STUDIES IN MODERN IRISH

PART II.

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STUDIES IN MODERN IRISH—PART II.

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CONTINUOUS PROSE COMPOSITION

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THE EDUCATIONAL COMPANY OF IRELAND,
LIMITED, ... DUBLIN.

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INTRODUCTION:

PROFICIENCY in the short sentence is indispensable for the writer of continuous prose. But a man who can make bricks is not necessarily a good mason. Thus one may be able to translate short detached sentences and yet be quite at sea in continuous prose. The whole is greater than the part, and the proper welding together of the parts, with a view to the artistic unity of the whole, is an art in itself. At the very outset one must have a clear conception of what intelligent translation really means. And here we must steer clear of the bogey of literal translation. A passage of English prose conveys certain ideas, thoughts images, set forth by the writer to produce the desired impression of the personages, scenes or facts that are being described, or the philosophical or ethical principles that are being proved or illustrated. The rendering of such a passage into Irish must be consistent with the laws of Irish thought and expression. In deference to the laws of Irish thought insertions, omissions and other changes will take place, according to circumstances. In deference to the laws of Irish expression we must emancipate ourselves from the English *words*, as such, grasp the kernel of thought or emotion to be conveyed, and endeavour to clothe that kernel with the Irish words best suited to express the essential inner meaning. Language is an index to the national character. The fundamentals of the Irish character are, when all is said and done, very different to those of the English character, in spite of the strong Celtic elements transfused through the Saxon ground-work of the latter. Hence a word-for-word translation is nearly always fatal. Hence, also, the futility of dictionaries when the student has

arrived at this stage. Rarely will reference to a dictionary be useful; in most cases it will be misleading, and set the would-be translator on a wrong track. Most teachers can recal the ludicrous results that follow from the unenlightened use of lexicons. Either the student knows sufficient Irish to distinguish between the precise meanings of the different words given under any vocable, or he does not. If he does, the dictionary is useless; if he does not, it is dangerous. So that, even assuming that reference to the particular vocable would not be radically wrong,—as it very easily might be—the dictionary is best left alone. If the student is sufficiently advanced to tackle continuous prose at all, his chief desideratum is not a vocabulary, but a proper sense of what translation means, and a true appreciation of the genius of the Irish language,—two things which a dictionary can never supply. Bad translations often show an exuberance of vocabulary quite beyond the needs of the piece. It will be noted that in the fifty passages translated in the following pages the vocabulary is strictly within the limits of the normal senior student's attainments. It is in the artistic and harmonious employment of his vocabulary that he needs a training. It is hoped that the present volume may be of assistance both to teachers and private students, for the attainment of this highest fruit of linguistic study. The practice of translating continuous prose is of the greatest efficacy in perfecting the writer's style; it will react upon his reading of Irish models, sharpening his observation, and rendering more fruitful his assimilation of what is good, and his rejection of what is faulty. And his reading in turn will deepen and widen his appreciation of the essential differences between the two languages. The ultimate result will be the acquisition of a perfect taste in the use of Irish as the original medium for the expression of his own thoughts,—of himself.

It will be useful to note here some of the most striking differences between Irish and English :—

1°. English is fond of metaphor and personification. Irish on the whole is more restrained and matter-of-fact. The English metaphor will be treated in one of three ways : (*a*) There will be no metaphor at all in the Irish rendering, or it will be toned down in various ways ; (*b*) Irish will use a different metaphor,—more suitable because more familiar ; (*c*) There will be a definitely stated metaphor, as contrasted with the mere *allusiveness* of English ; or instead of a metaphor we shall have a *simile*. Examples :—

(*a*) In passage I. " *revealing* . . . her noble graceful hull "—do ġeibtí nadarc ar admad a rleara ; " *snatching* a brief hour's bliss " (III.) ag rúgrad dóib féin ar fead an tamaill bíg aoibnir . . . ; " The other problem *had impressed* " (V.) a táinig ar a agaid de bárr na ceirte eile ; He *pencilled* them on the clouds " (XI.) dar leir go bréadrad ré ramhail na dutaige rin a déanamh amach i mearg na rgamall ; " the capture of all trade for the benefit of England " (XVI.) " ní fáródad an raogal an Saranac . . . ; " the *spell* of its culture fell " (XIX) ná go gcuirfead, mar a déarfá, nóra na nġaedeal fé dhaoidheadt é ; " who *strain* their eyes " (XLV.) atá ag fairge go dlúth ; " *fever-stricken* " (XLV.) ag ornaiġeal le duad ; " *forging* new *instruments* " (XLIII.) rliġte nua aici 'á gceapad ; " to *embody* " (XLIII.) . . . do ċur le céile ; " our country's honour *calls* upon us . . . " (XLVI.) ní mór do'n uile duine againn . . . ; " if happily we are *the instruments* " (XLVI.) " má éirigeann linn . . . ; " by the *interweaving* " (XLVIII.) á fníom ann, mar a déarfá ; " the fancy of the hearers is *struck* " (XLIX.) ir amlaid . . . a ċaiṫnid riad leir an muinntir a ċloifeann iad ; " the *vision made* his voice gentle " (IX.) ir amlaid ba ciúine-de . . .

(*b*). "The *fulness* of his heart would not suffer" (XI.) bí tocht cómh trom ran ar a croidhe . . .; "sought to *combine* English loyalty and self-preservation" (XVI.) "cum an dá chráig rin d' fhearthal";

(*c*) "*icy temper*" (II.) dá mhéid doicheall 7 duairceas a bíodh air; "to *melt and warm*" (II.) ir amhlaidh 'a bíodar ran gá bogadh mar a bogann an tear an cuirne; "the *gay butterflies*" (VIII.) Ir cuma nó peidleacáin iad; "the *resistless dash* of his onset" (XXXVII) . . . mar a sguabfadh feidhm na fairrge feamain; "their *eddying* dispersion" (XL.) iad ag leathadh ón a chéile ar nós connsuacha na mara; "the whole is *airy*" . . . (XLI) ir cuma nó leoithne gaoithe í . . .; "this multiple *resonance* of meaning" (XLVIII.) díreach mar aithghearr ra cheol éagsamhlacht fuama ran aon nóta amháin;

2°. The English active voice becomes in Irish passive or autonomous :—"Rolling" (I.) í dá luasgadh; "whirling" . . . "rushing" (I.) dá fuadhadh . . . dá tiomáint; "as she went over to starboard" (I.) nuair a luasgtí í deiseal; "printing and throwing open . . ." (XIV.) . . . dá gcur i gcló, 7 . . . dá leathadh; "revealing" (I.) do gheibtí radharc ar . . .

3°. The English passive is frequently rendered by the active in Irish :—"Was driven back" (XIV.) gan de chóir cum múinte acu ach . . .; "once frequented by" (XXII.) a thaithigeadh . . .; "her people were reckoned" (XXIII.) 'sé deiread muinntir Sarana leo; "is threatened by" (XXXIX.) gá gcorg ar . . .; cf. also sentence 6°. Studies, I., p. 84, and sentence 4°. Ex. 31, p. 83.

4°. A single adverb in English must frequently be expanded into a phrase or clause in Irish :—

" Securely " (I.) ⁊ gan aon beann aici orra ; " in bitter perplexity " (V.) bí sé ag treip air dá thaob an sgéil do thabairt dá chéile ; " timidly " (VI.) ⁊ iarractín d'eagla uirri ; " all right " (VII) ní baogal ná go . . . ;

5°. An epithet is sometimes transferred—(*a*) In Irish :—" rolling securely in the *heavy* sea " (I.) i dá luargadh go breag **thomaidhe** imearg na mór-tonn ; " filled with . . . . such overflowing joy," chóm tuillte sin d'átar (Studies I, p. 191, sentence 6) ; (*b*) In English :—" *runaway* knocks " (III.) iad ag bualadh dóirre ⁊ ag fuc leo féin.

6°. Words found in English are sometimes omitted in Irish, as being unnatural, or unmeaning repetitions :—" her *noble graceful* hull " (I.) adhmad a slearra ; " *open* parlour windows " (III.) tré fuinneogaidh pairlúr isteach ; " stooped down " " over his threshold " (IX.) ; " to whom she had spoken " (X.) ; " the invaders " (XIX) ; " that treaty " (XXII.) " who were the first sailors " (XXXV.) ; " it is an intelligence " (XLIII.) ; " infallible " (XLVIII.) ; " such knowledge " (XLIX.) ; " the new expression " (XLIX). See also sentence 1°. Ex. 58, Studies I., p. 157—*the standard* of the cross.

7°. Words, not found in the English at all, are inserted in Irish, in order to complete the sense, or to make the logical connection clear :—" But . . . there was also " (I.) Insert " dob' iongnadh an radharc é ; ba gádh san (II.) inserted after first sentence of English ; " fé réim ra tír " (XXII.) inserted to complete the sense at the end ; agus ir iad comharthaí ir gnáth a beith uirri (XLIV) before third sentence of English, in order to make the logical connection clear ; dubairt leis (L.) before " that reason did not extend itself with the bulk of the body."

8°. An English adverb qualifying an adjective (or other adverb) is generally rendered in Irish, as in Latin, by two adjectives (or nouns) of kindred meaning:—" unspeakably dreadful " (I.) ba thuagh agus ba nimhneach . . . ; " extremely interesting " (XLIX.) ba mhór an nidh é agus ba mhaith " how very easily," a buighe agus a fhaoiláidighe (Séadna).

9°. English relative construction becomes non-relative in Irish:—" which could not be given " (I.) ach ní fhaibh ar chumar éinne an chabaid sin a thabairt dúinn ; " who were giving the finishing touches " (II.) agus . . . chíochruighthe acu, nach mór ; " which he could not solve " (V.) nuair nár fheadh fé[1] an cheirt úd do réidhteach ; " who cannot understand " (VII.) nuair ná tuigeann[1] an duine sin ; " who all day " (IX.) dhí an lá airithe seo go léir . . . ; " table at which " (X.) dhí . . . ag an mbórd agus í ag ithe ; " who was busy " (X.) dhí . . . ag an teine agus í ag gabáil do ghnó éigin ; " during which time " (XII.) le n-a linn sin ; " who informed " (XII.) gá chur in-iúl dom . . . ; " which was driven back " (XIV.) muinntir na hÉireann annsan agus de chóir cum múinte acu ach . . . ; " in which " (XVI.) d'fhéadfadh muinntir na mbailte mór a ; " a city which had " (XVI.) do dhein muinntir Dhi' áth Cliath . . . ; " whose wealth had to be destroyed " (XXIII.) níorbh fhiáin . . . fairdhreas na nGaedheal do chur ar neamh-níth ; " who was a prince " (L.) fear ana thuirgionach ab eadh an Rí ; " which brought me . . ." (L.) ir amhlaidh ar an gcuma san a bínn chóm h-áird len' aghaidh nach mór ; do-bí fear ann fad ó agus Séadna ab ainm dó (whose name was S.) and Studies I., p. 189, sentence 5°, " man's weakness, which is prone to evil," laighe an duine a thugthacht chum an uilc.

1. Of course these clauses are relative from another point of view.

10°. English non-relative construction becomes relative in Irish :—" containing " (III.) 'n-a ṡaiḋ . . . ; " in writing " (XVIII.) nuair a bíonn duine ag cur síos ar . . . ; " liable to " (XXIII.) a cáiteaḋ géilleaḋ . . . ; So frequently in *Double* Relative Construction : " its the people who know least that *talk most* " na daoine is lugha eolus is iad is mó a labhrann.

11°. Irish loves logical order : English is sometimes whimsically illogical. Hence it will frequently be necessary to change the sequence of the English clauses or sentences :—

E.g., extract II. in Irish will *begin* with the very last words of the English ; " watching . . . skating," (II.) " to chat . . . who were giving " (II.). Irish, in both these cases observes carefully the sequence in time ; In extract (VIII.) the last two sentences of the English will, in Irish, be transposed. See also remarks on first sentence of extract (IX.) and of extract (XVI.). Also, last sentence of extract (XXI.). In (XXXVI.) part of the first sentence will be put last in Irish. In (XLIV.) the last two sentences will be transposed. In (XLVII.) observe the sentence beginning—" One day, however."

12. There is frequently a difference of tone or colour between the two languages (cf. Metaphors 1°). Irish is (*a*); sometimes *less highly coloured :—*

Cf. " without *taking this precaution* " (II.)—in' éagmais sin ; " they *indulged in* all sorts of tricks " (III.) ar siúbal acu ; " *alive with* children " (III.) lán an baill . . . bailiġte ann ; " *snatching* . . . bliss " (III.), ag súgradh ḋóiḃ féin ; " *basket*-chairs " (VIII.) na cathaoireaca móra leathana ; " *liqueurs*," " *cigars* " (VIII.), biotáille . . . tobac ; " *stuck up* through its surface," (IX.) aníos ar an dtalamh ; " *lost* in the distant clouds " (XI.) na sgamaill úd i bfad

uaiṫ ir fúṫa fan ṫíor a ṫíoḋaṁ; "*flaming* sword" (XIV.) "claiḋeaṁ noċtaiṫe"; "children of *Taliesin and Ossian* (XXXIX.) clann na bfeataine bige 7 Gaeḋil na hÉireann; "in *the present day*" (XLIX.), le héiḋeanaiġe; "*witness*" (XLIX.) go bfeicimíḋ; "that he was *master* of" (L.) a bí ar feaḃar aiġe; "his Majesty (L.), an rí; "putting the *finishing touches* to" (II.) é críoċnuiġṫe acu, naċ mór. See also sentence 2°, Ex. 59, Studies I., p. 157,—it is a greater *struggle*, ir mó ḋe **ġníoṁ**.

(*b*) Sometimes Irish is *more highly coloured*:—

"utmost beauty" (XVIII.) ar áilneaċt an ḋoṁain; "generation after generation" (XIX.) na feaċt fleaċta; "it might be imagined" (XX.) ḃa ró-ḃaoġal go fairíoċaiḋíf; "the miseries" (XXIII.) gaċ ḋíṫ 7 gaċ ḋonar 7 gaċ cruaḋṫan ḋ'fulang; "English subjects" (XXIII.) aicme fé fmaċt; "the rawness of a lower class" (XXXIX.) iaḋ gan léiġeann gan láġaċt gan tuirgint; "the greater delicacy and spirituality" (XXXIX.) an biaf úḋ ar áilneaċt 7 ar uairleaċt 7 ar fpioraḋáliṫaċt; "than many of the larger kinds" (L.) muṁaḃ ionann ir na haimṁiḋe móra; "as she went over to starboard" (I.) nuair a luairgtí í ḋeireal le truime nirt na gaoiṫe; So, also, many of the uses of aṁlaiḋ.

13°. English is often *allusive*, Irish *direct*, cf. 11°.:—"the ice-covered river hard by" (II.), tá aḃa in-aice na háiṫe . . .; "struggled" (VI.) ḋo ḋein . . . iarraċt ar a ġleim ḋo ḃoġaḋ; "the vast hotel" (VIII.) tiġ ófḋa mór ab eaḋ é; "opportunity" (XIV.) breiṫ . . . ar; cf. also first sentence in extract (XVI.);

14°. Irish is fond of *the concrete*, where English frequently

has *the abstract* (cf. Metaphors, 1°. and Difference of tone or colour, 12°.) :—

" various degrees of narrowness " (III.) cuid acu nída cúmaingse ná a céile ; " produced the immediate accession " (III.) gluaiseóir láidreach in aonfeacht linn i dteannta na coda' eile ;" a passage " (XII.) é tabairt anall ; " the English policy " a tearcuig ó . ; " the history of " (XVIII.) ag cur síos ar feacht ⁊ féimear ; " independent Irish life " (XIX.) leogad do'n Gaedeal . . . ; " the human fellowship, etc. " (XIX.)—this whole sentence is highly abstract in English ; " in the absence of evidence to the contrary " (XX.) nuair ná fuil aon eolus a mbréagnuighe ; " reflect the popular belief " (XXI.) gurb eadh is dóichighe-de gurb fíor é a cheideadh na daoine ; " life " (XXIV.) an cine daonna ; " attended with repentance " (XXIV.) nuair nár mór aithighe a déanamh ann ; " a tendency and propriety to it " (XXV.) fonn fé leith air cúiche ⁊ rl. ; " the consequence" (XXVI.) 'na torad ar . . . ; " the subject of your own applause " (XXVI.) má's duine féin a molann é ; " common intercourse of life " (XXXV.) i ngnóthaib coitcheanta an tsaoghail ; " appliance of means to ends (XXXVIII.) már mban leat bheith ar nid áirithe ⁊ rl. ; " the excellencies of full-bodied narrative " (XL.) innsint a cur air a bheadar ⁊ ar áilneacht ⁊ ar chruinneas ; " the onward sweep of events " (XL.), gnioma á déanamh i ndiaid gnímh ; " the calm and chastity of the pauses of fate " (XL.) ⁊ ann san, eatortha irtheagh, ⁊ rl. ;

15°. The Irish past tense is frequently equivalent to the English present perfect or the pluperfect :—" he had left " (XI.) ar a dtáinig sé. Cf. san áit 'na fuil an t-Aingeal, in the spot where the Angel *had been* (he was there no longer)—Séadna. Tárla go fuil dinnéar mór . . . As it happened,

there *had been* (Aeṙop, Pt. II., Fable 17). See also sentence 4°. Ex. XVII. Studies I., 63, and sentence 5°. Ex. XXI. Studies I, 84.

16°. There is frequently a preference for the *progressive* forms of the verb in Irish:—"to proceed" (II) ḃeiṫ aȝ ȝluaiṙeaċt linn; "I went" (XIII.) ḋo ḃíoṙ aȝ ȝaḃáil ṫímċeall; "she began to grow fat" (XXIII), ḃí ṙí aȝ ṫoṙnú aṙ ḋul i ṙaiṁṙe; cf. also "The priest's business is to pray" iṙ é ȝnó an ṫṙaȝaiṙṫ ḃeiṫ aȝ cuṙ a ȝuiḋe ṙuaṙ . . . ("Studies" I., p. 18); "I think it the greatest folly on your part to spend your life in this place," meaṙaim ȝuṙ móṙ ȝo léiṙ an ḃíṫ céille ḋuit ḃeiṫ aȝ caiṫeaṁ ḋo ṙaoȝail ṙa n-áiṫ ṙeo (Aeṙop, Pt. II., Fable 17). Cf. also sentence 5°. Studies I., p. 84, and "Níoṙḃ aon ionȝna iaḋ ȝá ḋéanaṁ ṙan," it was no wonder that they acted thus. Sentence 10°., p. 98 (Studies I.)—"however generously *you might pay* me for it," ḋá ṙéile a ḃeiṫeá am' ḃíol aṙ. So—iṙ móiḋe mo ṁian é ċloṙ ṫuṙa ḃeiṫ ȝá ṙáḋ ṙan liom—"*when you tell me this;*" and iṙ aṁlaiḋ a ċeaṙ ṙé ȝuṙḃ aiṙliȝ a ḃí aiȝe a ṙeiṙcinṫ—*that he saw a vision;* ḃí aȝ éiȝeaṁ ⁊ aȝ ḃualaḋ, "sigh and knock" (Imit.). "People may say this or that" (XIII.) ṫá ḋaoine ann ⁊ ḃíonn ṙo ⁊ ṙúḋ acu 'á ṙáḋ . . .

17°. In many cases where English presents the subjective view of the writer, in the 1st person, Irish prefers to state the fact objectively, without explicit reference to the author of the opinion in question:—"We have thus the singular spectacle" (XIV.), ḃa ȝṙeannṁaṙ an ṙȝéal é; "we have seen the conflict . . . (XVI) ḋo ḋein muinnṫiṙ Ḋ'i áṫ Cliaṫ . . .; "of whose achievements we are all so justly proud" (XXXIII) iṙ éaċtaċ ⁊ iṙ ionȝantaċ an ṫ-eolaṙ ḋo ṙuaiṙṫaṙ aṙ an ealaḋain ṙin.

18°. The idiom of the two languages is frequently quite distinctive. And here we see the danger of literal translation. E.g., where English says "*he managed* to fall on his feet" Irish renders—do thug Dia dó gur gaib fé a duinn. This is only one out of many instances in which the Irish faith in God, and consciousness of His presence and His providence, are exemplified in the language. Cf. the frequent use of such expressions as—Go mbeannuigid Dia duit; Dia 'r Muire duit; beannacht Dé leat; bail ó Dia anno; b'é toil Dé . . .; b'é leamhnú Dé . . . Notice that do thuit fé ar a choraid means "he fell down helplessly," as though his legs could not support him. "To fall on one's feet" in English is frequently metaphorical, and means something almost *the opposite* of the Irish "tuitim ar a choraid.

SECTION I.

Passages Translated.

A.—DESCRIPTIVE.

I.

Gaeðilg ðo ċuṙ aṙ an mbéaṙla ṙo :—

There was something fascinating in the spectacle of that beautiful steamship, rolling securely in the heavy sea, revealing as she went over to starboard her noble graceful hull, to within a few feet of her keel. But there was also something unspeakably dreadful to us to see help so close at hand, and yet of no more use than had it offered a thousand miles away. There was a man on her bridge, and others doubtless watched our vessel, unseen by us ; and God knows what sensations must have been excited in them by the sight of our torn and whirling ship, blindly rushing before the tempest, her sails in rags, the half-hoisted ensign bitterly illustrating our miserable condition, and appealing, with a power and pathos no human cry could express, for help which could not be given.—(*The Wreck of the Grosvenor.*)

Notice, in the first place, that there is too much detail in the opening sentence. We shall therefore make two out of it. There is no adjective corresponding to "fascinating" in Irish. Here, we may express the meaning by using 'ionġna ꝛ alltaċt." For "spectacle" use *the concrete* ṗéaċaint. This will be more natural than to try to turn by 'naðaṙc'

or any such noun. " Steamship,"—long will do very well for this. Certain details in English are only cumbersome, and better omitted in translation. Here, e.g., we should have been told already, in the preceding context, that it *was* a steamship. There would be no point in the repetition. ' Rolling,'—this is properly something which the vessel *suffered*, not something which it *did*. Irish thus expresses it—í dá luasgadh. " Securely "—Use a negative expression with ' beann.' Single adverbs will frequently be translated by *phrases* in Irish. " The heavy sea "—We may say ' an mearg na mór-thonn," and bring out the meaning of ' heavy ' by *transferring* the epithet to luasgadh—í dá luasgadh go bpeaga tromaidhe. (Not trom.) ' Revealing.'—The English present participle requires careful treatment. Here, we begin a new sentence—Do ghéibtí radharc ar . . . Irish avoids the personification implied in " revealing." " Hull "—Say adhmad a sleasa, and omit the adjectives " noble, graceful " altogether. They are out of place in the Irish picture. We have described the vessel as long álainn already. That is quite sufficient. " To within a few feet, etc." We need not be quite so mathematical. Sior nach mór go cíle will do very well. Notice the omission of ' her.' " As she went over to starboard " Here again it is not so much a question of *activity* as of *passivity*—nuair a luasgtí i dtreasl le cruime nirt na gaoithe. " But there was also . . . " Here we may supply the connecting link with first sentence by inserting—dob' iongantach an radharc é. Ach . . . . ., ' Unspeakably dreadful."—In Irish, as in Latin, such phrases are turned by *two* adjectives (or nouns) of kindred meaning—ba thruagh agus ba nimhneach . . . " and yet of no more "—ach cómh beag ar dá . . . "a thousand miles" na céadta mile. "God knows." The emphasis is rather upon human ignorance than God's knowledge. Say therefore—ní fios ach do Dia na gcóir. " torn . . . whirling . . . rushing."—These will

be expressed by verbal nouns. " blindly rushing before "—there is metaphor and personification here. Say tá tiomáint ar buile roimir . . . " bitterly illustrating "—omit "bitterly" and use cómarta for " illustrating." " which could not be given." Express this as an independent observation. In many cases the English relative, if translated literally, would be quite ludicrous in Irish. The whole passage will be :—

Níorb' féidir do duine, gan iongna ⁊ alltacht do theacht air, féachaint ar an luing álainn sin, ⁊ í ag gluaiseacht tríd an bhfairrge ⁊ í tá luasgadh go breagh tromaide i measg na mór-tonn, ⁊ gan aon beann aici orta. Do geibti radharc ar admad a sleasa, sior nach mór go cíle, nuair a luaisgti í deiseal le truime nirt na gaoithe. Dob' iongntach an radharc é! Ach ba thuagh ⁊ ba nimheach an sgéal dúinne an cabair annsúd cómh h-achcumair dúinn, ⁊ gan aon tairbe dúinn ann,[1] ach cómh beag ir tá mbeadh sí na céadta míle uainn!

Bí fear ar a droichead, ⁊ gan amhras bí daoine eile, leis, ag faire ar ár luing-ne, ⁊ gan radharc aghainn orta.[2] Ní fios ach do Dia na slóighe cad iad na smaointe a bí 'n-a n-aigne riúd, ⁊ iad ag féachaint ar ár luing boicht-ne d'á tsiubhal ⁊ tá suabhadh ⁊ tá tiomáint ar buile roimir an ngaoith—a seolta 'n-a ngiobalaibh, a bratach i leath-aonbe mar chómarta ar ár gcruadh-chás, ⁊ gá cur i n-iúl go radhamair ag glaodhach go dian, níba séidhe ná mar féadfadh guth daonna glaodhach, ar cabair. Ach ní raibh ar cumus éinne an cabair sin a thabairt dúinn.

1. Notice ann (not innti). It refers to the fact of the aid being there, not directly to cabair.

2. When two contrasted prepositional pronouns are juxta-posed in this way, the emphatic forms need not be used.

II.

Gaeðilg do ċuir ar an mbéarla ro :—

As soon as we arrived opposite the forge we stopped the horses, and our driver got down immediately, and asked the smith to shoe the horses. The roads were so slippery after all the frost and snow of the past fortnight that we could not venture to proceed on our journey without taking this precaution. While Tadhg the smith was engaged with the horses I took out my pipe and had a quiet smoke, watching, as I waited, a group of boys and girls who were skating gaily on the ice-covered river hard by, and turning from them occasionally to chat pleasantly with some younger children, who were giving the finishing touches to a gigantic snowman. If it was very cold, it was also very bright and cheery. No one, in the midst of such life and laughter, could feel that winter was entirely bad, and even my companion's somewhat icy temper seemed to melt and warm into something like geniality under the influence of the fun and frolic of this pretty Irish village.

Before attempting to translate a piece of continuous prose it is always well to read the whole passage carefully. Irish loves logical order and proper time sequence, and it will sometimes be necessary to re-arrange the sentences with a view to the natural concatenation of events. In the above passage observe that it is only at the very end, and then only incidentally, that we are told it was a " pretty Irish village." In Irish, *we shall begin with this.* " Our driver "—the article will do for ' our,' as frequently. " down " of course will be anuas. Between the first and second sentences we may insert—ba gáð ran. Then continue—Mar ir amlaid . . . " we could not venture to proceed."—The English past tense ' could ' will often be translated by the *conditional*—could

(even if we would), 'venture' need not be translated. 'proceed,'—"dеіċ aʒ ʒluaіrеaċt liom." Irish often prefers the progressive form with dеіċ. "without taking this precaution"—simply in' éaʒmaіr. "the smith,"—no article in Irish. "I took out,"—where there is contrast of persons use the emphatic form. (But see note 2 at end of preceeding lecture). One of the worst faults of many Irish writers (not to speak of mere learners) is their apparent lack of appreciation of the force of these important particles. "on the ice-covered river hard by,"—the presence of the river is told us only *allusively* in English. Begin a new sentence after 'smoke' by plainly stating this fact. Furthermore, don't say **bí** aba . . . but **tá** aba . . . Rivers do not easily shift their positions. It is to be assumed that the river is still there. bí would seem to insinuate that it was there specially for this occasion. The English tells us that he "watched" the boys and girls, and then that the boys and girls "were there." Irish, more naturally, tells us that they were there, and that he watched them! Similarly the Irish will tell us *first* about the younger children, and what they were doing, and *then* about our friend talking to them. "If it was cold," etc.—Omit 'if' and insert aċ afterwards. "Life and laughter," "icy temper," "melt and warm," "geniality," "influence,"—all these will be expressed in Irish in a more concrete and personal way.

Sраіd-baile dеar ʒaodlaċ ab' ead é. Ċóṁ luaċ ir ċáṅʒamaіr, ór cóṁaіr na céadoċan amaċ do ṙtadamaіr na capaill, aʒur riúd anuar[1] láiċreaċ an ʒiolla, ċun a labraіd[2] ar an ngaba cruidte do ċur fúċa.[3] Ba ʒád ran.

1. Siúd anuar expresses the bustling action better than a verb would.

2. The verbal noun, preceded by proleptic a, is not liable to the genitive inflection. See "Studies" I, p. 144, Exception 2°.

3. There is no need to repeat the noun.

Mar ir amlaid a bí na bóiṫre cómh fleamhain fin tréir a raib de fhoc 7 de fheaċta againn ar fead coigċiúire ná féadfaimís beiṫ ag gluaiseaċt linn in' éagmuis. An fad a bí Taóg Gaḃa ag gaḃáil do fna capallaiḃ do ṫógar-fa mo fíora amaċ 7 bí gal agam ar mo fuaimneas. Tá aḃa in-aice na ceapóċan, 7 bí fgata buaċailli ir cailíní ag fleamhnú go meiḋreaċ ar an lic-oiḋre.[1] Do ċuaḋar[2] ag féaċaint orṫa. Bí fgata leanḃaí óga ann, leis, 7 fear mór fneaċtaiḋ acu 'á ḋéanamh, 7 é fíoċnuiġṫe acu, naċ mór. D'iompuiġinn ón gcéad oream anoir ir airír, 7 do labhrainn go roilḃir leo ro. Bí an aimfir fuar gan amhar, aċ bí an áit cómh geal gliúnaċ fan go gcuirfeaḋ ré meiḋir orṫ. Ní féadfaḋ éinne gan a ḋ'adhmáil go raib maiṫ éigin fa ngeimhreaḋ, agus a meiḋriġe ir a briośmaire a bí na daoine. Dá mb' é mo ċafa féin é, dá méid doiċeall 7 duairceas a bíoḋ air de gnáṫ, bí fuairceas 7 roilbre éigin, ba ḋóiċ leaṫ, ag teaċt air anoir, de báfr gruinn 7 gealgáirtiġe na ndaoine reo. Ir amlaid a bíodar fan gá bogaḋ mar a bogann an tear an cuirne.[3]

III.

Gaeḋilg do ċur ar an mḂéarla ro :—

We passed through several streets of various degrees of narrowness, containing the habitations of the poorer people, and alive with children, who were snatching a brief hour's

1. It is obvious that the ice was on the river. You needn't say so directly.

2. It is natural to say ċuaḋar here. Note that the clause "as I waited" is not translated. It is only an artificial repetition of the idea involved in "while the smith was engaged."

3. This last sentence is necessary only to bring out the metaphor in "melt and warm."

bliss among the puddles before being called in to bed. As my guides scoured along, whooping like wild Indians, stopping every now and then at the corners to let the gig come up, they indulged in all sorts of tricks appropriate to the day—giving runaway knocks at hall-doors, whipping each other's caps off, and 'shying' them in at open parlour windows, where quiet families were at tea; calling over half doors into shops for penn'orths of all kinds of things that were never sold, and exclaiming, in the hearing of mothers who knew that their children were out, that a baby had just been run over by the gig, and was lying in two halves in the gutter! To any of their own order whom they met, and who demanded where they were going, they stated that there was a great conjurer come to town for the purpose of laying the ghost; that I was he, that the other chap (meaning my servant) was the devil, and that they (the boys) were showing us the way to the haunted house. This announcement was always received with enthusiastic delight, and produced the immediate accession of all who heard it to the ranks of my escort.

The sentences here need a good deal of simplifying. Begin a new sentence after "the poorer people." "Of various degrees of narrowness"—cuid acu níba cúmainge ná a céile; "containing"—use preposition in, relative, and verb tá; "habitations,"—express by cómhnuide; "alive with children,"—say—Bí lán an baill de leanbaíb na mbocht fan bailiġte ann póṁainn; "snatching a brief hour's bliss,"—eliminate the metaphor; "hour" of course is not to be taken too strictly; "as my guides"—omit "as," and stop after Indians; "stopping"—finite verb, of course, imperfect tense (of repeated action); "indulged in"—simplify; "runaway knocks," the epithet runaway is *transferred* in English. Not so in Irish—see Introd., p. 5;

"open . . . windows,"—it is obvious that they were open,—no need to say so; "penn'orths"—luaċ pingine "they stated,"—ir é deirbhir; "a great conjurer"—árd-fear pireog; "laying the ghost"—an rprid do dibirt"; "that I was he"—for "he" repeat fear pireog; "the other chap"—an té a bí am' aice; "this announcement"—an méid sin (not seo) "produced the immediate accession"—simplify.

Do ghluaiseamair thé n-a lán práideanna cumanga, cuid acu níba chumainge ná a chéile, 'n-a measg tighe cómhuighe na ndaoine mbocht ba dealbh. Bí lán an bhaill de leabhair na mbocht san bailighe ann fómhainn 7 iad ag fúgradh dóib féin i salachar na práideann, ar feadh an tamaill bhig aoibhir a bheadh acu sul a gcaithfidís dul a chodladh. Bí luchd eolais a dhéanamh dom ag fsiúrdadh ar aghaidh, 7 iad ag liúirigh mar a bheadh Indiachaca fiadhaine. Do fsadairidh anoir ir airír ag na cúinnibh ag feitheamh leis an nghis chum teacht suas, 7 an uile fhagas cleasaidheachta ar siúbal acu, fé mar a bí oireamhnach do'n lá a bí ann. Iad ag bualadh dóirre 7 ag pit leo féin; iad ag snapadh na gcaipíní d'á chéile, 7 gá gcaitheamh thé fuinneogaibh párlúr irteach, mar a raib lion-tighe ar a ruaimhneas ag ól tae; iad ag gladhach ór cionn leacht-dóirre irteach i riocaíbh, ag lorg luaċ pingne de gach aon traghas nuadh ná díolfí choidche; 7 gá innsint go h-árd irteach isgluaisaibh máithreacha n-a raib 'fhior acu a gclann a bheith tarmuic, go raib an gig an uair sin díreach thóir sul or cionn leinbh, 7 dá leacht a dhéanamh de ra chlair! Nuair a bhaileadh cuid dá n-aicme féin úmpa, 7 go bhfiafruighidh díobh cá rabhadar ag dul, ir é deirbhir go raib árd-fear pireog tagaithe chum an bhaile 7 go raib ré chum na rpride do dibirt; gur mire an fear pireog, 7 an té a bí am' aice (mo feirbhireach) gurab é an diabhal é, 7 go rabhadar féin ag tairbeaint na flighe dhúnn chum an tighe 'n-a raib

an rpṙio ann! Nuair aiṙiġtí an méid ṙin, ċuiṙeaḋ ré ḋáraċt áċair ar an luċt a ḋ'aiṙiġeaḋ é, 7 ġluaiṙiḋíṙ láiċṙeaċ in-aonṙeaċt linn, i ḋteannta na coḋ' eile.

