STUDIES IN MODERN IRISH

PART II.

REV. G. O NOLAN, M.A.

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STUDIES IN MODERN IRISH—PART II.

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STUDIES IN MODERN IRISH

(PART II).

CONTINUOUS PROSE COMPOSITION

By

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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 m ans, 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 h mself.

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 ġeidtí radarc ar admad a rleara ; " *snatching* a brief hour's bliss " (III.) ag rúgrad dóid féin ar fead an tamaill dig aoidnir . . . ; " The other problem *had impressed* " (V.) a táinig ar a aġaid de bárr na ceirte eile ; He *pencilled* them on the clouds " (XI.) dar leir go bréadfad fé ramhail na dutaiġe rin a déanamh amach i mearg na rgamall ; " the capture of all trade for the benefit of England " (XVI.) " ní fárócad an raoġal an Saranac . . . ; " the *spell* of its culture fell " (XIX) ná go gcuiread, mar a déarfá, nóra na nGaeideal fé dhaoidheacht é ; " who *strain* their eyes " (XLV.) atá ag faire go dúit ; " *fever-stricken* " (XLV.) ag ornaiġeal le duad ; " *forging* new *instruments* " (XLIII.) rliġte nua aici 'á gceapad ; " to *embody* " (XLIII.) . . . do ćur le ćéile ; " our country's honour *calls* upon us . . . " (XLVI.) ní mór do'n uile duine againn . . . ; " if happily we are *the instruments* " (XLVI.) " má éirġeann linn . . . ; " by the *interweaving* " (XLVIII.) á ṡníoṁ ann, mar a déarfá ; " the fancy of the hearers is *struck* " (XLIX.) ir amlaid . . . a taitnid riad leir an muinntir a ćloireann iad ; " the *vision made* his voice gentle " (IX.) ir aṁlaid ba ćiúine-de . . .

(*b*). "The *fulness* of his heart would not suffer" (XI.) ḃí toċt ċóṁ tṙom ṙan aṙ a ċṙoiḋe . . . ; "sought to *combine* English loyalty and self-preservation" (XVI.) "ċum an ḋá ṫṙáiġ ṙin ḋ' ḟṙeaṙtal" ;

(*c*) "*icy temper*" (II.) ḋá ṁéiḋ ḋoiċeall ⁊ ḋuaiṙceaṙ a ḃíoḋ aiṙ ; "to *melt and warm*" (II.) iṙ aṁlaiḋ a ḃíoḋaṙ ṙan ġá ḃoġaḋ maṙ a ḃoġann an teaṙ an cuiṙne ; "the *gay butterflies*" (VIII.) iṙ cuma nó peiḋleacáin iaḋ ; "the *resistless dash* of his onset" (XXXVII) . . . maṙ a ṙġuabṙaḋ ṙeiḋm na ṙaiṙṙġe ṙeamain ; "their *eddying* dispersion" (XL.) iaḋ aġ leaṫaḋ ón a ċéile aṙ nóṙ tonntṙaċa na maṙa ; "the whole is *airy*" . . . (XLI) iṙ cuma nó leoiṫne ġaoiṫe í . . . ; "this multiple *resonance* of meaning" (XLVIII.) ḋíṙeaċ maṙ aiṙiġteaṙ ṙa ċeol éaġṙaṁlaċt ṙuama ṙan aon nóta aṁáin ;

2°. The English active voice becomes in Irish passive or autonomous :—"Rolling" (I.) í ḋá luaṙġaḋ ; "whirling" . . . "rushing" (I.) ḋá ṙuaṫaḋ . . . ḋá tiomáint ; "as she went over to starboard" (I.) nuaiṙ a luaiṙġtí í ḋeiṙeal ; "printing and throwing open . . ." (XIV.) . . . ḋá ġciṙ i ġcló, ⁊ . . . ḋá leaṫaḋ ; "revealing" (I.) ḋo ġeiḃtí ṙaḋaṙc aṙ . . .

3°. The English passive is frequently rendered by the active in Irish :—"Was driven back" (XIV.) ġan ḋe ċóiṙ ċum múinte acu aċ . . . ; "once frequented by" (XXII.) a ṫaiṫiġeaḋ . . . ; "her people were reckoned" (XXIII.) 'ṙé ḋeiṙeaḋ muinntiṙ Ṡaṙana leo ; "is threatened by" (XXXIX.) ġáṙ ġcoṙġ aṙ . . . ; 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 ḃeann aici oṗṫa ; " in bitter perplexity " (V.) ḃí ṡé ag teip air ḋá ṫaoḃ an ṡgéil do ṫaḃairt dá ċéile ; " timidly " (VI.) ⁊ iarṗaċtín d'eagla uiṗṫi ; " all right " (VII) ní ḃaoġal ná go . . . ;

5°. An epithet is sometimes transferred—(*a*) In Irish :— " rolling securely in the *heavy* sea " (I.) í dá luaṡgaḋ go bṗeaġ **tromaiḋe** imeaṡg na móṗ-ṫonn ; " filled with . . . . such overflowing joy," ċóṁ tuilliṫe ṗin d'áṫaṡ (Studies I, p. 191, sentence 6) ; (*b*) In English :—" *runaway* knocks " (III.) iad ag buailaḋ dóiṗṡe ⁊ ag ṗiṫ leo ṗéin.

6°. Words found in English are sometimes omitted in Irish, as being unnatural, or unmeaning repetitions :—" her *noble graceful* hull " (I.) aḋmad a ṡleaṡa ; " *open* parlour windows " (III.) tṗé ḟuinneoġaiḃ páṗlúṡ iṡteaċ ; " 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 " doḃ' ionġnaċ an ṗaḋaṗc é ; ba ġáḋ ṡan (II.) inserted after first sentence of English ; " ṗé ṗéim ṡa tír " (XXII.) inserted to complete the sense at the end ; agus is iad cóṁaṗṫaí is ġnáṫ a ḃeiṫ uiṗṫi (XLIV) before third sentence of English, in order to make the logical connection clear ; duḃairt 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 ṫruaġ ⁊ ba nīṁneaċ . . . ; " extremely interesting " (XLIX.) ba ṁór an níḋ é ⁊ ba ṁaiṫ " how very easily," a ḃuiġe ⁊ a ḟaoṗáiḋiġe (Séadna).

9°. English relative construction becomes non-relative in Irish :—" which could not be given " (I.) aċ ní ṗaiḋ ar ċúmuṗ éinne an ċaḃair ṡin a ṫaḃairṫ dúinn ; " who were giving the finishing touches " (II.) ⁊ . . . cṗíoċnuiġṫe acu, naċ móṗ ; " which he could not solve " (V.) nuair náṗ ḟeáḋ ṡé[1] an ċeirt úd do ṗéiḋteaċ ; " who cannot understand " (VII.) nuair ná tuigeann[1] an duine ṡin ; " who all day " (IX.) ḃí an lá áiṗiṫe ṡeo go léiṗ . . . ; " table at which " (X.) ḃí . . . ag an mbóṗd ⁊ í ag iṫe ; " who was busy " (X.) ḃí . . . ag an teine ⁊ í ag gaḃáil do ġnó éigin ; " during which time " (XII.) le n-a linn ṡin ; " who informed " (XII.) ġá ċuṗ in-iúl dom . . . ; " which was driven back " (XIV.) muinntiṗ na hÉiṗeann annṡan ⁊ gan de ċóiṗ ċum múinte acu aċ . . . ; " in which " (XVI.) d'ḟéadṗaḋ muinntiṗ na mbailte móṗa ; " a city which had " (XVI.) do ḋein muinntiṗ Ḃl' áṫ Cliaṫ . . . ; " whose wealth had to be destroyed " (XXIII.) níoṗḃ ḟulaiṗ . . . ṗaiḋḃṗeaṗ na nGaeḋeal do ċuṗ ar neaṁ-níḋ ; " who was a prince " (L.) ḟeaṗ ana ṫuiṗgionaċ ab eaḋ an Rí ; " which brought me . . ." (L.) Is aṁlaiḋ ar an gcuma ṡan a ḃínn ċóṁ h-áiṗd len' aġaiḋ naċ móṗ ; do-ḃí ḟeaṗ ann ḟad ó ⁊ Séadna ab ainm dó (whose name was S.) and Studies I., p. 189, sentence 5°, " man's weakness, which is prone to evil," laiġe an duine a ṫuġṫaċt ċum 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 ṗaiḃ . . . ; " in writing " (XVIII.) nuair a ḃíonn duine ag cur síos air . . . ; " liable to " (XXIII.) a ċaiṫfeaḋ ġéilleaḋ . . . ; So frequently in *Double* Relative Construction : " its the people who know least that *talk most* " na daoine is luġa 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 cathaoireaċa mórа leathana ; " *liqueurs*," " *cigars* " (VIII.), biotáille . . . tobac ; " *stuck up* through its surface," (IX.) aníos ar an dtalaṁ ; " *lost* in the distant clouds " (XI.) na sgamaill úd i bfad

uaiḋ ir ḟúṫa ran ṫíor a ḃíoḋar; "*flaming* sword" (XIV.) "claiḋeaṁ noċtaiṫe"; "children of *Taliesin and Ossian* (XXXIX.) clann na ḃreataine ḃige ⁊ Ġaeḋil na hÉireann; "in *the present day*" (XLIX.), le ḋéiḋeanaiġe; "*witness*" (XLIX.) go ḃfeicimíḋ; "that he was *master* of" (L.) a ḃí ar ḟeaḃar aige; "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 reaċt rleaċta; "it might be imagined" (XX.) ba ró-ḃaoġal go ramlóċaiḋir; "the miseries" (XXIII.) gaċ ḋíṫ ⁊ gaċ ḋonar ⁊ gaċ cruaḋtan ḋ'ḟulang; "English subjects" (XXIII.) aicme ḟé rmaċt; "the rawness of a lower class" (XXXIX.) iad gan léiġeann gan láġaċt gan tuirgint; "the greater delicacy and spirituality" (XXXIX.) an blar úd ar áilneaċt ⁊ ar uairleaċt ⁊ ar rpioradálṫaċt; "than many of the larger kinds" (L.) murab ionann ir na hainṁiḋṫe 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 ġreim ḋo ḃogaḋ; "the vast hotel" (VIII.) tiġ órḋa 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 níba ċúmainge ná a ċéile; "produced the immediate accession" (III.) ġluaiseidís láiṫreaċ in aonḟeaċt linn i dteannta na cdo' eile; "a passage" (XII.) é ṫaḋaipt anall; "the English policy" a ṫeartuiġ ó . ; "the history of" (XVIII.) ag cur síos ar feaċt ⁊ féimear; "independent Irish life" (XIX.) leogaḋ do'n Ġaeḋeal . . .; "the human fellowship, etc." (XIX.)—this whole sentence is highly abstract in English; "in the absence of evidence to the contrary" (XX.) nuair ná faiḃ aon eolus a mbréagnuiġṫe; "reflect the popular belief" (XXI.) gurb eaḋ is doiċiġe-de guḃ ṡin é a ċreideaḋ na daoine; "life" (XXIV.) an cine daonna; "attended with repentance" (XXIV.) nuair nár ṁór aiṫriġe a ḋéanaṁ ann; "a tendency and propriety to it" (XXV.) ḟonn ḟé leiṫ air ċúiċi ⁊ rl.; "the consequence" (XXVI.) 'na toraḋ ar . . .; "the subject of your own applause" (XXVI.) má'r duine féin a ṁolann é; "common intercourse of life" (XXXV.) i ngnóṫaíḃ coitċiantа an tsaoġail; "appliance of means to ends (XXXVIII.) mar man leat breiṫ ar nid áirṫe ⁊ rl.; "the excellencies of full-bodied narrative" (XL.) innsint a ċur air a ḃeaḋ ar ḟeaḃas ⁊ ar áilneaċt ⁊ ar ċruinneas; "the onward sweep of events" (XL.), gníoṁ á ḋéanaṁ i ndiaiḋ gníṁ; "the calm and chastity of the pauses of fate" (XL.) ⁊ ann san, eatorṫa isteiġ, ⁊ rl.;

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

there *had been* (Aesop, 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) beiṫ ag gluaiseaċt linn ; " I went " (XIII.) do bíos ag gabáil tímċeall ; " she began to grow fat " (XXIII), bí sí ag tosnú ar dul i raiṁse ; cf. also " The priest's business is to pray " is é gnó an tsagairt beiṫ ag cur a ġuide suas . . . ("Studies" I., p. 18) ; " I think it the greatest folly on your part to spend your life in this place," measaim gur mór go léir an doiṫ céille duit beiṫ ag caiṫeaṁ do ṡaoġail sa n-áit seo (Aesop, Pt. II., Fable 17). Cf. also sentence 5°. Studies I., p. 84, and " Níorb aon iongna iad ġá déanaṁ san," it was no wonder that they acted thus. Sentence 10°., p. 98 (Studies I.)—" however generously *you might pay* me for it," dá ṡéile a beiṫeá am' díol ar. So—is móide mo ṁian é ċlos tusa beiṫ ġá ráḋ san liom—" *when you tell me this ;* " and is aṁlaiḋ a ċeap sé gurb airlisg a bí aige a ṡeiscint—*that he saw a vision ;* bí ag éiġeaṁ ⁊ ag bualaḋ, " sigh and knock " (Imit.). " People may say this or that " (XIII.) tá daoine ann ⁊ bíonn so ⁊ súd acu 'á ráḋ . . .

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.), ba ġreannṁar an sgéal é ; " we have seen the conflict . . . (XVI) do deim muinntir D'l áṫ Cliaṫ . . . ; " of whose achievements we are all so justly proud " (XXXIII) is éaċtaċ ⁊ is iongantaċ an t-eolas do ṡuaṁṫas ar an ealaḋain sin.

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 ṫug Dia ḋó gur ġaiḃ ré a ḃuinn. 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 mbeannuiġiḋ Dia ḋuit; Dia 'r Muire ḋuit; beannaċt Dé leat; bail ó Dia anro; b'é toil Dé . . .; b'é leaṁnú Dé . . . Notice that do ṫuit ré ar a ċoraiḃ 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 ċoraiḃ.

SECTION I.

Passages Translated.

A.—DESCRIPTIVE.

I.

Ꝿaeḋilꝿ do ċuṗ aṗ an mḃéaṗla ṗo :—

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 'ıonꝿna ⁊ alltaċt." For "spectacle" use *the concrete* ṗéaċaınt. This will be more natural than to try to turn by 'ṗaḋaṗc'

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 luargaḋ. "Securely"—Use a negative expression with 'beann.' Single adverbs will frequently be translated by *phrases* in Irish. "The heavy sea"—We may say 'i mearg na mór-ṫonn," and bring out the meaning of 'heavy' by *transferring* the epithet to luargaḋ—í dá luargaḋ go breaġ tromaiḋe. (Not **trom.**) 'Revealing.'—The English present participle requires careful treatment. Here, we begin a new sentence—Do ġeibḋí radhairc air . . . Irish avoids the personification implied in "revealing." "Hull"—Say adhmad a ṡleasa, and omit the adjectives "noble, graceful" altogether. They are out of place in the Irish picture. We have described the vessel as long áluinn already. That is quite sufficient. "To within a few feet, etc." We need not be quite so mathematical. Síos 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 luaisgtí í deisheal le truime nirt na gaoiṫe. "But there was also . . ." Here we may supply the connecting link with first sentence by inserting—doḃ' iongantach an radhairc é. Ach . . . . ., 'Unspeakably dreadful."—In Irish, as in Latin, such phrases are turned by *two* adjectives (or nouns) of kindred meaning—ba ṫruaġ ⁊ ba nímhneach . . . "and yet of no more"—ach ċóṁ beag is dá . . . "a thousand miles" na céadta míle. "God knows." The emphasis is rather upon human ignorance than God's knowledge. Say therefore—ní fios ach do Ḋia na gcóise. "torn . . . whirling . . . rushing."—These will

be expressed by verbal nouns. "blindly rushing before"—there is metaphor and personification here. Say dá tiomáint ar buile roimir . . . "bitterly illustrating"—omit "bitterly" and use cóṁarṫa 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 ⁊ alltaċt do ṫeaċt air, féaċaint ar an luing áluinn rin, ⁊ í ag gluaireaċt tríd an dṫairrge ⁊ í dá luargaḋ go breaġ tromaide i mearg na mór-ṫonn, ⁊ gan aon beann aici orṫa. Do ġeibṫí raḋarc ar admad a rleara, rior naċ mór go cíle, nuair a luairgtí í deireal le truime nirt na gaoiṫe. Dob' iongntaċ an raḋarc é! Aċ ba ṫruaġ ⁊ ba nímneaċ an rgéal dúinne an ċaḃair annrúd ċóṁ h-aṫċumair dúinn, ⁊ gan aon tairḃe dúinn ann,[1] aċ ċóṁ beag ir dá mbeaḋ rí na céadta míle uainn!

Ḃí fear ar a droiċead, ⁊ gan aṁrar ḃí daoine eile, leir, ag fairre ar ár luing-ne, ⁊ gan raḋarc againn orṫa.[2] Ní fior aċ do Ḋia na glóire cad iad na rmaointe a ḃí 'n-a n-aigne riúd, ⁊ iad ag féaċaint ar ár luing ḃoiċt-ne d'á rtracaḋ ⁊ dá ruaṫaḋ ⁊ dá tiomáint ar buile roimir an ngaoiṫ—a reolta 'n-a ngiobalaiḃ, a bratać i leaṫ-aoirde mar ċóṁarṫa ar ár gcruaḋ-ċár, ⁊ ġá ċur i n-iúl go raḃamair ag glaoḋaċ go dian, níba ġéire ná mar féadfaḋ guṫ daonna glaoḋaċ, ar ċaḃair. Aċ ní raiḃ ar ċumur éinne an ċaḃair rin a ṫaḃairt dúinn.

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

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

II.

Gaeḋilg do ċur ar an mḃéarla so :—

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 snow-man. 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 gáḋ san. Then continue—Mar is amlaiḋ . . . " 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,'—"ḃeiṫ ag ġluaiṙeaċt inn." Irish often prefers the progressive form with ḃeiṫ. "without taking this precaution"—simply in' éaġmaiṙ. "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 **ḃí** aḃa . . . but **ṫá** aḃa . . . Rivers do not easily shift their positions. It is to be assumed that the river is still there. ḃí 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.

Sṗáiṙ-ḃaile ḋeaṙ Ġaoḋlaċ aḃ' eaḋ é. Ċóṁ luaṫ iṙ ṫáṅġamaiṙ, óṙ cóṁaiṙ na céaṙḋċan amaċ ḋo ṙtaḋamaiṙ na caṙaill, agur ṙiúḋ anuaṙ[1] láiṫṙeaċ an ġiolla, ċun a iarṙaiḋ[2] aṙ an ngaḃa cṙuiḋṫe ḋo ċuṙ ṗúṫa.[3] Ḃa ġáḋ ṙan.

1. Siúḋ anuaṙ 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 bóithre cóm fleamain fin tréis a raib de fioc ⁊ de fneacta againn ar feadh coigcíoire ná féadfaimís beit ag gluaiseacht linn in' éagmuis. An faid a bí Tadg gaba ag gabáil do fna capallaib do tógar-fa mo fiopa amach ⁊ bí gal agam ar mo fuaimneas. Tá aba in-aice na ceardcan, ⁊ bí fgata buaicailli ir cailíní ag fleamnú go meidhreach ar an lic-oidhre.[1] Do cuadar[2] ag féachaint orta. Bí fgata leanbaí óga ann, leis, ⁊ fear mór fneachtaid acu 'á déanam, ⁊ é críochnuigthe acu, nach mór. D'iompuiginn ón gcéad dream anois ir airís, ⁊ do labhrainn go roilbir leo ro. Bí an aimsir fuar gan amhras, ach bí an áit cóm geal gríanach ran go gcuirfeadh sé meidhir orth. Ní féadfadh éinne gan a d'adhmáil go raib maith éigin fa ngeimhreadh, agus a mheidhrigh ir a bríoghmaire a bí na daoine. Dá mb' é mo chara féin é, dá méid doicheall ⁊ duairceas a bíodh air de ghnáth, bí ruairceas ⁊ roilbhre éigin, ba dóich leat, ag teacht air anois, de bhárr gríonn ⁊ gealgháirithighe na ndaoine seo. Ir amlaid a bíodar ran gá bhogadh mar a bhogann an teas an cuirne.[3]

III.

Gaedhilg do chur ar an mBéarla so :—

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 chuadar 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 agus níba ċúmaiṅge ná a ċéile; "containing"—use preposition in, relative, and verb tá; "habitations,"—express by cóṁnuiḋe; "alive with children,"—say—Ḃí lán an ḃaill de leanḃaiḃ na mboċt ran bailiġte ann ṗóṁainn; "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 deirid́ir; "a great conjurer"—árd-ḟear fireoġ; "laying the ghost"—an ṙṙuid do ḋíbirt"; "that I was he"—for "he" repeat ḟear fireoġ; "the other chap"—an ṫé a ḃí am' aice; "this announcement"—an méid ṙin (not ṙeo) "produced the immediate accession"—simplify.

