

Hyde, Douglas  
Pleusgadh na bulgoide

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PÁDRAIG Ó BROIN

Πleurzaò

na Bulzòide;

Or the Bursting  
Of the Bubble, .

by an CRAOIBÍN AOIBÍN,

With Translation and .

Illustrative Notes . . .

by S. S.



Daile-Àta-Chià,

Σιλ γ α μάε,

Σπάρο υί Κοναίτ, Ηάεταρ.

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DICTIONNAIRE

DE LA LANGUE FRANÇOISE

PAR L'ACADEMIE FRANÇOISE

DE LA LANGUE FRANÇOISE

PARIS

chez la Citoyenne

à la Harpe, au Salon de la Citoyenne

Pleusgadh

pleusgadh na bulgóide;

Or the Bursting of the Bubble,

By AN CRAOIBÍN DOIBÍN,

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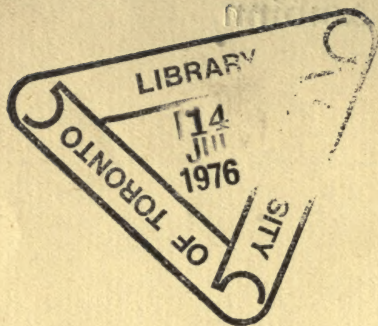
Illustrative Notes, . .

By S. S. G. G.

Daite-Áta-Chiát:

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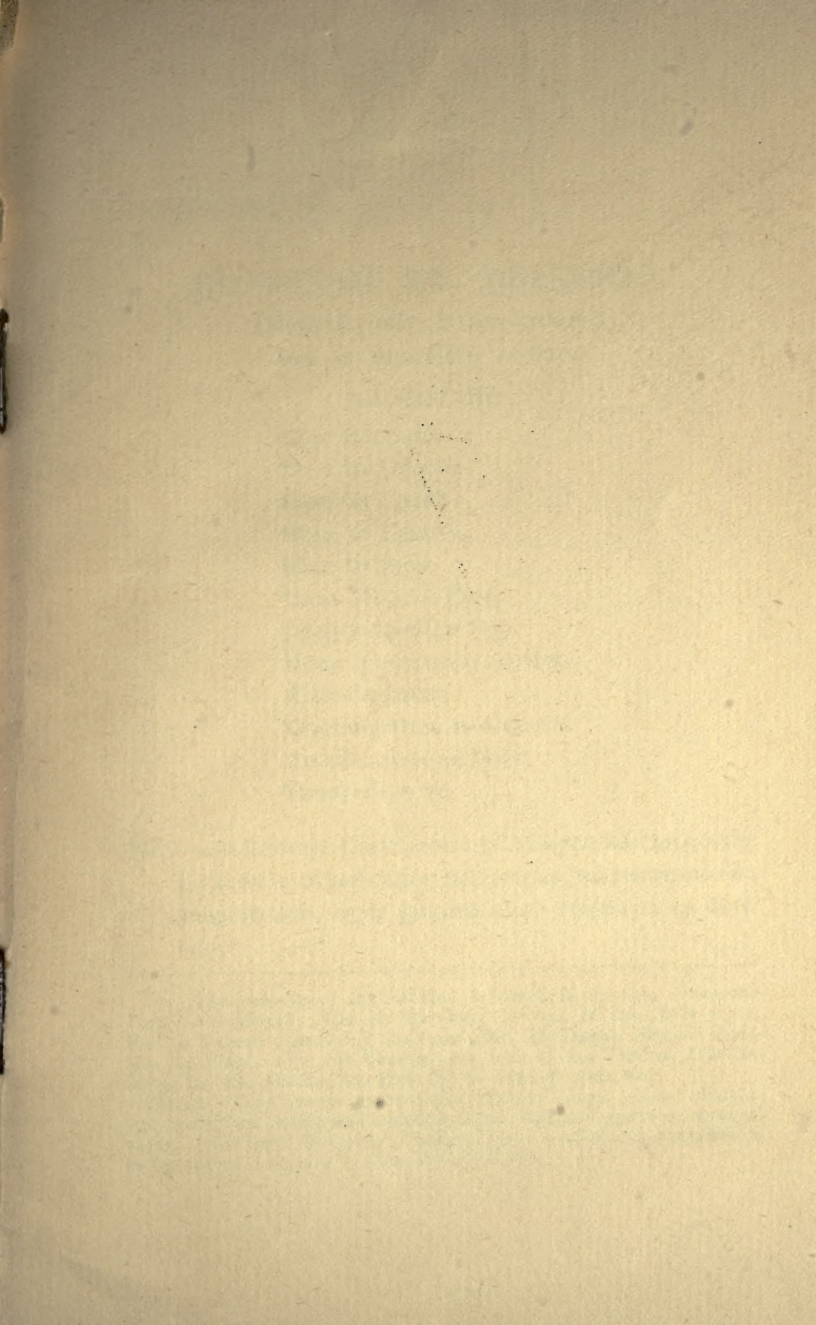
Spáró Uí Conaill, Uacéar.




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## pleuszadò na butzório.

(Drama puit i n-don gníom.)

Leir an zcraoibín doibinn.

na dooine :

Mac Eathairò.

Mac Uí Dúirín.

Mac Uí Triaill.

Mac Uí Triaill.

Mac Uí Fínn.

Bean Míic Uí Fínn.

Fear-ionaid an Rí.

Bean Fíh-ionaid an Rí.

Aide-de-camp.

Doctúir Mac h-Aitcinn.

An tSean-bean boct.

Doirreoirí, &c.

ÁIT.—An Seomra Coitcinn i zColáirte na Butzório.

Tá mórán ollamh agus praeiorúir 'na ruidhe no 'na fearamh ann, agus zúnaid agus bhréada ar éirid  
aca.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> *i.e.*, The Bursting of the Bubble. A comedy in one act. *Dramatis Personæ* :—Magaffy, Mac Ee Doodeen (the son of the little pipe), Mac Ee Thraule (the son of the slave), Mac Ee Treal, Mac Ee Finn, Mac Ee Finn's wife, the Viceroy, the wife of the Viceroy, Aide-de-camp, Dr. Mac Hatkin, the Poor Old Woman, Porters, etc.

SCENE.—The Common room in the Bubble College. Many ollamhs and professors sitting and standing about, caps and gowns on some of them. [*The word Butzório, "bubble," bears a suspicious resemblance to Trianóir, "Trinity."*—*Translator's Note.*]

MAC EATPAIO [AS CAINT LE FEAR EITE].<sup>2</sup>

Yeth Thir, the whole thing's a thwindle, this Irish language business was never meant to be anything else.

AN FEAR EITE<sup>3</sup>:

How a swindle?

MAC EATPAIO<sup>4</sup>:

A thwindle I tell you in every pothible way. In the firth place there's no Irish language at all. There may have been one a thousandth yearth ago, which I'm doubtful of, but thertainly there is none now.

AN FEAR EITE<sup>5</sup>:

But don't they teach it in the Intermediate?

MAC EATPAIO:

That's where the thwindle comes in. I have the beth pothible reason for knowing that what they call their modern language is an appalling jargon. It's really only a theries of grunts and thqueals and snorts and raspings in the throat. Finn tells me he can't underthand a wodh of it. All our experths say it has no grammar of any kind. It is not rich enough to expreth the most commonplaiht ideas and it's in-expethibly indethent; and this, if you pleathe, is the

<sup>2</sup> Magaffy, talking to another man.

<sup>3</sup> The other man.

<sup>4</sup> Magaffy.

<sup>5</sup> The other man.

