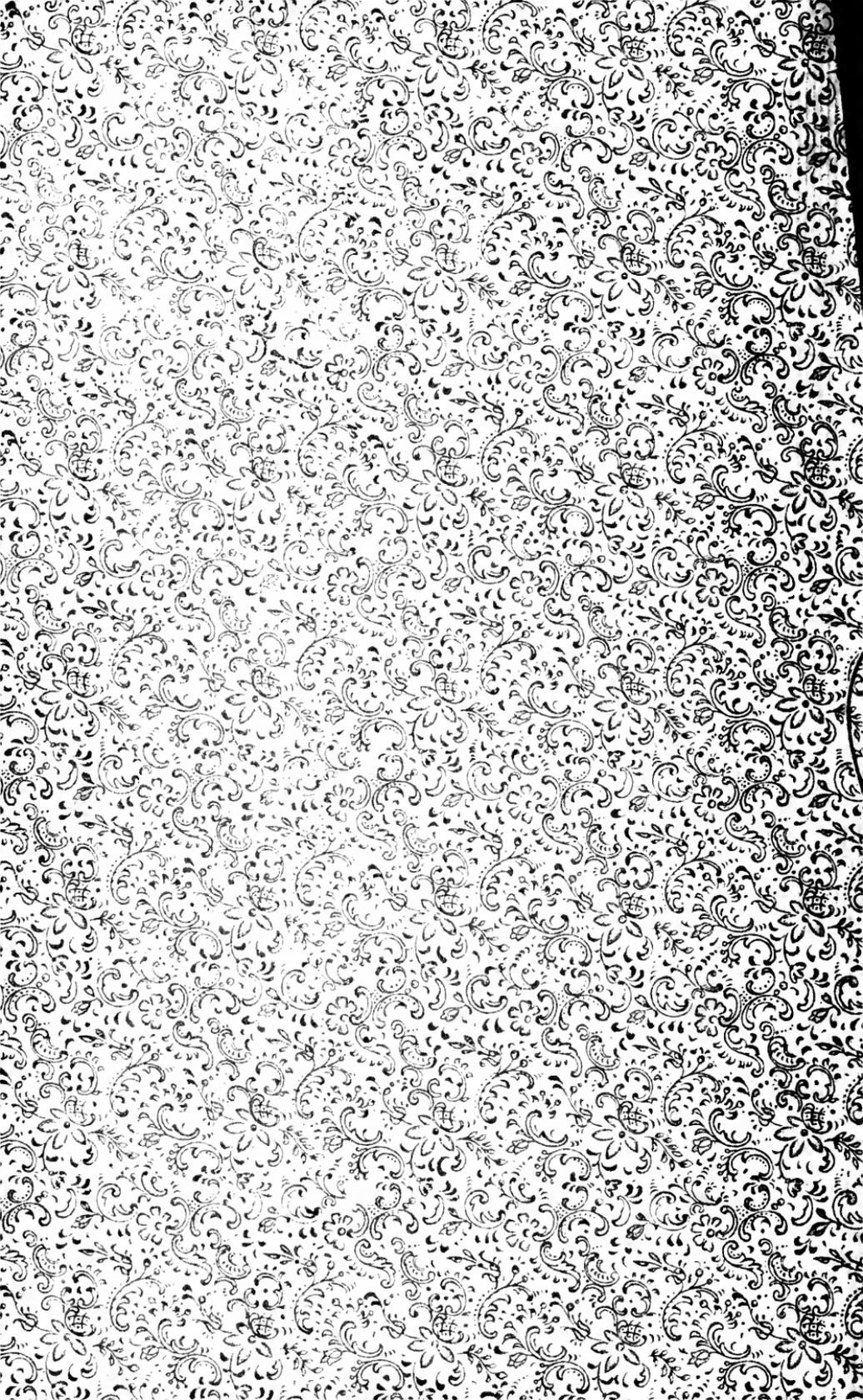


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SEADNA

AN DARA CUIO.

WITH TRANSLATION.

AN T-ATAIR PEADAR UA LAOGEAIRE,
TO SAOTRUIG.

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PREFACE.

IN the following pages the story of SEATHA 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 bpeāḡ" 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 $\rho\lambda\epsilon\alpha\tau$ and $-\text{in}$ are the orthographical component parts of the word $\rho\lambda\epsilon\alpha\tau\text{in}$. The "i" which has been introduced before the "τ" has nothing to do with the orthography. The "τ" of " $\rho\lambda\epsilon\alpha\tau$ " is a broad letter. The "τ" of " $\rho\lambda\epsilon\alpha\tau\text{in}$ " 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 " $-\text{in}$." That is in order to make it $\epsilon\alpha\omicron\iota$ $\tau\epsilon$ $\epsilon\alpha\omicron\iota$. The word " $\text{cu}\rho\text{u}$ " has the "ρ" naturally slender. Hence the slight "i" sound is already between it and the "u." In the plural of it we have " $\text{cu}\rho\Delta$." That is the voice has to drop the slight "i" sound in order that the "ρ" should be sounded broad to fit it for the broad vowel "Δ" which follows it. That is, $\text{te}\alpha\tau\Delta\text{n}$ $\tau\epsilon$ $\text{te}\alpha\tau\Delta\text{n}$.

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 *Seana* 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.

SEATHA.

Óí tuicim na h-oidéce anri. Óí Cormac ašur a múintir gan fillaó. Óí cuio de na daoínib t'íméig leó ašur náir feao coimeáto ruar leó, aš teacó tar n-air i noiaig céile. Cuio acu 'šá ráó šo raib bepta ar na bíeamháis ašur cuio acu 'šá ráó na raib. Óí šarra acu baillišče ar lári an bócair ar ašairó tíge Óiarmuoa amac. Iao aš ašneaf ašur aš áiteam ar áceile. An tincéir móri eataréai rciš ašur é 'šá šceirtiúšáó.

Þreab Šeathna ar a máócnaím. “A Óiarmuio,” ar reirean, “óán an uorur ro an óiaig ašur óainšnió šo maic é;” ašur riúo amac é ašur irteac i lári na múintire a bí aš caint.

“Ar rušáó oréa?” ar reirean.

“Óo rušáó,” arfa tuine.

“Níor rušáó,” arfa tuine eile.

“Š óó, uoirimre šur rušáó,” arfan céuro tuine.

“Ná feacairó mo óá fúil lám Óormaic ar ršórnais an fir móri úto a bí aš riúbai an donais inoiu i óteanta Šaóó Óiarmuoa? An é raóare mo fúil óo méarfá baic óiom?”

“Óála an ršéil,” arfan trímáó tuine, “ní feóarí cao óo beir Šaóó Óiarmuoa aš riúbai an donais 'na teanta.”

“Ní feóarfa acó óóm beaš leat,” arfan ceatrímáó tuine, “ná ní feóarí cao óo beir aš tíš Óiarmuoa i n-aon óor íao, irteac 'r amac ann, šur óóic leat šur leó an áit. Siné óall me, ašur óaoíne nác me. Nuair óonac íao óóm óána i óciš Óiarmuoa ní raib blúire óroic iontaóibe ašam arca. Óo rušáóar bramaó breáš uaim. Úeinn lán trárta óá bráiginn óeic brúint fíóro air. Nuair airšgear an t-éirteac šo léir óá óeanam, ašur an t-airgearó móri éar na beapraib óá éabairc ar aon ruo i úruim carail, bí ionšna mo óroíóe

oim. 'D'airiúgear na daoine 'gá m'á n'á maib ionta a'c ceannuig'ce. 'So maib airgead an fu'g acu. 'So b'fuaraidar 'so bog é a'gur ná maib 'o' fonn o'p'ta a'c't é leisint u'á'ta 'so bog. 'Dú'barc liom féin, ní'ó ná'ri b' iongna, 'so maib re c'óm ma'it a'gam mo t'ar'ang 'oo be'it a'gam ar ó t'á'p'ta an c'aoi a'gam. 'D'iarar t'ri f'ic'ro. 'Fuarar é lá'it'neac. 'Lán mo p'óca de plá'it'ín'ib lu'á'da! 'Táim c'neac'ta acu! 'Mo b'ramac b'ré'ag calma 'sup c'ait'ear an b'ia'g'ain 'gá c'oc'ú'g'á'd! 'Muna m'bea'd me 'gá b'p'eic'p'inc a'g de'ana'm c'óm 'o'ána ar t'is 'D'iar'mu'oa lé'it ní bua'it'p'io'ir an bob r'ain o'im."

"Sini an c'aint!" a'p'ra 'o'ine e'ile, a'gur f'ear'g 'na g'lo'p. "Do bua'itea'd an bob ce'adna o'im'p'a, a'gur muna m'bea'd 'D'iar'mu'io lia't a'gur Sa't'b ní bua'it'p'i!"

"Tu'illea'd 'n 'donar c'um 'D'iar'mu'oa!" a'p'ra Se'adna, "ná'ri f'euc' no'im'ir. 'D'f'á'g'ad'ar be'd bo'c't é féin a'gur Sa't'b." a'gur 'o'ini'p ré 'o'ó'ib t'ri'ó r'io'p, ó t'ur'ac 'so de'ir'ea'd, an r'g'e'al, 'o'ir'ea'd f'eb ma'p t'uit ré ama'c.

"I'p é c'ri'c an r'g'e'il é," ar f'eir'ean, "so b'f'u'il e'ag'ta o'im 'so n-e'ir'g'e'á'd'ar a c'ho'í'de ar 'D'iar'mu'io muna b'f'u'il e'ir'ig'ce c'e'ana a'ig'e a'ir, a'gur 'so n-im'te'd'á'ar Sa't'b bo'c't le c'ra'ob-d'ca'ib. 'T'ri c'e'ao p'ú'nc im'ig'ce! 'Ar c'nu'ar'ar'ó an be'ir't r'iam!" 'Ní cu'í'm'in liom a le'it'é'ro de r'g'hu'or. 'Ní f'ea'd'ar ó t'ala'm an 'oo'm'ain ca'o de'ar'p'ar'io r'ia'd."

"O'ar r'ia'd!" a'p'ra f'ear' an b'ram'a'ig, "o'á o'ic'ar a'tá an r'g'e'al a'g'ain'ne i'p me'ara acu-r'an é. 'Muna m'bea'd tu 'gá m'á'd ní c'p'e'io'p'inn f'ocal de. 'A'c't 'o'ar n'oo'ic ní f'olá'ir 'so b'f'u'il an f'í'p'inne a'g'at. 'Ca'o e'ile be'ar'p'á'd ama'c i' 'na g'a'or-t'án a'g r'í'ú'bal an a'on'a'ig le'ir a'gur an c'l'ó'ca de'ar'g' ú'o u'ir't'i, a'c't 'sup c'ear r'i lom 'o'á'ir'í'p'ib 'so ma'ib an c'lea'm'nar de'anta?"

"I m'ba'ite-á'ta-C'ua't' i'p'ea'd b'i an p'ó'p'á'd le de'ana'm," a'p'ran t'inc'é'ir m'ó'p. "Ní de'ar'p'á'd a'on a'it ba c'óm'g'ar'a'ig'e an g'n'ó. 'O'log'ón ó! 'I'p f'ar'da me ar an r'ao'g'al a'gur i'p iom'á'da bob g'lic 'oo bua'itea'd o'im le m' ré, a'c't a le'it'é'ro r'in de bob ní f'ea'ca r'iam' f'ó'p 'o'á bua'la'd 'so t'c'i in'oi'u, a'gur ní 'o'ó'ca 'so b'p'eic'p'ea'd a'ir'í'p."

“Ciacu ip mó na bobana a buaileadó oir nó na bobana a buaitir?” arfa fear an bhramaig.

“Fásgaim le uaðadé,” arfan tincéir, “nác cuimhin liom gur buailear don bob ar doinne miam. Ní cuimhin go deimhin.”

Dúbairt ré an éaint éom leandáide rin gur rghairt araid láirteac ar gáiríóib. D’airis Sath na gáiríde agus má airis éar rí do phreib gur fúití fein abí an masadó, óir bí rí o’eir cainte Seathna do cloirtin agus é ag inirint cúrráide an cleamhair. Ói náire agus fearis a doirtin uirtí an fáro a bí rí ag éirteac leir, acé nuair airis rí an rghairteac gáire ó n-a raib ar an mbótar o’airis rí ar buile. Siúo amac í agus óiris rí orca. Cus rí aghair na muc a’r na maoráide ar Seathna airir mar nár labair ré i n-am, pul a raib a curó airisio imigte asan “Siogáide” úo. Anran cus rí aghair na muc a’r na maoráide ar an o’incéir, mar gíoll ar beir ag masadó fúití. “A plubaire na gcorcán mburte!” ar ríre, “níor táinis ré cum baile úit fein ná o’doinne a bain leat inr na reacé rínreairib a ráó go mbeiteá ag masadó púmpa.” Anran do cus rí aghair ar fear an bhramaig mar do rghairt ré ar gáiríóib nuair éonac ré an oíre a tugadó ar an o’incéir. “Ip nó beas an rgeal,” ar ríre, “é o’ imteacé ortra mar o’ iméig, agus dá n-iméigeacé ré níora reacé meara oir. U’fuirirde úit a airtint, nuair tarraingeacé trí picio púnt úit ar do bhráimín gíobalac, gortca, o’roicméanais, nár úine macánta tarrainis miam air a leitéro o’ airgeao. Ní raib leigear asac air. Ói an traint nó lároir ircis do éroide. Trí picio púnt ar rreúairín bhramaig gan crot air gan blúire foluigeacéta ann acé oircao le reandaoira! Sreacó égac, a rreallairín! Munab oir acá an éaint!”

“Eirt, a Sathó!” arfa fear an bhramaig, “Na bíod ceiro oir. Tá ré buaitte irteac am aigneacé, agus a raib de daoínib gan ciall ar an doac ro inoiu, nác foláir nó ip mó gáir go bfaífar i mball éigin ar a mears amadóan do porraíó gan rpre tu.”

Airíú do léim rí ar a corp, agus ról a raió a fíor aige cao abí cuige bí an dá láim go daingean aici 'na cúro fear-óige agus i 'zá rtaíad. Do rtaí rí anonn é agus do rtaí rí anall é. Cuir pé a trí no a ceathair de béiceanaib ar, mar cuirpead zámáin bolláin le linn na rzéine do cup ar a rzórnais. Níor buail pe i cé zur mór an fóirne aige é. Cuir pé an dá láim léi agus do éat pe uair amac i agus do rí pé leir féin. Ní folam a tuz ríre na méireanna léi. Da dóic leat go tuirpead an t-anam tur teit ar arais láit-pead nuair éonacádar an folataíad a fuair fear an bramaiz agus nuair éonacádar an fearós ar méireannaib Sárb.

Le n-a linn rin bí na daoine as fillead níor líonmáire ó leanmáint na mbiteamháic. Féb mar tígróir bíod zác doinne acu zá fiafraíde cao pé noéar an rult nó cao abí ar ríúbal. Da zéar zur cuirpeadar a noeacraíde féin ar a zceann agus zur luis an éaint agus an tráct agus an cómpáid go léir ar an macalonz abí imighe ar Sárb agus ar Óiarmuio laí.

Síle. Go deimín, a péiz, ír dóca muna mbead rian go h-imteóad orca mar adúbairt Óiarmuio féin, go marbócaíde iao nó go loirzrí ra rí iao 'na mbeataiz.

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

Síle. Conur é rin, a Cáit? Dar noóic má dúbairt pé le Óiarmuio an dozur do dúnad nár orzail Sárb féin é?