Do ġluaireamair tré n-a lán ṙráideanna cuṁanġa, cuid acu níba ċuṁainġe ná a ċéile, 'n-a raiḃ tiġċe cóṁnuiġċe na ndaoine mboċt ba ḋealḃa. Ḃí lán an ḃaill de leabaiḃ na mboċt ṙan bailiġċe ann ṙóṁainn ⁊ iad ag rúġraḋ ḋóiḃ ḟéin i ṙalaċar na ṙráideann, ar ḟeaḋ an tamaill ḃíġ aoiḃnir a ḃeaḋ acu ṙul a ġcaiṫfidír dul a ċodlaḋ. Ḃí luċt eolair a ḋéanaṁ dom ag ṙgiúrdaḋ ar aġaiḋ, ⁊ iad ag liúirġ mar a ḃeaḋ Indiaṫaċa fiaḋaine. Do ṙtadaidír anoir ir airír ag na cúinniḃ ag ḟeiṫeaṁ leir an ngig ċum teaċt ṙuar, ⁊ an uile ḟaġar cleaṙaidéaċta ar ṙúḃal acu, ḟé mar a ḃí oireaṁnaċ do'n lá a ḃí ann. Iad ag bualaḋ dóirre ⁊ ag ṙiṫ leo ḟéin; iad ag ṙnapaḋ na ġcairíní d'á ċéile, ⁊ ġá ġcaiṫeaṁ tré ḟuinneoġaiḃ páirlúr irteaċ, mar a raiḃ líon-tiġe ar a ṙuaiṁnear ag ól tae; iad ag ġlaodaċ ór cionn leaṫ-dóirre irteaċ i ṙiopaíḃ, ag lorġ luaċ pingne de ġaċ aon traġar ṙuda ná díolḟí ċoiḋċe; ⁊ ġá innrint go h-árd irteaċ ígcluaraiḃ máiṫreaċa n-a raiḃ 'ḟior acu a ġclann a ḃeiṫ larmuiċ, go raiḃ an ġig an uair ṙin díreaċ tréir dul or cionn leinḃ, ⁊ dá leaṫ a ḋéanaṁ de ṙa ċlair! Ñuair a ḃuaileaḋ cuid dá n-aicme ḟéin úmpa, ⁊ go ḃfiarṙuiġidír díoḃ cá raḃadar ag dul, ir é deirid́ir go raiḃ árd-ḟear fireoġ taġaiṫe ċum an ḃaile ⁊ go raiḃ ré ċum na ṙṙuide do ḋíbirt; ġur mire an ḟear fireoġ, ⁊ an ṫé a ḃí am' aice (mo ḟeirḃíreaċ) ġurḃ é an diaḃal é, ⁊ go raḃadar ḟéin ag tairbeáint na ṙliġe ḋúinn ċum an tiġe 'n-a raiḃ

an rprio ann! Nuair airiġtí an méid rin, ċuireaḋ ré dáraċt áṫair ar an luċt a ḋ'airiġeaḋ é, ⁊ ġluairiḋír láiṫreaċ in-aonḟeaċt linn, i dteannta na cod' eile.

IV.

Ġaeḋilg do ċur 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 deireaḋ ré ; "of God"—ó Ḋia. The whole passage will be :—

Ag ġaḃáil tímċeall do'n Ġarboġ ḃíoḋ ré ana-ċaoṁ ana-ċneaṙḋa leir na daoine. Ḃa ṁinicí é ag cóṁráḋ leo

ná ag tabairt feanmóine dóib. Cainnt ċóṁgarać fo-ṫuirgiona ab ead a ċainnt, ⁊ fampláí ana-ḟimplide ab ead a ċuireaḋ ré ór a gcóṁair. Nuair a bíoḋ ré ag labairt le dream daoine i ndúṫaiġ áiriṫe bíoḋ muinntir an ċeanntair ba ġiorra dóib 'á molaḋ aige. Inn na trúċaib céad 'n-a mbíṫí ró-ċruaiḋ ar na boċtaib ré deireaḋ ré :—" Féaċ ar ṁuinntir Ḃriançon. Tá cead tabarṫa acu do fna boċtaib, do fna baintreabaċaib, do fna dílleaċṫaiṫib a ngairt do baint trí lá roimir an gcuid eile. Deinteas a dtiġṫe fin do ṫógaint fuar airír dóib in airge nuair a bíd fiad 'n-a bfoṫaraċaib. Dá bárr fan tír ir ead í atá beannuiġṫe ó Dia na glóire, i dtreo, le céad bliadan, nár deineaḋ oireaḋ ⁊ aon dúnṁarḃaḋ aṁáin innti." An ṁuinntir n-a mbíoḋ dúil acu i n-arḃar ⁊ i ndeaġ-ḟóġṁar ir é deireaḋ ré leo :—" Féaċ ar ṁuinntir Embrun. Má bíonn aṫair cloinne ann, ir go mbíonn mac leir 'na ḟaiġ-diúir le linn an ḟóġṁair, nó inġean leir ag fuaġáil fa mbaile mór, nó má bíonn ré féin breoite, nó bac air beiṫ ag obair, ir aṁlaiḋ a deineann an fagart é ṁolaḋ 'na ḟeanmóin do'n ḟobul ; ⁊ tréir Airfinn an Doṁnaiġ gluairid muinntir na fráide, idir ḟearaib ir ṁnáib ir ṗáirtíb, gluairid fiad[1] irteaċ 'n-a ġort riúd, ⁊ deinid fiad an fóġṁar do baint, ⁊ do breiṫ a baile irteaċ na fgioḃól dó.

V.

Gaeḋilg go ċur ar an mBéarla fo :—

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 "ᴅᴏ ċuᵃᵢᵈ ᵃn ṗíoṗᵃ ᵢn-éᵃᶻ ᵃṙ (Studies I, p. 209) . . .; "half-smoked"—ᵀ ᶻᵃn é ᵃċ ᵢeᵃċ-óᵢṫᵃ ᵃᵢᶻe; "wrinkled his forehead"—ᴅᴏ ċuᵢṙ ṙé ᶻṙuᵃᵢm ᵃᵢṙ ṙéᵢn; "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 cruaiḋ air a ṗáḋ . . . "go cruaiḋ" helps to express the idea in "*bitter perplexity*." "a ṗáḋ" 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"—ċóṁ luaṫ in Éirinn ir doḃ' ḟéidir é; "smoked steadily"—do lean ré leis ag ól an ṗíopa; "the wrinkle,"—an ḟéaċaint ġruamḋa úd; "had impressed"—express by de ḃárr; "cheerfully"—le neart áṫais; "The churning was over"—begin with is aṁlaiḋ. "Mrs. O'F."—say bean an tiġe, to avoid the too frequent repetition of the name; "Mary Kate"—Máire Ċáit: 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'ṡ Muire duit; "I looked in"—Begin with is aṁlaiḋ: Meldon is explaining his conduct; "looked"—ḃuaileas; "if M.P. *was*"—say 'is' in Irish; "'churning' the baby" is of course metaphorical; "Or would you . . ." Nó an aṁlaiḋ . . .; "*Just* put"—ní gáḋ duit aċ . . .; "he'll be all right"—ní baoġal dó.

Do ċuaiḋ an ṗíopa in-éag ar ṁac uí Ṁaoildúin, ⁊ gan é aċ leaṫ-óita aige. Do ċuis ré gruaim air féin, ⁊ do leaṫ-ḋún ré a ḟúilt. Ḃí ré ag teip air ḋá ṫaoḃ an ṡséil a ṫaḃairt dá ċéile. Do ġoill ré go cruaiḋ air a ṗáḋ ná ḟéadfaḋ ré a ṫuisġint cad a ḃí ar siúḃal ag an Ridire. Ḟé deire d'éiriġ ré de'n lic, do leoġ orna ar, ⁊ ḟiúḃail leis a deiċ nó a cúig déag de ḟlataiḃ fan na tráġa. Ḟuair ré leac

eile annran, ⁊ do ḟuiḋ ré uirṫi. An ḟuiġeall tobac a ḋ'ḟan 'n-a ṗíopa do ċaiṫ ré amaċ é, do líon ré an ṗíopa airír, ⁊ do ḋearġ. Nuair nár ḟéad ré an ċeirt úd do ṗéiṙteaċ d'éiriġ ré airti dá ḋeoin ḟéin, ⁊ do ċrom ré ar a ṁalairt de ċeirt do ḟocrú ḋó féin. Dubairt ré leir féin nárḃ 'ḟuláir dó an poll n-a raiḃ an t-ór i ḃrolaċ ann do ḟroirint lár na ḃáraċ ċóṁ luaṫ in Éirinn ir doḃ' ḟéidir é, ⁊ go gcaiṫfeaḋ ré an Ridire do ċorġ ar é leanaṁaint. Do lean ré leir ag ól an ṗíopa an turur ro, ⁊ diaiḋ ar ndiaiḋ d'imṫiġ an ḟéaċaint ġruamḋa úd a ṫáinig[1] ar a aġaiḋ de ḃárr na ceirte eile. Ḟé ḋeire do ċuir ré rmuta gáire ar. Annran do leaṫ a ḃéal air le gáirí. Do ċaiṫ ré an luaiṫreaċ amaċ ar a ṗíopa, ⁊ do ċuir 'na ṗóca í. Do ṗioc ré ruar roinnt licíní, ⁊ le neart áṫair do ċrom ré ar iad a ċaiṫeaṁ irteaċ ra ḃrairġe. D'éiriġ ré annran, ⁊ do ġluair ré air ṫar n-air go boṫán Ḃean[2] uí Ḟlaiṫbeartaiġ.

Ir aṁlaiḋ a ḃí an ċuigean déanta acu. Ḃí bean an tiġe ag an mbóro, ⁊ an t-im ioir láṁaiḃ aici, ⁊ í ġá ḟuaṫaḋ. Ḃí Máire Ċáit annran 'na ruiḋe fór, ⁊ an leanḃ ar a baclainn aici.

" Dia 'r Muire ḋuit, a ḃean an tiġe " ar Mac uí Ṁaolḋúin, " tráṫnóna breaġ, buiḋeaċar le Dia."

" An tu atá ann airír " ar rire, " am briaṫar gur[3] ċeapar go raḃamair réiḋ leat, indiu, pé 'r doṁan é."

" Ir aṁlaiḋ a ḃuailear irteaċ airír, ḟéacaint an ḃrúil Míċéal Ṗáid[4] ar fóġnaṁ tréir ar ṫugar de ḟuaṫaḋ ḋó. Cia'cu b'ḟearr leat-ra, a ḃean a'tiġe, an ċuigean a ḃeiṫ agat 'á ḋéanaṁ, nó an leanḃ a ḃeiṫ agat 'á ḟuaṫaḋ? 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 ambriaṫar is equivalent to a verb of saying. But the direct construction is also used.

4. See remarks on name Máire Ċáit.

an aṁlaiḋ ab' ḟeaṗṗ leaṫ an ḋá ṗuḋ a ḋéanaṁ ṗá ṡeaċ, ṗé maṗ a ḋeineamaiṗ ċeana um ṫṗáṫnóna? Ċím go bṗuil ṗé 'na ċoḋlaḋ annṡan agaṫ-ṡa, a Ṁáiṗe Ċáiṫ. Ní gáḋ ḋuiṫ, aċ é ċuṗ ṡa gcliaḃán anoiṗ, ⁊ ní baoġal ḋó.

VI.

Gaeḋilg do ċuṗ aṗ an mḂéaṗla ṡo :—

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 buail is better than do ćuaid, do ġluair, 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 ead é. The emphatic form is the more natural ; " what a good girl "—gur cailín ana-mhaiṫ gurb ead ṫu : the meaning is brought out by the emphatic form ; " timidly "—see remark on " soothingly " ; " we're friends "—táimíd ana-mhór le ċéile—suits the light bantering tone of Mr. Meldon ; " is it N. they call you ? "—Nóra is ainm duit, nać ead ? Notice the indefinite pronoun ead, 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 Ċáit is ead 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 dtuigeann tu : this s the natural rendering. Students often spoil their translations by slavishly following the English ; " the worth of it *in* "—a luaċ de (Studies I, p. 154) ; " don't be put off "—express the *meaning.*

Do buail sé ar aġaid go h-obann ⁊ rug sé ar láiṁ ar an gcailín óg. Do dein sise iarracht ar a ġreim do dogad, Annsan do ċrom sí ar gol. " 'Sead anois," ar mac uí

Maoldúin, ad' iarraid í meallad, "ná guil[1] a tuille: nílim ar tí do díogbála." "A Ċaptaoin, tabair dom pinginn. Níl ceann agat, an ead? Ná bac ran. Déanfaid raol mo ġnó ċóm maiṫ." "Sead anoir, a Nóra, a laoġ, féaċ ar an raol dear airgid. Duit-re ir ead é. Sin amaċ do láṁ ⁊ beir greim air, ⁊ neorad dod' ṁam gur cailín ana-ṁaiṫ gurb ead tu."

Do rug an leanb ar an raol, do rtad an gol, ⁊ d'féaċ rí ruar ar aġaid ṁic uí Ṁaoldúin, ⁊ iarraċtín d'eagla uirṫi. "Ir maiṫ é rin" ar reirean, ⁊ a láṁ aige 'á ċur ar ċeann an ċailín, "táimid ana-ṁór le ċéile airís. Innir dom anoir, a Nóra,—Nóra ir ainm duit, naċ ead?" "Ní h-ead" ar rire, "Máire Ċáit ir ead ir ainm dom." "Sead, read, bí ré cearr agam[2] an méid rin do tuirgint. Ambara ná fuil ar fuaid Ċúige Ċonnaċt ainm ir deire ná é, ná cailín beag ir deire ná tura. Innir dom anoir, a Ṁáire Ċáit, an Tomár Ṗáid ó Flaiṫbeartaiġ[3] ir ainm do'n treanfear úd tall." "B' féidir é" ar rire. "Imṫiġ leat, má 'r ead" ar reirean,—"an bfuil an raol annran rlán agat? Beir leat ruar é ag tuiall ar an ndoine uaral atá 'na ċóṁnuide ra tiġ nua iarainn,—an duine uaral úd ón mBóid, an dtuigeann tu?" Do leaṫ a béal ar an gcailín le neart gáirí. "An é an fear é go mbíonn an talaṁ aige 'á roinnt?" ar rire. "Sé, díreaċ," ar mac uí Ṁaoldúin. "Sé an fear céadna é. Beir-re leat ruar ċuige do raol, gá iarraid air a luaċ de ṡiúcra caindiġ do ṫabairt duit. Ná leog dó an t-eiteaċar a ṫabairt duit, gá rád ná fuil a leiṫéid aige. Tá na mílte málaí de annrúd ra tiġ i dtairge aige, ⁊ bíonn ré féin gá iṫe dó féin nuair ir dóiċ leir ná bíonn éinne ag féaċaint 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.

Gaeḋilg do ċur ar an mBéarla so :—

"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 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"—ag baillú linn; "Langton"—Mac uí Longáin is perhaps about the nearest Irish equivalent; "all right"—begin the sentence with—ní baoġal ná go . . .; "up"—aníor; "to go"—dul **ruar;** "his temper . . . . improved"—ní feaḟḟde an fuadar a beiḋ fé 'n Ridire . . . Studies I, pp. 72-73; "you can't . . . trying"—ní ḟeacair ṡuaṁ ać a ḋeacraċt duit (Studies I, pp. 58-59); "who can't" —better avoid this relative construction: say nuair ná tuigeann an duine sin . . .; "He says it"—begin with ṡ aṁlaiḋ (Studies I, pp. 79-81); "get on the nerves of a cow"—go gcuirfead sé déirtin ar an mbuin féin (notice article and féin); "it takes," etc.—is deacair é ḟulang mupan duine boġ séiḋ tu; "Higginbotham"—Mac uí Uiġin will be an approximation; "the effect . . . frightful"

—ní h-uaċbár go dtí an ḟearg . . . ; "And . . . with him" —agus féaċ . . . aige.

"Is dóiċ liom" arra 'n Maoldúnaċ leis an gcaptaon, "go bfuil sé ċóm maiṫ ag an mbeirt againne beiṫ ag bailiú linn a baile anois."

"Slán agat-sa," ar seisean le mac uí Longáin, "ní-ḟéadfaimís-ne a ṫuille congnaiṁ a ṫabairt duit. Ní baogal ná go ndéanfaiḋ an Ridire ṫu ṫarrac aníos. Dá mbeinn-se ad' cár ní ró-ṁór an deiṫneas a beaḋ orm ċum dul suas. Ní feasas-de an fuadar a beiḋ sé'n Ridire an t-aigneas a beiḋ aige le Tomás Ṗáid ó Flaiṫbeartaiġ. Ní ḟeacaís riaṁ aċ a deacraċt duit beiṫ ag argóint le duine, nuair ná tuigeann an duine sin focal d'á labhrann tu, ⁊ nuair ná labhrann sé féin focal a ḋ'ḟeádfá-sa a ṫuisgint. Níl ag an seanduine úd aċ an t-aon abairt amáin,—rud éigin i dtaoḃ "ní bhéarla." Is amlaiḋ a bhíonn an abairt sin aige 'á ráḋ ⁊ 'á aṫ-ráḋ ⁊ 'á ḟior-ráḋ, i dtreo go gcuirfeaḋ sé déistin ar an mbuin féin beiṫ ag éisteaċt leis. Is deacair é ḟulang muran duine dog péiḋ tu. Cuireann sé buile feirge ar ṁac uí Uiġín. Agus am' ṫaoḃ-sa de, d'éireoċainn féin ar buile ċuige, dá mba ná coiméadfainn smaċt orm féin. Ní h-uaċbár go dtí an ḟearg a ċuirfiḋ sé ar an Ridire. Agus féaċ, tá an ċloċ úd aige fós. Níorḃ' ḟulair leis greim a ċoiméad uirṫi. Slán beo agat, a ṁic uí Longáin."

VIII.

Gaeḋilg do ċur ar an mbéarla so :—

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 uaṙal; "that evening"—let "that" qualify "July" in Irish; "Society papers" a literal translation is of course impossible: say—na páipéir a ċuireann ṙíor ar ċúrṙaíḃ an tṙaoġail ṁóir; "empty"—this is hyperbole: say—ná raiḃ éinne . . . ġurḃ' ḟiú tráċt air; "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 rin ní ṙolaṁ a ḃí na cataoireaċa móra leaṫana ("basket" need not be rendered literally); "At the close of the season" etc.—begin with ir 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.

Tiġ órda mór ab eaḋ é, ⁊ "an Ṁór-Ḋabilóin" a ḃí mar ainm air. Ḃí duine uaral ann um ṫráṫnóna Lae deirid an lúil úd, ⁊ é ag ġaḃáil timéeall ⁊ é ag maṫtnaṁ in' aigne ar na neiṫiḃ seo. Na páipéir a ċuireann síos ar ċúrsaíḃ an tsaoġail ṁóir, ḃíodar ġá ráḋ le seaċtṁain ná raiḃ éinne i Lúnndain gurḃ' ḟiú tráṫ air. Aċ in-aiṁḋeoin a ndeirideír ir é ba ḋóiċ leat ar an áit go raiḃ oireaḋ daoine ann ir ḃí riaṁ. Ní fuláir a adṁáil ná raiḃ, ra tiġ órda áiriṫe seo fé láṫair, na táinte a ḃí ann mí roiṁe rin. Aċ ḃí ġearr-ċuid ann, ⁊ níor ġearánta do luċt a ṡtiúrṫa. Dá ḃríġ rin, ní folaṁ a ḃí na caṫaoireaċa móra leaṫana do cuireaḋ sa ṗóirse larmuiċ. Ḃí 'na suiḋe ins na caṫaoireaċaiḃ rin anois a lán daoine uaisle,—cuid acu aosda, cuid acu sgoṫ-aosda—⁊ iad ar a sásaṫt ag ól biotáille ⁊ ag caiṫeaṁ tobac, ⁊ ag ṗéaċaint ar ṡoillse breaġṫa bosa na gealaiġe, ⁊ í ag sluaireaṫ 'n-a lán-lonnraḋ ór cionn na Táimse. Is gnáṫ, nuair a ḃíonn a gcaiṫeaṁ aimsire sa ċaṫair ag druidim ċum deirid, go ḃfanaid na daoine móra ar feaḋ lá[1] nó ḋó mar rin, ins na tiġṫiḃ órda móra. Is cuma nó peiḋleacáin iad, ag imṫeaṫ ó ḃláṫ go bláṫ ag cuardaċ na mbaluiṫe is breaġṫa. Nuair a ḃíonn an cuardaċ sa ċaṫair críoċnuiġṫe, siúd ċum siuḃail iad ag tsiall ar ċairleán nó ar tiġ tuaiṫe, ar ṁóinṡéar nó ar ṁóinteán, ar loċ nó ar linn-ġlaise.

IX.

Gaeḋilg do ċur ar an mḂéarla so :—

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 ḋó. 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 má ḃ'eᴀḋ, ḃ' éiʒeᴀn ᴅó ᴅeiċ ᴀʒ oᴅᴀiṙ,—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 ṫruaiġṁéileaċ an ṗaḋarc é,—é cromṫa anuas mar rin, ⁊ ḟoiṫ a ċinn gan ciorad ráiṫṫe i bḟuiġleaċ na bpráṫaí. " 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 "—aníos ar an dtalaṁ; " piled with "—carnáin de . . . anuas orṫa; " his bleeding hands had gathered "—get rid of the relative construction; " the vision made his voice gentle "—is aṁlaid ba ċiúineḋe a ġlór an airling. Put this statement at the very end; " whereas, etc."—dá mb' iad a ḟúile cinn a ḃeaḋ ag ḟéaċaint air . . .

The whole passage will read :—

Ḟile ab eaḋ Eoġan Mór ó Donnaḃáin. Aċ má b'eaḋ b'éigean dó ḃeiṫ ag obair. Ḃí an lá áiriṫe reo go léir caiṫṫe aige ag treaḃaḋ, ⁊ Diarmuid, a ṁac, ag caḃrú leis, ag treorú na bó. I ndeire an lae do ċuaid Diarmuid isteaċ, d'iṫ sé a ċuid práṫaí, ⁊ d'ól a ċuid bainne, ⁊ le neart tuirse do ċrom sé a ċeann ar an mbórd siúṁaire, ⁊ ṫuit a ċodlaḋ air. Ba ṫruaiġṁéileaċ an ṗaḋarc é,—an ṗarrún boċt cromṫa anuas mar rin, ⁊ ḟoiṫ a ċinn gan ciorad ráiṫṫe i bḟuiġleaċ na bpráṫaí. Le n-a linn rin ṫáinig an t-aṫair isteaċ ⁊ is aṁlaid a ḃí an mac annsan in' aonar roiṁe, ⁊ gan de ḟolar sa ḃoṫáinín aċ lasair ⁊ lonnraḋ na teine. Teine ḃreaġ leaṫan ṁóna ab eaḋ í. D'ḟéaċ Eoġan ar an ngarrún, ⁊ ṫáinig go hobann ór cóṁair a aigne—níba ḟoiléire ná mar do ċonnaic sé 'na ḟúilib cinn é, ⁊ é n-a ḟearaṁ ar an áit—ṗaḋarc, mar a ḃeaḋ in-airling, ar an bpairte beag garḃ cloċaċ talṁan úd ar éadan an tsléiḃe. Ḃí iarracht déanta acu an lá ruar ḟeaḃra ran ar an dtalaṁ

do ḃoṡaḋ leis an ṡcéaċda. Aċ níorḃ' aon ṁaiṫ ḋóiḃ é, 1 dtreo ṡur ṫuit an ṗeas boċt in-éadóċas airís. Ṗior-Ġaeḋeal árd-aiġeanta ab eaḋ é, 7 do ċuaiḋ sé 'na luiġe air anois, níor dainġne ná mar do ċuaiḋ riaṁ roimis rin, ná raiḃ i ndán dó aċ an droċ-úráid, 7 an daoirse! 'Seaḋ, ḃí sé annrúd ór cóṁair a ṡúil, dar leis,—an bairde duḃ dorċa talṁan ar ṫaoḃ an ċnuic, 7 ġan ann aċ mar a ḃeaḋ portaċ! Agus na cairṗġreaċa aníos ar an dtalaṁ 7 iad ġeal ag an ṡín! Agus carnáin de ċloċaiḃ 7 de licíniḃ anuas orṫa! Agus rian na ṡola ar a láṁaiḃ ṗéin ó ḃeiṫ ġá mbailiú ó ġeiṁreaḋ go ġeiṁreaḋ! Dá mb'iad a ṡúile cinn a ḃeaḋ ag ṗéaċaint air is aṁlaiḋ a ċuirṗeaḋ an radarc ṗearġ air. Aċ ní raiḃ ann aċ airlinġ, 7 is aṁlaiḋ ba ċiúineḋe a ġlór an airlinġ sin.