'tuff that is being taught and paid for, at the expenth of us taxpayers.

AN FEAR EITE:

But I hear they set papers. It does seem a scandal!

MAC EATPAID:

The scandal! I should think so. It's the greatest the scandal I remember since I first dined at the Castle. I've said so in the Blagardaeum. It's a dodge to secure money without earning it.

AN FEAR EITE:

How so? For I'm told the Irish language, or something that passes for it, is taught in many schools now like anything else?

MAC EATPAID:

Taught! What nonthense! Don't you understand by this time that these fellows know, in pointh of fact, leth about their own language than we do? Why, they thimply loathe it. Ninety per thent of them desire to have done with it altogether. I said that plainly to the Commithioners. Why, all the modern cultivation of the Irish language originated here in our own College. Old Gammon told them that.

AN FEAR EITE:

But haven't they an Irish Examiner?

MAC EATPAIO:

They had a thing that passed for one ; but as they don't really know their own language, I've got them a Ruthian from St. Petersburg to examine them this year, and next year I'm thinking of a Mongolian Tartar, recommended to me by my friend the King of Greece, who, perhapth you don't know, is an exthellent linguight. He said to me one day : "Magaffy," said he —.

AN PEAR EILE:

Yes! yes! Then they don't teach Irish after all.

MAC EATPAIO:

Here's what they do. If a boy can write down the jargon for "I am, you are, he is," they'll give him a hundred per thent. of marks and secure the money for some low school of theirs.

AN PEAR EILE:

You mean their examiners over-mark their boys.

MAC EATPAIO:

Yeth, of course. And even that confounded Ruthian is not to be trusted. He's turning out as bad as any of them, with his over-marking. Now I go on the printhiple that all marks given to Irish *muth* be over-marks, because the thubject in itself is so disguthing.

ΑΝ ΨΕΑΡ ΕΙΤΕ:

I don't quite follow that.

ΜΑC ΕΑΤΨΑΙΟ:

Bah! There's nothing strange in what I say. It's an old, sound principle; we've always applied it here.

ΑΝ ΨΕΑΡ ΕΙΤΕ:

Yes, you may. But how about the examiners?

ΜΑC ΕΑΤΨΑΙΟ:

It's true the Ruthian turned out to be a man without any common thense, but now I've this Mongolian Tartar, who, I can tell you, is a prudent fellow. He has got from me a straight hint for the year after next, if he wanth to be kept on. My friend the King of Greece, as I was just telling you —.

ΑΝ ΨΕΑΡ ΕΙΤΕ:

Yes, yes! I understand; but tell me this—are the papers too easy.

ΜΑC ΕΑΤΨΑΙΟ:

Just look at them.

[ΤΑΡΡΗΑΙΝΓΕΑΝΝ ΡΕ ΑΜΑC ΑΡ Δ ΡΟCΑ ΙΑΟ.<sup>6</sup>]

ΑΝ ΨΕΑΡ ΕΙΤΕ:

This is the composition paper. [ΑΣ ΛΕΙΓΕΑΟ<sup>7</sup>] Translate: "The buttermilk was left in the churn." By

<sup>6</sup> He pulls them out of his pocket.

<sup>7</sup> reading.

the way, how would you say that in Greek, Magaffy? I suppose the Greeks churned butter?

MAC EATPAIO:

A Greek, of courthe, would say—of courthe, a Greek would say —. Oh, but the whole thentence is ridiculouth!

AN PEAR eile:

I suppose it could be said in Irish, however.

MAC EATPAIO:

I very much doubt it. The language, or jargon rather, is extremely impoverished, besides being wholly vulgar, filthy, and disgusting, as our experths have shown. I totally dithbelieve that any body of men ever carried on a rathional conversation in what they call Irish. Give me those papers, pleath; the very look of them geths on my nerves.

[PÁIRGEANN RÉ IAD IN A LÁIM AGUS CAITEANN RÉ AMAC AN AN  
DÉFINNEÓIS IAD.<sup>8</sup>]

AN PEAR eile:

That's the best thing to do with them. Why not petition Government and get them to purge Irish Intermediate Education. Would it want an Act of Parliament?

MAC EATPAIO:

Well, I'm always writing to the Englith papers. I do more than my share of the work. Do you know

---

<sup>8</sup>He squeezes them up in his hand and throws them out of the window.

the ignorance of these native Irish, even of men of pothition amongst them, is something colossal. They have never yet learned that there was never any such thing as an Irish nation nor an Irish literature, nor, I firmly believe, an Irish language either.

AN PEAR eite:

It's wonderful—in spite of Stoneyhurst!

MAC EATPAÍO:

But I was telling you what the king said to me. We were chaffing one another over a whiskey and soda, "Magaffy," he said---Hullo! what's this?

[Tá sean-bean árd agus fálainn siorm síobalac uirthi tar éir teaceta ar teac. Tazann sí fuar tuis an reoma 7 rineann sí amac na páiréaríó céanna do éat mac eatpaíó ar an bpuinneóis].<sup>9</sup>

AN TSEAN-BEAN:<sup>10</sup>

You have thrown out these. I have brought them back to you.

MAC EATPAÍO:

Woman, you've no right to be here. How did the porters let you pass? Go out at once.

OLLAM eite:<sup>11</sup>

Oh, that's the old apple woman who talks Irish outside the College. I expect she's a seditious old woman.

<sup>9</sup> A tall old woman with a ragged blue cloak around her is after entering. She comes forward through the hall and holds out the same papers that Magaffy had thrown through the window.

<sup>10</sup> The old woman.

<sup>11</sup> Another professor.

MAC UÍ TRÁILL:

She's an old Irish she-rebel. She looks like one anyway.

FEAR EILE:

That's the long blue cloak of the Irish women she's wearing. I declare I thought we had killed that dress with the rest of it.

MAC UÍ TRÍAILL:

Old woman, will you be so good as to get out of that.

FEAR EILE:

How dare you come in here? You know the Junior Dean gave express orders that you were never to be let inside the college gate.

MAC EADTRAÍO:

I'll put her out.

[Cuirteann ré a lámh ar a gualainn agus ráiteann ré í.]<sup>12</sup>

AN TSEAN-BEAN:

[Go colg-sínead, ar mhó ó go bfeádeann sí níor áirde 'n á moite rín, agus as rínead amad a láime agus rlat inné.]<sup>13</sup>

Ye miserable men who have reviled me, ye slaves who belong to no country, ye have insulted me, pushed me, despised me. I now lay it upon you by the virtue of my curse that the thing which in this world

<sup>12</sup> He puts his hand on her shoulder and pushes her.

<sup>13</sup> Straight-as-a-sword, so that she appears taller than before, and stretching forth her hand with a wand in it.



ye most loathe and dread shall instantly come upon you.

[Imtígeann pé ag riúbal go mall 7 go ráróeamáil.]<sup>14</sup>

MAC EATPAÍD:

Tá an t-rean-cailleac imtígte: <sup>15</sup>

MAC UÍ TRÍADAIL:

A mhic Eatpaíð, ní féidir sup ag labairt Saeðeitze atá tu! <sup>16</sup>

MAC UÍ DÚIDÍN:

Nac i nSaeðeitze do cuir tu féin an ceirt air! Saoil mé nac paid focal oi agao. A mhic Eatpaíð ná cuir náire orrainn, labair béarla. <sup>17</sup>

MAC EATPAÍD:

I'm tr' tr' tr' tr'. O, a tígearna, ní féadaim. Tá h-uile focal do bí agam aríam imtígte glan ar mo ceann. <sup>18</sup>

OLLAM EITE:

An' an' an' a' a' a' agur ar mo ceann-ra. <sup>19</sup>

<sup>14</sup> She departs, walking slow and stately.