IV.

Ġaeḋilġ ḋo ċuṙ ar an mḂéarla ro :—

On his tours the Bishop was indulgent and gentle, and preached less than he conversed. His reasonings and models were never far-fetched, and to the inhabitants of one country he quoted the example of an adjacent country. In those cantons where people were harsh to the needy he would say, 'Look at the people of Briançon. They have given the indigent, the widows, and the orphans the right of mowing their fields three days before the rest. They rebuild their houses gratuitously when they are in ruins. Hence it is a country blessed of God. For one hundred years not a single murder has been committed there.' To those eager for grain and good crops, he said, 'Look at the people of Embrun. If a father of a family at harvest time has his son in the army, his daughter sewing in the town, or if he be ill or prevented from toil, the Curé recommends him in his sermon ; and on Sunday after Mass all the village, men, women, and children, go into his field, and cut and carry home his crop.'—*Les Misérables.*

There is not much difficulty here. One may conveniently make two sentences out of the first, and two out of the second. "He would say"—ir é ḋeiṙeaḋ ré ; "of God"—ó Ḋia. The whole passage will be :—

Ag ġaḃáil timċeall ḋo'n ḟarḃoġ ḃíoḋ ré ana-ċaoṁ ana-ċneaṙḋa leir na ḋaoine. Ḃa ṁinic é ag cóṁráḋ leo

ná ag tabairt fearmóine dóib. Cainnt cómgarach focuirgiona ab eadh a cainnt, 7 framplaí ana-fimplidhe ab eadh a cuireadh ré ór a gcómair. Nuair a bíodh ré ag labairt le dream daoine i ndúthaigh áirithe bíodh muinntir an cheanntair ba ghiorria dóibh 'á moladh aige. Inr na trúthaibh céadh 'n-a mbíthí ró-chruaidh ar na bocthaibh ré deireadh ré:—" Féach ar mhuinntir Bhriançon. Tá ceadh tabartha acu do na bocthaibh, do na baintreabhachaibh, do na dílleachtaibh a nguirt do bhaint trí lá roimir an gcuid eile. Deinteap a dtighe rin do tógaint ruar airír dóibh in airge nuair a bíd riadh 'n-a bhrotharacaibh. Dá bárr ran tír ir eadh í atá beannuighe ó Dhia na glóire, i dtreo, le céadh bliadhan, nár deineadh oireadh 7 aon dúnmharbadh amháin innti." An mhuinntir n-a mbíodh dúil acu i n-arbhar 7 i ndeagh-fóghmar ir é deireadh ré leo:—" Féach ar mhuinntir Embrun. Má bíonn athair cloinne ann, ir go mbíonn mac leir 'na fhaighdiúir le linn an fóghmair, nó ingean leir ag fuagháil ra mbaile mór, nó má bíonn ré féin breoite, nó bac air beith ag obair, ir amhlaidh a dheineann an fagart é moladh 'na fearmóin do'n phobul; 7 tréir Airmann an Domhnaigh gluaisid muinntir na gcáirde, idir fearaibh ir mnáibh ir páirtíbh, gluaisid riadh[1] irteach 'n-a gcort rúdh, 7 deinid riadh an fóghmar do bhaint, 7 do bheith a baile irteach na gcioból dó.

V.

Gaedhilg go cur ar an mBéarla ro:—

Meldon's pipe went out, half-smoked. He wrinkled his forehead and half shut his eyes in bitter perplexity. It hurt

1. See chapter on "Repetition of Words for sake of Clearness," Studies I, pp. 237-238.

him that he could not understand what Sir Giles had been doing. At last he rose from his stone with a deep sigh, and walked ten or fifteen yards along the shore. He found another flat stone and sat down on it. He knocked the plug of tobacco out, refilled his pipe, and lit it. He deliberately gave up the problem which he could not solve, and set himself to work on another. He decided that he must himself reach the hole where the treasure lay, at the earliest possible moment the next day, and that Sir Giles must be prevented from following him. He smoked steadily this time, and his face gradually cleared of the wrinkles the other problem had impressed upon it. At last he smiled slightly. Then he grinned. He knocked the ashes out of his pipe and put it in his pocket. He picked up a few pebbles and flung them cheerfully into the sea. Then he rose and walked back to Mrs. O'Flaherty's cottage.

The churning was over. Mrs. O'Flaherty was working the butter with her hands at the table. Mary Kate still sat with the baby on her knee.

'Good evening to you, Mrs. O'Flaherty,' said Meldon.

'Is it yourself again? Faith, I thought you were gone for to-day anyway.'

'I looked in again to see if Michael Pat was all right after the shaking I gave him. Would you sooner be churning the butter or churning the baby, Mrs. O'Flaherty? Or would you rather be taking them in turns the way we did this afternoon? I see you've got him asleep there, Mary Kate. Just put him into the cradle now, and he'll be all right.'—(*Spanish Gold.*)

"Meldon's pipe went out,"—say "ᴅo ċuaıᵭ an pıopa ın-éaʒ aɲ (Studies I, p. 209) . . .; "half-smoked"—ɫ ʒan é aċ leaṫ-ólca aıʒe; "wrinkled his forehead"—ᴅo ċuıɲ ɾé ʒɲuaım aıɲ ɾéın; "in bitter perplexity"—do not make

this an adverb qualifying "shut," but express by a separate sentence. "It hurt him that"—do ġoill ré go cruaid air a ṁáḋ . . . "go cruaid" helps to express the idea in "*bitter perplexity*." "a ṁáḋ" is frequently found in Irish where English has "to *think*," or nothing at all (as here); "*his* stone,"—simply the article; "with a deep sigh"—again the adverbial phrase will be changed into a distinct clause; "He deliberately," etc.—Begin with nuair, and get rid of the relative "which"; "at the earliest possible moment"—cóṁ luaṫ in Éirinn ir dob' féidir é; "smoked steadily"—do lean ré leis as ól an píopa; "the wrinkle,"—an féaṫainn ġruamda úd; "had impressed"—express by do bádar; "cheerfully"—le neart áṫais; "The churning was over"—begin with Is aṁlaid. "Mrs. O'F."—say bean an tiġe, to avoid the too frequent repetition of the name; "Mary Kate"—Máire Cáit: it is not usual to have a second Christian name in Irish, unless it is the name of some ancestor, or of some connected person, added for the purpose of distinguishing one person from another. In all such cases the second name is genitive; "Good evening"—Preface this by the usual—"Dia'r Muire duit; "I looked in"—Begin with is aṁlaid: Meldon is explaining his conduct; "looked"—buaileas; "if M.P. *was*"—say 'is' in Irish; "'churning' the baby" is of course metaphorical; "Or would you . . ." Nó an aṁlaid . . .; "*Just* put"—ní ġádh duit aċ . . .; "he'll be all right"—ní baoġal dó.

Do ċuaid an píopa in-éaġ ar ṁac uí Mhaoldúin, 7 ġan é aċ leaṫ-ólta aige. Do ċuir ré ġruaim air féin, 7 do leaṫ-dún ré a súile. Bí ré ag teip air dá ċaob an ṡséil a ċabairt dá céile. Do ġoill ré go cruaid air a ṁáḋ ná féadfaḋ ré a ċuirġint cad a bí ar siúbal as an Ridire. Ṡé deire d'éirig ré de'n lic, do leoġ orna ar, 7 siúbail leis a deiċ nó a cúig déaġ de ṡlataib fan na tráġa. Ṡuair ré leac

eile annran, 7 do fuid fé uirri. An fuigeall tobac a d'fan 'n-a fiora do cait fé amac é, do lion fé an fiora airíf, 7 do deanf. Nuair nár féad fé an ceirt úd do féidteac d'éirig fé airti dá deoin féin, 7 do crom fé ar a malairt de ceirt do focrú dó féin. Dubairt fé leif féin nárb 'fulair dó an poll n-a raib an t-ór i brolac ann do froirint lár na bárac cóm luac in Éirinn ir dob' féidir é, 7 go gcaitfead fé an Ridire do corg ar é leanamaint. Do lean fé leif ag ól an fiora an turur ro, 7 diaid ar ndiaid d'imtig an féadaint gruamda úd a táinig[1] ar a agaid de bárr na ceirte eile. Fé deire do cuir fé fmuta gáire ar. Annran do leac a béal air le gáiri. Do cait fé an luaitfeac amac ar a fiora, 7 do cuir 'na póca í. Do fioc fé fuar foinnt licini, 7 le neart átair do crom fé ar iad a caitfeam irtead ra brairrge. D'éirig fé annran, 7 do gluair fé air tar n-air go botán Dean[2] ui Flaitbeartaig.

Ir amlaid a bí an cuigean déanta acu. Bí bean an tige ag an mbóid, 7 an t-im idir lámaib aici, 7 í gá fuatad. Bí Máire Cáit annran 'na fuide fór, 7 an leanb ar a baclainn aici.

"Dia 'r Muire duit, a bean an tige" ar Mac ui Maoldúin, "trátnóna breag, buidéacar le Dia."

"An tu atá ann airíf" ar fife, "am briatar gur[3] ceapar go rabamair féid leat, indiu, pé 'r domhan é."

"Ir amlaid a buailear irtead airíf, féacaint an brúil Micéal Fáid[4] ar fógnam tréir ar cugar de fuatad dó. Cia'cu b'fearr leat-fa, a bean a'tige, an cuigean a beit agat 'á déanam, nó an leanb a beit agat 'á fuatad? Nó

1. The Irish past tense has often the force of the English pluperfect.

2. Bean uninflected. See phrase-nouns, Studies I, p. 159.

3. Gur . . . because ambriatar is equivalent to a verb of saying. But the direct construction is also used.

4. See remarks on name Máire Cáit.

an amhlaidh ab' fearr leat an dá rud a déanamh fá fead, fé mar a deineamair ceana um thráthnóna? Cím go bfuil fé 'na codladh annsan agat-sa, a Mháire Cáit. Ní gádh duit, ach é cur fa gcliabán anoir, 7 ní baogal dó.

VI.

Gaedhilg do chur air an mbéarla fo :—

He stepped forward suddenly and seized the child by the arm, she struggled for a minute and then began to cry. 'There now,' said Meldon soothingly, 'don't cry. I'm not going to hurt you. Major give me a penny. You haven't got one? Never mind, a sixpence will do quite as well. Here now, Nora acushla, look at the pretty silver sixpence. That's for you. Stretch out your hand and take it, and I'll tell your mammy what a good girl you are.' The child seized the sixpence, stopped crying, and looked up timidly to Meldon's face. 'That's right,' he said, patting her head; 'now we're friends again. Tell me now, Nora—is it Nora they call you?' 'It is not,' said the child, 'it's Mary Kate.' 'There now, I might have guessed it. Sorra a prettier name there is in the whole province of Connaught than Mary Kate, nor a prettier little girl than yourself. Tell me now, Mary Kate, is Thomas O'Flaherty Pat the name they have on the old man there?' 'It might,' said Mary Kate. 'Off with you then,' said Meldon. 'Have you got the sixpence safe? Take it up to the gentleman that lives in the new iron house, the gentleman from the Board,—you know who I mean.' Mary Kate grinned. 'Is it the man that does be measuring out the land?' 'It is,' said Meldon. 'That exact man. Do you take your sixpence up to him and ask him to give you the worth of it in sugar candy. Don't be put off if he tells

you he hasn't got any. He has sacks and sacks of it stored away there in the house, and he does be eating it himself whenever he thinks there's nobody looking at him.'—*Spanish Gold.*)

" He stepped,"—do bhuail is better than do chuaidh, do shiubhail, or any such verb ; " the child,"—as it was a girl, better make that clear at once ; " struggled,"—Irish states clearly what the object of the struggle was ; " and then "—no need for ' and.' " soothingly "—an English adverb must frequently be expanded into an explanatory phrase or clause ; " Major "—there is no convenient term that would not be too technical ; " That's for you "—duit-se is eadh é. The emphatic form is the more natural ; " what a good girl "—gur cailín ana-mhaith gurb eadh tú : the meaning is brought out by the emphatic form ; " timidly "—see remark on " soothingly " ; " we're friends "—cáimhdeach ana-mhór le chéile —suits the light bantering tone of Mr. Meldon ; " is it N. they call you ? "—Nóra is ainm duit, nach eadh ? Notice the indefinite pronoun eadh, and see Note on Proper Names, Studies I, pp. 41-43.

" Said *the child,*"—In Irish the pronoun will be sufficient ; " it's M.K."—" Máire Cáit is eadh is ainm dom." Notice the emphatic form. M.K. was indignantly repudiating " Nora " ; " the gentleman "—an duine uasal úd : this úd is required in Irish ; " you know who I mean "—an duineannn tu : this s the natural rendering. Students often spoil their translations by slavishly following the English ; " the worth of it *in* "—a luach de (Studies I, p. 154) ; " don't be put off "—express the *meaning.*

Do bhuail sé an t-ádh go h-obann ⁊ rug sé an cailín óg. Do dhein sise iarracht an a shreim do bhogadh, Annsan do chrom sí an gol. " 'Seadh anois," an mac ui

Maoldúin, ad' iarraid í mealladh, "ná guil[1] a duille: nílim ar dí do díogbála." "A Chaptaoin, tabair dom pingin. Níl ceann agat, an eadh? Ná bac ran. Déanfaid maol mo gnó dóm maith." "Seadh anoir, a Mórna, a laogh, féach ar an maol dear airgid. Duit-re ir eadh é. Sín amach do lámh 7 beir greim air, 7 neorad dod' mham gur cailín ana-mhaith gurab eadh tu."

Do rug an leanbh ar an maol, do rtad an gol, 7 d'féach sí ruar ar aghaidh mic ui Maoldúin, 7 iarrachtin d'eagla uirri. "Ir maith é rin" ar reirean, 7 a lámh aige 'á cur ar ceann an cailín, "táimíd ana-mhór le céile airír. Innir dom anoir, a Mórna,—Mórna ir ainm duit, nach eadh?" "Ní h-eadh" ar rire, "Máire Chait ir eadh ir ainm dom." "Seadh, read, bí ré ceart agam[2] an méid rin do tuirgint. Ambara ná fuil ar fuaid Chúige Connacht ainm ir deire ná é, ná cailín beag ir deire ná tura. Innir dom anoir, a Mháire Chait, an Tomár Páid ó Flaithbeartaigh[3] ir ainm do'n treanfear úd tall." "D' féidir é" ar rire. "Innis leat, má 'r eadh" ar reirean,—"an bfuil an maol annran rlán agat? Deir leat ruar é ag tuall ar an ndúine uaral atá 'na chómnuide ra tig nua iarainn,—an duine uaral úd ón mBórd, an dtuigeann tu?" Do leag a béal ar an gcailín le neart gáirí. "An é an fear é go mbíonn an talam aige 'á roinnt?" ar rire. "Sé, díreach," ar mac ui Maoldúin. "Sé an fear céadna é. Deir-re leat ruar chuige do maol, gá iarraid air a luag de fiúcha cairdis do tabairt duit. Ná leog dó an t-eiteachar a tabairt duit, gá rád ná fuil a leithéid aige. Tá na milte málaí de annrúd ra tig i dtairge aige, 7 bíonn ré féin gá ithe dó féin nuair ir dóich leis ná bíonn éinne ag féachaint air."

1. Or—ná bí ag gol.
2. Cf. provincial English "I had a right to . ."
3. See Note on Proper Names, Studies I, pp. 41-43

VII.

Ɠaeðilg do ċuṙ aṙ an mBéaṙla ṙo :—

"I think," said Meldon to the Major, "that you and I may as well be dodging off home now." "Good-bye, Mr. Langton. We can't be of any further use to you. Sir Giles will pull you up all right. If I were you I wouldn't be in too great a hurry to go. His temper won't be by any means improved by the argument he'll have with Thomas O'Flaherty Pat. You can't imagine how trying it is to argue with a man who can't understand a word you say, and can't speak so as you can understand him. That old fellow has just one sentence about 'Ni Béarla.' He says it over and over again in a way that would get on the nerves of a cow. It takes a cool man to stand it. Higginbotham gets quite mad, and even I have to keep a tight grip on my temper. The effect on Sir Giles will be frightful. And he has that stone with him. He would insist on clinging to it. Good-bye, Mr. Langton."—(*Spanish Gold.*)

"Dodging"—aᵹ ḃailiú ṫinn; "Langton"—Mac uí Ṫoṅᵹáin is perhaps about the nearest Irish equivalent; "all right"—begin the sentence with—ní ḃaoᵹal ná ᵹo . . .; "up"—anioṙ; "to go"—ḋul ṙuaṙ; "his temper . . . . improved"—ní ṙeaṙṙoe an ṙuaḋaṙ a ḃeiṫ ṕé 'n Ṙiḋiṁe . . . Studies I, pp. 72-73; "you can't . . . trying"—ní ṙeaᵹaiṙ ṁaṁ aċ a ḋeaṙṁaċt ḋuiṫ (Studies I, pp. 58-59); "who can't"—better avoid this relative construction: say nuaiṙ ná ṫuiᵹeann an ḋuine ṙin . . .; "He says it"—begin with ṙ aṁlaiḋ (Studies I, pp. 79-81); "get on the nerves of a cow"—ᵹo ᵹcuiṙṙeaḋ ṕé ḋéiṙṫin aṙ an mḃuin ṕéin (notice article and ṕéin); "it takes," etc.—iṙ ḋeaċaiṙ é ṙulaṅᵹ muṙan ḋuine ḃoᵹ ṕéiḋ ṫu; "Higginbotham"—Mac uí Ṫiᵹin will be an approximation; "the effect . . . frightful"

—ní h-uaċbáṙ go ḋtí an ṗeaṙg . . .; "And . . . with him" —agus ṗéaċ . . . aige.

"Is ḋóiċ liom" aṙṙa 'n Maolḋúnaċ leiṙ an gcaṙtaon, "go bṙuil ṗé cóṁ maiṫ ag an mbeiṙt againne beiṫ ag baili ú linn a ḃaile anoiṙ."

"Slán agat-ṙa," aṙ ṙeiṙean le mac uí Longáin, "ní-ṗéaḋṙaimíṙ-ne a ċuille congnaiṁ a ṫaḃaiṙt ḋuit. Ní baogal ná go nḋéanṙaiḋ an Riḋiṙe ċu ṫaṙṙac aniog. Dá mbeinn-ṙe aḋ' cáṙ ní ṙó-mór an ḋeiṫneaṙ a ḃeaḋ oṙm ċum ḋul ṙuaṙ. Ní ṙeaṙṙ-ḋe an ṙuaḋaṙ a ḃeiḋ ṗé'n Riḋiṙe an t-aigneaṙ a ḃeiḋ aige le Tomáṙ Páiḋ ó Flaiṫḃeaṙtaig. Ní ṗeaċaiṙ ṙiaṁ aċ a ḋeaċṙaċt ḋuit ḃeiṫ ag aṙgóint le ḋuine, nuaiṙ ná ḋuigeann an ḋuine ṙin ṙocal ḋ'á laḃṙann ċu, 7 nuaiṙ ná laḃṙann ṗé féin ṙocal a ḋ'ṗeáḋṙá-ṙa a ċuiṙgint. Níl ag an ṙeanḋuine úḋ aċ an t-aon abaiṙt aṁáin,—ṙuḋ éigin i ḋtaoḃ "ní ḃéaṙla." Is aṁlaiḋ a ḃionn an abaiṙt ṙin aige 'á ṙáḋ 7 'á aṫ-ṙáḋ 7 'á ṙíoṙ-ṙáḋ, i ḋtṙeo go gcuiṙ-ṙeaḋ ṗé ḋéiṙtin aṙ an mbuin féin ḃeiṫ ag éiṙteaċt leiṙ. Is ḋeaċaiṙ é ṙulang muṙan ḋuine bog ṙéiḋ ċu. Cuiṙeann ṗé buile ṙeiṙge aṙ ṁac uí Uigin. Agus am' ṫaoḃ-ṙa ḋe, ḋ'éiṙeoċainn féin aṙ buile ċuige, dá mba ná coiméaḋṙainn ṙmaċt oṙm féin. Ní h-uaċbáṙ go ḋtí an ṙeaṙg a ċuiṙṙiḋ ṗé aṙ an Riḋiṙe. Agus ṙéaċ, tá an ċloċ úḋ aige fóṙ. Níoṙḃ' ṙulaiṙ leiṙ gṙeim a ċoiméaḋ uiṙṫi. Slán ḃeo agat, a ṁic uí Longáin."

VIII.

Gaeḋilg ḋo ċuṙ aṙ an mḃéaṙla ṙo :—

He was turning these things over in his mind, as he walked about the vast hotel on that evening of the last day in July.

The Society papers had been stating for a week past that London was empty, but, in spite of the Society papers, London persisted in seeming to be just as full as ever. The Grand Babylon was certainly not as crowded as it had been a month earlier, but it was doing a very passable business. At the close of the season the gay butterflies of the social communities have a habit of hovering for a day or two in the big hotels before they flutter away to castle and country-house, meadow and moor, lake and stream. The great basket-chairs in the portico were well filled by old and middle-aged gentlemen engaged in enjoying the varied delights of liqueurs, cigars, and the full moon which floated so serenely above the Thames.—(*The Grand Babylon Hotel.*)

Here it is best to begin by saying that it was a vast hotel called "the Grand Babylon." It is only in the sixth line of above that we meet the name, but it is more natural to give it at once. Further, "he" is rather indefinite; in Irish say ᵭuine uaṙaṫ; "that evening"—let "that" qualify "July" in Irish; "Society papers" a literal translation is of course impossible: say—na páipéiṙ a ċuiṁeann ṙíoṙ aṙ ċúṙṙaíḃ an ṫṙaoġail móiṙ; "empty"—this is hyperbole: say—ná ṙaiḃ éinne . . . ġuṁḃ' ḟiú ṫṙáċṫ aiṙ; "persisted in seeming"—get rid of the personification, and express the *meaning;* "doing a very passable business"; express the *meaning;* the last two sentences of the English had better be transposed in Irish, and each of them split up into smaller sentences. "The great basket-chairs"—begin with ᵭá ḃṙíġ ṙin ní ṙoṫaṁ a ḃí na caṫaoiṁeaċa móṙa leaṫana ("basket" need not be rendered literally); "At the close of the season" etc.—begin with iṙ ġnáṫ; "gay butterflies,"—observe the way in which the metaphor is treated. Similarly the metaphor in "hovering" and "flutter away" must be toned down somewhat.

Tig órda mór ab eadh é, 7 " an Mhór-Dabhilóin " a bí mar ainm air. Bí duine uasal ann um thráthnóna lae deiridh an Luil úd, 7 é ag gabáil timcheall 7 é ag machtnamh in' aigne ar na neithibh seo. Na páirpéir a chuireann síos ar chúrsaíbh an traoghail mhóir, bíodar gá ráth le seachtmain ná raibh éinne i Lúnndain gurb' fhú thráth air. Ach in-aimhdeoin a ndeirdís ir é ba dóich leat ar an áit go raibh oirdeadh daoine ann ir bí riamh. Ní fhuláir a admháil ná raibh, ra tig órda áirithe seo fé láthair, na táinte a bí ann mí roimhe sin. Ach bí gearr-chuid ann, 7 níor gearánta do luchd a trioghtha. Dá bhrígh sin, ní folamh a bí na cathaoireacha móra leathana do cuireadh ra póirtre tarmuich. Bí 'na ruidhe imr na cathaoireachaibh sin anoir a lán daoine uairle,—cuid acu aosda, cuid acu sgoch-aosda—7 iad ar a fártadh ag ól biotáille 7 ag caitheamh tobac, 7 ag féachaint ar foillsre bheaghta bosa na gealaighe, 7 í ag sluaisreadh 'n-a lán-lonnradh ór cionn na Táimse. Ir gnách, nuair a bíonn a gcaitheamh aimsire ra chathair ag dhuidim chum deiridh, go bhfanaid na daoine móra ar fead lá[1] nó dó mar sin, imr na tigthibh órda móra. Ir cuma nó peidhleacáin iad, ag imtheacht ó bhláth go bláth ag cuardach na mbaluithe ir bheaghta. Nuair a bíonn an cuardach ra chathair chiochnuighte, rúd chum siubhail iad ag thiall ar chairleán nó ar tig tuaithe, ar mhínréar nó ar mhínteán, ar loch nó ar linn-ghlaire.

IX.

Gaedhilg do chur ar an mBéarla ro :—

When Eoghan Mor O'Donovan, poet, stooped down and came in over his threshold he saw, in spite of the gloom, that his son Diarmuid, who all day long had been with him

1. Lá not inflected in the phrase lá nó dó, Studies I, p. 159.

leading the plough at the ploughing, had eaten his evening meal of potatoes and milk, and in his exhaustion had leant his head down on the deal table and fallen asleep. The boy's unkempt head was almost buried in the potato refuse. No one else the poet found before him in the cabin ; and the only light was the glow of the broad fire of turf sods. Looking on the weary figure of the boy, in a flash of thought the poet saw, more plainly than when he stood in it, the stone-strewn patch of mountain side they had been trying to soften up beneath the plough that bitter February day, and he, with the pride of the Gael in his soul, felt more deeply than ever before, the hopelessness of his position, the slavery and indignity. Yes, there it was before his eyes : the dark coloured patch of turfy hillside, with the weather-bleached rocks that stuck up through its surface piled with the stones and shale his bleeding hands had gathered from it winter after winter. But the vision made his voice gentle, whereas the living sight of it would have filled him with anger.—(*A Munster Twilight.*)

The first sentence here is very clumsy and complicated. Irish will state the events simply and clearly, each in its proper place. Some of the details given would appear quite artificial, if not inartistic, in Irish, and had better be omitted altogether. Such are, e.g., "stooped down," "over his threshold." Begin by stating that O'Donovan was a poet. One may ask, however, why this statement is made at all. There seems to be no point in it, unless it be to mark the contrast between his aspirations and his actual lot. Better insert, therefore, after opening sentence—ᴀċ mᴀ̀ ḃ'eᴀᵭ, ḃ' éɪʒeᴀn ᵭó ḃeɪċ ᴀʒ oḃᴀɪṁ,—and then proceed to describe the events of the day. "Who, all day . . ." get rid of the relative construction, and mention the various facts according to time sequence :—leading the cow, coming home, eating

his supper, leaning head, falling asleep—and then the father comes in and sees him, " the weary figure "—this is a detail which comes in better towards the end of description of the boy; say—ba ċruaiġṁéileaċ an ṗaḋaṙc é,—é ċroṁċa anuaṙ maṙ ṙin, ⁊ ḟoiṫ a ċinn ġan ċioṙaḋ ṙáiṫṫe i bṙuiġleaċ na bṙáṫaí. " In a flash of thought "—get rid of the metaphor but express the *meaning;* " with the pride of the Gael in his soul "—express this separately, not as an adverbial clause; " stuck up through its surface "—aniọṙ aṙ an ṫalaṁ; " piled with "—caṙnáin ḋe . . . anuaṙ oṗṫa; " his bleeding hands had gathered "—get rid of the relative construction; " the vision made his voice gentle "—iṙ aṁlaiḋ ba ċúiṁeḋe a ġlóṙ an aiṙliṅg. Put this statement at the very end; " whereas, etc."—ḋá mb' iaḋ a ḟúiṫe cinn a ḃeaḋ aġ ṗéaċaint aiṙ . . .

The whole passage will read :—

ḟiṫe ab eaḋ Eoġan Móṙ ó Donnaḃáin. Aċ má b'eaḋ b'éiġean ḋó ḃeiṫ aġ obaiṙ. Bí an lá áiṙiṫe ṙeo ġo léiṙ caiṫṫe aiġe aġ ṫṙeaḃaḋ, ⁊ Diaṙmuiḋ, a ṁac, aġ caḃṙú leiṙ, aġ ṫṙeoṙú na bó. I nḋeiṙe an lae ḋo ċuaiḋ Diaṙmuiḋ iṙteaċ, ḋ'iṫ ṙé a ċuiḋ bṙáṫaí, ⁊ ḋ'ól a ċuiḋ bainne, ⁊ le neaṙt tuiṙṙe ḋo ċṙom ṙé a ċeann aṙ an mbóṙḋ ġiúṁaiṙe, ⁊ ṫuit a ċoḋlaḋ aiṙ. Ba ċruaiġṁéileaċ an ṗaḋaṙc é,—an ġaṙṙún boċt ċroṁċa anuaṙ maṙ ṙin, ⁊ ḟoiṫ a ċinn ġan ċioṙaḋ ṙáiṫṫe i bṙuiġleaċ na bṙáṫaí. Le n-a linn ṙin ṫáiniġ an t-aċaiṙ iṙteaċ ⁊ iṙ aṁlaiḋ a bí an mac annṙan in' aonaṙ ṙoiṁe, ⁊ ġan ḋe ḟolaṙ ṙa ḃoṫáinín aċ laṙaiṙ ⁊ lonnṙaḋ na teine. Teine bṙeaġ leaṫan ṁóna ab eaḋ í. D'ṙéaċ Eoġan aṙ an nġaṙṙún, ⁊ ṫáiniġ ġo hobann óṙ cóṁaiṙ a aiġne—níḃa ḟoiṫéiṙe ná maṙ ḋo ċonnaic ṙé 'na ḟúiliḃ cinn é, ⁊ é n-a ṙeaṙaṁ aṙ an áiṫ—ṗaḋaṙc, maṙ a ḃeaḋ in-aiṙliṅg, aṙ an bṙaiṙṫe beaġ ġaṙḃ cloċaċ taliṁan úḋ aṙ éaḋan an ṫṙéiḃe. Bí iaṙṙaċt ṫéanta acu an lá ḟuaṙ ḟeaḃṙa ṙan aṙ an ṫalaṁ

do dhógadh leis an gcéadna. Ach níorbh' aon mhaith dóibh é, i dtreo gur thuit an fear bocht in-éadóchas airis. Fíor-Ghaedheal árd-aigeanta ab eadh é, agus do chuaidh sé 'na luighe air anois, níor dhaingne ná mar do chuadh riamh roimis sin, ná riaibh i ndán dó ach an droch-úrádh, agus an daoirse! 'Seadh, bhí sé annsúd ór comhair a súl, dar leis,—an pairce dubh dorcha talmhan ar thaobh an chnuic, agus gan ann ach mar a bheadh portach! Agus na cairrgheacha aniogh ar an dtalamh agus iad geal as an sin! Agus caiméin de chloichibh agus de licinibh anuas orra! Agus rian na rosa ar a lámhaibh féin ó bheith gá mbailiú ó gheimhreadh go geimhread! Dá mb'iad a súile cinn a bheadh as féachaint air ir amhlaidh a chuirfeadh an madadh fearg air. Ach ní raibh ann ach airlingeas, agus ir amhlaidh ba chúinedhe a ghlór an airlingeas sin.

X.

Gaedhilg do chur ar an mbéarla so:—

Again Nora Kelly arose from the table at which she had been eating, looked through the window, turned from it, and spoke to her sister, who was busy at the fire: 'When the train was passing Kilcully I said to him, "Look out the window, father; you might never see Cork city again,' and he turned on me, and said, "Do I want to see it? How did I come into it? What was I thinking of all these years, and I walking the streets of it? Tell me that. Little I care if I never see it again,"—that's what he said, and no, he wouldn't look out.'

Margaret, to whom she had spoken, then came to the window from the fire, and said:

'Look at him now, God help us, he don't know where to rest; that's the tenth time he's after examining that cow-shed.' And she called out: 'Father, come in; there's a cup

of tea here for you ; come in, or it will be cold on you ; haven't you to-morrow or the day after to look at them ; they'll be there to-morrow, as well as to-night.'

The old man turned round ; as will happen in strange surroundings, he did not at once spy out the window where the voice had come from ; when, however, his eyes rested on it, on his two daughters, it suddenly struck him that there was something wanting in Margaret's voice. It was a strong voice, with the hard, firm consonants, the pure vowels of the Irish language in it. She was now a middle-aged woman, and although she had lived thirty years in the city of Cork, where English is not spoken with any sort of firmness at all, her speech was still full of the strength that would carry up far hillsides, herding cattle or calling to a neighbouring homestead.—(*A Munster Twilight.*)

Here again observe the natural sequence of events. Do not say, in Irish, " arose from the table *at which* she had been eating," but " had been seated at the table, eating, and then arose " ; " her sister " is mentioned in the third line, but it is not until we come to the eleventh line that we are told her name. Irish will supply the deficiency at once. So the relative clause " who was busy " will not be relative in Irish at all. The clause " to whom she had spoken " is quite unnecessary, and must not be translated. The rest is fairly simple.

Bí nóra ní Ceallaig 'na ruide ag an mbórd 7 í ag ite. Bí Maigréad, a deirbfiúr, ag an teine ag gabáil go gnó éigin. D'éirig nóra an tarna h-uair, d'féach rí an fuinneog amach, d'iompuig rí uaiti, 7 do labair le Maigréad :

" Dubart lem' athair," ar rise, " 7 finn ra thaen ag gabáil tar Cill Collaite—' féach an fuinneog amach, a athair' arra mé leir, ' b'féidir ná feicfá Corcaig go deo airír.'

Sé ruo a deir reirean iompáil orm 7 a rád: 'An amlaid ba mian liom i feirsint? Cionnus a tárla mé teacht ann? Cad air, an dóig leat, go mbinn ag cuimneam i mit na mbliadanta ro 7 mé ag riúbal na rráideann ann? Innis an méid rin dom. Is beag nár cuma liom dá mba ná feicfinn go deo airis í!' Agus níorb áil leis féachaint amach in aon cor."

Do dhuid Maighréad anall ón dteine isteach na cuinneoige, 7 do labair rí.

"Féach anois air," ar sise, "go bfóirid Dia orainn, ní fios dó cá bfuighid ré cuaimneas. Siné an deichmad h-uair aige ag cuardach an bóidige sin, 7 gá infiúchad."

Do glaoid rí ór árd air.

"A Athair," ar sise, "tair isteach; tá cupán tae annso agam duit; tair isteach, nó beid ré cuar ort. Féadfair beit ag féachaint orda ran imbáineas, nó umanoisteas. Ar nóin beid riad ann imbáineas oineas mar atáid anocht."

D'iompuig an reanduine ar a sáil. Mar is gnát nuair ná bionn taidige ar an áit ag duine, ní feadfad ré a déanam amach ar dtúr cad é an treo baill n-a dtáinig an glór ar. Ac nuair a leog ré a súil ar an bruinneog 7 ar a beist ingean, do buailead isteach in' aigne go hobann go raib ruo éigin in earnam ar glór Maighréad. Glór bheag láidir ab ead é, 7 confuine cruadha teanna, 7 gutai glana na Gaoluinne ann. Bean fsoc-aordha ab ead Maighréad anoir. Bí deic mbliadna ar ficid caitte aici i gcathair Corcaige, áit ná labartar an Béarla go doct ná go dainglean ann. Ac 'na diaid rin, bí a cainnt go lán-láidir fós,—cóm láidir rin go gcloisfí i bfad ruar éadan an cnuic i gcéin í, nuair a bead rí ag aodaireacht na mbó, nó ag glaodach ar muinntir an tige ba giorra di.