Cáit. Da cuma dúnta no orzailte é mna mbead a zlice cuir Seadna cúrraíde an éleamháir agus na trí zcead brúnt i mbéalaib na noaoíne. Síne raor iao ó dúbpeiz na noaoíne.

Péiz. Agus bíod nár tuz Sárb é, tuz rí áro éonnam do Seadna ra rgeal. Nuair bíodar as feucáint uirí agus as éirteact léi ar fead tamail íré a dúbadar le n-a céile 'ná go raió rí as imteact ar a meabair zlan. Táiníz beirt ban dá cómparranaib agus baillígeadar leo irteac í. Anrain do leat an rápla go raió rí ar deargz-

buite agus go mb'éigean i ceangail. Cuir ran ó bhozal ar fad iad. Céirto zác doinne ná raboan ciontaó i ngnóó na mbiteamínac agus na maib don rún acu air, agus ná maib doinne ba éinne do fágbad ná iad.

Ói an oíóce ag imteact agus ní maib Cormac ag filltead 'ná don tuairis éruinn uair. Na daoine do cáill a gcuir, ói ceirto agus ceannfé agus náire ag teact ortá. An focal úo doúbaire Saóó le fear an bhamais, o'airigeatar é agus do tuigeatar 'na n-aigneabó go maib an ceart aici. Ní maib doinne acu féin náir oir an éaint óó, cóm éruinn agus o'oir ní o'fear an bhamais. Ói a fíor acu ná rab puinn truaza ag daoínib óóib, agus ní maib puinn truaza acu féin dá céile. O' mair a tuigrint féin óóib, nuair tugad an t-airgeat móir óóib ar na capallib go maib bpeir móir agus a gceart acu dá fágaíl,—agus glacatar é. Ar ball nuair éainis an fírinne amac do tuigeatar 'na n-aigneabó náir iméig ortá act an fuo abí tuillte acu, mar gur tugatar toil do'n oíóic beairt. Óioar ag bailliúgab leó agus ag imteact abaire, go dúir agus go doémaroead, go doáirta agus go diombáóac, go leam óíob féin agus de éuairt an lae acu.

Síle. Feuc gurab iomóa cuma iona noéinteair airgeat b'éasac o'éagmar é óéanam de lichíóib plinge, le díobluígeact.

Cáit. Feuc féin rin. Agus feuc, leir, gurab anam le fágaíl tuine beab cóm macánta ran go oíocraó pé i gcionn reactmaine cum an airgíó éirt do éur i n-ineab an airgíó b'éasais, mar éainis Miceál Breathac.

Job. Agus dála an rgeil, feuc gur beag dá buirdeacair abí air. Ói "a éuro a'f a élú aige" ag imteact óó.

Cáit. Ciacu élú, a Jobnuir, élú na macántaacta nó élú na díobluígeacta?

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

Noia. Ní fearar, a Peg, an maib don trúil go oíocraó an

tuine uapal t̄ar n-air c̄um airḡio c̄irt to t̄abairt to na daōinib̄ gur̄ t̄us r̄e an t-airgeat̄o b̄r̄easac̄ toib̄.

Þeg. Iṛ easal liom, a Nóra, t̄a t̄oiḡeac̄o go n̄dearf̄ac̄o na daōine ceat̄na r̄ain go r̄aib̄ r̄e c̄om̄ m̄or̄ ar buille 7 c̄earat̄ar Saṫb̄ r̄ēin to beit̄.

Job. Maire, a þeg, nac̄ b̄reac̄s boḡ r̄eṫo a t̄ēinean Nóra iarac̄t beas maḡar̄o r̄uinn! "Ní r̄eat̄ar an r̄aib̄ don t̄r̄uill go t̄oiof̄ac̄o r̄e t̄ar n-air," ar r̄ire, c̄om̄ maic̄ agur̄ t̄a mbeac̄o don bl̄uibe t̄a m̄earball uir̄c̄i n̄a r̄aib̄ don t̄r̄uill i n-don c̄or̄ le n-a leit̄ēro.

Nóra. O! am b̄riac̄ar 'r̄ ambara, a Jobhuic̄, agur̄ gan t̄oioic̄ n̄iṫ ar m̄'anam, gur̄ t̄e c̄oiōde t̄āir̄ir̄ib̄ ac̄āim, feuc̄! Siṫe ac̄ā ōim. To t̄ēin Miceal̄ Reamoinn airgeat̄o le t̄ioibl̄uiḡeac̄t t̄e lic̄in̄oib̄ r̄linge agur̄ t̄us r̄e to m̄naōi an t̄abair̄ne iac̄o c̄um a hata t̄'f̄ac̄ail uair̄c̄i. Ní r̄aib̄ r̄e r̄árta, ámh, i n-a airgeat̄o gan t̄eac̄t air̄ir̄ i gc̄ionn r̄eac̄t̄muine agur̄ airgeat̄o t̄leac̄t̄ac̄o to t̄abairt̄ c̄uic̄i, agur̄ ní r̄aib̄ don ionḡna 'na t̄aob̄ air̄ r̄ēin na ar doinne eite. Ac̄t t̄a b̄r̄ill̄f̄eac̄o an tuine uapal úto agur̄ airgeat̄o r̄ir̄inneac̄o to t̄abairt̄ to na daōinib̄ gur̄ t̄us r̄e an t-airgeat̄o b̄r̄easac̄o t̄oib̄, dearf̄air̄oír̄ go r̄aib̄ r̄e c̄om̄ m̄or̄ ar a c̄ēill agur̄ c̄earat̄ar Saṫb̄ to beit̄. Sin̄e ac̄ā ōim.

Þeig. Soṫo feuc̄, a Nóra, t̄a r̄o t̄e t̄eir̄p̄uiḡeac̄t ioir̄ an t̄a r̄geal. Fear̄ mac̄ánta toob̄ eac̄o Miceal̄ b̄reac̄t̄nac̄ r̄e t̄ioibl̄uiḡeac̄t ac̄i air̄ge, 'na n̄a r̄aib̄. B̄iteam̄nac̄o toob̄ eac̄o an tuine uapal úto, r̄e uair̄leac̄t ac̄i air̄ge, 'na n̄a r̄aib̄.

Cait̄. Am b̄riac̄ar m̄ōit̄e gur̄ab̄ é mo t̄uair̄m r̄ēin gur̄ab̄ iac̄o na h-uair̄le m̄ōra na b̄iteam̄nais iṛ m̄o. Síne an tuine uapal r̄ain to c̄uir̄ amac̄ na 'C Eógnais. T̄a r̄e r̄āit̄e go b̄r̄uill t̄eic̄ mile p̄unt̄ r̄a mb̄liac̄aim air̄ge t̄all i Sac̄rana. Ní r̄ár̄oac̄o r̄ain é gan t̄eac̄t anro anall c̄um na ḡ'C Eógnac̄o m̄boct̄ agur̄ iac̄o to c̄air̄eam̄ amac̄ r̄e'n ḡclac̄ar̄ ōit̄e nōt̄ias. B̄i an t̄rean l̄án̄ma ann

aḡur an lánna ós aḡur naonmáir clainne. Cóinnaoír
 do fúeig an t-é ba fine acu, aḡur ní raib an leanb' doob
 óige ac't t'rí feac'tmáine. Nuair bíodair go léir amuic
 aḡur an fearcáinn aḡ tuirim 'na taoírgeanaib' oirta, do
 úein Seagán ós Meic Eóghain rḡairp i scoinnib' an clao
 mar foit'in doib'. Táinig an tuine uaral aḡur do leas
 ré an rḡairp.

Nora. O! Dia linn! a Cár, ní dóca gur úein!

Cár. Am b'riat'ar gur úein. Dúbairt an báille leir go raib
 punc éigin olíge ann, aḡur go mbea'd an obair ceatona
 aige 'gá gur amac ó'n rḡairp abí aige 'gá gur amac
 ar an ois. Do leas ré an rḡairp oirta pé i n-Éirinn é.
 Aḡur anrain do bí an fean tuine boct' aḡ sol, aḡur
 nuair cónaic an tuine uaral aḡ sol é, "see," ar feirean,
 "how the old cock cries."

Síle. Caoé an fuo é rin, a Cár?

Cár. "Feuc," ar feirean, "mar goileann an fean cócaíge."

Síle. O! feuc ar rin! Aḡur é féin 'gá cur aḡ sol!

Job. Ir beas ná go n'oearráinn leir an ntuine uaral rain an
 fuo úo doúbairt Máire páirtaláin leir an b'feair a fuḡ
 im na bliagha uairt' aḡur gan gneidm' olíge aici air.
 "Am b'riat'ar," ar ríre, "gur maic an plan ifrean do
 beic' ann!"

Peig. O! fairé! a Jobnuic. Ca b'fior oi ná go raḡa'd rí
 féin ann!

Job. Ir dóca naé ó éroíde doúbairt rí é, ac't an fearis do
 beic' uairt', aḡur an cúir aici.

Síle. Ba dóic liom náir gá'b' t' doinne é do ra'd leir an
 ntuine uaral do cur amac na 'C Eóghaig aḡur do leas
 an rḡairp oirta.

Job. Cao na taob', a Síle.

Síle. Mar deairt' do Dia uairt' féin é, Molao' go deó leir!

Peig. Cao do deairt' ré uairt' féin, a cúir?

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

Peig. Ca b' fíor, a Síle, na go n'oeairt' an tuine uaral
 aic'íge.

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

Cáit. Maire deáirna leat! a Síle. Siní an éaint go bfuil
an ciot uirthi. Is truaḡ éiridte gan tu ag déanam na
noligete dúinn, ba ḡair go ḡuirfá na h-uairle 'na
ḡcómnuighe, agus ba ḡáó rain. Agus cogair, a ḡes, dar
nóid ní déimio na daoine uairle aitheirge i n-aon éor.

ḡes. Aithir ead a éirí an iud rain ad éanna, a Cáit?

Cáit. Súd, táim ag éirteac muam le n-a n-oiric beairtair,
agus le n-a n-éugóir, agus leir an rḡuir a bíonn acu
úd deanam ar daoine bocta, 'ḡá mbrúḡad agus 'ḡá
meilt agus 'ḡá noibhite le fuacó 7 le fán, agus níor
aithgear muam ḡuir dein doinne acu aitheirge 'na leoir-
ḡniom. Iriao na daoine bocta a bíonn ag deanam na
h-aitheirge. Is ḡreanmair an rḡéal é!

ḡes. O! go deimín, a Cáit, déimio daoine uairle aitheirge
leir. Inḡean ríḡ doo ead ḡobnuit baile múirne.
Agus mac ríḡ doo ead Colum Cille.

Síle. An aithir an méio rin, ḡobnuit?

ḡob. Ac! D'aithgear fadó é a Síle. Inḡean ríḡ doo ead i.
Agus nuair fás rí tuis a h-atar d'ubairt an t-ainḡeal
léi gan rtao cum cómnuigete acé ra n-aic 'na bḡaḡad
rí naoi ḡcinn d'fíadnair bána 'na ḡcoola noimpi.
Táim rí go tóí aic éirín agus fuair rí tḡí cinn acu
ann, agus d'fan rí tamall beas ra n-aic rin. Anrain
do táim rí go Cill ḡobnatar tíor agus fuair rí pé
cinn ann. D'fan rí tamall móir anrain, agus riné uair
a tuḡad Cill ḡobnatar air an aic. Anrain do táim
rí go baile múirne agus fuair rí na naoi ḡcinn ann.
D'fan rí anrain an éuro eile dá raḡal agus ir ann adá
rí curta.

Cáit. Cuirfara ḡeall ḡuir fadó beid na 'C Eóghnais amuic
rui a n-deanfaid an tuine uairle a éirí amac iad aitheirge
agus iad do éirí irteac aithir.

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

PEG. San amhar, iy tóca sur faoi go bfeicfar naom oíca.

SOB. Conur o'imeis le Cormac an Éincein, a péis?

PEG. Ní raib társ na tuairis air go ceann feachtmaine ó
 lá an donais. Cuairt zac don ruo cum ruainir. Ní
 feactar Saob na a h-áair ar an ocaob amuic de
 uorar i scaiteam na feachtmaine. An múintir iy mó bí
 caillte le h-obair na mbiteamnac iriad ba lúga tráct
 air. An múintir na raib don ruo acu le cailleamaint
 níor rtao a mbéul, áct zac doinne acu 'gá ríoríaoí-
 deam dá mbeaó capall aise péin le oíol ná rgarraó
 ré com mochaolac pain leir.

I gcionn feachtmaine o'fíll Cormac. Tis Seadna an
 ceao tis 'nar tuis ré aghaó air. Táinis Seadna amac 'na
 coinnib réb mar táinis ré amac i gcionnib Seagáin Cioctais
 an lá úo.

"Sead!" arfa Seadna.

"Do choaó truír acu," arfa Cormac. "O'imtis
 Sioctáide, nó pé ainim atá air. Dá feabair oitnear do
 deineamair do teip oirainn teact ruar leó sur ríoiramair
 an áair euaóar-ra láitreaó as triall ar múintir an
 ríis mar arair aithe máit oim, agus o'inpear mo rgeal.
 Ní feacaídir a leicéio o'iongna ar don daoinib ruam 7 bí
 oíca. 'Airíú,' ar riao-ran, 'do táinis fear anro eúgáinn
 ó éianair agus o'imir ré an rgeal ceadna pain oúinn,
 agus tairbeam ré oúinn truír de na biteamnacair agus
 gabamair láitreaó iao, agus iy tóca go gcoéfar ambárac
 iao. Oúbaire pé náir b'iao ba mó ba ciontaó áct an t-é bí
 'na ceann oíca agus ar cuilleaó dá róro ra múmain. Fear
 sur b'ainim do Seadna. Fear abí as deanam aigis brea-
 ais le faoi. Agus dá cómarca pain péin, sur b'airin do'n
 oúctais é beit beó boct lairtis de éuis nó fé bliagair,
 agus anoir go bfuil ré ar an bfeair iy raibre ra múmain nó
 b'féoir i n-éirinn. Agus' ar riao 'ca órougáó ó'n ríis,

congnaim fear do gléuradó láirneac agus imteact agus breic ar Seadna úo, pe h-é féin, agus é tabairt cum lámha anro sabta.' 'Ca bfuil an fear o'innir an rgeal pain?' arra mire. 'Tá pé anro ircis,' ar ríao. 'Cuadmair irteac. Ní maib a tuairirg ann. 'Do miteadar anonn 'r anall 'gá cuaroad. Ní maib pé le fágal acé mar rloisgead an talam é. 'Ca bfuil an triúr eile?' arra mire. 'Ircis ra caréair,' ar ríao. 'Feiceam iao agus ceiróigeam iao,' arra mire. 'Cuadmair irteac agus ceiróigeamair iao, gac fear oíob pé leit. 'Uioadar ar don focal amáin ra méro peo. 'So maib an t-airgead breasac dá deanaim i n-ait éigin ra cáair. 'Ná maib ríor na h-áite ag doimne acu féin. 'So maib coriomn pé'n bpúnt acu dá fágal ar an airgead do cúir amac ar doncaíob agus ar marcaíob. 'Sur le mangairacé do máireadar so oí sur teangbaró an obair peo leó. 'Surab amlaib do cuirrí an t-airgead breasac cúca so h-ait a gcomnuigte. 'Ná feacadar maib an ait 'na mbíci 'gá deanaim 'ná an t-é bí 'na ceann ar an ngnóó.