<sup>15</sup> "The old hag is gone."

<sup>16</sup> "Magaffy, it cannot be that it is speaking Irish you are!"

<sup>17</sup> Was it not in Irish that you yourself put the question to him. I thought you had not a word of it. Magaffy don't shame us, speak English.

<sup>18</sup> I'm tr' tr' tr'. Oh Lord, I cannot. Every word that ever I had is clean gone out of my head.

<sup>19</sup> an' an' an' and out of my head.

OLLAMH EILE :

A' a' a' a' a' ar mo ceann-ra freirin.<sup>20</sup>

OLLAMH EILE :

O! a' O'É CAD O'ÉANRAMAID, O! TÁMAID FA' O'RAID-  
EADT.<sup>21</sup>

MAC UI TRIAILL :

O! rin an mallacht o' fás an trean-cáilleac o'rhainn,  
an fuo buo méara ar buo sráineamla linn ran  
domhan do teacht o'rhainn aoir.<sup>22</sup>

MAC EADRAID :

O rin é! rin é! Ní eug mire fuac o' aon fuo uiam  
com mór ar do teangaid na t'ine malluigte reo,  
ar ur í rin go o'ireac cuir rí in mo béal.<sup>23</sup>

MAC UI DÚIDÍN :

Mo náine tu a m'ic Eadraid! Duine-uairal críoc-  
nuigte mar tura, ag labairt Saebeitze go o'ireac  
mar t'reatúr no rebel ar an gConnrao na Saebeitze  
rin.<sup>24</sup>

<sup>20</sup> a' a' a' and out of my head also.

<sup>21</sup> O God, what shall we do? Oh, we are under enchantment.

<sup>22</sup> Oh that is the curse the old hag left upon us, that the thing we loathed and hated most in the world should now come upon us.

<sup>23</sup> Oh, that is it, that is it. I never conceived a hatred for anything so much as for the language of this accursed country, and it is precisely that which she has put into my mouth.

<sup>24</sup> My shame you are, Magaffy, a finished gentleman like you speaking Irish, just like some traitor or rebel out of that Gaelic League!

## MAC EATPAÍO :

Dún do béal, tu féin, a fean-péirteós na leabhar. Ná bí, tu ara, ag caint mar rparlín ar Ciondaé Muig Eó. Ní síodalpáinn Spáio Srapton in do cuitheácta ar céad púnta, muna rtopann tu an glapáinneáct rin.<sup>25</sup>

## OLLAMH EILE :

A daoine-uairle, a daoine-uairle, ná tógair do an clampar ro. Nac bfuilmio uile go léir ra an t-oraoidheáct céadna? Labair Gearmáinir a mic Eatpaíó no Francir.<sup>26</sup>

## MAC EATPAÍO :

Ich, ich, ich,—O! ní féadam. Bfuil fear ar bit agáinn ann ro a bfuil don teanga aige áct an Saebeils dámana ro? <sup>27</sup>

IAD UILE :<sup>28</sup>

ní'l.<sup>29</sup>

bean mic in fínn. [Ag teáct ar teáct]:<sup>30</sup>

Gentlemen, excuse my coming into your room, but I've great news. The Lord Lieutenant and her Excellency are below, they have just arrived and wish

<sup>25</sup> Shut your own mouth you old worm of the books. Don't be talking, you, like a spalpeen from the county Mayo. I wouldn't walk through Grafton Street in your company for a hundred pounds unless you stop that gibberish.

<sup>26</sup> Gentlemen, gentlemen, don't raise dispute. Are we not all under the same enchantment? Speak German, Magaffy, or French.

<sup>27</sup> Ich, ich, ich—oh, I can't. Is there a man of us here who has any other language than this damned Irish?

<sup>28</sup> They all.

<sup>29</sup> There is not.

<sup>30</sup> Finn's wife, entering.

to be shown over the college informally. Edward, will you come down and I'll introduce you.

MAC UÍ FÍNN:

Δ μάριε, Δ μάριε, τὰ μέ φα ὄραοῦθεαέτ.<sup>31</sup>

Δ βεαν:<sup>32</sup>

What's that you say?

MAC UÍ FÍNN:

Τὰ μέ φα ὄραοῦθεαέτ. Νί φέαῶαίμ αέτ ζαεῶείτξ  
λαῶαίτ.<sup>33</sup>

Δ βεαν:

Gaelic! Does that mean Irish? It's perfectly disgusting of you—though you are my husband! How can you be so low-minded?

MAC UÍ ΤΡΑΪΛ:

Νί'τ αον νεαρτ αίγε αίη, Δ βεαν-υαράτ, τάμαοίτ ζο  
λέη φα ὄραοῦθεαέτ αηη πο.<sup>34</sup>

βεαν:

I could not have believed it. Edward, if you don't talk English to their Excellencies I will never speak to you again.

<sup>31</sup> Mary, Mary, I am under enchantment.

<sup>32</sup> His wife.

<sup>33</sup> I am under enchantment. I can talk nothing but Irish.

<sup>34</sup> He has no help for it, lady. We are all of us under enchantment here.

MAC UÍ FÍNN:

Δέτ α ἡῶηε, α ἡῶηηῖν, ηὰς ὄρειαεανν τυ ηὰς ὄρειαοαιμ !<sup>35</sup>

BEAN:

I never heard anything so low in all my life. [Σῆαιη-τεανν ρί αη αοοηεαὸ].<sup>36</sup> Oh, poor mother! If she could have foreseen that I was marrying a man who would talk in Irish the very day their Excellencies did us such an honour in visiting us.

MAC UÍ ΤΡΙΑΥΛ:

Κυη ι ἡεῖλλ οῖ ἡο ὄρειαηηο ρα ὄρειαοῦεαὸτ.<sup>37</sup>

[Ταῖανν ριαο υηε ἑηῖοιλλ υηηη, αηαῖτεανν ριαο α ἡεῖνν ἡ ρῖηηο α ἡεῖηο ἡεαη ἡε η-α ἡβέαλαηδ αῖ ραὸ "ἡῖλ ὄεαηηα, ἡῖλ ὄεαηηα, ἡῖλ, ἡῖλ, ἡῖλ"].<sup>38</sup>

BEAN:

You, you're mad, Oh, you're all mad! Quick, quick, they're coming, you *must* speak English, I tell you. Here, Edward, say this after me—"your Excellencies are welcome"—

MAC UÍ FÍNN:

Ἰὸ' ἡὸ' ἡὸ', εη' εη' εη', α' α' α'. ἡῖλ αον ἡαῖτ ανν α ἡῶηε, ἡῖ ῥεαοαιμ.<sup>39</sup>

<sup>35</sup> But Mary darling, do you not see that I cannot?

<sup>36</sup> She bursts out crying.

<sup>37</sup> Make her understand that we are under enchantment.

<sup>38</sup> They all come round about her. They shake their heads and point their fingers to their mouths, saying, "no English, no English, no! no! no!"

<sup>39</sup> Yo' yo' yo', eh' eh' eh', a' a' a'. There is no use in it, Mary. I am not able.

