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Gaelic League Publications.



# SEADNA

AN DARA CUIO.

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WITH TRANSLATION.

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AN T-ATAIR PEADAR UA LAOGHAIRE,  
DO SAOTRUIG.

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THE First Part of SEADONΔ appeared in the *Gaelic Journal*, Nos. 56 to 84. The vocabulary which was to have accompanied this Second Part is being embodied in the Dictionary now being compiled by the Irish Texts Society.



## PREFACE.

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IN the following pages the story of SEARDA is continued from the point at which it ceased to appear in the "Gaelic Journal."

Throughout the entire story there is not a single word, nor a single turn of expression, which has not been got directly from the mouths of living people *who knew no English*. There has been no *word-building*. Not a single phrase has been either *invented* or *introduced from any outside source*. The reader can rest assured that while reading the story he is reading *the actual speech of living Irish people who knew no English*.

In the spelling the use of double letters is avoided as much as possible. It is, of course, impossible to avoid it when the double letter is *heard* and makes a difference in the sense. For example—"an"="the," "ann"="there," "san"="without," "sann"="scarce." In the spoken language this difference is distinctly expressed by the pronunciation. *The double letter should not be written except when it is heard.*

"What about the authority of the past?" some one will ask.

Those double letters were written in the past *because they were heard then*. This is proved by the fact that "nn," and "no" were written one for the other, and that "nn" and "nc" were written one for the other.

The word "atā" means "*who is,*" or "*which is.*" It never means "*is*" *simply*. What it may have meant 300 years ago has nothing to do with the present time. To write "atā an tā bneáξ" now, as Irish for "*the day is fine,*" is utterly intolerable to *me*.

What has been called the "Rule"  $\epsilon\alpha\omicron\iota$   $\tau\epsilon$   $\epsilon\alpha\omicron\iota$  is not a rule. It is a phonetic fact or truth. It arises from the nature of Irish speech. In English speech the consonants are the *bones*. The vowels are mere *filling in*. Sometimes the vowels are mere intervals between the consonants. In Irish speech the vowel is the principal element. It is in it all the force is. The consonant is constantly made to yield to it. The consonant has to become *slender* or *broad* according to the effect on it of the vowel which comes into contact with it. That is not a *rule*. It is a *truth* which belongs to the nature of Irish speech. It is a natural characteristic of the spoken language. It is not a matter for the *eye* primarily, but for the *ear*. The only reason why it is written is *because it is heard*. Hence it has nothing to do with orthography properly so called. The word  $\rho\lambda\alpha\tau$  and  $-\iota\eta$  are the orthographical component parts of the word  $\rho\lambda\alpha\tau\iota\eta$ . The "i" which has been introduced before the "τ" has nothing to do with the orthography. The "τ" of " $\rho\lambda\alpha\tau$ " is a broad letter. The "τ" of " $\rho\lambda\alpha\tau\iota\eta$ " is a slender letter. In order to sound it slender the voice has to introduce a slight "i" sound between it and the "Δ," in order to fit it for the "i" of " $-\iota\eta$ ." That is in order to make it  $\epsilon\alpha\omicron\iota$   $\tau\epsilon$   $\epsilon\alpha\omicron\iota$ . The word " $\epsilon\alpha\iota\omicron$ " has the "ο" naturally slender. Hence the slight "i" sound is already between it and the "u." In the plural of it we have " $\epsilon\alpha\iota\omicron\Delta$ ." That is the voice has to drop the slight "i" sound in order that the "ο" should be sounded broad to fit it for the broad vowel "Δ" which follows it. That is,  $\tau\epsilon\alpha\tau\Delta\eta$   $\tau\epsilon$   $\tau\epsilon\alpha\tau\Delta\eta$ .

If the Irish Language were the *sole* speech of the people, *these phonetic changes need never be written on the paper at all*. Every reader would read the language as he spoke it. He could not dream of reading it otherwise. No person dreams now of marking on the page, for English readers, the phonetic differences between such words as "rough," "cough," "plough," &c. Apart from peculiar instances of that sort,



it is a general truth that the powers of the *same letters* are entirely different in different languages. The changes in Irish consonants from broad to slender and from slender to broad are, to the foreign ear, unknown changes made in unknown elements. Who knows now what Roman articulate sounds were like? Who has any conception of the modifications which they suffered in Roman speech? It has been a most fortunate thing for us and for our language that our ancestors, when they saw the encroachments of a foreign tongue, took the precaution of putting those phonetic effects down upon the page for us. It is a most beautiful system; but it is a purely *phonetic* system. It should be used as such, and as such alone. For example: I have never heard "buaifear," nor "bainfear," nor "cífear." I have always heard "buaifear," "bainfear," and "cífear." Why should I write into the word a phonetic effect which I have never heard? "Oh, but," some one will say, "I can perceive no phonetic difference between your 'buaifear' and your 'buaifear.'" You cannot! Well, I can. And the difference is so glaring, that the utmost rapidity of utterance cannot hide it from me. The sooner you turn your attention to recognising, *by the naked ear*, the difference between a *broad* Irish consonant and a *slender* one, the better. Then you will find this much-abused, and still more misunderstood, caot te caot—one of the most exquisite guides to pronunciation that human beings have ever adopted.

Of course in order that the guide should be useful it must be consistent. It will not do to show you a consonant written as if it was slender and pronounced broad into your ear.

In the following pages you are to pronounce *slender* every consonant which you find *in contact at all* with "i," or *placed before* "e." You are to pronounce *all other consonants broad*. There is one solitary exception—the "r" of "ir" is broad.

By far the most important matter for consideration in

connection with the revival of our language is the SYNTAX. If the syntax be good, we have good Irish, even if half the words were foreign. If the syntax be bad, the language is not Irish at all, even though each separate word may be the purest Irish. The most beautiful as well as the most subtle element of Irish syntax is that which has its existence around those little words which express relation. They are called by the general name of *prepositions*—a word which has no particular meaning.

Our grammarians seem to know very little about those small words—at least they give very little information concerning them. Even our “classic” prose writers appear to have contented themselves with mastering a *few* of the relations expressed by those small words, and throughout whole volumes they hold on to those few with unvarying tenacity. Keating almost always says the same thing in the same way.

Our lyric poets understood well the syntax of the small words, and they used it with great dexterity and effect. But poetical usages are too subtle for students whose childhood was not steeped in Irish.

In the spoken language of the people it is that this element of Irish syntax gets full scope. There, it is off the stilts of the prose writers and free from the fetters of poetry, and the people revel in its subtlety, variety and beauty. These characteristics of it, together with its long, continued use, give to the spoken Irish an exactness, a vigour, a combined strength and liteness unknown in English speech.

The language of the story of SEADNA has been framed specially for the purpose of giving learners an opportunity and a means of becoming acquainted with this particular element of Irish syntax. That is why the story consists almost entirely of dialogue.

PEADAR UA LAOGAIRE.

## SEADNA.

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Ói tuicim na h-oidé an. Ói Cormac aḡur a múintir gan fillad. Ói cuio de na daoínib t'íméig leó aḡur náir fead coimead ruar leó, aḡ tead tar n-air i noiaig céile. Cuio acu 'ḡá máó so maib beirta ar na biteamnaig aḡur cuio acu 'ḡá máó na maib. Ói ḡarra acu bailliḡte ar láir an bótair ar aḡair tige Óiarḡmudamad. Iad aḡ aighear aḡur aḡ áiteam ar áceile. An tincéir móir eataricai rciḡ aḡur é 'ḡá ḡceirtiuḡad.

Þreab Seadna ar a máctnam. “A Óiarḡmud,” ar reirean, “óin an uorur ro an óiaig aḡur daingníó so maic é;” aḡur ríú amad é aḡur irtead i láir na múintire a bí aḡ caint.

“Ar ruḡad oirta?” ar reirean.

“Óo ruḡad,” ar ra tuine.

“Níor ruḡad,” ar ra tuine eile.

“’S uó, deirimre ḡur ruḡad,” ar ran céuro tuine.

“Ná feacair mo dá fúil lám Cormaic ar rḡórnaiḡ an fir móir úo a bí aḡ ríúbal an donaiḡ inoiu i uceanta Saóó Óiarḡmudamad? An é maóaric mo fúil uó mearrá baic uóiom?”

“Óála an rḡéil,” ar ran trímáó tuine, “ní feadar cao uó beir Saóó Óiarḡmudamad aḡ ríúbal an donaiḡ 'na teanta.”

“Ní feadarra adt óóm beaḡ leat,” ar ran ceatrímáó tuine, “ná ní feadar cao uó beir aḡ tige Óiarḡmudamad i n-don óor iad, irtead 'r amad ann, ḡur uóic leat ḡur leó an áit. Siné óall me, aḡur daóine náe me. Nuair óonac iad óóm uána i uciḡ Óiarḡmudamad ní maib bláire uoióic iontaóibe aḡam arca. Uó ruḡadar bramad breáḡ uaim. Ueinn lán trárta uá bráiginn uoic brúint fícro air. Nuair airíḡear an t-éirleac so léir uá ueanam, aḡur an t-airḡeao móir tar na beartaib uá ábairc ar don ruo i brúim capail, bí ionḡna mo óroióe

oim. D'airígear na daoine 'gá m'á n'á maib ionta aet ceannuigete. Zo maib airgear an iug acu. Zo bhuairiadaí zo bog é agus ná maib o' fonn oireta aet é leigint uata zo bog. Dúbarc liom féin, níó náir b' iongna, zo maib re éom maie agam mo tarant zo beie agam ar ó tárla an éaoi agam. D'iarar trí fiéto. Fuairar é láitneac. Lán mo póca de pláitínib luada! Táim creaceta acu! Mo bhamac breag calma sup éairear an bliagain 'gá coctúgao! Muna mbeao me 'gá bfeicrint ag deanaím éom dána ar eis D'iarimuda léit ní buairioir an bob rain oim."

"Siní an éaint!" arpa duine eile, agus fearg 'na glóir. "Do buaireao an bob ceatna oimra, agus muna mbeao D'iarimuro liae agus Saob ní buairí!"

"Tuilleao 'n donar cum D'iarimuro!" arpa Seadna, "náir feuc noimír. D'fágasar beo boet é féin agus Saob." Agus o'imír fé dóib trío ríor, ó turac zo veireao, an rgeal, oireac féb mar tuie fé amac.

"Ír é cric an rgeil é," ar reirean, "zo bfuil eagla oim zo n-eirgeadcaio a éioide ar D'iarimuro muna bfuil eirigete éana aige air, agus zo n-imteodcaio Saob boet le craob-acaió. Trí éao púnt imigete! Ar énuairao an veiret maím! Ní cuimín liom a leitéio de rguor. Ní feaoar ó éalam an oimain cao deanaio riao."

"Oar riao!" arpa fear an bhamais, "dá oiear atá an rgeal againne ir meara acu-ran é. Muna mbeao tu 'gá m'á ní éireofinn focal de. Aet oar nooié ní foláir zo bfuil an éirinne agat. Cao eile beairao amac í 'na gaor-dán ag riuábal an donais leir agus an clóca vearg úo uiréi, aet sup éear rí lom dáirínib zo maib an cleamnar veanta?"

"Í m'baile-déa-Ciae ireao bí an pórao le deanaím," arpan tincéir móir. "Ní deairao don aie ba éomgairaiige an gnó. Ologón ó! Ír rava me ar an raozal agus ir iomda bob glie do buaireao oim le m' ré, aet a leitéio rin de bob ní feaca maím fóir dá buaireao zo oti inoiu, agus ní doéa zo bfeicreao airíir."

“Ciacu ip mó na bobana a buairead ort nó na bobana a buaitir?” arsa fear an bhramaig.

“Fásaim le uadact,” arsan tincéir, “nác cuímin liom sur buairear don bob ar doinne maí. Ní cuímin go deímin.”

Dúbairt ré an éaint éom leandáide rin sur rshairt araid láirteac ar záiríob. D’airis Sadb na záiríde asur má airis éear rí do phreib sur fúití fein abí an masad, óir bí rí d’éir cainte Seadna do cloirtin asur é as inirint cúrráide an éleáinnair. Úi náire asur fearis a doírin uiréi an fáro a bí rí as éirteact leir, act nuair airis rí an rshairtead záire ó n-a maib ar an mbótar d’airis rí ar buile. Siúo amac í asur d’airis rí orca. Tús rí aghair na muc a’r na maoráide ar Seadna airir mar nár labair ré i n-am, pul a maib a euro airisio imighe asan “Siogáide” úo. Anran tús rí aghair na muc a’r na maoráide ar an dtincéir, mar zioil ar beit as masad fúití. “A plubaire na zcorcán mburte!” ar rípe, “níor táinis ré cum baile duit fein ná d’aoinne a bain leat inr na react rinreairib a maib go mbeiteá as masad fúimra.” Anran do tús rí aghair ar fear an bhramaig mar do rshairt ré ar záiríob nuair éonac ré an oíde a tuzad ar an dtincéir. “Ip nó beas an rgeal,” ar rípe, “é d’ imteact ortra mar d’ iméig, asur dá n-iméigead ré níora react meara ort. D’fuirirde duit a aitéint, nuair tarraingead trí fiéio púnt duit ar do bhráimín zioabalac, zorca, orioicméanais, nár duine macánta tarrainis maí air a leitéro d’ airgead. Ní maib leigear asac air. Úi an traint nó láirir ircis do éroíde. Trí fiéio púnt ar rreúairín bhramaig zan eroc air zan blúire foluigeadta ann act orreat le reandora! Zreatac ézgat, a rpeallairín! Munab ort atá an éaint!”

“Eirt, a Sairób!” arsa fear an bhramaig, “Na bíod ceiro ort. Tá ré buaitte irteac am aigneac, asur a maib de d’aoínib zan éiall ar an donaé ro inoiu, nác foláir nó ip nó zéar go brafpar i mball éisín ar a mearg amadán do porraic zan rpre tu.”

Airíú do léim rí ar a corp, agus ról a ríab a fíor aise cao abí cuise bí an dá láim go daingean aici 'na cúro fear-óige agus i 'gá rtaat. Do rtaat rí anonn é agus do rtaat rí anall é. Cuir pé a trí no a ceathair de béiceanaib ar, mar cuirpead gámain bolláin le linn na rgeine do cup ar a rghórnais. Níor buail pe í cé sup mhór an fóidne aise é. Cuir pé an dá láim léi agus do cáit pe uair amac í agus do rí pé leir féin. Ní folam a tug ríre na méireanna léi. Da dóic leat go tuirpead an t-anam tur teit ar aríab láit-peac nuair conacadar an folatactad a fuair fear an bnamais agus nuair conacadar an fearós ar méireannaib Sárb.

Le n-a linn rin bí na daoine as fillead níor líonmáire ó leanmáint na mbiteamnac. Féb mar tígíoir bíod gac doinne acu gá fiafraíde cao pé noear an rult nó cao abí ar ríúbal. Da gáir sup cuirpeadar a noearpáide féin ar a gceann agus sup luis an cáit agus an tráct agus an cómhád go léir ar an macalons abí imighe ar Sárb agus ar Dármuro lat.

Síle. Go deimín, a péis, ír dóca muna mbead pain go h-imteodad orca mar adúbairt Dármuro féin, go marbócaíde iao nó go loirgí ra rí iao 'na mbeatais.

Cáit. Muna mbead Seadna bí an rgeal go h-ole acu.

Síle. Conur é rin, a Cáit? Dar noóic má dúbairt pé le Dármuro an dofur do dúnad nár orgail Sárb féin é?

Cáit. Da cuma dúnta no orgailte é mna mbead a gluce cuir Seadna cúppáide an cleamhair agus na trí gceao brúnt i mbéalaib na ndaoine. Síne raor iao ó dúbairt na ndaoine.

Péis. Agus bíod nár cúis Sárb é, tug rí áro congnam do Seadna ra rgeal. Nuair bíodar as feucáint uirí agus as éirteact léi ar pead tamail ipé a dúbadar le n-a céile 'nā go ríab rí as imteact ar a meadair glan. Táiní beirt ban dá cómharranaib agus bailligeadar leo irteac í. Anrain do leat an rápla go ríab rí ar deairis-

buite agus go mb'éigean i ceangall. Cuir ran ó bhozal ar fad iad. Céirto zac doinne ná rabdar ciontac i ngnóó na mbiteamnac agus na maib don rún acu air, agus ná maib doinne ba teinne do fásbad ná iad.

Bí an oíóce ag imteact agus ní maib Cormac ag pillead 'ná don tuairpiz éruinn uair. Na daoine do cáill a gcuir, bí ceirto agus ceannfé agus náire ag teact ortá. An focal úo doúbairt Saob le fear an bhramaiz, d'airígeadar é agus do tuigeadar 'na n-aigneab go maib an ceart aici. Ní maib doinne acu féin nári oir an éaint dó, éom éruinn agus d'oir rí d'fear an bhramaiz. Bí a fíor acu ná rab puinn truaza ag daoínib dóib, agus ní maib puinn truaza acu féin dá céile. 'D' inir a tuigrint féin dóib, nuair tugad an t-airgead móri dóib ar na capallib go maib bpeir móri agus a gceart acu dá fásail,—agus glacadar é. Ar ball nuair éainiz an fírinne amac do tuigeadar 'na n-aigneab nári imtiz ortá act an puo abí tuillte acu, mar sup éugadar toil do'n droic beart. Bíodar ag bailliúgab leó agus ag imteact abailte, go dúir agus go doémaroead, go dofáirta agus go diombáóac, go leam dóib féin agus de éuairt an lae acu.

Síle. Feuc supab ionda cuma iona noéintear airgead bréagac d'éagmar é déanam de lichidib plinge, le díobluígeact.

Cáit. Feuc féin rin. Agus feuc, leir, supab anam le fásail tuine beab éom macánta ran go otiocpab ré i gcionn peactmáine cum an airgto éirt do cupi i n-ineab an airgto bréagais, mar éainiz Míceál Dpeactnac.

Job. Agus dála an rgeil, feuc sup beag dá buirdeacar abí air. Bí "a éuro a'r a élú aige" ag imteact dó.

Cáit. Ciacu élú, a Jobhuir, élú na macántacéta nó élú na díobluígeacta?

Job. Maic an áit go rabair, a Cáit. Céirtoim go maib an dá élú aige ag imteact dó.

Noia. Ní feodar, a Peg, an maib don trúil go otiocpab an

tuine uapar tair n-air cum airgto cirt do tabairt do na daoineib zup tuz re an t-airgead breasac doib.

Peig. Ir easal liom, a Nóra, dá dtigead go ndearrad na daoine ceadna rain go raib re dom mór ar buille 7 ceapadar Saob réim do beit.

Job. Maire, a Peig, nac breas bog réir a déinean Nóra iaraic beas masaró fúinn! "Ní fearar an raib don trúil go dtiocfaid re tair n-air," ar ríre, dom maic asur dá mbead don blúire dá mearball uiréi ná raib don trúil i n-don cor le n-a leitéir.

Nóra. O! am briaicair 'r ambara, a Jobhuic, asur zan oiric níó ar m'anam, zup de oiríde dáirírib atáim, feuc! Síde atá oim. Do déin Miceál Reamoinn airgead le díobluigeac de ucínírib plinge asur tuz re do mnaoi an tabairne iad cum a hata o'fágaril uairéi. Ní raib re fáirta, ámh, i n-a airgead zan teac airíir i zcionn reacmúine asur airgead oleasac do tabairt éirí, asur ní raib don iongna 'na taob air réim na ar doinne eile. Acé dá bfillfead an tuine uapar úo asur airgead fíunneac do tabairt do na daoineib zup tuz re an t-airgead breasac doib, dearrairíir go raib re dom mór ar a céill asur ceapadar Saob do beit. Síne atá oim.

Peig. Sód feuc, a Nóra, tá ró de deirpígeacéi toir an dá rgeal. Fear macánta doob ead Miceál breacnac re díobluigeacéi abí airge, 'ná ná raib. Bíteamnac doob ead an tuine uapar úo, re uairleacéi abí airge, 'ná ná raib.

Cáit. Am briaicair móirde zupab é mo tuairm réim zupab iad na h-uairle móra na bíteamnaiz ir mó. Síne an tuine uapar rain do cuir amac na 'C Eógnais. Tá re ráirté go bpuil deic míle púnt ra mbliagáin airge tall i Sacrana. Ní fártóad rain é zan teacéi anro anall cum na z'C Eógnac mboct asur iad do cáiteam amac ré'n zclagar oiríde Nórlas. Bí an trean lánna ann



aḡur an lánna ós aḡur naonmáir clainne. Cóinnaoír  
 do íreig an t-é ba fine acu, aḡur ní maḡ an leanḡ tob  
 óige acḡ trí reacḡmáine. Nuair bíodair go léir amuic  
 aḡur an fearḡainn aḡ tuirim 'na taoírḡeanaib orḡa, do  
 úein Seagán ós Meic Eóḡain ḡḡair 1 ḡcoinnib an cláḡ  
 mar foitín doib. Táinig an tuine uaral aḡur do leas  
 ré an ḡḡair.

Nora. O! Dia linn! a Cár, ní dóca ḡur ḡein!

Cár. Am briaḡair ḡur ḡein. Dúbairḡ an báille leir go raib  
 punc éigin olíḡe ann, aḡur go mbeaḡ an obair éeona  
 aige 'ḡá ḡcur amac ó'n ḡḡair abí aige 'ḡá ḡcur amac  
 ar an tuis. Do leas ré an ḡḡair orḡa pé 1 n-éirinn é.  
 Aḡur anrain do bí an rean tuine boḡḡ aḡ sol, aḡur  
 nuair éonaic an tuine uaral aḡ sol é, "see," ar reirean,  
 "how the old cock cries."

Síle. Caḡé an ruḡ é rin, a Cár?

Cár. "Feuc," ar reirean, "mar ḡoileann an rean cócaíḡe."

Síle. O! feuc ar rin! Aḡur é réin 'ḡá cur aḡ sol!

ḡob. Ir beas ná go nḡearrainn leir an ntuine uaral rain an  
 ruḡ úo aḡúairḡ Máire íáirḡaláin leir an bḡear 1 ruḡ  
 im na bliagha uairḡ aḡur ḡan ḡreidm olíḡe aici air.  
 "Am briaḡair," ar ríre, "ḡur maíḡ an plan írrean do  
 beir ann!"

Reig. O! raire! a ḡobnuit. Ca b'fíor oi ná go raḡaḡó rí  
 réin ann!

ḡob. Ir dóca naḡ ó éroíḡe aḡúairḡ rí é, acḡ an fearḡ do  
 beir uirḡi, aḡur an cúir aici.

Síle. Da dóic liom náir ḡáḡ o' doinne é do maḡ leir an  
 ntuine uaral do cur amac na 'C Eóḡnais aḡur do leas  
 an ḡḡair orḡa.

ḡob. Caḡ na taob, a Síle.

Síle. Mar ḡearraíḡó Dia uairḡ réin é, Moláḡ go deḡ leir!

Reig. Caḡ do ḡearraíḡó ré uairḡ réin, a cúro?

Síle. An tuine uaral úo do cur go h-írrean.

Reig. Ca b' fíor, a Síle, na go nḡearraíḡó an tuine uaral  
 aíríḡe.

Síle. Ní deanfaid aitheirge an gnó úd gan an tuisle do éirí  
 ruar aithir agus na 'C Eóghnais no éirí irteac ann, plán  
 foláin, mar bíodas éanna, agus aitheirge do tabairt  
 doib tar éanna ar dein pé de d'ógbaib doib.