"Ní feacaíoir maib acé an iongna éroíde abí ar thuíntir an ríg nuair o'airigeadar an méro rin. 'Anrain o'innear-ra oíob conur cúir-rí i noiaig na mbiteamnac me, agus cúirer ar a rúilíb oíob conur, muna mbead turá, náir b'féioir teact ruar leó i n-don cor.

'Ambárac abí cúgaimn b'éigion dom tul i láair an breicim agus an rgeul o'innirint ríó ríor oó. 'Anrain do daoraó iao cum a gpocta mar gcall ar an ngníom abí deanta acu agus é deanaim pé anim an ríg. 'Agus do ceapad luét braé agus cuirrad amac iao inr na cúig árhoib feucaint an brearairóir teact ruar leit an Síogairde macánta, pé h-é féin nó pé ball 'na bfuil pé, agus é tabairt cum lámha. 'Do ceapad, mar an gceadna, luét cuaroiag, cum na h-áite do deanaim amac 'na bfuil an t-airgead breasac ro dá deanaim, agus, oir náé foláir nó tá níor mó 'ná an ceairra ra gnóó, an cúro eile acu o'fíadac agus greidín o'fágail orca pul a mberó uain acu ar a tuillead

oíoghbála do deanaim. Is iompa cú gearr ar fálaib an éalaíre um an taca ro, geallaim duit é, agus má beirean ré na cora uata is móir an iongna liomra é. Nuair tuisgeadar a feadair do deinir-re an beairt lá an donais agus a géire mar éair do an rgeal ar an gceatrar, iré doúbradar go léir 'na gur móir an truaḡ san tu tíor acu féin mar a mbead coctrom agus ar an intleact atá agus do éir cum tairbe.

"Is eagal liom, A Cormaic," arsa Seathna, "nuair abí teirtiméireact agus dá tairte doib ar m' intleact, munair éirir leir an bfeinne ná doḡal gur bainir uairt. Act is doḡa muna mbead a géire do leanair-re ar fálaib an feir móir úo agus a luactact abíoir irteact ra éair 'na doir, go mbeinn tíor acu um an taca ro agus ná ar maite le m' intleact é. San aimir do éair ré doir iaract do tairte fúm. Is móir an truaḡ ceat a cor agus leitéro. Is oic ó fearaib na ceat muna doir riat ruar leir anoir agus a ainim i n-airte ar fuair na h-éireann ó'n mbeairt ro. Dála an rgeil is móir go léir an iongna liom a ráo go raib ré do doir céille air tract ar ainim an ríḡ ra gnó. Da éair do a feir do beir aise ná fearadoul leir abairt fé ainim an ríḡ."

"Iré ceairm-ré," arsa Cormaic, "'ná go raib a feir go maite aise cat abí ar ríbal aise, agus gur do' don gnó ar ra do doir fé obair lae an donais."

"Conur rain?" arsa Seathna.

"Do féir mar tuisim an rgeal," arsa Cormaic, "is éirte is mó bí ré, agus reo mar éair ré teact ort, dá ruitead leir. Nuair bead gnó an donais criochnuigte aise do' imteodad ré féin agus Saob feir go baile-áta-clat. O'fásrad ré an truir eile i mbun na gcapall, 'gá mbeir leo go mbuairtead cuir dá n-aicme féin úmpa ar an rliḡ agus go nglactair uata iad le cur ar donairtib eile dá n-diol. Nuair fpoirtead ré an éair tíortad ré i láir an bfeir agus doairtead ré ort an beairt abí deanta

aiġe f'ain, ġur aġat abí an t-aiġeat b'reaġac aġur ġur tu abí aġ ceanaċ na ġcapall 'oon riġ, mar 'o'eaċ, aġur ná ġaib 'oe ġnó aiġe f'ain ra n-ait acċ cum an cleam'nair 'o 'deanaġ aġur cum a miná 'o ta'baire leir. Anraim, nuair beaċ a 'oil imearċa aiġe orċra aġur an enáib ar 'o muineál aiġe 'o pórpaċ ré Sa'ob aġur feuc' anraim cé 'dearpaċ ġur bi'ceam'naċ é! Nioir ió 'deacair 'o an rġéal 'o cur 'na luġe ar muincir na ca'raċ nuair 'o 'neorpaċ ré 'o'ob a luġeat aiġeat abí aġatra tá beaġán aimpire ó rin ann aġur méro 'o fa'ob'bir anoir.

"Ní 'o'baire doimne ġiam' ġo b'rair ré aiġeat b'reaġac uaim," arpa Seadna.

"Ní lúġa 'na 'rair," arpa Cormac. "Nuair a h-inreac 'o'mra ġur tu cuġ an cior 'o'n baireac an lá úo fa'ob, 'o 'raillar an uile p'ora 'ó aġur bí ré ġo léir c'om 'oilir aġur 'oá mba amaċ ó ce'ra'ocain an riġ f'ain 'o 'tiocpaċ ré an ma'raion ce'ona."

"Ir 'o'ca," arpa Seadna, "oá mbeaċ ré b'reaġac ġo ra'ac' an rġéal dian orġ;" aġur cur ré rmuta ġáire ar.

"Nioir ba'ra'ac 'o'ic aon rġéal 'o 'o'ul dian orġ uaimpe," arpa Cormac "an fa'ro ná ġaib aon éuġoir aġat 'oá 'deanaġ." Tárla le n-a linn rin ġur feuc' ré roir an 'oá f'uil ar Seadna aġur má feuc' 'o r'ac'.

Síle. Cao na ta'ob 'o r'ac, a p'eiġ? 'oá 'o'ic liom, pé 'o'ine ġo ġcuirpeaċ an feuc'aint úo Seadna rġeón ann, ná ná cuirpeaċ, ġur 'deacair 'o aon ġeit 'o baire a' Cormac an C'aincín. ġ'abaimpe orġ 'oá mb' é Seaġán an aonaġ abeaċ ann náċ ba'ra'ac ġo mbairf' aon ġeit ar. Ní ba'rf' acċ orġeat aġur ba'rf' a c'raim muice 'oá mbeaċ rí ann.

p'eiġ. 'oó ir am'lar' mar bí an rġeal aġ Cormac, bí rin ġrána aġ Seadna air. Tamall beaġ tar éir an lae úo a táinġ ré aġ éiteam' realba ar an mbairc'is 'o ra'air Seadna amaċ cúpra'ibe ná b'reibe aġur bí a f'ior aġ Cormac ġo b'rair. 'o 'ceir air a aiġeat 'o cur cum

ruaimhíir ná an oíde ceo coislaó go tóí gur táinig pé cum cainte le Seathna agus gur iar pé air san gearán do cup irteac air. Oúdhairt Seathna ná deanraó dá ngeallraó Cormac do san bheab do glacaó airíir. Ruo a geall go fonníiar.

Síle. Anraiz ba dána an téadaí abí air. “Níor baogal tuit mipe an fáio ná maib don éuzóir asat dá deanaíí.” Níor b’iongna gur baimeadó geit ar. Dá mbeadó fíor an méio rin as Saóó do cuisreacó pí eao é an zpreíom abí as Seathna air.

Peis. Uí an zpreíom rin aize air go daingíon, agus bí a mian air, ní maib aize acé ba dhairt air cum é tíomáint ar píúbal pé bog cruaidó an zno, pé moó veídeanaó an tráó, pé pliuó ruar an uain.

“An tóic leat an bfuil don t-ríair go mbeairr air?”

airr Seathna.

“Tácar na díad go teit ar don cumá,” airr Cormac.

“Tá fir ’na díad gur deacair tuit uata, geallaim tuit é. Iré a ráó féin ná deacair don bíteamnac mian fóir uata. Má téidean pé peo uata beíó an éraob aize.”

“An ra dhair as cainte le Dairmuio liac ó fillir?” airr Seathna.

“Ní ra dhair,” ar reirean, “acé t’airígear gur fás Saóó an baile agus ná fuil don tuairirz uiréi. Uídear cum tuit ann fíor anoir feucaint ar táinig pí, nó an fíor é i n-don cor.”

“Ra dhair-ra leat,” airr Seathna. “Níor airígear focal tóé. Ir móir an cruas an tuine boó.”

Duailéadar oirra foir. Ní maib Dairmuio ra doirur peómpa. Uí an doirur tóinta. D’oigaladar é agus éadar irteac. Ní feacadar Saóó ná Dairmuio. Uí rean bean iaracáta ’na fuide i n-aice na teine. Tóz pí a ceann agus t’feuc pí oirra agus érom pí airíir é san labhairt. Uí aítne acu uiréi. Cómairra doo eao i. Rairr bogair a tugtaoí uiréi, acé má reao ní nó bogair do bí pí, acé bí pí ana pígin.

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

“Tá ré gan beit ar fógnamh,” ar ríre, go mígin.

“An bfuil pé 'na luíge?” arsa Cormac.

“Tá,” ar ríre, “asur Máire 'ngean airte as tabairt aipe óó.” Le n-a linn rin o'orgail an bean fhuotáilte doipur an t-reámpa. “Óé búir mbeada-ra!” ar ríre.

“Cao tá ar an n-uine seo, a Mháire?” arsa Cormac.

“Tá easal oim, a Cormaic,” ar ríre, “sur taom beas éuscuair atá air. Slán beó mar a n-írtear é! Do bualead bredite lap na bárad lae an donais é, nuair a fuair pé go raib Saob imigite. Nuair airis an pasart an t-éirleac a deineadar na bteamhais úo ar an donac do. táimis pé féin anro, asur nuair a fuair pé Oiarmuio 'na luíge asur gan uine ann do rinfead dooc éuige do cuir pé fíor oimra asur do tánas.”

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

“Ac! ní míroe, ní míroe,” ar ríre.

Ói Cormac irtis ceana-féin, gan ceao.

Síle. Ní deanraim doabta óé!

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

“Óéin t'fíarfais éart!” arsa Oiarmuio. “Cá r' fásair í?” ar rírean. “Ar ius pé uait í?” ar rírean.

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

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

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

“An aicnígim tu! Tá pé cóim ceart asampa tura o'aitint asur tá pé asat-ra mire o'aitint. Tá pé cóim ceart asat-ra mire o'aitint asur tá pé asampa tura o'aitint. Tá pé cóim ceart asampa tura o'aitint asur atá pé asat-ra mire o'aitint——” Tíomáin re leir as filllead 7 as at-filllead ar na focalaib ceadna ar an gcuma rain, gá gcarad zac re oturur, asur nuair éirdead tuitim focail air, nó gan an carad do deanaim crúinn do. léir a ceile, éirdead pé riar ar an gcaint go dtí go mbíod a aighead pártá ar í beit do

féin a céile aige. Anraim do ghéuruiḡeasó ré uiré i ttréó
 sur úóic leat sur seall abíóó curta aige feuchaint an mó
 uair feaḡasó ré na focail do ráó ar a céile san a anál do
 tarans. Céirdeasó ré óóm tian rain air féin sur úóic leat
 so tacaḡasó ré é féin le h-earba análad. I gcionn tamail
 do rtaó ré de na ruḡasaid cainte rin asur o'feuc ré anonn
 i gcúinne an ttréóma. "Iḡ móri an náire daoib so léir é!"
 ar feirean. "Siné an fear boḡt rain tall asur a ceann dá
 rḡoltaó le teinnear asur ná feucasó doinne asaid na
 diaó!"

Síle. Cé'ri b'é rin, a ḡeig?

ḡeig. Ní raib doinne ann, a Síle, aḡt na rreabhraíóíóe do
 beir air an bfeair mboḡt.

Cáit. Iḡ úóicéige sur 'na ceann féin abí an teinnear.

ḡeig. 'Na ceann fein, cao eile?

Cáit. Am bhraḡar so bfeaca-ra Séamur ro asainne ar an
 gcuma gceadna raóó, nuair abí an méar teinn aige.
 An óroḡs élé, óroḡs a láime, irí 'bí teinn. Táinig
 rreabhraíóíóe air le neair an teinnir asur bíóó ré as
 gḡaóóad ar mo máḡair asur ar Neill, asur 'gá iarrair
 orḡa "feuchaint i ndiaó an garrúin úó tall ra cúinne,
 mar so raib óroḡs ana teinn aige."

Nóma. Sead anraim tu, a ḡeig.

ḡeig. O'fanadar tamall maíḡ as éircaḡ leir aḡt do
 teip orḡa don caint bunúraḡ o'fáḡail ar. "Cao é do
 méar air, a Máire?" arra Seadna leir an mnaóí
 fḡiotáilte.

"Ní h-é mo tuairim so bhfuil don bḡoḡal air," ar ríre.
 "Iḡ cómarḡa maíḡ ar an mbreóiteaḡt na rreabhraíóíóe do
 beir óóm h-anamamail. Ní bhraḡaim don máirebḡeige air.
 Bíonn tarḡ air aḡt ní tarḡ ró móri é asur tá meirḡ maíḡ dá
 bainne asam dá ḡabairḡ oó.

Tánaḡar amaḡ ar an rḡóma. "An bhfuil don tuairimḡ
 ar gáóó?" arra Seadna, "no an bhfuil don fíor as doinne
 air, cao é an ttréó bail 'nar tḡs rí a h-asaró?"

“Ní feacaíó doinne ag imteacht i áct Pailr anro,” ar ran bean fhuotáilte. “Bí Pailr amuic ar eirge lae, lae na bárae lae an donais. Tug obair na mbiteamhnae, agus an toirmeasg a lean é, oíóce cúlóirteac do'n mnaoi boct. Bí sí 'na ruíde lairmuic de úorur an boctain big ar an amhgar-nac. Conaic sí an bean ag imteacht ó'n ois reo agus í ar a cionnuatair agus cairín a clóca ar a ceann aici. Cá otabairfad sí a h-agaíó áct ar an mboctán agus gan don éinne aici Pailr do beir 'na ruíde éom móc. Níor tug sí Pailr fé nteara go oí go raib sí buailte léi. O'feuctar ar a céite. Níor labair doinne acu. I' anam a labran Pailr áct nuair labairt léi, agus an uair rin féin ní ro taparó éirge í. Cuir Saob an bótar roir ó tuaró oí, ar a cionnuatair, bótar Daile-Áta-Cliae. Ní feacatar ó sin i beo 'na marb, agus níor airígear go bfeacaíó doinne eile i an mártion ran áct Pailr anro.”

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

“Máire ní featar,” arsa Pailr, go rígin.

“Éom ríurálda agus atá bianta ar mároe bacais,” arsa Cormac, “i' n-oiaró an t-Siozaíde atá sí imigte agus ní le zradó do é, 'na mar máire leir. I' ionta clear glie do éin ré i scaiteam a raogail, áct beirim mo lám a'r m' focal do zupad é clear i' teinne do oár éin re nam an bob a buail ré ar Saob lá an donais. Má'r 'na óiaró atá sí imigte, agus i'eadó, oá o'éirdeac ré i'rtac i bpoli trátair i bpolac uair ní deapairó ré an znó do. Tioctairó sí ríú ruar leir agus cuirpó sí capabac caol air, éom ríurálda agus atá r'gónac air. Dain an éuar anuar ó'n zceann oíom muna zcuirpó. I' oíóe liom oá mbeac a fíor aize cao é an raóar í go ngeabacó ré táirre. Tá ré oeróneac anoir aize.”