XI.

Gaeðilg do ċur ar an mbéarla so :—

In a few hours Harley reached the inn where he proposed breakfasting ; but the fulness of his heart would not suffer him to eat a morsel. He walked out on the road, and gaining a little height, stood gazing on the quarter he had left. He looked for his wonted prospect, his fields, his woods, and his hills ; they were lost in the distant clouds ! He pencilled them on the clouds, and bade them farewell with a sigh.

He sat down on a large stone to take out a little pebble from his shoe, when he saw, at some distance, a beggar approaching him. He had on a loose sort of coat, mended with different-coloured rags, amongst which the blue and the russet were the predominant. He had a short knotty stick in his hand, and on the top of it was stuck a ram's horn ; his knees—though he was no pilgrim—had worn the stuff off his breeches ; he wore no shoes, and his stockings had entirely lost that part of them which should have covered his feet and ankles. In his face, however, was the plump appearance of good-humour ; he walked a good round pace, and a crooked-legged dog trotted at his heels.—(*Henry MacKenzie*, 1745-1831.)

This is fairly simple. " The fulness of his heart "—bí tocht cómh trom san ar a chroidhe ; " on the quarter he had left "—sa threo bailt ar a dtáinig sé. The ordinary past tense in Irish has frequently the force of the English pluperfect ; " his wonted prospect "—bí sé tréis duil i dtaithighe de . . . The English phrase had better be translated by a complete sentence in Irish. " He pencilled "—get rid of the metaphor ; " He had on "—preface this description by—is amhlaidh a bí an bacach san, agus . . . ; " predominant "—an chuid ba mhó díobh ; " his knees . . . his breeches,"—a dá ghlúin sáithte

amaċ tré n-a bpírte rean-ċaitte; "plump appearance of good humour"—dealbam ruiṫ ar a aġaiḋ naiṁiṁ; "a good round pace,"—go mear tapaiḋ.

1 gcionn roinnt uair a' ċluig do fhoir Mac uí Ártaig an tig órda 'n-a raib rocair aige a bheicheartha a caiteamh. Ac bí tocht cóm trom fan ar a chroide ná leogfaḋ ré dó pioc d'ite. Do gluair ré amaċ, 1 tréir tamaill de'n bóthar a cur de, táinig ré go dtí ártán. Siúd fuar ar a mullaċ é, 1 d'fan 'na fearaiṁ ann ar feaḋ tamaill, ag féaċaint anonn uaiḋ fa trio baill ar a dtáinig ré. Bí ré tréir dul i dtaiṫige de páirceanaiḃ 1 de ċoillteiḃ 1 de ċnocaiḃ a dúṫaige féin. Do ċuarduig ré anoir iad, ac níor féad ré iad feircint. Na gcamaill úd i bfad uaiḋ ir fúta fan ċior a biodar! Do leog ré orna ar. Dar leir go bféadfaḋ ré famail na dúṫaige fin a déanam amaċ i measg na gcamall. D'fág ré plán aici go bpónaċ.

Bí cloiċin irtig na bpóig, 1 fuiḋ ré ar ċloiċ móir ċun é baint airti. Le n-a linn fin cia ċifeaḋ ré ċuige tamall uaiḋ ac an bacaċ! Ir amlaiḋ a bí an bacaċ fan, 1 fagar caróige móire leiṫe air, 1 í deirigṫe pairtigṫe le giobalaiḃ ioldaṫaċa. Iad gorm nó buiḋe-donn, an ċuid ba mó díoḃ. Data beag aḋbaċ na láim aige, 1 aḋarc neiṫe amuiġ 'na bárr. A dá gluin fáiṫte amaċ tré n-a bpírte reana-ċaitte,—bíoḋ náir aon oiliġeaċ é. É cor-noċtaigṫe, ac reana-feirge rtocaí beit ag clúdaċ a ċolpai, 1 gan fair díoḃ fágta ar ċoir ná ar feirriḋ leir. Ac dá fuarraige a bí a reana-balcairí bí dealbam ruiṫ ar a aġaiḋ naiṁiṁ. Bí ré ag riúbal roime go mear tapaiḋ, 1 gaḋairin cor-cam ar rodar le n-a fálaiḃ.

XII.

Ꝺaeṫiꝯ ꝺo ċuṗ aṗ an mḂéaṗla ṗo :—

I waited more than two hours without having an opportunity of crossing the river, during which time the people who had crossed carried information to Mansong, the king, that a white man was waiting for a passage, and was coming to see him. He immediately sent over one of his chief men, who informed me that the king could not possibly see me until he knew what had brought me into his country ; and that I must not presume to cross the river without the king's permission. He therefore advised me to lodge at a distant village, to which he pointed, for the night, and said that in the morning he would give me further instructions how to conduct myself. This was very discouraging. However, as there was no remedy, I set off for the village, where I found, to my great mortification, that no person would admit me into his house. I was regarded with astonishment and fear, and was obliged to sit all day without victuals in the shade of a tree ; and the night threatened to be very uncomfortable—for the wind rose, and there was great appearance of a heavy rain—and the wild beasts are so very numerous in the neighbourhood, that I should have been under the necessity of climbing up the tree and resting among the branches. About sunset, however, as I was preparing to pass the night in this manner, and had turned my horse loose that he might graze at liberty, a woman, returning from the labours of the field, stopped to observe me, and perceiving that I was weary and dejected, inquired into my situation, which I briefly explained to her ; whereupon, with looks of great compassion, she took up my saddle and bridle, and told me to follow her. Having conducted me into her hut, she lighted up a lamp, spread a mat on the floor, and told me I might remain there for the night.—(*Travels in Africa*, Mungo Park.)

" During which time "—get rid of the relative, by beginning a new sentence—le n-a linn sin ; " white man "—fear an bháin-chneis ; " a passage "—a tabairt anall ; " must not presume "—gan a beit de dánacht ionnam ; in the next sentence observe the natural sequence of events, thus dispensing with the relative ' which ' ; " he pointed "—better repeat the noun an taoiseach ; " there was no remedy "—nuo gan leigeas foighne ir fearr air ; " to my great mortification," mo chreach ir mo chás ! " with looks of great compassion "—do ghlac sí truagh dom, dar liom. The rest is simple.

D'fanas ann an fead bheis ir dá uair a' chuig gan an chaoi a beit agam an dul tar abhainn anonn. Le n-a linn sin na daoine a bí gabtha anonn d'innseadar do'n Rí, do Mhanrong, gurb amhlaidh a bí fear an bháin-chneis ag teacht gá féachaint, ach é beit ag feitheamh le n-a tabairt anall. Do chuir an sí duine dá taoiseachaibh chúgam láithreach gá chur in-iúl dom ná féadfadh an sí ceadh cainnte leis a tabairt dom in aon chor, go dtí go mbeadh 'fhios aige cad a thug an cuairt chum a tíre mé ; ⁊ go gcaithfinn gan a beit de dánacht ionnam gabháil tar an abhainn gan ceadh d'faghail uaidh. Do tairbheáin an taoiseach dom fháidhin beag a bí tamall uainn, ⁊ thug sé de chómairle dom cur fúm ann i gcóir na hoidche, gá rádh go dtabharfadh sé tuille eolais dom, ar maidin lá'r na bárach, ar cionnus ba cheart dom mé féin d'iomchur. Ní puinn mirnig do chuir an cainnt sin ionnam. Ach " nuo gan leigeas foighne ir fearr air." Do ghluaiseas liom fé dhéin an tsháidhin. Ach, mo chreach ir mo chás, ní tabharfadh éinne dá raibh ann beit irtig dom. Ir amhlaidh a d'féachadar orm, ⁊ ionghna ⁊ allabhracht orra, ⁊ d'éigean dom fanamhaint am thorghadh fan an lae ⁊ mé am' fuighe fé sgáth chainn. Bí chrot bhagartach ar an oidhche ; d'éirigh an ghaoth, ⁊ bí anadhealluimh clagair ar an sréin. 'Na theannta san, tá oiread san beidhbheach allta sa chómhsranacht gur nó-bhoghal go

mbeinn ana-mhí-fearṡair, mar ṡo ṡcaiṫfinn dul ináirde ar an ṡcrann, ⁊ mo fuaimneaṁ do ċeapaḋ imeartṡ na nṡéaṡ. Aċ, um fuine na ṡréine, ⁊ mé am' ullmhú féin ċum na h-oiḋċe do ċaiṫeaṁ ar an ṡcuma ran, ⁊ mé tréir mo ċapaill do rṡur, ⁊ a leoṡaint dó beiṫ aṡ inṡeilt, do ṫárla ṡo raiḃ bean áirde aṡ filleaḋ a ḃaile tréir obair an lae do ċníoċnú di, ⁊ ṡur ṫuṡ rí fé ndeara mé. Do rṫaḋ rí aṡ féaċaint orm. Aṡur nuair a ṫuiṡ rí ṡur tuirre ⁊ ceann-fé a bí orm, d'fiarfuiṡ rí díom caḋ a bí tréir tuitim amaċ dom. Do mhinṡear an rṡéal dí. Do ṡlaċ rí truaṡ dom, dar liom; d'árduiṡ rí léi an diallait ⁊ an rṁan, ⁊ duḃairt liom í leanaṁaint. Do ṫuṡ rí léi irteaċ 'na doṫán féin mé, do lar rí lampa, do leaṫ rí bhat ar an úrlár, ⁊ duḃairt liom ṡo raiḃ ceaḋ aṡam an oiḋċe do ċaiṫeaṁ ann.

XIII.

Ṡaeḋilṡ do ċur ar an mbéarla ro:—

'In this manner I went from town to town, worked when I could get employment, and starved when I could get none: when happening one day to go through a field belonging to a justice of peace, I spied a hare crossing the path just before me; and I believe the devil put it in my head to fling my stick at it;—well, what will you have on't? I killed the hare, and was bringing it away, when the justice himself met me; he called me poacher and a villain; and, collaring me, desired I would give an account of myself. I fell upon my knees, begged his worship's pardon, and began to give a full account of all that I knew of my breed, seed, and generation; but, though I gave a very true account, the justice said I could give no account; and so I was indicted at the sessions, found guilty of being poor, and sent up to London to Newgate, in order to be transported as a vagabond.

'People may say this and that of being in jail; but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in all my life. I had my bellyful to eat and drink, and did not work at all. This kind of life was too good to last for ever; so I was taken out of prison, after five months; put on board a ship, and sent off, with two hundred more, to the plantations. We had but an indifferent passage; for, being all confined in the hold, more than a hundred of our people died for want of sweet air; and those that remained were sickly enough, God knows. When we came ashore, we were sold to the planters, and I was bound for seven years more. As I was no scholar (for I did not know my letters), I was obliged to work among the negroes; and I served out my time, as in duty bound to do.'

"In this manner"—ar an gcuma san. The English "this" will frequently be sin or san in Irish; "I went . . . do bíos ag gabáil timcheall; "could get" a geibinn (imperfect tense); "when, happening"—omit when, and say do táinig (do tárla); "belonging to a justice"—need not be translated here; it can be stated farther down that the justice met was the owner of the field; "what will you have on't?"—cad eile, cad a dhéanfainn ar aon cuma? "my breed, seed and generation"—ar na feacht sinnsearaib a táinig chúmam. "People may say"—tá daoine ann 7 . . . Introductory tá (Studies I, pp. 209-210); "with two hundred more"—mé féin 7 dá chéad nach mé; "we had but an indifferent passage"—ní ró-fheargair a bíomair ag dul anonn dúinn; "in the hold"—tíos imbolg na luinge.

Do bíos ag gabáil timcheall ar an gcuma san, ó baile mór go baile mór, ag obair nuair a geibinn an obair, 7 ag dul cum báis de'n ocras nuair nár fagainn. Do táinig, lá, go raibh ag gabáil thé páirc, nuair a leogar mo shúil

ar Sliorrfiaḋ, 7 é as rut ḋar an Scarán ar m'aṡaiḋ amaċ. Ir ḋóiċ liom Surḃ é an t-Áirreoir a ċuir im' ċeann an ḃata do ċaiteaṁ leir. Cad eile, cad a ḋéanfainn ar aon ċuma? Do ṁarḃar an Sliorrfiaḋ, 7 ir aṁlaiḋ a ḃíor Sá ḃreiṫ ċum riúḃail liom nuair a ḃuail an Sliúrtír Sur leir an ḃáirc umam. Do ruS ré ar rSórnaiS orm, 7 Saḋuiḋe 7 biṫeaṁnaċ aiSe 'á ṫaḃairt orm, 7 é Sá fiafraiḋe díom cé'r díoḃ mé, nó cad a ċuS annran mé. Do ṫánaS ar mo Sluimiḃ as Saḃáil mo leaṫ-rSéil leir, do ṫornuiSear ar ċúnntar iomlán a ṫaḃairt dó ar na reaċt rinnreamaiḃ a ṫáiniS róṁam,—an méiḋ a ḃí ar eolur aSam. Níor innrear dó aċ an fírinne, aċ ir é ḋuḃairt reirean ná ná féaḋfainn aon ċuairiS a ṫaḃairt orm féin. D'é críoċ an rSéil Sur ċuSaḋ ór cóṁair na cúirte mé, So ḃruaṫar amaċ Sur ḋuine boċt mé, Sur ḋaoraḋ ann mé, 7 Sur cuireaḋ ruar So lúnnḋuin 7 irteaċ ra nSeaṫa Nua mé, ċum mé ċur an loċ amaċ, mar ḋuine díoṁaoin droċ-iomċuir.

Tá ḋaoine ann, 7 bíonn ro 7 rúḋ acu 'á ráḋ i ḋtaoḃ beiṫ i bprríorún. Am' ṫaoḃ-ra ḋe, ir aṁlaiḋ a ċeapar So raiḃ an Seaṫa Nua ċóṁ taiṫneaṁaċ d'áit le haon áit 'n-a raḃar riaṁ ann lem' ré. Ir aṁlaiḋ a ḃí lán na n-éille aSam le n-iṫe 7 le n-ól, 7 San aon obair le ḋéanaṁ aSam. Ní féaḋfainn an raoSal breaS ran a beiṫ aSam i Sċóṁnuiḋe. I Sċionn ċúiS mí do ṫóSaḋ amaċ ar an bprríorún mé, do cuireaḋ ar ḃórd luinge mé, 7 do reolaḋ anonn ṫar ráile mé féin, 7 dá ċéaḋ naċ mé, as cruall ar na "plantations." Ní ró-fearSair a díomair as ḋul anonn ḋúinn. Mar ir aṁlaiḋ do coiméaḋaḋ rinn So léir díor i mḃoiS na luinge, roṫreo So bruair breir ir céaḋ acu ḃár ḋ'earḃa aeir breaS na rpéire. Agur as Dia ará 'fíor So raiḃ an ċuid eile aSainn ḋona droċ-fláinteaċ So leor. Nuair a ṫánSamair i ndíS do díolaḋ le luċt na plantations rinn 7 do fartuiSeaḋ mire Su ceann reaċt mbliaḋan eile. Níorḃ aon reolάire

mé—ní raib oifead ir eolas ar an aibgitir agam—7 mar geall air sin do caitear beit ag obair i brocair muinntir an cheir duib. Agus d'fanar in aimsir go deire mo thréimhse, mar a bi ceangailte orm a déanamh.

B.—HISTORICAL.

XIV.

Ȝaeḋilȝ ḋo ċuṙ aṙ an mḂéaṙla ṙo :—

There was no opportunity for the Irish to set up or maintain a press of their own. For them all chance was barred by the flaming sword that turned everyway. We have thus the singular spectacle of a country which, while all Europe was printing and throwing open to the peoples a new way of knowledge, was driven back on oral tradition and laborious writing by hand.—(*The Making of Ireland and its Undoing*, p. 403.)

" Opportunity "—ḃṙeiṫ . . . aṙ. Begin second sentence thus—ṗé ṫṙeo n-a ḋtuȝaiḋiṙ aȝaiḋ ; " all chance was barred "—is rather indefinite. Say ȝá ȝcoṙȝ aṙ a leaṙ ḋo ḋéanaṁ ; " the flaming sword "—b' ṙiúḋ ċúċa an naṁaiḋ ⁊ claiḋeaṁ noċtaiċe 'na láiṁ aiȝe ; " We have thus . . . ḃa ȝṙeannṁaṙ an ṙȝéal é ; " driven back on oral tradition "—ȝan ḋe ċóiṙ ċum múinṫe acu aċ ḋéal-oiḋeaċaṙ. In the Irish this last portion had better be placed before—" while all Europe . . . knowledge," which will come in at the end.

Ní ṙaiḃ aon ḃṙeiṫ aȝ muinnṫiṙ na h-Éiṙeann aṙ ċló-ċumann ḋo ċuṙ aṙ ḃun ná ḋo ċoiméaḋ aṙ ṙiúḋal ḋóiḃ féin. ṗé ṫṙeo 'n-a ḋtuȝaiḋiṙ aȝaiḋ b' ṙiúḋ ċúċa an naṁaiḋ, ⁊ claiḋeaṁ noċtaiċe 'na láiṁ aiȝe, ⁊ é ȝá ȝcoṙȝ aṙ a leaṙ ḋo ḋéanaṁ. ḃa ȝṙeannṁaṙ an ṙȝéal é. Muinnṫiṙ na hÉiṙeann annṙan, ⁊ ȝan ḋe ċóiṙ ċum múinṫe acu aċ ḃéal-oiḋeaċaṙ, nó láiṁ-ṙȝṙíḃinní ȝuṙ ṁóṙ an obaiṙ iaḋ ḋo ṙȝṙíoḃaḋ in aon ċoṙ ; aȝuṙ muinnṫiṙ na h-Eoṙṗa ȝo léiṙ, ⁊ a ṁalaiṙṫ aṙ ṙaḋ

de fliġe acu: leaḃaiṙ acu ḋá ġcuṙ i ġcló, ⁊ an t-eolaṙ acu 'á leaṫaḋ go tiuġ aṙ an ġcuma ṙan imeaṙġ an uile ṗobuil. Ḃa ġṙeannṁaṙ ⁊ ba tiubairteaċ an ṙġéal é!

XV.

Ġaeḋilġ do ċuṙ aṙ an mḃéaṙla ṙo:—

From the history of the towns it is clear that the original English settlers, almost from the first generation, had been led by interest and intelligence, to enter into the civilisation of Ireland, and become faithful citizens of their new land, united with its people, and devoted to its fortunes. Left to themselves English and Irish joined in fruitful alliance, the English accepting Irish culture and jurisprudence, and enriching it with their own organisation of business and municipal laws.—(*The Making of Ireland and its Undoing*, p. 201.)

"The original English settlers"—an ṁuinntiṙ úd a ċáiniġ anall ó Ṡaṙanaiḃ aṙ dtúiṙ. *Begin with this;* "almost from the first generation"—ḋá mḃ' é an ċéad dṙeam féin acu é; "were led . . . to enter"—say first—do ġabaiḋiṙ go ṙonnṁaṙ le béaṙaiḃ ⁊ le nóṙaiḃ na nġaeḋeal. Then, in *second* sentence, say—"From the history . . . it is clear" that they understood that that was to their interest; "and become faithful . . ." Begin a *third* sentence here, and repeat iṙ léiṙ—ġuṙ ċeaṙaḋaṙ ḃeiṫ ḋílis do ḋliġtiḃ na nÉiṙeann (avoid "their new land"—a typically English phrase). "English and Irish"—Ġaeḋeal iṙ Ġall; "Irish culture and jurisprudence"—eolus ⁊ ealaḋantaċt ⁊ dliġte na nġaeḋeal." (A sort of *hendiadys*).

An ṁuinntiṙ úd a ċáiniġ anall ó Ṡaṙanaiḃ aṙ dtúiṙ,

dá mb' é an céad dream féin acu é, do gabaidís go fonnmar le déarmad na nGaedeal. Is léir ó gach reanchas dá mbaineann leis na bailtib mórda gur chuigeadar na Sasanaig sin go mba cairbde dóib an méid sin. Is léir gur ceapadar beit dílis do dhígtib na h-Éireann, agus iad féin do dhúdú i gcarradas le n-a muinntir, agus fuim do chur inr gach aon nídh dár bain léi. Do cabhruigeadar Gaedeal is Gall le céile, an fad a leogadh dóib é, agus b'fearrde an dá threib an cómoibriú san. B'fearrde an Sasanach eolas agus galadantacht agus dígte na nGaedeal, nuair a glac ré iad; agus níor mirde do'n Gaedeal ar foghlaim ré uaidh sin de neitib a bain le gnótaib an traoghail, agus go mór mór le dígtib do chur i bfeidhm inr na bailtib mórda.

XVI.

Gaedilg do chur ar an mBéarla so:—

The English policy was not the development of Irish industries for Ireland, in which the towns could have co operated, but the capture of all trade for the benefit of England. Settlers of their own blood had to be ejected from competition as ruthlessly as the wild Irish. The issue was clear. It gave meaning to the conquest and a desperate purpose. In the case of Dublin we have seen the conflict under the interesting conditions of a city, which had, more than any other, sought to combine English loyalty and self-preservation. And here, as in every other town, England demanded nothing less than her own entire advantage out of Irish trade.—(*The Making of Ireland and its Undoing*, p. 202.)

Avoid the relative construction in the opening English sentence. Begin thus—" The towns could have co-operated

in the development . . . Then, in second sentence—" But this was not what England wanted (the English policy) ; " the capture of all trade "—eliminate the metaphor, and express the meaning fully ; " Settlers of their own blood "—an Saranac a bí n-a cómhuide in Éirinn ; " The issue . . . purpose." Care must be taken here to express the meaning naturally, and in harmony with the context. One might say—Bí an méid sin soilléir a ndóthain dóib. Cad cuige dóib muinntir na hÉireann a beit fé smacht acu dá mba nárb' fearr-de iad féin sa deire é ? Nach sin é a tearcuig uatha ó thúir ? " In the case of Dublin . . . . self-preservation "—this sentence is too long, and the construction is typically English. Study carefully the way it is treated. The " subjective " expressions " we have seen," " under the interesting conditions " had better be omitted altogether, as being typically English. We have introduced the expression " an dá thráig sin d'fhearrai " as being natural in Irish to translate the " combination " of English loyalty and self-preservation.

D'féadfadh muinntir na mbailte mórа cabhrú le céile chum earrdaide chun dá ndéanamh in Éirinn. Ach níorb é sin a tearcuig ó mhuinntir Sarana. 'Sé rud a bí uatha gach aon trasgar earrdaide beit dá déanamh 7 dá díol 7 dá ceannach fé n-a stiúrú féin 7 ar mhaite leo féin. Níorb' fhiáir dóib, cuige sin, gan a leogaint d' aoinne aon corg a chur leo, ná aon chur isteach a déanamh orta. An Saranac a bí 'na cómhuide in Éirinn ní leogfaidís dó aon chur isteach a déanamh orta ach cóm beag is a leogfaidís do'n Éireannach féin é. Cad cuige dóib muinntir na hÉireann a beit fé smacht acu dá mba nárb' fearr-de iad féin sa deire é ? Nach sin é a tearcuig uatha ó thúir. Dá feabhar a deinead muinntir na mbailte iarrtach ar a gceart do choraint, nó dá dílre bídís do Rí Sarana, níorb' aon mhaith dóib aon

ταοδ αcu. Do ðein muinncip Ð'lát Cliaṫ a ndícell, má ðeineað díċell in-aon ball, ċum an dá ṫpáiġ pin d'fpeapcal. Má ðein, do ṫeip opṫa. An puð a ṫápla inp na bailtiḃ eile, b'é an pséal céadna acu pan é. Ni fáṕóċað an paoġal an Saranaċ, ġan an topað ġo léip 7 an taipḃe ġo léip do ðeiṫ aiġe féin.

XVII.

Ġaeðilġ do ċuip ap an mbéapla po :—

Her attendants, during this conversation, were bathed in tears, and, though overawed by the presence of the two earls, with difficulty suppressed their anguish ; but no sooner did Kent and Shrewsbury withdraw, than they ran to their mistress, and burst out into the most passionate expressions of tenderness and sorrow. Mary, however, not only retained perfect composure of mind, but endeavoured to moderate their excessive grief ; and, falling on her knees, with all her domestics around her, she thanked Heaven that her sufferings were now so near an end, and prayed that she might be enabled to endure what still remained with decency and with fortitude. The greater part of the evening she employed in settling her worldly affairs. She wrote her testament with her own hand. Her money, her jewels, and her clothes she distributed among her servants, according to their rank and merit. She wrote a short letter to the King of France, and another to the Duke of Guise, full of tender but magnanimous sentiments, and recommended her soul to their prayers, and her afflicted servants to their protection. At supper she ate temperately, as usual, and conversed not only with ease, but with cheerfulness ; she drank to everyone of her servants, and asked their forgiveness, if ever she had

failed in any part of her duty towards them. At her wonted time she went to bed, and slept calmly a few hours.—(William Robertson, *History of Scotland.*)

Notice the allusive style of the English, when thus taken out of its context: "*her* attendants"—without telling us *whose;* "during *this* conversation" without first saying who were engaged in it. It is only in the 6th line above that "Mary" is mentioned by name. *Begin* the Irish by stating that it was *she* who was there. Use type IV (Identification, Studies I, pp. 29-31). "Bathed in tears"—ag gol go fuirdeach; "overawed: . . . Earls,"—dá mhéid fgáth a bí orra roimh an mbeirt larla; there will be no fewer than *five* sentences in Irish to correspond with the opening sentence above; "with decency and with fortitude"—le foirdhe, mar ba chuibe 7 mar ba chóir; "according to their rank or merit"—do réir a n-innmhe nó do réir mar a bí cuillte acu; "recommended her soul to their prayers"—do chuir fí comairce a h-anma orra; "ate temperately as usual," mar is fí ag an beagán ba gnáth léi; "had failed"—má chuaid di.

Máire, bainríoghain na n-Albanach, ir í a bí ann. An beirt larla, .i. Kent 7 Shrewsbury, tángadar isteach chum Labarda léi. An fáid a bíodar ag cainnt bí cúmalla na ríoghna ag gol go fuirdeach. Ar éigin a d' féadadar a mbrón do choiméad fé ceilt, dá mhéid fgáth a bí orra roimh an mbeirt larla. Ach chóm luath is d'imtigeadar fan, fiú ar buile na cúmalla ag triall ar Máire, gá cur in-iúl di cad é an cion a bí acu uirri, 7 cad é an cúma a beadh 'na diaidh orra. D'fan fisde go breagh ciúin focair, 7 gach díchéall aici 'á déanamh ar a n-ana-bhrón fan do mhaolú. Fé deire do táinig fí ar a gluaisteán, 7 a luchd fhiotálma go léir 'na timcheall, ag gabáil a buidheachair le Dia na gloire, i dtaob

ꝓoṁóꝛ ꝺ'á ꝛuiꝺ i nꝺáꝺ ꝺí a ꝺeiṫ ꝛuilingṫe aici anoiꝛ, ⁊ ǥá iaꝛꝛaiꝺ aiꝛ ꝺeiṫ aǥ caꝺꝛú léi, ċum ǥo ꝺṫéaꝺꝛaꝺ ꝛí a ꝛuiꝺ le ṫeaċṫ ꝓóꝛ uiꝛṫi ꝺ'ꝼulang le ꝓoiꝺne, maꝛ ba ċuiꝺe ⁊ maꝛ ba ċóiꝛ. Ꝺo ċaiṫ ꝛí an ċuiꝺ ba ṁó ꝺe'n ṫꝛáṫnóna ꝛan aǥ ꝛocꝛú a ǥnóṫaí ꝛaoǥalṫa. Ꝺo ꝛǥꝛíoꝺ ꝛí a h-uꝺaċṫ le n-a láiṁ ꝼéin, ꝺo ꝺein ꝛí a ꝛuiꝺ ꝺ'aiꝛǥeaꝺ ⁊ ꝺ'éaꝺaċ ⁊ ꝺe ꝛeoꝺaiꝺ aici ꝺo ꝺꝛonnaꝺ ꝛuaꝛ aꝛ a luċṫ ꝛꝛioṫáliṁa, ꝺo ꝛéiꝛ a n-innṁe, nó ꝺo ꝛéiꝛ maꝛ a ꝺí ṫuilleċe acu. Ꝺo ꝛǥꝛíoꝺ ꝛí leiṫiꝛ ǥaiꝛꝺ ċum Rí na ꝛꝛainnce ⁊ ceann eile ċum an Ꝺiúiċ ꝺe Ǥuiꝛe,—ꝺá leiṫiꝛ a léiꝛiǥeann ceanaṁlaċṫ ⁊ áꝛꝺ-aiǥeanṫaċṫ an ṫé ꝺo ꝛǥꝛíoꝺ iaꝺ. Ꝺo ċuiꝛ ꝛí cumaiꝛċe a h-anma aꝛ an mbeiꝛṫ, ⁊ ꝺ'iaꝛꝛ oꝛṫa ꝺíon ⁊ ꝺíꝺean ꝺ'á cúṁalláiꝺ a ꝺí 'á ǥcꝛáꝺ. Aǥ ꝺéile na hoiꝺċe níoꝛ iṫ ꝛí aċ an beaǥán ba ǥnáṫ léi, ⁊ í aǥ cainnt, ꝛan na haimꝛiꝛe, ǥo ꝛocaiꝛ ꝛoineanꝺa. Ꝺ'ól ꝛí ꝛláinṫe an uile ꝺuine ꝺ'á luċṫ ꝛꝛioṫáliṁa, ⁊ ꝺ'iaꝛꝛ ꝛí oꝛṫa, má ċuaiꝺ ꝺí aon ċuiꝺ ꝺá ꝺualǥaꝛ ꝺo ċóṁlíonaꝺ ꝺóiḃ, ǥo maiṫꝛiꝺíꝛ ꝺí é. An uaiꝛ ba ǥnáṫ ꝺo ċuaiꝺ ꝛí n-a leabaiꝺ, ⁊ ꝺ'ꝼan na coꝺlaꝺ ǥo ꝛáṁ aꝛ ꝼeaꝺ ꝓoinnṫ uaiꝛ-an ċluiǥ.

XVIII.

Ǥaeꝺilǥ ꝺo ċuꝛ aꝛ an mḂéaꝛla ꝛo :—

With regard to the queen's person, a circumstance not to be omitted in writing the history of a female reign, all contemporary authors agree in ascribing to Mary the utmost beauty of countenance, and elegance of shape, of which the human form is capable. Her hair was black, though, according to the fashion of that age, she frequently wore borrowed locks, and of different colours. Her eyes were of dark grey; her complexion was exquisitely fine; and her hands and arms remarkably delicate, both as to shape and

colour. Her stature was of a height that rose to the majestic. She danced, she walked, and rode with equal grace. Her taste for music was just, and she both sung and played upon the lute with uncommon skill. Towards the end of her life she began to grow fat, and her long confinement, and the coldness of the houses in which she was imprisoned, brought on a rheumatism, which often deprived her of the use of her limbs. No man, says Brantome, ever beheld her person without admiration and love, or will read her history without sorrow.—(William Robertson, *History of Scotland.*)

"A circumstance"—omit this, and begin with—Nuair a bíonn duine ag cur síos ar . . .; "the history of a female reign"—féimear 7 reacht bainsíogha; begin a new sentence after this; "contemporary authors"—luchd seanchair a comh-aimsire; "agree"—tigid . . . le chéile; "in ascribing to"—gá rádh go . . .; "utmost beauty"—ar áilneacht an domhain; "borrowed locks"—folt nár léi féin; "of different colours"—7 dathanna éagsamhlacha ar an bfolt san (or—7 gan dathanna na bfolt san beith do réir a chéile,); "exquisitely fine"—geal soineanda; "her stature . . . she danced"—combine both sentences—í ard meadhrach mireamhail, mé 'cú ag sinnce nó ag siúbal nó ag marcuidheacht dí; "with uncommon skill"—níb' fhearr go mór ná an choitchiantacht; "she began"—bí sí ag tosnú ar . . .

Nuair a bíonn duine ag cur síos ar réimear 7 ar reachd bainsíogha ní ceart dó gan suim do chur i bpearsain na bainsíogha. I dtaobh Mháire, tigid luchd seanchair a comh-aimsire le chéile gá rádh go raibh a h-aghaidh ar áilneacht an domhain, 7 í comh cúmtha córach 'na cruth ir d'fhéadfadh an cholainn daonna beith. Folt dubh uirthi, ach gur mhic a caitheadh sí, do réir nór na h-aimsire úd, folt nár léi féin,

ꝛ gan dadanna na bꝛoit ꝛan a beit do ꝛéiꝛ a céile. Súile duḃ-ǥlaꝛa aici ; a ꝛnódḃ ǥeal ꝛoineanda ; a láṁa leaḃaiꝛ ; cló ceaꝛt áluinn aꝛ a ǥéaǥaiḃ ó ꝛuiǥe ǥo ǥualainn ; í áꝛd maoꝛda maiꝛeaṁail, pé 'cu aǥ ꝛinnce, nó aǥ ꝛiúḃal, nó aǥ maꝛcaiḃeaḋt bí. Bí cuiꝛǥint i ǥceol aici, ꝛ do ǥaḃaḃ ꝛí aṁꝛán, nó do ꝛeinneaḃ aꝛ an ǥcláiꝛꝛiǥ níḃ' ꝛeaꝛꝛ ǥo mó ná an coitcianaḋt. I noeiꝛe a ꝛaoǥail bí ꝛí aǥ coꝛnú aꝛ ḋul i ꝛaiṁꝛe, ꝛ cáiniǥ na dadaca uiꝛci de báꝛꝛ a ꝛaid a bí ꝛí i bꝛꝛíoꝛún, ꝛ a ꝛuaiꝛe a bíoḃ na ciǥde n-a ǥcoiméadcí 'n-a cime í. Iꝛ minic a bí ꝛí ǥan lúḋ ó ꝛna dadacaiḃ ꝛin.

" Níl aoinne " aꝛ Bꝛantome, " a ḋ'ꝛéad aꝛ a peaꝛꝛain áluinn ǥan ionǥna do ḋéanaṁ bí, ꝛ cion do ḋeaḋt aiǥe uiꝛci ; ná níl aoinne a léiǥꝛiḃ a ꝛcaiꝛ, ná ǥo dtiocꝛaiḃ bꝛón aiꝛ maꝛ ǥeall uiꝛci."

XIX.