X.

Ġaeḋilġ do ċur ar an mḂéarla 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 cowshed.' 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.

Ḃí Ṅóra ní Ċeallaiġ 'na ṡuiḋe aġ an mbóṙd ⁊ í aġ iṫe. Ḃí Maiġṙéad, a ḋeirḃṡiúr, aġ an ṫeine aġ ġaḃáil ġo ġnó éigin. D'éiṙiġ Ṅóra an ṫaṙna h-uair, d'ḟéaċ sí an ḟuinneoġ amaċ, d'iompuiġ sí uaiṫi, ⁊ do labair le Maiġṙéad :

" Duḃaṙt lem' aṫair," ar ṡṙe, " ⁊ ṡinn ṙa ṫraen aġ ġaḃáil ṫar Ċill Ċollaiṫe—' ḟéaċ an ḟuinneoġ amaċ, a aṫair' arṙa mé leir, ' d'ḟéidir ná ḟeicḟá Corcaiġ ġo deo airíṙ.'

Sé ruo a ḋein reirean iompáil orm ⁊ a ráḋ: 'An aṁlaiḋ ba ṁian liom í ḟeircint? Cionnur a ṫáṙla mé ṫeaċt ann? Caḋ air, an ḋóiċ leat, go mbinn ag cuiṁneaṁ i ruiṫ na mbliaḋanta ro ⁊ mé ag riúḃal na ṙráideann ann? Innir an méid rin dom. Ir beag náṙ ċuma liom dá mba ná ḟeicfinn go deo airíṙ í!' Agur níorḃ áil leir ḟéaċaint amaċ in aon ċor."

Do ḋruid Maigréad anall ón dteine idtreo na fuinneoige, ⁊ do labair ṙí.

"Féaċ anoir air," ar rire, "go bḟóirid Dia orainn, ní fior dó cá bḟuigid ré ruaiṁnear. Siné an deiċṁaḋ h-uair aige ag cuardaċ an bóiṫige rin, ⁊ gá inḟiúċaḋ."

Do glaoid ṙí ór árd air.

"A Aṫair," ar rire, "tair irteaċ; tá cupán tae annro agam duit; tair irteaċ, nó beid ré fuar ort. Féadfair beiṫ ag féaċaint orṫa ran imbáireaċ, nó umanoirṫear. Ar nóin beid riad ann imbáireaċ díreaċ mar atáid anoċt."

D'iompuig an reanduine ar a ḟáil. Mar ir gnáṫ nuair ná bíonn taiṫige ar an áit ag duine, ní ḟeádfaḋ ré a ḋéanaṁ amaċ ar dtúir cad é an tpeo baill n-a dtáinig an glór ar. Aċ nuair a leog ré a ḟúil ar an bḟuinneoig ⁊ ar a beirt ingean, do buaileaḋ irteaċ in' aigne go hobann go raiḃ ruo éigin in earnaṁ ar glór Maigréad. Glór breag láidir ab eaḋ é, ⁊ conruine cruaḋa teanna, ⁊ gutaí glana na Gaoluinne ann. Bean rgot-aorda ab eaḋ Maigréad anoir. Bí deiċ mbliaḋna ar ḟiċid caiṫte aici i gcaṫair Ċorcaige, áit ná labartar an Béarla go doċt ná go daingean ann. Aċ 'na diaiḋ rin, bí a cainnt go lán-láidir fór,—ċóṁ láidir rin go gcloirfí i bḟad ruar éadan an ċnuic i gcéin í, nuair a beaḋ ṙí ag aoḋairéaċt na mbó, nó ag glaoḋaċ ar ṁuinntir an tige ba giorra ḋí.

XI.

Gaeḋilg do ċur ar an mḃéarla 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"—ḃí toċt ċóṁ trom san ar a ċroiḋe ; "on the quarter he had left"—sa tseo baill ar a dtáinig sé. The ordinary past tense in Irish has frequently the force of the English pluperfect ; "his wonted prospect"—ḃí sé tréis dul i dtaiṫiġe 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 amlaiḋ a ḃí an bacaċ san, ⁊ . . . ; "predominant"—an ċuid ba ṁó ḋíoḃ ; "his knees . . . his breeches,"—a ḋá ġlúin sáiṫte

amaċ tré n-a ḃrúite ṡean-ċaite; "plump appearance of good humour"—ḋeallraṁ ruilt ar a aġaiḋ raiṁir; "a good round pace,"—ṡo mear tapaiḋ.

I ṡcionn roinnt uair a' ċluiṡ do ṡroir Mac uí Ḃriaiṡ an tiġ ór ḋa 'n-a raiḃ rocair aiṡe a ḃreiceṡearta a ċaiteaṁ. Aċ ḃí toċt ċóṁ trom ṡan ar a ċroiḋe ná leoṡraḋ ré ḋó rioc d'ite. Do ġluair ré amaċ, ⁊ tréir tamaill de'n ḃóṫar a ċur de, ṫáinig ré ṡo ḋtí árḋán. Siúd ruar ar a ṁullaċ é, ⁊ d'ḟan 'na ṡearaṁ ann ar ṡeaḋ tamaill, aṡ ṡéaċaint anonn uaiḋ ṡa tseo baill ar a ḋtáinig ré. Ḃí ré tréir dul i dtaiṫiġe de ṗáirceanaiḃ ⁊ de ċoilltiḃ ⁊ de ċnocaiḃ a ḋúṫaiġe féin. Do ċuardaiġ ré anoir iad, aċ níor ḟéad ré iad ḟeirceint. Na ṡgamaill úd i ḃfad uaiḋ ir fúṫa ṡan ṫior a ḃíodar! Do leoṡ ré orna ar. Dar leir ṡo ḃféadfaḋ ré raṁail na dúṫaiġe sin a ḋéanaṁ amaċ i mearṡ na ṡgamall. D'ḟáṡ ré slán aici ṡo bróna.

Ḃí cloiċín irtiġ na ḃróiṡ, ⁊ ṡuiḋ ré ar ċloiċ ṁóir ċun é ḃaint airti. Le n-a linn sin cia ċíṡeaḋ ré ċuiṡe tamall uaiḋ aċ an bacaċ! Ir aṁlaiḋ a ḃí an bacaċ ṡan, ⁊ raġar caróiṡe móire leiṫe air, ⁊ í deiriġṫe pairtiġṫe le ġiobalaiḃ iolḋaṫaċa. Iad ṡorm nó buiḋe-ḋonn, an ċuid ba ṁó ḃíoḃ. Ḃata beaṡ aḋbaċ na láiṁ aiṡe, ⁊ aḋarc peiṫe amuiċ 'na ḃárr. A ḋá ġlúin ṡáiṫṫe amaċ tré n-a ḃrúite ṡeana-ċaitte,—bíoḋ nárḃ aon oiliṫreaċ é. É corṅoċtaiġṫe, aċ ṡeana-ṗeire ṡtocaí ḃeiṫ aṡ clúdaċ a ċolpaí, ⁊ ṡan ṡaic díoḃ ṡáṡṫa ar ċoir ná ar ṡeiṡiḋ leir. Aċ dá ṡuaraiġe a ḃí a ṡeana-ḃalcairí ḃí ḋeallraṁ ruilt ar a aġaiḋ raiṁir. Ḃí ré aṡ siúḃal roiṁe ṡo mear tapaiḋ, ⁊ ṡaḋairín corr-ċam ar rodar le n-a ṡálaiḃ.

XII.

Gaeuilg do ċur ar an mBéarla ro :—

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 báin-ċneis; "a passage"—a tabairt anall; "must not presume"—gan a beiṫ de dánaċt ionnam; in the next sentence observe the natural sequence of events, thus dispensing with the relative 'which'; "he pointed"—better repeat the noun an taoiseaċ; "there was no remedy"—rud gan leiġeas foirdhe is fearr air; "to my great mortification," mo ċreaċ is mo ċás! "with looks of great compassion"—do ġlac sí truaġ dom, das liom. The rest is simple.

D'ḟanas ann as feaḋ breis is dá uais a' ċluiġ, gan an ċaoi a beiṫ agam as dul tas abainn anonn. Le n-a linn sin na daoine a bí gabṫa anonn d'innseadas do'n Rí, do Mhanrong, gurb ámlaiḋ a bí fear an báin-ċneis ag teaċt ġá ḟéaċaint, aċ é beiṫ ag feiṫeaṁ le n-a ṫabairt anall. Do ċuis an rí duine dá ṫaoiseaċaiḃ ċúgam láiṫreaċ ġá ċur in-iúl dom ná féadfaḋ an rí ceaḋ cainnte leis a ṫabairt dom in aon ċor, go dtí go mbeaḋ 'ḟios aige cad a ṫug as cuaird ċum a tíre mé; 7 go gcaiṫfinn gan a beiṫ de dánaċt ionnam gabáil tas an abainn gan ceaḋ d'ḟaġáil uaiḋ. Do ṫairbeáin an taoiseaċ dom sráidín beag a bí tamall uainn, 7 ṫug sé de ċóṁairle dom cur fúm ann i gcóir na hoiḋċe, ġá ráḋ go dtabhfaḋ sé tuille eolais dom, as maidin lá'r na bárraċ, as cionnus ba ċeart dom mé féin d'iomċur. Ní puinn misneiġ do ċuis an ċainnt sin ionnam. Aċ "rud gan leiġeas foirdhe is fearr air." Do ġluaiseas liom fé ḋúin an tsráidín. Aċ, mo ċreaċ is mo ċás, ní ṫabhfaḋ éinne dá raiḃ ann beiṫ istiġ dom. Is ámlaiḋ a d'ḟéaċadas orm, 7 iongna 7 alltaċt orṫa, 7 b'éigean dom fanaṁaint am ṫosgaḋ fan an lae 7 mé am' ḟuirde fé sgáṫ crainn. Bí crot bagarṫaċ as an oiḋċe; d'éiriġ an ġaot, 7 bí anadeallraṁ clagair as an sréin. 'Na ṫeannta san, tá oiseaḋ san beiṫiḋeaċ allta sa ċóṁarsanaċt gur ró-ḃaoġal go

mbeinn ana-ṁí-ṡearṡair, mar ṡo ṡcaiṫṡinn dul ináirde ar an ṡcrann, ⁊ mo ṡuaiṁneas do ċeapaḋ imeaṡṡ na nṡéaṡ. Aċ, um ṡuine na ṡréine, ⁊ mé am' ullṁú ṡéin ċum na h-oiḋċe do ċaiṫeaṁ ar an ṡcuma ṡan, ⁊ mé tréir mo ċapaill do ṡṡur, ⁊ a leoṡaint dó ḃeiṫ aṡ inṡeilt, do ṫárla ṡo raiḃ bean áirṫe aṡ ṡilleaḋ a ḃaile tréir obair an lae do ċríoċnú ḋi, ⁊ ṡur ṫuṡ rí ṡé ndearra mé. Do ṡṡaḋ rí aṡ ṡéaċaint orm. Aṡur nuair a ṫuiṡ rí ṡur tuirre ⁊ ceann-ṡé a ḃí orm, d'ṡiarṡuiṡ rí ḋíom cad a ḃí tréir tuitim amaċ dom. Do ṁíniṡear an ṡṡéal dí. Do ṡlac rí tṡuaṡ ḋom, dar liom; d'árduiṡ rí léi an diallait ⁊ an ṡṡian, ⁊ duḃairt liom í leanaṁaint. Do ṫuṡ rí léi irteaċ 'na boṫán féin mé, do lar rí lampa, do leaṫ rí bṡat ar an úrlár, ⁊ duḃairt liom ṡo raiḃ cead aṡam an oiḋċe do ċaiṫeaṁ ann.

XIII.

Ṡaeḋilṡ do ċur ar an mBéarla ṡo :—

'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 beilyful 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 ran. The English "this" will frequently be rin or ran in Irish; "I went . . . do bíor ag gabáil timcheall; "could get" a geibinn (imperfect tense); "when, happening"—omit when, and say do ráinig (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 chuma? "my breed, seed and generation"—ar na feacht rinnfearaib a tháinig rómam. "People may say"—tá daoine ann ⁊ . . . Introductory tá (Studies I, pp. 209-210); "with two hundred more"—mé féin ⁊ dá chéad nach mé; "we had but an indifferent passage"—ní ró-fhearrgair a bíomair ag dul anonn dúinn; "in the hold"—thíor imbolg na luinge.

Do bíor ag gabáil timcheall ar an gcuma ran, ó baile mór go baile mór, ag obair nuair a geibinn an obair, ⁊ ag dul chum báir de'n ocras nuair ná faggainn. Do ráinig, lá, go rabar ag gabáil tríd bháirc, nuair a leogar mo rúin

ar ġiorrfiaḋ, ⁊ é ag ruiṫ ṫar an gcarán ar ṁ'aġaiḋ amaċ. Is doiċ liom gurḃ é an t-áirreois a ċuir im' ċeann an bata do ċaiṫeaṁ leis. Cad eile, cad a ḋéanfainn ar aon ċuma? Do ṁarḃas an giorrfiaḋ, ⁊ is aṁlaiḋ a ḃíos ġá ḃreiṫ ċum ríúbail liom nuair a ḃuail an giúistís gus leis an ḃáirc umam. Do rug sé ar sgórnaiġ orm, ⁊ gaduiḋe ⁊ biṫeaṁnaċ aige 'á ṫaḃairt orm, ⁊ é ġá ḟiafraiḋe ḋíom cé's ḋíoḃ mé, nó cad a ṫug annsan mé. Do ṫánag ar mo ġlúiniḃ ag gaḃáil mo leaṫ-sgéil leis, do ṫosnuiġeas ar ċúnntas iomlán a ṫaḃairt dó ar na reaċt sinnsearaiḃ a ṫáinig róṁam,—an méid a ḃí ar eolus agam. Níor innsis dó aċ an ḟírinne, aċ is é dubairt seisean ná ná ḟéadfainn aon tuairisg a ṫaḃairt orm féin. B'é críoċ an sgéil gur tugaḋ ós cóṁair na cúirte mé, go ḃfuarṫas amaċ gur ḋuine boċt mé, gur daoraḋ ann mé, ⁊ gur cuireaḋ ruas go Lúnndain ⁊ isteaċ sa nGeata Nua mé, ċum mé ċur an loċ amaċ, mar ḋuine díoṁaoin droċ-iomċuir.

Tá daoine ann, ⁊ bíonn so ⁊ súd acu 'á ráḋ i dtaoḃ beiṫ i bpríosún. Am' ṫaoḃ-sa de, is aṁlaiḋ a ċeapas go raiḃ an Geata Nua ċóṁ taiṫneaṁaċ d'áit le haon áit 'n-a raḃas riaṁ ann lem' ré. Is aṁlaiḋ a ḃí lán na h-éille agam le n-iṫe ⁊ le n-ól, ⁊ gan aon obair le déanaṁ agam. Ní ḟéadfainn an saoġal breaġ san a beiṫ agam i gcóṁnuiḋe. I gcionn ċúig mí do tógaḋ amaċ ar an bpríosún mé, do cuireaḋ ar bóard luinge mé, ⁊ do seolaḋ anonn tar sáile mé féin, ⁊ dá ċéad naċ mé, ag triall ar na "plantations." Ní ró-ḟearsair a ḃíomair ag dul anonn dúinn. Mar is aṁlaiḋ do coiméadaḋ sinn go léir díos i mboig na luinge, idtreo go ḃfuair breis is céad acu bás d'earba aeir ḃreaġ na sréire. Agus ag Dia atá 'ḟios go raiḃ an ċuid eile againn dona droċ-ṡláinteaċ go leor. Nuair a ṫángamair i dtír do díolaḋ le luċt na plantations sinn ⁊ do fartuiġeaḋ mise go ceann seaċt mbliaḋan eile. Níorḃ aon scoláire

mé—ní raiḃ oiṗeaḋ iṡ eolaṡ aṗ an aiḃġíṫiṗ aġam—⁊ maṗ ġeall aiṗ ṡin ḋo ċaiṫeaṡ ḃeiṫ aġ obaiṗ i ḃṗoċaiṗ muinntiṗ an ċneiṡ duiḃ. Agus ḋ'ḟanaṡ in aimṡiṗ go deiṗe mo ṫṗéiṁṡe, maṗ a ḃí ceangailte oṗm a ḋéanaṁ.

B.—HISTORICAL.

XIV.

Gaeḋilg do ċur ar an mḂéarla so :—

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"—breiṫ . . . ar. Begin second sentence thus—Ṗé treo n-a dtugaidír aġaiḋ; "all chance was barred"—is rather indefinite. Say Ġá gcorg ar a leas do ḋéanaṁ; "the flaming sword"—b' ṡúd ċúca an naṁaid 7 claiḋeaṁ noċtaiṫe 'na láiṁ aige; "We have thus . . . ba ġreannṁar an sgéal é; "driven back on oral tradition"—gan de ċóir ċum múinte acu aċ béal-oideaċas. In the Irish this last portion had better be placed before—"while all Europe . . . knowledge," which will come in at the end.

Ní raiḃ aon ḃreiṫ ag muinntir na h-Éireann ar ċló-ċumann do ċur ar bun ná do ċoiméad ar siúḃal dóiḃ féin. Ṗé treo 'n-a dtugaidír aġaiḋ b' ṡúd ċúca an naṁaid, 7 claiḋeaṁ noċtaiṫe 'na láiṁ aige, 7 é ġá gcorg ar a leas do ḋéanaṁ. Ba ġreannṁar an sgéal é. Muinntir na hÉireann annsan, 7 gan de ċóir ċum múinte acu aċ béal-oideaċas, nó láiṁ-sgríḃinní gur ṁór an obair iad do sgríoḃaḋ in aon ċor; agus muinntir na h-Eorpa go léir, 7 a ṁalairt ar fad

de ṡlíġe agus: leaḋaiṙ agus ḋá ġcuṙ i ġcló, ⁊ an t-eolaṙ agus 'á leaṫaḋ go tiuġ aṙ an ġcuma ṙan imeaṙġ an uile ṗobuil. Ba ġṙeannṁaṙ ⁊ ba ṫiubaiṙteaċ an ṙġéal é!

XV.

Ġaeḋilg do ċuṙ aṙ an mbéaṙla ro:—

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 ṫáinig anall ó Ṡaṙanaiḋ aṙ dtúiṙ. *Begin with this;* "almost from the first generation"—dá mb' é an ċéad dṙeam ṗéin agus é; "were led . . . to enter"—say first—do ġaḃaidíṙ go ṗonnṁaṙ 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 díliṙ do ḋliġṫiḃ na hÉiṙeann (avoid "their new land"—a typically English phrase). "English and Irish"—Ġaeḋeal iṙ Ġall; "Irish culture and jurisprudence"—eolaṙ ⁊ ealaḋantaċt ⁊ dliġṫe na nġaeḋeal." (A sort of *hendiadys*).

An ṁuinntiṙ úd a ṫáinig anall ó Ṡaṙanaiḃ aṙ dtúiṙ,

dá mb' é an ċéad dream féin acu é, do ġabaidís go fonnmhar le béaraiḃ na nGaeḋeal. Is léir ó gaċ feanċas dá mbaineann leis na bailtiḃ móra gur ṫuigeadar na Saranaiġ sin go mba ṫairḃṫe ḋóiḃ an méid sin. Is léir gur ċeapadar ḃeiṫ díleas do ḋliġṫiḃ na h-Éireann, ⁊ iad féin do ḋlúṫú i gcaradas le n-a muinntir, ⁊ ruim do ċur ins gaċ aon níḋ dár ḃain léi. Do ċaḃruiġeadar Gaeḋeal is Gall le ċéile, an ḟaid a leogaḋ dóiḃ é, ⁊ b'ḟearrde an dá ṫreiḃ an cóm-oibriú san. B'ḟearrde an Saranaċ eolas ⁊ ealaḋantaċt ⁊ dliġṫe na nGaeḋeal, nuair a ġlac sé iad; ⁊ níor ṁirde do'n Ġaeḋeal ar ḟoġluim sé uaiḋ sin de neiṫiḃ a ḃain le gnóṫaiḃ an tsaoġail, ⁊ go mór mór le dliġṫiḃ do ċur i ḃfeirdm ins na bailtiḃ móra.

XVI.

Gaeḋilg do ċur 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 Saranaċ a ḃí n-a ċóṁnuiḋe in Éirinn; "The issue . . . purpose." Care must be taken here to express the meaning naturally, and in harmony with the context. One might say—Ḃí an méid sin roilléir a ndóċain dóiḃ. Cad ċuige ḋóiḃ muinntir na hÉireann a ḃeiṫ fé smaċt agus dá mba nárḃ ḟearr-de iad féin sa deire é? Naċ ṡin é a ṫeartuiġ uaṫa ó ṫúis? "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 ṫráiġ sin d'ḟreastal" as being natural in Irish to translate the "combination" of English loyalty and self-preservation.

