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SEADNA

AN DARA CUNO.

WITH TRANSLATION.

AN T-ATAIR PEADAR UA LAOGAIRE,
DO SÁOCTRUIG.

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

PREFACE.

IN the following pages the story of *Seana* 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 "nt" 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 breáḡ" now, as Irish for "*the day is fine,*" is utterly intolerable to *me*.

What has been called the "Rule" *caol te caol* 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 *rlat* and *-in* are the orthographical component parts of the word *rlaitin*. The "i" which has been introduced before the "t" has nothing to do with the orthography. The "t" of "rlat" is a broad letter. The "t" of "rlaitin" is a slender letter. In order to sound it slender the voice has to introduce a slight "i" sound between it and the "a," in order to fit it for the "i" of "-in." That is in order to make it *caol te caol*. The word "cuio" has the "o" naturally slender. Hence the slight "i" sound is already between it and the "u." In the plural of it we have "cooia." That is the voice has to drop the slight "i" sound in order that the "o" should be sounded broad to fit it for the broad vowel "a" which follows it. That is, *teactan te teactan*.

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 "buaítfeap," nor "bainfeap," nor "cítfeap." I have always heard "buaítfeap," "bainfeap," and "cítfeap." 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 'buaítfeap' and your 'buaítfeap.'" 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 *Seánna* 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.

seasona.

ʒi tuicim na h-oiðce ann. ʒi Cormac aḡur a muincip
 ʒan pilleað. ʒi curo de na ʒaoínib ʒ'imčis leó aḡur ná
 ʒeao coimeáo ruar leó, aḡ teac̃t tap̃ n-air i n'oiāiḡ céile.
 Curo acu 'ḡá máð ʒo ruib̃ bepta ap̃ na biṡeañnais aḡur curo
 acu 'ḡá máð na ruib̃. ʒi ʒappa acu bailliḡce ap̃ láp̃ an
 bóṡair ap̃ aḡair̃ tige ʒiarmuoa amac̃. Iao aḡ aiḡnear
 aḡur aḡ aiṡeañ ap̃ ac̃eile. An tinc̃cip̃ mór̃ eac̃ap̃eai r̃cis
 aḡur é 'ḡá ʒceip̃tiúḡað.

“Δὲ μὴδ’ οὐτά?” ἀν. ῥεῖραν.

"Níon rugaó," arsa tuine eile.

"Νὰ περαιοῦ μοι τὸ ἥϊλ λᾶν Ὀρμαίε ἀπ' ἐξόρμαις ἀν' εἰς
μόριμ ὑπο αὖτις ἀγ' ἐκβαλεῖς ἀν' ἀναλαῖς ἡμεῖς ἱσταμένηται ἑαυτὴ
ὁδὸν ἡμεῖς; Ἀν' ἐπεὶ ποταμοὶ μοι ἥϊλ τοῦ μεσσηνίου βαίνει οἷον;"

“Ní fearadair a dt cóm beas leat,” arsan ceathrúmaí tuine,
 “ná ní fearadair cao do beir as tigh Dáirmuda i n-aon cor
 iad, ipthead 'r amac ann, gur dóic leat gur leó an áit. Siné
 dail me, agus daoine nác me. Nuair conac iad cóm dána
 i tigh Dáirmuda ní faib bliúire roicé iontaoíbe agam arda.
 Do ruáadair bramaí breáí uaim. Veinn lán trárta dá
 bfaiginn deic bpuint fícho air. Nuair airígear an t-éirthead
 go léir dá deanaí, agus an t-airgead móir éar na beartaib
 dá tabairt ar aon ruo i bpuim capail, bí iongha mo éroíbe

oim. 'D'airighear na daoine 'gá riá nā riab ionta aét ceannuighe. So riab airgead an iug acu. So bfuairiadar so bog é agus ná riab o' fonn oiréa aét é leigint uata so bog. Dúbarc liom féin, níó nāri b' iongna, so riab re éom maié ašam mo éarangs do beir ašam ar ó éarla an éaoi ašam. 'D'iarar trí fiéro. Fuairar é láiréac. Lān mo póca de pláitínib luada! Táim creacéta acu! Mo bhamac bréag calma sup éairéar an bliagáin 'gá éotúgáó! Muna mbeaó me 'gá bfeicrint aš deanaím éom wāna ar éis 'D'airmuóa léir ní buailpíoir an bob riain oim."

"Siní an éaint!" appa duine eile, agus fearis 'na glóir. "Do buaileáó an bob ceatna oimra, agus muna mbeaó 'D'airmuóa liat agus Saóó ní buailpí!"

"Tuilleáó 'n 'donar éum 'D'airmuóa!" appa Seadna, "nāri féuc noimir. 'D'fāšadāri beó boét é féin agus Saóó." Agus o'nir ré dóib trío ríor, ó éurac so deiréad, an ršéal, oiréac féb mar éuit ré amac.

"Ir é érié an ršeil é," ar reirean, "so bfuil eagla oim so n-eirgeáóar a érióde ar 'D'airmuóa muna bfuil eirighe éeana aige air, agus so n-imteóóar Saóó boét le éiaóó-áóar. Trí éeo púnt imighe! Ar énuarar an beiré riām! Ní cuimín liom a leitéro de ršiuor. Ní féadāri ó éalam an oomāin éao deanpari riāó."

"Óar riāó!" appa fear an bhamais, "wā oléar atā an ršéal ašainne ir méara acu-pan é. Muna mbeaó tu 'gá riāó ní ériéirinn éocal wé. Aét wari nroic ní éolāiri so bfuil an éirinne ašat. Éao eile éearpāó amac i 'na šaor-wān aš riúbal an donais leir agus an élóca deapš úo uiréi, aét sup éeap ri lom wāiririb so riab an éleāimnar deanta?"

"I mbaile-áéa-Cliaé iréad bí an pópāó le deanaím," appan éincéiri móri. "Ní deanpāó don áit ba éomšaraisé an šnó. Ologón ó! Ir pāda me ar an paošal agus ir iomóa bob šlic do buaileáó oim le m' ré, aét a leitéro rin de bob ní féaca riām fór wā bualaó so wéi inóiu, agus ní wóéa so bfeicreao airir."

“Cia cu ip mó na bobana a buaileadh oir nó na bobana a buailir?” arsa fear an bhramaig.

“Fásaim le uaðacht,” arsan tincéir, “nác cuimhin liom gur buailear don bob ar doinne miam. Ní cuimhin go deimhin.”

Dúbairt ré an éaint éom leanbáirde rin gur rghairt arais láirthead ar gáirídh. D’airis Sath na gáiríde agus má airis éar pí do phreib gur fúití fein abí an magadh, óir bí pí d’éir cainte Seathna do cloirtin agus é as inirint cúrraíde an éleamhair. Bí náire agus fearis a dóitín uiréi an fáir a bí pí as éirthead leir, áit nuair airis pí an rghairthead gáire ó n-a raib ar an mbótar d’éirig pí ar buile. Siúo amac í agus d’irig pí oiréa. Tug pí aghair na muc a’r na maoráirde ar Seathna airir mar náir labair ré i n-am, pul a raib a curó airisio imighe asan “Siogáirde” úo. Ansan tug pí aghair na muc a’r na maoráirde ar an tincéir, mar gíoll ar beir as magadh fúití. “A plubaire na gcorcán mburte!” ar ríre, “níor éainis ré cum baile duit fein ná d’aoinne a bain leat inr na readt rinreairib a raib go mbeiréa as magadh fúimra.” Ansan do tug pí aghair ar fear an bhramaig mar do rghairt ré ar gáirídh nuair éonac ré an oíde a tugadh ar an tincéir. “Ip mó beas an rgeal,” ar ríre, “é d’ imthead oirra mar d’ iméig, agus dá n-iméigead ré níora readt meara oir. U’fuirirde duit a airtint, nuair tarraingeadh trí píeró púnt duit ar do bhráimín gíobalac, gíorta, oiróic-méanais, náir d’uine macánta tarrainis miam air a leiréir d’ airgead. Ní raib leigear asat air. Bí an traint mó láirir irig ad éiríde. Trí píeró púnt ar rruéairín bhramaig san eir air san blúire foluigeadta ann áit oiréar le rean-éara! Spreadh éigat, a rpeallairín! Munab oir atá an éaint!”

“Eir, a Sath!” arsa fear an bhramaig, “Na bíod ceiró oir. Tá ré buailte irthead am aigneadh, agus a raib de d’aoirídh san éall ar an donac ro inriu, nác foláir nó ip mó gáir go brafar i mball éigin ar a mearg amadán do porrair san rppé tu.”

Airíú do léim rí ar a corp, agus rui a raiú a fíor aige
 cao abí cuige bí an dá láimh go daingean aici 'na cúro fear-
 óige agus i 'gá rtaí. 'Do rtaí rí anonn é agus do rtaí
 rí anall é. Cuir pé a trí no a ceathair de béiceanaib ar,
 mar cuirfeadh gámain bolláin le linn na rseine do cup ar a
 rshóinais. Níor buail pé i cé gur mhór an fóirne aige é.
 Cuir pé an dá láimh léi agus do cáit pé uair amac i agus do
 rui pé leir féin. Ní folamh a tug ríre na méireanna léi. Da
 dóic leat go dtuicfeadh an t-anam tur teit ar ariab láit-
 pead nuair conacadar an folataíocht a fuair fear an
 bnamais agus nuair conacadar an fearós ar méireannaib
 Sárb.

Le n-a linn rin bí na daoine as pilleadh níor líonmáire
 ó leanmáint na mbiteamhac. Féb mar tighiúir bíodh gac
 doinne acu gá fiafraíde cao pé noear an ruit nó cao abí
 ar ríúbal. Da gáir gur cuirfeadar a noearaíde féin ar a
 gceann agus gur luis an cáint agus an trácht agus an
 cómhraí go léir ar an macalons abí imighe ar Sárb agus
 ar Diarmuid liat.

Síle. Go deimhin, a péis, ir dóca muna mbeadh pain go
 h-imteócaíde oíca mar aóúbaire Diarmuid féin, go
 marbhócaíde iao nó go loirgí ra tís iao 'na mbeaíde.

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

Síle. Conur é rin, a Cáit? 'Dar noóic má tóbaire pé le
 Diarmuid an doir do dúnaí náir oícaí Sárb féin é?

Cáit. Da cuma dúnta no oícaíte é mna mbeadh a glice
 cuir Seadna cúraíde an éleamhair agus na trí gceao
 bpúnt i mbéalaib na ndaoine. Siné faoir iao ó díbheirís
 na ndaoine.

Péis. Agus bíodh náir cuig Sárb é, tug rí áro congnamh do
 Seadna ra rgeal. Nuair bíodar as feuchaint uirí agus
 as éirteacht léi ar feadh tamaill ipé a tóbaire le n-a
 céile 'ná go raiú rí as imteacht ar a meabair glan.
 Táinís beirte ban dá cómharranaib agus baillígeadar leo
 irteac í. Anrain do leat an pápla go raiú rí ar deaí-

buite agus go mb'éigean i ceangall. Cuir ran ó bagoal ar fad iad. Céirto gac doinne ná rabhadar ciontae i ngnóó na mbiteamháac agus na raib don pún acu air, agus ná raib doinne ba teinne do fásghad ná iad.

Bí an oíche ag imteacht agus ní raib Cormac ag pillead 'ná don tuairpís éruinn uair. Na daoine do cáil a gcuir, bí ceirto agus ceannfé agus náire ag teacht oíche. An focal úo doúbaire Sath le fear an bpramaig, o'airígeadair é agus do thuigeadair 'na n-aighead go raib an ceart aici. Ní raib doinne acu féin náir oir an cáint dó, cóm éruinn agus o'oir pí o'fear an bpramaig. Bí a fíor acu ná rab puinn truaíga ag daoínib dóib, agus ní raib puinn truaíga acu féin dá céile. O' inir a tuigrint féin dóib, nuair tugad an t-airgead móir dóib ar na capallib go raib bpeir móir agus a gceart acu dá fásail,—agus glacadair é. Ar ball nuair táinig an fírinne amac do thuigeadair 'na n-aighead náir iméig oíche aet an puo abí tuillte acu, mar sup tugaadair toil do'n oíche beairt. Bíodair ag bailliúghad leó agus ag imteacht abail, go dúir agus go doémaroead, go doéartha agus go diombádae, go leam díob féin agus de éuairt an lae acu.

Síle. Feuc supab iomda cuma iona noéintear airgead bréagac o'éagmar é déanam de lichidib plinge, le díobluígeacht.

Cáit. Feuc féin rin. Agus feuc, leir, supab anam le fásail tuine bead cóm macánta ran go oíocfad pé i gcionn peactháine cum an airgíto éirte do cup i n-inead an airgíto bréagais, mar táinig Mícheál bpeactháe.

Sob. Agus dála an rgeil, feuc sup beag dá buirdeacar abí air. Bí "a éuro a'r a clú aige" ag imteacht dó.

Cáit. Ciacu clú, a Sobhuir, clú na macántaecta nó clú na díobluígeacta?

Sob. Maic an áit go rabair, a Cáit. Céirtoim go raib an dá clú aige ag imteacht dó.

Noia. Ní fearadair, a Peg, an raib don trúil go oíocfad an

tuine uapal tair n-air cum airgeo eirt do tabairt do na daoínib zup tuz ré an t-airgeo breaḡad doib.

Peig. Ir easal liom, a Nóra, dá tóigeaḡ go n-dearfaḡ na daoíne ceadna rain go raib ré cóim móir ar buille 7 ceapadair Saḡb féin do beir.

Sob. Maire, a Peig, nac breaḡ bog réir a déinean Nóra iaraḡt beaḡ magair fúinn! "Ní fearadair an raib don trúil go otiofraḡ ré tair n-air," ar ríre, cóim maíḡ aḡur dá mbeaḡ don bláire dá mearbail uirtí ná raib don trúil i n-don cor le n-a leiréir.

Nóra. O! am briaḡair 'r ambara, a Sobhuir, aḡur zan oiríḡ níḡ ar m'anam, zup de oiríḡe dáirírib atáim, feuc! Síre atá oim. Do déin Míceál Reamoinn airgeo le díobluígeaḡt de licíniríḡ plinge aḡur tuz ré do mnaoí an tabairne iao cum a hata o'fáḡail uairí. Ní raib ré fáirta, áh, i n-a aigheaḡ zan teaḡt airíir i gcionn reaḡtmuine aḡur airgeo oleaḡḡad do tabairt éirí, aḡur ní raib don ionḡna 'na daob air féin na ar doinne eile. Aḡt dá bfuilfeaḡ an tuine uapal úo aḡur airgeo fíunneaḡ do tabairt do na daoínib zup tuz ré an t-airgeo breaḡad doib, deapfaoir go raib ré cóim móir ar a céill aḡur ceapadair Saḡb do beir. Síne atá oim.

Peig. Soḡ feuc, a Nóra, tá ró de deirpígeaḡt ioir an dá rgeal. Fear macánta doob eaḡ Míceál breaḡnac pé díobluígeaḡt abí aige, 'ná ná raib. Bíteaínnac doob eaḡ an tuine uapal úo, pé uairleaḡt abí aige, 'ná ná raib.