Ǥaeḋilǥ do ċuꝛ aꝛ an mBéaꝛla ꝛo :—

In Ireland, so long as any independent Irish life survived, the scholar was the most honoured man in the community. The spell of its culture fell on every foreigner who came to make his home in the country. There was a common saying ' that ten Englishmen would adopt Irish, for the one Irishman who would adopt English habits.' The human fellowship, the gaiety, the urbanity of Irish life, the variety of its ties and the vivacity of its intellectual diversions, and not least its passionate and undying appeal to those who esteemed learning and whatever may feed the life of the mind, drew to it irresistibly all who came within its circle. In spite of every effort of the London officials ' for the extinction of amities between the Englishry and the Irishry,' generation after generation of new comers for 350 years were gathered

into the Irish civilization ; until the passion of trade and of plunder quenched in the invaders all other aspirations.—(*The Making of Ireland and its Undoing*," pp. 235-237).

" So long . . . survived,"—an fuid ir do leogad do'n Gaedeal ruim a cur inr na neicid a dain le h-Éirinn 7 Éire do riarad uaid féin : begin with this ; " the spell "—tone down the metaphor ; " its culture "—nóra na nGaedeal ; " the human fellowship "—begin this sentence with Is amlaid (a tuigeadar na Gaedil an nádúir daonna 7 an gád atá le cadarsa i measg daoine) ; all the highly abstract expressions here must be rendered concretely ; " gaiety . . . urbanity "—díoscar fulcmar focma le ceile ; " variety of its ties "—ir mó rud a bí acu cum ceangail cadarsair do fnaidmead eatorra ; " vivacity . . . diversions "—inr na neicid a daineann le h-aigne 7 le h-inntinn an duine díoscar beoda bríogmar beact ; " its passionate, etc.," 7 rud ba mó le rád ná iad rúd go léir, bí oiread fan ruime acu i brogluim 7 inr an uile ní a cotócad beata na h-aigne, ná féadfad aonne a cirfead iad gan uraim a tabairt do'n fogluim 7 do'n aigne ; " generation after generation of new comers for 350 years "—na feacht fleacta dá dtáimig anall ar fead feacht gcaogad de bliadantaib ; " the invaders "—same as " the new comers," and therefore need not be translated.

An fuid ir do leogad do'n Gaedeal ruim a cur inr na neicid a dain le hÉirinn, 7 Éire do riarad ar a gurtal féin, b'é an fear foglumta ba mó uraim ir onóir i measg na ndaoine. Ní raib aon Gall a tagad anall cum cómnuigte ra tír, ná go gcuirfead, mar a déarfá, nóra na nGaedeal fé dhaoidéact é. Ir minic a deirtí go mbead deicniudar Saranac ann a cleactad béara 7 nóra na nGaedeal, in agaid an aon Éireannaig amáin a deinead

aiċriṙ aṙ nóṙaiḃ Ġaillḃa. Ir amlaiḃ a ḃuiġeaḋaṙ na Ġaeḋil an náḋúiṙ ḋaonna, ⁊ an ġáḃ atá le caṙaḋaṙ i meaṙg ḋaoine; ḃíoḋaṙ ṙulṫmaṙ roċma le ċéile; ir mó ṙuḋ a ḃí acu ċum ceanġail ċaṙaḋaiṙ ḋo ṙnaiḋmeaḋ eatoṙṫa; inṙ na neiṫiḃ a ḃaineann le haiġne ⁊ le h-innṫinn an ḋuine ḃíoḋaṙ beoḋa bṙíoġmaṙ beaċt; ⁊ ṙuḋ ḃa mó le ṙáḃ ná iaḋ ṙúḋ ġo léiṙ, ḃí oiṙeaḋ ṙan ṙuime acu i ḃṙoġluim ⁊ inṙ an uile níḃ a ċoṫóċaḃ beaṫa na h-aiġne, ná ṙéaḋṙaḃ aoinne a ċíṙeaḃ iaḋ ġan uṙaim a ṫaḃaiṙṫ ḋo'n aiġne ⁊ ḋo'n ṙoġluim. Na neiṫe ṙin, aḃ eaḃ, ṙé nḋeaṙa ḋo ċáċ a ċuaiḃ i ḋṫaiṫiġe ḃíoḃ nóṙa na nĠaeḋeal ḋo ċleaċtaḃ. Ní ṙaiḃ leiġeaṙ acu aiṙ. Ḋá ḃíċeallaiġe a ḃí muinnṫiṙ an Riaġalaċaiṙ Ġaillḃa ṫall i Lúnnḋuin ċum coṙg a ċuṙ le caṙaḋaṙ Ġall le Ġaeḋlaiḃ, ḋo ċeiṙ ṙé oṙṫa. In' ionaḋ ṙan ir amlaiḃ a ḃí na ṙeaċt ṙleaċta ḋá ḋṫáimiġ anall aṙ ṙeaḃ ṙeaċt ġcaoġaḋ ḋe ḃ' a ḃanṫaiḃ, ⁊ iaḋ aṙ ḃuile ċum nóṙ na nĠaeḋeal ḋo ġlacaḃ ċúċa ṙéin. Ġo ḋṫí, ṙa ḋeiṙe, ġuṙ ḃuaiḃ an ṙonn ⁊ an ṙloṙg acu ċum aiṙġio a ḋéanaṁ le ṫṙáċtáil ⁊ le ṙuaḋaċ,—ġuṙ ḃuaiḃ[1] ṙé aṙ an uile ḋeiġ-ṁéinn ⁊ aṙ an uile ḋeaġ-ḋúil ḋá ṙaiḃ acu ṙiaṁ.

XX.

Ġaeḋiliġ ḋo ċuṙ aṙ an mḂéaṙla ṙo:—

I think we have conclusive grounds for believing that the Celtic migrations to Ireland cannot have begun very much, if at all, sooner than the fourth century B.C. Before stating these grounds let us ask is there any discoverable reason for supposing that the Gaels inhabited Ireland for a time many centuries farther back. I think it possible that those

1. See "Repetition of Words for sake of Clearness," Studies I, pp. 237-238.

who, in modern times, have entertained this view, have been influenced by the dates assigned to the Gaelic immigration by Irish writers like the Four Masters and Keating. These dates may be taken to correspond closely enough with the estimates of archæological authorities for the commencement of the insular Bronze Age ; and in the absence of evidence to the contrary, if might be imagined that they were founded on some basis of tradition.—(MacNeill's *Phases of Irish History*, p. 49).

" Conclusive grounds "—eolaṙ naċ ṕéiḋiṙ a ḃṙéagṅú ; " if at all " put this parenthesis in a separate sentence—iṙ aṙ éigin a ḋoṙnuiġeaḋaṙ in aon ċoṙ roiṁe ṙin ; " let us ask "—ní miṙḋe a ḟiaṙṙaiḋe ; " any discoverable reason for supposing " an ṕéiḋiṙ teaċt ṙuaṙ le h-aon ċúiṙ a cuiṙṙí ṙíoṙ le n-a ṁáḋ ; " farther back "—níoṙa ḟia ṙiaṙ ná ṙan ; " those who, in modern times have entertained this view,"—na huġdaiṙ a ḋubaiṙt le ḋéiḋeanaiġe go raiḃ ; begin the sentence with this clause ; "have been influenced"—ġuṙḃ é ruḋ ṕé nḋeaṙa ḋóiḃ é ; " in the absence of evidence to the contrary "—nuaiṙ ná raiḃ aon eolaṙ a mḃṙéagṅuiġṫe aġ luċt ṙcaiṙe na haimṙiṙe reo ; " it might be imagined "—ḃa ró-ḃaoġal go ramḣlóċaiḋíṙ ; " founded on some basis of tradition "—ġuṙ ón muinntiṙ a ċáinig ṙómṙa ṙúḋ a ḟuaṙaḋaṙ . . .

Iṙ ḋóiċ liom go ḃṙuil eolaṙ aġainn, naċ ṕéiḋiṙ a ḃṙéagṅú, ġá ċuṙ na luiġe oṙainn a ċṙeiḋeamḣaint naċ ḟuláiṙ nó náṙ ḋoṙnuiġ aon aicme ḋe'n ḟobul Ceilteaċ aṙ ċeaċt anall go h-Éiṙinn, ḟuinn aimṙiṙe roiṁ an ġceaċṙamḣaḋ aoiṙ ṙuṙ aṙ ṙuġaḋ Cṙíoṙt. Iṙ aṙ éigin a ḋoṙnuiġeaḋaṙ in-aon ċoṙ roiṁe ṙin. Suṙ a ġcuiṙeaḋ ṙíoṙ an t-eolaṙ ṙan annṙo ní miṙḋe a ḟiaṙṙaiḋe an ṕéiḋiṙ teaċt ṙuaṙ le h-aon ċúiṙ a cuiṙṙí ṙíoṙ le n-a ṁáḋ, go raiḃ na Ġaeḋil 'na ġcóṁnuiḋe

in Éirinn puinn céad bliadan níos sia siar ná san. Na h-úsdair adubairt le déidheanaise go raib, ir é mo thuairim gurb é rud sé ndeara dóib é, an níd adeir an Ceathrar Ollamh 7 an Céitinneach, 7 srúibneoiri Éireannacha nach iad, ictaob na h-aimsire n-ar dóic leo a[1] tángadar na Gaeidil anoir. Sé uair a deirid siad a tornuig[1] an imirce sin ná an uair céadna díreach, nach mór, n-a ndeirid luct feanchair ir dóic leo a[2] tornuig Aoir an Chéad-úmha Larmuic de móir-cín na h-Eorpa, agus nuair ná raib aon eolar a mbréagnuighe ag luct staire na h-aimsire seo, ba ró-baogal go ramhlócaidir gur ón muinntir a táinig rómpa rúd a fuaradar an t-eolar a tugaid siad dúinne.

XXI.

Gaeidilg do chur ar an mbéarla so :—

But, it may be objected, the very remoteness of the time assigned to the Gaelic invasion by Irish historians must reflect the popular belief in its remoteness. If that be so, then the earlier the historian is the more near he is to the popular tradition. In the paper just cited, I have shown that, in the earliest known version of the chronology of the Invasions, the Gaelic migration to Ireland coincides with the date of Alexander's empire, 331 B.C. That is not very far from the date assigned by Coffey for the end of the Bronze Age in Ireland, about 350 B.C. For my own part, I attach no traditional value to this coincidence, but if it pleases anyone to insist that Irish prehistoric chronology has a traditional value, then it must be conceded that tradition, as far as it

1. See "Double Relative," Studies I, pp. 114-116.

2. "Treble Relative," Studies I, pp. 125-127, and inversion of direct and oblique forms, case 7°, Studies I, p. 130.

is valid, is altogether favourable to the view that the Gaelic occupation of Ireland belongs to the end, and not to the beginning, of the Bronze Age.—(*Phases of Irish History*, p. 50.)

" The very remoteness "—tá fáth ó foin : " may reflect the popular belief in its remoteness "—gurb eadh ir dóichi-de gurb fin é a chreideadh na daoine ; " if that be so,"—tig de fin ; " the popular tradition "—an treán-cuimne úd na ndaoine ; " just cited "—adubairt ó cianaib ; " For my own part "—am caob-fa de ; but this sentence down to *coincidence*, had better be left to the end ; " if it please anyone to insist "—már mian le h-aoinne a cur 'na luighe orainn ; " as far as it is valid "—cóm fada ir a téidheann an méid fin ; " to the end, and not to the beginning "—it is more convenient, and more usual, in Irish, to put the negative member first.

Ach b'féidir go ndéarfí liom, 'na coinnibh fin, tá fáth ó foin aneirim luchd rtaire a[1] táinig na Gaedhil go h-Eirinn, gurb eadh ir dóichi-de gurb fin é a chreideadh na daoine. Tig de fin, tá fáth igcéin uainn an rtaruighe gurb eadh ir giorra do'n treana-cuimne úd na ndaoine é. San airte úd a dubairt ó cianaib, do tairbeánar gurb é uair a táinig na Gaedhil go hÉirinn, do réir an cúnntair ir ria riar tá bruil againn ar Gabáltar na nGaedheal, ná an uair céadna dírigh a cuir Alecrandeir Mór a impireacht féin ar bun, .i. imbliadain a haon déag ar fichid ar chí céad, rul ar rugadh Criorc. Nior ró-fada é fin ó bliadain a caogad ar chí céad roimh Criorc,—an uair aneir Mac ui Cobthaig a bí deire le h-Aoir an Chréad-Umha in Eirinn. Már mian le h-aoinne a cur 'na luighe orainn go bruil baint éigin ag na cúnntairí ir ria riar tá bruil againn ar na neithibh a

1. See Double Relative, " Studies " I, pp. 114-116.

ċuiṫ amaċ in Éiṙinn in-allóṫ,—go bṙuil baint éigin acu leiṙ an ṙeana-ċuiṁne úṫ na noaoine, ní fuláiṙ a aṁáil, ċóṁ faṫa iṙ a ċéiṫeann an méiṫ ṙin, naċ ioṫoṙaċ na h-Aoiṙe úṫ an Ċneaṫ-Uṁa, aċ 'na ṫeiṙe, iṙ ṫóiċiġe a ṫeineaṫaṙ na Ġaeṫil talaṁ na hÉiṙeann ṫo ġaṫáil. Am ċaoṫ-ṙa ṫe, ní ċuiṙim aon ṫṙuim ṫe'n ṫṙaġaṙ ṙan ṙa ṙġéal. Iṙ aṁlaiṫ a ṫáṙla an ṫá ċúnntaṙ ṫeiṫ aġ taġaiṙt ṫo'n aimṙiṙ ċéaṫna. Ní ṙéiṫiṙ a ṫuille ṫo ṫeiṁniú aṙ.

XXII.

Ġaeṫilġ ṫo ċuṙ aṙ an mḊéaṙla ṙo :—

In the last years of his life David shared in the common misery of his country. In the heat of dispute he had made light of the doubts of those who had questioned the wisdom of accepting the articles of Limerick, though he could not completely suppress his own misgivings. Events, however, soon showed the conquerors in their true character. Instead of the promised ratification of the articles of Limerick, came the wanton violation of that treaty ; instead of the pledged amnesty, came attainders and confiscation ; and instead of the religious toleration enjoyed during the reign of Charles II, came the banishment of bishops and religious. No wonder David was sad and sick at heart when he gazed on the lands once frequented by the noble clans of Ireland, now driven into exile after King James, and saw no one free from poverty, no one safe from plundering, except alien serfs and mastiffs. —(" Ṫuanaiṙe Ḋáiṫiṫ uí Ḃṙuaṫaiṙ," Introduction, p. xli.)

" Shared in the common misery,"—ḃí an mí-áṫ 7 an leaċ-ṫṙom aġ ċuṙ aṙ Ḋáiṫiṫ ċóṁ maiṫ le cáċ ; " the wanton violation of that treaty "—iṙ aṁlaiṫ ṫo ḃṙiṙeaṫaṙ iaṫ ġan ṫṙuaġ ġan taiṙe : observe **iaṫ ;** " that treaty " is only an

artificial repetition of "the articles"; "the amnesty"—an cogaḋ do ṁaiṫeaṁ do ċáċ; "attainders"—caillteaṁaint gaċ cineaṫ d'fógairt ar . . .; "confiscations"—breiṫ ar ṁaoin ar éigin; "free from poverty"—gan earbaiḋ; "safe from plundering"—gan foġail; "alien serfs and mastiffs" "moġaiḋ 7 mairtíní allṁúrḋa."

I mbliaḋantaiḃ deiread a fáoġail bí an mí-áḋ 7 an leaċtrom aġ cur ar Ḋáiḃiḋ ċóṁ maiṫ le cáċ. Nuair a bíṫí gá áiteaṁ air nár ċeart ná nár ċiallmar an rud do ṁuinntir Luimniġe an tríoċċáin do ġlacaḋ ar na coinġiallaċaiḃ do tairgeaḋ doíḃ, deiread Ḋáiḃiḋ, dá luiġeaḋ muiniġin a bí aige féin ar na Saranaċaiḃ, nárḃ' fiú aon truim do ċur fa ċainnt rin. Má'r eaḋ, ba ġeart gur ċuir rud amaċ a tairbeáin go roilléir nár ṁirḋe droċionntaoiḃ a beiṫ aige arta. In-ionaḋ na gcoinġeall úd do fearaṁ, fé mar do ġeallaḋar, ir amlaiḋ a bíreaḋar iaḋ gan truaġ, gan taire. In-ionaḋ an cogaiḋ do ṁaiṫeaṁ do ċáċ, ir é rud a deineaḋar breiṫ ar éigin ar ṁaoin na nGaeḋeal, 7 caillteaṁaint gaċ cineaṫ d' fógairt orra; in ionaḋ a leoġaint doíḃ an creideaṁ do ċur i bfeirm fé mar a leoġaḋ doíḃ le linn an daṁa Séarluir, ir amlaiḋ a díbriġeaḋar na hEarpuiġ 7 na manaiġ. Ni h-aon iongna doubrón 7 cinneaṫ croiḋe do ċeaċt ar Ḋáiḃiḋ nuair féaċaḋ fé ar an bfearann a ċaiṫiġeaḋ raoi-aicme uaral na hEireann, 7 iaḋ ar díbirt ar aroir, indiaiḋ Rí Séamur, 7 gan éinne de fliuċt Gaeḋeal gan earbaiḋ gan foġail, aċ "moġaiḋ 7 mairtíní" allṁúrḋa fé féim fa ciṫ.

XXIII.

Gaeḋilg do ċur ar an mḂéarla fo:—

If Ireland had been a foreign country it would be possible to understand the war made by England on the commerce

and wealth of the people. The matter takes another aspect when this ruin was the deliberate action of the government against its own subjects. Ireland in its relations to England bore, in fact, the miseries both of an alien state and a subject people. So far as trade went she was treated as an independent and hostile power, whose wealth had to be destroyed. But if she attempted in the last resort to protect her interests by appeal to arms, her people were reckoned English subjects, liable to the terrible penalties of "rebellion" and exempted from any protection of the laws of war. The policy was justified to the popular sense by the profits that were won in the successful pillage of the country. So great in fact was the fame of Ireland among plunderers that, as we see in "*Two Gentlemen of Verona*," it became part of the polite education of the time to go and "look for islands."—(*The Making of Ireland and its Undoing*, pp. 166-167).

This is all fairly simple :—

Dá mba cír iarácta Éire d'féadfí a cuirsint cad fé ndeár do muinntir Sasana cosnamh do cur ar siúbal iscoinnib trádtála 7 iscoinnib fairsingir na ndaoine. Ac níorb' ead. Ir amlaid a bí muinntir na hÉireann fé smacht Riaghalacair Sasana. Ac in' aimdeoin sin, do dein an Riaghalacar san an uile fasar díchill cum iad a déanamh beo bocht. Do cuireadh d'fiacaib orra gac díc 7 gac donar 7 gac cruadtan d'fulang fé mar ba daoine iarácta iad, 7 san am scéadna do caitheadar séillead do dligtib Sasana. Mairg leir an dtrádtáil, níorb' fuláir leir an Riaghalacar fairsingear na nGaedeal do cur ar neamh-níd, fé mar ba náimde iarácta neamh-fhleadhacha iad. Ac dá ndeineadh na Gaedil sin iarracht, ra deine, ar iad féin do coraint le neart arm, 'fé deireadh muinntir Sasana leo ná gurb aicme fé smacht iad, a caithfeadh séillead d'á ndligtib, nó, muna ngéillidís,

gur dóib ba mhaith; agus níor leogfaí dóib a gceart do chomhairle le cogadh. An tairbhe fhaoghalta agus an tomhadh fhaidhbhir a fhuaratar ar an dtír do chreachadh, do chuir sé 'na luighe ar mhuinntir Shatana, mar d'eadh, ná fhaib acu 'á déanamh ach an ceart. Is amhlaidh a bí ainm na hÉireann chómh mór san i mbéalaibh lucht creachadh do déanamh, go fhaib sé de nór agus de bhéas ag daoine uairle na h-aimsire úd, "imtheacht ar lorg innsean"—mar a cimid 'á déanamh fa ndhámha úd.—"*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*"

C.—PHILOSOPHICAL.

XXIV.

Ȝaeḋiłȝ ḋo ċuṙ aṙ an mḂéaṙła ṙo :—

Wisdom gives laws to life, and tells us that it is not enough to know God, unless we obey Him. She looks on all accidents as the acts of Providence, sets a true value on things, delivers us from false opinions, and condemns all pleasures that are attended with repentance. She allows nothing to be good, that will not be so for ever ; no man to be happy, but one who needs no other happiness than what he has within himself ; no man to be great or powerful that is not master of himself.

" laws,"—ḋeiȝ-ḋliȝċe ; " life "—an cine ḋaonna ; " she looks on all accidents "—begin this sentence with—Sé a ceaȝarȝ ḋo ċáċ :—" true value "—cionnuṙ é ṁeaṙ maṙ iṙ cóiṙ ; " allows nothing to be good "—ní ṙuḋ ṙóȝanta léi in aon ċoṙ . . . ;

Ní leoṙ ḋo ḋuine Ḋia ḋ'aiṫint muna nȝéilliḋ ṙé ḋó. 'Sí an Ȝaȝna innṙeann an méiḋ ṙin ḋúinn. Ḋá ḃṙíȝ ṙin 'ṙ í an Ȝaȝna, leiṙ, ḋo ḃeiṙ deiȝ-ḋliȝċe ḋo'n cine ḋaonna. 'Sé a ceaȝarȝ ḋo ċáċ : an uile níḋ ḋ'á ḋtuiteann amaċ ȝuṙḃ é Ḋia ṙé nḋeáṙ é i ṙliȝe éiȝin. Ȝaċ uile níḋ ḋá ḃṙuil ann múineann ṙí ḋúinn cionnuṙ é ṁeaṙ maṙ iṙ cóiṙ. Ḋeineann ṙí ṙinn ḋo ċoṙaint aṙ an ḋtuaiṙim ḃṙéaȝaċ[1] ;

1. See " Studies " I, p. 239, for non-inflection of adjective in dat. sing. fem.

ᴅeineann ſí an ſóʒaċaſ ᴅo ċáineaᴅ nuaiſ náſ ṁóſ aiċniʒe a ᴅéanaṁ ann. Ruᴅ ᴅá ſeaᴅaſ, muna maiſſiᴅ a ſeaᴅaſ ʒo buan ní ſuᴅ ſóʒanta léi i n-aon ċoſ é. ᴅuine ᴅá ſáſtaċt, má'ſ aſ a ċóṁaſſain a ᴅíonn ſe aʒ ᵬſaċ ċum a ſáſta, níl ſéan ná ſáſtaċt aʒ ᴅaint leiſ an nᴅuine ſin,—ᴅaſ leiſ an Ɛaʒna. ᴅuine, ᴅá ṁéiᴅ le ſáᴅ é, nó ᴅá ṁéiᴅ a ċóṁaċt, muna mᴅíonn ſmaċt aiʒe aiſ ſéin, iſ beaʒ aiċi a ċáil ⁊ a ċóṁaċt.

XXV.

ʒaeᴅiliʒ ᴅo ċuſ aſ an mᴅéaſla ſo :—

It is very certain that no man is fit for everything ; but it is almost as certain, too, that there is scarce any one man who is not fit for something, which something nature plainly points out to him by giving him a tendency and propriety to it. Every man finds in himself, either from nature or education (for they are hard to distinguish) a particular bent and disposition to some particular character ; and his struggling against it is the fruitless and endless labour of Sisyphus. Let him follow and cultivate that vocation ; he will succeed in it, and be considerable in one way at least ; whereas if he departs from it he will be inconsiderable and perhaps ridiculous.—(*Chesterfield*).

" No man is fit for "—naċ é an uile ᴅuine a ᴅ'ſéaᴅfaᴅ . . . ; " but "—má'ſ eaᴅ ; " which something nature plainly points out "—ní ᴅeaċaiſ ᴅó an obaiſ ſin ᴅ'aiċint. Ṫaiſbeánann ᴅia ᴅó í ; " by giving him "—begin with—iſ aṁlaiᴅ ; " a tendency and propriety to it "—ſonn ſé leiṫ aiſ ċúiċi, ⁊ oiſeann ſí ᴅó aſ ċuma ná hoiſſeaᴅ aon obaiſ eile ᴅó ; " his struggling . . . Sisyphus "—níoſᴅ aon ṁaiṫ ᴅó ᴅeiṫ aʒ ċuſ na ʒcoinniᴅ. ᴅeaᴅ ſé ċoṁ ſuaſ aiʒe ċuſ na ʒcoinniᴅ

ꝛ bí ré ag Sioruḃ an ċloċ úd do ċur an cnoc úd ruar roiṁe (the "labour" must be specified in Irish); "Let him . . ." —say Aċ má . . .; "be considerable"—beiḋ mear air; "in one way at least"—de ḃárr na hoibre sin, murab ionann ir aon obair eile; "whereas"—ar an dtaoḃ eile de;

Ir deiṁin naċ é an uile duine a ḋ' feadfaḋ an uile ní ḋ a ḋéanaṁ go maiṫ. Má'r ead, ir cinnte, leir, gur ar éigin a tá aoinne ann nárḃ féidir dó obair éigin a ḋéanaṁ ar feaḃar, aċ cur cuige. Ní deacair dó an obair sin d' aiṫint, mar tairbeánann Dia dó í. Ir aṁlaid a bíonn fonn fé leiṫ air ċúiċi, ꝛ oireann sí dó ar cuma ná h-oirfeaḋ aon obair eile dó. Ir deacair a rád cia 'cu dúṫċar nó taḃairt ruar fé ndeár an fonn san a ḃeiṫ ar an nduine, ná an oireaṁnaċt san 'san obair. Aċ ir léir go mbíonn an dá rud ann, ꝛ nárḃ aon maiṫ dó ḃeiṫ ag cur na gcoinniḃ. Ḃeaḋ ré ċóṁ fuar aige ḃeiṫ ag cur 'na gcoinniḃ ꝛ bí ré ag Sioruḃ an ċloċ úd do ċur an cnoc úd ruar roiṁe. Aċt má leogtar do'n fonn ꝛ má leantar de'n obair, éireoċaiḋ leir an nduine, ꝛ beiḋ mear air de ḃárr na hoibre sin, munab ionann ir aon obair eile. Ar an dtaoḃ eile de, má ċugann ré failligeaḋ san obair ní ḃeiḋ mear ag aoinne air, ꝛ b'féidir, in ionaḋ mear a ḃeiṫ air, gurb aṁlaid a páineoċaḋ go mbeifí ag magaḋ é.

XXVI.

Gaeḋilg do ċur ar an mBéarla so:—

Glory ought to be the consequence, not the motive, of our actions; and though fame should sometimes happen not to attend the worthy deed, yet it is by no means the less amiable for having missed the applause it deserved. But the

world is apt to suspect that those who celebrate their own generous acts do not extol them because they performed them, but performed them that they might have the pleasure of extolling them. Thus the splendour of an action which would have shone out in full lustre if related by another, vanishes and dies away when it becomes the subject of your own applause. Such is the disposition of mankind, if they cannot blast the action, they will censure the vanity; and whether you do what does not deserve to be taken notice of, or take notice yourself of what you do, either way you incur reproach.

" The consequence "—'na toradh ar . . .; " the motive" —'na cúis leo; " for having missed the applause it deserved" —gan an molad is dual dó a beit fagálta aige; " the world is apt to suspect "—is gnát an fhaogal gá mear . . .; " when it becomes the subject of your own applause "— má's duine féin a mholann é; " Such is the disposition of mankind "—fiadé meon na ndaoine; " what does not deserve to be taken notice of " gníomh a tuillfidh cáineadh; " either way "—mar leo nó mar fiú.

We append *three* translations :—

(*a*)—Is 'na toradh ar ár ngníomharthaibh da gceart glóire a beit, in ionad í beit 'na cúis leo. Agus cuis iscár, uaisleanta, ná leanfadh clú an deagh-ghníomh, ní lúghaide uaisleacht an ghnímh gan an molad is dual dó a beit fagálta aige. Ach má mholann duine a ghníomharta fóghanta féin is gnát an fhaogal gá mear nach amhlaidh a mholann fé iad mar gheall ar iad a beit déanta aige, ach gurb amhlaidh a dein fé iad iotsheo go bréadradh fé beit ag maoideamh arta. Ar an gcuma fan, an ghníomh a beadh áluinn uafal dá mba duine eile a 'neosadh é, téidheann a áilneacht 7 a uaisleacht ar neamh-níbh, más duine féin a mholann é. Sid é meon na

ndaoine: Muran féidir dóib an gníomh do cáineadh cáinfid riad an baoir le n-a maoidteap ar. I gcás, pé 'cu ir gníomh a tuillfid cáineadh a déanpair, nó gníomh a tuillfid molad—7 tu féin ga mholad—ná fuil le fagáil agat ac cáineadh map reo nó map riúd (171 words).

(*b*)—Clú ir ead ir ceapt do teacht a deag-gníomaptaib in-ionad na ndeag-gníomapta teacht a dúil i gclú. Má téidean deag-gníom gan molad anoir ir airíp ní lúgaide a feadar é. Ac má molann duine a gníom féin ir amlaid adéanfaid an raogal gur cum beit ga molad a dein ré é. Ar an gcuma ran, an gníom a bead áluinn uaral dá molad duine eile é, cailleann ré an áilneact 7 an uairleact má molann duine féin é. Sid é meon na ndaoine; muran féidir dóib an gníom a cáineadh cáinfid riad an baoir le n-a maoidteap ar. Dein gníom ir ceapt a cáineadh 7 cáinfap tu. Dein gníom ir ceapt a molad—7 mol féin é—7 cáinfap tu. Níl dul ón gcáineadh agat map reo nó map riúd (132 words).

(*c*)—Ná dein gníom ar ron clú, ac tuilleadh do gníom clú. Má téidean gníom fóganta gan molad anoir ir airíp, ní lúgaide a feadar é. Ac má molann duine a gníom féin déanfap gur cum beit ga molad a dein ré é. Molad ó duine eile, árduigeann ré uairleact gním, ac molad ó duine féin, baineann ré an uairleact ar. Sid é meon na ndaoine: Muran féidir dóib an gníom do cáineadh cáinfid riad an baoir a maoidean ar. Dein gníom gan mait 7 cáinfap tu; nó dein gníom fóganta—7 mol é—7 cáinfap tu. Map reo nó map riúd cáinfap tu (103 words).

XXVII.

Gaeðilg do ċuir ar an mBéarla so :—

If you should see a flock of pigeons in a field of corn, and if—instead of each picking where and what it liked, taking just as much as it wanted, and no more—you would see ninety-nine of them gathering all they could get into a heap, reserving nothing for themselves but the chaff and the refuse, keeping this heap for one, and that the weakest, perhaps worst pigeon of the flock; sitting round, and looking on all the winter, whilst this one was devouring, throwing about, and wasting it; and if a pigeon, more hardy or hungry than the rest, touched a grain of the hoard, all the others instantly flying upon it and tearing it to pieces: if you should see this, you would see nothing more than what is every day practised and established among men. Among men you see the ninety-and-nine toiling and scraping together a heap of superfluities for one, and this one too, oftentimes, the feeblest and worst of the whole set—a child, a woman, a madman, or a fool—getting nothing for themselves all the while but a little of the coarsest of the provision which their own industry produces; looking quietly on while they see the fruits of all their labour spent or spoiled; and if one of the number take or touch a particle of the hoard, the others joining against him, and hanging him for the theft.

This very ponderous English cannot well be simplified.

"A flock of pigeons"—gruaċain ċoluir; "ninety-nine of them"—naoi noeiċ a naoi ðíoð (or the more usual naoi gcinn ðéag 7 ċeiṫre fiċid acu); "the chaff"—an cáṫ; "the refuse"—an ðramuíol; "sitting round"—insert 7 dá ðreicfá; "wasting it"—ag ðáirtú na cruaiċe; "and if a pigeon" say agus annsan . . .; "the others instantly flying upon it"—go léimfeaḋ an ċuid eile ċuige láiṫreaċ;

" tear to pieces "—rtrac ar a céile ; " toiling "—ag raoċar ; " scraping together a heap of superfluities "—ag rcríobaḋ 7 ag bailliú na cruaiċe de neiṫiḃ naċ riaċtanaċ ; " the provision "—an roláṫar ; " the hoard "—an tóṁur ; " joining against him "—ag éiriġe ċuiġe.

Tá breicfá ġraṫain ċolúr ingoṁ arḃair, agur—in ionaḋ gaċ colúr díoḃ a beiṫ ag piocaḋ an rubа a ṫaiṫnfeaḋ leir, ran áit ba ṁaiṫ leir, 7 gan aiġe 'á cóġaint aċ an méid a beaḋ uaiḃ,—go[1] breicfá naoi nḋeiċ a naoi díoḃ ag bailiú an méid a ġeiḃḋíṁ in aon cruaiċ aṁáin do'n aon ċolúr aṁáin, gan a ċoiméad dóiḃ féin aċ an cáṫ 7 an traḃuíol, 7 gurḃ é an t-aon ċolúr aṁáin rin an colúr ba laiġe 7 ba ṁeara, b'féidir, de'n ġraṫain ; 7 tá breicfá na colúr go léir 'na ruiḋe móṁ-ṫimċeall ag féaċaint ar an aon ċolúr aṁáin, iġcaiṫeaṁ an ġeiṁriḋ, ag iṫe 7 ag rgaipeaḋ 7 ag báṫú na cruaiċe ; 7 annran tá mbaineaḋ colúr éigin ba ṫeire nó doḃ' ocaraiġe ná an ċuid eile, tá mbaineaḋ ré[2] leir an gcruaiċ 7 aon ġráinne de do cóġaint, go léimfeaḋ an ċuid eile ċuiġe láiṫreaċ 7 go rtracfaidír ar a céile é ;—tá breicfá an méid rin go léir, ní feicfá aċ an rud atá tá déanaṁ 7 tá ṁolaḋ gaċ aon lá i measg daoine. Cionn cú, i measg daoine, naonḃur 7 ceiṫre fiċid ag raoċar 7 ag rcríobaḋ 7 ag bailiú na cruaiċe de neiṫiḃ naċ riaċtanaċ, do'n aoinne aṁáin, 7 gan 'ran aoinne aṁáin rin go minic aċ an té ir laiġe 7 ir mearа díoḃ go léir,—leanḃ, b'féidir, nó bean, nó duine ḃuile, nó amaḋán—7 gan ag luċt an traoċair o'á faġáil dóiḃ féin aċ beaġán de'n ċuid ir gairḃe de'n trolátar a ḋeineann a raoċar féin ; 7 iad 'na ruiḋe ar a ruaiṁneaṫ ag féaċaint ar ṫoraḋ a raoċair tá ċaiṫeaṁ nó tá lot ; 7 má ḃaineann duine acu le h-aon ḃliúire de'n rtóṁur, an ċuid eile ag éiriġe ċuiġe láiṫreaċ 7 gá crocaḋ mar ġeall ar an ngaḋuiḋeaċt.

1. See "Change of Construction," Studies I, pp. 194-195.
2. See Studies, Chap. XII, pp. 237-238.

XXVIII.