Cáit. Maire deáirna leat! a Síle. Siní an cáit go bfuil  
 an ciot uirí. Is truaḡ éiríodte gan tu ag déanamh na  
 noliḡte dúinn, ba ḡair go ḡuirpá na h-uairle 'na  
 ḡóinnuige, agus ba ḡáó rain. Agus cogas, a ḡes, dar  
 n'óid ní déimro na daoine uairle aitheirge i n-aon cor.

ḡes. Aithir cas a éirí an iuro rain do éanna, a Cáit?

Cáit. Súd, táim ag éirteacat miam le n-a n'óid deartaib,  
 agus le n-a n-éugóir, agus leir an rḡuor a bíonn acu  
 dá deanamh ar daoineib bocta, 'ḡá mbrúḡad agus 'ḡá  
 meilt agus 'ḡá n'óidib le fuacó 7 le fán, agus níor  
 aitheirgear miam ḡur dein doinne acu aitheirge 'na leoir-  
 ḡnóim. Iriao na daoine bocta a bíonn ag deanamh na  
 h-aitheirge. Is ḡreanmair an rḡéal é!

ḡes. O! go deimín, a Cáit, déimro daoine uairle aitheirge  
 leir. Inḡean ríḡ doo ead ḡobnuit baile m'uirne.  
 Agus mac ríḡ doo ead Colum Cille.

Síle. An aithir an méro rin, ḡobnuit?

ḡob. Ac! d'aitheirgear fadó é a Síle. Inḡean ríḡ doo ead i.  
 Agus nuair fás rí tuisle a h-atar d'úairt an t-aingéal  
 léi gan rtao cum cónnuigete acat ra n-aic 'na b'raḡad  
 rí naoi ḡcinn d'fíadnaib bána 'na ḡeola ríóimpi.  
 Táimis rí go t'ait éigin agus fuair rí t'ait cinn acu  
 ann, agus d'fan rí tamall beas ra n-aic rin. Anrain  
 do táimis rí go Cill ḡobnatan tíor agus fuair rí pé  
 cinn ann. D'fan rí tamall móir anrain, agus riné uair  
 a tugaó Cill ḡobnatan air an áit. Anrain do táimis  
 rí go baile m'uirne agus fuair rí na naoi ḡcinn ann.  
 D'fan rí anrain an éuro eile dá raḡal agus is ann atá  
 rí curta.

Cáit. Cuirpóra ḡeall ḡur fadó beró na 'C Eóghnais amuic  
 rui a n'eanfaid an tuine uairle a éirí amac iao aitheirge  
 agus iao do éirí irteac aithir.

NÓRA. Iy tóca nác mar' a céile na h-uairle atá ann anoir  
 agus na h-uairle bí ann faob.

PEG. San amhar, iy tóca sur faoa zo bfeicfar naom orca.

JOB. Conur d'imtíz le Cormac an Cincín, a p'eiz?

PEG. Ní raib társ na tuairis air zo ceann reachtmaine ó  
 lá an donais. Cúairt zac don ruo cum ruainir. Ní  
 reactar Sadó na a h-atair ar an ttaob amuic de  
 uoyar i zcriteam na reachtmaine. An múintir iy mó bí  
 caillte le h-obair na mbiteamnac iriaw ba lúga tráct  
 air. An múintir na raib don ruo acu le cailltamaint  
 níor rtao a mbéul, áct zac doinne acu 'zá p'iorháoi-  
 deam dá mbeaó capall aize péin le díol ná rzapraó  
 pé com mótaolac pain leir.

I zcionn reachtmaine d'fíl Cormac. Tíz Seadna an  
 ceao tíz 'nar tuz pé aghaó air. Táiníz Seadna amac 'na  
 coinnib péb mar táiníz pé amac i zcionnib Seagáin Cioctais  
 an lá úo.

"Sead!" arpa Seadna.

"Do crocaó truíri acu," arpa Cormac. "D'imtíz  
 Siogáide, nó pé ainim atá air. Dá feabap tictnear do  
 beineamair do teip orpáinn teact ruar leó sur p'oirreamair  
 an áatair éuaóar-ra láit'reac as triall ar múintir an  
 níg mar aráib aithe máit orp, agus d'inpear mo rzeal.  
 Ní feacaíóir a leitéio d'ionzna ar don daoinib ruam 7 bí  
 orca. 'Diriú,' ar riao-ran, 'do táiníz fear anro éúgáinn  
 ó éianáib agus d'imir pé an rzeal ceadna pain dúinn,  
 agus tairbeám pé dúinn truíri de na biteamnacáib agus  
 zabamair láit'reac iaw, agus iy tóca zo zcroépar ambárac  
 iaw. Dúbairet pé náir b'iaó ba mó ba ciontaó áct an t-é bí  
 'na ceann orca agus ar tuilleaó dá róro ra Múmain. Fear  
 sur b'ainim do Seadna. Fear abí as deanam airzio b'reas-  
 aíz le faoa. Agus dá cómarca pain péin, sur b'aitin do'n  
 dúctais é beit beó boct lairtíz de cúiz nó pé bliaghaib,  
 agus anoir zo bfuil pé ar an bfeair iy raibre ra Múmain nó  
 b'féioir i n-éirinn. Agus' ar riao 'tá orpúgáó ó'n níg,

congnaím fear do gléuradó láirneac agus imteacét agus bpeit ar Seadna úo, pe h-é féin, agus é tabairt cum lámha anro sabta.' 'Ca bfuil an fear o'innir an rgeal pain?' arfa mife. 'Tá pé anro ircis,' ar ríad. Cuaðmair irteac. Ní maib a tuairirz ann. Do miteadar anonn 'r anall 'zá cuaroad. Ní maib pé le fásgail acét mar rloisgead an talaim é. 'Ca bfuil an triúr eile?' arfa mife. 'Ircis ra éaróair,' ar ríad. 'Feiceam iad agus ceiróigeam iad,' arfa mife. Cuaðmair irteac agus ceiróigeamair iad, zac fear oíob pé leit. Úioadar ar don focal amáin ra méro peo. Zo maib an t-airgead bpeazac dá deanaím i n-ait éigin ra cátair. Ná maib ríor na h-áite az doimne acu féin. Zo maib coroinn pe'n bpúnt acu dá fásgail ar an airgead do cúp amac ar donraíob agus ar marzaíob. Sur le mangairacét do máireadar zo oíi sur teangbaró an obair peo leó. Surab amlaíó do cuirrí an t-airgead bpeazac cúca zo h-ait a zcómnuigte. Ná feacadar maím an áit 'na mbíci 'zá deanaím 'ná an t-é bí 'na ceann ar an ngnóó.

"Ní feacaíóir maím acét an iongna éroíde abí ar thuíntir an ríz nuair o'airgeadar an méro rin. Anrain o'innreaf-ra oíob conur cúirir-rí i noiaiz na mbíteamnac me, agus cúireaf ar a rúilíb oíob conur, muna mbead turá, ná rí b'pétoir teacét ruar leó i n-don éor.

Ambárac abí cúgáinn b'éigion dom tul i látair an bpeitím agus an rgeul o'innirint tríó ríor oó. Anrain do daoraó iad cum a zproéta mar zhall ar an ngníom abí deanta acu agus é deanaím pé ainim an ríz. Agus do ceapaó luét bpaé agus cúiread amac iad inr na cúiz árhoaíb feucaint an bpearóairóir teacét ruar leit an Síozáíde macánta, pé h-é féin nó pé ball 'na bfuil pé, agus é tabairt cum lámha. Do ceapaó, mar an zceadna, luét cuaróiaiz, cum na h-áite do deanaím amac 'na bfuil an t-airgead bpeazac ro dá deanaím, agus, óir náé foláir nó tá níor mó 'ná an ceatáir ra gnóó, an cúro eile acu o'fíadaé agus zpeiróin o'fásgail orca put a mberó uain acu ar a túilleadó

uíoibála do deanaí. I r iompa cú gear ar fálaib an élaóaire um an otaca ro, gearraim duit é, agus má beirean ré na cora uača ir móir an iongna liompa é. Nuair tuisgeadair a fearad do deinir-re an beart lá an donais agus a gearre mar cuair an rgeal ar an gearrair, iré doúbradair go léir 'na gur móir an truaš gan tu éior acu féin mar a mbead coctrom asat ar an intleact atá asat do cur cum tairbe.

"I r eagal liom, A Cormaic," arfa Seathna, "nuair abí teirtiméireact asat dá éabairt doib ar m' intleact, munair cuirir leir an bfeinne ná baogal gur bainir uairi. Act ir doča muna mbead a gearre do leanair-re ar fálaib an feir móir úto agus a luactact abidir irteact ra éatair 'na diaid, go mbeinn éior acu um an otaca ro agus ná ar máite le m' intleact é. Gan aihair do éap ré thoié iaract do éabairt fúm. I r móir an truaš ceat a éor asá leicéto. I r oic ó fearaib na catraé muna otigir riat ruar leir anoir agus a ainim i n-áirde ar fuair na h-éireann ó'n mbeart ro. Dála an rgeil ir móir go léir an iongna liom a ráto go raib ré de dicit céille air tráct ar ainim an ríš ra gnoó. Da éairt do a feir do beir aise ná fearadoul leir abrad ré ainim an ríš."

"Iré éapaim-ré," arfa Cormaic, "'ná go raib a feir go maic aise cat abí ar ríubal aise, agus gur o' don gno ar rad do deir ré obair lae an donais."

"Conur rain?" arfa Seathna.

"Do réir mar tuisim an rgeal," arfa Cormaic, "ir éúgatra ir mó bí ré, agus reo mar éap ré teact ort, dá ruictead leir. Nuair bead gno an donais criochnuigte aise o' imteóad ré féin agus Saób feir go baite-áta-cliaé. O'fášrad ré an truir eile i mbun na gearrair, 'gá mbreit leó go mbuairfead cuir dá n-aiome féin úmpa ar an rlig agus go nglacairuir uača iad le cur ar donraidib eile dá n-óiol. Nuair rroirfead ré an éatair éiofad ré i láair an breitím agus dearbóad ré ortra an beart abí deanta

AIGE féin, ZUP AḠAT ABÍ AN T-AIḠEATO BḠEASAC AḠUP ZUP TU ABÍ AḠ CEANAḠ NA ZCAPALL 'DON RÍḠ, MAP 'D'EAD, AḠUP NÁ MAIB 'DE ḠNÓ AIGE féin RA N-AIT AḠT CUM AN CLEAMNAIR DO 'DEANAḠ AḠUP CUM A MNÁ DO TADAIRT LEIP. ANRAIN, NUAIR BEAD A TÓIL IMEARḠA AIGE OIRTA AḠUP AN CḠAIB AP DO MUINEÁL AIGE DO PÓRPAḠ RÉ SAḠB AḠUP FEUC ANRAIN CÉ DEARRAḠ ZUP BITEAMNAC É ! NÍOR MÓ 'DEACAIR DO AN RḠEAL DO CUP 'NA LUÍGE AP MUIŊTIR NA CAḠPAḠ NUAIR DO 'NEORPAḠ RÉ 'DÓIB A LUÍGEAT AIḠEATO ABÍ AḠATRA TÁ BEAZÁN AIMPIRE Ó RIN ANN AḠUP MÉRO DO FAIBḠIR ANOIR.

“Ní tábairt doinne maḠ zO ḠFUAIR RÉ AIḠEATO BḠEASAC UAIM,” APRA SEADNA.

“Ní lúḠa 'nÁ 'FUAIR,” APRA CORMAC. “NUAIR A H-ḠPREAD 'DÓMRA ZUP TU CUG AN CÍOR DO'N BAINḠEAC AN LÁ ÚO PAḠÓ, DO CḠMALLAR AN UILE PÍORA 'DÉ AḠUP BÍ RÉ ZO LÉIR CḠM 'DILIR AḠUP DÁ MBA AMAḠ Ó CEAḠROḠAIN AN RÍḠ féin DO TIOCPAḠ RÉ AN MAIROION CEAḠNA.”

“IḠ 'DÓCA,” APRA SEADNA, “DÁ MBEAD RÉ BḠEASAC ZO MAḠAD AN RḠEAL DIAN OIRM ;” AḠUP CUP RÉ RḠMUTA ZÁIRE AP.

“NíOR BAOḠAL DUIC AON RḠEAL DO 'DUL DIAN OIR UAIMPE,” APRA CORMAC “AN FAIO NÁ MAIB AON ÉUGDÓIR AḠAT DÁ 'DEANAḠ.” TÁRḠA LE N-A LINN RIN ZUP FEUC RÉ IOIR AN DÁ RÚIL AP SEADNA AḠUP MÁ FEUC DO RḠAO.

SÍTE. CAO NA TAOḠ 'DÓ RḠAO, A PḠEIG? DA 'DÓIC LIOM, RÉ DUINE ZO ZCUIRPEAD AN FEUCAINḠ ÚO SEADNA RḠEÓN ANN, NÁ NÁ CUIRPEAD, ZUP 'DEACAIR DI AON ḠEIT DO BAINḠ A' CORMAC AN CAINCÍN. ZABAIMPE OIRM DA MB' É SEAZÁN AN AONAIḠ ABEAD ANN NÁC BAOḠAL ZO MBAINPÍ AON ḠEIT AP. NÍ BAINPÍ AḠT OIRPEAD AḠUP BAINPÍ A CḠAÍN MUICE DÁ MBEAD RÍ ANN.

PḠE. SḠÓ IḠ AMLAIRḠ MAP BÍ AN RḠEAL AḠ CORMAC, BÍ RÚN ZRÁḠḠA AḠ SEADNA AIR. TAMALL BEAZ TAP ÉIR AN LAE ÚO A CḠAINḠ RÉ AḠ ÉILEAMḠ REALDA AP AN MBAINḠPIḠ DO FUAIR SEADNA AMAḠ CÚRPAÍDE NA BḠEIBE AḠUP BÍ A FÍOR AḠ CORMAC ZO ḠFUAIR. 'DO CÉIP AIR A AIGNEAD 'DO CUP CUM

ruaimhíir ná an oíðce do chórlaó go dtí sup táinig pé cum cainte le Seathna agus sup iar pé air san gearán do cup irteac air. Dúbairet Seathna ná deairead dá ngeallfaó Cormac do san breab do glacaó airíir. Ruo a geall go fonníir.

Site. Anraiz ba dána an téadaí abí air. “Níoir baogal tuit mire an fáio ná maib don éuzóir asat dá deanaíí.” Níoir b’iongna sup baínead geit ar. Dá mbead fíoir an méio rin as Saóó do tuigfead rí eao é an gpreíom abí as Seathna air.

Peis. Bí an gpreíom rin aise air go daingíon, agus bí a rian air, ní maib aise acé baíairet air cum é tíomáint ar ríúbal pé bog cruaid an gno, pé moó veideanaé an tráé, pé fliuc fuar an uain.

“An doic leat an bfuil don t-rianr go mbeairr air?” arfa Seathna.

“Tátar na díaró go teit ar don cuma,” arfa Cormac.

“Tá ríir ’na díaró sup deacair tuit uata, geallaim tuit é. Iré a ráó féin ná deacair don bíteamnac maíí fóir uata. Má teidean pé peo uata beid an éraob aise.”

“An maíair as caint le Diaimuir líac ó fillir?” arfa Seathna.

“Ní maíar,” ar feirean, “acé d’airígear sup fás Saóó an baile agus ná fuil don tuairirir uiréi. Bídear cum tuit ann ríoir anoir feúcaint ar táinig rí, nó an ríoir é i n-don cóir.”

“Ragad-ra leat,” arfa Seathna. “Níoir airígear focal dé. Ir móir an cruag an tuine boct.”

Duaileadar oréa ríoir. Ní maib Diaimuir ra doirur neómra. Bí an doirur tónta. D’orfaladar é agus éadar irteac. Ní feacadar Saóó ná Diaimuir. Bí rean dean iaracéa ’na ríide i n-aice na teine. Tós rí a ceann agus d’feuc rí oréa agus érom rí airíir é san labairet. Bí aítne acu uiréi. Cómarra doo ead i. Ráir bogar a tugéaoi uiréi, acé má read ní nó bogar do bí rí, acé bí rí ana rígin.

“Ca bfuil fear an tigh, a ídair?” arsa Cormac.

“Tá ré gan beit ar fóghnámh,” ar rípe, go ríghin.

“An bfuil ré 'na luíge?” arsa Cormac.

“Tá,” ar rípe, “asur Máire 'ngean airt as tabairt aipe óó.” Le n-a linn rin d'orsail an bean fhuotáilte doipur an t-peámpa. “Óé búir mbeata-ra!” ar rípe.

“Cao tá ar an nduine seo, a Máire?” arsa Cormac.

“Tá easal oim, a Cormaic,” ar rípe, “sur taom beas éuscuair atá air. Slán beó mar a n-írtear é! Do bualead bpedite lap na báraic lae an donais é, nuair a fuair pé go raib Saob imighe. Nuair airtis an pasart an t-éirleac a deineadar na bteamhnaig úo ar an donac do. táinis pé féin anro, asur nuair a fuair pé Dairmuir 'na luíge asur gan duine ann do rinfead dooc éuige do éuir pé fíor oimra asur do tánaas.”

“Ar míroé dúinn toul irteac 'gá feudaint?” arsa Seadna.

“Ac! ní míroé, ní míroé,” ar rípe.

Bí Cormac irtis ceana-féin, gan ceao.

Síle. Ní deapraimn daota óé!

Peig. Cao é an rgeal é, a Dairmuir?” arsa Cormac.

“Óéin t'fiarfaig éart!” arsa Dairmuir. “Cá r' fásair í?” ar rípean. “Ar ius pé uait í?” ar rípean.

“Ír meata an fear tu asur í leigint leir.”

“Tá pé ar an gcuma rain ó tánaas,” arsan bean fhuotáilte. “Ní rtaoan a beul acé as cur éré ceile.

“An aicnígean tu me, a Dairmuir?” arsa Seadna.

“An aicníghim tu! Tá pé éóm ceart asampa tura d'aitint asur tá pé asat-ra mire d'aitint. Tá pé éóm ceart asat-ra mire d'aitint asur tá pé asampa tura d'aitint. Tá pé éóm ceart asampa tura d'aitint asur atá pé asat-ra mire d'aitint——” Tíomáin pe leir as pillead 7 as at-pillead ar na focalaib ceadna ar an gcuma rain, gá gcapad gac pe oturur, asur nuair téirdead tuitim focail air, nó gan an capad do deanaim crúinn do. léir a ceile, téirdead pé riar ar an gcaint go dtí go mbíod a aighead párra ar í beit do



féin a céile aige. Anraim do ghéuruiḡeasó ré uiré i ttréod  
 sup d'óid leat sup zeall ab'íod curta aige feuchaint an mó  
 uair feaofasó ré na focail do r'ad ar a céile zan a anál do  
 tarans. Téirdeasó ré éom' dian rain air féin sup d'óid leat  
 zo t'acétrasó ré é féin le h-earba análad. I zcionn tamall  
 do r'ad ré de na ruéasaid cainte rin asur d'feucó ré anonn  
 i zcúinne an ttréomra. "I' móri an náire daoib' zo léiri é!"  
 ar peirean. "Siné an fear boctó rain tall asur a ceann dá  
 r'zolrasó le teinneas asur ná feucóasó doinne asaid na  
 diaid!"

Síle. Cé'ri b'é rin, a péis?

Péis. Ní raib' doinne ann, a Síle, acé na r'peab'raíóid' do  
 beiré air an b'fear mboctó.

Cáit. I' d'óid'ige sup 'na ceann féin ab'í an teinneas.

Péis. 'Na ceann fein, cas eile?

Cáit. Am b'raatar zo b'feaca-ra Séamur ro asainne ar an  
 zcuma zceadna r'ad, nuair ab'í an méas teinn aige.  
 An ór'od'z élé, ór'od'z a láime, irí 'bí teinn. Táinig  
 r'peab'raíóid' air le neas an teinnir asur bíodó ré as  
 z'laod'ac ar mo mátar asur ar Neill, asur 'z'á iarraid' órta  
 "feuchaint i noiar' an z'arráin úo tall ra cúinne,  
 mar zo raib' ór'od'z ana teinn aige."

Nóra. Sead' anraim tu, a péis.

Péis. D'fanadar tamall maic' as éir'acé leir acé do  
 teir' órta don éaint bunúra' d'f'á'zail ar. "Cas é do  
 méas air, a Máire?" ar'ra Seadna leir an mnaoí  
 f'ruotáilte.

"Ní h-é mo tuairim zo b'fuit don b'aoz'ail air," ar r'ire.  
 "I' cómar'ra maic' ar an mbreóiteacé na r'peab'raíóid' do  
 beiré éom' h-anamam'ail. Ní b'raatim don máir'bit'ige air.  
 Bíonn tar' air acé ní tar' ró móri é asur tá meir'z maic' dá  
 bainne asam dá tábair' do."

Tánadar amac' ar an ttréomra. "An b'fuit don tuairim'z  
 ar Sáob'?" ar'ra Seadna, "no an b'fuit don f'ior' as doinne  
 air, cas é an ttréod bail' 'nar' tuz r'í a h-asar'ó?"

“Ní feacaíod doinne ag imteallt i áct Dailr anro,” ar ran bean fhuotáilte. “Bí Dailr amuic ar eirge lae, lae na báraic lae an donais. Tug obair na mbitearinnac, agus an toirmeasg a lean é, oíóce cóllóirteac do'n mnaoi boct. Bí sí 'na ruíde larmuic de úorur an boctan bis ar an amharganac. Conaic sí an bean ag imteallt ó'n otis reo agus í ar a crommuatar agus cairín a clóca ar a ceann aici. Cá ttabairfad sí a h-agairt áct ar an mboctán agus gan don éinne aici Dailr do beit 'na ruíde cóm mod. Níor tug sí Dailr fé nteara go dtí go raib sí buailte léi. O'feucatar ar a céite. Níor labair doinne acu. Ir anam a labran Dailr áct nuair labairt léi, agus an uair rin féin ní ro tarairt éirge í. Cuir Saob an bótar roir ó tuairt sí, ar a crommuatar, bótar Daile-Áta-Cliaic. Ní feacatar ó rin i beo 'na marb, agus níor airigeat go bfeacaíod doinne eile i an máirion rain áct Dailr anro.”

“Cao na taob nár labhair léi, a Dailr?” arsa Cormac.

“Máire ní feodar,” arsa Dailr, go sígín.

“Cóm riúrálta agus atá bianna ar máirte bacais,” arsa Cormac, “ir i noiaró an t-Siozaíde atá sí imighe agus ní le zráó do é, 'na mar máirte leir. Ir ionna cleat zlic do úein fé i zcaiteam a faozail, áct beirim mo lám a' r m' focal do zupab é cleat ir teinne do dári úein re muam an bob a buail fé ar Saob lá an donais. Má' r 'na óiaró atá sí imighe, agus irtead, dá tóirdead fé irteac i bpoli trátair i bpolac uairt ní deanairt fé an znó do. Tiocairt sí riúto ruar leir agus cuirpó sí carabat caol air, cóm riúrálta agus atá rzonac air. Bain an cluar anuar ó'n zceann óiom muna zcuirpó. Ir doic liom dá mbead a fíor aige cao é an raodar í go ngeabad fé táirpe. Tá fé veirdeac anoir aige.”

“Eirt, a Cormaic, eirt!” arsan bean fhuotáilte. “Ná bí ag magad fút féin. Cao é an znó bead ag Saob go Daile-Áta-Cliaic? Cao feadfad sí deanam ann? Cia air go bfuil aithe aici ann. Conur zeadad sí eolur trío an

ḡCaḡair rin, ná raḃ rí ruam̃ i nḡioraḡt ceao míle tó? Aḡur ḡur tóca ná fuil oircaḡ aḡur poll ffrancais ná ḡo ḡfuil aithe aige ríúḡ air, i n-aon baḡl ra baile moir. Uíḡo oimpra má m̃oḡuigean ré 'na tóair̃ í ḡo ḡcuirp̃r̃ó ré féin, nó tóine éisín uaíḡ, tóircaḡ léi ḡo tapair̃—, má 'r ann a tḡḡ rí a h-aḡair̃, aḡur tair̃ ñoíḡ ní tóca ḡurab ann, níḡ náḡ ionḡna.”