Cáit. Am briaḡair móirde zupab é mo tuairm féin zupab iao na h-uairle móra na bíteaínnais ir mó. Síne an tuine uapal rain do cuir amac na 'C Eóḡnais. Tá pé ráirde go bfuil deir míle púnt ra mbliḡain aige tál i Sacrana. Ní fáirócaḡ rain é zan teaḡt anro anall cum na g'C Eóḡnac mboḡt aḡur iao do cáiteam amac fé'n gclagair oiríḡe Noḡlas. Bí an trean lánma ann

asur an lánma ós asur naonmáir clainne. Cómnadóir do fíeig an t-é ba fine acu, asur ní fíab an leanb doob óige aét trí feachtmáine. Nuair bíodair go léir amuic asur an fearcáinn as tuirim 'na taoirgeanaib oirta, do úein Seagán ós meic Eógan ríailp i scoinnib an élaó mar fíochin doib. Táinig an tuine uapal asur do leas ré an ríailp.

NOIA. O! Dia linn! a Cáit, ní dóca sur dein!

CÁIT. Am bhuatair sur dein. Dúbairt an báille leir go fíab punc éigin olíge ann, asur go mbeaó an obair éadna aige 'gá scur amac ó'n ríailp abí aige 'gá scur amac ar an tuis. Do leas ré an ríailp oirta pé i n-éirinn é. Asur anrain do bí an fearn tuine boét as sol, asur nuair éadac an tuine uapal as sol é, "see," ar reiréan, "how the old cock cries."

SÍLE. Caoé an fuo é rin, a Cáit?

CÁIT. "Feuc," ar reiréan, "mar goileann an fearn éadac."

SÍLE. O! feuc ar rin! Asur é féin 'gá cur as sol!

SOB. Ir beas ná go n-dearfáinn leir an ntuine uapal rain an fuo úo dúbairt Máire fáirtaláin leir an bfeair a fíus ím na bliagha uairi asur san gneithm olíge aici air. "Am bhuatair," ar ríre, "sur mar an plan írrean do beit ann!"

PEIG. O! fíre! a Sobnuit. Ca b'fíor oi ná go fíagáó rí féin ann!

SOB. Ir dóca naé ó éroíde dúbairt rí é, aét an fearis do beit uairi, asur an cúir aici.

SÍLE. Ba dóic liom náir gáó t' doinne é do fíab leir an ntuine uapal do cúir amac na 'C Eógnais asur do leas an ríailp oirta.

SOB. Cao na éaob, a Síle.

SÍLE. Mar dearfáir Dia uairi féin é, Molao go deó leir!

PEIG. Cao do dearfáir pé uairi féin, a cúir?

SÍLE. An tuine uapal úo do cúir go h-írean.

PEIG. Ca b' fíor, a Síle, na go n-dearfáir an tuine uapal aicríge.

Síle. Ní deanfaid aithrise an gnó úd san an tís do cupi
ruar aithir asur na 'C Eoghnaig no cupi irteac ann, plán
foláin, mar bíodasí ceana, asur aithgead do tabairt
uóib tar ceann ar dein pé de díoghbail uóib.

Cáit. Máire deáirna leat! a Síle. Siní an cáint go bfuil
an ciot uiréi. Ir truaig éiríóte san tu as deánam na
noligte úinn, ba seáir go scurpá na h-uairle 'na
scóinnuige, asur ba gáó rain. Asur cogar, a pēs, dar
nóic ní déimro na daoine uairle aithrise i n-aon cor.

pēs. Aithir cad a cupi an iuro rain do ceann, a Cáit?

Cáit. Súd, táim as éirteacé miam le n-a n-oióic beartait,
asur le n-a n-éugóir, asur leir an rsiuor a bíonn acu
dá deanam ar daoínib bocta, 'gá mbrúgáó asur 'gá
meilt asur 'gá nóibirt le fuaó 7 le fán, asur níor
aithgear miam gur dein doinne acu aithrise 'na leóir-
gníomh. Iriao na daoine bocta a bíonn as deanam na
h-aithrise. Ir greannmar an rseal é!

pēs. O! go deimín, a Cáit, déimro daoine uairle aithrise
leir. Ingean rís doob ead Gobnuit Baile Múirne.
Asur mac rís doob ead Colum Cille.

Síle. An aithir an méro rin, Gobnuit?

Gob. Ac! o'aithgear fadó é a Síle. Ingean rís doob ead i.
Asur nuair fás rí tís a h-atar uóibairt an t-aingeal
léi san rtao cum cóinnuigte acé ra n-aic 'na bpaóó
rí naoi scínn o'fíadónaib bána 'na scóola roímpi.
Táimis rí go oí aic éigin asur fuair rí tpi cinn acu
ann, asur o'fan rí tamall beas ra n-aic rin. Anrain
do táimis rí go Cill Gobnatán tíor asur fuair rí pé
cinn ann. O'fan rí tamall móir anrain, asur riné uair
a tugaó Cill Gobnatán air an aic. Anrain do táimis
rí go Baile Múirne asur fuair rí 'na naoi scínn ann.
O'fan rí anrain an cúro eile dá raoğal asur ir ann atá
rí cupéa.

Cáit. Cuirpóra seall gur fadó beir na 'C Eoghnaig amuic
pul a n-deanfaid an duine uairle a cupi amac iao aithrise
asur iao do cupi irteac aithir.

NÓRA. I r tódca nac map a céile na h-uairle atá ann anoir
 agus na h-uairle bí ann fadó.

PEG. San amhar, i r tódca sup fada go bfeicfari naom orca.

JOE. Conur d'imtíz le Cormac an Cainteín, a péis?

PEG. Ní raib társ na tuairpís air go ceann reachtmaine ó
 lá an donais. Cuairt zac don ruo cum ruainir. Ní
 reachtar Sadó na a h-atair ar an ttaob amuic de
 doirar i gcaiteam na reachtmaine. An múintir i r mó bí
 caillte le h-obair na mbiteamínac iriad ba lúga tráct
 air. An múintir na raib don ruo acu le caillteamaint
 níor rtao a mbéul, áct zac doinne acu 'gá ríormaoí-
 deam dá mbeaó capall aise péin le díol ná rgarpaó
 ré com mótaolac pain leir.

I gcionn reachtmaine d'fíll Cormac. Tíz Seadna an
 ceao tíz 'nar tús ré aghaó air. Táiníz Seadna amac 'na
 coinnib réb map táiníz ré amac i gcionnib Seagáin Ciotais
 an lá úo.

"Sead!" arpa Seadna.

"Do crocaó truír acu," arpa Cormac. "D'imtíz
 Siogáide, nó pé ainim atá air. Dá feabair tictnear do
 beineamair do teip orpáinn teact ruar leó sup ríorpeamair
 an catar euaóar-ra láirpeac as trual ar múintir an
 ríís map aruib aithe máit orp, agus d'inpear mo rgeal.
 Ní feacaóir a leitéir d'iongna ar don daoínib ruam 7 bí
 orca. 'Diriú,' ar riao-ran, 'do táiníz fear anro cúgáinn
 ó éianuib agus d'imir ré an rgeal ceadna pain dúinn,
 agus tairbeain ré dúinn truír de na biteamínacuib agus
 gabamair láirpeac iao, agus i r tódca go gcrocfari ambárac
 iao. Dúbaire pé náir b'iao ba mó ba ciontaó áct an t-é bí
 'na ceann orca agus ar tuilleaó dá róro ra mímáin. Fear
 sup b'ainim do Seadna. Fear abí as deanam airgíó bréas-
 aís le fada. Agus dá cómarca pain péin, sup b'aicín do'n
 dútaís é beir beó boct lairtíz de cúis nó fé bliaghaib,
 agus anoir go bfuil pé ar an bfeair i r raibre ra mímáin nó
 b'féoir i n-éirinn. Agus' ar riao 'tá orpúgaó ó'n ríís,

congnaim fear do gléupadó láirthead agus imthead agus bpeit ar Seadna úo, pe h-é féin, agus é tabairt cum lámha anro gabta.' 'Ca bfuil an fear o'innir an rgeal pain?' arpa mire. 'Tá pé anro ircis,' ar ríao. Cuaðmair irthead. Ní raið a cuairis ann. Do riteadair anonn 'r anall 'gá cuaroad. Ní raið pé le fágaíl aet mar rloisfead an talaim é. 'Ca bfuil an triúr eile?' arpa mire. 'Ircis ra capdair,' ar ríao. 'Feiceam iao agus ceiróigeam iao,' arpa mire. Cuaðmair irthead agus ceiróigeamair iao, gac fear oíob pé leit. Uíodair ar don focal amáin ra méro reo. So raið an t-airgead bréagac dá deanam i n-ait éigin ra cádair. Ná raið ríor na h-áite ag doinne acu féin. So raið coroinn pé'n bpúnt acu dá fágaíl ar an airgead do cúir amac ar aontairíð agus ar margaíð. Sur le mangairthead do mairtheadar so oíi sur teangbair an obair reo leó. Surab amlaíð do cuirí an t-airgead bréagac cúca so h-ait a gcóinnuigte. Ná feacadar riam an ait 'na mbíci 'gá deanam 'há an t-é bí 'na ceann ar an ngnóð.

"Ní feacaíðir riam aet an iongna époíde abí ar thuíntir an ríð nuair o'airgeadair an méro rin. Anrain o'innreap-ra oíð conur cúirir-rí i noiaig na mbiteamnac me, agus cúireap ar a rúilíð oíð conur, muna mbead tura, náir b'péirir teadt ruar leó i n-don cor.

Ambárac abí cúgáinn b'éigion dom tul i ládair an bpeitím agus an rgeul o'innirint trió ríor oó. Anrain do daorad iao cum a gpocta mar gcall ar an ngníom abí deanta acu agus é deanam pé ainim an ríð. Agus do ceapad luét bpaet agus cuiread amac iao inr na cúis árhoib feúdaint an breapairíir teadt ruar leir an Síogairde macánta, pé h-é féin nó pé ball 'na bfuil pé, agus é tabairt cum lámha. Do ceapad, mar an gceadna, luét cuaroidis, cum na h-áite do deanam amac 'na bfuil an t-airgead bréagac ro dá deanam, agus, óir náe foláir nó tá níor mó 'há an ceatpar ra gnóð, an cúro eile acu o'fíadac agus gneirín o'fágaíl oíca put a mbeir uain acu ar a cuillead

oíoghbála do deanaim. I r iomra cú gearr ar fálaib an élaðaire um an otaca ro, geallaim duit é, agus má beirfean ré na cora uača ir móir an iongna liomra é. Nuair éuigeaḁar a feaḁar do deinir-re an beart lá an donais agus a géire mar éuair an rgeal ar an gceatrar, iré doúbrarar go léir 'na gur móir an truaḁ gan tu éior acu féin mar a mbeaḁ coḁrom aḁar ar an intleaḁt aḁa aḁar do cur cum tairbe.

"I r eagal liom, A Cormaic," arar Seathna, "nuair abí teirtiméireaḁt aḁar oá éabairt oóib ar m' intleaḁt, munar éuir leir an bfeinne náḁ baogal gur bainir uairi. Aḁt ir oóca muna mbeaḁ a géire do leanair-re ar fálaib an ffeir móir úo agus a luaḁaḁt abíoir irteaḁ ra éatair 'na diair, go mbeinn éior acu um an otaca ro agus náḁ ar maite le m' intleaḁt é. Gan aḁrar do éear ré oioic iaracḁ do éabairt ffeim. I r móir an truaḁ ceao a éor aḁa leiréio. I r oic ó fearaib na catraḁ muna otigir riao ruar leir anoir agus a ainim i n-áiríoe ar ruair na h-éireann ó'n mbeart ro. Oála an rgeil ir móir go léir an iongna liom a ráo go raib ré oe oíḁ céille air tráḁt ar ainim an ríḁ ra ḁnóo. Ba éairt oó a ffeir do beir aige ná fearar ool leir abar ré ainim an ríḁ."

"I ré éearaim-ré," arar Cormac, "'ná go raib a ffeir go maite aige cao abí ar ríubal aige, agus gur o' don ḁnó ar rar do deir ré obair lae an donais."

"Conur rain?" arar Seathna.

"Do réir mar éuigim an rgeal," arar Cormac, "ir éuḁarra ir mó bí ré, agus reo mar éear ré teaḁt orr, oá ruiréao leir. Nuair beaḁ ḁnó an donais crioḁnuigḁe aige o' imteócaḁ ré féin agus Saḁb ffeir go baile-áḁa-cliaḁ. O'fáḁar ré an trfeir eile i mbun na gcapall, 'ḁa mbreit leó go mbuairéao cuir oá n-aicme féin úmpa ar an rliḁ agus go nḁlacrair uacha iar le cur ar donrairíob eile oá n-oíol. Nuair rfeiréao ré an éatair éiofar ré i láair an breitir agus dearbócaḁ ré orra an beart abí deanta

aige féin, sup astat abí an t-airgead bréasac agus sup tu abí as ceanaic na gcapall don rí, mar d'eaó, agus ná faib de gno aige féin ra n-ait aet cum an cleamhaid do deanaí agus cum a mná do tabairt leir. Anraim, nuair beaó a toil imeartha aige oirta agus an énaib ar do mhineál aige do pórraó ré Saob agus féuc anraim cé dearraó sup bíteamhac é! Níor mó deacair do an rgeal do cup 'na luíge ar mhuintir na cathaí nuair do 'neórraó ré dóib a luígead airgead abí astatra tá beasán aimpire ó rin ann agus méio do fáirbhur anoir.

"Ní oábhairt doinne riam go bfuair ré airgead bréasac uaim," arfa Seathna.

"Ní lúga 'na 'fuair," arfa Cormac. "Nuair a h-inreao dómra sup tu eug an cior do'n baintreac an lá úo raobó, do éruallar an uile píora dé agus bí ré go léir cómh díoir agus dá mba amac ó ceáirtoáin an rí, féin do tiocraó ré an máirion ceathna."

"Iy dóca," arfa Seathna, "dá mbeaó ré bréasac go raicáó an rgeal dian oim;" agus cupi ré rmuta gáire ar.

"Níor baogal duic don rgeal do dúl dian oit uaimpe," arfa Cormac "an fáro ná faib don éugóir astat dá deanaí." Tárla le n-a linn rin sup féuc ré roir an dá fáil ar Seathna agus má féuc do rtao.

Síle. Cao na taob do rtao, a péig? Ba dóic liom, pé duine go gcuirfeao an féucaint úo Seathna rgeon ann, ná ná cuirfeao, sup deacair di don geit do baint a' Cormac an Cincin. Gabaimpe oim da mb' é Seasán an donais abeaó ann náic baogal go mbainfi don geit ar. Ní bainfi aet oirgeo agus bainfi a cráin mhice dá mbeaó rí ann.

Peg. Súd iy amlaio mar bí an rgeal as Cormac, bí pín gránra as Seathna air. Tamall beas tap éir an lae úo a táinis ré as éileam realba ar an mbaintreus do fuair Seathna amac cúrraíde na bpeibe agus bí a fíor as Cormac go bfuair. Do ceip air a aigneao do cup cum

ruaimnir ná an oíche do chólaó go dtí sup táinig ré
 cum cainte le Seana a sup sup ian ré ari gan gearán
 do éur irtead ari. Dúbaire Seana ná deaifad dá
 ngeallfad Cormac do gan breab do glacad ariir.
 Ruó a geall go ronnmar.