Spend not your time in that which profits not; for your labour and your health, your time and your studies, are very valuable; and it is a thousand pities to see a diligent and hopeful person spend himself in gathering shells and little pebbles, in telling sands upon the shores, and making garlands of useless daisies. Study that which is profitable, that which will make you useful to churches and commonwealths, that which will make you desirable and wise. Only I shall add this to you, that in learning there are a variety of things as well as in religion: there are studies more and less useful, and everything that is useful will be required in its time: and I may in this also use the words of our Blessed Saviour, "These things ought you to look after, and not to leave the other unregarded." But your great care is to be in the things of God and of religion, in holiness and true wisdom, remembering the saying of Origen, "That the knowledge which arises from goodness is something that is more certain and more divine than all demonstration," than all other learnings of the world.—(*Jeremy Taylor*).

"Spend not"—Seaċain ⁊ gan . . .; "in that which profits not"—le neiṫiḃ naċ taiṁḃe ḋuit; "and"—ḋá ḃṁíg rin; "it is a thousand pities"—naċ tṁaġ ċṁáiḋte; "diligent and hopeful person,"—ḋuine cṁíoċnaṁail gaṙḋa; "spend himself"—gan de ċúṁam air aċ . . .; "gathering shells," etc.—tone down by inserting maṙ a ḋéanṙá; "Study,"—ḋein-ṙe . . . ḋ'ḟoġluim; "and I may in this also"—agur ó'ṙ ag tagairt ḋó ṙan ḋom, ní miṙde ḋom . . .; "the words"—an ċainnt **úd**; "the saying"—an ċainnt úd;

Seaċain ⁊ gan ḋo ċuiḋ aimṙire ḋo ċaiṫeaṁ le neiṫiḃ naċ taiṁḃe ḋuit. Ní ḃeag é luaċ ḋo ṡaoṫair ⁊ ḋo ṙláinte,

ná ní beaɡ é toṁaḋ na haimṁíre úḋ ɁḊo ċoḋ' foɡluma. Ḋá bṁíɡ ṁin naċ ṫṁuaɡ ċṁáiḋe ḋuine cṁíoċnaṁail ɡarta a ḋ'feirċint, Ɂɡan de ċúṁam air aċ, maṁ a déarṗá, beiṫ aɡ bailiú ṁioɡán Ɂ cloiċíní, nó beiṫ aɡ comaireaṁ ɡainṁe na ṫṁáɡa, nó beiṫ aɡ piɡe ṗleaɡ de neoiníniḃ neaṁ ċaiṁḃeaċa! Ḋein-se an níḋ ir caiṁḃe ḋuiṫ ḋ'foɡluim, an níḋ le n-a nḋéanṗair maiṫeaṁ ḋon Ɛaɡlair Ɂ ḋo'n ċoiṫċeantaċt, an níḋ ar a ḋṫiocṗaiḋ eaɡna ḋuiṫ féin, Ɂ meaṁ oṁṫ ḋo luċt ṫ'aiṫne. Aċ, féaċ, ní miṫde a ṁáḋ ɡur 'mó níḋ a ḃaineann leir an ḃṗoɡluim, fé maṁ ir 'mó ɡníoṁ a ḃaineam le ḋualɡairíḃ an ċneiḋiṁ; ɡo ḃṗuil foɡluim ann ir caiṁḃiġe ná a ċéile, aċ dá luiɡeaḋ caiṁḃe ṁuṫ, ɡo mḃainṗar feiḋm ar in' am féin. Aɡur ó'r aɡ caɡairt dó ran ḋom, ní miṫde ḋom an ċainnt úḋ áṁ Slánuiġṫeora ḋo ċur i ɡcuiṁne ḋuiṫ:— "Ḃa ċóiṁ ḋaoiḃ aiṫe caḋairt do ṁa neiṫiḃ reo, Ɂ ɡan failliġe a ṫaḋairt inṁ na neiṫiḃ eile úḋ." Aċ eaṫoṁṫa ɡo léiṁ,— na neiṫe a ḃaineann le Ḋia Ɂ leir an ɡcneideaṁ, le beannuiġṫeaċt beaṫaḋ, Ɂ leir an ḃṗíoṁ-eaɡna, ḋóiḃ-ṗin ir eaḋ ir mó ir ceaṁt ḋuiṫ aiṫe caḋairt. Maṁ ḃ' fíoṁ ḋ' Oṁiɡener an ċainnt úḋ a ḋuḃairt ṗé,—ɡur deiṁne Ɂ ɡur ḋiaḋa ná an uile eolur dá ṗeaḋar, Ɂ ná a ḃṗuil ḋ'eolur ann pé luiġe na ɡnéine, an ṫ-eolar úḋ a ċiɡ a cṁoiḋe an ḋuine fóɡanṫa.

XXIX.

Ɡaeḋilɡ do ċur ar an mḂéarla ṁo:—

This investigation has led to my having many enemies of the worst and most dangerous kind, and has given occasion also to many calumnies. And I am called wise, for my hearers always imagine that I myself possess the wisdom which I find wanting in others; but the truth is, that God only is wise; and in this oracle he means to say that the

wisdom of men is little or nothing; he is not speaking of Socrates, he is only using my name as an illustration, as if he said, "He, o men, is the wisest, who, like Socrates, knows that his wisdom is in truth worth nothing. And so I go my way, obedient to the god, and make inquisition into the wisdom of anyone, whether citizen or stranger, who appears to be wise; and if he is not wise, then in vindication of the oracle I show him that he is not wise; and this occupation quite absorbs me, and I have no time to give either to any public matter of interest, or to any concern of my own, but I am in utter poverty by reason of my devotion to the God.—(Plato,—*Apology of Socrates.*)

Ċáinig de'n ċeirtiúċán san gur ċuir náiṁde ċum d' á lán daoine, 7 iad niṁneaċ fearúil ċúgam,—ċóṁ fearúil 7 ċóṁ niṁneaċ 7 d' fhéadfaḋ aonne a ḃeiṫ,—i dtreo go gcáinid siad 7 go marluigid siad mé i móián slighe. Cuid de'n ċáineaḋ ir eaḋ an ainm úd "eagnaide" do ċaḃairt orm. Mar ir amlaiḋ ir ḋóiċ leir an muinntir a ḃíonn ag éirteaċt liom go ḃfuil an eagna so agam. Agus ní ḋeinim-se aċ a ċairḃeáint í ḃeiṫ in earnaṁ oiṫa súd. Níl éinne eagnaide i gceart aċ Dia amáin. Agus ir é ṁear sé a ráḋ, tré n-a fáiḋ, sa ċainnt úd, ná naċ fiú aċ neaṁní ḋ an eagna ḋaonna. Ní haṁlaiḋ do labair sé orm-sa in aon ċor, aċ ir amlaiḋ ir eisiompláir m'ainm-se aige, ċóṁ maiṫ ir ḋá ndéarfaḋ sé mar seo:—Sé duine ir eagnaide oraiḃ an té a ċuigeann, mar a ċuigeann Sócratéz, naċ fiú aċ neaṁní ḋ a ḃfuil d' eagna aige. D'á ḃrig sin deinim sud ar Dia, 7 mé ag gaḃáil timċeall, ag lorg eoluir, 7 ag ceirtiúċán sa sgéal, má ḃíonn ainm na h-eagna amuiċ ar éinne, pé 'cu duine dem' ḋúṫaig féin é, nó duine iaraċta. Agus má fáimigeann gan an eagna do ḃeiṫ aige, ir é ḋeinim-se Dia 7 an fáiḋ do ċoraint, gá ċairḃeáint dó go ḃfuil an eagna in earnaṁ air. Agus bím ċóṁ cugċa do'n obair

ꞅɪn nᾶ bíonn ᴅ'uᾶɪn ᾳᵹᾶm ᾶɪꞅe ċᾶbᾶɪꞅꞇ ᴅ'ᾶon nīᴅ, ᴅᾶ ꞅeᾶbᾶꞅ, ᴅᾶ mbᾶɪneᾶnn leɪꞅ ᾶn bꞅuɪbleᴅeᾶċꞇ nᾶ leᴍ' ᵹnóꞇᾶíᴅ ꞅéɪn, ᾶċ ɪꞅ ᾶᴍlᾶíᴅ ᾶ bíᴍ beo boċꞇ ᴅe bᾶꞅꞅ ᾶ mbíonᵹ ne ꞅuɪᴍ ᾳᵹᾶm 'ᾶ ċuꞅ ɪ ꞅeɪꞅbíꞅ Dé.

XXX.

ᵹᾶeᴅɪlᵹ ᴅo ċuꞅ ᾶꞅ ᾶn mbéᾶꞅꞇᾶ ꞅo :—

Moreover, if there is time and inclination towards philosophy, yet the body introduces a turmoil and confusion and fear into the course of speculation, and hinders us from seeing the truth ; and all experience shows that if we would have pure knowledge of anything we must be quit of the body, and the soul in herself must behold all things in themselves ; then, I suppose, that we shall attain that which we desire, and of which we say that we are lovers, and that is wisdom ; not while we live, but after death, as the argument shows ; for if, while in company with the body, the soul cannot have pure knowledge, one of two things seems to follow—either knowledge is not to be attained at all, or if at all, after death. For then, and not till then, the soul will be in herself alone and without the body. In the present life, I reckon that we make the nearest approach to knowledge, when we have the least possible concern or interest in the body, and are not saturated with the bodily nature, but remain pure, until the hour when God Himself is pleased to release us. And then the foolishness of the body will be cleared away, and we shall be pure, and hold converse with other pure souls, and know of ourselves the clear light everywhere ; and this is surely the light of truth. For no impure thing is allowed to approach the pure.—(Plato, *Phædo.*)

"Time and inclination"—in Irish say "inclination and time"; "turmoil and confusion"—ꝺoꝛṁán 7 ꝺoꝛṁeaꝛʒ; "we must be quit of the body"—ní ꝼuláiꝛ an ꝺ-anam ꝺo ꝛʒaꝛṁáint le coiláinn aʒainn. See Studies, I p. 209; "the argument"—a ḃꝛuil ꝑáiꝺte aʒainn ċeana; "one of two things seems to follow"—níl aċ ꝓoʒa ꝺá níꝺ aʒaꝺ.

'Na ċeannꝺa ꝛan, cuiꝛ i ʒcáꝛ ꝼéin ʒo mbeaꝺ ꝼonn aꝛ ꝺuine ċum ꝺul le ꝼeallꝛaṁnaċꝺ, 7 an uain aiʒe aiꝛ, iꝛ aṁlaiꝺ, in' aiṁꝺeoin ꝛin, a ċuiꝛꝼeaꝺ an ċoiláinn eaʒla aꝛ an nꝺuine ꝛin, ʒá ċoꝛʒ, le ꝺoꝛṁán 7 le ꝺoiꝛṁeaꝛʒ, aꝛ ṁaċꝺnaṁ ealaꝺanta a ꝺéanaṁ, ná aꝛ an ḃꝛíꝛinne ꝺo ċuiꝛʒint. Iꝛ léiꝛ ón ꝛaoʒal, máꝛ mian linn eolaꝛ a ḃeiṫ aʒainn aꝛ aon níꝺ, ʒo ʒlé 7 ʒo ʒlan, naċ ꝼuláiꝛ an ꝺ-anam ꝺo ꝛʒaꝛaiṁaint le coiláinn aʒainn, 7 é ꝺo ċuiꝛʒint, uaiꝺ ꝼéin, an uile níꝺ[1] ann ꝼéin ʒo ḃunaꝺaꝛaċ. Siꝺ é uaiꝛ iꝛ ꝺóiċiʒe-ꝺe ꝺúinn ʒꝛeim a ḃꝛeiṫ aꝛ an eaʒna úꝺ a loiꝛʒimíꝺ, 7 a ꝺeiꝛimíꝺ ʒo ḃꝛuil ʒꝛáꝺ aʒainn ꝺí,—nuaiꝛ a ʒeoḃmíꝺ báꝛ. Níl ḃꝛeiṫ aʒainn uiꝛṫi an ꝼaiꝺ a ṁaiꝛimíꝺ, maꝛ iꝛ léiꝛ ó n-a ḃꝛuil ꝑáiꝺte ċeana aʒainn; ꝺá ḃꝛíʒ ꝛin, muꝛan ꝼéiꝺiꝛ ꝺo'n anam, an ꝼaiꝺ a ḃeiꝺ ꝛé i ḃꝛoċaiꝛ na coiꝛa, ꝺeaċt ꝛuaꝛ le ʒlain-eolaꝛ, níl aċ ꝓoʒa ꝺá níꝺ aʒaꝺ,—naċ ꝼéiꝺiꝛ eolaꝛ ꝺ' ꝼaʒáil in aonċoꝛ, nó ʒuꝛ ꝛéiꝛ ḃáiꝛ aṁáin iꝛ ꝼéiꝺiꝛ é. Ꝛéiꝛ ḃáiꝛ aṁáin iꝛ eaꝺ a ḃeiꝺ an ꝺ-anam leiꝛ ꝼéin, 7 é ꝺeiʒilꝺe ó'n ʒcoiláinn. An ꝼaiꝺ a ḃeimíꝺ aꝛ an ꝛaoʒal ꝛo, iꝛ é uaiꝛ iꝛ ꝺóiċ liom iꝛ ʒioꝛꝛa ḃeimíꝺ[2] ꝺo'n eaʒna an uaiꝛ iꝛ lúʒa ċuiꝛimíꝺ[3] aon ꝛꝛuim ná aon ꝛꝓéiꝛ ꝛa ċoiláinn, nuaiꝛ ná ḃímíꝺ, maꝛ a ꝺéaꝛꝓá, ꝓáiꝺꝺe ꝛíoꝛ i náꝺúiꝛ na coiꝛa, aċ ꝛinn ꝺ' ꝼanaṁaint[4] ʒlan ó'n uile

1. See "Subject and Object expressed in verbal noun phrase," Studies I, pp. 147-148.
2. See Treble Relative, Studies I, pp. 128-127.
3. See Double Relative, Studies I, pp. 114-116.
4. See Verbal Noun, Section II, Studies I, pp. 151.

rmál coṁparṫa, go dtí gur toil le Dia rinn d'fuargailt. Annran ir eadh glanfar amach arainn leaṁ-dhaoir na colna, 7 beimíd iodhan, 7 cómluadhar aghainn le h-anmnacha iodhna eile. Annran, ir eadh, a dheirdh fadharc aghainn, uainn féin, ar an roillre ro-fheicre,—roillre na fírinne. Mar ní ceadhuighte d' aon nídh neaṁ-ghlan teanghdháil leir an nídh glan.

XXXI.

Gaedhilg do chur ar an mbéarla ro :—

Yes, that is very true, I said ; but may I ask you one more question ? which is this—What do you consider to be the greatest blessing which you have reaped from wealth ?

Not one, he said, of which I could easily convince others. For let me tell you, Socrates, that when a man thinks himself to be near death he has fears and cares which never entered into his mind before ; the tales of a life below and the punishment which is exacted there of deeds done here were a laughing matter to him once, but now he is haunted with the thought that they may be true : either because of the feebleness of age, or from the nearness of the prospect, he seems to have a clearer view of the other world ; suspicions and alarms crowd upon him, and he begins to reckon up in his own mind what wrongs he has done to others. And when he finds that the sum of his transgressions is great he will many a time like a child start up in his sleep for fear, and he is filled with dark forebodings. But he who is conscious of no sin has in age a sweet hope which, as Pindar charmingly says, is a kind nurse to him.

' Hope,' as he says, ' cherishes the soul of him who lives in holiness and righteousness, and is the nurse of his age

and the companion of his journey;—hope which is mightiest to sway the eager soul of man.'

That is an expression of his which wonderfully delights me. And this is the great blessing of riches, I do not say to every man, but to a good man, that he has had no occasion to deceive another, either intentionally or unintentionally; and when he departs to the other world he is not in any apprehension about offerings due to the gods or debts which he owes to men. Now the possession of wealth has a great deal to do with this; and therefore I say that, setting one thing against another, this, in my opinion, is to a man of sense the greatest of the many advantages which wealth has to give.—(Plato, *Republic*, Bk. I.)

"May I . . ."? Ar mbiodh dom . . .é; "which is this"—'sí ceist i ná i reo; "which is exacted there of . . ."—atá in áirithe annsan do . . .; "he is haunted with the thought"—bíonn an smaoineamh úd isteach in' aigne, 7 é ag goilleamhaint air go trom; "he is filled with dark forebodings"—tagann eagla aige roimh oíc éigin uathbhárach nach fior dó cad é; "as Pindar charmingly says"—do réir na bhfilidheachta úd aduabairt P.; "the eager soul of man"—say, tá anam an duine tugtha cum feachtáin. Pindar's word is *πολύστροφον*. "setting one thing against another,"—say—dá mbéid feidhm a deintear de'n traidhbhear.

"'Sead," arsa mise leis, "'sé corp na fírinne é. Ach ar mbiodh dom aon cheist amháin eile chur ort? 'Sí ceist i ná i reo: Cad é an tairbhe is dóich leat is mó a thug[1] an traidhbhear duit?"

"Tairbhe is eadh é," ar seisean, "nach uimhirte dom a chur na luighe ar cách gur tairbhe inaon chor é. Mar, bíodh 'fhior agat, féach, an uair is dóich le duine a bhíonn[2] an bár

1. Treble Relative, Studies I, pp. 125-127.
2. Double Relative, Studies I, pp. 114-116, and case 14°, pp. 132-133.

ag tuigeamaint leir, gurb fin é uair díreac a tagann eagla 7 imfnióm air nár táinig riam roime fin air. Bí ré uair, 7 adbar magaid leir, ab ead, na rgéalta innrtear i dtaob an traoghail tíor, 7 i dtaob na bpianta atá in áirite annran do'n droc-gnióm do deineadh annro ; ac anoir, bíonn an rmaoineam úd irtig in' aigne, 7 é ag goilleamaint air go trom, go mb' féidir gur fíor na rgéalta. 'Sé ba dóic leat gur géire-de a radarc ar an raoghal eile é beit cóm cómhgarac ran dó ; nó b' féidir gur é beit lag ón gcrionnacht pé ndeár é. Is amlaid a tagann droc-amhar 7 uacbár air mar a tiocfad rluag namad. Gac beart éagcóra dá'n imir ré riam ar a cómarrain cromann ré ar iad a cómaireamh in' aigne. Agur nuair a tuigeann ré cad é a lionmaire atá a peacaí, ir mimic, ar nór leinb, go[1] mbiodhgraid ré ar a coglaid le neart rgannra, 7 tagann eagla aige roim olc éigin uacbarac nac fíor dó cad é. Ac an té a tuigeann ná fuil ré cionntac in aon peacad, bíonn rúil le tuarardal aige nuair a tagann an crionnacht air, 7 ir aoibinn an nid an trúil rin. Is cuma nó banaltra féin dó í, do réir na bprioral filidheacta úd adubairt Pindar. "Is amlaid" ar reirean, "a cotuigeann rí croidhe an duine a mairgeann i mbeannuighteacht 7 i bríonaontacht ; ir í ir banaltra dó le linn a crionnachta, gá tionnlacan ran na rlige. Tá anam an duine tugta cum reachtain, 7 ir í ir tseire cum é threorú." Taitneann an focal úd an file go hiongantach liom. Agur rinné tairbe ir mó a deineann an raidhbreas—do'n duine fóganta, murab ionann ir[2] an droc-duine—ná bíonn air aoinne do mheallad dá deoin ná dá aimhdeoin ; 7 nuair a téidheann ré anonn, ná bíonn aon eagla air idtaob aon idhearta a dearb ag dul do Dia, ná idtaob aon fiacha a beit ag daoinib air féin. Is mór

1. See Exception, foot of p. 211 (Studies I).
2. See "Studies" I, pp. 202-203.

an Caḃair Cuiġe rin an fairḋḃreaṙ do fealḃú. Dá ḃriġ rin, ir é deirim-re, dá mḟéid feirḋm a deinteaṙ de'n tṙairḋḃreaṙ, ġurḃ é mo Cuairim ġurḃ fin é Cuaṙ an feirḋm ir cairḃiġe ir féidir do'n duine ciallmaṙ a ḋéanamh de.

XXXII.

Ġaeḋilġ do Cuṙ aṙ an mḂéaṙla ṙo :—

But, if the world had a beginning, what was there before it began ? Something there must have been and something which had the power of producing it. Had there ever been nothing, there could never have been anything, for, *Ex nihilo nihil fit.* That nothing should turn into something is an idea which the mind refuses to entertain. Nor is the case any better even if we suppose that matter had no beginning, that it has existed for ever as we know it now, and that at first there was nothing else. For if so, whence have all these things arisen which, according to all observation and experiment, matter cannot produce, as, organic life, sensitive life, consciousness, reason, moral goodness ? Had matter been always what it now is, and had there been no source beyond matter whence the power of producing all these things could be derived, they could never have been produced at all, or else they would have come into being without a cause. It would be like a milestone growing into an apple-tree, or a mountain spontaneously giving birth to a mouse.—(*The Old Riddle and the Newest Answer*, pp. 2-3.)

" of producing it "—an doṁan ir a ḃṙuil ann do Cumaḋ; " that nothing should turn into something "—ġo nḋéanṙaḋ niḋ de'n neaṁ-niḋ úd ; " that matter had no beginning "—an t-aḋḃaṙ aṙ aṙ deineaḋ an doṁan ná raiḃ túṙ riaṁ leir ; " as,"—ir iad neiṫe a deirim.

Aċ, má bí cúr ar an raoġal cad a bí ann rul ar ċornuiġ an raoġal? Ní fuláir nó bí ruo éigin ann. Agur ní fuláir nó gur ruo é go raib ar a ċumur an domhan ir a bfuil ann do ċumaḋ. Dá mb' fíor go raib uair, 7 gan ann aċ neamhníḋ ar fad, annran ní féadfaḋ níḋ a beiṫ ann go deo, mar "a neamh-níḋ ní deintear níḋ." Ní fearr a beaḋ an rgéal againn dá ndeirtí, an t-aḋbar ar ar deineaḋ an domhan, ná raib cúr riamh leir, aċ é beiṫ ann i gcómhnuiḋe fé mar a ċuigimíd é beiṫ anoir, 7 gan aoinníḋ a beiṫ ann ar dtúir aċ é. Dá mb'fíor ran, cár gaḃadar ċúġainn na neiṫe úd go léir ná féadfí a ḋéanamh ar an aḋḃar úd go deo? Fé mar ir léir ór gaċ infiúċaḋ, dá ḋoimhne, do deineaḋ ar nádúir an aḋḃair rin, 7 ó'r gaċ iarrtaċt, dá ḋéine, do deineaḋ riamh ar na neiṫe rin do ċumaḋ. 'S iad neiṫe adeirim, beaṫa na bplanda 7 na mbeiṫíḋeaċ, cómh-fíor na neiṫe a bíonn ar riúḃal laiṫriġ ionnat féin, cuirgint, cugtaċt ċum fóġantaċta! Dá mbeaḋ an t-aḋḃar úd i gcómhnuiḋe fé mar atá anoir, 7 gan níḋ ór a ċionn, 7 ċaiṁir amaċ ar fad, a ḋ' féadfaḋ beiṫ 'na cúir le cómhaċt ar ċumaḋ na neiṫe rin, annran níorḃ' féidir iad a ċumaḋ in aon ċor, nó ir amlaiḋ a ḋéanfí a gcumaḋ, 7 gan aon níḋ ann ċum a ḋéanta! Ba ċormhail é rin le cnann-uḃall 'á ḋéanamh a cloiċ-mhíle, nó le gein luiċe ón gcnoc.

XXXIII.

Gaeḋilg do ċur ar an mBéarla ro:—

We are therefore compelled by common-sense to ask when we consider Nature, What is the force or power at the back of her, which first set her going, and whence she draws the capability of performing the operations which we find her performing every day; that force or power which must be the ultimate origin of everything that is in the world?

This is the great fundamental problem which the student of Nature has to face, and beside it all others fade into insignificance. It is with this that we are now engaged. We have to ask how our reason bids us answer it, and the first question which arises naturally is, What light is thrown on the subject by modern Science, of whose achievements we are all so justly proud?—(*The Old Riddle and the Newest Answer*, p. 3).

" Common-sense "—ár gcíall daonna; " Nature "—nádúr an domain; " and whence she draws her capability " —agus cum na cómhachta a tabhairt di ar . . .; " the great fundamental problem "—an ceist is bunadharaigh; " beside it all others fade into insignificance "—is í is mó le rádh ar a bfuil de ceisteanaibh ann; " of whose achievements we are all so justly proud "—say—is éachtach agus is iongantach an t-eolas a fuarthar ar an ealadhain sin.

Dá bhrígh sin cuireann ár gcíall daonna d'fiachaibh orainn a fiafraighe, nuair infhúchaim nádúr an domain, cad é an neart agus an cómhacht atá laistiar de'n nádúr sin, cum í cur ar siúbhal ó thosach, agus cum na cómhachta a thabhairt di ar na neithibh a címíd á dhéanamh aici gach lá? Ní fuláir an neart san a bheith ann, agus ní fuláir nó gur uaidh a tháinig gach nídh agus bhrígh dá bfuil ar domhan. An té n-ar mhian leis nádúr an domain d'infhúchadh agus gan dá mbaineann léi do nochtadh, sin í an ceist is bunadharaighe nach fuláir dó a chur agus a fheasgairt. Agus is í is mó le rádh ar a bfuil de ceisteanaibh ann. Is leis an gceist sin a bhaineann ár ngnó anoir. Caithfimíd a fiafraighe dínn féin cionnus adeir ár dtuigsint linn an ceist d' fheasgairt. Agus is é céad nídh ná a céile adeir ár dtuigsint linn ná é seo:—Tá ealadha ann a bhaineann leis an nádúr úd. Is éachtach agus is iongantach an t-eolas a fuarthar ar an ealadhain sin. Cad é an t-eolas a thugann sí dúinn ar ar gceist úd

D.—CRITICISM.

XXXIV.

Ȝaeðilȝ do ċuṙ aṙ an mBéaṙla ṙo :—

King James landed at Kinsale on the 12th of March, 1689, and war began during the summer. David does not give us much information about military movements, victories or defeats. There are a few lines, seemingly written by him, on the march of some Irish troops—probably Sir John Fitzgerald's regiment—from the Maigh to the Boyne. In March, 1691, however, he composed a triumphal ode in praise of Patrick Sarsfield, in which he gives a *resumé* of the various exploits of his hero, especially of the blowing up of the Williamite siege-train on the 12th of August, 1690. In this magnificent poem he commends the rapidity of Sarsfield's military movements.—(Introduction to *O Bruadair's Poems*, p. xl.)

" And war began "—omit " and " ; begin a new sentence ; " the summer "—say the summer of that year ; " military movements "—ȝluaiṙeaċt na bṙeaṙ ; " victories or defeats "—render by *verbs ;*

Ṫáiniȝ Rí Séamuṙ i ndiṙ aȝ Cionn tSáile aṙ an dara lá déaȝ de Mháṙta, imbliaðain a ṙé ċéad déaȝ 7 a naoi déaȝ iṙ ċeiṫre ṙiċid. Um ṙamṙaḋ na bliaðna ṙan iṙ eaḋ do ṫoṙnuiȝeaḋ aṙ an ȝcoȝaḋ. Ní móṙán eolaiṙ ataá taḋaṙṫa aȝ Ṫáiḃiḋ ḋúinn i ndaoḃ ȝluaiṙṫe na bṙeaṙ. Níl innṙte aiȝe ḋúinn cia 'cu d'éiriȝ leo nó buaðaḋ oṙṫa. Ṫá roimnt ceaṫṙamḋan aȝainn aȝ cuṙ ṙioṙ aṙ ȝluaiṙeaċt Ȝaeðeal

éigin ón Máig go dtí an Domhnach. 'Sé is dóichidhe gurb iad diomua Seáin Mhic Gearailt iad. Dealraighean an fséal gurb é Dáibhidh a fsríobh na seachtamhain seo. Pé fséal é, i mí Márta, i mblíadhain a ré céad déag 7 a h-aon déag is cheithre fichid, do chum ré dán breagh bhíoghmar 'n-ar mhol ré buaidh an tSáighréalaigh ar an namhaid. Na h-éachta eile do dhein an laoch san do mhol ré iad, leis, ach is é is mó do mhol ré, a luaithe do ghluais an Sáighréalach 7 a chuid fear, 7 lón cogaidh liam do chur thré cheimidh 7 do lot. Ar an dara lá dhéag de lughnasa, i mblíadhain a ré céad déag 7 a deich is cheithre fichid do deineadh an ghníomh san.

XXXV.

Gaedhilg do chur ar an mBéarla so:—

I asked him if he really thought a knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages an essential requisite to a good education. "Most certainly, sir," said he, "for those who know them have a very great advantage over those who do not. Nay, sir, it is wonderful what a difference learning makes upon people, even in the common intercourse of life, which does not appear to be much connected with it." "And yet," said I, "people go through the world very well, and carry on the business of life to good advantage, without learning." "Why, sir," he replied, "that may be true in cases where learning cannot possibly be of any use; for instance, this boy rows as well without learning, as if he could sing the song of Orpheus to the Argonauts, who were the first sailors." —(*Johnson on Classical Learning.*)

"if he really thought"—arbh' amhlaidh ba dhóigh leis.—See Studies I, pp. 79-81. "an essential requisite to it"—nárbh' fhéidir . . . gan; "Nay, sir"—7 ní h-é sin amháin, ach . . .;

"in the common intercourse of life"—i ngnótaíb coitcianta an traoghail; "people go through"—tá daoine ann 7 . . . See "Introductory tá," Studies I, pp. 210-211;

D'fiafruighear de arb' amhlaidh ba dóigh leis nárb' féidir tabairt fuar mait a beith ar aoinne gan eolas ar an ngréigis 7 ar an laidin a beith aige. "Is dóigh, gan amhras," ar seisean, "mar an té go bfuil eolas ar na seanghaeilg sin aige, is mór a bhionn sa mbreis aige ar an té ná fuil an t-eolas san aige. Agus ní hé sin amháin, ach is éachtach a mbionn de dheifrighe idir an duine foghlumtha 7 an té ná fuil tabairt fuar air. Is léir an deifrighe sin i ngnótaíb coitcianta an traoghail gur dóigh leat orta ná beadh aon bainc acu le léighinn ná le foghluim."

"Ach, mar sin féin," arsa mise leis, "tá daoine ann, 7 éirighinn an raoghal go mait leo, 7 bainid siad taithe ar a ngnó, 7 gan foghluim ar bith a beith orta."

"Admhuighim," ar seisean, "go mb' féidir go mb' fhior san dá mba ná féadfí an foghluim do chur i bfeidhm. Cuirim i gcás an giolla so. Nior airigh sé focal riamh i dtaob Orpheus ná i dtaob na laoch úd do chuaid tar leis sa luing úd, san Argó. Ach ní fágann san ná go ndeineann sé iomrádh dúinne cóm mait is dá bhféadadh sé an t-amhrán úd do gabáil, do gaib Orpheus dóib riúd."

XXXVI.

Gaedhilg do chur ar an mbéarla so:—

If he fails in anything, it is in want of strength and precision, which renders his manner, though perfectly suited to such essays as he writes in the Spectator, not altogether a proper model for any of the higher and more elaborate kind of

composition Though the public have ever done much justice to his merit, yet the nature of his merit has not always been seen in its true light ; for though his poetry be elegant, he certainly bears a higher rank among the prose writers than he is entitled to among the poets ; and in prose his humour is of a much higher and more original strain than his philosophy.—(*Blair.*)

" If he "—say an rgríbneoir seo ; make opening sentence end at " precision." Begin second sentence with—" Though the public . . . " and finish the whole passage with the remainder of the first sentence of the English.

'Sé locc ir mearra dá bfuil ar an rgríbneoir seo, gan tseire a dóchain ná cruinneas a dochain a beit sa méid atá rgríobtha aige. Pé molad atá tuillte aige tá sé d'á fagáil mar go hiomlán ó cáċ aige. Ać ir baoglaċ nać i gcómhuide a mearcas i gceart cad na caob go ndeinteas a molad. Caitfear a admáil gur rgríob sé amgáin 7 dánta go fnarta. Ać ba cóir go mb' aoirde a clú mar geall ar an bprór ná mar geall ar an bfilideaċt do rgríob sé. Agus sa prór san fein—bíod go bfuil greann sé leiċ aige ir mó do geobtá de greann ná d'feallramnaċt, 7 ir mó do geobtá d'feallramnaċt na sean ná d'adbar nua uaid féin. Na h-airtí úd do rgríobad sé sa " Spectator " oirid siad ar feadar do luċt a léigte ; ać an té n-ar mian leis aon níd a rgríobad a bead níb' uairle nó níba fnoigte nó níba doimne ná iad, níorb' fulair dó a malairt de fampla do caprac cuige.

XXXVII.

Gaedilg do cur ar an mBéarla so :—

Roland is one of the most taking characters that epic poet has ever drawn. Of open and smiling countenance, and of

stout port, he is the pride and sunshine of his men. His fame as a doughty and dauntless warrior, as Charlemagne's right hand, was world-wide, and at Roncesvalles he did not belie his reputation. There, as nowhere else, were conspicuous the resistless dash of his onset; and the keen and massive vigour of his blows. The paladins are all, as regards these qualities, made more or less in the same mould (I by no means speak of a sameness that surfeits), they are all accessible to attacks of the battle frenzy—with more or less of Gallic swashbucklerism—and their swords are always swift to deal death. But Roland, pre-eminent as he is in physical qualities, is no less so in the softer qualities of the heart. His love to Olivier, a love passing the love of women, his brotherliness to his comrades-in-arms, his tenderness to the Frankish soldiers, not to speak of his devotion to Charlemagne, make a Bellona's bridegroom into something like the mirror of chivalry.—(Clark, *History of Epic Poetry*, pp. 186-187.)