D'ḟéadfaḋ muinntir na mbailte móra caḃrú le ċéile ċum earraiḋe ċur dá ndéanaṁ in Éirinn. Aċ níorḃ é sin a ṫeartuiġ ó ṁuinntir Ṡasana. 'Sé rud a ḃí uaṫa gaċ aon tragar earraiḋe ḃeiṫ dá ḋéanaṁ ⁊ dá ḋíol ⁊ dá ċeannaċ fé n-a stiúrú féin ⁊ ar ṁaiṫe leo féin. Níorḃ' ḟuláir dóiḃ, ċuige sin, gan a leogaint d' aoinne aon ċorg a ċur leo, ná aon ċur isteaċ a ḋéanaṁ orṫa. An Saranaċ a ḃí 'na ċóṁnuiḋe in Éirinn ní leogfaidís dó aon ċur isteaċ a ḋéanaṁ orṫa aċ ċóṁ beag is a leogfaidís do'n Éireannaċ féin é. Cad ċuige ḋóiḃ muinntir na hÉireann a ḃeiṫ fé smaċt agus dá mba nárḃ' ḟearr-de iad féin sa deire é? Naċ ṡin é a ṫeartuiġ uaṫa ó ṫúis. Dá ḟeaḃas a ḋeineaḋ muinntir na mbailte iarraċt ar a gceart do ċoraint, nó dá ḋílse ḃíḋís do Rí Ṡasana, níorḃ' aon ṁaiṫ ḋóiḃ aon

taoḃ acu. Do ḋein muinntir Ḃ'lát Cliaṫ a ndíċeall, má deineaḋ díċeall in-aon ḃall, ċum an dá ṫráiġ rin d'ḟreastal. Má ḋein, do ṫeir orṫa. An rud a táṁla inr na bailtiḃ eile, b'é an ṡgéal céadna acu ran é. Ní ḟáróċaḋ an raoġal an Saranaċ, gan an toraḋ go léir ⁊ an taiṙḃe go léir do ḃeiṫ aige féin.

XVII.

Gaeḋilg do ċur ar an mḂéarla ro :—

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 fuirdeaċ; "overawed . . . Earls,"—dá ṁéid fgáṫ a bí orṫa roiṁ 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 foirdne, mar ba ċuibe ⁊ mar ba ċóir; "according to their rank or merit"—do réir a n-innṁe nó do réir mar a bí tuillṫe acu; "recommended her soul to their prayers"—do ċuir rí comairṡe a n-anma orṫa; "ate temperately as usual," nior ṫ rí aċ an beagán ba gnáṫ léi; "had failed"—má ċuaid dí.

Máire, bainríoġain na n-Albanaċ, ir í a bí ann. An beirt larla, .i. Kent ⁊ Shrewsbury, ṫángadar irteaċ ċum Labarṫa léi. An faid a bíodar ag cainnt bí cúṁalla na ríoġna ag gol go fuirdeaċ. Ar éigin a d' féadadar a mbrón do ċoiméad fé ċeilt, dá ṁéid fgáṫ a bí orṫa roiṁ an mbeirt larla. Aċ ċóṁ luaṫ ir d'imṫiġeadar fan, riúd ar buile na cúṁalla ag triall ar Ṁáire, gá ċur in-iúl dí cad é an cion a bí acu uirṫi, ⁊ cad é an cúṁa a beaḋ 'na diaid orṫa. D'fan rire go breag ciúin focair, ⁊ gaċ díċeall aici 'á déanaṁ ar a n-ana-brón fan do ṁaolú. Fé deire do ṫáinig rí ar a glúinib, ⁊ a luṫt friocṫálṁa go léir 'na timċeall, ag gabáil a buirdeaċair le Dia na glóire, i dtaob

ꝑoṁóṙ ḋ'á ṗaiḃ i nḋán ḋí a ḃeiṫ ꝑuilingṫe aici anoiṙ, ⁊ ġá iaṙṙaiḋ aiṙ ḃeiṫ aġ caḃṗú léi, ċum go ḃṗéaḋṗaḋ ṙí a ṗaiḃ le teaċt ꝑóṙ uiṙṫi ḋ'ꝑulang le ꝑoiṙḋne, maṙ ba ċuiḃe ⁊ maṙ ba ċóiṙ. Do ċaiṫ ṙí an ċuiḋ ba ṁó ḋe'n ṫṙáṫnóna ṙan aġ ṙocṙú a ġnóṫaí ṙaoġalṫa. Do ṙġríoḃ ṙí a h-uḋaċt le n-a láiṁ ꝑéin, do ḋein ṙí a ṗaiḃ ḋ'aiṙġeaḋ ⁊ ḋ'éaḋaċ ⁊ ḋe ꝑeoḋaiḃ aici do ḃṙonnaḋ ṙuaṙ aṙ a luċt ꝑṙiocáilṁa, do ṙéiṙ a n-innṁe, nó do ṙéiṙ maṙ a ḃí tuilliṫe acu. Do ṙġríoḃ ṙí leiṫiṙ ġairiḋ ċum Ri na ꝑṙainnce ⁊ ceann eile ċum an Diúic ḋe Ġuiṙe,—ḋá leiṫiṙ a léiṙiġeann ceanaṁlaċt ⁊ áṙḋ-aiġeantaċt an ṫé do ṙġríoḃ iaḋ. Do ċuiṙ ṙí cumaiṙċe a h-anma aṙ an mbeiṙt, ⁊ ḋ'iaṙṙ oṙṫa ḋíon ⁊ díḋean ḋ'á cúṁallaiḃ a ḃí 'á gcṙáḋ. Aġ béile na hoiḋċe níoṙ ṫ ṙí aċ an beaġán ba ġnáṫ léi, ⁊ í aġ cainnt, ꝑan na haimṙiṙe, go ꝑocaiṙ ꝑoineanda. D'ól ṙí ṙláinte an uile ḋuine ḋ'á luċt ꝑṙiocáilṁa, ⁊ ḋ'iaṙṙ ṙí oṙṫa, má ċuaiḋ ḋí aon ċuiḋ ḋá ḋualġaṙ do ċóṁlíonaḋ ḋóiḃ, go maiṫṙiḋíṙ ḋí é. An uaiṙ ba ġnáṫ do ċuaiḋ ṙí n-a leabaiḋ, ⁊ ḋ'ꝑan na codlaḋ go ṙáṁ aṙ ꝑeaḋ ꝑoinnt uaiṙ-an ċluiġ.

XVIII.

Ġaeḋilg do ċuṙ aṙ an mḂéaṙla ṙo :—

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 ⁊ feacht bainríoghna ; begin a new sentence after this ; "contemporary authors"—lucht seanchair a cóm-aimsire ; "agree"—tigid . . . le chéile ; "in ascribing to"—gá ráth go . . . ; "utmost beauty"—ar áilneacht an domain ; "borrowed locks"—folt nár léi féin ; "of different colours"—⁊ datanna éagsamlacha ar an bfolt san (or—⁊ gan datanna na bfolt san beit do réir a chéile,) ; "exquisitely fine"—geal soineanda ; "her stature . . . she danced"—combine both sentences—í árd maordha maireamail, pé '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 féimear ⁊ ar feacht bainríoghna ní ceart dó gan ruim do chur i bpearsain na bainríoghna. I dtaobh Máire, tigid lucht seanchair a cóm-aimsire le chéile gá ráth go raib a h-aghaidh ar áilneacht an domain, ⁊ í chóm cúmtha cósrach 'na cruit is d'fhéadfadh an cholainn daonna beit. Folt dub uirthi, ach gur minic a chaitheadh sí, do réir nós na h-aimsire úd, folt nár léi féin,

7 gan dathanna na bfoilt san a beith do réir a céile. Súile dub-glasa aici; a snódh geal soineanda; a láma leabhair; clódh cearr áluinn air a géagaibh ó sligh go gualainn; í ard maordha maireamhail, pé 'cu ag sinnce, nó ag siúbal, nó ag marcaidheacht dí. Bhí tuisgint i gceol aici, 7 do ghabhadh sí amhrán, nó do fhéinneadh air an gcláirsigh níb' fhearr go mór ná an choitchiantacht. I ndeire a saoghail bhí sí ag tornú air dhul i saimhre, 7 tháinig na dathacha uirthi de bhárr a fhaid a bhí sí i bhríorún, 7 a fhuaire a bhíodh na tighche n-a gcoiméadtí 'n-a cime í. Is minic a bhí sí gan lúth ó sna dathachaibh sin.

"Níl aoinne" ar Bhrantome, "a d'fhéach ar a pearsain áluinn gan iongna do dhéanamh dí, 7 cion do theacht aige uirthi; ná níl aoinne a léigfidh a staid, ná go dtiocfaidh bhrón air mar gheall uirthi."

XIX.

Gaeilg do chur ar an mBéarla so :—

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 ḟaid ir do leoġaḋ do'n Ġaeḋeal ruim a ċur inn na neiṫiḃ a ḃain le h-Éirinn ⁊ Éire do riaraḋ uaiḋ féin : begin with this ; " the spell "—tone down the metaphor ; " its culture "—nóra na nĠaeḋeal ; " the human fellowship "—begin this sentence with Ir aṁlaiḋ (a ṫuiġeadar na Ġaeḋil an nádúir ḋaonna ⁊ an ġáḋ atá le caradar i mearġ daoine) ; all the highly abstract expressions here must be rendered concretely ; " gaiety . . . urbanity "—bíodar ruiṫmar roċma le ċeile ; " variety of its ties "—ir mó rud a bí acu ċum ceangail ċaradair do ṡnaiḋmeaḋ eatorṫa ; " vivacity . . . diversions "—inn na neiṫiḃ a ḃaineann le h-aigne ⁊ le h-inntinn an duine bíodar beoḋa bríoġmar beaċt ; " its passionate, etc.," ⁊ rud ba ṁó le ráḋ ná iad rúd go léir, bí oireaḋ ran ruime acu i ḃfoġluim ⁊ inn an uile níḋ a ċoṫóċaḋ beaṫa na h-aigne, ná ḟéadfaḋ aoinne a ċífeaḋ iad gan uraim a ṫaḃairt do'n ḟoġluim ⁊ do'n aigne ; " generation after generation of new comers for 350 years "—na feaċt rieaċta dá dtáinig anall ar feaḋ feaċt gcaogad de ḃliaḋantaiḃ ; " the invaders "—same as " the new comers," and therefore need not be translated.

An ḟaid ir do leoġaḋ do'n Ġaeḋeal ruim a ċur inn na neiṫiḃ a ḃain le hÉirinn, ⁊ Éire do riaraḋ ar a ġurtal féin, b'é an fear foġlumṫa ba ṁó uraim ir onóir i mearġ na ndaoine. Ní raiḃ aon Ġall a ṫaġaḋ anall ċum cóṁnuiġṫe ra tír, ná go gcuireaḋ, mar a déarfá, nóra na nĠaeḋeal fé ḋraoiḋeaċt é. Ir minic a deirtí go mbeaḋ deiċniuḃar Saranaċ ann a ċleaċtaḋ béara ⁊ nóra na nĠaeḋeal, in aġaiḋ an aon Éireannaiġ aṁáin a ḋeineaḋ

aiṫriṡ ar nóraiḃ Ġallḋa. Is amlaiḋ a ṫuiġeadar na Ġaeḋil an nádúir ḋaonna, ⁊ an ġáḋ atá le caradar i mearṡ daoine; ḃíodar ṡultmar ṗoćma le ćéile; is mó ṡud a ḃí acu ċum ceangail ćaradair do ṗnaiḋmeaḋ eatorṫa; ins na neiṫiḃ a ḃaineann le haiġne ⁊ le h-inntinn an duine ḃíodar beoḋa bríoġmar beaćt; ⁊ ṡud ba mó le ráḋ ná iad ṡúd go léir, ḃí oiread ran ṡuime acu i ḃṗoġluim ⁊ ins an uile níḋ a ćoṫóćaḋ beaṫa na h-aiġne, ná ṗéadṗaḋ aoinne a ćíreaḋ iad gan urraim a ṫaḃairt do'n aiġne ⁊ do'n ṗoġluim. Na neiṫe ṡin, ab eaḋ, ṗé ndearna do ćáć a ćuaiḋ i dtaiṫiġe ḋíoḃ nóra na nĠaeḋeal do ćleaćtaḋ. Ní raiḃ leiġear acu air. Dá ḋíćeallaiġe a ḃí muinntir an Riaġalaćair Ġallḋa ṫall i Lúnndain ċum corṡ a ćur le caradar Gall le Ġaeḋlaiḃ, do ṫeir ṗé orṫa. In' ionad ran is amlaiḋ a ḃí na ṗeaćt ṡleaćta dá dtáinig anall ar ṗeaḋ ṗeaćt ġcaogad de ḃ' a ḃantaiḃ, ⁊ iad ar buile ċum nór na nĠaeḋeal do ġlacaḋ ćúća ṗéin. Go dtí, ṗa deire, ṡur ḃuaiḋ an ṗonn ⁊ an ṗlorṡ acu ċum airgid a ḋéanam le tráćtáil ⁊ le ṗuadać,—ṡur ḃuaiḋ[1] ṗé ar an uile ḋeiġ-méinn ⁊ ar an uile ḋeaġ-ḋúil dá raiḃ acu riam.

XX.

Ġaeḋilg do ćur ar an mḂéarla ro :—

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"—eolaṡ naċ ḟéidiṙ a ḃṙéaġnú; "if at all" put this parenthesis in a separate sentence—iṙ aṙ éiġin a ṫoṙnuiġeadaṙ in aon ċoṙ roiṁe rin; "let us ask"—ní miṙde a ḟiaṙṙaiḋe; "any discoverable reason for supposing" an ḟéidiṙ teaċt ṡuaṙ le h-aon ċúiṙ a cuiṙṙí ṡíoṙ le n-a ṙáḋ; "farther back"—níoṙa ḟia ṡiaṙ ná ṙan; "those who, in modern times have entertained this view,"—na huġdaiṙ a ḋuḃaiṙt le déiḋeanaiġe ġo raiḃ; begin the sentence with this clause; "have been influenced"—ġuṙḃ é ṙud ḟé ndeaṙa ḋóiḃ é; "in the absence of evidence to the contrary"—nuaiṙ ná raiḃ aon eolaṡ a mbṙéaġnuiġṫe aġ luċt ṡtaiṙe na haimṙiṙe ṡeo; "it might be imagined"—ba ṙó-ḃaoġal ġo ṙaṁlóċaidíṙ; "founded on some basis of tradition"—ġuṙ ón muinntiṙ a ṫáiniġ ṙómpa ṡúd a ḟuaṙadaṙ . . .

Iṙ ḋóiċ liom ġo ḃḟuil eolaṡ aġainn, naċ ḟéidiṙ a ḃṙéaġnú, ġá ċuṙ na luiġe oṙainn a ċṙeideaṁaint naċ ḟuláiṙ nó náṙ ṫoṙnuiġ aon aicme de'n ṗobul Ceiltteaċ aṙ ṫeaċt anall ġo h-Éiṙinn, ṗuinn aimṙiṙe roiṁ an ġceaṫṙaṁaḋ aoiṙ ṡul aṙ ṙuġaḋ Críoṙt. Iṙ aṙ éiġin a ṫoṙnuiġeadaṙ in-aon ċoṙ roiṁe rin. Sul a ġcuiṙṙeaḋ ṡíoṙ an t-eolaṡ ṡan annṡo ní miṙde a ḟiaṙṙaiḋe an ḟéidiṙ teaċt ṡuaṙ le h-aon ċúiṙ a cuiṙṙí ṡíoṙ le n-a ṙáḋ, ġo raiḃ na Ġaeḋil 'na ġcóṁnuiḋe

in Éirinn puinn céad bliadan níora ḟia riar ná ran. Na h-úgdair adubairt le déideanaiġe go raib, ir é mo tuairim gurb é rud ré ndearna dóib é, an níd adeir an Ceadṫrar Ollaṁ ⁊ an Céitinneaċ, ⁊ rgríbneoirí Éireannaċa naċ iad, idtaob na h-aimrire n-ar dóiċ leo a[1] tánġadar na Ġaeḋil anoir. Sé uair a deirid riad a tornuiġ[1] an imirce rin ná an uair ċéadna díreaċ, naċ mór, n-a ndeirid luċt reanċair ir dóiċ leo a[2] tornuiġ Aoir an Ċréad-úṁa larmuiċ de ṁóir-tír na h-Eorpa, agur nuair ná raib aon eolar a mbréagnuiġte ag luċt rtaire na h-aimrire reo, ba ró-baoġal go raṁlóċaidír gur ón muinntir a táinig rómpa rúd a ruaradar an t-eolar a tugaid riad dúinne.

XXI.

Ġaeḋilg do ċur ar an mbéarla ro :—

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"—dá ḟaid ó ḟoin; "may reflect the popular belief in its remoteness"—gurb ead is dóiciġe-de gurb ḟin é a ċreideaḋ na daoine; "if that be so,"—tig de rin; "the popular tradition"—an trean-ċuimne úd na ndaoine; "just cited"—adubart ó ċianaib; "For my own part"—am ṫaob-ra de; but this sentence down to *coincidence*, had better be left to the end; "if it please anyone to insist"—más mian le h-aoinne a ċur 'na luiġe orainn; "as far as it is valid"—ċóm ḟada is a ṫéideann an méid rin; "to the end, and not to the beginning"—it is more convenient, and more usual, in Irish, to put the negative member first.

Aċ b'ḟéidir go ndéanfí liom, 'na ċoinnib rin, dá ḟaid ó ḟoin adeirid luċt ṡtaire a[1] ṫáinig na Gaeḋil go h-Éirinn, gurb ead is dóiciġe-de gurb ḟin é a ċreideaḋ na daoine. Tig de rin, dá ḟaid iġcéin uainn an ṡtaruiḋe gurb ead is giorra do'n trean-ċuimne úd na ndaoine é. San airte úd a dubart ó ċianaib, do ṫairbeánar gurb é uair a ṫáinig na Gaeḋil go hÉirinn, do réir an ċúnntair is ria riar dá bḟuil againn ar Ġabáltar na nGaeḋeal, ná an uair ċéadna díreaċ a ċuir Alecrandeir Mór a ímpireaċt féin ar bun, .i. imbliaḋain a haon déag ar ḟiċid ar trí ċéad, rul ar rugaḋ Críost. Níor ró-ḟada é rin ó bliaḋain a caogad ar trí ċéad roim Críost,—an uair adeir Mac uí Ċobṫaiġ a bí deire le h-Aoir an Ċréaḋ-Uma in Éirinn. Más mian le h-aoinne a ċur 'na luiġe orainn go bḟuil baint éigin ag na cúnntairí is ria riar dá bḟuil againn ar na neiṫib a

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

ṫuiṫ amaċ in Éirinn in-aillóid,—go ḃfuil baint éigin acu leis an ṡeana-ċuiṁne úd na ndaoine, ní fuláir a aḋmáil, ċóṁ fada is a ṫéiḋeann an méid sin, naċ idtosaċ na h-Aoise úd an Ċnead-Uṁa, aċ 'na deise, is dóiċiġe a ḋeineadar na Ġaeḋil talaṁ na hÉireann do ġaḃáil. Am ṫaoḃ-sa de, ní ċuirim aon truim de'n tragar san sa ṡséal. Is aṁlaiḋ a ṫásla an dá ċúnntar ḃeiṫ ag tagairt do'n aimsir ċéadna. Ní féidir a ṫuille do ḋeiṁniú ar.

XXII.

Ġaeḋilg do ċur ar an mḂéarla so :—

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. —(" Duanaire Ḋáiḃiḋ uí Ḃruadair," Introduction, p. xli.)

" Shared in the common misery,"—ḃí an mí-áḋ ⁊ an leaṫ-trom ag cur ar Ḋáiḃiḋ ċóṁ maiṫ le cáċ ; " the wanton violation of that treaty "—is aṁlaiḋ do ḃrisead iad gan truaġ gan taire : observe **iad ;** " that treaty " is only an

artificial repetition of "the articles"; "the amnesty"—an coṡaḋ do ṁaiṫeaṁ do ċáċ; "attainders"—cailleaṁaint ṡaċ ciṗt d'ḟóṡaiṗt aṗ . . .; "confiscations"—bṗeiṫ aṗ ṁaoin aṗ éiṡin; "free from poverty"—ṡan earbaiḋ; "safe from plundering"—ṡan ḟoṡail; "alien serfs and mastiffs" "moṡaiḋ ⁊ maiṗtíní allṁúṗḋa."

I mbliaḋantaiḃ deiṗiḋ a ḟaoṡail ḃí an mí-áḋ ⁊ an leaṫ-ṗiom aṡ cuṗ aṗ Ḋáiḃiḋ ċóṁ maiṫ le cáċ. Nuaiṗ a ḃíṫí ṡá áiṫeaṁ aiṗ náṗ ċeaṗṫ ná náṗ ċiallṁaṗ an ṗuḋ do ṁuinntiṗ Luimniṡe an tṗíoṫċáin do ṡlacaḋ aṗ na coinṡiallaċaiḃ do taiṗṡeaḋ dóiḃ, deiṗeaḋ Ḋáiḃiḋ, dá luiṡeaḋ muiniṡin a ḃí aiṡe ḟéin aṗ na Saṗanaċaiḃ, náṗḃ' ḟiú aon tṗuim do ċuṗ ṗa ċainnt ṗin. Má'ṗ eaḋ, ba ṡeaṗṗ ṡuṗ ṫuit ṗuḋ amaċ a ṫaiṗbeáin ṡo ṗoilléiṗ náṗ ṁiṗḋe dṗoċ-ionntaoiḃ a ḃeiṫ aiṡe aṗṫa. In-ionaḋ na ṡcoinṡeall úḋ do ḟeaṗaṁ, ḟé maṗ do ṡeallaḋaṗ, iṗ aṁlaiḋ a ḃṗiṗeaḋaṗ iaḋ ṡan tṗuaṡ, ṡan taiṗe. In-ionaḋ an ċoṡaiḋ do ṁaiṫeaṁ do ċáċ, iṗ é ṗuḋ a ḋeineaḋaṗ bṗeiṫ aṗ éiṡin aṗ ṁaoin na nṠaeḋeal, ⁊ cailleaṁaint ṡaċ ciṗt d' ḟóṡaiṗt oṗṫa; in ionaḋ a leoṡaint dóiḃ an cṗeiḋeaṁ do ċuṗ i ḃṗeiḋm ḟé maṗ a leoṡaḋ dóiḃ le linn an daṗa Ṡéaṗluiṗ, iṗ aṁlaiḋ a ḋíbṗiṡeaḋaṗ na hEaṗpuiṡ ⁊ na manaiṡ. Ní h-aon ionṡna dubṗón ⁊ tinneaṗ cṗoiḋe do ṫeaċt aṗ Ḋáiḃiḋ nuaiṗ ḟéaċaḋ ṗé aṗ an ḃṗeaṗann a ṫaiṫiṡeaḋ ṗaoṗ-aicme uaṗal na hÉiṗeann, ⁊ iaḋ aṗ díbiṗt aṗ anoiṗ, indiaiḋ Rí Séamuṗ, ⁊ ṡan éinne de ḟṗioċt Ṡaeḋeal ṡan earbaiḋ ṡan ḟoṡail, aċ "moṡaiḋ ⁊ maiṗtíní" allṁúṗḋa ḟé ṗéim ṗa tíṗ.