Sile. Άνταξ δά ὅἀνα ἀν τεάσαν ἀβί αἰρ. “Ἠἰοι βαογὰλ
τουτ μῖρε ἀν ᾖαιτ νά μαιδ ἀον εὔσῳρ ἀγὰτ ὅἀ
ἄεανᾶμ.” Ἠἰοι β’ἰονγῆα ῥυρ βαῖνεαδ ῥεῖτ ἀρ. Ὅἀ
μβεαδ ρῖορ ἀν μέῖο ρῖν ἀγ Σαῶβ ὅο τῷσῥεαδ ρῖ
εαδ ἑ ἀν ῥῖεῖρὸμ ἀβί ἀγ Σεαῶνα αἰρ.

þeigs. Þi an þreioðm þin aige aip so ðaingsion, aþur þi a þian
aip, ní þaib aige aét baðaipt aip cum é tiomáint aip
riúðal pé boð cpuaib an þnó, pé moð ðeioðeanað an
tnáð, pé fluc þuan an uain.

“ Դո՞ւի՞նք Լատ Դո Եփու Դոն Ե-րանք 50 մեարքար Դո? ”
 Դոնա Տեղոն.

“Τὰτὰρ να ὁδαὶὸ ἕο τεῖτ ἀρ δον ἐὺμα,” ἀπρὰ Κορμαδ.

“Tá fíor’na díaró gur deacair tuit uata, geallaim tuit é. I ré a máó féin ná deacair don bíteamnac maíam fóir uata. Má teirdean ré seo uata beiró an éiríob díse.”

"An gabair ag caint le Diarmuid uat ó fillip?" arsa
SEÁNNA.

"Ni rabar," ar reirean, "ádt d'airéigear sup fás Saobh an baile agus ná fuil don tuairpús uirte. Bídear cum vult ann ríor anoir feudaint ar táinig sí, nó an ríor é i n-aon don."

“Rağav-ra leat,” arıra Seavna. “Nıor arıñgear focal
ve. İr mór an truağ an duine boct.”

Buaileadar oíra roir. Ní maib Diarmuid ra doirur
neómpa. Bí an doirur tónta. D'orgalaadar é agus éuadar
irteac. Ní feacadar Sath ná Diarmuid. Bí sean bean
iaraícta 'na ruidé i n-aice na teine. Tóg sí a ceann agus
d'feuc sí oíra agus éiríom sí airís é san labhairt. Bí aithe
acu uirthi. Cómairra doib ead í. Pailr bogair a tugtaoi
uirthi, áit má reab ní ró bogair do bí sí, áit bí sí ana rígin.

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

"Tá ré gan beit ar fóghnadh," ar rípe, go rígin.

"An bfuil ré 'na luíge?" arsa Cormac.

"Tá," ar rípe, "asur Máire 'ngean airte as tabairt aipe dó." Le n-a linn rin d'orgail an bean fhuotáilte do pur an t-peámpa. "Dó búr mbeata-ra!" ar rípe.

"Cao tá ar an n-ouine reo, a Ídair?" arsa Cormac.

"Tá easal oim, a Cormaic," ar rípe, "sur taom beas éugruair atá air. Slán beo mar a n-irtear é! Do bualead briedite lar na bárad lae an donais é, nuair a fuair ré go raib Sadb imighe. Nuair airis an ragar an t-éirleac a deineadar na biteamhnaig úo ar an donac do. táimis ré féin anro, asur nuair a fuair ré Diarmuid 'na luíge asur gan ouine ann do rinfead dooc éuige do cuir ré fíor oimra asur do tánas."

"Ar míroe dúinn dul irteac 'gá feudaint?" arsa Seadna.

"Ac! ní míroe, ní míroe," ar rípe.

Bí Cormac irtis ceana-féin, gan ceao.

Síle. Ní deanraim doabta dó!

Peig. Cao é an rgeal é, a Diarmuid?" arsa Cormac.

"Déin t'fíarfaig earc!" arsa Diarmuid. "Cá r' fásair í?" ar rípean. "Ar ius ré uait í?" ar rípean.

"Ír meadta an fear tu asur í leigint leir."

"Tá ré ar an gcuma rain ó tánas," arsan bean fhuotáilte. "Ní rtaoan a beul ac as cur tré ceile.

"An aithnígean tu me, a Diarmuid?" arsa Seadna.

"An aithníim tu! Tá ré cóm ceart asampa tura d'aithint asur tá ré asat-ra míre d'aithint. Tá ré cóm ceart asat-ra míre d'aithint asur tá ré asampa tura d'aithint. Tá ré cóm ceart asampa tura d'aithint asur atá ré asat-ra míre d'aithint——" Tiomáin re leir as fillleac 7 as at-fillleac ar na focalaib ceadna ar an gcuma rain, gá gcarad gac re oturur, asur nuair téirdeac tuitim focail air, nó gan an carad do deanaim crúinn do. léir a ceile, téirdeac ré riar ar an gcaint go dtí go mbíod a aigneac pártá ar í beit do

féirí a céile aige. Anraim do ghéuruiḡeasó ré uirḡí i tḡreó
 sup ḡóic leat sup geall abíor cūrḡa aige feuchaint an mó
 uair feaḡasó ré na focail do ríad ar a céile san a anál do
 tarang. Céirḡeasó ré cōm dian rain air féin sup ḡóic leat
 go ḡaḡḡasó ré é féin le h-eaḡba análad. I gcionn tamall
 do rḡasó ré de na ruḡasḡaib cainte rin aḡur ḡ'feuc ré anonn
 i gcúinne an tḡeóma. "Iḡ mōr an náire ḡaoib go léir é!"
 arí reirean. "Siné an feaḡ boḡḡ rain ḡall aḡur a ceann ḡá
 rḡolḡasó le teinneaḡ aḡur ná feucḡasó doinne aḡaib na
 diaḡó!"

Síle. Cé'r b'é rin, a ḡeig?

ḡeig. Ní raib doinne ann, a Síle, aḡḡ na rḡeaḡraíḡóirḡe do
 beir air an bḡeaḡ mboḡḡ.

Cáit. Iḡ ḡóicḡe sup 'na ceann féin abí an teinneaḡ.

ḡeig. 'Na ceann fein, caḡ eile?

Cáit. Am bḡaḡar go bḡeaḡa-ra Séamur ro aḡainne arí an
 gcuma gceadna raḡó, nuair abí an méaḡ teinn aige.
 An óḡoḡs éle, óḡoḡs a láime, irí 'bí teinn. ḡáinḡ
 rḡeaḡraíḡóirḡe air le neaḡḡ an teinnir aḡur bíor ré aḡ
 ḡlaḡḡasó arí mo maḡair aḡur arí Neill, aḡur 'ḡá iaḡraíḡ
 orḡa "feuchaint i nḡiaḡó an ḡaḡrḡin úo ḡall ra cúinne,
 maḡ go raib óḡoḡs ana teinn aige."

Nóma. Sead anraim tu, a ḡeig.

ḡeig. ḡ'ḡanaḡarí tamall maíḡ aḡ éirḡaḡḡ leir aḡḡ do
 teir orḡa don caint bunḡraḡ ḡ'ḡáḡail ar. "Caḡ é do
 méaḡ air, a mḡaire?" aríra Seadna leir an mnaoí
 ḡḡoḡáilte.

"Ní h-é mo tḡairim go bḡuil don baḡḡal air," arí ríre.
 "Iḡ cōmaḡḡa maíḡ arí an mbḡeḡḡeaḡḡ na rḡeaḡraíḡóirḡe do
 beir cōm h-anamaḡail. Ní bḡaḡaim don mḡairbḡḡe air.
 Bíonn taḡḡ air aḡḡ ní taḡḡ ríó mōr é aḡur ḡá meirḡ maíḡ ḡá
 bainne aḡam ḡá ḡaḡairḡ ḡó.

ḡánaḡarí amac arí an rḡeóma. "An bḡuil don tḡairḡḡ
 arí ḡaḡḡ?" aríra Seadna, "no an bḡuil don ḡior aḡ doinne
 air, caḡ é an tḡeó baill 'naḡ tḡḡ rí a h-aḡaḡó?"

"Ní feacaíó doinne ag imteacht i áct Pailr anro," arí ran bean fíotáilte. "Bí Pailr amuic ar eirge lae, laí na bárae lae an donais. Tug obair na mbiteamínac, agus an toirmeasg a lean é, oíóce cóllóirdeac do'n mnaoi bóct. Bí sí 'na fuíde larmuic de úorur an bóctain big ar an amrsgar-nac. Conaic sí an bean ag imteacht ó'n otis reo agus í ar a cionnuatar agus cairín a clóca ar a ceann aici. Cá otabarfaó sí a h-agsaíó áct ar an mbótán agus gan don éinne aici Pailr do beir 'na fuíde cóm móc. Níor tug sí Pailr fé nteara go otí go raib sí buailte léi. O'feuctar ar a céile. Níor labair doinne acu. Ir anam a labran Pailr áct nuair labairtar léi, agus an uair rin féin ní ro tapair éirge í. Cuir Saóó an bótar roir ó tuair óí, ar a cionnuatar, bótar Baile-Áta-Cliaé. Ní feacatar ó fin i beó 'na marb, agus níor airígear go bfeacaíó doinne eile i an máirion rain áct Pailr anro."

"Cao na taob náir labhair léi, a Pailr?" aríra Corímac.

"Máire ní featar," aríra Pailr, go rígin.

"Cóm ríuráilta agus atá bianóa ar máirde bacais," aríra Corímac, "ir i noiaró an t-Síogáíde atá sí imigíte agus ní le gíadó do é, 'na mar máirde leir. Ir iomóa cleap glie do úein fé i gcaiteam a fíogáil, áct beirim mó lám a'r m' fíocat do gírab é cleap ir teinne do dáir úein re riam an bob a buail fé ar Saóó lá an donais. Má'r 'na óiaró atá sí imigíte, agus íreac, dá oteirdeac fé írteac i bpoli trátair i bpolac uair ní deanfaíó fé an gíó do. Tiocfaíó sí ríú ruar leir agus cuiríó sí capabac caol air, cóm ríuráilta agus atá ríónac air. Bain an cluar anuar ó'n gceann oíom muna gcuiríó. Ir oíó liom dá mbeac a fíor aige cao é an raóar i go ngeabac fé táirre. Tá fé oeróneac anoir aige."

"Eir, a Corímaic, eir!" aríran bean fíotáilte. "Ná bí ag magac fíú féin. Cao é an gíó beac ag Saóó go Baile-Áta-Cliaé? Cao featarfaó sí deanam ann? Cia air go bfuil aítne aici ann. Conur geabac sí eólar trío an

gCaithir rin, ná raib pí ruam i ngeoraect ceao míle úi? Agus sup doéa ná fuil oipeao agus poll fiancais ná go bfuil aithe aise piúo air, i n-aon ball ra baile mori. Bíod oimpra má mothuigeaon ré 'na úiair i go gcuirpíó ré féin, nó duine éigin uair, veirpíó léi go tapair—, má 'r ann a eus pí a h-aéair, agus dar n-óic ní doéa supab ann, níó nác iongna."

"Fan leat go fóil," arsa Cormac. "Ní bearpíó aon gno eile o'n mbaile i aect cum é piúo o'fíadac agus do eabairt cum laíma. An gníom do vein ré uiréi féin agus ar a h-aéair, níor veineao ip doéa le cuimne doinne acá ruar a leiréir eile de gníom, le gráinneamlaect agus le rppuúnlaitheact agus le h-éugóir. O'fullaingeoéao pí i gearao 'na míoatib beaga pul an leirpíó i n-airge leir é, níó nác loect uiréi."

"Óe 'sur, a duine an éiríde 'rtis, má tá ré cóm buailte rin irpíac ao aigne go bfuil pí imighe ar an íntinn rin, cao 'na éao ná preaban tu láirpíac agus i do leannmairt?" arsan bean fíroctáilte.

"Preabpíó, ná bíod eagal ort," ar reirpían. "Ní raib uaim aect a fíor do beir aham cáir eus pí a h-aéair. Ip doéa go bpanpíar-re aip go oí go mbeir an duine reo as teact cuise féin, nó an cuir ip lúga de, air láim fábála."

"Fanpíó," ar ríre. "Oúbairt an pasapí liom panamairt."

"Agus a Seathna," ar reirpían, "muna bfuil aon bpuo ortra ná beao re cóm mair aasat gluaireact i n-aoinpíact liom?"

"Ní gáó rain," arsa Seathna. "Tá úir n-óicín aasib féin ann."

"Tá a fíor aham" arsa Cormac "sur mair le muintir an ríe aithe do cuir ort, agus go mb'féirpí sur b'fuirpíoe ríe mairpíactaint do veanam amac ann cuir ba eairpíge 'na an gpreapídeact."

"Deanpíó an gpreapídeact an gno go ceann tamail eile," arsa Seathna.

"Seao! go othpíó Dia la mair óaoib go léir!" arsa

Peig. Is dóca sur mhór an nít leir turac do beit aige féin ar an rgeal, an ceao urcup do beit aige, san beit éior ar an gcéao beárhain. Agus cao deapao ná daoine aét náir bpoláir nó náir fáó do féin don eagla do beit aige noimír an ainim, óir dá mba fáó go reácnócaó pé tráét air.

Cáit. Is dóca sur b' fine an úrálta ag Doncaó beag nuair goir pé rgian Seamuir. Ní raib doinne ba géire ag cuapaoé 'ná é féin agus í iriis na póca aige, an rpreallairín!

Síle. Conur a ruapao í, a Cáit?

Cait. Mire a tug pé noeapra í ra póca. Bí an póca ar pileao larmuic dá capóis aige, mar beao máilín na bpiart. Duaitear-ra mo lámh ar an máilín agus bí an rgian iriis ann.

Síle. An fear boét! Is tu bain an ppeab ar.

Cáit. Abair é! O' iompuis a lit ann agus érom pé ar gol.

Síle. Ar oibpao é?

Cáit. Níor oibpao. Do copain Neill é. Oúbairet rí supab amlao a cuir tuine éigin an rgian ra póca san éior do, mar rporé, agus oúbairet mo dao go raib an ceap aici.

Job. Ceap pé, aét a leigint air beit 'gá cuapaoé ar a oitcioll náir baogal go mbeao a h-amrap air féin. Airiú náir mait é!

Peig. Máire ní raib ann aét leab, a Jobnuir. Ní raib don éiall aige. Agus is dóca náir bfiú puinn an rgian.

Cáit. Níor bfiú. Agus iré ruo a dein Seamuir anrain 'ná í bhonnao air, agus bídear-ra ar buile cuige. B'feap liom i éiteamh ra teine ná i éabairet do, agus an feall beag aige dá deanaim éom garao. Dá luigeao í b' péior dá ruiteao leir go mbeao a h-amrap ar tuine éigin eile, agus feuc anrain nác deap an obair a beao deanta aige.

Peig. Is éior duir rin a Cáit, "Is fada riar é iarrma an oipic birt."

Job. Máire beannaíct Dó le h-anman do mháth, a péis agus comáin leat ar an rgeat! Coimeádoirí rín anraim tu go maíoin ambárac as caint agus as áiteam agus as ábcóirídeact agus as cur éiré céile.

Nóra. Agus dar n-óic, a Jobnuir ní maíair féin san do cion de'n ábcóirídeact asat, níor leigir leó ar fad é.