Begin thus—Cuapouiȝ . . . nī bṙuiȝiṙ ann ; " Roland "—Ruaðlann will perhaps do, as suggesting a fitting etymology for the name of such a martial hero. Ruiðleán, Ruiðilín, and Reiðleán are found as Irish names ; " of stout port "—ṙaṁaṙ, láiðiṙ ; " Roncesvalles "—perhaps (as the etymology is doubtful) an Roṙ ṙéið will do in Irish. The name appears in the forms—Roncevaux, Rencesvals, Roncesvals, Runtseval, Runzival, Roncisvalle, Roncesvalles, Ronscevaux, and several others. The Latin etymology Roscida vallis, is almost certainly wrong. We should naturally expect the name to be of Basque origin. Many place names in the district end with the word—çabal (also zabal) meaning flat, level. Most of the forms occurring are therefore due to folk-etymology (*vide* " La Chanson de Roland," ed. by Léon Gautier). " the resistless dash of his onset "—notice that we use a definite

metaphor from the sea here; "Olivier" (Oliver): perhaps Amlaoib will do on account of similarity of sound;

Cuapouiġ ġaċ ouan móipóa óap pġpíobaó piam, ní bpuiġip ann ouine ba mó cáil ná ba ċeipe meon ná ba ċpeipe ġníom ná Ruaólann. Ouine ab eaó é, a bí ċóm ġealġáipiteaċ ġné, 7 ċóm pamap láiroip ġo mbíoó a ċuio peap móipóálaċ ap, 7 ġup ċuma nó ġaċ ġpéine leo é. Bí a ainm in áipoe ap puio an ooman le n-a ċpeipe 7 a neam-pġáċaiġe a bí pé ċum cpoda. D'é pníom-ċaoipeaċ é a bí ag Séaplup Móp. Ap an Rop Réiò oo ċaipbeáin pé ġo poilléip an cáil pin 7 an clú pan a beiċ cuillte ġo maiċ aiġe. Ní peacaċap piam in aon ċaċ eile a leiċéiò. Sa ċaċ pan bí pé le peipcint ċoip ċall, 7 an namaiò aiġe óá pġuabaó poime, map a pġuabpaó peiom na painnge peamain, 7 na béimeanna cpoma cpéana ġéapa aiġe á bualaò[1] opta. 'Siaò na pip cpéana ċéaona iaò, na Rioipí úo ġo léip, ġeall leip. Aċ má'p eaò ní hamlaiò aoeipim[2] ġo ġcuipeann an ċopamlaċt pan peinbċean ap aoinne. Taġann an lonn laoiċ úo ap an uile ouine acu; bíonn iapptaċtín oe'n ġaipġioeaċt úo na nġall ag baint leo; 7 bío a ġclaiomte oian oáptaċtaċ ċum béim báip oo bualaò. Aċ óá peaoap é Ruaólann ċap cáċ ap cpéiciò calmaċta ip eaò ip buiġe cpoiòe ná cáċ é, leip. Má'p piú é céile calma Oellóna oo ċaboipt aip, ní mipoe ip piú é, eipioniplóip péile 7 plaiteamlaċta oo'n uile Rioipe, oo ċaboipt aip. Bíoò a oeimniú pan ap an nġpáò úo a bí aiġe o'Amlaoib,—ġpáò ba mó ná aon ġpáò oo mnaoi; ap a báiò bpáċaipoa le n-a ċomplácaiciò ċaċa 7 coġaiò; ap a buiġe a bíoò pé leip na paiġoiúnóib Ppanncaċa; 7 ġan ampap ap an noílpeaċt 7 ap an noúċpaċt a ċaipbeáin pé piam oo Séaplup Móp.

1. See "Studies" I, pp. 216-218.

2. The relative particle after *proleptic* amlaiò is logically superfluous. Hence the absence of *double* Relative construction here.

XXXVIII.

Ȝaeðilȝ ðo ċuɾ aɾ an mbéaɾla ɾo :—

If his rebellion against fact has thus lamed the Celt even in spiritual work, how much more must it have lamed him in the world of business and politics ! The skilful and resolute appliance of means to ends which is needed both to make progress in material civilisation, and also to form powerful states, is just what the Celt has least turn for. He is sensual, as I have said, or at least sensuous ; loves bright colours, company, and pleasure ; and here he is like the Greek and Latin races ; but compare the talent the Greek and Latin (or Latinised) races have shown for gratifying their senses, for procuring an outward life, rich, luxurious, splendid, with the Celt's failure to reach any material civilisation sound and satisfying, and not out at elbows, poor, slovenly, and half-barbarous. The sensuousness of the Greek made Sybaris and Corinth, the sensuousness of the Latin made Rome and Baiæ, the sensuousness of the Latinised Frenchman makes Paris ; the sensuousness of the Celt proper has made Ireland. —(Mathew Arnold, *Celtic Literature*, p. 88.)

In the first sentence better omit " if " altogether, making it merely a statement of the Celt's " rebellion against fact." Then begin a new sentence ; tone down the expression " lamed " ; " appliance of means to ends "—express the *meaning ;*

Iɾ 'mó ċuɾ a bí aȝ an ȝCeilteaċ iȝcoinniú neiċe an ċɾaoȝail ɾeo. 'Sé ċáiniȝ ðe ɾin é beiṫ bacaċ, maɾ a ðéaɾɾá, i nȝnó-ṫaiú a baineann leiɾ an ɾɾioɾaiu. Má 'ɾ eaú, iɾ móiðe ɾóɾ a bí ɾé bacaċ inɾ na neiṫiú a baineann le cúɾɾaí ɾaoȝalṫa ȝ le poilitiúeaċt. Máɾ mian leaṫ bɾeiṫ aɾ níú áiɾiċe ní ɾuláiɾ ðuit beiṫ cliɾte ceannðána aȝ ɾoláṫaɾ ȝ aȝ ɾocɾú na neiṫe iɾ ɾiaċtanaċ ċum an níú eile ɾin ð'ɾaȝáil.

In' éagmaiṙ ṙin ní ṙéidiṙ dul aṙ aġaiḋ i maoin ná i maiṫeaṙ ṙaoġalṫa, ná ní ṙéidiṙ neaṙṫ na ciṙe do ḋlúṫú iṙ do ḋaingniú. Agus ṙin é diṙeaċ iṙ mó aṫá in earnaṁ aṙ an gCeiltiġ. Tá ṙé cuṫa d'áineaṙ ⁊ d'antláṙ an ṫraoġail ṙeo, maṙ a ḋubaṙṫ ċeana, nó, an ċuid iṙ lúġa de, cuiṙeann ṙé ruim inṙ na neiṫiḃ a ḃaineann le céadṙaṫa na coṫna. Taiṫneann dataṁna bṙeaġṫa ġeala leiṙ, cuideaċta, pléiṙiúiṙ an ṫraoġail, diṙeaċ maṙ a ṫaiṫneaḋ na neiṫe ṙin le muinntiṙ na Gṙéige ⁊ impiṙeaċta na Róṁa. Aċ ní aṙ an gcuma gcéadna a ċuiṙeann ṙé ṙiúd ⁊ na daoine ṙeo na mianṫa coṫnaiḋe úd i ngniom. Dioḋaṙ ran go héaċtaċ ċum beaṫa ṙaoġalṫa a ḃeaḋ ṙóġaṁail, raiḋḃiṙ, ṙona, do ṙoláṫaṙ ḋóiḃ féin. Aċ iṙ aṁlaiḋ a ḃí an Ceiltiġ ⁊ é aġ teiṙ aiṙ teaċt ruaṙ le raoġal a ṙáṙóċaḋ é go hiomlán. Iṙ aṁlaiḋ ná ṙaiḃ aiġe de ḃáṙṙ a ṙaoṫaiṙ aċ raoġal ruaṙaċ, neaṁ-ṙlaċtmaṙ, dealḃ, ⁊ é giobalaċ, leaṫ-ḃaṙḃaṙḋa, maṙ a déaṙṙá. An ṫruim úd i ṙóġaile ṙaoġalṫa ab eaḋ ṙé noeáṙ do'n Gṙéagaċ Suḃaṙiṙ ⁊ Coiṙinṫ, do'n Róṁánaċ Caṫaiṙ na Róṁa ⁊ Daiae, ⁊ do'n Ṙṙanncaċ—a ṙuaiṙ bliaṙ aṙ a leiṫéid ón Róṁánaċ—ṙáṙaṙ na Ṙṙainnce do ċeapaḋ ⁊ do ċumaḋ ḋóiḃ féin. Niop ṫáinig de'n ṫruim úd inṙ na neiṫiḃ céadna do'n Ċeiltiġ,—aċ Éiṙe aṁáin.

XXXIX.

Gaeḋilg do ċuṙ aṙ an mḂéaṙla ṙo :—

We in England have come to that point when the continued advance and greatness of our nation is threatened by one cause, and one cause above all. Far more than by the helplessness of an aristocracy whose day is fast coming to an end, far more than by the rawness of a lower class whose day is only just beginning, we are emperilled by what I call the " Philistinism" of our middle class. On the side of beauty and taste,

vulgarity; on the side of morals and feeling, coarseness; on the side of mind and spirit, unintelligence—this is Philistinism. Now, then, is the moment for the greater delicacy and spirituality of the Celtic peoples who are blended with us, if it be but wisely directed, to make itself prized and honoured. In a certain measure the children of Taliesin and Ossian have now an opportunity for renewing the famous feat of the Greeks, and conquering their conquerors. No service England can render the Celts by giving you a share in her many good qualities, can surpass that which the Celts can at this moment render England, by communicating to us some of theirs.—(From a letter of M. Arnold, quoted in the Introduction to *Celtic Literature*, p. x.)

"We in England . . . point,"—Is amhlaidh mar atá an rgéal againne annso i Sasanaibh; "is threatened by"—use active construction; "the rawness"—no single term will do: say—iad gan léigeann gan lághacht gan tuisginn; "Philistinism"—again, no single word will suffice; "on the side of . . ." express these various contrasts by in ionad . . . is amhlaidh . . .; "this is Philistinism"—here it will be quite enough to say—Sin é fagar daoine iad; "the greater delicacy and spirituality"—say an bhiar úd ar áilneacht i ar prionnadúlacht atá . . .; "if it be but wisely directed,"—make this a separate sentence—Ach ní mór dúinn beith garta ra ngnó; "the children of Taliesin and Ossian"—say simply—Clann na Breatnaise bige i Gaedhil na hÉireann.

Is amhlaidh mar atá an rgéal againne annso i Sasanaibh fé láthair, tá níos áirithe, i gan ach an t-aon níos rin amháin, 'gár gcoisg ar dul ar aghaidh i ar dul i méid i mórdhacht. Is amhlaidh atá ár n-uairle i iad i ndeire na preibe i gan aon trúil aghaidh le cabhair uatha. Na daoine is ísle oirdhearc,

ir amlaid atáid fiad, 7 gan a dtéimhe ac ag tornú, 7 iad gan léigeann gan lághacht gan tuirgint. Ní fiú dúinn beit ag brat orda-fan. Ac eatorda fan irtig tá an tíomad dream daoine, 7 dá luighead cabair dúinn an dá dream eile ir lúga fór ná fan de cabair dúinn iad fo. Ir amlaid atá gach aon nid a baineann le h-uairleacht 7 le deagh-beatha á lot 7 á leaghad acu fo. In ionad blar a beit acu ar na neitib a baineann le h-áilneacht, ir amlaid ná faighid fiad aon blar ac ar na neitib ir gláinne 7 ir irle. In ionad an nid ir cóir 7 ir ceart 7 ir ionmoltha do gládú 7 do cur i ngnímh, ir amlaid ná cuimid fiad aon truim ac fa nodoc-mian 7 fa nodoc-gnímh. Inr na neitib a baineann le h-aigne 7 le friorad an duine, ní tairbéanaid fiad ac an neamh-tuirgint 7 an dalladh-púicín. Siné fagar daoine iad! Fágann fan, an blar ód ar áilneacht 7 ar uairleacht 7 ar frioradáltacht atá figte geinte i nádúir na gCeiltead fo atá 'n-ár meargh, gur anoir ir mitid é dul in uraim ir in onóir againn. Ac ní mór dúinn beit garta fa ngnó!

Da clúmhail an gnímh a dein na Gréagaig fad ó, nuair a buadadar ar an muinntir do buaid orda féin. Ní bréag a rádh go búil ré de caoi anoir ag clann na Breataine bige 7 ag Gaedhlaib na hÉireann an clear céadna fan a d' imirt orainne. Ir 'mó tairbe a d' féadfad an Saranach a déanamh do'n Ceiltead le cuid dá deagh-tréitib féin do bronnad air. Ac ní lúga ná fan an tairbe dob' féidir do'n Ceiltead a déanamh dúinne, i látair na huaire seo, dá mb' áil leir cuid dá tréitib féin do múineadh dúinn.

XL.

Gaedhilg do cur ar an mbéarla so:—

The epic poet is a great embellisher. He weaves a richer and more intricate pattern than the heroic poet. Weaving

a larger web, he has, in virtue of his ampler material, more scope, and indeed more necessity, for artistic disposition. His bigger story lends itself to greater possibilities in character-drawing, and to the more liberal presentation of entertaining contrasts between major and minor personalities. Narrator, as he is, of a longer tale of noble endeavour, he can mix the epic and dramatic in more telling proportions than the heroic poet. He is not only in a better position, from the vantage-ground of the possessor of a lengthy fable with principal and auxiliar heroes, to display the excellencies of full-bodied narrative—the onward sweep of events, their eddying dispersion, the calm and chastity of the pauses of fate—but better able, from the dominating effect of his wide expanse of story, to indulge in some digression, say, in lyrical outbursts, without imperilling the epic quality of his poem.—(Clark, *History of Epic Poetry*, pp. 49-50.)

"The epic poet"—We are handicapped here, as often, by a lack of well-defined technical terms. Perhaps "ᴅuan móɾᴅa" will do for epic poem; "embellisher"—express the *meaning;* "pattern"—an t-aᴅᴅaɾ ɾgéil; "weaving a larger web"—aɡ ɾníoṁ an ɾgéil ᴅó . . . . "artistic disposition"—an ɾgéal ᴅo ɸoinnt 7 ᴅo ɸiaɾaᴅ a loɾ ᴅeiɾe 7 maiɾe a innɾte; "his bigger story . . . character-drawing,"—iɾ móiᴅe iɾ féiᴅiɾ ᴅó cuɾ ɾíoɾ aɾ ɡaċ ᴅuine le cɾuinneaɾ . . . . oiɸeaᴅ ɾan ᴅaoine a ᴅeiċ 'n-a ᴅuan muɾaᴅ ionann iɾ an ᴅuan eile; "to display the excellencies of full-bodied narrative"—ċum innɾint a ċuɾ aiɸ a ᴅeaᴅ aɾ ɸeaᴅaɾ 7 aɾ áilneaċt 7 aɾ ċɾuinneaɾ; "onward sweep of events"—ɡníoṁ 'á ᴅéanaṁ i nᴅiaiᴅ ɡníṁ; "their eddying dispersion"—iaᴅ aɡ leaṫaᴅ ó n-a ċéile aɾ nóɾ ṫonnṫɾaċa na maɾa; "the calm and chastity of the pauses of fate"—aɡuɾ annɾan, eaṫoɾṫa iɾṫiɡ, ɡaċ níᴅ n-a ɾṫaᴅ, 7 an ċinneaṁaint, ᴅa ᴅóiċ leaṫ, aɡ féaċaint anuaɾ oɾṫa, ɡo neaṁ-ɸuaᴅɾaċ 7 ɡo neaṁ-

ċuiread ; "to indulge in some digression"—ċum gabláin a ċabairt ar . . .

An file n-a mbíonn an duan mórda úd 'á ċeapaḋ aige níl aon treo aċ an ċuma n-a mbíonn ré ag cur leis an sgéal. An t-aḋḃar sgéil a bíonn aige bíonn ré níos iomláine ⁊ níos cairte 'na ċéile ná an sgéal a bíonn sa nduan a ċeaptar i dtaoḃ aon laoiċ amáin. Ag sníomh an sgéil dó, dá méid ⁊ dá leiṫe an fiġeaċán a bíonn idir láimiḃ aige, ir eaḋ ir ura dó ⁊ ir eaḋ ir riaċtanaige dó an sgéal do roinnt ⁊ do riaraḋ a los deire ⁊ maire a innrte. Ir móide ir féidir dó cur síos ar gaċ duine le cruinneas, ⁊ ir aoiḋneḋe a ċuirfiḋ ré in iúl gaċ deifriġeaċt atá idir an duine aca ir aoisde clú ⁊ an duine ir isle oṫa, oireas san daoine a beiṫ 'n-a duan munab ionann ir an duan eile. Ó'r ria, ⁊ ó 'r uairle sníomaṫa, an sgéal a bíonn le h-innsint aige reaċar mar a bíonn ag an bfile eile, ir fearr-de féadfaiḋ ré cur síos ar mórḋaċt na ndaoine ⁊ ar ċalmaċt nó ar uaċḃáraige na nsníomaṫa, ⁊ gan an sníom a beiṫ ag baint ón nduine aige, ná an duine ón nsníom. Ní h-amáin gur mór an congnam dó fairo an sgéil ⁊ lionmaireaċt na laoċ a bíonn ann, ċum innsint a ċur air a beaḋ ar feaḃar ⁊ ar áilneaċt ⁊ ar ċruinneas : sníom 'á ḋéanam indiaiḋ sním ; ⁊ iad ag leaṫaḋ ó n-a ċéile ar nós connsraċa na mara,; ⁊ annsan, eatorṫa irtiġ, gaċ níḋ 'na sead, ⁊ an ċinneamaint, ba ḋóiċ leat, ag féaċaint anuas oṫa, go neam-fuasgraċ ⁊ go neam-ċuireaċ ; aċ, 'na ċeannsa san, ní beag an ċaḃair dó a leiṫe ir a láine a bíonn an sgéal, ċum gabláin a ċabairt anoir ir airír ar neiṫiḃ ná baineann le ceart-lár a sgeanann ré ; ċum amráin a ċumaḋ, cuirim i scár, annro' ir annrúd, gan aondaċt ⁊ mórḋaċt an duain do ċur i nguair.

XLI.

Ꝺaeꝺilꝫ ꝺo ċuꝛ aꝛ an mbéaꝛla ꝛo :—

He brought to the study of his native tongue a vigorous mind fraught with various knowledge. There is a richness in his diction, a copiousness, ease and variety in his expression, which have never been surpassed by any of those who have succeeded him. His clauses are never balanced, nor his periods modelled ; every word seems to drop by chance though it falls into its proper place : nothing is cold or languid ; the whole is airy, animated and vigorous ; what is little is gay, what is great is splendid.—(*Dryden's Style.*)

" A vigorous mind fraught with various knowledge "—Say—ꝺ'ꝼoꝫluim . . . aꝛ a ꝺíċeall, ⁊ 'na ꝺeannꝺa ꝛan ꝺí éiꝛim aiꝫne ⁊ il-eolaꝛ aiꝫe ; " richness in his diction "—ꝺo ꝛꝫꝛíobaꝺ ꝛé ꝫo bꝛíoꝫmaꝛ beaꝺ é ; " copiousness, ease and variety in his expression,"—ꝺí coꝺꝛom cainnꝺe, ⁊ líomꝺaꝺ ⁊ bꝛeaꝫꝺaꝺ ꝼocal ꝺaꝛ báꝛꝛ aiꝫe ; " His clauses . . . " Introduce this sentence with—Is é ba ꝺóiꝺ leaꝺ . . . ꝫuꝛꝺ amlaiꝺ a ꝛꝫaoileaꝺ ꝛé leiꝛ an ꝫcainnꝺ ; " nor his periods modelled "—⁊ ꝫan puinn aiꝛe ꝺo ꝺaḃaiꝛꝺ ꝺí, ċum ꝫuꝛ ċainnꝺ ꝫꝛeanꝺa a ḃeaꝺ innꝺi, ⁊ í aꝫ ꝼꝛeaꝫaiꝛꝺ ꝫo beaꝺ ꝺá ċéile (this also includes " every word seems to drop by chance ") ; " cold "—cainnꝺ ꝫan ḃꝛíꝫ ; " languid "—maiꝛḃiꝺeaċ ; " the whole is airy, animated and vigorous "—is cuma nó leoiꝺne ꝫaoiꝺe í, nuaiꝛ a ḃeiꝺeá ꝫá léiꝫeaꝺ mꝺóꝺꝺá ꝛꝛioꝛaiꝺ nua ⁊ ꝼuinneamh nua aꝫ ꝺeaꝺ ionnaꝺ.

Ꝺ'ꝼoꝫlaim an ꝼeaꝛ ꝛo a ꝺeanꝫa ꝺúꝺċaiꝛ aꝛ a ꝺíċeall, ⁊ 'na ꝺeannꝺa ꝛan, ḃí éiꝛim aiꝫne ⁊ il-eolaꝛ aiꝫe. Nuaiꝛ ḃa ꝺoil leiꝛ ꝼuꝺ áiꝛiꝺe ꝺo ċuꝛ i ꝫcéill, ꝺo ꝛꝫꝛíobaꝺ ꝛé ꝫo bꝛíoꝫmaꝛ beaꝺ é. Ḃí coꝺꝛom cainnꝺe ⁊ líomꝺaꝺ ⁊ bꝛeaꝫꝺaꝺ ꝼocal ꝺaꝛ báꝛꝛ aiꝫe, i ꝺꝛeo, aꝛ an nꝺꝛeam

ꞅꞇꞃíbneóiꞃí a ċáinig 'na ḋiaiḋ, ná fuil aon ḋuine a ꞅáꞃuiġċe. Iꞃ é ba ḋóiċ leaċ aꞃ an ꞅcuma 'n-a ꞅꞇꞃíobaḋ ꞃé, ꞅuꞃḃ amlaiḋ a ꞅaoileaḋ ꞃé leiꞃ an ꞅcainnt, ꞇ ꞅan puinn aiꞃe a ċaḃaiꞃt ḋí, ċum ꞅuꞃ ċainnt ġneanta ḋo ḃeaḋ innti, ꞇ í aġ ꞃneaġaiꞃt ꞅo beaċt ḋá ċéile. Aċt má 'ꞃ eaḋ, bíonn an ċainnt oiꞃeaṁnaċ. Ní cainnt ꞅan bꞃíġ, ná ní cainnt ṁaiꞃḃiteaċ í. Iꞃ cuma nó leoiṫne ꞅaoiṫe í,—nuaiꞃ a ḃeiṫeá ġá léiġeaḋ ḋo ṁoṫóċtá ꞃꞃioꞃaiḋ nua ꞇ fuinneaṁ nua aġ teaċt ionnaċ. Tá cuid ḋí, ꞇ tá ꞃuaꞃaiġe le ꞃáḋ í, tá fuil innti. An ċuid eile ḋi, tá ꞃí aꞃ áilneaċt an ḋoṁain, ꞇ a ꞃeaḃaꞃ aṫáiḋ na focail ꞇ a uaiꞃle aṫáiḋ na ꞃmaoinṫe aṫá innti.

XLII.

Ꞅaeḋilġ ḋo ċuꞃ aꞃ an mḂéaꞃla ꞃo :—

Each man wrote, as far as he wrote at all, in the dialect he spoke ; phonetic changes that had appeared in speech were now recorded in writing ; these changes, by levelling terminations, produced confusion, and that confusion led to instinctive search for new means of expression ; word-order became more fixed ; the use of prepositions and auxiliary verbs to express the meanings of lost inflections increased, and the greater unity of England under the Norman rule helped in the diffusion of the advanced and simplified forms of the North. We even find, what is a very rare thing in the history of Grammar, that some foreign pronouns were actually adopted from another language—namely, the Danish words *she, they, them, their,* which had replaced the Anglo-Saxon forms in the North, and were gradually adopted into the common speech.—(*The English Language,* by Logan Pearsall Smith, M.A.)

"Each man wrote"—D'é ba gnáṫ le gaċ duine . . .; "phonetic changes"—begin with ṫáinig de fin . . .; "these changes"—begin with—dá ḃárr fan; "word-order . . ." begin with ir amlaiḋ . . .; "the use . . . increased"—ir móide do deineaḋ feidm de . . .; "the greater unity . . . helped"—express by dá aontuiġṫeaċt . . . ir eaḋ ir mó . . .

D'é ba gnáṫ le gaċ duine, dá fgríoḃaḋ fé in aon ċor, fgríoḃaḋ fa ċanaṁain a labraḋ fé. Ṫáinig de fin, gaċ aṫrú fuama a ḃí tréir teaċt irteaċ fa ċainnt, go gcuirtí fíor anoir é, fa fgríḃneoireaċt. Dá ḃárr fan ir 'mó deire focail a ṫuit le ċéile, idtreo gur cuireaḋ móran de'n ċainnt tré n-a ċéile. An cur tré ċéile fin fé ndeár do ċáċ iarraċt a ḋéanaṁ, a ganfior dó féin, ar ḃríġ na cainnte do ċur in-iúl ar fliġtiḃ nár gnáṫ roime fin. Ir amlaiḋ a ṫáinig órdú 7 riaraḋ níba ċruinne ar fuiḋeaṁ na ḃfocal; ir móide do deineaḋ feidm de'n réaṁ-focal 7 de'n ḃriaṫar ċonganta ċum ḃríġ do ċur in-iúl a cuirtí i n-iúl roime fin le deireaḋ focail ná raiḃ ann fearḋa. Dá aontuiġṫeaċt a ḃí muinntir Śafana fé fmaċt na nGall ir eaḋ ir mó do leaṫaḋ na fuirmeaċa fimpliḋe go raiḃ aṫrú tréir teaċt orṫa, 7 ir mó a ḃí i ḃfeidm fa taoḃ ṫuaiḋ de'n tír. Agur 'na ṫeannta fan,—fuḋ ir annaṁ i fcrair gramaḋaiġe teangan,—do tugaḋ irteaċ ar iaraċt roinnt forranmanna ó ṫeangain eile, cuirim i gcár na focail loċlannaire úd, *she, they, them, their*. Dí na focail fin i ḃfeidm fan áird ṫuaiḋ de'n tír in-ionaḋ na ḃfocal Sacr-ḃéarla, 7 diaiḋ ar ndiaiḋ do ṫángaḋar irteaċ fa ċanaṁain ċoiṫċianta.

XLIII.

Gaeḋilg do ċur ar an mḂéarla fo :—

These modern instances will prove that the development of Grammar is not a matter entirely depending, as has sometimes been thought, upon historical causes, or upon phonetic change. Historical accidents, and the decay of terminations, no doubt help in the creation of new forms, but are not themselves the cause of their creation. Behind all the phenomena of changing form we are aware of the action of a purpose, an intelligence, incessantly modifying and making use of this decadence of sound, this wear and tear of inflections, and patiently forging for itself, out of the debris of grammatical ruin, new instruments for a more subtle analysis of thought, and a more delicate expression of every shade of meaning. It is an intelligence which takes advantage of the smallest accidents to provide itself with new resources ; and it is only when we analyse and study the history of some new grammatical contrivance that we become aware of the long and patient labour which has been required to embody in a new and convenient form a long train of reasoning. And yet we only know this force by its workings ; it is not a conscious, or deliberate, but a corporate will, an instinctive sense of what the people wish their language to be ; and although we cannot predict its actions, yet when we examine its results, we cannot but believe that thought and intelligent purpose have produced them.—(" *The English Language*," pp. 25-26.)

" As has sometimes been thought "—make this an independent statement (beginning with it) in Irish—Is minic adubhradh (we often use a verb of saying in Irish, where English uses a verb of thinking. A little reflection will show that this is more logical here ;) " depending . . . upon "—use fé ndeár ; " phonetic change," fuaim éigin dá raibh fa ċainnt do

dul ar ceal; "Historical accidents . . . no doubt"—begin with—Nil aon amhras ná gur . . .; "behind all the phenomena . . . we are aware"—say—ní h-amháin go mbíonn . . . ach ir léir . . .; "this decadence of sound" an cuicim fuama úd; "this wear and tear of inflections"—an caiteamh úd a déidheann ar . . .; "forging"—we may ignore the metaphor, as it would be clumsy and artificial in Irish; "new instruments" (still ignoring the metaphor) fligte nua; "It is an intelligence"—omit; "to embody in a new and convenient form"—do chur le chéile san aon focal amháin nó san aon abairtín amháin; "it is not a conscious . . . begin with ní h-amhlaidh and follow with an ir amhlaidh clause; "what the people wish their language to be" mar ir toil leis na daoine a dhéanfadh a dteanga (Double Relative, "Studies" I, pp. 114-116); "believe"—a admháil (see remark on opening sentence).

Ir minic adubhradh gurb é rud fé ndeár gach athú dá dtagann ar ghramadaig teangan ná nídh éigin a chuir amach do luchd labhartha na teangan, nó fuaim éigin dá raibh ra cainnt do dul ar ceal. Díodh a dearbadh nach fíor san ar na neithibh úd a táinig isteach ra cainnt le déidheanaighe. Nil aon amhras ná gur mór an congnamh, cum fuirmeacha nua do chumadh, na neithe úd a chuireann amach gan aoinne as cuimhneamh orcha, nó deire na bfocal do chuicim. Ach ní h-iad ro fé ndeár ar fad a gcumadh rúd. Ní hamháin go mbíonn focail na cainnte as fíor-athú uatha féin, ach ir léir go mbíonn aigne áirithe 7 inntinn áirithe gá fíor-athú, leis; 7 feidhm as an aigne sin 'á déanamh de'n cuicim fuama úd, nó de'n caiteamh úd a déidheann ar deire na bfocal; 7 fligte nua aici dá gceapadh, go foidneach 7 go fadaradhach, a toc 7 a leagadh na ghramadaighe, cum na smaointe do deighilt amach ó chéile ar chuma ba chruinne, 7 cum gach bhris fé leith do chur in-iúl ar chuma ba chirte 7 ba deire, ná mar

ba gnáth. Níl aon níd dá fuarraige dá dtuiteann amach ná go mbaineann rí tairbe éigin ar, 7 cúmácht éigin ná raib aici ceana. Ir deacair dúinn a tuigsint cad é an raodar fada foidneac nárb' fuláir a déanamh cum torad mórán rmaointe 7 mactnaimh fada do cur le céile ran aon focal amáin nó ran aon abairtín amáin. Ac ir minic a deintear an níd áirdeac ran, mar ir léir dúinn, nuair a bíonn reirt éigin nua gramadaige againn á infiúcad 7 á fogluim. Ar a raodar 7 ar a raodar amáin, ir ead aitnigmíd an neart ran 7 an cómácht ran. Ní h-amlaid ir toil í a tuigeann í féin, 7 a deineann beart do réir na tuigsiona ran. Ac ir amlaid ir í toil na coitcianta'cta í, a deinean beart do réir mar ir toil leir na daoine a déanfad a dteanga. Da deacair d'aonne a rád roimh ré cad a déanfaid an toil rin. Ac nuair a bíonn beart déanta aici, 7 rinn gá infiúcad, ní féadfam gan a admáil, gur a toil 7 a tuigsint a táinig a leicéid.

E.—MISCELLANEOUS.

XLIV

Gaeðilg do ċur ar an mBéarla so :—

After the oak and ash we examine the elm. The oak and the ash have each a distinct character. The massy form of the one, dividing into abrupt twisting irregular limbs, yet compact in its foliage ; and the easy sweep of the other, the simplicity of its branches and the looseness of its hanging leaves, characterise both these trees with so much precision, that at any distance at which the eye can distinguish the form, it may also distinguish the difference. The elm has not so distinct a character ; if partakes so much of the oak, that when it is rough and old, it may easily at a little distance be mistaken for one, though the oak—I mean such an oak as is strongly marked with its peculiar character—can never be mistaken for the elm.

Make two sentences out of the first ; " we examine the elm " — ar an leaṁán a ðéanfam tráċt anoir. " The oak and the ash have each a distinct character "—tá cuma fé leiṫ ⁊ cóṁartaí fé leiṫ ar an ðruinnreoiġ feaċar mar atá ar an nðair. After this sentence, take—" the elm has not so distinct a character "—aċ ní mar sin do'n leaṁán. Then after translating to the end, go back and take up the description of the oak and the ash :—" Agus is iad cóṁartaí is gnáṫ a ðeiṫ uiṁi ; " massy form "—i ðeiṫ go mór tiuġ toiṁleaṁail ; " dividing into abrupt twisting irregular limbs "—géaga fiada cartа cama uiṁi ; " and the easy sweep . . . " begin with—a ṁalairt de ċuma atá ar an

bruinnreoiġ (which will be sufficient rendering of "characterise both these trees with so much precision"); "the easy sweep"—na ġéaġa ar fineaḋ anuar ġo brea ḃoġ aici.

Tá fáiḋte aġainn ċeana roṫaoḃ an ċrainn ḋarraiġe 7 roṫaoḃ na fuinnreoiġe. Ar an leaṁán a ḋéanfam tráċt anoir. Tá cuma fé leiṫ 7 cóṁarṫaí fé leiṫ ar an ḃruinnreoiġ reaċar mar atá ar an noair. Aċ ní mar rin ḋo'n leaṁán. Is aṁlaiḋ atá oiread ran coraṁlaċta roir é 7 an ḋair ġurḃ' fuirirte ḋuit ḋul amuḋa ann; roṫreo, nuair a ċifá rean-leaṁán crion carta tamall uait, ġo raṁlóċtá, b'féroir, ġur ḋair ġurḃ eaḋ é. Má 'r eaḋ ḃa ḋeacair ḋ'aoinne a ṁeaṙ ġur leaṁán an ḋair,—aċt a cóṁarṫaí féin a ḃeiṫ ġo cruinn ar an noair rin. Agus is iaḋ cóṁarṫaí is ġnáṫ a ḃeiṫ uirċi, i ḃeiṫ ġo móṙ tiuġ toirteaṁail; ġéaġa fiarra carta cama uirċi, 7 an ḋuilleaḃar ġo ḋoċt ḋaingean uirċi. A ṁalairt ar fad de ċuma atá ar an ḃruinnreoiġ; na ġéaġa ar fineaḋ anuar ġo breaġ boġ aici, 7 ġan na craoḃaċa ḃeiṫ aġ ḋul in aċrann ra nḋuilleaḃar, ná an ḋuilleaḃar aġ brúġaḋ ar a ċéile. Tá brígh rin ní túirġe ḋo ċifá an tá ċrann ro, tá fairo uait iaḋ, ná ḋo ġeoḃtá iaḋ ḋ'aiṫint ó ċéile.

XLV.

Gaeḋilg ḋo ċur ar an mBéarla ro:—

The night has been very long, as yet only a faint glimmer of the coming dawn can be seen, and those who strain their eyes towards the hills fail to behold the soft radiance beyond the clouds. Dear Ireland! dearer for her sorrows, for the long night of pain in which she has tossed, bleeding and fever-stricken. Life is strong in her yet, for her soul is pure: she has been wronged, but her own sins are few. She has

learnt there is a possession more precious than riches or power, and she will cling to that which has upborne her amid trials,—her faith in God, her love of freedom. How easy it would have been to accept slavery, and to have been fed from the fleshpots; but she refrained, and has fought nobly for her national life. Now that she has at last vindicated her right is it too late? Can the flowing of her life-blood be stayed? Emigration has increased enormously this year and with it is going on also a large increase of foreign settlers.

"Very long"—fíor-fada; "a faint glimmer of the coming dawn"—amharcnaċ de folur an lae; "who strain their eyes"—atá ag faire go dlúṫ; "Dear Ireland!"—mo ghrádh-sa Éire! "fever-stricken" tone down the metaphor—ag ornaigeal le duaḋ; "her soul is pure"—tá a croiḋe follain, glan; "that which has upborne her"—an realḃar úd a coiméad suas í; "her love of freedom"—a súil le suarghailt (the love of hope, not possession); "accept slavery" luige isteaċ fén ndaoiḃre; "to have been fed from . . ." do ghlacaḋ mar roga; "she refrained"—níor luig, 7 níor ghlac; "and has fought"—aċ ir amlaiḋ . . .; "now . . . right"—tá an duaiḋ aici fé deire.