“Eir, a Cormaic, eir!” arsan bean fhuotáilte. “Ná bí ag magacó fúe féin. Cao é an znó beac ag Saob go Daile-Áta-Cliae? Cao feataró sí deanam ann? Cia air go bfuil aithe aici ann. Conur zeadacó sí eóur trío an

ḡCaḡair rin, ná raḃ rí riam i nḡioraḡt ceao míle tó? Aḡur ḡur tóḡa ná fuil oircao aḡur poll riancais ná ḡo ḡfuil aithe aise ríúo air, i n-aon baíl ra baile moir. Uíod oimra má mótuíḡean ré 'na úiaró i ḡo ḡcuirfiró ré féin, nó tuine éisín uairó, veircaó léi ḡo tapairó——, má 'r ann a tḡs rí a h-aḡairó, aḡur oar noóic ní tóḡa ḡurab ann, níó náḡ ionḡna.”

“Fán leat ḡo róil,” arfa Cormac. “Ní bearrab aon ḡnó eile o'n mbaile i aḡt cum é ríúo t'fíadaḡ aḡur tó tadbairt cum lamá. An ḡníom' tó vein ré uirḡi féin aḡur ar a h-aḡair, níor veineab ir tóḡa le cuimne doinne aḡá ruar a leitéro eile tóe ḡníom', le ḡráinneamlaḡt aḡur le rppriúnlaitcaḡt aḡur le h-éuḡóir. T'fullaingeoḡab rí i ḡearab 'na miotaib beaḡa pul an leircaó i n-airḡe leir é, níó náḡ loḡt uirḡi.”

“Úe 'ḡur, a tuine an oiróde 'rḡis, má tá ré óom buailte rin ircaḡ aḡ aigne ḡo ḡfuil rí imiḡte ar an incinn rin, cao 'na tóob ná rreaban tu láitreaḡ aḡur i tóo leannaint?” arfan bean ffríoḡáilte.

“Rreabfao, ná bíod eagaí ort,” ar rrean. “Ní raib uaim aḡt a fíor tóo beit aḡam cáir tḡs rí a h-aḡairó. Ir tóḡa ḡo ḡranfair-re airo ḡo tóí ḡo mbeiró an tuine reo aḡ teacaḡ cuise féin, nó an cuio ir lúḡa tóe, air láim fábála.”

“Fannab,” ar rre. “Úúdbairt an raḡart liom rannaint.”

“Aḡur a Seathá,” ar rrean, “muna ḡfuil aon ḡruo ortra ná beab re óom maít aḡat ḡluaircaḡt i n-aoinrecaḡt liom?”

“Ní ḡáó raim,” arfa Seathá. “Tá úúr noóicim aḡaib féin ann.”

“Tá a fíor aḡam” arfa Cormac “ḡur maít le muincir an ríḡ aithe tóo cúir ort, aḡur ḡo mb'féoir ḡur ḡ'fuirirroe ríḡ maíreacaint tóo veanam amac ann tuit ba tairbíḡe 'ná an ḡrearaídecaḡt.”

“Deanraíó an ḡrearaídecaḡt an ḡnó ḡo ceann tamail eile,” arfa Seathá.

“Seab! ḡo tuḡairó Úia la maít úaoib ḡo léir!” arfa

CORMAC. “Iṛ tairiṁ an ḡluairiáct aḡam aṁur é, ḡan ríú ceó an bótairi do baint de m’ bhróḡaiḃ. Iṛ triaḡ ḡan aḃruil de cláḃairíḃíḃ bíṁeáḡnác i n-Éirínn i n-aon céro aḡáin aḡam, aṁ aon érioc aḡáin. Iṛ me ṁaḃairfáḃ an fáṛḡaḃ óóib! Deáḃ ruairíḡnear aḡrain aḡainn aṁ feáḃ tamarill.”

“Deáḃ ruairíḡnear aḡrain aḡainn aṁ feáḃ tamarill.” aḡrain bean ḡriocáilte.

SÍLE. A tairiṁ! a ḡeḡ, ní feáḃair an aḡláirḃ náṁ cúimín leir an bṁeab.

ḡEIS. Cao i an bṁeab, a Síle a cúro?

SÍLE. An bṁeab úḃ a cōilirḃ ré ḡlacáḃ aṁ feilḃ tíḡe na bairiḡíḡe, nuair bí ré ḡá curi amaḃ aḡur ḡan an cíor aici óó, ḡur cūḡ Seadna ói é.

ḡEIS. Ní feáḃair ’n tṁaḡḡaḃ, a Síle. Iṛ minic tṁoc cúimíne aḡ aoiníḃ aṁ an ruo náḃ maíṁ leó cúimíne do cōimeáḃ aṁ.

SÍLE. Úa cōiri ḡo mbeáḃ náirne aṁ.

ḡEIS. Do óuine ḡan náirne iṛ ura a ḡnó deanaíḡ.

SÍLE. Ú’féiriṁ é. Áct ní mōlaim iáḃ, maṁ óaóine ḡan náirne. Iṛ feáṁ ḡo mōri a tiorṁaḃ ré óó a beul ó’éiriṁteáct, aḡur ḡan beíḃ aḡ deanaíḡ tṁoḡaḃ an éaic ceann-ḡinn aṁ an mbíṁeáḡantair.

ḡOB. Iṛ aḡláirḃ maṁ bí an rḡeal aṁḡe, tṁíreáḃ maṁ bí aḡ an bṁeair úḃ i ḡCill Áiríne aḡur é aḡ toul ra bṁuḡḡin. Úi caincín mōri maḡair aṁ maṁ bí aṁ CORMAC. “Úaḃall” a bṁíḃ aḡ aoiníḃ maṁ leairíḡinim aṁ, maṁ ḡeall aṁ an ḡcaincín. ḡlaoirḃíḃ a áṁair aṁ aḡur é aḡ toul iṛteáḃ ra cōiméarḡair.

“A Óóimínail, a méic ó,” aḡrain t-áṁair, “bṁoṛtaṁḡ aḡur tabair ‘baḃall’ aṁ óuine éḡin ruil an tṁaḃairfáḃde oṛt é.” Ú’ ḡin é an úṛḃáḃta aḡ CORMAC. Céar ré ná maíḃ aon tṁlḡḡ ú’feáṁ ’ná maḃáḃ ré féin ó aṁim an bíṁeáḡnnaṁḡ do tabairt aṁ ’na é féin do tabairt aṁime an bíṁeáḡnnaṁḡ aṁ óuine éḡin eile.

SÍLE. Aḡur óair nṁóic, a ḡEIS, ní fáorṁaḃ rain é. Ná feáḃ-
fáíḃde é tabairt aṁ féin ’na óiaíḃ rain cōm maíṁ aḡur
óá mba ná tabairfáḃ ré aṁ aoinne é.

Peḡ. Iḡ tóca ḡur mór an níð leir turac to beic aige féin ar an rḡéal, an ceao urcúir do beic aige, ḡan beic tíor ar an ḡcéao beárrnain. Aḡur cao deaprao na taoine acé nár bpoláir nó nár ḡáó to féin aon eagla to beic aige roimír an ainim, óir dá mba ḡáó ḡo reacnócaó ré trácc aír.

Cáit. Iḡ tóca ḡur b' fíne an úróaíca aḡ 'Doncaó beaḡ nuair ḡoio ré rḡian ḡeamuir. Ní raib doinne ba ḡéipe aḡ cuapraoé 'ná é féin aḡur í ircis na róca aige, an rḡreallairín!

Síle. Conur a ruapraó í, a Cáit?

Cait. Míre a tús ré nveara í ra róca. B'í an róca ar ríleaó larmuic dá caróis aige, mar beaó máilín na bpiarḡ. Úaitear-ra mo lám ar an máilín aḡur b'í an rḡian ircis ann.

Síle. An fear boct! Iḡ tu bain an pḡeab ar.

Cáit. Abair é! 'O' iompuis a lit ann aḡur érom ré ar ḡol.

Síle. Ar oibḡeao é?

Cáit. Níor oibḡeao. 'Oo corain Neill é. 'Oúbairḡ rí ḡurab amlaio a cúir duine éisín an rḡian ra róca ḡan fíor tó, mar rḡóirḡ, aḡur oúbairḡ mo 'dao ḡo raib an ceapḡ aici.

ḡob. Ceap ré, acé a leigint aír beic 'ḡá cuapraoé ar a oíccíoll nár baḡḡal ḡo mbeao a h-amḡar aír féin. Airiú nár máic é!

Peis. Máire ní raó ann acé leaoó, a ḡobnuic. Ní raib aon cíall aige. Aḡur iḡ tóca nár bḡiú puínn an rḡian.

Cáit. Níor bḡiú. Aḡur iré ruo a 'dein ḡeamuir anrain 'ná í bḡonnao aír, aḡur b'ídear-ra ar buile cúise. 'O'fear liom í caiteam ra teine ná í caḡairḡ tó, aḡur an feall beaḡ aige dá 'deanam cóm ḡarao. 'Oá luíḡeao í b' féior dá ruíteao leir ḡo mbeao a h-amḡar ar duine éisín eile, aḡur feuc anrain nác deap an obair a beao deanta aige.

Peḡ. Iḡ fíor 'duic rin a Cáit, "Iḡ raao riar é iarḡma an oḡoic bḡirḡ."

Job. Máire beannaóct Dé le h-anman do mháth, a p̄eis aḡur comáin leat ar an rḡeal! Coimeádoirí rín anrain tu go maoin ambárac aḡ caint aḡur aḡ áiteam̄ aḡur aḡ abcoiríóeact aḡur aḡ cur éiré céile.

Nóra. Aḡur dar n̄oicé, a ḡobnuit ní maḡair féin ḡan do cion de'n abcoiríóeact aḡat, níor leisir leó ar raó é.

P̄eis. 'Do ḡluair Cormac airí, "ḡan ceó an bóḡair do ḡaint oá b̄rḡaib̄," a noúbairet re féin. Nuair bí re imiḡte do éuaró Seathna irceac ra treómpa airí mar araid an tuine b̄reóite.

"Iḡ raóa ḡo oḡánair," arpa Diaimuro. "Iḡe an cleam̄-nar ó Sáimain ḡo Dealltaine aḡat é. Deaó leat na tóite póroa an fáro acair aḡ ḡabáil do. Ca b̄ruil rí anoir? Bí rí anrain ó éianaid. Iḡ feár bean 'ná r̄p̄ré. Cailín ciúm ciallm̄ar ac̄t ḡan fearḡ do cur uiréi. Ó! fairé fút na buail! Airiú ḡreaoaó éḡḡat na buail! Feuc air rín!"

"An b̄ruil don airḡeao ra tḡḡ?" arpa Seathna leir an mnaoi f̄rioḡáilte.

"Oircaó a'ḡ leat̄p̄ingín maó!" ar r̄ire.

"Seo," ar r̄eirean. "Do fuair̄ar r̄aint leat̄air uair an lá ré deircaó. Tá ré éom̄ maic aḡam t̄iol ar anoir" ḡ do r̄ín ré ruim̄ airḡio éúici.

Ḳáimḡ ré lar na márac feucaint conur bí an tuine b̄reóite, aḡur do ruḡ ré leir tuilleaó de'n leat̄ar abí ra triopa ḡ do t̄iol ar. Ba maic mar dein. O'fás rain r̄aint airḡio aḡ an mnaoi f̄rioḡáilte, i oḡreó nuair a fuair Diaimuro an t-aoiteó ḡo maḡ neare oi ar biaó ḡ ar oḡis do folácar do, féb mar ba éare aḡur do r̄éir mar a bí ḡáó aḡe leó.

Ba ḡeár ḡo raib̄ re na r̄uibe i n-áice na teime aici aḡur florḡ an doimain cum an bíó air. Ac̄t ambara ní tuḡaó rí oó é ac̄t an méro ba oóic lé ba maic oó, aḡur ní feacaír maím ac̄t an trioro ḡ an t-aiḡnear a bíoó aḡe léi a o'iaraid tuilleaó o'fásail.

Féb mar bí ré aḡ toul i b̄reabur bíoir na cōm̄arrain aḡ

bailliúgadh iriteac ag cur a tuairmyse 7 'gá inirint do cao i an buadhairt a bí orda nuair do airigeadar é beit na luige, agus cao é an t-ácar a táinig orda nuair a fuaradar ag teact cúige féin é.

Nuair a fuair Seadhna ag dul i bpeabur i zceairt é agus ó baogal ní tásad re cóm mimic, agus i zcionn beagán aimmye do rtao ré de teact.

D'fan an bean fmuotáilte ann níor ría 'ná ceap rí bí gáó léi, aet an rásair fé nveár rain, mar bí rúil aise ó am zo h-am agus ó lá zo lá, zo otiocpad Saob abate. Fé veiread táinig zlaodac uirtí ó'n otacó eile páróirte agus b'éigion oi zluairteact.

Ní raib de feirt anrain acu aet a iaraid ar páilr boet teact zac don mártion agus teine ó'fauúgadh agus blúire bíó o'olmúgadh do Óiarmuio. Níor fásad rúití é ar fad. Da beag don lá ná tugadh mártair Míicil cuairt ann. Agus an lá ná bíod ríre ann bíod Máire zeara féin ann, agus ipé aveiread na comárrain 'na zur mó an bveir feabura a téirdead ar Óiarmuio an tamall de lá a tugadh rí ag caint leir 'ná mar téirdead air an cúro eile de'n aimmyr ar fad. Veiread Óiarmuio féin zo ramluigead ré zo otóztaide an ceó dá cpoide nuair cídead ré cúige an torur iriteac í.

Iré muo aveiread zac doinne 'ná zur máit an bail air zan Saob do beit i n' aice an fáro a bí ré 'na luige, mar na bead don bveit aise ar teact cúige féin an fáro a bead rí láitneac. Dá mbead doiteó aise dá fásail agus zo otiocpad don níó cporoa uirtí, zo rppuúcpad rí agus zo zcuirreac rí aitiompáil air cóm ríuráilca agus abí Saob mar ainim uirtí.

Siné ceapadar na cómárrain aet ní h-é rin a ceap Óiarmuio féin. Dar leir, ní raib 'gá coimead ar fleary a óroma aet zan í beit ag teact abate 'ná don tuairmyz uirtí. Ó mártion zo h-oióce ní bíod don cúrraide cainte roir é féin agus na doóine tígead iriteac, aet "cá raib rí?" no "cao abí 'gá coimead amuic?" no "ciacu beó nó marb abí rí."

“Má bí sí beo cao 'na taob na h-aipeócaó tuine éigin rḡeala uaití? Má bí sí marb cao 'na taob ná tiorcaó társ a báir ó taob éigin? Daoi nḡoic ní feoḡfaíde í marbaó gan a fíor do beic as tuine éigin. Tá marbairḡeí i láir na h-oíḡce í asur an corp do cáiteam i bpoil éigin, daoi nḡoic do geabfaíde lair na báraó a beaó cúḡainn é, asur do leaḡraó an rḡeal ar fuio na tóite, asur do beaḡfaíde ar síoḡaíde, tá mb' aise beaó an ḡníoḡ deanta, asur do cḡoḡfaíde é. Tá mbeaó oipeaó eile ḡliocair ann ní feoḡraó ré toul ó Coḡmac.”

Sin mar cáiteaó ré an aimpirí as cur asur as cúiteam nuair bíoó doinne ipḡis do deaḡraó éirḡeaḡ leir. Nuair bíoó ré i n-a doḡar ip aḡlaíó a bíoó ré as caint leir féin asur as aḡnear leir féin, asur as áiteam air féin. Uair-eanta ra n-aḡnear rain leir féin o'árhoiḡeaó ré a ḡlór asur o'árhoiḡeaó ḡairí é ḡ bíoó sí deimniḡteaó ḡo mbíoó beirḡ nó ḡruirí ann, bíoó a leirḡeío rin de ḡleó aise.