Péis. Do gluair Cormac aipir, "san ceó an bócair do baint dá bhrógaib," a n-óibairt re féin. Nuair bí ré imighe do cuair Seathna irteac ra treóir aipir mar aiaib an tuine bheidite.

"I' fada go dtánaí," arfa Diaimuir. "I'ré an cleam-nar ó Samain go Dealtaine asat é. Bead leat na dúite póroa an fáro acair as gabáil dó. Ca bfuil rí anoir? Bí rí anraim ó cianab. I' feár bean 'nā rppé. Cailín ciúin ciallmair act san fearg do cur uiréi. Ó! faire fút na buail! Aipir gneadaó cúgat na buail! Feuc aipir rín!"

"An bfuil don aipgeat ra tiz?" arfa Seathna leir an mnaoi fhuotáilte.

"Oipead a' r leatpingin maó!" ar ríre.

"Seo," ar reirean. "Do fuairar pait leatair uair an lá ré deirlead. Tá ré cóm maí asat oíol ar anoir" 7 do rín ré ruim aipgíó cúici.

Táinig ré lar na márac feucaint conur bí an tuine bheidite, agus do rug ré leir tuillead de'n leatair abí ra triopa 7 do oíol ar. Ba maí mar deín. D'fág pain pait aipgíó as an mnaoi fhuotáilte, 1 otreó nuair a fuair Diaimuir an t-aoiteó go maí neart oi ar biaó 7 ar ois do folácair dó, féb mar ba ceart agus do péir mar a bí gáó aige leó.

Ba gáir go maí re na fuíde 1 n-aice na teime aici agus flogh an domáin cum an bíó aip. Act ambara ní cúgaó rí dó é act an méro ba oíic lé ba maí dó, agus ní feacaip maí act an troio 7 an t-aighear a bíóó aige léi a o'iairíó tuillead o'fágáil.

Féb mar bí ré as toul 1 bfeabur bíóir na cómarraim as

bailliúgadh irteadh as cup a tuairpse 7 'gá inirint do cad i an buadairt a bí ortá nuair do aithgeadair é beit na luíge, agus cad é an t-áthar a táinig ortá nuair a fuairadar as teacht cuige féin é.

Nuair a fuair Seadna as dul i bpeabur i gceart é agus ó bagoal ní tagadh re cómh minic, agus i gcionn beagán aimpise do rtao ré de teacht.

'D'fán an bean fhuotáilte ann níor ría 'nā ceap rí bí gáth léi, áct an ragsart fé ndeár pain, mar bí rúil aige ó am go h-am agus ó lá go lá, go dtiocfaid Saobh abailte. Fé dheireadh táinig glaothac uirthi ó'n otaobh eile páiróirte agus b'éigíon oi gluaireacht.

Ní raib de fheirt anrain acu áct a iarraio ar fáilr boct teacht gac don mairdion agus teine d'fatuúgadh agus blúipe bíod d'olmúgadh do 'Diarmaid. Níor fágadh rúití é ar fad. Da beag don lá ná tugadh máthair Míicil cuairt ann. Agus an lá ná bíod rípe ann bíod Máire Seana féin ann, agus ipé adheireadh na comarrain 'na sup mhó an bheir feabura a téirdeadh ar 'Diarmaid an tamall de lá a tugadh rí as caint leir 'nā mar téirdeadh air an cuio eile de'n aimpí ar fad. Deireadh 'Diarmaid féin go ramluigeadh ré go dtógstáide an ceo dá cpoide nuair cideadh ré cuige an dorur irteadh i.

Iré pur adheireadh gac doinne 'nā sup mairt an bail air gan Saobh do beit i n' aice an fáir a bí ré 'na luíge, mar na beadh don bheir aige ar teacht cuige féin an fáir a beadh rí láirthead. Dá mbeadh doiteo aige dá fágail agus go dtiocfaid don nio cporoa uirthi, go rppuúcfadh rí agus go gcuirfeadh rí aitiompáil air cómh ríuráilta agus abí Saobh mar ainim uirthi.

Siné ceapadair na comarrain áct ní h-é rin a ceap 'Diarmaid féin. Dar leir, ní raib 'gá coimeadh ar fleasg a troma áct gan i beit as teacht abailte 'nā don tuairpse uaití. Ó mairdion go h-oíthce ní bíod don cúirpáide cainte roir é féin agus na daoine tigeadh irteadh, áct "cā raib rí?" no "cad abí 'gá coimeadh amuic?" no "ciacu beo nó marb abí rí."

"Má bí sí beo cao 'na t-aob na h-aipeócaó tuine éigin rgeála uaití? Má bí sí marb cao 'na t-aob ná t-ocpaó tárz a báir ó t-aob éigin? Daoi n-odó ní feaofaíde i marbaó gan a fíor do beit ag tuine éigin. Dá marbaíodó i láir na h-oíóce i agur an corp do cáiteam i bpoli éigin, daoi n-odó do geaófaíde láir na báraó a beaó cúgaínn é, agur do leaópaó an rgeal ar fuio na uúite, agur do beaófaíde ar síogaíde, dá mb' aige beaó an gniom deanta, agur do croófaíde é. Dá mbeaó oipeaó eile gliocair ann ní feaofaó ré dul ó Cormac."

Sin mar cáiteaó ré an aimpí ag cur agur ag cúiteam nuair bíod doinne ipzís do deaípaó éirteaó leir. Nuair bíod ré i n-a aonair ip amlaí a bíod ré ag caint leir féin agur ag aighear leir féin, agur ag áiteam air féin. Uair-eanta ra n-aighear rain leir féin o'árouígeaó ré a glór agur o'árouígeaó páir é 7 bíod sí deimnígteaó go mbíod beiré nó truír ann, bíod a leitéro rin de gléó aige.

O'aimíveóin na buaóarta bí an goile go maí aige agur bí ré ag teaó cúige féin go tiug. Ba geáir go raó ré ra doíur agur a guala leir an uprain mar ba gnat, aó má reaó bí mílteaó 'na cionnaóab reaóar mar ba gnat, agur ábaípaó fé n-oeaí na balcaíróde, ná raóar cóm teann air agur bíóir pul ar buaíleaó breóite an fear bóó. Ábaípaó fé n-oeaí go raíó raínt de'n feóil imíge agur móraí de'n blonag. Bí an guala caol ra áaróiz. Bí an cúirle caol ra múinílle. Bí an áeaípaíma caol ra búrte. Bí iomaó ríge ag an breaí mboó na cúro éuaiz, agur do bíod an gaó ag cuaróac na gnaí aige móir tímeall iní na póiríróib políma abí roir éroicean agur éuaó aige i oíreó na feaóaó ré faníaint ápaó ra doíur gan teaó anoir agur aírí go oí an teine 'ga éró féin.

Lá, mar deaípaó coigíor ó fág ré an leabaíó, do táiní go go oí an doíur agur baluít na teine go lároir air. Ní túirge o'feuc ré an bóóair ruar 'ná ónaic ré an bea ag gabáil cúige anuar áro an bóóair. Ar an geaó amáre do

baineadh iadach do gheir ar mar ceap ré gur b' fíorí deabhad le Sath í. Níor bog ré na rúile ói gur táinig sí i na aice. Dean éanáach, garb, dob ead í. Clóca bpéire uiréi. Cairpín a clóca ar a ceann aici. Speróm aici 'na laim éle ar dá imeal an cairpín agus é dúnta or cionn a béil aici, i tpeod ná iaid le feicint ag Diarmuid dá cionnachaid aet a ríon agus rúil léi.

Óein sí ceann ar aghair ar an nroipur, agus an roipur irthead, agus muna mbeadh gur úruid ré i leir taoib uaidi do leasfadh sí é. Suar léi cum na teine agus do rúis sí i gcaitaoir Diarmuid a féin. Tug sí a h-aghair ar an oteine agus do leat sí a dá laim agus i féin, ag glacadh an giorrad, agus ba úid leat go iaid gá aici leir.

Tós pailr a ceann ra éinne agus o'feud sí ar an rtróinréir go fada agus do úir. Do rtao Diarmuid i lár an tige ag feuchaint ra éil úiréi. Nuair bí sí teit éur sí an lám éle aipir i gcaipín an clóca agus dún sí or cionn a béil é. O'feud sí ar paili amach ar an rúil donair. Anrain o'feud sí ar Diarmuid.

"Tá ceap ag glacadh ra tige reo!" ar ríre, agus ir ar éigin feoradh duine a deanadh amach ciacu glór mná bí aici nó glór rí. "Tá ceap ag glacadh ra tige reo!" ar ríre, an dara h-uair.

"Níor aipígear-ra ag glacadh í," ar ra Diarmuid.

"Tá ceap ag glacadh ra tige reo!" ar ríre. "Spud! ríad! ríad ríad! ríad ríad!" ar ríre.

"Cáir gáidair éigainn, a 'ngean ó?" ar ra Diarmuid.

"Spud ríad! ríad ríad! ríad ríad!" ar ríre. "Ir fada i mo éuair éigad," ar ríre, "ag teadt mar maite lib. "Ir móir an éigóir rin," ar ríre, "mire dom éur éigaid anro ó Cúis Ulla ag úir nroion ar eapáiraid, éom maite agus dá mba ná faigí duine ba giorra ó baile agus ba giorra gaol taoib cum a déanta."

"Cia atá ar ár oí?" ar ra Diarmuid.

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

féuc ré roir an t-á fáil uiréi mar ní faib faóaric aige aét ar fáil léi. Níor beag do pain. Ní faib don mliogarmac ar an fáil rin na don mallacáir faóaric. Síne rí cúige amac a lámh deap. Táirneis ré píopa aigéio ar a póca agus cúir ré ar éiríde a deánnan é. Cúir rí put t-á h-anáil air. Is dóca go faib ré níor mó 'ná ceap rí beaó ré mar do baimeaó t-á coraint í. Sleamuis an gneíom de cáipin an élóca agus do noctaró a h-agháir. Bí rí ar leat-fáil agus bí caparó 'na béul riar náe móir go t-á an aic 'nar ceapic an éluar do beir, agus bí an éluar imighe. Ómuir Diaimuir uairé i noiaró a éil, agus seallaim tuit go faib eagla air.

"Cia atá ar búir t-á?" ar ríre. "Tá teine agus uirge ar búir t-á," ar ríre. "Tá galair agus báir ar búir t-á," ar ríre. "Tá neite ar búir t-á ná fuil puinn cuinne agháir leó," ar ríre. "Muna mbeaó gan me beir abfao uair do ló na t-á oíde le t-á reatmáimib do beaó a fíor agat um an taca ro cia h-iaó atá ar do t-á," ar ríre le Diaimuir. "Agus ba cóir," ar ríre, "náir beag dom de gno beir do coraintre, gan beir ag coraint t-ingine leir, t-á fáir ó céile tu féin agus í féin."

"Ca bfuil rí?" ar Diaimuir. "Nó cao 'tá 'gá coimeáto amuiré? No cao fé n-deara bí imteáct agus gan rgeal ná tuain do cúir éigam abáile anro go mbeaó a fíor agam ciacu beo no marib atá rí. Is oic do deir rí oim é." Agus bí a lámh tíor aige i bpóca a búrte agus píopa eile aigéio aige t-á láimhíáil. Do Conaic ríre an méir rin com maic agus t-á mbeaó ríde fáil aici. "Ní fao go bfaigir a tuairis," ar ríre, agus bí an lámh rínte aigir aici, "agus ní h-oirra is cóir a buirdeáir do beir, 'ná uiréi féin aét éom beag liom." Cúir ré an t-á píopa ar a lámh éirí, "Ca bfuil rí?" ar rírean, "nó caéain a tiocfaó rí?"

"Tiocfaó rí an uair is lúga beir coime agus léi," ar ríre. "Tiocfaó rí an uair is lúga beir fáilte agus poimpe."

"Cao é rin agus t-á fáir, a bean!" ar Diaimuir,

“nó cia a d’úsbairt leatra ná beaḁ páilte anro noimpe pé trápáḁ do t’iocfaḁ rí?”

“Deirim an iuto aḁa ar eḁlur aḁam,” ar rípe, “aḁur ní cneapḁa é m’ eḁlur, aḁt muna cneapḁa ní’l leigear aḁampa ari. Ní mipe do cūir o’n mbaile í. Ní mipe do íeól ’na t’ieḁ an o’roicḁ t’eangabálaíḁe. Má d’eimear mo t’itḁeall ’ḁá coraint ar a namairḁ ba mór é mo t’uaḁ aḁur ir beaḁ aḁí oá bárrí aḁam.”

“Caḁain a t’iocfaḁ rí?” arpa D’iarimuirḁ.

Níorí d’ein rípe aḁt an lámḁ éle do cūir aírí 1 ḁcaipín an élóca aḁur é fárgaḁ o’r cionn a béil marí b’í pé ar t’úir aici aḁur an doirur amaḁ do cūir t’i ḁan o’ieaḁ aḁur r’mios do r’áḁ.

Síle. Aíríú náirí d’oitḁgearaḁ an ara í!

Nópa. Ní íeaḁar, a íeig, caḁ a bairn an t’rúil airtí.

Íeig. Ní íeaḁar ’n t’raoḁal, a Nópa.

ḁob. Do bairn a o’roicḁ ímotaḁa péin, ḁabaimpe o’im.

Nópa. D’féiríur ḁurab amlaíḁ t’imḁig uirtí péb marí t’imḁig ar an mnaoí íeara úḁ a t’áinḁ aḁ t’rúall ar Neill ní buaḁalla.

ḁob. Caḁ t’imḁig uirtí, a Nópa?

Nópa. ’Neórraíḁ Cáit tuit e, ’r’í ir péarí do neórraíḁ é.

ḁob. Caḁ t’imḁig uirtí, a Cáit?

Cáit. Máire níorí imḁig leaḁ a íaib t’uillte aici, an r’óḁaípe. Ní íaib Neill r’óḁa aḁt t’r’í íeaḁt’maíne. B’í r’í irḁis ía baile aḁur b’í Eamonn amuic aḁ íeudaint 1 noiaíḁ na mbó, marí b’í bó acu tar éirí beirḁe. 1 ḁceann tamall do t’áinḁa pé irḁeaḁ aḁur b’í Neill aḁ ḁol. D’íarparáḁa pé t’i caḁ aḁí uirtí. D’íeaḁa ḁur inir r’í oḁ, ḁurab amlaíḁ aḁí beaḁ íeara aḁ loirḁ airtḁo uirtí, aḁur ’nuairí náirí t’uḁ r’í an t’airḁeaḁ t’i ḁo noúbairt r’í ḁo mbeaḁ Neill na baintḁis íul a mbeaḁ an b’iaḁam cairtḁe. An íaíḁ aḁí Eamonn amuic 1 b’íeigil na mbó t’uḁa r’í pé íeueara an beaḁ íapaḁta aḁ imḁeaḁt o’n t’oḁis 7 b’í a ííor aige caḁ é an bóḁar a ḁaib r’í. Níorí d’ein r’í aon b’líípe

amain áct bpeit ar an bfuip a bí ar cpoctad i n-aice an toiruir agus i fadad ruar i muiníelle a capóige agus an toiruir amac do cup de. . Bí pé imighe rui a raib a fíor as Neill cat é an fuadair a bí pé.

Da gheir gur táinig pé ruar leir an mnaoi.