βεαν [te mac ui τράιλλ]:<sup>40</sup>

Surely *you* can say it, come now, after me, "your Excellencies are welcome." Say "your"—

Yo'                    mac ui τράιλλ:

"Excellencies"—                    βεαν:

   mac ui τράιλλ:

ēh ēh ēh—                    βεαν:

My God! he can't say it either. I see he can't. Who can? Dr. Magaffy, surely you must be able—say "your Excellencies."

mac eaτφαίρò:

Yo' yo' yo'—nī féadòaim.<sup>41</sup>

βεαν:

Oh, what awful, awful thing has come over them? and their Excellencies waiting below all the time! Who'll go down and receive them? [iméi γεανν rí as páρφαò a oá láim.]<sup>42</sup>

mac eaτφαίρò: [te mac ui τράιλλ]:<sup>43</sup>

Σαò, τupa, 'na γεοινne αδυρ ταβαηρ ruαρ leat ιαò.<sup>44</sup>

<sup>40</sup> Lady [to Mac Ee Thraule].

<sup>41</sup> Yo' yo',—I cannot.

<sup>42</sup> She goes out, wringing her hands.

<sup>43</sup> Magaffy to Mac Ee Thraule.

<sup>44</sup> Go, you, to meet them and bring them up with you.

## MAC UÍ TRÁILL:

Ḡab, tú féin! Ní facaib mé an lá fóir naé mbeiteá  
as léimniḡ ar do éroicionn, as cur páilte níor luaithe  
'nā don duine eile roim duine ar bit ar an ḡCaisleán.  
Amac leat anoir!<sup>45</sup>

## MAC EATPAIB:

A míc Uí Tráill ḡab, túra, 'na ḡcoinne. Ir tú an  
rḡoláire ir fearr d'á bfuil asainn. Caitpib túra a  
ḡtabairt ruar. D'éirir ḡur éualarib ríad tráct ar  
do Uirneáib Cáerai.<sup>46</sup>

## MAC UÍ TRÍAILL:

ḡo ríab maib asad, a míc Eatpaib, aet reo Mac Uí  
Dúirib anoir a bfuil cáil móir air mar rḡríobnóir Uéar-  
la, asur ríaduib reiréan. Tá aithe as h-uile duine  
air-rean. [Tiomáineann ré Mac Uí Dúirib roime.]<sup>47</sup>

MAC UÍ DÚIRIB [as out ar uair]:<sup>48</sup>

ḡo ríab maib asad-ra, aet ní maib liom an onóir.  
Tá ríor asuib ḡo léir ḡur fear cúmal mé.<sup>49</sup>

<sup>45</sup> Go yourself. I never saw the day yet that you would not be leaping out of your skin welcoming, before anybody else, any person who came from the Castle. Out with you now!

<sup>46</sup> Mac Ee Treel, do you go and meet them. You're the best scholar we have here. You must bring them up. Perhaps they have heard talk of your "Letters of Cæsar."

<sup>47</sup> Thank you, Magaiffy; but here's Mac Ee Doodeen now, who has a great reputation as an English writer, and he'll go. Every one knows him. [He pushes Mac Ee Doodeen before him.]

<sup>48</sup> Mac Ee Doodeen [escaping from him.]

<sup>49</sup> Thank you! but I don't desire the honour. Ye all know that I am a shy man.

ἸΟΙΡΣΕΘΙΡ [ΑΣ ἀν ἰοήρ]:<sup>50</sup>

Their Excellencies the Lord and Lady Lieutenant  
of Ireland and Suite.

[ΤΑΣ ἀνν φεαρ-ιοναο-αν-ριξ ἄσυρ ἅ θεαν ἄσυρ ἅ *aide-de-camp*  
ἄσυρ βειρε νο τηύη θε ἰννάιθ υαιρλε εἰτε ἀρτεᾶς.<sup>51</sup>]

ΜΑC ΕΑΤΡΑΙΘ:

Κεᾶο φαίτε ποῖη το ἰθόρδαετ. Κεᾶο φαίτε ποῖη  
το εἰτε!<sup>52</sup>

ΦΕΑΡ-ΙΟΝΑΙΘ-ΑΝ-ΡΙΞ:

How do you do, Magaffy? I think I had the  
pleasure of meeting you before.

ΜΑC ΕΑΤΡΑΙΘ:

Τᾶ ἄταρ οῖη το ἰθόρδαετ ὁ φειρεριτε ἰν ἄρ ἡCol-  
αίρε βοετ.<sup>53</sup>

ΦΕΑΡ-ΙΟΝΑΙΘ:

I know you're an excellent Greek scholar, Magaffy,  
but I'm afraid its so long since I left college, that I  
don't quite—quite—ah'—

ΜΑC ΕΑΤΡΑΙΘ [λεῖρ να η-ολλαιναιθ εἰτε]:<sup>54</sup>

Οε! ἡαν ἀν ταλαῖ ὁ ἄρ φλυγαθ!<sup>55</sup>

<sup>50</sup> Porter [at the door].

<sup>51</sup> The Lord Lieutenant enters with his wife, two or three other ladies, and an *aide-de-camp*.

<sup>52</sup> A hundred welcomes to your Greatness! a hundred welcomes to your consort!

<sup>53</sup> I am delighted to see your Greatness in our poor College.

<sup>54</sup> Magaffy [to the other professors].

<sup>55</sup> Oh, if the ground would swallow us!



FEAR-IONADU:

I don't quite, ah, follow you, don't you know.  
Please introduce me to these gentlemen in English.

MAC EADUADU [De leat-éaduib]:<sup>56</sup>

O! a tigeardna, nac mire an doiol truaige!<sup>57</sup>

FEAR-IONADU [So mi-fárta]:<sup>58</sup>

Magaffy, we all know your great learning, but  
please don't give us any more of it now. [Téirdeann ré  
éair, agus rineann ré amac a lám cum an ollamh mhic ui  
truaill.<sup>59</sup>] You, sir, I also seem to have met before.

MAC UI TRUAILL:

Ní fácaib mé do mhórdáct ariam.<sup>60</sup>

FEAR-IONADU:

What, more Greek! Gentlemen, gentlemen,  
be so good as to receive the representative of your  
Sovereign in your Sovereign's language.

MÓRÁN ZUT:<sup>61</sup>

Fardor gear! ní féadamaoib!<sup>62</sup>

<sup>56</sup> Magaffy [aside].

<sup>57</sup> O Lord! am I not the object of pity!

<sup>58</sup> Viceroy [dissatisfied].

<sup>59</sup> He goes past him, and stretches out his hand to Professor Mac  
Ee Treéal.

<sup>60</sup> I never saw your Greatness.

<sup>61</sup> Many voices.    <sup>62</sup> Bitter, alas! we cannot.

FEAR-IONAID [50 FEAPHZAC]:<sup>63</sup>

Gentlemen, this is really going beyond a joke. I order—I command you—to stop speaking Greek and to speak in English.

ΣΟΪΑΝΝΑ:<sup>64</sup>

ΝΙ ΦΕΑΥΑΜΑΔΟΙΥ.<sup>65</sup>

FEAR-IONAID [AZ TIONHTOY O'A aide]:<sup>66</sup>

For God's sake, Crofton, tell me are these men mad!

AIDE-DE-CAMP:

I don't know, sir; the whole thing is most extraordinary.

BEAN AN F'IR-IONAID:<sup>67</sup>

Come away, Charles. The thing is quite clear. Our English coachmen don't know Dublin and they have brought us to the lunatic asylum instead of the University.

DOIRSEOIR [AZ CUM LAIME CUM A BHPHEIO]:<sup>68</sup>

No, your Excellency, beg your Excellency's pardon, this is the University.

AIDE-DE-CAMP:

Oh, here's Dr. Mac Hatkin, the greatest linguist in Dublin. I luckily met him at the Academy. He'll interpret.

[TAZANN DOCTYPI MAC HAITCINN APTEAC.]

