether Norse, Saxon, or Celt, professed for the sailor-saint. Now, in 1480, two British merchants equipped two ships to sail to the Isle of Brasyll, in the west of Ireland, but after nine weeks' vain voyaging they put into an Irish port. The Bristol men (who were largely of Norse blood) were not discouraged. In 1498, the Spaniard De Ayala, informed his sovereign that for seven years they had every year sent out two, three, or four light ships in search of the island of Brazil (i.e., the Irish "Hy-Breasail"), and the Seven Cities. The adventure was under the direction of Cabot, the Genoese, who discovered the northern shore of America a year before Columbus reached its more inviting isles. Thus, either St. Brendan's voyage is a fact, and then he was the true first discoverer; or it is fiction, and then it is the direct cause of that discovery. This was a remarkable result of the power of the imaginative literature of the ancient Irish. No other people on earth can claim the discovery of a Continent as the result of a romance. The latest and most distinguished authorities declare that Irish literature has largely influenced that of the Scandinavians. Their Heroic Age was much later than ours from the end of the ninth to the eleventh centuries, when the ambitious Harold Haarfagre to imitate the imperial methods of Charlemagne had driven the independent princes to far isles or foreign voyages. They were in close and continuous contact in peace and war with the Irish, "whose ancient civilization was superior and therefore stronger." Bergen, the old Norse capital, possessed a Church dedicated to St. Columba, and the revered relics of its patron, St. Sunniva, an Irish maiden! As you sail into Reikiavik, the capital of Iceland, you pass the

Western Isles, so called because of the Irish who had visited and dwelt there. Now Iceland—that strange attractive island, where cold white snow covers the volcanic heart—is the old home of the Sagas. It had been first peopled by some Irish monks.

Thus we have it on unquestionable authority that the noble Norse literature, which occupies a position of the greatest importance, dominating as it does the Teutonic world, was itself the offspring in a certain sense of our ancient Irish literature. Irish literary training and talent presided over and took part in its composition, gave dramatic vividness to its narrative—grace, method, and myths to its poetry.

Ireland has been able to act upon the literature of the Continent and of

that nation's colleges and gave to its members the glory of being illustrious leaders of men in the greatest kingdoms of the world. Last came the great dispersal, when the descendants of those who had taught Europe for three centuries, and generously welcomed all scholars—now made ignorant by law—were driven from their hospitable land by famine. They went forth, as it is said, hevers of wood and drawers of water. In other times and places it had meant extinction as slaves under feudal rule. But mark this!—they entered into the great family of a new people, whose fundamental principle of Democracy made them equal, and whose generous nature made them welcome. They have thus been brought to the very well-spring of the new forces, which

agine for a moment the restoration of a German-speaking Greece.

A word in passing on our brother Celts of Scotland.

It is now an incontestable fact that the Scotch people are descendants of the Ancient Irish.

About the year 212, A. D., a colony crossed over from the North of Ireland, headed by Carbre Riada, son of Conari Mor, Arch-King of Ireland, and established themselves in Scotland, then called "Alban" or "Albania." This colony settled in what was named "Dalriada" or "Aire-Gachdail"—since corrupted into "Argyle." Of this Carbre Lady Ferguson, in her interesting book "The Irish before the Conquest," says:—"The blood of this grandson of Con of the 'Hundred Battles flows in the veins of Her Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria.'"

The Scottish lion on the British arms is the ancient Celtic lion, the emblem of the race, brought over by Carbre Riada to Scotland.

Carbre and his successors down to Loarn the Great, the fifth in line of descent, in the year 500, were called Kings of Dalriada. At that time, the Celtic colony had acquired control and possession of the whole of Scotland and Loarn assumed the title of King of Scotland, and is therefore the first of her long line of kings.

The colony under Carbre Riada very naturally brought over with them their customs, laws and language. As you know, the Gaelic of the Scottish Celts to-day is identical with the Gaelic of the Irish Celts with, comparatively speaking, such modifications only as must have necessarily taken place in the course of 1500 years separation between the two peoples. To the honor of the Scotch it must be said that they have clung faithfully to the old tongue, and, within the last fifty years, they also have made big efforts to revive and diffuse the language among their people.