"Cat cuige duit," ar reirean-léi, "a raib le m' mnaoi-re go bpaiginn-re bap re ceann bliagha?"

"Ní deapfainn é," ar ríre, "muna mbead a fíor do beit asam go cruinn."

"Cia inir duit é?" ar reirean.

"D'inir mo leánán ríde dom é," ar ríre.

Do ruig pé ar cúl cinn uiréi agus tarainis pé an fuip ar an muiníelle agus do gaid pé de'n fuip rin uiréi cóm h-áluinn agus do gab Connéubair Máigirirí riam ar don ríoláire dá raib ar an ríol aige. Nuair bí gabta go maít aige uiréi do ríol pé uair í. "Sead!" ar reirean léi. "Náe móir an iongha náir inir do leánán ríde duit go deapfainn-re an cóirúgáó rain duit. Imighe anoir agus tá ruo asat le h-inirint do na raib a fíor ceana aige. Agus má feicimre airé as teact i ngoire mo tíge tu deapfao eactra níor mó ná rain duit le bpeit as triall do leánán ríde." Bí ríannraó ar Neill le h-eagla go mbead an bean as eapfainíde orca. Áct ipé a deiread éamonn náir bfeair leir as abrán í.

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

Cáit. Cat é an ríogbail feapad a cuir mallactaíde do deanair duit nuair ná bead don níó deanta ar an rílig asat?

Nóra. Cá bfeir dom na go deitfead mallact éigin acu orim ar cuma eigin?

Cáit. Ir uiréi féin do deitfeoir nuair na beiréi tuillte asat uairéi. Náe uiréi, a ríeig?

Nóra. Súd, b'féirir gur d'óic liom féin na beiréi tuillte asam agus b'féirir, ar a fion rain, go mbeiréir. Pe 'cu

beiríor tuillte agham no ná beiríor níorí mairt liom í beir
'gá n-deanaíh oim.

Cáit. O! ród, nuair ná b'raó leigear aghat air. Nuair
tiocfaó rí aghur a deairfaó rí go raóair cum báir
o'fághail pul a mbeaó an bliagáin iricis, aghur gur inir a
leanán ríde oí é.

Síle. Cao do beir oí leanán ríde beir aici, a p'eis? Nó
conur a fuair rí é beir aici? Náe móir an iongna na
rafaó an ríobha don níó eile le deanaíh aét beir 'gá
leanmáint ríú.

Cáit. O'airígear-ra duine 'gá ráó gurab iao m'raíde na
ríobraíde, 'ná aingil an uabair aghur na deamain aeóir.
Aét deir éamonn na fuil a leiréiríde i n-aon corí ann.

Nóra. Muna mbeaó iao do beir ann conur do éirí iao?

P'eis. An b'eaclaíre-ré féin don éann acu maíh, a Nóra?

Nóra. Ambara féin ní feaca, buídeaclaíre le Dia! Aét ir
iomra duine éonaic iao, darí n'raí.

P'eis. Inir dom doinne amáin.

Nóra. Seagán ua h-laplaite. Bíor as éirteact leir gá
inirint.

Cáit. Óe, an leat-amadán!

Nóra. Pe 'cu leat-amadán é no nae eao do éonaic pé an
r'p'ro.

Síle. Canao, a Nóra?

Nóra. 'S amlaíó do cuireao as comáint na mbó é, tar
éir a g'raíóite, ruar go Túirín an Carárlaig, araoíóce
Dia Domnaig. Bí lán an tíge de óaoínib baillighe as
r'g'raíógeaét ann, ba g'raí gur r'g'raí Seagán éuca
irteac aghur r'geón ann aghur coinnéal na r'raíle le
r'g'annraó aghur le h-an ra.

"Airí cao tá ort, a Seagán?" ar r'rao.

"O! an deamín me! go b'eacla r'p'ro!" ar r'eirean.

"Airí, caíam a éonaicí i, a Seagán?" ar r'rao.

"O!" ar r'eirean, "i g'cómrae lae aghur oíóce—um tráe-
nóna móir luat—ba tr'eire ar an lá 'ná ar an oíóce—ní raib

ré doirda—i láir an lae gléigil doib ead é.” Seallaim duit go maib gáiríde ann.

“Cao dubhairt rí leat, a Séághain?” ar ríad.

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

“A sur cao dubhairt léi a Séághain?” ar ríad.

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

“Cao é an raḡar í, a Séághain?” ar ríad.

“Tá,” ar reirean, “rppro muice, i bfuirm buimpéire rtoea.”

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

Nóra. Siní díreac an ceirto abí acu go léir ’á cur ar a céile, nuair cia buail fead cúca irteac aet aetair Séághain a sur cota-mór liat air a sur a caipín breac air. Ní túirge cónaic Séághain an caipín breac ná cur ré liúḡ ar. “Ó!” ar reirean, “Sioí cuguib irteac í!”

“Maire duiḡ ionat! a amadain!” arpan t-aetair.

Cáit. A sur cá maib an mhuc, airmú?

Nóra. Ambara aet ní feadar, a Cáit, aet surab rin é tuairḡs a cug ré féin ar an rppro a cónaic ré.

Peis. Ir doea surab amlaio ’airígead ré daoíne ’ḡá ráo sur meara rppro o’feicrint i bfuirm muice ’ná i bfuirm don ainmíge eile, a sur nuair abí an rḡannrao air sur ceap ré sur puo i bfuirm muice abí ann.

Cáit. A sur dar nooió dubhairt ré féin sur puo i bfuirm buimpéire rtoea do cónaic ré, nuair cónaic ré an caipín breac a sur an cota-mór liat.

Nóra. Anoaḡ ní feadar-ra cao do cónaic re ná cao a ceap re abí ann, aet ríúo é adubhairt ré, “rppro muice,” ar reirean, “i bfuirm buimpéire rtoea.”

Cáit. De ḡreaoao cūige! an breallán, muna mbeao é beir i na amadain deaprainn sur mairt an rḡeal curo de’n fuir úo do aetair do. U’féirir go mbainfead rain curo de na rpeabraioib de.

Síle. Nár aipígear-ra tura 'gá m'á a p'eis go n'óubairt an pasairt ná m'á aon fíor as luét feara aét iao 'gá leigint oíra fíor do beít acu?

P'eis. Dóubairt leir, asur ní'l, aét oíreao asur bí as an mnaoi úo a'óubairt go b'pasáð Eamonn b'ár fé éeann bliagha.

Síle. I'p' d'óca nár bain fé an t-rúil aipre mar do bainead ar an mnaoi éainis cum Diarmuroa.

P'eis. Pé puo a bain an t-rúil ar an mnaoi a éainis cum Diarmuroa bí pí ar leat-rúil. Asur má bí an t-rúil léi abí imighe éom nímhéac leir an rúil abí aici ba máit an bail ar Diarmuro ná m'á an dá rúil aci nuair feuc pí air féin, nó i'p' d'óca go s'cuirfeao pí at-iompáil air. Níor feao an fear boét aon bláipe bíð d'íteao an cúro eile de'n lá rain, aét as cuímhéam ar an leat-rúil úo, asur ar an s'cipc asur ar an "r'rub r'rab," asur ar an n'oroié éeangabáilaidé do buail umá ingín. I'p'p'eó go n'oeacáir pailr amac asur sur glaoir pí ar cúro de na cómappanaib, asur go t'ánadair ipreac, asur go n'óub'adair sur éeairt fíor do cup ar an pasairt rúil an t'oiocpað an oíðce le h-eagla go paçað an duine i n-olcar asur go mb' féirip surab amlaíð beirpí as glaoðac ar an pasairt i lár na h-oíðce.

Do cuirfeao fíor ar an pasairt asur do éainis fé. Nuair aipis fé ó Diarmuro tuairis na mná feara do gáir fé. "Tá aítne máit asampra," ar peirean, "ar an s'cladairé mná rain. Ní m'á pí m'á i s'cúis ullao 'ná leat na plíge ó baile. Tá a fíor asampra c'ár pugao asur c'ár tógbað í, asur doob olc an tógbaíl í. Ní'l de céirto aici 'ná de plíge máiré aét beít as gluaireacé o áit go h-áit 'gá leigint uipéi go b'puil fíor aici, asur d'ar n'oié ní'l aét oíreao 7 atá as an iapra rain. Dá mb' áile le d'aoínib ciall do beít acu asur san beít as tabairt aiprio oi ba g'ear go s'caitfeao pí gairm beata éigín eile do éapang cúici. Aét cé sur minic rain dá inpint do d'aoínib ní glacair cómaipre asur ní'l aon máit am éaint. Ní h-aon tairpé dom beít leó.

"Ašur, a dčair," arpa Diarmuid, "conur a fuair pí amac ceapc do beit as glaoúac ra tigí reo? Nó conur a fuair pí amac Sath do beit ar baile? Nó conur a fuair pí amac so maðar-ra féin i gcontadair?"

"Fiannaíodadé! a Diarmuid," arpan ragaí. "Ní'l don níó ír ura na neite de'n tróro rain d'fásgail amac nuair ceapad dúine a aighead éirge. Ná raib a fíor as an n-útais cat é an t-éirleac do veinead anro lá an donais? Ná raib a fíor as an n-útais Sath do beit ar baile ašur tura do beit ad lúige le h-eugruar? Slán beo mar a n-íreap é! Cat é an bac abí uiréi bualaad anro ašur anró imear na n-aoine ašur eolur d'fásgail ar gac don ruo a bain leat? Ír breásg bog an tréig é cum airgíó d'fásgail."

"Adé conur geadad pí amac ceapc do beit as glaoúac ra tigí, a dčair?" arpa Diarmuid.

"Ír dóca," arpan ragaí, "dá mbead ceapc as glaoúac ra tigí ná bead don bac uiréi teadé ruar leir an méro rin eolur adé eóm beas ašur bí uiréi teadé ruar leir an gcuro eile."

"Dá mbead ceapc as glaoúac ra tigí!" arpa Diarmuid.

"Dap nódic, a dčair, muna mbead so raib ní dóca so n-deapad pí é."

"Ír neamhíó ciacu," arpan ragaí. "Ír obair leanbaíde don truím do cur 'na leitéro de rgeal. Adé ba máit liom a fíor do beit ašam ar airgí doinne eile an ceapc ro as glaoúac."

"Níor airgíear-ra fein í," arpa Diarmuid, "ašur ní baogal gur airgí rair í mar ta pí eóm boðar le ríur, ašur ambriatar nár airgíear doinne eile 'gá ráó gur h-airgíead í."

"Siné ramluígear," arpan ragaí. "Ír dóca," ar rairean, "nác fuláir no gur airgí pí ríúto ruo éigin de'n rápla ro ar ríúbal i teab Sath, nár rtao cor to ó fág pí an áit reo so n-deadé pí fíor so catair baile-áta-cliaé. Anrain gur cur pí ríadac ašur cuaríad ašur tóir i n-oiríó

an b'èamhnaisg ùr i t'p'ed sup' p'ugad' air a'sup sup' c'p'ocad' é. A'sup sup' e'ug an p'isg' 'do Shab' an t'p'ì c'ead' p'unt' 'do p'ugad' uairt' a'sup t'p'ì c'ead' eile mar' t'uillead'."

"Stao! p'tao! a d'èair," ar'ra D'iar'muio. "Cao é rin a'sat d'á p'ad' mar' rin, a d'èair? Conur f'ead'p'ad' an cailin bo'et' rain d'ul go b'aile-Àta-C'ia' a'sup e'olur na ca'arac' 'do d'eanam'? Cailin beag na p'ad' p'iam' tar p'ice m'ile ó b'aile!"

"Nì'lim-r' a'et' 'gá in'p'inc cao é an p'ápla d'air'igear," ar'ran p'agart. "I'p' d'óca sup' air'is an d'ean ùr an f'eara, ná p'uil aici, an p'ápla c'ead'na, a'sup sup' c'ear p'í d'á m'bead' t'urac' an r'g'eil aici d'uit're go m'bain'fead' r'í p'inc'it'ur air'isio arat' d'á d'áir, a'sup nì d'eir'm na sup' bain'."

"Nìor bain p'uinn, a d'èair," ar'ra D'iar'muio. "A'et' cao é an p'agart p'ápla é? Nò cao 'do c'uir ar' bun é?"

"I'p' am'lair d'bi'or f'ein c'um t'ead' anall 'gá in'p'inc d'uit a l'eit'èro 'do b'eit' p'íubal nuair t'áin'is an t'ead'air'e c'ugam' 'gá p'ad' go p'ad' e'agla ar' c'uir d'e na c'óm'ar'rain go n-atiom-p'ócad' o'p't."

"Da neam'hg'ad' d'óib' rin!" ar'ra D'iar'muio. "Nì f'ead'ca p'iam' iad' a'et' am'lair. D'á m'bead' doinne 'gá i'ar'air o'p'ta nì baog'al go m'ber'oir c'óm' t'ion'p'g'alac'! A's p'uil a's c'ur air'oir ar' f'agart' gan g'ad' gan p'ia'ct'anar! f'euc' air' rin!"

"Nì p'íu b'ior'án a'r é," ar'ran p'agart. "'Do t'io'c'f'ainn f'ein anall ar' don c'uma f'euc'aint an p'air' don r'g'eala a'sat ó Shab' nò an p'air' don b'un'ur l'eir an p'ápla-ro ar' p'íubal."

"Nìor air'igear f'ocal p'iam' d'e go d'it' sup' t'áin'is an d'ean ùr a'sup go n'óub'airt' r'í sup' car'ad' o'p'oid' t'ean'g'b'alair'de é'is'm ar' Shab', nò p'uo é'is'm d'e'n't'p'ró'p'o rain," ar'ra D'iar'muio.

"Cia h-é an o'p'oid' t'ean'g'b'alair'de a'óub'airt' r'í 'do car'ad' uir'it'?" ar'ran p'agart.

"Nìor in'ir r'í d'úinn cia r'í b'è f'ein. Nìor e'ug r'í don t'uar'p'is d'úinn air', a'sup r'iné a'tá a's bain't mo m'ead'p'ac' ar'am," ar'ra D'iar'muio.

"Do'n f'eir' rin," ar'ran p'agart, "i'p' d'óca sup' air'is r'í an c'uir eile f'eb' mar' air'igear-ra f'ein é. Cair'èir'óte 'do e'ug leo

é mar iongna faogail agus mar cúrraíde cainte eatartha, go raib Copmac an Cáincín i mBaile-Átha-Cliaí leir, agus sup oibpúg ré féin agus Saób a' láim a céile cum beirte ar an mbiteamhna. Sup imireadar araon an cluiche cómh maíe pain agus cómh garta pain go raib iongna a gceoíde ar muíntir an níg agus ar an níg féin, a feabur do daineadar an ghnó. Anrain, nuair fuair Saób ré céad púnt i n-inead an trí céad a rugaó raibí, sup rocairúigead cleamhnur ioir i féin 7 Copmac agus go bfuil an beirt póroa um an taca ro nó péir cum a bpóroa."

"Áillitliú!" arsa Diarmuid. "Feuc air rin! Ar airig doinne fuam a leiteir! Ceapar na póroa rí é dá mbeaó raibíbeap na h-Éireann aige. Ir eadtae an faogail é. Ir eagraimtae an obair má 'r fíor é rin. Áet ir doicéige ná fuil don bunúr leir an rgeal. Ní feaófaó a beir, níó náe iongna."