<sup>63</sup> Viceroy [angrily].

<sup>64</sup> Voices.

<sup>65</sup> We are not able.

<sup>66</sup> Turning to his *aide*.

<sup>67</sup> The Lord Lieutenant's wife.

<sup>68</sup> Porter, putting his hand to his cap.

FEAR-IONAID:

Dr. Mac Hatkin, will you kindly explain to us why these gentlemen will only answer us in Greek.

DOCTÚIR MAC HAITCINN:

My lord, I mean your Excellency, I don't understand your question.

MAC EATPAID:

Δ ἴλιε ἡΔΙΤCINN ἁ ἐμοῖδε, κυρ ἰ γCÉILL ὅδO ὅFUIL  
bPÓN ΔIṖBÉAL OPRAINN, ΔCΤ NÍ'L FOCAL BÉAPLA ΔG TUINE  
ΔP BIṖ ΔGAINN; TÁMAOIRO UILE GO LÉIP FA ṖPACOIBÉΔCΤ.<sup>69</sup>

FEAR-IONAID:

There now, Dr. Hatkin, please interpret.

DOCTÚIR MAC HAITCINN:

Magaffy, what on earth are you saying?

MAC EATPAID:

Cuir an tpean-éailleac fa ṖPACOIBÉΔCΤ PINN.<sup>70</sup>

DOCTÚIR MAC HAITCINN:

I am astounded. Sir, this must be an effect of the great heat, for it is no language at all. It is a kind of muttering only. It is not language.

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<sup>69</sup> Dear Hatkin, make him understand that there is awful grief on us, but not a man of us here has a word of English. We are all under enchantment.

<sup>70</sup> The old hag put us under enchantment.

MAC UH TRIAILL:

Óra náé tu an mealltóir! Náé tu an rógairé tar bárr. Do leis tú oir náé raió don duine i n-Éirinn do tuig an teanga malluigíte reo dom maic leac féin, agus anoir ip follur náé dtuigean tu focal di.<sup>71</sup>

DOCTÚIR MAC HAITCINN:

Sir, I certainly caught a couple of Japanese sounds in that, [as crataó a éinn],<sup>72</sup> but it's not Japanese. I know it is not, for I know every language.

SOZANNA.<sup>73</sup>

Óra an biteamháé.

Óra an fealltóir, 7c.<sup>74</sup>

DOCTÚIR MAC HAITCINN:

No, my lord, it's no language. I'm confident of that, it's the heat that has done it. It's a disease not unusual in these climates, my lord.

SIÚC:

Órédasadóir!<sup>75</sup>

DOCTÚIR MAC H-AITCINN:

Stop! Could it be Irish? *That* was Irish.

<sup>71</sup> Oh, are not you the deceiver, are not you the consummate rogue. You pretended that there was no person in Ireland who understood this accursed tongue as well as yourself, and now it's plain you do not understand a word of it.

<sup>72</sup> Shaking his head.

<sup>73</sup> Voices. <sup>74</sup> Oh, the villain; oh, the deceiver.

<sup>75</sup> Liar.

BEAN AN FÍR-IONAID [Δε λεγαδὸ ἀ λάιμε ἀμ ζυαλαίν  
 ἀν φήρ-ιοναίτ].<sup>76</sup>

Come away, Charles. Don't you see these men are all drunk, every one of them. [Ἦο ζῆνὸ ρί κοζαμ ζο οὔτμαέταε ἢ ἀ ἐλουαρ, δε μὰδ μῆρ εἰζῖν λειρ].<sup>77</sup> O do come away.

MAC UI TRÁILL :

Ναε οὔγεανν τῦ ζαεθείτς ἀ βίτεαμναις ! Δεγρ  
 ριννε ἰ ζκομννιρδε δε μὰδ ναε μαιβ δον ζαεθείτςτεοιρ  
 ἰ ἢ-εἰρῖνν δετ τῦ ρεἰν !<sup>78</sup>

DOCTÚIR MAC HAITCINN :

Oh, my lord, it's Irish, it's Irish, I'm confident now it's Irish.

FEAR-IONAID :

Speak to them then in Irish, Dr. Hatkin, and ask them what the devil is the matter with them. I was told when I was coming here that these people were loyal. If this is Irish it simply means treason.

MAC HAITCINN :

CAO MÓ ÉARLA—no ! that brings in the sign of completed action, the ρο, twice—CAO—μαια—οἰβ—α—  
 φομπετ ?<sup>79</sup>

<sup>76</sup> The Lord Lieutenant's wife laying her hand on the Viceroy's shoulder.

<sup>77</sup> She whispers earnestly in his ear telling him something.

<sup>78</sup> Villain, don't you understand Irish. And we always saying that there was no other Irish scholar in Ireland but yourself.

<sup>79</sup> What has happened to ye, O troop. [*This is an attempt at Old or Middle Irish.—Translator.*]

MAC UÍ TRIAILL:

CAD TÁ RÉ MÓD? <sup>80</sup>

MAC HAITCINN:

NÓDÁ TUICÉÍ MÉ? <sup>81</sup>

MAC UÍ TRIAILL:

TUIS AN-EAD? AN TUIGEANN TURA MIRE A LEIT-  
PHOCÁIN NA FEURÓIGE? O NAC MÓR DO BÍ AN COLÁIRTE  
REO MEALLTA IONNAT! <sup>82</sup>

FEAR-IONADÓ:

Dr. Hatkin, will you now tell us what is all this.  
What is that man saying?

MAC HAITCINN [‘Do leat-éaduib]. <sup>83</sup>

I don't know. [or áirio 7 go tapa méir]. <sup>84</sup> He is saying,  
your Excellency, that it gives him and all his col-  
leagues the greatest pleasure to welcome your Excel-  
lencies to this college.

FEAR-IONADÓ:

Ask them then, why they don't speak English.  
Do you understand Irish yourself?

MAC HAITCINN:

Yes, my lord, perfectly. I understand all languages.

<sup>80</sup> What is he saying? <sup>81</sup> Do ye not understand me? [*Middle Irish.*]

<sup>82</sup> Understand, is it? Do *you* understand *me*, you leprechaun of the beard. Oh, was it not greatly this college was deceived in you

<sup>83</sup> Aside.

<sup>84</sup> Aloud and volubly.

FEAR-IONAID:

Then ask them.

BEAN AN FÍR-IONAID:<sup>85</sup>

Charles, do come away; it's what I told you.

FEAR-IONAID:

Patience, Jane, one moment.

MAC HAITCINN:

CAO—DUBEIR—EPIB—SAN—LABPAO—SACP—DÉIRA?<sup>86</sup>

MAC UÍ TRIAILL:

An tpean-cailleac málluighe, aDubairt mé leat.  
Do éirí fa' d'iairdéac't rinn leat-uair ó' foin.<sup>87</sup>

FEAR-IONAID:

What does he say?

MAC HAITCINN:

He is saying, sir, that it is the excessively hot weather that has made him unable to express himself in English. He adds that he hopes your Excellency will excuse him, but he was sure you would be pleased with the linguistic novelty

<sup>85</sup> The Viceroy's wife.

<sup>86</sup> What—is it—makes you—not to speak—Saxon-English. [*An attempt at Middle Irish.*]

<sup>87</sup> The accursed old hag, I told you, who put us under an enchantment half an hour ago.

[oo teat-éaoib] <sup>88</sup> Yes! I'm sure now it's Irish, but of a debased type.

MAC UI TRÁILL:

O éiríod leir anoir a cáirde! <sup>89</sup>

FEAR-IONAID:

Will you kindly ask them, Dr. Hatkin, if they mean this for an insult?