O'árhoeóin na buaḡarḡa bí an ḡoile ḡo maic aise asur bí ré as teaḡ cúige féin ḡo tiuḡ. Da ḡeáir ḡo maó ré ra doḡur asur a ḡuala leir an uprain mar ba ḡnát, aḡ má reaó bí milḡeaḡ 'na éionnaóaió reaóar mar ba ḡnát, asur ábaḡraó fé nḡeara na balcairḡe, ná maḡar éom teann air asur bíoír rul ar buaiteaó bḡeóite an fear boḡ. Ábaḡraó fé nḡear ḡo maib rainḡ de'n féoil imiḡḡe asur móran de'n bíonaḡ. Bí an ḡuala caol ra éaroiḡ. Bí an cúirle caol ra múinḡlle. Bí an éeaḡraḡa caol ra bḡirḡe. Bí iomaó rḡiḡe as an bḡear mboḡ na cúio éuoaḡ, asur do bíoó an ḡaóḡ as cuarḡaó na ḡcnaím aise móir éimḡeall inḡ na póiriríóib foḡma abí ioirí éroicean asur éuoaó aise i doḡeó na feaḡaó ré fanḡaint aḡraó ra doḡur gan teaḡ anoir asur aḡír ḡo oḡí an teine 'ḡá éirí féin.

Lá, mar deaḡraó coḡḡeóir ó fáḡ ré an leabaíó, do táinis ré ḡo oḡí an doḡur asur baluic na teine ḡo láioir air. Ní túirḡe o'feucé ré an bóḡair ruar 'ná éonaic ré an bean as ḡabáil cúige anuar áro an bóḡair. Ar an ḡeaó aḡarḡ do

baineadh iarraidt de zeit ar mar ceap ré gur b' fíor deabhad le Saobh í. Níor bog ré na rúile ói gur éamuis rí i na aice. Dean énamác, garb, dob ead í. Clóca bhéide uiréi. Cairín a clóca ar a ceann aici. Spieróm aici 'na laim éle ar dá imeal an cairín agus é dúnta or cionn a béil aici, i tpeod ná maib le feicrint ag Diarmuid dá cionnacaid acé a ríon agus rúil léi.

Óein rí ceann ar aghaid ar an n-oir, agus an t-oir irthead, agus muna mbeadh gur óruio ré i leit taoib uairí do leasfad rí é. Suar léi cum na teine agus do fuis rí i scaitaoir Diarmuid a féin. Tug rí a h-aghaid ar an tteine agus do leat rí a dá laim agus i féin, ag glacad an giorrad, agus ba ódic leat go maib gáó aici leir.

Tós páilr a ceann ra cúinne agus o'feuc rí ar an ríóiréir go fada agus do dúir. Do ríat Diarmuid i lár an tíge ag feudaint ra cúl úiréi. Nuair bí rí teit cúir rí an laim éle aihí i scairín an clóca agus dúin rí or cionn a béil é. O'feuc rí ar páilr amac ar an rúil donair. Anrain o'feuc rí ar Diarmuid.

"Tá ceap ag glacad ra tíg reo!" ar ríre, agus ir ar éigin feadfad duine a deanam amac ciacu glór mná bí aici nó glór rí. "Tá ceap ag glacad ra tíg reo!" ar ríre, an dara h-uair.

"Níor aihígear-ra ag glacad í," arra Diarmuid.

"Tá ceap ag glacad ra tíg reo!" ar ríre. "Spud! ríad! ríad! ríad! ríad!" ar ríre.

"Cár gabair cúgann, a 'nghan ó?" arra Diarmuid.

"Spud ríad! ríad! ríad! ríad!" ar ríre. "Ir fada í mo cúairt cúgab," ar ríre, "ag teac mar maite lib. "Ir móir an éuscóir rin," ar ríre, "mire dom cúir cúgab anro ó Cúig Ulla ag búir noion ar earcárad, óom maite agus dá mba ná faihí duine ba giorra ó baile agus ba giorra saol taoib cum a déanta."

"Cia atá ar ár oí?" arra Diarmuid.

"Píead arí 'na rúide agus tug rí a h-aghaid air. Níor

féuc pé roir an tÁ fáil uirthi mar ní raib maóairc aige aét ar fáil léi. Níor beag do raib. Ní raib aon míogairnac ar an fáil rin na aon mállaácar maóairc. Síu rí cúige amaó a lám beap. Táraing pé píora airgíro ar a bóca aghur cúir pé ar époíde a veáirnan é. Cúir rí put tÁ h-anáil air. Ír doóca go raib pé níor mó 'ná ceap rí beaó pé mar do baimeaó tÁ coraint í. Sleamuis an zpeíom ve cáipin an élóca aghur do noótaó a h-ághaíó. Úi rí ar leat-fáil aghur bí caraó 'na beul riar náé móir go tóí an aic 'nar ceapic an éluar do beic, aghur bí an éluar imigíte. Úruo Diaimuro uaiti i noiaíó a éúil, aghur zeallaim tuit go raib eagla air.

“Cia atá ar búir tóí?” ar ríre. “Tá teine aghur uirge ar búir tóí,” ar ríre. “Tá galair aghur báp ar búir tóí,” ar ríre. “Tá neite ar búir tóí ná fuil puinn cuinne ághaíó leó,” ar ríre. “Muna mbeaó zan me beic ábpaó uait do ló na 'o' oíóde le trí peactmáimib do beaó a fíor ághat um an taca ro cia h-iaó atá ar do tóí,” ar ríre le Diaimuro. “Aghur ba cóir,” ar ríre, “náir beag tom ve znó beic do coraintre, zan beic ág coraint t'ingine leir, tÁ fáir ó céile tu péin aghur í péin.”

“Ca bfuil rí?” arpa Diaimuro. “Nó cao 'tá 'ghá coim-eaó amuic? No cao pé noeapra úi imteaó aghur zan rgeal ná tuain do cúir éúgam ábaile anro go mbeaó a fíor ágham ciacu beó no maíó atá rí. Ír oic do vein rí oim é.” Aghur bí a lám tíor aige i bpóca a bhírte aghur píora eile airgíro aige tÁ láimríáil. Do Conaic ríre an méro rin éom maic aghur do mbeaó píce fáil aici. “Ní fáda go bfaighir a tuairis,” ar ríre, aghur bí an lám rínce airíir aici, “aghur ní h-ormpa ír cóir a buibeácar do beic, 'ná uirthi péin aét éóm beag liom.” Cúir pé an tapa píora ar a lám éúicí, “Ca bfuil rí?” ar rírean, “nó caóain a tíocpaíó rí?”

“Tíocpaíó rí an uair ír lúga beicó coimne ághat léi,” ar ríre. “Tíocpaíó rí an uair ír lúga beicó fáilte ághat noimpe.”

“Cao é rin ághat tÁ fáó, a bean!” arpa Diaimuro,

“nó cía doúbdairt leatra ná beaó fáilte anro noimpe pé tréat do tíoceató rí?”

“Deirim an riu atá ar eolur ašam,” ar rípe, “ašur ní cnearda é m’ eolur, aót muna cnearda ní’l leigear ašampa air. Ní mipe do cuir o’n mbaile í. Ní mipe do feól ’na tpeó an oíricé teanšabálaíde. Má deimear mo díteall ’šá coraint ar a namair ba móir é mo duas ašur ir beas abí dá bárr ašam.”

“Catain a tíoceató rí?” arfa Diarmuid.

Níor deim rípe aót an lámh éle do cuir airí 1 gcaipín an élóca ašur é fárgaó of cionn a béil mar bí pé ar otúir aici ašur an dorur amaó do cuir oi gan oíreao ašur rmiog do ráó.

Síle. Airiú náir doiteigearac an ara í!

Nóra. Ní feadar, a ríeig, cao a bain an trúit airí.

Ríeig. Ní feadar ’n traogal, a Nóra.

Šob. Do bain a oíricé fíricat péin, gabaimpe oim.

Nóra. U’féoiri surnab amlaíó o’iméig uirí péó mar o’iméig ar an mnaoi feara úo a táinig aš trual ar Neill ní buacalla.

Šob. Cao o’iméig uirí, a Nóra?

Nóra. Neórraíó Cáit oit e, ’rí ir peár do neórraíó é.

Šob. Cao o’iméig uirí, a Cáit?

Cáit. Máire níor iméig leat a raib tuílte aici, an róšairpe. Ní raib Neill róroa aót trí feaótmáine. Bí rí iríeig ra baile ašur bí Eamonn amuic aš feucaint 1 noiaíó na mbó, mar bí bó acu tar éir beirte. 1 gceann tamall do táinig pé irteaó ašur bí Neill aš šol. O’fiarraíó pé oi cao abí uirí. U’fada surn inir rí óó, surnab amlaíó abí bean feara aš loig airíeig uirí, ašur ’nuair náir túg rí an cairgeao oi go noúbdairt rí go mbeaó Neill na baintrig rúl a mbeaó an bliagáin caíte. An fáro abí Eamonn amuic 1 bpeigil na mbó túg pé pé noeara an bean iaracá aš imteaót ó’n otig 7 bí a fíor aige cao é an bócar a šaib rí. Níor deim pé aon blúipe

amain aet bpeit ar an bfuip a bi ar crocad i n-aice an
 uoiriur agus i fadao ruar i muinicle a caroise agus an
 uoiriur amad do cup de. . Uí re imighe pul a maib a fiop
 as Neill cao é an fuadar a bi re.

Da zeár gur táinig re ruar leir an mnaoi.

“Cao cuige tuit,” ar reirean-lei, “a maó le m’ mnaoi-re
 so brađainn-re bár re ceann bliagna?”

“Ní deapainn é,” ar rife, “muna mbeaó a fiop do beit
 asam so cruinn.”

“Cia inir tuit é?” ar reirean.

“D’inir mo leaná rióe dom é,” ar rife.

Do ruar re ar cúl cinn uiré agus tarainis re an fuip ar
 an muinicle agus do zaib re de’n fuip rin uiré cóm
 h-áluinn agus do zaó Connóbar Máigirer ruam ar don
 rgoilme dá maib ar an rgoil aise. Nuair bi zaóca so maib
 aise uiré do rgoil re uairé i. “Sead!” ar reirean lei.
 “Náe mói an iongna nái inir do leaná rióe tuit so
 uabapainn-re an cópúzaó rain tuit. Imeis anoir agus
 tá ruo asat le h-inirint do na maó a fiop ceana aise. Agus
 má feicimre airé as teact i ngoire mo tige tu tabarao
 eactra níor mó ná rain tuit le bpeit as triall do leaná
 rióe.” Uí rganmaó ar Neill le h-easla so mbeaó an bean
 as earzainíde oiré. Aet iré a veireaó éamonn nái bfeár
 leir as abrán i.

Nóra. Máire Dia linn! Níor maib liom i beit as mallact-
 aíde oim re i n-oirinn é.

Cáit. Cao é an uiozbail feaopaó a cuio mallactaíde
 do deanam tuit nuair ná beaó don níó deanta ar
 an rlió asat?

Nóra. Cá bfiop dom na so uuitreaó mallact éigin acu oim
 ar cuma eigin?

Cáit. Ir uiré féin do tuirfoir nuair na beoir tuillte asat
 uairé. Náe uiré, a rreig?

Nóra. Soó, b’féoir gur uóic liom féin na beoir tuillte
 asam agus b’féoir, ar a fon rain, so mbeoir. Re ’cu

beróir tuille asam no ná beróir níor máit liom í beit
'gá ndeanam oim.

CÁIT. O! ród, nuair ná bhráð leigear asat air. Nuair
éiofraó pí asur a dearráó pí so maóair cum báir
o'fááil pul a mbeaó an bliááin ircis, asur sur inir a
leanán ríde ói é.

SÍTE. Cao do beir oi leanán ríde beit aici, a þeig? Nó
conur a fuair pí é beit aici? Náó móir an iongna na
faááó an ríóbra don níó eite le deanam áct beit 'gá
leanmáint ríúo.

CÁIT. O'airígear-ra duine 'gá máó surab iao muoáíde na
ríóbraíde, 'ná aingil an uabair asur na deamain aeóir.
Áct deir éamonn na fuil a leitéroíde i n-aon óor ann.

NÓRA. Muna mbeaó iao do beit ann conur do óíóí iao?

ÞEIG. An breacaíre féin don óeann acu maí, a Nóra?

NÓRA. Ambara féin ní feaca, buídeacáir le Dia! Áct ir
iomóa duine óonaic iao, óar noóic.

ÞEIG. Inir dom doinne amáin.

NÓRA. Seááan ua h-larlaité. Óíor as éirteact leir gá
inirint.

CÁIT. Óe, an leat-amadóán!

NÓRA. Þe 'cu leat-amadóán é no naó eao do óonaic pé an
ppro.

SÍTE. Canao, a Nóra?

NÓRA. 'S amlaíó do cuireao as comáint na mbó é, tar
éir a scrúíóte, ruar so Túirín an Óarúrlais, aróioóe
Dia Doimnais. Ói lán an tíge de óaoinib bailligéte as
rsuruígeact ann, ba géar sur rsiúro Seááan éuca
irteac asur rgeón ann asur coimneall na rúitib le
rannraó asur le h-an fa.

"Airú cao tá ort, a Seááan?" ar riao.

"O! an deam me! so breaca ppro!" ar reirean.

"Airú, caáain a óonaicir í, a Seááan?" ar riao.

"O!" ar reirean, "i gcóiriac lae asur oíóe—um trát-
nóna móir luac—ba éreire ar an lá 'ná ar an oíóe—ní raib

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

“Cao tuidairt rí leat, a Séadgáin?” ar ríad.

“An deamh me!” ar reirean, “sur feuc rí orm go
 triaigméillead.”

“A sur cao tuidairt léi a Séadgáin?” ar ríad.

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

“Cao é an raigar í, a Séadgáin?” ar ríad.

“Tá,” ar reirean, “rriuo muice, i bfuirm buimpéire
 rtoca.”

Cáit. Ailillíú! Airmú cao a éonac ré a Nóra?

Nóra. Siní díreac an ceirto abí acu go léir ’á cur ar a céite,
 nuair cia buail fead éúca irteac acé acair Séadgáin
 a sur éota-mór liaé air a sur a cairín breac air. Ní
 túirge éonac Séadgáin an cairín breac ná cur ré liúg
 ar. “Ó!” ar reirean, “Sioí éugaid irteac í!”

“Maire tuig ionac! a amadán!” ar an t-acair.

Cáit. A sur cá raib an múc, airmú?

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

Reis. Ir doca surab amlaró ’airigeacó ré dooine ’gá rad
 sur meara rriuo o’feicrint i bfuirm muice ’ná i bfuirm
 lon ainmíge eile, a sur nuair abí an rganhraó air sur
 éap ré sur ruo i bfuirm muice abí ann.

Cáit. A sur dar noicé tuidairt ré féin sur ruo i bfuirm
 buimpéire rtoca do éonac ré, nuair éonac ré an cairín
 breac a sur an éota-mór liaé.

Nóra. Anraig ní feadar-ra cao do éonac re ná cao a éap
 re abí ann, acé ríuo é doúairt ré, “rriuo muice,” ar
 reirean, “i bfuirm buimpéire rtoca.”

Cáit. Óe greacó cúige! an breallán, muna mbeacó é beic
 i na amadán dearfainn sur máic an rgeal cur do’n
 fuir úto do éadairt do. U’féitir go mbairfeacó rain
 cur do na rreabráisóib do.