“F̃an leat ḡo r̃óil,” aipra Coimac. “Ní bearp̃aḡ aon ḡnó eile o'n mbaile í aḡt cum é ríúḡ t'f̃iaḡaḡ aḡur tó t̃abairt cum laim̃a. An ḡníom̃ tó t̃ein ré uir̃tí féin aḡur ar a h-aḡair̃, níor̃ t̃eineaḡ ir̃ tóca le cuim̃ne doinne aḡá ruar̃ a leit̃éir̃ eile t̃e ḡníom̃, le ḡr̃áinneam̃laḡt aḡur le r̃p̃ruún-laiteaḡt aḡur le h-éuḡóir̃. T'f̃ullainḡeócaḡ rí í ḡearaḡ 'na m̃ioḡaib̃ beaḡa r̃ul an leis̃reáḡ i n-aip̃ḡe leir̃ é, níḡ náḡ loḡt uir̃tí.”

“T̃e 'ḡur, a tóine an t̃roíḡe 'r̃t̃is, má t̃á ré c̃óm̃ buaite rin ir̃teaḡ aḡ aig̃ne ḡo ḡfuil rí im̃ig̃te ar̃ an íncinn rin, caḡ 'na t̃aoḡ ná r̃reaban tu láit̃reáḡ aḡur í tó leanñaint?” aipran bean f̃r̃ioḡáilte.

“R̃reab̃raḡ, ná bíḡo ead̃al oir̃t,” ar̃ r̃eir̃ean. “Ní raib̃ uaim̃ aḡt a f̃ior̃ tó beit̃ aḡam c̃ár̃ tḡḡ rí a h-aḡair̃. Ir̃ tóca ḡo ḡranf̃air̃-re aip̃ro ḡo t̃tí ḡo m̃beir̃ an tóine r̃eo aḡ teaḡt c̃uig̃e féin, nó an c̃uir̃o ir̃ lúḡa t̃e, air̃ láim̃ r̃áb̃ála.”

“F̃añraḡ,” ar̃ r̃ire. “Oúḡair̃t an r̃aḡar̃t liom̃ r̃anaim̃aint.”

“Aḡur a ḡeath̃a,” ar̃ r̃eir̃ean, “muna ḡfuil aon ḡr̃uo oir̃tra ná beaḡ r̃e c̃óm̃ maít aḡat ḡluair̃eaḡt i n-aoiñreáḡt liom̃?”

“Ní ḡáḡ r̃ain,” aipra Seath̃a. “T̃á t̃úr̃ ñoíḡt̃in aḡaib̃ féin ann.”

“T̃á a f̃ior̃ aḡam” aipra Coimac “ḡur̃ maít le muínc̃ir̃ an r̃iḡ aithe tó c̃ur̃ oir̃t, aḡur ḡo m̃b'f̃éir̃oir̃ ḡur̃ t'f̃uir̃p̃rõe r̃l̃iḡ maíreáḡtaint tó t̃eanaim̃ amaḡ ann t̃uir̃t ba t̃air̃b̃iḡe 'ná an ḡrearaít̃eaḡt.”

“T̃eanaíḡ an ḡrearaít̃eaḡt an ḡnó ḡo ceann t̃amaill eile,” aipra Seath̃a.

“Seáḡ! ḡo t̃uḡḡaíḡ t̃ia la maít t̃aoíḡ ḡo léir̃!” aipra

CORMAC. “Ír tapairt an ghluaireadé agam aithir é, san ríú ceó an bódairt do baint de m’ bhrógaib. Ír triasg san abfuil de cladaifíodóib bíteamhnaic i n-Éirínn i n-don téro amháin agam, ar don érioc amháin. Ír me tabairfá an fárgaó dóib! Ueáó ruaimhnear anrain agaim aithir feáó tamail.”

“Ueáó punan móir agat!” arsan bean fhioctáilte.

SÍLE. A taircair! a þeig, ní feáóar an amháir náir cuimhín leir an bheab.

ÞEIG. Cao i an bheab, a Síle a cuir?

SÍLE. An bheab úto a toiríó ré ghlacáó ar feilb tíge na baintríge, nuair bí ré gá cur amac agur san an cíor aici dó, gur eug Seadna ói é.

ÞEIG. Ní feáóar ’n traosá, a Síle. Ír minic orocó cuimhne ag daoíníó ar an ruo náic maic leó cuimhne do coimeáto aithir.

SÍLE. Ua éoir go mbeáó náire aithir.

ÞEIG. Do daine san náire ír ura a ghnó ueanaí.

SÍLE. U’féitíóir é. Adé ní mólam iao, maithir daoíne san náire. Ír feáir go móir a tíocfaó ré dó a beul o’éir-teadé, agur san beic ag ueanaí tríozaó an éaic éann-fínn ar an mbíteamhantair.

JOB. Ír amháir maithir bí an rgeal aige, oíreac maithir bí ag an bheair úto i gCill Áirne agur é ag dul ra bhuigín. Bí caincín móir maithair aithir maithir bí ar Cormac. “Uacall” a bíod ag daoíníó maithir leairnim aithir, maithir gell ar an gcaincín. Glaoiríó a dáir aithir agur é ag dul irteac ra coimhearzair.

“A Uóimhnaic, a meic ó,” arsan t-adair, “bhórtaig agur tabairt ‘uacall’ ar daine éigín rúil an otabairfáde oric é.” U’ rín é an úrúdálta ag Cormac. Céar ré ná maic don trlíg b’feáir ’ná maicó ré féin ó ainim an bíteamhnaic do tabairt aithir ’na é féin do tabairt ainime an bíteamhnaic ar daine éigín eile.

SÍLE. Agur dar n-dóic, a þeig, ní fáorfaó rain é. Ná feáó-fáide é tabairt aithir féin ’na díair rain éom maic agur dá mba ná tabairfáó ré ar dainne é.

PEG. Iy d'óca zuri mhóir an níó leir turac' do beit' aige féin ar an r'géal, an éeao ur'cup' do beit' aige, zan beit' éiof ar an zcéao beárhainn. A'zuy cao' deap'fao' na daoine ac't náir h'polaír nó náir z'áó' do féin aon eagla do beit' aige poimír an ainim, óir' dá mba z'áó' zo reac'nócaó' pé tr'áéc't aip.

CÁIT. Iy d'óca zuri b' f'ine an' úr'óálta a'z' 'Doncaó' beaz nuair z'oiro pé r'zian Seamuir. Ní' f'uib' doinne ba z'éipe a'z' cuap'oaé' 'ná é féin a'zuy í ir'ziz na p'óca aige, an r'p'peallairín!

SÍLE. Conuy a fuap'ao' í, a C'áit?

CÁIT. Mipe a' z'uz pé n'oeapa í ra p'óca. B'í an p'óca ar pileao' l'armuic' dá' cap'óiz aige, mar' beao' máilín na b'piart. B'uait'ear-ra mo lám' ar an máilín a'zuy b'í an r'zian ir'ziz ann.

SÍLE. An fear' boéc't! Iy tu b'ain an p'p'ead ar.

CÁIT. Abair' é! 'O' iompuiz a' lit' ann a'zuy é'rom pé ar z'ol.

SÍLE. Ar oib'p'ead é?

CÁIT. Ní'oir' oib'p'ead. 'Do' corain Neill é. 'Oú'baipt' r'í z'up'ab' a'm'laio' a' cúir' duine éizín an r'zian ra p'óca zan f'iof' oó, mar' r'p'óit', a'zuy oú'baipt' mo' o'aito zo f'uib' an ceap't aici.

Z'ob. Céap' pé, ac't a' leizint' aip' beit' 'z'á' cuap'oaé' ar a' o'ic'oioll' náir' baog'al zo m'beao' a' h-a'm'p'ar aip' féin. Aip'iu' náir' m'ait' é!

PEIG. M'aire ní' f'uib' ann ac't leant' b', a' z'obnuic'. Ní' f'uib' aon' éiall aige. A'zuy iy d'óca náir' h'f'iu' puínn an r'zian.

CÁIT. Ní'oir' h'f'iu'. A'zuy ip'é' puo' a' 'dein' Seamuir anrain' 'ná í' h'ronnaó' aip', a'zuy b'í'oeap'-ra ar' buile' cúize. B'f'ear' liom í' éait'eam' ra teine ná í' éabairt' oó, a'zuy an' feall' beaz aige dá' 'deanaim' éóm' z'ap'oa. 'Dá' luiz'eat' í' b' f'éiof' o'á' puiteao' leir' zo m'beao' a' h-a'm'p'ar ar' duine éizín eile, a'zuy feuc' anrain' náé' oeap' an' obair' a' beao' oeanta aige.

PEG. Iy f'iof' o'uit' rin' a' C'áit, "Iy' f'aoa' r'iar' é' iap'p'ma an' o'p'oié' b'ipt'."

Job. Máire beannaóct Dé le h-anman do mháth, a þeiz agur comáin leat ar an rgeal! Coimeátofaoírf rin anrain tu go maidin ambárac ag caint agur ag áiteam agur ag ábcóroíðeaóct agur ag cur ére céile.

Nóra. Agur dar noóic, a Jobnuic ní maóair féin gan do éion de'n ábcóroíðeaóct agat, níor leigir leó ar raó é.

Þeiz. Do gluaif Cormac aifírf, "gan ceó an bóóair do óaint oá bpoóair," a noóóairf re féin. Nuair bí re imigéte do éuair Seathna irteaó ra treóóma aifírf mar arair an tuine bpeóite.

"Ír raóa go oóánaif," arfa Diafmuro. "Íre an cleamnar ó Sámain go Dealltaine agat é. Óeáó leat na oúite pópóa an faio áairf ag óabáil oó. Ca bpuil rí anoif? Bí rí anrain ó éianair. Ír feárf bean 'ná rppé. Cailin ciúin ciallmair áct gan fearf do éur uiféi. Ó! raife fúct na buail! Aifírf óraoáó éúgat na buail! Feuc aif rin!"

"An bpuil áon aifgeáó ra tif?" arfa Seathna leif an mnaoí fpuóáilte.

"Óraeo a'rf leatpingsin ruáó!" ar rife.

"Seo," ar reirean. "Do fuarar raifc leatáir uair an lá re óeireáó. Tá re éóm maif agam oíol ar anoif" 7 do fín re ruim aifgíó éúicéi.

Óainif re lar na márac feucáifc conur bí an tuine bpeóite, agur do ruif re leif tuilleáó de'n leatárf ábí ra triora 7 do oíol ar. Óa maif mar óein. Ó'fás raif raifc aifgíó ag an mnaoí fpuóáilte, i óreó nuair a fuair Diafmuro an t-áóiteó go raó nearf oi ar bíáó 7 ar oíif do foláóair oó, féb mar ba éearc agur do réif mar a bí óáó áife leó.

Óa óeárf go raif re na fuíóe i n-áice na teime áici agur florf an doóain éum an bíó aif. Áct ambara ní éúgáó rí oó é áct an méro ba oóic lé ba maif oó, agur ní feacaif raif áct an triora 7 an t-áifnearf a bíóó áife léi a o'iafaio tuilleáó ó'fáóáil.

Féb mar bí re ag oul i bpeábur bíóif na cóóarrain ag

bailliúgadh iriteac ag cur a tuairmyse 7 'gá inirint do cas i an buadairt a bí orda nuair do airmígeadair é beit na luíge, agus cas é an t-ácar a táinig orda nuair a fuaradair ag teact cúige féin é.

Nuair a fuair Seadhna ag dul i bpeabur i zceart é agus ó baogal ní tásad re comh minic, agus i zcionn beagán airmíre do rtao ré de teact.

'D'fan an bean fmuotáilte ann níor ría 'ná ceap rí bí gáó léi, act an rásart fé nveár rain, mar bí rúil aise ó am zo h-am agus ó lá zo lá, zo otiocpad Saob abaille. Fé veiread táinig zlaodac uirtí ó'n otaob eile párdóirte agus b'éizion oi zluairact.

Ní raib de feirt anrain acu act a iaraid ar páilr boct teact zac don márdion agus teime ó'fauúgadh agus blúire bíó o'olmúgadh do 'Diarmuio. Níor fásad rúití é ar rtao. Da beag don lá ná tugadh mádar Míicil cuairt ann. Agus an lá ná bíod ríre ann bíod Máire zeara féin ann, agus ipé a veiread na comarrain 'na zur mhó an bpeir feabura a téirdead ar 'Diarmuio an tamall de lá a tugadh rí ag caint leir 'ná mar téirdead air an cúro eile de'n airmíre ar rtao. Veiread 'Diarmuio féin zo ramluigead ré zo otógtáide an ceó dá cpoíde nuair cídead ré cúige an torur iriteac í.

Iré puo a veiread zac doinne 'ná zur máit an bail air zan Saob do beit i n' aice an fáro a bí fé 'na luíge, mar na bead don bpeit aise ar teact cúige féin an fáro a bead rí láirteac. Dá mbead doiteó aise dá fásail agus zo otiocpad don níó cporoa uirtí, zo rppuúcpad rí agus zo zcuirpead rí aitiompáil air comh ríuráilta agus abí Saob mar ainim uirtí.

Siné ceapadair na comarrain act ní h-é rin a ceap 'Diarmuio féin. Dar leir, ní raib 'gá coimead ar fleary a óroma act zan í beit ag teact abaille 'ná don tuairmyz uirtí. Ó mároin zo h-oíóce ní bíod don cúirpáide cainte roir é féin agus na daoine tígead iriteac, act "cá raib rí?" no "cas abí 'gá coimead amuic?" no "ciacu beó nó marb abí rí."

"Má bí sí beo cao 'na taoib na h-aipeócaó tuine éigin rgeála uaití? Má bí sí marb cao 'na taoib ná tiorcaó társ a báir ó taoib éigin? Daoi nroic ní feoifaíde í marbaó gan a fíor do beit as tuine éigin. Dá marbaóici i láir na h-oíóce í asur an corp do cáiteam i bpoil éigin, daoi nroic do geaófaíde lair na báraó a beaó cúgaínn é, asur do leaófaó an rgeal ar fuio na uúite, asur do beaófaíde ar síogaíde, dá mb' aise beaó an gnióm deanta, asur do crocfaíde é. Dá mbeaó oíreao eile gliocair ann ní feoífaó pé oul ó Cormac."

Sin mar cáiteaó pé an aimíri as cur asur as cúiteam nuair bíóó doinne ircis do deaífaó éirteaó leir. Nuair bíóó pé i n-a doonar ir amlaó a bíóó pé as caint leir péin asur as aighear leir péin, asur as áiteam air péin. Uair-eanta ra n-aighear rain leir péin o'áruígeaó pé a glór asur o'áirígeaó fáir é 7 bíóó sí deimnígteaó go mbíóó beir nó truír ann, bíóó a leitéro rin de gléó aise.

O'aimíreóin na buaóara bí an goile go maíe aise asur bí pé as teaó cúige péin go tuis. Da geár go maó pé ra doíur asur a guala leir an uprain mar ba gnaó, aó má reao bí mílteaó 'na óionnaóaib reaoar mar ba gnaó, asur ábaíra pé noeara na balcairíde, ná maóar óóm teann air asur bíóir pul ar buaiteaó breóite an fear boó. Ábaíra pé noear go maíe maíe de'n feóil imígte asur móran de'n bíonaó. Bí an guala caol ra áraois. Bí an cúirle caol ra múimíle. Bí an áeárama caol ra búrte. Bí íomaó ríge as an bpear mboó na cúro éuaíe, asur do bíóó an gaóe as cuaraoó na gcaím aise móir tímeaill iní na póiríóib foíma abí íoir óroicean asur éuaó aise i oíreó na feaóó pé fanmaínt áfaó ra doíur gan teaó anoír asur aíríe go oí an teine 'ga téro péin.

Lá, mar deaíra óisóíor ó fáe pé an leabaó, do táinis pé go oí an doíur asur baluít na teine go láíoir air. Ní túirge o'feuc pé an bócair ruar 'ná óonaic pé an beaó as gaóal cúige anuar áro an bócair. Ar an gceao amáre do



baineadh iarraidt de gheir ar mar ceap ré gur b' fíor deabhad le Saobh í. Níor bog ré na rúile ói gur táinig sí i na aice. Dean énamad, garb, tob ead í. Clóca bpreide uiréi. Cairín a clóca ar a ceann aici. Speróm aici 'na laim éle ar dá imeal an cairín agus é tónta of cionn a béil aici, i tpeod ná maib le feicrint ag Diarmuid dá cionnacaid acé a ríon agus rúil léi.

Óein sí ceann ar aghair ar an nroimur, agus an roimur irthead, agus muna mbeadh gur óruio ré i leir taoib uairi do leasfad sí é. Suar léi cum na teine agus do ruis sí i gcaitaoir Diarmuid a féin. Tug sí a h-aghair ar an tteine agus do leat sí a dá laim agus i féin, ag glacad an gormad, agus ba ódic leat go maib gád aici leir.

Tóg pailr a ceann ra cúinne agus o'feuc sí ar an rpeóinrpeir go fada agus do dúir. Do rtao Diarmuid i lár an tíge ag feudaint ra cúl úiréi. Nuair bí sí teit cúir sí an lám éle aihir i gcairín an clóca agus dún sí of cionn a béil é. O'feuc sí ar paili amad ar an rúil donair. Anrain o'feuc sí ar Diarmuid.

"Tá ceapic ag gleadad ra tíg reo!" ar rípe, agus ir ar éigin feasfad duine a deanam amad ciacu glór mná bí aici nó glór rir. "Tá ceapic ag gleadad ra tíg reo!" ar rípe, an dara h-uair.

"Níor aihéar-ra ag gleadad í," arra Diarmuid.

"Tá ceapic ag gleadad ra tíg reo!" ar rípe. "Srub! rruab! rruab rruab! rruab rruab!" ar rípe.

"Cár gádar cúgaimn, a 'nghan ó?" arra Diarmuid.

"Srub rruab! rruab rruab! rruab rruab!" ar rípe. "Ir fada í mo cúairt cúgab," ar rípe, "ag tead mar maite lib. "Ir móir an éugóir rin," ar rípe, "mire dom cúir cúgab anro ó Cúig Ullaó ag búir noion ar eapcárad, cóim maite agus dá mba ná faigfí duine ba giorra ó baile agus ba giorra gaol taoib cum a déanta."

"Cia adá ar ár oí?" arra Diarmuid.

"Ppeab arí 'na rúide agus tug sí a h-aghair air. Níor

féuc pé roir an t-á fáil uiréi mar ní maib maóaric aige aét ar fáil léi. Níor beag do rain. Ní maib don Míogarmac ar an fáil rin na don mállačar maóaric. Síu rí éirge amac a lámh deap. Čarainz pé píora aigero ar a bóca agur éur pé ar époide a deárgan é. Čur rí put t-á h-anáil air. Ir tóca zo maib pé níor mó 'ná čear rí beaó pé mar do baimeaó t-á coraint í. Sleamuis an zpeidm de čairin an éloca agur do nočtaó a h-azaió. Úi rí ar leač-fáil agur bí čapaó 'na beul riar náč móri zo tóci an aic 'nar čearic an éluar do beic, agur bí an éluar imigče. Úmuo Diaimuo uaiči i noiaó a čúil, agur zeallaim tuit zo maib eagla air.

“Čia atá ar búri tóci?” ar ríre. “Tá teine agur uirge ar búri tóci,” ar ríre. “Tá žalari agur bári ar búri tóci,” ar ríre. “Tá neite ar búri tóci ná fuil puinn cuinne azaió leó,” ar ríre. “Muna mbeaó žan me beic abpaó uait do ló na t' oíóče le tpi peacčmáimib do beaó a píor azac um an taca ro cia h-iaó atá ar do čí,” ar ríre le Diaimuo. “Agur ba čóiri,” ar ríre, “nári beag tom de žnó beic do coraintre, žan beic az coraint t'ingine leir, t-á fáio ó čéile tu péin agur í péin.”

“Ca bfuil rí?” arpa Diaimuo. “Nó cao t-á 'žá coime-éaó amuic? No cao pé noeapa úi imčeačt agur žan ržéal ná tuain do čur čúžam abáile anro zo mbeaó a píor azam ciacu beó no maib atá rí. Ir oic do dein rí oim é.” Agur bí a lámh číor aige i bpóca a bpičte agur píora eile aigero aige t-á láimriáil. Do Čonaic ríre an méio rin čom maic agur t-á mbeaó ríce fáil aici. “Ní paóa zo bpažiri a tuairisž,” ar ríre, agur bí an lámh rínte aipiri aici, “agur ní h-ormpa ir čóiri a buideáčar do beic, 'ná uiréi péin ačt čóm beag liom.” Čur pé an t-apa píora ar a lámh čúici, “Ca bfuil rí?” ar rírean, “nó cačaim a čiočarió rí?”

“Čiočarió rí an uair ir lúža beio coinne azac léi,” ar ríre. “Čiočarió rí an uair ir lúža beio fáilte azac poimpe.”

“Čao é rin azac t-á fáó, a bean!” arpa Diaimuo,

“nó cia a d'úbhairt leatra ná beaó fáilte anro noimpe pé trát do t'ioctaró rí?”

“Deirim an juo atá ar eolur ašam,” ar rípe, “ašur ní cnearda é m' eolur, aét muna cnearda ní'l leigear ašampa air. Ní mipe do cúir o'n mbaile í. Ní mipe do íeól 'na t'reó an t'roicé t'eangabálairde. Má t'eimear mo t'it'ceall 'šá coraint ar a namair ba mór é mo t'uaš ašur ir beaš abí oá bárrí ašam.”

“Caéain a t'ioctaró rí?” arra t'iarimuro.

Níor t'ein rípe aét an lám élé do cúir airí 1 zcaipín an élóca ašur é fárgaó or cionn a béil mar bí pé ar t'úir aici ašur an t'orur amaó do cúir t'í žan oirleaó ašur r'mios do ráó.

Síle. Airiú náir t'oit'igearaó an ara í!

Nóra. Ní feadao, a íeig, cao a bair an t'ruil airí.

Réig. Ní feadao 'n t'raošal, a Nóra.

Šob. Do bair a t'roicé ímíocai péin, žabaimpe orin.

Nóra. U'féirir žurab amlaró t'ímtig uirí péb mar t'ímtig ar an mnaoi feara úo a t'áinig aš t'ruall ar Neill ní buaóalla.

Šob. Cao t'ímtig uirí, a Nóra?

Nóra. 'Neórraró Cáit tuit e, 'rí ir peáir do neórraró é.

Šob. Cao t'ímtig uirí, a Cáit?

Cáit. Máire níor imtig leat a raib tuillte aici, an róšairie. Ní raib Neill róroa aét t'rí feaótmaine. Úi rí irig ra baile ašur bí t'eamonn amuic aš feucaint 1 noiaró na mbó, mar bí bó acu tar éir beirte. 1 žceann tamall do t'áinig pé irteaó ašur bí Neill aš žol. U'fiarraó pé t'í cao abí uirí. U'faoa žur inir rí t'ó, žurab amlaró abí bean feara aš loig airšio uirí, ašur 'nuair náir t'ug rí an t'airšeaó t'í žo noúbairt rí žo mbeaó Neill na baintirig r'ul a mbeaó an blišain cairte. An fáio abí t'eamonn amuic 1 bfeigil na mbó t'ug pé pé noeara an bean iaracáa aš imteaó t'ó'n t'otig 7 bí a fíor aige cao é an bócar a žair rí. Níor t'ein pé aon bliúrie

amain aét breit ar an bfuir a bí ar crocáid i n-áice an  
 toiruir agus i fádaid ruar i muinílle a éaróige agus an  
 toiruir amad do cup de. . Uí pé imighe pul a raib a fíor  
 as Neill cao é an fuadar a bí pé.