Ḃa fíor-fada í an oiḋċe, 7 níl le feirceint fós féin aċ amharcnaċ de folur an lae. An muinntir atá ag faire go dlúṫ ar na cnocaiḃ, tá ag teip orṫa fós na roillre boga do ṫaḃairt fé ndeara laistiar de sna sgamallaiḃ. Mo ghrádh-sa Éire! Ḋá méid a ḃfuil fuilingṫe aici ir éaḋ ir mó mo ghrádh di. Ir fada an oiḋċe atá caiṫte aici i bféin, ag taḃairt a cod' fola, 7 ag ornaigeal le duaḋ! Aċ tá an t-anam innti fós go láidir, mar tá a croiḋe follain, glan. Do deineaḋ an éagcóir uirri, aċ ní trom iad a peacaí féin. Tá foglumṫa aici go ḃfuil realḃar ann ir uaisle ná raiḋḃeas 7 ná forláimar, an realḃar úd a

ꝺoiméaꝺ ꝛuaꝛ í 'na cꝛuaiꝺċéimeannaiꝺ ᵹo léiꝛ,—a cheiꝺeaṁ i n'Oia, a ꝛúil le ꝛuaꝛᵹailc! Ba ꝛó-ꝛuiꝛꝛce ꝺí luiᵹe iꝛteaċ ꝑén naoiꝛꝛe, ꝛ na coꝛcáin ꝑeola ꝺo ᵹlacaꝺ maꝛ ꝛoᵹa. Nioꝛ luiᵹ; ꝛ nioꝛ ᵹlac. Ir aṁlaiꝺ ꝺo ꝑeaꝛaiṁ ꝛí ᵹo h-aiṁꝺeonaċ aꝛ ꝛon a ꝺeaċaꝺ náiꝛiúnta ꝑéin. Tá an ꝺuaiꝺ aiċi ꝑé ꝺeiꝛe. Aċ an bꝛuil ꝑé ꝛó-ꝺéiꝺeanaċ? An bꝛéaꝺꝛaꝛ coꝛᵹ ꝺo ċuꝛ le h-imteaċt na ꝑola uaiꝺi? Tá a clann aᵹ imteaċt amaċ uaiꝺi i mbliaꝺna, nioꝛ tiuᵹa ná ꝛuaṁ, ꝛ ꝺaoine iaꝛaċta aᵹ teaċt iꝛteaċ ṫaꝛ maꝛ bíoꝺaꝛ ꝛuaṁ.

XLVI.

Ꝺaeꝺilᵹ ꝺo ċuꝛ aꝛ an mbéaꝛla ꝛo:—

Our own, our country's honour, calls upon us for a vigorous and manly exertion; and if we now shamefully fail, we shall become infamous to the whole world. Let us, then, rely on the goodness of our cause, and the aid of the Supreme Being, in whose hands victory is, to animate and encourage us to great and noble actions. The eyes of all our countrymen are now upon us, and we shall have their blessings and praises, if happily we are the instruments of saving them from the tyranny meditated against them. Let us therefore animate and encourage each other, and show the whole world, that a freeman contending for liberty on his own ground, is superior to any slavish mercenary on earth.

Liberty, property, life, and honour are all at stake; upon your courage and conduct rest the hopes of our bleeding and insulted country; our wives, children, and parents expect safety from us only; and they have every reason to believe that Heaven will crown with success so just a cause.

The enemy will endeavour to intimidate by show and appearance; but remember they have been repulsed on

various occasions by a few brave Americans. Their cause is bad—their men are conscious of it; and, if opposed with firmness and coolness on their first onset, with our advantage of works and knowledge of the ground, the victory is most assuredly ours. Every good soldier will be silent and attentive—wait for orders—and reserve his fire until he is sure of doing execution.—(*George Washington.*)

"Calls upon us . . . exertion"—Begin with—Ní mór do'n uile duine againn cion fir a déanamh go tréan ar son . . .; "we shall become"—ir amlaid; "in whose hands victory is"—Ag Dia tá 'fhior cia aige go mbeid an buaid—*begin* with this; "if we are the instruments"—má éirigeann linn . . .; "tyranny"—an lámh-láidir 7 ar. cor-ar-boig; "let us . . ."—ní mirde dúinn; "any slavish mercenary on earth"—aon trloigirg amhrana ar dhuim na talmhan; "at stake"—i ngnair; "The enemy will . . ." Ir amlaid a . . .; "by show and appearance"—say—tairbeánrad riad daoib a rluaigte lionmhara, a n-airm uathbharda;

Ní mór do'n uile duine againn cion fir a déanamh go tréan ar son ár n-urrama féin 7 urrama ár dtire. Da mór an aitir dúinn é, dá dteiread orrainn anoir. Ir amlaid a bead náire fagta againn ór cómhair an traoghail. Ag Dia tá 'fhior cia aige go mbeid an buaid. Ar a congnamh san 7 ar cóir ár gcúire ir ead atá ár rearam cum rhiorraid' 7 mirnig do cur ionainn, le n-a bréadram gnionmarta uairle a déanamh. Tá muinntir ár ndúiche féin go léir ag féachaint orrainn anoir, 7 geodmid a mbeannacht 7 a molad má éirigeann linn iad a faorad ó 'n lámh-láidir 7 ón gcor-ar-boig do ceapad 'na n-agaid. D'á brig sin ní mirde dúinn an rhiorraid úd 7 an mirneach úd a múrgailt in a céile, 7 a tairbeaint do'n traoghal

mór gur fearr d' fearaibh raor-aicme ag troid, ar fód a dtire féin, ar son a raoirre, ná aon trloigirg amrana ar druim na talmhan.

Ár raoirre, ar gcuid, ár n-anam, ár n-uraim, ir iad atá i ngnair. Tá rian na fola ar ár dtír; tá marla tabairte dúinn go léir. Ir oraibh-re atá ár rearamh, le n-a fearbar 7 le n-a dreire a troidfidh rib, cum rinn a d' fuargailt. Ir oraibh, 7 ir oraibh amháin, atá ár mná, ár gclann, ár dtuirmigteoiri ag brat cum a raoirta. An mirde dóib a chreideamhaint ná go mbeidh beannacht anuar ó rna flaitearaibh ar cóir 7 ar cearт ár gcúire?

Ir amlaid a déanfaidh an namhaid iarracht ar rgannra cur oraibh. Tairbéanfaid riad daoib a rluaigte lionmara a n-airm uatbárach. Ac cuimnigidh-re gur buaidh rluag Ameirriocánach orta le neart calmachta nior mó ná aon uair amháin cheana. Nil cóir ná cearт acu, 7 tá 'fior acu féin é. Tá oibreacha cogaidh 7 eolar ar an dtalamh againne ra mbreir orta, i dtreo, má cuirimid go tréan 7 go calma, igcoinnidh an céad fogha a tabairfaid riad fúinn, go bfuil an buaidh in áirithe dúinn.

Ni fulair do'n deag-fraigdiúir fanamhaint na dort, 7 aire tabairt; ni fulair dó feitheamh le h-órdú a thaoirig 7 gan lámhach go dtí gur deimhin leir go nDéanfaidh ré éirleach.

XLVII.

Gaedilg do chur ar an mBéarla ro:—

According to another legend, when the monastery at Cnobbersburgh had been erected, and the church furnished with the first requisites for religious worship, there was still wanting one desideratum, viz., a bell. An Irish abbot without

a bell was an unheard of thing ; and the wonder is that among the brethren were none of the skilled artificers usually found in such communities, whose business it was to design and fashion the sacred vessels required at the altar, the utensils needed in the kitchen and refectory, and the indispensable bell. One day, however, as the corpse of a widow's son was carried into the church, and the requiem service was proceeding, a stranger—a heaven-sent envoy—suddenly appeared and in the presence of the assembled mourners, presented a bell to St. Fursey. At the first sound the whole scene changed. The young man came to life, and the funeral train, transformed into a triumphal procession, filed off by the ramparts, giving glory to God.

The bell that begun its mission thus happily rang on for ages with a blessing in its voice, and it was believed that the country over which it was audible suffered no injury from lightning or storms.

" Viz., a bell "—Ḃ'é níḋ é ṗin ná cloṡ ; " among the brethren "—ar ḃṙáiṫṙiḃ na mainiṫṙeaċ ; " as the corpse . . " state *the facts* clearly, in order ; " a stranger . . . . appeared "—caḋ ḋo ċíṗḋíṗ aċ an ṫeaċṫaiṙe cúċa anuaṙ ó ṙna ṗlaiṫeaṙaiḃ . . . " At the first sound "—say ḋo ċṙom ḟuṙṙa ar an ṡcloṡ ḋo ḃualaḋ ; " The whole scene changed "—describe the change *first*, and then say " ḋoḃ' ionṡnaċ an ṫ-aṫṙú é ṗin " ; " transformed into a triumphal procession "—ᵹ iaḋ aṡ moladh Dé ṡo náṙḋ ṫoiṙṡ ṡuṙ ṙuṡ Sé an ḃuaiḋ ón mḃáṙ.

Ḋo ṗéiṙ ṙeanċair eile, nuair a ḃí an ṁainiṙtir cuṙṫa ṙuar i mBaile an Ċnoḃain, ᵹ ṡaċ a ṙaiḃ.riaċtanaċ ḋo ḟeiṙḃíṙ an ṫeampuill cuṙṫa iotṙeo ᵹ iotairṡe, ḋo ṫáṙla ṡo ṙaiḃ aon níḋ aṁáin in' earnaṁ oṙṫa. ·Ḃ'é níḋ é ṗin ná cloṡ. Níoṙ airiṡeaḋ riaṁ Abb a ḃeiṫ ṡan cloṡ in Éirinn roiṁe

rin. Sé ionsna an rséil ná raib, ar bráithrib na Mainistreach, aon ceathdaithe n-a mbeadh de sno acu cailfeadha 7 cluig do ceapadh 7 do cumadh isceoir an tréipéil, 7 áitaig isceoir na circineach 7 an phoimntige. Má 'r eadh, b'é toil Dé sur cuireadh clog cum furra naomtha. Ir amlaidh a bi baintreach 'na cómhnuidhe in-aghaireacht do'n mainistir. Bi aon mhac amháin aici, 7 do ráinig go bruair ré bár, 7 sur tugadh a corp irtheach ra réipéal. Bi na manaig ann. Bi lucht caointe ann. Bi lucht canta salm ann. Biodar go léir ag suidhe go tréan le h-anam an mhairb. Le linn an suidhe dóib cato do cifidir ac an teachtaire cúca anuas ó rna flaithearaib, 7 clog na láimh aige, 7 é gá tabairt do'n Abb. Do chrom furra ar an sclog do bualadh. Nior thúirge buail, ná d'éirig 'na fearaim an té a bi marb, 7 riúd muinntir na rochraide mór-dtimcheall na brallai 7 iad ag molad Dé go h-árd toirg sur rug Sé an buaird ón mbár. D'ionsantach an t-athrú é rin! Clog beannuighte ab eadh an clog, 7 ba beannuighte na daoine a bi ag éirtheacht le n-a glór go ceann a brath de bliadhantaib 'na diaidh rin. Do cheirdi go raib ré de rath ó Dia ar an sclog, an ceanntar 'na scloirti é, ná féadfadh rplanne ná truim aon dioghail a dhéanamh dó.

XLVIII.

Gaedilg do chur ar an mBéarla ro :—

It would be easy to cite a hundred other words like these, saved only by their nobler uses in literature from ultimate defacement. The higher standard imposed upon the written word tends to raise and purify speech also, and since talkers owe the same debt to writers of prose that these, for their part, owe to poets, it is the poets who must be accounted chief protectors, in the last resort, of our common inheritance

Every page of the works of that great exemplar of diction, Milton, is crowded with examples of felicitous and exquisite meaning, given to the infallible word. Sometimes he accepts the secondary, and more usual meaning of a word, only to enrich it by interweaving the primary and etymological meaning. The strength that extracts this multiple resonance of meaning from a single note, is matched by the grace that gives to Latin words, like 'secure,' 'arrive,' 'obsequious,' 'redound,' 'infest,' and 'solemn,' the fine precision of intent that art may borrow from scholarship.—(*Walter Raleigh Style*, pp. 34-36.)

"Saved only . . . from ultimate defacement"—ná coiméadfaidh a mbríg go deoidh in aon chor; "the higher standard . . . tends to raise,"—express by a proleptic -dhe phrase (Studies I, pp. 72-73); "if is the poets . . ." begin a new sentence with—ionfheo, fa dheire, nach fuláir a admháil : . . .; "our common inheritance"—an teanga a chuig áit ginnigh dúinn; "felicitous and exquisite meaning . . . word"—agus brígh gach focail díobh dá chur in-iúl aige go cruinn agus go h-iomlán agus go h-álainn (omit "infallible"); "the secondary meaning"—an brígh a d'fágfar fa bhfocal; "by the interweaving"—á fhíorú ann, mar a déanfá (toning down the metaphor); "multiplex resonance"—the metaphor must be stated explicitly in Irish;

Dob' fhuirfe dom céad focal mar iad fan do chur fíor,—focail ná coiméadfaidh a mbrígh go deoidh in aon chor, muna mbeadh an feirm árd uaral a dheinid na sgríbneóirí díobh. Is aoirde-dhe agus is glaine-dhe an cainnt a labhartar a beit d'fiachaibh ar na sgríbneóiríbh gan ach cainnt álainn uaral a chur na gcuid leabhar. Agus má's ar an bhfód a sgríobtar atá a buidheachas an cainnt a labhartar a beit go bríoghmar agus go beacht, is ar an bhfilidheacht atá an fhód fan ag bhaile

ċum bṗíġ ⁊ bṫar na bṗocal do ċoiméad ġan dul ar ceal. I dṫeo, ṙa deiṙe, naċ ḟuláir a admáil ġuṙb iad na ḟilí iṙ mó iṙ dían ⁊ díbean do'n ceanġain a ċuġ ár ṙinnṙiṙ dúinn. Cuiṙim i ġcás an deaġ-ṙġṙíbneoiṙ úd, Milton. Níl aon amṙaṙ ná ġuṙ eiṙiompláiṙ do'n uile ṙġṙíbneóiṙ é. Ní ḟéadṙá leaċanaċ dá ċuid ḟiliḃeaċta do léiġeaḃ ġan na céadta ḟocal do ċaḃaiṙt ḟé ndeaṙa ann, ⁊ bṗíġ ġaċ ḟocail díob 'á ċuṙ i n-iúl aiġe ġo cṙuinn ⁊ ġo h-iomlán ⁊ ġo háluinn. An bṗíġ a ó'ḟáṙ ṙa bṗocal—an bṗíġ iṙ ġnáċ aġ daoine 'á ċuiṙġint leiṙ—dá ċuṙ ṙiom aṙ dtúiṙ aiġe uaiṙeanta, ⁊ annṙan ṗṙiom-bṗíġ bunaḃaṙaċ an ḟocail aiġe 'á ċuṙ leiṙ, ⁊ 'á ṙniom ann, maṙ a déaṙṙá, idṫeo ġuṙ uaiṙle-ḃe an ċainnt an dá bṗíġ ṙin do ċaḃaiṙt ċum a ċéile. Sid é neaṙt an ḟile, an iomad bṗíġ úd do ċuṙ o'á ċuiṙġint ṙan aon ḟocal amáin, díṙeaċ maṙ aiṙíġteaṙ ṙa ċeol éaġṙamlaċt ḟuama ṙan aon nóta amáin. Agus bíonn deiṙe ⁊ maiṙeamlaċt aġ ṙneaġaiṙt do'n neaṙt ṙan, maṙ iṙ amlaid a bíonn an léiġeann aġ caḃṙú leiṙ an ealaḃantaċt nuaiṙ a ḃaineann an ḟile a ḟoclaiḃ Laidne maṙ "secure," "obsequious," "redound," "infest," ⁊ "solemn," an bṗíġ iṙ ḟual doíḃ, le h-iomláine ⁊ le cṙuinneaṙ.

XLIX.

Ġaeḃilġ do ċuṙ aṙ an mḂéaṙla ṙo :—

Every time a new word is added to the language, either by borrowing, composition or derivation, it is due, of course, to the action, conscious or unconscious, of some one person. Words do not grow out of the soil, or fall on us from heaven ; they are made by individuals ; and it would be extremely interesting if we could always find out who it was who made them. But, of course, for the great majority of new words even those created in the presen^t^ day, such knowledge is

unattainable. They are first perhaps suggested in conversation, when the speaker probably does not know that he is making a new word ; but the fancy of the hearers is struck, they spread the new expression till it becomes fashionable ; and if it corresponds to some real need, and gives a name to some idea or sentiment unnamed or badly named before, it has some slight chance of living. We witness, almost every day, the growth of new words in popular slang, and the process by which slang is created is really much the same as that which creates language, and many of our respectable terms have a slang origin.—(*The English Language*, pp. 109-110—L. Pearsall Smith, M.A.)

" Either by "—pé 'cu . . . ; " of course "—express by ıṙ aṁlaıḋ ; " some one person "—ḋuine éiġin ṗé leiṫ. Begin next sentence with—ní ṅaṁlaıḋ, followed by an affirmative ıṙ aṁlaıḋ clause ; " extremely interesting "—there is no single adjective in Irish corresponding exactly to " interesting " ; say ḃa ṁóṙ an níḋ é, ⁊ ḃa ṁaiṫ ; " in the present day "—le ḋéiḋeanaiġe will do ; " such knowledge "—omit ; " the fancy of the hearers is struck "—eliminate the metaphor ; " the new expression "—omit (substituting a pronoun) ; " sentiment "—the connotation of this word is so vague that it is difficult to get a single Irish word to suit. We have used mian ;

Pé uaıṙ a ḋeinteaṙ ṗocal nua ḋo ċumaḋ ⁊ ḋo ṫaḃaıṙt ıṙteaċ i ḋteanġain, pé 'cu le h-é ṗaġáil aṙ iaṙaċt, nó le cóṁ-ċumaḋ, nó le hé ċeaṙaḋ a ṗṙéiṁ áṙṙa éiġin, ıṙ aṁlaıḋ ıṙ ḋuine éiġin ṗé leiṫ ıṙ cionntaċ leiṙ, ḋ' aon ġnó, nó a ġan-ṡiol ḋó ṗéin. Ní h-aṁlaıḋ ṗáṙaıḋ na ṗocail ċúġainn aṙ an úiṙ, nó cuiṫim anuaṙ[1] aṙ an ṗṙéiṙ. Ir aṁlaıḋ a

1. See " Ellipsis and Change of Construction," Studies I, pp. 193-196.

ḋeineann ḋaoine áiṁiḋe iaḋ a ċeapaḋ. Ḃa ṁóṁ an níḋ é, 7 ḃa ṁaiṫ, ḋá ḋtaḡaḋ linn i ḡcóṁnuiḋe a ḋéanaṁ amaċ cé ċeap iaḋ. Aċ ni féiḋiṁ ṙan, níḋ naċ ionḡna. An ċuiḋ iṙ mó ḋe ṙna ṙoclaiḃ nua, 7 iaḋ ṙan ḋo ceapaḋ le ḋéiḋeanaiḡe ḋo ċuṙ leo, ni féiḋiṁ a ṁáḋ cia ḋo ċeap iaḋ. Ḋ'féiḋiṁ ḡuṙḃ aṁlaiḋ maṙ ḋo ceapaḋ[1] aṙ ḋtúiṙ iaḋ, ḋuine éiḡin ḋ'á ḋtaṙṙaċ[2] iṙteaċ 'na ċainnt féin, ḡan cuiṁneaṁ in aon ċoṙ aṙ é beiṫ ḡá ḡceapaḋ. Iṙ aṁlaiḋ annṙan a ċaiṫniḋ ṙiaḋ leiṙ an muinntiṙ a ċloiṙeann iaḋ, 7 leanaiḋ ṙiaḋ-ṙan ḡá ṁáḋ 'na ḡcainnt féin, ḡo ḋtí ṙa ḋeiṙe ḡo mḃíonn ré ḋe nóṙ aḡ ḋaoine ḟeiṙṁ a ḋéanaṁ ḋíoḃ. Annṙan má ḃíonn ḡáḋ leo ḋáiṁíṁiḃ, nó má ḃíḋ ṙiaḋ oiṙeaṁnaċ ċum ṙmaoineaṁ[3] éiḡin nó mian éiḡin ḋo ċuṙ i ḡcéill,—ṙmaoineaṁ éiḡin nó mian éiḡin ná h-ainmniḡṫí aċ ḡo ṙuaṙaċ ḡo ḋtí ṙan—ni ḋóċa ná ḡo maiṙṙíḋ ṙiaḋ 'na ḃṙoclaiḃ ḟearḋa. Iṙ beaḡ lá ḋá mḃeiṙeann oṙainn ná ḡo ḃṙeicimíḋ ḟocail nua aḡ ḟáṙ i ḡcanaṁain na ndaoine. Aṙ an ḡcanaṁain ṙin iṙ eaḋ a ḟeiḃmíḋ a lán ḋe ṙna ṙoclaiḃ iṙ ḟeaṙṙ ḋá ḃṙuil aḡainn. I ḋtṙeo naċ miṙḋe a ṁáḋ ḡuṙ aṙ an ḡcuma ḡcéaḋna ḋíneaċ, naċ móṙ, a ḋeinteaṙ an ċainnt ċoiṫċianta 7 an ċanaṁain ḋo ċumaḋ.

L.

Ḡaeḋiliḡ ḋo ċuṙ aṙ an mḂéaṙla ṙo :—

The king, who, as I before observed, was a prince of excellent understanding, would frequently order that I should be brought in my box, and set upon the table in his closet: he would then command me to bring one of my chairs out

1. See "Studies" I, pp. 79 sqq.
2. See "Studies" I, p. 151.
3. See "Studies" I, pp. 158-159.

of the box, and sit down within three yards' distance upon the top of the cabinet, which brought me almost to a level with his face. In this manner I had several conversations with him. I one day took the freedom to tell his majesty, that the contempt he discovered towards Europe, and the rest of the world, did not seem answerable to those excellent qualities of mind that he was master of ; that reason did not extend itself with the bulk of the body : on the contrary, we observed in our country, that the tallest persons were usually the least provided with it ; that, among other animals, bees and ants had the reputation of more industry, art, and sagacity than many of the larger kinds ; and that inconsiderable as he took me to be, I hoped I might live to do his majesty some signal service. The king heard me with attention, and began to conceive a much better opinion of me than he ever had before. He desired I would give him as exact an account of the government of England as I possibly could ; because, as fond as princes commonly are of their own customs (for so he conjectured of other monarchs by my former discourses), he should be glad to hear of anything that might deserve imitation.—(Swift, *Gulliver's Travels.*)

" Who . . . "—omit relative, beginning with the statement in the relative clause ; " that I should be brought "—me tabairt (See " Studies " I, pp. 151-152) ; " which . . . " get rid of relative ; " he discovered "—a deireadh fé a bí aige (Double Relative, " Studies " I, pp. 114-116) ; " answerable to "—use teacht i gceann le . . . ; " that he was master of "—a bí ar feabhas aige ; " on the contrary "—ach go mbíodh . . . ; " least provided with it "—ba lúga tuirgint ; " than many . . . "—mar gheall ionann is . . . ; " (for so . . .)" better express the parenthesis at the end.

Fear ana-thuirgionach ab eadh an Rí. Is minic a

ó'ónduiġeaó ré mé ċaóaipt am' boɾca iɾteaċ 'na ɾeomɾa ɾéin, ɾ mé ċuɾ in áiɾóe aɾ an mbóɾo. Annɾan oo ċuġaó ré o'óɾoú óom ceann oem' ċaċaoiɾeaċaiú oo ċaɾɾac amaċ aɾ an mboɾca ɾ ɾuióe in áiɾóe aɾ an mboɾca i nġioɾɾaċt tɾí ɾlat oó ɾéin. Ir amlaiú aɾ an ġcuma ɾan a úinn ċóm h-áɾo len' aġaiú naċ móɾ, iotɾeo ġuɾ ɾéaoaɾ cainnt a óéanaṁ leiɾ níoɾ mó ná aon uaiɾ aṁáin. Ói ré oe óánaiúeaċt ionnam, lá, ġo nouúaɾt leiɾ an Ri, an oɾoċ-ṁeaɾ aoeiɾeaú ré a úi aiġe aɾ ṁóiɾ-úiɾ na h-Eoɾɾa ɾ aɾ an nooṁan ġo léiɾ, náɾ ɾó-ṁaiċ a ċiocɾaú ré iɾteaċ leiɾ na oeaġ-ɾéiċiú eile úo a úi aɾ ɾeaúaɾ aiġe. Oúúaɾt leiɾ náɾ ġnáċ an cuiɾġint oo úul i méio le méio na coɾna. Aċ ġuɾú aṁlaiú a ċuġaimíɾ-ne ré noeaɾa 'náɾ otíɾ ɾéin, na ɾaoine ba ṁó ɾ ab' aoiɾóe, ġuɾú iao ba lúġa cuiɾġint. Agus iotaoú na n-ainṁiúóe eile, ġo ġɾeiɾoti ġuɾú iao na beaċa ɾ na ɾeanġáin ba ṁó ɾaoċaɾ ɾ ealaúa ɾ cuiɾġint, muɾaɾú' ionann iɾ na h-ainṁiúóe mċɾa. Agus, oá luiġeaó ɾ oá ɾuaɾaiġe leiɾ mé ɾéin, ġo ɾaiú ɾúil aġam ġo n-éiɾeoċaú liom, ɾul a úɾuiġinn báɾ, taiɾúe neaṁ-ċoitċianta éiġin oo óéanaṁ oá Ġoillɾe! O'éiɾt ré liom ġo h-aiɾeaċ ɾ cáimiġ meaɾ aiġe oɾm ná ɾaiú aiġe ɾiaṁ ɾoiṁe ɾin oɾm. O'iaɾɾ ré oɾm an cúnntaɾ ba ċɾuinne a ó'ɾéaoɾainn a ċaúaiɾt oó aɾ an ġcuma n-a noeintí muinntiɾ Ġaɾɾana oo ɾiaɾaú. Óiɾ, oá ṁéio ba úéaɾ le ɾíġtiú meaɾ a úeiċ acu aɾ nóɾaiú a otíɾe ɾéin, ġuɾ ṁaiċ leiɾ aoinniú aiɾeaċtaint ab' ɾiú aiċɾiɾ a óéanaṁ aiɾ. Ó'n ġcainnt a úeineaɾ ɾéin leiɾ ċeana iɾ eaú a ċeaɾ ré an béaɾ úo a úeiċ aġ ɾíġtiú eile.

. . .

SECTION II.

Passages for Translation.

I.

The reception of the paper in the provinces was a perplexity to veteran journalists. From the first number it was received with an enthusiasm compounded of passionate sympathy and personal affection. It went on increasing in circulation till its purchasers in every provincial town exceeded those of the local paper, and its readers were multiplied indefinitely by the practice of regarding it not as a vehicle of news but of opinion. It never grew obsolete, but passed from hand to hand till it was worn to fragments. The delight which young souls thirsting for nutriment found in it has been compared to the refreshment afforded by the sudden sight of a Munster valley in May after a long winter; but the unexpected is a large source of enjoyment, and it resembled rather the sight of a garden cooled by breezes and rivulets from the Nile, in the midst of a long stretch of sand banks without a shrub or a blade of grass.—(*Life of Davis*, p. 79,—Sir Charles Gavan Duffy).

II.

The noble soul in old age returns to God, as to that haven whence she set out, when she was first launched upon the deep sea of this life; and she gives thanks for the voyage she has made, because it has been fair and prosperous, and without the bitterness of storms. As Cicero says in his book on old age, "natural death is, as it were, our haven and repose

after a long voyage." And just as the skilful sailor, when he nears the harbour, lowers his sails, and with gentle way on slowly glides into port, so ought we to lower the sails of our worldly affairs and turn to God with all our hearts and all our minds, so that we may come at last in perfect gentleness and perfect peace unto the haven where we would be. . . . At this time, then, the noble soul surrenders herself to God, and with fervent longing awaits the end of this mortal life; for to her it is as if she were leaving an inn and returning to her own home; to her it is as ending a journey and coming back into the city; to her it is as leaving the sea and coming back into port. Oh, miserable wretches! ye who with sails set drive into this harbour, and where ye should find repose are dashed to pieces by the wind, and perish in the port for which ye have so long been making.—(Danté.—*On the Return of the Noble Soul to God*).

III.

'Mary Kate," shouted Meldon again, "will you come over here and speak to me? Leave those cows alone and come here. Do you think I've nothing to do only to be running about the island chasing little girleens like yourself?"

But Mary Kate had no intention of leaving the cow and the heifer. With a devotion to the pure instinct of duty which would have excited the admiration of any Englishman, and a Casabianca-like determination to abide by her father's word, she began driving the cattle towards Meldon. Four fields, one of them boggy, and five loose stone walls lay between her and the curate. There were no gates. Such obstacles might have daunted an older herd. They didn't trouble Mary Kate in the least. Reaching the first wall she deliberately moved stone after stone off it until she had made a practicable gap.

The cow and the heifer, understanding what was expected of them, stalked into the field beyond, picking their steps with an ease which told of long practice, among the scattered débris of the broken wall. Meldon, with a courteous desire of saving the child extra trouble, crossed the wall nearest him.—(*Spanish Gold*, p. 80.)

IV.

I think it proper, however, before I commence my purposed work, to pass under review the condition of the capital, the temper of the armies and strength which existed throughout the whole empire, that so we may become acquainted, not only with the vicissitudes and the issues of events, which are often matters of chance, but also with their relations and their causes. Welcome as the death of Nero had been in the first burst of joy, yet it had not only roused various emotions in Rome, among the Senators, the people, or the soldiery of the capital, it had also excited all the legions and their generals ; for now had been divulged that secret of the empire, that emperors could be made elsewhere than at Rome. The Senators enjoyed the first exercise of freedom with the less restraint, because the Emperor was new to power, and absent from the capital. The leading men of the Equestrian order sympathised most closely with the joy of the Senators. The respectable portion of the people, which was connected with the great families, as well as the dependants and freedmen of condemned and banished persons, were high in hope. The degraded populace, frequenters of the arena and the theatre, the most worthless of the slaves, and those who having wasted their property were supported by the infamous excesses of Nero, caught eagerly in their dejection at every rumour.—(Tacitus.—*Annals*, Bk. I.)

V.

There are many topics which may console you when you are displeased at not being as much esteemed as you think you ought to be. You may begin by observing that people in general will not look about for anybody's merits, or admire anything that does not come in their way. You may consider how satirical would be any praise which should not be based upon a just appreciation of your merits; you may reflect how few of your fellow-creatures can have the opportunity of forming a just judgment about you; you may then go further, and think how few of those few are persons whose judgment will influence you deeply in other matters; and you may conclude by imagining that such persons do estimate you fairly; though perhaps you never hear it.—(Help's *Essays*, p. 6.)

VI.

Since religious systems, true and false, have one and the same great and comprehensive subject-matter, they necessarily interfere with one another as rivals, both in those points in which they agree together, and in those in which they differ. That Christianity on its rise was in these circumstances of competition and controversy, is sufficiently evident even from a foregoing Chapter: it was surrounded by rites, sects, and philosophies, which contemplated the same questions, sometimes advocated the same truths, and in no slight degree wore the same external appearance. It could not stand still, it could not take its own way, and let them take theirs: they came across its path, and a conflict was inevitable. The very nature of a true philosophy relatively to other systems is to be polemical, eclectic, unitive: Christianity was polemical; it could not but be eclectic; but was it also unitive? Had

it the power, while keeping its own identity, of absorbing its antagonists, as Aaron's rod, according to St. Jerome's illustration, devoured the rods of the sorcerers of Egypt? Did it incorporate them into itself, or was it dissolved into them? Did it assimilate them into its own substance, or, keeping its name, was it simply infected by them? In a word, were its developments faithful or corrupt?—(Newman, *Development of Christian Doctrine.*)

VII.

Undoubtedly we ought to look at ancient transactions by the light of modern knowledge. Undoubtedly it is among the first duties of a historian to point out the faults of the eminent men of former generations. There are no errors which are so likely to be drawn into precedent, and therefore none which it is so necessary to expose, as the errors of persons who have a just title to the gratitude and admiration of posterity. In politics, as in religion, there are devotees who show their reverence for a departed saint by converting his tomb into a sanctuary for crime. Receptacles of wickedness are suffered to remain undisturbed in the neighbourhood of the church which glories in the relics of some martyred apostle. Because he was merciful, his bones give security to assassins. Because he was chaste, the precinct of his temple is filled with licensed stews. Privileges of an equally absurd kind have been set up against the jurisdiction of political philosophy. Vile abuses cluster thick round every glorious event, round every venerable name; and this evil assuredly calls for vigorous measures of literary police. But the proper course is to abate the nuisance without defacing the shrine, to drive out the gangs of thieves and prostitutes without doing foul and cowardly wrong to the ashes of the illustrious dead.—(Macaulay—*Critical and Historical Essays.*)

VIII.

"I shouldn't have supposed that there was anything in the world that could puzzle you."

"Well, there aren't many things," said Meldon, frankly. "In fact, I've not yet come across anything which regularly defeated me when I gave my mind to it, but I don't mind owning up that just for the moment I'm bothered over one point in this business. How did Buckley know about the hole in the cliff? How did he locate the exact spot where the treasure lies? He does know, for he walked straight up to it without hesitation. The minute he landed yesterday he went straight up to the top of that cliff. I thought that he was just a simple Member of Parliament looking for a view, but I was wrong. He was prospecting about for the best way of getting to that hole. Now, how did he know? We only arrived at it by a process of exhaustive reasoning based on a careful examination of the locality. He walks straight up to it as if he'd known all along exactly where to go."

"Perhaps he reasoned it out before he started."

"He couldn't. No man on earth could. I couldn't have done it by myself. It wasn't till I got to the spot that I was able to reconstruct the shipwreck, and track the working of the Spanish captains' mind. That disposes of your first suggestion. Got another?"

"Perhaps his grandfather knew the spot and made a note of it."

"Won't wash either. We know that his grandfather couldn't find the treasure any more than yours could. If he'd known about that hole in the cliff he would have found the treasure."

"Always supposing that it's there," said the Major.

Meldon glared at him.—(*Spanish Gold.*)

IX.