XXIII.

Ṡaeḋilṡ do ċuṗ aṗ an mḂéaṗla ṗo :—

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 ṫír ıaṙaċta Éıṙe d'ḟéadṙí a ṫuıṙgınt cad ḟé ndeáṙ do ṁuınntıṙ Ṡaṙana cogaḋ do ċuṙ aṙ ṙıúḃal ıgcoınnıḃ tṙáċtála ⁊ ıgcoınnıḃ ṙaıḋḃṙıṙ na ndaoıne. Aċ nıoṙḃ' eaḋ. Iṙ aṁlaıḋ a ḃí muınntıṙ na hÉıṙeann ḟé ṙmaċt Rıaġalaċaıṙ Ṡaṙana. Aċ ın' aıṁḋeoın ṙın, do ḋeın an Rıaġalaċaṙ ṙan an uıle ṙaġaṙ díċıll ċum ıad a ḋéanaṁ beo boċt. Do cuıṙeaḋ d'ḟıaċaıḃ oṙṫa gaċ díṫ ⁊ gaċ donaṙ ⁊ gaċ cṙuaḋtan d'ḟulang ḟé maṙ ba ḋaoıne ıaṙaċta ıad, ⁊ ṙan am gcéadna do ċaıṫeadaṙ géılleaḋ do ḋlıġṫıḃ Ṡaṙana. Maıdıṙ leıṙ an dtṙáċtáıl, nıoṙḃ' ḟulaıṙ leıṙ an Rıaġalaċaṙ ṙaıḋḃṙeaṙ na nGaeḋeal do ċuṙ aṙ neaṁ-nıḋ, ḟé maṙ ba náıṁde ıaṙaċta neaṁ-ṙpleaḋaċa ıad. Aċ dá ndeıneaḋ na Gaeḋıl ṙın ıaṙṙaċt, ṙa deıṙe, aṙ ıad ḟéın do ċoṙaınt le neaṙt aṙm, 'ṙé deıṙeaḋ muınntıṙ Ṡaṙana leo ná gunḃ aıcme ḟé ṙmaċt ıad, a ċaıṫṙeaḋ géılleaḋ d'á ndlıġṫıḃ, nó, muna ngéılleıdıṙ,

gur dóiḃ ba ṁeara; ⁊ ná leoghí dóiḃ a gceart do ċoraint le cogaḋ. An taiṗḃe faoghalta ⁊ an tonaḋ faiḋḃriṗ a fuarṫar ar an dtír do ċreaċaḋ, do ċuiṗ ré 'na luiġe ar ṁuinntiṗ Ṡaṗana, maṗ ḋ'eaḋ, ná faiḃ acu 'á ḋéanaṁ aċ an ceart. Is aṁlaiḋ a bí ainm na hÉireann ċóṁ móṗ fan i mbéalaiḃ luċt creaċaḋ do ḋéanaṁ, go faiḃ ré de nóṗ ⁊ de ḃéar ag daoine uaiṗle na h-aimṗire úd, "imṫeaċt ar loṗg innean"—maṗ a ċímíd 'á ḋéanaṁ fa ndṗáma úd.—"*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*"

C.—PHILOSOPHICAL.

XXIV.

Gaeḋilg do ċur ar an mBéarla so :—

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,"—deig-ḋligċe ; " life "—an cine daonna ; " she looks on all accidents "—begin this sentence with—Sé a teagarg do ċáċ :—" true value "—cionnur é ṁear mar ir cóir ; " allows nothing to be good "—ní rud fóġanta léi in aon ċor . . . ;

Ní leor do ḋuine Dia d'aiṫint muna ngéilliḋ sé dó. 'Sí an Eagna innseann an méid sin dúinn. Dá ḃríġ sin 'r í an Eagna, leis, do ḃeir deig-ḋligċe do'n ċine daonna. 'Sé a teagarg do ċáċ : an uile níḋ d'á dtuiteann amaċ gurb é Dia fé ndeár é i sligġe éigin. Gaċ uile níḋ dá ḃfuil ann múineann sí ḋúinn cionnur é ṁear mar ir cóir. Deineann sí sinn do ċoraint ar an dtuairim ḃréagaċ[1] ;

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

deineann sí an sóġaċas do ċáineaḋ nuair nár ṁór aiṫriġe a ḋéanaṁ ann. Rud dá ḟeaḃas, muna mairfiḋ a ḟeaḃas go buan ní fuil sóġanta léi i n-aon ċor é. Duine dá ḟásfaċt, má's ar a ċóṁarfain a ḃíonn sé ag brath ċum a ḟásta, níl séan ná ásfaċt ag baint leis an nduine sin,—das leis an Eagna. Duine, dá ṁéid le ráḋ é, nó dá ṁéid a ċóṁaċt, muna mbíonn smaċt aige air féin, is beag aici a ċáil ⁊ a ċóṁaċt.

XXV.

Gaeḋilg do ċur ar an mBéarla 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 duine a ḋ'ḟéadfaḋ . . . ; " but "—má's eaḋ ; " which something nature plainly points out "—Ní deacair dó an obair sin d'aiṫint. Taisbeánann Dia dó í ; " by giving him "—begin with—is amlaiḋ ; " a tendency and propriety to it "—fonn sé leiṫ air ċúiċi, ⁊ oiseann sí dó ar ċuma ná hoisfeaḋ aon obair eile dó ; " his struggling . . . Sisyphus "—níorḃ aon ṁaiṫ dó beiṫ ag cur na gcoinniḃ. Ḃeaḋ sé ċoṁ fuar aige cur na gcoinniḃ

ꝛ ḃí ſé aġ Sioruḃ an ċloċ úd do ċur an cnoc úd ſuar 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 rin, munab ionann ir aon obair eile; "whereas"—ar an dtaoḃ eile de;

Ir deiṁin naċ é an uile ḋuine a ḋ' ḟeádfaḋ an uile níḋ a ḋéanaṁ go maiṫ. Má'r eaḋ, ir cinnte, leir, gur ar éigin a tá aoinne ann nárḃ ḟéidir dó obair éigin a ḋéanaṁ ar ḟeaḃas, aċ cur ċuige. Ní deacair dó an obair rin d' aiṫint, mar tairbeánann Dia dó í. Ir aṁlaiḋ a ḃíonn fonn fé leiṫ air ċúiċi, ꝛ oireann sí ḋó ar ċuma ná h-oirfeaḋ aon obair eile ḋó. Ir deacair a ráḋ cia 'cu dúṫċas nó taḃairt suas 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 ṁaiṫ dó ḃeiṫ aġ cur na gcoinniḃ. Ḃeaḋ sé ċóṁ fuar aige ḃeiṫ aġ cur 'na gcoinniḃ ꝛ ḃí sé aġ Sioruḃ an ċloċ úd do ċur an cnoc úd suas roiṁe. Aċt má leogtar do'n fonn ꝛ má leantar de'n obair, éireoċaiḋ leis an nduine, ꝛ beiḋ mear air de ḃárr na hoibre rin, munab ionann ir aon obair eile. Ar an dtaoḃ eile de, má ṫugann sé failliġe san obair ní ḃeiḋ mear aġ aoinne air, ꝛ b'ḟéidir, in ionad mear a ḃeiṫ air, gurb aṁlaiḋ a ráineoċaḋ go mbeirí aġ magaḋ fé.

XXVI.

Gaeḋilg do ċur ar an mḂéarla 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 toraḋ ar . . .; "the motive" —'na cúir leo; "for having missed the applause it deserved" —gan an molaḋ ir dual dó a beiṫ fagálṫa aige; "the world is apt to suspect"—ir gnáṫ an raogal gá ṁear . . .; "when it becomes the subject of your own applause"— má'r duine féin a ṁolann é; "Such is the disposition of mankind"—ríoḋ meon na ndaoine; "what does not deserve to be taken notice of" gníoṁ a ṫuillfiḋ cáineaḋ; "either way"—mar reo nó mar ríúd.

We append *three* translations:—

(*a*)—Ir 'na toraḋ ar ár ngníoṁarṫaiḃ ba ċeart glóire a beiṫ, in ionad í beiṫ 'na cúir leo. Agus cuir igcár, uaireanta, ná leanfaḋ clú an deaġ-ġníoṁ, ní lúġaide uairleaċt an ġníṁ gan an molaḋ ir dual dó a beiṫ fagálṫa aige. Aċ má ṁolann duine a ġníoṁarṫa fóġanta féin ir gnáṫ an raogal gá ṁear naċ aṁlaiḋ a ṁolann ré iad mar ġeall ar iad a beiṫ déanta aige, aċ gurb aṁlaiḋ a dein ré iad iotrheo go bréadfaḋ ré beiṫ ag maoideaṁ arta. Ar an gcuma ran, an ġníoṁ a beaḋ áluinn uaral dá mba duine eile a 'neoraḋ é, téideann a áilneaċt ⁊ a uairleaċt ar neaṁ-níḋ, már duine féin a ṁolann é. Sid é meon na

ndaoine: Murar féidir dóib an gníomh do ċáineaḋ cáinfid riaḋ an ḃaoir le n-a maoiḋdear ar. I gcás, pé 'cu ir gníomh a ḋuillfiḋ cáineaḋ a ḋéanfair, nó gníomh a ḋuillfiḋ molaḋ—agus tu féin gá ṁolaḋ—ná fuil le fagáil agat aċ cáineaḋ mar seo nó mar siúd (171 words).

(*b*)—Clú ir eaḋ ir ceart do ṫeaċt a deag-ghníomhartaib in-ionad na ndeag-ghníomharta ṫeaċt a dúil i gclú. Má ṫéideann deag-ghníomh gan molaḋ anoir ir airír ní lúgaide a ḟeaḃar é. Aċ má ṁolann duine a ghníomh féin ir amlaiḋ adéanfaiḋ an raogal gur ċum ḃeiṫ gá ṁolaḋ a ḋein sé é. Ar an gcuma san, an gníomh a ḃeaḋ áluinn uasal dá molaḋ duine eile é, cailleann sé an áilneaċt agus an uaisleaċt má ṁolann duine féin é. Sid é meon na ndaoine; murar féidir dóib an gníomh a ċáineaḋ cáinfid riaḋ an ḃaoir le n-a maoiḋdear ar. Dein gníomh ir ceart a ċáineaḋ agus cáinfar ṫu. Dein gníomh ir ceart a ṁolaḋ—agus mol féin é—agus cáinfar ṫu. Níl dul ón gcáineaḋ agat mar seo nó mar siúd (132 words).

(*c*)—Ná dein gníomh ar son clú, aċ tuilleaḋ do ghníomh clú. Má ṫéideann gníomh fóghanta gan molaḋ anoir ir airír, ní lúgaide a ḟeaḃar é. Aċ má ṁolann duine a ghníomh féin déanfar gur ċum ḃeiṫ gá ṁolaḋ a ḋein sé é. Molaḋ ó ḋuine eile, áfduigeann sé uaisleaċt gníṁ, aċ molaḋ ó ḋuine féin, baineann sé an uaisleaċt ar. Sid é meon na ndaoine: Murar féidir dóib an gníomh do ċáineaḋ cáinfid riaḋ an ḃaoir a ṁaoiḋeann ar. Dein gníomh gan ṁaiṫ agus cáinfar ṫu; nó dein gníomh fóghanta—agus mol é—agus cáinfar ṫu. Mar seo nó mar siúd cáinfar ṫu (103 words).

XXVII.

Gaeḋilg do ċur ar an mḃéarla 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 "—gradain ċolúr ; " ninety-nine of them "—naoi ndeiċ a naoi ḋíoḃ (or the more usual naoi gcinn déag 7 ċeiṫre fiċid agus) ; " the chaff "—an cáṫ ; " the refuse "—an drabuíol ; " sitting round "—insert 7 dá ḃfeicfá ; " wasting it "—ag ḃárdú 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"—ꝛꝛꝛac ar a ċéile; "toiling"—aꝵ ꝛaoṫar; "scraping together a heap of superfluities"—aꝵ ꝛcríobaḋ ⁊ aꝵ bailliú na cꝛuaiċe ḋe neiṫiḃ naċ ꝛiaċṫanaċ; "the provision"—an ꝛolaṫar; "the hoard"—an ꝛcóꝛuꝛ; "joining against him"—aꝵ éiꝛiġe ċuiġe.

Ḋá ḃꝛeicꝛá ġꝛaṫain ċolúꝛ inġoꝛt aꝛḃaiꝛ, aġuꝛ—in ionaḋ ġaċ colúiꝛ ḋíoḃ a ḃeiṫ aꝵ ꝛiocaḋ an ꝛuḋa a ṫaiṫnꝛeaḋ leiꝛ, ꝛan áit ba ṁaiṫ leiꝛ, ⁊ ġan aiġe 'á ṫóġaint aċ an méiḋ a ḃeaḋ uaiḋ,—ġo[1] ḃꝛeicꝛá naoi nḋeiċ a naoi ḋíoḃ aꝵ bailiú an méiḋ a ġeiḃḋíꝛ in aon ċꝛuaiċ aṁáin ḋo'n aon ċolúꝛ aṁáin, ġan a ċoiméaḋ ḋóiḃ ꝛéin aċ an cáṫ ⁊ an ꝛꝛaḃuíol, ⁊ ġuꝛḃ é an t-aon ċolúꝛ aṁáin ꝛin an colúꝛ ba laiġe ⁊ ba ṁeaꝛa, b'ꝛéiḋiꝛ, ḋe'n ġꝛaṫain; ⁊ ḋá ḃꝛeicꝛá na colúiꝛ ġo léiꝛ 'na ꝛuiḋe móꝛ-ṫimċeall aꝵ ꝛéaċaint aꝛ an aon ċolúꝛ aṁáin, ꝛġcaiṫeaṁ an ġeiṁꝛiḋ, aꝵ iṫe ⁊ aꝵ ꝛġaiꝛeaḋ ⁊ aꝵ ḃáꝛṫú na cꝛuaiċe; ⁊ annꝛan ḋá mbaineaḋ colúꝛ éiġin ba ṫꝛeiꝛe nó ḋoḃ' ocaꝛaiġe ná an ċuiḋ eile, ḋá mbaineaḋ ꝛé[2] leiꝛ an ġcꝛuaiċ ⁊ aon ġꝛáinne ḋe ḋo ṫóġaint, ġo léimꝛeaḋ an ċuiḋ eile ċuiġe láiṫꝛeaċ ⁊ ġo ꝛꝛaꝛcꝛaiḋíꝛ aꝛ a ċéile é;—ḋá ḃꝛeicꝛá an méiḋ ꝛin ġo léiꝛ, ní ꝛéicꝛá aċ an ꝛuḋ atá ḋá ḋéanaṁ ⁊ ḋá ṁolaḋ ġaċ aon lá i meaꝛġ ḋaoine. Ċíonn tú, i meaꝛġ ḋaoine, naonḃuꝛ ⁊ ċeiṫꝛe ꝛiċiḋ aꝵ ꝛaoṫaꝛ ⁊ aꝵ ꝛcríobaḋ ⁊ aꝵ bailiú na cꝛuaiċe ḋe neiṫiḃ naċ ꝛiaċṫanaċ, ḋo'n aoinne aṁáin, ġan 'ꝛan aoinne aṁáin ꝛin ġo minic aċ an té iꝛ laiġe ⁊ iꝛ meaꝛa ḋíoḃ ġo léiꝛ,—leanḃ, b'ꝛéiḋiꝛ, nó bean, nó ḋuine ḃuile, nó amaḋán—⁊ ġan aꝵ luċt an ṫꝛaoṫaiꝛ ḋ'á ꝛaġáil ḋóiḃ ꝛéin aċ beaġán ḋe'n ċuiḋ iꝛ ġaiꝛḃe ḋe'n ṫꝛolaṫaꝛ a ḋeineann a ꝛaoṫaꝛ ꝛéin; ⁊ iaḋ 'na ꝛuiḋe aꝛ a ꝛuaiṁneaꝛ aꝵ ꝛéaċaint aꝛ ṫoꝛaḋ a ꝛaoṫaiꝛ ḋá ċaiṫeaṁ nó ḋá lot; ⁊ má ḃaineann ḋuine acu le h-aon ḃlúiꝛe ḋe'n ꝛcóꝛuꝛ, an ċuiḋ eile aꝵ éiꝛġe ċuiġe láiṫꝛeaċ ⁊ ġá ċꝛoċaḋ maꝛ ġeall aꝛ an nġaḋuiḋeaċṫ.

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 ⁊ ȝan . . .; "in that which profits not"—le neiṫiḃ naċ taiṙḃe ḋuit; "and"—ḋá ḃṙíġ ṙin; "it is a thousand pities"—naċ tṙuaġ ċṙáiḋte; "diligent and hopeful person,"—ḋuine cṙíoċnaṁail ȝaṙḋa; "spend himself"—ȝan ḋe ċúṙam air aċ . . .; "gathering shells," etc.—tone down by inserting mar a ḋéarṙá; "Study,"—ḋein-ṙe . . . ḋ'ḟoġluim; "and I may in this also"—aġur ó'ṙ aġ taġairt ḋó ṙan ḋom, ní miṙḋe ḋom . . .; "the words"—an ċainnt úd; "the saying"—an ċainnt úd;

Seaċain ⁊ ȝan do ċuid aimṙire do ċaiṫeaṁ le neiṫiḃ naċ taiṙḃe ḋuit. Ní ḃeaġ é luaċ do ḟaoṫair ⁊ do ḟláinte,

ná ní beag é torad na haimrire úd ⁊ do ċod' foġluma. Dá brīġ rin naċ truag ċráidte duine críoċnaṁail garta a d'ḟeircint, ⁊ gan de ċúram air aċ, mar a déarfá, beiṫ ag bailiú fliogán ⁊ cloiċíní, nó beiṫ ag coṁairdeaṁ gainṁe na tráġa, nó beiṫ ag fiġe fleasg de neoiníniḋ neaṁ ṫairbeaċa! Dein-re an níḋ ir tairbe duit d'foġluim, an níḋ le n-a ndéanfair maiṫeas don Eaglais ⁊ do'n ċoitċiantaċt, an níḋ ar a dtiocfaiḋ eagna duit féin, ⁊ mear ort do luċt t'aiṫne. Aċ, féaċ, ní mirde a ráḋ gur 'mó níḋ a baineann leis an bfoġluim, fé mar ir 'mó gníoṁ a baineam le dualgairíḃ an ċreidiṁ; go bfuil foġluim ann ir tairbiġe ná a ċéile, aċ dá luiġead tairbe rut, go mbainfar feidm ar in' am féin. Agus ó'r ag tagairt dó ran dom, ní mirde dom an ċainnt úd ár Slánuiġteora do ċur i gcuiṁne duit:— "Ba ċóir daoiḃ aire taḃairt do rna neiṫiḃ reo, ⁊ gan failliġe a taḃairt inr na neiṫiḃ eile úd." Aċ eatorta go léir,— na neiṫe a baineann le Dia ⁊ leis an gcreideaṁ, le beannuiġteaċt beatad, ⁊ leis an bfior-eagna, dóiḃ-rin ir ead ir mó ir ceart duit aire taḃairt. Mar b' fior d' Origener an ċainnt úd a duḃairt sé,—gur deiṁne ⁊ gur diaḋa ná an uile eolur dá ḟeaḃas, ⁊ ná a bfuil d'eolur ann fé luiġe na gréine, an t-eolas úd a ṫig a croide an duine fóġanta.

XXIX.

Gaeḋilg do ċur ar an mBéarla so:—

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.*)

Ṫáinig ḋe'n ċeirtiúċán ran gur ḃein náiṁḋe ḋom ḋ' á lán ḋaoine, ⁊ iad níṁneaċ ṡearḃ ċúġam,—ċóṁ ṡearḃ ⁊ ċóṁ níṁneaċ ⁊ ḋ' ḟéadṡaḋ aoinne a ḃeiṫ,—i dtreo go gcáinid siad ⁊ go marluiġid siad mé i mórán sluġte. Cuid de'n ċáineaḋ is eaḋ an ainm úd "eagnaiḋe" do ṫaḃairt orm. Mar is aṁlaiḋ is dóiċ leis an muinntir a ḃíonn ag éirteaċt liom go ḃfuil an eagna so agam. Agus ní ḋeinim-se aċ a ṫairbeáint í ḃeiṫ in earnaṁ orṫa súd. Níl éinne eagnaiḋe i gceart aċ Dia aṁáin. Agus is é ṁear sé a ráḋ, tré n-a ḟáiḋ, sa ċainnt úd, ná naċ fiú aċ neaṁníḋ an eagna ḋaonna. Ní haṁlaiḋ do laḃair sé orm-sa in aon ċor, aċ is aṁlaiḋ is eisiompláir m'ainm-se aige, ċóṁ maiṫ is dá ndéanfaḋ sé mar seo:—Sé duine is eagnaiḋe oraiḃ an té a ṫuigeann, mar a ṫuigeann Sócratés, naċ fiú aċ neaṁníḋ a ḃfuil d' eagna aige. D'á ḃríġ sin deinim sud ar Dia, ⁊ mé ag gaḃáil tímċeall, ag lorg eoluis, ⁊ ag ceirtiúċán sa sgéal, má ḃíonn ainm na h-eagna amuiċ ar éinne, pé 'cu duine dem' ḋúṫaiġ féin é, nó duine iasaċta. Agus má ráimiġeann gan an eagna do ḃeiṫ aige, is é ḋeinim-se Dia ⁊ an fáiḋ do ċoraint, ġá ṫairbeáint dó go ḃfuil an eagna in earnaṁ air. Agus bím ċóṁ tugta do'n obair

ꝼin nā bīonn ꝺ'uain aꝷam aiꝼe ċaḃaiꝼṫ ꝺ'aon nīḋ, ꝺá ꝼeaḃaꝼ, ꝺá mḃaineann leiꝼ an ḃꝼuiḃliḋeaċṫ nā leam' ꝷnóṫaíḃ ꝼéin, aċ iꝼ aṁlaiḋ a ḃīm beo ḃoċṫ ꝺe ḃáꝼꝼ a mḃíon ꝺe ꝼuim aꝷam 'á ċuꝼ i ꝼeiꝼḃíꝼ Ḋé.