Sile. Nár airtgear-ra tura 'gá nár a beis go núbairt an pasairt ná raib don fíor as luét feara déc iad 'gá leigint ortá fíor do beit acu?

Beis. Dúbairt leir, asur ní'l, déc oiréad asur bí as an mnaoi úo adúbairt go b'pasáó Eamonn bár fé éeann bliagha.

Sile. I'p tóca nár bain fé an t-rúil airté mar do bainead ar an mnaoi éainis cum Diarmuda.

Beis. Pé ruo a bain an trúil ar an mnaoi a éainis cum Diarmuda bí pí ar leat-rúil. Asur má bí an trúil léi abí imighe éom níinnead leir an rúil abí aici ba máit an bail ar Diarmuda ná raib an dá rúil aci nuair feuc pí air féin, nó ip tóca go zcuirfead pí at-iompáil air. Níor fead an fear boct don bliúne bíó 'itead an cúro eile de'n lá pain, déc as cuíneam ar an leat-rúil úo, asur ar an zcipc asur ar an "rhub rhab," asur ar an n-oióic éeangabáiláide do buail umá ingín. I t'péó go noeacáiró páir amaó asur zup glaoiró pí ar cúro de na cómarpanaib, asur go tóánaóar ipéac, asur go núbairtáar zup éeart fíor do cup ar an pasairt rúil an t'oióic an oíóce le h-eagla go raóad an duine i n-oióic asur go mb' féioir zupab amlair beirpí as glaoóac ar an pasairt i lár na h-oíóce.

Do cuirfead fíor ar an pasairt asur do éainis fé. Nuair airté fé ó Diarmuda tuairp na mná feara do gáir fé. "Tá airté máit asampa," ar peirean, "ar an zcladairé mná pain. Ní raib pí riam i zCúis Ullaó 'ná leat na plíge ó baile. Tá a fíor asampa cár ruzáó asur cár tógbad í, asur tob oic an tógbáil í. Ní'l de céipó aici 'ná de plíge máirté déc beit as gluaireacé o áit go h-áit 'gá leigint uirtí go b'púil fíor aici, asur óar n-oióic ní'l déc oiréad 7 acá as an iarta pain. Dá mb' áile le daoínib ciall do beit acu asur zán beit as tabairt airtéoi bí ba zéár go zcaitfead pí zairm beata éigin eile do éaranz cúici. Déc cé zup mimic pain dá ínpint do daoínib ní zlacáir cómarpé asur ní'l don máit am éaint. Ní h-aon tairbe dom beit leó.

“Αγυρ, α Δέταιρ,” αρρα Όιαρμυρο, “conur α φυαιρ ρί αμαέ
cearc το βειτ αγ γλαοδάε ρα τισ ρεο? Νό conur α φυαιρ ρί
αμαέ Σαθόβ το βειτ αρ βαϊλε? Νό conur α φυαιρ ρί αμαέ ζο
μαθαρ-ρα ρέιν ι ζconταθαιρ?”

“Ριανναϊθελέτ! α Όιαρμυρο,” αρραν ραζαιρ. “Νί’λ
aon νιθ ιρ υπα να νεϊτε δε’ν τρόρο ραιν ο’φάξαιλ αμαέ
νυαιρ έεαρραθ όυινε α αιγνεαθ έυιγε. Νά ραιθ α ρίορ
αγ αν πούταϊς εαο έ αν τ-έιρτεαέ το δεϊνεαθ ανρο λά αν
aonαις? Νά ραθ α ρίορ αγ αν πούταϊς Σαθόβ το βειτ αρ βαϊλε
αγυρ τυρα το βειτ αθ λύιγε λε η-ευγερμυαρ? Σλάν βεθ μαρ
α η-ιηρτεαρ έ! εαο έ αν βαε αβί υιρτί βυαλαθ ανρο αγυρ
ανρύο ιμεαρς να ηοαοίνε αγυρ εόλυρ ο’φάξαιλ αρ ζαέ aon
μυο α θαιν λεατ? Ιρ ηρεάξ βος αν τρλις έ cum αιρζιο
ο’φάξαιλ.”

“Δέτ conur ζεαθαθ ρί αμαέ cearc το βειτ αγ γλαοδάε
ρα τισ, α Δέταιρ?” αρρα Όιαρμυρο.

“Ιρ οόεα,” αρραν ραζαιρ, “οά μβεαθ cearc αγ γλαοδάε
ρα τισ νά βεαθ aon θαε υιρτί τεαέτ ρυαρ λειρ αν μέρο
ρην εόλυρ αέτ εόμ βεαγ αγυρ θί υιρτί τεαέτ ρυαρ λειρ αν
ζcuro εϊλε.”

“Οά μβεαθ cearc αγ γλαοδάε ρα τισ!” αρρα Όιαρμυρο.

“Οαρ ηοόιέ, α Δέταιρ, μuna μβεαθ ζο ραιθ νί οόεα ζο
ηοεαρραθ ρί έ.”

“Ιρ ηεαήνιθ ειαcu,” αρραν ραζαιρ. “Ιρ οβαϊρ λεανβαϊθε
aon τρυίμ το έυρ ’να λειτέρο δε ρζεαλ. Δέτ βα ηαιέ υιομ
α ρίορ το βειτ αγam αρ αιρις αοιννε εϊλε αν έεαρρ ρο αγ
γλαοδάε.”

“Νίορ αιρίζεαρ-ρα ρεϊν ι,” αρρα Όιαρμυρο, “αγυρ νί
βαοζαλ ζυρ αιρις Ραιρ ι μαρ τα ρί εόμ βοθαρ λε ρλυρ, αγυρ
ambriaέαρ ηάρ αιρίζεαρ αοιννε εϊλε ’ζά ράθ ζυρ η-αιρίζεαθ ι.”

“Σινέ ραηλνιζεαρ,” αρραν ραζαιρ. “Ιρ οόεα,” αρ
ρειρεαν, “ηάέ ρυλάιρ ηο ζυρ αιρις ρί ριύο μυο έιγιν δε’η
ηάρτα ρο αρ ριύβαλ ι οεαοθ Σαθόβ, ηάρ ρεαο cor το ό φάξ
ρί αν αιτ ρεο ζο ηοεαέαιθ ρί ρίορ ζο εαέταιρ Βαϊλε-άέα-ειαέ.
Αηραιν ζυρ έυρ ρί ριαθάε αγυρ ευαρραέ αγυρ τόιρ ι ηοιαθ

an bíteamháis úo i tcead sup rugad air agus sup crioctad é. Agus sup eus an níg do Sath an trí cead púnt do rugad uaiti agus trí cead eile mar tuillead."

"Stao! rtao! a dtair," arfa Diarmuid. "Cao é rin agat dá máo mar rin, a dtair? Conur feadpad an cailín boct rain dul go Baile-Áta-Cliat agus eolur na cahtarac do deanam? Cailín beag na sab miam tar ríde míle ó baile!"

"Nílim-r aét 'gá inrinc cao é an pápla d'airígear," arfan ragar. "I ródca sup airis an bean úo an feara, ná fuil aici, an pápla ceatna, agus sup ceap rí dá mbead turac an rgeil aici duitre go mbainfead rí ríntiúr airisio arat dá dhá, agus ní deirim ná sup bain."

"Níor bain puinn, a dtair," arfa Diarmuid. "Aét cao é an ragar pápla é? Nó cao do cuir ar bun é?"

"I r amlaio abíor féin cum tead anall 'gá inrinc duit a leitéro do beit ríubal nuair táinig an teadair eugam 'gá máo go sab eagla ar cuio de na cómarrain go n-atiompócao oit."

"Da neamhádo doib rin!" arfa Diarmuid. "Ní feaca miam iad aét amlaio. Dá mbead doinne 'gá iarmad oitá ní baogal go mbeoír cóm tionrغالac! Ag fuil ag cur airioir ar ragar gan gá gan ríactanar! Feud air rin!"

"Ní ríú biofán a'r é," arfan ragar. "Do tiocfainn féin anall ar don cuma feudaint an maib don rgeala agat o Sath nó an maib don bunúr leir an pápla ro ar ríubal."

"Níor airígear focal miam dé go dtí sup táinig an bean úo agus go noúbdairt rí sup carad oioic teangbalaíde éigin ar Sath, nó ruo éigin de'ntróro rain," arfa Diarmuid.

"Cia h-é an oioic teangbalaíde doúbdairt rí do carad uiréi?" arfan ragar.

"Níor inir rí dúinn cia r' b'é féin. Níor eus rí don tuairis doúinn air, agus riné atá ag baint mo meabrac aram," arfa Diarmuid.

"Do'n reir rin," arfan ragar, "i ródca sup airis rí an cuio eile féb mar airígear-ra fein é. Cairéiróte do eus leo

é mar iongha fáogáil agus mar cúirraíde cainte eatarfa, go maib Cormac an Caimcín i mBaile-Átha-Cluic leir, agus sup oibrigh ré féin agus Saobh a' láim a céile cum beirte ar an mbiteamháic. Sup imireadar araon an cluicé éom maib rain agus éom garta rain go maib iongha a gcoiríde ar muinntir an rígh agus ar an rígh féin, a feabur to deineadar an gno. Anrain, nuair fuair Saobh ré éad púnt i n-inead an trí éad a ruagá raiti, sup rocairúigead cleamnuir ioir i féin 7 Cormac agus go bfuil an beirt póroa um an taca ro nó réid cum a bpóroa."

"Ailililú!" arfa Diarmuid. "Feuc air rin! Ar airigh doinne maib a leicéto! Cearar na póroa rí é dá mbead raitibhear na h-Éireann aige. Ir eadac an fáogáil é. Ir eadramlac an obair má 'r ríor é rin. Adt ir uoicéige ná fuil don bunúr leir an rgeal. Ní feadar a beir, níó nác iongha."

"Ní feadar 'n traozáil, a Diarmuid," arfan ragar. "Ir uoá go 'neórraib an aimrige, agus nác fada go uci rain. Níl don rgealaide ir fear 'ná an aimrig. Ní bead don iongha oim féin dá tuitead amac go mbead beann-láimá de'n fírinne ann, mar ráfla."

"Airú, a dcair an coiríde 'rtig," arfa Diarmuid, "cao é rin agac dá raó! Níl don beirt ra pároirde ir neam-oiriamháige dá ceile 'na an beirt. Ueapad Saobh an gno go maib, b'féoir, dá mbead rí póroa ag fear réid uingion rtuama de rágar Seadna tuar anrain. U'féoir go noeapad Cormac an gno go maib dá mbead ré pora le mnaoi éigin éiún fáoapáthac, to eadapad a rlig féin to ar gac don tragar cum. Adt an beirt rin! Má pórtar iad beid ré n-a éogad uear agcu an dá lá 'r 'n-fair máirio."

"Ní feadar 'n traozáil, a Diarmuid," arfan ragar. "Ir amlaib mar adá an rgeal, ní h-é mo tuairrige 'ná go mb'féoir go mbead an fáogáil níor fear 'ná rain acú. Fear rtuacac ceannóána iread Cormac gan amhar. Ní ueim go maibfead rige puinn to. Ar a fon rain agus uile, an

“Tuitgear tú me? U’féidir dá mbeoír pórsa go tuitfeadh amach sur feáir a péirteodáir an beirt le céile an mar a péirteodáir doinne de’n beirt le duine eile. ‘Do éonac a leitéir éana.’”

“‘Do éonacír a lán, a léair, gan tabt’ ar domán, aét ní’l aítne ceart astat ar Sáob. Ní dómra ir ceart a ráó; aét ní h-don máit a ráó aét an ceart, astat irí an fíunne ir feáir. Ní dóic liom go bfuil an fear rain beó moiu ar éalaí tihm na h-éireann do bainfeadh ceart de Sáob.’”

“Ar an tsaob amuic d’áon fear amáin, ní dóic liom go bfuil,” arsan ratar. “Astat ruo eile aá air,” ar feirean, “ní’l an bean rain beó moiu ar éalaí tihm na h-éireann, ná dá n-abrainn ra náiríin ir giorra ói, do bainfeadh ceart de Cormac muna mbainfeadh Sáob ceart de, ruo a bainfeadh. Bain an éuar síom muna mbainfeadh!”

“Anraí, a léair,” arsa Diarmuid, “ba dóic le duine ar an gcuma ’na labran tú go bfeicean tu fíunne no bunúr éigin ra rára ro.”

“Sóó, tá bun astat bair an rgeil éom cruinn rin astat na cairéiríóib astat iao go leir éom móir rain ar don focal amáin i n-a íhrinte, ir deacair a ráó ná go bfuil fíunne éigin ann,” arsan ratar.

“Ní raib don éinne raím astat do tuitfeadh a leitéir amach,” arsa Diarmuid. “Éapar ná pórfadh Sáob é aét oiréad astat baérad rí i féin, astat éapar ná feuchrad feirean ar an tsaob de’n bótar ’na mbeadh Sáob, dá mba na beadh i n-éirinn aét í. Iré ruo d’airíóinn aci go mimic dá ráó, ná raib don fear i n-éirinn ba lúga uiréi ná é, astat ná raib don fear i n-éirinn ba gráinne ’ná é. Má tá an beirt pórsa do buair fé ar a bfeaca raím.”

“U’féidir,” arsan ratar, “má fuair rí an éireamáint reo go leir, féb mar a deirtear, ó muíntir an ríó astat ó’n ríó féin, tihé a feabhar do deir rí an beirt astat cógáilte do éur ar an mbiteamnac úo, astat má fuair rí fé éat púnt mar éuarraol ar, go ndearfad Cormac leir féin sur b’ríú

tó feúcaint ar an tsaob de'n bótair 'na mbeaó rí, agus sup mío b'fiú tó feúcaint ar an tsaob rain 'nā ar an tsaob eile. Agus b'féidir nuair éirfead Saob Cormac ar an aignead rin nār cuio ba lúga 'nā a fonn do beaó uiréi a máó 'na h-aignead féin go bfuil rir le faḡail atá níor ḡrainne ná é."

"Hā! hā! hā!" arsa Diarmuid. "Maire cúir ḡaire cúḡainn, a dtair!" ar reirean. "Ca b' fíor ná go mb'féidir go bfuil an rḡeal níor feár 'nā fíleamair é beit. 'An puo ba meara le duine ná a bār ní feadair pé ná supab é lār a leara é.'"

Le n-a linn rin cia buailfead cúca an dorup irtead atc an tincéir móir. Fear ḡeasac rlinneánac, buíde, doo ead an tincéir móir. Fear lom láidir. Uí iaract de rian na botḡaíge ann, agus ní raib puinn fearóige air. Uí pé iaract botḡ-fáitead. Uí pé fearógnac, fairleicneac, deaḡ-cúmta 'na beut agus 'na corán. Uíod fáilte inḡ ḡac cuioeactair noimr mar ní bíod re coíóce atc aḡ deanaim rpoirt agus fuil agus caiteam aimpire dá mbíod láirfead.

Buail pé cúca irtead agus ní túirge conaic pé an faḡair na taraisḡ pé riar beasán. Do fnap pé an cáibín dá ceann agus do noct re an t-éudan buíde maol abí air. Agus ir air abí an multacán móir cinn agus é go cioróub agus go car.

"Oéin ar t' aḡair, a fáoirais, a meic ó," arsan faḡair. Agus é aḡ ḡáiríde. "Ní baosai duit," ar reirean. "B'féidir," ar reirean, "go bfeadfa-ra tuairisḡ éigin do tabairt dúinn i tsaob an nárla ro atá ar ríúbal timceall Saíob Diarmuid agus Cormaic Dáille.

