

AN YEAUGA GAEDHEILGE.

**PROGRESS MADE BY THE PHILO-CELTIC SOCIETY
IN ITS ACQUISITION—SONGS AND SPEECHES IN
ERIN'S ANCIENT VERNACULAR.**

The Philo-Celtic Society, which was organized last June for the purpose of "preserving and diffusing a knowledge of the Irish language," met last evening at No. 214 Bowery, and various lessons, songs and speeches were given in the ancient Celtic tongue. Though beginning with a membership of only twenty-six the society now embraces over a thousand members in its different branches. Judging from the numerous attendance and the eager interest exhibited in acquiring this almost defunct language the prospect of reviving an acquaintance with the native literature of Ireland appears encouraging. There was a ladies' class in one corner of the room, presided over by Mr. Denis ("Sligo") Burns, who seemed to be a most efficient teacher, and slung the resounding vernacular with the ease of an expert. Each member was provided with a grammar compiled by Rev. Thos. J. Bourke, and books of exercises published under the auspices of the Dublin Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language. With these books most of the members appeared to be familiar, and they showed little hesitation in reading and translating the lessons they contained. Mr. T. F. Halvey, president of the society, gave instructions to the first or most advanced class. Mr. David O'Keefe furnished lessons in grammar and wrote the apparently difficult characters of the Gaelic on a blackboard with as much ease as he might English. The first line of Campbell's "Exile of Erin" was translated like this into Irish:—"Do thainig chum na taoide d'boairiach O' Eirinn." "There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin." The chorus of "God Save Ireland" ran as follows in the Irish:—

Go saor a dia Eire, air ar laochra;
Go saor a dia Eire, dubharr gach saon;
Go be air an t-creach go hard
No air machaire an air,
Is saomhainn mhair son Eire gabhan has!

The English translation is as follows:—
God save Ireland, said our heroes;
God save Ireland, say we all;
Whether on the scaffold high
Or the battle field we die,
What matter when for Erin dear we fall!

After Denny Burns had advanced the ladies under his tuition several lessons in their knowledge of Irish, he sang his favorite song, "An Paidin Fionn," which had a rattling chorus, going like this:—

A's oro bog lonna, bog lonna, bog lonna,
A's Eire na pleidre go saor.

All present joined in the chorus, which had quite an inspiring effect. After the song Mr. Burns, with a stiff blackthorn stick in his hand, made an address in Irish, in which he said that after forty years in the city, when he joined this society he could not read or write Irish at all, and now he can do both with facility, and when he says his prayers morning and night he selects the Irish tongue. As a teacher of the language he had been astonished at his own success, and it is all a mistake to imagine that the Irish language is hard to learn. He insisted that the constitution of the Irish Republic should be written in Irish, and cautioned the ladies present to reject any man for a husband who had no acquaintance with the old language of his native soil.

More speeches and songs were given and the meeting adjourned.

Clipped By:



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