Among the many traditional prophecies, which have come down to us from our Irish ancestors, whether legendary or otherwise, there is one to the effect that, when liberty shall again be restored to Erin, the old Celtic or Gaelic would again be the language of her people. Certainly anyone who would have tried to undertake to impress this belief on the world a hundred years ago, would have been looked upon as a wild visionary. The old tongue, which has been under the ban of the penal laws for centuries, was almost extinct in Ireland, existing only in some of the out of the way corners of Connaught or Munster. Banished from polite society, looked upon as an uncouth and barbarous jargon,—the ways of God are wonderful,—the language, which was thus treated and looked down upon, has since been gradually brought back from its obscurity, and that more by the efforts of the stranger than by those of the Irishmen.

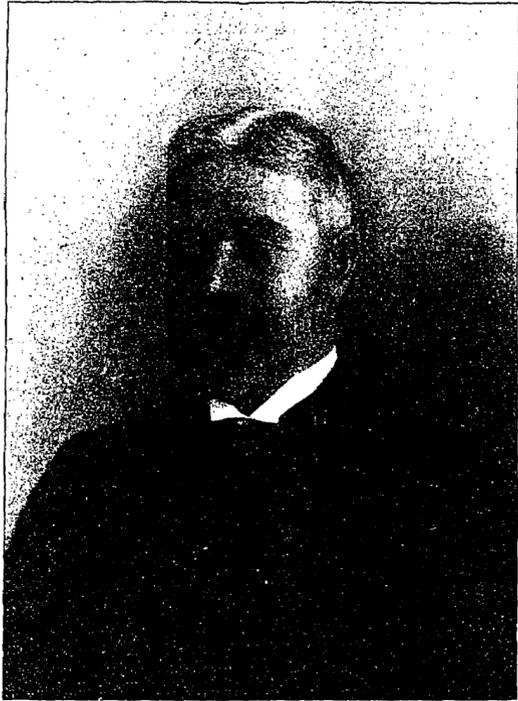
The impetus was given by Zeuss the great German student of languages, who, in his researches in the ancient languages, Greek, Latin, Sanscrit, etc., coming across some of the old Celtic M.S.S. found in many of the old universities and colleges of Europe, made the discovery that the Irish tongue was one of the oldest and most perfect of the ancient Aryan languages, a sister language to Sanscrit, Greek and Latin, taking in fact second place after that of Sanscrit, which is probably the most perfect branch of the Aryan tongue.

Zeuss became an enthusiastic and ardent scholar, and finished by compiling a most complete Celtic Grammar. His "Grammatica Celtica," first published at Leipzig, in 1863, consisted of two volumes. A second and greatly improved edition was published in Berlin in 1871, edited by Professor H. Ebel.

Celtic chairs were about that time established in the universities of Germany, where a deep interest was taken in the old language.

The Germans have devoted much time and labor in developing and spreading its study. I need only mention such world known names as Zeuss, Ebel, Dietsch, Kuhn, Schleich, Beeker, Zimmer, Cuno, Windisch, etc. The latter is author of one of the best grammars extant of the Irish language. I am the happy possessor of a copy.

In France, too, the study of the old Celtic tongue early attracted attention and interest. As early as 1800, a Celtic Academy was established in Paris. This Academy is now known under the name of "La Societe Royale des Antiquaires de France." In 1870, the "Revue Celtique" was commenced in Paris by Professor Gaidoz. It is exclusively devoted to the scientific study of Celtic, and, among its regul-



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Great Britain in three ways:—First, directly, next by means of its pupils on the Continent, and finally by means of the Norse literature. The latter affected both Britain and Germany, so that the Irish spirit has had a double influence, be it much or little, upon both. Professor Morley, indeed, admits that "the story of our literature begins with the Gael;" and pointing out the intermixture of blood, he adds:—"But for early frequent and various contact with the race, which in its half-barbarous days invented Oisín's dialogues with St. Patrick, and that quickened afterwards the Northmen's blood in France and Germany, England would not have produced a Shakespeare."