MAC HAITCINN:

Tá céile an ríḡ as ráo—as ráo—as ráo—<sup>90</sup>

MAC UI TRÁILL:

An gcluin ríḡ anoir é? “Céile an ríḡ,” a deir sé! céile an ríḡ! <sup>91</sup>

MAC UI TRÍAILL:

Abair le n-a mórdáct go bfuilimid uile díleap do'n ríḡ asur díleap do'n maḡaltar, mar bíomar maí. Támaoio anoir ra úmaoíúeáct, áct má tá aḡmuḡadó teangadó ommáinn ní'l don aḡmuḡadó innḡinne. <sup>92</sup>

FEAR-IONAID:

Well, Dr. Hatkin?

MAC HAITCINN:

He says, sir, that he has been reading a great many books in Irish of late, and that he has been

<sup>88</sup> Aside.

<sup>89</sup> Oh, listen to him now, my friends.

<sup>90</sup> The king's consort is saying—is saying—is saying—

<sup>91</sup> Do you hear him now? The “king's consort,” he says! “the king's consort”!!

<sup>92</sup> Tell his Greatness that we are all loyal to the king and loyal to the government as we ever were. We are now under enchantment, but if there is a change of language on us there is no change of heart.



greatly impressed by the beauty of the language. In that, however, I hold him to be utterly mistaken.

FEAR-IONAID:

I am asking if this is a personal insult to my wife and me, or is it meant for his Majesty? It is nothing else than a concerted plan to insult us.

MAC EATPAID:

O! i n-ainm Dé a mhic Aitcinn abair leir go bfuil-  
míto oilear do'n muis, go bfuil ghráó ear bárrí aghainn  
do'n éairleán, aghur d'a dtagann ar. Ureathnuis anoir.

[Téiréan ré ríor ar a leat-glúin i láthair an rí-ionaio'  
úmlaigeann ré é féin do'n talam, págann ré a leat-lám  
ar a éiríóe, aghur veir ré "oilear! oilear!"]<sup>93</sup>

FEAR-IONAID [go feargac]<sup>94</sup>:

Stop that tomfoolery.

MAC EATPAID [go tapa úétríactac]:

O! O! tuig mé, i n-ainm Dé, tuig mé. Tá mé  
oilear duir-re, oilear doo' bain-déite, oilear do'n  
éairleán, oilear do'n muis, oilear do'n uairleact go  
léir. Ir dearg-námaro mé do élanais gaeóeal.  
tá ríor-ghráin agham ar éirinn, ir fuat buan liom na  
n-éireannais. Níl eólar ar bit agham oirra. Ní  
bhuigféa in do Sacrana féin Sacranac do b'feairí

<sup>93</sup> Oh, in the name of God, Hatkin, tell him that we are loyal to the king, that we have an abounding love for the Castle and all that comes out of it—observe now. [He goes down on one knee before the Viceroy. He bows himself to the ground, he lays one hand upon his heart, and repeats "loyal, loyal."]

<sup>94</sup> Lord Lieutenant [angrily].

'nÁ míre.—Ar d'anam cuir rin i gcéill tó, a míc hAitcinn, ar an móimíó, nó bfuíró mé do éloisíonn.<sup>95</sup>

FEAR-IONAÍO :

Well, Dr. Hatkin, the man seems strangely moved. What is it?

MAC hAITCINN :

He's talking, your Excellency, about the Gaelic League and the Castle. He says this new language would sound well in the Castle. Now I, your Excellency, on the other hand, have put it on record that the language is a low, indecent *patois*. It's full of ribaldry, your Excellency.

MAC EATPAÍO :

An gcluin ríb é anoir? An gcluin ríb é ag caiteamí ralaáair oíraimn? Mo leun, nac bfuair mé bár inóé! Ácť [ag tógbáil a óoimn], a míc h-Aitcinn, crieo mé go mbéíró mé comťrom leat-ra go fóill.<sup>96</sup>

MAC UI TRIAILL :

'Seadó! A míc h-Aitcinn, maírócamaoisť tupa.<sup>97</sup>

<sup>95</sup> Magaffy [rapidly and earnestly].—Oh, oh, understand me. For God's sake, understand me. I am loyal to you, loyal to your consort, loyal to the Castle, loyal to the King, loyal to the entire nobility. I am a red enemy to the Clans of the Gael. I have a true disgust for Ireland. I have a lasting hatred of Irishmen. I know nothing about them. You would not get in your own England a better Englishman than I. On your life, Hatkin, make him understand that, this minute, or I'll break your head.

<sup>96</sup> Do ye hear him now? Do you hear him throwing dirt on us? My grief that I did not die yesterday, but [raising his fist] believe me, Hatkin, I'll be even with you yet.

<sup>97</sup> Yes, Hatkin, we'll kill you.

MAC UÍ TRÁILL:

Uainpíó mé an feuróys fáda rin ar an mbeó díot  
nuair imteócar a míoróadé.

[TAGANN beirt nó tríúr ACA SO BAZARÉAC I SCOINNE mhic  
h-AITCINN.]<sup>98</sup>

BEAN AN FÍR-IONAID: <sup>99</sup>

Oh, Charles, it's worse than drink; it's real  
wickedness; I see it in their eyes.

MAC hAITCINN:

My Lord, they are giving you, as I gather, advice  
about how to learn this language; but if you would  
only come to my poor rooms, my Lord, I could show  
you certain horrors that—— [TAGANN MAC EATPAÍÓ SO  
BAZARÉAC aMAIL AGUS VÁ mbeic ré out vo bheic aih.<sup>100</sup> Oh, I  
see now! They want your Excellency to visit the  
Library. I think we had better go down stairs. I  
really think we had better withdraw. It's the hot  
weather that's doing it.

[Ríteann ré ari cáil mná an FÍR-IONAID VÁ FÁBÁIL Féin ari mac  
EATPAÍÓ.<sup>101</sup>]

AN FEAR-IONAID:

Crofton, this is treason. I see it now; they mean to  
kill me. Look to the ladies. Back, get baek, I say.

<sup>98</sup> I'll pull that long beard out of him from the quick when his  
Excellency goes. [Two or three come threateningly forward towards  
Hatkin.]

<sup>99</sup> The Lord Lieutenant's wife.

<sup>100</sup> Magaffy comes forward threateningly as if about to seize him.

<sup>101</sup> He runs behind the wife of the Lord Lieutenant to save himself  
from Magaffy.

AIDE-DE-CAMP [ΑΣ βέικιλ]:<sup>102</sup>

Treason, treason! Police, police!

[Iméigeann ríad uile trío an dorru éom tapa ašur tá ionnta, aét do beir an fear-ionaid ašairó ar an námaid so šairšeamail, ašur ir é an fear veimeannad aš pášbáil an treomna.]<sup>103</sup>

MAC UÍ TRÍAILL:

Mo leun naé inr an life do báitead mé inóe!<sup>104</sup>

MAC EATPAÍÓ [ΑΣ ταηιαίνς α šruaize]:<sup>105</sup>

Ašur raoileann pé anoir šur tpeatúir mire! Mire!  
O a šigeama! mire do bí éom dílear rin do'n  
šairleán naé raib don mac-léigin uaral fúm amam,  
naé otuzaimn cómaile óó tul ann, ašur naé  
n-innpeóšaimn do an riopa ir raoire a šruisšreao pé  
a éulaíó ašur a élaíóeam ann, ar an dapa láim.<sup>106</sup>

MAC UÍ TRÍAILL:

Mo óróh éú, a níic Eatpaíó!<sup>107</sup>

<sup>102</sup> Shouting.