XXX.

ꝷaeḋilꝷ ꝺo ċuꝼ aꝼ an mḂéaꝼla ꝼo :—

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"—tormán ⁊ toirmeasg; "we must be quit of the body"—ní fuláir an t-anam do sgaraṁaint le colainn againn. See Studies, I p. 209; "the argument"—a bhfuil ráidhte againn ceana; "one of two things seems to follow"—níl ach rogha dá nídh agat.

'Na ceannta san, cuir i gcás féin go mbeadh fonn ar duine cum dul le feallsaṁnacht, ⁊ an uain aige air, is aṁlaidh, in' aiṁdeoin sin, a chuirfeadh an colainn easla ar an nduine sin, gá corg, le tormán ⁊ le toirmeasg, ar ṁachtnaṁ ealadhanta a dhéanaṁ, ná ar an bhfirinne do thuigint. Is léir ón saoghal, más mian linn eolas a beith againn ar aon nídh, go glé ⁊ go glan, nach fuláir an t-anam do sgaraṁaint le colainn againn, ⁊ é do thuigint, uaidh féin, an uile nídh[1] ann féin go bunadhasach. Sid é uair is dóichighe-de dúinn gneim a bheith ar an easna úd a loingsimíd, ⁊ a deirimíd go bhfuil gnádh againn dí,—nuair a ghoibmíd bás. Níl bheith againn uirthi an faid a ṁairimíd, mar is léir ó n-a bhfuil ráidhte ceana againn; dá bhríg sin, murar féidir do'n anam, an faid a beidh sé i bhfocair na colna, teacht suas le glain-eolas, níl ach rogha dá nídh agat,—nach féidir eolas d' fhagáil in aoncos, nó gur tréir báis aṁáin is féidir é. Tréir báis aṁáin is eadh a beidh an t-anam leis féin, ⁊ é deighilte ó'n gcolainn. An faid a beimíd ar an saoghal so, is é uair is dóich liom is gioppa beimíd[2] do'n easna an uair is lúgha chuirimíd[3] aon truim ná aon sréis sa cholainn, nuair ná bímíd, mar a déarfá, ráithe síos i nádúir na colna, ach sinn d' fhanaṁaint[4] glan 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.

ṡmál ċoṁpaṙṫa, ꝑo ḋtí ꝑuṙ toil le Ḋia ṡinn ḋ'ḟuaṙꝑaiłt. Annṙan iṙ eaḋ ꝑlanṙaṙ amaċ aṙainn leaṁ-ḃaoiṙ na coiṅa, ⁊ beimíḋ ioḋan, ⁊ cóṁluaḋaṙ aꝑainn le h-anmnaċa ioḋna eile. Annṙan, iṙ eaḋ, a ḃeiḋ ṙaḋaṙc aꝑainn, uainn ḟéin, aṙ an ṙoillṙe ṙo-ḟeicṙe,—ṙoillṙe na ṙiṙinne. Maṙ ní ceaḋuiꝑṫe ḋ' aon níḋ neaṁ-ꝑlan teanꝑḃáil leiṙ an níḋ ꝑlan.

XXXI.

Ꝑaeḋilꝑ ḋo ċuṙ aṙ an mḃéaṙla ṙo :—

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 ṁirde dom . . . ; " which is this " —'rí ceirt í ná í feo ; " which is exacted there of . . . "— atá in áiṁiḋe annran do . . . ; " he is haunted with the thought "—bíonn an fmaoineaṁ úd ifiġ in' aiġne, ⁊ é ag goilleaṁaint air go trom ; " he is filled with dark forebodings "—tagann eagla aiġe roiṁ oic éigin uaḋbárać nać fior dó cad é ; " as Pindar charmingly says "—do réir na bfriotal filiḋeaćta úd aduḃairt P. ; " the eager soul of man "—say, tá anam an duine tuġta ćum feaćráin. Pindar's word is πολύστροφον. " setting one thing against another,"—say—dá ṁéid feidm a deinteas de'n traiḋḃreas.

" 'Seaḋ," arra mise leis, " 'ré corp na fírinne é. Ać ar ṁirde dom aon ceirt aṁáin eile ćur ort ? 'Sí ceirt í ná í feo : Cad é an taiṙḃe is dóić leat is mó a ḋuġ[1] an raiḋḃreas duit ? "

" Taiṙḃe is eaḋ é," ar seisean, " nać uiṁirte dom a ćur na luiġe ar ćáć ġur taiṙḃe inaon ćor é. Mar, bíoḋ 'fior agat, féać, an uair is dóić le duine a bíonn[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 druideamaint leis, gurb ſin é uair díreaċ a ṫagann easla ⁊ imṡníoṁ air nár ṫáinig riaṁ roiṁe ſin air. Ḃí ſé uair, ⁊ aḋḃar magaiḋ leis, ab eaḋ, na ſgéalṫa innſteas i dtaoḃ an traoġail ṫíos, ⁊ i dtaoḃ na bríanta atá in áiriṫe annſan do'n droċ-ġníoṁ do deineaḋ annſo ; aċ anois, bíonn an ſmaoineaṁ úd irtiġ in' aigne, ⁊ é ag goilleaṁaint air go trom, go mb' ḟéidir gur ſíor na ſgéalṫa. 'Sé ba ḋóiċ leat gur ġéire-de a raḋarc ar an raoġal eile é beiṫ ċóṁ cóṁġaraċ ran dó ; nó b' ḟéidir gur é beiṫ lag ón gcríonnaċt ſé ndeár é. Is aṁlaiḋ a ṫagann droċ-aṁraſ ⁊ uaṫḃár air mar a ṫiocfaḋ ſluaġ naṁad. Ġaċ beart éagcóra dá'n imir ſé riaṁ ar a ċóṁarſain cromann ſé ar iad a ċóṁaireaṁ in' aigne. Agus nuair a ṫuigeann ſé cad é a líonṁaire atá a ḟeacaí, is minic, ar nós leinḃ, go[1] mbíoḋġfaiḋ ſé ar a ċodlaḋ le neart ſgannſa, ⁊ ṫagann easla aige roiṁ oiċ éigin uaṫḃaraċ naċ ſíor dó cad é. Aċ an té a ṫuigeann ná fuil ſé cionntaċ in aon ḟeacaḋ, bíonn ſúil le tuarſaḋal aige nuair a ṫagann an ċríonnaċt air, ⁊ is aoibinn an níḋ an ṫrúil ſin. Is cuma nó banalṫra ſéiṁ dó í, do ſéir na ḃfriotal ſiliḋeaċta úd aduḃairt Pindar. "Is aṁlaiḋ" ar ſeirean, "a ċoṫuigeann ſí croiḋe an duine a ṁaireann i mbeannuiġṫeaċt ⁊ i ḃríoraontaċt ; is í is banalṫra dó le linn a ċríonnaċta, ġá ṫionnlacan ſan na ſliġe. Tá anam an duine tugṫa ċum ſeaċráin, ⁊ is í is tseire ċum é ṫreoraḋ." Taiṫneann an focal úd an ſile go hiongantaċ liom. Agus ſiḋé taiṙḃe is mó a ḋeineann an raiḋḃreas—do'n duine ſóġanta, muraḃ ionann is[2] an droċ-ḋuine—ná bíonn air aoinne do ṁeallaḋ dá ḋeoin ná dá aiṁḋeoin ; ⁊ nuair a ṫéiḋeann ſé anonn, ná bíonn aon easla air idtaoḃ aon iḋbearṫa a ḃeaḋ ag dul do Ḋia, ná idtaoḃ aon ḟiaċa a ḃeiṫ ag daoiniḃ air féin. Is mór

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

an ċaḃair ċuiġe ṡin an ṡaiḋḃreaṡ do ḟealḃú. Dá ḃríġ ṡin, iṡ é deiṡim-ṡe, dá ṁéid ḟeidhm a deinteaṡ de'n tṡaiḋḃreaṡ, ġuṡḃ é mo ċuaiṡim ġuṡḃ ḟin é ċuaṡ an ḟeidhm iṡ taiṡbiġe iṡ féidiṡ do'n duine ciallṁaṡ a ḋéanaṁ de.

XXXII.

Ġaeḋilg do ċuṡ aṡ an mbéaṡla ṡo :—

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 iṡ a ḃfuil ann do ċumaḋ; " that nothing should turn into something "—go nḋéanfaḋ níḋ de'n neaṁ-níḋ úd ; " that matter had no beginning "—an t-aḋḃaṡ aṡ aṡ deineaḋ an doṁan ná ṡaiḃ túṡ ṡiaṁ leiṡ ; " as,"—iṡ iad neiṫe a deiṡim.

Aċ, má ḃí túr ar an raoġal cad a ḃí ann rul ar ṫorruiġ an raoġal? Ní fuláir nó ḃí rud éigin ann. Agus ní fuláir nó gur rud é go raiḃ ar a ċumur an domhan ir a ḃfuil ann do ċumaḋ. Dá mb' ḟíor go raiḃ uair, ⁊ gan ann aċ neamhníḋ ar fad, annran ní ḟéadfaḋ níḋ a ḃeiṫ ann go deo, mar "a neamh-níḋ ní deinteas níḋ." Ní fearr a ḃeaḋ an rgéal againn dá ndeirtí, an t-aḋḃar ar ar deineaḋ an domhan, ná raiḃ túr riamh leis, aċ é ḃeiṫ ann i gcómhnuiḋe fé mar a ṫuigimíd é ḃeiṫ anois, ⁊ gan aoinníḋ a ḃeiṫ ann ar dtúis aċ é. Dá mb'ḟíor ran, cár ġaḃadar ċúġainn na neiṫe úd go léir ná féadfí a ḋéanamh ar an aḋḃar úd go deo? Fé mar is léir ór gaċ inḟiúċaḋ, dá ḋoimhne, do deineaḋ ar nádúir an aḋḃair rin, ⁊ ó'r gaċ iarraċt, dá ḋéine, do deineaḋ riamh ar na neiṫe rin do ċumaḋ. 'S iad neiṫe adeirim, beaṫa na bplanadaí ⁊ na mbeiṫíḋeaċ, cóm-ḟior na neiṫe a ḃíonn ar riúbal laistiġ ionnat féin, tuisgint, tuġtaċt ċum fóġantaċta! Dá mbeaḋ an t-aḋḃar úd i gcómhnuiḋe fé mar atá anois, ⁊ gan níḋ ór a ċionn, ⁊ taisir amaċ ar fad, a ḋ' ḟéadfaḋ ḃeiṫ 'na ċúis le cóimaċt ar ċumaḋ na neiṫe rin, annran níorḃ' ḟéidir iad a ċumaḋ in aon ċor, nó is aimlaiḋ a déanfí a gcumaḋ, ⁊ gan aon níḋ ann ċum a ḋéanta! Ba ċoirmail é rin le crann-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 gciall daonna; "Nature"—nádúir an domain; "and whence she draws her capability"—agus cum na cómhacta a tabhairt dí ar . . .; "the great fundamental problem"—an ceist is bunadhaithe; "beside it all others fade into insignificance"—is í is mó le fádh ar a bhfuil de ceisteanaibh ann; "of whose achievements we are all so justly proud"—say—is éachtach agus is iongantach an t-eolas a fuarthas ar an ealadhain seo.

Dá bhfíg seo cuireann ár gciall daonna d'fhiachaibh orainn a fhiafraidhe, nuair infhiúcam nádúir an domain, cad é an neart agus an cómhacht atá laistiar de'n nádúir seo, cum í cur ar siúbal ó thosach, agus cum na cómhacta a thabhairt dí ar na neithibh a chímid á dhéanamh aici gach lá? Ní fuláir an neart san a bheith ann, agus ní fuláir nó gur uaidh a tháinig gach nídh agus gach bhfíg dá bhfuil ar domhan. An té n-ar mhian leis nádúir an domain d'infhiúchadh agus gach rún dá mbaineann léi do nochtadh, seo í an ceist is bunadhaithe nach fuláir dó a cur agus a fhreagairt. Agus is í is mó le fádh ar a bhfuil de ceisteanaibh ann. Is leis an gceist seo a bhaineann ár ngnó anois. Caithfimid a fhiafraidhe dhinn féin cionnus adeis ár dtuisgint linn an ceist d' fhreagairt. Agus is é céad nídh ná a céile adeis ár dtuisgint linn ná é seo:—Tá ealadha ann a bhaineann leis an nádúir úd. Is éachtach agus is iongantach an t-eolas a fuarthas ar an ealadhain seo. Cad é an t-eolas a thugann sí dúinn ar ar gceis úd

D.—CRITICISM.

XXXIV.

Ꝿaeḋilg do ċur ar an mḂéarla ro :—

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 "—ꝿluaireaċt na ḃfear ; " victories or defeats "—render by *verbs ;*

Ṫáinig Rí Séamur i dtír ag Cionn tSáile ar an dara lá déag de Mháirta, imbliaḋain a ré ċéad déag ⁊ a naoi déag ir ċeiṫre ficiḋ. Um ṡaṁraḋ na bliaḋna san ir eaḋ do tornuiġeaḋ ar an gcogaḋ. Ní mórán eolair atá taḃarṫa ag Ḋáiḃiḋ ḋúinn i dtaoḃ ꝿluairte na ḃfear. Níl innsṫe aige ḋúinn cia 'cu d'éirig leo nó buaḋaḋ orṫa. Tá roinnt ceaṫraṁan againn ag cur síos ar ꝿluaireaċt Ꝿaeḋeal

éigin ón Máig go dtí an Dóinn. 'Sé ir dóiciġe gurb iad díorma Ṡeáin Mic Ġearailt iad. Deallruiġeann an ṡgéal gurb é Dáibíd a ṡgríob na ceadṫramain rin. Ṗé ṡgéal é, i mí Mártа, i mbliadain a ré ċéad déag ⁊ a h-aon déag ir ċeitṗe ṗiciu, do ċum ré dán breag bríoġmar 'n-ar ṁol ré buaid an tSáirṗéalaig ar an naṁaid. Na h-éaċta eile do dein an laoċ san do ṁol ré iad, leis, aċ ir é ir mó do ṁol ré, a luaiṫe do ġluair an Sáirṗéalaċ ⁊ a ċuid ṗear, ⁊ lón cogaid Liam do ċur tré ṫeimid ⁊ do lot. Ar an dara lá déag de Luġnasa, i mbliadain a ré ċéad déag ⁊ a deiċ ir ċeitṗe ṗiciu do deinead an gníoṁ san.

XXXV.

Gaedilg do ċur 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 "—arb' aṁlaid ba dóiċ leis.—See Studies I, pp. 79-81. " an essential requisite to it "—nárb' ṫéidir . . . gan ; " Nay, sir "—⁊ ní h-é sin aṁáin, aċ . . . ;

"in the common intercourse of life"—i ngnóṫaíḃ coiṫċianta an traoġail; "people go through"—tá daoine ann ⁊ . . . See "Introductory tá," Studies I, pp. 210-211;

D'ḟiafruiġeas de aṙḃ' aṁlaiḋ ba ḋóiċ leis náṙḃ' ḟéidis taḃairt suas ṁaiṫ a ḃeiṫ as aoinne gan eolas as an nGréigis ⁊ as an Laidin a ḃeiṫ aige. "Is dóiċ, gan aṁras," as seisean, "mar an té go ḃfuil eolas as na teangṫaċaiḃ sin aige, is mór a ḃíonn sa mbreis aige as an té ná fuil an t-eolas san aige. Agus ní hé sin aṁáin, aċ is éaċtaċ a mbíonn de ḋeifriġeaċt idir an duine foġlumṫa ⁊ an té ná fuil taḃairt suas air. Is léir an deifriġeaċt san i ngnóṫaíḃ coiṫċianta an traoġail gur ḋóiċ leat orṫa ná beaḋ aon ḃaint acu le léiġeann ná le foġluim."

"Aċ, mar sin féin," arsa mise leis, "tá daoine ann, ⁊ éiriġeann an saoġal go maiṫ leo, ⁊ bainid siad taisḃe as a ngnó, ⁊ gan foġluim as biṫ a ḃeiṫ orṫa."

"Adṁuiġim," as seisean, "go mb' ḟéidir go mb' ḟior san dá mba ná ḟéadfí an ḟoġluim do ċur i ḃfeidhm. Cuirim i gcás an giolla so. Níor aiṁiġ sé focal riaṁ i dtaoḃ Orṗeus ná i dtaoḃ na laoċ úd do ċuaiḋ tar leas sa luing úd, san Argó. Aċ ní ḟágann san ná go ndeineann sé iomraṁ ḋúinne ċóṁ maiṫ is dá ḃféadaḋ sé an t-aṁrán úd do ġaḃáil, do ġaiḃ Orṗeus dóiḃ siúd."

XXXVI.

Gaeḋilg do ċur as an mḂéarla 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 kinds 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 ṡríbneoiṙ ṡeo ; 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 loċt iṙ mearṁa dá ḃṗuil aṙ an ṡríbneoiṙ ṡeo, gan treiṙe a ḋóṫain ná cṗuinneaṙ a ḋoṫain a ḃeiṫ ṗa méid atá ṡríoḃṫa aige. Ṗé molaḋ atá tuilleṫe aige tá ré d'á ḟaġáil ṗiaṁ go hiomlán ó ċáċ aige. Aċ iṙ baoġlaċ naċ i gcóṁnuiḋe a mearṫaṙ i gceaṙt caḋ na ṫaoḃ go ndeinteaṙ a ṁolaḋ. Caiṫḟaṙ a aḋṁáil gup ṡríoḃ ré aṁṗáin ⁊ dánta go ṗnaṙta. Aċ ba ċóiṙ go mb' aoiṙde a ċlú maṙ ġeall aṙ an bṗróṙ ná maṙ ġeall aṙ an ḃṗiliḋeaċt do ṡríoḃ ré. Agup ṗa ṗróṙ ṗan ḟéin—bíoḋ go ḃṗuil gneann ré leiṫ aige iṙ mó do ġeoḃṫá de ġneann ná d'ḟeallṡaṁnaċt, ⁊ iṙ mó do geoḃṫá d'ḟeallṡaṁnaċt na ṡean ná d'aḋḃaṙ nua uaiḋ féin. Na n-aiṙtí úd do ṡríoḃaḋ ré ṗa " Spectator " oiṙid ṗiaḋ aṙ ḟeaḃaṙ do luċt a léiġte ; aċ an té n-aṙ ṁian leiṙ aon níḋ a ṡríoḃaḋ a ḃeaḋ níb' uaiṙle nó níba ṗnoiġte nó níba ḋoiṁne ná iad, níoṙḃ' ḟuláiṙ dó a ṁalaiṙt de ṗampla do ṫaṙṗiac ċuige.

XXXVII.

Gaeḋilg do ċuṙ aṙ an mBéaṙla ṡo :—

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—Cuaṙouiʒ . . . nī ḃṙuiʒiṙ ann ; " Roland "—Ruaḋlann will perhaps do, as suggesting a fitting etymology for the name of such a martial hero. Ruiḋleán, Ruiḋilin, and Reiḋleán are found as Irish names ; " of stout port "—ṙaṁaṙ, láidiṙ ; " Roncesvalles "—perhaps (as the etymology is doubtful) an Roṙ ṙéiḋ 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 Aṁlaoiḃ will do on account of similarity of sound;

Cuarduiġ gaċ duan mórda dár ġríoḃaḋ riaṁ, ní ḃruiġir ann duine ba ṁó cáil ná ba ḋeire meon ná ba ṫreire gníoṁ ná Ruaḋlann. Duine ab eaḋ é, a ḃí ċóṁ gealġáirideaċ gné, ⁊ ċóṁ raṁar láidir go mbíoḋ a ċuid fear mórdálaċ ar, ⁊ gur ċuma nó gaṫ gréine leo é. Ḃí a ainm in áirde ar fuid an domain le n-a ṫreire ⁊ a neaṁ-ġráṫaiġe a ḃí ré ċum troda. B'é príoṁ-ṫaoiseaċ é a ḃí ag Séarlus Mór. Ar an Ror Réiḋ do ṫairḃeáin ré go roilléir an ċáil rin ⁊ an clú ran a ḃeiṫ tuillte go maiṫ aige. Ní feacaṫar riaṁ in aon ċaṫ eile a leiṫéid. Sa ċaṫ ran ḃí ré le feirceint ṫoir ṫall, ⁊ an naṁaid aige ḋá ġruabaḋ roiṁe, mar a ġruabfaḋ feidm na fairrge feamain, ⁊ na ḃéimeanna troma tréana ġéara aige á ḃualaḋ[1] orṫa. 'Siaḋ na fir tréana ċéadna iad, na Ridiri úd go léir, geall leis. Aċ má'r eaḋ ní haṁlaiḋ adeirim[2] go gcuireann an ċoraṁlaċt ran feirḃṫean ar aoinne. Tagann an lonn laoiċ úd ar an uile duine acu; bíonn iarraċtín de'n ġairgideaċt úd na nGall ag baint leo; ⁊ bíd a gclaidṁte dian dáraṫaċ ċum béim báir do ḃualaḋ. Aċ dá ḟeaḃas é Ruaḋlann ṫar cáċ ar tréitiḃ calmaċta is eaḋ is buige croide ná cáċ é, leis. Má'r fiú é céile calma Ḃellóna do ṫaḃairt air, ní mirde is fiú é, eisionipláir féile ⁊ flaiṫeamlaċta do'n uile Ridire, do ṫaḃairt air. Ḃíoḋ a ḋeiṁniú ran ar an ngráḋ úd a ḃí aige d'Aṁlaoiḃ,—gráḋ ba ṁó ná aon ġráḋ do ṁnaoi; ar a ḃáiḋ ḃráṫarda le n-a ċomráḋaiṫiḃ caṫa ⁊ cogaiḋ; ar a ḃuige a ḃíoḋ ré leis na raiġdiúiriḃ Fhranncaċa; ⁊ gan aṁras ar an ndílreaċt ⁊ ar an ndúṫraċt a ṫairḃeáin ré riaṁ do Ṡéarlus Mór.

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

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

XXXVIII.