Certain it is, I think, that but for the influence of Irish literature, Shakespeare would not have produced a "Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Tempest," and "Macbeth." The aerial beings which characterize the first two plays are like those delightful melodies which Boieldieu in "La Dame Blanche," and Flotow in "Martha" made popular over the Continent, and which the Irish ear, suddenly attentive, recognizes as Irish in spite of their foreign surroundings. Teutonic poetry, in certain particulars, appears to have germinated from the seed which fell from the ripe Irish harvest. The attestation found in "Beowulf," the first Anglo-Saxon epic, A. D., 750, (three centuries after Sedulius), seems a rather crude imitation.

There is a blindness, which is worse than a color blindness in the eyes which see physical, but which cannot perceive intellectual forces and effects; they will record that Roman power conquered Greece, but fail to recognize that Greek intellect conquered the conqueror. Our nation has had its changes of fortune. It has invaded others, and been itself invaded often—part of the penalty it paid for occupying the fairest isle of the whole world, a penalty we might still pay had not a new world opened wide its golden gates in the West. But our defeats have not been always disasters. What seemed to have no other end than the plunder of our wealth, has resulted in the enrichment of our literature, the dissemination of our ideas, and the capture of the imagination of other nations. The code, which was devised to accomplish what the most ruthless savage never designed—the annihilation of the intellect of a most intelligent na-

have been re-shaping human society, and preparing the transformation of the world. In this incomparable enterprise they are themselves a foremost force, taking part in the intellectual work with the revived vitality of a race which has found its Land of Youth."

Dr. Hyde, also an eminent and indefatigable Irish scholar, and President of the "Gaelic Society," Dublin, says:

"Westwood himself declares that were it not for Irishmen, these islands would possess no primitive works of art worth the mentioning. Jubainville asserts that early Irish literature is that which best throws light upon the manners and customs of his own ancestors the Gauls; and Zimmer, who has done so much for Celtic philology, has declared that only a spurious criticism can make an attempt to doubt about the historical character of the chief persons of our two epic cycles, that of Cuchullain and Finn. It is useless elaborating this point; and Dr. Sigerson has already shown the debt of gratitude which in many respects Europe owes to ancient Ireland. What we must endeavor to never forget is this, that the Ireland of to-day is the descendant of the Ireland of the seventh century, then the school of Europe and the torch of learning."

We have at last broken the continuity of Irish life, and just at the moment when the Celtic race is presumably about to largely recover possession of its own country, it finds itself deprived and stripped of its Celtic characteristics, cut off from the past, yet scarcely in touch with the present. It has lost since the beginning of this century almost all that connected it with the era of Cuchullain and Ossian, that connected it with the Christianizers of Europe, that connected it with Brian Boru and the heroes of Clontarf, with the O'Neills, and O'Donnells, with Rory O'More with the Wild Geese, and even to some extent with the men of '98. It has lost all that they had—language, traditions, music, genius and ideas. Just when we should be starting to build up anew the Irish race and the Gaelic nation—as within our own recollection Greece has been built up anew—we find ourselves despoiled of the bricks of nationality. The old bricks that lasted eighteen hundred years are destroyed; we must now set to, to bake new ones, if we can, on other ground and of other clay. Im-

ar contributors were and are such names as Picket, Dr. Stokes, Rhys, Perrot, etc. This review is now and has been for over 15 years under the direction of D'Arbois de Jubainville, one of the ablest and most enthusiastic living Celtic scholars.

In Scotland, also, and in Wales, the study and vulgarisation of the old Celtic tongue has been taken hold of very vigorously, by prominent scientists, Professor Blackie and others.

And in old Ireland herself has it been forgotten? No, thank God! Immense efforts were made during the past fifty years to bring to light the numerous M.S.S., which contained the buried history and language of our Fatherland. A long list of names of patriotic workers could be given, men who rendered immense services to the Celtic tongue since 1840, and with what magnificent results.