"Fáḡainn le h-uaóact, a dtair," arsan tincéir, "supab finé oíreac a tús anro anoir me, agus sup las a fíleap go mbeaó tufac aḡat' onóir orim. Ní feár beit aḡ caint air, 'ré mo tuairim láidir ná feadfaó rpríoeḡ iaracta teact irtead ra fáiróirte ḡan fíor duit."

"Dá ḡéire beirt aḡainn, a fáoirais," arsan faḡair. "Ní ḡáó dúinn beit ro maóíóimteac. Dain Murainn

turac' diompa féin agus ba ro' dóbair' tu a' diompáil do' cur' ar' an' nrouine mboct' ro' le n-a' cur' palmaireadca' agus le n-a' cur' gliúmata. Dúbairt' rí go' raib' ceapc' as' glao' dá' ra' t'is' reo, agus' dúbairt' rí' gur' buail' o'roic' ceangbálaí' de' uim' Saob'. Agus' an' bfuil' a' fíor' asat' cao' dúbairt' rí' leir? Dúbairt' rí' gur' ó' Cúis' Ullad' í' féin' agus' gurab' amlaí' do' cuir'ead' aduaid' ar' fad' í' cum' Saob' do' coraint' ar' a' h-earcá'roaib'. B'íor' féin' as' gá'baíl' anall' feudaint' conur' bí' ré' reo' as' teact' cum' cinn' nuair' buail' teactaire' uman' 'gá' ra'ó' liom' go' ra'ó' easal' ar' na' có'marrain' go' raib' a' diompáil' as' teact' air'. Do' bí' iongna' o'rim' cao' do' cuir'fead' an' a' diompáil' air' go' o'c'í' gur' inir' ré' dom' go' ra'ó' rí' rí'ú' do' as' caint' leir. I' r' d'ó'ca' ná' r' e'us' rí' uain' tu' féin' ar' iomláine' an' r'g'eíl' do' t'abairt' léi, le' h-easla' ná' bea'ó' turac' aici' agus' gur' lú'g'oe' an' r'inciu' r' do' g'eab'ad' rí' é. I' r' d'ó'ic' liom' go' b'fuair' rí' r'inciu' uair' do' ní' raib' puinn' aici' le' inirint' do', agus' an' mé'ro' ab'í, ní'or' dein' ré' do' as' a'isnead' an' tuine' b'oi'ct' do' cur' t'ré' céile' ní'or' mó', agus' bua'd'airt' a' d'ó'ic'ín' ceana' air'."

"Agus' ná'c' mó' r' anion'g' na' ná' r' a'ic'ni'g'ir' í, a' 'Diarmu'io,'" ar'ran' t'incéir'.

"D'air'g'ear' teact' t'á'ir' r' go' minic, do' ní' feaca' ra'í' an' r'oi'ne' r'ín' í' agus' ní' h-u'ir'c'í' b'í'or' as' cu'í'neam', ní'ó' ná'c' iongna, do' ar' mo' lea'nd'," ar'ra' 'Diarmu'io. "Cao' é' an' r'ó'ro' inirint'ce' d'air'g'ir' re' ar' an' r'á'pla' ro', a' 'Rá'or'ra'is'?" ar'ran' r'asairt. "Nó' an' b'fuil' do'n' bunu' r' leir?"

"Ambara, a' d'á'ir' r'," ar'ra' 'Rá'or'ra'is', "ní' fea'or'ad' bunu' r' ní'ob' fea' r' a' b'eit' leir. Ní' r'á'pla' ná' r'geal' r'g'eíl' é' do' r'í'punne' g'lan. An' ca'ir'c'ir', U'it'is' de' b'ú'rc', ir'c' d'oinir' d'ó'm'ra' é. Co'rim'ac' féin' ir'c' d'oinir' do'-rain' é. I' r' d'ó'ic' leir' go' b'fuil' Co'rim'ac' agus' Saob' r'ó'ro' a' um' an' o'ca'ca' ro'. Deir' Co'rim'ac' gurab' é' an' r'í'g' féin' do' dein' an' clea'rá'na' r'.

"G'cloir'c'í!" ar'ra' 'Diarmu'io.

"Deir'um' leat' ná' fuil' do'n' f'ocal' b'ré'ige' ann,'" ar'ra' 'Rá'or'ra'is'. "Ó' n' la' do' ra'g'ad' me' ní'or' air'g'ear' a' leir'c'í'ro' d'lea'c'ra. B'í' a' f'í'or' as' Co'rim'ac' Saob' do' b'eit' im'ig'ce' ar'

baile. 'Do lean ré ar muin capaill í. 'Dí a fíor aige í beit na cuir agus bíod go raib sí mainc aimpíre ar an mbochar rular gluar ré, ceap ré náir baogal 'na go dtiocfaod ré ruar léi pul a ríoirfead sí an cátair. 'Dí ré ag cur a tuairis' agus ag tabairt a cómarcáide uaid fan bótair ar fead abfao, agus mar rin to coimead ré ar fead abfao an bochar to lean ríre agus ba beas na go rab a fíor aige cao é an fáro noimír amac abí sí. Fé deire to cuiread i n-úil to sur gaid sí dá bóchar. Cuir rain amúga é, agus ipé ruo a vein re anrain na deanaí ceann ar aghaid ar an gcaatáir. 'Dí a fíor aige go mbead ré ra cátair noimíri agus to bí. 'Dí aítne ra cátair air, to bí aítne máit ag muínchir an ruí air. Cuir re luét airim amac láitíreac ar na bóitíub ainear, agus tús ré cómarcáide fáob dóib. 'Da gear go bfeacaodar ag teacé í, ar a cionruatáir agus cairín a clóca ar a ceann aici. Cuireadar iad féin i n-úil to, acé ní raib don máit dóib ann go dtí sur tusaodar an cómarcá cnuínn to. 'Dubruadar léi sur b'é Cormac baile to cur re n-a vein iad agus 'dá cómarcá rain fein' sur b'i rairt bóchar an t-aoinne amáin a éonaic í ag fágaile an baile. Sáraim rain í.

Nuair fiarraid Cormac to cao a tugi, túbairt sí leir sur ceartaid uaidi toil cum cainte leir an ruí agus go gcaitíread sí ceart o'fágaile uaid. 'Cao 'cá ag an ruí le deanaí duit?' arfa Cormac. 'Cá,' ar ríre, 'bheit ar an mbiteamháic a ruí mo curó airgíto uaim, agus an t-airgead to baic toé agus to tabairt tar n-air dom. Cao é an cairbe dúinn ruí to beit agáinn, agus a luét airim 'na tímceall, muna bfeadar ré rinn to córaic ar biteamháic?' ar ríre. 'Ír i n-ainim an ruí to ruíad mo curó uaim,' ar ríre, 'agus ní raicad ré gan inirint to. Ní'l ionam acé anam doinne amáin,' ar ríre, 'acé dá mbead anam agus ríce ionam o'imireodáinn leir ruíto iad níor túirge na leir-rinn i n-airge leir an beart cáille to vein ré. Sloigíro an talam é no tiocfao-ra ruar leir, agus nuair a tiocfao

geallaim tuit go zcuirfao catúgadh air nár rghaoil ré tairfir me. Iy i n-ainim an níg do ruz ré mo cúro uaim. Iy ó'n níg atá páram le págail agam, nó ní níg é. Má creadao me i n-ainim an níg nác é iy lúga iy gann do'n níg ceao agur congnam agur caoi do tabairt dom ar an mbiteamnac o'leanmáint 7 o'fíadac cum go mbeirfao air. Ní págfao poll na póirre i n-éirinn gan cuaroac do. Beir i láchair an níg me,' ar rípe. 'Beir i láchair an níg me nó maáo péin 'na láchair ar rílig éigin.'

"O'éigin do Cormac a rílig péin do tabairt oi. Ní dóic liom go raió don éur na doinnib aige. Bí ré ag tarang uirge cum a muillinn péin ra gno. Bí a fíor aige pé tuine bearrad ar an mbiteamnac 7 tabarrad cum lamha é go mbead a tuarparad do go maic ar. Agur bí a fíor aige ná feorad doinne congnam níob' fear do beic aige cum na h-oibre 'ná congnam Sáob, an fáro abí an fuadar úo ruiti. Tug ré ceao a cinn oi. 'Bearrad-ra i láchair an níg tu,' ar rírean, 'acé reacaín agur na déin don ruo a cuirfao i bpúnc me, iy minic o'airígíy an rean-focal, 'ní h-ionann oul go tíg an níg' agur teaacé ar,' agur, 'zur rleamain iao leacaáa an tige móir.' Iy maic an dá rean-focal iao agur iy maíy ná coimeáorad i n-a aighead iao go cruinn. 'Ní baogal ouit,' ar rípe, 'ní'l uaim acé go zcuirfaíde me am fearam i láchair an níg agur go otabarrfaíde ceao cainte dom. Ní'l agam le ráó leir acé go ocaínig tuine uafal go tíg m'acáir ra Mumain, zur tairbeáin pé páinne an níg dom. Zur leis ré air zur ag ceannac capall do'n níg abí ré, zur ceannaig ré iao i n-ainim an níg, zur leis re air liompa ná raió oirfao airgíro aige agur díolrad ar a raió ceannaigéte aige agur dá otagainn-pe trí ceao púnc ar iaracé do, i n-ainim an níg, ar fead raint laetanta go mbead comaoín agam dá éur ar an níg agur ná maáo raim gan inírint do, zur éugar mo trí ceao púnc do'n tuine uafal raim i n-ainim an níg, zur pág raim me péin agur m' acáir beó boéc, muna bfuil ré ar éumar an níg leigear do óeanam ar an oic do deimead i n-a ainim.'

‘Tá go maíe,’ arfa Cormac, ‘na h-inir d’aoinne beó an níó reo atá ar aigheadó aḡat. Nuair beó do rḡeal írte aḡat abair leir an níḡ go n-aítheóctá an Síogáíde dá bfaḡtá raḡaric air, aḡur dá mb’ é toil a onóra conḡnam fear do cúir leat go raḡr pá ar a loḡs aḡur go ttabarr pá cum láma é.’ ‘D’aitheócaínn ceann an cúirpḡis,’ ar ríre, ‘dá mbeadó re ar feadó ceitḡe h-uairc rícto dá beirpḡadó i ḡcorcán rḡairḡe, ḡ baíḡfeadó-ra an forcamár dé, ḡeallaim tuic é.’ ‘D’imḡis Cormac aḡur fuair ré lóiróin di. ‘D’imḡis ré anraín aḡur do labair ré leir an bḡear abí ‘na ceann ar teiglac an níḡ. B’í aítne aige orḡa go léir. ‘Tá óighean anro ó’n Múmain,’ ar rírean, ‘aḡur veir rí ḡur ruḡ tuime éigin trí ceadó púnt uaiti, aḡur náḡ réitḡir léi teadó ruar leir, aḡur go tḡáimḡ rí cum ḡeapáin do cúir irteadó air; i láḡair an níḡ.’ ‘Ir veacair do’n níḡ teóḡ ruar leo go léir,’ arfan ceann. ‘Tá fiaḡadó ar fuair na h-éireann, ar rírean, ‘le bḡeir aḡur trí readóḡmaine, ar bíteamnac éigin eile ḡ ir tóic liom ḡur ra Múmain a véin ré pé cuir atá veanta aige. Tamaoíto cráitḡe, ceapḡa, ciapaitḡe, aḡ Muímneacáib.’ Níor labair Cormac tḡur. ‘Caḡain a teapḡáídean uaiti labair leir an níḡ?’ arfan ceann. ‘Ré tráḡ do ceapḡadó an níḡ réin,’ arfa Cormac, aḡur do rḡealnuis ré ríora óir irteadó i láim an éinn. ‘Fan anraín go fóil,’ arfan ceann, aḡur d’imḡis ré, ba ḡeár ḡur fíll ré. ‘Bíóḡ rí anro uim eadóḡta amárac,’ ar rírean, ‘aḡur ḡeabair rí ceapḡ. Tá ceapḡ le rḡḡail anro aḡ irteal aḡur aḡ uaral. Bíóḡ rí anro amárac uim eadóḡta aḡur rḡḡ an cúir eile rúmpa.’

“Uim eadóḡta lár na bárac bí an beirḡ aḡ tḡurpḡ tḡe an níḡ. Táimḡ an ceann amac. Cónaic ré Cormac. Cá bḡuill rí?’ ar rírean. ‘Síóí í,’ arfa Cormac go réir. ‘Teanam, a ’ḡnín ó,’ arfan ceann. ‘Do ḡluair rí i n-aoimfeadó leir. Cúadóir irteadó tḡurpḡ. D’imḡigeadar trḡe ríirre fáda. Cuirteadur tḡurpḡ eile tóib aḡur ríirre eile. Cuirteadur an trímáḡ tḡurpḡ tóib. Ní ríirre abí lairḡis dé rin aóḡ ríirre bḡeáḡ móir fáirpinn ḡrianaḡ, aḡur i go ḡlar,

agus go beáirca, le ppeil, agus caráin deapa trícti anonn,
 agus zaimh oirta. Bí míg-теаг্লাc álunn uapal pa таоб
 талл de'n páirc rin. Туг an ceann aгаið ar ðorur an
 míg-теагlais rin. Злуай Саоб 'na ðiað. Буай an ceann
 buille beas péið ar an noorur. Да зeáп зур h-оргалаð
 é. Duine uapal бpeдз зпоiðe cumapaç тоb eað an fear
 o'orgail é. Ъi cairín айгггг ar a ceann, nó ceap Саоб зур
 b' айггeаð é. Азур бi clóca pioda ай азур бi туаз ar a
 зуалайн айге, азур i cóm зpeanta cóm polurmar le злаине,
 азур paобар uirtí зур ðoiç leat зo mbairpeað pí an cean
 de çapall o'аon иаpаçт. То labair an beirt fear le n-a
 çeile i зcoгар ar fear tamail, anrain то багайн fear na
 туаза ar Саоб азур то lean pí é азур o'fan an fear eile
 amuic. Ní túйге abí Саоб ar an oтаоб игггг de'n ðorur
 'ná ba ðóбай зo leaçað a paðarc uirtí. То çonaic pí an
 peómra бpeдз мóп paйггггг аpо, азур na h-uairle 'na puidе
 ann ar зac таоб. Fír бpeдзгга мópа ðacaímla тоb eað иао,
 азур clócaíðe pioda oirta азур plabpaíðe ðir oirta азур
 búclaíðe ðir 'na mbpógab, азур a çlaíðeam le n-a ай аз
 зac fear ðiob. Ar a h-aгаið ruar то çonaic pí aon fear
 amáin азур ba mó азур ba çumapaige азур ba ðacaímla é
 ná aon fear eile oá pað ann. Ъi çopóinn ðir ar a ceann
 азур mar beað aðapaça beaga anáipoe айггг mór çimçeall.
 Ar báп зac aðaipçin acu pain то бi bulla beas ðir, азур
 игггг i lár зac bulla бгз бi polar éгггг ar lapað азур ar
 çpúç, mar beað péiltín, oíðçe feaca. Ъi clóca deapz ай,
 cóm deapz leir an зclóca abí ar Саоб péin lá an aonaz,
 nó b'féioir níor deйге. Ъi a p'ac míogða 'na lám deap
 айге азур бi pé 'na puidе ar çacaóir mór аpо зур ðoiç
 leat зo paib an uile blúipe ði deanta o'ðp çapta. Nuair
 çonaic Саоб é бi a p'or aici зур b'э an míз é. Аçт ní
 pað pçáç 'ná eaгla uirtí poime, mar ní feuçaint çpuaið
 çoimçeac abí айге, аçт feuçaint бpeдз boз péið ðum-
 eanta. Ъi an çacaóir míogða péin anáipoe ar láitpeán abí
 mar aðeapçá leaç-çpogz níor айpoe na an çuro eile de'n

árlár. Bí dá cátaoirí eile ann, cátaoirí acu ar gac taob de'n láitneán, annar ar an tcalamh, agus bí beirt uaire na ruidhe orda. Fíh éiriona liata doob ead' iad. An fear acu abí ar d'eir an níg, bí ghuais fáda liat aih, agus í riar ríor leir, ar a fúinneánaib, agus bí fearóg fáda liat aih, ríor ar a bhrágaro 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 ghuais fáda liat aih leir, agus bí fúhra óir ar a ceann, as comead na ghuaisge riar dá éadon, agus bí fearóg fáda liat aih, dípeac mar abí ar fear na cláirpige. Adt ba truíme agus ba mo t'fear é go móir 'nā fear na cláirpige.