Da zear zup táinig pé ruar leir an mnaoi.

“Cao cuige duit,” ar reirean-lei, “a ráb le m’ mnaoi-re  
 zo bpaizainn-re bár fe ceann bliasna?”

“Ní deapainn é,” ar ríre, “muna mbead a fíor do beit  
 asam zo cruinn.”

“Cia inir duit é?” ar reirean.

“D’inir mo leanáin ríde dom é,” ar ríre.

Do ruz pé ar dúl cinn uiréi agus tarainz pé an fuir ar  
 an muinílle agus do zaid pé de’n fuir rin uiréi cómh  
 h-áluinn agus do zaid Connóubar Máizirir ruam ar don  
 rfoláire dá raib ar an rsoil aize. Nuair bí zabta zo maít  
 aize uiréi do rzaoil pé uairéi í. “Sead!” ar reirean lei.  
 “Nác móir an iongna náir inir do leanáin ríde duit zo  
 tabapainn-re an córuzád rain duit. Iméiz anoir agus  
 tá ruo asat le h-inirint do na raib a fíor ceana aize. Agus  
 má feicimre airé as teadé i nsoire mo tíge tu tabapao  
 eadéira níor mó ná rain duit le breit as triall do leanáin  
 ríde.” Uí rzanruad ar Neill le h-easla zo mbead an bean  
 as earzainíde oréa. Aét iré a veiread éamonn náir bfeár  
 leir as abrán í.

Nóra. Máire Dia linn! Níor maít liom i beit as malladé-  
 aíde orim pé i n-Eirinn é.

Cáit. Cao é an ríogbail feapad a cuir malladéaíde  
 do deanam duit nuair ná bead don níb deanta ar  
 an rliáz asat?

Nóra. Cá bfuor dom na zo duitread malladé éizín acu orim  
 ar cuma éizín?

Cáit. Ir uiréi féin do duitfíoir nuair na beiréi tuillte asat  
 uairéi. Nác uiréi, a ríeiz?

Nóra. Súd, b’féirir zup dóic liom féin na beiréi tuillte  
 asam agus b’féirir, ar a fon rain, zo mbeiréi. Pe ‘cu

beoíir tuíllte agham no ná beoíir níor níait liom í beit  
 'gá ndeanam óim.

Cáit. O! ród, nuair ná bhráð leigear aghat air. Nuair  
 éiofrað rí aghur a deairfrað rí go rabhair cum báir  
 o'rághail pul a mbeaó an bliagáin irctis, aghur gur inir a  
 leanáin ríde ói é.

Síte. Cao do beir oi leanáin ríde beit aici, a þeiz? Nó  
 conur a fuair rí é beit aici? Náð móir an iongna na  
 faðaó an ríobra don níó eite le deanam áct beit 'gá  
 leannáint ríúo.

Cáit. O'airígear-ra duine 'gá ráó gurab iao muoáíde na  
 ríobraíde, 'ná aingil an uabair aghur na deamáin aeóir.  
 áct deir éamonn na fuil a leitéroíde i n-don éor ann.

Nóra. Muna mbeaó iao do beit ann conur do éiofrí iao?

Þeiz. An breacaír-re féin don éeann acu maí, a Nóra?

Nóra. Ambara féin ní feaca, buídeacaí le Dia! áct ir  
 ionróa duine éonaic iao, oar noóic.

Þeiz. Inir oom doinne amáin.

Nóra. Seágan ua h-larlaité. Óioir ag éirteaáct leir gá  
 inirint.

Cáit. Óe, an leat-amadóán!

Nóra. Pe 'cu leat-amadóán é no naé eao do éonaic ré an  
 rppio.

Síte. Canao, a Nóra?

Nóra. 'S amláio do cuireao ag comáint na mbó é, tar  
 éir a gcrúioíte, ruar go Túirín an Cárárlais, aróioóe  
 Dia Doimnais. Ói lán an tíge de óaoínib bailligíte ag  
 rghurúigeaáct ann, ba gáir gur rghúro Seágan éuca  
 irteaá aghur rgeón ann aghur coimneall na rúitib le  
 rghannraó aghur le h-an ra.

"Airú cao tá ort, a Seágan?" ar riao.

"O! an deamí me! go breaca rppio!" ar reirean.

"Airú, caóain a éonaicí i, a Seágan?" ar riao.

"O!" ar reirean, "i gcoimrac lae aghur oíóe—um tráé-  
 nóna móir luat—ba éreire ar an lá 'ná ar an oíóe—ní raib

ré doirda—i lár an lae gléigil doob ead é.” Seallaim tuit  
go maib gáiríde ann.

“Cas dobhairt rí leat, a Sheághain?” ar ríad.

“An deamh me!” ar reirean, “Sur feuc rí orm go  
truađmáillead.”

“A sur cas dobhairt léi a Sheághain?” ar ríad.

“An deamh me!” ar reirean, “Sur cúimnígear sur  
bfeár ruit.”

“Cas é an rađar í, a Sheághain?” ar ríad.

“Tá,” ar reirean, “rppro múice, i bfuirm buimpéire  
rtoad.”

Cáit. Aillillí! Airmú cas a éonac ré a Nóra?

Nóra. Siní díreac an ceirto abí acu go léir ’á cur ar a céite,  
nuair cia buail fead cúca irteac acé adair Sheághain  
a sur éota-mór liač air a sur a cáirín breac air. Ní  
túirge éonac Seághain an cáirín breac ná cur ré liúg  
ar. “Ó!” ar reirean, “Sioi éugaid irteac í!”

“Máire tuig ionac! a amadán!” ar an t-adair.

Cáit. A sur cá maib an múc, airmú?

Nóra. Ambara acé ní feadar, a Cáit, acé surab rin é  
tuairis a éug ré féin ar an rppro a éonac ré.

Reis. Ir doca surab amlaró ’airígead ré dooine ’gá rad  
sur méara rppro o’feicrint i bfuirm múice ’ná i bfuirm  
don ainmíge eile, a sur nuair abí an rđannrad air sur  
éar ré sur ruid i bfuirm múice abí ann.

Cáit. A sur dar noóc dobhairt ré féin sur ruid i bfuirm  
buimpéire rtoad do éonac ré, nuair éonac ré an cáirín  
breac a sur an éota-mór liač.

Nóra. Anoaig ní feadar-ra cas do éonac re ná cas a éar  
re abí ann, acé ruid é dobhairt ré, “rppro múice,” ar  
reirean, “i bfuirm buimpéire rtoad.”

Cáit. Óe greadad cúige! an breallán, muna mbead é beir  
i na amadán deaprainn sur máit an rđeal cur do’n  
fuir úto do adairt do. U’féoir go mbainfead rain  
cur do na rpeadraítoib de.

Síle. Nár aithgear-ra tura 'gá má a þeis go núbairt an  
 pasairt ná raib don fíor as luét feara aét iao 'gá  
 leigint opta fíor do beit acu?

Þeis. Dúbairt leir, asur ní'l, aét oiréao asur bí as an  
 mnaoi úo adúbairt go bpaðað Eamonn báp fé ceann  
 bliagna.

Síle. Ír doða nár bain fé an t-rúil airte mar do bainead  
 ar an mnaoi táinig cum Dairmuroa.

Þeis. Þé ruo a bain an trúil ar an mnaoi a táinig cum  
 Dairmuroa bí pí ar leat-fúil. Asur má bí an trúil  
 léi abí imigte éóm nímnéac leir an rúil abí aici ba máit  
 an bail ar Dairmuro ná raib an dá rúil aci nuair feuc  
 pí air féin, nó ír doða go zcuirfeao pí at-iompáil air.  
 Níor feao an fear boét don blúipe bío 'íteao an cúro  
 eile de'n lá rain, aét as cuímnéam ar an leat-fúil úo,  
 asur ar an zcuir asur ar an "rpuð rpuð," asur ar  
 an noioic éanabáiláide do buail umá ingín. Í oiréao  
 go noeacáio þair amaé asur zur glaoio pí ar cúro de  
 na cómarpanaib, asur go otánaoair irteac, asur go  
 noúbpaoair zur ceart fíor do cup ar an pasairt rul  
 an oiocpao an oíðce le h-eagla go paðao an oume  
 í n-olcar asur go mb' féioir zurab amlaio beioí as  
 glaoðac ar an pasairt í lár na h-oíðce.

Do cuiréao fíor ar an pasairt asur do táinig fé. Nuair  
 airte fé ó Dairmuro tuairte na mná feara do gáir fé.  
 "Tá aítne máit asampa," ar reiran, "ar an zclaoairne mná  
 rain. Ní raib pí riam í zcuig Ullaó 'ná leat na rúige ó  
 baile. Tá a fíor asampa cáir puðao asur cáir tógbaó í, asur  
 doo ole an tógbaóit í. Ní'l de céiro aici 'ná de rúig mápta  
 aét beit as gluaireacé o áit go h-áit 'gá leigint uiréi go  
 bfuil fíor aici, asur oair noioic ní'l aét oiréao 7 atá as an  
 iarta rain. Dá mb' áite le oaoínib ciall do beit acu asur  
 zan beit as tabairt airte oi ba gáir go zcaitfeao pí  
 zairm beata éigin eile do tapang cúici. Aét cé zur mimic  
 rain dá ínrinc do oaoínib ní glacáio cómairte asur ní'l don  
 máit am éaint. Ní h-aon tairbe doo beit leó.

“Ašur, a dčair,” arpa Dairmuir, “conur a fuair rí amac cearc do beit as ghlaoúac ra tiz peo? Nó conur a fuair rí amac Sath do beit ar baile? Nó conur a fuair rí amac so maðar-ra fein i gcontadair?”

“Fiannaídeact! a Dairmuir,” arpan ragar. “Níl don níó ir ura na neite de'n tróro rain d'fásgail amac nuair ceapad tuine a aighead cuige. Ná mað a fíor as an nouctais cao é an t-éirleac do veinead anro lá an doinag? Ná mað a fíor as an nouctais Sath do beit ar baile ašur tura do beit ad lúige le h-eugruar? Slán beo mar a n-ínrtear é! Cao é an bac abí uiréi bualaó anro ašur anró imearag na noaoine ašur eolur d'fásgail ar gac don ruo a bain leat? Ir breas bog an truis é cum airgto d'fásgail.”

“Act conur geadad rí amac cearc do beit as ghlaoúac ra tiz, a dčair?” arpa Dairmuir.

“Ir dóca,” arpan ragar, “dá mbead cearc as ghlaoúac ra tiz ná bead don bac uiréi teact ruar leir an méro rin eolur act eóm beag ašur bí uiréi teact ruar leir an gcuro eile.”

“Dá mbead cearc as ghlaoúac ra tiz!” arpa Dairmuir.

“Dap noóc, a dčair, muna mbead so mað ní dóca so noearrad rí é.”

“Ir neamníó ciacu,” arpan ragar. “Ir obair leanbaíde don truím do cur 'na leitéro de rgeal. Act ba máit uom a fíor do beit ašam ar airis doinne eile an cearc ro as ghlaoúac.”

“Níor airigear-ra fein i,” arpa Dairmuir, “ašur ní baogal gur airis rair i mar ta rí eóm bodar le ruir, ašur ambriatar náir airigear doinne eile 'gá máó gur h-airigead i.”

“Siné famluigear,” arpan ragar. “Ir dóca,” ar reirean, “nác fulair no gur airis rí ríúto ruo éigin de'n rápla ro ar ríúbal i ocaob Sath, náir rtao cor oi ó fág rí an áit peo so noeacair rí ríor go caoir baile-dča-cliac. Anrain gur cur rí ríadac ašur cuaradac ašur tóir i noairó



an bíteamhnaig úto i dtreó gur ruḡad ari ḡsur gur croidad é. Ḍsur gur tús an nḡs do ḡadhb an tḡi deas púnt do ruḡad uaiti ḡsur tḡi deas eile mar tuillead."

"Stao! rtao! a Ḍairi," arsa Dairmuio. "Cao é rin ḡsat dá ráb mar rin, a Ḍairi? Conur feadrad an cailín boét rain dul go Baile-Ḍéa-Cliat ḡsur eóluḡ na caḡarac do deanaíḡ? Cailín beas na ráb maíḡ tar ríde míle ó baile!"

"Ní'lim-r aét 'ḡá inḡint cao é an ráfla o'airḡear," arsan rḡarac. "Iḡ doḡa gur airḡ an bean úto an feara, ná fuil aici, an ráfla ceanna, ḡsur gur deap rí dá mbead turac an rḡeíl aici tuitre go mbainfead rí ríntiúr airḡio arac dá bái, ḡsur ní deirim ná gur bain."

"Níor bain puinn, a Ḍairi," arsa Dairmuio. "Aét cao é an rḡarac ráfla é? Nó cao do cuiri ar bun é?"

"Iḡ amhlaid abíor féin cum teadé anall 'ḡá inḡint tuit a leitéro do beit ríúbal nuair táinḡ an teadairce éugam 'ḡá ráb go raib eagla ar cuio de na cómarrain go n-átiom-  
pócao oḡc."

"Da neamhḡad doib rin!" arsa Dairmuio. "Ní feaca maíḡ iad aét amhlaid. Dá mbead doinne 'ḡá iaraid oḡta ní baogal go mberoir cóm tiorḡalaé! Ḍs fuil ḡs cur airíor ar rḡarac gan ḡad gan ríadcanar! Feuc ari rin!"

"Ní ríú bioḡán a' é," arsan rḡarac. "Do tiorcainn féin anall ar don cuma feudaint an raib don rḡeala ḡsat o ḡadhb nó an raib don bunúr leir an ráfla-ro ar ríúbal."

"Níor airḡear focal maíḡ de go dtí gur táinḡ an bean úto ḡsur go noúbdairt rí gur carad tḡoic teangbalaíde éigin ar ḡadhb, nó ruo éigin de'ntróro rain," arsa Dairmuio.

"Cia h-é an tḡoic teangbalaíde doúbdairt rí do carad uiréi?" arsan rḡarac.

"Níor inḡ rí dúinn cia r' b'é féin. Níor tús rí don tuairḡs dúinn ari, ḡsur riné adá ḡs baint mo mēadḡac aram," arsa Dairmuio.

"Do'n feir rin," arsan rḡarac, "iḡ doḡa gur airḡ rí an cuio eile féb mar airḡear-ra fein é. Cairéiróte do tús leo

é mar iongna faoḡal aḡur mar cúrraíde cainte eatarra, go maib Coḡmac an Caimcín i mBaile-Áta-Cliaé leir, aḡur gur oibruḡ ré féin aḡur Saḡb a' láim a céile cum beirte ar an mbitearinnac. Gur imireadar araon an cluicé cóim maic rain aḡur cóim garta rain go maib iongna a gcoíde ar muinntir an ríḡ aḡur ar an ríḡ féin, a feabur do deineadar an gno. Anrain, nuair fuair Saḡb ré céad púnt i n-inead an trí céad a ruḡad raiti, gur rocairúigead cleamnuir ioir í féin 7 Coḡmac aḡur go bfuil an beirt póroa um an taca ro nó réid cum a bpóroa."

"Ailililú!" arfa Diaimuid. "Feuc air rin! Ar airḡ doinne maib a leicéid! Céapar na póroa rí é dá mbead rairbhear na h-Éireann aige. Ir eadac an faoḡal é. Ir eagraílac an obair má 'r ríor é rin. Acé ir tóicéige ná fuil don bunúr leir an rgeal. Ní feadar a beir, níó nac iongna."

"Ní feadar 'n traḡal, a Diaimuid," arfan ragar. "Ir tóca go 'neórraid an aimrige, aḡur nac faoḡa go tóí rain. Níl don rgealaíde ir fear 'ná an aimrigh. Ní bead don iongna oim féin dá tuitead amac go mbead beann-láma de'n fírinne ann, mar rárta."

"Airú, a dtair an coíde 'rtaḡ," arfa Diaimuid, "cad é rin aḡat dá raḡ! Níl don beirt ra pároirde ir neam-oireamnaíge dá ceile 'na an beirt. Deanraḡ Saḡb an gno go maic, b'féidir, dá mbead rí póroa aḡ fear réid daingion rtaama de ragar Seadna tuar anrain. B'féidir go n-deanraḡ Coḡmac an gno go maic dá mbead ré porra le mnaoí éigin éiúin faoaraḡnac, do tabarraḡ a rliḡ féin do ar gac don traḡar cuma. Acé an beirt rin! Má pórtar iad beró ré n-a córaḡ dearr acu an dá lá 'r 'n-fair máirrio."

"Ní feadar 'n traḡal, a Diaimuid," arfan ragar. "Ir amlaid mar atá an rgeal, ní h-é mo tuairmre 'ná go mb'féidir go mbead an faoḡal níor fear 'ná rain acu. Fear rtaacac ceannóana iread Coḡmac gan amhar. Ní deirim go maicfead rige puinn do. Ar a fon rain aḡur uile, an

“Tuitgear tú me? U’féidirí dá mbeoirí pórsa go tuitfeadh amach gur fear a féirteodá an beirt le céile an mar a féirteodá doinne de’n beirt le duine eile. Do éonac a leitéir éana.”

“Do éonacir a lán, a dtair, gan dacht ar domhan, aét ní’l aítne ceart agat ar Sáob. Ní dómra ir ceart a rá; aét ní h-don máit a rá aét an ceart, agus irí an féinne ir fear. Ní dóic liom go bfuil an fearain beo moiu ar talam tium na h-Éireann do bainfeadh ceart de Sáob.”

“Ar an tsaob amuic d’adon fear amáin, ní dóic liom go bfuil,” arsan ragar. “Agus iud eile adá air,” ar reirean, “ní’l an bean rain beo moiu ar talam tium na h-Éireann, ná dá n-abrainn ra náiriún ir giorra di, do bainfeadh ceart de Cormac muna mbainfeadh Sáob ceart de, iud a bainfeadh. Bain an éluar díom muna mbainfeadh!”

“Anraic, a dtair,” arsa Diarmuid, “ba dóic le duine ar an gcuma ’na labhran tú go bfeicean tu féinne no bunúr éigin ra rála ro.”

“Sod, tá bun agus bá an rgeil éom cruinn rin ag na cairféirídh agus iad go leir éom móir rain ar don focal amáin i n-a ínrínt, ir deacair a rá ná go bfuil féinne éigin ann,” arsan ragar.

“Ní raib don éinne raím agam do tuitfeadh a leitéir amach,” arsa Diarmuid. “Ceapra ná pórfadh Sáob é aét oirfeadh agus bafadh rí i féin, agus ceapra ná feuchadh reirean ar an tsaob de’n bótar ’na mbeadh Sáob, dá mba na beadh i n-Éirinn aét í. Iré iud d’airígin ací go minic dá rá, ná raib don fear i n-Éirinn ba lúga uiréi ná é, agus ná raib don fear i n-Éirinn ba gráinne ’ná é. Má tá an beirt pórsa do buair fé ar a bfeaca raím.”

“U’féidirí,” arsan ragar, “má fuair rí an éireamaint reo go leir, féb mar a deirtear, ó muinrí an rí ag agus ó’n rí féin, ríe a feadh do éin rí an beirt agus tógáil do éir ar an mbiteamnac ú, agus má fuair rí fé éad púnt mar éuarfadh ar, go nfeadh Cormac leir féin gur b’ríú

tó feúcaint ar an tsaob de'n bódar 'na mbeaó rí, agus sup mór b'fíú tó feúcaint ar an tsaob rain 'na ar an tsaob eile. Agus b'féidir nuair éirífead Saóð Cormac ar an aigneadó rin náir éirí ba lúga 'na a fonn do beaó uirí a máó 'na h-aigneadó féin go bfuil rir le ragaíl atá níor gráinne ná é."

"Ha! ha! há!" arsa Diarmuid. "Máire cúir gáire éirí, a dtair!" ar reirean. "Ca b' fíor ná go mb'féidir go bfuil an rgeal níor fear 'na fíleamair é beir. 'An iud ba méara le duine ná a bár ní fearóir ré ná supab é lár a leara é."

Le n-a linn rin cia buailfead cúca an doirir irtead aó an tincéir móir. Fear gágaó rlinneánac, buíde, doo ead an tincéir móir. Fear lom láirir. Bí iaraó de rian na bolgaíge ann, agus ní raib puinn fearóige air. Bí ré iaraó bolg-fúitead. Bí ré ratorónac, ratorleicneac, deag-cúmta 'na beir agus 'na corán. Bíod fáilte inr gac cuirteadain roimir mar ní bíod re éiríde aó ag deanaí rporíre agus fuil agus caiteam aimpire dá mbíod láirfead.

Buail ré cúca irtead agus ní túirge énaic ré an ragaíre na tarais ré riar beagán. Do rnar ré an cáibín dá éann agus do noó re an t-éudan buíde maol abí air. Agus ir air abí an multacán móir cinn agus é go cioróub agus go car.

"Déin ar t' agair, a pátrais, a méic ó," arsan ragaíre. Agus é ag gáiríde. "Ní baogal duir," ar reirean. "B'féidir," ar reirean, "go bfeadfa-ra tuairis éigin do tairir túinn i tsaob an rápla ro atá ar ríubal tímdeall Saóð Diarmuid agus Cormaic Dáille.

"Fágaínn le h-uaóde, a dtair," arsan tincéir, "supab ríne díreac a túg anro anoir me, agus sup lag a fíleap go mbeaó tuac agat' onóir oim. Ní fear beir ag caint air, 'ré mo tuairim láirir ná feadfaó rprídeós iaraóta tead irtead ra rparíre gan fíor duir."

"Dá gáire beir agáinn, a pátrais," arsan ragaíre. "Ní gáó túinn beir ro maóíóitead. Dáin Muráinn

turac diompa féin ašur ba ro dúbairt di ađiompáil do curi ar an n-ouine mboct ro le n-a curio palmaireadta ašur le n-a curio zliúmata. Dúbairt ri zo raib ceapc aš zlaodac pa tis peo, ašur dúbairt ri zup buail oioic ceangbálaide uim Saob. Ašur an bfuil a fíor ašac cao dúbairt ri leir? Dúbairt ri zup ó Cúis Ullad í féin ašur zupab amlair do cuirpead aduaidz ar paó í cum Saob do coraint ar a h-earcárhoib. Bior féin aš zābail anall feudaint conur bí pé peo aš teact cum cinn nuair buail teactaire uman 'zā paó liom zo paó eagal ar na cómharrain zo raib ađiompáil aš teact air. Do bí iongna oim cao do cuirpead an ađiompáil air zó oti zup inir pé dom zo paó ri piúo aš caint leir. Ir doca nár euz ri uain di féin ar iomláine an ršeil do tabairt léi, le h-eagla ná bead turac aici ašur zup lúgde an rinctiúr do zeadad ri é. Ir doic liom zo bfuair ri rinctiúr uaid aet ní raib puinn aici le inirint do, ašur an méio abí, níoi dein pé aet aignead an ouine boict do curi tré céile níoi mó, ašur buadairt a dóicim ceana air."

"Ašur náe mói anionz na nár aicnižir í, a Óiarmuio," arpan tincéir.

"D'airižear teact táiri zo minic, aet ní feaca riam poume rin í ašur ní h-uiri bíoi aš cuimneam, níó náe iongna, aet ar mo leand," arpa Óiarmuio. "Cao é an póro inirinte d'airižir re ar an pápla ro, a párhoiz?" arpan pašairt. "Nó an bfuil don bunúr leir?"