"Ní feadar 'n traogail, a Diarmuid," arsan ragar. "Ir doóca go 'neórfair an aimprie, agus náe faó go tóí pain. Níl don rgealaíde ir fear 'ná an aimprie. Ní beaó don iongna oim féin dá dtuiteaó amac go mbeaó beann-láma de'n fírinne ann, mar rárta."

"Airíú, a ádair an ceoíde 'rtig," arsa Diarmuid, "cad é rin agat dá raó! Níl don beirt ra pároirde ir neamhoireamhaíge dá ceile 'na an beirt. Deanfaó Saób an ghnó go maíe, b'féoir, dá mbeaó rí póroa ag fear péir daingion rtuama de ragar Seadna tuar anrain. B'féoir go ndeanfaó Copmac an ghnó go maíe dá mbeaó ré pora le mnaoí éigin éirín faóaraónae, do ábarrfaó a rlig féin do ar gac don traagar cuma. Áet an beirt rin! Má pórtar iad beró ré n-a cógaó deas acu an dá lá 'r n-fair máiririo."

"Ní feadar 'n traogail, a Diarmuid," arsan ragar. "Ir amlaíó mar atá an rgeal, ní h-é mo tuairprie 'ná go mb'féoir go mbeaó an faogail níor fear 'ná pain acu. Fear rtuacaó ceannóána ireaó Copmac gan amhar. Ní deirim go maítefaó ríre puinn do. Ar a fion pain agus uile, an

“Tuitgear tú me? B’féidir d’a mbeoir pórsa go tuitfeadh amach gur fear a péirteodadh an beirt le céile an mar a péirteodadh doinne de’n beirt le duine eile. Do donac a leitéiró ceana.”

“Do donaicir a lán, a dtair, gan dacht ar domhan, aet ní’l aithe ceart agat ar Sath. Ní dómra ir ceart a rá; aet ní h-aon mair a rá aet an ceart, agus irí an fírinne ir fear. Ní dóic liom go bfuil an fear pain beo inoiu ar talamh tirim na h-Éireann do bainfeadh ceart de Sath.”

“Ar an tsaobh amuic d’aon fear amáin, ní dóic liom go bfuil,” arsan ragar. “Agus iuto eile atá air,” ar reirean, “ní’l an bean pain beo inoiu ar talamh tirim na h-Éireann, ná d’a n-abrainn ra náirín ir giorra di, do bainfeadh ceart de Cormac muna mbainfeadh Sath ceart de, iuto a bainfeadh. Bain an éluar díom muna mbainfeadh!”

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

“Sod, tá bun agus bair an rgeil cóm cruinn rin ag na cairéirí d’ir agus iad go leir cóm mór pain ar aon focal amáin i n-a inirint, ir deacair a rá ná go bfuil fírinne éigin ann,” arsan ragar.

“Ní raib aon duinne raib agam do tuitfeadh a leitéiró amach,” arsa Diarmuid. “Ceap na pórfadh Sath é aet oirfeadh agus baidh rí i féin, agus ceap na feuchadh reirean ar an tsaobh de’n boidar ’na mbeadh Sath, d’a mba na beadh i n-Éirinn aet í. Iré iuto d’airéirín ací go minic d’a rá, ná raib aon fear i n-Éirinn ba lúga uiréi ná é, agus ná raib aon fear i n-Éirinn ba gráinne ’ná é. Má tá an beirt pórsa do buair fé ar a bfeaca raib.”

“B’féidir,” arsan ragar, “má fuair rí an éirfeamaint reo go leir, féb mar a deirtear, ó muirín an rí ag os rí féin, tré a feadh do deir rí an beirt agus tógáil do cup ar an mbiteamhac úo, agus má fuair rí fé ceo púnt mar tuairgeal ar, go nfeadh Cormac leir féin gur b’rí

tó feúcaint ar an tsaobh de'n bótair 'na mbeaó rí, agus sup mór b'fíú tó feúcaint ar an tsaobh rain 'nā ar an tsaobh eile. Agus b'féidir nuair éirfeadh Saobh Cormac ar an aigneadh rin nāri cuir ba lúga 'nā a fonn do beaó uiréi a iáó 'na h-aigneadh féin go bfuil rir le fágail atá níor gráinne nā é."

"Na! na! ná!" arsa Diarmuid. "Maire cúir gáire cúgáinn, a dtair!" ar reirean. "Ca b' fíor nā go mb'féidir go bfuil an rgeal níor feár 'nā fíleamair é beir. 'An iuo ba méara le duine nā a bār ní feadair ré nā supab é lár a leara é."

Le n-a linn rin cia buailfeadh cúca an doirir irteadh aót an tincéir móir. Fear gághad rlinneánad, buíde, dob eadh an tincéir móir. Fear lom láirir. Bí iaraót de pian na bolgaíge ann, agus ní raib puinn fearóige air. Bí ré iaraót bolg-fúileadh. Bí ré fadóiríonad, fadóiríonad, deag-cúmta 'na beir agus 'na corán. Bíod fáilte inr gac cuirfeadhain iomir mar ní bíod re coirde aót ag deanaí rpoir agus fuil agus caiteam aimpire dá mbíod láirfeadh.

Buail ré cúca irteadh agus ní cúirge conaic ré an fagar na tairing ré riari beagán. Do fínap ré an cáibín dá ceann agus do noót re an t-éirí buíde maol abí air. Agus ir air abí an multadán móir cinn agus é go cioróub agus go car.

"Déin ar t' aghaí, a páirais, a méic ó," arsan fagar. Agus é ag gáiríde. "Ní baogal duir," ar reirean. "B'féidir," ar reirean, "go bfeadhá-ra tuairis éigin do tadhair dúinn i tsaobh an fáila ro atá ar riúbal tincéall Saobh Diarmuid agus Cormaic báille.

"Fágáinn le h-uaóadh, a dtair," arsan tincéir, "supab finé oífeadh a tús anro anoir me, agus sup lag a fíleap go mbeadh turaí agat' onóir oim. Ní feár beir ag caint air, 'ré mo tuairim láirir nā feadhá rpoirí iaraót teadh irteadh ra páiríre gan fíor duir."

"Dá gáire beir agáinn, a páirais," arsan fagar. "Ní gáí dúinn beir ro maóiríteadh. Bain Muráinn

turac diompa féin agus ba ro dóbair di a tiompáil do éur ar an nouine mboct ro le n-a cuir palmaireadta agus le n-a cuir gliúmal. Dúbairt ri go raib ceapc as glaothac ra tig reo, agus dúbairt ri gur buail oioic teangbálaíde uim Saob. Agus an bfuil a fíor asat cat dúbairt ri leir? Dúbairt ri gur ó Cúis Ullath í féin agus supab amlaio do cuirpead aduaidh ar fad í cum Saob do coraint ar a h-eapcáiradib. Bior féin as gábal anall feudaint conur bí pé reo as teact cum cinn nuair buail teactaire uman 'gá ráth liom go raib eagal ar na cómarrain go raib a tiompail as teact air. Do bí iongna oim cat do cuirpead an a tiompáil air go dtí gur inir pé dom go raib ri riúto as caint leir. Ir dóca náir eus ri uain di féin ar iomláine an rseil do tabairt léi, le h-eagla ná beath turac aici agus gur lúghe an rintiúr do geadath ri é. Ir dóic liom go bfuair ri rintiúr uaidh aet ní raib puinn aici le inirint do, agus an méio abí, níoir deir pé aet aigneath an ouine boict do éur tré céile níoir mó, agus buathairt a dóicim éana air."

"Agus nác móir aniong na náir aicnigir í, a Diarmuid," arsan tincéir.

"D'aicnigear teact táirri go minic, aet ní feaca riamh poime rin í agus ní h-uiréi bior as cuimneamh, níó nác iongna, aet ar mo leanb," arsa Diarmuid. "Cat é an póir inirinte d'aicnigir re ar an ráfla ro, a ráirais?" arsan ragar. "Nó an bfuil don bunúr leir?"

"Ambara, a aetair," arsa ráirais, "ní feathath bunúr níob' fear a beir leir. Ní ráfla ná rgeal rseil é aet ríunne glan. An cairéir, Uilg de búrc, iré d'inir doimra é. Cormac féin iré d'inir do-rain é. Ir dóic leir go bfuil Cormac agus Saob póir do um an otaca ro. Deir Cormac supab é an rígh féin do deir an cleamnar.

"Gcloiréi!" arsa Diarmuid.

"Deirim leat ná fuil don focal bpeige ann," arsa ráirais. "Ó'n la do rugath me níoir aicnigear a leicéir d'eactra. Bí a fíor as Cormac Saob do beir imighe ar

baile. Do lean ré ar muin capall i. Bí a fíor aige i beit na cuir agus bíod go raib sí raint aimpíre ar an mbochar rular gluais ré, éap ré nár baogal 'na go dtiocfaid ré ruar léi rui a ppoirfead sí an éatair. Bí ré ag cur a tuairis ' agus ag tabairt a cómaréaíde uaid fan bótair ar fead abfao, agus mar rin do éimead ré ar fead abfao an bochar do lean ríre agus ba beas na go raib a fíor aige cad é an fáir moimí amac abí sí. Fé beire do cuiread i n-íuil do gur gaid sí dá bótair. Cuir pain amúga é, agus íre ruo á vein re anrain na deanaí ceann ar agaid ar an gcaitair. Bí a fíor aige go mbead ré ra éatair moimí agus do bí. Bí aítne ra caítair air, do bí aítne máit ag muintir an ruí air. Cuir re luét airm amac láitnead ar na bóitruí ainear, agus tug ré cómaréaíde fáid dóib. Ba gear go bfeacadar ag tead i, ar a cpmruadar agus caipín a clóca ar a ceann aici. Cuireadar iad féin i n-íuil oi, adt ní raib don máit dóib ann go dtí gur tugadar an cómaréa cruinn oi. Dubhruar léi gur b'é Cormac baille do cur re n-a vein iad agus 'dá cómaréa pain fein' gur b'i rair bódar an t-aoinne amain a énaic i ag fágaile an baile. Sáraim pain i.

Nuair fiappaid Cormac oi cad a tugí, dúbairt sí leir gur éartaid uaidi dul cum cainte leir an rí agur go gcaitfead sí ceart o'fágail uaid. 'Cad 'tá ag an rí le deanaí duit?' arfa Cormac. 'Tá,' ar ríre, 'bheit ar an mbiteamhna a ruí mo éur airtio uaim, agus an t-airgead do baint dé agus do tabairt tar n-air dom. Cad é an tairbe dúinn rí go beit againn, agus a luét airm 'na éimceall, muna bfeadaid ré rinn do épáint ar biteamhnaid?' ar ríre. 'Ir i n-ainim an rí go ruíad mo éur uaim,' ar ríre, 'agus ní raíad ré gan inirint do. Níl ionam adt anam doinne amain,' ar ríre, 'adit dá mbead anam agus ríde ionam o'imireodáinn leir ríú iad níor túirge na leirginn i n-airge leir an beart éailte do vein ré. Sloisríd an talam é no tiocfao-ra ruar leir, agus nuair a tiocfao

geallaim duit go gcuirfao catúgadh air nár rghaoil ré tairp me. I r i n-ainim an níg do pu g ré mo cuir uaim. I r ó'n níg atá páraim le págaíl agam, nó ní níg é. Má creadao me i n-ainim an níg nác é i r lúga i r gann do'n níg ceao agur congnam agur caoi do tabairt dom ar an mbiteamnac o'leanmhaire 7 o'fíadac cum go mbeireao air. Ní fásfao poll na póirre i n-éirinn gan cuaroac do. Beir i látair an níg me,' ar ríre. 'Beir i látair an níg me nó maáo péin 'na látair ar níg éigin.'

"B'éigin do córmac a níg péin do tabairt oi. Ní dóic liom go raib don éur na coinnib aige. Bí ré ag tarang uirge cum a muillinn péin ra gno. Bí a fíor aige pé duine bearrad ar an mbiteamnac 7 tabarrad cum laim é go mbeao a tuarparad do go maic ar. Agur bí a fíor aige ná fearad doinne congnam níob' fear do beir aige cum na h-oirre 'na congnam Sáb, an fáro abí an fuadair úo fuiti. Tug ré ceao a cinn oi. 'Bearrad-ra i látair an níg tu,' ar reirean, 'aó reacaín agur na déin don puo a cuirfeao i bpúnc me, i r minic o'airnigir an rean-focal, 'ní h-ionann dul go tíg an níg' agur teaó ar,' agur, 'gur pleamain iao leacaó an tíg móir.' I r maic an dá rean-focal iao agur i r maig ná coimeadórad i n-a aigneao iao go cruinn. 'Ní baogal duit,' ar ríre, 'ní'l uaim aó go gcuirfaíde me am fearam i látair an níg agur go otabairfaíde ceao cainte dom. Ní'l agam le ráo leir aó go o'áinig duine uapal go tíg m'atar ra mhamain, gur tairbeain pé páinne an níg dom. Gur leis ré air gur ag ceannac capall do'n níg abí ré, gur ceannais ré iao i n-ainim an níg, gur leis re air liompa ná raib oirreao airgíro aige agur díolrad ar a raib ceannaisge aige agur dá o'ugainn-pe trí ceao púnc ar iaraó do, i n-ainim an níg, ar fearad painc laetanta go mbeao comaoín agam dá éur ar an níg agur ná maáo pain gan inirint do, gur tugar mo trí ceao púnc do'n duine uapal pain i n-ainim an níg, gur fás pain me péin agur m' atair beo boó, muna bfuil ré ar éumair an níg leigear do deanaí ar an oic do deineao i n-a ainim.'

‘Tá go maith,’ arya Cormac, ‘na h-inir d’aoinne beó an níos reo atá ar aigheas d’at. Nuair beo do rgeal inrte d’at abair leir an níg go n-aithneóctá an Síogáide d’at b’agáta raóaric air, agus d’at mb’ é toil a onóra congnam fear do cup leat go raápa ar a loir agus go d’atárapá cum láma é.’ ‘D’aitheoáinn ceann an cuirp’is,’ ar rye, ‘d’at mbeo re ar fear óeire h-uairie ríeio d’at beirpáat i gcorcán prairge, 7 bainfeao-ra an porcamár d’at, geallaim duit é.’ D’imtis Cormac agus fuair ré loirpín di. D’imtis ré anrain agus do labair ré leir an b’ear abí ‘na ceann ar teiglac an níg. Bí aithne aige oíra go léir. ‘Tá óighean anro ó’n Múmain,’ ar rye, ‘agus d’at rí gur rug duine éigin trí ceao púnt uairie, agus n’at réioir léi ceoat ruar leir, agus go d’atáis rí cum gearáin do cup irteac air, i láair an níg.’ ‘Ir deacair do’n níg ceoat ruar leo go léir,’ aryan ceann. ‘Tá fiaóac ar fuair na h-éireann, ar reirean, ‘le b’air agus trí reoatmáine, ar b’eamnac éigin eile 7 ir d’at liom gur ra Múmain a d’at ré pé cuir atá deanta aige. Tamaoio cráioite, ceaoa, ciaraite, ag Muimneacairb.’ Níor labair Cormac d’at. ‘Caáin a ceapraídean uairie labair leir an níg?’ aryan ceann. ‘Ré trát do ceapraí an níg réin,’ arya Cormac, agus do pleamnuis ré píora óir ireac i láim an éinn. ‘Fan anrain go fóil,’ aryan ceann, agus d’imtis ré, ba gear gur fíll ré. ‘Bíod rí anro uim eaoaríra amárac,’ ar reirean, ‘agus gearáir rí ceapra. Tá ceapra le rágaíl anro ag íreal agus ag uaral. Bíod rí anro amárac uim eaoaríra agus rág an cuio eile pámpa.’