<sup>103</sup> They all go through the door as fast as they are able, but the Lord Lieutenant faces the enemy heroically, and is the last man to leave the room.

<sup>104</sup> My grief that it was not in the Liffey I was drowned yesterday.

<sup>105</sup> Magaffy [tearing his hair].

<sup>106</sup> And now he thinks that I am a traitor! I, Oh Lord! I who was so loyal to the Castle that I never had a student of good birth under me that I would not advise him to go there, and that I wouldn't tell him the cheapest shop where he'd get his suit and his sword second-hand.

<sup>107</sup> My grief, you are, Magaffy!

### MAC EATPAÍD :

Ní maib feap-ionaid ran gCairleán le píce bliadan naé n-innreócaó duit naé maib mo leitéir d'feap cainte ašur cómpáiré in ran gCairleán maí. A veipim lib naé mbeir inſ an gCairleán (muna mbeir mife) aét ršata ceapic ſan coilleac. Ní maib mé aét aš panamaint ſo ōtiucpáinn éum beašáin doipe le beir im' uaécpáin an an áit reo. Ašur anoip atá mé ar! Do míll an lá inſiú mé!<sup>108</sup>

### MAC UI TRÍAILL :

Iſ tupa atá ar, a Míic Eatpaíd—ſo cinnte!<sup>109</sup>

### MAC UI TRÁILL :

Támaoio uile ar! Iſ ró áiróbeal é.<sup>110</sup>

### MAC UI DŪIRŌIN :

Ní béiré mé beó mí ó'n lá inſiú.<sup>111</sup>

### OLLAM EILE :

D'feappi tiom-ſa beiré maib.<sup>112</sup>

<sup>108</sup> There was not a Viceroy in the Castle this twenty years who would not tell you that there wasn't the like of me for a man of talk and conversation in the Castle ever. I tell ye, there wouldn't have been in the Castle, if it wasn't for myself, but a flock of hens without a cock. I was only waiting till I came to a little age to be Chief of this place. And now I'm out of it! This day has destroyed me.

<sup>109</sup> It's you that are out of it, Magaffy, for certain!

<sup>110</sup> We are all out of it. It is too awful.

<sup>111</sup> I shan't be alive a month from to-day.

<sup>112</sup> I'd sooner I were dead.

## OLLAMH EILE:

NÍ BÉID RÁRÁD AR BÍD AGAINN AR ÁR MBEATA FEARTA.<sup>113</sup>  
 [TAGANN AN TSEAN DEAN BÓET ARTEAC ARIR. TIS CUIT EAGLA  
 AR NA H-OLLAMNAIB FOIMPI.]

## AN TSEAN DEAN:

TÁINIS MÉ AR AIR CUGAIB, A LUÉT AN DÉARLA. SEAD!  
 BÍGID AG CUIT AGUR AG CRATAÓ RÓMAM. NÍ NÁIR DAOIB  
 É. ÓIR IR Í AN TREAN-DEAN BÓET DO FLAD RIB, A  
 CUIRFEAR DEIRIAD LÍB-RE ZO FÓIL. A MUIINTIR SAN  
 CROIÐE, A RTIÚRAIGEAR AN COLÁIRTE REO SAN CROIÐE,  
 FUAZRAIM RIB-RE AGUR BUIR ZCOLÁIRTE CAILLTE. TÁ DIA  
 FADA ZO LEÓR AG FÉACAINTE OIRIAB AG MÚCÁD ZAC  
 POLUIR DO BÍ I N-ÉIRINN, AGUR CUIR SÉ AN TSEAN-DEAN  
 BÓET ANOIR LE RÁD LÍB ZO BPUIL MI-ÁD AGUR MILLEAD,  
 CREAC AGUR CRÁD, BIRÓN AGUR BÁR I NDÁN DAOIB. AN  
 PUO BUÓ CÓIR DAOIB A MÚNAD, NÍOR MÚIN RIB É. AN  
 PUO NÁR CÓIR DAOIB A MÚNAD, RIN É AN PUO DO MÚIN  
 RIB. AN T-ÓGÁNAÉ CROIÐE-ÉADTPOM ZAEDEALAC A  
 ZABANN RIB IN BÚR LÍONTAIB, BAINEANN RIB AN CROIÐE  
 AMAÉ AR LÁR A CLÉIB AGUR CUIREANN RIB CROIÐE CLOICÉ  
 ZALLDA IN A ÁIT. IR DAOINE RIB SAN TÍR SAN TALAMH,  
 SAN FÍRINNE SAN FÉILE, SAN INNTINN SAN AIGNE. NÍ  
 BAINEANN RIB LEIR AN OILEÁN IN AR CUIR DIA RIB, TÁ RIB  
 MAR DAOINE CROÉTA RUAR LEAT-DEALAIS IDIR AN RPÉIR  
 AGUR AN TALAMH. NÍ BAINEANN RIB-RE LE TÍR NÁ LE  
 TALAMH. SÁOIL RIB ANAM NA H-ÉIRIANN DO ZOIR LÍB—  
 ACÉ TEIR RÉ OIRIAB. AN MALLACÉ DO CUIR MÉ OIRIAB  
 LEAT-UAIR Ó FOIN TÓGAIM OIB ARIR Í. LABRAID DÉARLA

<sup>113</sup> We shall have no satisfaction in our lives henceforth.

arís. Ní leigfid mé dáois feartha teanga Caitilín n<sup>1</sup>  
 h-Uallacláin do cámaó agus do caraó. Tá mé ag  
 imteacht uais anoir, áct cuimnígid ar an n-íde  
 líb, go bfuil an éreac agus an cráó, an mi-áó agus  
 an milleáó, an b-íon agus an b-ár, i n-óán dáois.

[Iompúigeann sí a cúl leó agus iméigeann sí.]<sup>114</sup>

### MAC EATRAÍO :

The hag is gone. What's that? Is this English  
 I'm speaking? It is, it is, it is! Oh, thank God!  
 I can speak to a Lord Lieutenant again. Oh, where  
 is he gone? Let me after him—and the dear Duchess.

[Ríteann pé de muais cum an uoir.<sup>115</sup>]

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<sup>114</sup> [The poor old woman comes in again. A trembling of fear before her falls upon the professors.] The old woman :—“ I have come back to you, ye people of the English language. Yes, be shivering and quaking before me. It is no wonder for you ; for it is the poor old woman whom ye have robbed who shall yet make an end of you. Ye people without a heart, who guide this college without a heart, I proclaim you and your college lost ! God is long enough looking at you, quenching every light that was in Erin, and He has sent the poor old woman to you now to tell you that misfortune and destruction, spoiling and ruin, grief and death, are in store for you. The thing that ye ought to have taught, ye did not teach it. The thing that ye ought not to have taught, that was the thing ye did teach. The light-hearted Gaelic youth whom ye catch in your nets ye take away the heart out of the midst of his breast, and ye place a foreign heart of stone in its stead. Ye are people without a country, without a land, without truth, without generosity, without mind, without courage. Ye do not belong to the island in which God placed you. Ye are like people hung up half-way between the sky and the earth. Ye belong not to land or country. Ye thought to steal away the soul of Erin with you, but it has failed you. The curse I gave you half an hour ago I take it off you again. Speak English once more. I shall not allow you to twist and wrench the tongue of Kathleen Ni Houlihan. I am departing from you now, but remember the thing I tell you, that misfortune and destruction, ruin and spoiling, grief and death, are in store for you. [She turns her back upon them and goes out.]

<sup>115</sup> He makes a rush for the door.