This, therefore, was also St. Patrick's teaching to the Irish; and in and after his time, not a single raiding expedition goes forth from Ireland. Kuno Meyer has shown that the military organisation of the Fiana still existed to some degree in early Christian Ireland; but it gradually disappears, and in the seventh century the Irish kings cease to dwell, surrounded by their fighting men, in great permanent encampments like Tara and Ailinn. . . . Another change that came about, not suddenly; but gradually during this period, is the extinction of the old lines of racial demarcation in Ireland. . . . In this connection we may note one feature of the Irish secular law, not traceable to the influence of Christianity. The word *soer*, used as a noun, has two special meanings; it means a freeman and it means a craftsman. The contrary term *doer* means unfree—in the sense of serfdom rather than of slavery; there is a distinct term for "slave," viz., *mugh*. The plebeian communities are called *doer-thuatha*. The inference, therefore, is that a skilled craftsman of unfree race became by virtue of his craft a freeman.—(MacNeill, *Phases of Irish History*, p. 229.)

X.

When the early physicists became aware of forces they could not understand, they tried to escape their difficulty by personifying the laws of nature and inventing "spirits" that controlled material phenomena. The student of language, in the presence of the mysterious power which creates and changes language, has been compelled to adopt this mediæval procedure, and has vaguely defined by the name of "the Genius of the Language," the power that guides and controls

its progress. If we ask ourselves who are the ministers of this power, and whence its decrees derive their binding force, we cannot find any definite answer to our question. It is not the grammarians and philologists who form or carry out its decisions; for the philologists disclaim all responsibility, and the schoolmasters and grammarians generally oppose, and fight bitterly, but in vain, against the new developments. We can, perhaps, find its nearest analogy, in what, among social insects, we call, for lack of a more scientific name "the Spirit of the Hive." This "spirit," in societies of bees, is supposed to direct their labours on a fixed plan, with intelligent consideration of needs and opportunities; and although proceeding from no fixed authority it is yet operative in each member of the community. And so in each one of us the Genius of the Language finds an instrument for the carrying out of its decrees.—(*The English Language*, L. Pearsall Smith, M.A., pp. 26-28.)

XI.

It is useless to debate in this place what O'Connell ought to have done to maintain the right of public meeting, or what he might have been expected to do after the specific language of the Mallow defiance. What he did was to protest against the illegality of the proclamation, and submit actively and passively to its orders. He was the leader, alone commissioned to act with decisive authority, and he warned the people from appearing at the appointed place. By assiduous exertions of the local clergy and Repeal wardens they were kept away, and a collision with the troops avoided. But such a termination of a movement so menacing and defiant was a decisive victory for the Government; they promptly improved the occasion by announcing in the *Evening Mail*

their intention to arrest O'Connell and a batch of his associates on a charge of consipiring to "excite ill-will among her Majesty's subjects, to weaken their confidence in the administration of justice, and to obtain by unlawful methods a change in the constitution and government of the country, and for that purpose to excite disaffection among her Majesty's troops."—(*Life of Thomas Davis*, pp. 140-141, Gavan Duffy.)

XII.

"Who are *you* and what are you doing here?"

"Damn it," said the stranger.

"I wish," said Meldon, "that you wouldn't swear. It's bad form.

"Damn it," said the stranger again with considerable emphasis.

"I've mentioned to you that I'm a parson. You must recognise that it's considerably bad form to swear when you're talking to me. You ought to remember my cloth."

The stranger grinned.

"There's devilish little cloth about you to remember this minute," he said. "I never saw a man with less. But anyway, I don't care a tinker's curse for your cloth or your religion either. I'll swear if I like."

"You don't quite catch my point," said Meldon. "I don't mind if you swear yourself blue in the face on ordinary occasions. But if you're a gentleman—and you look as if you wanted to be taken for one—you'll recognise that it's bad form to swear when you're talking to me. Being a parson, I can't swear back at you, and so you get an unfair advantage in any conversation there may be between us—the kind of advantage no gentleman would care to take."

" Well, I'm hanged ! "

" Think over what I've said. I'm sure you'll come to see there's something in it."—(*Spanish Gold*, p. 89.)

XIII.

The fiercer the fight, the denser the crowd on either side, the more numerous were the wounded, for not a dart fell without effect amid such a mass of combatants. The Saguntines used the so-called " falarica," a missle with a pinewood shaft, smooth except at the extremity, from which an iron point projected. This, which, as in the " pilum," was of a square form, was bound round with tow and smeared with pitch. The iron point of the weapon was three feet long, such as could pierce straight through the body as well as the armour, and even if it stuck in the shield without penetrating the body, it caused intense panic ; discharged as it was with one half of it on fire, and carrying with it a flame fanned by the very motion into greater fury, it made the men throw off their armour, and exposed the soldier to the stroke which followed.—(*Livy*, Book XXI.)

XIV.

Writers who attempt to criticize and estimate the value of different forms of speech often begin with an air of impartiality, but soon arrive at the comfortable conclusion that their own language, owing to its manifest advantages, its beauties, its rich powers of expression, is on the whole by far the best and noblest of all living forms of speech. The Frenchman the German, the Italian, the Englishman, to

each of whom his own literature and the great traditions of his national life are most dear and familiar, cannot help but feel that the vernacular in which these are embodied and expressed is, and must be, superior to the alien and awkward languages of his neighbours; nor can he easily escape the conclusion that in respect to his own speech, whatever has happened is an advantage, and whatever is is good.—(*The English Language*, pp. 54-55, Smith.)

XV.

For, if you will think, Socrates, of the effect which punishment has on evil-doers, you will see at once that in their opinion of mankind virtue may be acquired; for no one punishes the evil-doer under the notion, or for the reason, that he has done wrong,—only the unreasonable fury of a beast acts in that way. But he who desires to inflict rational punishment does not retaliate for a past wrong, for that which is done cannot be undone, but he has regard to the future, and is desirous that the man who is punished may be deterred from doing wrong again. And he implies that virtue is capable of being taught; as he undoubtedly punishes for the sake of prevention. This is the notion of all who retaliate upon others either privately or publicly. And the Athenians, too, like other men, retaliate on those whom they regard as evil-doers; and this argues them to be of the number of those who think that virtue may be acquired and taught. Thus far, Socrates, I have shown you clearly enough, if I am not mistaken, that your countrymen are right in admitting the tinker and the cobbler to advise about politics.—(Plato, *Charmides*.)

XVI.

To allow a wrong opinion to become rooted is a very dangerous form of neglect; for just as weeds multiply in an unhoed field, and overtop and hide the ears of corn, so that from a distance the corn is invisible, and finally the crop is altogether destroyed—so false opinion, if it be not reproved and corrected, grows and gathers strength in the mind, till the grain of reason, that is the truth, is hidden by it, and being as it were buried, comes to nought. Oh how great is the task which I have undertaken, of attempting now in this ode to hoe such an overgrown field as that of common opinion, which for so long has been left untilled! Truly, I do not purpose to cleanse it in every part, but only in those places where the grains of reason are not altogether choked; I purpose, I say, to set them right in whom, through their natural goodness, some glimmer of reason yet survives. As for the rest, they are worth no more thought than so many beasts of the field; for to bring back to reason one in whom it has been wholly extinguished, were no less a miracle, methinks, than to bring back from the dead him who had lain four days in the tomb.—(Danté.—*On False Opinion.*)

XVII.

He never condemned anything hastily or without taking the circumstances into calculation. He would say,—Let us look at the road by which the fault has passed. Being as he called himself with a smile, an ex-sinner, he had none of the intrenchments of rigorism, and professed loudly, and careless of the frowns of the unco good, a doctrine which might be summed up nearly as follows:—

"Man has upon him the flesh which is at once his burden

and his enemy. He must watch, restrain, and repress it, and only obey it in the last extremity. In this obedience there may still be a fault ; but the fault thus committed is venial. It is a fall, but a fall on the knees, which may end in prayer. To be a saint is the exception, to be a just man is the rule. Err, fail, sin, but be just. The least possible amount of sin is the law of man ; no sin at all is the dream of angels. All that is earthly is subjected to sin, for it is a gravitation."—(*Les Misérables.*)

XVIII.

The desertion of Tara does not stand alone, and can be explained without resort to the imaginative tales of a later age. Cruachain, the ancient seat of the Connacht kings, and Ailinn, the ancient seat of the Leinster kings, were also abandoned during this period. It was military kings who ruled from these strongholds, surrounded by strong permanent military forces. My first visit to Tara convinced me that what we see there is the remains of a great military encampment. So it appeared or was known to the tenth-century poet Cinaed Ua h-Artacain whose poem on Tara begins with the words " Tara of Bregia, home of the warrior-bands." When the booty and captives of Britain and Gaul ceased to tempt and recompense a professional soldiery, and when the old fighting castes became gradually merged in the general population, military organisation died out in Ireland, not to reappear until the introduction of the Galloglasses in the thirteenth century. That is one reason why Tara was deserted.—(MacNeill, *Phases of Irish History*, p. 235.)

XIX.

We are liable to make constant mistakes about the nature of practical wisdom, until we come to perceive that it consists not in any one predominant faculty or disposition, but rather in a certain harmony amongst all the faculties and affections of the man. Where this harmony exists, there are likely to be well-chosen ends, and means judiciously adapted. But as it is, we see numerous instances of men who, with great abilities, accomplish nothing, and we are apt to vary our views of practical wisdom according to the particular failings of these men. Sometimes we think it consists in having a definite purpose, and being constant to it. But take the case of a deeply selfish person : he will be constant enough to his purpose, and it will be a definite one. Very likely, too, it may not be founded upon unreasonable expectations. The object which he has in view may be a small thing ; but being as close to his eyes as to his heart, there will be times when he can see nothing above it, or beyond it, or beside it. And so he may fail in practical wisdom.—(*Help's Essays Written in the Intervals of Business*, p. 2.)

XX

The Kingdom of Christ, though not of this world, yet is in the world, and has a visible, material, social shape. It consists of men, and it has developed according to the laws under which combinations of men develop. It has an external aspect similar to all other kingdoms. We may generalize and include it as one among the various kinds of polity, as one among the empires, which have been upon the earth. It is called the fifth kingdom ; and as being numbered with the previous four which were earthly, it is thereby, in fact, compared with them. We may write its history, and make

it look as like those which were before or contemporary with with it, as a man is like a monkey. Now we come at length to Mr. Milman: this is what he has been doing. He has been viewing the history of the Church on the side of the world. Its rise from nothing, the gradual aggrandizement of its bishops, the consolidation of its polity and government, its relation to powers of the earth, . . . these are the subjects in which he delights, to which he has dedicated himself.—(Newman.—*Milman's View of Christianity.*)

XXI.

And this favourable judgment of ourselves will especially prevail, if we have the misfortune to have uninterrupted health and high spirits, and domestic comfort. Health of body and mind is a great blessing, if we can bear it; but unless chastened by watchings and fastings, it will commonly seduce a man into the notion that he is much better than he really is. Resistance to our acting rightly, whether it proceed from within or without, tries our principle; but when things go smoothly, and we have but to wish, and we can perform, we cannot tell how far we do or do not act from a sense of duty. When a man's spirits are high, he is pleased with every thing; and with himself especially. He can act with vigour and promptness, and he mistakes this mere consti tutional energy for strength of faith. He is cheerful and contented; and he mistakes this for Christian peace. And, if happy in his family, he mistakes mere natural affection for Christian benevolence, and the confirmed temper of Christian love. In short, he is in a dream, from which nothing will ordinarily rescue him except sharp affliction.—(Newman, *Parochial and Plain Sermons.*)

XXII.

A single vast grey cloud covered the country, from which the small rain and mist had just begun to blow down in wavy sheets, alternately thick and thin. The trees of the fields and plantations writhed like miserable men as the air wound its way swiftly among them; the lowest portions of their trunks, that had hardly ever been known to move, were visibly rocked by the fierce gusts, distressing the mind of the onlooker with its painful unwontedness, as when a strong man is seen to shed tears. Low-hanging boughs went up and down; high and erect boughs went to and fro; the blasts being so irregular and divided into so many cross-currents, that neighbouring branches of the same tree swept the skies in independent motions, crossed each other or became entangled. Across the open spaces flew flocks of green and yellowish leaves which, after travelling a long distance from their parent trees, reached the ground and lay there with their undersides upwards.—(*Under the Greenwood Tree.*—Thomas Hardy.)

XXIII.

Then began the flight of a great part of the army. And now neither lake nor mountain checked their rush of panic; by every defile and height they sought blindly to escape, and arms and men were heaped upon each other. Many, finding no possibility of flight, waded into the shallows at the edge of the lake, advanced until they had only head and shoulders above the water, and at last drowned themselves. Some in the frenzy of panic endeavoured to escape by swimming; but the endeavour was endless and hopeless, and they either sunk in the depths when their courage failed them, or they wearied themselves in vain till they could hardly

struggle back to the shallows, where they were slaughtered in crowds by the enemy's cavalry which had now entered the water. Nearly six thousand men of the vanguard made a determined rush through the enemy, and got clear out of the defile, knowing nothing of what was happening behind them. Halting on some high ground, they could only hear the shouts of men and clashing of arms, but could not learn or see for the mist how the day was going. It was when the battle was decided that the increasing heat of the sun scattered the mist and cleared the sky. The bright light that now rested on hill and plain showed a ruinous defeat and a Roman army shamefully routed. Fearing that they might be seen in the distance and that the cavalry might be sent against them, they took up their standards and hurried away with all the speed they could.—(*Livy*.—Book XXII.)

XXIV.

It was, indeed, in this century that the foundations were laid of the new and modern world in which we live ; old words were given new meanings, or borrowed to express the new conceptions, activities and interests which have coloured and formed the life of the last three centuries. To the more fundamental of these conceptions, and their immense effect on the vocabulary of English, we must devote a special chapter ; but first of all it will be well to mention the deposit of words left in the language by the various historical and religious movements and events of the sixteenth and the succeeding centuries.—(*The English Language*, p. 194.—Smith.)

XXV.

Thus we find that in this branch of our enquiry there is one broad fact, which all must recognize and none can deny.

No race of men has ever been known which could not speak, nor any race of animals which could, or which have made the first beginnings of intelligent language. Facts being the only groundwork of science here is undoubtedly something whereon she may build an inference, and this inference will certainly not be that the faculties of men and animals are radically identical. And if we are told, as we certainly are, that it is more truly scientific to admit such identity, should there not be some other facts, still more significant and equally well established, to exhibit on the other side ?—(*The Old Riddle and the Newest Answer*, p. 78.)

XXVI.

We are apt to deceive ourselves, and to consider heaven a place like this earth ; I mean, a place where everyone may choose to take his *own* pleasure. We see that in this world, active men have their own enjoyments, and domestic men have theirs ; men of literature, of science, of polictial talent; have their respective pursuits and pleasures. Hence we are led to act as if it will be the same in another world. The only difference we put between this world and the next, is that *here*, (as we well know) men are *not always sure*, but *there*, we suppose they *will be always sure*, of obtaining what they seek after. And accordingly we conclude, that *any man*, whatever his habits, tastes, or manner of life, if *once admitted* into heaven, would be happy there. Not that we altogether deny, that some preparation is necessary for the next world ; but we do not estimate its real extent and importance. We think we can reconcile ourselves to God when we will ; as if nothing were required in the case of men in general, but some temporary attention, more than ordinary, to our religious duties,—some strictness, during our last sickness, in the

services of the Church, as men of business arrange their letters and papers on taking a journey or balancing an account. —(Newman.—*Parochial and Plain Sermons.*)

XXVII.

At length he stood on the broken steps of the high altar, barefooted, as was the rule, and holding in his hand his pastoral staff, for the gemmed ring and jewelled mitre had become secular spoils. No obedient vassals came, man after man, to make their homage and to offer the tribute which should provide their spiritual superior with palfrey and trappings. No Bishop assisted at the solemnity to receive into the higher ranks of the Church nobility a dignitary whose voice in the legislature was as potential as his own. With hasty and maimed rites, the few remaining brethren stepped forward alternately to give their new Abbot the kiss of peace, in token of fraternal affection and spiritual homage. Mass was then hastily performed, but in such precipitation as if it had been hurried over rather to satisfy the scruples of a few youths, who were impatient to set out on a hunting party, than as if it made the most solemn part of a solemn ordination.—(Scott.—*The Abbot.*)

XXVIII.

Of the victors about two thousand fell. All the spoil, except the prisoners, was given to the soldiers, any cattle being also reserved which was recognised by the owners within thirty days. When they had returned to the camp, laden with booty, about four thousand of the volunteer slaves, who had fought rather feebly, and had not broken into the

enemy's lines with their comrades, fearing punishment, posted themselves on a hill not far from the camp. Next day they were marched down by their officers, and came, the last of all, to a gathering of the men, which Gracchus had summoned. The pro-consul first rewarded with military gifts the old soldiers according to their respective courage and good service in the late action ; then, as regarded the volunteer-slaves, he said that he wished to praise all, worthy and unworthy alike, rather than on that day to punish a single man. " I bid you all be free," he added, " and may this be for the good, the prosperity and the happiness of the State, as well as of yourselves."—(*Livy*, Book XXIV.)

XXIX.

It is a commonplace to say that the dominant conception of modern times is that of science, of immutable law and order in the material universe. This great and fruitful perception so permeates our thought, and so deeply influences even those who most oppose it, that it is difficult to realize the mental consciousness of a time when it hardly existed. But if we study the vocabulary of science, the words by which its fundamental thoughts are expressed, we shall find that the greater part of them are not to be found in the English language a few centuries ago ; or if they did exist, that they were used of religious institutions or human affairs ; that their transference to natural phenomena has been very gradual and late.—(*The English Language*, p. 218, L. Pearsall Smith).

XXX.

It is also to be noticed that in these accounts of the origin of language, the essential element of reason is always quietly smuggled in as a matter of course. Thus Mr. Darwin's wisest of the pithecoids was able to " think of " a device for the information of his fellows. There is not the smallest

doubt that any creature which had got so far as *that* would find what he wanted. It is but the old case of the man who was sure he could have written Hamlet had he had a mind to do so. Like him, the ape might have made the invention if he had a mind to make it ;—only he had not got the mind. So, too, Professor Romanes' missing links use tones and signs which acquire " more and more " the character of true speech ; which could not be unless they contained some measure of that character already. But it is just the first step thus ignored which spans the gulf between man and brute.—(*The Old Riddle and the Newest Answer*, p. 80.)

XXXI.

If this be so, it must necessarily follow that the Laws of Nature, as Science finds them operating, sufficiently explain not only all that happens in our present world, but also all that must have happened while this world was being produced. According to what has already been said, by the " Laws of Continuity " no more can be signified than that Continuity is a fact, that the world has actually come to be what it is through the continual operation of just the same natural forces as we find at work to-day. That things *did* so happen we have not and cannot have, direct evidence ; for no witness was there to report. We can but draw inferences from the present to the past, and agree that what Nature does to-day, she must have been capable of doing yesterday and the day before. Only thus can continuity of natural laws possibly be established. It would obviously be vain to argue that we must suppose no other forces ever to have acted than those we can observe, because, for all we know, other conditions may so have altered as to make their results altogether different from any of which we have experience.—(*The Old Riddle and the Newest Answer*, pp. 30-31)

XXXII.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for my cause ; and be silent that you may hear : believe me for mine honour ; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe : censure me in your wisdom ; and awake your senses that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves ; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men ? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he was valiant, I honour him : but, as he was ambitious, I slew him : There is tears, for his love ; joy, for his fortune ; honour for his valour ; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply . . . Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol : his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy ; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffer'd death.—(Shakespeare.—*Julius Cæsar.*)

XXXIII.

When five o'clock struck, the nun heard her say very softly and sweetly, " As I am going away to-morrow, it was wrong of him not to come to-day." Sister Simplice herself was surprised at M. Madeleine's delay. In the meanwhile Fantine

looked up at the top of the bed, and seemed to be trying to remember something; all at once she began singing in a voice faint as a sigh. It was an old cradle-song with which she had in former times lulled her little Cosette to sleep, and which had not once recurred to her during the five years she had been parted from her child. She sang with so sad a voice and so soft an air, that it was enough to make anyone weep, even a nun. The sister, who was accustomed to austere things, felt a tear in her eye. The clock struck, and Fantine did not seem to hear it; she appeared not to pay any attention to the things around her. Sister Simplice sent a servant girl to inquire of the portress of the factory whether M. Madeline had returned, and would be at the infirmary soon; the girl came back in a few minutes. Fantine was still motionless and apparently engaged with her own thoughts. The servant told Sister Simplice in a very low voice that the Mayor had set off before six o'clock that morning in a small tilbury; that he had gone alone without a driver; that no one knew what direction he had taken, for while some said they had seen him going along the Arras road, others declared they had met him on the Paris road. He was, as usual, very gentle, and he had merely told his servant she need not expect him that night.—(*Les Misérables.*)

XXXIV.

After a time the river became more than usually rapid from continuous rains, and drove the casks by cross eddy to the side guarded by the enemy. There they were seen, sticking in beds of willow which grew on the banks, and the matter being reported to Hannibal, he set a stricter watch, so that nothing sent to the town down the Vulturnus might escape him. However, a vast quantity of walnuts, thrown

out to the Roman camp, and floated down the middle of the stream, was caught on hurdles. At last the inhabitants were reduced to such want that they tried to chew leathern thongs and the hides of their shields, steeped in hot water, and scrupled not to devour mice, or, indeed, any living creature; even every kind of grass and roots they tore up from the bottom of their walls. The enemy, having ploughed up all the grass-grown surface outside the ramparts, they sowed it with rape, upon which Hannibal exclaimed, "Am I to sit still before Casilinum till those seeds grow?" He who hitherto had not listened to a word about stipulations, now at last allowed them to discuss with him the ransom of free-born citizens. Seven ounces of gold was the price agreed on for each. Having received a guarantee of safety, they surrendered. They were kept in chains till all the gold was paid. —(*Livy*.—Book XXIII.)

XXXV.

To turn, however, from these old controversies to secular matters, we find that the English language became, after the middle of the sixteenth century, greatly enriched by far-fetched and exotic words, gathered from the distant East and West by the English travellers, merchants and adventurous pirates. The English people, who had so long used their energies in the vain attempt to conquer France, found now at last their true vocation in seamanship, and their truer place of expansion in the trade, and finally the empire, of India and America. The exotic words that had found their way into English before this date had, as we have seen, come almost entirely at second hand by the way of France; but now that England was forming a more independent civilization of her own, and Englishmen were getting for

themselves a wider knowledge of the world, the French influence, although still strong, was not paramount, and these travellers' words were borrowed either directly from native languages, or from the speech of the Portuguese, Dutch and Spaniards, who had preceded English sailors in the distant countries of the East and West.—(*The English Language*, pp. 197-198.—L. Pearsall Smith, M.A.)

XXXVI.

Just as a pilgrim journeying along a road on which he has never been before thinks that each house he sees in the distance is the inn, and finding that it is not sets his hopes on the next, and so on with house after house, until at last he comes to the inn; in like manner the soul of man, as soon as she enters upon the new and untried pathway of this life, directs her eyes towards the goal of the Supreme Good, and whatever she sees with any appearance of good in it, thinks that is the object of her quest. And because at first her knowledge is imperfect, owing to inexperience and lack of instruction, things of little worth appear to her of great worth, and so she begins by fixing her desires upon these. Hence we see children first of all set their hearts on an apple; then, at a later stage, they want a bird; then, later, fine clothes; then a horse, and then a mistress; then they want money, at first a little, then a great deal, and at last a gold-mine. And this happens because in none of these things does a man find what he is in search of, but thinks he will come upon it a little further on.—(Danté—*On the Growth of Man's Desires.*)

XXXVII.

"It's a pity you can't swim," said Meldon. "You look hot enough to enjoy the water this minute."

Meldon himself stripped, stood for a minute on the edge of the rock stretching himself in the warm air. Then he plunged into the water. He lay on his back, rolled over, splashed his feet and hands, dived as a porpoise does. Then, after a farewell to the Major, he struck out along the channel. In a few minutes he felt bottom with his feet and stood upright. He heard the Major shout something, but the echo of the cliffs around him prevented his catching the words. He swam again towards the shore. The Major continued to shout. Meldon stopped swimming, stood waist-deep in the water, and looked round. The Major pointed with his hand to the cliff at the end of the channel. Meldon looked up. A man with a rope around him was rapidly descending. Meldon gazed at him in astonishment. He was not one of the islanders. He was dressed in well-fitting, dark-blue clothes, wore canvas shoes, and a neat yachting cap. He reached the beach safely and faced Meldon. For a short time both men stood without speaking. The Major's shouts ceased. Then the stranger said—"Who the devil are you?"—(*Spanish Gold*, pp. 88-89.)

XXXVIII.

In the midst of this panic Antonius omitted nothing that a self-possessed commander or a most intrepid soldier could do. He threw himself before the terrified fugitives, he held back those who were giving way, and wherever the struggle was hardest, wherever there was a gleam of hope, there he was with his ready skill, his bold hand, his encouraging voice, easily recognised by the enemy, and a conspicuous object to his own men. At last he was carried to such a pitch of

excitement, that he transfixed with a lance a flying standard-bearer, and then, seizing the standard, turned it towards the enemy. Touched by the reproach, a few troopers, not more than a hundred in number, made a stand. The locality favoured them, for the road was at that point particularly narrow, while the bridge over the stream which crossed it had been broken down, and the stream itself, with its varying channel and its precipitous banks, checked their flight. It was this necessity, or a happy chance, that restored the fallen fortunes of the party. Forming themselves into strong and close ranks, they received the attack of the Vitellianists, who were now imprudently scattered. These were at once overthrown. Antonius pursued those that fled, and crushed those that encountered him. Then came the rest of his troops, who, as they were severally disposed, plundered, made prisoners, or seized on weapons and horses. Roused by the shouts of triumph, those who had lately been scattered in flight over the fields hastened to share in the victory.—(Tacitus.—*Annals*, Book III.)

XXXIX.

Self-discipline is grounded on self-knowledge. A man may be led to resolve upon some general course of self-discipline by a faint glimpse of his moral degradation : let him not be contented with that small insight. His first step in self-discipline should be to attempt to have something like an adequate idea of the extent of the disorder. The deeper he goes in this matter the better ; he must try to probe his own nature thoroughly. Men often make use of what self-knowledge they may possess to frame for themselves skilful flattery, or to amuse themselves in fancying what such persons as they are would do under various imaginary

circumstances. For flatteries and for fancies of this kind not much depth of self-knowledge is required ; but he who wants to understand his own nature for the purposes of self-discipline, must strive to learn the whole truth about himself, and not shrink from telling it to his whole soul :—

> To thine own self be true,
> And it must follow, as the night the day,
> Thou canst not then be false to any man.

The old courtier Polonius meant this for worldly wisdom ; but it may be construed much more deeply.—(Help's *Essays*, p. 9.)

XL.

Sometimes when the want of evidence for a series of facts or doctrines is unaccountable, an unexpected explanation or addition in the course of time is found as regards a portion of them, which suggests a ground of patience as regards the historical obscurity of the rest. Two instances are obvious to mention, of an accidental silence of clear primitive testimony as to important doctrines, and its removal. In the number of the articles of Catholic belief which the Reformation especially resisted, were the Mass and the sacramental virtue of Ecclesiastical Unity. Since the date of that movement, the shorter Epistles of St. Ignatius have been discovered, and the early Liturgies verified ; and this with most men has put an end to the controversy about those doctrines. The good fortune which has happened to them, may happen to others ; and though it does not, yet that it has happened to them, is to those others a sort of compensation for the obscurity in which their early history continues to be involved.—(Newman, *Development of Christian Doctrine.*)

XLI.

Now without attempting to explain perfectly such passages as these, which doubtless cannot be understood without a fulness of grace which is possessed by very few men, yet at least we learn thus much from them, that a rigorous self-denial is a chief duty, nay, that it may be considered the test whether we are Christ's disciples, whether we are living in a mere dream, which we mistake for Christian faith and obedience, or are really and truly awake, alive, living in the day, on our road heavenwards. The early Christians went through self-denials in their very profession of the Gospel; *what are our self-denials*, now that the profession of the Gospel is not a self-denial? In what sense do *we* fulfil the words of Christ? have we any distinct notion what is meant by the words "taking up our cross?" in what way are we acting, in which we should not act, supposing the Bible and the Church were unknown to this country, and religion, as existing among us, was *merely* a fashion of this world? What are we doing, which we have reason to trust is done for Christ's sake who bought us?—(Newman, *Parochial and Plain Sermons.*)

XLII.

I was born free as Cæsar; so were you.
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he!
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me,—Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point? Upon the word,
Accouter'd as I was—I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The angry torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it

With lusty sinews ; throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy ;
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cry'd, Help me, Cassius, or I sink.
I—as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did, from the flames of Troy, upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear—so, from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar ! And this man
Is now become a God ! and Cassius is
A wretched creature—and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake, 'Tis true,—this god did shake.
His coward lips did from their colour fly ;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose its lustre : I did hear him groan ;
Ay, and that tongue of his,—that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,—
Alas (it cried,) Give me some drink, Titinius.
As a sick girl. Ye gods ! it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.

(Shakespeare.—*Julius Cæsar.*)

XLIII.

And so she learned to read in the Book of Life ; though only on one side of it. At the age of six, she had, though surrounded with loving care and instructed by skilled teachers, learned only the accepting side of life. Giving of course there was in plenty, for the traditions of Normanstand were

royally benevolent; many a blessing followed the little maid's footsteps as she accompanied some timely aid to the sick and needy sent from the squire's house. Moreover, her aunt tried to inculcate certain maxims founded on that noble one that it is more blessed to give than to receive. But of giving in its true sense: the giving that which we want for ourselves, the giving that is as a temple built on the rock of self-sacrifice, she knew nothing. Her sweet and spontaneous nature, which gave its love and sympathy so readily, was almost a bar to education: it blinded the eyes that would have otherwise seen any defect that wanted altering, any evil trait that needed repression, any lagging virtue that required encouragement—or the spur.—(*The Man*, Bram Stoker.)

XLIV.

Having made these preparations during the night, Hannibal at break of day led out his army to battle. Nor did Fulvius hesitate, though he was urged on more by the impetuosity of his men than by any confidence of his own. And so it was that with the same heedlessness with which they marched to battle, was their battle-array formed, the soldiers advancing or halting, just as their inclination prompted, and then, from caprice or terror, abandoning their posts In the van were drawn up the first legion and the left wing of the allies, and the line was extended to a great length, though the tribunes loudly protested that there was no solidity or strength within, and that wherever the enemy attacked he would break through. But not a word for their good would the men admit into their ears, much less into their minds. And now Hannibal was close upon them, a very different general with a very different army, arrayed, too, far otherwise. As

a consequence, the Romans did not bear up against even the first shout and onset of the enemy. Their leader, a match for Centenius in folly and recklessness, but not to be compared to him in courage, seeing his line wavering and his men in confusion, seized a horse and fled with about two hundred cavalry. The rest of the army beaten in front, and surrounded on its rear and flanks, was so cut up that out of eighteen thousand men not more than two thousand escaped. —(*Livy.*—Book XXV.)

XLV.

This study of the social consciousness of past ages is perhaps the most important part of history ; changes of government, crusades, religious reforms, revolution,—all these are half-meaningless events to us unless we understand the ideas, the passions, the ways of looking at the world, of which they are the outcome. It is also the most elusive thing in history ; we gain enough of it indeed from literature to make us aware of any glaring anachronism ; but we are too apt to read back modern conception into old words, and it is one of the most difficult of mental feats to place ourselves in the minds of our ancestors and to see life and the world as they saw it. It is said that language can give the most important aid to history ; if we know what words were current and popular at a given period, what new terms were made or borrowed, and the new meanings that were attached to old ones, we become aware, in a curiously intimate way, of interests of that period.—(*The English Language*, pp. 215-216.—L. Pearsall Smith, M.A.)

XLVI.

Laws are partly framed for the sake of good men, in order to instruct them how they may live on friendly terms with one another, and partly for the sake of those who refuse to be instructed, whose spirit cannot be subdued, or softened, or hindered from going to all evil. These are the persons to cause the word to be spoken which I am about to utter; for them the legislator legislates of necessity, and in the hope that there may be no need of his laws. He who shall dare to lay violent hands on his father or mother, or any still older relative, having no fear either of the wrath of the gods above, or of the punishments that are spoken of in the world below, but transgresses in contempt of ancient tradition, as though he knew what he does not know, requires some extreme measure of prevention. Now death is not the worst that can happen to men; far worse are the punishments which are said to pursue them in the world below.—(Plato, *Laws*, Book IX.)

XLVII.

They reached the top of the cliff. In front of them lay the little green slope of the island, a patchwork of ridiculous little fields seamed with an intolerable complexity of grey stone walls. Below, near the further sea, were the cabins of the people, little whitewashed buildings, thatched with half-rotten straw. On the roof of many of them long grass grew. From a chimney here and there a thin column of smoke was blown eastwards, and vanished in the clear air, a few yards from the hole from which it emerged. Gaunt cattle, dejected creatures, stood here and there idle, as if the task of seeking for grass long enough to lick up had grown too hard for them. In the muddy bohireens long, lean sows, creatures

more like hounds of some grotesque, antique breed than modern domestic swine, roamed and rooted. Now and then a woman emerged from a door with a pot or dish in her hands, and fowls, fearfully excited, gathered from the dungheaps to her petticoats. Men, leaning heavily on their loys, or digging sullenly and slowly, were casting earth upon the wide potato ridges.—(*Spanish Gold*, p. 67).

XLVIII.

As the conversion of Ireland to Christianity did not begin with St. Patrick, so also he did not live to complete it. To say this is not to belittle his work or to deprive him of the honour that has been accorded to him by every generation of Irishmen since his death. No one man has ever left so strong and permanent impression of his personality on a people, with the single and eminent exception of Moses, the deliverer and lawgiver of Israel. It is curious to note that the comparison between these two men was present to the minds of our forefathers. Both had lived in captivity. Both had led the people from bondage. Some of the legends of St. Patrick were perhaps based on this comparison, especially the account of his competition with the Druids. Some of his lives go so far as to give him the years of Moses, six score years, making him live till the year 492, sixty years after the beginning of his mission. There is good evidence, however, that the earliest date of his death, 461, found in our oldest chronicle, and also in the Welsh chronicle, is the authentic date.—(MacNeill, *Phases of Irish History*, p. 222).

XLIX.

This corporate will is, indeed, like other human manifestations, often capricious in its working, and not all its results are worthy of approval. It sometimes blurs useful distinctions, preserves others that are unnecessary, allows admirable tools to drop from its hands; its methods are often illogical and childish, in some ways it is unduly and obstinately conservative, while it allows of harmful innovations in other directions. Yet, on the whole, its results are beyond all praise; it has provided an instrument for the expression, not only of thought, but of feeling and imagination, fitted for all the needs of man, and far beyond anything that could even have been devised by the deliberation of the wisest and most learned experts.—(*The English Language*, p. 26—Logan Pearsall Smith, M.A.).

L.

Friends, Romans, Countrymen! lend me your ears:
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.
So let it be with Cæsar! The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious—
If it were so, it was a grevious fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it!
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men,
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend—faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept ;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse : was this ambition ?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man.

(Shakespeare,—*Julius Cæsar.*)