"Ambara, a ađair," arpa párhoiz, "ní feadpad bunúr níob' fear a beit leir. Ní pápla ná ršeal ršeil é aet ríunne zlan. An cairéir, Uiliz de Búrc, ipé d'inir doimra é. Cormac féin ipé d'inir do-pain é. Ir doic leir zo bfuil Cormac ašur Saob póroa um an otaca ro. Dein Cormac zupab é an ríž féin do dein an cleamnar.

"Zcloiréi!" arpa Óiarmuio.

"Deirim leat ná fuil don focal brieze ann," arpa párhoiz. "Ó'n la do mužad me níoi airižear a leitéro d'eadtra. Bí a fíoi aš Cormac Saob do beit imižte ar

baile. Do lean ré ar muin capaill í. B'i a fíor aige í beit na cuir agus b'íod go raib sí raint aimpíre ar an mbochar rular gluar ré, ceap ré náir baogal 'na go dtiocfaod ré ruar léi pul a ppoirfead sí an cátair. B'i ré ag cur a tuairis ' agus ag tabairt a cómarcáirde uaird fan bótair ar fead ab'fao, agus mar rin do éimead ré ar fead ab'fao an bochar do lean ríre agus ba beas na go raib a fíor aige cao é an fáro moimír amac abí sí. Fé deire do cuiread i n-úil do zur gair sí dá bótair. Cuir rain amúga é, agus íre juo á dein re anrain na deanaí ceann ar aghair ar an gcaatáir. B'i a fíor aige go mbead ré ra cátair moimír agus do b'i. B'i aítne ra cátair air, do b'i aítne máit ag muintir an juí air. Cuir re luét airim amac láirreac ar na bóitrib ainear, agus tús ré cómarcáirde fáob' dóib. Da gear go b'feacadar ag teacé í, ar a c'romruadar agus cairín a clóca ar a ceann aici. Cuireadar iad féin i n-úil oi, acé ní raib don máit dóib ann go dtí zur túsadar an cómarcá c'ruinn oi. Dubruadar léi zur b'é Cormac baille do cur re n-a dein iad agus 'dá cómarcá rain fein' zur b'i rair b'odar an t-aoinne aínain a éonaic í ag fágaile an baile. Sáraim rain í.

Nuair fiarraid Cormac oi cao a túsí, túbairt sí leir zur teartaid uairi dul cum cainte leir an níí agus go gcaitfead sí ceart o'fágaile uairi. 'Cao 'tá ag an níí le deanaí duit?' arfa Cormac. 'Tá,' ar ríre, 'b'ieit ar an mbiteamháic a juí mo éuro airgíto uaim, agus an t-airgead do baint dé agus do tabairt tar n-air dom. Cao é an tairbe d'úinn níí do beit agáinn, agus a luét airim 'na éimcéall, muna b'feadar ré rinn do éoraint ar b'iteamháic?' ar ríre. 'Ír i n-ainim an níí do juíad mo éuro uaim,' ar ríre, 'agus ní raicad ré gan inirint do. Ní'l ionam acé anam doinne aínain,' ar ríre, 'acé dá mbead anam agus ríce ionam o'imireodáinn leir ríúto iad níof túirge na leirginn i n-airge leir an beart cáillte do dein ré. Sloisríd an talam é no tiocfao-ra ruar leir, agus nuair a éiocfao

geallaim tuit go gcuirpao catúgao air nár rsgaoil ré tairp me. Iy i n-ainim an níg do ruq ré mo cuio uaim. Iy ó'n níg acá páram le págail agam, nó ní níg é. Má creácao me i n-ainim an níg nác é iy lúga iy gann do'n níg ceao agur congnaím agur caoi do tabairt dom ar an mbiteamnac o'leanmáint 7 o'fíadao cum go mbeireao air. Ní págpao poll na póirpe i n-éiunn gan cuaraoac do. Beir i látair an níg me,' ar rípe. 'Beir i látair an níg me nó maáo péin 'na látair ar rílig éigin.'

"O'éigin do córmao a rílig péin do tabairt oi. Ní doic liom go maib don éur na doinnib aige. Bí pé ag tarang uirge cum a muillinn péin ra gno. Bí a fíor aige pé duine bearpao ar an mbiteamnac 7 tabarpao cum lamá é go mbeao a tuarparaoal do go maít ar. Agur bí a fíor aige ná fearao doinne congnaím níob' fear do beít aige cum na h-oirpe 'na congnaím Sáob, an fáio abí an fuaoar úo fuiti. Tug pé ceao a cinn oi. 'Bearpao-ra i látair an níg tu,' ar reirpan, 'acé reacaín agur na déin don ruo a cuirpao i bpúnc me, iy minic o'airígíy an rean-focal, 'ní h-ionann oul go tíg an níg' agur teaéc ar,' agur, 'guy rleamain iao leacaáa an tige móir.' Iy maít an dá rean-focal iao agur iy maíy ná coimeáopao i n-a aigheao iao go cruinn. 'Ní baogal ouit,' ar rípe, 'ní'l uaim acé go gcuirpáíde me am fearam i látair an níg agur go otabairpáíde ceao cainte dom. Ní'l agam le máo leir acé go ocaínig duine uapal go tíg m'atár ra múmáin, gup tairbeáin pé páinne an níg dom. Gup leig pé air gup ag ceannac capall do'n níg abí pé, gup ceannais pé iao i n-ainim an níg, gup leig pe air liompa ná maib oirpao airgíro aige agur díolpao ar a maib ceannaisgíte aige agur dá otagáinn-pe trí ceao púnt ar iapaéc do, i n-ainim an níg, ar feao painc laetanta go mbeao comaoín agam dá éur ar an níg agur ná maáo pain gan inírint do, gup tugar mo trí ceao púnt do'n duine uapal pain i n-ainim an níg, gup pág pain me péin agur m' atáir beo boéc, muna bfuil pé ar éumar an níg leigear do deanaím ar an oic do deineao i n-a ainim.'

‘Tá go maith,’ arsa Cormac, ‘na h-inir d’aoinne beó an níó reo atá ar aisneadh astat. Nuair beid do rgeal innte astat abair leir an níó go n-aitneodá an Síogáide dá bfaictá raðaric air, agus dá mb’ é toil a onóra congnaim fear do éur leat go raðpá ar a lois agus go tabairpá cum láma é.’ ‘D’aitneodáinn ceann an éuirpáig,’ ar rife, ‘dá mbeadh re ar feadh éirne h-uairic ríco dá beirpáigá i gcorcán rrairge, 7 bainfeadh-ra an forcamár dé, geallaim tuic é.’ ‘D’iméig Cormac agus fuair ré loirpín di. ‘D’iméig ré anrain agus do labair ré leir an bfeair abí ‘na ceann ar teiglac an níó. ‘Bí aithe aige orá go léir. ‘Tá óigbean anro ó’n Múmain,’ ar rifean, ‘agus veir rí gur rug tuime éigin trí ceath púnt uairic, agus náic réirpí léi ceacht ruar leir, agus go tóaimis rí cum gearáin do éur irteadh air, i láthair an níó.’ ‘Ir deacair do’n níó techt ruar leo go léir,’ arsan ceann. ‘Tá fiaðac ar fuair na h-éirnean, ar rifean, ‘le beir agus trí reachtmaine, ar biteamnac éigin eile 7 ir tóic liom gur ra Múmain á déin ré pé cuir atá deanta aige. Tamaoíó cráíóte, ceapó, ciapáite, as Muimneadhair.’ Níor labair Cormac oruo. ‘Cáin a ceapáíóean uairic labair leir an níó?’ arsan ceann. ‘Ré tré do ceapáíó an níó réin,’ arsa Cormac, agus do fleamnuis ré píora óir ireadh i láim an éinn. ‘Fan anrain go fóil,’ arsan ceann, agus d’iméig ré, ba gear gur fill ré. ‘Bíod rí anro uim eadháta amárac,’ ar rifean, ‘agus gearbair rí ceapic. Tá ceapic le págail anro as íreal agus as uaral. Bíod rí anro amárac uim eadháta agus pág an éur eile rúmpa.’

“Uim eadháta láir na bárac bí an beiric as doirp tige an níó. Táinig an ceann amac. Conaic ré Cormac. Cá bfuil rí?’ ar rifean. ‘Síó í,’ arsa Cormac go réir. ‘Teanam, a ’gáin ó,’ arsan ceann. ‘Do gúair rí i n-aoimfeacht leir. Cuadhair irteadh doirp. D’iméigeadhair tre píorpe fáda. Cuirpádhair doirp eile tóib agus píorpe eile. Cuirpádhair an trínádh doirp tóib. Ní píorpe abí lairpíg dé rin aét páiric breaíg móir fáirpinn gúmanac, agus i go gúar,



ašur so beáirca, le ppeil, ašur capáin deapa tréici anonn, ašur žaimh oirca. Bí míg-čeađlac álunn uapal pa taob čall de'n páirc rin. Čuz an ceann ađaič ar čorur an míg-čeađlaiđ rin. Žluair Sačb 'na čiaič. Čuail an ceann buille beađ rėič ar an nčorur. Ča žėair žur h-črđalač é. Čuine uapal breađ žroičde cumapač čob eač an feap č'črđail é. Či capín airđio ar a čeann, nó čeap Sačb žur č' airđeao é. Ašur bí člčca ríčoa air ašur bí čuađ ar a žualainn aiđe, ašur i čóm žreanta čóm polurhár le žlaine, ašur pačbar uirči žur čoič leat žo mbairfeao rí an cean de čapall č'aoč iaráč. Čo labair an beirč feap le n-a čéile i žcožar ar feao čamaill, anrain čo bažair feap na čuađa ar Sačb ašur čo lean rí é ašur č'fan an feap eile amuič. Ní čuirđe abí Sačb ar an čtaob irčiz de'n čorur 'ná ba ččbar žo leaoč a mačairc uirči. Čo čonaic rí an rečmra breađ mčr fairrinž áro, ašur na h-uairle 'na ruičde ann ar žac čaob. Fir breađčta mčra čačamla čob eač iao, ašur člčcaičde ríčoa oirca ašur rlabraičde čiri oirca ašur búčlaičde čiri 'na mbríčžaič, ašur a člarčeam le n-a air ađ žac feap čioč. Ar a h-ađaič ruar čo čonaic rí aon feap amhain ašur ba mč ašur ba čumapaide ašur ba čačamla é ná aon feap eile ča mač ann. Či čorčinn čiri ar a čeann ašur mar beao ačairca beađa anáirčde airči mčr čimčeall. Ar bár žac ačaircin acu rain čo bí builla beađ čiri, ašur irčiz i lár žac builla bir bí polar éižin ar larao ašur ar čurč, mar beao rėilčín, oiččde feaca. Či člčca čearž air, čóm čearž leir an žclčca abí ar Sačb rėin lá an aonaiž, nó b'fėioir níor čeirđe. Či a rlat ríčžčda 'na lám čear aiđe ašur bí rė 'na ruičde ar čačaoir mčr áro žur čoič leat žo mač an uile bláirde či čeanta č'čri čarča. Nuair čonaic Sačb é bí a ríor aici žur b'é an míž é. Ačt ní mač rđat 'ná eađla uirči raiče, mar ní feučaint čruaič čoiččeao abí aiđe, ačt feučaint breađ čož rėič čuim-eanta. Či an čačaoir ríčžčda rėin anáirčde ar láirčean abí mar ačearpa leat-čričiz níor áirčde na an čuro eile de'n

árlár. Bí dá cátaoirí eile ann, cátaoirí acu ar gac taob de'n láitneán, annar ar an tcalamh, agus bí beirt uairle na fuíde oísta. Fíh éiriona liata doob ead ias. An fear acu abí ar deir an níg, bí ghuaisí fáda liat aih, agus í riar ríor leir, ar a fúinneánaib, agus bí fearóg fáda liat aih, ríor ar a bhrágaio agus ar a brollac. Bí clóca uaitne aih agus bí cláirpeac móir 'na fearamh i n-a aice. An fear acu abí ar an tcaob eile de'n níg bí ghuaisí fáda liat aih leir, agus bí fúhra óir ar a ceann, ag comeádo na ghuaisge riar dá éadon, agus bí fearóg fáda liat aih, oípeac mar abí ar fear na cláirpíge. Adt ba éruime agus ba mó o'fear é go móir 'ná fear na cláirpíge.

"Bí Saob ag tabairt na puadaíde rin go léir fé nveara agus í ag gabáil an t-árlár ruar fa deim an níg. Nuair bí sí i ngoipeacát éuis ríata, nó mar rin, do, de rtao sí. "Óruio tamall eile ainíor, a 'gnín o,' arpan níg. Níor éuir sí cor oi. 'Óruio ainíor. Na bíod ceir oírt,' arpan níg. 'Óruio ruar. Ní'l don ruo le h-imteacát oírt,' arpa fear na tuaga léi, i gcozar. Níor deim sí don blúipe amáin adt a clóca do rgaóilead riar ríor oi agus oul de léim i bfeapóiz an fíh móir abí ar lámh clé an níg agus oírúgádo ar an bfeapóiz do rtaad, féb mar deim sí le fear an bhamais oíóde an donais. An dara tarmanz dar bain sí ar an bfeapóiz do gluar léi, i n-don rgnait amáin, roir fearóg agus ghuaisí agus fúhra óir, agus cia bead ann 'na rteilbeataiz aici adt an Síogaíde macánta! 'Aihú, a bíteamhnaiz na croíde duibe!' ar rípe, 'rín éugam amac anro láitneac mo éuro aihgíto a meallair uaim i n-ainim an níg.' Ar neómat na bairt bí ríde lám of a gcionn agus cláirdeamh lompaéta inr gac lám oíob.

'Ná buaitear é,' arpan níg. 'Sabtar é,' ar rírean. 'Cao ár duirte, a gnínó?' arpan níg. 'Do cáit rí í féim ar a dá glúin of cómair an níg. 'Ó'n Múhain, a níg,' ar rípe, 'agus do táinig an fear ram an lá fé deirpead go tiz m'atár, agus oúbairt re go raib fé ag ceanaó capall

tuire, a ní, agus do ceannuis ré arais de capailib ar an donac an lá rain, agus do díol re airgead bhréagac arta, agus tairbeáin ré dompra t'fáinne re, a ní, agus dúbairt ré ná raib a d'óitín airgíó aige cum díol ar arais ceannuighe aige, agus d'iar ré oim trí ceao púnt do tabairt do do ainimpe, a ní, agus tusaí do é. Iy ar éigin abí ré tabairta do agam nuair a fuair Seadhna amac sup bíteamhnac é agus cuir ré Cormac 'na diaí. Acé do teip ar Cormac teacé ruar leir. Agus doí n'odí ní h-iongna sup teip agus é anro irgíó go rruarair agus rruairé fáda liac air agus fearós fáda liac. Feuc air rin!

'Go réir, a 'gnín ó,' arfan ní. 'Cia h-é Cormac?' 'An báille atá agáinn, a ní,' ar ríre. 'Ca bfuil ré anoir?' arfan ní. 'Ta ré amuic ag an ngeata, a ní,' ar ríre. 'Tusaí irteac é,' arfan ní. 'Do tusaí irteac é. Agus go veimín a dtair, veir uilí de búrc, dá mba ná beao agat acé don fáire amáin go ndeanpá é dá bfeicpá an dá fúil a táinig do Cormac agus an iongna agus an alltaac agus an t-uacbár a táinig air, nuair conaic ré Saob ar a glúinib of cómair an ní agus an rruairé rruairé agus fearóige úo 'na lámair aici agus a clóca lairtair oi ar an úrlár, agus an fear abí ag ríubal an donais lei, anróo tuar gabta, agus fear na tuaga 'na fearam lairtair dé, ollam ar a ceann do rruairé leir an tuairé dá rruairé ré cor dé.

'A báille,' arfan ní, 'cia h-é rin?' 'Siné, a ní,' arfa Cormac, 'an fear ceannuis na capail ar donac an Tobair ra m'áimín agus do díol an t-airgead bhréagac arda. Bí ceatpar acu ann, agus do rruairé ar rruairé acu. Acé do teip oráinn teacé ruar leir reo. Agus ní veimín go bfuil don cúinne ra catair reo, 'na iy dóca i n-Éirinn, gan dooine anoir ann ar a loig. Ní mói rruairé do cup amac láirteac go bfuil beirte air agus gan ríi bocta do beir 'gá marbad réin níor ría ag ríre 'na diaí, agus gan é ann le fáil.'

'Go réir, báille,' arfan ní, 'ní veimín na go bfuil iaracé

de dearmhad ort.' 'Ó níl, a níg,' arya Cormac. 'Meapaim,' aryan níg, 'go bfuil, mar ní h-ort adá an t-aedari asur an talamh do doimeado gan tuicim ar a céile.' 'Do gáirteadar na h-uairte go léir. D'féuc Cormac 'na tínceall ortá asur do leat a beal air asur táinigis bioir ar a fuilib, mar ní feoiri ré cao do cúir as gáirte de iao.

Anrain do ghlaoiró an níg cúige ar Sairó asur ceirtoig re í asur bailiú ré uairi fíor bunúr an rgeil ó turaó go deiread, ioiri cleamnar asur zeallamaint póroa asur iaraóat aihgíto asur uile. Asur Síogáide anrúto gabta as éirteadé leó asur fear na tuaga lartiarí de.

Nuair bí a rgeal críócnuigíte as Sairó do taraintí rí ar a póca cuir de'n aihgeat breaadé asur tús rí do'n níg é. D'féuc ré air go gáir anrain do ghlaoiró ré ar ceann airn na caírad a bí 'na fearam tíor as an n-oirur. Táinig ré ainíor. 'Conur do tárla?' aryan níg, 'sur iugaó ar éiríur acu asur sur iméig an ceatrimad duine. 'Siné bí am d'allaó,' ar reirean, 'a níg. Adé tuigim anoir é. Siné anrain,' ar reirean, as rínead a méire cum Síogáide, 'an fear a dearbuis ar an t-oiríur.' 'Do gluair orna cléib ó n-araid láirtead nuair ó' aihgeatdar an méto rin. 'Do dearbuis ré leir,' aryan ceann-airn, 'sur b'é duine abí as deanam an aihgíto breagais 'ná fear a cóimnuigean ra míúmain surab ainim do Seathá, asur sur b'é do ceanuis na capall ar an donad do' ainimre, a níg. Asur dá cómaréa rain féin go raib ré beó boóct go otí abfuil le fíor-deagán aimpíre. Ná raib ann adé grearáide boóct i mboctan as bun cnuic asur go bfuil ré anoir ar an bfeair ir raibbire asur ir neam-rpleáigáide i n-éirinn. 'Do glearar láirtead congnaí fear cum imigíte ceann ar asairó ó deap ra míúmain cum beiré ar Seathá úto, nuair cia buairtead cúgaimn irteadé adé Cormac báille anro asur é ar éoir na mbiteamnad, asur allur air asur ceó bótarí a dóitín. 'D'oir ré rin dúinn láirtead rgeal abí bun or cionn ar raó leir an rgeal eile. 'Dubairt ré linn go raib toga na

h-aítne aige féin ar Séadna agus sup òuine macánta é, agus sup b'é cúir an tóir i n-oiaró na mbitéamínac agus muna mbeaó é ná bearráide i n-aon óor oréa. Cearar féin an fear ó'inir an éaó rgeal do cúir or cómair Cormaic, aét ní raib társ na tuairis air. Uí ré imigte mar flóiz-geaó an talam é. Cuirlear luét cuaróais inr gac ball trío an gcaóair. O'imtígear féin ra cuaróac leó, aét ní raib aon máit óúinn ann. Ní raib ré le págail tíor na tuar. Ir cuimhin liom am,' ar reirean, 'go maít, go bfeaca ag gabáil éorim ra trráio, agus é ag riúbal ar a focaracé, tuine ó' uairlib an rígs agus fearós fáda liaé go breaós bog ršáinneac air, óireac mar í reó,' ar reirean ag breit ar an ršraic a' lámair Šaíb, 'agus šruais breós érom mar í reo air, agus í riar ríor leir ar a šuailib 'n-a páinníóib ag cur agus ag líbarais. Ir las a filllear an uair rin go raib an t-é abí uaim óóm h-acmarí tom.'

"Aét 'ré curé an ršéil tuic é, a áair, sup cuaró-uigeaó tís an tuine uarail agus sup fuaró ann éaét ar fáo ó'airgeaó agus ó'ór agus ó'olmáitear. Agus go noúbaric an rígs nári bfuláir a curó féin do ábaric do Šaíb ar a óúbaric, agus a roga óá raib ann de feóirib uairle. Agus na carail do ceanuigeaó ar an aonac agus sup rólaó an t-airgeaó breágaó aróa, óúbaric re nári bfuláir iao do cuaróac agus iao do cúir éar nair ra mímáim ag triall ar an muincir go mba leó iao. Anrain do órouis an rígs tís Šioguirde do glanaó agus do focarú-gaó agus do cúir i tpeó, agus é ábaric do Šaíb, óá mba máit léi dul cum cómnuigte ann agus a h-áair do breit léi ann, mar go raib comaoín móri curéa aici air, comaoín níor mó 'ná cúir doinne de na h-uairlib abí 'na éimceall riam air, cé sup móri an iontaóib abí aige arca 7 sup šairio a nšaol leir. Lar na bárac an lae rin ireaó ó'airis Uilís De Dúrc i ttaó an éleamnar. Iré abí ar riubal ag óaóinib 'ná go raib Šaíb agus Cormac le pórac, agus go rašairóir cum cómnuigte ra tís móri agus ná raib

δον τρεῶ ἀέτ α βρυαιη Σαῶθ δε φαῖθβρεαρ ὄ'εαζμουη να ρέ  
ζσεάθ.

“Διλιλιύ!” ἀρρα Ὀιαρμουο. “Ἴρ έάεταε αν ραοζαλ έ!  
Cά βρυη αν τ-ε έεαρφαῶ ζο βρεικρι έοιῶέε αν βειητ ρη  
ι ζευίηζ ῥόρῶα!”

“Αη ραζαιη ζο θαηε-ἄεα-Clιαε έum έόηηηιζτε, α  
Ὀιαρμουο?” ἀρρα Ῥάοηαιζ.

“Ῥέ θαη 'να ραζαιῶ ρε,” ἀρραη ραζαιη, “ηί ὀόιέ ηι om  
ζο ὀτιοεφαῶ δον αέι om ραιη αν τυηηρ ρο αιη.”



## SEADNA.

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### PART II.

It was nightfall. Cormac and his men had not returned. Some of those who had accompanied them and who had failed to keep up with them were returning after each other. Some of them were saying that the thieves had been caught, others were denying it. There was a crowd of them gathered on the middle of the road just outside Dermot's house. They were disputing and arguing. The Big Tinker was in the midst of them asking questions.

Seadna started out of his reverie. "Dermot," said he, "shut this door behind me and fasten it well." Out with him and into the midst of the people who were talking.

"Have they been caught?" said he.

"They have," said one.

"They have not," said another.

"But I say they have," said the first. "Did not my two eyes see Cormac's hand on the throat of that big fellow who was walking the fair to-day with Sive [pronounced exactly like *drive*.] Is it the sight of my eyes you would take from me?"

"In connection with that," said a third. "I cannot understand why Sive was walking the fair with him."