MAC UÍ TRÁILL [ΔΣ μίε 'να ύιαίξ ΔΣυρ ΔΣ ύμειε άίη]:<sup>116</sup>

Come back out of that. Are you mad? They'll put you in jail now if you follow them any more. I tell you, you'd better not!

MAC UÍ TRÍAILL [ΔΣ ύμυιύιμ άη ύομυιρ ΔΣυρ ΔΣ εμρ ά ύμομα ίειρ]:<sup>117</sup>

No, no, Magaffy; no more Castle for you! [ΔΣ τόςύάίε ά μείρ.<sup>118</sup>] Never again, no more, Magaffy!

FEAR EILE:

Nor for any of us. It's no use, Magaffy. Come back; our Bubble is burst.

MAC EATPAIÖ:

Oh, my God! the Bubble is burst, is it? Oh, my God! Help me, some one. I—I—believe—I'm dying.

[Τυτεανν ρέ αναζαίό ά εύίε άμ ύπολλαε μίε υί Τράίε, ύο ζείö ιη ά μίζτεάάάίö έ.]<sup>119</sup>

[BRAT ANUAS]

<sup>116</sup> Mac Ee Thraul [running after him and catching him].

<sup>117</sup> Mac Ee Treéal [shutting the door and putting his back to it].

<sup>118</sup> Raising his finger.

<sup>119</sup> He falls backwards upon Mac Ee Thraul's breast, who catches him in his arms.

AN CLÖ-CUMANN (Ltd.),

Spáiro móri an Tríázá,

ÁÉ-CLIAÉ.



## NOTES.

P2.—“*He tells me he can't understand a word of it.*”

I would ask you to discount his evidence for this reason,—you might be talking Irish to him till you were black in the face and he would not understand one word of what you were saying.

Evidence of President of Gaelic League. Report of Viceregal Commission on Intermediate Education. Blue book, p. 488.

P3.—“*It's a dodge to secure money without earning it.*”

The marks given by examiners in Irish are out of all proportion higher than those given to the classical languages—a difference of standard which threatens to become a scandal.

Athenæum, Nov. 23, 1901, in “Notes from Dublin.” by its Dublin correspondent.

P3.—“*Why they simply loathe it. 90 per cent. of them desire to have done with it altogether.*”

The same result, that of improving the quality of Intermediate Education, would be promoted by abolishing perfectly useless subjects, such as Irish. . . . there can be little doubt that ninety per cent of Irish parents and teachers . . . are of this opinion.

Article by Rev. J. Pentland Mahaffy, F.T.C.D. in “Nineteenth Century,” Nov., 1898, p. 872, forwarded to the Chairman of the Commission on Intermediate Education as evidence.

P3.—“*Why all the modern cultivation of the Irish language originated ere in our own college.*”

All the modern cultivation of the Irish language originated in Trinity College.

Evidence of Rev. Dr. Salmon, Provost of Trinity College. Report of Royal Commission on University Education in Ireland. Blue Book, Vol. III., p. 371.

P4.—“*Do you mean that the Examiners overmark the boys.*”

The examination, I am told, is very much easier and the qualifications very poor, and marks are given for very little knowledge.

Evidence of Rev. J. P. Mahaffy, F.T.C.D. Report of Viceregal Commission on Intermediate Education. Blue Book, p. 23.

A language where the course is easy and the standard notoriously low. . . . The presence of Celtic in the examinations is a positive evil, special inducements are held out to smatterers.

Ed. Gwynn, F.T.C.D. Evidence to Viceregal Commission on Intermediate Education. First Report. Blue Book, p. 159.

*"I go on the principle that all marks given to Irish must be overmarks, because the subject in itself is so disgusting."*

Q. Would it satisfy you if the examination were made more thorough and real than you allege that it is?

A. No, that would be worse, because it would introduce a greater waste of time than that now wasted on it.

Evidence of Rev. J. P. Mahaffy, F.T.C.D., p. 37, Viceregal Commission on Intermediate Education. Blue Book.

P4.—*"He's turning out as bad as any of them with his overmarking."*

In summing up and in attempting to convey the impression which the general character of the work done in Irish has made upon him, the advising examiner desires to state emphatically his opinion that a very real efficient and highly valuable work is being carried on, perhaps not always with adequate success, and sometimes on false lines, but undoubtedly with great earnestness and devotion on the part of teachers and pupils alike, and on the whole with highly satisfactory results. What has struck him most is the intelligence and interest displayed, and where this was supported by a sound training the result in scholarly knowledge of the subject has been beyond anything that he expected to find. He feels that with students such as these there is nothing that might not in due time and under more favourable conditions be attempted and accomplished. It is from among them that the future philologists and historians of Ireland should arise. If the work were carried on to higher stages—if every year the best among the more advanced pupils were but given a chance of continuing their Irish studies at a University, an inestimable benefit would be conveyed on the cause of Irish studies both in their native land and abroad.

Report of Dr. Kuno Meyer, Advising Examiner, published in the Report of the Intermediate Education Board for Ireland for the year 1902, p. xxiv.

P6.—*"They have never learned that there was never any such thing as an Irish literature."*

The two Irish scholars known to me as men of learning and of high cultivation in other respects—as men who have thoroughly mastered other languages—appear among the witnesses

in the recent Blue Book who are against the study of Irish in the schools. As I know perfectly well that the education and judgment of these men far exceed those of the fervent advocates on the other side, what can I do but follow them? They tell me that there is no body of literature in the so-called classical Irish which they have studied for years, and that nothing valuable is to be learned from it except philological facts and perhaps folk-lore.

Article in the "Nineteenth Century" by Rev. J. P. Mahaffy, F.T.C.D. Aug., 1899, p. 217.

P6.—"*The language is extremely impoverished . . . as our own experts have shown.*"

In this respect [as an educational instrument] it appears to me that modern Irish has little to recommend it, its syntax is monotonous and undeveloped. Modern Irish literature has, so far as I know, little or no value *qua* literature. It certainly possesses no general interest nor significance in the history of European thought.

Evidence of Edward Gwynn, F.T.C.D., Todd Professor of Irish. First Report of Viceregal Commission on Intermediate Education, p. 159.

P26.—"*It's full of ribaldry, your Excellency.*"

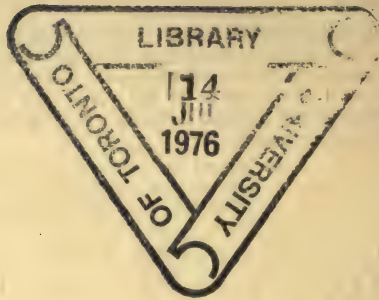
If I were to express an opinion about it, I would say it would be difficult to find a book in which there was not some passage so silly or so indecent as to give you a shock from which you would never recover during the rest of your life.

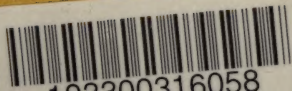
Evidence of Dr. Robert Atkinson, Professor of Sanscrit in Trinity College. Report of Viceregal Commission on University Education. Blue Book, p. 642.

P27.—"*If you would come to my poor rooms, my Lord, I would show you certain horrors that —*"

Now, all I can say is that no human being would read through that book, containing an immense quantity of Irish matter, without feeling that he had been absolutely degraded by contact with it—filth that I will not demean myself even to mention— . . . and if you will call at any time upon me in my rooms I will show you them, and you can get them translated by anyone who would put it on paper.

Evidence of Dr. Robert Atkinson, Professor of Sanscrit in Trinity College, Dublin. Report of Viceregal Commission on Intermediate Education. Blue Book, p. 641.





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