“Uim eaoaríra láir na bárac bí an b’air ag doirp’ tige an níg. Táin is an ceann amac. Conaic ré Cormac. Cá b’air rí?’ ar reirean. ‘Síó í,’ arya Cormac go réio. ‘Teanam, a ’gáin ó,’ aryan ceann. Do gúair rí i n-aoinfeacat leir. Cuaoar irteac doirp’. D’imtisgearaíre tré píoirre fára. Cuireaoar doirp’ eile díob agus píoirre eile. Cuireaoar an trímáat doirp’ díob. Ní píoirre abí lairp’ d’at rin acat páiric b’eará mór fáirpinn gúanaac, agus i go gúar,

agus go beáirte, le rpeil, agus capáin deapa tréicti anonn,
 agus gaimhín oirte. Bí níg-éaglaic áluinn uapal ra taobh
 eall de'n páirc rin. Tug an ceann aghair ar doirur an
 níg-éaglaic rin. Gluair Saobh 'na díair. Buail an ceann
 buille beag péir ar an doirur. Ba gair gur h-ordalaic
 é. Duine uapal breagh gnoíde cumapac doob ead an fear
 o'ordail é. Bí cairín airgid ar a ceann, nó ceap Saobh gur
 b' airgead é. Agus bí clóca ríoda air agus bí tuag ar a
 gualainn aige, agus i cómh gneanta cómh polurmar le glaine,
 agus faobair uirte gur dóic leat go mbairfead pí an cean
 de capall o'aon iapact. Do labair an beirt fear le n-a
 céile i gcozair ar fear tamail, anrain do bagair fear na
 tuag ar Saobh agus do lean pí é agus o'fan an fear eile
 amuic. Ní túirge abí Saobh ar an doabh iric de'n doirur
 'na ba dóbair go leatad a maóric uirte. Do conaic pí an
 reómra breagh mór fairrinz áro, agus na h-uairle 'na ruide
 ann ar gac taobh. Fír breaghta móra dátaíla doob ead iad,
 agus clócaíde ríoda oirte agus rlabraíde óir oirte agus
 búclaíde óir 'na mbriogair, agus a clairdeam le n-a air ag
 gac fear díob. Ar a h-aghair ruar do conaic pí aon fear
 amáin agus ba mó agus ba cumapáige agus ba dátaíla é
 ná aon fear eile oá maó ann. Bí coróinn óir ar a ceann
 agus mar bead aóarica beaga anáirde airte mór tímceall.
 Ar báir gac aóaricín acu rain do bí bulla beag óir, agus
 iric i lár gac bulla big bí rolar éigin ar laraó agus ar
 cirt, mar bead péiltín, oíde feaca. Bí clóca deapz air,
 cómh deapz leir an gclóca abí ar Saobh féin lá an donais,
 nó b'féirín níor deirge. Bí a rlat ríogda 'na láim deap
 aige agus bí pé 'na ruide ar cátaoir mór áro gur dóic
 leat go maó an uile blúipe di deanta o'or capta. Nuair
 conaic Saobh é bí a ríor aici gur b'é an níg é. Aet ní
 maó ríat 'na eagla uirte poime, mar ní feúaint éruair
 cóimteac abí aige, aet feúaint breagh bog péir duim-
 eanda. Bí an cátaoir ríogda féin anáirde ar láirpeán abí
 mar aóearpá leat-ríois níor áirde na an cúir eile de'n

árlár. Bí d'á cátaoíir eile ann, cátaoíir acu ar gac taob' de'n láit'peán, annar ar an t'atalaí, agus bí beirt uairle na ruíde oíra. Fíir óríona liafa doob ead' iad. An fearr acu abí ar d'eir an níg, bí gíuaidí fáda liaf ari, agus í riar ríor leir, ar a ílinneánaib, agus bí fearóg fáda liaf ari, ríor ar a b'rágaio agus ar a b'ollaí. Bí clóca uaithe ari agus bí cláirpead mór 'na fearaí i n-a aice. An fearr acu abí ar an t'aoib eile de'n níg bí gíuaidí fáda liaf ari leir, agus bí fúirra óir ar a óeann, as comead' na gíuaidíe riar d'á éadon, agus bí fearóg fáda liaf ari, oípead mar abí ar fearr na cláirpíge. Adt ba éruime agus ba mó o'fearr é go mór 'na fearr na cláirpíge.

"Bí Saob' as tabairt na ruadíde rin go léir pé n'oeapa agus í as gabáil an t-árlár ruar fa d'ein an níg. Nuair bí rí i ngoipead' óis ríata, nó mar rin, d'ó, de ríao rí. "Óruio tamall eile ainíor, a 'gnín o,' arían níg. Níor óuir rí cor oi. 'Óruio ainíor. Na bíod ceir oíra,' arían níg. 'Óruio ruar. Ní'l don ruo le h-imtead' oíra,' aría fearr na tuaga léi, i gcoíar. Níor d'ein rí don blúipe amáin adt a clóca do ríaoíleat riar ríor oi agus oul de léim i b'fearóg an fíir mór abí ar láim ólé an níg agus oíruíga' ar an b'fearóg do ríata, péb mar d'ein rí le fearr an b'ramais oíóde an donais. An d'ara tarrang d'ar bain rí ar an b'fearóg do gluar léi, i n-aon ríraíe amáin, roir fearóg agus gíuaidí agus fúirra óir, agus cia bead' ann 'na ríeilíbeatais aici adt an Síogaíde macánta! 'Áiríú, a bíteamnaí na oíóide ouíbe!' ar ríre, 'rín óúgam amad' anro láit'pead mo óuro airíro a m'eallair uaim i n-ainim an níg.' Ar neómat na bairíe bí ríce lám' or a gíonn agus cláirdeam lompaíra iní gac lám' oíob.

'Na buailtear é,' arían níg. 'Gabtar é,' ar rírean. 'Cao ár ouitre, a gnínó?' arían níg. 'Do cáit rí í péim ar a d'á glúin or cómaíir an níg. 'Ó'n m'úam, a níg,' ar ríre, 'agus do táiníir an fearr ram an lá pé d'eiríad go tíg m'atár, agus d'ubairt re go raib pé as ceanaí capall

tuire, a ní, agus do ceannuis ré arais de capailib ar an donac an lá rain, agus do díol re airgead bheadhac arda, agus tairbeadin ré domra t'fáinne re, a ní, agus dúbairt ré ná raib a dóicín airgíto aige cum díol ar arais ceannuighe aige, agus o'iaí ré oim trí ceat púnt do tabairt do do ainimre, a ní, agus tusaí do é. Ir ar éigin abí ré tabairta do agam nuair a fuair Seadna amac gur biceamnac é agus cuir ré Cormac 'na diaib. Aet do teip ar Cormac teact ruar leir. Agus dar noidé ní h-iongna gur teip agus é anro irgís go riaradair agus gnuais fáda liat air agus fearós fáda liat. Feuc air rin!'

'Go réir, a 'gnín ó,' arsan ní. 'Cia h-é Cormac?' 'An báille atá agaim, a ní,' ar ríre. 'Ca bfuil ré anoir?' arsan ní. 'Ta ré amuic ag an ngeata, a ní,' ar ríre. 'Tugtar irteac é,' arsan ní. 'Do tugad irteac é. Agus go deimín a dtair, veir uilis de búic, dá mba ná bead agat aet don gáire amáin go ndeanpá é dá bfeicpá an dá fúil a táinig do Cormac agus an iongna agus an alltaet agus an t-uatbár a táinig air, nuair conaic ré Saob ar a glúinib or cómaid an ní agus an ríadit gnuaisge agus fearóige úo 'na lámuib aici agus a clóca lairtiar oi ar an úrlár, agus an fear abí ag ríubal an donais lei, anróo tuar gabta, agus fear na tuaga 'na fearam lairtiar dé, ollam ar a ceann do ríoltad leir an tuais dá gcuiread ré cor dé.

'A báille,' arsan ní, 'cia h-é rin?' 'Siné, a ní,' arsa Cormac, 'an fear ceannuis na capail ar donac an Tobair ra mímáin agus do díol an t-airgead bheadhac arda. Bí ceatpar acu ann, agus do rugad ar tríúr acu. Aet do teip oiminn teact ruar leir reo. Agus ní deimín go bfuil don cúinne ra catair reo, 'na ir dóca i n-Éirinn, gan daoine anoir ann ar a lorg. Ní mói ríeala do cup amac láirteac go bfuil beirte air agus gan ríi bocta do beir 'gá marbad réin níor ría ag fuil 'na diaib, agus gan é ann le fágaíl.'

'Go réir, báille,' arsan ní, 'ní deimín na go bfuil iaraet

‘de d’eapmáto oirt.’ ‘Ó ní’l, a ní’g,’ arpa Cormac. ‘Meapaim,’ arpan ní’g, ‘go bfuil, mar ní h-oirt atá an t-aeḃarí a’sur an talamh do choimeáto san tuitim ar a céile.’ ‘Do gáiríeapar na h-uairle go léir. ‘D’féuc Cormac ‘na tímcéall oirḃa a’sur do leat a beal air a’sur táinigis bior ar a fúilíḃ, mar ní fíoríar ré cao do cúir a’s gáiríḃe íao.

Anrain do gḃaoiríḃ an ní’g cúige ar Sairḃ a’sur céiríḃí re í a’sur báillí’g ré uairí fíor bunúr an rḃéil ó t’urac go d’eiríeap, íorí cḃeapmíar a’sur gḃeallamaint pórḃa a’sur íaracḃ aírḃíto a’sur uile. A’sur Síogáíḃe anrúto gḃabḃa a’s éiríeapḃ leḃ a’sur fear na tuaga íarḃíarí d’e.

Nuair bí a rḃeal c’ríocnúigḃe a’s Sairḃ do t’apmí’g rí ar a póca cuíto d’e’n aírḃeapḃ b’r’éagac a’sur t’us rí do’n ní’g é. ‘D’féuc ré air go gḃeapí anrain do gḃaoiríḃ ré ar c’eann airm na cat’íac a bí ‘na fearamh tíor a’s an n’oírur. Táinigis ré ainíor. ‘Conur do t’árla?’ arpan ní’g, ‘sur íu’gac ar t’ríúrí acu a’sur sur ímḃí’g an ceat’ríacḃ d’uine. ‘Síné bí am d’allaḃ,’ ar íeiríeap, ‘a ní’g. Acḃ t’uigim anoir é. Síné anrain,’ ar íeiríeap, a’s ríneapḃ a m’íeie cum Síoguíḃe, ‘an fear a d’eapbúig ar an t’oírúr.’ ‘Do gḃuair orna cḃléirí ó n-arairí láríeapḃ nuair d’ aírí’gíeaparí an méito rín. ‘Do d’eapbúig ré leir,’ arpan ceann-airm, ‘sur b’é d’uine abí a’s d’eanamh an aírḃíto b’r’éagais ‘ná fearí a c’ómnúigíean ía m’íu’íam surab ainim do Seathna, a’sur sur b’é do c’eannúigí na capall ar an aonac do’ ainimíe, a ní’g. A’sur d’a c’ómaríḃa íain íeín go íairíḃ ré beḃ boḃḃ go t’oí ab’fuil le fíorí-d’eagán ainmíe. Ná íairíḃ ann acḃ gḃeapáíḃe boḃḃ í m’boḃan a’s bun c’nuic a’sur go b’fuil ré anoir ar an b’fear í íaríḃb’íe a’sur í íeapm-r’pḃeagḃaíḃe í n-éíurinn. ‘Do gḃeupar láríeapḃ congíamh fearí cum ímí’gḃe ceann ar a’gairí ó d’eap ía m’íu’íam cum íeíḃa ar Seathna úto, nuair cía buailíeapḃ c’úgíam íeíeapḃ acḃ Cormac báille anro a’sur é ar t’óirí na m’b’íeapmíac, a’sur allur air a’sur ceḃ b’óḃaíarí a d’óíḃim. ‘D’ínir ré rín d’uinn láríeapḃ rḃeal abí bun or c’ionn ar íao leir an rḃeal eile. ‘Dubairḃ ré linn go íairíḃ to’ga na

h-aithne aige féin ar Sheathna agus sup duine macánta é, agus sup b'é cúir an tóir i n-iaid na mbiteamhnae agus muna mbeaó é ná beapraíde i n-aon cor oíra. Cearpar féin an fear o'iniú an ceao rgeal do cúir or cómhairi Cormaic, aet ní raib tárz na tuairpiz air. Uí ré imighe mar floiz-peaó an talam é. Cúirpar luét cuapraiz in r gac ball tpiro an gcaatir. O'imtígear féin ra cuaprae leó, aet ní raib aon mairt dúinn ann. Ní raib ré le págail tíor na tuar. Ir cuimhin liom am,' ar reirean, 'go mairt, go breaca ag gabáil toim ra tpiro, agus é ag riúbal ar a focapraet, duine o' uairlib an ríe agus fearós fáda liae go breag bog rgeinneae air, oíreae mar i reó,' ar reirean ag breit ar an rgepraet a' lámaib Saibb, 'agus ghuais breag tpiro mar i reo air, agus i riap ríor leir ar a guailib 'n-a páinníob ag cpiet agus ag lúbarpaiz. Ir las a fíllear an uair rin go raib an t-e abí uaim cómh h-aemair dom.'

"Aet 'ré cpiet an rgeil tuir é, a aetair, sup cuapra-uigheo tiz an duine uapail agus sup fuapao ann eae ar fao o'airgeao agus o'or agus o'olmaitear. Agus go noúbaire an ríe nári bfulair a cuir féin do eabaire do Saibb ar a dúbaire, agus a roga dá raib ann de feóroib uairle. Agus na capail do ceannuigheo ar an aonae agus sup oíolaó an t-airgeao breagaó aroa, oúbaire re nári bfulair iao do cuaprae agus iao do cúir ear naip ra mímam ag tpiail ar an muincir go mba leó iao. Anraim do oíruiz an ríe tiz Síoguirde do glanaó agus do focaprae-geao agus do cúir i oíreó, agus é eabaire do Saibb, dá mba mairt léi dul cum cómnuighe ann agus a h-aetair do breit léi ann, mar go raib comaoín móri curra aici air, comaoín níor mó 'ná cúir doinne de na h-uairlib abí 'na timceall riam air, cé sup móri an iontaoib abí aige arca 7 sup gairto a ngeol leir. Lar na bárae an lae rin ipeao o'airiz Uiliz De Dúre i oírae an cleamhair. Iré abí ar riúbal ag oaoínib 'ná go raib Saibb agus Cormaic le póraó, agus go pagairóir cum cómnuighe ra tiz móri agus ná raib

Δὸν τρεῖς ἀστὶς ἡμεῖς Σαὺν τοῖς ἱατροῦνται τοῖς ἐσθμῶν καὶ πᾶσι
ἡμεῖς.