"Neither can I," said a fourth. "Nor can I understand what brought them at all to Dermot's house, walking in and out there in such a manner that one would imagine the place belonged to them. That was what blinded me, and others besides me. When I saw them so much at home in Dermot's house I had no distrust in them. They took a splendid colt from me. I would have been glad to get thirty pounds for him. When I heard of the terrible work, the big sums of money given for anything in the shape of a horse, I was

astonished. I heard the people saying that they were but buyers, that they had the King's money, that they had got it easy and that they were spending it easy. I said to myself, of course, that I might as well have my pull out of it as I had got the chance. I asked for sixty pounds. I got it at once. A pocket full of little leaden plates! They have ruined me! My fine brave colt, after I had spent the year feeding him. But for my having seen them so much at home at Grey Dermot's house I would not have been deceived so."

"That's the talk!" said another, with passion in his voice. "I was similarly deceived, and but for Grey Dermot and Sive I should not have been deceived."

"Mend, Dermot!" said Seadna, "since he did not look before him. They have made beggars of him and of Sive." He told them in detail, from beginning to end, the story as it had taken place. "The fact of the matter is," said he, "I fear it will break Dermot's heart, if it has not already done so, and that poor Sive will go stark mad. £300! All that the pair had ever gathered, gone! I do not remember such a ruining. I do not know in the world what they will do."

"By jove!" said the man of the colt, "bad as our case is theirs is worse. But for your saying it, I should not believe a word of it. But, sure of course it must be true for you. What else would have taken her out in that fooling manner, walking the fair with him in her red cloak, but that she was quite sure that the match was made?"

"In Dublin they were to be married," said the Big Tinker. "No place nearer home would do, good gracious me! I have been a long time in the world, and many a clever trick has been played upon me in my time, but such a trick as that I never have seen played until to-day, and I dare say I shall not see again."

"Which were there more tricks played on you or by you?" said he of the colt.



"Really and truly I do not remember playing a trick ever on anyone. No, really," said the Tinker. He said it so innocently that they all laughed out. Sive heard the laugh. She at once concluded that the fun was at herself. She had heard Seadna telling all about the match. She had heard him with shame and anger. But when she heard the laugh she lost control of herself. She rushed out and began at them. She heaped abuse on Seadna again, as he had not spoken in time, before she had given her money to Shiogaidhe. Then she heaped abuse on the Big Tinker because he was laughing at her. "You thick-speaking clown, of the broken pots!" said she, "it did not come to your turn, nor to that of anyone of your race during seven generations, that you should be making fun of *me*." Then she turned on him of the colt because he burst out laughing when he saw the dressing Seadna and the Big Tinker were getting. "It is a very just deed," said she, "that it should happen to *you* as it did, and if it had happened to you seven times worse. It was easy for you to know when you were offered sixty pounds for your ragged, starved, badly-bred little colt, that it was not an honest man that ever offered such a sum for him. You could not help it. The greed was too strong in your heart. Sixty pounds for a little sthuhereen of a colt without shape or form, with no more breeding than an old sheep. Confound you! you miserable little wretch! what talk you have!"

"Whist, Sive," said he of the colt, "don't be uneasy. There have been so many senseless people at this fair to-day, I am fully convinced that somewhere amongst them therè will very soon be found a fool who will take you without a fortune." She made a spring, and before he knew what was coming she had her two hands fixed in his beard and was pulling it violently. She pulled it one way and she pulled it the other way. He put three or four groans out of him, as a bull-calf would on the knife being put to his throat. He did not strike

her, though he found it hard to refrain. He put his two hands to her and flung her out from him and ran away. Her fingers did not come away empty. You would think that all who were present would fall dead with fun when they saw the choking the man of the colt had got, and when they saw the beard on Sive's fingers.

Meanwhile the people were returning more numerous from the pursuit of the thieves. According as they came each asked what caused the fun, or what was going on. They soon lost sight of their own troubles, and the entire conversation and discussion turned upon the catastrophe which had befallen Sive and Dermot.

Sheela. Indeed, Peg, I suppose, but for that, it would happen to them as Dermot had said. They would be killed, or burned in the house.

Kate. But for Seadna they were done for.

Sheela. How is that, Kate? Sure, if he told Dermot to shut the door, did not Sive open it?

Kate. It made no matter whether it was open or shut, but for the skill with which Seadna put the matter of the match and of the £300 into the mouths of the people. That was what saved them from the rage of the people.

Peg. And though Sive did not perceive it, she helped Seadna very much in the matter. When they were looking at her and listening to her for a while, what they said to each other was that she was surely getting out of her mind. Two women of her neighbours came and coaxed her in home. Then the rumour spread that she was stark mad and had to be tied. That turned all danger aside. Everyone believed that they were not guilty, and that they had not had any knowledge of what the thieves had done. On the contrary, that no one had suffered more than they had.

The night was passing and Cormac was not returning, nor any exact account from him. Those who had lost their property

began to feel ashamed. They had heard the word Sive said to him of the colt. They knew she was right. There was not one of them to whom the language did not apply as aptly as to him of the colt. They felt that no person had much compassion for them, and they had not much compassion for each other. When the big sums were offered to them they knew they were getting more than their right—and they took it. By and by, when the truth came out they felt in their hearts that they had got what they deserved, because that they had consented to the wrong. They slipped away home, gloomy and sore at heart, sad and disappointed, disgusted with themselves and with their day's work.

Sheela. See, there are many ways of making false money besides making it of little slate flags, with witchcraft.

Kate. See, there are exactly. And see also that it seldom happens that a man is found honest enough to come in a week and put the right money instead of the false, as Michael Breathnach did.

Gob. And as usually happens, see how little he was thanked. He saved both his character and his property.

Kate. Which character, Gobnet, the honesty or the witchcraft?

Gob. Well said, Kate. I believe he saved both.

Nora. I wonder, Peg, was there any hope that the gentleman would come back and give genuine coin to those to whom he had given the base coin.

Peg. I fear, Nora, that if he did he would be set down by those same people as being as mad as they thought Sive was.

Gob. Wisha, Peg, how quietly Nora pokes a bit of fun at us. "I wonder was there any hope that he would come back," says she. As if she had the slightest doubt upon her mind about the fact that there was no hope whatever of it.

Nora. O really and truly, Gobnet, and as I hope no evil to my soul, I am in downright earnest. Here is the point that is a trouble to me. Michael Redmond made money with

witchcraft of little slate flags, and gave them to the landlady in order to get his hat from her. He was not easy in his mind, however, until he returned at the end of a week and brought to her genuine money, and neither he nor anyone else saw anything extraordinary in that action. But if that gentleman were to come back and give genuine money to the people to whom he had given the bad money, they would say he was as mad as they considered Sive was. That is what puzzles me.

Peg. But, see, Nora, there is this difference between the two cases. Michael B. was an honest man, whatever witchcraft he had or had not. That gentleman was a thief, whatever gentility he had or had not.

Kate. Upon my veracity, my own opinion is that the greatest gentlemen are the greatest thieves. There is that gentleman who evicted the 'C Eoganachs. It is said that he has £10,000 a year over in England. That could not satisfy him. He should come over here to the poor 'C E's and fling them out under the deluge of rain on Xmas night. The old couple were there and the young couple and nine children. The eldest was one age with Peg, and the youngest was three weeks old. When they were out, and the rain falling in torrents, young John MacEoghan made a shed for them against the ditch as a shelter. The gentleman came and pulled down the shed.

Nora. Oh, my God! Kate. Surely he did not do that.

Kate. Indeed he did. The bailiff told him there was some point of law in it, and that he would have the same trouble in evicting them from the shed as he had in evicting them from the house. He pulled down the shed, at all events. Then the poor old man was crying; and when the gentleman saw him crying, "See," said he, "how the old cock cries."

Sheela. What does that mean, Kate? .

Kate. "Feud mar goitean an pean cocaiße."

Sheela. Oh! see that, and himself causing the man to cry.

Gob. I should be inclined to say to that gentleman as Mary Partholan said to the man who had carried a year's butter from her. She had no legal remedy. "Upon my word," said she, "it is a good arrangement that there is a hell."

Peg. O fie! Gobnet, how did she know but she might go there herself!

Gob. I dare say she did not say it from her heart. She was angry, and she had cause.

Sheela. I don't think it should be necessary for any person to say it to that gentleman who evicted the people and pulled down the shed.

Peg. Why, Sheela?

Sheela. Because God, praise be to Him, will do it without being asked.

Peg. What will He do, Sheela?

Sheela. He will send that gentleman to hell.

Peg. How do you know, Sheela, but the gentleman may do penance?

Sheela. His penance won't do unless he puts up the house again and puts the people back into it, safe and sound as they were before; and he must give them money for the damage he did them.

Kate. Bravo! Sheela. That is the talk that sounds well. What a pity you are not making the laws for us; you would soon put the gentlemen into their proper place, and it would be necessary. But look here, Peg, sure gentlemen don't ever do penance.

Peg. Dear me; what put that into your head?

Kate. Why, I am ever hearing of their bad doings; the wrong and the ruin which they are inflicting upon the poor—crushing and grinding and banishing them into cold and wandering—and I never heard that any of them repented

or made reparation. It is the poor who are always doing the penance. It is a strange story.

Peg. Oh! indeed, Kate, gentry do penance, too. St. Gobnet was a king's daughter, and St. Colum Cille was a king's son.

Sheela. Did you hear that, Gobnet?

Gob. Oh! dear, I did long ago, Sheela. She was a king's daughter, and when she left her father's house the angel told her not to stop to live in any place until she should find nine white deer asleep. She came to some place and she found three. She stayed there a little while. Then she came to Killgobnet, where she found six. She stayed there for a considerable time, and that was when it was called Killgobnet. Then she came to Ballyvourney, where she found the nine. There she spent the remainder of her life, and she is buried there.

Kate. I'll engage the Mac Eoghan's will be out a long time before the gentleman who evicted them will repent and put them back into their home.

Nora. I suppose the gentry who live now are different from the gentry who lived long ago.

Peg. Doubtless, I dare say it will be a long time before a saint is found amongst them.

Gob. How did it go with Cormac, Peg?

Peg. There was not tale nor tidings of him for a week after the fair day. Everything got quiet. Neither Sive nor her father was seen outside the door during the week. Those who had suffered most through the action of the thieves were those who spoke least about it. Those who had had nothing to lose were constantly talking. Each of them was boasting that if he had had a horse to sell he would not have parted with him quite so greenly. After a week Cormac returned. Seadna's house was the first he faced. Seadna came out to meet him just as he had done to meet John Ciotach.

“ Well !” said Seadna.

“ Three of them have been hanged,” said Cormac. “ Sheegee, or whatever his name is, escaped. Good as our speed was we failed to overtake them until we reached the city. I went at once to the king’s men where I was well known, and I told my story. You never saw people so much astonished as they were. ‘ Why,’ said they, ‘ a man came here a while ago and told that same story and showed us three of the thieves and we arrested them at once, and they will be probably hanged to-morrow. They told us that they were not the most guilty, but the man who was their leader, and the leader of more of them in Munster, a man named Seadna, a man who was manufacturing false coin for a long time. And as a proof of it, that it was plain to the world that he was in abject poverty until within less than five or six years, and that now he was one of the richest men in Munster, or, perhaps, in Ireland. And,’ said they, ‘ there is an order from the king to arrange an armed force and to go and seize upon that Seadna, whoever he is, and to bring him here bound.’ ‘ Where is the man who told that story?’ said I. ‘ He is here within,’ said they. We went in. There was not a trace of him. They ran in all directions in search of him. He was not to be found any more than if the ground had swallowed him. ‘ Where are the other three?’ said I. ‘ They are in the jail,’ said they. ‘ Let us see them and question them,’ said I. We went in and questioned them, each separately. Their answers were the same thus far; that the base coin was being made somewhere in the city; that any of them did not know the place; that they were getting five shillings in the pound for passing it at fairs and markets; that they had lived as pedlars previously to this business; that the base coin used to be sent to their dwellings; that they had never seen the place where it was made nor the person who was head of the business.

“ You never saw anything like the astonishment of the king’s men when they heard that. Then I told them how you set me

on the thieves, and I explained to them how, but for your action, it would have been impossible to catch them at all.

On the following day I had to go before the judge and tell him the story in detail. Then they were sentenced to be hanged, on account of the act they had done, and doing it under the king's name. And detectives were appointed and sent out in all directions, to see whether they could come up with honest Sheege, whoever he is or wherever he is, and bring him to hand. Searchers were also appointed to find out the place where the base coin is being made, and since there must be others, besides the four in it, to hunt up and catch the others before they could do any further mischief. There is many a sharp hound at the heels of the rascal by this time, I promise you, and if he escapes them it is a wonder to me. When they understood how cleverly you acted on the fair day, and how closely the four were pursued, what they said was, that it was a great pity you were not below amongst them, where you would have an opportunity of turning your talents to some account."

"I fear, Cormac," said Seadna, "that when you were giving them an account of my talents, if you did not exaggerate the truth you did not diminish it. But I dare say that, but for the quickness with which you followed at the heels of that big fellow, and but for your arriving in the city so soon after him, I should be with them now, not exactly for the sake of my talents. He seems to have made a desperate attempt against me. It is a pity the like of him should be at large. It is bad of the city men if they fail to catch him, now that his name is so public all over the country on account of this deed. And *apropos* of that, I am really surprised that he should have been such a fool as to connect the king's name with the act. He ought to have known that he could not escape long under the king's name."

"My opinion is," said Cormac, "that he knew well what he was about, and that it was on purpose solely that he did the work of the fair day."



"How is that?" said Seadna.

"According as I understand the matter," said Cormac, "he was aiming chiefly at you, and here is how he meant to get at you, if he had succeeded. As soon as he should have finished the business of the fair, he and Sive would go off down to Dublin. He would leave the other three in care of the horses, to lead them along until they should meet some of their own class on the road, who would take them away to dispose of them at fairs. As soon as he should reach the city he would go before the judge and swear against you the deed he himself had done, viz., that it was *you* had the base coin, and that it was *you* that was buying the horses in the king's name, as it were, and that he himself had no other business in the place but to make the match, and to take home his wife. Then when he should have settled the matters for you and put the hemp about your neck, he would marry Sive, and then see who would say he was a thief! It would not have been very difficult for him to make the city people believe the story when he would tell them how little money you had a short time ago and the greatness of your wealth now."

"No one has ever said that he got base coin from me," said Seadna.

"Neither did he," said Cormac. "When I was told that it was you that gave the rent to the widow that day long ago, I tested every piece of it, and it was all as genuine as if it had come that very morning out from the king's own mint."

"I suppose," said Seadna, "if it had been base, things would have gone hard with me," and he smiled.

"There was no danger that any matters would go hard with you through me," said Cormac, "as long as you were doing no wrong." It just happened that he looked Seadna in the face, and he stopped.

Sheela. Why did he stop, Peg? I should think that, whomsoever that look of Seadna's would startle, or not startle, it

would be very hard for it to startle Cormac of the nose. I'll bet, if Shawn-an-Aonig was there it would not startle him. No, any more than it would startle a sow pig if she were there.

Peg. Why, it was how the matter stood with Cormac, Seadna knew an ugly secret regarding him. A short time after that day on which he came for possession to the widow Seadna found out all about the bribe, and Cormac knew he did. He was unable to make his mind easy nor to sleep the night until he came to speak with Seadna and ask him not to lodge a complaint against him. Seadna promised he would not, provided Cormac promised not to take a bribe again. He did so most willingly.

Sheela. What a barefaced man! "You need not have dreaded me as long as you did no wrong." It was no wonder that he was startled. If Sive had known so much she would have understood what the grip was that Seadna had of him.

Peg. He had that grip of him firmly, and signs by, he had but to beakon to him in order to send him to work, be the work hard or easy, be the time late or early, no matter how cold or wet the weather.

"Do you think is there any prospect of his being caught?" said Seadna.

"The pursuit is hot at all events," said Cormac. "There are people on his trail from whom it is hard to escape, I promise you. They say themselves that no thief has ever escaped them. If this fellow escapes them he will have broken the record." (Lit. "he will have the palm.")

"Have you been talking to Grey Dermot since your return?" said Seadna.

"No," said he, "but I have heard that Sive left home, and that there is no account of her. I was intending to go down there now to see whether she has returned or whether there is any truth at all in it."

"I'll go with you," said Seadna. "I have not heard a word of it. The poor man is to be pitied."

They went on down. Dermot was not in the doorway before them. The door was shut. They opened it and went in. They saw neither Sive nor Dermot. There was a strange old woman sitting near the fire. She raised her head and looked at them, and she bent it again without speaking. They knew her. She was a neighbour, Deaf Poll was the name she was called, still she was not very deaf, but she was very slow.

"Where is the man of the house, Poll?" said Cormac.

"He is a little unwell," said she, slowly.

"Is he in bed?" said Cormac.

"He is," said she, "and Mary-ni-Art is taking care of him."

Just then the nurse opened the room door.

"You are welcome," said she.

"What ails this man, Mary?" said Cormac.

"I fear, Cormac," said she, "that he has got a little attack of fever. God bless the hearers! He fell sick on the day following the fair, when he found Sive gone. When the priest heard of the dreadful doings of those thieves at the fair he came here himself, and when he found Dermot sick and no one to give him a drink he sent for me, and I came."

"Might we go in to see him?" said Seadna.

"Oh, certainly, certainly," said she.

Cormac was already within without leave.

Sheela. I would not doubt him!

"How goes it, Dermot?" said Cormac.

"Ask about!" said Dermot. "Where did you leave her?" said he. "Did he take her from you? You are a good-for-nothing man, and to let her go with him."

"He is in that way since I came," said the nurse. "His mouth does not rest, but going on constantly."

"Do you know me, Dermot?" said Seadna.

“Do I know you! It is as right for me to know you as it is for you to know me. It is as right for you to know me as it is for me to know you. It is as right for me to know you as it is for you to know me——” He went on in that way repeating the same words over and over, and taking care to invert their order alternately, and whenever he happened to miss any word or not to make the inversion exactly in order, he used to go back upon the expressions until he satisfied his mind that they were in order as he wished them. Then he used to quicken the language as if he had laid a wager as to how many times he could repeat the words without drawing his breath. He used to strain himself so much that you would think he would choke himself for want of breath. After a while he ceased those rushings of speech, and looked over into the corner of the room.

“It is a shame for you all,” said he. “There is that poor man over. His head is bursting with pain and none of you would look to him.”

Sheela. Who was he, Peg?

Peg. There was nobody there, Sheela. The poor man was only raving.

Kate. I suppose it was in his own head the pain was.

Peg. In his own head, of course.

Kate. Indeed, I saw our James in that same way long ago, when he had the sore finger. His thumb it was that was sore. He was raving with the violence of the pain, and he used to be calling my mother and Nell, and asking them to “look to that little boy yonder in the corner, for that he had a very sore thumb.”

Nora. Well then, Peg.

Peg. They remained a long time listening to him, but they failed to get any sensible talk out of him. “What do you think of him, Mary?” said Seadna to the nurse. “I don’t think he is in danger,” said she. “It is a good sign of the sickness that the raving is so lively. I have not noticed any

torpor upon him. He suffers from thirst, not too much, and I am giving him good two milks' whey."

They came out of the room. "Is there any account of Sive," said Seadna, "or does anyone know in what direction she has gone?"

"No one but Poll, here, saw her going," said the nurse. "Poll was out at dawn on the morning after the fair. The conduct of the thieves and the confusion that followed it gave the poor woman a disturbed night. She was sitting outside the door of her cabin at the grey dawn. She saw a woman leave this house; she was bent forward; she had the hood of her cloak on her head. Where should she face but towards the cabin; she did not expect that Poll would be up so early; she did not see Poll until she was close up to her. They looked at each other. None of them spoke. Poll seldom speaks unless spoken to; she is not very quick at it even then. Sive passed on along the road to the north-east, she was bent forward for speed. It was the Dublin road. No one has seen her since, dead nor alive. I have not heard that any one else saw her that morning except Poll here."

"Why did you not speak to her, Poll?" said Cormac.

"Wisha, I don't know," said Poll, slowly.

"As sure as there is a ferrel on a tramp's stick," said Cormac, "it is in pursuit of the Sheegee she is gone, and it is not through love of him nor for his welfare. Many a clever trick he has played during his life, but I give him my hand and word that the trick he played upon Sive on the fair day is the sorest trick to him that he ever played. If it is in pursuit of him she has gone, and it is, if he were to go into an augur hole to hide from her, it won't do for him. She will come up with him and put a slender cravat on him as sure as he has a throat. Cut off my ear from the skull if she don't. I think if he had known what sort she is he would have passed her by. It is too late for him now."

"Shut up, Cormac, shut up," said the nurse. "Don't be

making yourself ridiculous. What business would Sive have to Dublin? What could she do there? Whom does she know there? How would she make her way through that city? She was never within a hundred miles of it. Whereas there is not even a rat-hole in any part of the city which that fellow is not acquainted with. Believe me if he finds her in pursuit of him, either he or some one of his gang will very soon put an end to her. If it is in that direction she has faced, which it is not, of course."

"Hold on awhile," said Cormac. "No other purpose would take her from home but to hunt that fellow up and bring him to justice. The act which he did against her and her father surpasses in meanness, detestability, and injustice anything that has been done within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. She would bear to be cut into small bits rather than let it go with him unpunished, a thing which is small blame to her."

"Yeh, then, man alive, if you are so thoroughly convinced that she is gone off with that purpose, why don't you jump at once and follow her?" said the nurse.

"So I will, never you fear," said he. "I have been only waiting to know exactly in what direction she has gone. I suppose you will remain here until this man is recovering, or at least out of danger."

"Yes," said she, "I will; the priest has ordered me to remain."

"And you, Seadna," said he, "if you are not very busy would it not be as well for you to come with me?"

"It is not necessary," said Seadna. "There are enough of yourselves."

"I am aware of the fact," said Cormac, "that the king's men would like to make your acquaintance, and perhaps it may be easy to find out for you among them a way of living, which would be more profitable than shoemaking."

"The shoemaking will do for another while," said Seadna.

"Well! God give you all a good day!" said Cormac. "I

have a quick start of it again, without as much as taking the road-dust off my shoes. What a pity that I have not all the rascally thieves in Ireland in one rope and on one gallows, what a squeeze I would give them! We would have some quietness then for a time."

"You would have a large sheaf," said the nurse.

Sheela. Dear me! Peg. Is it how he did not remember the bribe?

Peg. What bribe, Sheela dear?

Sheela. The bribe he consented to take for the widow's house when he was evicting her, and she not having the rent, until Seadna gave it to her.

Peg. I don't know, Sheela. People often have a bad memory for a thing which they do not wish to keep in memory.

Sheela. He ought to have been ashamed.

Peg. It is people without shame that can most easily do what suits them.

Sheela. Perhaps so. But I do not admire them, for people without shame. It would have become him far better to have kept silent, and not to have been practising the "white cat's abstinence" regarding the dishonesty.

Gob. He was circumstanced exactly like the man in Killarney who was going into the fight. He had a big thick nose, just as Cormac had. People used to call him "Bachall" on account of the nose. His father called out to him just as he was entering the row, "Donald, my boy," said the father, "make haste and call some fellow 'Bachall' before anyone shall have had time to call you the name." That was the way with Cormac. He thought the best way in which he could escape the reproach of dishonesty was by calling some one else a thief.

Sheela. And sure, Peg, that would not save him. Could he not be called the name afterwards as well as if he had not called any person by it.

Peg. I suppose he considered it a great matter to have the first of it, not "to be down in the first gap." And what would people say but that surely he had no *dread* of the name, or else he would not be so ready *to mention it*.

Kate. I suppose that was the way with Little Denis when he stole James's knife. There was no person so energetic in the search for the knife as he was himself, and the little wretch having it in his pocket.

Sheela. How was it found, Kate?

Kate. It was I that noticed it in the pocket. He had the pocket hanging outside his coat like a little worm-bag. I laid my hand on the little bag and the knife was inside in it.

Sheela. The poor fellow! what a start you gave him!