Gaeḋilg do ċur ar an mBéarla so :—

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 ;*

Is 'mó cur a ḃí ag an gCeiltеaċ igcoinniḋ neiṫe an tsaoġail seo. 'Sé ṫáinig de sin é ḃeiṫ bacaċ, mar a ḋéarfá, i ngnóṫaiḋ a ḃaineann leis an sprioraiḋ. Má 's eaḋ, is móide fós a ḃí sé bacaċ ins na neiṫiḋ a ḃaineann le cúrsaí saoġalta ⁊ le poilitiḋeaċt. Más mian leat bheiṫ ar níḋ áirṫe ní fuláir duit ḃeiṫ cliste ceanndána ag solátar ⁊ ag socrú na neiṫe is ṡiaċtanaċ ċum an níḋ eile sin d'ḟaġáil.

In' éagmair rin ní féidir dul ar aghaidh i maoin ná i maitear raoghalta, ná ní féidir neart na tíre do dlúthú ir do dhaingniú. Agus rin é díreach ir mó atá in earnamh ar an gCeilteach. Tá sé tugta d'áinear ⁊ d'antlár an traoghail seo, mar a dubhart ceana, nó, an chuid ir lúgha de, cuireann sé ruim inr na neithibh a bhaineann le céadfacta na colna. Taithneann dathanna bheagha geala leir, cuideachta, pléisiúir an traoghail, díreach mar a thaithneadh na neithe rin le muinntir na Gréige ⁊ impireachta na Róma. Ach ní ar an gcuma gcéadna a chuireann sé siúd ⁊ na daoine seo na mianta colnaithe úd i ngníomh. Bíodar ran go héachtach chum beatha fhaoghalta a bheadh róghamail, raidhbir, rona, do fholáthar dóibh féin. Ach ir amlaidh a bhí an Ceilteach ⁊ é ag teir air teacht ruar le raoghal a fháróchadh é go hiomlán. Ir amlaidh ná raibh aige de bhárr a fhothain ach raoghal ruarach, neamhfhlacthmar, dealbh, ⁊ é giobalach, leathbharbartha, mar a déarfá. An truim úd i róghaile fhaoghalta ab eadh fé ndeár do'n Ghréagach Subarir ⁊ Coirint, do'n Róimánach Cathair na Róma ⁊ Dhaiae, ⁊ do'n Fhranncach—a fuair blar ar a leithéid ón Róimánach—Párar na Fhrainnce do cheapadh ⁊ do chumadh dóibh féin. Níor tháinig de'n truim úd inr na neithibh céadna do'n Chéilteach,—ach Éire amháin.

XXXIX.

Gaedhilg do chur ar an mbéarla so :—

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 amlaid mar atá an ṡgéal against anso i Saranaid; "is threatened by"—use active construction; "the rawness"—no single term will do: say—iad gan léiġeann gan láġaċt gan tuisgint; "Philistinism"—again, no single word will suffice; "on the side of . . ." express these various contrasts by in ionad . . . is amlaid . . .; "this is Philistinism"—here it will be quite enough to say—Sin é ṡaġar daoine iad; "the greater delicacy and spirituality"—say an biar úd ar áilneaċt ⁊ ar ṡpioradálṫaċt atá . . .; "if it be but wisely directed,"—make this a separate sentence—Aċ ní mór dúinn beiṫ gasta sa ngnó; "the children of Taliesin and Ossian"—say simply—Clann na Bhreataine bige ⁊ Gaeḋil na hÉireann.

Is amlaid mar atá an ṡgéal against anso i Saranaid fé láṫair, tá níḋ áiriṫe, ⁊ gan aċ an t-aon níḋ sin amáin, 'ṡár gcosg ar ḋul ar aġaid ⁊ ar ḋul i méid ⁊ i mórḋaċt. Is amlaid atá ár n-uairle ⁊ iad i ndeire na sreibe ⁊ gan aon trúil against le caḃair uaṫa. Na daoine is ísle orainn,

is amlaid atáid siad, 7 gan a dtréimhse ach ag tornú, 7 iad gan léigeann gan lághacht gan tuisgint. Ní fiú dúinn beit ag brath orta-san. Ach eatorta san isteach tá an tríomhad dream daoine, 7 dá luighead cabair dúinn an dá dream eile is lúgha fós ná san de chabair dúinn iad so. Is amlaid atá gach aon níd a baineann le h-uaisleacht 7 le deagh-bheatha á lot 7 á leaghad acu so. In ionad blas a beit acu ar na neitib a baineann le h-áilneacht, is amlaid ná faighid siad aon blas ach ar na neitib is sláinne 7 is ísle. In ionad an níd is cóir 7 is ceart 7 is ionmholta do ghrádú 7 do chur i nghníomh, is amlaid ná cuiseid siad aon truim ach sa ndroch-mian 7 sa ndroch-ghníomh. Ins na neitib a baineann le h-aigne 7 le sposaid an duine, ní tairbhéanaid siad ach an neamh-tuisgint 7 an dallad-phúicín. Siné saghas daoine iad! Fágann san, an blas úd ar áilneacht 7 ar uaisleacht 7 ar sposadáltacht atá fighte seinte i nádúir na gCeilteach so atá 'n-ár measg, gur anois is mitid é dul in uraim is in onóir againn. Ach ní mór dúinn beit sarta sa nghnó!

Ba chúmhail an ghníomh a dhein na Sréagaigh fad ó, nuair a bhadadar ar an muinntir do bhaid orta féin. Ní bréag a ráid go bfuil sé de chaoi anois ag clann na bheataine bige 7 ag Gaedhlaib na hÉireann an clear céadna san a d' imirt orainne. Is 'mó tairbhe a d' fhéadfad an Saranach a dhéanamh do'n Chéilteach le cuid dá dheagh-thréitib féin do bhronnad air. Ach ní lúgha ná san an tairbhe dob' fhéidir do'n Chéilteach a dhéanamh dúinne, i láthair na huaire seo, dá mb' áil leis cuid dá thréitib féin do mhúineadh dúinn.

XL.

Gaedhilg do chur 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 "ḋuan móṙḋa" will do for epic poem; "embellisher"—express the *meaning;* "pattern"—an t-aḋḃaṙ ṙgéil; "weaving a larger web"—aġ ṙníoṁ an ṙgéil ḋó . . . . "artistic disposition"—an ṙgéal ḋo ṗoinnt ⁊ ḋo ṗiaṙaḋ a ṫoṙ ḋeiṙe ⁊ maiṙe a innṙte; "his bigger story . . . character-drawing,"—iṙ móiḋe iṙ ṙéiḋiṙ ḋó cuṙ ṙíoṙ aṙ ġaċ ḋuine le cṙuinneaṙ . . . . oiṙeaḋ ṙan ḋaoine a ḃeiṫ 'n-a ḋuan muṙaḃ ionann iṙ an ḋuan eile; "to display the excellencies of full-bodied narrative"—ċum innṙint a ċuṙ aiṙ a ḃeaḋ aṙ ḟeaḃaṙ ⁊ aṙ áilneaċt ⁊ aṙ ċṙuinneaṙ; "onward sweep of events"—ġníoṁ 'á ḋéanaṁ i ndiaiḋ ġníṁ; "their eddying dispersion"—iaḋ aġ leaṫaḋ ó n-a ċéile aṙ nóṙ tonntṙaċa na maṙa; "the calm and chastity of the pauses of fate"—aġuṙ annṙan, eaṫoṙṫa iṙtiġ, ġaċ níḋ n-a ṙtaḋ, ⁊ an ċinneaṁaint, ba ḋóiċ leat, aġ ṙéaċaint anuaṙ oṙṫa, go neaṁ-ḟuaḋṙaċ ⁊ go neaṁ-

ċuireaċ; "to indulge in some digression"—ċum gabláin a ṫabairt ar . . .

An ṗile n-a mbíonn an duan mórḋa úd 'á ċeapaḋ aige níl aon treo aċ an ċuma n-a mbíonn ré ag cur leis an ṡgéal. An t-aḋbar ṡgéil a bíonn aige bíonn ré níos iomláine ⁊ níos cárta 'na ċéile ná an ṡgéal a bíonn sa nduan a ċeapṫar i dtaoḃ aon laoiċ amáin. Ag sníoṁ an ṡgéil dó, dá ṁéid ⁊ dá leiṫe an ṗiġeaċán a bíonn idir láṁaiḃ aige, is eaḋ is ura dó ⁊ is eaḋ is ṗiaċtanaiġe dó an ṡgéal do roinnt ⁊ do ṗiaraḋ a los deire ⁊ maire a innsṫe. Is móide is féidir dó cur síos ar gaċ duine le cruinneas, ⁊ is aoiḃneḋe a ċuirfiḋ ré in iúl gaċ deifriġeaċt atá idir an duine aca is aoisde clú ⁊ an duine is íslе osṫa, oireas san daoine a beiṫ 'n-a ḋuan munab ionann is an duan eile. Ó'r sia, ⁊ ó 'r uaisle gníoṁarṫa, an ṡgéal a bíonn le h-innsint aige feaċas mar a bíonn ag an ḃṗile eile, is feasṗ-de féadfaiḋ ré cur síos ar ṁórḋaċt na ndaoine ⁊ ar ċalmaċt nó ar uaṫḃáraiġe na ngníoṁarṫa, ⁊ gan an gníoṁ a beiṫ ag baint ón nduine aige, ná an duine ón ngníoṁ. Ní h-aṁáin gur mór an congnaṁ dó faid an ṡgéil ⁊ líonṁaireaċt na laoċ a bíonn ann, ċum innsint a ċur air a beaḋ ar ḟeaḃas ⁊ ar áilneaċt ⁊ ar ċruinneas: gníoṁ 'á ḋéanaṁ indiaiḋ gníṁ; ⁊ iad ag leaṫaḋ ó n-a ċéile ar nós tonntraċa na mara,; ⁊ annsan, eatorṫa irtiġ, gaċ níḋ 'na ṡtad, ⁊ an ċinneaṁaint, ba ḋóiċ leat, ag féaċaint anuas orṫa, go neaṁ-ḟuadraċ ⁊ go neaṁ-ċuireaċ; aċ, 'na ṫeannta san, ní beag an ċaḃair dó a leiṫe is a láine a bíonn an ṡgéal, ċum gabláin a ṫabairt anois is airís ar neiṫiḃ ná baineann le ceart-lár a ġcanann ré; ċum aṁráin a ċumaḋ, cuirim i gcár, annso is annsúd, gan aondaċt ⁊ móṁḋaċt an duain do ċur i ngnais.

XLI.

Gaeḋilg do ċur ar an mḂéarla so :—

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—d'fhoglaim . . . ar a ḋíċeall, 7 'na ṫeannta san ḃí éirim aigne 7 il-eolas aige ; "richness in his diction"—do sgríoḃaḋ sé go bríoghmhar beaċt é ; "copiousness, ease and variety in his expression,"—ḃí coṫrom cainnte, 7 líomṫaċt 7 breaghṫaċt focal ṫar bárr aige ; "His clauses . . ." Introduce this sentence with—Is é ba ḋóiċ leat . . . gurḃ amlaiḋ a sgaoileaḋ sé leis an gcainnt ; "nor his periods modelled"—7 gan puinn aire do ṫaḃairt ḋí, ċum gur ċainnt ghreanta a ḃeaḋ innti, 7 í ag fhreagairt go beaċt dá ċéile (this also includes "every word seems to drop by chance") ; "cold"—cainnt gan ḃríg ; "languid"—mairḃiteaċ ; "the whole is airy, animated and vigorous"—is cuma nó leoiṫne gaoiṫe í, nuair a ḃeiṫeá gá léigeaḋ mhoṫóċtá sprioraid nua 7 fuinneamh nua ag teaċt ionnat.

D'fhoglaim an fear so a ṫeangca ḋúṫċais ar a ḋíċeall, 7 'na ṫeannta san, ḃí éirim aigne 7 il-eolas aige. Nuair ba ṫoil leis nuḋ áiriṫe do ċur i gcéill, do sgríoḃaḋ sé go bríoghmhar beaċt é. Ḃí coṫrom cainnte 7 líomṫaċt 7 breaghṫaċt focal ṫar bárr aige, i dtreo, ar an ndream

ṡgríbneóiri a ṫáinig 'na ḋiaiḋ, ná ḟuil aon duine a ḟáruiġṫe. Is é ba ḋóiċ leat air an gcuma 'n-a ṡgríobaḋ ré, gurb ámlaiḋ a ṡgaoileaḋ ré leis an gcainnt, ⁊ gan puinn aire a ṫabairt dí, ċum gur ċainnt ġreanta do beaḋ innti, ⁊ í ag freagairt go beaċt dá ċéile. Aċt má 's eaḋ, bíonn an ċainnt oireamhnaċ. Ní cainnt gan bríġ, ná ní cainnt mhaireiṫeaċ í. Is cuma nó leoiṫne gaoiṫe í,—nuair a beiṫeá gá léiġeaḋ do mhoṫóṫá ṡrioraiḋ nua ⁊ ḟuinneamh nua ag teaċt ionnat. Tá cuid dí, ⁊ dá ḟuaraiġe le ráḋ í, tá fuiṫ innti. An ċuid eile di, tá sí ar áilneaċt an domhain, ⁊ a ḟeabhas atáid na focail ⁊ a uaisle atáid na smaointe atá innti.

XLII.

Gaeḋilg do ċur ar an mBéarla so :—

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"—Ḃ'é ḃa ġnáṫ le gaċ duine . . .; "phonetic changes"—begin with ṫáinig de rin . . .; "these changes"—begin with—dá ḃárr ran; "word-order . . ." begin with ir aṁlaiḋ . . .; "the use . . . increased"—ir móide do deineaḋ feiḋṁ de . . .; "the greater unity . . . helped"—express by dá aontuiġṫeaċt . . . ir eaḋ ir mó . . .

Ḃ'é ḃa ġnáṫ le gaċ duine, dá rgríoḃaḋ ré in aon ċor, rgríoḃaḋ ra ċanaṁain a laḃraḋ ré. Ṫáinig de rin, gaċ aṫrú fuama a ḃí tréir teaċt irteaċ ra ċainnt, go gcuirtí ríor anoir é, ra rgríḃneoireaċt. Dá ḃárr ran ir 'mó deire focail a ṫuit le ċéile, idtreo gur cuireaḋ mórán de'n ċainnt tré n-a ċéile. An cur tré céile rin ré ndeár do ċáċ iarraċt a ḋéanaṁ, a ganfior dó féin, ar ḃríġ na cainnte do ċur in-iúl ar fliġtiḃ nár ġnáṫ roime rin. Ir aṁlaiḋ a ṫáinig ordú 7 riaraḋ níba ċruinne ar fuiḋeaṁ na ḃfocal; ir móide do deineaḋ feiḋm de'n réaṁ-focal 7 de'n ḃriaṫar ċonganta ċum ḃríġ do ċur in-iúl a cuirtí i n-iúl roiṁe rin le deireaḋ focail ná raiḃ ann fearda. Dá aontuiġṫeaċt a ḃí muinntir Ṡarana ré rmaċt na nGall ir eaḋ ir mó do leaṫaḋ na fuirmeaċa rimpliḋe go raiḃ aṫrú tréir teaċt orṫa, 7 ir mó a ḃí i ḃfeiḋm ra taoḃ ṫuaiḋ de'n tír. Agur 'na ṫeannta ran,—rud ir annaṁ i rtair gramadaiġe teangan,—do tugaḋ irteaċ ar iaraċt roinnt forranmanna ó ṫeangain eile, cuirim i gcár na focail loċlannaire úd, *she, they, them, their.* Ḃí na focail rin i ḃfeiḋm ran áird ṫuaiḋ de'n tír in-ionad na ḃfocal Sacr-ḃéarla, 7 diaiḋ ar ndiaiḋ do ṫángadar irteaċ ra ċanaṁain ċoitċianta.

XLIII.

Gaeḋilg do ċur ar an mBéarla so :—

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 adubraḋ (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 raiḃ fá ċainnt do

ḋul ar ceal; "Historical accidents . . . no doubt"—begin with—Níl aon amhras ná gur . . .; "behind all the phenomena . . . we are aware"—say—ní h-amháin go mbíonn . . . ach is léir . . .; "this decadence of sound" an tuitim fuama úd; "this wear and tear of inflections"—an caitheamh úd a tháirdeann ar . . .; "forging"—we may ignore the metaphor, as it would be clumsy and artificial in Irish; "new instruments" (still ignoring the metaphor) ṡlighte 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 is amhlaidh clause; "what the people wish their language to be" mar is toil leis na daoine a dhéanfaidh a dteanga (Double Relative, "Studies" I, pp. 114-116); "believe"—a adhmáil (see remark on opening sentence).

Is minic adubhradh gurb é nuo fé ndeár gach athrú dá dtagann ar ghramadaigh teangan ná níor éigin a tuit amach do luchtlabharta na teangan, nó fuaim éigin dá raibh sa chainnt do ḋul ar ceal. Bíodh a dearbhadh nach fíor san ar na neithibh úd a tháinig isteach sa chainnt le déirdeanaighe. Níl aon amhras ná gur mór an congnamh, chum fuirmeacha nua do chumadh, na neithe úd a tuiteann amach gan aoinne ag cuimhneamh orthu, nó deise na bhfocal do tuitim. Ach ní h-iad so fé ndeár ar fad a gcumadh rúd. Ní hamháin go mbíonn focail na cainnte ag fíor-athrú uatha féin, ach is léir go mbíonn aigne áirithe agus inntinn áirithe gá fíor-athrú, leis; agus feirdhm ag an aigne sin 'á dhéanamh de'n tuitim fuama úd, nó de'n chaitheamh úd a tháirdeann ar dheise na bhfocal; agus ṡlighte nua aici dá gceapadh, go foirdneach agus fadarádhach, a lot agus a leagadh na gramadaighe, chum na smaointe do dheighilt amach ó chéile ar chuma ba chruinne, agus chum gach bhríg fé leith do chur in-iúl ar chuma ba chliste agus ba dheise, ná mar

ba ġnáṫ. Níl aon níḋ dá ḟuaraiġe dá dtuiteann amaċ ná go mbaineann sí tairḃe éigin ar, ⁊ cúṁaċt éigin ná raiḃ aici ċeana. Is deacair dúinn a ṫuisgint cad é an saoṫar ḟada foiḋneaċ nárḃ' ḟuláir a ḋéanaṁ ċum toraḋ mórán smaointe ⁊ maċtnaiṁ ḟada do ċur le ċéile san aon ḟocal aṁáin nó san aon abairtín aṁáin. Aċ is minic a deinteas an níḋ áireaċ san, mar is léir dúinn, nuair a ḃíonn seisc éigin nua ġramaḋaiġe againn á inḟiúċaḋ ⁊ á ḟoġluim. Ar a ṡaoṫar ⁊ ar a ṡaoṫar aṁáin, is eaḋ aiṫniġmíḋ an neart san ⁊ an ċóṁaċt san. Ní h-aṁlaiḋ is toil í a ṫuigeann í féin, ⁊ a ḋeineann beart do réir na tuisgiona san. Aċ is aṁlaiḋ is í toil na coitċiantaċta í, a ḋeinean beart do réir mar is toil leis na daoine a ḋéanaḋ a dteanga. Ba ḋeacair d'aoinne a ráḋ roiṁ ré cad a ḋéanaiḋ an toil sin. Aċ nuair a ḃíonn beart déanta aici, ⁊ sinn ġá inḟiúċaḋ, ní ḟéadfam gan a adṁáil, gur a toil ⁊ a tuisgint a ṫáinig a leiṫéid.

E.—MISCELLANEOUS.

XLIV

Gaeḋilg do ċur ar an mḃéarla 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.

Ma e two sentences out of the first ; " we examine the elm " -- r an leaṁán a ḋéanfam tráċt anoir. " The oak and the ash nave each a distinct character "—tá cuma fé leiṫ ⁊ cóṁarṫaí fé leiṫ ar an ḃfuinnfeoig feaċar mar atá ar an nḋair. 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 cóṁarṫaí is gnáṫ a ḃeiṫ uirṫi ; " massy form "—í ḃeiṫ go mór tiug toirteaṁail ; " dividing into abrupt twisting irregular limbs "—géaga fiara cartha cama uirṫi ; " 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 ṙineaḋ anuas ġo breaġ boġ aici.

Tá ṗáiḋte aġainn ċeana iotaoḃ an ċrainn daraiġe ⁊ iotaoḃ na ṗuinnreoiġe. Ar an leaṁán a ḋéanram tráċt anois. Tá cuma ṗé leiṫ ⁊ cóṁarṫaí ṗé leiṫ ar an bṗuinnreoiġ ṙeaċas mar atá ar an ndair. Aċ ní mar rin do'n leaṁán. Is aṁlaiḋ atá oiṙeaḋ ṙan coraṁlaċta iois é ⁊ an dair ġurḃ' ṗuiṙṙte ḋuit dul amuḋa ann; iotṙeo, nuair a ċíṗá ṙean-leaṁán cṙíon carta tamall uait, ġo raṁlóċṫá, b'ṗéidir, ġur ḋair ġurḃ eaḋ é. Má 'ṙ eaḋ ba ḋeacair d'aoinne a ṁear ġur leaṁán an dair,—aċt a cóṁarṫaí ṗéin a ḃeiṫ ġo cṙuinn ar an ndair rin. Agus is iad cóṁarṫaí is ġnáṫ a ḃeiṫ uirṫi, í ḃeiṫ ġo móṙ tiuġ toirteaṁail; ġéaġa ṗiara carta cama uirṫi, ⁊ an duilleaḃar ġo doċt dainġean uirṫi. A ṁalairt ar ṗad de ċuma atá ar an bṗuinnreoiġ; na ġéaġa ar ṙi ṙeaḋ anuas ġo breaġ boġ aici, ⁊ ġan na cṙaoḃaċa ḃeiṫ aġ dul in aċṙann ṙa nduilleaḃar, ná an duilleaḃar aġ bṙúġaḋ ar a ċéile. Dá ḃṙíġ rin ní túirġe do ċíṗá an dá ċrann ro, dá ṗaid uait iad, ná do ġeoḃṫá iad d'aiṫint ó ċéile.

XLV.