"Αιυιιιιύ!" ἀπὸ τοῦ αἰσθητοῦ. "Ἦ ἐὰν τὰς ἀντιφάσεις εἴ-
 κά ὅπου ἀντὶ τοῦ ἀποδείξω ὅτι οὐκ ἔστιν ἀντιφάσις ἀλλὰ
 ἡ ἀλήθεια μόνη."

“An naḡair ḡo Baile-Áta-Cliaḡ cum cōmnuigḡe, a Ṳiarmaur?” arsa pāoḡaig.

“pé ball 'na paḡaiṛō re,” arpan paḡart, “nī dōic liom
zo otioḡaiṛō don aṭiompail an turur ro aip.”

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 stuhereen 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. "Féuc map goitean an pean éocaíge."

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

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

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

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

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

Peg. Why, Sheela?

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

Peg. What will He do, Sheela?

Sheela. He will send that gentleman to hell.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sheela. Did you hear that, Gobnet?

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

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

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

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

Gob. How did it go with Cormac, Peg?

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

“ Well ! ” said Seadna.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"How is that?" said Seadna.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Is he in bed?" said Cormac.

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

Just then the nurse opened the room door.

"You are welcome," said she.

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

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

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

"Oh, certainly, certainly," said she.

Cormac was already within without leave.

Sheela. I would not doubt him!

"How goes it, Dermot?" said Cormac.

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

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

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

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

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

Sheela. Who was he, Peg?

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

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

Peg. In his own head, of course.

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

Nora. Well then, Peg.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Peg. What bribe, Sheela dear ?

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

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

Sheela. He ought to have been ashamed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sheela. How was it found, Kate?

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

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

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

Sheela. Was he sent away?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Not a brown halfpenny," said she.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He placed the second piece upon her hand.

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

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

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

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

"When will she come?" said Dermot.

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

Sheela. Arrah, was not she a surly sort!

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

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

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

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

Gob. What happened her, Nora?

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

Gob. What happened her, Kate?

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

"say to my wife that I should die within a year?" "I would not say it," said she, "but for me knowing it well." "Who told it to you?" said he. "My fairy attendant told it to me," said she. He caught her by the back of the head and he drew the whip out of his sleeve, and he flogged her there with that whip as soundly as ever Con-the-Master flogged any of the scholars he had at his school. When he had flogged her well he let her go. "There!" said he. "Is it not a great wonder that your fairy attendant did not tell you I'd give you that dressing. Be off now, and you have something to tell him which he did not know before. And if I ever again see you coming near my house I'll give you a greater adventure than that to tell to your fairy attendant." Nell was frightened lest the woman would be cursing them. But what Edmund used to say was that he would not prefer to hear her singing (that it would give him just as little trouble as if he merely heard her singing).

Nora. Wisha, God with us! I would not like to have her cursing me at any rate.

Kate. What harm could her curses do to you when you would not have done anything out of the way?

Nora. How would I know but some curse of them might fall on me in some way.

Kate. It is on herself they would fall when you would not have deserved them. Is it not, Peg?

Nora. Why, perhaps I may imagine that I would not have deserved them, and still perhaps I may. Whether I should have deserved them or not I would not like to have her making them upon me.

Kate. Oh! but when you could not help it, when she would come and say that you were to die before the year would be up, and that her fairy told it to her.

Sheela. How did she come to have a fairy attending her, Peg? Or how did she come by him? Is it not a great wonder

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

"Alillloo!" 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 Sheegee 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 Sheegee, ‘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.'

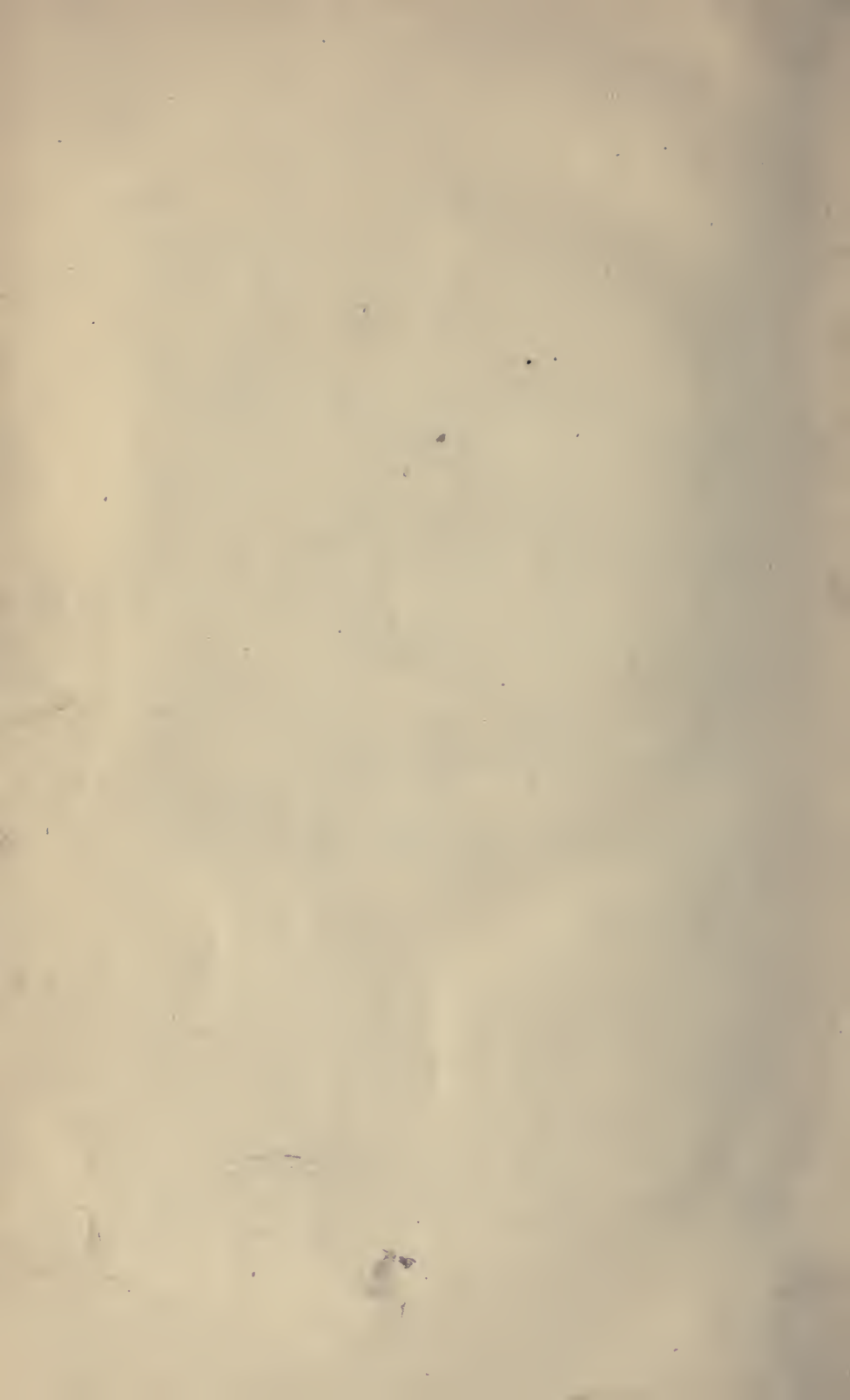
"But to cut the story short for you, Father (lit. the wind-up of the story is). The gentleman's house was searched, and an immense amount of silver and of gold, and of value, was found there. And the king said that her own should be given

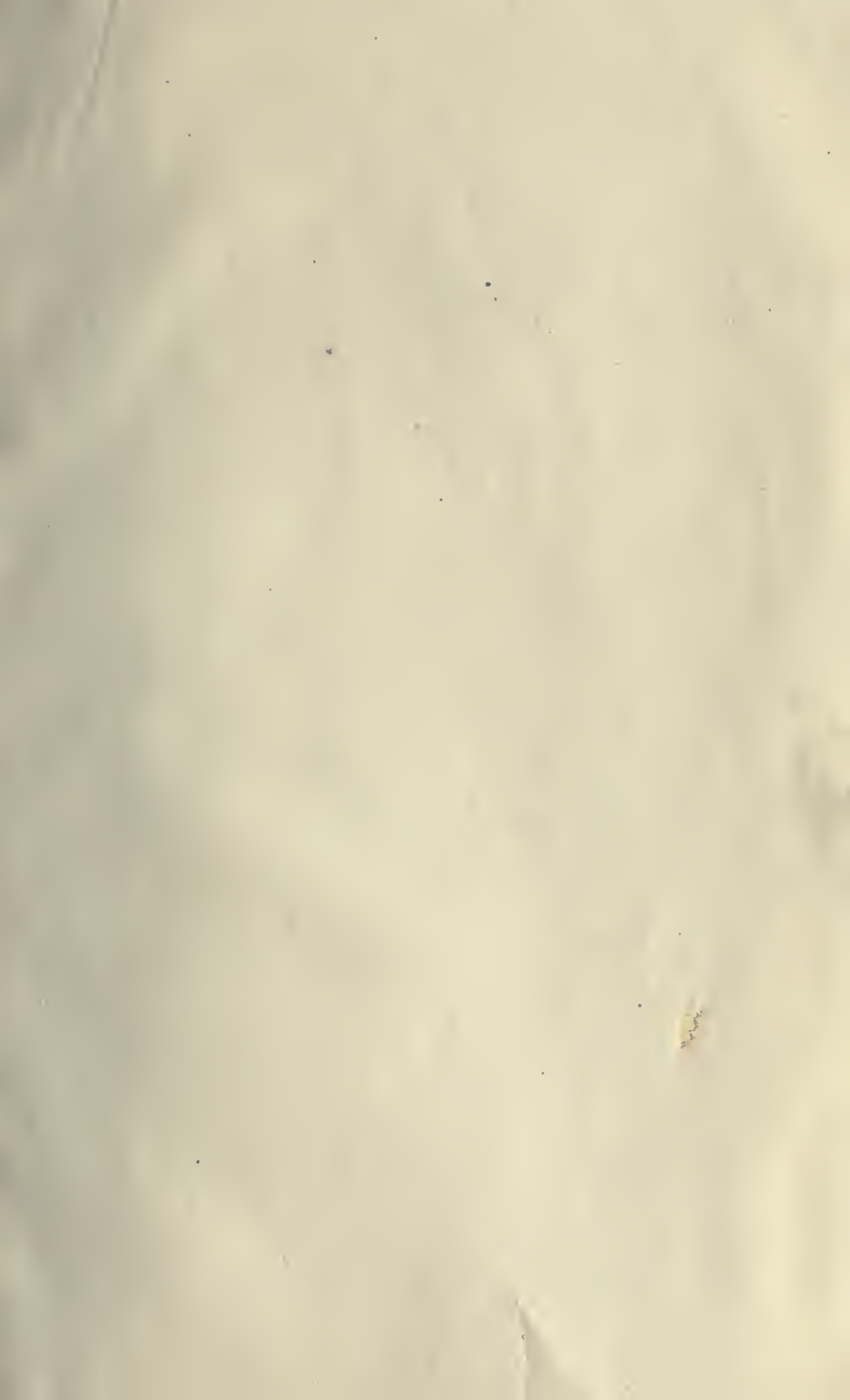
to Sive on the double, and also her choice of what valuable articles were there. And the horses which were bought at the fair, and for which the false money was paid, the king said they should be searched for and sent back to Munster to the people to whom they belonged. Then the king ordered Sheegee's 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."

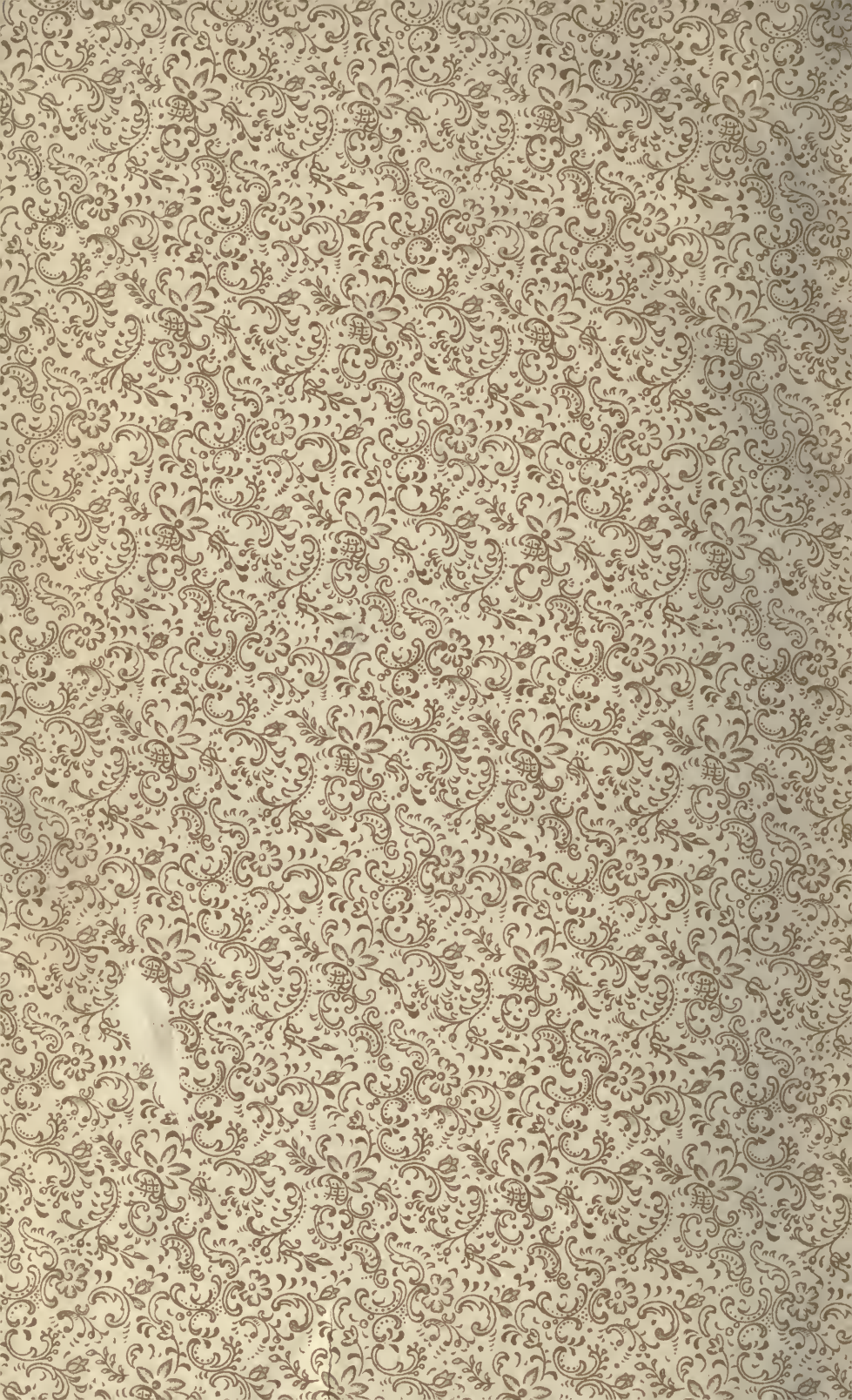
"Alliloo!" said Dermot. "It is a wonderful world! Where is the person who would have thought that that pair would ever be seen in a marriage bond!"

"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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