Kate. You may say I did. He turned every colour and began to cry.

Sheela. Was he sent away?

Kate. He was not. Nell defended him. She said that some one must have put the knife into the pocket without his knowledge, for fun, and my dada said she was right.

Gob. He thought that by pretending to search for it earnestly there would be no danger of his being suspected. Wasn't he clever.

Peg. Wisha, he was but a child, Gobnet. He had no sense, and I dare say the knife was not worth much.

Kate. It was not; and what James did then was to make him a present of it, and I was mad to him. I'd rather to throw it into the fire than give it to him. He had his little bit of deceit practised so shrewdly. Small as the knife was, perhaps if he had succeeded the suspicion of it might rest on some one else, and then see what a nice piece of work he would have done.

Peg. You are right there, Kate. "The effect of a wrong act extends very far."

Gob. Wisha, the blessing of God on the souls of your dead,



Peg, and go on with the story. . Those people would keep you there until to-morrow morning talking and arguing and disputing and discussing.

Nora. And sure, Gobnet, you were not without your share of the discussion ; you did not let it go with them altogether.

Peg. Cormac went off again, "without taking the road-dust off his shoes," as he said. When he had gone off, Seadna went back again into the room where the sick man was. "What a long time until you came !" said Dermot. "It's the match from November till May you have made of it. Half the country would be married while you are at it. Where is she now. She was there just a moment ago. 'A wife is better than a fortune.' A silent, sensible girl, but not to make her angry. Oh! fie! don't strike! Aroo, confound you, don't strike! Look at that!"

"Is there any money in the house," said Seadna to the nurse.

"Not a brown halfpenny," said she.

"Here," said he, "I got some leather from him a few days ago. It is as well for me to pay for it now," and he handed her some money.

He came on the following day to see how was the sick man, and he took away some of the leather which was in the shop and paid for it. It was well he did. That left money enough to the nurse, so that when Dermot got the crisis she was in a position to provide the food and the drink which were necessary, and to give them to him according as he required.

Very soon she had him sitting up beside the fire, with an excessive desire for food. But, indeed, she used not to give it to him, except as much as she considered was good for him. And you never saw such fighting and arguing as he used to have with her trying to get more.

According as he was getting better the neighbours were gathering in and making enquiries, and telling how grieved they

were when they heard of his illness, and how joyful they were when they found him recovering.

When Seadna found him getting better in a pronounced manner and out of danger he did not come so often, and after a little time his visits ceased. The nurse remained longer than she thought necessary. The priest was the cause of that. He was expecting from time to time and from day to day that Sive would return home. At length she got a call from the opposite side of the parish and had to go.

They had then but to ask poor Poll to come every morning and light the fire and get a bit of food for Dermot. It was not left altogether depending on her. There was scarcely a day that Michael's mother used not give a round there. And the day she used not be there Mary Short herself used to be there. And what the neighbours used to say was that Dermot used to make greater progress towards recovery during the piece of a day which she used to spend talking to him than during the whole of the rest of the time. Dermot himself used to say that a cloud used to be lifted off his heart when he used to see her coming in to his house.

What everyone used to say was that it was well for him that Sive was not at home near him while he was sick, because that he could not possibly recover while she was present. If he should happen to be getting his crisis and that anything happened to cross her she would fly into rage, and bring a relapse upon him as surely as that her name was Sive.

That was the opinion of the neighbours, but that was not Dermot's own opinion.

In his estimation, there was nothing keeping him on the flat of his back but the fact that she was not coming home, nor any tidings of her. From morning till night there used to be no subject of conversation between himself and the neighbours who used to come in but, "where was she," or "what was keeping her?" or "whether she was dead or alive." If she was dead,

why was not an account of her death coming from some quarter? Sure she could not be killed without some one's knowing it. If she were killed in the middle of the night and her body thrown into some hole, sure it would be found on the following day and the news would spread through the country, and Sheegu would be caught if it should be he that would have done the deed, and he would be hung. If he were as clever again he could not escape Cormac."

There is how he used to spend the time debating the matter as long as there was anybody in the house to listen to him. When alone, he used to be talking to *himself*, arguing with himself and disputing with himself. Sometimes while thus disputing with himself he used to raise his voice, so that Poll used to hear him, and she used to be under the impression that there used to be two or three persons disputing, he used to make such a row.

In spite of his grief he had a good appetite, and he was getting strong very fast. He was soon at the door with his shoulder to the jamb, as had been usual with him. But there was a want of colour in his face, compared with what it had been. And you could see that his clothes were not so well filled out as they used to be before the poor man got ill. You could see that a share of the flesh was absent and a great deal of the lard. The shoulder was slender in the coat; the arm was slender in the sleeve; the thigh was slender in the breeches; the poor man had too much room in his clothes, and the wind used to be searching his bones all round in the empty passages which were between the skin and the cloth, so that he used not be able to remain long at the door without coming now and then to the fire to warm himself.

On a certain day, about a fortnight after he had left the bed, he came to the door and the smell of the fire strong upon his clothes. No sooner did he look up the road than he saw a woman coming down the height towards him. At the first look

he was rather startled, because he thought she was very like Sive. He continued to stare at her until she came close to him. She was a coarse, large-boned woman, she wore a frieze cloak, the hood was over her head; her left hand was holding the two sides of the hood closed over her mouth, so that her nose and one of her eyes were all that Dermot could see of her features.

She made straight for the door, and in through the door, and but that he moved aside from her she would have knocked him down. Up with her to the fire and she sat down in Dermot's own chair. She turned to the fire and spread herself and both her hands over it to receive the heat, and you would think she wanted it. Poll raised her head in the corner and looked at the stranger long and sullenly. Dermot stood still in the middle of the house staring at her in the poll. When she had warmed herself she put her left hand again in the hood of her cloak and closed it over her mouth. She looked out of her one eye at Poll, then she looked at Dermot.

"There is a hen crowing in this house!" said she, and one could hardly tell whether it was a man's voice or a woman's voice.

"I have not heard her crowing," said Dermot.

"There is a hen crowing in this house!" said she, "sruv, srov! sruv, srov! sruv, srov!" said she.

"Where did you come from to us, daughter?" said Dermot.

"Sruv, srov! sruv, srov! sruv, srov!" said she. "Long has been my journey to ye," said she, "coming for your good. That is a great wrong," said she, "that I should come all the way from Ulster to protect ye against your enemies, as if a person nearer home and of nearer kin to ye could not be found to do it."

"Who is bent on injuring us?" said Dermot.

She sprang to her feet and faced him. He did not look her between the eyes because he could see only one of her eyes. That was enough for him. There was no sleepiness in that one

eye, nor any short-sightedness. She reached out her right hand towards him. He drew a piece of money out of his pocket and placed it on the centre of her palm. She blew a puff of her breath upon it. I suppose it was larger than she expected it would be, for she was thrown off her guard. Her hold slipped off the hood of her cloak and her face was revealed. She was blind of one eye, and her mouth was twisted back almost to where the ear ought to be, and the ear was gone. Dermot drew back from her, and I tell you he was in fear.

"Who is bent on injuring you?" said she. "Fire and water are bent on injuring you," said she. "Disease and death are bent on injuring you," said she. "There are things bent on injuring you," said she, "which you little expect. But that I was not far from you day nor night for the past three weeks, you would know by this time who the people are who are bent on injuring you," said she to Dermot. "And I should think," said she, "that it was enough for me to be protecting you and not to be also protecting your daughter, far asunder as you and she are."

"Where is she?" said Dermot, "or what is keeping her out? or why did she go without sending tale nor tidings home here to me so that I might know whether she is dead or alive. She has treated me very badly." And he had his hand down again in the pocket of his breeches handling another coin. She saw that as well as if she had twenty eyes. "You will soon hear from her," said she, and her hand was again reached out, "and I am not the person to be thanked for it, nor herself but as little as me."

He placed the second piece upon her hand.

"Where is she?" said he, "or when will she come?"

"She will come," said she, "when she will be least expected. She will come when she will be least welcome."

"What is that you say, woman!" said Dermot, "or who told *you* that she would not be welcome here whenever she may come?"

"I say what I know," said she, "and what I know is not agreeable, but that is not my fault. It was not I that sent her from home. It was not I that sent in her way the one whose contact is bad. If I did my best to protect her from her enemy my trouble was great and I have had little by it."

"When will she come?" said Dermot.

She only put her left hand in the hood of her cloak and tightened it over her mouth as she had it at first, and she rushed out the door without saying as much as a tittle.

Sheela. Arrah, was not she a surly sort!

Nora. I don't know, Peg, what took the eye out of her.

Peg. I don't know in the world, Nora.

Gob. Her own bad talk did, I'll engage.

Nora. Perhaps it was how it happened to her as it happened to that fortune-telling woman that came to Nell Buckley.

Gob. What happened her, Nora?

Nora. Kate will tell you, she will tell it best.

Gob. What happened her, Kate?

Kate. Wisha, nothing happened her but what she had well deserved, the rogue! Nell was married only three weeks. She was inside at home and Edmund was out looking after the cows, as one of them was after calving. After a while he came in and Nell was crying. He asked her what was the matter with her. It was some time before she told him that it was how a fortune-teller had been asking her for money, and because she did not give her the money that she said Nell would be a widow before the year would be spent. While Edmund was out minding the cows he noticed the strange woman going away from the house, and he knew what road she had taken. He did not do one bit but to take the whip that was hanging beside the door and to stick it up the sleeve of his coat, and to rush out the door. He was gone before Nell knew what he was up to. He soon overtook the woman. "For what did you," said he to her,

- “say to my wife that I should die within a year?” “I would not say it,” said she, “but for me knowing it well.” “Who told it to you?” said he. “My fairy attendant told it to me,” said she. He caught her by the back of the head and he drew the whip out of his sleeve, and he flogged her there with that whip as soundly as ever Con-the-Master flogged any of the scholars he had at his school. When he had flogged her well he let her go. “There!” said he. “Is it not a great wonder that your fairy attendant did not tell you I’d give you that dressing. Be off now, and you have something to tell him which he did not know before. And if I ever again see you coming near my house I’ll give you a greater adventure than that to tell to your fairy attendant.” Nell was frightened lest the woman would be cursing them. But what Edmund used to say was that he would not prefer to hear her singing (that it would give him just as little trouble as if he merely heard her singing).
- Nora. Wisha, God with us! I would not like to have her cursing me at any rate.
- Kate. What harm could her curses do to you when you would not have done anything out of the way?
- Nora. How would I know but some curse of them might fall on me in some way.
- Kate. It is on herself they would fall when you would not have deserved them. Is it not, Peg?
- Nora. Why, perhaps I may imagine that I would not have deserved them, and still perhaps I may. Whether I should have deserved them or not I would not like to have her making them upon me.
- Kate. Oh! but when you could not help it, when she would come and say that you were to die before the year would be up, and that her fairy told it to her.
- Sheela. How did she come to have a fairy attending her, Peg? Or how did she come by him? Is it not a great wonder

that the fairy would not get something else to do besides following that damsel. (The force of "damsel" is in "rúo.")

Kate. I heard a person say that the fairies are the fallen angels and the demons of the air, but Edmund says that the like are not there at all.

Nora. But for they are there how could they be seen?

Peg. Did you ever seen one of them yourself, Nora?

Nora. Really and truly I did not, thank God! But sure there are many people that saw them.

Peg. Tell me one.

Nora. Jack Herlihy. I was listening to him telling it.

Kate. Yeh! the half-fool!

Nora. Whether he is a half-fool or not he saw the ghost.

Sheela. Where, Nora?

Nora. 'Tis how he was sent to drive the cows after they had been milked up to Tureen-an-Cassurla on Sunday night. There was a house full of people gathered there at a Sguriacht. Soon Jack rushed in, and a fright in him, and a gleam (like a lighted candle) in his two eyes, through terror and panic. "Aroo what ails you, Jack?" said they. "Oh! by gum," said he, "that I have seen a ghost." "Aroo when?" said they. "Oh!" said he, "just at the meeting of day and night; it was rather early in the evening; it was day more than it was night; it was not dark; in fact it was the middle of the bright day." I promise you there was a laugh. "What did she say to you, Jack?" said they. "By gum!" said he, "but she looked at me in a most woeful manner." "And what did you say to her, Jack?" said they. "By gum!" said he, "but I thought it was better to run." "What sort was she, Jack?" said they. "She was," said he, "a ghost of a pig, in the form of the vamp of a stocking."

Kate. Alilloo! Aroo what did he see, Nora?



Nora. That is exactly what they were all asking of each other when who should walk in but Jack's father with his grey cota-more on him and his speckled cap. No sooner did Jack see him than he roared : " Oh !" said he, " here she is into ye !" " Wisha, burst you ! you fool," said the father.

Kate. And where was the pig, aroo ?

Nora. Really, I don't know, Kate, but that such is the account he himself gave of the ghost he saw.

Peg. I dare say it was how he used to hear people saying that a ghost in the shape of a pig was worse to be seen than in the shape of any other animal, and that in his terror he thought it was a thing in the shape of a pig that was there.

Kate. And sure he himself said it was a thing in the shape of the vamp of a stocking he saw when he saw the speckled cap and the grey cota-more.

Nora. I really don't know what he saw nor what he imagined was there, but that was what he said, " a ghost of a pig, in the shape of the vamp of a stocking," said he.

Kate. Yeh ! bad manners to him, the ape. But for his being a fool I would say it would be a just deed to give him some of that whip we were speaking of. It might take some of the ravings off him.

Sheela. Did I not hear you say, Peg, that the priest said that fortune-tellers have no knowledge, that they only pretend to have it.

Peg. So he did, and they have not, but as little as that woman had who said that Edmund would die within a year.

Sheela. I suppose he did not take the eye out of her as was taken out of the woman that came to Dermot.

Peg. Whatever took the eye out of the woman who came to Dermot she was blind of one eye. And if the eye that was gone was as piercing as the eye she had, it was well for Dermot that she did not have the two eyes when she looked at *him*, or she would probably give him a relapse. The

poor man was not able to take any morsel of food the remainder of that day, but thinking of that one eye, and of the hen, and of the "sruv srov!" and of the bad person that his daughter had met with. So that Poll went out and called some of the neighbours, and that they came in, and that they said it was right to send for the priest before the night would come, for fear the man might get bad, and that they should be calling the priest in the middle of the night.

The priest was sent for and he came. When he heard from Dermot about the fortune-teller he laughed. "I know that rogue of a woman well," said he. "She was never in Ulster, nor one-half the distance from home. I know where she was born and reared, and bad rearing she was. She has no trade nor way of living but to be going from place to place pretending that she has this knowledge. And, of course, she has not any more than that hob has. If people may have sense and not be giving her money she should soon take up some other calling. But though they are often told so they will not take advice, and my talk is useless. It is no good for me to be at them."

"And, Father," said Dermot, "how did she find out that there was a hen crowing in this house? or how did she find out that Sive was from home? or how did she find out that I was myself in danger?"

"Nonsense, Dermot!" said the priest. "There is nothing easier than to find out things of that sort when a person would make up his mind to do so. Did not the whole country know the terrible work that was done here on the fair day? Did not the whole country know that Sive was from home, and that you were down with a fever? God bless the hearers! (lit. health and life where it is told.) What was to prevent her from going here and there among the people and finding out everything concerning you? It is a fine easy way of making money.

"But how would she find out that there was a hen crowing in the house, Father?" said Dermot.

"I suppose," said the priest, "if there was a hen crowing in the house there was nothing to prevent her coming up with that much information any more than the rest.

"If there was a hen crowing in the house!" said Dermot. "Surely, Father, but for there was she would not say it."

"It is immaterial whether or no," said the priest. "It is a childish thing to take any notice of such a matter, but I should like to know whether anybody else heard this hen crowing."

"I did not hear her myself," said Dermot. "And there is no fear Poll heard her, because she is as deaf as a bittle (a mallet for washing clothes). And indeed I did not hear anybody else say that she was heard."

"So I thought," said the priest. "I suppose that woman must have heard something of this rumour which is afloat concerning Sive; that she did not stop until she went down to the very city of Dublin. Then that she sent a hunt and a pursuit and a search after that thief, so that he was caught and hung. And that the king gave Sive the £300 which was taken from her and another £300 along with it."

"Stop! stop! Father," said Dermot. "What is that you are saying that way, Father? How could that poor girl go to Dublin and find her way through the city. A little girl that was never more than twenty miles from home!"

"I am but telling what the rumour I heard is," said the priest. "I dare say that woman with the knowledge, which she has not, must have heard the same rumour, and that she thought if she had the first of the story for you she would knock a hand-reach of money out of you, which I dare say she did."

"Not much, Father," said Dermot. "But what sort of a rumour is it? or what set it going?"

"It is how I was myself coming over to tell you about it, that the like was going on, when I met the messenger, who said some of the neighbours were afraid you would get a relapse."

"It was most unnecessary for them!" said Dermot, "I never

saw them but so. If anyone were asking them to do it they would not be so ready! Running to put a journey on a priest without any necessity! See that!"

"It is not worth a pin," said the priest. "I would have come in any case, to see whether you had any account from Sive, or whether there was any foundation for this rumour afloat."

"I did not hear a single word of it until that woman came and said that Sive had met a bad person, or something to that effect," said Dermot.

"Who was the bad person she said Sive met?" said the priest.

"She did not tell us who he was, she did not give us any account of him, and that is what is taking the senses out of me," said Dermot.

"At that rate," said the priest, "I dare say she heard the remainder just as I heard it. Some carmen that brought as a big wonder and as a topic of conversation between them, that Cormac of the nose was in Dublin also, and that he and Sive worked the business together to get the thief caught, that they both worked the matter so well and so cleverly that the king's people were astonished, and that so was the king at the consummate manner in which they did the work. Then when Sive got £600 instead of the £300 which was taken from her, that a match was settled between her and Cormac, and that the pair are married by this, or ready to be married."

"Alilloo!" said Dermot. "Look at that! Did anyone ever hear the like of it. I thought she would not marry him if he had all the wealth in Ireland. It is an awful world! That is a most extraordinary business if it be true. But it is more likely that there is not any foundation for it. There could not be of course."

"I don't know in the world," said the priest. "I dare say time will tell, and that soon. Time is the best informant. I

would not myself be at all surprised if there turned out to be a bundle of the truth in it, for a rumour."

"Aroo Father, dearest," said Dermot, "what is that you are saying? There are no two in the parish more unfit for each other than that pair. Sive may do very well if she were married to some even-tempered, firm, well-balanced man, such as Seadna there above. Perhaps Cormac may do well if he were married to some silent, patient woman who would give him his own way in every possible manner. But that pair! If they are married it will be red war with them the longest day they live."

"I don't know in the world, Dermot," said the priest. "It is how the matter stands, it is not *my* opinion but that perhaps matters may get on with them better than that. Doubtless Cormac is a rough-tempered, head-strong man. I don't say that *she* would give him much odds in those points. Still, notwithstanding all that, do you understand me? Perhaps if they were married it may happen that they would get on better with each other than any of them would get on with another. I saw the like of it before."

"You have seen a great deal, Father, no doubt in the world, but you do not know Sive thoroughly. It is not I that should say it, but there is no use in saying anything but the right, and the truth is the best. I don't think there is that man living this day on the dry land of Ireland who could manage Sive."

"With the exception of one man I don't think there is," said the priest. "And another thing I have to say, there is not that woman living to-day on the dry land of Ireland, nor if I were to say, in the next land to it, who could manage Cormac if Sive don't manage him; which she will. Cut off my ear if she don't."

"Really and truly, Father," said Dermot, "a person would imagine by the way you speak that you see some truth or foundation in this rumour."

"Why the fact is, the carmen have the top and bottom of

the story so exact, and they are all so much on the one word in telling it, it is hard to say that there is not some truth in it," said the priest.

"I never had the remotest idea that the like of it would happen," said Dermot. "I thought Sive would no more marry him than she would drown herself. And I thought he would not look at the side of the road that Sive was on, if there was in Ireland but her. What I used to hear her saying was that there was not a man in Ireland she detested more than him, and that there was not an uglier man in Ireland than him. If the pair are married it beat all I ever saw."

"Perhaps," said the priest, "if she got all this high respect from the king's people and from the king himself on account of doing the work so well, and getting that thief arrested, and if she got £600 as a reward for it, Cormac might say to himself that it would be worth his while to look at the side of the road she would be on, and in fact that it would be better worth his while to look on that side than on the other. And perhaps when Sive would see Cormac in that frame of mind she may be not at all disinclined to say in her own mind that there are men to be found who are uglier than him."

"Ha! ha! ha!" said Dermot. "Wisha a cause for laughter to us, Father," said he. "Who knows but that the story may be better than we imagine it to be. 'The thing which a person would regret more than his death, he does not know but it may be the very best thing for him.'"

With that who should walk in the door but the Big Tinker. A long-limbed, broad-shouldered yellow man was the Big Tinker. A man who was fleshless but muscular. He was slightly pitted with small-pox, and he had very little beard. His eyes were slightly prominent and pursed underneath. He was long-nosed, long-cheeked, well shaped in his jaw and in his mouth. He was welcome in every company, for he was never doing anything but making enjoyment and fun and pastime for all that used to be present.

In he walked to them, and no sooner did he see the priest than he drew back a little. He snatched the cawbeen from his head and exposed to view the yellow bald forehead that was upon him. And it is upon him the big ram of a head was, and it so very black and so very curly.

"Come along, Patrick, my son," said the priest, smiling. "You need not fear," said he. "Perhaps," said he, "you may be able to give us some account of this rumour going on about Sive and Cormac the bailiff."

"Upon my word, Father," said the tinker, "that was exactly what brought me here now, and little notion I had that your reverence would be before me. There is no use in talking. It is my strong opinion that a strange robin redbreast could not come into the parish unknown to you."

"Sharp as we both are, Patrick," said the priest, "we need not be too boastful. Murring has been beforehand even with me, and she was near bringing a relapse upon this poor man with her incantations and fooling. She said there was a hen crowing in this house, and she said that Sive met with some bad person. And do you know what she said? She said she was from Ulster, and that it was how she was sent from the north all the way in order to protect Sive against her enemies. I myself was coming over to see how this man was coming round when I met a messenger to tell me the neighbours were afraid he was getting a relapse. I was wondering what would give him the relapse until he told me that damsel was talking to him. I dare say she did not give herself time to get the story fully lest anyone else should be beforehand with her, and that the hand-reach she would get would be the smaller of it. I think she did get a hand-reach from him, but she had not much to tell him, and what she did have only seemed to disturb the poor man's mind more, though it was disturbed enough before."

"And is it not a great wonder that you did not know her," said the tinker.

"I often heard of her, but I never saw her until then, and it is not of her I was thinking, of course, but of my child," said Dermot.

"What sort of a version did you hear of this rumour Patrick," said the priest, "or is there any substance in it?"

"On my word, Father," said Patrick, "it could not be more substantial. It is not a rumour nor a hearsay, but clean truth. The carman, Ulick Burke, it was that told it to me. Cormac himself it was that told it to *him*. He considers that Cormac and Sive are married by this. Cormac says it was the king himself that made the match.

"D'ye hear!" said Dermot.

"I tell you there is no word of a lie in it," said Patrick. "Since the day I was born I did not hear of such an adventure. Cormac knew that Sive was gone from home. He followed her on horseback; he knew she was on foot, and although she was some time on the road before he started, he considered there was no danger but that he would overtake her before she should reach the city. He was enquiring for her and giving the tokens of her along the way for a long time, and so he kept for a long time the road she had taken, and he almost knew how far ahead of him she was. At last he was told that she had gone *two roads*. That put him astray, and what he did then was to face straight for the city. He knew he would reach the city before her, and he did. He was known in the city. The king's people knew him well. He sent out some police at once along the roads from the south, and he gave them Sive's description. It was not long until they saw her coming, she was bent forward and had the hood of her cloak on her head. They made themselves known to her, but it was no use for them until they gave her the *sure sign*. They told her it was Cormac the bailiff that sent them to meet her, and 'by the same token' that *Deaf Poll was the one person who saw her leaving home*. That satisfied her.