"Bí Saob as tabairt na puadaíde rin go léir fé n'oeapa agus í as gabáil an t-árlár ruar pa d'ein an níg. Nuair bí pí i ngoipead t'ois ríata, nó mar rin, do, de rtao pí. "Druio tamall eile ainíor, a 'gnín o,' arpan níg. Níor éuir pí cor oi. 'Druio ainíor. Na bíod ceir oir,' arpan níg. 'Druio ruar. Níl don puo le h-imtead oir,' arpa fear na tuaga léi, i gcozar. Níor d'ein pí don blúipe amáin adt a clóca do rgaóilead riar ríor oi agus toul de léim i b'fearóg an fíh móir abí ar lámh clé an níg agus díruíad ar an b'fearóg do rtaad, féb mar d'ein pí le fear an b'pamais oíde an doimais. An dapa tarrang d'ar bain pí ar an b'fearóg do gluar léi, i n-aon r'gnait amáin, roir fearóg agus ghuais agus fúhra óir, agus cia bead ann 'na r'eillbeatais aici adt an Síogaíde macánta! 'Airiú, a b'iteamhais na croíde tuibe!' ar rípe, 'rin éugam amac anro láitneac mo éuro airgto a meallair uaim i n-aonim an níg.' Ar neomat na baire bí ríde lam or a gcionn agus cláirpeam lompaeta inr gac lám' oíob.

'Nā buaitear é,' arpan níg. 'Sabtar é,' ar rípean. 'Cad ar duitre, a gnínó?' arpan níg. 'Do cáit pí i féim ar a dá glúin or cómair an níg. 'Ó'n Múhain, a níg,' ar rípe, 'agus do táimis an fear ram an lá fé d'eirpead go tiz m'atar, agus d'ubairt re go raib fé as ceanae capall

duite, a ní, agus do ceannuis pé arís de capailib ar an donac an lá rann, agus do díol re airgead bhéasac arca, agus tairbeáin pé dompa t'fáinne re, a ní, agus dúbairt pé ná raib a dóitín airgeo aise cum díol ar arís ceannuisge aise, agus d'iar pé oim trí ceao púnt do tabairt do do ainimre, a ní, agus tugar do é. Is ar éigin abí pé tabairt do agam nuair a fuair Seadhna amac gur bíteamnac é agus cuir pé Cormac 'na diaib. Acé do teip ar Cormac teacé ruar leir. Agus dar noic ní h-iongna gur teip agus é anro ircis go rruarair agus rruair fáda liac air agus fearós fáda liac. Feuc air rin!

'Go péir, a 'gnín ó,' arann ní. 'Cia h-é Cormac?' 'An báille acá agam, a ní,' ar rre. 'Ca bfuil pé anoir?' arann ní. 'Ca pé amuic ag an ngeata, a ní,' ar rre. 'Tugtar irteac é,' arann ní. 'Do tugad irteac é. Agus go veimín a dtair, veir uilic de dúic, dá mba ná beac agat acé don fáine amáin go ndeanpá é dá bfeicpá an dá fáil a táinig do Cormac agus an iongna agus an allacé agus an t-uacáir a táinig air, nuair conaic pé Saob ar a glúinib of cómair an ní agus an rruair rruair agus fearóise úo 'na lámair aici agus a clóca lairtair oi ar an úrlár, agus an fear abí ag riúbal an donais lei, anróo tuar gabta, agus fear na tuaga 'na fearam lairtair dé, ollam ar a ceann do rruacé leir an tuair dá rruair pé cor dé.

'A báille,' arann ní, 'cia h-é rin?' 'Siné, a ní,' arann Cormac, 'an fear ceannuis na capail ar donac an Tobair ra múmair agus do díol an t-airgead bhéasac arca. Bí ceatpar acu ann, agus do rruacé ar tríúr acu. Acé do teip oimín teacé ruar leir reo. Agus ní veimín go bfuil don cúinne ra catair reo, 'na ir dóca i n-Éirinn, gan daoine anoir ann ar a loig. Ní móir rgeata do cur amac láirteac go bfuil beirte air agus gan rir bóca do veit 'gá marbad péin níor rra ag ruit 'na diaib, agus gan é ann le fáil.'

'Go péir, báille,' arann ní, 'ní veimín na go bfuil iaraicé

de d'earmáto ort.' 'Ó ní'l, a níǵ,' arya Cormac. 'Meapaim,' aryan níǵ, 'ǵo b'fuit, mar ní h-ort ad an t-aeðar aǵur an talam' do coimeáto ǵan tuicim ar a céile.' 'Do ǵáireaðar na h-uairle ǵo léir. 'D'féuc Cormac 'na tímceall ort a aǵur do leat a beal air aǵur táinigis bior ar a fuitib, mar ní feitorí pé cao do cúir aǵ ǵáiríde iao.

Anrain do ǵlaoiríð an níǵ cúige ar Sairíð aǵur ceirtoǵ re í aǵur baillíǵ pé uairí fíor bunúr an rǵeíl ó turac ǵo veireað, iorí cleamnar aǵur ǵeallamaint póroa aǵur iaraét aihǵio aǵur uile. aǵur Síogáirde anrúto ǵabta aǵ éirteacét leð aǵur fear na tuaga larcíar vé.

Nuair bí a rǵeal críocnuíǵte aǵ Sairíð do tarainǵ rí ar a róca curó de'n aihǵeao b'reagac aǵur cúǵ rí do'n níǵ é. 'D'féuc pé air ǵo ǵeap anrain do ǵlaoiríð pé ar ceann airim na caírac a bí 'na fearam tíor aǵ an noorur. Táinig pé ainíor. 'Conur do tárla?' aryan níǵ, 'ǵur ruǵað ar tíurí acu aǵur ǵur iméig an ceatrimáð tuine. 'Siné bí am dállað,' ar feirean, 'a níǵ. acé tuigim anoir é. Siné anrain,' ar feirean, aǵ ríneað a méire cum Síoguirde, 'an fear a dearbuis ar an ortíur.' 'Do ǵluair orna cléib ó n-araid láirneac nuair ó' aihǵeaoar an méro rin. 'Do dearbuis pé leir,' aryan ceann-airim, 'ǵur b'é tuine abí aǵ deanam an aihǵio b'reagais 'ná fear a cómnuíǵean ra mímáin ǵurab ainim do Seathá, aǵur ǵur b'é do ceanuis na capall ar an donac ad' ainimre, a níǵ. aǵur dá cómarca rain féin ǵo raib pé beð boét ǵo ortí ab'fuit le fíor-deagán ainimre. Ná raib ann acé ǵreapáirde boét i mbočan aǵ bun cnuic aǵur ǵo b'fuit pé anoir ar an b'fear ir raíðbire aǵur ir neam-rpleáǵcaíde i n-éirinn. 'Do ǵleupar láirneac congnaím fear cum imíǵte ceann ar aǵairíð ó deap ra mímáin cum beirca ar Seathá úto, nuair cia buairneað cúǵainn irteacét acé Cormac báille anro aǵur é ar tíor na mbiteamnac, aǵur allur air aǵur ceð bótarí a dóitín. 'D'inir pé rin túinn láirneac rǵeal abí bun or cionn ar fao leir an rǵeal eile. 'Dubairt pé linn ǵo raib toǵa na

h-aicne aige féin ar Séadna agus sup tuine macánta é, agus sup b'é cúip an tóip i n-aiar na mbiteamínac agus muna mbead é ná bearráide i n-aon cor orca. Cearar féin an fear d'inir an ceao rgeal do cup or cómair Cormaic, aet ní raib társ na tuairis air. Uí ré imigte mar floisgead an talam é. Cuirer luét cuarrais inr sac ball trío an scatair. O'imtígear féin ra cuarad leó, aet ní raib aon maic úinn ann. Ní raib ré le págal tíor na tuar. Ir cuimhin liom am,' ar reirean, 'so maic, so breaca as sabail torim ra trráio, agus é as riúbal ar a focaract, tuine d' uairlib an rís agus fearós fada liac so breas bog ršáinneac air, úireac mar í reó,' ar reirean as breic ar an ršraic a' lámair Šaib, 'agus ršraic breas trom mar í reo air, agus i riar ríor leir ar a suailib 'n-a páinníob as cur agus lúbarraic. Ir las a filler an uair rin so raib an t-é abí uaim cóm h-acmar dom.'

"Aet 'ré cur an ršeil tuic é, a acair, sup cuaraisgead tis an tuine uairil agus sup fuarad ann éac ar rad d'airgead agus d'ór agus d'olmaictear. Agus so noubaric an rís ná rfulair a cur féin do tabairic do Šaib ar a úbairic, agus a roga dá raib ann de feóirib uairle. Agus na capail do ceanuisgead ar an aonac agus sup ríolad an t-airgead breasac ara, úbairic re ná rfulair iad do cuarad agus iad do cup tar nair ra múmair as triall ar an muincir so mba leó iad. Anraim do orraic an rís tis Sioisúde do glanao agus do focarúgac agus do cup i tceó, agus é tabairic do Šaib, dá mba maic léi dul cum cómnuigte ann agus a h-acair do breic léi ann, mar so raib comaoín móir curca aici air, comaoín níor mó 'ná cúip doinne de na h-uairlib abí 'na timceall riam air, cé sup móir an ionraoib abí aige ara 7 sup šairic a ršraol leir. Lar na bárac an lae rin irad d'airis Uilic De Úirc i rtaob an cleamair. Iré abí ar riúbal as raóirib 'ná so raib Šaib agus Cormac le pórad, agus so ršraoír cum cómnuigte ra tis móir agus ná raib

δον τρεό αέτ α βρυαιη Σαόθ το βαιόβρεαρ τ'εαζμουη να γέ
 ζσέαο."

"Αιλιλιιά!" αηρα Όιαρμουο. "Ίγ έαέταέ αν παοζαί έ!
 Cá βφυί αν τ-ε έεαρεαό ζο βρεικρί έοιόέε αν βειητ γιν
 ι ζευίηζ πόροα!"

"Αη μαζαιη ζο θαίτε-άέτα-Clιαέ έum cóμνηυζέτε, α
 Όιαρμουο?" αηρα βάοηαιζ.

"πέ θαί 'να μαζαίό γε," αηραν παζαιη, "ní τοίέ λιom
 ζο τοτιοφαίό δον αέιομπαίι αν τυηηρ πο αηη."



SEADNA.

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 there 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. "Feuc mar goitean an pean cocaiige."

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 tomorrow. 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 Sheegee, 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 "ríúo.")

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 Sheegee! '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!"

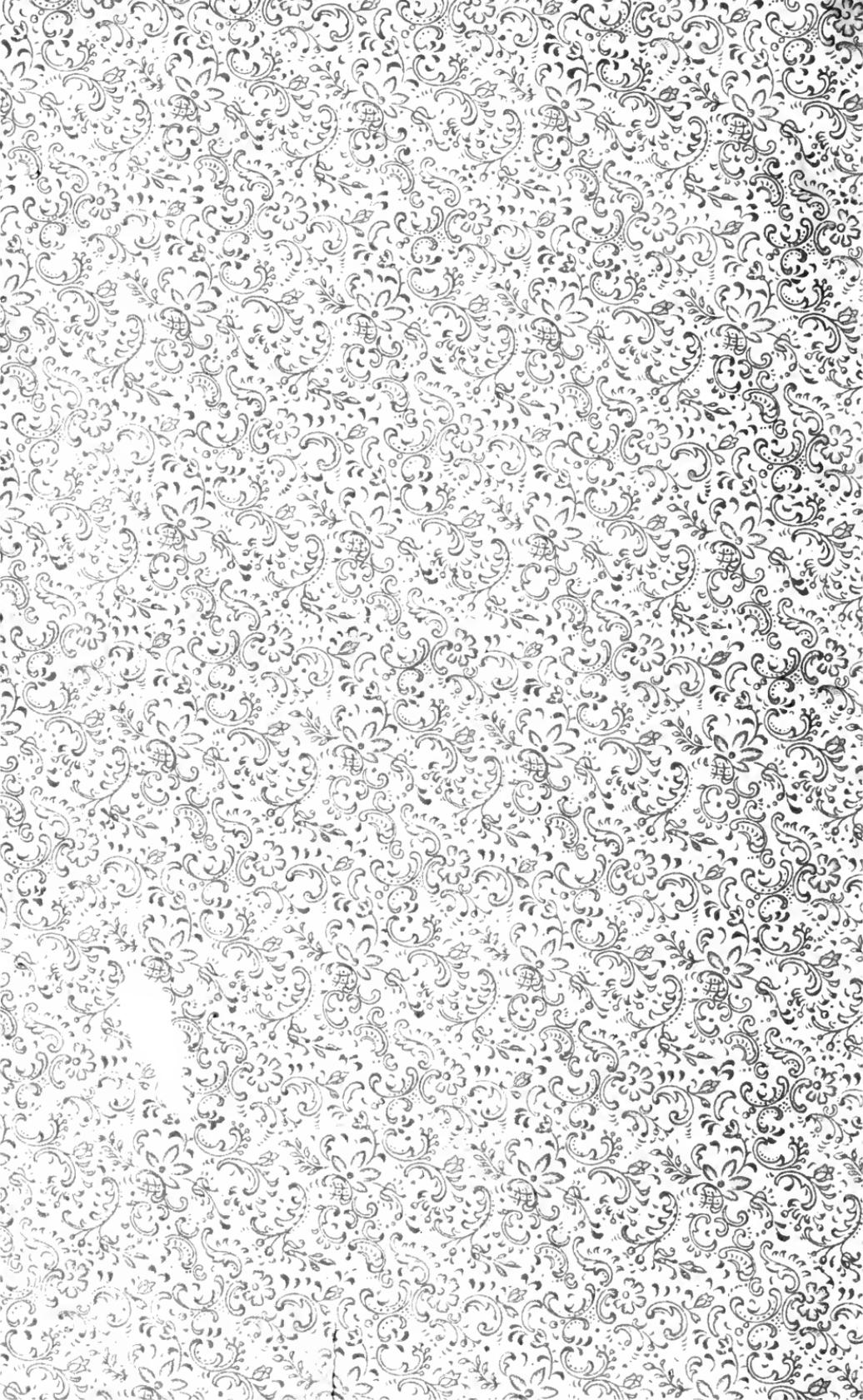
"Will you go to live to Dublin," said Patrick.

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









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O'Leary, Peter
Séadna

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