O'Donovan's translation of the "Annals of the Four Masters," the "Chronica Scotorum" and other important works translated by Hennessey.

The list would be long of all the patriotic and indefatigable workers in the good cause. The great Archbishop of Tuam, John McEale—the lion of the fold,—Canon Ulick J. Bourke, O'Donovan, O'Reilly, poor Eugene O'Curry, who gave his life in the cause, Lady Wilde (Esperanza), Lady Ferguson, Wm. K. Sullivan, Dr. Petril, Dr. Hyde, Father O'Growney, etc.

Among more recent workers I would mention Miss Johnston and Miss Milligan of the "Shan Van Vocht," published in Belfast; Miss Maude Gonne, the publisher of "L'Irlande Libre," in Paris, and a patriotic young Irish lady of Toronto, Miss Nora M. Holland, who is a contributor on Irish literature and language in the Canadian Magazine. And, speaking of Toronto, I cannot refrain from mentioning the name of that distinguished Irish scholar and poet, the Rev. John Dollard.

Within the last few years especially, the Irish Celts at home and abroad are awakening from their lethargy. A mysterious wave of enthusiasm has seized our race. An ardent longing and desire to revive the old tongue has seized our people everywhere. A most thorough and organized movement has been started by the Gaelic League, established in Ireland a few years ago by those patriotic and distinguished Irish men, Dr. Hyde, Father O'Growney and others, for the preservation of the Irish language. The League has done wonders since its establishment. The Irish clergy, who have ever been the truest friends of the Irish race, have taken hold, and are doing all in their power by word and deed to help the movement. Efforts are being made all over to have the language taught in the schools. At old Maynooth, I understand, it is made obligatory that all young men preparing for the priesthood shall put in a three years course of studies in Irish. A marvellous change is coming over the whole country, and the result must be in the course of a few years to see the old tongue again the almost general language of the Irish people. The enthusiasm is spreading to all parts of the world, wherever there is a nucleus of Irishmen. In the United States it has been enthusiastically taken up. A chair of Celtic has been established at the new Catholic University at Washington, filled by the eminent Irish scholar, Dr. Henery. To the everlasting credit of the A. O. H., this is their work, the Order having contributed the sum of \$75,000 to found this chair.

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The Amen! of marriage is always a baby. Without it, wedlock is a summer field that never blooms, a flower that never buds, a night without stars, a sermon without a benediction, a prayer without an Amen.

There never was a husband worthy of the name, who did not aspire to be the father and the grandfather of healthy, capable children to laud down his name and the fortune accumulated by the sweat of his brow, from generation to generation. There never was a wife fit to bear that noble title, who did not wish to wear womanhood's most glorious crown, the sceptre of motherhood. Thousands of wedded couples, otherwise happy, fall short of wedlock's greatest happiness because they are childless. In the majority of cases, this is because the wife, through ignorance or neglect, suffers from weakness and disease of the organs distinctly feminine. For women who suffer in this way there is one great medicine that does not fail to accomplish its purpose. It is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It acts directly on the delicate organs concerned and makes them strong, healthy, vigorous, virile and elastic. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration, soothes pain and tones the shattered nerves. It fits for wifehood and motherhood. It quickens and vitalizes the distinctly feminine organism. It bestows the radiant smiles of the expectant months and makes baby's introduction to the world easy and almost painless. It insures the little new-comer's health and nourishment in plenty. It is the best supportive tonic for nursing mothers.

Mrs. Jennie Parks, of Marshall, Spokane Co., Wash., writes: "I am glad to tell the good results of your great medicine,—Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I was benefited by your medicine in confinement. It gives me strength. I have no tired feeling and my baby is the picture of health. I feel better than I have in ten years."

In cases of constipation Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets should be used as adjunct to the Favorite Prescription. They are extremely simple, perfectly natural and insure prompt and permanent relief.