When Cormac asked her what brought her, she told him she wanted to go to speak to the king and that she should get justice from him. 'What has the king to do for you?' said Cormac. 'He has,' said she, 'to catch the thief who carried my money from me and to take the money from him and give it back to me. What good is it for us to have a king with his armed men around him, unless he is able to protect us from thieves?' said she. 'It is in the king's name my property was taken from me,' said she, 'and it will not go without telling to him. There is but the life of one in me,' said she, 'but if I had twenty-one lives I would play them against that fellow sooner than I would let go scot free with him the mean scoundrelly act he did. The ground will swallow him or I'll come up with him, and when I do I promise you that I'll make him feel a deep regret that he did not let me pass him by. It is in the name of the king he took my property. It is from the king I must get satisfaction or else he is no king. If I have been robbed in the king's name, is it not the least the king may do to give me liberty and help and opportunity to follow and hunt up the thief until I catch him. I'll not leave a hole nor channel in Ireland that I won't search for him. Take me into the presence of the king,' said she. 'Take me into the presence of the king or else I'll go into his presence myself by some means.' Cormac had to give her her own way. I don't think he had any objection. He was drawing water to his own mill in the matter; he knew that whoever would catch the thief and bring him to justice would be well paid for it. And he knew that no person could have better help in the work than Sive's help while she was in that humour. He gave her her head. 'I'll take you into the presence of the king,' said he, 'but take care not to do anything that would get me into a fix. You have often heard the proverb—"to go into the king's house is not the same as to get out"—and—"the flags of the great house are slippery." They are two good proverbs, and the person who will not keep them well in

memory will be sorry for it.' 'You need not fear,' said she. 'I only want to be placed standing in the presence of the king and that I should get leave to speak. All I have to say is that a gentleman came to my father's house in Munster; that he showed me the king's ring; that he pretended it was buying horses he was for the king; that he bought them in the king's name; that he pretended to me that he had not as much money as would pay for what he had bought, and that if I would lend him £300 for a few days in the king's name I would be conferring a favour on the king, and that it would not go without telling to him that I gave my £300 to the gentleman in the king's name, and that that left myself and my father absolutely penniless, unless it is in the power of the king to remedy the mischief which was done in his name.'

'All right,' said Cormac. 'Don't tell anyone living about this matter which is on your mind. When you will have your story told tell the king that you would recognise this Sheegee, if you could see him, and that if it would be his majesty's pleasure to send a body of men with you that you would go in search of him and bring him to justice.' 'I'd know the scoundrel's head,' said she, 'if it was for twenty-four hours boiling in a pot of porridge, and I tell you I'll take the airs off him.' He went and provided a lodging for her; then he went and spoke to the man who was head of the king's household. He knew them all. 'There is a young woman here from Munster,' said he, 'and she says that someone has carried £300 from her, and that she cannot come up with him; and that she has come to lodge a complaint against him before the king.' 'It is hard for the king to come up with the whole of them,' said the head. 'There is a hunt all over Ireland,' said he, 'for the past three weeks and more, after some other thief, and I think it was in Munster he committed whatever crime he has done. We are tortured and tormented and worried by Munster people.'

Cormac did not say a word. 'When does she want to see the king?' said the head. 'At whatever time the king himself would appoint,' said Cormac, and he slipped a piece of money into the head's hand. 'Stay there a moment,' said the head, and he went off. He soon returned. 'Let her be here at noon on to-morrow,' said he, 'and she will get justice. High and low get justice here. Let her be here at noon on to-morrow and leave the rest to me.'

At noon on the following day the two were at the door of the king's house. The head came out; he saw Cormac. 'Where is she?' said he. 'Here she is,' said Cormac, mildly. 'Come along, daughter,' said the head. She went with him. They went in at a door; they went on through a long corridor; they passed through another door and through another corridor; they passed through a third door. It is not a corridor that was beyond that, but a fine, big broad sunny field, which was green and which had been closely mown with a scythe, and there were nice pathways across through it and gravel on them. There was a fine, noble palace in the off side of the field. The head made for the door of the palace. Sive followed him. The head knocked softly at the door, it was soon opened. The man who opened it was a fine, brave portly gentleman. He had a silver cap on his head, or Sive thought it was silver, and he had a silken cloak on him. He had a battle-axe on his shoulder, and it was polished and shining like glass, and it was as sharp as that you would think it would take the head off a horse at one blow. The two men spoke in a whisper for a little time. Then the man with the axe beckoned to Sive and she followed him, and the other man remained outside. No sooner was Sive inside the door than her sight was near spreading upon her. She saw a splendid hall, large, wide, and high, and nobles sitting at both sides in it. Fine, big handsome men they were, with silk cloaks on them, and chains of gold upon them, and gold buckles in their shoes, and each man of them having his sword at his side. Opposite

her up she saw one man and he was bigger and more shapely and handsome than any other man who was there. There was a crown of gold on his head, and little horns like up out of it all round. On the top of each little horn there was a little ball of gold, and in the middle of each little ball there was some sort of a light, flaming and trembling like a star on a frosty night. He wore a red cloak, as red as the cloak Sive herself wore on the fair day, or perhaps redder. He had his sceptre in his right hand, and he was seated on a big, high chair, and you would think every bit of it was made of twisted gold. When Sive saw him she knew he was the king, but she was not a bit nervous nor afraid of him, because it was not a hard, haughty look he had, but a beautiful, mild, gentle, humane look. The royal chair itself was on a raised platform, which was, as you may say, a half-foot higher than the remainder of the floor. There were two other chairs there, one of them on each side of the dais, down on the floor, and there two noblemen seated on them. They were old, grey men. The man of them who was on the right of the king, there was long, grey hair upon him, backwards and downwards upon his shoulders, and there was a long grey beard upon him, down the front of his neck and on his bosom; there was a green cloak upon him, and there was a large harp standing near him. The man of them who was on the other side of the king, there was long, grey hair upon him also, and there was a band of gold around his head keeping the hair back from his forehead, and there was a long, grey beard upon him, exactly as there was on the man with the harp. (But he was a bigger and a heavier man by far than the man with the harp.) Sive was noticing all those matters while she was walking up the floor towards the king. When she was as near as five yards or so to him, she stopped. 'Move up a little further, daughter,' said the king. She did not stir. 'Move up, don't be diffident,' said the king. 'Move up, there is nothing to happen to you,' said the man with the axe to her. She did not do one bit but to let her cloak

fall back down on the floor, and to go at one spring into the beard of the big man who was on the king's left, and to begin to tug at the beard, just as she did to the man of the colt the night of the fair. The second pull she took out of the beard it went with her in one piece, both beard and hair and gold band, and who should she have there alive in the flesh but honest Sheege! 'Ara you thief of the black gallows,' said she, 'hand me out here at once my money which you coaxed from me in the name of the king.' In an instant (lit. on the moment of the palm), there were twenty hands raised over them, and a naked sword in every hand of them. 'Strike him not,' said the king. 'Bind him.' 'Where are you from, daughter?' said the king. She flung herself on her two knees in the presence of the king. 'From Munster, my king,' said she, 'and that man came the other day to my father's house and he said he was buying horses for you, my king, and he bought what horses were at the fair that day, and he paid false money for them, and he showed your ring to me, my king, and he said he had not money enough to pay for all he had bought, and he asked me to give him £300 in your name, my king, and I gave it to him. I had it hardly given to him when Seadna found out that he was a thief, and he sent Cormac after him. But Cormac failed to come up to him. And sure it was no wonder, seeing that he was here within snug with long, grey hair on him and a long, grey beard—Look at that!

'Gently, daughter,' said the king. 'Who is Cormac?' 'The bailiff we have, my king,' said she. 'Where is he now?' said the king. 'He is outside at the gate, my king,' said she. 'Bring him in,' said the king. He was brought in, and indeed, Father, Ulick Burke says that if you had but one laugh you would indulge in it if you were to see the two eyes Cormac got, and the wonder and amazement that came upon him when he saw Sive on her knees in the presence of the king, and that mass of hair and beard in her hands and her cloak behind her on

the ground, and the man who was walking the fair with her, there above bound, and the man with the battle-axe standing behind him ready to split his head with the axe if he stirred.

‘Bailiff,’ said the king, ‘who is he?’ ‘That, my king,’ said Cormac, ‘is the man who bought the horses at the Well Fair in Munster, and who paid the false money for them. There were four of them, and three of them were caught, but we failed to come up with this one. And I don’t think there is a corner in this city, nor perhaps in the country, in which there are not people this moment searching for him. It will be necessary to send word out at once to tell them that he has been caught, and not to have poor men killing themselves any longer running after him where he is not to be found.’

‘Take it easy, bailiff,’ said the king. ‘I think you are under a slight mistake.’ ‘Oh, no, my king,’ said Cormac; ‘yes,’ said the king, ‘I believe you are, because it is not on *you* the duty is of keeping the sky and the ground asunder.’ All the nobles laughed. Cormac looked round at them and his mouth opened, and his eyes grew round and sharp. He did not know what caused them to laugh.

Then the king called Sive towards him, and he questioned her, and he gathered from her the foundation-knowledge of the matter, from beginning to end, both match and promise of marriage and loan of money and all. While Sheege was there bound, listening to them, and the man with the axe behind him.

When Sive had her story finished she drew from her pocket some of the false money and gave it to the king. He looked at it closely. Then he called the head of the city police, who was standing below at the door. He came up. ‘How did it happen,’ said the king, ‘that three of them were caught and that the fourth escaped?’ ‘That is what was blinding me,’ said he, ‘my king. But I understand it now. ‘There,’ said he, pointing his finger towards Sheege, ‘is the man who swore

against the three.' A bosom-sigh burst from all who were present when they heard that much. 'He also swore,' said the head of the police, 'that the person who was manufacturing the false coin was a man who lives in Munster, and whose name is Seadna, and that it was he that bought the horses at the fair in your name, my king, and as a confirmation of that, that the man was in abject poverty until quite recently. That he was but a poor shoemaker in a cabin at the foot of a mountain, and that he is now one of the richest and most independent men in Ireland. I at once organised a body of men to go straight south into Munster and to arrest that Seadna, when who should walk in the door to us but Cormac, the bailiff here, and he in pursuit of the thieves, and he covered with sweat and road-dust. He at once told us a story which was entirely the opposite of the other story. He told us that he himself knew Seadna thoroughly, and that he was an honest man, and that it was he that put himself on the track of the thieves, and that but for him they would not be caught at all. I determined to place the man who had told the first story face to face with Cormac, but he was not to be found high nor low. He was gone as if the ground had swallowed him. I sent people to search for him into every part of the city. I joined in the search, but it was no use for us. He was not to be found above nor below. I remember though, right well,' said he, 'that I saw passing me in the street, and walking leisurely, one of the king's nobles, with a long, grey beard upon him, fine and soft and skeiny; just like this,' said he, taking hold of the mass which was in Sive's hand, 'and fine heavy hair like this upon him, backward and downward upon his shoulders in rings, trembling and bending. Little notion I had then that the man I wanted was so near me.'

"But to cut the story short for you, Father (lit. the wind-up of the story is). The gentleman's house was searched, and an immense amount of silver and of gold, and of value, was found there. And the king said that her own should be given

to Sive on the double, and also her choice of what valuable articles were there. And the horses which were bought at the fair, and for which the false money was paid, the king said they should be searched for and sent back to Munster to the people to whom they belonged. Then the king ordered Sheegee's house to be cleaned and settled and put in order and given to Sive, if she wished to go to live in it, and to take her father with her there, because that she had conferred a great favour upon him, a greater favour than any of the nobles who were around him had ever conferred upon him, much as he had confided in them, and close as was their kinship to him. On the following day after that day it was, that Ulick Burke heard of the match. What people were saying was, that Sive and Cormac were to be married, and that they would go to live in the big house, and that there was no bounds to the amount of wealth that Sive had got, besides the £600."

"Alliloo!" said Dermot. "It is a wonderful world! Where is the person who would have thought that that pair would ever be seen in a marriage bond!"

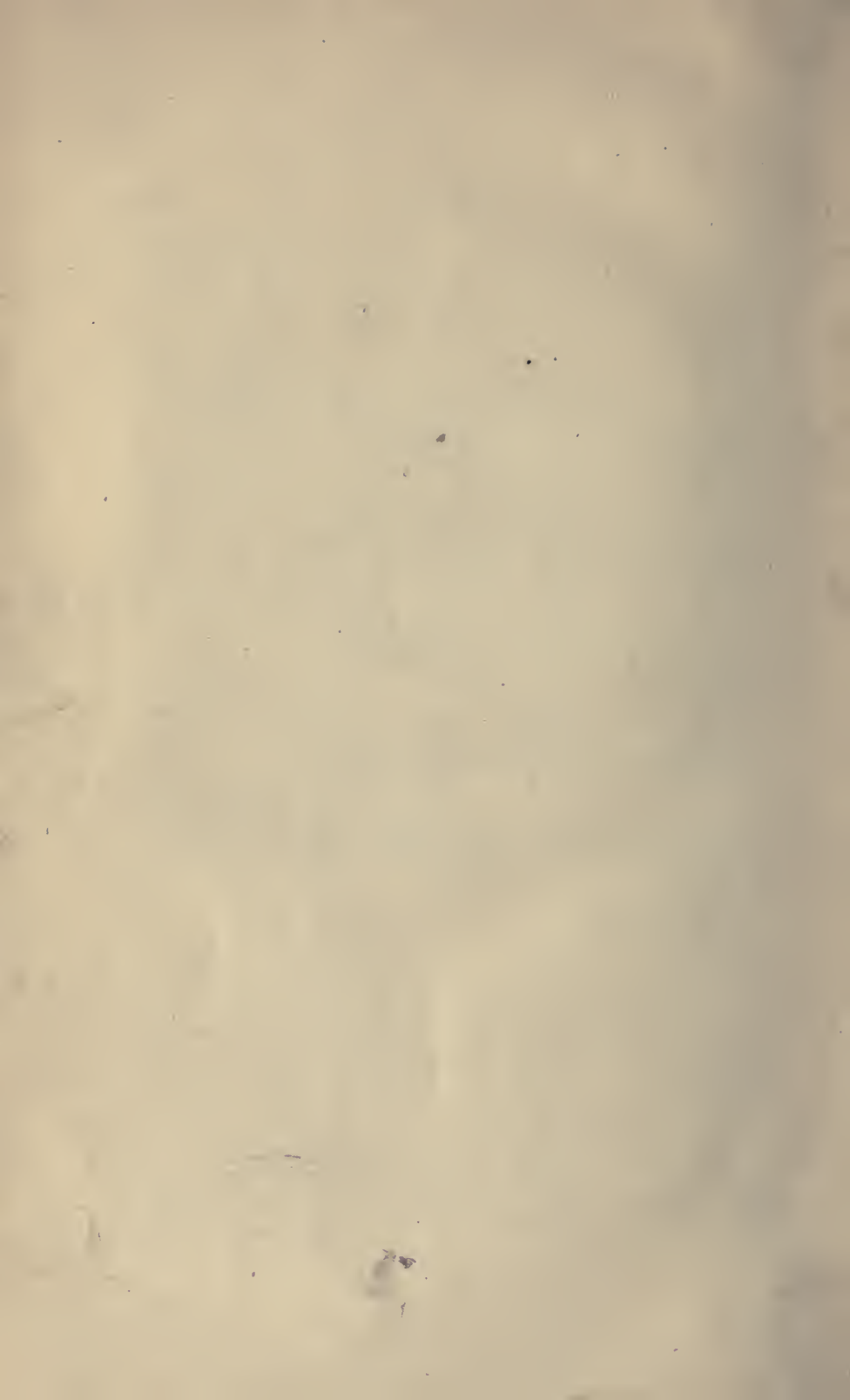
"Will you go to live to Dublin," said Patrick.

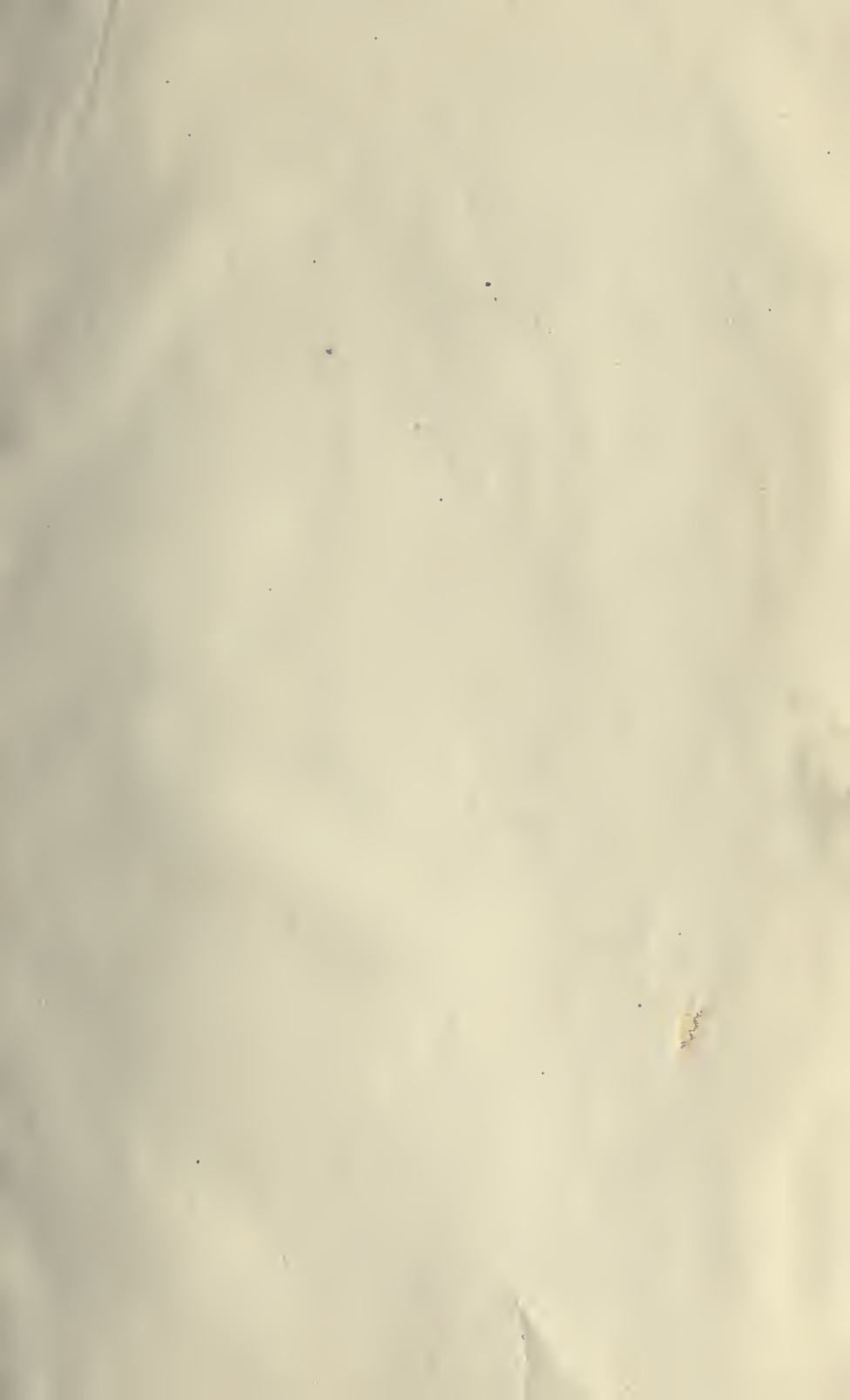
"Wherever he goes," said the priest, "I don't think he will get a relapse this time."

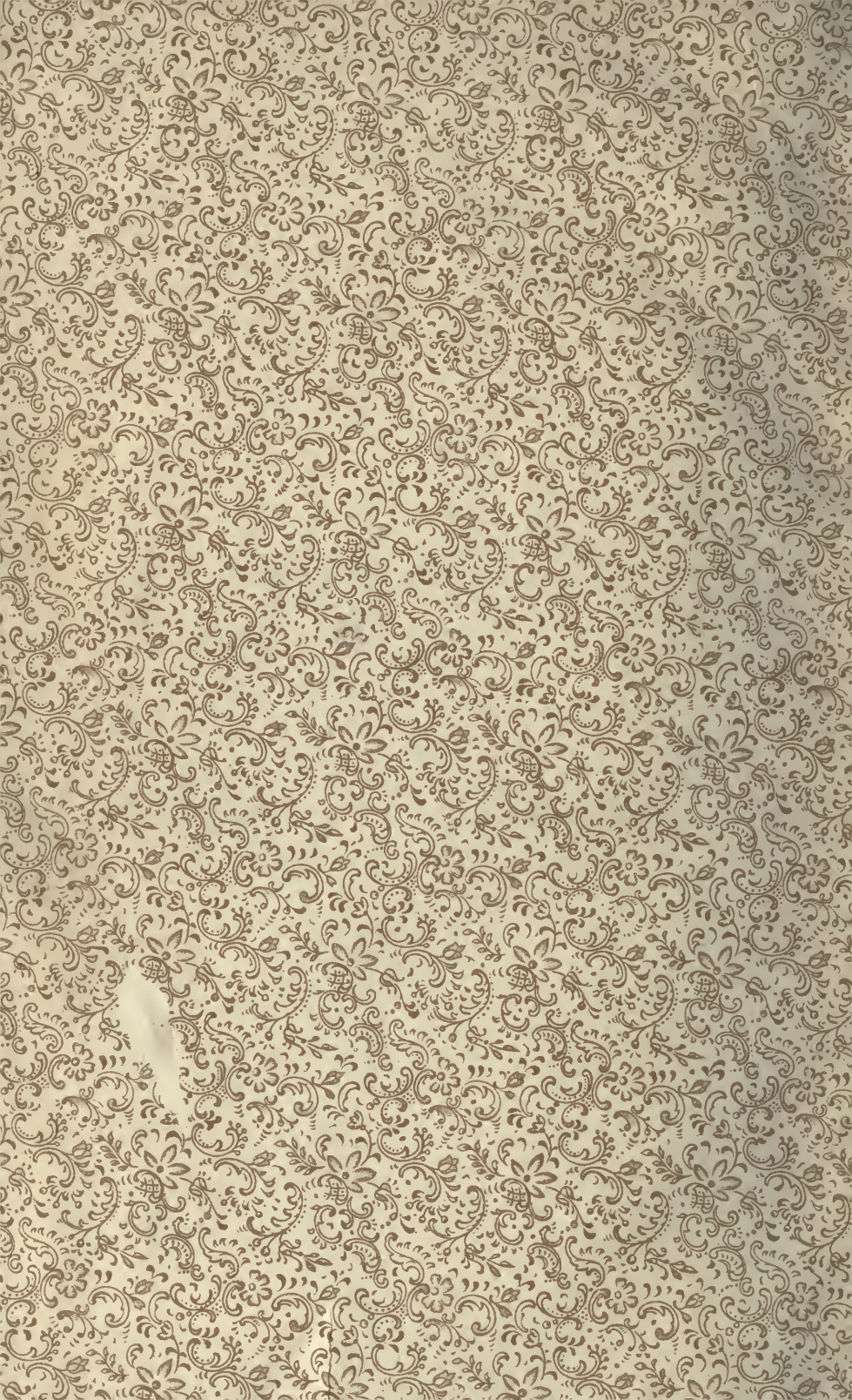
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