Ġaeḋilġ do ċur ar an mḂéarla 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"—ꝼíoꝛ-ꝼaꝺa; "a faint glimmer of the coming dawn"—aṁꝛꝸaꝛnaċ ꝺe ꝼoluꝛ an lae; "who strain their eyes"—aṫá aꝸ ꝼaiꝛe ꝸo ꝺlúṫ; "Dear Ireland!"—Mo ꝸꝛáꝺ-ꝛa Éiꝛe! "fever-stricken" tone down the metaphor—aꝸ oꝛnaiꝸeal le ꝺuaꝺ; "her soul is pure"—tá a cꝛoiꝺe ꝼolláin, ꝸlan; "that which has upborne her"—an ꝛealḃaꝛ úꝺ a ċoiméaꝺ ꝛuaꝛ í; "her love of freedom"—a ꝛúil le ꝼuaꝛꝸailt (the love of hope, not possession); "accept slavery" luiꝸe iꝛteaċ ꝼén nꝺaoiꝛꝛe; "to have been fed from . . ." ꝺo ꝸlacaꝺ maꝛ ꝼoꝸa; "she refrained"—níoꝛ luiꝸ, ⁊ níoꝛ ꝸlac; "and has fought"—aċ iꝛ aṁlaiꝺ . . .; "now . . . right"—tá an ꝺuaiꝺ aici ꝼé ꝺeiꝛe.

Ḃa ꝼíoꝛ-ꝼaꝺa í an oiꝺċe, ⁊ níl le ꝼeiꝛcint ꝼóꝛ ꝼéin aċ aṁꝸꝛaꝛnaċ ꝺe ꝼolꝺꝛ an lae. An ṁuinntiꝛ atá aꝸ ꝼaiꝛe ꝸo ꝺlúṫ aꝛ na cnocaiḃ, tá aꝸ teiꝛ oꝛꝺa ꝼóꝛ na ꝛoillꝛe ꝺoꝸa ꝺo ꝺaḃaiꝛꝺ ꝼé nꝺeaꝛa laiꝛꝺiaꝛ ꝺe ꝛna ꝸꝛamallaiḃ. Mo ꝸꝛáꝺ-ꝛa Éiꝛe! Ꝺá ṁéiꝺ a ꝺꝼuil ꝼuilinꝸꝺe aici iꝛ éaꝺ iꝛ mó mo ꝸꝛáꝺ ꝺí. Iꝛ ꝼaꝺa an oiꝺċe atá caiṫꝺe aici i ꝺꝼéin, aꝸ taḃaiꝛꝺ a coꝺ' ꝼola, ⁊ aꝸ oꝛnaiꝸeal le ꝺuaꝺ! Aċ tá an t-anam inntí ꝼóꝛ ꝸo láiꝺiꝛ, maꝛ tá a cꝛoiꝺe ꝼolláin, ꝸlan. Ꝺo ꝺeineaꝺ an éaꝸcóiꝛ uiꝛṫi, aċ ní tꝛom iaꝺ a ꝼeacaí ꝼéin. Tá ꝼoꝸlumṫa aici ꝸo ꝺꝼuil ꝛealḃaꝛ ann iꝛ uaiꝛle ná ꝛaiꝺḃꝛeaꝛ ⁊ ná ꝼoꝛláṁaꝛ, an ꝛealḃaꝛ úꝺ a

ḋoiméaḋ ruar í 'na cruaiḋċéimeannaiḃ go léir,—a cheideaṁ i nDia, a rúil le fuargailt! Ba ró-ḟuirire ḋí luiġe irteaċ féin ndaoire, ⁊ na concáin feola do ġlacaḋ mar roġa. Níor luiġ; ⁊ níor ġlac. Ir aṁlaiḋ do ḟearaiṁ rí go h-aiṁḋeonaċ ar ron a beaṫaḋ náiriúnta féin. Tá an buaiḋ aici fé ḋeire. Aċ an ḃfuil sé ró-ḋéiḋeanaċ? An ḃféadfar corg do ċur le h-imṫeaċt na fola uaiṫi? Tá a clann ag imṫeaċt amaċ uaiṫi i mbliaḋna, níor tiuġa ná ruaṁ, ⁊ daoine iarraċta ag teaċt irteaċ ṫar mar ḃíodar ruaṁ.

XLVI.

Gaeḋilg do ċur ar an mbéarla so:—

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 fon . . .; "we shall become"—ir amlaid; "in whose hands victory is"—Ag Dia tá 'fior cia aige go mbeid an buaid—*begin* with this; "if we are the instruments"—má éirigeann linn . . .; "tyranny"—an lám-láidir ⁊ an cor-ar-boig; "let us . . ."—ní mirde dúinn; "any slavish mercenary on earth"—aon trloigirg amrana ar druim na talman; "at stake"—i ngualr; "The enemy will . . ." Ir amlaid a . . .; "by show and appearance"—say—tairbeánfaid riad daoib a fluaigte lionmara, a n-airm uatbárada;

Ní mór do'n uile duine againn cion fir a déanamh go tréan ar fon ár n-urama féin ⁊ urama ár dtíre. Da mór an aitir dúinn é, dá dteipead orainn anoir. Ir amlaid a bead náire fagta againn ór cómair an traoigail. Ag Dia tá 'fior cia aige go mbeid an buaid. Ar a congnamh fan ⁊ ar cóir ár gcúire ir ead atá ár rearam cum rfiorraid' ⁊ mirnig do cur ionainn, le n-a bféadfam gniomarta uairle a déanamh. Tá muinntir ár ndúitche féin go léir ag féachaint orainn anoir, ⁊ geodmío a mbeannacht ⁊ a molad má éirigeann linn iad a fhaorad ó 'n lám-láidir ⁊ ón gcor-ar-boig do ceapad 'na n-agaid. D'á brig rin ní mirde dúinn an rfiorraid úd ⁊ an mirneach úd a múrgailt in a céile, ⁊ tairbeáint do'n traoigal

ṁór gur ḟeapp ḋ' ḟeapaiḃ raor-aicme ag troid, ar ḟóḋ a ḋtíre féin, ar ron a raoirre, ná aon trloiġirġ aṁrana ar ḋruim na talṁan.

Ár raoirre, ar gcuid, ár n-anam, ár n-uraim, ir iad atá i ngnair. Tá rian na ḟola ar ár ḋtír; tá marla taḃarṫa ḋúinn go léir. Ir oraiḃ-re atá ár reaṙaṁ, le n-a ḟeaḃar ⁊ le n-a ṫreire a troidḟiḋ riḃ, ċum rinn a ḋ' ḟuarġailt. Ir oraiḃ, ⁊ ir oraiḃ aṁáin, atá ár mná, ár gclann, ár dtuirmiġṫeoirí ag brat ċum a raorṫa. An mirde ḋóiḃ a ċreideaṁaint ná go mbeiḋ beannaċt anuar ó rna ḟlaiṫearaiḃ ar ċóir ⁊ ar ċeart ár gcúire?

Ir aṁlaiḋ a ḋéanfaiḋ an naṁaid iarraċt ar rgannra ċur oraiḃ. Tairbéanfaid riad daoiḃ a rluaiġte líonṁara a n-airm uaṫbáraċa. Aċ cuiṁniġiḋ-re gur ḃuaiḋ rluaġ Ameirriocánaċ orṫa le neart calmaċta níor mó ná aon uair aṁáin ċeana. Níl cóir ná ceart acu, ⁊ tá 'ḟior acu féin é. Tá oibreaċa cogaiḋ ⁊ eolar ar an dtalaṁ againne ra mbreir orṫa, i dtreo, má ċuirimíd go tréan ⁊ go calma, ıgcoinniḃ an ċéad ḟoġa a taḃarfaid riad fúinn, go ḃfuil an buaiḋ in áirite ḋúinn.

Ní fuláir do'n deaġ-ḟaiġdiúir fanaṁaint na tort, ⁊ aire taḃairt; ní fuláir dó feiṫeaṁ le h-ordú a taoiriġ ⁊ gan láṁaċ go dtí gur deiṁin leir go ndéanfaiḋ ré éirleaċ.

XLVII.

Gaeḋilg do ċur 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 ſin ná cloġ ; " among the brethren "—aṙ ḃṙáiṫṙiḃ na mainiſtṙeaċ ; " as the corpse . . " state *the facts* clearly, in order ; " a stranger . . . . appeared "—caḋ ḋo ċíṗíḋíṙ aċ an ṫeaċtaiṙe cúċa anuaṙ ó ſna ſlaiṫeaṙaiḃ . . . " At the first sound "—say ḋo ċṙom ſuṙṙa aṙ an ġcloġ ḋo ḃualaḋ ; " The whole scene changed "—describe the change *first*, and then say " ḋoḃ' ionġnṫaċ an ṫ-aṫṙú é ſin " ; " transformed into a triumphal procession "—ꝛ iaḋ aġ molaḋ Ḋé ġo háṙḋ toiſġ ġuṙ ſuġ Sé an ḃuaiḋ ón mbáṙ.

Ḋo ſéiṙ ſeanċaiṙ eile, nuaiṙ a ḃí an ṁainiſtiṙ cuṙṫa ſuaṙ i mḂaile an Ċnoḃaiṙ, ꝛ ġaċ a ſaiḃ ſiaċtanaċ ḋo ſeiṙḃíṙ an ṫeampuill cuṙṫa iḋtṙeo ꝛ iḋtaiṙġe, ḋo ṫáṙla ġo ſaiḃ aon níḋ aṁáin in' earnaṁ oṙṫa. ·Ḃ'é níḋ é ſin ná cloġ. Níoṙ aiṙiġeaḋ ſiaṁ Ább a ḃeiṫ ġan cloġ in Éiṙinn ſoiṁe

rin. Sé ionsna an rséil ná raiḋ, ar ḃráiṫriḃ na Mainistreaċ, aon ċearḋaiṫe n-a mbeaḋ de ṡnó acu cailíreaċa ⁊ cluiṡ do ċeapaḋ ⁊ do ċumaḋ iscóir an tréiréil, ⁊ árṫaiṡ iscóir na cirtineaċ ⁊ an ṗroinntiṡe. Má 'r eaḋ, b'é toil Dé sur cuireaḋ clos ċum ḟurra naoṁṫa. Is aṁlaiḋ a ḃí baintreaċ 'na cóṁnuiḋe in-aċmaireaċt do'n ṁainistir. Ḃí aon ṁac aṁáin aici, ⁊ do ráinig go ḃruair ré bár, ⁊ sur tugaḋ a ċorp isteaċ ra réirréal. Ḃí na manaiṡ ann. Ḃí luċt caointe ann. Ḃí luċt canta ralm ann. Ḃíodar go léir ag suiḋe go tréan le h-anam an ṁairḃ. Le linn an ṡuiḋe ḋóiḃ cad do ċíridír aċ an teaċtaire ċúċa anuas ó rna ḟlaiṫeasaiḃ, ⁊ clos na láiṁ aige, ⁊ é ṡá ṫaḃairt do'n Abb. Do ċrom ḟurra ar an sclos do ḃualaḋ. Níor ṫúirse ḃuail, ná d'éirig 'na ḟearaṁ an té a ḃí marḃ, ⁊ riúd muinntir na roċraiḋe mór-ḋtímċeall na ḃfallaí ⁊ iad ag molaḋ Dé go h-árd toirs sur rus Sé an buaiḋ ón mbár. B'ionsantaċ an t-aṫrú é rin! Clos beannuiṡṫe ab eaḋ an clos, ⁊ ba ḃeannuiṡṫe na daoine a ḃí ag éirteaċt le n-a ṡlór go ceann a ḃrad de ḃliaḋantaiḃ 'na ḋiaiḋ rin. Do cheidtí go raiḃ ré de rat ó Ḋia ar an sclos, an ceanntar 'na scloirtí é, ná ḟéadḟaḋ rplannc ná rtuirm aon dioṡḃáil a ḋéanaṁ dó.

XLVIII.

Ṡaeḋilg do ċur ar an mḂéarla 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 coiméadfaḋ a mbríġ go beoḋa in aon ċor; "the higher standard . . . tends to raise,"—express by a proleptic -ḋe phrase (Studies I, pp. 72-73); "if is the poets . . ." begin a new sentence with—Iotfeo, fa ḋeire, naċ fuláir a aṁáil . . .; "our common inheritance"—an teanga a ṫug ár finnfir ḋúinn; "felicitous and exquisite meaning . . . word"—ꞃ bríġ gaċ focail ḋíoḃ ḋá ċur in-iúl aige go cruinn ꞃ go h-iomlán ꞃ go h-áluinn (omit "infallible"); "the secondary meaning"—an bríġ a ḋ'fár fa ḃfocal; "by the interweaving"—á ḟníoṁ ann, mar a ḋéarfá (toning down the metaphor); "multiplex resonance"—the metaphor must be stated explicitly in Irish;

Ḋoḃ' ḟuirfte ḋom céad focal mar iad fan do ċur fíor,—focail ná coiméadfaḋ a mbríġ go beoḋa in aon ċor, muna mbeaḋ an ḟeirdm ard uaral a ḋeinid na fsríḃneóirí ḋíoḃ. Is aoirde-ḋe ꞃ is glaine-ḋe an ċainnt a labarṫar a ḃeiṫ d'ḟiaċaiḃ ar na fsríḃneóiríḃ gan aċ cainnt áluinn uaral a ċur na gcuid leaḃar. Agus má's ar an bfrór a fsríoḃṫar atá a ḃuiḋeaċar an ċainnt a labarṫar a ḃeiṫ go bríoġṁar ꞃ go beaċt, is ar an ḃfiliḋeaċt atá an fhór fan ag brat

ċum bríġ ⁊ bíar na ḃfocal do ċoiméad gan dul ar ceal. I dtreo, ra deire, naċ fuláir a aṁáil gurb iad na filí ir mó ir díon ⁊ dídean do'n teangain a ṫug ár rinnrir dúinn. Cuirim i gcár an deaġ-ṙgríḃneoir úd, Milton. Níl aon aṁrar ná gur eirriompláir do'n uile ṙgríḃneóir é. Ní ḟéadfá leaṫanaċ dá ċuid filiḋeaċta do léiġeaḋ gan na céadta focal do ṫaḃairt fé ndearra ann, ⁊ bríġ gaċ focail díoḃ 'á ċur i n-iúl aige go cruinn ⁊ go h-iomlán ⁊ go háluinn. An bríġ a ḋ'fár ra ḃfocal—an bríġ ir gnáṫ ag daoine 'á ṫuirgint leir—dá ċur ríor ar dtúir aige uaireanta, ⁊ annran príoṁ-bríġ bunaḋaraċ an ḟocail aige 'á ċur leir, ⁊ 'á ṙníoṁ ann, mar a déarfá, idtreo gur uairle-ḋe an ċainnt an dá bríġ rin do ṫaḃairt ċum a ċéile. Sid é neart an ḟíle, an iomad bríġ úd do ċur d'á ṫuirgint ran aon focal aṁáin, díreaċ mar airíġtear ra ċeol éagraṁlaċt fuama ran aon nóta aṁáin. Agus bíonn deire ⁊ maireaṁlaċt ag freagairt do'n neart ran, mar ir aṁlaiḋ a bíonn an léiġeann ag caḃrú leir an ealaḋantaċt nuair a ḃaineann an file a foclaiḃ Laidne mar "secure," "obsequious," "redound," "infest," ⁊ "solemn," an bríġ ir dual dóiḃ, le h-iomláine ⁊ le cruinnear.

XLIX.

Gaeḋilg do ċur ar an mḋéarla ro :—

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 present 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 ir ambiaḋ ; "some one person"—duine éigin fé leiṫ. Begin next sentence with—Ní hambiaḋ, followed by an affirmative ir ambiaḋ clause ; "extremely interesting"—there is no single adjective in Irish corresponding exactly to "interesting" ; say ba ṁór an níḋ é, ⁊ ba ṁaiṫ ; "in the present day"—le déiḋeanaiġe 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 uair a deinteas focal nua do ċumaḋ ⁊ do ṫaḃairt isteaċ i dteangain, pé 'cu le h-é faġáil as iasaċt, nó le cóm-ċumaḋ, nó le hé ċeapaḋ a phéim ápra éigin, is ambiaḋ is duine éigin fé leiṫ is cionntaċ leis, d' aon ġnó, nó a gan-fios dó féin. Ní h-ambiaḋ fáraid na focail ċúġainn as an úis, nó tuitim anuas[1] as an speis. Is ambiaḋ a

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

ḋeineann ḋaoine áiṗiṫe iaḋ a ċeapaḋ. Ḃa ṁóṗ an níḋ é, ⁊ ba ṁaiṫ, dá ḋtaḡaḋ linn i ḡcóṁnuiḋe a ḋéanaṁ amaċ cé ċeap iaḋ. Aċ ní ṗéiḋiṗ ṗan, níḋ naċ ionḡna. An ċuiḋ iṗ mó ḋe ṗna ṗoclaiḃ nua, ⁊ iaḋ ṗan do ceapaḋ le déiḋeanaiġe do ċuṗ leo, ní ṗéiḋiṗ a ṗáḋ cia do ċeap iaḋ. Ḃ'ṗéiḋiṗ ḡuṗb aṁlaiḋ maṗ do ceapaḋ[1] aṗ dtúiṗ iaḋ, duine éiġin d'á dtaṗṗac[2] iṗteaċ 'na ċainnt ṗéin, ḡan cuiṁneaṁ in aon ċoṗ aṗ é ḃeiṫ ġá ḡceapaḋ. Iṗ aṁlaiḋ annṗan a ṫaiṫniḋ ṗiaḋ leiṗ an muinntiṗ a ċloiṗeann iaḋ, ⁊ leanaiḋ ṗiaḋ-ṗan ġá ṗáḋ 'na ḡcainnt ṗéin, ḡo dtí ṗa deiṗe ḡo mbíonn ṗé de nóṗ aḡ ḋaoine ṗeiḋṁ a ḋéanaṁ díoḃ. Annṗan má ḃíonn ġáḋ leo dáiṗíṁiḃ, nó má ḃíḋ ṗiaḋ oiṗeaṁnaċ ċum ṗmaoineaṁ[3] éiġin nó mian éiġin do ċuṗ i ḡcéill,—ṗmaoineaṁ éiġin nó mian éiġin ná h-ainmniġtí aċ ḡo ruaṗaċ ḡo dtí ṗan—ní dóċa ná ḡo maiṗṗiḋ ṗiaḋ 'na ḃṗoclaiḃ ṗeaṗda. Iṗ beaḡ lá dá mbeiṗeann oṗainn ná ḡo ḃṗeicimíḋ ṗocail nua aḡ ṗáṗ i ḡceanaṁain na ndaoine. Aṗ an ḡceanaṁain ṗin iṗ eaḋ a ġeiḃmíḋ a lán de ṗna ṗoclaiḃ iṗ ṗeaṗṗ dá ḃṗuil aḡainn. I dtṗeo naċ miṗde a ṗáḋ ḡuṗ aṗ an ḡcuma ḡcéadna díṗeaċ, naċ móṗ, a deinteaṗ an ċainnt ċoitċianta ⁊ an ċanaṁain do ċumaḋ.

L.

Ḡaeḋilg do ċuṗ aṗ an mḂéaṗla ṗo :—

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 ṫaḃaiṙṫ (See " Studies " I, pp. 151-152) ; " which . . . " get rid of relative ; " he discovered "—a ḋeiṙeaḋ ṙé a ḃí aiġe (Double Relative, " Studies " I, pp. 114-116) ; " answerable to "—use ṫeaċt iṙṫeaċ le . . . ; " that he was master of "—a ḃí ar ḟeaḃaṙ aiġe ; " on the contrary "—aċ ġuṙḃ aṁlaiḋ . . . ; " least provided with it "—ba lúġa ṫuiṙġiṅṫ ; " than many . . . "—muṙaṙḃ ionann iṙ . . . ; " (for so . . .)" better express the parenthesis at the end.

Ḟeaṙ ana-ṫuiṙġionaċ ab eaḋ an Ṙí. Iṙ minic a

d'órdúiġeaḋ ré mé ṫaḃairt am' ḃorca irteaċ 'na ḟeomra féin, ⁊ mé ċur in áirde ar an mbóird. Annran do ṫugaḋ ré d'órdú ḋom ceann dem' ċaṫaoireaċaiḃ do ṫarrac amaċ ar an mborca ⁊ ruiḋe in áirde ar an mborca i ngiorraċt trí rlat dó féin. Ir aṁlaiḋ ar an gcuma ran a ḃinn ċóṁ h-árd len' aġaiḋ naċ mór, idtreo gur ḟéadar cainnt a ḋéanaṁ leir níor mó ná aon uair aṁáin. Ḃí ré de ḋánaiḋeaċt ionnam, lá, go ndubart leir an Rí, an droċ-ṁear adeireaḋ ré a ḃí aige ar ṁóir-ṫír na h-Eorpa ⁊ ar an ndoṁan go léir, nár ró-ṁaiṫ a ṫiocfaḋ ré irteaċ leir na deaġ-ṫréiṫiḃ eile úd a ḃí ar ḟeaḃar aige. Dúḃart leir nár ġnáṫ an tuirgint do ḋul i méid le méid na colna. Aċ gurḃ aṁlaiḋ a ṫugaimír-ne ré ndearra 'nár dtír féin, na daoine ba ṁó ⁊ ab' aoirde, gurḃ iad ba lúġa tuirgint. Agur idtaoḃ na n-ainṁiḋṫe eile, go gcreidtí gurḃ iad na beaċa ⁊ na reangáin ba ṁó raoṫar ⁊ ealaḋa ⁊ tuirgint, murarḃ' ionann ir na h-ainṁiḋṫe mórra. Agur, dá luiġead ⁊ dá ḟuaraiġe leir mé féin, go raiḃ rúil agam go n-éireoċaḋ liom, rul a ḃruiġinn bár, tairḃe neaṁ-ċoitċianta éigin do ḋéanaṁ dá Ṡoillre! D'éirt ré liom go h-aireaċ ⁊ ṫáinig mear aige orm ná raiḃ aige riaṁ roiṁe rin orm. D'iarr ré orm an cúnntar ba ċruinne a ḋ'ḟéadfainn a ṫaḃairt dó ar an gcuma n-a ndeintí muinntir Ṡarana do riaraḋ. Óir, dá ṁéid ba ḃéar le ríġtiḃ mear a ḃeiṫ acu ar nóraiḃ a dtíre féin, gur ṁaiṫ leir aoinníḋ aireaċtaint ab' ḟiú aiṫrir a ḋéanaṁ air. Ó'n gcainnt a ḋeinear féin leir ċeana ir eaḋ a ċeap ré an béar úd a ḃeiṫ ag ríġtiḃ 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 Historicat 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 constitutional 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.*)

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